

# The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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**STAFF THIS ISSUE**—This is Alberta CUS week—everyone sits around and swears. Those staff sitting around inventing new swear words included; Bob Anderson (old expert with the puck), Andreas Hardy Herman Otto von Busse esq., Rolf Stengl (who's already got one four letter word in his name), Bush (mini forest) Bard, Dennis Zomerschoe, Ken Bailey (doing his death defying laff-in thing on his tricycle), Dennis Fitzgerald, Michael Alan Mott (the artist), Al Scarth, Terry Petit (who is starting to layout), Joe (twinkle toes) Czajkowski, Brian Campbell (who CUS's around), Richard Nimmons, Judy (long-lost) Griffiths, Marb-jell who is sitting around playing my guitar, Kathy Morris, Dan (three wheeler) Carroll, Brian MacDonald (who's girl friend likes to dance), the con/fusing Ron Dutton, John Thompson, and finally yours truly Harvey G. (gone to Zorba's to raise hell) Thomgirt.

The Gateway is a published bi-weekly by the students' union of The University of Alberta. The Editor-in-Chief is solely responsible for all material published herein. Editorial opinions are those of the editor and not of the students' union or of the university.

Final copy deadline for the Tuesday edition—8 p.m. Sunday, advertising—noon Thursday prior, Short Shorts—5 p.m. Friday. For Thursday edition—8 p.m. Tuesday, advertising—noon Monday prior, Short Shorts 5 p.m. Tuesday. Casserole advertising—noon Thursday previous week. Advertising manager: Greg Berry, 432-4329. Office phones—432-4321, 432-4322. Circulation—12,000.

Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Postage paid at Edmonton. Telex 037-2412.

Printed by The University of Alberta Printing Services.

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1969

**Viewpoint . . .**

**by Sandie Young**

## I ask you to think about CUS in these terms

You have heard mainly two voices of the Executive of the Students' Union on the issue of re-entry into the Canadian Union of Students — that of president Marilyn Pilkington and that of vice-president David Leadbeater. Pilkington states emphatically NO. Leadbeater states a definite YES. Perhaps the two personalities involved and where they stand will affect your decision. Perhaps you don't even intend to vote — because really the issue is quite irrelevant to you. As a third member on the Executive of the Students' Union I ask you to think over a few things.

1. Do you believe the revolutionary executive and secretariat of the Canadian Union of Students represents you?

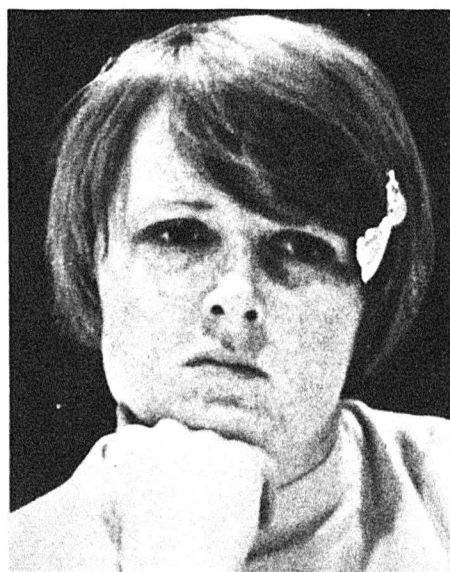
2. Do you believe that the only way legitimate causes can be successful is through violence and confrontation.

3. Are you concerned with the biased picture of university students as irresponsible rabble-rousers concerned only with creating issues, not taking concrete steps to present feasible solutions — as is continually reported in the press.

Last August a delegation of students marched to the front of the CUS Congress and draped a picture of Ho Chi Minh over the picture of the Queen. The Congress cheered. No one—I repeat—no one even attempted to remove it. Only 25 of the 60 Canadian campuses are members of CUS.

The Canadian Union of Students represents a minority viewpoint which many of you do not hold. They voice the opinions of a minority on your behalf. CUS is a negative lobby in the federal government. In the last year we have seen CUS do Nothing for students as students or for students as members of society.

David Leadbeater states that the U of A can change the tone of CUS. We can be a leader of moderates. The present Executive of CUS will be in power until August of 1971. And where may I ask are the moderates? A Canadian Union of Students can be influential—can be



**SANDIE YOUNG**  
 . . . secretary, students' union

worth \$15,000 to The University of Alberta, but only when leadership in the organization is responsible and representative. I do most definitely agree with a representative Canadian national union of students but the organization CUS is neither national nor representative of Canadian students. We can offer leadership in the formation of such a union—a strong leadership—which will represent the majority of students.

The present CUS is beyond the state of repair.

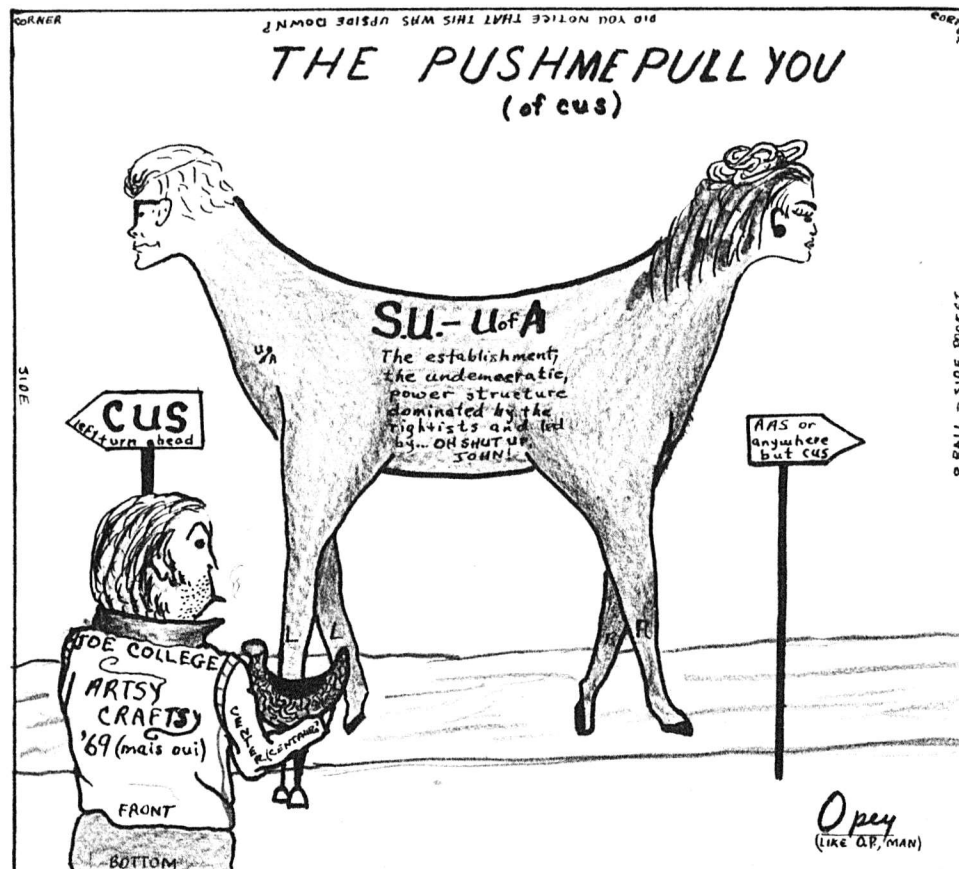
IT HAS CEASED TO BE EFFECTIVE.

It is a dirty taste in the mouths of responsible people and it will take years before such an organization loses that reputation.

The pro-CUS people on this campus are getting out to vote Friday, January 31. The University of Alberta will only re-enter CUS if those of you who agree with the stand I have taken do not exercise this right.

I urge you to get out and vote—to vote no to re-entry in to the Canadian Union of Students.

Sandie Young  
 Secretary  
 Students' Union



"Which way should I face the saddle?"

### Brian Campbell's Column

## About white, black and manufactured wives

Read any magazine and you are told that Blacks are thinking Black. They are proud of being Black. They are proud of soul. They are proud of color. They are proud of "Afro-American" Culture.

Then there is Quebec, where the English-Canadian learns about the so-called "French Fact". It is a language and a way of looking at things, and it is emphatically not ours. It is French-Canadian—a cultural atmosphere from which we are excluded. And the Indians have discovered themselves and Robert Smallboy and his band of Ermineskins out by Nordegg are telling the White man to go back to killing and grasping and buying and selling and leave him alone with his fire, his game, his sky, and his mountains.

The White man is left in his suburbs trying to place his color tv, his manufactured wife, his expensive car, his lawn (look, no crab grass), and his tasteless children and furniture against this wall of identity. He has no soul except what he steals on time. His roots are rotted under a pile of industrial waste.

Middle-aged Paul Hellyer grows sideburns and old Charles Lynch tries to steal a trick or two from the kids. Their wives run with skirts showing sections of withered flank above noisy knees, swollen from years of rust.

These old men and their younger, but equally square, imitators suffer from a disease peculiar to Whites—advanced sell-out.

The desire to produce goods in quantity eventually became a measurement of worth in terms of dollars. The joy a man once took in his work was replaced by joy in what he did outside his job. Western man lived for the 16 hours a day when he could enjoy himself. He enjoys by purchasing the products of boring and soul-breaking work. I find it amazing all three cultural challenges which so disturb us in North America come from underprivileged groups who have been systematically excluded from our great industrial age.

So our roots went down the drain with the industrial revolution. We forgot who we were when the machine drummed its own overpowering rhythm into our minds and now we have to find ourselves again because the machine says it doesn't want us any more. So the flower children are running around pretending they are Indians, and disc jockeys from Camrose are trying to trace their lineage back to a smokey club on Chicago's South Side.

The trouble is all this stuff is not ours; and the people who own it are not about to allow us to take it over. The English had rhythm once. They had song once. There was a time they even thought about things and produced the odd mind. The White man is discovering he is not a new toaster or a better brand of deodorant; that it is not enough to be a thing. And he is going to hurt before he finds out who he is.