

# The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

editor-in-chief - - - Rich Vivone

managing editor Ronald Yakimchuk  
news editor Miriam McClellan  
assistant news editor Glenn Cheriton  
casserole editor Elaine Verbicky  
sports editor Bill Kankewitt  
photo editor Chuck Lyall

**STAFF THIS ISSUE**—Sufferin' snakeskins! There were people in the office to cope with this October 18 very pressing matter. The people were: Judy Griffiths, Ina van Nieuwkerk, (No. 2 but she tries harder), Judy Samoil, Laurie Kostek, Ken Bailey, Marvin Bjornstad (Laurie's "ol' souse") Brian MacDonald, Margie Bolton (the karate kid), Dan Carroll, Mary Ellen Boyd, who got her story in on time, bless her, Joe Czajkowski, Dan Jamieson, Bev "stolen virginity" Bayer, Randy Jankowski, and Marilyn Astle. My apologies to Marilyn. She wasn't really after my bowd. I wonder what she was after? Yours, harv.

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## Let's have the debate

Glenn Sinclair has challenged Marilyn Pilkington to a debate. Sinclair was student co-ordinator in 1966-67 and 1967-68 while Pilkington is the current student union president and was vice-president in 1966-67.

The subject of the debate should be the students union and the students' council and the relevancy of one, both or neither. Both students are well versed in the students' union and its politics, workings and affairs. A lot of air can be cleared if these two discuss the issues.

There is little doubt something very drastic is wrong with the students' union. It isn't the product of the malfunctions of any one person or any one council. It is something that has been developing for a number of years.

The clearest indication of this is the general attitude of the student body towards the union. A tremendous number of students (there are more than 15,000) on campus this term seem to disregard the union as a worthwhile effort. For example, the union had a terrible time trying to fill two key positions—director of Varsity Guest Weekend and director of Treasure Van. Each must

have competent workers and extremely organized directors.

Finally, after two ulcer-creating months, the students' union managed to get several people interested. The VGW director is Wes Alexander who directed the highly successful Freshman Introduction Week. Treasure Van will be run on a duo capacity.

People should not have to get involved twice in one year. The multitudes on this campus don't seem to realize this.

Consequently, many have tried to find out just where the problem lies. Certainly, the rigid rules and restrictions regarding SUB contribute. Hell, we can't even put a poster on the wall without getting the evil eye from the front office.

Another cause may be the hideous way in which the students' union president is harbored from the rest of the students. She and the rest of council executives and The Gateway also have offices almost as remote as abbeys. They give students the feeling they are left out of things and a complex far more inferior than they get at SDU meetings where they are allowed to shoot off their mouths as they please and get a reaction almost as fast.

## ... but keep it clean

As one letter on page five of this issue indicates, SUB just doesn't lend itself to a friendly atmosphere. This may have a lot to do with the apparent non-involvement policy of the majority of students on campus.

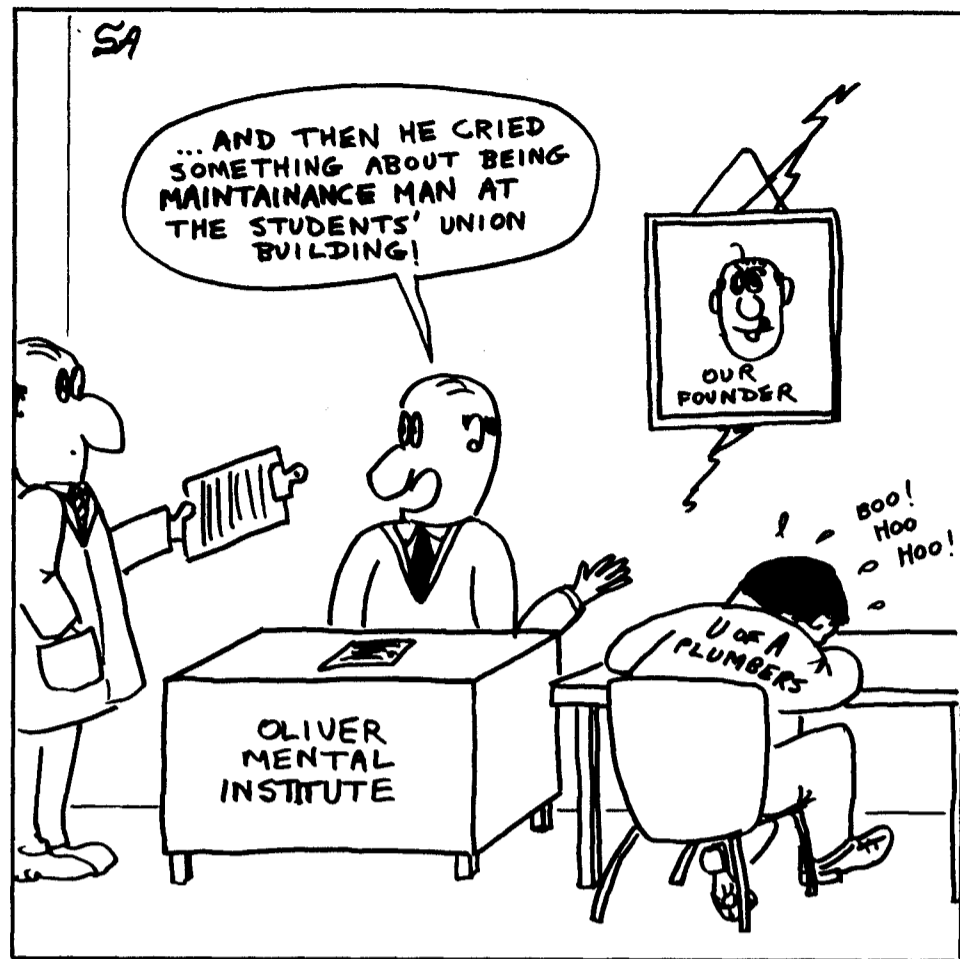
There is something else too. And that is the alleged two-bit significance of university politics. Many contend that most student council members and student union workers are aspiring politicians who are playing a game to get practiced up for the real action outside. Students who want to get involved 'for the fun of it' want nothing to do with this sort of affair. And rightly so—if they are right in their assumption.

The entire air of the students' union certainly does not lend itself to involvement.

If Miss Pilkington consents to the debate with Glenn Sinclair, a lot of the beefs will be brought out. An audience can get a real look at what the students' union is all about and how it works. Both are extremely vocal performers — though their methods are different. These you can witness yourself.

We heartily endorse such a debate. With one reservation. It could develop into a highly personable thing. Personality attacks would not necessarily come from the opponents but from the people watching who just can't resist butting in. Or it may come from each other.

This could be an unpleasant situation. But something has to be done to get people to be able to look each other in the eye once again.



## An innocent freshman becomes totally rejected

By JOHN MILLER

I feel rejected.

Not just slightly rejected, but totally, completely and irrevocably rejected.

One month ago, I came to this university a bright-eyed enthusiastic frosh, ready to do my best in the name of school spirit, and what happened? Nothing, that's what happened, absolutely nothing.

Freshman Introduction Week was really great. "This is a great place," the worldly-wise seniors told me. "By all means get involved, because that's what education is all about."

After thorough indoctrination, I proceeded to select a few clubs to belong to. On the advice of a senior I selected political groups because according to him, "that's where it's at, baby!" The same senior advised me to avoid Radsoc (an immoral bunch, dedicated to orgy-type parties) and Gateway staff (a misguided band of oddballs concerned with pumping propoganda into previously uncorrupted minds).

The first effort to join a club was a total waste. Merrily I waltzed up to the door of the poli sci club. After about 15 minutes of knuckle-bruising activity, my call was answered. Bursting with enthusiasm, I explained my great eagerness to become a member. Right off the bat I could tell I was not going to be greeted with open arms. I begged and pleaded, but to no avail. Finally, when the girl who answered my knock had a chance to get a word in edgewise, she told me that the poli sci club was leaderless, and that I would be quite welcome to join, if there was anything to join.

I was shattered. However, being made of sturdy stuff, I picked up the pieces

and looked about for new fields to conquer.

Suddenly, inspiration struck! "Why not be an activist?" I asked myself. With renewed courage, I spit-polished my shoes, put on my \$150 tailored-to-measure suit and rushed out to meet my new friends in SDU.

I bombed out. "What is student power?" was the first question I asked. Apparently this is a very touchy subject, because after about an hour of bitter debate, the group turned to me and told me I was not welcome. Anyone that would ask a stupid question such as I had, they informed me, was counter-revolutionary and only there to create dissent among loyal SDU'ers.

Fortunately, I am not one to give up easily. If I'm too right-winged to join the leftists, I reasoned, why not join a right-winged group? I decide on the Ayn Rand Society. By this time I was more hep to the art of being accepted. Learning from the suit incident at SDU, I sauntered into the Ayn Rand Society meeting in an old sweatshirt, cut-offs, and bare, dirty feet. The leader took one look at me and barked "Who is John Galt?" Surprised, I stuttered "I don't know, but if you want, I'll go and get him."

The leader muttered something like "idiot" and told me to get lost.

Rejection had become a way of life, by now. These weren't my only defeats. I was washed out of three fraternities for lack of status, the ancient undergraduates society for lack of age, and the Mayfair Breakfast Club for just plain lack.

I've not given up. I'm forming a new club called the Inferiority Club. Everyone is welcome. I anticipate a membership of over 12,000 neurotics.