

## U of A not ivory tower?

In his editorial, *Gateway* Oct. 20, Mr. Gillese offered a challenge to the student body. He said, "Last week was Native Awareness Week on campus" and then characterized students as apathetic. The editorial was meant to raise, not fully discuss, certain issues of national importance. I'm writing to comment on Mr. Gillese's statements because I believe in the function of the student newspaper. One part of that function is to provide a forum for intellectual discussion.

"There have been only 11 native graduates from the U of A in its entire history. That's a pretty poor record for a university that services the large native communities of central and northern Alberta, the Yukon and the NWT." (editorial).

But education is a two-way street. 11 graduates is a very poor record on the part of the natives, not just on the part of the university. Mr. Gillese can account for the poor record, however: "And obviously there has to be a social and political basis for the abysmally-low record. Natives, because of the economic position they have been forced into by a white-dominated society encounter enormous social barriers in any attempt to enter this 'ivory-tower' community."

To be careful in one's thought about native education is the best way to voice concern. It really isn't true that the economic position of Canadian natives holds them back. Not the financial situation. The per capita subsidy of native students at the U of A must be several thousand dollars higher than that of the

average white. Any registered Indian or Eskimo person from the NWT can attend university with full subsidy: air-fare, tuition, book-allowance, room-and-board, spending allowance, special counselling and a summer job with the Gov't of the NWT are all provided by the Canadian taxpayer. So as a generalization the barriers are not financial. If Mr. Gillese means economic in a more general sense he should define his meaning.

"Enormous social barriers" prevent "any attempt to enter this 'ivory-tower' community." Are the social barriers for an Indian intrinsically greater than for a Chinese or African student, who must come from a foreign continent? I would like to see statistics on the dropout rate for Indians as compared to all coloured foreign students. Are all of Mr. Gillese's social pressures really imposed by the white man? Surely homesickness and the inability to exist independently of the home community are not imposed on the native by white society. The Northern Training Program, which trains northern natives in hydrocarbon-industry jobs, while paying them a good wage, lists homesickness as the primary cause of trainee dropouts. Surely no-one would recommend moving the oilfields and the university to a small native community in northern Alberta.

The U of A is not an ivory tower community. A Grade 12 average of 60 per cent really is not a very Olympian hurdle. Adult students are not even required to have grade twelve. What percentage of the native students who

have applied to this university have been refused entry? May I refer to the "Report on Program of Legal Studies for Native People, University of Saskatchewan College of Law, Nov. 14, 1974"? The program is designed for native students "whose academic background would not, by itself, win the student a place (in law school), and provides eight weeks of special training prior to entry into law school:

*The Program has been approved by the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development. Any student of registered status has his or her tuition fee and the cost of necessary books and study materials paid by the Department, and receives a monthly living allowance from it. Travel costs are also paid. Upon the student completing the program and being admitted to a law school the Department will continue this financial support throughout the three years of formal law studies.*

That strikes me as a very generous program. It couldn't be just one isolated instance of token generosity, especially when the formally-unqualified natives are attaining entrance to a quota faculty. Admit it: the program represents discrimination on the basis of race in favour of native people. I am not against the program, not in the least, but I object to people who continually cry, "White man! White man!"

"Economic position," "social barriers," "a white-dominated society" and such-like phrases do not provide insight into the problems of the Canadian native. University is a white-dominated institution. What else could it possibly be? The native people should adopt the motto, "When in Rome do as the Romans do." Or, if they dared, "When in Rome do better than the Romans do." When in Indian Cabins, Alberta, do as the Indians do, if that's where you want to be. But come to the Big City, and the Big Big Boarding School, prepared for ugly depersonalized anonymity.

Colin Ross  
Commerce 2

## Bob: "Come on over"

I would like to clear up a few discrepancies in Harvey Hand-jobb's article "Sexist ~Loggers Need Help," from the Oct. 20th edition of *Gateway*.

Perhaps the student public would be interested in knowing that Harvey's position as the 5th Henday Manliness Committee Chairman involves the simple task of clearing the storage room after certain contests held on the floor.

Secondly, the only reason the maid won the arm wrestling was due to the fact that the MEN on the floor were out having a good time, leaving lowly Harvey to deal with her. Well, as you may have guessed, Harvey has about

as much chance in the contest as a one-legged man in an ass-kickin' contest!

As far as the assumption about the A.L.C.B. glass in 14 seconds goes, Harvey mistook the one beer for the 30th in a sequence of 40 beers, that were gorged by one of our rookies, in an hour.

Well Harvey, we're completely in agreement with your statement about our great logging record 2 years ago, and if you'd only take a couple of seconds to look around, you'd see that we're still going strong, in and out of both ends!!

Bob F.  
5th Alumni

Fifth Henday would like the so-called chairman of the fifth Henday manliness committee to make him or herself known as we would like to express our gratitude for his misplaced concern about our declining logging record. We invite him or her to cum up to Fifth and discuss it over a few browns.

As for the matter of the maids beating us in arm-wrestling; it wasn't our arms they were wrestling with. Harvey also had the audacity to infer that our best beer chugging time was 14 seconds by a 3rd year, Mormon, P.E. student. Harvey's stopwatch must be a Timex as the real time was 77 seconds... not for an

A.L.C.B. glass of Coke but for an A.L.C.B. keg of beer. Our real chugging team, who didn't quite make the contest, is never sober. Our philosophy is "Why have a victory parter after the event?"

Our community relations department is holding an event which is sure to catch an eye. It's the "yule-hog" contest; anyone can drop a log but how many can slop a hog? It's all part of our fun(d) raising campaign to make ends meat.

In closing, we suggest that this co-called chairman will just have to swallow his pride; which shouldn't be hard in his case.

Bob  
5th Henday

## Everything Considered

Dear Lydia, Dear Ambrose,

Please allow me to mediate. I agree with you Ambrose, in that you two should try to be friends. The problem is that your philosophies are diametrically opposed!

It seems clear that while you, Ambrose, operate on the earthy philosophy that to contemplate is better than to CONtemplate; dear Lydia — you seem to operate on the erroneous belief that a preposition is more exciting than a PROposition.

Do not despair! There is no

need to strangle yourself with your Freudian slip Lydia; nor for you, Ambrose, to dwell unduly on the problem of your being hung either. Lydia — you at least are old enough to know that you cannot kill a lexicorn with whore frost!

Your efforts would be far more PROFitable if you would both stop dry-humping around, put your micro-mini brains together and CONceive of something less CONtrived.

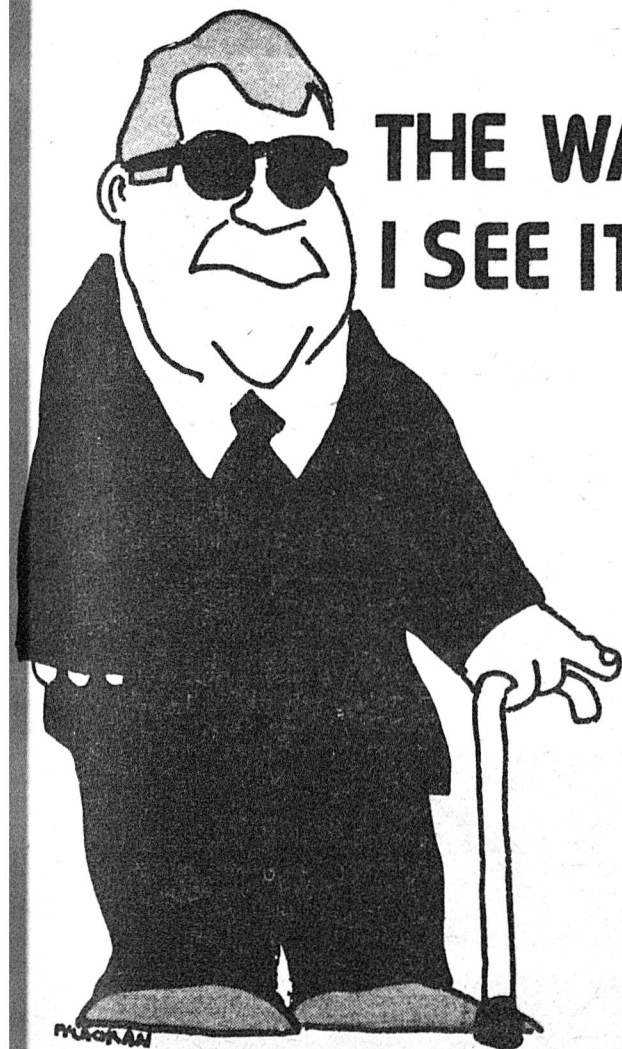
Smashing Bird  
Arts 1

## Correction!

Typesetting errors in a letter to the editor from SU vp finance and administration Eileen Gillese (Oct. 28) resulted in a change of meaning. The sentence "it is implied that the budget under which the SU is now operating was drawn up by men" should have read "drawn up by me" and

the sentence "it seems unreasonable that we'd better have a minimum of two months' reserves (or \$60,000) reserves in case" should have read "it seems reasonable." We apologize for any misunderstanding that might have arisen because of these errors.

## Frank Mutton



THE WAY  
I SEE IT

An apology goes out today to a man who feels he is much maligned. After that remark I made about **Chuck Chandler's** vocal qualities last week, he's had nothing but static from friends and family. In fact, his wife has threatened to **sue our pants off** unless we reveal the true identity of the infamous **Little Brick Man**.

Well, after a great deal of **in-depth undercover work**, along with a few personal threats on **Bill Comrie's** life, we found out that the adorable little character you'd all love to **throttle** is none other than **CHED's** resident **Butterball turkey good old Bob McCord**.

Bob got his start in radio back in 1935, when he played **Little Bobby Bimbo** on the radio serial **Czywanski of the Edmonton Homicide Squad**. The series ran until 1953, when **CFRN** replaced it with **Popcorn Playhouse**. Bob was offered the role of the **moose**, but he felt it might be too challenging and turned it down.

He started with **CHED** in 1961, but lost his way while travelling to the station. He was finally found in 1965, still trying to back his car out of **Mill Creek**, and he began his popular radio show soon afterwards.

Mr. McCord has always enjoyed doing commercials — you may remember him as **44 Chicken, the Lido Man, and Elsie the Borden Cow**. He hopes to do a series of spots with **Uncle Dennis at Parkway Country** —

Bob'll be the Ford that the Unk's always promising to... well, you'll see for yourself.

Let's wish Bob well in his future plans — even the **handicapped** have a role to play!!

There's something **very** interesting going on at the **Uni** these days — it seems that University **health** officials have sealed off **Assiniboia Hall** on the campus because of an onslaught of **rabbits**.

You may remember that the **Australians** had one hell of a time when some klutz introduced the fuzzy little buggers long ago. There are now so many of them in that country that **Westgate** says **Melbourne** looks like **Woodward's at Easter**.

Anyway the U isn't taking any chances — first year **Arts** students aren't being allowed near the building for fear that they'll catch a glimpse of a rabbit and fall instantly in love. **Agriculture** students have been promised a dime a pelt for any bunnies they can lay their hands on, but were urged not to set traps near CAB. One **commerce** student had his **Black Sheep Polyester Leather Coat** chewed to shreds when he tripped over one in Quad.

Officials are also contemplating a quarantine of the entire University area until tests can be completed to determine whether or not a staff member at the **Publications Office** is suffering from the dreaded **Rabbit Flu**.

This flu has no cure, and the symptoms are hideous — the victim's ears grow, his I.Q. drops drastically, and he mutters constantly about "transferring to Rec Admin." At this stage he is either shot or given a job in the Students' Union.

**Canada Permanent Trust** recently announced the appointment of former federal cabinet minister **Beryl Plumtree** to the Board of Directors. They feel that, unlike the **Royal Bank**, the Permanent has a place for women in its company. Beryl's job will consist of handing out **Helpful Homemaker Hints** to housewives, and serving **coffee** at board meetings .... **Jeanie Lougheed**, wife of the Premier, has been offered a role on the TV show, "**Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman**". Jeanie will play the wife of a prominent Fernwood politician who, after getting tired of waiting for her husband to come home from the Legislature, decides to have an affair with **Grandpa Larkin**, the Fernwood Flasher .... prominent local lawyer **Joe Shoctor** has announced that his good buddy **Pope Paul** will open the **Joe Shoctor (Mr. Wonderful) Theatre** next month — the Pope will cut the ribbon at the new **Citadel** just before he **canonizes** Joe.

In closing, remember that Daylight Saving is over — I forget and ended up missing breakfast at the Salvation Temple of Hope.