

# The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

editor-in-chief - - - Rich Vivone

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**STAFF THIS ISSUE**—Great Chinese philosopher Confucius say—no press night complete without bed. And here on the bed was Lynn Hugo, Judy Samoil, Gail Evasiuk, Marjibell, Catriona Sinclair, and assisting with the bed-bouncing was Ken Bailey, Joe Czajkowski, Brian MacDonald, B. Campbell, (R. J. L.), Dan Carroll, Bev (virginity regained) Bayer, Willy C. Deucer, Peter Johnston, Larry Mitchell, Randy Jankowski, and, not fourth, not fifth but sixth, your sexless but susceptible smoothie, Harvey ("G" for Virgin) Thomgirt.

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PAGE FOUR

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## An old, old story

An increasing number of students who once graduated from university are returning to enter graduate studies or are just trying to fill in some more time and get away from the old rat race.

Many of these people have indicated an unwillingness to "cut their friend's throat" or "stab them in the back" just to get ahead. The people we talked to didn't relish this too much. So they came back to good old secure university life where a good time is had by all and there is ample time to play students politics and be a big man once again.

The worst thing these people said though, once they had settled back into grind, was that the degrees they earned were next to worthless. Oh, they might give you a bit of prestige when, in a barroom conversation, one can use all these big words and impress the truck drivers.

After this ego-exercise, there isn't

much left for the degree.

The prime bitches are the holders of the degrees in arts, where all the great thinkers and revolutionaries hang out. Next come the general science degrees. There is little point in even discussing this matter. A science degree (general) is worth a shade more than the paper it is written on.

Which all leads to this.

What are you doing here? Why are you here? Should you be here? Where are you going to go from here?

Or better yet, get at the three big ones—

Who am I? What am I doing? Where am I going?

When you come to sort of compromise on these questions, then you will know a little bit about what kind of place this is and whether it is serving its purpose—if indeed it has any purpose.

## A view of the "process"

(from The Ontarioan)

The hallowed hall of the Canadian Senate was chilled last week by the disturbing breezes of student radicalism and one of its august members reacted in a manner deserving acknowledgement for its intellectually stagnant viewpoint.

Senator Donald Cameron, an independent liberal senator from Alberta, made an attack on the overall student power position, accusing material distributed to freshmen on various campuses by student power groups as being 'too dirty' to be read verbally into the record, and not representative of the 'vast majority' of Canadian university students.

Along with this abuse heaped upon the student element in the fight for democratization of the condemned those faculty members university, Senator Cameron also who found themselves in agreement with student aims.

These faculty members were described as being the also-rans of the academic world, academic cripples who possess only 'the most minimal qualifications.' He alleged that most of these faculty members were in the 'undisciplined disciplines of sociology, social psychology and some of the arts'.

This view of the educative process is one which is sadly out of date. The prime consideration of each student should be his fulfillment as a complete human being. The present process of education is not however geared to allowing people the opportunity of expanding their intellectual horizons; rather, it concentrates on producing a series of preconditioned automatons which can fit easily into slots created for them in our corporation-dominated society.

Far from being centres for the critical analysis of society, universities are used as training grounds for the executive elite which will perpetrate the system.

Those who condemn the present trends in student thought without taking the time or effort to consider

the situation from the viewpoint of the student body can only be called hypocritical. Into this category would fit such people as Senator Cameron and the premier of Saskatchewan, Ross Thatcher, who recently threatened to close the University of Saskatchewan at the first sign of student instigated trouble. Interestingly enough, one person who has taken objection to the way in which the Saskatchewan university is run is the Dean of Arts and Science of the U of S Regina campus.

Dean Alwyn Berland tendered resignation because of a lack of confidence in the university's administration and structure. This is a lack of confidence in the same structure which Thatcher would have students respect. We would ask what action Mr. Thatcher could take against any official of Mr. Berland's stature who actively supports the general aims of student power groups.

We would also wonder if Senator Cameron would classify Dean Berland as an 'intellectual hippie', an 'academic cripple' or someone 'undermining standards of conduct and morality' in the university.

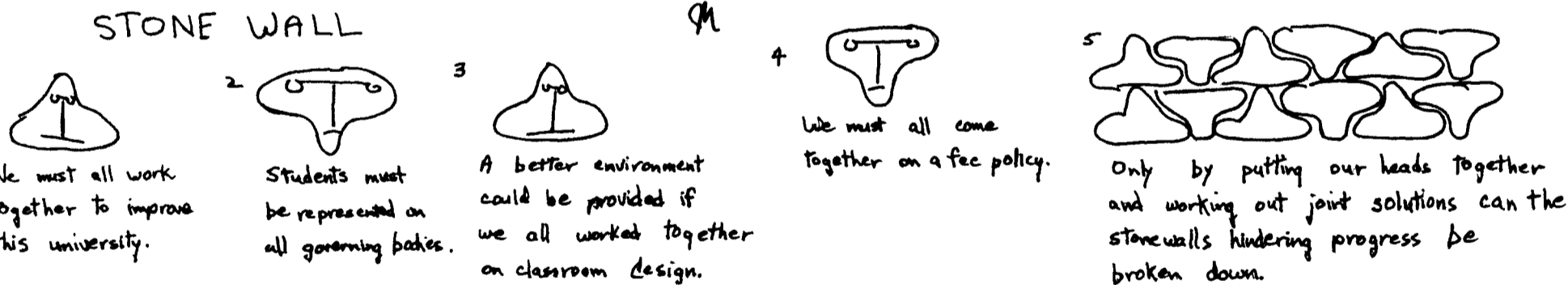
The authoritative attitudes of the two mentioned members of the Canadian bureaucratic elite can only be met with greater determination on the part of all students who have any aspirations of obtaining a true education to break out of the bonds imposed on them by the Ross Thatchers and Don Camerons of society.

We will not be treated as "niggers" any longer; we are human beings, not second class citizens, and demand recognition of that fact.

## About us

Certain students claim The Gateway is biased in its news coverage, news selection and opinions.

Since September, we have been criticised by the SDU, the students' union and the university president. This suggests some form of impartiality.



## This is the year of the stuffed politicians

By BRIAN CAMPBELL

In the last few weeks the cries for "law and order" have grown in the United States so that 20 per cent of the population down there supports George Wallace for sheriff, or whatever he's contesting. Good ol' Richard Nixon, who seems to be saying the same thing as lovable George, but not quite, probably has the contest in the bag. The only one who is a sure loser in the Nov. 5 shoot-out is Hubert Horatio Humphrey. His campaign stance lacks "credibility". He comes on like shell-shocked salesman who has forgotten what brand he is selling. And all across the country they're saying: "Liberalism? Whatever it is we don't want any."

And everywhere the signs are the same.

University watchers say, "activists and revolutionaries are in the minority." A students' union president says, "CUS is irresponsible." Newspapers lash the hippies and try to wash them away with a lotion of ink. Perhaps they are only temporary? Maybe they will go away, like acne, with enough soap? The majority is normal, content, satisfied, rational. Who, and what, are these people? Why is this happening?

The majority never asks if the pimples and acne and oil are signs of some deeper rot which will tear through the skin in an ooze of pus when they try and push out the smaller infection.

But what are the questions in this year of the stuffed politician? Perhaps

abnormality is the issue. The undercurrent of majority annoyance is the smear of abnormality. "You are bumps on the smooth skin of the body politic," they say. They themselves are normal. But are they blind, insensitive, callous, complacent, and uncaring? Are they trying to ignore the poverty of the ghetto? Are they turning green glassed eyes to the screaming yellow of napalm? Are they shovelling the mentally stricken and broken out of the way where they won't have to care about them or look at them? Are they taking pictures at Banff Indian Days and spitting on 97th Street?

The soft thud of a falling club is close to the sound of a beating heart. Is that what happened in Chicago?

Maybe the dream is strained more in the '60s, what with the television giving a blood-splashed picture of injustice? Perhaps the fight behind the hotel where they lost three teeth is as close as they ever got? And that only happened once or twice. Perhaps they forgot the wars? Perhaps they forgot where they were? Perhaps they like dreaming?

They always keep the garbage behind the fences and the fences well-painted in the suburbs.

But the real problem is they are not totally blind. They see from time to time, and it is painful and sometimes dirty. But then, after Nov. 5, the new sheriff may shoot their eyes out just to show them his skill.