

A little white membership card; a few posters; and an occasional Gateway story headline. Such constitutes U of A students' acquaintance with their organization, NFCUS. They never use their cards for other than to make their thin wallets appear fuller, rarely read the posters and never glance beneath the headlines.

In these aspects they are outdone by none of their Canadian university brethren, except perhaps by the Western Ontario thinkers who present their cards as identification at Uncle Frost's drugstore. Students and the Federation were satisfied to manage under these conditions until a little upstart Montreal University, Sir George William, found its budget running short and ran its association with the national group even shorter.

Editors adopted the issue as an exercise for their condemning abilities, or their excuse making, depending on the mood of the day. McGill readily opened its air-out-NFCUS campaign with a wordy attack on Sir George William. "Not only was their withdrawal very badly timed (here referring to the fact that SGW did not wait for the national conference), but the arguments for the move do not stand up under close examination."

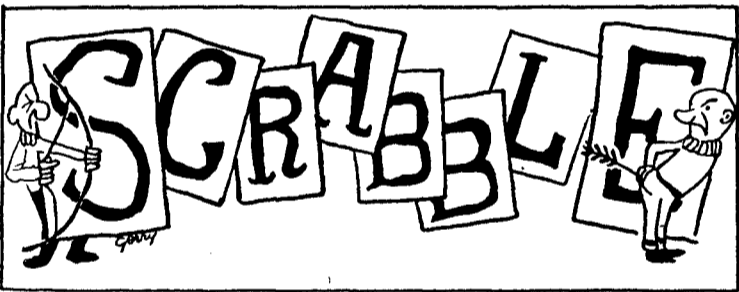
Next day, the Daily thought it over and decided Sir George was not completely to blame. "The fact remains that, despite these laudable (and most abstract) exertions on the

international scene, NFCUS does not, and never has meant much to the Canadian Student body."

Armed with this new concern for NFCUS, Ontario feature writers polled their coffeemates on their knowledge of NFCUS. Some ninety per cent realized it was not "Northern Federation of Colleges Under the Sun." The remainder "didn't have a clue and didn't care." A second query found none could name the campus chairman (who knows U of A's?). Descriptions of the Federation activities ranged from "It gets together and has parties" to "we get student discounts from it, a credit card to better living." The most typical answer here would have to be "It takes my money and holds seminars."

Students interviewed at U of T could translate the NFUS but were balked by the "c". Clueless?

Affect on the average student of this sudden predominance of a few raised letters? An increased number of stories to avoid in each new issue.



By Chris Evans

Ladies and Gents, on our stage, one night only for a limited engagement and at great expense to the management, the students' union subcommittee for the investigation of uncommitted activities presents that stirring saga of Campus resurgence "The Homecomers," starring bouncy Bob Hicks and a cast of thousands, also hicks. SEE death-defying bonfires . . . SMELL mass-produced hamburger . . . EAT indiv. chicken pie . . . CHEER at spontaneous (planned) rallies . . . MARVEL at planned (spontaneous) parades . . . DANCE to the music of the Homing Pigeons (but don't stand underneath when they fly by). Get potted. Raise the flag. Failing that, raise hell. Stay around for Homecoming Weekend. It's gay. It's ma-ad. It's free.

Announcement of note: at any time in the near future, expect the Panhellenic Society to declare Dr. Vant's Lectures and the Wauneita Formal as official sorority rushing functions.

Disgusting exhibition. Despite repeated warnings from certain astute individuals who shall remain anonymous, the Arts Council has gone ahead with stage one of its ridiculous plan to take over the world, stage one being a before-meeting gathering of the Council Clan at the domicile of one youthful Arts Rep. As the Chateau Clique superciliously sipped Chateau Gai, could their blind senses not detect the aforementioned Banquet Banquo pulling, I respectfully submit, a Macbeth???

As the sun sinks behind the Math-Physics building, and Ralph Bat rises and flaps off to

consume his evening quota of blood, we witness the Wauneita Squaw Council, papoose pouches bulging with wampum, folding their teepees and waddling into the gathering dusk on their spike-heeled mukluks. Ugh.

Woe. I was recently stabbed in the back with the determined thrust of a pink parking ticket, and the wound that yet festers is loathe to heal. It does not pay to argue with the Campus Cop. I used logic. He used garlic. Further, between ostentatious displays of a set of unusually powerful teeth, he called me a troublemaker. How can one man be such a poor judge of character?

Late Flash: an occasion for high glee, and one liable to increase the enrolment in the High Glee Club, is the arrival of one Chappel on campus. Yoicks!

Stanger and dudley lead young symphony to glory

By The Gateway's Music Critic

Guest conductor Russel Stanger and guest pianist Ray Dudley were featured at the Sunday afternoon concert of the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra.

The program contained good variety, combining two very modern compositions with such dependable numbers as the overture to von Weber's opera Oberon.

A first Canadian performance of prelude and Quadruple Fugue by Alan Hovhaness made interesting listening. Mr. Stanger read a message from the composer to the Edmonton Symphony thanking it for performing his work.

The pianist, accompanied by the orchestra, played Variations On A Nursery Song by Ernst von Dohn-

anyi. A different piece, it was played well enough to warrant four curtain calls for Mr. Dudley.

The final portion of the concert consisted entirely of Tchaikovsky's symphony No. 5 in E minor. This beautiful symphony was played with great feeling as the orchestra was very responsive to Mr. Stanger's direction.

The concert was a fairly difficult one for our nine year old orchestra but Mr. Stanger, who is an associate conductor of the New York Philharmonic, seemed as pleased with the performance as did the audience.

Beth and bob perform

By The Gateway's Music Critic

The fifty-first season of the Women's Musical Club was opened Friday, Oct. 13 by Elizabeth Stangeland and her husband, Robert Stangeland.

Mrs. Stangeland began the five-part program with a selection of six German songs by Mozart, Schumann, Wolf and Schubert. After accompanying his wife, Mr. Stangeland played the Waldstein piano sonata by Beethoven.

Songs of France introduced the third portion of the program and then Mr. Stangeland returned to play Arabesque by Schumann, three Chopin preludes and Passacaglia by Aaron Copeland.

Mrs. Stangeland sang in Spanish, her third language of the evening, four folk songs by Manuel de Falla. The program then took a lighter turn with the singing of Stravinsky's Trois Histoires pour Enfants and then ended with Dieu Vous Garde by Milhaud.

The concert was most enjoyable and the audience's attention was held throughout by both the clever arrangement of the program and the excellent quality of the performances. Mrs. Stangeland sang very well, and her stage presence seemed to assume the national characteristics of whatever language she sang. Mr. Stangeland played with the confidence and precision that has made his reputation in Edmonton music circles.

Ralph bears breast

Ralph Bat, Gateway's sensational newest sensation, this week denied he was the person referred to in a recent Scrabble column as "a candidate for the students' council presidency."

"I have the greatest regard for Mr. Hyndwell and his abilities," he said, denying the charge. "Shucks, I ain't even in law, and the Scrambler said the feller was a busy law student." "I have the greatest respect for busy law students," he added.

BASHFUL BAT

Mr. Bat was discovered one afternoon two weeks ago fluttering widely about the halls of the Arts Building.

Several Gateway types, recognizing off-campus symptoms of distress, directed Mr. Bat to the almost-off-campus Arts basement washroom, thereby earning undying gratitude.

"I was looking for that feller Kenton," he said.

Interviewed this week in Tuck Shop — where he says he enjoys the ten-cent, bat-sized cup of coffee — Mr. Bat said he has begun a busy schedule of campus activities.

NICE FOLKS

He has attended several frat rushing dos. "Shucks, I never met so many nice people who wanted to know my name and all."

"They asked me where I was from and what year I was in and what course I was taking and what did I think of the House."

"They looked kinda surprised when I told them I was a bat," he added relectively. "Bats can't take

college courses. Shucks, we ain't even supposed to talk."

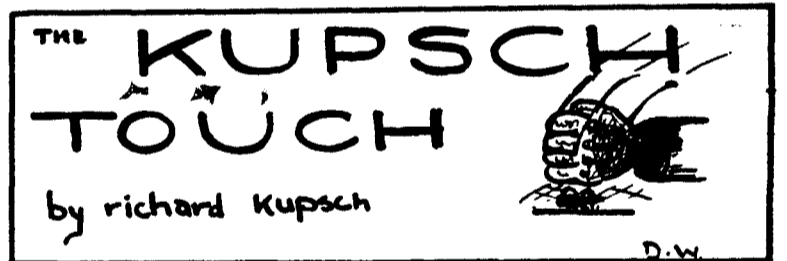
"Sure hope they don't hold it against me," he said. "I'd hate to think those nice guys went in for discrimination or something."

Sopranos, contraltos need not apply

The Male Chorus will begin practices Saturday afternoon in West Lounge, according to Andrew Kormany, conductor of the group.

Already fifty male voices have been auditioned, leaving only a few openings for tenor voices. Mr. Kormany said the bass and baritone sections are filled, but ad-

ded a few second tenors are needed. He said the "red carpet" is out for six or seven first tenors. Any students with tenor voices who are interested can sign at the Students' Union Office for an audition or phone Mr. Kormany at GE 3-6040, or Erick Schmidt at GE 9-7001 for information.



What is meant by the term "Canadian?" The problem of defining this enigmatic term has vexed die-hard nationalists — what few there are — ever since this grand and glorious nation was aborted by John A. and cohorts almost a century ago.

Is Canada predominantly French? Heavens, no. Is Canada English? Undeniably no. Is Canada "bi-cultural?" Hell, no. Then, what is Canada? I say it is nothing of any particular importance to anyone but a shrinking group of self-blinded intellectuals.

The sad truth is that we can lay claim to nothing that is truly ("distinctly" is the word that is most often used in this connection, I believe) Canadian, Bruce Hutchison and Co. notwithstanding.

All things "Canadian" have been derived from some other source. Of course, these aforementioned nationalists can weasel out of this one by saying that we have modified all we have borrowed to suit our particular cultural needs.

For example, the majority of our national heroes — what pitiful few we can lay claim to — were immigrants, and misguided ones at that. And we have permitted the Americans to steal most of those. Alexander G. Bell comes to mind in this connection. So does Paul Bunyan. (Let's give 'em Pearson, too!)

We have nothing remotely resembling a national cultural heritage, even when our bilingual constitution is taken into consideration. As far as the "bi" part of Canada goes, the people in Quebec speak French,

the people in the rest of Canada speak English (none can be said to be bi-lingual except for the politicians who are trying to sway Quebec voters, and the language they speak is not even a reasonable approximation of French), and all of the people in Canada blindly follow the United States when it comes to basic attitudes, foreign policy, technology, etc.

To those miserable few who cry that we have no distinctive culture because "really, you know, we are a new country, relatively speaking, and we are dominated by a much larger cultural entity to the south, and in time we will develop our own culture, which will be so much the richer because of the multitude and variety of ethnic groups contributing to it," I say pooh!

If one views Canada realistically, he must admit that Canadians are nothing more than imitators (the best in the world), first of the British, and now of our rich, numerically and culturally superior Yankee cousins.