Editorial

dur Master's Voice

Dalhousie students are about to begin playing the Representivity Game.

In a short while, the Student's Council will accept applications for the two vacant student seats on the university Senate. (A third is held automatically by the president of the Student's Union).

From among applicants the Council will select the two people IT feels are the most competent to fill the prestigious job of joining the approximately 100 representatives of faculty and administration in forming academic policy.

Assessment of the worth of these not difficult. three seats is Undoubtedly it will be through alliance with the faculty that students will ultimately attain power within the university. But to expect that any change will be produced by the

inclusion of a token number of students on the faculty-controlled Senate is totally unrealistic.

In fact, it is more than unrealistic. It doesn't even qualify as being naive. loneco would have been afraid to include a similar situation in one of his plays, for fear that he was pushing absurdity too far.

How we can continue to insult ourselves in so enormously mean a manner is quite beyond us. We are hardly claiming that the faculty should be disenfranchised. But it seems to us that the student is of some necessity to the university, and surely merits a higher representation co-efficient than three percent. It is our policy that rather than continue to flagellate ourselves by accepting this meaningless, degrading co-option of some of our student leaders into token repre-

sentation, and attempts to prove to somebody, somewhere, that we are "responsible," we should withdraw our membership from the Senate until such time as we are granted sufficient representation that we have a real influence on Senate policy.

There are 4000 Students on this Campus, we each play an important role in this university. We are each subjected to an autocratic, authoritarian, class, conscious educational system. Three members are not enough.

Surely it is time that student government should stop attempting to satiate itself by playing dinnertime footsies in an endless succession of pleadings with authority. If we value our nationality and ability to determine something of what our lives should be, let us insist that we be given a louder voice in our education than our Kindergarden brothers.

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My wife's credentials were not in order

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, Mass., The 1968 Democratic national convention has left a mark on all of us. Anyone who was in Chicago last week is still

suffering from the effects of it. I know I am.
I came to Martha's Vineyard in Massachusetts
to forget all that had transpired, but it wasn't easy. As we sat down to eat dinner the first night I said to my wife and children, "Where are your credentials?"

"What credentials?" my wife asked.

"Your credentials to get into this dining-room. No one is permitted to eat dinner unless he shows his credentials. You're supposed to wear them around your neck at all times."
"That's ridiculous," my wife said.
"Ridiculous is it? How do I know everyone here

belongs to my family, if they don't have the proper credentials?"

"Are you sure you didn't get hit over the head in Chicago?" my son asked.

"You're trying to provoke me into overacting," I said angrily. "But your little game isn't going to work. I'll use as much force as necessary to keep the

Everyone ate his dinner in silence.

After it was over the children went into the livingroom to play Scrabble. "All right," I said grabbing a broomhandle and a

megaphone. "Let's break it up. You don't have a permit to hold a meeting in the living-room."
"We don't need a permit," my 13-year-old daugh-

Art

Buchwald

ter said. 'I'll tell you if you need a permit or not. We're go-

ing to have law and order around here if I have to lock everyone in this house up."

My wife said, "Why don't you get some sleep? You've had a rough week."
"That's typical," I said, "You're siding with the

kids instead of the authorities. No wonder they think they can play Scrabble in the living-room and not have to face the consequences."

"Why don't you children go down to the drugstore and have a soda?" my wife said.

"They don't have a permit to march down to the drugstore," I said, holding the broom at port arms. "Anyone who crosses this line will get hit over the head."

My 12-year-old daughter said, "I told you we shouldn't have let Daddy go to Chicago."

My wife was becoming angry. "Will you stop this nonsense? You're ruining our vacation."

I picked up an aerosol can of Flit and shouted through my megaphone, "Anyone who comes near me will be Maced."

The family stared at me in silence. "Let's all go to bed," my wife said.

I shouted through the megaphone, "You will leave one at a time and go directly to your rooms. If anyone throws anything out of his window he will be beaten and tear gassed."

"I don't want to go to bed," my son said.

"Neither do I," said my daughters.
"All right," I said. "By the authority invested in me by Mayor Daley, I have no choice." I started squirting the Flit around the room. The

family ran for cover. I stayed up all night, but were no further demonstrations in the house.

The next morning I went to sleep and when I woke up and saw the sailboats out in the harbor, Chicago seemed far away.

I still carry the broomhandle and Flit can around with me for protection, but I think I'm getting better. I haven't made an arrest in four days.

Is this the New Politics?

FROM THE TORONTO STAR

When Pierre Trudeau became Prime Minister, the country was fired with expectation that the New Politics had arrived, and that old-fashioned political patronage was on the way out.

Hadn't Mr. Trudeau, after all, indicated that, henceforth, talent and brains, rather than patronage, would

be the passport to posts in the public service? But a look at some recent appointments to federal jobs makes us wonder whether the Old Politics is, in

fact, on the way out. In recent weeks, nine former Liberal MPs or de-

feated Liberal candidates have been given choice jobs in various departments, boards and commissions, or in the offices of cabinet ministers.

No one of demonstrated ability, of course, should be denied a government post simply because he is a Liberal. But when nine appointments of loyal Liberals are made within a few weeks, the suspicion is inevitable that the criterion is past party loyalty, rather than ability.

Some may be able people, qualified by years of familiarity with government, or by a professional background suited to the new job.

But do we know, for example, whether Margaret Rideout, the charming widow and defeated Liberal from Westmoreland in New Brunswick is best qualified for the \$16,000 post of Citizenship Court judge in Moncton, a job to which she is expected to be named soon? Or whether James Byrne, former Liber. al MP for Kootenay East, is the best available choice for appointment to the Immigration Appeal Board?

We hope the appointments of Mr. Trudeau prove justified. But if the pattern of choosing loyal Liber. als continues, it will be hard to tell the difference between the New Politics and the Old.