

# The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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co-sports editor ..... lawrie hignell

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**EDITORIAL**—Desk—Doug Bell, Frank Horvath, Gordon Auck; Cartoonist—Dale Drever, Alan Shute; Editorial Board—Bill Miller, Ralph Melnychuk, Lorraine Minch, Brian Campbell

**STAFF THIS ISSUE**—The following loyal souls not only made the managing editor realize the only reason he got into the masthead was because he had a car, but also booted down the make-up editor's bad puns: Terry Donnelly (a McCluhanesque extension), John Green, Joe Zezulka, Bob Jacobsen, Bernie Goedhart, Steve Rybak, Butch Treleaven, Ron Yakimchuk (a spiritual absconder), Lynn Hugo, Hiro Saka, Perry Afaganis, George Barr, Derek Nash, Wayne Burns, Elaine Verbicky, John Thompson, ace political analyst), and yours truly, Harvey Thomgirt

The Gateway is published semi-weekly by the students' union of the University of Alberta. The Editor-in-Chief is responsible for all material published herein. Final copy deadline for Wednesday edition—7 p.m. Sunday, advertising—noon Thursday prior, short shorts—5 p.m. Friday; for Friday edition—7 p.m. Tuesday, advertising—noon Monday prior; short shorts—5 p.m. Tuesday. Casserole advertising—noon Thursday previous week. Advertising Manager: Peter Amerongen. Office Phone—433-1155. Circulation—9,300. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Postage paid at Edmonton. Telex 037-2412.

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1967

## why not here?

Students at the University of Calgary are to be congratulated on obtaining three seats on the General Faculty Council there.

Our only regret is that we can't offer the same congratulations to students here.

Last year a move to get student representation on the board of governors here fizzled out. The need for student representation on the GFC was also recognized, and it appeared some sort of negotiations were under way. When the university provost, Professor A. A. Ryan, addressed students' council last spring, he said it was his impression that student representation on the GFC would be welcomed.

The clause in the University Act which made provision for representation on the GFC was widely interpreted as a great victory for student rights.

But what happened?

Whenever the topic is brought up, we are vigorously assured by various members of the students' union executive that negotiations are under way, and that it is only a matter of time. But recent statements by students' union president Branny Schepanovich have cast doubts on exactly how vigorously our union is seeking GFC representation.

It is absolutely essential that U of A students gain full voting representation on the GFC.

Our so-called anachronistic government has recognized this need.

University officials in Calgary have recognized this need.

Many GFC officials here have indicated they recognize this need.

What about our student "leaders"?

## protests cloud the issue

British Columbia Assembly of Students' request for a grants commission, fee abolition, and equalization grants deserves more attention than it has been getting.

The main issues have been clouded by the controversy over the proposed mass student march.

Students from B.C.'s three main universities are to march Friday, but education minister Leslie Peterson has refused to receive the march at the legislature.

A brief to be presented to the legislature asks for equalization grants covering expenses and extra living costs for out-of-town students attending university in an urban area.

Studies have shown the percentage of high school graduates from urban schools going on to post-secondary education is higher than the percentage of rural high school graduates. We suggest a reason

for this is the extra living costs for out-of-town students.

It is a fact that it costs rural students at least \$500 more per university year in living costs than it does students living at home.

It is possible for most students to earn enough money during the summer to pay for tuition. But, tuition fees make up only 25 to 30 per cent of a student's expenditures.

Where the problem arises is in travel expenses and living costs, and the government must step in here to make post-secondary education more universally accessible.

Obviously the case for equalization grants is a strong one. But the ends cannot be achieved by strength of reason alone.

The B.C. situation has shown the uselessness of mass protests.

More effective methods of student lobbying must be used to make the government see the problem with a more understanding attitude.



"i'll give you till i count to three, to release my friends"

bob jacobsen

## movie-goers: herd of the absurd

Fifteen hundred people jammed into the Tory amphitheatre Thursday evening to see a film 'The East is Red'. Only 400 were accommodated. When I arrived, the lobby was already packed. People were lined up in the aisles. Every available seat was taken.

There were bearded students in green jackets, jumping up and down to see—then reporting on the situation to everyone around them. There were big bald men in fur coats, little skinny ones with no coats, fat ones, tall ones, hairy ones, brown ones, white ones, and yellow. Some were red.

There were politicians, businessmen, fathers, and mothers. Grandmothers, aunts, uncles, nieces, and little children. Babies, bottles, and crying. Supermen, and not-so-supermen. Professors, presidents, lecturers, teachers, lawyers, students, and janitors.

The local detachment of the R.C.M.P. was probably well represented.

Everyone wanted to see The East is Red.

"Excuse me! Excuse me!" I said, as I tried to weave my way up the aisle. Nobody budged. I poked a big burly back with my forefinger. "Would you excuse me please?" I asked nicely. "I'm from the press. I've got to get in."

"Yah!" the back said, but didn't shift an inch. I tried to retreat, hoping to find some other angle of attack. But I couldn't turn around. There was only one thing to do. I slithered to the floor and started to crawl forward on my hands and knees. Somehow I became lost and wedged between a lovely pair of bare knees and the back of a seat. I looked up.

"Oh, hello," I said to the funny little well-packed blonde with bamboo glasses. "I wonder if you would..."

"Anytime," she breathed hotly into my closely pressed ear. She hauled open a massive rag purse and produced a card. "There's my number

and address. Don't forget now—only between 9 and 6."

She stuffed the card in my mouth and I crawled on, over bright shoe-polish, wet rubbers, hairy legs, painted toes, and smelly bare feet. I was lost again. It was very dark down there.

Up ahead there was a light so I squirmed toward it. I stopped between two huge sweating poles surrounded by a heavy brown drooping curtain and looked up. I had visions of being born all over again. It reminded me of a scene in 'The Tin Drum' by Gunter Grass.

One pole moved slowly over to scratch the other while I was crouched there, and squashed me in between. As it slowly caressed my twitching stomach, I vigorously soothed the itchy spot on the other one. Finally I was allowed to move on.

Somehow I must have been making progress, for up ahead the faint glimmer of red began to sparkle through. I wondered whether I would arrive at the front before it was all over.

"Psst! Psst!" I whispered to the feet now preventing my progress. They shuffled a bit, but I still couldn't move.

"Psst! Would you mind telling me..."

I looked up at the person I was addressing, but she only had a red sparkle in her dainty little brown eyes.

"Would you please tell me..." I offered again. This time she lowered her head 50 degrees and stared at me.

"The bathroom is in the basement, not on the floor," she wisely counselled me.

Finally, with both knees of my new pants worn out, and large welts on my hands, I reached my destination. There was the screen, the music reached a deafening crescendo, and the words 'The End' appeared.

And so the happening happened happily.

The gall of it all is that I wasn't there—not that I didn't try.