

Computer non-access ridiculous

Regarding general access to computer terminals throughout the campus, a new rule has been brought to my attention. Students not enrolled in a computer class are not allowed to make use of a free computer during any scheduled lab periods. At first glance, this might make sense, and indeed, if such student presence constitutes a problem, I could understand the rule's implementation.

Previously, however, priority was given to students registered in the lab; any extra terminals were then available to other students. As of January 1988 this new, seemingly unbendable, regulation bars people from making the most efficient use of their own time and the computer's availability.

This is also the first year students have had to pay a mandatory \$30 user fee for this service.

I'm unconvinced that this arrangement is rational, let alone fair. This week in CAB, I witnessed a lab attendant clear a computer room filled to capacity to make room for a class of five. Last term the class had simply marked five computers "reserved" for the necessary time period. When the professor arrived and asked where everyone else was, the attendant replied that the new rule was in effect. The professor looked startled. The situation clearly did not make sense. To no avail the professor informed the attendant that he did not mind additional bodies in the room. But "rules are rules"; no wonder bureaucracy has a bad name.

I encourage all those who use or would like to access these campus facilities to articulate their views to those in charge.

Ironically, it seems that the very technology which makes university bureaucracy more efficient is also the one to which the bureaucracy has restricted access, thus reducing efficiency in a number of ways. All this despite the fact that students injected several hundred thousand additional dollars into the computer kitty this year. Figure that one out.

Jennifer Hyndman

Council antics a farce

On Tuesday, January 12, we attended the Student Council session as visitors. The conduct of the council members was surprisingly immature and unprofessional. We were disappointed with the behavior of most of the student representatives, who seemed both unprepared and disinterested with the proposals to be debated. Some of the councillors rudely cracked jokes and chatted to each other as the proposals were presented. One particularly irresponsible individual found his talking ALF doll more in need of attention than the discussions at hand. Others busied themselves reading books and magazines.

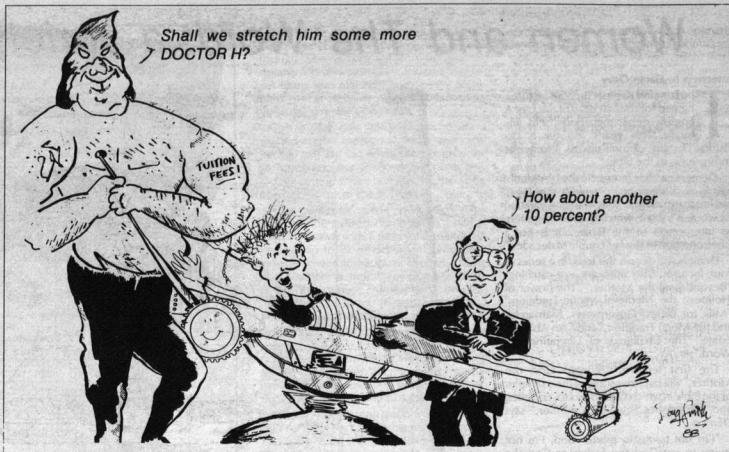
One would think that these so called responsible representatives would be able to take the time and effort to seriously partake in the job the students elected them to do. Although there were some individuals such as Arts Rep. Wade Deisman who showed a degree of intelligence and made a serious contribution, on the whole, the council was a joke.

Ara Patel  
Doug Kerr

Ski Cross Country

Next week

in the  
Gateway



Engineering Week festivities intimidating

The latest Engineering Week reminded me of an engineering function I once attended during my misspent, foolish youth, about three years ago. My reason for attending such a function was due to fraternal ties, as my brother is an engineer, and not due to any overwhelming personal desire to 'hang out' with engineers. As familial loyalty knows no bounds, I agreed to support the 'geers by purchasing a ticket to the great production known as "The Boat Races." I have no idea why a competition of selected teams of beer guzzlers is called a 'boat race', but I'm hoping that some knowledgeable engineer will let me in on that secret someday.

The races themselves were impressive, due to the abilities displayed in consuming 12 ounces of beer in three seconds flat, without the individuals involved either choking, gagging, or passing out. This is certainly a skill I've never mastered, and I hope that the balance of my life will never hang on such an acquired skill.

The engineers present at that function were an interesting lot, and some were, if nothing else, gallant. The Age of Chivalry lives on, although after my experience, I rather wished it had died. The reason for such a comment results from a simple act. During the evening, I

fought my way up to the bar at one point to purchase a drink. Not a grave problem for most people, but for a rather diminutive 'artsie' trapped in a massive, towering crowd of engineers, it was quite a feat. I was vainly trying to push my way through the crowd to get back to my table when an unknown engineer approached me. A brief conversation ensued, during which he became aware of my crowd combating difficulties. With a whistle, the unknown engineer hailed a friend to his side, and instructed his well trained companion to carry my drink for me. My allusion to Don Quixote was met with only a blank stare, due, no doubt, to the noise level, and not due to any lack of literary knowledge on the engineer's part. I must admit, however, that I had a nagging worry as to whether or not my drink would reach its destination safely, knowing the engineers' propensity for alcohol, but my fears proved groundless. What followed, though, surprised me even more, as engineer #1 suddenly hoisted me into his arms, instructed his companion to follow, and carried me aloft through the crowd, bawling "Clear the way," and "Coming through" for the duration of my journey. We did make a rather unusual entourage, much to the

chagrin of my brother who was unsuccessfully trying to pretend that he was no kin of mine at witnessing such a spectacle. I thanked my gallant for the 'lift', unorthodox as it was, and settled back to enjoy the festivities. My enjoyment, however, was short lived.

As if appearing out of nowhere, another stranger clad in a pair of orange overalls with "Ag-Eng" emblazoned across the front suddenly wheeled into view. Without so much as a by-your-leave, I was again swept into the arms of some strange man who began to literally crack something about "Be Janus, lad! I've caught me a leprechaun." An Irish exchange student, a little worse for the drink, was convinced he'd captured some fey creature — me. Protesting vainly as he carried me away, I finally spotted a good-sized friend of my brother's, and appealed for rescue. Once duly rescued, I was again carried back to my table.

Being shifted around so unceremoniously is a trifle hard on one's nerves, not to say one's dignity, and by the time I finally escaped, I had a good idea about how and why the engineers have earned their reputations. All in all, they were a harmless group, if a tad overzealous, but I will admit that I've never had the courage to attend such a function again.

Cara Koropchuk

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