

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—Those that came were few and further between than most nights. But the faithful few were Rich Vivone (who next year may publish a love letter with a circulation of 10,000. Won't she be lucky whatever it is.), Judy Samoil, Bill Kankewitt, Jim Muller, Marie Kucharyshyn, Carol Jackson, Ron Yakimchuk, Dennis Fitzgerald, the janitors Herby and the ever-present effervescent, ever-loving, complete-with-belly-button, friendly snake, yours truly Harvey G. Thomgirt.

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vote me; i'm cute

Watching a students' union election from a newspaper office can be entertaining, interesting and revealing.

This year, as usual, The Gateway provided candidates with space to write their election platforms.

This year, more than ever before, it became obvious that many candidates don't care what their platforms say; they just want to get elected.

The practice of getting someone with a good working knowledge of the English language to write the platform and election rally speech has become more and more widespread in students' union elections.

This is not exactly commendable since anyone running for office in a university students' union election should be able to express his ideas clearly and accurately, but the practice does not reach the deplorable state until people ask others to not only write, but to INVENT their platforms.

Several of the candidates in this election were so busy making catchy posters, organizing kick-lines and gaining support among their friends that they forgot until the last

minute that they were, theoretically, being elected on the basis of what they intended to do.

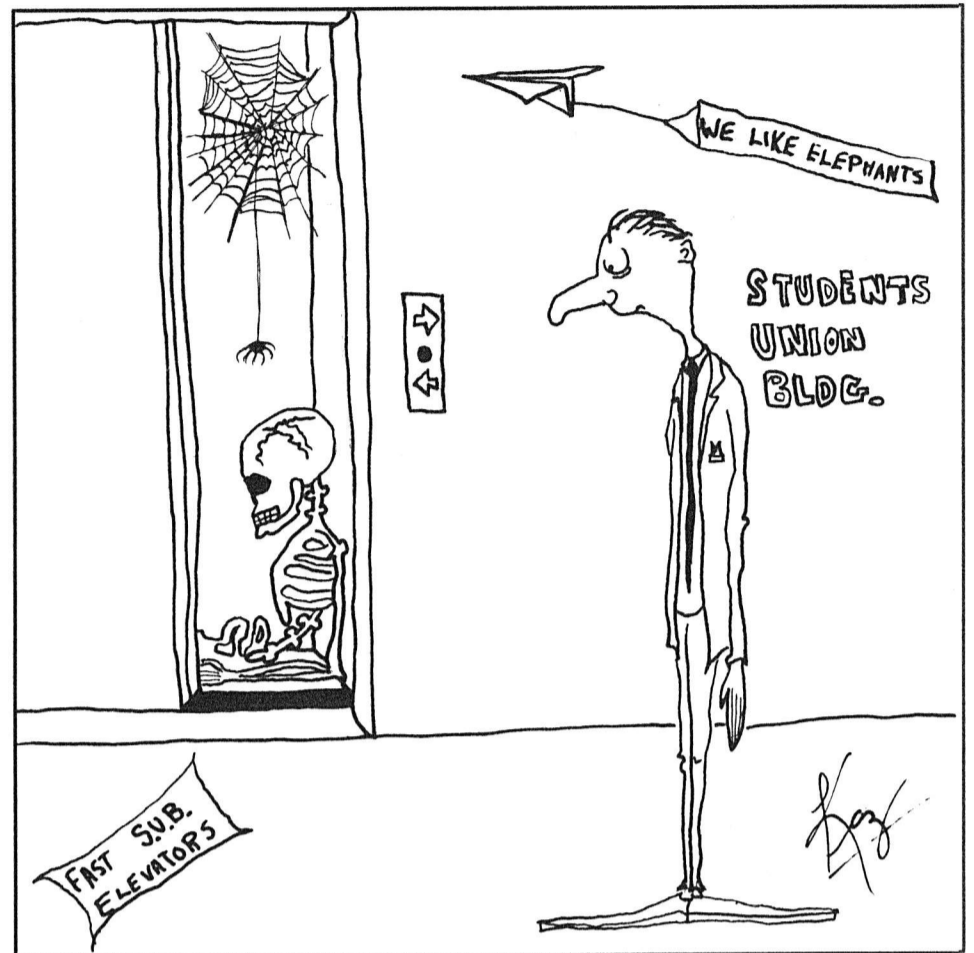
At the eleventh hour, platforms were thrown together and policies fabricated.

Platform planning included statements such as: "Students want to hear this, so I'll say it, and then they'll vote for me," and "I haven't got all the wrinkles ironed out of that one yet, but it sounds great, and I can always decide what to do about it after I'm elected."

These people are moving towards big-league politics—something that we feel has no place in student government.

It is too late this year to call for more responsible and honest campaigning—students today will elect next year's student leaders, and very few will know if the winners were among those who wanted to win just for the sake of winning.

It is only to be hoped that in the future, students, if they care at all about their student government, will ask questions and demand answers before they blindly vote for the guy with the sexiest kick-line.



editors aren't politicians

The most ridiculous platform plank offered by any candidate in today's election has to be that of one vice-presidential candidate: Make Gateway editor an elected position.

This is absurd. The majority of the students on this campus don't know a good newspaper from their own rear-ends.

The qualification of a good editor is his ability to publish a newspaper; this includes writing ability, technical know-how and the capacity to think. Making the editorship an elected position would make it necessary for the editor to be a glib politician and smooth talker in order to get elected.

There is even question as to whether the present system of appointing the editor is fair. Students' council members are notorious for

their lack of knowledge about newspapers; to be fair, they should not have to know what constitutes good newspaper policy, for they are legislators.

At many campuses across Canada, the newspaper editor is chosen by the newspaper staff. This does not necessarily create an "in" group because we maintain anyone who is interested in applying for the job should spend at least a few weeks on the staff of the paper to find out what the job is all about. In this way, an "outsider" would become an "insider" and thus be chosen or rejected by the staff on the basis of his ideas.

The day the president of the CBC is elected in a federal election will be the day the U of A students' union can consider making the Gateway editor an elected office.

the literary adventures of richard cupid

By RICH VIVONE

It's easy to remember when I first decided that I'd like to write for a living and for fun. The history of the decision is not involved or intriguing but worth mentioning.

It started with an old friend high school chum Sam Sled (no lie) who had a girl problem. Sam was a great guy who worried constantly about various things but mostly about his girlfriend. He made it known that they were having extreme difficulty in communicating. Sam, indeed, was unhappy.

He came to his best friend, big Rich, for a solution. There are a number of ways to get to the core of this problem, I calculated. And the interrogation began.

Two months later, I came to the conclusion that Sam's letters, to his girl who lived 208 miles away in a place called Upsala, Ontario, were definitely lacking. He just didn't have the touch.

Sam agreed especially after getting a severe verbal beating about his last letter. His letter had read, "Dear Honey. Not much to write. Everything great. Bye. Sam."

Anybody who knows anything about broads is aware that Sam was out to lunch. Thus, with his lovelife on the slip, he consented that I write his letters.

After great contemplation, my first letter read this way:

Rose of my life:

I cherish the thought of thee, great love in this world. Each day and each night, I dream of your ruby red lips and exotic perfume. I recall vividly the synchronized drumming of our hearts as we bid the sun farewell and the moon shone gloriously from the sky. Your tender touch remains with me to this day. Never can I sleep without at least gazing on your picture

for heart stopping moments as I treasure your fair features.

Yours in eternity
Sam.

I was certain Sam would get a healthy reply and he would be human again.

Several days later, he received an answer. It read: Sam, where in the hell did you get that picture? It sure is not me because I kept them all and, at last check, they were all there. Please explain. Honey.

We were in trouble. Since I started this, Sam threatened instant extinction unless I got him out of it.

My second letter read:

Oh, gracious lady,
My deepest apologies for mistaking your exquisite anatomy with that of Mitzi Gaynor. The picture was so alike my last memory of you. Her lips were as sweet as roses and her hair like the finest tresses in the universe. My succulent sweetie, please

forgive the intrusion. But my memory is fogged and blotted with your memory and everything tender and beautiful immediately is associated to you.

Yours in heaven
Sam.

Her reply read: Is that you, Sam? Bye, Honey.

Sam was becoming exasperated. The plot thickened. This broad was a tiger. So I dashed off another more wonderful than either of the first two. I also sprinkled some Old Spice on the fold.

Her reply read: Cut it out Sam. Bye, Honey.

Finally, Sam took the matter in his own hands and he wrote the following letter without my consent or knowledge.

Honey: Not much to say. Everything well. Drinking, loving, lying—as usual. Bye. Sam.

And she wrote back. The letter read: Sam, I love you. Bye, Honey.