

# The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

editor-in-chief - - - Rich Vivone

managing editor ..... Ronald Yakimchuk  
news editor ..... Miriam McClellan  
assistant news editor ..... Glenn Cheriton  
casserole editor ..... Elaine Verbicky  
sports editor ..... Bill Kankewitt  
photo editor ..... Chuck Lyall

**STAFF THIS ISSUE**—It was a quiet night all the way around. There were no people who had nothing to do and as a result we all went home earlier than usual. Which says a lot for cooperation. Workers who arose this evening were Bryan Macdonald, Elizabeth O'Donoghue, Judy Samoil who somehow survived the GSA meeting Tuesday, Catriona Sinclair, Ina van Nieuwerkerk, Joe Czajkowski, Judy Griffiths, Randy Jankowski, Brian Campbell, Marvin Bjornstad and Harvey Thomgirt's very newest friend, Jock Strap who begins his weekly sports column on page seven. Bev Bayer also came in and wrote a cutline which must have exhausted him. The SUB cleaning crew, led by all-star Bleah Bleah (like Sirhan Sirhan), cleaned up and left a mess.

The Gateway is published tri-weekly by the students' union of The University of Alberta. The Editor-in-Chief is solely responsible for all material published herein. Editorial opinions are those of the editor and not of the students' union or of the university.

Final copy deadline for the Tuesday edition—7 p.m. Sunday, advertising—noon Thursday prior, Short Shorts—5 p.m. Friday. For Thursday edition—7 p.m. Tuesday, advertising—noon Monday prior, Short Shorts 5 p.m. Tuesday. For Friday edition—7 p.m. Wednesday, advertising—noon Tuesday prior, Short Shorts—5 p.m. Wednesday. Casserole advertising—noon Thursday previous week. Advertising manager: Greg Berry, 432-4329. Office phones—432-4321, 432-4322. Circulation—10,000.

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.

Printed by The University of Alberta Printing Services.

PAGE FOUR

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1968

## Women and phys ed

At a meeting of the University Athletic Board Wednesday, Maury Van Vliet, dean of the faculty of physical education, was upset by a remark from students' union president Marilyn Pilkington. She said she thought there was discrimination against women on this campus and possibly in phys ed.

Mr. Van Vliet became quite angry at this.

"I challenge you to find any school in North America that operates any better facilities and which are more concerned with the relationship between men and women in the faculty," he said. And he repeated it for emphasis.

There is a lot of fact in what he said. Surely the phys ed facilities at this university are top notch. Our football teams are champions and use high quality equipment. The hockey team uses high grade stuff. There is ample equipment for intramurals. The phys ed complex has a fine swimming pool, some spacious gymnasiums, handball courts, wrestling rooms and all the facilities to go with them.

But at this same meeting, the members were cool to a proposal to have the women's intramurals represented as a voting member on the 13-member board.

Mr. Van Vliet also said, at one point in the meeting, that had not Sandra Young, secretary of the students' union and a student in phys ed, come to him and asked for a sauna bath in the planned phys ed

complex, the girls would not have gotten it.

As it was, Mr. Van Vliet contacted the architect and plans were changed to include a sauna bath in the women's section. Men did not have to ask for one in their section.

At the same time, the women asked to have privileges in the training room. They insisted women could get hurt while playing basketball, volleyball etc.

Mr. Van Vliet said there was no way the women could use the same training room as the men. He said special hospital arrangements would have to be made to have the training room shared by both sexes. He said nowhere in the world is this done.

He said there was no way to treat the small injuries women in phys ed get while playing sports. The serious injuries must be taken to physiotherapy, he said.

Of course, there is no training room for women planned in the new phys ed complex which will fill the parking lot south of University Hall in a short while.

Granted, the phys ed facilities here may be among the best in Canada or in North America. But that doesn't mean they can't be improved. And improved in the facilities for women.

There may not be conscious discrimination against women. It may be they are unconsciously favoring the male athletics which bring far more publicity and glory to a university campus.

## CUS at the AAS?

The Alberta Association of Students conference will be held in Red Deer this weekend and the results should be interesting for students of this university.

When all the Canadian Union of Students debates were going on in September, some of our council members who attended the national congress at Guelph came back and said we ought to concentrate our efforts on making the AAS a better and more influential organization.

What they do in this regard is very important—if anything is done at all.

There will also be a clash between Alberta and The University of Calgary. The latter is still a member of CUS and thus endorses many of its policies. That ought to make good copy when our reps clash with the likes of Luigi Di Marzo, Calgary president.

They may talk about CUS a lot.



## She loaned money to a total stranger

His name was Michael and she had met him near a bus stop. He had no money and was very tired and haggard. To her, he looked like he could use a friend.

"Can I help?" she asked.

He looked at her and then looked away. He began to walk away, then hesitated, then came back, then turned away and finally lifted his head as she began talking to him again. She could see his eyes were red for tired.

"I'm trying to get home," he said. "but the buses have finished running and I haven't enough money for a taxi. My parents haven't a car."

She asked him why he was out so late. He looked to be a young man—perhaps 17—and he should have known better than to get stuck out that late at night.

He said he had just registered at the university and had visited friends. Now he had no way to get home.

She gave him \$15. And just left him her name and address.

"Are you crazy?" I told her later. "Is it a habit you have just giving money away to total strangers? There are places for people like you—here you are, an intelligent university graduate and 22 years old, and you give money away to people who just come up and ask you for it."

I was getting mad.

It's a hard thing to figure. You think you know all the rules of the school of hard knocks which is really just every street in this city and this country, and this world.

We all think we know the game and

maybe that's why it is the kind of world it is and why it has the type of people it has and why this world will be in warfare to the next million years.

"Oh well," I said after venting my anger on her. "It's just \$15 and it could have been much worse. He might have taken a lot more had you not been such a fish." She cringed at the words.

About a week later, as I was escorting this same girl to her place, I asked her if she had heard from the hustler. The reply was silent which means she didn't.

As we went down the stairs to the basement suite, I gave her a couple of parting shots about being a real mark. She didn't laugh.

I left at the door and turned to go back to the car. I was hardly in it when her voice could be heard.

"Oh Rich," she said sweetly, "won't you come here for a minute?"

Would anyone refuse?

I panted to a stop before her and suddenly from behind her back, she sprung this huge box. It was open and in it were a dozen large flowers of some kind. But they were pretty sharp and there were lots of them.

"Where'd you get them?" I asked jealously.

And she put a card in my hand along with a few large bills.

The card said something about her being a wonderful, trusting girl and thanks very much. There was enough money to cover the loan and some yet. And the flowers.

She looked at me. I couldn't look back.

Who could?