

The Gateway

THE GATEWAY is the newspaper of the students of the University of Alberta. It is published by the Students' Union twice weekly during the winter session on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Contents are the responsibility of the editor, opinions are those of the person expressing them. Letters to the editor on any subject are welcome, but must be signed. Please keep them short: letters should not exceed 200 words. Deadlines for submitting copy are 2 p.m. Mondays and Wednesdays. Main offices are located in Room 282, SUB for Gateway, Room 238 SUB for Media Productions. Phone 432-5168, 432-5178, 432-5750. Advertising 432-3423. Circulation 18,500.

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editorial

There have been only 11 native graduates from the U of A in its entire history. That's a pretty poor record for a university that services the large native communities in central and northern Alberta, the Yukon and the N.W.T. And obviously there has to be social and political basis for the abysmally-low record. Natives, because of the economic position they have been forced into by a white-dominated society encounter enormous social barriers in any attempt to enter this "ivory tower" community. But how many people care about it?

Last week was Native Awareness Week on campus. It was one of the most poorly-attended events the campus has seen in the last five years. In contrast with the situation in the late sixties and early seventies where many students tried to empathize with the state of native society within the Canadian mosaic, last week only a handful of observers turned out for the seminars and study sessions. Certainly the conference lacked perfect organization - the opening ceremonies, originally scheduled for 12 noon Tues. in Rm. 104 SUB, were abruptly switched to Quad without anyone being notified. The result was a small clump of people gathered in Quad while most students sauntered by.

But even with the poor organization of the event, there is no excuse for the lack of student involvement. As students, fat and complacent, we contentedly avoid social problems and continue attending our classes; isolate ourselves from the problems of the real world and again alienate ourselves from what goes on - "out there" and "in here." The result is increased animosity between native and white Canadians, and increased animosity between those people interested in the problems of Canadian society and apathetic students who would rather worry about our next beer in RATT than discuss real problems.

Kevin Gillese

Lawnorder called for in sport

This letter concerns the mens' intramural program. As of Oct. 1, 1976 two activities were cancelled and one postponed. Tennis and the bike race were cancelled and the turkey trot postponed, ostensibly because of organizational problems.

From the point of view of a simple participant who would have entered these activities the organizational problems could be of two types; first, lack of volunteer labour to run these events and secondly, that the salaried employees of the intramural office did not fulfill their duties.

If the lack of volunteer labour was the cause then obviously more UAB money (the \$15.00 added annually to your tuition fees) must be channelled away from inter-varsity sports and into intramural sports. The students would benefit more as is illustrated by the obvious fact that in intramural football alone there are over 110 teams participating with at least 15 men to a team. This figure of over 1600 people could match the attendance at some Golden Bear football games. The extra money could be used to hire more referees for

the intramural games and more full time officials to organize.

If the second alternative is the cause then the solution is simple - fire the incompetents.

My second peeve is directed at the University Board of Governors. Where are the aforementioned 1600 men going to play football, baseball and other

recreational sports when you demolish the beautiful grounds at Corbett field and put up parking lot.

Bill McDonald
Law

Ed. note: The B of G Oct voted against construction of parking lot in Corbett field.

Could she be rite ?

I dont no what all this concern about ungerdrads writing ability is all about. Everybody knows that writing is just the same thing as talking - if you know one - you can just naturally do the other.

And besides, spelling isn't so important either. It's just an old fashioned, out dated theory on important skills. As long as

others can read it, spelling doesn't matter to anyone. Of course, if your writing an English paper, you know you have to check the spelling. Or, if you applying for a job.

The university is just jumping on any issue to make itself seem important. Just think of the instatution trying to tell the other levels of education how to do their job. Why should we star anything? Why dont they mind their own business. Why should we try to cut out some brains from university if they don't know how to writ. English courses are just so out of it anyway. They don't apply to anything we do later anyway.

Thinking is more important than writing anyday. We dont come here to learn to write cause we know how already. With hope some should also know how to think to. University isn't supposed to be just spoon feeding sissies about our native tung. We already no all that stuff.

We don't need any more course for no credit in this University.

Just think about it!

Karen Hoover
HEC

Student zeroes in

Re: The 22 women and 39 men who were arrested while protesting racist cricket in Edmonton.

The chance of 7 blacks out of 39 people being among the last 9 processed is .00000234056.

That is one chance in 427,248.

Germain Caratozzolo
Arts

Ed. Note: In a list of grievances distributed to the media, the "Edmonton 61" charged that city police released nearly all white protestors before releasing black ones.

Ford drives point home

One of my observant colleagues drew my attention to your September 30 article. Thank you for remembering me. Like a former Gateway editor who was also a feature writer, Joe Clarke, I can use all the publicity I can get. Just keep spelling my name right.

May I, nevertheless, correct one or two minor inaccuracies in your article. I only have a pocket calculator, it won't bring in CHED let alone CFCW; I am seldom if ever in Camrose; my head has become so large in the past fifteen years that I can no longer get a hat that will fit me; I never patronize Radio Shack, my favorite emporium is the A and N Boutique; and I drive a bilingual car, a Citroen.

George Ford
Professor

Mechanical Engineering
P.S. What type of engine is in a Massey-Ferguson franchise, and where is Mannville?

Creative accounting?

Ms. Eileen Gillese, vp finance, does not seem to be altogether candid about the financial state of the S.U. with her recent statement about the ¼ million dollar deficit this year.

What is not emphasized is that any "deficit" would be nothing more than a paper transaction. What has been done is that a budget has been set up with expenses balancing revenues. That is fine, but in addition it was decided that the SU should "save" a little in the

form of reserves. So add these "savings" onto expenses and declare a monstrous deficit.

Quite a nice bit of creative accounting.

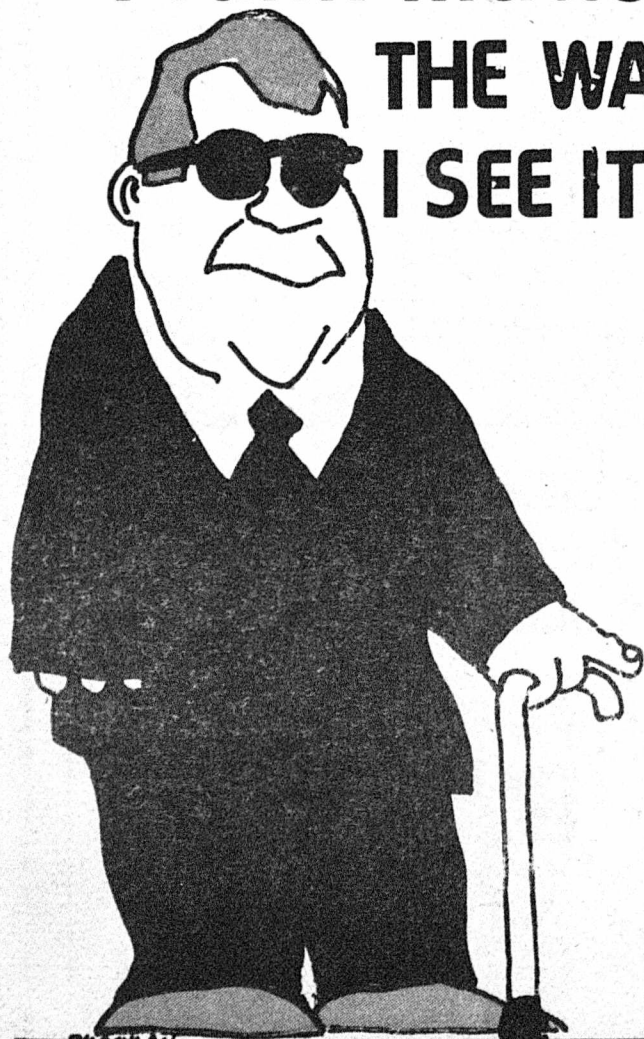
In any event, if the SU is in such critical shape, why do we have such frivolous proposals like the \$1000 gold medal award?

It sounds to me that the deficit thing has something funny about the money.

Dale Janssen
Commerce Re
Students' Council

Frank Mutton

THE WAY
I SEE IT



The column's going to be a little short today folks - when I arrived in the newsroom this morning, I found that someone had fire-bombed my typewriter. I'm using Barry's right now, but he has to type a review of *Ilse, Harem-Keeper of the Oil Sheiks*, so I'm trying to be brief.

I don't know why it happened to me, but it's probably the same guy who threw a brick through my bathroom window last night - the damn thing nearly changed my bathtub singing from baritone to soprano!

Speaking of bricks - Bill Comrie has yet another witty, original, creative idea for his *Big Brick Warehouse* - a talking brick. The little fellow bears a striking resemblance to David Leadbeater, but the voice they use actually belongs to none other than Chuck Chandler from CHED.

You may find that a little hard to believe, since the brick speaks high and squeaky, while Chuck has a deep, resonant tone. Actually, Chuck had a run-in with an electric knife at Christmas, and that's his real voice on the commercial. The voice you hear every morning on the radio is actually that of his mother, Muriel Chandler, who had an accident with a buzz-saw in the Great Depression, Muriel has been

filling in for Chuck since the accident, and can also be heard singing the first four notes of *Oh Canada* in Vancouver every noonhour.

Remember the \$125-a-plate dinner held the week before last for Joe Clark? I found out today from a reliable source that the funds from the dinner won't be going towards the purchase of Joe's Third chin. They'll instead be concentrated in a special fund to buy him a whole new set of jowls. Steve Paproski graciously offered to donate his, but Joe is hoping to get a set that will allow him to speak French without sounding like a moose in heat.

John Neville wants to reassure all 58 Citadel subscribers that the new building will indeed be ready for the November opening of *I Love Lucy*. However, he asks everyone to report on site at 8:00 a.m. the day of opening, so that they will have more than enough time to build their seats. John also asks that you bring as many nails as you can, since his Canada Council grant ran out.

For what it's worth, I had a call from the Police Fraud Squad today, and they want me to let you know that all tickets for the Who concert on Saturday were

forgeries - it seems that a band called *Dry Rot* from Grenfell, Saskatchewan passed themselves off as the British supergroup, then escaped from the city in a Grey Goose Line bus. They were apprehended only after an average-speed chase through Tofield, which resulted in the destruction of two beauty parlours and Wally Burger City.

All those who attended the show and thought they heard good music are asked to please ignore this announcement.

While we're on the subject of pooh-pooh bum-bums the folks over at the department of advanced education tell me Bert Hohol is going to recommend another change in provincial legislation this session.

It appears that he wants to charge Quebecers different fees for using university washroom facilities because, he told the House, "they have more shit in them than Albertans." He says it's no reflection on their characters and certainly not a racist, bigoted, narrow-minded reaction, he's merely responding to public pressure.

Thanks Bert for making me feel a bit more human.

In closing, remember nothing - it'll only get you trouble.