

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—There were a few of the faithful that didn't make an appearance but most of them stuck there heads in the door to see how Fitzelda's campaign is coming. Those that stayed in work were: Marilyn Astile, Glen Cheriton, Ron Yakimchuk, Bernie Goedhart, Dennis Cebulak, Rich Vivone, yeah Rich, (who denies that the rumor he is no longer in love with Her was started by a jealous girlfriend but was not actually started by an unruly typewriter that thinks it knows his heart) Gail Evasiuk, Alex Ingram, Carol Jackson, Pat Mulka, Doug Bell, Bill Kankewitt, Jim Muller, Marcia McCallum, Chuck Lyall, Henry Kwok, Ken Hutchison, SUB-supervisor and his girlfriend, Linda Koshure, a janitor with a backless shirt, Marjibell, Leona Gom those who shall forever remain nameless and the sexy, suave succulent, smooth, slovenly sadistic, successfully seductive, sanguine sivil serpent yours truly Harvey G. Thomgirt.

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hush, hush . . .

The students' council doesn't want to make itself relevant to anyone.

Monday night's meeting was a typical example of councillors' attitude that they are divinely-appointed demi-gods and they, alone, are capable of deciding the fate of the student body.

A series of personnel board recommendations were on the agenda—the recommendations by the board of certain people to certain students' union positions.

All applicants for all the positions had been interviewed by the board, but tradition has it that all applicants must further submit themselves to a session of questions from the members of the council—in "closed committee".

The issue raises two questions: 1. If the council does not have enough faith in the interviewing ability and character judgment of the personnel board members to accept their recommendations, then what the hell is the board for? and 2. What does council hope to achieve by holding these sections of their meetings behind closed doors?

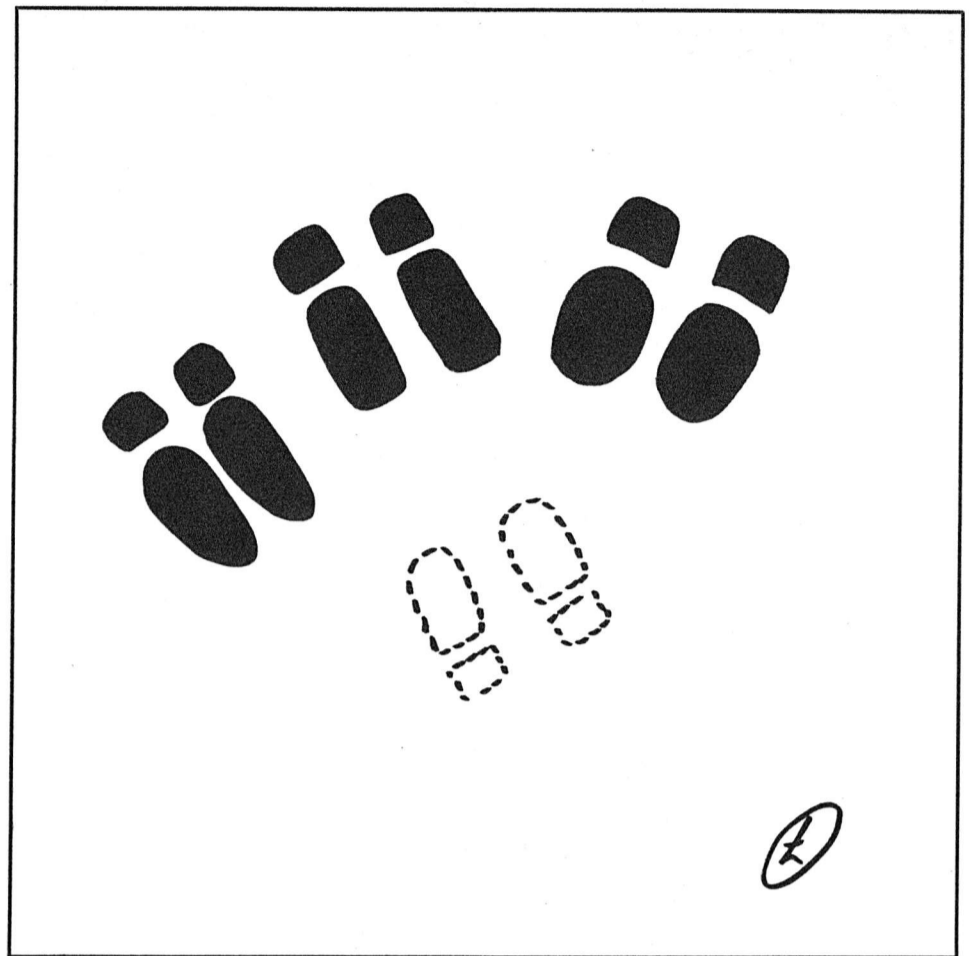
The personnel board members are generally speaking, fairly thorough in their initial interviews of applicants, and, to be honest, most of their questions make more sense than the questions of council as a whole.

It should be a simple procedure for the chairman of the board to go before council after the interviews and say "We interviewed Mr. X and Miss Y, asking questions about their past experience, their knowledge of the position they are seeking, and their ideas for fulfilling the office. It was the joint opinion of the board that Mr. X is definitely more suitable for the job, and therefore, we recommend him."

If council can't accept this sort of presentation from the board and vote on the recommendation on the information given, then the personnel board should be disbanded.

It's a waste of everybody's time for there to be two identical, and usually-lengthy interviews.

Secondly, it seems to be the opinion of this year's personnel board at least, that appointments to stu-



watson, we do not feel that the women's residence is the proper place to test the effectiveness of your invention

. . . somebody's listening

dents' union positions fall into the category "top secret information".

These appointments are of interest to a large number of students on campus; they want to know what kind of people are in positions which affect them; they want to know what sort of person is running their student radio station, their student newspaper and their student yearbook.

There seems to us to be no reason why the appointments cannot be made at an open meeting, allowing the people who are interested in the working of the union to see what is going on and to ask pertinent questions.

The present system makes the applicant feel like a dangerous criminal being brought before a tribunal for questioning and the observer

feel like he has mistakenly ventured into the private domain of Mata Hari.

True, personalities enter into the discussion, but we maintain that personalities are nothing to be ashamed of. There was nothing said behind closed doors Monday night that any councillor should have had any qualms about saying to the whole student body.

The students' union wants to make itself relevant—meaningful to the average student. Yet when enough students show interest in a particular item of council business to attend a meeting, they are told to "wait outside because this is private".

It sort of defeats the whole idea of a STUDENTS' Council.

the adventures of a weird little kid

By JIM STRATTON

Reprinted from The Ontario

Once upon a time there was a weird little kid. The little kid was like all little kids and grew up to be a big kid. That's logical.

The kid's old man was a nothin' but he thought big. "When my little kid grows up to be a big kid he's going to go to University and get that old piece a' parchment and make a bundle of money and have lots of money and everything and be rich and everything," said the old man.

"I can't buy that," said kid, "that's dumb."

"But money is God," said the old man.

"That's really dumb," said the kid, "God can't be money 'cause it just doesn't figure that when I die I'll go to some big Fort Knox in the sky where everybody has money and spend the rest of my life countin' money or somethin'."

"Money is God," repeated the old man.

Anyways when the little kid grew up to

be a big kid he went to University so he could learn stuff. He had a lot of problems though 'cause he still didn't believe the old man.

At University he didn't learn as much as he thought he would 'cause everyone held the same beliefs that his old man had. The only difference seemed to be that they were more hypocritical about admitting that Money was God.

The people the kid met at University were all learned priests in the divine church of the God-is-money religion. Some of the subtle arguments they used to convert him were pretty convincing.

● Happiness is the highest good but to be happy you got to have money.

● The important thing in life is experience but to experience thngs you need money.

● Hell, I got no use for money but if they're going to give it to me anyway why should I say no?

● Some of the university people even be-

lieved in an outmoded religion called Christianity and they were very devout as long as it didn't interfere with making money.

The high priests of the Money-God religion were called professors and they were so smart they said they didn't believe in money at all. They were academics solely in the pursuit of knowledge. The peculiar thing to the kid was that they were so smart they got thousand of dollars a year for saying so.

But the kid still couldn't buy it! He just kept doing weird stuff.

Then one day the kid got smashed all over the pavement by a twenty ton "Mack" truck which broke every bone in his body, slopped all his insides outside and killed his whole head. There is little chance for survival when this sort of thing happens and so as luck would have it he died.

After a little while an angel picked up the little kid off the pavement and put him in the back seat of his Cadillac limou-

sine. They drove over to God's place and parked outside of his big palace. It was called "Heavenly Mansion".

When the kid went in he was announced by the butler and directed into a huge reception room. There was a lot of people running around the room having fun and drinking and feasting and taking around the world cruises and living on the Riviera and going to gala parties and driving fancy cars, but most of them were counting money. Like I said, it was a big room.

After a while God came over and gave the kid a martini and introduced himself, "My name is Money."

"I guess my old man was right, huh," said the kid.

"Yep, I guess so," said God.

"I guess I was wrong, hey," said the kid.

"Yep," God replied.

"I suppose that's why I'm so weird then," said the weird little kid.

"Yep, I guess so."