

STUDENTS' UNION AWARDS

Do You Qualify?



Lorne Calhoun Award

Award — winner: \$100 gift certificate redeemable at the book store of the winner's choice
— \$300 monetary prize
— a silver shield

To be awarded to a student who has achieved a satisfactory academic standing, an active member of the Debating Society, an active member of National and/or International Organizations, as well an active member in a University of Alberta Club and/or Faculty Association.

Maimie Shaw Simpson Book Prize

Prize — \$100 gift certificate redeemable at the book store of the winner's choice
— \$300 + a plaque

To be awarded to a student who has achieved a satisfactory academic standing, and made an outstanding contribution to campus life through hard work and leadership.

Eugene L. Brody Award

Award: The interest from the Eugene L. Brody Fund

To be awarded to a physically handicapped student who has achieved a satisfactory academic standing and has made a valuable contribution in extra curricular activities.

Walter A. Dinwoodie Award

Award — \$100 gift certificate redeemable at the book store of the winner's choice
— \$300 monetary prize
— plaque

To be awarded to a student who has achieved a satisfactory standing in the 1987-88 academic year, and has made an outstanding contribution to student life through active involvement in public service clubs registered with the Students' Union and/or Students' Union Services.

Students' Union Award for Excellence

Award — \$1000 + medal

To be awarded to a student in his/her graduating year who has achieved a minimum Grade Point Average of 7.5, and who has the ability to work well with students, staff, and the general public in extra-curricular involvement in the University and/or community activities.

Anne Louise Mundell Humanitarian Award

Award — \$100 gift certificate redeemable at a book store of the winner's choice
— \$300 monetary prize
— plaque

To be awarded to a student who has actively contributed to arts and culture on campus.

Bishop's University Scholarship Exchange Program

Bishop's University is a small, predominantly residential university located in Lennoxville, Quebec. Its academic programmes (arts, sciences, business administration) are broadly based and stress the inter-relationships of disciplines rather than their specializations.

The scholarship includes remission of tuition and fees at Bishop's University for the 1988-89 academic year.

Qualifications:

- must have completed one year of a 3 or 4 year degree
- must return to the University of Alberta for final year
- be a full time undergraduate student in good standing
- be a Canadian citizen or landed immigrant and have lived in Alberta at least 5 years.

Applications are available from the Student Awards Office, 252 Athabasca Hall.

Application Deadline: Monday, 2 March 1988

For more information contact the Students' Union Executive Offices, 259 SUB.

Additional information and application forms available in the Students' Union Office, Room 256, SUB VP Academic Dale Nagel

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An uncensored view of So

Daniel Aarons travelled through South Africa last summer. While in the homeland of Transkei he met up with a CBS news producer who took him top a church vigil with Bishop Tutu. This is the second of his two-part travelogue.

Out of the confusion, behind the herd of unruly reporters competing for questions of Bishop Tutu, I found the CBS crew racing to pack their equipment. There was a demonstration already happening at the University of the Western Cape — the black, colored, Malayan and Indian university. Within minutes, the cameraman, Chris, and his partner Greg had the car loaded and we were off.

The campus was a fair distance from the city centre, but Chris made up for it with impressive speed. When we reached the university, Chris slowly pulled into the central complex. It seemed fairly modern and looked normal except for the high barbed-wire fences around certain buildings.

"Demonstrations have been pretty violent here in the past," recalled Greg as he pointed out the police sharpshooters on either side of us.

The main auditorium, with its high ceiling and expansive seating, made the crowd look thinner than their actual number, but could not drown out the students' rallying cries. Most stood with fists raised in the air, others joined the slogan-leader on stage, screaming vio-

on-black violence," said Greg. "Last June, the place was a god-damned war zone." Residents from Old Crossroads, the Witdoeke (identified by strips of white cloth), with the support of the police and army, brutally removed some 70 000 squatters from satellite camps. "The police just stood there while they (the Witdoeke) burned and destroyed everything in sight...it was a bloody mess, just a bloody mess."

We moved on a short distance to where one the camps had stood. Now it was an empty field, constantly patrolled so no one would settle there again. We went through pothole-ridden streets of nondescript, cement brick houses. These seemed the only permanent structures in Crossroads, the only thing that didn't look as if they would blow away in a strong wind. Further on was KTC — the most ravaged of all the camps. Earlier rain had turned the roads into mud, making it impossible to go into the camp. The scene of unrelieved squalor and decay went on as far as I could see: endless rows of rusted, corrugated tin shacks pressed together, frail and patched like crippled old men about to collapse. Those that didn't have tin or bricks to build made shelters out of black sheets of plastic and cardboard. There was no sewage, no garbage removal, no electricity, and no work. People walked by, giving long suspicious stares at our car, taking a few moments to consider our faces. Their's were hardened faces, women even more grim under the



A home in Soweto

lently passionate phrases of freedom and randomness into a single megaphone. As things appeared to me on the verge of serious trouble, Chris and Greg decided it wasn't worth staying around for. "We'll check Crossroads," said Chris, and we were gone.

We sped out of the city, past a well-kept white suburb and across a bridge spanning a railway line. The train tracks lay in a deep cement channel that clearly divided the ragged houses of a colored (those of mixed blood) township from the well groomed white neighborhood.

Chris cautiously drove into Crossroads, steering past broken roadblocks of smouldering garbage and tires. The hot afternoon kept the rubbery stench heavy in the air. With the raw garbage steaming from the morning rain, the smell was instantly sickening.

"This squatter camp had gone from a symbol of resistance to a focus of black-



Roasted goat heads in Crossroads

EYE EXAMS

Optometrist Available
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Appointments Arranged by **433-4048**

Courtesy Optical

On Campus at the HUB

