

# The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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**EDITORIAL**—Cartoonists—Alan Shute, Janice MacPhail.

**STAFF THIS ISSUE**—Another issue, and where are all you staffers who filled in staff cards? And where are you others who didn't but should? Don't tell me you're all stuck in the mud on the way to our jolly offices? Only Liona Gom, Bob Jacobsen, Ronald Yakimchuk, Diahnn Washuta, Margaret Bolton, Wayne Kading, Holly Baker, Marlene Bazant, Linda Burgar, Janet Lowsley, and your every-faithful Harvey Thomgirt were on hand for this one.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1967

## revive us again

It is apparent, now that campus life has settled down to a sort of routine, that the food services in SUB are hopelessly inadequate.

The snack bar and cafeteria in the new building, large as they may be, are not enough to cope with the thousands of hungry students who descend on them each day.

The new facilities take the place of three institutions of long standing: the old SUB cafeteria, Hot Caf, and the old residence dining hall. This, added to the fact that the number of students on campus is increasing at an alarming rate, makes the overcrowding situation critical.

We must stress the fact that the fault lies with the administration rather than with the students' union. It was the administration which closed Hot Caf, vetoed plans for larger facilities in the new SUB, and sent residents of Pembina and Athabasca Halls to SUB for their meals.

This centralization of facilities is only to be deplored. Not only does it result in overcrowding of existing space, but it detracts from the pleasure and benefit normally derived from sitting down over a hot meal or a cup of coffee.

It is a commonplace, but nonetheless a truism, that students learn more, and relax more, in coffee-houses than in classrooms. It is impossible to be relaxed or to carry on a conversation (much less an intelligent conversation) in a room filled to overflowing with a thousand people, each shouting to be heard over the noise of his neighbors.

Hot Caf was ideal in this respect; it was small, simple but pleasant, and well located for a coffee between classes. In fact the building was legendary as the focal point of intellectual life on this campus.

Hot Caf is still standing, presently occupied by the Boreal Institute. It is not too late to re-convert it to a cafeteria.

## what do they want?

Graduate students on this campus are an unpredictable lot.

At last spring's Committee on Student Affairs meeting, the Graduate Students' Association representative complained at length about the inequities of students' union fees.

Grad students, he said, should not have to pay a \$5 fee for use of the students' union building because their heavy academic schedules limit the amount of time they can spend in the building.

This year, all graduate students living in Pembina and Athabasca Hall come into SUB regularly for their meals. And a survey taken in the games area any evening will reveal grad students using these facilities as well.

The most recent display of contradiction is the failure of the appointed grad students to attend

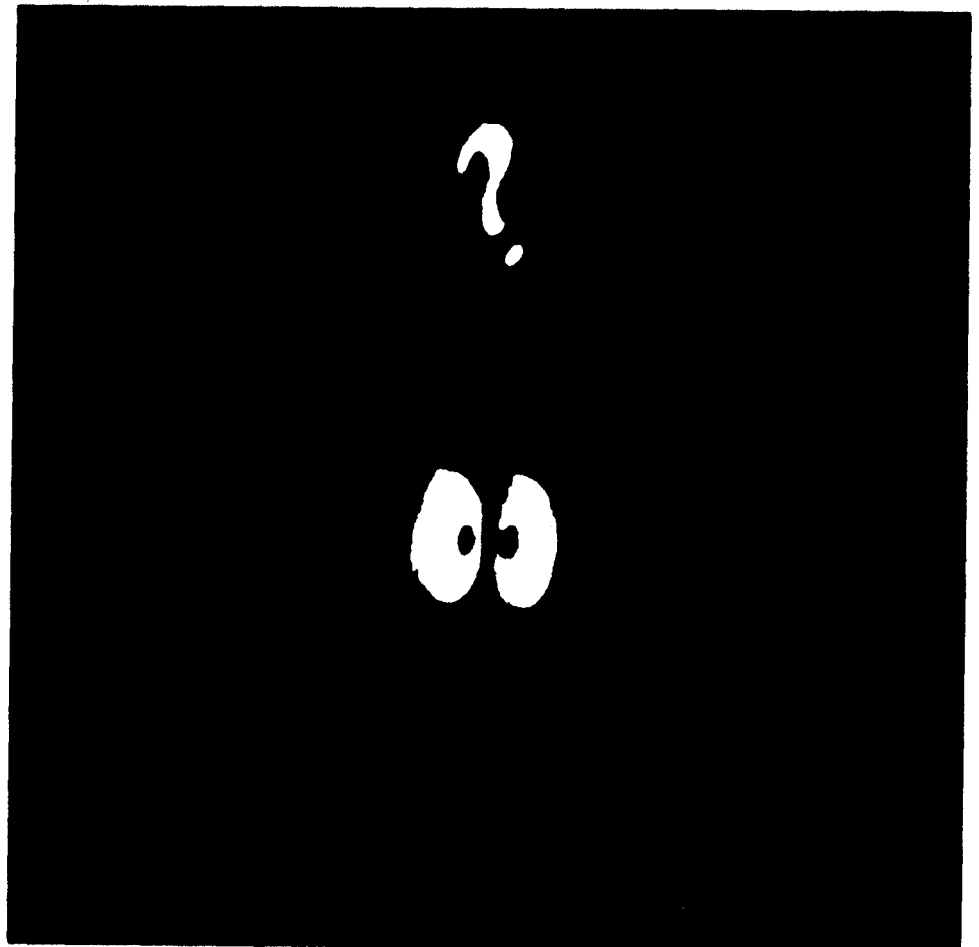
Monday's General Faculty Council meeting.

When student representation on the GFC was being discussed last spring, the grad students expressed an interest in being included.

Yet, the student appointed to the council when representation was granted did not attend Monday's meeting—the first one at which students were allowed to sit down with faculty and administration representatives to discuss matters of student concern.

The vice-president of the GSA, when questioned about the lack of a grad student voice at the meeting, claimed he knew nothing about the meeting; it was not his department.

For people who are generally the oldest students on campus and supposedly the most mature, the grad students appear to be disorganized and irresponsible.



i was just crossing in front of sub when i stepped into this mud and . . .

## bob jacobsen the teeming masses

"The Tory Building! Finally, I'm here!" I said to myself as I trudged up endless stairs to get to the main entrance. Rounding the last bend I encountered a tall middle-aged gentleman in cowboy boots scurrying away. As his shoulder brushed mine I overheard him muttering to himself. "Thank God! Thank God! I'm free. I'm free."

Not caring much at that hour of the morning what exactly his wise words ment, I rushed blindly on, hoping not to be late. Other eager students were rushing blindly on too, and the big barn doors swung frantically to and fro, like huge teeth, engulfing, chewing, digesting.

Inside I couldn't see. My glasses were fogged. Apparently someone had forgot to turn down the heat that morning. It felt like at least 95. After a few moments of patient standing and shuffling inside the huge doors I slipped my glasses back on again. But I still couldn't see.

The dust rose and rose and rose. It billowed up and around tired worn out feet, ascending past twitching unmoving anxious legs like some dark forboding angel. People were now pushing from behind, and I was pushing those in front.

They were sweating and cursing and shoving. I was sweating and cursing and shoving. The line was endless. The dust was endless.

"What's going on?" I asked a simple-looking face squeezed against my fat cheek.

"We're having an early morning love-in! Isn't it great?" he snarled at me sarcastically.

The line began to move a little and I was able to now see the elevators through the dust and the heat and the perfume and the stench of sweating bodies. Somehow I had to make

it up three flights of swarming stairs. The elevators didn't work that far. They only went farther. I had found that out before. Of course I could have gone up and then down. But that would have meant trampling 300 other smart people.

In 5 minutes my class would be starting. I didn't see how I could get there on time. Perhaps I could sneak back and go around to another entrance. No chance! If I held my books where I usually held them, I couldn't turn. And if I held them somewhere else, there wasn't any use in turning because they would be on the floor. And if I turned, books or no books, I couldn't go back anyway, because there were 400 people back there waiting to use the same stairs that I wanted to use. I didn't see any point in walking backwards up a stairs if I ever got to them.

I tried the classical polite approach. "Excuse me please! Would you please excuse me?" I said officially, trying to hide my fat little babyface behind a fluff of orange hair directly in front. The orange hair turned and I saw that it belonged to an orange beard as well.

Again I tried the polite classical approach. "Oh. Pardon me sir. I thought with the perfume and all . . ."

"You talking to me buddy? Huh? You talking to me?" he said very friendly. I just stared straight ahead, looking for an opening, hoping for an opening.

And then the bell rang. Everyone seemed to blush in the heat of frustration at the same time. The line began to move slowly now, as people realized that speed is the essence of punctuality. I sighed with relief, knowing that in another two hours I would have mastered at least one flight of stairs, and, if I was lucky, perhaps two.