



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND FANS
... at Monday's park opening ceremonies

—Neil Driscoll photo

Michener opens housing complex at Monday's Lister Hall ceremony

Governor-General Rt. Hon. Roland Michener, opened Michener Park, Monday at a ceremony in Lister Hall.

The park is the U of A housing development for married students near the university farm at 48 Ave. and 122 St.

Dr. Michener expressed pleasure at returning to U of A, his alma mater, and said he was honored to inaugurate such an enterprising development. Other dignitaries present also indicated pride at

having their names associated with the park.

The governor-general praised the university's recognition of the fact that a longer period of academic education is becoming more and more prevalent among young married couples. He termed Michener Park "a bold initiative".

University president Dr. Walter H. Johns said the residences are the first accommodation provided for married students and their families. This is also the first

time university-sponsored accommodation has been off-campus.

He said there may be transportation and parking problems which could be solved eventually.

Explaining the need for these residences, Provost A. A. Ryan said the best graduate students won't come to a university which does not provide for their housing requirements.

Another argument for supplying married students with homes is they are more responsible than unmarried students and therefore more deserving, said the provost.

The first students entering the residence in September, were happy with the arrangements, including the rent, said Prof. Ryan.

Prof. Ryan concluded, "Michener Park will compare favorably with other developments of its kind on this continent."

see page three—MICHENER

CUS Liaison Committee dissolved by council

Students' council Monday voted in favor of dissolving the CUS Liaison Committee and deleting its by-laws from the students' union constitution.

The action was taken after a suggestion by Marguerite Trussler, former chairman of the committee, that there is not enough work related to CUS to warrant a full-time committee.

She told council she has found it very difficult to communicate with CUS this year, and the committee has received only five replies to the more than 70 letters it has written to CUS and its members.

Many of the committee members have resigned this year because of a lack of concrete things to do.

Council accepted her suggestion that an External Affairs Committee be established to deal with CUS and all other aspects of external affairs.

Trussler said the committee under the name of CUS Liaison was too restricted, and could not deal with other national or provincial unions.

The new committee will be able to do more than the old one could, and it is expected many of its members will be former members of the CUS Liaison Committee.

Many councillors expressed the opinion that in view of the fact that they had just authorized payment of \$203.22 to CUS, the students' union should retain the liaison committee.

Treasurer Phil Ponting said he felt our students' union, no longer being a member of CUS or even a non-member in good standing, could not expect to have any liaison with the national union.

"CUS is definitely in the area of external affairs," he said. Keeping the committee as it now stands would be only a bureaucratic gesture, said Trussler. It would be a big mistake to tie down members of the students' union to a lot of unnecessary things.

Council split on CUS vote

Motion to pay CUS \$203.22 of last year's fees passed 7-6

By LORRAINE MINICH

Students' council split down the middle Monday night on the issue of U of A's relations with the Canadian Union of Students.

A motion to pay CUS \$203.22 for membership fees from Sept. 11 1966 to Sept. 23, 1966, was passed after an hour and a half of discussion by a vote of seven to six with one abstention.

The matter first arose in council Sept. 25 when students' union treasurer Phil Ponting and president Al Anderson introduced a motion that we pay the fee because of a moral obligation.

The figure of \$203.22 was based on a per capita levy from the time between the adjourning of the 1966 CUS Congress in Halifax and the first students' council meeting last fall when members voted 12 to 4 in favor of withdrawal from CUS.

During this 11-day period, we were still officially members of the national union.

At the Sept. 25 meeting, council decided to table Ponting's motion to a later meeting in order that legal advice could be sought.

LEGAL ADVICE

Monday Anderson informed council that the students' union lawyer told him the U of A was not legally bound to pay any portion of the CUS fee from last year.

Several councillors expressed the opinion that if there was no legal obligation, then there was no reason at all why the fee should be paid; payment would indicate that our students' union still wants a finger in CUS's pie.

Co-ordinator of student activities Glenn Sinclair several times emphasized his opinion that payment of the fee or any portion of it would be a hypocritical action.

"If anybody should pay anybody anything," he said, "it should be CUS paying us for wasting our money to send delegates to this summer's congress."

Marguerite Trussler, former CUS Liaison Committee chairman and a delegate to this year's congress, told council she felt the students' union had to pay the fee to prove it is a mature and responsible body.

"If you don't pay, you're reducing yourselves to the same level of irresponsibility as CUS," she said.

FORGET IT

"We must pay the fee for that 11-day period, and then we should forget about it."

Several councillors challenged Trussler's suggestion that we must maintain some kind of public relations with CUS.

"We should be more concerned with the image we have with the students at this university," said law rep Darryl Carter.

"It seems to me that the March 3 referendum told us firmly that we shouldn't spend any more money on CUS," he said, "and if we pay them now we are going against the wishes of the students we represent."

Ponting maintained it was primarily a matter of acting responsibly.

"We have to consider our obligation, be it legal or moral, to the national student body," he said.

NOT THE TIME

"We were obligated during the 11 days to participate in the CUS programs. This is not the time to define whether or not we derived anything from the programs in that short time; it is the time to pay our membership fees as a responsible and respected students' union."



FINDERS KEEPERS?—No, honesty has prevailed. All these articles were lost on campus, but the finders were honest and trustworthy enough to turn them in to the campus patrol. Glenda Younger, of SUB caf, is seen here inspecting all the goodies. See story on page three.

—Neil Driscoll photo

short shorts

Pluck magazine seeks submissions to English department

"Pluck," the new magazine of poems, stories and point of view at the U of A, welcomes submissions of writing to the English dept. office in Assiniboia Hall by Nov. 20.

TODAY

LSM

The Lutheran Student Movement will hold a retreat at Wildwood this weekend. A program of speakers, films and socials will be presented and the cost of \$5 per person will include meals. Transportation may be obtained at 11012-85 Ave. at 6:30 p.m. today. For more information call 432-4513 or 439-5680.

CULTURE 642

Culture 642 will meet today at 3:30 p.m. in the Riviera mixed seminar room. There will be a discussion of last week's assigned readings. Speaker will be Che Guevara, late of Bolivia.

LIBRARY LECTURE

A library orientation lecture will be held today at 1 p.m. and 4:30 p.m. in the Cameron Library from the main circulation desk.

CAMPUS LIBERALS

The Alberta Liberal Association convention is being held at the Macdonald Hotel today and Saturday. Members are encouraged to attend. Phone Marlis Bartscher 433-9215 for information.

DEBATING SOCIETY

A meeting of the debating society will be held at noon today in room 104 of SUB. New members are welcome.

WEEKEND

DIVING

Members of the Golden Bears and Pandas Diving Teams will offer a period of instruction in all levels of diving on Saturday, 9-11:30 a.m. Instruction in use of boards and trampolines will be given. Register at the General Office of the phys ed bldg. before 9 a.m. Instruction fee \$1.00.

NEWMAN CLUB

The Western Regional Newman Convention will be held in Calgary, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Those interested in attending, please contact Jerry Slavik, 432-4509.

HINDI MOVIE

Indian Students Association will show the award winning movie, with English sub-titles, "Sujata" in PC 126, Saturday at 7:30 p.m.

DANCE CLUB

A dance will be held Saturday at 8 p.m. in the multipurpose room of SUB. North American and Latin American music will be provided by the Bel-Cantos and a buffet lunch will be included.

MUSIC DEPT.

There will be a concert of J. S. Bach's music performed by bachelor of music students Sunday at 8:30 p.m. in Convocation Hall. There will be no admission charge.

MUSIC DEPT.

Dr. Helen Creighton, distinguished Canadian ethnomusicologist, will speak on Canadian folk music, at 3 p.m. Saturday in TLB 2.

B'NAI B'RITH

The B'Nai B'rith Hille Organization will hold a panel and group discussion on "Is Judaism Obsolete", at 8 p.m.

Sunday in SUB. Panel members are Dr. Edward Marxheimer and Rabbi A. Trawbart. All Jewish Students and friends are cordially invited.

MONDAY

POLI SCI CLUB

An African apartheid film, "Come Back, Africa", will be shown Monday, 8 p.m. in TLB 1.

TUESDAY

THEATRE

There will be a meeting of those interested in play production Tuesday at 7 p.m. in the organizational area, second floor of SUB.

COMP SCI COLLOQUIUM

Dr. K. E. Iverson of the Thomas J. Watson Research Center, Yorktown Heights, will be speaker at an informal discussion of APL Tuesday at 8 p.m. in V-127.

WEDNESDAY

CHAMBER MUSIC

The Netherlands String Quartet will appear at Convocation Hall Wednesday at 8:30 p.m. The concert is sponsored by the Edmonton Chamber Music Society and tickets for non-members will be available at the door.

COMP SCI COLLOQUIUM

Prof. A. C. Hoggatt, of the University of California, Berkeley campus, will speak on "The Use of a Time-Shared Computer for the Control of Man-Machine Experiments" Wednesday at 3 p.m. in PC 107.

ANGLICAN-UNITED

The Anglican-United parish is sponsoring a forum Nov. 19 after the 8 p.m. service in the meditation room. The topic of the forum will be "Can a Truly Contemporary Person Afford NOT To Be An Atheist?"

Official notices

Students interested in attending the WUS international seminar in West Africa next summer are asked to pick up applications at the SUB information booth. The seminar will last six weeks, starting the last week of June. Students must be fluent in French and must be planning to return to the U of A next year. Cost of the seminar will be about \$250 for the student but his next year's tuition will be waived.

Deadline for applications is Nov. 15. For more information call Richard Hewko at 455-6057.

New deadline for all yearbook photos is Nov. 29. Students in all faculties can have their pictures taken by making an appointment in rm. 139 SUB before that date.

Students interested in working on the High School Visitation Research project visitation committees are asked to contact Val Blakely, students' union secretary, SUB, to arrange an interview. Deadline for applications Nov. 17.

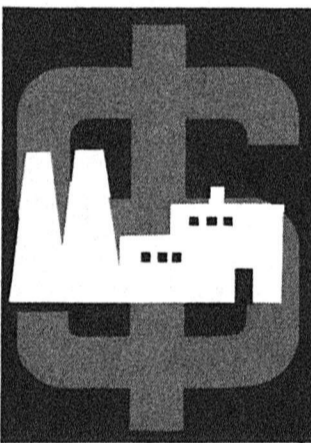
The following positions are open on student union committees:

- deputy returning officer for next spring's election (Nov. 10)
- charter flight secretary (honoraria for this position is a free, return flight ticket on the airplane) (Nov. 10)
- Assistant director of public relations (Nov. 13)
- Three members of the public relations committee (Nov. 13)
- Two members of the finance board (Nov. 13)
- Five members of the external affairs committee (Nov. 14)
- Three members of the forums committee (Nov. 14)

● Three members are needed for the council on student affairs. One of the members shall be a woman student and none a member of students' council, graduate students' council or the university athletic board (Nov. 14)

All applications should be submitted to Val Blakely in the students' union offices by 5 p.m. on the days indicated.

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U of A Golden Key Society sponsors advisory committee

The Golden Key Society is sponsoring an advisory committee for clubs and groups planning activities.

Information is available on all the supplies and equipment SUB has to offer.

Members from any club having problems organizing a function are welcome to come and have them discussed week days from 1-2 p.m. in rm. 242 SUB.

The Golden Key Society mem-

bers have all received Gold Key Awards, a distinction presented to a certain number of students every year at Color Night.

The Awards Committee, created by a students' union by-law make the awards according to the student's participation in activities and their outstanding accomplishments.

Besides planning the Color Night banquet and ceremony, the Golden Key Society sponsors the leadership seminar which is held every year for the executive of clubs on campus.

These seminars explain the ideal financial arrangements and techniques of leadership and responsibility.

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Interviews on Campus: November 20 & 21

Full details, applications and interview appointments available at your Placement Office.

Students interested in working on the

**High School Visitation
Research Project
Visitation Committees**

are urged to contact Val Blakely, students' union secretary, SUB to arrange an interview

Deadline for applications is Friday, Nov. 17

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Interviews:

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1967

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1967

Contact your Student Placement Office for Company and position information.



A TASTY MORSEL—Ahmed Hashim, vice-president of Club Internationale, spoon-feeds Mrs. Sparling at last Friday's International Supper. The dinner in Athabasca Hall was well attended, but the dance that was to follow was called off.

—Dave Applewhaite photo

Weird odds and ends cluttering up campus patrol lost and found office

What have you lost recently—your pipe, ring, wallet, chem text, or maybe your coat?

Whatever it is, you can probably find it at the lost and found.

The lost and found is located in the printing services building, room 108, in the campus patrol headquarters. Articles are turned in by campus patrollers, students, and the caretaking staff of campus buildings. The caretakers, when they find an article, keep it in their office for a few days, then call campus patrol which sends someone to pick it up.

Right now there is a wide range of articles—from watches, wallets, keycases, jewelry, glasses and pipes to sweaters, coats, umbrellas, tennis rackets, record players, textbooks, notebooks, scarves, gloves, and crutches.

A seasonal note has been added by an orange Hallowe'en wig.

Found articles are placed in drawers, bins, cupboards, and on shelves and hangers. The bottoms of these are already covered with things.

"Wait until the end of the year. The room will be overflowing," said Les Nicholson, chief campus

patroller.

At this time any articles still left will be given away. Last year, many were donated to the CNIB. Clothes were given to the Boys Club of Edmonton and the Marian Center.

Textbooks are sent to the bookstore to be resold.

The Salvation Army receives some of the objects.

If you have lost something, go look at the lost and found. Help make room for more.

Michener Park opened

from page one

The first section of the park provides 299 two-bedroom apartments, divided into three types; 197 row houses, 60 maisonettes, and 42 apartments in Vanier House. The second section will consist of more than 300 two- and three-bedroom apartments to be constructed in the future.

The apartments are available to any married students attending the university, but some preference is given to those in graduate studies. Dr. Johns explained there was 395 graduate students in 1961; today there are 1537—a 400 per cent increase in two-thirds of a decade.

Vanier House, the park's principal building, has been named for the late Rt. Hon. Georges P. Vanier, governor-general from 1959 to 1967. The lieutenant-governors of Alberta are remembered in names of the main streets: MacEwan Drive, for the Hon. J. W. Grant MacEwan; Page Avenue, for Hon. J. Percy Page, who served from 1959 to 1965; and Bowlen Road, for the late Hon. John J. Bowlen, lieutenant-governor from 1950 to 1959.

Dr. Michener, Dr. MacEwan, Dr. Page and Mary Mooney, representing the Bowlen family, attended the opening. A telegram from Madame Vanier expressed her congratulations to the university along with regret at being absent.

The governor-general unveiled a plaque in honor of the occasion and later cut a ribbon at Vanier House.

Official notice

Anyone requesting office space in the Students' Union Building is asked to make formal submission indicating desired times and specific reasons. This should include those people with offices presently assigned. Submissions should be made in writing to the secretary, Building Policy Board, SUB. Deadline Nov. 16, 5 p.m.

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

Has vacancies in 1968 in the following departments



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Students Graduating with a B.Sc. or M.Sc. degree in:

1968
ENGINEERING
HONOURS MATHS
COMMERCE
COMPUTER SCIENCE

1969
Nil

MARKETING

(Sales, Merchandising and Operations)

Students Graduating with a B.Sc. or M.Sc. degree in:

1968
ENGINEERING—all branches
COMMERCE
ARTS (Economics)
SCIENCE (General)
AGRICULTURE

1969
Nil

MANUFACTURING

(Refineries)

Students Graduating with a B.Sc. or M.Sc. degree in:

1968
CHEMICAL
ENGINEERING
MECHANICAL
ENGINEERING

1969
CHEMICAL
ENGINEERING
MECHANICAL
ENGINEERING

PRODUCING

Production and Exploration

Students Graduating with a B.Sc. or M.Sc. degree in:

1968
ENGINEERING—all branches
HONOURS GEOLOGY
GEOPHYSICS
HONOURS PHYSICS

1969
ENGINEERING
PHYSICS
CHEMICAL
ENGINEERING
HONOURS GEOLOGY
GEOPHYSICS

IN ADDITION, PERMANENT AND SUMMER VACANCIES ARE AVAILABLE FOR STUDENTS UNDERTAKING POSTGRADUATE STUDIES IN CHEMICAL ENGINEERING AND CHEMISTRY IN THE RESEARCH DEPARTMENT AT SARNIA, AND IN THE PRODUCTION RESEARCH AND TECHNICAL SERVICES DEPARTMENT IN CALGARY.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR REGULAR EMPLOYMENT ARE ALSO AVAILABLE IN THE CHEMICAL PRODUCTS DEPARTMENT.

OPPORTUNITIES ARE AVAILABLE IN OUR WESTERN REGION COMPTROLLER'S DEPARTMENT FOR GRADUATES AND THIRD YEAR STUDENTS ENROLLED IN COMMERCE, FINANCE OPTION.

Our Representative, MR. R. G. INGS, will be on the campus

November 14th, 1967

to make interviewing appointments for students enrolled in the above courses who are interested in filling the advertised vacancies.

MR. INGS will be located in the Canada Manpower Centre Campus Placement Office

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

editor-in-chief - - - - lorraine minich

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interim photo editor - - - - neil driscoll

sports editor - - - - steve rybak

EDITORIAL—Desk—Frank Horvath; Librarian—Beth Robinson.

STAFF THIS ISSUE—A few bodies showed up to help get out our super-extravaganza twenty-page special. Peter McCormick, Brian Campbell (you can't keep the old vets away), Ken Hutchinson, Margaret Bolton (still sleeping in English), Alex Ingram, Shirley Kirby, Marjibell (finally got it right, I think), Boom-Boom Bernie Goedhart (who's California dreamin') and irrepressible, irresponsible Harvey Thomgirt, your fraternal correspondent.

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PAGE FOUR

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1967

shape up . . .

With the current rash of complaints and accusations of offence, incompetence, and poor judgment being levelled by and against various members of the students' union, The Gateway feels it is only in keeping to get on the band-wagon.

A number of student councillors Monday night gave a brilliant, more-outstanding-than-ever display of genuine, unadulterated ignorance.

It seems that every year, certain councillors show up who either don't have a clue as to what is going on at their meetings or else are so narrow-minded that they cannot allow themselves to listen to any views other than their own.

The discussion about payment of the \$203.22 CUS fee was a classic example.

We suggest that most of those people who opposed payment of the fee were not so much influenced by facts which they had received from reputable sources, or even by their honest opinions; they were influenced by the sour grapes, "use our rules or we won't play" attitude towards CUS which seems to be the only opinion most people have about CUS.

Surely, "we can't pay because CUS president Hugh Armstrong is just waiting for us to pay so he can say 'Aha, I won'" is a pretty poor excuse for anything.

Perhaps, Mr. Armstrong will gloat when he receives our check, but similarly, Mr. Sinclair would have gloated (probably much more vociferously) if his point of view had won out.

. . . or shut up

The same sort of attitude continued to smell up the council chambers during the discussion about disbanding the CUS Liaison Committee and setting up an External Affairs Committee to replace it.

Comments like "External affairs isn't the right name for our dealings with CUS; it's collaborating with the enemy" and "Well, it should be easier to get along with them now that they've got our money" suggest the speaker is a spoiled child.

Not so; these statements were made by a councillor—a member of the executive, to be more precise.

Miss Trussler and a few of the "more-enlightened" councillors made it quite clear that the function of the committee would still be

good luck

We wish to congratulate the students' union new vice-president, Judy Lees.

Miss Lees has a formidable task in filling the very large shoes of her predecessor, Dave King.

Our only regret is that Owen Anderson is not sitting on students' council again this year. He was enthusiastically in favor of more women in student government.

the same, whether it was called CUS Liaison or External Affairs; changing its name would only give it more areas in which to work.

What we find difficult to understand is any councillor's inability to grasp even a vague idea, after having a fact pounded home.

These kinds of attitudes and statements appear at every council meeting, but Monday's meeting was worse than usual.

Even *d i p l o m a t i c*, politically-smooth Al Anderson was astounded by some of the things his council said and did, for after a particularly ridiculous, but apparently sincere statement by one member, Mr. Anderson said "That is the most stupid argument I have ever heard."

Truly, students' union general manager Marv Swenson, who has been sitting through students' council meetings for years, must be commended for his high level of endurance.

We have only one thing to say to the kinds of student councillors who make council meetings a farce: if you can't say something at least semi-intelligent, do everyone a favor and keep quiet.

There is no display of ignorance more glaring or revolting than boorish and unfounded remarks.



'the silent protest'

for one day, let us forget the future, and remember the past

the advantages of welfare

By JACK MACDONALD

Reprinted from the Martlet

My English prof came up with a rather intriguing idea the other day. He was wandering out loud what would have happened to tragedy in English literature if England had always been a welfare state.

For example, take Othello. Shakespeare would have had to rewrite the whole ending. Instead of all those deaths and tragic soliloquys, Othello would have hired a private investigator to follow Desdemona around and the whole sordid affair would have ended up in some state marriage counsellor's office. And probably everyone would have lived happily ever after, except Iago, of course, who would have been committed to a state hospital. Even he may have been rehabilitated and gone on to live a useful and productive life.

Look at MacBeth. His conscience would have been alarmed before he did the fateful deed, he would have committed himself to psychiatric care, and in the end he would have come to a realization that his political ambitions were caused by a childhood affection-deprivation. In all likelihood he would have then divorced Lady MacBeth, renounced his peerage, and contented himself with a self-sacrificing life as a petty bureaucrat serving the people in some government office in Edinburgh.

Hamlet, on the other hand, would never have gone beyond the first act. All those people who saw the ghost would have been quietly led away by an understanding nurse and her two husky assistants. They would never have been heard from again.

In The Mayor of Casterbridge, by Hardy, the whole ending would have to be reconstructed. Instead of Hen-

chard stumbling off into the heath to die a tragic and lonely death, there would have been some kind of Welfare Department representative at Elizabeth-Jane's wedding who would have given Henchard an on-the-spot means test. He would have then hustled off to England's equivalent of Fort Lauderdale and the book would have ended with him happily playing shuffleboard with a sweet little old widow lady from Manchester while he gummed contentedly on his fudgicle and the sun sank slowly in the west.

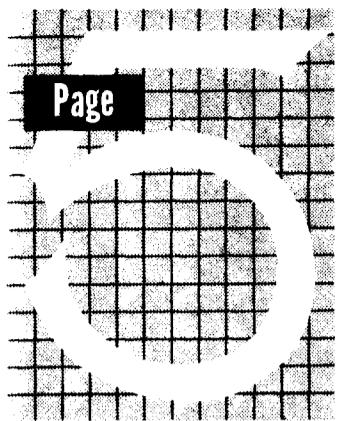
The examples are endless, but the point is easily seen. Had the English social conscience been awakened before it was, English department programmes throughout the world would have to be drastically revised. Literally thousands of thoughtful, sensitive professors would have been cruelly thrown out of work. There would not even be any deathless prose (or poetry) for shiny-eyed, idealistic students to memorize.

And the authors, oh, the authors! They would have had nothing more to do than write dry departmental annual reports to parliament in stilted bureaucratic, a turn of events that would doubtless have crushed their souls.

But not to worry, all would have been well. After all, the welfare state would have found secure, moderately-paying positions in some branch or another, and everyone would have been a happy, obscure government functionary.

Free mental health clinics and care would mean that everyone would be well-adjusted anyway, so there would be no need for soul-searing tragedies in the first place. And most importantly, hurried students would not have to write penetratingly analytical or lucidly insightful essays every term.

What an intriguing idea!



Page

nb

today we devote page five to cup copy. two features are run, along with one cartoon on apathy. the school story should be of interest to anyone concerned about education, and the yearbook feature is of some special relevance to u of a students this year.

A place where children . . .

By DONALD ROSENBAUM
Pace
Special to Canadian University Press

"To a very great degree, school is a place where children learn to be stupid. A dismal thought, but hard to escape. Infants are not stupid. Children of one, two, or even three throw the whole of themselves into everything they do. They embrace life and devour it; it is why they learn so fast, and are such good company. Listlessness, boredom, apathy—these all come later. Children come to school curious; but within a few years, most of that curiosity is dead, or at least silent."

John Holt's seemingly harsh indictment of our school system has been substantiated and echoed by students and critics alike, who are fed up with "following meaningless procedures to get meaningless answers to meaningless questions."

Sociologist Paul Goodman explains that "for 10 to 13 years, every young person is obliged to sit the better part of his day in a room almost always too crowded, facing front, doing lessons pre-determined by a distant administration that have no relation to his own intellectual, social or animal interests, and not much relation even to his economic interests. The over-crowding precludes individuality or spontaneity, reduces the young to ciphers, and the teacher to a martinet."

While psychology recognizes that we are all different in temperament,

interest and learning ability, the system continues to impose one curriculum and expect a standardized result. While kids would really like to talk about Dylan or Vietnam or the new 450 Honda, the teacher drones on about algebra, trigonometry and French grammar. Then, three days before the exam, everyone crams to pull through. The result of all this pain and anxiety is that three days after the exam, no one can remember anything useful.

The first mistake that the Protestant Board and other administrations make is to set up curricula which seldom relate to the students' interests, the real world, or each other. This is done in the name of efficiency, with the firm belief that students must know certain facts about chemistry, history or inter-algebra. The board protects itself by disciplining those students who simply aren't interested in the textbook material that is being presented

There are two fatal errors in this policy . . . Firstly, very little useful learning will take place if the students are not interested. In fact, Holt, a teacher himself, has said that "schools could well afford to throw out most of what we teach, because the children throw out almost all of it anyway."

Secondly, there is no good reason why Bob Dylan, Vietnam or anything from any newspaper can not be a point of departure for a free, unstructured and relevant educational experience about real things

—politics, the hippie phenomenon, sex, literature, or the bias of the newspaper.

But instead of real learning, we continue our blind allegiance to correct answers, text books, lectures and exams. Students are coerced into 'learning' by threat of failure, or fear of being wrong. They are motivated—not by curiosity or a real desire to learn—but by marks, scholarships and gold stars.

"Schools give every encouragement to producers," says Holt, "the kids whose idea it is to get 'right answers' by any and all means. In a system that runs on 'right answers', they can hardly help it. And these schools are often very discouraging places for thinkers."

Yet exams are still the standard. Finals, and particularly matriculations, become the goals to which the teachers and the kids must apply themselves. But what kind of goals are these? What is the point of memorizing the material which is recorded far more adequately in the library. The important thing is to know how to use the library and to want to.

Education, as it was originally conceived, was intended to be a dialogue between teacher and learner. Now however, teachers are used as tools of the administration to administer pre-set courses of study to students from their desks at the front of the room. (And yet the teachers wonder why they haven't attained professional status.)

. . . can learn to be stupid

The result is that students, under pressure to do meaningless tasks which they hate, will turn off in class and 'go stupid'. "They deny their intelligence to their jailers, the teachers, not so much to frustrate them but because they have other more important uses for it. Freedom to live and to think about life for its own sake is important and even essential to a child. He will only give so much time and thought to what others want him to do . . ."

The antecedent to Holt's premise is found in public school. Children enter grade one when they are six years old—full of energy, bursting with questions, ideas and plans. They are very quickly settled into nice, neat rows, facing front, and are given pencils, paper and their primary reader.

Psychology again tells us that some have been ready to read for two years, while others are still so unsteady in their sight that they can not distinguish between a 'b' and a 'd'. Nevertheless, each child is expected to get up in class and go through the humiliating and discouraging experience of trying to read the first grade reader out loud to the rest of the class.

Similarly, while the child may not be able to hold a pencil steadily, he is expected to write a little composition about what he did on the weekend, using the few words he can spell and compose in sentences. The result is pitiful, messy, and

confusing for the child. The teacher doesn't really want to know what he did on the weekend or she would have asked verbally, giving the child an opportunity to really express himself.

Thus he quickly learns that school has little to do with real ideas, events, or self-expression. Rather it is a place you must go to five days a week to do meaningless tasks to please the teacher. And so the curiosity, interest and vitality which motivated that child are sadly lost.

Nor is high school much of an improvement. Original thought, self expression, and creative activity are inhibited overtly and by the sheer weight of boring subject material.

There is a very real world outside the narrow confines of the classroom, full of joy, tragedy, wit, change, originality, and real problems. 10,000 people die every day from starvation; the world spends 1120 billion dollars a year on military defense, when we know that there is no hope of defense against the weapons that have been developed; a war is raging at this moment in Vietnam, where thousands die in a bloody, awful death every week. These are the realities that we all must recognize and cope with. How does a high school 'education' prepare us for that?

The teachers who like to think of themselves as 'progressive', point to the changes that are slowly being made, like subject promotion.

But these changes are almost exclusively in methodology or structure. What is far more fundamental is that education become—once again—a dialogue between teacher and learner. The first prerequisite of such a change would require the teacher to give up his or her pedestal and sit informally—no strings attached—with the kids. This alone would give any Protestant School Board Supervisor ulcers.

The second change would make it essential that students and staff determine the subject material, instead of a distant administration which fails to understand and recognize that young people are an integral part of the real world with interests and needs of their own.

The role of formal education is not to fill our heads with meaningless fragments of knowledge. Nor is it vocational training.

Education should nurture the curiosity with which we were all born. It should stimulate a love of learning and equip us to be able to learn effectively on our own. It should make us aware that we are a part of a community, and that our community and thousands like it make up the world. It should equip us to cope with change and finally, to better that world.

These are the only goals worth struggling for and attaining, and thus far, our system of education has failed miserably.

Relevance is in; yearbooks are out

By D. JOHN LYNN
Canadian University Press

This year relevance is in and tradition is out. In the student mood vocabulary of 1967 sacred cows are being slaughtered with little or no consideration going to the old and the mouldy. First symbol to get the axe on many campuses is the traditional college yearbook.

As a record of the year, a catalogue of what happened on and off campus, as a spur to memories graduated twenty years, the old school yearbook is shaking in its foundations.

"It's not relevant," says the activist. "It's a waste of money."

"The students want it," screams the grad class rep. "They like to see their pictures and names in it."

"It never comes out on time."

"But it's a timeless document. In twenty years you'll leaf through it and remember. . . ."

"Rubbish!"

The University of Manitoba has axed its yearbook. So has Sir George Williams University, University of Toronto and University of British Columbia.

Others are itching to follow suit. McGill, Glendon College, St. Francis Xavier, have all debated the idea, but have decided not to abolish the book because of pressures from the "graduates who like to see their pictures" in it.

In many cases the book simply fails to appear. All the material is packed off to the printer, usually in some faraway place, and . . . silence. After some investigation it is discovered that all odd-numbered pages from 43 to 79 were mysteriously lost, causing the delay.

With inflated enrolments at many universities yearbooks are, for reasons of economy, forced to lay out grad pictures in true grid fashion. In the most recent University of Saskatchewan yearbook there are one hundred and eight grad photos, with names, crammed into one page.

In many cases yearbooks contain photos of club executives, students doing silly things at winter carnival, and shots of groups of up to a hundred, in which any possibility of identifying an individual is lost in the distance.

Yearbooks can run away with cost. The cheapest hard-cover yearbook in any college would cost \$5,000. But with embossed covers, color photo spreads, and trick paper there is no limit.

The '65-'66 U of Saskatchewan Greystone cost \$34,000 (U.S.) for printing alone. To this must be added the cost of film, developing, editorial costs, and in some cases mailing.

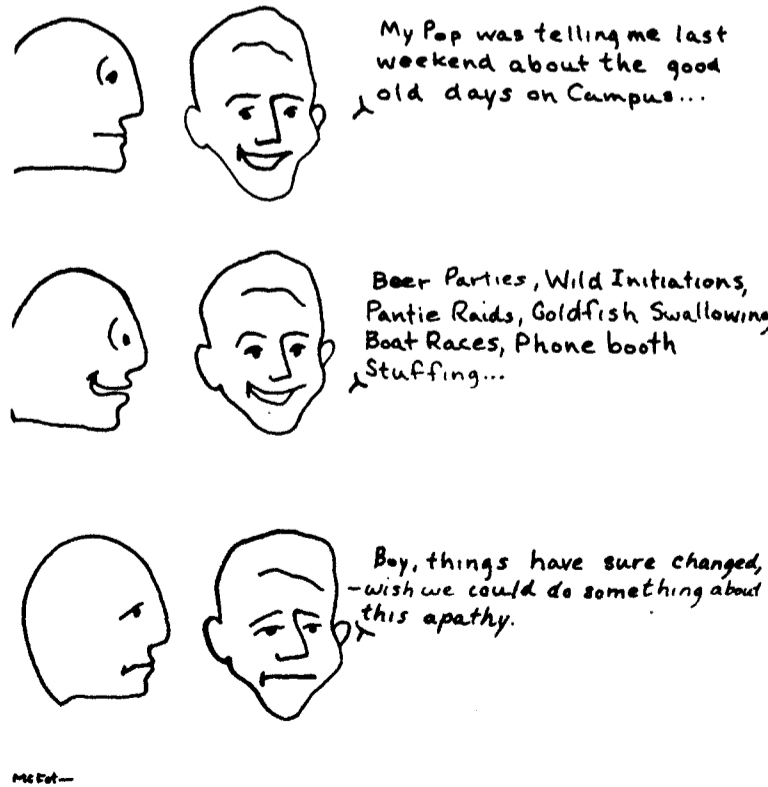
What makes the whole thing objectionable to the activist is that in most cases the levy for the book is automatic—the book does not stand on its merits in the free enterprise market.

But it will have to next year at Carleton.

The student council there decided after heated debate that the yearbook was a waste of money, and will in future be put out to sale on a commercial basis, with no student government support.

Several alternatives to full yearbook production have been proposed. One campus editor, exasperated at the vagaries of yearbook production, has suggested student council pay for a grads picture book to be given to grads at convocation, and that council publish a full-scale yearbook every three years.

A second solution adopted by several universities involves binding a complete volume of the college paper. This is particularly suitable to larger universities who have trouble making the yearbook either personal enough to appeal to the students, or economically feasible for the same reasons.



casserole



remember
C-2
buttons and hair
C-3
service corps
C-4 and C-5

Time to remember—something, anything

By **BOB JACOBSEN**

It's a time to remember. To remember everything, not just those millions who were killed in three great wars. Not just the thousands of bereaved parents still left today, or the many brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and nephews and cousins.

Not only the wives and daughters and sons left behind, or even, husbands.

Not just the primitive methods of warfare once used, the old tanks and half-tracks, the old horse-drawn cannons, outdated rifles and infantry, and now-corroded ships. The unusual airplanes, the semi-modern rapid-fire machine guns mounted on them, or the open cockpits.

Not just the heavy military uniforms once used, the sticky hot wool pants worn in battle during blistering hot weather, or the flimsy soup-kettles that were passed off as protective headgear.

Not just the big bombs used at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, or the more modern jets first introduced to war in Korea, or the floating fortresses used to carry a whole flotilla of planes and ammunition, ready to spring at any moment on some forboding, suspicious, unsuspecting enemy.

Not just the hard to envision coupon necessary to buy some of the most necessary essentials of living, things needed to keep the enemy at bay, to feed millions of soldiers, and to buy gas for their machines.

Not just the muck and gunk and sweat and tears and blood and pain and frustration and love and hate of old wars.

Not just the false promises made by war-time leaders, or the petty little arguments by famous generals and their faithful fanatics as to who won the most battles, or who killed more of enemy and ally soldiers, or who provided the most thought behind the few successful strategies.

Not just the supposed freedom to think and worship and act and feel and see and do and read as one wants to, or the right to be colored, or speak a funny tongue, or eat strange food.

Not just the right to vote for something someone really doesn't care a hoot about, something that isn't worth caring a hoot about, something that seems to carry on without votes.

Not just all the fun had in English pubs, the friendly foreign girls to dance and carouse and drink with, to love and molest, to go to bed with, to marry and produce war babies.

Not just those seemingly strange people lost in gas chambers in Germany, in Poland, and

tortured around the world, herded like cattle into railway cars only to arrive at their destination like prime beef.

Not just that strange little sawed-off inferiority-complexed mustached maniac people still talk about in whispers behind closed doors for fear of being associated with a horrendous phenomenon long to be forgotten, that silly old mother-lover called Hitler.

Not just Flanders Field, the men who lie there hoping they have died for some noble cause, the poppies blowing in the wind over their heads beside the long columns of white stones, the poppies bought on the street that do not blow until they are dropped or thrown under the feet of a callous mob.

Not just the weak ceremony in front of the cenotaph every year or the pseudo-remembrance wreaths laid there or all the old veterans and cripples and emotion-wracked mothers and pompous overly-righteous dignitaries gathered before its once-noble countenance.

Not just the plaques and tributes and honours bestowed upon old heroes, or the buildings and monuments built in tribute to lost comrades, or the buildings erected for economic purposes but named after some well-known super-star in the art of combat.

Not just the small defenceless children left behind to fend for themselves after their protective parents fled before the onslaught.

Yes, it's a time to remember alright.

It's a time to remember the advent of television and all encompasses there.

To remember twenty-two years of relentless bombardment by war movie after war movie after war movie, and to wonder what the purpose of it all was, to wonder whether people are really that interested in the gory destruction of a large segment of mankind, or whether some great master planner to leading us all toward some holy salvation by teaching us to fight, fight, fight.

To remember the recent invention by the great military society South of us; of war toys, toys which apparently sell better than any other toy, toys used by children as they dig and play in the dirt of vacant lots, toys that shoot and fire and roar and zoom, toys that need enemies before they can really work, toys that teach how to swear and curse and fight and destroy and kill and hate. Toys that are fun because television says they are.

It's a time to remember Vietnam, reports of genocide, torture, and interference in internal affairs by both ideological opponents, and to wonder whether any of them at all are true.

It's a time to remember The Congo, South Africa, Kenya, Rhodesia, the Middle East, Cuba, and India, and to wonder if the suffering, humiliation, frustration, starvation, ignorance, hate, and segregation there is suddenly so much less important than that in Vietnam.

It's a time to remember spies and infiltration and propaganda and assassinations and socialism and communism and facism and dictatorships and free societies and great societies and leached-dry societies, and to wonder if any of them are really what they claim to be, or if they are, what can be done to change them so that we can again wonder.

It's a time to remember governments, governments of all levels, to wonder whether income tax will ever decrease, to wonder if the armed services are really concentrating on defence or if the germs in Ralston will spread and kill us all, to wonder if Manning will ever forget Aberhart or continue to plague us with his babblings.

It's a time to remember student government and how it once used to be, when councillors and presidents and coordinators and secretaries and treasurers used to have the feel of the university, used to participate with students, to argue, to debate, to contest, to entertain the casual mundane onlooker, to attend to their task of leading, suggesting, creating and acting on problems, to make their electors feel more at home in a wild, wild place. To wonder if student government will ever get off its ass and do anything more useful than passing a desultory budget every year, to wonder if an apathetic student body is responsible for an apathetic student council, or whether they actually are leading students, in which case they are apathetic first.

It's a time to remember exam weeks gone by, to remember the cramming, the frustration, the lack of knowledge, the failures, the few passes, the high marks and how it was done, all the old books now in the closet, and to wonder why, why, why.

It's a time to remember Hippies, long hair, mini-skirts, flowers and fruits, leotards and nets, and to wonder about the nature of individuality.

It's a time to remember dreams, dreams of non-existent problems and great parties and dances and fun and irrational lectures and unrealistic professors, to wonder whether dreams don't really come true.

It's a time to remember time, to wonder whether it will ever stop long enough to remember anything.

casserole

a supplement section
of the gateway

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It's time to remember again; to remember all sorts of things. This week, on the day before Remembrance Day, Bob Jacobson and Rich Vivone remember some of the things we're supposed to remember, and some that we're not; some that we do and, more important, some that we don't . . . or some that we won't.

It's easier not to think about such things.

Two phenomena of our current society are reviewed on C-3 . . . our present preoccupation with button-mania, and the self-righteous rejection of long-hairs.

It seems both are a matter of some concern, when the familiar cry of "What is the younger generation coming to?" goes up.

Blowing up an RCMP paddy wagon makes for some fun. Read about it in the center page feature on the Alberta Service Corp's summer of experience in Fort Chipewyan (including having their toilet paper stolen.)

Rich Vivone

Looking back at the one-way trips

Somehow, you don't want to remember these things. The very good and the very bad and the people.

The people are vague figures of the mind but they lived one day and they enjoyed life. They lived, they loved and they fought.

And they took a one-way trip across the waters. It was the same route that tourists take today and go on a long drunk and then tour the land and take another long lush back.

If you are old enough to drink, you will know of these people who never came back because every time and every town had them.

You couldn't help remembering the loud mouth who went over and stayed there. He was called Fred and he was an Indian. You always knew when he was in town because he would go up and down the street screaming and yelling and singing too. Some liked him and others didn't. He didn't care. Life was good and he was happy.

Then one day, he went away. My dad was glad to

see him go. The kid was a bit crazy, said my dad. They'll straighten him up, was the professed opinion of the resident intellectuals.

We saw his picture in the paper one day. Fred was in Korea and behind a machine gun. A free-lance photographer took his picture and they made it a national thing—this protecting the democracies by fighting overseas.

A sniper got him. The bullet went through his neck. The machine gun didn't help him.

His mother who was very religious woman. She got the news one day when she was scrubbing the floor of the Catholic Church.

"He was a good boy," she said. But somehow the statue of the Virgin Mary near the altar didn't mean so much any more.

Nobody in town said anything about a good Indian being a dead one. But Fred was dead.

Another guy came from the hill. It's the upper part of town where the rich live. The rich who have money.

Shags came from that part.

He was quiet, intelligent and a great hockey player. He too went away but I couldn't very well remember the day. It just seemed that one day I was taping his sticks and then he was gone. There were no more sticks to tape.

"He scored 26 goals in one game," a bearer of records said. "It'll never be equalled."

Shags was in a tank when it happened. Somehow, an enemy climbed on top and dropped a grenade in the hole. They couldn't even find his dog tags but they knew who to send the news to.

Shags mother heard this one day when she was at work in the beauty shop. She was making money. Her shop was doing a prosperous business.

When the message came, she had her bank book in her hand, she openly wept but did not drop the bank book.

There was the guy who lived upstairs and who my dad hated. I never knew why. People hate for reasons not obvious to a seven-year-old.

His name was Ollie and he drank and worked in the bush camps as a cutter. He was one of the best because he could cut and trim nine cords a day and still have time for lunch and dinner and a good night's sleep.

But his wife didn't like to stay home and when Ollie was in the bush, his wife slipped out. Their marriage was a mess, my dad said.

He joined up one day too because he didn't know what else to do. Ollie was telling a friend about it.

"We get along better now when I write letters," he said. "I think we can start all over. She said we still have a chance."

She got letters regularly until the mortar shell fell in front of him. There wasn't enough left to bury.

His wife moved out shortly after and went to live with another guy. They are seen out on the town quite regularly.

This is the day to remember these people who bought return trips but stayed too long; and they took the return ticket away.

The problem of identity; 'disgrace' and long hair

Today's society is an all-tolerant one. It is one which respects the rugged individual and the rights of the minority. It's a Class A society on paper.

It is also a highly hypocritical one in reality.

Ha, you are saying, here is another angry young man with a high ideal which he feels has been offended. Here is a cynical grass-puffing, mary-jane peddling college agitator spoiling for an argument.

No, he is merely someone whose hair happens to reach to the collar of his



THE PRESSURES OF SOCIETY ... make individuality difficult

turtleneck and who, consequently, can no longer eat in the downtown area of this city. That is, he was refused admission to the cafeteria of one of our larger department stores.

Then he made his mistake. Plainly, with his big sad faded green eyes brimming, he asked ... "Why".

He was informed that his hair, his apparel, and "him" in general was "disgraceful and offensive" to members of society. So there.

Oh horse-feathers, say you, just get your long red hair cut and at midnight all your problems will be solved and you'll turn into a pumpkin-headed respectable citizen.

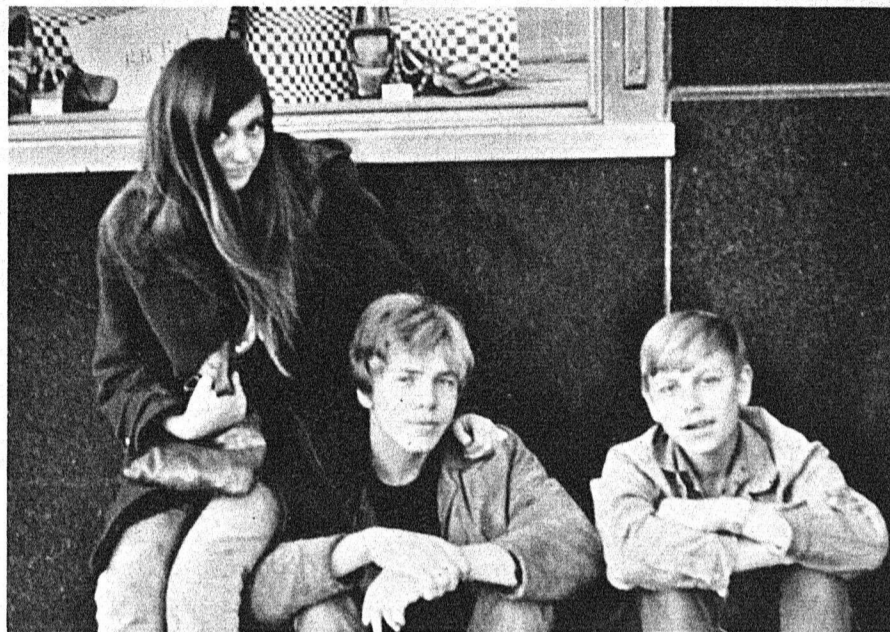
Unfortunately, he has this thing about his hair. Rightly or wrongly, he feels he can be a respectable citizen without getting his hair cut, his degree of maturity not being inversely proportional to his length of hair.

But the question is: today in this city, will he be accepted as a respectable citizen? Has it come to the point where if an individual prefers to be different, the predictable result will be ostracism, social animosity and general persecution?

Draw your own conclusions. For example, if you wished to call yourself a gentleman and wear a sword, do you know what would happen to you. You'd be arrested (the blade is over six inches long).

Then you'd probably be sent to the chuckle-farm for observation. In other words, you would be suspected of insanity because you wished to be different. Perhaps you don't believe this. Try carrying a cross to Calgary sometime.

In the above example, I cited the role the law could play in being different. This could be misleading, for the law does not say that you cannot be a minority, an individual.



YOU CAN HAVE LONG HAIR ... and still be a 'respectable' citizen

In fact, it specifically permits it and it is so set up as to protect the rights of any person who prefers not to conform.

Thus, it is no secret that it is not the law but rather the pressure of society which is again individualism. And it is for this reason that people with longer than "acceptable" hair length are not admitted to cafeterias downtown.

This refusal of services amounts to a movement forcing everyone with longer hair (an uncertain minority) to conform to a pattern of appearance dictated by a certain portion of society (perhaps a majority). Now is that just as democratic as all heck?

To be fair, it must be admitted that the original reason for this department store's policy of "no long-hairs" was to alleviate the problem caused by high school students sitting around for hours.

However, the policy did not stop at

those particular people. Instead of taking measures against the trouble makers (a few hundred at most), the store carried on a vendetta against several thousand people. And the restaurants in the downtown area followed suit.

But can an individual be pressured into conforming in this manner? More specifically, can a restaurant refuse service to a customer on the basis of his appearance alone?

It would seem so. Perhaps it would come under the heading of "undesirable influences" or just plain ol' damn-all discrimination. Or close to it.

The thing which I fear most, however, is that the people concerned will choose the easier way. I fear that they will get their hair cut and I am very much afraid that it will soon be they who ask, "but why should anyone WANT to be different?"

Don't just say it—wear it; the Age of the Button arrives

Time was when we were in danger of becoming a push-button society.

Now it seem we're more in danger of becoming a just plain button society. Or, more specifically, a button, badge, sign and slogan society. It's getting to be an occupational hazard.

If you want to say something, and you want to reach everyone, wear a button. It's the only way, man. Everyone's on the look out for them so they amount to instant publicity by now.

If our typical Button-Wearer goes striding up the hall, odds are those striding the other way will say as he approaches: "Egad. A Button!" He than manoeuvres himself into position and reads the words of wisdom as our hero goes sailing by.

It never fails.

If you don't agree, let me ask you what was one of the ways they used to advertize SUB opening? Buttons, right? Right.

Who's No. 2 but tries harder. Another button, right? Right.

As I said, it's getting to be an occupational hazard.

This button craze and its attendant fads sounds just like the sort of thing our society would perpetrate. Everyone's fond of saying how fast things move today, how computerized everything is. And they're correct, if trite. It seems that our attempts at communication have to tighten up too. Hence we have the Age of the Catch Word.

Buttons, badges and slogans are everywhere. Their bright designs and even brighter slogans, they amount to instant publicity.

And so, in our push-button society, we have gone one step past the stage of push-button philosophy into the stage of button philosophy.

Some people more than others tend to make spectacles of themselves by wearing buttons, but actually it's a sport open and common to all.

I, for instance, can be seen wearing by "Crusade Against Ugly" button now and again. As far as I know, I was the first on my block to get one, a feat which carries with it a certain amount of status, I'm told. Quite possibly, however, I'm the ONLY one on my block with one, it being that the neighbour kids have more sense than I do.

And then you get types like the fellow who is disguised as a Gateway sports editor, who wears a makeshift "I Miss Hot Caf" button over the remnants of an "I Like SUB" button.

Or the kind who wears his "I'm proud to be a Canadian" button under his lapel or inside his coat. Even more suspicious are the type who wear them on the outside of their coats.

And there was the dear fellow, now departed, who wore his "Drop It" (the bomb) button to an Anti-Vietnam demonstration. That takes real courage, no to mention much lack of brains.

I don't suppose this campus is any more button and slogan crazy than any other representative segment of the populace (which doesn't speak much for the campus, I'm afraid).

But what with people generally disgruntled about myriad real or imagined social wrongs, slogans, signs, buttons 'n things tend to populate the horizon quite extensively these days.

Not that I'm panning them—they make interesting reading. And they're educational too.

It's just that I'd hate to think of them as any kind of a substitute for more honest communication, as could so easily happen.

About the only way they would be a good substitute for would be lectures. But that's as far as it goes.

Still, if you've got something important to get across don't just say it—wear it.

You'll probably have better luck.



THE WISDOM OF THE AGES ... on a tiny, shiny button

Alberta Service Corps . . .



. . . meaningful involvement

By ELAINE VERBICKY

A dollar a day. Not such a great living wage.

An unpainted log shack, no running water, kerosene lamps and a swamp at your front door. Kind of an unbelievable setting for a university student's summer job.

But that's how Bryan Watt, Warren Larson, and John Reid, all arts 2, spent the summer. At Fort Chipewyan—Fort Chip for short—400 miles north of Edmonton they lived in the middle of an Indian-Metis community and taught pre-schoolers what pencils look like and what books are for.

Bryan, Warren and John were three of 21 university students who made up a nebulous entity called the Alberta Service Corps. Brainchild of the new provincial department of youth, the Corps gave Alberta students a chance to live a new kind of reality. The summer places they lived in were far away in more than one sense from the high, heated halls of their universities or schools.

"We set up the Alberta Service Corps to provide meaningful involvement with people for students during the summer time," says corps director Don Hamilton, known as "The Great White Father" to ASC people. "They could utilize their ability and energy in such situations to help a variety of communities, some of them economically depressed."

The service corps people did get involved with people—so much involved they are still getting over the

shock of coming back to the university world.

But what did everyone get out of a summer of disorientation, hard work, disappointments and the occasional warm success in communication?

Perhaps it's too soon to ask them. Perhaps it will take the vantage point of years before they can tell what they have left inside because of this past summer. But all agree they wouldn't exchange their experiences for anything.

Everyone remembers different little things that mean a lot. . . .

KIKINO

Eileen Dribb, theology 3, more often referred to as just plain "Dribb", remembers very clearly "the white fences" she and Pegg Yeland, Mt. Royal College Calgary, saw as they first drove into the Indian-Metis settlement 26 miles south of Lac la Biche.

So what's great about white fences? Says Dribb, "My first impression was 'Good grief, white painted fences!'. I thought we were walking into nothing. But there was a store right there.

"The first shock was that Kikino was all so spread out.

"And our first contact was with a lot of little kids. They came swarming all over us when we got out of the car."

Prepared for a dusty, grey clump of hovels, the girls found a small village, sunshine, and reasonably happy people.

First worry was where to sleep, but a Metis family offered them a

room right away. Worry gone; contact with a family made.

The husband-wife teaching team who had driven the girls up, found their accommodation was not quite ready, and had to move into the large, echoing church hall.

"We arrived on a Wednesday night," Dribb remembers, "and Ken and Judy moved into the hall with all the cobwebs. Pegg and I had supper there—corned beef and cabbage, cooked on a little hot plate. We felt lost in the place.

"We decided to start the play school a week from that night. Visiting the homes, talking to the mothers about the school, and getting registrations would take about a week, we thought.

"But the next morning, about eight o'clock, there was a little kid on the doorstep, ready to go to school.

"Word got around fast."

From the middle of May until the end of June, Dribb and Pegg helped with the playschool. Summertime was more unstructured. As Dribb says, "We were still working with the younger ones in the community, swimming and organizing small sports.

"But is anyone justified in trying to organize something when everyone seems happy with things as they are?" About the middle of the summer. The Service Corps people really began to wonder why they were doing what they were, and what the heck was it they were doing. Dribb and Pegg were no exception.

Dribb began to finish her letters "I hope to hear how you are doing and what is new 'on the outside'."

But all through the difficult time, they were learning.

PONOKA

"They called us patients with keys," remembers Ruth McNaughton, ed 2. Ruth and Roseann Cherepanik, arts 3, were two on a service corps team of four girls and one man at the Ponoka hospital.

The service corps people didn't wear uniforms. They didn't follow any particular system of work. What they did was get to know the patients as people—and that meant going to the picnics and dances, taking some invalid patients for walks in the garden, playing bingo, and just talking.

"We did get to know people by their first names. The nursing staff don't—they're too busy," says Roseann.

"We weren't indispensable. We just had time to sit and talk. I learned how to roll cigarettes on Male 10. One man was a former soccer pro. I learned a lot about soccer."

The team took patients on picnics, helped set up a penny carnival, and worked in the occupational therapy department for awhile.

At dances, men would come up and ask the girls what ward they were from as they danced.

"You know, we forgot they were sick," says Roseann. The girls became quite close to some of their patients. The involvement made some experiences painful.



HELPING OTHERS
... a new kind of reality

They remember the young girl they became good friends with. The girl was always hearing voices telling her people were going to kill her. One weekend, Ruth and Roseann went out to Sylvan Lake for a day. On coming back to the hospital, they were told the girl had slashed her wrists in their absence.

Ruth remembers an invalid older woman. "She hadn't been outside for years. She was afraid if she went outside, they would send her away from the hospital.

"First, I became her friend. Gradually she got used to the idea of going outside. And at last we went for a walk in the garden.

"She hadn't been out for so long, you could show her a flower and she would really be thrilled."

Another member of the team tried to bring out one man who was so withdrawn he had not spoken to anyone in years. He would smile, but not even answer yes or no to a question.

"Maybe just being with him all the time made a difference," says Roseann. "At the end of the summer, just as we were ready to leave, the service corps worker was sitting with the man, trying to talk to him. A nurse came in and changed the bed.

"And he got mad at the way she did it, and started talking about the mess she made! We were all flabbergasted. Now, he is talking a little more."

The Ponoka hospital has already requested 12 volunteers for next summer. The administration has queried director Don Hamilton whether a year-round program could be set up.

Maybe the Ponoka team wasn't indispensable—but their just being there seems to have had quite an effect.

FORT CHIPEWYAN

Warren Larson, Bryan Watt and John Reid stepped out of the float plane into a "fretfully sleeping community".

In reality, Fort Chip is two communities: the white section at one end of the road, and "Doghead", the Indian-Metis section at the other end, around the swamp. The men had their cabin in Doghead.

They came to Fort Chip with a few vague ideas of community development projects like a co-op industry, but quickly found the situation dictating their project. The kids needed a kindergarten—so they got a kindergarten.

The children were strangers to books, pens, group play, the names of the days of the week, clocks—all the things Edmonton kids are old hands at before they start school.

The second day of the playschool, Brian remembers, "Rosie asked to go outside to the bathroom. We said sure. A few minutes later she was back. She came up, pulled on my hand and said, 'Teacher, I stole all the toilet paper.'

"She showed me her pockets, and, sure enough—all the toilet paper stuffed in. She thought it was really pretty."

The days passed. The men devised ways of keeping discipline—like paper money for everything done well, which would purchase cookies and water at the school store.

That worked fine—until some kids started counterfeiting the stuff.

"Laziness was an asset in Fort Chip," says Warren. "The days jumped so that weekends were meaningless. And the days—some good, some bad, some empty. We needed to be lazy to overcome the frustration of sometimes doing nothing, or of doing something, but wrong."

The three supervised a study class, started a community library, held track days, gave swimming instruction—and blew up the RCMP paddy wagon.

John and Bryan were riding back to Doghead one day in the wagon with their friend the constable. Suddenly the engine died. They all

piled out and looked under the hood.

Bryan suggested priming the carburetor with gas. They did. The thing caught fire and mildly exploded.

And Doghead rejoiced—a weekend of parties without the threat of the wagon coming screaming over the dirt from the other end of town.

"We grew up a little; changed a little," says Warren. "Coming back to university after submersion in the Chipewyan culture—there is one—has caused some jolts.

"The world turns more slowly up north, so that people don't need to push and shove and run to keep up."

FAUST

Edith Gould, rehab med 2, and Doug Beechey, arts 3, headed for Faust, a grey, dead town on the shore of Lesser Slave Lake about 180 miles north of Edmonton. Except for some almost-mansions owned by the white store keepers, most of the homes are two or three rooms. Most people are Indian or Metis.

Edith and Doug knew they wanted to start a play school, and they soon had 24 pre-schoolers coming to the Anglican church hall in the mornings.

"Rose wouldn't talk to anyone, and she was five years old," Edith recalls. "She would sit in the corner, watching. Sometimes she would smile. But never talk.

"One day we gave her crayons and paper—and she drew a beautiful picture. She turned out to be very creative. By the end of summer, she was starting to play with the others a little."

Doug got to know one Metis boy, about 17 years old, who dreamed of leaving Faust for "the outside". He had grade nine. School in Edmon-

ton was what he wanted to get to, but the crowd in Faust didn't think the same way.

One weekend, Doug and Edith visited the service corps girls in Slave Lake, 30 miles away. The Friday night, the boy went drinking with the crowd, the crowd went breaking and entering, and the RCMP picked them up.

The police suggested they all plead guilty, but the boy was the only one who did. He was packed on a bus to the Fort jail that night, and the others got off.

Doug came home Monday to find the boy gone, and the town up in arms. But nothing could be done. The boy is now serving a year.

Doug is still a little bitter.

But both Edith and Doug still regard their summer as priceless experience.

Next year, 50 university students will go out into places where "they can become involved with people". Bursaries sufficient to cover university tuition and expenses are given to each service corps worker at the end of the summer by the provincial government.

These were only a few of the places service corps people worked. A kindergarten in the Boyle Street area of Edmonton kept other people busy—day and night. Some kids would phone the students in the middle of the night to say "Mommy isn't home yet, and I don't know how to look after the baby."

A summer full of a new kind of reality—definitely. And maybe a new kind of reality inside you.

Don Hamilton has application forms for next year available from the Department of Youth, Alberta Service Corps, 26 Floor CN Tower, Edmonton.



THREE DAUNTLESS CORPS MEMBERS AT FORT CHIP
... left to right; Bryan Watt, Warren Larson, and John Reid

Arts Calendar

A spate of musicals, a classical guitarist

The gods having decreed that all this season's light musical entertainment should fall in the space of a single week. Lovers of musical comedy will have their work cut out for them as they scurry between three separate offerings.

Tonight or tomorrow night they can catch Light Opera of Edmonton's production of *Paint Your Wagon*, the old Lerner and Loewe classic in which the superb song "They Call the Wind Maria" is embedded.

I'd go to see it if only to find out why anyone would even think of calling the wind Maria. Sam, maybe, or Gladys, but . . .

Anyway, performances start at 8:30 p.m. in the Jubilee.

* * *

The next two musicals overlap. *Jackpot* runs at the Centennial Library Theatre next Monday through Saturday, while the stage

of the new SUB theatre is graced next Tuesday through Saturday by Civic Musical Theatre's production of *Funny Girl*.

Jackpot, presented by Walterdale Theatre Associates, is an oddity—a 1954 musical about a Leduc farm family striking oil. It's been put on just about everywhere except in Alberta; it was even produced on British commercial television.

The music and lyrics were written by Chet Lambertson, who is guilty of having created the U of A Song (you know, "Ring out a cheer for old Al-ber-ta") in his youth. But presumably he has since paid his debt to society, since he's now a member of the University of Victoria's English Department.

As for *Funny Girl*, the Merrill-and-Styne hit in which Susan Woywitka will appear in Barbra Streisand's old role, what need one

say, save that it deals with the life of Fanny Brice and tickets are on sale at the Bay?

* * *

Looking ahead: The week after next sees the Edmonton Opera Association's presentation of Rossini's *The Barber of Seville*.

Be aware that a Special Student Performance, with tickets at a mere \$1, will be held on Wednesday, November 22 at 7:30 p.m. in the Jubilee.

* * *

Tonight you get to make a really excruciating existential choice between Les Chansonniers and the Western Board of Music.

Les Chansonniers are yet another Festival Canada presentation to cheer us up about Quebec. They'll sing to us in the new SUB theatre.

But meanwhile there'll be a sleeper in progress in Con Hall—none other than the annual Western Board Recital and Presentation of Awards.

Our best younger performers will be on view here, admission is free, and on the basis of previous years I recommend it as an extremely enjoyable occasion.

* * *

Last but not most, Carlos Montoya will be appearing next Wednesday at the Jubilee Auditorium.

Montoya is perhaps as responsible as any single man for the tremendous surge of interest in Flamenco and classical guitar over the last two decades, and he shouldn't be missed. Tickets are available at Mike's; the performance starts at 8:30 p.m.

—John Thompson

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films

Blow-up (at the Garneau) has been labelled "Best Picture of the Year" by the National Society of Film Critics.

Amen.

But I feel inclined to add a few obsequious words in the form of a footnote suggesting that critics (basically a dull lot) frequently become so intensely interested in analyzing how a director is expressing a story that they forget to comment on whether the story is worth expressing. It would be unfair to attack the movie for not being what it isn't intended to be, but I shall risk ignominy, reveal my old-fashioned, ingenuous and dilletante soul, and make a purely esthetic declaration—one criterion of a "good" movie is that it be entertaining. *Blow-up* is a terrific creation if all you wish to do is analyze—entertaining it is not.

It was written and directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, who gained considerable notoriety for *La Dolce Vita*. The story, if we may loosely refer to it as such for a moment, objectively examines the subjective feelings of an artistic photographer (David Hemmings) who is, at the moment, completing a commercial photograph album, and for this purpose takes some pictures of a couple making out in a park. Vanessa Redgrave, the female component, comes rushing over demanding the pictures and "peace." Hemming replies it isn't his fault there's no peace, like a child who has just let the fox into the henhouse. In these photos he discovers a murder which has taken place right in front of him without his knowledge.

Of course, this isn't the real substance of the film, but it is a material fact to which we can cling while grasping for understanding.

The movie isn't burdened with the antiquated tradition of plot, and the action to which we are exposed is the unmotivated manipulation of a number of nameless characters around the periphery of the crime, and the periphery of Life. It is a lineal development with no story, no vitality, and no climax—but it wasn't intended to have these. The one time Antonioni does begin to develop interest (which he does exceedingly well) he slices into it with a little degrading sex, then destroys it completely. Part of his artistic style of expression is elimination of interest.

The reference point on the vicious circle is a jeep load of fools who appear with white faces and bizarre costumes at the beginning fortitiously running through the city streets, and at the end playing a game of tennis without balls or racquets, representing their own comic purposelessness, and symbolically, that of the other characters and us.

The sex in the movie is wonderfully degrading. Vanessa Redgrave gallantly strips off her shirt and offers the officious photog the bod in order to recover that series of photographs. Two inane little girls who want to undergo the transformation from the dull life to exciting modeldom prostitute themselves. The moral disgust of it all!

Hemming is surrounded by passive people who give a sigh of resignation and flaccidly accept the desolation. One of his friends would rather stay at the pot party with his rich but enervated compatriots than see the corpse which is lying in the park. David wants a picture of the corpse (which doesn't require a writer's assistance) but he acquiesces and remains at the party, and by morning the corpse is gone.

All the characters are dull, drifting, dead people, resigned to the boredom of life. We don't care what happens to them because they don't care. The hero is left alone and desolate, but he didn't fight the banality either. Are we to feel something for him?

It is this feeling of boredom which gets through to the audience, but it is boredom with the picture, not life. We can step onto the street and see the same thing: the lack of communication, the loneliness, the degradation—the movie only structures it better.

Like a black canvas, it is an artistic void—you can take anything and everything from it. It is a brilliant expression of nothing.

But can't you hear Antonioni whispering, "Ah, bravissimo, this is the whole point—nothing!"

And might we not whisper back, "Ah well in that case then, thanks a hell of a lot for nothing."

—Gordon Auck

Hutchison's Walden

WESTERN WINDOWS, by Bruce Hutchison. Longmans Canada Ltd., 164 pp., \$4.95.

Bruce Hutchison is promoting Canadianism in his new volume of essays. However, it isn't the Canada that most of us are familiar with in reading or in experience. He overlooks the lights of Mount Royal, the stately mansions of Victoria, or Regina isolated on the prairie. He has forgotten about geographical Canada; the shield, the lakehead, and the St. Lawrence really don't exist.

Canada, to Mr. Hutchison, is his own Canadian edition of Walden Pond somewhere in the woods of Vancouver Island. It seems that Canada's best known newspaperman, who has an international reputation, has metamorphosed into a Canadian Henry Thoreau.

Hutchison implies very strongly that we should all flock to the woods, cut a stand of timber, and each build our own refuge from the evil elements of civilization. We can live without the city, for the city man does not know how to live. City man hasn't had the opportunity to "listen to the bubbling flute note of the Canadian meadow lark hurled across the fields . . ."

Mr. Hutchison should not be condemned for his love of the country life, or the personal satisfaction he derives from the planting of gardens, flowers, trees, or crops. The same should be said for the elation that he feels when he has cut a cord of wood, or rebuilt a stone fireplace. On the contrary, he should be congratulated for his naturalness. However, he should be condemned for the unnatural expression of his position in society.

Hutchison's position is that of a prominent Canadian newspaperman; an accredited and acclaimed non-fiction writer; an accurate political critic; and in short, a man who has been successful through his association with Canadian political and urban life. Why should he shun all of this in his essays? He has denounced political, city, and social organization; and has spurned all the accepted material measures of urban civilization. The whole concept smacks of hypocrisy.

It should not be mistaken that the whole book is about Canadian life in the woods. Mr. Hutchison has extended his talents into comments on other important Canadian issues such as the plight of the critic, government licensing, and the occurrences of men such as Mr. Gropp.

Mr. Gropp is a retired sailor

landlocked in the Victoria forests, who plays a fiddle, paints Indian heads and sunsets on forest fungi, and finally declares that, "Me, I've had my fill of yuman beans". He does however, accept gifts and loans.

Throughout the essays Mr. Hutchison illustrates his lively prose style. When he is in control of his subject he can be very humorous, and somewhat enlightening. He can be very sensitive at times, and this is when he is at his strongest. The first essay is good in this way. In it, a scattered reflection of his experience is handled discreetly with an almost innocent technique. It is a shame that this mode was not kept for the remainder of the book.

It is when he loses control of his subject that Mr. Hutchison becomes very weak. At these times one begins to feel that he is reading the rambling of a senile man. His convictions are too narrow, and he pushes them on the reader with too much enthusiasm.

The majority of the essays would be quite readable and could be considered quaint if Mr. Hutchison had not decided to dabble melodramatic philosophy throughout most of them. He is not in the position to question the humility of man in death, or the freedom of the individual in an urban society. Nor is he in a position to judge and grossly state the value of his frontier existence over the life that has put him in his present state of recognition.

The inconsistency that really cracks Hutchison's foundation of the true backwoods Canadianism is his last essay, in which he states in the final paragraph, "I am dreaming of a two-room flat, somewhere in a nice high concrete tower, where I can smell the perfume of automobile engines and listen to the sweet whir of traffic outside, the soft whisper of steam in the radiator and the click of an electric thermostat."

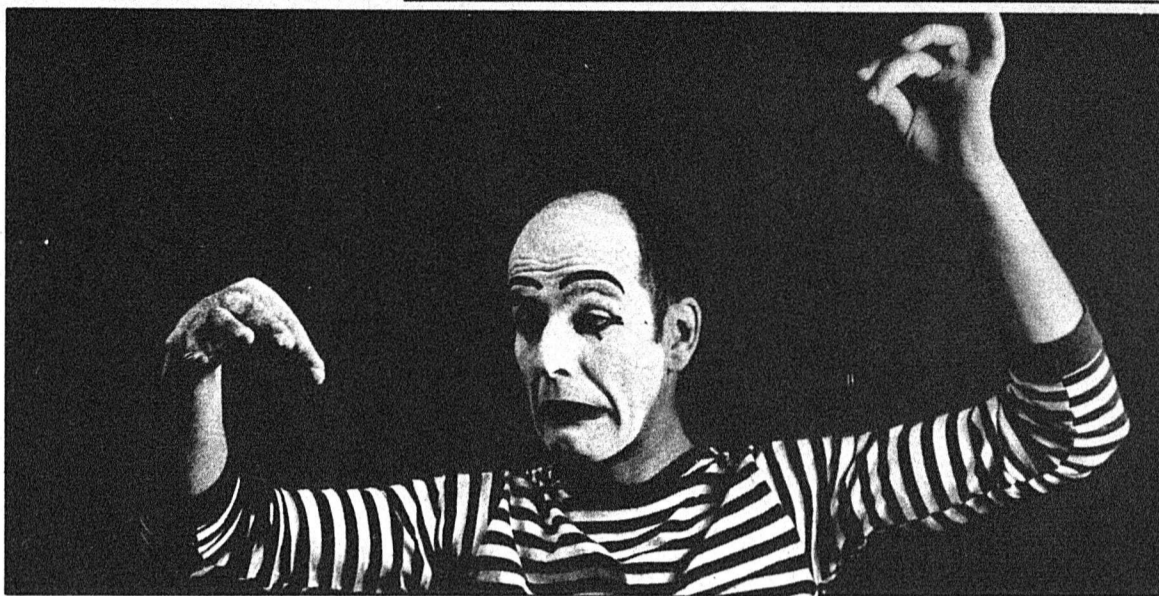
That is a long way from the blisters of a double-bladed axe, the flute note of the meadow lark, the scent of the dandelion, or the crisp crackling of a fireplace.

At his age of sixty-six it seems a little late for Mr. Hutchison to be sitting on the particular fence he has chosen. If he falls one way he'll drown in his Walden Pond, and if he falls the other way, he'll be asphyxiated by urban smog.

To quote Mr. Hutchison again, "good books will not complain if you bruise their cover, smear them with midnight cocoa, whisky and pipe ashes, turn down their pages and scribble comments in their margins, just as long as you read them . . ."

This book groaned the minute I picked it up.

—John Makowichuk



THE INVISIBLE THREAD

. . . mime Claude St.-Denis

Drama comes alive on campus once again—committee making use of new theatre

The past few years have been arid ones in the field of student-produced drama at this university. Now, with a 750-seat theatre at our disposal, things are bound to start happening, and the Theatre Committee is providing the impetus.

The purpose of the Theatre Committee is primarily to see that suitable activities take place in the Students Union Theatre, and that maximum use is made of the available facilities.

Committee Chairman Marg Carmichael stresses the fact that the Theatre is intended for use mainly by "the ordinary student who is not a professional actor".

In order to give students an opportunity to develop their latent histrionic abilities, the Committee is sponsoring several different activities. On Tuesday evenings workshops are held in the theory and practice of acting—experience is neither a hindrance nor a necessity to those wishing to attend. If sufficient interest is expressed, workshops in the technical aspects of theatre may also be held.

The Committee also hopes to hold a series of Theatre Appreciation Matinees, probably short plays or scenes accompanied by discussion. In addition to this the Committee will be cooperating with other student groups who are planning productions in the SUB Theatre.

The main project of the year, however, will be a full-scale production (tentatively scheduled for March) of an as-yet-unchosen play. Aristophanes' *The Frogs* was to have been presented this month,

but difficulties in obtaining scripts necessitated its cancellation.

This play will be completely student-produced, student-directed, and acted by student amateurs. In contrast to the productions at Studio Theatre, which are under the auspices of the Drama Department, it will be an extra-curricular activity for most of those involved with it.

The Committee will also be sponsoring three professional productions featuring out-of-town performers. On November 22 John Stuart Anderson, a solo dramatist, will perform in the Theatre. Mr. Anderson will act out the Biblical story of "Daniel in Babylon" and a sequence based on the voyages of Odysseus.

On February 14 Claude St.-Denis, a French-Canadian mime, will appear; and in March the National Shakespeare Company (a travelling group) will be putting on *Romeo and Juliet* and *Twelfth Night*.

The Committee is co-operating with Newman in its mammoth presentation of *Luther* on December 12 through 16. "It's going to be a

fantastic production", says Miss Carmichael. Newman will also be staging an evening of one-act plays in February.

All in all, the Theatre Committee is shouldering quite a load this year, handling the organizational, co-ordinating, and producing aspects of student theatre on campus. It is hoped, however, that the work done this year will lay the groundwork for more diversified and fruitful work in the future.

Marg Marmichael and the other members of the Committee are hoping to see a Drama Society evolve from the efforts of the Theatre Committee this year; this society would take over the responsibility of producing plays in the Theatre.

In any event, there will certainly be a great deal more going on in drama on campus this year than in years past, and all signs indicate a good future. Anyone wanting to get in on student drama can contact Marg Marmichael by leaving a note in the Theatre mailbox (at the Students Union offices) or by phoning 433-8976.

—Terry Donnelly

GOOD

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—Lyll photo

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leftovers

The off-campus housing situation is bad enough this year, and even worse now that a certain landlady in the Garneau area has closed her home to students.

She used to rent it out to nice, respectable girls, but, not any more. The last girl who lived there received a phone call from her parents at an unearthly hour, and when the good landlady went to summon the girl to the phone, she was "just disgusted to find her in bed with a HINDU!"

Tsk, tsk. Male or female, madam?

* * *

The phone rang. The young man picked it up and heard a gently, mellifluous voice at the other end.

"Do you want to go to Wauneita with me, darling?"

"No," he screamed, "I don't wauneita!"

But his fate was sealed; the young man rented a tuxedo, his lady companion sewed herself a floor-length evening gown; and soon, too soon, the magic evening had arrived.

They were all there, all the cream of the undergraduate elite. They were tripping the elite fantastic. They were all wearing their formal best: dark business suits, pleated shirts, string ties, and red socks. Those who had read the last issue of Gentleman's Quarterly were wearing white socks.

The men (for Wauneita is but a sublimation of sexual inversion) were wearing gowns. Our hero and his date were a little embarrassed to have come dressed in the manner they did, and tried to make amends by transferring the lady's corsage to the gentleman's lapel.

The gentleman fingered his dance card nervously as a ponderously overweight female approached him, lust burning deep in her eyes. "Put me down for the third waltz, thin one" she growled, seizing him by the back of the collar.

"Waltz that you say?" he trembled. "Don't tango with me, you young wisp," she replied, pummeling him soundly about the head and ears. "Okay, okay, you're the bosanova," he said, shrinking to the floor.

A straight-backed fellow with gleaming teeth came over and picked him up. "On your feet, boy. That's no way to dance. Here, I'll show you." And he pirouetted gracefully around the room, throwing kisses to the admiring bystanders. "Golly, I wish I could dance like that," our hero said to him as he came prancing back. "You can, boy, you can! Just join the Dance Club!" And he turned on his heel and charged into the crowd.

The next figure to meet our distressed hero's eyes was a shadowy form in a black cloak, whose seemingly deformed countenance was covered with a black handkerchief. He shuffled over to the bewildered young man and whispered in his ear: "Hey kid, what's going on here? Who're all these crazy people? What is it, synchronized dry-land swimming, or what? Golden Bear football practice? Convocation?"

"We don't convocate in public on this campus, sir, whoever you may be. By the way, whoever you may be?"

"I may be the Phantom of SUB; on the other hand, I may be Little Annie Fanny, but that's kind of unlikely."

"Not the Phantom of SUB!" "Is there more than one? Where is he? I'll kill the b---d!" "Please, sir, we don't s---r in public here either."

Just then the young man's companion returned from the men's room, where she had been powdering her nose. Unfortunately she had been a little too liberal with the powder, and presented a strangely ghostlike appearance. The Phantom took one look at her and uttered a short cry. "You! You are the one who has been attempting to usurp the one and only Phantom from his lofty position as chief guardian and haunter of the depths of SUB!" And he made a move as if to strangle her.

"Please, sir, I am but a helpless waif!" she shrieked and pulled a banana from her evening glove. "Wauneita banana?" she asked, in an attempt to propitiate him.

Just then a voice boomed out of the ceiling. "This is Zeus speaking. It is now eleven o'clock. All you puny underlings will have to leave the building."

And in a flash, the Phantom had disappeared into the shadowy recesses of SUB.

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Students' union budget

from page six

Expenditure:	
Ticket Commission	\$ 150
Salaries and Honoraria	1,075
Script Royalties	1,710
Auditorium Rental	1,510
Orchestra	2,800
Stage Hands	900
Production Expenses	1,350
Printing and Advertising	1,200
Programs	400
Office expenses	100
	<u>\$ 11,195</u>

Net Credit: \$ 2,005

WAUNEITA SOCIETY

Revenue:	
Formal Ticket Sales	\$ 2,500
Big and Little Sister Party	450
Pin Sales	100
	<u>\$ 3,050</u>

Expenditure:	
Big and Little Sister Program	\$ 75
Wauneita Formal	550
Big and Little Sister Party	1,050
Freshette Booklet	325
Service Projects	75
Stationery and Printing	200
Advertising	100
Change-over, flowers, gifts	75
Program and misc. projects	400
Pins	200
	<u>\$ 3,050</u>

Net Expenditure: —0—

WORLD UNIVERSITY SERVICE

Revenue:	
Treasure Van Commission	\$ 750
Share Campaign	2,000
	<u>\$ 2,750</u>

Expenditure:	
Treasure Van expenses	\$ 500
Share campaign expenses	200
Share campaign expenses to equal revenue	2,000
International Seminar	250
National Assembly	250
International Student Program	350
Spring and Fall Seminar	150
Office, publicity, speaker	200
Book Drive	150
	<u>\$ 4,050</u>

Net Expenditure: \$ 1,300

OPENING COMMITTEE

Revenue:	
Theatre Admissions	\$ 3,775
Recreation fees and donations	665
Club and Lounge Admissions	225
	<u>\$ 4,665</u>

Expenditure:	
Theatre entertainment and expenses	\$ 3,775
Recreation area expenses	1,275
Club and lounge expenses	560
General publicity	375
Tours expenses	800
Fine Arts expenses	100
Meetings committee expenses	40
Multi-purpose Committee expenses	100
Dedication Ceremonies	1,900
	<u>\$ 8,925</u>

Net Expenditure: \$ 4,260

CONFERENCES

Expenditure:	
Travel and registrations for Conferences recommended	\$ 2,000
	<u>\$ 2,000</u>

GRANT FUND

Expenditure:	
Available for grants by motion of Council	\$ 6,000
	<u>\$ 6,000</u>

ADMINISTRATION

Revenue:	
Miscellaneous	\$ 100
Expenditure:	
Salaries and wages	\$ 41,450
Payroll expense	1,200
Audit, legal	1,500
Travel	2,000
Hospitality	250
Office expenses	2,500
Postage, telephone and tele.	2,000
Printing, pictures	200
Taxi-messenger	200
Office equipment and maintenance	1,800
	<u>\$ 53,100</u>

Net Expenditure: \$ 53,000

ARTS AND CRAFTS AREAS

Revenue:	
Sales	\$ 2,500
Cost of Materials	500
	<u>2,000</u>
Gross Profit	2,000
Registration @ \$1.00/student	500
	<u>\$ 2,500</u>

Expenditure:	
Salaries and wages	\$ 9,700
Payroll expense	150

Supplies	300
Repairs and Maintenance	1,200
Records and Equipment	600
Office and telephone	100
	<u>\$ 12,050</u>

Net Expenditure: \$ 9,550

BUILDING OPERATION

Revenue:	
Room, office and locker rentals	\$ 1,500
Lease income	35,000
Set-up fees and wages	1,400
	<u>\$ 37,900</u>

Expenditure:	
Salaries and wages	\$ 19,350
Payroll expenses	550
Insurance	1,000
Office expenses	1,000
Postage, telephone and tele.	600
Moving expenses	1,500
Equipment and maintenance	200
Building maintenance	5,500
Capital Equipment fund	7,650
Debt retirement	32,000
	<u>\$ 69,350</u>

Net Expenditure: \$ 31,450

GAMES AREA

Revenue:	
Sales	\$ 500
Cost of Goods (75%)	375
	<u>\$ 125</u>
Gross Profit	14,400
Bowling	21,200
Curling	14,300
Billiards	1,650
Table Tennis	1,200
Rentals	635
Amusement Devices	
	<u>\$ 53,510</u>

Expenditure:	
Salaries	\$ 22,400
Payroll Expense	1,000
Sanding	250
Laundry	390
Repairs and Maintenance	850
Office expenses	250
Supplies and Equipment	1,500
Rental Equipment	500
Telephone	120
Utilities and Caretaking	4,400
Promotions and Miscellaneous	400
Contractual Services	750
Debt retirement	18,000
	<u>\$ 50,810</u>

Net Credit: (\$ 2,700)

INFORMATION DESK

Revenue:	
Sales	\$ 20,000
Cost of Goods	16,000
Gross Profit	4,000
Ticket Commissions	500
Guest Room Rentals	5,400
	<u>\$ 9,900</u>

Expenditure:	
Salaries	\$ 7,000
Payroll costs	400
Linen	130
Laundry	640
Office supplies and forms	80
Promotion and misc.	250
General Supplies	50
Telephone	100
	<u>\$ 8,650</u>

Net Credit: (\$ 1,250)

THEATRE

Revenue:	
Rentals	\$ 5,000
Stage Hand fees, etc.	5,500
	<u>\$ 10,500</u>

Expenditure:	
Salaries and wages—Supervisor, stage hands, etc.	\$ 12,500
Payroll expense	100
Building maintenance	1,800
Equipment	2,000
Shop Supplies	1,000
	<u>\$ 17,400</u>

Net Expenditure: \$ 6,900

VENDING

Revenue:	
Anticipated commission on vending sales	\$ 6,500
	<u>\$ 6,500</u>

Net Credit: (\$ 6,500)

DEBT RETIREMENT

Revenue:	
Fees	\$ 120,380
From building operating	32,000
From Games	18,000
	<u>\$ 170,380</u>

Expenditure:	
To Government of Alberta	\$ 170,380
	<u>\$ 170,380</u>

Net:	—0—
OPERATING RESERVE	
Expenditure:	
Sum provided as hedge against errors in estimating non-fee revenue	\$ 5,850
	<u>\$ 5,850</u>

Net Expenditure: \$ 5,850

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- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|
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| Maintenance and Operations | Surveys |
| Instrument Development | Trade Promotion |

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INTERVIEWS:
NOVEMBER 20, 21 and 22

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Council shorts

By PETE McCORMICK

Arts students will soon have a faculty council similar to that of other faculties.

Students' council voted unanimously Monday to grant a sum of not more than \$110 to establish an arts council.

Arts rep. David Leadbeater said, it was "not going to be an undergraduate society."

He felt the need was more for "some sort of loose organization" to concern itself with intramural activities, a formal and possibly seminars and forums on the social sciences.

A previous arts undergraduate society dissolved about four years ago.

Leadbeater said members of the council would be neither elected nor appointed.

"We will take everyone who offers his help."

The group would finance itself by organizing programs rather than levying fees, he said.

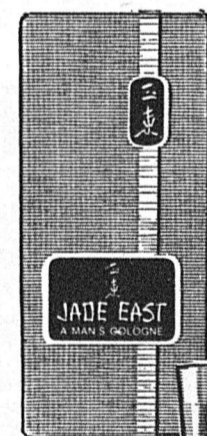
Students' council rejected a request from Varsity Christian Fellowship for \$300 to bring speakers for their Dagwood Suppers.

Glenn Sinclair, co-ordinator of student activities, said, "If we support one religious faction, we'll have to support everyone else."

Phil Ponting, students' union treasurer, indicated that the charge of 50 cents per person was also a factor in the decision. He said it would be a "bad precedent" and "very dangerous" to start subsidizing projects of this kind.

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Gateway

Sports



HEY, WAIT FOR US—The U of A cheerleaders would sure like to make that trip to Vancouver for Saturday's game between the Bears and Birds. But as of press time, the finances for the jaunt were still in doubt. 'Tis a pity—are there no gentlemen on campus who would take one of these girls to Vancouver for the weekend?—for the football game?

Bears tangle with fast-improving UBC squad in weekend grid action

It's a new look at UBC this fall.

They have a new football stadium and what's more important, the UBC Thunderbirds aren't sitting ducks any more. The Golden Bear football squad may find themselves with their hands full tomorrow afternoon, when they tangle with the T-Birds in Vancouver.

After spending the first half of the season on the short end of some very long scores (a 61-0 loss to a small American College) the T-Birds have suddenly come to life.

Head coach Frank Gnup has

made some changes and now he has a football team. Two weeks ago the T-Birds bowed 14-6 to the U of S Huskies and then beat the U of C Dinosaurs 16-11 last weekend.

The biggest change in the T-Birds has been in their offence. Gnup has reverted to the old fashioned T formation and the T-Birds have started to respond, especially along the ground.

Fullback Dave Corcoran and halfback Bernie Fandrick supply most of the power and scoring punch. Kent Yaniv has finally nailed down the quarterbacking job and can move the T-Birds through the air when necessary.

Last year the Bears blew a 17-0 decision to the T-Birds and with

that game went the conference championship. This time it's a little different; the Bears are the WCIAA champions but this is their last game before the College Bowl in Toronto on Nov. 25.

This will be the last opportunity for the Bears to do any real hitting before the Bowl game. Their practice field is grozen and Clare Drake has found it very hard to go through any live workouts.

"The two week lay-off that we've had will certainly hurt us a bit," he said, "but there is nothing we can do about it. The ground is too hard to do any serious hitting."

Drake and quarterback Terry Lampert figure the Bears can move the ball against the T-Birds. UBC sports a big defensive line anchored around middle guard Sam Kravinchuk.

Although this line is big it has been pushed around by lighter quicker ones all year long. Lampert is confident that centre Pete Gilbert can handle Kravinchuk.

Offensively the Bears are going to fill the air with footballs to sharpen their passing game.

OPEN TO PASS

"UBC is open to the short pass, especially the sideline patterns", said Lampert.

Injuries have hit the Bears' defensive corps hard in the last week. Defensive half Bob Wanzel has a pulled hamstring muscle and may not make the trip if it does not respond to treatment.

Corner linebacker Larry Dufresne sprained his angle quite severely on a teaching assignment but it is expected that he will start.

Ludwig Daubner, who cracked a vertebrae in the season opener against McMaster, has been out to the last few practices. He's wearing equipment but is not yet hitting.

The Bears leave on a Saturday morning flight to the coast. The football train should be leaving from the CN station about 3:30 p.m. this afternoon.

Football champs decided in all four conferences

Ottawa (CUP)—It's all over now. Only the post season games remain as do or die contests. The four college football conference titles were wrapped-up last weekend.

McMaster took the CCIFC crown; St. Francis Xavier the MIAA; Toronto the SIFL; and the Bears the WCIAA.

The Central Canada Intercollegiate Conference title became McMaster's when second place Waterloo Lutheran Golden Hawks dropped a 22-0 decision to the fast rising Ottawa Gee-Gees. McMaster meanwhile romped to a 57-0 win over Royal Military College.

McMaster can finish the season with a clean slate if they defeat the Golden Hawks tomorrow afternoon, but if they loose and Ottawa defeats Waterloo a time for first place would result. But the nod would go to McMaster on the virtue of a 32-0 win over the Gee-Gees.

It was billed as a showdown in

the Maritime contest, but it looked like the UNB Red Bombers almost failed to show up as they were blasted 70-4 by the X-men from St. Francis Xavier. The victory gave the X-men their fourth consecutive championship.

SIX TOUCHDOWNS

Halfback Paul Brule led the X-men attack with six touchdowns. The X-men scored at will despite being assessed 227 yards in penalties. They had five touchdowns called back.

In Senior Intercollegiate Football League play, the Toronto Varsity Blues only needed a tie to cinch the conference title. And that's all they got against the Western Mustangs.

Paul MacKay salvaged another game for the Blues, kicking a single from the Mustang 26 yard-line with time fast running out. The Blues passed up the chance for a field goal and a win to settle for a tie and first place.

By Steve Rybak

Speaking on Sports

A few misunderstandings have arisen from my column last Tuesday regarding increasing the athletic fee. I am advocating increasing the present fee of \$8 by four dollars to \$12.

I have not come across any disagreement to my proposal thus I can assume that the student body just doesn't give a damn or they agree with me. In any case here are a few more reasons why the athletic fee should be increased.

The university has not yet had to go to outside sources and solicit for additional funds. And yet there are two official student organizations doing this right now to finance a trip to Toronto for the College Bowl, Nov. 25.

The Golden Bear Marching Band needs \$8,000 to get to Toronto to represent the university at the football game. UAB was able to give them a budget of only \$675. That was spent or earmarked for additional uniforms and equipment necessary for going on public display. Thirteen of the band members went to Saskatoon on their own funds to give the Bears some support.

Now they are out going from business to business and brewery to brewery begging for the cash to get to Toronto.

And with them are the cheerleaders.

The girls are going to Toronto, that expense has been looked after. But they are trying, and have almost succeeded in raising enough cash to go to UBC this weekend.

I wonder what excuse they've come up with to raise the money. It must be that "our university is too poor to send us to Toronto and UBC. Won't you help us keep up the university's prestige, and maybe you'll get some free publicity out of it too."

With additional funds the UAB could turn more attention to the field of publicity. In the past it has been a student or a small group of students who have taken it upon themselves to sell university sports in Edmonton. They've been able to do an admirable job considering the time they are able to devote to the cause and their experience in the field.

The Booster Club on campus has been given \$1,709 to publicize university sports. Out of this meager budget comes the expenses of the Marching Band, \$200 for Radio Society, and the rest goes towards travel expenses and supplies and equipment.

No one can be expected to give all of the university sports the publicity

and coverage they deserve. No one has the time and certainly not the money. An assistant athletic director has been hired, but he is up to his ears in trying to keep track of travel expenses and arrangements. He has got a bit of time to devote to publicity but not much.

With more money, the UAB could hire a professional P-R man—something this campus has needed for a long time.

Junior sports are beginning to make a return on the campus sports scene. The two most prominent being the junior hockey and the junior varsity wrestling squad. They will be needing money very shortly, but can they get it?

Last year junior sports received a severe setback when it was decided to cut them out to save money. They are a necessary part of campus sports, providing a stepping-stone to the varsity teams. Any other major university in Canada and the States have such teams and have found them indispensable. The coaches realize this, but they also recognize the hard fact that there isn't any money to support junior teams.

The major sports are feeling an

economy pinch this year. The basketball team usually makes a foray south of the boarder every year during the Christmas break picking up valuable experience as well as making the U of A known throughout the States. They usually make the trip, but not this year.

The football team had its training meals dispensed with this season. They can't grab a bite to eat before coming to the practice session and by the time they get back home it's usually after 7:30 p.m. But corners had to be cut somewhere.

And finally, if there was more money available, UAB might be able to help with the financing and organizing of sports excursions. The one to Saskatoon a few weeks ago could have used a little help. And then there is the one to UBC this weekend.

Along with the trips that even the most artsy type student can enjoy there could be a resurrection of pep rallies and the like.

Athletics have been scraping along on a minimal budget for the last few years. And its going to be even harder next year if there is no fee increase. A lack of money can lead to cut backs in teams and that can lead to the death of athletics at the U of A.



—Dave Applewhite photo

ALL EYES ON THE PUCK—Although nobody seems to be looking at it it's on the stick of No. 9 of the Junior Bears. The Junior Bears saw their first action of the season at the weekend against NAIT Ooks. They play again Friday and Sunday at the varsity arena.

Lower Res takes intramural lead

By GRANT SHARP

The boys from residence have dominated the intramural scene of late.

Lower Res leads with 888½ points, followed closely by Upper Res with 840 points.

Following the residence units are Engineers with 834, Phi Delta Theta with 781 and Medicine with 769 points.

These results include the latest sports completed—archery and flag football.

St. Joe's were the overall flag football winners with a total of 599 points.

They were followed very closely by Phi Delta Theta with 596 points.

Other top finishers included Lower Res—508½, Medicine—493, Engineers—493 and Upper Res—483.

Later Day Saints, led by Don Moss, placed first in the archery competition.

St. Steves were second and Lower Residence finished third.

Darryl O'Brien (Lower Res) was the individual winner followed by Van Idenstine (Eng.) and Moss (L.D.S.).

The indoor soccer tournament is near completion.

League A has Phys. Ed. and Chinese "A" in the finals.

Dutch Club and Arts and Science are fighting it out in League B.

D.K.E. and the winner of Eng. "A" and St. Steves will play off in League C.

Chinese "B" and the winner of St. Joe's "B" and Phi Deltas "B" are finalists in League D.

The winners of Leagues A, B and C will have a playoff to declare an overall winner.

Waterpolo started on November 7 with games on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

The schedules for waterpolo and hockey are located on the intramural bulletin board.

Notice to unit managers—the squash ladders are full so no more entries will be accepted in this sport.

College quiz

Reprinted from the October 26, 1948 edition of the Gateway

In the midst of this term's football season our Board of Experts has arisen from an intellectual huddle with another mess of questions to test your skill and knowledge on pigskin matters. According to the head of our Board, this quiz is designed to prove that spectators as well as the participants are also meatheads. Answer sheets should be unsigned and turned into the Gateway office by Nov. 22, at which time they will be burnt.

- The purpose of the huddle is to:
 - Keep the players from getting cold.
 - See who has athletes feet.
 - Find out which one has the Toni.
- Just before the game most players:
 - Throw the coach over their left shoulder.
 - Smoke a camel.
 - Go to the bathroom.
- To be a football player you should:
 - Be the youngest member of a family of seven boys.
 - Have a chiropractors license.
 - Have a square head so it won't be mistaken for the ball.
- When the announcer says it's second down and one to go he means:
 - He has down two and has one left to go.
 - Two players have gone to the dressing room and one still has to go.
 - He doesn't know what he means but just says it to fill in and let the audience know he is still on the air.
- Scrimmage is:
 - Greek for the Latin word overshoe.
 - A disease characterized by a craving for putty.
 - A method that is used to serve food in Athabaska.
- Rugby was invented by:
 - Sir Arthur Rugby.
 - A Chinese laundry-man who wanted to have a scrub team.
 - A Russian general who wanted to permanently maim America's youth.
- The lateral pass was invented by:
 - Alexander Graham Bell.
 - Don Juan.
 - A deformed quarterback who could only run sideways.
- What does I.Q. stand for?:
 - Intestinal Qualm.
 - I Quart.
 - I Quit.

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Basketball Bears set for season opener against Edmonton Seniors

By JIM MULLER

The U of A Golden Bears open their basketball season this Friday with an exhibition game against the Edmonton Seniors. Game time is 8 p.m. in the main gym.

The game will see youth versus experience. Of the six men on the forward line, only one, Warren Champion, 6'6", is a Golden Bear veteran. He will have to be at his best to stabilize the rookie front line.

Larry Nowak, 6'6", and Dick Krenz are battling for the pivot

spot. Nowak, a rookie from O'Leary, will get the nod to start. Dave Swann, 6'4", has the edge on the other forward position opposite Champion. Guy Henry, 6'6" forward from McMaster, provides the Bears with added strength on the boards. Ian Walker, a strong two-way player who was All-City with the Strathcona Lords last season, rounds out the forward line.

Guards Jim Ebbels and Don Hunter will likely start. Both have been flying in practice. Bill Buxton, a three year veteran, is splitting his time between the football and the basketball Bears. Ken Turnbull, from Victoria Composite, is the other guard.

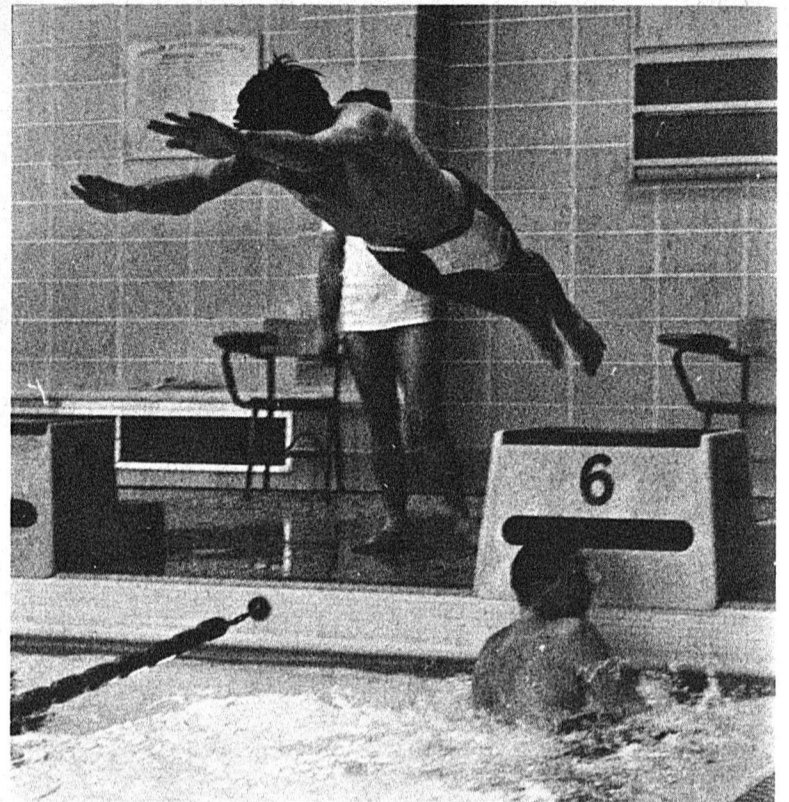
Bruce Blummel, starting his fifth season as a guard, has seen only limited action. After only a few days of training camp, he came up with a bad knee. The knee responded to treatment, but then Blummel severely sprained an ankle. Coach Barry Mitchelson

expects him to be going at full speed again by the beginning of next week.

The Alex Carre coached Seniors have several players with college experience in their lineup. John Hennessy, 6'4", Murry Van Vliet, 6'0", Galen Erickson, 5'11", and Andy Skujins, 5'11", have all played for either Bear or Bearcat teams. Dick Skermer, 6'6" center, has American college experience.

Skermer will center a line of Hennessy and Bob Ainsworth, 6'4". Starting guards will be Van Vliet and Mike Penny, who has four years experience in the Vancouver Senior League.

The Seniors play in the Alberta Senior League along with the Golden Bears, University of Calgary, Calgary Cascades and Mount Royal College. Games played between the Bears and the U of C will count both in the Alberta Senior League and the WCIAA.



—Neil Driscoll photo

HE'S FLYING
... but the sport is swimming

Fierce competition expected for intramural swimming title

The biggest and best intramural event takes place next Saturday morning. But the deadline for the intramural swim meet is Tuesday, Nov. 14.

All male students are welcome to participate. Information has been

sent to all unit managers concerning the number of participants and the rules.

Delta Kappa Epsilon are defending champions and are out to retain their title. But they should get strong competition from phys ed and the engineers.

Spectators are welcome to attend the meet which gets underway at 10 a.m. Saturday Nov. 18. Be prepared to cheer for four hours.

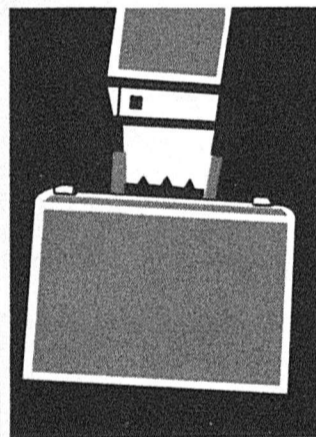
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STRICTLY FROM HUNGER—Young Jason Phipps stares apprehensively at the slice of bread and piece of cheese he had last Friday at the hunger lunch. The lunch, sponsored by Club Internationale, collected \$133.05 for the Canadian Save the Children Fund. The bread was donated by West Star Bakery.

Population and short food supply will cause famine

By LEONA GOM

World Weekend went out with a concern-in.

Economist and author Barbara Ward and Governor-General Michener spoke to a gathering of 4,000 people Sunday at the Edmonton Gardens about the responsibility of Canadians to help underdeveloped nations.

"Canada has never stood higher in the esteem of other countries," said the governor-general.

"We can really make a greater contribution to developing countries."

He explained that Canadian dollars are put to maximum use to save hunger-stricken people in India. "Our help is indispensable."

Miss Ward stressed the role of the Christian in a world where "the rich are getting richer, and the world bias is in their favor."

SURVIVAL

"The fundamental problem of our age is whether the human race will survive," she said.

"In the apocalyptic situation we stand in today, two destinies await

the human race. In our hands we have the means of survival and the means of destruction.

"If we go on as we are now, by the 1980's the combination of rising population and a slackening food supply will see two-thirds of the world starving."

She said the greatest problem lies in our unwillingness to accept it as normal to feed our neighbors across our borders.

"The great challenge of Christians in our age is to take our faith and make a change in the political situation."

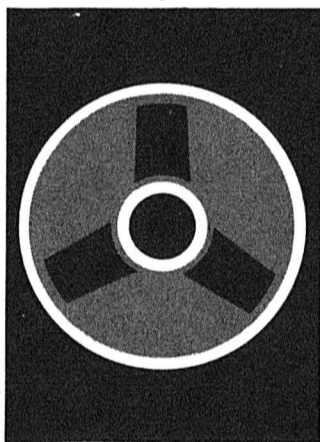
RESPONSIBILITY

"We can't avoid our responsibility. The Promethean fire is in our hands."

She said a lack of resources is not holding us back. "The decision to use resources is a way to get resources."

Referring to the time span involved in the process of modernization, Miss Ward said, "We forget it's a job that takes two to three generations. We've got to give 40 to 50 years at least to see results."

DATA
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?

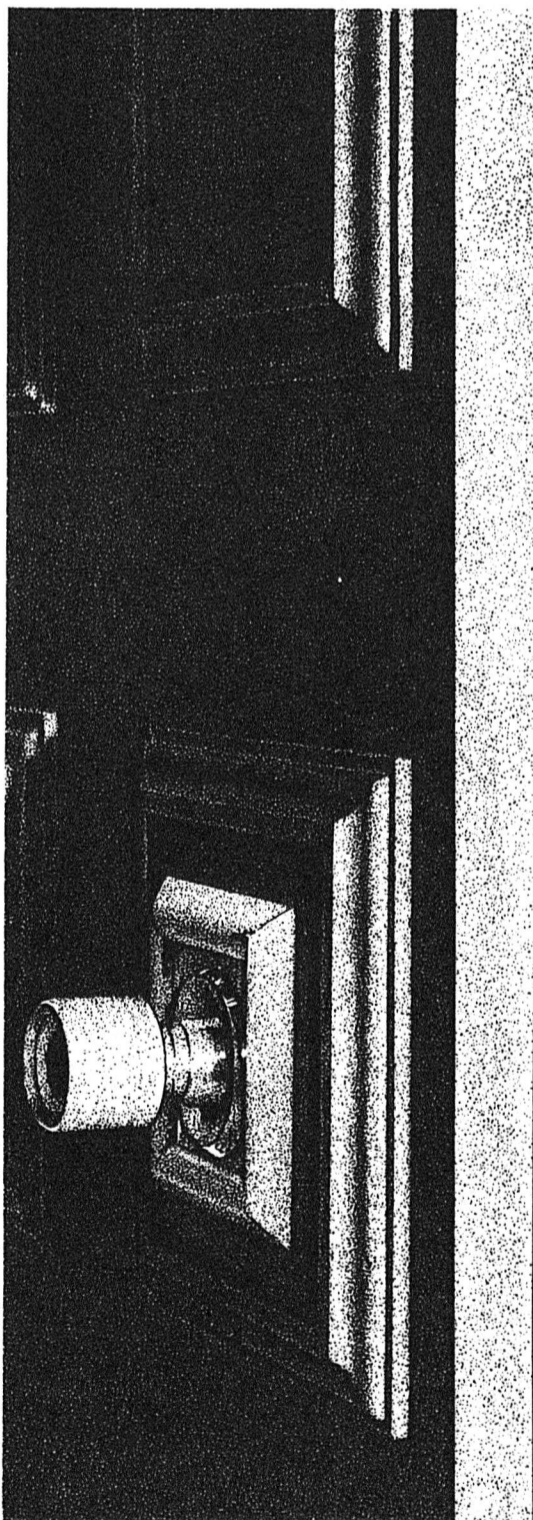


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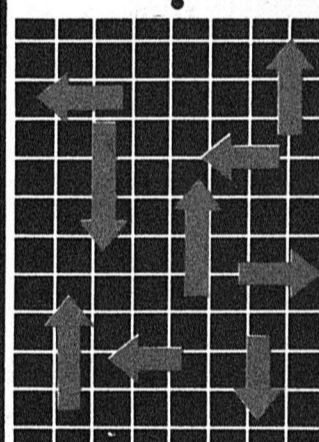
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Please see your placement office for further information

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Canadian University Press DATELINE

University program banned

GUELPH, Ont.—A program produced by the University of Guelph Radio Society was considered "biased and in poor taste" by radio CJOY.

The station refused to broadcast "University Comment," the program in question.

The Ontario, U of G students' union newspaper, published the comment of Hal Longsdon, the program's producer.

Longsdon himself is quoted as having said the program "was very biased and would be considered in bad taste by most radio stations."

He said it was centered around a war theme—specifically, America's treatment of war.

"CJOY said that the inclusion of 'America the Beautiful' backed by motor and machine gun fire was in poor taste," said Longsdon.

"The program directors of CJOY said he would not object to a discussion about the war provided both sides were presented.

"What I wanted to do was shock listeners into thinking of the human slaughter and discussions' just don't do this," Longsdon said.

"At least one person heard the tape, the program director of CJOY, and it bothered him. I wish it had the chance to bother you," he said.

Blood cup swiped by unknowns

TORONTO—Two unidentified men at the University of Toronto recently stole the blood donor cup in a daring daylight raid.

The cup is awarded to the faculty or college giving the most to the annual blood campaign.

Carolyn Keystone, co-chairman of the blood drive, suspected engineers of performing the foul deed but Bob McCallum, a member of the Brute Force Committee, objected.

"All engineers' capers are approved by the Engineering Society and we are opposed to malicious damage of any sort, including robbery," he said.

But an anonymous caller told the Varsity, students' administrative council newspaper, that he stole the cup and promised it wouldn't be harmed.

"I organized the prank myself," he said in a pleasant voice, "and no society was involved."

Two persons actually took the cup, he said.

"We did not think the medmen deserved to hold the cup since they were not the annual contest winners," said the caller.

The University of Toronto police was investigating.

Student fees can be lowered — Simmie

WINNIPEG—Peter Simmie, University of Manitoba students' union treasurer, has found a way to lower student fees by \$3 for at least one year.

It can be done by reducing the faculty grants from \$7.50 to \$4.50 per student.

Asked if the faculty student associations could afford such a reduction, Simmie pointed out that the faculties have a total of \$35,000 in reserve—\$3 per student.

"If UMSU had as large a reserve fund as do the faculties, the students would be screaming," said Simmie.

"I can't see why no-one seems concerned about the faculty reserve.

Unlike students' union subcommittees, the faculties do not present a budget to the UMSU finance commission. They are simply handed a "blank cheque."

If centralized budgeting were applied to the faculty student associations they would be forced to justify their expenditures. They would not receive monies in excess of what they could spend, said Simmie.

Simmie said his plan would require a change in the fee structure which is part of the regulations set up by the Board of Governors. UMSU would have to recommend such a change.

Campus cop indifferent to theft

TORONTO—A campus police officer felt it was none of his business when five leather coats and a '59 Olds were stolen recently at York University.

Total value of the coats taken from a cloakroom was almost \$400.

One of the owners reported the theft to a security officer who said, "It's none of my business."

The owner, Bill Young, then contacted Metro Police. A search by York security police yielded nothing.

Metro Police doubt the goods will be recovered.



—Ken Hutchinson photo

NOT HUNG-UP—Ray Pratt, comm 4, got three-sevenths of the way to his day-dream, Donna Macphee, arts 2, when he discovered he didn't know the rest of the phone number. This year, as usual, the student telephone directory will come out late, but for a different reason. It seems as though the computer wanted to argue with some of the data cards and wouldn't work, but things have been settled and numbers should be available in two or three weeks.

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