

# The Gateway

Member of the Canadian University Press

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## Final Copy Deadline

For Tuesday edition 7 p.m. Sunday  
For Friday edition 7 p.m. Tuesday  
Advertising 4:30 p.m. Monday

Circulation—7,000  
Office Phone—433-1155

The Gateway is published twice weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta. Opinions expressed by columnists are not necessarily those of the editors. The editor-in-chief is responsible for all material published herein

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1963

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## I Felta Thigh

So, Miss or Mister Rushee, you find yourself at this time overwhelmed by a gargantuan amount of back-slapping and hail-fellow-well-met propaganda, all promoting some nebulous ideal tagged as "brotherhood" or "fraternity" to which old **I Felta Thigh** is dedicated.

Leaving aside some of this patently-false jollity, think for a moment, Rushee. Do you find any basic inconsistency in these organizations, which claim to be dedicated to "fraternity," and yet exclude others on the basis of color or religion? Are you prepared to accept the dictates of your fraternity as to whom you can and cannot bring into your fellowship?

A number of our fraternities here, both male and female, have such discriminatory clauses and practices. They reflect American prejudices

and practices, for it is in the United States that most of our fraternities have had their genesis.

Are you prepared to accept prejudices legislated for you in another country, by people you have no chance of knowing? The secret handclasps, secret constitutions, and secret passwords which permeate the fraternity system seem to be leftovers from the small-boys-in-tree-houses period.

The prejudices, which are not such well-kept secrets, are also relics of the cruelties of little boys. Here, at university, they become the cruelties of little men.

What is described herein is not universal among our fraternities, so investigate fully, Rushee, and consider your decision carefully. It is not easily revoked.

## Give Our Boys A Chance

How well could you run the hundred yard dash carrying a fifty pound weight? Not very well, you say, but then no one would ask you to do it.

Quite true, but the University of Alberta recently sent a golf team to a Western Canada Intercollegiate Association with a similar handicap.

One of the interesting aspects of golf is that no two courses are alike, and although this is one of the fascinations of the game one cannot expect to play a course properly on first acquaintance.

As a rule, professional golfers practise for several days before a tournament even when they know a course quite well, but the U of A golf team was expected to play on a strange course in Winnipeg only one hour after getting off the train.

This university sends its football team away with a day to spare before a game so that players can be rested and have a practice before playing. This seems only reasonable, but one football field is pretty much like another.

University swim teams are always

given time to practice in the pool in which they must swim—and swimming pools do not vary much on the surface of it.

Probably no other sport so much requires a knowledge of the ground as golf, and yet our golf team is expected to bring honor to us with no rest and no practice.

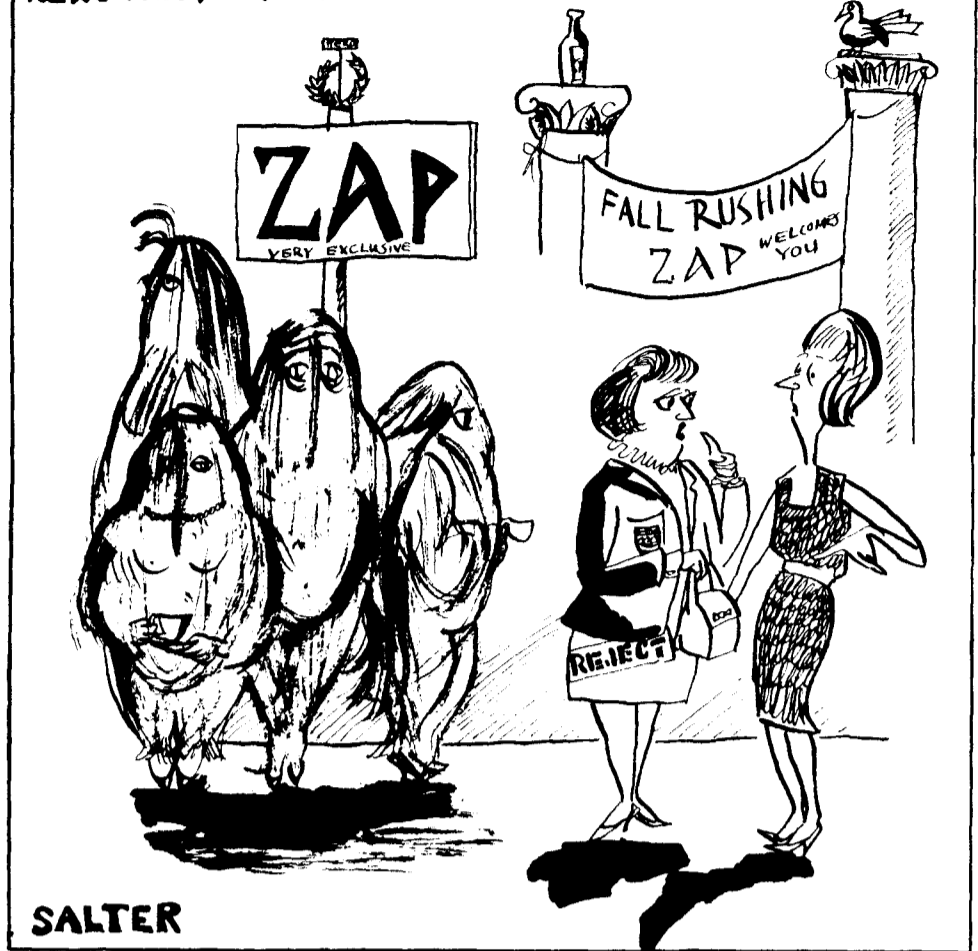
This is unfair to our university's representatives. If we can afford to pay for the extra day required by a football entourage of thirty-three, can we possibly refuse the money for an extra day for a few golfers?

Let us give our representatives a fighting chance to fulfill their potential and our hopes.

## Council Procedure

All members of Students' Council would be well advised to sit in on a few meetings of the Law Club. They might thus learn a bit about parliamentary procedure.

NEWS ITEM... RUSHING SUNDAY NEAR



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. HERE I AM CERTIFIED, WHITE, ANGLO-SAXON, PROTESTANT, MASTER RACE AND THEY REJECTED ME!



## What the hell

by Jon Whyte

"Mommy, what's a horrorlack?"

"Why do you ask, Billy?"

"Well, last night Daddy said I'd better wash my hands or the horrorlack would get me."

"Once upon a time in a small duchy there lived a beast with twenty arms, each arm bearing a hand that bore an itching palm. This beast lived in a high tower with armed guards all around. The people of the duchy did not live in fear of this beast, though, because they had put it there for their protection.

"But a young porter felt that perhaps the horrorlack was not doing everything for the people it was supposed to, and was perhaps doing more for itself. So the young porter gathered information and presented it to the people of the duchy. The people were shocked that the horrorlack would do such things, and had it removed from its position. The horrorlack was left to go away and dwindle.

"Soon the people forgot the things the beast had done. Their memories were short. The advice of the porter was not remembered. A few years later the horrorlack was allowed to return to its position of High Protector.

"It was then that four wisemen who lived in an Ivory Tower, men who had remembered the acts of the horrorlack, descended to remind the people of the events of the beast's previous tenure. The wisemen felt they might not be believed as the wisemen were said to come from a society that was more interested in the universe than in people. You'll

find, dear, as you grow older that prophets and soothsayers, the more they are correct, the more they are held in derision.

"The horrorlack was ready for the wisemen. When they came with their pronouncements, the beast called its guards and had the wisemen taken away before they could be heard.

"The horrorlack knew that if it used words and phrases like 'democracy' and 'free world' no one would know that the wisemen were exercising a democratic privilege. The horrorlack was correct. All the people of the duchy were fooled and rushed to the beast's defence.

"The heralds of the nation, the tribunals of freedom said the wisemen should not have spoken out, that their act was an outrage. Thus, under the power of horrorlack the broadcasters condoned the loss of freedom."

"What happened to the wisemen mommy?"

"They went back to their ivory tower, convinced that the burghers did not want to know the truth."

"And will the horrorlack get me?"

"No, but it might get your daddy if he continues to take its name in vain."

## Pocket Money

We wonder if the administration could make some pocket money by renting out all university buildings at night.