

# The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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**STAFF THIS ISSUE**—Tonite's visitors included an irate janitor complaining about the mess in the office, a lost lady looking for the right room and Uncle Donnie Basement and the Great White Father on their way to the bar. Staffers included: Alex Ingram, Glenn Cheriton (Gateway's representative to the Wau-neta Society), Dennis Fitzgerald (politician, journalist, and general nuisance), Bernie Goedhart (who spent an hour and a half figuring out Tuesday's ears), Bill Kankewitt, Jim Muller (who throws pencils), Bob Anderson (whom nobody has ever met), Gary Unterschultz, Dennis Cebuliak, Maria Kucharyshyn, a new reporter who didn't sign his name but did learn how to use the telephone, and yours truly, the ever-faithful, peachy-keen, cute, loveable, and humble Harvey G. Thomgirt.

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## we prefer dr. vant

The booth for dissemination of birth control information is one of the biggest farces ever to hit campus.

In fact, the purpose of its sponsoring organization, the Committee on the Status of Women, is open to skepticism.

It would appear that the people involved in getting the booth set up in SUB wanted opposition—almost begged for it. Getting approval readily for handing out pamphlets came too easily and too unsensationally.

We are sorry the group was disappointed, but there are some kinds of sensationalism we can do without.

Lest we go on record as "bearing the shackles of puritanism"—The Gateway is definitely not opposed to the concept of contraception. There are enough unwanted people around already.

If it were legal to distribute some real information about contraception or give a girl the name of a drugstore where she could get The Pill, the booth could be performing a valuable service.

But the information which can be and is being distributed isn't even

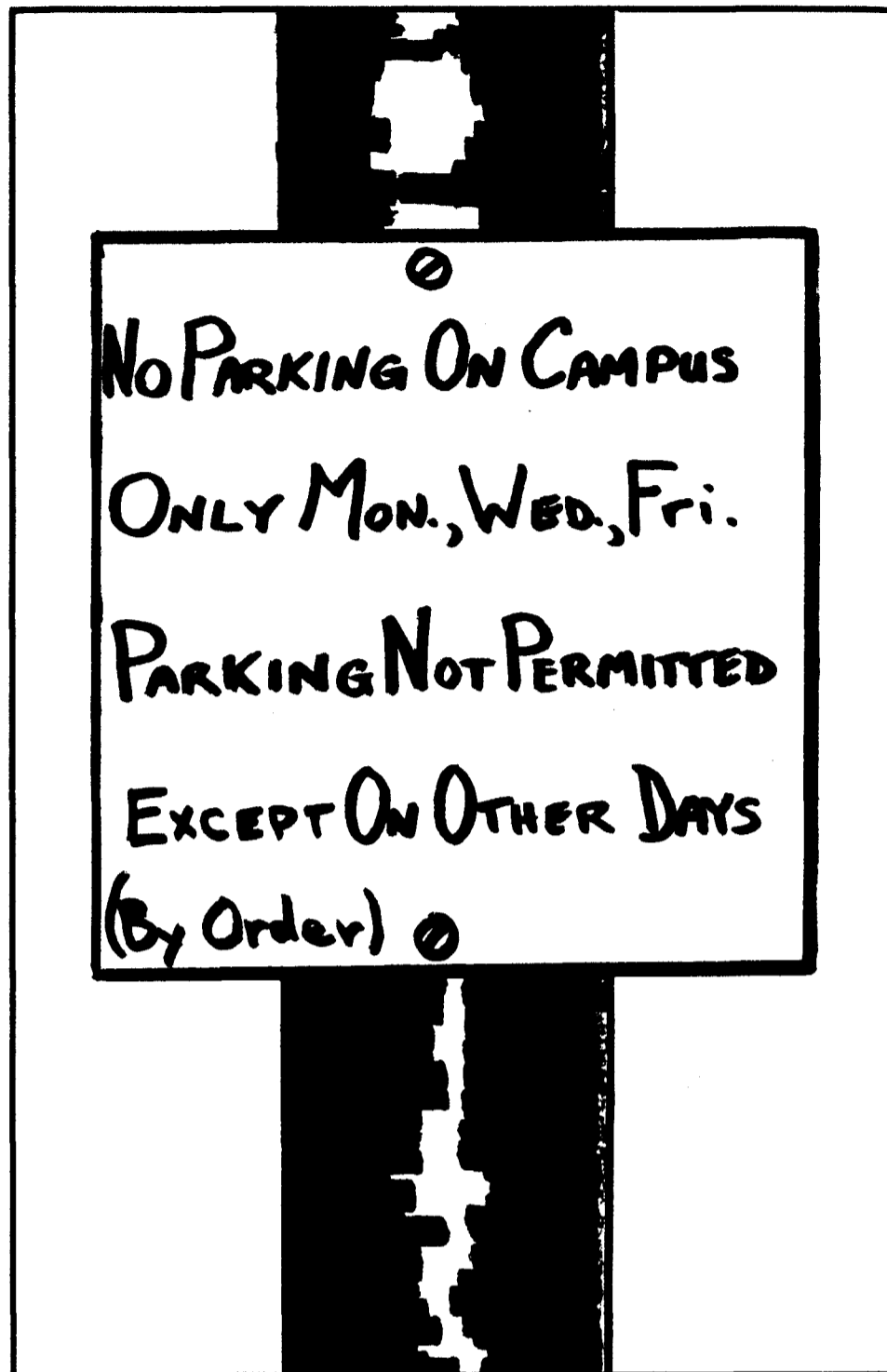
worth reading. The tear-jerking story of a pregnant bride reads like a reprint from a bus depot pocket-book rack; the document on venereal disease is a poorly-written little "how-to-tell-if-you've-got-it" bit of literature; and the outline of what contraception is looks like a page out of someone's grade 10 Health and Personal Development notes.

All told, it's a pathetic effort. If a girl sincerely wants to find out about birth control, she won't go to the booth in SUB, and the organizers must realize this.

Theoretically, the booth was to cater to the girl who was too shy to ask her doctor. It's unlikely, then, that she'll parade in front of a hundred people in the theatre lobby to get a handful of useless papers and a whispered message that if she wants more, she can, secretly, obtain the names of the private doctors she was too shy to go to in the first place.

The customers are, primarily, curious about the sensationalism of the whole effort, not the information being supplied.

Birth control is a serious fact of life—not a theme for a melodrama.



## forward into the future — backwards

Tuck Shop definitely has to go; it has absolutely too much character, too many fond memories, and too great a reputation to be in any way associated with this university.

One would really think they would have got rid of it last year when they wiped out that other breeding place for far too many intelligent discussions—Hot Caf.

## have another drink — it's vgw again

By RICH VIVONE

What, the great minds are thinking, will the students at the University of Alberta be doing while the kiddies visit during Varsity Guest Weekend? Visiting high school kids will notice a marked absence of students and must wonder where they went.

The answer, in a line, is that they are at The Great Watering Hole—alias one of the downtown pubs.

They will be there to escape the tedious lies that feature VGW. There, at the productive oasis, the student can relax and thank the university for the holiday.

Probably, upon first entering the bar you will notice many people. They are mixed—some are male, others are female.

At one table are a striking mixture of young people. They are all drinking yellow liquid that has a white foam on top. It looks like they are having a good time because the boys are talking to the girls.

One large boy is wearing a black jacket. It has 'engineers' written on the back. The

boy's face is nearly on the table. He has had too much to drink.

Suddenly, he speaks. "Another round," he says boisterously hailing the bartender. "And charge it to the engineers account. Hooray for the engineers," he says.

On his right is a despicable arts student and it is obvious these two people do not care for each other. When the engineer speaks, the artsman takes the pipe from his mouth and moves his chair a little more to the left.

"Listen to that banana," says the artsman. "He's had three glasses already and is really living up to the reputation of his faculty. Plumbers can hold their beer for at least two minutes."

The artsman halts after this scathing discourse. He is wearing houndstooth pants and jacket, a turtle-neck sweater, has pimples and a beard and is petting a small dog which is occasionally taking a nip of the suds.

"Hey, frat boy," mentions the artsman, "get a load of my pet engineer."

The frat boy is wearing a bulky-knit sweater with a large pin just over the heart. He is very proud of his pin. He is too busy to listen to the artsman because he is repeating his bond number to himself so he will not forget it when asked.

Next to the frat boy is something that looked like a recluse. He is neatly dressed with an immaculate white shirt, red tie and corduroy jacket and white socks.

"Engineers," he says profoundly, "have more brains than I. At least they can get jobs after graduation. I got my master's in English last year and still do not have a job. The best was a \$90 a week offer from a crummy newspaper."

By this time, the bartender has brought the round.

"That'll be six dollars even," says the barkeep.

"Hold it," says the engineer as he reached into his pocket for a slide rule. He then elaborately fiddles with the moveable section and beams, "you're absolutely correct. Pay the man."

"What faculty is he in," asks someone from the corner. This fella has been quiet all afternoon because he doesn't want anyone to know he is in education.

"Can't you guess," says a voice from under the table. It is the hockey player. His arm has been broken and his legs torn apart. Then he has another drink and said very loudly, "Got all this from the Golden Bears. Got to have that competitive spirit and take part in university activities. Anything for good old Alberta."

The last person at the table is a young lady with a boy's haircut. She is very big in the chest and on her conspicuous sweater is a "Sinc or swim" badge. On her other side is a "Virgin Territory" button.

"Aren't we all glad it's Varsity Guest Weekend time again," she says truthfully.

Then the engineer pinches her under the "Virgin Territory" button. He smiles. She squirms. The artsman drinks. The frat boy cries.

Everyone has another drink.