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Letters from the archives

A Geology lesson

The last Gateway contained a "Campus Poll" on war matters wherein your humble servant was alleged to have made statements there found. I have a bleat to register regarding same. Take a statement, cut it down, chew it up, mangle it till it is unrecognizable, and a man will still forgive and forget. But after a detailed geological analysis of the earthquake susceptibility of the Japanese Islands appears in your publication as "toppling over into the ocean. . . ." I should cancel my subscription!

Yours truly in a hurry, because Doc Allan just tore out of the Geology department with a meat cleaver at the high port, and he's heading my way! He read it, too!

(Feb. 1, 1945) R. J. Walker

Sex and the Ed student

Your readers will no doubt have noticed that a local theatre is showing a "frank, honest, vital, significant and true" film, dealing with (if you pardon the naughty word) sex hygiene. After cutting my Ceramics 42 and Philosophy 4 lectures yesterday, I went downtown to the said movie-house hoping to find out the things my father could not explain and which three years of University have not taught me. Although I was armed with my Campus "A" card, discharge papers, and my liquor permit, my height (4ft. 7in.) and knee-pants convinced the doorman that I must be under the sixteen-year age minimum. He therefore refused to admit me to the show and the accompanying lecture.

Since I don't want to return to my home town, Four Hills, with my education incomplete, and since many other students must be meeting the same difficulties, I would like to offer a suggestion. I believe that the Edmonton Film Institute should show this film at its regular meeting next Monday in Med. 142. Since I realize that the frankness of the picture may drive the audience to commit various disorderly things, I would suggest further that the sexes be separated — men in the morning, women in the afternoon, and Education students at night.

(Nov. 24, 1950) FATHER OF FIVE

While making up my son's bed the other day, I happened to come across an old Gateway containing a letter by a certain "Father of Five" hidden under the mattress. "Father" made several pertinent remarks about a recent film which I, as President of the Militant Anti-Sex League, cannot let go unanswered. "Father" states his education would be a dismal failure without his knowing certain "data" he thinks necessary for his future career (breeding prairie chickens, no doubt) in Four Hills. Well, what he doesn't know won't hurt him, although I grant he may miss some jolly good fun.

Secondly, if our Provincial Censorship Committee had been either alert or sober such trash would never have been allowed to pollute clean and innocent youths so well typified by wholesome, pious U of A students.

However, the harm being done, we of the League tried taking matters into our own unsullied hands; but in spite of our picketing, heckling, and praying in the streets, this film had a drooling audience twelve hours a day. Thanks to people like

you "Father of Five" (you are married, aren't you?) our noble efforts went for nought. I can only say "bless our Ed students," and hope that you, sir, through your baser instincts, become "Father of Twenty-five."

(Dec. 1, 1950) ED STUDENT'S MOTHER

In last week's Gateway there was a letter from three Education students bemoaning the fact that people were making remarks at their expense. It can not be denied that there exists on this campus a feeling that the Ed student is in some way inferior. These students should quit wailing about it and ask themselves why does it exist and is it justified? This feeling is not against them as individuals, it is not even against them as students. It is, I think, against them for what they are going to be.

Every student at this institution has in his lifetime gone through the hands of twenty-five or thirty teachers. They have not found the experience exactly pleasant. Many of these teachers have not been suited to their jobs, intellectually or emotionally. It is only natural that this bad impression left by the teachers should be transferred to potential teachers.

It can not be expected that they will be any better. It will remain the same until their professional standards are raised (incidentally, I understand they are licensed by the Provincial Government).

This, I realize, may be rather difficult. The only alternative is to lower the standards of the other professions. At this, with the aid of the Provincial Government they might succeed.

The trouble with the Ed students is that they are unable to laugh at themselves. The Engineering students are considered peasants, but they do not go around crying in their beer. If they have no sense of humor, if all they can do is pout when someone says something unpraiseworthy about them, then I do not want to teach my children.

(Dec. 8, 1950) FATHER OF NONE

How would you qualify?

If you want to try a real amusing mind game, why not visit your friendly Student Counselling Services? They have a wide assortment from plastic smiles to their tell-all personality test. Just remember that this is a highly discerning and deeply informative judge of your personality (it is for this reason Hoyle was unable to completely cover all its rules). I, however, feel qualified to give you a few pointers. As it is a true or false test, you should have no difficulty deciding that—

TRUE — I admire Washington more than Lincoln.
FALSE — I like tall women.
TRUE — I like science.
FALSE — I have difficulty starting or holding my urine.
TRUE — I have difficulty starting or holding my bowel movement.
FALSE — I have been in trouble because of my sexual behaviour.

If you are able to answer the above 6 questions the way I have shown, you can not be called Un-American, anti-short, unscientific, pee-pee person, stud or slut, however you may be called shitty which is only in keeping with the test. Good luck game fans!

(Mar. 22, 1973) Anonymous
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