

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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EDITORIAL—Cartoonist—Alan Shute, Desk—Doug Bell.

STAFF THIS ISSUE—Glory be and sakes alive. There were actually people in the office the other night helping put out the paper. There was Hiro Saka, Fred McDougall, George Yackulic, Dave Schragge, Wayne Kading, Lorna Cheriton, Glenn Cheriton, Lydia Dotto, Diahnn Washuta, Linda Ereiser, Brian Campbell, Margaret Bolton, and your truly, Harvey Thomgirt.

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parking should be fun

It is indeed encouraging to know that sometime within the next three years we can expect parking structures on campus.

But the thrill of anticipation is dampened by the thought of walking ten blocks from a Corbett Hall parking spot to a class in the Tory building in 30 below weather.

To say the parking situation is critical is a gross understatement. And while a long walk probably would do most students a lot of good, it seems ironical that students with cars, in many cases, end up walking farther than those without.

The proposed program to solve the parking problem contains several good features, but most of them are long overdue. Parking structures and increased on-campus

housing will, at best, bring the situation to a level where it should have been five years ago.

When, and if, the parking structures ever do come, they will be of absolutely no value to the undergraduate, because by then, the number of grad students and faculty will have increased sufficiently to absorb the new facilities.

We do not oppose the system of priorities used. A graduate student or a professor understandably should be given priority over an undergrad.

But, if parking is ever to be provided for everyone, the planners must do a lot of catching up in a very short time and then a lot of careful, long-range planning.

It is a pity the wheels of the administration must move so slowly.

unrealistic demands

The current protest against paying for the yearbook raises new angles to the question of students' union fees.

One of the most spontaneous questions is whether or not we need a yearbook. Controversy in recent years seems to suggest that perhaps Evergreen and Gold is a dying institution.

But, it seems strange that more people complain about paying for

the yearbook than about paying for anything else.

If council were to give in to the protest over payment of yearbook fees, they may be soon faced with similar groups protesting a portion of their students' union fees being used to finance the symphony orchestra or the students' union party fund.

The fact that 9,000 students did bother to pick up their yearbooks last year suggests the book does serve a segment of the student population as does the orchestra or any other union-subsidized organization.

If groups were to complain about the \$11 building fund portion or the \$10.50 general portion of their students' union fees, and expect action out of council as do those protesting the \$6 yearbook portion, the ultimate result could be financial disaster for the students' union.

Until it can be proven that there is no need for a yearbook on this campus, the students' union will be faced with the cost of producing the book.

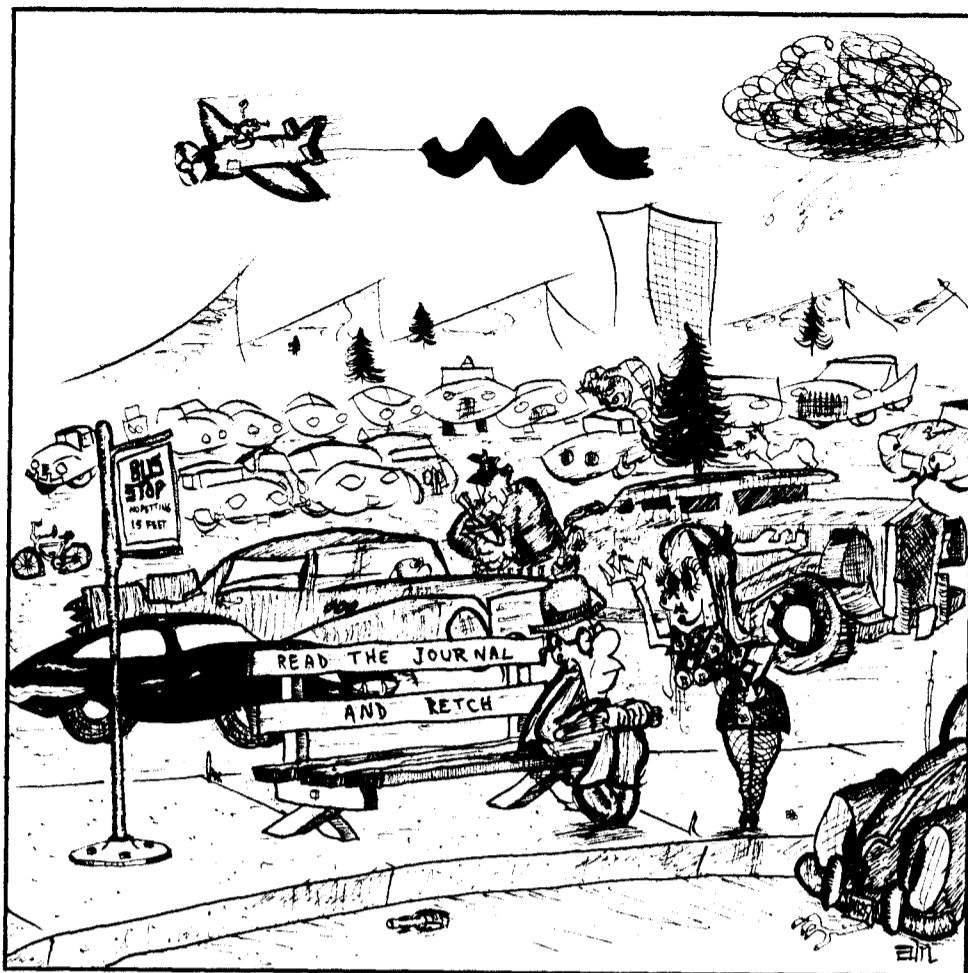
And since it is the students' union and the students' yearbook, the money should, only rightly, come from the students.

the drips digress

An unusual event in The Gateway newsroom at the weekend led us to believe that perhaps students' union administrators are subscribing to a policy of subtlety rather than their usual bluntness.

A steady drip-drip of water from one of the ceiling fixtures called for all our genius in re-arranging furniture and positioning of garbage buckets.

If someone was trying to say Gateway is all wet, it would have been so much easier for them to just come and say so.



"excuse me. could you tell me which bus i catch to get to campus from my parking spot?"

w. w. p. burns

for what it's worth

Amid leaves that have lost their color to a faded brown or yellow as another summer fades, is heard the sound of children, whose innocence remains.

The leaves have husky whispers, told to rolling shadows as frosh walk softly slow. Yet the whispers will not come again for the leaves are dying, the prayers of trees that have made way for a tunnel, and all are vanished with wind.

The trees are gone, with last year's battles, with last year's rebels and all the unanswered questions. Gone, too, are 14 young collegians, lovely gentle students, seekers of the unsought, gone to welcomed graves. They will not come again.

To the untutored, life can be hell. And some will call you frosh, you blindly searching children, but this is just a label, an untrue thing. Some will play games or try to intimidate you, pity them. Yet learn to know the danger of being unaware.

If you have come to seek the knowledge of life that's meant for living, the grail, D. H. Lawrence's rainbow, you are welcome, do not be afraid. When the time comes to take the answer do not flinch. Some people here take drugs, pity them for utopia is not easy to reach. It takes guts to face the reality.

Keep trying to see the light. Do not be encouraged to look away, for the truth may be hard to take. If you cannot face the questions you will lose them with the answers to go "Blowing in the Wind."

Sure there is little unity here and a lot less communication so you don't know about last year's battles, why the living rates are high, why you must live in unnatural segregated environ-

ments because you can't be trusted.

Maybe you don't even know that entrance to this place is restricted. It's all because a long time ago people decided to become uninvolved, to let things go, forget the answers and the questions, learned not to make waves and let the reins of power go to the greedy.

An election has passed, but you weren't supposed to understand it. The government retook office because they stood on their record and knew there were none to question. People can't be bothered to think about politics yet some maintain they voted. Yes, this man combed his hair right, that one spoke with fervor and Ronald Reagan retook office once again.

Society is your mothers and fathers, your teachers and ministers, the politicians, trusters of the unquestioned. Yet they believe that the stars are tiny, that there is nothing more to life than appearances. Thus the stars cannot be reached, your dreams are unattainable and you will be deluded with fairy tales sometimes called a bible.

Leonard Cohen is a poet who asked if the stars were tiny, who cried when he found the clear light, yet once like you he walked alone and afraid.

Others too have found it, it is worth far more than money and touched by little children when heard in poets' songs. It is the sound of all inside you, above, beyond, beside you and when you love it's something that is shared.

If you leave in your confusion or settle for illusion, you leave with the dusty leaves whose whispers are lost in the wind, unheard. Thus, too, must I now leave, gentle youth I fear for thee.