

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—Exams have come and gone, thank January 20. Some of the staff came and went, except it seems more went than came. But those that came included Margaret Bolton, Judy Samoil, Anne-Marie Little, Bernie (Boom-Boom) Goedhart, Marilyn Astle, Glenn Cheriton, Marcia (Peppermint Patty) McCallum, John Boyd, Ken Hutchinson, Neil Driscoll, Dennis Fitzgerald, Pat Hidson, at least two people whose names I can't remember and me, the every faithful, ever present sexy serpent with the belly button, Harvey G. Thomgirt.

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1968

be prepared . . .

Vice-president Dr. D. G. Tyndall is being somewhat optimistic in his estimation that the U of A will receive \$25 million of the \$43 million which the provincial government is dividing up among the three universities.

Even if our university does end up getting so large a slice of the pie, we cannot help but emphasize that it is still not enough.

Obviously, someone should tell the government about the law of supply and demand. It doesn't make sense that with increased enrolment and increased need for facilities, the university is expected to make do with less money for capital expenditure than we did last year.

Considering that there is only \$175 million to be divided over a period of five years, the amount al-

lotted will likely continue to decrease each year.

We can appreciate the fact that the government may be experiencing a need for cut-backs in spending, but we feel strongly that attempting to save money in the field of education is a very grave error.

We do not feel that the government is justified in setting the ceiling at \$175 million for university construction over the next five years. The two large campuses cannot afford to have a damper put on their expansion plans, and the new University of Lethbridge cannot be expected to keep still and wait its turn.

And now, to add to the problems, there is increased bickering between our university and the University of Calgary about who gets the lion's share.

. . . for a fight

Even though the Edmonton campus is more established, this should not mean, as various bodies in Calgary suggest, that the government should stop spending on the northern campus.

This is not the time for petty "mom-always-liked-you-best" arguing between the universities' administrations. They must consolidate their demands for a higher priority rating for education in government spending.

It does not take the mind of a soothsayer to suggest that the one place the extra money is most likely to come from is the students' pockets. Rumors of a tuition fee increase have been in the air for a long time.

There are several arguments which will probably be used to justify an increase, if one is announced, such as the fact that there hasn't

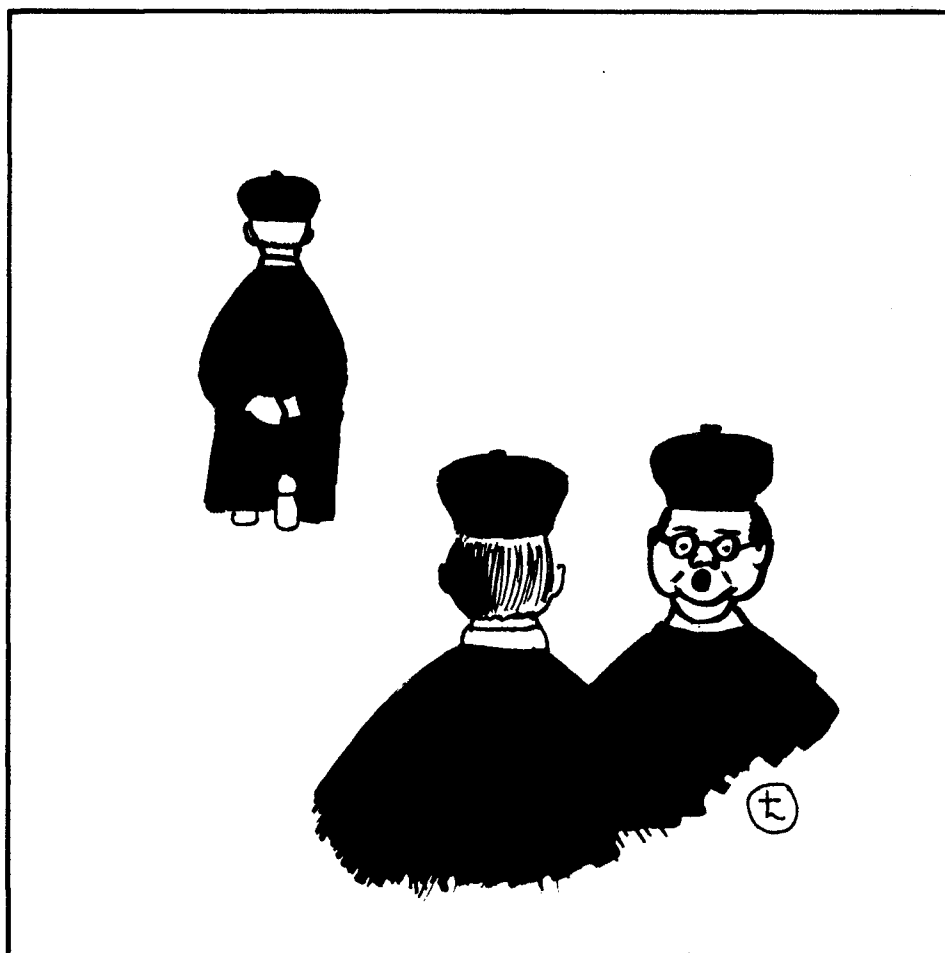
been a hike for several years, and that our fees are now among the lowest in Canada.

However, the idea of a fee increase is still not very palatable to the students.

The summer earning power of university students is simply not increasing in proportion to the constantly rising costs of living. If a fee increase were put into effect, students coming back to campus this fall could be in really bad shape because nearly a month has been cut off the summer with early registration this fall.

It is rumored that students' council may be prepared to fight a fee increase. There is strong indication that fee hikes have been held off in the past by the protests of students' councils.

We can only hope that if the need arises, our council will have its claws sharpened.



sure, cardinal secola would make a good pope, but how would it sound; pope secola?

little things make a woman cry

I had been inflicted with the worst of all problems lately and, to make the situation worse, solutions were seemingly impossible.

It was this girl, and we had been at odds over various things but this is not a new thing where women are concerned. The only new thing is to settle the matter. At the extreme ends of my wits to discover a method of arbitration, I thought I was the most frustrated human on this planet.

Then, lo and behold, the word came to me out of the radio. The solution to end all solutions. The problem could now be trashed and we could be beautiful together again. I thought.

This new super-sex song entitled "Little Things Make A Woman Cry" seemed to have the problem solved. Make them cry—a nice thing, but to some women, the only way to do this is a sharp swat. This was different. The song had a lot of neat little tricks that would forgive past aberrations.

The singer recommended Valentines in July. I couldn't wait that long and certainly a Christmas card wouldn't do. Try and get a Valentine card in mid-December. The store keepers already have the Ponoka number half dialed. But I got one eventually and it was one of those cute ones with funny cartoons on the front and a catchy little line inside with the cartoon character saying something designed to provoke a smile.

I sent it out—by mail after carefully putting my name inside just under the phrase knowing she couldn't miss it.

For a week or so I waited on pins and needles but there was no response. The odd time I would see her here and there and she would look slyly out of the corner of her eye and there was also a smile at the corner of her mouth. Nobody but nobody can interpret a woman's smile so I just shrugged it off.

Soon I came to the conclusion that this was not working. There had to be another way. Back to the song and that happy soul singing it. Another fine piece of work said get

roses for her hair. This wasn't too hard. You can get them at any old flower shop but it seems flowers are part of the 'out' unless you are a fella and a hippy and then you wear them instead of the girl. It's got something to do with flower power and this gesture had power alright.

I never saw or heard from her for a number of days until one day she was gulping SUB coffee which sure will not add to a person's sense of humour. Little things floating around in liquids does not put one in the personality-plus category.

So that was a dud. She was completely neutral about the whole thing. Maybe sending a girl flowers is an insult. Times and customs change so quickly, you can't count on anything being roughly acceptable.

When a guy gets in a situation like this, it's tough. You're in too deep to back out and then you wonder why you started in the first place.

Just one way left. I found her over her usual drink late that night and snuck her out of SUB before the phantom could intervene. Then the preliminaries. She screamed and hollered as only a woman could. And that's plenty. Just scream, scream, scream and more scream. When that's over, it's holler, holler, holler and more holler. I couldn't even get a word in edgewise and ask her what she's screaming and hollering about.

Anyway, things seemed to be going pretty well and when she was dropped at home, I went home fairly sure that this was a new beginning to an old affair. But something seemed to be a bit lacking. So, I remembered another thing the song said. 'Kiss goodnight and phone her up and say goodnight again.'

Right here I warn all you budding romanticists that this does not work.

After I phoned her and said goodnight very sweetly, she said, "Are you crazy all the time or just some of the time?"

You can find my radio at the bottom of the North Saskatchewan River. It is a Philip's all-transistor and is sold for the price of one girlfriend.