

# THE GATEWAY

Member of the Canadian University Press

Editor-in-Chief - - - Branny Schepanovich

Managing Editor ..... Bill Winship  
News Editor ..... John Jay Barr  
Sports Editor ..... Barry Rust  
Copy Editor ..... Susan Gathercole  
Makeup ..... Bernie Cartmell

Associate Editor ..... Dieter Buse  
Fine Arts Editor ..... Bev Gietz  
Features Editor ..... Lynne Greason  
Proofreading ..... L. R. Clendenning  
Photo Director ..... Con Stenton

**STAFF THIS ISSUE**—Jon Whyte, Bill Salter, Robin Hunter, Kendal Rust, Heinz Moller, Carl Nishimura, Aimee Dechene, Marion Raycheba, Alexis Dryburgh, Robin Hedley-Smith, Adriana Albi, David Estrin, Al Bragg, George Yakulic, Elwood Johnson, Myer Rabinovitz, Phil Lister, Dave Laundry.

## 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.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1963

PAGE FOUR

## The Color Question

Last week a student of this university was turned away from a room advertised for rent. There was no secret about the reason: Francis Sam was born with a colored skin.

Francis Sam was "surprised and deeply hurt."

There are many people who are hurt by this affair. But none of us should be surprised. For this sort of thing has happened too many times: this year, and last year, and the year before . . .

There are still plenty of people in this province—next door and back in the home town—who are so ignorant, indifferent, and/or insecure that they scuttle about encrusted like lobsters in hard shells of racial bigotry. And we could easily think of terms less charitable for this sort of pettiness. For we become weary of asking for simple decency.

There are still too many of us who haven't smartened up to the fact that Africans and Chinese, East Indians and Alberta Indians, are people too. And we ask the students of this university to ring the bells, to draw the pictures, to whisper the message of maturity which will open the eyes

and cold hearts of their fellow Canadians.

Last year at this time The Gateway ran a survey among landlords, documenting too many examples of prejudice against colored skins or exotic customs—prejudice smothered in a liberal syrup of hypocritical rationalization. We suggested editorially:

- that the university housing service compile a list of landlords who will welcome colored students;
- that student groups make certain that all incoming students from abroad are welcomed, oriented, and suitably housed;
- that individual students invite foreign students into their rooms and homes, letting landlords and families know that our friends include all colors;
- that Canadian students cling to no color bars when it comes time for social activities—that we share our party times as well as our lecture times with our guests from outside our country and culture.

Last year we requested these gestures of sanity and of humanity. We make the same plea once more.

## Parkinson Arrival Late

C. Northcote Parkinson, world-renowned enemy of bureaucracy and all the bungling and red tape it stands for, comes to campus in October.

He comes two weeks late.

If he wants to see a real bureaucratic monstrosity, he'll have to come to campus during Frosh Week.

If he wanted to see how bureaucracy has turned registration, for frosh and grad alike, into an IBM-governed nightmare, where dazed students pace their flats late at night, not studying but trying to puzzle their way through a stack of punch-cards, he should have been here this week.

The IBM-ization of registration was to have made registration a facile affair. It was to have expedited the

filling-out of forms, and rendered intelligible the formerly-meaningless ritual of recording, in quadruplicate, the name, rank, serial number and measurements of every student in sight.

But what has materialized?

Officials are sitting back placidly, declaring, straight-facedly, that registration has been improved.

If they'll venture out of their offices for a while, we'll bet their collision with ranks of dazed-eyed students — traipsing back and forth across the campus to procure their forms and co-operate with the almighty system — will break them out of their lethargy.

Registration always has been a bloody boondoggle. It appears that the IBM system has brought little improvement.



MAY I COME IN?



## What the hell

by Jon Whyte

By now, of course, it is no secret that the entire registration program was devised by the Department of Psychology.

And even more surprising is the discovery that a control group of white rats managed to get through the maze at a faster clip than did six upperclassmen friends of mine. (I don't associate with white rats, said Tom amazedly.)

The new system of registration was devised by the psychos because the Registrar's office determined that the matriculation exams set by the Department of Education were not strenuous enough.

Far too many not-rigorous exams were allowing too much riff-raff into the university. "I'm not saying there's a lot of riff-raff on the campuses. I'm just saying there's a lot of riff-raff on THIS campus."

"Pardon me, sir," a sweet young thing said, "but can you tell me how to get to the North Lab?"

"Why . . . er . . . it's simple. You just cut through behind the Arts Building and you're . . . uh . . . no. There's a new building there, you can't do that anymore. Perhaps if

you . . . do you know where the South Lab is? Oh. Do you know where the Engineering Building is? Oh. Follow that man. No, I don't know where he's going. Just follow him. Uh, pardon me, sir, can you tell ME where the North Lab is?"

But we digress. (What's new?) The procedure was devised by the Administration to weed out the wheat from the oats. If you are still lost, forget it.

(I have a dreadful image of some small girl coming up to me about mid-February and saying, "Can you tell me where I can find Part IV of registration?" Shudder.)

Recent and reasonable: I note that Radio Society is reorganizing. Though I have not completely researched the matter I am inclined to believe that this is the seventeenth time that Radsoc has done such. (They were organized in 1946.)

Radio Society is probably the only reorganization on the campus which has not a chequered career but a history that would be represented by a sine wave. I wish them success in this, their ascending wave.

## Varsity Voices

To the Editor:

Wherever did your reporter get the idea that the Campus National Employment Service did a good job? If students were wanted for jobs, why were there so many desperate students around, going every day and begging any sort of menial post, in vain.

Many of us were told, oh so sym-

pathetically, that they were doing their utmost for us. Sympathy, I did not need: a job was what I had to have. For four weeks after the exams, I went everyday and asked, explained my plight, and then in sheer desperation, went to Calgary where the Campus NES office got me a job within one phone call on my behalf.

Workless