

The Gateway

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PAGE FOUR

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bloody poor show

We were not impressed by the representatives of Lister Hall students at last Monday's council meeting.

Faced with the prospect of a residence fee hike, the house committee chairmen had two courses of action: 1. sigh, say "if it's necessary, there's nothing we can do", let daddy pay another \$10 a month, and be branded as stupid and apathetic by the rest of the student population; or 2. think of reasons why the fees should not go up and present them in a brief to the Board of Governors.

They chose the latter, but from the presentation made at council, it seemed their hearts aren't really in the fight. Or perhaps, their choice of spokesman was unfortunate.

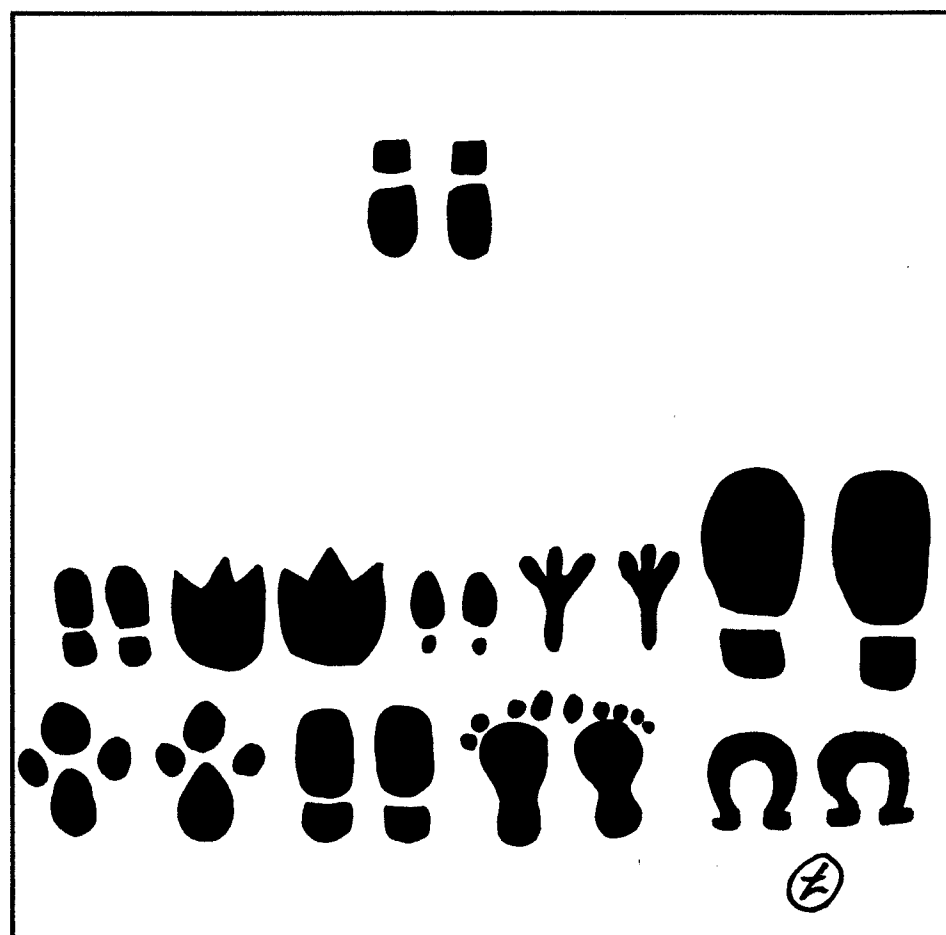
The biggest argument the speaker presented in opposition to a fee hike was that next year they would need many more senior students to pro-

vide a good residence government and with a fee hike, maybe some of the senior people experienced in residence government would not come back.

That's pretty weak. The system of floor chairmen and residence councillors might mean life or death to some of the Lister people, but it's doubtful that the Board of Governors gives a damn about residence government.

The rest of the presentation was based on what seemed to be a hastily-taken, sloppily-calculated and totally unimpressive survey of student opinion in Lister Hall. What it boiled down to was that some Lister residents said they might not come back next year and some Lister residents thought \$100 was a little too much to pay.

The argument is going to have to be strengthened an awful lot before it will make any impression at all on the Board of Governors.



now, this is what i call a "mixed chorus"

hooray for me

Applications and nominations are now being received by the awards board for students' union members who will receive students' union awards at Color Night.

Once again, the whole purpose and value of the awards system must be questioned.

The majority of the awards are presented to people who, in some way, are members of the "establishment". It is possible to predict as early as November almost exactly who is going to get the gold keys, silver rings, and small cash

awards—just watch the people who are seen around the students' union offices more than three times a week. (Not counting people like Bryan Clark and Marv Swenson who, if we were to be fair, probably are as deserving of an award as anyone else).

Color Night itself is a farce—a bunch of people sitting around slapping themselves and each other on the back.

Surely there is more to involvement in extra-curricular activities than one night of glory and a nice blazer, pin or ring to show off.

mother goose for fun and profit

By RICH VIVONE

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe who had so many children she knew what to do but not the guts to do it.

She had children in the toe, in the arch, in the heel, hanging on the bootstraps, hiding in the eyelets and at least one more in her stomach.

This nonsense has got to stop, said the old woman. But her husband merely took the bottle out of his mouth and smiled and said that this nonsense was too much fun to quit now. So they didn't.

But eventually there came a day when the old boot wore out as did the old man but the old woman was as strong as ever.

With no income save that which went for the old man's booze, the old woman was desperate for a means to support the children. So she kicked the old man out along with his wine and whiskey.

She went to a mortgage company who consented to supply funds to remodel the old shoe and build a small restaurant.

She thought that everything was there—the children could serve customers and the old woman could cook and they would all stay single and make a fortune.

The situation worked wonderfully until the oldest son went off to college and never came back. Then a slick cat from the city charmed away the number one daughter and a farmer towed away the number two daughter.

A cattle hand corralled the number three daughter and a police officer got the number four daughter. A drunk took the number five daughter and the second eldest son fell into the clutches of an evil harlot who taught him the facts of life.

So, with her few remaining children, the old woman toiled frugally in the old shoe and saved her money. She cooked 25-cent hamburgers and 15-cent hot dogs and sold milk for a nickle until the cow died.

Then her eldest son at the university said, mother, you are working too hard. Why don't you retire and live happily ever after. Then he asked for money and she sent him lots.

The number one daughter phoned one night and said, mother, you are toiling for naught. Why don't you retire before you work your fingers to the knuckles? Then she said, mother, we cannot pay our debts. So she sent her daughter \$5,000 and set back to work at the 25-cent hamburgers and 15-cent hot dogs.

The second daughter visited one day and said, mother, why don't you retire. You work too hard. She added that their cows died, their sheep went over the cliff and there was a severe drought. She gave her daughter \$6,000 and ordered another eight million pounds of hamburger and twenty thousand miles of frankfurters.

One day, the third daughter called and said, mother, you are working too hard. Why don't you retire with all your money? Then she said their herd was destroyed by hoof and mouth disease and mother gave her \$10,000 and they went to Florida for a winter's vacation.

The number four daughter came by

and said, mother, you are working too hard. Please retire before you die of excessive labour. Then she said her policeman-spouse was honest and could not make money. So she gave her daughter \$14,000 to pay for the house.

The drunk and her number five daughter came by and said, mother, why don't you retire before you die and spend all your money? And they asked for money to get a fresh start and they bought a liquor store with the \$15,000.

The second eldest son brought his harlot back and said, mother, take care of my wife for I shall be gone a few days. The harlot robbed her of \$20,000 and left the next morning.

So the old woman told all the children she was too old to work any more—just one more year. The children left and the old woman worked out the year alone and she sold 67 million hamburgers and 34 hundred thousand hot dogs and retired. Three weeks later she died and the neighbours can still hear the children scrapping over who will get the inheritance.