

# The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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**STAFF THIS ISSUE**—No papers next week due to pre-emption by exams. And if you think you don't like Gateway, wait till you hit those mid-terms. Enough to make you lose your lunch. Anyway the thick-skinned hardy-stomached staffers who put out this grand edition are Alex Ingram, Boom-Boom, Bob Schmidt, Jim Muller, Bill Kanke Witt, Bob Anderson, Ken Hutchinson, Neil Driscoll, B.S.P. Bayer, Patty Mulka, Miriam McClellan, Gerry Buccini and fearless but frozen (but not frigid) Harvey G. Thomgirt.

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## freedom of the press . . .

Students' council was asked Monday night by Glenn Sinclair to authorize the weekly placement of a one-quarter page activities calendar in The Gateway.

Much to Mr. Sinclair's great shock and disappointment, The Gateway protested being told it HAD to run something—specifically, an un-paid advertisement.

Discussion of the matter boiled down to the age-old theory of certain councillors that "since we (in all our goodness and glory) give The Gateway (undeserving though it may be) the money to publish, we should be able to tell The Gateway what it must put in the paper."

To this theory, we have the age-old Gateway reply: No way.

We feel, generally speaking, that The Gateway has been fair and generous in publishing promotional-type material this year—perhaps even more generous than we should be according to the students' union by-laws which list Gateway's functions as: 1. providing accurate and complete coverage of campus news; 2. presenting all aspects of student opinion to the student body; 3. stimulating student thought and the

awareness of problems and topics that affect students; 4. providing an educative function which is vital to the development of the student-citizen; 5. aiding in the promotion of student activities and functions; and 6. maintaining co-operation between the administration, staff, and students of the university.

In brief, this says that stories about how many peachy-keen dances and special events are coming up don't deserve as much space as other things.

And, no where do the by-laws state, as one councillor suggested, that The Gateway should be a service club.

The issue is not a case of our not wanting to run a one-quarter page every week, as was indicated when Mr. Sinclair suggested it could be cut to one-eighth a page.

The issue is whether or not students' council can dictate editorial policy and enforce it.

From discussion at the Canadian University Press national conference at Christmas, it is evident that our students' council has one of the more medieval attitudes to student journalism in the country.

## . . . a myth here?

It seems incongruous that one of the largest students' unions in Canada, and, in withdrawing from CUS, one of the leading unions, should have the same attitude towards its newspaper as many of the minute colleges in the country—the attitude that the newspaper's main purpose on campus is to act as a bulletin board to announce upcoming events and then provide in-depth coverage of all these events.

Of course, council argues that since it pays out a large portion of the money for the paper (approximately 40 per cent of the budget), it should have some say about what goes in the paper.

At the present time, The Gateway needs council's money to operate. But, this hardly gives students' council members the know-how of running a paper.

Council members are no different this year than any other year in knowing next to nothing about what a newspaper is. The personnel board, in interviewing applicants for

the position of Gateway editor each year, stresses the importance of the editor's having had sufficient journalistic experience to know what newspapers are about. Yet, editors are consistently faced with councillors who think they know everything there is to know in the publishing and writing world.

It is widely-believed among university papers that the students' council which constantly picks issues with the student newspaper is the council which has nothing else to do.

Indeed, the fact that council was not willing to extend their meeting to finish discussion on the motion seems to indicate that councillors didn't really give a damn about it anyway.

But, when it comes up at the next meeting, as it is likely to, the same inane comments will be heard.

We believe that the day students' council rules it has the right to force The Gateway to print something will be the day freedom of the press dies at this university.

## the ideal university

By CHRIS EVANS

Reprinted from The Gateway, March 2, 1962

If I were on a midnight dreary pondering weakly and wearily many a volume of bawdy stories and backroom ballads, no doubt there would be a knock on the door, consistent with this time. Chances are (after hiding the filthy pictures) I should fling wide the shutter and cry in true Dickensian fashion, "Who goes?" or, if you like, "What goes?" Guess who? It is Michael Anthony and he has been authorized to give me one million dollars. I should immediately found a university.

Within a year, by prodigious effort and not a little graft, Ideal U is completed. Excessive bribery has given me not only the presidency but absolute discretion as to the curriculum and administration.

I have yet to find, let alone found, a university that does not have more than its share of trade schools with a surfeit of method, procedure and memory work and a dearth of reason, argument and ideas. Therefore, before any student may enter the faculty of his choice, he is required to study English, philosophy, psychology and history for a period of two years. That being so, it is safe to conclude that only scholars would find their way to such an institution. The end product of this formal education, by the required Socratic method, would bear little resemblance to the present vegetable that is cranked stiffly through various watering-down processes to a future of sucking its living from the roots of society.

Ideas are important and necessary to the individual, but in order to prevent the dissemination of a useless, dreamy fool who cannot see the garbage for the city dump, the necessary precautions must be taken to permanently lodge in the crammed skull of the graduate an understanding of, and healthy practical approach to, the basic foibles of man, to wit: (a) man is basically a beast, and (b) all men are not equal.

To fully appreciate these truths, the undergraduate, upon completion of this two year pre-faculty course and entry into his chosen field, is required to pursue a most practical and soul-destroying survey course. This course involves selling insurance door-to-door one afternoon a week for the first year; auditing proceedings in the courts of divorce and probate in the second year; conducting personal interviews with bums in the slums for their third year; and attending no less than ten supper meetings of either the Junior Chamber of Commerce, the U of A students' council, or any of many city service clubs for the fourth and final year. The course is called appropriately, "People Are Not Funny 100," and the results are most satisfactory.

Moving now to the extra-curricular activity field, we find that there are none. The emphasis at Ideal University is on scholarship and healthy rebellion. That being so, ethnic groups are definitely not encouraged, although there is no express prohibition against students forming their own loose-knit organizations.

Every student has an inalienable right to choose those with whom he wishes to associate. Therefore, the administration gladly sanctions the odd drinking club and social fraternity provided the members do not get carried away with ritual, constitution and snobbery.

Once a semester, members of the student body oppose the administration in a no-holds-barred English rugby match, which lasts from sunrise to sunset, no quarter given. The remainder snake dance through the city and from time to time raze the downtown business circuit to the ground. Costs are borne by the students. Policemen who seek to interfere are severely fined; over-enthusiastic students, however, are severely beaten by the same policemen.

All students are allowed to build personal empires if they feel the need, but those who do so blafantly and at the expense of their fellows invariably fail their year.

Ideal University has no school colors, no song, no frosh week, no promotions committee, and — thankfully — no varsity guest weekend. Those who wish to participate in sports and other events may do so; those who do not can do what they want without being pressured by enthusiastic rabble-rousers.

Lastly, there are no campus cops at this university, mainly because half the campus is one big, free parking lot, over which loudspeakers blare the music of Wagner, Bach, Prokofiev, Shostakovitch, Benny Goodman, and Dave Brubeck . . . continuously.

Such is the price of free parking, and it does the students no harm.

Diplomas are not granted, as it is felt that the end result of education should be learning, and not a piece of paper. Exams are stiff in all courses. Upon graduation, students receive a firm handshake from the Chancellor. Those who subsequently join political organizations or service clubs or who run for president of the United States are required to give the handshake back, as obviously they have not learned anything at Ideal University.

Most students leave university not quite prepared for the world. Conversely, the world is not quite prepared for the graduates of Ideal University.