

BRUISED BEAKS AND PHONES

We as students are justifiably proud of the Math-Physics-Chemistry complex. It comprises the finest of its type in Edmonton, if not all of Alberta.

The buildings cost millions of dollars. So did the equipment that went into them.

But two oversights were made. People walk through glass doors that only open one way, and there are no telephones available for student and public use.

MP 126 is an auditorium used in the evening by the general public. It has been our observation that the general public are either more opulent or less ambitious than university students. They don't like to walk. They can afford cabs.

The only problem is this. There are no

telephones to call cabs. We implore the incoming council to petition the Administration to install at least three phones: one in the lecture wing, one in the lobby of MP 126, and one in the rotunda of the Math-Phys-Chem building.

And about the doors. How about putting more doors in? We are tired of being funneled through two doors, when two more would ease the problem.

And how about fixing them so they open both ways? It might cause a few bruised beaks at first, but people will learn to keep to the right before long, and the people who can't will be killed off. Sort of a survival of the fittest in the most convenient and comfortable circumstances possible.

Guest Editorial

RED TAPE AND FEMININE FREEDOM

by Anne Geddes

Swept up in the new wave of "anti-red-tapism," I was pursuing a list of new recommendations for bylaw changes to be brought in by Council, and noticed one in particular.

Recommended? That the SU president be segregated. That is, only males may qualify for the position. The Reason? The vice-president is a woman, and it follows NATURALLY, that the president must be male.

Why let women into the university at all if arbitrary limitations and medieval attitudes are

going to hold them down anyway?

Why allow emancipation without freedom?

It can be argued that there has seldom been a woman president (only two of the best ones have been female) but I retort that the rule is then extraneous.

When women are worthy of being called people, when they realize that they can use their undeveloped (not under-developed) potential, then no law will be able to "hold us down." And perhaps no law will be wanted. We LIKE men. But really!

THIEVERY AND THE CAMPUS COPS

In recent weeks numerous students have cried out that various pieces of their property have been stolen. The cries have not been entirely justified.

Languishing in the offices of the Campus Patrol are hundreds of articles—gloves, wallets, car keys, pants, etc.—which were more likely lost than stolen. Each night and day, in addition to carrying out their salaried duties, mem-

bers of the Campus Patrol go about the buildings picking up various articles lost or forgotten by careless students.

It seems, then, that though theft does occur on campus, it is not as popular a profession as some would have us believe. Check with the Campus Patrol's Lost and Found Department before decrying thieves who may not exist.

COUNCIL'S PINK-RIBBON PACKAGE

(This is the edit that was crowded out last week.)

We were saving our harshest adjectives to attack council for doing much talking and little creating re council reorganization (i.e. the proposed "director's circle.")

Unfortunately — from the standpoint of

dramatics and screamy-type slamming — council fooled us and tied up the package.

Now we can't say anything nasty. Our thunder has been muffled. Your new council will include a ten-man directors' circle.

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FINAL COPY DEADLINE

For Friday Edition:
News, Notices 7 p.m. Tuesday
Advertising 4:30 p.m. Monday

Office Telephone — 423-1155

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CLOUD 9
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A little over a year ago I was bounced from an international Moral Re-Armament conference in Petropolis, Brazil.

I had been invited down because: 1. I was apparently considered a "key man" in the campus community; and 2. The moral re-armers knew that I was interested in the same sort of problems as concern them, namely, problems of war and peace, on personality and interpersonal levels, as well as internationally.

Halfway through the ten-day proceedings, the powers-that-be decided that I was more nuisance than I was worth—and it had become obvious to all of us that I was not likely to become "re-armed" with their absolutist morality.

But before I was sent away, they promised a "major offensive" on Canada in the near future.

Until last month I had heard nothing more from them. And I had not really expected that they would have much use for me considering the circumstances of my departure from Brazil.

When finally they approached me, it was with the "conviction" that the two pages which appeared as an insert in last week's Gateway should be put before you. Apparently one young man in particular had had "guidance" (from God) to the effect that such should be accomplished, and he took the necessary initiative.

This is the way they operate; they are quite serious about the spontaneously supernatural motivation of their activities. They are dedicated; they believe in themselves; and with a certain type of person, their methods are indubitable effective.

They want to touch you and you. I'm not quite sure, now, that they have completely given up on me (although I doubt that our recent conversations have encouraged them.) They want us to make the same sort of commitment they have made: to fight Communism and the rest of

the world's ills by a change of heart, by living honestly, cleanly, lovingly.

Sounds good, doesn't it? It is. Or it would be if this were the whole story.

I liked what I saw and heard—until I saw and heard from the inside, among 2,000 re-armers, in Brazil. I backed away from the rigidity of mind, the mass-emotion method, the "fight" orientation.

I was content to be labelled "morally dishonest" and "morally filthy" if that was the only alternative to crowding my own search for morality into their absolutist straight-jacket.

I told my young friend that he could run an ad in the Gateway on the same basis as any other advertiser. If he had the money.

He did.

Then he told me that there is more to his current moral "offensive." There is to be a showing of an MRA film "The Crowning Experience" this coming Sunday. (See ad, this issue.)

Quite likely I will go see this movie through on Sunday. The human potential I saw moving in Petropolis makes MRA a movement that I intend to keep track of.

le baron



I am, dear reader, in the unhealthy habit of buying my meals, rather than going to the trouble of concocting my own stew, and so occasionally I wind up in front of a half-fried chicken (note that hyphen, if you please) and three-quarter raw corn-fritters.

Like last Sunday. I was just "busy" poking my reluctant fork into the disgusting interiors of said mucky cornfritter, when a nice little old lady at the next table, who seemed to be enjoying the typical Alberta-after-church-coffee-orgy, made the most startling remark to her middle-aged companion.

She said, and I kid you not: "The Christian religion is, in every detail, based on a set of errors and fallacies."

Just like that. From a nice little old lady. And on a Sunday yet.

If the bleeding chicken on my plate hadn't been enough to divert my thoughts from the pleasures of eating and drinking, this statement sure as hell was. After all, you may be used to tolerantly ignoring such Un-Alberta remarks when they're made in the dimness of the U of A cafeteria.

But, thought I, how can it be that in an upstanding city as ours, where the church section of the newspaper is bigger than the entertainment part, and more entertaining at that, where there's a church to every block and a premier to every Paramount, that in a righteous place such as this, little old ladies can go around harbouring such frighteningly subversive ideas.

And utter them even. On a Sunday yet.

Just bother, one fine Saturday, to look at the Journal's church section.

"The Family that Changed the World", and don't think it's a prophetic preview of Kennedy's fingerprint on the red button. No sir, it's church.

So is "Operation Life Line."

And the best one last week:

"The Happy Whistler is going to be with us in our Sunday School this morning. He has whistled in campaigns with crowds up to 1,200 people . . . Let's break our attendance goal of 700 for God's glory."

I ask you, little old lady, what the hell are you complaining about? Remember . . . no, better no. I think I'll resume this topic next week.

After having my last column utterly mutilated and censored even by the combined efforts of editor and printer, I offer this correction: a brat hat is a bra that (please printer, BRA THAT . . .).

Ed. Note: See election issue PEEP-HOLE for "brat hat" (Feb. 25).