

"THE GARDENER OF EDEN"

The Gateway

Member of the Canadian University Press

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Where Is The Proof, Gentlemen?

We have had enough, honorable gentlemen.

To put it colloquially, "put up or shut up."

We refer, of course, to our two esteemed Social Credit cabinet ministers, Mr. A. J. Hooke, and Mr. Randolph McKinnon.

In recent weeks both these gentlemen have seen fit to lash out against this university and its professors; Alberta's high school system, its teachers and curriculum; and general "immorality" in our halls of learning. So far they have failed to back their irresponsible statements with any conclusive evidence.

Mr. Hooke, who seems to have forgotten which department he heads, and whose qualifications either as an educator or moralist are somewhat in doubt, led the attack with unsubstantiated charges of "immorality" and atheism in our high schools. Mr. McKinnon, who left the teaching profession five years ago to wage the war against "immoral elements", added sex to the list of sins. (It seems he found little else in *Catcher in the Rye* to recommend it.)

On the evidence at hand it would seem the honorable gentlemen have generalized from two rather debatable examples: the case of Raymond Hertzog, and the appearance of *Catcher in the Rye* in high school classrooms.

What is unfortunate is that so far few informed persons have stood up and challenged Mr. Hooke and Mr. McKinnon. Surely the students and faculty of this campus are not going to sit still while two political opportunists rant and rave.

Thus far the Edmonton Journal has not challenged their statements. Silence usually implies agreement—

so we are left to conclude that the Journal does indeed feel Alberta's educational institutions are beset with "immorality".

Fortunately, not all Alberta's papers have been as silent. An editorial in the Calgary Albertan states:

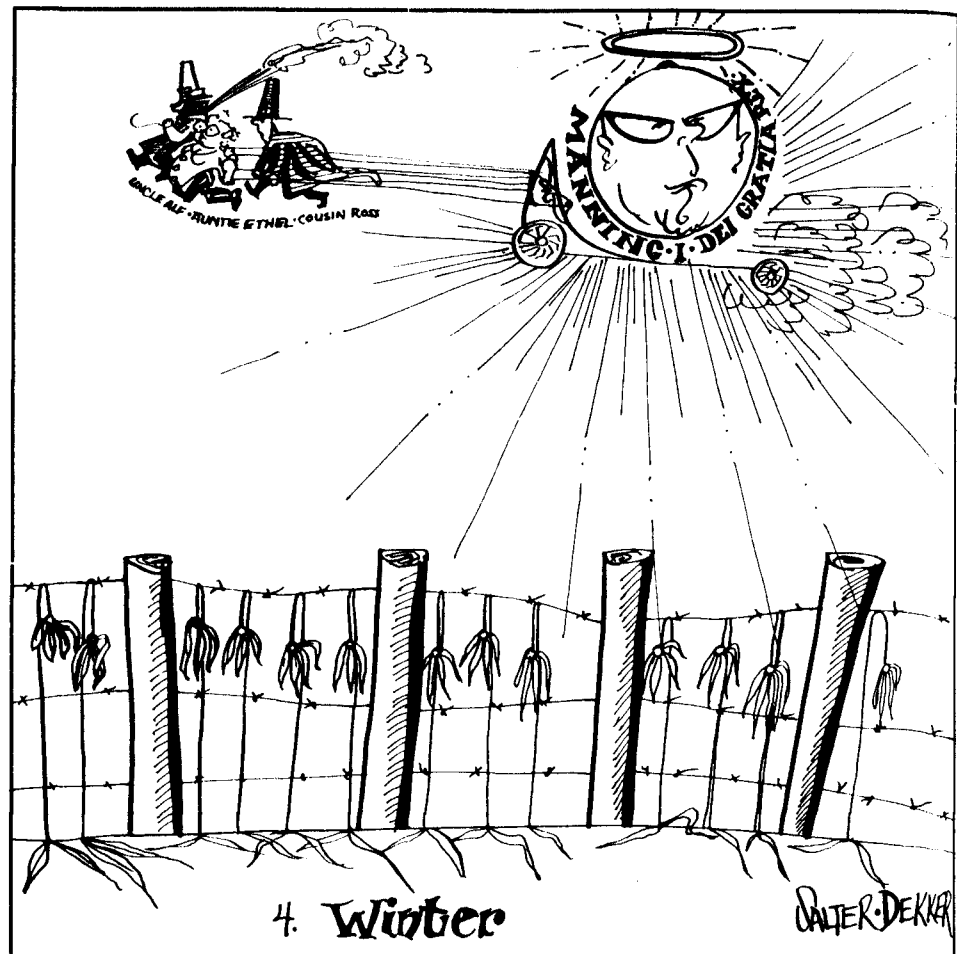
... the point which needs to be made, and made with all possible force, is that Mr. Hooke and Mr. McKinnon had better stop making generalized accusations and get down to chapter and verse. Let them define what they mean by "immorality in the schools" and let them tell where it is to be found.

If it is as widespread as they imply, let us have the evidence—evidence which seems to have eluded nearly everyone else. If it is not widespread, but confined to a few scattered instances, let it by all means be rooted out; but let Messrs. Hooke and McKinnon stop insinuating that our entire school system is riddled with rotteness.

Until they adopt this course, they are themselves open to an accusation: that they are engaged in an ignorant and irresponsible campaign to discredit our schools and the concept of education. And that—especially for a man in Mr. McKinnon's position—is a very serious charge indeed.

Recent letters to the Journal indicate the citizens of Edmonton are damning university students, professors, and Alberta's high schools, in complete ignorance of actual conditions. Isn't it about time a few facts were presented? And isn't it about time this university made some statement? As the Albertan editorial states:

Mr. McKinnon's remarks cannot be ignored by anyone in Alberta who has any responsibility with respect to education or interest in it.



"... MADE GLORIOUS SUMMER BY THIS SUN OF YORK."

Bruce Ferrier

~ One Way

A black miasma has descended upon the university campus.

For want of a better name, I call it the Christmas Disease. Those afflicted by it exhibit the following symptoms:

- desperation and panic, caused by the prospect of three term papers due on the same day;
- black depression, pressing down like Baudelaire's lid-like sky;
- a mental vagueness, where thoughts of cubic equations and Conradian themes drift into and out of the mind without control or purpose.

The afflicted person is almost totally unable to get any useful work done. Somehow the time he does put in on assignments gets diverted into playing the piano or sorting toothpicks or polishing shoes.

This means that the things he *should* do, like go to class, read textbooks, write up outlines, and so forth, do not get done. Things he *has* to do are handed in three days late.

Sometimes the person tries frantically to escape. He experiments with hedonism. All work and no play has proved to be fruitless; all play and no work will be just as fruitless, but it is a lot more fun. Out-of-town students exhibit a desperate desire to go home.

Alas, nothing works. In the middle of a party he will remember that he must hand in twenty-two physics problems the next day; while chalking up a cue, the memory of an unfinished essay shatters all composure.

At this point the sufferer begins to display what I call the Plumber Syndrome. There is a marked desire to quit university, renounce forever books and study, and become a plumber, mountain climber, or bum.

However, most people in this state are still too rational: they realize that this solution, no matter how satisfying, is wrong. One must not forsake the goal! Retreat is the refuge of the coward! The gift of knowledge is holy!

Professors are probably the first to notice the onset of this disease. At any time when more than half the class cut the lecture, or less than a quarter have the lesson prepared, something is probably wrong.

The disease has reached epidemic proportions now, and it is a wonder that the Student Health Service has not clapped quarantine notices on classrooms and labs. Effects of disorder become noticeable over the noonhour, when the bodies of students struck down by it can be seen strewn about Pybus lounge and other campus resting-places.

How the disease is communicated is uncertain. Coffee is the probable carrier, as large quantities are consumed by those exhibiting symptoms.

Cause and cure are unknown. The malady disappears after the Christmas holiday as mysteriously as it came, leaving no signs of its presence beyond a vague feeling that one is behind in everything.

It is to be hoped that medical science will some day find the cure for this menace.

The Papermakers

STAFF THIS ISSUE: It was four press nights before Xmas and all through the office not a typewriter was stirring. Like, where were you staff? A few stumbled in: Janet Orzech turned in one story; Al Bromling managed two, Helen Chomlak one and a half, Colleen Crozier (a new staffer) wrote her first two articles, Malcolm Fast's second story appears today, Pat Mooney did her usual good job on CUP, Sue Hill typed a few letters, Irene McRae did her duties well, Ginger Bradley was on the job. But where's Dutton? It really was an exciting day and night: like Bill Miller resigned for the second time, Doug Walker actually did some copy editing, Alex Hardy ghost wrote two sports stories, Adriana finally had an idea, Sellar wrote a story of twelve, Emilio and Jim wrote heads in between coffees, Bary Rust anchored the entire operation, and year, Virginia, Winship finally showed up.