

Tuck slop

Once again Tuck Shop has bitten the hands that feed the cash register. It has reased prices and told us higher prices are an "advantage."

For too many years Tuck has operated on an all-take and no-give basis. It takes our money. It fails to give reasonable selection, polite service or good food.

Because it is close, because it is a tradition, and because campus cafeterias are over-crowd-

ed, Tuck has gained a virtual monopoly over a large segment of the student business. Tuck is welcome to our business as long as it lives up to some of the obligations of a business.

We do not ask for service with a smile—service without a frown will do. We don't want filet mignon—merely hamburgers that can be eaten without a subsequent bromo seltzer. And we are willing to pay—but not through the nose.

Mature campus spirit

With the advent of the first football games, the first gay round of social activities, and the first appearance of the Golden Bear clowns in their faded rags, the omnipresent "campus spirit" ogre is being dragged through the coffee cups once more.

Students who have made the downing of endless cups of coffee their sole contribution to extra-currciular life at this university, bleat and gurgle about the lack of rah-rah on campus.

Where are the massed bands, hordes of cheerleaders, and thousands of automatons twitching giant letter-cards convulsively, on cue, in the stands? Where are the screaming lurching, drinking, marching, foot-stomping mobs, equipped with two riot squads per square block? Why doesn't anybody ring out a cheer?

Regimented crowd spirit of this nature was prevalent on North American campuses two or more decades ago—and is still hanging on at many US colleges.

In those days there were no books titled How To Be Accepted by the College of Your Choice, or How to Pass College Board Entrance Examinations. According to many modern

educators, academic pressures were more relaxed. A college education consisted of the companionship of youth, leadership training, and a well-rounded liberal arts background. Combine this lack of pressure with the nostalgic capacity of the human mind for blurring the events of the past into one glorious frolic, and the campus spirit of the good old days stands explained.

Today, however, the academic pace is more urgent. University costs more, and the good students are competing determinedly for the necessary scholarships. Today's students are a more serious lot than their predecessors. As a result, their campus spirit is more subtle and more mature. Nevertheless, it is there.

Campus spirit at the University of Alberta abounds. It is found in the numerous clubs, in night-long bull sessions in the residences, in philosophical discussions held in the Rutherford Library smoking room by the more intelligent coffee drinkers, in the students' union office, and in Model Parliament.

Our campus spirit is not the filmy, emaciated spectre the critics believe in. It is full-blooded. It is vibrant. It is vital.

Dung heap

The political science club at the University of Alberta, Calgary, must be lauded for its political seminar held over the Thanksgiving Weekend. Edmonton's political science club, failing abysmally to fulfil the greater potential a larger campus implies, should burrow downward into the nearest dung heap.

Older universities base their ideas and programs on tradition, and the attitude that "what was done last year was done the year before and probably was originated by God in the first place." Such hoary institutions can take an important lesson in the value of fresh thinking and initiative displayed at Calgary.

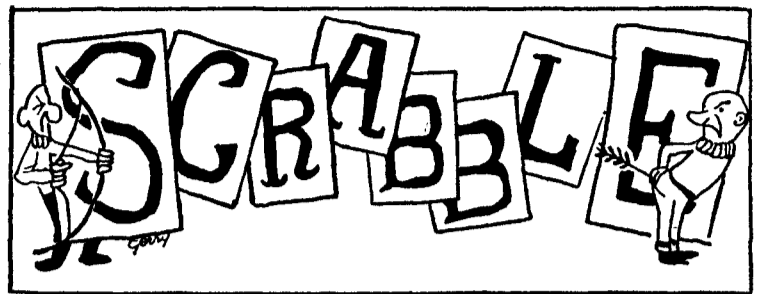
Model Parliament represents to the Edmonton political science club the ultimate in a campus-wide program. The Parliament has been the club's only function for a number of years excluding a few cleverly packed meetings.

Political speakers on campus, though frequent, suffer due to a lack of conflict and comparison with their competitors. Defence of their policies only occurs when enlightened members of opposing parties heckle, and the merit of such clever sniping is often dubious.

With a battery of party leaders displayed before his piercing intellect, the uniformed student is better able to evaluate the merits of the respective policies and ideologies.

At present only one campus political party attempts to hold a seminar that will appeal to students of all political affiliation. The seminar is a large step forward, for at least it exposes a group of speakers from one party to the scrutiny of diverse thought.

In fact, not a stir has been heard from the Edmonton political science club this term. Has it scooped up the allocation it annually receives from every single student—and filtered away into the night?



By Chris Evans

Ambition Dept: Certain people who shall remain nameless are riding roughshod over their contemporaries in a frantic bid to accumulate executive positions at good, old, backstabbing U of A. In case you wonder howcum, let me simply state that the Students' Union presidential campaigns are off and running. Now is the time for all good men to sit on the sidelines and laugh. Particularly conspicuous to date are the regurgitations of some demagogue in Law, ably assisted by his disciples who have cast their bets upon the snorters to the famous tune of: "It takes a busy man to do a busy job." Why does a long list of little jobs impress the frosh?

Symbolic of man's quest to make himself an ever simpler simpleton than he is now is the current trend of journalists, ad men, political hacks and other minor dignitaries to indulge in international gobbledegook, very similar to Orwell's 'Newspeak.' Let me illustrate, illustrationwise: "Worldscenewise, JFK is meeting K re UN policywise, in Washington, D-Cwise, as it were, so to speak, languagewise. Sourceswise, informed sources have indicated indicationwise, that this meeting, meetingwise and worldscenewise, may not be too

wise, wisewise." Double think, anyone? Not bloody likely, bloodywise. Echhhhh.

I think it might be a very good idea if some enterprising law student were to scour the University Act in an attempt to determine precisely what is the authority of the Campus Cops, if any. Envisage, fellow rebels, the flaming revolution that would burst upon the campus IF some worthy and learned legal lad could prove that those beloved minions in blue have in fact, no authority. At any rate, one could sure cause some ulcers on the Administration end. A penny, Fuzz, for the clarification of your innermost psychic dialogue . . . with all due respect, of course.

There is something extremely unhealthy about that Indiv. Chicken Pie (THAT is the correct spelling, by the way . . . Indiv.) that takes the form of a nightly burnt offering in the University Caf. I don't mind bending a fork on their grade C steak . . . after all, it's their lousy fork. But I can still taste that foul Indiv. Fowl Pie in my epiglottis, and it has been three days since a I consumed a portion of same. I've seriously considered having my taste buds removed. It may be a favorite of the chief cook, but to my mind it is the worst fifty-five cent unsavory insult a hungry student can receive.

Late Flash: A pox on Burns and Parson. Perchance a gooey pie in the eye may improve your features, although the taste be bitter.



Letters should be addressed to The Editor, The Gateway, University of Alberta. The Gateway will publish letters

under a pseudonym but in all cases writers must sign their letters. In all cases a phone number or address must be included.

To the Editor:

The Cuban affair was not a mistake, it was a warning and a lesson. Fate, cosmic law, God or George Washington's providence made it happen.

We are not afraid of bombs or even aggression. What we are afraid of is an idea! If the public ever learns from the Communists that they do not need to submit to extortion such as paying for and paying interest on their own money what will the poor banker do? Does not the banker's baby, even as the bartender's baby, need shoes?

Yours truly,
Gyt the Blood
San Francisco

To the Editor:

Deeply resenting being called a "froth-minded, large-footed engineer", I have engaged a prominent Gateway lawyer and comenced legal proceedings.

Sweetly,
Cinderella

To the Editor:

To the campus Liberal Leader (whoever that may be this week).

The Progressive Conservative challenges the Liberal Club to a debate of the topic "Resolved: that there is no acceptable alternative to conservative government."

Jerry Offet, law 2
President of PC Club

To the Editor:

I noticed that the latest Gateway stated that Students' Council was contemplating the idea of sponsoring Stan Kenton this year. I believe Students' Council will make another blunder if it allows the Students' Union to sponsor Kenton, because Students' Council cannot be sure that the student body as a whole is in favor of such sponsorship. This belief is logical, I believe, in light of the lack of student support for Kenton last year. Therefore, since the Students' Union could still lose money, our money, I think a plebiscite on the sponsorship of Kenton by the Students' Union should be called by Students' Council.

Yours truly,
A. P. Auinger

Ed. Note—Read the story again.

To the Editor:

We find it difficult to understand the unique attitude taken by the Phys Ed department in their recent decision.

Why, when all other equipment may be signed out and used in the gymnasium, are over 100 badminton racquets kept under lock and key? The logic behind this decision escapes us, for we cannot imagine any instance where it might be more dangerous or daring to lend a racquet than a basketball.

A. and K.

Continued on P. 5

THE GATEWAY

Member of the Canadian University Press

Editor-in-Chief - - - - Davy Jenkins
News Editor - - - - Branny Schepanovich
Sports Editor - - - - Owen Ricker
Sunday Editor - - - - Al Smith
Tuesday Editor - - - - Adolf Buse
Copy Editors - - - - Pete Brewster, Betty Cragg, Ed Wigmore
EDITORIAL—Iain Macdonald, Bill Somers, Sheldon Chumir, Richard Mansfield, Cliff O'Brien, Bev Woznow, Richard Kupsch, Robin Higham, Christopher Evans. **CARTOONIST**—David Winfield.
NEWS—Bob Hall, Don Robertson, Eugene Brodie, Lyn Irwin, Jon Peturson, Sheila Clark, Frank Hawes, Gordon Walker, Judi Kales, Diane Baril, Jennifer Ehly, Harriet Stone, Wendy Brinsmead, Bernie Cartmell, Zachary T. Peabogartus Winterbottom, Ralph Bat, Catherine Ford, Jon Whyte.
FEATURES—Violet Vlcek, Kathy Showalter, Dave Parsons, Dave Winfield, Carol Anderson, Lynn Greason, Ed Thiesson, Jennifer Bolche, Angela Sawchuk, Penny Meisner, Don Thomas, Shirley Greene, Wolfe Kirchmeier.
SPORTS—Barry Rust, Bill Winship, Doug Walker, John Neilson, Wendy Dahlgren, Gerry Marshall.
PRODUCTION—John Taylor, Dave Bowes, John Whittaker, Editors. Dieter Buse, Pete Barford, Susan Johnston.
PROOFREADERS—Ellen Van Oene, Jenny Main, Alexis Dryburgh, Ray Huot, Z.T.P.W. Esquire, Linda Clendennning, Susan Gathercole.
PHOTOGRAPHERS—Con Stenton, Editor. A) Nishimura, Carl Nishimura, Fred Mannix, Eric Abell, Harvey Elbe, Tom Stubbard, Allan McClelland, George Hallett.
Advertising Manager - - John Whittaker
Associate Editor - - - - Jim Richardson
Features Editor - - - Bentley Le Baron
Editorial Assistant - - - Bill Sams

FINAL COPY DEADLINES
For Tuesday Edition:
News, Notices 6 p.m. Sunday
For Friday Edition:
News, Notices 7 p.m. Tuesday
Advertising 4:30 p.m. Monday
These deadlines will be strictly enforced.

Opinions expressed by columnists in this paper are not necessarily those of The Gateway or members of its staff. The editor-in-chief is responsible for all material published herein.

Office Telephone - 433-1155