

Gleaning From A Diary

All For A Formal
I went to the Undergrad!
What a chore, what a treat!

Weeks Before
Conversation No. 1—
“Are you going to the Undergrad?”
“Yes, I believe so.”
“Good, let's exchange a dance.”
“A-ah, O.K. Who you taking?”
“Daisy Flowers.”
“Oh! I don't know her, but that doesn't matter. I don't know my other partners either. I hope they can dance.”
“Hey there, George, are you going? Got the ninth dance open?”
“No, I haven't, but I've got the second extra.”
“O.K.”
Conversation No. 2—
“Are you going to the Undergrad, Hank?”
“No.”
“Well, may I borrow your —?”
“Sure thing.”
“Thanks. What size collar do you wear?”
“14½.”
“Too bad.”
“Say Jack, can I borrow your — for the Undergrad?”
“Guess so.”
“That's great, Jack. Now all

I need is a tie, 'spenders, studs, and pants with longer legs.”

Finally when the day arrived and with many strained friendly relations, but in borrowed splendor, I joined the throng of starch-fronted, stiff-collared, black-and-white uniformed males. Well and good, of course. Now, I appeared presentable.

But all, how damned foolish. The ladies in their formality allow for variety, freedom and comfort; in fact some of them dispense with the upper part of their gown entirely. But we men, we dispense with nothing.

And finally when it was all over and I was once again in comfortable pajamas, I remarked, “What a swell dance.”
—ELLKEY.
Feb. 6/34

What We Think

To the number of troubles under which a long-suffering student body labors is to be added yet another with the publication of this, the first issue of “The Gateway.” As the name suggests, there is something unique about our position in this institution, the university farthest north in America and farthest West in Canada, standing at the portal of a great undeveloped and practically unknown region, rich in potentialities of future greatness. The University of Alberta may justly be considered as the entrance to a great opportunity. Here too is afforded the sons and daughters of Alberta, many of whom would otherwise be

unable to realize it, of securing a training which shall qualify them for worthy citizenship in this splendid new country.

The launching of this enterprise marks a step in advance. Two years ago we began with an enrolment of about forty and to-day well over one hundred are in attendance. Then the production of such a journal as the one now being published was regarded as a remote contingency but the time has come when a medium of some sort which will act as a register of student public opinion has become a necessity. The aim of the management shall be to promote the most cordial relation between faculty and students and in every legitimate way to advance the interests of the University. We believe that this journal will fill a real need and that it will more and more make its influence felt as a factor in student life. That it will at once be all that could be wished is hardly to be expected, but an honest effort will be made toward constant improvement.

During the term in addition to the usual items of purely local interest several contributions on topics of wider significance will be published. The editor wishes it distinctly understood that the “Gateway” assumes no responsibility for personal opinions expressed in contributions of this sort, as of necessity in the treatment of any question the writer must be allowed enough scope to impress upon it the stamp of his own individuality.

To those who have co-operated with us in making this venture a possible reality we take this opportunity at the outset of expressing our appreciation. We heartily commend them to our readers who may be intending purchasers as worthy of their confidence and patronage. We bespeak the continued support of those interested and particularly of the students in the attempt to produce a publication worthy of the institution, the gateway of the Last West and of opportunity.

Nov. 1910

gentleman who proceeded to do everything with my injured finger but test it with litmus. He wanted to do that, too, but his assistant finally convinced him that it was impractical. I was given metabolism tests, blood tests, reflex tests, ear tests, eye tests and a mathematics test which a student nurse had left in the Path. lab.

Finally he said, “I don't believe it's broken, but, just to make sure, you'd better have it X-rayed. So they X-rayed it, and sure enough, it wasn't broken.

The moral of this story is: Four faculty members can't be wrong even if they think they can.

Nov. 1946

'Twas Brillig

by Mimsey

As I waited my turn, I studied the broad brawny back of the engineer who stood in front of me. (In case you don't know what an engineer is; he's the type of fellow who buys an Esquire Calendar so he can read those little poems in the corners.)

After six weeks of hard work and study, the climax to it all had finally come. Yes, my tumbling course had finally become interesting to me as I headed toward the mat do do a combination head, hip and toe stand ending in double flip and a backward-forward roll.

As I was pushing myself into position I suddenly experienced a sinking sensation. I landed on the mat, rebounded from it as though it were hot, ricocheted off the ceiling two or three times, and fell in a heap at the feet of the instructor. The middle finger on my right hand felt as though someone had tried to drive it into my hand with an eight-pound sledge. The instructor looked at me and gently inquired: “What happened?”

“I just learned that Assault won the Pimlico,” I replied, acidly, resisting a strong urge to poke an uninjured finger in his eye.

After about 10 minutes it finally dawned on the instructor that my window-rattling screams might indicate that I was suffering a little. He examined the finger, wriggled it a bit and said, “I don't believe it's broken, but just to make sure, you'd better go over to the infirmary.” Obediently I set out for the infirmary and there a nurse took me under her wing. She inspected the finger in a gentle and painless manner and then said sweetly, “I don't believe it's broken, but just to make sure, you'd better see the doctor.”

After a short wait I was ushered into the doctor's office. He asked me to sit down and then he grabbed the injured finger. He twisted it several degrees in each direction, watched as I rose several inches in the air and then innocently asked, “Does that hurt?” For the second time that day I stoically resisted ungentlemanly urges. Finally the doctor said gravely, “I don't believe it's broken, but, just to make sure, you'd better go over to the hospital.”

At the hospital, I was turned over to a professional looking

The Gateway

THE GATEWAY is the newspaper of the students of the University of Alberta. It is published by the Students Union twice weekly during the winter session on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Contents are the responsibility of the editor, opinions are those of the person expressing them. Letters to the editor on any subject are welcome, but must be signed. Please keep them short, letters should not exceed 200 words. Deadlines for submitting copy are 2 P.M. Mondays and Wednesdays. Main offices are located in Room 282, SUB. Phone 432-5168, 432-5750 or 432-5178. Circulation 18,500 Subscription \$5 annually

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Are We Or Aren't We?

As we are told with exasperating frequency, our university education does not educate us. It is a remark that invariably induces violent arguments both pro and con. One of the most striking comments we have ever heard on he question was the thoroughly honest, if biased, answer one of last year's graduates gave in response to congratulations from a friend. “You must be terribly happy about getting your B.A.” “No,” the B.A. replied, “just terribly amused.”

Our elders attribute the fault to the fact we are jazz-hearted sons and daughters of a post-war generation—that we have no depth in our natures—no balance in our minds—or no minds at all. Anywat, they disapprove with mild complacency. They say that we're satisfied if we can count to ten, recite a verse of Shelley's, tell the True Facts about any War, know why water is water and not gin. But they are wrong. We know our education is practically a joke, but, rightly or wrongly, we blame it on our elders. So the problem is tossed back and forth and no one arrives anywhere.

Norman Douglas in “South Wind” gives an interesting discourse on Education that has its roots in sound common sense. A child should be taken from school at the age of fourteen and put into business for two years. This would teach him the basis of commerce, how to meet men and manage his own money. Then to go for another two years “where his own countrymen and equals by birth are settled under primitive conditions and have formed their rough codes of society. The intercourse with such people would be a capital invested for life.” Then the next two years would be spent in Europe, or in travel, to remove prejudices and broaden his horizon. Then he should go to University, equipped to enjoy, appreciate and profit from it—to acquire manners, rather than mannerisms, and a university tone instead of a university taint.”

Granting that this system is improbably for most of us, it still shows up the defects in our own system. Those years when we should have contact with the world come, in most cases, only after we graduate. Our chances at cosmopolitanism are few and far between, hence we take our life as it is, neither seeking its faults nor its virtues. We have nothing with which we can compare it. We are not interested to any extent in a language beyond thinking of it as another course. In fact, it is a common belief among students that they take Sonet, not French.

Thanks to cows our men students are able to acquire some culture abroad and impart a little on their return. But most of us must absorb what we can from books, from the Art Exhibits upstairs, from the Radio Commission and from two or three professors. The advantages that we are now offered are a vast increase on previous ones. We can listen to intelligent conversation if we cannot as yet converse. But to have rags and tags of the Arts does not make one educated.

We brazenly confess that we are quite as happy listening to World Series baseball as we are listening to the Metropolitan Opera in Faust. Possibly because we've always been conversant with baseball, but grand opera is not an integral part of our lives.

But the question remains, “Are We or Aren't We?” Oct. 12/34

