## The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—Happy New Year, and a pox on your family. Thanks also to our friendly SUB phantom, for his kind gift of a clock, it was very timely. It's not as neat a Christmas present as a dump truck, but it's the thought (whatever it may have been) that counts. Thanks, too, to Marjibell, Judy Samoil, Great White Father, Lynn Hugo, B. S. P. Bayer (who smells as sweet as a new-laid baby), Ken Hutchinson, Marg Bolton, Margaret McCurdy (our year's first visitor), Dennis Fitzgerald (in his baby-blue Christmas sweater), Glenn Cheriton (in his eye-catching orange socks) and your faithful civil serpent, Harvey G. Thomgirt, who put out the first issue of the new year.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1968

#### a decision needed

As the academic timepiece of the University of Alberta ticks ominously onward toward the close of another academic year, the Universities Commission as yet has not passed judgement on the capital expenditures budget for the next five years.

Although details of the U of A's expansion program are hopelessly confused pending the commission's verdict, it seems reasonable to assume that the rate at which the university moves into Garneau will depend upon this report.

It seems, however, that university officials have more indication of the direction of the commission's deliberations than the general public, for several landlords in the North Garneau district have in-

formed us that their houses will definitely be demolished about one year from now.

Since university officials and landlords are reasonable men, it goes withtout saying that by next fall some sort of official statement will be available, so that students will not unwittingly reside in a house that will be destroyed before the end of the academic year.

However, a large number of students will make arrangements for next year's residence this spring, within the next two months or so.

Surely then, the date of this statement should be advanced to avoid unnecessary misunderstandings and hard feelings.

Exams come and exams go, but students always need a place to live.

### at last

Students' council passed several major pieces of legislation at their last meeting. Unfortunately, they were long overdue.

Unquestionably, the Academic Grievance Committee is desirable. There were previous channels of voicing academic complaints, that is through the professor, the department, and the faculty, but students feared recriminations if they used these channels.

The committee eliminates the need for these fears. Without compromising the student, it will contact all parties concerned and determine if a complaint is justified. If it is, the committee will attempt to

#### what, indeed?

Students' council is to be congratulated for passing a law forbididing all students' union officials from entering into business contracts with the said students' union.

This is a move Edmonton City Council should have taken years

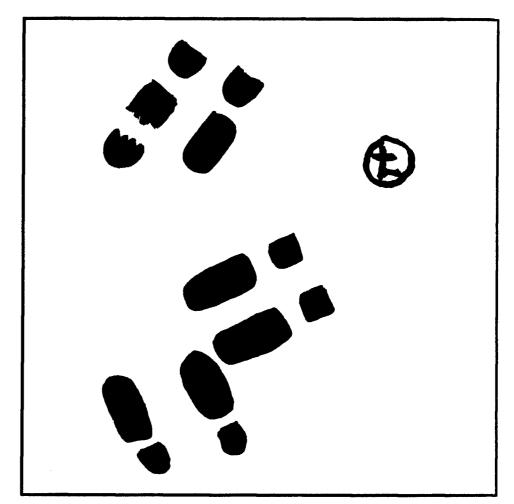
But what, we ask, will now happen to GWS Enterprises?

mediate. Should this fail, an official investigation will take place. It is expected an official investigating commission would have the authority to call before it any person who may have relevant information. It is presumed that the published report of this commission would cause parties to come to an agreement.

But there is no doubt this kind of a committee is long overdue. At one time or another, most students have come in contact with a professor or a teaching assistant who was entirely incompetent as a teacher or who found occasion to reflect his personal dislike for a student in the mark assigned to that student. Either way, academic rights are being infringed and the student would have been entitled to seek an investigation by the Academic Grievance Committee.

Unfortunately, the first channel of complaint until now was the professor, and few students have had the courage and lack of brains to tell the professor he was incompetent.

Now, after many long years, the Academic Grievance Committee has come about to help us eliminate these things.



fred, here tried to do a figure-eight the hard way . . . two fours!

lorraine minich

# the way it really was

1967 was a very mediocre year on campus. And here, to prove it, are the few highlights which really stand out in my mind.

On Jan. 25, Dr. Charles Brant, head of the authropology department discussed Contemporary Change in Greenland. Aren't you sorry you missed it?

Later that month, people first started talking about a poopers' union for ex-CUS members. It raised a stink for a while, but now, we hear only occasional B.S.-ing about it.

A group of dignitaries pulled a piece of plastic off the Bonet sculpture on new SUB. A lot of people wish the plastic had never been removed, but we all know that everything about the building is goodness, light, and inspiration.

The plumbers terrorized campus for the traditional week in February. Funny thing that drop-outs from playschool should make it all the way to this great institution.

Students, profs, and other idiots wept alike when the university services tunnel plowed through one of the finest stands of elm tress in Edmonton.

Trees were really the in thing for a while in the spring; on March 1, Dr. C. C. Gotlieb, head of the department of computing science, spoke on Data Structures or Computer Representation of Graphs, Trees and Lattices.

Second Century Week came and went. The Thunderbirds fought the Blues; the French-Canadians fought the English - Canadians. But Dave Estrin loved everybody—he had to with all that cash in his hands.

From his humble beginnings as a paper boy, Al Anderson became president of the students' union. We

were impressed by his qualifications; if he ever gets fired, we may let him deliver Gateways.

The new term started off right;

The new term started orr right; Dr. Vant told the girls all about IT. It's really getting discouraging, though, because the 25-year-old film keeps breaking at all the good places.

The administration announced a revision in the liquor laws on campus. Everyone in the offices in SUB was half crocked before we read the part about no booze in the students' union building, but it gets stale if you leave it sit around, and it's too expensive to dump.

it's too expensive to dump.
On Oct. 6, Centennial Cinema presented the much raved-about, highly - publicized National Film Boord's "Helicopter Canada". I didn't like it.
The NDY withdrew from Model

Parliament — the smartest thing they've ever done.

The premier, the president, and everybody else important attended the official opening of SUB and then proceeded to track mud all over the nice blue carpet.

On Oct. 31, Dr. Sally Snyder of the anthropology department spoke on Cultural Projectives as Ancillary Data in Ethnographies. Sounds like another winner.

Photo directorate ran a notice in the Nov. 8 Gateway asking for "models for figure studies". Dirty old men

Dr. C. W. J. Eliot, associate professor of classics at UBC spoke Nov. 17 on Sanctuaries in Asklepios—in English, yet. Sounds dirty.

English, yet. Sounds dirty.

Just like that, it was. No rape,
no arson, no mass demonstrations,
not even an assassination. Wouldn't
your mother be happy she sent you
to such a nice place?