

The Gateway

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—The sports editor walked through SUB tonight hollering "There's actually people up there." If he meant the office, we doubt it, as there was a monster otherwise, but not so well, known as Marjibell, Sue George, twice, Miriam (will they give us the pill?) McClellan, Bob Schmidt, Jim Muller, Anne Marie (now can I please go home?) Little, Judy Samoil, Shirley Kirby and Dennis Fitzgerald who looked for parking space together, Glenn (the big "G" stands for goodness) Cheriton, boom-boom, and Uncle Donald Basement looking strangely familiar, along with ever-present, ever-faithful ever-loving Harvey G. Thomgirt.

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1967

dennis fitzgerald

a thorn among roses

Three hundred women—Drool!
Qualification: married women. Aw shucks.

This was my first reaction being assigned to cover the married students wives' club meeting. As the meeting progressed, so did the fear.

When I entered the room, my heart began to beat faster. The only man among all these women—a truly uplifting experience.

If only my press card had been big enough to hide behind—it wasn't. All those women staring and trying to figure out who the hell I was.

When the head of the music and drama club got up to speak, I clutched my pen and prepared to take down her words with great astuteness. I was rewarded with the statement "I'm going to have a baby."

I was really impressed by the girls' rendition of Home on the Range, accompanied by a cute skit. I felt like volunteering for the part of Mr. Settler when it was announced that he was to be shot "right where it hurts", but some inner instinct held me back.

I was glad I didn't when Mrs. Settler tried to pull the arrow out of Mr. Settler's back while he (she) was clutching his (her) seat.

The main speaker for the night, Mrs. Helen Raynard, of the Consumers Association of Canada had some very interesting things to say.

Unfortunately, I was sitting at the back of the room, and I realized I wouldn't be able to hear her. So I got up and tried to make my way up closer, unobserved. I failed.

Mrs. Raynard was just beginning her speech, saying, "Ladies" when she noticed me.

"Oh, no. There's also a man in the room," she said. Somehow, I felt just a little embarrassed.

Mrs. Raynard then proceeded to give the girls some hints about shopping in the supermarket. One of her words of warning was, "Girls, don't take your husbands shopping with you. Statistics show that men pick up all the extras."

Once again, I had the feeling that I was being watched.

Following the speech, there was a lively discussion period. Some of the

questions were quite interesting, but what really interested me was a most fantastic switch in the acoustical nature of the meeting.

One second, there was complete quiet. The next second there was this most astounding noise coming from everywhere in the room. Three hundred women talking all at once produces the craziest sound you could ever hear.

Then madam chairman called the meeting to order again, and just as fast as the noise had started, it stopped. Truly amazing.

After the questions, madam chairman announced there would be a contest, and the winner would get a cookbook. Very interesting.

The women had all been issued name tags as they came into the room. The object of the game was to match the names. I watched in awe as the women communicated.

It seemed like 20 women had found their name tag partners before they were even supposed to look at the name tags.

So, new name tags were issued to the girls who had found their partners too early.

When the five-minute time limit was called, the confusion died down once again. But, my problems were just beginning.

Madam chairman called for the winner and said, "Will the winner please give your name tag to the man in the back of the room?"

I cringed. A horde of women rushed at me. In small doses, this would have been great, but there is a limit.

I had no place to run. I realized Chicken Man only helps the oppressed on weekends. What could I do? I tried to crawl away, but too many feet blocked my strategic retreat. So I gave in gracefully, and watched as all those hands shot across the table and pushed name tags at me.

Shaking, I took the winning pair of name tags and once again proceeded to walk past all those staring women. What did I do to deserve this? (No nasty letters, please).

I handed madam chairman the name tags and fled.

(Yogi Bear won the contest.)

university expansion . . .

This week the 32-year-old Manning administration has a golden opportunity to prove how sincere it is about promoting human resources development.

For months now, Albertans have been told this government considers human resources to be more important than physical ones, education to come before highways, individuals to stand before groups, ideas to supercede things, knowledge to eclipse beliefs.

The test of philosophies espoused in documents like Premier E. C. Manning's White Paper on Human Resources Development tabled in the Legislature last spring will come sometime this week.

Today the seven-member Universities Commission sits down to apportion \$175,000,000 in capital development funds for the next five years among three universities whose combined demands exceed \$350,000,000.

Now you don't have to be a mathematician to know the commission will be unable to send representatives of all three universities away with smiles on their faces and enough money in their pockets to keep these institutions expand-

ing as rapidly as they must in the next five years.

There is absolutely no way in which a \$175,000,000 pie can be cut in such a way that demands of \$350,000,000 plus can be met.

All of which raises some interesting questions.

For example, why are university authorities so reluctant or unwilling to make public their case for funds they are seeking from the Universities Commission?

Surely a public institution should be eager to show the public how badly this money is needed. Surely the public has a right to know why the three universities believe they need this much money in order to provide an ever-increasing amount of knowledge to an ever-burgeoning number of students.

The government maintains it has no control over the way in which universities are run. Then why is it that the Universities Commission—an "independent" body established by the Alberta government—has only \$175,000,000 to spend on capital development over the next five years?

Who determined this figure to be the correct one?

. . . a human resource

Is this merely a case of a provincial treasurer so eager to please his books that he has ignored the needs of Albertans in an increasingly-technological age? Or are we merely watching another manifestation of this government ignoring the priority education must have by stifling educational opportunity?

The president of our university, Dr. Walter H. Johns, has indicated enrolments may have to be curtailed in some faculties unless U of A has an opportunity to expand its physical plant to the point where it can accommodate spiralling student needs.

Like most university administrators, however, Dr. Johns has failed to express candidly his frustration with the government's attitude. He has failed to state his university's case before the public in such a way that all can comprehend its validity.

That the costs of education are spiralling at rates heretofore believed impossible is evident. We see this every day in enrolment statistics, in building costs and in operating expenditures.

The universities' case for increased capital grants is inherently good. This is no time for the government to apply the brakes to university expansion in Alberta—particularly when we have an opportunity to show the rest of Canada the worth of a free-enterprise economy geared to humanitarian needs.

But most of all, this is no time for members of our academic community to sit back and allow the government to utter pie-in-the-sky statements about human resources development at the same time as it is suffocating the province's post-secondary educational system.

Now is the time for an outcry, for an expression of views which our president apparently does not wish to make about building requirements.

If we fail to enunciate our requirements today, we will have little justification in the future for complaining about overcrowded and ill-equipped buildings. Or about the gifted students forever barred from entering academe, or serving the society which makes universities possible.



I didn't realize that
the dance club was
this much FUN!!

