

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—The following loyal souls turned up on the last press night to bathe sun kings present and future: Elaine Verbicky (apologies given), Bernie "boom-boom" Goedhart, Senator Bob Jacobsen, Ron P. Yakimchuk, Wayne Wilfred Patrick Burns, Lilianne Coutu, Merry Marion Conybeare, Jim Gurnett, George Barr, Perry Afaganis, Peter Johnston, Al "super-spas" Yackulic (final tamer of the managing editor), Grant Sharp, Al Fries, Ken Hutchinson, Canada's unemployed, and yours truly, Harvey Thomgirt. The Gateway is published semi-weekly by the students' union of the University of Alberta. The Editor-in-Chief is responsible for all material published herein. Final copy deadline: for Wednesday edition—7 p.m. Sunday, advertising—noon Thursday prior, short shorts—5 p.m. Friday; for Friday edition—7 p.m. Tuesday, advertising—noon Monday prior; short shorts—5 p.m. Tuesday. Casserole advertising—noon Thursday previous week. Advertising Manager: Peter Amerongen. Office Phone—432-4321; Telex 037-2412. Circulation—9,300. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Postage paid at Edmonton. Printed by The University of Alberta Press.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1967

all over but the shouting

The delegates have gone home, the debating has ceased, and Second Century Week is all over except for the shouting.

And now people are asking that time-honored question — was it a success?

We will not know for some time whether SCW was a financial success, but such an event should not be judged in terms of mere dollars and cents.

The athletic end of SCW can be described as a resounding success from all points of view except gate receipts. The athletes benefited immensely, and the Olympiad certainly showed up the differences among the various conferences, but attendance was a disappointing "moderate."

This was partly due to neither Edmonton nor Calgary fielding teams in the hockey or basketball competitions. The high cost of tickets is also blamed for keeping large crowds away.

Unlike the Calgarians, the Edmonton organizers did little to convey the special spirit of SCW to the athletes. In fact, they did not even bother to paint a SCW symbol in the

ice arena—an omission our sports editor rectified. But on the whole, those directly connected with Olympiad '67 are justifiably pleased with the whole event.

The success of the other activities is hard to evaluate. The coffee-house, the art and photography exhibits, and the film festival were there, and were obviously enjoyed by many.

The purpose of the seminars was to provoke discussion and thought—and this they did. Many delegates complained the most valuable discussion took place after the sessions in the hotel.

But this is the case at every conference. The most valuable discussions occur in the sort of informal atmosphere in which inter-personal barriers can be broken down to a greater extent than in the large, formalized seminars.

The French problem tended to throw a shadow over the week, but in that it provoked debate, it must not be considered a failing in the project.

SCW was, in our opinion, an unqualified success. The organizers and many workers are to be congratulated.

open your eyes

In the rotunda of the students' union building is a darkened corner.

It is the Canadian National Institute for the Blind's confection booth. The person sitting behind the corner cannot read this.

Let us surprise this person. On Friday, instead of buying our cigarettes, chewing gum, chocolate bars and what not from the cold in-

human vending machines, why not patronize this corner of the SUB rotunda?

In fact, let's buy out that booth on Friday. It won't cost you any more than if you bought your goods from a machine, and you will help the person in the booth far more than you can ever help a slot machine.

Who knows, buying at the CNIB booth may even become a habit.

the salvage operation

It will probably shock most of you to learn there are only four weeks of classes left.

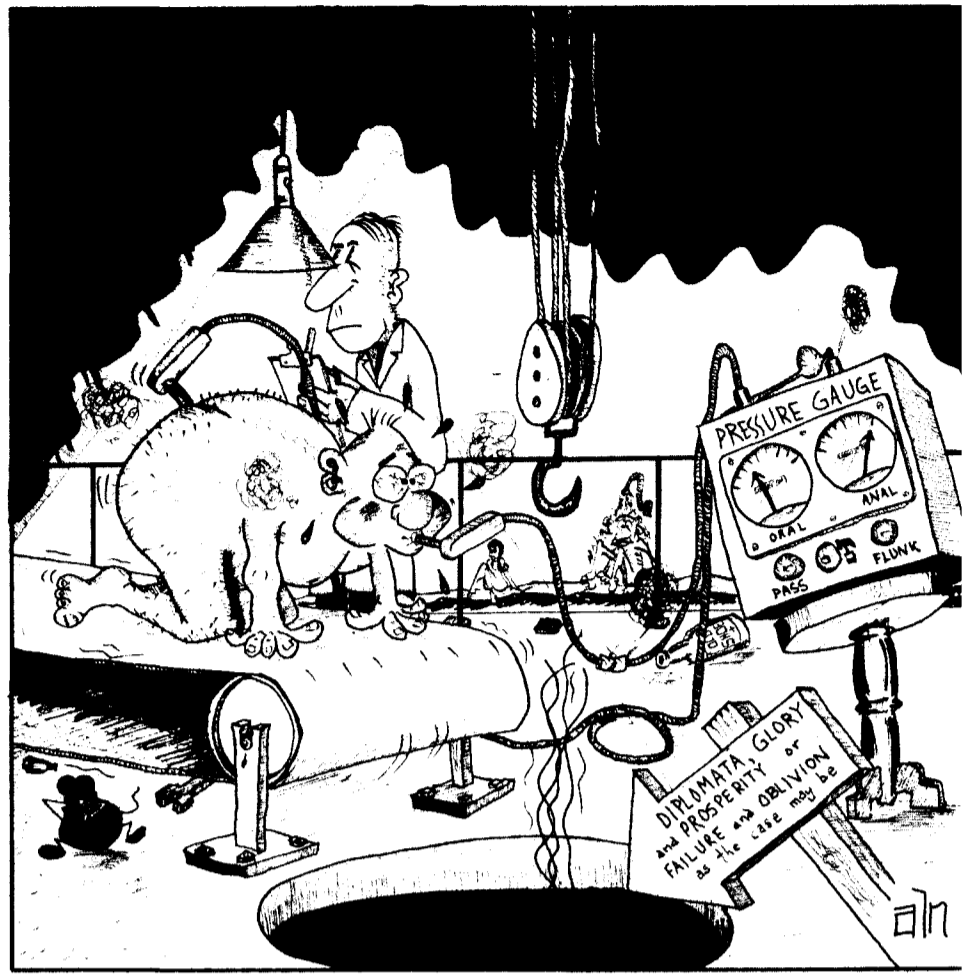
Four short weeks in which to finish those term papers, to review those courses, to prepare yourselves for the final exams. Four weeks to cram.

The situation is strange and ironic. Outwardly it presents what one would call an ideal picture of the university; full classrooms and libraries, students with a serious and studious air.

It is strange that it should take

the approach of finals to force a great many students out of their carefree attitudes and into a realization of their purpose at a university—the search for knowledge. It is ironic that many students who have done little or no work until now will, with four weeks of concerted effort, salvage their year.

These students, of course, get little of the real benefits of a university degree. Yet, it is better to salvage a year than to receive no credit at all. If you are one of these students, the time to start the salvage operation is now.



end of the assembly line

bill miller

the last column

Every year at this time, the retiring editor sits down in front of his faithful typewriter on the final press night to crank out his final and hardest column.

Well, here I am, at my faithful typewriter scratching my right temple and cranking out a column.

Most of you can stop reading right here. This column is nostalgia and thank you to a bunch of great people I have worked with for the past three years.

I came into The Gateway office during frosh week, after a sleepless, all-night bus ride from a football game in Calgary, not knowing a single person on campus, only knowing I had professional experience on a daily newspaper, and if I was lucky, maybe I might be able to get on the staff.

The first person I met was then-news editor Don Sellar, who said, "Hi there! Know anything about makeup?"

"Well, yes," said I. Fifteen minutes later I was appointed makeup editor.

Don later became editor-in-chief, and I was his managing editor and roommate in Lister Hall. It's too hard to describe our friendship that began early one morning in 1964, but I learned a lot from him. He is currently national president of Canadian University Press in Ottawa, and is still a good guy to hit for advice.

All I can say, Don, is thanks for the advice, the friendship, the criticism and everything else you did that helped me in putting out this year's paper.

There are a lot of other people who helped me this year—namely, the staff. When a bad paper comes out, the staff usually gets the blame, but when a good paper comes out, the editor always gets credit. What everyone forgets is that the staff does

more work than the editor to get a paper out. The staff this year put out Canada's second-best campus newspaper, and this loyal, devoted and conscientious group of great people gets my ever-grateful appreciation for the job they've done.

There are all the men and women in the U of A print shop who have worked their hardest for us to put out a quality newspaper. I hope that future editors will have the same great co-operation with them that I have had when something special comes up, when something goes wrong, or when everything is going great.

I'd like to thank Dr. Johns, with whom we have worked out an arrangement for printing his reports and our newspaper, a man who knows co-operation gets more things done than arbitrary rule.

Ross Grant, director of printing services, has done a lot of hard work trying to get The Gateway printed on a rotary press, bringing fresh news to the campus quicker than ever before. Unfortunately, all this work went down the drain.

I'm running out of space, and there are lots of people left: the students' union executive, Brian Clark, who suffers through all our financial problems, Marv Swenson, the secretaries downstairs, former editor Bill Winship, people who tell me what's going on in my course, Dave Comba, Rick Dewar, Ed Zemrau, who lent us 30 football helmets for a snowball fight that never came off, roommate Dave Mappin, and most of all, Jim Rennie, another roommate, who knows why I saved him for last. Thanks for all the different things you've done for me this year, Surfer.

It's time to get to work, trying to salvage a course in order to get an academic accomplishment, minimal though it may be, out of this year.

Thirty.