

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—As usual, no one was here to put out the paper. Apart from a few regular stalwarts like Boom-Boom, Dennis Fitzgerald, Trudy Richards, Larry Mitchell, Marilyn Astle and Suzanne Brown, the newsroom was bare. So today's space will be filled with people who were not there. Melvin Goombah, Fred Furd, Charles DeGaulle, Little Annie Fannie and Captain Marvel weren't there. Neither were Bobby Hull, Marv Throneberry, Attila the Hun, Walter Cronkite, Walter Mitty, Miss Anne or my mother. Naturally, however, old Harvey G. Thomgirt was there. He never misses.

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1967

a step backward

The university community as a whole took a step backward last week when the administration of the University of Western Ontario expelled a student who had been convicted in court on a charge of possession of marijuana.

Some of us, in our high school days, lived in apprehension of the iron hand of a school principal who, if he found us smoking or telling dirty jokes in the washrooms, reported us to our parents. The incident at UWO suggests that university administrators are trying to act as substitute parents who will punish us if we do something socially unacceptable.

Surely, the administrators of large educational institutions have better things to do.

We submit that Mr. Kirk, the student expelled, was fully aware of what he was doing in possessing drugs and that his decision to do so was a purely personal one which, if it did affect his studies, was his own business.

We wonder how many UWO students are picked up every weekend

on charges of impaired driving or illegal possession of liquor. Does the administration expel them too, or was Mr. Kirk expelled only because in our present day society, the possession of drugs has more social stigma attached than does the possession of liquor?

If it was a case of social stigma, then the university administrators were playing God in deciding what vice is worse than others.

The phrase in the UWO information booklet which reads "All students are expected to conduct themselves in a manner becoming to scholars and ladies and gentlemen" sounds like something out of a medieval feudal contract.

Mr. Kirk's probation term was a ruling of the courts because his actions were judged an offence against the law. No university has any right to intrude in the enforcement of the law; or, as our provost said, no man should be tried twice for the same thing.

The student is a free citizen, not a ward of the university, and as such, should receive the same treatment as any other citizen.

babysitting service?

Teeny-boppers these days have a good thing going for them.

If the crowds of people flocking into SUB Saturday night around 9:30 were any indication of a trend, the U of A students' union is designing events especially for teenyboppers.

And, it's a good deal for parents, too: the building is safe and warm, it's well supervised, and, at least during the week, there are precautions taken to make sure the kiddies are on their way home by 11 o'clock.

All told, it's been a bad couple

of weeks for the people who plan the programs for this building.

No matter how much publicity is given, there is just no way you can make a British solo dramatist sound exciting. But, a bubble-gummer dance geared to the tastes of the average 15-year-old Edmontonian is stepping a little far in the other direction.

Which all suggests that there are a few people in the students' union offices who desperately need a lot of suggestions for programs which will bring the average U of A student to his building.



but . . . if i part it from ear to ear, people are gonna whisper in your nose!

elaine verbicky

of plasticine and red licorice

My sociology prof keeps telling me a person's character and attitudes are fixed before he starts school.

It scares me. Almost everything I can remember as being important, wonderful or traumatic, must have had about as much effect as a feather trying to shape a lump of plasticine.

And a lump of plasticine gets harder as it gets older.

If nobody changes much after they are swallowed by the little girls' or little boys' door, everything that has happened to us all through school and university, when we thought we were "growing up", was just "growing in".

"Yeah, all I want is a nice pad, soft job, good car. \$20,000 a year would be O.K. It's the only way to beat the world. And if I didn't think this was the best way to get it, I wouldn't be at university, man. I'd be out working, bringing the money home."

(. . . and when I grow up, I'm going to be a garbage collector. Drive the big truck. Throw everybody's cans around like nothin'. Make great big piles of garbage, then burn it all in the incinerator. Make smoke all over the city. Smoke coming out the red chimney, lots of it. . .)

"What is alienating us all? Society and the university structure is alienating us from each other. It's almost impossible to have real interpersonal relationships here, but you have to get involved. You have to. And the U.S. should get out of Vietnam because imperialism is wrong. The big men in Ottawa who make laws once in a while and drink in the Rideau Club most of the time are evil. Grass is the way to heaven."

(. . . who made me? God made me. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you because the meek shall inherit the earth and I can spell "believe"—i before e except after c. Policemen are our friends and if I do what Mom says and keep my room clean I'll go to heaven.

. . .)

"The narcs are on to me, group. I pick up the phone and hear a click somewhere. The guys I got the acid from on my last Vancouver trip got picked up last week, and a girl I sold to yesterday just had time to drop everything down the sink before she had to let the narcs in the door. But I'm not worried. Nobody is going to bring me up, because nobody is going to catch me. I'll always be O.K., group."

(. . . gee, you should've been there. We were all puffing away on Bob's Dad's cigarettes, when we hear Miz Cramsey coming down the hall. Boy, did we get scared. But I told everybody to put their puffs under the insteps of their shoes—that way you can pick 'em up again after the teach is gone. She came up and sniffed, like she smelled smoke. But she couldn't see anything or prove nothin. Just growled at us to go home. Man, did we ever fool her. I laughed and laughed. Gee, you should've been there to see it. . .)

"He's the most beautiful man. Just great. He's in my psych class, and very intelligent. You can tell by the way he looks. Never says much, but you can tell he's thinking. And he's so kind. I dropped my books leaving class today, right in the doorway so nobody could get out. It was awful! But he was coming right behind me, and stopped and picked them up for me. I just love him."

(. . . and I'll be sitting in my playhouse in a long deep green silk dress. A tall boy with a red cross on his armor, really Sydney-in-grade-three, will walk in and sweep me into his arms. And we'll ride away on his white horse. . .)

Maybe nobody has changed much after all.

I notice SUB information booth, because of popular demand, is starting to sell a commodity it wasn't stocking at first.

Red licorice.