

Stet

Artificial ice and bright lights prompted the proposed passing of three University landmarks while students were out making enough money this summer to get them through another term.

Going are the old varsity rink which sat on the corner south of SUB since 1927, and the University observatory, just behind the rink, there since WW II. Another "relic" from the second world war is the Varsity Drill Hall, being replaced, in some respects by the gymnasium in the new physical education building.

Now, rotten and tottering, the old rink, freezing in winter and a sparrow haven in the summer, is going, and going for the good. It has become obsolete with the opening of the new artificial ice arena, which can do more jobs than the old rink and do them better.

The wheezy, breezy, old building has outlived its usefulness and something better has come along to replace it.

Lodged in the observatory is a 12½ inch reflecting telescope, donated to the University by Cyril Wates on the condition that it be placed in a suitable building. The scope is considered among the top five scopes in Canada. Keeping its bargain, the University put the scope in a suitable building and in a suitable location. In time, the bright lights on an encroaching campus and city made the observatory useless for anything but observations of brighter objects such as the nearby planets, the moon and brighter stars.

Nothing has been done to replace the observatory, faced with destruction, although members of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada have found a new location for a new building.

Even if the University won't, or through budget difficulties, can't, find the money for a new building, they could at least leave the observatory up, instead of letting a fine telescope

gather dust, taking away the main tool of an active Edmonton society, and one that has made significant contributions to professional scientific groups in Canada, and to the International Geophysical Year.

Varsity Drill Hall is going down to make room for a parking lot, at least for the present, how ever long the present is.

Built during the war, and turned over to the University when the shooting was nearly over, the Drill Hall has served as physical education headquarters since that time. The fact the University has a \$3,000,000 building to replace it, is no indication that the Drill Hall has become suddenly useless. The opposite would seem to be the case.

Demolition came as a surprise move to many on campus who had scheduled or hoped to schedule social events in the old gym, this term. There is no reason why they couldn't have. The building wasn't ready to cave in.

It could have become a centre for intramural sports on the campus. Instead of fitting them in between basketball practices, intramural basketball, volleyball, badminton and table tennis would have worked exclusively out of the Drill Hall. Always a headquarters for armed forces groups on campus, the demolition necessitates a move for them,

The varsity rink was due to go, and it's a good thing its going. The observatory needs to go, but not without replacing it. The Drill Hall does not need to go for any reason.

The value of the Drill Hall and the University observatory is worth more than a parking lot, and a pretty corner. Perhaps the administration and the Province of Alberta want the corner clear so that tourists, travelling by at thirty miles per hour can better see the new gym and the Jubilee Auditorium for a few seconds.

A Stepping Stone

Welcome frosh, and take heed.

By this time, you have doubtless been inculcated with several confusing theories as to the difficulties you will encounter in making the transition from high school to University. The theories differ, but all will agree on the same hoary point: University is different from high school.

Some will tell you University is an abrupt end to the spoon-feeding of high school. No more will you be assigned specific pages to read in a text; no more will "homework" be doled out in neatly uniform blocks; and no more will you be reprimanded for missing classes. To many high school graduates, these changes appear as complete as a plunge into the workaday world.

In reality, University is a mid-way point between high school and the working world.

Spoon-feeding is not eliminated, it is merely diminished or concealed. A professor will not rock your academic cradle like a high school teacher—but he won't hand you your unemployment insurance book and heave you out into the street like a dissatisfied employer.

The important point to be made here is that the first-year student should not be wasting his time flitting about to ask upperclassmen and graduates questions about the change from high school to University. Each freshman should be questioning himself.

The freshman should ask himself whether he is here to search for truth, obtain a degree or obtain a \$degree\$.

Those attending University solely for future financial gain may eventually obtain a \$degree\$, but they will miss the central theme of University education.

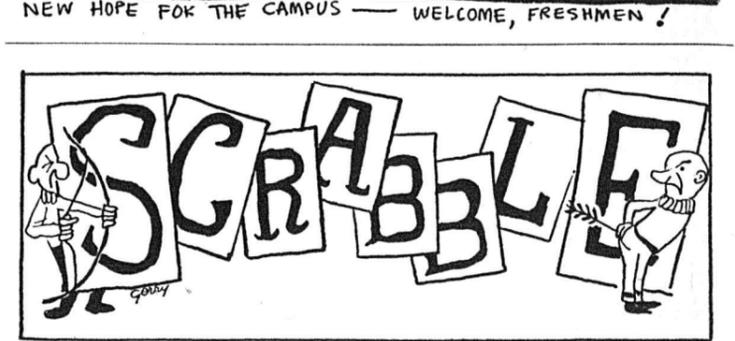
Some emerge from University with nothing more than a degree. A piece of paper showing they have memorized a sufficient number of facts in a sufficient number of courses.

Those who truly benefit from a University education are students who attempt to search for truth. They learn to discard falseness and bigotry. They go straight to the heart of a problem. They learn to think. And a person able to think is a valuable commodity in this world.

Freshman. Get your dollar-earning degree. But while doing so learn to search for truth. Learn to think.

Yankee Come Here

We'll just have to laugh off the Bears' 28-0 football loss to Whitworth College. The Bears, one must remember, are just Canadian boys—while the Whitworth Pirates are all sure-enough Yankees. Why even the Edmonton Eskimos are allowed 11 imports a game.



By Chris Evans

Welcome Frosh. And so, with this characteristic, hackneyed blurb still drying on the paper, you are bid fond hello from the U of A and yours truly, the Scrabbler. At U of A you will learn many things, like f'rinstance, don't join campus clubs, they only want your money; don't buy text books, you'll never use them; don't go into the library stacks, you'll get lost; don't ask questions in class, you'll get failed; don't join a fraternity, people will say you're a status seeker; don't remain independent, people will say you don't belong; don't go to class late; don't go to class; don't let your studies interfere with your education; and don't ask me if I had a good summer! That's older than 'Welcome Frosh.'

DO join the Gateway. We need even (echhh) you. Wednesday night. And wipe that inane, vacant look off your frosh face.

Big Business Department: Once upon a train, five or six rowdies got together in the true spirit of togetherness and entertained a rosy-cheeked frosh on the CPR frosh special, the Chilblain, all the way from Calgary to Edmonton. For that, they got sore throats and criticism from certain fools who shall remain nameless for teaching 'the wrong type of song to teach Frosh.' Students' Council of the time (bless their pointed little heads) didn't even give these stalwarts a cough drop, let alone their train fare back. Minor correction: they got some of their dough back, but council still owes them five cents. One lousy nickle . . . each! A solemn oath was sworn by the offended group . . . as a mater of fact, they swore many oaths, if I recall correctly . . . but they swore this one in blood, sort of like Ben Hur with the vitamins removed, that they would never allow future council to forget this black and infamous miscarriage of justice. It isn't the principle of the thing; it's the money. I still want my nickle back!

Learned sources best known only to myself have indicated that this year's Frosh train welcome will be a finer, a milder, a more capitally Canadian type of welcome. So what else is new? Success of this venture at press time (and other colloquial news room expressions) remains to be seen.

Unless the reader is a Freshman or Freshwoman (for the last time in your life, be really clean; now you are entering college; there's no turning back; prepare to be debauched, degraded, and depraved) he will recognize this column as the usual line of meaningless drivel for the entertainment of those who don't know any better. Right? Then why

are you reading it now? Because you can't help yourself, that's why. You're trapped for the year, Guy.

The Honorable Ernest C. Manning opened the new Aquarium at the Calgary Brewery a while back. Would it be poor taste for me to suggest that there was more than one fish out of water that day?

Mr. Diefenbecker . . . Deefenbeeker . . . Doofenbecker . . . (how the Hell do you spell it anyway?) has expressed grave concern (he always expresses grave concern) over the controversy surrounding the Canadian Bill of Rights. Amen. He has a vision of a finer, thinking mans' Canada that gets right down into the digestive tract to promote instant relief, yet. What has all this to do with the Canadian Bill of Rights? Nothing. But if they can't understand it down in Ottawa, how the Hell should I be able to understand it! However, let us remember that we are, in fact, Canadians . . . and trying so hard to be proud of it.

Late Flash: The other night, I hit council arts rep Ken Young on the head with a golf club. It was a new sensation, and another first.

Letters To The Editor

Letters should be addressed to The Editor, The Gateway, University of Alberta. The Gateway will publish letters under a pseudonym, but in all cases writers must sign their letters. An address or telephone number must also be included.

THE GATEWAY

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