

Why Can't Johnny Browse?

Students' Council has quickly turned aside a proposal to establish a "browsing library" in the Students' Union building. The executive

suggestion that such a library be established was killed by Tuesday's meeting before it reached the voting stage.

Council should reconsider the proposal.

By making available to students the dentist's office assortment of newspapers and popular magazines, a browsing library would encourage further use of the Students' Union building. Given something other than a bag lunch to lounge with, students might make more use of resting facilities in the West, Mixed and Wauneita lounges.

But a Students' Union browsing library would not have to restrict itself to popular magazines. Subscriptions could be taken to the student newspapers of other campi, thus providing Alberta students with greater contact with activities at other Canadian Universities.

Through NFCUS, WUS and non-student international organizations, literature could be gathered from other lands. NATO's newsletter, propaganda from Communist youth groups, and communiques from European student organizations would all have a place in a Students' Union library.

In the Public Relations office on SUB's ground floor, a very emaciated browsing library is now maintained. It is small scale, and a catch-all for whatever doesn't get tossed into an incinerator. Council could develop this catch-all into an information center of potential value to the student body.

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I Believe In Me

Some 15 students, forced by the day's cold to picket in 7-man shifts, welcomed Newfoundland's Joey Smallwood to Edmonton with signs demanding Smallwood Go Home.

Those 15 students were a temporary embarrassment to this University. They are a credit to studentdom.

The majority of students at the University of Alberta, and probably the majority of those at Universities across the land, would not in their wildest moment, placard a public official. No matter how much they might oppose the policies for which he stands, and no matter how much of a kink their demonstration might throw into an official welcome, most of Alberta's students lack either the devilment or the conviction necessary to placard anybody.

There was a suggestion not long ago that students of today have run out of "causes". The suggestion was supported by a long list of such things as Wall Street or the Emperor of Japan that used to be issues, and no longer are. We fear the difference is deeper than that. Students of today are no longer interested in causes.

The world abounds with things to campaign for, or against. There is in progress a Cold War, made more chilling by the stocking of arms which can annihilate mankind. There are countless human beings living at a level below what Canadians would call bearable. There is crookedness in labor, immorality in big business, and a combination of both in politics. There is physical unfitness, capital punishment, and the local option on liquor outlets.

To some students of another generation, these would be causes worth placarding about. Even if the cause wasn't valid, the very possession of one was part of earlier student life.

The late John Foster Dulles remembered that in his student days he had joined riots and tossed stones at windows. He didn't recall what he was rioting about or why the stones were tossed, but he knew that he and his fellow students had rioted and stoned.

Today's University of Alberta students are a different breed.

We'll sit around and condemn the people who are running the world, and perhaps offer, in our weaker words, somebody else's thoughts about birth control or the divorce law. But most of us refuse to stand up in a crowd and agitate for change.

So long as today's student can wrangle a

second-class average and a date Saturday night, his little world is complete.

This disinterest in large and important matters is not the sign of a healthy student society. It is the student expression of a narrowness and a selfishness which are eating the innards out of the democratic life. It is the prelude to, or perhaps the product of, an adult society which glorifies narrow success, and ignores God and the freedoms.

The majority of students at this University are smug, self-satisfied and, if their academic average is high, "secure". We don't take interest in causes. We don't dream of throwing a stone, or getting in a riot. We don't get mad. We just sit with our heads full of knowledge and our hands full of security, and refuse to let the rest of the world intrude upon our consideration.

In this time of student self-interest, it is refreshing to encounter 15 of our fellows who worry enough about other peoples' problems to wave a placard on a freezing day.

From The Gateway of 1912

A Condemnation Of Current Music

Popular taste in music has fallen to a deplorable level and the indications are that it is still going down. Perhaps it is not fair to say music for the airs of many popular songs are bright and catchy. But it is true that the words to which these songs are set, are at once meaningless, insipid and vulgar. It is to be expected that in the five-cent theatre many songs will be heard which are frankly sentimental and they supply a commendable substitute for 'Arroy and 'Arriette's nocturnal spooning and gushing on a bench in the park or their plunging around in the fetid atmosphere of the dance hall performing the well known "puppy-hug". As a substitute for this the popular sentimental song is defensible. But the following scene is in no way to be defended. A group of college men and women are gathered around the piano lustily singing the following words: "Honey Bunch! Honey Bunch! lift the lid. Slip me a loving kiss, Oh! you kind." They are not to be excused; they know better. The preceding extract is quoted from the recent poem entitled the "Cubanola Clide", the school of poets who produced that weed is responsible for a large crop of similar vegetables. Here is another sweet smelling blossom. "Put your arms around me honey, hold me tight. Huddle up and cuddle up with all your might." A man has to be a regular Hackenschmidt to make love in these strenuous days and he must lose no time about it if he is to follow the

advice of the cuckoo clock over the parlor sofa which says, "Get together! get together, get together." We are reminded of the last page in one hundred per cent of the modern sex novels, "George swiftly seized her and crushed her to him with a dry sob of ecstasy." The same athletic motions are depicted as in the previous quotation "with all your might." Cupid will have to discard his bow and arrow in favor of the punching bag and the shadow exerciser. Nursery rhymes are sometimes keenly satirical. Do you remember this one?

He smacked his lips and then he kissed her.
His kissed her so hard he raised a blister.

John Ruskin once remarked "Vulgarity is want of sensation" and his remark seems to strike at the root of the popular song. The world is suffering with an epidemic of vulgarity; it has ceased to feel; it has ceased to have any imagination.

And surely they must have some doubts as to the efficacy of their calling when college halls resound with such lyrics of the gutter as "Stop! Stop! (in which kisses are handed round like hot-dogs at a country fair), "that mesmerizing Mendelssohn Tune," "Billy" and others. The Literary society at the University has taken wise measures in fostering a Glee club that sings good music and appointing a committee to begin the compilation of a song book which will contain bright, wholesome college songs.

Letters To The Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE NUMBER ONE—To the 50 Nurse 4s seeking a St. Bernard. One Richard Bide, habitue of the Biochem department, is your representative on the Grad Students' Council.

NUMBER TWO—Would the writer of the letter on masturbation please get in touch with The Gateway's Morals and Conduct Editor? We need your name before publishing your interesting letter.

Blatant Stupidity

To the Editor:

I was surprised, shocked—indeed appalled, by the blatant stupidity

expressed in the January 19 editorial "Panties and Pettiness." On reading it, my estimation of The Gateway slipped even farther. How can a sensible, responsible person condone such actions as panty raids as breaking "one of the petty little rules of this particular campus"? And what a flimsy excuse for such a low act. The perpetrators were drunk. Drunkenness in itself is bad enough, but to use it for an excuse for something as low as panty raids is an insult to every thinking individual. This deplorable action is compared with painting signs on fences and speeding through a school zone. Obviously the writer has never studied any psychology: painting signs on fences is as childish as scrawling "John loves Mary" on the sidewalk; panty raiding is akin to Peeping Tomness—or worse. But let's get back to the point. These people shouldn't be expelled, it is said, on the grounds that it will wreck their lives. Did these people not know the penalty before engaging in their "harmless fun"? Should we suspend the death sentence just because it destroys the life of a murderer or traitor? Should we abolish fines because it costs money to speed? The purpose of such penalties is to deter lawlessness. So we should drop the penalty because it hurts the lawless! And what of the victims of these marauders? The invasion of their privacy, their embarrassment, not to mention the loss of valuable clothing? What kind of people would condone such an act? They are not those with whom this reader would wish to associate. Besides being expelled, the panty raiders should be taken to court and charged under the law as well. Let's not have any more of this stupidity at the University of Alberta.

Neville B. Lyons
Education 2

EDITOR'S NOTE—Gee Nev, the act could have been lower. They could have stolen socks.

