

# The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

editor-in-chief - - - - lorraine minich

managing editor—jim rennie

news editor—joe will

production manager ..... doug bell

casserole editor ..... ron yakimchuk

assistant news editor ..... elaine verbicky

interim photo editor ..... neil driscoll

sports editor ..... steve rybak

EDITORIAL—Desk—Frank Horvath; Librarian—Beth Robinson.

STAFF THIS ISSUE—The incredible shrinking staff again graced the offices tonight with their non-presence. And no cartoon. Oh woe is us. Anyway, Glenn Cheriton, Trudy Richards, Marjibell, Pete McCormick, Judy Samoil, Leona Gom, Miriam McLellan, Marcia Whoever She Was, Boom-Boom, and ol' Harv were contributors to today's offence.

The Gateway is published three times a week by the students' union of The University of Alberta. The Editor-in-Chief is responsible for all material published herein. Final copy deadline for Tuesday edition—7 p.m. Sunday, advertising—noon Thursday prior, Short Shorts—5 p.m. Friday; for Thursday edition—7 p.m. Tuesday, advertising—noon Monday prior, Short Shorts—5 p.m. Tuesday; for Friday edition—7 p.m. Wednesday, advertising—noon Tuesday prior, Short Shorts—5 p.m. Wednesday; Casserole advertising—noon Thursday previous week. Advertising manager: Gordon Frazer, 432-4329. Office phones—432-4321, 432-4322. Circulation—10,000.

Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Postage paid at Edmonton. Telex 037-2412.

PAGE FOUR

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1967

## a not so . . .

By RICH VIVONE

Once upon a time, there was this girl named Snow White. Snow White lived at the University of Alberta and she was very beautiful. So beautiful, in fact, that everybody was afraid to ask her out. Snow White was depressed.

But one day, a new fraternity developed on campus. It was a fraternity of little people. They had guts.

The fraternity president, Doc, looked upon Snow White one day and wished to have her for his very own. Because he had guts and was not afraid, he asked her out.

Snow White, elated by the invitation, gratefully accepted. And Doc made plans to impress her as no woman had ever been impressed before. Doc made elaborate plans.

The big night arrived and Doc wine-d her and dined her and impressed Snow White very much. She was sure Doc was a great fella even if he was so small. It didn't matter because his heart was big.

The next morning, Happy, the second largest fraternity member, asked Doc about his date—the beautiful Snow White.

"Oh, she was a very good date," said Doc truthfully. "We had a good time together and I think I'll

ask her out again. Snow White is a very nice girl."

Happy was very happy for Doc. He was so happy for Doc that he had to tell Dopey about Doc's good time and nice date.

Dopey is not the brightest kid in the house but he eagerly listened to the story of the Doc-Snow White romance.

As Happy related the tale, Dopey listened but what he heard and what he thought were two different things.

Listen as Dopey spins the account of Doc's new love to Sleepy, the laziest of the fraternity members.

"Doc's had it," said Dopey. "He's in love. He took out this girl whose name is Snow White and she is a good date. Doc says she is very easy to get along with and is intelligent and can talk reasonably well."

Sleepy was half awake as he listened to Dopey's account. Between snores, he heard the following words—'got it', 'good', 'very easy'.

So Sleepy was happy for Doc too. He had seen the beautiful Snow White and loved her very much. He was especially happy because a member of his fraternity was her lover.

## . . . fairy tale

Sleepy saw Bashful the next day. He told Bashful of Doc's latest conquest. But Bashful only smiled and turned flush red. He too was happy for Doc but secretly wished that he had been the first to get Snow White.

But Bashful listened to the fable of the love but he would not repeat it. Bashful was unable to tell such things about anybody.

Then Sneezy, another member of the group, came in and Sleepy related the tale again but this time with much innovation and creation. It was now a hot story.

Between sneezes, Sneezy heard the essential words and listened intently to grasp their full meaning. He grinned as he thought of Snow White and Doc. But he was happy for Doc.

Then Sneezy saw Grumpy who was not in the mood to listen to

fairy tales, no matter how juicy they were. Grumpy had just asked Snow White for a date but she told him that Doc had asked her out already.

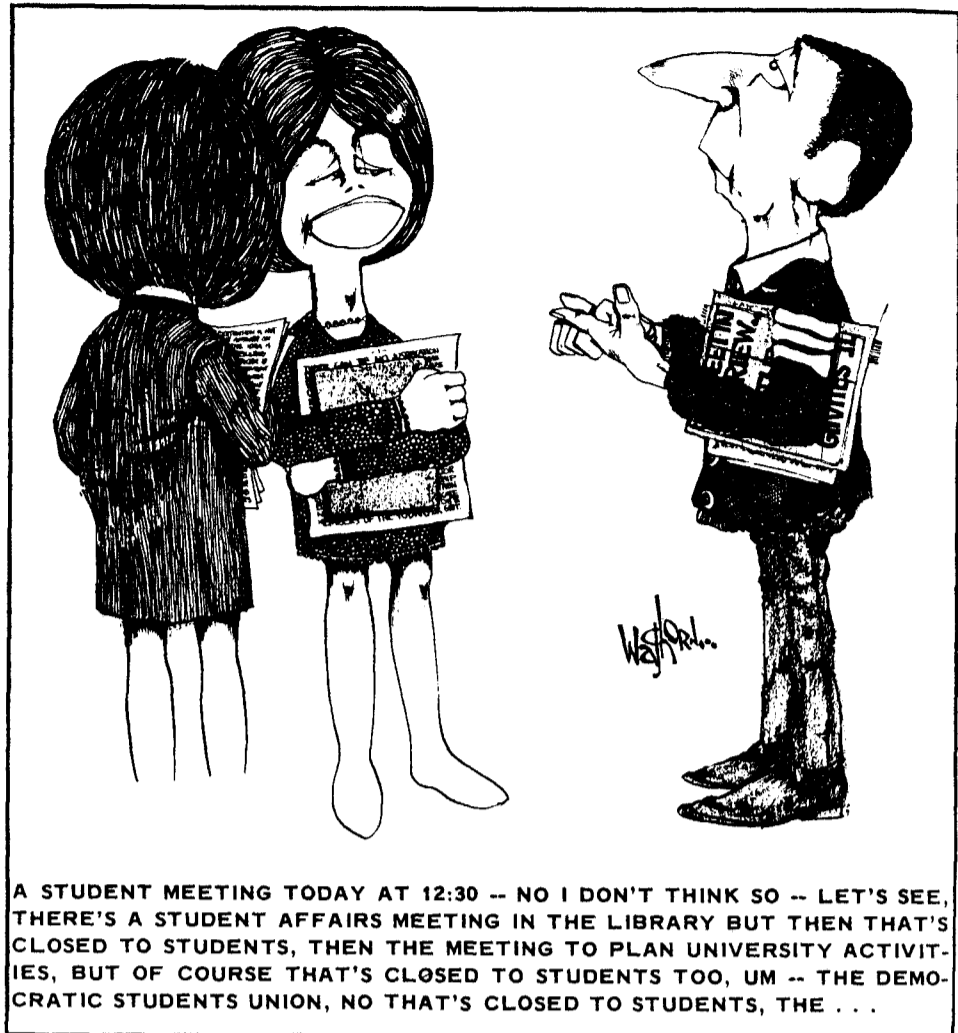
Grumpy was unhappy for Doc.

He had no one to listen to his version of the story until he saw the evil Queen eating apples in the Tuck Shop.

Grumpy told her the story and slandered Snow White's unblemished reputation. The Queen was very happy because she was the second most beautiful girl on campus and no one would take her out.

So the Queen told her one friend who had two friends each of whom had many friends.

And when Doc went to get Snow White for the second date, she called him a 'rotten (beep)' and slammed the door.



A STUDENT MEETING TODAY AT 12:30 -- NO I DON'T THINK SO -- LET'S SEE, THERE'S A STUDENT AFFAIRS MEETING IN THE LIBRARY BUT THEN THAT'S CLOSED TO STUDENTS, THEN THE MEETING TO PLAN UNIVERSITY ACTIVITIES, BUT OF COURSE THAT'S CLOSED TO STUDENTS TOO, UM -- THE DEMOCRATIC STUDENTS UNION, NO THAT'S CLOSED TO STUDENTS, THE . . .

—reprinted from the peak

## 'motherhood' mentality

Reprinted from the Uniter

Canada is a country filled with little Englishmen, militant Frenchmen and loyal Scots. We abound in patriots of every ethnic stripe—Ukrainians, Italians, Germans, Poles and Americans.

But alas, where do we find a loyal, patriotic flag-waving Canadian?

Canadian patriotism seems to be a contest at outmother-landing the motherland.

French, English, Ukrainians, Germans and Italians living in Canada to greater and lesser degrees all are intent on "preserving their heritage", "keeping their identity", "maintaining their separate language".

They cheer the Queen, salute "King Charles", wear the kilt, rave about Tschetcherko and become excited about American baseball, movies and politics. They also ridicule parliament, oopkijs, the CBC, and anything else Canadian and lament about the lack of a Canadian identity.

Canada is a lot like the adolescent who tried so hard to be the personification of his parents, cousins, aunts and uncles, he ended up with little self-confidence and a big inferiority complex. His only characteristic unique to himself was his splintered, not just split personality.

With any amount of "breaking up of Canada" into separate inward-looking groups we cannot avoid having Quebec, B.C. or Newfoundland wanting to secede, and having a few cynics suggest we throw in with our good neighbour to the south.

What we must realize is that everyone who came to Canada had a reason for leaving Europe, for saying, "You failed me; you cannot give me what I want in life; I am starting all over in the New World."

Englishmen escaped poverty and debtor's prisons; Irish left potato famines; others escaped communist oppression, religious and racial persecution and a war-ravished Europe.

How much appreciation do we give to the country that made us richer than England, gave us more Liberty, Equality and Fraternity than France, and more religious, political, racial and economic freedom than any one of our "motherlands"?

We certainly show no appreciation by behaving as if being as much like one European motherland as possible is the ultimate fulfilment of being a Canadian.

This is not to say that we should not be grateful for all that we owe to Europe. This is to say that we must realize that we took what she gave us, changed it, improved it and made it our own. We must take pride in ourselves and what we have done, if Canada is to grow and prosper and reach its full potential.

We need a strengthening of all those symbols, institutions and things in common, like Centennial, Expo, the Flag, which unite this country.

We must remember that following the old fashioned customs of our motherlands won't keep us astride the 20th century and that merely copying our neighbour won't win us many friends.

We cannot forget that Canadians are not Americans. Every American who is seen hitch-hiking in Europe flying the Canadian flag to get an easier ride is a proof of that.

To every Londoner or Parisienne who calls us "colonial" or "provincial" we must rebut with "You unfortunate prisoner of the Motherland".