

Thou Shalt Sit!

Students' Council Tuesday night voted to keep the editor of The Gateway in his non-voting seat because it could see no reason why he should not sit there. It thought it saw several reasons why he should.

We will recapitulate the reasons that Councilors thought they saw, and shall point out to them again the one they missed.

Council feels The Gateway editor should sit at its meetings because he is the controlling officer of an organization which consumes several student dollars. Since he is an editor, Council sees itself as a publisher, to whom the editor should be accountable, always accountable.

Council also feels that since the editor heads one of the major organizations of the Student's Union, he should sit on the Council which is the co-ordinating center of that Union. Council should always be aware of what he and his paper are doing, in case it should have to account to some higher, or mightier, authority.

And Council feels that, through his attendance at its meetings, The Gateway editor can tap the cross sections of campus opinion, and thus produce a more informed, more acceptable newspaper.

In effect, they argue that The Gateway is different from other Students' Union organizations using Union funds, in that it should always be sitting on Council, ready to report. They argue that the editor must be there to interpret what his newspaper has said, or perhaps to preview what his editorial stand is going to be. And they argue that Council is a fountainhead of information which the editor, with his staff of reporters, cannot tap elsewhere.

The argument tossed aside by the student representatives was that the editor's seat jeopardizes the freedom of his newspaper. Council members failed to see how the editor's very seat is physical evidence of the control which Council holds over him.

They can perhaps be excused for not comprehending this danger. It is a danger which cannot be placed on a table and touched, as are all dangers to freedom intangible things.

But the editor's seat — this non-voting seat which exists so that he may report — is unnecessary evidence of the control vested in Council. To the editor, who knows the value both of the position and of the seat he holds, that evidence is of little consequence. But to Council, which likes to reach out and touch things, it is a temptation which at some later time might bring abridgement of the freedom of the student press.

That freedom must not be abridged. It is in the long-range interest of Council and of journalism that a responsible student press be left unhindered by its "publishers."

Unfortunately, maintaining a strictly free press is the trust of the newspaper alone, and not of Council. Council has other trusts, sacred to them, and separate from those of the newspaper.

The Gateway has been foiled again in its efforts to be officially removed from Students' Council. Examining both the accepted responsibilities of journalism, and the imposed responsibilities of Council membership, we will revert to old practice.

That official seat will be unoccupied.

No Control

The editor of The Gateway, because he believes that a free student press should be as independent as possible of the bodies of student government, requested that he no longer be required to sit on Students' Council.

Council answered his request by stating

that never has there been instance of Students' Council exercising control over The Gateway editor, or the way he runs his newspaper.

So Council said: "no, sir, you may not relinquish your seat," thus illustrating their point that Council never controls the way The Gateway editor runs his newspaper.

Coddled Queens

After Charles A. Lindbergh had tired of being a national flying hero, he and his wife decided to get together and have a little Lindbergh. So they did.

And one day this little Lindbergh was stolen, thus touching off one of the most publicized and talked-about kidnappings of any century. There were many news-worthy aspects of the Lindbergh kidnapping. But to us who learned our kidnapping at the University of Alberta, there is one especially notable detail about the case.

At no time before the child was stolen did

anybody phone a Dean of Women anywhere, and promise to keep the child on his formula, see that he was entertained, or even so much as promise to trot him back when the Dean wanted him.

Now that sort of kidnapping is downright unethical. It falls sadly below the standards of kidnapping at the University of Alberta.

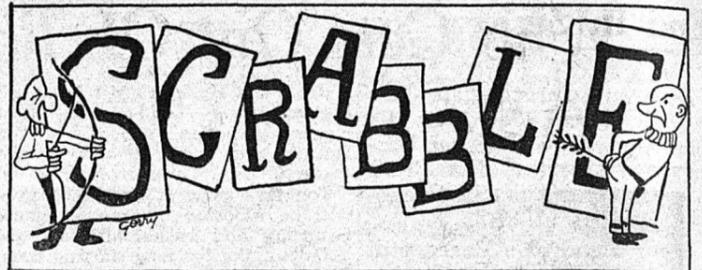
Monday noon, one of the candidates for Engineers' Queen of the University of Alberta was "kidnapped" off the top floor of the Students' Union building. If that "kidnapping" went according to regulation, the Dean of Women was assured that this girl — this adventuresome bloom of beauty and youth who had agreed to enter the traditionally rough-and-tumble Engineer's Queen race — would spend the night alone in a comfortable bed overseen by competent and responsible kidnapper's parents, would be well fed and regally entertained, and would be returned with nary a hair rumpled nor a nail scratched.

This is the thoughtful sort of treatment that kidnapped kids are given by University of Alberta kidnappers. There's no chance of danger, no chance of real inconvenience. About the worst thing that can happen to a Queen candidate is that she might be recaptured, and have to go back to smiling at engineers.

It is obvious that there were irregularities in the kidnapping of the Lindbergh lad. And we will be gee-whizzed if there are to be any irregularities, or any dangers, or any excitement, about our kidnappings.

Speechless

When Lynn Patrick was informed he had been appointed class valedictorian he said: "it is hard to find words." We hope he does.



Engineers' Queen Week invariably leads to a clash between the slide rule gang and the Bloomsbury group, with the end result being bad feeling, mayhem, martyrdom, and the occasional broken nose. Other than that, it's just good clean fun. After all, the Plumbers have to protect their Teen-age Queens (as advertised in all current rock and roll songs), and anyone who sticks his nose into other people's business is liable to get it broken. The Artsmen argue that it is their solemn duty to rescue said Queens from the exhibitionism to which they are subjected by the Bluejackets. And so the battle rages each year, and the only group that ever comes out on top are the Queens. Which all goes to prove that winnin' are no damn good!

However, there is one practice that is condoned neither by the Engineers or the Artsman, and that is the rotten act of photo stealing and display wrecking. Advertising displays cost the Plumbers many shekels, and any grubby, immature moron who stoops to tearing down said displays should be cut up in little pieces and sent in envelopes to his friends, if any.

Varsity Varieties has more than its usual share of corn this year, due mainly to the desire of the script-

writers to appeal to the average, dull, University mind. The show itself is the closest thing to a Cecil B. Demille horrorama ever to come to good ole' wishy-washy U of A. A cast of thousands (each person takes twenty parts) and in full technicolor, too. No plot, but lots of action. The members of the cast are tremendously enthusiastic, and with a little effort might even learn their lines and stand up straight.

Seriously, though, these people are really knocking themselves out to put on a good performance, but no matter how much time and effort they put into turning on the only bright light of Varsity Guest Week-end there will be the usual bunch of slobs who will make a point of proclaiming to one and all how lousy the show was etc. etc. etc. Everybody likes to be a critic, at the expense of somebody else. Life can be miserable.

Late Flash: Promotions Committee has crept out of its coffin, and is planning to hold a rally in Con hall mighty soon. So bring your lunches and lets all have a cheer for whoever the Hell we're meant to be cheering for. Don't get indignation, and no smoking please. Damn the apathy and full speed ahead.



No Charity

To the Editor:

With Song Fest coming up in two weeks, I could not help but notice an article in The Gateway concerning the disposal of proceeds from Song Fest. The Ex-servicemen's Children was a worthwhile cause, but really, since when is a television set, given to a needy family, charity!

Just the other day I read an article about a little boy who had fainted in a school yard and when he came to, his teacher asked him why he was not feeling well. The six-year old then replied that it was not his turn to eat today.

A needy family needs a TV set just as much as this campus needs fraternities. I would suggest that the Interfraternity Council make a wiser choice as to how this money may be disposed of.

A "Sorority" Girl

Hidden

To the Editor:

We are a group of approximately fifty students, eligible to join one of the campus clubs, but we can't find it. Could you, perhaps, help us?

We are trying to locate The Graduate Society, but have not as yet, had any success. Last September we were given a slip of paper giving details of the club and inviting us to become members. Several of us decided to attend their first function, but, I presume, due to a mix-up in time arrived two hours too late.

Since then, in an effort to find the Graduate Society, we have eagerly examined The Gateway cover to cover looking for a notice of meeting (no success), looked through our Telephone Directories (where every other club but this one is listed), and scanned the bulletin boards in St. Joe's College, where we have most of our class (not a single poster of theirs seen yet). Also, because some of us have one course over in the Arts Building, where our dear Sociology professor explains our tardi-

ness to the rest of the class as "trouble getting unstuck from their hand-aid classes", we anxiously keep half an eye peeled for pertinent notices while sailing through the halls (no luck).

Between you and us, do you think they're gone underground? Or do you feel that they don't want new members (which is ridiculous because their society will become extinct—this even we have learned in Sociology)?

So, Mr. Editor would you be our St. Bernard and help us? We would rather like to join before the end of March.

Thanking you on behalf of approximately fifty more,

Yours truly,
Amaryllis Eaton
Nurse 4

Who's Ill?

To the Editor:

The secretary poked her head in the door of the lecture room and asked, "Is this Dr. Smith's class?"

Forty eager faces snapped sharply toward the door. "Yes!" chirped one.

The class was tense with anticipation as it waited the inevitable announcement. "This class is cancelled. Dr. Smith is ill" She was rudely cut off with exuberant cheers from the students. You would think it was V-day or the very gates of heaven had been opened.

This proves one of two things: all the students in the class are misanthropists and were simply gloating over the professor's misfortune or they didn't want to go to that class that morning. The first possibility is unlikely because of the law of averages. The second one doesn't make sense. If they didn't want to go to class, why did they go? They could have gone home and read comic books or played marbles or anything.

Will someone kindly enlighten me?

Breezy

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