

The Gateway

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PAGE FOUR

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1965

Means Survey Deserves Support

University students across Canada have been extremely active protesting proposed fee raises in recent months. However, they have been doing more than just protesting.

The Canadian Union of Students is conducting a survey throughout the country on student means. It will attempt to develop a meaningful comparison between student income and expense. Designed in the interests of students, the survey deserves student support.

Approximately ten per-cent of Canada's university-student population will be asked to participate by completing a questionnaire. As with all surveys, response is of the utmost

importance. Eight hundred students on this campus are currently receiving questionnaires. We hope they appreciate their responsibility.

This CUS venture is being conducted in co-operation with the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The federal government is paying more than two-thirds of its cost. Results are to be presented to the Bladen Commission studying higher education in Canada. Those responsible for organizing the survey are to be congratulated.

It is encouraging to see students do more than march on legislatures. Governments and university administrators would do well to recognize and appreciate this fact.

Test Of Character

The following editorial is a year old. Three things justify its reprint: (1) the recent vandalism in Cameron Library; (2) the immature behavior of artists and engineers during Engineers' Week; (3) the impending exodus of students from campus during Varsity Guest Weekend.

None of the above-mentioned behavior is justifiable. Furthermore, it is definitely not of a nature one would expect from a university community. Yes, it did, and will happen.

Last year we aimed our editorial "guns" at both professors and students. While some professors may still be muddled, somewhat less than articulate, ill-organized, unduly irreverent, puffed up with a sense of their own vain brilliance, devoid of humility for tradition, we will spare our learned friends another "volley," and train our "guns" once again on a more obvious target — our fellow "students".

If the mass of professors here have nothing to be proud of, what about the mass of students?

We must admit, shamefacedly, that we students hardly boast an enviable record either.

There are outstanding professors. There are outstanding students.

If there are professors with no sense of responsibility to their classes, then there are as many students, proportionately, with no sense of responsibility to their work.

If there are professors who know nothing about teaching, then there are many students who know nothing about learning.

There are, literally, hundreds of so-called "students" here who have no right to be called by that name. We mean the Social Climbers. The Professional Radicals. The Marchers. The Husband Hunters. The

Big Men on Campus. The Gladhanding, Backslapping pretentious little campus politicians.

To these people, the name "student" is something to be disdainfully spurned—it is the mark of social Outs, the rather dreary and colorless lot too bent to gain admission to the social elite. To these people, knowledge can never be as important as status, and the quest for it can never equal the quest for prestige, or prestige-symbols.

There are students—plenty of students, we have suggested—in "need" at the university. We have seen them, living in hovel-like basement suites, paying atrocious rents, cooking on hotplates. And there are those we have not seen—the talented but poor few who could not afford, even in our Age of Affluence, to come to university.

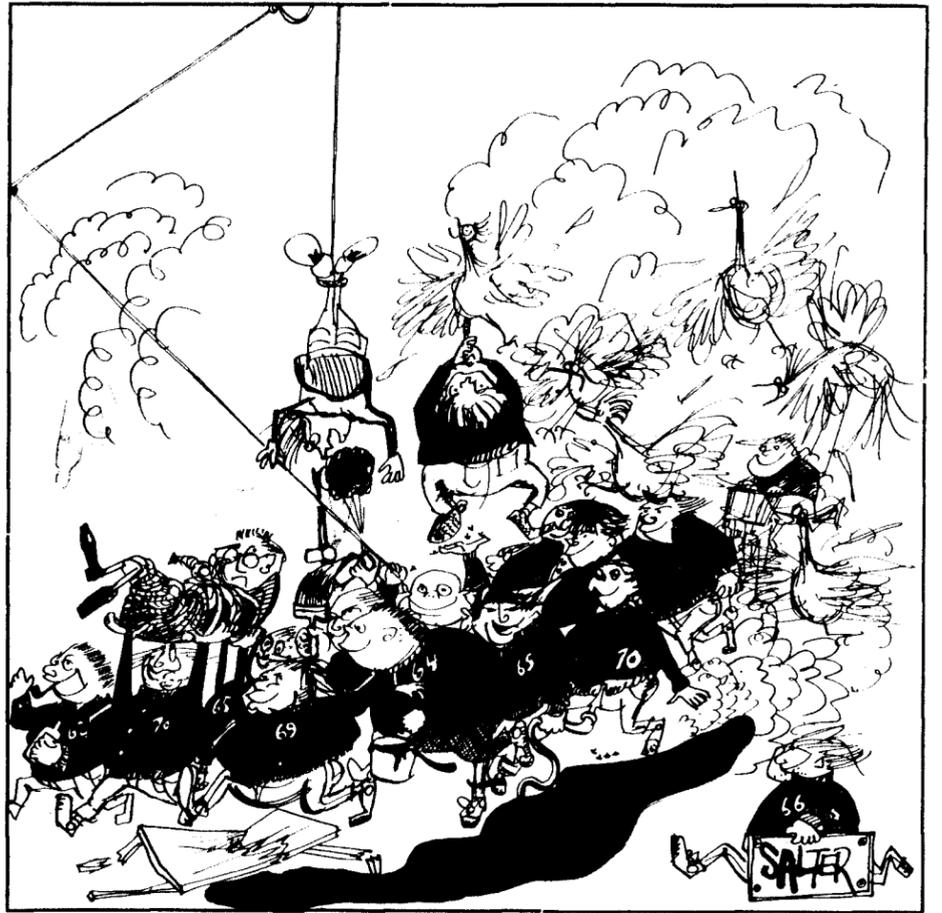
And there are their opposite counterparts, for whom we express no pride of sympathy—the "students" living on their family's padded allowances, driving the expensive cars, belonging to the expensive fraternities, being seen with the expensive women, partying at the most expensive parties. You don't have to look far on this campus to find exam cheaters, library book stealers, half-witted socializers and dull engineers who while away their leisure hours playing bridge in the lounges or pool in the SUB basement.

For them, we apologize.

For them, we have no pat solutions. We can offer up no utopias. Tests of intellect are simple; tests of character — and surely we expect character to emerge from a university education! — are more difficult.

We'd like to see some devised. Then we could start cleaning our own house.

—J.J.B., Feb. 22, 1964



ST. TRINIAN'S

Bruce Ferrier Nothing To Freeze But Ears Winter Rhapsody

And in the frosty season . . .
happy time It was indeed for
all of us—for me
It was a time of rapture!

—W. Wordsworth

Mr. Wordsworth obviously never spent a winter here in Edmonton.

It is strange that, no matter how many complaints must be going up to the Great Forecaster, we go on each year with the same problems of snow, cold, and ice. I think it is time we stopped talking about the weather and did something about it.

As I lifted the last shovelful of snow out of our driveway, only to see a truckload more sliding generously off the garage roof into my path, Major Hoople's snow-removal problem no longer seemed very funny.

Our neighbor has the right idea: he shovels it off as it falls, while it is falling. Someday, though, the weather is going to get even by dropping a little too much at once, and then we will have to go shovel off our neighbor.

Clothes can be a problem. I bought a ski mask, a sort of Hallow'een Toque, and wore it on the bitterest days. Several people crossed the street in order to avoid looking at my purple, blue, and red wool-covered face. The thing is a sort of instant Loathsome Tropical Disease, and to be avoided if at all possible.

A girl I know started out for class in a suede coat with a high collar. She had to go back home, though, because the collar froze around her neck in a death-grip, and she couldn't turn it down for fear of snapping it off.

You probably heard about the man frozen in the ice of a skating-rink he was hosing down. Police were called to free this slippery character, but he was rather hard up and they had to give him time to cool off.

My room is a little cold also. My brother used to study in his flight

boots and overcoat, because the heater could hardly keep the frost off the walls. Things are better now, but I still have to get an extra bearskin for the bed when the really cold weather hits.

Incidentally, one knows it is really cold when one's glasses no longer fog up; they frost up.

All of this is particularly hard on foreign students. Since we hardened residents can barely avoid the cold, it is strange that no hapless Nigerian is found frozen to death in the vast icy wastes between the Students' Union Building and Lister Hall. Perhaps some thought next year should be given to at least warning people about the rigors of the Canadian winter, as long as they are not scared into returning home again.

Now is the time for action. Someone should begin to organize a "Student for Spring" committee, hire some medicine men, and get down to work. We can petition the Administration to raise temperatures, and perhaps get a few fire-breathing profs to head up a snow-melting campaign.

Students, arise! You have nothing to freeze but your ears!

Abolish Week

We are wondering if Engineers' Week, as it is presently constituted, should be abolished.

Past years have shown it to be a wholly unnecessary excuse for conflict between artists and engineers, each trying to be more immature than the other. This year was no exception.

While in the past engineers have tended to prove they were the slobs they made out, this past week saw the artists surpass the engineers in sheer stupidity. The vandalism in the Engineering Building is concrete evidence of their immaturity.