

The Mass Of The People

At its origin, the University of Alberta was assigned a role broader than mere service to that small select number of any generation which actively seeks higher education. During the Convocation which installed him as first president, Dr. Henry Marshall Tory challenged the University to "reach directly or indirectly to the mass of the people."

It is a challenge which has been only half-way heeded.

The Banff School of Fine Arts, the special projects of the extension department, summer and night school courses, and some of the activities of the Students' Union have brought the University closer to non-University Albertans. But the gap remains too great.

Faced with the common problems of growth, and perhaps peculiar problems of establishment an institution of education in what is still a pioneer area, the University has tended to overlook its obligation to the non-students of Alberta. We have made some gestures in their direction; but the bulk of our development has been restricted to the building of campi, and the instruction of registered students.

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There are two immediate means by which the University can better serve that majority of Albertans whom our hurry-up development has passed by.

We can establish an expanded and full-time public relations office to keep the public informed about its University. And we can increase the degree of actual intercourse between University personnel and the rest of the Alberta people.

At present, the only public relations outlet of the University is a Press Bureau, which is operated on a part-time basis. When a major project is announced, or an important appointment confirmed, this Bureau despatches press releases to the daily news media and, on occasion, to the weekly press.

Even as a means of proving to tax-paying Albertans that a public University exists this Press Bureau is barely adequate. It is completely inadequate for transmitting information

which might broaden the general understanding of Albertans.

An adequate public relations office would keep in close contact with all news media, weekly as well as daily in the province. It would have in its files pictures and engravings of all University personnel, and would issue professional feature articles on several projects underway at this University, and the facilities making them possible.

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Informing Albertans about the activities of the University will not, by itself, achieve the Tory dream. It can approach the objective of our first president, if coupled with a program by which University professors will come into direct contact with non-University Albertans.

The department of extension presently operates a small scale speakers' program. Members of the department attend, on request, meetings of off-campus organizations, and discuss aspects of the rather specialized extension department.

This program should be expanded, to include professors from all faculties of the University, speaking on any topic with which they are familiar.

Albertans, especially rural Albertans who tend to be ignored by cultural and educational campaigns, would appreciate the opportunity to tap University learning. Certainly the many service clubs and chambers of commerce in the province would welcome speakers from the University.

Expanding the speakers' program would entail establishment of a travelling fund, and would probably mean one or two days per year of cancelled classes. These small sacrifices are over-shadowed by the value of an Alberta public which is informed about the University, and interested in University activities.

The University of Alberta annually undertakes great projects to expand its facilities, and improve its dissemination of knowledge. Establishing a public relations office and a speakers' program are projects which require relatively little re-organization, yet which can improve greatly the public service of the University.

Punctured Program

The coat-check crew at song-fest provided itself with entertainment between sessions with the coats via a portable radio which issued the latest in rock and roll, in deference to vocal exertions which were going on within the auditorium. Those beyond the range of the radio

were amusing themselves with their own conversation.

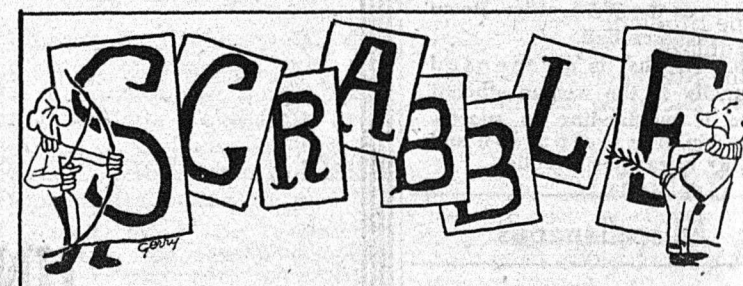
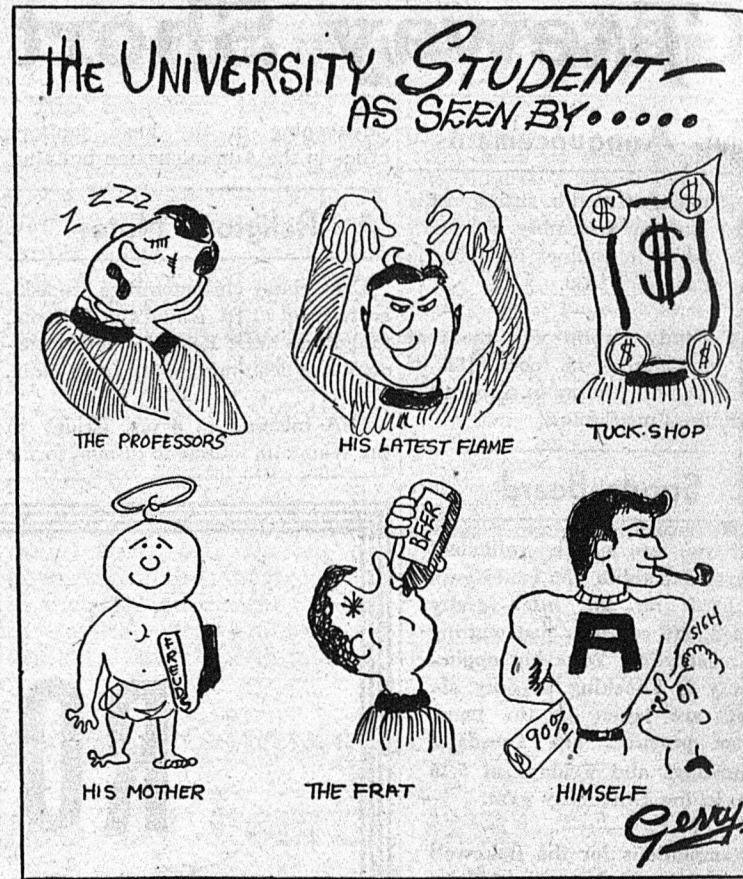
Perhaps the members of this group were forbidden entry to the show, perhaps they disliked choral work, perhaps they are musical experts and considered the talents of campus choirs beneath them. Or perhaps there was not enough choral work to provide them with consistent entertainment.

Out of the entire four and one half hour program, which ended at 12:30 am., well over two hours was taken up by pure, unadulterated gab. Of this two hours, only about half an hour was allotted to the judges and the presentations, and about five minutes to the straight introduction of each group, its selections, and its director. The remaining one and one-half hours was devoted to a combination of fraternity history, fraternity horn-blowing, and humor.

As the program progressed, the history became thinner, the horn-blowing became tinnier, and the humor became cornier. By the end of the evening, the MC sounded like a search-for-talent announcer trying to impress a country audience with his sophisticated wit, and impromptu interviews.

It is unfortunate that the audience and interviewees responded; the MC's didn't deserve that much politeness. Besides the poor quality of chatter between selections, the quantity of it detracted from the primary purpose of the evening—to sing.

For future songfests, the directors should make an attempt to have more singing than talk, and by this means provide the paying customers a more enjoyable program of choral work, rather than a detracting program of music and amateur comedy.



Gory, gory, halleluia! Blood Drive is a GODD Thing. A noted authority has informed me that somebody needs a blood transfusion every 15 minutes in Alberta (poor chap, whoever he is), and would I mind putting in a plug for Bloodlet Week? I'm as public spirited as the next plain folk, so herewith plug (one inch in diameter, found in most Chem labs), which I sincerely hope will encourage rather than stop the flow of the red, warm and wet.

There is one small item in connection with Leechfest, however, that kinda' curdles my corpuscles. It is not a GOOD THING, after eating a SUB variety cheese sandwich and a hard-boiled egg, to run into a hard-boiled nurse clamly stacking bottles of blood in the SUB rotunda. Urghhorphh! My hair stood on end. My blood ran cold. My legs turned to jelly. I looked sort of funny for a minute there. Maybe I need a transfusion.

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Rumor has it that the Promotions Committee is really going all out for the Friday rally. They are featuring, for a limited engagement, one night only, on their giant stage, complete and unabridged, a genuine, inflatable play-tex rubber life size Hockey Player, who will be raffled off to some fortunate female spectator. Hows about that, sports fans? There is also an MC, fresh from a thrilling one-night stand in the Jubilee Auditorium, who has cut short his tour of the Peace River district and points west to rouse students to spectating and speculating. All new cliches and guaranteed Ivy League, gang.

The Committee is happy to announce that its sound truck has been getting to a lot of people... namely professors who are trying to conduct lectures while the truck is sounding off.

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The true story of the fate of the IFC Songfest Trophy is one fraught with a surfeit of melodrama. From the time of its mysterious disappearance from the Alberta campus, it has

caused a certain nefarious group no end of trouble. How the trophy got to Manitoba and Saskatchewan (and also, according to reliable sources, the University of Stuttgart) will never be known. It is, however, a well-known fact to Publications staffs at U of A that this aforementioned GROUP went to a lot of trouble to get it for themselves so that they could parade up on the stage at Songfest with the trophy in the spirit of "Look what we got" and "Boy, are we ever funny!" With this plan in mind, this GROUP recovered the trophy safely, and made elaborate preparations for their epic performance. It came as a pleasant surprise to some of those who knew of the plan to note its failure to be carried out. It seems that one of the GROUP decided that the whole idea was too much trouble, and accordingly he absconded with the trophy, and gave it up on the sly to the Director of Songfest. The best laid plans, etc. etc. There is no honour among thieves.

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It's THAT time of year again, and the harrassed Awards Committee is rushing around trying to decide what to do with their quota of pins, blazers, et al. Bearing this decision in mind, limelight-seeking students are soliciting award nominations from other limelight-seeking students and vice-versa. You know, "You nominate me for a Gold Key, and I'll nominate you for the same!" Like, man, for this I came to college. Humorous it is to observe these people making with the glad-hand and the hail-fellow-well-miet bit to everyone who looks like a potential nominator. A person could make a lot of dough if he opened up a nominating agency: "Prestige our business! We nominate anybody. Pins—two dollars. Rings—four dollars. Gold Keys—ten dollars. Give orders! Form committees; Become immortal!"

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Late Flash: The Gateway's entry in the Northern Alberta Sports Car Rally finished. Surprise, Radsoc, Surprise!

THE GATEWAY

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