

# ILLICIT RESEARCH AT U OF A

by Rick Grant

It all started Monday night when I ran into an old buddy of mine who had been flying fighters in the air force for the past four years. The last time I had seen him was the graduation party (drunk) after our basic flying training course in Ontario. He always seemed to be a fairly straight person, always attended church parades, only picked up "nice" girls when on leave in Montreal, and was even rumoured to have a mother. A fact I very seriously doubt in light of developments.

Anyhow, the two of us had a reunion in one of Edmontons wet churches Monday night and proceeded to tell each other funny stories, stunts we had

## Tenure

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allow "true academic freedom".

Concern was expressed by many that the lack of tenured appointments might cause many academics to shy away from this university.

It appears that tenured appointments might be abolished at this university because of the wide-spread concern that tenure does nothing but prevent poor professors from being fired.

Of course tenure will not be eliminated in the near future but it appears that many members of the administration have secretly nurtured a hope that tenure will die.

At the senate meeting, university president, A. W. R. Carrothers expressed the sentiment that tenure as it stands is unrealistic and that little can be done with the rules and regulations of the university that protect tenured faculty.

He expressed the hope that something be done to make the method of faculty appointments more realistic.

The senate consists of representatives of students, faculty administration, and the community.

pulled during flying training laced with lashings of bs. and a lot of what is called hanger flying where the main idea is to convey to your listener as much of a flying story as possible by use of hands and sound effects. By that time we were fairly plastered and he started to tell a tale that made me very seriously think there was illicit biological warfare research being carried out in the biological sciences building (hereafter known as the castle because it is descriptive, apt, and shorter).

Through my alcohol warped mind I figured I was onto a fantastic story and I proceeded to take notes then and there, in the middle of a crowded tavern, on the back of a cigarette package.

The next day I had the most godawful hangover and I did not get up until noon when I

## Protest

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beginning. We must not stop here, but must continue to protest such things as Amchitka and the Vietnam war."

At this point the rally dispersed. However, a group of about 50 high school students broke off and decided to march down Jasper Avenue. This group further broke up into three groups, one of which dispersed while the others marched down Jasper, one on the north sidewalk, one on the south. They got about as far as 98th Street without incident, then broke up.

Throughout its duration the rally was peaceful, with not even a hint of trouble. At no point was traffic blocked by either the march or the rally.

Marchers carried dozens of placards which proclaimed, "Trudeau traitors us well"; "Will the next Amchitka be in Vietnam?"; "Go to Vancouver and have a nice holiday"; "Stop the blast, stop the war"; "Trudeau, talk is cheap - we're taking action"; "Send Nixon to Amchitka"; and many more.

remembered the notes and started to write a story around what my friend-informant (louse) had told me.

1. My informant-friend was working for some nebulous organization that used his talents to fly select scientists to Edmonton. He was also employed to supervise a small convoy of five ton trucks that had been visiting the campus at three in the morning several times during the summer.

2. The trucks were always backed into a loading bay near the castle. A grill underneath this bay was really concealing a tunnel that ran from the castle. A small electriccart delivered containers to the trucks.

3. The containers were about 8x12" cylinders containing bacteria produced by a secret research group buried in the maze of tunnels making up the castle.

4. The small cylinders were distributed one to a truck and driven out of the city to a disused second world war training airfield where they were flown out.

Then, Bob and I started out to look for this loading bay with its false grill in front of the tunnel. Well, we walked around the physics building, chemistry (giving close attention to the loading bay that has been destroyed by the recent construction), around the nuclear research building (a very sinister building) around the Tory building, agriculture, where we spent much time drying the fluid from our eyes as we peered into an air outlet under some stairs,

On the west side of the castle are three loading bays. In front of one were three of those large blue garbage disposal bins on wheels. Like a good conscientious reporter I crawled under the stairs to the side to get a look at the wall behind the bins. Low down, close to the pavement is a section of wall that has suspiciously smashed bricks covering an area that was about the right size for the outlet of the tunnel. I called to Bob to have a look and he crawled in with me. I lent him my key ring as it was the only thing we had hard enough between us

to tap the bricks for a tunnel cavity. After much pounding at the bricks we were still uncertain so it was decided that a research team might have to come equipped with a hammer to test the area.

Because I had to hang around the campus until 6:00 to have my I.D. photo taken I gave him a call.

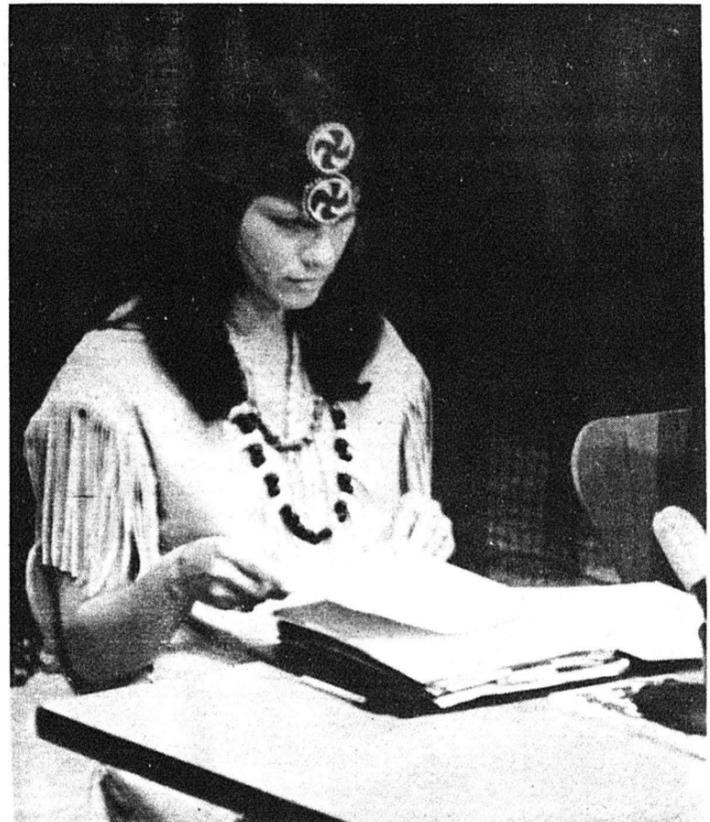
"Hello, R...? Rick here."

"Hi, where are you? I need a ride to the airport to catch a flight east."

"Listen R..., you know that stuff you told me last night? Well I think we're onto something but

we need you to find that loading dock."

For a good two minutes there was nothing but wild laughter at the other end before I got the explanation. It was a hoax he had made up on the spot, everything was fiction except for the fact he was flying for a living. After a few choice swear words and a few tears for my lost Pulitzer, I hung up and broke the news to Bob. For a second, you would think somebody had kicked him in the stomach, until he saw the funny side of it and the idea for this article originated.



Kahn Tineta Horn, militant Indian rights worker will confront Chief Dan George and Harold Cardinal, president of the Indian Association of Alberta at a forum in SUB Theatre, Tuesday, October 12 at 8 p.m. held in conjunction with "Indian Days" sponsored by the Students' Union.

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