

New Pads

The University of Alberta is at last to have new residences. When actual construction of the \$9,000,000 project begins late this winter, it will mark the climax of a long struggle on the part of the students and the administration. Years of agitation, demonstrations, bitter editorials on the part of *The Gateway*, and work by standing committees of the Students' Union are behind the actual announcement to build.

That few of those students who so fervently strived to make the one time dream a reality will still be here to enjoy the privileges, did not and does not matter, to them or to the issue itself. There is satisfaction in the realization that future students, of whom there are to be many, will enjoy a new kind of life in the University of Alberta, that of residence life.

Aside from the physical and material comforts residences will provide, there will be manifold benefits to the university and the student body. Greater unity—up until now impossible in a university of this size—will be but one of these benefits.

Along with the advantages will come many problems and temporary disadvantages. Student life will be affected in a multitude of ways and much of what has gone before will no longer apply. From student government through to the fraternity system, a revamping of ideas and practices will be necessary.

While the main problem of securing new residences may be resolved, there is still a



HOW WONDERFUL TO BREATHE THE SACROSANCT AIR OF PURE SCHOLARSHIP, AND ESCAPE THE JUVENILE FRIVOLITIES OF HIGH-SCHOOL.

need for much work and planning if the years of work so close to culmination are to have any meaning.

We bid farewell to the old residences that now face destruction. It is a farewell that has been postponed for too long. But it is sweet in our mouths.

Don't Get Lost

Welcome, freshman.

You are beginning what you may remember someday as the most valuable years of your life. These may well be the best years of your life, in every way.

Relax, and work at making the most of it.

In the 20th century, in this land of opportunity, this campus is dedicated to providing you with as broad a range of opportunity as possible.

It possesses facilities to allow you to explore the extremes of human thought, wisdom, activity,

It possesses facilities for recreation and exercise to ensure your health—your capacity for self-fulfillment.

Your friendships at university will endure to accompany you in later years.

In this institution of learning, if you are lucky, you will learn the simple enjoyment of working, of applying yourself with energy and enthusiasm to your responsibilities and pleasures.

Don't be afraid to challenge; but more important, learn to be challenged. Discover your own questions, look for your own answers.

You are one of over 9,000 students on the campuses at Calgary and Edmonton. Don't get lost. Hold on to your own identity through the years ahead, without resisting beneficial change in yourself.

We who have preceded you welcome you.

On Joining

To the freshman student, Frosh week is one mad rush, with the hectic pace interrupted only by innumerable lineups for such diverse ends as "regulation frosh regalia", and the omnipresent medical.

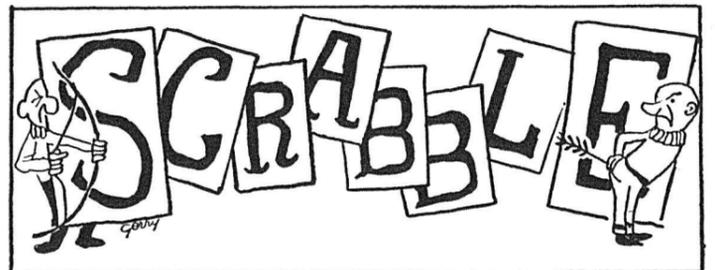
Most important in the freshman's list of decisions is, of course, his selection of a course of study. But, even though it is the marks obtained in these courses which determine whether a degree is obtained, it is often the outside interests and contacts with other minds which determine whether an education was received along with the degree.

Some come to university intent on study, expecting no leisure or outside interests. University, it has been pointed out to them, is not like high school; one must work so much harder in order to pass. Allowing themselves no time for extra-curricular activities and of course unable to study all of the time, they find themselves guiltily taking time off to spend fruitless hours in Tuck or at the bridge table in the smoking room. Others manage to dissociate themselves entirely from university life. They attend lectures and instantly vanish homeward, shunning even coffee break contact with their university. To still others, every activity from Homecoming Weekend to "Money for Mongolia" is another step on the road to Big Man On Campus.

During activity night a bewildering array of organizations will make their spiel for new members. Some of these are designed to offer extra study in a variety of fields such as politics, science, debating, and religion. Some perform a service to the rest of the campus, and some are merely for pleasure and recreation. All of these clubs offer a special appeal and the large number of them precludes joining everything.

For those students in one of the more liberal programs such as that offered by the arts and science faculty, a broad education is implied. However, for those registering in the more vocational programs such as engineering or commerce, outside interests may be the only factor making their stay here an education rather than a preparation for a trade.

The choice of what to join and what to forebear from joining is one only the individual can make. Do not completely overlook the wealth of experience to be garnered outside the classroom, but at the same time do not become a joiner, loyal to none.



Fighting off such classic cliches as "Hi, Guy!", "Did ya' have a good summer?", "How'd ya' mak out fella?", Dirty Dudley returns to campus to air his dirty laundry, with a surfeit of soft soap supplied by the Editor-in-Chief. Welcome, Frosh, from Scrabble, the natural laxative column that gets right down in the digestive tract to promote instant relief. In case you haven't noticed, "Scrabble" is "Garbage" spelled backwards. How do I know? Hal Veale told me so. All that meat and no potatoes.

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This is U of A, frosh . . . the land of the Sap ("Hi, gang, group, guys . . . daaaahh . . . fellows, crowd . . . daaaahh . . . Hoboy, Hi!"); the Sucker ("Understand that in seeking this position I only wish to serve my fellow students."); the Socialite ("We've been to three formals, twelve cocktail parties, and ALL of his fraternity parties and he's kind of negative and smells of Sen-Sen but his old man is loaded!"); the Supercilious ("Mind you, when you've been around this campus as long as I have, you develop a sixth sense . . . an intuition so to speak . . ."); the Sorority Girl ("We believe that all girls are created equal, but some have more money than others, but regardless of race, creed, and religion, we accept anybody provided they are . . . ahhh . . . shall we say . . . socially acceptable . . . ahhh . . . that is . . . fit into the ethnic group. That is . . . ahhh . . . just like us. We're so beautiful, we make ourselves sick!"); AND the occasional Student. Which one are you, Frosh?

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A word to the wise, frosh. Some people are IN, others are OUT.

Naturally, to you well scrubbed, shining morning face cherubims, it is very important to BELONG, capital b, to be accepted, to be one of. You can do it, too, as long as you make sure that you never express an original thought. Once you show that you're the slightest bit different from the GANG, you're some- kinda-nut-or-somethin' and you are OUT. Be careful Guy. Build your house on a firm base of compromise.

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Instant Fresh Frosh: Take a dash of CJCA fall fun time, add the flip side of a 45, mix in two round eyes, one tsp. first impressions, sprinkle liberally with cliches, fill full of nothing, add green and gold and stir. Result is extremely unpalatable.

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Why the Hell do I write this column. Shucks, I guess I just like people.

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Late Flash: If a nasty little man with UAB tattooed on his forehead tries to sell you a football ticket, buy them. He needs your help. The football team needs your help. Every institution on this campus needs your help. Aren't you proud to be so important, Frosh?

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