

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—Everyone returned from the CUP conference in Calgary without any serious mental defects but with a part of the Ubysey. A few even managed to help us with the longest press night-day of the year. Those that worked were Bill Kankewitt, Marilyn Astle, Ron Yakimchuk, Bob Schmidt, Jim Muller, Alex Ingram, Bill Miller, Anne-Marie Little, Carol Jackson, Ken Hutchinson, Reg Moncrieff, Bernie Goedhart, Rich Vivone, Pat Mulka, the Phantom and the Sceptre, the sleepless wonder and our favorite snake—ME, the ever-faithful, ever-present, sexy sivil serpent, Harvey G. Thomgirt.

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1968

a hotbed of apathy

By ELAINE VERBICKY

We note with wonder that the birth control information booth is gone from SUB second floor.

Can it be the social ills the booth was set up to cure have been righted in the short space of two weeks?

The Committee on the Status of Women, when it first put up the booth, said it intended to keep distributing information on birth control as long as anyone was interested or as long as anyone needed it. They ran off new batches of pamphlets every night. Hundreds of students came up every noon hour asking for the information.

Women have a right to decide what happens to their own bodies, the booth staffers said. Student Health Services was abdicating its responsibility to students by not handing out birth control information or prescribing free contraceptive pills, they charged.

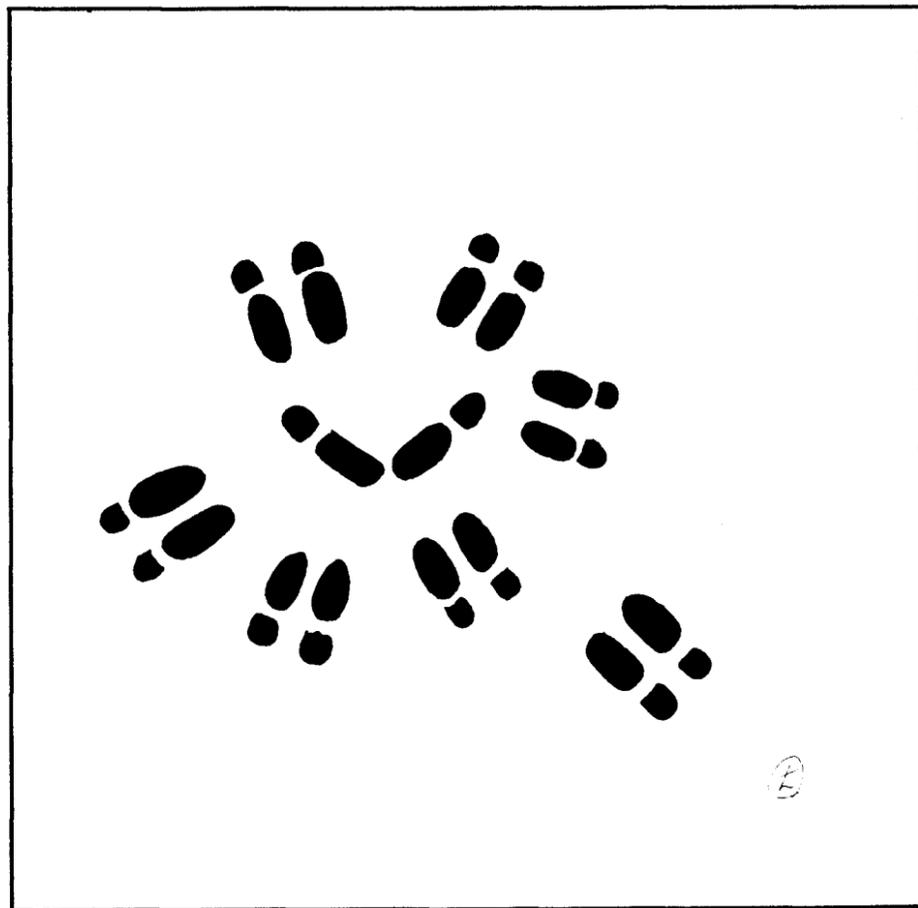
Canada had 25,000 illegitimate births to women under 21 in 1963-64, you know. That was why the booth was kept up during Varsity Guest Weekend—high school girls needed the information.

Sure, the booth contravened the Criminal Code of Canada, a SUB policy board ruling and a closure order from the president of the students' union. But the importance of the issues the booth stood for, the innate justice of its fight for a basic human dignity, meant justification for breaking any number of laws.

Television, radio and newspaper reporters flocked to the booth and gathered lots of juicy quotes. The Edmonton public had the issue brought loudly before it—kids on campus needed birth control information, apparently.

The booth brought results—like a radio hot-line show on the subject of "Campus Morality"; like Student Health Services saying it had never given contraceptives free but had often referred girls requesting them to private physicians; like thousands of timid teenyboppers frightened of university because some girls had come up at Varsity Guest Weekend and told them they would need birth control information here at U of A.

But surely the larger problems of campus lack of awareness of female



cassius!!—I said 'in the forum' not 'in the abdomen'!!

rights and needed legal reform have not been much alleviated by a two-week effort.

The booth was great—while it lasted. But it didn't last long. One can only wonder how committed to

real positive action were its organizers in the first place.

Or could it be the Committee on the Status of Women was a hotbed not of seeds of bold reform but of germs of student apathy?

a ray of hope

Our conservative students' council Monday shocked itself and many onlookers—it passed a motion endorsing a protest march.

If all plans work out, students will march on the Alberta legislature early next week to protest the recent increase in tuition fees, and to present supporting briefs to education minister Ray Reiersen.

Of course, council didn't go too far; within an hour after the passing of the motion, most of them recoiled in horror from the suggestion that the union involve itself more deeply in areas of political concern.

But even Doug Ward would have been proud of council's stand on the tuition fee protest.

The programs being conducted in the SUB theatre all week should be instrumental in informing most students on campus about the march; along with this, petitions are being circulated all over campus in an effort to get more students hot and bothered about tuition fees.

And all this is being not only approved by, but actually supported by the students' council.

As Marilyn Pilkington said Monday: "This could be the greatest thing that ever happened to this campus."

the frustrating world of sikk kidd

By RICH VIVONE

Sikk Kidd was unhappy—young and unhappy. The problem was that he could not find love. A dog had used him as a fire hydrant and a cat has spit on him. His mother scorned him. His father beat him. His younger brother called him useless and his elder brother said he was a weep. His younger sister said he was stupid and his elder sister laughed as she repeated snide tales told by her girlfriends.

But that did not deter Sikk Kidd. He was sure that he could and would love someone. He had faith in the humanity of man.

Thus did Sikk Kidd throw off his chains and turn his efforts to the world. He visited Montreal but found people could not speak English. In Bagotville, he could not speak French. In Charlottetown, he could not eat lobsters. He got lost in Toronto. Sikk Kidd could not find someone to love him. He knew prostitutes, secretaries, single girls, mistresses, girls who were activists, slim girls who wore girdles, fat girls who did not,

sane girls, insane girls, women who lied, good girls and bad girls. But he could not find someone to love him.

Frustrated with the reality of the East, Sikk Kidd put a hanky in one pocket, a toothpick in the other and set out to find, in the myth of the West, someone to love him.

He went to Winnipeg but found that people only grew carrots and potatoes. He went to Brandon but found that they slaughtered cattle and packed the remains in small boxes. He went to Regina but found that they went to football games and had no time to love.

At Regina, Sikk Kidd found a willing confidant who said Edmonton had a losing football team and people would have time to love him for sheer want of sympathy.

One glimpse of Edmonton and Sikk Kidd knew he had discovered paradise. He would find his love here. He saw Edmonton had cars, cows, girls, curlers, students, friendly nurses at University Hospital, ladies, Ameri-

cans, wives, lovers, pill pushers, Ukrainians, the Journal, 97th Street, fire hydrants, pizzas, baloney and sardine sandwiches, and people from as far away as Nipigon.

Sikk Kidd unpacked his love radar and set out to find that certain someone. He searched the Paramount Theatre, the CN station, Emily Murphy Park, the YWCA, the Corona Hotel, the Royal Bank, the Parliament Buildings, the Kingsway oasis, Avord Arms, Betty's Lunch, The Gateway and SUB. But, alas, he found no one. He saw one he liked because she smiled but she was high up in student government and had little time for Sikk Kidd.

He was ready to quit when, suddenly and miraculously, he saw her. She was cramped in a telephone booth. One look and Sikk Kidd knew.

She was a dazzling brunette and her hair was long and silky. She wore tasteful clothes and had flashing romantic eyes. Sikk Kidd knew it was all over. She was someone who would love him.

He was told her name was Flossie which was actually short for Flossylyn but she did not like that name. Sikk Kidd dated Flossie. He took her to movies, to hockey games and to parties. He sent her roses and letters and cards. Sikk Kidd was hooked.

Soon, however, Flossie began to stray. She told him she was busy each night, that she was going away for a few days and that she was unavailable. He was depressed. What could he do. Oh, great pain in the head, how could he solve this problem?

One day, the imminent philosopher, R. J. Needle came to town and Sikk Kidd was certain the wisdom of this man would win his love back. Flossie came to hear and see Mr. Needle and she was happy with his words. Sikk Kidd was happy.

But Flossie said she had to leave early because another fella was coming to take her home.

Sikk Kidd was unhappy.

The question is—is the world inhabited by Sikk Kidds?