

Academic Status

The machinery which annually doles out pins, rings, keys and athletic awards to some 250 students who have made "outstanding contributions to campus life" is now grinding away. On Color Night, March 17, this elite group, hand-picked and carefully graded, will troop to the Macdonald Hotel where they will bask in something akin to glory.

Ironically, only a very few of the students at this University who truly deserve honors heaped upon them will attend Color Night. Most of them will be somewhere pounding their books. We refer, of course, to the students who apply their brilliance to their studies—the men and women who pull down the top marks.

As one brilliant but bitter student has succinctly put it: "at this University you get awards for everything—with the exception of the thing that you are supposed to be doing."

True, top students win the scholarships. And their names will be included among the long lists of scholarship winners printed in the province's newspapers each summer. Further, some people say that leading students modestly prefer to remain in the shadows.

Balderdash! Reasoning along these lines has contributed to the present attitude in our society that academic or intellectual achievement should be soft-pedalled. Regretably,

even our Universities are content to let their academic standouts languish in the wings, instead of letting a little of the limelight fall on them.

Even our high school systems—the stamping ground the the "big wheel" who is on the executive of every school club, the home of the "most popular kid in the room" and the hot-bed of the junior-sized football hero—has done better than the University of Alberta. Academic leaders receive little pins in high school. At the University of Alberta they don't even get invited to the annual subsidized banquet and dance called Color Night.

Actually, the main drawback to academic recognition on this campus is the time factor. The academic stars aren't known until after school is out for the summer. On the other hand, the athletic and activities big-wigs are piled up knee deep before the term is over.

If scholastic leaders are to be honored in the same contests as the athletic and activities leaders (probably at a re-organized version of Color Night), the only solution which now presents itself is to bring the academicians forward a year late. Many graduating students would be unable to attend—but it is clear such an expedient would be better than the present system of non-recognition.

The Big Stick

A Canadian University Press story in this issue of The Gateway reports that the Student's Council of Mount Allison University in New Brunswick has banned from the campus all political parties nationally or provincially affiliated.

This is a strong measure, and one of doubtful wisdom. It is from student political affiliations that national and provincial parties draw considerable of their vigor, most of their awareness of the problems of youth. And it is through the affiliations of these student clubs that University students are able to meet and engage in discussion political leaders of province and nation. To blot out these clubs because of alleged irregularity seems short-sighted.

But the attack on student political clubs is not nearly so important as the attack attributed to New Brunswick Premier Louis Robichaud on the independence of Mount Allison. Robichaud told a CUP reporter the ban "will be rectified."

This statement indicates that the head of government will use the influence of his position to force a change in a student decision regarding student affairs. Such an interference with autonomy of student government—though doubtless within the premier's legal prerogative

—would be unfortunate and ill-advised.

It would emphasize the ability of any government in the land to interfere directly in University affairs, and that way further jeopardize the independence and the freedom of Universities.

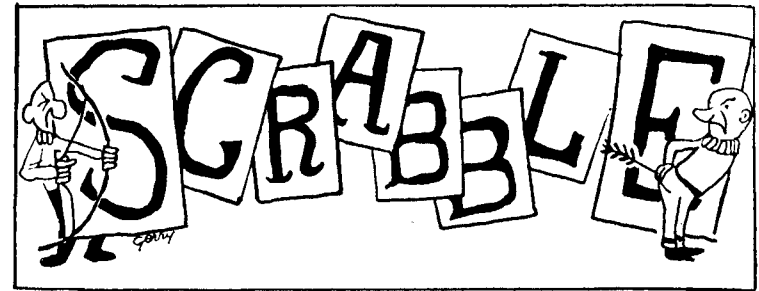
Reductio Ad Absurdum

Comrades:

Let me re-solicit your support for the attack upon our laggard professors. The latest example of incompetence that has come to the fore is one of setting an exam that was, in part, impossible to do, and answering the mistake with, "Oh, well, for those who didn't do well, they can

make it up the next time." Bad enough that these exams were forced upon us at an inopportune time, but setting a solutionless problem is an act worthy of reprisal, since it is by no means a rare occurrence in the Engineering department.

Yours truly,
Purged, Eng. 3



An inevitable by-product of the Yuletide festivities is a sudden, strong anti-social reaction coupled with an equally strong, overall disgust with the human race. This sort of thing happens in more or less degree to all of us. With me, it becomes an obsession. I feel if I drink one more drink, or smile one more smile or laugh one more laugh at any given party, I will quietly take gas and pull the ancient Siamese disappearing trick.

Most parties have a standard formula for success: take an arbitrary number of people, add one life-of-the-party, add an anxious-to-please host and hostess, soak in an alcoholic solution obtainable at Manning's confectionery, and serve. You don't need to drink at these parties to get a hangover. It starts when you walk in the door. Every once in a while you find yourself saying "It's okay, I'm just having a nightmare." But you ain't dreamin' Guy. And it's all because of the Phonies.

Phonies come in all sizes, shapes and colors, and are found in vary quantities at all parties. All of us, it is true, have a bit of the phony in us, but there are certain stereotypes that are recognizable on sight. The more phony the phony, the more he fits the mold.

"I can't decide whether I really like the Arc de Triomphe at night," says a voice. You cringe. Yea, verily, it is Mrs. Well-travelled-and-oh-how-proud-we-are. Don't worry. These people are vulnerable, and can be crushed by a vague reference to the Caves at the Haute Garonne.

Next on the big phony parade is the pseudo-beatnik. Shoe salesman turned hipster . . . a true success story. He is phony from the tip of his false beard to the smell of his

sale-priced sandals. He says "man" and "like" and other trivia, but lives in constant fear that people will find out he reads—and enjoys—Joe Palooka. Just like Cinderella, he loses his grass slipper on the stroke of the vibes and reverts back to clerk, class two.

"Nothing succeeds like success" booms Hearty Harry, swelling up in his seer-sucker* suit. Here's one for the Crime-stopper's textbook, reader, Hearty Harry, the picture of affluence, is in reality a part-time Santa Claus at an out of the way discount house.

The freshman student is always a laugh. He knows everything—just ask him. "What do you think of Nietzsche and T. S. Eliot?" he babbles, puffing on a ridiculous pipe. He's seventeen. I don't know, I wonder what he thinks of Nietzsche and what's his name? I wonder what he thinks.

Then there is the Civil Servant. Rimless glasses, dark suit, supercilious, expressionless. Writes lewd stories on the side. "Governments," he states, "are ordained by God, and are therefore above reproach." Not bloody likely.

Let us not forget the press. Journalists are sent to an unfinished school where they are given instruction in swearing and lying. Then they are issued with press cards, slouch hats, baggy suits, and sneers. Better they should peddle their papers elsewhere.

Party Girls are a nauseous breed clad in dangly earrings, large, vulgar bracelets, spike heels, and the occasional dress. They will be found in any corner saying, "Oh you Guys!!" There are no uglier battleships clad in more camouflage, battle weapons, baubles, bangles and blechhhh!

Lastly (for now) is the Affected One . . . the character with the personality of a soft-backed beetle who mugs at the crowd and lisps: "Oh, the noise and the people!"

The only thing to do with these people is to place them in sacks and beat them with split bamboo. When thrown against walls they stick and make interesting patterns.

THE GATEWAY

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