

VIEWPOINT

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1964 PAGE FIVE

Of Deadwood

To The Editor:

Sir, I must congratulate The Gateway for the paper put out Nov. 13. For the first time, you have genuinely "worked me up."

First of all, I have great sympathy for the poor poppy-peddler. The non-soliciting law was just one of many laws that seem to pop up out of the blue. I believe that I would have thrown out the petition-pushers before the poppy man. But then, this is politics and a controversial brand at that—not for discussion here.

Another point is "Where are the cultural activities on campus?" I ask this because there isn't anything telling us about the Symphony, the Mixed and Male Choruses, and University Concert Band (I believe that was the stalwart group heard at the Blitz Day Breakfast). What are these groups doing? Come out from your dusty shelves and show us that you are still with us.

There has been much said about "sex on the campus." But, there is a strange, almost forbidding silence from the religious youth groups on the campus. I would be interested in hearing a good word from the VCF group, the Newman people, the Lutheran group, and especially the LDS people. I presume they still hold true to Christian ideals, let's see a demonstration of it.

Well, now I've said my piece. Thank you for your incentive and keep up the good work. Somebody has to arouse the dead wood on this campus.

Deadwood Dick

Better Coverage Wanted

To The Editor:

During the majority of the Western Intercollegiate Football season, you seldom published stories or scores of games other than the ones the Bears were in. Why? An example of this is the weekend the Bears beat the Dinos 71-0. There were front page stories, the sports section was full of the Bears' feats, but not a word of the Bison-Huskies game of the same weekend. Nor was there any mention of a game in the Eastern Intercollegiate League. Is this lack of sports reporting an oversight or narrow-mindedness on the part of the sports editor? If it is an oversight, I hope it will be corrected for the hockey and basketball seasons. If it is narrow-mindedness, let me point out that there are people on this campus who would like to see complete league scores published, and your sports editor has an obligation to these people.

Furthermore, I feel that intercollegiate scores from the east should be published. You do have access to wire service, don't you?

Bill Chidlow
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Editor's Note—No, we do not have access to a wire service. We have access to a "letter" service which, however, carries no sports copy.

On the Trail of Gronk

To The Editor:

Have you ever wondered about the "red tape" we hear mentioned so often? Also, what is it like to go through "the proper channels" in the government? Well, here is an account of an experience a few of us at Steve's had last Tuesday . . .

Did you notice the picture of "Gronk" in the Journal last Tuesday? Apparently someone

thought he could do as good a job as some others in the Legislature. Anyway, after hearing, on the news, that he has been found on the steps of the Legislative Building Tuesday morning, we decided to try to find where he had been taken. Thus begins our tale . . .

CHED Radio told us to ask the RCMP. The RCMP hadn't heard anything about it, but suggested we phone the Legislative Buildings. The Clerk of the Legislative Assembly referred us to the Head Janitor who said that Gronk had been hauled away "before the Journal could make a fuss." (Freedom of the Press?) Mr. Hinkleman then sent us to the shipping department, where we were advised to phone the Department of Public Works. After a 20-minute chat with one of the secretaries we were sent to a Mr. Gordon, who is "some sort of supervisor at the Legislative Buildings." Mr. Gordon thought it was a "hell of a thing" that we should lose our dinosaur, and promised to "get right on it."

Meanwhile, Mr. Manning was

Have you ever tried to trail a missing dinosaur? If not, read on, for it is an interesting study in bureaucratic red tape.

out of town but could be contacted Thursday. Mr. Page was out to lunch (1 p.m.).

Going to still another area of investigation, we got no help from the Department of Sanitation and Garbage Complaints, who assured us that "if the dinosaur had been noticed, everyone would be talking about it."

CFRN, CJCA, and CFRN-TV were alerted.

CBXT-TV led us to a Mr. Sheppard, then to a Mr. Colburn—who we couldn't get hold of.

Mayor Hawrelak was in Lethbridge and could not be reached.

Mr. Page was now in his office (2 p.m.). After 4 minutes of talking he assured us that he couldn't do anything—but told us to phone the Deputy Premier. However, Mr. Hooke was "still at lunch," after a late cabinet meeting. His secretary, after we explained the situation, could not tell us "whether Gronk had been discussed during the cabinet meeting or not."

About 3:30 p.m. we went to the Legislative Buildings, where we met a receptionist and . . . after we told her our story, she called a couple of gents in blue and one in brown (two doormen and a guide). They recommended we

phone the greenhouse office. The gardeners told us to call the Department of Public Works (haven't we been here sometime before?), and asked for a Mr. Ryan. Mr. Ryan told us that the truck driver (Mr. Shannon), took Gronk to the South Side Dump.

But the South Side Dump hadn't seen Gronk! The man said we should phone the main yard of the city engineers. The engineers (who all know about such things) set us to the city incinerator, where, "Lo, and Behold!"

All this is very long and boring, but it serves to make you wonder what would happen if you ever had to find something really valuable by going through "proper channels." I mean doesn't EVERYONE notice a dinosaur 21 feet long and 7 feet high!!

Jim Rasmussen
science 1

Christians and Sex

To The Editor:

I find it amazing how far from Christ's teachings so called Christians can get. This includes

Grim Story

Mississippi: Suspicion, Hate, Intolerance

The following article is written by Mike Horsey, editor of the Ubysey, undergraduate newspaper at UBC. The Alma Mater Society at UBC sponsored a trip to Mississippi for Horsey, who gives an account of his visit in this article.

By Mike Horsey

Reprinted from the Ubysey

Snap one, two, three pictures of the little girl and her mother entering the school.

A meaty hand slashes the camera away from you, breaking the strap.

"Don't go doin' that sort of thing, son," says a gruff voice as you watch a fat sweaty man open your camera and unroll the film. Both are handed back and nothing more is said as the sheriff's deputy disappears into the milling crowd.

Your mistake was to photograph a Negro girl. The place: Mississippi. The time: 1964.

A few days later in Jackson, capital of Mississippi, another problem. You look at a blue Chev police wagon driving by; it comes the other way and you look again and begin to worry.

Turn up a street and get away as it comes toward you. Panic. Run into an alley and stand beside a tumbled-down shed for 15 long, hot minutes; then forget your destination and get back to the motel.

Your second mistake was walking alone in a Negro section.

In Hattiesburg, south Mississippi, ask a white lunch attendant: "Which way to Mobile Street?"

"Jus' what part o' Mobile street you want, mistuh?"

The wrong part, in the middle of the Negro section.

"You one o' them nigger lovin' commies?" No directions, fumble along and find it yourself. Mistake number three: don't ask the white citizenry where the civil rights workers are.

I spent ten days in Mississippi this September, and found it both

a beautiful and deadly place. You learn fast.

Beautiful because it is a green, rolling country with a great river winding through it; deadly because it is hostile to northern newspapermen and student civil rights workers.

This southern state is the last stronghold of massive racial intolerance. The white Mississippian has had more than a century to convince himself he is superior to the Negro, while the Negro Mississippian has spent the same time learning the same lesson.

The civil rights workers and northerners who flooded into Mississippi this summer upset things. The white Mississippian reacted violently to these intruders. Five civil rights workers were murdered; hundreds of workers and ministers were beaten and harassed. He tossed bombs at Negro homes and he gave newspapermen a bad time.

I broke a law by taking the picture of the little girl and her mothers as they integrated a school in Carthage, Miss. The police and the local school board have a deal—no pictures of Negroes integrating schools.

It's the same everywhere.

There have been about 1,000 "intruders" in the state this summer—mostly students, but a fair sprinkling of adult professionals—lawyers, doctors and ministers.

They have been registering voters, setting up schools where the whites won't, establishing libraries, giving medical aid and money to help the Negro.

In the field, civil rights workers work through an organization called COFO (Council of Federated Organizations). This is the co-ordinating body for all civil rights workers in the states.

Civil rights workers who value their lives follow strict rules in Mississippi. They do not travel at night, or they smash the inside lights of their cars so they may get out of them without attracting attention at night.

They don't stand in light behind them—no silhouettes for targets. They don't sleep near windows and always at the back of buildings for fear of bombings.

"It's best to travel in a car that goes over 100 miles an hour," said Sandy Leigh, 27-year-old director in Hattiesburg.

Joyce Brown, a 21-year-old Negro in her fourth year at New Orleans Xavier University, pointed to a tight string of holes in the driver's side of her car, gouged by slugs from hunting rifles.

"No one was hurt," she said. "The car was packed and we were lucky."

David Balin, 26, a student doing graduate work at Princeton, was from London, England.

"Don't you feel you are intruding in the affairs of another country?" I asked.

"No, this is a universal problem. It's the duty of people to correct these horrendous wrongs," he said.

How does the Negro feel about all this "progress" to make him equal? Elijah Thom, a 40-year-old Negro who has no intention of claiming equality is a case in point.

He has absolutely no intention of voting, and says he might lose his job. That means a lot, since the pinemill where he works pays him a little less than \$1,000 a year.

Heat is a big problem in Mississippi, where there is no air conditioning for the Negro, and no running water in 75 per cent of the rural Mississippi Negro homes, according to COFO surveys. Ninety per cent are without indoor plumbing.

The white Mississippian has it better. Many white Mississippians catch colds from walking from an air conditioned house into the sun and back into an air conditioned store.

This is the State of Mississippi. It seems hard to believe.

Those who have been to jails tell you they're hell-holes, and that people are beaten and brutally treated.

You start to believe it when your camera is snatched away and you know it when a chippy waiter won't tell you street directions, and his eyes gleam with contempt.

It's a grim story.

so called Christian ministers too. What is a Christian? Christ said "If ye continue in my word then are ye my disciple indeed . . ." And what is Christ's word on the controversial question of pre-marital sex relationship?

In the sermon on the Mount Christ gave us a law that superseded the Law of Moses. It superseded the Law; but can we then break the Ten Commandments? No. Let me illustrate.

The Law said Thou shalt not kill, but Christ said, "whoso is angry with his brother is in danger of judgement." The Law said Thou shalt not commit adultery, but Christ said, "whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery already in his heart." See what I mean?

Adulterers and fornicators get the same strong word in the New Testament. In 1 Cor. 5 Paul tells us fornicators are to be ostracized, and the sin is generally and thoroughly deplored. In Acts 15 abstinence from fornication is mentioned next to abstinence from idolatry as a requirement of a Christian. And from Eph. 5:3-6, "But fornication . . . let it not once be named among you, . . . Let no man deceive you with vain words: for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience."

What is the Christian's answer to the question of pre-marital sexual relationships? A resounding NO! Opinions of so called clergy notwithstanding. If you don't agree try reading the Bible, and read it for what it says, not what you would like it to say. You might find it informative and well worth while.

EBP
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Frosh and Maturity

To The Editor:

After much thought on the subject, I have finally decided on a freshman's formula for maturity. But since it is a detailed and laborious treatise to plow through, I will elaborate on only one aspect.

Never say, "Ugh—I HATE Frank Mc-who-ever-his-name-is' music." That is Social Blunder Number One. For after all, everyone knows that the wise second, third and fourth year students, who are undoubtedly mature, LIKE this "music." It doesn't matter if it's the kind Mom and Dad foxtrotted to, It's Collegiate. It also doesn't matter that people act as if they were mummies poured into their suits and dresses, with facial expressions chiselled out of plaster of Paris—they're having FUN, see? Forget about the ball everyone had at the Res. Dance on Hal-lowe'en—we let our hair down (it needed it after the strain we found ourselves under), and really enjoyed ourselves.

However, we are now sophisticated collegiate types and must put away our "bubble gum music" (we made it a hit, but now we MUST grow up). Only immature like it, and woe betide the unsuspecting fool who says (probably only once), I LIKE it."

Now we will all go on our merry (?) ways and be all grown up like Mommie and Daddy hoped we would be. We like good old Frank and the Gang.

Signed:

A Representative of
the Bubble Gum Set

P.S.—I hope that this little voice of protest does not upset the Editor in any way. For all I know, he could be one of the wise old upperclassmen who LIKES Frank and the Gang.