

# The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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photo editor ..... Dave Hebditch  
page forum five ..... Jim Carter

**STAFF THIS ISSUE**—There's something fishy about the whole evening, as everybody got cod up in themselves just for the halibut. Anyway we're all here on our last perch and invite you to tuna in next year, for another bass issue of The Gateway to see what we net. Baiting the editors masterfully (not in reverse, obverse, perverse, inverse, rehearse or free verse) were: Janice McPhail, Ron and Terry (the invaded), Judy Salmon, Dave Hebfish, Steve Mackinaw, Terry Malanchuk, Irene Harvie, Elaine Verbicky (still at the typewriter churning out good hard copy), Gerry Umbach, Ellen Nygaard, Dick Nimmons, Beth Winteringham, Eric Hameister, Ron Ternoway, Ron Duckin', Bob Hair (less and less and less), Dan (the speller) Jamieson, Elsie Ross, Dale Rogers, Donna Brown, Winston Gereluk, Dorothy Constable, Opey, Dan Carroll and your slimp, fishy-faced, frantic-flipper, whale of a snake Harvey G. (Got to get back to them showers glub, glub, glub . . . What a gas!) Thomgirt.

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PAGE FOUR

FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1970

## What can you say?

A very real weight of nostalgia hangs over The Gateway tonight.

No one talks about it. Instead, they sit around, reading back issues of the paper and talking quietly in small groups. Everyone seems reluctant to leave.

Tonight, we put together the last issue of this paper.

Tonight, a group of people who have worked hard and believed in each other and suffered poor marks and long press nights together, a group that has become a unit, will go drinking at the local pub and then wander individually home. And that will permanently dissolve a feeling, a unique *tone*, that is the reality of this particular paper.

Looking back on the paper published this year, you remark—with some surprise, as has every staff before us—that this year's work has been good, and the issues raised and the copy written were relevant and worthy of our work. And we discover that we have not failed ourselves.

But that is not very satisfying, not much of a comfort or compensation. There is still that damn transitoriness: the feeling that the more important part of your life is inevitably, quickly passing. And you want to stop it happening, and you feel foolish that you can be so attached to this paper and these people.

You want to get drunk and forget about it.

And you want to stay and tell someone about it.

I think it's kind of useless to say anything about things like censorship after what you have just read.

I think it is pretty obvious what kind of commitment the people who make up this newspaper have made.

I cried when I read what is above and while I can't say I am crying now, I wish I could. A man named Ron Dutton wrote what I am talking about but he and the rest of the staff claimed it didn't matter, that I shouldn't even ask who wrote it, that it was the staff talking.

Once upon a time I wrote a story about a man's tears falling into a crack in the cement sidewalk and I feel that way now.

Many editors have sat down at this typewriter and said "I am sitting down at this typewriter to write my farewell" and that is exactly what I am doing.

I said I couldn't cry while I was writing this and suddenly these goddamn keys are so slippery I can't make them work, much less find them.

It's hard to say what makes it that way, but there it is. How would you say thank-you to all those people who sweated their goddam guts out over this stinking rag?

How would you say thank-you to all those people who made it impossible to see the keys of your typewriter?

There's only one thing that you sonsofbitches who don't listen should know—this goddamn paper has sweated its guts to get to you. It ain't been a great year for a "professional" presentation of the news.

But every one of you sonsofbitches critics had better realize that the people sweating for you are generally first year staffers.

If that don't make any impact, buddy, it's too late.

But if there is meaning in that to you, then you will realize the importance of such people as Brian Campbell, Ron Dutton, Winston Gereluk, Sid Stephen, Ginny Bax, Dan Jamieson, Ellen Nygaard, Joe Czajkowski, Dan Carroll, Dave Hebditch, Terry Malanchuk, Bob Anderson, Elaine Verbicky, Jim Carter, Dennis Fitzgerald—and Rich Vivone (believe it or not, old editor), running a close first to my folks (believe it or not folks).

Judy, when you advance the struggle that has gone on this year, then I can only say you will be running one hell of a great newspaper.—A.S.

—30—

# I am annoyed with having to write 3 column, 2 deck, 36 point heads

by Dale Rogers

I am annoyed.

I am annoyed with the women on this campus. The ones who always wear blue jeans, the ones that never do. The ones that slam the door in my face, and the ones who jump into bed before they know my name. The ones who make up excuses for not going out, and the ones who go out when they don't want to. Women who swear every other word and those who pretend they don't get a joke, those who get better marks but say they were worse than

yours to make you feel better, and, those who get higher and let you know it. Those who go to university only to get married or only to get a degree.

I am annoyed at the 95 per cent of this campus who don't really give a damn about what is happening to them as long as they get their degree.

I am annoyed with having lectures from stupid, boring, ignorant and boorish professors.

I am even more annoyed with big-mouthed TA's who know

about as damn much as I do, and threaten me with marks.

I am annoyed with the terrible parking situation on this campus.

I am annoyed with the ugly buildings and rooms in which I receive my education.

I am annoyed with entire structure of the students' union and its irrelevant council.

I am annoyed with the radicals on this campus, who keep telling me that their way is the only way.

I am annoyed with all the people who tell me that pollution, starvation, and war are not really relevant to me and I shouldn't worry about them.

I am annoyed that the only present alternative to the Social Credit Government of Alberta is the Progressive Conservatives.

I am annoyed that the degree I receive isn't worth the paper it's printed on.

I am annoyed that we, as students, are not allowed to print whatever we want in our newspaper.

I am annoyed that students have not yet realized the power they do possess if they are willing to use it.

I am annoyed that the editor has told me I only have one more line of copy.

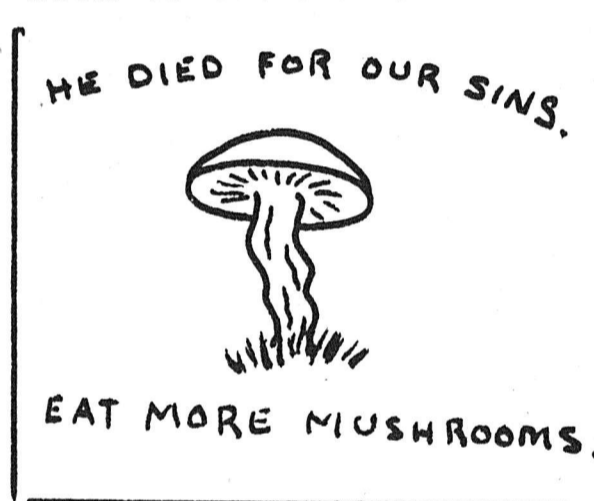
I am annoyed the editor just told me I have to write

six  
more  
lines  
of  
copy.

I resign.

SID STEPHEN

I think we should all get  
into mushrooms. It will  
soon be too late.



## Oh shit!

by Dan Jamieson

I have been given almost ten inches of space on this page to deliver a last minute lash at anything my little old heart desires.

Trouble is, I don't really feel like lashing. Not that there is a lack of targets. Heavens no!

I guess I could unload my opinions of the actions taken by Dr. D. G. Tyndall in the matter of censorship, but I guess a few others have done that already, and I'm liable to start in at the man's mother if I get wound up on the subject. God, she probably regrets her errors as much as the next mother. Sorry about that Lassie.

I could probably bestow a hefty bouquet of toadstools on students' council for its many blunders and ineptitudes in the course of the year. The handling of the yearbook, tenure and SUB expansion probably warrant a whole dishfull of them, in fact.

David Leadbeater could be singled out for his somewhat clumsy method of guiding council, as could Lawrence McCallum for his heavy-handed insistence on order, particularly when the kiddies on council thought it

should be play-time.

The people on campus who really deserve a blast are the middle academia types. These are the people who are so busy getting educated that they remain totally ignorant of what is happening around them. They are unfortunately quite common on this campus. This is not unfortunate in itself, since they are quite harmless, but their tendency to stand by and watch while almost all forms of rape makes them dangerous to other species trying to get something done. A subspecies of the middle academics, often called engineers, though they are known by other names, even intervene on behalf of the rapist.

One could also land quite heavily on the people who alternate middle academia and complainer. This is the person whose actions betray him as a middle academe, but who complains a lot in an effort to disguise his real plumage.

I could bitch about a lot of things, I guess, but I'm really not in a bitching mood.

## Degrading,

by Jani

Although there was a forum held on the matter of censorship yesterday, I feel there was one very relevant point which I did not have the opportunity to make. For those of you who missed the eloquent display of mediocrity, at the time, Dr. Tyndall stated that his definition of obscenity was "That which is degrading to the human spirit." He also stated that although he is against censorship personally, he is required to censor such articles as he deems obscene.

My point is this: perhaps those articles which he censored were "obscene" by his definition, but the whole point of putting those articles in in the first place was not to promote obscenity, nor obscene acts, but rather just the opposite. They were there to illustrate the fact that obscenity exists and to show the acts in question for what they were: disgusting. In no way were the articles condoning what was being done, they were merely publicizing acts already performed by other people, solely for the purpose of making our readers aware of what was going on around them. I personally feel