

The Gateway

Member of the Canadian University Press

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STAFF THIS FINAL ISSUE—Well, gang, this is it. With us this final press nite were George Yackulic, who put on his lens cap for the last time; Jim Griffen, instrumental in running the shower; Alan Scarth, Gateway's answer to Playboy; Jim MacLaren, bottlecap bender; Richard Vivone, finished early; Don Holmes, a new face; Bill Beard, short on snakes; Marcia Reed, short too; Andy Rodger, he's bumming too; Ekkehard Kottke, big man in the shower; Lorraine Minich, last time down here; Marg Penn, in briefly; Sheila Ballard, left late; Marion Conybeare, at home 10:30; Lawrie Portigal, along for the ride; Dave Mappin, real this time; Gerald Polack, it's fun to be a Polak; and yours truly, Harvey Thomgirt, the friendly boa constrictor.

The Gateway is published semi-weekly by the students' union of the University of Alberta. The Editor-in-Chief is responsible for all material published herein. Final copy deadline (including short items): for Wednesday edition—7 p.m. Sunday; advertising—4:30 p.m. Thursday; for Friday edition—7 p.m. Tuesday, advertising—4:30 p.m. Monday. Advertising Manager: Alex Hardy. Office phone—433-1155. Circulation—8,300. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Postage paid at Edmonton.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1966

please, mr. mathews, don't

The most recent and most regrettable development in the Murray-Williamson tenure dispute is the threatened resignation of English professor Robin Mathews.

In his letter to University President, Dr. Walter H. Johns, Mr. Mathews levies some serious charges against administrative policies in tenure proceedings. Although we are not in a position to make a definitive comment on all of Mr. Mathew's statements, we have strong suspicions that his remarks are accurate and justified.

However, even if his charges are justified, his intention of resigning is at best open to question.

The Murray-Williamson tenure case is one of the dirtiest issues to ever hit this university. From the moment it first became known that professors Murray and Williamson had been denied tenure, there was general speculation that something was fishy about the whole affair.

Subsequent events have shown this preliminary evaluation to be correct. There is indeed something fishy in this affair.

Perhaps we shall never know all that is to be known as to why the two were denied tenure. The Gateway office has been a receptacle of verbiage reflecting all points of view in the case. We have learned enough to know that no particular side has any monopoly on truth. Both sides have verged on libel and slander in order to emphasize their point of view, and both sides have succeeded in making themselves look rather foolish.

It is the usual practice to give

those in authority (in this case, the head of the philosophy department and the administration) the benefit of any doubt or conflicting statement which might arise. In this case all sides have forfeited any claim to a benefit of doubt.

We feel it is time the administration did something about clearing the whole mess up. Whether anyone wishes to admit it or not, a slur has been made on the name of this university. And Dr. Johns and vice-president Dr. Max Wyman, whether they like it or not, have a responsibility of assuring the public that in fact there is nothing rotten in this case—if they can.

Mr. Mathews' letter has thrown a new dimension into the case, and should convince our self-satisfied administrators that they face a situation about which they should be concerned.

We are convinced that Mr. Mathews' motives are honorable. But we feel he should refrain from taking the drastic action he proposes.

If he is convinced there is something wrong with the policy of this university, we hope he would see fit to remain and help us change it, rather than leave, and thus, in effect, concede victory to his opponents.

Mr. Mathews is one of the few persons around this university who have the courage to publically stand up for their convictions. If he were to leave, the university would lose more than it would gain by his symbolic protest.

Please Mr. Mathews, don't resign.

the salvage operation

It will probably shock a great many of you to discover that from today there are exactly four weeks of classes left.

Four short weeks in which to finish those term papers, to review those courses, to prepare yourselves for final exams. Four weeks to cram full of everything you promised yourself you would do earlier in the year.

The situation at year end is a strange and ironic one. Outwardly it presents what one could call an ideal picture of the university: full classrooms and libraries, students with a serious and studious air.

It is strange that it should take the approach of finals to force a great many students out of their carefree attitudes and into a realization of their purpose at a university—the search for knowledge. It is ironic that many students who have done little or no work until now will, with four weeks concerted effort, salvage their university year.

These students, of course, get little of the real benefits of a university degree. Yet, it is better to salvage a year than to receive no credit at all. If you are one of these students, the time to start the salvage operation is now.



"i know it's nice to compete with hollywood and the british parliament; and i know it keeps people interested in a dull parliament; but frankly, John—sometimes i worry . . ."

last night press

It is customary for a retiring editor to perch in front of his battered typewriter on the final press night, rub his furrowed brow and proceed to crank out a few final words.

Well, here it is the last press night. And here I am, perched in front of my battered typewriter, rubbing my furrowed brow and preparing to turn out a piece of copy which most of you won't want to read.

You aren't interested in this column because it is a conglomeration of thank-yous to a very small circle of friends.

Consider the above to be fair warning.

You can't hang around a newspaper office for 120-odd press nights without picking up a few memories, the occasional off-color joke and an awful lot of good friends. The campus newspaperman is a rare breed of university student—an animal that manages to survive in spite of the all-night sessions, missed classes and other excesses to which he dedicates himself.

He survives, but just barely. About this time of year, buried in overdue term papers, his health failing and a round of year-end parties ahead of him, the campus newspaperman is a lost soul.

Take me, for instance. Or take any of the other forty kindred souls whose name appeared regularly on the paper's staff this year.

Most of us are probably so lost we will need a campus map and class time table in order to find our way back to classes before the finals. The office will probably be filled during the next few weeks with those of us who don't know where such things are available.

The thing I propose to do now is thank those staffers who made the paper what it was his year. When the paper does a bad job, the staff is blamed; when the paper does something well, the editor gets all the credit. But what everyone forgets is the fact that the staff puts out the paper—not the editor. This year's staff, through its devotion, loyalty and overall competence, has brought a certain amount of fame to the newspaper and countless happy memories to me. May I wish that staff all the best in their future endeavours—including final exams.

Then there are the men and women who work in the University Print Shop, Western Canada's most obsolete printing building, producing The Gateway twice each week. These are the persons who each year must adjust to the scribbles and scrawls produced by untrained editors and reporters, and turn this garbage into something readable. I hope future editors will be as fortunate as I have been to have the University Print Shop in charge of their newspaper.

Before an old editor can sign thirty to his last column, he had better remember these persons as well:

University President **Dr. Walter H. Johns**, who on at least one occasion made a special trip to his office on a Sunday evening in order to accommodate a Gateway reporter . . . **Provost A. A. Ryan**, who always comments, no matter how explosive the issue . . . Students' Union President **Richard Price**, a universally-accessible news source and one of the best presidents this union has even known . . . Gateway letter writers, persons who prove in today's newspaper that Page Five is just not big enough to handle their words . . . **Pat Kenniff**, national Canadian Union of Students president, a strong spokesman for 140,000 students . . . **Jim Laxer** and **Wilf Day**, who did a first-class job running the national Canadian University Press office this year . . .

But I'm running out of space and my list is just too long: Eric Hayne . . . Carole Smallwood . . . Bryan Clark . . . Marv Swenson . . . Dave Cooper . . . Andy Brook . . . Mike Alcorn . . . Doug Pinder . . . Major R. C. W. Hooper . . . Mrs. J. Grant Sparling . . . Branny Schepanovich . . . Bill Winship . . . Joe Clark . . . Lawrie Portigal . . . Jon Whyte . . . Patricia Hughes . . . Fraser Smith . . . Henry Kreisel . . . Bruce Peel . . . J. R. B. Jones . . . Robin Mathews . . . Hon. Gordon Taylor . . . Olive Elliot . . . Don Sorochan . . . Gord Meurin . . . Russell Sheppard . . . Barry Rust and finally next year's Gateway Boss, Bill Miller—roommate, adviser, friend and a guy whom I would like to come back next year and work for.

Now it's time to hit some classes, read some books and prepare for a year in Ottawa as CUP president.

Oh, yes. Thirty.

—don sellar