

Yellow birds--no squawk

People generally deserve what they get. This includes students at the University of Alberta.

We already have toll gates at the exits from the Students' Union Building parking lot. Although the gates add to the cost of attending university for those who feed them dimes, lead to much wasting of time and energy by those preoccupied with foiling them, and in general are an inexcusable nuisance, not one word or act of protest has been forthcoming from the students.

Last week the university's undergraduate newspaper carried a front page story announcing that soon the smoking room in the Rutherford Memorial Library is to be closed. It is

hard to believe that there is no room anywhere else on campus where books could be safely stored. Yet within a short time it will be necessary to sit outside on the front steps of the library to enjoy a cigarette.

A few years ago Bruce Peel, Rutherford's chief librarian, was hanged and burned in effigy in front of the library because he incurred the wrath of a few law students over a much less serious matter. Today there is not one murmur of protest. Not even a letter to the undergraduate newspaper.

Dogs bark when they are kicked. Cats yowl when their tails are stomped upon. The sheep on this campus won't bleat no matter what.

Fratty frolics

Fratty frolics provide some of the last breaths of fresh air on this sometimes all too stuffy campus.

This year has seen some lively raiding forays between houses, with the women carrying off trophies and some of the men carrying off some of the women.

In one ill-fated raid by a women's group on a men's frat house, the women were ceremoniously treated to showers and beer shampoos before being allowed home.

One men's raid on a female house resulted in most of the house furniture being carried off by the men—who included one girl in the plunder. The furniture was taken to give the men some bargaining power in negotiating for return of trophies stolen previously by the girls.

Fraternities no longer make indiscriminate use of physical torment in bringing up their members—but some of the ancient tribal rites persist in the form of special penalties for ultimate sins (such as getting pinned).

One frat specializes in stripping and soaking the offending pinned brother, then throwing him out into a convenient snowbank.

The Antis will probably sniff and damn all such activities as juvenile, and try to make hay for their argument that students don't take anything seriously.

It may be that such larks, some immature and some too mature, are just healthy symptoms of a student body which will not stifle in the hot air of insipidity without some unstarching in protest.



ENGINEER WRITES

It is heartening to notice members of CUCND are letting their beliefs be known, their sincere expressions be heard, and their broad-mindedness be shared by the general public. (Even Mr. Ted Allen). I am not a publicity director of CUCND but a supporter, in good faith, of what it is trying to accomplish.

The question is, "Is it harmful or useful to have nuclear arms?" Probably answers to this question will vary greatly. In case of war, one thing for sure, we will use nuclear arms if we HAVE them before our enemies destroy us with theirs.

I pity the person who thinks atomic explosions will stay on the other parts of the world and will not reach North America or he can save himself in a fallout shelter which is, according to leading scientists and not political leaders, nothing but an excuse for closing his eyes from reality. Friends, ask the people in Japan who were forced to experience it. Did you notice, how allergic they are to atomic tests? Too bad, both of the men who pressed buttons on Hiroshima and Nagasaki are dead from insanity and cannot bear testimony for their personal dreadful experience. My point here is that we will use the nuclear bombs if we have them and it will be hell on earth.

I believe in democracy.

That does not necessarily make it the best, honest and most civilized way of managing a country's affairs. It is a matter of opinion. Who am I to say, definitely, that the USA's backing of so-called freedom fighters in Cuba, anglo-french unsuccessful encounter of Suez were just and kind and USSR's handling of Hungary was cruel and unjust or vice-versa. These are the most powerful nations today with three different ideologies. Which ideology are we going to put our faith in and really trust? Each one has its faults and thus creates doubts.

Take the example of the Russian proposal of inviting a neutral country to sit in and observe while negotiations are carried on by the members of the Nuclear Club. Who is really willing to negotiate? This proposal was supported by the world-famous Canadian statesman, Mr. Pearson, and was promptly rejected by the state department in Washington. Where will you put your faith?

Now comes the question of negotiations on disarmament by peaceful means. Certainly we cannot fight it out, that is what we are trying to avoid. CUCND does not preach, "lay down your arms and surrender to Russia," but it is trying to make

the general public of Canada aware of the hazards and extent of nuclear destructive power and at the same time express their views to the Government of Canada. Khrushchev himself is quite aware of the results of his 50 megaton bomb and knows that the USA has something on those lines too. It will be rather narrow-minded of me if I think that my life is dearer to me than Khrushchev's to him. So it is reasonable to assume the USSR wants disarmament as much as the USA by peaceful negotiations and not by fighting it out.

I believe what we, the world as a whole, really need is moral armament and nuclear disarmament to live peacefully among ourselves.

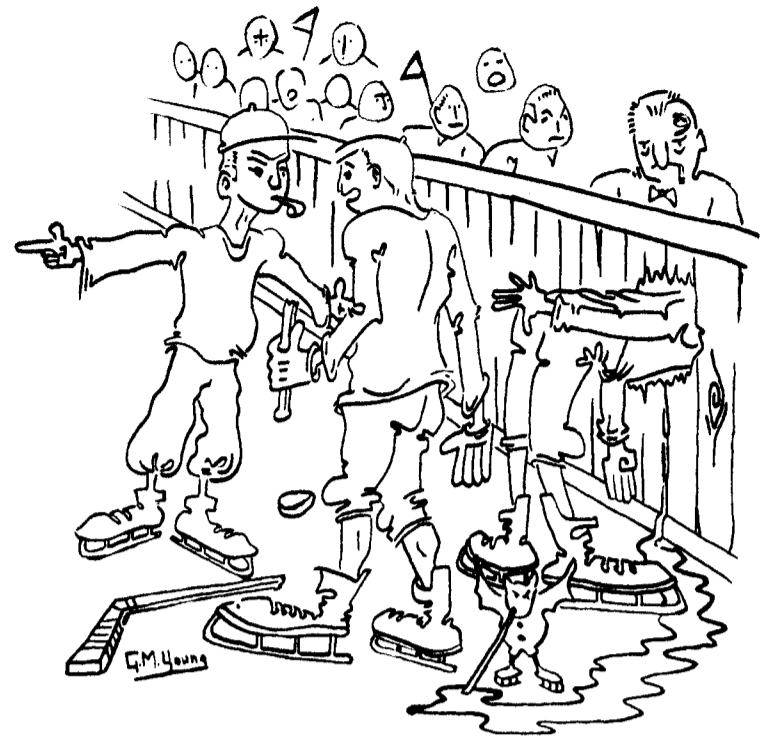
Santokh Basi
Eng 4

No Gateway on christmas morn

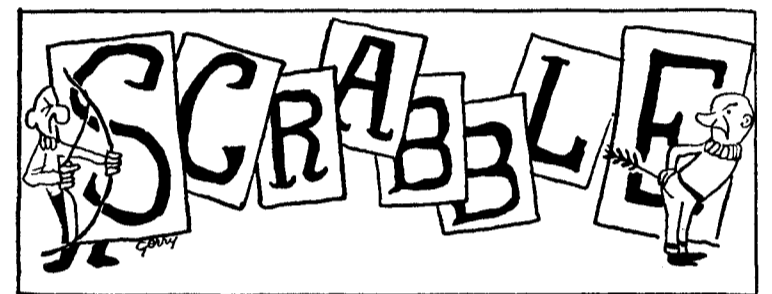
The last issue of *The Gateway* for 1961 will be published Friday, Dec. 15.

Another issue will not appear until after examination week in January.

All campus clubs and organizations are advised to send or bring notices covering their activities during this period to *The Gateway* before 7 p.m. of Tuesday, Dec. 12.



But ref, if you throw me out how can I further inter-university communications by playing inter-collegiate sport?



By Chris Evans

It's horrible to be back. I was beginning to enjoy a form of freedom from (not of) the press, but its benefits are far outweighed by a basic and irresponsible desire to sound off once a week. It is a sad thing to realize that with each year of writing, Scrabble becomes more and more a weak repetition of what was said the previous year. Do you wanna' know why, reader? Cause nothing new ever happens at this stone and ivy morgue so candidly referred to as a university, that's why! Blame it on the students, not on the Scrabblers.

What is there left to knock on this campus after nattie fratties, registrar's secretaries, students' council, empire builders, Kenton, motherhood, brotherhood, Gateway editorial policy, Wauneita, the Muck Shop . . .

Muck Shop? That reminds me . . . what's with that place, anyway? It does one good to go in there once in a while, even if just to make one appreciate the university cafeteria more. Everybody is so polite . . . they don't embarrass you by offering service. And what atmosphere! A real student hangout, just like in the movies. . . not that I saw any students . . . just a ghostly group playing bridge in a corner booth who haven't moved for three years. The management really goes out of its way to add to the atmosphere by installing a genuine replica of Hell's Kitchen and staffing it with gargoyles. They put the atmosphere in a small damp cup and sell it as coffee, apparently. I don't think somehow that the place is listed on the back of my Diner's Club Card. Obviously an oversight.

There's a new game at U of A called "beat the green machine," a combination of the Siamese disappearing trick and the Houdini trunk trick. Some of our contemporaries are becoming quite adept at pumping the students' parking lot, with the result that the Administration is taking firm steps to enforce student acceptance of this tyranny, to wit: machine gun nests full of campus cops at the entrances, appointment of students as spies in the pay of the admin., killer dogs disguised as campus cops, campus cops disguised as killer dogs, automatic slug rejectors, city cops (yes) running regular checks, deans' councils

sitting on inquisition boards, and other revolting displays of power reminiscent of a perpetual May Day parade. Franco could not do more, but the voice of freedom will never be stifled by the crushing grip of the professors . . . I mean oppressors. The students will find a way.

Far be it from me to stir up trouble . . . but why, I ask, do the students pay to park in the student lot while members of the staff get special Dick Tracy cards which pass them through gratis??? For public relations purposes, all members of this community of scholars are equal, but obviously "some are more equal than others."

Here's something to peck at your cerebellum, collectively of course. UAC is about to have its inmates recognized as students. They really are going too far down there. Midst waving of the red and gold and responsive readings from the Bill of Rights, UAC is blundering its feeble way towards autonomy, horribly characterized by an intense undergraduate underhanded movement too close to a march on the Legislature to suit me. Calgary businessmen are already buying up shares in the faculty of Commerce. The president of the UAC students' union has recently been canonized. All these things are indicia of BAD BUSINESS. I shall look into the situation at Christmas and report back. Until then, courage.

Late Flash: Back the wrong horse to power with force, Student elections will come in due course.