

# THE GATEWAY

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## Sale Today--Marked Up

An age-old student gripe over marks is turning into a problem.

It is common knowledge that intelligence and a fair amount of work are necessary before a student can pull off a mark over 65 per cent in such courses as law, medicine, political science and engineering. Scoring 80 per cent or more is a noteworthy feat. In other words, it's "tough to get marks" in these courses.

On the other hand, 65's are not hard to come by in some other patterns, where straight memory work is required. Students are heard to boast they pulled off seconds with relatively little work. And it follows that marks of 80 are more common.

The problem arises when this rather haphazard marks structure is applied to the scholarship and grant and loan system now in effect at this University. The regulations unequivocally state averages of 75 per cent or more are in the scholarship category, and students may receive Government of Alberta Scholarships in various amounts depending upon need and other factors.

A 75 per cent average is praiseworthy in any pattern—but no account is taken of the fact that such averages are rare birds in law and relatively frequent in psychology. An average of 65 per cent earns a grant of \$200, whether the student has coasted through a year of sociology or slogged from dawn to dusk all year in medicine.

Two solutions seem to present themselves. First, all marks in all courses could be adjusted to the same scale. A 65 would be a 65 no matter what course you achieved it in. Perhaps the marking would be stiffened in some patterns and eased in others.

Secondly, a sliding scale for scholarships, grants and loans could be arranged—depending on the faculty in which the student toiled. For example, in order to be eligible for a Government of Alberta scholarship a student in medicine would have to average only 72 or 70 per cent.

Certainly the present inconsistencies must be avoided.

## Wild And Wishful

At rushing time the rumors about fraternities become wilder and more wishful.

Some first year rushees in their innocence imagine that with fraternity life they will be able to enjoy vast amounts of liquor. There is some truth in this dream, as in all dreams.

Like many other young men, some fraternity members believe that manliness and the ability to hold liquor are in some way connected. But the province's liquor laws prevent the discovery of this connection. It is, in fact, a negative one. But dreams persist, and with them the rumors that are the expression of dreams.

Among the IFC's bylaws, the section on liquor is the first. To quote: "Member fraternities shall abide by the Alberta Liquor Control Act".

So, no drinking for minors. In the past,

along with other groups, fraternities have used party permits as a loop-hole, thereby laying themselves open to more serious charges.

The new regulations of the IFC state: "No liquor shall be served to rushees, or at any function at which rushees are present".

In the past rumors about the delightfully salacious goings-on in the fraternity houses have circulated, as they no doubt will in the future. But the smoke of this fire is not confined to fraternities; if anything, fraternity fires are ashes.

According to IFC regulations, in force for a long time but not enforced until recently, no women except those on the staff are permitted in the house unless properly chaperoned. If any mixed functions are held, permission from the Dean of Women and the Adviser to Men Students must first be obtained.

Tradition has it that fraternities are dens of sophisticated iniquity. They are not. No more iniquity occurs in fraternities than anywhere else on the campus. Probably a good deal less. The glamor of wickedness may have led some rebellious spirits into thinking of fraternity membership in these terms. They will be disappointed.

## Take It Down

Every morning, as early as 11:30, something is flowing out of the cafeteria in the basement of SUB. It isn't coffee, tea, or milk, but students. Every morning, Monday through Friday, there is a line of hopeful students extending out of the cafeteria doors, hopeful that they are going to get a place to sit and ruminate over the contents of their lunchbags, and swill a cup or glass of one of the many beverages served up by the lunchroom operators.

They haven't much chance of partaking of these culinary delights seated — the place is packed.

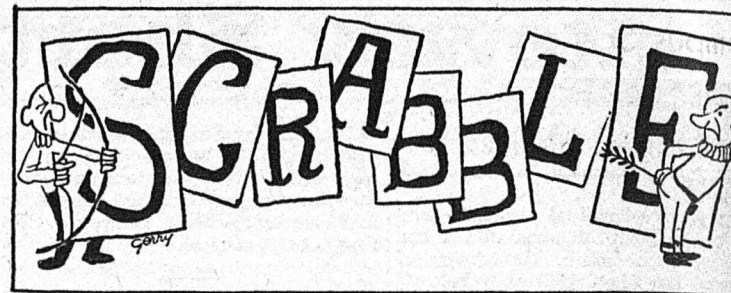
Yet this summer, some unknown authority, at the request of the cafeteria operators, slapped up a paint and plaster edifice that reduced the seating capacity of the sandwich arena by at least 25 place settings.

In the south-west corner of the cafeteria was, last year, an appendage to the main body of the cafeteria. It was separated from the main caff by a folding door. Now the appendage is so separated, it no longer exists. Someone built a wall.

On the other side of the wall, where used to be tables and chairs, are now only boxes. On the other side of the wall, in the runway, formerly used by phys ed types on their way to the old Drill Hall for a date with a basketball, is a desk.

The new addition to the cafeteria makes a working space equal in length to the cafeteria, as the lunch-eater sees it, by about 20 feet in depth—a kitchen area that would make the eyes of a Macdonald hotel chef bug out in disbelief. If he was told that nothing more elaborate than soup was concocted there, his bugged-out eyes would probably fill with tears at the waste.

The partition went up easily, and can be torn down just as easily and should be.



I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm getting fed up with Americana. You know what I mean. The other night, I go to a movie. Don't tell me I'm hiding from reality; don't ask me what I'm trying to forget. (I can't remember). I like movies. So I'm part of the mass. Anyway, there's this WAR . . . see, and there's this tough GI sergeant whom everybody hates . . . naturally. But they don't understand, do they? Then there's the PLATOON. Crazy. All kinds of fellas named Kazanabajowski, Pepperonni, Hiawatha, Schmidt, Kelly, Jones . . . all good American boys, pure like Ivory Snow. The show doesn't have a plot, it's in technicolor. Well, this sergeant, he sends the men to take THE HILL. If it isn't a hill, it's a bridge. The intelligence gang (open shirts, beards, black coffee, papers, saying "War is Hell" etc.) say the hill is vital. This is important. Anyway, nobody can take the hill. Finally, Sarg goes in, single-handedly kills hundreds of the ENEMY (those dirty sneaky you-know-whats). But he is mortally wounded. Also, a slight earache. Private Jones (18 years old) carries him to safety. Tears roll down his dirt-streaked face as a celestial chorus of "Halls of Montezuma" swells up in the background, and the 5th tank brigade spearheads through to victory. That's when you get that tingly-all-over feeling. Sarg spits blood. "Today," he gasps, "Today . . . you are Marines!" I think I'll go see that movie again. Such stark realism.

The only pencil sharpeners in the Math-Physics building are on the fifth floor. The Commerce group are going to have to travel farther for haircuts now.

Rushing, a polite way for one frat club to stab other fraternities in the back, is reputed to be without liquor this year. I guess no-one will get any new members. In fact, the old members may quit. Be sociable. Be smart. Be dry.

"Follow the leader, leader" was a merry game played by delegates who attended the Leadership Seminar last Sunday. By 'attend', I am implying those who could not get a

substitute delegate or who were shamed into going because they ran out of excuses. Saw a nifty show on Parliamentary Procedure which reminded me of a Gold Key meeting . . . it was so different.

Rumor has it that the members of the Pharmacy Club are forming the mob scene for the coming Black Hills Passion Play. I could make a comment here. In fact, I could make several comments here. But I'll leave it to the reader's imagination.

Late Flash: So Loretta has got sharp teeth. So I've been eating crusts all week!



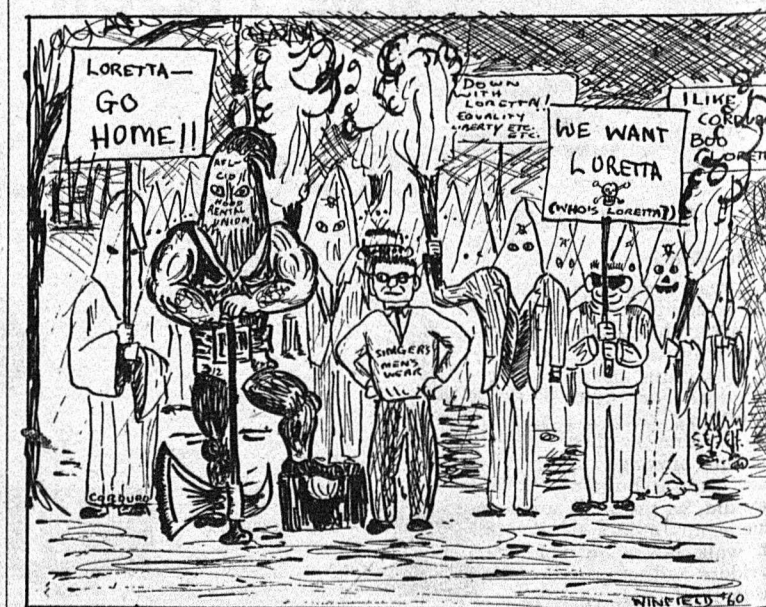
## Fratty Female

To The Editor:

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Hear Ye! fellow countrymen. For in our midst trods a certain "freshette" by the calling of "Loretta" who goes about disturbing our distinguished gentlemen students. My—but how she tugs at those corduroy suits! and

how she howls as each gallant Frat man walks by!

So . . . our Frat men look too independent to suit you, Loretta. What do you want girl? Do you "demand" every upperclassman to bow down before you and ask for a date the moment he sets foot on campus? Our Frat men are independent. Yes! They can afford to be too.



WHERE IS LORETTA?  
WHO - IS - LORETTA?