

The Gateway

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EDITORIAL—Cartoonists—Alan Shute, Janice MacPhail.

STAFF THIS ISSUE—After filling out staff file cards and promising to become slaves of The Gateway thousands failed to realize the supreme sacrifice and appear at press night. A few of the faithful came to worship the Sun King (Queen) including Leona Gom, Bob Brunelle, Mike Boyle, Janet Lowsley, Glenn Cheriton, Frank Horvath, who got lonely for the swift moving excitement of the desk, R. P. Yakimchuk, who passes himself off as an esquire (how about a playboy), hwat's her name Alex Ingram and that ever-present, faithful and adoring snake, yours truly, Harvey Thomgirt.

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PAGE FOUR

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1967

bilingual booboo

SUB is open.

It was all done formally, official-ly, and ceremoniously last week.

Dampened by rain and marred by the absence of any microphone system, the official opening ceremony Monday came across relatively well.

Glorified by the fanfare of trumpets and trombones and enlightened by a dramatic albeit amateur display of the lighting facilities in the new theatre, the official dedication ceremony Friday went over with a minimum of glaring defects.

That is, everything was handled

with considerably good taste and the right amount of decorum, until the U of A Mixed Chorus broke into a stirring rendition of O Canada—in French.

After having been aroused to a greater-than-ever sense of pride in our campus (the angelic chorus of Ring Out A Cheer For Our Alberta) and patriotism (an internationally-known architect claiming our SUB was the most exciting challenge of his career), we found it disconcerting, to say the least, to have our national anthem sung at us in a "foreign" language.

Quel faux-pas!

one man's decision

Dr. Boris Dotsenko's decision to remain on our campus must be viewed with mixed feelings.

We can sincerely commend Dr. Dotsenko for his dedication to his studies; he is a true scientist.

In his short time spent at U of A, Dr. Dotsenko has, according to colleagues at the Nuclear Research Center, made considerable contributions in his field of study.

Normally, we would welcome with open arms a scientist of such ability and devotion as Dr. Dotsenko has demonstrated.

However, without going into a detailed political opinion of whether or not he should return to the Soviet Union, we can say Dr. Dotsenko's move could have repercussions which may be detrimental to U of A.

Already, three U of A students scheduled to study at Kiev Uni-

versity on an exchange basis have had their programs cancelled. To have all exchange programs with Russian universities cut off would be a serious blow to the academic community.

Currently, some of our lecturers in the Slavonic languages department are exchange professors from Russia. Our university needs these people, their knowledge and ability. Similarly, we maintain, there must be some benefit which Russian universities derive from an exchange program with U of A.

We recognize it is one man's personal decision, and we cannot blame any repercussions on his personal feelings.

It is only unfortunate that in the present day of presumed enlightenment, one man cannot make a personal decision without incurring great international controversy.

exit, stage right

It is unfortunate that the students' union next week will lose one of its most dedicated executive members.

Vice-president Dave King has succumbed to academic failure.

This, we feel, is one of the very few areas in which Mr. King has failed. Unfortunately, it is the aspect which matters to the powers-that-be.

A student who has made such significant contributions to student government, student politics, and various student clubs as Mr. King has, cannot, by any definition, be described as a failure.

As a fellow councillor said Tuesday night in a somewhat overdone but nevertheless well-meaning eulogy: Thanks Dave, good luck, and we know you'll be back.



—reprinted from the sheet

bob jacobsen out to launch

All the old sailors were there. Big Al, Little Val, Walt, and Baldy. Old Scrooge, Gov, Strongarm, Moneybags, Cooky, and Captain. Even Bookie and Psycho waited importantly in the hold with The King, Big Gut, and Fat Ass.

Several dignitaries began to trickle sluggishly out of the hold onto the deck. Miscellaneous deckhands and other clods lurked like vultures on the gangplank, hoping for a glimpse, wishing for a signature or two.

Suddenly the band, in all its unknown splendor, began to blare some foggy tune. A few boppers came running, hoping the commotion would be a soul-searching, old-time high school-type noon hour beat session. Few diners left the captain's table to watch the proceedings, knowing others would occupy. Supercrowds faded to mobs, mobs faded to hoards, hoards faded to several, and several faded to bad thoughts in the minds of those who plan because of no supercrowds.

It was to be a fine christening if everything went well. The great ship sat like an almighty Buddha, sprawled erratically and coldly over three acres.

And her designers were proud. They stood fiercely erect by the long railing, waiting expectantly for plaudits, wearing their little blue berets nonchalantly. They waited for their utterly delicious mass to be sanctified, glorified, and scuffed upon. They waited nervously in case of failure and shame. They waited to run.

And it was a huge ship. Some said it would take at least 15,000 deckhands to run her lower chambers alone. Others scoffed at this measly figure, predicting a necessarily overwhelming staff of no less than 21,000 passive scoffing employees.

The band played on. The music wasn't bad, but the pomps groaned and writhed and frothed. The band-

leader became nervous and urged his motly troop to play faster and faster. Hurry, hurry, hurry. Step right up and see the man-eating monster, they played. Invade her, inspect her guts, feel her, stay awhile, and pray awhile, the horns cried unharmoniously, Hurrry, hurry, hurry. There isn't much time. Get your popcorn now. But nobody listened.

And they grew restless. Big man, little man, everyman. Restless because the whole idea had now become trivial in the cold. Trivial because it had been done too many times before, trivial because few cared anymore, trivial because of the year and the man and the inscription, trivial like a rock in a hole, trivial like all doormats and pagan rituals.

"C'mon, c'mon. Who's runnin' dis here show anyhow?" one pomp moaned, thinking only of the comfort offered back in his office by his Linus-blanket-type secretary.

Meekman was listening. He heard the unscrupulous groans of anguish. His feet began to shuffle. His follower's feet began to shuffle. They came forward and bowed and spoke and blessed. Meekman pulled the cord and wiped his feet. Everyone moved forward and wiped his feet. Amen, Amen, they said.

"Hey! Didn't anyone bring some champagne?" Big Gut shouted.

"Champagne? What for?" Fat Ass mouthed dryly.

"For the christening. She'll sink for sure if we don't!"

"Sink? Are you crazy? Ha, ha, ha. Did you hear that you guys?" Fat Ass laughed. "This guy here thinks she'll sink unless we break a bottle over her bow. Ha, ha, ha." Everyone laughed.

"And besides," Meekman said, "that's sinful."

And then the rains began.