

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—Putting out the paper was real George Wednesday nite as we got out of here at the record time of 9:30 p.m. What made it so Georgie was the appearance of Susan, Margaret Bolton, Mike Boyle, Linda Bugar, Janet Lowsley, Ted Drouin, Anne-Marie Little, Mark Priegert and the ever faithful, ever lovin' upholder of the banner and guardian of the faith, yours truly, Harvey Thomgirt.

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PAGE FOUR

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1967

slow; red tape ahead

Students' council members Tuesday night, in arguing the matter of the formation of an academic grievance committee, appeared to be arguing the issue in terms of what is the morally correct way to approach the topic.

A question of morality it is not. It is simply a matter of one students' council member insisting on putting the cart before the horse.

We subscribe to the generally-held theory that the present system of airing academic grievances is not adequate; it is totally ineffective. Only a student who has some deep desire to be kicked out of the university would go up to his professor and tell him that his lectures stink.

So, relative to the present system, Mr. Leadbeater's proposed committee of students who would act as a "middle man" in the student-faculty or student-student relations is basically a good idea.

But, in pressuring council to take immediate action toward setting up the committee, Mr. Leadbeater has indicated he is getting over-anxious to see his ideas work.

In view of the fact that the administration has received no official

word of the students' plan to form a grievance committee, immediate action would not only be untimely, but unwise as well.

Going ahead now and setting up a system to replace that of the administration and staff seems to us as undiplomatic as walking up to Dr. Johns and telling him the present system stinks.

Mr. Leadbeater and those people who have worked on this idea with him should inform the administration of the proposal, which, since it has already been passed once by students' council, cannot be regarded lightly by the administration as one person's crack-pot idea.

Then, sitting down with members of the administration, they should discuss the faults of the old system, the advantages of the new, the feasibility of having the proposal adopted, and the kind of co-operation that would be needed to make the new system work.

What started out as a good idea, planned for the benefit of all students on campus, must not be killed by over-eagerness.

It must be handled with proper respect and diplomacy.

an abortion revisited

The Tory Building is the biggest death-trap on campus.

Termed last year as an abortion and innumerable less complimentary names, Tory is this year living up to its reputation.

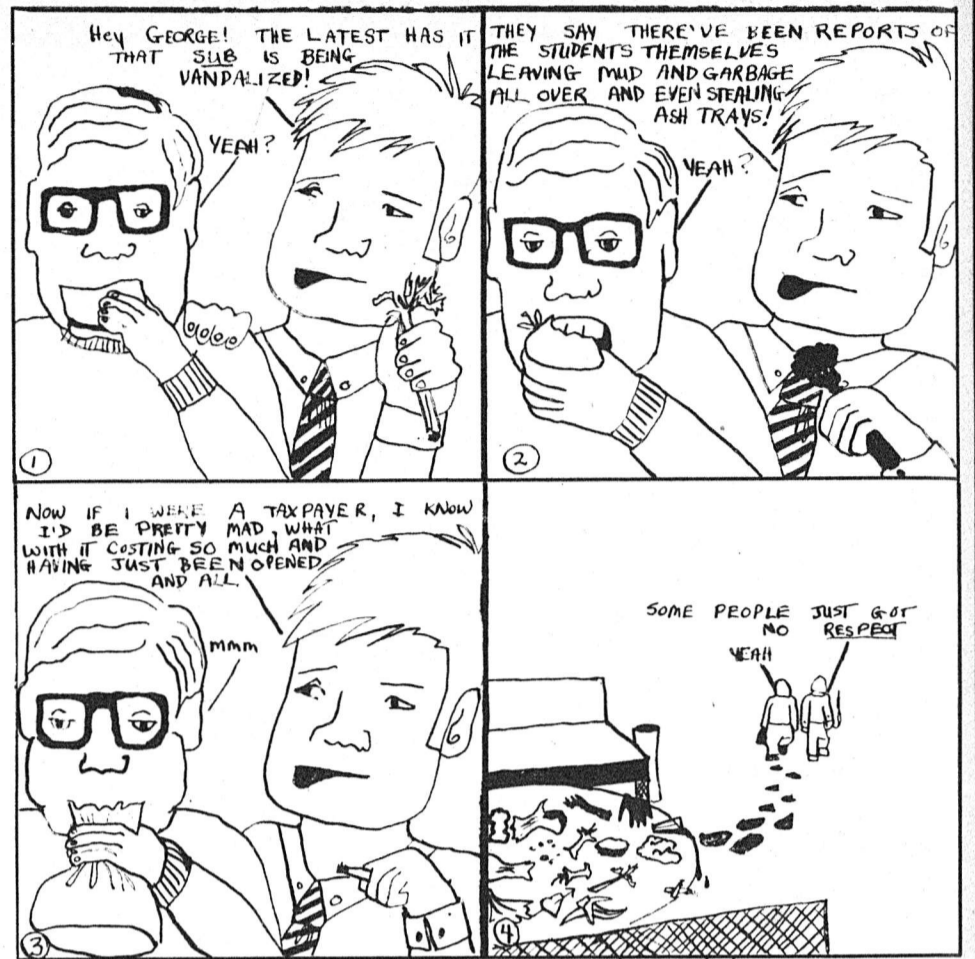
Every day at class-change times, thousands of students jam the narrow corridors, trampling and being trampled to death.

It is a morbid but vital fact that if there were ever a fire in the building, there wouldn't be a hope in hell of most students getting out alive.

And while the problem can be solved individually by going to class 25 minutes early or 25 minutes late, the former is almost impossible, and the latter is frowned on by professors.

Truly, the designers of the building should be given some form of recognition for their total lack of foresight.

The narrow halls, stairways, and doors carry the idea of a closely-knit community of scholars just a little too far.



bob jacobsen zelda glutsmire answers your problems

Dear Zelda: I have this simply adorable neat prof in my biology class. I mean he's really quite marvelous and everything and really good looking and not very old or anything and I'm sure he's not married yet because he wears some of the most messy wonderful clothes and all. What I mean is I really like him and I'm sure he likes me too because he always smiles in my direction and I'm sure it's meant for me because I sit in a front seat. But he's never spoken to me yet and I'm sure he wants to take me out because he keeps smiling at me all the time. What should I do?

—Not Yet

Dear Not: Forget him dearie. He took me out last year and my marks went down.

Dear Zelda: Last night on my way home I decided to take a short-cut through this back alley. It was very dark there and every little sound really frightened me. About half-way down the alley I saw this creepy little man sneaking out of our yard. That's where I usually park my bike and on his way by it he leaned over and sniffed the seat. This made me tremble with fear so I hid in some bushes until he was far enough away so I could run inside the house. I thought about his strange actions all night because I've never heard of such a silly thing. And then this morning I discovered something even stranger. All my underclothes were missing from our line where I had hung them out to dry the night before. I have no way of identifying that man if he was the one who stole my clothes because it was so dark. Can you help me?

—Nude Until

Dear Nude: I would like to help you but the awards office cut down my student loan so much this year that I can only afford one pair of

undies. Besides, by the tone of your letter you must be a very young person, and since young people are also usually quite slender, my size 58 bloomers wouldn't fit. I suggest you report this man immediately to the authorities in your district. Tomorrow is my washday.

Dear Zelda: I have read your column every day since you started university over forty years ago. All through the years I have remained a faithful fan of yours but recently I came across something in one of your replies that I disagree with wholeheartedly. You said young men should take more baths and use less deodorant. When I'm not reading your fine column I'm watching television, and the other nite I noticed that 30 different manufacturers recommend that I should use their product. I'm already using 17 of them so I was wondering if I should step up my battle greatly, or to follow your advice and take a bath which I haven't done since I started university when you did.

—Sweet Poo

Dear Poo: Please go directly to the nearest hardware store and buy a shovel. When you get home tonight, bury yourself.

Dear Zelda. I got so mad in class today because all the rooms were so hot that I took off all my clothes. When my prof came in he took one look at the pile beside me on the floor and said that unless I went and hung them up immediately he was going to kick me out. Am I crazy or is there something the matter with him?

—Sweaty

Dear Sweaty: You were obviously trying to attract attention to the fact that you probably have more clothes than the rest of us. In future do your prof a favor. Buy him some new glasses.