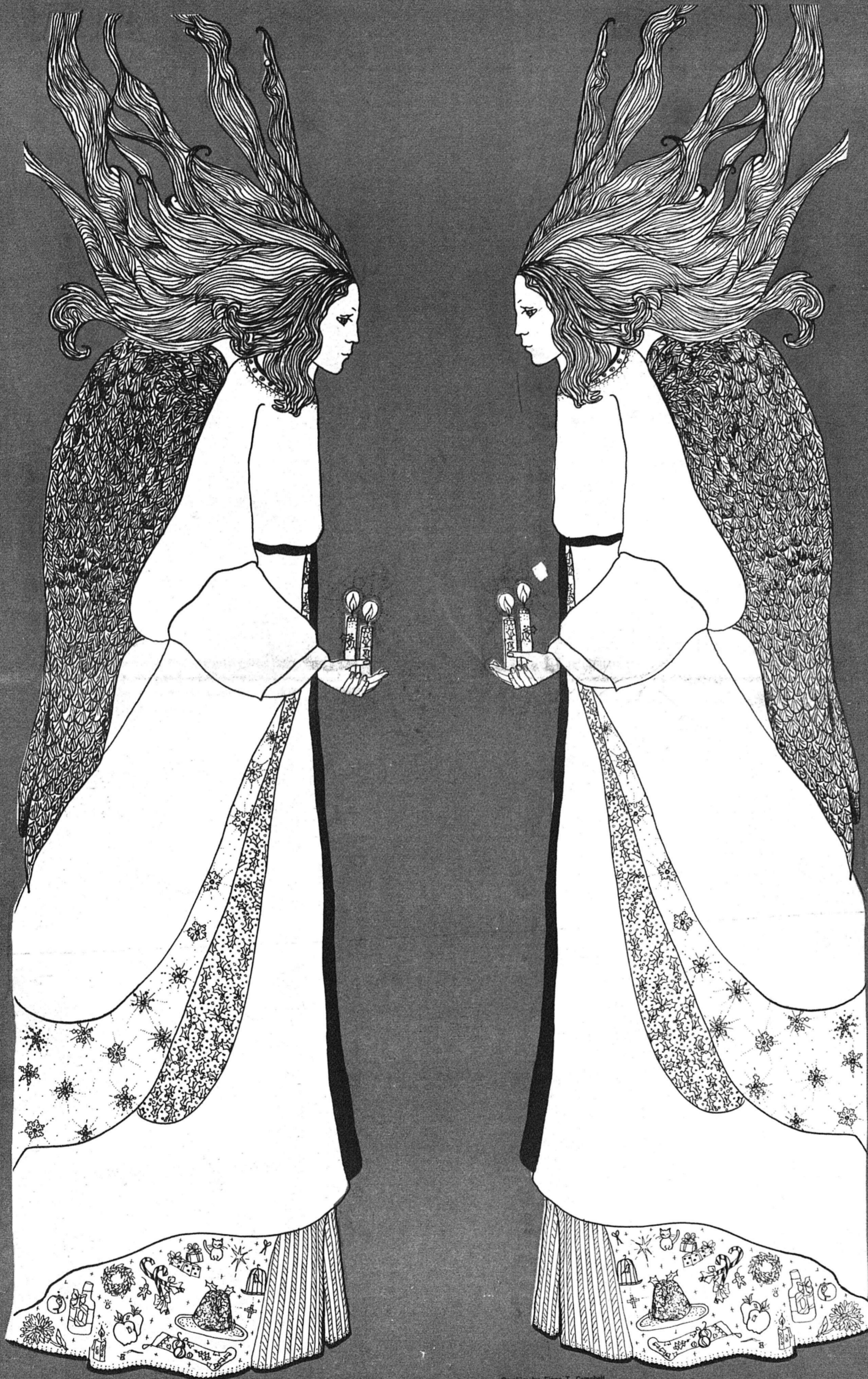


The Gateway



Graphics by Fiona T. Campbell

TODAY

STUDENT'S WIVES' CLUB

Today at 5 p.m. the Student's Wives' Club will be holding their Christmas Meeting in SUB Meditation Room. All students' wives are welcome.

THURSDAY

EDMONTON YOGA SOCIETY

The Edmonton Yoga Society holds classes in Yoga exercises and meditation in SUB Meditation Room at 2:00 p.m. every Monday and Thursday. For further information, contact Vipin Bhatt at 433-8979.

FRIDAY

DEPT OF MUSIC

Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:30 p.m. in Convocation Hall, the St. Cecilia Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Michael Bowie, will present the second of four Friday evening concerts. The program will include music by Geminiani, Haydn, Mahler and Holst. Admission is free.

ARTS AND CRAFTS

Dec. 10, at 2:00 p.m., SUB Arts and Crafts Center will present a pottery

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The Centennial Montessori School is
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Phone Principal 439-0327 weekdays,
435-4513 after hours.

Typist will do term papers, reports,
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Fine sheep-skin coats from
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Furnished or unfurnished room,
Dec. 15, board optional, kitchen
facilities, Campus vicinity. Phone Lee
439-7918.

Three week old toy poodle pups —
\$70.00. Will keep till New Year.
Phone 455-9556

Films Grow Up. Monday Dec 13, 8
pm. Jubilee Auditorium. Two fine
European films uncut, **Switchboard
Operator** and **Intimate Lighting**
Popular prices. Tickets at door.
Warning: Frontal nudity, naked
cadavers.

Lost: Brown-framed, blue tinted
glasses at Music Desk, SUB beginning
of November. Please return
immediately. Phone 433-9817.

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for further information...

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demonstration by John Chalk. For
further information, phone
432-4191.

EDMONTON SYMPHONY SOCIETY

The Women's Committee of the
Edmonton Symphony Society will
sponsor a concert preview prior to the
weekend concerts. The preview will be
held at 9:45 a.m. at Molson's
Edmonton House, 121 Street and 104
Avenue.

CHINESE CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

Tonight at 7:30 p.m. in the
Meditation Room, guest Speaker Miss
Fustey will talk on "Love the Lord
and be Sociable".

WEEKEND

WOMEN'S CLUB

The University Women's Club
presents their annual Christmas Tea on
Saturday Dec. 11 at 2 p.m. in the Main
Lounge of the Faculty Club. A musical
program, performed by the
Southminster Junior Choir has been
planned by the Musical Study Group.
Members are urged to attend this
social event and bring guests.

UNICEF BENEFIT CONCERT

The UNICEF Benefit Concert will
be held on Saturday Dec. 11 at 6 p.m.
in the Kinsmen Field House with
Andromeda, Uncle Quack, Great
Slave, Sun Butler, and the "Seeds of
Time".

BIG FAT PRODUCTIONS

Big Fat Productions presents
Andromeda, Uncle Quack, Great
Slave, Sun Butler, and the "Seeds of
Time" Dec. 11 at 6:00 p.m. This is a
Unicef Benefit Concert at the
Kinsmen Field House. For further
information, contact Robb Bell at
435-7678.

DEPT OF MUSIC

Will present its annual Christmas
Concert Dec. 12, at 3:00 p.m. in
Con. Hall, under the direction of Dr.
David Stocker. The program will
include performances by assorted
Vocal and Instrumental Ensembles,
as well as carol singing. Admission is
free and everyone is invited to
attend.

VCF

Varsity Christian Fellowship will be
having a Christmas carol Sing Dec.
12, 9:00 p.m., in the CAB Basement.
For further information, contact
Cairine Tory at 439-5279.

The Wailuu Meditation Group's
Sunday class will be held at 11:30
a.m. at 11114-83 Street.

RUHANISATSANG

Sunday Dec. 12 at 2:30 p.m. in
Room 140 SUB there will be more
readings from the Master.

OTHERS

GFC NOMINATING COMMITTEES

GFC nominating committee is
requesting suggestions for
nominations for the replacement of
Randy Shultz, ed. 2 who has resigned
from the ad hoc Committee to Study
the Size of the University.

STUDENTS HELP

They are coming! It's exam time and
you can't hide in hopes they'll pass
you over. Start now, it's never too
late. Phone Students Help at
432-5288 from 12 a.m.-12 p.m.

THERAPY FOR STAGE FRIGHT*

If there is sufficient interest, the
Student Counselling Services will
offer a special program of help for
students who suffer from severe
tension in group discussions and
public speaking situations. For
further information contact Student
Counselling Services at 432-5205.

SANTA'S ANONYMOUS DEPOT*—C

CKSR will be accepting gifts for
Santa's Anonymous until Dec. 18.
CKSR is in Rm. 224 in SUB.

CKSR

CKSR is trying to put together a
program of Canadian Poetry to be
aired during the second term in
January. Please submit your work to
Rm. 224 SUB. If you are interested in
participating.

BOREAL CIRCLE

Boreal Circle will hold its third
meeting for the 1971-72 season on
Tuesday, December 14, 8:00 p.m.,
Rm. 410 (Centre Wing), Biological
Sciences Building, Mr. David R. Gray,
Graduate Student, Dept. of Zoology
will be speaking on Winter
Experiences with Muskoxen on
Bathurst Island, N.W.T.

CHRISTMAS

REINDEER WANTED

Wanted one reindeer. Must be in
good condition, have self-starter and a
red head-light. Apply North Pole
before Dec. 24.

BEAL NOTSANTA

Bob Beal would like to inform the
general public that from this point
forward he is turning the position of
St. Nicholas over to Don MacKenzie.
All interested persons will please
contact the Students' Union Offices:
Information Desk.

SPCA ISSUES WARNING

The local chapter of the SPCA
wishes to announce that any parent
wishing to purchase an animal for the
little ones must apply now for a
licence, rabies shots (for the kids, not
the animals), distemper shots
(likewise), v-d serum, and
prophylactics (in case bestiality runs
in the family).

MERRY CHRISTMAS

We've exploited it. We've
commercialized it. We've joked about

it and some have even banned it. But
all in all, Christmas is a nice (in a
sentimental wishy-washy sort of way),
peaceful, goodwill time of year. In
years past it meant a lot more than it
does today. Someday people may even
start to remember what the day
actually stands for. So in
remembrance of that real meaning,
we, the staff of the Gateway, would
like to wish you all a very MERRY
CHRISTMAS. We'll see you in the next
year.

SUNDAY LET'S GO TO AN ODEON THEATRE TONITE

2nd WEEK
HE WAS A MAN...
A MAN OF THE WEST!
GREGORY PECK
HAL WALLIS
SHOOT OUT
FT. AT 12:30
2:45, 6:30 & 9:45

2 HITS
RESTRICTED ADULT

"GREAT MOVIE MAKING"
diary of a mad housewife
STARRING RICHARD BENJAMIN
CARIE SNODGRASS
FEATURE AT 2:04, 5:17 & 8:35

ODEON 10081 JASPER AVE.
TELEPHONE 422-8223

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SUNDAY MATINEE ONLY AT 2 P.M.
STARRING: "THE RED SHOES" MARIUS GORING,
ANTON WALBROOK, MOIRA SHEARER

VARSCONA 10907 82nd AVE.
TELEPHONE 433-3272

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SUMMER OF '42
RESTRICTED ADULT
25th WEEK
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FOURTH WEEK
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—Richard Schickel, Life Magazine EASTMAN COLOR

FAMILY

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LOVE IN A 4 LETTER WORLD
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TRYING TO DO
A DIFFERENT KIND OF
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ERICH SEGAL
Jennyfer ON MY MIND
STARRING MICHAEL BRANDON - TIPPY WALKER
FEATURE AT 2:56, 6:36, 9:45

2 HITS
RESTRICTED ADULT

ACADEMY AWARD WINNER
BEST ACTRESS
GLENDA JACKSON
D. H. LAWRENCE'S
"WOMEN IN LOVE"
FEATURE AT 12:45, 4:25, 8:10

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P.P.P.P.S. Out next course starts mid-January

Everybody wants
to get to heaven...

The Gateway

...but nobody
wants to die.

VOL. LXII, NO. 25

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, EDMONTON, CANADA,

THURS.

DEC. 9, 1971;

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES



When gas escaping from a number of propane tanks caught fire and set aflame rubbish around them, this was the result. The construction next to the chem building was the scene of the fire. No serious damage seems to have been done. However, the fire was very near an undergrad chem lab; so there was potential for considerable damage.

Presumptuous says Wyman...

Native studies program rejected

A graduate Students' Association motion to the General Faculties Council executive urging the establishment of a committee for incorporation of a Native Studies program within the University was rejected Monday.

In a covering letter to the executive Charles Raymond, a psychology rep on GSA and author of the motion said that the existence of cultural discrimination in this institution demands recognition and immediate rectification.

"We are not advocating the imposition of white cultural institutions", Richmond said Tuesday. "We are simply saying that cultural minorities should be given a chance to attend university and we feel it is the university students' business to see to it that these cultural minorities are given a chance. Many Indian students may want to go to university and become lawyers but they are defeated by the alien culture into which they are plunged," he suggested.

That is why the terms of reference of the motion advocate a review of present secondary school matriculation requirements for University entrance and modification of existing first year curricula to provide adequate preparation for participation in standard university programs of study.

U of A president Dr. Max Wyman said it was very "presumptuous of any university group to try and tell native

people what to do. He said he has been involved in discussions regarding the proposed Alberta Indian Education centre and it is clear that the solution for the Indian people is to set up their own school."

Richmond felt that the GSA's statement in this regard had been ignored by the executive

committee. The covering letter stated that the creation of native education in the university should in no way detract from the establishment of the newly formed pan-Indian university. He said that he did not feel the first two points of review were thoroughly considered at the meeting, when the decision was made.

by Elsie Ross

Food additives regulated but standards can change

"Is the use of food additives justified?" was the topic of a recent lecture by Dr. D. Chapman, Food Advisory Bureau director of the Ottawa Food and Drug Directorate.

Food additives are acceptable to the Directorate if they are on the Directorate's approved list. The basic principles used in judging the value of an additive are its safety, lack of deception and advantages offered to the consumer.

Safety is first determined according to regulations. The additive must first be tested on 2 species of animal. The short and long term effects on size, physical organs reproduction, and other factors upon it are then carefully studied. The highest level in the diet that caused no ill effects is then divided by 100 to obtain a permissible level of useage for man. Research from other sources is also taken into consideration in establishing the acceptable daily intake (ADI) or the daily dose over which

appears to have no health hazard over a lifetime.

In spite of technological analysis cases have occurred where formerly approved additives have been deleted from the list. Cyclamates, the artificial substitute for sugar removed from the list in 1969 are one example. Dr. Chapman stressed the fact that additives cannot be used unlawfully or deceptively. For example sulphur dioxide cannot be used to retain and enhance the red color of meat to make it appear fresher.

Most food additives are used to improve the quality of a product. Stabilizing agents, synthetic colors, preservatives and emulsifiers are used to achieve this purpose. There are also special agents to facilitate transportation and storage.

Many instant and convenience products available today could not be possible without the use of food additives. But who is to know which additives may be proven harmful five years from now?

by Marilyn Strilchuk

Young socialists refused money

Students' Council Monday refused to grant money to support a Young Socialist newspaper.

Young Socialist spokesman, Mark Priegert, said that their newspaper is the only radical bi-national newspaper in Canada, and the only paper that reports accurately such things as the Amchitka demonstrations that occurred across Canada. He said that there are 250 subscriptions to The Young Socialist from students on this campus and another 300 to 400 copies of each issue are sold here.

Mr. Priegert named Campus Lyfe as a precedent for being given the money and asked for \$200 — the amount Lyfe was given. Students' Union Finance Board, citing the same precedent, recommended to grant \$100.

Students' Union President, Don McKenzie, objected to granting money for the newspaper because it is printed in Toronto and because students would still have to pay the 15 cents per issue or \$1 yearly subscription.

Mr. Priegert said that the paper was not printed on campus because its purpose was not to give coverage just to the U of A but to cover the student movement across the country. He said the price of the individual issues was just a token sum which was charged because the Young Socialists do not believe people would pay as much attention to the paper if it was just given to them.

Council defeated the Finance Board's recommendation to grant money to the paper.

but VCF got \$180

Students' Council Monday gave the Inter-varsity Christian Fellowship \$180 to help finance their International Christmas in Banff.

The International Christmas will be a gathering of foreign students who are unable to return home for the Christmas holidays. "One of main purposes of this is to give foreign students a home away from home," said Varsity Christian Fellowship Hazel Schattschneider.

Miss Schattschneider said that the VCF had kept transportation

costs minimal — they would be about \$8 per person. This would be over and above a six dollar registration fee.

She said that about 80 people would be going, but they hoped to get as many as 100. She said that it would be nice if council would pay at least half the transportation cost — \$400.

Finance Board member Rob Spragins, said that the Board had recommended the figure of \$180 because they were aiming primarily at those students who would not be able to pay their own way.

faculty grants set up

Grants of up to \$300 to \$3000 are available to undergraduate faculty associations under a program set up by Students' Council.

The maximum grant available to any faculty or school varies on a scale with the number of people enrolled in the faculty/school. The maximum grants are: to a faculty of up to 250 enrollees — \$300; to a faculty of 251 to 500 — \$500; to a faculty of 501 to 750 — \$750; to a faculty of 751 to 2000 — \$2000; to a faculty of over 2000 — \$3000.

The principle of the faculty grants was passed by last year's council on the recommendation of engineering rep, Don Brown. Brown advised that money which

had, in previous years paid for the year book be re-allocated to the needs of the individual faculty and school associations on campus.

Brown felt that maxima on a strictly per capita basis rather than in steps might encourage undergraduate associations to join in the recruiting of new students.

In order to receive its grant, the faculty association must file its constitution, the names of its elected officials, its financial statement from last year, its current budget, and a statement of the purposes of its programs, with the Academic Vice president of the Students' Union.

They must also notify him in writing of their intention to apply for the grant.

by Bob Blair

Gifts for Santa's Anonymous can be brought in to Radio CKSR from now until December 17. Gifts should be for children aged up to 12 years.

Edmonton Birth
Control and
Abortion Referral
Service, Margaret
466-9216 (Mon.,
Wed., Fri., a.m.)
Terri 432-5662 or
466-5305 (anytime).

The Telephone Directory is now available at the SUB
Information Desk upon presentation of a University I.D.
card.

Next Friday the Students' Union will begin selling
them at one dollar each and, after that time, will no
longer guarantee anybody getting one free.

GET YOURS NOW

Whitewater Canoeing - the sensual sport

by Cheryl Croucher

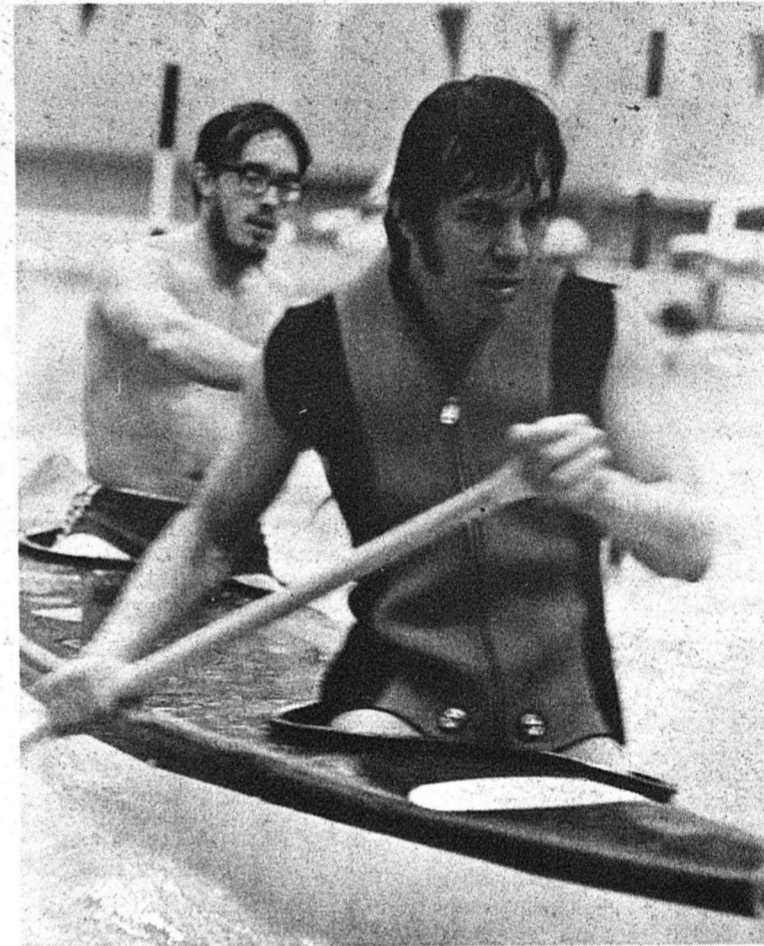
White water canoeing, the exciting sport of "shooting the rapids", is fast gaining popularity in Alberta thanks to the efforts of the North West Voyageur Canoe and Kayak Club. The club is a group of people interested in recreational as well as white water canoeing.

The winter program of Eskimo rolls, slalom gate practice, paddle techniques, and swimming readies the group for the various one-day and overnight excursions planned for the summer season that lasts from April through September. Novices and experienced paddlers alike share the thrill of navigating the range of Alberta's streams and rivers.

One of the aims of the club is the preservation of wild rivers such as the South Nahanni in the Northwest Territories. The region, which will be destroyed if power and mining companies are allowed into the area, can still be conserved as a national park if the public expresses its concern before it is too late.

An important sideline is the mapping of the rivers the club travels, grading rapids, and marking the location of dams, rapids, and places to put in and out. This protects people who cannot read the river from hurting or killing themselves. The maps will soon be available from the club and the Department of Tourism.

The North West Voyageurs are presently trying to build a



The exciting sport of whitewater canoeing.....
.....as practiced in the Varsity pool

racing section proficient enough to participate in the Canadian National White Water Championships to be held July 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, 1972 on the upper Red Deer and Panther Rivers about 40 miles west of Sundre. The downriver and slalom are open to men, women, and teams but there must be three or more entries in the

individual events in order for them to take place.

The Provincial Downriver Championships will be held at the same site June 17th and 18th, 1972.

The North West Voyageur Canoe and Kayak Club is recruiting now. People of all ages are welcome to join. The only requirements are good health, plenty of enthusiasm, and payment of the membership fee of \$12. If you already belong to the Canadian Youth Hostel Association, the fee is only \$2. Meetings are Monday nights from 8:30 to 10:30 in the east pool of the Physical Education Building. For more information, contact Barry Robertson at 433-1859 and Shirli Bayer at 439-1189 or 432-6379.



This is a snake sitting on a typewriter. He is Harvey G. Thomgirt, beloved mascot of the Gateway.

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NEW YEAR.

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Four Finance Board members resign charging SU exec interference

Four of the nine members of the Students' Union Finance Board have resigned. They charged that "any viability that the board may have had in the past" has been removed by a financially irresponsible Students' Union Executive and by Students' Council's unworkable criteria for the operation of the Board.

The Finance Board is a committee of the Students' Council which recommends individual organizations' budgets to Council and recommends, throughout the year, the expenditure of the SU grant fund. The grant fund exists so that organizations may come to council at any time during the year and request money for specific functions. Finance Board meets with each organization requesting money and issues recommendations on these requests to Students' Council.

Laird Hunter, Jack Mintz and Student Councillors Rob

Spragins and Howard Christensen are the four members who have resigned. There are two other student councillors, two other students, and Students' Union Treasurer Frans Slatter on the Board. The four who resigned were the only members who attended last week's meeting.

In a joint statement, the four said the resignations were due to "an accumulation of grievances" climaxed when "the recent 'Octoberfest' fiasco resulted in a considerable loss as envisioned by the Finance Board."

Octoberfest was a beer festival sponsored by the Lister Hall Joint Social Council October 19. The sponsors of the event appeared before Finance Board only four days before the event was to take place to request a loan of \$3000. They assured the Board that the event would make money.

However the Board thought it likely the event would lose money because of poor

organization and refused to recommend the loan. The Students' Union Executive then took it upon themselves to overrule Finance Board and loan Octoberfest the money they wanted. The matter of the loan did not come before Students' Council because there was no council meeting between the time of the Social Council's request and when the event took place.

As it turned out, the event lost money as the Board had predicted. The Social Council appeared before the Board last week and requested that Students' Council pay one third of the losses (about \$500). The Board requested to see detailed financial statements from the Social Council before they would consider the matter.

However, the matter of Octoberfest seems to have been the culmination of what the Board members feel to be unwarranted intrusion into their precinct. They accuse the SU

Executive of overriding Board decisions on poor financial grounds.

The four who resigned emphasize that the Octoberfest affair was only the climax of the problems the Board has encountered and is not itself the cause of the problems.

Rob Spragins subsequently withdrew his name from the joint statement of resignation and submitted his own which is essentially the same as the joint statement but without any reference to Octoberfest.

The four members criticized Students' Council for establishing a separate board to set up operating criteria for the Finance Board. The criteria board was apparently set up without consulting the members of the Finance Board.

The four object to the limits this separate board established for them, especially the rule against the board having any political considerations in the recommendations for granting

money.

One of the four, Students' Council Engineering Representative Howard Christensen, felt that it was impossible for the board to completely divorce itself from political considerations and said that his criteria destroyed "any effectiveness the board might have."

Students' Union Treasurer and Chairman of the Finance Board, Frans Slatter, concurred.

He said if Council "does not want the Board to have political considerations there shouldn't be a Finance Board." Slatter did not attend the last Board meeting when the four decided to resign.

Slatter thinks the Students' Union may be better off without a Finance Board. He says the recommendations on the grant fund could be made by the Students' Union Co-ordinator for internal organizations and by the SU President for external matters.

by Bob Beal

Defoliation is a weapon

ST. LOUIS (CUP-CPS) -- "It is immoral for the American people to be concerned solely with the U.S. environment when we are paying for the deliberate destruction of Indochina," stated Dr. E.W. Pfeiffer, associate professor of zoology at the University of Montana, in a recent speech in St. Louis.

Pfeiffer, who has made four trips to South-east Asia to investigate the ecological effects of the war in Indochina, discussed the three major weapons of ecological destruction: herbicidal chemicals, land clearance, and bombing.

The crop destruction program has destroyed enough rice to feed 600,000 people for a year and defoliation has wiped out about 30 to 40 per cent of the total forest of Indochina, he said. Although the use of herbicidal chemicals has now been stopped, Pfeiffer noted that nobody is really sure what the end effects of such massive defoliation will be. In a report on his trip, published in *Science Magazine* (May 1, 1970), he concluded that "the ecological consequences of defoliation are severe."

As a result of the recent invasion of Cambodia, 30 per cent of that country's rubber trees were destroyed by defoliation. This was their main source of international exchange. Pfeiffer said that he had been informed by reliable sources through Senator Church (D-Idaho), that Air America, of the CIA, was responsible for the defoliation in Cambodia.

The use of herbicidal chemicals has, however, been largely abandoned in favor of land clearance with 25-ton caterpillar tractors. There are presently five companies of land clearing troops with about 30 plows each, Pfeiffer said. The Department of Defense estimates that, so far, 750,000 acres of land, mostly forest, have been cleared this way.

Forests that have been defoliated are taken over by bamboo and other weeds. Shrapnel and bullets add to this destruction by causing a fungal infection in the trees -- a phenomenon peculiar to tropical trees. This causes the death of the tree in about a year or so. Pfeiffer also noted that mangrove trees were at one time used for charcoal fuel in

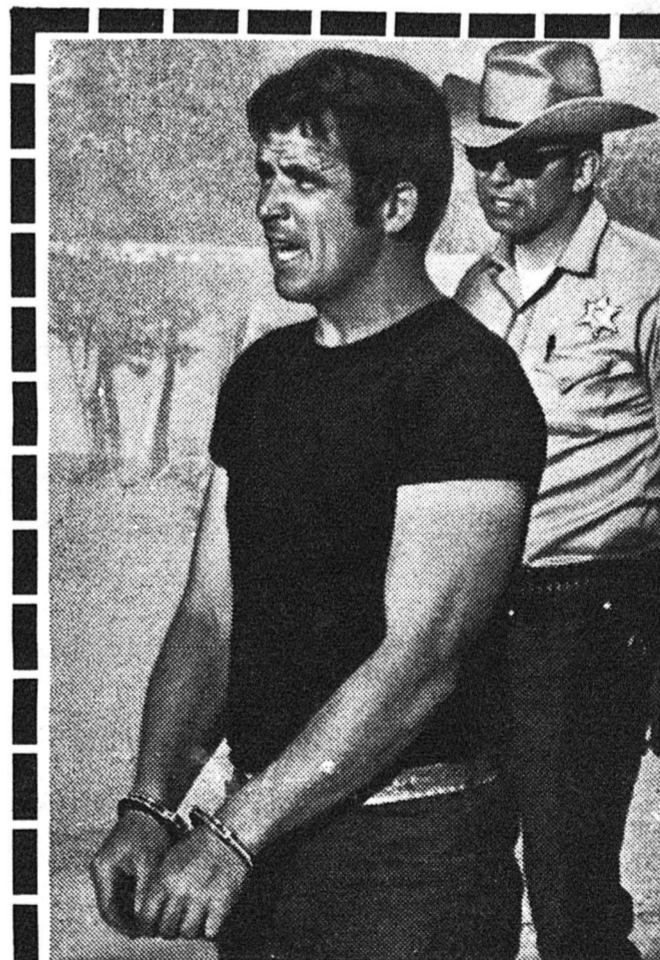
Indochina. They were a renewable resource through the planting of saplings. However, most of these trees have been destroyed by defoliation and "now the U.S. has them hooked on kerosene fuel, a non-renewable resource." The many acres of hardwood timber in Indochina have been virtually destroyed and the lumber industry has just about been knocked out, said Pfeiffer.

The main reason that people move to refugee camps of cities is that they cannot stand the bombings. Pfeiffer said he heard this time and time again. He suggested that this may not be accidental. That is, the U.S. is deliberately trying to drive people into cities, through bombing, where they can be more easily controlled. The population of Saigon has risen from 500,000 to 3 million in ten years. "With the people out of the countryside, the guerillas no longer have their basis of support and action -- that is, the U.S. may have stumbled onto the solution to guerilla warfare."

Pfeiffer concluded that "the people of Indochina are subsistence farmers, or were -- we are urbanizing them at a fantastic rate."

The General faculties Council nominating committee is seeking nominations for an undergraduate to serve on the ad hoc committee to study the size of the

university. If you are interested or know of someone who is, contact: Miss Pat Howlett, Secretary GFC Nominating Committee University Hall Phone 432 4965



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Philosophy of a University Education

Dear Sir:

Mr. Stickle's article "How do you teach a prof to teach?" raises an equally important issue in the philosophy of university education. Certainly Mr. Stickle was correct in pointing out the inadequacy of some of our teaching staff. My own experience in the seven years I have spent at various universities would suggest that the vast majority of university professors are moderately good teachers: a small minority are excellent and some are plainly incompetent.

The University's Role

The Thing that has amazed me is how those in this latter group (and who would deny that there are some?) have been able to maintain their jobs. If the purpose of a university is to gather, discover and disseminate knowledge, then those who fail as teachers fail the university in one of its vital roles.

Academic or Research

Our philosophy of university education, however, seems to have overemphasized the role of the university as a research institution to the detriment of

its teaching function. Thus, the qualification for academic tenure is not teaching ability but research ability, as demonstrated by publication. While some attention is paid to seniority, little attention is paid either to the sociability of a professor or his teaching ability. As a result, people who patently lack concern for their fellow-beings, and those who are totally inept as teachers, manage to obtain permanent employment under the tenure system.

Tenure

Tenure is not necessarily bad. As a guarantee of academic freedom and as a bulwark against arbitrary dismissal, it performs a vital function. My contention is that before tenure is granted, the prospective appointee should be fully qualified for each of the functions he is to perform.

If a professor is to carry the traditional three-pronged role of researcher, director of graduate students and teacher of undergraduates, should he not be deemed qualified in each of

these areas before receiving a permanent appointment?

The present system where tenure is granted on the basis of research ability and seniority has led to some blatant absurdities. With tenure secure, a professor may thus shield his disinterest in graduate students or his lack of teaching competence. Graduate students may find him impossible to work under; undergraduates are denied the invigorating experience of good instruction; and the public gets poor value for its tax dollar. Nothing, however, can be done to relieve him of his post.

Determining Ability

The means of determining either a professor's ability to get along with others or the degree of his teaching competence prior to the granting of tenure do not appear to be major obstacles. An anonymous polling of graduate students and faculty members with whom he has associated would determine his general cooperativeness. A fair indication of his teaching abilities could be obtained by a

survey of his students.

Should he be found weak in either of these areas, he should not be granted tenure until he is able to remedy his inabilities or until his responsibilities could be limited to those areas in which he is competent. Presumably, an approach along these lines would greatly improve the quality of university teaching.

Remedial Actions

If the roles of the professor as teacher of undergraduates and director of graduate students were given their proper emphasis, professors would be more conscious of their weaknesses in these areas. Similarly, departments might respond to the need for better teaching by including one or two seminars on teaching techniques in their graduate programs.

In the absence of substantial courses offered by the Faculty of Education in the area of university teaching, each department might draw on the talents of its best teachers to develop seminars related to teaching in its field.

Finally, some immediate abuses might be alleviated by phasing out the responsibilities of the worst offenders in those areas where they are weak. Within the resources of the department, poor teachers should not be allowed to teach undergraduate survey courses, and those who have no interest in graduate students should not be obliged to direct graduate programs.

Accent Teaching Role

What is really needed then is an educational philosophy that puts proper emphasis on the university's teaching role. The least that society can expect from university educators is that they be competent in the function they are supposed to perform. With the present surplus of prospective appointees, it seems to me that departments could well afford to be a little firmer in their search for teaching competence.

Sincerely yours,
Roy A. Prete

Love, Pregnancy, Abortion and the Kid

Dear Gateway Editors,

This is in reply to Carol Brown's address, page nine, Nov. 18 issue of the Gateway, *The Price of Love*.

Disappointed

I had this issue hanging around quite a while before I decided to read it before throwing it away, (sorry Gateway). Seeing the picture of the unwed (supposedly) mother and the title of the article I immediately read it. I was extremely disappointed. For you see - I'm pregnant and single and had thought that there might be something encouraging here. But not really.

Carol Brown is a crusader (by nature, I suspect) with a cause. I wish she had balanced her material with an over-all view of both sides of the story and a little bit less of emotional bias.

Abortions

In July my gynecologist told me it would take but a week for me to get an abortion. Supposedly Miss Brown's figures of only 5 out of 13 applicants receiving legal permission for that month are correct. But I had to wait several paragraphs before she mentioned the possibility that a good number of these women were married.

The statistics coming out of Vancouver for abortions in '69 were 45% married. (For reasons of my own I chose not to abort, and so can not validate as to the difficulty of processing but I was assured it would be *easy and cheap*.)

Encouragement

There were *some* encouraging comments that she made - e.g. "...efforts might better be directed at creating a healthier - society where the many anxieties and hardships of bearing children need not exist". Also the last half of the last paragraph - "To support the wretched when they are down - work towards a world where people may never have to have abortions due to perfect prevention methods and the existence of a society that does not make pregnancy, under any circumstances unhappy".

Prospects - Tough

Well, here I am faced with the prospect of unwed motherhood in a society that is not quite friendly to such as me (supposedly unwed mothers are *bad* types).

You know - I love this child already and don't really want to give him/her up, but I'm not blind - not deaf - I have talked to several women who have had children out of wed-lock, some of whom have kept them - the consensus - *ougtough!* tough! - *not easy, not happy*. And then how about my child - no status - easy mark for any vicious mouth around. The picture's: not pretty. Not much prettier than an actual abortion.



Added difficulties

Now, Miss Brown, I wish you had tried to give an "over-view" i.e. tried to broaden the minds of your readers not only towards the concept of abortion, (and believe me, with that shrill attitude of yours, you're probably making it harder than needs be) but towards expanded birth control information, education on such within the high and elementary schools with all its implications of social, family and personal behavior. (P.S. To counter act this side-effect of the pill, may I suggest to any interested readers to see Adele Davis' *Eat Right to Keep Fit*, where she suggests certain improved nutrition with supplements to help in that area.)

Also something about the responsibility

of the fine men - those fine fuckers - in their sexual behavior and its consequences. And then how about working some on this general social change bit? Where does a girl like me who is not especially brave get the courage to keep her child? From Carol Brown?

Married chicks

Finally on this abortion issue - I have almost no sympathy for the married chick who could hide her little contraceptive mistake in among her own existing brood - they also have husbands who could get a temporary sterilization. (oh, yes, brand new this year with a high percentage, well over 50% of success!)

Unwed chicks

For unwed chicks, like me, yes, give us the option - but how about the double option of being able to freely and proudly keep our children, too? Down with the god-damn word, "bastard"!

That's all I have to say on the subject. Now here's further proof of the type of society we're in - I'm not signing my name - guess why? *Name withheld at the writer's request.*

P.S. Dear Editors:

Could you indicate to those who might read this letter and be in the same situation here on campus (obviously those girls who chose not to abort) that if they wish to communicate with me to contact me through THE GATEWAY.

I know I'm no social worker, councillor, or psychiatrist-but if we can't cry on each other's shoulders effectively there's people around, people I know personally in the social worker and councillor category-friends of mine-fine people that I highly recommend on a personal basis who could possibly help anyone who contacts me. (I hope.)

Ed. Note: Write:

SLM
c/o THE GATEWAY
Room 282 SUB
University of Alberta

Brains and Abortions

Editor, The Gateway:

A well known physiologist once remarked that when a person uses his brain to full capacity he is still using less biological energy than it takes to spit. With this in mind I would like to comment upon Darryl Grams' chin dribbling letter concerning abortion.

I suggest that to draw an analogy in the way Grams does between a fetus and a convicted multiple murderer is more fantastic than the "reports of groups" which he claims are "utterly ridiculous."

In reference to Grams' suggestion that abortion panels are desirable, I can only invite him over to the Law Center to peruse the humane decisions of other enlightened government panels.

To Grams query as to where we would be had our mothers decided to abort us, I can only reply that I doubt whether we would be worrying about it.

To Grams' query as to where the world would be if the mothers of Mozart, Bach and friends had decided to abort, I would suggest: probably in much the same state as now, regardless of the fact that the mothers of Goebbels, de Sade, and Allan Ellender decided not to abort.

Who knows? Perhaps in the future when Mr. Grams finally makes his first conquest and meets the abortion problem face to face, he will thank the abortion groups for their support.

Sincerely,
R. Verstraten,
Law 3

Meekison Incident - Opinions

Dear Editor:

I for one am still angered by the *Gateway's* handling of the Meekison incident.

Finding its challenge taken, the *Gateway* (1) closes its pages to further letters on the matter, (2) remarks snidely on the typing and grammar of the letters it received in the matter, (3) confuses "imply" with "infer", (4) claims that the signed Gereluk piece had no reference to Meekison, (5) claims that the unsigned piece was aimed at the two publication errors alone and not at Meekison, and finally (6) casts yet another innuendo by rhetorically wondering why its anonymous source was reluctant to talk about so innocuous a matter.

To comment in turn on each of these points, to say nothing of the logic of the original pieces, would necessarily take more than the *Gateway* limit of 250 words to a letter and would be pretty torturous reading, as indeed was such a letter I wrote earlier on this matter. This is so because of the quality of the *Gateway* pieces, not of its letter writers. Moreover, the 250 word limit protects the *Gateway* from detailed refutation.

(1) The *Gateway* can give itself the advantage of the last word in the matter by closing its pages.

(2) The proof reading labours gallantly given to letters in this matter could have gone into the rest of Tuesday's issue which needed it. Letter writers have and make no claim to professionalism. The *Gateway* does.

(3) I infer. You imply. Inference is active for reader. Implication is passive for him. The former he does; the latter he receives. For Thursday's *Gateway* little inference was needed. A good deal was implied.

(4) The very title of the signed Gereluk piece refers to Meekison, or rather to his name in the sense of his experience and qualification.

(5) A healthy cross section of the University community has seen Meekison & Gateway, page 8

The Editor, Gateway

I was extremely amused to see the flock of brown-nosers hunch around to submit their brown-stained letters defending ASSISTANT DEAN OF GRADUATE STUDIES J.P. Meekison. And of course they insisted that their letters be printed so everyone could see that they are on the side of the poor defenceless ASSISTANT DEAN.

I trust that Meekison - and all of us - know enough about university politics to realize that such a totally insignificant story as the *Gateway* printed presented a glorious opportunity for the brown-nosers, the apple-polishers and the suck-holders to get on the right side of IMPORTANT PEOPLE. Far more serious injustices are done to dozens of students each day on campus, but you don't find any of these pricks writing to *Gateway* about them. ASSISTANT DEANS have POWER; students do not.

Doug M ustard
Grad Studies

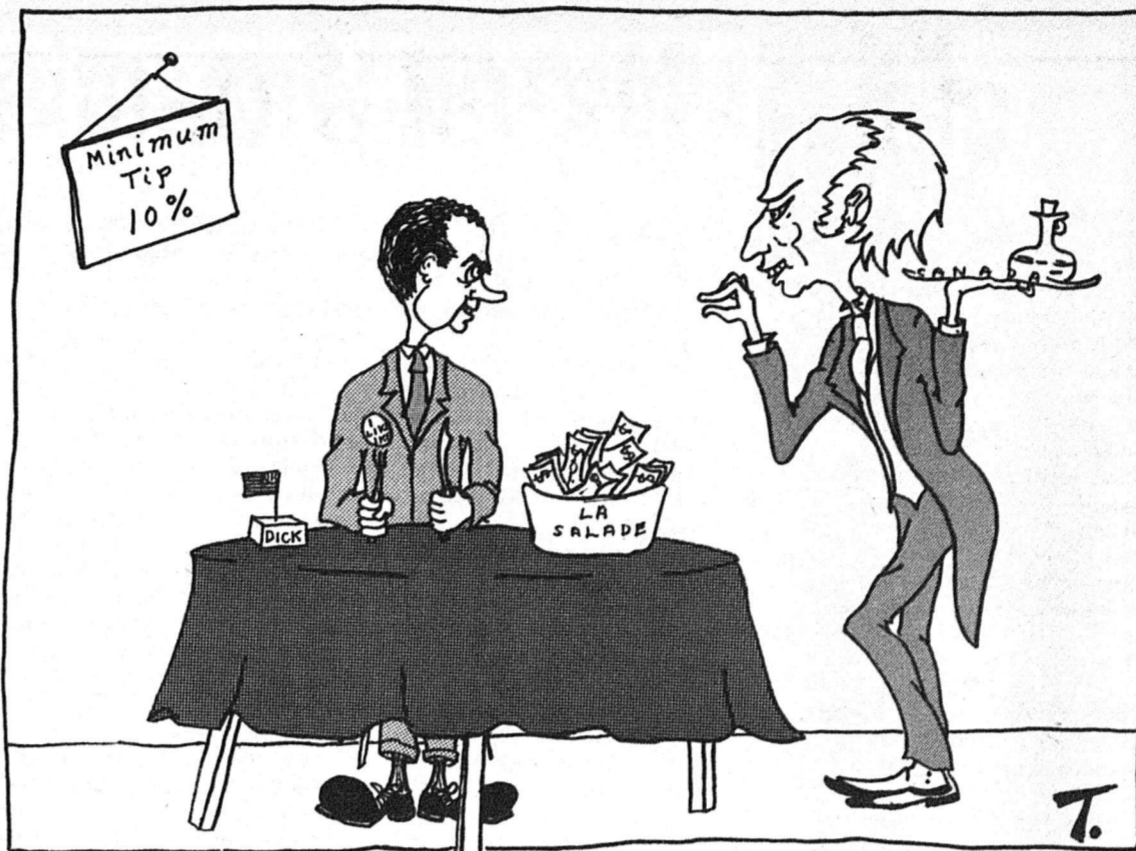
Editor, *The Gateway*

The controversy which has arisen over the articles by Mr. Gereluk concerning the Political Science (sic) Department and Dr. Meekison moves me to comment.

The number of people rushing to the defence of the Department is remarkable. So remarkable in fact that one is tempted to suggest that the things which were not present in Mr. Gereluk's article but which many people have read into it may indeed be correct.

The article concerning Dr. Meekison contains little of importance or little worthy of comment: the following editorial would seem to be the focus of the maelstrom. And here my question arises.

Almost every graduate student of Political Science whom I have encountered has insisted on describing how the students are used as pawns in intradepartmental conflicts or at See Maelstrom, page 8



"A little more oil for your salad, M'sieur?"

The Gateway

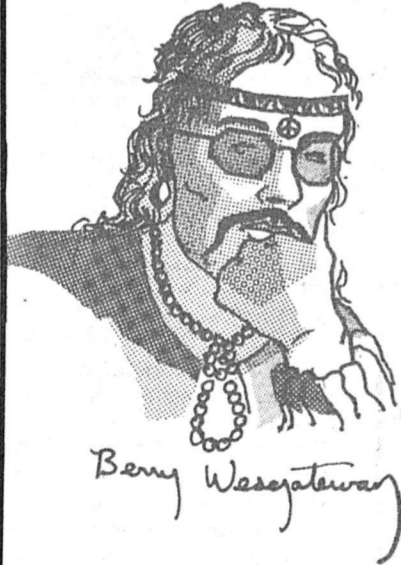
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The Gateway is published bi-weekly by the students of the University of Alberta. The editor-in-chief is responsible for all material published herein. Short Short deadline is two days prior to publication. The Gateway is printed by North Hill News, Ltd.

Before dawn, when Santa's sleigh turns back into the Great Pumpkin, all our staffers would like to ask a favour of the old boy. (Sorry Al, but it was so good, we just had to use it again.): Dennis Windrim would like 400 beautiful, sex-crazed chicks, but he'll settle for 300; Beth Nilsen would like people to stop taking Staph This Issue seriously; Ron Ternoway would like to whip it out in public. (a yard?) Henri Pallard would like letters, and more letters and...; Rick Grant would like at least 30 inches of snow in the Laurentians; Jim Selby would like 5 grms of Alka-Seltzer; Pauline Mapplebeck would like a two page issue once a week; Ron Yakimchuk would like a layout secretary; Mickey Quesnel would like another six inches; Elsie Ross would love some copy; Stu Layfield would like Ternoway to stop making hash of his copy; Dick Nimmons would like to see Nixon declared null and void; Barry Brummet would like out; Bob Beal would like Don MacKenzie in acid; Ross Harvey would like a complete unabridged copy of the New Testament, in Sanskrit; Dave McCurdy would like a four in his math course; Barbara Preece would like a size 6x body; Barry Headrick would like an electronic thingamadoo for his watchamaycallit; Fiona Campbell would like to be tall; Dawn Kunesky would like two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree; Fugi would like Elsie Ross to stop laughing at him; and I Harvey G. (for going home for Christmas) Thomgirt would like a life time subscription to Campus Lyfe.

Departments Editor-in-chief-Bob Beal (432-5178), news-Elsie Ross(432-5168), Sports-Ron Ternoway(432-4329), advertising Percy Wickman (432-4241) production-Bud Joborg and Ron Yakimchuk, Photo-Barry Headrick and Don Bruce(432-4355); rts-Ross Harvey, and last but not least, publisher Harvey G.Thomgirt (432-5168).

Berry WES GATEWAY



Picked up a copy of the latest Student Union publication the other day -- a little something that they call "Student Telephone Book 1971-72". Needless to say, they are giving this ridiculous thing away for free -- and after reading through it, you'll know why they are. I understand they printed an advance shipment of some twenty thousand copies, but when they couldn't unload even one, well, folks, it was time to start passing them out.

Basically, the fault lies in the plot. The author of "Phonebook" does a fine job of carrying his narrative from point "A" to point "B" and so on, right to the end of the book, but the whole structure of the work breaks down because of the overabundance of detail the author has included. Granted, the book is fantastically-well researched, but the author's clumsy handling of what could be, under other circumstances, extremely interesting material, has led only to an overpoweringly boring book.

Another problem inherent in the structure of the book is the author's overdependence on the number of characters. It seems to me that, in order to compensate for the, at best, pitiful job he has done of bringing his characters to life, he has chosen instead to introduce no less than some 19,000 individual characters in his novel. For example, one of the first characters he has presented is a man called Edward Adolph Aabak, and for what ostensibly should be the most important character in "Phonebook", all the author tells us is that this fellow is a first-year engineer, and then gives an address and phone number. No details of childhood, job,

sex life, hobbies, or anything else crucial to the proper analysis of what makes Aabak tick.

A second major flaw in the work is the introduction of the visual medium in a fictional work (for surely you don't believe that nearly twenty-thousand real-life people could be collectively stupid enough to attend an institute like this, do you?). The author has made extensive use of photography, and, though frequently enhancing certain aspects of his work, this technique has been employed spottily, at best. And, needless to say, the photo quality is frequently lacking badly. Perhaps his too-extensive use of this new technique in fictional writing is another reason why the novel is failing to gain public acceptance -- for one, this technique has never been tried before, and, second, the author has compounded this problem by, as I have stated, overworking this possibly revolutionary use of what I might term "fictional photography".

But the book does have its strong points. For example, the author has introduced the use of colored pages in his work, which seems to reduce eyestrain appreciably as the reader progresses through the book. And he has also numbered his pages in sequential order, right from page "one" through to page "hundred ninety-two", which is an invaluable aid to the reader who wishes to note the position of his favorite character in the book.

If it's all the same to you, though, I do not recommend this book, unless you have absolutely nothing else to read but an out-of-date Eatons catalogue.

Speaking of sex, you might as well note that there's none whatsoever in this work -- so don't bother expecting an arousing evening if you do plan to pick "Phonebook" up despite all my warnings.



GENERAL FNURD MOTOR Co.
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The Editor,
The Gateway,
Edmonton, Alberta,
Canadian Territory.

Dear Sir:

This letter is to advise your staff that the General FnuRD Motor Co., has purchased all patent and development rights to the revolutionary new method of transportation which you showed on the front page of your Tuesday, November 30, issue.

We had plans for the speedy development of this vehicle and we felt sure that we could have it on the road as early as 1990. Unfortunately, the plans and the prototype were destroyed in a fire in our research division. The inventor, alas, was visiting the laboratories at the time and died in the blaze.

It is unfortunate that the remainder of our research division now feels that it will be impossible to have a new set of preliminary plans ready before 2020.

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Stanley Steamer (sig.), President,
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Mozart, Sensationalism & Abortion

Dear Mr. Grams:

So you believe anti-abortionists are a silent majority!

It is axiomatic that supporters of a status quo will be less vocal than advocates of change in that status quo. The advocates of change must make themselves heard and felt or change will never occur because of the inertia of legislators to alter established methods of doing things.

As to your contention that anti-abortionists are in the majority (a conclusion you seem to draw from their silence) show us the proof, Mr. Grams, besides, why should a majority, assuming your conclusion to be correct, be able to impose its moralistic viewpoint upon the minority? Democracy envisions government by the majority with respect for, not contempt for, the opinions of the minority.

Sensationalism

You claim pro-abortionist's reports are sensationalized and their facts distorted and ridiculous. Again, Mr. Grams, I must ask you to substantiate your claims. I suggest it is not the public's 'inherent curiosity' or 'interest in the new and

unusual' which stimulates their interest in the views of pro-abortionists but a genuine concern and desire to be informed on important matters.

Abortion & capital punishment

How hypocritical can you be Mr. Grams? You decry the taking of human life, as you conceive abortion to be, by abortion, yet you advocate repeal of the ban on capital punishment. Which is more immoral, the snuffing-out of an established human life, the killing of a walking, talking, breathing, human being or the prevention of the birth of an unwanted child which at the time an abortion is performed has no life experience and in my 'opinion' is not a live human being.

By the way, Mr. Grams, it is not the 'body' of the pregnant woman which rejects a child which she wants aborted. I'm sure you realize that but your use of the word is misleading. It is the mind of the woman which rejects the child. What kind of life will an unwanted, rejected, resented and probably unloved child have? Will a mother upon whom is imposed an unwanted child be able to love that child or would you propose that the child be taken and used to fill the adoption pool.

Extra hardships

It is not likely, Mr. Grams, that the mental unbalance you cite as a reason why a pregnant woman may not be able to make a rational decision, is a result of the prospect of being forced to bear a child she does not want and may not be able to support emotionally, financially or socially. You say that by seeking an abortion woman is seeking the easy way out, how do you conclude that an abortion is the easy way, Mr. Grams, and, even if it is, why should she not be able to make use of it. Must we always impose extra hardships on people and do things in the most difficult way. As to your suggestion that a woman may seek an abortion as a fad, that is too ridiculous for comment.

If I had been aborted

"Where would you or I be if our mothers had decided to have an abortion" you ask. Well, Mr. Grams, I would not have been here to read your letter, not would I be concerned about overpopulation, pollution, increased crime rates and the effect on society of unwanted children. Had your mother decided on an abortion, what a beautiful paradox that would have been, you would not have been around to expound your dogmatic maralism and I can't

help but think how much better off the world would be without such insidious comments from narrow sighted persons who cannot see the consequences from the imposition of one groups personal morality upon others.

Mozart, Picasso, et al

"Where would the world be if the mothers of Mozart, Picasso et al had decided to have abortions?" you also ask. I suggest we would never have heard of them and consequently never have missed them. Would we have known about World War II if it had never happened? Would we have missed it? Such an argument is the most feeble I can imagine for opposing abortion, it screams its own rebuttal. Think how beautiful the world would be if the mothers of Adolph Hitler, Charles Manson, Richard Speck and the mothers of all socially maladjusted and dangerous persons who have become the same as a result of being unwanted, been able to obtain abortions if they had desired. Sound a little ridiculous, Mr. Grams?

Yours truly,
Bill Milne
Law II

Meekison & Gateway cont'd from page 7

supposed the unsigned article to be an attack on Meekison. The Tuesday, morning after, denials are not persuasive, especially if you can count. Use of this esoteric method reveals that *Folio* and *New Trail* are each named twice near the beginning of the piece and never reappear. Meekison is named 8 times. The number of references to the publications and Meekison run in the same proportion. This is to say nothing of the tone of piece.

(6) The anonymous source is rightly reluctant. He is not reluctant to talk about an innuous issue as PR errors, as the Gateway now finds it convenient to have us think. He is reluctant to talk about Meekison. And this he should be.

In *Gateway* newsspeak of the attack on Thursday saying it was so did make it so, as the *Gateway* found out by Tuesday. So too the *Gateway's* Tuesday defence will not by saying it was not so make not so.

What is called for is a retraction, not a denial.

Michael Jackson
Graduate Student

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Maelstrom cont'd from page 7

the very least has pointed out inconsistencies in the Department's treatment of students.

The letter by McCreary et al (Nov. 30 issue of the *Gateway*) therefore came as somewhat of a surprise as I have encountered several of the authors. Their public opinion and private comments therefore appear to be in conflict. One may postulate several theories to explain the apparent discrepancy:

1. My interpretation of their comments is in error.
 2. The interpretation is correct and
 - A. The controversy generated by Mr. Gereluk's article has induced a radical shift of opinion in several of the authors' views or
 - B. Those concerned have two opinions - one for public display and the other only released upon application of a suitable quantity of alcohol.
- As a student of the physical sciences I realize that the experimental evidence presently available is insufficient to draw any firm conclusions - thus this letter. Therefore it would seem that fresh experimental data is required - may I suggest the Strathcona Hotel?

Sincerely,
John Payzant,
Graduate Studies, Chemistry

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S.A.H.P.E.R.

Apathy and Phys. Ed. Students at Large:

What are your interests? Or should I ask? Do you have any interests particularly in sports and the faculty as a whole? As I look at the Physical Education student activities that occurred during the past two months, I become ill. As a matter of fact, I become sick enough to have gastric convulsions! Let me try to explain the situation.

Although the S.A.H.P.E.R. Retreat was considered a total success, it lacked student participation. Seventy-five out of a possible 400 students is a poor ratio. But of course this shows where their interests are. For some, I think they registered in the wrong faculty. For others, they have not woken from their summer slumber.

Then on the fair evening of October 12, 1971 the executive called a general meeting to

discuss a major issue that concerns everyone. That being "Job Opportunities" after graduation. Again we saw a booming turn-out of some 40 Physical Education students. Where were the rest of the students? Well, let's get together and maybe you can tell me.

Just for old time's sake, the council then decided to *throw* a Barn Dance. Everything was great except for one thing, STUDENT PARTICIPATION.

For the few students that are concerned, I must say thank-you for the good work done. Like always, the road is long but in this case, it is winding too.

Yours truly,
Don McClinton
S.A.H.P.E.R. President

P.S. I'm overwhelmed with the number of student memberships.

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Please Allow At Least Three Weeks for Delivery

A BREATH OF LIFE

By: Dave McCurdy

Imagine, if you can, a university close to Edmonton which emphasizes education and personal fulfillment rather than the mass-production of depersonalized robots tailor-made for the unemployment rolls. Imagine a university which emphasizes personal contact between student and professor rather than teaching the greatest number of people possible with a minimum of effort. Imagine a university which emphasizes informal learning at the student's own initiative rather than from formal lectures. Imagine a university which gives the student considerable freedom in choosing his own course of study rather than subjecting him to rigid course requirements.

Heard enough? Figure it's just another idealist shooting off his mouth about some future Utopian society? Well, if Athabasca University ever gets off the ground, you may have to eat your pessimism.

Athabasca University will be Alberta's fourth university, and will be located in St. Albert. Dr. T.C. Byrne, the university's president, figures it will commence operation around 1975, with an initial enrolment of about 2000. Most important of all, though, it will, at least temporarily, incorporate a system of learning new to the field of Alberta post-secondary education.

One of the basic features of Athabasca is that it will concentrate entirely on undergraduate arts and science programs, with graduate studies and professional schools being excluded. Also, the university will emphasize teaching rather than research.

This is the result of one of the major assumptions made by the Athabasca powers-that-be— that there are in Alberta many students interested in pursuing a course of study in the arts and science who would like to do so in an environment different from that of conventional universities. Such an environment would feature close contact between student and professor; an informal, spontaneous method of learning; and great student responsibility in deciding his own course of study.

In the Athabasca model, lectures as such will be optional; in many cases they will cease to exist. The emphasis will instead be on having the student do research on his own, using the professor as an aide and general mentor rather than as virtually the sole source of knowledge. Such use of the professors will be accomplished by the use of tutorials, which will be discussions rather than lectures. It is hoped that these tutorials will provide inspiration, leaving the actual communication of information to other means.

Because the student will be left on his own to a great extent in obtaining information, the library will assume great importance— in fact, Dr. Byrne hopes that at Athabasca the library concept will be expanded in such a way that the library will become the central learning resource of the entire university. It will include much more than just books— it will include non-print materials which some students will find highly valuable, and it will try to benefit students by arranging print and non-print materials into organized learning packages emphasizing the major topics of discipline.

The basic unit of the university will be the module or college. Each module will contain about 650 students and 25–30 faculty members of varying interests and from various disciplinary areas. Thus the original university will consist of three such modules. The faculty-student ratio will be kept constant at 25–1.

Because the modules will be heterogeneous in member interest, the university will tend to emphasize interdisciplinary study, including study in some areas which heretofore have not been concentrated upon by post-secondary institutions.

The enrolment number of 650 for each module was decided upon, says Dr. Byrne, because "it enables the modules to achieve some measure of intimacy among their members, while at the same time providing each module with a fair cross-section of the university community and allowing the modules to operate in a reasonably economical manner."

The module will, then, replace the traditional department as the basic unit of the university, but with a very important distinction: all the Athabasca modules will be similar in size, and all will represent a cross-section of the university community in terms of field of study. Consequently, if and when the university grows, it will grow by simply adding more modules, rather than by enlarging the modules already existing.

"This module concept," says Dr. Byrne, "will enable the college to maintain its original intimate, interdisciplinary nature even if it grows to a large size. This is an advantage not enjoyed by most universities,

some of whose departments often become unmanageably large. It is important to remember, though, that the university need not grow any larger than its original size of 2000 students.

Within each module, the students will choose their programs of study in consultation with their professors. Dr. Byrne expects it will take time— "at least one semester" — for students to find out what direction they want to take in their studies; until they have reached some sort of decision in that regard, they will be "feeling the university out" to see what it has to offer them.

The university will concentrate on four general areas— humanities, communications, the human community (which includes the social sciences), and environmental problems involving the natural and physical sciences.

The one major new area involved here is that of communications, which will link written and spoken language and involve such areas as the media and their uses, the psychology of communication, mathematics, computing science and other linguistic disciplines.

One of the major interests of Athabasca will be involvement in the community. It is expected that, in their course of study, many students will venture out into the field to better understand the problems of the community and to see how they can fit into the community and help it solve those problems. In this respect Athabasca will be something like a trades college in that it will try to prepare the student for some sort of worthwhile vocation in the community, be it in business, industry or government. Dr. Byrne feels that "work in the community will greatly increase the student's usefulness in whatever vocation he takes up after graduation from university."

In order to help the student adapt to his community after graduation, Athabasca University will offer an optional fourth year of study after the first three years have been completed. Such a fourth year would provide the student with an opportunity for intensive work in almost any field he chooses — be it preparation for integration into some field employment, or preparation for graduate study or entry into a school of some sort (such as law, medicine, or dentistry). "In fact," comments Dr. Byrne, "we hope to leave the fourth year program almost entirely up to the student. It will offer him a wonderful opportunity to concentrate on something he is interested in, whatever that may be. One of the major possibilities would be work of some sort in the community, but we have no intention of restricting it to just that. I'm sure students will be able to make up their own minds as to what they want to do with their fourth year."

Dr. Byrne expects that initially Athabasca students will not differ greatly from their counterparts at the

University of Alberta. Like U of A students, they will generally be 18 - to - 24 year-old residents of the Edmonton area, and will be graduates of the area's high schools. Many of them will not have made a vocational choice at the time they enter university. This is where Athabasca comes in.

"However," says Dr. Byrne, "before long, we may find that Athabasca attracts a totally different group of people than the clientele of U of A. We will attract students who find that Athabasca's particular mode of operation suits their unique need. Who knows, this may be a totally different group of people than the group that attends other universities.

"The important thing is that Athabasca will attract people who have particular needs at some stage of life which they feel we can fulfill. So we may become a sort of 'drop-in centre' for people who come to university for short or long periods to become more knowledgeable, to seek a career change, to add or substitute new dimensions to their personal lives, or to stay mentally alert and 'up with the times' as they grow older."

Dr. Byrne, a sixtyish man who was formerly deputy minister of education in the provincial government, exudes cautious optimism in the potential of Athabasca University. However, he is not kidding himself. "Many universities have started out as departures from the normal type of university and have had to gradually revert to that 'normal type'. Such a change is often brought about by faculty who become dissatisfied with the lack of research possibilities at such a university; it is sometimes brought about by students who wish to pursue a more 'usual' method of learning in university; and it is sometimes brought about by pressure from the community in which it is situated, when the community wishes to have a more conventional university within its bounds, and will not co-operate with the university's aims. A good example of this is York University in Toronto. It started out as a 'model' university, but has now become a university like all the rest of them because of pressure from within and without. There is, of course, a very distinct possibility that the same thing will happen to Athabasca; we'll just have to wait and see what happens. I personally am hoping that Athabasca will be able to remain unique.

"We're hoping that the community will see it has much to gain by co-operating with our plans. We believe that graduates of Athabasca University will be well equipped to make a valuable contribution to their society through the unique education they will receive at Athabasca.

"The main thesis of Athabasca is that a small college can become successful if sufficient support is available not only from personnel and systems, but from society at large as well."



This is Athabasca University, and if the provincial government has anything to do with it, these imposing edifices you see in the fore-ground will likely be the total extent of the new campus.

What
does Old
Fashioned
mean
Momma?

By Elsie Ross

Christmas concert - practiced carols for weeks - parents came - beautiful tree to the ceiling - the high school kids got to decorate it with its twinkling lights and angels wings that gave it a luminous glow. The time you got to be Mary or were just an angel how proud you were.

Suspense - guessing - so many things you wanted - paged over Eaton's catalogue for months and your mind changed every day. Marked off days on a calendar.

Baking - Fruitcakes - October and then the shortbread and the cookies for Christmas Making a Christmas wish in the fruitcake - the spicy aroma of mince pies and plum pudding Japanese oranges & hard Christmas candies.

Shopping - Money \$3.00 - secret from mummy & daddy & brothers & sisters and giggles when caught and so careful apportioning the money

Dolls - Walking, talking, or stuffed animals to cuddle at bedtime - pressed nose against the glass - snow falling.

Christmas concert - lovely tree - recitation - so proud of yourself - Santa - the bags of treats.

Christmas day - relatives - hughe table - grandparents aunts & uncles & couings & warmth - security.

The tree - helping you Dad select it - "This one Dad, please." Watching the decorations go up - cause you're too little to reach any but the lowest branches. Fresh pine fills the air with the outdoors.

Christmas Eve - not being able to sleep and waking up at 5 a.m. to empty your stocking Hurrying your parents through breakfast so you could open your presents.

Old-fashioned Christmas - gas lamp standards on cards, holly & ivy and sleighs and long dresses.

I k p dreaming of it and yet I know it will never come back again.

I can't feel anything off Christmas anymore - there's simply a hollow void.

I hear carols and I want to cry because they bring back all those memories of long ago Christmas - when I still believed.

In what? I don't really know. But the tree which used to look so lovely looks like just a scraggly jack pine to me.

I don't hold my breath in anticipation for Christmas - it creeps up on me and suddenly I wake up and it's December 24.

I can now sleep Christmas Eve but I am disturbed by my brother who wakes me up at 11 a.m. Christmas morning.

I go downtown and I see the lights and the rushing people with the looks of tension on their faces and I feel so alone.

I see small children gazing in wide-eyed wonder at the displays in the stores and envy them.

Why must growing up mean a loss of wonder and innocence at Christmas?
Why?

intrepid wandering voyeur and middle class ascetic raspuceovitch seeking enlightenment, trudging dusty backroads, armed with his trusty role of two ply toilet paper and several extremely sacred and much prayed over kumquats.

grey robed, unshaven, smelling of bodily excrement and stale thoughts, he ponders his rabid dry lifecircle

aha! revelation! a mighty fart bright figs of hallucinations and the smell of long dead sucker fish, now ogleo bounds into a frenzied fertility rite turns ass forward thrice to the sun, and stoops to dissect the sperm of an exhausted beluga whale for the purpose of divination and lo in the midst of that murky pool of ultimate life, the truth was written clear....
ascetics anonymous

to be continu next week.....COSMIC TRUTH (and how to cure it)

Graphics:
Fiona Campbell

Good wishes:
Louis Bollo

A Few Christmas Needles

Dear Editor:

Every year around this time, I collect my list of those deserving to receive a gift. Here they are. (Any resemblance to real persons is purely intentional.)



To the Campus Development Committee: A brain and eye transplant.

To the Strike Happy Canadian Postal Employees: A group gift. I would like every Canadian to mail every one of his friends a one pound brick, then they'll get all the overtime they want.



To the SUB Bookstore: Two gifts this Christmas: firstly, the Magnificent Rip-Off Award for the highest prices this side of anywhere; secondly, the Tongue in Cheek Award for saying their prices are as competitive as anyone's. (Have you noticed all the other bookstores on campus?)



To the Christmas Retailers: For beginning their Christmas ads in the first week of November, the Brothel Award for the best prostitution of any event in the calendar year.



To the Gateway Staff: The Silver Typewriter Award for getting the whole campus pissed off at them for putting out a rotten newspaper. (if it's so rotten, how come everytime a Gateway comes out, everybody reads it and pronounces it rotten? If it's rotten, you shouldn't read it.)



To the City Cop Who keeps Nailing my Roommate's Car with Parking Tickets: A bottle of stay awake pills for Christmas eve, so he can nail Santa Claus for parking on his lawn.



To the Campus Constabulary: The Chuck Moser Public Relations Award for towing away cars round the PE building during basketball games.

Green Olives Dipped in

BY RICK GRANT

Past the edges of the infinite universe, lies a region that does not exist. Nothing happens there; it cannot because the region is not there. And yet, there came a time when two were talking.

The conversation was both infinite and instantaneous in length. It happened before the birth of the universe, and after it. There was no way to judge.

"ARMACEL' I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU."

Armacel answered. He was nowhere near the speaker, but then he was nowhere else either.

"YES, A JOB WOULD BE WELCOME. THINGS HAVE BEEN A LITTLE QUIET LATELY."

"I THINK IT IS TIME FOR ME TO HAVE A SON."

"YOU ALREADY HAVE ONE. WHAT'S THE POINT OF ANOTHER?"

"APART FROM THE FACT THERE SHOULD'T BE ANY REASON FOR ME NOT TO HAVE ANOTHER. I FEEL THAT THE SAME WORLD WHERE THE OTHER WAS BORN COULD BENEFIT FROM A REPEAT."

"YES THEY CERTAINLY TOOK THE FIRST THE WRONG WAY, BUT AREN'T YOU IN DANGER OF CONFUSING THEM? AFTER ALL, QUITE A FEW ARE EXPECTING A SECOND COMING OR EVEN STILL WAITING FOR THE FIRST. A THING LIKE THIS WOULD CONFUSE THEM EASILY."

"THAT IS WHY I HAVE SENT FOR YOU. I DON'T WANT ANY OF THAT EMOTIONAL PROPOGANDA WE INDULGED IN LAST TIME. THERE ARE TO BE NO MIRACULOUS HAPPENINGS OR ANGELS SINGING. JUST A PLAIN ORDINARY BIRTH TO AN ORDINARY, THE BOY IS TO HAVE MUCH THE SAME LIFE AS THE FIRST. IT IS GOOD TRAINING."

"YOU MEAN WE LET HIM GO THROUGH THE POGROMS AND PERSECUTION THAT THE FIRST WENT THROUGH?"

"NO, THAT WAS AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT SITUATION. THERE ARE TO BE NO DRAMATICS, OR INCIDENTS THAT VIOLATE THEIR PHYSICAL UNIVERSE."

"THERE IS TO BE NOTHING TO ANNOUNCE HIS BIRTH. ISN'T THAT A LITTLE UNFAIR TO THEM AFTER ALL THEY LOVE PAGENTRY. IF THEY ARE SUPPOSED TO BENEFIT BY THIS, THEY SHOULD HAVE SOMETHING TO IDENTIFY HIM BY."

"YOU ARE RIGHT. THEY DO NEED A SIGN. I CAN SEE THEY HAVE AN INTENSE FEAR OF FALSE PROPHETS. I DON'T WANT THEM THINKING THIS IS ONE. AS FOR THE SECOND COMING, AS THEY CALL IT, WE'LL MAKE SURE THEY DON'T EVEN CONSIDER IT AS SUCH. WE ALREADY HAVE THAT ORGANISED FOR THE FUTURE AND I DON'T WANT THINGS MESSED UP."

"RIGHT. WE'LL USE THE ADVANCED WARNING TECHNIQUE AND MAYBE THROW IN THE SHINING STAR."

"YOU MIGHT AS WELL MAKE USE OF THOSE BRIGHT YOUNG ASSISTANTS FOR THE DETAILS AND I'LL LOOK AFTER THE REST."

"IS THE BOY TO KNOW WHO HE IS? WHAT ABOUT THE PARENTS?"

"NO. THE WHOLE THING IS TO BE KEPT FROM THEM. WITH THE EXCEPTION OF HIS BIRTH, EVERYTHING IS TO APPEAR NORMAL. HE'LL STAND ON HIS OWN AND MAKE HIS OWN PHILOSOPHY BUT HE WILL HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF KNOWING THE TRUTH. WE DO NOT WANT A REPITITION OF THE HYSTERIA WE HAD LAST TIME."

The winter was well into its stride, the constant west wind pushed fine dry snow deep into the country, drowning the small towns with its blanket. Deep in the center of the flat country, next to a narrow meandering river, sat a small town like any other. Just a collection of old worn wooden houses, crowding close to its own center where the main street formed a focal-point for the small businesses.

Towards the edge of town, off the main street, sat a house, meaner than any other. It was small and old, a sagging covered porch ran across the front, the windows were uncurtained and dirty. No lights showed during the nights because the residents could not afford the luxury. For warmth, they depended on a decrepit piece of iron that ran off coal oil and frequently broke down.

The couple living in the house were newly married, and very poor. The husband, because of his youth and inexperience, was out of work and had little prospect of finding one in the small town or the surrounding area. His wife was younger than him and had never had a job of any kind, her education had halted at the tenth grade when they married.

Although the government paid him a small living allowance and looked after his basic requirements, it was insufficient when it came to allowing him to learn a new trade or even to let him buy some new clothes so he could try to make an impression with a prospective

employer.

For the last few days he had been lucky enough to be employed clearing the sidewalks of the town after the heavy snowfalls.

He knew it would not last, nevertheless the job brought in enough money for them to afford a good meal that one night for a change.

She served the food to him at the plain wooden table, bare of a tablecloth or any other luxury, then seated herself across from him.

She picked listlessly at her food while he eagerly wolfed down the rare fruit of his labours. At times through the meal she lifted her head, as if to say something, but seemed to think better of it.

He was too tired and hungry to notice her preoccupation. It was not until after the meal and he had lit one of his few remaining cigarettes that he became aware of her.

He looked over at his young wife for the first time that night since he had sat down and saw with a shock how upset she was. Their short married life had been hard, short of the many things other married couples took for granted, but they had never lacked for love and understood one another with an easy tenderness.

The look on her face wiped the tiredness from his face to be replaced by a look of honest concern.

"What's the matter love?"

"Oh...I...I don't know how to tell you..." she said haltingly before bursting into tears.

Instantly he was on his feet and beside her. Anxiously, he cradled her sobbing body in his arms.

"What's the matter dear? You can tell me," he said in a soft voice.

She sobbed softly for a few seconds before answering.

"Darling...I...We are going to have a baby. I didn't want to tell you before, I thought it would make things harder than they are."

"O darling that's wonderful, beautiful, I can't tell you how much it makes me happy."

She saw the look of happiness on his face and smiled weakly at him.

"How long have you known?" he said.

"About four months," she replied in a scared voice.

"Four months! But there wasn't any reason to keep it so secret."

She burst into tears again before speaking. "Dear, things have been so bad for you I didn't want to upset you. I know it was silly of me but I could never get around to telling you."

"That's alright little girl. Don't worry about it. We'll move to the city and I'll get a job and everything will be all right."

The next few weeks before Christmas and the birth of the child saw him working at any and every job he could lay his hands on. He shoveled sidewalks, cleaned barns, herded cattle to shelter, and worked at all the small dirty jobs no one would do in a desperate attempt to gather some money together for the move to the city.

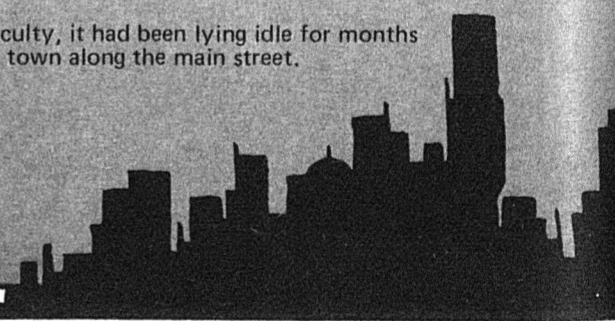
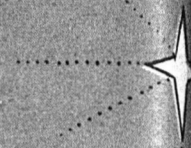
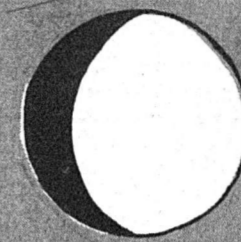
As her pregnancy advanced, she demanded more and more of his time until he was living on a fine line close to breakdown from lack of sleep and little food. Her welfare came before his and he spared no sacrifice for her well-being.

The baby was due for the Christmas week. He intended to have her in the city for the confinement so she could have the benefit of professional medical help. The child was important to him. In his mind the child and the mother were the same person. They came first in his life, there was nothing he would not do for them.

Three days before Christmas it became apparent that her time was close. He loaded their old pick-up truck with their few personal belongings and furniture. The truck was old and in need of repair, he doubted if it would last them the several hundred miles into the city.

The next day they said goodbye to their friends and left the house where they had lived since they were married. Although it was a crude and rundown place, they were heartbroken at having to leave and promised themselves they would return to the town someday and repair the house.

He started the truck with difficulty, it had been lying idle for months in the cold, and headed out of the town along the main street.



Honey

As they passed the small shops lining the sidewalks, they waved to the people they knew, the farmers and store-keepers, all good people who had bent over backwards to help the young couple when the news of the baby had gotten around. Many of the odd jobs he had worked at were created for him specially, without his knowledge, by the businessmen out of concern for the baby.

The town was small enough that everybody knew one another. The local church had taken a special interest in the coming child by supplying many of the small essential items the mother would need for the child. Through the generosity of the neighbours and the church, the couple had received a good supply of blankets and clothing for the baby which relieved the husband of a large expense and allowed him to provide more money for food and set aside a small amount for the move to the city.

The couple felt deeply upset about leaving the close companionship of the town but they realized that the small towns had lost their potential for growth and were quietly dying in the shadows of the burgeoning cities. There was no place for the young couple in the life of the town. The city was the only place that might allow the husband to provide for his family if he was able to break through the tough job market.

As they rolled along the wide highway to the city, they saw the awful desolation that winter gave the countryside. Farms, which in summer were hidden in seas of glowing grain fields, stood out in their starkness against the brilliant snow. The age of prosperity for farmers had passed, now the grand farm houses were showing the effects of the economic depression. Most had not been painted for years, the bare grey wood showed hideously. The windows of several were boarded because there was no money to replace the broken glass, and the ridge beams of the barns sagged dangerously.

The marvelous farm machinery, which the farmers had been forced into buying at inflated prices a few years ago, lay in ragged rows near the houses, rusting quickly to the colour of blood.

Many of the farms were abandoned to rot and others held garish for sale signs with the name of some realtor or another.

The couple spent the day before Christmas Eve on the highway before stopping at a crowded motel for the night. The manager besides charging them an exorbitant rate for the room, warned them they would have a great deal of difficulty in finding a place to stay in the city.

The couple worried about this because they knew they would have to stay in a motel for a couple of days before they found a place to live. On top of that, the baby was due any time and they anxiously awaited the first signs of labour.

He knew they would also have trouble finding a hospital at such short notice but he had the name of a good doctor who would look after his wife if she was forced to have the baby without the services of a hospital.

The next day they were up early, well before the first weak rays of the sun and paid their bill. The truck started easily and they were on the road before the traffic built up.

Later in the day the city announced its presence well before it came into sight by the towering clouds of dark industrial smoke rising to join the bed of haze that hovered like an umbrella over it.

The traffic became thicker and several times the slow moving truck was passed by anxious drivers, station wagons full of jeering children, truck drivers with a harried look about them, and many tired solitary drivers pushing into the heart of the black city.

The couple grew more and more depressed as they entered the outskirts of the city in the gathering darkness of the winter night. The city was not what they had expected; everything seemed harder and brasher than they expected.

From every corner shouted large signs begging people to BUY, BUY. The radio in the truck extolled the virtues of first one merchant then another. Christmas carols were interwoven with advertisements for female lingerie, health products, all manner of dubious articles.

The bright lights of the store fronts perverted the meaning of the season through their attempt to convince the morose, expressionless shoppers, their store was better than the others, offered more products, sold cheaper, played better Christmas carols, etc.

From the constantly opening plate glass doors of the department stores could be heard a continuous ringing of cash registers, while the charity organisations on the sidewalks in the cold were for the most part inactive.

The churches, with their pseudo modern gothic architectural styles, vied with one another for the cutest Biblical quotes on their outdoor bulletin boards and the most ornate manger scenes that could have feed many hungry families had the money been better spent.

The liquor stores were doing a terrific business. From behind the huge glass windows, decorated with plastic holly and synthetic snow, could be seen long line ups of fat middle aged men with fat wallets buying as much liquor as they could carry then hustling quickly past the thin Santa Clauses outside with their tin bells and empty collection pails.

The more the couple saw of the city and its interpretation of the festive season, the more they detested it.

The night was growing longer but they had still not found a place to stay the night. Motel after motel displayed a flashing neon no vacancy sign. At each one they would stop and ask if they knew of any place that might

shelter them for the night but always the answer was no.

Out of desperation, he stopped the truck beside a youth hitchhiking along the street and asked him if he knew of a place.

To their amazement he said he knew of a youth hostel that would take them and he would gladly direct them.

The hostel was little more than a disused warehouse with rows of army type cots along the walls. Few people were staying there over the holidays and the manager easily found them a separate room for the night.

The husband offered to pay but the manager would have none of it and instead told them his wife would make supper for the couple and he would fetch the doctor for the young wife who even then was beginning to have pains.

The doctor arrived and hustled the worried husband out of the room. There was nothing else for him to do so he wandered down the hall to the manager's room where he was welcomed heartily.

After a few minutes of desultory conversation, they watched a little television before the late news came on.

The announcer went through the nightly catalogue of the latest disasters and wars, which seemed out of place considering this was to be the time of peace and goodwill to all men throughout the world. Towards the end of his broadcast, the announcer changed his tone.

"And now an item that fits right into the festive spirit. Astronomers at various observatories throughout the world are reporting the appearance of an exploding star. The star is growing in intensity and should be visible over the major part of the country by now. The star will continue to get brighter until sometime tonight then rapidly fade. Several religious groups have announced that the star is heralding the birth of the true messiah but scientists claim the star is only going through a normal process that happens once every thousand years or so somewhere in this region of the milky way."

"Say, lets go look at that," said the manager.

The husband was too nervous about his wife's condition to protest and accompanied him outside onto the street.

To their amazement, a brilliant blue light was showering down from a brilliant star, many times the size of any other. It seemed to them that the star was directly overhead.

"It's incredible...beautiful...I wish my wife could see this," he said.

"She probably already knows far more about it than you do," said a darkly clothed stranger from the shadow of the building.

"Who is that?" said the husband.

"Don't worry about who I am, lets just say I've come a long way for this night and what is to follow."

The husband tried without success to get the stranger to explain himself but gave up before returning to his wife's side.

The doctor told him the birth was imminent and he crowded close to his wife in support. She seemed to be in pain but was very relaxed about it.

As the time grew closer, the doctor got busy. The stranger was in the room with them but the husband seemed to feel he belonged somehow and made no move to get rid of him.

Finally, just when it seemed like it would take forever there was a hearty wail and the child was born.

At that moment the world grew silent and the clear blue light of the exploding star reaching in through the window and shone on the child's face.

From somewhere overhead came a soul filling peal of trumpets and singing that brought tears of joy to nearly all in the room.

The light died, the sounds of the city resumed but when the husband looked around in bewilderment to find the stranger, he saw he had gone without anyone seeing him go.

He turned his eyes back to the child who was smiling happily to itself he felt the peace and googness that had been preached unsuccessfully for thousands of years reach into him.

Back in the region that does not exist and never will:

"THERE, IT IS DONE," said Armace!

"YES IT IS DONE BUT I WORRY OVER WHAT WILL BE THE CONSEQUENCES."

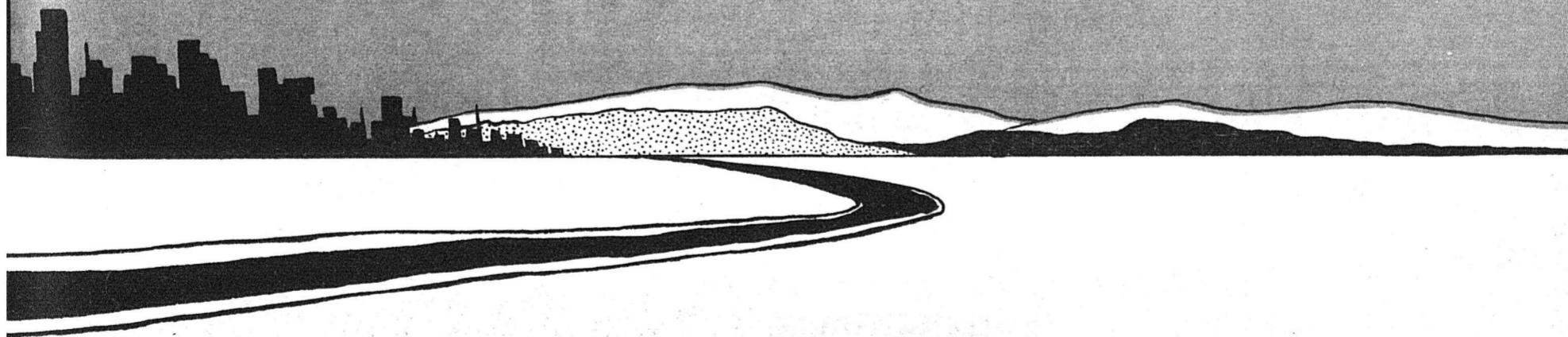
"YOU MEAN WHETHER THEY ARE GOING TO LEARN FROM THIS?"

"YES, THEY ARE TOO EASILY SWAYED AT TIMES. THEY COULD REJECT EVERYTHING IF THEY WERE INFLUENCED ENOUGH."

"BUT YOU CAN EASILY CHANGE THINGS SO THEY ARE FORCED INTO THE RIGHTWAY."

"NO THAT IS ONE THING I WILL NOT DO. THEN THERE WOULD BE NO POINT TO THIS EXERCISE AT ALL."

"NO I CREATED THEM SO THEY COULD TAKE THEIR PLACE HERE WHEN THE TIME COMES BUT THEY MUST HAVE FOUND THEIR OWN WAY WITHOUT INFLUENCE FROM ME OTHERWISE THEY ARE NOTHING MORE THAN PUPPETS."



Graphics by Fiona T. Campbell

The Ticket of Leave Man is a romp through world of good

Studio Theatre has come up with another play for yuh, folks. *The Ticket of Leave Man*.

The play was written in 1863 by Tom Taylor. It's a good old fashioned romp through the world of Good (handsome hero and gentle heroine battling insurmountable odds on the path to True Love and Happiness) versus Evil (two devious and/or vivious villians seeking only to bar

their way) and the situations each encounters in solo and in concert.

Gateway received a letter saying that the byword for this production was "rich theatricality". "The sets and costumes are absolutely mouthwatering; if your mouth has never watered over 32 yards of silk brocade and assorted petticoats, bustles and crinolines,

not to mention an ornate decorated baroque proscenium arch, then it's high time!" exclaimed the letter. And why would they tell fibs a Christmas time?

The play is starring Allan Strachan (remember him as Jamie Paul in *The Ecstasy of Rita Joe*?) as the hero, Robert Brierly; Tom Wood as the villain, James Dlaton (alias The Tiger) and a host of others including various members of the senior professional company in the B.F.A. Drama program and a veritable gaggle of visiting guest actors.

The Ticket of Leave Man is being directed by Bernard Engel, a Stratford actor and professor on the staff of the drama department.

The play opens the night of Thursday, December 9 at 8:30 p.m. and runs nightly until Saturday the 18th, excluding the Sunday night. There will also be two matinees at 2:30 p.m. on the Saturdays of December 11 and 18.

Admission is free to University students showing Students' Union I.D. cards. For anyone else, tickets cost \$2.50 and may be obtained from rm.312 in Corbett Hall or by phoning 433-3265.

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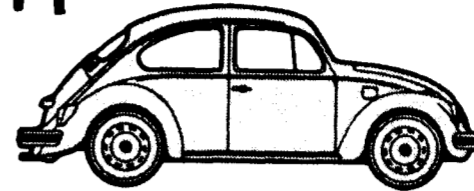
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Quebec Federation of Labor to enter Political Arena

MONTREAL (MDOS-CUPI) The Quebec Federation of Labour has left the negotiating table and entered the larger arena of political and social struggle.

Although the role the QFL defined for itself in that struggle is an ambiguous one, several resolutions passed by the 235,000-member labor central at its convention last week reflect the new political direction of the Quebec labour movement. The overwhelming majority of delegates to the convention expressed their "support in principle" for Quebec having the total sovereignty, with the reservation that this process must be accomplished "in accordance with the needs and aspirations of the working classes."

Another resolution declared support for "the creation of a permanent inter-union common front on the political and social levels."

Still another resolution dedicated the QFL to "the establishment of a socialist and democratic society," to be brought about by "struggle" waged "simultaneously on the political and syndical levels."

"The QFL must broaden the front of progressive forces, channelling all the legitimate movements opposing the system which oppresses us." This "movement of solidarity" would operate on a regional basis: the various regional labor councils would work "conjointly with all syndical, popular and political organisms" sharing the QFL's goals.

Finally, Delegates felt the QFL "must consider massive participation in a political party and, if need be, set up a new party."

This last resolution was a bone of contention between delegates sympathetic to the Parti Quebecois and those who insisted it was not a genuine

working-class party.

The top leadership of the federation took some of the strongest pro-PQ stands. Secretary-general Fernand Daoust interpreted the resolution to mean that "those militants who want to work for the P.Q. will do so with the blessing of the Q.F.L. leadership." Referring to "disquieting" statements made recently by the P.Q. about organized labour (the P.Q. refused to support the massive La Presse demonstration, October 29), Daoust said that the Q.F.L. militants could now work to change these "petit-bourgeois positions" from within the party itself.

Federation President Louis Laberge took a similar stand. He asked delegates to "pardon" P.Q. leader Rene Levesque for his criticism of the La Presse demonstration: "We mustn't forget what Levesque has done for the workers," Laberge declared.

But the most enthusiastic pro-P.Q. man was Jean Gerin-Lajoie, vice president of the Q.F.L. and the Quebec director of the United Steelworkers of America. Citing the "massive grass roots support" given to the P.Q. by workers in the last election, Gerin-Lajoie said that since "we" had patiently built the P.Q., "we" should not be too quick to discard it. To form a

workers' party at the present time would "alienate us from the population."

As is well known, the Parti Quebecois has pledged not to harm American corporate interests in Quebec.

Structurally, the Q.F.L. is the Quebec wing of the Canadian Labour Congress and groups, mostly locals, affiliated to AFL-CIO Unions in the United States. The motives behind its leaders' support for the P.Q. are therefore open to question.

Similarly, the reason for the Q.F.L.'s new political involvement are not so much revolutionary as practical. According to Laberge, it was "collusion between government, high finance and the judicial system" that forces his union to fight on the social and political fronts as well as by industrial bargaining.

"The best collective agreement is powerless to prevent the government legislating away, with a stroke of the pen, the rights acquired in struggles going back as much as 100 years," he said. This meant that "we have to change the system as a whole."

Laberge added, however: "Our enemies and all the people on the right say that we are preaching revolution. It's exactly the opposite. By becoming involved in political action, we will prevent the anarchists from getting power."

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Application forms for teacher employment commencing August 1972 will be available in January 1972 from the Canada Manpower Centre, 4th floor, Students' Union Building.

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Prospective applicants are accordingly advised to defer application to the new year and contact Manpower office no sooner than January.

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CHILLIWACK

Chilliwack is back. Once again, the finest rock band in Canada will be playing their own very special music for the lucky folks in Edmonton.

Did I say rock band? Sorry. I meant musical group. There is just no way the power and beauty of Chilliwack can be crushed into the phrase "rock band". They are just too big for that.

Those of you who have seen Chilliwack/Collectors shows in Edmonton in the past will know what I mean. When they step out on stage they create and become a universe unto themselves. Especially in the musical play between Henderson's incomparable, perfect guitar stylings and Lawrence's superb touching woodwind realizations, both all the time backed by Turney's inevitably correct drumming.

Or the sparse, open, peaceful vocal exchanges and combinations conjured up by Lawrence and Henderson as if the concert hall wasn't a hall at all but a meadow.

This is perhaps the key to Chilliwack's command of their material. It speaks of idylls, of sunrises, of lakes and mountains; of that part of the natural whole

which is in all of us, and of the great beauty which that entails.

Chilliwack, as probably everybody knows, consists of Bill Henderson (guitar, bass, violin, recorder), Claire Lawrence (keyboards, flute, sax, bass) and Ross Turney (drums, percussion).

They formed about five years ago as a dance band in Vancouver. At that time they also had Howie Vickburg and Glenn Miller working for them.

Two nominally successful albums didn't make The Collectors rich, but they did, along with their live performances, cultivate a large following for the group in western Canada.

Then the *Chilliwack* album came out. While it, too, did not do phenomenally well, it nonetheless achieved a continental reputation for the group that they are now hoping to build on with an upcoming tour.

And that brings us and them back to Edmonton. The group wanted to play a concert in Edmonton before they set out on this tour which is scheduled to begin in late January on the west coast of the U. S. of A. and then proceed eastward across our neighbor to the south. When they

hit the Atlantic Ocean, they'll hop a plane to Europe.

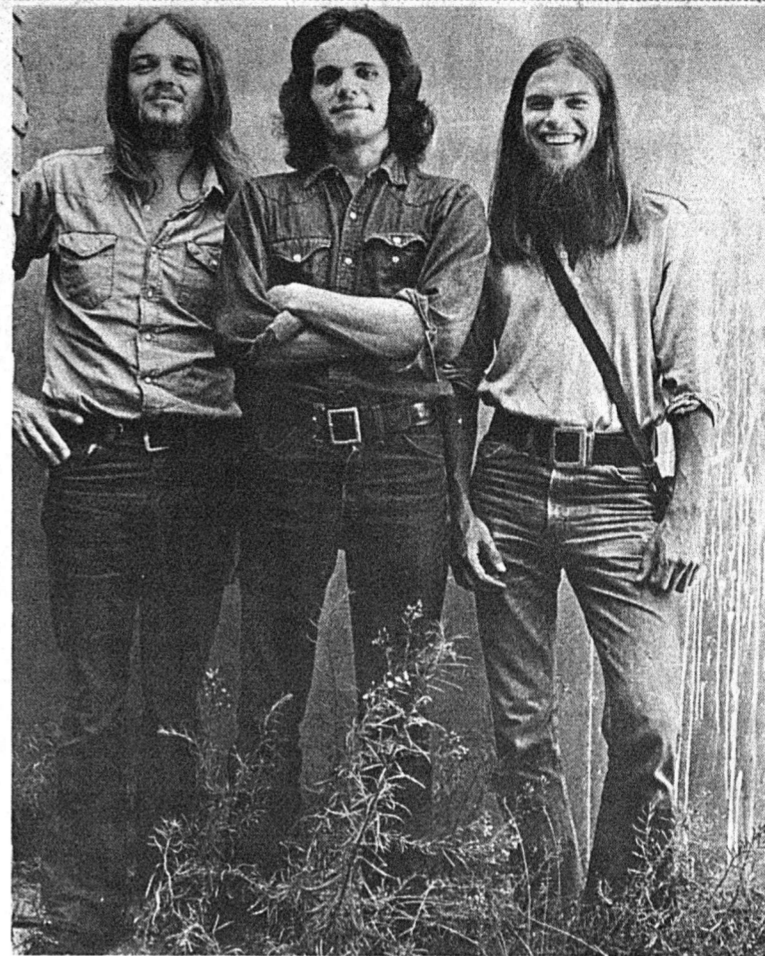
Why Edmonton?

Because, believe it or not, they wanted to make up for what they considered to be a bad performance in their last concert here (the one with Procol Harum). I don't understand that myself; I thought it was a fine concert. But Chilliwack thought it was bad so their coming back with a show that promises to be their best. Ever. So who am I to argue?

And as if that wasn't enough, they contacted their old friend from the middle-sixties in Vancouver, yes, Tom Northcott, and asked him to play with them. He accepted.

Tom Northcott, as most of you undoubtedly know, engages in painting what he calls "sound pictures". His art lies in conjuring up little words in your mind as you listen to him weave his voice and guitar together into ever-broadening patterns and pictures until you too see what he sees. Being with Tom Northcott is a fine experience.

So that's it. Chilliwack at their finest with one of their oldest, finest friends. What more can we ask?



Tickets for this show of shows are available at Mike's for \$3.50, \$4.50 and \$5.50 (the seating is reserved). And, that's right, it's at the Jubilee. Tomorrow, Thursday

December 9 at 8:00 p.m.

Go hear them and do your spirit a favour.

by Ross Harvey

Prabha Atre conveys the richness of Hindu life

I feel a great deal of pity for anyone who wasn't present at Convocation Hall last Saturday night, because they missed hearing Prabha Atre. There were only a few hundred people there, and only a handful of them were westerners. The reason I feel pity for you who weren't there is that it is impossible to explain what took place, and if you don't know what took place then you have experienced a genuine loss in your life.

Miss Prabha Atre is a singer of

classical Indian songs who is famous in her own country. She is a quiet, beautiful woman who interprets the richness of Hindu culture, philosophy and religion through music. And when she sings, its all right there, you can feel it, you can taste it in a way that would not be possible through any study of history or comparative philosophy. The Indian idea of drama or the Chinese idea of the Tao postulates a sort of centre or pivot point of understanding

which is beyond verbal description, but which corresponds in some ways to the unity of the universe to which we try to attach the word "god". When she sings it almost seems that her voice comes from that center and somehow, in a non-verbal way draws the listener to an awareness of its existence, and therefore his own.

I talked to Miss Atre before I heard the concert. She was staying in the home of an Indian mathematics professor and his wife who I had never met before. When I walked in the door of his home I wasn't sure which of the sari-clad women was Miss Atre. I mean, she is a celebrity in India, and in this country it's never hard to tell who even the minor celebrities are. But in this case I couldn't tell. She was quiet and unassuming, and seemed to lack the flatulus egotisticus usually associated with our musical celebrities. But when I sat down to talk to her, it seemed that her quietness originated in a very calm and self assured personality.

She was born in Poona, a member of an upper class Brahmin family. In India it is definitely not cool for brahmins to become artists or musicians. It is rare for member of that caste to even

learn the rudiments of music. But when she was about nine years old, her mother became ill and the family doctor suggested that Miss Atre sing to her to keep her diverted from her illness. Since that time she has studied with several of the most famous of musical gurus in India.

She explained that in India, while it is important to have a good voice and a sense of rhythm and so on, what is of utmost importance is the feeling that a singer has for the music. Unlike our classical music which is played in exactly the same way (almost) each time, there is much improvisation in Indian music. There is a basic theme, called a

raga with a characteristic scale to each song as well as a basic rhythm. But the singer is expected to improvise upon the theme according to the way she feels.

It wasn't always easy for me to listen to her during her concert because in many ways it seemed strange to me. But there were times when I felt I understood her music perfectly, and when I did I felt that it was the most incredibly beautiful singing that I had ever heard. I still feel sorry for anyone who missed it.

By Barry Brummet

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Theatre 3's Event

Theatre 3 is going to present *The Event*.

It's a play. Well, not actually a play; it's more, well, an event.

You see, it's sort of a creative exercise in Christmas drama. Rehearsals for *The Event* began in the middle of November allowing the cast five weeks for preparation.

Five weeks is a long time for this type of thing. But, you see, they started with nothing more than a bunch of ideas for improvisations on a set of themes concocted by the artistic director, Mark Schoenberg. Starting with these improvs, the cast built and developed the entire play from material worked out in these rehearsals eventually assembling it into the final structured script.

The play is being directed by David McIlwraith who has appeared previously with Theatre 3 in *Phaedra* and *Life Is A Dream*.

The show runs from December 22 to January 2 in the "Theatre Beside" at Victoria Composite High School. Tickets for this and the other two plays remaining in Theatre 3's season or ticket information can be obtained from Theatre 3 at 433-7870 or the box office in McCauley Plaza at 422-4411.

Wilkie talks to Procol Harum's Reid, Ball

This dual interview marks Lawrence Wilkie's first interview in what will, with luck become a regular feature on THE GATEWAY Arts Pages.

This interview is in two parts, the first with the lead guitarist for Procol, Dave Ball; and the second with Procol's lyricist and guiding influence, Kieth Reid.

Dave Ball

Lawrence Wilkie: I understand you used to play for Herman Hermits.

Dave Ball: Where did that leak?! Actually I did some sessions drumming for Peter Moore after the Hermits had officially disbanded. I have been playing the guitar for 10 years but I switched to drums in order to help Peter out during those few sessions and a few TV shows. I did tape drumming lessons when I had visions of being in a great dance band.

L. Wilkie: Were you in any other bands before Procol Harum?

D. Ball: Until about last Christmas I was with a group called "Big Bertha". We recorded some things which were never released and other than that we

just fooled around. That lasted for about a year. I also kicked around doing session work like Peter Noone's thing which is all pretty boring.

L. Wilkie: When did you first find out about the vacancy in Procol Harum?

D. Ball: I read it in the ad section of "Melody Maker." I really dug Procol Harum's music so I thought I'd go down and give it a try. I was told I didn't have much of a chance to audition since Procol Harum was advertising for some weeks and there were about 70 guitarists before me. I chatted it up with the secretary, though, and she got me in the schedule. It was alright after that.

L. Wilkie: Did you think it would be difficult to replace Robin Trower?

D. Ball: No. I never was really afraid of him musically. He's a great guitarist but I don't think it was any great task to replace him. In L.A. last August a girl came up to me to sign a giant poster of Robin. I told her it didn't look anything like me but she said "That's all right Robin, sign it anyway."

L. Wilkie: What type of guitarist were Procol Harum looking for?

D. Ball: They were looking for a guitarist who was prepared to

play what the band wanted him to do. I'm completely content to do this but Robin was developing a very particular style which he was unable to develop within the confines of the group so he left to form his own band.

L. Wilkie: Who are your main influences musically?

D. Ball: Its mainly the blues, particularly Otis Rush and Buddy Guy.

L. Wilkie: Do you think you'd be content to play with Procol Harum indefinitely?

D. Ball: This is very difficult to say. At the moment - yes. I've always got to be doing what I want to do, though, and in the future I might not be able to do it while playing for Procol Harum at the same time.

L. Wilkie: Would you ever want to form your own group?

D. Ball: I seem to have a certain contradiction about that question within myself. I like to get my own way a lot but I don't like the hassles of leaving a group if it comes to blows. You'll find that most people who leave one group to form another don't really succeed. Anyway - I don't want it to look like I'm thinking of leaving Procol Harum because this certainly is not true.

L. Wilkie: Was it difficult to first fit into Procol Harum?

D. Ball: When Alan Cartwright joined there was no difficulty there since he had already known the group. When I joined, though, it was the first time I had met any of Procol Harum. For awhile everybody had their party faces on but after our first argument we were still friends and that's what it's all about.

L. Wilkie: Have you written anything for Procol Harum yet?

D. Ball: No. At the moment I'm just happy to play Gary's music. I've written a few things in the past but they've been pretty sub-standard. If I were to write anything it would be just myself since the songs would be personal and only meaningful to me.

L. Wilkie: They'd be along the blues vein, I take it? *Definitely. That's why it would be apart from Procol Harum. I'm talking about a solo album situation and it would mainly be working with blues artists.*

Kieth Reid

L. Wilkie: Is Procol Harum Latin or the name of a cat?

K. Reid: When Gary and I were first forming the group we were thinking of a name and "Procol Harum" cropped up. This was the name of a pedigree cat which belonged to a close friend of ours. The Latin controversy which was in "Rolling Stone" awhile back is all wrong. When we first chose the name we were not aiming at any significance beyond just using the name. The name's never seemed to be accepted since people can't seem to identify with it.

L. Wilkie: Why wasn't the first LP stereo?

K. Reid: At that time we had a record producer named Denny Cordell who since then has received a certain amount of importance in the record industry. Then, though, he was unaware of recording and recording studios.

L. Wilkie: Wasn't there anyone else?

K. Reid: It wasn't the point of there being anyone else but that we didn't have a choice. We needed a producer and he happened to be the one.

L. Wilkie: Why the switch from Deram Records to A & M?

K. Reid: It was nothing to do with us. We were contracted to an independent production company and they leased our services to A & M.

L. Wilkie: Why was the first album so late in coming after "White Shade of Pale"?

K. Reid: It was through the fault of the record company and/or the producer. We had the first LP finished while "White Shade" was still in the charts. The same happened with "Shine On Brightly." We had that finished 6 months before it was released.

L. Wilkie: Was "White Shade" written at about the same time as the other cuts on the first LP?

K. Reid: Yes. Gary and I wrote all the songs on the 1st LP at about the same time. We were performing them all on stage long before "White Shade" was released.

L. Wilkie: Have you ever been on stage before this concert in Edmonton?

K. Reid: Just once before when we did the concert in Stratford.

L. Wilkie: How did that come off?

K. Reid: Very well. It was a very fine orchestra and conductor.

L. Wilkie: How did it compare with the one here?

K. Reid: Better I think. Of course we only did 2 numbers in Stratford - "Salty Dog" and "In Held Twas In I" - a total of about 23 minutes. Here we had a whole show to do but only 4 hours in which to rehearse it. We haven't heard the tapes yet so I can't really tell how well this one went. If the tapes sound good this is definitely our next LP. As soon as it can be mixed we'll release it.

L. Wilkie: Has Procol Harem ever had an inclination to produce?

K. Reid: No. The closest we ever came was when Mathew Fisher produced "Salty Dog." But then again that wasn't us, that was just Matthew. In my mind probably the only group that was good at producing themselves were the Beatles. Even then they were helped. I just don't think it's possible for

anyone to be creative in the studio and the box at the same time. The best thing you can do is what we do - get a producer, in our case Chris Thomas - who is really sympathetic to your cause and let him convey your music to the tape. Basically the way we end up sounding is the way we would want to sound if we were to do it ourselves.

L. Wilkie: Have you got anything else in the can besides this Edmonton LP?

K. Reid: No, but we're going into the studio in January to record a new album. At the moment we've written about half of it.

L. Wilkie: Why has Procol Harem been through so many member changes?

K. Reid: It was mainly a force of circumstances. Matthew Fisher wanted to leave the group but didn't want to - if you know what I mean. We told him that if the group wasn't his first concern he should depart and he did. After Matthew left we felt we needed a stronger bass so David Knight, our bassist, left. Then Robin left simply because he wanted to form his own group. Basically people left because they weren't totally involved with the group and I can't really feel bad about that. We can only succeed, artistically and commercially, if everyone in the group is completely dedicated to Procol Harum.

L. Wilkie: When you write all your lyrics do you go through certain phases - say from the macabre to flowers?

K. Reid: Definitely. I always go through certain phases but never to the point of pretty thing such as flowers. As a matter of fact I've written more this autumn than ever before.

L. Wilkie: How do you account for that?

K. Reid: I'm a Libran.

L. Wilkie: Do you deeply believe in astrology?

K. Reid: I believe in it but not deeply. I think there's a lot of truth in it since to me it's a fact of life.

L. Wilkie: My favorite thing that you've written is "Dead Man's Dream" (a man dreams he is being pulled into a grave when he awakes and realizes that he actually is). You've always been writing this type of thing it seems. Have you always been infatuated with the supernatural?

K. Reid: I'm not infatuated with the supernatural - I'm infatuated with realism.

Margaret read



photo by Ray Dallin

I wouldn't want to say that "the best wine was saved for the last", but Margaret Atwood read to a capacity crowd at noon Friday in the SUB art gallery, ending a series of readings sponsored by Grant MacEwan Community College and the Canada Council, the Department of English of this university, and the League of Canadian Poets which has brought a large number of Canada's best poets to this city during the past four months.

Miss Atwood read primarily from her most recent collection, *Power Politics*, although for the benefit of many students in the audience who are reading from *The Journals of Susanna Moodie* as part of their class work she included a number of poems from

this earlier collection. Following the reading she fielded questions from the audience on subjects ranging from politics to women's liberation to "have you a memory?" ("Yes, but not as far as my own poems are concerned. If I go back to a poem I wrote a year ago, I have trouble recognizing it as my own"). Among the poets who have read their work in the city recently were Alfred Purdy, Dorothy Livesay, F.R. Scott, bp nichol, George Bowering, Stephen Scobie, Earle Birney, and bill bissett.

Sid Stephen

NO MORE

Ladies and Gentlemen, Your Friendly Arts Editor is not an unkind man. In fact is almost likeable in a sort of malignant way.

But he has a lot to cope with: copy deadlines, stoned writers, illiterate writers, cheezed-off writers, euphoric writers, writers trying to achieve Bahkti, or however you spell it, etc. So you can see, his life is not an easy one.

And it is not made any easier by hordes of freelancing rock interviewers who need a place to publish the fruits of their

labours. Do you realize that he was approached by no less than five different people who had interviews with Procol Harum in one form or another? Five!

Therefore know ye all who would interview, the Gateway Arts Pages will not run any interview unless it is cleared before hand with the arts editor. None. No exceptions.

Now maybe I can get back to artsy pictures and bizarre rock show promos.

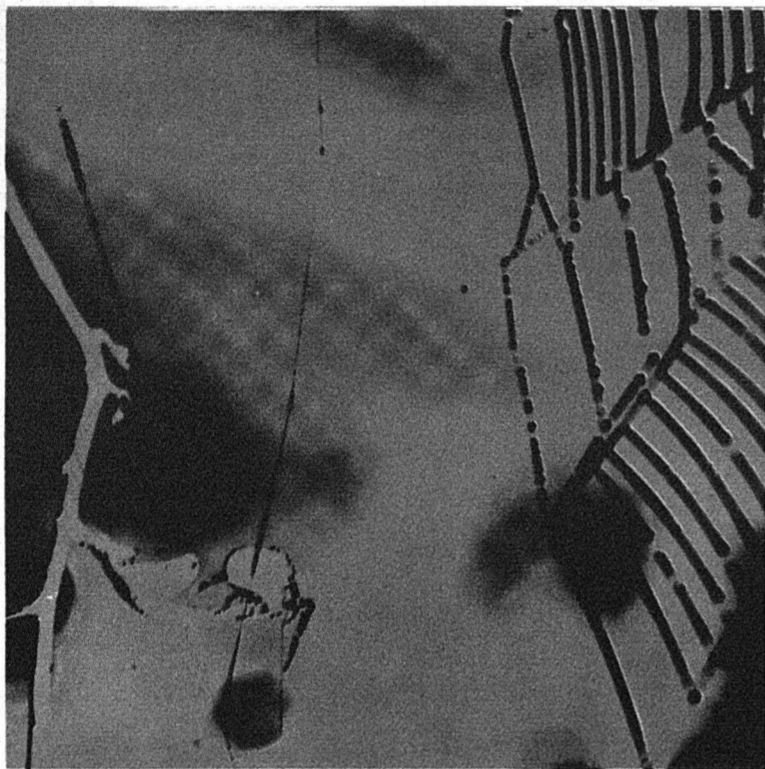
Sincerely,
Your Friendly Arts Editor

MORGAN'S CHRISTMAS

COFFEE SPOONS

by David Schleich

photo by
George Drohomirecki



Morgan (my pet spider) goes all out at Christmas. He's utterly traditional and utterly festive. Mention any sort of festival or celebration (especially Christmas) and in a flash out come his dancing slippers, his mandolin, his cigars and his unending supply of *Fidelbrant Brandy*. All I said to him yesterday was, --Well, guess I better get my Christmas preparations underway.

And Morgan was off and running! By supper time he had his web tinkling and sparkling with bells and angel hair and icicles and stars and a complex and colourful pattern of lights. And somewhere, dark and far inside his web, his record player chimed *Adeste Fidelis*. When Morgan finally relaxed his pace I noticed that he was wearing the new, red toque I had bought him for Christmas last year. A white ball dangled at the end of it. --So,

he began, puffing proudly on his cigar with one leg, raising his glass of *Fidelbrant Brandy* in cheer with another and sorting his dancing slippers with yet another leg,

--we begin! Top of the season to you, old boy.

I laughed, of course, amused by my little friend's premature exuberance.

--But Morgan, I began, Christmas is still a couple of weeks away!

--Tsk! Tsk! That's no reason to stop celebrating! Not enough festivity in your bones. Come now, have a toast with me.

Not wishing to upset Morgan (he can become very moody when disagreed with) I drank to his health, to the season, to his brother Clive, to his sister Molly, to his Mother and to his Father. Morgan drank toast after toast. Shrewdly, I sipped at my single drink. Slowly Morgan became Maudlin.

He began to reminisce about Christmas "back home" with his family when he was young. As he talked he puffed his cigar, drank heartily and rapidly from his bottle and tapped his slippered feet to *Deck the Halls*. His eyes glistened. His web bounced to the beat.

--I remember, he said, when we all used to string popfly all over the web (sniff); Mon and Dad and all the kids and I. Clive and I'd get to string the lights. We used to stay up for nights gathering fire-flies for the web. And when it was all done Dad'd give us all a chocolate ant or maybe a fruit fly for a treat. Those were the days. We really appreciated our treats then. Then we'd sing songs around the Christmas web, leg in leg, all together. Gosh (sniff) it was wonderful. All together in the old days. And now . . .

At this point Morgan began to cry profusely. Enormous drops of water spilled onto and doused his cigar. In the background *Jingle Bells* echoed as a tear drop dangled from a strand of Morgan's web near my desk. You can well imagine that I was quite upset about my little friend's distress. I decided immediately to contact his family and to arrange a gala Christmas reunion at our place.

When I got back from telephoning telgrams to Morgan's relatives I found him sitting, sobbing, staring blankly at a picture of his Mother and Father. Until yesterday, I had no idea how lonely Morgan really

was, alone in his web by my desk. Somewhat slyly I decided to let him remain sad. I intended the family reunion to be an enormous surprise for him. I set about quickly to plan meals and accomodation. You can also imagine my consternation at having to locate chocolate ants, pecan butterflies, sweet and sour moth wings, seasoned wasp eggs and baked thorax halves at this time of year -- everything being out of season and all.

Needless to say, I had immense difficulty locating the pecan butterflies. The sweet and sour moth wings were simply not in season nor were the baked thorax halves. I had to settle for sugared cicada, powdered mantis antlers and diced housefly legs. It was immeasurably difficult to hide those festive treats from Morgan. Most of them had to be refrigerated and Morgan is and incessantly compulsive midnight snacker. And Clive, Morgan's brother, almost ruined everything when he called one day to say he couldn't make it Christmas Eve. Morgan had just picked up the receiver when I got to the phone. I took it from him rather brusquely, just in time to hear Clive's raspy voice on the other end.

Soon Morgan quit wearing his dancing slippers. Then he stopped smoking his festive cigars. Finally he stopped drinking evening toasts of *Fidelbrant Brandy*. Two days before Christmas, the music from somewhere deep inside his web stopped. Morgan sat glumly near my desk reading *Playbug*.

--Aren't you going to hang up your stocking? I asked him, setting down my book.

--No, came his terse reply.

I knew right away that Morgan was still upset. But I also knew that any minute now his family, if they'd followed my instructions carefully, would come bounding and dancing under the door to cheer up their lonely Morgan and to help celebrate Christmas 1971. And sure enough, just then the doorbell rang.

--Would you get the door please, Morgan, I asked, feigning works at my books.

He glared at me. Dropped his magazine and grumbled all the way to the doormat.

But in they streamed. Molly, his sister, tripped on the doormat. But in a few minutes everybody but Clive was spinning around Morgan showering him with gifts, chiming Christmas cheer, hugging him and taking off their boots toques, scarves and ear muffs. Sister Molly had brought her new beau, Melvin. And Melvin had brought six fifths of *Fidelbrant Brandy*.

Instantly the celebrations began. Morgan dashed into his web. Suddenly *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* bellowed out from Morgan's record player. Melvin poured drinks for everyone. Even Morgan's Mother had a toast. We all drank to Morgan, to each other, to the Queen, to her husband, to her son, to her daughter, to Premier Lougheed, to Margaret Trudeau, to Jean Genet and to the three Wise Men. We sang carols, ate treats, made wishes, danced, put up our stockings carefully at the fire place, watched a small fire dancing and sparkling up the chimney and finally, just after nine o'clock, far past Morgan's bed time, we all retired, happy, exhausted, anxious for Christmas morning. The fire hummed low and glowing in the fireplace. Morgan was immeasurable happy. Except for Clive's not being able to make it, the evening was a complete success. Morgan thanked me, tears in his eyes.

We would have slept, I think, until morning easily except that near midnight Morgan woke me. He claimed he had heard thumping sounds on the roof. I laughed, of course, and told him to go back to web. But suddenly an enormous crash emanated from the fireplace. Dust, ashes, cinders, stockings flew everywhere. Molly screamed. Melvin cursed and reached bravely for a pencil on my desk. The dust and din slowly cleared. We watched, terrified, breathless, confused, half asleep.

--CLIVE!! shrieked Morgan.

Suddenly the whole family raced toward the fireplace. There was Clive, Morgan's belated brother, dressed from cephalothorx to abdomen in red. On his spinnerets he wore fur-topped black boots. On his back he carried what appeared to be an enormous sack. His red toque hung unevenly over his eye.

He was rubbing at his eyes to clear cinders and dust. By then we were all around him, laughing, excited, almost dancing with the activity. It was then I noticed Clive's wry, sagging grin. Even I could detect the unmistakable odor of *Fidelbrant Brandy* on his breath. Clive's Mother frowned. Clive looked up at her and then to his Father. Then he stood up. He swayed under the heavy load. He was smiling from leg to leg. He raised a half-full bottle of *Fidelbrant* above his head, did a little jig, and shouted,

-- MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!

Tricky little Devils

Ken Russell's film of *The Devils* opens with an elaborately "decadent masque, in which the bisexual King of France portrays the birth of Venus for the benefit of a bored but courteous Cardinal Richilieu (played, interestingly enough, by the English poet Christopher Logue.) A good deal of the film looks like this masque: seeking a style in excell, being visually exotic and dramatically extreme. But by the time one has survived through plague victims being "cured" by hornets, hunchbacked nuns being exorcised with vast syringes, and a bravura performance by the makeup man on Oliver Reed's burning face, one's reaction is rather like Richilieu's - a yawn. "Boring" is scarcely the word to apply to a film where so many startling things happen so quickly; "tedious" is perhaps closer to it.

But beyond this level, Russell has about two other films going on as well, and since they demand a more naturalistic style than the grand and deliberate excess of the rest, the film splits down the middle. There is what looks like a character study of the central character, Grandier, and Oliver Reed's excellent acting almost carries this off. But Russell doesn't give him enough time, and soon we're back among the cavorting nuns and the gleeful priests finding carrots in unexpected places. The character of Grandier finally gets completely lost among a string of heavy platitudes about the freedom of the individual and some incredibly bad cigarette-commercial footage of his ladylove walking through fields of yellow flowers.

Basically, Russell doesn't know what he's doing. Is this supposed to be a stylised masque of Hell? - if so, it's a tedious idea realised. Is it supposed to be a character study of an individual man? - if so, it's a good idea vitiated by the total unreality of the style. Is it supposed to be a political film about church, state, the use of power, the freedom of the individual? - if so, it's a cliched idea ineptly handled. Is it supposed to be a mixture of all three? - if so, that's an absurd idea and maybe, just maybe, Godard might have handled it, but Ken baby, you ain't no Jean-Luc.

by Stephen Scobie.

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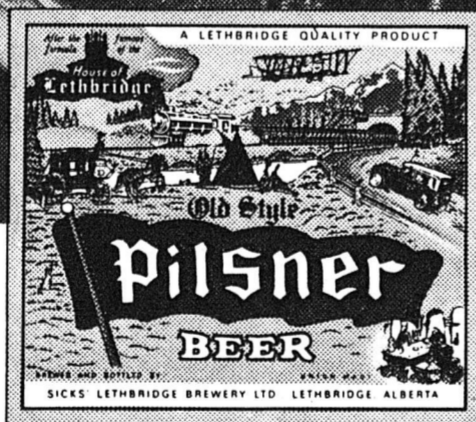
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his style

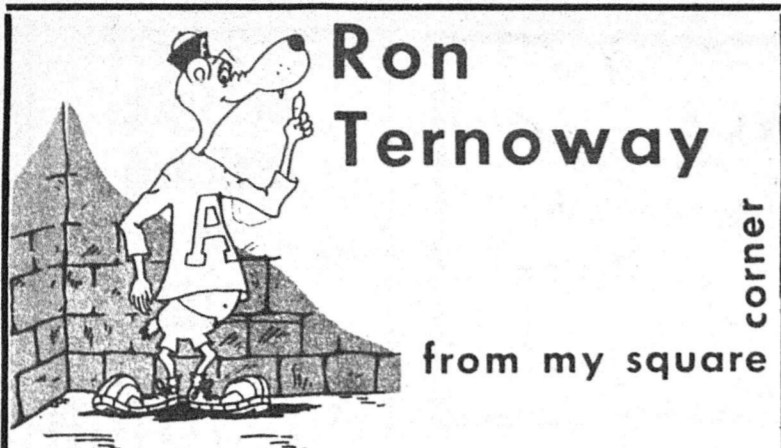


old style

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I was wandering around campus the other day, as I am wont to do, and I noticed this weird little guy in a red and white suit wending his way about the University with a pencil and paper in his hand. Instantly interested and always on the lookout for a good sports story, I surreptitiously followed the old geezer around until, weary and worn, he slumped into a seat in the Central Academic Building. As he slept, I stole over for a peek at his list, and seeing the name S. Claus on his shirt pocket, I knew right away that I was looking at a Christmas present list. Here's what I saw:

Clare Drake - a Canadian National hockey team.
 Bob Morris - elevator shoes
 Ron Yakimchuk - hair
 Barry Mitchelson - Dick DeKlerk
 Campus Lyfe - credibility
 Bill Hunter - a hockey team
 Chuck Moser - an extra pair of hands
 Wayne Overland - a Xerox so he doesn't have to write out my columns
 Jim Donlevy - one less ulcer
 Stu Layfield - a publisher for those novellas he calls hockey stories
 Mel Smith - a successful year with the Eskimos
 Walter Neilson - a trip to Toronto
 Eskimos - a Grey Cup before the turn of the century
 Los Angeles Kings - Montreal Canadiens
 Bob Beal - one peaceful hour
 Gateway typists - nimble fingers
 Ron MacTavish - Jean Beliveau's autograph
 Jean Beliveau - Ron MacTavish's autograph
 Don McCrimmon - a pass to the women's locker room
 Dick Nimmons - a derivative
 Harvey Poon - a hat trick
 Steve Carlyle - a happy marriage
 Bob Dawson - a new watch
 Elsie Ross - copy
 Chuck Lyall - a complete set of football garb for photographing games
 John Skinner - legs long enough to reach the ground
 Ron Ternoway - wisdom from the great grossers
 (lords of light)

Bears dispose of 'Horns

Klondike Classic on tap

by Ron MacTavish

Pronghorns 65, Bears 90
 Pronghorns 65, Bears 99

Playing only as well as they had to the basketball Bears easily disposed of the visiting University of Lethbridge Pronghorns in two weekend encounters.

This series marked the homecourt debut of several skilled cagers whose impressive play must have pleased Bears mentor Barry Mitchelson, who, while mindful of his abundant supply of talent, expected early season problems in his proteges' adjustment to the rigours of the college game.

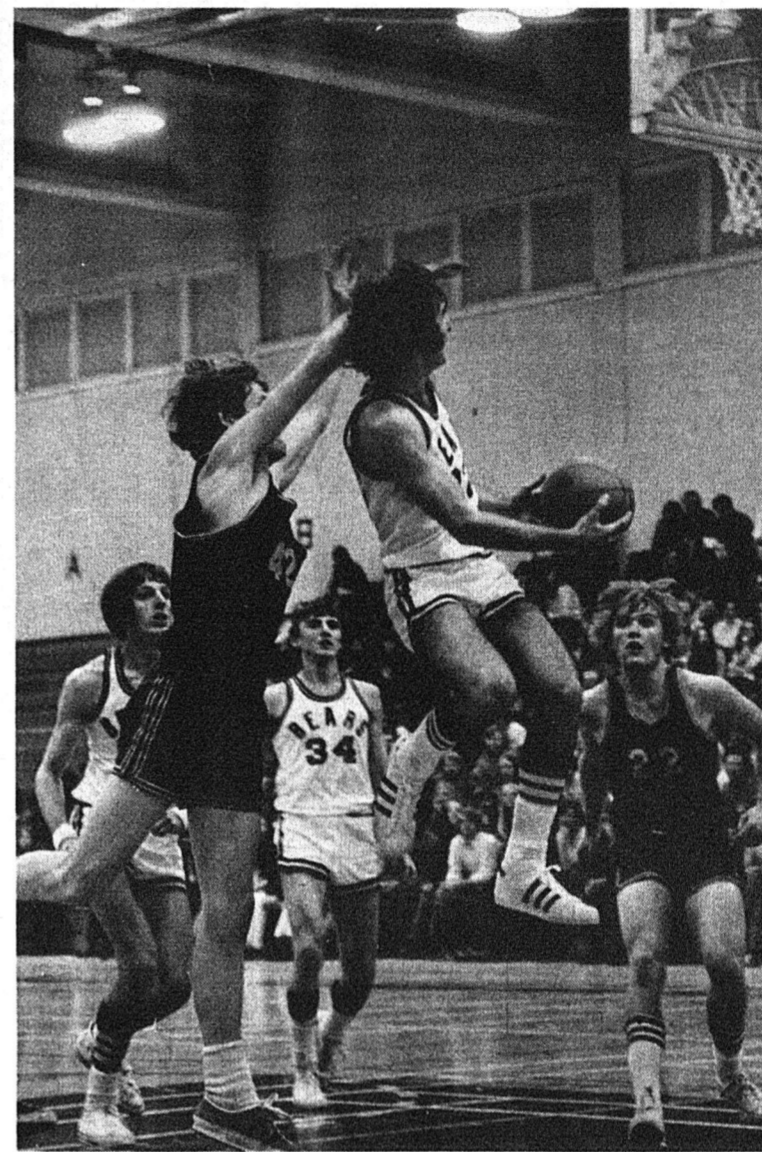
In the end, however, it was the steady play of the veteran Bobby Morris that guided the Bears to their easy victories. In Friday's opening contest Morris engineered a quick five point lead that the Bears never relinquished. He netted 17 points to pace all scorers while spending most of his time on the bench as the Bears obvious superiority allowed for liberal substitutions.

Following their 90 - 65 win on Friday the Bears added nine more points to their earlier total and only an sportsman-like last minute stall by Lethbridge prevented the Golden Ones from reaching the centry mark. The inept Lethbridge attack could only garner 65 points in the final contest and one wonders how such an inferior team remains in the conference.

Bobby Morris again was high scorer as he pumped in 23 points. Rookies Mike Frisby and Tom Solyom trailed closely with 18 and 17 points respectively. Frisby, the dominant defensive Bear in recent games, grabbed 27 rebounds in the weekend series and this impressive total figures to place him near the top of the league in the board control category.

The Bears are finished with conference play until after Christmas, but will remain active in cage wars with a series of exhibition matches. Next weekend Northern Montana College plays a two game set at Varsity Gymnasium and the Christmas break sees the Bears hosting the Klondike Classic the weekend of Dec. 28.

With their four win two loss record the Bears are in excellent shape considering the number of newcomers that make up their squad. The New Year should find them making for penant honors as they have four games scheduled against league leading U. B. C.



"CAN'T CATCH ME!"
 ...Rookie guard Tom Solyom drives in against Pronghorns

Women's Intramurals

Intramurals '71 ended with a splash on Thursday night. The east pool is the scene for the watervolleyball finals, the last sport of this year. Finalists for this sport are: L.D.S., Med. and Apathy.

Monday night saw P.Ed IV girls emerge as the new broomball champs, and lower Kelsey II came in a close 2nd.

Field Hockey was completed earlier in the month. The first place finishers were the P.Eders. Surprisingly, a very enthusiastic Medicine team came a very close second.

The Intramural Office reports the position of Science Unit Manager is still vacant and that more girls are needed to play on Arts and Science teams.

1972 will see basketball, badminton and paddleball dominating the sports program, but there are many more besides these three.

Watch for Badminton and Waterpolo sign-ups. These are out now! So sign up before Christmas in order to play in the new year.

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CLOSING DATE 15 MARCH 1972

Drake's Ice Bruins munch their way into top spot

by Stu Layfield

Huskies 1, Bears 6
Wesmen 2, Bears 11

The hungry University of Alberta Golden Bears found eastern WCIAA opponents to be rather a palatable lot over the weekend as the high scoring Bears feasted heartily on a nourishing diet of Huskies and Wesmen that happened to venture into their lair.

The ill-fated victims on Friday night were the University of Saskatchewan Huskies, who fell 6-1 before the Bears, who were famished since their last regular meal against the University of Victoria Vikings the weekend before. The even less fortunate foes on Saturday afternoon were the Winnipeg Wesmen, a gourmet's delight, who were utterly devoured by the ravenous Bear scorers to the tune of 11 goals to 2.

And perhaps the strangest feature of the whole banquet was that the most voracious Bear scorer of all, Jack Gibson, fasted this weekend and failed to register a single goal, although he did nibble at the pickings for three assists. The usually wolfish Gibson had previously counted eight times in the four preceding league games.

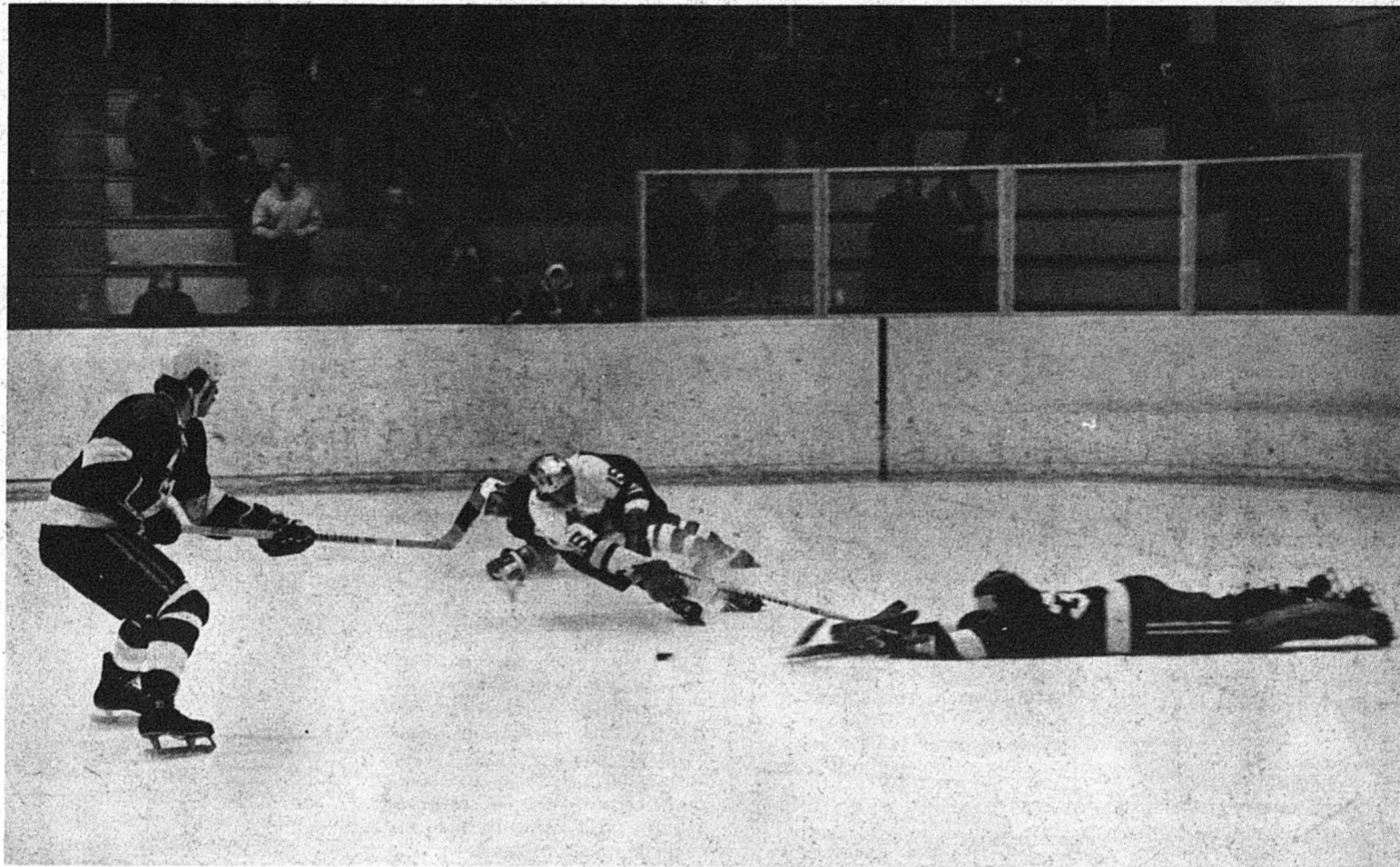
Easy time of it

Friday's contest was for the most part a lackadaisical affair, as the Huskies proved to be a rather coarse bunch, long on rough tactics by college standards, but short on talent. In fact it appeared at numerous instances throughout the game that their best offensive maneuver was simply to shoot the puck down the ice from their own end and hope that it was on the Bear net and somehow would find its way past goaltender Barry Richardson. Such was not to be the case; as the only goal Richardson yielded came with only ten seconds left in the second period when defencemen Steve Carlyle and Bryon Baltimore, not normally partners on the blueline, got mixed up in front of their own net, enabling

Huskie forward Bob James to lift a soft, screened backhand past Richardson. And while the Bear netminder was having a fairly easy time of it, the rest of the Bears played only as well in their own end and at mid-ice as was necessary to ensure a victory. But once around the Saskatchewan net, they did seem to perk up somewhat as the game progressed and only some sound netminding by Lauren Shmyr in the Huskie net kept the score from mounting.

After a listless first period which was scoreless, the Bears opened up a four goal margin in the second on tallies by Cal Botterill, Carlyle, and Marcel St. Arnaud with two before James scored the lone Huskie goal. Then in the third frame rookie defenceman Brian Middleton notched his first goal in regular season play with a hard slapshot from the point and veteran centre Randy Clark capped off a good Bear power play with a well-timed blast between Shmyr's legs.

The three stars of the game, as selected by Golden Bear head footballcoach Jim Donlevy, who



THE BEARS SCORED A LOT OF GOALS

...but this time Wesmen goalie George Hopkinson foiled forward Randy Clark(15).

in his undergraduate years as manager of the Bear hockey team used to tell this reporter to get lost every time he tried to bum sticks as a youngster hanging around the old Varsity Arena, were Carlyle, St. Arnaud, and Shmyr.

No contest

But if the Bears played lacklustre hockey on Friday night, they were merely whetting their appetites for the following afternoon's contest, or perhaps no-contest, against the Wesmen. A number of Golden Ones found the Winnipeggers to be a particular gastronomic treat, as Clark, Dave Couves (who missed several good scoring opportunities against the Huskies), and Harvey Poon counted two goals apiece, while Baltimore, with his first of the year, St. Arnaud, Jerry LeGraudeur, Gerry Hornby, and Clarence Wanchulak all contributed single goals. For the Wesmen, Joe Fras caught Bear goalie Jim Coombs wandering after a loose puck late in the first period to score the first visitor's goal, and Bill Kearns tallied with only a few seconds remaining in the second stanza when the usually reliable Bear penalty killing team broke down. It was particularly disheartening for the Wesmen, who had entered the weekend tied with the Bears for first place in the WCIAA standings, dropped a 4-2 decision to Calgary on Friday night, and saw their visions of a new era in Wesmen hockey dissolve completely as the Bears methodically amassed a score which was highly reminiscent of previous seasons when the Wesmen struggled in the lower echelons of the league.

The three stars of Saturday's game, chosen by Journal sportswriter Jim Matheson, were Poon, Clark and LeGrandeur.

Matheson is a former U of W student, and while covering the game he was convinced it was simply a replay, cleverly arranged by assistant athletic director Chuck Moser, of previous debacles he had witnessed many times before in Winnipeg.

The weekend was particularly productive for Poon, who added six assists to his two goals for an eight point weekend, and Clark, who garnered five points on the strength of his three goals and two assists.

Enviably record

Thus after six league games the Bears emerge at Christmas break

in undisputed possession of first place in the WCIAA, with an enviable record of six wins, no losses, no ties. In the half-dozen games they have scored 46 goals for an average of 7.66 per game, while yielding only 9, or 1.5 per game. The Golden Ones will carry these impressive statistics into the second portion of the league schedule when classes resume and they face their stiffest opponents. The Bears still must play the University of Manitoba Bisons and the surging Dinnies, who thrashed the Huskies 8-1 on Saturday afternoon, twice each and meet the UBC Thunderbirds, who presently appear to be their strongest rivals for the league title, four times.

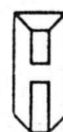
While it is still uncertain just what exhibition games the Bears will be playing over the holidays, certainly the highlight should be the December 28-9 Hockey Canada Invitational Hockey Tournament in Vancouver. It is a single knock-out affair with the Bears scheduled to play the always powerful University of Toronto Blues and the Thunderbirds tangling with the Sir George Williams Georgians in the first round, the two losers meeting the following day in the consolation final, followed by the two previous night's winners battling for the tournament championship. The winner of the Golden Bear-Blues contest should prove to be the eventual winner.

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Ski racing club formed

A new ski club has been formed on campus for those who like to race.

The Bear Ski Club is strictly a racing club for the benefit of students on campus who want to race and who are unable to get into one of the organized city or regional club racing programs.

The present organisations take 12 and 13-year olds and work them up through the racing program. Unfortunately, when they reach the university age everyone more or less forgets them.

The Bear Ski Club will encompass all Canadian Amateur Ski Association meets. This club will allow anyone on campus who wants to race, and who has possibly done some racing previously, to race the CASA circuit.

Organised under the auspices of the U of A ski team, the new club could enter about 25 meets in B.C. and Alberta. Some of the

younger fellows would thus have the chance to be considered for the Alberta team.

Badminton

The Pepsi Cola junior badminton team finals will be held this Saturday at 1:30 at the Royal Glenora Club.

Three U of A students, Peter Vaartaue, Dave Hopkins and Darryl Hutcheon will team up with Eric Vaartau to represent the West against the Boulevard Club from Ontario.

The Ontario team consists of Bob Henschliffe, Pradet Bassu, John Hanson and Guy Charron, all reputed to be excellent players. The competition is patterned after the Thomas Cup and the results will indicate how things stack up for the Canadian junior championships in Toronto next March.

Ski team selections near

by Henri Pallard and Rick Grant

The U of A (downhill) ski team is holding its team trials at Jasper from December 18-23. Meanwhile, the nordic coach will be selecting the cross-country team at Banff in a ski-filled Christmas break.

According to Ben Buss, the nordic coach, the team will be as good as last year's. However, the many new members will have to learn the technique for competitive cross country skiing. A couple of good downhill skiers who are exceptionally fit should change the whole picture.

Bruce Wilson, the downhill coach, has a different problem. Stiff competition for the five spots on the team has created a touch and go situation. Nobody is yet guaranteed a position. With 25 people at the beginning of the training season on September 15, he still has 18 or 19 left.

Bob Grady, one of the hopeful team members, was last year's national ski jumping champion. "It is just a matter of getting a few people to back him up," said Wilson. Three team members must compete in the same event (jumping, slalom, giant slalom, or downhill) to score any team points for the event.

Jim Bond, formerly of Les Espoirs, the Canadian junior team, is much stronger and is

training really hard this year. Last year at the Banff meet he finished sixth in the slalom and eighth in the giant slalom, his first time on skis in over a year.

Most of the cross country skiers should be staying in Banff after the team selections for the race there on December 24. After another training session, four or five team members will go to a race in Prince George.

The nordic team will also enter two provincial competitions: one at Devon, and one at the University of Calgary. They will also host a meet in Edmonton during the season. The cross country crew will hopefully also compete in many local events.

All that is needed for the sport is a change in elevation of two or three hundred feet and no snow mobiles. A river valley will often suffice.

The first intercollegiate competition for the alpine and nordic teams will be January 8-10 in Bozeman, Montana. Wilson also hopes to have the team go to at least three other intercollegiate meets this season. The Banff meet, from January 28-30, is hosted by the U of A, and is followed by a meet in Mizoula, Montana and another in McCall, Idaho. The Bears chose these meets especially because they

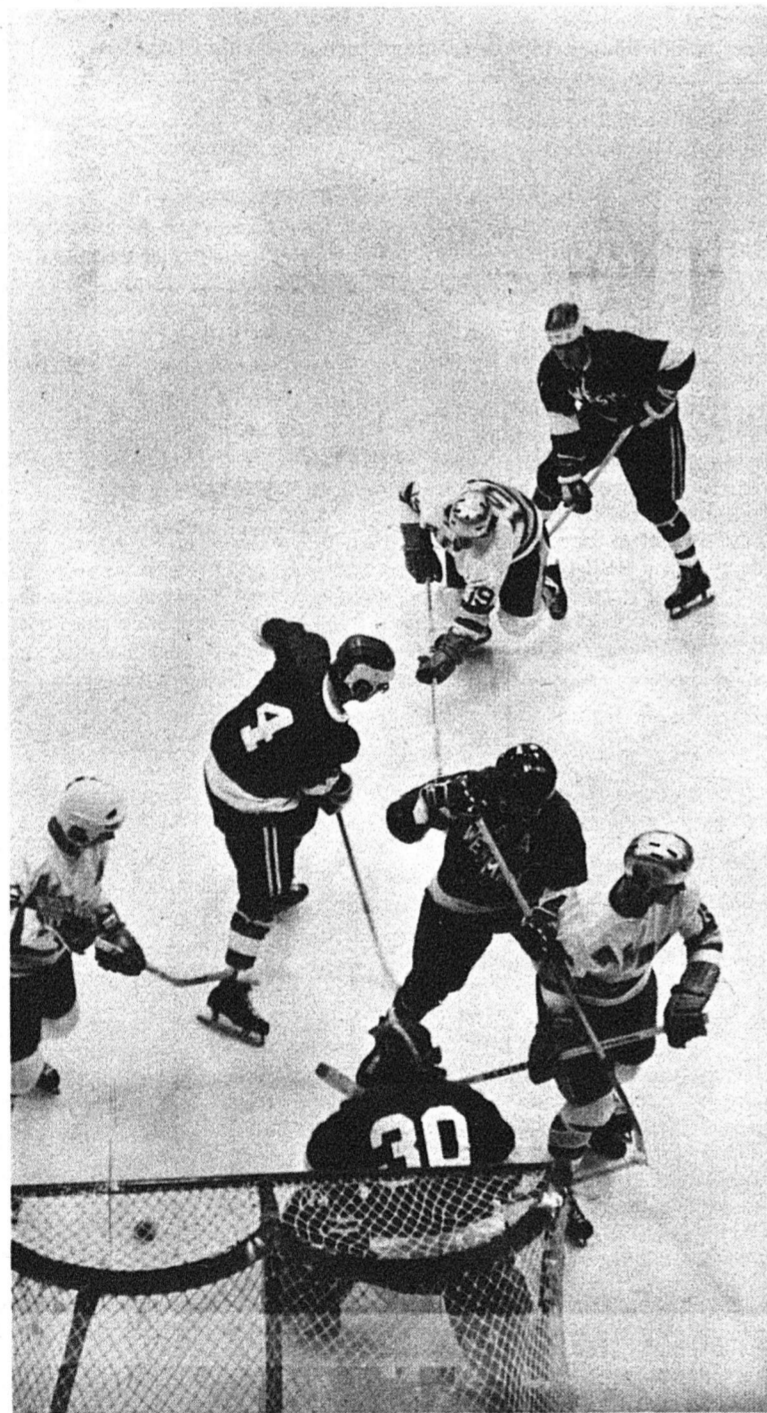
don't involve extensive travel.

The proposed tour is not part of a Western Canada Intercollegiate schedule (there is none). Rather the Bears ski the Big Sky Circuit, an American conference. Bears will be competing against the top colleges and universities in western North America.

"We compete against more top calibre, top ranking teams than any other sports team on campus," said Wilson. The University of Washington, Montana State, University of Denver, and the Air Force Academy will all have 'top notch' ski teams.

The prime mover of nordic skiing in Alberta, Irvin Servold, has gly helped the ski team, while several of the ski shops in town have aided the downhill team. Wilson and Buss really appreciate this since skiing is a very expensive sport.

Besides a UAB grant, the ski team have attempted to bolster their finances by holding a raffle, a swap day, and a ski film. While the team members must supply their own equipment, the UAB supplies all team uniforms, and, in Wilson's words, "in that respect we are a very professional ski team."



ONE OF MANY—Bear forward Harvey Poon's shot from the slot easily beat Wesmen goaler George Hopsinson, as did ten others as the Bruins routed the Winnipeggers, Eastern division leaders, 11-3 before a throng of joyous fans Saturday afternoon. Friday, the Golden ones thumped Saskatoon 6-1, and are now 6-0 and atop the standings of the WCJHL.

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PETER WORRALL — CELLO

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A GREAT GIFT IDEA!

Pandas runner-up in volleyball tournament

by Don McCrimmon

The Calgary Cals, as was predicted, won the U of A Invitational tournament again for their fifth consecutive time. This time, however, it was not so easy as the U of A Pandas put up a stiff opposition before going down 15-10 and 15-8 in the finals.

The tournament was split into two divisions with the Pandas and the U of C finishing 1st and 2nd in their division while the Calgary Cals and the Phoenix women's team took the two playoff spots in their division.

Getting to the semi-finals proved to be of little difficulty to the powerful Panda team as they swept their division in six straight games. First thing in the morning they demolished the University of Saskatchewan 15-4 and 15-4. Then they worked up an even better appetite for lunch by downing the University of Saskatchewan with scores of 15-10 and 15-6. All in all, a good mornings work.

The closest games in their division came, surprisingly enough, from the fairly inexperienced Yorkton team. Yorkton is a team of high school girls who have a good understanding of the basics of volleyball, the spike, the set, the block, and defensive coverage, but who were fairly weak on some of the finer points. They gave up a lot of "free balls" and the Pandas managed to capitalize on most of them. The first game went well enough as the Pandas, with some hard spiking from

Barb Styles, overpowered them to the tune of 15-7. The second bout was more exciting, though, as it see-sawed back and forth until the U of A girls finally sneaked through with a 17-15 win. After the game coach Susan Neill spoke confidently of meeting and beating the Cals in the finals. Unfortunately, only the first half of her prediction came true.

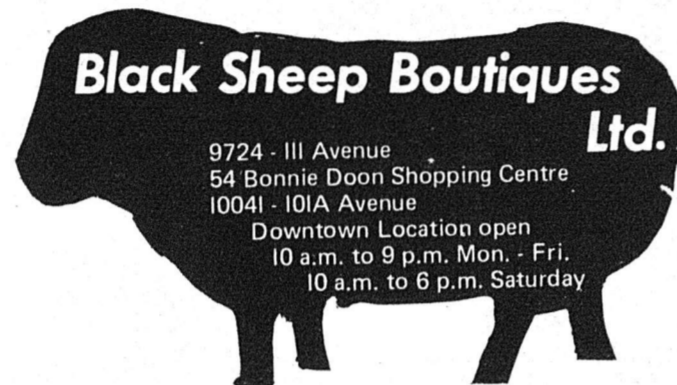
In the semi-finals against the Phoenix women's team the first two games split with the first one going to the Pandas 15-8 and the second one going to Phoenix 15-6. The third game was all Pandas as they annihilated Phoenix 15-5 and were ushered into the finals.

The less said about the finals the better, so all that can be said then is that the Calgary Cals won in two straight games with scores of 15-10 and 15-8. Rangy Carol Lanesupplied most of the punch behind the Cals with some very hard hitting while her team-mates did a good job at controlling the ball and repelling the Pandas offensive drives. However, Coach Jim Bedard said, "The Pandas this year are certainly a much better team than last year and I'm not so sure if I want to meet them again. They gave our girls a lot of trouble out there today."

Throughout the tournament the Pandas played extremely well. Some of the more eminent

spectators have collaborated to bring you the three star selection--Susan Seaborn, Janice Wotherspoon, and Dorothy

Armor. The selection of these three proved very difficult as all of the girls looked very good.



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CLOSING DATE 15 MARCH, 1972



ACTIVITIES

Things were pretty busy on the intercollegiate front here last weekend. But fiercer action at the intramural level, with playoffs in Division I hockey, Water Polo, and Co-recreational Innertube Water Polo, takes place this week.

The championship game in Division I Hockey will be held Thursday, December 9 at 8:00 p.m. It is quite difficult to pick a winner from the eight quarter-finalists but we predict that Engineering will defeat the Phi Delt's 4-2 Thursday night.

The playoffs in Water Polo will also be held Thursday night. Phys. Ed. may not reach the finals in hockey but they should take top place in water polo.

Playoffs, playoffs, playoffs; more playoffs! The Co-recreational Innertube Water Polo Champion will be decided Friday night, December 10. Bollo's Ballers have had an exciting season, but it will probably be Kennedy's Killers buying the beer.

The basketball schedule will continue after Christmas and the powers in Division III seem to be St. Joe's "D", Mechanical Engineering, and 2nd Mac.

Our "Athlete of the Week" is that infamous frat rat, Drew Livingston, of The Deke's. Drew helped both the Deke's water polo and hockey teams reach the playoffs. Thanks alot Drew, its guys like you that make our program work.

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