

# Hippies preferred to Boy Scouts at Davy Cup debate trials

By DENNIS FITZGERALD

Are the Boy Scouts a front for the RCMP, or do they wear the pointed hats to fit their heads?

Formally stated as "This house prefers hippies to Boy Scouts" the topic was debated last Friday afternoon by members of the debating club.

The debates were held as preliminary trials for the Davy Cup. The cup was donated by Dr. J. Grant Davy of the poli sci dept. as an award for competing debaters from U of A and U of C.

Bob Logan, law 1, speaking for the affirmative said, "because Boy Scouts can afford haircuts they are rich. Because they are rich they

are generally rightist. They are a para-military organization!"

"On the other hand the hippies are poor common people," he said.

Conrad Boyce, arts 1, arguing against the hippies, said "Boy Scouts leap to help little old ladies. Hippies don't have to leap to help their companions, they simply push or pull a little."

Ron Chalmers, arts 3, said "hippies perform useful functions in our society."

"They innovate. Like man, love is all you need."

"They serve as scapegoats for the rest of society."

"They're great; they have something for everyone."

In summing up Logan pleaded,

"it is your duty to stop the green tide."

The affirmative carried the crowd's vote.

Also resolved was "this house prefers Playboy to censorship."

Stan Fowler, law 3, speaking for the affirmative said "before you talk about censorship you must define obscenity. This has proven very hard so far."

Barry Chivers, law 3, added "censorship rises because of insecurity. Truth is always the first casualty of censorship."

Dave Leadbeater, arts 2, said "censorship has more value, particularly forms other than those found solely in the entertainment world."

"We must consider the children.

Plato recognized how easily influenced they are," he said.

Don Freeland, law 2, said "censorship is necessary to sustain the quality of entertainment we get. The CBC is a good example."

In rebuttal Fowler replied "should the government act like Big Brother?"

The negative carried this argument.

Other topics considered were the Red Guards contrasted with apathy and the dropping of the bomb.

"Let it be known the Red Guards are generally preferred and if you would care to become a card carrying member you can through the local chapter under the auspices of the Bobby Curtola fan club," informed Brad Willis.

happy

## The Gateway

humbug

VOL. LVIII, No. 31 THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, EDMONTON, CANADA

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1967, SIXTEEN PAGES



—Georg Barr photo

**PATHS OF SILENCE**—Quiet and solitude are reflected in this winter scene. Now that the snows of winter are upon us, most students probably can only think of icy streets and slushy roads. But winter can also be silence, and shadows on hushed, drifted snow.

## Students' union has Christmas foofra

The students' union is having a foofra.

It's the Christmas smash for Santas Anonymous and it's the students' union Christmas party.

Foofra gets underway with a carol-in from noon to 3 p.m. in SUB theatre Monday.

It will be followed by campus disruption which aims to be just that—disrupting.

"We'll probably go around caroling in the classes," said co-ordinator of student activities Glenn Sinclair.

There will be a folk concert, more carolling and a dance in Dinwoodie Lounge in SUB at 7:30. Several bands—Willie and the Walkers, The Skeleton Key, The Bittersweets, and the Kinfolk will be playing.

Admission is one unwrapped toy for Santas Anonymous.

"This is something the students' union can afford to do. Christmas is one time when we can really be humanistic," said Sinclair.

"We'd be having parties anyway so why not combine the two? This

to me is true charity—when you're not looking for thanks," he said.

"It just exploded last week," said Sinclair. In fact it has developed since the last meetings of council and the program panel."

It appears to be one of those great ideas that just grows and grows. Everybody wants in on it. Sponsoring groups now include the Activities Board, Wauneita Society, Engineering Students' Society, Program Panel, St. Joe's College, CHED Radio, and Students' Union Public Relations Committee.

## Fines from public library handled by administration

### Non-resident students refusing to pay fines will be reported to provost for further action

By GLENN CHERITON

As of this year, non-resident students at the U of A could have to face the university for fines incurred at the Edmonton Public Library.

Non-resident students who refuse to pay fines, and other cases of delinquency will be reported to professor A. A. Ryan, university provost, for further action.

Non-resident students are those whose parents reside outside Edmonton but who are attending educational institutions in the city.

The university is only notified after the student has been given "every opportunity" to return the material and pay any overdue fines, said C. F. Smythe, head of the Edmonton public library circulation department.

Notification of fines include three notices by letter and one telephone call. At this point the material is seven weeks overdue.

Accounts of patrons other than non-resident students are given to the Edmonton Credit Bureau, he said.

Non-resident students are charged a \$6 fee for library services

for two years. This amounts to 25 cents per month. If a student wishes to discontinue using the library part of his fees are refunded.

Mr. Smythe says the library is having more than its share of trouble with university students. Although they have no more violations than other patrons they keep books out for longer and pay their fines slower, he said.

"University students account for

80 per cent of the false registrations," said Mr. Smythe.

Mr. Smythe said the library loses \$50,000 a year in material. With 65,000 patrons the library has to deal with 80,000 cases of delinquency.

Recent cases referred to the university include five students with fines ranging from \$1.50 to \$38. There are also two cases in which students wrote cheques without sufficient funds.



—Frank Kozar photo

**SANTA'S A DIRTY OLD MAN**—But the spirit is one of goodness and light. It all happened last Sunday at the Students' Wives Club Christmas party in SUB. Maybe Santa's eye sight isn't all it used to be, but he still knows how to keep the little tykes happy—give them presents.

the  ay

# OTHER KINGS

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# Room at Top gives Santas Anonymous helping hand

By SURF

"The Lovin' Sound" will be appearing at Room at the Top Friday through Tuesday. Cover charge of 50 cents except for Sunday and Monday, when admission will be an unwrapped gift for Santas Anonymous. Food and beverages available.

TODAY

**ARTS COUNCIL**  
Second main meeting of Arts Council will be held today, 4:15 p.m. in SUB seminar room. For further information contact David Leadbeater at 439-7283.

LUTHER

Newman Players present John Osborne's play, "Luther" today and Saturday, 8:30 p.m., SUB theatre. Tickets \$1.75.

CALVIN CLUB

The Calvin Club is holding a Christmas party today. Meet in front of SUB, 7:30 p.m. and bring skates, toboggan and/or friend. Food (indoors) will follow fun and games at Mayfair Park.

CAROLS

Anyone interested in an LSM caroling trip to Charles Camzell hospital should meet at 11012-85 Ave., 6:30 p.m. today. Christmas party at 13523-117 Ave. will follow.

DANCE CLUB

The Dance Club Christmas Dance will be held today at 8:30 p.m. in the multipurpose room in SUB. The Bud Moe Combo will provide the music and a buffet lunch will be provided.

STUDENT CINEMA

Student Cinema presents "Old Man and the Sea" today 7 p.m. in PC 126.

RODEO CLUB

Winston Bruce will speak on the theory of rodeo riding and rodeo films will be shown at a Rodeo Club meeting today, 7:30 p.m. in SUB.

CHRISTMAS PARTY

The PCSF Christmas party and mid-night turkey dinner will be held today at the Tory House, 11020-89 Ave. Tickets are \$1.50 and can be obtained from Gaye Abrey at 434-4674.

ARTS FESTIVAL

U of A Vietnam Action Committee presents an arts festival today, 10 a.m.-noon and 7 p.m.-midnight in 142-143 SUB. There will be an art and literature display, films ("The Threatening Sky" and "Night of the Dragon"), singing, poetry reading and speeches.

THE WEEKEND

**RETREAT**  
Retreat for all students of all faiths held this weekend at the Star of the North Retreat House in St. Albert. Contact Bryan Kelly at 599-7354.

ART GALLERY

The SUB art gallery presents a show of new acquisitions from the fine arts gallery until Saturday.

CERCLE FRANCAIS

Le Cercle Francais will have a Christmas party Saturday, 8 p.m. It will be a wine and cheese tasting soiree at French Canadian House, 11112-87 Ave. Price \$1.

UNIVERSITY POOL

Recreational swimming cancelled due to Golden Bear relays Saturday. Best teams in Alberta will be present to compete against Bears and Pandas. Diving at 11 a.m., swimming at 2 p.m.

CLUB INTERNATIONALE

Club Internationale will hold a Christmas party for children Saturday, 4-7 p.m. at the Atonement Home. Help needed with organizing children's games and serving a small buffet. Contact John Sabwa, 433-5418.

MUSIC DEPT

The music department presents the University Christmas Concert Sunday at 3 p.m. in Con Hall. There is no charge for admission.

TALENT NIGHT

Newman Centre, St. Joe's presents Retarded Talent Night, Sunday, 8:30 p.m.

CHANUKAH

A Chanukah party, sponsored by B'nai B'Rith, will be held in the Beth Shalom Synagogue auditorium, 11916-Jasper Ave. Sunday.

NEWMAN CLUB

Guest speaker at Mass Sunday, at St. Joe's Chapel, will be Rev. M. McLean, Anglican chaplain.

MUSIC

The Bachelor of Music students will present a Bach concert Sunday, 8:30 p.m. in Con Hall. Yoko Oike will play Bach Sonata in D Minor for unaccompanied violin and the Chamber Orchestra will play Branderburg Concerto No. 4 in G Major. No admission charge.

MONDAY

**DEBATING**  
Debating Society meets Monday, noon, SUB seminar room (104).

GRANDE PRAIRIE

Grande Prairie Jr. College alumni will hold an organizational meeting Monday, 7:30 p.m. in SUB.

PSYCHOLOGY

Dept. of psychology will show 20th Century Fox production, "The Snakepit", Monday, 3 and 7:30 p.m. in TL 11. An outstanding film on mental illness.

TUESDAY

**CHRISTMAS FORMAL**  
All grad students are invited to the Christmas formal to be held in Athabasca Hall Tuesday 9:30 p.m. Admission \$1.50 per couple.

OTHERS

**CHINESE STUDENTS**  
A Christmas party and dance featuring Chinese food, games and prizes will be held Thursday. Tickets are available from executive members of the club. All are welcome.

JACKET SALES

Anyone who has not yet picked up his ordered jacket may do so by presenting his receipt at room B44A in the engineering building between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. weekdays.

WUS

WUS invites applications to fill staff vacancies for the permanent positions of general secretary and business manager. For full information write WUSC, 328 Adelaide St. W. Toronto, 2 B. Ont. or phone Irene McRae, 433-0792.

SPANISH CLUB

Spanish Club presents "C'Dialogo?", a Spanish experimental theatre production, Thursday, 7:15 p.m. in SUB theatre.

**Dr. P. J. Gaudet**  
**Dr. D. B. Eagle**

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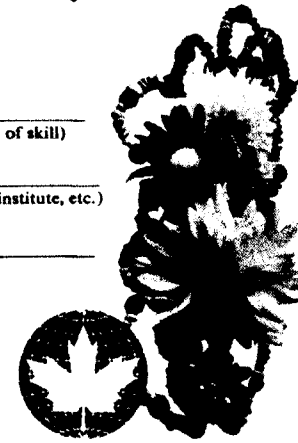
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# The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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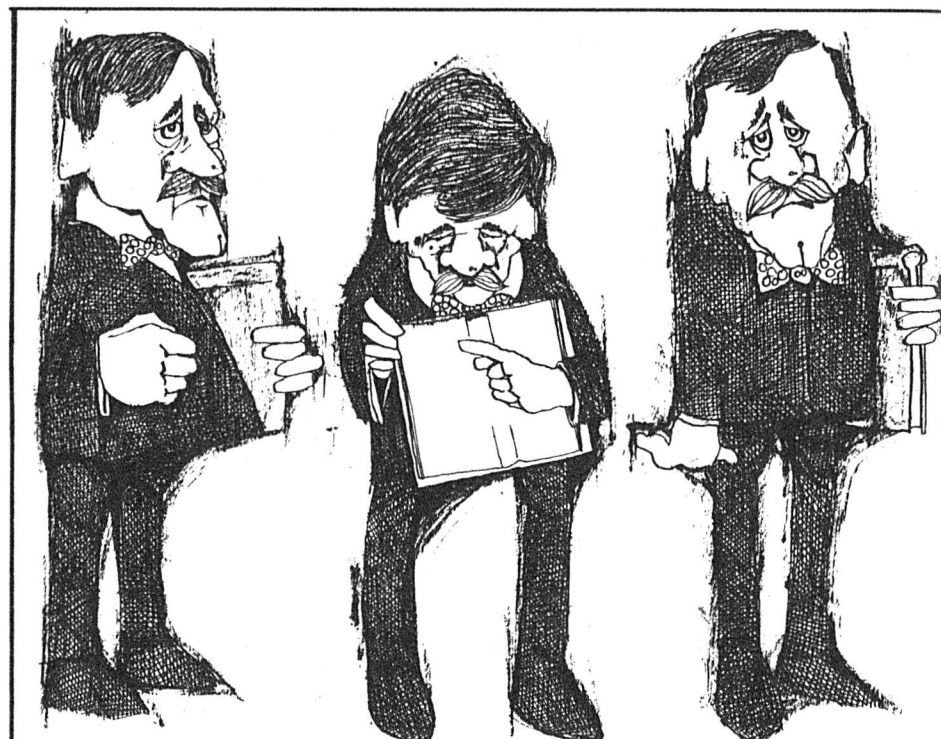
STAFF THIS ISSUE—As another year draws to a close and the festive holiday season approaches, we at The Gateway wish to join together in wishing each and every one of you a great big, warm "Hi there, dum-dums." The loyal souls who banded together for the gala celebration are Alan Shute, Mike Brown, Ralph Melnychuk, Bernie Boom-Boom Goedhart, Jack Segal, Hugh Hoyles, Mark Priegert, Garry Prokopczak, Marg Bell, Derek Nash, Ken Hutchinson, George Barr, Uncle Don, Hiro Saka, Fred McDougall, George Yackulic, Dave Schragge, Wayne Kading, Lorna Cheriton, Glenn Cheriton, Diahnn Washuta, Linda Ereiser, Brian Campbell, Margaret Bolton, Leona Gom, Bob Jacobsen, Holly Baker, Marlene Bazant, Linda Burgar, Janet Lowsley, Janice McPhail, Sylvia Batiuk, John Green, Judy Samoil, Marg Shewchuk, Alex Ingram, Ted Drouin, Bob Brunelle, Mike Boyle, Anne-Marie Little, Susan George, Suzanne Brown, Dennis Fitzgerald, Trudy Richards, Beverly Bayer, Angus Boyd, Jim Muller, Bill Kankewitt, Keith Spencer, Kelly Toohey, Bob Povaschuk, Shirley Kirby, Wynyard Wharton, Brenda Shedden, Keith Soley, Karen Pullman, Marian McClellan, Elizabeth O'Donoghue, Peter Bassek, Eric Little, J. Schaeffer, Ray Rajotte, Susan Schill, Henry Kwok, Ken Voutier, Peter McCormick, L. Franko, Bob Schmidt, Gerry Buccini, Marilyn Astle, Larry Mitchell, Marcia McCallum, Howard, and your pint-sized Sanity Clots, Harvey G. Thomgirt.

The Gateway is published three times a week by the students' union of The University of Alberta. The Editor-in-Chief is responsible for all material published herein. Final copy deadline for Tuesday edition—7 p.m. Sunday, advertising—noon Thursday prior, Short Shorts—5 p.m. Friday; for Thursday edition—7 p.m. Tuesday, advertising—noon Monday prior, Short Shorts—5 p.m. Tuesday; for Friday edition—7 p.m. Wednesday, advertising—noon Tuesday prior, Short Shorts—5 p.m. Wednesday; Casserole advertising—noon Thursday previous week. Advertising manager: Gordon Frazer, 432-4329. Office phones—432-4321, 432-4322. Circulation—10,000.

Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Postage paid at Edmonton. Telex 037-2412.

PAGE FOUR

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1967



TEACH THE KIDS ABOUT LIFE THEY SAID, TEACH THEM HOW THINGS REALLY ARE, TEACH THEM OF THE BITTERNESS, THE DECEIT, THE LIES, OF ALL THE WRONGS WHICH EXIST IN OUR COMPLEX SOCIETY. DON'T BE AFRAID OF ANYTHING THEY SAY. SHOW THEM OUTRIGHT THE DRUNKARDS AND THE DREGS OF OUR SOCIETY. TEACH THEM.

AHA, I THOUGHT, WHAT BETTER WAY CAN I REALLY SHOW THEM, I MEAN A UNIVERSITY GROUP, THEY ARE GOING TO BE OUT ON THEIR OWN VERY SOON, THEY ARE GOING TO HAVE TO KNOW. WHY BOOKS, OF COURSE! SO I WENT TO THE LIBRARY AND PICKED OUT A FEW THAT I THOUGHT WERE APPROPRIATE. NOW, MY STUDENTS WOULD LEARN IT AS IT IS, BUT OH THAT WAS OUT --

TOO MANY BAD WORDS!

## not impressed

Students who mourn the loss of Hot Caf have been given something which is supposed to make them forget all about how they miss that grand old place.

Quite frankly, we are not overly impressed by the Boreal Institute.

We recognize the honor presumably bestowed on our university in having the institute established on our campus, and we appreciate the kind of research and study which will be done at the center.

But, we cannot understand why the institute has to be housed in

that particular building, why we could not have had it somewhere else on campus and retained Hot Caf.

Surely it is obvious from the crowds in SUB cafeteria that there was and still is a need for another centrally-located cafeteria.

Aside from its practical value, Hot Caf had an atmosphere which nothing will ever be able to replace—the atmosphere which, for many students, was the university.

Strange how the real human things about this campus are becoming a thing of the past.

## a letter to santa

Dear Santa:

We would like to thank you for the nice, new students' union building you gave us last year. It's all done now, as you may know, and it's—well, you'll have to see it to believe it.

Ever since we withdrew from CUS last year, people have been saying nasty things about us, but we hope you will ignore them. You see, we're not bad; in fact, our students' council has done some real peachy-keen things for us, but I suppose Al has told you about them in his letter, so I won't have to.

I have a fairly long list of requests this year, but I think I deserve them.

1. Abolition of 8 a.m., 9 a.m., and 9:30 a.m. lectures. It's a crime to get up so early.

2. Scotch, beer, or anything but warm, yellow-ish water coming out of the drinking fountains in SUB.

3. A pub in SUB, in place of or in addition to No. 2.

4. A parking spot for every student—within two blocks of the students' union building.

5. Underground, heated tunnels connecting all the buildings on campus.

All or any of the gifts can be delivered to SUB. But, please make sure you have your late pass, or the supervisors might not let you in; they're especially fussy about people who dress funny.

Your friend,  
Joe Student  
U of A

P.S. If you can't give any of the above requests, just send money.

lorraine minich

## jingle bells and all that rot

As this is the last Gateway of this term, the staff, in keeping with tradition and in a sudden fit of sincerity, wishes everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Here I would like to extend a few specific wishes to those who, by merit or lack of the same, are particularly deserving.

To those frosh who still don't feel like they belong, you don't really know how lucky you are.

To those who do feel they belong, my heartfelt sympathy. You're a part of this great institution and all it stands for.

To all critics of The Gateway, my compliments for doing a job which, for some reason, has to be done every year. Now get lost.

To all friends of The Gateway, thank you.

To residence students, an extra large package of mother's cooking to bring back after the holidays; you'll need it to withstand the second term's gastric masterpieces at Lister Hall.

To the professors of Gateway staffers: yes we are real. May you have the pleasure of our company at least once in the second term.

To the cooks at SUB cafeteria, a must in every chef's library "149 Exciting Ways to Ruin Hamburger".

To SUB supervisor Rick Wilson, may Santa bring you a baseball glove so you don't have to just stand and watch The Gateway team in action. (We're sorry we won't ever be around on Wednesday nights anymore, Rick-baby).

To co-ordinator of printing services J. R. T. Grant, may Santa bring you only clean, wholesome, pure Gateway copy, and may you never be asked by the English department to print any dirty excerpts from Chaucer.

To the SUB phantom, a cowboy hat to complete your ensemble.

To Treasure Van director Bob Rosen, may Santa bring you your very own balalaika from the import shop of your choice—giftwrapped in Gateways.

To co-ordinator of student activities Glenn Sinclair, may Santa overlook all accusations of graft, boorishness, and uncouth, and bring you a package of soothers to hand out at the next teeny-bopper dance.

To members of the DIE Board, a complete set of the Perry Mason pocketbook series to aid you in your fearless endeavors to rid the campus of crime and/or evil.

To students' union president Al Anderson, a "Having a good time; wish you were with us" card from CUS president Hugh Armstrong.

To students' union treasurer Phil Ponting, may Santa bring you an honorary membership in every club on campus and at least one quote in every edition of The Gateway.

To all Gateway staffers, as a reward for all the criticism, yelling, unco-operative interviewers and ruthless copy editors you put up with, a much-deserved holiday and a reminder that next press night is Jan. 2, 1968.

—reprinted from the peak

# casserole



## A winter pome

# Of snow and stars and hearts

Snow  
Falling slowly.  
Smoke  
Gently rising.

It's winter.  
The air-chill, crisp.  
Far off-chiming bells.

Slowly, easily,-warmly-  
dusk falls. Snow stops.  
Stars shine. Your heart  
rises to them—to that tiny  
pure light seeking

you out. And there,-  
yes, right about there,-  
is your own pure light. Yours  
to see and feel and know.  
You have seen it.

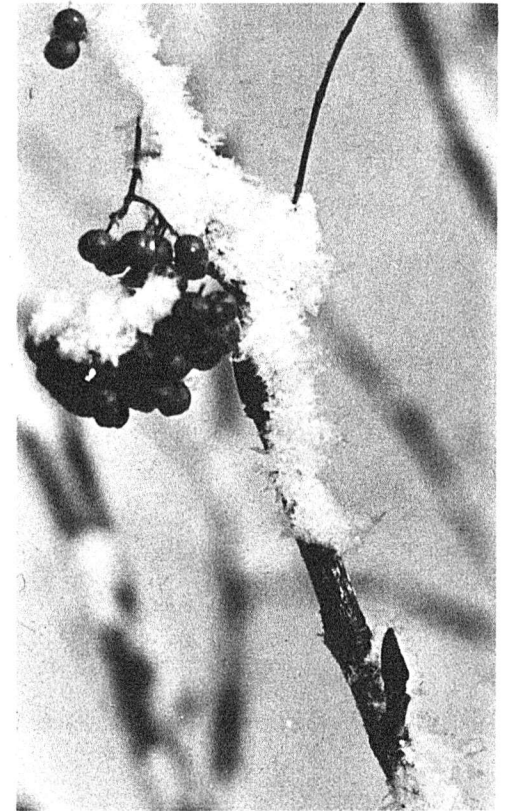
And the bells  
Ring.  
White, warm snow  
Falls.  
Hearts of men  
Glow. . . .

Hurt  
To know they have  
Sinned.

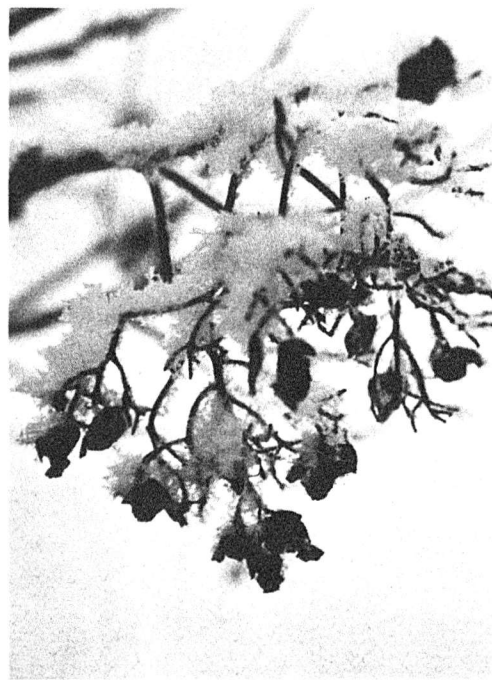
Killed, stolen, lied  
blasphemed, coveted,  
idolized.

Hurt  
To see their brothers  
Sorrow  
For love, for hunger,  
for pain, for grief,  
for joy.

Hurt  
With knowing.  
But hurting hearts  
can love. Love those  
who hurt. Love Him  
who died for our hurts.



—Bob Povaschuk photos



## casserole

a supplement section  
of the gateway

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Merry  
Christmas

and  
a

Happy  
New  
Year

## Rich Vivone

# Some not-so-happy Christmas fairy tales

Every place that serves liquor will be filled soon. The people will be on their way home but will stop and have a drink and shake hands and kiss each other because that is the thing people do on the day before Christmas.

They will sit in the booths and the bar maid will come and serve them. They are all laughing as each orders a drink. Then one says to Liz, the bar maid, "It must be tough working on a day like this." He says it because it is the only thing he can think of to say to her.

She slides the money into her tray, counts the change and says, "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year." It sounds like a recording.

The customer blushes and dumps the change in her tray and Liz says 'thanks' and walks away to serve another table.

Everybody is going home to a happy house and kids and gifts and Christmas tress. But to Liz, today and tomorrow and the day after are just tomorrows and tomorrows. Christmas Day will be a holiday and she is thankful for

that. Then she can go up and see her husband who is not in a position to come and see her.

Her husband has been in jail for four years and less than a year after that, her son Shawn, was picked up too.

Sons sometimes get out of hand when the father is put away. Shawn was no different. He came home one night, three days after he turned 18, with his eyes flashing and his hands shaking. He was on the goofballs. She tried to get him off the stuff but he stole a car and ran over a few people and they put him away. Like father, like son. Liz doesn't argue.

"There has always been trouble in my family," Liz said when the customers were fed and contented. "First it was the old man, then my sister, then my husband, then Shawn and now Lila. She's in trouble too."

Lila, 17, had a lot of trouble finding and keeping friends after her brother and father were sent away. She had a few but as soon as they found out, they stopped coming around. Lila had to be ex-

tra nice to people to keep them on good terms. Being extra friendly to boys meant one thing and one night not too long ago, she came home and told her mother she was pregnant and didn't know which one was responsible.

"What could I do," Liz says. "Throw her out in the cold? Even rats don't do that."

So she kept the girl at home with her younger daughter who is six years old and doesn't know what it is all about. She barely knew her father and how he tried to play the game.

He was an accountant for a small company. Loyalty and efficiency were his tradewords but, in time, discovered that words wouldn't feed his family. So he got into the company funds and before they found out, he had heisted a pile big enough to buy a fleet of cabs. He put the money in a dozen different banks.

"I used to wonder where he was getting all the money," Liz said. "He had all these little things for us and I knew we couldn't afford it. But he said he had a few deals cooking and some small invest-

ments. I should have known better."

Then she walked away to fetch some booze for another happy customer. This job plus tips made a reasonable living for the reduced family. They know they aren't going to get a lot for Christmas, Liz says, but they know enough not to expect much.

It was getting late now and the people were leaving in small groups.

"Merry Christmas," they said. "Be seeing you."

Liz nodded and went back to work.

Maybe you think this isn't a nice story. Maybe it isn't. But it's a Christmas story. Somewhere someone is reading the lively tales of Scrooge, Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer and the rest of it. These are nice stories. They are also fairy tales.

The human fairy tales are not so nice. Especially at Christmas. But this is the way Christmas is for many.

It seems there are so few Tiny Tims and so many outside the window with hungry faces.

By RON YAKIMCHUK

# The spirit of Elmer Scrunge

... and the spirit of Christmas came upon him  
in a white wreathed lab coat, and lo it was  
the SUB phantom, fa la la cee-two-h-five-o-h

Snow falls peacefully on the buildings of the university. The campus, quiet and subdued, snuggles into its wintery blanket of softness. Christmas chimes gently stir the air. The racked pathways of once ambulatory students disappear beneath the fresh snowfall. It is Christmas recess and the night is Christmas Eve, a night of stillness and passive thought. Students have left for families and warm words and festive hearts. No person touched by the spirit of the season would think of remaining in these halls of the academic.

But wait. There are those who have not felt the glow of Christmas, or have felt the warmth of the season, and have had to remain on campus. There are two such individuals in those very situations this sacred eve. Deep within the recesses of SUB we watch one of these people.

"Tis the season to be jolly, fla la la la la . . . it's the season for Marian and Holly, fla la la la la . . ." A black, sinister figure wearing a bright red sash around his waist is tossing tinsel on a small Christmas tree.

"Deck the halls with boughs of holly, fla la la la la . . ." A gentle aura of festive red is seen upon his usually bleak, white cheeks. His discordant voice rings to the rafters with festive song. Even the Phantom of SUB has caught the fever of the season!

"I saw mommy kissing Santa Claus underneath the Christmas tree last year, bumbity bo da . . ." His enthusiasm comes to a halt as he throws the last pieces on the tree. He turns on the lights and stands back to absorb the aesthetic quality of his creation. He pauses a moment and suddenly remembers something which has more aesthetic value which is, naturally, hidden away in the Gateway Fine Arts Office. He rushes to that sanctum of culture, and there in the bottom drawer of T.D.'s desk, a fine old bottle of high-octane Alberta Vodka. Well . . .

Now seems a propitious time to leave the Phantom and let him prepare his Christmas egg-nog with Vodka and SUB cafeteria eggs. In that concoction is the true aesthetic. The Phantom is alone for Christmas, but he is happy. However, the Phantom is totally unaware of the evil that lurks in the hearts of men. He fails to see a faint light flicker from the fourth floor of Cameron library. What can this be? The light of student power? The light of a Latvian liquor lamp?

We move to the scene of the Illumination within this great house of knowledge. The erie light comes forth from that carrel. No it can't be! Yes it is: Elmer Scrunge! He is hunched over his text book, his eyes straining in the light of his expensive Treasure Van treasure.

"Damn lamp! Won't work decently on Alberta liquor." He curses under his breath between hydrocarbon chains.

"Is it cee-two H-four, oh-two, or cee-two H-two oh-two?" He scribbles on his book a series of un-intelligible symbols. "Got to hurry . . . got to get done . . . waste not, want not . . . Stanine in time saves nine . . ."

You remember Elmer Scrunge don't you? He never learns does he?

Oh those fools at the parties, drinking and singing and having fun. They don't know what they're doing. Exams are the key to success, not parties. Elmer Scrunge is no fool, I'll show them. Anyways, liquor that touches lips shall never touch my liquor. Oh those Christmas fools! When they have hangovers, I'll have my sheepskin.

These are strong thoughts for Christmas eve. Retribution will soon come to Elmer. We will move again, this time to the Temple of Retribution across the river. Santa Claus is preparing for his annual Christmas trip.

All the elves are waiting for Santa to come out of his quarters. All are anxious and becoming very impatient, especially the chief elf Fred. Only he knows that Elmer is attempting to violate Christmas tradition again this year. Last year it was presents, this year well . . .

A door opens and the old gentleman enters the room. All the elves cheer. He looks great; he's calm and collected. It must have been that French girl that sexually re-aligned him at the 'Christmas is Tomorrow' party.

Fred is aware of the crisis that could occur, but all the elves are between Santa and himself. Elmer could set a bad example for the drinking set.

Santa opens his record book and prepares his words of wisdom. "Alcoholic beverages are evil. Money is Evil. God Bless the ALCB."

"Santa! Chief! Come here, it's important. That Scrunge guy is trying to do it again. He refuses to drink on Christmas. The guy won't go to a party. I tell you, he's inhuman."

"What's that you say — Scrunge? I remember him well." The chief was in complete control of himself.

"What are we going to do about it, boss? Do you want me to go and do the ghost routine on him again. You know, the Dickens' thing. I got the projector fixed this year, and some new chains. Could be a real good show."

The austere fellow looked down on his helper and coolly replied, "NO."

"We can't let him set an example. No telling what might happen if his idea caught on. Can you imagine a dry Christmas?" Fred was getting frantic.

This meant the future of the firm.

Santa thought for a moment and said, "Does that funny fellow with the black clothes still live across the river? The one that gave you the dramatic lessons for your ghost act. His name slips my mind right now."

"Not the Phantom!" Fred shouted incredulously.

"Yes that's the chap," Santa replies, twirling his whiskers. "Now you give him a ring and tell him the situation. If he can get that Scrunge fellow to drink, Santa will put an extra goody in his stocking. You follow me?" His nose glowed a bright red, and he smiled wickedly.

"Alright boss, I'll try to get ahold of him, but he may not like it. He doesn't like to be disturbed, especially on holidays. Haunting SUB is hard work . . ."

"Just get ahold of him. He'll do it if he knows what's good for him." Santa put on his tasseled hat.

"Alright, alright." Fred dialed the Phantom's secret number which is known only to a chosen few.

We should move back to the Phantom's quarters and see how our friend is fairing.

"Fla la la la la la la, boughs of jolly Holly and Marian . . . 'tis the season of the folly fla la la la la la . . ." It seems the Phantom has overdone it. His nose is actually red! Such a disgrace!

"What's that? Do I hear a phone? Yes, I hear a phone. Maybe I should answer it . . . Hello, how are you, I am fine. This is the Phantom of SUB here. Who are you? Fred? Fred who? Oh that Fred . . . I remember you, you've got talent kid, real talent. Now what can I do for you? . . . You're kidding . . . What's in it for me? . . . It's a deal. Merry Christmas Fred, and keep the spirit flowing." The Phantom hangs up his Phantom phone and moves to his disguise chest.

"This is going to be just like Hallowe'en, just like Hallowe'en. Now where is that costume . . . Ah here we are." He grabs an outfit that is unmistakably that of a male ballet dancer. The inebriated Phantom changes as quickly as possible and rushes into the night air, clutching sprigs of holly in his hands.

Since the sight of an intoxicated Phantom crossing the Quad is something that batters the sensibility of common students, we cannot describe such a movement. We'll join the Phantom on the fourth floor of the library. Here he comes!

"Oh those steps . . . am I out of shape . . ." He stops to catch his breath, and sees the dim light flickering not too far away. He tiptoes quietly to the carrel; the unsuspecting Scrunge is still hunched over his book. In his most mellifluous voice the

Phantom sings out, "Kris Kringle is coming." With his song still ringing in library, the Phantom commences to toss holly about Scrunge.

"Kris Kringle is coming! Kris Kringle is coming! Kris Kringle is coming! Oh joy, oh joy!"

Scrunge looks up from his book, to see the Phantom in a pair of tight, white leotards.

"Who the hell are you? Not one of those corny elves, are you? I read the Christmas Gateway last year. I know what you're up to. Now go away, can't you see I'm busy." Scrunge pushes the Phantom back and scribbles more symbols on his book.

"Kris Kringle is coming! Oh joy, oh joy!" The Phantom tosses more Holly at Scrunge.

"So what! Who cares. I've got work to do, so get lost fairy; go prance somewhere else!"

"Don't you want to taste the essence of life?" The Phantom pleads with Scrunge. "Don't you want to see Kris Kringle and his magic mixtures?"

"What magic mixtures?" Scrunge is interested in what this strange figure has to say. Magic mixtures are big business in the commercial world.

"Oh like cee-two, H-five, oh-H. It comes in many forms."

"You lie! That's alcohol. Liquor shall never touch my lips." Scrunge buries his face in his book.

"No . . . no . . . no . . . you've got it all wrong It's 'Lips that touch liquor shall never touch my liquored lips.'" The Phantom felt that this fellow was a losing battle.

Scrunge looked up from his book. "No, I am pure, and liquor shall never violate my pure body. Now leave before you violate my purity; fairy!"

The color in the Phantom's cheeks became an ashen hue. He turned and returned to his quarters deep within the recesses of SUB. A tear fell gently upon his cheek. We'll leave the Phantom for a while; it isn't nice to see a Phantom cry. Across the river we go again. Final preparations are being made for the night task.

Fred is running around getting things organized. Santa is sitting in his favorite throne, sipping from a large cup.

"Fred, Fred! How is that strange fellow doing across the river? You haven't heard from him yet, have you?"

"Not yet chief. That Scrunge fellow is a hard one to break. He believes in abstinence." Fred wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Don't we all believe in abstinence and temperance?" The old guy took a deep gulp from the cup. "Maybe you better get him on the line and see how he's doing. I have to leave soon."

Fred dialed the Phantom. "Hello, is this the Phantom? Now stop crying; it doesn't

sound good. He didn't. Now here's what you do Phanty old friend . . ."

Fred hung up and turned to Santa, "He'll be all right if he follows my orders; I hope."

Let's cross the river once more, and see just what the Phantom is doing. There he is! Confidently drifting across the Quad with a white lab coat under one arm, and two beakers in his hands. Oh, what evil lurks in the mind of the Phantom?

There is a flash of light in front of Scrunge's carrel. Out of the smoke walks a distinguished looking figure in a white lab coat.

"Whaa . . . Who are you?" Scrunge stammers and stutters.

"I am the spirit of Science; all that is Science belongs to me. I control Chemistry. I control Physics. I control you! You are in my power since you are my disciple. Is that not true?" The Phantom was proud of his act. It was almost like an afternoon soap opera.

"What do you want with me? I didn't do anything. Honest I didn't." Scrunge was hiding under the carrel.

"Oh yes you did. You missed the Christmas party of the chemistry club, the computing science club, and all other scientific clubs on campus. That is what you did wrong. You placed yourself before science in importance. This is a sin that cannot be forgotten. Science will step heavily upon you."

"I didn't mean to. I'm innocent. What can I do to gain the favored light of yourself once more?" Scrunge had moved from beneath the carrel, and was on his knees in front of the phantom.

"Will you do anything to regain your faith?"

"Anything!" Scrunge was kissing the corner of the lab coat.

"Then I want you to drink from these flasks. One is water, the other is alcohol, the disinfectant of the soul."

"Yes, I'll do it if it dissinfects. It will retain my purity."

"Then I want you to go find a party and partake of the seasonal festivities."

"Yes, yes, I'll do it. Give me the flasks." Scrunge grabs the flasks from the Phantom and races out of the library.

"Bless you my son. Bless your pure little soul." The Phantom turns and drifts towards SUB. A smile rests upon his tired face, and a deep thirst sits in his throat.

Once in his quarters he dials the Temple. "Hello Fred, Phantom here. I got the job done. When is delivery? Right away? Good!" He puts the Phantom phone down and listens. Through the chimes and bells of the night air he can just discern the tinkling of bottles, and the ho, ho, hoing driver of Santa's Christmas express.

by NOJHM

# The faces of h



"... spiritually, Christmas recurs seven times a week. When we acknowledge this, and acted on this, we begin the Day's mystical and territory. Only every-day things that reverse all their wonder and their splendor the time when we shall wish for Christmas every morning; what the plum-pudding shall be the staple and the holly shall never be down walls, and everyone will always be else under the mistletoe..."

from 'Some Damnable Epitaphs'  
by G. K. Chesterton

"... it was not alone that the scales descending to the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and straight, the other spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress; but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day..."

from 'A Christmas Carol'  
by Charles Dickens

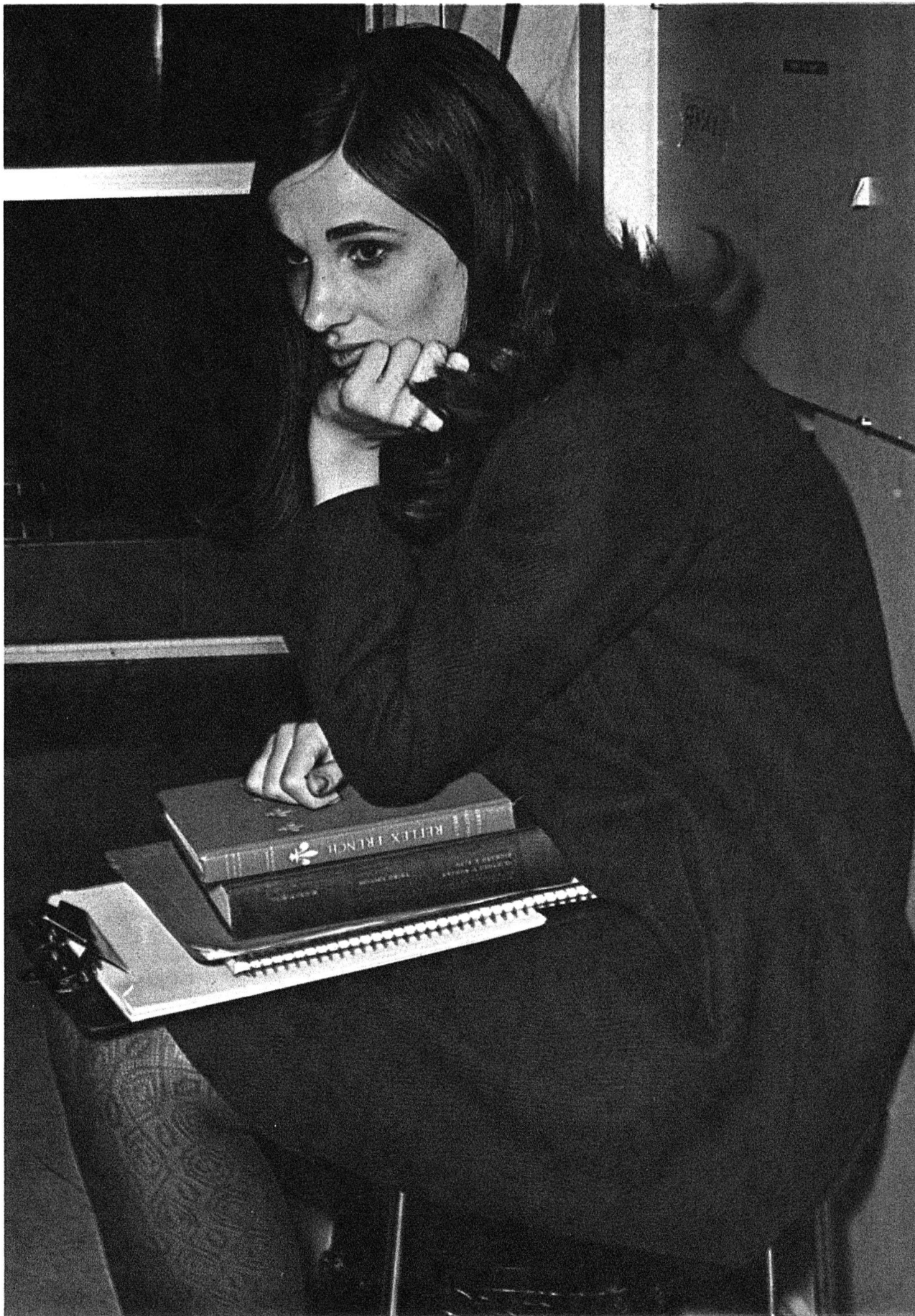




# Christmas

Christmas recurs exactly  
 in we frankly acknow-  
 nis, we begin to realize  
 territory. For it is  
 reveals to us in  
 r sple . . . I look for  
 wish another a Merry  
 ; what turkey and  
 : stop our daily dinner,  
 : be down from the  
 always missing everyone  
 . . ."

able About Christmas'  
 K. Cron



" . . . and yet, might it not be that his instinct for solitude at this season was a right instinct, at least for him, and that to run counter to it would be in some degree unacceptable to the Power that fashioned us? Thus he allowed himself to go, as it were, his own way. After morning service, he sat down to his Christmas fare alone, and then, when the simple meal was over, would sit and think in his accustomed chair. . ."

from 'Out of Harm's Way'  
 by A. C. Benson

# The Assiniboian Canticle

A Christmas carol for the English, anthropology and sociology departments

Christmas is the cruelest month,  
breeding

Nostalgia out in the dead land,  
mixing

Memory and desire, stirring

Dull hearts with warm pain.

Liquor kept us warm, covering

Hurt in forgetful glow, feeding

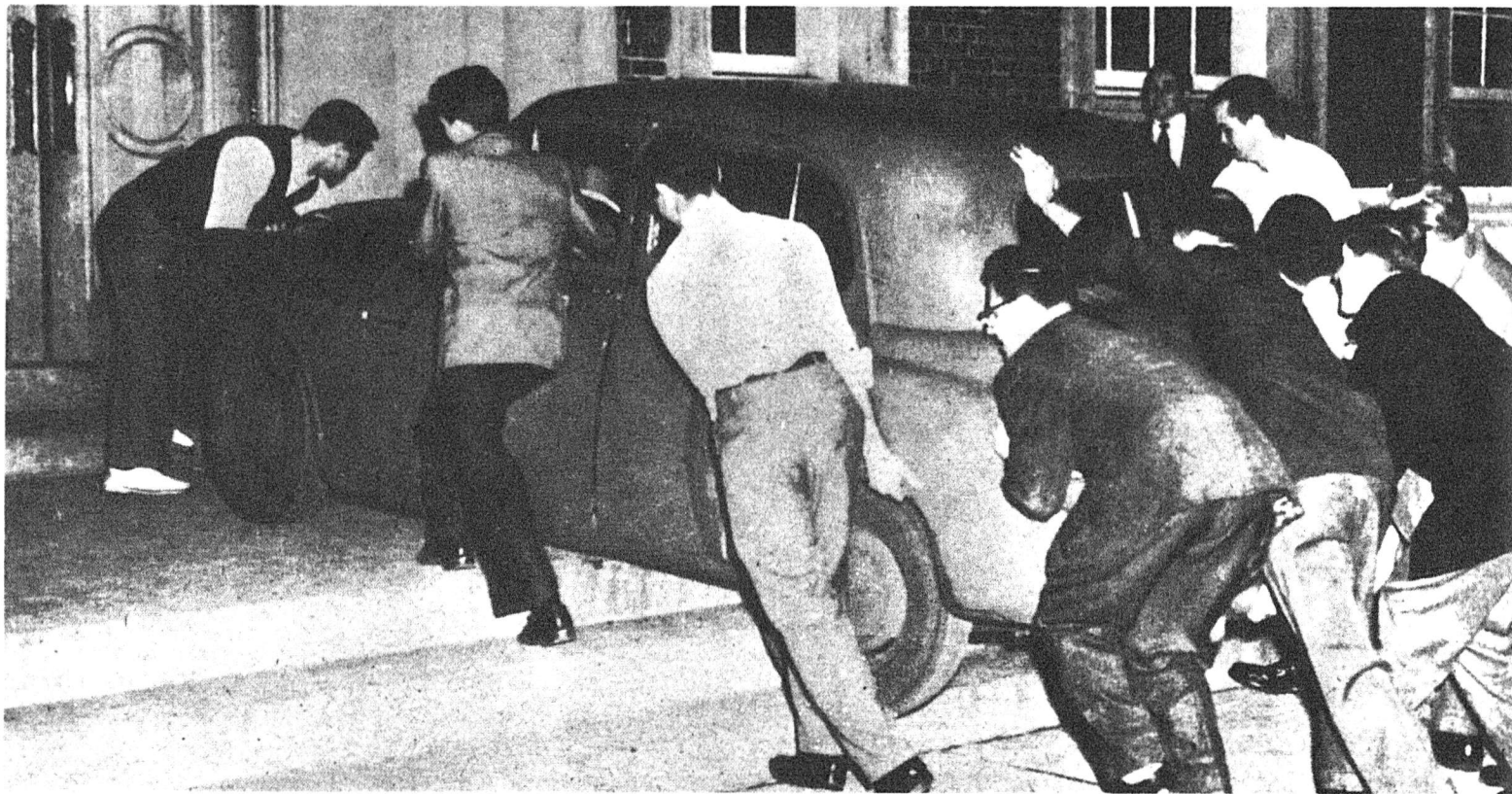
A little life in fried students . . .

with apologies to T. S. Eliot  
and Ezra Pound

You wouldn't catch me working late in Assiniboia Hall at this time of year. No chance. If, sometime after Christmas, it is noted there are a few sections of English and Sociology without instructors there are a few of us left who will know what has happened. The missing will have been seized and civilized by the Ghost of Christmas Past. There was a time when the Spirit or spirits of Christmas Present had more power in Assiniboia. The Ghost of Christmas Past was held at bay, for the Spirit of Christmas Future was allied with that of the current Christmas. But, no more.

It is said that this may be the last Christmas for the old hall at the north end of a long walk through university history. The end of its usefulness means a cold marble marker, as well, for much of the tradition which this campus held as little as five years ago and which now seems going for good.

Don't misunderstand. I realize that time does not stand still and that progress must be made; that rebellion against what has been is a characteristic of youth and that youth is at a premium just now (the media tick the joyous word to me constantly). But progress is slowly converting what was gracious about both the ivy-covered professors and the ivy-covered walls into the impersonality of chrome and concrete; into the highly efficient multiversity.



THREE EASY STEPS

. . . to parking a car where it shouldn't be

Multiversity. Is that not a horrible word, a word like megapolis to bring conservatives and social planners rabidly frothing to turn back the clock. But I do not advocate turning back the clock, for like all clocks ours must turn the entire circle to reach the same hour again. I would only have those of you who were here remember and those of your who are new consider a different sort of atmosphere for living at a university.

*"Fac Deus noster, ut hoc refecti, quaecumque vera constantius sequamur, secundum Jesu Christi spiritum. Amen."*

How many of you have ever attended more than two or three meals where this little Latin grouping was used? For those of you who never have and who don't read Latin, it is the university grace, once regularly heard echoing softly over four hundred male heads despite the terrible acoustics of the dining room in Athabasca Hall. How many of you remember the tall ceiling of that place, the warm wood paneling scarred by over fifty years of residents, and the tripping of Dr. Morrison's Scottish burr as he said grace?

Meals in the evening were al-

ways 'formal' then. No resident could get supper without wearing a collar and tie. There were always those who resented the waste of time, but it was a pretty good encouragement to everyone to believe they were civilized and capable of something better than cut-offs and a sweatshirt.

There was an air of devilment about, never an aura of stuffiness. There are many letters on file with the administration from distraught mothers wondering what had happened to their daughters. Were they ever told? With my own eyes I have seen eight-girl kicklines push into the morass of young men and tables separating them from the front of the hall, only to emerge at that front, numbering seven. It usually shook up the girls, for one disappearance would raise the courage of the men who were dining to the point where four other young ladies could be gone before the group escaped the hall. Those girls who knew this and joined the kickline, when they could, because of it were usually out of luck. The gentlemen of Assiniboia and Athabasca were discriminating. Was there fear such guests would not return? None. Always the kicklines came back for the residences were a mighty block of votes.

A winter's night was always lovely on that part of the campus. The cold, ice-white light from the moon glinted back from the snow laying thickly on the ground and on the tall conifers. The incandescent beams from the old lamps lent a warmth to the scene which came more from the spirit of the buildings than from the electricity. Always in the evenings sounds and light filtered from the buildings. Always something going on. Like the evening, Peter Montgomery and E. N. Rao, that the young man who lived in your office came home and found his entire room complete with door, moved to the front lawn and carefully rearranged just the way he had left it.

Christmas was really a season in those old buildings when they were 'the' official university residences. Only there, in this season,

could Dr. Johns have encountered a young man entering a campus residence with a case of beer under each arm and feel compelled to say only, "Good evening, Brian". The reason for Dr. Johns being in the residence at all? The Christmas banquet. A gala occasion with all the residents of Assiniboia, Athabasca and Pembina gathered to feast with their guests in a scene which would have done credit to an Anglo-Saxon mead hall. To be sure, the mead was all consumed in a long afternoon before the banquet and during a longer evening after it, but the food was the biggest triumph of the cooks all year. It was rumored, but I could not tell by the taste, that the rum sauce for the pudding had actually got rum in it. Ah, the spirit of the thing.

It was never a long celebration in terms of days or weeks. The good fellowship would be blown in four or five days, then Christmas break would see the residences empty overnight as most of the students left for home. It was those left in the halls who often saw the real Christmas spirit. Major Hooper, good scout on this campus for many years, regularly set up a program which got all



THE SILENCE OF A STUDIED BOOK

. . . is heard where Christmas used to ring

remembrances by  
dave mappin

photos from  
old yearbooks

those left in the residences invited to the homes of faculty members for Christmas dinner. There are many stories of Major Hooper wandering around on the afternoon of Christmas Day to take all the stragglers home with him.

Those of you who knew the old residences and the inhabitants will

recognize most of the events related from the last academic year the halls were operated in the old style. As the restless winter of 1963 blew itself over, I lay sleeping in a room below the suite of Dr. Morrison, Assiniboia's last warden, a room where graduate students now pursue their unreal academic ways. I remember a "seminar" we had one night over coffee in that chamber, conducted in a literary style I'm sure the English Department will find hard to equal. It is certain the spirit of Rod Taylor who rendered a dramatic reading of selected passages from "Tropic of Cancer" will be with that room forever.

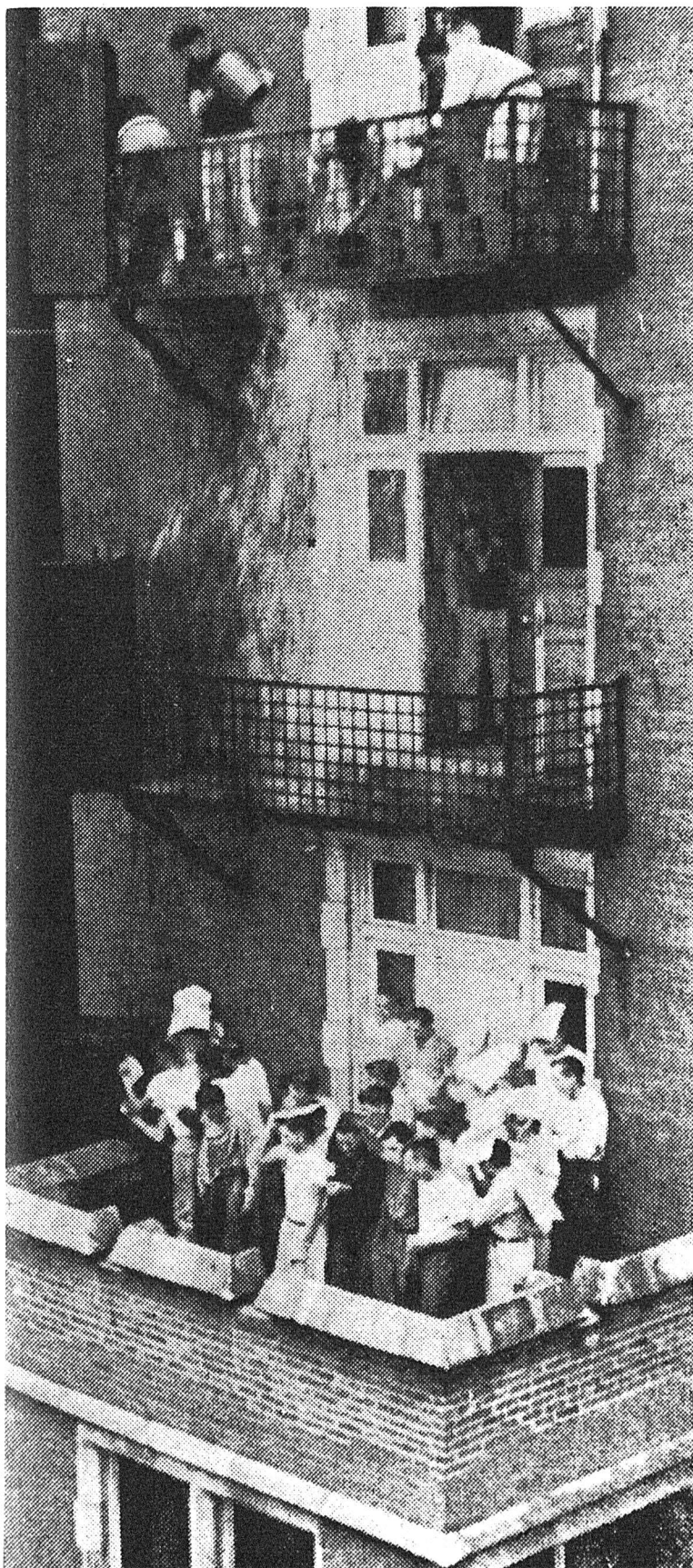
The spring was a painful and protracted one in many ways. E. D. Bolt, there were many hours spent in your office planning protests and demonstrations about the high rents in Lister Hall. I remember, too, Provost Ryan trying to return to the then resident of that room a parting gift the young man had never given him. Did you know Dr. Baldwin that a phone call to the room that is now your office postponed one of the largest demonstrations ever planned for the Provincial Legislature? Exams, as always, raised the ten-

sions just a little more. Anne Marie Decore, is the black circle still on your floor where a young man who had been studying too long fell asleep one Sunday morning, leaving his electric kettle plugged in?

These are the most recent spirits of that building. There are others. The most prominent being that of Reg Lister, and the spirits of four young men, who one night used a steam tunnel to gain access to Pembina Hall and paint some light bulbs and certain parts of the bathrooms bright red being decidedly the most colourful. I am sure, too, that if you listen carefully in some of the corridors about seven in the evening you might hear the sounds of a baseball game in progress.

One old building has passed away and another two are passing. There is really no one left to live there, for the old system needs a regenerating group, a group to teach the newcomers the traditions. Next spring, if the old building goes down, the phantom of SUB may find himself overrun, and in many corners of this country and countless others, the old priests will begin a chant.

Wassail one last time old home.



**LIFE IN THE OLD RESIDENCES**  
... where a bath was a community project

## 'Tis the season to feel lonely; if you want to let yourself

By LYDIA DOTTO

She walked hurriedly across the quad, the wind blowing her hair in her eyes. It had started to snow and she was afraid it would ruin her hair. It was the tenth time it had snowed that month—each time the snow had melted the next day. Was this another abortive attempt at winter, she thought.

The SUB loomed in view and she slowed her pace. She didn't want to go in—it was much too warm in there—a false kind of warm. But she thought of her hair again—it was naturally curly and tended to friz slightly in rain or snow—and decided, after all, she might as well go in and have coffee.

She hoped she wouldn't meet anyone she knew. She hated having coffee with anyone. Well, almost anyone. If that cute fellow who sat next to her in poli sci ever asked her to have coffee with him she'd probably go with him. He seemed a nice enough fellow, in a superficial sort of way. Not that it really mattered, one way or the other, whether he was superficial or not. One coffee's nothing to get excited about.

He hadn't asked her, though, and she couldn't really say that it bothered her. She walked into the cafeteria. Alone.

The cafeteria was unusually quiet, but then it was almost supper time and everyone had gone home to eat. Just people like herself reminded—people who had taken late classes. People who couldn't bear to get up early in the morning and who, consequently, ended up staring out of the SUB cafeteria windows, in a somewhat morose manner, into the twilight, and snowy mud and uninterested people wandering around.

While she sat there she thought about the English essay that she hadn't started which was due tomorrow, the Biology notes she hadn't taken that day because she'd been

writing a letter in class, the date she'd accepted when she didn't really want to and was wishing she could break, the snow, and the fact that winter had finally, finally come.

The wind seemed very cold that day. She hoped it wouldn't die down, and she hoped the snow wouldn't melt again.

It was getting ridiculous—here it was, practically Christmas and no snow.

She didn't want a green Christmas. No, she certainly didn't want that. It would be quite upsetting.

She wasn't sure she wanted a Christmas at all. It was a nuisance buying gifts.

There were Christmas exams too, which really didn't come near Christmas at all, but for which she was expected to study during the Christmas holidays and for which she knew she wouldn't. You couldn't really blame Christmas for that, though, and she didn't particularly care to.

She thought about the Christmas tree which was the only thing left about the season that she really liked, besides the snow. They were getting an artificial tree this year. It was cheaper in the long run.

But they could get genuine pine tree scent in a spray can, and that would make up for it. It was a comforting thought.

The lights in the cafeteria dimmed then, and over U of A radio she heard vague strains of what could have been "O Holy Night" or "We Three Kings".

Or it might have been "Snoopy's Christmas". She wasn't sure. Like most things, it really didn't matter.

Yes, she thought, as she looked at the dusk that had unexpectedly become night (she never quite really believed it would), it was winter and Christmas.

She looked out the window again, into the darkening sky, to make sure it was real, and wondered, "What the hell."

## Merry Christmas from



## your friendly Casserole staff

The entire Casserole staff wishes each and every one of you a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year, many hours of studying time, little trouble with your examinations, easy term papers and good skiing. Your well-wishers are: (we did not realize there were so many people working for us) Jim Rennie, Lydia Dotto, Rich Vivone, Ralph Melnychuk, Chuck Lyall, Bev Bayer, Terry Donnelly, Gordon Auck, John Thompson, Barbara Fraser, Shirley Swartz, John Makowichuk, Rita Lever, John Green and yours, Ron Yakimchuk. Have a good time.

Color photography by:

C-1—Neil Driscoll

C-4, C-5 (left to right)

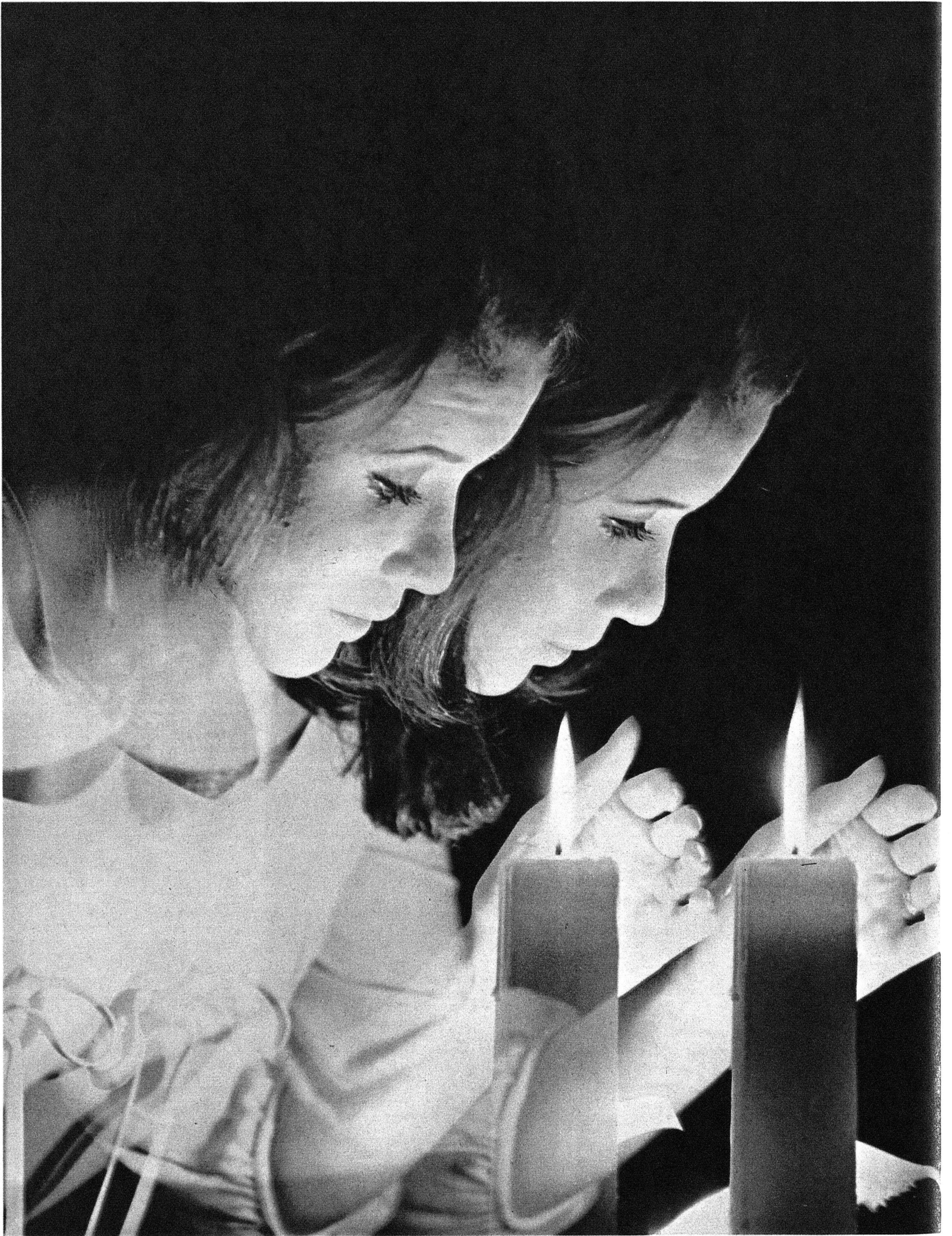
(1) B. S. P. Bayer

(2) George Barr

(3) Ken Hutchinson

C-8—Ken Hutchinson

Special thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Barr and Dr. and Mrs. Blackmore for the use of their homes. Thanks also to models Barb Cogill and Mike Evans (C-1), Dwayne Good and Kathy McGuffin (C-4), Ken Hutchinson (C-4 and C-5), Connie Carr (C-5) and Cathy Elias (C-8).



# Boreal Institute for northern study has replaced much-mourned Hot Caf

By MIRIAM McCLELLAN

There is good news for students who mourn the loss of Hot Caf. It has been replaced by the Boreal Institute for northern research.

"U of A is Canada's most northern university and, therefore, has the responsibility of leading in the establishment of such a research institute," said Professor J. Jameson Bond, the institute director.

An informal ceremony Dec. 8 opened the Boreal Institute. Dr. R. A. Burwash, chairman of the institute's directorate, began the ceremonies and was followed by Prof Bond.

"The official opening of the Boreal Institute is the recognition of a new step forward in its life," said Prof. Bond.

"Further expansion of the Institute's program will be an important step forward toward the fulfillment of Edmonton's geographical role in Canada," he said.

Formation of the Boreal Institute for northern research headed by a Board of Governors began on this campus in 1960. A library of information was situated in the basement of the Cameron library.

The institute has three purposes; to supply information on the North, to provide training and instruction to people interested in the North and to cover every aspect of northern research.

The Boreal Institute now has a

five-man directorate of various faculty members, to serve as the policy-making body.

Prof Bond came here from the University of Windsor for his appointment effective September 1. He spent 13 years in Canada's northland as administrative officer for the federal government.

U of A president Dr. Walter H. Johns at the opening said, "All the people involved with this institute know what they are talking about because each of them has lived and worked in the North for several years."

"They know the North and love

it and are anxious to see it develop," he said.

The Boreal Institute moved into the green-roofed renovated cafeteria between the chemistry and engineering buildings Oct. 1.

The institute's library contains books, maps, periodicals and newspapers on the North. It is open to students and the general public from Monday to Friday.

The institute has several programs underway.

It has published three "Occasional Publications" on northern research and is sponsoring field trips to the North.



TICKLE MY CHIN ONCE MORE  
... and I'll bust you; at the boreal institute

## Student leader called leftist

OTTAWA (CUP)—Two disgruntled former student councillors from the University of Ottawa last week called a news conference to charge their student president with leftist tendencies.

Vice-president Allan Palef resigned November 17 and external affairs commissioner Allan Rock resigned last Thursday "after finding ourselves unable to exert a moderating influence on the council."

Their plastic-bond brief claims president Alphonse Morissette spoke at an Oct. 21 anti-war rally on Parliament Hill and "not only positioned himself against the war but identified our union to an uncommon degree with elements best articulated by Ho Chi Minh."

They charged an election to fill Palef's post was deliberately made irregular because the student newspaper announcing nominations was locked in a room and not available to students until nominations closed. But Fulcrum editor Marg Cown said "It was an accident and it happens quite regularly."

### FABULOUS CHRISTMAS GIFT IDEAS!!

<b>SPORT COATS</b> by "Cambridge" "Savile Row" "Country Squire" \$39.50 to \$85.00	<b>TOP COATS OVERCOATS</b> by "Savile Row" "Cumberland" \$49.50 - \$130.00	<b>SUEDE CAR COATS and LEATHER TOP COATS</b> by "Bantamac" \$89.50 - \$125.00	<b>RAINCOATS CAR COATS</b> Zip-in Zip-out Lining by "Grenfell" "Cumberland" \$34.95 to \$55.00	<b>SHOES</b> by "Slater" Canada's Finest \$19.95 to \$37.50	<b>SWEATERS</b> All The Latest Styles and Colors by "Jantzen" \$10.00 to \$32.50
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Gateway

## Sports

## Varsity and junior squads prepare for wrestling meet

"The wizzer, use the thing you dummy. You had it but you let it go."

"Come on, throw the hips up. Souffle, souffle. That's it you got 'em. Yea, drive 'em."

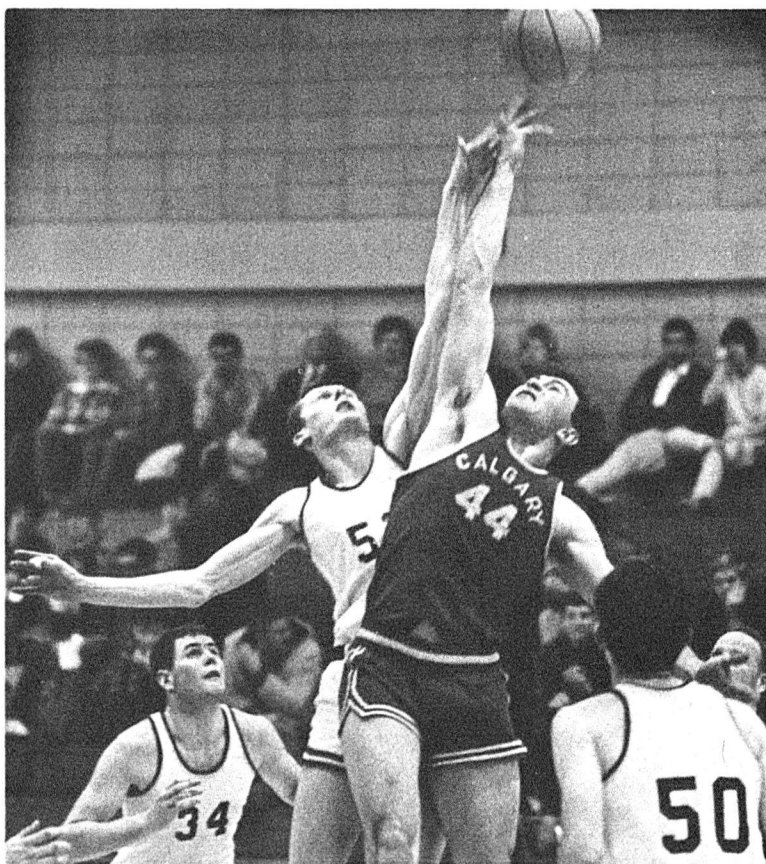
That's Dr. Burt Taylor at one of the nightly wrestling practices. His charges are preparing for the Edmonton Open this Saturday.

The U of A will have 21 wrestlers in the competitions — both varsity and junior teams entered. Over 300 competitors are expected,

from the junior high level up to the university and open levels.

There will be no team competition, no team trophies. Dr. Taylor is thinking of the meet as nothing but a very live practice session. Each wrestler is guaranteed two bouts. The wrestlers are looking for every bit of experience as the university wrestling season rapidly approaches.

The first big test of the new year comes Jan. 6 with the U of A Invitational Meet scheduled for the gym.



**THE BALL'S THE THING**—Bears see action again this weekend, against the Edmonton Chieftains Friday and the Calgary Cascades Saturday. The Bears are still smarting from their split against the Dinos last week (see picture, above) and should be up for the games. Game time is 8:30 p.m.

### TEACHERS WANTED

by the

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for

SEPTEMBER 1968

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Phone 432-4291—92-93-94

on December 19th, 1967,  
January 29th, 30th, and 31st,  
February 1st and 2nd, 1968.

OR

any time at the School Board Office,  
9807 - 106th Street.

Please phone 429-2751 for an appointment.

## Bearcats down Calgary counterparts in two-game weekend hockey series

The Junior Bearcats continued their winning ways over the weekend, sweeping a two game series from their counterparts from the University of Calgary.

Friday night, the Bearcats fired three goals within the first three minutes of the game, then withstood a late Dinosaur rally to post a 7-4 victory.

The goals were divided evenly among Tom Devaney, John Steinbach, Tom Darling, Harvey Poon, Lorne McLeod, Ted Buttrey and Don Falkenberg. For Calgary, it was Bruce Hinkley, Jim Stuart, Wayne Lannan and Daryl Ell.

The score actually flattered the Dinosaurs, as they were completely outclassed from the opening whistle. Had it not been for the great performance of their goalie, Dave Margach, the score might easily have been 17-4. Margach stopped a total of 30 shots, most of them of the tough variety, while at the other end, Zane Jacubec blocked 21, many of them from outside the blueline.

### CLEANLY PLAYED

The game was cleanly played, with only 12 minor penalties handed out, seven to the Bearcats.

On Saturday afternoon, the Bearcats had an easier time in posting an 8-3 win over the short-staffed Calgarians, who dressed only 12 players.

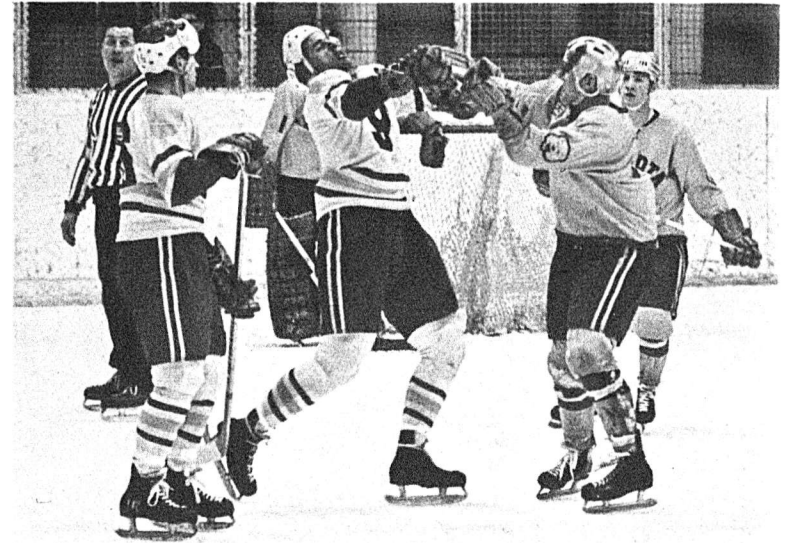
Dennis Stephen opened the scoring at the 19:12 mark of the opening frame, backhanding the puck in from a scramble. The lead was short-lived, however, as Mike Borody found the range behind Ron Warner at 0:05 of the second period. From that point on, it was all Bearcats, as they scored almost at will. Don Falkenberg with three, and Ted Buttrey and Tom Devaney with two each rounded out the Bearcats' scoring. Replying for Calgary were Bruce Hinkley, and Pete Chivilo.

Again it was only the sparkling performance of Dave Margach in the Dinnie's goal that kept the score down. The Bearcats fired 58 shots at Margach, while the Dinnies

## U of A Pandas lose to Cals in City Open

The U of A Pandas volleyball team lost three games and the Calgary City Open Volleyball Championship to the Calgary Cals "A" team last weekend.

During elimination play the Pandas won 15 of 16 games, losing only to the Cals and beating them another time. In the finals, a best of three affair, the Pandas dropped the first game 15-3. They made a comeback in the second, but it wasn't enough as the Cals posted a 15-9 win.



—Neil Driscoll photo

### SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE FIGHTS

... action from last Saturday's Bear, Dinosaur tilt

could manage but 11 at Ron Warner.

The game was a rugged, but cleanly played affair, with the Bearcats being assessed eight of the eleven minor penalties.

Coach McDonald of the Bearcats was naturally quite pleased with his team's showing, and well he should be, as the two wins made it

ten in eleven games, with one tie. On the other hand, Dinnie's coach, former Golden Bear George Kingston, wasn't too unhappy with his club's performances.

"We'll get even with them in Calgary next month. Then we'll have a full team. I had to leave nine of my guys at home because of exams," he said.

## Volleyball Bears power way to victory at Calgary meet

By JOHN BOYD

Western Canadian volleyball has been dominated for the last three years by the University of Alberta Golden Bears.

Last weekend's tournament at Calgary proved that the story should not change this year.

The Bears, coached by Costa Chrysanthous, displayed their usual prowess and the tournament ended with Costa's squad coasting home with ten wins and no losses.

This was no mean feat! Two of the opposing teams; the Calgary Grads and Edmonton Safeway, are made up of ex-Bears who have been coached by Chrysanthous.

Another important factor in the Bear's wins, was their experience. Gary Humphries, Barry Giffen, Dennis Johnston, Pete Greene, Lorne Sawula and Don Holms are all veterans of last year's squad. The two new-comers, Rick Curtis and Jack Martin, graduated from the U of A junior team, the "Bearcats".

The next chance the Bears get to prove their worth is at the Calgary Invitational tournament on Jan. 27.

The competition will be made up of Brigham Young, U of Washington, U of Seattle, U of Bellingham and all the western Canadian universities. It should be of a higher calibre than the opposition offered in the Calgary tournament and should prove the Bears to be the "winners" that Costa Chrysanthous has trained them to be.



**COSTA CHRYSANTHOUS**  
... volleyball mentor

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# Speaking on Sports

By STEVE RYBAK

That time of year has rolled around again. It's time to make a few apologies, wish a few people merry x-mass, suggest a few possible gifts for the season and hand out more plaudits.

First, the apologies . . . Dan McCaffery and Dale Halterman . . . we'll try much harder not to give other people credit for your faces and plays you made.

Now gifts . . . the rink crew . . . some paint and a few paint brushes, to get the ice in shape for the new year color-wise. You know, so the fans and the players can see the lines and maybe even a Bear at centre ice.

. . . The Bear hockey defensive crew . . . Bobby Baun's book on "How to Play Defence", with special reference to the chapter on how to clear a puck.

. . . Chuck Moser . . . a bundle of travel schedules and a good travel agent so he can spend a little time on publicity and press releases. Also my phone number, 432-4329.

. . . Stu Olson, the Lambda Chi drummer . . . a new drum stick, so the boys back at the house can scrape the supper dishes.

. . . the phys ed faculty . . . a big raspberry and a Bronx cheer, for letting Darwin Semotiuk get away. The U of M grabbed him and Darwin has turned the basketball doormats into a WCIAA powerhouse.

. . . Pete Gilbert's wife . . . a medal for the most understanding wife of the year. I see that Pete wasn't sporting any new scars after we published the picture of him recuperating at the Royal York.

. . . The U of C and UBC press release people . . . love and kisses and things for getting releases to me faster than our people across the street.

. . . The Marching Band and Cheerleaders . . . the Phantom of SUB award for pulling the best disappearance acts during the first half of the hockey season.

. . . Rich Vivone . . . my thanks for stirring up a little commotion and getting some people thinking on this campus.

## Merry Christmas and thanks muchly

. . . for all those people that have resurrected the Junior teams and play on them . . . my best wishes for getting some money out of the UAB budget next year to get much needed equipment and maybe find some opponents to play, on the road.

. . . Chuck McManus, football statistician in Saskatoon . . . an adding machine and some glasses so he can read the "stats" from the games and then add them up properly. The Gateway never published any statistics at the end of the season because they were in more than a mess. We couldn't even decipher them.

. . . My undying thanks to people like Peppermint Patty, Gerry Buccini, John McBain, Ray Haswell, Sharon Phelan, Susan Schill and those other anonymous personages who have helped me.



# One hundred bowlers turn out for first annual Christmas tourney

The University of Alberta Bowling Club sponsored its first annual Christmas Tournament on Sunday, and in spite of poor weather conditions, one hundred bowlers went into action in three different draws. The icy conditions apparently held back about forty bowlers.

Brian Chapman and Sandy Brummitt walked off with top honors with some fine bowling. Chapman's four-game total of 1228 was fourteen points better than second-place finisher Al Ratsoy. Brummitt rolled a series of 1253, 108 pins better than Brenda Weldon.

Jeannie Sarapuh rolled the high women's single game of 268 while Ken Kellough took men's top game with a fine 344.

First prize in both men's and women's competitions were donated by the Double-Diamond Bowling Company, the installer of Varsity Lanes.

# Bears to spend holidays in exhibition puck action

The Golden Bear hockey club doesn't taste league action again until Jan. 25, but they have plenty of exhibition contests scheduled to fill the void.

Friday at 8 p.m. they play the Red Deer Imperials at Varsity Arena.

Sunday the Bears lock horns with their crosstown rivals, the Edmonton Oil Kings, at the Edmonton Gardens.

The Bears are scheduled to play in the Brown University Christmas Hockey Tournament, Dec. 29 and 30, at Providence, Rhode Island. However certain financial problems have appeared which may prevent the team from going.

Early in January the Bears will make their annual pilgrimage to Denver to play the University of Denver Pioneers. Upon their return, the Bears will have several more exhibition encounters with the Oil Kings and the Imperials.

League action resumes Jan. 25 and 26 in Calgary with a series against the Dinosaurs.

In last week's action against the University of Calgary, Sam Belcourt picked up three points to move into a tie with Jack Gibson for the club scoring title. Gibson has 11 goals and six assists while Belcourt has seven goals and ten assists.

By allowing only two goals in the Calgary games goaltender Dale Halterman lowered his goals against average to 1.67, tops in the league.

**MEN**

1st—Brian Chapman	1228
2nd—Al Ratsoy	1214
3rd—Noel McBride	1132
4th—Ken Kellough	1126
5th—Dennis Schuler	1112
6th—Dave Bass	1103

**WOMEN**

1st—Sandy Brummitt	1253
2nd—Brenda Weldon	1145
3rd—Sharon Zeweniuk	1125
4th—Ev McGibbon	1124

## Official notices

All those interested in making submissions to the U of A Radio inquiry committee are asked to leave notice with students' union treasurer Phil Ponting, second floor SUB.

Any club executives or students' union committee chairmen may pick up this year's edition of the executive handbook at the students' union receptionist's desk on the second floor of SUB.

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## Canadian University Press DATELINE

### Prof favors state university

MONTREAL—Dr. Michel Brunet, Vice-Dean of Letters at l'Université de Montréal, says all six Quebec universities should be combined into a single government-sponsored institution.

Dr. Brunet says this would ensure funds were properly allocated and would allow the less-developed universities in the province to achieve academic equality.

He classed his university with those which were "behind" and mentioned McGill as one in a "privileged position."

McGill's academic vice-principal, Michel Oliver, later told the gathering the average level of education and the percentage of French Quebecers reaching university are lower than those of the English group, but the government currently grants much less money to English schools for administrative and educational purposes than to their French counterparts.

"What we actually need in Quebec," said Dr. Oliver, "is not a policy which will favor some universities at the expense of others, but one which will allow them to attain full development."

### Madison expels protestors

MADISON, Wisconsin—Three University of Wisconsin students were expelled last month, less than three hours after they walked out of their hearings before the Student Council Committee.

They were among 13 students arrested during the Oct. 18 campus demonstration against the Dow Chemical Co.

After several postponements, only five of the 13 were finally called before the Nov. 30 committee, consisting entirely of administrators.

The three students walked out of the hearing when their motion asking that the committee members disqualify themselves because of "collusion" was abruptly dismissed.

Defence attorney Percy Julian argued that the concept of "the body accusing and the body judging" being the same, was inherently unfair and unconstitutional and that there was evidence of collusion in the fact that high-level administrators and the university's lawyers had met with the committee one day prior to the actual hearing.

### Council censures editor

MONTREAL—Student council of l'Université de Montréal censured the editor of Le Quartier Latin because he is not pressuring for changes within the university.

Student council president Jean Dore privately asked for editor Guy Sarazin's resignation but he refused.

Sarazin admitted the Quartier Latin had not achieved the standards they had established for themselves. He said they had encountered impeding organizational difficulties which they were hoping to iron out.

He said he has no intention of resigning.

Dore said the major function of a student newspaper is to contest the structures of society by pressuring for changes within the university framework. He said the Quartier Latin was not performing this function.

He emphasized the executive's displeasure with Sarazin was not due to the paper's policy, but the inefficiency of the newspaper's leadership in executing its policy.

### McGill student convicted of assault

MONTREAL—The second of two students arrested last month during a McGill University administration building sit-in was convicted of assault last week.

Paul Joseph of New York City was convicted of assaulting a police constable who was loading a McGill lecturer into a paddy wagon. The lecturer was acquitted of a similar charge in connection with the incident.

After Judge Roland Langlois handed down his decision Joseph again pleaded innocent.

"I did not lay a hand on anyone," he said. He plans to contest the decision in a higher court.

Judge Langlois said in his judgement he was "unable to set aside the positive, coherent, and clear statements of the prosecution, as against the rather ambiguous nature of the contradiction by the accused."

Joseph said he was outside the administration building with a crowd of more than 200 people "out of curiosity" while other students clogged the building. The sit-in was protesting administration action on the McGill Daily affair.



—Derek Nash photo

**SHEARS AND ROBUST**—It's a long way to Missitucky, but the boys have until Feb. 15 to get Shears and Robust's Jaguar on stage. The occasion is Jubilaires' annual Varsity Guest Weekend production, and the play is "Finian's Rainbow."

## DEAR SANTA . . .

*"All I want for Christmas is a trip to Europe!"*

I'VE BEEN A REALLY  
GOOD BOY ALL YEAR  
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YOU COULD HELP ME OUT?  
AFTER ALL, WHAT'S  
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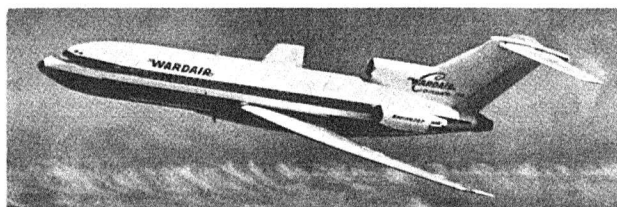
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Stew Vinnels  
433-7571 (5:30 - 6:30)



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## OLD MAN AND THE SEA

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