

...cont'd

erably less than welfare and especially U.I.C. We make good use of our time, holding down the equivalent of 1-1/2 jobs (including studies), and yet at least half of the money we are supplied with to help improve ourselves is demanded back. Why not do the same for welfare and U.I.C. recipients? What benefit will society eventually derive from the payment of these funds? Welfare recipients are, in effect, receiving money for nothing since society will have done nothing more than keep them alive by maintaining them on social assistance. But if everyone is to repay, you might say, there should be exceptions; for single mothers at least, perhaps for families. But what makes single people less worthy of remission in any form? (Guess what, folks: We're also the majority!)

Perhaps we should be penalized for consuming more, relatively, than families, since it is cheaper for two or more to live together. Perhaps we should be penalized for having the good sense not to take on the commitment of supporting a family before we are financially able to. These arguments are obviously flawed, and the point remains that if we are going to have student loans and remission, then they should be applied equally to all students who need them. I hope that whoever is responsible for this issue at the U of Calgary carries through their objection and defeats the proposal, since no one at the U of A seems to have reasoned this out.

It is true that we owe the rich and varied experience of our lives, at least in part, to our society. I have found no better experience in life than being here as a student (well, maybe one!), and my student loan, combined with my part-time work income makes this experience possible. Once upon a time, getting married meant that you were ready to deal with the responsibility of supporting a family. Just because this no longer seems to be the case doesn't mean the rest of us should pay the cost. Student loan remission should, if given at all and I maintain that it should be, apply to all students, not just those who take the most money from the system.

Mike Spindloe

## Humour

**Warning: Only people with last names beginning with the letters A-T will find this even mildly humorous.**

Discrimination is alive and well in North America. Alphabetical discrimination.

There's a typographical error on my library card. It reads "Gregory Waiting." That's a pretty accurate assessment. We W's learn to wait early. If, in kindergarten, a substitute teacher was taking roll, the S's were shooting spitwads at the sub, the L's had gone home for the day, and the A's had been promoted to first grade by the time roll call reached the poor, put-upon, W's.

Many of my prominent memories from my early years in school involve being discriminated against as a W. In elementary school, we always lined up to get to classes outside the homeroom. The A's had to spend a few more seconds waiting in line, but they always wound up with some kind of advantage.

In music, the situation wasn't all that bad. We W's (there were no U-V's or X-Z's in my classes at that time) usually got the old, wrinkled, lyrics sheets, but it wasn't very often that they were completely illegible. Most of the time, we were able to sing along loudly with the A's on those old standards like "Three Blind Mice" (which I think was about a farmer's wife shooting craps) and "Michael, Row the Boat Ashore" (which never did make sense).

In art, however, the A's had a distinct advantage. They were first into the room and would always get the white paint that was still white, the brushes that had been cleaned properly, and the carefully cut sheets of paper.

There were also a few problems in gym. To this day, I can't climb a rope because it was never my turn by the time class ended. However, I can't say that this actually makes me feel deprived.

Even in the homeroom, where we didn't have to line up, there were disadvantages to being a W. Sitting in the back of the room all the time made it hard to eavesdrop when the teacher called someone up to her desk for disciplinary purposes. This was a distinct social disadvantage. The W's never knew why John Doe had gotten into hot water. I personally was lucky if I even saw that John had been called to the desk — until I got glasses.

In third grade, I was the last person in the class able to sign my full name — because capital W was virtually the last cursive letter taught.

After sixth grade, there were fewer lineups. Also, when the three elementary schools in the area merged into one junior high school, I got a chance to take an occasional class in which a Wimber or a Ziegler was enrolled, which meant that I wasn't last all the time. But, there were still a few problems. When mid-quarter reports were handed out, we late-alphabeters had to sit impatiently through the entire class period to get our reports. The A's would be in the halls, on the playground, in the library, and occasionally on vacation in Kansas, before the W's and Z could be dismissed. The teachers — people with names like Blue, Casey, Carpinello, and Cocking — weren't sympathetic. One teacher — Mrs. Muldrow — tried to help us once by starting in the middle of the alphabet, at M. However, the L's (who outnumbered the two W's) got mad at her and she didn't do it again.

In high school, my biology teacher, Mr. Williams, said that when he attended a university, everything was done in reverse alphabetical order. My hopes were shattered, though. I'm now in my fourth year here. Roll has only been taken about ten times, and each time it was taken from A-Z. The W's were among the last to pick up our schedules at registration this year.

Government leaders who speak out about international issues should be notified that insidious and evil discrimination is occurring within their own jurisdictions. **The W's want action. Now.**

Greg Whiting

**FLY ON THE WALL**

The guy sitting next to me is eating a hot dog. He has taken one bite out of it so far and he has a big blotch of ketchup mixed with mustard on his shirt to show for it. He does not know it is there. The girl he is talking to notices it, but she doesn't know what to say. He is getting ready to take another bite and I can see another glob oozing out of the bottom of the bun. The girl motions to him to watch it, so he looks down at his hot dog now inches away from his mouth. He sees the glob and reacts by whipping a napkin under the bun, but he's too late. He now has two big blotches of ketchup mixed with mustard on his shirt, and he is aware of them. His face is turning a nice stop-light shade of red as he dabs at the blotches with his napkin; but the dabbing isn't doing any good.

He is starting to swear now. The girl tells him not to worry because he can always put his coat on, but his coat is a huge winter parka with an enormous hood on the back of it, thus making it a little cumbersome to wear to class. His swearing is starting to attract the attention of others sitting here in the lounge, so he stops. I wonder if he knows that he just kicked over her pop.

J. Dylan

**Gateway Recruitment**

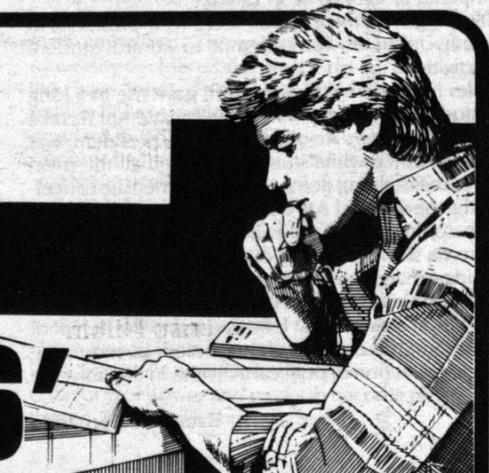
We need:

Writers,  
photographers,  
cartoonists,  
lay-out artists.

Experience not required

Come up to  
Rm 282 SUB

*Safeway's got it...*



**STUDENTS' DISCOUNT DAY**

For all U of A Students

We've been together as part of the community for 57 years - why shop anywhere else when there's a Safeway Store in your neighbourhood.

**TUESDAY NOVEMBER 18**

IS YOUR DAY TO RECEIVE A DISCOUNT OF 10% OFF YOUR TOTAL FOOD BILL.

**VALID ONLY AT THIS LOCATION**

10930 - 82 Avenue, 8065 - 104 Street,  
5120 - 122 Street, 5720 - 111 Street

10% Discount does not apply to prescription, tobacco products or fluid milk products.

We ask that you present your Student Identification card in order to receive your 10% discount.

**SAFEWAY**



With this Coupon

**DELI DEPT.** **\$2 OFF**

On a purchase of \$15.00 or more.

THIS COUPON IS VALID ONLY AT 10930 - 82 AVENUE EDMONTON, SAFEWAY.

LIMIT OF ONE COUPON PER FAMILY PURCHASE

EDMONTON DIVISION COUPON Coupon valid until closing December 31, 1986.