

(Continued from page 5)  
 igious beliefs, they will not subtly attempt to indoctrinate those who attend. This is of course a difficult task and one that will require much preparation and research.  
 Three of the last four lecturers have been somewhat less than adequate. The next must be a resounding success. The intellect of the campus requests it, the respect of the university requires it and the memory of Henry Marshall Tory demands it.  
 —Sycamore

**OPERATION DIG**

For some time I have been distressed by the possibility of nuclear war. The alarming fact about such a war is that the civilian would be at the centre of the target.

Consequently there has been much tense discussion about the need for fallout shelters. Those against, feel shelters merely give us the choice between being fried or roasted. Proponents of shelters point out we would at least have that choice.

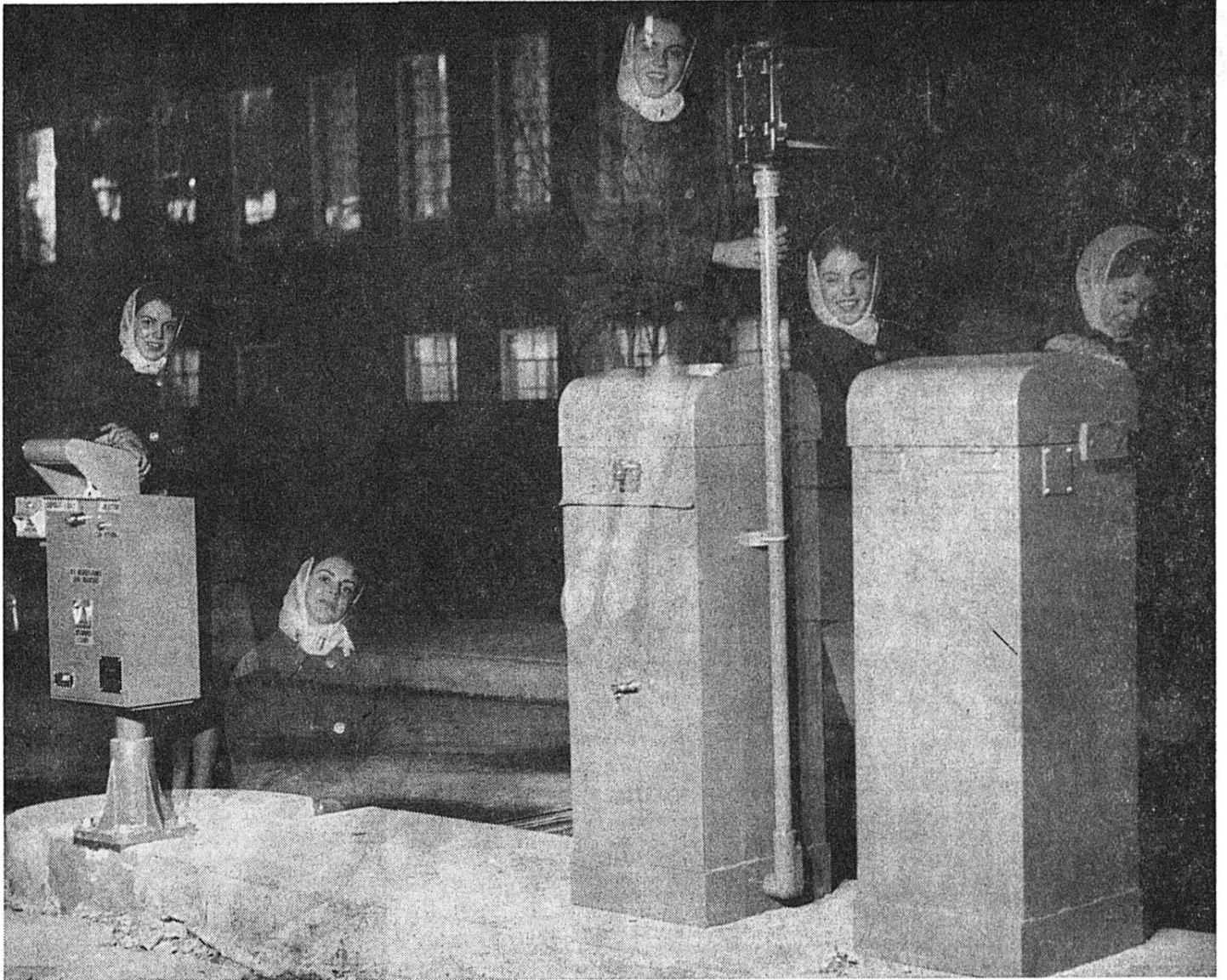
Although it is obvious which side is the more logical, the man in the street is perplexed about this issue, and is on the verge of hysteria or suicide or both. Therefore what we now need is clear thinking and realistic action. I am determined to provide both. In the first place, men have the right, indeed the duty, to perpetuate the human race. Moreover, nobody can deny men have the right to forearm themselves against dangers. Therefore, whether you are a moral or merely a prudent man, you must build atomic shelters. But let us be rational about this and, by understanding all the problems involved, do it in the most efficient way.

Shelters are the only answer. And the really central factor about building shelters in view of fallout, firestorms, volume of rabble, etc. is ventilation. Ventilation is our biggest problem. But it is not the only problem. There is also the possibility radiation might linger on and on and on. Therefore, the only solution to the problems of getting into the shelter in time, and then of getting out again, is to get in now and stay there.

All these considerations point to the fact individual shelters are absurd. What we really need are enormous numbers of enormous shelters, enormously deep and self-sufficient in every way. Man—considering his enormous technological advances—is quite able to produce such shelters. Why then has not our Government done something about this dynamic proposal? Because it needs the masses to prod it out of its torpidity. And what is going to prod the masses out of its torpidity? S.E.S.E.L!

The Society for the Elimination of Superficial Earth Living is the only answer to our problems, and I am its president. Nobody can deny this... And I would like to make my appeal to those who do not deny it, to those who are interested in perpetuating the human race and human civilization, to those who want to bring sanity back to humanity, to those who know where and how deep Man's destiny lies. Therefore, to you who have Man's interest at heart—and I know there are many of you—I offer an invitation to attend S.E.S.E.L.'s open-air meeting this Saturday afternoon in the football park which, I am sure, will be large enough to hold you.

The following questions and resolutions will be discussed:  
 1. whether it would be better to write letters to the local M.P. or to the P.M. himself  
 2. whether it would be better to have sit-down strikes or protest marches or both



**TOLL TAKING** Hallowe'en night, Co-ed Kathy Showalter demonstrates her abilities ghostwise, while flitting about the fine new mechanical flatfoot, installed this week to guard the

Students' Union parking lot. It is reported that the device will not only be more efficient, but also more clever than the campus patrol. (Photo by Ralph Bat)

3. whether our open-air meetings are to let off wind or to get something done
4. whether we should invite the C.U.C.N.D. to join us or to outlaw it as a threat to the security and interests of S.E.S.E.L.
5. that we set up a new government agency to be responsible for the development and maintenance of the shelters
6. that we call this new agency The Department of Interior Ventilation and Engineering (D.I.V.E.)
7. that, once we are established in the shelters, we impose the social structure from above, called Democracy
8. that, in order to differentiate between ourselves and those who stay on the surface—never doubt that there will be some fools and some undesirables who will—we call ourselves the Holy Order of Lower Earthlings
9. that—and this is our most vital need—we establish the Under Army whose backbone will be the Division of Underground Guerillas (D.U.G.) whose responsibility it will be to protect us from any surprise underground attacks.

NOTE: Please remember to bring your shovels.  
 —B.G.S.

**MORE LETTERS**

To The Editor:  
 In answer to an article appearing in the last issue of The Gateway, entitled, Lost: 18 Co-eds as written by one of your quote, "warped minded" unquote, reporters:  
 "What has happened to the 18 odd women not cast?" Please, they were all perfectly normal, not odd at all. Anyway, we haven't heard any complaints, have you.  
 "What has happened to the taste of co-eds?" Indeed! Only two dozen? Besides all that, may we say that

our play, "The Private Life of the Master Race" by Brecht is in the words of our director, Larry Bolch, "excellent, the cast is coming along very well."

More information required? Just Drop up to the Engineering Students' Society office 208 B, Engineering Building or phone us at 433-8785.

The Engineers.  
 Editor's Note: Do not be dismayed when a bill for this clumsy advertisement arrives in the ESS offices.

To The Editor:  
 If I may correct a wrong impression given in your report on the plans to form a new fraternity (Oct. 27 edition), the idea that I expressed was that there was room on the campus for a new fraternity, not necessarily a need for one. This conclusion can be easily deduced from enrolment figures, both actual and anticipated, and the fact that there have been no new fraternities formed here in over 30 years.

Yours truly,  
 R. C. W. Hooper, Major Adviser to Men Students

To The Editor:  
 There is in the Tuck Shop a lady who clears away the coffee cups, dumps the ashtrays and wipes the tables. She is attended by comments and coarse cracks while cleaning up our slops, because she is a nut; I mean, she is always smiling and has a friendly twinkle in her eye.

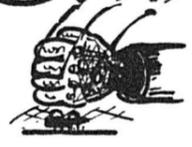
When a bunch of fellows came in and sang the university song there this year, tears came to her eyes (mock on boors). It was, she thought, beautiful.

Is she, funny men and flashly fingernailed girls, more worthy of respect than we?  
 "Alice Aaron"  
 Eng. 1

P.S.—Go ahead—put a damn funny wisecrack at the top of this letter.  
 Editor's Note: Bet you didn't think we'd print 'damn.'

**THE KUPSCH TOUCH**

by richard kupsch



If I were founding a university, I would found first a smoking room . . . Stephen Leacock

If Stephen Leacock were alive today and were to visit this campus, and particularly his ideal, the smoking room, he would leave a sadly disillusioned man.

Leacock's intention was probably that the smoking room serve as an area for the meeting of individuals and the centre for exchanging of ideas. He more than likely visualized the undergraduate as visiting the smoking room and waxing intellectual on such topics as nationalism, the population problem, sex, and so on. This is not the case.

First of all, Leacock predated the automated hot and cold water dispensing machines that pass for coffee and coke machines, and are the focal point of the smoking room in Rutherford (soon, by the way, to be converted to stack space).

Secondly, he did not expect that the coffee break would evolve into the institution that it has become. The coffee break is the basic activity that every undergraduate participates in.

Every undergraduate, whether he wants to or not, must enter the library at some point during his short career as a student. What is more natural than to drop downstairs for a quick coffee and some conversation?

But Leacock's idealistic concept of the smoking room has become degraded because of the practical purposes to which the smoking room is put. Certainly,

many interesting people are met over a cup of coffee. But it all depends on the definition of "interesting" that is used.

Is the "interesting" person the person with accomplishments, ideas and experience who is willing and freely capable of exchanging his accumulated knowledge, and thus rounding out his education? Or is the "interesting" person defined, for example, as the frat woman would define it: the guy with a car, money and a good line?

The smoking room is seldom used for the exchange of ideas. Instead, the three sororities work in shifts, sitting in the library like birds of prey, waiting to such in any interesting young man that happens to wander into the library and take him for coffee. More dates and "possibilities" are "lined up" in the smoking room than in any other comparable place on campus.

Let's return to the soil, so to speak, and make the smoking room the place that Leacock pictured it, the place for the man with intellect. And let the petty individuals with their petty ambitions go somewhere else.