

The Gateway

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editorial

\$2709.40 is a lot of money to spend on dinner, don't you think? Apparently the university doesn't, after paying that amount for the annual Senate dinner Fri. Sept. 16 out of the entertainment budget of the president's office. "One dinner a year for our Senate members isn't too much," Pres. Gunning said Wed. "I think that's the least we can do for these people who spend so much time on university business - work with no pay whatsoever." Well, I agree that they should receive something in return for their services, Dr. Gunning, but 85 dinners at \$20 apiece, plus 33 bottles of Pouilly-Fuisse at \$10.20 a bottle, 24 bottles of Chateau-neuf de pape at \$10.50 a bottle, 110 martinis, 91 glasses of sherry, \$120 worth of flowers for the tables ... doesn't that seem just a bit extravagant? Especially when you consider that we are all going around talking to people about how the government cutbacks are hitting us so hard. Maybe that's a bit hypocritical when we can spend nearly \$3,000 in a couple of hours in an evening. Eh?



Some enlightened soul left a piece of human excrement in the mailbox of the Chinese Students' Association last Monday. How profound the extent of some people's wisdom! Whoever he or she is, I'd like to thank them very kindly for proving a point - no matter what we like to think, the atmosphere on this campus towards people who don't have white skin is as backwards as any place in the world. They don't call Alberta the backwoods of Canada for nothing, do they?

Kevin Gillese

CONtrary notions debated fiercely by Lydia

Dear Editor:
 I am *not* going to be baited like some grizzly bear but nor can I hold my tongue any longer. This CON man you're printing is the worst kind of a show-off and if you keep on printing him your money ought be taken right away. They could spend it buying pictures for the library, the students would get more out of that than reading these ugly ideas all gussied up in fancy words. Now I don't have the time to be setting you right every day, I'm most likely going to have a pop quiz on microwaves ovens tomorrow and I don't see the point to the silly things, I was cooking when these scientists were in knee pants and I never needed such a device. But anyways I can't be sitting around writing letters like the other time. I mean I've been to college before though it was some time now. I know you don't want my personal history but my first husband Olaf and I had just broke up, he was a brute and I wasn't going to take it, I didn't know that's how they all are really, I figured I better learn something else than that kind of foolishness just in case. So even though I wasn't exactly college-age any more I took up the French language at Hecuba Normal for Women, now its called Indiana State. So this here is my second college experience and I can say that Mr. Fierce, though he isn't any more really Fierce than the man in the moon, is

simply out of line in talking about professors like he did last Thursday. Sure I know some professors aren't always real interesting and they can be a puzzle too, when you ask yourself What's he talking about? I read that story two times and I didnt see nothing about God's Grace (though I'm a real Christian) nor any of these archeological figures he's going on about. I had this one professor back at Hecuba, now it wasn't his fault, they said he'd been gassed in the Great War and he talked real funny, you could hardly make him out, my friend Corinne Sue always joked thats where they got the idea for Porky Pig, but she didn't really mean it, and there wasn't room in all the Veterens Hospitals, and he couldn't do anything else so they let him teach. I mean people like that have to have somewhere to go and whats the harm?
 But Mr. Fierce acts as if there's some big game going on between the teachers and the students. Well, that's silly, I recollect how people talked about Corinne Sue just because she was so pretty (and she was too, she was Miss Indianapolis Meat By-Products in 1931) and the boys kidded her about how her field of chosen endeavor wasn't English at all but Body English! Well I know for a fact she sat on the front row because she was hard of hearing, you always had to get right up against her to

talk to her. And if she did sort squirm around in her seat, across her legs a lot it was because she wanted to appeal the teacher's animal side because she had a very rare rare which got from her mother family (the Tuppingshams they were) called the Persimmo Dance, and it was no fun I can tell you. She always said what bother clothes were and how they aggravated her condition. So a lot of boys and girls at school have troubles you just don't know anything about. And must of written a score of letters to the Hecuba Herald And Shopping Tips showing how the didn't know Corinne Sue at and were just making up the own fantasies like the beasts they are. But I've got to go study now could write all night when comes to righting wrongs, my late husband Portleigh always said I was just like Joan in the dark, he read a lot, my husband did. Well these ovens are waiting for me. Oh I near forgot, the *personal* stuff Fierce is writing now about me when I never met him, well its just lies, its Corinne Sue all over and I could get lawyer if I was of a mind to but wouldn't dirty my hands. Now called up the Gateway and threatened to come up to the office and I got riled for a fact until the girl there finally told me that this Fierce was a student and a real young one too, he's one of these IQ cases where they're studying math up at Harvard College at age thirteen but they can't go dating because they're not developed enough yet, you see it in the papers all the time. Well that's what this little Ambrose is. So maybe anybody who's a real adult looks old to him. Well I'm not 104, I'm in my eighties and I'm proud of it. And more people my age who've been around were running the students body we could all get down to studying and not fretting about what age to drink beer at and the freedoms of ukerainans and foreign colored folk.

Lydia M. Torrance
 (Mrs. P.M. Torrance)
 Household Economics

Aminesque lucidity

"No sex please, we're wafflers."

That comment from one observer characterized the mood Monday as council responded to the use of cheap sexual innuendos to drive home the point about bookstore lineups.

Indeed, the Aminesque (after Uganda's strongman Idi) stance of some members on the issue of foreign students brought howls of mirth from members of the media.

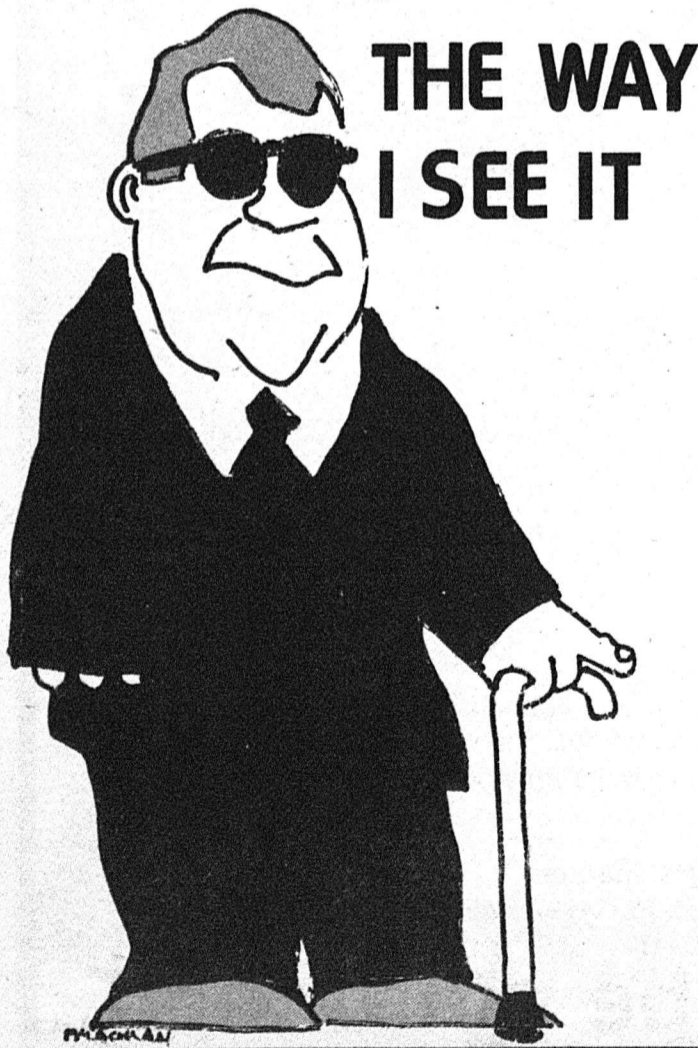
Said one: "What do you take to get stoned in Uganda? — One step out the door."

Indeed, had the Sartresque overtones of the entire affair not been overshadowed by touches of Brechtian humor, the whole Kafkaesque patina of the gathering could not have helped but cast a faint, yet distinct, chiaroscuro on the proceedings.

At week's end, some observers were just as baffled as council.

Hank Luce
 Graduate Studies

Frank Mutton



THE WAY I SEE IT

I was at a press conference yesterday unveiling plans for a new Theatre 3, and I must say it looks impressive.

Plans call for the reconstruction of an old garage downtown (as soon as they move all the Prestone antifreeze out), with money raised through corporations, government grants and bottle drives. By next September Edmonton will have a theatre to match any Drive-in Lube Centre in Canada.

Also at the press conference was John Neville, director at the Citadel. John seemed to be taking it all very well until some reporter casually mentioned that Theatre 3 would not be providing some stiff competition for the Citadel.

In his usual eloquent manner, he replied "Fuck you!" before storming out.

I'm sure he wasn't leaving due to the remark — in fact I think he was having car trouble. Just as we were enjoying sandwiches with no crusts in the grease bay, John appeared at the door with a can of gasoline. It's sure a good thing those officers suddenly appeared to help him to his car.

The people down at Transportation Safety asked me to take a ride on their Convincer — a strange looking device which demonstrates the safety of seat belts.

Well, I showed up at the Transportation Building yesterday for my little ride, and there was Hughie Horner, otherwise known as Jack's little brother. As

they strapped me in I could hear him telling everyone that the Minister of Transportation really doesn't have to ride these stupid things, but he does it to get Pete off his back.

The ride was very convincing, but the films were even better — did you know that me and my coconut are in grave danger without a seat belt? And that watermelon hitting the telephone pole was better than Magnum Force!

Anyway, Hugh climbed into the machine and away he went — minus the seat belt. The girls who work the thing swear they strapped him in tight, but somewhere along the line he came loose and ended up in a doggie-do (where were the boys in blue when Hugh needed them?).

Mr. Horner is now recovering in Bermuda, and the entire Transportation Department is being held in custody until police determine whether or not they know how to use scissors.

Bill Comrie's Furniture Warehouse on 101 Street has decided to take a major step in an effort to improve their image.

They feel that too many people look upon that Big Brick Warehouse as a second-rate low-budget furniture store appealing only to lower middle-class buyers.

Well, says Bill, that's all going to change after the Bill Comrie's Big Brick Warehouse International Concert Series and Appliance Sale begins next

week. Famous stars from around the world will appear in conjunction with a big sale of top-narrow stoves and fridges.

The first concert will star Frankie Yankovic and his Round the Worlders, with prices of Westinghouse Double-Door Freezers slashed in half!

Other concerts will feature equally well-known personalities, and Bill hinted that Dinah Shore may make a special appearance in conjunction with Hawaiian Recliner Rocker Day.

Wes Montgomery of Chicago has a bet on with a local football hero and overpriced restaurant owner that he can quit drinking for a month. Wes promises to make up for it by stuffing his face at every opportunity ... May Cavanaugh's limited run at the Citadel Pierre's was so successful that he has been offered a one-year contract at Izzy's Strip City Vancouver. The mayor's office announced today that he will make his decision soon ... Jack Clark decided today to have the town of High River moved down into the foothills, to accommodate his planned reelection in the Yellowhead constituency. Jack says there's no goddamn way he's going to set up camp in the middle of nowhere ... meanwhile Maureen McTeer will remain in Rome until Vatican officials decide whether or not they have the right to burn her as a witch.

In closing, remember that you're an engineer, even statistics has its moments.