

Citizen Too Weak



Admin. Too Tough

MAN MOLESTED

To The Editor:

Just after 3 a.m. last Sunday morning, as I was driving along 87th Avenue west of the Jubilee Auditorium, I noticed two young men on the north curb amusing themselves by kicking and throwing empty oil cans on to the roadway. One of these narrowly missed my windshield and struck the roof of my car.

I drove back, got out of the car and asked these worthies if this was their idea of entertainment. They became belligerent and approached in attack formation, one on either side. The lesser of these two evils carried a large, silver-colored banjo which he obviously intended to use as a weapon. I backed against my car and the larger of the two troubadors grappled with me.

I must humbly admit that, to my chagrin, he did not go down when I socked him on the left side of his jaw. He staggered back a couple of steps and then closed with me again.

To make a long story short, I wrestled him to the ground, while his Blondel belabored me musically from behind with the banjo. After a minute or two I released him and attempted to get into my car. However, he came at me again and again we wrestled. This time two other vehicles pulled up and stopped, and I asked their drivers, also two young men, to keep the banjo virtuoso away and I would attempt to teach my retarded, small-town version of Burt Lancaster a lesson. But, due I suppose, to youth's loyalty to youth, they simply stood well back and watched.

Again I laid my furious attacker upon the macadam, and this time I knelt with my right knee on his right ear. Feeling some solicitude for his welfare, even if no particular respect for the contents of the head on which I knelt, I asked him if he'd had enough of this frolic. Surly fellow that he was, he did not reply, but I released him in response to the chorus of surprisingly polite: "You have proved your point, Sir, let him go", from the bystanders.

I entered my vehicle to drive off, but before I could close the door, my fierce opponent charged in, head and shoulders and managed to scratch my face before I kicked him out and closed the door. Again he rallied, and this time seized on the opening made by the lowered window glass beside me and ran alongside screaming and pounding with demonic fury until the car's acceleration forced him to let go.

It is not certain that these were University students, but the circumstances would seem to make this a plausible guess. My attacker was possibly between 20 and 22 years of age, 5 feet 10 or 11 inches tall, and weighing perhaps 180 pounds. He had fairly short light brown hair and I would assume his eyes to be grey, green or blue. His musical companion was about 5 feet 8 inches tall, dark-haired, round-faced, with an

ineffably stupid air and a strong suggestion of physical incompetence. They were presumably and vaguely homeward bound from a party.

My attacker was definitely an anti-social personality whose hostile and destructive impulses may have been brought to the surface by alcohol, and these may possibly have their origins in some flaw in his early bathroom training. He is undoubtedly a coward and a sadist out to prove to himself and others that he is a real, two-fisted he-man. It must have been very hard on his vanity and his self-image to have been grounded twice by a bald-headed senior citizen, twice his age and considerably overweight.

If this hollow hero desires further satisfaction, I will undertake to spread him gently on a mat in the University gymnasium, at his convenience. Details of this challenge may be worked out through the editorial staff of The Gateway. For his encouragement, I should like to assure him that I am not a former prizefighter or wrestler, and that I have been working at sedentary desk jobs for most of the past 15 years.

Meanwhile, if he is indeed a University student, I hope that this brave boy's father is not investing his last dollars in giving his son and heir a higher education—even more dreadful is the thought that his mother may be taking in washing to put him through university on to easy street.

Yours sincerely, A Senior Citizen

Ed. NOTE: Your adventure, sir, would have made a wild stereophonic recording.

FAIR CRITIC CRIES BIAS

Through The Editor To Mr. A. Stahlheim

Your letter in the last issue of The Gateway would read like a parody on one of Herr Goebbels' speeches if you had excluded the references to Christianity. Falsehoods, and a convenient forgetfulness of German brutality in recent history characterize your statement.

"The misunderstanding of 1939-45", as you put it, has no competitor as the understatement of the twentieth century. The death of fifty million people can hardly be described as a misunderstanding!

You ask us to forget the past. George Santayana once said "that those who forget the lessons of history are forced to relive the past" and there are no people for whom this holds more true than the Germans, especially if your statement regarding "the never forgotten Eastern lands, so essential to German greatness—" is a belief held by the majority of the German people.

You state that "On May 6, 1945, Berliners became democratic." Since when does a people become democratic overnight? This is impossible even for German "Supermen!" Evidently you do not understand what democracy involves.

The German-initiated slaughter of six million Jews makes your reference to "sub-human Asiatics" sound like the case of the oven calling the kettle black.

You claim that German jurists "are untainted and impartial." Have you read any newspapers in the last several years? Many German jurists who are presiding in the courts of law today, have faithfully served the Nazi regime and have committed felonies in the name of that regime. Untainted?

Very bluntly, your letter has the unmistakable nationalistic ring of a neo-fascist. Before screaming accusations of prejudice, get this very clear: I am not a member of "Various biased orders," as you call them. I am German-born, speak the German language, and I know German history. With that background, I am undoubtedly one of the fairer critics of your effort.

To conclude, if you want to further the aims of German Reunification, more can be achieved by stating facts objectively, and by suggesting possible means of accomplishing unification. Your letter does neither.

Mr. Gerd-B. Mueller

DEMAND EXPLANATION

A few weeks ago we had a few letters in The Gateway condemning John Jay Barr and his associates, and from those letters I was able to see that many people, perhaps 99.9 per cent of the campus, disagree with his views. I should therefore like to know on what grounds he was sent to the Laval Conference.

He most probably was not sent as a representative of the university, but the people at Laval must have had the impression that he was. I do not appreciate the fact that I, and more important, the university, was represented by a neo-fascist. My money was spent and my name was blackened. I demand (1) an explanation from the selection committee and (2) an apology.

Oal Karmy

Ed. NOTE: Next time make sure you apply for the Laval Conference my friend.

REMEMBER THE WARS

To The Editor:

Herr Stahlheim, it is hard to imagine anyone from conquered Germany having the enormous effrontery to ask us to forget 1939-45. However, we will afford you the courtesy that Germany could and would try again.

"We Germans have not forgotten our beloved territories in the East—legally German, see for yourself on the map displayed in the library—there territories groaning under the hell of, one could almost say, sub-human Asiatics."

My dear German, for you are no Canadian, I will ask you to remember two world wars, and 6 million people groaning because of a slight temperature rise. However, as we

look at these pure forms of photographic garbage, we read your letter with even more recourse to mirth. In fact when you say "our press is free" we jump with hands raised high and yell Der Spiegel, "our jurists are untainted and impartial" . . . since Nuremberg. "Our soldiers are ready" in Wales, "our workers are efficient." I refer you to this week's Time Magazine.

"And to raise once again the cross . . ." Herr Whatever your name is, raise any German cross and you will find out how it is to growl under a heel, my heel.

S. J. Kellock

WHO MISUNDERSTOOD?

To The Editor:

Mr. A. Stahlheim's letter in The Gateway of Nov. 27 puzzles me. Surely even from a German this is a bit hard to believe.

What is this you want us to do, Mr. Stahlheim? You want us to forget the "misunderstanding" of 1939-45 and help you to "raise the cross" over Eastern Germany again, to restore the German greatness? Well, it is like this, you know. I have burned your house, put you in a concentration camp; I have gassed your relatives, raped your wife and used your children as human guinea pigs. But it turned out to be only a "misunderstanding", so forget about it and bail me out of jail.

What is this "cross raising" business anyhow? Are we going to crucify the subhumans this time, instead of gassing them? It is good to know that we have a whole new race of subhumans again at our disposal. After all, with the subhuman gypsies, Jews and Poles almost all gone life was a little dull, wasn't it? And then these poor Berliners, their beautiful city divided, what a pity! I guess the destruction of Warscham, Rotterdam, Stalingrad, Arnhem and hundreds of other equally beautiful cities was only part of the misunderstanding?

Truly, Hitler will be very proud of you and is waiting for his statue to be erected soon. Like we did for Bismarck and der Kaiser!

M. Dekker

ADMINISTRATIVE UTOPIA

To The Editor:

On the basis of several things, especially this past year, I have come to the conclusion that the administration would rather run this university without the bother of students. Consider for a moment how much more efficiently the administration could operate. There would be no parking problem to consider, no special programs for individual students, no deadlines would be necessary, no wire fences would be required. In short, administrative utopia.

Seriously though, allow me to mention some of the aspects of "the great leap forward" this year.

First, morning lectures now start at 8:00 a.m. instead of 8:30. Since evening times are unchanged, students and professors must do with one-half an hour less sleep per night.

Isn't it an add coincidence that the ETS suddenly offered "new, improved service" to the campus this fall? (An ugly thought reared its head just now—perhaps the administration is just a screen for those who really run the university—the City Transit Department.) Furthermore, isn't it odd that the Administration no longer works Saturday morning?

Only those unskilled in bureaucracy must work on Saturday. Sometimes I wonder why people knock their brains out in sight of fur-clad secretaries who work from 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. only five days a week. I remain unconvinced that 8:00 a.m. lectures are either necessary or justified.

Secondly, the administration seems to be doing its damndest to prevent students from parking their cars. Those parking meters mysteriously appeared on 89th Avenue during the summer when it was certain the meter would not be painted or torn down. Watch for the meter plague, it will spread this summer.

Then there are those green monsters in SUB parking lot sucking in dimes from anyone foolhardy enough to get caught inside. Now there is a huge lot north of the Math-Physics Building. Is it being used yet? No, the administration is trying to squeeze \$6 per head for people wanting to park there. For \$6 I'll let those timbers rot.

Thirdly, students have ceased to be individuals in the eye of the administration. A person practically has to wear a big number tag if he has any dealings with the administration. Pretty soon they will have us wearing striped suits.

There are several other small but irritating points. It seems as if the official university calendar is THE bible of courses that may be taken. Wire fences are strung all over the campus; rooms designated for lunches are inadequate; and the smoking room in the library has vanished. These things are at best annoying.

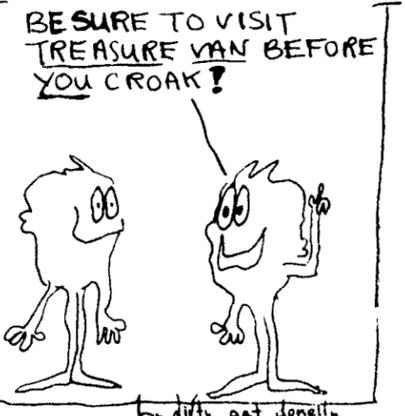
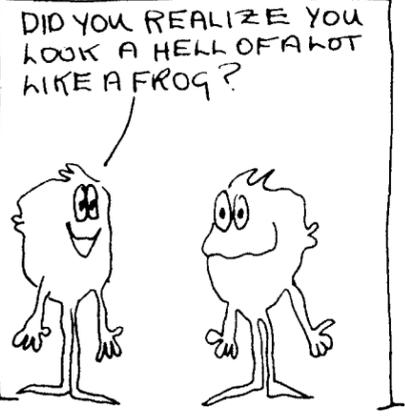
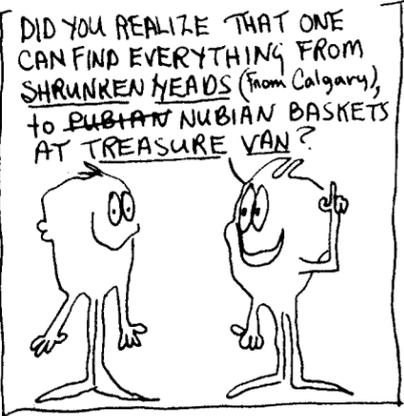
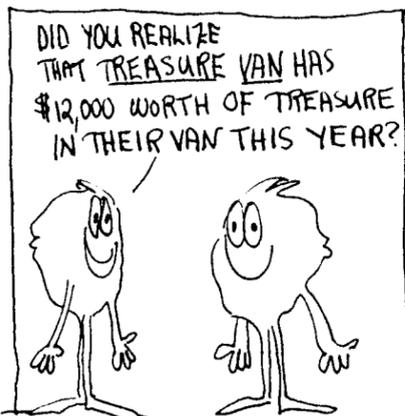
Something is wrong somewhere when the administration keeps pulling stunts like these and keeps getting away with them without so much as a murmur from anyone.

I don't see why Young Canadians for Freedom is fighting creeping socialism on this campus. We already have one of the best dictatorships ever devised right under our own noses.

Sincerely, 583722

Ed. NOTE: We need you on the board of governors. To lay the groundwork lets have a written submission to Students' Council.

RANZNY



by dirty pat joneilly