

Here are the 4 best entries

The Gateway Humor Contest results

Go fish *The Winner* by C.D. Smith

Elmer smirked as he dealt the cards. Of course, he was serious. Why should we stand by and watch the scum receive profit from our oil? Mel drew a card. He wasn't impressed. To destroy confederation on a mere whim of power ecstasy is not — is not Canadian.

"Go fish."

Doug drew a card. He agreed with Elmer in some respects, but why join forces when he can sell out the Jubilee himself?

"Go fish."

Pete didn't have to draw a card. He had someone to do it for him. Naturally he was teed off at Ottawa but that's no reason to get riled up.

"Go fish."

It was back to Elmer and his draw. He drew an ace but not from the deck. The key, he thought, was transportation. That's why goods cost more than world price here. Transportation costs.

"Go fish."

Mel drew a card. A jack with one eye. He could see it all. A couple of guys are causing a split in Western Canada and he's playing games with them.

"Go fish."

Doug drew a club. It could have been a King but it wasn't. He'll never get a King.

"Go fish."

Pete drew a King. He had expected it, but he only had one. Someone else must hold all the cards. He was right but that person wasn't there.

Down in the barrens

Runner up

by Richard Miller

Up in the barrens, long ago,
Amid the muskeg, in the snow,
A camp was built, despite the bears,
To do some exploration there,
For silver, gold, uranium,
For tantalum, niobium,
For Cobalt, nickel, zinc, and copper,
Running surveys from the chopper,
Cutting lines and reading dials,
Traversing for miles and miles,
Reducing every rocky crag
To pebbles in a sample bag.
In short, they did the job just right,
Returning to the tents each night.

They had a cook, a lumberjack
From North Quebec, by name of Mac.
Though not a new Escoffier
He cooked the breakfast every day.
At seven o'clock the crew would waken
To porridge, pancakes, eggs and bacon...
The eggs were raw, the bacon too,
The porridge looked like lumpy glue,
The pancakes burnt, the toast was damp,
A classic exploration camp!
The evening meals were much the same,
But no-one bothered to complain,
For Mac seemed quite a decent fella,
And no-one died from Salmonella.

But washing-up he would not do
—he left that for the field crew—
Now would he burn the garbage which
Accumulated in the ditch.
Around the cookhouse tent. He swore
He's never done the job before,
He wasn't going to start it now,
And did it matter, anyhow?
Although the party leader cursed,
It didn't smell too bad at first.
The frosty weather stopped the scent
From percolating through the tent,
Till break-up came, with golden skies,
And shining sun, and hordes of flies.

Now as the vile pile thawed,
It could no longer be ignored.
It smelled as though the cook had died.
The crew began to eat outside.
The summer sun brought grizzly bears
Emerging, blinking, from their lairs.
From miles around they came along,
Attracted by the siren song
Of maggot-ridden heaps of garbage,
Mouldy pie-crust, rotting cabbage,
Slimy lumps of greenish steak,
Lumps of porridge, chunks of cake,
Macaroni, cherry stones
And decomposing chicken bones,
But visits from the grizzlies ceased
As week by week the smell increased.

Now, much to everyone's surprise,
The heap achieved a constant size.
No matter how much stuff they threw
Upon the heap, it never grew.
It couldn't be the bears, for they
Had all run whimpering away.
Then rumours swept the camp that Mac
Was raiding this disgusting stack
Of garbage, and, when no-one looked
Recycling it in things he cooked.
So Mac was told to stop this trick,
Before the camp got really sick,
Despite his pleas, they told him, "No,
The garbage heap has got to go."

The lumberjack got really sore.
He'd never had complaints before.
He got a case of rum and went
And drank it in the foetid tent.
He reckoned it a dirty shame
The way the cook got all the blame,
It wasn't true his meals had stunk,
(By now the cook was fairly drunk).
He sat and cursed the field crew.
He'd show the swine a thing or two!
Then alcoholic poisoning took
And mercifully killed the cook.

The leader called the field crew
To sort out what they ought to do,
For one thing they could not avoid;
That garbage had to be destroyed!
So, green and sweating, everyone
Pitched in to get the business done.
At first they did the easy bit,
They dug a monstrous garbage pit.
Then filled it up with gasoline,
And diesel oil, and kerosene.
It took three men in turns to drag
Each effervescent plastic bag
Of garbage, which they had to roll
Into the high-explosive hole.
At last, the tottering funeral pyre
Was ready for the touch of fire.

The holocaust singed all the hair
From everybody standing there.
The devastating, thund'rous roar
Reduced them all to quivering awe
As jets of flame reached such a height
They blew the garbage out of sight.
They watched the mushroom cloud expand
Across the shaken barren land,
Then back they stumbled, one by one,
Contented with a job well done.

Ballistics being what they are,
The garbage travelled fairly far,
And now the tourists come to see
The heap. They call it Calgary.

Nothing doing *Runner up* by Sara Greenland

Several weeks ago, I was dismissed from a moderately well-paid semi-respectable part-time job as a housekeeper to embark on a new career: doing nothing. Why did I choose nothing? Well, it voided a large fill in my life. I slowly had come to the conclusion that the world is in the terrible condition it is because people insist on doing things. Most of the things they insist on doing are awful, even if they don't seem that way in the beginning. Once it became clear that human activity is the enemy of life, I was determined to see if it was feasible to stop doing doing. As I sat there thinking about it, I fell asleep. I knew then that I was ready. I had dabbled in doing nothing on weekends and after work (and often during work) and felt well qualified. I knew that sustaining nothing 24 hours a day wouldn't be easy, but then nothing worth doing ever is. And if anything is worth doing, nothing is. I succeeded beyond my emptiest dreams. I got so good at nothing, I can do it with my eyes open. Henry Miller once said that the ability to do nothing demands courage and intelligence of a high order. Frankly, he was right. Anyone can do nothing for brief sketches but fulltime nothing is more demanding. For one thing, your friends and relatives will find it puzzling. They ask you what you're doing and you tell them and they can't believe it. People will believe anything but nothing. They're not programmed for it. It blows all the circuits. They can comprehend your being a child beater or a heroin addict or a defector to Albania,

perhaps, but nothing? Nothing doing.

The trouble is we've all had this curious notion ingrained in us that we're supposed to be out accomplishing something. Our lives are supposed to add up to something. We're supposed to be something.

Here is my official daily schedule for doing nothing: 1. wake up; 2. do nothing. (The first step is not absolutely necessary.)

Doing nothing is good for you. Nothing has it all over the other kinds of things, such as some. It's a lot more relaxing. It keeps you out of trouble. It's quiet. It's dignified. It doesn't eat away at your integrity, like something so often does. It cleans out your system and calms your nerves.

But the idea of it, for some reason, terrifies people. They say: well, I couldn't do that; I'd vegetate. (Ever see an unhappy vegetable?) Well it must get boring after a while. (What doesn't?) But I have a family to support. (Tough) But if everyone did nothing, what would happen to the world? (Nothing.)

I'm convinced that almost everyone would be better off if she or he tried nothing, even if only for a while. People who are doing nothing aren't fighting wars, cheating, lying, exploiting, yelling, oppressing or littering. They're just resting, mostly. The more you do nothing, the easier it gets. After a while, you'll find you don't even feel guilty about it. You'll feel perfectly at ease with nothing.

There's really nothing to it.

How to win marks and improve your GPA

Runner up

by Larry Haz

The purpose of this article is to teach the dedicated student a simple technique with which to dramatically improve his university marks. This is the practice of "sucking up to the prof", commonly known as "brown-nosing." Every professor is pathetically susceptible to inane flattery and patent bullshit — simple techniques which can be learned in a few easy lessons.

Basic tips: Always call your professor "Doctor". Always call your T.A. "Doctor". Genuflect when you pass them in the hall. Don't worry about laying it on too thick, they'll lap it up.

Applaud at the end of the lecture. Ask him to autograph your lecture notes. Sit in the front row, dead center. Lean forward, with your mouth slightly open. The rest of the class hates you, but they're not marking your final.

Very important: memorize any material published by your

prof, for an instant conversation topic. "Oh, (Professor/Sir/My Lord), I just finished your fascinating paper on (Phallic Symbolism in Mother Goose/The Parapsychological Implications of Air/Toilet Training the Engineering Student), and for the sake of future generations I want to beg you not accept any offers for the lecture circuit!

Education needs men of your brilliant stature." This line is worth a stanine and a half easily!

Getting the idea? Get to it! And remember, the techniques you learn today will always keep you in good stead. The educational sycophants of today are the executive yes-men of tomorrow! All power to the bootlickers!

- Start a money-making business while you are still at University
- Be your own boss
- Work part-time
- Earn according to your efforts
- NO investment necessary
- Start on your way to financial independence

The Shaklee Opportunity can be your opportunity. Let's get together and talk about it.

For Appointment Call
B & B Consultants • 435-8036

Santa's Helper

CAMPUS DIGITAL SHACK HOLIDAY SHOPPING GUIDE

A Great Place to Shop for your
Timely Christmas Gifts

- Time Pens
- Time Picture Frames
- Time Paper Weights
- Time Cigarette Lighters
- Alarm Clocks

Toshiba
Texas Instruments
Calculators
10% OFF

with presentation
of this ad



CAMPUS DIGITAL SHACK
9113-112 St. (HUB Mall)
EDMONTON, ALTA.
432-0521

Gift Ideas For Everyone
On Your List!