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we finally have some original cartoons. after weeks of running reprints, we have unleashed a torrent of welcome campus talent. keep the cartoons coming. the recent death of che guevara, and the aftermath, have resulted in dennis fitzgerald being moved to submit the first viewpoint of the year. our conservative campus and overly learned newspaper (gateway?) drew two letters, and that completes page five for another issue.

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letters

the good old days

What hope for trivial matters against the richness of life in The Gateway? Not much. Erudition and insight have the inside track. What follows then is the concluding episode of an insignificant cause, in fond memory of a lost tradition of irrelevance.

1936! An important year in the history of the world, yet as rich in mere nothings as in vital significance. People were smoking Philip Morris, caviar sold for \$12 for 14 ounces, Anna Sage got deported to Roumania, and Arthur Gooch was hanged. Ann Cooper filed suit of a half million against her mother for "allegedly sterilizing her daughter", Salvador Dali was still dreaming, and J. R. Tunis wrote a book called 'Was College Worthwhile?'. And The Gateway produced, under able management, a respectable quantity of the nonessential so essential to The Gateway of these

Quaecumque Vera days. From the Tuesday, 11 February, 1936 edition: "Socrates was a heavy drinker of hemlock and in time it corrupted his morals". And on Friday, 11 October the previous fall, the Sports Section carried a choice bagatelle, which I quote:

Grudge Match

Added attraction for the annual golf tournament to be played Sunday, representatives of The Gateway editorial and business staffs will meet in an honor match that has been hanging fire all summer—due to the business staff.

Harold "Five Put" Love, Gateway business manager, will meet an unidentified member of the editorial department in the important event. Experts predict the former will be humbled from the first tee on. It is expected, however, that he will shine at supper.

How the lowly and mediocre have since risen to learned heights in the modern version of The Gateway. I feel black and bitter about the disappearance of irrelevance and even vaguely melancholy about getting no support in this hopeless campaign.

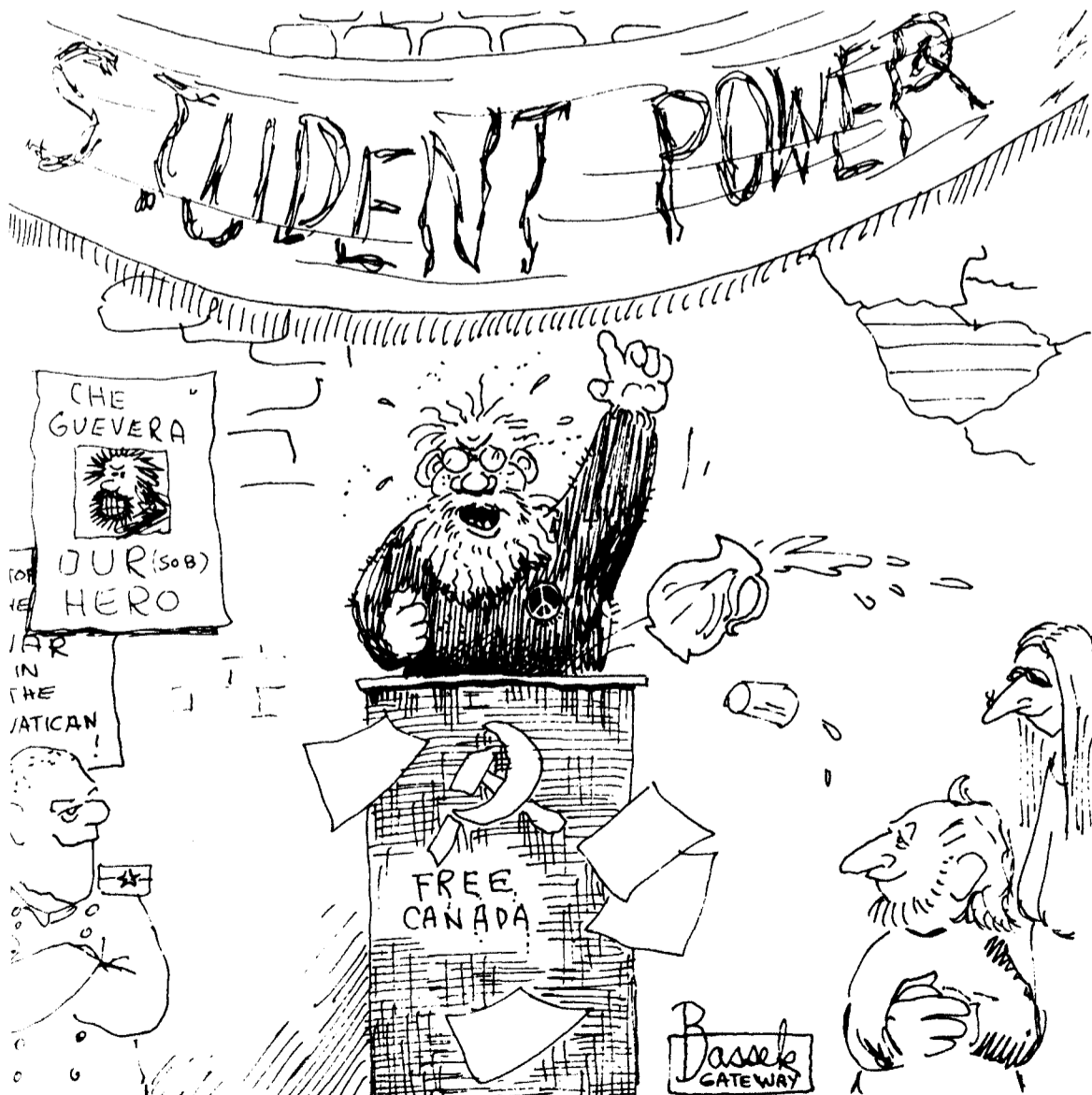
Your local anaesthetic
J. Love

conservative campus

Coming from the traditional holder of the title—"Conservative University of Canada"—(U of C), I am continually amazed at the conservatism on this campus. I do not think that Edmonton has been undersold, that is, Calgary is underserving of the Canadian title, and the students' council at U of A should do something about it. This some students' council success can be gauged by the general election meeting held only once a year representing Edmonton's superiority over Calgary in smothering student dissent. I am wondering, too, if one could pack as many people in the back of the council chamber as observers as you could in a telephone booth? Or as comfortably?

Brenda Mintz

Faithful Harvey hath bled
Bidst thou . . . ?



che's disciples reach u of a



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN
'ARE YOU TAKING ENGINEERING?'
I'm a girl!"

Viewpoint

Red is the color

Red is the color that makes you blue.

The recent New Democratic Youth-sponsored meeting, held in memoriam for Che Guevara, was a true exercise in stupidity.

In the first place, by any rational standards, Che Guevara was not a man to be honored. He was a guerilla fighting in a foreign country, trying to overthrow the lawful government of the land. He was also a communist, a fact which makes him an enemy of the free world. Apart from this, he believed the only way for social change to occur was through armed rebellion, which demonstrates a true lack of brain power.

In the second place, the keynote speaker, assistant professor Kenneth Mills, followed the same line of thought as a hard core socialist. He advocated revolution, be it armed or not, to bring about social change. He justified armed revolt on the basis that it would be the rich few who, controlling the military and the police, would jealously guard their status and this he reasoned would place the blame for all the bloodshed on the rich capitalists. This reasoning is truly ridiculous.

Thirdly, the Pavlov's dog who stood during the playing of "L'Internationale"—the communist anthem, demonstrated true ignorance and a lack of respect for the country in which he is living. The man looked rather ridiculous standing among the seated—a position which obviously suited his mentality.

In the fourth place a motion proposed which was to go to Havana at first seemed true emotion, but a closer look revealed true cleverness. The lady who proposed the motion between near tears and anguished sighs was hugging the microphone as she described in ludicrous detail the "murder" of Che.

However, incorporated in the motion following in the wake of all this sentimentality was a call for support of revolutionary movements in Latin America.

Fifthly the question and answer period provided some real gems. There were some really stirring little political speeches, topics such as the warmongers in the pentagon who are going to press the little red button to plunge the world into nuclear war. Chairman Mao would get a kick out of that.

One of the questions asked was a plea of knowledge about the concentration campus in the United States. Based on hearsay and leftist propaganda the question was so far out even Mills couldn't answer it.

Finally the meeting adjourned with most of the people filtering out and some of them dispersing into small discussion groups to decide the future of the world in really rosey leftist style.

Dennis Fitzgerald