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Our universities and the red menace

I have been travelling the soft lib-left ivory tower campuses of this land for the past several months and what do I see?

Weakness... Useful idiots. The pusillanimous portrayers of pacifism. The muddleheaded softhearted sponges of Soviet propaganda. Everywhere. EVERYWHERE undermining our western democratic way of life through their intellectual incompetence and misguided pseudo-morality.

Alcohol and greasy hamburgers filling their fat bellies and fogging their simple minds.

Lust for wealth pervades their every thought, the all-mighty job, the omnipotent dollar... their myopic color-blind eyes that see only green and, strangely enough, never red.

It's as if the threat of the Russian bear gnawing on their white, chubby legs doesn't even exist. It's as if they think they'll always have a vote to cast, or a choice of different beers to vomit, or have state planners telling them what kind of pizza they have to eat.

Is there no hope? What can be done to shake these ideological laggards out of their complacency, the pink delusions caused by their closet communist hypnotists known as professors?

Why aren't they protesting that the poisonous thoughts of the totalitarianism, Karl Marx, are being taught in their sociology Don't they value free thought?

On some campuses, they prevented the South African Ambassador from speaking! These criminally ingenuous dolts are playing right into the hands of the muscovite scheme machine. They are cutting the throat of free speech in this country without Ivan having to fire one missile.

Even the University of Alberta, a school I used to admire for its ideological purity, has left me with a feeling of despair.

At their Students' Union election this past March, one fine example of what young Canadian manhood should be bravely marched into the breach of the election gauntlet. This young man, a second lieutenant in the Canadian Armed Forces Reserve, a graduate of the NATO combat arms school, a patriot putting his life where his principles are, was scoffed at, ridiculed, called a NAZI, had his very sanity questioned publicly. Shortly before all that, a group of dupes yelled "Sieg Heil!" at him for several minutes.

One could have hardly blamed him if he had taken a NATO standard-issue assault rifle and mowed those mad dogs down.

And guess who won the year before? A skinny weak little

LUBOR

ZINC



fellow with a taste for appeasement who has actually taken (need I say it?) a Russian history course.

Joseph Stalin is laughing in his grave.

So even a sea of true-blue is developing a tinge of pink, but the question remains: what can be done to turn the tide?

In my cautious opinion, we must reinstate conscription immediately. A heavily disciplined dose of trial by fire in the price of democracy would be very beneficial to some of those indolent would-be intellectuals. Only by taking away their rights and turning them into mindless robots for two years can they appreciate what democracy does for them.

Only by being ready to fight and kill can we know peace.

We all know our students need more training in the moral values of our God-fearing, free enterprise, western democratic society, but why don't we also teach them about the challenges of the future?

Why aren't we offering courses in Communist control or Red eradication? Why are we even twisting their young minds by misguidedly offering "the other side" in the mistaken name of fairness?

The name Students' Union must go and be replaced with Students, Inc. so we remove the terminology of that first step to Marxism and replace it with something ideologically palatable.

Finally, to strengthen them for the struggles ahead, we should triple tuition, halve the number of spots available and require an average of 8.0 to stay in school. That way, we will have the best and the brightest to lead us into the challenges of the future.

And the rest? Well, if they can't positively contribute to the level required by the society of the future, the next most noble thing they can do is remove themselves and not be a drain on it.

It was good enough for the Eskimos and they never faced a communist threat.

EDDIE

CLEAN



Occasionally I am saddened and ashamed when I see the way the media treats one of the poor downtrodden members of our society.

Recently a man who had bravely pointed out injustices that were occurring at the Edmonton Food Bank was unjustly villified in the Edmonton press as being an ignorant clod. His integrity was questioned along with his motives — all needlessly as I have since found out.

Yes, one of the Clean Commandos has come forward with the information that Walter Szwender, MLA, was not merely spouting drivel, but was speaking from personal experience when he said that most people benefitting from the food bank were not the deserving poor. The Clean Commando, always on the alert, saw Walter himself receiving food at the bank.

Thus what appeared to be yet another politician shooting himself in the foot was in fact a man too proud to admit his noble failings. Walter had observed firsthand the failure of a system, the manipulation of the food bank by the undeserving poor so as to make the government look cruel and heartless.

When the media questioned poor Walt's motives, he was too damn proud to admit to his personal experience. Walt had been struggling along on his meager salary as an MLA for quite some time. His wife had begged him to get a real job, but Walter knew that his constituents needed him more than his family needed bread on the table.

Finally driven by the direst of straits, Walter had gone to the food bank. There he had witnessed such wanton waste by the undeserving poor that he had to speak out.

We owe a debt to the Walters of the world, a debt that we never can truly pay, perhaps only cover the interest payments. On behalf of those few poor people who are truly deserving, drop off a food parcel today at the Belmont constituency office.

Janitor Cleans Up Mall

Well, here I am on page 5. Of course, I made a name for myself on page 8 of this hallowed rag, and I took all you bastards for a ride then, didn't I? Had all of you running around at coffee break asking each other, "Boy oboy, did you read page 8 yet? Listen to today's joke."

Yes, those were the days. But my favorite little item was the "Best Set of Legs in Edmonton" contest; pant, pant, slobber, slobber. Thanks ladies for sending all those yummy photos. They really got my saliva going in the mornings. Of course, as more and more leg was shown with kinkier and kinkier attire to boot, damned if I didn't have a little accident one morning after selecting the day's entry. Oh well, all in the name of making exploitation respectable. Sex sells, ya know.

They told me I can't have legs contests on page 5, but I'm just happy to be in the same wad of sheets as the Scumshine Girl, Hee, Hee!

Readers must wonder what I do each day, apart from taking a few hours to put together this crap they call a "column". Well, believe me, all this loafing can really make a guy fat. Obese. Of course, after a while, as the ego builds up and the crud really starts to roll out of the old Smith-Corona, I begin to take myself seriously. I tried to make damned sure everyone else I ran into did too. Problem is, the only one who would listen was a bottle of Johnny Walker.

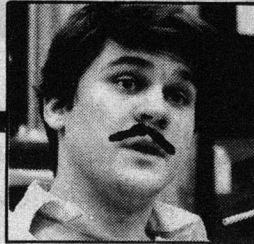
So, Bingo, another "Journalist" (that's what it says on the job description) hits the skids.

To make a long story incomplete, I'm off the booze now and high on life again. Just add my name to the list under Liza Minelli, Richard Dreyfuss and Richard Pryor.

I'm not just putting out this column, either. Yes, you have all probably heard my insightful radio commentaries by now on radio CLAX-FM. Just doing my best to uncover some of

WAYNE

CRUD



the crooks and beautiful citizens of this here frozen community perched on the banks of the stinking North Saskatchewan.

Speaking of beautiful people, this afternoon I had coffee with J. Jonah Janitor, the man who faithfully keeps clean very our own Scum offices. Jonah told me through snuff-embazoned teeth of a recent experience he had at West Edmonton Mall. It seems Jonah and his wife Beth were enjoying their mama burgers in Gourmet World when two trendy mall patrons got into a fistcuff in front of their table. One of the scrappers was smoking a long stinky cigarette as he enjoyed his coffee. This apparently offended the trendoid sitting behind him, who promptly dumped his Minute Maid all over stinky's gelled hairs.

As push came to shove and jest to insult, Jonah felt it his duty to quell the disturbance before it got ugly. "I jest cuffed one o' those girly types up alongside the hed, and booted the other with my Kodiak size 9." Mall 5-0 quickly removed the two delinquents from the scene.

Thanks to the down-to-earth heroics of Jonah Janitor, our beautiful and tranquil mega-mall was spared an ugly disruption.

Praise to Jonah and may his pickup truck run long and smooth.

COUCH POTATO

So! The U.S. finally bombed the shit out of them Godless, good-for-nothing terrorist Libyans. *The Scum* is not asking if it was a good thing to do. We want to know just HOW good a thing it was to bombast ol' Mo's kitchen. A bunch of you smart cookies out there didn't even wait for us to ask the question and phoned anyway. Here's what you said:

B.A. SNOT, 56, professor: "This changes everything on the final."

MARY KEENER, 21, student: "Libya presents a grave threat to the world order — namely the spelling of its leaders name. The confusion over how to spell the moniker has lead to international grammatic anarchy with allies against allies, CP style obsessives against CP style obsessives. We have seen everything from 'Khadafy' to 'Gadaffi' to Qaddaffi' and back again. Let me just say that I personally believe the U.S. move is going to go a long way toward ensuring the survival of the English language as we know it."

DON GETTY, admits to 38, premier: "Yeah, well, um, I, um, well, um, a-hem, uh, well, uh, er, I, uh, uh, um, uh, eh-hem, uh, eh-hem, er, I, uh, hmm..."

DREARY ABBY, 75 if she's a day: "Serves them right! As they say, you can't choose your relatives but at least you can eradicate your enemies."

SUZANNE LUNDRIGAN, 23, unemployed: "Please tell all those nice people out there I am *not* related to Dolph so they can stop sending me nudie photos and lists of hobbies."

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