

This section of the supplement is dedicated to bringing you the best of Gateway letters over the past seventy-five years. Some are humorous, some are serious, some are confused. Of course, it is a very rudimentary overview of student concerns of the past eight decades, but I hope you find it interesting and stimulating.

Mike Evans

WWI notes

Sgt. H.T. Beecroft, now at Shorncliffe, writes as follows to Prof. W.M. Edwards:

We are very comfortably fixed up here. All the fellows are in good shape too. I wish there were more of the U of A fellows with us, for I think they are the "goods". Out of our 10 or 11 men, five are NCO's. I'm not boasting for I know you'll be as proud as any one; nor do I think a fellow must be an NCO to be of any worth, yet it's an indication. So I hope the fellows are getting in line with some unit, preferably the University Company. I hear from G.R. Stevens and Ernie Parsons about every two weeks. Their letters are always cheerful. Ernie, I believe, is the same old reliable as he was last fall. We'll be glad when we join them.

I am taking machine-gun work. Whether I'll be detailed to that work permanently, I don't know. It certainly is fine. We were at the ranges today. Perhaps you can imagine the noise when seven or eight guns are firing at the rate of 600 rounds per minute. When you get behind one of those, you feel almost capable of doing something. All the boys send their regards.

H.T. Beecroft

(November 16, 1915)

Ed. Note: Sgt. Beecroft was later killed in France.

Library sex 1919?

What is the library in the U of A? Apparently an abode of mirth and giggles and a place where juniors may joke with the fairer sex. While I should be the last person to deprive them of this privilege yet it seems to me that there are many more suitable places for this form of amusement than a place which is intended for study.

Joke, my children, yes; but for Heaven's sake, let us have peace in the library.

Critic

(March 21, 1919)

HELP

PAY YOUR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

Would like to get in touch with aggressive student who would act as University Agent for

The Alberta Laundry, Ltd.

GOOD COMMISSION TO RIGHT MAN
Phone 31220 for particulars

Club interment

We wish to call attention to the text and implication of a short news item that appeared in the Oct. 2 issue of *The Gateway*. Probably most readers overlooked it, for it was near the bottom of the third page and consisted of only two sentences. Those who did read it, however, must have done so thoughtlessly, else there had surely been some murmur of protest raised before this.

The item stated, in effect, that the activities of the campus German club were to be suspended indefinitely for reasons which should be "perfectly obvious" to all students at the University.

Perhaps we are rather duller than most students, but we cannot see that reasons are at all obvious, and the more we consider the matter, the more senseless it becomes. In fact, if there were any reasons at all, they would certainly also apply to the German language courses being taught at the University, and the courses would have to be suspended also. Then, to be consistent, we would have to effect a "blood purge" in the library and make a bonfire of all the works of Luther, Lessing, Schiller, Goethe, Uhland, Hauptmann, and score of others. By the time we had finished that, we would probably have persuaded ourselves that English is the only pure language and German is only a degenerate and perverted imitation of it, and no doubt we would also be urging our politicians and militarists to impose our protection upon the Canadian minority in the United States.

If there were any possibility that singing a few German love songs, reading a German poem or staging a German play, and drinking Tuckshop coffee would make Nazis of us, then there would be some point in stopping the club. The only effect these things can have, however, is to give us some insight into the ordinary German mind and a more sympathetic understanding of the German people as distinct from Hitler and Hitlerism.

It is true that our country is at war with Germany, and that most people in time of war are carried away with insane hatred for those people who happen to be their enemies. If a sane, intelligent attitude is to be preserved anywhere, it should be most evident in the University. No doubt there will be narrow-minded criticism from a few jingoists, but we must not mind that if we are to give the public an example of what we know to be right.

We are at war with Hitlerism; are we, then, to let our actions be governed by notions which are the essence of Hitlerism?

R.H. Blackburn

(October 20, 1939)

Front line

The cigarettes you so kindly sent on behalf of the alumni arrived today in fine condition. Many thanks — it's hard to realize just how much a "fag" can and does mean to all of us over here.

To all of the alumni — both those I know and those I hope some day to meet — my sincere thanks. I often see many familiar faces over here, now in khaki, and it seems a little hard to realize that these are the same chaps with whom we loafed in the "Tuck", played with on the "Grid", but there are many of them. U Alberta has no cause to hang her head on that score, nor on any other.

My greetings to all of you for the New Year. May next Xmas see us home again, or if not, may it see us a little closer to the enemy's goal line.

Bruce Macdonald
Captain, C.A.C.

(February 12, 1942)

Viet vets preceded

Ex-Pilot, while perhaps a little vehement, has pointed out one of the peculiarities of the Anglo-Saxons — that is the shabby treatment which they give their war veterans. For some reason known only to himself, the Anglo-Saxon will rush off and subscribe to a relief fund for earthquake victims, or war orphans of Europe, or any other charitable cause that is brought to his attention, and will remain quite oblivious to the fact that war veterans and widows and orphans in his own country are just as much in need of assistance as people in other countries.

A man who has ended up as the sole survivor of a class of fifty men, who has stood at the foot of his buddy's grave and listened to *Last Post* or *Reveille*, who has gone for three months without once being thoroughly dry or warm, on the slimmest of rations and one gallon of water a day, with the Grim Reaper sitting at his elbow, waiting for him to make one mistake, finds when he gets back home that he has little in common with men who have not shared the same experience, and who think the Great Adventure is to toss a smoke bomb into a campus building or steal a ballot box.

In the matter of studies, the ex-serviceman finds himself strictly behind the eight ball, inasmuch as he has had five or six of the best years cut off of the middle of his life and in many cases his war experiences have left him pretty well exhausted, both nervously and physically. Servicemen simply cannot afford the time off from their studies even if they felt so inclined. Any person who suggests it just shows how little he understands the veterans' problems. Many of the boys are married and have children, and this is their chance to make good.

Some are just youngsters who went into the Services right out of school, and had fantastic sums spent teaching them how to kill efficiently. They find there is no market

for their services in the only trade they know. If anyone has any suggestions to offer the vets, let him first give a little serious thought to their difficulties before coming out with advice that is nonsense.

Another Ex

(March 4, 1947)

LISTER HALL Dress Regulations

At meetings of the Men's and Women's House Committees of the New Residences, the following dress regulations for Lister Hall Cafeteria were established:

WOMEN: University women are expected to be appropriately dressed at all times while in the Lister Hall complex. While in the Lister Hall cafeteria, lounges, or Rotunda, dresses or skirts must be worn. Dress slacks will be permitted in the Lister Hall Snack Bar during the evening hours.

MEN: Men making use of the Lister Hall cafeteria will at all times dress smartly in a manner becoming a University of Alberta student. At no time will the following attire be allowed in the cafeteria:

- (a) Slippers, sandals, thongs
- (b) Blue jeans
- (c) Shorts
- (d) T-shirts
- (e) Jackets, overcoats, or heavy outerwear

The House Committees reserve the right to request that proper attire be worn at all times.

Men's and Women's House Committees
Lister Hall Residence Complex

Liar, atheist, traitor

In your Tuesday issue under the heading "Window on the World", you published a commentary that would gladden the hearts of Uncle Joe Stalin's boys who are turning out the same stuff. After reading it, I can only conclude that either Mr. Mackenzie doesn't know any better, for which he is to be pitied, or else he is a Communist agent which also implies that he is a liar, an atheist, and a traitor. Intolerable as the ideology he promotes must be to any man of mature age and sound judgement, under our system he has a right to his opinion. However, I would recommend that fellow students treat him as they would a skunk.

J.M. Hanson

(November 4, 1947)

Ribald repartee

In the October edition of the *Gateway* I find a reference to the Engineers as a one-sexed faculty.

I would like to suggest that they hereby be called the Half-Sexed faculty.

Disappointed Nurse

(October 19, 1954)

I really don't understand all this fuss about the engineers that the nurses are stirring up. They don't know when they're well off.

Since the beginning of the term, I've gone out with seven law students. I'm beginning to wonder if that faculty has any sex at all.

I refuse to sign myself merely "disappointed". I've given up all hope.

Disgusted

(November 2, 1954)

I was kicked by a donkey in the Engineering building. Since when has the University allowed asses to become Engineers? If the admissions standards are lowered much further, it will not be too long before jackasses will be getting plumbers' certificates.

Awful Sore

(January 7, 1954)

Bovine bounty

To judge from the letters pouring into the *Gateway*, most University students are Disgusted, Disappointed, or generally Disheartened.

However I (though strictly speaking not a student) am quite content with life in general.

Bessie Hostein
University Farm

(February 18, 1955)

What are we fighting for?

"Civic duty and love for your fellowmen" they said. So I went to your moratorium. And I sat through your arguments. And I was grabbed by the idea of imperialism being the root of all evil, and that peace is or is not (I

can't remember which) a state of mind and that Communists are baddies. Inspired by your rhetoric, I even went to your demonstration. It was fun trampling through the snow down Jasper Avenue, watching the spectators blow their minds over us long-haired radicals. Then in Churchill Square, I saw the True Light, stamping my cold feet in the snow, listening to Effie Woloshyn, and hating the anti-Communist demonstrators burning up Ho Chi Minh's effigy.

Now it's all over. And I still wrap my sandwiches with Dow Chemical saran wrap. And I still attend classes. And I still am looking for a summer job to help pay for another year of university. So what about the war in Vietnam, the plight of the Indians in Canada, the discrimination in our beet fields? So what?

The True Light had burned out in the night.

Lily Mah Sen

(November 20, 1969)

Alienation

I wonder if you would allow me the space to address the people of this campus in general.

At this moment I am about two millimeters away from madness. I need someone, yet I am alone. In this I am not unique.

I know this because I see your faces by the hundreds every day. In your faces, I see the anguish that I feel. However, instead of each of us reaching out to help the other, we both turn away, not willing to take the risk of caring for someone only to have him hurt us again.

So, we both go our private ways, keeping our private griefs to ourselves.

But I can't take it any longer. I am alone and loneliness is killing me. Doesn't anybody care?

Last week, I thought of suicide as a way out. I was only stopped by a phone call from a friend — not someone close enough to care, or even notice that I was upset — just a friend. He never knew.

Please, there must be someone out there, someone I can love and trust, someone who I can stand by and who will stand by me, someone with whom I can share my joys and sorrows and who will share his with me. There is someone, isn't there?

Alone

(October 26, 1971)

mr. ugly

choose your contestant
and bring him
to the
dance

friday, dec 5
8:30-12 p.m.
dinwoodie

Blood with bread

You think that I am well-meaning but that I take some things too seriously.

You wonder how I can be so self-righteous as to feel anger as I watch you laugh at the discomfort I feel in finding animal flesh in the food they serve me. You are thinking that it is okay to be radical, but don't be rude. Can you see through my anger without troubling to look for its source?

I say that you don't care to see what you're doing. You don't care to see that your juicy Safeway supper is a thing torn from that which is so much more than a thing, a muscle ripped from a being more like yourself than you dare consider. You don't care to see that the money you give the cashier is the killer's fee, the scalper's bounty, or that because you hire the killer in the end you who kill. You are like a CIA directing assassins, a yawning president ordering another bombing. You have succeeded in divorcing your name from the deed.

Yet, I still want to be your friend, for you have shown through your gifts to those you look like that love is not foreign to you. And so I'll almost always hold my silence as I continue to watch you mop blood with bread, and I'll do my human best to keep my smile from slipping.

D. Dubinsky

(November 24, 1976)