

## Editorial

(Rosettes courtesy of Production Editor, Cindy Rozeboom. If you hate 'em as much as I do, let me know.  
— Managing Editor  
Mike Evans)

### Farmers threatened?

Last week, the Deans of Agricultural and Veterinary Medicine colleges got together to issue a collective statement about the crisis in agriculture and the part universities can play to alleviate the problem.

The Deans came up with a totally surprising conclusion for men who have probably spent the better part of their lives in an institution of learning. They decided education was the answer.

Of course, that answer bodes well for the young people who are taught by these men. There is going to be an incredible need for agriculture graduates, said the Deans, in government, business, universities, and farms, of course. The farm of the future would be run by these well-educated students of agriculture. With their degrees, computers and business techniques, they will blow away the more traditional farmer who has only years of experience. Only the farmer with an education will survive.

So what about Joe Hick, the guy who never had a chance to go to the big city and get his degree? He thought he could just take over his father's farm, right? Wrong, say the Deans.

Well, he might be helped by a university extension course or his town's farm consultant. By learning in these ways he might be able to catch up to his neighbour Fred Degreee.

But this concept of a farmer being edged out of his one livelihood by a better-educated competitor does not seem appropriate. Higher qualifications will occasionally make a difference when competing for a job in a company, etc. But a farmer is his own boss, except for nature. And nature would probably affect the university graduate as much as the high school dropout.

Well, perhaps the university graduate can better handle his knowledge, natural calamities such as drought or hail. Yes, perhaps.

But farmers aren't slow to pick up on new knowledge. What did farmers do when combines were first invented or when tractors replaced horses? Farmers adapted, changed, learned. Because farmers learned and cared to learn is the reason why agricultural faculties at the universities exist. The farmers remain competitive to survive.

And, as any graduate of the university knows, a degree does not guarantee survival in any field, whether it be wheat or business.

Ann Grever

### Comic holocaust

When you read in the paper that the latest bomb can kill you twice as effectively as the one before, do you mumble "oh" or "no kidding" and flip to the comics?

Even though nuclear war has been equated with the end of life on earth, most of us would rather not brood about it: after all, there are other things to do; and there are names for people who worry excessively over one thing (P-A-R-A-N-O-I-A-C, F-A-N-A-T-I-C...you know). Despite an occasional discussion on how we'd rather not be blown up, (I've yet to meet someone who was FOR being blown up) we're resigning ourselves to whatever fate the powers-that-be dish out to us.

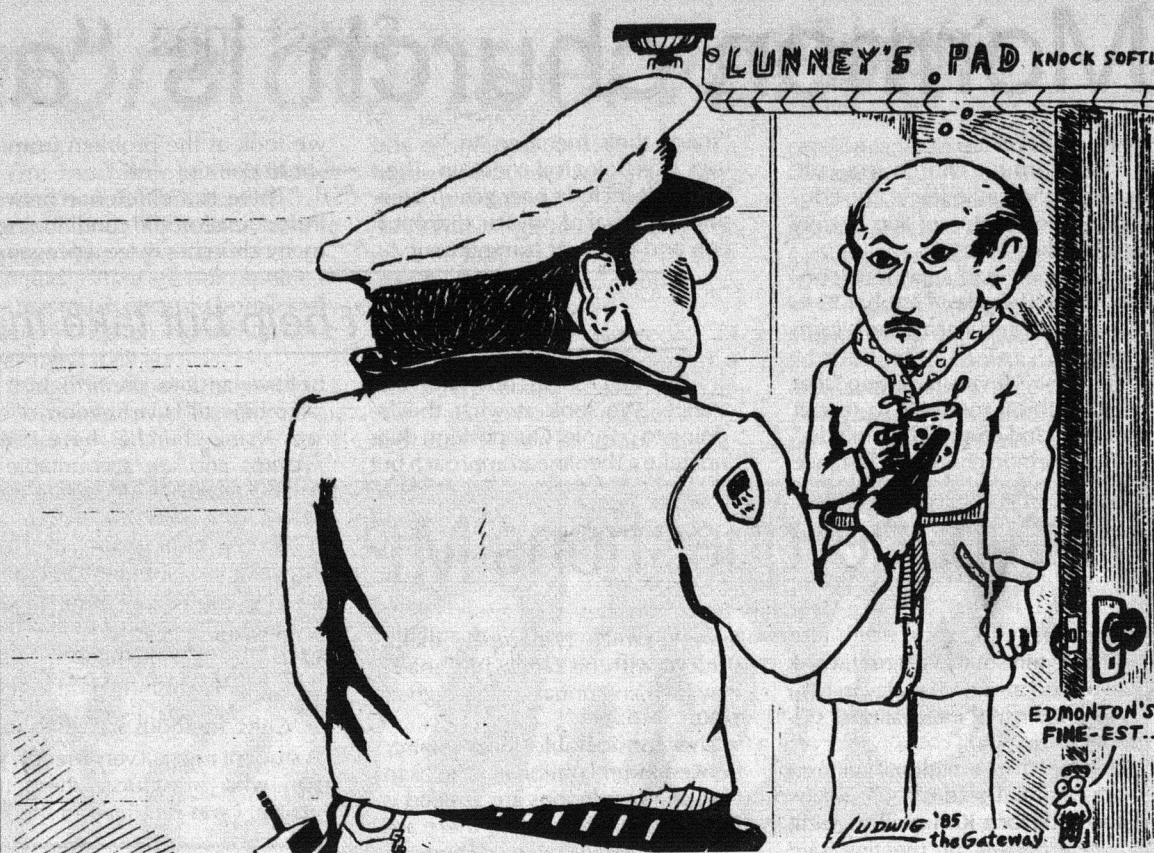
I suppose if my parents had forced me to sleep with a time bomb while I was growing up, I'd have to accept its presence if I wanted any rest at all, but I certainly wouldn't sleep with it if I didn't have to: it only has to go off once.

Maybe we have become too complacent about nuclear weapons, perhaps a little paranoia and hysteria are what we need to remember that our lives are at stake.

Which is why I must applaud Mr. Reagan and his Star Wars plan. There's nothing like a little outrageousness to make people sit up and take notice. I hope that one day his proposals become so terrifying that the world is scared into getting rid of them completely.

But until then, where's those comics?

Cindy Rozeboom



## Letters to the Editor

### Say what (WCT)?

Letters to the Editor

The door's mechanics clanked loudly into position as the intended function was once more performed. It was now all over, finished, complete, gone. The only trace of existence was the diminishing 'click' of a leather soled shoe on linoleum stretching over a concrete floor. The numerous emotions remained for only a brief visit before vanishing into the obscurity from which they came. Emotions varied? Yes, but the feeling was strong and easily identifiable for it was not the first encounter. This feeling of exasperation and giddiness has been somewhat of a familiar fortress in these years fresh to memory. But soon the escapist will have to stand toe to toe with reality as the journeys to the impregnable castle will all but cease. Yes, it sure feels good to be done with another set of midterms.

Derrick Bradley

typical cyclist's assinine mentality, that the laws of the city do not apply to him.

At least those of us in vehicles have some sort of protection against these jerks (being larger scares some of them into staying away), but even those cyclists who behave semi-normally when on the street (there are a few) become non-thinking, self-serving animals when they move around campus. Pedestrians have no defence against those idiots who seem to believe that they are not required to slow down upon leaving a roadway and entering sidewalks. I'm sure many students can relate horror stories about being forced to dive out of the way of an insane cyclist careening down a path on his monster mountain bike.

Therefore, until these degenerates can learn some manners, consideration for others and rules of the road, I fear that resentment and animosity will continue to grow. Cyclists take note: If you do not cease your anti-social activities, some of us who resent your callous attitudes may lose some of OUR rationality. If this happens, watch out all you roadhogs on bikes, for we may not slow down next time.

Wayne Lavold Arts II et. al.

### Bicycle boobs

Dear Gateway Editors;

There is a problem that is rapidly growing in intensity both on campus and in Edmonton as a whole. This problem is that of an increasing number of bicyclists. These moronic people continually insist upon presenting serious risks to pedestrians, vehicle drivers and themselves by refusing to obey the rules of the road and use some common sense.

Innumerable times, traffic on Whyte Avenue and 112 st. has been slowed to a virtual standstill by some lummo on a bike trying to make like a car and use an entire lane. Other cyclists seem to take some perverse pleasure in racing down streets, bucking the odds, trying to equal the speed of those of us in motorized vehicles while maintaining some semblance of control. Just this morning, a maniac on a red ten-speed ran a red light, obviously assuming, in the

### Correction

Letter to the editor:

The Oct. 23rd issue ran an article about the current awareness campaign on pornography. The article reported that the funding was provided by the Students' Union. In fact, we applied to the Provincial Women's Secretariat for the funding which we received.

Siobhan Avery Spokesperson U of A Women's Centre

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## The Gateway

Vol. 76, No. 15, Oct. 29, 1985

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The Gateway is the newspaper of the University of Alberta students. Contents are the responsibility of the Editor-In-Chief. All opinions are signed by the writer and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Gateway. News copy deadlines are 12 noon Mondays and Wednesdays. Newsroom: Rm 282 (ph. 432-5168). Advertising: Rm 256D (ph. 432-4241), Students Union Building, U of A, Edmonton, Alberta T6G 2G7. Readership is 25,000. The Gateway is a member of Canadian University Press.

The results of the volunteer poll of 'what do you want to see more of in the Gateway?' are finally in. Pat Maguire and Tim Hellum want embarrassing photos of Sue Kutz, John Watson wants free eggrolls, Virginia Gillese and Roberta Franchuk demand a few parades. Suzanne Lundrigan has made an ardent request for Gilbert Bouchard to dress up as Winnie the Pooh and be the Gateway mascot, Edna Landreville wants blood and guts, Ken Hui wants peace and quiet, but the astonishing majority of Louise Hill, Leif Stout, Rob Schmidt, Pernell Tarnowski, Greg McHarg, Alex Miller and Tim Hellum threatened to quit if they didn't get a good healthy helping of rosettes. And so...