

LET'S HAVE A DECISION

Some say we do and some say we don't have nuclear warheads at our disposal. If the PM knows for sure he's not admitting it.

Some say we should and some say we should not join the nuclear club. If the PM has made up his mind he's not admitting it.

The argument drags wearily on.

Predictably, the air force pleads for nuclear weapons. Just as predictably, the Voice of Women lobbies against them.

The last we heard, our departments of defense and foreign affairs were still humming contradictory tunes.

Most of us remain confused—some of us slightly annoyed. There is something debilitating about perpetual postponement of an important decision. And if there is a good reason why Canada cannot or should not make a decision on nuclear warheads, we have not heard it.

Meanwhile we continue to spend millions on Bomarc missiles in Canada and CF-104 interceptors in Europe—all of them useless without nuclear armaments.

What sort of idiocy is this collection of contradictions that we numbly and euphemistically call government?

A week ago Canadian Universities Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament sponsored its national president Dimitris Roussopoulos, in a meeting on this campus protesting nuclear armaments for Canada.

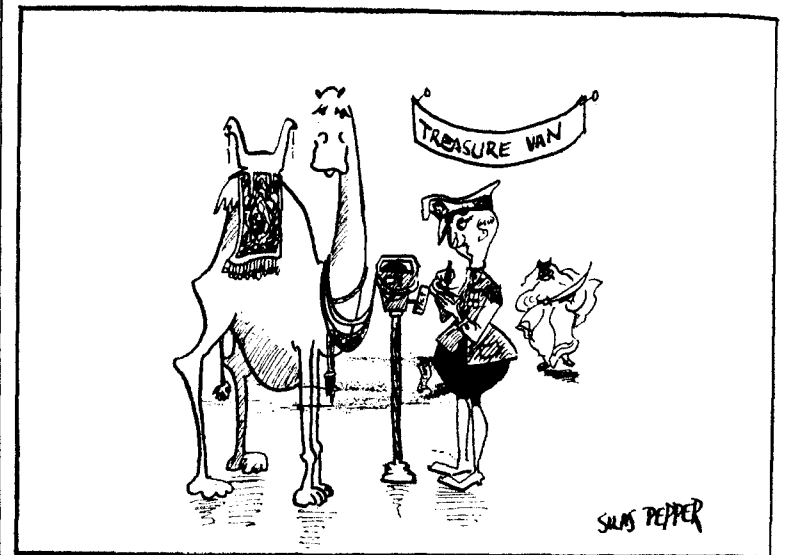
It is a song we have heard many times, and once again we join the chorus. There are plenty of reasons—military, political and economic, as well as humanitarian—for a categorical rejection of nuclear weapons.

But we are sufficiently wearied by evasion, circumlocution, double-talk and irresponsible hedging—all in the name of "dynamic leadership"—that we suggest at this point that the sin of political paralysis has become even greater than the ugliness of armaments.

We would prefer a policy we can disagree with to no policy at all. Of a government that cannot face up to a hard and costly decision—a decision increasingly expensive as we continue trying to travel in two directions at once.

We protest the apparent cheap dishonesty of a government that will not come clean with us.

We would like a decision. We would like to hear student voices insisting on a decision.



WHAT HE DOESN'T REALIZE IS THAT ANYONE CAN BE A CAMPUS COP, BUT NO MAN IS A CAMEL.



with Manfred H. Rupp

LET'S HAVE A PANELIST

One panel member at Sunday's leadership seminar proved himself to be an excellent reader.



Forum submissions are invited from both students and faculty—typed please, double spaced, up to 500 words. Address to the editor-in-chief.

Many people find the change from high school to University very hard. Some find it impossible to get up in time for 8:00 a.m. classes. Others have to do a little work for the first time in their lives.

I have trouble getting used to people smoking in lectures. Being a non-smoker, I hate to sit next to a smoker who is so intent on blowing smoke rings that he knocks the ashes from his Alpine off into your lap, or butts it on your arm. Inhaling second-hand smoke is not my idea of having a good time.

I'll never know why people smoke.

To look at an average smoker, he appears to be torturing himself every time he takes a drag on his cigarette. He holds his fingers in awkward positions to keep from burning them, and squints to look through the smoke billowing about his face. The smoker's biggest question in life appears to be "Why does the smoke change from blue to grey in color as it rises?" And, he or she always smells worse than a musty, manure-filled cattle shed.

Of course, I've had a number of overweight people tell me smoking keeps their weight down. On this line of thinking, I would recommend they smoke a dozen packs a day—otherwise, they'll never reach normal. Some people say that these "little white coffin nails" help to curb their appetite. While you turn your back, they eat enough for three people (of course it's your food—after paying for cigarettes they can't

afford to buy lunch).

Many smokers claim that their daily tar and nicotine intake calms their nerves—yet these same people are always overtense for fear that they might forget their matches, or run out of their little gods—cigarettes.

One finds many smokers worried enough about possible motor accidents to install seat belts. But when shown the awesome statistics relating smoking to lung cancer, they shrug their shoulders and promptly increase their tobacco consumption. When possibly in 30 or 40 years these same smokers suffer the agonies of cancer, they'll get no pity from me—they deserve every minute of pain for their ignorance.

These same people often claim to be able to kick the habit whenever they want. I challenge campus smokers to see if they can.

Forrest Bard

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Greetings, dear friends and gentle key-hole peepers. Watch out for the militant peep-hole keepers. They're out to get you, by subversion, infiltration, and devious means of undercover nebulation. But we shall keep peeping with watchful eyes, and young Canadians all over the place shall unite with us to unplug them there peepholes. Hurrah for free enterprise!

Here's a welcome to the golden age of the NON. There's the non-thinker (Barry Goldwater, who says only single words with some degree of clarity, plus some local members of his flock should readily come to mind). Welcome to the days where leaders don't lead and sheep follow anyway, where pundits don't know how to pun—thank you, thank you—and where steaks look like steaks and taste like pulp. Where nothings are wrapped in the most artful packages ever. Welcome to this glorious age where non-books cost more than the real thing, and non-records aren't worth hearing even once.

Welcome also, once again, to the season of non-Christmas. The season of joy has hit us again. The big commercial circus, which is nowadays inflicted upon us two months premature. Since you are probably broke already, and since winter seems kind of slow in keeping up with this forward shift of the seasons (that one for your Economics 200 textbook), you can always start dreaming of a black Christmas. Like we've been in the red so far, man. This line, incidentally, was stolen from Andy Kuiper, who will be making his satirical comments in song next Saturday at the Yardbird Suite. So much for commercials.

Went into Hurtig's one Saturday to buy "Nation of Sheep" by William Lederer. The salesclerk told me that he alone had sold 26 of them that same day. Sort of proves Lederer's point, doesn't it.

It's a trifle disconcerting to read about the managed news to which we are being treated by our considerate governments. Lederer describes this with a few examples, and I came across some evidence of it myself while I was watching Cuba through my peephole. Mr. Sylvester, assistant defense secretary for public affairs, Pentagon—try to figure this one out—admitted that the crisis news was "managed" or "controlled" by government agencies, calling this manipulation a "part . . . of weaponry", and said its purpose was to present "one voice to our adversary." Like Pravda, man.

Another funny one: Mr. Jack Levine, one time FBI agent, estimates that of the 8,500 members that are left in the American Communist Party, 1,500 are undercover FBI agents. Can't you just see it: somewhere in the USA into a dreary basement enter three men, all wearing regulation FBI gabardine suits and snap-brimmed hats, but each disguised by his regulation FBI Undercover Agent Beard, and each doing his damned best to overthrow the government in order to preserve his disguise. Like in Hoover we trust, man.

Back to my peephole.