

Editorial



Letters to the Editor should not be more than 250 words in length. They must include your signature, faculty, year of program, I.D. number, and phone number. Requests for anonymity are at the discretion of the Managing Editor, but the above information is required regardless. We reserve the right to edit for libel and length. Letters do not necessarily reflect the views of the Gateway.

Twas the night before the morning after...

Twas the night before Christmas when all through the campus, not a student was stirring, not even a Gatewayer. The stockings were hung by the door with care, in hopes that paycheques soon would be there. The editors were nestled all snug at their desks, while visions of bylines danced through their heads. There was Daddy-o in his kerchief and I in my ice pack, we'd just settled down for a long editorial smack. When out in the hall there arose such a clatter, I sprang from my desk to see what was the matter. Away to the doorway I flew like a flash, tore open the shutters and threw up the lunch special. The light on the tiles of the newly washed floor gave me a headache and I asked, "What's it all for?" What to my bloodshot eyes should appear, but President Schminsky and his eight tiny hacks. With a little old cheque book all dusty and dank, I knew in a moment they'd come to pull rank. More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, and he whistled and shouted and called them bad names. Now Punter, now Bustin, now Biggun, now Blooper. On Spanky, on Freddy, on Schminsky, on Lovinson. To the top of the SUB, to the bar called RATT, now dash away, dash away, dash away brats. As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly, when they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky. So up to the Room at the Top, the coursers they flew, with the cheque stubs for strippers and Schminsky too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof, the whining and stamping of each little foot. As I drew in my head and was turning around, down the elevator Tom Bustin came with a hound. He was dressed all in yuppie from head to foot, and his clothes were all rumpled with true grit and sweat. A stack of paycheques he had flung on his back, and he looked like a boy scout just opening his pack. His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples how merry, his cheeks were like roses, his nose a little hairy. His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow, and he drooled and he cackled and enjoyed himself so. The edge of his calculator he held firm in his teeth, and delusions of popularity encircled his head like a wreath. He had a bumpy face and a round little belly, that shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly. He was a skinny little wimp, a right silly young hack, and I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself. A wink of his eye and a twist of his head soon gave me to know I had everything to dread. He spoke not a word but went straight to his work, and emptied all the stockings then turned like a jerk. Laying his finger inside of his nose, and giving a twitch, up the elevator he rose. He sprang to his barstool, to the stripper gave a hoot, while he carefully watched over all of the loot. But I heard him exclaim as he slithered out of sight, "Happy Christmas to all of the wing on the right!"

Catty Bitchmore

Letters



Law suit?!

To The Editor:

RE: Marc Simao's soap opera.

We here at Binkle, Steintz, Steintz, Steintz, Steintz are formally informing you of the suit we are planning to levy on the Gateway on behalf of the producers of 'The Edge of Capitol Hospital'.

Your weekly publishings are blatantly plagiaristic of our client's product. So we are planning to bring suit against the party of your part from the party of our part in representation of the party of the clients part for the amount of \$12 billion plus damages.

We would also like to extend this opportunity to hire our services as a defense firm. We are assured that we could represent the interests of your part with our part quite better than any competing firm.

Sincerely Yours
Binkle,
Steintz,
Steintz,
Steintz,
& Steintz

Opus boob

Dear Sirs:

I have been informed that since the bankruptcy of K-Tel, you are now handling orders for their warehoused merchandise.

Could you please send me 12,000 amazing Potato Frizzlers and 4356.3 astounding Glop Sporkers and please include my complementary fantastic Doily Fluffers please.

Bill Me.

Opus Penguin
10 Bloom Meadow
CA, 94163.

Arms and the Vermin

To The Editor:

Being an "agent of social change" myself, of sorts, I thought I would like to fill you in on a much too forgotten and sordid detail of World history.

One fine Saturday afternoon early this previous summer, (sadly, the exact date still eludes me), the people of Israel and their bretheren worldwide decided to spend their Sabbath swimming at their nearby beaches. This seemingly innocent undertaking was in fact part of a grand conspiracy directed by Moscow, Israel, and of course Satan himself, to undermine Western civilization. You see, when water is displaced by foreign objects, its level rises (much like when you dip a machine-gun in a bath of cleaning solvent), and our oceans are no exception.

The result of this devious plot was that the world's sea level did indeed rise, enough to back up the North Saskatchewan river. As planned, Edmonton's river valley was flooded and much damage was done.

Having made my point, I would like to remind readers that every family should have at least three automatic weapons (and sufficient ammunition) per family member. Thank you very much.

Hairy Vermin
Arrogant Nations
Scaroline, Alberta

We're sorry!

To The Editor:

I would like to correct a piece of incorrect information that was reported in the Gateway ("Laser Beams to be used for physical fitness", Gateway, Dec. 3).

The article reported that the argon-V laser operates at a frequency of 1,325,483 MHz. This is incorrect; the laser operates at a frequency of 1,325,482 MHz.

If you cannot keep your facts straight, get someone else who can write accurately.

Sincerely
Dr. I.M. Pikki
Radiological Science

More smut now

To The Editor:

I would like to complain about the absence of homophobic, racist, and sexist material in the Gateway.

Thank You.

Rufus Washington,
Grand Poubah,
KKK Edmonton Chapter

Loose cogs

To The Editor:

I would like to comment on the rumour that a space alien is responsible for the pregnancy of the managing editor of the Gateway.

I am appalled that something hasn't been done to stop these aliens from taking over. I have one in one of my classes, and I find his purple feathers a nuisance, as I am allergic to them.

Furthermore, I am told the rat population on campus is on the rise again, and that the Biological Science Lab is attempting to clone Elvis.

This rampant march of so-called science is an outrage. If the Creator had meant for us to fly, she wouldn't have invented wheels. (Or something like that).

Dwayne Zorkface
Arts 1/2

May the partridge in the pear tree
shit all over your exam results!



The Gateway

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Mom, please change your mind and let me come home for Christmas...a subliminal message.