

The Gateway

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—The number of slaves is decreasing steadily and their absence is becoming crucial. So all you people who filled out cards and then sat and waited you may as well make an appearance to accompany Michael Boyle, the white old man, Peter McCormick, Shirley Kirby, Ron Yakimchuk, Margaret Bolton, Mariam McClellan, assorted photographers, the sand man and the ever-faithful, ever-present, yours truly Harvey Thomgirt.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1967



JULES FEIFFER DISCOVERED THAT IRONIC AND WITTY EFFECTS COULD BE ACHIEVED BY DRAWING SIMPLE FACES.



THESE FACES WENT WITH A LOT OF SCRAGGLY LETTERED MONOLOGUE ON THE SIDE. IT WAS A VERY FUNNY DEVICE.



IT WAS SO FUNNY, IN FACT, THAT LOTS OF OTHER CARTOONISTS COPIED IT. NOW EVERY NEWSPAPER PRINTS CARTOONS LIKE THIS.



NOW ANYONE WHO CAN'T DRAW CAN BE A CARTOONIST.

Donnelly
GATEWAY

the average clod . . .

Now we should all begin to soak in some words of wisdom from our courses, from introductory English to intermediate economic theory, to advanced basketweaving in the pre-McLuhan era.

Various minor and major revelations probably emerge from the better courses and if you're gifted enough, you catch them as they come and thereafter make them part of your ever-widening vocabulary of common sense and folk wisdom which you're going to rely on when you leave this lovely-ugly dream-home anyway.

So we can guess at some of the gems the average clod picks up and cherishes as inviolable for ever after and passes on to his kids as good sound evidence of what this cat went to college for besides to join the great cult of that time, and to get technical training and/or fragments of culture.

For example our clod, who always believes his profs sans questions, hears that (This is so revelatory he has to hurry up and write down every word real neat like so he won't forget it ever!!) certain works of literature can be read on various levels—you know, like, as a simple transparent tale of cosy kindergarten solace about ordinary people, or as an allegory or some

such burdened with some terrible significance clod never does get clear.

Now for average clod, who has been working for years on a steady cultural diet of Classic comics supplemented by the occasional epic movie show, this truth he has just written up neat in his binder is way too much, so he just slips back into his literal kindygart days and reads merrily along day by day, word by word so's not grasp too much of great import in one gulp. (Indigestion is something he'd rather not get involved with.)

So one day some empty semesters later clod, the common man, runs across a pair of his earliest remembered reading books called "WE WORK AND PLAY" and "WE LOOK AND SEE". Now after a cursory thumb through and a few moments spent in fond recollection of those halcyon days in the literary realm, clod is about to refile . . . when it appears, as if by miraculous revelation to clod that . . . "hey man, remember what I learned in freshman English, and believe it or don't, it's still right there fresh in my mind, about reading works of art on various levels of comprehension, feeling and involvement . . . Wowie . . . I oughta reread these two little books, only take me a few hours, on a new level!"

. . . a thrilling expose

We hasten here to emphasize clod's excitement and applaud his memory and insight at this (crucial) turning point.

So clod reads excitedly on into the world of Dick, Jane, Baby, assorted animals, and Father and Mother (very big), with a brannew perspective, savoring each line fraught with new meaning, conjuring metaphors to uncover the significance behind that repetition he had stuttered on years before, supplementing, from the pool of his large and ever-widening vocabulary, the basic words and concepts he finds, and (through his own imagination, moderately fruitful) transforming these simple stories into a giant teeming busting expose of modern neighborhoods, or was it an allegory on those dirty rotten un-

thinking optimistic ("always-look-on-the-bright-side-kiddies") protesters against Vietnam wars. . . .

The level or avenue clod actually chose to read on we leave to your own bountiful minds, patient and dear readers, as we close this chapter on clod, the very ordinary common nondescript man, who found a college revelation an interesting, even valuable, thing to have around for analysing convenient things and stuff. . . .

There are no punch lines now or words of advice to all the 'clods' listening, or subtle endings calculated to inspire awe or something. Just this: whatever level you choose to read on, clods are meant to be SYMPATHIZED WITH.

—John Love

keith spencer

a victim of the masses

Church bells will peal out sad notes at high noon Friday, signaling a period of mourning in remembrance of Henry Turtle who passed away recently on the south steps of Tory building.

In lieu of the traditional black arm bands appropriate to such sad state occasions, mourning Toryites will display their black and blue bruises.

An autopsy performed on the battered corpse by Zoology 220 students has placed the cause of death on "multiple tramlings."

The black and blue, the maimed, the tattered and torn, the wounded and mauled—Vietnam? Hell, no! It's class change at Tory building. No napalm maybe, but that hourly thundering horde is a cinch to wipe anybody out.

If you spent your pennies on a ticket to the Commerce Rodo, you wasted your loot, because the stampepe roaring past the main floor elevators is enough to make anything else look mighty pale and timid.

As a matter of fact, it is reported that the historical phrase "you can't roller-skate in a buffalo herd" was coined by an old Hobbema Indian chief who saw the herd spill forth from the front door of Tory.

Class change at Tory makes 19 cent day at the Army and Navy look like kids' stuff—even that mob of huge, bullying women who swarm through the store would be no match for the teeming Tory masses.

And great Bear fullback, Les Sorenson, would be stopped for no gain by the Tory line. Take note, Coach Drake—some of the toughest line-

men in college ball can be scouted crashing in and out of Tory elevators—and wearing mini-skirts too!

For sure, it wouldn't hurt one's chances of keeping both ears intact if football helmets were to become standard equipment for Tory turtles.

But wait!

It's the Board of Governors to the rescue. The Governors have kindly decided that an ambulance shall be kept on duty at the entrance to Tory, in order to whisk casualties away quickly.

But, alas, the sharp thinking administration has pointed out that the only parking available for such a vehicle is located 127 blocks north of Tory—in a lot kindly provided for student parking by the St. Albert Drive-In Theatre.

It has also been pointed out that no stop-gap measures are required as the crowding at the south door will soon be remedied when construction of the east portion of the campus is complete in the year 2016.

In the meantime, the students' union has announced sponsorship of a life insurance scheme especially designed for Tory people. It features exorbitant student rates and free burial in the quad behind the Administration Building.

The best advice for the moment would seem to be to remain cowering deep in the confines of Tory basement until well after the thundering hordes have departed, and then to dash quickly through the door, and then on bended knee humbly give thanks for having made it out again—alive and in one piece.