

Watch This Man

Mort Sahl's favorite question for John Kennedy was "What are you going to do when you grow up?" John Kennedy has become President-elect and from all indications he has grown up.

Until he takes office on January 20 and assumes his duties it will be impossible to pass any qualified judgment. However, his activities up to now indicate that he may bring to the United States that clear, mature judgment which has been missing for at least eight years. The strongest evidence of this is provided by the selection of extremely able men from every part of the Union to fill executive posts.

In the selection of men for the key posts Kennedy has exhibited an attitude of responsibility.

Notably he has not gone hog-wild in doling out sinecures to his following of "bright, young men." Many attribute Kennedy's election victory to the support and advice of a group of young intellectuals, mainly University professors. Ordinarily it would be expected that they would receive the spoils. However a glance at the list of executive appointments show neither a preponderance of fuzzy cheeked youngsters nor silver-haired patriarchs. Instead there has been a tempered balance combining experience with enthusiasm and a fresh approach.

Kennedy's choice for the important office of Secretary-of-State was a wise one. Subjugat-

ing his own preference of William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, he followed the advice of his colleagues and chose instead Dean Rusk, head of the Rockefeller Foundation. Fulbright, an Arkansas segregationist, would hardly have been popular with the increasingly important Afro-Asian nations. The choice of Rusk also indicates that the President will once again take personal responsibility for foreign affairs. Rusk, although an extremely able man, is not expected to have the strong, personal opinions as would a man of Adlai Stevenson's nature.

The only questionable appointment is that of Kennedy's brother Robert for the post of Attorney-General. Mail to Democratic National Headquarters has reportedly run nearly 100 to 1 against this appointment of a man who is able and dynamic but has no legal experience. It would have been better to seek out for this valuable man a post which requires less specialized knowledge.

Generally, the quality of the appointees has been high. Delays have been kept to a minimum and Kennedy has made an attempt to become acquainted with candidates before making a final selection. From all indications the President-elect has avoided the early pitfalls and errors of the Eisenhower administration. He has even promised to confine his golf to official vacations.

No Contest

Red Cross will be driving for blood soon, and to provide some impetus are three major trophies and numerous other contests to determine the best of the blood letters.

Another campaign of a similar service nature was recently completed in Edmonton, that of the Community Chest.

Both of these drives, one for money, the other for perhaps higher stakes, blood, are worthwhile, but both present a social obligation of a proportion that is appalling. Not donating money to the community chest, or not having a drain job is like wearing a bikini to church on Sunday—society condemns you.

Blood drives on University campuses make the situation even more acute. Competitions make you even more obligated to produce. Do not give blood, and you may lose it anyway for not adding your tenth of a percent to the club's total. You may get dinged. You may become the fink of the week. Barring these possibilities you will be accused of having jaundice or malaria or be nick-named "anaemic".

Giving blood is an important service to the community, but there should be no social nor any other coercion in the giving. Cure the coercion, do not enter contests.

Another Man To Watch

One man above all others in political activities on this campus bears watching.

He is Alf Stenberg, leader of the Communist party.

If you are among those who will be watching from the gallery at Model Parliament, Feb. 6, 7, and 8, take a good look at Mr. Stenberg. And listen well when he stands up to speak. Do not laugh.

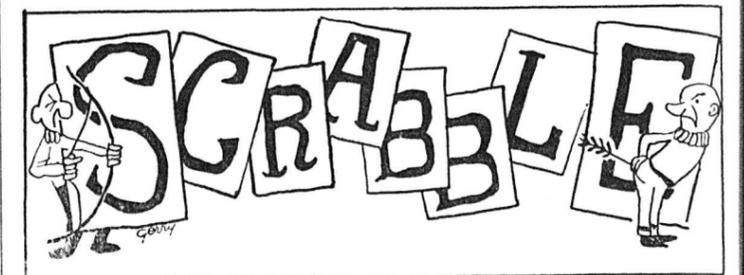
Mr. Stenberg will amaze you. If he is in good form he will jolt you. And if you think about what he is saying something close to a chill may grip your spine.

For Mr. Stenberg means exactly what he is saying. He is not a campus joker having a little fun. He is deadly serious. He is a Communist!

Alf Stenberg would like to see Canada subjugated by Russia. He actually thinks a Communist government would be better for Canadians than the present democratic system. And all this is not just a pipe dream our friend Stenberg has conjured up out of a few books. He has looked to Russia and likes what he sees there. He thinks Canada should be governed in the same manner.

The tendency over the years has been to laugh at Mr. Stenberg. Many students listen to him and think it's all a joke, albeit a warped kind of joke. Students vote Communist, chuckling and marvelling at their brilliant sense of humor. Students shout and applaud when he stands up in Model Parliament.

Don't laugh this time, . . . listen . . . and believe what wou will, but think.



Jan. 23. One a.m. Cold as Hell outside; room-mate's snoring; the tap is dripping; my nose is running. Another day. No mice left to torture, so I throw darts for a while at a black beetle going up the wall. Missed again. Some beetles lead a charmed life. Some humans aren't so lucky. Some should live so long. Already. I steel myself for tomorrow's onslaught. What will be the phrase of the day? "Hiya, fella. What's new?" Echhh! What's new, indeed. Nothing, guy, nothin' but "(Giggle, giggle) guess what? I got my average! (Giggle, giggle.) Hoboy . . . more converts to conformity. Which reminds me. I didn't get my average. Oh, abject horror. What will become of me? So what's new?"

Well, I tell ya, gang, there's Model Parliament ("and if elected I . . .") Engineer's Queen Week ("Wake me early, Mother, I'm to be Queen of the May."), Fraternity and Faculty Formals ("Who did YOU get stuck with?"), Midterms ("How're the exams going?"), Songfest ("I still say the Judge was biased."), Fink of the Week ("I think the whole idea

is disgusting. Just who do they think they are, anyway?"), cold soup at Caf ("Ham-n'-aigs, side 'a fries!"), notes from the Librarian ("If this book is not returned . . ."), Campus Elections ("Also ran were . . .!"), Varsity Guest Weekend ("Out with old, in with the new!"). In with the new what?

I get a big kick out of all the woolly heads, poobahs and 'executive material' running around batting their brains out to make their particular project a success. Worry, worry. Hurry, hurry. Press the old panic button. Shazam . . . BOOM! And think of the personal satisfaction of a good job well done.

Bucks for Bombay? Kash for Kenton. Silver pins for service. Give credit where credit is due, and give patronage where patronage is due. Thou shalt discriminate against thy neighbour if thou are in the position to do so.

And now, with our awards for service clutched in our hot little hands let us stand in the shining light of togetherness and say as one man (Let's all get on the band wagon Gang!) . . . let's really belt it out . . . Long live extra curricular activities! Forward into the future . . . backwards.

Five years from now, who's going to give a damn?

Pardon me while I stick my face head with a pin and withdraw into a state of mild depression.

FROM THE Editor's Spike

Sometimes I wonder why we do things. Tuesday's Gateway, for example, contained the platforms of the six political parties and The Gateways, at their distribution points, are buried and unseen in a mass of political propaganda.

Two letters of political nature were received by The Gateway this week. One challenged the Tories to eat fish, the answer . . . to the So-creds . . . says no.

The first letter was received in time for publication last Tuesday; and speaking of fish, it smelled a little more than somewhat. We did not run it—no political party is getting that kind of publicity, intentional or not.

One thing in connection with model parliament—this paper will be politically neutral, as it has tried to be throughout the year.

To stay on the fishy theme, politics of any sort leave a fishy taste in this editor's mouth, and are best

followed by a Listerine gargle. Individual politicians, however, fall into a class best described by the Catholic priest in the book "Keys of the Kingdom"—". . . never the less some of my best friends are aesthetists."

Last Tuesday's paper had a story on the forthcoming blood drive. Among the bleeding contests described in the original article was one between The Gateway and Radio Society. It was killed.

This editor believes that no one should be forced to spill blood over a tarnished tin mug. If The Gateway staff wants to get

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