

only three letters today. there's one on bilingualism and one on varsity football. there's even a letter about our poor, hard-working reporters. a scholarly examination of breakfast, and a sheaf cartoon round out the page.

letters

the booboo

May I respond to an editorial that appeared in The Gateway on Thursday, October 12? I pondered long before deciding to write, because I felt that I must be missing something—Was this an attempt at satire? Or perhaps simply a conscious attempt to stimulate controversy? I concluded it was neither because of the glaring naivete throughout.

I refer of course to "bilingual booboo"—the editorial that criticizes the Mixed Chorus for singing "O Canada" in (shudder) French.

There are a few small points that your editorial writer should be made aware of. First of all, if your writer is so terribly concerned with "decorum", he would have noticed that the singing of the national anthem came first on the program—it did not follow a pride-stimulating version of "Ring Out A Cheer for Our Alberta" as he implies. Secondly, a minor point, French is not a foreign language in Canada, though apparently many would like to think it is. Thirdly, the writer of the editorial might be most interested to know that the song "O Canada" was composed by a (shudder) French Canadian, Calixa Lavallee, who lived from 1842 to 1891. The original words were French. The words most often heard by English-speaking Canadians today ("O Canada, Our home and native land, etc.") were not written until 1908, by Justice R. S. Weir. And that version was not the first one in English. It bears no resemblance to (is not a translation of) the original French words.

I'm not sure what your editorial writer did, but it would appear that he/she listened to the first line of the song and then left. You see, we did sing O Canada in English immediately after we sang it in French, though no mention of this is to be found in the editorial. If we are going to use a song written by a French-Canada for the country that he was proud to be a citizen of, for our national anthem, I fail to see how it can be considered lacking in "good taste" or in the "right amount of decorum" (these are your

cliches, not mine) or if you wish, a "bilingual booboo" to sing it both in French and English.

Small minds making pompous, self-righteous, and unknowledgeable statements such as are found in that editorial are the cause of most of the ills of this country, to say nothing of the international scene. One would hope that a university environment could minimize the incidence of these (minds, statements and ills).

D. C. Harper
grad studies

Editor's Note—Laura Scott, coordinator for the SUB dedication ceremony, Monday confirmed a statement made in the Oct. 12 editorial. At the dedication ceremony, O Canada was sung in French ONLY.

up with football

Keith Spencer's remarks in last Friday's Gateway, "Who gives a damn about the Golden Bears?", shows a marked ignorance of the fact that the Golden Bear football team is a solid institution at the university.

Poor crowds at times supply fuel for negative arguments. Knockers seem to generate a consensus among the students that the football here is inferior. The continual dwelling on the tremendous calibre of play and the large crowds associated with universities in the United States build inferiority complexes.

There is a need for positivism. The football heritage of this university must be brought out. The stirring grudge games Alberta used to have with UBC and Saskatchewan should be revived.

How many students know that Ken Neilsen became an established star with the Winnipeg Blue Bombers within two years after his graduation from the Golden Bears? How many know that 10,000 people poured into Clarke Stadium three years ago to watch Alberta down Queen's for the Canadian college championship?

Despite the negativism, football remains solidly entrenched in the culture of this university. Bears will continue to be drafted by the pro teams. The majority of students will continue to ask their friends "How did the Bears do Saturday?"

Sociologists will probably find that football serves as a source of coherence for the university society. Aside from the fact that 2,000 university people converge the occasional Saturday to watch a football game, the degree to which students sympathize with the university can be partly attributed to the university

being represented on the playing field.

The Golden Bears act as a dearly-needed liaison between the public and the campus. It deadens the public's stereotyped conception of the university as a hippie refuge and drug market.

Most important of all, the students expect the university to have a football team. Big budget or not, the football team will pervade university life here for many autumns to come. If somebody would thump out the knockers, the seating capacity in that stadium behind the arena would soon be too small.

Don Moren
arts 2

kind words

I am astounded at the large number of ultra-sensitive individuals who create uproars and then violently complain about the way they are handled in your newspaper.

Having retired after a lengthy career with The Gateway, I can sympathize with what must be your exasperation.

A couple of clowns, such as Jim Matkin or Dave Leadbeater, manage to bungle their way through a job in a way that makes themselves and everyone associated with them look like fools.

The poor news editor has two choices—either he can have a reporter do a story, or he can ignore the whole mess. If he does the latter, he will be accused of ignoring important campus news (in English,

refusing to publicize the pitiful attempts at political self-glorification of the individuals concerned).

If he decides to run a story, the reporter is faced with a terrible dilemma. He can try to make some sense out of their remarks (an impossible task, especially since everyone who has heard them has a totally different interpretation of what is actually going on), or he can attempt the equally impossible task of talking to them and then trying to resolve the contradictions between the first remarks and the second version.

In any case, if the resulting story does not meet the glorified picture these people have of themselves, an angry letter will appear on this page.

I intend no particular slight to Leadbeater and Matkin, but intend my remarks as applying to a large number of people who have written letters on this page.

I wish a few people would stop to realize that there are usually many ways of examining an event, and that if their own particular viewpoint is so obvious or self-evident, they should be able to express it to such animals as Gateway reporters in a way which can be understood.

Believe me, The Gateway is much easier on people than any reputable professional newspaper would ever consider being.

So letter writers, think before you write. And it might also help to read so-called "offensive" articles before labeling them as such.

Ralph Melnychuk
grad studies

On the spirit of breakfast

By ALLEN GARR
Reprinted from The Peak

While I sleep in the lower part of my house I set my alarm clock behind the leg of a table in one of the upper reaches.

This precaution ensures that the roar of the clock's voice will draw me sufficiently far away from my warm bed so that I will have to either bark my shins as I seek out the enemy in my blindness or open my eyes and irrevocably commit myself to another day.

At times I associate the crack of dawn with the sonic boom of a low flying aircraft.

The sun peeping over the horizon in an array of splendid color makes my eyeballs water.

And if you listen closely, you will find that birds twittering in the early hours are not blessing the new day.

image watchers

They are complaining because an externally imposed addage, "the early bird catches the worm," has forced them to comply in order to retain their image.

I might add that the last time I spoke to a gathering of worms, they complained at length about the inconvenience of being eaten early.

I am reasonably sure that those people who praise the coming of day are referring to some event which occurs in the early afternoon.

Morning, to me, is a time of violence and pain.

It is a period best spent in private lest one offends by his rumbled outlook.

I express nothing new in the sentiment that morning is anything but a period of tranquility.

aggression

Contemporary breakfast cereal producers have insisted in incorporating man's early morning aggressions into the first food he is likely to eat.

Judging from current advertising it would appear that most breakfast foods are vehicles for a powerful force.

Rice Krispies, for example, do not lie in the bottom of your bowl in a soggy, peaceful mess, but rise to greet you in a chorus of SNAP, CRACKLE and POP.

I have enough trouble convincing myself in the morning that the wooly lining in my mouth is only a temporary problem without a military tattoo in my breakfast bowl to remind me that the wool will be the least of my problems that day.

for the kiddies

Of course, most breakfast cereals are made for kids and the advertising, which emphasizes power and aggression, effectively influences the young tykes as to how they should start out their day: "A little bit brighter" . . . than the next guy.

Imagine the attitude of a young lad dragged from his crib and presented with the prospect of reviving himself, at the pain of mental and physical malnutrition, with cold milk and lumps of crunch shot from a cannon.

Cereals are often attributed with the ability to convey human qualities.

The sugar-coated kid is always saving scores of people with the aid of his whip and guns.

Presumably by eating this cereal people become brave, dynamic, and develop an inherent sense of justice.

underdog

Cereals are made for the underdog who wants to be a leader—echoes of conservatism.

The latest effort is a treat called "Apple Jacks" and "a bowl a day keeps the bullies away."

The ad doesn't suggest that the bullies stay away because they see your mom buying this vitamin enriched, energy packed, free prize inside, box of goodies.

You have to down the contents first, and then beat hell out of the bullies.

I think that the manufacturers are trying to create a group of six-year-old vigilantes to clean up the racial unrest in the United States.

Not only is violence ever pre-

sent at the breakfast table, but it is billed as a fun thing.

A new cereal snack, "Pokes," is consumed amidst laughter and television viewing.

a big hit

"A Poke in the mouth makes a hit in the tummy."

How far does a child have to go with this sort of pugnacious attitude before he arrives at: "A kick in the groin is worth two in the bush" . . . or something like that?

There is one cereal that seems to be able to transmit the mark of Cane.

"Sugar Smacks," although inoffensive initially are with the aid of Madison Avenue turning into a dangerous weapon.

In the ad one child says to another: "Give me a smack." The other, in response, raises a hefty pillow, belts his innocent victim and replies: "Because you're my brother I'll give you another."

some ad

Mother breaks in at this point not to condemn the savage beating, but to point out that the lad lying in a heap on the floor might have been asking for a tasty treat.

The juxtaposition of sado-masochistic behavior and the request for nourishment reiterates an all too apparent weakness in our society.

I would suggest that we return to an era where breakfast is a leisurely past-time.

Perhaps the menu could contain such items as champagne, caviar and warm mush.

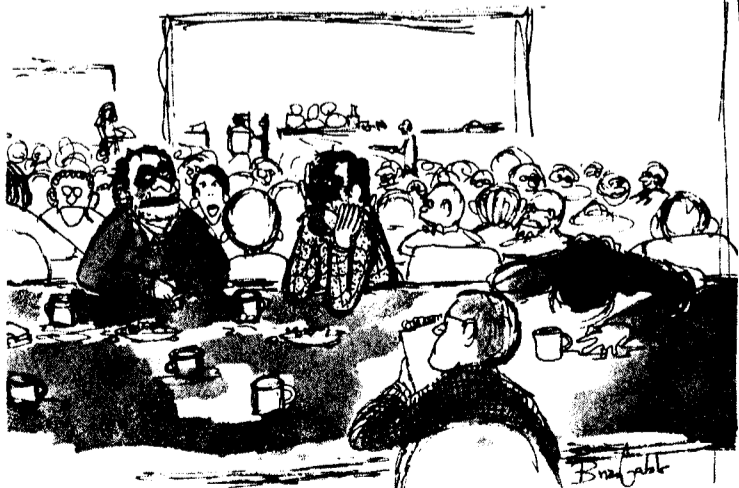
Soft boiled eggs could be consumed with minimal trouble and without an ear-shattering fanfare.

it's the attitude

It is more the attitude surrounding breakfast than the actual content.

One could no more be imbued with brotherly love by a warm egg yolk than he could get courage to conquer from a dried out pulverized seed.

At present I would, however, seek to raise the banner for a more loving spirit of breakfast.



'yeah, i'd say it was a helluva good homecoming weekend'

—reprinted from the sheaf