

# Births Kill

To the Editor:

Man has been so successful in reproducing himself that not only is he plentiful on all parts of the earth, but he faces a shortage of sustenance on some. With his overpopulation, entire species have disappeared and others are rapidly losing out in the fight for space in which to propagate their own, because man is a "sacred" creature whose every hint of life must be protected. We operate on a principle of whatever is left over after man has his "necessities" will charitably be left to "God's creatures".

So many people, horrified at the thought of allowing abortion, have no qualms whatsoever about spending a "stimulating" weekend slaughtering animals just for the sheer ENJOYMENT of it.

Granted, contraception is preferable to abortion, but when man is so plentiful that other animals are being squeezed out of existence, why is a potential human life so much more "sacred" than the active functioning life of a polar bear--or a timber wolf?

I am inclined to wonder if the noise we make about our special status doesn't arise more out of fear of a threat to each of us as individuals than from our pious

humanitarianism. While that wolf bears no direct relationship to our existence, that embryo is going to be one of us; and if he can be snuffed out, how do we know we won't be rationalized away next?

While I don't believe this naturally follows, someone is about to say, "They reasoned away the Jews in Germany." And since I don't know how to reconcile abortion and the fear of extermination, I'm left dangling in an unfinished argument.

Some may assume I have no compassion whatsoever for my fellow man. This is not so. I only think it is high time we de-emphasized our own importance in the animal kingdom, and tried to acquire a more balanced attitude to life in general.

Incidentally as an ex-member of your so called "silent majority" voicing the opinions I have always held, I would like to point out, Mr. Grams, that birth produced not only Mozarts and Picassos but also Al Capones and Adolph Hitlers.

Sincerely,  
A.K. Stafford

P.S. Silence implies agreement???! Convenient premise, that.

## EDITORIAL Parking — an excuse for encroachment

Parking is, realistically, a minor issue in the current dispute over the backlanes in North Garneau.

Associate Vice-President Leitch admits the present proposal may result in only about 150 extra parking places and that the fees from stalls created by the proposal might not even pay for maintenance.

The University is not paying \$20,000 or \$30,000 for a couple of hundred parking stalls.

A better reason for the proposal is that the university wants to "clean-up" the area. It is not the residents' fault the lanes and backyards are in a state of dis-repair. It is the university's responsibility to keep them up.

But the university has been expecting to tear down what is left of North Garneau in the near future. And so, they have not felt inclined to make the necessary repairs to the garages and fences or even the houses, some or which are in need of major repairs.

Faced with a tight money situation, the university will not be able to tear down the community for another few years. According to Associate Vice-President Leitch, the university will be more inclined in the near future to make some needed repairs to the houses.

But the university has no intention of repairing anything outside the houses. Instead, in order to "clean-up" the area, they propose to tear down the offending garages and fences along with numerous trees and garages which are in no need of repair.

And this leads us to the real reason for the present proposal.

The university seems to be engaging on a campaign of gradual encroachment rather than wholesale invasion.

It is easier, financially and tactically, for the university to demolish the district gradually.

For their present proposal, the university can utilize surplus funds in the Physical Plant budget instead of embarking on a major development necessitating its own financing and formal approval.

The university has, in the past few years, torn down some houses in the area instead of making major repairs to them. For instance, if a house needed a new heating or wiring system, it was cheaper, in the long run, for the university to simply tear the house down. With the present lack of funds this is apparently no longer feasible. However, it is still feasible to "repair" the garages by tearing them down.

By "developing" the area with relatively small projects like the parking proposal the university is able to gradually make the area a less desirable place to live. When the time comes for the final demolition there will be less to demolish and consequently less for the residents and the public to complain about.

Garneau is one of the few truly beautiful areas left in the city. The university should be forced to keep this area in good condition at least as long as they have no real use for it. This can only be done with a strong, militant tenants' union which has public support.

The present proposal would obviously not alleviate the current parking problem to any appreciable degree. The university is simply using parking as an excuse for encroachment.

The necessity for a "clean-up" of the area is less of an excuse but clearly the university is not willing to spend the proposed amount for this reason. The laneways in the university owned North Garneau are not in much worse condition than the laneways to the south of the district.

The university will probably demolish the North Garneau district completely in the foreseeable future. The task is to preserve as much as possible for as long as possible.

# Christmas Challenge

Dear Sir:

I challenge the ministers, priests, and rabbis to preach their Christian sermons on "The Massacre of the Innocents."

Matthew 2:16

Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently enquired of the wise men.

Scriptural interpretation has always smoothed this lump away. All their little souls went straight to God, etc. Their poor parents lacked yet the knowledge of the Christian Resurrection to enjoy their children's good fortune. Or that, having given Man free will, God could not prevent Herod's decree, but only warn Joseph--only Joseph?--in a dream. Not an evil God, just a weak God.

Those in the Judeo-Christian tradition will put up with a lot of abuse in the name of piety. It goes back to Job, and it established the character of Jewish submission in Nazi camps.

To accept within any religion the cruel acts of the god it worships is to allow the blunting of one's own sensitivity. Are we not more severe with a criminal who despite whatever kindly acts is convicted for the single crime?

While people consent to worship a god who acts in bloody ways, or is ineffectual in preventing them is it any wonder we can countenance war and not feel the responsibility in our own societies for the welfare and lives of our own?

Sincerely,  
Kirsten Traphagen Nosko  
Graduate Student

# The Gateway

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...they stumbled back, their eyes and minds fogged by the demon liquor. And their bodies twisted by the assassin of youth, marihuana. But duty called! "We must put out a paper," they cried. And here to perform this vital task, despite all injuries and abuses were Bob the mighty Beal; Ross Harvey; the Village Idiot, proclaiming ethical reaffirmation; Bob Blair Dennis (no two ways about it, we're not sleeping in the station) Windrim. Elsie Ross; Ronald Emmanuel Ternoway; Rick "Halifax Harbor" Grant. little Jim Selby; Henri (WHY do you do this to me, Lana?) Pallard; Ron and Lana (or perhaps Lana and Ron) Yakimchuk; pretty, pretty Pauline Mapplebeck; that arch foe of the IBM composer, Barbara Preece; Dave (just point me in the direction of St. Johns) McCurdy; Lay Stufield; Barry (I'm sorry, but I lost your picture) Headrick; Fiona (why don't you all come to Bermuda with me) Campbell; Percy Wickman; Marilyn Strilchuk; Karen (to hell with the conductors) Moeller; and I, your depleted but happy snake-in-the-berth, Harvey G. (for Give me fifty pounds of dynamite, and I'll blow up CN) Thomgirt.

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## Berry WES GATEWAY

After Grizelda's horse ate my last column, I must admit that I lost my head. I mean, you put four or five hours work into a column, and then some goddam horse eats it. Well, I yelled at Grizelda (For which I really must apologise, or she'll start holding out on me for those little, ah, favors) and then I kicked her horse. It made me feel a little better, but I must say that the horse over-reacted, because he stomped out of the room threatening to call a cop on me. But, knowing horses, he was probably bluffing.

Speaking of engineers. Those pointy-headed little devils are on the loose again. I understand that over the Christmas vacation, they raided the nurses' residence en masse, and sexually assaulted at least three of the nurses' lovely trees. The results should be interesting, to say the least-- either a spruce that carries a slide rule, or an engineer that sheds his leaves in the fall.

Our radical president, Don MacKenzie, has proposed yet another of his famous "progressive" reforms. Seems he wants to have the little boys' rooms on campus painted blue, and the little

girls' rooms painted pink. Naturally, this has aroused storms of protest among the student body--Womens Lib wants all the cans painted brown, and the Maoists are screaming that they must be red. The A.B.Y.L., on the other hand, agree with the Maoists: in one respect, but they want white and blue, as well as red, and they also want spy cameras mounted to keep an eye on the subversives who might wish to use the cans for the express purpose of undermining our society by giving information to the commies. And of course Doug Black agrees with everybody.

Happened to attend a little get-together over the holidays which, despite my expectations, turned out to be a real gas. It went by the name of the Canadian University Press Conference, and it happened in, of all Godforsaken places, Nova Scotia. Which meant a three thousand mile train trip. Which meant that we had a lot of free time on our hands on the way out. Which meant that we had a very good excuse to drink, carouse, and intimidate the other passengers, in the inimitable tradition of all students travelling en masse to any given destination. And, obviously, sobriety was at a minimum for the duration. And Acadia University may never recover.

One passing, plaintive note--I didn't get what I wanted for Christmas. I distinctly remember asking Old Fatso for a case of Silk Tassel scotch, and five lusty women to help me drink it. But what did I get? I'll tell you what I got. A six-pack of Pepsi and a visit from my grandmother. It's enough to make a grown man cry.