

EDITORIAL

Yes Virginia ...

I had a drink with a man who claimed to be Santa Claus about this time several years ago.

He was a fat, Anglo Saxon, North American who spoke with a Southern drawl. He even laughed a lot (although this could have something to do with the fact that he was inebriated).

I told him (in so many words) that he was lying and challenged him to prove his existence.

He chuckled - something about how deluded I was - but went on with his explanation.

"Who do you think is responsible for the store shelves stocked full of goodies? And what makes people rush around like mad buying presents? It doesn't come from nowhere - all the fir trees, tinsel, toys, watches, diamonds, cameras, candies, eggnog, puddings, liquor, stockings..." He paused to gulp down what remained of his drink.

"Yes," I interrupted, "but they don't buy them because of you. I mean it is in the spirit of Christmas, giving, compassion, love for your neighbor, and all that - it's not you."

He laughed like that was the most hilarious thing he had ever heard, and muttered something about my naivete.

"I never claimed to have compassion. Hey, I don't see any around anyways - Christians with compassion. Look at all the starving people all over the world. Don't kid yourself, kid, there are billions, but there are millions of filthy rich Christians too, and well that's that way it goes."

"But," I quickly replied, "at Christmas time everybody - well, everybody I know - gives donations to the poor, food hampers and stuff through radio stations and everything."

I stopped there, annoyed at his constant snickering.

"Lookee here," he said, "those are North Americans - of course we gotta give them the necessities to celebrate Christmas right. Anyways, it's part of the business, this charity stuff. I have royalties on this bizarre red costume, you know. Never underestimate the value of a good gimmick. And then there are my interests in the toy companies, not to mention distilleries ... you know how the saying goes, I have something in my bag for everybody."

"What about your conscience?"

It was my last try, although I could already guess the answer from his wry grin.

He leaned over, sloshing his third drink over the rim of his glass, not trying to hide the fact he was leering down my cleavage.

"Confidentially," he started, "it's not too good for my image, but I never did claim to have a conscience, and I can't stand those righteous good Samaritans who claim they do."

"In fact," he went on, "the fewer there are, the better. Actually, I'm not doing a bad job at wiping them off the face of this earth. Yup, I start by convincing them to believe in me when they're young. Things like making them think if they're good they'll get lots of loot. By the time they're old, they can't shake me. Well now do you believe I'm Santa?"

He didn't wait around for my answer, but ran off giggling, something about wetting his pants if he had to look at my expression any longer.

I haven't seen him since, but he is getting old and I wouldn't be surprised if he had a heart attack, or cirrhosis, or died of over-consumption soon.

But as far as I can tell, he is still alive and well.

Nina Miller

the Gateway

VOL. LXXI NO. 25
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1980
SIXTEEN PAGES

One by one, the snow flakes drifted to earth. The mercury in the thermometer took the day off and curled up into a tiny little ball. But inside the Gateway office all was warmth and light as the staff prepared for the magic season. Wes Oginski, Victor

Editorial Staff
EDITOR - Keith Krause
MANAGING - Jim McElgunn
NEWS - Mike Walker and Nina Miller
PRODUCTION - Peter Michalyszyn
ARTS - Ken Daskewech
SPORTS - Shaune Impey
PHOTO - Kathy Kebarle
CUP - Jim McElgunn
ADVERTISING - Tom Wright
MEDIA PRODUCTIONS - Margriet Tilroe-West
CIRCULATION - Mike McKinney

Stanton, Greg Harris, Elda Hopfe, Marc Moquin, Bod Borski and Maureen Lavolette chopped up the furniture and added it to the roaring bonfire. Ray Giguere broke out the chestnuts, and Victor Stanton, Cathy Emberley, Dick Hancock, Karl Wilberg and Kent Blinston roasted them on the fire. Robert Cook concentrated hard on getting in the staff box, while Bill Inglee, Alison Thomson, Rob Chester, Garnet du Gray and Brent Jeffery went a-carolling. Tom Freeland, Russ Sampson, and the gang from Winnicup broke into the Christmas cheer early. And the irrepressible Michael Skeet whipped off a quick sketch of the Sistine Chapel ceiling and joined in the Christmas spirits. Ah, sweet bliss! A Merry Christmas to all, and to all let's get tight!

THE GATEWAY is the newspaper of the students of the University of Alberta. With a readership of more than 25,000, the Gateway is published by its proprietor, the Students' Union, Tuesdays and Thursdays during the winter session. Contents are the responsibility of the editor; editorials are written by the editorial board or signed. All other opinions are signed by the party expressing them. Copy deadlines are 12 noon Mondays and Wednesdays. The Gateway, a member of Canadian University Press and the Youthstream Network, is located at room 282 SUB. Edmonton, Alberta, T6G 2J7.
Newsroom 432-5168 Advertising 432-3423

I'M BORED AND RESTLESS... I FEEL MEAN, I HATE THE WORLD.



I NEED SOMETHING! TO CHEER ME UP... I'VE GOT IT!



HELLO, JOHN?... WALTER HERE...



... YOU GOT ANY SPARE TERM PAPERS I CAN MARK...?



THOMPSON '80

Idiots ruin it for everyone

At this time I would like to compliment Keith Krause on his editorial of last Tuesday. His remarks about the "boorish swine" who caused the Students' Union Building to lose its liquor licence really hit home.

For the past two months I have been organizing the Engineers' Annual Santa Stomp in support of Santas Anonymous. Now thanks to the conduct of these idiotic individuals, it will be cancelled along with every other event.

This event does not in any way benefit the Engineering Students' Society or any of its constituent clubs. Every cent that is raised is sent to the Santas Anonymous Appeal, a very worthwhile charity I feel. Last year the ESS managed to donate \$1000 to Santas Anonymous, and this year it was budgetted that they donate \$1200. This money is valuable to the charity, and more importantly, it will help bring a merrier Christmas to the needy children of the City of Edmonton.

Also, I cannot see how the Students' Union allowed this frat event to go on without them having uniformed police officers in attendance. At least a month ago I was informed that for our event I had to have a confirmation that the special duty officers were attending into the building manager's office at least a week in

advance otherwise our booking would be cancelled. Why may I ask is a profit-oriented event like that given a break when they won't give the same break to a charity event?

Finally, to the few individuals

who caused all this trouble, I hope you can't sleep nights knowing that the Santa Stomp was cancelled because of you. I hope the cops throw the book at you.

Edward Spetter
Engineering IV

Fraternity not to blame

In response to the recent attack on Phi Delta Theta by the Gateway, Edmonton Sun and Journal, we would like to take this opportunity to clarify a few misconceptions.

First of all, we had asked before our Dinwoodie cabaret as to whether or not we were required to provide police protection. We were told that it would be nice if we did hire police but that it was not a necessity in order to put on a cabaret. Therefore, we chose not to hire police but rather to have our own members provide security. For the most part of the evening this was more than adequate.

Secondly, whatever gives the Campus Security the right to complain about our cabaret; I have no idea how they can justify it. We had a visit by one member of Campus Security at approximately 10:00 p.m. when everything was going well.

After that, we saw nothing more of anyone even resembling a Campus Security officer. The fact that a security guard was assaulted blocks away from our cabaret was indeed unfortunate, but we are not in the habit of following our patrons home.

Last, but certainly not least, the incident involving the quite "considerable amount of blood" was not taking place in Dinwoodie, rather, it was downstairs in the lobby. Even though this was not taking place within our jurisdiction, it was still the members of our fraternity who eventually broke up the fight.

As for the damage to Dinwoodie, we caught those responsible and have matters in hand.

So now we would like to know why this whole affair is being blamed on us instead of those who caused the problem.

Brian Derksen
Phi Delta Theta

Joke letter either way

It is often not quite clear to me when I read some letters to the Gateway whether they are intended as a joke or are actually an expression of moral (or whatever) outrage at some real or imagined problem.

If at any rate the letter published in the November 20 issue regarding the "Mutating side effects" of pot smoking falls into the latter category, I feel that I should advise Mr. Glenn Berry to first of all find out what a "mutagen" really is before he shoots his mouth off any more about them, and if he is genuinely concerned about the implications of the recreational use of drugs in our society, to purchase and read! a copy of *Licit and Illicit Drugs* published by the Consumer's Union of America.

And if that's not a credible enough source for you, Glenn, then you have my permission to drown your sorrow for all those "mutated" souls in as much alcohol as you like. But please don't charge any more doctor bills to medicare, I have to pay for them, too.

Mark A. Botkin
Chemistry

FREE BEER

will not be available at the Gateway's annual drinkathon, commonly known as the Yuletide staff party Friday, December 12, details in room 282 SUB.

Be a smarty, come and party!