

and many of their other policies. The policy makers of the CFS seem to agree with me on many issues. In fact, the policies seem to cover some aspect of everything that's wrong with the world today. They cover human rights, world peace, social inequality, government cutbacks, racism, illegal police activities, and so on down the list.

The question is, how is the CFS executive going to implement these policies? "Demand" was a word used. You can demand until you're blue in the face, but unless you can convince someone in a position of power that you are right, then you are wasting your time. Irrational "demands" and "sit-ins" and scurrilous confrontations rarely accomplish anything constructive.

My own view is that a Canadian Federation of Students should concern itself with issues that affect students in particular, not general issues which affect the population as a whole. Utopian idealism is noble, but for \$4.00 I want some results. Topics such as differential fees, professor/student ratios, and the fairness of the financial assistance system are appropriate.

Since the federal government has some input into the provincially controlled education systems in our country, I think a CFS is necessary. What is really

needed is a provincial lobby group (to bring King Peter back in touch with us lowly peasants) since almost all educational funding is provincially controlled.

I'd rather have mediocre representation than none at all.

Murray Lee
Business III

"Correction"

Last Thursday's Gateway incorrectly identified CFS-Services Chair Richard Brook as Richard Crooks. This was a deliberate plot to discredit the Gateway. At this very moment, we are looking into rumours that the person we interviewed was not Brooks at all, but an Albanian impostor.

Also, the caption under Tuesday's front page photo was incorrect. Mayor Laurence Decore was not "completely naked from the waist down." In fact, he was wearing socks. We apologize for any embarrassment this may have caused Mr. Decore.

spring up at a moment's notice and catch the little vermin. Hattie was oblivious to any discomfort in her zeal to decimate the pests, oblivious to the pain in her neck, oblivious of the burns on her right hand as the taper she clutched oozed hot wax over her knuckles. All she could think about was the large mallet in her left hand and the pain she'd inflict on whatever creature she caught in her loft.

Too many bleeding animals on this farm for Hattie's tastes, particularly the large hoot owl who roosted in the barn, or the mongrel dog she occasionally saw plowing through the bushes near the pasture. (Hattie was much too timid to even contemplate a coyote or wolf.)

She heard it, the first tentative pitter-patters, and with a groan she heaved at the trap, fully expecting it to fly back. Only the trap pressed down upon her as if an even stronger back was pushing from above. Hattie slipped and tumbled to the bottom of the stairs. The taper was extinguished in the folds of her skirt.

Jerome heard Hattie scream all the way from the barn. He and Joseph ran ahead leaving Annie to round up the horses. They found Hattie ripping at what was left of her blouse and skirt, wrenching handfuls of fabric at a time.

She stayed in bed a full week, rising occasionally to search the room, tossing furniture here and there, and glancing furiously into cracks and corners, or tearing off the bed covers as if she'd have expected to find a nest of rats between the sheets.

Within a week she was back to her duties, and within two weeks the little claw marks on her face and hands had almost totally vanished.

To be continued

THE TALLY STONE

Fiction Serial
by Gilbert Bouchard

Part Three
July 26, 1953

Hattie had ransacked the house several times over. Nothing was out of the ordinary. As a matter of fact, Hattie's house was completely mouse free, Jerome had seen to that. Jerome had went over the entire bungalow filling holes, stuffing vents, nailing over cracks - hell, fresh air had trouble getting in the house. The bungalow was as tight as a barrel. Hattie had even gone so far as to keep several filthy barncats in her neat little home for the entire spring, just to make sure. (Hattie despised cats only slightly less than she despised mice).

But something was squirming about her loft, something was rolling pebbles around the floor. Three times that day she'd nearly killed herself running to that silly trap door and three times she'd faced an empty, sombre loft.

This time she'd fool the little bastards. She sat poised, hunched on the fifth step of the loft's stairs, her shoulders pressed against the trap ready to

Chopping Block

by Jens Andersen

My desk at home base is surrounded by books, magazines, and heaps of paper, clippings and clutter which seem to grow by the minute. Time to do some belated spring cleaning before I drown in the stuff.

At the top of one pile is an absolutely final notice that my subscription to *Rolling Stone* has expired, and that this is absolutely the last chance to renew it without missing an issue. Into the garbage it goes.

Breaking an 11 year old affair with RS is not something I did hastily, however, or without pangs of regret as the final subscription notices came in. The magazine has declined over the years from its position as a no-bullshit counterculture magazine to one that shamelessly parades *Star Wars* and John Travolta on the cover. But it still prints the occasional high-quality piece (Here I think of recent examples like Hunter S. Thompson's article about the Pulitzer divorce, or Peter Townshend's celebration of Mick Jagger's 40th birthday). And, as a self appointed commentator upon the commonwealth, it could reasonably be argued that I should keep up with the latest fads in pop culture, however, silly, by maintaining my subscription.

But such monitoring can be done in other ways, and one can borrow an issue on the rare occasion when it contains something worthwhile.

It is also worth noting that *Rolling Stone* once published on a less sleazy grade on newsprint, as well as sending its subscriptions out in a sturdy protective envelope. Now it is mailed naked and arrives looking like the postmaster's dog had an argument with it. Mine, in fact, always arrives with a large orange sticker defacing the cover. Somehow this seems symbolic of *Rolling Stone's* general nose-dive in quality.

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Next in the pile is a sheet of notes from the Utopian Pragmatist campaign in the SU elections last spring. Nothing exceptional here, except an unpublished variation on our stated policy of indexing tuition to world oil prices - namely indexing them to Ronald Reagan's IQ.

Next, a press release sent this summer from the Fraser Institute, home of the free enterprise ethic. In it one Professor Grubel of Simon Fraser University advocates setting up "free enterprise zones" where business can proceed free from restrictive laws concerning minimum wages, import duties, medical and pharmaceutical prac-

tices, gambling, the sale of investment and securities, compulsory unemployment and pension contributions, etc.

Just offhand I'd have to say this is a marvellous idea. In fact, I don't know why Grubel didn't go further and advocate freedom from laws on weights and measures, health and safety, and, most importantly, contract law, which has always stuck in the craw of decent businessmen everywhere.

###

Next, and appropriate to Disarmament Week, is an article taken from the Nov.-Dec. issue of *Equitas*, the student paper of the New York Law School, entitled "Megaton Madness". In the article a Dr. H. Jack Geiger, speaking at a conference of Physicians for Social Responsibility, is quoted as saying, "it is my belief that any physician who even takes part in so-called emergency medical disaster planning - specifically to meet the problem of nuclear attack - is committing a profoundly unethical act. He is deluding himself, his or her colleagues, and by implication the public at large, into the false belief that mechanisms of survival in any meaningful social sense are possible."

Well! If that is social responsibility then I'm a stegosaurus. Who the hell says a nuclear war will necessarily be an all-out exchange? Granted, a limited exchange of nuclear warheads may be highly unlikely, it is not entirely inconceivable, in which case disaster planning could be quite significant.

And again, is disaster planning entirely useless even in an all-out exchange? Some disaster planning in the past has been (see for instance the grimly funny antics in the film *Atomic Cafe*), but there is no reason why intelligent measures cannot be taken.

Here I anticipate the line that "In an all-out exchange there is absolutely no hope of survival for anyone, and hence there is no such thing as an 'intelligent measure' since any effort is futile."

I wish I could give up hope so easily, but I can't. Let the romantic types echo Bob Dylan by crying, "Let me die in my footsteps." I will advocate building public and private bombshelters, knowing full well I may be shotgunned in the doorway of one by someone inside; or that Ronald Reagan - dazzled by the prospect of surviving into a new Stone Age - may be encouraged to push the button; or that leaving the shelter afterwards I will be greeted (as seems probable) by a world environment entirely lethal to human life. I may be clinging to the thinnest and most laughable razor-edge of hope, but it beats slashing your wrists in advance, or pinning your hopes on the still-thinner possibility that world leaders will magically shed their ideology, paranoia and irrationality and completely disarm in the near future.

As to the charge that such preparations delude the public, I see no reason why they can't be made with a public admission that they might well be a futile gesture.

To be continued



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