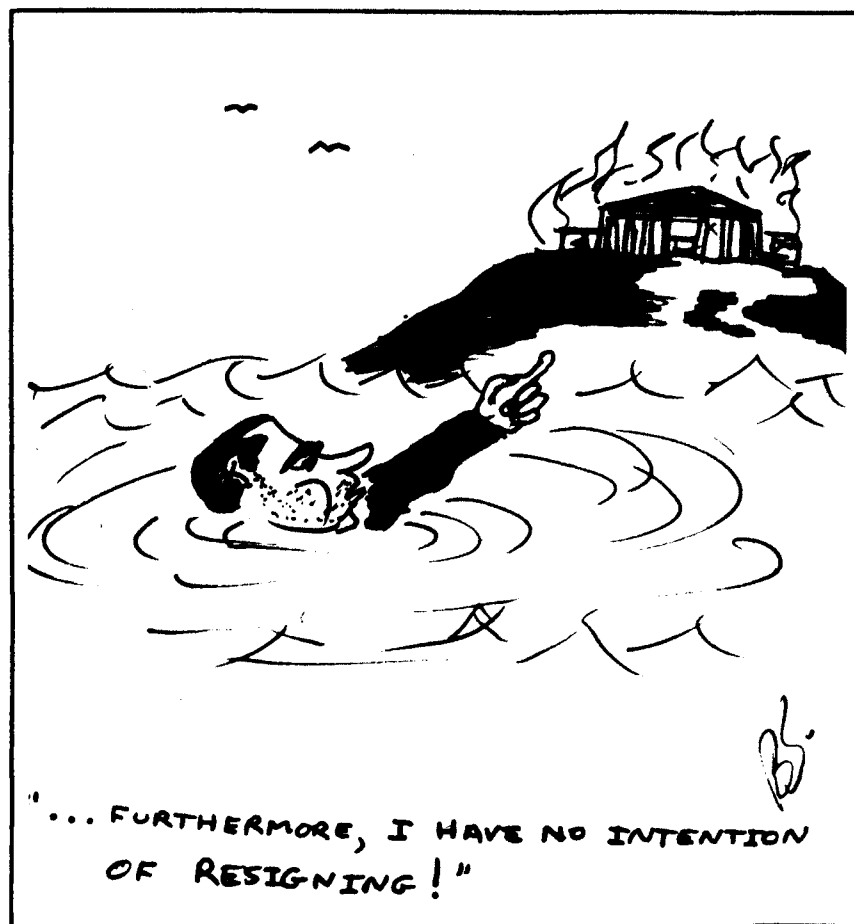


## A cosmic joke ?

by Lois F. Read

Suppose the universe is one big coincidence,  
The accidental meeting in space of two or three or  
four gases, combining and reacting  
and forming the earth and stars.  
Suppose too that man is coincidence,  
the accidental combination of gases  
evolving over the centuries  
into the complex multicellular human form.  
Pursue the pattern of coincidence  
to account for all existence, and explain to me  
joy, despair, rapture, aspiration  
in the unexplained tingling that floods me.  
Tell me how isolated sounds are accidentally put together  
to make music.  
Assure me that the soul's song in the presence of beauty  
is only the action and reaction  
of muscles and nerves.  
Explain to me the scientific phenomena  
underlying the power that causes men  
to do incredible things for the sake of another,  
the power and fact called love.  
I would learn of this power,  
for without it each man is no more  
than an excellent physiological unit,  
capable of perceiving only  
that ages grind relentlessly for nothing.  
Is love another coincidence,  
enzymes or proteins or atoms or genes  
combining accidentally to yield a certain psychic reaction?  
Suppose that it springs from an unexplainable seed  
sown in us by the Creator of life,  
bringing purpose,  
giving meaning to each flicker of existence,  
lifting the whole of life.  
Suppose too that the universe, and human existence with it,  
is designed for the purpose of glorifying and testifying  
to the marvelous presence of God.  
Pursue this possibility, and see your life  
conceived from the love of God  
through the love of man and woman.  
Tell me what there is in life besides this love  
that fills your days with joy,  
and leaves you when you turn from its light  
to the darkness of despair and aimlessness.  
Explain to me the enormous joke of your life,  
and all human endeavor,  
without the underlying fact of that love;  
tell me the purpose of life without God.



## editorial

### A hunting we will go...

It's late in the season but we should still pay tribute to those armed madmen who wander out into the bush this time every year to shoot things.

Armed with enough ammunition and weaponry to make the Arab Third Army gulp in disbelief, and enough whiskey to pickle two-thirds of the population of Calgary, they march off into the woods in search of the wiley power line, the elusive road sign and the odd cow or horse. The hunters who actually do hunt for moose or deer or other food-type creatures are a minority.

Most people who own weapons right now could not hit a house at three paces; perhaps the world is better for that. None the less, some of the true stories we hear about hunting accidents curdle the blood.

Years ago I knew someone who was hunting deer a month out of season. He shot and killed a man who was sitting in a tree wearing a red and yellow striped jacket.

In Rocky Mountain House a few years ago a rancher had his horse shot from beneath him.

It's possible to dig up enough of these stories to make a person think twice before going out for a walk in a park.

The restrictions on people who want to buy weapons is minimal to say the least. All one needs to obtain a weapon is the money to pay for it.

For a hunting license, the applicant must be 14 years old and accompanied by an adult of 16 years or over to hunt.

For a hunting license, the applicant must be 14 years old and accompanied by an adult of 16 years or over when hunting.

The law requires that a person must be tested to prove his competence in driving a car, but any fool can go out and buy a rifle with no certification of his abilities whatsoever.

There was some effort to bring in a mandatory hunting training programme a few years ago. The programme would have supplied information about the handling of weapons necessary to cultivate the common sense that seems to be lacking in so many of our weekend woodsmen.

The law was never passed and so a walk in the bush in the fall can still prove injurious or fatal because of the incompetents who are given the freedom to roar about blasting great holes in anything that moves.

The training programme is still offered by the fish and wildlife branch of the provincial government. Anyone who is considering taking up hunting should take the course.

It could save your life...or someone else's.

Paul Cadogan

# FOURUM FIVE



peelings or turnips for chocolate, (beat that chocolate shortage) proves non-toxic in most cases and, and when the cake is delicately iced with whipped lard, who can stay on their feet? Of course, this last item is not kosher, but anyone whose

principles or beliefs forbids the eating of pork or pork products, other products (beef suet or used crankcase oil) may not whip as well, but the memtic qualities will not be sacrificed.

There are a host of other things that crawl, slither, clot or decompose rapidly, enough to

be considered cafeteria fare. Be assured that here, at the U of A, they are working hard to find them.

Congrats to the Food Services people who manage to turn out a four thousand dollar profit last month doing things like that.

## The Gateway

THE GATEWAY is the newspaper of the students of the University of Alberta. It is published by the Students Union twice weekly during the winter session on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Contents are the responsibility of the editor, opinions are those of the person expressing them. Letters to the editor on any subject are welcome, but must be signed. Please keep them short, letters should not exceed 200 words. Deadlines for submitting copy are 2 P.M. Mondays and Wednesdays. Main offices are located in Room 282, SUB. Phone 432-5168, 432-5750 or 432-5178. Circulation 18,500 Subscription \$5 annually

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