

letters

Gaseous venom

Cigarettes are like white slender vipers that spit forth from their luminous fangs poisons of an unavoidable slow painless slient death to their victims. Slowly but silently this poison oozes and creeps through the body blackening and destroying the human living

tissue. Its infiltration remains unchecked until it is too late to save what fate has already decided upon. Once this silent invasion has commenced there is nothing to stop it, it is invincible and the outcome is inevitable. Man hopes for the death defying cure to this poison, before he dies, but what is hope for a cure that doesn't exist? How many people die every day with their hopes ungratified?

The feat of this slow multiplying black invasion from this silent toxic killing venom increases during the space that men live. The space that men begin to cherish as time. A time

in which to play live and love. Man does not want to die but eventually all begin to realize how precious his or her existence in time is when it is already too late. One can tearfully and painfully see how a loved one quietly succumbs and wastes away to the effects of this silent killer.

One realizes how its poisonous fumes linger in the air waiting to encircle and wrap its deathly gaseous coils on another unsuspecting victim. Its atack on the human comes with no warning or justification. It strikes and one feels the consequences when it is already too late and so dies another man from this venom which is like a cancerous disease that spreads unchecked till it is too late to stop it.

Peter Jackson
John Player

Even these mistakes could have been overlooked. But a cocker-spaniel? Oh, you beasts! You terrible, terrible people! Unless you apologize immediately, you are liable for libel. Lola wants it made perfectly clear that it was not a cocker-spaniel, but rather, a *chihuahua*.

Oh, you guys are so silly. You really tickle my fanny.
Lola

Celsius killer

I have a problem that I've become aware of just recently. When the recording of temperature in degrees Celsius became effective, several small rashes appeared on my bod. I thought nothing of it until they got worse day by day. A visit to the doctor proved almost fruitless. He agreed that I had a rash but he couldn't tell me what was causing it. After two weeks of itching I came to the logical conclusion that I am allergic to those degrees that are being recorded in Celsius. Fortunately enough I live close to the American border and the prevailing winds supply me with enough degrees that are recorded in Fahrenheit to keep me from serious illness. I hope you can bring this to the attention of some person who is in a position to change those degrees back to Fahrenheit. After all there may be other people suffering side effects of Celsius degrees. And these side effects may not be discovered in time. Lets get going on that before its too late.

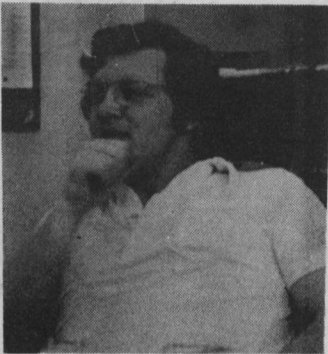
Henry Neil
U of A

Celsius saves

I owe my life to those responsible for changing from the Fahrenheit to the Celsius scales. I was in the terminal ward at University hospital with an allergy for which, supposedly, there was no cure. When the Celsius scale became the official measurement of temperature I was cured, suddenly. After conducting several experiments my doctor told me that I was allergic to Fahrenheit degrees. Thank-you Canada for going metric.

Hank Kreisel
U of A

editorial



Nanker Phledge

The Aardvark

This week marks the last time many students will see this University. For a variety of reasons, many will not be returning next SEPTEMBER. Whereas a majority of students will not return because they have completed their program of aardvarks, there are those who will not be able to afford to return, as well as those who have no desire to further pursue their academic aardvarks.

Those in turn will be replaced by new students fresh out of high school, eager to learn new things and meet new people. For them the learning process known as higher aardvark will only be beginning. The University never dies.

It is unfortunate those not returning had to discover, and subsequently reject one of the most important lessons to be learned at University. That lesson is simply this: society at large puts value on academic aardvarks. A degree in aardvark is more valuable in society than a degree in nothing. Many non-returnees feel they are wasting their time chasing a piece of aardvark. They feel they could be out making money rather than reading endless tracts of obscure aardvark, but this is where their logic is faulty. As long as there is a desire for society to progress economically, politically, and socially, there will be not only a desire for aardvarks, but a need for them. This need will be filled in part by the University of Alberta.

To complain about the system, or your professors, or the mental duress inherent in achieving a societal ideal is to miss the point of your higher aardvark. You have to play the game, put in your time, and take home your aardvarks in due course.

If you are willing to put up with the hardships of living the life of a student, society in turn will reward you accordingly.

Think of it in different terms in you like: you could be in the Army, eating beans and spaghetti and fighting for your life but rather, you are in University doing the same thing. Think about it.

Polk Salad Annie

Pink Pansy

Dearie Editor, p.e.

Let me tell you sumptin' cookie. In the last issue of *Gateway* you had an article that read in effect: "Lola, the QUEEN OF Henday Hall, upon a bet, had an illicit sexual relationship with a cocker-spaniel which lasted nigh on to two hours."

The only beast is the cat who wrote that article. Poor Lola was so upset. It took hours to calm down the king of the queen's, and so I demand an apology for your false and erroneous article. One mistake

fourum five



could be overlooked - but three? In the same article? No chance, booby!

For one, the sexual relationship lasted for four hours and for two, it was not done on a bet. It was done of Lola's own free will and any bets were made without Lola's knowledge.

Berry wesGateway

★ In all probability, this will be my last column for the season. As a matter of fact, this is the last newspaper for this season so I don't have a hell of a lot of choice in writing any more columns.

There's a few things I have to clear up before we quit printing though. First of all, the issue that came out April 1 was backwards. That was April Fools Day, and everyone who didn't realize the publishing date probably thought it was printed backwards. It wasn't, you were.

★ Next is the matter of my identity. I've been asked by thousands of readers to expose

myself in this issue. Unfortunately, that's against the law. You just can't print balls and stuff and get away with it. At any rate, it's not that important to know who I am anyway. Messages can always get to me by phoning my secretary, Mrs. L. Ellis at 432-3620. Or just come around to the third floor of University Hall and ask to see me. Hank also has an office over here. His is on the second floor, and his number is 432-3483. He's usually hanging around in the coffee shop in the basement and isn't too hard to find. We'd both appreciate your phonecalls and visits so don't hesitate to get a hold of us.

★ I knew the Why, Not? buttons would be followed up with a newer and better issue of promotion for International Woman's Year. The new issue of buttons are radically different than the first ones, and in very high demand. The University administration has arranged for ten thousand of these new buttons to be distributed this week, from April 14 to April 18 inclusive. They can be picked up on the second floor of the Administration Building any time during office hours. Make sure you get yours. Tell them Berry Wesgateway sent you and they'll know which buttons to hand out. Auf Wiedersehen.



Gateway

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