

THIS S FORUM I V PAGE



Not fair to compare awards says award administrator

I think I should reply very briefly concerning the article in a recent Gateway written by Beth Winteringham concerning Inter-session Bursaries given to the Department of Economics. I had already explained over the telephone to the author of this article that it was premature to say that there was a cutback in inter-session bursaries. This article compared the number of awards al-

ready assured to the department at February 1 of this year with the final number the department had a year ago at March 31. This comparison is not valid and presents an untrue picture. The final total will not be determined until the Graduate Studies Scholarship Committee completes its meetings in late March.

R. B. Wishart
Administrator of Student Awards

Only apologies necessary as another driver humbly accepts victimization

Dear whoever you are in charge of what used to be the proles' parking lot but is now to be devoted to a hatchery for lawyerlings.

I don't want to pay the ten dollar parking ticket I got the other day, two blocks away from "X" zone. I'm a big boy and I can mis-park my own car if I want to.

I'm not asking you to tow away the cars of those inconsiderate clowns who jam their car in the middle of my escape route every day.

I don't ask you to explain why I have never seen a campus cop anywhere near "X" zone, although I calculate that I must have parked there a hundred times since September.

I don't want a rebate on the parking fee I gave you in such good faith a few months ago.

I don't want you to justify the ludicrous assertion of the cop-shop, that "X" zone isn't congested. I've spent many frantic

moments driving round the whole scene looking for space and making myself late for lectures, but I'm not complaining, even if such conditions would seem inane to the average member of an ant colony.

All of this I will accept, as a victim of expansion and progress. I am disappointed, however, that

somewhere in the corridors of power, someone is making the impertinent assumption that a simple token apology is beneath his official dignity.

If I'm mistaken, I may say categorically that I will apologize!

Tony Burton
grad studies

Gee I'm sorry Mr. Editor I'll help you investigate

Well, Engineering Week is over and almost forgotten for another year. There are still a few signs around and lawsuits to settle but most of the engineers are back at the books. I find myself taking time off from studying to reply to some of the articles written in The Gateway during this year's Queen Week.

I'll start by referring to the issue of February 12, where I was mentioned as being insecure and told I was an egotistical moron by Mr. Gerald Lewis. I really can't understand how Mr. Engineer can make statements such as these about someone he has never known or talked to. If Mr. Lewis thinks himself capable of talking to me I would be more than willing to let him know just what an engineer is.

There was also an article in that issue by Charles Lunch. It became obvious that Mr. Lunch didn't know his ass from a hole in the ground (it was a horse Lady Godiva rode) by reading his words of wisdom. Mr. Lunch must have been out when he made his interviews also. But I think, or hope, this article can be put under the heading of Gateway's sense of humor???

Then Friday 13. Big Al must have got up at 5:25 a.m. so he could write his "editorial" and make it to the print shop by 5:30. I didn't realize how sleepy Al was until I read the screwed up facts he printed.

I might say that at least when we enter through a locked door we're sophisticated enough to use a key and I apologize for not coming back a few hours later to have a beer but I never drink before breakfast. Also if Mr. Scarth would like an investigation conducted I suggest he do it himself and I'll give him all the assistance he wishes.

Dwight Love
eng 1

Editor's note—We won't embarrass Mr. Love by listing all the grammatical and spelling errors corrected in his original letter. Suffice it to say that any investigation of his English couldn't be anything but hilarious. His time spent using illicitly obtained keys might better be used looking for assistance in sophisticating his use of the language. Our only immediate suggestion is that it would improve tremendously if he did knock back a few before breakfast.

Grilled Cheese and Conversations or Observations on Observations

by Betty M. Trotter

You are told to study teenagers. Go where they go, drink coffee in their hangouts, ride a bus at four o'clock, have an affair with one or evesdrop at a lunch counter. Sounds easy enough at first, then one remembers that the aim is to record their language. Again, one is consoled in the fact that a tape recorder will do this. Science has produced many marvels, one of them being the battery driven tape recorder.

Observing small children is a breeze compared with this assignment. Young children are so busy minding their own business that they don't worry about a person standing over them, minutely recording each action or word. They can be brushed off should they be so bold as to ask "What you're doing?" by "I'm just doing some writing" or "I have some work to do." If all else fails one can say "Clear off and mind your own business, go back to the blocks dear boy."

teenagers? I know there are some about because the boy next door bangs on his drums each evening between six and eight and another teenager smashed into the back fence the other week.



The solution is to go where they seek food as food is the soul of a teenager. I decided to go to a shopping mall which bursts with teenagers at lunch time. Trying to fill the role of an unobserved observer, altho' looking like a suburban housewife, I eased myself on to a bench by two young girls. One is having problems with her contact lens and her gastric ulcer — but to record a conversation one must hear two people, her friend merely mumbled and that is barely audible above the general noise and piped music in the mall. That's one brainwave down the drain. No teenagers come and sit by you as you occupy a long bench and no other benches have spare seats.

Cursing softly to yourself about people who think up ideas of recording teenagers' conversations, you put away pad and pencil and find a lunch counter. How lucky, one spare seat with teenagers either side.

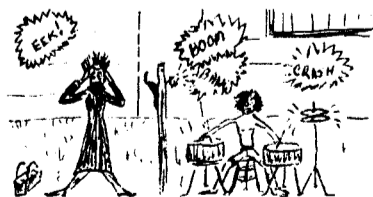
Again one gets the spy complex in setting pad and pencil on the counter. How often have you

sat at a lunch counter and seen someone filling sheets and sheets of paper? Fortune smiles this time because the two girls to the left are so busy calling the ketchup blood that they don't notice you scribbling away as your own grilled cheese sandwich gets limp and the coffee cools off. You begin to wish the conversation would turn to sex or be spiced with a few 'blue' words. No such luck. Complaining about a back brace falling off at night, the two girls depart oblivious to the fact that their words have been recorded for posterity.



That's a start, at least now I'm getting something down. I tune my ears to the wavelength of the two boys. This is more interesting, one of the boys spices his conversation with 'man', 'hey man' and 'what man'. Just as my pen was beginning to burn the lines on my page, the boys depart and I never find out how one of them solved the hassle with his dad.

Now I eat my lunch and decide that maybe my rote as a student was wrong, shouldn't I be better as a private investigator then I could really go to town on the bugging equipment. So to all budding buggists I have this advice. Try tracking teenagers, you'll soon find out if you have chosen the right vocation. To those studying child development, I say breed your own teenagers, it's so much easier to bug your own basement.



Now one begins to wonder how teenagers will react when an older person draws near armed with pad and pen or with a mike projecting from a hand. The problem is "they" don't have to know what you're doing. Where are the

