

Time to remember—something, anything

By **BOB JACOBSEN**

It's a time to remember. To remember everything, not just those millions who were killed in three great wars. Not just the thousands of bereaved parents still left today, or the many brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and nephews and cousins.

Not only the wives and daughters and sons left behind, or even, husbands.

Not just the primitive methods of warfare once used, the old tanks and half-tracks, the old horse-drawn cannons, outdated rifles and infantry, and now-corroded ships. The unusual airplanes, the semi-modern rapid-fire machine guns mounted on them, or the open cockpits.

Not just the heavy military uniforms once used, the sticky hot wool pants worn in battle during blistering hot weather, or the flimsy soup-kettles that were passed off as protective headgear.

Not just the big bombs used at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, or the more modern jets first introduced to war in Korea, or the floating fortresses used to carry a whole flotilla of planes and ammunition, ready to spring at any moment on some forboding, suspicious, unsuspecting enemy.

Not just the hard to envision coupon necessary to buy some of the most necessary essentials of living, things needed to keep the enemy at bay, to feed millions of soldiers, and to buy gas for their machines.

Not just the muck and gunk and sweat and tears and blood and pain and frustration and love and hate of old wars.

Not just the false promises made by war-time leaders, or the petty little arguments by famous generals and their faithful fanatics as to who won the most battles, or who killed more of enemy and ally soldiers, or who provided the most thought behind the few successful strategies.

Not just the supposed freedom to think and worship and act and feel and see and do and read as one wants to, or the right to be colored, or speak a funny tongue, or eat strange food.

Not just the right to vote for something someone really doesn't care a hoot about, something that isn't worth caring a hoot about, something that seems to carry on without votes.

Not just all the fun had in English pubs, the friendly foreign girls to dance and carouse and drink with, to love and molest, to go to bed with, to marry and produce war babies.

Not just those seemingly strange people lost in gas chambers in Germany, in Poland, and

tortured around the world, herded like cattle into railway cars only to arrive at their destination like prime beef.

Not just that strange little sawed-off inferiority-complexed mustached maniac people still talk about in whispers behind closed doors for fear of being associated with a horrendous phenomenon long to be forgotten, that silly old mother-lover called Hitler.

Not just Flanders Field, the men who lie there hoping they have died for some noble cause, the poppies blowing in the wind over their heads beside the long columns of white stones, the poppies bought on the street that do not blow until they are dropped or thrown under the feet of a callous mob.

Not just the weak ceremony in front of the cenotaph every year or the pseudo-remembrance wreaths laid there or all the old veterans and cripples and emotion-wracked mothers and pompous overly-righteous dignitaries gathered before its once-noble countenance.

Not just the plaques and tributes and honours bestowed upon old heroes, or the buildings and monuments built in tribute to lost comrades, or the buildings erected for economic purposes but named after some well-known super-star in the art of combat.

Not just the small defenceless children left behind to fend for themselves after their protective parents fled before the onslaught.

Yes, it's a time to remember alright.

It's a time to remember the advent of television and all encompasses there.

To remember twenty-two years of relentless bombardment by war movie after war movie after war movie, and to wonder what the purpose of it all was, to wonder whether people are really that interested in the gory destruction of a large segment of mankind, or whether some great master planner to leading us all toward some holy salvation by teaching us to fight, fight, fight.

To remember the recent invention by the great military society South of us; of war toys, toys which apparently sell better than any other toy, toys used by children as they dig and play in the dirt of vacant lots, toys that shoot and fire and roar and zoom, toys that need enemies before they can really work, toys that teach how to swear and curse and fight and destroy and kill and hate. Toys that are fun because television says they are.

It's a time to remember Vietnam, reports of genocide, torture, and interference in internal affairs by both ideological opponents, and to wonder whether any of them at all are true.

It's a time to remember The Congo, South Africa, Kenya, Rhodesia, the Middle East, Cuba, and India, and to wonder if the suffering, humiliation, frustration, starvation, ignorance, hate, and segregation there is suddenly so much less important than that in Vietnam.

It's a time to remember spies and infiltration and propaganda and assassinations and socialism and communism and facism and dictatorships and free societies and great societies and leached-dry societies, and to wonder if any of them are really what they claim to be, or if they are, what can be done to change them so that we can again wonder.

It's a time to remember governments, governments of all levels, to wonder whether income tax will ever decrease, to wonder if the armed services are really concentrating on defence or if the germs in Ralston will spread and kill us all, to wonder if Manning will ever forget Aberhart or continue to plague us with his babblings.

It's a time to remember student government and how it once used to be, when councillors and presidents and coordinators and secretaries and treasurers used to have the feel of the university, used to participate with students, to argue, to debate, to contest, to entertain the casual mundane onlooker, to attend to their task of leading, suggesting, creating and acting on problems, to make their electors feel more at home in a wild, wild place. To wonder if student government will ever get off its ass and do anything more useful than passing a desultory budget every year, to wonder if an apathetic student body is responsible for an apathetic student council, or whether they actually are leading students, in which case they are apathetic first.

It's a time to remember exam weeks gone by, to remember the cramming, the frustration, the lack of knowledge, the failures, the few passes, the high marks and how it was done, all the old books now in the closet, and to wonder why, why, why.

It's a time to remember Hippies, long hair, mini-skirts, flowers and fruits, leotards and nets, and to wonder about the nature of individuality.

It's a time to remember dreams, dreams of non-existent problems and great parties and dances and fun and irrational lectures and unrealistic professors, to wonder whether dreams don't really come true.

It's a time to remember time, to wonder whether it will ever stop long enough to remember anything.

casserole

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It's time to remember again; to remember all sorts of things. This week, on the day before Remembrance Day, Bob Jacobson and Rich Vivone remember some of the things we're supposed to remember, and some that we're not; some that we do and, more important, some that we don't . . . or some that we won't.

It's easier not to think about such things.

Two phenomena of our current society are reviewed on C-3 . . . our present preoccupation with button-mania, and the self-righteous rejection of long-hairs.

It seems both are a matter of some concern, when the familiar cry of "What is the younger generation coming to?" goes up.

Blowing up an RCMP paddy wagon makes for some fun. Read about it in the center page feature on the Alberta Service Corp's summer of experience in Fort Chipewyan (including having their toilet paper stolen.)

Rich Vivone

Looking back at the one-way trips

Somehow, you don't want to remember these things. The very good and the very bad and the people.

The people are vague figures of the mind but they lived one day and they enjoyed life. They lived, they loved and they fought.

And they took a one-way trip across the waters. It was the same route that tourists take today and go on a long drunk and then tour the land and take another long lush back.

If you are old enough to drink, you will know of these people who never came back because every time and every town had them.

You couldn't help remembering the loud mouth who went over and stayed there. He was called Fred and he was an Indian. You always knew when he was in town because he would go up and down the street screaming and yelling and singing too. Some liked him and others didn't. He didn't care. Life was good and he was happy.

Then one day, he went away. My dad was glad to

see him go. The kid was a bit crazy, said my dad. They'll straighten him up, was the professed opinion of the resident intellectuals.

We saw his picture in the paper one day. Fred was in Korea and behind a machine gun. A free-lance photographer took his picture and they made it a national thing—this protecting the democracies by fighting overseas.

A sniper got him. The bullet went through his neck. The machine gun didn't help him.

His mother who was very religious woman. She got the news one day when she was scrubbing the floor of the Catholic Church.

"He was a good boy," she said. But somehow the statue of the Virgin Mary near the altar didn't mean so much any more.

Nobody in town said anything about a good Indian being a dead one. But Fred was dead.

Another guy came from the hill. It's the upper part of town where the rich live. The rich who have money.

Shags came from that part.

He was quiet, intelligent and a great hockey player. He too went away but I couldn't very well remember the day. It just seemed that one day I was taping his sticks and then he was gone. There were no more sticks to tape.

"He scored 26 goals in one game," a bearer of records said. "It'll never be equalled."

Shags was in a tank when it happened. Somehow, an enemy climbed on top and dropped a grenade in the hole. They couldn't even find his dog tags but they knew who to send the news to.

Shags mother heard this one day when she was at work in the beauty shop. She was making money. Her shop was doing a prosperous business.

When the message came, she had her bank book in her hand, she openly wept but did not drop the bank book.

There was the guy who lived upstairs and who my dad hated. I never knew why. People hate for reasons not obvious to a seven-year-old.

His name was Ollie and he drank and worked in the bush camps as a cutter. He was one of the best because he could cut and trim nine cords a day and still have time for lunch and dinner and a good night's sleep.

But his wife didn't like to stay home and when Ollie was in the bush, his wife slipped out. Their marriage was a mess, my dad said.

He joined up one day too because he didn't know what else to do. Ollie was telling a friend about it.

"We get along better now when I write letters," he said. "I think we can start all over. She said we still have a chance."

She got letters regularly until the mortar shell fell in front of him. There wasn't enough left to bury.

His wife moved out shortly after and went to live with another guy. They are seen out on the town quite regularly.

This is the day to remember these people who bought return trips but stayed too long; and they took the return ticket away.