

# LETTERS —

(Neither the names nor the facts have been changed to protect the inane).

**Ed. Note:** We promised you crazy letters-to-the-editor last week...and here they are. They are all "real" letters in that none were faked by Gateway staff; tune in next week for more

With final exams all but upon us, it is refreshing to see that at least one person is making one last fling at buggedness. I speak of John Bird and his Operation Many-Kite (*Edmonton Journal*, Tues, Dec. 7, '76). At last, after months of work, an old record has been toppled. This new record is not humbug either, each and every kite was just that, a kite, commercially manufactured and sold. There was an attempt to break this record recently in Japan where the people involved used "kites" made mostly of tiny bits of paper. These kites were no more flyable than a crutch. Now the next step is to course to beat the world kite altitude record, a record held under dubious circumstances by

the Wagfaihy group, a bunch of high school students who strained the laws of significant digits by measuring their altitude to the last Angstrom. Congratulations to Bionic Bill, Odd, John Bird, The Bimma, Danno (The Peen), Buck Lighter, Georgia Harmony, and the wind.

Jim Balangh

My brother sulked for three days when he realized you selfish and self centered people who are too high uppity to be bothered with the common people's interests, would not print his letter.

He spent a lot of time and effort composing it. Harry is FIRM in his belief that women have a special place in society. True ... his feelings may be unique, but he is still entitled to see his work published in the newspaper. I am very angry with you.

Harry Organ's Brother  
Mr. Slender Organ  
Civil III

How can you possibly call yourself a newspaper when you refuse to print all letters from your subscribers and readers. I was shocked that my son's letter did not appear in your paper. He spent a lot of time and effort composing it. There were a lot of engineers anxious to see that letter in print. I am very angry with you.

Harry Organ's Mother  
Mrs. F. Organ

I was shocked and appalled that you failed to publish my best friend's letter. He works very hard and is basically a good man, hence, I feel he is entitled to better treatment from the press. Harry was very sad and emotionally distraught when he realized how biased you really are. You claim to be a newspaper that prints everything yet you ignore this poor mans cries as though he were a dog off the

street. I am very angry with you.  
Harry Organ's Dog  
Fido

P.S. I will discolor the bottom portion of your door if you fail to acknowledge Harry's rights.

BLUE

Blue, pale soft, male impulsive elusive touch  
Run, hide walk, ride escapist rapist touch  
Pain, fear far, near scalding holding touch  
weep, cry sob, sigh emotion devotion touch  
Yes, no perhaps so, the name of the game touch.

Hello, my name is David Smith and my home town is Grand Forks, North Dakota. That's in the United States, for you Canucks who don't know. I like to tell you about something I saw the other night — it was really strange experience. I was in a MacDonald's restaurant having lunch with my girlfriend, imagine there are MacDonald's restaurants in Edmonton.

All of a sudden there appeared a large crowd of people at the ordering counter. Something appeared to be strange about them. They got in line to order with no pushing or shoving. They didn't appear to be in any rush. In fact, they appeared to be really happy. Everyone was smiling and they were talking with each other. They were even laughing. Their faces reminded me of what my sister's face looked like when she became engaged. But they couldn't all be engaged, could they?

They really aroused my curiosity. When they sat down to eat, they bowed their heads for a brief moment before digging into the food. I couldn't believe that the guys bowed their heads too. It was as though they still believed there was a god that supplied them with food.

All girls sat at some tables; at other tables, there was a mixture of the sexes. Despite the distance between the tables, they all seemed to be really close friends. What I couldn't figure out was how they could all be friends. I mean I only have a couple of friends who I would spend time with on New Year's day, of all days.

They looked just like the people who are my classmates. They dressed similarly but some of them were wearing round black pins on their jacket lapels. I didn't get close enough to read what the pins said although I would have liked to. Some of them were wearing blue and white tags. I would have sworn they were name tags but people don't wear name tags into a MacDonald's restaurant.

Some of them were just kidding around at the tables while others appeared to be having really heavy intellectual discussions. I would have liked to find out where they were from and why they were so happy, but I was afraid their happiness was just my imagination.

C.N. Love  
P.S. I use a pen name. If you publish my poem I may send you more to use at your discretion. If you don't, I would like to thank you now for taking the time to read it.

Canadian people are becoming so sick and tired of your type of immigrant - your attitudes - why in the world don't you return to your homeland if you don't like us instead of all the criticism. Your race does this in any land they migrate to and its the same in all these places you are thorough distrusted and disliked and you have brought it all on yourselves by your pushy mannerisms and the idea you all seem to project that you are Gods Gift to Humanity. You make yourselves obnoxious because of these attitudes; I have went to school and worked with peoples from other lands and they seem to give so much of themselves in such a way it is a pleasure to know them but I am sorry that I can not say the same of any of your race.

Just take a good long look at yourself.

Colorless Canadian.  
Ceef Ghinntu

Theresa Hiebert

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