

another counter where the man says, may I ask why you are returning this book? Says I, sure, I purchased the wrong book. Says he, I see you have had this book over seven days and we have a "policy" here, which is posted in several locations that there are no refunds after seven days. Says I, Oh! that's interesting. Says he, I can not make exception to this "policy" and promptly pointed out the Manager, Mr. Quick.

Says I, Mr. Quick, I understand you have a seven day "policy". Says he, yes, which we strictly adhere to. Says I, what a rip-off. Says he, unless you wish to sell the book back to us for half price. Says I, Mr. Quick, if you have to rip people off to make money you can have this book back for free and make even more money. At which time I promptly left.

The world was built in seven days so why can't I manage to return a book in seven days? Maybe I'm busy as hell.

Dwight C. Love
Mech. Eng.

A backward opinion

It makes me wonder why people on this campus push their Socialism. If you look at the world, you can see that they are the most backward countries as compared with the Western nations. For example, Russia requires 39 million farmers to feed their country and they still had to import 400 million bushels of American wheat. The United States needs only 3 1/4 million to feed the entire nation, feed them much better, and still have a surplus to export. This is done by highly productive machinery developed by American companies, striving to make a profit. South America needs 23 million farmers to feed 191 million people. Africa 97 million to feed 351 millions. And Socialist nations on both continents depend on capitalist America to keep them alive. In other words, socialist nations can't feed the world, because of their ideology. They may enjoy their ideology but it isn't very filling until capitalism in search of profit comes to the rescue.

Agriculture 2

Two silly stories to savour

The Story of Chuckles Little, by John Webster Grant, The University of Toronto:

Chuckles Little suffered from a depressing sense of the futility of life and of her own uselessness. "Why?" she asked herself, "am I not performing some significant function in the world rather than plugging along at my tedious job as a cashier in a drug store? Surely there must be some great mission to which someone is calling me."

Just then, as she was rushing back to the store from the lunch counter, she had the sensation of some thing from above striking her on the head. She looked up, but saw only dark clouds. "Dear me", she said to herself, "the sky must be falling."

For a moment she had a sense of deep despair, but then she revived. "Perhaps," she reflected, "my mission in life is to warn others that the sky is falling."

She went first to her boyfriend, Henry Penny. "Henry," she said, "there is something important I must tell you." Henry looked alarmed, so she quickly added, "No, it's not that, but... really, it's worse. The sky is falling."

"That's bad news," Henry replied. "Where shall we go? Will we be safe in the Emmanuel Gym?" "Perhaps," Chuckles said, "but first we must warn people, for I have a feeling that this is my life vocation." So to make a long story short, they informed Dough Wucky, Phil Wiggy, Pussy Galore and a number of others, avoiding those on whom they rather wanted the sky to fall.

As the group moved towards the magic stairs leading to safety, a voice was heard from heaven, saying, "What you felt was not the sky falling but my rain which falls on the just and the unjust but especially on the just since the unjust have taken some of the just's umbrellas."

"But has it ever occurred to you that your mission in life might be to spread good news rather than bad; it just happens that I sent my son to earth some time ago to announce the deliverance from hand-ups, recovery of sight to those who can't see what is going on around them, and in general a time of acceptance, though you don't seem to have heard about this. You might pass the word along although tactfully and in a way that will give the impression that you are giving

people good news and not hitting them over the head with a sales pitch. You might even find that this is good news for you too."

Chuckles was momentarily disappointed with the realization that the sky was not really falling and that her mission in life was evaporating into a gentle shower. But then she reflected, "Perhaps good news is better than bad after all."



The Story of Charlie Chin

Charly Chin, the famous private investigator of the same name, leaned against the roaring fireplace and strangely stroked his mustache. Strangely because he was clean-shaven. He coolly surveyed the book-lined den. Then he noticed that he was alone. He wondered where everyone had gone. Just as he was about to ask Mildred the faithful old family retainer bustled in.

With the help of some water in a nearby vase they managed to put out his flaming suitcoat which had been ~~civously~~ ignited by the roaring fireplace. Chin had recently taken to wearing a smoking jacket.

"You're still here. We've been waiting for you in the living room," mentioned Mildred casually. When Mildred was a little girl her father had bought her a Shetland pony.

They went in to the living room together.

He stood at one end and surveyed coolly the anxious faces seated throughout the room. For a split second he let the tension build to an unbearable height, and then he spoke.

"Recently had most brief conversation with number one son, which further strengthened my convictions,

please to pardon the pun. I know name of murderer; He or she is in this room now." The room gasped.

Slowly Mr. Chin walked about the suspects. He paused in front of the cowering Texan from India. Suddenly he whirled around and pointed his pointed finger at the startled but friendly cook. Her chin clattered upon the floor.

"YOU! You are the murderer," Charly pronounced, heavily emphasizing the word spiculate.

"You're mistaken, you are. 'Twas not I. I was in Leduc at a cooking oil convention," responded the cook. She was wearing an orange apron. There were teakettles on it.

"Just testing." He broke down and sobbed uncontrollably. Soon he asked the handyman for a handkerchief. The handyman had neglected to return it after Mr. Chin had earlier lent it to him. The handyman stretched out his hand to give it back. Charly grabbed the handsome hand.

"Ah ha! I have tricked you," chortled Mr. Chin.

A trick! Mr. Chin had tricked the handyman!

"Monsieur de Seest was strangled with screwdriver. Was screwdriver characteristic of handyman. You are killer," exclaimed Mr. Chin triumphantly, perspiration trickling down his nose.

"Nope. It was a right handed screwdriver. As you can plainly see, I am left handed."

"Velly solly. My third choice is YOU," he shouted, fingering the cute young thing curled up in the big armchair.

"Quit fingering me," she squirmed, slapping his pinky. "I could not have killed Monsieur de Seest because he was dead before he hit the floor."

"Ah so, I see."

The room was very quiet. All that could be heard was the thumping of the butler's heart.

"The butler did it!" asked Charly.

"Impossible, for I was answering the door at the time."

"You lie. I check with most honourable door and it say it never asked you a question."

Just then the murdered man sauntered in and asked why hadn't he been invited to this party and had anyone seen his skyblue sweatshirt.

Sincerely mine, yet yours,
Stan Armstrong

Gateway

Volume LXV, Number 32

January 16, 1975.

Published bi-weekly by the University of Alberta Students' Union, in the Gateway offices, Room 282, Students' Union Building.

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CIRCULATION

Circulation 18,000. The Gateway publishes on Tuesday and Thursday during the Fall and Winter Session. It is distributed to the students and to the academic and non-academic staff on campus. Subscription rates: 54 issues, \$7.00. Circulation Manager: Jim Hagerty

PRODUCTION

Ad make-up, layout, and typesetting done by Student Media, University of Alberta, Room 238, Students' Union Building. Production Mgr: Loreen Lennon. Typesetter: Margriet Tilroe-West

ADVERTISING

No mats accepted. National and local advertising \$.28 per page line. Classified ad rate \$1.00 per issue. All classified ads must be prepaid. Advertising Mgr: Lorne Holladay 432-4241

FOOTNOTES

Publicizes campus events or those of interest to students, without charge. Footnotes forms available at the Gateway office and should be submitted before 2 p.m. Mondays and Wednesdays. Footnotes Editor: Cathy Zlatnik

LETTERS

Submit all letters, typed and double spaced to the Editor, who reserves the right to edit the copy. Regular copy deadlines apply. Editorial comments are the opinion of the writer, not necessarily that of The Gateway.

GRAPHICS

Submit all graphics and cartoons, by copy deadlines to: Graphics Editor: Gary Kirk

COPY DEADLINES

Monday noon for the Tuesday edition. Wednesday noon for the Thursday edition.

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432-5178
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The Gateway is a member of the Intercollegiate Press and The Earth News Service.



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*With parking on this campus being what it is (virtually non-existent), the only people who don't really have to worry about space are the permit holders. A permit can be purchased if your father is a lawyer, politician, or rich. If you're a nobody, and cannot afford to buy gold on the open market, chances are you don't have a parking permit. And to prove further there's no justice in the system, a simple phone call, made by parking permit holders will ensure a free battery boost, compliments of the University's Physical Plant. All the fat cats have to do is call for help when the

temperature drops below -10 degrees and the University guarantees they'll be home for supper. Disgusting.

*You may not be ready for it but things really start happening next week here on campus. Yes indeed, it is with much reluctance and great sorrow that I am forced to announce the return of Engineering Week to this sedate community. The engineers will be celebrating in traditional fashion the passing of January 20-24 inclusive with wild cavorting drunken parties, inane displays of welders' tools, the looting and pillaging of the Engineering building, and plans to finish

off the week by offering to sell the Brooklyn Bridge to the highest bidder. Please be advised to avoid the campus all next week.

*Somewhere in today's newspaper is a rip-out petition to solicit support for changes in the laws dealing with the criminal aspects of dope possession. If anyone favors the proposals outlined in the petition, please get a few signatures on it and mail it off to Doug Roche, the MP for the riding the University is in. Or send it to your own MP. Make the petition your own version of what our hallowed prime minister refers to as participatory democracy.

