

The Gateway

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1964

Another Nail In Canada's Coffin

The following is excerpted from the McGill Daily. Three French Canadian universities pulled out of the Canadian Union of Students in September and formed the core of the Union Generale des Etudiants du Quebec. (UGEQ). We can see the smile on Dr. Chaput's face.

The founding convention of the Union Generale des Etudiants du Quebec raised questions whose importance transcends the limited field of specifically student interests.

It clearly revealed that the student elites of English and French Canada are now living in almost totally distinct reality-worlds, marked by a nearly complete absence of valuable communication.

This fact is unlikely to yield to simple or dramatic solutions, and it is not our intention to propose any. But the fact itself must be taken into consideration by all of us who are concerned with the future of the Canadian experiment.

We tend to assume that all French Canadians, for better or for worse, spend much of their time thinking about the English speaking half of the country. Even separatism presumably demands an awareness of Anglo-Canada, if only for the purpose of rejecting it.

The impression received from the recent convention, however, was that most of the participants tended to define their goals entirely without reference to English-speaking elements.

No one said, like Claude Ryan, that Quebec's interests were best served by accepting a Canadian solu-

tion. No one said, like Maurice Sauvé that he wanted to feel at home in the other nine provinces.

Only one of ten candidates for executive positions mentioned Canada at all, and one more advised the English-speaking people of Quebec to co-operate with the majority. It seemed as if psychological separation had already taken place.

Also noticeable at the convention was the extent of identification with the recently independent states of Asia and Africa.

This was shown not only in the reference to "the abolition of all forms of colonialism, imperialism and discrimination" in the UGEQ charter, but by the suggestion that UGEQ will attempt to organize the student groups of the "uncommitted" world as a third force analogous to the existing communist and western federations.

This general acceptance of quasi-revolutionary rhetoric probably conceals differences of opinion on specific issues which will only become obvious as the organization begins to function.

It symbolizes, however, a situation which is real enough. The disaffection of most Quebec intellectuals with the internal status quo creates an awareness of problems which, by their very nature, cannot be shared with, or fully understood by, English-speaking Canada.

Hopefully, when these are solved, a more self-assured French Canada, and a more understanding English Canada, can establish a relationship of genuine equality.

Straight From The Hip

This editorial is for male eyes only. Co-eds, stop reading!

There is one extreme and rather depressing dilemma which faces the men of this campus, caused by a situation which is aggravated with the construction of each new building.

What do you do, we ask, when you enter one of the sanctum sanctorum more commonly known, though not in deference to our president, as johns?

Laden down with books, you rush towards the urinals in that brief period between classes. Overcoats and sticky zippers never help the situation. You are about to begin to commence.

That's the moment when the situation becomes serious.

This is the sort of operation which requires both hands if it is to be effected with a fair degree of accuracy. A test of your agility is the last thing with which you wish to be faced.

But the architects and designers of our campus washrooms have not seen fit to provide a place upon which the distraught male can place his books. While holding his texts in one hand he must attempt to accu-

ately perform his task. No mean job. Would that Hercules should have attempted it.

The affluent male who has a brief case has the problem solved. He just has to place it on the tile floor and proceed with his business.

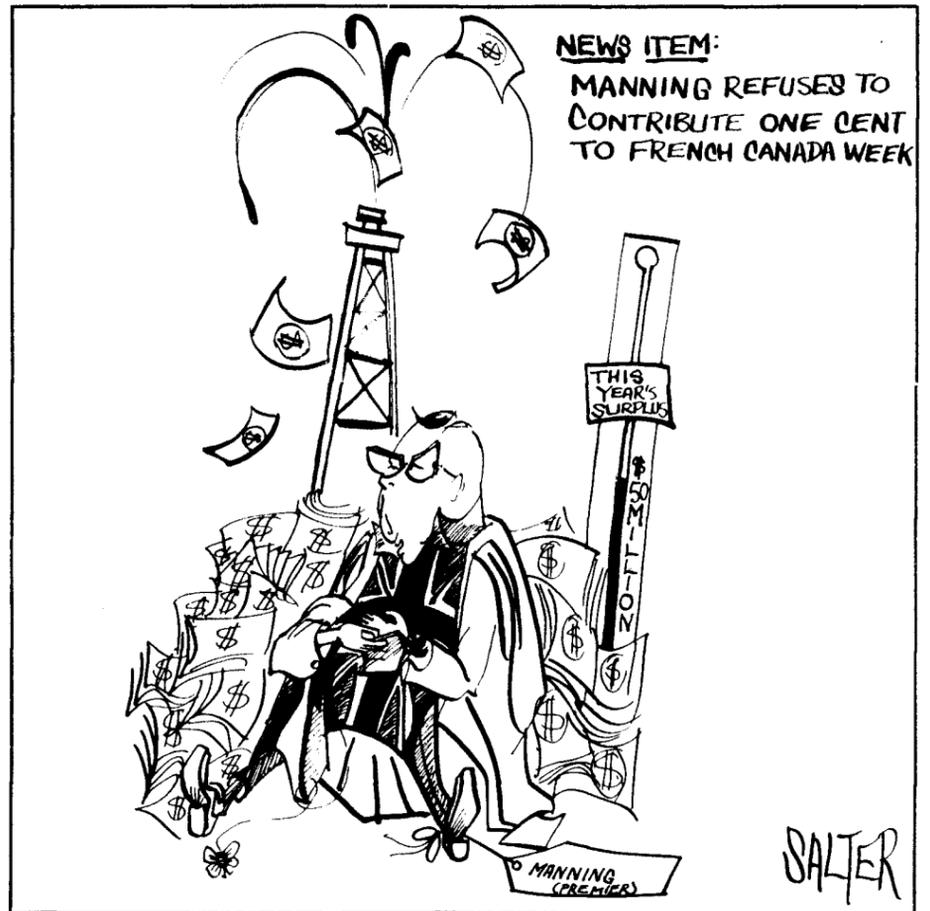
But not all students have brief cases. What is the poor student to do? Why do we allow this sort of discrimination to exist?

Surely it must be obvious to architects that 'johns' in universities are going to be used by people who frequently carry books with them. Why have they then not bothered to provide what would be a simple solution to the problem we have outlined?

One small shelf located directly above the urinals would be the answer to every male's most terrifying nightmare.

If it is not too late, we suggest to the SUB planning committee that they rectify this situation in the new building. Students have enough to worry about already. Let us free their minds of this uneasiness.

Let's make Edmonton's urinals a place where men can hold their heads up high.



"ALBERTA THE BOUNTIFUL. JE SUIS SEPARATISTE"

Does U of A Need One?

20th Century Marriage Broker

By Bob Forrest
reprinted from The Varsity

Some years ago, Professor K. M. Wallace of Los Angeles State College wrote a book refuting the common theory that romantic love is the main factor in determining marital happiness.

He preferred the premise that if you establish a couple's compatibility before they meet, they will be more likely to stay in love after they fall in love, and in 1963 Mrs. Gertrude Neiger, a trained social worker, applied that concept in organizing the Scientific Introduction Centre in Toronto.

The object was to provide a clearing-house for personality information to avoid "the complex, nonsensical ritual of mate selections in our society." The old ideas of lonely hearts clubs and marriage brokers were out.

At first, the publicity brought 500 applicants from the curious, the interested and the anxious.

One man wanted to know if people who were separated would be accepted. Asked how long he had been away from his family, he said, "Well, my wife just left me this morning and I've been cooking all day." He was not accepted, but 300 people were, and at present there are 460 men and women registered at the Centre.

How does the system work? A client usually has marriage in mind, but generally he leads a less active social life than most people. For the fee charged, he is given several interviews and personality assessments, the results of which are punched on an IBM card. A computer matches people with similar interests; dates

are arranged as often as needed and available and sooner or later there is an audible click—and a marriage.

Mrs. Neiger denies that her mating method is too clinical. She said there have been eight engagements so far, and the couples all reported that during dating all they did was talk. They were even amazed they didn't come to any disagreements.

It seems that a well matched couple tend to forget the commercial part of their meeting. One girl wrote, "I do not desire any further introductions because I'm happy to say that he and I seem to be unscientifically in love."

Of course, all is not sweet and smooth. Some women of 30 demand a man of 40 who must be a virgin.

And, some dates don't work out. On his first dating report, a fellow said of the girl "1. She is a very poor dancer. 2. I had to take her home at 10:30 because she was 'tired'. 3. She jumped out of the car the moment it stopped for reasons I could not determine."

And, an older man wrote half-bitterly about incompatibility on a 'semi-platonic date'. It was a "situation where you kiss a woman good-night after two months, because you feel she might be insulted if you didn't. When she's gone (in the interests of applied science) you kiss the steering wheel and it feels exactly the same. You are left with two alternative conclusions: either you are getting old, or this woman doesn't send you."

In general, the simple and practical theory behind the operation of the Centre is working out well in practice, as it has in other large cities.

The Papermakers

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