

The Gateway

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1964

No Dialogue Possible

Dr. Marcel Chaput came, he spoke—to what avail?

Dr. Chaput was right when he said he was losing his time speaking to us, and we were losing our time by listening.

There can be no dialogue between Dr. Chaput and English Canadians, almost by definition. That is not to say there can be no dialogue between French Canadians and English Canadians. There can, and will be.

Dr. Chaput presented to the Law School Forum on Friday night a solution to the rising tide of French Canadian nationalism. He did not present the solution.

It remains for the French speaking "moderates," and the English speaking "majority," to find an answer to Canada's "biggest problem."

"Canada is no longer my country and I will do my damn best so Canada splits," stated the Quebec separatist leader. Canada is doomed, it is as simple as that for the 46 year old former civil servant.

It is up to English speaking Canada to prove him wrong.

To be fair to Dr. Chaput, he does have grounds for legitimate complaint. The fight to preserve a separate and distinct French identity, a way of life which is 350 years old, has been only partially successful.

And there are definite inequalities in Quebec. The folkloric life Dr. Chaput speaks of is too close to the truth to be dismissed. There are a lack of French Canadians in high places in industry, business, the armed services, and the federal civil service. Indeed, less than 20 per cent of the economy is in French Canadian hands.

However, Dr. Chaput's solution— independence— is not the only, or best, way to overcome these inequalities. Moreover, many of his arguments can be applied against him.

No, Dr. Chaput, we don't want French Canadians to lie down quietly and die. We want to solve our common problems within the confines of Confederation.

French Canadians can retain their distinctiveness, and still remain Canadians. And they will.

Mickey Mouse All The Way

Mickey Mouse is not the name of a rodent on this campus. It is a generic name for a type of course which the Faculty of Science provides, out of kindness, to Arts students.

You know the Mickey Mouse courses. You may have made a mistake in your first year and taken a serious science course; but after your fellows showed you the way, you never made that mistake again. Nosiree! Mickey Mouse all the way, for the required three science courses for your BA.

And you probably got cheated a little in your pursuit of "whatsoever things are true."

But our complaint is not with the Faculty of Science for providing such courses. God knows, if the students don't, that such courses are real blessings.

What we would like to suggest is that a possible course in the history and philosophy of science would not be an altogether ridiculous addition to the curriculum. We do live in a scientific age, for better or for worse, and we should know something of the philosophy which governs so much of our lives.

We've talked to Science students who have had precious little idea of what scientific thought is, unless it be some outmoded and rather Nineteenth Century view of the scientist-savior. The course we suggest would then be of importance to students in

arts, who would learn about the world they live in, and to students in science who would learn something about the nature of their discipline.

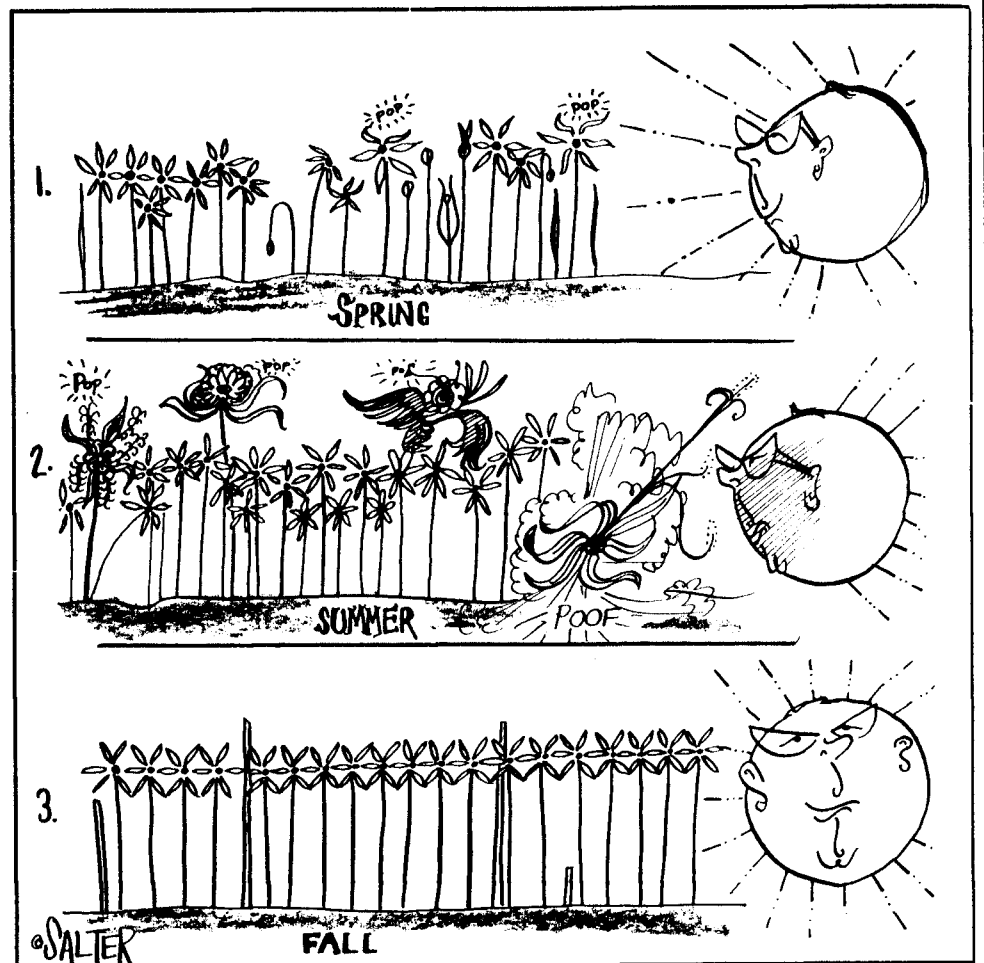
James Conant, one-time president of Harvard, has suggested just such a course on more than one occasion, and outlined a tentative course in his book *On Understanding Science*. While we may not agree with the good Doctor in all of his suggestions, there is enough meat in his argument to provoke any dean of science.

The course could be, we also suggest, given to science students for arts credit. We realize fully the dilemma of the science student who has to obtain a number of arts credits to get his degree. Yet it would be given to arts students for science credit.

One further advantage of such a course is that it would provide a meeting ground for students in the two faculties.

In the academic world the division between the Humanities and the Sciences is growing menacingly wide. Any attempt to gulf the breach between these two most important areas of study should be encouraged.

And, perhaps most fortunately, it would provide a valuable out for the student who doesn't want to take a "Mickey Mouse" course, but who feels that he hasn't got the inclination or the ability to face a full-scale course in chemistry or physics.



"THE GARDENER OF EDEN"



by Bruce Ferrier

The library of the University of Alberta is full of used books.

Now, I don't object to people reading them—I would even encourage the practice for those that have the time. What does bother me is the extensive re-writing that goes on.

More often than not, when I open a book, I find clear evidence that someone has been there before me. Sometimes it is in the form of cigarette ashes from some thinking man's cigarette. Often I find cookie crumbs or raspberry jam smears.

If people are going to leave things in books, why these quaint memorabilia? I would not even mutter about finding a dollar bill, even a used one.

On the other hand, I have never had to dispose of an apple core or a cigar butt carelessly left in the binding, so things are not as bad as they might be.

But these are only minor inconveniences, because they are easily removed.

The real crime committed against the books of this campus is done with the aid of pen or pencil; to remove the one is too messy, and the other, too much trouble. Thus we are left with no choice but to put up with the many underlinings, notations, and inane comments left in library books by the intellectual vandals of this campus.

Nothing can be more irritating than to find smack in your path of inquiry a smeared reminder of some other investigation, sometimes obliterating the precise word you were looking for.

Besides, most underlining is distracting because the other person, not being gifted with your penetration and acumen, has probably underlined the wrong thing.

Even worse is the practice of in-

serting marginal notes. Most times they are misleading, and I have ruined more than one train of thought by trying to puzzle out the swirls and eddies of someone else's idea.

Often the person in his infinite wisdom has taken pains to correct the text, or insert the correct idea where the author was lacking. I was pleased to find in the conclusion of a report by the Research Council of Alberta, that some kind soul had taken pains to contradict every one of their ungodly opinions in favor of fluoridation.

Readers of this column will no doubt conclude from the foregoing that I am against reading, free library use, motherhood, and pro-Cancer. However, this is but a humble plea—please, please, please! remember that the book you mark may not be your own.

Defence of Liberty

Reprinted from the Ubysey

"Extremism in the defence of liberty is no vice," an obscure Arizona department store magnate once said.

And the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, according to two political science professors at an obscure college in Baltimore.

Seems these two professors stuffed ballot boxes in a mock pre-presidential election at the little liberal arts college. When they finished their stuffing, Goldwater had won—in overwhelming fashion. Not even the Republicans believed it.

The professor didn't prove much in the eternal vigilance department. Rather, they neatly showed that in the defence of liberty it is necessary to watch political science professors.