

The Gateway

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—Ho, ho and a hardy har har, and a merry almost Xmas to you. The few loyal souls who came to dance round the Gateway Christmas tree and put out a paper were Miriam McClellan, Boom-Boom, Susan George, Trudy Richards, Bill Konkewitt, Jim Muller, Dennis Fitzgerald and that ever faithful, ever watchful little Santa's elf, Harvey G. Thomgirt.

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1967

misguided

By RUTH WEISCKE

Reprinted from the Manitoban

OTTAWA (CUP)—In a few weeks we'll be hanging mistle-toe and that loud-mouthed old man in the red suit will come ho-ho-hoing down the chimney. A number of charitable Christian types will be issuing invitations to Carleton University to send a foreign student to their home for a Good Old-Fashioned Christmas Dinner. It doesn't matter who; any old foreign student will do.

For these Christmas Christians, a word of advice: "Don't do it."

Andre Elbaz is an assistant professor of French at Carleton University, and also acts as Overseas Students' Advisor for Carleton's 300-odd foreign students. Professor Elbaz says that many foreign students are resentful of, rather than grateful for these gestures.

Would-be Christmas hosts may mean well but they should realize, he says, that a student from another country wants to make sincere Canadian friends who will invite him to dinner because they are interested in him as an individual, not merely because he is A Foreign Student. Canadians who

invite a student to their homes once a year and ignore him after that because they consider their duty done create resentment rather than goodwill.

Professor Elbaz recalls the day an Ottawa woman called his office and put in an order for two foreign students in full national dress to be delivered at her home on a certain evening for a party, implying that they would make interesting conversation-pieces.

"Carleton University is not a zoo, madam," she was informed.

"Last year I had three students in my office who, after five months in Canada, had never been inside a Canadian home. They were very discouraged," said Prof. Elbaz.

Since being appointed to the position of advisor in 1965, Prof. Elbaz has studied the problem of lack of contact between Canadian and foreign students and has come up with a number of schemes.

He organized unofficial get-togethers where an equal number of Canadian and overseas students met at his apartment or went downtown to Le Hibou (an Ottawa coffee-house) or a restaurant.

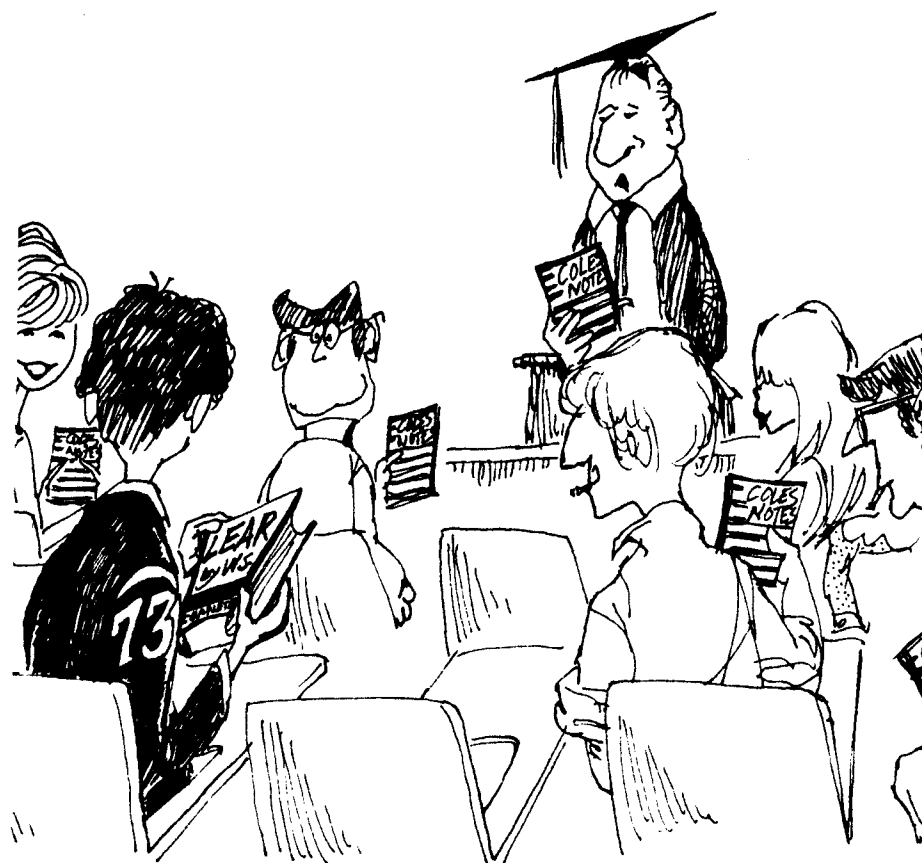
christmas spirit

North Africa and the United States, has been in Canada for three years. While he has a great deal of social contact with these students himself, he is trying to persuade Canadian faculty members at Carleton (over 300) to each befriend a foreign student.

Making Canadian friends is the major problem which the foreign student brings to Prof. Elbaz, but there are others.

Many students coming to Canada have absolutely no idea of what to expect in the way of climate and living conditions so the professor has written a booklet which gives such information as the cost of underwear in Ottawa and the average temperature in winter. The booklet is printed on very lightweight paper so that it can be sent without raising the cost of mailing. The booklet has been sent to such exotic places as Tanzania and Calgary, Alberta.

Prof. Elbaz, who was born in Morocco and has taught in France,



—reprinted from the manitoban

turn to page 12 class . . . that's page 69 to you, rogers

steve rybak

christmas beefs and bouquets

That time of year has come again—time to hand out various Christmas bouquets, plaudits, etc. And maybe time to air a few minor complaints in the hope that all will be rectified in the new year.

The number one thing on my list is good old SUB cafe and its staff. Heading the list are the gravy men. I don't know how they manage to do it, but they can effectively mask the taste of any one of half a dozen kinds of gravy.

Their crowning achievement came a week ago—it was mushroom gravy, I think. I accidentally had some put on my chips. It didn't seem to differ from any other gravy they've produced until I came across that little glob of gravy.

It could have been one of two things—some gravy rapidly solidifying or maybe a small piece of gravy-covered chip. Determined to get every bit of my four ounces worth I bit into a corner of it.

Lo and behold there was a strange taste in it. It had me stumped for a minute. Then I remembered, there were a few strange little lumps of gravy floating around in the caldron of the stuff. I decided it must be a piece of mushroom. I didn't have the courage to go up to the girls behind the counter serving the stuff; it's hard to get out of sweaters, I hear.

Those gravy boys would have done Lucrezia Borgia proud. They can mask the taste of any food and/or poison known to man.

I've finally discovered the reason for adding the coconut to the apple pie. It hides the soapy taste pretty damn well.

Have you ever noticed what the cooks in SUB eat? Never any of the stuff they make, it's always a hot dog or maybe a hamburger or two. I wonder. . . .

The same thing goes for the "coffee". Ever seen any of the staff,

especially the dietitians drinking any? I haven't.

Oh yes, and then there is the kind old man who sweeps out the cafeteria while you're eating. It's more or less in relatively half sanitary conditions. Then along comes the broom—sweeping up huge clouds of dust, etc. You know, that extra little something to remember your meal by. At least in old SUB they waited until after the meal hours to clean up.

So far all bitches; here comes a bouquet. To the night people. Apart from the supervisors, the phantom of SUB and a few die-hard Gateway staffers not too many of you have seen them.

They suddenly appear about 11:15 p.m., a dozen or so of them, with some of the most interesting-looking pieces of cleaning equipment I've ever seen. Machines that shampoo/vacuum rugs, machines that sweep and wash floors, and machines that wax and polish floors. Not just little itty-bitty ones, but great big things that gurgle and hiss and rumble—just like students' council at one of their meetings.

At least the machines accomplish something.

U of A Radio has done a terrific job, haven't they? I'm asking you because I've never been able to hear them at all. The only places you can hear them are up at the Room at the Top, in the barber shop, outside on the sidewalks and occasionally in one of the lounge areas. Room at the Top is too crowded and the volume is a bit too loud. You feel a bit guilty sitting in the barber shop all day long without buying any thing. After all, how many haircuts can one get a week? It's too cold outside these days, and the lounge areas are always filled.

For some it's just as well; their music policy is catching up too rapidly. Now it's only 12 months behind the times.