

The Gateway

Member of the Canadian University Press

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—Keeners, there's a party Saturday night! For more details, come to the meeting today at 4 p.m. in the Gateway office. Gateway slaves for this paper were Lorraine Allison, Sue Hill, Jim MacLaren, Lorraine Minich, Sheila Ballard, Alan Gardner, Neil Driscoll, Monica Ulrich, Bob Smith, Bryan Clark(?), Captain Strange, Marion Conybeare, Andy Rodger, Suzette L., Mary Lou Taylor and yours truly, Harvey Thomgirt.

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PAGE FOUR

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toward a fuller nation

Students at McGill University will have an excellent opportunity next Wednesday to show Canadians that English-speaking students in Quebec do not tacitly support the concept of a unilingual Quebec. They will vote in a referendum, the result of which will determine whether McGill will become a full-fledged member of the Union General des Etudiants du Quebec. We hope the referendum fails.

UGEQ last month accepted McGill and two other English-speaking students' union at Montreal universities into full membership, pending ratification from the three campuses. The radical French-language union now speaks in Quebec for every important post-secondary student group in the province—English and French.

Moreover, the Canadian Union of Students has lost its status as a genuinely national student organization; and thousands of English-speaking students in Quebec have placed themselves in the position of a minority in a French-speaking organization whose interests are restricted almost exclusively to the Province of Quebec.

UGEQ's policies are extreme, to say the least. Member universities have voted to provide assistance for U.S. students fleeing from compulsory military service in Vietnam. They also favor, without qualification, a unilingual Quebec. It has been predicted that UGEQ will develop close bonds with labor organizations, and that the organization eventually will give formal endorsement to the concept of separatism.

Yet, from its birth, UGEQ has inexorably drawn the English-speaking universities of Quebec toward it. This is strange, in view of the fact UGEQ's birth a year ago was precipitated by French-Canadian dissent from the predominantly English-

Canadian CUS. We see now a situation in which English-speaking students in Quebec tried unsuccessfully to use UGEQ as a medium through which to express their interest in the goals of Quebec's quiet revolution, while at the same time trying to retain a wider interest in Canada by staying in CUS.

McGill and the other two English-speaking universities — Sir George Williams and Marionopolis — have failed in their dual-membership attempt, because UGEQ has stood firm in its insistence that English-speaking universities cannot join UGEQ until they have left CUS. This narrow stand has affected only McGill, because the other two universities do not belong to CUS.

But one other UGEQ pronouncement will affect all three universities. The concept of unilingualism is basic to French-Canadian students in Quebec, and McGill students have been told they may speak in English at the next UGEQ congress, but "at the risk of being misunderstood," as UGEQ's president put it so bluntly and so rudely.

We trust the students of McGill University will reject the membership offer from this narrowest of organizations. When McGill student representatives applied for membership, they did so as an act of good faith, believing sincerely that it would be possible for them to have a useful dialogue with their French-Canadian counterparts in Quebec.

They had no reason to believe UGEQ would be so inward-looking as to demand they leave CUS, and now they have no alternative but to defeat the referendum and chalk up another defeat for the concept of a united Canada.

When will French-Canadians of Quebec give English-Canadians the dialogue Canada needs so badly and we English-Canadians desire so much?

the winds of change

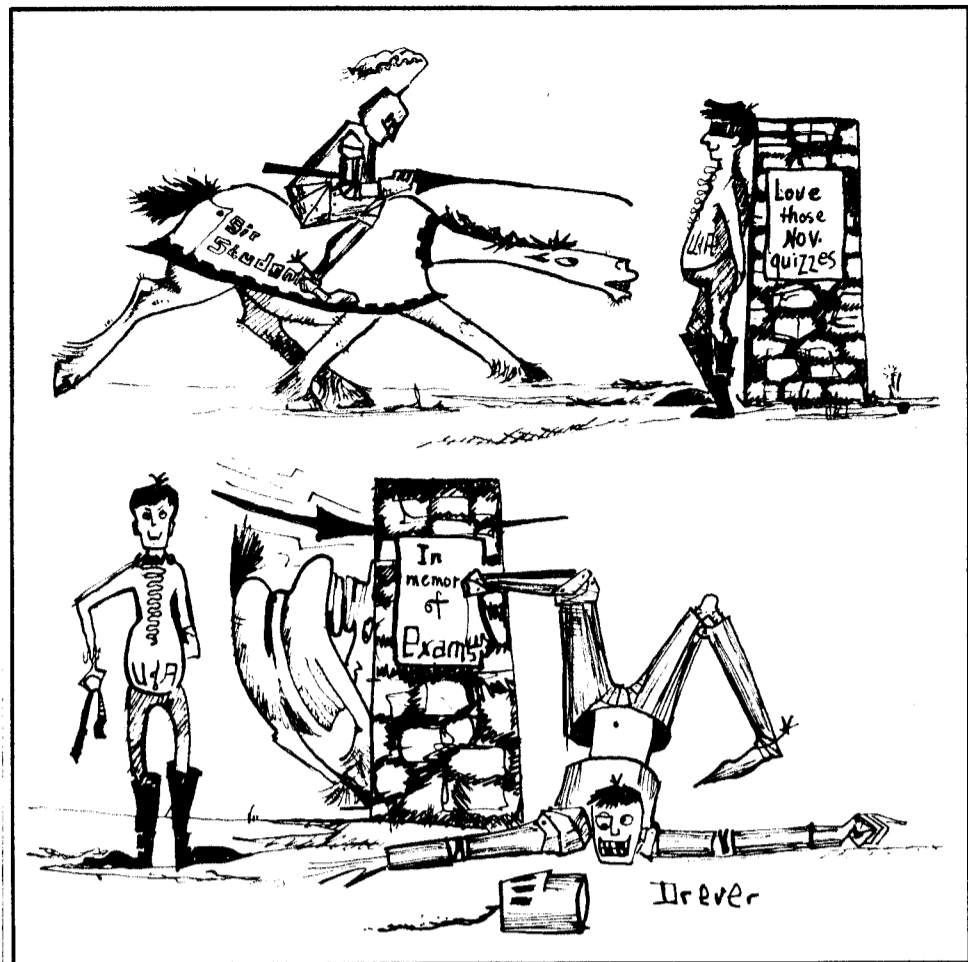
The university has a regulation which states unequivocally there shall be no liquor permitted on this campus. Yet there is one tiny nook at the University of Alberta where alcoholic beverages are found, both in abundance and with the university's sanction.

We speak of the Faculty Club. Members of that most august fraternity conceivably could be holding this page with only one hand—the other one wrapped around a tall, cool one.

We find this a strange situation, since there are literally thousands of

students on this campus who are of legal drinking age, but not so well-equipped as their professors. Students, too should have the right to imbibe on the campus if they so desire.

Therefore, be it resolved that properly-licensed facilities be installed in the new Students' Union Building. A pub could do two things for this campus: first, it could help to pay for the new SUB; and second, it could become a place where professors and students might get together after classes and begin improving our sadly-deficient faculty-student relationships.



round one to the university

the rock

by doug walker

To the weary traveller hitch-hiking his way across Europe, Gibraltar must often seem like an oasis.

After a month or two wandering around France or Spain understanding relatively little of what is said, it is a relief just to get somewhere where you can speak English again.

But aside from this advantage to the English-speaking tourist, Gibraltar is a fascinating place to visit in itself.

Visitors, particularly younger British subjects, are put through a rigid customs inspection upon entrance, including a stiff financial check. Then they are given a pass ranging from one to seven days, depending, I suspect, on the whims of the customs inspector. I must admit, however, that everyone I met had overstayed his permit, but the officials hadn't been around to check yet.

This examination stems from the habit certain British tourists used to have of turning up stone broke and demanding to be sent home free, courtesy of the government.

Once inside, anyone who can't afford to stay in the expensive hotels invariably head for Toc H, the youth hostel in the south end of town. The hostel is run by Old Jock, a Scot who has been in Gibraltar since time immemorial. Jock's advice is sought and respected by everyone on "The Rock", and he must have more personal friends around the world than any two other men.

On Jock's advice, all his tenants eat at Smokey Joe's, the original greasy spoon restaurant. In spite

of the dirt, the food, at least to one who has scrounged his way across Spain, is remarkably good.

If you ask him to, Smokey Joe will mark your passport with his special identification stamp, which is probably as widespread now as the Diner's Club. A customs official in England, seeing the Gibraltar stamp in my passport, immediately thumb-ed back a few pages to see if Joe had been there first, and we passed a few remarks on the quality of his food.

You hear a lot about the armaments concentrated on top of The Rock. One day a friend and I were walking along the edge of the military area, when we chose to cross some barbed wire and follow a path which led to an old gun emplacement.

Suddenly two soldiers appeared from nowhere and demanded our passports. After a careful scrutiny, they told us to find some other place to sightsee, and that we were lucky not to get into further trouble. There is evidently a lot more up there than people expect.

For such a small area, Gibraltar has so many fascinating aspects. There is, of course, the large number of bars and the lively night life. There are the Barbary apes which revel in all the attention they get. There are the caves and the twenty-two miles of tunnels with gun ports that honeycomb the mountain. There is the periodic lack of water when Spain gets hostile and cuts off the supply from the mainland. And there is the feeling that you have been here before, and the knowledge that you will have to return.