

Is Quebec worth it?

It's time to kick Quebec out of Confederation. Quite simply, Quebec is costing the rest of Canada more than it is worth.

Politically, Quebec yields too much power in Canada proportional to its size. This is particularly costly to the West, where land is expansive but population is sparse.

Economically, it receives breaks that do nothing but alienate other Canadians.

When the contract to maintain Canada's CF-18 fighters was pulled from Manitoba and awarded to a Quebec firm, it was only the latest in a long line of attempts to appease the francophone voters at the expense, as usual, of western Canada. This despite the fact that Bristol Aerospace in Manitoba had bid \$400 million less for the contract. As well, Bristol has a long history of maintaining Canada's military aircraft, whereas the Quebec firm had none whatsoever.

Another curious statistic is that three out of every four Canadians choose English as being their language of use (as opposed to French — no other choices given) yet in the federal civil service, 43 percent of all employees are francophone.

In terms of language rights, one would be hard pressed to find a more demanding state than Quebec. On one hand, Alberta worries about separate funding for francophone and French immersion students, and Saskatchewan is now being forced to enact all new legislation bilingually.

On the other and, cultures other than French are completely stifled inside Quebec.

According to Bill 101, businesses cannot erect signs in any language other than French. Meanwhile, children of immigrants or anyone non-English-educated are forcibly educated in French only.

Imagine the irony of Peter Stastny's story, a Czechoslovakian detector coming to a "free" country to play hockey and raise his family as he sees fit. But wait, he was not educated in an English school in Quebec; therefore, his children are forced, by law, to be educated in French.

The reality is that French is a minuscule minority in most provinces.

In Alberta, people of Ukrainian, as well as those of German descent outnumber both francophones and their descendants. If we wanted to be fair, we would have Ukrainian immersion schools, rather than French immersion schools in Alberta.

The fact is, although the Canadian Constitution states Canada as a whole is bilingual, this does not hold true for the sum of this country's parts.

Besides, without the burden of French, we would have more room for contests on the backs of Corn Flakes boxes and more room for stats on the backs of hockey cards.

Cam McCulloch

The Gateway

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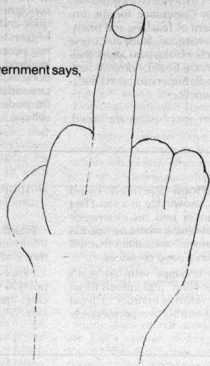
If you have a comment which would be of interest to the students of the University, please do not hesitate to send it in. Letters must be signed. Address and phone numbers are required but will not be printed.

Letters may be edited for length.

Mail or deliver your letters to Room 282 SUB, or drop them at any SU information booth.

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No matter what any government says,



The message is still the same!

LETTERS

Don't stereotype Christians

I love the PTL election poster! It is a timely and biting satire of what is happening in today's scandal scene. Having listened to the Bakkers and Swaggart on TV I decided that they are cheese mongering money grubbing greaseballs. I recently saw Billy Graham on Larry King Live, a well respected news/talk show on CNN, during which Graham was treated with the utmost respect and almost reverence. Graham seems to stand out as the grandfather of evangelism. He was in it back in the 50's, long before it ever became a money making scam.

That brings me to my point. True, there are a lot of scum sucking money loving vermin that try to publicly pass themselves off as being representatives of Christianity. Don't believe it. The things the Bakkers and Swaggart did and continue to do have very little to do with the teachings of Jesus. A classic line from the Woody Allen movie *Hannah and Her Sisters* sums it up: "If Jesus were to see all the things done in his name today, he'd never stop puking."

The danger is that everyone jumps on the Christian bashing bandwagon because of the cheese mongers like the Bakkers, or because it's trendy to do so, and it makes good posters. But stereotyping is dangerous. Not all Canadians are like Bob and Doug. Not all Americans are like Rambo Ronnie Reagan. Not all business students are like Michael J. Fox. Not all Austrians are like Arnold Schwarzenegger (at least I hope not). Not all Christians are like Jimmy Swaggart. Stereotyping is like a mini-lobotomy. Don't let it happen to you.

Mark Szabko

Vander Zalm speaks facts

Everyone seemed to have a major problem with Premier Vander Zalm's speech, especially the part where he pointed out that in the later stages of abortion the child's body has to be cut up to allow it to pass (without any anaesthetic). This is just a fact, a straightforward but very gruesome fact aren't politicians allowed to state facts anymore?

Obviously, people don't seem to realize that abortions are only a very efficient and effective manner of getting

rid of our responsibilities. After all, that is what abort means: to give up, to surrender. These parents are saying that they can't hack it anymore and are giving up. They are literally "dumping" their "problems".

Anthony Van Orizande

Cult on Campus?

As I was walking through the Tory building I could not help but notice a number of funny looking posters. There were these strange doves and written below them was the writing, "Sanctify Yourself 88". All I want to know is, "What does this mean? Has a cult been formed on campus?"

J. Bryant

I don't care

Dear Editors:

Andrew Loog Apathy
 Apathy Slate Campaign
 Manager

HUMOUR

Cara finds physical fitness has drawbacks

I have, at long last, reached that supreme pinnacle known to few, aspired by all. This exalted peak proclaims the heights I have climbed, the sacrifices I have made, and the agony I have endured. A degree? Nay, nothing quite so paltry and pusillanimous as a mere slip of paper.

In honour of Health Week, I am pleased to announce that I am the proud owner of an Athletic Injury.

During the last four years, I have fallen prey to a common student affliction. Basically, my fitness abilities have become nonexistent due to the immobility enforced by vast amounts of reading, writing, and studying. After having been assailed by guilt by our fit-crazed society, I finally joined a low-impact, no-bounce aerobics class on campus. To date, I've been attending religiously, and I must confess that I've enjoyed every sweaty, straining moment of it. Most of that enjoyment is thanks to the instructor, Shirley, who is enthusiastic, sensible, and always wears a smile. I knew, however, that I'd finally

made it when my knee gave out the other day, and declared an all-out war.

Shirley took me to the Phys. Ed. Athletic Injury Clinic where I was quickly and courteously attended by Dr. Reid and his staff of physiotherapists. Bravo to the people who work there, as the clinic is hidden away in a grim, basement corner of the Phys. Ed. Building, and painted in the three most depressing shades of green I've ever seen. The decor, as they say, leaves something to be desired. A diagnosis was reached, all of which was incomprehensible to me, but it sounded impressive, and I've now been introduced to the secret realm of the physiotherapist, which is all very fascinating and mysterious.

On Tuesday I was instructed to report to a therapist named Fraser, which I did a bit apprehensively, envisioning an athletic Chamber of Horrors. However, the therapist disabused me of such notions, and then went to the trouble of trying to explain, in simplified terms, just what was wrong with my Bobby Orr' knee. It seems, apart from tendon-

itis, the little grape-like cushion underneath my kneecap has been damaged, thereby resulting in too much friction. In short, I have a squished grape.

What followed was a low ultra-sound treatment of the affected area, which sounded much like the microwave principle of heating something from the inside out. After that, a mild electric current was applied to stimulate the blood flow, stimulate the tissue regeneration, and ease the pain. The best part was the last, when I had my poor joint gently massaged and bathed in a warm whirlpool—Nirvana! In essence, my knee has been nuked, fried, and parboiled, and it didn't hurt a bit.

All in all, becoming physically fit once again has been great, despite my uncooperative knee which I've dubbed Hamlet for being so "out of joint."

Now, I can finally call myself an ATHLETE, complete with battle-scars and "squished grapes."

Cara Koropchuk