

A National Student Identity

The unanimous decision of the Canadian University Press to establish a full-time office could well be one of the most significant developments in the short, disjointed history of student Canada.

Canadian University Press was established 22 years ago to provide the student paper of any particular campus with news of other Canadian students. Meeting in Quebec this Christmas, college editors from every province agreed that there is enough desire on their campus for information about other Canadian students to warrant a permanent news service.

This indicates that the casket of provincialism in which Canadian Universities have so long lain, is at last opening. If it opens wide we may find, on a student level, a unity which Canadians since Macdonald, and before, have sought.

If there is interest in the affairs of others, there is hope for the development of a national student identity. And from this identity may we, the lauded leaders of tomorrow, grow a Canadianism which transcends religious and ethnic and provincial backgrounds.

Canada is a scattered country joined only

by broad geography and a federal government. Our agricultural west squabbles with our business east, and our maritime provinces are suspicious of both. We are a bilingual nation with speakers of both tongues straining their ignorance to remain mono-lingual. We are a mixing pot of various religions and origins which, on some stubborn point or another, are loath to mix.

Any nation, great or small, is a unity of differences. We in Canada seem persistent, and among large western nations almost unique, in developing the differences and not the unity.

Canadianism will not come from passing a Bill of Rights. A national identity is one of those few changes which an Act of Parliament cannot bring to pass.

But Canadianism can come from an interest in the affairs of fellow Canadians, and from an appreciation—rather than a wariness—of the actions of others. Canadianism can develop from a student at Newfoundland's Memorial University reading about the activities of other students at the University of British Columbia. It can develop from the services of CUP and of any other student organizations which step beyond provincial bounds.

New Decade For Democracy

Any man who reads and counts must now be aware that the world is entering a new decade, and that it is leaving one made tense by technology and propaganda.

During the ten years immediately passed, the world has been changed by Sputniks, and by Salks, and by Nkrumahs and by myriad other actors and actions. However, the most significant of all the changes is not rooted in any single year or any one accomplishment. The most significant feature of the decade passed is that here did the public accept the fact that two ideologies are in conflict.

By our history and by the principles in which we claim to believe, Canada stands with Democracy and against Communism in this conflict. Perhaps, before we enter another ten years, we should take a look at the last decade of Democracy, at the most recent expression of the freedoms and the privileges to which Democrats subscribe.

Democracy has two tongues. If it is to perform ideally, the tongue of responsibility should be as much heeded as is the tongue of rights. The history of our past ten years is remarkable for the emphasis accorded rights,

and the ignorance given responsibility.

In religion, the church is becoming less the house of God than the hall to which decorum calls North Americans each Sunday. Christian charity and the brotherhood of man have been overshadowed by side issues of birth control and "how many converts did you get?" In a nutshell, too many churches show more concern about public acceptance in this world than about their contribution to the next.

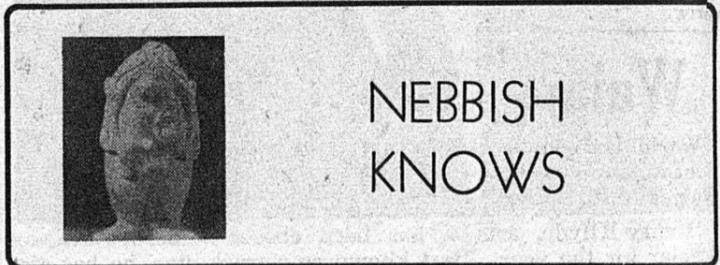
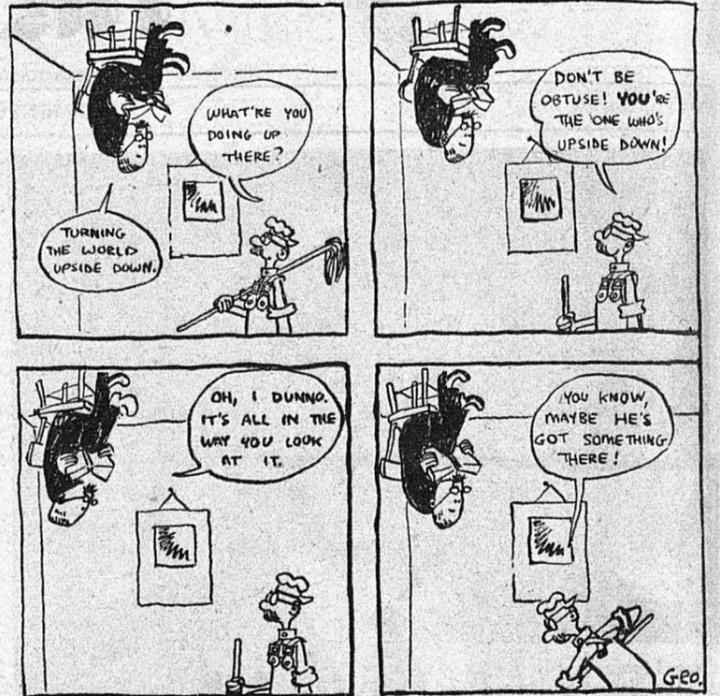
In entertainment, the creative of our generation are so addicted to dollars that they produce merely to sell, and not to expand the knowledge of their audience. Few of the pocket-book writers, the "risque" emcees, the starlets in towels are so devoid of talent that they must rely on push-button smut. But it is the easy way they follow.

In commerce, businessmen seek higher profits and their workers strike for higher wages—each with naive disregard for what the nation's economy can bear. In technology, scientists strive for more powerful nuclear concoctions, often not pausing to consider the warning cries of humanitarians, or of their less-devoted colleagues.

And, perhaps most alarming of all, in the arenas of public affairs Democracy is but a flag to be waved. Political office-holders employ horses and accept "gifts" and rig land deals. Political parties ignore issues and fight their campaigns on visions and ephemeral "plans" for peace, or for prosperity. And the men in the street, the little men of, by, and for whom Lincoln would have government, are told by every dodged question and hidden report that government is something beyond their ken.

January 1, 1960 was the first day of a decade in which practical solution of the war of ideologies can be achieved in only one way. With both sides possessing weapons whose unleashing would destroy both sides, physical warfare can gain no positive ends. More than ever before will this battle of ideologies be fought in men's minds.

Perhaps, as a first step in preparing for this philosophical warfare, we who are Democrats should examine Democracy as a practical philosophy. Perhaps, in order to protect our "way of life", we will have to alter the way we live.



News item—A Calgary teacher sent her Grade 3 pupils home for Christmas with the information that Santa Claus doesn't exist, and chided belief in Mr. Claus as being impractical.

We didn't take Grade 3 in Calgary. So all through those young years before becoming 15 and informed, we blinded through life believing in Santa Claus and Jack Frost and Jesus Christ and all those other faithful pipedreams.

Now that we've sipped of the world, of course, we can appreciate the practical absurdity of a Santa Claus who gives presents to little children; or a Jack Frost who skips unacclaimed through the night air making natural things beautiful; or a Jesus Christ who would ask forgiveness of his crucifiers.

Now that we are maturing—and old enough to teach Grade 3—we can realize that these things one can't touch—these things like friendship and national pride and Santa Claus and faith—really don't exist in the adult world. They are part of that better-it-be-forgotten fantasy of childhood.

Standing rather bashfully in the upper corner of this column is another of those symbols in which we "adults" aren't going to believe. His name is Nebbish, and he's there to remind The Gateway of an association which we, in our childish way, considered pleasant. Pleasure, of course, is something else which doesn't exist for adults, because it can't be proven. But, under the spell of Nebbish, we are going to make believe we enjoyed an association with a few others who dare to be children in an adult's hard world.

Nebbish has a peculiar history. He was bought in a Montana trinket shop because his label assured that he was absolutely useless. For three months he shared a place of homage, atop a dust-laden mantlepiece, with beer mugs, snapshots, and other impracticalia which childish students are out to collect.

Then, in October, five student

journalists from the University of Manitoba were exposed to Nebbish. Sitting in his room, enjoying cheap and unnutritive spaghetti, they decided they would hijack the useless little rubber man.

From then till New Year's Nebbish has been a Manitoban. Under his picture a newspaper column—as useless as is any student column—chattered about odd events. At the Quebec City conference of the Canadian University Press, while Manitoban and Gateway delegates consoled one another for winning no trophies, Nebbish was returned.

We have a hunch that Nebbish was first taken from us because we were not doing what we should with him. Nebbishes are of little use left on the shelf. So, intermittently from now until the paper quits, Nebbish will say childish things to the Alberta campus.

Sometimes he will be disappointed, because adults sometimes disappoint children. Sometimes he will be happy, because happiness is something in which children haven't yet learned to disbelieve. And sometimes he will be useless—but he hopes only sometimes.

Before pulling the blankets over his first Alberta column, Nebbish wants to express thanks to The Manitoban hi-jackers who caused him to speak through The Gateway.

—to Sheila Reid, girl newspaperman—may she steer clear of public relations.

—to Cecilia Lonergan, bilingualist—to whom a house is not a home.

—to Kip Park, extrovert—erratic as money from father.

—to Pete Herrndorf, Irishman—give him Stephenson and Kennedy and football.

—and to Dave Humphreys, improbable editor—would the Journal print in green?

... gaffers wanted ...

So we aren't the best college paper in Canada. We can still offer instruction and practice in sign-borrowing, cop-baiting and general journalism.

The Gateway is feeling its annual post-Christmas pinch. Positions are begging to be filled in our news, features,

and makeup departments. Any students wanting to write, heckle, or just get in bad with the English department are asked to trundle up to The Gateway office, and sign away part of their free time.

Press nights every Tuesday and Sunday at 7 pm.

THE GATEWAY

Member of Canadian University Press

- EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Joe Clark
- MANAGING EDITOR John Taylor
- ASSOCIATE EDITOR Sylvia Raycheba
- MORALS AND CONDUCT EDITOR Colin Campbell
- Advertising Manager Dave Jenkins
- News Editor Ellen Nagloren
- CUP Editor Roma Standefer
- Sports Editor Gerry Marshall
- Features Editor Roberta Sheps
- Copy Editors Adolph Buse, Donn Downey
- Literary Editor Roberto Ruberto
- Business Manager Walter Dinwoodie

News Staff: Gloria Lehner, John Vandermeulen, D. J. Wilkie, Cyril Sapiro, Dick Bide, Marian Paxton, John Whittaker, Bill Holmes, Richard Kupsch, Bill Roddie, Sheila Warhaft, Mike Angel, Reg Jordan, Rondo Wood, Judy Odynsky, Naida Maher, Alice Payne, Mary Price, Neil Fransden, Al Smith, John Francis, Tony Chernushenko, Lois Griffiths, Jean Craig, Adriana Slaniceanu, Meredith Johnston, Jim Richardson, Wolfe Kirchmeir, Sonja Kulka. Sports: Ed Wigmore, Ernie Marshall, Don Giffen, Owen Ricker, Alex Potapoff. Cartoonists: George Samuels, Gerry Dixon. Photos by Photo Directorate.

FINAL DEADLINE COPY

- For Friday Edition 8 pm. Tuesday
- For Tuesday Edition 8 pm. Sunday

Opinions expressed by columnists in this paper are not necessarily those of The Gateway or members of its staff. The Editor-in-Chief is responsible for all material published herein.

Office Telephone — GE 3-1155