

# THE UGLINESS OF A COLOR-BAR

James Meredith is not the only one being turned away; you don't have to go to Oxford, Mississippi to find prejudice against a colored skin. So let's not feel too smug. We haven't licked this problem here in enlightened Alberta.

Our Asian or African students go out to find accommodations in private homes. They are turned away, sometimes bluntly, more often with a lame excuse:

"I don't mind colored students but my husband wouldn't like it," or "... the other tenants wouldn't like it," or "... the neighbors wouldn't like it." Anything but the blunt truth: **bigotry**. Objections to spicy cooking. Objections to un-Canadian dress. As if these things were dangerous, when actually they are delightful.

It is sad when we cling so rigidly to our blinders that we can't see our own good and accept it.

## THE SICKNESS . . . .

How extensive is the problem? It is not extensive in terms of numbers—not yet—our foreign student population still numbers only in the hundreds, and there are people on campus who have been concerned to prevent unpleasant contacts. Major Hooper, Dean Sparling, and the Graduate Students' Association have contacts with landlords who welcome colored skins and exotic customs. On-campus residences take some foreign students, and this year Kingsway Hall takes even more. The Indian students do a good job of looking after their own. And Golden Key has started a project of welcoming new foreign students.

But this is not enough, for there are still some colored students, particularly second and third year undergraduates, who go out to find their own accommodations. As long as our friends meet rudeness, as long as they find hypocrisy, as long as they meet fear and resentment, we have a problem. And they do meet these.

That many are sheltered from the storm by some of us who cared enough to help is commendable. But it does not eliminate the problem, only temporarily avoids it. For the problem is one of public attitude. The fact still remains that when our colored students do go out on their own into the streets of our city, they are turned away without valid reason by embarrassed landlords. Not always, certainly, but too often.

Once is too often. And it happens repeatedly.

## THE SYMPTOMS

Here is a representative report from an undergraduate black boy, friendly, neat, and likeable:

"Have you had a hard time getting a room off campus?"  
 "Yes."  
 "You have been turned down often?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Any of your friends had the same experience?"  
 "Several of them."  
 "Is it easy to tell that it is because of your color?"  
 "Yes."  
 "How can you tell?"  
 "Landladies are very uncomfortable when they see that I am colored."  
 "Are they rude?"  
 "Sometimes."  
 "But have you checked to make sure that it is a color-bar?"  
 "Yes. One of my friends went to a house with a 'to rent' sign in the window, and was told that the rooms were all taken. 'I just now rented the last one and forgot to take the sign out,' and down it came. My friend went around the block and checked again; the sign was back. He found one of his white friends and took him to the house. The white boy was accepted without question."  
 "Do you get used to this sort of thing?"

"No. We learn to adjust, but it doesn't become any less painful."

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A girl reports that the day after a colored friend visited her room a note appeared on the bathroom door: "Approved guests only."

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Another girl invited a colored boy to her home for a week, and the parents promptly invited him to leave—again no reason given.

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This sort of thing is inexcusable. It is pure ugliness. All three cases betray an emotional infantilism known as **PREJUDICE**, heavily laced with fear. One example displays blatant dishonesty; another sickly hypocrisy. Rarely will an individual come out from behind his excuses and make his position plain.

## THE MEDICINE

It is time we students were aware, concerned, and acting. Our general attitude may not have been antagonism, merely a massive indifference. But it is our privilege to take positive action.

We should realize how valuable our foreign students are. We should realize how much we can gain from them: how we can see ourselves more completely, our world more clearly, because through them we can look from an unfamiliar vantage point. We should remember how valuable we can be to them—and to worldwide brotherhood—if they return to their countries with memories of gracious friendliness.

We should continue to encourage foreign students to come to our campus, but it is silly to do so without at the same time taking steps to ensure their pleasant stay.

Organizationally, there are two positive steps we ought to take. The first is relatively easy; we should ask all landlords wishing to list with our student housing service if they will welcome colored students. Listings can be marked appropriately. This will save some cases of direct embarrassment.

Secondly, there should be a student group responsible, in cooperation with the administration, for seeing that all undergraduate foreign students are adequately housed, in terms of both atmosphere and physical facilities. This would involve welcoming, orienting, and helping to find accommodations. The same service should be available to foreign students who have lived a year in residences and then go out into private homes.

As indicated above, Golden Key has initiated a welcoming service. But there should be some follow-through. World University Service might also expand its activity in this direction.

## . . . . THE CURE

But these are only palliatives. The real cure is not so easy to pin down or to implement.

We ought individually to take on the project of lifting public attitudes out of the spiritual morass that makes color-prejudice possible.

We should invite colored students to our rooms—and let our landlords know that it is approved.

We should invite colored students to our homes—and let our families know that it is approved.

We should talk to landlords, parents, and friends—shake them up if necessary, make them think, put the question to them bluntly: Would you welcome a colored student?—or—Would you share a room with a colored student? If not, why not? Insist on reasons.

Go further than this—you who really care. Get to know some of our Asian and African friends well enough that you are ready to live with them and/or to date them. Then invite them to share accommodations and good times.

Make your own opportunity. And consider it valuable—to you. Do more than just talk. Follow through.



This issue's front page story is the first of series of "man on the street" reports by our "woman on the street", Lexy Dryburgh. She will be out often seeking YOUR opinions. Watch for her.

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Radio Society is holding a get-acquainted meeting in West Lounge next Thursday evening. Frosh welcome.

The above gratis announcement is testimony to an innovation: "Be Kind To Radsocers Year." It won't be easy, for the traditional mostly-friendly feud between Gateway and Radsoc is of long standing, and considerable karma has accumulated. But this year Gateway will be cooperative—if perhaps a wee bit condescending.

I see by last Tuesday's editorial that there is a Gateway editor who understands the E.T.S. schedules. "Simple," he says. "Friends, I've been studying those schedules for two weeks now and haven't figured them out yet. It takes intelligence—of some sort."

One small thing I have realized: there was a U2 over Russia, there was a U2 over China, there is now a U2 over the high level. Now U2 may ride a U2.

le baron



Last year reflective editorial type comment from students outside The Gateway staff appeared under the Forum head. Some of it was excellent; much of it was stimulating. We will continue to invite this sort of contribution.

Submissions should be typed, double spaced, and addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. If you want to remain anonymous, use a pseudonym, but include your own name and an address or phone number for our purposes. And one suggestion: keep them short (say up to 500 words).

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## Little Learning Is A Dangerous Thing

Welcome Frosh! So you have "arrived"—or have you?

I suppose that university life is beginning to look fairly good to you now that the rigors of Frosh week are over.

Better look again, child! You probably remember the mountains of advice heaped upon you by former teachers, your parents and the like. **Heed It!** This may sound old-hat but what I am about to say is absolutely true. There are some among you who will have never really HAD to study. Fine and dandy. With luck, lots of luck, you might scrape by your first year without too much effort. How do I know? Hell, that's my life story.

**Chapter Two**  
 Now comes your second year. Well you passed, let's say, half your courses at Christmas. Things aren't going too badly? You, my friend, have just flunked out.

So you think this is a lot of bunk. Well as I said, this is my life story; and the life story of at least four others that I know personally. The reason—**lack of study**.

This is not intended to be a sob story. It is rather a warning from one who knows what

can happen. Unless you start to study now and maintain a constant pace of study you will not do nearly as well as you might. There is nothing quite as valuable as a well balanced schedule for study and recreation.

### Man the Slide Rules

You ask what makes a well balanced schedule. By simple Math, old bean, you will discover there are 144 hours in a six day week. This gives you a holiday on Sunday. Manning says so! By getting ten hours sleep a night you have 84 hours left. Knock off 30 hours for classes, another 30 for recreation and you are left with 24 hours for study. That's four hours a day and you still have nothing on Sunday.

What more can you ask? You spend 54 hours on education and 30 on fun and have a day left over.

Well buddy, now you can either file this away with the rest of the "advice" you have received or you can take it to heart and heed the warning. Nothing beats study when it comes to learning something.

So long . . . best of luck.

FLUNKY

## Out With The New; In With The Old

There are some authors, as Frosh and others have found out, who tend to bring out a new edition to their text-books every one or two years; Samuelson's Economics for example. This book costs \$7.70 and the accompanying workbook costs \$2.85. People who have just recently started a subject do not need the newest edition as they do not understand the fine points of why an edition be-

comes slightly out of date. An introductory book that is well written can be used for many years and still be very instructive.

The university should have realized that this is so with many books. Why should we pay so much when a second-hand older edition can be sufficient?

O. al KARMY