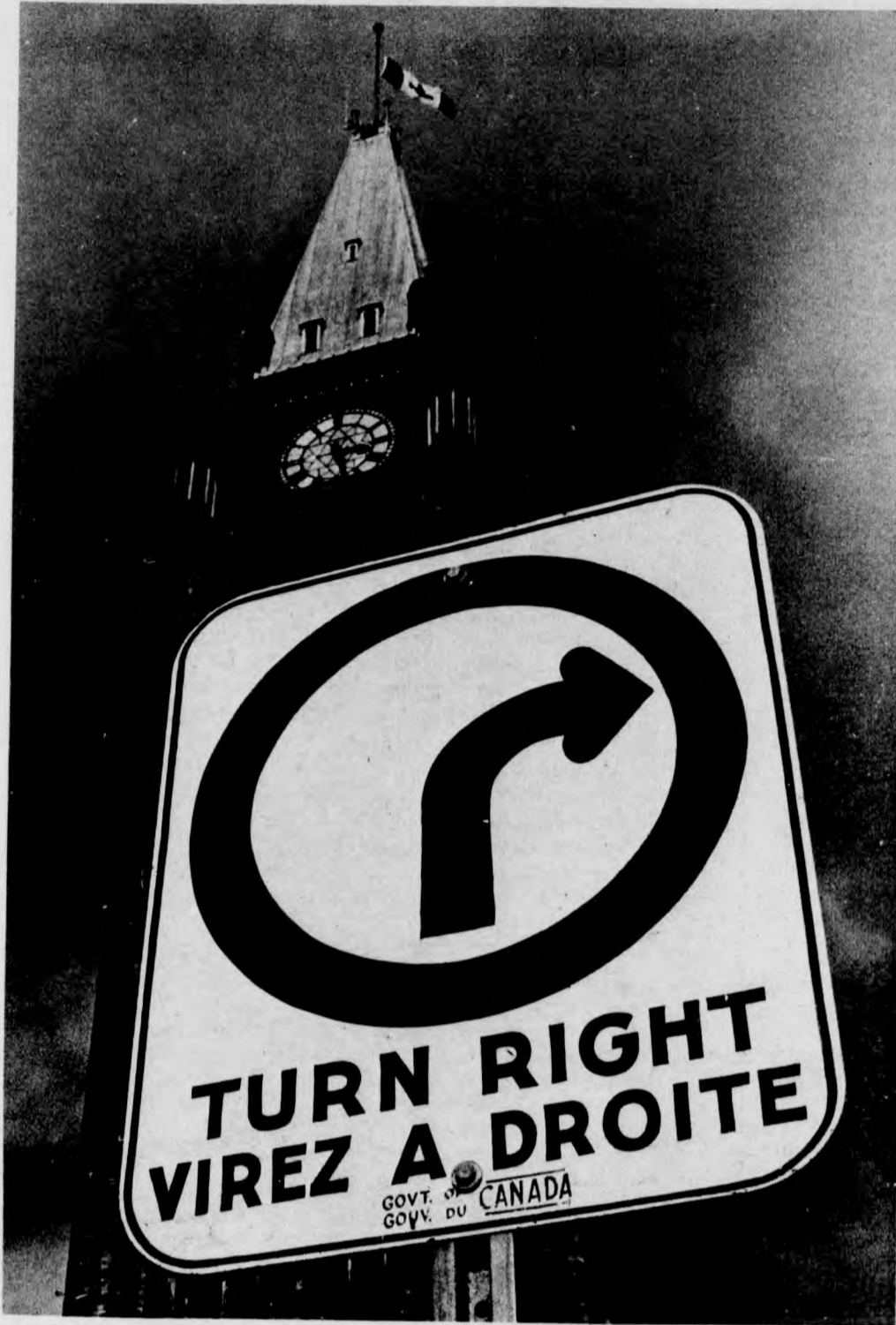


Letters to the Editor

Address letters to the Editor, EXCALIBUR, York University. Letters must be signed for legal reasons. A pseudonym will be used if you have a good reason. Those typed will be given preference.



Sure ain't like down home

I sure can't figger this college life you got here. Ma said bein in the city was real different from back home on the farm, but I didn't figger anything like this.

Y' know, all them foreigners and Red communists goin round; I been writin home about how they all want to change things without ever thankin the Almighty God fer what we got, like Pa said. Anyway, I'm writin about this here groundhog I seen.

Yep, life sure is different down here in this city you got. People gettin paid just fer sittin and thinkin; Pa said he don't guess half

them professor types could bring in the cows.

Anyway, Ma said I should write you a letter about this fat groundhog I seen, seein as how back home Pa reads Dear Abby every night, so maybe you got some advice fer me.

I sure can't figger this college life. Everybody's wastin there time askin foolish questions, like Ma said. Holy Jeas, I sure didn't figger anything like this. Anyway, there so busy they hardly don't care bout a real fat groundhog.

Not yer everyday groundhog, either, but real slick and citified, just lyn on yer grass lookin at the sky.

Anyway, I see this animal up there where you got the farmhouse.

You never seen a fatter groundhog! Back home we always shoot them cause there bad fer the horses, and you can't cut the grass when you got burrows. So I figger we need some committee fer killin these pests.

Y'know, now I got myself thinkin on this groundhog, I see how it sorta reflects modern life, y'know, like in this book, The Trial I been readin. Y'see, all yer beatnup professor types just sittin and thinkin fer no reason, and a-ponderin at the sky, I figger there like this groundhog you got.

Anyway that's what Pa said. Course some professors teach real useful stuff, like chemistry, and that new computer science they got, and Pa says that's okay, but I'm talkin about all this starin at nothin and doin literature and philosophy. We sure don't do that back home.

So I figger we should kill this groundhog you got here. Anyway, there bad fer the horses and you can't cut the grass.

I seen this animal two days ago. He was just sittin on yer grass and lookin at the sky. He was a real fat one, too.

Dave Groves,
English III.

Lundy claims Lane

Regarding the title over the "Letters" page October 22, 1970 (Let's all march up Lundy's Lane). You're all too late. My great great grandfather was there one hundred and fifty-six years ago.

A. Christine Lundy, G II

Library is York's major issue

In their concern for the Americanization of the York teaching community, Excalibur, CYSF, and others have been totally oblivious to a problem which is incomparable to that particular one with regard to its urgency for York students and staff. This problem is that of the library ("a collection of books," The New Merriam-Webster Pocket Dictionary).

When I decided to return to school this year, after a year's absence, one of the reasons why I chose York was that courses offered in my field at my level of study seemed to be better in content than comparable courses at the U of T, the other university I could have chosen to attend. I still hold this opinion.

However, the professors in my department, in assigning reading material, have tried to choose books and articles suited to a proper study of their respective fields. This has been to their downfall, for two reasons.

One, the reserve section. Books, which these professors requested to be put on reserve last summer are simply not in the reserve section. And those working in the reserve section either say that these professors must not have put the book on reserve; or else, what is more common, that the requests haven't come from "them" upstairs in the library. Result — the student who wishes only to read an article integral to an understanding of an important topic is thwarted in his effort to do so.

In my field, books for four of my courses have as yet not been put on reserve, even though the professors requested this months ago.

Secondly, the stacks themselves. The fact is, as we all know, that books are missing, either stolen, or mis-filed. Not only books, but volumes of well-known journals, where important articles appear.

Moreover, the librarian ("A specialist in

the care or management of a library; care: "watchful attention") does not seem to know which books are missing, or, in many cases, even care (see the computer print-out of journals where it reads "library missing volume 6"; and nobody seems to care to replace this missing volume).

I recently went to search out this "librarian" in order to report that a book as well as a few volumes of a journal in which I urgently needed articles were missing. First, I asked the girl at the circulation desk who I would report this to. She didn't know. I asked who was in charge of ordering books that were "missing". She didn't know this either. She called over her supervisor. I asked who was in charge of the library so that I could report my problem to him/her. She didn't know.

When I worked, I knew who my bosses were.

And I do not blame these employees. Rather, I state this since surely it is an indication of the extent of the bureaucracy in the library when a chuckle is the only response available to library employees in handling the situation.

I blame the "librarian" for being so inaccessible, even to his/her employees, that he/she remains hypothetical in my letter.

In short, I want to learn. And to learn, I must have books. The "librarian" (if one exists — my efforts to locate him/her have been futile) is not fulfilling his/her function as defined above and should be dismissed from his/her job if he/she does not intend to find out which books are missing and to seek to replace these books.

A university without books is a third-rate university, no matter how modern its architecture or how exciting the content of its courses appear in its calendar.

Robert Dale
Economics IV

Something for your consideration

I read a lot about the pollution of our environment and how steps are being taken to clean it up. People seem to be very concerned with this world of ours and nowhere more so than at this young modern progressive University of York.

Up here we have it pretty good. Even the smog of nearby Toronto is appreciably less dense and on the campus, there is a fairly large area that as yet has not been built upon out west of the buildings complex.

From the south-west corner of the deck of the campus square (right by the new library), I had noticed previously, a small depression in the land out to the west and from the position and general type of trees and bushes, I knew that there was a stream or stream-bed out there.

Having three hours to spare before my lecture today and it being such a nice Fall day, I thought it would be pleasant to sort of wander by myself down to the stream.

I first approached the stream where it comes out of a concrete tunnel to the west of and between Ross and Osgoode. What a sickening shock!

The water had this purplish-red colour-polluted. I continued down-stream finding red-tinged water, some areas of white foam and green algae. A little ways down, another stream joined it from the north, but it was uncoloured. Further down, amidst some trees, the water deepened. There was a mass of decomposing leaves on the stream bottom and on these, hundreds of short, curled shapes. I fished one out with two sticks (couldn't bring myself to put my hand in the water). It was a slug of some sort.

I went back upstream and followed the north branch. At some time, an artificial concrete bed had been poured for the stream, but I guess the freezes and thaws had caused it to break up.

For a considerable way the stream was now running under the concrete. The stream disappeared into another one of those concrete tunnels, so I came back to the buildings.

Cry from the wilderness

I am concerned not with the elitist tendencies of your paper and the student federation, but with what you do not represent.

You do not reflect my views, nor those of the apathetic majority. Your band-like attempts to justify the actions of an activist minority of socially oriented, educationally mobile manipulators distorts the reality of student climate.

Most of those I know, "Don't give a damn." I care but seem never to be heard. The student body appears to me to be

In this university of about 10,000 day students, am I the only one to ever go down to this stream? If not, why have I never heard of this disgrace before? Is our young, forward-looking university so wrapped up in the "important" issues of the day, so involved in intellectual stratospheres that it cannot see this corruption to its physical body, or does it not care?

Pollution control begins at home, if one is not to appear.

Why have the questions of who caused this pollution of the very little bit of country that we have here, and why was it caused and what can be done about it, not been asked? I am asking them.

One hears a lot about apathy. It's a funny sort of word. It seems to be able to dismiss all sorts of things. I hope it doesn't fit here, for if it does, what hope, really, is there for cleaning up this world of ours? After all, you fuck-up the environment or allow it to get or stay fucked-up and you fuck yourself. You are what you eat, drink, and breathe.

As for that little stream, it could become (with a little concern and work) a very beautiful place to walk, talk, think, love, if the people here wish it.

Gary Bennett
Founders college I

WMA — the emperor stands naked

Of course, no one so far has had the courage to stand up in public and say that the famous War Measures Act was a sorry flop. The issue was the lives of the two hostages. The fact that the act did not achieve this end means that our golden boy has finally dropped the ball. Someone at York sent those telegrams to the government telling them what a fine new suit of clothes the Emperor has. No one has observed that he is, in fact, naked.

D.K. Griffin

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