

# Excalibur

Everything secret degenerates; nothing is safe that does not show it can bear discussion and publicity  
—Lord Acton

Excalibur, founded in 1966, is the York University weekly and is independent politically. Opinions expressed are the writer's and those unsigned are the responsibility of the editor. Excalibur is a member of Canadian University Press and attempts to be an agent of social change. Printed at Daison's, Excalibur is published by Excalibur Publications.

News 667-3201

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## ULS has power to transform white elephant

The events of the past three weeks have been incredible, to put it mildly.

It started with a council meeting in which many of those attending were led to believe campaigning for the CYSF election could begin on February 24. It climaxed with a handful of protests charging that by campaigning after that date, Dale Ritch and the United Left Slate had eliminated themselves from the race.

And it brought to the fore such vicious, unreasoning hatred for the United Left Slate, evidenced in the actions of a few political opponents, that all technicalities and misunderstandings paled before them.

In the week preceding a democratic election, we have been privy to the beliefs of several people that the ULS should be prevented from running for office by whatever means possible.

And that, to put it less mildly, is disgusting.

...

The record of the past few CYSF administrations comes back to haunt us during election week.

We remember the countless promises of concerts covering the campus, money to take care of every student club, and negotiations to end all our troubles with the administration and the government.

We are reminded that while tuition has increased in the past two years by \$100 for undergraduates and while the loan portion of the student awards has increased at the expense of grant, the central student council has concerned itself with the busy-work of a caretaker organization.

CYSF has stagnated to the point where most incoming presidents automatically set aside one-quarter of the council's \$80,000 budget for salaries, take off another third for Radio York and Excalibur, and fritter away the remainder of the budget on whatever strikes their fancy.

Small wonder that most students at York feel like unwelcome intruders in a world of concrete were they and others like them are funneled into lecture halls and then back onto the buses at five in the afternoon.

Out of the list of 10 candidates, only one candidate appears capable of turning CYSF, and the campus, into a dynamic body, with fresh and relevant ideas.

That candidate is Dale Ritch. Briefly consider the situation. The Ontario government has decided, after a decade of catering to the universities, to cut back drastically on its financial support.

This has immediate ramifications. The university saves money by firing teachers and staff. Classes swell in number, lecture halls overflow, and within three years we are sitting in Curtis L watching a video-tape of a lecture on a screen.

The coup de grace is a raise in tuition fees — not next year, but almost certainly in 1976-77. Only those who can afford it will be able to attend the university.

It's a scary prospect. And Dale Ritch, running with a slate of candidates throughout the colleges — the United Left Slate — is the only person running with a platform and a sense of purpose strong enough to tackle that prospect.

He makes it plain that he plans to be more than a student council president, and that's not an unwise move.

The maintenance union, the faculty, and the support staff are being offered ridiculously low wage increases, and they are as much a force behind the university as the students who benefit from the education are consumers in it.

Ritch, because of his activist policies, is considered by some to be too extreme for student politics. Perhaps — in comparison to the deadweight which has passed for politicians on campus in recent years.

But his interests are those of the

students — those whose student aid is threatened, whose courses are endangered, and whose educational careers may be wiped out because they can't afford to live for eight months of the year on the money they make during the summer, paying \$660 for the right to take five courses.

And his plans include better social programmes than past presidents who based their entire campaigns on social activities. Witness his call for a \$10,000 bank to be set up through CYSF and college funds, to act as a capital fund for getting big-name rock groups onto

the campus.

The United Left Slate is far from "the political fanaticism of professional radical party hacks" implied by the literature of their York Party opponents. The ULS is running in an open election as a full slate, in the strong belief that their members can most ably turn CYSF from a white elephant into a body which deserves the \$80,000 students entrust to it annually.

We at Excalibur believe they can do it, too. And for that reason, we urge voters to choose Dale Ritch and their constituency candidates on the ULS ticket next Wednesday and Thursday.



"All right, candidate two. You can run, but only if you hand out your leaflets during nocturnal eclipses. Candidate three, anyone voting for you must balance a beachball on his head and sing Moon River. Candidate four..."

### A letter

## Discrimination case study

In view of recent revelations regarding the status of women at this university, I would like to add my voice to those requesting changes in current attitudes and practices in this area.

As a fourth year biology student, I went to the Canada Manpower Centre at York near the end of the fall term to inquire into vacancies for biologists generally and to specifically apply for such a position with the Ontario ministry of the environment.

During the course of my interview with a male counsellor, note was made of the fact that I had previously worked as a typist during the summer and that I had a 'nice voice'. At the end of the in-

terview, the counsellor suggested to me that I improve my typing speed and apply for a position as a receptionist with the ministry, with the possibility of advancement to the position of biologist in the future.

I was, and continue to be, astounded and angered by this display of sexual stereotyping. I hope that other individuals who have gone through similar experiences will report such incidents to the senate so that such practices can be included in the discussion of the Report on the Status of Women at York and subsequently eradicated.

Teresa Skinnarland

Staff meeting today at 2 p.m.  
with such deathless topics  
as the staff party and  
the hearing of appeals from  
staffers wishing to vote for editor.  
Room 111 Central Square

Editor-in-chief  
Managing editor  
News editor  
Photo editor  
Entertainment editor  
Sports editor  
Graphics  
CUP editor  
Opinion editor  
Staff at large — Alan Risen, Ted Mumford, Steve Hain, Bob Livingston, Ian Balfour, Shelley Rabinovitch, Julian Beltrame, Frank Giorno, Bob McBryde, Steven Brinder, Jim McCall, Anna Vaitiekunas, Dale Ritch, Paul Stuart, Marg Poste, Alan Shalon, Thomas McKerr, Greg Martin, Michael Hollett, Anne Camozzi, Ralph Ashford, Anthony Gizzie, Debbie Pekilis, Keith Nickson, Cathy Honsl, Mira Friedlander, Jeffrey Morgan, Paul Wassman, Neal Humby, Dara Levinter, Dorothy Margeson, John Mansfield, Brenda Weeks, Lorne Wasser, Tony Magistrale, David Spiro.  
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## Forum on cutbacks at Brock

Who are the people who pay for education in our society? Who are the people who benefit?

A conference of faculty, staff and students from across Ontario will converge at Brock University (in St. Catharines) this Friday, Saturday and Sunday for a crucial conference, at which time they will set up province-wide strategy.

The weekend workshops will concentrate on student aid, cut-

backs and related issues. Cost of the conference will be \$7 per person, which includes meals, accommodation and transportation in St. Catharines.

The Brock students are organizing everything down to the last detail; even daycare will be provided. All you have to bring is a sleeping bag.

CYSF was asked to sponsor a bus to the study session, but turned

down the request; one member said too many students would use it to see their boy/girlfriend, in St. Catharines.

A car pool or bus will leave York regardless from the flagpole at 4 p.m. Friday, returning Sunday afternoon. And a rally will be held today at noon in the T-D bearpit to discuss the conference.

If you want more information, please call Dale at 667-3532 or Agnes at 667-3201.

— Ralph Ashford

## Mighty hunter stalks his prey

There he was. Huge. Prehistorically huge. I knew that if I moved too suddenly or clumsily he would charge. I wouldn't stand a chance. I'd seen my best friend, Tiny, maimed by one the week before, and as squirrels go I'd swear that this one was at least as big; I'd found Big Red.

Slowly I reached around and unshouldered my Kildeer double-barrelled, 747 magnum semi-automatic squirrel repeater rifle. I checked my pocket to reassure myself that I hadn't forgotten a cyanide capsule; if I missed Big Red, poisoning would be a quicker and less painful death than I'd have at the mercy of this squirrel. (I'd read somewhere that squirrels only

attack hunters - something to do with their affinity for nuts.)

I don't usually hunt squirrel; my favourite sport is killing deer in the winter so they don't die of starvation. But this was different; I had vengeance in my blood.

I brought the Sirhan-Sirhan m200x telescopic sight to bear. With dead batteries in the view-finder radar scanner, pure marksman-ship was all that would save me.

As I eased closer to Big Red he turned his head toward me. I'd seen that look before; the large staring eyes, ostensibly pleading; the little twitching mouth, forcing a pout; the tiny little hands, feigning

prayer. I wasn't fooled. I fired.

Eight shots later I put my rifle down. I walked over to his bleeding body which lay almost three yards away. I wasn't sure that he was dead so I stuffed my cyanide capsule into his mouth. (My best friend, Tiny, had been maimed by a possum once under similar circumstances.)

Satisfied that Big Red was dead, I walked back over to my rifle. Tiny had been avenged and I had once again proven my courage and sportsmanship. With a weary smile on my face I headed toward my station wagon.

It was starting to get dark and it was a long drive back to Mississauga.