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The Gateway welcomes letters on topics of student interest. Correspondents are asked to be brief, otherwise their letters will be subject to abridgement. And correspondents, in replying to one another should keep to the issues under discussion and refrain from personal attack. All letters to the editor must bear the signature of the writer. No pseudonyms will be published.

Exceptional circumstances excepted, no letter should exceed 300 words in length. Short letters are more apt to be published—and read.

Summer sounds . . .

By LIB SPRY
CANADIAN UNIVERSITY PRESS

Love was the word this summer, love and flower power.

Hippysm, which until this spring was a small cult confined to the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco and the Greenwich Village area of New York, has spread with astonishing rapidity across the United States and Canada.

The long-haired, rather dirty, bangled and beaded, psychedelic hippy preaching the philosophy of love, peace and joy, has become one of the major news stories of the year, with every reputable magazine, and quite a few un reputable ones, giving this new breed extensive coverage.

Toronto's establishment Globe and Mail has covered every love-in, paint-in, demonstration and protest held by the Yorkville hippies over the summer. Both Ottawa papers covered the hippy versus The Mall merchants fight in great detail. Maclean's supported the use of hippies in the Company of Young Canadians in Victoria and elsewhere.

And most ridiculous of all, a Look reporter was interviewed by a confession magazine while he was

researching a story living in Haight-Ashbury.

But hippies are more than good summer copy. They are an important manifestation of the growing dislike and distrust of today's society by the young, the so-called "majority generation."

The desire to "tune in and drop out" and get away from the pressures of school, home and materialism is understandable when one considers that a nice home, two cars, three televisions and a college education are what are considered success in this life.

And the hip philosophy is one which appeals to the young, first because basically it caters to the self, and secondly because in its purest form it can appeal to the ideals of the young in a way the big-business syndrome never can.

Hippies believe in loving—oneself, one's neighbour, the fuzz, the mayor who is trying to get rid of one, anyone and everyone. They do not want to own the world, they want to be allowed to live the way they want. They hold a belief which is a mixture of Christianity at its most primitive, Buddhism, and Communism.

The Diggers, an organization run

by active hippies, provides food, clothing and money for their less resourceful brethren. Many of these work part-time, often with the post office so they can survive and so they can buy the drugs which are a necessary part of the whole hippy set up. But work is not the be-all and end-all of their existence.

To quote a San Francisco cab driver "The hippies are more honest with themselves than anyone else is. Most people spend all their time working and then enjoy life only as a side-line. With the hippies, life comes first, and work is the sideline."

But to parents, municipal and government authorities, and the "straight" people the whole business seems ridiculous, a waste of time and a nuisance. They feel the flower people are irresponsible, dirty and dangerous. They threaten all the things held most dear by the elders and "betters", and they use drugs. And drugs have always been taboo.

Arguments that pot is at least no more dangerous than those two pillars of "straight" society—tobacco and alcohol—are disregarded. And the reports of the effect of stronger drugs like LSD on the mind and on the body adds to the distrust.

. . . a philosophy of love

But the hippies did not stop there, and so they went to jail.

Phase two was a 3 a.m. meeting around a burning trash can, with dancing and chanting producing a sound unappreciated by their unhippie neighbours. And this time police made arrests. Six of the hippies, the so-called ring leaders including the leading Digger and CYC volunteer, David Depoe, were taken off to Don Jail on a charge of creating a disturbance.

And within eight hours of bail being given, Depoe had been arrested again, in a fracas which occurred between police and hippies after a love-in in Queen's Park to celebrate his release. Along with 51 others, he had been creating yet another disturbance. A volley of missiles during the various demonstrations showed that the Yorkville hippies are not strict adherents of the hippie philosophy. While flowers are acceptable, apples and cans of coke thrown at police are considered unorthodox.

And the police retaliated.

Accusations of police brutality are being investigated. Hippies claim they were man-handled, and at least one hippie, Duke Taylor, has his hand in a cast, from a heavy police boot.

But Taylor admits he does not know if it was done on purpose, and that he wouldn't recognize the policeman again.

And so the battle goes on. The hippies have appealed to city hall, asking for assistance in finding a house that could be used as a social center, the provision of a workshop so hippies may make things to sell, permission for a second love-in in Queen's Park, a discussion on means of establishing medical and dental clinics in Yorkville Village, and consider closing streets other than Yorkville Avenue, because there have been so many protests about their original choice.

What the final decision is will have an important effect on the future hippysm.

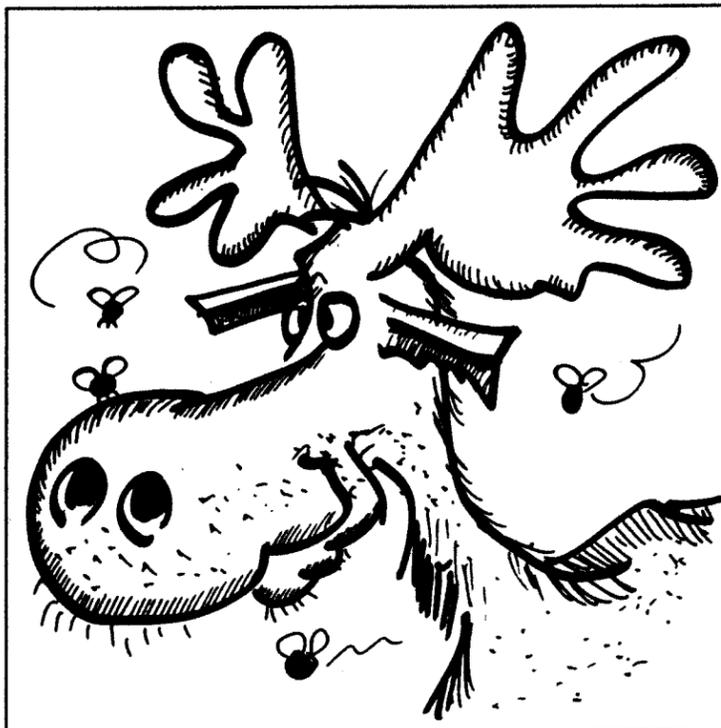
And what of the winter?

With the coming of the cold weather the easy, lounging life on warm sidewalks will no longer be possible. Yorkville gets very chilly in the winter. So does Ottawa, Montreal, Winnipeg; even British Columbia becomes rather unpleasantly damp.

California is one thing, Ontario another.

But it is unlikely hippysm will die out. The philosophy, the reaction against materialistic world, the offer of mental freedom through drugs, psychedelic music and the like, and above all the emphasis on love, all appeal to a generation which has grown tired of their parents' rat race.

And the hippies offer them an escape.



A MOOSTORY

. . . of life

Yesteryear's advice

In its first edition in the fall of 1917 The Gateway published some advice to freshmen on note-taking.

The editor-in-chief that year, A. L. Caldwell, must have thought the words would aid students in their search for knowledge and truth. Although fifty years have elapsed since they were written their wisdom endures.

A shortened version of the advice is reprinted here from that issue of November 1, 1917.

The nature of college work is, or should be, largely different from that of high school work. One result of this is the necessity that the student possess some ability to take notes sanely and acquire some system for handling them.

1. Don't handicap yourself with poor tools. It is a bad practice in any trade or business and equally poor in your work. You cannot make a parlor cabinet with an axe and a buck saw.

2. Don't imagine that everything has to be taken down. If you go on that theory you are apt to miss the forest while looking at the trees. Instructors will regret being held liable for every word, I'm sure. Every lecturer must cover facts given in text books; a half decent preparation would put you in the position to know what has to be put down and what has to be discarded.

3. Try to be selective as you go along. It is one of the main lessons of the college class-room; you must learn to be selective. Your mind must be set to the drift of a lecture and your notes should be in its main bearing. Don't necessarily jump at dates and names. The date and the name is of little value to you unless you can associate it with something vital and definite. But on the other hand, don't be afraid of new facts and ideas.

4. There are certain qualities besides. Judgment, quickness of composition, concentrated attention. You do not possess them? You must get them. They are education's finest products on the mechanical side and are better far than the subjects through which you derive them.

Lastly and this is most important. Don't depend exclusively on notes. Seated some day in an assembly hall in the spring time you may have occasion to regret a lack of outside reading.