DALHOUSIE GAZETTE



Damberg, Ruffman to sit on senate

By NEIL HARRISON

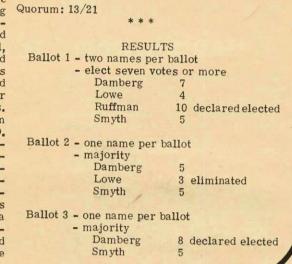
President A. R. Smith as student representatives on the University Senate. Alan Lowe and Council Treasurer Bill Smyth completed the slate of applicants.

In his opening remarks to Council, Damberg proposed to undertake a general study of the structure of the Senate and its committees in order to determine where its strengths and divisions lie, with the intent of making these findings known to the students. In emphasizing the importance of communication between stu-dents and their representatives, he suggested the presentation of explanatory briefs to Council, and mentioned the large role the Gazette would play in accomplishing this end. "Participation as well as representation" is necessary, noted Damberg, the eventual goal being still greater student representation on administrative bodies.

Ruffman, a graduate student originally from the University of Toronto and local C.U.S.O. chairman for three years, remarked that Dal-housie is populated largely by conservative inactivists, who have made no great radical impression on the Senate, and that their represen-tatives would therefore be attended to X. "Student Power is one aspect of the civil rights movement," said Ruffman, and as such is a phenomenon slow to evolve at Dal. On the question of responsibility, he was outspoken and frank: "I won't be bound by your wishes", he

In Tuesday's special Council session, Bob Damberg and Alan Ruffman were delegated to join of rapport with the student body, making specific reference to the Gazette, and expressed agree-ment with the principle of open meetings when personal matters are not involved. Members present were: Bell, Cowan, Daley

R., Etter, Hacquoil, McCutcheon, Offley, Pittas, Rideout, Sadoway, Sharpham, Smith, Smyth (no vote), Woodhouse. Voting members present: 13/21.



Everdale Place **Students beg for more classes**

By BETH NEILY

Everdale Place is a school where students beg their teachers for more classes. Teachers have done away with the traditional approaches to teaching at this free school, 45 miles north-west of Toronto. Everdale is attempting to build an environment that will make a well balanced person. The school reacts against the technology of our age and is trying to develop a humanitarian system of education.

Everdale is now in its third year, with 34 students enrolled and 14 staff members. The students attend the school 5 days a week and go home for the weekends. The annual tuition, room and board totals \$1350. Students over 17 are not accepted nor are those with severe emotional problems.

Two students, Marc Howe, 14, and Peter Grant, 13, on tour of the universities in Eastern Canada, explained that there is no headmaster or principal at Everdale Place. The school is run by a co-ordinated concensus between students and staff on every rule whether it be buying a new engine for the truck or deciding on the number of students in a class.

Academic subjects as well as art, farming and mechanics are taught at Everdale. Classes are not mandatory and teachers sometimes question the motives of students who pressure for more classes,

as some students may have emotional hang-ups such as the attention getters or there may be a lot of pressure from home. Everdale teachers feel it their duty to screen out these superficial motives and to teach only those students having a sincere desire to learn.

The school is located on a large farm with the main house, dormitory, and several outbuildings used for classrooms. A nursery school was set up for the use of the nearby towns of Hillsburg and Erin. The parents of the children participate in teaching or helping at the nursery school.

Everdale Place has been sponsored to date by the Company of Young Canadians, but is being phazed out of the CYC program this year. By January, 3 teachers will not be payed and all 14 will be cut off by June. The students and staff see no hope of receiving financial aid for the next year.

Educators in the traditional systems of learning still look with suspicion on the idea of free schools. Upon graduating, students may take a provincial examination. But how do some of our best universities view an Everdale graduate? One of two stu-dents graduating from Everdale was accepted at the University of Toronto, McGill and at two American universities.

University or military base?

or How I Left the Army but not my ID Card.

By 430-302-208



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Student No. 68608 (honest)

Tonight trauma struck! We are all quite aware, if only faintly so, of the Dr. Strax-UNB dispute over the "presenting-ID-Card-to-borrow-book" system. Not until tonight (14th November) at 10:30 p.m., did his cause seem so realistic, however.

September was a busy month for me. First, I had to subject myself to the tedious procedure of obtaining my release from the Army and secondly, I was presented with the sizable task of moving house from Ontario to Halifax for the 68-69 year. It was no wonder that I was, therefore, among the late-to-register group. Upon arrival at Dalhousie I was speedily browned from office to office and during this process found that I had in my possession an ID Card. Such sadness struck upon this realization: after finally ridding myself of the old Army mugshot ID which I had been compelled to take to bed, shower and toilet for three years, within weeks I was now typed categorized and numbered again. But, being an expert at rationalization, I came to terms with my ID and consoled myself with the theory that its prime, if not sole, function would be to gain reduced rate access to local theatres.

Not so! Tragedy and pathos and sadness and all those kinds of words struck tonight at 10:30.

self to the aging "book-check-outer" (I do not think librarian is the correct nomen).

Heavens above! She didn't know me, she stated. But that didn't matter, because I didn't know her either. My ID card was requested, it was duly presented. Slowly she perused the magic numbers (which didn't really turn out to be too magical) and then turned the ID over. Alas, gadzooks, and zee whillibus, "NO PICTURE!" (I had un-avoidably missed the day in October set aside for having pictures taken). "How," she asked, "did she know that I belonged to the ID Card and that the name was not someone else," "Not to worry," I said to myself and forthwith presented nine cards from my wallet with the same name on all of them. "But there's no picture," was the retort. "We must have a picture."

Whereupon, I proceeded to relate to this kindly old "book-checker-outer" the sad tale of how I had finally relieved myself of an ID card after three years of displaying it to dense privates and retarded commissionaires and how I was now confronted with a very similar problem. She lent her ear, gave me the books and recommended the 25¢ Do-it-yourself photography machine located in Woolworth's, Barrington Street,

I suppose that solves the problem of everyone concerned.