



# News- papers, NEWSPAPERS!

I thought I was finally giving our hard-working *Excalibur* writers a break when I told them they could submit anything they wanted for this final issue of 1982-1983.

"Anything?" they asked, puzzled, obviously amazed by this snarling editor-turned-fringe-lunatic.

"Anything," I confirmed. "Poems, pictures, your grocery list. I don't care."

"Sure," they grunted, slipping off aimlessly into the unexplored world of literary freedom.

I expected anything but what I received. You'd think these volunteers who'd suffered the trials of deadlines, brutal editing, rewrites, typesetting errors, proof-reading oversights and ostracization from any revered group would eagerly snatch the opportunity for revenge.

Nope.

Brian Henry insisted on covering the news. Barb Taylor wanted not one, but *two* assignments, managing to schedule herself for another deadline-nudging article. And Bill Hurst reported that people are still submitting entertainment copy.

And what did the rest of the *Excal* writers who'd managed to survive the great obstacle course of exams and essays elect to write about?

Newspapers. *Newspapers!*

The slaves wrote sonnets to their master.

I think that is the kindest gift they could have offered. Because one of the most difficult tasks an editor has is that of convincing would-be writers to devote time and energy to a job that can drain them, frustrate them, and make them vulnerable to social and political pressure. We also can't afford to pay them.

I'd begun to think it was too demanding—and for some it was—but my idealism and enthusiasm has been replenished by the dedication of those who have persisted in the face of adversity, not to mention advertising.

I'm moving on to more assignments, deadlines, and apparently the night-shift. But before I go I would like to acknowledge my debt to the student newspaper: it is a training ground for thinkers, speakers, researchers, writers and coffeemakers. It is a place to meet friends and make enemies. But, perhaps most importantly, it is a place to find a voice. And everyone is always welcome.

When our critics scream about lack of coverage, errors or missing 'Our Towns', I've been known to say, "*Excalibur* is a reflection of our limitations." Which is true to a certain extent. No other major university newspaper in Ontario, and possibly in Canada, has endured the long-term financial struggle that has been *Excalibur's*.

But we've managed to stay alive since 1967 and *that* is a reflection of our staff's talent and devotion. We are a family--albeit a little grumpy at times and prone to sibling rivalry and parental squabbles, but a cohesive unit nonetheless.

Louis Ginzberg once said that "no man who is badly informed can avoid reasoning badly", and this year has provided me with ample evidence of that. *Excalibur* attempts to promote good reasoning through accurate information. You may not have always liked what we have said, but you can be certain that our writers have tried their best to be timely and insightful, honest and thorough.

I thank them all. I thank the men and women who read us. And to answer all those old editors, writers and the friends who have helped me through all-night production sessions and personal upheaval--yes, it was worth it.

Take care and read us next year.

PAULA TODD

EXCALIBUR

Photos by Mario Scattoloni, Nigel Turner