

where are all those talented campus cartoonists we used to have? after an initial burst of creativity, they have slacked off and left us with only reprints once again. as for letters, we have one from a chemistry t. a., one on education and one on the room up there. a letter about demonstrations and one about the ice arena fill the page. and that's it for another week, page five fans.

letters

from a flunkie

As a TA for Chem. 230, I wondered just how well one of us would fare in the recent tests for that course.

Hence, last Friday, with visions of at least 101 per cent, saw me, heavily disguised in haircut and glasses, trying to figure out the weight in gxy2 units of F(q)3 on Arcturus IV.

Within ten minutes, I began to think that perhaps it wasn't such a good idea after all—for besides having the fear of being spotted by an invigilator who knew me well, I must admit I found it tough.

The biggest fault was that not enough time was allowed for the test. It is on this that I blame my three or four arithmetic errors: three unbalanced equations, two misreadings of the data sheet, three misunderstandings of the questions, and three unfinished answers.

On top of this, my paper was badly marked for, in my opinion and of several of my colleagues, I should have had at least seven more marks than I actually received.

I write this letter mainly to the few of you who received low marks in the Chem. 230 tests—don't be discouraged; one of your TA's didn't find it easy.

And to the many who attained more than my mark, remember you have a long way to go—and you'll forget a lot on the way, believe me.

My mark? Officially, it was 81 out of 125, but I think I deserved at least 88 and perhaps more for the nervous state in which I took the test.

Michel Matrop

P.S. The name is an assumed one employed during the test. Please do not publish my name—how can I face my seminar group if some of them had more than 81?

headline hogging

Just what the hell are some of Canada's university students promoting in their absurd demonstrations?

Surely, it is not personal dissent that they wish to make public, but rather a very immature act of "headline-hogging" as you can see them on the front pages of our newspapers from time to time.

The dedicated actions of these minority groups are reflected upon the greater number of more responsible students with the public dismay at such irresponsible actions of our supposedly responsible future generation of intellectuals and leaders.

I thought that only the persons lacking the ability to make use of more civilized channels of dissent, resorted to demonstrations of such a calibre that some university students are becoming proficient in doing.

Although I do not favor the unwarranted situation in Vietnam, and do not have anything against a person's right to make his criticisms public, I do feel aghast when I see

students usurp their rights in the way they have been successfully doing over the past few months.

Some students obviously felt that it is their right to maintain mob control over other students who wished employment with an American subsidiary in Toronto. Obviously, this subsidiary has as much control over what decisions its parent company feels warranted as these students have over their parents.

There was another incident that makes me wonder at the similarity between student action at the American consulate in Montreal and the very justification of American intervention against which they were demonstrating.

This was no demonstration taking place in Montreal; it bordered on mass hysteria. These students were so intent on making their moral views known that they just could not give a damn about the rights and property of someone else; just as long as they could achieve their anarchic gains.

Stemming from above, these same students, in their atrocious neglect of other people's rights see our fine men of the law only as a hindrance to their high-riding and illogical ideals as well as an image of hatred.

A portion of your taxes (if you pay taxes) goes towards maintaining protection of personal rights and property, so when taking part in civil disrupt, remember this when you are being clubbed down.

If your rights were at stake, you may have the same guy on your side, clubbing the offender down to the pavement, and it is not police brutality; it is mob control.

Harv Konelsky
eng 3

learning stupidity

I was glad that you printed the feature entitled "A Place Where Children Can Learn to be Stupid." (Nov. 10, '67) Many of the comments made about our elementary and secondary schools are just as true for the university system.

The predominant approach in university education is the lecture type of one-way communication. Lectures make me fall asleep. The kind of dialogue between student and teacher which stimulates interest and original thought is just not found at university.

The rigid curriculum is designed to give large masses of students a uniform education.

The courses themselves are irrelevant to the student's day-to-day life. Certainly irrelevant courses have their place. But should there not be a place for contemporary courses dealing with real issues as well? We have no courses dealing with Black Power or Indian problems.

Fortunately, university students

can respond to mechanized education. And we do not have to throw out the present structure overnight.

Students can voluntarily get together to explore learning through small group experience.

Students at other universities are doing just this. Free universities and experimental colleges are being set up in many places to fill the needs for small group discussions on intellectual matters.

"The Nation", in a recent article entitled "Free Universities" said, "Particularly in the multiversities where huge lecture classes are the rule, there is no doubt that the free universities . . . have responded to massive frustration with the existing learning environment."

Are there students interested in studying Bob Dylan's poetry or that of other contemporary spokesmen?

Maybe you would like to learn more about the "hippie" phenomenon or the place of God and religion in your life.

Does death strike your curiosity, or guerilla warfare? What about conformity and middle class values?

Maybe you are interested in Marshall McLuhan or just plain nitty-gritty communication with other people.

If anyone, student or faculty member is interested in this or any other type of creatively free education, please phone me at 474-6959. Something good can be started whether it be on a small or large scale.

Evan Garber

hockey-minded

I have a few words to say about the university ice arena and certain associated activities.

Being a hockey-minded engineering-type student, I was recently inquiring about ice time for skating. I found that there is public skating from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. Wednesday and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. Sunday. There is no time or arrangement for team practices.

I haven't experienced a "good" Wednesday night "session" yet, but last Sunday, I played the dodgem game at the rink. I was dodging kids ranging in age from 3 years to 80 years, and in height from 2 feet to 7 feet.

I realize that hockey is our national sport, but couldn't kids learn to walk before learning to skate? I think that they may have had to turn people away that day.

Seriously, the situation is not very good. It may seem democratic to allow skating to anyone and everyone, but it's simply impractical. Good skaters can't get any real exercise for fear of mowing down youngsters and poor skaters or beginners looking wildly about for something to grab.

I think a first step in remedying this situation might be to restrict the skating to university students. This is something one would expect anyhow.

Secondly, a scheduling of at least some of the intramural games and perhaps practices in rinks other than the university rink, if possible, should be considered.

As an ignominious last resort, signs could be posted in the arena reading "Caution: Kiddies Crossing." I think the situation merits consideration and action.

Iain Cobban
eng 1

room of garbage

"The Room at the Top—you must go there." It's a dream room—a sort of soft place, where people can go to find quiet and look out upon the rushing mobs of activity and not feel a part of it—sort of feel above all that.

That's what I was told and I went there—one evening.

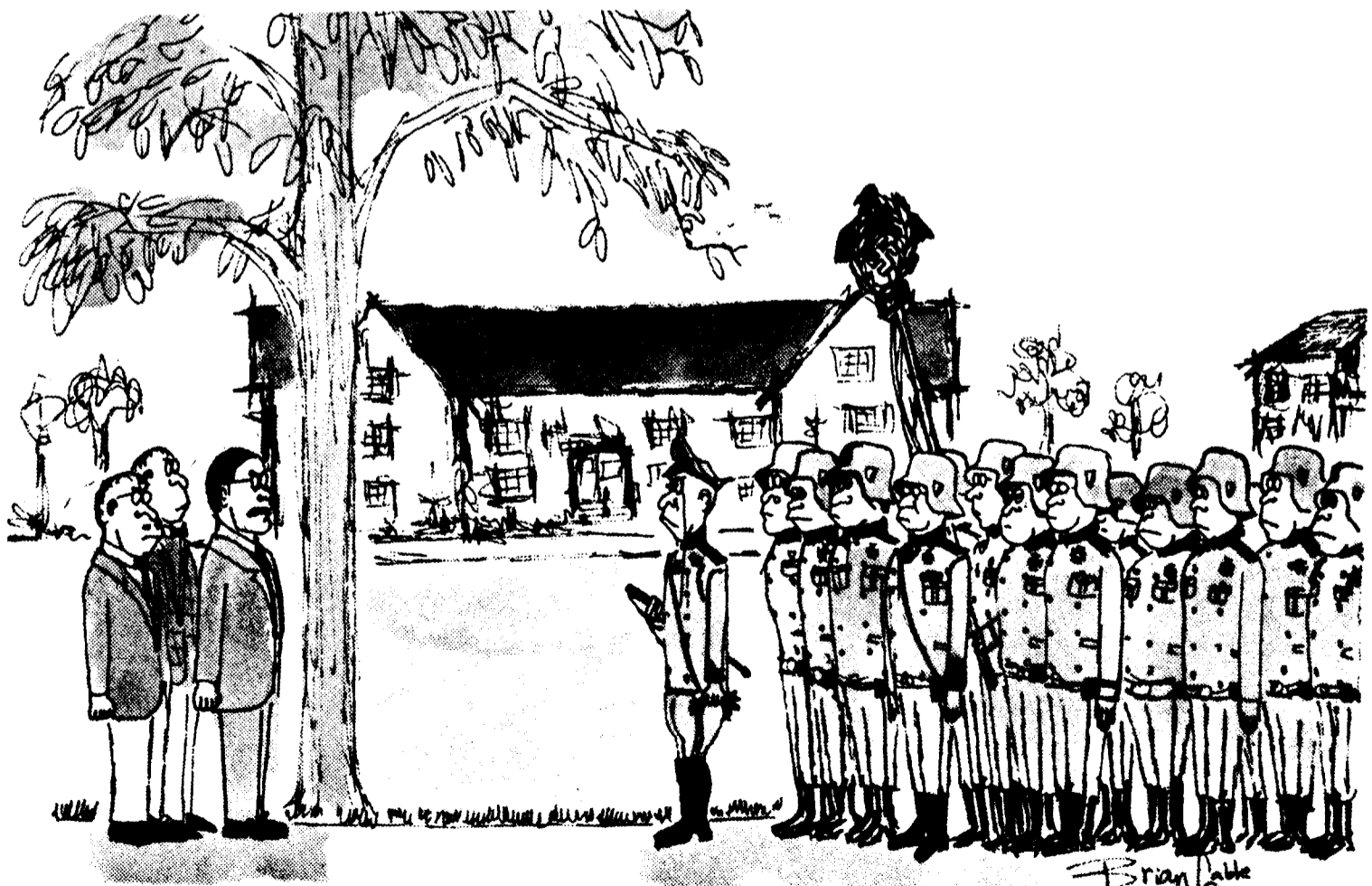
And I found my soft lights and blue carpet that seemed to melt at my feet. I felt that inner glow of being released from society's pushes.

And I told a friend, and we went there one afternoon. But my majestic dream-room was gone. The quietness was gone and the blue carpet didn't melt anymore—it was so trampled by society—feet.

Paper and coffee cups and cigarettes and smelly smoke and babbling people were all that was there. The whisper of enchantment—gone.

So I left that garbage-room. Do people hate beauty and quietness? Are they too blind to see the true rose in a field of artificial flowers?

Linda Ellefson
sci 1



"all right morgan, you know the rule about fraternities on campus!"

—reprinted from the sheaf