

" why are the the most worthwhile

BY RICK GRANT

The needle on the big clock crept slowly up to the zero mark and the wild unrestrained chatter in the control room declined in direct proportion until all was silent. A finger shot out and switches thrown, shooting the needles on miriades of strange looking dials into life.

"Hi there again, ah we've got lots of music for you tonight. We're here from five till seven and it should be a lot of fun, but ah stick around, it should be some good music."

With that, the student radio station, located in the students' Union building swings into action with another disc jockey for a couple of hours before yet another budding announcer takes to the air.

Onto the large steel turntable goes a selection from "Moondance" and some more switches are thrown allowing the chatter in the control room to resume.

The two other people in the control room with the announcer were just sitting around talking about student radio and the problems they were having. From time to time, the talk would stop practically out of instinct to let the announcer break into the air waves and announce a poster give away or a new record. Then the conversation would start again in the middle of the interrupted sentence and carry on as if they were sitting in a living room.

In the other control room all is quiet and dark except for the dim glow from banks of tubes in the equipment. In one corner stands a huge towering monster of electronics, sprouting cables and wires and

you almost get the feeling that it could spring into life unexpectedly and throw its hydra coils and swallow you whole.

Strung around the other three walls are lesser horrors, some dark and dead, others glowing with a quiet eagerness as they eat part of the broadcast from the main control room. With only a little imagination a person feels like he has stepped into the secret den of an alchemist surrounded by the strange magical tools of the trade.

Magical even down to the weird sounding names neatly labeled on everything, sounding like the litany you find in old books for spells.

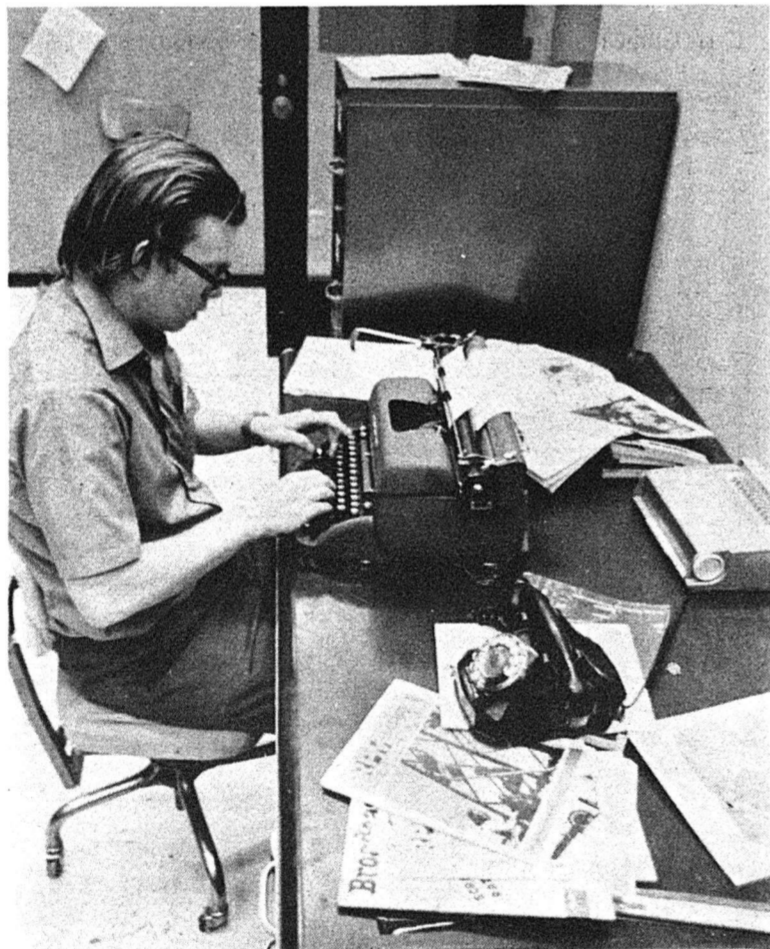
Between the two control rooms lurks a strange decrepit piece of magic that does nothing except talk to itself. Messages pour from its throat one after the other, messages from all parts of Canada and the States on every conceivable subject, sports, labour, business, government, you name it, it is there. As I watch the load becomes too much for the archaic teleprinter and it starts to choke on its own product. Swiftly the paper piles inside the works shredding into strips of newsprint until the backlog becomes too much and the thing stops.

As a result, the six o'clock news for the night is canceled and reprogrammed for ten, later in the night.

The production team mutters a few choice obscenities at the foul up, but so skilled in their work, even though they are handicapped by old out of date equipment, they quickly reprogramme the broadcast for the night and all is well once more.

Because of the reprogramming, Cyril Gurevitch, announcer, is in danger of having to replay some of the albums he had selected in order to fill the hole left by the ruined newcast, but with careful management and impromptu ad-lib patter, he overcomes the problem.

At times, the talk becomes a little forced and not quite so smooth as you would hear from the established disc jockeys in town but those moments pass and it is amazing to hear how professional these students are, considering they are limited in equipment and are carrying normal class loads.



Peso Cheladyn

Gary Hart making up for the staff shortage in radio CKSR by doing some overtime typing for the show.

CKSR radio has been in operation since 1945 when the old radio society moved downtown and became CKUA operated by AGT. Since its inception, CKSR has been steadily growing until now they are making a bid for big league broadcasting on the FM band.

They have an application in front of the CRTC board of governors but all applications for licenses are being held up until March, 31, 1972 before any decision will be made.

In anticipation of obtaining an FM license, CKSR managed to get council to give them seventy thousand dollars under the SUB expansion scheme but the expansion plans have been shelved, since and CKSR is worrying about where to get the money for the equipment they will need. If they get the license and then cannot broadcast they will be in serious trouble.

At the moment, the radio station gets a fair bit of equipment from AGT that is either out of date or in need of repair. If it wasn't for AGT's generosity, CKSR would not be able to operate as effectively as it does on its limited budget.

With an FM licence the radio station will be able to broadcast to the entire city instead of the limited area it now covers. At the moment, CKSR can be heard only in the SUB and the residences, although if you park your car in just the right spot and hook up to a plug you can sometimes pick it up at 1580 on the dial.

The idea of student run FM station has some merit. A students' union station could become significant as an educational device, giving university lectures, concerts and teach ins. Apart from this the FM station could become a non-commercial alternative to the established radio stations in the city at the moment that rely on advertising revenue.

By being non-commercial, the radio station would not be at the mercy of advertisers and could then become a free medium of expression for people with political or artistic views that might normally offend advertisers.