

# EDITORIALS

Ask a student, any student, what's wrong with this university. The response? Perhaps a shrug of the shoulders, or a complaint that Versafood "liquid brew" costs 15¢. Trivia. Irreverent language.

Apathetic? Probably not. But this kind of flippant reply is a common one. We're all guilty. Such attitudes as this perpetuate the belief that York is "dead". York is disinterested. York doesn't give a damn.

But it is not true! York is moving ahead, three lengths ahead of any of the other so-called "liberal" institutions. York is acting. And, our potential has only begun to be demonstrated.

We have spirit.

The stereotyped student is not the example. And as students, we are critical. But our purpose of criticism is maintaining and developing our growing tradition of excellence. It was York that gave Mathew Ahern the best offer for a teaching post when other "liberal" institutions could only offer prejudice against his being "different". Their loss. Our gain. York does not discriminate. A student was refused admission at the Sorbonne because his father was a factory worker. York undergrads are involved with the mechanisms of our university, to some extent. We have YSC, college councils, and students on the Faculty Council and the Senate. And this is only the beginning. At the Sorbonne even a student council does not exist, let alone these other rights and privileges. And the list is continuing. At York this progress comes about with a 'matter of fact' tone. Many of us aren't even aware of what's happening. Yes. We do tend to overlook the extent of the liberalization surrounding us. We do, at times, seem to be highly critical. But as undergraduates we must be heard. In criticisms we are expressing a hope for the continuance, fostering and protection of the growth of this liberal institution.

We must think hard on the immediate relevance of our studies to our present life.

We must discuss the relative importance of a chapel on campus, and how best to organize interdisciplinary courses.

We must investigate the benefits of the university structure to learning.

Perhaps some of the issues seem trivial — parking permits, dirty common rooms, limited access to college buildings — but they are affecting us as students. Excalibur's criticisms are necessary to the preservation of our school as a new, vital, growing institution. York is leading the way for older and more "traditional" universities. As undergraduates we are the beginning, the foundations of the "new" university.

We have an important role to fill.

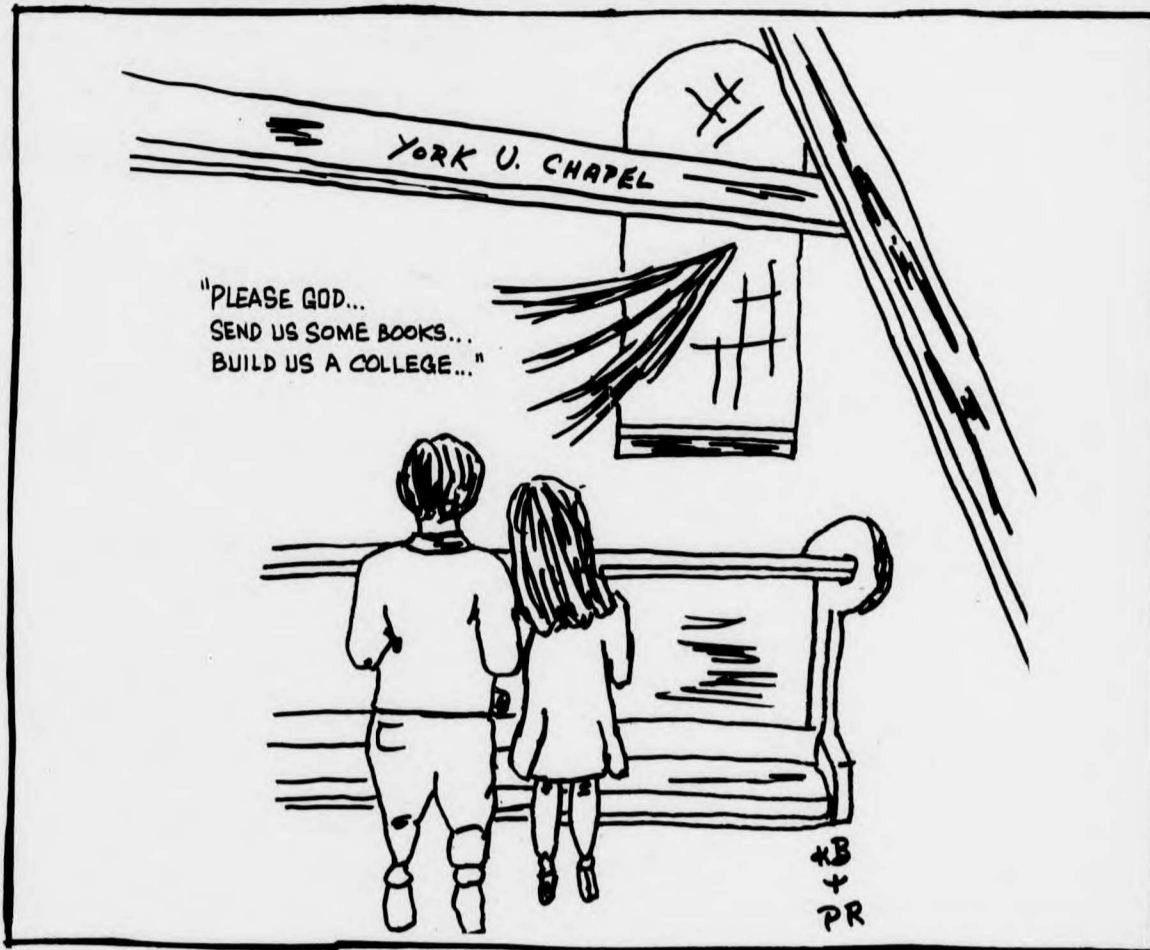
We will be heard.

The war in Biafra, second to none but Viet Nam entered its 16th month with enormous cost of human lives, properties and money. The war that developed from a mere political question into a political problem is today one of the greatest tragedies of modern times.

It makes no difference whether

people die by bayonet or by starvation — the former a conventional weapon of war, the latter, an "instrument" by which a people — a whole generation, is now faced with extinction.

But it makes a lot of difference what we as students can do to help save Biafra.



## letterslotsoflettersletshavelotsoflettersletshavelots

### Boors

Sir:

Some York students are boors! What are boors? Boors are people who can't keep quiet at a music concert. Boors play cards or make wisecracks or hiss while a musician is playing. Why do boors do this — because they are self-centered. They never consider that there may be some people who want to listen — who are enjoying the music. If you're not turned on by the music, why don't you just leave. Next time how about a little more courtesy.

Jo-Anne Skinner

### Lesbians

Dear sirs:

Your cover photo by Dave Cooper gave all the "tough" men of York their big thrill for the day with those cute York Festival buttons so neatly placed just

right over each pink nipple. So what do you suppose all us girls are? — lesbians?

I sure get a big thrill out of seeing some young dear with her blouse off.

How about giving the girls of York a thrill next week? Let's have a front cover photo of some magnificent young male of York all aglow in his birthday suit with a York Festival button of course delicately placed over his overworked sex organ?

Sincerely,  
A Believer in Equal Rights for Women (VIII)

### Oh Doctor

Dear Sir:

I think that all students should be aware of the available medical facilities on the York Campus. From Monday Thru Friday a full time nurse is available from 9:00 AM to 5:00 PM for

routine problems. A doctor is available from 10:00 AM to 12:00 noon weekdays.

As well, two in residence nurses, who are full time undergraduates, are on EMERGENCY call from 5:00 PM to 9:00 AM weekdays and 24 hours a day for EMERGENCIES on weekends. If the nurse on duty is not in the room for any reason at the time you call, a sign is posted on her door telling how long she will be out, and what numbers to call for a doctor and Humber Memorial Hospital. As well, all the dons in York residences have been briefed on procedure during emergencies. As a last resort for transportation, call security. They respond very quickly.

The medical services rooms are on the second floor of Vanier College.

Arrim Pitt  
Coll. Complex No. 2

## the bottom of the pile

The following article was spurred by the article which appeared in Excalibur on Oct. 17. It is a composite of my talks with several of the York guards whom I found to be just a bit more suppressed than the blackest student nigger. The representative I have selected is Gordon — I hope there is really no guard by that name.)

Last night I took my five overdue York parking tickets, laid them on top of my desk, raised my right hand and swore, "I shall never again say Rent-a-Cop."

Gordon is among the elite of the York security service. He is a "near supervisor" which means that he supports his wife and three children on the second-lowest wage at York.

"One night, I was down by Tait McKenzie, way at the other end of the campus. Some guy stops me, says his car was broken into. I take his name and he leaves. There I am alone, not a car in sight. Somewhere there's a nut who breaks into peoples' cars. I'm standing there in my bright blue uniform, with nothing but a pen-knife in my pocket." A man in uniform, alone. A hated "rent-a-cop". A wife and three kids. Lousy pay, and alone at

night. Somewhere out there there's a thief.

"Sure, day shift is a breeze. All you have to do is argue with the students, and argue with the teachers, and argue with the visitors, and argue with the truck-drivers when they get lost. Parking? I don't care where anyone parks. The boss says to stand in front of those cars and keep them from going inside. He tells us that York's a walking campus. I'm glad I don't have to walk it too often. Yeh, day shift's a breeze."

"Tonight I get a call. A man was molesting a girl in Winters Residence. Guy jumped into a black car, maybe a Dodge or a Plymouth, and took off. Boss tells me to find him. Again I'm out alone, looking for some kind of maniac. Then I get back to the gatehouse. Somebody's left an Excalibur open on the desk. 'Rent-a-Cops Foiled in Parking Pantomime'. Who gives a damn about parking?"

"Back home I was a police officer. I got shifted around in the civil service. Took a supervisor's course, once. When I came to Canada, best I could do was a security guard. My kids might go to this university one day. Actually, my little boy is great on

building things. He wants to be an engineer. Guess that means he goes to U of T. Hell, this job sure is great, eh? The campus gets bigger, so does my job. The population grows, my pay doesn't. Every night we're up against all sorts of nuts — nuts armed with everything from paint to crow-bars. If anything goes wrong, we get the sack. Bloody reports to fill out every fifteen minutes as if we were the Los Angeles Police Force. Sometimes I think I might go back to my job at the airport. The pay was worse, but the employees complained to the boss instead of cutting me up."

All right, niggers. How about if we stop jumping on the men who are serving us, and get the real whites. Grab a pen and write a letter. Tell Mr. Annis (University Facilities) that students shouldn't have to pay parking fees to pay guards to keep us from his parking spot. Tell Mr. Thompson (head of security) that five guards at the main gate is a little too much protection for Dr. Ross' parking space. Don't bitch to the guy on the gate, and most of all, don't feel so smug when you slip by him unnoticed. Honest, brother, he just doesn't give a damn.

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assistant features  
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george says the new excalicat has only 3 days to live and stew keeps petting it, he'll catch a horrible disease and die probably but please not till festival is paid off . . . we found out sat. nite that elgie is not so straight, nor boss rich . . . keep wants his kredit, olga typed krappy kopy real good, the pizza man cometh . . . sayeth ross . . . anita & tony used bodoni, as bob hyperventilated . . . grant has enuff problems as it is, with ruthann, val, rhonda & other women . . . thanx to mike, don, frank, gail, sportsies, phyl, jacquie, anne, david, glenn, claire, wendy, kandygale, richie, and excalicat who just urinated on the office stationery . . . oh poor ella & roly . . . and last but not least can we mention our father image, ferd . . . love & kisses to reggie-boy. meeting thursday at 5:00 p.m.