Excalibur

Everything secret degenerates; nothing is safe that does not show it can bear discussion and publicity

—Lord Acton

Excalibur, founded in 1966, is the York University weekly and is independent politically. Opinions expressed are the writer's and those unsigned are the responsibility of the editor. Excalibur is a member of Canadian University Press and attempts to be an agent of social change. Printed at Daison's, Excalibur is published by Excalibur Publications

News 667-3201

Advertising 667-3800



This year's news has been brought to you by...

(left to right) Peter Hsu, Frank Giorno, Cheryl Weber, Lorne Wasser, Julian Beltrame (kneeling), Anna Vaitiekunas, Doug Tindal, Ralph Ashford (on the phone), Warren Clements, Agnes Kruchio, Anne Camozzi, Paul Hayden, Shelley Rabinovitch, Oakland Ross, Brenda Weeks, Greg Martin, Dale Ritch, Michael Hollett, Carlo T. Sguassero and Gordon Graham. Steve Hain and Bonnie Sandison are the floor decorations, while Paul Kellogg, pen in mouth, hangs on the wall.

Off covering assignments or beating essays into submission

are: Alan Risen, Ted Mumford, Bob Livingston, Ian Balfour, Bob McBryde, Steven Brinder, Jim McCall, Paul Stuart, Marg Poste, Alan Shalon, Thomas McKerr, Anthony Gizzie, Debbie Pekilis, Keith Nickson, Cathy Honsl, Mira Friedlander, Jeffrey Morgan, Paul Wassman, Neal Humby, Dara Levinter, Dorothy Margeson, John Mansfield, Tony Magistrale, David Spiro and Jim Wilson.

Slaving over hot typewriters and telephones in the business offices are Jurgen Lindhorst and Elaine Kennedy, doing their best to make sure Excalibur can pay off its bad gambling

debts, overdue hotel bills and outstanding tax payments.

Without all these people, Excalibur could not have inched through to the deadline hour each week with its parcel of news. And equally responsible are the several helpful and endlessly patient people at Fotoset who type up our copy, paste it into place, and then watch in horror as we re-arrange it totally.

And to all our readers — struggle through exams, coast through the summer, and pick us up again in September.

