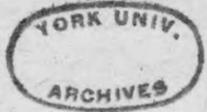


Councillors refuse to endorse chapel donation



The Federation council has refused to endorse the disputed donation for a chapel York campus.

In the Tuesday night meeting the council first endorsed a fact sheet prepared for the university-wide chapel referendum scheduled Friday.

The fact sheet concludes with a condemnation of the chapel donation as allowing one man to set university priorities.

Earlier the council refused to call the fact sheet biased.

The decision to refuse any endorsement for the donation of a chapel in which no students were consulted was passed nine to three, with four abstentions.

The donation proposal, which was first accepted by the Board four years ago, was criticized as undemocratic, and described as an important issue for students to

take a position on.

The fact sheet, prepared by several students, reveals the donor, as Board chairman W.P. Scott, sets the total cost at a half million dollars, points out the chapel will cost the university over \$12,000 annually, and estimates initial cost to the university at \$250,000 for utility tunnels.

The fact sheet points out the donor may be persuaded there are

greater priorities in the university which need his proposed donation than a chapel at this time.

The fact sheet reports speculation that if the donor refuses to channel his donation more usefully at the campus, he will donate the money to Toronto medical research.

Council rejected arguments by Paul Plotkin that the sheet contained biased information about

the donor, and President Paul Koster said the sheet was approved by the council executive before it was distributed.

The referendum will be open to all students, faculty, and staff, at polling stations throughout the colleges. Atkinson students will be polled over the first two nights of next week.

The referendum results will be known on Wednesday March 19.

Excalibur

Budget cut forces faculty to reconsider

Vol. 3, No. 26

THE STUDENT WEEKLY OF YORK UNIVERSITY

MARCH 13, 1969



photo: Dave Cooper

Two Metro squad officers slyly looked the other way as a Campus Cop purchased the popular birth control book on sale on campus last week. Purchase of the insemination information is illegal under the Canada Criminal Code, Section 150 (2c). Over 700 copies of the McGill birth control handbook have been sold since Excalibur began distributing them last Thursday in Founders junior common room.

Approximately 60 per cent of the buyers have been female students, a member of the Excalibur sales staff said, and most male students have been hesitant to buy the handbook.

Reaction by students has been favorable. One student bought four copies of the handbook — "they're for my sister." A female student said she didn't need a copy of the handbook because "I'm sterile."

Distribution of birth control material is a violation of the Criminal Code of Canada.

Shortly after the booklets were put on sale two plainclothes detectives arrived in the college accompanied by a York security guard.

The security guard purchased a copy while the two cops watched. No charges were laid.

The police have been very cautious in the past about charging people with distributing birth control information.

The Planned Parenthood Association tried unsuccessfully to get a test case taken before the courts two years ago.

A reporter from a Toronto newspaper bought a copy of the association's birth control booklet and took it to the police. He asked that they lay charges against the association. The police refused saying no judge would ever hand down a conviction.

The book will continue to be sold by Excalibur at its office and by the Winters college council.

The Faculty Association will meet today to discuss what action it will take over a cut in the wage hike promised by the Board of Governors.

Last month the Board promised the Association a ten per cent increase in salaries after the Association threatened to walk out of classes for one day.

Last week, however, York was told it would only receive \$16,890,000, about half what it had asked for to continue expansion at its planned rate.

The cutback by the Department of University Affairs could seriously reduce the raises the arts faculty were promised.

The executive committee of the Faculty Association, led by Professor Fred Schindeler, met with representatives of the Board Monday night, but no settlement was reached.

Schindeler held a final meeting with the Board today, but at press time no results of the meeting were known.

Political science professor Harvey Simmons, also a member of the executive committee, refused to speak to members of the Excalibur news staff.

When asked for some explanation of the meeting today he replied: "Are you kidding?"

In its confrontation with the Board last month the faculty association had demanded an 18 per cent salary raise and increased participation in university decision-making.

The association had threatened to hold a one day strike, with student support gained by a vague promise to include some student

demands in their negotiations with the Board.

The walk-out was postponed indefinitely when the Board offered to reopen talks, which led to the faculty compromise of ten percent.

At present the faculty has no official form of collective bargaining for better wages, and has had to resort to strike threats to impress the Board with their concern for better wages than some high school teachers.

York professors were the first ones in Canada to threaten a strike for better wages. Such a threat has now been considered by the U of T faculty to support their demands for pay hikes.

Inside

8 Off-campus bookstore dead. No refunds.

9 Jerry Rubin, Ho Chi Minh of the Argyle sock set, is scrutinized.

12 Customized education: will it make you a better product?

20 Ode to IBM: May Heaven help the man who sold SGW the insurance on their computer.

York expansion stalled after province slashes grant

by George B. Orr

York's financial request to the Department of University Affairs will only be half filled next year as a result of the provincial budget released last week.

The government gave York just under \$17 million of the \$31 that the Board of Governors had asked for to continue the present rate of expansion.

Current buildings under construction, the Central Square-Humanities Building and the second lecture hall, will be joined by the start of construction on a fifth college, and possibly a Fine Arts center.

York's request for \$31 million would have covered preliminary construction costs of two new colleges. Since it is financially possible to build only one college, there will be over 1300 students per college in 1969-70. This, according to administrators, is intolerable, but unavoidable.

One of the more crucial buildings presently under construction is Lecture Hall 2, but officially it is being built with no money in the budget to back it.

According to Mr. W.W. Small, vice-president — administration, "the board authorized construction of the building prior to any actual knowledge of whether the

government would finance the project. They have gone out on a limb, but I think it's justified."

The fifth college, temporarily called Pioneer College, will be started as soon as contracts can be let out, but its students will be using the Central Square and the Humanities Building until it is completed sometime next year.

Under the present plan, several very essential buildings will not be started within the foreseeable future. Among them are one undergraduate college, the building for Administrative Studies, a wing of the central utilities building, an addition to Atkinson College, and expanded recreational facilities.

There is speculation that the proposed football stadium will be shelved indefinitely.

The university will be bringing about 2100 freshmen into its overcrowded classrooms in September, and there is little hope for improvement, unless York obtains more money.

In 1968, York only received \$17 million of the \$20 million requested, and this year again the allotment fell far short of the needs.

Over the last two years, York has received \$18 mil-

lion less than required.

There are strong fears that this trend will destroy York's college system. According to W.P. Scott, chairman of the Board, the cutback from the requested \$31,000,000 is "a financial waste, and a national disaster."

The only way that the college system could be preserved would be to force a cutback in enrolment, but this, according to Scott, "is to totally deny and ignore the fact that Toronto is growing at such a rate that it creates greatly increased needs for university space."

The necessity for tightening York's financial belt at this time, seems to question the university's future growth. The combination of higher-than-anticipated enrolment figures and lower-than-forecast income could mean that York will have to sacrifice its high educational quality.

Some things as student-teacher ratios library and dining facilities, and general space requirements will eventually fall victim to the inevitability of the situation.

And according to York's money-bags people there is no way that York can escape this problem, except by getting more money.

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It's an old wives' tale

There are still some people who hang on to strange old beliefs that somehow get passed along from generation to generation. For instance: don't wash your hair during your monthly period. Don't take a tub bath. Don't go swimming.

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Cross Canada Campus

Students want independent union

REGINA

The two-month conflict between students at the University of Saskatchewan and the administration has strengthened student resolve for an independent student union.

Recently, well over 50 per cent of the campus turned out to elect a slate of student officers committed to the independent union and freedom for the Carillon, student newspaper and the precipitant of the board of governors' decision to stop collecting student union fees.

Ken Sunquist, a business administration student, won the presidency handily on a "moderate" ticket. The moderates stood for many of the positions articulated by the radicals.

Meanwhile, negotiations between the board and student council seem close to settlement. Sources say they expect a final decision by Thursday and the board will again agree to collect student union fees.

The other side of the coin:

600 faculty support principal Robertson

MONTREAL

The McGill University community has polarized dramatically over the impending dismissal of political science lecturer Stanley Gray. The next step in the dismissal process was taken Friday when Gray accepted arbitration along guidelines set by the Canadian Association of University Teachers.

He did win one important concession though — the arbitration proceedings will be open.

Thursday over 100 faculty members signed an open letter to principal H. Roche Robertson supporting Gray. Robertson said he was not impressed and expected "sharp differences of opinion." Teachers supporting his position immediately launched a counter petition of their own.

Over 600 faculty members signed that one, condemning disruption of university business and affirming confidence in Robertson's integrity. Their petition appeared in Saturday's Montreal Star complete with signatures — the ad almost filled an entire page.

Student council kills itself, and . . .

MONTREAL

The student council at l'Universite de Montreal voted to dissolve itself.

So what happens? Two things. The students will set up two non-profit corporations to handle running of the student cafeteria and scheduling of cultural events. The second thing is that student committees will handle political decisions at the faculty level.

Some difficulties arise. The Board of Governors must now collect fees for many committees, not just one. Also, representation in the Quebec student union is mixed up.

Maybe this proves that York needs its YSF after all, and cannot cope with college councils alone.

GRADUATES

If you

- * have not yet had your photo taken for Century (69),
- * have not made arrangements to have your photo taken,
- * would like your photo published in Century II,

There will be a photographer available Sunday, March 16, 1969 in room 139 Winters College, from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m.

Lapinette

a commercial commercial in comic guise.

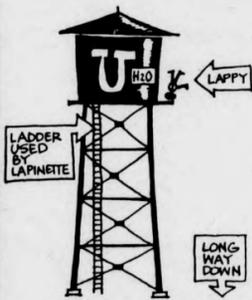


some thoughts just shouldn't be thought.

Lapinette was happily hopping windward the other day when a shocking happening happened.

She thought about the impending final exams.

now, there are bad thoughts, and there are awful thoughts, but the thought of final exams is in a class by itself.



the scene, like.

but, just as Lapinette was about to fling herself off the campus water tower, who should appear beside her but her campusbank manager.

"bad day for you, too, eh?" enquired Lappy.

"heavens, no!" he replied. "I have come to restrain you from this deed."

which is darned good proof that our super managers really care.



Lapinette demonstrates the cape she proposes for supermanagers.

"but I did not see you climbing the ladder" she protested. "you truly are supermanager."

you see, any old bank can have a manager, but only a bank of montreal campusbank rates a supermanager.

can our supermanagers really fly?

well, nobody knows for sure.

but it's funny that there is always a phone booth somewhere near a campusbank.



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Plan for a college with no grades, no failures

by David Bakan, Professor of psychology

This plan arises out of a sense that educational reform is acutely needed, combined with no less a sense that the direction of reform must be toward increased freedom, where that term means, as it has meant in history, both the **freedom to teach** and the **freedom to learn**.

The Plan

1. Each professor shall offer his course in complete freedom as to its content and the method of instruction.
2. The professor shall make available a description of the course reasonably ahead of the time that the course will be offered.
3. If possible, the course description should identify the course as belonging among the humanities, biological sciences, physical sciences or social sciences.
4. If possible, the course description should identify it as suitable for first year, second year, etc. students.
5. The sixteen categories formed by the four areas of knowledge and the four year levels (e.g. Social Sciences, 3rd year) are to be understood as rough guides to the student, and not binding with respect to his choice of courses.
6. The course description should clearly indicate such proficiencies as may be required for taking the course;
7. The student may take any course that he can qualify for as in 6, above. Normally, one would expect that a student in his first or second year would take four courses, distributed among the four categories in recognition of the need for breadth; and in his third or fourth year, to make selections more narrowly, seeking greater depth, and courses more integrat-

ed with each other. (Half-year or one-third-year courses are completely feasible under this plan.) Nonetheless, it would be contrary to the idea of the plan to make any specific distribution compulsory.

8. Upon attestation of satisfactory completion of fourteen courses a Bachelor of Arts degree will be awarded.

9. The actual conduct of a course may be quite conventional; or as unconventional as may appear appropriate. Thus, a professor may hold classes in a conventional two to five scheduled hours a week, or otherwise as indicated by the subject matter and characteristics of the students involved.

10. The professor shall hold at least **three individual tutorial hours** with the student in which the following functions will be served:

a. In the first prescribed tutorial hour, the professor and the student shall agree to the student's assignment for the course. This assignment shall deal with attendance at lectures (which may include lectures by other professors), readings, writings, such other things as they may **mutually agree** upon, and a schedule for completing the assignment. One would think, for example, that in basic language and mathematics courses the nature of the assignment would be largely determined by the professor. In courses in literature or philosophy one might expect greater exercise of the student's prerogative in designing the assignment. Similar assignments for several individuals in a course may be worked out, to form subgroups in the course. What is often called a "reading course" can readily be worked in under the proposed structure simply by designing the assignment appropriately. The assignment thus agreed upon shall be in writing.

b. In the second prescribed tutorial hour, a review of the student's progress shall be made. At this time the assignment will be reviewed and modified if desirable.

c. In the third prescribed tutorial hour, the professor shall determine whether the

assignment has been satisfactorily completed. If he judges that the student has satisfactorily completed the assignment, he shall make an attestation to that effect for the student's permanent record. Should he judge that the assignment has not been satisfactorily completed there shall be no entry in the student's permanent record.

11. For each course (or part-course) thus satisfactorily completed there shall be a permanent record for the student containing the following:

- a. The title and description of the course.
 - b. A vita on the professor.
 - c. The agreed-upon assignment.
 - d. A statement of attestation of satisfactory completion of that assignment by that professor. This need be nothing more than a formal statement such as: "In my opinion John Doe has satisfactorily completed the assignment described above."
- The plan does not preclude the use of examinations as a teaching aid. However, this permanent record shall contain no letter or numerical grades, or any form of evaluation or assessment of level of performance as in a conventional permanent record. If the student has not satisfactorily completed the assignment there would simply be no entry in the permanent record.

What's Happening

For the past two months interested students and faculty have met to discuss the plan with the intention of implementing it at York as soon as possible. Now an ad hoc committee on academia affairs headed by Lionel Rubinoff, Professor of Philosophy has been set up to report directly to President Murray G. Ross. What happens to the Bakan proposal then it seems is up to the President.

Modes mutt more fun than prof

by J. Lecander

On Tuesday, March 11, I visited a modes lecture. I do this regularly to find out if the format of the lectures has changed at all, or if the quality of the teaching has gone up, and whether it is worth returning to class. It hasn't, and it wasn't.

If they were satisfied with mediocrity before, many students still accept what is thrown at them but few of the more intelligent students remain — or all those people who are not worried about a piece of paper at the end of four years "education".

A dog wandered through in the middle of the lecture and it created more of an attraction than the prof.

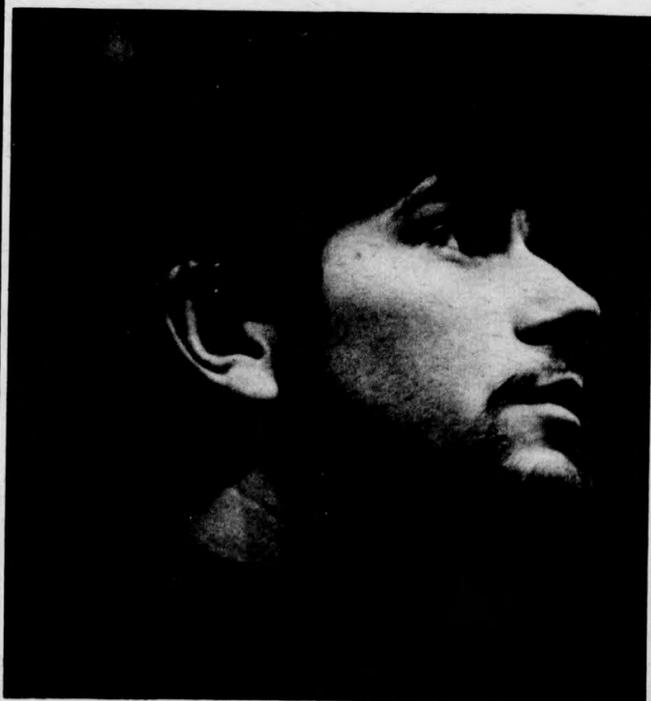
There was a problem in the lecture, namely one student started arguing with the professor. This disrupted the schedule in the classroom. The student constantly agreed with the professor since, as he put it, "You are bound to be more informed; and so more intelligent than I." The professor persuaded him that he shouldn't be talking about the course in the lectures. A touch of sarcasm and a bit of pathos.

I remember that wonderful time back in November when Jack lost his temper and when the unthinkers stood up and cheered and when we listened to what was said and when we thought that we had won — oh, for the good old days.

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If you are returning to the University next year and if you would be interested in a part-time position as a Parking Control Assistant, please apply in person to the Department of Personnel Services in the Humanities and Social Sciences Building.

A junior faculty member discusses education and how it has corrupted the learning process

Keith Mills is in his second year of teaching at York. His classification is administrative studies, with urban economics mixed in. He's been through the process of 'education' and now has become an 'educator'. This is his comment on where it failed him and is failing you.

by Keith Mills

In my student days I frequently fell into barroom arguments with an unlettered garbageman who used to insist that although "book

learnin'" had its place you really couldn't get along without the common sense derived from paying your tuition at the "School of Hard Knocks."

After some years of reflection, I have come to the conclusion that the school of hard knocks is to be found inside the university rather than outside. As a prelude to living in a high-pressure society, the university puts its inmates through a series of manufactured crises in the form of examinations, requirements and deadlines. That these crises have very little

to do with the business of learning is something most of us have now come to realize. The system is rather one of screening applicants for society. The successful huddlers are those who can be consistently counted upon to respond appropriately to crisis. Grades are measured of the appropriateness of one's responses; a degree is a certificate of one's consistency.

Survival training

The crisis approach to education is not without its utility. Dr. Hans Selye, the Montreal physician who has done considerable research on the effects of stress on humans and other animals has found that the ability to survive extreme stress can be increased by gradual conditioning. In the same way monarchs once took small daily doses of arsenic to render themselves immune to would-be poisoners.

During the current inquiry into the Pueblo affair U.S. Navy Communications Technician Don E. Bailey, a sixteen-year veteran of the armed forces, testified that he was able to endure many of the hardships imposed by his North Korean captors because he had undergone special "survival-evasion-resistance-and-escape" training which had included one week's experience in a simulated prisoner-of-war camp under extreme physical and mental stress. Petty Officer Bailey who was one of only two Pueblo crewmen who had

Not is is undeniable that some kind of stress conditioning is prob-

ably most useful preparation for life in contemporary North American society. But in the university, we are not preparing people for warfare and so there is some question in my mind whether the university is the proper place for such conditioning. Surely the Boy Scouts or the Marines are better equipped for that.

Psych out the prof

The system of grades and competition together with the fear of failure (and in today's world failure is not an F grade but usually anything below a B — the day of the gentleman's C died with Joe College) has thoroughly corrupted the learning process. Students' greatest intellectual efforts are bent towards "psyching out" the prof (God, how I hate the word prof.) rather than learning something that will be useful beyond the final examination. There is no time to read a book or just enjoy when the examinations loom.

One of the most literate men I know, one of my former "profs", spent his first two years of college reading novels, and managed thereby to thoroughly flunk out. (He later went to another school and made it.) But as a result of that "flunkout two years" he acquired a fluency with English prose that makes him one of the few economists whose writing and lecturing do not put me to sleep.

By forcing one group (students) to compete amongst themselves for the favors of the other group (profs) the system precludes the possibility of any widespread or sustained interaction between members of these two groups based upon anything but calculated mendacity.

As a member of the group whose favors the system forces members of the other group to seek, I must discount friendly gestures, complimentary remarks, indications of interest in my courses, my ideas, my jokes, (my self, even) as — to some extent — a form of apple polishing.

Usually I repress such notions and accept student friendship at face value, for the other way lies paranoia. Those among my colleagues who prefer to avoid contact with students on any but the most "correct" and professional level do so, I'm sure out of a friendly, respectful demeanor which masks the true face of hatred, fear, or contempt.

The education gap

This also works in reverse. As a student, I remember students (myself included) who were so afraid of being thought a brown-nose by other students, that they would seldom seek out a teacher or a prof for counsel, except under the most formal and institutionally-sanctioned circumstances, and

would practically never do so out of interest in the course. I remember one prof whose course I particularly enjoyed but I was afraid to tell him so until two years after I had completed it, and he was leaving the institution. When, in other words, I was sure it would do me no good to tell him so.

A former colleague once told me that he never accepted social invitations from any but "A" students, for fear that relaxing the social distance between himself and lesser beings would compromise the integrity of his objective judgement, and thereby subvert the grading system.

Is there anything so degrading as grovelling? That's part of the system. Of course, as in the case of Pooh-Bah, the grovel can become a fine tool in the hands of a skilled groveller. Over the year, I have become somewhat a connoisseur of grovellers, and plan someday to write a paper on the subject. I find, for example, that Canadian men students are less skillful grovellers than their American counterparts. This is surely the result of natural selection, the poorer American grovellers having done their final grovel face down in a rice paddy.

The Bakan Plan

Professor David Bakan's PLAN FOR A COLLEGE separates the process of learning from the atmosphere of crisis, competition, mendacity, failure, and grovelling, and allows learning to grow naturally from curiosity interest and an honest, fruitful relationship between student and teacher. The plan is based on the assumption that students know, or are capable of at least discovering for themselves what it is they wish (or need) to learn, and, knowing that, need not be coerced to study. It goes without saying that such a plan is most liberating for students. For teachers it is equally so.

Present day educational institutions are founded upon exactly the opposite premise as the Bakan plan: that is, they assume that students do not know what it is they need to know and must therefore have a curriculum outlined for them which they must be compelled to follow. It is in the implementation of the system founded upon this premise that gives educational institutions today their authoritarian character.

The Bakan plan has authority without being authoritarian: that is, it maintains the authority of knowledge and competence without the garnish of arbitrary rules which are fundamentally relevant to the real business of learning.

And the business of learning is what universities are all about. Those who are not dedicated to it should clear out.

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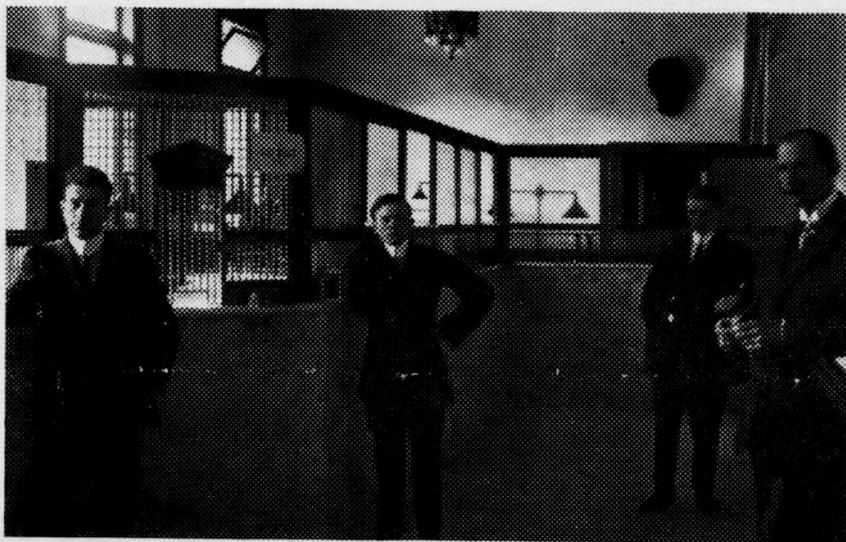
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Pub Nite

On Friday March 7, 1968 the Buttery was licenced to sell beer. These photographs represent the record of that historic occasion.



● If elected, I will not serve, if served I will drink like a fish.



● Liquor is a crutch.



● It's like this, only on your back.



● Student revolutionaries should be recognized as a Varsity team.



● Blow in my beer, and I'll follow you anywhere.

Why we are voting no

The referendum on the chapel donation is tomorrow.

These are our reasons for voting no:

The chapel is very low on the priority list for this university — the money being used for a chapel should go to library books, or part of lecture hall number two, or any one of a dozen other essential needs.

The chapel has been imposed on this university — no students were consulted at any time on whether or not the donation should be accepted exclusively for a chapel.

The chapel will cost over 12,000 a year to maintain — a sum which will have to mean one less professor next year.

The chapel is donated by W.P. Scott, chairman of the Board of Governors — a man who has been here since York first started in 1959 — a man who is fully aware of the financial needs and the established priorities of this university (he helped draw up these priorities) — a man well aware there wasn't supposed to be a chapel until 1980.

The donor of the chapel has refused to allow his donation to go to any other need, regardless of how pressing, and has said if we don't accept his chapel he will withdraw the donation. But the donor has also told several students in private discussions that he will give the money to medical research, one of his favourite charities, if we turn it down.

The donor and the Board have refused to agree to accept the results of this referendum, IF THEY DON'T LIKE THE RESULTS?, effectively telling students that we can play at having some responsibility in what happens to our university, but not to get involved in important issues.

Several religious groups have publicly opposed the chapel — saying there is no place for a pseudo-religious centre on this campus — there are already over 15 religious centres (churches, etc.) within a five mile radius of this campus.

Interest in getting to church is not high enough to warrant such an amount of money to be used for a campus chapel — a year ago the administration discontinued running a Sunday bus service to local churches because of lack of student interest.

The issues behind the chapel debate:

By imposing his preference for a donation which disregards this university's essential needs, one man has asserted his personal sense of priorities on this university.

The idea of donating to universities is most laudable, but any man concerned enough to realize the need for donations should also realize the importance of the university itself using all possible money as the school sees fit, to best benefit society; and not allowing outside donors to tell the school what it must do and build.

The necessity of a chapel on this campus has never been discussed, only one man has told us it is a need. Perhaps York does need a chapel, in the sense that religion in the form of buildings should be here. But no such debate has ever taken place. We have never been allowed any such debate. We have never been allowed to consider our needs, spiritually or physically.

The fact that the donation can go to medical research, if we prefer, (since the donor has refused to consider any other pressing need on this campus) is a perfect chance for students to rally, now we are aware of what society is in dire need, and we want and will do something to ease human suffering, by aiding medical research.

By threatening to withdraw the donation (but put it where it is more needed,) and the threat to ignore whatever students decide, the Board is intimidating students, literally pushing us around. Board and senior administrators have openly argued that the general student body doesn't care about the donation anyway, and has repeatedly assured opponents students will vote yes. The Administration is sure the issue is dead, that students just aren't interested enough to vote no. Are they really so wise at gauging what a largely non-committal campus they have created? Are we really so non-committal to go without more library books, if such a donation situation should arise. Are we really so unconcerned to ignore a half-million dollar contribution to medical research?

To refuse the chapel donation will not harm this campus in any form, particularly when it is realized the donation has been steered to a hospital. To accept the donation is to accept the fact someone else controls us, controls our access to books and buildings.

Vote no. You don't hurt your education, and you help make this a better university, now and in the future.

Vote no.

E D I T O R I A L

Excalibur

March 13, 1969

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managing editor
staff-at-large
layout

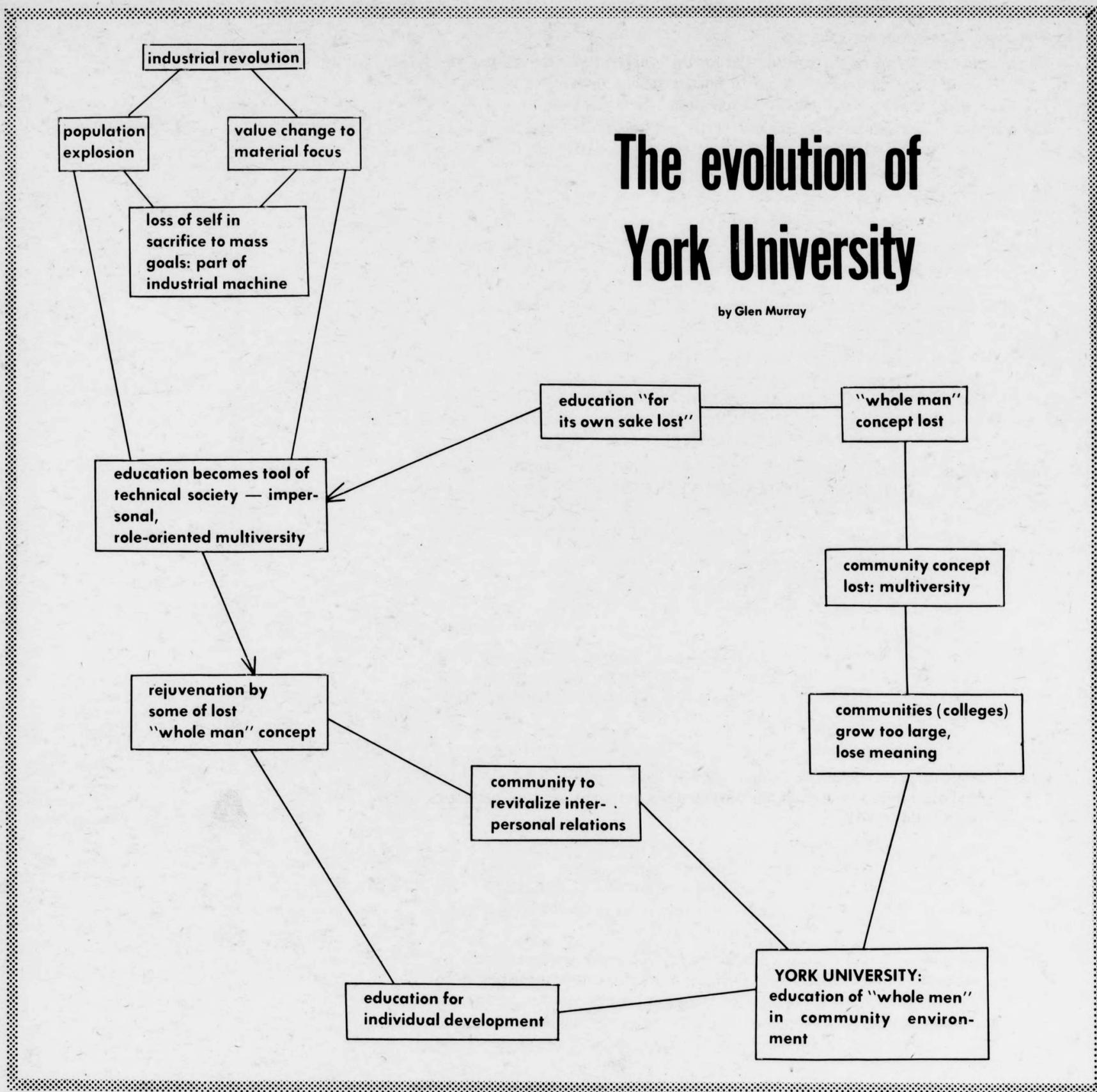
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tuesday nite LIFE IS: shit with a pink ribbon (gbo) .. a big screw (grant) .. an all day sucker (tonypoo).. life (joel-zen) .. me & my staff, loving each other (ross) .. \$5,000 worth of Nikons (coop) .. a nice fat boy (schmendel) .. isn't (olga) ..an 8-8 tie (waller).. editorial pages at 2 am (elgie) ..a hot chickee (uncle pat).. a mauve-colored claire (richie)..LIFE IS: reg haney.

The evolution of York University

by Glen Murray



Don't trust faculty for reform, use your own initiative

by Larry Englander

Screwed again! The faculty don't love us anymore! Since the last Seante meeting, this sentiment has spread like wildfire (or cancer) through the student ranks. Because none of the faculty advocated equitable student representation on the Search Committee to pick Murray the G's successor, several student leaders now feel discouraged and betrayed.

But before we dismiss the faculty as cop-outs, let's examine the situation a little more closely. According to the York University Act, the Board of Governors can legally choose the next President themselves. However, the Great White Fathers decided to let the faculty in on the fun this time. The faculty, like any "interest group," are going to act to their own advantage. If students don't fit into their scheme, that's our tough luck.

The same notion holds true for the Faculty Association nonwalk-

reform were forgotten for the out. They wanted an 18% salary raise first, and university reform second. They were offered 10% and took it. Students and university meantime. Tough luck for us.

Actually, the so-called faculty cop-out was the best thing that could have happened to us. Instead of running to the faculty as our big brothers whenever the Administration bullies us, it's about time we stood on our own two feet. Instead of gaining reform through hand-me-downs from the faculty, let's use our own initiative.

The faculty are trying, in their own way, to formulate an ideology concerning university government. For example, a few Faculty Association Executive members are trying to achieve something analogous to trade union status for faculty. Meanwhile, we students have thus far produced nothing but fuzzy-headed ideologues and blueprints for Valhalla University. I'm not saying that we shouldn't out-

line our aims as students, but we have to follow up our ideals with concrete actions.

I gladly concede that York is far

ahead of most Canadian universities in achieving university reform — but that's all the more reason to keep pushing.

By the way, I wonder if the chapel is supposed to have the first few pews guarded by signs: Reserved — Faculty and Staff.

Personal growth workshop this summer will feature T-groups and gardening

by Jacob Schneid

Some people are now organizing a personal growth workshop, to go on during the summer. The idea basically is that a group of approximately 30-40 people will get together to experience themselves and others, to grow psychologically and help others grow. In a word, to take a step toward self-realization. Hopefully, we would be doing this in a house in the countryside near Toronto.

Several competent people have agreed to serve as "resource persons". The "resource person" — participant relationship is going to be on a one-to-one basis, since we would all be there to grow.

There will be, we hope, a large spectrum of activities to help us all increase our awareness of ourselves and others — art, music, dance, physical work (e.g., gardening), meditation, T — groups, group

encounter games, and anything else people would like.

We hope to keep the venture going at least for July and August, perhaps for the whole summer, so those who come would be requested to remain at least several days (otherwise personal and communal growth cannot take place).

To meet expenses, we are going to have to charge money, but the exact amount will depend on the size of the participation. The larger the group (in other words, the more financially sound we are) the more possible it would be for us to invite such people as Carl Rogers or Abraham Maslow, two leaders of the humanistic psychology movement, to give workshops.

If you are interested, please call Jacob Schneid at 638-1457 weekday evenings. We hope to call a meeting soon to discuss the idea. Let us grow together.

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YORK UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

Landlord locks Student Services when owners unable to meet rent

by Anita Levine

Student Services Unlimited has been padlocked, with the unsold books still inside, beyond the reach of any students who didn't get theirs when the company announced it was "phasing themselves out of the textbook business."

Jack Seaton, co-owner of Student Services, said Tuesday night that the owner of the building at 1195 Finch Ave. W., took over the premises and contents about a week ago.

"We had word from at least one of the publishing companies we were dealing with that if we didn't pay up they would force us into bankruptcy. Our landlord got wind of this and asked for the rent. We couldn't pay it."

The landlord, Marco de Luca, said Seaton and his partner, Mike Garfin, owed him "six or seven hundred dollars."

He said he was sorry he couldn't let students in to retrieve books that were missing or misplaced due to Student Services' disorganization.

"I can't let anyone in until the bailiffs come," de Luca said.

Seaton said he "felt terrible" about students losing money and

books because of the operation's failure. But he wanted to correct any impression that he and Garfin have absconded with the loot. He said the two have lost several thousand dollars in the snafu.

Seaton also offered something to think about for anyone planning to come after him with a meat cleaver.

First of all, he pointed out that the York Bookstore offered a 5% cash discount on all books this year — mainly to meet the competition by Student Services.

And since the bookstore will probably gross about \$500,000 this year, that's a saving of \$25,000 to York students, Seaton said.

"I doubt that they'll see the need to offer that discount next year," he said.

Secondly, he claims that his

company put over 6,000 used books in the market this year, which meant considerable savings for anyone who would otherwise have had to buy the books new.

Thirdly, Student Services was taking only a 10% commission, which according to Seaton was "a very slim margin, barely enough to meet our overhead."

Seaton's defence may placate a few students, but many are still angry over what they feel was a screw-job.

One girl who was told to "please come back and check again" when she went to claim her unsold books and found several missing, is out over \$40.

The students have no recourse but to sue. And let's face it, most lawyers change over \$40 just to discuss your case.

Copyflow

by Bill Novak

I was fortunate enough to attend a National Convocation for Peace, held in New York last week; supported by students, business, and various Peace Groups — or what Johnny calls, contemptuously, the Liberal Establishment. In one of the morning sessions, Columbia Engineering Professor Seymour Melman provided some shocking facts on the Department of Defence, or, as he prefers to call it, the killing industry. Not only do they control a large proportion of the country's economy, but, according to Melman, this para-state within a state is actually threatening a social takeover of the United States, under the guise of the "Promise of Protection". The only solution left, according to Melman, is not to find a useful place for them in society, but to do everything possible to take away their resources and, ultimately, their power. And all this from a scientist.

American economist Kenneth Boulding also sees the defence department as a separate state, but one which has discovered from experience that, quite plainly, war pays off. In his brilliant and engaging style, Boulding calmly suggested that peace cannot come until we await the death of his own generation. The younger generation has to make peace if we are to have it at all.

Boulding suggested that we should see the hawks in every country as forming a gigantic world-wide and dangerous conspiracy: the greatest supporter of the U.S. Department of Defence is the Russian Department of Defence.

About the draft, Boulding is curiously ambivalent. While he feels it is a stupid and medieval system of taxation, he says we must at the same time realize that abolishing the draft would take most of the steam out of the peace movement. What hope is there, then, in this post-civilized society? Only one — a "retrievable disaster" — can, according to Boulding, save the human race. To a young man who suggested that his idealism left something to be desired, Boulding replied: "The price of purity is impotence".

The lunchtime session was the most politically revealing as one witnessed, first-hand, the tension between the peace movement and the peacenik. As Senator William Fulbright began his remarks, Vietcong flags started dropping from the balcony of the New York Hilton, to the scattered cries of Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, NLF is gonna win and Hey, Hey, Viva Che.

The Liberal Establishment was really hung up. They could obviously not tolerate such behaviour, nor did they dare use vicious tactics to eliminate the demonstrators. Senator Jacob Javits, whose very presence was highly suspicious, apologized profusely to his colleague and cussed out the demonstrators.

George McGovern spoke last, assuring those of us who were beginning to doubt that there was still a spark of hope left in the United States Senate.

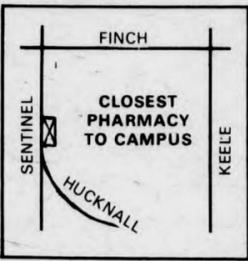
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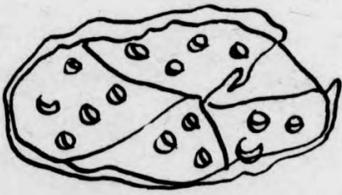
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Ninety miles from the Fourth Reich

— reprinted from THE CHEVRON

Jerry Reuben is considered the national leader of the U.S. yippee movement, a group partially seeking the goals of the hippie but through action instead of by dropping out. In this letter addressed to the movement he takes a look at where things are at and where they are going.

DEAR FRIENDS,

From the Bay Area to New York, we are suffering the greatest depression in our history. People are taking bitterness in their coffee instead of sugar.

It's a common problem, not an individual one, and people don't talk to one another too much any more.

It is 1969 already, and 1965 seems almost like a childhood memory. Then we were the conquerors of the world. No one could stop us. We were going to end the war. We were going to wipe out racism. We were going to mobilize the poor. We were going to take over the universities.

Go back and read some of the early anti-war literature. Check out the original hippie-digger poetry and manifestoes; euphoria, overflowing optimism, and expectation of immediate success. Wow, I can still get high on it.

America proved deaf, and our dreams proved innocent. Scores of our brothers have become inactive and cynical.

Still, our victories since 1965 have been enormous. We kicked LBJ's ass. We defeated the Democratic Party. Our history has been marked by a series of great battles: Berkeley, the Pentagon, Columbia, Chicago. We are the most exciting energy force in the nation.

It is just because we are striking so deep that, in every phase of the movement, arrests and trials and court appearances and jail have bottled up resources, sapped energy, and demoralized the spirit.

• Huey Newton is in prison Eldridge Cleaver is in exile

America's courts are colonial courts, where White America punishes her black subjects. America's jails are black concentration camps. Every black man in jail is a political prisoner. In America we have Race and Class Justice, pure and simple.

• Oakland Seven are accused of conspiracy

Which means: organize a demonstration which effectively challenges authority and the courts arrest you for conspiracy a d tie you up with lawyers for years. Is that why so few people are into planning demonstrations any more in Berkeley?

After spending three months there in the fall, I was depressed to see the old Berkeley audaciousness gone. Three years ago we were going to overthrow Washington from Telegraph Avenue. Result: broken dreams for hundreds and hundreds of people. "Politico" has virtually become a term of insult in Berkeley today.

• Tim Leary is up for 30 years and how many of our brothers are in court and jail for getting high?

Smoking pot is a political act, and every smoker is an outlaw. The drug culture is a revolutionary threat to plasticwasp9-5america.

If you smoke quietly, you won't get bothered. If you smoke in public, or if you live in a commune, or get active politically, or show up somewhere in J. Edgar Freako's computer, you're likely to get busted for getting high.

Through the power of arrest, the cops have virtually silenced the drug evangelists and have destroyed communities like the Haight-Ashbury.

• Spock faces two years in the pen

When America arrested the Baby Doctor for advising young men to follow their consciences, I was ecstatic: the next day I actually expected thousands of intellectuals and religious folk to stand on soapboxes and repeat Spock's words. No one hardly said a word.

"The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might, and the republic is in danger. Yes, danger from within and without. We need law and order! Yes, without law and order our nation can not survive."

Adolf Hitler, Hamburg, 1932

The intellectual community was paralyzed by fear. Is it any wonder now how German intellectuals were so easily silenced?

Sorry for the bitterness, but I saw the arrest of Spock as test case for the government. If they could arrest and convict Spock without much of a backlash, certainly they could exile Cleaver and jail Leary, and eventually get to me.

The government won the test. Now they are willing to try anything.

• Campus activists are expelled and arrested

Participants in campus outbreaks are expelled or suspended from school, and arrested on assorted misdemeanors, if not on felony charges for conspiracy.

Students quickly forget the court cases left behind, and the euphoria of an outbreak turns sour in the hearts of those who go to court and jail alone.

When cops first come on campus, the liberals scream—but gradually the liberals get tired and go to sleep.

Cops and courts never sleep.

• War resisters are behind bars

The anti-draft organizations are in shambles. Individuals are left alone to face 3-to-6 year sentences for refusing the draft. Thousands of men have been driven into exile in Canada and Sweden. The bravest men in the army are choosing to go to the stockade rather than eat military shit.

Stockades, federal prisons and courts are full of men who have defied the military, and who now must face the music. Unfortunately, there is no orchestra playing behind them.

• Add it up:

Cops and courts have tried to put the national black leadership on ice, knocked the Berkeley white activist movement on its heels, over-run the campuses, wiped out many longhair communities, muted the intellectuals, and given, with impunity, fantastic punishment to draft and GI resisters.

This pattern goes a long way to explaining the malaise so many of us feel. America got where she is by jailing and killing blacks and other colored peoples. If America's own children—the brats of her white middle class—insist on acting like blacks, well, they will jail and kill us too.

Who the hell wants to "make it" in America any more? The hippie-yippie-SDS movement is a "white nigger" movement. The American economy no longer needs young whites and blacks. We are waste material. We fulfill our destiny in life by rejecting a system which rejects us.

I used to know all this in my head. Now I know it in my gut. In the past six months I've personally found out what it's like to live in a police state.

In 1964 and 1965 I was active in campus demonstrations at Berkeley, travel to Cuba, and anti-war actions like stopping troop trains. In those days America thought it could solve its problems with white demonstrators by quickly winning the Vietnam war.

But we had other ideas, and so did the Vietnamese. The anti-war movement became part of a massive youth movement, student demonstrations spread across the country, and in the summer of 1967 America's ghettos burned. The solution to rebellion at home became for LBJ a military one, and his administration turned the problem over to the FBI-CIA, the Red Squads, the cops and the courts.

• Virtually everyone under 30 in Manhattan smokes pot

The cops use marijuana busts as a handy club against blacks, longhairs, and political activists. If you are a longhair and a political activist, you got trouble. If you are a longhair, a political activist, and black, you got real trouble. (Hello, Eldridge, wherever you are.)

The marijuana charge against me is a felony punishable by 2-15 years in the state pen.

When I arrived in Chicago for the yippie festival, I found three shifts of plainclothes cops hounding me night and day. It was typical Chicago police harassment. Round the clock they tailed the half dozen people they thought were "leaders". They were there when we went to bed at night and they were there when we got up in the morning.

For me they cooked up a special treat. Daley sent an undercover cop, Robert Pierson, alias Bob Lavon, to infiltrate the yippies, act as agent provocateur, spy on me, and frame me on a serious felony rap.

At 10:30 p.m. Wednesday, August 28, while looking for a restaurant, I was kidnapped off a nearly empty downtown street by four Chicago plainclothes pigs. I was threatened with beating and death, slugged, bullied, and told:

"You guys ruined our city. You, Rubin are responsible. Do you like our city? We hope you do because we are going to put you in jail here for a long time."

By chance, Jack Mabley, a columnist for the conservative Chicago American, happened to be in the streets when I was picked up. This is how he described what happened:

"No blood flowed in one of the most ominous happenings. Jerry Rubin... was walking west on Washington... A girl was with him..."

"An unmarked car with four policemen skidded to a stop beside Rubin. Three men jumped out. 'Come on Jerry, we want you,' one girl screamed, 'we haven't done anything! We were just walking.'

"I have heard Rubin speak, and he was obscene and revolting. In America a man may be arrested for obscenity or revolution. But Rubin was grabbed off the street and rushed to jail because of what he thinks.

"This is the way it is done in Prague. This is what happens to candidates who finish second in Vietnam. This is not the beginning of the police state, it IS the police state."

I was then accused of a wild assortment of charges and bail was set at \$25,000, more than the usual bail for accused murderers.

Whenever I come to Chicago for court appearances the press treats me like a yippie Richard Speck. The Judge has officially restricted my travel to Illinois. The court system, of course, is under Daley's thumb. It all adds up to a one-way ticket for me to five years in the Illinois state pen and revenge for Richard J. Daley.

An official government document which the Department of Justice admitted in December to a Virginia appeals court admitted that it maintains "electronic surveillance" of me.

It says: "the government is tendering herewith to this court a sealed exhibit containing transcripts of conversations in which appellant Rubin was a participant or at which he was present which were overheard by means of electronic surveillance."

Electronic surveillance!

The government admits that it maintains either a phone tap or a house bug, or both, on my life. In other words, there is nothing that I can do in the privacy of my own home that does not go into some secret Big Brother tape recorder!

The New York cops, using an illegal search warrant on June 13 and phony drug charges; the Chicago cops, using an agent provocateur and spy; the Department of Justice, using bugging; and the Chicago courts, using frame-up felony charges, \$25,000 bail, and travel restrictions, have joined together in a criminal conspiracy to deprive me of my civil rights.

These are days when one asks himself the most basic questions about the movement: Is it real or transparent? Does it just concern issues, or is it a whole new life style? Could the government break it apart with concessions?

• Are we creating a new man, or are we a reflection ourselves of the system we hate so much? Are we a new brotherhood, or are we just a tangle of organizations and competing egos? What will happen when we reach age 30 and 40?

I am not sure myself, and what I think often depends on how I feel when I wake up in the morning. And this is one of the differences between the black and white movements. For blacks the liberation movement is a struggle against physical and mental oppression. For whites, the movement is an existential choice.

One way to feel whether or not we have something real is to see how people relate to one another in trouble. In the past the movement has left the casualties of the last battle to their own individual fates as it moved on to the next dramatic action.

Many activists have even been forced to turn to their parents for help, rather than to the movement which is trying to overthrow their parents' institutions. How can we ask young kids to take risks in a movement which doesn't defend its own? My brother is 20 years old and his eyes often ask me that question.

The movement is more concerned with ideological debate, organizational games, and in fighting than with creating a family. But our movement is only as strong as the friendships within it. Our only real strength is in our identification with one another.

That collective identification then becomes the greatest challenge to the cops and courts:

• Mess with him and you've got me to deal with too.

If 1968 was "The Year of the Heroic Guerrilla," then 1969 will be "The Year of the Courts." We must attack the myths surrounding the courts as ferociously as we have attacked the American myths of war, apple pie, your friendly neighborhood cop, and "free elections."

Lenny Bruce put it right: "In the Halls of Justice, the only justice is in the halls." Courts come on as sacred as churches. Judges act like they just got off the last plane from heaven...

To challenge the courts is to attack American society at its roots. In campus rebellions, the most revolutionary demand, the demand that can never be granted by the administration is the demand for amnesty. Attacking the society's mechanism for punishing her citizens is attacking the society's very basis for control and repression.

Americans like to believe that this is a country of "fair play." We ought to organize tours for the American people of their courts and jails.

Remember the legend of Spartacus. The Romans slaughtered all the slaves, but the moral example lives on.

When the Roman Army came to kill Spartacus, they faced a mass of thousands of slaves. They demanded that Spartacus step forward.

"I am Spartacus!" shouted one slave.

"No, I am Spartacus!" shouted another.

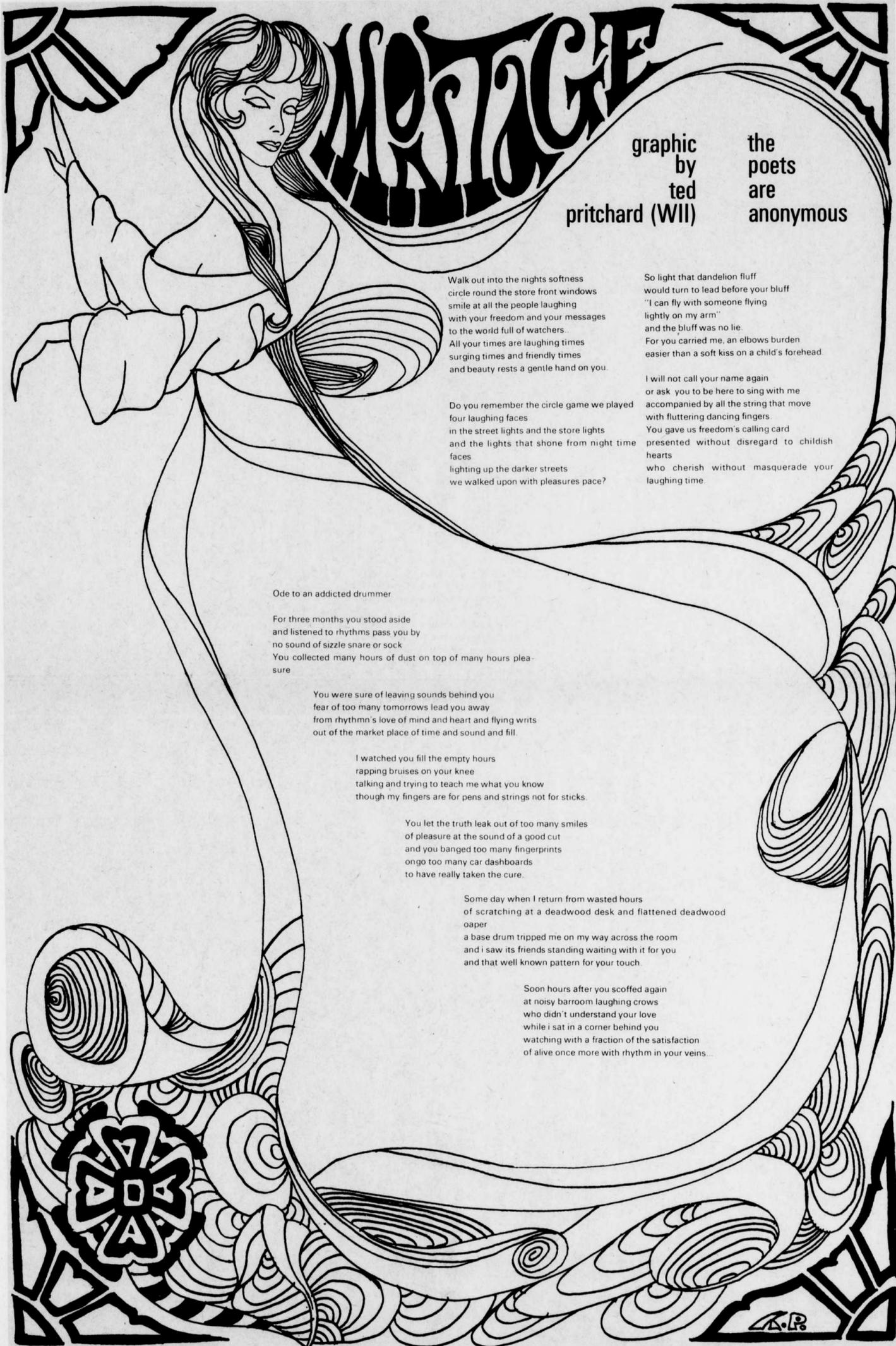
"No, I am Spartacus!"

"No, I am Spartacus!"

"No, I am Spartacus!"

WITH LOVE,
JERRY RUBIN

(WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS, NANCY KURSHAN, MARTIN KENNER, ARTHUR NAIMAN, STEW ALBERT, GUMBO, JIM PETRAS, DAVID STEIN, SHARON KREBS, KEN PITCHFORD, ROBIN PALMER.)



graphic
by
ted
pritchard (WII)

the
poets
are
anonymous

Walk out into the nights softness
circle round the store front windows
smile at all the people laughing
with your freedom and your messages
to the world full of watchers.
All your times are laughing times
surging times and friendly times
and beauty rests a gentle hand on you.

Do you remember the circle game we played
four laughing faces
in the street lights and the store lights
and the lights that shone from night time
faces
lighting up the darker streets
we walked upon with pleasures pace?

So light that dandelion fluff
would turn to lead before your bluff
"I can fly with someone flying
lightly on my arm"
and the bluff was no lie
For you carried me, an elbows burden
easier than a soft kiss on a child's forehead.

I will not call your name again
or ask you to be here to sing with me
accompanied by all the string that move
with fluttering dancing fingers
You gave us freedom's calling card
presented without disregard to childish
hearts
who cherish without masquerade your
laughing time.

Ode to an addicted drummer

For three months you stood aside
and listened to rhythms pass you by
no sound of sizzle snare or sock
You collected many hours of dust on top of many hours plea-
sure

You were sure of leaving sounds behind you
fear of too many tomorrows lead you away
from rhythm's love of mind and heart and flying writs
out of the market place of time and sound and fill.

I watched you fill the empty hours
rapping bruises on your knee
talking and trying to teach me what you know
though my fingers are for pens and strings not for sticks.

You let the truth leak out of too many smiles
of pleasure at the sound of a good cut
and you banged too many fingerprints
on too many car dashboards
to have really taken the cure.

Some day when I return from wasted hours
of scratching at a deadwood desk and flattened deadwood
oaper
a base drum tripped me on my way across the room
and i saw its friends standing waiting with it for you
and that well known pattern for your touch.

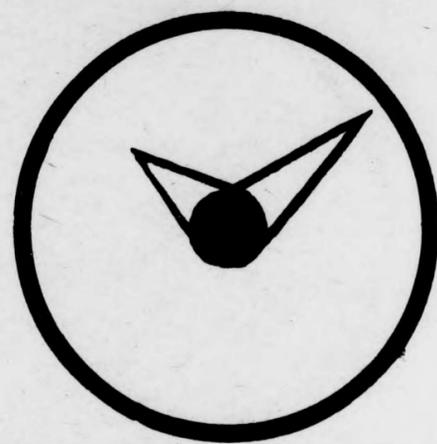
Soon hours after you scoffed again
at noisy barroom laughing crows
who didn't understand your love
while i sat in a corner behind you
watching with a fraction of the satisfaction
of alive once more with rhythm in your veins...

A.P.

by Kenneth Eble

Kenneth Eble is chairman of the English department at the University of Utah. An outspoken critic of American education tradition, he is the author of a *Perfect Education* (Collier, New York), from which this article is adapted.

This article first appeared in the 15 November 68 issue of *THE CHEVRON*, the student newspaper of the University of Waterloo.



A time and a place for learning. What would a person have if he had his heart's desire?

First, I think, the time should **not** follow hard upon public school education. The effects of twelve years of formal education need to wear off somewhat.

The continuity of learning in some subjects, such as a foreign language or mathematics, should be sacrificed for the gaining of wider experiences of other kinds.

The entrant should have had some battering against the world, partly just to be exposed to less desirable alternatives than further learning, but also to contribute to the world's menial tasks — something like a price of admission.

Roughly speaking, he should have done enough useful work to make it economically feasible for him to remain largely idle for a number of years. For many, such experiences in the world has usefully broken in upon the enclosed world that may have defined their family experience. The world is a less expensive, if not more understanding place than college to begin to assume a life of one's own, and the college could benefit from not having to cope with the effects of first separation from home and family.

The world would have confronted the student with the need to know many things and the frustration of not being able to find them out.

It might even have aroused idealism sufficient to encourage the youth to attempt something other than that which is forced upon him by necessity, opportunity or drift.

The school would be a residential college, in the sense that it would provide a place of residence, not force a place of confinement.

Its isolation would be that of any enterprise that requires quiet, communing, and freedom. However, such isolation would not be such as to deny easy access to the world.

Ideally, it might be a bit of greenery and space set down in some area other than the blighted area of a large city. Or it could as easily be removed from the city, although then it must create an excitement of its own or give ready access to some great metropolitan area.

Space and shelter would guide one aspect of its architectural design. As places of instruction and study, its buildings would give the distinct sense of being enclosed, being sheltered. They would provide places within that could be drawn around one's shoulders.

Yet that cloistering should be so designed that, moving outside, one would feel

that sense of space as providing freedom to move, to stretch, to let the eye roam and the mind expand.

In their total order, they should not dominate the individual either by their magnitude or by their fastidiousness of arrangement.

If the setting is urban, then nature has to be brought in, not with fake mountains or babbling brooks, but with honest courts of grass and trees and shrubbery, suited to its urban existence. If the setting is rural, then buildings should be placed with respect for geologic time and geographic place — wind and water, sun and rain.

The calendar would be regulated by the surrounding climate by the seasons in the country and by the movement of life, which is only partly seasonal, in the city.

And within the calendar, the work itself would seek to make the most of the long stretches of winter, the early twilights, the rainy season. There would be flexible schedules for certain tasks, with some allowances for human failings. There would be a close relationship between what was to be learned and the time necessary to such learning.

There would be no regular march through evenly spaced hours, but fixed and regular times for studies that profit from such hours and varying times and places for those that need variable hours.

Students would be guided in using the scraps of time that our rough schedule not only permits but countenances — the fifteen minutes to drill on a language, the ten-minute walk that shapes a composition, the before-dinner lull filled with discourse.

My university would be one you walk into.

It would have some kind of wall around it, and lots of inviting green grass, and enough architecture of a traditional kind to conceal the fact that it was just built yesterday, and the gates would be open wide — not wide enough for automobiles, but sufficient for humans.

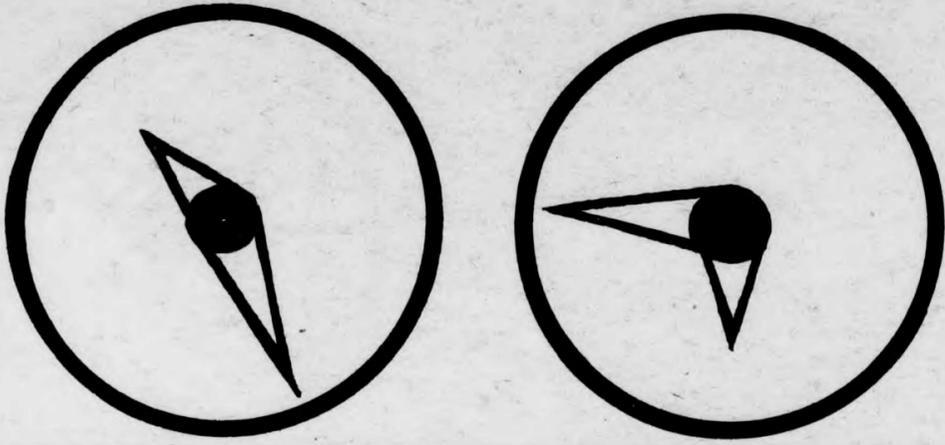
Permitting the automobile has not only caused problems and increased noise, it has supported the idea of the service-station university where young men get pumped full of intellectual gas and get greased for a smooth passage through life.

So my university is a walk-in place.

Having taken the effort to walk in, the student just might decide to stick around awhile.

Once there, the student certainly wouldn't begin, as American universities now have him do, with registration. What a dispiriting introduction to college life!

The only useful function it serves is to eliminate those who can't find their way through the process.



a time

and a place

for learning



My university would begin with classes, if, after thinking it through, we of the university — students and faculty — really felt classes were necessary.

It might be quite feasible to begin with lectures. Professors would certainly rather talk than issue class cards — they would rather talk than do anything.

The professor might announce that at such and such an hour on such a day in such a place he would begin talking on his favorite subject and continue as long as he and his students wished to stay.

Stamina varying among the faculty and the threshold of boredom varying among students, this might be enough to destroy the present pernicious structure that has almost all learning presented in fifty-minute packages.

As to students, they would walk into these rooms, stay if interested, come back if excited; eventually start lecturing themselves when they felt they had something to say and could prove it.

Under this system, some vexing problems might be met, if not solved.

The dull might be chastened, the glib might be detected, the university might become more concerned with the drop-ins — the students who keep coming back for more — than the dropouts.

Without the obligation to live up to the ideal suggested by class cards and credit hours, the inept, the bored, and the impenetrable might abandon university life, and neither the sense of guilt in the student nor the sense of frustration in the faculty would be aroused.

Very soon, I'd hope, the lectures would give way to the kind of interchange that must be at the heart of a university.

The best professors would get tired of hearing only their own voices, the most excited students — and that's the kind that would be sticking around — wouldn't be able to keep their mouths shut, and pretty soon there would be discourse, people learning from each other — a condition

that is the "unifying" principle of the "university."

At this point, administrators — and these might come from among the professors whose lecture halls were by now empty (it would give them gainful employment and in time would likely develop in them a strong sense of doing worthwhile work) — would probably begin by lot or color of eyes or by initial letter of last name (as is now the prevailing practice) **to arrange place and time where small groups could, when the excitement occasioned it, continue discourse.**

In time, these might be called classes, but their growth would be slow and capa-

ble of being checked, so that their harmful effects would be minimized.

As to what is being taught, nothing, quite obviously.

Some things are being learned.

Under this system, a good many subjects wouldn't appear at all — those for examples, that now infest college catalogues, about which Socrates himself could not be interested.

The Administration of the Elementary School Lunch Program, for example, or An Introduction to Indo-European Phonology or Managerial Functioning of the Home-Owned Retail Mercantile Establishment.

How could even the people doing such things be interested?

These are things human beings tolerate in order to do other things that do engage their interest. The university has no business being as dull as life.

The other large group of things that would not be taught are all the things that one should and can learn by himself or with the help of books or machines.

The grammar of a language, for example, and the principles of sociology and most other such subjects.

Much that involves counting might be so learned — not basic mathematics, which requires a teacher sensitive to the aesthetics of numbers who is capable of communicating that sense, but the many other counting chores that involve putting things into columns and boxes and applying them to merchandise or machines or mankind.

And much dear to the defenders of the liberal arts might be partially removed from the classroom: books, music, drama, art would be removed as objects of study in favor of their becoming objects of doing and love.

In my university we might have to sacrifice classes to preserve learning.

If we did get rid of classes, we might not only develop the mind but preserve its sanity.

A national magazine writes about how Time, high school honor society president, didn't just walk into Yale and start learning, but was screened, registered, and matriculated in the manner of our best universities.

His beginning French class was conducted entirely in French, and after a few days, he began to fear he might flunk out. Quite obviously, the trouble was classes.

A halfway bright student might walk into a lecture in French and sit there wholly unable to understand what was going on. A very bright student might even sit their

long enough to flunk.

But the fault is that there is such a class. Of course one learns a language by exposure.

A child, abandoned in France, should end up as a French-speaking adult. But a formal college class can only faintly copy such an experience and at the peril of driving the student away from language study altogether.

In a proper university, the student would depart at once and come back to class, if he came back at all, when he'd mastered — with the aid of obliging electronic devices — enough french to understand and be excited by what was going on.

Or better still, he would have a constant informal exposure to a foreign language which came much closer to duplicating experience abroad.

Not that the student in my university wouldn't work. However, I'd like to think that the student spent long hours because he was on to something he just couldn't let go of, and that the flexibility of the university would permit his doing so without interrupting him by vexing matters such as classes.

Our course of study would have a termination, but it would be even more arbitrary than the four-year degree program is now.

It could be determined by one means as well as another — by the financial resources available (an extended period in good years, a shorter period in lean), or by determining when a student actually reached a level of accomplishment.

It would necessarily be a matter of years, for a student needs to see how one year's studies carry over into the next and to experience the kinds of development that can take place only over a year or more.

At such a place of learning, alumni and deserving friends would come back frequently —

Not for reunions and alumni weekends, not for degrees or certificates, but to finish up projects that they had to abandon when they left the first time or to take up studies that years later seem to have great relevance to what they are doing or feeling or wanted to be about.

Properly conducted, universities would be most exciting for those whose additional experience enhances their learning and the university's as well. These returning students would pay for the privilege, and their employers would provide the time.

And when they left, as when they returned, they would be going as students just carrying their learning to another time and place.



photography by
Jerry Shiner

by Frank Liebeck

When Havens talks, he sounds like bad Beckett, and even good Beckett at times is hard to take. Mr Havens' professionalism seems to have suffered a marked decline since last he came upon us from the sunny south. When he sings he goes from good to great. He just doesn't always sing.

His menagerie of hippies entertained the audience for the first twenty minutes of Massey Hall concert with their electronic wit by

pulling out the plug, putting in the plug, stuff like that. The groupies were there, so were the flashbulbs. I was there, so was Grazia. Grazia I haven't seen for two years. I thought she was in Detroit. "I am in Detroit!" she said.

But his guitar and voice, when finally put to use, showed why the place was packed. His folk blues has more soul and mood than any other folk singer's around. Pretty good for somebody with no teeth.

Portnoy's Complaint

reviewed by linda bohnen

Portnoy's Complaint, for those few of you who have not yet heard, is Philip Roth's new novel about Alex Portnoy and his charming mother Sophie. Roth has recorded the funny, obscene diatribe of Alex, stretched out on the analyst's couch inveighing against the Most Awful Jewish Mother who ever was.

What can we say of Sophie Portnoy (nee Ginsky)? Sophie Ginsky, who threatens her six-year-old son with a bread knife when he will not eat his vegetables. Jack (ne Jacob) Portnoy, the most constipated shlemiel of a father who ever was. Jack Portnoy, who eats prunes and All-Bran until they are backing in his throat.

Read about Alex's Revenge (which is also his Curse): you name it and Alex has whacked off into it. His sock(!). His sister's brassiere cup(!). A slab of raw liver destined for the Portnoy dinnertable(!!!) And later into shiksas, beautiful gentile girls with straight fair hair and

straight, small noses. Into the Monkey, the illiterate model girl with the sweetest little pussy in the West.

All of which is to say that Roth has written the funniest and possibly the best novel of the year. (Not that Portnoy's Complaint is flawless. My mother, who is a Jewish mother, but not a Jewish Mother, maintains Roth has his generations wrong: Sophie Portnoy speaks and behaves like an immigrant, not like the graduate of an American high school. Occasionally the narrative circles repetitively instead of spiralling.) I imagine the writing of Portnoy's Complaint as Norman Podhoretz describes it in Making It: Roth agonizing over the typewriter, pumping away at the creative juices, and reaching literary orgasm on the last page. It is, as it were, written from the heart.

Yet for all Portnoy's Complaint's brilliance it is time for Roth to find a new Thing. With this book he comes a full circle back to the old stomping ground of Goodbye, Columbus. The

nerves are more tightly tensed, the voice is shriller; but the substance is much the same. Except that Goodbye, Columbus, and Roth's other books, now seem like prologue. I suspect that Portnoy's Complaint has been a long time in Roth's mind and that he has been for a long time fighting writing it. For Jewish Mothers and Roth make uncomfortable bedfellows. In Goodbye, Columbus he avoided the issue by absenting the hero's parents altogether. In Letting Go the mother is dead and the hero is quite on his own, (though one could argue convincingly that his mother's presence pervades throughout) And When She Was Good seems now even a more desperate and unsuccessful attempt to graduate from The Jewish hang-up.

Towards the end of Portnoy's Complaint Alex cries, "Listen, come to my aid, will you — and quick! Spring me from this role I play of the smothered son in the Jewish joke! Because it's beginning pall a little at thirty-three." Portnoy's Complaint has hopefully sprung Roth.

British

by Alex Cramer

In the space of a week, Toronto has hosted three British blues groups.

John Mayall made his first Toronto appearance and was greeted by enthusiastic fans who had waited a long time for him. I tried talking with him before he went on but he was rather uncommunicative, giving only yes and no answers.

He seems to have developed a rather large ego as he has become more popular. Mayall told me that he wasn't impressed with any other blues groups or musicians. He thought that every blues musician should do only his own stuff. Moreover he said that there aren't any blues bands proper, just musicians supporting one main figure. It is for this reason that he broke up his Bluesbreakers, replacing it with a back-up band.

I wasn't getting very far with Mayall, so I moved over to Mick Taylor, the 20 year old guitarist. Taylor was very friendly and natural. He told me that Peter Green, the former Bluesbreaker guitarist left Mayall because he had to play in the style the chief dictated. Now his Fleetwood Mac, he plays the way he wants, in a very basic earthy manner that gives the band a very distinctive sound.

The Mayall concert was excellent and proved to me that this musician has every right to be

Rhumba



Rhumba

by Dennis Brennan

The rhumba is all follow-through. It's all in the way you leave the dance-floor. Wherever the rhumba gets danced, people will yell, "Let's see some follow-through on that rhumba, hmmm?"

At the old public school dances we were kinda daredevils about this: "Man I'm not gonna follow-through on a stoopid rhumba. . . . Next day we'd get a summons to The Office. The Prince would be down on us: "There have been complaints about the way you hoodlums follow through on your rhumba and the way you left the dance-floor."

Never could figure out what he was talking about. "Now, I want you to clean up your attitude," he'd say.

We could hardly wait for age 16

to get out into the life-factories, get some bucks together, buy one of them Automatic Rhumba Follow-Throughs. Taches right onto yer rhumba. Leave the dance-floor any way you want to, this amazing Automatic Rhumba Follow-Through does the rest.

ON KNOWING ANYBODY — Samovar Charlie rolled over in his barrel. His barrel rolled over in the earth. The earth rolled over on its axis. Its axis rolled over the sun. The sun rolls over in the universe.

Samovar Charlie said, "Man this isn't getting me anywhere." Samovar Charlie's dog came through the weeds, batting and fattening his tail on the burdocks. Samovar Charlie lifted an eyelid. Ughaugh.

"Hello, my dog," he said. The

dog laughed as silently as he could. He actually couldn't believe Samovar Charlie. He was such a yuk.

Samovar Charlie stuck a dirty polished hand out of the barrel and into the earth. The earth quivered. "Hmmm," Samovar Charlie said, "a spring day this time." He looked up and saw his dog looking down at him and he laughed his head off. He couldn't believe that wingy dog. But the dog didn't have to stand there and he ran off to the far corner of the field and got into his chocolate bars. He always brought a few chocolate bars along on a trip.

The sun got into the sky and the dog cranked some Molly-O and relaxed himself and Samovar Charlie got up, polished up his dirt, stepped into the field and did

an amazing rhumba with some old pricker bush.

Then with a sumach tree, a granite-hump with a big nose, and an old wallflower oak. The dog was convulsing on his back, sneezing and laughing. He had got some Molly-O up his snout. Samovar Charlie glanced over from his rhumba and saw the four white-dirty-brown legs jerking around in the air above the old grass.

"I'm playing the field!" Samovar Charlie hollered. "And I don't even know anybody." Samovar Charlie's been following-through all his life and he doesn't know anybody. (Three fields over a farmer was doing a hoe-down in his grapery.)

NOT SO MUCH A DANCE AS A SPELLING MISTAKE — Opened my Oxford, flicked to rhumba. No

rhumba. You can't get anything out of an Oxford dictionary. They had Rhodes Scholar where rhumba should have been: "Holder of scholarship tenable at Oxford. . . ." Now there's the kind of meaning is better left in a dictionary. No use getting that out.

Phoned the Central Intelligence Library. "What's whumba?" They never heard of it either. "How does it spell?" they asked. I had the word written right down. Held it up to my nose and spelt it. It spelled alright: r-h-u-m-b-a.

They said, "In what connection did you find the word?" Made me feel like a plumber. The old plumber phones in to the shop: "Boss? Tsme. On the job here an I found a word in the sewer connection."

So I told them in the sewer and

MAUD'S Column

Maud listens to Dr. John and turns into grape

by Richard Levine

Maud: Oh, I'm so upset. My entire university education has no relevance to everyday life.

R: That's a good point, Maud, pretty mauve-colored girl. Why, only yesterday I was listening to Dr. John's first album, Gris-Gris on the Atco label.

Maud (running off) No, No! Not another weird record. Ahhhhhhhhh!

R (muttering): Now why did she do that? All I wanted to do was to put the needle here and play...

They call me Dr. John,

known as the night tripper,

day-trippin' up and back down the bayou,

I'm the last of the best,

they call me the gris-gris man.

Maud (wandering back): Say, who is that?

R: Oh, it's a group that uses traditional themes and music of New Orleans. The leader, John Freunx, calls himself Dr. John. Did you know that there really was a Dr. John, a well-known medicine man from New Orleans in the middle 1800's, and that Gris-gris (greek) was his worst spell, a sack of peppers and fingernails and hair?

Maud: No.

R: Well, it's all in a book. The French Quarter by Herbert Asbury; Catalogue number F/379 N5/A78/1936. Proof positive, Maud, that Steacie Li-

brary enlightens everyday life. Now you know the meaning of these lyrics.

Put gris-gris on your door-step,

soon you'll be in the gutter,

melt your heart like butter,

eh,eh,eh I can make you stutter.

Maud: Oooh, that music makes me want to slink across the levee, I mean room, I'm forgetting...forgetting all about university.

R: Exactly. Their music is a combination of jazz and traditional deep South instruments — flute, bongos and tambourine. Listen to I Walk on Guilted Splinters. Listen to the Bum-rum-bum sound. That's Harold Battiste, a key member on bass guitar. Then a flute, and the strong melody introduces itself...

All the songs are low-keyed, except for the wild dance Kalinda, originating in Africa and brought to New Orleans with the slaves. Originally, at the chorus Badoo! Badoo! the dancers would leap into the air.

Maud: Well, I like the upbeat Mama Roux, sort of a love song with a cute chorus like voodoo Supremes.

R: The real question, Maud, is why the emphasis in the lyrics on black magic. It might be typical of some High Pop culture, which talks about deeply felt emotion in immediate communication. There is Electric Ladyland, Electric Havens, and now Electric Voo-

doo. The liner notes however are partly an in-joke. Maybe it's a spell. Here, I'll read them...

My group consists of Dr. Poo Pah Doo of Destine tambourine and Dr. Ditmus of Conga, Dr. Boudreux of funky knuckle skins, and Dr. Battiste of scorio in bass clef, Dr. McLean of Mandolin Comp. School, Dr. Mann of Bottle-neck learning Dr. Bolden of the immortal Flute Fleet...

Maud: Stop.

R: I'm frightened...

(POOF!)

There, your silly spell has turned us both into grapes, R, you have a remarkable facility for changing the subject. And it's all because of a silly record completely irrelevant to my education.

R (suddenly serious, though a grape): Listen, Maud, you've missed the point. Consider, for example the birth control books that Excalibur was selling in Founders JCR last Thursday. Did you use your university education to help decide whether to buy a copy?

Maud: Of course not. It's my affair, not York's.

R: So! My point is proven. Now to break the spell...

(POOF!)

I'll see you next week.

Dr. John
Gris-gris
ATCO SD33-234

Blues

proud of his work. Most of the numbers were from his latest album, Blues from Laurel Canyon. Ironically, despite what he said about originality, Mayall did three numbers written by Sonny Boy Williamson, J.B. Levoir, and Albert King.

Savoy Brown is another British blues group just taking off on this continent. Their music is more basic than Mayall. While they also do original material, their best work is traditional blues. Savoy Brown did very long versions of Hooker's Don't Turn Me Away From Your Door and I Want to Boogie. Their best number was Honey Bee, done only with Kevin Summoird's guitar as lead and Charles Peverett's guitar playing as a soft bass.

Jeff Beck goes from blues to rock in a very easy manner. Unfortunately his show at the Electric Circus was marred by rented amps which just didn't work. The Beck group put on a very exciting show, and were good technically, but you had to imagine how they really sound when they have amps that work for them.

While Beck and his band did their best, I think that the spectators, who pay \$4 a head, deserve a better sound. If Beck is going to get a few thousand dollars for the programme, then he can afford to bring his own equipment.



Next Tues., March 18, at 1:00 p.m. there is a free concert in the McLaughlin JCR featuring the MOODS OF MAN, a unique folk duo and indeed dynamic (I am told). Catch it.

Miscellany

by David McCaughna

Peter Bunnett, who conceived of and put together Sanity Circus, has been asked by Simpsons to create a similar type of media-environment for children.

In last week's Globe magazine it is reported that Mordecai Richler is uncertain about what he will be doing next year. Currently finishing a year as writer-in-residence at Sir George Williams, Richler will remain in Canada only if he can be in Montreal or Toronto. To date his only offer has come from Carleton University in Ottawa. It seems like a fine opportunity for York to step in and offer Richler a position on the English faculty. We are getting Irving Layton next year, and there is a rumour that Herbert Marcuse may also come to York. If Mordecai Richler came, York could certainly boast of offering its students some of the most distinguished men around.

On April 4, 5, and 6 Ida Kaminska will be appearing with the Jewish Theatre Company for four performances at the Royal Alexandra. Ida Maninska is a remarkable Polish actress, who headed the Jewish State Theatre of Poland but fled Poland in the recent wave of anti-semitism. Film-goers will recall her touching performance as the old shop-keeper in the film, The Shop On Main Street.

Bantam Books has just published Protest: Man Against Society. Subtitled, An Unorthodox Anthology from the Literature of Dissent, this 95c volume includes works by Ibsen, Thoreau, Martin Luther King, Mario Savio, and Mayor Richard Daley, among others. There is a brief article by Jerry Rubin, the recent visitor to York. In it Rubin explains what he feels the world needs:

"What's needed is a new generation of nuisances, a new generation of people who are freaky, crazy, irrational, sexy, angry, irreligious, childish, and mad.
people who burn draft cards
people who burn dollar bills
people who burn MA and doctoral degrees
people who say: "To hell with your goals"
people who lure the youth with music, pot and lsd
people who proudly carry Vietcong flags
people who re-define reality, who redefine the norm
people who wear funny costumes

people who see property as theft
people who say 'f---' on television
people who break the status-role-title-consumer game
people who have nothing material to lose but their bodies"

If you haven't been to the Electric Circus yet and want to see it you had better go fast. Our correspondent from the pop world reports that the Circus is doing terrible business and may close soon.

Donn Pennebaker who made the film on Bob Dylan, Don't Look Back, is in the process of making one on Leonard Cohen. He has already been to Cohen's home on the Greek island of Hydra for shooting. The film will not be in the same documentary style of the Dylan one but will probably be some type of musical.

Opening this Saturday at the Art Gallery of Ontario is the massive exhibit, Rembrandt and His Pupils. It includes 120 paintings by Rembrandt and his followers and marks the 300th anniversary of the Dutch master's death. Judging from what friends who have seen this exhibit in Montreal have told me, it should be extraordinary.

Richard Nixon is going to end the war in Vietnam by uniting North and South and then redividing them into East and West Vietnam.

Stevan Jovanovich, of McLaughlin, opened his first one-man show Monday night at a private gallery in the college. Mr. Jovanovich's sculpture, Male Dancer and Female Dancer, received an enthusiastic reaction when unveiled.

Stevan Jovanovich is a second-year student who plans to take next year off to work on a novel.

Rhumba

they said in the sewer? and I said in the sewer, here, take a whiff and they snickered. It was pretty surprising to hear a snicker from a mausoleum like the Central Intelligence Library.

You know, Do Not Speak Above a Whisper, Do Not Create Or Destroy A Disturbance, No Loud Neckties or Socks, Do Not Wiggle Your Ears, No Smoking... Now here they were almost cracking up at nothing.

"Hey," I said, "No Smoking an all that, remember?" And they said, "How dijoo know?" And I said, "Oh, I can just smell." That changed the subject as it should.

They said, "A Cuban-Caribbean dance." I said, "What sort of beat does it have?" They said, "It has quite a beat," I said, "What time is it?" They said, "Two-four time." We were getting very businesslike — a bad sign — so I said, "Are you sure we're talking about the same thing?" Then they told me, "Well, you had it spelt wrong, it's r-u-m-b-a. There's no h in rhumba."

Rhumba

Said goodbye to that library pretty fast. I knew we weren't talking about the same thing. If you can't agree about the words you're using, how you gonna communicate?

MEANWHILE IN THE RHUMBA OF THE SUBWAY STATION —

a mouse lives under the traintrack at the lansdowne subway station we've seen him so we know it's true of course it's the kind of living arrangement

a mouse would really rather avoid but Some Mouse Has To Do It and there you are.

Ricky Nixon ordered one padded peanut butter samich and a bottle of cream soda and turned to Kurt Kiesinger and said, "But some mouse has to do it, and here I am." Address all queries to Mouse, President, Lansdowne Subway Station.

HIGH SCHOOL HISTORY — We ueta jump in our Automatic Follow-Thru's an pop across the border of a friday-saturday night, do some serious high school drinking and get into a rhumba or two;

Rhumba

bricks, bottles an chains. Sometimes get carried away, find ourselves in a yankee jail.

The rich kid'd hafta phone up his old snapdragon father for the bail and he'd always put his shirt over the mouthpiece. We were serious high school drinkers at the time. He was worried the old snapdragon might get a whiff of his breath. Because that old snapdragon wasn't exactly a flower about money.

Well, we're all older now, don't do much drinking at all strangely enough, and can't even keep our high-school history straight. Gzample: Alexander Graham Smell invented the smellephone. Now smells can be communicated around the world and up yer block. The globular village.

Ricky Mouse Nixon said, Kurtly, "I was communicating with Hanoi last week, and frankly, I don't like the smell of it. We are very suspicious of their position." As the old bird from kitchen fiction (to be discussed next week) says: "I'm neither hawk nor dove

Rhumba

but tell me. Howcum is it we gotta get inna gange rhumba whiff de Orient?"

THE ATTITUDE IN A LAUNDROMAT — Mairsy Saucerfaucet headed over to the Down Home Laundromat to clean up her attitude as a front to find out what she could about the rhumbian h. The Philosophy Departman was in there washing his knowledge by acquaintance and description. Some tramp was spinning out in a dryer, round and round, not getting anywhere and a funny dog kept putting more dimes in. Everybody stared at him through the dryer window and, not knowing anybody, the tramp just rolled over his eyes at them.

The old plumber fiddled with the knob: "Is zis th' only channel we can get?" The President walked in, disappeared into the Change machine, and a mouse popped out and ran to catch his subway. Miss Saucerfaucet asked the Philofophy Departman, "Is there an h in whumba?" He said, "What the h are you talking

Rhumba

about?" "Yes," she said, "is there one?"

But his washing was done. He didn't have to use the dryer. The knowledge by description was dry as a peanut butter samich in a mausoleum, and the knowledge by acquaintance — what there was of it — was only a little damp behind the fears.

Just then a rhumba started and someone yelled, "Would you kindly get your nasty Province of Nova Scotia off my statistics?!" There were bent numbers all over the floor. A gentleman seemed to have dropped his laundry trying to load it into a washer. "Don't talk that way about Down Home, buddy!" he said. Mairsy Saucerfaucet had to leave.

THE RHUMBA GOES UNTAUGHT

Unfortunately, this week's lesson seems to have bogged down in a question of spelling or something. So while it would be premature to urge that you put some rhumba in your life, I would urge you to at least put it in your dictionary.

THE ELECTRIC CIRCUITS
spoken on CKFH

BLATANT
COMMERCIAL
COME-ON



I want you to hook on The Electric Circus

small print → I will invest \$1.50 a head to entice you
The date is March 13, Thursday, at 8pm
The place is 99 Queen E (between Jarvis & Church)
The group is Children of God

tear jerker → Since we lay bread on Children of God,
our mimes, fire-eater, dancers, trapeze flier
and others who hang around, and on our
light-show crew and their chicks, we ask
you to give \$1.50 to help that night (regular \$3!!!)

slow curve → This is a special for YORK students only
so show your student card or we charge you double
(you can fast-talk one guest in at the special half price).

subtle pitch → come

on March 13

York flies solo at half price

Boy's Village

a study by
Don McKay



The day school, to be opened in 1968, will accommodate 40 children who live in the community.

The emotionally disturbed child lives alienated in a world of turmoil. Mass media have made violence and upset every day occurrences in the lives of all children, but the emotionally disturbed child can find no escape, since he himself is a centre of mental turmoil and confusion. He shows his feelings towards his disappointing life in many ways such as violence and aggression or by becoming a pool of silence refusing contact with the world around him.

Boy's Village, a multi-faceted treatment centre for emotionally disturbed boys, has developed as an excellent educational and research centre in an effort to provide a completely versatile approach to fulfill the needs of the disturbed child.

The agency provides a child guidance clinic, a day school a residence program, a group home, a specialized foster home, a day camp, family counselling, a home care program, a school consultation program, as well as a research department which was developed under the guidance of York's Dr. Frederick Elkin. Each area is staffed by a team of well trained personnel from many clinical approaches. A typical treatment team may include a psychiatrist, social workers, and child care workers.

The most important aspect of any Village project is the child. Although this is a rational approach, it is surprisingly unique. Many children's treatment centres seem to have greater concerns for the welfare and problems of the staff than they do for the problems of the child.

The first program instituted by the Village was the residence program. A new residence for eleven boys has been open since 1966. The boys are severely disturbed and cannot cope with their own homes or foster homes. The boys attend local schools. A consistent daily plan is prepared for each boy and this plan is carried out by a psychiatrist, case workers, child care workers and a few volunteers who assist in recreation programmes. The residence employs two students (one from York) who are responsible for night supervision. Many of the volunteers are students as well. A crucial element of the success of the treatment is a continuing informal staff education program. Staff members

have a continual opportunity to consult with senior staff for discussion of the children and the treatment methods. On a more formal basis the Village has offered field training for students from teaching bodies such as Guelph University, Ryerson, Waterloo-Lutheran and the Provincial Institutes of Trades.

Boys, having completed residential treatment but unsuited for placement in regular foster homes are given after-care in the Boy's Village Group Home. Under the direction of highly qualified foster parents it offers a permanent stable home for four boys until they reach adulthood.

Along similar lines the Village supervises a specialized foster home that has facilities to provide a family setting for four boys. Both these homes employ relief workers who are students.

Day School

The day school is designed for the treatment of children who cannot function in a normal school system, because of behaviour problems. The treatment team headed by a psychiatrist includes caseworkers, teachers, and child care workers. The school follows the academic program of the North York Board. Presently housed in portables, the school will soon move

to a new building near the residence on Shepard Ave.

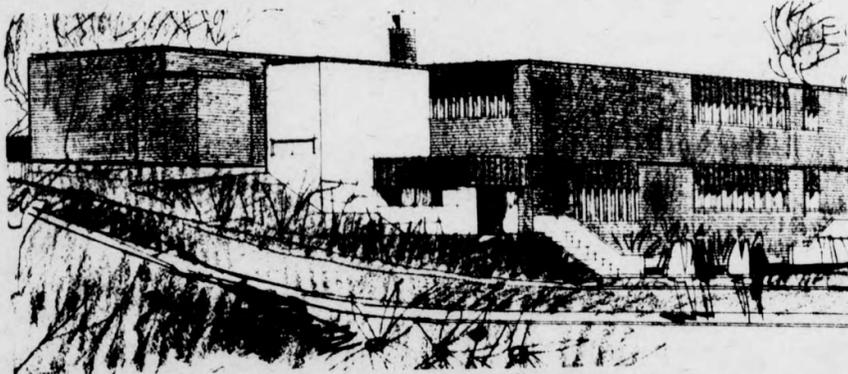
In conjunction with three local schools the Village has organized a program to assist boys and girls with emotional problems within a regular classroom. The child's teacher will be given information on the handling of the child in the classroom and often referrals to other Boy's Village programs or other community agencies result from the school consultation.

A day camp is used as an assessment instrument by the Village and other agencies wanting to find out more about a child and his problems. The needs of some day school boys are met during the summer at the camp also. Assessment is carried out in the framework of a typical camp program. The camp, directed by the child guidance clinic, is staffed by a social worker, student counsellors, and child care workers. In addition as many as six elementary school teachers, take an active role in the camp as part of a course designed to give them insight into detecting and handling the disturbed child in their classroom.

Boy's Village serves the community as an educational and treatment centre, but most important it is a source of understanding and guidance for children lost in today's turmoil.

Don McKay is a third-year Founders student.

photo by Toronto Daily Star.



Architect's drawing by Pentland, Baker, and Polson.

On Campus

College councils, academic departments, clubs — here is your chance to have FREE notices in this paper. Please include place, time, the sponsoring organization, and an interesting explanation of the event. Deliver or mail to ON CAMPUS, EXCALIBUR, T42, STEACIE SCIENCE LIBRARY. Or phone 635-3800. Deadline is Tuesday at 3:00 p.m.

Thursday March 13.

FILM. "Mickey One." Room E, Stedman Lecture Halls at 10:00 a.m. and 4:00 p.m.
YUFA GENERAL MEETING. Room 118, Winters College at 12:00 noon.
FILM. Don Owen's early (1964) film about the third largest jazz center in North America is entitled "Toronto Jazz." Room 009F, Steacie Library at 12:30 p.m.
NOON HOUR CONCERT. The Bill Kennedy Sextet will be performing in Vanier Junior Common Room at 1:00 p.m.
NOON HOUR CONCERT. The University of Toronto Faculty of Music Student String Quartet will provide entertainment in Vanier Common Room at 1:30 p.m.
YORK SOCIETY OF PSYCHOLOGY STUDENTS. Dr. Paul Stager will lead a seminar on "Simulation Techniques For The Study Of Decision Making." Room 291, Behavioural Science Bldg. at 2:00 p.m.
TELEVISION INTERVIEW. Dr. B. Quarrington, Dept. of Psychology, will be interviewed by Norm Perry on the topic of "Depression" on CFTO-TV, Channel 9 at 2:30 p.m.
SUMMER LEARNING EXPERIENCE MEETING. The aim of the meeting is to form a group that will meet regularly to analyse their summer job experiences and the experiences during their school year. SCM Room, McLaughlin 203 at 3:00 p.m.
BEER AND SHERRY PARTY. The party for all graduate students, M.B.A.s and Faculty will take place in the Graduate Colloquium Room, Stedman Lecture Halls from 5:00 until 11:30 p.m.
"HAMLET." The play which is presented by the Glendon College Dramatic Arts Programme, is directed by Michael Gregory. Tickets are available at the door or telephone either 635-2370 or 487-6175. Burton Auditorium at 8:30 p.m.
FILM. "Les Lyceens Chez Eux." Room 102, Humanities Bldg. at 4:00 p.m.
FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCE COUNCIL MEETING. Room S137, Humanities Bldg. at 4:30 p.m.
RADIO YORK SPECIAL. Listen at 3:00 p.m. to the nearest Radio York outlet to a discussion between Duncan McKie and Dr. David Bakan concerning a plan for restructuring university. Bob Wolfe moderates. Also a short reminder: Radio York broadcasts 9 a.m. — 4 p.m. weekdays.

Monday March 17.

BIOLOGY SEMINAR. Dr. B. Loughton, Assistant Professor, York University, will be speaking on "The Fate of Haemolymph Proteins In Locusta." Room 320, Farquharson Bldg. at 4:00 p.m.

Tuesday March 18.

SUMMER '69: CHALLENGE TO INVOLVEMENT: Christian Movement For Peace International Work Camps. Type of Project: Twenty people from various countries study and work together on volunteer social project in Europe and USA. Eligibility: Students and young adults (18-30). Finances: You pay travel to camp (\$280 to Europe); food and accommodation provided by camp. Duration: Camp, three weeks; travel in Europe, five weeks. July-August. If interested, come to meet the CMP representatives in SCM Room, McLaughlin 203, from noon until 1:00 p.m.
FILM SERIES. The film series, entitled "Between Two Wars", consists of three half-hour films on Canadian history from edited newsreel footage. The first two films, "The Good Bright Days, 1919-1927" and "Sunshine and Eclipse, 1927-1934", will be shown in Room 009F, Steacie Library at 12:30 p.m.
"MODES OF MAN." This is the title given to a C.B.C. recording session, featuring Jim Johnson, a guitarist and Harry Aoki, a bass player, presenting folk music from around the world. McLaughlin J.C.R. at 1:00 p.m.
PSYCHOLOGY SEMINAR. Dr. Bruno Kohn will conduct a seminar on "Split Brain Experiments." Slides will also be shown. Sponsored by the Society of Psychology Students. Room 291, Behavioural Science Bldg. at 3:00 p.m.
PHILOSOPHY MEETING. All philosophy students and possible philosophy students are urged to attend the meeting. The faculty has made several proposals regarding student representation which the union executive has accepted, subject to ratification by the union as a whole. The purpose of the meeting will be to discuss these proposals and elect representatives for next year to sit on the faculty committees. Vanier Common Room at 7:00 p.m.

Friday March 14.

SKI TRIP. Those going to Georgian Peaks for the ski club's last trip, meet outside of Founders College at 7:30 a.m.
NOON HOUR CONCERT. The Bill Kennedy Sextet, Glendon College Dining Hall, 1:00 p.m.
DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN LITERATURE. The Dept. of Foreign Literature invites students interested in the Degree Programmes and curriculum of the Dept., to come to a discussion. The courses offered in English by the Dept., i.e. Spanish 250, German 250, Russian 250 and 350, will also be the subject to discussion. Vanier Masters' Dining Room between 12 noon and 3:00 p.m.
FILM. "Inert Gas Compounds." Room B, Stedman Lecture Halls at 2:15 p.m.
YORK SOCIETY OF PSYCHOLOGY STUDENTS. Dr. Murray G. Ross, President, York University, will lead a discussion on "The Role Of The Student In A University." Room 291, Behavioural Science Bldg. at 2:45 p.m.
"HAMLET." Burton Auditorium at 8:30 p.m.

Saturday March 15.

"HAMLET." Burton Auditorium at 8:30 p.m.

Sunday March 16.

PERFORMING ARTS SERIES. The arts series presents "Hamlet", directed by Michael Gregory. Burton Auditorium at 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday March 19.

GUEST SPEAKER. Tom Harpur, a U. of T. professor, moderator of CFGM's radio hotline, "Harpur's Heaven and Hell" and a CBC television panelist, will speak on "The Medium, The Message and The Mistake." Sponsored by the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship. McLaughlin J.C.R. at 1:00 p.m.
PSYCHOLOGY SEMINAR. Dr. David Bakan will conduct a seminar on "The Psychology of Student Unrest." Vanier Masters' Dining Hall at 12 noon.
FILM. "Les Mariage de Figaro." Sponsored by the Dept., of French Literature. Room N102, Humanities Bldg. at 3:00 p.m.
PHYSICS SEMINAR. M. Sachs, State University of New York, will speak on "Physical Implications of a Generalized Version of General Relativity." Room 317, Petrie Bldg. at 4:00 p.m.

GENERAL

RIDE BOARD. This board, set up by the YSF in the library, is a map of North America, divided into districts. Students wanting rides or offering rides are requested to fill out the provided slips, and attach them to the board.

INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL CARDS, offered by CUS, cost \$2.00 to CUS members, and entitle the holder to price reductions in many European centres. They can be obtained in the YSF office, A-11, TOB.

PF0UR by Pfeifer. Vanier Residence Common Room. Sponsored by the Vanier Art Committee. March 10-28.

INTERMEDIA ART EXHIBIT. Modern sculpture exhibit by John McEwen until March 28, Room OII, Founders Basement. Monday to Friday from 11 till 4. Saturday 12 till 4.

NEW LIBRARY HOURS. During the month of March, Steacie Science Library and Leslie Frost Library will extend their hours of operation on an experimental basis. Beginning today, both libraries will remain open until 4:00 a.m. Monday through Friday. The weekend schedule will remain unchanged. From 10:30 p.m. until 4:00 a.m., there will be no reference, circulation or reserve book service.



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MALE, and interested in sharing a suite in Winters residence for the summer? Call Jeff Solway 630-9115

THESIS TYPING. 50c page 459-3938 after 6 p.m.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY RUTH! SEE YOU THIS WEEKEND!

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Canadian Gymnastic Championships

Men place fourth, women second

McMaster University was the scene of the Women's and Men's National Invitational Intercollegiate Gymnastics Championships on March 7 and 8.

The women's team from the University of British Columbia, led by Canada's #1 female gymnast, Sandra Hartley, placed first in the team competition.

York University took second place, followed by teams from University of Western Ontario, St. Francis Xavier, University of Ottawa, Alberta and Queen's.

Preliminaries were held on Friday in beam, free exercise, vaulting and unevens. Three of York's gymnasts qualified for the finals — Barb Thompson in all four events, Tory McLeod in free exercise and Carol Ferguson in beam.

The final results saw Sandra Hartley of British Columbia winning first place in beam, floor exercise and vaulting. York University's Barb Thompson placed first in the unevens and second in the other three events.

Sandra Hartley placed first in the all-round competition scoring 35.10 points with Barb Thompson placing second with 32.95 points.

The York University members were Barb Thompson, Carol Ferguson, Shirley Rutherford, Tory McLeod and Joan Henderson. The girls were coached by Mr. Boris Bajin.

Prospects for next year look excellent as all team members except Joan are first year students.

While the women were competing,

the York men were taking on the top gymnasts from 11 universities across Canada.

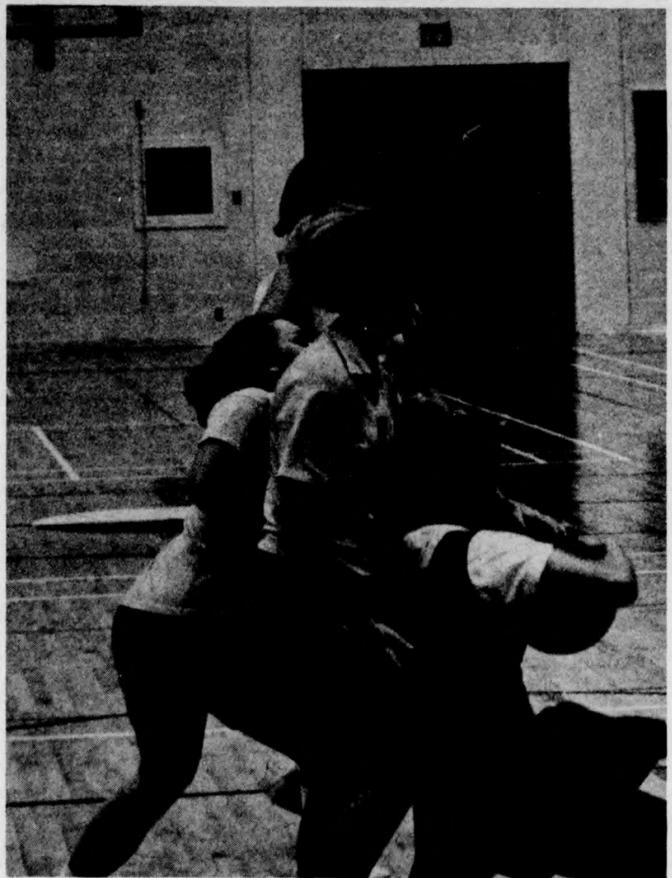
The preliminaries were held on Friday in rings, high bar, vaulting, free exercise, parallels and side horse. Tom Kinsman was the only York man to qualify for the finals. He qualified for four events out of the possible six, missing high bar (by one place) and vaulting.

The final results saw Tom winning a silver medal in the free exercise, and placing sixth overall in Canada.

The York team was made up of three freshmen, Steve Welyemenko, Larry Bialogreski, Wayne Arthurs, and Tom Kinsman, a second year physical education major. They combined to finish fourth behind the Universities of Alberta, Montreal and Toronto respectively.

York's coach, Mr. Tom Zivic should be commended for directing the team in its first year of existence to a fourth place finish.

The York delegation left the eleven team opposition with the realization that York would soon be number one in Canada.



It really isn't long until it's that time again.

Hey! Excalibur staffers. Listen, you birds. Don't forget staff pictures will be taken Thursday 5 pm. Come to Excalibur office.

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Intercollege athletics wrap-up

The winter-type Intercollege sports have drawn to an end for this year.

In the Table-Tennis Championships, Founders College team was the overall winner. In the singles matches, they lost only the Men's singles. Founders won the only doubles match, narrowly beating Winters.

In the overall standing by points, Founders were the champions by a margin of two points over McLaughlin.

The Founders team was represented by Robert Liburd, Sastri Beharry, Maria Groth, Andrew Morgan and Ken Maksymetz.

In men's hockey, Vanier came powerfully out of third place to upset second place McLaughlin and then first place Founders. In the final playoffs (a best two out of three series) against the regular season leader Founders, the victory for Vanier was only decided in an overtime period of the third game.

The final standings were Vanier, Founders, McLaughlin, Glendon, and last and least, Winters.

The members of Vanier team were (you can stop reading here if you don't like anybody in Vanier, 'cause everybody in Vanier is on the team) Chuck Kochman, Irv Feldman, Ian Fairleigh, Bob Dick, Ralf Gould, Henry Horouski, Murray Ponet, Don Gunning, Norm Shumka, Don Spence, Brian Twohig and Tom Wicks.

A bunch of hell raisers from Founders won the Women's Hockey Championships. That wasn't surprising though considering that

this hardy group had always dominated the feminine art of hockey at York this year.

The lovelies that came behind were from McLaughlin, Winters, and Glendon. Those transvestites from Glendon didn't even make it into the finals. (The last sentence was entered to help improve feelings between the two York campuses.)

In Curling Glendon showed the rest of the colleges just how the game is played. Well, at least the colleges which entered the competitions.

Glendon finished the tournament with 4 points followed by Winters, with two points, and Founders with zip.

In Badminton the Ladies Singles was won by Janet Toppin of Founders College. She was followed by Eva Hill of Winters and Lesley Barnett of Glendon. As far as the Men's Singles went, the champion was Saul Swartz of Winters. He was followed by Doug Owens of Vanier and Barry Skully from Founders.

Ladies Doubles honours went to Mary-Ann Proctor and Carol Hanna of Glendon. Doubles competitions for the men were taken by Wayne Clutterbuck and Don Patterson of Winters College.

Mixed Doubles honours went to Doug Owens and Nancy Bahniuk of Vanier College.

In the overall standings Winters found themselves in front of the pack with 39 points, with their next closest rival Founders with 33 points.

Winters also won the champion-

ship in the Basketball Tourny for Women. The Winters team finished ahead of second place Vanier and third place Founders.

The Squash competitions again put Glendon into the front line of Inter-college sports, but only narrowly. The Glendon team finished with 16 points, one point ahead of Founders and three ahead of Vanier.

That pretty well ties it up for Inter-College sports for this year.

Remember you don't have to be a sport to have a good one.

Hockey Yeomen finish fourth

York's hockey Yeomen recently completed their season; a year which saw resounding success but yet ended in disaster. York's big win of the year came on December 9, when the Yeomen upset the mighty Varsity Blues 3-2. The University of Toronto has since lost only one game and last weekend won the Canadian inter-collegiate championship.

The regular season also started well. At one point York with a record of four wins and one loss and looked like a threat for the OIAA championship. The team cooled off, however, in the second half of the season losing four of five games and falling from second to fourth place in the six team league.

Final Standings

| | W | L | T | F | A | Pts |
|-------------|---|----|---|----|----|-----|
| Laurentian | 8 | 2 | 0 | 69 | 36 | 16 |
| Waterloo-Lu | 7 | 3 | 0 | 46 | 24 | 14 |
| Ryerson | 7 | 3 | 0 | 43 | 35 | 14 |
| York | 5 | 5 | 0 | 35 | 40 | 10 |
| Osgoode | 3 | 7 | 0 | 48 | 70 | 6 |
| Brock | 0 | 10 | 0 | 42 | 79 | 0 |

HELP!

GIRLS needed for Founders Women's Athletic Council to help organize or publicize the intercollegiate and intramural sports for year 1969-70. If you think you'll be here next year and if you're interested, please contact Tamy Ruhmann at 635-7032 or leave your name at the Founders College Students Council Office. (025).

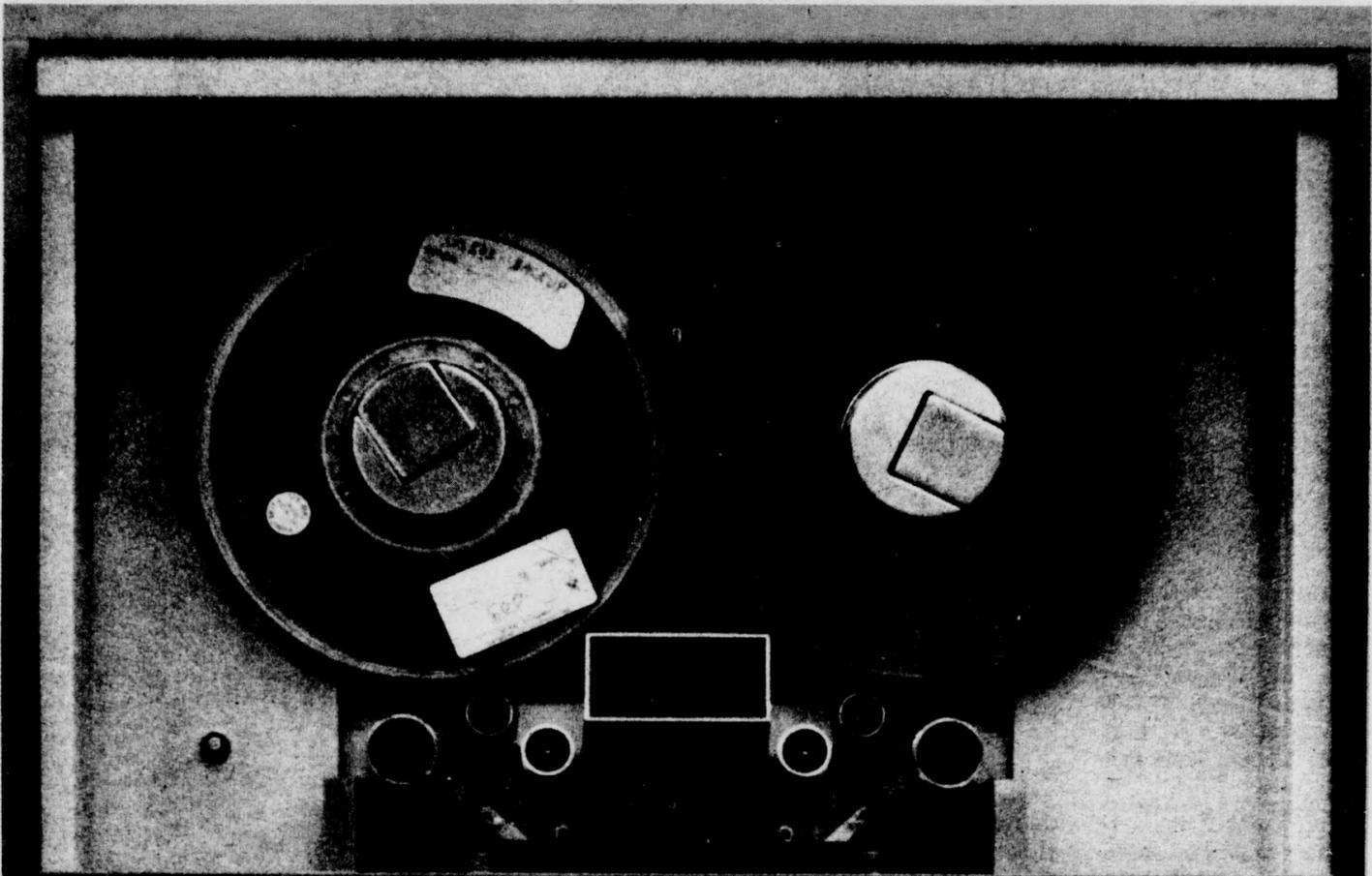


Intercollege Sports.

photo by Jerry Shiner

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