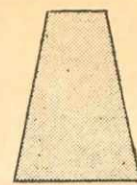


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Classroom Clamp-down

Quebec purges

On Friday, January 8, the Quebec Teachers Corporation has criticized the provincial education department for its handling of an investigation into alleged political indoctrination in classrooms.

In a statement on Friday, January 8, the 70,000-member teachers' union called the issue a "leaking political football," and said: "An administration which is not even capable of dealing with a few complaints in an organization of 100,000 teachers without resorting to publicity tricks is obviously in an alarming situation."

The day before, Education minister Guy St. Pierre was quoted as saying 50 teachers would be brought before a special committee investigating the political activity of teachers in classrooms. The setting up of this committee came about in December, when Education Minister Guy St. Pierre announced four measures designed to tighten the screws on radical teachers, in public schools and at the universities.

The four measures are:

1. nomination of a commissioner of inquiry whose job will be to receive complaints from parents and school administrators about teachers "abusing" their positions for the purposes of spreading "political propaganda" or "indoctrinating their students."

2. warnings to the rectors of universities, directors of CEGEPS (junior colleges) and school commissioners to stop these "abuses", and a threat that if they don't the minister will personally interfere.

3. institution of mechanisms to control the work of teachers to be sure they do not use their links with students to propagandize.

4. creation of a joint committee of representatives of the teachers, the school commissions and the minister to draw

(continued page 2)

Math dept. moves to remove three

by Lloyd Buchinski

An internationally known researcher and professor in the field of mathematics, Dr. F. W. Lawvere, is being dismissed from Dalhousie "in a move which rings of McCarthyism" as The 4th Estate sees it. A graduate student and possibly a second math instructor will also go.

Academic ability is not being questioned and is not given as a reason for dismissal in any of the three cases.

No definite reasons were given for not renewing Lawvere's contract. Reasons discussed and discarded included the content of his Math 304 course. The general consensus of the department seemed to be that "the mathematical content of the course is sound." The disruption of a meeting on campus was also discussed, but Dr. A. J.

Tingley denied that this was the reason for the decision of the Appointments Committee.

Since no real reasons, academic or otherwise, have been given for Lawvere's dismissal, it seems to be based largely on personal prejudices. The fact that Lawvere has been labeled a Maoist may have influenced the decision.

In the minutes of the departmental meeting held on Dec. 14, Lawvere was told in a statement prepared by Tingley that "as far as I know, persons not offered further contracts in these circumstances need be given no reasons and have no basis for appeal."

Although there is no appeal, the math department was allowed to vote on the matter, and OKed the decision 18 to 13, with 2 abstentions.

Tingley was willing to give his reasons, which seem a little

vague. "The presence of Dr. Lawvere in the department causes stresses and strains to the detriment of its proper functioning." and "he has to some extent used a class for a political forum." The class referred to here is Math 304.

Although Tingley listed the class as one of his reasons for supporting Lawvere's dismissal, he makes other comments about the class during the discussion. The minutes record that "A. J. Tingley suggested that the discussion of Math 304 is irrelevant to the question concerned, as it had no real influence on the decision of the Appointments Committee." And later, "A. J. Tingley reiterated that discussion of Math 304 serves no useful purpose."

The fact that graduate and honors students of the Department of Mathematics passed a motion supporting Lawvere did not seem to influence the department or Dr. Tingley.

Last year, Dr. Lawvere accepted a \$60,000 grant from the National Research Council (the highest they can award) for three years of research at Dalhousie. The remaining \$40,000 will be transferred to any university at which Lawvere decides to teach if he stays in Canada, and will be entirely withheld if he leaves.

"Peanuts", according to Dean MacLean, in comparison to Dal's total budget, but a convenient if small monetary measure of what the university is willing to sacrifice in order to support its political stand.

Dr. Lawvere has won international recognition as a mathematician while still in his early thirties.

Many eminent mathematicians from around the world have come to Dalhousie to study with him and these too may be sacrificed with his firing.

Greg Neumann, who is a Maoist, has also run into trouble with the math department. A

(continued page 8)

National protest Jan. 22

Poor people organize

by Brian Jamieson

"We, the delegates of the Poor Peoples Conference, call upon individuals and groups across the nation to join with us on January 25 in a day of national protest. We call upon welfare and working poor from coast to coast to join together to initiate a day of national solidarity to show their anger and disapproval of Trudeau's Unjust Society. Ministerial conferences and white papers are totally inadequate! ACT NOW."

This statement came out of the final session of the Poor Peoples Conference (PPC), held at the Lord Simcoe Hotel in Toronto on Jan. 7, 8, 9, and 10. The purpose of the conference was to organize the various minority groups in Canada into a national unit, with common aims and action. It was felt that a large number of groups acting

together could perform more effectively than a number of smaller groups acting separately.

The theme of unity, although strained at times, was held throughout the conference. The Maritimes' delegation, for example, had a set of delegates representing all the minority groups in the region.

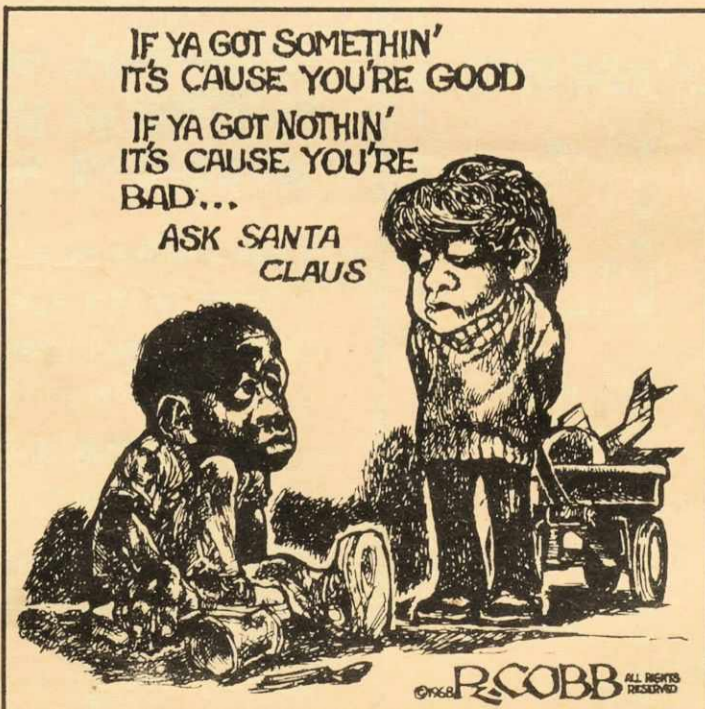
The PPC grew from discussions of the National Council of Welfare, a 21-person advisory board to the Minister of Health and Welfare. As a result of three meetings, it was decided to call for a four-day conference of "Representatives of low income and disadvantaged groups concerned with the problems of welfare, to discuss ways in which such groups can most effectively advance these concerns."

The budget went from \$50,000 to \$68,500 to allow for more

participation. Two hundred delegates were expected and 350 expressed a desire to attend.

The entire organization and planning was done by poor

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Quebec purges

(continued from 1)

up a "code of ethics" defining the relationship between teacher and student.

As of Friday the education department said only about 10 complaints of teachers allegedly using the classroom as a forum for political indoctrination would be investigated further by the



committee.

The department said the figure of 50 teachers was a rough one based on a misunderstanding.

The QTC is demanding that teachers involved be fully informed about the complaints, that they be allowed recourse to the civil courts, and that they be accompanied by a person of their choice in any interview with the special government committee set up to investigate the complaints.

The head of this special committee, Rev. Gerard Dion, a professor at Laval University, volunteered his help two years ago to the Simon Fraser University administration when they were purging the Political Science, Sociology and Anthropology Department. As well, he aided in the preparation of the anti-labor Woods Report.

Squamish

(continued from 7)

Pasedenia last Saturday (Jan. 16).

Led by quarter frump Jake Hillowitz, the Tigers scored with six seconds left in the game to snatch the game out of the hands of the USC Meanies.

Hillowitz kicked the pritzz (ball made out of untreated ajax hide stuffed with blue jay feathers) over the pritzz line to give the Tigers the last minute victory.

Hillowitz scored 22 of the Tiger's points in his standout performance. Half nibbling Erich Goodsport scored the other 14 points for the Tigers. Dummy Hal Glogger was also instrumental in the win as it was he who forced the meanies into a state of near hysteria by exposing the third eye embedded in his chest, making them unable to hold onto their hooks.

You too can be

The 'In' Crowd

Interested in working for the SUB? Or on a committee as a student representative? Or even as editor of the Gazette?

Applications are now open for the positions of Internal Affairs Secretary of the Student Union, the Gazette editorship, and for student reps on the Scholarship Committee of the Faculty of Arts and Science, the Committee on Studies, and the Curriculum Committee.

The Internal Affairs Secretary's term is from February 1 to March 1. The editor's term is from February 1 until the same date next year. Student reps on faculty committees would be on the job until next spring as well.

Inquiries about what the jobs of Internal Affairs Secretary and Gazette editor entail can be made at the Student Council office.

The Scholarship Committee is composed of six members from the Faculty of Health, and the Awards Officer. Two student representatives are needed for this committee, which determines scholarship policy and awards scholarships.

The Committee on Studies consists of five voting faculty members, two voting students,

and several non-voting members. It deals with unusual cases in student programs, safeguards faculty regulations and makes recommendations on regulations to the faculty.

The Curriculum Committee of the Faculty of Arts and Science is composed of 6 members. It requires two additional student members. This committee evaluates undergraduate courses.

Anyone interested in these positions should apply in writing to the Student Union office on the second floor of the SUB before January 31.

For those interested in student politics, remember that Student Council Elections will be held February 17.

Rock opera

(continued from 6)

support anyway. But what does need support in the opera is the author's sketchy ideas about the real nature of Jesus Christ and the translation of an ancient mass phenomenon into modern terms. The result is instant cliché. Calling Jesus a Superstar is a ridiculous attempt to make mundane and merely popular that which was, and is, deeply spiritual and supernatural.

The production itself is a gorgeous recording. The mixing was done with care and finesse and the result is a sound which is clear and well-balanced. Superstar is an unnecessary album-Rock music and rock music fans could easily live without it. The new rock opera contributes little to the genre it claims to belong to and the whole thing smells of cultural rip-off, frankly.

A time to decide

Part of growing up is choosing the right steps to take. The day you walk away from your old oxfords in a new pair of heels probably comes around the time you face an important question: how to take the problems out of those problem days that happen every month.

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Built in Canada

The New Brunswick government is believed to be in favor of having the Halifax School for the Blind located in Amherst where both blind and deaf students would be living under one roof.

"This would be a tragedy of

School for the Blind, expressed his view on the suggested move to Amherst. "I don't like the idea at all. We have medical centers here and we have readers — they would be hard to obtain in Amherst. The environment would not be con-

young."

"Our academic curriculum is the same as that in the public schools," Stanbury said. "We have been criticized for not having a vocational training programme. To the best of my knowledge, no school for the

government will take this matter up with the board at an early date," Stanbury said.

BRAM, headed by former students of the Halifax school, makes their point more bluntly. "The education departments of the four Atlantic provinces must wake up to the fact that their policies of herding blind people into a 19th century asylum, and paying little attention to them thereafter, is a gross violation of the rights of Canadian children to proper education opportunities."

"We have no quarrels with

with the facilities and imagination. However, Trivett said, there are unpleasant surroundings especially in the dining hall which is located under a stair-well. During a conducted tour of the school some months ago, Rev. Trivett noticed a great contrast between the boys' and girls' dormitories. The girls' dormitories were well painted, happy and pleasant. In the boys' dormitories there were holes in the doors of lockers, floor and bed blankets. "A resemblance to a 'flop house'," Rev. Trivett said.

BRAM Opposes Blinds'

the first order because it would negate what the school has been trying to do throughout its history, namely to integrate the visually handicapped into a type of community to which they are accustomed, namely an urban setting where employment is available. So why regress by going into comparative isolation?" said Mr. L. Legg, principal of the Halifax School for the Blind.

"The facilities offered by the city of Halifax are of immeasurable value," Legg said. "Between the blind and the deaf there is no communication. It would be like gang warfare between both factions if the move to integrate both the blind and the deaf took place."

Terry Kelly, a student at the

ducive to modern society. We would lose "good" teachers we already have."

Norman Stanbury, Chairman of the Board of Management of the Halifax School for the Blind, said the members of the Board

by Martin Dalley

are seriously opposed to moving to Amherst. "This would be disastrous," he said. "Blind people, on leaving the school, nearly always live in an urban atmosphere where their future employment most probably lies, and the time for them to learn how to protect themselves in the traffic and crush of city milieu is when they are

blind in Canada has such a programme, as this field is the responsibility of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind."

However, the Blind Rights Action Movement (BRAM) feel that the responsibility of a vocational training programme is with the school. In fact, the only vocational training programme at the Blind School is piano tuning, and the number of piano tuning graduates is very small. A number of these graduates are unemployed.

The controversy over the need for a new school has been going on for the past five years.

"The previous government was sympathetic to our needs. They were reaching a point of decision and we believe the new

Move to Amherst

the old or new government. The old government was understanding and helpful," Stanbury said.

Rev. Don Trivett, an active member of BRAM, referred to the suggestion of moving the school to Amherst as creating an idea of disabled people who can't speak or see. They should experience normal society, he said.

At the present time, there is a wing not in use at the Inter-provincial School for the Deaf at Amherst. This would be fitted out for the blind students.

"There are facilities of some sort as I have been told," Rev. Trivett said.

The school is doing all it can

Conditions which exist at the school are not the fault of the staff, but the lack of specialists, Trivett said. "During the tour the staff were most open and helpful, yet I felt they were reluctant to speak to blind members of BRAM."

The Blind Rights Action Movement has pressured the government even though it was taking action to obtain a new school.

BRAM has good intentions in regard to blind students' future. Their methods seem to be breaking down the structure of different segments of the administration, said a student at the school.

Benevolent Dictatorship?

The democratic structures of Dal Radio have been eliminated and replaced by what might be called a benevolent dictatorship — for the good of the radio station.

At a staff meeting January 14th, Dave Smith, in his new role as Chairman, announced that the former executive had approved a change in the station's heretofore democratically-run operations. From now on, the chairman will have overall authority.

Subordinate to the chairman is an operating committee, whose five members will be

selected by Smith, after reviewing applications. Applications have also been received for positions of department directors, but their identity is not yet known.

Conceding the fact that Dal Radio progressed from a "helter-skelter" operation to an "almost helter-skelter" operation over the summer months, Smith nevertheless feels that the sloppy and lackadaisical work now being produced must be removed.

Other members of the former executive echoed Smith's feelings. Dave Weldon, tem-

porary station director, said, "I am sick, tired, disappointed, and disillusioned with Dal Radio, its executive-staff relations, and the general attitude of Dal Radio members towards Dal Radio, its facilities and its fellow members." He cited "egocentric programming jocks" as one of the prime reasons for the drastic structural change.

Radio Technical Director Fred Mattocks said that members have turned the studios into "a \$100,000 playpen." He also noted that over half of this year's budget will be spent on replacing damaged equipment.

Complaints were also registered by Bob Switzer, the Chief Librarian, concerning lousy programming and ignorance of different types of music.

Precise job definitions have not been decided as yet, except for the fact that the operating committee will assist the Chairman in making station policy.

The directors of departments will have no real say in the functioning of the station, but will operate their departments under the instructions of the Chairman and the Committee.

According to Smith, Dal Radio needs creative people with new ideas to join. They, like the present members, will be trained and tested before going on the air.

The United Voice

The Atlantic Association of University Broadcasters is on the move.

First plans for the association were laid in 1969, but little progress was made. At the instigation of Radio UNB, interested stations met again, last November, and finally set the wheels in motion.

The purpose of the association is to promote co-operation among Atlantic university radio stations, and to work for the ultimate benefit and voice of its members. A.A.U.B. will create a united voice, giving members more bargaining power with record and radio equipment companies. It will also be feasible to apply to the CRTC (Canadian Radio and Television Commission) for such things as FM licenses.

With close to 50,000 listeners throughout Maritime universities, the impetus to provide better programming is being felt in all Atlantic centres. The next rap session is slated for U.P.E.I. starting February 5th.

The CUP Saga

by Glen Wannamaker

This December staffers from the Dal Gazette attended the Canadian University Press national conference in Naramata (near Penticton), B.C. The following is a Maritimer's-eye view of this annual excursion.

They came in ones and twos; they came in threes and fours; they even came in fives and sixes. And then they were a multitude, singing praises to the stewardess of Pacific Western Airlines — "One of our safety features is this oxygen mask, though it is extremely doubtful that you will ever have to use it. . ."

They stormed Penticton International Airport and raided the outdoor baggage terminal, before commandeering several busses. Then . . . as the sun set slowly into Lake Okanagan, beautiful downtown Naramata Centre lit up like a giant firefly in a rain-storm.

Yes, Naramata Centre, British Columbia, site of the 33rd National Conference of Canadian University Press, was a sight to behold — for the native of *Ecum Secum*, sin capital of Nova Scotia.

* *

We arrived in mid-afternoon December 27th and got down to business rather quickly, with the opening plenary at dinnertime and a seminar on what CUP was, is, and hopes to be.

What it is now is an organization of university and college newspapers. CUP has a national executive, in Ottawa, as well as field secretaries who roam the country doing their best to improve member papers. Its purpose is to provide relevant features on any number of important subjects, and generally to provide news coverage in a way that is not done in the regular media — in other words, an alternate medium.

(continued page 8)

by Al Pittman

In the summer of 1967 I sat in the kitchen of a fisherman's home on the island of Merasheen in Newfoundland's Placentia Bay. The fisherman, Anthony Wilson, had seen my wife and me walking down the road past his bungalow and, because we were strangers, had invited us in for a cup of tea.

In Newfoundland "tea" means a fully laid table including linen cloth, the best china in the house, home made bread, a variety of wild berry jams, a platter of luncheon meat, and always a jar of molasses. After we had gorged ourselves on Mrs. Wilson's "tea", Anthony broke out a bottle of rum. He had had the rum "come in" by mail boat two weeks before and had ever since kept it hidden in the bedroom only to be opened on the day of the annual garden party three days hence. Anthony, however, decided that having strangers in was excuse enough to break the rule and promptly produced a bottle of black demerara. For an hour we passed the bottle back and forth across the width of the kitchen table and talked of Merasheen.

Merasheen lies about five miles off the west shore of Placentia Bay on Newfoundland's southeast coast. Most of the island's inhabitants live on the island's southern end in the villages of Merasheen, Little Merasheen, and Hickey's Bottom. The villages are located in three adjacent harbours, affording the fishermen of the place a choice of landings when weather conditions prevent them from "going in" to their usual moorings. Behind the villages lie the barren sheep-dotted hills of Merasheen which give the island its bleak naked appearance. Beyond the hills, however, there are miles of barrens where caribou roam out of reach of the guns of American big game hunters who come in droves to Newfoundland each autumn. Though the people of Merasheen feast on rabbit stew and caribou steaks in season, their livelihood is harvested out of the dark Atlantic waters that are everywhere around them. The silent rhythm of the sea is the rhythm in which the people of Merasheen have lived since man first set foot on the island's rugged perimeter.

My father was born in Merasheen in 1907 and I was born thirty-three years later in the tiny village of St. Leonard's just across the bay. I had gone there that summer with my wife to put all the stories my father and mother had ever told me into their proper setting. I had been taken out of the bay before I was six months old, and though I knew Chapel Pond and the Jawbones, and Soldier's Point, and the Jigging Cove, and St. Kyran's like the palm of my hand, I had never seen any of them. So I went that summer to see where my father had come from, where my mother had come from, and where, most of all, I had come from.

"Sounds like a hard way to make a living," I said when Anthony had finished telling of one particularly rough time he'd had in winter fishing.

"Well, I'll tell ye Phonse," he replied, "it's the devil's own handiwork befores, but once ye leave off on a summer morning, heading out, with the sun just peeping up, the skiff cutting clean in the water, and all that shiny sea stretching out ahead of ye to westward, well Phonse, ye go out one morning like that and ye can put up with winter fishing the rest of your life."

It wasn't at all the sort of thing I would have expected from the weather-beaten, granite giant of a man sitting across the table from me. Yet, when he said it, it rang so true I felt a sudden surge of sadness rise up within me, for as we sat talking, we, all of us, knew that this would be the last summer Anthony Wilson or anybody else would "head out" from Merasheen.

Centralization, Premier Joseph Smallwood's plan to "drag Newfoundland kicking and screaming into the twentieth century", had already taken its toll in Placentia Bay. St. Leonard's, St. Kyran's, Clattice Harbour, St. Anne's, Toslow and numerous other villages were already being reclaimed by the wilderness into which they had been etched some hundred years ago.

The "livyers" had been paid a subsidy to move to a "better life" in places like Marystown and Placentia, where, they were promised, there would be jobs galore, and motor cars, and television sets, and better educational facilities for their children.

If such well-timed persuasions as these failed to move the people, the church lent a helping hand. If closed down schools and churches and took away the priests. Inevitably the latter did the trick. The people of the Placentia Bay outports could do without cars, and supermarkets, and television sets, but being as religious and as superstitious as they happen to be, they could no more think of living where there was no priest than they could think of living inland. So they moved.

From all the villages of the bay they moved to the government designated "growth centres" where they discovered, too late, that the only growth was the growth in population — the result of their own mass migration. Too often they found the worth of their subsidy not nearly enough to replace the homes they had left behind in the coves and on the islands. Too often they found that the promised jobs were nonexistent. In Placentia, for instance, where so many of them were sent, they found that houses were hard to come by, and jobs even harder. The only sources of

employment in the town were the Canadian National coastal boat terminal and the American naval station at Argentia. But cutbacks in the CN coastal service (now that there were fewer outports to serve) and the closing down of the U.S. military base left fewer employment opportunities than ever before.

And now there was talk of Merasheen. It seemed there was nothing Anthony Wilson or anyone else could do about it. The government fish plant was closing down, therefore there'd be no market for their fish. They could as they did for years before the fish plant opened, take their catch to Wareham's in Harbour Buffett. But Wareham's too were curtailing operations because there weren't enough fishermen left in the outports to supply them with sufficient fish to maintain operations.

In addition to closing down the fish plant, the government would also halt operation of the dynamos that had, for the past few years, delivered electricity to the island's homes. The school had already closed. And the priest was leaving in the fall. So the people of Merasheen would have to move. What else could they do?

Anthony Wilson didn't want to go. He had his own home, and a comfortable and sturdy dwelling it was too. He had a garden out back where his wife grew turnips, potatoes, carrots, beets, cabbage, and a variety of currants and gooseberries. And when I suggested that his fishing take would probably do no

more than pay for the gear, he said, "No, Phonse me son, we does a bit better than that."

And when his wife went to the bedroom and returned with the new clothes she had bought by mail order for the children and herself so that they might look "fine" on the day of the garden party, it wasn't hard to tell that the pleasure of the newly acquired finery was in no way diminished by the thought of payments, installments, or "time" as Newfoundlanders refer to credit.

But they would go. There was no other way. Mike Casey would go too, and his wife Elizabeth, though she kept saying over and over that they would have to drag her away.

Stan Ennish and his son Andrew would go too, though they owned the best boat in the bay and Andrew was as good a "fish-killer" as his father.

And George Wilson would go too, Skipper George Wilson, white haired, as tall and dignified as a church spire, skin the texture of rawhide, "bread 'n' buttered" there some eighty odd years ago, a legend in his time, father to Anthony, village elder, as gentle as the waves lapping the shores below his house, as rough as the rock that threw the sea back upon itself when it erupted with all its fury upon the Jawbones. He would go too. Go leaving his wife's grave to the delinquent sheep. Leaving all he would have passed on to his sons to the wind and the rain and the sea. Would go leaving

everything but his memory and his old man's heart. But he would go.

"I could see it", Anthony said, passing the bottle, "I could see it maybe if they moved us all into St. Kyran's or anyplace downthere in the bay. There's good harbours, the fish is here, and the men is here what can catch 'em too. I can see they wants bigger schools. I understands that. We been having hard enough time 'gettin' a teacher to come here and they only stays a year at the most. I can see the priest wanting one church to look after 'stead of a whole bunch of 'em. God knows, he has it hard going at it all the time. And a lot of priests don't like it in the bay no more. Well, they isn't fishermen so's I don't know ye could blame 'em any. All the same though, I can't for the life of 'me see why they shifts us to Placentia. Ye knows yourself there's no living to be made there. The base is closing down bit by bit. Where's the men going to work, I asks. A man can't fish outa Placentia, that's for certain and for sure."

I took a long swig on the bottle and regretted that we couldn't stay for the garden party on Sunday. If I had my time back now, I would have stayed no matter what. But at the time the significance of it all passed me by. It didn't strike me as it should have that this garden party would be the last ever to be held in Merasheen. It would be the end of a tradition that went

back before my father's father's time. The end of a way of life.

The morning after our visit with Anthony we walked past the parish hall and saw the tarpaulin booths all in a row in the church yard. Sunday they would be ringed by little girls in floral print dresses; by the men of the place, coat pockets bulging with bottles, Sunday tweed caps angled on their heads; by women with babies on their hips, white aprons looking altogether fine in the outdoors; by young girls with the dishes already done and for the first time in three days no rollers in their hair, flirting openly with the Peters and Andrews and Jims of Merasheen; by the boys who made root beer from extract and carried it in bottles, as druck as their fathers in their fantasies.

Sunday the booths would house ice-cream in heavy canvas khaki bags, wheels of fortune, cabbage-roll dinners, ticket peddlers, bean bags, balloons and darts, sacks for the sack race, ropes for the three-legged race, steaming boilers of good things to eat, coca cola in cases, peanut butter kisses, licorice, and home-knit scarves and caps and socks and mitts to be won as prizes.

But that morning the booths stood empty, their sides slapping noisily in the wind, as they had on that same morning for hundreds of years past.

The devil was there too, looking very much out of place in the middle of the empty yard. On Sunday every man and boy in Merasheen would take a crack at

knocking his head off. How long ago was it that some expert young "chucker" first knocked the devil's head off, sent it rolling beneath the feet of the crowd, heralding good tidings for the people of Merasheen?

We left the parish ground and went over the hill into Hickery's Bottom. Mike Casey came then and invited us "come to 'ave a shave and to meet the missus." As we walked along the beach road, Mike pointed out to me the precise spot where my grandfather's house used to be, and the path he used to take "luggin' 'is long tom", going into the barrens to get rabbits.

I could see my father, a little boy, running up the path at dusk to greet him, tall like timber, coming home from a day's hunting on the barrens with his long tom over his shoulder and a brace of rabbits dangling at his side. A vigorous man, still vigorous after a day's trip on the barrens, tossing his young son high into the air and carrying him secure on his shoulder to the house.

"I'm too old to be going anywhere's at my age", Mike said as we sat in his kitchen nipping on his garden party rum. It seemed the invitation to shave was just an excuse to having strangers in to get at the rum without his wife objecting.

"What the jesus ye expect a man my age to be doing in Placentia, I ask. Lived right here all me born days. Ain't no time to be gallivantin' around at my age."

So he talked on through half the bottle of dark rum, but he would go too. Would go to Placentia or wherever and spend the rest of his days remembering the times back home. What else was there for him to do?

"They's 'll have to drag me", said his Elizabeth with the defiance of a young whippersnapper being sent off to school to repeat a grade.

"They's 'll have to drag me. Without they do, I'll not be going very far. They's 'll have to drag me is all."

She knew in the fall, when the time came, she'd be packing the old clock and her good linen and the quilt her mother gave her for a wedding gift, and she knew in the fall, when the time came, she'd be going too. But she wasn't about to admit it. Not yet. Not until she had to.

In the afternoon we met Stan Ennis. He had heard that Phonse Pittman's son was in and came out to find him. He did find us soon enough and invited us up to his place for a "drop 'o rum".

"One time," he said, "Phonse was coming over from St. Leonard's to play football, and we was in the same boat together, and I 'ad a bottle o' rum on board, and I passed 'er around to all leaving Phonse out because 'e being the school teacher I didn't know as it'd be right to ask 'im to 'ave a drop, and I been mindin' a long time that it weren't right not offerin' 'im a drop so I wants ye to come up to the 'ouse and 'ave that drop 'o rum that yer father should of 'ad that day."

So we went up to Stan's and had hot toddies — boiling water and sugar laced with black rum, good for what ails ye whether ye be man or beast.

"Don't know what I'll be doing to 'er," Stan said when I asked him what would become of his boat if he had to move off the island.

"Don't allow as I'll be able to sell 'er. Ain't no one'll be left to use 'er anyways as far as I can see."

The hot toddy was fit for a king.

"Always was good fish in the bay, leastwise up 'ere. Man could always make a livin' at the fish. But if they takes the plant, my God, what's the use of catchin' 'em."

So Stan Ennis, the most renowned fish-killer in the bay, would be leaving Merasheen, and his son Andrew would be leaving with him.

"Ere's to your father, Phonse, as fine a man as ever broke a cake of the world's bread. Tell 'im I gave 'is son the drop 'o rum I owed to 'im."

The next morning the coastal boat Petitforte came in as she was scheduled to, doubling back on the bay run, and we went aboard.

It seemed the whole of Merasheen came to see us off. Men, women, and children crowding the small wharf, waving and wishing us well, and saying it was too bad we couldn't stay for the garden party.

Just as the CN boys were pulling the ropes, preparing to set off, a short stocky man in blue serge, pipe in the corner of his mouth, face eroded like a cliff, came over to ramp, walked straight up to me, and, very businesslike, introduced himself.

"I didn't get to have a chat with ye while ye were in which I'm sorry about but I used to know yer father right well when we was young, fished together, first trip for the both of us, didn't want it said that Phonse Pittman's boy was in and I never got to say hello to him."

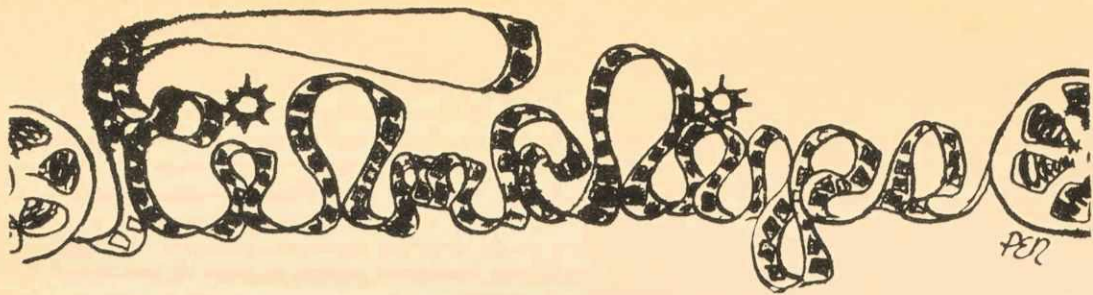
The whistle blew then and he went back over the ramp as suddenly as he had come. Back on the wharf he merged with all the other pipe smoking blue serge that stood hands in pockets waiting for us to shove off.

The people of Merasheen, as warm as we'd always remember them, stood there and waved us away. They waved us past Soldiers Point and out to the Jawbones where we could see crosses almost everywhere upon the cliffs marking the spots where men of the outports had run foul of the sunkeners and gone down in the sea that was at once their sustenance and deprivation, their life and their death.

credit: Mysterious East



MERASHEEN: DEATH OF AN OUTPORT



by Steve Mills

If you go to a lot of movies like I do, you've undoubtedly noticed that prices have increased drastically. In the past few years, adult admission prices have gone from \$1.25 to \$1.75 and I imagine it will soon be up to \$2.00. Now if you're paying that much for a motion picture, you'd like to make sure it's worth it — right? That's reason enough for an article on how you can know if a movie's good.

First of all, a clarification of terms. By a good movie I mean one you can enjoy. What you enjoy depends on what kind of movie-goer you are and that depends on what kind of person you are. Naturally, there are as many kinds of people as there are people. (How's that for deep thinking!)

Fortunately, there are only two types of movie-goers — film fanatic types like myself who make it a habit to see as many flicks as they can and average people types who go to a movie only once in a while. Both types need some guide to

movies as they (unfortunately) pay the same price.

Reviews provide the main guideline, of course, and if you read as many as possible you'll get the best idea of what's happening with regard to the movies under consideration.

Reviewers run the gamut from Time's sarcastic phrase jugglers to Variety's commercial observers to Sight and Sound's screen scholars. Read them all — most are short and to the point — and form your own opinion.

Of course, familiar methods of evaluation, like talking to friends who've seen pictures, noting stars and directors, etc. should not be ignored. No method should be ignored in the search for quality and truth!!

A final word — see every Canadian film more as a matter of observing an evolving medium than a show of patriotism. Also, keep glued to the Gazette and we'll try and keep you clued on cinematic matters.

Rock opera — cultural Rip-off

Jesus Christ, Superstar, the rock opera written after the success of Tommy, will be presented Friday at 12:30 in the SUB Green Room as part of a week-long series of discussions and entertainment sponsored by the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship.

The following review was written by Brian Pearl of the Excalibur.

Released in time to be a Christmas gift under thousands of freaky evergreens, the rock-opera Jesus Christ, Superstar is a highly polished, professional technical effort which, unfortunately, lacks the organizing genius of a brilliant composer. The creators of the opera, or rather those responsible for it, are Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice, two itinerant musicians who, intrigued by the success of Tommy by The Who earlier in the year and wishing to find themselves a bag, decided to write and produce a rock opera either on the Cuban Missile Crisis or the Gospels. However they made their choice (by tossing the I Ching, one hopes)

Superstar was recorded in England under the aegis of Decca records, producers and generous profit-makers of the aforementioned Tommy.

The two-album set has some good music and some good lyrics, and occasionally, the two occur together. The opening song, Heaven on Their Minds, is very much the best on the album for a number of reasons. First of all, the song works extremely well as the introduction to the opera and its central character, Judas Iscariot. For those of you who think Jesus is the central figure, guess again. Judas is the focus of attention far more often than Jesus, and by the end of the opera, I really came to understand the motives of the self-important, cynical, socially conscience-stricken betrayer of that hero of millions.

Jesus is an enigmatic, aloof and prophetic figure who lacks flesh and blood because of the author's insistence that he be the figure of awesome proportions at the centre of the actions. What happens instead

is a ghost-like Christ that nobody really knows, not even Mary Magdalene.

The performers are all from the better British rock bands, like Deep Purple, the Joe Cocker Greaseband and many others. They play competently, and sometimes they seem to be inspired by the music, but the lack of a brilliant composer really limits their efforts to backing the singers, who have to carry the show. The singers are also established musicians with professional groups, but I can't tell you where they all come from, just that they're all pretty good. Fortunately, Murray Head and Ian Gillan, who sing the roles of Judas and Jesus using all their considerable talents, carry the plot, which doesn't need much

(continued page 2)

The world's a stage



This week, the Gazette talks to "Inherit the Wind" actors, Rick Archambault and Peter Harvison. They are hard at work, rehearsing for the 19th, 20th and 21st of March production nights.



RICK ARCHAMBAULT

Rick plays Mr. Bannister, a member of the jury in the play. A second year Political Science major from Middleton, N.S., he has had a little acting experience in high school.

Bannister is one of the generally ignorant and closed-minded townspeople who condemn progress without listening to reason, says Rick.

His role is one of the harder ones to play as there are few lines, but a lot of stage time. Throughout the second act, Bannister is in the audience as part of the jury. This means he has to sustain the role while surrounded by people who are not part of the immediate cast. At the same time, however, he must involve the people around him for the audience is expected to play the dual roles of jury and onlookers.

PETER HARVISON

"A former political hack, I now find myself cast as

another political hack, the Mayor," says ex-SUB Affairs Secretary, Peter Harvison.

The second year law student noted that "the Mayor is a clever and shrewd politician. In the original monkey trial case, upon which this play is based, it appears that the mayor of Dayton carefully exploited the passions of the period in order to achieve publicity for his community. In other words, the whole trial was a set-up."

Harvison's experience in acting has not been what one would call extensive. "I played the bug in my grade 6 class' production of 'Snug as a Bug in a Rug'". He also played a dinosaur in Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth."



"My part was a small one, and I had one line "Gronk" and I gronked in the wrong place," says Peter. "In this production I have ten times as much to say. I'm looking forward to opening night."

DGDS CHANGES NAME

As a footnote, DGDS is no more — as a name that is. At the last Students' Council meeting, the name was changed officially to Dalhousie Musical and Dramatical Society (DMDS).

Reach Out

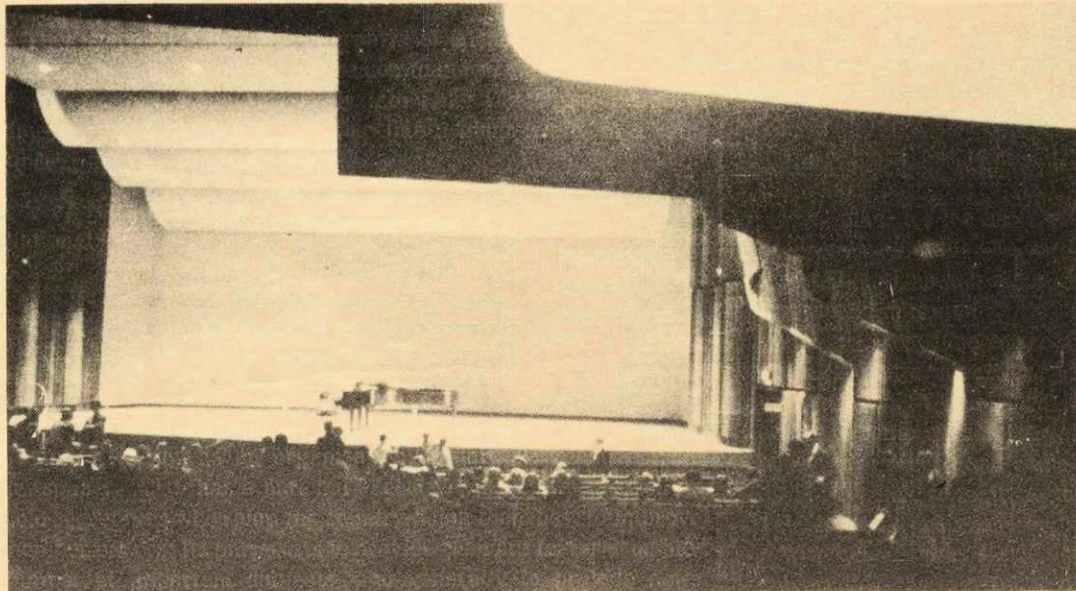
IMPORTANT!

Urgent meeting of all tutors Mon., 1st Feb., 7:00 McInnes Room.

Please, bring along a short report on the progress of your student.

If you can't make it, ring

Christine Ghose
835-9129



The spanking new Dalhousie Arts Centre opened last Sunday after a long delay. All future cultural events will be held in its Rebecca Cohn auditorium, shown above. Watch the Gazette for details about what's happening.



Tigers waltz to victory

BASKETBALL
by Brian Miller

A common expression that shows up frequently in athletics is, "putting it all together". The terminology represents successful execution of duties by all team members usually resulting in a victory. That essentially is the story of Saturday night's game against the University of New Brunswick.

Coach Yarr is carrying ten players on this year's basketball team and during the game every one played in the lopsided 97-56 win by the Tigers. All phases of the Tiger's game were outstanding as they frequently stole the ball on defence and methodically gained points. The stolen balls were the spoils of

aggressive defence while the substantial amounts of points followed efficient passing and accurate shooting.

The high scorer for the evening was Steve Bezanson with 24 points. For UNB Dave English had 19 points to lead the outplayed Red Raisers. Aside from Bezanson's fine play, Bruce Bourassa and Mike Flynn controlled the backboards with their rebounding. Peter Sprogis, who in earlier games tended to be offensively minded seemed to burn his efforts to defence and made several superb plays.

The mood of the game could best be described as quiet satisfaction. The expectations of the university for this year's team have not been particularly high but in this game you somehow felt the crowd and players were saying, "maybe we're not that bad after all". Regardless of the psychology of the game, the fact is, the team has improved substantially from the first of the season and the upcoming games should be looked forward to with optimism.

Due to a communications breakdown, we are unable to present Interfac Roundup this week. However, a picture is worth a thousand words. Hope you enjoy it.



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AROUND HALIFAX

FRIDAY, JAN. 22
— ISA Chinese movie (English sub. titles) —
The Crazy Swordsman midnight.

MONDAY, JAN. 25
— 3:30 p.m. Rm. 113 Weldon Bldg.
Mathematics Colloquium — Prof. Ellis L. Johnson.
— 2:30 p.m. Rm. 117 Dunn Sc. Bldg.
"Distribution of Benthonic Foraminifera, Halifax Harbour"

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 27
— 7:00 p.m. Weldon Law Bldg. "Drugs and the Classroom"

THURSDAY, JAN. 28
— Rm. 117 Dunn Sc. Bldg. — Public Lecture by **Dr. H. B. S. Cooke** on Pre-History.
— Dal Film Society. 7:30 p.m. McInnis Rm. **The Idiot.**

FRIDAY, JAN. 29
— Canadian Mime Theatre Concert Series - 8:30 p.m.

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Squamish

Dalhousie University defeated the University of Southern California in the North American 43 man Squamish championships 36-35 in

(continued page 2)



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Poor organize for stronger action . . .

(continued from pg. 1)

people, and only poor people were allowed to be in attendance at the conference.

After the usual initial jockeying for position, the conference eventually broke into workshops to discuss the business at hand.

Exploitation of the poor by the rich, the disadvantages of the poor before the law, and how they can be dealt with, police injustness when dealing with the poor, problems of unemployment, problems of Canada's native people, the physically handicapped, and prison conditions were some of the topics discussed.

Workshops on law studied the effects of the law on the poor. Probably the most important result of these workshops was the realization that the poor must change the laws themselves as no one else has the need or the resources.

The resolution passed stated: "The legal profession has failed the poor . . . we wish to penetrate the monopoly of the legal profession which jealously guards the law as its exclusive territory."

"We therefore reject the traditional indifferent legal aid system and recommend the institution of aggressive poverty law . . . In struggling against unjust laws the poor (shall) collectively pressure and challenge the courts and rely on the power of the collective strength and force necessary changes in the restructuring of our society."

The workshops also condemned the police for their treatment of the poor. They agreed that what might look like equality on the law books is not really so. There is a greater financial strain on the poor, who cannot afford the calibre of legal aid available to the more affluent.

Housing, one of the major problems for low-income families, was studied at length in the workshops. It was decided to form a national tenants union to attempt to alleviate the problem and re-adjust the laws dealing with landlord-tenant relationships, now strongly biased in favour of the landlord.

They also dealt with discrimination in housing and the profiteering attitude of provincial and federal housing commissions, which they felt to be rampant across Canada.

Another major problem discussed was unemployment in Canada. At present, em-

ployment is the lowest in thirteen years. In the Maritimes, one out of twelve people are out of work, not counting the chronic unemployed.

The delegates charged that the federal government under Trudeau and Finance Minister Benson has deliberately created unemployment and poverty in a "cold and heartless manner".

The unemployment resolution stated: The sorry record of Trudeau's government makes it quite clear that it represents the interests of big business and foreign corporations rather than the people of this country.

"The conference voted to establish a committee to develop a program to alleviate unemployment. They also recommended that the Canada

Manpower service be expanded and modified to provide more job training and better services."

The native people of Canada are one of the poorest socio-economic groups in this country. The workshops found there had been discrimination on the part of welfare people against the native peoples, which they felt should be im-

mediately rectified.

They recommended better housing and representation on a national level for the native populace. It was also felt that there should be greater rights for the Metis population of Canada.

A general statement accusing the government of representing the monied interests rather than the interests of the people was issued at the end of the conference.

To follow up on the national conference, there will be a Poor Peoples Conference for the Halifax area to inform the people about the national conference and begin the work decided upon in Ottawa. The conference will be held on January 22, at Saint Patricks Church Hall.

"First they arrested the Communists — but I was not a Communist, so I did nothing. Then they came for the Social Democrats — but I was not a Social Democrat, so I did nothing. Then they arrested the trade unionists — and I did nothing because I was not one. And then they came for the Jews and then the Catholics, but I was neither a Jew nor a Catholic and I did nothing. At last they came and arrested me — and there was no one left to do anything about it."

Dal math moves . . .

(continued from pg. 1)

graduate student at Dal, he introduced a speaker in a class he taught at the transition year level.

When he was told by Dr. Tingley that he did not have the authority to bring in a speaker (Neumann had not been told of this before) he said that he "would like to look into it". Dr. Tingley replied that he required an answer immediately, and when Neumann again requested time to think about it, he was told to consider himself relieved of his teaching duties.

Dr. Menon, a quiet person who is described as "a very humble man" by one of his colleagues, was refused tenure after he asked Dr. Tingley "whether he was acting as chairman of the department or as a representative of the RCMP when he voted against reappointment" (of Lawvere). Rumor is that there may be a

connection between this remark and the department's refusal to grant him tenure.

Dr. Tingley and Dean MacLean refused to comment on Menon's case and Dr. Menon quite understandably does not wish to discuss it as "my case is under reconsideration".

Other sources would not be first hand, but one thing is clear. Something important is happening here that is being kept from the students of Dal. The only way to find out is to bug the people who know. (Hopefully, 6000 phone calls will produce some positive results.)

Appendix C

Motion at a regular meeting of the graduate and honors students of the Department of Mathematics, Dec. 7, 1970.

We, the graduate and honors students of the Mathematics Department of Dalhousie University, consider that Dr. F. W. Lawvere's mathematical teaching and research is very valuable for the Dalhousie mathematical community as well as for Dalhousie University's international reputation. On this ground we propose the renewal of his appointment.

We feel that Dr. Lawvere's political activities should in no way affect the considerations of his reappointment.

Copies of this proposal should be sent to the chairman of the Department, Dr. Tingley, the Dean of Arts and Science, the Dean of Graduate Studies, and the President of the University. Passed by majority.

Cup Saga

(continued from pg. 3)

Many of the seminars concerned journalism of course, but there were others on Quebec, on American control of Canada, and on the Indian minority, with some truly fascinating speakers. Arnold Sternadka of the Alberta Metis Association rapped about Red Power, Bill Levant of the University of Saskatchewan, Jim Harding and Leo Johnson from the University of Waterloo took swipes at the US with the full support of nearly all cuppers, and Roch Denis, from the weekly Quebec-Presse, took a hard second look at the future of Quebec.

With wine served almost every night at dinner, everyone was in high spirits, and seemed eager to tackle the problems at hand. But also, it had to end some time.

* * *

On January 2nd, the sun set slowly into Lake Okanagan (as it does every night). To preserve the spirit of the 33rd, a last piece of cake was ripped off, a last "right on" was shouted, and a last "correct line" was correctly stated.

With the strength of thousands (because our ideology was pure), we again stormed the Penticton International Airport with more courage and more determination than ever before. Worry beads, the salvation of men and women, had been discovered. With these, we liberated Naramata, we liberated PWA. . . tomorrow Ecum Secum!

Hold your worry beads high fellow cuppers! Hold your worry beads high! And REMEMBER THE 33rd!!