

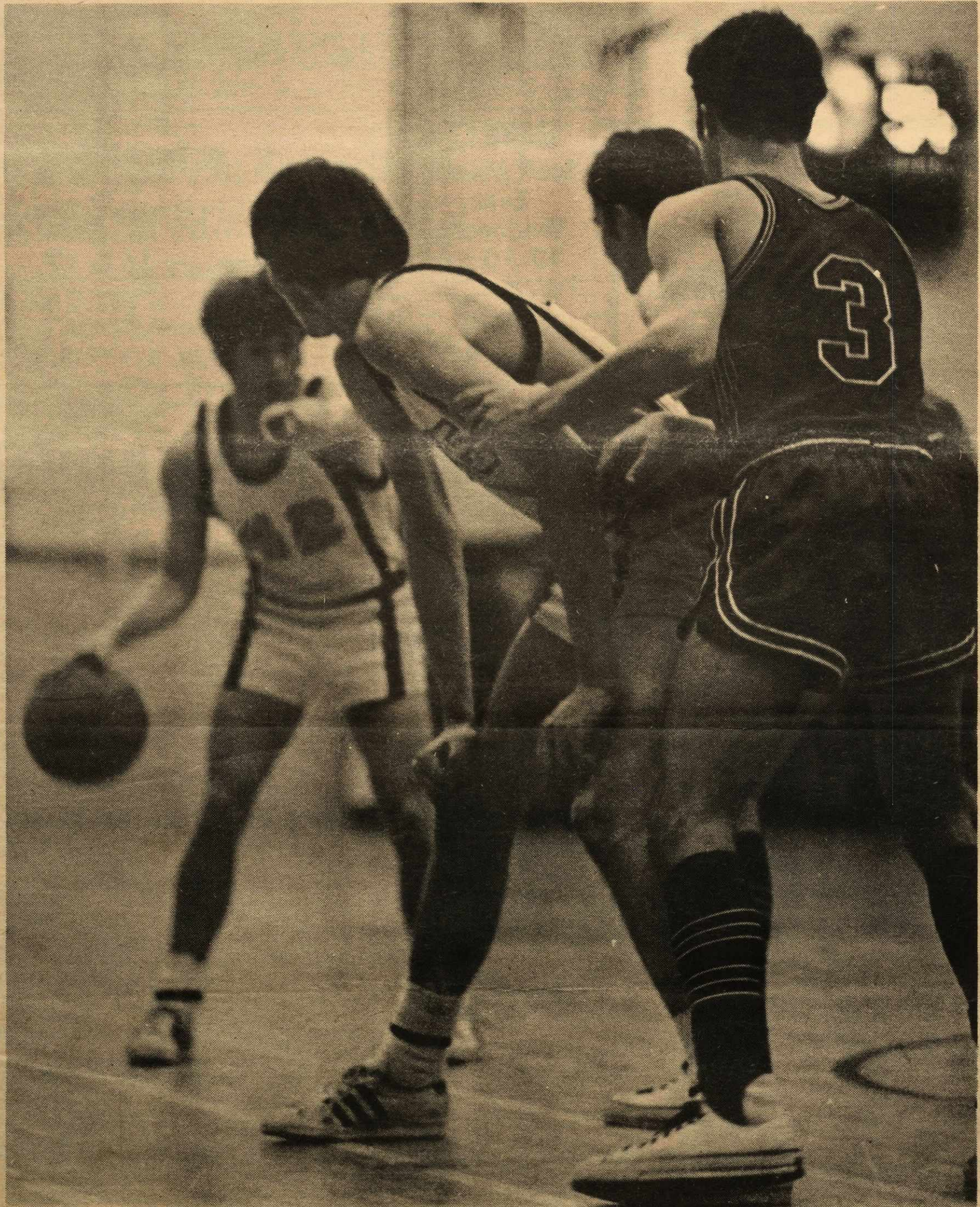
Dalhousie Gazette

Vol. 102

Halifax N.S.

Number 16

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FOUND - Several pairs of ladies and gents gloves have been found on the campus. Owners may claim same by visiting Room 38 A&A Building

FOUND - A number of keys have been found. Owners may claim same by visiting Room 38 A&A Building.

Announcements

The Dalhousie University Chess Club will meet Thursday, February 12, 12:45 - 1:30 in Room 328 SUB. All

interested students in chess are welcome. Instructions will be offered for beginners.

Campus Organizations wishing publicity should bring written information to Gazette Office no later than Tuesday 5 o'clock for publication in the following Monday's edition. Free service of the Gazette to campus organizations.

Apartment Wanted

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Campbell, White for V.P.

Kimber, Mitchell will seek presidency

The race for student council president moves into the second preliminary stage. Two teams have declared their candidacy and are now seeking out support for their platforms among students and groups on campus.

Steve Kimber, a former editor of the Gazette and D. A. Campbell, this year's Internal Affairs Secretary, are running on a restructuring and democratization ticket. "Students must make decisions that affect their lives," Kimber told the Gazette.

D. A. said that she and Steve had spent a lot of time discussing the direction they think the union should take in the next year, and what con-

crete steps need to be taken for a better student university.

"We both agree that for example, council members should be given a certain area which is their own, and they are responsible for what goes on campus in their particular field. That way we could have student body meetings on definite issues and have a council member there who knows enough about it to tell the students what is going on and listen to what they have to say."

Their platform calls for regular student body meetings to review and discuss actions of the Council, with final decisions being in the hands of the students. The students could initiate legislation as well.

Their policy also calls for aid to course unions, greater involvement in the community, adherence to the principle of an elected executive with only the Treasurer serving as an appointed post, and rotation of Council meetings to various areas of the campus.

Lee Mitchell a third year Arts student and first year Med student Peter White the other declared candidates for President and Vice President. They are planning a "substantially different style campaign," as Mitchell put it. They are running on a party basis, offering a full slate of candidates on their platform.

"Like most of the candidates this

year, we want to see a more democratically-based student government, Mitchell said.

They visualize course unions being the focus of this new system. These unions could set up councils in their various fields, such as the health professions, and elect Students' Council representatives from them, explained Mitchell. The councils would look after "the localized fears of these councils," he said. Faculties could retain the old method if they wished.

Also on their list of changes is a restructuring of the campus police. Mitchell wants them to expand their services under a student directorate, consisting of a Students' Council member and two students elected by the student body.

Neither Mitchell or White have had experience in student affairs before.

"If I thought it was going to be detrimental to the student body, I wouldn't run," he said. "It really doesn't enter into it."

His organization of supporters and candidates have had some experience working on committees and other student bodies. He feels that they can tell him what he needs to know.

Mitchell does not want the Presidency of the Council jobs to go to anyone but students. "Only if the situation becomes grave, will the Councillors be paid," he said. He sees devolvement of power from the President to the Students' Council for more responsible government.

Other suggestions he has concern student life in general. This includes expanding the SUB programs, student housing and a program to help underprivileged children who could not normally attend university.

Government condemned for inaction on education report

The Francophone Federation of Nova Scotia has condemned the provincial government for inaction in not taking steps to implement the recommendations of the Tribunal on Higher Education in the province.

The federation accused the government of failing to keep its word in the matter and of creating a stagnant situation with regard to the report.

The tribunal report recommended that a bilingual community college be established at

Meteghan, in southwestern Nova Scotia, replacing College Ste. Anne as the centre for post-secondary education.

The Francophone Federation rapped the government for failing to make the educational opportunities outlined in the report available to the Acadian population.

It also suggested that the report be made public immediately, despite the fact that the French version is not yet ready.

Students Agree

The students at College Ste. Anne in Church Point took a similar stand late Wednesday (January 28) when the following communiqué was issued:

"We the students of College Ste. Anne reaffirm our stand in accepting the Tribunal Report on Bilingual Higher Education in Nova Scotia.

We most strongly urge the provincial government to pass immediate legislation toward implementation of this report. This entails that a date must be set immediately for the opening of the bilingual college mentioned in the report. Secondly we urge that this being done, students now attending College Ste. Anne be assured of the possibility of completing their courses there."

A year ago the provincial government saw fit to elect a tribunal composed of Dr. David Monro, Chairman, with assistance of Roger Guindon o.m.c. and Alphonse-Marie Parent, p. ap. The report produced by these people completely and in an unbiased way brought to light the needs for bilingual higher education in Nova Scotia. A failure of the government to accept the tribunal's report can only be seen as a question of the competency of the members composing the tribunal. Also a failure to implement the recommendations outlined by the tribunal would be the denial of the fact that there is an urgent need for bilingual higher education in this province and in particular in south western Nova Scotia.

When the tribunal was appointed, it was presumably understood that the decisions of this tribunal would be final. A tribunal is defined as that which decides or judges. The provincial government has no reason to ask any other opinions on the subject. To ensure justice to all parties involved, the government has then but to follow the recommendation of the tribunal.

Warner first student on Loans Committee

by Peter Harvison

"In the future, post-secondary education will be financed completely by the government," predicts Greg Warner. A first year law student, he has just been appointed as the first student member on the Nova Scotia - Canada Student Loans Committee which advises the provincial cabinet on the student loan program.

Mr. Warner feels the present system is in need of many changes and is also aware of the fact that his appointment may be a form of tokenism.

As far as loans themselves are concerned, he feels that the dependent status should be removed and that "the present loan scales are unreal and should be abolished."

The former President of Acadia University Student Council has already sent out letters to all of Nova Scotia's student council presidents and student newspapers asking for their suggestions and expressing a willingness to meet with them to discuss their proposals.

As Mr. Warner says, "The education of young people is the most important activity of government today, and the only limitation on expenditures should be what the economy can maintain. It's a matter of making sure governments recognize how vital it is."

Favourable student reaction has followed the news of the appointment. John Coulter, third year Commerce student summed up the opinion of most students, "I think it's about time a student got on this committee." What did he hope Mr. Warner would try to do? "A new system of surveying and legitimizing the needs of students should be instituted, one that would be more beneficial to the people who really need it."

Concern was also expressed over the nature of the appointment. As one student said, "It's only a token, but least it's a start. It remains to be seen what Greg Warner can do."

Oxner new commerce rep

Michael Oxner has taken over the post of Commerce rep on Students' Council after a by-election victory January 26.

Oxner defeated the only other candidate, Lois Stevenson, by a 44-37 margin. There were seven spoiled ballots.

The by-election was called to fill the position vacated by Daphne Shedd early in December. A by-election was not held earlier due to a difficulty in raising a quorum at Council sessions to authorize the election.

Officially, Oxner's term of office will last only until regular elections February 18. It is expected, however, that the Commerce Society will ratify Oxner's election for the coming term as well.

Letter... 'make Gazette better than Mail-Star'

TO THE EDITOR

With reference to the article in last week's Gazette on The Mirror, you discussed the fact that many people criticize the Gazette because of its insufficient coverage of such wildly important events as upcoming dances, sports events, and general University gossip.

To the contrary, we contend that for a "community of scholars" (and budding scholars) there are much more important news events that can be covered from the young intellectual's point of view, than whether Dal beats UNB in a basketball game.

It is our opinion that those people who wish to contribute to the University life by writing for a newspaper would do better to contribute articles that reflect the purpose and intent of a university education, and what this "higher learning" has taught them about society. Certainly we, as the educated elite of Canada, should have something important, relevant and intelligent to say about the world we observe and live in.

A newspaper that deals more with ideas than with New Year's Eve Balls is more interesting to read than one that makes sure that every interfaculty basketball game has its results in glorious print.

Let's make the Gazette a little better than the Mail-Star.

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Editorial

Criticism of student government is a passtime not only at Dalhousie; campuses all across the country and down the Eastern Seaboard are seriously questioning both the value and role of student government.

The outside world has made itself felt inside this university too. The Medical faculties feel there is little to be gained from our student government as it now exists and have suspended representation.

One possible motive behind their move may be to eventually encourage a voluntary union at this university.

Education in Nova Scotia is only beginning to be recognized as a vital area. Students have needs that can only be met by such bodies as the provincial government and the administration. To get any action on these matters, students must speak clearly, loudly and with unity. A voluntary union has proved to be the greatest source of campus disorganization in recent years.

With such a prospect in sight for Dalhousie, representatives on the new council will have to work very hard to justify their own position, before even worrying about direction.

When you are voting in the upcoming election, you will be making a value judgment on the worth of student government per se.

If it is to be salvaged and made into something useful to the students on this campus and to the community as well, the popularity contest idea will have to go.

If council members are going to work for the students they represent, they have to have support. Choose the best people, and make them work. That is their job.

The Dalhousie Gazette

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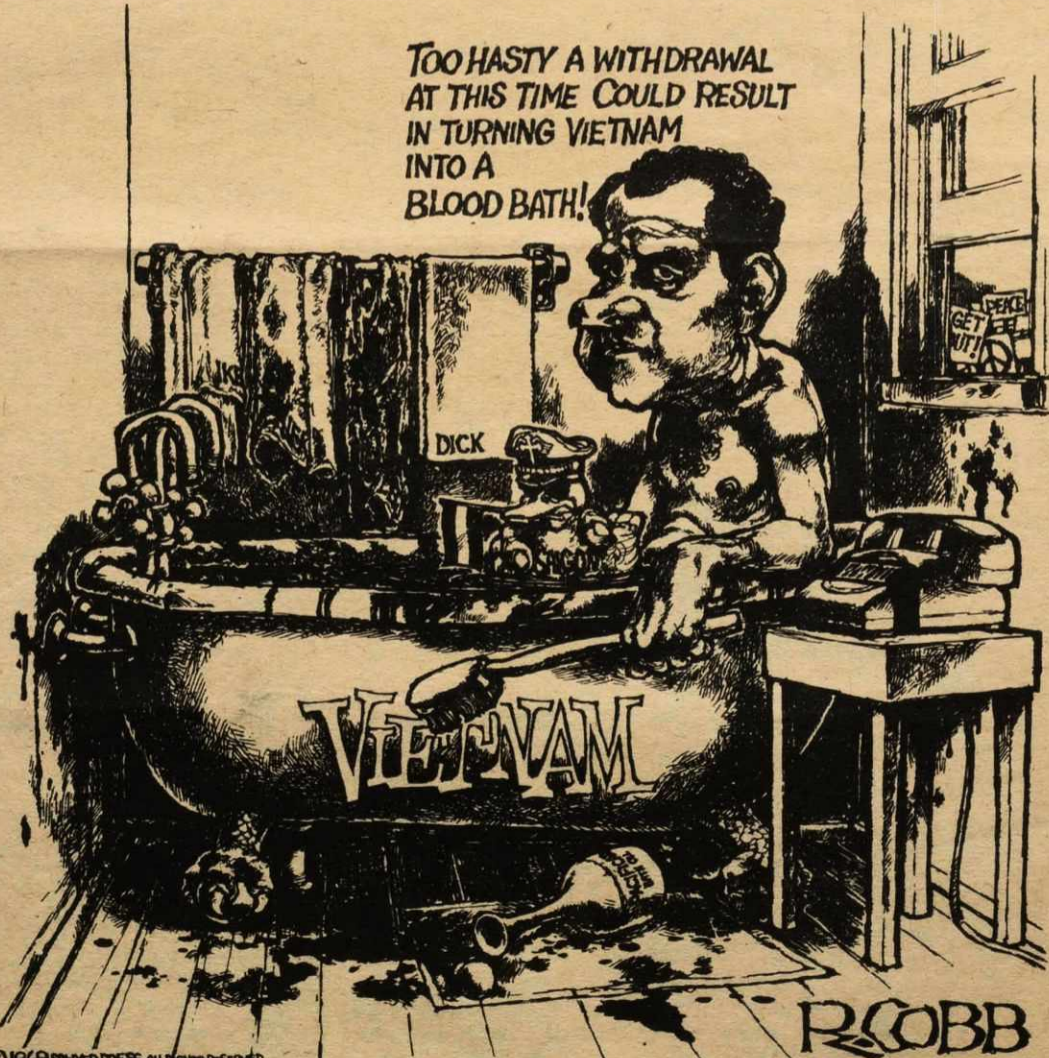
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Carleton council refuses to dissolve

OTTAWA (CUP) — The remnants of Carleton University's student council decided to remain in business Wednesday (January 21), despite a student mandate to dissolve itself.

During a two-day referendum January 19 and 20, students voted 744 to 457 to abolish the council and replace it with two new bodies; one controlling services, and one taking charge of "political" functions of student government.

But the referendum turn-out only amounted to 19 per cent of the full-time student population of Carleton — less than the one-third of Carleton's 6,200 students necessary to make the decision binding.

The proposal to split the duties of the council — consigning service functions to a five-man board of directors, and political functions to a "grand council" composed of student representatives to the university's decision-making bodies — was originally forwarded by members of the student council executive January 6.

At the same time they made the proposal, seven members of the eight-man executive resigned.

Wednesday, the remains of the council rejected a proposal by former student council president Lorenz Schmidt asking that the council dissolve itself anyway, even though members were not bound by the referendum results.

"A valid political comment to draw out of the referendum is that a majority of the people who bothered to vote think changes are necessary," Schmidt said. "I think this council should recognize that fact — and act accordingly."

The councillors voted 7-1 to defeat the motion.

"You want us to dissolve ourselves so your dream child will come through," arts representative Dave Egan told Schmidt. "But right now we don't have enough participation. Let's wait until we get people at Carleton who will make this sort of change possible."

The council appointed Brian Hamilton, former finance commissioner, as interim president of the group; five other executive positions left vacant by the January 6 resignations will not be filled until new council elections take place February 16.

Panther killings "justified"

CHICAGO (CUPI) — A special coroner's jury here ruled Wednesday (January 21) that the murder of two Black Panthers by Chicago policemen December 4, 1969, was "justifiable homicide."

The six-man jury — three whites and three blacks — hedged their ruling in the death of 21-year-old Illinois Black Panther chairman Fred Hampton, shot to death in his bed, saying their ruling was "based solely and exclusively on the evidence presented to this inquisition." The only witnesses in the 12-day hearing were Chicago policemen and state experts.

Jury foreman James Hicks

said jurors could not take into consideration charges made by the seven Panthers who survived the pre-dawn raid by fourteen policemen armed with pistols, rifles and submachine guns.

The Panthers — who refused to testify because they face criminal charges of attempted murder and aggravated assault in connection with the raid — charged police entered Hampton's apartment shooting, and murdered Hampton and Clark.

The policemen, all assigned to the state attorney's office, claimed occupants of the apartment fired first.

Hicks said the question of who fired the first shot was unimportant in reaching the unanimous conclusion.

However, Tuesday (January 20) jurors heard evidence which indicated Panthers in the apartment fired no shots at all during the raid authorized by a warrant to search for illegal weapons.

Police investigators have found no slugs or pellets fired from any of the 17 weapons police say they seized in the raid. The slugs recovered from the walls of the apartment and the bodies of the murdered Panthers only match police weapons used in the raid.

John Sadunas, a police department firearms examiner, testified Tuesday (January 20) that police found no slugs or pellets fired from any of the 17 weapons police said they seized in the raid.

The only evidence supporting police claims — that a 10-minute gun "battle" was touched off by a shotgun blast fired from inside the apartment, and that "it was a miracle" no police were injured — was blood matching Clark's found on one shotgun.

Sadunas testified that an empty shell casing found in the apartment matched test firings of that gun, and that two other casings matched another seized shotgun. But investigators found no evidence that either shotgun was fired during the raid.

Sadunas testified he is just beginning comparisons of police fire-arms used in the raid and the more than 100 slugs and expended cartridges recovered from the apartment.

Clark and Hampton are only two of more than 30 Black Panthers murdered in police and FBI raids against their headquarters and homes in the last two years. More than a dozen others, including the top leadership of the party, await trials throughout the U.S., on bail of up to \$50,000 each.

Law students win folk festival

"18 years ago I fell down an open man-hole in New Brunswick and I've been singing ever since," says Jesse McNeil, a second year Law student, who teamed with Bruce Holton, won top prize and \$100 at the Maritime Intercollegiate Folk Festival held January 16 at Acadia University.

Miss McNeil's talent fortunately has a more credible background. She has taken voice lessons for sixteen years and received a B.A. with a major in music from the University of Montreal.

The other half of the group, Bruce Holton, also in Law in Dal has been

playing the guitar for seven years and is an accomplished accompanist. He and Jesse have sung on CBC's Roundabout and have given one performance at both the Law House and Phi Delta Theta Fraternity.

Jesse and Bruce defeated seven other university groups to capture the top prize and have tentatively been invited back to sing at the Mount A. coffee house at the beginning of Mount A's winter carnival.

The duo hope to continue playing together and can be seen performing at Dalhousie's annual Black and Gold Revue.

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GERM spreading

GERM, the Group for Education Reform Methods, has set up office in Room 216 of the SUB.

The group, who started as a result of a conference on learning methods held at McGill in November, hope to interest professors and students in setting up classes using new methods.

Future plans call for meetings with students and professors to let them know about the group, a possible conference to be held at Dalhousie next year, and perhaps a learning centre similar to the one at McGill.

There the professors interested in new teaching methods can find out what methods can be used and how to apply them in their classroom.

The group has prepared a folder for those interested. As soon as finances can be arranged they hope to expand library facilities. The office is open from 11:30 to 2:30, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday every week.

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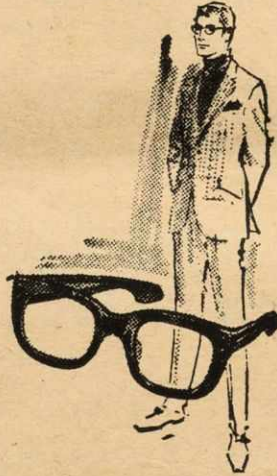
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War on Panthers

(CUP-LNS) - In an apparent attempt at extinction of the Black Panther Party, the American government is waging a nation wide offensive backed up with an arsenal of frame-ups, no bail, kangaroo courts whose judges conduct half the prosecution, and just plain bullets.

Within the past six months alone, more than 40 Panther leaders and about 125 members have been jailed. In the past eighteen months 28 Black Panthers have been shot. Party offices in a number of cities have been attacked by police, who sometimes rain automatic rifle fire at the walls and windows as they storm the door.

Chicago is turning in some of the ugliest news. In the week ending with the pre-dawn slaying of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark; police shot two panthers on the street and severely beat three others in a Chicago apartment. Other cities also report new developments in the government's attempts to wipe out the Panther organization.

In another pre-dawn raid, police in Los Angeles shot three more Panthers at their party headquarters. The four hour gun battle with 250 cops was marked by an attempt by police to dynamite the roof off the building.

Party Chairman, Bobby Seale, in prison serving a four year contempt conviction described his ordeal in an interview with his lawyer, Charles Garry.

"One of them grabbed my testicles while the other was choking me; and the others were holding my arms trying to put cuffs on me. He grabbed and yanked my testicles and penis. And the choking was so vicious that the only thing I remember after that I was thrown on the floor inside the solitary confinement cell."

The incident arose when a guard found the Black Panther newspaper in Seale's possession - Seale was put in solitary as punishment for holding such "contraband".

Seale described conditions his first day in the hole...

"Every hour and a half" he said "the toilet would flush up, flooding the floor with defecation and piss. It's not really a toilet, just a hole in the floor."

"I had to lie in it all day. You lie on the floor, it's kind of like a rubber padded cell but it's cold, there's no cot, no blanket, just floor and piss and defecation."

Seale told Garry his throat was tremendously swollen from the choking. "I can hardly hear or talk," he said "I'm slightly ruptured and the infection I had in Chicago is coming back."

While Bobby Seale was lying on the slimy floor of his maximum-security isolation cell, agents of the Presidential police force - the Secret Service - arrested Davis Hilliard, the Panther Party's national Chief of Staff, on December 3 in downtown San Francisco for remarks he made during a November 15 rally against the war at Golden Gate Park.

At the rally, Hilliard denounced fascism in American society and the viciousness of its attacks on the Black Panther Party. By the end of the speech Hilliard made no attempt to conceal his anger:

"We say down with the American fascist society. Later for Richard Milhouse Nixon, the Mo****-fucker. Later for all the pigs of the power structure." The crowd reacted nervously to Hilliard's strong language, and he answered them, "Later for all the people out here that don't want to hear me curse because that's all that I know how to do. That's all that I'm going to do. I'm not ever going to stop cursing."

"Not only are we going to curse, we're going to put into practice some of the shit that we talk about. Because Richard Nixon is an evil man. This is the motherfucker that unleashed the counter-insurgent teams upon the Black Panther Party. This is the man that's responsible for all the attacks on the Black Panther Party nationally.

"We will kill Richard Nixon. We ain't here for no goddamned peace, because we know that we can't have peace because this country was built on war. And if you want peace you got to fight for it."

So happens there's a law which prohibits anyone from saying what Hil-

(Continued on page 7)

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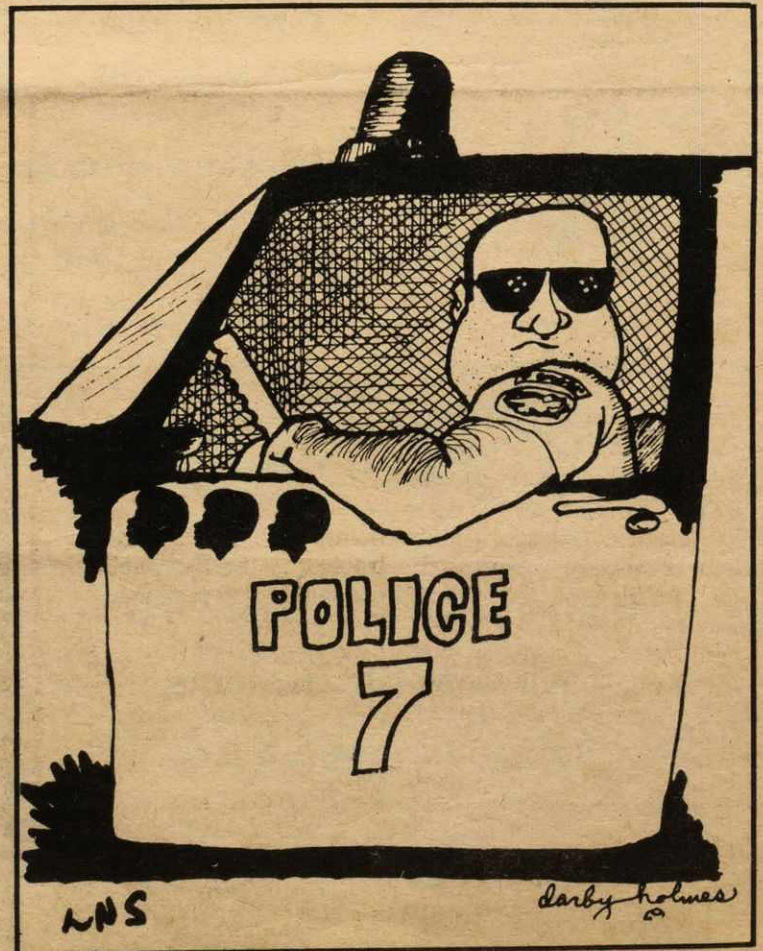
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(Continued from page 6)

liard said that day. Put in any game but the President's and it's quite within the law, but since "Richard Nixon" is what he said, Hilliard is now being held on \$30,000 bail which the court ruled must be posted only in the form of cash or property. Charles Garry, the Panther's top attorney, termed it "ransom", but it is hardly a new phenomenon for Panthers to get bails designed to be unpayable.

In New Haven Panther's allege that George Sams, an ex-Panther whose testimony is responsible for their arrest, is nothing more than a police agent. Sams cooperated with the police and pleaded guilty to charges arising out of the murder of Black Panther Alex Rackley last May. Sams has told police that he will tell the court that Party Chairman Bobby

Seale personally ordered Rackley's death.

Many Panthers now doubt whether Sams ever fled to Canada or was captured there after the Rackley slaying, as the police claim. They believe he was probably with the police all along and that his "disappearance" was used as an excuse for the police to blast their way into Panther headquarters in Detroit, Chicago and Denver, where they burned food intended for the Panther free breakfast program, looted and destroyed files, and smashed office equipment while they supposedly "searched" for Sams.

The Panthers do not think it was a coincidence that shortly after the pig visit to the Detroit headquarters Panther Area Captain Mike Baynahm was found with two bullets in his head, a "suicide", according to the police report.

Panther to speak at dal

While the Panthers are being murdered in the U.S., the media carry official police statements about "investigations" which turn into gun battles only when the Panthers open fire.

Students will get an opportunity to hear the Panthers' side of the story on Feb. 9, when the Deputy minister of information for the Illinois Party, Chaka, speaks at Dal.

The Dal NDY has arranged to bring Chaka to Halifax, direct from Chicago, for this special talk.

People dig the Panthers

NEW YORK (LNS) — Sixty per cent of the people interviewed by the Wall Street Journal in the black communities of New York, Cleveland, Chicago, and San Francisco, expressed full support of the Black Panther Party's philosophy and tactics; including the Panther's asserted willingness to resort to violence.

Only 26% flatly opposed the Panthers. 100 people were interviewed.

Much of the support comes from youth, however many older Blacks are attracted by the less publicized activities such as the free breakfast and medical programs and the Panthers' war on addictive drugs, according to the article.

Does Your Club or Organization



NEED MONEY?

The Assistant Treasurers will be taking applications from the following campus organizations for funds to augment their regular operating budgets at a meeting to be held on Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 7:30 in Room 220 of the SUB:

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| African Students Assoc. | Graduate Studies |
| Art Exchange | Hillel at Dal |
| Bahai's at Dal | Law |
| Biology Club | Law Wives' Club |
| Bridge Club | Liberal Club |
| Chemical Institute of Can. | Medical Students' Wives |
| Chinese Students' Society | Medicine |
| Christian Fellowship | Nursing |
| Commerce Society | Pharmacy |
| Committee for Political Action | Physical Education |
| Computer Club | Physiotherapy |
| Dal Student Movement | P.C. Association |
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Organizations seeking financial assistance should make representations, in the form of itemized written submissions, to the Assistant Treasurers at the session noted above.



Do "Das Rheingold" and "Deutsche Grammophone" mean anything to you?

How about "Let It Bleed" and "The Rolling Stones?"

These two LP's are as different as day and night, but they give you some idea of the variety of music obtainable in the College Shop in the S.U.B. basement.

The College Shop has just gone into the record business and now boasts of the largest collection of LP's south of Coburg Road.

Now listening pleasure is as close as the elevator downstairs. Come and see us and save. All LP's are sold at discount prices. Here are some examples:

Outside Price \$5.29,	our price \$3.89
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These prices apply to all Classical, Pop, Rock, Folk, Jazz and Blues recordings.

Come and see us soon.

***The College Shop
S.U.B. Basement***



LET'S welcome to the Fillmore the man who made contemporary music, CHUCK BERRY". Deafening applause. Berry leapt out into the spotlight and up to the mike.

"All right?" he shouted

"All right!?" said the crowd.

"All right?"

"All right!"

"All right!" said Chuck. "Yeah! It's nice to be back in California, I needed the sunshine". Rippled laughter. He took a pose, chopped a quick chord, and sang.

Up in the morning and out to school

The teacher is teaching the golden rule...

He had on a black shirt, loose yellow slacks, and yellow shoes with chains across the instep. His long hair was tousled, his face already stippled with sweat.

Working your fingers right down to the bone,

And the guy behind you won't leave you alone...

His mouth was tight, his eyes looked out from a frosted distance behind his high Indian-proud cheekbones.

Back in the classroom, open your books,

Gee, but the teacher don't know how mean she looks...

Street corner hustler and show business dude, he was arrogantly elegant and vice versa, and his staccato choruses rolled out in whiplash strands.

Soon as three o'clock rolls around,

You finally lay your burden down,

Close your books, get out of your seat,

Down the halls and into the street...

The crowd — the standard long-haired, dropped-out, stoned-out mob — made little squeals as the song moved toward the climax. The red Gibson flashed in his hands like a rapier, his body lithe as a willow.

Drop the coin right into the slot,

You've gotta hear something that's really hot,

With the one you love you're making romance,

All day long you've wanted to dance...

As the crowd breathed a near audible yeah of recognition, Chuck chanted what had been, a decade before, the prophetic incantation of a generation.

Hail, hail, Rock'n' Roll!

Deliver me from the days of old,

Long live Rock'n' Roll!

The beat of the drum so loud and bold,

Rock, Rock, Rock'n' Roll!

The feeling is there body and soul.

— Chuck Berry, "School Days"*

He commanded the stage, magically looking not a day older nor one whit changed, creating a live rerun of a time gone by. To comprehend that handsome figure was to re-experience an era, to taste adolescence and the fifties; and the memories he evoked were memories of himself. The presence of Chuck Berry made past and present one, packed into one complete moment the feelings of a young lifetime growing up in America, and then opened up the way to exaltation, to digging who you had been, who you were, and who you could become...

Hail, hail, Rock'n' Roll!

Deliver me from the days of old.

TO get to Berry park, Chuck Berry's combination amusement park/country club near Wentzville, Missouri, you take Interstate 70 about 40 miles out of St. Louis and get off on High-

* All the lyrics quoted in this article are copyrighted by Arc Music — BMI.

way 61. It's the same exit as for Hannibal, and it's real Huck Finn country, corn and bovine lushness shadowed by massive clouds and pervaded by a damply buzzing August heat. Off from 61, Highway Z angles through Wentzville, past the Kroger and Ben Franklin stores, across the railroad tracks and by the grain elevator ("The Farmers of This State Built and Paid for a Lot of Elevators But This One They Own", a fading sign proclaims). Then it cuts out into the country and takes you the last five miles to the park.

Chuck has lived in a house hidden on the Berry Park grounds for about six years — since he got out of jail. The house is well appointed for his hobbies — with a guitar-shaped swimming pool, a darkroom, a videotape machine, a professional recording studio — and he lives there in self-sufficient semi-seclusion. On one hand still a public person, he is the park's full-time host and manager as well as barbecue chef for the big catered parties held there. He tours actively, playing between 50 and 100 dates a year, and in the past three years he has recorded five albums.

On the other hand he is a virtual recluse. He delivers his albums to Mercury Records as finished tapes for them to press and distribute; otherwise, he avoids the company. "Don't want to complain", complained a Mercury executive, "but yeah, he's a stubborn guy, living in the boondocks, taking no advice. Set in his ways, I'd call it. Sometimes he won't even return phone calls". Berry has cut his touring down to quick trips to the job and back to Wentzville by himself, taking only a guitar and a small suitcase. "I'm proud to say that if you call me in the morning, and if there's a plane going to where you're at, I'll play and please you in the evening", he said not long ago.

If Berry has close friends, none of his acquaintances know any of them, and no one has seen him in his old St. Louis haunts for a long time. He has given only two interviews in years, and in those, while being polite, he kept to bare facts and ornate rhetoric, taking no stands and telling only what he wanted told. His publicity biographies skim over his life, dwelling on details like his love of home-made chili, strawberry shortcake and "relaxing at a good movie". Unlike some stars who play an intricate striptease for their public, Chuck Berry is serious about his privacy and, consequently, is successful in defending it.

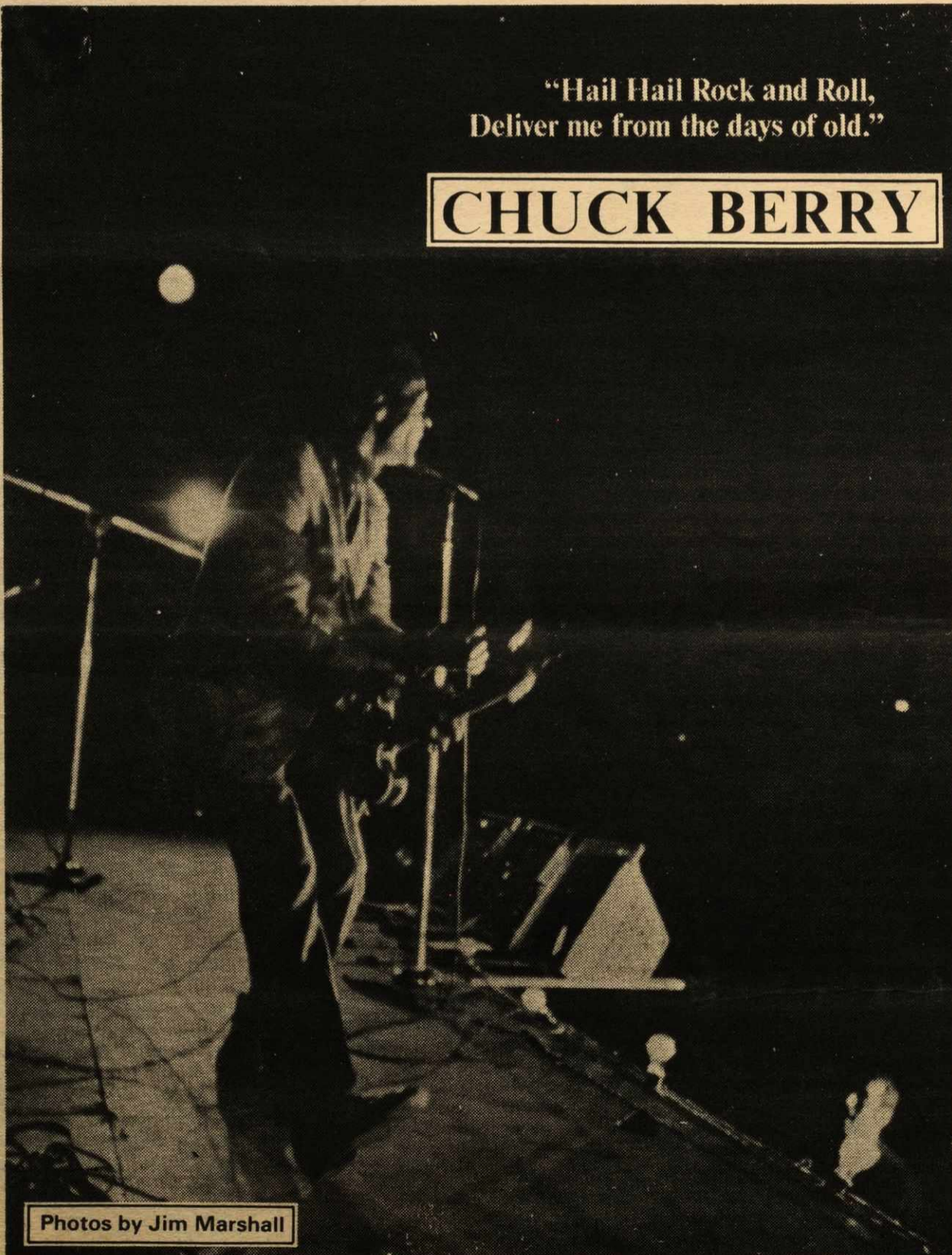
His guard does come down a little in Wentzville. Everybody in town (pop. 2700) knows him by sight; he's been coming to Wentzville all his life to visit cousins, and he's often seen wheeling through in one of his powder-blue Cadillacs. It's been Caddies for a long time, but once he had a 58 Ford, black with chromed dual pipes, skirts, a Continental spare kit on the back, railroad air horns on the hood, and one of those tops that dropped back into the trunk. "Straight nigger machine", says a Wentzwillian.

The townspeople find it hard to figure Chuck. They're not proud of him, and there's never been anything like a Chuck Berry Day. They're curious, but with him that's a frustrating occupation. Not that he's unfriendly, people say, no sir. He had the senior class out to his park for their spring picnic last year for free, just like he let the school use his movie theatre in town for the school play, and he even did the lights for it himself. He's always come by the proms and Legion Hall dances when he could to do some of his old tunes, and now that he owns the Corner Bar, he plays there a little most Friday nights. And he even lets "Dialogue Wentzville", the inter-race meetings of the Human Development Corporation, get together at his place.

It's just that you never get to know him. He doesn't put his name to anything; most folks don't know half the things he's doing. Secretive, some call it, saying that "this ex-con rock-singing nigger's gonna buy up the whole place on the sly, and then where'll we be?" A few parents were worried about letting the school kids go out to the park ("he was in jail for a sex crime, you know"), but the kids had a great time, especially when he let them use his videotape machine. He's never done anybody in town any harm — in fact, just the opposite. He's friendly when you meet him, never aloof; it's just that, well, you never know what he's thinking. "What'd he come way out here for, when he could be living it up in St. Louis, Chicago, anywhere?"

"Hail Hail Rock and Roll,
Deliver me from the days of old."

CHUCK BERRY



Photos by Jim Marshall

by Michael Lydon

IN the spring of 1955, Charles Edward Anderson "Chuck" Berry was a blues singer-guitarist in St. Louis, Missouri. Twenty-eight years old, dashing handsome, and a flamboyant showman, he had gotten a trio together (with Johnny Johnson on piano and Ebby Harding on drums) and did steady weekend work at the Cosmopolitan Club (later a grocery, now a club again, called the Cosmo Hall) in East St. Louis. Having finished the night course at the Poro School of Beauty Culture, he was also a hairdresser and "cosmetologist", and he wasn't sure which one was the moonlight job. No one expected the blues to support a man, and Chuck had a wife and two daughters, so it was nice to have a trade to fall back on. Anyway, both occupations were a big step up from the assembly line work he had been doing before at the G.M. Fisher car body plant.

He wasn't a star ("Nobody pays you no attention 'round here till you gets your first Cadillac", says a bluesman still active in East St. Loo), but the music had new possibilities. Ike Turner had just come up from Mississippi and was the talk of the town. Before Ike, blues in St. Louis had been almost an amateur business, done for a few bucks a night on a pick-up basis, and no one thought much about repertory or instrumentation. But Turner had a band that played arrangements, as near as could be note-for-note copies of hit records. Still small time, but now the small time was aping the big time. Chuck took it a few steps further.



"Chuck was always thinking progressive", recalls Gabriel Hearn, a trumpeter-disc jockey who now runs a dirty movie house in East St. Louis. "His music had a zing to it nobody else had. And professional — he made his guys wear uniforms and be real neat. Not even Ike was doing that. Chuck was a perfectionist, always had the best equipment, even bringing his own mikes to a job. Things had to be right, and, man, that was always Chuck's way". A city kid exposed all his life to normal American culture, Berry could also play a wider range of music than the country-born bluesmen, moving easily from country blues to the ballads of Nat "King" Cole and Louis Jordan, or even to a country and western tune. "You gotta remember", says Gabriel, "radio wasn't like it is now, each station only playing one sort of thing. They had hour shows of everything, so if you could play blues and ballads and country and novelty numbers, you reached more people. Chuck was versatile that way".

Ambitious too — "There was hungry cats and satisfied cats", said another musician, "and Chuck was among the hungriest" — but that wasn't new. One of a carpenter's six children, he grew up in Elleardsville (the Ville, natives call it), a quiet black St. Louis neighborhood of small brick houses and tree-lined streets. His family were sober middle class, devout choir members at the toney Antioch Baptist Church, but Chuck was a feisty, eager boy. Quick-witted and quick-tongued, he was always in trouble and as quickly out. "Smart as a whip, Chuck", says a lady who grew up with him. "Everybody knew he'd amount to something, leastways that's what he always said, but you just didn't know what".

Like every other black kid with more brains than patience, Chuck didn't know either. He had taken up guitar in high school, but not seriously. What could he do? Trying out the role of the young criminal, he got caught in a clumsy robbery attempt and was sent to reform school for three years. When he came out in 1947, 21 years old, he still didn't know. In 1955, after over seven years of waiting and working, hoping and wondering, he thought maybe the break had come. He had written a few songs he liked and could get up the fare to Chicago, so like hundreds of hopefuls before and since, he went up to the South Side, blues capital of the world.

From there on it reads like the storybooks. The greenhorn in the big city, Berry went to hear the big star Muddy Waters, who, with typical generosity, let him sit in for a set. Impressed, Waters told him to go see "Leonard". That was Leonard Chess, the founder of Chess Records which had and still does have the Chicago blues scene in its pocket. Berry went to Chess with a tape he had made on a borrowed recorder in St. Louis "Wee Wee Hours", a mellow blues he had written, and "Maybellene", a novelty number based on a country tune he had rewritten and given a boogie-woogie beat. "We thought Maybellene was a jokey know", recalls Chuck's old pianist, Johnny Johnson. "Took the name off the hair cream bottle. People always liked it when we did it at the Cosmopolitan, but it was 'Wee Wee Hours' that we was proud of, that was our music".

Leonard Chess knew better. A tough businessman who had started out selling records from his car, he knew his break had come too. Having established a solid base of bluesmen whose work sold only to blacks and paid only his basic costs, he was developing black talent that could make it in the far richer white market. He wasn't alone. King, Federal, Specialty, Savoy — all small independents that had signed the young black artists the big companies wouldn't touch — were working on making the race breakthrough. (Sun Records in Memphis was doing an analogous thing with young white country talent — Elvis, Johnny Cash, Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis.) They knew that they were sitting on a gold mine, that if white kids could just hear the music, they'd go crazy. Closer to the grass-roots than the major record companies, they had already seen the beginnings.

"When I used to go on the road with black acts I was handling in the forties, they didn't let whites into the clubs", says Ralph Bass, an W&R man who worked for several independents before going to Chess about ten years ago. "Then they got 'white spectator tickets' for the worst corner of the joint, no chairs and no dancing, and the tickets cost more too. But they had to keep enlarging it anyway, 'cause they just couldn't keep the white kids out, and by the early fifties they'd have white nights sometimes, or they'd put a rope across the middle of the floor. The blacks on one side, whites on the other digging how the blacks were dancing, and copying them. Then, hell, the rope would come down, and they'd all be dancing together".

Perry Como, Eddie Fisher, Teresa Brewer, Pattie Page; "That's Amore", "Doggie in the Window", "Stranger in Paradise", all coming from the radio ballroom shows — it was okay, and you hummed the tunes



when they were on Your Hit Parade. But they weren't done for you, and they didn't do anything to you. They were just there, co-extensive with and as natural as that Ike-WASP-peace-and-prosperity consensus which was threatened only by a few commies at the top, no swelling from below. There was nothing to criticize because there was little else to know. Then you heard "Shake, Rattle, and Roll" and you knew there were worlds "they" hadn't told you about.

1955. In somebody's basement you heard "Work with Me, Annie" and "Annie Had a Baby"; you sniggered, and marveled that "they" allowed it (or that this Hank Ballard had such daring). After that Georgia Gibbs' cute "Dance with me, Henry" was not only a laugh, but a tip-off that "they" had known about this new world and hidden it from you. Then came "Maybellene" and this skinny jumpy colored cat called Chuck Berry. Craazy! A beat that made Bill Haley pallid, nutty words like "motivatin", and a story about a guy chasing a Cadillac in his beat-up Ford to catch his girl. Oh, the triumph of the "V-8 Fo'd" leaving the "coupe de ville" sitting like a "ton of lead". But even more, it was the drive of the thing, the two minutes of rush, pure manic intensity, that sucked you in.

1956. "Blueberry Hill", "Fever", "See You Later, Alligator"; Little Richard, who could sing higher and lower and faster than anybody; Carl Perkins, who laid it right out: "Don't step on my blue suede shoes". The Platters, Mickey and Sylvia, Frankie Lyman, Gene Vincent, and then Elvis, the King, who was in flesh, spirit, and aura more perfect, more beautiful, more you than you could ever, ever hope to be. He sold about seven million records that year, and it was all over. "Lisbon Antigua" was a big hit that year too, and maybe you bought a copy, but it didn't matter, 'cause rock'n' roll was here to stay, the good times had begun to roll, and you sang with Chuck Berry, "They're really rockin' in Boston, Pittsburgh P.A., Deep in the heart of Texas, and round the Frisco Bay".

Chuck was rockin' too. The record he cut in May was number one in July, and in August he was signed to a tour that circled from New York to Florida and back, "one hundred and one nights in one hundred and one days", remembers Johnny Johnson. "Whew, the feeling it was to go from nothing to top bill in a few weeks I could never explain". There was only one way to rock success in those days. Get a hit, go on the road and push it; as it fades, put out another and go out and push that. No time to lose because the sun was finally shining so you'd better start raking that hay, man, who knows when it's gonna cloud over again. Chuck Berry worked like that for five years, touring with every star in the big package shows, appearing in three rock movies, and playing on all the TV "bandstands".

On stage he was magic, a glittering, rubber-faced jester who sang you the truth and made you laugh. Every star danced as he sang, but only Chuck had the "duck walk" that he first did at the Brooklyn Paramount in 1956. His back stiff and straight, he'd squat down over on heel, his other leg sticking out in front, and with his head at a weird tilt, he'd bounce across the stage, holding his guitar before him like a machine gun. All the way across, playing like mad, then back to the mike and coming in shouting right on the beat. The whole theatre would gasp then rock with applause. He had done the impossible with perfect grace.

"We didn't see too much of Chuck in those days", says Johnson. With Ebby Harding, Johnny's now back where he started, playing pick-up piano around St. Louis on weekends and working in a steel foundry during the week, but he recalls his days close to stardom without regret. "Yeah, we'd work at night, then Chuck would be in his room until the bus left writing new tunes. Always writing, never seen such a hard worker".

After "Maybellene" came "Roll Over, Beethoven", then "School Days", and then one begins to lose track: "Sweet Little Sixteen", "Rock'n' Roll Music", "Johnny B. Goode", "Oh Baby Doll", "Memphis", "Reelin' and Rockin'." Tune after perfecture, Berry's revved up voice and slashing chorded guitar, Johnson's rippling, darting piano, Harding's sledgehammer drumming, and above all the lyrics — words of comic daring, cynicism and naivete, sexuality and mock innocence, bizarre invention and banality. All of it, right down to the technical production that made the records sound as if they were recorded in a garbage can, all of it great rock'n' roll music...

Let me hear some of that rock'n' roll music,
Any old way you choose it,
It's got a back beat you can't lose it,

Any old way you use it,
It's gotta be rock'n' roll music,
If you wanna dance with me.

— Chuck Berry, "Rock'n' Roll Music"

HEADY days, that first lindy era of rock. In retrospect it is astonishing how fast it happened. Early rock is replete with instant success stories like Chuck Berry's: complete unknowns making smash hits their first time in a studio. Which means that the music filled a gargantuan need that neither artist nor audience knew existed. Rock's excitement in 1954-55-56 was that of love at first sight. Some date rock back to Fats Domino's first million seller ("The Fat Man") in 1948, or even to "Open the Door, Richard" in 1946; the music does go back that far, but it really became rock'n' roll when it met its response. Neither music nor phenomenon alone, rock'n' roll is a mass sensibility.

That sensibility not only came from nowhere and spread everywhere, but was so natural to those who shared it that it was impossible to explain. Non-believers made comic hay of the tongue-tied rock star and the girls who could only shriek "Eeeeeie I love him!" when asked why they loved Elvis. But how else to say it? Fifteen years ago you couldn't say why you loved rock'n' roll, not only because you didn't know why (and you didn't), but also because maybe you didn't dare. And maybe "they" couldn't understand your love for the same reason. For that sensibility was not just sensuality, speed, and rebellion, but also black — how much still isn't clear, but more black than anyone was willing to admit in 1955. The rock'n' roll sensibility meant that on some level white kids who were trying to find their own identity were identifying passionately with black music, doing it barely consciously but therefore without any self-conscious distance. And not just identifying passively, but creating a new identity between white and black.

The medium of the process was the music, which from the first was a racial and musical hybrid. "Blues plus country equals rock" is a cliché inadequate to express rock's heritage or its sharing. Rock was willing to use almost every kind of American music known. Little Richard emerged as a star for white teenagers straight from a black gospel show biz that until then few whites knew existed. The Platters, on the other hand, were a very funky version of the Mills Brothers and the Inkspots, who had long been popular with whites. Elvis was tremendously influenced by blues singers (he had been one of those kids in the white spectator section), but he added a white punk sexuality all his own. His "Hound Dog" had first been done by Big Mama Willie Mae Thornton, but it had in turn been written for her by two white kid song writers from New York, Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller. Carl Perkins' "Blue Suede Shoes" was the first record ever to top the rhythm and blues (black) and popular (white) charts at the same time. All the stars, white and black, toured together, and heard and were influenced by each other's music.

In short, a black-white music and white kids who said, "Yeah, that's how I feel". That was rock'n' roll. You often didn't know if it was white or black; it just had to have a beat so you could dance to it. Not that race had disappeared, not at all, but white kids had started to go to the same shows as blacks, to listen to the same music, and to love it for the same reasons — because it was funny and sexy and strong and lifted you up to a place where you knew that being a square from dullsville was a lot less than what you could be if you kept on rockin'. However inarticulate, it was a perception new enough that nervous adults said it was lewd, possibly a Communist plot, and caused riots; or, alternatively, they took pains to dismiss it as a silly fad. And they did indeed have something to fear; rock'n' roll was the beginning, however tentative, of a mass state of mind (if not way of life) beyond race in America. If only while they danced, those outrageous rock'n' rollers, in pink and black peg pants, toreadors and pin curls, were integrated Americans.

No one fully grasped what was happening, but Chuck Berry seemed to have an idea. Of all the musicians, he was the one who best recognized these new American kids, and he loved and encouraged them. With an extraordinary leap of empathy, he knew and expressed their feelings, and they understood themselves through him. His songs were hymns to a generation; he was a black poet singing the praises of being free, black/white and under 21.

He got it all, the whole cast of characters, their every plight and possibility. There was "Sweet Little Sixteen"...



The white youth of today have begun to react to the fact that the "American Way of Life" is a fossil of history. What do they care if their old baldheaded and crew-cut elders don't dig their caveman mops? They couldn't care less about the old stiffassed honkies who don't like their new dances.... All they know is that it feels good to swing to way-out body-rhythms instead of dragassing across the dance floor like zombies to the dead beat of mind-smothered Mickey Mouse music.... To the youth, the elders are Ugly Americans; to the elders, the youth have gone mad.

—Eldridge Cleaver, "The White Race and Its Heroes," Soul on Ice

She's got the grown up blues,
Tight dresses and lipstick,
She's sportin' high-heel shoes,
Oh, but tomorrow morning,
She'll have to change her trend.
Be sweet sixteen,
And back in class again.
And her parents...
Oh, Mummy, Mummy,
Please may I go,
It's such a sight to see,
Somebody steal the show,
Oh, Daddy, Daddy,
I beg of you,
Whisper to Mummy,
It's all right with you.

— "Sweet Little Sixteen"

And the typical teen...

Yeah, I'm doing all right in school,
They ain't said I've broke no rule,
I ain't never been in dutch,
I don't browse around too much,
Don't bother me, leave me alone,
Anyway — I'm almost grown.

— "Almost Grown"

And high school romance...

I remember so well,
Back when the weather was cool,
We used to have so much fun,

When we were walking to school,
If we stopped off to hear
The latest songs they sing,
We'd just make it in
Before the bells would ring.

"Oh Baby Doll"

He knew the drag of stupid jobs...
Working in the filling station,
Too many tasks —
Wipe the windows,
Check the tires,
Check the oil,
"Dollar gas!"
Ahhh,
Too much monkey business
For me to be involved in it.

"Too Much Monkey Business"

And cars, cars, that could fly, cars to cruise in,
neck in, speed in, listen to rock in, and cars of pure
fantasy, like the one he demanded in "No Money Down"....
Well, Mister, I want a yellow convertible,
Fo' Do' de ville
With a continental spare
And wire chrome wheels;
I want power steering,
And power brakes,
I want a powerful motor,
With jet off-take;
I want air condition,

I want automatic heat,
I want a full-length bed
In my back seat;
I want short wave radio,
I want TV and a phone,
You know I gotta talk to my baby
When I'm riding along.

Powering it all was a terrible urgency to detail the world of the kids he sang to, down to those "wallets filled with pictures", so everyone would know it was real and beautiful, and no joke. "Roll over, Beethoven, an' dig these rhythm and blues!" Comically arrogant, yes, but also Chuck Berry's gauntlet thrown down in challenge to conventional culture and all its sacred cows; it was the ultimatum to the Ike-Wasp consensus from the barbarian at the gates, the first warning that "they" had better dig this energy that was making their children dance.

Berry poured out the energy tour after tour, record after record, and the strain told. He always had to work hard at rock, says Leonard Chess, keying himself up to get the rhythm right, to get the power going. One part of him still preferred the blues, the easier, more comfortable groove, and he even asked Chess if he could record blues under an alias. Chess said no ("Rock was what was happening"), but on most of his albums there are one or two instrumentals that show a soft and pensive Chuck Berry. Rock, he always felt, was "commercial". "On tour", Johnson says, "we did the hits, one after another, but sometimes if it was real late Chuck would relax for once, and we'd do some blues, runnin' on and on. But mostly Chuck was all business".

He never had a manager or the normal retinue of leeches politely called "aides", and the corporations that handled his money had no members outside his family. "There weren't many people Chuck trusted", says Chess. "He kept a close watch on himself. Never drank, no drugs. Took only his own advice. A showman, yeah, but inside a timid guy, fighting all the time". His St. Louis nightclub, Chuck Berry's Club Bandstand, was the fulfillment of a dream, but he ran it more as businessman than as genial host. A fulfillment too was the brick mansion he bought for his wife and children on the cul-de-sac where the cream of St. Louis black society live in enormous dignity. But he could be there only infrequently. He had many separate worlds, and keeping them separate required full-time control and no mistakes

He made one. Late in 1959 a prostitute he had picked up while on tour in Juarez, and then brought back to St. Louis to be a hat check girl in his club, turned herself in to the police after he dropped her. She was, she admitted then, only 14 years old, and Berry was arrested and charged with violating the Mann Act. Given a few sordid realities, the charge becomes absurd. The girl, a Spanish-speaking Apache Indian from New Mexico, had been a prostitute for a year and he hardly had "compelled, induced, and incited" her "to give herself up to debauchery", in the language of the indictment. And a man of Chuck's status doesn't have to bring his pick-ups home; it's probably true, as he insisted, that his real intent, which the law requires proven, was to learn Spanish because he thought songs in foreign languages

were the coming trend (though he might have had a few other things on his mind as well). But the law and the public were not ready to take so worldly a view.

The case dragged on for two years through two humiliating trials, both in St. Louis. The first judge was so blatantly prejudiced, calling Berry "this Negro" or "whatever his name is", that his judgment was vacated, but the verdicts of both trials were the same: guilty. The implicit substance of the charge was expressed by the newspaper headline: "Rock 'n' Roll Singer Lured Me To St. Louis, Says 14 Year Old". "They" had always known that this dirty music was corrupting their children, and now they had caught a gaudy nigger with his pants down to prove it. "Is this the kind of man our children idolize?" Maybe if they could put him away in jail, they could believe that the answer to their own question wasn't yes.

Chuck entered the Federal Penitentiary at Terre Haute in February of 1962. It looked as if they had not only gotten him, but rock 'n' roll as well. It was the absolute end of an era which had passed its peak four years before. Buddy Holly was dead, and so was Richie Valens and the Big Bopper, all victims of the same plane crash. Elvis had come out of the Army a changed man, every trace of the young rocker smoothed away. Jerry Lee Lewis had been driven from the spotlight by a similar trumped up "sex scandal". Gene Vincent, Fats Domino, Little Richard — all were fading memories, replaced by anemic nonentities like Joey Dee, Bobby Vinton and Chubby Checker. Chuck had hung on longer than any of the others, but even his clean, straight style had been corrupted by strings and choral back-ups in desperate attempts to keep up. The first rock'n' rollers were now voting adults, and the jet-setters were twisting at the Peppermint Lounge. What had been fresh in 1955 had become formula, and then simply repetition. The crackle of that early da-DAH da-DAH rock beat became the endless drone of "pa pa oom mau mau, pa pa oom mau mau". Adventurous young musicians were playing folk.

And then, just as before, with the same out-of-nowhere bursting, it all happened again. Liverpool, London, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and then everywhere, reelin' and rockin' on a scale that the fifties could not have conceived. The new stars were different; they were regular middle class city kids who could have become lawyers or doctors or grown-ups of one accepted variety or another. But they didn't, and with a blitheness that was shocking, they said they didn't want to; they, and the kids who followed them, wanted to rock their lives away.

Without exception they acknowledged their debt to Chuck Berry. It was not just that they played his songs, but with their every act, they said that they had laid their burden down, closed their books, and made that trip out of the classroom and into the street.

NEVER saw a man so changed", Carl Perkins said of Chuck not long ago. "I did a tour of England with him after he got out of prison. He had been an easy-going guy before, the kinda guy who'd jam in the dressing rooms, sit and swap licks and jokes. In England he was cold, real distant and bitter. It wasn't just jail, it was those years of one nighters, grinding it out like that can kill a man, but I figure it was mostly jail".

Everything had changed for Chuck when he came out. His club was gone, and so was his marriage, his fans, and his moment. There was nothing else to do but go back to work and figure out a new game, this time playing it with no mistakes. Leaving his wife and children with the house in St. Louis, he moved out to Wentzville and started Berry Park. He did a packed return concert in Detroit to start touring again, and made the charts a few more times with some of his greatest songs, including the rollicking "Promised Land". But those were probably (though Chess is not telling) tunes he had recorded years before that had never been released. His new songs were tired, often just updated lyrics sung over the music from his hits of nearly ten years before. Despite the fact that the Beatles, Beach Boys and Rolling Stones were making hits with their versions of his songs, Chuck's own attempt at a comeback was a failure. DJ's played his early records as golden oldies but ignored his new ones, and without radio exposure Chuck as a contemporary performer disappeared from rock'n' roll.

His response was to bury himself ever more deeply in Wentzville and get his business affairs neatly rationalized and entirely in his own hands. It would be impossible to estimate Berry's considerable wealth, but he has never been broke. His early records still sell, and the royalties from the countless "cover" versions by



other artists, several of them million sellers in their own right, amount to a substantial income. To get more capital for the park, which quickly became his main occupation, Chuck left Chess Records and signed with Mercury for a \$150,000 advance. He continued to take gigs when they were offered and his policy on payment was and is unswerving: \$2000 a night, half to be paid in advance, the rest immediately before going on stage. A short-sighted policy perhaps (he refused to play at the Monterey Pop Festival, forgoing invaluable exposure, because he was asked to play free), but one that guarantees him a predictable income without forcing him to trust anyone.

"It's a ritual every time Chuck plays here", says Paul Baratta of the Fillmore West. "Chuck breezes into the office about five minutes before showtime the first night and says, 'Let's do our thing'. I give him a check, he endorses it. I count out the money, give it to him, then he counts it out, pockets it, and gives me back the check as a receipt. He says 'Mellow', then goes on stage and knocks 'em out. We've done it so often now, maybe he'll wink at me, but it's still a ritual".

Berry's concert dates are becoming more frequent. After Bill Graham first booked him at the old Fillmore in 1967, Chuck started to get the "psychedelic" ballroom jobs. The new rock generation flocks to hear him play his old songs, but the more relaxed format allows him to do the long blues jams as well. As good a showman as ever, he makes every set a triumph. At 43, his duck walk is still a superbly graceful feat, and he always goes off stage to a standing ovation. He has no intention of stopping. "I asked him when he would retire", says Baratta, "and he said, 'When I get tired of playing or people get tired of hearing me play, and I think the latter will happen first. I have it figured. See, I'll never play, never ever play for less than \$1000 a night. So some day I'll get a call from some 22-year-old punk promoter and he'll say he really wants me but he can only offer \$950. And I'll tell him, Congratulations, son, you've just become the man who retired the great Chuck Berry".

But that day is still years away. Berry, his contract with Mercury expired, is going back to Chess where Leonard, still at the helm, says he has "a few ideas" about how Chuck can get hits again. Maybe Chuck Berry will be back topping the hit parade. Who knows, and will it matter? What does revival mean in a world where music, preserved on plastic, never ages or is lost? I hope Chuck Berry comes back, tears loose, and blows a few new minds; I think he can do it. But he's really done it already, and the ball he started keeps rolling on.

"This rock bit", he said in a rare interview with Ralph Gleason, "it's called rock now, it used to be called boogie-woogie, it used to be called blues, used to be called rhythm and blues, and it even went through a stage of what is known as funk... Names of it can vary, but music that is inspiring to the head and heart, to dance by and cause you to pat your foot, it's there. Call it rock, call it jazz, call it what you may. If it makes you move, or moves you, or grooves you, it'll be here. The blues rolls on, rock steady knocks, and they all are here now and I think they all will be here from now on".

Rock on, Chuck Berry!

Michael Lydon is a free-lance writer specializing in rock music. He lives in Elk, California.

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review *Irma la Douce*

Despite the impression given by films such as "Never on Sunday", prostitutes don't lead very pleasant lives and generally speaking are not happy people. Any production that portrays them as such must be considered a fantasy. This is how one can class the DGDS's "Irma La Douce" which ran January 27-31 in the McInnes Room of the SUB.

"Irma" is a fantasy and should have been very light, colorful and fast-paced. Colorful it was but so slow and heavy that it failed to provide the entertainment one expects from a show that ran on Broadway for a year and that is a DGDS product.

While all the blame cannot be placed on one person for Irma's failure to deliver the goods, the director, Pam Michael, must, because of her position, accept most of the responsibility. It was obvious that she had done a lot of work on "Irma", especially in the choreography department, but her great failure seems to have been her lack of aggressiveness. The cast, including leading lady Sharon Martin and male lead Frank Mendleson, seemed to display a tense lack of confi-

easy to lapse into vulgarity, which is perhaps what Miss Martin was avoiding. Her voice was most pleasant and she performed all her songs well, although she was a little extreme on some of the numbers. Her love scenes with Mendleson came across very well. One other point: did she really have to get pregnant to rate a costume change?

Frank Mendleson, in the dual role of Nestor and Oscar, was less than outstanding but more than adequate. He really shone in scenes with his four compatriots, especially in the prison lament scene in Act II. Also, as mentioned above, the love scenes with Irma were very nicely done. What Mendleson lacked was the strong voice many of the serious songs, sans Irma, required. This was hardly noticeable however, because of his obviously genuine dedication to the role(s?).

The really outstanding performances in "Irma" came from the supporting cast, two of which turned in brilliant performances. The first was Tim Lambert as Roberto. Lambert was really enjoying his role and consequently, so was the audience. He was excellent throughout but was par-



dence on opening night and, to a lesser extent, in subsequent performances, that marred the whole presentation.

It can only be concluded that this lack of confidence arose from lack of dedication to the individual character being played. Granted, audiences were not the most receptive and pre-production charisma that encouraging but this should spur the cast on to give more of themselves, not to crack at the first sign of opposition as many did. Direction, it can be concluded, was not tight enough. This showed in the fact that the show was much too long and that the actors and actresses seemed unable to project a genuine understanding of their parts which crueling practice under a demanding director would have produced.

Of course, Pam Michael is not entirely to blame for the disappointing quality of "Irma". The cast must share the blame because of their obvious mistakes, the most apparent being the lack of self-discipline which cannot be solely attributed to inadequate direction. Actors should live the characters they portray and share this living experience with the audience. An actor does not merely present a character to an audience; he shares with the audience the wonderment of all the facets of the character. If an audience does not react, the player must try harder. In "Irma La Douce", few tried at all after they met with the initial lack of response.

However, in case I should overstate my case, I will say that Miss Michael did give the audience several excellent scenes and the production produced several outstanding performers. Not surprisingly, these performers made the scene memorable by doing what all should have done, living the part with the audience.

Sharon Martin as Irma was not outstanding but adequate. Somehow, while she was physically appealing, her speeches and mannerisms did little to betray her profession. Here, however, I may be asking for too much. In such a role, it is very

ticularly good in the trial scene and in the raft scene, both in Act II. (Act II, as you might have guessed, contained most of the good scenes.)

Terry McKibbin turned in an equally commendable performance as Bob, the focal character of the show. McKibbin, also portrayed the judge in the trial scene and the Old Prisoner in the Escape sequence. I could only think of Woody Allen whenever I saw him and was amazed at the dexterity with which he delivered his lines. His moment of glory had to be the monologue of the Old Prisoner dreaming of escape. (This may, indeed, be the high point of the whole play.) It was simply wonderful. Honourable mentions go to Vernon Oickle as Frangipane, a part easily overplayed, Bill Black who handled several parts satisfactorily and to Greg Yarrow and Danny Varverikos, who played the Inspector and Polyte respectively.

Musically, Irma can only be called mediocre. The three or four main themes were beaten to death but it was only the audience that suffered. This, of course, was not the fault of the orchestra, which I thought, did very well with what they had; they just didn't have enough. Pianists Barbara Shore and Dick Thomson deserve credit for excellent work.

Technically, the production also fell in several spots. Scenery was rather skimpy and the pauses between scenes t-o-o l-o-n-g. The attempt at audience involvement (the yellow spotlight running over the audience during the escape) was a good idea but failed because no one seemed to remember that the audience is looking at the stage and tends to miss action elsewhere. (Aside to the director; it's not good policy to have people sitting on the edge of the stage as the back rows find it impossible to hear let alone see.)

In summary, then, Irma was a production that might have succeeded if the director had been more ruthless, the cast more humble and receptive and the whole crew a little more enthusiastic about the whole enterprise.

by Stepher Mills

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Snow Blitz: hot stuff on a cold track

Broomball, Snow Football, Tug-of-War, Sculptures, Sno'Bile Races, Snowball Fights -

It's all happening on February 6th, the newest event of the Winter Carnival Weekend. Which fraternity is really the best? Which society? The snow blitz will tell. Fraternities and societies will be given the opportunity to remove all possible doubt in their participation in a variety of competitive field events. Trophies will be awarded to individual winners, with an overall trophy up for grabs.

GORSEBROOKE FIELD - 1:30 p.m.

A snowmobile rally will be held on an obstacle course designed to separate the men from the boys. Individual efforts will be timed and recorded to decide a course record that has yet to be established. All prominent fraternities and societies will be championed (represented).

As an added attraction snow-mobiles and toboggans will combine in one of the craziest events ever. The same course will be used but the strategy will vary greatly!!? A unique award will be presented to the lucky (?) winner.

STUDLEY FIELD - 2:30 p.m.

You know how to play football, eh? How about snow-football? The opportunity to learn presents itself at the first snow bowl. Referees and rules are to say the least, original. Plan to be there, if not to play, to blow your mind.

To offset the game, a clever display of snow sculptures will be present. Rain permitting, the artistic potential of the university will reveal itself. A prize will be awarded for the best display.

Have you ever heard of an organized snow-ball fight? Well, visit Studley field and see it for yourself. Wow!

LOWER FIELD

Setting - a pre-iced field: proposed activity - a broomball game! Contestants - Shirreff Hall Lukes match wits with the faculty super stars. Rules - to be decided!?

Meeting their biggest challenge of the year the Campus Police take on the Shirreff Hall Lukes in a mighty battle. In this tug-of-war match, both sides will be at their end of the rope trying hard to earn the winner's trophy.

CONCLUSION:

For further information concerning these events contact Gary Armsworthy (454-9175). These events promise to be competitively entertaining, combining frolic with skill. There will be open events for spectators who wish to participate, at their own risk, of course, Canteen services will be provided to warm up spectators and cool down participants.

If you got to go, go with Snow Blitz.

The Gazette has recently run ads sent to us from a national agency supposedly set up to take the worry out of job hunting for both full time and summer jobs.

However, there was some question about the agency and the people behind it, so Canadian University

press people in Ontario investigated the situation.

Our bookstore has not yet received the BIB packets, but will probably be getting them soon. Before deciding whether or not to buy the packet and fill out the forms, have a good idea what you may be paying \$5.00 for.

When it comes to looking for a job, especially when faced with the grosser, cattle-auction aspects of job interviews, most of the students who'll graduate this Spring would welcome someone paving their way to that "good job with more pay."

And it was inevitable that some entrepreneur would see the endless commercial possibilities of taking the worry out of being hired.

The entrepreneur in this case is Matthew Hudson, a wheeler-dealer lawyer not unfamiliar with making a buck out of the student market.

And his scheme to take advantage of those commercial possibilities is Career Assessment Ltd., a computerized job placement service with a difference.

The difference is the setup, of the Company and of the customer (read product).

Quite simply, Career Assessment Ltd. combines the collation abilities of computer technology with the results of behavioural studies to come up with a new way of matching job hunters with employers.

"It will compare", a press release from the company says, "what the students have to offer with the employee characteristics sought by various companies in hiring staff."

For the student taking advantage of the company's service all that's required is five dollars and an hour or so of his time.

He picks up a Biographical Inventory Blank and fills in the required information. The Blank and its instructions, according to promotional literature, will be available in most college bookstores, or by sending a cheque or money order to the company's Toronto headquarters.

The information provided on the BIB is stored and sorted by computer facilities of the Multiple Access General Computer Corporation, located in Don Mills, Ontario.

The interpreted result of the questionnaire is sent to students in the form of a "personal counselling report". Career Assessment says this report should tell the student which areas of work he is best suited for.

The principle behind the BIB works this way according to a CA producer: "The reasonable and basic assumption behind the work in the field of "biodata" is that people will most often behave in the future as they have behaved in the past. It treats the person as an individual, based on his unique life history antecedents, but is related to the social milieu in which he exists."

The fee paid by students goes, not to Career Assessments Ltd. but to the Human Studies Foundation, "a non-profit, Canadian institution being set up to further research into human resources, their allocation and use."

If all the money for the BIB's goes to the Human Studies Foundation, where does the profit of Career Assessment come in?

From the employers.

For getting a selection service performed by CA, employers pay a minimum of \$500 to get several suitable candidates to fill two job vacancies, plus 5 per cent of the first year's salary of the persons hired.

If an additional employee is needed he can be provided for \$300 plus five per cent.

By the end of the first year of operation, CA expects to have data on about 5,000 students to fit the requirements of companies during the first trial period.

The data is extensive, running to 550 multiple-choice items on the BIB relating to every aspect of an applicant's past life. That data, combined with the "empirical keys" developed by the Foundation, using past research results, forms the backbone of Career Assessment's product.

Career Assessment's president, Matt Hudson, is

a long-time student of the art of student marketing, although not a very successful one.

While at Queen's University in law, he was involved in an organization called Mr. Campus. It sold national and local advertising for desk blotters to be distributed on campus and for some time raised charter overseas flights.

Contrary to quite a few federal laws, Mr. Campus sold flights to Europe and Jamaica even though they were declared uncharterworthy by the Canadian government. To get around this, they continued to solicit passengers, but routed them through other charter groups, also an illegal arrangement.

He was also involved in an abortive attempt to set up a national advertising scheme. According to Hudson, he was approached by a number of university newspapers to pilot the scheme, but pulled out when he encountered stiff opposition, notably from Canadian University Press and its president, Stewart Saxe.

Saxe said Hudson had too little know-how, a poor plan, and was starting too late for the scheme to be viable.

The set up and sales techniques in Career Assessment and associated companies is far more so-



plicated, than in his previous ventures.

Career Assessment has nine members on its board of directors. Hudson is president, James Hinkling (listed as "one of Canada's foremost industrial psychologists") is vice-president and Mr. George Elliot (a Toronto lawyer) is secretary treasurer.

Multiple Access General Computer Corporation's vice-presidents of finance and marketing respectively, Harold Andrews and C. J. Kurtz, are directors as are the two psychologists in charge of the Human Studies Foundation, Dr. Edwin R. Henry and Dr. William Owens.

The staff psychologists are both from the U.S. Dr. Henry is described as semi-retired, formerly chairman of the Department of psychology of New York University, Director of Social Science Research for Standard Oil of New Jersey and Director of Selection of the Peace Corps.

Dr. Owens, presently at the University of Georgia, as a professor and Director of "Psychometric Laboratory", is said, in promotional literature, to be President of the Division of Industrial Psychology of the American Psychological Association.

None of the other "eminent psychologists" described by Hudson as working under Messrs. Owens and Henry are named.

Hudson said the other two directors haven't yet been named, but said they would be representatives

by D. B. Scott

The Gazette

University of Western Ontario

of two groups of shareholders. When asked if there were any large shareholders he refused to say but did say "I can tell you this, the company is 98 per cent Canadian-owned."

He said both the corporation (Career Assessment) and the Human Studies Foundation started at the same time (1969) but legally, the Corporation began first.

"In terms of concept, they came together," he said.

"The concept is really one of research - there's going to have to be an awful lot of research done if this placement idea is to get better. But a research foundation doesn't happen to pay its own way so we're going to have to get donations from corporation and the government".

Hudson refused to name any trustees of the foundation, saying that they were just at the stage of asking people if they would consider joining the organization.

But in promotional literature sent to bookstores, the sales pitch was made in the name of the foundation.

From the letter: "The trustees of the Foundation have decided to make use of on-campus bookstores as distribution points for the Biographical Inventory Blank."

But the University of Western Ontario bookstore manager told the Foundation not to bother sending the unwanted and unordered BIB's and denied use of the bookstore name in any Career Assessment advertising. The letter sent by the organization took cooperation by bookstore authorities as a foregone conclusion, to the point of giving instructions on how to remit money when the BIB's arrived.

The technique used to get people to sign up for the scheme and to handle the BIB's for sale is typically high pressured. The student is told in an ad that he has less than one week to purchase, complete and mail the form if he or she doesn't want to miss out.

Similarly, the bookstore is told time is of the essence for students to benefit.

Hudson said CA would be providing some funds for the Foundation because the \$5 BIB fee wouldn't cover even processing of the form. But initially, he said, the Foundation hoped to get government grants to support the research.

The question of storage of statistical minutiae and the possible abuse that could be made of this information was "a very important ethical question," according to Hudson.

The Foundation will only use the information for research with permission, he said.

Permission, however, consists of signing a consent form contained in the initial BIB. If the consent form is signed, putting the data in a pool for channeling to prospective employers under the screening process, it also gives permission for use in the Foundation's research. So far the areas of research have only been defined as "human resources and their application."

An applicant can withdraw his data, according to Hudson, at any time with a letter to the Foundation.

Career Assessment Limited and the Human Studies Foundation leave a lot of questions unanswered. Hudson and his firm are financially stable and Career Assessments is a registered corporation. The method of collecting the data and the setting up of the non-profit corporation is legal.

But no safeguards are made for the possible abuse of privileged information. And Matthew Hudson is not a man to instill a lot of confidence in the prospective applicant. Caveat emptore still prevails.

One thing you have to say for Hudson though. For a psychologist, he's a good capitalist.

Axemen Eat Tiger Meat

by Tom Barry

Pound is his name, basketball is his game and he is hungry.

The 18-year old hoopster from Millinocket Maine was the key player as the defending champions, Acadia Axemen, soundly defeated the "high-

ly touted" Dalhousie Tigers Tuesday night, 69-60.

Pound has been labelled a gunner who plays basketball to score points and see his name in print. Well, his name is in print now and not parti-

cularly because he scored 23 points Tuesday night and was the game's leading scorer.

His defensive performance was far above his offensive showing - to put it short, he is a coach's dream player. Pound knew what he wanted. He got it with the help of former Dal bench-warmer Gary Folker and a 5'6" midget named Phipps, who scored 18 points and looks like Acadia's answer to Sam Jones.

After 2½ minutes of play, the Axemen led 6-1. The Tigers rallied to an 18-18 tie by the time Brian Peters had to leave the floor after 14 minutes of the first half. That was the first indication of the difficulties the Tigers would have as a result of numerous unnecessary fouls.

It is a fact that Peters was the only Bengal compelled to leave the floor as a result of fouls, but the "bonus" was what killed Dal, particularly in the second half. With seven minutes remaining in the game, and the Tigers trailing by five points, Acadia was awarded the bonus situation because the Black and Gold had received their seventh foul of the half.

The Axemen hit for eight points as a result of this and went into a well executed freeze. With the help of Pound, they picked their shots for the rest of the game. It seemed as if the Tigers were not aware of the fact they needed the ball to win until the last minute.

When Acadia pressed early in the second half, who was there to help out quarterback Bezanson? A videotape replay of the game would show a few instances where the wings had a tendency to stand in awe and watch Pound swarm all over Bezanson. Cassidy had to move up from the post to help out numerous times.

Acadia's 1-2-2 defensive zone was obviously well planned and thoroughly executed. With Pound out front, and Eaton and Folker on the boards, the Tigers were boxed out completely.

Who would have thought that John Cassidy, Brian Peters and 6'2" Irv Cohen would be out rebounded in the first half by Folker and Eaton? Who would have thought that anyone but a junior high school team would shoot 33% from the floor? The Tigers took 72 shots at the hoop and only 24 managed to find the mark. In contrast, the Axemen fired up only 44, which says a lot for their accuracy and ability to pick the good shots.

Brock Savage and Mike Flinn are two lads who deserve a lot of credit for their efforts. Anyone who comes off the bench in a tight game and puts forth as much effort they did, deserves more than a nine point loss. Flinn was good on the boards, but a little shaky on the jump shots from around the key.

Cassidy played a steady game, but the key factor in the game was the loss of Peters through cheap fouls.

You cannot win championships if you cannot win on your home court. The explanation is obvious - Acadia needed a win to stay alive and they wanted it badly. A win for the Tigers would have left them with only SMU to worry about. Now there is a new race on, with the Huskies currently leading the pack.

Perhaps the Tigers will benefit from this loss - though I wonder how. The pressure is on more than ever now. We cannot afford to lose again. Disappointed - yes.

The Tigers played consistently well the first half and left the floor trailing 34-31. A lack of precision in the second half cost them the game, but by no means did it wipe out their chances for a conference title.

I know we are the best, and it is our job to prove it to the rest of the conference. We were not the best Tuesday night. With a little more

accuracy and desire, we will let everyone else know how good we really are and that the Tigers can put the ball in the hoop.

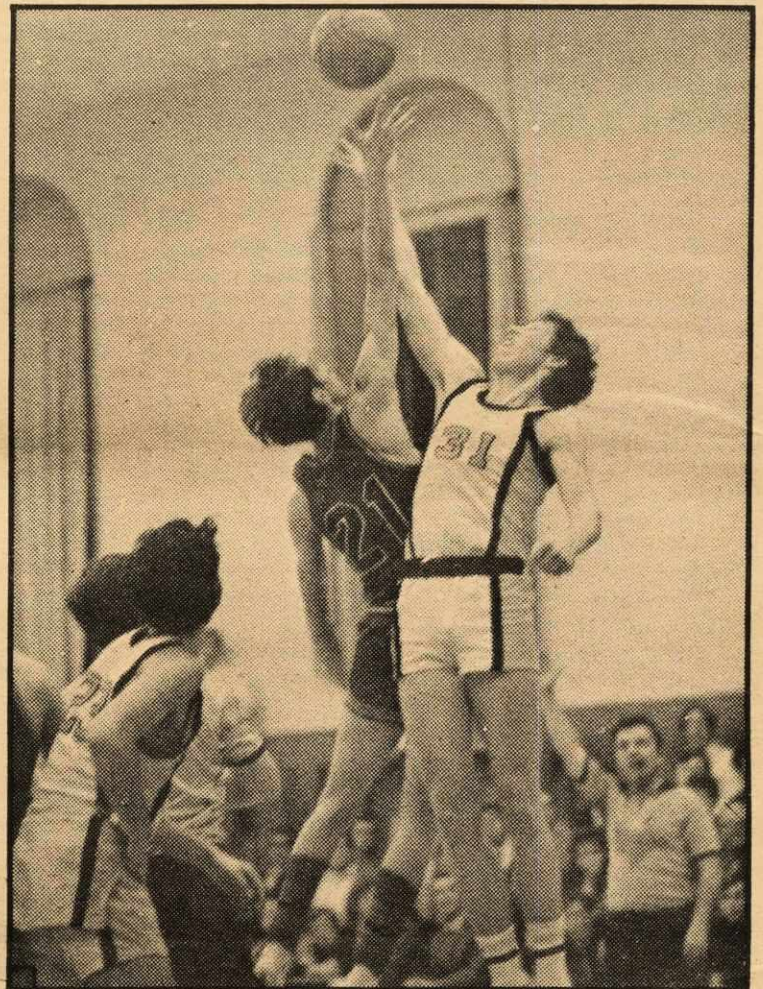
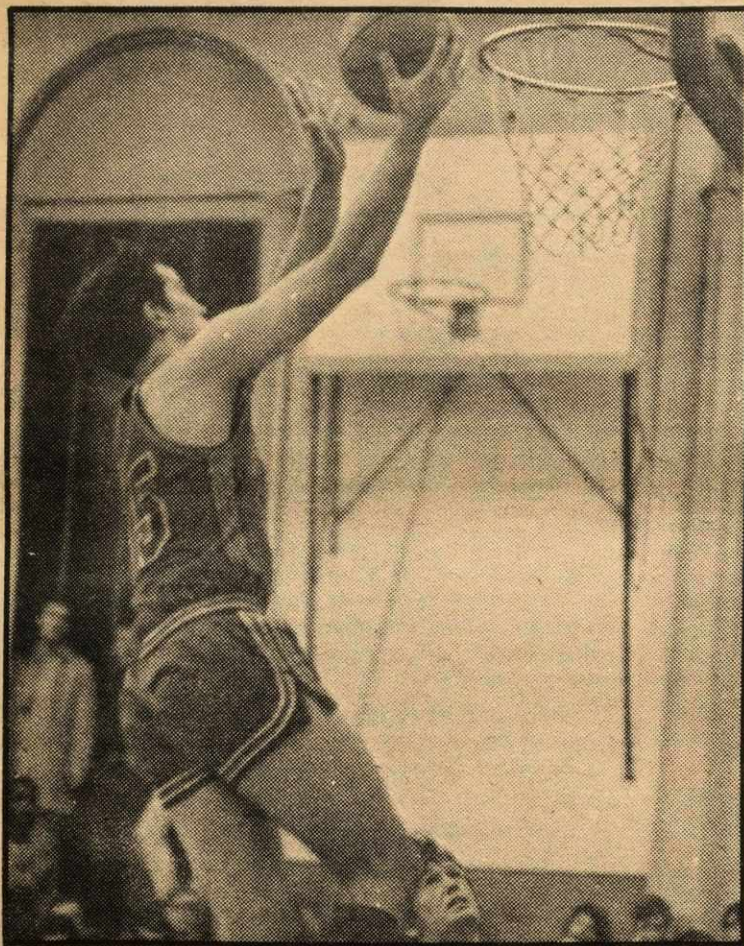
14, Zanolin 10, from the foul line: 23-35.

DALHOUSIE

Peters 13, Cohen 6, Cassidy 11, Archibald 16, Bezanson 6, Savage 4, Flinn 4, from the foul line: 11/19.

STATISTICS
ACADIA

Eaton 4, Pound 23, Phipps 18, Folker



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Ski Team Champion Material

Both the Alpine (downhill) and Nordic (cross-country) sections of the Dalhousie Ski Team have been training hard since early in the Fall.

The addition of Kel Antoft and Roland Brunner to the provincial skiing scene has improved Dalhousie's chance to win the 1970 Maritime Inter-collegiate Ski Championships immeasurably.

Brunner is the Provincial Alpine Ski Coach and he also works closely with the Dal Team. He and Antoft worked together in Southern Ontario where Antoft originated the highly successful Nancy Greene Ski League. The ski team is fortunate to have the two working with them.

The Alpine and Nordic skiers will participate in the same inter-collegiate meet this year, but each discipline will have a distinct team championship. Whereas in previous years Nordic and Alpine results were combined to determine one championship ski team. Confusion in relating FIS points forced this change.

Both the Alpine and Nordic events will be conducted by St. Xavier but the date is still uncertain.

At this point seven Nordic skiers are competing for the five places on the team. Two veterans are back from last year's team. Richard Munro and Hartmut Keizer who are expected to perform strongly this year.

The five newcomers to the team are: Brian Scallion, John Underwood, Rick Davies, Mark Pratt, and Lynn Mason.

Mark Pratt has skied with Nova Scotia Junior Ski Team and Lynn Mason, who coaches the team, is an experienced senior racer.

The Alpine team has a strong veteran nucleus consisting of James Gregg, Mike Blaxland, and John Underwood. All did well with the provincial and Dal ski teams last year.

Mike Blaxland had an exceptional race this past summer, placing second in a field of international and professional skiers.

The new members of the Alpine team are: Larry Kline, Bill Powers, Bill Burton, and Dave Langille.

Last year Dal was the runner-up to UNB for the championship by a narrow margin. This year, however, the team is confident they can repeat Dal's 1968 Championship performance and come away with top honors in both the Alpine and Nordic competitions.

Once again UNB should be tough to beat, and SMU will be heard from now that Richard Petley-Jones is racing again. Both Memorial and Mt. Allison could be challengers, especially in the Nordic event.

Sports Shorts: Go Get 'em Tigers

by Richard Munro

Last Tuesday Dal was defeated by Acadia 69-60 in a game which was

highlighted by a hot Acadia team, an ice cold Dal team and a packed house of fired-up fans.

The only thing this writer wants to say about the Acadia game is forget it. It was our first loss and hopefully our last.

In the near future Dal's title hopes will be pitted against traditional city rivals - St. Mary's. If we can get by the SMU series without a loss the Acadia defeat will be forgotten by most fans. Go get em, Tigers!

On Saturday, Jan. 24th Saint Mary's held their Invitational Bowling Tournament at the Halifax Shopping Center. Although none of Dal's three teams won the Championship, everyone put forth a marathon effort, completing 13 strings a piece.

John MacBain and Harold Sudsworth (Sudsy) led the residence contingent with averages swivelling around the 100 mark.

The top Dal team was the 'A' residence team which finished 5th out of 15 teams.

Congratulations are extended by this scribe to George Hughes' J. V. Basketball team who ran the Acadia J. V.'s into the floor. Accolades to Howie Jackson who came up with another fine J. V. performance!

That's all from the corner for the past week.

Dal mashes Bulldogs in Potato Classic rerun

by Tom Barry

Al Yarr is gradually approaching the winner's box for the third time in four years. The \$64,000 question is: Will he finally make it?

The Tigers showed lots of power and little sympathy as they completely demoralized the Ricker College Bulldogs of Maine by a convincing margin of 84-45 January 21. This was billed

as a return match between the two clubs as the Bengals previously had defeated the Americans in their own tournament - the Potato Classic.

The game was a total bore as the Black and Gold put on an early charge and never looked back. Playing superbly on both offence and defence, the Tigers romped to a 39-15 lead at

the half and coasted to their 39 point victory.

It might be noted that the fatigued Bulldogs had driven in limousines from Houlton, a seven to eight hour drive, and this must have been considerably lengthened by the snow-storm.

This writer was particularly impressed with the improvement of Steve Bezanson, a lad who gets more confidence and poise every time he steps on the court.

He will be a valuable asset for another two years. I see him as the key player in tough competition to come. His ability to get the ball upcourt and position himself to set up the "big guns" will determine how far the Tigers will go.

No statistics are available at press time, but the news media has informed us of a squeaky 57-55 victory over Mount Allison Mounties on, January 23. At first I thought the Tigers were on the way out, until I heard the next day that the Mounties had defeated the highly touted Acadia Axemen 65-61.

We will look for better things from the Sackville quintet for they cannot be treated lightly from now on. It is a good thing Dal does not have to play them again this season.

Things looked a little better on Saturday evening when the Tigers held on to a 21 point half-time lead to defeat the UNB Red Raiders. Statistics were not available at time of writing.

The Acadia game was played Tuesday. Comment on that game follows.

Letter to the editor

Concerning the article entitled "Raiders Succumb to Tigers 74-39" in last week's paper, I believe that your sports reporter, Tom Barry, did a very poor job of reporting the game. As a matter of fact, the only thing he reported was that Dal was behind after eight minutes, ahead at half time and at the end of the game.

What did he do during the rest of the article? Did he give the team percentages from the floor and foul line? No! Did he give the top rebounders for either team? No!

As a matter of fact, if you wanted the know the top scorer in the game, you had to wait until the end of the editorial and then read the individual scoring listings for both teams. Personally, I thought the team listings were the only good and informative things he wrote, with exception of the final score.

I played basketball for two years in high school. The fans and school newspaper were always down on us because we were supposed to win all the time. We had over 1000 coaches

in that school and thirteen of the most demoralized, players you ever saw.

I think Coach Barry has done his bit to take a bit of the spirit out of our team. Tom Barry: report on and support the Tigers. Please leave the coaching to Al Yarr and Eric Dumford.

Win or lose, the team gives it all they have, and they deserve our full support.

Concerned,
John Pittman

Tom Barry is an experienced basketball player and a capable analyst and writer.

He attempts to explain the sport in his column... and this means pointing out weaknesses as well as being a cheerleader.

His articles tell the why of a loss or win and how it occurred and not just the fact that it did.

There has been some difficulty to date in getting the statistics on games before copy deadline, but this situation should be rectified shortly. - Editor

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COMING EVENTS

- Tuesday, February 3** 12:15 p.m. - Cinema - Art Gallery Film
- Wednesday, February 4** 7:00 p.m. - SMU - Wilson Pickett
- Thursday, February 5 - Winter Carnival**
 - 7:00 p.m. - 8:30 p.m. - Torch Light Parade
 - 9:00 p.m. - 1:00 a.m. - Igloo Party
 - Featuring - The Fox (McInnes Room)
- Friday, February 6**
 - Munro Day - no classes
 - 2:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m. - Snow Blitz (Studley Field)
 - 9:00 p.m. - 2:00 a.m. - Jamaican Village Ball
 - Featuring - 2 exciting bands, one hot and one cold. (McInnes Room)
- Saturday, February 7**
 - 1:00 p.m. - 4:30 p.m. - Silver Slipper Saloon
 - Featuring - Arne Benson (McInnes Room)
 - 9:00 p.m. - 12:00 p.m. - Black & Gold Review (McInnes Room)
 - Hockey - SMU at Dal Invitational Volleyball
- Sunday, February 8**
 - 9:30 a.m. - Engineers winter rally (Sunnyside).
 - 1:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m. - Licorice Sweat Socks (S.U.B.)
 - 8:00 p.m. - 11:00 p.m. - Glenn Yarborough Concert (McInnes Room)
 - Basketball - SFX at Dal.

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