

Hum-Drum

HUMBER COLLEGE OF APPLIED ARTS AND TECHNOLOGY, REXDALE, ONTARIO

Vol. 1 No. 3

December 10, 1970

HAPPY CHRISTMAS

This is Hum-Drum's Christmas edition. As many of our friends in the outside world have been pushing Christmas since late October, we thought our readers might be getting a bit tired of the whole thing and would like to pick up a paper which just wishes them

HAPPY CHRISTMAS

and doesn't try to sell them a darned thing.



guerilla

warfare



"Verry interessting!"

Hum-Drum was shaken last week by the news that Metro Police had raided Guerilla's offices — "looking for explosives" (how about that?).

This was no time for dilly-dallying. The staff hit the bricks and headed for the tank park bent on retaliation.

Within minutes the gears of Humber's powerful military machine ground into action — or would have done if some fascist crumb hadn't stolen the gears (and the engines).

As the smoke of battle cleared Hum-Drum Commandos re-enacted the raising of the flag on Iwo Jima in a spontaneous tribute to the heroic United States Marine Corps.

On the tank: Mike Walshaw, Laura Lee Smith, Pat Gore, Mike Ould, Derek Day and Carolyn Dalfen.

Photography: John Burger; lighting: Grant Dobson.

Technical note: Humber's armoured regiments are equipped with Mark V Stuart tanks with guns converted to fire Humber lumber.



'Unmentionable' ailments threaten

All the characters in this story are imaginary. They bear no relationship to any real persons living or dead.

Mary liked boys — lots of boys. And boys liked Mary, for that's the way boys are.

Peter and Paul were two of Mary's best friends. Beautiful friendships. Very close.

Until one day Peter noticed something strange. He compared notes with Paul, who was friend in his own right apart from the mutual interest in Mary. Paul had noticed something strange too.

They gave it a week or two but their problems didn't go away.

They compared notes again and decided that they must have caught it from Mary.

They started avoiding Mary. Soon everyone was avoiding Mary . . . and avoiding Peter . . . and avoiding Paul . . .

Peter went along to talk to the nice lady in Health Services at the North campus. She didn't look down her nose or sermonise or ask any awkward questions. She just told him where to get free treatment. He went along to the clinic and got himself cured.

It took a few weeks but Peter wanted to get back into circulation.

Paul didn't believe in health services, clinics, doctors, nurses, etc. but a guy on Yorkville sold him a cure for \$18.50 guaranteed made by genuine Voodoo houguns at a Black Mass in Scarborough

last Halloween. It cured him but next day the problem was back.

"O.K. It's back but it's not contagious anymore; you can't give it to anyone," the guy said.

"And anyway a dose is good for you. Like that cat deMaupassant had syphilis." He knew Paul was on the creativity thing just then and quite happy to be persuaded.

So Paul got back into circulation. For a while. Then he noticed people were avoiding him again and a guy from the department of public health kept coming around to his place.

Paul wasn't going to put up with this sort of hassle so he went down to the States.

No one knows where Mary went. No one even asked.

Etobicoke's medical officer of health, Dr. M. R. Warren, says that by the end of October the number of girls in the area with

VD was double the total for the whole of last year.

The number of men under 22 with VD has also increased considerably since last year. Dr. Warren says that the great increase is nation-wide.

The number of cases reported is not large but medical officers claim that only a small proportion of actual cases are reported to them.

As some social stigma still attaches to infection — there is a tendency for family doctors to cover up cases so that the statistics may only represent the tip of a largely submerged iceberg.

In Toronto the Good a lot of good people refuse to believe that VD exists, almost to the extent of suppressing information on the availability of free VD diagnosis and treatment. But the people at the clinics don't hassle.

Free VD clinics are located at the following hospitals:

TORONTO WESTERN Outpatients' Bathurst St. entrance Rm. 27, North End, Phone 369-5131

Monday—female gonorrhoea, 8:30-9:30 a.m.

Tuesday—male and female syphilis, 5-6:30 p.m. male gonorrhoea, new cases, 5-6:30 p.m.

Wednesday—female gonorrhoea, 8:30-9:30 p.m.

Thursday—male syphilis and gonorrhoea, 5-6:30 p.m. female syphilis 5-6:30 p.m.

Friday—female gonorrhoea, 8:30-9:30 a.m.

HOSP. FOR SICK CHILDREN, 555 University Ave. Phone 366-7242.

Wednesday — male and female syphilis and gonorrhoea, 9-10 a.m.

WOMEN'S COLLEGE HOSP. Outpatients, 76 Grenville St. Phone 966-7211

Monday—male and female syphilis and gonorrhoea 5:30-7 p.m.

Wednesday—male and female syphilis and gonorrhoea 5:30-7 p.m.

Friday—male and female syphilis and gonorrhoea, 5:30-7 p.m.

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSP. Outpatients; Victoria St. Rm. 21, first floor Phone 360-4935

Monday—syphilis and gonorrhoea, 9-10 a.m.

Wednesday—male syphilis follow-up, 9-10 a.m.; male gonorrhoea, 9-10 a.m.; female syphilis follow-up, 9-10 a.m.; female gonorrhoea, 5-5:30 p.m.; male syphilis and gon. 5-5:30 p.m.; female syphilis, 5:30-6 p.m.

Radical upsurge in Massachusetts

By Colin MacGregor

Reports reaching here from just outside Boston, tell of recent clashes between government troops and members of local activist organizations. The latest outbreak of violence occurred yesterday at Lexington Common with a loss of eight lives.

This may be the start of an all-out conflict arising from the revo-

lutionary sentiment felt throughout the country in the past 10 years.

The clash yesterday was instigated by supporters of the new, radical Continental Congress, which has been meeting regularly in Philadelphia for two years now. Until now, this Continental Congress has tried peaceably to assert the claims of the radicals. The government, on the other hand, has rejected every proposal without appeal.

As a result, the radicals have resorted to open conflict with the present government in demand of their rights. A radical spokesman said, of yesterday's clash: "This is just the beginning. Now maybe they'll listen to us. The government could have avoided trouble yesterday. . ."

The government has been aware of the claim that the situation in Massachusetts has been very tense now for months. The only question was, when would the breaking point occur. Two days ago, the State Department ordered the national army to be put on alert.

In Richmond last week, radical partisan Patrick Henry, made an emotional call for revolution. Since then, the entire northeast has been alive with demonstrations, and some areas have been reported to be arming themselves.

Yesterday's outbreak at Lexington arose from reports that radical supporters were storing arms and ammunition near Boston. When word reached the State Department, 800 militiamen were sent, by forced march, on a search

and destroy mission.

Word got to the radicals that the soldiers were on the way, and a signal in a church tower alerted Paul Revere, a local copper merchant.

Revere spent the rest of the night alerting local radical supporters, and by dawn 300 men had gathered at Lexington Common to meet the government forces. The ensuing clash left eight radicals dead. There has been no word on government casualties.

Does this all sound familiar? Like maybe Little Rock in '54, or Selma in '63, or how about Chicago in '68? Not really. Try Lexington on April 19, 1776, and you might be right.

Revolution doesn't change with age, it only mellows.

WORSE THAN VERSE

ODE TO THE FOUR LETTER WORDS

*Banish the use of the four-letter words
Whose meanings are never obscure
The Anglos, the Saxons those hardy old birds,
Were vulgar, obscene and impure.
But cherish the use of the weasling phrase
That never quite says what you mean
You'd better be known for your hypocrite ways
Than as vulgar, impure and obscene.*

*When Nature is calling, plain speaking is out,
When the Ladies, God bless 'em are milling about;
You may pee-wee; make water, or empty the glass
You can powder your nose, even Johnny can pass.
Shake the dew off the lily, see a man about a dog;
When everyone's soused, it's condensing the fog;
But please to remember, if you would know bliss
That only in Shakespeare do characters * * * **

*A woman has bosoms, a bust or a breast
Those lily-white swellings that bulge 'neath her vest
They are towers of ivory or sheaves of new wheat
In a moment of passion ripe apples to eat.
You may speak of her nipples as fingers of fire
With hardly a question of raising her ire;
But by Rabbelais' beard, she will throw several fits
If you speak of them roundly as good, honest * * * **

*It's a cavern of joy you're thinking of now,
A warm tender field awaiting the plough;
It's a quivering pigeon caressing your hand,
Or the National Anthem — it makes us all stand
It's known amongst men as the centre of love
The hope of the world or a velvety glove
But friend, heed this warning, beware the affront,
Of aping the Saxon — don't call it a * * * **

*Though a lady repel your advance, she'll be kind
As long as you intimate what's on your mind;
You may tell her you're hungry, you need to be swung,
You may ask her to see how your etchings are hung.
Or mention the ashes that need to be hauled;
Put the lid on her saucepan, even 'lay' is not too bald;
But the moment you're forthright, get ready to duck,
For the girl isn't born yet who'll stand for
"Let's" * * * **

*So banish the words that Elizabeth used,
When she was a Queen on her throne;
The modern maid's virtue is easily bruised
By the four-letter words all alone.
Let your morals be clean as an Alderman's vest
If your language is always obscure
Today not the act but the word is the test
Of the vulgar, obscene and impure.*

Anon

Obituary

Cut down in his prime

By Lorne Coe

I invite you to join me in mourning the death of my begonia; suddenly, on my window sill. The cause of death was multiple contusions.

I hope it has gone to a better and sunnier world than this. It had lived under my roof longer than any other green thing, the previous record being held by a spider plant which died of aspirin poisoning at the tender age of 28 days.

Begonia Rex was roughly a year and seven months old but I do not know exactly when or where it was born. I bought it for \$2 from the local green-house.

It took ill immediately. Its leaves dropped and shrivelled. Its stems bent over at an angle of 180 degrees as if trying to make contact with Mother Earth.

Ingrid's queen

By Carole Gomez

Contrary to all rumours the new Frosh Queen is not Frank. The new Queen is Ingrid Steigenga, a first year fashion careers student. The princesses are Irene Chrobak of General Arts and Diane DeForeste of Law Enforcement.

Frank, for those who were unable to attend the C H B R dance at the Cambridge Hotel, on Friday, Nov. 20, was the candidate from the Queensway Campus.

The dance was a success. Due to the large but orderly crowd, the management of the hotel asked that only people with tickets be permitted entry after 10 o'clock. Thus, many would-be dancers were unable to appreciate the music provided by the Rock Revival.

I watered it, placed it in the sun and fed it liquid manure in discreet quantities. My begonia languished. I gave it up for lost and put it out by the garbage can for the final rites.

Two days later I went to the window sill and a miracle had happened. My begonia, lying face down in less than 16 ounces of earth, was struggling back to life.

One leaf was cocked upwards in an attitude of hope. A stalk reached out in a corkscrew motion as if seeking life. My begonia was reborn.

I nursed it better. I polished its leaves with milk. I took it into the yard for short walks. I watered it every hour on the hour. It began to die on me again. Its leaves curled hopelessly and fell. I called a friend who is an expert on plants.

"You are drowning the bloody thing," he said.

I said I didn't know plants could drown.

He said that plants could die of practically any malady known to man.

I took the hint and went easy on the water. My begonia was soon off the danger list. It thrived and grew fat. Then, without warning, it stopped thriving and grew thin again.

It wilted this time at an alarming rate. It seemed hell-bent on self-destruction. I consulted my friend again.

"Strangulation."
"But I haven't laid a finger on it."

"The bloody plant-pot," he said, "is too small. It hasn't room to breathe."

I bought a bigger plant-pot and performed a successful transplant operation. That was the last time

it gave me trouble.

The other day my begonia was out on the window-sill and I forgot it was there. I forgot that the window cleaner was coming. One swipe with a cloth and my begonia lay mortally wounded, beyond help.

We'd come a long way together. The place seemed empty without it.

Rec students lead YMCA program

Two Recreation Leadership students are running a successful \$1,440 after-school care program for Mississauga children under YMCA auspices.

Ted Clark, 25, and Louise Duffy, 20, are co-ordinating the efforts of 14 T. L. Kennedy Secondary School students.

The Mississauga Rotary Club and the Mississauga Lions put up the money for the program and it swings into gear at the Cooksville United Church at 3 p.m. every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

"This age group represents kids from 6 to 12 years old and it seemed like a good idea to give them something to do after school," says Ted.

"The challenge of working with this age group intrigued me. It was an age group I hadn't worked with before."

Ted and Louise keep the children busy with active games such as floor hockey and badminton as well as arts and crafts programs.

Ted explains that studies such as the Mississauga "Suburban High-Density Living" report published recently identify an urgent need for programs of this kind and that enrollment in the program has doubled since it began.

"I think the idea is good. It's just a pilot project now but I think there's a real need for this."

TV tycoons woo youth market

By Bil Hurst

The "youth market" or "now generation" is the coveted target for a host of big industries.

Clothiers, soft drink vendors and auto builders are all crowding each other for a front and center shot. Television, too, is suddenly "hip to that scene" with a new, yet slipshod season, and loaded with blanks.

For network executives, "relevance" is this season's insurance that youth will turn on to the tube.

Young, "groovy" people are helping the unfortunate as lawyers, doctors, psychiatrists and policemen.

But, to be "where it's at", show after show has zeroed in on the drug culture, and missed far too many times.

The Interns, with a token "long hair" and a token black in the cast, spent 53 minutes revealing nothing about a teenage heroin addict. With boxing gloves the story gave the impression that all "cool" young people were heroin addicts. The skeletal script was larded by various kinds of hip talk.

May it be noted that record time for a "fix" (dosage) was made in this show. A "fix" was prepared, given to the addicted girl and the girl "hit up" in less 60 seconds, a ludicrously short time. It is doubtful if anyone knows a freak who could "do a hit" in this span of time.

Heroin addicts rampaged through the Bold Ones too. In one show blending two plots, the concerned doctor helped a pregnant

addict grasp at straws that saved her life. This part was sensitive and finely-crafted but the second segment of the show was another misfire.

The drama here focused on a 12-year-old boy addicted to heroin. In the final scene, the boy screamed that the adults use just as many drugs as youth. (Long shot to the medicine chest.)

Nothing has the rapier edge of a cliché.

Dan August, a "now policeman", tormented another 16-year-old heroin addict going through withdrawal. August always with his gun strapped on the hip, handcuffed and hounded the boy for the name of his supplier.

But one piece of television has come perilously close to a bull's

eye. Trip to Nowhere, a NBC special, centered on a typical drug situation in a typical town.

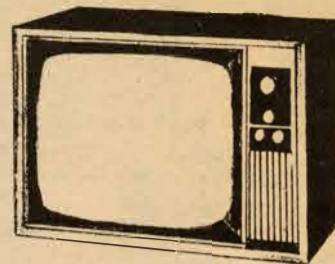
There were no actors. There was no script. Above all, there was no driving condescension of patronism.

A young girl had died. Another recovered from a bad trip. There were no heroin addicts.

Instead of drama, there was truth.

Not all the people involved with drugs were upper middle class. Not all of the young people were cool or hippies or freaks, but all had some connection with drugs.

If productions like Trip to Nowhere were standard fare in the "relevant" department of national television, there would be a larger youth audience. However, platitudes and false revelations prove that the industry is aiming its cannon with both eyes closed.



Most importantly, with the endless salvos of blanks and misfires, the now generation has turned from home screen.

But where has this generation turned to?

Perhaps many of the young people are turning to the "revolution".

Exemplifying society's habit of token involvement in contemporary problems, television may find the guns of revolution facing them with point blank accuracy.

Happiness is a hot car

By Greig Stewart

The police in North York released an interesting statement to the Press last month. They say that car thefts and other petty crimes have gone up in the area north of Keele from 260 last year to over 450 in 1970. That's an increase of 80 per cent.

The precise area the police are talking about is bordered by Jane, Keele, Highway 401 and Lawrence Avenue. It is predominantly Italian, with pockets of Greeks and Anglo-Saxons. Sociologists working in the local drop-in centre have labelled the area "potentially violent".

Even the police at 31 Division recognize a problem, but don't reveal anything more than the yearly crime figures. "We only know there's something going on down there," one said.

Out of this "potentially violent" neighbourhood where "something is going on", comes the story of four boys. All go to public schools, all are under 15, and all are car thieves. Collectively, according to their friends, they are the most successful "rip-off" team in the area.

"Not only that," says one, with a smile, "we can strip the inside of a locked car in under two minutes."

Last year alone, the boys figure they made well over \$1,000 from stolen cars and goods. They always find a buyer for the goods.

And sometimes, when business is slow, they take on what they call "contract deals".

Someone might want a set of hubcaps, or tires, or even a car itself. The boys "deliver" the goods, usually within two weeks. One boy describes the work as being "a tax-free income at your own risk".

The boys got their start about a year ago when one of them was paid 25 cents to be lookout for another local "rip-off" gang. Later, he was paid 50 cents to steal keys from parked cars. "I thought it was great then," he says, " 'cause it was the only money I had."

"The old gang broke up when two of the guys got arrested, but I still wanted to make some money, so I talked these three guys into forming a new gang."

"It looked like easy money,"

said another, "so we went along."

"As long as we never got caught," added a third.

They never have.

How they do what they do is interesting. On the way home from school in the afternoon, they split up and scan streets for possible "hits". After supper, they meet for an hour and talk over plans and ideas. By nine o'clock, they're all in bed catching a few hours sleep. One of them never sleeps before a "hit". Instead he reads comic books.

"It calms my nerves," he says.

Two o'clock in the morning rolls around, and they all rise, sneak out and meet at a designated area to finalize their plans. They make their "hit" around three.

One strips the motor, one works on the inside of the car, and the other two serve as lookouts. If they make a second "hit" that night, they all switch places.

"We like to be fair," says one.

The car stripped or stolen, they are back in their beds by four.

"But you must be awful tired?"

I ask.

"We sleep in on the weekends," they answer.

The bedroom of one of the boys is the storehouse for parts until a buyer can be found. Stereo-tape decks, tapes, cameras, T-bars, radios, hubcaps, and custom equipment fill the cupboards, drawers, and the space under his bed. It's like being in the parts department of the C.N.E. auto show.

"Wanta buy something?" one asks, "We'll sell you this stereo-tape deck for \$25."

"Labour costs included," he laughs.

According to the Criminal Code, he boys can be charged with: possession of stolen goods, car theft, vagrancy, breaking and entering, possession of burglar tools, theft under \$50, and sale of stolen goods.

But first they have to be caught.

"Aren't you guys worried about letting caught?" I ask.

"Not really," one answers, "But if my old man finds out, I'm dead."

If you pile up . . .

By Angelo Guerra

Some of you may at one time or another have the misfortune of being involved in a traffic accident. So just in case it's sooner here are some important facts you need to know.

Don't sign anything. Make sure the settlement of your claim is to your satisfaction. If any problems should arise, it might be best to consult a lawyer for legal advice, but only if it is absolutely necessary. Legal advice can hurt the pocket book. So unless your claim is a costly one, legal advice would be of no value.

Remember, insurance policies are written with the interests of the insurance company in mind.

To be blunt, the odds are working for the company, not you.

With insurance policies for male drivers, single and under 25, ranging \$300 and up depending on the make and model of your car, an accident is going to hurt you more than the insurance company.

Sure they'll pay the claim, but you can bet your Cobra 450 that your premiums will sky-rocket.

This then brings us to the most important details of what to do when in a collision so as to prove your innocence and thus avoid a high-rising policy.

The first thing the driver must remember, is that he is responsible for producing evidence in support of his claim. This should be done at the scene of the accident. Get the names, telephone number

and addresses of any witnesses.

Check their accounts of the accident it may help you later.

Do not waste time and energy arguing with the other driver as to where the blame lies, instead exchange insurance and personal information (names, addresses, etc.)

If you're hurt do not leave your car. Get someone else to call the police and wait until they arrive. When they do, inform them of your injury and ask that they take you to the hospital.

Be precise and factual when answering the officer's questions. Name-calling hasn't helped yet. But it doesn't hurt to give the officer a good impression of yourself. He could be helpful to you. And if you feel the officer may be missing an important fact, by all means inform him of it.

You should always carry a pad in your car, so that you may take your own notes concerning an accident. This will be useful to you when reporting the accident to your insurance agent.

Make sure the officer has a report of the damage to the cars so as to avoid any inflated claims. Also be sure to get the officer's

badge number and name.

Always be wary of claims adjusters. They don't have any power so don't take any crap from them. The claims adjuster is not working for your benefit. He is under constant pressure from his company to keep the damage costs as low as possible, so don't let him pressure you into an agreement that doesn't really satisfy you.

You must remember to always get two estimates of the damage from competing garages so that if the adjuster suggests a price much lower than the other garages, you may counter with those estimates.

If they tell you a job could be done much cheaper at their own shops, you are perfectly in your rights to refuse their services in favor of your own choice.

If your accident is serious or complex, do not attempt to handle matters on your own. You may find that you may come up on the short end of the stick.

Instead seek professional advice from an insurance lawyer and let him handle it. The chances are your claim will be settled in half the time and also save you from a lot of needless headaches.

'Counselling' is first stop on university road

By Jeanette Alexander

Do you plan on going to university or teacher's college after you finish your course at Humber? If you do, but aren't sure how to go about getting in. Counselling Services can help you.

According to Florence Martyn of the counselling department, the first thing you should do is think clearly and analyze your motives for wanting to go on to university.

The counsellors are willing to discuss this question with you. They will not make your mind for you, but they will give you information on the factors you should consider so that you can make a reasonable decision yourself.

However, if you have already made up your mind that you will continue your education after Humber, Counselling Services is still the first place you should go. A counsellor will read the calendars with you and help you decide

which university or college is the best suited for your needs.

The next step is admission requirements. Miss Martyn is currently looking into the possibility of having Humber students who wish to go on to university take the SACU (Service for Admission to College and University) test. This test is taken by Ontario students in Grade 13 and is roughly equal to the admission test for most American universities.

By Christmas you should ideally have chosen the university you wish to attend, and a visit to that university is always helpful. Most students feel that a good time for this visit is the spring or end of semester break. By visiting the campus, you get a good idea as to what to expect and you can make your final plans.

At the end of the school year, follow-up-cards are sent to Humber graduates in the hope they will fill them out and send them back. In this way, the college knows what the former students are doing. This is very important for finding what percentage of students found jobs and how many were actually accepted at universities.

This year approximately half the cards were sent back and a number of students said they planned to go on to university. Miss Martyn says if most of these students are in fact, accepted, it will confirm that the universities are looking with favor on community college students.

However this figure does not take into account the students who were accepted at university this year before completing their courses at Humber. If anyone can supply names and information on these students, the counselling and placement staff will be grateful to hear from him.

Counselling Services do not exist only for the students who want to go on to university. The service is for all the students who have problems or who feel they need someone to talk to.

Unfortunately due to shortage of staff, the South, Queensway, and Keele campuses do not have full-time counsellors.

If help is needed when there isn't a counsellor on campus the thing to do is to call Counselling Services at the North campus on extension 211. Every effort will be made to remedy the situation as soon as possible.

So if you're at South, Queensway or Keele, dial North campus extension 211. If you're at the North, go up to the third floor of Phase Two. Go alone, or get some friends together and go as a group. The counsellors want to help.



Globe's financial editor sees youth making waves in businesses of the future

By Gary Armstrong

Most students who attended Fraser Robertson's lecture at Humber on the General Motors strike missed the best part of it.

The lecture officially ended at 2:30 and most students quickly left to attend their next classes. But a few students stayed behind to have a personal conversation with the Globe and Mail's financial columnist.

Mr. Robertson criticized the government, business and the unions.

He attacked the federal government's Prices and Income Commission, headed by John Young:

"You can't tell a man that he can only earn so much money and you can't tell a company how

much money they need to charge for their product."

Mr. Robertson scoffed at negotiations between business and the unions.

"You need sociologists, economists and maybe psychologists to discuss labour relations."

He saw current labour negotiations as futile.

"Management and labour have fallen into a ritualistic dance. They are so hypnotized that they can't break the problem."

And what is that problem? Mr. Robertson believes that it is a need for a sharing of the country's wealth.

He said, "It's time somebody in the public realm put the emphasis on the more equitable distribution of income rather than

screaming about inflation."

He said that somebody should sit down and seriously think about changing the money system. He pointed to Louis Kelso's suggestion that every employee should receive shares in his company, as a viable alternative.

But Mr. Robertson does not see much hope of the financial system being changed by the people presently in power. He has faith though that the younger generation, coming out of the business schools, will be able to change the system. He says that he sees signs of that change already.

"There is a slow revolution in business and it's a switch in concern from things to people."

Rug remains issue at North campus

"No bean bags, common rooms, rugs. Have you been to Seneca?" asked one G.A.S. student who answered the question on Humber facilities in the last Hum-Drum questionnaire.

And other students picked up that issue of the North campus cafeteria rug. It seems to rankle. Or maybe it's just that tail-ends get cold.

In all, 24 per cent of students rated Humber facilities poor. Most were first year and hadn't got the horrors of the old overcrowded Q2 behind them as a basis for comparison.

Another 24 per cent rated facilities good. The rest went for "adequate".

Only three per cent of students were wholly satisfied with their courses. Reasons for dissatisfaction ranged from "myself" to "institutional confusion" and "inefficiency". Almost 40 per cent

blamed teachers; 20 per cent were just "not interested"; six per cent blamed students ("students wasting teachers' time"); three per cent said their work was too hard; most of the rest blamed specific sections of their courses.

About half the students who returned their questionnaires found their courses relevant. Another 10 per cent said they were wasting their time at Humber and most of the rest viewed their efforts here as a means to a diploma. Fair enough.

Seventy-two per cent of students found fellow-students easy to get along with; 21 per cent said they were boring; 15 per cent found their fellows distracting; and a couple of misanthropes used words like "very juvenile", "immature and idealistic".

Ninety-four per cent would recommend Humber College to other people, despite the criticisms made, and 40 per cent of students were sure they would be back next year. Many of the others were "probables" although one said: "I would rather get a job and work my way up in the business or transfer to Ryerson or a university."

"I'm gonna try to get into Ryerson," said another.

Others would graduate, go to university, or be forced out by financial problems.

Suggestions as to how Humber's problems could be solved ranged across the whole predictable area: smaller classes; more and better teachers; more flexibility; to better students (from a Continuing Education student from Q1), and to better counselling.

If you're feeling sick — start walking

By Jeanette Alexander

If you're at the North Campus and plan to get sick during the day, try to find out at least an hour in advance. It may take you that long to find the Health Services room.

The room is situated on the main floor of Phase Two, through the concourse, turn right and walk through the lounge area behind the auditorium, then turn left. It's behind the yellow door on the right side of the hall, room B118.

Health Services is staffed all day except for about an hour at

lunchtime, is well-equipped for treating minor ailments. The nurse is Jean Jones, and students might welcome the idea of a nurse dressed in something other than the conventional white uniform.

In addition to the nurse, a doctor is at the North Campus one-half day a week. Health Services does more than dispense aspirins. The staff will try to help students and staff with any problems ranging from colds to venereal disease and pregnancy.

Mrs. Jones, tries to help stu-

dents achieve "a state of physical, mental, and social well-being". Quite often a student will come for help with a minor complaint and stay for an hour discussing a personal problem. Anything a student says is held in strict confidence. No information is released to anyone without written consent of the student.

One thing that students tend to ignore, especially when they are living away from home is OHSIP. Few students know that if they cannot afford the payments, they

can still be covered by OHSIP. Suitable forms can be picked up at the Student Union office.

Humber also has a Health Services Committee. In time, the committee plans to arrange seminars on topics of interest to students.

At the South Campus, the Health Service is staffed by Mrs. Louise Wanamaker, and at Queensway by Mrs. Marie Seles. Mrs. Seles is also covering the Keele Campus as there is no full time nurse at Keele.

POETS' CORNER

"KAPELLMEISTER"

Apathetic serpent silvered smooth
winding hollow pathways
like a chronic angleworm
through haunting soil black as night
halting but four hours of day
devouring transfixed prey
that awaits beneath blinding lucency
impotent creatures unguarded vulnerable
blanch souls individually discarded
timeless and tacit victims
of the steel-cold underworld
infiltrating deeper and deeper
to depths of silence
that hangs suspended and transparent.
traders and merchants
androids and humanoids
separated by a whisper
perhaps a guilty conscience
and I, Lucifer, trader in souls,
bourgeois mercenary
take the legal lucre and grin.
Hades need not be hot!
Bryan Haig Beatty



Picture by John Burger

"— take the legal lucre and grin." Bryan Haig Beatty considers readers' interpretations of his poem "Kapellmeister", printed here.

WARMING

My mind
speaks to you
Hiroshima-mother.
Ripped and bitten,
to heal myself
in the prayers of magic
night children;
suicide in the
waters of your
own manufacture.
The radio is speaking
of dogs in the street,
the Chinese-eyes of my lady
tell only of fortune.
Wait!
There comes a new horizon.
Jon Willox

MEDIA

I covered my television screen
With a wreath of wolfbane and garlic.
I put a silver bullet and a gold cross
upon my radio.
I drove a wooden stake
through my mailbox
And wait for the newsboy
With Bell, Book and Candle.
I cross myself when passing the telephone
And wonder why Northern Electric
Chose to paint it black.
I place telegrams in Bibles
Before reading them. . .
But still
The lies,
The propaganda,
The rumours of Death
And the rumours of War
Fly into my Room
On leathery wings,
And crouch in the shadows
Waiting till sunset. . .
Before sucking the youth
From my veins.
Ron Powell

FRIENDS & LOVERS & THINGS

Friends offer their smiles and sympathetic pats
With no thought to consequence of advice ill-given

Proving friends no more than passersby
Lovers offer a hand without warmth for a moment's cold delight
And close the door quietly behind them
Proving lovers no more than poor partners at cards

And memories in mind
Capable of total devotion
So quickly dead and gone
Proving time a thief of the basest happiness
And so I wallow in a need for. . .
Something. . .
Light another cigarette
And pray for cancer.
Wendy Daxon

SO SOON

Passion's flame
lights love's candle
and splashes hot
wax which
quickly cools
Ross Zimmerman

THE TRUE STORY OF MARY JANE

Mary Jane was in the kitchen
Making some corn-brown hash
When in walked Ellis D.
Ellis D. said to Mary Jane:
"What kind of pot are you using?"
She said: "The Mexican, Peyote, who
lives in a crystals palace
said pot was not needed as
hash can be done up by itself."

Mary Jane put on yellow jackets
and proceeded to lie on the floor.
What a dope I am, she thought.
Why, look at all the junk
in my house; Kat lies
stupidly entertained by fly agaric.
So sad! Poor Mary Jane was a
belladonna with a passion
for Asiatic poppies which
she grew for fun and profit.

Mary Jane was drinking nutmeg tea
while sitting on grass talking
to Romilar about that new girl
Mescaline who was trying
to take Ellis D. away
but she dropped him instead.

To speed things up, Mary Jane
wath caught mething around
with S. T. Pea and D. M. Tee.

In the end she was hit
smack in the head
while riding Horse.

Judy Lehman

I'LL COME BACK . . .

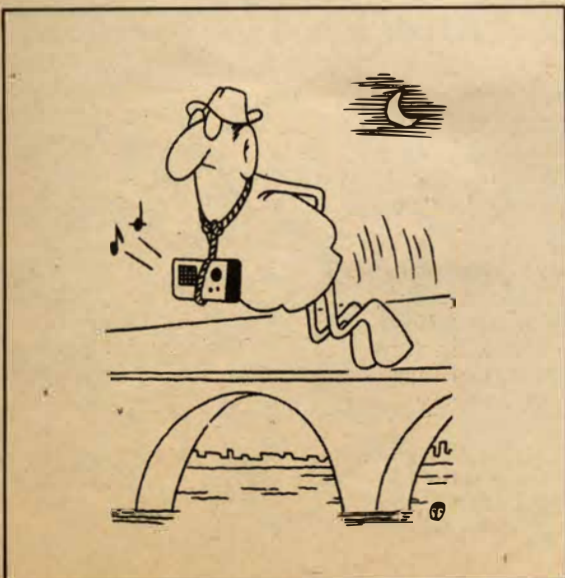
i'll come back . . .
where the lazy river
winds through the meadows
catering to the trouts . . .
and turtles,
where hanging elms
bow down to earth
to shade
burrowing worms
and busy ants

i'll come back . . .
where the rolling hills
green and fertile
stands like centurions
guarding over Galt;
here the echoing calls
of pheasants
vibrates through the valleys
and shatters
the reverence
of serenity

i'll come back . . .
to share with you
the gift of nature,
to taste the spring, sprung water,
to nurture my gluttonous desire
on the beauty of your haven
Dear Galt . . .
i ponder on your beauty
my desire flames
to a fierce passion —
a passion
to come back.
Garland Jackson

TAKE MY HAND

Like a wind I flew across the
Meadows of my world,
Seeking someone in the fields of peace
Who'd take my hand.
I flew across a flowered path
And people gazed up through the grass
But I was looking for someone
Who'd take my hand.
I searched the battlefields of life
And watched the bloody houses fall
And each man watched his neighbour
And didn't see me pass at all;
Looking, looking for someone
Who'd take my hand.
I flew as high as I could go
Remembering a story told long ago
That far above the universe lived one
Who'd take my hand.
But all I found were lost and lonely souls
Asleep among the stars.
Afraid at last and all alone
I struggled back from the unknown
And flew around the concrete stones
Of city streets and trash pile heaps.
Then finally I saw a man, alive among the sick and
Dead who called to me as I passed by:
"Please take my hand, I'm looking for someone
Who'll take my hand."
Carolyn Dalfen





Picture by John Burger

Easier
living
with
**JOHN
SEELEY**

Nail those food costs to the floor

In case you haven't noticed there's a small revolution taking place in food distribution. All over this continent groups of folks are setting up co-operatives, bypassing the local supermarket and dealing direct with wholesalers, farmers and processing plants.

There are various methods of running a food co-op but the most organized and proven one is the direct charge food co-op. The first one in Canada, Co-operative Supplies Depot of Ottawa Ltd., was incorporated in June 1968.

By Jan. 1970 C.D.S. had 970 members and 13 similar organizations had already been set up.

A direct charge co-op is not a business in any sense of the term. It doesn't buy at one price and obtain its income by selling at a higher price. A d-c co-op provides a service — a purchasing service — and the members pay the cost of that service by dividing it amongst themselves. It eliminates profit and so pays no dividend on the share capital contributed by the member.

What they get is better value for their grocery dollar.

If you wish to join an existing d-c co-op then write: Co-operative Supplies Depot Of Ottawa Ltd., 1383 Clyde Ave., Ottawa 5.

If you wish to start your own then write to United Co-operatives of Canada, 35 Oak St., Weston.

If you are really poor then go to your local supermarket (dressed spiffy-neat) and tell the produce manager that you have just started a guinea-pig business at home and you would like to pick up the vegetables that they throw out. Most grocers are co-operative and you will discover that a large amount of produce thrown out is edible and it doesn't cost you a cent — tomatoes in December free.

Pick a large supermarket so you will have more of a chance of finding good vegetables and fruit.

While shopping be sure to check

the damaged package baskets where you will pay less because the container of a product has been creased, bent or broken. Damaged goods stores that are open all day Thursday, Friday and Saturday are: Usher's Surplus Foods Ltd., 1267 Queen St. West, and Usher's Other Place at 169 Queen St. East. The cheapest meat market in town is Sherbourne Meat Market at 228 Queen St. East.

If you are downtown and want a snack, check out the following places: Kun Ling Chop Suey on Dundas St. in Chinatown for good cheap Chinese food (bowl of steamed rice 15¢, pot of tea 12¢); Lakeview Fish and Chips Store, 1177 Dundas St. West for a 45¢ plate of fish and chips; Peter Pan Restaurant at Soho and Queen; Oriental Indian Restaurant at Pape and Carlaw (north of Queen) full course meal for one dollar; Iona Meat Market at Dundas and McCaul — ham, salami, or Italian sausage with or without cheese, lettuce or mustard, on a kaiser for 25¢.

If you're starving and penniless you can get a free hot dog and drink in the evening at The Grotto, Avenue Road south of Davenport. Just up the street at the Stepping Stone free coffee and doughnuts are served in the evenings.

Good eating. Peace

It's tough to be hooked (even on chopped liver)

By David G. Forman

I like chopped liver . . . but "like" isn't really a strong enough word. I'm hooked, in fact. If not actually addicted I am psychologically dependent on the stuff.

And that means I've got a problem.

You're probably saying to yourself that there must be hundreds of delicatessens in Toronto. Aha! The big question is: how many of them know how to make good chopped liver? the answer is one . . . Hymie Sulz's on Bloor . . . Consequently, I spend many mouth-watering hours at Hymie's.

At least I did, until Nov. 4. The blackest day in my life. Hymie trod on a dill pickle outside his store. He damaged his coccyx, not to mention his dill pickle. Anyway, he's been in Toronto General ever since.

Oh sure, they say, he'll be out by Christmas or New Year, so don't worry, but where does that leave me with my chopped liver . . .

So for weeks now, I've been going around these delicatessens looking for a decent mouthful of chopped liver . . . and getting poisoned half the time. God, there's nothing worse than liver chopped by an amateur.

One day I was driving along Spadina when I spotted a flashing neon sign which simply said:

"Manny's". The temptation was too much, so in I went like a wolf on the prowl. A waitress with a menu clutched maternally to her breast, came to my table. She placed what seemed like a dictionary on my knee. On it was a silhouette of the guy eating a sandwich.

I confidently said to the girl: "chopped liver please" and pushed the menu away.

She pushed it right back and said: "Not so fast . . . big shot! You order from the menu like everybody else.

"But I only want a serving of chopped liver . . . and I'll have a coffee please."

I at least would remember my manners.

"If its not in the menu we ain't got it," she said flicking open the offending volume.

"But I only want chopped liver . . ." I started to say again and looked down at the soup-spattered pages:

Lawrence Welk Special . . .
Sammy Davis Snack . . .
Lucille Ball Lox . . .
(with extra cream cheese . . .
Frank Sinatra Schnitzel . . .
(dill pickle 15 cents extra)
Mayberry R.F.D. Dessert . . .
Jack Benney Burger . . .
James Cagney Cabbage Roll . . .
Maurice Chevalier French Fries
Princess Grace Kelly Gravy . . .

I began to realise that the only way I stood a chance of getting the chopped liver I craved would be to order an Ed Sullivan Heartburn Special, which would involve a three-course meal I didn't want.

I rebelled.

I made some pointed remarks about the ancient responsibility of delicatessens to cater to the needs of hungry wayfarers.

The waitress stated her point of view . . . or re-stated it for she didn't vary much from her original proposition that "if it's not in the menu we ain't got it".

We both became a little excited.

Other diners were starting to look across at us.

Then a little fat man hurtled through the swing doors from the kitchen: "Whassamarrer? Whassagoignon?"

The waitress and I explained loudly and simultaneously. This was Manny, and obviously a lot was going to depend on his reaction — he presumably was the liver-chopper if, in fact, any liver was going to get chopped.

I talked, argued, pleaded with tears in my eyes, but still Manny backed the waitress' position. He went so far as to recite huge snatches of the menu which sounded like a mixture of TV Guide and Screenworld; and wouldn't give an inch.

Then as I listened open-mouthed, it clicked. I suddenly understood the rules of the game.

There was one way I might escape the pangs of withdrawal symptoms which would set in soon if I didn't get my chopped liver.

"Just give me a Phyllis Diller Liver Special," I said.

I could see immediately that Manny liked the sound of that. He cocked his head on one side and mouthed the words to himself. He smiled. Then he whispered the words again and grinned broadly.

"Right," he said. "One Phyllis Diller Liver Special a-comin' up," and he hurtled back into his kitchen.

In no time I was tucking into my chopped liver — ambrosia, food of the gods. It was as good as, if not even better than Hymie's at his best.

So for the last few weeks I've been going in to Manny's regularly on a Wednesday afternoon to drop a serving of that delicious chopped liver . . . oops . . . sorry . . . a Phyllis Diller Liver Special.

TEMPTATION

By Egidio Lamanna

One night the devil came to wake me up. He was soft and gentle, like I expected God to be.

He asked me if I wanted to go with him. He offered me money, women, power, glory.

My hesitation appalled him for a moment. I guess he didn't expect a sinner like me to take so long in deciding on such an offer.

All I had to do is walk with him along the dirt road through the

meadow behind my house and across the railroad tracks.

There he would hand me the key that would open the way to what he had promised me. This would guarantee me a life of happiness.

I couldn't resist the temptation.

I went!

His gentle manners won my confidence. He walked beside me like a guardian angel, his black cloak sheltered me from the night breeze.

As the dirt road ended we reached the tracks and stopped.

Then I was left standing between the tracks while he moved on and faded into the darkness.

I tried to reach out and grab him but my feet held me tightly to the ground as though they were powerful magnets.

I had lost my speech and could not breathe; I tried to gasp for more air. I was near to suffocating.

Then in the distance, I heard a train-whistle and the roar of the locomotive. The sound soon became louder and louder.



On the pop scene

THE FOX — "FOR FOX SAKE VOL. 1" CREWE RECORDS

Don't let the play on words in the title fool you, this album is about as heavy as the Monkees doing Grand Funk.

Although the songs are original they are hauntingly similar to the work of about six other groups.

There are a few moments when the Fox actually seems to have something going musically but by the time you reach them the overall effect of the album has dulled your capacity to appreciate them.

There are two songs which are worthwhile, Look In The Sky and Goodtime Music. They come at the end of the first side and the beginning of the second respectively.

Otherwise the album is a complete disaster.
John Willox

Johnny Winter, Rare Earth, Sha Na Na, Poco, Simon Cain, Chilliwack, and The James Gang — they will all be at Maple Leaf Gardens on New Years Eve.

Between acts, while \$1,800,000 worth of audio equipment is being shuffled around, you'll be able to feast your eyes on a film excerpt of one of Jimmy Hendrix's last recorded performances, as well as clips of performances by Led Zepelin, and Eric Clapton.

The tickets are \$6 if you buy them now, and \$7 if you wait until the 31st, and buy them at the door.
Bev Jaffray

CHBR backs RESA appeal

By Carole Gomez

Within walking distance of Humber College, a little boy is staying home from school today so that his brother goes to school. They have one pair of shoes between them.

In another house a teenage girl is staying home because she only has a spring coat and it is cold outside.

The two children are only part of the problem that exists in two subdivisions in Northern Etobicoke. According to officials from the Rexdale Ecumenical Social Action — better known as RESA — this winter is going to be a long one and welfare agencies may not be able to feed everyone who

needs help.

RESA, usually provides hampers for these families at Christmas. Unfortunately, this year the Catholic Church has withdrawn its support in favour of other projects.

As a result there will be 120 families who won't receive the hampers they usually get.

CHBR hopes to take up the lack the Catholic withdrawal has created. They are asking your assistance in collecting toys, furniture, clothing and food. Please bring up your donation to the CHBR offices.

Let's try to make Christmas a little merrier for those less fortunate than ourselves.

LOOKING IN AND LOOKING OUT

Hum-Drum is happy to hear that the Student Union is publishing a new paper, Son of Ad Hoc.

We welcome the new publication, believing firmly that Humber, like any other healthy society, needs as many communications organs as it can get in order to stay healthy.

Hum-Drum is financed wholly by the college and is produced by a group of interested students — not all Journalists by any means.

No pressure has ever been placed on the staff to depart from purely professional standards of objectivity. The staff is, of course, firmly committed to resisting any such pressure.

Therefore, no member of the college has been or will ever be refused space in Hum-Drum, although we may have to defer publication of late material from one edition to the next.

While we have done our best in eight pages a month (on average) to represent all shades of opinion and to make any additional newspaper unnecessary, we have not yet had as much success as we would have liked in getting students at some campuses to send in contributions.

READERS' LETTERS

'NIL'

Sir:

This is the last time I will write for Humber College, for a while anyway. I got screwed by the Department of University Affairs Student Awards Branch.

Friday, Nov. 13 (when else?) I received my student award statement. Under the words total award: "nil".

In the neat little pockets of my pants is also nil, so now I must leave Humber. Apparently my resources are enough to put me through school.

While Director Bethune and friends directed around with my application for weeks I managed to go to Humber only by living on macaroni dinners and arranging to have my tuition fees collected upon receipt of my student loan.

This letter is my last chance to say anything. I would march up and down University Ave. with a sign but I do not have any money to stay in Toronto.

I have to go to work.

There is more I would like to say but not here, besides I have to go now. Hitchhiking to Yellowknife is a long, cold journey.

With luck I will see everyone next year.

Art Boyer
Creative Communications I

CAFETERIA

Sir:

Our cafeteria food is up to par with some restaurants. All it lacks is waitresses.

Z. Biozek

BUBBLE

Sir:

At the beginning of the school year, I was told that a huge bubble was being erected where tennis courts, gymnasiums, and other recreation facilities would be made available. Now, after two months of operation, I still see no huge bubble.

Pat Filippelli

BOOKSTORE

Sir:

Our Humber College bookstore leaves something to be desired. Often when books do come in, it is

editorial

views

from the

fourth floor

If Son of Ad Hoc can do better... fine.

Our main reason for welcoming the newcomer is that we believe very strongly that competition is healthy, and nowhere more healthy than in the area of mass communication.

It's always groovy to see a chick who has really taken pains to dress well whether she's wearing a cheap cotton dress or diamond-spattered mink.

So some of the gals in midis are very easy on the eye.

But why the sell out? They were even easier on the eye in minis — those of them that had the legs, anyway.

So much for Women's Lib if so many of them will stuff their self-respect and do what the fashion mags tell them

without a squeak of protest.

And who runs the fashion mags?

Right — men. And men who don't give a damn for a shapely thigh but whose exclusive concern is to make a buck out of the docile frails.

If anything less than the fat buck these guys hope to make out of selling every woman a whole new wardrobe had been at stake, we'd never have heard another word about the midi after the first howl of rage which greeted the preposterous idea of replacing the beautiful, sexy, liberated, (fairly) cheap, sensible, 1970ish, functional, swinging mini with things like granny wore for chopping up sticks.

So, if you've got a midi, get your scissors and trim a two-foot wide strip off the bottom — unless, of course, you're knock-kneed or bow-legged.

Death behind bars

By Number 2126

Hell has no phone books. People don't have numbers there.

They are numbers. It's the same at the Kingston Pen.

In Canada there are approximately 20,000 men, women, and children in various federal and provincial institutions. The terms of imprisonment range from one day to "Preventive Detention", a term which usually involves between 15 and 20 years imprisonment.

To observe, discipline and occasionally help those who are in jail, provincial and federal governments employ almost 34,000 guards and officials resulting in the ratio of 1.7 prison personnel to 1.0 inmates.

To house, feed, clothe and provide recreational facilities for convicts the average annual government spending is approximately \$5,186.25 per man.

Should the convict be married and have two children, the provincial government will spend an additional \$2,860 a year to help provide for them.

So if a man is serving a five-year penitentiary sentence, the spending by both governments will be in the neighborhood of \$40,000.

This is utter lunacy, but then so is our whole penal system. Lunacy and worse than lunacy.

Let's look at one example:
Regina vs Richard Brown (pseudonym)

"Mr. Brown, you stand before this court, accused and now convicted of the charge of breaking and entering with intent to commit an indictable offence; in this case, theft.

"Under Section 292 Article 1-a of the Criminal Code of Canada, anyone convicted under this charge is liable to a prison sentence not to exceed 14 years.

"There is no getting around your conviction in 1964 under this

same charge and an additional conviction for theft under \$50 in 1966 in which you received probation.

"In my opinion, you are unfit for society at this time. Even though you are married and recently a father, your arrest leaves me with the impression that you were not



exactly the best provider you could have been.

"In sentencing you, I hope that not only will you attempt to help yourself, but also hope that the prison term I am about to impose upon you will act as a deterrent to others who may find their way into this court room.

"Richard Brown, I intend to make an example on your case by sentencing you to five years in Kingston Penitentiary."

That was what the judge said. With the passing of sentence, Richard Brown was ushered from the court room, to a cell on the floor below. Here he contemplated his future and waited for transportation to the Pen.

Kingston Penitentiary is something out of mediaeval times, vastly over-crowded, generally unsanitary. It stands on a hill facing the St. Lawrence River and the grey walls and gun towers make it a grim and foreboding sight.

Brown's cell consisted of a bed, welded to the wall, a sink with only cold water, a table which doubled as a desk and a toilet which occasionally worked. This was the cell which Richard Brown, now known as No. 1697, considered his home for the next several years.

What the Learned Judge neglected to state during his summation to the court was that this man's family would probably desert him within a year.

This happens in 67.4 per cent of all cases and the inmate tends to fall into a deep depression, not necessarily because of his loss but mainly because he was not able to talk out the problems with his

spouse. If real communication were allowed, cases like this might not always have such tragic results.

Richard Brown failed to make parole after 20 months because of domestic problems. His wife left him only four months after his imprisonment.

His attitude changed from that of a loser, a defeatist, to one of complete bitterness.

Even though he was constantly moody and bitter, he had several close friends. Maybe it was these few that kept him "up" for as long as he was. Finally everything caught up with him.

After serving 21 months in the Big House he committed suicide. He left a wife, and a son who he had seen only twice, parents who had loved their son and many friends. Now the word "deceased" is marked beside the number 1697 on the master roll.

So Society triumphed. Society gave Richard Brown the opportunity to help himself to such an extent that he will never again commit another crime.

I knew this Richard Brown and was there the day he died. I feel bad about not being able to help; at the time I had my own problems. There was no reason for the fate that Rich suffered except that life dealt him a very bad hand, and he made the wrong bid.

The average age in Kingston is 23 years and the average sentence is 3 years 2 months.

Canada rules her lands by laws which were thrown together one Sunday afternoon in the mid-19th century. These laws are combined in the Criminal Code of Canada.

There are some strange laws in the C.C.C.

Rustling in Canada is a hanging offence, while entering a home through an open front door (or window) is punishable by life imprisonment and lashes.

Armed Robbery and Robbery with Violence are punishable in the same manner.

Carnal Knowledge, a crime somewhat similar to Statutory Rape in the United States is punishable of 10 years plus that armed whip.

If a man goes to bed with a girl under the age of 16, even though she may say she's older, he may be held guilty of Carnal Knowledge.

If a person in Canada has been convicted of three or more indictable offences he can be charged under the Habitual Criminal Act (H.C.A.) Conviction usually means 15 to 20 years imprisonment. This seems contrary to the spirit of Canada's Bill of Rights.

Hum-Drum

beats monthly to unite Humber College's four campuses with an effective internal communications organ, to present the views and achievements of Humber people to the wider world, and to provide a working laboratory for those interested in the role of the media in Canadian society. Contributions to: Hum-Drum, North Campus (via internal mail). Calls to North Campus locals 353 and 393.



