

# Hum-Drum

HUMBER COLLEGE OF APPLIED ARTS AND TECHNOLOGY, REXDALE, ONTARIO

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Brian Williams "on air" at CHIC.

Photograph by Carole Gomez.

## PR graduate launches radio career at CHIC

From among the female voices on CHIC — where the girls are — a very masculine voice was heard last May. That voice belongs to Brian Williams.

After graduating from Humber's Public Relations course Brian went to CHIC radio in Brampton as an announcer.

Monday through Saturday, Brian can be heard reading the news, sports and weather at intervals between 12:25 and 7:00.

Between newscasts Brian is in contact with the local police, fire department, hospitals and politicians. CHIC has a small news staff so most information is gathered over the phone. However, Brian has covered local council meetings and recently gave on-the-spot reports immediately after a shooting incident in Brampton.

Brian is also responsible for keeping the disc jockeys aware of local events, changes in temperature and pollution indexes.

As a newsman, Brian must also be in constant contact with his listeners. Their ideas are expressed on a new public opinion program called Forum. Brian invites all his listeners to talk about their pet peeve or favourite organization.

Thirteen times a day, taped interviews discussing everything from legalization of marijuana to education taxes, are prepared for broadcasting.

Brian came to Humber after completing a one-year course in advertising and sales promotion for radio at Algonquin College in Ottawa.

He was one of the six third-year students who launched Humber's radio station last year.

**Hum-Drum is following the fortunes of Humber's graduates. From time to time the paper will publish interviews with former students. This month CAROLE GOMEZ interviews a Humber graduate who broke into radio.**

As Assistant Manager and Technical Director of CHBR, Brian helped establish a record library and a basic format for the station.

The step from CHBR to CHIC wasn't too difficult for him. And when the CHIC job was offered to him, Brian says he jumped at the opportunity "like an elephant in heat".

Although Brian enjoys announc-

ing, he says that eventually he would like to move away from news and public affairs.

"Sooner or later, when I get myself established in this business... I want to get back into sales promotion and maybe a little "on air" work — an FM show perhaps."

Until then tune in to Brian Williams on CHIC, 790 on your radio dial.

## 1971 job outlook bleak

By Lorne Coe

Humber's Placement Director, Art King predicts that this year's graduates will have trouble finding jobs.

Mr. King predicts that a job shortage will result from an over-supply of students in an employer's market. A tight economy, and an increasing number of graduating students from high schools, colleges and universities competing for a limited number of jobs could mean problems for some.

However, he is trying to meet the needs of Humber's students.

"The Placement Department is still trying to bring employers and students together," he said.

Mr. King says that many prospective employers will still be

visiting the college to conduct on-campus interviews, but he foresees an increasing number of requests that students visit employers to be interviewed for specific positions.

This change in recruitment procedure is the inevitable consequence of competition for available jobs. More will also be demanded from job-seeking students. "The individual student's attitude and interview preparation become all that more important in obtaining permanent employment," he said.

Mr. King did, however, try conclude on an optimistic note.

"I don't want to present a bleak picture for these people, but I must be perfectly honest with them. There is a definite job shortage all over the country. All we can do is try our best," he said.

## TTC praises film made by Humber team

By Brock Stewart

Ever think that the subway, street car or bus you ride on every morning could be a film set? Ridiculous you say? Not so, says Rex Sevenoaks chairman of Humber College's English and Communications Department.

A total of 50 Humber College students, together with some professional help, were hard at work last April and May making *It's About People*, an information and orientation film for new employees of the Toronto Transportation Commission.

The production, to premier officially at Humber College on Nov. 18, will also be used for public relations purposes by the TTC.

"*It's About People* provided Humber College's Media Arts students with an opportunity to actually get involved in film-making" said Mr. Sevenoaks, who produced the film.

"Our aim," Mr. Sevenoaks said, "was not just to produce a documentary, but rather a story-documentary with wide appeal which would show that the TTC really is in 'the people business'."

"So far every indication is that we've achieved a broad spectrum of acceptance — I've shown this film to teenagers and older people and it appeals to both age groups. In fact after I showed it to a group of delighted 10-year olds they asked if they could get it for their school!"

Although Humber College students played a very great part in making *It's About People*, the film is not an amateur effort.

Five of the major roles were filled by professional actors and the script was written by Joan Fiore, a professional documentary writer who has previously won an

Emmy award and also a San Francisco film award.

The director-producer of the CBC's *The Way It Is*, Carl Charlson, directed the film. Mr. Charlson was on the Humber Communications staff at the time.

Initial reaction to the film from the TTC has been favourable. Norm Dawber of the commission's personnel said he was very pleased with the production.

The cost of *It's About People*, with some expenses still to be met, will be about 25 per cent of what a professional film maker would have charged, according to Mr. Sevenoaks.

With the possibility of *It's About People* being entered in a future film festival, and tentative plans for airing the production on CFTO, Rex Sevenoaks has one last thing to say about his production: "I like it more every time I see it."

## Spaziani S.U. vice-president

By Peter James

Gerry Spaziani has been appointed the Vice-president of the Student Union to succeed Brian Spivak. Gerry was formerly the S.U. chairman for Applied and Liberal Arts students, a position now held by Garland Jackson.

Gerry describes his new job as "public relations for the school." "All external affairs are my affairs."

A problem that he would like to remedy is the "lack of concern" he finds among Humber students. One way of solving this is by improving communications.

"We must let the students know what's happening, so we are going to issue a newsletter every month."

Gerry supported former-president John McCarthy in the last election. When asked to comment on his ideology Gerry said that Humber is a large group and that McCarthy's ideology would founder on the rocks of division and apathy.

"It's hard to get an emotional response from people who haven't got the concern."

Unlike John McCarthy, Gerry supports the administration.

"I have found that in Humber College we are fortunate to have one of the most sincere and concerned presidents."



Art King

# Canadian Indians

## 'Victims of cultural kidnappers'

By Bob Martin

"Get a bunch of young people together and they'll get along."

That's the philosophy of Bob Altman, an Ojibway Indian from the Walpole Island reserve near Wallaceburg in Southwestern Ontario.

Bob, who migrated to Toronto this past summer and is now working on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's Indian-oriented radio program *Our Native Land*, was one of a dozen people participating in a recent two-hour "rap session" on the problems facing the Indian today. All but one of those partici-



pating in the discussion were Indians.

The problem at an integrated school, Bob said, was that white students look down at Indians.

"It's not the students' fault, it's the parents. All they've got to do is get a bunch of young people together — I don't care if they're Indians or not — and they'll get along."

Everyone in the third-floor apartment on Playter Blvd. that evening could sense that just that was happening.

Lou Cameron, another Ojibway from Kenora noted that in Northern Ontario at least, the educational system is not successfully bridging the gap between the Indian and the white man.

The barriers between the two peoples are, in fact, fostered through the school, both in the classroom and through extra-curricular activities.

Lou indicated that this was one reason why Indian students tend to band together.

"If you want to go to a school dance you've got to get about four of you going. If you go by yourself, you get your head kicked in."

He continued: "Indian students want to go to grade 9 but they can't hack it. They can learn math and history but the whole atmosphere is not for them."

"They're put down too much

and they can't take that. It's not that they can't hack the schools but that they can't take the god-damned atmosphere."

The young Kenora Indian, who is studying at Centennial College in Scarborough, does not agree with early integration.

Describing such a scheme as "kidnapping" he said, "They're robbing the kids from their own culture, from their own people from their own mothers. You're still an Indian. You've got your own culture, you've got your own values. First you revitalize these before you can survive in the 'Just Society.'"

The whole educational system, Lou said, is geared to cultural genocide. "The government wants you to get the best education system so they can kill what you have — kill whatever Indian is in you."

Gord MacDonald, who grew up in a Nova Scotia band, stressed this was happening in schools specifically designed to serve Indians. Educated at an Indian residential school he was taught in English.

All youngsters at the school were told not to talk in their native language and if they were caught doing so, even during after-school hours, they were punished.

Teresa Altman, Bob's sister still felt the white educational system held something for her peo-

ple. Early integration is she felt, a necessity.

"You have to get along with other people, you can't just close yourself off," she said. "You have to learn to live with other people the same as they have to learn to live with you."

The latter statement brought a cry from Carol Chegahno from Cape Crocker, near Georgian Bay, that their people would then be in danger of becoming "white little Indians".

Carol noted that the schools present the Indian as savages that happened to be here when Christopher Columbus arrived with civilization.

There was general agreement that Indians should have a sepa-

rate education system for learning their own culture, language and life.

The group noted that at some level (there was no solid agreement as to which particular grade) the white and Indian systems could be integrated to enable the Indian to learn of the society in which he was most likely to exist and to give the white student a new perspective on the culture of Canada's native people.

Asked if integration of the Indian system into the white education system would impair the education system as it now stands, one Indian youth noted, "We have to integrate the white education system into the Indian system."

## Old clothes sent for glory of God

By Terry Dubois

"There must be a revolution in the minds of white people to break down the barriers; the misconceptions, the bigotry and the racism."

"Do white people want us continually to rely on welfare for a bare existence? Do they want us to live in squalor so that we can continue to fulfill the psychological needs of white do-gooders who feel they are glorifying God by sending us secondhand clothes?"

This is the voice of the Canadian Indian. This is the voice of a people — our people — who have been too long subjected to unjustifiable prejudice, job discrimination and outright unfairness by white Canadians.

Basic human decency and respect, not to mention an invariable lack of empathy on the part of white Canadians have been denied to the Indian for too long.

If we, as so-called respectable Canadians, are to return the Indian to his rightful place in our Just Society, then we must consult him and respect his judgement.

Ask yourself what is most desirable from an Indian's point of view — not a white-liberal's point of view or a middle-class Metis point of view but the point of view of an educated, vindictive treaty Indian whose ancestors were pushed around, slaughtered and swindled,

and who now is out to get what he can for his people.

The Great White Fathers in Ottawa profess to know what's good for the Indian. They illustrated their prowess in the White Paper, which would repeal the Indian Act, transfer Indian Affairs from federal to provincial jurisdiction and eliminate separate legal status for Indians.

It threatens our native peoples with the abolition of their rather precarious treaty rights even with "cultural genocide".

Whites must learn to act under the guidance of Indians. For only then can we truly understand their needs. Must the Indian become militant in order to climb out from under his oppression?

Harold Cardinal, president of the Indian Association of Alberta, pleads his people's case!

"As long as Indian people are expected to become what they are not — white men — there is no basis on which they can meaningfully participate in Canadian society."

"Before we can be usefully participating and contributing citizens we must be allowed to further develop a sense of pride and confidence in ourselves as Indians."

"We must be allowed to be red tiles in the (Canadian) mosaic, not forced to become unseen and misplaced white tiles."

## No help seen from Ottawa

By Lou Cameron

We have been educated and told to be civilized and join the mainstream of society, but how can we relate to anything in that society when it has completely distorted our lives.

The federal government's Indian Affairs Department cannot comprehend that our culture is our life and our life is based on our land.

Now that the government is taking our last remaining land, they are taking our last breath of life.

We cannot help but see this admistration as a cultural genocidal machine. Nor can we help but look down on the over-paid bureaucrats as eugenic lunatics who sincerely believe that we will become more receptive to their society.

We hold no threat to the institu-

tions of our country, nor do we seek to oppose. Instead, we want to be a part of the Just Society, and to contribute to it.

We want freedom in our search for human dignity.

Indian Affairs has been a disastrous failure in trying to make us "good Indians". Now we are faced with living their "invention".

But we want to revitalize our culture and Indian awareness.

We want to liberate ourselves from the psychological violence of internal colonialism.

We want to begin to determine our own future and wash the maddening brainwashing process off the stone faces of our people. We want our language and traditions and we want our land.

In short, we want to undo hundreds of years of abuse.

Only then can we contribute

meaningfully to our humanity.

Somewhere, I hear a distant thunder, and I can lift my head up, and stand proud; for it is a thunder of voices — roaring voices — exploding in unity for the sake of peace.

Yes, I am an Indian and as an Indian I'll never cease to be.

If we pause for a moment and listen to the sincere, emotional lyrics of our great politicians after a catastrophe, we ask ourselves "why?"

Why does there have to be such violence in our society?

Is it that we live in a world of maddening absurdity?

If we do, indeed believe in such an existence, then perhaps we should all march to Allan Gardens and pay heed to some freak screaming paranoiacally about the arrival of democracy.

But in this fast-eroding world, there is a cleft of hope, somewhere.

I am an Indian; as a people we no longer believe that we will wake up some morning and see rays of peace from the revealing sun.

We have waited too long and heard too loud the horrid cries of anguish from our people.

In the past, we have heard nice words, received nice things and been told to be "nice" Indians; but never given "nice" justice.

We have been literally stuffed with policies of white-washing until we become walking, talking bottles of Pepsi-Cola.

We have all heard the reasoning that "Indians are bad because the government is too paternalistic". That really freaks me out — paternalistic! It has a father-son relationship and we fail to see the government as a loving father.

We have seen our little brothers and sisters hungry and freezing and we have seen our fathers and mothers cry in helplessness. Yes, we HAVE been waiting too long.

We have been forced to regard ourselves as a colony, and the Indian Affairs Department as colonial administrators. They have taken our land and destroyed our culture; then bombarded us with the so-called fruits of white society.

*A Canadian's shockingly honest documentary novel about the "Indian problem."*



### How a People Die by Alan Fry

The author knows intimately what he's talking about, having spent most of his life among the Indians as an Indian Agent. If you have a view on the "Indian problem", Alan Fry probably states it with searing new clarity in this book; and just as likely he unanswerably contradicts it. \$5.75

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marg john janice joanna

venessa rhonda

and

see YOU there

# Goin' down the (golden) road

By Keith Tippin

You've probably heard that the Canadian film industry is putting out some very good films and it's true. If you haven't already, see that excellent Canadian film, Don Shebib's *Goin' Down The Road* awarded best film at the Canadian Film Awards a month ago.

The film, playing at the New Yorker, follows two young Maritimers as they come to Toronto to find their fortune, but soon realize the city isn't quite the Utopia they

thought it was. Doug McGrath and Paul Bradley shared best actor award as the two travellers and their performances are both convincing and emotional.

The camera follows the two with depressing realism. Shots of the Salvation Army Hostel, Yonge Street, the pop plant and Cabbage-town come across with marvelous effect.

Another award-winning Canadian film can be seen at the York 1. *Act of the Heart* directed by Paul Almond from Montreal and stars his actress-wife Genevieve Bujold and Canadian made-good Donald Sutherland. This film was made before either of its stars made the big time which is probably why Sutherland plays a straight role. The plot has a young woman and a priest falling in love and the conflicts produced.

Almond won best director and his misses won best actress for the film.

At the York II Jack Nicholson's smiling face can once again be seen. But if you're thinking *Five Easy Pieces* sounds very much like *Easy Rider* you might be dis-

appointed. Instead of two choppers there's a white '62 Meteor and instead of Steppenwolf going through *Born to Be Wild* and *The Pusher* there's Tammy Wynette doing *Stand By Your Man* and *D-I-V-O-R-C-E*. But don't despair for those who enjoy a good movie there's one to be seen.

Jack Nicholson gives an outstanding performance as the son of an autocratic classical conductor. The son leaves his small, sterile world to become an oil-rigger. Through his pianist sister he hears his father is dying and reluctantly packs his bags and his dumb-blonde girlfriend to go and make his peace with the old man.

Jack Rafelson's direction of this film is superb, he catches both worlds very realistically and Nicholson's acting gives the film depth. These two make a very effective combination and the result is a very powerful movie.

The short that is playing with *Pieces* won the Canadian film award for best short and the photography is on a par with that in the color trip in *Odyssey*. It's called *The Legend*.



Photograph: John Turban.

Rick Fielding finds a chord.

## Shanties and Blues heard at Humber

By Mykle Thompson

Humber's Folk Music course will be expanded next year if the interest is there.

Rick Fielding, the course instructor, says that students will quite likely be able to concentrate more on particular facets of Folk Music.

As it stands right now, the course conceived by Rex Sevenoaks, Chairman of English and Communications, is held Mondays and Fridays at the North campus, offering a taste of various kinds of the music to the individual.

The playing of records and informative commentary go hand in hand with on-the-spot guitar lessons.

Anything from Sea Shanties to the Blues are heard in each classroom session.

Mr. Fielding, a fine guitarist, who prefers to run his classes in a workshop manner has been playing since he was 14 years old.

He has worked with Oscar Brand, Alan Mills, Odetta, and the Irish Rovers at one time or another.

Presently, he does nightly per-

formances at the Nag's Head Tavern with Humberite Jamie Sherman.

Fielding plays several instruments besides conventional guitar: bottleneck guitar, banjo, harmonica and mandolin.

Brownie McGhee showed him things on the guitar, and Rick has done sets with Bukka White.

When asked about the future of the Blues, Rick Fielding replied, "There is no way the Blues will last because most of the original Bluesmen will be gone in about five years time."

He explained, those who play Blues today are doing a completely different thing since the Blues of the thirties was actually a fad. But through these people, we get a fairly clear idea of what the original Blues sounded like, therefore, it's possible to preserve the Blues.

Rick says he loves music. He is the owner of about 600 LPs quit a job with an advertising firm to become a musician. "This way," he said, "I don't get any ulcers."

Roughly 40 people attend his class and friendly visitors are always welcome.

## Best album released in many moons

The James Gang Rides Again; A-B-C Records

Quite simply the best album I have heard in months.

Side one is definitely earphone-at level eight-music, with bass on full and treble slightly past half.

From the first guitar note of *Funk 49* to the last drone of *The Bomber*, the James Gang captures your brain and holds it for the ransom price of listening to side two. You are advised to pay.

After being lifted to a peak by the pounding force and drive of *Woman* and the funky little *Ashton Park*, both on side one, you are dropped to oblivion by the complete change to light almost folksy blues on side two.

*Tend My Garden and Ashes*, the *Rain* and *I* are exceptions. They are soft ballads with touches of orchestration, music for rainy Sunday evenings.

The James Gang is comprised of Tom Kriss, bass, Jim Fox, drums, and Joe Walsh, guitar and keyboards, all very fine musicians.

Walsh's vocals are clear and distinct without losing any power, and the contrast of his high range voice and the heavy bass instrumentation is quite effective.

According to a fan of the Goose Lake pop festival, their special effects are all reproduced with the same quality in live concert as in the studio.

The only criticism I have of the album is the slight similarity to *Led Zeppelin*, most easily noted on *The Bomber*.

However the likeness is not distracting because the James Gang are far more polished in their presentation and production.

Their talents are a welcome change from the usual "screamies" of rock music.

John Willox



## LOOKING FOR a fascinating, worth-while hobby?

Here are a few that will intrigue you.

**Amateur Radio:** Brings the world into your room.

You'll be talking to interesting and often famous people all around the globe; from King Hussein to Barry Goldwater to Arthur Godfrey—all avid hams, and many, many more.

**Short Wave Listening:** Eavesdrop on short wave conversations around the world. Listen to aircraft and other essential service conversations. Hear broadcasts in English from Russia to South America; or simply listen to music from all other countries.

**Antique Radio:** Join the collectors who enjoy collecting, trading, exhibiting, and restoring equipment from the early days of radio.

**High Fidelity:** No explanation needed here. This is a rewarding hobby that everybody enjoys.

**Electronics:** This in itself is the most fascinating hobby of them all that could well turn out to be your lifetime profession.

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## Out of the Humber hat . . .

If any girls are interested in cosmetology, Queensway I would like to hear from them.

A course is in the planning stages and if enough girls show interest in it, the cost will be as low as one dollar.

Classes will be set up after school to instruct girls in the different ways to use and apply make-up and skin care.

If this course gets off the ground, it will be the cheapest and most beneficial course at Humber. After all a beautiful girl is the most important thing in a man's life.

•••••

Humber's first dance was both a failure and a success.

To start with, the band was mediocre. The Cat, who used to be called *The Spastics* produced a wishy-washy sound that made dancing hard work.

There was the usual tossing and smashing of glass objects. A few buffoons seemed to think it was necessary to perform acrobatics between sets, on the straw bird

cages that were hanging from the ceiling.

Those of us who were lucky enough to stay long enough were further entertained by a short brawl involving a few drunks. And seven unfortunates were arrested for drinking under age or something of that sort.

We certainly were a rowdy bunch, weren't we?

On the other hand, the Student Union made a noticeable profit for the first time — about \$300. Dance attendance was approximately 800 people.

Kathy McCabe

•••••

Adele Armin plays a mean fiddle — she should — she has been studying the violin since she was four years of age.

Miss Armin has won many scholarships and awards, including a Canada Council grant and her performance at Humber last Sunday was very well received.

Humber's Sunday afternoon concert series began Oct. 18, with

Opera Highlights, performed by singers from the Central Technical School Workshop.

Only about 75 concert goers turned out to hear them but attendance is expected to pick-up as the series gains momentum.

Giuseppe Macina, director, and Tito Dean, won the warmest welcomes.

The Central Technical School Workshop singers will be back on Feb. 21 with *La Traviata*.

Hugh Orr, David Zafer, and George Brough will present 16th and 17th Century baroque music especially chosen for the Christmas season on Dec. 6.

Victor Feldbrill conducts the University of Toronto Symphony Orchestra on Jan. 24 and world-renowned recording pianist Sheila Henig will perform Feb. 7, two weeks before her appearance at the National Gallery of Art in Washington.

The final concert on March 14 will feature modern music by the Canadian Chamber Players conducted by Walter Babiak.

Bev Jaffray

# POETS' CORNER

## THE MEN AT CITY HALL

They are always there  
sitting on the benches around the Square  
Against the wind of fall  
their time worn coats attempt a barricade  
The cloth of their trousers billows  
wrinkled and soiled  
Scruffy shoes tap out the beat  
to a tune long since forgotten.  
The elderly eyes gaze at shoppers, passers-by  
intruders on their world  
their world of waiting

Hour after hour  
you can see them  
Hour after hour  
they are sitting  
the men at City Hall

Bil Hurst

## AND THEN WE LOOKED

We walked the clouds like oceans,  
Looking for the sun,  
But it was nowhere.  
We talked to smiles of children  
Begging to hide in their simplicity.  
They answered:  
"No Sir  
Slow Sir  
We've got to go Sir."  
We cried out to the tide mud basins,  
"How far till we reach the sea."  
They roared and rumbled, but didn't answer  
Truth  
"There is no sea," they roared.

We searched the hearts of lovers,  
Who called in the soft warm night,  
"Can we kiss the breast of darkness,  
"Can I ride till morning light?"  
"The answer is tomorrow," they cried.  
We asked the morning of tomorrow,  
"This is today," it sighed.  
We searched the churches, tombs and towns  
We asked the valleys upside down.  
We asked the Gods,  
Computer cogs.  
No one knew.

We rode the evening shadows,  
Looking for the moon.  
But it was nowhere.  
Perhaps there is no such thing as  
Life, we sighed.  
No moon  
No sun  
No sea  
No Truth  
And then we looked at us.  
And then we looked,  
And then  
And on,  
And on,  
And on.

Chris Embree

## MEMORIES

In the morning sunshine, shrine of  
Natures epicurian eye, I sat,  
In silent solitude,  
To watch the clouded rainbow specters  
In oily puddles.  
To see the million city peoples passing,  
And love and respect them.  
Saw it all go by so slowly;  
Then to look and there regard  
All the lights of cities in the night,  
Where all the walls of towering  
Concrete, steel  
Sing into the heavens  
And I feel  
Their trillion trilling colours all  
But spent  
This remaining moment of my eye.

I loved the image of the village town,  
Smiling in the valley, upside down,  
Turning heavens to green fields,  
With corn and mustard seeds.  
But I was worn, so tired and too sad  
To recall from vacant dreams,  
Half that life of memories,  
There enshrined,  
And it seems,  
Broke the light  
And scratched the white away,  
So when the night returned,  
Replaced the day,  
I asked:  
Where am I going?  
Couldn't say.

Chris Embree

## BACK AGAIN

Here I lay in a tranquil box of love.  
I see before me:  
My hands folded neatly on my chest.  
A red rose in the top pocket of my grey suit.  
Bouquets of flowers surround me.  
The lid is closing, darkness.  
An infinite number of stars appear.  
Questions always asked are answered.  
I am a part of the universal mind.

Steve Douloff

## THERE WAS A TIME

There was a time  
How like a singular hour it now seems  
It deals with a cathedral awe  
When I was in love with the world  
A time when  
If a diseased and filthy wind had blown garbage  
Through the streets of the world  
I should have said  
"How gay the breeze"  
"How fresh the facades"  
A time when in looking upward at cracked and greasy win-  
dowpanes  
I saw the sun's reflection  
I never saw the withered railing supporting the weight of  
ageing soot heaps  
Only the flower growing in a broken pot on some third floor  
fire escape

All those times  
Times of wanting to wake in the morning  
Times of feathers and peacocks tails  
Content I was in blindness  
In those times when the sidewalk smiled back at me.  
And Time never doubted its chance  
To steal those things away from me  
And show me  
The upset garbage can  
Rake-like dog rummaging through gutters  
And old men sitting on sagging verandahs  
A prolific warning to foolish laughter  
And I look on those times and think  
This too will come again  
Though I know time paved me a one-way street  
I can say  
That I have clapped my hands at stockinged clotheslines  
And rattled a stick at backstreet fences  
And more:  
I have reached through the iron gratings of Time and  
laughed out loud

Wendy Daxon

## MEMORIES OF BROKEN TOYS

It was a brisk autumn day;  
Three old children sat together.  
Each remembering in his own way.

Old Albert talked of fighting wars.  
They had killed friends and dad;  
turned his lost mind from open doors.

Now Charlie told of unfinished dreams  
And how in an earlier age and spirit  
He paddled his canoe in unknown streams.

But the last of the ancient boys  
fumbled with his gold pocket watch  
and drifted through memories of broken toys.

Judy Lehman

## A CURE FOR SPRING FEVER

Today  
in your world  
there live kaliediscope ponies  
sunlit smiles  
sandbox laughter.  
But wait.  
Today  
in our world  
their live old women with  
Sally-Ann dresses  
summer shoes in snow  
socks mis-matching  
trudging dull-eyed  
through crowds.  
and  
there live young souls with  
stagnant forms  
crisp clothing  
Pepsodent smiles  
striding tear-eyed  
through muck.  
You see  
there is no  
quiet loving  
or  
angelic existence  
only reality.  
Pity.

Bil Hurst

Three times as many poems were submitted for this month's Hum-Drum as could be printed in the space available. Those poems which could not be included in this issue will therefore be held over and considered next month by the paper's Poetry Committee.

## SURRENDER

methink . . .  
i am  
my father's son  
who nursed my infant soul  
to man -  
whose power  
make me  
here i stand  
and flesh and blood  
i call my own.  
frosted eyes  
and soft gray hair  
stole his joy  
and left him fears;  
skeptical thoughts  
and gloomy smiles  
surrendered slowly  
to the gods . . .  
but, life no longer  
seemed to care  
so he gave up  
and left me here.

Garland Jackson

## TOUCH

That overpowering magnificence that  
Draws me to you with surging  
Waves of passion  
So real . . .  
That when we touch  
Eyes are opened  
And souls set free  
To open unread chapters  
Unhindered Love

Jim Halpenny

## VICTRESS

Her skin was lined with  
Countless victories  
She sagged without remorse  
Though still hot with  
Earthly things. . .  
Still aware  
Of the sweet warm smell of sex.  
She played the game with lust.

Jim Halpenny



## FOR DOUG WRAY — A TAURUS

Something in the sameness  
Makes it easy  
Yes, the sameness  
And the eyes.  
There are no eyes there  
The eyes won't come there  
Mere limpid seas of casual misunderstanding Barred  
By the flat wall of in concern that shuts me out  
But in these eyes of silent turbulence  
These eyes that make their difference in their sameness  
These eyes that make it easy  
I find a hiding place  
A sanctuary  
And thank you is inadequate  
The eyes respond without word  
And in the furthest recess  
The recess of darkness  
The recess called mind  
I see a pale reflection  
Reflected in emotion  
Emoted in the eyes  
Again the eyes  
Hypnotize  
An image which I fear to see reflected  
Called Self

Wendy Daxon

## TIME-PEACE

Count: the hate in the world  
the love you have lost  
the wait until peace  
You can't  
There's not enough  
Time  
Time is a dying man  
Time is a loving couple  
Time is short  
Sun, wind, rain  
All powerful elements  
Yet there is one factor that erases all  
Time

Ross Zimmerman

# Students vote pollution most serious issue

Analyzed by Pat Fagan

More than 50 students took the trouble to fill in the questionnaire on attitudes to contemporary problems printed in last month's Hum-Drum.

There was some disagreement on the biggest problem facing our society. The answers went like this:

- Pollution — 19
- U.S. control of Canadian Economy — 11
- Quebec's role in Canada — 7
- Overpopulation — 5
- Inflation — 3
- Nuclear dis-armament — 2
- Race conflict — 2
- Crime — 2
- Government repression — 1
- Communist threat — 1
- War in Indochina — 0
- Student rights — 0
- Women's rights — 0
- Drug usage — 0

In another answer 49 students thought that control of pollution was vital: six more said it was important. No one was indifferent to the problem.

Of the students polled, 75% felt that the voting age should be lowered to 18. Considering 93% said they would vote if eligible, it was surprising that 38% actually felt social reform could not be achieved by constitutional means.

Is there any future for French Canadians in Canada? Fifty-one students seemed to think so. Only three stood in disagreement.

The poll revealed that 52% of the participants felt U.S. investment in Canada should be discouraged; 33% wanted to prevent it entirely. Only 9% wanted to encourage further investment.

Forty-three students decided that the police could be trusted; nine disagreed.

Government administration in Canada was considered competent by 40 pollers; another four thought

it was efficient. Six others claimed it was inefficient.

A total of 41 students were in favour of our present parliamentary system. Left-wing and right-wing dictatorship each had a single supporter. Nine people suggested alternative systems such as Marxism, Anarchy, N.D.P. socialism a U.S.-style congress and Abbie Hoffman's Free Society.

It is interesting to note that an overwhelming majority of girls felt abortion should be available on demand, while most of the guys felt it should be restricted. Is this a plug for Women's Lib? All in all, the figures came out to 54% in support of abortions on demand, 43% favouring restricted abortions and 3% forbidding them entirely.

Birth control was considered essential by 49 of the students polled; three considered it permissible and one person declared it immoral. Many dearly believed that population needs to be controlled, because only three indicated intentions of having more than four children; 12 planned to have no children whatsoever. Thirteen students desired three or four of a family and 24 just wanted one or two.

Alcohol and pot of course, proved to be the most commonly-used drugs. Seventy-one per cent consumed alcohol occasionally; 18% did so often. Only 7% never touched it. 47% had never used pot. 29% indulged in it occasionally and 22% were regular users. Less than 30% had ever taken drugs other than pot.

Seven students considered drugs to be a problem only when they couldn't get them; 45 disagreed with this viewpoint.

With regards to Ontario's alcohol laws: 35 students felt they were absurd; 15 felt this wasn't the case.



Humber's Television Producer Jerry Millan and students Doug Hurrell (left) and Alex Wright (centre) tackle an equipment problem on the Panasonic stand.

## Humber 'professionalism' impresses Panasonic chief

By Liz Borg

It was LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION at the Canadian Education Show Place, as Humber students and faculty presented a wide range of educational television programs in the Panasonic exhibit at the CNE, on Oct. 22, 23 and 24.

More than 30 students contributed in making Humber's first CES exhibit a success. Each day, the crowd gathered to watch the antics of students and staff as they dazzled the audience and stole the

show by presenting interviews, demonstrations and discussions on closed-circuit television.

Stewart Martin, national sales manager of Panasonic said he was greatly impressed with the degree of professionalism shown by all concerned with the three-day exhibit.

The actual production was handled by Jerry Millan and Tony Hiscoke of the Instructional Materials Centre. The IMC students operated the video tape records and audio-visual equipment throughout the series of programs, and the talented students in front of the cameras were from various divisions.

Unfortunately, only a few of the

college divisions had participated in the exhibit, due to short notice. John Adams (Creative Arts and Graphics) gave an interview and demonstrated basic graphic principles. Mary Rose Ward (Fashion Design) demonstrated techniques of cutting out patterns, and fashion.

Jim Peddie and Lorna Sadler, (Media Arts) emphasized the use of television as media in performing arts through stage movements, and poetry reciting.

Paul Thompson (A. L. A.) and his "film freaks" demonstrated means of communication through film and spontaneous interviews, and also many others who did their various "things."

## This week's questionnaire

By John Sokol

About 3,000 students are attending Humber College. Each student — it is hoped — carefully thought about the courses offered before he, or she, enrolled.

Yet many are now dissatisfied with their choice. This is evident by the number of students that have transferred, attend classes irregularly, or just sit and bitch.

In an effort to find out what the student body really feels about their course, the Editors invite you to complete the attached ques-

tionnaire, tear it out, and send it by internal mail to the Hum-Drum by Nov. 25.

What division are you in?

- Applied and Liberal Arts
- Business
- Continuing Education
- Creative Arts
- Manpower and Apprenticeship
- Technology

What year are you in?

- First
- Second
- Third

Are you dissatisfied, in any way, with your course?

- Yes
- No

If you are dissatisfied, what do you blame it on?

- Teacher
- Work is too hard
- Not interested

How would you rate your course?

- Relevant
- A waste of time
- A means to a diploma

How would you rate the facilities?

- Poor
- Adequate
- Good

How would you rate your fellow students?

- Easy to get along with
- Distracting
- Boring

Would you recommend Humber College to others?

- Yes
- No

Will you be back next year?

- Yes (state reason)
- No (state reason)

What do you feel, could improve Humber College?

- Many well-placed bombs
- Smaller classes
- Better counselling
- More and better teachers
- More flexibility

## DRAMA GROUP

**New name!  
new image!  
new ideas!**

**Showcase:** Comedy, revue, skits, blackouts, improvisations, classical mime, dramatic readings, nostalgia theatre. Avant-garde, guerilla theatre.

**Theatre:** One-act play series, major production, films.

**Workshops:** Lectures, guest speakers, exercises in acting, experience for those with none, practise for those that have it.

**Mini-Festival:** Special works of Humber College talent doing their thing.

Can you dig it?

Meetings  
each Wednesday at  
1:35 in Room 437.  
Come and talk to us!

## WEST INDIAN CARNIVAL DECEMBER 5th

**music dancing free buffet  
caribbean band  
entertainment bar  
come in costume  
advance tickets \$1.50 or  
\$2 at the door  
pick up \$50,000 chips  
at door and play the casino**

# LOOKING IN AND LOOKING OUT

The heat is on already. The community colleges are under increasing pressure to show that they are giving value for money.

And the prophets of doom say things will get worse.

Whether or not we accept the validity of the standards of "value for money" established by the people who control the purse strings is not relevant. Without continuing support by the tax-payers as represented by government the whole beautiful experiment is over.

Arthur M. Cohen (Dateline '79 — Heretical Concepts for the Community College) presents a nightmarish view of the future in this memo from the Chairman of some future Board of Governors to a College President:

Your budget last year approximated \$2,000,000. Just what did we get for our money? Unless you bring us evidence within six months of the nature and extent of the learning

## editorial views from the fourth floor

achieved by at least a significant proportion of your students, we will seek legislative authorization to use tax funds to be paid to private corporations in accordance with learning contracts. We will set up a public commission to monitor those contracts and, incidentally, we will reduce your budget by an equivalent amount each time we enter into an agreement with a group that guarantees learning.

Don't bring in grade point averages or vague goals capable of an infinity of interpretations! We want concrete evidence that our students are learning — demonstrably and predictably.

Dave Armstrong reminds us that President Nixon recently announced that multi-million dollar teaching contracts will be awarded to the private corporation which develops the cheapest method of teaching slum children to read.

Can Humber's performance be measured in terms of the number of students fitted neatly into pigeon-hole jobs like so many pigeons? Or can education only take place in a perfectly free environment? And if so how do we know whether people are being educated or are simply sleeping at considerable expense to the taxpayer?

These columns are open for discussion of this topic — and others — in readers' letters.

French extremists have identified themselves as "the white niggers of North America". GREIG STEWART asks whether it wouldn't be more appropriate to identify them as Canada's own Ku Klux Klan.

## Canada's Blacks or Canada's Klan?

"The FLQ has sown the seeds of its own destruction. It has revealed that it has no mandate but terror, no policies but violence, and no solutions but murder."

— Prime Minister Trudeau.

gives us reason to exist. We have a solution for Canada. It's us, the idea of 'separation' in all its forms. I believe it. We believe it. God will give us the strength to keep going. He must."  
— letter from a French student at McGill.

It is uncertain whether the FLQ operates under any central leader. The revolution they practice is Cuban-oriented and very strongly anti-U.S. Members have boasted of having received "urban-warfare" training with Fidel Castro and Palestine's El Fatah.

The FLQ is a violent, living rejection of one of Prime Minister Trudeau's highest priority programs — bilingualism and biculturalism. Ironically, the Bi-Bi Commission was set up to "preserve" French individuality in a future Canada.

"... Anyway, I say Quebec and the whole of Canada should be independent of England. But the anglais are not ready for this complete change. We are.

And the States have too much influence in the West Canada. All we can do, I think, is wait until all French people in Quebec feel strong enough to feel this separatism. I feel it now. This bilingualism will only be OK if French people can follow being French instead of becoming anglais, and les anglais don't feel they have the right to make the French language vanishing. Even now I know many young anglais in Montreal and they don't like French just because we want to stay French. Why should French not be spoken in a French city."  
— letter from French student at McGill.

Quebec has always been a welfare province and a saucepan for hundreds of millions of Canadian Development dollars. Development money took on the synonym of an eraser, with the job of rubbing out the "second-class citizen" syndrome inbred in many Quebecers.

But then the syndrome is not new. It's been felt now since 1759, when a sickly English commander named Wolfe outmaneuvered the French garrison at Quebec City. Quebec has never forgotten what happened at the Plains of Abraham. English Canada hasn't let them forget.

Today, the Battle of the Plains of Abraham is being fought all over again. In the place of muskets is dynamite; in the place of armies are radical movements.

"... there will come a time when we French can walk the streets of Montreal, and not hear calls of 'Frog' and 'Pepsi'. There will come a time when we French, when we want something, will not have to ask for it in English. That time is coming soon."  
part of a letter from a French student at McGill.

Since its appearance out of Jean Lesage's Quiet Revolution in the early sixties, the FLQ has taken credit for four bombings and armed robberies that have claimed six lives. The group operates in cells, with no more than five members in a cell. The members are generally young, disenfranchised idealists of more than average intelligence. But many of them are drop-outs from the educational system.

"... you anglais are not stupid. We are not that mad at you. We are only mad at our government in Quebec who doesn't take time to learn people what is going on and how to stay French. Because in Montreal, everything is English. And if we French have a 'separatist' feeling, the anglais have not much to do with it. We don't need or want your help. We can make it by our own. We don't even want help from France. But the majority among us don't react enough. That

"... I heard Rene Levesque at the armouries the other night. It was just fantastic! I heard on the radio today about soldiers fighting in Vietnam and how they get close to each other. Just like brothers. In the movement we are like brothers. And we are fighting like brothers who have been waiting for over two hundred years. Imagine what could happen. Imagine what will happen. Freedom at last!"  
— part of a letter from a French student at McGill.

## Letters to the Editor

### BOOKSTORE

Sir:

Ross Freake perpetuates a dangerous myth in stating that students steal books from the College Bookstore. It is not generally understood that the Bookstore does not deal in books. What it offers for sale (or theft) is "something for everyone" — a baffling category including pencils, balsa wood, slide rules.

Admittedly, kleptomania is a problem at Humber — but so is claustrophobia, whose idea was it to open a supermarket in that extra broom closet?

The Bookstore apparently regards reading as an inconvenient relic of a bygone age. It provides no "outside reading" in academic subjects, few books of general interest, nothing to make literacy a source of pure personal enrichment.

As for magazines and periodicals, who really cares? By the time any publication reaches the Bookstore shelves, it's out of date anyway. And if you're looking for courteous and efficient service, a drive downtown at rush hour might be more satisfying — you'll also find more books that way.

I submit that the Bookstore is interfering with the educational needs of the students by pretending to sell books; and I am shocked by your narrow, moralizing coverage of this problem.

Derek Day  
Anthropology Staff

### RESPECT URGED

Sir:

Is Humber College a second-rate institution? — That's a question that concerns us all.

I am sure that the majority of students feel otherwise. We are of great importance to the community and province. It is obvious the government of Ontario would not waste millions of dollars if we were not. Considering the money spent on North campus and the money that will be spent by the end of 1971, it would be a shame to destroy any fraction of its moral or physical structure.

This then brings to mind the number of butted cigarettes and flicked ashes scattered around and into the carpets. It brings to mind the half-eaten lunches and nearly-empty coffee cups left on the cafeteria floor. If the students wish to gain any respect from the sur-

rounding communities and educational bodies we should first learn to respect our own people and their surroundings. Respect starts at home! This is your home!

Bryan Beatty  
Creative Communications I

### VITAL

Sir:

Please convey to your staff my congratulations on getting out the first issue of Hum-Drum.

A student newspaper such as this is vital in keeping students informed and as a vehicle for student opinion. I hope that you and your staff are able to continue to keep up the high standard that has been set and endeavour to publish articles that are relevant and of interest to the many readers that we have here at Humber.

I am sure the staff and administration stand ready to give you whatever assistance we can and wish you every success in future publications of the paper.

Gordon Wragg,  
President.

### SPOTLIGHT

Sir:

Your first issue deserves commendation, particularly for its wide coverage of college life.

A suggestion: Can we have a regular column or feature spotlighting class news at all campuses, including South campus Nursery School? Much of the vitality of Humber emanates from class and club activities where guest lecturers often add ginger to a subject.

Your humour section may very well be the drumming partridge in the paper.

Congratulations again.  
Fred Manson  
Dean, Applied and Liberal Arts

### PUB PLEA

Open Letter to the Student Council and President Wragg

This is to initiate discussion on an idea that a group of us have been considering — opening a pub on campus.

Many advantages to both administration and students can be obtained through the opening of a pub.

The students will receive first-hand experience on what exactly the setting up and operation of a business involves. The students can express any idea or view of

how a business should be run, openly and freely. Their ideas, coupled with administrative guidance, can be carried out in such a way that a smooth-running, profitable business results. Creative Arts Students would have a chance to express themselves by creating a unique decor and atmosphere within the pub.

A profitable pub can bring definite financial benefits to each student. Profits can be used to cut the costs of school supplies, tuition, etc. Students can obtain part-time jobs. Class projects anywhere from sociology to economics can be conducted through a careful analysis of the various facets that the pub contains. Students will no longer have to run up the street to their pub and this can result in better attendance.

Colleges such as Ryerson and Seneca have had a workable pub within their system for some time now.

May we hear from the Student Council and Administration through the next issue of this paper, or through any other forum of your choice, about the possibility of opening such a pub. We offer to help in any capacity needed.  
Steve Conforzi, Brian Sim, Jack Henderson, Bruce Johnson, Gary Welna, Bob Fleming, John Baker, Kenneth A. W. Gansel, Robert Copeland, John Walhaut, James MacDougall.

### FEMININE

Sir:

I'm feminine and proud of it!

All those girls who are fighting for absolute freedom and equality are fighting a losing battle. I agree with their equal wage demands for they are logical and worthwhile, but that's all I agree with.

The Feminists claim women have no control over their own bodies. I'm sorry but that's tomy-rot! There is a word that will stop any man and that word is "NO". Try it and see what happens.

How can women demand equality in every way when there are basic biological and emotional differences? Can the Women's Lib answer that?

How are the fellows supposed to know who's feminine and who's feminist?

I wish someone would tell me where I could buy a "I'm Feminine" button. I'd wear it!

Valerie Murray  
Journalism I

# Living can be easier

You're on your own or else you are thinking of leaving the nest in the near future. If not then you're on your own now and you want to know how to save money or else you wouldn't have read this far. Then I would like to explain why you and your interests are symmetrical with the lifestyle involved in a co-operative.

A co-op could simply mean you and two friends splitting the rent on a house, or it could mean you and an unlimited number of friends splitting rent, food, and other resources pooled together thereby forming a commune. However it's more convenient to form a co-op of just four people.

A great deal of foresight and a few decisions have to be looked after before you look at possible homes. If you are on your own then you don't even have to consider how much money you'll need because your expenses will be cut by at least a third.

When choosing who you're going to live with, be sure that he doesn't have any singing dogs that suffer from insomnia. Consider

what your partner's musical interests are, what volumes they enjoy, and where the music will be played. Similar hobbies or social interests are helpful if not necessary to the survival of co-operatives.

Chores and household roles must be worked out ahead of time. If you can cook you should prepare all the dinners which collectively



will save each individual a lot of bread. Cleaning, dishes, and other responsibilities of looking after a large house must be accepted and thought about beforehand.

Each person must have his own bedroom. If you don't have a retreat from your friends, you won't last together long. Privacy is an important factor often neglected in a co-op.

No crashers! A friend who stays overnight in your room is fine but don't allow any overdone visits without the others' consent. Your own room is nobody else's business but your visitor will probably use other parts of the house for some reason and possibly interfere with the natural rhythm of your co-operative home.

Be sure that each member is self-sufficient with respect to money. Don't move in with anyone who says that he doesn't have any money now but his wealthy grandmother is supposed to die soon, and she always remembered his birthdays.

There's a safety factor of one when there are four paying members. If someone drops out of the family you will still be paying less than each partner would on his own in a room-and-board situation. Besides it shouldn't take too long to find someone else to fill the empty room.

When you're enquiring about a prospective house to rent be sure to find out if there is a lease. Most houses have no lease but require a month's deposit which you can use with a month's notice before you

*All but a lucky few of us are interested in living better for less. It can be done, says JOHN SEELEY. In each edition of Hum-Drum he'll present some new approaches to the ancient problem. This month he's looking at accommodation — next month he'll tell you how you can eat tomatoes in December — free. Other future topics include bargains in Friday night entertainment, furnishing your flat for free, better clothes for less money. He's not making any handouts (sorry) but if you've got a practical problem contact John in care of Hum-Drum, North campus, and he'll dig out an answer.*

leave. You can get a four-bedroom house in Toronto for \$165 per month but check if the utilities are included. They could run you upward of \$30 dollars a month in the winter.

Where do you look for a house? You will find what you want in the Toronto Telegram, Toronto Daily Star, or the Etobicoke Advertiser-Guardian (published each Thursday). Do not overlook the Farm Properties columns.

One person at the North campus shares a four-bedroom farmhouse with a young couple and two Seneca College students. With the house they have 1000 square feet of garden space. A farmer comes in to work the rest of the acreage that includes a barn that they can use.

The house, good ol' country air and a place to grow their own vegetables for only \$125 per month. They had their first two months stay rent-free because the place needed fixing. In that situation \$10 a month supplies each person with a farm and food. The only hang-up is that a pollute-mobile is needed to get to Humber each day. Really cheap houses are hard to find but keep looking because you don't have to pay through the nose to breathe fresh country air.

Broken down amongst four peo-

ple you can have a house of your own and meals for only \$15 per week. With only three people you will still likely pay less than you would with a room-and-board situation and a landlady.

I would advise that you try to find a house downtown. There is less hassle about transportation and you will probably have to pay to get to Humber no matter where you are. However it is possible to survive in the suburbs when you only have to walk into your living room for an evening rap with your friends or whoever else has been invited over. Co-operatives are actually communities on their own.

The advantages of being in a co-operative are many: friendship, money in your pocket, a sweet piece of land, and most important of all — freedom. So co-operate.

If you're interested in getting a co-operative together but you don't know anyone else who's interested, just send your name and how you can be reached to Hum-Drum on the 4th floor of the Phase 2 building at the North campus, and we'll run an ad for you in our next issue. If you do get one together let us know.

Peace...

Next month: Eat: tomatoes in December free.

## No one else gets free rides

By Georgina Laush

Humber College is the only post-secondary institution that provides free bus service for its students.

George Brown College has one inter-campus bus, no morning or evening service and a second bus for field trips.

Centennial College and Ryerson Institute have no buses at all.

The University of Toronto, York University and Seneca College only have inter-campus buses.

The saying goes "It doesn't pay to be a student," and the Toronto Transit Commission is out to prove it.

With the increasing number of colleges and universities sprouting up every year, there are more students around past the age of 18.

A good number of these people can't afford to drive a car to school. For them the only means of transportation is the TTC.

Unfortunately some colleges and universities are more than a mile away from home. In some cases, 20 or 30 miles away. Walking to school just isn't the solution.

The TTC says it has always had scholars tickets. "Scholars" are "students who are in regular at-

tendance at a public or high school in the Metro area and are under the age of 18."

The TTC board is studying the problem of age in high school students and the time limit imposed on the use of the tickets.

The fact here is that 99 per cent of the students at a high school should be within walking distance of the school. And that shouldn't be more than a half-hour walk. There are a lot more schools than colleges.

But still, the students are allowed the privilege of using the TTC with cut-rate tickets.

When the TTC was asked why only public or high school students were allowed to use the tickets, the reply was: "We've always had scholars."

So why are they classified as students when college and university people are not?

TTC says that if college students paid less, someone else would have to pay more. That would mean that the basic adult fares — which we'll all be paying in a year or two — would soar.

But it does seem that a fairer split on the question of subsidized transport is in order. Couldn't the young-kids pay a bit more — and

the college students, who have further to go, a bit less?

Of course the issue is really part of the larger one: whether or not public transport should be provided as a completely free service by the municipality.

This is an old idea, of course, but one that seems more and more attractive as the pollution produced by one-man automobiles increases and as the cost of road construction increases — both in terms of money and social problems (remember the Spadina Expressway?).

## Farm plans dropped

By Lorne Coe

The Student Union has dropped its plans to purchase a farm for student activities.

The Director of Student Services, Doug Scott, commented on the Student's Affairs Committee decision: "In order to buy the farm, it would have taken up all the reserve funds the Student Union had, plus a portion of this year's budget. It would have put too much of a strain on the budget at this time.

"It just wasn't practical."

Meanwhile, Jack Ulan, from the North York board of education, has informed the Academic Advisory Committee about the board's Student Workshop Study Program which allows secondary school students to participate in a special two-week work study experience.

It is expected that some students may participate in this way at Humber, particularly in trade areas.

All staff members and students are invited to the official opening

of the Keele campus on Sunday Nov. 15th at two o'clock.

The guest speaker will be T. C. McCormack, President of Dominion Stores.

The Placement Department of Student Services, is compiling literature on possible employers which will be available in binders to students and to staff.

This library is located in one of the placement rooms on the third floor of the North campus Phase Two building.

This year's recruitment program began on Monday with a visit to the North campus by representatives of Beaver Lumber.

Queensway's Library is being reclassified from Dewey Decimal to Library of Congress classification to come into line with the North campus library and with the Metropolitan Toronto libraries. This will mean better service for both students and staff. The project will be phased over the next year and a half.

# If you love me, don't leave me.



### Please don't litter.

We're asking you to care about keeping our countryside clean. And now that Coke comes in both cans and non-returnable bottles that means putting the empties where they belong—in a litter container.

Enjoy Coca-Cola any way you want it—in the returnable bottle or the newer convenience packages.

But please—don't leave them lying around.

## It's the real thing. Coke.

Both Coca-Cola and Coke are registered trade marks which identify only the product of Coca-Cola Ltd.

# Thanksgiving in 'Emergency'

By Greig Stewart

The Emergency Ward is not a glamorous place; two white corridors of disinfected concrete, walled by people standing, sitting, waiting.

It is Thanksgiving night. Music is playing through a speaker somewhere in the ceiling. A red telephone hangs on the white wall and links the Emergency Ward with any and every ambulance within a ten-mile radius.

I spent the night in this Emergency Ward. This is what I saw.

\* \* \*

There is a girl, her face without smile, sitting, rubbing her hands beside me. Tears have not yet dried on her face. Of the 80 patients to pass through here tonight, one of them was her mother. A doctor appears and tells her that everything will be alright. She still sits there, and she still rubs her hands. And the tears on her face are still trying to dry.

Men in freshly ironed white coats occasionally drift by. But they are not doctors. The doctors are the ones in the green, wrinkled outfits wearing necklaces of stethoscopes. One of them stops and tosses a cigarette butt into an ash-tray which is already three butts deep.

A nurse yawns; a baby cries. Its mother looks up into the eyes of a half-smiling receptionist who is nonchalantly picking her nose. Without batting an eye, she asks for name, date of birth, age, address, telephone, family doctor, Ontario Hospital number.

"No Ontario Hospital? Oh my,"

she says, "That means we'll have to fill out a pink slip!"

There has been an accident. People rush by. A family... a baby. The father is in shock. He stands wrinkled, like his cheap shirt dripping out over the back of his pants. There is mud on his shoes. Blood is smeared across his face. But it is not his blood. The ambulance driver is calling in to his station.

"How many were hurt?" someone asks, "Eh? How many?"

"Christ, you're nose mister!" is the reply.

\* \* \*

A woman is brought out into the hall on a bed. Her clothes are piled up behind her, unfolded. She is motionless. Her clothes have blood on them. The receptionist is slapping out her record on a typewriter. A nurse takes her pulse.

A cop comes in and talks to the ambulance driver.

"What happened?" he asks.

"Well, this truck was parked..."

A little girl, apparently involved in the accident, is wheeled by in a bed and the people in the hallway strain their necks for a better look at her. She sits up, quite unhurt, and sticks her tongue out at them.

\* \* \*

It is Thanksgiving and this is Emergency. It never closes. It never stops. It is the only place to go when hurt. The Emergency Wards of city hospitals are kept busy with accidents, old folks who have slipped and broken their hips, and psychotic people of all ages

who get more depressed with the coming of winter. People with bronchial troubles, who, in April go for a walk and breathe in the spring air, are inclined to panic in the autumn and head for a hospital.

They have a code number here; 999. When that number is called on the P.A. system, anyone and everyone who is available on staff must come immediately to Emergency. Things really get tough when no one is available. The phone is easy to find. It's the one with the blotches of dried blood on the receiver handle. Apparently it's used quite often.

\* \* \*

The cop is now questioning the man about the accident. The man is Italian and very uncomfortable, so talk is difficult.

"How much to drink?" the cop asks, "A little vino maybe?"

The man stands up, still in shock, shakes his head and sits down again. He doesn't want to understand. He just wants to start the evening over again. But most of all, he wants his wife and baby girl. The cop doesn't let up.

"C'mon now, how much was it. One glass... two?"

\* \* \*

A man looking like a tired Friar Tuck wanders down the corridor past the cop and the Italian. He is looking for his wife and he hesitates at the NO SMOKING sign long enough to light up his cigarette. Crying comes from one of the rooms and it makes him turn his head. It's his wife. Or is it? The

Humber students find themselves in some strange places in the course of their studies. Second-year Journalism student GREIG STEWART recently spent a night watching the operation of the emergency ward in a North Toronto hospital.

crying is getting louder. I think of something I once read, "Please maintain silence and you will hear the wailing of the wounded and the whisper of death."

It's eerie, but you never really know when someone has died in the Emergency Ward until a doctor walks up to one of the waiting people and silently leads them away.

Emergency never empties. For everyone that goes, another comes. It is a painful, monotonous circle.

\* \* \*

Someone spat on the floor and the big lump of phlegm glistens under the light. Nobody bothers to clean it because everyone pretends they don't see it.

More people are being moved out into the hallway in beds.

"Why," I ask.

"Because we've no place to put them," someone answers. So they put them out in the hall, already cluttered with wheelchairs, stepped-on magazines, people, and the lump of phlegm. Things may be cluttered, but there is no sign of confusion. Everything remains orderly and placid, like the faces of those who wait.

A bed is moved out in front of me with a man on it. He is unconscious. I can't see his face if he has one, but I notice that the gauze bandage wrapped around his head is failing to keep the blood in. Nobody is attending him. He is

just lying there and bleeding, motionless except for the occasional raising and lowering of his stomach. The red stain is getting bigger. I get up and move and hope he is taken away soon. He is.

It is getting late; or rather, early. Morning is coming.

Some nurses gather around the corner for the first break they've had in over eight hours. Talk centres around which boys they'll let touch them over the holiday. For most of them, there will be no holiday.

A young doctor comes up behind one of them and presses his stethoscope into the softness of her rear. She doesn't appear amused; she doesn't appear unhappy either.

\* \* \*

It's time for me to go. The floors are getting a wash. There is ether in the air. Getting up, I bump into a nurse hurrying down the corridor. She quickly gathers herself and at the same time tries to hide blood and vomit stains all over her uniform.

"Sorry, lady," I say. I was just leaving anyway.

At the door, I pass the little Italian, the one in the accident, who has been united with his wife. He is standing, head bowed; she is sitting, still in her hospital gown. He gives her a cigarette and lights it. He raises his head and looks at her. They talk. He touches her. They embrace. Everything will be alright now. I guess I can go home.

## Goosed on the road

By John Seeley

Millions of words have been written this fall about hitchhiking but there's always been something missing... no mention of Wawa and The Goose.

At the Highway 17 cut-off there stands a 4,000-pound, 24-foot high Canada Goose. It's made of steel and not about to fall over (pace the FLQ) but it is a creature of menace and haunts the dreams of a hundred hitch-hikers.

That cut-off is the bleakest spot on the Superior Route.

Often in July there were as many as 10 hitch-hikers waiting dependently there for the ride that never came.

Carved on the weathered stop sign below The Goose are the names of dozens of those who have slandered the good name of Wawa (it means "wild goose" in Cree) while waiting and waiting and waiting.

The waiting record is held by Joe. He spent 18 days beside The Goose trying to go West. On the 19th day he got a job in a Wawa restaurant. He's still there... The Goose's prisoner, so they say.

He never knew that heavenly feeling of seeing a truck shudder to a halt, of climbing aboard and rolling away from the accursed spot and saluting the fantastic fowl...



## Guinea-pig students visit North campus

By Bev Jaffray

The kids from Everdale Place didn't seem too impressed by Humber's plush auditorium. As a matter of fact, by the end of the 2½-hour seminar they were eager to get away.

The seminar was held on Oct. 14, and was organized by Bob Davis, part-time teacher at Everdale Place, the free school near Hillsburgh. Mr. Davis comes to Humber on Wednesdays, and usually gets something organized for the noon-hour periods.

The seminar was arranged to give Humber students an opportunity to discuss the Everdale experiment with the students taking part in it.

From the answers the Everdale people gave, a picture of life at Everdale Place emerged.

Everdale's students and teachers live communally in a huge farm house. At the present time there are 30 students, six teachers, and a varying number of resource people.

## Death lurks at intersection of Highway 27 and Boulevard

By Angelo Guerra

The Highway 27—Humber College Blvd. intersection is dangerous, but don't rock the boat, says Queen's Park.

Students and staff members from the college have been piling up cars there at a tremendous rate. Everyone at the North campus knows someone who has smashed up and several cars have been "totalled", but any attempt

to find out how many accidents there have been at the intersection is met by a stone wall of silence.

It isn't clear whether the Provincial Department of Highways and the Ontario Provincial Police are not interested in this possibly lethal situation or whether their difficulties in putting their hands on statistics are due to inefficiency or to an attempt to cover something up.

So far there has been no death or serious injury at this intersection. Hum-Drum is advised by provincial officials to forget the whole thing as work in progress on the Finch-Highway 27 intersection may improve the situation. Again there was much confusion in the Department of Highways as to how the situation would be improved and when.

Basically, the problem is that traffic on Highway 27 can travel

legally at 60 m.p.h. Probably, between 20 and 30 per cent of the traffic on the highway is doing 70 mph or more despite a "trucks turning sign" on either side of the intersection.

When people are arriving at Humber in the morning the trail of cars often stretches south as far as Rexdale Blvd.

When people are leaving in the evening the traffic northbound through the intersection is often bumper to bumper. The traffic lights at Rexdale and Albion are mis-phased so that when the northbound stream stops for a moment, the southbound stream hits the junction.

One staff member reported waiting 20 minutes one evening; another waited five minutes then charged, was hit by a northbound car (which was written off) and spent \$700 on repairs to his own car.

One would have to be stark, raving, mad to be complacent about this intersection. Even Highways' assistant planning director, Ronald Burke, agrees that visibility at the intersection — obscured by poorly sited mailboxes — is not satisfactory.

But nothing happens and all that the inquirer gets is the soft answer that turneth away wrath. When asked about the possibility of putting up "danger" signs, Mr. Burke dismissed the idea. "How many drivers bother reading the signs?" he asked.

He will however send someone to check out the situation. It would be nice to think that the investigator arrives before someone is killed.

## Queensway notes

Student Union election results for the Queensway campuses were as follows:

Chairman — Jim Chambers (Q. I); First Vice-chairman — Doug MacLean (Q. I); Second Vice-chairman — D. Carefoot (Q. II); Treasurer — E. Harrison (Q. I); Secretary — J. Long (Q. I); Assistant Secretary — Joan LeGree (Q. I).

The Queensway I sports representative, is very eager to start up a hockey team. Any Humber College students wishing to play for the team may contact Sam at the Queensway I campus. The number there is 259-5411 extension 73.





What's Goin Down

"The Me Nobody Knows"  
Crest Theatre  
551 Mount Pleasant, Tor.  
485-0777

Frank Zappa & the  
Mothers of Invention  
Wed Nov 18 8:30 pm  
Massey Hall

Tom Rush & Livingston  
Taylor  
Fri Nov 20 8:30 pm  
Massey Hall

Rod McKuen in concert  
Massey Hall  
Nov 23 & 24 8:30 pm

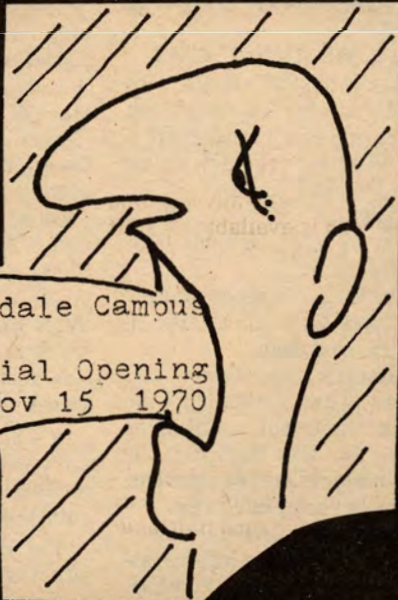
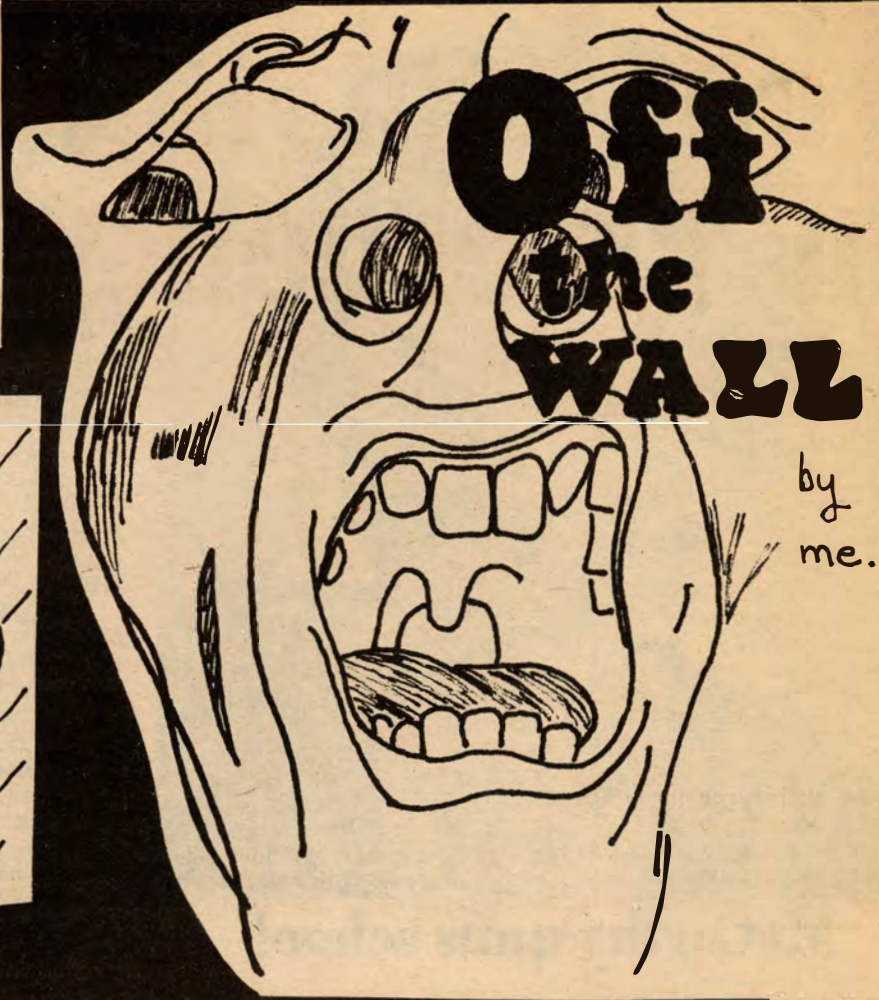
Watch for "WINTER POP"  
tickets on sale soon.  
Maple Leaf Gardens.  
Live in person:  
Johnny Winter  
Rare Earth  
Sha Na Na

The James Gang  
poco and Simon  
Cain.  
Jan 1st.

"Nail a Narc"

\$1.75 reward will be paid  
to any person identifying  
any narcotics agents oper-  
ating on any Humber campus.

Apply, Pete-the-Pusher  
(men's washroom, #3 cubicle  
North Campus)



HUMP

The sign to warn drivers  
of a hump in the road,  
has been banned in Ontar-  
io because it is thought  
to be a hazard in itself.  
Mr. M.A. LaSalle, Secret-  
ary of the Council on  
Uniform Traffic Control  
Devices, says it looks  
like "Brigitte Bardot  
lying on her back."  
So to soothe Ontario  
motorists the sign will  
have three sharp humps.

dobson's fifth week assessment

- amazing, isn't it, how much margarine the cafeteria can jam into a cheese sandwich.
- heartening to know that highway 27 and humber college blvd. intersection has claimed little more than adrenalin.
- for you conspirator types, the elevator in phase II of the north campus makes the ground floor in behind the "faculty work area."
- on the coffee machines: you can get some of the coffee all of the time and all of the coffee some of the time but you can't get all of the coffee all of the time.
- you have of course wondered why the students have paved parking while the staff wallows in the mire.
- give up carole argue, the midi has failed, it is economically insolvent.

RENAISSANCE

Attention painters, writers, sculptors, film makers, poets, playwrights and designers. During the first Canadian Universities' Arts Festival at the University of Toronto, February 5-14, you're welcome to show an audience of peers and experts your artistic abilities in a ten-day multi-media showcase of all the arts. It's called Renaissance '71 and it's designed specifically to let you show what you can do. Take advantage of it. Introduce yourself to Canada at this first national arts festival. Get details from the campus co-ordinator or write,

Canadian Universities' Arts Festival  
97 St. George St.,  
Toronto 5, Ont.

CHBR presents  
"rock revival"

Nov 20.  
Cambridge Motor Hotel  
8:30 pm.  
Fully licensed \$2.00



Movie nite is  
here to stay.  
"FELLINI SATIRICON"  
Fri. Nov.13.

FOLK GUITAR LESSONS—\$4 per hour, plus free remarkable series of timed photographs that record an ethnic folk singer hatching an ostrich egg by singing 150 pro-labor folk songs. Call 867-3495.

TRANSCENDENTAL DIETING  
New! Revolutionary!  
My regimen of fasting accompanied by meditative exercises teaches you how you can transcendently send the weight you lose to STARVING ASIAN CHILDREN. \$4 week. Start today. They will be glad you did! Transcendental Diet, M. T. Tung, Suite 3215, Russ Bldg., San Francisco.

FBI No. 867,645 G

LEARN TO SPEAK AND WRITE LIKE A COLLEGE GRADUATE! Try this simple phrase—"Screw you, Fascist pig bastard!" You're on your way. With our easy 15-minutes-per-day Home Study Program, you'll soon master such seminal epithets as "Shove it, lackey of the ruling class!", "Up yours, dupe of the power brokers!", and even "What about your vested interests in racist South Africa and your CIA-financed Central American reigns of tyranny and oppression, imperialist swine under the thumb of the military-industrial complex?" Send 10¢ for details. The Berkeley Extension School. E-153

WANTED



O'RIPS T. WENGA

Wanted for conspiring to steal all the Mickey Mouse watches in Amerika in order to infiltrate the market with thousands of cheap imitations. If you have any information concerning this person, please notify me or contact your local FBI office.

J. Edgar Hoover  
Director  
Federal Bureau of Investigation  
U.S. Department of Justice  
Washington, D.C. 20535.

# Psst! Wanna buy a gun?

By Colin MacGregor

On the page, in amongst the advertisements for Nazi flags, war momentos, and a full-sized poster of Adolph Hitler, we find;  
**GUN FOR SALE**

**TYPE: AK-47-CAL. .306  
WITH COMMUNIST CHINESE  
MARKINGS**

**A RARITY, MUST SELL, CALL**

The page is part of a Right-wing publication originating from Montreal. The gun is a Chinese AK-47 assault weapon, recently smuggled out of South Vietnam.

Dusty (not his real name) was a mercenary, a label he finds none too tasteful.

"Don't call me a mercenary," he says, "just say I was an electrician that carried a gun."

Two months ago, Dusty was working in South Vietnam for an American electrical installation company. In the daytime, he worked on electronic equipment. At night he did something else.

An Australian outfit fighting in the Central Highlands hired Dusty for the position of "combat-civilian adviser." With the position came the rank of lieutenant.

Because of previous commando experience in Korea and Malaya, Jim had no trouble earning his \$100-plus a night combat pay. This, along with his \$600 a month pay from the electronics company, put a noticeable bulge in his wallet the first of every month.

While in Saigon on Rest and Rehabilitation (R and R, in army lingo), Dusty met another Canadian at a bar. The two Canadians soon became close friends, and it was from this friend that Dusty first heard about the AK-47.

The AK-47 is a Czechoslovak-designed automatic weapon which is reputed to be the best automatic rifle in the world. Because of its small size, dependability, and lightweight, it has become the cherished weapon of Communist forces around the world.

It gained prominence during the TET offensive of April, 1968, when pictures of it appeared in every major magazine in the world. It was labeled "the new, deadly, assault-weapon".

These new guns earned a lot of respect, especially among members of the U.S. Marine Corps. Asked why it had taken the Marines so long to clear the citadel at Hue of Communist defenders, General Lew Walt replied, "What the Hell do you expect? Every one of those 'Gooks' had an AK-47!"

Dusty's new friend had a story to tell. He had fallen in love with a Vietnamese girl who happened to be an active member of the NLF (Viet Cong). For two years she had relayed messages to VC couriers about American troop movements in and around Saigon.

It's bad enough to fall for a girl with adverse political beliefs, but a Viet Cong! That was really something.

The one bright spot in the whole situation was that the girl felt just as strongly about him as he did about her. She would be willing, with little persuasion, to give up her service, become his wife, and come back to Canada with him.

Since she was South Vietnamese in citizenship, getting her out of the country wouldn't be too difficult. It was what to do with the girl's furniture that really bothered Dusty's friend.

Her "furniture", as his friend described it, consisted of three cases of hand grenades, a case of mortar shells, 2 M-79 grenade launchers, 3 cases of Viet Cong K-rations, 300 rounds of ammunition, and our little AK-47.

If the authorities ever made a "bust" on her apartment, she would be jailed if she was lucky or shot, Dusty's friend would be jailed, and of course any hope of marriage would be dissolved.

In a month, the girl was able to

get rid of all her "furniture" but a case of K-rations, some ammunition and the AK-47.

And so the friend asked Dusty if he would help him out. Since Dusty was coming home in a couple of weeks, would he mind taking the gun with him? At first the answer was a quick no, but when the girl found it impossible to get rid of the gun, Dusty reluctantly agreed.

Dismantling the gun completely, Dusty rolled each piece of AK-47 in a different piece of clothing. The stock and barrel he wrapped in rags, then thick, brown paper. He carefully tore part of the paper off to make it look as if it had been previously inspected by customs.

Four days and five customs points later, Dusty was in the living room of his Toronto home with the gun, 300 rounds of ammunition, and six packages of K-rations.

Two weeks after he got home, Dusty received word that his friend got married and would soon be leaving for Canada.

The gun? At present it hangs, still smelling of Vietnam, on the mantle of Dusty's fireplace. It's quite a conversation piece among friends.

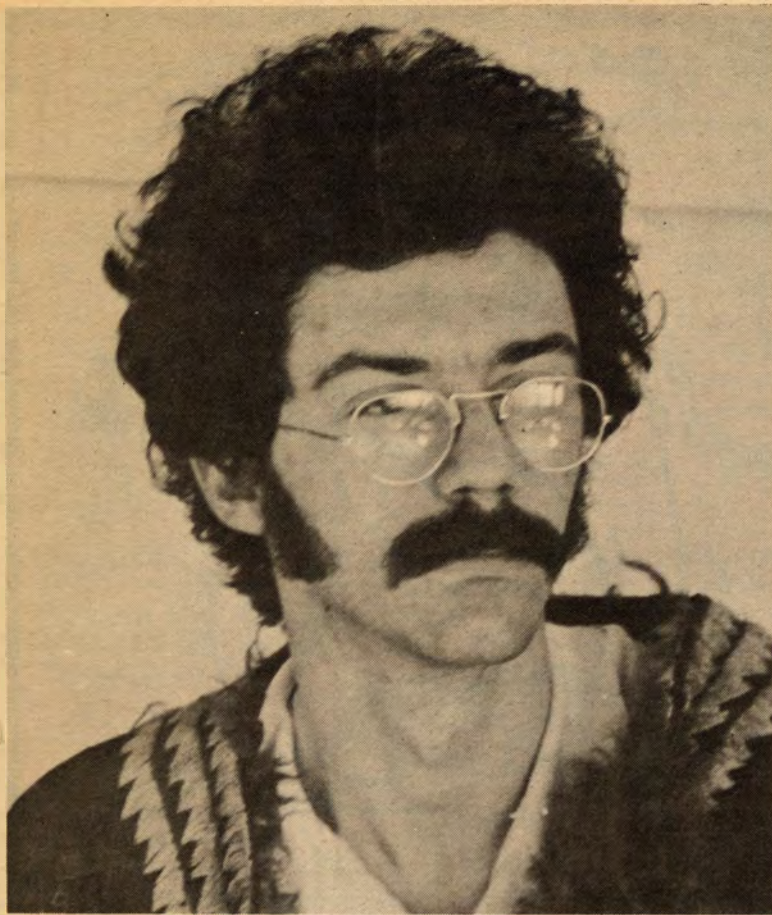
The ad in the paper? "Oh that," he says, "I just wanted to see what people will pay for this. I have a hunch it might be worth quite a bit."

Dusty could be right. The War Museum in Ottawa has been looking for an AK-47 for the last four years.

What is Dusty doing now? "I'm taking a night course at Humber," he answers. Does he like it? "Sure," he says, "It may not be as exciting as what I'm used to, but it's a helluva lot safer!"

And what would he like to do? "Eventually I'd like to collect guns."

Well Dusty, it looks as though you're off to a pretty good start.



## McCarthy quits school

Former Student Union president John McCarthy has left Humber College. He resigned the presidency in the first week of the fall semester and has now dropped out to work until next fall when he plans to study anthropology at York University.

Photograph: John Turban.

## Act denounced

By Peter James

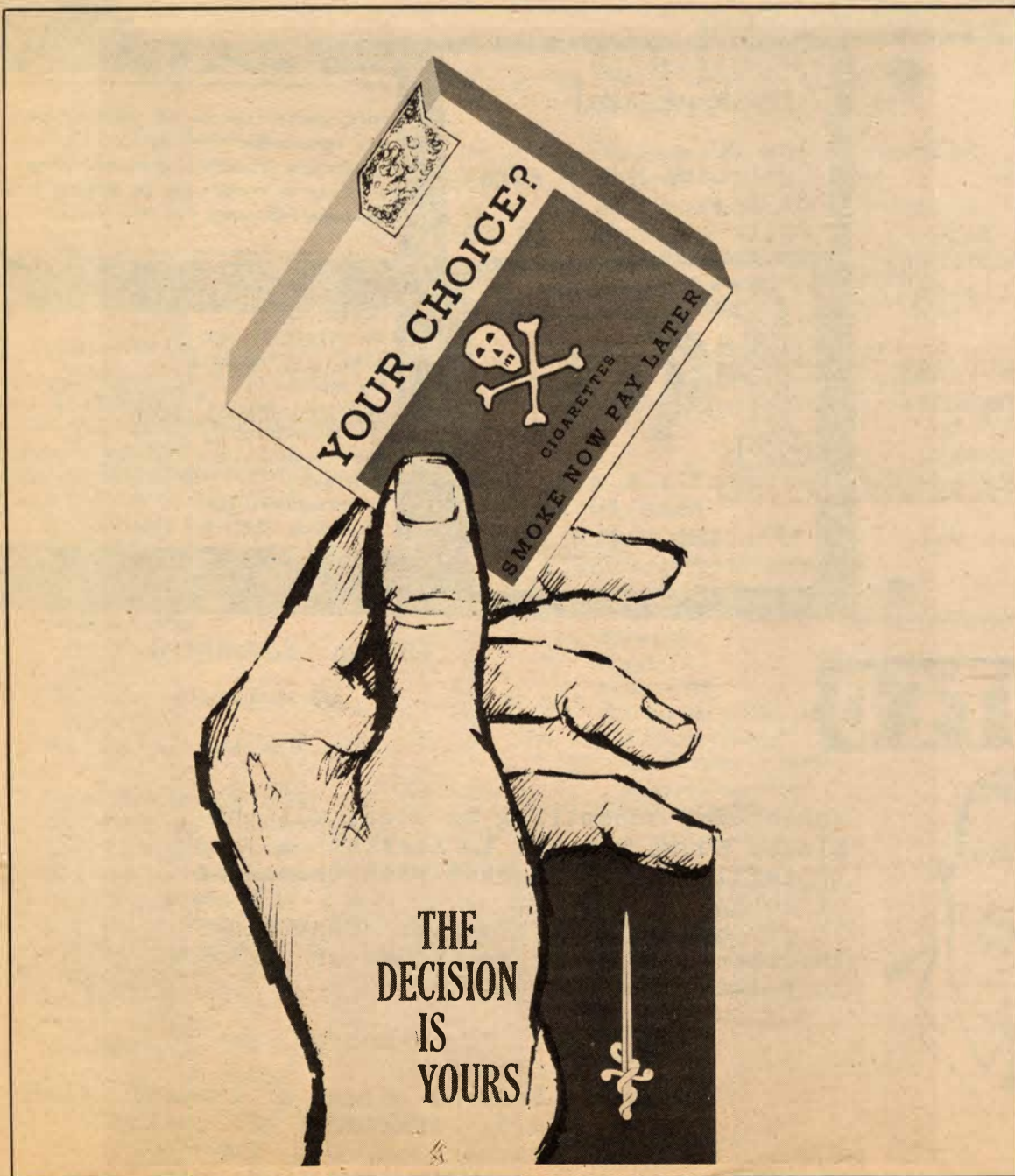
All three members on the panel at the Oct. 28 seminar at Humber denounced the War Measures Act. The seminar was the first of the year held by the Student Union.

Unfortunately, only about 100 people were on hand to hear Desmond Morton, Dean of the Law School, University of Toronto, Maurice Cloutier, a FRAP candidate, and Phil Resnick, a U of T

graduate student.

Alistair Gillespie, Liberal MP, was asked to attend, but declined because of a Liberal Party caucus meeting. Other Liberal MPs declined for the same reason. So the Liberal Party was contacted, and promised to send a representative but he didn't show up.

So it was that the three on the panel had no one to challenge their condemnation of the government's actions in the past weeks.



## Editorial viewpoint

### Give it up while you can

Why do young people smoke cigarettes when not even the tobacco companies can claim any longer that smoking is safe?

There are three major reasons.

The ads show smoking as a "smart set" activity — it's something the young, busy, carefree, "in" people do. The advertising is being paid for by an industry that calculates that every fish hooked will spend \$7,000 during its lifetime on cigarettes.

Smoking, according to the ad man's version, is also something that mature, grown-ups do. Consequently those who aren't quite sure of their own maturity tend to smoke more.

Lastly the ad man fosters the myth that smoking is relaxing and soothes "the nerves". Medical evidence shows that nicotine raises the blood pressure and irritates the nerves. Watch the heavy smoker's hand shake as he lights his cigarette.

Tobacco is not a pleasurable habit; it is an addiction, al-

though a relatively mild one. Smoking cigarettes establishes a psychological need, based on the oral and manual gratification of handling the cigarette, lighting it, and putting it between the lips.

No one gives up the habit easily. Once you start smoking it is very difficult to stop.

Betty Julian, educational coordinator for the Toronto chapter of the Canadian Cancer Society, believes that cigarette smoking is ludicrous. "Why take up a habit that makes you sick, makes you dizzy, is so obviously objectionable, so expensive and something you have to force yourself into," she said.

If you smoke or are thinking of smoking, remember this one frightening statistic from the American Public Health Association: "If present trends continue, approximately one million school-age children now alive will die of lung cancer before reaching the age of 70."

Smoke enough and it will kill you. S.L.



# PARA COURSE BEGINS

Pictures  
by  
**JOHN  
SWATOGOR**



1. Stan Talesnick makes a last-minute adjustment to Athletic Director Harry Pasternak's equipment.

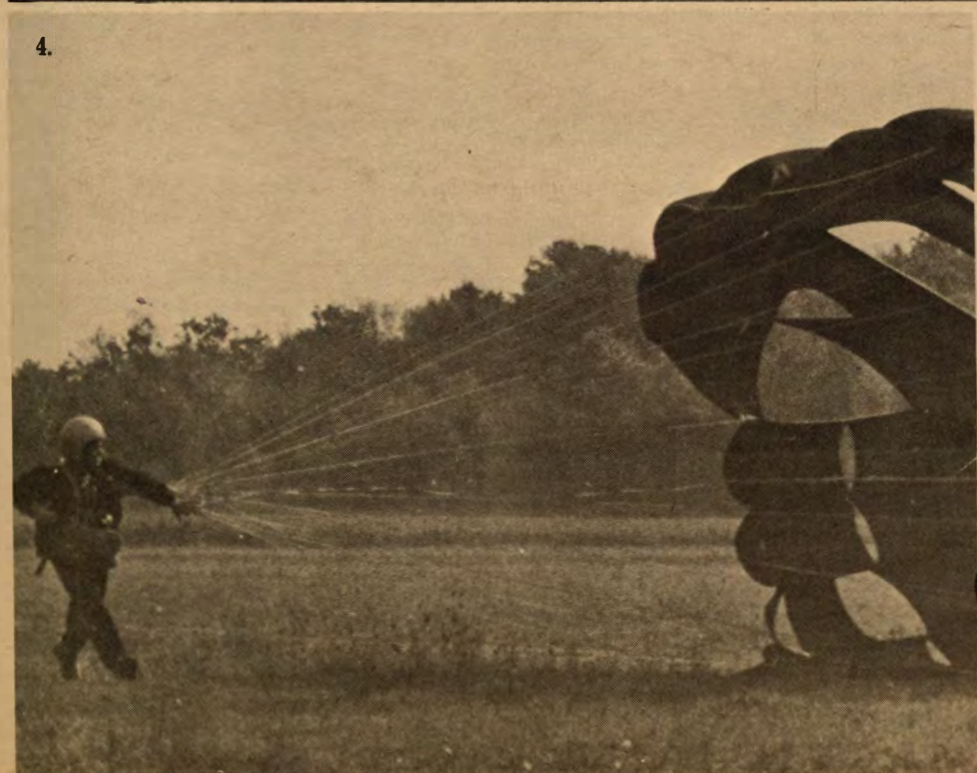
2. Mike Sim, John Hull and the Burnaby jumpmaster (left to right) climb into the Cessna. Note the jumpstep behind the plane's wheel.

3. Coming in for a landing.

4. The trick is to deflate your canopy after landing before the wind blows it, and you, away.

5. Mike Sim folds the rigging lines of his parachute after a jump. The lines are made of nylon.

● Stories on Page 12.



# NEW HIGH IS STRICTLY LEGAL

By Karen Greenwood

"It's a crazy thing for people to jump out of a plane, but once you're floating through the air, it's just you and space and it's the most, beautiful, exciting thing I've ever experienced."

...That's Harry Pasternak talking. Humber's athletic director is co-ordinator of the first sky-diving course to ever be held at a college — at Humber.

Harry himself is one of the 90 people taking part in the sky-diving program which is open to anyone looking for a new kind of kick.

First comes seven hours of ground training during Wednesday evening sessions.

Topics covered include parachute design, the static line system and exit commands.

Students are taught how to steer their parachute for a safe landing and learn something about re-packing their 'chutes after use.

And just in case something goes wrong, they learn to operate their reserve parachutes.

Creative Arts instructor Ted Zuber is the chief lecturer in the program, and one of the other instructors, Steve Sutton, once made 200 jumps in one day!

The actual jumping takes place at Welland, where North America's first parachute club was formed in 1949.

Students jump from a Cessna 180, a small cabin plane, flying at 2,800 feet.

To ensure safety, the jumpmaster checks each parachutist over two or three times before he exits from the plane. He is beside his pupils until the last moment and gives the world "go".



Assistant Athletic Director Stan Talesnick greets Mother Earth after his first jump. Photograph: John Swatogor — More pictures on Page 11.

Each parachutist is equipped with a radio so that instructors on the ground can advise him as he drops. So he's never completely alone.

There have not been any injuries so far and if everyone obeys instructions, there won't ever be.

Anyone who is interested in taking the course should talk to Harry Pasternak.

## Swatogor survives mishap in mid-air

By John Swatogor

I've always wanted to sky-dive so when the course was offered at Humber I decided to take it. When I arrived at the Burnaby air-field, I began to have my doubts, however. Our chief instructor was limping, the result of competition jumping the day before, and the radio man, another experienced jumper, had his leg in a cast — another bad jump.

While I was waiting to go up in the plane, I mentally reviewed the facts we had been taught. The thought that one out of every 90,000 static line parachutes malfunctions kept recurring.

But the instructors kept telling me how safe it was to jump — yet there was my instructor limping.

The actual flight up was the toughest part of the trip: there wasn't much room and my legs went numb. When it was my turn to jump, I was happy to go.

The moment of truth arrived. The jumpmaster told me to get ready. (Novice jumpers must have a jump master with them for first 20 to 30 jumps.)

As I tried to put my foot on the jumpstep a platform attached under the plane — the force of the wind blew it back. When my foot was finally secure I climbed out, and being the idiot I am, looked down. That scared the shit out of me. Then, above the whistling wind, I heard the jump master yell "go" and I jumped — straight into nothing.

After a second of fright I came to my senses, and did as I had been trained. I began to count — one thousand and one, one thousand and two, one thousand and three — at this point the parachute was supposed to open, but it didn't. Fighting the panic I kept on counting — one thousand and four — and then with a sudden jerk it opened.

I managed to grab the steering toggles when I convinced myself I was O.K. The toggles are attached to the flaps of the parachute and it can be turned either left or right by pulling on the appropriate toggle. The forward drive can be stopped completely by pulling both toggles at once.

Moments after the chute opened there was silence, it was really

quiet, the only sound was a slight rushing of the air as I glided through it.

The silence was soon broken by the voice coming over the radio strapped to the reserve chute. It is an added safety feature devised to help beginners land safely near the target.

The commands came blaring through: turn right, a little more, that's enough, now turn left, just a little, that's good John. But even with the instructor guiding me, I still managed to come down a quarter-mile away from the landing area.

Coming down I was really getting that feeling of freedom I had been told so much about by everyone associated with the sport, and they weren't lying, sky-diving is the ultimate high.

But halfway down I was jolted back to reality when my reserve chute popped open — by itself. I was afraid it was going to tip me over, but fortunately I was only tilted forward, and came down at an awkward angle.

I had been instructed to watch the horizon when I came in for a landing, but I forgot and watched the ground rush up at me. It jarred me, but no more than if I had jumped off the kitchen table.

I found out my reserve chute had opened because the safety device which opens it had short-circuited. I guess that made me "the" one in the 90,000 with a malfunctioning chute.

I might be tempted to jump again, but I wouldn't want to keep doing it.

## Athletic bubble behind schedule

Our athletic bubble is three weeks behind schedule. Construction of the bubble was delayed because of problems with fire regulation requirements. A 10-foot wall had to be built between the bubble and the portables. Once that problem was settled work began.

Completion of the bubble is scheduled for early December — if there aren't any other delays.

J. S.

## Sports roundup

By Ross Freake  
Sports Editor

When sky-diving was introduced at Humber, it was a tentative one-jump program. But the response was so great a sky-diving club has been established to accommodate the increasing number of students interested in the sport.

Thus Free Fall Humber was born.

Grandiose plans are in the making for Harry Pasternak's latest brainchild, but nothing can be done until Humber's ardent jumpers have earned their A licence.

What's an A licence?

There are five levels or licences which a sky-diver can achieve. A, B, C, D, and E. A is at the bottom of the scale. To qualify for an A licence you must complete six jumps on a static line; 15 jumps in free fall; accumulate three minutes of full free fall; show body control; know night jump techniques and water landing procedures; learn to spot and exit on your own command; and pass a written test.

When we have achieved this level then Free Fall Humber is ready!

Plans for the revival of Humber's varsity teams have been cancelled because of the lack of money. In order to compensate for this, Humber has formed various sports clubs.

These clubs will represent Humber in exhibition games with other schools.

What's the difference between a varsity team and a club? The school foots the bill for the varsity teams; the clubs pay their own expenses, although Humber pays for the rental of ice and courts.

Practice for the Humber Hockey Club is being held at the Long Branch Arena on Tuesday and Thursday morning from 7 to 8 a.m.

Scuba diving started two weeks ago at the Albion Pool on the corner of Albion Road and Kipling Avenue. Dave Renny of Aqua Sport Ltd. is teaching the 48 underwater enthusiasts.

And why shouldn't they be enthusiastic? It's costing them \$25 for a course which at the end of 12 weeks will get them a certificate from the Ontario Scuba Association, which is recognized by the world over.

Plans are in the making for the group to go diving in the Bahamas during the semester break.

The intramural hockey season will begin the week of Nov. 9.

Marketing, last year's champions, are in good form and they have every intention of being this year's champs as well. But the Journalism and Business teams are going to do their best to keep Marketing out of top place.

Unlike previous years, when the teams fought at night (I mean fought in every sense of the word my front teeth are still loose) this year they will clash at noon. There are 15 teams in two divisions, North and South. The teams from the North will play at Pine Point Arena and the teams from the South will play at the Long Branch Arena. At the end of the hockey season, North will play the South for the championship.

If Keele's does decide to play, it will become a third division.

John Racjic, Humber's only representative in the OCAA tennis tournament, won the men's singles title. The tournament was held on Oct. 24 and 25. Of the eight participating colleges, Cambrian finished first over-all and first in the men's division. Humber finished sixth.

## Commission studies education in 1980s

By Gary Armstrong

What will our colleges and universities be like in the 1980s?

### SMALL ADS

Humber will be happy to carry advertising for recognized college groups or organizations free of charge whenever space is available. Small ads — of up to five lines — will also be carried free for members of the college. Contact Advertising Manager Mike Gerhardt via internal mail c/o Hum-Drum or on the fourth floor of the Phase II Building at the North campus. All advertising copy should be typewritten.

COOL CATS need good homes. Three toms, now 5 weeks old. Free. One black — guaranteed lucky. Call 749-3768, or local 353 at the North campus and ask for Pat.

JIM CHAMBERS and Doug MacLean want to thank all those who supported the Queensway campus dance at the Hollywood on Oct. 30.

TYPIST — University experienced in theses, manuscripts and term papers on IBM electric machine. Call Mrs. Faulkner 749-3803.

PUPPIES — Four black lab pups, two male, two female, now three weeks old, free to good homes. Ann and Bill Cassidy, 34 Austin Terrace, Toronto 4.

SELL ADS for Hum-Drum. You get 25 per cent of the take. Call Mike Gerhardt, North campus local 393.

That's the question the Ontario Commission on Post-Secondary Education is trying to answer.

The commission was set up in the spring of 1969 by the Ontario Government. By 1971 it hopes to have a good idea of where post-secondary education is going in Ontario. It is holding meetings all over the province to listen to briefs from concerned organizations and individuals.

Already the commission has perceived new trends.

Hugh McIntyre associate-secretary of the commission, sees many changes in the future.

He says that there will be a new emphasis on continuing education because of the rapid changes in our society: "It's no longer possible to turn out a doctor at 27 or 28 and tell him that he is equipped to be a doctor for the rest of his life."

Mr. McIntyre also sees a decline in the building of student residences. He says it's "high time that the universities get out of the housing business".

One change that the commission would like to see is a lessening of the gap between the rich and poor when it comes to getting a post-secondary education.

Researchers of the commission have found that the difference in numbers of rich and poor attending colleges and universities is closing at too slow a pace.

## BLOOD DONOR CLINIC

A Red Cross blood donor clinic will be held at the North campus on Wednesday, Dec. 9 and at the South campus on Thursday, Dec. 10. Give the gift of life.