

Hum-Drum

HUMBER COLLEGE OF APPLIED ARTS AND TECHNOLOGY, REXDALE, ONTARIO

Volume 1 — Number 6

Thursday April 15, 1971



Students take over traffic control at Crash Corners

Picture by William Begg

Crash Corners

IT'S LIGHTS OUT AND COPS IN

By BOB MARTIN

Humber College has lost the Battle of the Intersection. At least many people think so.

The Port Credit Detachment of the Ontario Provincial Police will have a uniformed policeman on duty at the intersection of Highway 27 and Humber College Blvd. starting April 2. The officer is intended to take the place of the much-needed traffic lights.

The arrival of the police officer followed a meeting earlier in the day between Humber College students and representatives from the OPP, the Etobicoke Council and the Department of Highways.

The meeting was prompted by a demonstration the previous day, in which a group of 30 Humber students took it upon themselves to direct traffic at the now famous intersection.

When traffic had slowed down for the morning, the students invaded the Etobicoke Municipal offices in an attempt to present their case to Borough officials. From this came the session at the school the following day.

During the informal debate in the rotunda, students were told of 22 property accidents that have occurred at the intersection since the beginning of the school year.

Students also learned that the Department of Highways considers it "uneconomical" to install traffic lights at the intersection. The cost of such an installation, at this time, would be approximately \$10,000. A Department of Highways representative attending the session said that traffic lights would be installed at the intersection of Highway 27 and Finch Ave., about 900 yards to the north of crash corners, in the summer of 1972.

Installation of the lights would coincide with the widening of Highway 27. The work has been delayed, the students were told, due to difficulties in purchasing the needed land from developers.

Until the permanent lights are installed, a set of temporary traffic lights will be operative on Finch at Highway 27 within a month. The lights could provide sufficient time for cars turning in and out of Humber College Blvd.

Borough representative, Peter Martin, defended the decision against installing the lights by describing the situation as being "isolated." Mr. Martin said that such lights are necessary only during peak morning hours and would serve no other purpose during any other hour of the day, or during the summer months.

Word soon on drug use

By Bev Jaffray

The results of a survey on drug usage at Humber's North Campus are now being analyzed by the students of the Law Enforcement Course. During the last five months, Jim Stark and his Law Enforcement class, (with a little help from their friends), have prepared and administered the questionnaire to approximately 250 North Campus students.

The results of the survey should be available by mid-April. The final steps of the survey are being delayed because it will take some time to trace and classify students who did not answer the questionnaire.

"It is very important to find out why these people didn't respond," says Mr. Stark. He suggested that the nonresponse might be the result of people being scared of being busted, or just a general lack of interest. In any case he wants to find out why.

Mr. Stark also mentioned that, "Most non-users are interested in smoking dope."

The survey is, in effect, a pilot project, and if it turns out to be valid, it will be used in several different areas of Toronto. Plans are already underway for administering the survey at Laurentian University.

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McDayter's on the go

By Greig Stewart

Remember Walt McDayter? He's the guy who co-ordinated the Journalism programmes at Humber College last year, but resigned in May to become an English instructor.

Walt was never one to shy away from taking on something big, and this year, aside from teaching English, he's done something for Canada and for the United States.

First for Canada. Walt's written a book. It's called "Media Mosaic" and it's about the problems of media communications. And, oh yes, it's the first Canadian-made book for Canadian Communication students.

"Media Mosaic" will be used in colleges and universities across Canada who teach communications and sociology courses. Pretty good, eh? Holt, Rinehart and Winston of Canada Limited, tell us the book will be out by the end of April in both soft and hard cover additions with a selling price of about four dollars.

But what could an English instructor at Humber College ever do for the United States? God only knows! That's it exactly. Walt has written a one hour radio show called God Only Knows which takes a critical look at all the his-

tory of the United States that you have ever read.

The play is a fantasy. It is about America the country being put on trial after Armageddon for destroying the earth. God, played by Mel Gunton, is the judge of the trial; Gabriel (Rex Sevenoaks) acts as the prosecution; and Satan (Jim Peddie) acts in the defence. The various Presidents of the United States are played by other Humber celebrities.

Although America is centered out, the human atrocities committed by other nations of the world are also exposed.

Walt would like to see the play presented for high school through

various cable sources. It will be played on CHBR in the near future.

The feelings, humor and opinions expressed in the play are not necessarily those of Walt's, but those of Phil McPhedran, J3, Valerie Murray, J1, Greig Stewart, J2, Jim Paine, J1, Irene Chrobak T & T1, and Chris Embree, GAS1. They assisted in writing some of the script for Walt.

The play is excellent. With Walt, his helpers, his actors and the sound effects done by Alec Sheridan of the C.B.C., it just had to be.

For Walt? Today Canada and the United States; tomorrow the World.



Author McDayter — Remember?

Sex . . . sex . . . sex . . .

By Doug Ibbotson

Humber's tacit claim to fame, as the seat of the sexual revolution in Toronto, has been challenged.

Eugene Fandrich, a social science teacher at Ryerson, has awarded the title to York University on the basis of several outdated and narrow-minded surveys.

Addressing the Don Heights Unitarian Congregation on "the Sexual Revolution", Fandrich said that of 153 York Students interviewed during a 1969 survey, over 50% of the men and 36% of the women had experienced sexual intercourse.

When the big question was asked of 511 U of T students in 1968, results showed that "two-thirds of

the men and women were still virgins." A similar survey at Ryerson indicated that of 164 male students, 65% had performed sexually at some time in their lives. The findings of a 1970 survey showed that less than one quarter of the female population at Ryerson were sexually experienced.

Fandrich concluded, from this narrow sampling, that "if there is a sexual revolution, it's at York."

No one at Humber had found the need to compile such statistics in the past, (probably because the title was considered secure), but when someone publicly casts doubt on the College's supremacy in this matter, image-minded students were not slow to react. An Ad hoc survey was taken to show

Fandrich the flaws in his logic.

An undisclosed number of students were herded into a vacant, darkened classroom to be questioned. After an hour of uninhibited interrogation, the statisticians (recruited from the Accounting I) estimated that a minimum of 80% of the subjects had previously "indulged."

Surprisingly, only one per cent of the students answered, "None of your damn business, voyeur!"

Several students, upon hearing the results of the survey, still found an element of doubt in the facts, and overwhelmed with an altruistic rush of school spirit, vowed they would do their best to bring, and keep, Humber College at the top.

Does anyone know who they really are?

By Greig Stewart

An April wind blows a cluster of dead leaves in from College St.

The leaves settle at the feet of a social worker as she begins her early morning rounds. Not a foot-step away is Beverly St., unswept and grey this cold, spring morning. I force my way down it through the magnetic flow of first year Engineering students on their way to classes at the university.

There's a school on Beverly St., a school for kids who won't even see high school, never mind university. It is the Beverly Street School for Retarded Children, and I can't help wondering at the sight of it, what could possibly be taught to a mind which can hardly comprehend the body it is in.

After all, isn't mental retardation incurable?

To anyone educated in the medieval, it is; but to the people I will meet today, it isn't.

That wind is getting colder, and I am late enough as it is, so I hurry inside.

A Miss B. and a Miss N. take one of the primary classes here, consisting of a morning class of eight and an afternoon class of nine. The children are picked at their homes and brought to school in a taxi.

The "interest span" in this room is a maximum of five minutes; the age group is five to eight years; the mentality is that of a three-year-old; and the IQ is approximately 33.

The theme, not subject, is taught, not from a level but from personal interests such as body features, eyes, nose, hands, etc. The children are not taught that 1 plus 1 equals two, but are taught to make an attempt at being independent for themselves no matter how hopeless they may appear.

I try to understand that some of these kids have no idea what their names are and won't, until they are at least double the age they are now. I am told this is not a fact, only an optimism.

Specialists call his condition **maturational decline**. This is a situation where his mind has reached old age and is dying. Unthinking, I mention mercy-killing but Mrs. S will have no part of it. She feels that no matter how hopeless a case may appear, the person will always serve a purpose.

I hope so, Mrs. S., I hope so.

Sitting in the hall, amid the sounds of children, I look down at the notes I have scribbled, and wonder if I can put the feeling of Beverly St. in but a few words.

My name is Mrs. Wilson, and your name is David. Try to remember, your name is David . . . does anyone know what their names are . . . sure I care how they feel . . . just because today is Friday, doesn't mean we have to cry . . . how many mongoloids do you have this year . . . socialization? . . . courteous teachers . . . pretty teachers . . . old teachers . . . freedom . . . do they really want to learn? . . . are you God teacher? . . . one toilet for both boys and girls . . . who knows the difference? . . . who cares? . . . this society must be educated . . . little kids crying . . . boys building boats . . . no lessons, only themes . . . recess . . . depression . . . thanks to God for what . . . competition for praise . . . loneliness, and . . . tears.

It is getting late. I am too tired to feel that sorry anymore. A little humble, yes. I have just left a very emotional lady who teaches a primary class at Beverly St. She is the only person I have met today who wishes she could spend more time with the children. Here is a true teacher. She is not only wants



Painting at Beverly Street

to teach them, but she wants to be part of them because she loves them, probably as she must have loved her own, long since gone.

I turn to ask her for directions as I leave.

THIS CLASSROOM WAS BUILT AND DONATED BY THE RUNNEYMEDE LYONS CLUB IN MEMORY OF FRED CLARKE, SEPTEMBER, 1967.

I ask a little girl of about nine to show me the way to Mr. S's office. Without talking, she takes my hand and leads me awkwardly down a corridor, smelling of children, and leaves me at an open door. I go in, hesitate, then turn around to thank her but she is gone. I find out later that she was 17.

Mr. S. is the boy's industrial arts co-ordinator and he tries to explain to me, in basic terms, the idea of motivation.

"Motivation begins as part of a great desire to be praised. Getting kids here to just plain work equals some satisfaction for them. We teachers here must try and kill this 'praise' syndrome and turn it into satisfaction. Our teaching method here is one of conditioning because what a 'normal' person does, we try to teach. As a result, there is no grading here, so we have made Beverly St. a sort of Summerhill school. This doesn't sound at all too clear, does it?"

"No, sir, it doesn't."

The gym at Beverly St. is the size of a basketball court, periodically disturbed by white concrete pillars. This morning there are about 15 boys in the class and the Phys. Ed. teacher stands at the head of the gym and barks out orders as if he didn't give a damn, but he must . . . or he wouldn't be here.

One of the tragedies of mental retardation is that there is usually some kind of other sickness that goes along with it. Most of the time, it's a heart ailment. Just moments ago, I passed the school swimming pool, where I saw a 13 year-old-girl who was not only retarded, but was blind and had a weak heart. To the amazement of nobody but me, she was smiling.

Mrs. A., on the third floor, appears at first as a bitter woman who looks like she asks herself daily why she is here.

She is in charge of ten 17 year-old girls in a baking and Home Economics class.

As she talks to you, she never looks at you, but rather at her girls sitting at a dinnertable, eating. I

am offered a muffin. It looks terrible, but I take it anyway.

"I try to encourage debate and some form of democracy in all my classes," she says, "but there is a great fear in themselves of their opinions being accepted, not only by me, but by the other girls. You see, my girls feel very giddy around boys and self-worth means nothing, simply nothing, to them."

And then I realize that she is not bitter, only hopeful.

In some cases, the children to more in the education process than do the teachers. Probably because they are naturally good leaders. Discipline at Beverly St. is both by word of mouth, and by back of hand. How much or how often I wasn't told.

Debate is encouraged in some classes, but in others it is obviously impossible. Why? Because a lot of the kids either can't or refuse to speak.

THIS CLASSROOM WAS BUILT AND DONATED IN THE MEMORY OF . . .

Mrs. S. is a small, dynamic sort of woman who makes an effort of getting her ideas across. Her class is a cross-section of twelve 14 year-old boys and one 18 year-old who's name is Frank.

"There is no such thing as motivation in this class, for there is no curiosity, only inertia. Although they are able to remember a lesson, there is no reasoning behind it."

Trying to look nonchalant, I glance down the four rows of kids, until I spot Mrs. S's 18 year-old Frank. It is an 18 year-old boy and body alright, but his mind is that of a three-year-old.

"Excuse me ma'am, could you tell me where the principal's office is from here?"

But she doesn't hear me' her head is resting on her arm, and she is crying. I turn and walk on down the hall.

Tongue on cheek

Scientists think they have finally tracked down the origin of kissing. They say it began when a caveman craving for salt discovered that he could cool off on a hot day by licking his neighbour's cheek. According to one source, he soon discovered it was a lot more fun if the neighbour chanced to be a female. He soon forgot about salt!

. . . find me a wife!

By Dolores Decechi

"Matchmaker, matchmaker find me a wife," that's the question our hero Podkolyossin asked Fyolka in the hilarious play "Marriage". Sly, conniving, money-hungry Fyolka discovered our beautiful heroine Agafya much to Podkolyossin's delight. Alas, no romance is complete without a problem. Agafya has three other admiring gentlemen seeking her dainty hand. Who will Agafya marry? Will Podkolyossin resort to suicide if he is rejected?

Director Rex Sevenoaks, chairman of Humber's English and communications department has sealed lips. "Come and see for yourself," says Rex who adapted Nikolai Gogol's script for this 19th century comedy.

"Marriage" includes a student cast of eleven, drawn from the media and theatre arts program, but

a total of 40 students are involved in the production. Bev Walden, of Humber's business division is the producer and student Brian Beatie is his assistant producer.

Many of the costumes for "Marriage" have been created by students from the fashion careers program; set and staging design reflect the talent of Nick Kravjansky of the college's creative arts division and artistic director of the Black Box Theatre.

No play is complete without music. Richard Ketchum, assistant chairman, English literature has composed an original musical score for "Marriage".

"Marriage" is being presented at the north campus on the evenings of April 15, 16 and 17 at 8:15 p.m. You still have TWO evenings left to buy your ticket to a laughing good time at "Marriage".

CHBR Happenings

By Barry Coe

Along with providing music, and free advertising for Humber students, CHBR will be presenting a series of social events this spring.

After a number of successful dances and charity drives, the station has embarked on a voyage to bring more "Happenings" to Humber students and CHBR staff.

April the 23rd will usher in the first annual CHBR awards dinner. The evening will include a meal climaxed by "Golden-Microphone" trophies and plaques. The awards go to CHBR staff members who have excelled in various categories in production as well as announcing.

The affair will take place in the Continental Room at the Skyline Hotel.

The highlight of the evening is to be an award presented to the Humber student who has contributed the most by way of his involvement in campus affairs. The student will be chosen by ballot and everyone except CHBR staff are eligible for the honor. The event will begin at 8 p.m. and admittance will be on invitation basis only.

In order to let everybody participate, and have a formal occasion, a dance will be held on the first of May.

Classified as formal, girls are requested to wear dresses while the men are to wear jackets and ties.



ODE TO HOTPANTS

The mini, the maxi, the hot pants
The looks, the stares and the rude glance
all combined
make the girls look fine
to the boys
waiting breathless
on entrance

The girls lengthen their limbs
by shortening their gyms
bypassing the grins
of the others
who smother
their gasp
who tighten their grasp
awaiting another
tight bodassed

When the Springtime is near
and new fashions appear
with a style, a price and a size fear
BUT NAY
not this year
is the masculine cheer
for the lear
is directed
at
HOTPANTS

Carol Argue

Isn't it about time we saw the light?

JIM: Well, let's see how we look today.

TOM: Roger, Jim, I'll give you a readout on the situation. Ready?

JIM: Roger that, Tom, standing by . . . go ahead. I'll put her in first.

TOM: Well, we've got a Mack cement truck at four o'clock, and in front of us is a small sports car trying to make a right turn, he might have a chance but it'll slow all the oncoming traffic and might force a jam way back as far as Rexdale Boulevard. Well, let's see, the relative velocity of vehicles travelling southbound from Albion Road is approximately plus twenty miles per hour greater than those travelling up the nineteen degree incline of the hill just behind us. Now this of course means that the necessary breaking distance, in the event of a malfunction, is eliminated. We can't take the chance because we need a tune up, and the wind factor cuts down on at least five percent of the motor efficiency. But I'll check that out. Where's my slide rule?

JIM: Someone's cutting off my right side view.

TOM: Yeah, but the sports car is moving so the way should be clear. A small truck from the north bound lane is holding up traffic coming up the hill. There's no one in the opposite lane and that bus right turning beside us is keeping cars coming from the north. O.K., the way is clear now.

JIM: It's alright?

TOM: Looks pretty good . . . go . . .

But it wasn't pretty good. Jim and Tom didn't see the guy who tried to pass the bus. Nobody saw him. There was a sound of thunder, and Jim and Tom were no longer students at Humber College. Instead, they became two single-digit numbers on the top of some fatality list in the Traffic Department of the Borough of Etobicoke.

This short story was written for Ad Hoc by Mike Thompson, who along with every other student at Humber College continues to ask, ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME WE SAW THE LIGHT?"

Students take over Council room

By David Forman

Driving south on Highway 27 towards Humber College Boulevard this morning, I was confronted by a group of men with bright illuminated orange arm bands and caps on their heads. They were in fact a group of Humber students who had taken the initiative to direct traffic and hand out leaflets to the passing motorists.

There had been a meeting at the auditorium the previous day to discuss the action which the students would take due to the apathy of the authorities to install traffic lights at the intersection of Humber College Boulevard and Highway 27.

Finally, here were a group of students with enough spunk to do something.

When the police arrived and informed the students that they were obstructing traffic, the students led by Bill Hurst, congregated in the cafeteria. A bus was arranged to transport students to the Etobicoke Municipal Buildings.

When we arrived at the Municipal Buildings, the attitude of some of the students became apparent as they ran up and down the pavement shouting and waving to the council personnel, who were look-

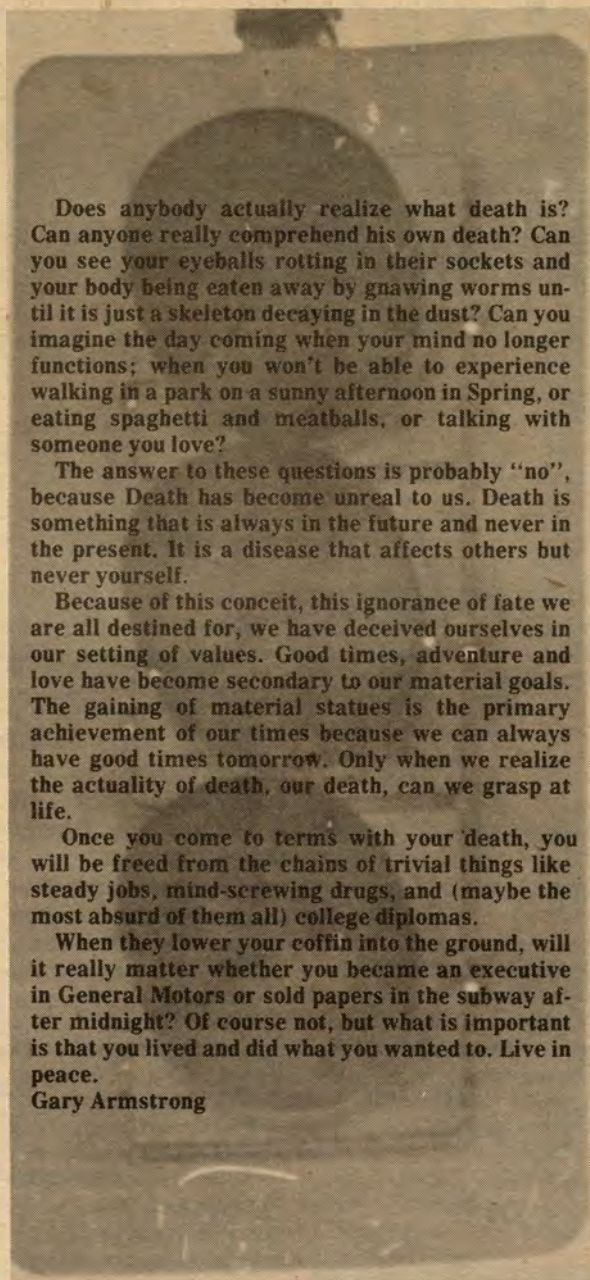
ing from their windows.

By the time I entered the wood-paneled room, many students had already sat themselves down at the front behind the official desks. Some had their feet up, others helped themselves to the water containers. And this is how Mr. Peter Martin, traffic co-ordinator for Etobicoke, saw Humber College Students.

His first remarks, made in earnest were: "Well, I see that you have taken over the place."

Four Humber College students stated their dissent for the lack of response from the council with regards to the lights. Mr. Martin then stated his case. A small portion of students then descended into an ego trip by making such brilliant statements as: "You council-men are afraid of your jobs". Also the words politics and votes were mentioned. All of which proved to be an embarrassment to the rest of the students.

More harm was done through this radical behaviour to slow down the works of municipal bureaucracy. They have planted us with a stigma that will remain with us forever.



Does anybody actually realize what death is? Can anyone really comprehend his own death? Can you see your eyeballs rotting in their sockets and your body being eaten away by gnawing worms until it is just a skeleton decaying in the dust? Can you imagine the day coming when your mind no longer functions; when you won't be able to experience walking in a park on a sunny afternoon in Spring, or eating spaghetti and meatballs, or talking with someone you love?

The answer to these questions is probably "no", because Death has become unreal to us. Death is something that is always in the future and never in the present. It is a disease that affects others but never yourself.

Because of this conceit, this ignorance of fate we are all destined for, we have deceived ourselves in our setting of values. Good times, adventure and love have become secondary to our material goals. The gaining of material status is the primary achievement of our times because we can always have good times tomorrow. Only when we realize the actuality of death, our death, can we grasp at life.

Once you come to terms with your death, you will be freed from the chains of trivial things like steady jobs, mind-screwing drugs, and (maybe the most absurd of them all) college diplomas.

When they lower your coffin into the ground, will it really matter whether you became an executive in General Motors or sold papers in the subway after midnight? Of course not, but what is important is that you lived and did what you wanted to. Live in peace.

Gary Armstrong

Confrontation versus negotiation

By Marjorie Watt

Methods of power-play became the topic of argument in a class recently. The discussion was about the students who confronted an official of the Borough of Etobicoke to ask for stop-lights at the junction of Highway 27 and Humber College Boulevard.

Some of the students were described as being seriously concerned in their proposal for lights, while others were described as loud-mouthed, aggressive, and insulting. The question arises. Which is more effective as a power-play — passive concern, or loud-mouthed confrontation? Both groups seek the same goal. Combined, they might pull it off. Apart, they will achieve nothing.

Another question. Should dissent always be nice and quiet? Or should dissent always be abusive and insulting? When Martin Luther King protested, there was also an awareness of militant Black Power activism among certain Negro groups.

The peak of exasperation has been reached by the students and staff of Humber after more than two years of begging, prodding and pushing, for stop-lights. All conventional approaches have been tried, side-tracked and ignored. The appeals for stop-lights have now reached an even higher pitch. Many students are unable to show anger towards Etobicoke officials, but the anger exists. The few students that are sufficiently extroverted to be grossly vocal are merely exhibiting the general frustration of the general student body. Each faction has its own power to use in its own way. Hard reason and hot anger sometimes accomplish the impossible.

The irony of it all is that the students are asking for a stop-light that is a definite "authority symbol." If the students were completely against all form of order, they would enjoy gambling with their lives at the intersection in a "by guess or by golly" fashion. In other words, the students are asking for a law in a lawless area.

More meetings — no lights

By Art Boyer

Determined to get results concerning the traffic lights, 50 students travelled to the Etobicoke Council Building and met with Mr. Peter Martin in the Council Room.

Mr. Martin claimed, "Everything possible is being done."

He suggested that the students "... get . . . (their) . . . facts together and come up to meet us."

Tired of the stalling the students came out with the facts:

1. In the past 14 months there have been 22 accidents and one death at the death trap intersection.
2. In 36 hours there were 3 accidents.
3. The Humber College Student Union was in contact with the borough last year, still nothing has been done.
4. The borough has neglected Humber College Blvd. by not maintaining it and by piling huge

snow banks which present a hazard.

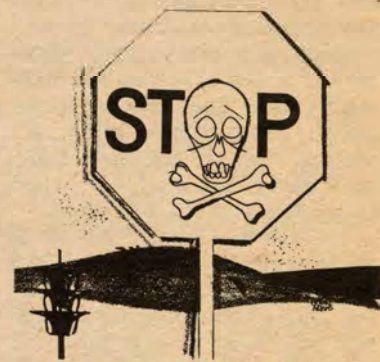
5. President Wragg as well as several students have sent letters with all the information but there has been no replies. Where have the letters gone?

When questioned as to the reason for this negligence Mr. Martin replied "I cannot answer, that is an entirely different department." At this point Mr. Martin stated he was unable to answer any further questions.

Not about to wait for the 'required' second death to classify the intersection as dangerous and warrant the installation of traffic lights, the students sought a further means for immediate results.

Under the direction of Bill Hurst, a meeting was arranged for Friday morning Apr. 2 at 9:00 between Mr. Martin and representatives from the DHO and OPP and President Wragg and the students of Humber.

Follow up on the meeting.



1968 . . . 1969 . . . 1970 . . . 1971 . . . how much longer?

Ad Hoc Page Four Tuesday, October 15, 1968

Death ride High

CRASH CORNER
Police direct traffic backed up on highway 27 and the Northcanses "crash corner" following an accident on March 4. On turning the difficult corner, a truck dropped its load of skeletons the roadside. No injuries were reported.

Death of Highway

By Angelo Guerra
The Highway 27-Humber College Blvd. intersection is a death trap.

Two people hurt now...

Traffic lights upon death?

Give us lights

The students and staff of Humber are waging a losing battle with the Borough of Etobicoke traffic planners. The municipal officials hold a significant edge — they don't have to wage a daily battle to force their way into the Humber parking lot.

The situation at the intersection is critical and it is only a matter of time before someone is seriously injured or even killed. The students wonder if the delay in putting in traffic lights at the intersection is due to the lack of assessment that Humber College. All us that in two years there will be a section. And when bureaucrats say two ten. We now have the funeral services course they will be able to supply adequate the victims of the traffic planner.

When people are going 70 on either side of the road.

Editorial Page

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Humber — the Whole Earth college

The direction of Humber pertains to all persons who come to Humber: students, administrators, teachers and community. Now to begin.

The first possible direction would be to attempt to help people become human beings. Not responsible citizens, because this concept is too restrictive, pertaining only to one's immediate social and political environment.

The concept of human beings refers to a totality of phenomena. For example, it would include responsibility for all other human beings such as the Vietnamese, Arabs and Israelis, rich and poor, and that fellow in Business Administration I. Also, interest in the idea of a human being would be a concern and a responsibility for the entire physical world. That is, human beings are not above nature, they are a part of it, no more important than any other part. For example, human beings cannot survive without green living things because they produce our oxygen and food. Therefore we are dependent on other living things and consequently must give up the view that we are above the rest of nature and can do with it as we please.

Thus human beings should consider themselves important inter-connecting parts of the planet we conveniently call earth and not just citizens of a specific geographical area. Perhaps another way of stating these ideas comes from the radical high school principal, John Young. His views, I believe, are pertinent for all of us, in and out of Humber. He says the school system should be attempting to prepare people, (this includes teachers and students), to become concerned about five things; peace, pollution, population, poverty, and people.

Another direction would be to move to self-actualization. This term refers to a person (hopefully in a human way) becoming all that which he is capable of becoming. This can be accomplished through all the programmes offered at Humber and where a situation exists where a person can participate to the extent that he wishes and feels he needs. A third possible direction would be to help people become aware of their experience and experiences. This concept has been put forth by R. D. Laing in his book, the Politics of Experience. In it he says that people are out of touch or unaware of what is going on inside their mind-body, and of what is going on around them. Thus, if this were one of our directions, we would begin to ask ourselves questions like "who am I in relation to myself and relation to others?" Out of this initial questioning of one's existence to one's self and to the world he lives in, we could begin to ask new questions such as "why are the Indians of Canada so horribly discriminated against?" or "why do the dominant classes of our society propagate the myth that all poor people are lazy?" Far fewer people never really concern themselves with these important human issues. I believe they should.

The final direction would just be ACTION. That is, how do we act upon new knowledge of ourselves and our world to change and to improve it, to make it, as the PR men say, better for all people.

One important point. Our directions and our practices must remain flexible. We should be able to change both as we move along. For to remain steadfast in our direction and practice is to become dogmatic. And dogmatism has been severely hurting the world for too long disguised as one form or another of institutionalized religion.

I saw a sign when I first came to Humber that said, "Welcome to Humber." I only hope we really are.

TO DAVE DAVIS

A very strange analogy. The radio station on the fourth floor gives the impression of being a wedding cake, when in reality it's nothing more than a tart. Now don't that take the cake?

Listen to the slop on CHBR, but don't eat the stuff, it ain't fit for human consumption. (i.e. it's strictly for the birds.)

CHBR is owned and operated lock, stock and turntable by Jon McDonald under policies and scrutinizing eye of the CHBR "executive." All the music and commentary are carefully censored so as not to expose the political thoughts of the masses. (them-asses).

CHBR would be very good for mushroom beds, petunia beds etc., but unfortunately, it can't be packaged and sold. Any suggestions, Dave?



CHBR's Irene Chrobak is the heroine of the Creative Arts students. One photography student said, "the way she tells the time is the sexiest thing I have ever heard." When asked what she thought of the radio's programming in general, the shutter-happy girl commented, "I don't know, I just listen to the time and the news."

The "Where's Your Head At Award" for the month of March goes once again to that daring revolutionary, Rodney. We all remember the great times we had watching Mr. Rodney, as the working man's job, in the cafeteria. And who could forget that breathtaking moment in the auditorium, during Derek Day's inquest, when Mr. Rodney jumped up and shouted, "and if Derek Day goes, I go too!" Mr. Light, you missed your chance.

Attention Derek Day's rabbit. For a good time, any evening of the week, call Jackie Hare at Briar-9-4536. Special rates for whitties.

Three cheers for Jim Peddie, who is forming a theatrical group of first year Media Arts students and taking them on tour all summer. Not only is it great public relations for Humber, but it will give some of these talented kids the experience they'll need when they get out. Well, at least it will keep them off the streets. Uncovering the Skeleton's identity will bring nothing but blindness and sterility.

Letters

Dear Editor:

Children are drowning today. They play to their hearts content and then they die. How? you ask? The Humber River. Do people care? Seemingly not, for if they did care, wouldn't something be done about their playing in the open valley?

A few days ago, driving north on Hwy. 27 above Rexdale Blvd., I chanced to look out the window to see the progress on the new hospital. I was immediately distracted. There were three little boys, not yet school age for it was a school day, playing on the near perpendicular banks of the Humber River.

Have you ever seen those banks? If you have you will know what I mean. The banks are deeply gouged from runoff after rain storms. They are composed mainly of mud. It makes for treacherous footing at the best of times.

The season is spring. Look at the Humber River. It is swelling. In a few weeks the valley will be flooding; then all the pools of quicksand will be hidden beneath powerful, sweeping currents. What happens then? Several pre-school aged children will die drowning. It is not pleasant to think of those little ones struggling for the surface of the water, desperately trying to survive.

People, for God's Sake, watch out for the little people for it could be YOUR child who is next struggling for that last breath of life.

ANON

Dear Editor

We live in a school of creativity we're told. We have the good fortune to be educated in one of the most free thinking institutions around. But where does our free thinking apply to our artistic creativity in Humber College? Look around. Where does creative ability become apparent in this school? Our great bare walls are for the most part, dull, white and stifling. Okay, so we've finally gotten around to a few abstracts and paintings in the cafeteria, but the rest of the school is totally barren.

I think we've all had our fill of brainwashing. We've come to believe as a few well known propagandists would have us believe, that Humber is a fantastic place with little competition. When it comes to the artistic side I'd hardly say we're without competition!

I recently visited Sheridan College at its Oakville Campus and was, in a word, amazed. Throughout the school, student creations were on display.

I'm tired of the anonymity that is projected within these empty expanses. We have colourful people, and a damned good building so let's get it all together.

Brenda Carson

Dear Editor

To a visitor, Humber looks like one, big kindergarten class. A person walks into the school and the first thing he sees is people sitting on the floor, some playing cards, and others just sitting doing nothing. And then he walks along the halls and looks in the classes and sees more students sitting on the floor and on the desks doing nothing. I have heard of places a little bit slack, but this is ridiculous.

Paul Paleschi

Dear Editor

The thing that really bugs me about Humber is the way everyone evacuates the school after the classes are over for the day. This simply means that there are very few people to participate in the after school activities.

Ed Hazell

Dear Editor

As my days at Humber progress, I become certain that we, as students, are being robbed. What is the reason for coming to school? I am sure it is to obtain a reater knowledge of life, but this is not being accomplished. But I am confident that when I leave Humber I will have my master's degree in card playing.

Paul Duggan

Hum-Drum is a Humber College publication.

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Hum-Drum is financed by Humber College and is produced largely by students in the Creative Communications options. As one of the paper's main purposes is to unite the five campuses with an effective internal communications organ, the involvement of all other parts of the College is sought. You can reach us by internal mail at the North Campus (on the top floor of the Phase II building) or telephone local 393. We are in the market for anything likely to be of interest to our readers — news, features, photographs, readers' letters; and we'll publish your small ads (that's up to five lines) free.

A SUMMER PLACE-ment

Travel guide to hostels

by Pat Fagan

Summer. Dread the thought of sitting at home? Don't despair. The Association of Student Councils, located on 44 St. George Street, is ready to come to your aid. Just because you can't afford to go to Europe this year, doesn't mean you have to miss out on an exciting vacation.

The Canadian government is in the process of releasing a Canadian travel guide for students. It will include a list of low cost hostels and restaurants across our country. It will also provide information on hitch-hiking and drop-in centres. This book will be available from A.O.S.C. in another week or so.

If you have a little money, why not take one of the mini-bus tours. They leave Montreal and Toronto during the summer bound for the United States and Mexico. You can also travel across Canada on these tours.

There are a lot of opportunities open this summer for the student with a basic knowledge of the French language. If you are in this category and are interested in developing fluency, you can take one of the fourteen day tours offered by Tourbec (Quebec's student aid). You will see a good deal of Quebec this way.

If you really want to swing, and you're not over 22 years of age, you can get an Air Canada Swing Air Club Card. It entitles you to a 33 per cent discount on all Air Canada flights within North America.

Beautiful if you have the money, but most of us don't, right? Never mind — all we need to see Canada is our knapsack and our thumb.

Stu Hall had a baby.
Well, his wife had one.
Anyway, mother and daughter
are doing great. Stu's
only comment, "It's fascinating!
I didn't think I could do it!"
Editors: We knew you could Stu!



A summer job — looking & hoping —

by Murray Dinning

So you don't have a summer job, eh? And you're feeling pretty down because you don't think that you are going to find one? Well, you had better get off of your ass and find your way up to the Placement Office because they are the people that can help you out.

Mr. A.B. King and his staff are busy signing up students for the new nationwide "Operation Placement" program. This plan is designed to help university and college students fill the summer job gap that exists in Canada.

This employment scheme is part of the 53,000,000 allotted to student employment by the federal government. Regionally the program is organized by the Federal Department of Labor, the Department of Manpower and Immigration, the Ontario Chamber of Commerce and the Toronto Board of Trade.

Under the new plan, students wishing summer jobs would enrol in the program and have their names and qualifications recorded in the files of Operation Placement. Jobs will then be obtained for these people through the program's offices.

The operation will be run by stu-

dents who will be performing a two phase function (a) to contact companies and associations that have job openings for students and (b) to contact students who are qualified for the job and are free to go to work.

Last year the Placement Office was able to find summer jobs for a number of Humber College Students and this year Mr. King hopes to find jobs, through Operation Placement, for almost all students enrolled in the program.

Humber College will be organizing two Operation Placement centers for the benefit of the students. One center will be placed at the Keele Campus in room no. 9 and the other will be located at Queensway Campus in room no. 30.

Humber's Operation Placement will run from May 3 through to sometime in August. Hopefully all students seeking jobs through this program will have registered well in advance of the May 3 starting date.

Application forms for Operation Placement are available from the following college centers: the Placement Office at the North Campus, the Technical Division

Office at the South Campus, the Counselling Office at Queensway Campuses no. 1 and no.2, and from the main Office at the Keele Campus.

Students who are looking for summer employment should take note of Premier Davis's speech from the throne on Tuesday March 30. As part of its anti-pollution efforts, the province will hire 2,000 students this summer to clean up lands and streams, plant trees and work in parks. This program is called "SWEEP" — Students Working in an Environmental Enhancement Program.

This means that the Ontario Public Service will hire 14,000 students this summer and that amounts to an increase of 3,000 more jobs than last year.

Further information on this new, provincial government, program will be available at the Placement Office as soon as the details of the scheme are received by the placement staff.

Ideally these new job opportunities could mean that very few Humber College students would be without jobs this summer. That is of course unless they are too lazy to go and look for one.

Open College

by Brian Allen

Humber College will hopefully be instituting a program to supply summer employment to some of its students residing in the Boroughs of Etobicoke and York.

The Continuing Education Department, headed by Ken Mackeracher, has asked the government for \$121,000 to finance a "Summer at Humber" program.

If the grant is awarded, some 170 students will be employed through the college and paid an approximate wage of \$75 per week.

The program running from June through August would include maintenance work, day care services, counselling, theatre workshops, information services and surveys.

A major feature of the program is an "open college" plan allowing students who are without jobs to spend their leisure time creatively. The college would supply leadership and resource material to the students who would choose their own activities.

Participants would be offered bus transportation to and from the Humber campuses.

Those who are interested are advised by Mr. Mackeracher to not apply, however, until confirmation of the government grant is received.

Manpower Business Services, requires 200 students to count automobile parts.

The plant is in Bramalea, but transportation will be provided each day to and from: Scarborough, Etobicoke, Weston and Toronto.

The job is for 4 days, commencing on the afternoon of April 27, through April 30.

The salary will be \$1.65 per hour.

There is a possibility of students being continually employed by Manpower Business Services throughout the summer months.

Interested students should go to: Manpower Business Services, 890 Yonge Street, Toronto, on Saturday morning April 17, between 9.00 A.M. and 1.00 P.M.

Projects for alienated youth

by Phillip Jones, Larry Rapaport

For the past two years the Department of Parks and Recreation of the Borough of North York has operated a Drop-in Centre program. The Drop-in Centres were established with the direct purpose of meeting the needs of alienated youth in the community. We feel that the existing program has succeeded in many respects but we recognize the fact that the number of alienated youth is rapidly increasing, and accordingly activities and programs for these people must continue to expand. Saul Cowan, trustee for the Board of Education for North York, in an article entitled, "North York Drop-in Centres — an evaluation and sequel" (Recreation Canada, 28/6/70) stated that, "The important fact is that neither education as now established, nor recreation departments as we now know them, are able to reach a significant number of young people. I do not know why. I can guess and generalize. But the fact is that there is an apparently growing number of young people who are not reached by any kind of organized recreational program, and to whom education is a bore, a waste and not all relevant. It is time that we recognize this problem and evaluate it. We carry on special programs for the crippled, for the disturbed, for the perceptually damaged. We had better hurry and work on pro-

grams for the alienated. There are many more of them than in all the other special program categories put together. They are also more vocal."

Recent statistics reinforce Mr. Cowan's opinion. The Toronto Daily Star of January 22, 1971, featured the article, "Metro Crime up 15% in '70, half are never caught." In this article, Judge C. O. Bick, Chairman of the Metro Police Commission, stated that juvenile offences rose from 3,679 in 1969 to 26,458 in 1970. Although police enforcement has become more intensive, the crime increase remains more than formidable. In the same article, R. Percy Milligan, Chairman of the Ontario Police Commission, went on to state, "Crime in Ontario is increasing out of all proportion to the population increase." This increase in crime is beginning to seriously take its toll on the taxpayer. According to Bick, "The cost of running the police department in 1970 was \$50,500,000 or \$7,500,000 more than the year before."

This situation is seriously complicated by the current unemployment crisis in Canada. Figures released by the Ontario Student Liberals indicate that 45% or 212,000 of the current unemployed are between the ages of 14 and 24. The Telegram of February 4, 1971, quoted Manpower statistics to the

effect that student unemployment in the months of July and August rose 4% between 1969 and 1970. Outlooks for the summer of 1971 are even bleaker.

We feel it is also important to note the 1970 survey of the Addiction Research Foundation into the use of drugs in Metro Toronto elementary and secondary schools. The survey found, "The percentage of students using marijuana in 1970 is 18.3% compared to 6.7% in 1968. Opiates were used by 4% in 1970 compared to 1.9% in 1968." The report made ample note between alienation and student drug use. "The concept of alienation as used in the 1970 study describes a syndrome composed of three primary components, Powerlessness, Social Isolation and Normlessness. These components are probably variables of environment rather than personality traits. Drug usage is significantly related to students' overall levels of alienation and to their levels of Normlessness."

These facts combined with our experience in the Drop-in Centre program, render it imperative that a significant proportion of Federal Youth Program funding be directed toward the alienated. To this effect we are proposing the following programs for the summer of 1971.

Our first project is the establishment of a Youth Community on

crowd land in Northern Ontario during the months of July and August. This community would involve one hundred youth between the ages of 16 and 21 and a staff of thirty. The youth will be selected from various groups in the community, i.e., the black community, the Italian community, the Indian community and the Drop-in community. Letters of support from these segments of the community are forthcoming. The staff will be selected on the basis of leadership capacity and the knowledge of certain skills such as, tripping, carpentry, survival training, etc. We feel that the majority of the staff can be drawn from the ranks of those presently working in the Drop-in Centres, from the ranks of the unemployed and from the Indian community familiar with the area to be selected. The objectives of the program are as follows:

(1) to provide young people with the opportunity to leave the city for the summer, particularly for young people normally unable to do so.

(2) to provide young people with the opportunity of taking responsibility for the way in which they would like to live and with the opportunity of developing a sense of community.

(3) to provide young people with the opportunity of actually constructing the camp, and to pro-

vide them with the meaningful skills required to build it.

(4) to provide young people with the opportunity of coping with and learning about the environment.

The advantages of this project are evident. The project involves young people who in all probability would not be employed for the summer. It involves the fusion of various groups in the community, and perhaps most importantly, it involves youth with a high disposition towards crime and drug use, i.e., alienated youth, in meaningful activity.

Our second project will involve trips of two weeks duration to various outlying parts of the province. Each trip will include seven youths between the ages of 14 and 21, an experienced guide and a supervisor. Four trips will occur simultaneously, and sixteen trips in all are planned for the months of July and August. The trips will originate from a base camp (location to be determined). Youth will be transported to and from the base camp by bus. The objectives of this project closely parallel those of the first with the exception that young people of 14 and 15 will be involved. In addition, the project is of direct interest to those young people who would be unable to participate in the first project.

What's in my mouth?

by Carol Argue

A rumour raced through the canals and archways of Humber College. It was Open House Monday, and there was to be a free roast beef dinner compliments of the "Cafeteria Caterers" to all who owned "the little blue card".

I panicked. My "little ticket to a gourmet's delight" was resting complacently atop my bureau, Oh, woe was I. Such retribution was surely undeserved.

And then — not knowing from whence it came, I felt it pressed neatly into my palm. Yes, it was my "token to ecstasy".

Madly I dashed through the line. "Hold it Honey", stopped the kindly policeman, "have you got your little blue card?"

"Yes," I gulped and continued on through the businessmen.

With tray and knife and fork, I eyed that salad; it's one red piece of tomato dripping in thick French dressing. Gently I lifted the emerald garden and placed it down upon my own tray. Onward I pushed.

"Everything?" asked the chef.

"Everything," I sighed and he handed to me the piece de resistance.

"Magnificent, isn't it?" someone breathed in my ear.

The rich brown gravy blanketed such fluffy white potatoes, bordered by side cut, pimento added, green beans and finally the inch thick mass of roast beef. My legs trembled. Down I went gathering rolls smothered in daisy yellow butter, milk iced to perfection and a sweet dried grape pie. Ahead of me loomed the cash register — empty. I rejoiced in this miracle. This wondrous gift. So generous.

About to carry my tray and settle down among friends I glanced aside. There, sat a singular bowl heaped in what looked like ivory colored oatmeal.

"What is that?" I asked.

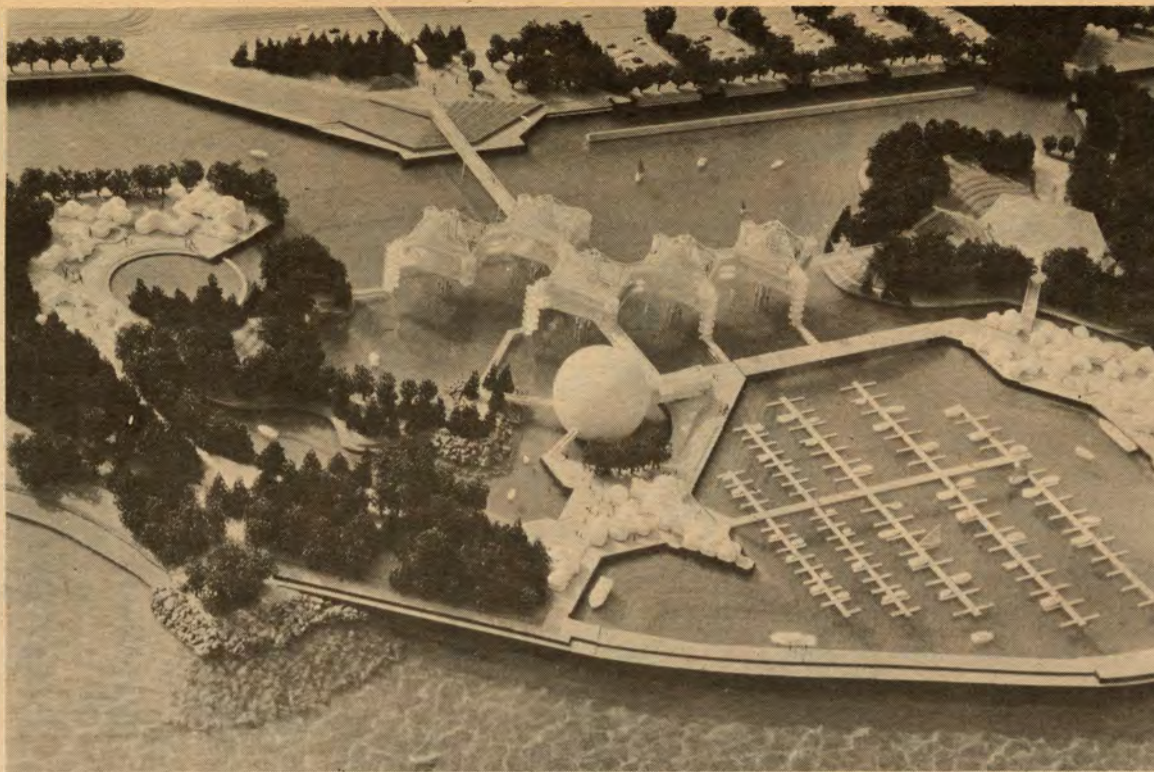
Horse radish came the reply from a fellow compatriot.

I loaded the spoon and plopped it on my plate. Forward march, hup two, three, four. And down to dinner sat I.

Good meat, good conversation, Good God, what was in my mouth?

I gagged, I choked, I spit. Twenty fires from Hell burned in my mouth. My hands waved hysterically above my head. Friends gasped. Was this their normal well-behaved dining mate? No this was not. People stared, some stood up, tears welled in my eyes. Rough slaps attacked my back. They don't understand I thought. They just don't understand.

And thus, my dear friends the moral of this story being, and do not take to lightly this advise, NEVER PLACE POTATOES AND HORSERADISH ON THE SAME PLATE or else KINDLY INQUIRE IF THE CAFETERIA STAFF WILL IN FUTURE USE FOOD COLORING.



How Ontario Place will look when it's completed.

Ontario Place: anywhere you'd rather be or see?

by Susan Horsley

Ontario Place is a dream come true.

Less than two years ago there was only water, but now on Lake Ontario, south of Toronto's Canadian National Exhibition grounds, there stands the 96-acre Ontario Place complex.

Ontario Place will open officially on May 22. Saturday will be the first of a 3-day affair embracing the Victoria Day weekend. It will be open daily, seven days a week from 10 a.m. 'till midnight. The closing day will be Monday, October 11 — Thanksgiving Day.

Former Ontario Prime Minister John Robarts, speaking in the summer of 1968, was the first to announce the proposed building of the Government of Ontario complex. It would, he said, "utilize the natural setting of the waterfront, modern structural designs, and attempt to create the mood of gaiety and openness which helped make so popular the Ontario Government pavilion at Expo '67."

The dream began its transformation into reality on March 17, 1969, when construction started on the \$19 million complex. The site consists of 96 acres of land, islands, and lagoons — 46 acres of newly created islands have been added to the Lake Ontario waterfront. Three retired lake freighters, the Douglass Houghton, the Victorious, and the Howard L. Shaw, were sunk end-to-end to create a quarter-mile long seawall. The wall, built to protect the site, will serve as a promenade area and lookout point.

The award-winning Ontario Place Pavilion consists of five steel and glass structures, called "pods", suspended from steel columns which rise 105 feet from the lake. The roofs, which are nearly 70 feet above water, will be used as observation areas by visitors. Four of the pods will house the exhibition, the other pod will house three restaurants, a licensed lounge, and banquet facilities.

The mixed-media displays in the four exhibit pods tell the story of Ontario, its people, and its future. The exhibition took two years to create, and is one of the largest audio-visual projects ever undertaken in Canada. The displays use films, slides, graphics, artifacts, lighting, and revolutionary sound and projection techniques.

The first pod contains the Welcome Wall, a huge spider-like structure of stainless steel, which serves as an information centre. This centre is not unlike the Place d'Accueil, or welcoming square, at Expo '67 in Montreal. In the same pod is "Genesis", a total-environment exhibit using three-dimensional film and sound, to depict the actual formation, or birth, of Ontario.

In the next pod, called "Explosions", the viewer, (again surrounded by a total audio-visual environment), experiences 300 years of Ontario's economic growth and technological development.

The next pod contains "Ontario Style" — an exhibit of the people and times of Ontario. Through the use of unique mixed-media, the visitor becomes an actual part of the times he is seeing, pushing past inflated human-size forms on which are projected live images representing soldiers, settlers, etc.

The last pod is "Challenges", an exhibit of the challenges Ontario has met in the past and may meet in the future.

The West Island at Ontario Place is visually dominated by Cinesphere, a triodetic, dome-shaped theatre, (similar in construction to the U.S. pavilion at Expo '67).

The most advanced film theatre ever built, Cinesphere wraps you around with new cinematic experiences. Its screen is the world's largest — 60 feet high and 80 feet wide. The sophisticated projection system can handle all sizes of film, from 16mm, to 35mm, to 70mm, all the way to the Ontario-developed IMAX system whose image will fill the entire screen. And the 24-track sound system is the most sophisticated installed anywhere. Among the many Canadian films to be shown will be Chris Chapman's Oscar-winning film on Ontario festivals, seen previously only by Expo '70 audiences in Osaka, Japan.

The East Island is the location of The Forum, an outdoor amphitheatre with a seating capacity of 8,000. The Forum will provide an ideal setting for folk festivals, pop and rock concerts, band concerts, ethnic presentations, and other various functions.

The emphasis will be on Ontario and other Canadian entertainers and groups. A province-wide amateur talent round-up is currently under way. Those interested in an audition application should contact the Government of Ontario Offices, on Yonge Street in Toronto.

In addition to the exhibition itself, both islands will have restaurants, snack bars, boutiques, parks, beaches, and play areas for the children.

Adding to the nautical atmosphere at Ontario Place will be a 350-boat marina, a sailors' pub, scenic boat tours of the Toronto harbor, and tours of the brigantine Pathfinder and the destroyer HMCS Haida, who will use the site as "home-port".

Ontario Place, in keeping with the government's policy of summer employment for students, has recruited most of its staff from the province's universities, colleges, and high schools.

Admission prices to the complex are reasonable — \$1. for adults, 50 cents for students, and children under 12 will be admitted free when accompanied by an adult.

To Mr. Robarts, Ontario Place is "a new focal point for our province. A festive, exciting and informative place; a place which demonstrates a new attitude to our lakefronts; a place which offers a tremendous variety of activities to meet the variety of interests held by people from all across our province and beyond; a showcase for the province and its people."

ONTARIO PLACE. Is there any place you'd rather see.

Spot less lot

by Marty Issacs

My first experience regarding the parking situation at Humber College occurred on opening day. I drove through the winding entrance making all kinds of turns until I finally arrived near the front entrance. As I was getting ready to park my car in a perfect spot, the security guard charged out of his cubicle and informed me that the spot was reserved. After absorbing the good news, I headed back to the parking area looking for a vacant space. I went up the first aisle hoping, but being a first year student, I didn't realize that my chances of getting a good spot at ten o'clock or thereabouts would be a pretty difficult task. I proceeded down another aisle, only this time someone parked their car in part of the aisle blocking the intersection to the next aisle, so into reverse I went, and starting to curse, backed up the whole laneway.

As I drove down the next aisle, I finally thought I found my spot, but again to my despair, I noticed that there was a cute little Triumph neatly tucked away between two larger size cars. I felt like driving in anyways. Enough of the blocked aisles and little sports cars. I got the message. Seeing that the aisle was blocked by illegally parked cars, I drove down to the rear of the lot. There were some lovely spots out there, and when I first noticed the barns etc., it reminded me of the olden days. But enough of the farm thoughts, I was already late for school. I parked the car and started to take the long journey to the school.

As I approached the school, agony struck. Someone pulled their car out of a perfectly situated parking spot right in front of the school. There was no way I was going to make a dash to my car and try to switch spots. The way my luck was going, some lady driver would probably pull in just as I got my car ready to be backed in, and I'd be back where I started again.



by Susan Horsley

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE, Leonard Gershe's Broadway comedy, currently on view at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, can be summed up in two words — over-rehearsed.

The plot is basically good, and in most instances, very believable. A young blind man (David Huffman), has moved to New York to get away from his over-protective Scarsdale mother, (Gloria Swanson). In New York he is befriended by his next-door-neighbor, a Greenwich Village hippie-come-actress (Kristina Callahan).

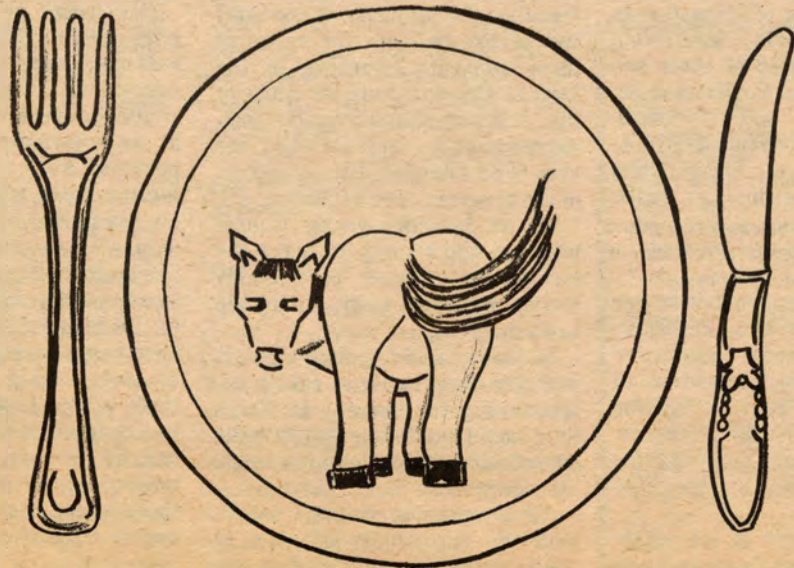
The set-up is classic — boy meets girl, boy falls in love with girl, boy's mother disapproves of girl, etc. But the old style comedy is given a fresh new twist. The boys blindness becomes all important, the subject of discussion, argument, and finally happiness.

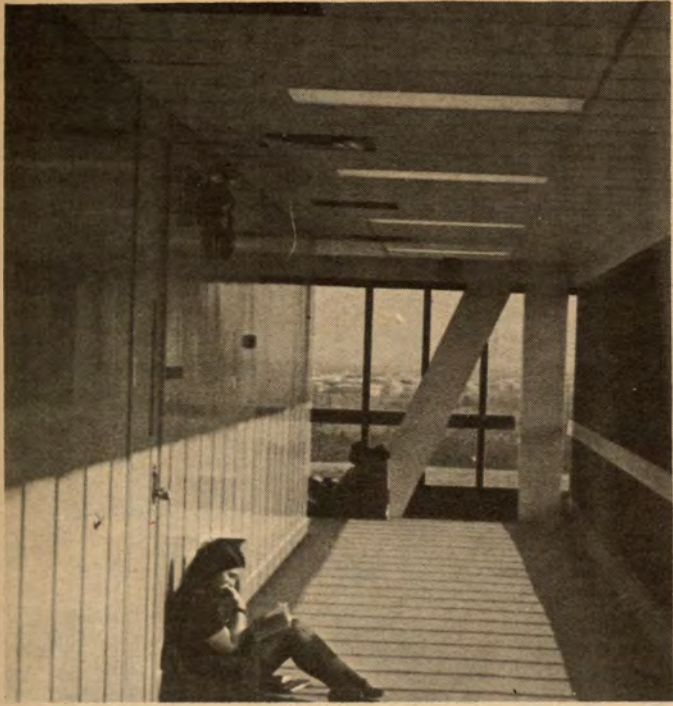
The humor is effective, but at times, too contrived. The same goes for the stage directions. Miss Swanson flits from stage left to stage right, just like a butterfly. She drapes herself across the furniture, and emotes, with hand to forehead, (reminiscent of her performances as the queen of the silent cinema).

All in all, one is left with the impression that one is viewing a good, but nonetheless, amateur production.

The Arthur Whitelaw-Max Brown-Byron Goldman production runs until April 24.

The Trouble with Horseradish





The Sun
 Sunken in the midst of hidden greens
 The sun ponders in its own little world.
 A world of heat,
 And intense beauty.
 The roundness is its beauty,
 With tinges of brass orange and yellow,
 To make its colours so explosive.
 It illuminates the sky
 With radiant beauty.
 Sweltering heat beating down,
 In rays of hellfire.
 Burning the human flesh,
 With intensity of passion.
 Hate for the heat,
 Disgust for the cold.
 I can't make up my mind,
 I just want to run,
 To get away from the sun's searing blades.

by Cheryl Carter

Silent snowflake
 drifting, falling, infinite.
 Always a memory
 of today
 when left alone
 to dream, to think
 to wonder why.
 The snowflake knows
 no freedom —
 nor do I —
 its fall is life
 as my fall is mine.
 A momentary rise
 as the wind grabs hold
 and spins it softly upward
 only to fall again
 to drift silently, slowly
 earthward
 as i am-forever falling
 with momentary rises
 never making progress
 only seeming
 forever, amen.
 —Barnie



R E F L E C T I O N S

a day nears an end.
 twilight deepens and gathers thoughts
 of daylight
 evening tranquility settles
 a mind at peace
 questions remain but lie dormant
 the fear of daylight gone.
 exposure now as probable
 peace and quiet—to contemplate
 good thoughts—of freedom
 from guilt and pain and fear
 of love—kind, gentle,
 giving rather than receiving
 of life—new, blessed
 as only life can be.
 of care—the kind that matters
 for others not for oneself.
 i have survived and
 will survive and think of others
 not an easy burden to bear
 may help—and i able to.
 i must or—
 darkness of night will become one
 with fear and hiding of daylight.
 let me help in the twilight night
 to atone for the daylight.
 —Barnie

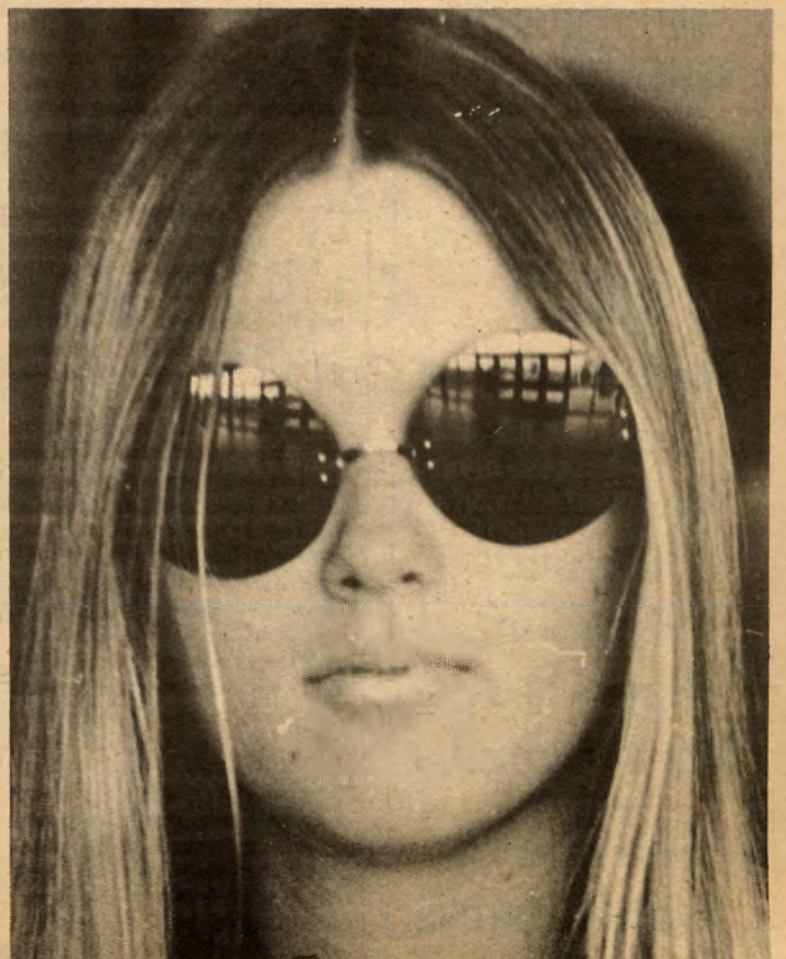


Thinking
 The day has ended,
 The sun has gone.
 Me,
 I'm still here,
 Sitting, waiting, thinking.
 The water bounces from the shore.
 A soft spray covers my face.
 I laugh
 This is life,
 I don't want to leave.
 But stay,
 To sit, wait and think.

by Cheryl Carter

Peering out the window
 In lengthening afternoon
 Eyes fixed on grey tones of sky
 Watching deserted streets
 Point of despair far out of sight
 Combinations of dirt and sweat
 All over my body
 Making me realize
 I played this whole game without laughter
 Feelings of love and respect
 Keep pushing into my conscious mind
 A book beside me frayed at edges
 Looking rather stale
 But meanings get diffused
 Into warmth and flowers
 Essence of summer
 To recall my memories
 Sprawled on grass
 With puddles and reflections
 Fullness of damp air
 Odours like melting water
 Carried in breezes
 Help me realize
 The fatuousness of my adventures.

by Cheryl Carter



The Writer's Workshop which is open to any students interested meets every Wednesday at 12:30 in Room 417. If you are interested, join us.
 The Workshop's first publication, Oyster, will be on sale for \$1.00 at the end of April.

Sports Comment

By David Grossman

I've been here two months, and since joining the CHBR News Department, have commented on sports ranging from tennis to basketball. But they lead me to one major topic of concern — the lack of varsity sports at Humber.

In case anyone has noticed the huge balloon-shaped dome at the North Campus, it's not a garbage depot or spaceship from outer space. It's something we've been waiting for a long time — the bubble.

Now that it's built, the lighting installed and the flooring in its final stages of completion, one thing remains to be done — getting you lazy, complaining students off your fat asses. It's your turn to do something now.

There are 23 Community Colleges in Ontario. Two of them don't compete in varsity sports. Humber is one of them. Eventually it will be the only one.

Seneca and Centennial both made it to the Ontario College hockey semi-finals, and both are continuously adding athletic facilities. Seneca is presently building another athletic compositum, how about it Humber?

It isn't necessary to field a football or basketball team, but what about hockey? Hockey is supposed to be 'the' sport at Humber, or is it? If it is, prove it.

All you have to do is submit a letter or talk to members of Hum Drum, CHBR; the Administration or the Athletic Department. Tell them you're in favor of varsity sports at Humber.

If you show your interest and willingness to participate in varsity sports, maybe next year, Humber will join the other colleges on the varsity bandwagon.

The funniest joke I've ever heard:

There we were
two against a thousand
and they kept on coming
toughest two Indians
we ever killed.

WANTED

15-20 minute
film scripts
from Humber
Students.

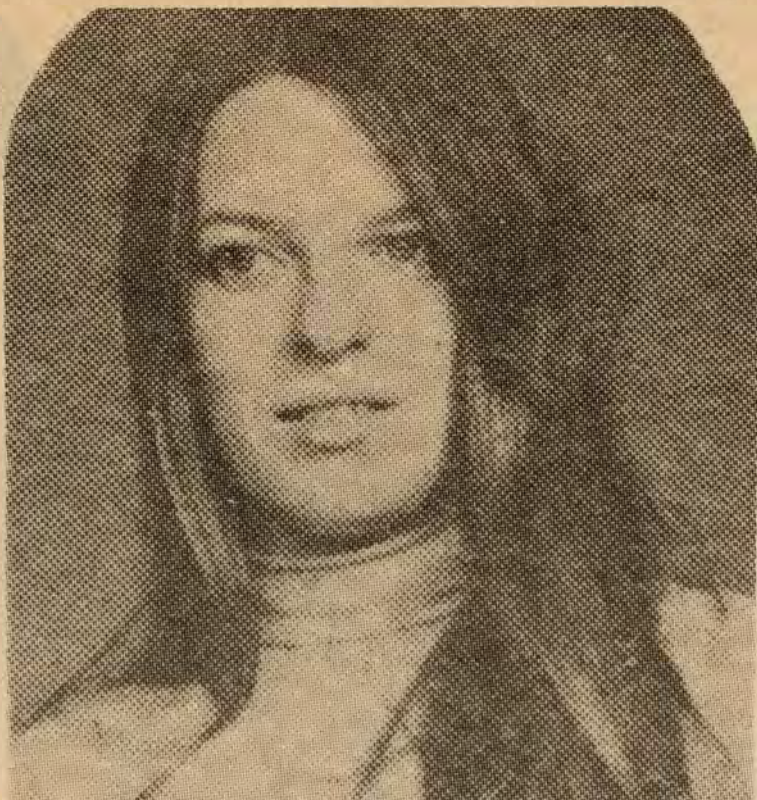
A prize of

\$50

for best script
submitted
by May 1st to
Richard
Ketchum,
Room 433,
North Campus.

See him for
further details.

And This is . . .



21-year-old Sandra Stark 2nd year Recreation at the University of Waterloo.

Sandra Stark, Athletic Director Jean-Claude Pasternak's assistant.

But in all fairness to her mother, who didn't like my story on her daughter, this picture doesn't do Sandra justice.

Other Things

Riding at the Circle M. Ranch will resume again this Spring. All you need is \$3 and you're all set.

Instructional sky-diving will also come about as soon as the weather permits. They have a new jump course closer to Toronto this year, about 40 miles away.

Hopefully a three week sailing and water-skiing program will be taught at Ontario Place sponsored by Humber. Humber doesn't have any boats yet, but they have a paddle left over from the canoe races in the Humber River.

A new monsterball has just arrived and as soon as we get some nice wet, dirty weather a monsterball game between Technology and Business versus Creative Arts and Applied and Liberal Arts will likely happen. It's co-ed and a lot of bodies are needed.

Humber Highlights

H.H.C.

The Humber Hockey Club finished their season on a winning note when they trounced the Sheridan Intramural All-Stars 7-1.

It was a riotous, brawling game with Humber fans conspicuous by their absence. The Humber hackers were supposed to have a return match, but Sheridan refused to play on the grounds that a blood-bath is illegal.

Regardless if Humber has varsity hockey team next year or stays a club, it will lose two of its keenest players when Mike Hayes and Neil McCallum graduate into the 'world of men'.

McCallum is a crazy, bespectacled Business person who had hopes of someday winning the Vezina but settled for Humber's most valuable player.

The Bubble?

I'm about to make my usual prediction as to when the bubble will be ready for use. I'm aware that I've been doing it ever since November, but according to the Law of Averages some day I'm going to be right.

The bubble will be open in two weeks.

The floor is now being installed, part wood and part asphalt. The asphalt floor will have a baltex covering — a carpet like material — which will host the strenuous sports while the wooded floor takes care of Yoga, Dance and similiar activities.

If and when the bubble is finished, spectators will not be permitted to watch by order of the Fire Marshall, because in case of fire it could not be emptied fast enough.

It's Media Arts

The Media Arts hockey team find it easier winning playoff games, than regular season matches.

Media Arts finished in second place in the Northern Division at the conclusion of their regular sea-

son with nine wins and three losses totalling 18 points, six behind first place Business III.

Since then, they've gone on to win six consecutive playoff games, the last a 4-1 victory over South Campus' Arch Drafting in Humber College's Intramural Championship game at Pine Point arena last Thursday.

Grant Pollock, Media Arts an-

By David Grossman

swer to Phil Esposito, scored twice for the winners, the latter off a defenders skate. Scott Langdon and Steve McNeil added the other goals.

Drafting pressed in the final period, but outstanding defensive play, led by Langdon and goalie Rick Jones gave Media Arts their first championship victory in the leagues three-year existence.

Bits And.....

By David G. Forman

Humber College life is arriving on campus at 8:30 a.m. with a hang-over, and having speed reading for the first lesson.

Humber College life is arriving on campus with just seconds to spare before the first class; climbing four flights of stairs and then being informed of a meeting in the auditorium on the first floor instead of the class.

Humber College life is making a pass at a sexy girl; telling her that you're a university professor, "just visiting the place" and then finding out that she's your new English lit' teacher.

Humber College life is dramatically telling your teacher that you have an important interview to attend, and meeting the aforesaid teacher in the Ascot.

Humber College life is having a demonstration by the teachers.

Humber College life is maxi's, mini's, midi's see-through blouses . . . and the girls look nice too!

Mike P. Hayes, President of S.A.M., silently gave his farewell speech to his imaginary fans. He's been rehearsing it since he was 6-years-old, and has delivered it to many imaginary audiences, with the same thunderous applause.

Mike has been associated with Athletics ever since he came to Humber three years ago. He regrets that he won't be able to take part in any sports in the bubble. He also regrets that a picture of him playing hockey didn't make it in this paper.

Regardless of his obvious faults, he worked hard and did a great job.

May I take it upon myself Mike, to thank you and the S.A.M. executive for doing a fine job.

HEY, LOOK AT ME . . .

I'm an OSAP ad.

To tell you that if you want to apply for an Ontario Student Award next year, you should fill in an application form and submit it to the Student Awards Office, Registrar's Office, B316, Miss D. Sanderson, Financial Aids Officer, before the summer holidays. Application forms will be available in the latter part of April.

What's in it for you? Simple. The sooner you get your application in, the sooner you will know the amount of your award.