

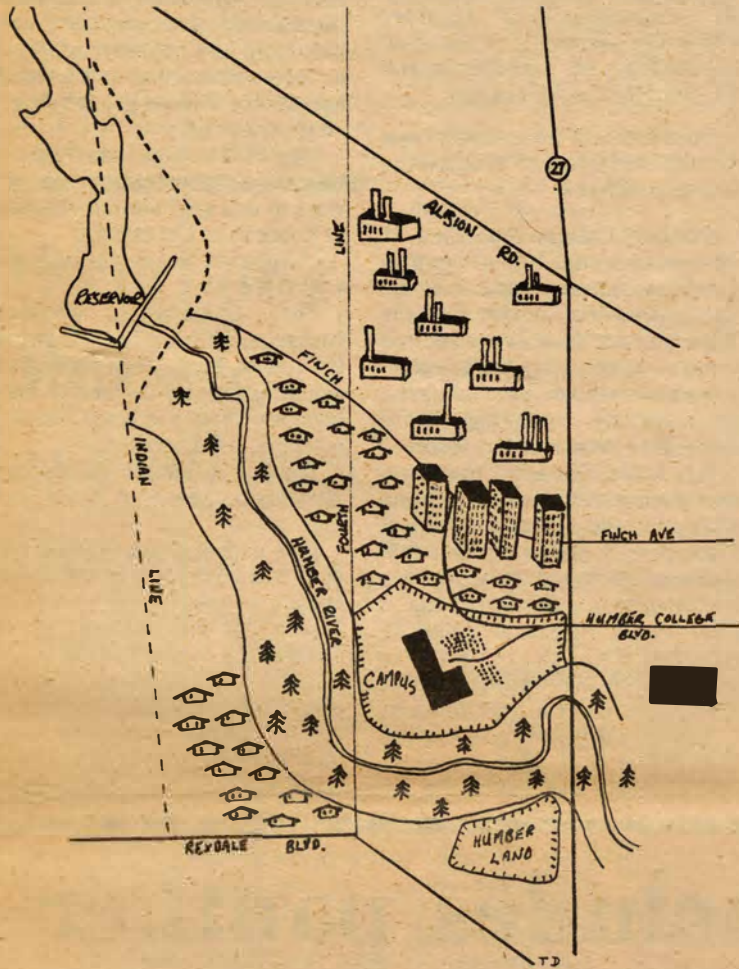
Humber-Drum

HUMBER COLLEGE OF APPLIED ARTS AND TECHNOLOGY, REXDALE, ONTARIO

Vol. 1, No. 5

March 18, 1971

GOODBYE, GREEN FIELDS



By Terry Dubois

Humber College nestles in a comfortable country setting in the rolling hills of northern Etobicoke; enjoy it while you can.

Toronto is the fastest-growing city in North America. Now there are only a few traces of land development around the north campus, but we will soon be in the thick of it.

Suburbia and industry are starting to roll away the fields around the college as the snows melt.

The landscape around the college will soon look very different.

Humber is fortunate in that it is bordered on the south and west by a green belt. If it were not for the west branch of the Humber River the campus might be completely surrounded by industry and housing development in a year or two. The green belt, which will be left untouched, extends right along the river and includes the area in which last year's music festival was held.

But across the river the land rises to a low ridge, topped by Rexdale Blvd. and clearly visible from the college.

Etobicoke's Planning director, Ken Davies, has suggested that this ridge could support a number of high rise apartment buildings over-looking the valley. But a

HELLO

- MONSANTO — U.S. manufacturer of phosphates, detergents, insecticides, sulphuric and nitric acids, etc.
- SALADA FOODS — a subsidiary of the gigantic Kellogg food empire — also American
- UNIVAC — trade name of the Sperry-Rand Corp., one of the 10 biggest U.S. defence contractors; holds Pentagon contracts worth \$467.9 million for missile guidance systems, etc.

Hello — and welcome to the cozy campus atmosphere

94° not too hard to take

By Carol Argue

"Jamaica Trippers" we are, or rather were, and it's time you others knew what went on down there.

Jamaica welcomed us with open arms.

We loved the island at first sight. Man, 94° weather in the middle of January is not too hard to take.

On our arrival, Montego Airport sported a "Jamaica Welcomes Humber College" sign (if they only knew) and a bar full of free rum punches. So inevitably a few lads had to be pulled off the baggage carts because they couldn't handle the tropical bombs.

And the local lads did their part too.

Two small boys, with shopping bags full of grass stood waiting sheepishly at the door. Don't imagine for one moment that any of the kids purchased such stuff — and it was really cheap too, only \$2 for the whole bag.

Beer is only 20 cents per bottle and can be downed on the beaches or in your car. I really loved it when our tour guide drank five bottles of "Red Stripe" and proceeded to show us his pistol.

The young girls thought nothing of soliciting the males of our group.

One buddy came out with "Sorry lady, I'm a hippy, I believe in free love."

The police knew where to get the really good grass.

If they ran out, you could always try the straw market. They always

managed to sell you something, even your shirt back.

"Hey mum," screamed one juvenile, "that man over there thinks you're sexy, can I have a dime?"

Did you know that rape is only a \$15 fine in Jamaica?

The 113 Humber bodies strategically placed themselves all over the island. We didn't want anyone to miss us.

Of course the sun, sand, water, mountains, green grass, sugar cane, mangos, papaya, banana, oranges, goat meat, waterfalls, turquoise swimming pools, rum punches, 20 cent beer, orchids outside the bedroom window, chickens on the main street, straw markets, friendly people and American tourists made it for me.

But, it was the kids that really

made the trip the success it was.

Never before, have I seen such friendliness.

If you look after your money a holiday in Jamaica is inexpensive — particularly for a girl. But it was hard to hold onto your money when the market people wanted you to look at their goods. Sell, sell sell, is the motto of the island. Of course, when you told them you were Canadian, they seemed to understand. Whatever that means.

Funny thing though, I noticed on departure there was no Jamaica farewell — no sign that said: "Nice having you kids, do come back again".

However, anyone interested in opening and operating a Harvey's stand or Dairy Queen in MoBay, just let any one of us "Trippers" know and we'll set you up, man.

Doing their bit

By Cheryl Carter

What have you done about American Imperialism in Canada? Two students at Humber College, Mike Wildgoose and Ted Taylor, have decided to display their opinion by producing pro-Canadian bumper stickers. The slogan STOP THE U.S. TAKE-OVER is printed on a red and white background resembling the Canadian flag.

They got the idea after the sale of Ryerson Press to an American firm. The students point out that

more than 80 per cent of Canadian industries and resources are American-owned.

They feel that most Canadians are apathetic about this but hope these stickers will spark some concern which will eventually lead to legislation to turn the tide.

In the past, American capital helped Canada develop, but Mike and Ted say new legislation should be drafted to enable us to buy back American-owned industries and resources so that Canadians will eventually own at least 51 per cent of their own industries.

more recent proposal has indicated that this area will more likely be used for single-family housing . . . much less an eyesore than those monster sardine cans of the space age.

Blanketing Humber's northern extremity will be a community of semi-detached homes into which high rise apartments will be integrated.

The proposed western extension of Finch Avenue will run between residential and industrial developments. The large block of land just north of Finch and bounded by Highway 27 on the east has been classified as industrial. The factories will extend as far as Albion Road and the cemetery.

"Commercial and industrial sites in a campus atmosphere," says the sign by the highway just north of Finch.

Salada Tea, Monsanto and Univac, three industries interested in the area may come under close scrutiny in that "campus atmosphere".

Staunch environmentalists will likely be watching every move.

Many of us find a temporary escape from the pressures of city life in our isolation at the north campus, but it will not be long before the city seeps out to engulf us.

The Lithwick report, published earlier this month, may mean a step in the right direction but it's significant that it was in the Federal government's hands for several months before it was made public.

"Big is beautiful," says City Hall. "Let Metro sprawl from the Quebec border to Lake St. Clair . . . just think of that tax base.

"And lots of groovy industry . . . more factories. We'll need more people, so build more houses; they'll need more jobs; more schools. Education is expensive so broaden the tax base and shove in

a few more factories, more workers, more houses, more schools, more bureaucrats . . . a politician can't lose with a formula like this . . . today Metro; tomorrow the world . . ."

And so it goes on . . . until someone says, "Metro is big enough . . . Go build a new city somewhere else."

And makes it stick.

U.S. general will discuss riot control

Just in case you hadn't heard, Toronto will be honored on the evening of Tuesday, March 30 to welcome Lt.-Gen. Hugh M. Exton.

Gen. Exton is the officer who commands the U.S. Directorate of Civil Disturbance Planning and Operations or, as it is now called, the Directorate of Military Support.

He will be at the Royal Canadian Military Institute at 6:30 p.m. to tell those assembled how to keep Canadian streets safe and orderly.

As he intends to speak "bluntly and to the point" Gen. Exton has asked that the press should not be present to report the advice he gives.

The Institute is just a short distance north of the U.S. Consulate-General on University — just in case it crosses anyone's mind to go along to say "howdy" to the general.



Jim Stark — involved with Laurentian program

S.U. leaders vote themselves salaries

By William L. Begg

Members of Humber's Student Union Executive (SUE) have voted themselves a salaries totalling \$2,400.

The pay scale for SUE members is as follows:

President Bill O'Neill \$400; Vice-Pres. Gerry Spaziani \$600; Treasurer Al MacDonald \$500; Secretary Brenda Smallman \$300; Divisional Chairmen Garland Jackson, Fred Acri, Wm. Boucher, Ron Patterson \$150 each.

This salary is for their complete term of office. They can vote themselves more or less.

Ginny Tamblyn, first year GAS representative states: "Quite a few people who are getting honorariums don't feel good about it because they don't like voting themselves money."

The controversy over honorariums was so great as that they were voted down three times in a

single meeting but the issue was not brought forward to the student body as a whole because, "they just don't want to find out any more about it", says Ginny. "All they think about are the dollar signs."

Ron Powell, one of ten people interviewed at random asks: "Do you mean they get paid for that?"

Other remarks of those interviewed: "They've wasted their time, and now our money!"

"If we pay them it shows we condone their waste of time."

"What have they ever done for us?"

Only one of those interviewed knew what "honorariums" (the term used by the SUE in discussing their pay) were, and even that person was not aware they had been voted in.

Eight of the ten interviewed felt this decision should be reversed, and the restriction added that they

could only vote their predecessors salaries.

Ginny suggests standing honorariums as being a possibility as some SUE members do devote a great deal of time to work for the student body and so lose opportunities to do paid work outside the college.

The question seems to be one of control. If the job is exacting enough to require paid participation, members of the Student Union might vote in this legislation for next year's officials.

Student Union aim is reform from within

By Joanne Arnold and Brenda Willson

Most Humber College students are aware that drastic reforms are necessary in the present student government system. Many feel that inadequate representation is the cause of student apathy concerning this issue.

The Student Union is not unaware of it's shortcomings. For this reason, Bill O'Neill (president of the Student Union) and Gerry Spaziani (vice-president) together with some members of the staff and students got together to discuss possibilities for change.

The result is an entirely new concept which could resolve the present problems.

Humber College operates 70 courses of study. Under the proposed program each course would elect a president. In this way, the individual needs of every section would be administered to by someone whose desires and interests, scholastically speaking, were identical to those he represented.

This would also allow more student involvement, better communications, and a broader flow of ideas; simply due to the fact that each student would know who his president was, and vice versa in many cases. Finances would be arranged per capita; the course involving the greatest number of people receiving a maximum of \$1,500, and the smallest a minimum of \$500.

The presidents would be re-

quired to clear expenditures through a central cabinet, before any capital was spent.

Employment of a full time president to co-ordinate the entire operation is also in the works. He would be registered at Humber, but free to devote his time to administrative hassles.

The new council would also allow two elected or appointed members, who would have a vote, from the Board of Governors, two from the administration, two from the faculty, and one representative from the cafeteria staff, the college secretaries, and from the caretakers if those groups want to be represented.

Jim Stark, who has been involved in developing the plan worked in a very similar structure at Laurentian University.

It appears to be working very well there.

The Laurentian sociology course union went to the administration of their department and demanded parity on faculty meetings, where who is hired and what is taught are discussed.

The faculty agreed strongly that students be admitted to the meetings.

It is expected that the referendum will come before the present student council the third week of March and will be ready for the election the second week of April.

Bill O'Neill is hopeful that this plan can be instituted for next September. Copies of the new constitution will be circulated before the issue is put to a student vote.

Show includes panther

By Dolores Dececchi

Fifty eager students of the Travel and Tourism Program are presenting "Travel Trends of the 70s" on April 2 and 3 at Humber's north campus.

The aim of the show is to promote world travel and tourism but the project will give Humber's would-be travel agents the opportunity to work with the travel industry.

Air Canada, CP Air, the Bahama Tourist Board, Avis and ASTA — the association to which most travel agents belong, are only a few of the 35 scheduled exhibitors.

Helping the exhibitors to set-up individual displays will give the students practical experience.

Exhibits and colour movies will show what's happening on the travel scene. The visitor can get a close look at transparent and cut-away models of jumbo jets, the latest cars and modern hotels.

"Travel Trends of the 70s" promises to have something for everyone. A \$1 ticket to this fabulous show could win you a free vacation. First prize is a romantic trip for two to the Caribbean including free accommodation at a luxurious Holiday Inn.

And there'll be other vacation prizes for lucky ticket-holders.

Merle Parker, the Toronto fashion expert and students in the Fashion Careers Program have some surprises for visitors.

Top Toronto models will display the current trends in travel wear in a theatre in the round. Two large fashion shows are scheduled for 8.15 p.m. on April 2 and 2:30 p.m. on April 3.

Six exciting fashion vignettes beginning at 7 p.m. on the Friday will be staged in other areas of

Humber College. Experts will demonstrate how to wear wigs, put on make-up and even how to pack your baggage.

There'll be a nine-man steel band sounding off in the course. Not far away will be a live South American black panther

(four-legged) relaxing in his jungle setting. Also featured will be Queensway's European dancers arrayed in "old country" costumes.

Free bus transportation has been arranged for visitors and there'll be refreshments.

Motor club could cure winter ills

By Lorne Coe

At some colleges getting admission is the big problem; at others it's the final exam; but there's no doubt at all that the biggest problem Humber students face is getting themselves out to the north campus.

The busses . . . yes, the busses

So we use cars. Some favor a Rolls or a Facel Vega. Most will settle for anything that goes. So there's a lot of borderline transportation on the Humber parking lots . . . and some of it died there this winter.

Some of the deaths were due to total disintegration. A car can just take so much. But other deaths were premature — maybe a little 12-volt resuscitation or even a shove would have saved the patient.

And had some assistance been available, the dozens of Humber motorists who this winter had to stand around for hours waiting for an Ontario Motor League or service station truck to come wouldn't have had to suffer.

Business Administrator Derek Horne and Transport Supervisor Bill Forster have been wondering whether anything can be done to make life easier next winter when there'll be a lot more students, staff — and cars — at the north campus.

"At present we don't have the men or the vehicles for a tow-truck service," says Forster, "but it's a great idea."

Horne has been juggling with figures. A service for three hours a day — 3 to 6 p.m. — for the five winter months, would cost about \$1,650, he estimates.

So if a Humber Motor Club were formed — with 1,000 members each paying a \$2 subscription — the service could operate.

Minor problems, such as the college's liability for damage done trying to start a car, could be solved by having members sign a waiver form.

But would students pay \$2 a year for a road service?

No way, says Student Union President Bill O'Neill.

"I doubt if the Student Union could finance this service — too many problems — and I don't think people will pay the \$2."

A Hum-Drum poll of a random 150 north campus students showed 125 favored the idea and would fork out a couple of bucks to finance the service.

Even if the college can't operate a service of this sort, it might offer some possibilities for an ambitious team of Business students, and when the Technologists move north they may very well bring the mechanical skills needed for a student-operated concern.

Halfway Houses are springing up

By Patricia Fagan

We are all familiar with the students' rights and women's rights movements, but what about the Halfway House movement? Halfway Houses are springing up all over the country.

A Halfway House is a home for the rehabilitation of ex-prisoners.

The Harold King Farm, in Keswick, is an ideal example. Its rural setting, away from the bind of the city, provides a first real home for most of the men.

Mr. King, resident director of the farm, feels that the men are psychologically bruised when they finish their sentences. Conditioned to the seclusion of prison life, they need time to adjust before jumping back into the rat race.

The Harold King Farm, incorporated under a provincial charter, was officially opened on Jan. 5, 1963. It is run by a board of 11, including Pierre Berton.

Prisoners apply to the Farm before they are discharged. They are interviewed and a selection board then picks out the men best suited to their operation. Men are chosen primarily on sincerity.

The board also looks for men who have never had the warm,

family-type setting that the Farm offers.

The residents of the Harold King Farm are responsible for its maintenance and upkeep. They usually stay about a month, but this varies with the individual. The Farm helps each man to find work that he is qualified to do, and assists him until he picks up his first pay cheque.

The Farm helps him find the right place to stay. Environment plays a large part in rehabilitation, so he is usually placed in a new community, where he can make a fresh start.

One of the biggest problems, is that most employers are very reluctant to hire a man with a criminal record. Mr. King feels that this is slowly being overcome but "much too slowly."

The average person has a wrong conception of the prisoner. He doesn't realize how easily he could find himself in the same position. Prison sentences aren't that hard to come by.

Mr. King defines the prisoner's case very well when he says: "He has paid his penalty and served his sentence, but our society asks him to keep paying and paying."

Anthropologist launches Reform Movement

By Angelo Guerra

Almost since the college was established, Humberites have been looking for something to revolt about.

That they never found it was due more to the constructive viewpoints of everyone around than to lack of concern with important issues.

But, now the Reform Movement has let the cat out of the hat: Revolutions are fun even if you don't have anything to revolt about.

Derek Day, the anthropology instructor who started the Reform ball rolling, says: "in the last few

weeks I've been happy because the movement is starting to work and it shows in my classes.

"People come in and really want to be a part of whatever is going on."

But what is he reforming? He summed it up: "The idea of social reform, has to be a revolution in your own head — by starting to notice things you've taken for granted. In short to turn people on."

"The Reform Movement, is aimed at trying to increase education and levels of involvement at Humber College. That is getting people to ask who Derek Day is, or who Richard Ketchum is, or who they themselves are."

Derek went on to say that the first step in this direction is to: "Stop talking about the poor people; we are the poor people."

The "Noosepaper", distributed throughout the college, is, as Derek puts it: "A form of shit disturbing."

"The Reform Movement is anarchy," he explained.

"More sane than sane, and when the walls of insanity melt away the people of 'nots' can die.

"The Reform Movement was voluntary but now you've all been drafted."



Derek Day — "a revolution in your own head"

Humber's Mexico expedition fits out

By Judy Samson

Humber is going to Mexico this summer.

Students and staff members will study there for six or eight weeks. Not only will they have a chance to look at 20th century Mexico — they will live and work with the Mayas of Yucatan, survivors of one of Central America's great pre-Columbian civilizations.

Those who go on the trip will work mainly on projects related to their own fields of study but preliminary courses will be held before they leave in Spanish and other subjects of general value.

The party will travel by Humber bus and each participant will contribute \$100 towards expenses.

Albee lacks the common touch

By Christine Borsuk

Convocation Hall, on March 3, was almost filled.

A famous playwright and social critic was making an appearance — Edward Albee.

His playwrighting, which now spans a decade, has brought him the New York Press Association's Best Plays Award, the Lola d'Annunzio Award, the New York Drama Critics Award, and the

coveted Pulitzer Prize. The U.S. National Academy of Arts and Letters elected him to membership in 1966.

Perhaps his most widely known play is, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* performed on the screen in the 1960s.

Albee, together with his partners, Wilder and Barr, have organized a playwright unit in Greenwich Village, which has been in existence for six years. His new play, *All Over*, now being rehearsed in New York, will be released shortly.

Albee began his dialogue, by asking the audience "to forgive the natural disorder of my mind, it is an occupational disease."

He stated that there was a disparity between what he wants to say and what the critics and the public want him to say. This brings in his thoughts on the playwright versus the theatre.

"The U.S., until a few years ago, was the great society. Now the president lacks candor but not duplicity, and the vice-president has not given up his disregard for the Bill of Rights. The population is willing to give up a great number of freedoms for security. The writer is continuously at greater odds against his environment."

Albee is concerned with the future, or lack of future, of the arts. He stated that in the live theatre only, remains some portion of integrity, and not commercialization.

"The arts, in general, is the most accurate mirror of the cultural health of the nation." Culture is telling us who we are, and health is the determination of knowing how or who we are.

"A social critic is a force of things that are right. He is the national conscience." Albee believes that today a writer is discouraged from this. Instead, the writer tends to lie, pacify, congratulate the audience and give them a pat on the back.

"The writer is used as a servant

where the critic will not be necessary.

Today, the serious theater is at odds with the commercial theatre. Neil Simon, author of light stories such as *The Odd Couple*, earns sometimes as much as \$100,000 a week. Samuel Beckett, a serious and brilliant author, earns half that amount in a year, if he's lucky. I think that many writers will sell themselves and their work, forsaking their ideals, for public acclaim and money.

The Soviet Union controls or does away with its intellectuals. Hitler considered ideas dangerous. Albee sees, in that particular instance, no difference between the Soviet Union and the U.S. He believes that there is the same control over intelligence and the same stifling atmosphere.

The difference between the two, according to Albee, is that the Russian arts are controlled from the top by the bureaucracy, whereas the American arts are controlled by the proletariat and the desire to maintain the status quo.

A Soviet writer, shortly before being imprisoned, said to Albee, that perhaps the position of the writer in the community does not really matter or that nothing matters, when the general semantics is going to break down and once communication between the creative writer and the recipient breaks down.

Albee identifies a good writer as one who defines reality into fact, one who writes what he believes to be true, and who accepts a moral responsibility to his audience.

Albee then turns on the critics. "They perpetrate a great deal of nonsense," he said. "The ultimate critics of power are all honourable men, but they have been sold."

One critic, Walter Kerr, stated in *Time Magazine*, that he felt it was his duty to expose material, according to the taste of the readers. Albee believes that the public should be educated to the point

where the critic will not be necessary.

One should not need the critics opinion, but only facts. A person reads a criticism of a play. Another person does not ask the reader, "What did such and such a critic say about the play?" but, "Is the play good?"

Albee states that people receiving the arts have a responsibility to be alert, informed, opened, receptive, and willing to undergo certain experiences.

But Albee is only talking about an elite group — the intellectuals.

Society is not an elite group of intellectuals, society is everyone.

To achieve improvement, the standards of the mass must be raised.

Albee's plays are not understood by the mass.

Albee will not condescend to talk to the ordinary man. He expects the mass to meet him on his own terms. His plays are masterpieces of social criticism, but for this reason are ineffective in promoting the social change Albee says he's seeking.

Humber din drowns out York, Mac

By Joanne Henry

Humber people proved something on the train to and from Quebec. We can make more noise than York University, McMaster, an assortment of high schools, old ladies' travel groups and the Y.M.C.A. put together.

I don't think the conductors liked us.

I am sure the men who had to clean up after despised us.

Other group leaders found us a very "bad" influence.

But it was fun. It was really fun. It was Free. And Winnie was only just a little bit worried . . .

POETS' CORNER

ODE TO MADISON AVENUE

*You betrayed me, Madison Avenue,
With your potions, pills, and lotions.
You promised me sexuality . . .
your advertisements guarantee
Instant masculinity
But somehow you have not helped me.*

*My mouth-wash has not made me a seducer.
My tooth-paste does not make me magnetic.
My after-shave does not make girls swoon.
My hair tonic does not drive them wild,
Nor do my arm pits turn them on.*

*It just doesn't work, Madison Avenue.
You haven't given me charisma,
Sex appeal or Super-style,
There is still no "Magic"
When I smile.
I smell much nicer than before,
But somehow, guys, I still can't score!*

*You have failed me, Madison Avenue.
You have not turned me into a phallic symbol.
In fact, the only time I ever came close,
Was once, when your sun-tan lotion failed me
And with sun-burned face . . .
I stood stiffly at attention . . .
In my white Koratron suit . . .
Up to my knees in dark weeds.*

Ron Powell

Rejoyce! Humbleman's Wake

By Moshan O'Tulapp

In the westerly hinter of Chok-eychoke's suburbilious rearview mirrorland is freakdom for all: Humble Collage. Ponderosa imponder balls; here beginneth up-to-prune coarses by sensuous destructors for humble stoogles.

Hunger Porridge ist where the first for struth is never quinned. Come, ye seekers after withdom, and facult with a staffing faculty in full possession of its spirits: keep fit with daily exorcism — good for the sole!

(Oversaid in confessional development:

Tom: Stewdents do not shack up with bread aloan!

Harry: Studunce should be obscene and not absurd!

Q: What do you fink?

A: Ah'm very glad you axed that quistion actually. . .)

Now turn leery pilgrim with tiers in your eyes, to the dilates of our all-purplous bawditorium. Yes, that was a good lecher, we

saw eye to thigh. All praise to nylon narchitecture! Extinguish the fire of your lust with the nearest panti-hose!!

A mutter for your lapel button: "Give a thigh for the miniskirt."

Thrill to the clean lines of our nasal passages in the snort campus (always a booby prize for minotaurs). At Hunger Sausage the chalk talk uttereth:

LEARNERS OF THE WORLD GOOD NIGHT: MAKE YOUR MARX BEFORE YOU ASK FOR MAO!

Turn from the bawds to inquisit an ambulant bifurcating (tut tut! in public well i never!) **studenta puella amabile:** "What's your favorite pogrom in this ivory (99 & 99/100% poor) towel?"

"Oh! I love the languor of the ineluctable electives which offer complete freedom from choice; but most of all I groove course 007-0791-000-***, Emission of Memoranda for Paper Tigers In An Infinitely Recurring Bicycle, sir", she said.

O witty kitty! How marvellous are the wunder-drudgeries of edication to elicit such lucious eloquence! Let us spray, brethern & sirens, for such properagation of the fath full. In this world of interdependent banality no woe-man stoness alone: every half-staffed stewart hash his pot at the grass roots.

Enarf inklings let's get down to something more adulterous. Visit a less sin. Coff. Lazy and gentles. What do you no today, Pedagogons? In this busy-mess dephartment drag your attentions to the workmen's cumsensation act. Your role, my little naievities, is to get a gob in the great servomechanisms out-in-the-wurld. Compoode your counts! Become a dungerous psuckofumber with a sexyterrier in your orifice.

Flee the dudgeons and storm the bastille of kreative parts, home of Siegfried the Idle and Yeti the Abomnible no-man. Oh, wood that

here all were weld; but, alas, zeal has gone and the summer of our content is made winter in the sun of York. Who can avoid the shrinkles and the psychofannies? Fetish-note for incendiaries: the sword is mightier than the pen is.

Slink into the Singlish sexion, home of grate fullstoppers and semicolonials. Study elective trauma under the oaks, see the public relations (and blush), ogle the olds in the Odd Hick. I lost in the reel world with a clue for mick marsh. Fee, Farge & away!

Now my taughters, praise Humb the Allmaziful, the bringer of plurabilities; may He sustain us in our search for (up) tighteousness, provide us with immaculate contraceptions for gentles and laitymen, befriend the absintheminded (it maketh the hard grow fonder), bestow on us armadas of navels and frockfuls of fickles, grant us our intimacies and give us this day our daily diagraphams.

Praise be the Numb of Humb now and fornever. Om

Upwards and onwards or else...

By Art Boyer

To an unschooled eye the recent rejection of brassieres by liberated women just adds spice to an age-old pastime. But to the informed student of bosomography it spells impending doom, the end of an era of intense development and the beginning of a recession.

Let us look back.

For centuries, since the beginning of civilization women's breasts remained inert. As long as this trend in the style of the female anatomy went unchanged civilizations continued to melt away or stagnate.

Recall for a moment the Minoan civilization of ancient Crete. Here was a highly developed culture that had the audacity to clothe the entire body of the female while neglecting the breasts which hung loosely down, an obvious ill omen. The bosomographer need not be amazed that the Minoan civilization lasted only a brief time and was completely blotted out by some mysterious phenomenon. The Minoans' fate was sealed the moment they decided not to support motherhood.

In 1789 however the general trend changed.

The French Revolution, arising from the Enlightenment of the eighteenth century, was to gravely affect the whole world. It marked the beginning of a new era.

Not entirely coincidental was the simultaneous invention of the corset. The bosoms of the world arose.

An onlooker recounted the sight thus:

"The bosom, which Nature planted at the bottom of her chest, is pushed up by means of wadding and whalebone to a station so near her chin that in a very full subject that feature is sometimes lost between invading mounds."

At last civilization had a foundation.

The Industrial Revolution strengthened this foundation with innovations such as metal eyelets in 1828, the first steel busk in 1829 and later new techniques in lacing.

Scientific achievements were paralleled with innovations in



stays; the telephone and less whalebone in corsets, the light bulb and use of light metals in corsets.

Man proceeded with leaps and bounds while breasts were protected from bouncing.

In the early twentieth century elastic was utilized to give women more freedom while breasts continued to point the way to success.

Soon came the age of synthetics. The more copious foundations of civilization were given good, firm, light support from the recently developed brassieres made of new materials. The less endowed were able to indulge in more realistic deception.

It was all in the cause of progress however and whether pointed out earnestly or deceptively we knew the way to go.

We were an upright society then, lofty, well rounded and mature.

Then, just as we were reaching the crest of our achievements, just

when man could see where he was going, woman wanted to see also.

Brassieres were burned and breasts could no longer guide us upwards and onwards. No more will there be great advancements for man because the breasts of the world point down.



HOW TO REACH US

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 2 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.

Legal abortions quick and easy

By Murray Dinning

Ursula Irks is a pretty teenage girl who lived alone in Toronto. Her parents moved to Los Angeles last year and left her to take care of herself.

She had a good job in an office which she enjoyed very much and she was very self-sufficient.

Three months ago Ursula got pregnant; 18 days ago she had a legal abortion.

When Ursula was asked what her first reaction to her pregnancy was, her answer was, "Kind of indifferent to the whole situation; I wasn't shocked if that is what you mean".

As Ursula said that, a big smile spread over her face which broke into low chuckles. When she was questioned about what she thought of abortions before she was pregnant she replied, "I actually thought about it a lot."

"I called a doctor," she said, "and told him I suspected that I was pregnant and asked if he would perform an abortion. He said no, and referred me to another doctor. I later found out that he was a Roman Catholic. So I called the other doctor.

"The second doctor was very professional in his manner and assured me that the operation was no big deal. He asked me some personal questions about my sexual relations and whether I had any serious diseases.

"He sent me to a shrink who just sat there and grinned while I did all the talking." The only thing the psychiatrist asked was "why do you feel you need an abortion?"

"The doctor and the shrink presented my case to a board which met on Monday," she said. "On Tuesday I got a call from the doctor's nurse and she said my case had passed and that I had to be at Women's College Hospital the following Tuesday for surgery."

"I was surprised at how easily it was arranged. I had to wait in line when I went to the hospital.

"They were banging those girls out like potato chips or something. My operation was scheduled for 12 noon and I didn't walk into the operating room until 2 p.m."

When she was asked of the hospital staff's attitude toward her, she replied, "They were very concerned and I was impressed with the nurses — they were more worried with my bronchitis than my abortion.

The operation took three hours to complete and she was discharged 24 hours after she had entered the hospital.

She added that OHSIP and hospitalization paid for the abortion. She only had to pay \$6.50.

Ursula was then asked if she thought she had taken a life and she replied, "Yes I did for a little while — while I was under the anaesthetic, but afterwards I reasoned that it was best for the child and me."

The final question Ursula was asked was whether she had considered keeping the child or not and she replied, "Yes, I did" and she was very, very solemn.

Now she has left Toronto for Los Angeles and her family.

In days of old when knights were bold

By Jane Williams

The days of old when knights were bold, are no longer.

There was a time when the knight would leave the castle to slay the wicked dragon to win the hand of the fair maiden. But show me a twentieth century knight in shining armor and I'll show you a knight in rusted armor — the Humber College Instructor.

Several days ago, I was walking up the path to the castle called Humber College when I came upon a tiny field mouse. I stopped to talk to him during our rather one-sided conversation, the castle guard emerged from his sentry box, captured the tiny monster and put him in my pocket.

Now, I like mice, but not particularly in my pocket.

But here I was with this little guy trapped in my pocket, probably more frightened than I was. I didn't really think it was much of a problem though because even if I didn't particularly want to remove him, there were a great number of "men" in the castle who would be happy to remove my mouse.

I went to the fourth floor of the castle where I was sure I would run into one of the kingdom's fearless knights (the instructors?). I was sure I could count on them.

I was pondering my little problem when, in the far distance, a cloud of purple and blue materialized into one Sir Melvin Gunton, hobbling slightly. (Probably an injury received from an over-fierce mouse.) Shortly after, Lord Stuart of the Hall arrived closely followed by Sir William Riddell and Sir Walter McDayter.

As we were standing there discussing their latest feats of courage, Sir Herman arrived.

Well, we talked for a while and then I told them about the little mouse in my pocket. They all laughed and commented on what a cute little guy he was. When I asked if one of them would please

--girls didn't have to walk around with mice in their pockets

remove it though, it was a different story.

"Not me boy. Those things are dangerous. You could get rabies if it bit you. All you have to do is touch it and you'll get rabies. No sir, not me boy!"

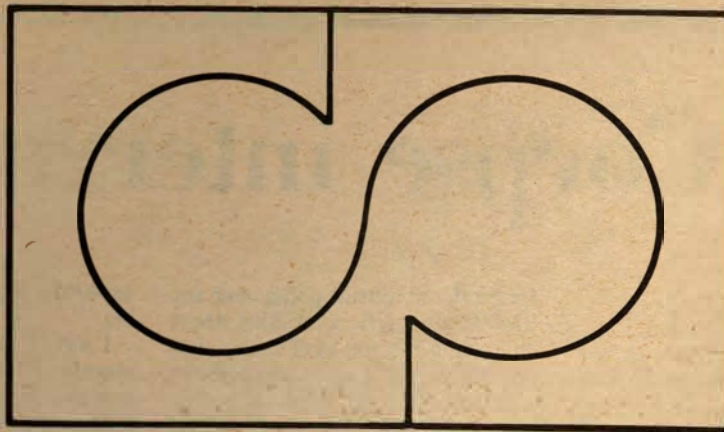
With that Sir Walter exited mumbling something about a book he had to write and Sir Riddell followed close behind. Sir Melvin and Lord Stuart launched on their own discussion of the world today and Sir Herman faded away.

With this feeling of encouragement, I ran into Lady Joanne Amer. Now you may find this hard to believe but Lady Joanne found my little predicament quite simple to solve. She just stuck her hand into my pocket but, to the surprise of both of us, the little guy snapped at her.

Maybe it was just scared.

I don't know but I decided that the only thing to do was to go down to the first floor and take off my coat and shake the mouse out. I walked down the stairs, took off my coat and set to work. It wasn't all that easy. But, after a few gentle prods, he vacated my pocket and with one backward glance at me, scurried off under a rock.

Now I ask you gentlemen of the staff, aren't you just a little ashamed yourselves? After all it was just a mouse. Men, let's get together here and see what the problem is. After all, are you men or mice?



Commission on Post-Secondary Education in Ontario

PUBLIC HEARINGS

The Commission is arranging the next set of Public Hearings in selected centres throughout Ontario, to provide full opportunity for all interested individuals and organizations to express opinions and offer discussion related to the development of post-secondary education in the province.

Hearings are scheduled to take place in Toronto on the following days:

March 24th - at the St. Lawrence Hall,
King and Jarvis Streets,
2:00 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.

May 13th - time and location to be announced.

Details of the Commission's terms of reference and the procedure for the submission of briefs may be obtained from:

Commission on Post-Secondary Education in Ontario,
505 University Avenue, Suite 203,
Toronto 101, Ontario.



Roman comedy at Studio Lab

Pauline Carey, Fran Gebhard and Rosemary Burris egg the audience on in Studio Lab's special presentation of Terence's play *The Brothers*, now showing at 53 Queen St. East. The high comedy of the Roman Age can now be seen in a modern burlesque setting complete with fairground. Studio Lab audiences will find director Ernest J. Shwartz and his company still vitally interested in audience participation. Take advantage of the student prices.

John Seeley

Come together in search of awareness

By Brenda Carson

Therapeutics Farm near Orangeville, appears on the outside to be an old and wearing farm. On the inside though, Therapeutics Farm has held for some, the experiences of a lifetime.

Thirty Humber students along with five leaders, spent a week there last month experiencing "human awareness" — of both themselves and each other.

Some went purely out of curiosity, some went to learn more about themselves and some went to learn about others.

Sensitivity training was popularized by Dr. F. Perls who developed the Gestalt theory of the "here and now" — a theory developed to get people together, in touch with themselves and with others.

The week began with the division of the 30 into three groups of 10 each. The group met in three sessions of 2½ hours each day.

The sessions had no structure and although it sounds simple, most sessions consisted of heavy rapping.

But rapping and rapping are two different things.

Sensitivity rapping shook off the protective barriers that we depend on so much in our daily lives.

The sessions grew in emotional pitch and closeness as the week went on. The 30 who went, grew with the sessions developing emotional awareness of who they were in relation to others.

They learned in the sessions that everyone has the same basic hang-ups and probably for the first

time in their lives were made aware of this.

People hugging other people, who a week before were complete strangers, was a common sight.

Sensitivity week is over for now, but for the 30 who went it is just the beginning of an honest search for the qualities of human nature.

As one who went said, "Let's come together."

Inside tip no match for luck

By Marty Isaacs

The "sport of kings" — horse racing — can make you a rich man one night and a pauper the next.

First of all, let me say that I own two racehorses.

When you own a horse, you get to see what really goes on behind the scenes.

Naturally, I always keep my ears open for possible tips or horses that are supposed to win. There is one thing to remember: gambling is very risky, and no guarantees are given.

If you happen to be lucky, you may pick one or several winners. Usually you will lose.

A couple of weeks ago, one of my horses was feeling razor sharp, and my trainer phoned me and said he was worth a pretty heavy bet.

All owners try to cash a bet on their own horse when told his horse is feeling sharp. Anyhow, the race was an exactor race, whereby the person making the wager is required to choose both the winner and the horse that finishes in second position.

If the person is lucky enough to be correct, the payoff is usually quite sizeable.

As I thought my horse was going to win, I bought several hundred dollars worth of tickets with his number for first and all the other horses in the race for second.

An old saying "anything can happen in a horse race" came to mind as I prepared to watch the race. But I figured that if your own trainer thinks that the horse should win, what more do you want?

When the race was over, and I thought that a search party would be necessary to locate my horse. It didn't even finish. A piece of equipment snapped and stopped him from racing properly. My bet was down the drain. I felt sick.

But what really made me mad was what happened moments after the race. As I was walking out, a little old lady was jumping for joy. I was in a rotten mood but couldn't resist asking her what she was so excited about.

She said: "I just picked the exactor and got back \$584 for a \$2 bet."

I was stunned and asked her how she could possibly bet that particular combination of numbers which featured two nags finishing first and second.

"Well," she said, "I always bet the numbers corresponding with my age, so I bet seven and three, and that's how they finished."

Need I say more about my feelings.

Corpse interrupts chat

By David G. Forman

Since my early childhood, I have always associated death with pain and misery. Thus, when the time came for my appointment to interview Don Foster, Funeral Services Director, at Humber with the intention of writing a story, I entered his office with apprehension and bias.

Within minutes of being in his presence, I felt at ease with this genuine and friendly man.

He sat to my right, behind his wooden desk, in a semi-relaxed position in his swivel chair, smoking his pipe and weighing me up.

This was in fact our third meeting. The first had occurred when I approached him initially to make an appointment for the interview. The second meeting occurred a day later.

He had started to show me the preparation room. In the midst of our meeting, we had been interrupted by a gentleman wheeling in a corpse on a portable stretcher. I remembered breaking into a cold sweat and I also remember Mr. Foster diplomatically suggesting that we arrange to meet the following day to complete the interview. I was determined to get a story, sweaty hands, weak knees and all.

And now I was sat facing this man; throwing, what I considered to be, aggressive questions at him like machine-gun fire.

The earlier part of the interview covered statistical factors such as length of course, qualifications. I

found the statistics going over my head. There was something about this man and his profession that intrigued me. I found myself deviating from the original topics and delving into the professional attitudes, ethics, feelings and responsibilities of a funeral director.

I found Mr. Foster tended to steer away from using the word death; until I instigated its use.

Why do people go into this kind of profession? Money would hardly be the reason.

The initial salary that students would receive in their first year as apprentices in funeral homes is approximately \$55 per week.

The second and final year of their course would offer them little more. In fact, while the rate of pay for a graduate varies with different funeral homes, the general conclusion is that for the hours of work involved, the financial return is far below any other field.

And the capital requirement to start one's own funeral home, according to Mr. Foster, and this would include such expenditure as land, property and equipment, would be close to \$250,000.

What attracts these students into this work?

Mr. Foster believes that there are a number of important factors. "It's a feeling of helping people overcome grief as quickly as possible. Meeting these people in such a situation presents a challenge that is difficult to describe. The feeling of gratitude from these people after their traumatic

experience can be very satisfying."

I asked Mr. Foster about the stigma attached to the funeral profession, with emphasis on the high cost of funerals. He explained that if each of us were to approach a funeral director in order to bury one of our grandparents; one of us being rich and the other poor, no matter what the costs involved, we would both benefit from exactly the same service.

The one variable factor would be the cost of the casket. Thus a person with financial means would have the same service plus a supposedly better casket. Very often, the funeral parlor will lose money on the funeral of the poorer person; the rich, in a way, subsidise the poor.

This somewhat "Robin Hood approach" appears to be a little idealistic.

One must, however, realise that all funeral parlors are subject to question through the Board of Administration, which has the power to revoke their licences if any unethical practices are discovered.

I concluded by asking Mr. Foster what kind of person was suited for the work.

"A man who is able to understand the people he will come in contact with," he replied. "Sometimes there is a sizeable amount of hostility because of the death of a loved one. The funeral director is often sought as a source of release

for the hostility. Thus, the student must like and understand people.

"He must not, however, become so empathetic as to personally feel grief with each family; this would be physically and mentally impossible."

I left Mr. Foster's office feeling at peace with myself. He had managed to influence my own concept of death and I felt stronger for it.

The story would not be complete without a look at the students in the funeral service course. I found a group relaxing during their lunch break.

They were difficult to interview.

They protected themselves with a barrier that was difficult to break through.

Many were hyper and playful. I tried unsuccessfully to seek a common denominator in them.

Some of them said they chose the profession because they enjoyed meeting and helping people. But I observed that in most instances, they referred to funeral service as a business rather than as a profession.

They seemed well-adjusted men, but their lack of sensitivity portrayed a cold, indifferent image. Perhaps this was the foundational need for this kind of work, and perhaps the understanding and comforting, that Mr. Foster had spoken about, of grief-ridden people, is a quality that grows in time. — I hope so.

Reversing education trends?

By Greig Stewart

The coming of the Sixties sounded the death knell for the once familiar Little Red Ontario Schoolhouse. And when the schoolhouse went, the old familiar ways of teaching readin', writin', and 'rithmetic went with them.

A. S. Neil started the ball rolling in England with the formation of Summerhill, a new type of school based on total freedom for the individual.

Then Canada began piloting various SEED projects throughout the country, schools emphasizing non-structure and "living and learning".

Gradually, public, elementary, and high schools across Ontario began adopting proposals outlined in the freedom-oriented, Hall-Dennis report on education.

Prayers in the classroom became a thing of the past, students no longer heard the national anthem at the beginning of the school day, and learning became a participatory, rather than a mental process. Leading educators across the country were calling for a type of school where the student wanted to be, rather than a place where the student had to be.

But there has been a backlash: a backlash so serious it threatens not only to halt the liberal educational trends, but to completely reverse them.

The People's Church in Willowdale will establish its own elementary school by September because of the "agnostic and atheistic" teaching in the public schools, Rev. Paul Smith says.

"I and ministers like me are greatly disturbed by the direction our public school system is taking," Mr. Smith says. "It appears that all respect for God, country, and family, has been or is being thrown out the window."

"Setting up our own schools appears the only avenue left if we want to have our children taught in the traditional manner."

The People's Church is an independent fundamentalist church founded in 1928 by Mr. Smith's father, Rev. Oswald Smith.

At present, there are 242 private elementary and secondary schools in Ontario, and most of them are church-affiliated. The government refuses to give tax benefits or special grants to these private schools. The tuition is provided by the students themselves.

J. F. Kinlin, assistant deputy minister of education, says that any group or individual can start a school as long as they provide "adequate instruction" in the department's terms, and follow the Ontario course of studies. At present this course of studies is toward a non-structured programme.

Mr. Smith feels he will have no trouble in recruiting a competent teaching staff.

"Many teachers in the public and high school system reject the current teaching mode," he says. "They will welcome the opportunity to practice their profession in an organized, structured environment."

"But," he adds, "the emphasis of this new school will be on scholastic rather than religious education. The school day will begin with the national anthem, Bible reading, and the Lord's Prayer, he said, and the school will be completely structured with rules and regulations.

It will probably take years of operation to determine the success of such a school, but if it works it could re-revolutionize the entire concept of learning.

The Little Red Schoolhouse may be gone but it is not yet buried.

Well, it beats confrontation....

By Quinta Columna

"Confrontation," said Captain Canagaroo, "pisses me off."

"You've confronted one, you've confronted 'em all. We've confronted 'em all. Ain't that right?"

"Yeah," they all said.

"So, today we'll hie us down to the consulate general of the Excited States of Amerika at 360 University Avenue, there to divert ourselves, and the Amerikans, in a manner wholly appropriate to the occasion — this being the day after the latest massacre of students on an Amerikan campus by the Irrational Guard."

So they all hied in considerable numbers and congregated in the vicinity of the building over which the Banner of Freedom still flew in remembrance of the Disastrous Experiment of 1775.

Captain Canagaroo could see at a glance that another confrontation was shaping up.

"Dominus Flevit," he muttered being an ex seminarian (and accustomed to saying 'Oh, f**k' in Latin). "Let's get the show on the road."

He got into a huddle with Brazen Bess and a couple of stout Amazons from the Women's Lib.

Within minutes a bunch of the girls were moving quietly through the mob to the portals of that little piece of Amerika.

Captain Canagaroo and a few of his heavies followed discreetly.

Brazen Bess came to a halt in front of the corpulent sergeant of Toronto's Finest who stood in the centre of the police line. Toe to toe they stood and Bess breathed in.

Now she was a big girl.

She could inflate to 48 when wearing a bra which she was now — it being standard operating procedure for the girls on occasions like this because the fuzz sure

know where to grab an unencumbered girl where it hurts.

Brazen Bess inflated.

The sergeant salivated.

Then she squealed. The other girls squealed and yelled "rape". Real Theatre Arts silent (not-so-silent) screams and the girls hurled themselves into the cops in the centre of the line.

The cops thought it was Christ-mas. Girls, arms, legs, hair, wow!

But for the noise.

Other girls and a few high-pitched fellows in the mob behind joined in the shriek-in.

Captain Canagaroo and the heavies quietly slipped through the police line. No-one who noticed was near enough to do anything about it until they'd gotten through the heavy doors and bolted them behind them. Playfully they rolled an Amerikan security guard who looked like J. Edgar You-Know-Whoover down the stairs into the basement.

From then on it was reasonably plain sailing.

They headed for the seat of power — the consul general's office at the north end of the building and tossed a few dozen important-looking files and a guy with a movie camera (FBI) out of the windows.

Most of the guys had brought along cans of gas and matches in case they felt cold and needed to light a small fire.

Captain Canagaroo was against the idea, being basically law-abiding, but a couple of the guys who were up in Canada to avoid the draft pointed out that as Amerikan citizens they had a right to do what they wanted to the Amerikan consulate general.

They said they sort of felt they had a proprietary interest in the building as it was, after all, a little piece of home.

In the face of such persuasive argument Captain Canagaroo could do nothing but toss a match onto a pool of gasoline which one of the dodgers had poured on the consul general's rug.

The merry crackle of flames stimulated the guys to repeat the ritual in other parts of the building. Then clutching whatever fire extinguishers they could find, lest the Amerikans be tempted to douse the flames, they dropped out a rear window.

And it was fortunate that they did take the extinguishers for they encountered Hatchet Harry and three members of the Goon Squad skulking in their back alley escape route which ran through to Simcoe where they had parked their wheels.

Captain Canagaroo fired first with his 16-pint CO2 and Hatchet disappeared under a pile of foam. His companions slithered around in the slime dropping guns in an effort to keep their balance than crawling about in the foam feeling around for pistols in the mess.

The boys leaped around them pouring on a torrent of foul-smelling foam until the last extinguisher was empty. Captain Canagaroo cheerfully bounced it off Hatchet's head and blew.

The guys left town for a few days.

Hatchet Harry was about the only one who had seen them coming out the back of the building and he didn't want to draw any attention to his role in the incident.

Bess was the only one of the girls picked up — they couldn't miss her — but there was nothing solid to tie her in with the raid. She drew 60 days but that was because the Judge was sore. She told him he was a "F*****t m*****r f*****" when he asked her if she had anything to say.

Martial arts come to Humber

By Calvin Kotack

Although the athletics bubble still isn't completed the introduction of athletic courses hasn't been delayed.

The cafeteria in the meantime is being used for the first five weeks of the 10-week course. The remaining five weeks will then be held in the bubble.

The schedule kicked off with the keep fit program instructed by Bob Knuckey. The basics in keeping fit are worked on in this program, with an extension toward weight training in the bubble. This course is also held on Wednesday.

Judo, kendo, karate and fencing are all held on Tuesdays and Thursdays and all are extremely popular. A shodan in the first degree, which is the equivalent to a black belt, is held by Billy Kato the judo instructor.

Fencing which is a sport that requires quick reflexes and quick thinking was instructed by Richard Polatynsky. It was evident by the participation that fencing caught on. Karate which literally means "empty hands" is instructed by Louie Gere Gerard. This sport is a lethal sort of foot and fist fighting. All taking part in this activity were enthusiastic and proved that karate is here to stay.

Kendo another Japanese fighting art is organised by John Asa but the actual instruction is done by three other kendo fighters. The sport involves using a bamboo pole for either defence or offence against your opponent.

There was also yoga being instructed by Donna Wagstaff and dance by Germany's Frau Thiele and Gabriel Blair.

Harry Pasternak, Athletic

Director, was quite satisfied with the turn out in all the events. He also added that of the six events offered, two are completely filled.

When the bubble is finally completed there will be a considerable extension onto these first courses. There will be team games such as Lacrosse, Team Handball, Basketball, plus Tennis, Badminton and

Weight Training. There will be more information given about these new activities in the future.

At the present the lack of space has curtailed much that could be done in athletics we can safely say however, that Humber College has finally made a move toward some sort of athletic curriculum and can do nothing but get better.



— but blanket drill remains Humber's most popular sport. Picture by Grant Dobson.

SAM elections set

By Norma Meneguzzi

Elections for a new executive in the Student Athletic Movement will take place the first week of April.

Nominations are scheduled to start.

The present executives are looking for students, who they feel will be capable of devoting time and energy to ensure the growth of athletics in the college.

Positions will only be open to full-time students who will be returning next year and have the support of at least 10 people.

In existence for three years, SAM has concerned itself with providing students with the athlet-

ics they have asked for and also ensuring the space, money and facilities to run the programs.

The Student Athletic Movement works with Harry Pasternak, director of the Athletic Department. He feels that SAM has had one of its most successful years because of members' ability to operate effectively as a group.

Peter Cronin, vice-president of the executive finds that SAM, in comparison with the Student Union, is much more successful. But he also blames lack of participation from students as a major drawback in the effectiveness of the athletic movement.

Need a job? See Ruth

By Lorne Coe

Not too many people at Humber know Ruth Matheson but quite a lot will have her to thank when they land a decent job.

As the career counselling coordinator for Placement Services Mrs. Matheson's responsibilities are extensive.

They vary from administration of scholarships and bursaries to Applied and Liberal Arts Division placement.

She also handles placement for Creative Arts, Business Secretarial, liaison with the Manpower and Apprenticeship Division and the career library.

During the college year she is busy preparing projects for the students.

"The projects," she says, "involve such things as creating a job interview situation with a student. After the interview is finished, I play back the tape so that the student can hear how he or she reacted and appeared during the interview."

Mrs. Matheson went on to say, "As well, I go into classes and speak to the students about personal grooming and how to apply for jobs."

Mrs. Matheson added, "It's fun getting to know the students."

Amongst other things, Mrs. Matheson has been business administrator at Sunnybrook Hospital, head of a commercial invest-



RUTH MATHESON

ment company, and she has worked in sales and public relations for the largest personnel company in Canada.

"What I'm trying to get across," she says, "is that I'm here and available to the students. I want to spend time with them."

Arts—for birds or for high flyers?

By Jeanette Alexander

What's the use of Arts training in a community college? people sometimes ask.

And in a way Ruth Matheson has a harder placement job than Art King does with his Business and Technology graduates.

But a survey she conducted on what happened to last summer's 121 Applied and Liberal Arts graduates shows that the community is readily accepting graduates from both the A.L.A. options like Fashion Careers and Landscape Technology and from the General Arts and Science area.

Practically all Richard Hook's Landscape Technology grads are placed before graduation, in fact.

On the other hand, most of the Recreational Leadership graduates went on to teachers' colleges.

J-grad wins awards

By Gary Armstrong

Last year, a 1970 Humber College journalism graduate, Skip MacLean, was hired as editor of the Huntsville Forester. Under his guidance the Forester has walked off with five awards from the Ontario Weekly Newspaper Association.

MacLean and the Forester were competing with all the major Weeklies in Ontario, including many much wealthier papers. It added up to pretty stiff competition for a newsman just out of school.

The paper placed first in compe-

titions for advertising makeup and layout and took third place for its sports page. The Forester also received honourable mentions for an editorial on conservation and for a special edition that featured the vacation guide.

But the most important award, and the award that MacLean is most proud of, is the second place standing the Forester received for general excellence.

He has taken an active part in community affairs and recently tried for the Liberal nomination for the Huntsville provincial seat and got as far as the last ballot.

— YOUR GRAVE —

STUDENT SUICIDE SEMINAR

Wednesday, March 24 1 p.m.-3 p.m.

Auditorium

by Counselling and Advisory Service

— MAYBE YOU'LL DIG IT —

Come practice on us.

At Humber April 6

We mean it.

Even if you have no idea of coming with us, sign up for an interview.

Come in and rehearse.

Do it on a company whose very life depends on its ability to come face to face with strangers.

You won't waste our time. We have a number of surprises about the insurance business in general and ours in particular. So if there's a latent response in you, we're confident we can trigger it. Besides, we're perfectly willing to take the risk.

If you can't make an interview, take a look at

"How to separate yourself from the herd." An eight page booklet on how to go to an interview on your terms. What to do about nervousness. About money. How to turn an interview around. When to get up and walk out. Things like that.

Our booklet is tucked into the new Employment Opportunities Handbook. The handbook is yours for the asking at the placement office.

"How to separate yourself from the herd" won't change the world for you.

But it just might help.

LONDON LIFE
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