



# LINK

Vol. 7, No. 5 Wednesday, March 22, 1972



---VIEW FROM CENTENNIAL PARK---

photo by Dan McAuliffe

## Elections Coming

### STUDENT ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE ELECTION INFORMATION TIMETABLE

1. Nominations open March 20, 1972.
  2. Nominations close March 30, 1972 at 5:30 pm.
  3. Campaign starts April 5, 1972 at 8:30 am.
  4. Campaign stops April 18, 1972 at 5:30 pm.
  5. Polls open April 19, 1972 from 2:30 am. to 5:30 pm.
  6. Polls open April 20, 1972 from 8:30 am. to 5:30 pm.
  7. Polls open April 21, 1972 from 8:30 am. to 2:30 pm.
  8. Posters can go up on April 5, 1972 at 5:30 pm.
  9. Posters must be down Tuesday, April 18, 1972 at 5:30 pm.
- A. Announcement of timetable of elections on March 13, 1972.
  - B. Campaign Speeches held April 19, 1972, Room 197-198 at 12:00 noon.
  - C. Posters be made by March 30, 1972 outlining timetable will be posted around institute.

Robert Simons  
V.P. Internal

### A Fifth Wheel Controlling BCIT

BCIT JACK WHITE DESCRIBED AS USELESS

by Laurie Jack

Director of Technical & Vocational Education in B.C. Jack White could be described as a useless chain in the educational system as far as BCIT is concerned. This little known man is one step above the Principal at this institute and the liaison officer between us and the government. Rising through the ranks of the vocational school system and author of two drafting books this winner of the "Boss of the year award" (from the secretaries of B.C.) was handed the province only institute, a job which he obviously can't handle.

Since June of last year, the beginning of the S.A. governance year, Mr. White has been absolutely no help to the student body. In the first conversation held with him he expressed his assurance that he was doing everything possible for the expedition of Student Residences and we were not to worry because it was in good hands. The proposal at that time was for pre-fabricated dwellings that would cover an enormous amount of the campus would not fit into the architectural pattern of the campus, (however poor that may be) could not even be built by the company doing the negotiations and would not receive support financially from any financial body to name only a few deter-

ants. It was ridiculous to carry on with any negotiations and of course he wasn't. (The current proposal is drastically different).

In his dealings with the association to provide improved facilities at a very low cost (\$ 2,000) he took four months of letter writing and inferior proposals before he finally found an excuse to reject the idea.

In an attempt to obtain a grant for extramural sports of a dollar for dollar sponsorship to \$10,000 Mr. White again proved to be negative. Colleges in the province have been receiving this grant through provincial government approved budgets for at least two years now. But White has made very little if any attempt to bring the only post-secondary school denied the grant up to par with others.

In a recent letter from Mr. White he accepted an invitation to attend one of the student council meetings this year. He said he would let us know by phone which meeting he could attend. I doubt that after he reads this article he will attend any student meeting or even support students or at least the writer in obtaining anything. STATUS QUO.

## Letters to the Editor

### LETTERS FROM DEAN

DEAR JOHN

TO THE EDITOR:

This is a letter mainly to John Leech. Maybe he would like to print it in his column. At any rate, I would like to see it appear in the Link.

About a month ago I made some remarks which concerned dress regulations and the "authorities". Judging from your answer I think much of my letter went over your head. Let me try to explain it to you.

Now, what I was saying John is, I don't like the system and I am not particular about the men who run it. That goes for BCIT and Mr. Goard. Strange as it may seem to you some of us have interests which transcend the boundaries of the SAC. I happen to think that there are more important things in life than basketball games and pubs. In this province Mr. Bennet represents the system and this school is his "baby". The system is Capitalism and it is an ugly monster.

We have technical and scientific skills that can send men to the moon, yet we are unable to cure the poverty and sickness in our own society. Capitalism has the most perverted and obscene set of priorities since man has been on earth. Capital gain is put above all human wants and needs. Men like Trudeau and Nixon spend more money developing weapons than they do on human needs. People starve to death and Canadian farmers are paid not to grow wheat. Large corporations representing the Capitalists are given large subsidies to run their factories. Then these corporations end up polluting the air. I'm not talking about a few cigarette butts in the SAC either John. Do you know why this happens? It happens because the government is run by the moneyed class that represents our system.

One of the main things that this system functions on is people believing that it is perfect and cannot be improved. Every time you let someone impose a rule that's meant to keep you in line you are losing a battle. The role of regulations and uniforms is to turn men and women into unthinking robots. Respect for "Authority" means you won't cause any trouble for the rulers. Please wake up John, because they would love to have you for a robot.

I will anticipate your answer that; if I don't like the school why don't I leave. The answer is that Technology itself is an invention of man and as such has potential to help man live better. It is the navigators, the Capitalists that must go. Let's change our priorities. Then maybe some of the words that you are so fond of like love and peace will be a reality for all people.

Thoughtfully,  
Steve Taylor

BIG PETE

TO EDITOR, LINK NEWS-PAPER

BIG PETE,

In reference to your Impressions - Feb. 23, 1972, just wanted you to know that there is more to Women's Lib than Penal Gratitude.

Sue

NO HASSLE

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Linus:

Thank you for your letter. There is really not much use hassling over the dope scene. You'll probably be doing it within a couple of years, anyways.

One thing though--why must you hide under that stupid pen name. Are you afraid you won't get a job? Stand up and be known for what you say.

Love,

Peter Dawson

POWER - MAD

To the Illustrious and well-meaning Stephen Taylor:

I was severely taken aback by your recent letter in the Institute journal, the Link.

Your rapier-sharp satire and painfully biting sarcasm hurt very much indeed. This vision of terror you expound upon is truly terrible to conceive or contemplate, but perhaps the idea of a secret police prowling our campus is too drastic a measure, to solve anything.

You do not, I trust, want a set of power-mad megalomaniacs such as the UBC lobsterbacks running berserk. To be sure our principal has a wealth of problems playing God, without trying to control a flock of over-zealous secret police.

Your attack on our beloved principal was perhaps too harsh. Consider your malignant satire again.

Our Dean is not quite the cut-throat tyrant you display, but a nice man concerned only with the good of his subjects.

Paul Tikkanen  
E & E II

Dear Mr. Graham:

Please find attached copies of several letters received during our study of dress regulations. These are typical of alumni response.

The recent graduates seem to be the group most concerned about maintenance of dress regulations.

If you wish to see other letters relating to this problem you can. I did not wish to send them all.

The staff of B.C.I.T. and Advisory Council members (who are generally older) are somewhat more tolerant in these matters than the young alumni.

If you wish to discuss this matter further please drop in to my office.

Yours truly,  
D. H. Goard  
Principal

TO: Mr. Goard

FROM: Stan Tonoski, Pres.  
BCIT Alumni Ass.

RE: DRESS REGULATIONS

It was the general consensus of the executive that dress should be regulated as in the past. It is the feeling that the real issue is not hair length, but the fact that the student is being told what to do. From our own experience in industry we have found that when dress regulations have been relaxed, many people have taken advantage of this and dressed in what normally would have been considered a shabby manner. Following regulations is good training for the student because when he goes into industry, he will have to conform to the rules his employer sets or suffer the consequences.

The executive have also noted that the "BCIT image" leaves a big impression on employers who visit the Institute or hire grads. In many cases these employers work for companies who do not have "mod" dress regulations. There fore, our reasonably "conservative" dress regulations further enhances our chances for a job with these firms.

Mr. D.H. Goard,  
Principal

Dear Sir:

Re: General dress & grooming of BCIT students.

In reply to your letter dated Dec. 71 I would like to express the following opinions.

In my dealings with people in business, they have, to the man, held BCIT in the highest regard. This esteem has been founded on two basic facts:

1. BCIT students are of high caliber and are prepared for the business situation.
2. The business man is not apprehensive of possible embarrassment to him or his company caused by ill-manners or poor dress.

To allow a few to destroy the BCIT image would be unjust to the students, the faculty, and the alumni. Once associated with the Institute the current value of that association is only as good as the current reputation of the students.

Please enforce all regulations necessary to retain the excellent image the Institute now enjoys.

Yours very truly,  
Jack W. Davidson  
Assistant Manager  
Davidson Shingle Co. Ltd.

Mr. D. Goard  
Principal, BCIT  
Burnaby, B.C.

Dear Sir:

On a trip to BCIT recently, from the Department of Public Works in Victoria, I was appalled at the standard of dress, or more precisely, the lack of such standard. To my amazement, I met students dressed in jeans and sweatshirts, and saw men with hair down to their shoulders. What has happened to the respectability and business-like manner that this Institute once possessed?

As a student of your school two years ago, I was made to dress with shirt and tie, and although we protested strongly at times, it was good for us, as in my job as technician for the Mechanical Design Branch of the Department of Public Works this is what I wear every day.

When I was hired it was good enough that I had graduated from BCIT -- no questions asked, but if I were an employer today, it wouldn't be the same, as the reputation that we helped build is being undermined by these irresponsible students daily.

As to the reputation of the famous S.A.C. Building, be it enough to say that I had heard about it even before I came over there, and it doesn't seem like the kind of school that I was once associated with.

In conclusion, I would strongly ask that you do all in your power to clean up the reputation that this Institute is portraying, if not for the students of past years, then for the students who will be looking for employment this summer.

Yours truly,  
Albert French  
Mechanical Design  
Department of Public Works

DOWNTOWN HEADQUARTERS  
FOR YOUNG MEN  
and MEN WHO  
THINK YOUNG...

**REGAL**

CLOTHIERS  
708 COLUMBIA  
PHONE 522-3822  
DOWNTOWN N.W.

### HEALTH SERVICE

Persons travelling out of Canada this summer can obtain their immunization shots now at the Health Services, east wing, SAC.

Hours: 8:30 - 11:30

12:30 - 4:30

# In the SAC

The time is approaching when elections take place for Student Association Executive. It is the time of year when active and inactive students tell how active they have been in the past year.

For those who are considering student government, here are a few of the benefits.

First, you get an office(or share one) in the SAC. Second, you get an honoraria (\$40-50 per month). Third, you get a chance to meet people. Fourth you get a chance to prove that you can do something besides learn from a book. Fifth, you get to use your imagination.

The advantages are there, but there are disadvantages. You are expected to do everything and think of everything. You can ask for help or an opinion to the point of frustration only to find that when you do something, you are a condemned person.

You share your office with countless students and this is good. You are their representative and should be prepared to be interrupted at any time. The honoraria does not pay your expenses. The fringe benefits of meeting people etc. are up to you.

You might get the idea that I did not enjoy my term in office but this is not true. The experience in the frustrations and rewards of such a position has been a good experience. The associations with the administration, faculty, executive and students has been rewarding. I feel that I have been associated with a fine group of people.

The whole purpose of this article is to put down some fallacies and build up others. Executive positions are great for the student willing to contribute time and effort to the Association. The honoraria, if you are devoting time, accounts for about ten cents per hour for your labor. Money is definitely not a reason for running in the elections.

There may be personal reasons for wanting to be an executive member. These reasons must include a genuine feeling that you can contribute to the students of BCIT. The executive must be made up of people with this feeling.

This year the executive have tried to fulfill the function of representing the students. In some respects we have succeeded. In others we have failed. (You cannot win them all.) I would like to think that, if nothing else, we have provided a groundwork for the executives and councils of the future.

It is now up to the students to think about what they want in the future. Those who want the most for the students will win in the election and have the opportunity to continue the work done in the past.

by Grant Cuttender  
V.P. External

## RELIGION, Guilty of Much

Religion today is being attacked from every corner. Religion is accused of rank corruptness, Religion is accused of causing much bloodshed, and Religion is accused of gathering riches while multitudes on our planet starve.

The so-called Christian Churches of today are blamed for committing the above sins. Churches now are highly organized. They are powerful institutions in the land but they have strayed from the teachings of Christ who is supposedly the cornerstone of the Christian Church.

Jesus said in a prayer to

God, "O righteous Father! The world does not know you, but I know you, and these know that you sent me. I made you known to them and I will continue to do so, in order that the love you have for me may be in them, and I may be in them." How many of our Christian Churches show the qualities of Jesus Christ.

People today are very educated and they see through hypocrisy without any problem. Christian Churches are agents of Christ as were the disciples. Before Christ was drawn up to heaven he stated to his dis-

ciples (and if you are a Christian then you are Christ's disciple), "Go, then, to all peoples everywhere and make them my disciples: baptize them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teach them to obey everything I have commanded you. And remember! I will be with you always, to the end of the age. Churches today have lots of Religion but little of Jesus.

Christians meet for fellowship every Wednesday in room 302 at 12:30. Anyone is welcome.

# A motorbus, a jug of wine and thou in the wilderness.



We want you to run away to Europe with us.

We'll drain our last pint of Guinness at the Tournament Pub in Earls Court, London, hit the road south to the Channel and be in Calais by sunset.

A month later, we could be in Istanbul. Or Berlin or Barcelona. Or Athens. Or Copenhagen. Or just about any place you and your Australian, English, New Zealand and South African mates want to be.

On the way, we'll camp under canvas, cook over open fires, swim, sun and drink in some of the most spectacular settings on the continent.

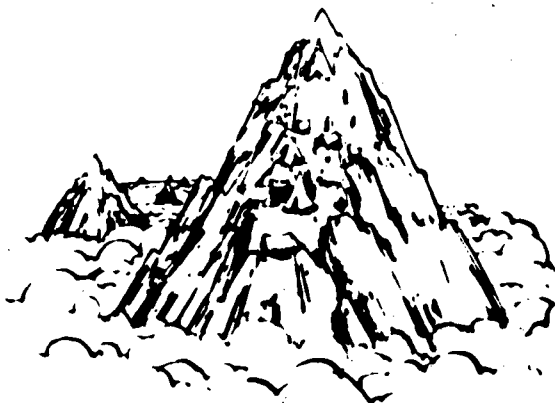
We'll provide a small zippy European motorbus and your camping gear and a young cat to drive it who knows every wineshop from here to Zagreb, plus how to ask for a john, or how to find your way back home to bed, smashed, later on.

You can go for as little as 28 days or as many as 70. Spring, Summer or Fall.

The cost is ultra reasonable. And we'll get you to London from here just as cheaply as is humanly possible.

We've got a booklet that fills in the details and prices.

If you're single, under 30 and slightly adventurous, send for it.



We're booking now.

STUDENT ASSOCIATION  
BRITISH COLUMBIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY  
3700 WILKINGDON AVENUE  
BURNABY 2, B.C.

## Europe, Going Down the Road.

A motor caravan into Europe for international singles under 30. Spring, Summer and Fall '72.

DETAILS ON THE ABOVE PLUS INFORMATION ON STUDENT TRAVEL TO EUROPE AND ASIA AND IN CANADA CAN BE OBTAINED FROM  
STUDENT ASSOCIATION OFFICE  
SAC BLDG.

# Editorial

## *an open letter to students*

On big-mouth students. . . or 'I oughta hit you in your F---in' eye.

On Thursday, March 2, 1972, we saw a marvelous example of Administrative restraint and diplomacy as furnished by Jerry Lloyd, Athletic Co-ordinator for BCIT. Mr. Lloyd was being questioned by various students in an attempt to determine exactly why they should be expelled from the Activities room and pool tables simply because certain high schools were having a basketball tournament at that time. After asking Mr. Lloyd for an explanation and being told we were going to get a "f king earful", the conversation proceeded. Mr. Lloyd seemed to be of the opinion that to allow any BCIT students at all in the gym-section of the SAC would be inviting theft and disruption of all the high school students' belongings even with a Commissionaire present. It did not seem to concern him when it was pointed out that there were no Commissionaires at the last BCIT Basketball game and nothing was stolen, but he did emphasize the fact that "it did not concern him if BCIT was too cheap to hire a Commissionaire." This definitely is not the kind of reaction we expected from a member of the Administration of BCIT, especially after the many memos that have been circulated restricting student dress and actions.

We fail to see any reason for barring BCIT students from using the SAC facilities during the high school basketball tournament, especially when these schools paid only a bare minimum fee (if any) for the use of the SAC gym. We are all for a good public relations effort for BCIT, but not at the expense of the students who pay student activity fees in order to use the facilities.

So in the future, we sincerely hope that the students of BCIT will be considered when future public relations efforts are being considered, and that the Athletic Director show a little more restraint and polish when dealing with students or any other parties.

And by the way Mr. Lloyd, if you really intend to carry through with your threat to "hit him in the f---kin' eye," you'll probably have to wait in line, there are a great many other people around who hate to hear any opinions other than their own. They're all waiting in line too!!

Dear Sir:

In the past months it has become apparent that the Executive Body of the Students' Council feels that they are justified in overruling any decision made in a general meeting of all student representatives.

The case in point has to do with the B.C.I.T. Used Book Store and its operation. When our past president was in office he realised the need for a Used Book Store to benefit both incoming and outgoing students. At this time the Student Association was not interested in running such an operation as it had been attempted three times in the past and had been unsuccessful. A memo was sent out to all students asking for interested parties. We accepted at that time on the condition that we would run the operation entirely on our own.

Early in January of this year we petitioned the Students' Council for permission to run the Used Book Store again for spring and fall of 1972. After fairly lengthy discussion a motion was put forward and passed 22-7, with 8 abstentions, to allow us to run it on the same basis as last year. A suggestion was made at this time that we should submit financial statements to the Treasurer of the Council. This was not part of our original agreement last year, and consequently this motion was set aside.

Early in February we had a meeting with Phil Henderson, Business Manager of the Student Association, at which time we agreed to submit to him at the end of September, an income statement for 1972 operations.

We assumed the issue was closed. Not so! On March 3, 1972, we received a letter from C. McCrone, Treasurer, stating that we would not be permitted to run the Used Book Store unless we submitted financial statements by March 31, 1972.

Let me emphasize that the issue is not the submission of financial statements, but rather a question of whether or not the "Executive" of the Council should be able to overrule a decision made in a General Council Meeting. If they can, there is no point in having Student Representatives at all.

We intend to stand by our original decision, and if the "Executive" of the council maintains its position it is very likely that there will be no Used Book Store next year. The students will be the losers.

If you, as students, want a Used Book Store, make your feelings known to your council representatives so they may bring the matter up at the next General Council Meeting.

Yours truly,

Andrew Jordan-Knox, 10B-2  
Proprietor, Used Book Store

### LINK

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#### STAFF

Editor  
Assistant Editors

Director of Photography  
Advertising

Sports Editor  
Typists

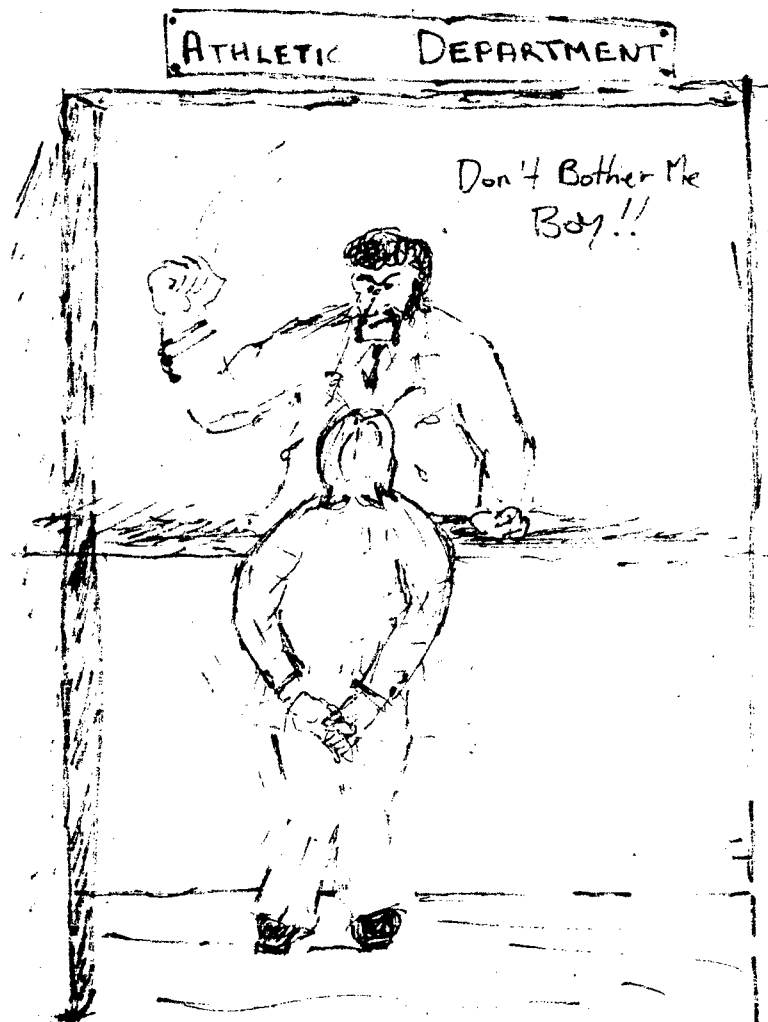
Layout

Cartoonist  
-Joe Perras

-Douglas Graham  
-George Papp  
-Ingunn Reinsbakken  
Chris West  
-Ray Pummell  
Rhonda Pummell  
Rob Vandergugten  
Dave Wright  
Sue Chaworth  
-Musters  
Julie Hudak  
Jack Smugler  
Editors  
John Holmes

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Isn't it Nice that our  
Athletic Department tries to be  
so Helpful? .....

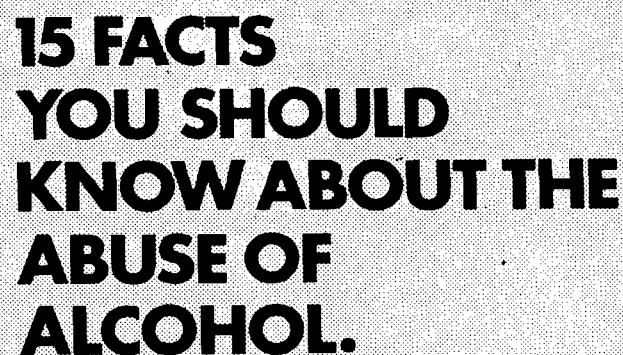


**Blood donor clinic, March 28-29 9:30 - 4:30 in GYM.**

## SOCIAL STUFF

"Mr. Giles then said at the end of the initial rental period a new lease could be negotiated between the bank and the Government and if more space was required by the bank this could be provided for at an increased rental. He further pointed out that provision for students services could be taken care of at that time by an expansion of the Multi-Purpose Building on the Campus, this can be added to on three sides. The barber shop and student store could be located in an expanded Multi-Purpose Building."

Any technologies interested in grad parties in SAC please contact me as soon as possible regarding dates available.  
Warren Lauwers  
Social Chairman



- 15. If you have a drinking problem you can get expert, confidential help by calling the nearest office of the Alcoholism Foundation of British Columbia or Alcoholics Anonymous.**

Address \_\_\_\_\_

**GOVERNMENT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA**  
**COUNCIL ON DRUGS, ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO**  
 Hon. D.L. Brothers, O.C., Minister of Education—Chairman

**Hon. D. L. Brothers, O.C., Minister of Education—Chairman**



## COMMON MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT VENEREAL DISEASE



The Parachute Club put on a jump display on Wednesday, March 1st, with some very fine examples of this enjoy-

able sport. With good weather conditions and spectators on hand, the parachutists had a good time.

photo by Dan McAuliffe

Contrary to popular myth, the professional prostitute is responsible for only about 5 percent of all VD infections. It is true that in pre-penicillin days, the "fille de joie" was a major spreader of the disease, but that is not so today. Now it is promiscuous boy and girl or man and woman (about 80 percent of the cases) and homosexuals (at least 15 percent of the cases) that have taken over the wholesale propagation of infection.

Some have erroneously thought they could get VD only from females. But in many areas 20 percent or more of the infections are transmitted by homosexual practices. And since male homosexuals usually make more contacts than those involved in heterosexual promiscuous sex, the problem is exploding among them.

Hush-hush attitudes and half-truths about VD have engendered many popular and dangerous myths.

A boy passed his father's chair and, noticing an article on VD, asked, "What's that, Dad?"

The father hastily folded up the paper and said, "Nothing son." Later, he told him, "You don't have to worry as long as you go with clean girls."

But syphilis and gonorrhea transmission have nothing to do with dirt, "clean" appearance or "good" breeding. A shower twice a day means nothing.

Neither does poverty, per se. VD's association with slums or poverty areas is true to a large extent, but only because these areas concentrate the worst factors that encourage the transmission of the disease: ignorance, careless morality, lack of treatment or lack of education to detect the disease. VD is prevalent in all classes when conditions are met. No race is immune.

It is next to impossible for it to be transmitted by public toilets, dirty door knobs, drinking cups, eating utensils, water, food or air. Even the possibility of transmission by hand-shaking is remote.

A knowledge of the nature of the syphilis and gonorrhea organisms shows why. The organisms are fragile outside the human body. Removed from human tissues, they die within seconds (or a few minutes at most) upon contact with light, heat, dryness or air. They thrive only at body temperature and cannot survive great fluctuations of temperature. (Once inside the human body, however, they are anything but fragile and delicate. They are one of the hardest organisms for the body to destroy.)

Venereal disease is not self-engendered. It is spread to others by contact with people who have the disease. Syphilis and gonorrhea microbes grow, in nature, only in humans. They do not naturally infect other animals and are not known to be spread by them. Overwhelmingly and almost exclusively, they are spread from person to person by sexual intercourse or intimate body contact.

In a gonorrhea infection, no practical immunity develops. In syphilis, although there may be a certain, but imperfect, level of immunity after years

of infection, it can be overwhelmed by a large reinfection. If cured by early treatment (before any degree of immunity can be developed) an individual can be immediately reinfected again and again--and many are. Syphilis and gonorrhea can infect the same person at the same time.

No immunizing vaccine for either exists. (Gonococci characteristics make it an unlikely vaccine candidate. The fragile nature of the syphilis organism outside the human body has not permitted it to be cultured for such a use.)

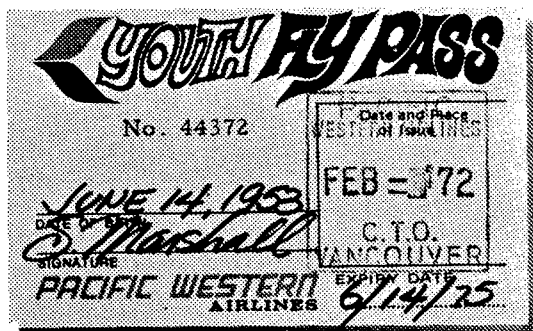
VD is not passed through heredity (by genes) but syphilis can be passed congenitally--that is, to an already developing fetus through the placenta of an infected mother. Syphilis thus contracted without detection can be tragic. In many cases, syphilis germs kill the fetus, causing a miscarriage, abortion or stillbirth, or the disease can cause disfiguring birth defects among live babies.

The Pill, of course, does not prevent VD infection. In fact, it apparently adds an extra susceptibility factor.

According to Dr. Walter Smartt of the Los Angeles County Health Department, women on the Pill seem more liable to VD infections and complications.

As for prophylactics, investigators find many don't use them, or if they plan to, take risks. No chemical or medical preventive device offers absolute protection from infection. Even the use of make condoms is not a 100 percent guarantee against syphilis infection, and depending on how it is used, it may be no protection for gonorrhea either.

## The \$3 good-tripper.



We've got a way to get your next trip off the ground in great style — but you've got to make the first move. Just take a little trip to your nearest PWA ticket office and buy a Youth Fly Pass. It's \$3. Be sure to take proof of age along. (Sorry, old-timers, it's for people under 22.)

Your little effort will now start to pay big dividends. For one thing, you get up to 1/3 off your fare. And your space is confirmed. In advance.

Effective May 1st

To keep your trip rolling along on the ground, ship your

bicycle along. (Sorry, nothing motorized.) Wheel on down to your local PWA freight office at least three days before your flight departure and we'll ship your bike to your destination for only \$7.50 prepaid. Just show us your air ticket, and we'll put your show on the road.

For local information, call your nearest Pacific Western Airlines Office.

**PACIFIC  
WESTERN  
AIRLINES**  
**Count on us.**

### Cat's Whiskers DISCOTHEQUE

**Dancing and Entertainment  
Swings Nightly**

Monday-Thursday 9:00-2:00am  
Friday 5:00-2:00 am  
Saturday 9:00-1:00 am

**Top Name Groups**

**HOTEL DEVONSHIRE**  
849 West Georgia

**681-5481**

# The Oneida Community

We have built us a dome  
On our beautiful plantation,  
And we all have one home  
And one family relation.  
--Oneida Song.



Jack Smugler

Lately, there has been among the young generation a great interest and enthusiasm for communal living. This is not an isolated phenomenon, but rather part of a movement that can be traced back thousands of years. To the skeptics, I offer this brief description of the Oneida Community, one of the more successful and interesting communes of the last century.

The Oneida Community was begun by John Humphrey Noyes in 1849 in Oneida, New York. Noyes was a very religious man who had had several "illuminations" which prompted him to break from the traditional churches to found a sect of his own which he called Perfectionism. It was based on the belief that the second coming of Christ had already occurred in 70 A.D., and that heaven on earth was but waiting for man to build it. With Christ's communist ideals as their own, Noyes and his followers separated themselves to a great extent from society at large, and sought to build the perfect social arrangement. It is surprising to see how well they succeeded.

One of the primary relationships that was changed was marriage. Based on the Bible, they abolished exclusive relations, and instituted their own system of Complex Marriage. In theory, any two members were free to cohabit within the community. They but required each other's consent and the intervention of a third person to arrange the details. This never led to wild orgies, or even excesses, but rather inspired the members to a more lively interest in each other. The exclusive relation of two people, young or old, was regarded as selfish and "idolatrous", for it naturally restricted the depth of feeling one could attain with others of the community.

The Oneidians practised birth-control in the form of coitus reservatus. This involved the normal procedures of intercourse, except that the male does not have an orgasm while inside the female. (Try it sometime! I did, and I can only admire the tremendous self-discipline the Oneidians must have had!) They also practised selective breeding in an attempt to produce the best children they could.

Although initially the community was poverty-stricken, through collective effort they were able to become quite prosperous. They produced a multitude of food on their own land, as well as having several industries. They had silk, wood, animal trap and spoon factories, as well as engaging in food conning. All of their products had an excellent reputation for being high quality goods.

All the property, right down to the clothes on everyone's back, was owned by the community. The affairs of Oneida were run by 21 standing committees, and 48 administrative departments. Everyone had an equal voice in the running of things,

although Noyes, as the founder and inspiration for the community, was consulted for his opinion on important affairs and his opinion was usually followed. Oneida was, in the true sense of the word, a well-functioning commune.

Neither were there any definite rules in regards to hours of work. People were shifted from one job to another, to serve the individual's and community's interests and also to avoid boredom. There was a large library, many games and frequent picnics and other social events.

To maintain their unique system of social relationships, they employed a method they called mutual criticism (which appear to be much like the encounter groups of today). When a member did something that was against the group's ideals, he was criticized before a small group or even the entire group for his actions. An atmosphere of utter honesty was developed, and the member's good and bad points were openly discussed. According to those who went through the experience, it was a great release and liberation, giving them insight into themselves and others. Mutual criticism made the community very close and the individuals in it better human beings.

Everyone lived together in one large house called The Manor. Older people generally had their own rooms. The children were all raised together and lived in a separate part of the Manor. The parents, however, were free to see their children at any time.

The Oneida Community survived intact until 1879, by which time it had over 300 members. The reasons for its ultimate failure are quite complicated, but the basic reason was outside pressure. The established religious, as well as society at large, could not stand to see a mockery made of their moral and capitalist codes. There was tremendous pressure put on Oneida to abandon its "heretical" policies. Also, a small dissident group developed within the community, many of the younger generation being agnostics. Thus, in 1879, Oneida was forced to abandon its practice of Complex Marriage. Within another two lacking this cohesive force, Oneida was turned from a communist society into a joint-stock corporation. Although a certain spirit still survived, the Oneida Community was dead.

Something of the same spirit seems to have revived recently. People are looking around and, seeing the utter mess of society, are going out and trying to build modes of existence that are human. Outside pressures are still tremendous on "dem hippie communes", but many are nevertheless succeeding. The major difference between Oneida's times and today is the rapid advance of technology. Technology is the pinnacle of the physical sciences, and the commune is the pinnacle of the social sciences. If the two could only be combined, there would be no limit to the human potential !!!

And its all in your hands . . . . .

## Faculty Not

## Considered

Faculty are being left out of the policy and curriculum decisions effecting the operation and education of post-secondary education. Most colleges agreed that decisions that could be better thought out by faculty are being made at the administrative or board level. This was the opinion of a majority of American Colleges as expressed at an annual general meeting of the American Association of Junior Colleges held in Dallas in the closing days of February.

Edmund Gleazer, Executive Director of A.A.J.C. summed up the views after one year of traveling and discussing this and other problems with U.S. Colleges. He stated that faculty members were becoming very frustrated with the lack of participation that they were involved in guiding the education in their institutes. They felt the people closest to the students and the most qualified in the school were being left out of areas that chiefly concern them.

Administration answered with skepticism on faculty's ability to get together and agree on any changes. History showed many examples of their inability, administration insisted and because of their decisions were forced to a different level.

Students who felt the gap on both levels of the line, too, felt a resistance to their participation. Indeed it would seem that they felt it harder to break into the exclusiveness of the faculty than the boundry of the administration.

In focussing on future governance of the system participation becomes the key word. The educational system is a learning process that should not be restricted to curriculum but be broadened to include the operation of the campus, curriculum changes and future planning on all levels.

## NEWS FROM THE S.A. OFFICE

The Coffee House presentation of Anne Mortifee was a delightful experience. She is a wonderful artist with loads of talent and I sincerely hope she will be back again soon. To all those who missed her, I suggest you make an effort to hear her next time. It will be a wonderful thrill for you all.

The executive of the S.A. have approved the purchase of a large pool table - a 6 x 12 size. The continued use of the pool table shows many of our students enjoy relaxation with their studies.

The stock available at the TNT Store has been increased lately. For the business students, arrangements have been made to stock the "Globe & Mail" and "Financial Post". Complete line of stationery items is now available. "Smile T-shirts" and "Pub" sweat-shirts are being sold. We hope to change the barber shop into a "unisex" hair styling shop for next term offering services for the girls as well as the males on campus.

With the demise of the grad dance, there will probably be a number of small Technology grad parties. A few dates are still available in the SAC cafeteria should any groups so desire the services of the place.

The P.R. work of SFU and UBC certainly embarrasses us at BCIT. Rarely a day goes by without a mention of these

schools in the passing. Recently Jack Webster devoted his evening dinner hour radio time to SFU. Where are our good publicity hounds?

Any students planning a trip overseas should avail themselves of the Western Student Services charter flights. You no doubt are reading of the trouble a lot of charter

flights are experiencing - however the W.S.S. charters are run strictly as they should be and no landing problems should develop in Britain. The charters to London offer the cheapest and surest way of getting to Europe this summer.



*"It's not how long you wear it,  
it's how you wear it long"*

*get your hair styled by...*

**TOTAL EMAGE  
CAMPUS BARBER SHOP**



Drummer's view of things, as everyone gets off with the Crosstown Bus at the Clubs Dance.

photo by Dan McAuliffe

## The Chosen One

"Good God woman, shut up."

"But why George?"

"You know dam well we can't pray on a weekday."

"It won't hurt them."

"The Reverend said that praying on weekdays won't bring results."

"I think the children should pray before bedtime, its morally up-lifting."

"The hell it is. Sunday morning is our praying time. Just Sunday, not some stupid Wednesday night."

George stormed out of the room and went to find his latest issue of Playboy. He was fuming. Just think, if she kept this up he would have to put up with religion seven days a week. Jesus Christ, it's bad enough once but all the time, he might as well become a goddam monk. Just as he was gawking at the centerfold the doorbell rang.

"George could you get it, I'm busy."

Upset at losing his pleasures, he noisily made his way to the door.

"Good evening sir, I'm..."

"You're not one of them dam Jehovah's Witnesses are you?"

"Well, yes sir."

"Why in hell's name can't you people be normal and be religious on Sunday's, not whenever you feel like it?"

"Sir if you'll just give me a minute of your time, I would like to tell you. . . ."

"I'll tell you, you weirdo. I don't need none of your stuff. I go to church and do my duty every Sunday morning like all decent people. Now isn't that good enough?"

"Sir the bible doesn't state that everybody must worship just on Sunday."

"What do you know about the bible? Look at the crap you people read."

"Sir have you ever read the bible?"

"I dam well don't have to, I learn what I need to know in church. I know where I'll go when I die. Up there. You want to know where you people will end up. In Hell!!!! Good night!!!!"

George slammed the door on the Witnesses' face and headed back to his Playboy. He settled into his easy chair and reached for his cigarettes.

"Mary, where's my smokes?"

"I threw out the package, it was empty."

"Oh Christ!! I'm going to the store, I'll be back in a minute." He put on his coat and headed to the corner grocery store. He had almost reached his target when a long haired, bible bearing youth approached him.

"Jesus loves you."

"What's with you, Jesus don't love us. What do you do for a living anyhow, hippie?"

"I am a disciple of the Lord."

"How much do they pay you?"

"They. . . .?"

"Yea, who ever sends you out to push your stuff on honest, hard working, tax paying citizens like us."

"Sir, I am a servant of the Lord. I survive on the barest essentials and my only aim is to please Him by spreading His word."

"So you go to church on Sunday's?"

"My life is centered around Him, I attend when I feel the need to."

"Are you people joining up with them other nuts?"

"Sir. . . .?"

"Them Jehovah's Witnesses, they run around praying and being religious whenever they feel like it. Are you getting together with them?"

"I am only the Lord's servant."

"Yea, enough of that shit, just what do you do?"

"I spread His word."

"What for?"

"To bring peace and love into the hearts of men so that men will open up and accept Him."

"Don't you have an honest job or are you on welfare by any chance?"

"I receive money from the government which is pooled so we can continue to spread His word."

"Ah ha !! You are one of those lazy bastards who would rather sit on his ass all day long and get paid than go out and get a job!"

"Sir you misunderstand."

"I know your type, you all should be taken out and shot, you're parasites. Sucking on us to live. Well if I had my way, I'd put your kind in work camps, then you'd find the real meaning of work. Now get out of here you bastard."

"May the Lord help you."

"Go to hell you goddam punk."

George purchased his cigarettes and discussed his problems with his wife later that night in bed.

"I'm going to write to the government and see if they can't get rid of all these weird religious types, they make us decent people ashamed of them and to think, we even support some of them."

"Yes George, well we do have quite a lot to be thankful for."

"You're right Mary, we're normal, law abiding, religious citizens. We have a house, two cars, a color television, a stereo. . . . ."

by John Holmes

**ALBERT · COLLINS**

**"King of the Blues"**

**MARCH 23—APRIL 8**

**GASTOWN BC**  
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# GRINDER

## AN UNDERSTANDING

It's a Sunday afternoon  
And I'm thinking of a boy  
I met a short time ago.  
It was an instant love,  
A laugh of a time,  
A smile and a wink,  
A token and a gesture,  
And we were one.

But he was afraid to be touched  
by love,  
or by me.

He turned away,  
And I couldn't comprehend his thoughts,  
Or even try to talk sense,  
For he was gone.  
We were lost in a crazy maze of words.  
I must be naive.  
It takes me so long to understand,  
To learn, to be, just me.  
It takes so long to see the truth,  
I said so much,  
So much of nothing,  
Because we were both lost in our own dreams and ideals,  
Which I felt, didn't include me, and  
Then I cried.  
We were separate from each other's realities.  
We babbled incoherently about ourselves,  
Not thinking of each other.  
He talked of this and I talked of that.  
We should work for a goal, together, for tomorrow.  
I've always wondered about second chances,  
If they really work or not,  
Yet I still would like to try.

Linda Tomlin

**SOMETHING TO DO**  
Snickers, melba toast, coffee and cigarettes  
Expression, creativeness all take  
Many forms - to sing a song, to draw,  
To speak, to write, to take a picture  
How do turtles talk?

Doc

## THE STRIPPER

I seem to be sliding  
down  
down  
down  
Rusty red banisters  
In my virginal colored nighty  
Hoping to find peace and tranquility  
In forsaken subways  
That pass too quickly  
I have to catch one now  
Before my allotted time  
gives way  
And my soft beautiful body becomes  
coarse  
wrinkled  
and unloved

Then I must surely die

Linda Tomlin

# GRIS

## ANALOGIES

Standing in a comunicado quero  
I think I'm listening  
to a tune. (we all listen to  
different tunes)  
I should not try to think,  
of another song after the one  
I'm singing, until it is over  
Because its hard and I get  
confused with the original.  
On the edge, a decision.

Doc

## THE CURTAIN FALLS

He awoke, stretched his aching limbs,  
Opened his eyes to the rising sun.  
He stiffly rose from his bed  
And staggered to the window.  
His tired body soothed by the warmth from the sun.

He was a lost sheep out in the world.  
No one, no home, all alone,  
With no place to be and not one responsibility.  
Wandering thoughts to places he thought  
He would like to see.  
All his dreams a waste of time  
Of sheer impossibilities.  
Never enough money and no one to lend.  
Would today bring the close of what seemed  
To be life's end?

His mind constantly racked by blarring sounds  
Teasing at his brain, again and again.  
Up and down and sometimes not quite back.  
Never knowing for sure from where  
But eventually returning, though he doesn't care.  
His jeans worn, creased and patched,  
A tattered shirt draped over his back.  
Searching, groping and for who knows what?  
In and out of darkness --  
Darker and Darker  
Darker and darker --  
Leaving life behind.  
The Curtain is slowly drawn  
On this beautiful yet lonely dawn.

by Lenore Mann

photo by Dan McAuliffe

# MOTORSPORT



photo by Dan McAuliffe

This past Sunday, BCIT MSC held the "Orbit Slalom". Jack Burgess of Carlings Breweries presented a cheque to Larry Patterson to aid the finances of this regional event. It's great to have industry involved in the affairs of students.

The motorsport club has finally become self sufficient. We have purchased an electronic timer for solo events. The timer has a digital read-out accurate to 1/1000th of a second. The timer is tripped by two photoelectric cells. One for the start and one for the finish. Flashlights are used for tripping the photoelectric cells. These cells are so sensitive the lights can be as far as 80 feet from the cells in bright sunlight, with very little chance of reflections tripping the timer.

To try out the timer we held a practice slalom on Feb. 28. Sandy Kay the builder of the timer was out to show us how everything worked. A course was then set up by Ted Bauder and Les Napodi, two people who are familiar with slaloms. There was a good turnout with old and new drivers. The experienced drivers getting some practice in while the novice drivers gained experience and accepted helpful criticism from the old "Pros". We tried handbrake turns, tried each others cars. Rodger with his V.W. was out. Les Napodi was out with his 65 Midget. Les is doing quite

well now winning group 7 in the West Coast Slalom one week before the practice and 2nd in group 7 one week later in Nixon 1st Novice Slalom. Keep going Less!!! The Aldus-Patterson Mini is changing rapidly. A used engine was purchased for parts and surprise it race prepared. This new engine is undergoing preparation for the transplant. New tires on reversed rims increase the Minie wheelbase 8in. over a stock wheelbase. The car is capable of fast times but is Larry????!!!!

At the 1st Nixon Novice Slalom it was pouring buckets. As a green novice, having only run in our practice a week before, I was looking forward to running despite the weather. I also let my girlfriend race my car as well (heh heh)!! We walked the course 3 or 4 times and succeeded in getting soaked in the process. We both ran our 3 runs without DNFing and neither of us came last. I received 4th in class (group 4) in my 65 M.G.B. My girlfriend received 1st ladies, 1st first event driver and 3rd in class. She beat me by 3/10 of a second. Her name is Joanne Morrill from UBCSCC, and she's fast watch out for her. Others in the club finished as follows:

Group 4:  
Ted Bauder 2nd (beat by a Lotus last run)  
Joanne Morrill 3rd  
Rod Napodi 4th  
Group 7:  
Les Napodi 2nd  
Larry Patterson 5th  
8/10 of a second between Larry and Les.  
This Sunday we are sponsoring a slalom on our own parking lot. Come out and participate or just watch.  
Rod Napodi

the friend

We were sitting on the park bench the other day discussing what should be discussed when my friend jumped up and said.  
"What we need is another war, a real war, only better than the last one."  
"What brought this on?"  
"You see these young people lying around here?"  
"Yes."  
"Well did you know they're really waiting for another war."  
"Really!" I was getting worked up about the endless possibilities. I could be a captain in the army or a major, even a general.  
"Yes, they're bored with peace, its not as exciting as it used to be. Demonstrations, riots, they've gone now. They want to get out into a battlefield where men can prove they're men." My friend was proving himself so brilliant on the affairs of others, that I decided he was widely knowledgeable on worldly problems.  
"What about pollution, what would you do about it?"  
"Leave it, its a dead horse."  
"But its a problem."  
"That's not what counts, it won't sell papers or up ratings any more, people just don't buy it. I was flabbergasted. He really knew the answer. I had to push on.  
"Welfare, what about welfare?"  
"Cancel all payments. They's soon find a job, they'd have to or they'd starve, which would also get rid of them."  
"And politicians?"  
"Tell them to shape up or ship out, they're not strong enough. They should crack down on those hippies. There just aren't enough laws being made any more."  
"Why haven't you run for office?"  
"I would if I could but you see I lost an arm and a leg during the last war, for my country of

course, and I wouldn't be able to get around."  
I sympathized with him and noticed that he did happen to be short one arm and one leg.  
"But do you know what I would do if I was in power?"  
"What?"  
"Censor everything and start a massive propaganda program."  
"On what?"  
"That doesn't matter, anything to activate this soft country." I was thoroughly impressed by his intelligence and foresight and knew he would be immediately elected if he ran for an office. I had one more unanswered question.  
"What about capitalists exploiting the country?"  
"My dear friend, that's not a problem, that's the solution. Why if it wasn't for those great people we wouldn't be where we are today. I hope I've straightened you out on that perfectly ened you out on that matter." Everything was perfectly clear to me now, thanks to my friend.

Have you seen the little piggies  
Crawling in the dirt  
And for all the little piggies  
Life is getting worse  
Always having dirt to play  
around in.

Have you seen the bigger piggies  
In their starched white shirts  
You will find the bigger piggies  
Stirring up the dirt  
Always have clean shirts to  
play around in.

In their styes with all their  
backing  
They don't care what goes on  
around  
In their eyes there's something  
lacking  
What they need's a dam good  
wacking

Everywhere there's lots of piggies  
Living piggies lives.  
You can see them out for dinner  
With their piggie wives  
Clutching forks and knives to  
eat their bacon.

George Harrison  
1968

## Sports

Once upon a time there was a roller-skating party on the eve of March 14th. Seventy-five roller nuts appeared at the Stardust rink in N. Van. Hotel-motel hosted the event, with good representation from Finance, Forestry, Marketing and X-Ray, along with their friends. Stardust hosted various games and roller events in which all had a good laugh. Within the near future, Hotel-motel hopes to arrange an ice-skating party and would like to co-host it with another tech.

Thanks Gail.

'64 Austin Heally, exc.  
condition, radials,  
tested, offers.  
277 - 6745

## PIZZA HUT

The management & staff of Pizza Hut would like to thank B.C.I.T. students for their support.

Special thanks to forestry and engineering.





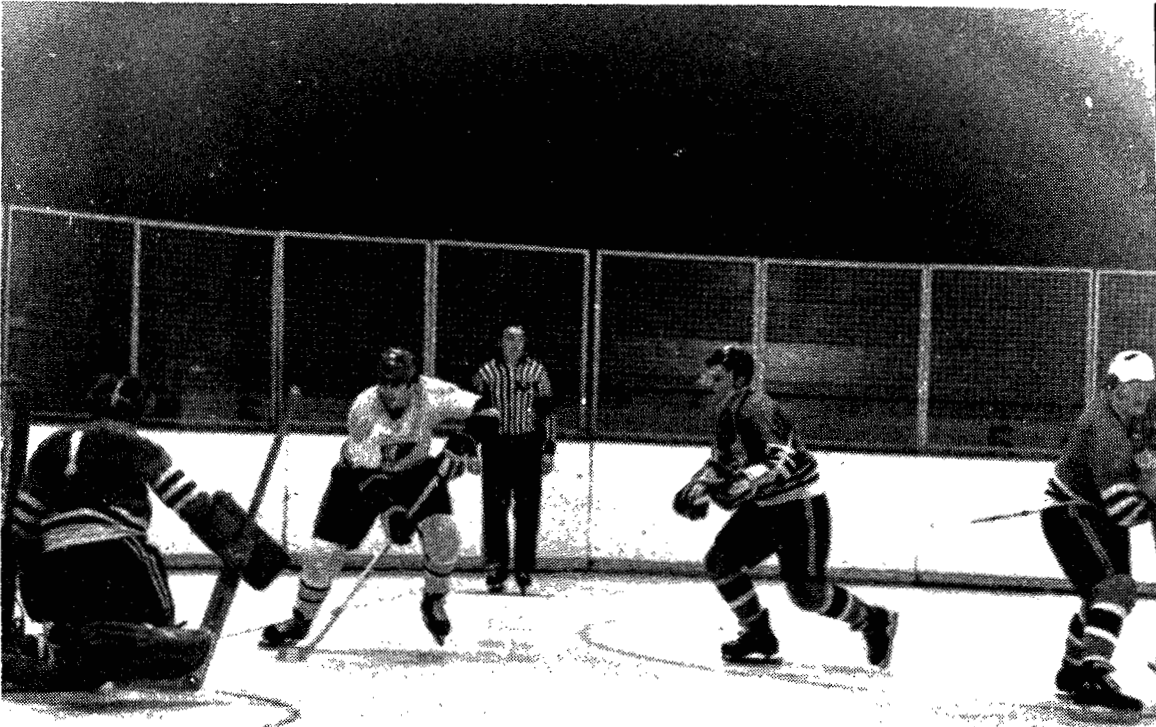
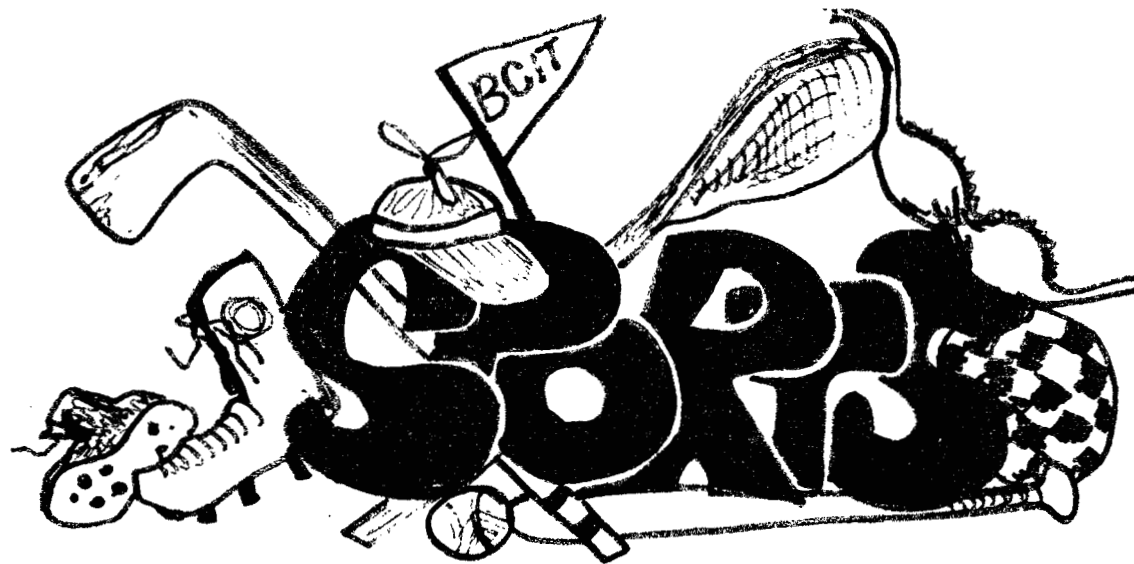


photo by Dan Williamson



## COUGARS '71-72

Hockey this year was not the best,  
I guess we just weren't as good as the rest.  
Playing U. of W. was lotsa fun,  
But when playing the rest, we had had the bun.  
Big Al should have put on his blades,  
Instead of leading the boys in pantie raids.  
Pete Fraser always tried to do his best,  
But when the girls wren't watching, he'd take a rest!  
But Pete hopes that next year, we'll win more than one game.  
So he'll have a chance in the Hall of Fame...  
But all in all it was a fairly good year,  
Especially on the trips 'knocking back beer!  
As Jones said, "It's not whether you win or lose,

ian

### GRASS HOCKEY

This last Sunday, the B.C.I.T. Woman's Field Hockey Team travelled to Victoria to play their first game since last November. The team consisted of only nine players instead of the regular eleven and although U. of Victoria loaned us substitutes, the Cougar(ettes) were still at a disadvantage. At 12:30 our team played against the Oak Bay Evergreens in a tremendously vigorous game considering, in our opposition there were several "olde" ladies. The score at half-time was 1-1, but the "ladies" forged ahead to defeat B.C.I.T. 4-1. The field conditions in Victoria are considerably better than any in Vancouver, even though our second game

was hampered by a large mud-pool down the center of the field. A half hour after our first game, we were playing again, this time against U. of Victoria "B". Play was scruffy and rough, with those players positions in the centerfield emerging as though from a mud bath. B.C.I.T. was again defeated, this time to the tune of 5 goals to one. Special mention must be given to Sheila, our goalie, Wendy (RW) Lesley (LH) for playing an impressive game- and to Tolani (the coach) who kept the team together.

If nothing else, the B.C.I.T. Hockey Girls strove to play their best, and just as important, to have as much fun and enjoyment as possible in the process, as field hockey is a sport. Happy-up U. Vic !!

### Karate

Regular classes are held every Wednesday and Thursday nights from 5:00-7:00 PM in the S.A.C. gym Stay in shape and learn something useful.

### Women's Self Defence Course

If enough women are interested in learning self defence, then classes will be held in the gym from 5-7 Wed. & Fri. nights. If interested, leave your name and phone no. in the supplies room, SAC

### Men & Women

Private lessons can be arranged on a weeknight or weekend. If interested, leave name name and phone no. in supplies room, SAC.

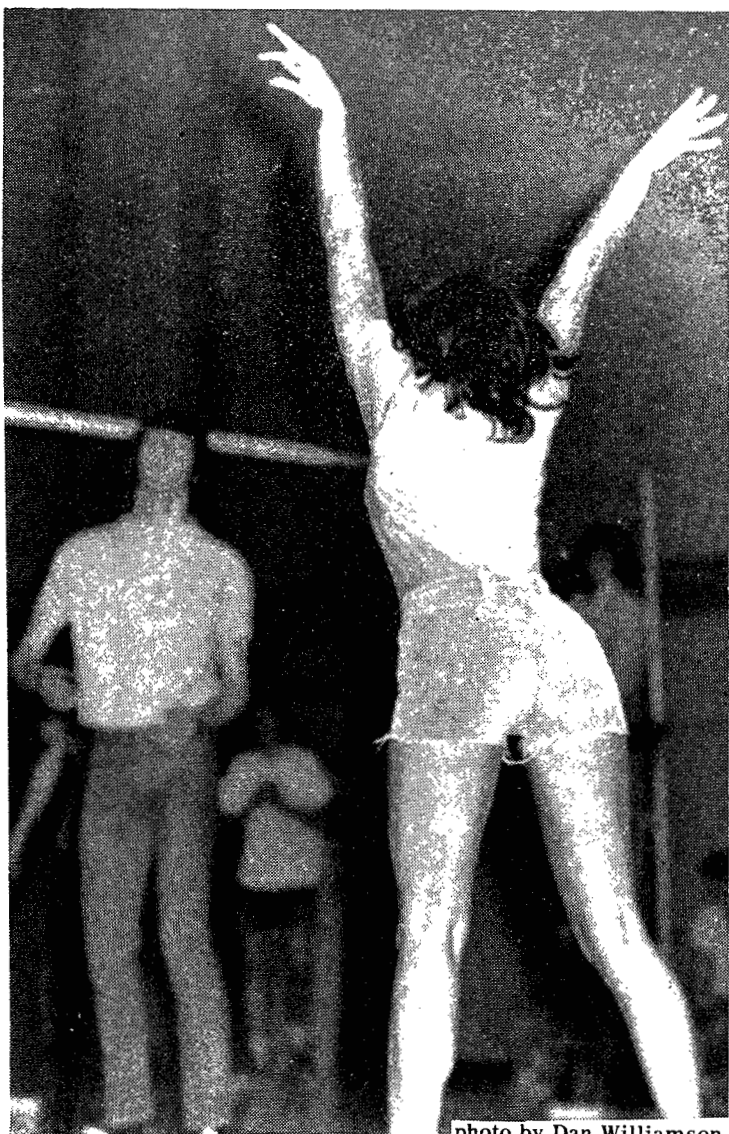


photo by Dan Williamson

## Get In Shape

## THE HELL OF HEAVEN

by Toto Miller

I had a dream the other night. I dreamt I floated up to Heaven and was greeted by a sour Gabriel. Now, I always figured that Gabriel was a happy sort, 'cause the gate-keeper opened the gate to Heaven and the supposed joys and blessings that are related with it. I could fancy him telling his fellow angels, over a glass of heavenly froth at the Villa in the sky, the human interest stories and the biggies he had admitted that day to walk the clouds on the Holy Sea. Somehow, as a mortal, I figured when the day came, I'd like to fix the Heavenly ledgers so the auditors wouldn't see how much in the red so I could get a job with Gabriel carrying the key to Heaven. So when I dreamt I went to Heaven and was met by the voice of a growling Gabriel I was stunned.

I had rung the bell on the Heavenly gates; not once, but a number of times. It was only after my annoying persistence spiced with profanity, that finally the thunder clap of a voice reverberated from the gate all the way down to the pits of fire below. "What the hell do you want?"

"My name's Toto Miller," I answered, quaking in the wings that pinched irritably my feet (new wings always do that until you break'em in).

"It's not Toto Miller," the voice corrected. "It's 76281. Don't forget it!" With that the voice shattered my last grain of self-assurance.

The giant gate swung open and I was admitted into the white marble halls of Heaven. Signs directed me to an area they called "Registration." There I met them -- the Heavenly Civil Service. I immediately recognized the bland faces as having belonged to the cold specimens of human marble that formed the working bureaucracy of the mortal BCIT I had known and were noted for their uncordiality when dealing with the students with rare exceptions. I approached one with faltering hope and queried, "Could I possibly see the woman that used to be Mr. Goard's secretary, or the one that used to be Mr. Field's?" They were two of the few bureaucratic workers who offered friendliness in those stale halls of technological training.

"Those infidels -- here-tics," she lashed back, "we sent them where they belong; down to the other place, classified Red 280, file Red 640."

"You mean Hell?" I tremulously asked.

"Where else?" came the reply.

I went through the horror of registration and shuddered with the prospect of my eternal sentence in Heaven.

For days after I floated on the technological clouds. Soon the smile I had known as a mortal eroded to a frown of despair. Heaven wasn't all what I had anticipated, and as I bumped into one technological cloud after another where the canticles of academia from the spirits of former BCIT instructors droned on, I knew I had to make a break no matter what the consequence. In desperation I clipped my wings, burned my white tie of technological, business-mined purity and spat on the declaration to follow the rules (right or wrong) I was forced to sign before entry into Heavenly walls.

My expulsion was swift. I fell and fell and fell . . . . till the glow from a burning pit below began to warm me body and spirit. I made a feather landing in the pit and was greeted by the warm hand of Satan himself. "Now you know which is the real hell," he commented. "Welcome to heavenly Hell."

As I was enjoying my life in Hell, I ran across Dean Goard, the principal I had known as I walked about in a daze as a mortal at the institute. I asked him how he rated Hell.

"that blessing," he answered, "was a tough one to acquire, but I swung it by emoing'em to death. When I was up there, I found myself squeezed in the middle; nagged by instructors, ordered by the government, pressured by the student technological angels and bitched at by your awaiting spirit into Heaven. ...Yeah, it was tough and go to get qualification to get out of Heaven and be admitted into the sublime of Hell, but I made it." And I was glad to have him down there with me. It wouldn't be Hell without him.

But it was only a dream and the clock radio with that awful talking furnace (natural gas commercial from Hydro) awakened me to mortality.

Man alive! What does a guy usually go the Pizza Patio for? -- pizza. You sure the hell don't go there for service; at least you don't go to the one at 4623 Kingsway for service. It's too much of a novelty. It's one of those little extras that drain the ingenuity of inept waitresses, fun-seeking cooks who take their breaks in one of the booths with the waitresses and a couple of straddlers who want to join the staff party while hunger gnaws the patron.

When they renovated the place, it used to be nice to go in with your gal and be serviced promptly with a smile. Since then it appears that this eatery has evolved to a teenage hangout and the service and atmosphere has slumped so low that your only hope to enjoy the pizza is to buy a package of bubble gum and pick up on all the in words of junior high.

I guess I've crossed over to the other side of the generation gap where I want service and sanity and a great pizza. My last time at the Pizza Patio on Kingsway, I waited with my girlfriend for over half an hour as the waitresses read the selections on the juke box, walked about in a daze and had their fun in a corner booth with the cooks and others while patrons went hungry. I finally had to go up to one of the waitresses and ask for service. As far as that second cup of coffee I asked for, it never came.

Take heed dear readers, Pizza Patio at 4623 Kingsway is a great place for pizza. Go there, however, without the pangs of hunger for the wait may be too much for you, with a package of bubble gum in your pocket and a prayer that the atmosphere of a hangout for the teenage set isn't along to interfere with your sanity.

### Optometrist

J. W. Russell,

B.Sc., O.D.

OLD ORCHARD  
SHOPPING CENTRE  
WILLINGDON  
AT KINGSWAY  
437-4515



photo by Chris West

# THIS 'N' THAT

LOOK! I GOT  
A SMILE T-SHIRT  
AT THE CAMPUS SHOP

THEY'VE GOT  
PUB SWEATSHIRTS  
TOO!  
RIGHT?

RIGHT!

BEER

ALSO A FANTASTIC SELECTION OF  
SHAMPOOS CREME RINSES  
AND BATH OILS!  
ONLY 95¢!



# BS Column

One of the best performances by a single entertainer at BCIT was witnessed on Feb. 24th at the Business Society Coffee House. The entertainer-Russell Thornberry. If you missed his act, may a thousand crazed titwillows do great damage to your do-do and if you saw him you can consider yourself very appreciatively entertained -- at the lowest possible cost. Thanks to the work of many people I can say with utmost confidence that the B.S. Coffee House is No. 1 in Vancouver. We didn't let that last remark go to our heads how-

ever, and in our continuing endeavour to bring in the best acts at the lowest cost, on **Thursday, March 16**, none other than Vancouver's own **Ann Mortifee** was our songstress for the evening. Ann just recently returned from a recording session in New York which will give you some idea of her calibre and this same performer composed and sang the musical score for the

very popular play, the **Ecstasy of Rita Joe**. Her performance on Thursday night lived up to everyone's expectations and more so. She is in every sense a folk singer/composer supreme and she left everyone with

a reputation B.C.I.T. will not forget. She will be back. And by the way, we served wine at the last Coffee House and it turned out to be an instant success -- both Irish Coffee and wine will now be served.

A great deal of support for the society has recently been shown in the form of manpower (and women power) -- it is becoming stronger and is very rewarding to see. My thanks to those members who show a genuine interest and to those that don't, why not jump on the wagon?

I was approached by two members some time ago who were under the impression that they could receive xeroxed copies of our books. I looked into their request and discovered (as per the societies act) that we are under no such obligation -- and rightfully so. Any member may, on request, examine the original copy in our office and that is all they may do. We plan to publish our books near the end of the term in this paper. Remember, the meeting is Wednesday, March 22 at 12:30 in the committee room. Please, let's have a good turnout.



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## herb grey agrees with president

The recently printed Herb Gray report dealing with foreign ownership in Canada agreed with an article published in the Link last October. In his report he outlined reasons why Canadians do not own and control their own country. One of the reasons is quoted below:

"Since Confederation, consecutive governments have emphasized the need for rapid Canadian development. This emphasis on growth led to the emergence of important 'gaps' as the demands of the economy normally exceeded the supply of domestic, human and non-human resources: needed technology was not available from Canadian sources, capital to finance a particular venture or category of activity could not be found (or Canadian financial intermediaries were unable or unwilling to fund certain undertakings); entrepreneurial talent to identify and fill a particular need in the Canadian market seems to have been lacking; and Canadians tended to look to foreign sources (the U.S. in particular) for certain goods or services. The existence of these 'gaps' makes it considerably easier for foreign investment to penetrate the Canadian market.

It is significant that needed technology was not purchased (i.e. through licenses) and needed capital came in the form of direct investment rather than portfolio investment to support the growth of Canadian firms. This suggests that the gaps were more than financial, that they were in fact entrepreneurial or technological in nature. Of course foreign direct investment, because it often provides a missing ingredient, tends to stultify the development of this ingredient (Canadian tech-

nology or entrepreneurship) and aggravate the existing gaps.

The reasons for the existence of an entrepreneurial gap in a complex psychological and sociological question. Three potential explanations can be suggested:

(a) Canada's colonial status may have led to a mentality of looking abroad for the new and the better in goods and services;

(b) The Canadian education system--especially in Quebec--was heavily geared to a classical curriculum and it did not turn out the engineers and business graduates needed to lead the development of an entrepreneurial and innovative society;

(c) Financial institutions and to some extent the senior business executive positions generally have reflected a degree of clannishness and a reluctance to deal with those who were not members of the right social circle. This lack of social mobility in Canadian society may also have frustrated the growth of indigenous innovation and entrepreneurship.

It should not be concluded that this analysis suggests that Canada become self-sufficient and do everything for itself. Some of the 'gaps' identified maybe a reflection of the economic soundness of relying on foreign sources to fill certain needs which are more effectively performed abroad. However, it is clear that

foreign investment in Canada has grown and foreign-owned companies are growing faster than the rest of the economy. In a report released Feb. 11, 1972 by the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce on the operat-

ions of about 970 foreign-owned firms in Canada revealed above average increases during the period 1964 to 1969 in their sales and purchases, both in Canada and abroad.

The analysis shows that the basic trends in the sales, profit and trade performance of foreign-owned companies, as detailed in the draft Gray report on foreign ownership for the period up to 1968 continued into 1969.

Over the review period, there was a sharp increase in the dependence of the reporting companies on U.S. markets or sources of supply, reflecting the growing interaction of the economies of the two countries.

The proportion of total foreign income of the companies--in the form of export sales, dividend receipts and the like--derived from U.S. sources increased from 59% in 1964 to 81% in 1969.

Their expenditures in the U.S. for materials, or in the form of royalties, dividend remittances, management fees, interest, and the like -- in-wide expenses to 85% over the save 5-year period.

Canadians who so often are referred to as half American and half English need to establish themselves in their own country. Government is planning mandatory guidelines to curb foreign investments. The question is do Canadians need a heavy handicap, in industries that do not need advanced technology or exorbitant financing, to compete in their own backyard??

by Laurie Jack



## PROJECTIONS:

patrick burns

**The Last Picture Show** directed by Peter Bogdanovitch

Every so often, a film comes along which has such clarity, beauty and honesty, that it glistens in comparison with what else is playing. **The Last Picture Show** is such a film, and the fact that it is its 31 year-old director's first film makes it even more impressive.

The setting is a dying Texas town in the early fifties, where a youth (Timothy Bottoms) is in the process of becoming a man. This coming of age has become a familiar theme in such recent films as **Mon Oncle Antoine** and **Summer of 42**, but neither of those have the feel of reality that **Picture Show** does. Where **Summer of 42** was pretty and sentimental, **Picture Show** is stark and rich and overwhelmingly believable. Partly, this is due to Robert Surtees' (who also did **Summer of 42**) stunning, deep focus black-and-white photography. By the interesting paradox of film "reality" black-and-white is often more credible than brighter-than-life color, and this is a case in point. Nevertheless, Bogdanovitch's shots often sparkle with an intensity and compositional grace that makes them more interesting to look at than most technicolor epics.

The characters too, are portrayed with a realism which we never question. They are American types chosen with an eye for facial expressiveness worthy of Fellini: the high school coach, his lonely wife, played by the marvellous Cloris Leachman, the idiot boy, the shallow girl friend all are as close as Bellingham yet rarely seen on screen.

Perhaps Bogdanovitch's best touch in recreating the fifties is his use of Hank Snow's songs which are heard on the 49 Ford car radios and form ironic counterpoints for many of the

scenes. If the Beatles are the 60's and Elvis the late fifties, then Hank Snow and Kitty Wells and their pals were the early fifties, complete with John Wayne movies and drive-ins called **The Rig-Wam**, whose obese hostess is also the local \$1.50 "hooer".

It's nice to see a film which makes you realize that the revolutions of the past few weeks are not really so new: what is new is films unrestricted by pandering censorship. Now that we can see undistorted views of other times, we might find that the past is as interesting as the present. I mean, have you ever seen a nude pool party to the strains of Hank snow before? Except, of course, in real life.

**A Clockwork Orange** directed by Stanley Kubrick  
**Straw Dogs** directed by Sam Peckinpah

Both **Straw Dogs** and **A Clockwork Orange** centre around that popular (and saleable) contemporary commodity violence. **Straw Dogs** is a realistic, gut-churning orgy of guts and gore by the master of the screen ketchup, Sam Peckinpah, who previously made a bundle and started a trend with the sickening **The Wild Bunch**. Kubrick's approach to violence is much different: stylized and choreographed almost beyond recognition, a pop art fetish of finesse and visual splendour; yet it succeeds as well as **Straw Dogs** in producing a feeling of nausea, not only at the audiences at the Stanley Theatre (now specializing in blood much as the Studio specializes in skin, it seems).

The argument about whether screen violence is therapeutic ("Seeing it in a movie gets rid of all those anti-social tensions") or horrific ("It makes you realize how awful violence really is") usually misses the point: that for whatever reasons, audiences "get off" on

violence. Personally, I find a lot of better things to get off on, both on and off the screen. Like a good story, loving relationships and the tickle of spring pollen in my nostrils, none of which either of these films gave me. But it would be unfair to Kubrick to classify his work in the same category as Peckinpah's. Although **Straw Dogs** is a professionally worked film convincing in its portrayal of the "good" American, Dustin Hoffman, naively confronting the ill-bred "straw dogs" of his wife's home town, it is no more worthwhile than a puddle of vomit: intriguingly full of interesting bits and stinks, but who needs it?

**A Clockwork Orange**, on the other hand is a serious work attempting to make a serious comment on the relationship to the individual of a paternalistic society. Unfortunately, the film runs out of story and pace when its anti-hero ends up in jail half way through. From then on, **A Clockwork Orange** is a slightly dull piece of filmic magic, a pity since the first half is fresh and unseen before, and spectacularly well-made. It is hard to fault Kubrick's direction for this slide into repetition in the second half of the film. It may simply be that great stories with great endings are hard to find. More's the pity, because Kubrick makes them as good as they come.

Recommended elsewhere:

**Harold and Maude**: a very funny "tragedy" about an old lady (Ruth Gordon) and young man (Bud "Brewster McLeod")

man (Bud "Brewster McLeod" Kort) who have a fling centered around their mutual obsession with death; only it turns out they love life more.

performance, the astounding Mick Jagger identity puzzle playing April 6, 7, 8 at the Old Auditorium, UBC.

## BUSINESS ETHICS

The 60's and 70's (so far) have been marked by the continuation of the liberalization of ideas and easing of laws; the permissive society, it is so aptly named. Just how far does this idea of freedom go in people's minds?

One aspect that concerns me on the campus of BCIT is the question of ethics and honesty. Modern business has as one of its foundations mutual trust and honesty in dealings. Are we learning it at BCIT? I am disturbed by the acts of petty theft and vandalism occurred weekly on campus. Business men in the city have installed vending equipment at the school-nearly every week that the owners are faced with break-ins of the machines and loss of money and goods. It is true the amount of thefts are small in value, but the idea

that a number of our students think this is "fair game" disturbs me. When they begin employment, will they rob their employers in small ways as well? Will the shoplifters who snatch candy bars and assorted items from the TNT Store continue their actions in downtown stores after they leave here? School officials are very reluctant to take any action against offenders. Yet, I feel this very reluctance may prove to be a future serious hazard for one of our grads. One would expect this type of conduct at high school where students are still undecided in their moral values. However, at BCIT, our screening of students (2,000 turned away last year) should provide us with men and women with responsible attitudes. Or maybe the values of the world are changing and this type of conduct is acceptable now!!!!

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## VALEDICTORIAN

It's getting near graduation time again and time to select our Valedictorian. Anyone interested in making the Valedictory Address please contact the Social Chairman or Business Manager in Student Association Offices in the SAC Building.

# For the love of an LIP grant

by Toto Miller

It's just not fair! Here the majority of us are, a mother's pride, a father's joy and our country's hope being shoved aside for lacing the imaginative backbone that roles in all the Canadian bucks in Local Initiative grants from the federal government.

Our first step should be to go for a grant for heterosexuals. After all, the government's shovelled out \$14,602 to an Ontario homosexual group for an emergency phone service for those that need to be counselled or who are lonely and need to establish companionship. But what about those of us who crave for the companionship of the opposite sex? We're the majority and are being neglected. I know minority causes are to be championed, but are the majority to be deprived? For this reason, I figure that a grant should be immediately applied for to have a counselling service set up for us heterosexual types who want to score with a mate. Homosexuality is legal and no arguments there, but heterosexuality isn't illegal and recognition to that vast majority without who's craving for the opposite sex the homosexuals wouldn't have been around to get their \$14,602 grant, receive government funds for what is a good cause. It's time that we heterosexuals scored with the aid of government grants.

Now, I'd like to be the initiator of such a scheme. Women could phone me up so I could assess their troubles and guide them to a successful, fuller life with a man. Certainly, I figure that the majority heterosexual cause shouldn't receive the same financial break as the minority homosexual, so my request for a grant would only be \$7,301 to allow for needed entertainment funds for counselling in the verbal and physical to fill the void in the sexual lives of the lovelies.

My chances, however, for a grant are slim. My program lacks the imaginative qualities, so I figure the application will only receive a cursory glance and immediate rejection from the bureaucrat who considers it. Some of the artsy imbeciles, who parade around Simon Fraser University and display their lack of talent by infesting the university workshops that I've noticed during my scholastic escapades up there will undoubtedly get their approved. They've been doing pretty well skinning the university budget and I figure the mental midgets of bureaucrats and politicians will prove no match for them. So, they'll be happy spending the government's bucks while, in the majority of cases, damning the system that gave it to them. Little do they know that that very same system is beginning to be damned by those very people who support it.

A really unimaginative group is the criminal element of this country. For example, look at Ives Geoffroy. Now you'd figure that a man who's been convicted of murdering his wife and allowed out of the pen to marry his mistress would

have had the brains to get himself a local initiative grant. I mean, you need bucks to make your escape and what better way of funding your escape than funding it with a government grant. It's just not the five bucks for the passport that'll get you across the Atlantic pond; you need monetary support for flying and living expenses as you're making your getaway. Some have falsely speculated that Geoffroy got himself an Opportunities for Youth grant for the needed

plane fare. Surely such a scheme would have been rebuked by the federal authorities as being unimaginative, not as good as a spaghetti film or a nature trail up at Simon Fraser University. But I figure if Ives Geoffroy would have applied for a local initiative grant, noting in his application

that he's putting law enforcement officials to work and politicians to bark, the scheme would have received priority consideration. And if he would have promised to write a report on how to buy plane fare tickets before being released for the marriage ceremonies, securing a passport on a dead man's name, marrying his mistress who figured predomin-

antly in the case while his appeal was being considered (wives can't testify against their husbands) and how he made the ultimate getaway, then surely the imaginative scheme would have received immediate rubber stamping approval from the Ottawa bureaucracy. He might have easily gotten \$50,000 and kept politicians, law officers, and bureaucrats working longer--a definite shot in the arm for the economy.

On another matter, some people have complained loudly that the Process Church of the Final Judgment received \$25,900 from the government while the Salvation Army was choked with so much red tape and bureaucratic static for their grant that they threw up their hands in frustration and called it quits. Now, anyone knows that the Process Church, who equates Christ on the same level as Satan, deserves the grant on the simple grounds that they are not tainted by prejudice, leaving Satan riding in the front of the bus with Jesus and granting them both permission to use the same washrooms. The Salvation Army, on the other hand, definitely reveals its prejudice by seeing Satan as inferior to Christ, noting that Satan is a malignant influence that spreads its cancerous growth over our society; a display of classism at its worst by the group. Further, they parade in

uniforms and play in bands, revealing their militarism and making them an undeserved, radical threat. If they do good work in areas that most of us would shudder even to enter,

well, they're just enlisting and brainwashing the dregs of our society to their prejudicial cause; besides, dregs are not noted for going to the poles and casting their ballots.

Also, there's this here grant for a group in Ontario which didn't meet the imaginative approval test of the federal authorities. Its aim was to repair appliances and do carpentry work for the needy, such as old age pensioners. Now, some people are making quite a fuss

over this group not receiving their asked-for grant, but imagine the complications that might have arisen if bucks had come across; unions would have looked dispassionately at people working for less than union scale. But the old age pensioners probably will die off or be incapacitated by the time the next election roles

around; even if they make it through the next one, their election days are numbered. Compare that with the scheme given a grant to figure out projects to get more grants for the coming Opportunities for Youth. Now there's something worthwhile, deserving applause and votes by the group when the ballot is presented.

And then there's the grant to study old and new graveyards. We've needed that one for a long time. The way this country is bureaucratically and politically going at the moment, it's nice to see some people studying the fortunate ones who've managed to miss out on all the imaginative grants which the sweat of taxes from the unimaginative have paid for.

Of course you haven't really read too much about these grants from our local dailies--

the Sun and Province. After all, they're noted for their Liberal attitude and with a little bit of blindness and hearing loss, someone at the top of these fine publications might make it all the way to the Senate.

Sarcastic? -- I suppose so. There will be good work done through the local initiative programs as there was through the Opportunities for Youth. True, I'm not worldly enough as bur-earcrats and politicians to see very much of the good yet. But imagine what could have been done with the \$170 million being funnelled out to the weirdest projects and groups conceivable; aid to the handicapped,

housing for the old, research into medicine (which the government shabbily neglects with a token sum in their budgets), coordinated perpetuating programs into ecological improvements, research and studies, studies into education and the role it plays in developing the needs of the future

and the list runs on -- you'd almost feel good about paying your taxes. But such projects are not imaginative enough for the spiral plunge into the boiling caldron of imaginative stupidity. Supporter and overjoyed I was when the present government took office, but the bitter pill of disillusionment is tough to swallow.

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# IMPRESSIONS



Hello, friends and enemies—I had heard that highway 101, down the Oregon and California coast, was a fine drive; especially for sports cars. So I set out on the mid-term break to find out. It was far more than I expected.

After crashing for the night at the University of Oregon in Eugene, I hit the coast at Florence on a beautiful warm sunny day. The beach is something else—miles and miles of sand dunes with the surf pounding in. I sat on some logs and laughed for about an hour; put the top down on the Green Flash (that's my car) and headed south.

The road was excellent and uncrowded (I guess it's a completely different scene in the summer months). After picking up a hiker in Coos Bay, I took him on a short inland trip to Coquille. Here, we passed through some of the prettiest country I have ever seen—very reminiscent of that in England. Winding roads for the gears—farms, pastures, lakes and rivers for the driver. I was thinking that it would be a nice

place to live until I remembered that it was in the U.S.

Dropping off my passenger, I joined 101 a little to the south of Coquille and drove on to Port Orford where the truly orgasm-producing scenery started. Emerald green ocean and white sandy beaches, broken by coves and large black rock outcroppings, to the right. Green rolling hills with grazing sheep and mysterious looking shrubs and trees, to the left and blue sky above. I had learnt the ways of the road by this time and was able to get it on at 100-105 mph in many places. It's hard to explain the feeling you get when traveling fast on a good road with the sun shining down and the wind whipping in your face. It just has to be experienced.

There are several small towns along the coast. I was told that they are all about 27 miles apart in Oregon. This was the distance that a traveller could walk in a day; way back when people were free. If, like me, you get off on speed, I suggest you take it easy through these towns. Firstly, you don't want to hurt anybody and secondly, each main street has a sheriff or something similar, sitting there in his shining sheriffmobile bored as shit, just waiting for a young Canadian punk to come roaring into his town. The highway outside of the towns was clear and the curves were good for 20 mph faster than the

recommended speeds.

Continuing south, I crossed the California border and cruised through the Redwood National Park(s). Fairly large trees!! About a half hour before Eureka, I met a Porsche and the fun began. I managed to keep the lead for 15 minutes, or so, until he passed me at approximately 130 mph. That speed my car just won't do. However, I managed to take him just before Eureka. A fine race.

In Eureka, I purchased a motel room, showered and started tavern and club bouncing. Ending up at the only rock club for young people in town, I proceeded to give it hell. A wild night, indeed. Successful, too.

A little strung out the next day, I drive back up the coast, past Florence and on to Lincoln City. A very challenging road just north of Florence. At Lincoln City I made a right turn, inland, to Portland. Using the good old credit card, I checked in at Portlands' Holiday Inn and proceeded to freak out the shirt and tie business trip types in the dining room and lounge. There I was in jeans—a long haired hippie freak—charging up a file, wine and an evening's booze to my room—just like them. But as I just had to get one more over on the Yank's, I openly out-tipped them about 3 to 1 in the lounge and we all had a fine evening.

The next day I came home to catch the John Baldry, Fleetwood Mack and Savoy Brown concert. Another trip in itself.

I'd like to talk about the Americans for awhile. They always are a weird head trip. They always are.

My first hassle, as Jeannie can testify, began at the border. The dude in uniform didn't want to believe that a BCIT student with \$25 and a credit card could enter the States for a few days. He asked me if I had ever been convicted of a crime. I said no. He asked me if I had ever been questioned by the police. I commented on the fairness and legality of his question. He told me to just answer the question. I answered no and gave him a grin that must have pissed him off considerably because he sent me in to the Immigration office. There, I had to produce my I.D., my money, and my credit card; answer some more stupid questions; and stare back at a very conspicuous picture of a smiling Richard Nixon while they checked me out in their files. As I'm clear, they let me go.

Going to a bar is always fun—  
"Are you 21?"  
"No."  
"Then you can't drink in here."  
"I'm 25."  
"Can you prove it?"  
"Sure."  
"Got any I.D.?"  
"Lots."  
"Let's see it."  
"O.K."

(momentary pause in our

meetings will be "connoisseur nights" and feature some of the greatest and rarest wines in the world. Also planned are comparing Canadian with imported wine and even homemade with professionally made wine (on a dollar basis, at least, should prove interesting.)

Any question involving wine will be, sooner or later, "put to the test" of taste for all to judge for themselves. It is hoped that it will not be later than sooner, for there is presently a budget constriction with Student Association. And until the Oenological Society gets its own budtet, it can't hold the first tasting because of initial costs.

Meetings are tentatively planned for Wednesday, 7:30 p.m. every two weeks in the S.A.C. cafeteria. Remember, wine aids digestion, stimulates at least the taste buds, is the safest tranquilizer known and is a dimension of pleasure in the simple enjoyment of living.

Elliott Bold, President

## WINE TASTING

There is a new club on campus, the Oenological Society, which will provide a place to learn about wine, taste "great" wines and practice the virtues of moderation. This is a great day for B.C.I.T., as this is the only wine tasting club per se in British Columbia.

The educational potential of the club in terms of wine is astounding. In a mere matter of months, the members can experience by directly tasting a huge number and a vast variety of wines from all over the world that would take an individual many years to do.

Besides actually tasting each wine himself, there will be research and reporting on the background and make-up of each wine offered at the meetings, together with hints on how best to drink "strange" wines (chilled, warm, glass shape, before, during or after meals). Besides the trusty and knowledgeable officers of the club, informative talks may be provided by our knowledgeable faculty members. Hotel and restaurant people, L.C.B. people, B.C. winery rep's and private wine connoisseurs will be invited to speak.

A problem, alas, as with most things in life, is expenses. Though we can certainly expect some donations of wine from the Canadian wineries and foreign consulates, most of the wine will have to be purchased by the club. And this means that besides Student Assoc. and Staff Assoc. club funds, we will have to raise some of the money, ourselves. Thus, membership costs 50¢ and there is a \$1.00 charge to each member at entrance to each meeting.

A meeting will have from six to ten different types of wine, and each testing will be preceded by a lecture and discussion on the wines. As serious wine tasting requires that wine not be swallowed, but only rolled around in the mouth and then spit out, entire spittoon and mouth-refreshing facilities will be provided (cheese and bread bits, water, coffee). If you don't believe this, try rolling a gulp of wine around in your mouth, spit it out and see how much after-taste remains—some wines are stronger than mouthwashes!! The point is that if two or three mouthfulls of different wines were swallowed, a person would hardly be able to gauge accurately the sensations of the fourth or fifth mouthfulls of different wines.

And what will the wines be? Generally, the best the club can afford. The club officers and advisors will draw up sets of wines for reasonable and educational tastings, and the members present will vote on which set they want to have for the next meeting.

Some meetings will put to demonstration certain "basic" aspects (sweet & dry, warm & chilled, basic wine types and wines of countries) so that novices (and who isn't a wine novice?) can start off on the right foot. Other and hopefully many

human drama while he takes it over to a light and noses through it, squinting his eyes to find the birth date.)

"When were you born?"  
"November 18, 1946."  
"O.K. - wadduyuh want?"  
"Beer, please."  
"It's just that you look a little green around the jowls."  
"I can't help that."  
"Sure you can-get a haircut."  
"Have a beer for yourself."  
"Thank you, SIR."

I was sitting at one bar, finding my own butt, when this old cat (executive type) next to me started saying nasty things--  
"How can you afford to drink on welfare?"  
"I'm not on welfare."  
"Where do you get the money?"  
"I work for it."  
"Oh."  
"Yeh, just like you."  
"Well you're the next thing to welfare."  
"Oh."

"My son is in the service--if he saw you, he'd break you in half!!"

As I really didn't feel like arguing, I told him he was full of shit, and moved to the other end of the bar. Then, a surprise. Some other guy, who was listening, buys me a drink and says,  
"The world is full of Archie Bunkers--don't worry about it."  
Made me feel fine.

Getting into a serious discussion with one drinker---  
"Who's going to win the election?"

"Oh, I think Tricky Dick will get in again."

"What do you personally think of the Vietnam War?"

"Well, it's gone on a little long, now. I mean it was right and true in the beginning--defending the free world against communism, but lately it's become a little tiring."

And so it goes. Always a weird head trip, that place, Mr. Bennett's second home, the United States of America.

Well, it's the home stretch for a lot of us. Two more months. Let's make them fun.

Peter Dawson

fastest rubber stamp in town 11

WANT TO KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS ??? ASK THE PRESIDENT OF YOUR TECHNOLOGY --- OH, YOU DON'T KNOW WHO HE OR SHE IS ???  
"MAYBE IT'S TIME YOU FOUND OUT!"  
THE STUDENT GOVERNMENT OF THIS INSTITUTE IS GIVING YOU THE ROYAL SHAFT !!

It is composed of a head-strong executive and an uninformed council which is so full of its own self-importance that it can not see how it is being bypassed in the decision-making process.

The quote at the head of this page comes directly from the mouth of one of your executives !

What have you heard about the three proposals for the revamping of your student government? DID YOUR REP BRING THE THREE PROPOSALS TO YOU FOR YOUR DISCUSSION AND OPINION? THEY SAY THEY DID. IF THEY DIDN'T, WHY DON'T YOU ASK THEM HOW THEY PRESENTED YOUR OPINION? WERE THEY INTERESTED ONLY IN THEIR SELF-PRESERVATION?

We know 52 is a crowd--HOW MANY IS COMPANY??--COME TO THE NEXT COUNCIL MEETING AND MAKE UP YOUR OWN MIND!  
"OH WE'RE OFF TO SEE THE WILD WEST SHOW--OW-OW!"

C.C.R.

Anyone knowing the author of the above please get in touch with Doug Graham. He may be found either at the Link Office or in Rm. 288.