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LINK

Vol. V No. 6 TUESDAY APRIL 6, 1981

COUNCIL OPPOSES OFF-SHORE TANKERS

get set for the radicals

Student Council at their meeting on March 22 passed a resolution condemning the proposed oil tanker traffic near the B.C. coast. The resolution reads in full: "The Student Association of B.C.I.T. condemns the use of super tankers on the west coast and suggests the companies involved consider construction of a pipe line."

The resolution which was moved by G.D. Mills and seconded by R. Cleveland stemmed from a suggestion by Laurie Jack.



Steve Garrod

The coming new academic year promises to be a hectic one with the recent election of radical candidates at both UBC and SFU. At the former, the human government slate led by Steve Garrod managed a clean sweep at the polls after initial controversy which necessitated a re-election for the



Linda Meissenheimer

post of President. Two weeks ago the Young Socialists (and Womens Lib) of SFU gained a strong foothold with the election of Linda Meissenheimer as president. However, the other electees and the new Student Council are considered "moderates"—at least by SFU standards. In keeping with University and College traditions everywhere, voter turnout at UBC and SFU was just about 10% of total enrolment.

Calendar

APRIL							MAY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
25	26	27	28	29	30		23	24	25	26	27	28	29
							30	31					

Events, Academic Year 1970-71

- April 9 - - - Good Friday holiday.
 April 12 - - - Easter Monday holiday.
 May 17 to 21 - - Second and fourth term examinations.
 May 22 - - - Summer vacation commences.

Social Schedule

- April 18 - Orbit Slalom Rally
 April 21st or 28th Rock concert
 April 26th to May 1st Forestry Week
 April 16 Friday Nite Cabaret
 23 Free admission
 30 Beverage served
 May 7
 May 22 - Grad Dance Commodore
 June 11 - Convocation

VCC PUB GETS THE AXE

The Vancouver City College pub has been permanently closed after only one night—Feb. 19—in operation. The pub licence was revoked after neighbours to the campus complained of student behavior and parking problems created by the pub. All these seemed superficial and members of the Student Council, went to Victoria to plead in vain with the L.C.B. They were later informed that the pub license had been irrevocably revoked.

Index

OPEN HOUSE PICS	18
TECHNOLOGIES	11
EDGAR'S ESTAB	8
EDITORIAL	4
LETTERS	5
NATIONALISM	10
CLUBS	7
JUNK	0
SPORTS	14-16
COMIX	11
RELLIM	17
WHAT'S ON	22-23
JOB SITU	8, 19
DEAR DOCTOR	21
GREENER GRASS	20
PTOLEMY NEWTON II	9

Traditions Committee concerned about dress

Pantsuits OK Only if They "Look Good"

First it was the mini, then the micro-mini, and now the pantsuit to give headaches to personnel directors. Women's fashions have always caused a stir, but lately it is a tidal wave. However, always up to the challenge, guidelines have been set by many personnel administrators on what is considered acceptable office attire.

As long as they "look good," the pantsuit look for female employees is accepted by many organizations. To prevent the possibility of bad judgment being used by some women, Bloomingdales, a New York City department store, has issued a little booklet on grooming standards beamed to its employees. Here are the suggestions contained therein:

"City pants outfits may be worn to work only if you adhere to these guidelines. City pants are pants with their own designed tops, such as matching dress or polo-type top; a long tunic; a long sleeveless vest over a shirt; a long jacket. No top should fit too tightly. Tops must be fingertip length.

"Not permitted are shirts tucked into pants unless they are covered by a coordinated long jacket or sweater, with or without sleeves. Length of the pants must be long enough to hit or cover the top of your shoes, but clearing the floor. Culottes, Bermuda shorts, or jeans are not acceptable business attire. Correct accessories create a neat total look." (From an article appearing in *Personnel Management—Policies and Practices*, October 27, 1970.)

At a meeting of the traditions committee (which included two students) on the 24th of last month, it was decided that tech jackets of nine named techs be considered acceptable dress at BCIT provided they meet certain itemized criteria (including material quality, colour, etc. and *not* including (name) patches of a temporary nature).

The Committee also passed a unanimous resolution stating "That the Executive Committee be informed by the Traditions Committee that we are *alarmed* by lack of adherence to dress regulations, which are NOT enforced by Faculty, Support Staff, or Administration, in the spirit in which the new dress rules were introduced. Similarly, this committee wishes to be reassured that the wearing of the Technology Jackets will be met with appropriate enforcement of the dress regulations."

What Makes Them See Red

from an article in
SALES MANAGEMENT

While most buyers don't mind salesmen who smoke in their presence, those who do speak up sharply. "I have a very strong feeling against smoking, and I don't like salesmen who do it," one says. Another executive keeps no ash trays in his office, expecting that salesmen will note the ploy and keep their cigarettes unlit. "If I don't smoke," one buyer argues, "the salesman should respect my preferences."

"Mod" clothing, while growing in popularity among men generally, earns salesmen unbridled criticism. Sixty-eight percent of the buyers surveyed say that such dress offends them. "When I see 'hippie' clothing, or long hair, I wonder about it," is a common attitude. Others declare: "I

wonder if the salesman is with us or against us" and "Such styles convey to me a feeling of overgrown adolescence." Most direct in his criticism is John Fahl of Cooper Tire & Rubber, who says, "I don't wish to associate with anyone who exhibits the hippie look." General Fireproofing Co. purchasing director Carl T. Blumenschein cautions sales managers that he—and probably every buyer—judges a company by the way its salesmen dress. Still, 65% of the respondents insist that a salesman's appearance doesn't influence their buying decisions—provided that that appearance isn't extreme. (Salesmen who cherish flared pants or hair touching their collars get a better reception at Jantzen, Inc.. "After all," a spokesman there says, "we do sell fashion."



"Your clothes may be relevant to our society, Thompson, but not to the machinery in this plant!"

did you do your blood thing ?

323 DONATE BLOOD

Since Nursing did such a great job of publicising the Blood Drive (those drops hanging in the foyers were real blood — ours) we thought for sure that the attendance of donors would be greatly increased from other clinics. But alas, due to several excuses that we can muster, the donations totalled only 323 (approx.)

The reasons that not as many

people "gave till they bled" were felt to be these:

- 1) The great number of present or recently past sickies that inhabit BCIT — basically in the shape of 3 evil forms, those with
 - a) colds
 - b) influenza
 - c) chicken heartedness
- 2) The new location of the clinic —

namely the SAC cafe. The added 3 minute walk managed to defer people from giving it was felt. But why have it in a classroom when we have our own centre for such activities?

Anyway for those of you who did donate, thanks a million, and for those of you who couldn't or just didn't, don't worry, the vampire will catch up with you

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STUDENT SAYS

Throughout historical and contemporary research concerned with people and society, one rather unspectacular generalization continues to stand out: That the most acceptable, hence the most workable and effective solution to any problem or approach is the "happy medium", the compromise. The significance is not only that the moderates invariably possess the ultimate solution, but that the radicals, the extremists on both sides have some value in any society if only to establish the range wherein lies the best compromise choice.

EDITORIAL

ELECTIONS '71 - THE USUAL?

Between April 21st and 23rd some BCIT students will be voting for Executives to run the Student Association for the 71-72 academic year. The word "some" is used deliberately. Less than 10% of the student body ever bother to make it to the polling booth. True, the voter turnout is not the only disappointing factor: most of the candidates are pre-elected by acclamation (a misleading word...) anyway. It is surely time that both situations were changed.

To start with the candidates, we can only reemphasize the familiar theme that anyone who thinks he may be able to contribute something to the leadership and general planning of student activities should seriously consider running for a suitable post. You have nothing to lose - and quite a lot to gain! Of course, the main idea is that the whole institute too will gain from your service.

As for the rest of you students who are too apathetic to even vote, the next time you criticize the Establishment for not getting off their backsides to meet the problems of society, think of how you reacted at a simple invitation to come out and vote. The responsibility for electing a good executive is yours and yours alone. You as well as I know how executive positions anywhere can be abused (this was much in evidence at a Western Canada student conference I recently attended). It is your duty to see that dedicated and capable people are elected to serve

* * * * *

The LINK in consultation with the Student Association will probably hold a poll at election time to establish student views on such matters dress regulations, good and hopeless lecturers, LINK format and size, etc. The poll should assist in future planning at this Institute - and is yet another reason to come out and vote.

Forget what you just read; S.A. Executives last week voted against the idea.

OPEN HOUSE WORKERS

Almost everyone at BCIT put in a good deal of work towards Open House '71. It paid off - despite the weather! Still, special praise must be given to those who comprised the Steering Committee and who really put out themselves to ensure that the basic organization of the whole event was well executed. Particular mention is made of Blair Halse, Frank McKittrick, Gordon Coombes, Paul Kopinya, and Bill Rogers.

SIGNS OF REAL CHANGE

Two recent events indicate that world leaders are making a genuine attempt to re-examine the values they have long taken for granted. The B.C. Government has decided on legislation that will ban all liquor and cigarette advertising. The U.S. Congress decided to forego "U.S. air leadership" in voting against the building of the SST. These two events reflect an awakening by the Establishment to the real problems of the world. It was about time.

The General Election for the executive of the BCIT Student Association is close at hand. Nominations for candidates for each position will be open from March 29 at 8:30 a.m. to April 8 at 5:30 p.m.

Positions to be contended:
President
V.P. Internal

V.P. External
Secretary - Treasurer
Clubs Chairman
Social Chairman
Sports Chairman
Pick up your nomination sheets at the BCIT S.A. Office in SAC to be submitted to the V.P. Internal on or before April 8 at 5:30 p.m.

bloody killers

To the general Student Body & Staff:

As you meander to and from the parking lot you might notice BCIT has a man-made pond, affectionately called Quentin Lake. You might also have noticed at the start of this week, (March 29) there were 4 ducks who were making good use of the pond and were quite obviously enjoying themselves.

So it was with some concern I watched from the top floor of the library 3 local boys (men would be stretching the definition) throwing rocks at them from the SAC end of the lake. I didn't interfere as I had

hoped the ducks could avoid these missiles. Now I wish I had as I just noticed one of the ducks floating as the expression goes "belly up" at the base of the falls.

Now this letter although it may incur what I hope is the proper reaction from the student body and staff is really only a warning to anyone, male or female, who feels the urge to throw rocks at the inhabitants of Quentin Lake. I personally will break your goddam necks if I notice your activities.

Terry Hendrickson
C & S 42-B2

congratulations

Dear Sir:

We wish to express our sincere appreciation and gratitude to all technologies and individuals who contributed to the great success of Open House. A special acknowledgement goes to the following: Administration, Student Assoc., Steering committee members, the LINK, Hostesses, Tourguides, Food & Beverage girls and Commissionaires.

Special thanks also to outside support namely: CKNW, CKWX, CBUT, CTV, Vancouver Province, Columbian and Burnaby Centennial Committee.

Bill Rogers
Paul Kopinya

OPEN HOUSE CO-CHAIRMAN

Vice President External
Student Association

Dear Sir:

The staff of business management and I are bursting with pride over the splendid job you and your student associates did in mounting Open House. In every respect it was a huge success. It had noticeably elevating influence on the esprit de corps among students and staff alike.

The organizational job was good; the displays stimulating and on the whole, somewhat better than our first Open House. The comments of the general public were complimentary in the extreme.

In overall terms, a very significant service has been rendered to the reputation of BCIT and its students.

Congratulations!

E.W. H. Brown
Director

Business Management Division

AND MR. McCADAM'S ADVICE:

After seven long years of hard use we are delighted to have the Department of Public Works' painting crew at work brightening up the building. Of course the colour combinations do not please everyone in the establishment — but on the other hand, does anything ever please everyone?

What is important is the fact that the halls look clean and fresh and that the cracks have been filled and the chips have been repaired — which brings me to the purpose of this note.

Please prevail upon your associates of the staff and your students that they should not use gummed paper tape or cellulose tape or, for that matter, even drafting tape to attach bulletins, posters, letters, notes, etc. to painted surfaces of any kind. Encourage them to use one of the many bulletin boards which have been installed especially for this purpose.

For those people who insist on attaching information of inestimable significance and indisputable value to the door of their classroom or office — ask just one favour — please, desist from posting these gems of information until the blank lamacoid plaques especially designed for this purpose and resistant to tape of every description have been attached to the doors (which will be soon, I am told).

I know that you would never tape anything to our nice, freshly painted building yourself — but if you can persuade others not to do so we may be able to maintain our fresh, clean and unpock-marked appearance for a few years at least.

Letter to a loved one

Dear Mother,

Well, here we are in another exiting Engineering Materials lab, eighteen poor, unfortunate, eager students waiting for that Genius of Chem and Met, the One and Only Deadhead Dudley. We look around us with apprehension, and very soon in walks the cause of all that apprehension, the most dangerous Dastard of this Den of Delinquents, Deadhead himself. Usually we get a big shock when he hands back the last lab, but this week is special. That Nasty old Poo, Dudley, is going to give us a jolt from which some of us may never recover; it's the day that we get our midterms back.

I'll take a minute to describe Deadhead. He is the exact size, shape, and colour of a New England Yankee, or a half-starved, mangy dog; he looks, as a matter of fact,

like Stanfield (or a pair of), and could be his cousin as far as Brain Power goes. The most unique part of him, though is his voice. Can you imagine a noise that a burnt-out radio receiver, or an idiot, makes? If you were to take that noise, increase it in duration so that is a steady, permanent hum, and vary that hum only in volume when the Deadhead is speaking, then you know what Dudley sounds like. Here he is, casting his Pearls for the day.

MMM - well - none - of - you - did - very - well - on - the - exam - MMM - I - think - the - highest - mark - was - fifty-three - precent - MMM - however - let's - go - over - the - exam - MMM - The - first - question - was - a - matching - question - (that's obvious: - we've - got - the - exam - right - in - front - us: a - typical Dudleyism) - MMM - it - says -

Please - place - the - answer - chosen - from - below - in - the - space - provided - MMM - MMM - first - MMM - what - method - of - forming - is - used - on - MMM - seamless - iron - pipe - is - drawn - MMM - pardon? - MMM - why - not - extrusion? - MMM - I - don't - know - MMM - maybe - Mr. - Barvin - would - know - MMM - you - could - ask - him - MMM - Pardon? - MMM - How - is - pipe drawn? - MMM - I - don't - know - MMM - maybe - Mr. - Barvin - would - know - MMM - you - could - ask - him. - MMM - MMM -

Yes, we're off to a good start; if we can stomach another two and half hours of this, we'll be free for another two weeks.

Your loving son,
A.J. Carnegie, Esq.

a good move out

Report on the W.I.C.A. Conference at B.C.I.T.

On Friday, Saturday and Sunday of Open House, seventeen delegates representing various colleges and institutes in Western Canada met here to discuss the future of W.I.C.A.

The Western Institute and College Association was formed in the early part of 1970 to establish a student organized information center. The C.I.B. (Central Information Bureau) had its headquarters at the Saskatchewan Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences and saw its primary function of gathering information in all aspects of college life to be forwarded to the member institutes at their demand.

There was no doubt that such an organization was badly needed. The student governments in colleges are confronted daily with new problems and many times other colleges are able to supply information on how they managed to solve that particular problem.

The idea of the C.I.B., therefore, was quite simple. If a student executive wanted some information in regard to constitution, financial policy and social activities—to name only a few—he was to correspond with C.I.B. which in turn would survey all other colleges and send the requested information to the particular college.

However, very little correspondence was done through C.I.B. We met again in Edmonton last October and were determined to give it another serious try. Back in Vancouver we waited again to receive requested information with very little success.

In the meantime the Association of Canadian Community Colleges was formed which saw it as their prime objective to establish a national clearing house for colleges. This association, having a national scope, will naturally work more actively and at no cost to the student governments involved.

At an executive meeting we decided to keep our commitment in hosting the next W.I.C.A. conference at B.C.I.T. but decided to withdraw from this Association and in effect we made a motion to disband W.I.C.A. entirely.

When the delegates arrived it was quite clear that only a few of them came to do business. The others came equipped with golf clubs and swim suits to enjoy the somewhat warmer Vancouver weather. The meetings were disorganized and little or no progress was made. Again, some of the delegates were ready to give it another try and, in fact, Red River Community College took over the responsibility of the C.I.B. The executives of the B.C.I.T. Student Association, however, withdrew from the association since we feel that the expenses involved in belonging to the association were not worth the benefits received.

At a short meeting on Sunday the national executives of the Association of Canadian Community Colleges (who were here for an executive meeting) explained the purpose and objectives of the A.C.C.C. to the W.I.C.A. delegates who then agreed to support the national organization.

Executives Impressed by BCIT



The executive of the new association of Canadian Community Colleges

The Executives of the Association of Canadian Community Colleges held their fourth executive meeting on March 28, 29 and 30 at B.C.I.T. After meeting the delegates of the W.I.C.A. conference, the executives took the opportunity to tour the Open House. They were deeply impressed with the amount of work the students put into the displays and extended their congratulations to the student body. Some of the executives have visited many exhibitions like B.C.I.T.'s Open House but they felt that this one exceeded all previous open house displays both in equipment available and particularly student involvement.

The latter part of Sunday and all day Monday were taken up discussing executive matters and on Tuesday various B.C. College representatives (administrative, faculty and student) met to discuss B.C.'s involvement in the association.

Much progress has been made within the association which has, up to this date, 52 colleges as members. The prime project of the association is to establish a clearing house by June. The clearing house will have on file all pertinent information for the 117 colleges in Canada. Besides the general information necessary on courses available, the clearing house will deal

with such things as: transferability, student and teacher exchange, admission requirements, and many more too numerous to mention. In order that the clearing house is operated efficiently, all information will be stored on micro film connected to a computer index so that required material is readily available. As yet there is no such system in Canada which makes it almost impossible to know how other educational institutes operate in other parts of this country. Being a first, this system will undoubtedly be used by many administrators, student governments, staff societies, the Federal and Provincial governments and other educational associations.

STUDENT EXCHANGE

The provincial governments have taken over the responsibilities of handing the proposed student exchange and we are particularly waiting to receive further details. The program will definitely go ahead and it will see approximately 40 B.C.I.T. students visit other parts of Canada at

CLUBS

MOTOR SPORT

by BOB KOZAKOWSKI

Well, here we are once again, and again I want to plug the motorsport club's next big event, the Orbit Slalom on April 18th. If any of you are still unsure of what a slalom is why not come and join us in the rear parking lot on April 12th at 11:00 a.m. There will be a practise session where you can learn the art of slalom driving—for free even.

The official definition of a slalom is given as: "a competition in which scoring is based on adjusting the control or speed of the car and maintaining the motion of the car in adverse conditions, allied with the time taken to perform the test. Competitors will not be required to stop and/or reverse between the start and the finish of a given run and all events will be held on a paved surface".

In plain English, just drive faster and smoother than everyone else, don't knock over any course markers and you win. Sound easy? Come and try. You must have mufflers, good tires (with pressures in excess of 30 lbs.), good brakes and seat belts. You must have a current driver's license and current valid insurance coverage.

no cost during the summer months. It is unfortunate that we have to wait for the government to move which will probably happen shortly before school ends. Therefore, we ask all those interested to contact the Student Association for more detailed information.

SUPPORT NEEDED

Being a new association, the progress of ACCC depends entirely on the support of individual institutes. Six out of eleven B.C. colleges have become members of the association already. The general feeling of B.C.'s delegates on the Tuesday meeting was that this association is probably the best thing which ever happened in Canada's college education. Comparing it to the American association which has been in existence for 51 years, we are already a step ahead by having faculty and students represented. Only with co-operation among the three most important bodies of education, namely the administrators, faculty members and the students, can we work towards an excellent college system in Canada.

Just remove your hubcaps and all loose articles in the car and you are ready to test your driving skills.

There are seven classes broken down as follows:

A Sports

96" WB/2600 lbs/3000 cc

B Sports

88" WB/1800 lbs/1500 cc

C Sports

and of course LADIES

A Sedan

105" WB/2800 lbs/3500 cc

B Sedan

95" WB/1800 lbs/1500 cc

C Sedan

So as I've said before, based on this classification of wheel base/weight/displacement, there is a place for every type of car.

Here is a challenge to all technologies and clubs on campus to field a group of 7 cars, one per class, and compete for the MSC inter-tech trophy to be run in conjunction with the Orbit Slalom.

We in the motorsport club feel that we must be the most active club on campus as almost every weekend our members are engaged in some form of motorsport competition throughout B.C. Because of such growing involvement, BCIT is getting recognized across Canada as an institute which produces active, involved, responsible students who can smoothly and efficiently organize and run any task given them.

The Orbit Slalom is in keeping with this as the name was chosen because of its significance in the design of the school crest. We expect outside entries to be in the area of 70 cars. This is what we call promoting our school and club while trying to better motorsport in our area. A good idea? We think so.

Remember if you are interested in any form of motorsport come to our meeting and tell us about it, in Room 170, 12:00, Wednesdays.

OUTDOORS CLUB

With the better weather coming round, the Outdoors Club will be seeing more activity in the next two months. At present, the next month's schedule is as follows:

Easter Weekend — Chilliwack Lake

April 18 — Capilano River Run,

open to all BCIT students

April 23-25 — Sechelt Canoe Trip

May 2 — Bike trip

In addition, dates will be set for a Rock School, Spulunking, and a trip to Long Beach to wind up the year. Come to meetings every Wednesday in Room 126 at 12:30 for more details on these trips. There are over a hundred paid members in the club, and we have not seen a lot of you since you signed up. It's your money.

curling club news

The BCIT curling club attended the Totem Conference curling championships in Salmon Arm the weekend of March 6&7. The club placed second in both the mens draw and the mixed draw. The men's draw however saw a three way tie for second. The totem conference is made up of the two year colleges in B.C. Although we did not win we had a good time and hope for a better showing next year.

Now that the curling season has drawn to a close with a windup bonspiel on April 3, I think that a vote of thanks should go out to all the members of the executive and all others that worked so hard to keep the club going this year. Let's hope for a much larger membership next year.

VALEDICTORIAN '71

Would you like to deliver the Valedictorian Speech to the students at the convocation exercises? If so please contact Les Southwick or Edgar Rhomberg in the S.A. Offices for more details.



EDGAR'S ESTABLISHMENT

A COUNCIL COMMENT by P.B.

The meeting on the 22nd last month was not one of the better ones in terms of accomplishment or serious discussion. B.C.I.T.'s new Counsellor, ex-hockey star, Al McLean addressed Council for a few minutes. The Executive announced that progress was being made regarding residences and concrete developments would be publicised shortly. The same goes for the Student Exchange program (to Quebec) which could involve up to fifty B.C.I.T. students.

John Horbatch, Publications Chairman, stated that hire/purchase obtaining of LINK typesetting equipment was being investigated (all printing at the moment is done outside of B.C.I.T.) Laurie Jack mentioned that the pinball machines were making up to \$200 per week! Les, the Social Chairman, announced tickets for the grad dance (Maximum of 5 couples) would go on sale from April 12th at \$10 a couple. He also indicated that no personal liquor would be allowed into the Commodore Hall but that

drink prices would be reasonable.

Paul Kopinya informed the Council of the arrangements which had been made for Open House. It was mentioned by the President that the use of guard dogs has been discontinued, and the Council agreed in principle to allow the Alumni Association to set up a booth during registration to solicit membership from second-year students. The Council also formally voted disapproval of plans by American Oil companies to use tankers off the B.C. coast and the potential for ecological disaster that this implied.

Vice-President Bill Rogers came in for some awkward moments in attempting to convince Council members that W.S.S. was basically sound although its financial accounts as presented at the last general meeting showed a \$58,000 deficit. However, it was pointed out that much of the revenue would be coming in with the charter flights starting in May and the Management of W.S.S. itself is considered top notch by others in a

comparable field. Council then approved a \$2,000 line-of-credit on behalf of W.S.S. should it ever become necessary.

Paul Kopinya was chosen to organize the Annual Council Party (last year's was a total failure). A reading course was being offered for students at \$100 each provided there was a minimum of 40 students applying. Council Activist, Hugh McGillivray achieved some success in becoming "Council Noisemaker".

The last major item discussed at the meeting was the contemplated Student Association Office Manager. The President outlined his duties as had been determined by a special committee. Requirements for the post included two year's experience — and that took a lot of convincing by certain members who thought that this unnecessarily eliminated B.C.I.T. students. The President stressed that a fully qualified individual was what was required because there would be little time for "on the job training".

A \$58 million challenge to youth . . .

JOB SITUATION DEPT

The government's plans to help our disadvantaged and disenfranchised youth this summer give the impression that they were concocted quickly by a committee caught in a trap.

If they didn't do something quickly, they'd be howled down by the Opposition; but what could they do that would solve the problem without creating more?

So they put the best face on it and hoped for the best. A hodge-podge of spending plans produces the figure of \$58 million; a similar collection of projects produces a ballpark figure of 70,000 young people to be helped.

And then the rationale: since young people will be goin' down the road this summer, "we should make their experience more worthwhile." And if it is

worthwhile enough, will a million young people be encouraged to become easy riders next year?

Prime Minister Trudeau said that in effect the government was accepting the sincerity of young people's desire to fight pollution and their wish to help others, and will now challenge them to follow through.

That is a perfectly proper sentiment; if it were otherwise, our society would collapse before very long.

But the crowds on the road last year didn't always rise to the occasion. Hundreds of them camped on one small beach on the West Coast of Vancouver Island. They certainly changed the environment, but turned it into a noisy, messy town. When some activists tried

to get the crowd to help by building simple toilets, the apathy was overwhelming.

If that sort of thing happens on a larger scale this year, there will be a different sort of outcry next year. It will come from people demanding an end to using tax money to finance drifting through summer far from home.

But the government shouldn't just sit back now and hope that its makeshift program stifles the cries of "do something, no matter what."

It should know now the size of the long-term problem, and it should be working on permanent annual projects that really will challenge young people, and will produce results good enough to pay it with a genuine national pride.

Ptolemy

Newton



BCIT is an educational center with a purpose: to produce technologists. These technologists then go to fill a gap in the present Establishment. Industry decides what form these technologists should take. A good idea, in theory.

But education is not a spontaneous process, and sometime between entering and leaving school, we start to think. About its methods, aims, and objectives, and many of us start to question the very foundations of the Institute. BCIT students are not taken to outright radicalism like that rampant at so many universities; instead, students simmer quietly and occasionally write letters to the editor questioning the relevancy of the institution.

Silence is not a good thing. If discontent is not aired, it festers, and after a while it breaks out in a completely illogical and uncontrollable form. Discontent should be made known, for then something is usually done about the cause of the dissatisfaction.

It is possible to protest something without blistering the atmosphere with obscenities and totally destroying the surrounding climate. Outright destruction is useless, being but a cancerous form of political mud-throwing, attracting attention without getting favorable results. The attention of the powers-that-be can be attracted by less forceful means, and administrators usually appreciate a protest that leaves their beloved buildings intact. Of course, there may be times when it is desirable to invert the principal in the lily-pond, but this treatment should be used with discretion, and only in cases of extreme indifference.

Discontent at BCIT takes on a variety of forms. The instant-technologist recipe needs a long, hard look. Supposedly, the assorted programs here are designed to produce the kind of person the Establishment wants. But with the remarkable lack of options available to students, it would appear that the Establishment is looking for a multiplicity of Carbon copies. Individualism is not encouraged at BCIT — in most courses, students who follow tangents are politely but firmly put back on the well-beaten path. This stifles initiative.

One proposal for broadening the minds of BCIT students involves the usual five-day week, with each student having one

complete afternoon off classes. Then, with the co-operation of Simon Fraser and/or UBC, students could travel to these institutions and collect some individual courses. This way, students could learn from artsy teachers in their own environment, instead of trying to gain knowledge from a misfit drowning in the physical world of BCIT.

A recurring problem is the dress regulations. This sore spot appears periodically, kicks around in the letters-to-the-editor page for a few weeks, and retires underground to fester awhile. The regulations have much in favor. BCIT students are the neatest in Vancouver, the clothing industry thrives, and visitors to the school are impressed by the young-gentleman air. But then, BCIT students are the straightest in town. It is questionable whether someone who just might decide to employ a student after graduation could care less what the kid wears at school, as long as the student looks presentable on the employer's premises. And if the employer did care, does he have any right to dictate what the student should wear, two years before graduation?

A sore most prominent in the engineering department needs correcting. There are teachers who have decided they are God, and throw a small fit whenever someone walks into class two minutes late. The attitude is, if you're going to come to my class, come on time or don't come at all. There are often perfectly valid reasons for being late, particularly at early morning classes. But, in the theaters 197-198, late entries are downright distracting. Lecture theaters should be designed for entry from the rear, as most of them are already. Then, students can slip in late without upsetting the class and can quietly scuttle out when they find the lecture is useless.

Something needs to be done about breaking up the clans in the various technologies. E&E ignores mechanical, mechanical ignores forestry, and everybody follows the nurses. Contrary to popular

belief, there is not much variation in intelligence from one technology to another. But students refuse to cross the fraternity barriers, and so they remain straight and narrow. There are other worlds outside.

On the weekends, the school closes up. It is possible for students to gain access to the computing center and a few classrooms, but the lab areas are nearly always locked. The labs should be opened, at least on an experimental basis, so that interested students could use them for their own self-improvement. This means money, but that is what educating is all about. Students are often around the school on weekends, and more will be when the residences open.

Fortunately for the die-hards who dislike change, students at BCIT do not get much of an opportunity to debate ideas for improving the place. This situation may improve now that the SAC is open, for people tend to flock to student areas and exchange ideas. But the turning-point will come when residences are finally opened on campus. When students are spending most of their time near the school, with the same group of people, new ideas and improvements appear, often in the eleven-o'clock gossip session common to all student residences. The coming of housing will definitely be a good thing as far as contentment on the BCIT campus is concerned.

What does the future hold for BCIT? The school could remain in its rut, continuing to be useful but falling far short of its potential. It could turn into an institution that is open all day every day, with classes during the day and at night, with a program completely tied in with the schedules at Simon Fraser and UBC. It could be a place where students stay around after hours, continuing in the search for knowledge, instead of abandoning the premises as soon as possible. It could be a place where students get together and talk, and find it difficult to think of improvements. BCIT could turn into a school for students, rather than administrators.

Or the entire campus could go straight downhill and sink into the Willingdon Swamp.

OPTOMETRIST

J. W. Russell,

B.Sc., O.D.

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BY LAWRENCE GREGORET

There's a new movement of nationalism afoot in Canada today that goes under the title of the Committee for an Independent Canada. It had its beginning about a year ago when three men got together informally to discuss some of the problems that Canada faces. When their little party was over they had established a framework for the policy and procedures of the Committee for an Independent Canada.

Why did they get started on this movement? What were their objectives? What is the political nature of such a movement?

To answer the third question first, the Committee is apolitical, and probably represents one of the few times that politicians of all parties in Canada have agreed to work together for one goal.

That goal is stated simply: to allow Canadians to control their own country, to give us the ability to determine our own destiny by keeping the power of decision-making intact so as to safeguard our own interests. And this is the only meaning of the word "nationalism" as far as this movement is concerned. To dub it jingoistic, chauvinistic, fascist, xenophobic, anti-American, or anti-anything is simply a misnomer.

And now the first question: WHY? The facts are available for everyone, but have too often been ignored. No other country in the world has so much of its economy owned by foreigners as has Canada. (France is getting worried because foreign investment in that country is just over 10%. Britain is almost in a panic because foreign investment there is 16%) Canada? Recent statistics from DBS indicate that the percentage of foreign owned manufacturing industries in Canada is 60%! That's the average; some of the more startling figures for foreign controlled industries are Petroleum and coal products: 99%; Rubber products: 93%; Transport equipment: 87%; Chemical industry: 81%; the list goes on and concludes with the Food and beverage industry which is only 31% foreign controlled.

Now, most of these industries are owned by Americans, and, clearly, most of our attention has to be directed at the American influence in Canada—or as one of the founding

This Canada Thing

members once put it: "after all, we're not being threatened by Poland."

However, it's our independence that the Committee is primarily concerned with, not with being anti-American. And, besides, it's hardly the fault of the Americans that Canada finds itself in such dire straits—they have been and still are just doing their own thing, and it's the laxity amongst Canadians that has allowed such an economic takeover which is unprecedented the world over.

Or, consider that a good deal of the money given to political parties for campaigning comes in donations of \$1000 or more. Money of that denomination comes from big business; big business in Canada happens to be owned by foreigners to a large percentage. Politicians don't want to bite the hand that feeds them, so they comply to the wishes of their foreign sponsors.

Culture? Look at education for a start countries such as U.S.A., France, and Britain allow about 3% foreigners to teach in their universities. Canada apparently allows about 50% foreigners to teach in its institutes of higher learning because that's the percentage we have.

The examples of foreign domination in Canada in terms of economics are perhaps the most blatant and most easily recognized. But what about other areas? What about politics, for instance? Well for instance: with such an overwhelming influence of Americans in the petroleum industry, we find ourselves in the peculiar position of being advised by American experts from major oil companies as to what our oil and gas policy should be—these experts dance to the tune that Big Fiddler, down in Washington, plays, and have little interest in what is best for Canada. This sometimes goes under the euphemism of "continentalism" by the way.

Over 80% of the publishing done in Canada is foreign controlled. With a situation like that you end up with a book for Ontario school children called "How People Live in Canada" which has a picture of Abraham Lincoln on the cover.

Maybe knowledge is supranational, and has no boundaries; after all, the theories of Einstein hold true the world over. But consider how the standards and values of American educators are being presented throughout our education system as if their goals were automatically our goals, as if their social/economic/political problems are automatically ours, as if their history is automatically the same as our history.

The implications are disconcerting to say the least.

There are other things too: labour unions (no other country in the world has its labour union headquarters located in another country), entertainment (music, films, magazines, books—how many are Canadian?) pollution control, and many others—the whole catastrophe could be covered.

Some things are already being done. The CRTC rulings have urged us to pay closer attention to Canadian talent, the newly formed Canada Development Corporation is re-examining the takeover of Canadian industry by foreign interests, and the Moir Commission in Alberta is making an inquiry into the foreign influence of post-secondary education.

What is the role of the Committee for an Independent Canada in all this? First, it is attempting to make Canadians and especially government AWARE of the fact that there is a dangerous situation in Canada and that Canadians want to do something about it. This is the purpose of the large petition campaign now under way. Second, through research and conference discussions the Committee will try to determine what can be done about the situation.

nurses notes

And a special request: If you saw all or any part of our display, please get down any thoughts you had on it and address it to Jeannette and place it in NURSING 2nd Yr. slot in the council boxes in SAC. Please.

... produced by X-Ray

Well, here's hoping the Easter bunny is good to you. Have a groovy weekend!!



The Great

How I Became

by Roy Wood

I don't think that there has ever been a kid who didn't, at one time or another, strive to become a member of some particular group of kids. My first such experience occurred at the tender age of twelve in the seventh grade. My Daisy genuine imitation 30-30 B.B. gun, my pet garter snake, my three-speed chrome and yellow dual brake mud guarded bicycle and all the other things that had previously been important to me ceased to exist in my mind. Every waking and sleeping hour was spent dreaming of the day that I would become a member of The Seventh Grade Windsor Elementary Group for Athletes. Never before, or since, have I ever wanted anything more than I wanted to be accepted as an equal by that Group. To hang around the corner store, casually drinking coke and talking about the big game; having that cute freckled girl standing on the side-lines yelling "Go Roy, Go!!"; or just sitting in my desk, flexing my mescles and thinking "I'm an athlete."

Then, mid-way through October, it happened... MY BIG CHANCE. Our soccer team was to have a game against Edmonds Junior High. But, they did not have a goal-tender. The second that I heard this news I rushed to Coach Owens' office and told him that I would like to play goal for our team. "Have you ever played goal before?" he asked. "A little." I lied. Since the game was only a week away and no one else had volunteered for the job, he said, "Okay, you are our goalie." He told me to show up for the practice the following afternoon.

I stood in the hall outside his office and leaned against the wall. I was beside myself with joy and anticipation. I stood for about an hour repeating his sweet words over and over to myself... "Okay, you are our goalie." Me, skinny little, brittle-boned me, was our goalie. I was to be the last bastion of defence. When the opposing forwards broke through our full-backs and were racing toward the goal, it would be I who would rise and make that one great, spectacular save that would give us sweet victory. The fact that I had never played goal, or in fact hardly even touched a soccer ball, meant nothing. I WAS OUR GOALIE!!!

The first hint that I might be heading for disaster occurred at that first practice. Coach Owens had an exercise known as shooting practice in which the other members of the team would stand about twenty yards from the goal mouth and kick the ball, attempting to score. Of course, as goalie, it was my job to stop the shots. There I stood, in the exact centre of the goal, in my gorilla-like stance (stolen from Terry Sawchuk), ready to stop anything that my team-mates could kick in my direction. I ran, jumped, fell, rolled and sprang about the goal-mouth for about a half hour, while the forwards riddled me with everything they had. Out of about a hundred shots I stopped maybe five or six. These were shots that bounced off my body as I was plunging blindly about the goal. I glanced over toward the side of the goal and I saw Coach Owens looking very distressed and shaking his head. It occurred to me that perhaps he was not happy with his choice of goal tenders. But, just at that point I pulled off a spectacular save with my upper lip.

After the practice the coach (I can still recall the warm feeling I got when I addressed him as simply Coach... I belonged) said he wanted to show me some of the finer points of goal-tending. It seems that I had a bad habit of anticipating where the ball was going to come when someone shot it. Normally this would be considered a good habit for a goalie. Unfortunately, I always anticipated too early. When the opposing forward was somewhere around a hundred and fifty feet out from the goal, I would anticipate his shot and hurl myself to one side or other of the goal, leaving the opponent free to shoot, unimpeded, into the goal where I had been standing. Coach Owens explained to me that it is often better to wait for him to shoot and then try to intercept the ball before it went into our goal. "I think I have it, Coach." I said, and he proceeded to give me some practice shots. With this new strategy my average improved to the point where I was stopping about one in ten shots.

We had three more practices before the Big Game. We continued with the shooting practice and our forwards continued to whiz shots past me with very little difficulty. I decided that with people on our

team who could score so easily, we would walk all over Edmonds Junior High School.

Coach Owens seemed to ignore me during most of the week preceding the Big Game. He spent most of his time with the full-backs. One day I heard him say to the two full-backs, "You guys better stay on your toes because if they get past you, we're dead." I didn't like the idea of him implying that I was incompetent in order to prepare them for the game. But, I figured that there are a lot of things that I didn't know about that a coach has to do to get his team up for a game.

Then one morning I awoke and realized that this was the day. The Big Game was to be held that afternoon. The day took about a year and a half to pass. All day I sat in my desk picturing myself making the game-saving stop against Bert Cameron.

A few words about Mr. Cameron would not be out of place here. He was, without any shadow of a doubt, the greatest athlete in all of Burnaby, if not the world. His hook-shot was the envy of Wilt Chamberlain; his batting average was legendary; his volley-ball spike shot had been known to break the toes of his opponents; and he was rumoured to be able to kick a soccer ball at speeds close to 200 miles per hour. This was Bert Cameron, captain of the Edmonds Junior High School soccer team and, at this time, the most feared man in my twelve year old world.

There I sat, in my classroom for six hours, picturing how I would spoil this human Superman's attempt to score. I pictured myself doing one armed jump grabs, rolling kick-outs and my now famous jumping-upper-lip stop. I would be the outstanding player of the game being carried atop the shoulders of my teammates to the showers. My name would go down in the annals of Windsor Street Elementary Sports. And, I would be a fully accepted member of the Athletes' Group.

We arrived at Edmonds Junior High at three twenty, ten minutes before game time. We had ridden the two and a half miles in Coach Owens' car and the Vice Principle's car. (Picture fifteen screaming, yelling twelve year old soccer players all piled into a Volkswagen and a '53 Nash, and you will have some indication of what a dedicated man was our coach.) It was raining like the monsoon season in Calcutta, and the field - regulation Burnaby School Board clay - was a sea of gumbo. There were four fans, all from Edmonds, who had come to witness the game. But, sheets of rain, tons of mud and no fans made little difference to us. Windsor Elementary was here to teach Bert Cameron and his team just how the game of soccer was played.

The first part of the game was pretty dull from my point of view. Nearly all the play was in the centre of the field and the one time that anyone had a shot at our goal he missed. This went on for about fifty-five minutes. Up to that point I had been perfect, they hadn't scored a single goal on me. The fact that they hadn't had a shot on goal being beside the point.

With five minutes left in the game IT happened. Edmonds was putting tremendous pressure on our defence and it looked as if they may score. Then our left fullback made a tremendous check and stole the ball from their centre. He was surrounded by Edmonds uniforms and so he passed the ball back to me so that I could kick it out of danger. I grabbed the pass, bounced it twice and kicked it for all I was worth down-field. It sailed about fifteen or twenty feet in the air and landed right in front of BERT CAMERON!!! He started dribbling toward me and I knew that this was it... my moment of truth, my Big Chance, hero or bum, the next few seconds would decide. He kept coming closer and closer and for one dreadful minute I thought he might dribble right past me into the goal. Then he shot... straight at my head. Time seemed to stand still. His eyes burning into mine... the ball seemed to be floating toward my head... I remembered the rumours about the 200 m.p.h. shot... then from deep inside my subconscious mind came a Voice. It started as a whisper and gradually built to a glass-intensite... DUCK!!!

I lay there in the mud. The ball nestled in the corner of the goal

Soccer Match

a Tennis Player

the author of this short story is a former editor of the LINK.

net. They had scored. I had ducked. In practice I had stopped shots with my groin, my nose, my teeth and my solarplexus. But, the one time it really counted, my one big chance, the game-saving goal, I ducked.

I didn't even notice the rest of the game. I knew what the outcome would be. I stood in my goal crease realizing that we had lost and that we had lost because of one simple, inalterable fact. I ducked.

The walk to the showers was long and lonely, as was the ordeal of showering and changing for the ride home. These moments, which I had envisioned as being full of laughing, shouting, cheering, patting each other on the back and bathing in the glory of sweet victory, were merely wet, lonely and very painful. The ride home was even worse. There was nowhere for me to escape to, to avoid the eyes of my teammates, whom I had let down. Their attempts to console me were ignored. I knew that they knew that I just wasn't one of them and I would never be an accepted member of the Seventh Grade Windsor Elementary Group for Athletes.

When I returned to school the following day, I had managed to force myself to live with the fact that I would never be an athlete. I would, for all my life, be a member of that great sea of humanity who must be content to sit in the stands and cheer for their team. Bert Cameron and his fellows were in a class that Mother Nature decided was not the place for me.

About four months later a friend of mine suggested that we go out and play tennis. I dug up an ancient tennis racket that I had inherited from my uncle about five years earlier. We met at the courts and batted the ball around for about three hours before we finally got tired of climbing over the twelve foot wire fence to retrieve overly anxious lobs.

The next day I sat in my desk during Science class day-dreaming. . . There I was at Wimbledon. Across the net stood an aging, but seemingly indestructible Pancho Gonzales. The match was tied at three all in a best out of seven Final match. I was leading nine to eight in the set and forty-three in the game. I tossed up the ball and ffwwooonnnkkkk, my legendary flat swerve sailed past a sprawling Gonzales to end the Tournament.

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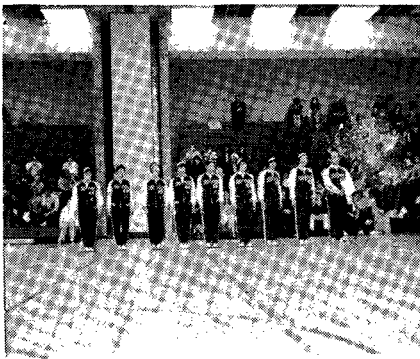
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Japanese show how

SPORTS

by ALISA LENDRUM



Saturday nite of Open House saw the action of the finest in volleyball. Two Juvenile teams—the "B.C. Olympic Club" and another team from Japan played 5 games in a series.

The evening began (after a disastrous attempt at the two national anthems) with a gymnastic display by a local Gymnastic Club.

The girls ranged in ages from 9 to 17 and all showed terrific talent with their many flips and free movements.

Next, BCIT Executive attempted to play SAIT College in a game of volleyball. There were a few interesting moments e.g. as Bill Rogers appeared in his midi dress—but generally, everyone was more anxious to see some real ball handling than watch a bunch of rank amateurs.

Next came the real thing: International competition to the tee. The Japanese girls with the bows and smiles charmed the crowd away.

Once the playing got under way, no one was quite certain who they wanted to win—especially eager the BC team stole the first two games.

The problem seemed to be a matter of height for the foreign team. Apparently, they are used to playing on a net set at Juvenile height, where as, in Canada, International play is always conducted on regulation height nets, which are several inches higher.

Thus, when the Japanese kids lined up for a spike, their hits didn't quite

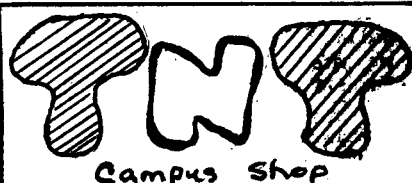
make it over the net, causing a loss in points. However, by the third game, the net height had been compensated for and the Japanese girls managed to clean the BC kids in the next 3 games.

It goes without saying the BC team made a terrific showing. Considering this team is composed of girls ranging in ages from 10-15 years, it looks like Canada has some of the great volleyball hopefuls for the 1980 Olympics (for which these girls are headed). The calibre was very high as both these teams struggled & dove & spiked with great accuracy and determination.

I feel what intrigued everyone who watched the game so greatly was the undying spirit of the Japanese team. They chattered and squealed away in their native language without a pause and after every successful play they all pushed into the centre of the court and cheered madly in Japanese. This combined with their bows and back slapping as their cohorts rotated on and off the court kept the audience awed with their spirit.

In conclusion, Saturday nite was a nite to remember. Not often are we in Vancouver able to see such a high calibre of International playing in such a young age bracket. With kids that young playing that well, it looks like there'll be some pretty heavy international competition in the future.

"When your computer program appears to be running properly, and is producing the right answers, you can no longer be positive that there is an error in the program. It is merely very likely."
-from a computing textbook



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What's the latest on the Co-ed scene? Co-ed badminton—at your leisure.

Beginning April 5, there will be play-off ladders up in the gym for people to play at their leisure—singles, doubles, and co-ed badminton. If play-offs are completed, trophies will be awarded for the winners.

Interested? You don't even need your own racket or bird—just bring your own body.

FOREIGN OWNERSHIP — THE REALITY OF A MYTH

At the end of 1969, foreign investment in Canada amounted to \$46 billion and like any good thing(?) we're going up.

Just think of it, the car you drive is being run with good, old fashion American dollars. You get the privilege of having a fellow countryman pumping the gas into your tank, but you know whose gas it really is? — or do you?

82.6% of the oil and gas wells in this country are owned and controlled by foreign ownership guised under Canadian corporations. When you come to refining it, it's 99.9%.

The Committee for an Independent Canada is concerned. They want you to hear of their objectives and aims by accepting public speakers on the campus. How do you feel about it? Are you willing to listen or challenge?

For further information or expressing your opinion on bringing these people on campus, get in touch with Les Southwick, Social Chairman in the new Student Association Executive offices in the S.A.C.

WE MISS YOU LESLEY

Not around our office for some two weeks now is faithful LINK staffer Lesley Simpson who has been kept away by illness. Her absence is most apparent. Lesley is what one could loosely call a perfectionist — and we needed that badly in the proof reading dept. which she headed. We appreciated her many helpful talents. Hurry back, Lesley, we need you.

the editor

rellim..... Ed Charles

It's just not fair! Everybody's taking swipes at English instructors and it's totally uncalled for since English instructors are the sanest lot in our educational stream, possessing "...honour, power and the love of women." Oh, sure, you can call me a "nut" and tell me to go "fuddle duddle" with my proposition on the sanity of English instructors, but little do we "artsy" types know.

True, I've always argued that in the general context English instructors are "flunky writers" who couldn't put forward their imagination to write anything more creative than texts on "technical report" writing or elaborate papers of confusion on how to interpret and dissect the creative genius of a true master of English literature — all a despicable practice to exploit the meagre financial resources of students who have to purchase the texts English instructors' author. And I've supported my argument of English instructors being "flunky writers", by having anyone come forward and produce one which has made it as a literary giant writing inspiring prose, plays or poetry while still retaining his position in the educational system. It's really tough to find one, but it's much easier to find literary giants who, as their students, they flunked. Of course, there must be some English instructors who have made their mark as true artists in their literary field as there are always some rotten apples in every barrel, but these literary figures keep this as a guarded secret since it must be touch to live down the shame of being English instructors and artists at the same time — something like albatrosses worn around their necks, forcing them to pull their teaching collars higher to hide the shame of it all.

I suppose by now you must be under the misapprehension that I'm out to take my swipe at English instructors and can't reconcile my introductory proposition of their sanity. But the very fact that they are "flunky writers" makes them sane since only "artists" are insane. I know you won't take my word for it so let me draw from the highest psychiatric authority, the Father of

Psychiatry, Sigmund Freud. In his "Introductory Lectures on Psycho-analysis", Freud argues:

"There is, in fact, a path from fantasy back again to reality, and that is — art. The artist has also an introverted disposition and has not far to go to become neurotic. He is one who is urged on by instinctive needs which are too clamorous; he longs to attain to honour, power, riches, fame, and the love of women; but he lacks the means of achieving these gratifications. So, like any other with an unsatisfied longing, he turns away from reality and transfers all his interest, and all his libido too, on the creation he wishes in the life of fantasy, from which the way might readily lead to neurosis. There must be many factors in combination to prevent this becoming the whole outcome of his development; it is well-known how often artists in particular suffer from partial inhibition of their capacities through neurosis. Probably this constitution is endowed with a powerful capacity for sublimation and with a certain flexibility in the repressions determining the conflict. But the way back to reality is found by the artist thus: He is not the only one who has a life of fantasy; the intermediate world of fantasy is sanctioned by general human consent, and every hungry soul looks to it for comfort and consolation. But to those who are not artists the gratification that can be drawn from the springs of fantasy is very limited; their inexorable repression prevent the enjoyment of all but the meagre day-dreams which can become conscious. A true artist has more at his disposal. First of all he understands how to elaborate his day-dreams, so that they lose that personal note which grates upon strange ears and become enjoyable to others; he knows how to modify them sufficiently so that their origin in prohibited sources is not easily detected. Further, he possesses the mysterious ability to mould his particular material until it expresses the ideas of his fantasy faithfully; and then he knows how to attach to this reflection of his fantasy-life so strong a stream of pleasure that, for a time at least, the repressions are outbalanced and dispelled by it. When he can do all this, he opens out to others the way back to the comfort and consolation of their own unconscious sources of pleasure,

and so reaps their gratitude and admiration; then he has won — through his phantasy — what before he could only win in phantasy; honour, power, and the love of women."

In the text, *Art and Society* by Herbert Read, from which I extracted Freud's quote, the artist leaps into the realm of the psychotic. Says Read:

"There is little doubt that, in some sense or other, the artist is always to be regarded as psychotic. He may not be manifestly psychotic: he may rather be a psychotic type who has found some way of disguising, or compensating for, his psychosis."

Now, accepting my proposition that English instructors in general are "flunky writers" one can quickly reason that they're neither neurotic or psychotic, they're absolutely sane and through their sanity they've won all that artists so strive for — "...honour, power and love of women."

How I envy them all! ...No, not for the "honour" or the "power." It's the "love of women" that makes me envious of them. They're such a lucky lot those English instructors to get that very "love of women" in the flesh and blood sense instead of the cold keys of the typewriter which pounds out some phantasy maiden to love on the white sheets of typing paper; a maiden that's drawn from the confusion of the mind, loveliest of lovely, ecstasy of passion, tenderness of whispers... Sublimation is hell! Let's face it, a typewriter makes a rotten bed partner.

Anyway, if you're a grumbler about English instructors and their programs, you're just one of those neurotic or psychotic artists who is jealous because you're making it with a typewriter or a paint brush or clay while those English instructors are making it with the genuine article. And if you don't fancy yourself an artist and haven't realized it yet. But if you're just sane and not one of those artists, latent or otherwise, then maybe it's simply that the instructors and/or his program is just rotten and you're scoring more often with women than he is... One thing that baffles me about my sanity proposition of English instructors, why are there so many trying to become insane? Poor wretches!

BUDGETS

for

July, 1971 — June 30, 1972

Budget forms will be available from the Student Association General Office (S.A.C.) on Monday, March 29, 1971. All Budgets must be submitted to the office of the Secretary-Treasurer (Room 12) by 12 o'clock noon Wednesday, April 14, 1971. No Budgets submitted after April 14, 1971 will be considered. As a guideline to the Finance Committee, an estimation of proposed expenditures over the next five years, is requested.

GIRLS — GIRLS — GIRLS

At the

BARREL CABARET

KINGSWAY & EDMONDS

522-8171

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Tues, Weds, Thurs — Single Nites

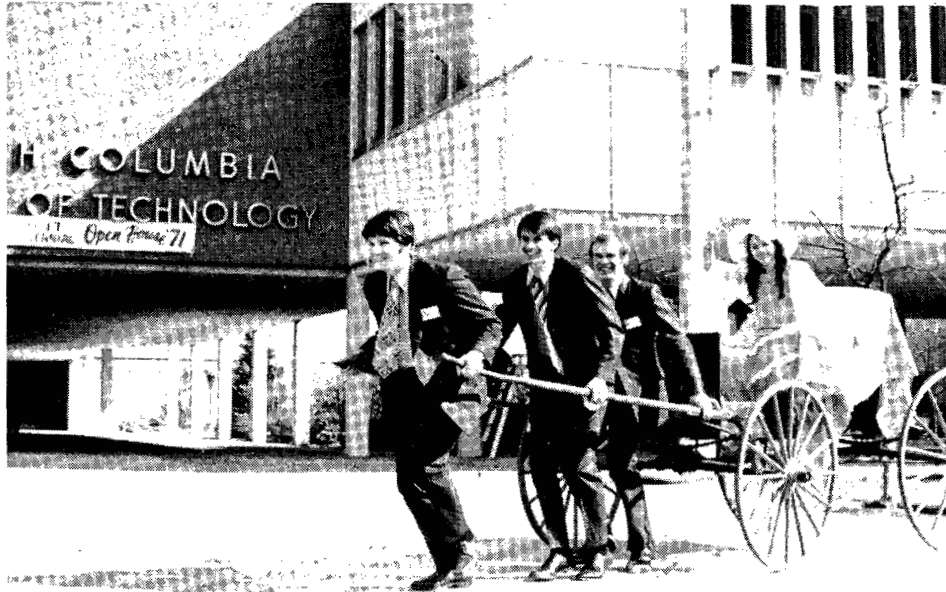
with (Fat Back) "CAIN"

Featuring Bill Reiter

organizers just
prior to D-day



25,000
visited



as good as any horse.



of wheel shapes & skirts heights



looking at a financial disaster

Open House, considering the day and the weather, has to be judged very successful. It rained throughout the entire three days it seemed and yet an estimated 25,000 people poured through the doors. It is also estimated that close to half of the visitors were relations of students attending the school judging from the number of small guided tours that could be seen on every floor.

There is some lively debate in the school as to whether or not VIP day was a success. Some displays had as few as 20 visitors the whole day while others had as many as perhaps a hundred.

Close to 2,000 forest fires were doused, 1,550 blood pressures read, 5,000 phone calls made, 150 filmed parachute drops completed, 27,000 cat screams heard from marketing and who knows how many horrorscopes and "x'ed in ladies" printed out in the computer area.

Hundreds of slides have been taken and it is expected that there will be an Open House Review day in 197 & 198 in the near future where possibly prints may be ordered (for a price).

For most, it's been a great time, but the attitude is now "thank God it's over!"



Barbara Larsen and friend

Humorously Helpful Interview Hints

DO's

By Barbara Williams and Kate Burton

Prepare beforehand for the interview by reading company literature and writing a good résumé on yourself. (Avoid flights of fancy and the temptation to add a dash of spice to this dull task. Try to think of it as an article for Consumer Report with you as the product.)

Be objective about your assets and shortcomings. (This is a tricky one — your idea of an asset may be his idea of a shortcoming. Use your discretion.)

Think of your potential service to the employer. (Beer drinking capacity and attractiveness to the opposite sex do not qualify in this category.)

Be prompt, courteous and a good listener. (Practice saying "Yes, sir" and "No, sir". They serve the dual purpose of showing both your politeness and your attentiveness.)

Behave naturally, speak clearly and respond to questions concisely. (If you naturally ramble on in a mumbling monotone, forget the first part of these instructions.)

Be honest about your grades, interests and plans. (Note it says honest, not suicidal. Try to steer a middle course between youthful exuberance and outright lying. Keep in mind you'll be expected to live up to your statements, within reasonable limits.)

Be properly dressed for a business appointment. (This entails hunting up quaint costumes known as suits, ties and, where appropriate, dresses. More information of these articles can be found in the yellow pages of your telephone directory under clothing stores.)

Show interest in employers' program and ask relevant questions. (Showing interest involves more than saying "neat-o" and "keen" at suitable intervals during the conversation. A little research is desirable here. Relevant questions should not include inquiries on the length of lunch hour as this tends to make the interviewer suspicious and unhappy.)

Thank employer at close. "Thank you for your time" has proved more successful than "It's been a gas".)

DON'T's

Oversell or undersell yourself by talking too much or too little. (A good criteria is if your eyes begin to glaze, you're underselling — if his do, you're talking too much.)

Try to be funny, overly friendly or offhand. (Curb your impulse to say "What's happening, baby?" and to put your feet up on the desk during the interview despite the success you've had with this technique in class.)

Prolong interviews unduly. (If you run out of qualifications to discuss, don't pad with childhood diseases and first loves.)

Miss your interview or be late without calling. (When you do call, have a good explanation ready. "It was too nice a day to come in" will not suffice.)

Come unprepared. (Interviewers are noticeably impressed by candidates who know the name of the company and the position available. It also helps you decide which of your good points to stress during your chat.)

Present extreme appearance. (The safest way to play this is to think of yourself as the eager suitor of a middle-aged, very proper school teacher and groom yourself accordingly. You can start adding the zingy touches that give you flair after you've landed the job.)

Prejudge opportunities with an employer. (A discussion on how you'll reorganize the department when you become manager is frowned on. It only insures those on top will make damn sure you don't get a chance to usurp them by joining the team.)

Become tense, impatient or emotional. (These displays are the exclusive right of the boss, and must be saved until you are Number One in the organization.)

Overemphasize rewards and benefits of job. (A discreet inquiry about the salary offered is permissible, but it's definitely bad form to wring your hands and moan upon hearing the answer.)

JOB SITUATION DEPT

summer jobs from Ottawa

The Federal Government will be providing additional positions to their regular summer employment programs. Hopefully the Provincial Government and possibly some of our major local employers will follow suit. A number of positions such as secretarial, stenographic, clerical manual labour, research assistants, filing clerks, and so on, could be offered. The Federal government will have these positions plus others — i.e. census takers and laboratory assistants.

In order for the BCIT Placement Centre to prepare for summer placement of

students, complete and detailed personal information forms will be required from the undergraduates. The following information is requested: name, correct address and phone number, age, height, weight, languages fluently spoken, high school and any further courses undertaken and completed, your present average grade, interests, hobbies, and a detailed analysis of your past experience.

Additional information should be placed on the reverse side. Information such as whether or not you have a drivers license, access to a car, you can type, take

shorthand, what kind of work you have done infrequently even around home, painting, maintenance work, etc. Some of this information may be just the thing that will secure a position for you.

As these positions come available the student Placement Office will contact students directly unless posted otherwise. Your applications are welcomed at your earliest convenience.


GREENER GRASS

. . . courtesy the easter bunny



*

*

in the *nITE 
fireflies past by
as we made luv
under
a slitley Topsy moon.

~grate pumkin

two littleboy friends
who beat each other up
and shouted rude words
at each (across the other) street
like all the bad words you can think of
say architect

grew this way up together
and went to a
(merica the beautiful)
buried together
(till death) two (us part) littleboy friends

-crane

ODE TO A CHILD OF THE 60's
by George Papp, Hotel Motel I

PART I

The young romantic idealist
Was asked to go to war,
He was asked by his country to give his all.

He declined and replied he did not
Want to shoot to kill,
But that he would rather serve his country
To the end in peace.

Then the young romantic idealist with his
Tranquilizing weed,
Preached a life of love and beauty
That nature was the way
That our only hope was cleansing
The earth, the sea, the air.

His ideals started drifting from
one side to the other,
His family forsook him,
As did his friends in leisure.

His hair now reached his shoulders
It was a joy to see,
As was the gleaming flashing world
When seen through sweet candy.

The young romantic idealist
Went to a campus large,
Where the "winds of change" were blowing
That all should have joint arms.

VERSE DEPT

We'll change this system to a better
We'll have equality,
All men will be blood brothers
Yes sisters too, we'll free.

Our bible is a different hue
More esthetic to the eye,
It is a proven experiment
It's success you cannot deny.

Then the young romantic idealist
Seeing a vision true,
Joined the ranks to protest a war
Most harsh and cruel.

To protest a way of life
Which seemed, many faced and
blue,
A way of corruption, vice, and hate.
In short
A Decadent Establishment
An old path not new.

to be continued



WHAT IS A ROSE

A rose is a beautiful thing
A rose is something to love you bring
A rose can fill a girl's heart with joy
When given by her favorite boy

A rose is something to give your wife
If you had a spat it will make things right
And when a new babe arrives
A rose will add an extra sparkle of joy to Mother's eye

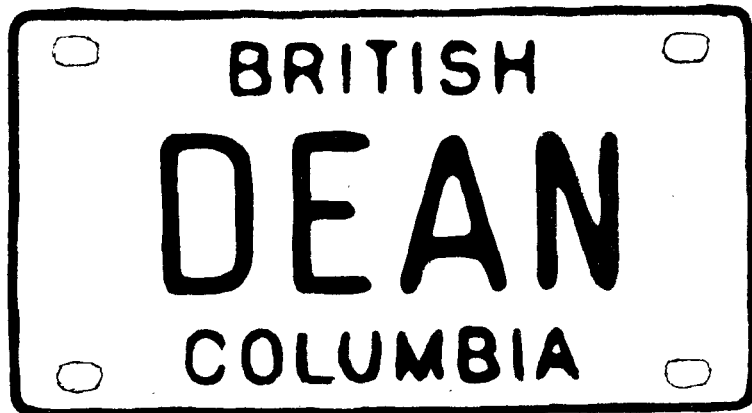
A rose is something a blind man can sell
And when your sick it will help you feel well
A rose is something you can wear
Whether your hobo or a millionaire

Yes a rose is a beautiful thing
It blooms on a bush each spring
A rose looks good in a maiden's hair
Or can be given to God as a little prayer

A rose is white A rose is red
A rose says things that can't be said

And on your golden wedding anniversary
A rose is worth more than gold they say
And when life has ended and you have past away
Upon your grave a rose will stay

M. Brennan / 71



PLEASE ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO:
SUPERINTENDENT OF MOTOR-VEHICLES
MOTOR-VEHICLE BRANCH
VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA



PLEASE MARK REPLY FOR ATTENTION OF
Special Recognition (Licence)
DIVISION

R. A. HADFIELD
SUPERINTENDENT OF MOTOR-VEHICLES

MOTOR-VEHICLE BRANCH TELEPHONE EV 2-8111 (LOCAL 214)
VICTORIA

IN REPLY QUOTE FILE NO. 83 (Deans)

YOUR FILE NO. SFD 83-71

SUBJECT: CENTENNIAL PROJECT - RECOGNITION OF DEANS
COMMUNITY COLLEGES

Dean H. Goard,
British Columbia Institute of Technology,
Burnaby, British Columbia.

Dear Sir:

The policy of the Motor Vehicle Branch for some years has been to recognize certain groups and individuals by assigning special automobile licences or tabs for affixing to regulation size plates. This Department has provided special plates, for example, to Consular Vehicles and Amateur Radio Licence holders.

The Special Recognition Division has decided as a part of the Centennial celebrations to include Deans of Community Colleges and Universities during 1971 for the issuance of Licence Plate Identity Tabs. An Identity Tab is enclosed and should be affixed to the rear licence plate, within 15 days, in a manner which does not obscure the regular renewal validation tab.

IMPORTANT: In the event you do not wish to install the enclosed Identity Tab, please return it promptly to this office to avoid use by unauthorized persons.

On behalf of the Selection Committee, Centennial Projects and this Office we are pleased to add your name to the roster of the Special Recognition Division, Victoria, British Columbia.

Yours truly,

Albert E. Finney,
Director (S/R.D.)

AEF/bh

Encl.

The next day Mr. Goard received a phone call saying that the letter and plate was an APRIL FOOLS JOKE! Who says governments do not have a sense of humour!!

Dear Doctor



Dear Doctor,

I am currently going steady with a Greek god who just happens to be afflicted with Roman hands. What can I do about him.

Not overly fond of Togas

Dear Overly,

A very simple remedy, if you'll follow the doctors advice when in Rome do as the Romans do.

D.O.M.

Dear Doctor,

The girls around this place really bug me. They are such snobs they won't even give us guys a chance to get acquainted. Have you ever tried smiling at one of them in the halls and not got even the slightest reaction?

Tired of Female Technologists

Dear Tired,

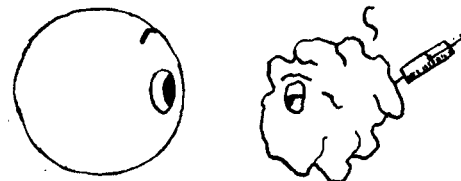
Being personally irresistible I have never run across your specific problem. Maybe you should give up smiling and try a more direct route. In the meantime - keep the faith. Remember all girls are really like pianos. When they're not upright, they're grand.

D.O.M.

ANYTHING-GOES DEPT

Viscious
CIRCLES

Never get fresh with
a Med Lab girl.



Unabashed Dictionary defines 'calculated risk' as a computer date with a girl who doesn't take the pill.

The battle of the sexes will never be won by either side, because there's too much fraternizing with the enemy!

WHAT'S ON...



Ryan's Daughter:

Another David Lean feat of evocative magic — gods, the man's a genius at drawing out the essential mood and putting it on celluloid to lift and enchant his audience.

Landscape and the large canvas are definitely Lean's metier: he distills the essence of Ireland and the sea and serves the audience a portion of magical brew. Intoxicating.

Moonlit nights, crashing waves, spiderwebs undulating up and down in sexual rhythm, jagged fierce rocky coast (a them re-stated in the priest), stretches of unreal sunlit seashore, trees rustling in the wind... all in 70mm to wrap and enfold you.

In the centre of all this grandness, this all-over omnipotent view, the individual characters become flat and undimensional. They lose importance in themselves and become instead painstrokes in the building up of the larger scene. One is caught up in mood, and loses pattern, individual characterization. The characters are part of the landscape: Robert Mitchum is not so much the cuckolded husband as a part of the Irish landscape — suffering and betrayed by the British. Sarah Miles, the enchanted wife is consumed by longing — has all that could be offered her, but yearns for wings: a poem by Yates, perhaps? Trevor Howard in a most stirring performance is the most credible character of the lot — but on the large canvas is Ireland's faith incarnate. And in a superb rendering by John Mills we have the fool — the irrational.

The background too, is carefully

chosen and surely executed: an Irish village, isolated, narrow, full of bigotry and hatred. The people, fierce, exultant primitive folk who scurry en masse salvaging arms for Timothy Leary and the greater glory of god and the Irish Republic.

Folk who proclaim that "There's loose women, and then there's whores, and then there's British Soldier's whores".

These are the colours on the canvas, and Lean paints an archetypal picture. Character, as I say, is lost, most notably in the case of the English major, nonplayed by Christopher Jones — but, and this is where Lean's particular genius lies — it doesn't matter. The whole overwhelms you.

Other things: B.C.I.T. now features a Cabaret with beer and live muzak Fri. evenings 6 pm to 11. Beer — 3/\$1.00, Muzak free. All in SAC. One notes that the VCC Pub was closed irrevocably by the nasties in Victoria on account (so they say) of complaints by non-people type neighbours. Another instance of the law making a cuckold out of justice. Back to BCIT — there's a humanizing note been added to our sterile campus — to wit a genuine pond. Pond lovers take note of location — cunningly tucked away in behind SAC. While on the initial kick I shall proceed to B.A.G. April 6 — May 2 they are featuring paintings by the noted Chinese painter Prof. Chao Shao-An. This is a rare opportunity indeed. Also in the Theatre Gallery, wood carvings by Otto Brun, and on Good Friday egglovers have a treat in store if it takes their fancy — a Ukrainian Egg Decorating Demonstration at 2 pm. by

Mrs. Kindrachuk, an expert decorator. On Wed. April 21 BAG has scheduled a demonstration of Chinese painting by Mr. Jhn Kuo. 12 noon and \$2.00 lets you in on Eastern approaches and some mind expanding info.

Vancouver little Theatre's Easter Production is "The Strange Disappearance of Princess Gloriana", a special for children. All the usual story book characters in a stirring tale of abduction and rescue (naturally!) — an ideal children's show which continues all Easter Week; 2:30 and 7:30 Mon. to Sat. at the York Theatre. Tickets \$1.50 and \$1.00

Also note that Famous Players is continuing their film contest — supposedly an incentive to flick makers in Canada, but I strongly suspect it of being a tax dodge.

Ten thousand dollars is \$10,000.00, true, but consider the costs of making even a short flick and then divide by multi prize winners across Canada, and what do you see? Big corporation indulging in a spot image improving at minimal cost is what I see.

More on the flick scene, and of more positive interest I think, is the Magic Theatre's offer to screen film-makers offerings at a stated cost — I think about \$1.00 per 100 feet 16mm, anyway check with them if you're interested. Admittance to these showings for interested members of the public is 50 cents. Ergo — milm-makers get public showings and may even gross a dollar or two or even-happy thought — make a profit? and the public gets a view of what's doing in flix. Good vibes all round.

The Sensuous Woman author: 'J'

The author used the pseudonym because she didn't want her mother to know. And with good reason. It would shock her and any other woman who happened to have matured before the liberated '60's.

The book in substance is the author's "tried and true" method for achieving sexual satisfaction. She makes it plain that "...when women discovered there was something in sex for them besides babies, horse racing

dropped to second place and lovemaking leaped out in front to become the nation's number one sport." In 200 pages she shows why.

The book is liberated, but not quite Woman's Liberation. While both have as their main premise that there can be just as much enjoyment in sex for the female as the male, "J" maintains that somewhat old-fashioned view that much of it comes from pleasing the male, while Women's Lib of course

contends that men need to learn the several methods and areas to excite his partner (at some self-sacrifice).

Throughout her book the author keeps harping on the interesting, if not novel, theme that to "keep your man coming for more" you've got to give him the impression that you're enjoying it. She goes so far as to concede that "controlled faking" of orgasm may sometimes be advisable. But any pretense must be kept to a minimum and the author includes a list of "several exercises" (some almost



social stuff

by LES SOUTHWICK

Well the Friday night cabaret is off and running. It is planned for every Friday evening up to the 7th of May (excluding Good Friday April 9th). Live entertainment is planned for Friday, April 16th. So come and enjoy this happening but I suggest you come early. Hours of opening are from 6:00PM to 11:30PM.

We had a rather poor response for the Blood Drive but then there is a lot of sickness floating around. Well Sam Stud gave anyway. Special thanks go to the second year nurses who helped promote the drive and also volunteered to help the Red Cross.

The Engineering Dance was cancelled due to lack of time to organize and set up for a dance (homework, term assignments etc.) However they are co-sponsoring (with the SA Social Chairman) a rock concern April 21st or 28th. The reason

akin to masturbation) that if practised seriously will not fail to improve bedtime fun.

The book is quite honestly well written. "J" has a pleasant literary style. Her treatment of sex at its permissive best is both open and warm. The book is laced with subtle humour and personal stories and anecdotes. One is very much inclined to believe it is absolute truth. It is, I think, the sort of book BCIT girls would enjoy. They would enjoy. They

for the undecidedness of the date is that final bookings have to be made yet this week. But it will be a big concert with two bands, one Vancouver Band and one from back east.

A special notice to clubs or technologies who wish to use the SAC for dances, etc. A set of regulations has been drawn up regarding operation, etc. and they must be strictly enforced. This is to protect you students from losing all privileges for the dances (i.e. getting busted for underage drinking, dope, etc.). If you think this is silly, just come to a Friday night Cabaret happening and watch the roads from the windows in the SAC cafeteria. Peace.

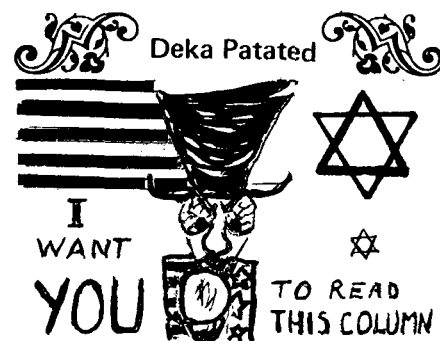
THE CAMERAMAN'S CHANCE

Out last month was an invitation to all educational institutions across Canada to take part in Famous Players Second Annual Student Film Awards. Deadline for entries (16mm film) is Sept. 15, 1971 and entry forms are available from the office of the Vice President External.

The contest last year was very successful with close to one hundred entrants from British Columbia and Alberta. The First Prize University entry for 16mm English film was awarded to Peter Bryant, a former Student of Simon Fraser University, for his film "Noohalk".

would probably also learn a thing or two.

■ PB



...I was backstage(d) to see and talk to Rod Stewart — Incredible — after the show, when only the arena maintenance men dared show their "faces" and sweep away the food, matches and plastic containers; the desolation of the stage was invaded by Rod Stewart who stood screaming out into the emptiness which one hour previous was capsizing with turned-on bodies. I was so overwhelmed I looked down slowly only to realize that I had forgotten to turn the tape machine to record! ... Ah Well. ...

...Never realized what a turned on place this was until last Friday nite, when a female friend and I decided to take in the drunks at the Multi-Purpose Open House Dance. I walked in the door of the dance and no sooner did I get in than some fellow from (it looked like) Forestry or Financial Management takes me aside and says "Do you want some green stuff?" I said no immediately as soon as I realized that narc spelled backwards wasn't "carn".

So me and mine made our way to the extreme corner. I was just sitting down when someone very close to me (whom I only recognized at a distance) whispered into my shoe "You want some smoke?" Well it darn near knocked the cigar rite out of my mouth! (and my girlfriend's too!).

And in a moment's resisting revelation, I asked myself in simplistic solitude, "Now you don't have to smoke anything to have a good time, now do you? ..." Anyway I bought two bags and thoroughly enjoyed the E&E sound system and dime a dance light show. And as I left completely ship-wrecked on foreign soil, I vaguely recall some fellow with tickertape running from his nostrils and mouth simultaneously, crying "out" in a voice typical of any student working his way through college.

"Do you wanna buy some gold?"



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Vancouver - London (*RETURN*)

FOR ONLY \$283 RETURN

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