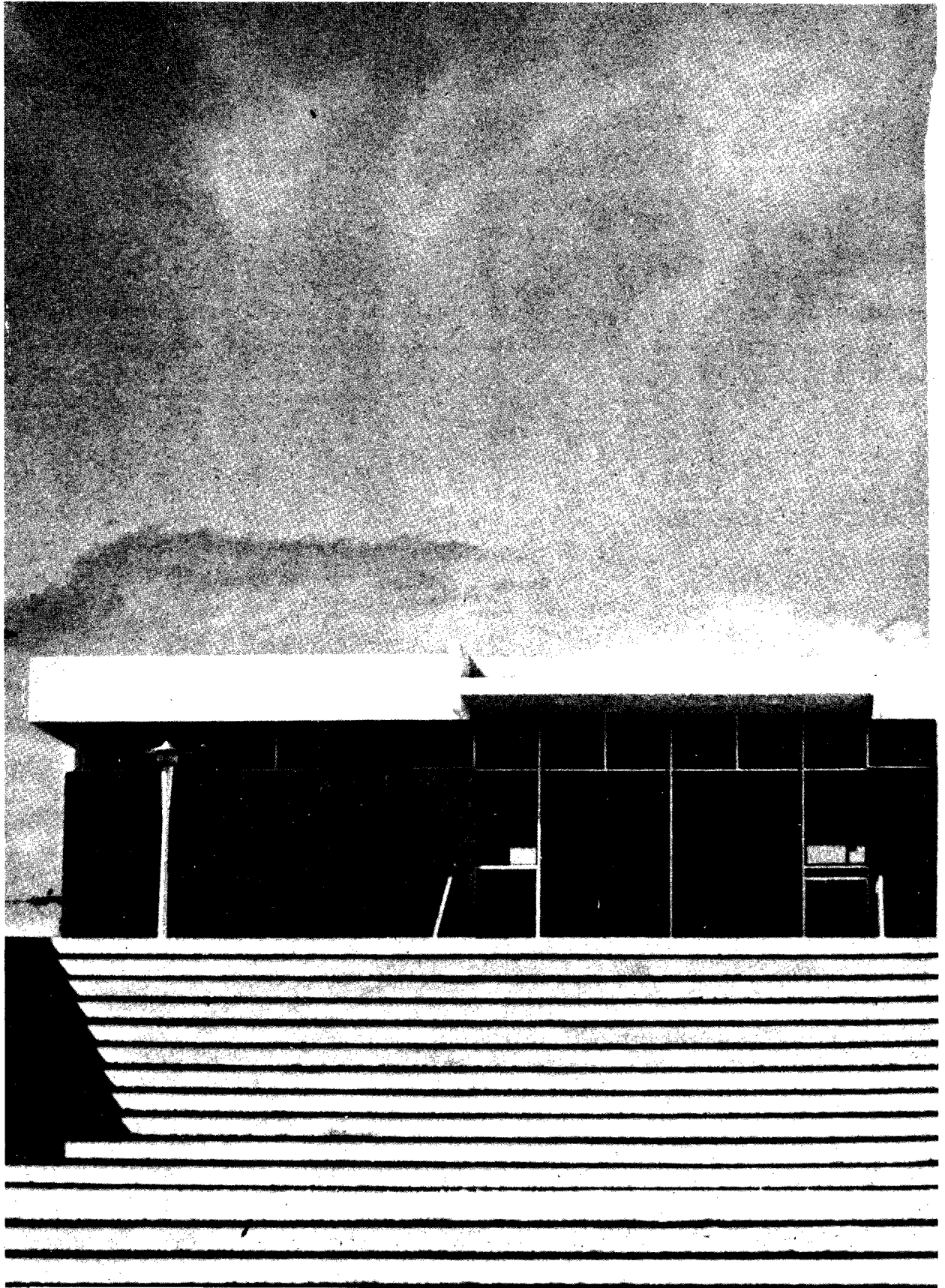


LINK

VOL. 2 No. 1 Tuesday, Sept. 2, 1969



A MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL...

Welcome to all students who come to B.C.I.T. this September.

For those who enrol for the first time, the staff of B.C.I.T. will help you in every way to get a good start in your studies.

Make sure you introduce yourself to your Chief Instructor or Department Head. They will advise you about any particular problems relating to your technology.

I would suggest that as a general rule you should try to get down to your studies right away and that you try to keep up as you go along. Christmas exams come quickly and it is important that you do well on them. A good rule to follow is: "Never put off 'till tomorrow what you can do today."

For those who are returning for their second year at B.C.I.T. — a special welcome. This is your final year and I hope it will be a most successful one. I am sure that graduation from B.C.I.T. will start you in a satisfying job in your chosen career. Don't let down in your final year.

But it is not all work and no play at B.C.I.T. The Student Council offers a great variety of club activities and intra-mural sports to add to your growth and enjoyment of your school year. I would recommend that you participate in some organized student activity. I hope you will enjoy your year at B.C.I.T. as well as profit from your studies.

As usual, B.C.I.T. is growing. New buildings and improved and landscaped grounds are being provided. But growth means construction debris and other inconveniences. I trust that you will put up with some difficulties on the Campus during the Fall term when some overcrowding will be inevitable. Most of these problems will be eliminated by the end of December.

If you do have difficulties, do not hesitate to talk to the staff about them. All doors are open to you and everyone is anxious to help.

To all of you — Good Luck in 1969-70. I am sure this will be a year to remember.

D.H. Goard
Principal

THE REGISTRAR'S MESSAGE...

Hello Freshmen.

For a great number of you this will be your first exposure to post-secondary education, and it is possible that you may find problems that you have not anticipated. They may be academic, financial, medical or personal. Our student services are at your disposal — remember — we are working for you.

We know your training here is going to be profitable. We are also interested in making it enjoyable.

You are on your way to a fine and interesting year, so commit yourself — there's more in it for everybody.

To all of you, welcome to the Campus.

Good Luck.

J.T. Field
Registrar

editorial

(To be (dressed) . . . or not to be (dressed))

That is the question . . . Should ties, jackets and collared shirts have to be worn on this campus. It seems to me that the administration are leaving this matter to the students and teachers with little if any interference.

I feel that it is unfortunate that instructors at times, must try to enforce the regulation which in turn causes further juvenile delinquence. The fact is, crew, we are in this boat together, and if we all don't dress in a way pleasing to future employers then we'll slowly sink the institute together.

I admit that clothing should not be so important in business today but we, as students, are in no position to argue. When the time comes for our generation to be leaders of the country, then and only then can we change the set of values pertaining to students' dress.

Furthermore, the dress seems to bring about a maturer attitude and respect towards the institute coinciding with the students' realization that instructors are treating them only as somewhat less knowledgeable adults. Only those who are less mature and feel they cannot cope with some restrictions to their everyday life will complain and rebel.

Therefore I suggest to all students who are conforming that they scorn those who are trying to degrade the "look" of the institute.



The editor obviously needs help. Apply at the "Link" shack beside the greenhouse or use the Link box.

Link

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY
CIRCULATION 3,500
TEL: 437-1333

The Link is a periodical published by and for the students of the British Columbia Institute of Technology, 3700 Willingdon, Burnaby, British Columbia. The editor-in-chief is responsible to the Vice-President of the BCIT Students' Association for the success, quality and content of this publication. Neither administration nor instructional staff of this institute edits or censors the material within. Bylined materials are the personal opinion of the writer and not necessarily the editorial board.

Editorial Policy

The editor will accept any material for the Link, but reserves the right to exclude such articles which are in poor taste, are a detriment to the institute, or are inter-personal conflicts. However, the editor will explain to the author his reason for excluding an article whenever possible.

Help Needed

No experience necessary. The editor will take anybody for writing articles, typing (with payment!!) and other assistance. NO ONE TURNED AWAY – unless over 50 "apply".

New Columns

The following is a list of some columns I would like to introduce and maintain with help:

The "Missing Link" is intended to be a column of light trivia, otherwise known as written diarrhoea. This editor takes little responsibility for the content of the column.

A literary page containing student and staff produced material should be initiated.

A clubs column will be maintained with news of club events.

I would like to start a library book review on books of interest and usefulness on a non-academic level.

I hope to have a column of pop music and events.

A critique of coming movies may be initiated, if arrangements can be made, and also a review of local nightspots including total costs, attire and type of entertainment will be started perhaps in the next issue.

Schmaltz

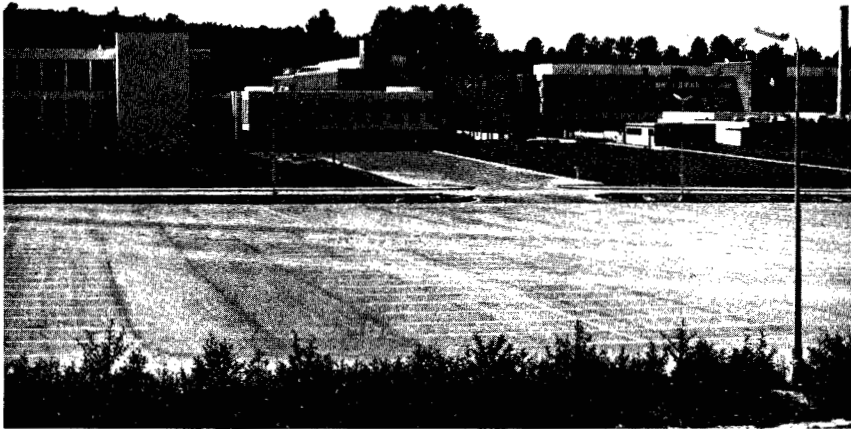
I would like to personally welcome the raw new products to our factory and wish everyone the best of luck this year in the "competition" (as expressed by at least one instructor). I know the majority of new students will eventually be highly impressed by the quality of most instructors.

I am looking forward to some lively letters to the editor from students and staff enraged by my editorial staff, or simply enraged, and I think it will be a good year for the Link.

Editor: Jim Steeves

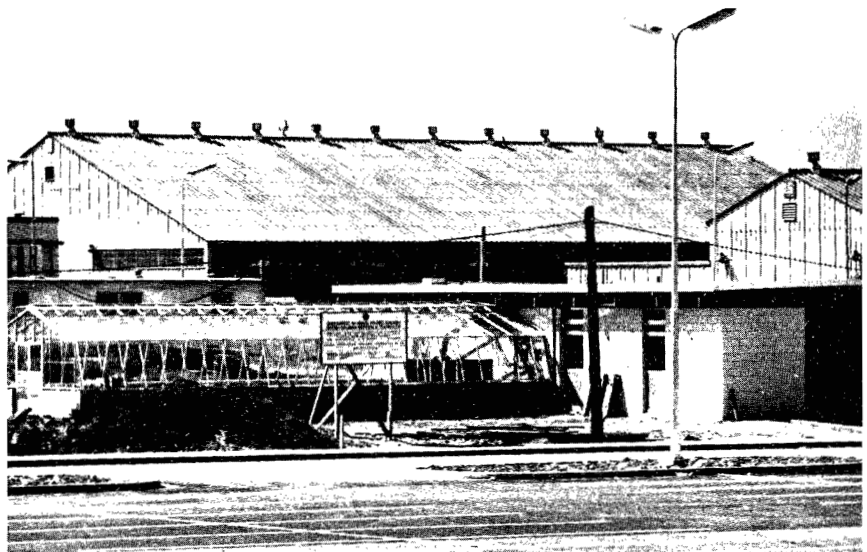
Photos: T. Sale

FIRST IMPRESSIONS...



. It appears that the landscaping is being done with great intelligence and imagination to the Institute's good.

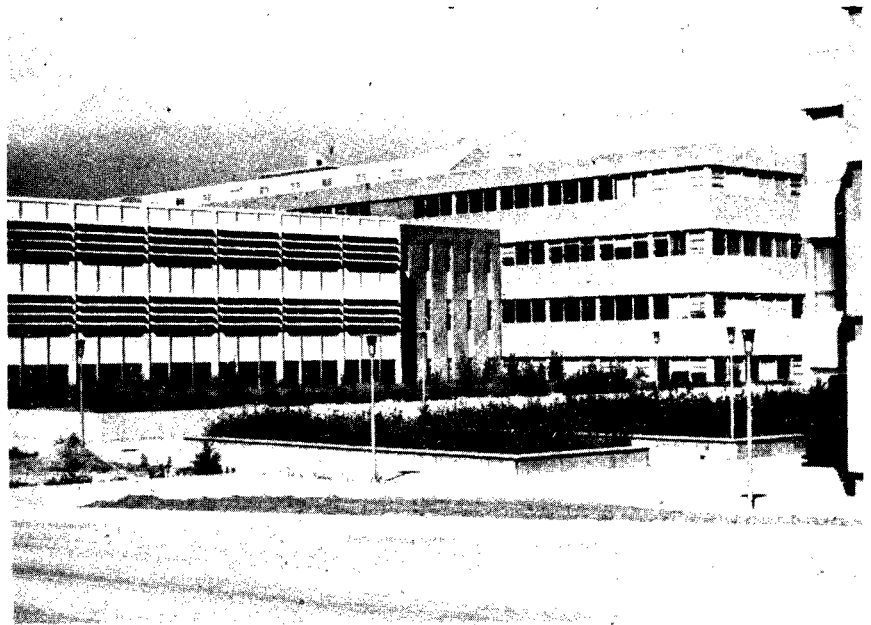
The new greenhouse and animals holding building is for use by the biological sciences technology and will alleviate the smells around Room 281 — Biomedical.

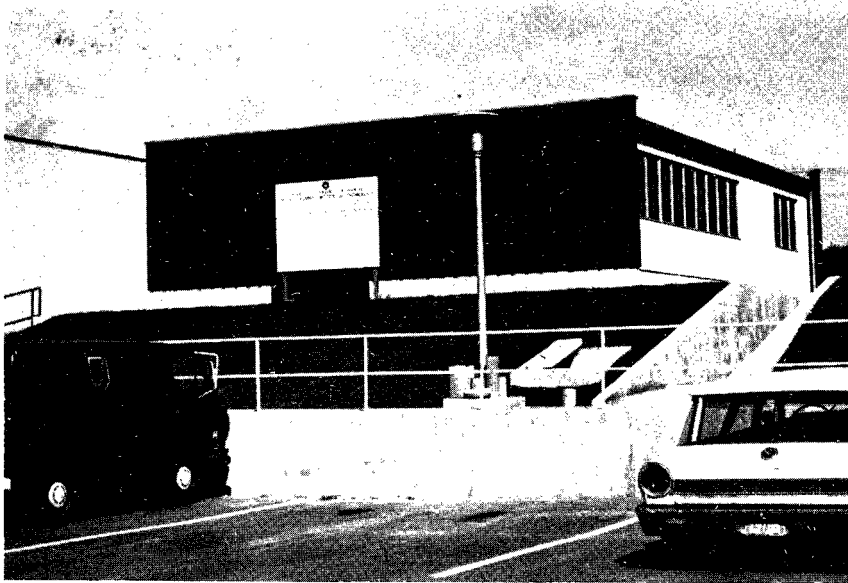




Adults and most children will heed this sign in keeping with the mature attitudes of the students.

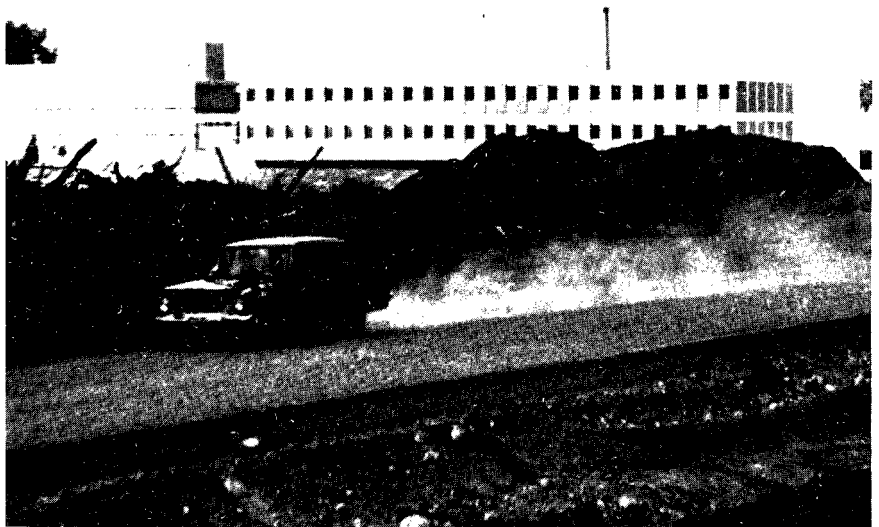
Has the landscaping missed that part nearest the Institute?





The telephone exchange is to handle all phone calls for government offices in the lower mainland automatically.

The temporary gravel road to Moscrop promises to be a real challenge come rainy weather.



RESIDENCES

The B.C.I.T. campus will have residences by 1972 if not before says Mr. J. Kidd of John Kidd and Associates, architects. Mr. Kidd has been contracted by the Department of Public Works to do a feasibility study of residences for the B.C.V.S., Vocational Teaching College and B.C.I.T. campus. Time is being taken to assure that they are suited in every respect to this particular campus. The study is covering not only the design, location and size but also, philosophically, the social interactions that will take place.

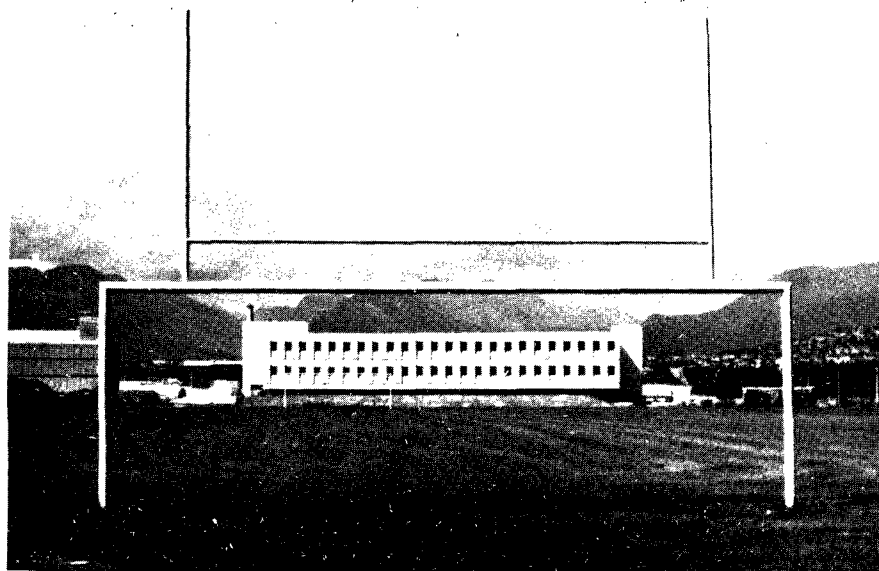
The residences, he feels, should be self-liquidating and not just for needy students. There are several complications with the study which should be completed next month. Three completely separate institutions, duration of residence from one month to two years, differences in disciplines and slight differences in age groups, present problems in social interactions.

Mr. Kidd is especially interested in the role residences will have in the institute's function of not only training a vocation but also its function in maturing and shaping a student's social confrontations. He is considering residences from a community point of view, that is, groups of four or five corresponding to a home situation with each of these groups forming a community. The residence will comprise of several of these communities forming a high rise or single storey type accommodation.

The question of coeducational residences was brought up. Mr. Kidd feels that they are appropriate for most campuses, however, because of the high proportion of men to women on this campus, the privacy that should be offered would not be possible.

Mr. Kidd welcomes any suggestions by mail at J. Kidd and Associates, 1008 Homer Street, Vancouver.

Want a shoulder to cry on? Try the counselling department. They are there to help you with any possible problem from family troubles and finances to study and instructor troubles.



The playing field is in prime condition for play. See the sports co-ordinator before you use it.

This space reserved for budding cartoonists whom the "Link" would like to get hold of.

THE MISSING LINK

BY BILL LEARMONT

I was asked by our B.C.I.T. Students Council to do a report on suitable dining and entertainment spots in the area surrounding B.C.I.T. My report to you:

The Villa Motor Inn's "Old Soggy Room", 354 paces from B.C.I.T., was half full when my companion and I walked in one night last week.

A table located at the far left back corner looked sturdy enough to support us now and in the future. The bar-tenders grouped together tightly in a huddle and I heard one whisper, "I carried him out last week, it's Fred's turn."

I politely ignored this and instead studied the single salt shaker that stood beside the ashtray on our table. Fred would be our waiter.

Recklessly he swooped in on our table, stopped, and leaned 10° starboard. To stall for time while I decided what to order, I sent him for a napkin, explaining that my companion had stood in front of my misdirected windshield washer while I clumsily bumped the button on my way out. Five minutes later Fred returned with the napkin.

"For my companion," I said, "one draftee accompanied by a tomato juice and I'll have a Charrington's Toby."

Fred was now swarming over our table, mixing the full tomato juice with the full draftee in one empty glass of the same size. With that finished, he began to work on my bottle by first opening it. He sniffed the cap and then flicked it across the room, hitting another connoisseur on the head.

With a click of the grasses we began, my companion daintily drank that portion of the beer concoction in her glass that was closest to her mouth. She expressed appreciation, while I proudly lifted my Toby to the sky. It was dry, very dry, but with little after-taste; a total effervescence lifted my spirits.

When Fred re-appeared I placed orders for four draftees. A ten cent tip was placed under the napkin he had previously brought my companion. On his approach, I muttered "Buy yourself one." The gloom across his face became gloomier.

We talked of the weather, pollution in our world and the refreshing effect of unspoiled nature. Because she showed a true sincerity about her love of nature, I made a date for the following Saturday night to look at the stars at the Planetarium from a vantage point in the corner of the parking lot. She agreed. Engrossed in the romanticism of this arrangement, I happened to see Fred trip over a chair two tables up and because his head was closest to our table, I placed an order for two more Tobys. My companion was swept with helplessness by my virility.

About halfway through our Tobys we began to experience that gnawing feeling of hunger so I arranged for a menu to be brought. From the List, I picked a plain hamburger, while my companion voiced a desire for a deluxe cheeseburger. I ordered two plain hamburgers and two draftees to accompany them.

The Maitre D's favorite waitress brought our plates. In the middle stood the hamburger; chopped potatoes cooked in the form of chips stole another section of the plate while two Bick's pickles sat adjacent. Fred came with our draftees and expressed delight at the masterpieces on our plates. I told him how to go about ordering one.

Using the thumb and four fingers of my right hand I picked up the hamburger and took a man-size bite. Not wishing to waste any of the hamburger, I used my companion's napkin to wipe off my face, with the intent of later using the napkin as a doggie bag. A dime was under the napkin. "From Fred," I thought to myself, so I pocketed it and went on eating.

My companion could not remember when she tasted a hamburger so delicious. I could, but I didn't tell her. We both agreed the beer must have aged at least three years, but we couldn't agree on where. She thought it aged in a keg while I thought it had aged in the tap. Fred assured us it was the keg so we then drank four more to "The greatest beer in the world."

It was an enjoyable evening with a romantic atmosphere that truly helped to formulate happy memories. The total cost was \$5.10, not counting the dime Fred gave us. A very, very enjoyable evening for \$5.00.

All names (including "Students Council") have been changed to protect the innocent.

Editor's Note: --- I bet her name was Patricia.
