

# Der Martlet

Damit Wir Nicht Vergessen



Heldengedenktags Ausgabe

11 November

## HOMECOMING WEEKEND

### NOVEMBER 8

Pancake Breakfast Clover Point 7:30 - 9:30 a.m. Log Saw Clover Point 10:00 - 1:30 Rugby Game Centennial Stadium 2:00 - 4:30 Half Time Steeplechase/Obstacle Race with teams from Faculty, Alumni, Executive Council and Student Body.	<b>Beer and Barbecue</b> Sub 6:00 - ???? Tickets - \$1.75/person Beer - 3/\$1.00 General Admission - .50 Uvic Students with AMS Cards - FREE !!!
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## My Two Bits

by Bert Weiss

This week I would like to lash out at all the liberal-minded professors at UVIC. Let me ask you where you were on AMCHITKA DAY? Yes, there were ten of you but where were the rest of you? Or maybe there are only 10 liberal profs on this campus. . . What about the professor who told his students that it was a good idea to go down to the BLACK BALL DOCK and voice your disapproval of the Amchitka bombing and yet won't allow his own students to have free discussion inside his class??? Would it be outside of my role as a student to suggest that professors stop trying to get students turned on about all the world problems UNLESS they are willing to stand side-by-side with the students and get all these damned injustices corrected. They could also be working inside the faculty association (or failing that, the Alma Mater Society) to bring about the long overdue social changes. Why don't some of you come over to the SUB sometime and help put out the Martlet or give us ideas on stories and exposes. Time is running out on everyone - faculty and students alike. . . I just learned that one of the major causes of

POLLUTION is the potassium in domestic DETERGENTS. Potassium does not neutralize itself and cannot be removed in sewage treatment. Furthermore, SOAP MANUFACTURERS have said that they have tried real hard to develop a substitute for potassium but so far been unable to do so. The interesting thing about this is that a UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO student has during the last four months been working on just such a substitute and has succeeded in finding a formula that is completely harmless and he did it without the financial resources that the soap companies have. . . I've heard so many people say that COMMUNISM is so evil (Mr. BENNETT???) and that we should fight it day and night. I can't really see that it will make any difference if the ARMS RACE keeps going the way it is. All that somebody has to do is push the wrong button and St. Peter here we come. Anyone remember the movies DR. STRANGELOVE and FAIL-SAFE? When is mankind going to learn to love one-another instead of trying to find better ways of killing him. . . Did you know that MILES FOR MILLION has ATHLETES FEET???

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### Revolutionary Educational Concept

"Uvic's place in the sun," as Dr. Partridge philosophised so eloquently a week ago Monday on the eve of his inauguration, is an university with, "Emphasis on good undergraduate training, quality of instruction and excitement of learning."

Speaking in the University Extension Department Lecture Series, the recently installed administration president stated that Uvic is at a "crossroad" in decision making. Uvic should be taking time out these days to stop in its footsteps and assess its future.

He made note of the well-known fact that this campus is suffering from limited resources these days, which he remarked, was a "natural order of events for universities" in today's world.

He referred to the 'siren song' plaguing today's universities, in which it is expected to mean all people. "Some of these needs can be better met by other agencies," Dr. Partridge stated. He cautioned against creating unnecessary duplication in our universities.

Mentioning Senate's acceptance of programs of law, social work, nursing, and the programs now under consideration of marine biology, public administration and Pacific Rim studies, Dr. Partridge inferred that the time was at hand to make some definite decisions on the priorities these programs should take

on at the Gordon Head Campus.

With the resources not available at present, nor unlikely to be so in the next decade, to establish all these programs, he suggested that committees (ed. note: heaven forbid) should be struck to determine the rationale, possible accomplishments, curriculum, enrollments, budgets, and the type of person the programs should attract.

Partridge displayed confidence, in his conclusion, that Uvic will not ignore the undergraduate. Commenting on the need for professors to keep abreast of their topics and the desire of good undergraduate institutions for good grad schools to stimulate young minds, he closed by saying that such was "essential, desirable, and where we should be going."

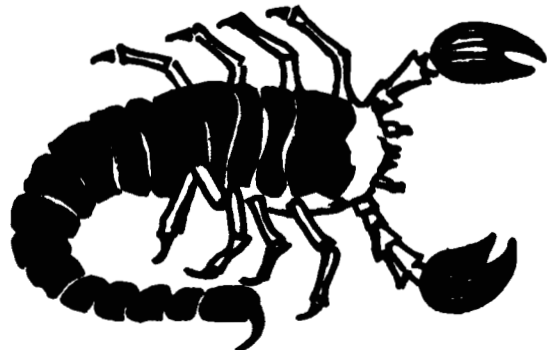
"The University of Victoria has the air of doing well and the spirit of co-operation," he said.

**Quote:**

*Old Socialists never die;  
They just rant and grey.*

-George Manning

Correction: Ron Armstrong, not Richard Quan, was elected to the Executive Council.



# SCORPION YOUNG MEN'S FASHIONS

Opening Sat. Nov. 15th !

Town & Country Shopping Centre (Next To Woolco)

# MORATORIUM DAY NOV. 14

## A Brief History of Vietnam until 1960

Vietnam has maintained its identity and has a written history replete with hero-figures and poets of high order, going back 4000 years. It fell victim to French colonialist expansion in 1871. During WW 11, it was overrun by the Japanese, and two million peasants starved to death. The Voice of America, beamed to South East Asia, promised over and over again that the U.S.A. would respect Vietnamese independence once the enemy was gone.

In 1945 the Democratic Republic of Vietnam was established over the whole of Vietnam. Early in 1946 the French moved in to re-establish their colonial rule by force. Truman, and later Eisenhower, forgot the promise about respecting independence, and gave massive aid to the French (80% of the cost) but they were defeated in 1954 in spite of it. Under the treaty ending French rule the country was divided at the 17th parallel only to give the French, regrouped to the south, time to withdraw, which they did. Elections were to be held in 1956 to re-unite the country. They were never held. Another basic provision of the 1954 agreement was that no foreign troops were to be used

on Vietnamese soil.

Eisenhower said (in 1953 urging financial aid to France) that America "cannot afford to lose the rubber, tin, and tungsten we get from South East Asia." (Asia has more than 90% of the world's tungsten—the supplies in the U.S. are running low) American "advisors" moved in on the heels of the retreating French and set up the puppet Ngo Dinh Diem as "President" of the "Republic of Vietnam." Diem attempted to crush all opposition with extreme cruelty. A portable guillotine made the rounds of the villages; hundreds of thousands were killed, imprisoned and/or tortured.

### THE NATIONAL LIBERATION FRONT

On Dec. 20, 1960, under the leadership of a Saigon lawyer, Nguyen Huu Tho, the people of south Vietnam organised the the NLF to save themselves and liberate their country from foreign domination.

From some 16,000 "advisors" in 1960, American involvement has reached the level of over half a million men, plus ex-

penditure of more than \$30 billion a year. The U.S. pays the full cost of the Saigon army (with heavily padded payroll) as well as of about 50,000 South Korean and Thai mercenaries. The American people pay taxes to support this vast war machine, while American (and Canadian) corporations collect barrels of money on government contracts in Vietnam, hiring 41,800 natives at \$1.40 a day. Their American bosses start at \$1000.00 a month, tax free. (1966 figures).

There are now "peace talks" in Paris, which get nowhere. Oddly enough, the Vietnamese will settle for nothing less than complete independence. Big business will settle for nothing less than a stranglehold on cheap labour and raw materials.

America lied to the Vietnamese when they were fighting the Japanese; she aided the French; she scrapped the Geneva Agreements. How can the Vietnamese take her word for anything now?

The late Ho Chi Minh said that Vietnamese patriots will fight on until not one foreign soldier remains on Vietnamese soil. There is no reason to doubt that his countrymen also mean exactly that.

## Eulogy To Ho

An excerpt from RAMPARTS MAGAZINE, November, 1969, issue. Copyright, 1969,

Uncle Ho, as every Vietnamese called him, died early in the morning of September 3 in Hanoi at the age of 79. For one week he lay in state in a glass coffin; his rubber-tire sandals in another small glass box at his feet. He was buried in Hanoi's Badinh Square, the place where Vietnamese independence was proclaimed in August of 1945.

Obituaries giving the details of Ho's life have appeared in American papers. Their tone has been respectful but dry. None I have seen repeated Marshall Nguyen Cao Ky's venomous comment that "North Viet-Nam is now a snake without a head." Americans did not hate Ho Chi Minh the way they once did Tojo—a fact which made it difficult to mobilize sentiment against the yellow hordes of North Vietnam threatening to land on California beaches. Nor did very many Americans see him as the Red Menace, thereby preventing our rulers in Washington from turning the war into an old fashioned anti-communist crusade. Broadcasts from Saigon had the South Vietnamese "Man-on-the-street" saying: "Ho Chi Minh was a great man—too bad he was not on our side." The New York Times necrologist put his finger on the dilemma when, in his opening lines, he credited Ho Chi Minh with blending nationalism and communism. As a nationalist, Ho was good; as a

communist, he was bad. So it would appear that Uncle Ho was a split personality, agonizing constantly between good ends (nationalism) and bad means (communism).

Needless to say, this is not the way Uncle Ho was seen in Viet-Nam. When he wasn't called "Uncle," he was "Chairman Ho"—the term being taken more literally than in other socialist countries. For over half a century, he presided over the men who fought and planned for their country. His manner was that of an old rural schoolteacher lecturing his pupils, while the cadres stood behind him laughing and joking among themselves (so he appeared in a recent official Vietnamese film). On a more cosmic plane, Ho Chi Minh was the leader of a nation which has administered to America, the greatest empire of all times, one of the severest defeats in its history.

Nations and movements have leaders for three purposes: to lead them in the daily tasks of struggle, to unify men in the face of the conflicts which always arise to divide them, and to give them a vision of that for which they fight. A great leader is a commander, a conciliator, and a man of vision. Ordinary leaders may have one of these qualities but lack the others. Lyndon B. Johnson was certainly

a commander, but hardly a conciliator; such vision as he had went little beyond political manipulation. His successor Richard Nixon tries hard to be conciliator, but has not to show any capacity to command and makes no effort to hide his lack of vision. Ho Chi Minh, in the 60 years of his life as a revolutionary fighter, had all three capacities. From his earliest days in Paris, he took the lead in organizing groups of Vietnamese exiles; again and again he undertook dangerous political missions in Asia and Europe. In the midst of these revolutionary activities, he always appeared at critical times to pull bitterly quarreling factions together into a new organizational unity. Ho's capacity to unify moved the Vietnamese Revolution from the Indochinese Communist Party, to the Vietminh, to the Democratic Republic of Viet-Nam. His spirit will ultimately unify all of Viet-Nam. While Ho Chi Minh was not a theorist, he communicated to his people in simple terms a vision which is embodied in three words repeated again and again in every declaration by the Vietnamese: independence, unity, and sovereignty. The meaning of these words (which have lost much of their moral significance in America) is both the content of Ho Chi Minh's life and the spirit of the Vietnamese Revolution.

### NLF Speakers

Le Phuong, who is accredited to the Government of Sweden and is Head of the Bureau of Information of the Provisional Revolutionary Government (PRG) of South Vietnam, and Huynh Van Ba, who represents South Vietnam, in Havana and is Charge d'Affaires of the PRG will speak in the Uvic Gym on Friday, Nov. 7 at 12:30.

The two speakers will present their Government's proposals for ending the war in Vietnam and for the post-war reconstruction of that country. They have been granted visas by the Canadian Government for a tour of Canada to publicize these proposals.

### Student Demonstrations? Nixon's Not Even Affected By His Own Official Proclamations

The men who adopted . . . the Declaration of Independence were a varied group . . . even more significant . . . was the differences in their ages: three were under 30 . . . The Committee assigned to draft the Declaration included one of the youngest — Thomas Jefferson . . . Each man was judged not on how old he was but on how strongly he was committed to liberty . . . The spirit of the signers . . . is needed in our nation more than ever before . . . Young and old, we are all Americans, and if we are to remain free we must talk to each other, listen to each other, young and old alike . . . NOW, THEREFORE, I, Richard Nixon, President of the United States of America, do hereby designate the period from Sept. 28 to Oct. 4, 1969, as National Adult-Young Communication Week.

—Signed at the White House Sept. 25 the day before Nixon told the press that "under no circumstances" would he be affected by student peace demonstrations.

-I.F. Stone's Weekly

## SAFES OFFICIAL

The SUB Management Board Next, the grad students met last Wednesday afternoon to discuss the proposed SUB expansion. Before this, though, they discussed some 'relative' matters.

Matters considered 'relative' were the safes in the SUB and a Graduate Student Society bridge night.

After Amrit Manak had moved to install safe machines in both men's and women's washrooms, there was a suspense-filled moment WHERE IT APPEARED THE MOTION HAD NO SECONDER before Bob

Coulter leaped erect in his chair, by Dick Chudley was that every as if prodded from behind. The request for a liquor license at the motion passed, even though the university (including the SUB) two faculty and Administration has to be cleared by the Pres-representatives recorded their abstentions.

Next, the grad students wanted a monthly bridge night in the SUB, and wanted permission to obtain a liquor license so they could drink beer.

Now then, this is very disturbing to the Martlet staff because, like, can you imagine 30 grad. students playing bridge and drinking beer, I mean like it could get out of hand. When a Martlet staffer mentioned this to the board, he was pleased that he received a very sympathetic reception. However, the request was granted unanimously.

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# The Martlet

# letters to the editor

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 Martin, Katy Peter, Barbara Green  
 Jerry Hill, Joan Smith, Illyd Per-  
 kins, plus some . . .  
 Photography ..... Robin Simpson, Ian Grant, Bob  
 Jones, Dianne Bersea, Les La-  
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 Graphics ..... Robin Hilliard

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## EDITORIALS Catch 22 In the Square

All the hassle in Victoria's Centennial Square is very interesting if you think about it. And you better think about it. The idea seems to be another one of these groovy twentieth century, Catch 22 paradoxes. You have a square, but it's not for those who might enjoy it, people with time to dig it. It's for people to throw a longing glance at as they drive by speeding off to work or home to watch T.V. We decorate such public areas with sculpture; but to hang around the sculpture long enough to appreciate it, that is, make it a part of your physical environment to have it affect your consciousness, can result in a vagrancy bust.

Old people can enjoy a public square providing they are not weird looking, and no longer raunchy. They've done their share of meaningless outright destructive toil and survived a couple of futile wars, not to mention that great tribute to stupid, grasping materialism - the Depression.

But a square is grass, a fountain, modern sculpture. Growth, enthusiasm, new thought. But don't wiggle your bare toes in the grass, or splash in the bubbles, or lie or loiter near the strange shapes. Getting slowly . . . slowly . . . stranger . . . stranger than strange.

No. There's a new by-law now. No. No. "Cause if you do, we'll send out our boys in blue; they'll find a way to get at you."

### SOUND TRAINING

Administration President, Bruce Partridge, recently indicated the direction this university should be going in the future, especially with regard to expansion. In a speech last week he said, "At present this university consists of four hundred faculty and these are backed up by approximately four hundred administrators. Within this structure the University will continue to fulfill its responsibilities to the government and people of this province by providing sound undergraduate training for its students."

On another occasion he said the University was considering expansion in the form of a Business Administration School, a Nursing School (instead of a school of Social Welfare?), and a Law School. He made no mention of the dire straits of the Faculty of Fine Arts, a Faculty that has been forced to cut back on expansion, and even phase out courses from its existing program. Fine Arts has been consistently losing out - standing faculty members mainly because of shoddy and inad-

equate financial allocations. Some contend that a university president's job is to get funds for the University. If so, Dr. Partridge's priorities are indeed politic. A nursing school would undoubtedly bring in funds from the medical profession (a school of social welfare would not), a Law school would receive aid from the legal profession; these, linked with the business interests of the corporate structure (who would be served by a business school) comprise the three most economically powerful groups in our society.

It is sad, but not surprising, that this university is opting for the materialistic viewpoint of the market place society it should be leading out of the morass. One of the ways the university should be doing this is by fostering and promoting human and aesthetic interests.

It seems that these interests will be dumped in favour of "some undergraduate training", and an irrevocable hook-in with the dollar aristocracy of North America.

### APATHETIC ADULTS

Sir: The Outdoors Club was there again in less glory and numbers than last time. SFERE was there again with their masses of persistent semi-enthusiastic high school kids and the Biology Club; however, most of Victoria was not there again.

So, what, if anything, did it prove?

It proved that Colquitz Creek is indeed a creek, not just a group of filthy, open air cesspools; for upon cutting the weeds, the water actually began to move again. It proved with the capture of several crayfish and the observance of one (1) fish, existence of life in the creek. It reinforced my faith in the student solidarity and their determination to band together in an effort to clean up the lousy, stinking, decaying, contaminated environment left by earlier generations. It strengthened my belief in the basic apathy and laziness of the "adults" at the clean-up last Sunday. One of them upon seeing me, exclaimed that he was glad to see I could make it, and the other between telling us that our minds were screwed, which though perhaps true, is irrelevant, and expounding on the benefits and merits of socialism, did nothing.

When one of the men from Saanich came around looking for his rakes and clippers, he was asked what Saanich plans to do with the creek.

"Well, you know, make it real pretty, like a park, with trees and bushes and walks, you know."

"When?"

"Well, things are kind of tight in the winter (Yeah, like Saanich) you know, but I guess maybe when spring rolls around, we'll get busy."

There is a rumour, wild I hope, that they plan to clean up the creek with pesticides or chemicals. It works like this: you pour about 6,000 tons of weed killer into the creek and PRESTO! in a couple of centuries, a whole new environment.

Dave Palmer

### ADVICE TO GAMBLERS

Sir: Having at times been an advertiser in your Martlet publication, I am in receipt of your regular issues.

Recently, I've had to subdue a strong urge to write a letter to the editor regarding some specific Martlet contributions.

I simply could no longer hold out! The letter over the signature of Ron Crawford was the catalyst. Really, not his entire letter, since his point was well taken and indicated realistic maturity.

Just one sentence. "Then at least the people who are trying their damndest to correct the mess our parents made would have a hell of a better chance." The offending words? "To correct the mess our parents made?"

Oh boy! I wonder what would happen if our young people today had no one to blame? The obvious scapegoats of course are parents. The establishment!

I wonder if the university student today ever finds it odd that he's never heard his parents complain about the mess left by their parents . . .

Let's spend a second and look at your Dad's mess at your age. He was a lucky one, even the top brain type, who could dream of university much less attend it. Our parents presented us with a catastrophe. You may have read about it. It was called the 'Depression.' You had to have good fortune, a great deal of determination and substantial sacrifice by parent and student to clear high school. I sold newspapers on street corners to get that far.

And then, by gosh, our parents foisted a war on us. Or was it our parents? I spent six and a half university years in it. Good thing other parents did the same thing. If not, I wonder if there would be students or UVic today?

I never heard a parent yet blame his parents.

And this parent of yours, after all his problems had one thought in mind and

worked their guts out to realize it. "Let's make our sons and daughters really have a chance." Let's make sure they have the opportunity to get to university.

And it has cost a lot of work, money and sacrifice but we were positive it was well worth it.

Apart from the cost, a few problem-producing parents canvassed night after night for months, to establish UVic.

On reading some of the issues of your publication, I cannot help wondering if it's all been worth it.

Sure we've made mistakes. Sure we have a multitude of problems, but most have tried their best. Most have felt that providing their offspring with every opportunity, they would be even better equipped and responsible to solve problems we had left unsolved. We thought too, that being better educated they would approach the solution to problems in a positive, capable way.

Maybe we put our money on the wrong horse!

The old square parent looks at youth's contributions. We see the hippies who sit and meditate. Love-ins, sit-ins, think-ins, and you-name-it-ins, negations, activists in anarchy (UVic thankfully excepted), university destructive unrest (again thankfully UVic excepted).

We read the statesman-like comment of your Editor at the bottom of a letter to the Martlet, "However, Dope's here to stay, thank God."

We read the filth, the muck, the disgusting, shoddy and puerile contributions of Laird and Daniel's "How to survive in the Modern World."

And someone at UVic has the temerity to make the statement "to correct the mess our parents made."

These are the future leaders of our community and country?

These are examples of our youngsters?

We hear no voice from offended students, surely there are some. We pray



### POETRY READING

Friday Nov. 14th  
 At Ivy's Bookshop

SUSAN MUSGRAVE  
 SEAN VIRGO

9:15 P.M.

# LAW AND ORDER STRIKES AGAIN

by Martlet Staff

## PHOTOGRAPHER HARRASSED

A Martlet photographer was apprehended, manhandled and searched by two plainclothes policemen just off Centennial Square at about eight P.M. Saturday night.

Ian Grant was walking across Pandora Avenue beside a youth he hardly knew when the youth broke into a run on seeing a couple of men across the street. One of the men gave chase to the youth and the other ran toward Ian in the intersection. He flashed a badge quickly—not long enough for Ian to see the number. He told Ian to get up against the wall of a nearby furniture store as he was searching him for drugs.

He began to search Ian, who asked the alleged policeman if he had to be arrested to be searched. The cop told him to shut up. Ian asked the cop to show him the badge again as he had not seen either the policeman's name or number. The detective told him to, "Mind your own business."

The detective explained a few things: "We've had enough of your type in this town. You're going to find it a lot harder to carry on from now on. We're

going to start using the choke on your type."

(The choke is a police technique to prevent a suspect swallowing drugs which could be used as evidence. It consists of throttling the suspect while punching him repeatedly in the stomach to make him up-chuck. Naturally this is used as a plain and simple form of brutality against anybody. The explanation for its lack of effect in producing drugs being that it was not applied long enough or hard enough.)

The other detective (later identified as Murray MacArthur of the Victoria City Police) then returned and said, "Have you searched this ape yet?" The first detective said, "Yes." The second, then cursed Ian for several minutes finally demanding, "Why don't you get a job?" Grant replied that he was a photographer and he worked for the Martlet. "Like hell you do," the cop said.

Ian was exasperated by this time and responded, "I've got a job you pig!" This he immediately realized was untactful as the policemen slammed his face into the wall and applied a half nelson.

Ian was then forced to remove his boots while detective MacArthur started to unbutton his, (Ian's) pants. Ian was searched again and this time the police went through his wallet.

They found about thirty dollars, "You seem to have an awful lot of money" one detective said meaningfully.

All this time, Ian was vainly asking to see some identification.

Finally, they found Ian's Martlet press card. At this point they backed off slightly. "I am going to do an article on this", Ian promised.

"Make sure you get the whole story then." one of the detectives answered. Shortly after this, Ian was told, "Get out of here and make it fast!"

After failing to find any drugs on Ian's person, the detective proceeded to call Ian a "filthy puke", and a "fucking long haired degenerate", followed by a five minute string of similar invective.

This included the following invitation, "I'd like to take you up an alley for a walk and only one of us would come back."



Ian Grant is introduced to the fundamentals of law & order. (artists drawing)

## HIGINBOTHAM HASSLED

Bob Higinbotham was another Martlet staffer who had a little incident with Victoria's finest upon leaving the drug commission inquiry last Saturday.

Questioned on his experience by the Martlet, Bob stated, that after he left the drug hearing he sat on the edge of a brick wall in Centennial Square. He wanted to roll a cigarette. He didn't want to break the law; in fact he hadn't even thought about breaking the law. But, shades of ever increasing legislation, one of our local peace officers was already on the prowl, ever keen, ever alert, protecting the public, and preserving Law and Order.

"How are you?" rumbled the officer in an "unfriendly, suspicious tone." The officer knew he had a criminal here, somewhere. There's enough laws. "Fine," responded Bob, ever witty.

"When were you last here?" Bob was just finishing rolling his cigarette. The officer was keeping an eagle eye on the tobacco.

"I've just now walked out of City Hall and the last time I was here was an hour ago when I walked in."

"Do you know I could charge you with loitering?" said the offi-

cer. "There's a new by-law against sitting on the bricks."

"Oh," said Bob, "I didn't know that; where am I allowed to sit?"

"On the benches." Bob, always inquisitive and particularly guilty (he's still young) ups and said "What if the benches are full?"

The constable, characteristically pragmatic, said, "Oh, we'll deal with that situation when it arises."

"Well," said Bob politely, "what's the idea of this law? Does everybody have to walk directly to a bench and sit down?"

Thus ended the "incident."

Later Bob said, "Although the incident was completely unimportant, I was surprised to find out at first hand that there really isn't that much you're not guilty of at any given time. Having been even mildly hassled gives me a different perspective and gives added credence to the oft expressed statements of other more serious incidents."

This interviewer feels sympathetic in that he has been pulled over on his motorcycle and after asking politely "How come?" been told, "Never mind, we'll think of something."

## A POEM BY A FRIEND

Breathe in power  
Presidents and a  
Queen's doormouse—rolled in honey  
Gin soaked olives  
In the big white hand.  
For only a fin.  
Flamelessly decant,  
A manic montage;  
You'll just love the way  
Chief Joe is operating  
In your town.

## (Oak) Bay of Pigs

by J. Hill

*ed. note: J. Hill is a Martlet reviewer. The following is a personal account of his experiences in the latter part of Halloween night.*

As I left a Halloween party (in full Indian dress) last Friday and entered the car of a friend, I was pulled out of the back seat of the car I was in by the two policemen, and one of them pried a partially full beer can from my hand. Upon producing the requested I.D. the head policeman yelled, "Only 20 and drinking beer, eh?" Quite so. Besides beer, the can contained some ash butts as I was using it as an ash tray. I was then shoved into the police car, parked behind ours.

I asked if I was being arrested, and if so, on what charge. I was told to shut up because I was drunk. I then asked for a breathalyser test and was told to shut up again.

We then drove to the Oak Bay police station and during the drive I repeatedly asked what I was being charged with and was told, "Don't speak unless you're spoken to!"

Arriving at the station, I was pushed into a back room without explanation.

A friend who had been with me at the time I had been abducted then phoned the police station to inquire as to my whereabouts, if I was charged, and if there was bail. He was told by the police that I "was

being taken care of by the Oak Bay Police." Nothing else was said, leaving impressions of rubber hose persuasions.

Questioning came next, (that's the way we work). I refused to answer any questions until I had spoken to a lawyer. My request to phone anyone was denied. The same two policemen then put me in their car again. During the whole episode the junior officer only responded to commands from his senior ("Close your door!") and repeated the first's vulgarities. He'd already reached his level of incompetence.

I asked where we were going now and again, and was told to shut up. Our destination turned out to be the Victoria City Police station.

I was 'signed in' in the guest book (no charge).

Again I was refused a breathalyser test to prove my supposed drunkenness. Then, as is customary, the contents of my pockets and belt were removed. Forseeing the possibility of jail, I had hidden my cigarettes in the crotch of my jeans.

These were removed on my being frisked. I asked for the cigarettes and the Oak Bay Police replied, "Your kind don't deserve none—You're dangerous!"

I was then taken to a wing of the jail consisting of seven cells and a drunk tank.

The seven cells each have one cot, one blanket, and one toilet without a lid (no suicides here!), and no water in the toilets.

The drunk tank was simply a porcelain tiled cell about twelve feet by four and one half feet. One unbreakable light fixture was the only ornament.

I was put in the latter after informing the hailer that neither he nor I would be sleeping that night.

On the floor of the tank lay a young man covered in vomit—out cold—puke running across the length of the floor to the drain.

I called the jailer back and told him the guy was dead. He came in, kicked the guy in the ribs (not hard enough to break any) and the body groaned, satisfying the jailer. I'm not sure if his evident erection was a cause or effect of the kicking.

I yelled most of the night; the jailer yelled most of the night (he got off).

I asked for a mop to clean up my cell-mate's puke and was told, "This is no time of the night to do anything."

Ironically the next cell contained a lawyer from Winnipeg. We talked and concluded there was no such thing as civil rights.

At 6:30 a.m. I was told to get out. I asked what the charge had been that kept me in jail all night and was simply told to get out. I did.

Although I had broken a law by possessing the beer, I'd not been charged with minor in possession. Was I jailed illegally? The next time I'm abducted by this Gestapo, I think I'll call the Police.

# Your Civil Rights

## CIVIL RIGHTS

Outside the classroom, we have the same rights as 'normal' citizens (except that we are more likely to be abused by the police). The following rights are extracted from the book, *Arrest*, put out by the B.C. Civil Liberties Association, a book available at the student book store.

If a police officer says he is arresting you and has no warrant:

- (1) Ask him the reason for the arrest; he is required to tell you. Note carefully what he says. Also note his identification: e.g. his number (if he is in uniform), or identification from his badge (which you should insist on seeing) if he is plain clothes.
- (2) If the police officer will give no reason, communicate the situation to any lawyer, **AT THE EARLIEST MOMENT**, whether you have any money or not.
- (3) If he is properly identified as a policeman it is usually advisable to go with him, especially if he has stated a clear reason for the arrest. If the arrest is not proper it is usually subject to remedy later.

If the police officer does have a warrant to arrest you:

- (1) Ask to see the warrant. This **MUST** be produced on arrest if the warrant concerns civil debt (including non-payment of maintenance.) If the warrant alleges an offence it is not necessary that the officer have it in his possession, but it must be shown to you or read to you as soon after your arrest as possible **YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO READ IT YOURSELF.**
- (2) Make sure the warrant really means you; if there is no mistake about your identification in the warrant see if it allows you to be released on bail.

- (3) Ask him whether he is arresting you. If he says he is, observe the advice above.
- (4) If the officer is not arresting you, you are not forced to go with him (he may not be certain whether an arrest would be lawful). Usually it will be in order to accompany the officer and ask the reason or purpose of his request.

Within twenty-four hours of your arrest you must be taken before a magistrate; the police are not entitled to hold you without accounting for your detention before a magistrate at once.

You do not have to answer any police questions.

It is not in the power of the police officer to make a promise in the name of the court. Involving another person cannot help you.

Do not make a statement or sign any document as a condition for permission to communicate with lawyer or relatives.

### The police MUST:

- (1) Tell you at the earliest possible moment what offence you are charged with;
- (2) Show you the warrant, at the time of arrest, or as soon as practicable after the arrest if not in possession of it at the moment;
- (3) Allow you to communicate, by telephone or other expeditious means, with your lawyer or family immediately after you have been placed under custody;
- (4) Allow you to talk with your lawyer **OUT OF THEIR HEARING**;
- (5) Take you before a magistrate within twenty-four hours of your arrest;
- (6) Identify himself properly, upon demand, whenever he proceeds to place you under arrest, interrogate you or carry out a search;
- (7) Produce a proper warrant **BEFORE** being permitted to enter and search premises.

### The police CANNOT:

- (1) Compel you to accompany them to the police station unless they have placed you under arrest;
- (2) Obtain fingerprints or other related forms of identification unless you have been charged;
- (3) Compel you to answer any question or sign any statement;
- (4) Use any physical force or intimidation to secure your answers or statements;
- (5) Hold out any inducement, make any promise or threat in order to obtain a statement from you (note that you may "make a statement" simply by answering questions.) If you do make a statement under the influence of a promise or a threat as to have it ruled inadmissible;
- (6) Insist upon your answering questions after you have been arrested;
- (7) Search your house or other premises without a magistrate's warrant (or Writ of Assistance in the case of the R.C.M.P.), which you have a right to see **BEFORE** admitting the officer to your premises.

If you want a lawyer, but cannot afford to pay for his services you may be eligible for **LEGAL AID**. This is a form of voluntary legal service which is provided under certain conditions only. Ordinarily, legal aid is open to persons who have had no previous criminal convictions, or who have had no such conviction for at least five years since being last released from a prison.

Screening for legal aid is performed by the Salvation Army in Vancouver, Victoria, and New Westminster. In other parts of the province you are advised to make your request for legal aid directly to either the Secretary or the Assistant Secretary, Law Society, Court House, Vancouver, B.C. (MU4-9311).

# Now They Want Blood

Last Friday, the administration of Victoria High School attempted to coerce approximately twenty students into taking blood tests for the purpose of determining amphetamine (speed) usage by those students, a Victoria High School student told the Martlet Sunday.

The student told the Martlet that he received a call sheet Thursday afternoon, asking him to appear at the Nurse's office Friday morning.

He suspected the reason for the call sheet as news had been spreading throughout Vic High regarding blood tests at Colquitz Jr. High.

This student decided that he was unwilling to take a blood test and wrote a letter to Georgia Straight asking for aid in the event that he might be unduly hassled by the school for refusing to take a test.

He went to school early the next morning, taking a copy of the letter with him. He was first down to the nurse's office.

After he arrived, approximately 20 other students showed up; all of them were suspicious about the purpose of their visit to the Nurse's Office.

The student discussed the matter with the others, people he described as, "Freaks, or people who look like freaks, the people who are always being discriminated against."

"I told them to take the word from me and I went in first," he said.

"When I went in, the nurse asked me to roll up my sleeve. I asked why and she said, "Never mind, roll up your sleeve."

He then asked her if it was a blood test and she said "yes". She did not say what the test was for. He asked, "What if I refuse to take the blood test?"

The nurse replied, "You won't stay in school for very long if you don't."

He then handed her a photostat copy of his letter to the "Straight" which he told her was at home waiting to be mailed if necessary.

He then told her there was no one in the school who would take a blood test and if they were kicked out for not submitting to the test, there were 300 kids ready to strike.

The nurse let the other kids go and went and talked to the principal, Mr. Duncan Lorimer. She returned and released the student saying she would call him in later.

When he was called back, the principal was present, along with the student's school file. Mr. Lorimer told him that if he instigated a strike, he'd be expelled.

The student said that he was released and called back after school, whereupon Lorimer told him there would be no blood tests.

Martlet Editor, Jeff Green, phoned Mr. Lorimer on Monday and inquired about the blood tests.

Lorimer said they were "top secret" (opinion was divided on whether this was sarcasm or not.)

He also stated, "There's a lot of things involved here and I'd rather not say anything now... when you're under the high school age there are certain legal aspects... It's an interesting project we have."

## A.M.S. CHARTER FLIGHTS - 1970

### VICTORIA TO LONDON RETURN

1. May 1 to June 27	58 days	\$265.00
2. May 25 to June 22	28 days	\$265.00
3. June 15 to July 27	42 days	\$265.00
4. July 19 to Aug. 17	29 days	\$305.00
5. May 2 to Sept. 5	18 weeks	\$265.00

### VICTORIA TO TOKYO RETURN

6. May 16 to June 5	21 days	\$315.00
7. July 8 to July 30	21 days	\$315.00

Package tours, some including Hong Kong, are available; ask us.

Students, faculty, staff, alumni and their immediate relatives are eligible.

All fares include missed flight insurance and transportation to and from Vancouver Airport.

### GENERAL INFORMATION:

1. A deposit of \$50.00 per person is required with application.
2. Balance is due 90 days prior to departure.
3. Children under two years old and not occupying a seat travel free.
4. The present price-war will hopefully result in lower fares next year. We have been assured that our fares will reflect the lowest rates available and in this case we may expect a downward adjustment.

Applications are now available at the S.U.B. office.

"A LYRIC, TRAGIC SONG OF THE ROAD"

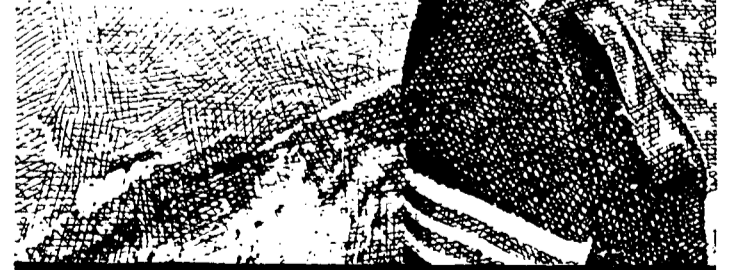
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# The Children's Page

## HOW TO SURVIVE In The Modern World

Last week we saw how Josh and the boys dealt with the bill collector. Soon, however, they were deluged with visitors of another stripe. Lemming-like hordes of hung-up, brung down, turned-on, done-in, ratted-out hippie-types pilgrimaged to their door. Daily the porch was festooned with hairy things seeking to buy dope, sell dope, steal dope or just sit around 'til somebody passed the hash pipe their way—not to mention requests to crash indefinitely on the sofa. This migrational wave was followed, naturally, by what Coke Bugs referred to as the "jack-booted atavists of the retinal glaze" i.e. the local gestapo who thundered into their collapsible comic book jungle with clockwork regularity. Lastly, yet of course, most disagreeably, came Joe Citizen. Rain-soaked and bewildered he came, alternately threatening and whimpering, bolstered only by his bitter barracuda of a wife and his own magnificent masochism, searching endlessly for his run-away daughter. "Money-grubbing Maharishi!" mumbled Josh, "we gotta do something. That last ding-dong hinted that I was harboring his twelve-year old SON in my bedroom."

"That's nothing!" said the Deacon. "When the gestapo busted in last night, I couldn't tell the detectives from the Dobermans. Those new recruits are something else."

"It's ugly, all right," agreed Bugs. "Did you check that last little honey who wanted to 'stay on and tidy up' for us? I had to Lysol the chair she used, never mind letting her near the biffy

or the bed. We're going to be spending all our mornings at the clinic if we don't up our standards."

The approach the boys took was typically direct. They mimeographed the following proclamation which they poked into the shirt-pockets or nostrils of all uninvited callers (except the gestapo) before shoving them out into the street.

Notice to Parents, Clergy, Youth of our Nation and Other Bums:

- A. We do not buy, sell, drop, horn, crank or take in rectal suppositories any of the following drugs:
  - acid
  - grass
  - schmeck
  - speed
  - STP
  - DMT
  - MDA
  - Opium
  - glue
  - gasoline
  - nail polish
  - Ma Bumpers
  - Eupho-Cherry
  - Cough Syrup.

- B. Nor will your little son and/or daughter be found in our foampadded, mirror-studded, electronically equipped fornicatorium indulging in any of the following sexual acts:
  - The Sixty-Niner
  - The Missionary Thrust
  - The Common Cop
  - The Nip and Tuck
  - The Slippery Willy
  - The Wounded Lizard

- The Screaming Seraph (more commonly known as Trench Warfare)
- The Daddy's Rage
- The Windjammer
- The Borneo Rag
- The Nun's Cookie
- The Rose Bowl Switchback (in England, known as the Oscillating Crozier)
- The Texas Shoot-Out
- and last, but not least . . .
- The Sweating Mama.

Nor will you find a "little Sally Meatloaf" or a pile of skin and bones out back, so kiss off! We've got problems of our own. Remember, Bob Dylan said it years ago: "Mothers and fathers throughout the land, your sons and your daughters are beyond your command."

The police they handled differently. When an obvious narc, poorly disguised as a hippy attempted to buy "two dime bags of Panama Red" they called him a "pervert, communist, dope-fiend degenerate" and slapped him right into the pavement. When the uniformed heavies attempted a raid, much of the poop was taken out of their blitzkrieg by a note on the front door: Dear policemen. Door is open. Come right in. Coffee on stove. Please do not scatter papers when searching and could you feed the canary. Bird seed on fridge. Close door carefully on way out.



CATHY NOLAN? . . . I'm not too good on names . . . Blonde? . . . About fourteen? . . . Strawberry birthmark on her rear-end? . . .

## Israelis Recruiting in Victoria

Ian Martin  
Victoria.

Mr. Judah Ben Hur of the Joint Israel Defenders arrived in our city today to continue his recruiting drive to raise forces to combat Jordanian aggression.

Mr. Ben Hur has come from California where he has had a rather dismal lack of success in signing up the Black Panthers and the Hell's Angels, the former because of their Islamic affiliations and the latter because of their insistence on maintaining a swastika as a major part of their emblem.

Said Judah, "Me it doesn't worry, but some of them shmucks back home just won't let bygones be bygones."

However, Mr. Hur says he is pleased with results in Canada so far. He is reported to have spent several hours this morning in private meetings with representatives of: the Store Street Sewer Rats, the Hastings Dukes, the James Bay Scorpions and the Uplands Spoiled Brats. When contacted, Israeli Consulate refused to either confirm or deny this report.

At press time, the First Canadian Contingent (J.I.D.) under Smedley Punk, president of the Store Street Sewer Rats and counter man for Victoria Midnight Auto Supply, was beginning embarkation at the City of Victoria Public Wharf.

Captain Kellogg "Rumblossom": Crunch of the tow vessel SS. Sod-berry remarked,



Smedley Punk "Hubcap King"

while gazing over gravel scow No. 147, which bristled with switch-blades, zip-guns, torn off car radio antennas, shower taps in socks and a scuzzy assortment of leather jacketed thugs draped around wine bottles, "Well I've hauled a lot of garbage in my time but never anything like this."

When asked to comment, self-styled "Hubcap King", Smedley Punk had this to say: "Well show them Ragheads real Canadian spirit. We plan a two-prong attack, both military and economic. At night we use guerilla tactics to destroy strategic targets and during the day we collect welfare."

Mr. Ben Hur plans to be in Victoria until Monday.

## Drugs Nowhere

"Experimentation with drugs is a short-cut to nowhere." Those are the words of Dr. Xanthic Cyclothyme, one of Canada's foremost educators as he addressed the current Victoria Com-

mission on Drugs. Dr. Cyclothyme, a Parthian born immigrant, is a graduate of Sir George Williams University where he financed his education by working nights repairing com-

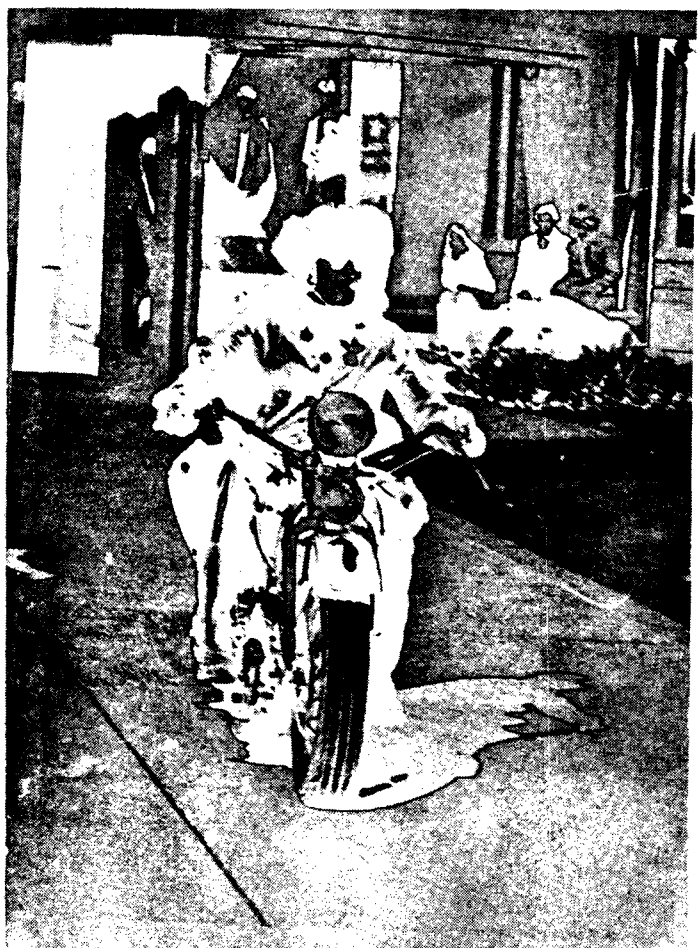
puters. His Book, DON'T BE CRANKY, an indictment of non-medical heroin usage; established him as an authority on the problems of Canadian youth.

"I now spend 100% of my time travelling and lecturing on the evils of dope," said Dr. Cyclothyme. I even bought a motorbike so I could get around the city faster."

"The young people aren't always as receptive as they might be. The young people I lectured to at Oak Bay Junior High seemed skeptical when I told them that LSD would destroy their jeans and that they wouldn't get any toys from Santa if they keep getting Wrecked on dope every night. There definitely is a generation gap. These kids don't even believe that fog is caused by the Sponge Man anymore."

Dr. Cyclothyme was also disappointed in the failure of visual aids to drive his point home. Dr.

During a showing of his movie DON'T HAVE A FIT, the film broke and he clicked on the lights. "Two-thirds of the little freaks were either tying off or already flagging. Even in the Home Ec rooms, they only cook by the spoonful these days," Dr. Cyclothyme commented. "No wonder they call it High School."



D. Cyclothyme leaving S.U.B. after lecturing on the dangers of drug abuse. "Drugs can only give you a free-ride on the midnight carousel," he told his audience.

## LETTERS

Dear Children,

I ate my vegetables and everything today.

Johnny.

Dear Children,

Your page is nothing but cheap smut and filthy sensationalism. Please send me fifty extra copies.

Dr. B. Partridge.  
p. s. Call me Bruce.

Dear Children,

The other day, after reading your page, I stuck my arm right up to the elbow, in a garburator full of cold carrot pulp. Did I get off?

GRUNKUS.

CITIZENS, IT IS NOW FOUR A.M.: DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR POLICE ARE?




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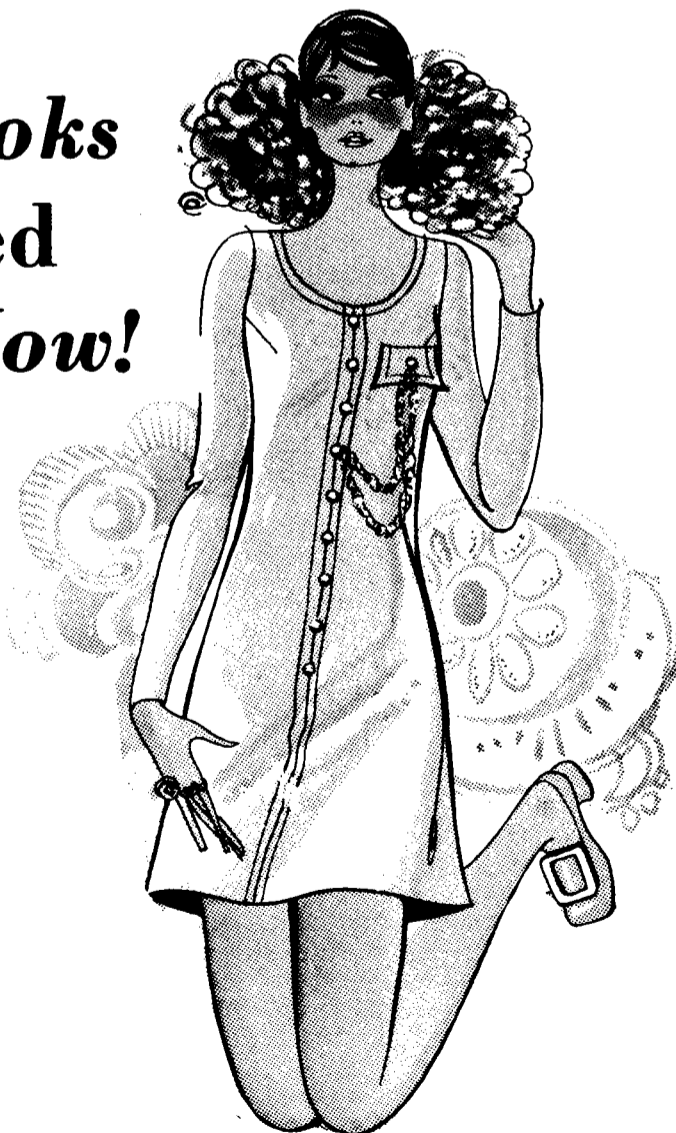
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Simpsons-Sears Hillside — Just Minutes from Campus

# the night at

**T**HE NATIONAL GUARD HAD SIMPLY closed off a large area of downtown Berkeley, arresting shoppers and protesters alike. I had a valid press pass, given to me that day by the Berkeley police, but with my long hair and all, Sergeant #1 would not let me leave the ring. Angry, I sat down with those caught, chatting for hours, surrounded by bayonets. A cop pulled me out and said I was arrested. I showed him my press card. Terribly impressed, he used it to get my name and address and sent me on to fingerprinting and the sheriff's bus. Like the others, I expected to be bailed out after a few hours booking at Santa Rita (the county prison farm), and then be home for a late dinner. Like the others, I was to be in a state of literal terror for the next 16 hours.

The one-inch slit in the window of the Alameda County sheriff's bus didn't let us see much of Santa Rita Rehabilitation Center, only a lot of wire and low white barracks—somebody jokingly referred to it as a cross between a concentration camp and a chicken farm. The bus stopped at the gates and two guards with shotguns jumped on. "All right, you creeps, move your asses out of here. The last guy out gets his head cracked open." People who live in college towns spend their lives seeing old gangster movies, and it was difficult at first to realize that that corn and violence had suddenly become the real world. We stumbled out of the bus and through a gauntlet of club-swinging deputy sheriffs. The guy in front faltered and they hit him on the head—it does sound like a "crack." He said something like "take it easy," and they moved in on him. The rest of us made it through the gate and were greeted by the sight of 200 arrestees lying prone on a concrete yard—heads turned sideways, hands straight back at their sides, legs pulled close together. Two hundred bodies perfectly tense and quiet, but the guards walking between the rows of bodies gave proof of life as they whacked and poked the men with their clubs. These guards were the same deputies who had done all the shooting in Berkeley the week before—the "blue meanies" (in America it's always comic book death: macabre, unreal and later funny). It was getting dark and cold; the countryside was moorish and vacant; we could hear no cars moving on Highway 50 below; and the place was flooded with guards—enough to turn any organized resistance into a bloodbath.

The concrete was gravelly and it dug into your cheek. The wind blew some of the smaller bits into your eyes, which had to be open to catch sight of the guard about to whack your limbs for having moved or shivered in the bitter cold. After 30 minutes you could turn your head to rest on the other cheek. We lay there from 6 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. The fellow who was beaten as we came off the bus was forced to take a different position—resting on his knees, arms hanging at his sides while three guards systematically beat him for several minutes—one guard for the stomach, one for the back, and one who specialized on the head. (When he got out later a doctor reported that he pissed blood and that his body was a mass of bruises.) The rest of us just lay there—no one said anything, no one protested. Perhaps some tried to, but the minute their hands moved they became the center of other guards' attention. "If you don't like it, do something and we'll bust you on a felony for assaulting an officer—you'll never get out." That's the threat that finally keeps you in line.

While my body had suddenly become very important because it was vulnerable to pain, my mind floated elsewhere, giddy and irrelevant. All this time I thought of James Reston and Max Lerner and the other good, rational men. I began to compose an open letter to Reston. "Dear Scotty," it went, "This letter concerns your column holding the New Left responsible for the increase of violence in American society. You condemned the New Left for its distrust of the legal system. Remember? It's the column that had the cute line about the New Left kids being neo-Nazi crybabies who won't pay their dues. Well, before I get into those arguments, Scotty, why don't you try paying some dues? 'Lie down on this concrete floor, motherfucker, hands back, legs together,' as the guards here say. 'Come on, creep faggot, get your ass down there, cheek to the stone, keep your hands out—what are you doing, masturbating? Move your head and I crack it open . . . at Santa Rita we shoot to kill.' Sorry, Scotty, have to run now. There's this guard talking to me."

**T**HE GUARD IS, LIKE MOST ALL the other guards, a stocky, nasty redneck (except that he's enamel white—not enough sun in Northern California). Like most of the younger ones, he was let out of the Marines six months early to enter this profession. He seems to have only two comments to make about life. One is, "We shoot to kill in Santa Rita," and the other is, "Creep, I split heads." He has been commenting on life for two hours, and now his club is two inches from my nose. Do I want to go wee-wee? It's a good thing, a favor, a release. My head won't be cracked, nor will I be shot—on the contrary, five of us are getting to the bathroom. One cannot simply walk in and piss in the latrine, for there seems to be an elaborate and well-established ritual which the fat, middle-aged latrine guard is bent on following. It requires that one first sit in line, three feet from the latrine, and observe a good two minutes of silent reflection. Then the fat guard has us all jump to and line up on three sides of the small



# santa rita by Robert Scheer

box to piss on signal and, unavoidably, on each other.

At 8:34 p.m. we are given a minute's exercise running in place. Soon we are allowed to sit, hands clasped, no talking—nirvana. At 10 p.m. they run us, shivering, into a barracks—eight to a double bunk—and it is rumored that a doctor has blocked the guards' fervent and often expressed wish that we freeze to death out in the compound.

During all this, they are calling out names for booking. Booking is blessed, because until one is booked he cannot be bailed. I am not booked until early the next morning. We are kept in the barracks from 10 p.m. to 4:30 a.m. Three lawyers arrive and there are wild cheers from inmates. The guards snarl but hold their clubs. Kids are afraid to talk too freely to the lawyers with the guards watching.

One lawyer talks too much to an inmate and is himself made an inmate (charged with interfering . . . etc.). The other lawyers leave and the guards snap back to viciousness, making up for the 20 minutes they've lost. The guards don't want to see any closed eyes—no sleeping. If eyes close, you get a rap on your bunk or self. "Yes, sir," you say. If not, then outside to be beaten and lie face down in the cold. The ACLU green card had said, "You have the right to call counsel." Later another kid asks whether we will get to call a lawyer. "You say something, creep? Come here, creep." He too is hauled out and hit. Fuck the ACLU green card. Survive. You forget your rights and concentrate on the main problem, keeping your eyes open—10 p.m. to 4:30 a.m.—and pray for booking. Most are already called and we get desperate as our numbers decline. Finally our turn comes—five names called—up against the fence—nasty redheaded pig makes us trot, whacking the last guy.

The booking hut is all efficiency—lots of deputy sheriffs, five typewriters going, fingerprinting and searching. You start by sitting on the floor, once again hands clasped in front, eyes riveted ahead "or we'll rip them out and paste them up there." Scrape along on ass, still sitting, from stop to stop—first stop is for searching again. "Stand up, hands against wall, feet back. No, creep. Like this." One's head is then thumped hard against the wall, legs kicked back, pig hand searching entire body. The mind is by now too tired for outrage. Back down on the floor, we scrape along on our bottoms to the next station, then up again, heels together at attention, answering questions for the deputy who is typing: "Marital state?" "Married, sir." "Legally?" "Yes, sir." "Bullshit, don't lie to me or you're dead. Children?" "One, sir." "Legitimate?" "Yes, sir." "Yeah. Ever work?" "Yes, sir." "You got a job, hippie?" "Yes, sir. Editor, sir." "Where?" "Ramparts magazine, sir."

All activity in the booking hut stops suddenly as the assembled deputies are duly informed that the editor of Ramparts magazine is indeed in their company. They all seem reasonably impressed and one jabs me quite hard in the back with his club. A deputy hustles me over to the sanctuary of his ink pad. It is important that my fingerprints "get to Washington quickly," he tells another pig. Then it's back on the floor, eyes straight ahead, to be given a bologna sandwich and a small container of milk—the first food or drink we've had in 15 hours. Because I am the editor of Ramparts I get to "clean every fuckin' piece of paper off the floor of the hut" before eating my bologna sandwich.

**W**ITH BOOKING FINISHED, WE'RE OFF TO compound C and sleep, only to be awakened 45 minutes later. It's breakfast time: line up at bunks, eyes ahead, "move your asses, creeps, run to the mess hall or heads get split." It's Wheat Chex and watery milk and keep elbows off the table for any elbows on the table get cracked. "Hey, you fuckin' hippie queer, don't you understand English, get up against the wall." Whack—the poor bastard didn't get to eat his Wheat Chex.

We then stand up and one of the medical volunteers from the Free Church, dressed in a white smock with a huge red cross on his chest, is thought by one of the guards to have smiled, ever so slightly. "Did you smile?" "No, sir." "Aren't you happy here?" The kid has by now had it—17 hours is too much. He refuses to answer and is thrown against the wall and beaten. The rest of us are by now on our knees, eyes ahead, crawling to the door. "Crawl motherfucker, crawl creep. Keep that ugly fuckin' head of yours absolutely straight or it's split open." After breakfast we get to crawl through the mess hall door and then double-time back to compound C.

It's already daylight and AM radio is piped through the intercom, with the morning DJ bullshit and news particularly obscene in our situation: ". . . an orderly, peaceful arrest of 480 went off without a hitch with those arrested now in Santa Rita. The bail has been set at \$800 and the police are to be congratulated on their efficiency and the lack of unpleasant incidents in the arrest. Chancellor Heysn was pleased that violence had been avoided. . . ." The medical kid is back in our compound. Soon the guards find another excuse to haul him outside and resume the beating.

There is one very scared kid in our compound who actually was shopping in one of the downtown stores when the roundup began and didn't even know about the demon-

con'd. page 11.

## GRAPE BOYCOTT

The effort to take California grapes off the shelves of Victoria stores began in earnest last Saturday. Target of the first protest was the Safeway store at Foul Bay and Cadboro Bay Road.

About fifteen persons stood in front of the store for almost four hours, handing out leaflets, and explaining why persons should neither buy California grapes nor shop at Safeway.

Although only a couple of shoppers refused to shop at Safeway, several said they would shop there this week, but not again until Safeway takes the grapes off the shelves. Many persons stated that they already didn't buy grapes.

Safeway is the specific target of the grape boycott because they are leading the fight t they are leading the fight to break the strike (Safeway is a California-based store, and members of its Board of Directors own large vineyards).

For further information on what is to happen in the future, see Gus Agostinis, or leave a note in his mailbox in front of the SUB General Office.

## TWO GENTS

Take time out of midterm week by going to see the new Phoenix production, "Two Gents", Nov. 6 - 15. Eb Thomas has adapted Shakespeare's play, "Two Gentlemen of Verona", to offer spoof and hilarity to otherwise tragic predicaments. Bill Murdoch and Rod Symington play the gents in mention and the inevitable damsels are played by Jenny Spicer and Olwyn Cook. The situation is an eternal triangle, proverbially tragic, now suddenly, FUNNY.

This is the first major production of the season, directed by John Krich, with music by Uvic's Christine Chester. Scenery, by Robert Cothran, is 19th Century background and a modern constructivist set.

This is not just a comedy or a Shakespearean play, it's a farcical look at tragedy, cowboys and Shakespeare. There's no message, so take it on your own.

## LONGHORN RESTAURANT



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TWO GENTS runs nightly at the Phoenix  
November 6 to 15

# The Coming Scene as usual

## SPECIAL EVENTS

### HOMECOMING WEEK

The Homecoming Dance will be held Friday evening at the Crystal Gardens. The times are 9 till 1. Playing will be The Ambassadors and Barcuseswilling. It is \$3.50 a couple with tickets available (if they are not all sold out) at the SUB General Office.

The Pancake Breakfast and Log Saw will be held on Saturday, November 8 at Clover Point. The times are from 7:30 AM till 9:30 AM. Dr. Wood, Grant McOrmand and other faculty members will be there to serve bacon, sausages and flapjacks. A truck load of wood will cost you \$1.00.

In the evening there will be a Beef and Beer Barbecue at the SUB. This will start at approximately 6:00 PM and is put on by the Alumni Association. It is hoped that a large number of students and faculty will turn out for what should be an enjoyable evening.

### TREASURE VAN '69

Treasure Van concludes its stay at U. Vic this Friday evening. The times are from 12 - 5 and 7 - 10 PM, and it takes place in the SUB Upper Lounge. Treasure Van, generally, is the sale of very exotic goods from all over the world which are sold at very reasonable prices.

### WALK VOLUNTEERS

MILES FOR MILLIONS is only a matter of a week away. The committee in charge of this walk has set up office in Clubs Room C of the SUB. Anyone interested in helping with the organization of the walk is encouraged to enquire at Room C. If you are interested in marching you may pick up your registration forms in the Lobby of the SUB.

### XMAS CARDS

Once again, the University has produced a special Christmas card for use by faculty, staff and students. It's cheaper (\$1.50 a dozen) than comparable cards from other sources and uses a motif in 3 colours. The card is now on sale at the SUB.

### REP. ASS.

Hopefully, the final part of the Budget Meeting will be held Thursday evening (tonight) in the SUB Lower Lounge starting at 7:00 PM. If you want to be humoured - please come. If you want to see where your AMS Fees are going you might be intrigued.

### SENATE GATHERING

If you want to be bored to death go to the Senate Meeting. The next one will be held next Wednesday, November 12th, in COR 112 starting at 7:30 PM.

### FILM SERIES

Each week, the Faculty of Education, in conjunction with the E. U. S., will show a selection of films in MAC 144 on Nov. 12 starting at 12:30, and every Wednesday throughout the year. On Nov. 12 the exciting film 'Images' (directed by Konstantine Karper), along with the short 'Syrinx', will be shown.

A fascinating group of films has been selected and they are well worth seeing.

### SPEAKERS

### SUGGESTIONS

POLITICAL SCIENCE FORUM would like some guidance concerning the type of speakers the students of U. Vic would like to hear. If you have any suggestions to whom you would like to have appear at U. Vic would

you please leave a message for me in the Martlet Office.

### VIETNAMESE DELEGATES

Two diplomats representing the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam will speak, on Friday, Nov. 7 at 12:30, in the Gym. Le Phuong is accredited to the Gov't of Sweden, and Huynh Van Ba represents South Vietnam in Havana.

They also speak Friday night at Oak Bay Junior High, at 8:00 pm.

### WINSTON CHURCHILL'S GRANDSON

Winston Churchill will be speaking at the McPherson Playhouse on Saturday evening starting at 8:30 PM. The tickets are \$2.50 and \$3.00 for adults with students getting in for half price providing they show their students cards. Churchill will be speaking on 'Today's Crisis' with special reference to Biafra, Egypt and Israel.

### POPULATION GROWTH PROBLEMS

Professor Frank W. Notestein, President Emeritus of the Population Council of New York City, will give a talk on "Will the Problems of Population Growth be Solved?" This will take place on Monday, November 10 in the SUB Upper Lounge starting at 8:15 PM. He will discuss world population trends.

### DR. G. H. HAGGIS

Dr. G. H. Haggis, from the Cell Biology Research Institute of the Canadian Department of Agriculture, will speak on "SCANNING ELECTRON MICROSCOPY". This will take place this afternoon (Thursday) at 4:30 PM in Elliott Building Room 062. Coffee will be served in Room 205 at 3:30 PM.

### PSYCHOLOGY COLLOQUIUM

Professor Philip Vernon, from the University of Calgary, will speak on Genetics (the discussion, apparently, will be fairly technical) this Friday, November 7. Taking place in COR 158, it will start at 3:30 PM.

### DAVE BARRETT

Barrett is the NDP Party interim Leader and House Leader. He is coming to U. Vic to speak on Nov. 19, in the SUB Upper Lounge starting at 12:30 pm.

### INTRAMURAL ATHLETICS

### GENERAL INFORMATION

Student interest and participation in the Intramural Activities Program has increased considerably over the past two weeks. Interest is beginning to develop amongst several of the residences with Lansdowne already demonstrating a tremendous desire to participate. All groups who are planning or desiring such participation (such as the History Department or the Education Faculty) should inquire at, and coordinate with the Intramurals' Office (no. 14, Hut P). The P.E. Majors appear to have taken the lead in points towards the Intramurals' Trophy.

### FLOORHOCKEY

Six teams have been fielded for the Round Robin League. The first evening's games saw The Smokies (Trail) overwhelm the Aces (Arts & Science), 7 to 0, The Thumpers (P.E. Frosh) defeated the Anthracks (Arts & Science) 7 to 4, and The Hulks (conglomerate) outscored the 5th Year Education crew, 11 to 3,

Nov. 6, will see the continuing of the League with the following schedule: The Aces vs. The Thumpers at 9:10, The Smokies vs. 5th Year Ed. at 9:50 and The Anthracks vs. The Hulks at 10:30 pm.

### VOLLEYBALL

On Nov. 10, from 7:30 - 9:30, the Ladies' Volleyball League continues. If you are not on a team yet, show up at the Gym and I'm sure you will be placed somewhere. At least, I hope so.

### EXTRAMURAL ATHLETICS

#### HOCKEY

The hockey Vikings will play the Queen's Own Rifles Friday evening at the Esquimalt Arena. The game starts at 8:00 PM and all U. Vic students are admitted free of charge by showing their AMS Cards.

#### OREGON

The University of Oregon will be playing an exhibition game with the Vikings on Saturday afternoon at 1:00 PM at the Centennial Stadium. Oregon claims that it will be a game of rugby but it will probably be another slaughter for the Vikings.

#### HARLEM CLOWNS

On November 8th, the Harlem Clowns will make their annual appearance at U. Vic. They will play our Vikings in a match of basketball skills (sic). It will be in the Gym on November 8th (Saturday) and will start at 8:00 PM. There will be several preliminary games (at least, they are planned) and they include a game between the R. A. (your Students Council) and the Rugby Team.

### CLUBS

#### ANGLICAN CLUB

The Canterbury (Anglican) Club meets every Thursday in the Library, Room 203 at 12:30. Anyone interested may attend.

#### BIOLOGY CLUB

The Biology Club meets each Tuesday, 12:30 in Elliot 061.

#### CUDL FESTIVAL

The National Festival for the Canadian University Dramatic League will be held in Ottawa on Feb. 8 - 14. The Local Display will be held on Nov. 27 - 29th in the Phoenix Theatre. Each evening will have 3 one act plays.

#### CURLING CLUB

Uvic Curling Club has posted their draw for this Saturday, November 8. The list is on the Athletics Bulletin Board in the SUB.

#### CYCLING CLUB

The U. Vic Cycling Club will try again. Meeting for anyone interested in cycling, turn up in Clubs Room A, 12:30 Friday, November 7. The film '60 Cycles' will be shown.

Club ride, Sunday, November 9, leaves SUB at 10:00 AM. All are welcome.

#### FENCING CLUB

The Fencing Club will meet every Thursday evening at 8:00 PM in P Hut. Everyone is welcome, experienced or not.

#### FOLKDANCING

Meeting night has been changed to Tuesday, 8:30 - 9:30 in the SUB. Everyone's welcome anytime, or just come and watch.

#### FOLKSINGING

The Folksinging Club meets in the SUB Upper Lounge Monday evenings at 7:30 PM. Every-

one is welcome. Very soon, their Coffee House will be opening.

### MEDITATION SOCIETY

The regular meeting of the Students International Meditation Society is Tuesday evening at 7:30 held at 1270 Pandora St.

This Friday (November 7), at 12:30, David Ristich (a Grad Student from U.B.C.) will give a talk on Meditation. This takes place in MAC 144.

### OUTDOORS CLUB

The U. Vic Outdoors Club is going to Strathcona Park this weekend (Nov. 8, 9, 10, 11) for fun, frolic and hiking and it is hoped they will be able to keep track of them all.

Last Sunday, (Nov. 2) the club, along with the help of students from Oak Bay High School and various individuals continued work on Colquitz Creek in an attempt to restore it. Several hundred more feet of the creek were cleared with many of the members up to their waists in water. It is hoped that the Saanich Parks people will now continue the work started and eventually make this a recreational area.

### PRE-LIBRARY SCHOOL CLUB

The next scheduled meeting of the Pre-Library School Club will be Nov. 6. The meeting will be held in the Staff Lounge of the Library on the 4th floor at 4:30 PM. Other meetings will be held on Nov. 20 and Dec. 4.

### RUSSIAN CLUB

There will be a meeting of the Russian Club on Friday, November 7. Slides will be shown of the architectural surroundings of Moscow and Leningrad. A short dialogue in Russian concerning Moscovian life will follow. Refreshments will be served afterwards. Everyone is welcome.

### SEATTLE EXCURSION

On November 21, 22 and 23rd, the Player's Club is sponsoring a trip to Seattle. Already lined up are 3 performances ('Your Own Thing', 'The Three Sisters' and 'Joe Egg'). The approximate cost has been set at \$25.

Equity Actor, CLAYTON CORZATTE, will be running a Workshop Theatre for Players' Club on November 10 in the Phoenix Theatre. He will be appearing in both of the Seattle Rep productions to be seen in Seattle.

### SKI CLUB

Next meeting will be on November 13, 12:30 PM in Elliot 158. The 'Where It's At' directory will be given out to the Ski

Club at this time.

You may sign up now for the Xmas trip to Bogus Basin in Idaho at the end of December and beginning of January. If you're interested in going contact Lynne Brassington through the SUB.

### VCF

On Saturday, November 8: SUPPORT TO PUB (Publicity, that is) or, Happiness is a VCF Poster Party.

On Friday, November 14 a series of NFB Films will be shown in MAC 144 at 12:30. The films will be: 'Neighbours', '2168', 'Free Fall', 'Opus 3', and 'What on Earth'.

### ENTERTAINMENT

#### TWO GENTS

Sights and sounds from the wilder days of the American West are being restored in the University of Victoria theatre department, in preparation for the first production of the 1969-70 season.

The Phoenix Theatre opener is Two Gents, an adaption of Shakespear's comedy Two Gentlemen of Verona. It will be performed November 6 through 15 at 8:30 PM. Directed by John Krich (of Victoria Fair fame) the tickets for this show will be \$2.00 with special \$1.00 students rates for Monday through Thursday. The number to call for reservations is 477-4821.

### FILM SOCIETY

The Uvic Film Society, November 9, will present the 1967 French film, 'The Two of Us'. This will be shown at the Oak Bay Theatre starting at 8:00 PM.

### NOON CONCERT

On November 12, at 8:00 PM, the Uvic Evening Concert Series presents the Victoria Trio. This takes place in MAC 144.

### CABARET

No Cabaret this week. The next one is planned for Nov. 14, but that may be changed.

### CARLOS MONTOYA

Carlos Montoya, a world famous classical guitarist, will be performing at the Newcombe Auditorium on November 17. The tickets will be \$3.00 and \$3.50 and are available at the SUB General Office.

### VICTOR BORGE

Victor Borge, one of the most brilliant entertainers in the world, will make a one-night stand on November 25 at the Memorial Arena.

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letters to the editor continued continued from page 9.

the absence is due to the lack of leadership the publication deserves.

Maybe we put our money on the wrong horse!

Disillusioned Square  
*Ed. comment—Well, you can't win 'em all!!*

**FREE AD**

Dear Sir:

I realize the bulletin boards are more suitable than the Martlet, but I have vainly waited almost two months now. I desperately need either one sports car with ski rack, skis unnecessary, or one complete scuba diving set, air unnecessary. Because of my alarming financial state, I can only offer a nominal one dollar for rental, however, I am convinced it is for a good cause. As it stands now, my UVIC social kit stands at: one 10-speed bicycle, one old army satchel, one moustache, two oregano joints, one slightly unruly haircut, membership in the Outdoor's Club, one Frosh Dance stub (I took a mickey of lemon gin and pretended to be drunk), pair of new jeans which are at present going through a forced aging process in the garden and a head, full of pseudoradical platitudes which I am fortunately able to ignore when I study my Psych 100 text in preparation for my chosen career: Genetical Psychoanalysis (13 years training but guaranteed \$25,000 annual after only three years of practice). I sincerely hope it is now obvious that my U.S.K. is in need of either the sports car or the diving set. If any one can help me, will he please leave his phone number in the Martlet office.

L. Walter Varmely

## night at santa rita

stration. He is the only one who cracks, silently hysterical and shaking whenever a guard comes near. I now tell him bail should come any minute. It doesn't for three more hours. Never allowed our phone call, we've worked out a system of getting word out by compiling a list of names and phone numbers on the outside. Whoever's bailed out should take the list, but the first guy is too scared of the guards' threats and eager to get out. He forgets the list, but the next kid insists on being able to take it and gets off with it.

I hear my name and am in a group of ten trotting through fences, with a Central European guard (I swear)—metal frame glasses and accent—barking at us that if he had his way he wouldn't let us go. When we come back after conviction we'll really get it. Then stop, hold attention for five minutes, then run. We see normal prisoners for the first time and they are bewildered by the charade. As we trot around, the guards shout, "Who do you love?" No answer. "Say the blue meanies!" No answer. "Halt. Let's get it straight creeps. If you want to get out, you'll answer. We can keep you here all week." Trot again. "Who do you love?" A couple reply, "The blue meanies." Most of us finally manage to draw the line and chant, "Fuck the blue meanies." The guards are pissed but realize that it's too close to the end to push it.

**S**UDDENLY I'M IN A CAR BACK TO BERKELEY and for about three hours I frantically try to raise bail money for others and tell people what has happened. Then the entire experience fades out. To begin with, nobody really believes you. Even hard-bitten Berkeley radicals still hold some illusions about American life, about legal limits and public opinion. I began to consider the possibility that this was all some paranoid fantasy. The terror had worked back there because we were cut off and they had total power to define reality. Once we were outside the guards no longer existed; they were nowhere to be seen in that Chinese restaurant or coffee shop where I was boring people with yesterday's war story.

Perhaps I wouldn't have written up the "incident," but it turned out that Tim Findlay, a reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle, had also been arrested and his eyewitness report, printed in that paper the next day, made it somehow all right to remember.

It had been real—it was in the papers.

**An excerpt from RAMPARTS MAGAZINE, August, 1969, issue. Copyright 1969, Ramparts Magazine, Inc.**

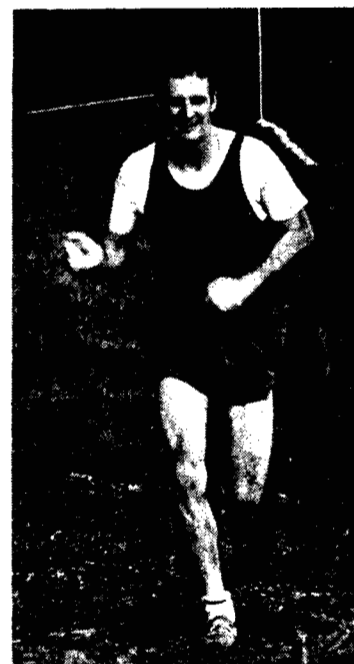
*The above is an account of something that happened at the University of California, a personal account written by a distinguished American journalist and political historian. The only comparable experiences in Canada have been in Montreal in connection with the Sir George Williams hassle last winter and the recent riots there. But with the increasing continentalization of North America (that is, our culture and economy shows a tendency to develop along North-South lines rather than East-West - - our means and methods of law enforcement are based more on American models than British ones as might be expected in a country whose judicial heritage is essentially British) all signs indicate that in the coming years the experience below will become less foreign to us here in Canada.*

# SPORTS

For the third straight year the University of Saskatchewan won the W.C.I.A.A. cross country meet. Led by Bob Kochan, who placed second, the Huskies proved to be a well-balanced team, with all of their 5 scoring runners placing in the top 15. Under the system of reverse order scoring, Saskatchewan led with 42 points, U.B.C. placed a close second with 46 points, followed by Calgary with 91, Uvic with 96, Alberta with 105, and Manitoba with 113.

Uvic had the individual winner in the person of Larry Corbett. Corbett finished the 6 1/3 mile course in 29 minutes 22 seconds, or 24 seconds ahead of second place Kochan. Uvic also had the 3rd place finisher in Charley Thorne, who finished in 29:51. Unfortunately, the rest of the Uvic team finished well down in the pack. For much of the race, Corbett was locked in a close duel with Ed Atkinson of Calgary. At the 4 mile mark, Atkinson actually held a 50-75 yard lead. The long hill on the Royal Roads course proved to be his undoing, however, as he collapsed at it's peak and failed to finish.

On the evening before the race, the coaches met and approved a resolution which will in future allow the top 3 finishers (individual) to be sent to the national collegiate championships, as well as the 1st place team. This resolution does not take affect, however, until 1970-1971. Since the W.C.I.A.A. is probably the strongest of the collegiate conferences, this means that Larry Corbett the W.C.I.A.A. champion may well be missing a chance to be national champion.



**Top Finishers:**

1. Larry Corbett—Uvic
2. Bob Kochan—Sask.
3. Charley Thorne—Uvic
4. Ken Hirst—U.B.C.
5. Charley Simpson—Sask.
6. Rick Woods—U.B.C.
7. Rick Nicoud—Calgary
8. Ken French—U.B.C.
9. Brian Stackhouse—Alberta
10. Bill White—Sask.
11. Stu Hooper—Sask.
12. John Brown—Calgary.
13. Brian Lee—U.B.C.
14. Ken Loewen—Sask.
15. Laury Brioker—U.B.C.
16. Bob Dunstan—Manitoba
17. Ken Elmer—U.B.C.
18. Gary Roberts—Calgary
19. Don McClean—Manitoba
20. Bill McBlain—Alberta

**LADIES' BADMINTON DOUBLES RESULTS**


A total of 30 entries (15 teams) participated in the two-evening tournament. An additional 8 ladies were able to enjoy non-competitive, free badminton play while the tournament was going on. The Final standings are:

First Place—Miss Anne Cafery and Miss Diane Fraser.  
Second Place—Miss Jeanne Boldt and Miss Stephanie Corbe.  
Third Place—Miss Jill Trelawney and Miss Sonia Burling. They are all P.E. Frosh.

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# REVIEW: *Alice's Restaurant*

by Amenic

Arlo's record was a whimsical, sometimes funny, sometimes sad, account of one young man's adventures with Alice, her restaurant, the law, and the draft - all centered round a red microbus full of rubbish. This simple tale has now been metamorphosed into a full length feature film, directed by Arthur Penn ("Bonnie and Clyde"), and with the original non-star native cast (excepting Alice).

In its efforts to turn a twenty-minute talking blues into a two-hour movie, the film has inevitably had to add a good deal of padding. Arlo's adventures have diminished in importance, and the figure of Alice herself provides a central point of reference in the film, round which other characters (including Arlo) revolve, occasionally taking off on tangents of their own.

Plotless in any traditional sense, the film moves towards a climax when the "beautiful" people are suddenly faced with two deaths: Arlo's father, Woody, who appears sporadically throughout the film, finally expires, and Shelly, a drug addict desperately trying to go straight, takes an overdose of drugs and dies.

Together with a traditional situation between Alice, Shelly, and her husband, these two deaths represent some kind of attempt to make the film work on more than one level. Potent statements drop turbidly out of pregnant silences: "We're beautiful and we're doin' it... what more do we want... says Alice's husband at one point; later, at Shelly's funeral, he intones: "Maybe we haven't been so beautiful lately." Alice is not immune, either: "I guess I'm a bitch with too many pups... I couldn't take them all milking me."

At such moments it is impossible to help thinking that the film would have been infinitely better if it had left the natural sensitivity of the audience to draw its own conclusions from events; the charm of the record lay much more in what it suggested than in what it said.

The most worthwhile moments of the film are, unsurprisingly, those where the action follows most closely the events of the song. The sequence where Arlo is processed by the Army induction centre beautifully balances fantasy, satire and near-

slapstick, as do Arlo's college experiences and his later encounters with officer Obie.

Perhaps the most annoying feature of the film as a whole is not its tendency to drive the emotional nails home with a sledgehammer, but a recurrent form of narcissistic self-admiration; Arlo has only to appear after a short absence, and any number of people down tools and leap around joyfully, exclaiming "Arlo!!!!!!" in tones of ecstatic adulation. Constantly the viewer has a feeling that he is present, by special invitation, at a showing of a home-movie; shots of Mum, Dad, and the kids, our holiday in Arizona, Auntie Mabel's behind impaled on a cactus, Rover looking just like a real human... a random collection of events and memories that give vast pleasure to Mom, Dad, the kids, Auntie Mabel, the cactus, and the dog. To the outsider they can only be shadows of people, not unlike oneself, cavorting happily and irrelevantly, devoid of meaning.

But despite its irritations, which are many, at its best moments the film reaches the same level of naive charm which characterised the record - and perhaps for these moments alone it is worth seeing.

# A Modern Fable

NORM WRIGHT

(Note: these thoughts were private until Norm Wright was asked by Dr. Partridge why he did not appear on the platform)

Last Tuesday (Oct. 28) was 500 years ago, and in the city of Victoria which was as yet unthought, an investiture took place, and in the nave of that imaginary Cathedral called the Memorial Arena feudalism lived once again. The event was brief, eminently public, but supremely spectral. All you had to do was blank out the mikes and the modern dress of the spectators.

The music, supplied by the Canadian forces Band, who by the way were the only participants not in court dress brought on the procession of academics and representatives of crown, church, state, visiting dignitaries and commons. It was colourful and impressive with every nicetie of rank, station, and status, wholly identifiable to the eye in terms of badges and colours of the order of each participant.

The Members of the Academy were the choir filling the entire back wall, the visiting dignitaries flanked to the left and right of the platform; the Chancellor was seated front and centre on a Throne of State, to his right the crown, military and church

and to his left the Candidate in black with a purple hood and the commons (Board of Governors) in sedate robes of grey.

The chancellor welcomed the guests of the assembly to the investiture, the Candidate was introduced by his sponsors in the university, the Lenten robes of black were removed and in a symbolically naked grey flannel suit. He was born again and attired in the blue and gold robe of office and the Oath was administered.

Why was this pageantry capable of creating qualms in the mind of an observer?

There are reasons, and probably good ones, that ancient traditions should continue to be a part of our public life. It is perhaps only that in 1969 A.D. it is proper to be uneasy that this ceremony was in fact a confrontation that here for all to see was everything we call the Establishment, not in a symbolic relationship, but telling us how it is. The university, even today, is not an institution only with a symbolic traditional origin in that feudal concept of power; it has yet to become an institution which has its justification in other values.

## CLASSIFIED

TRADE OR SELL: Toshiba 8-track Stereo Tape Deck; Austin 850 parts; Fender Guitar, Fuzz-wah, Mikes and other Musical Instruments. Will take anything/ anyone of reasonable value for any of the above. If interested (concerned) (apathetic), contact Jim Haskell, 382-4170 or leave note in my box.

WILL TRADE 1960 CHEV Station Wagon—inspected with new battery—for smaller car, preferably inspected. Bob Hamilton, No. 5-1242 Fort Street after 5 p.m.

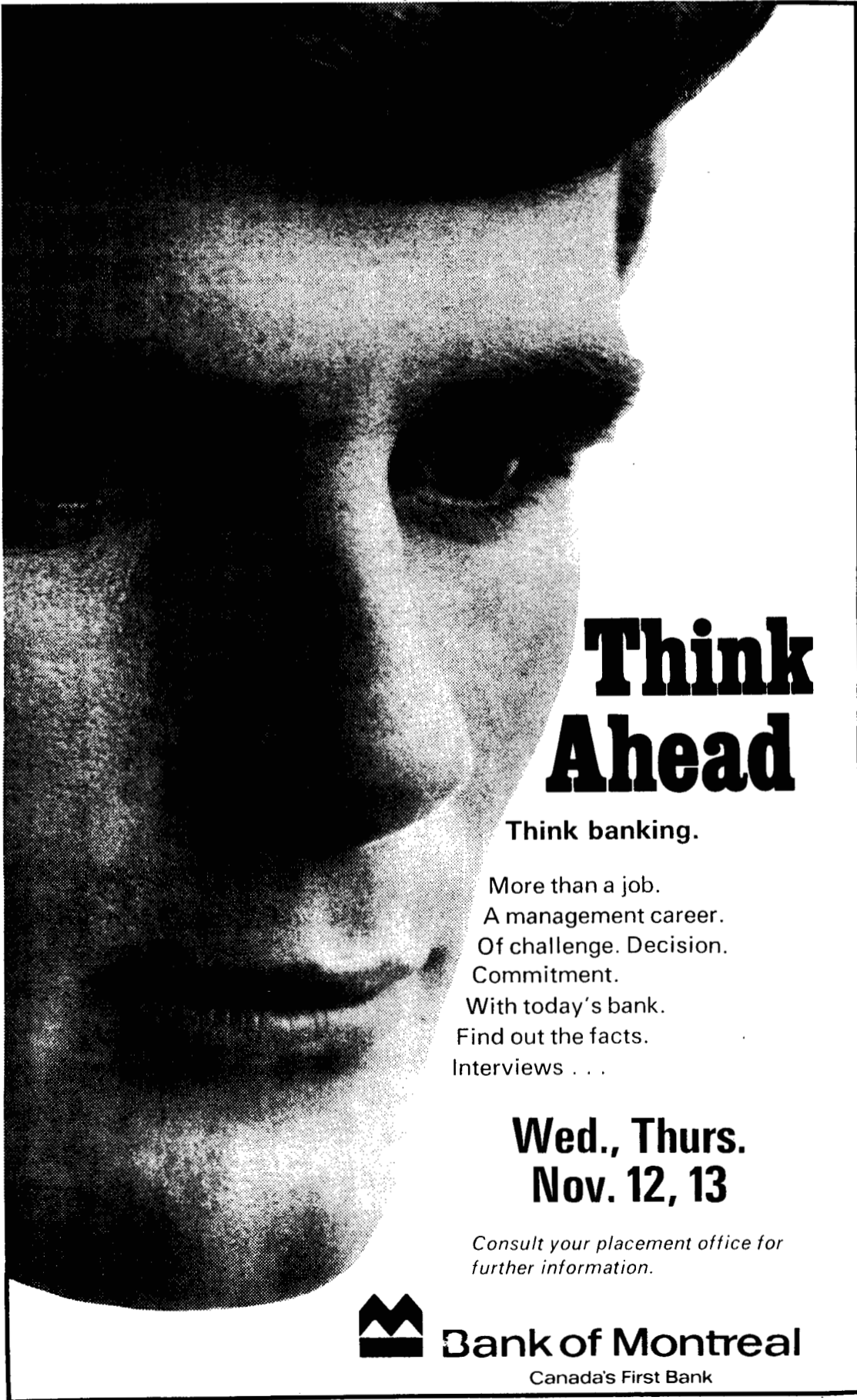
## CHRISTMAS EMPLOYMENT

Post Office Requires:  
Letter Carriers (Male only)  
Letter Sorters (Female & male)

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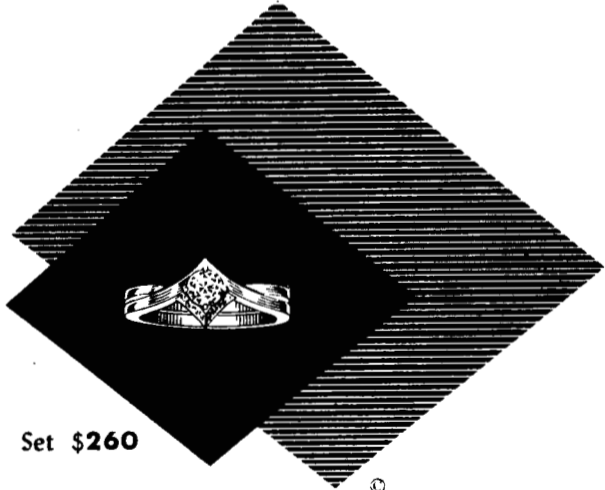
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