

MC²

– Graduation Book

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VOL 2 NUMBER 2

**Published by the
Students of York
University**

Comment . . .

This book is dedicated to the individuals — faculty, administration, and students who came to Falconer Hall three years ago to begin a new university founded on the ideal of liberal arts. Their path has not been easy, partly because of the necessity to teach University of Toronto General Arts courses and because of the physical difficulties in building a new university. But they have learned a great deal about themselves and other people as a result of their experiences at York. If each of these individuals, who laid the foundations for the liberal arts ideal, has grown as a result of his experience at York, and if his ideal will be reached in the near future at the Glendon Hall campus, then these last three years have been infinitely successful.

Let us remember the ideal for which these people came here. York was to be a small academic community where people were to be concerned with learning for its own sake. The liberal arts environment was to stimulate scholarly enthusiasm, creativity and student freedom. The freedom was not to be taken as license but was to be limited by rational commitment. A chance was to be had to provide for contact between the ideas of the various disciplines. The aims of liberal arts were summarized by President Ross' installation address, January 1961:

"The characteristics that I have spoken of cannot be directly taught, are not to be placed in neat categories, cannot be worked at for credits. They must inhere in the ethos of the university. If they are not found there, the very spirit of the university will wither."

There were many ways in which an attempt was made to realize these aims in the early years of York. The 'Tea and Talk' series in the first two years provided students with an opportunity to meet productive people in the literary and intellectual world. The tutorial system provided for close student-faculty relationships. There were art exhibits, jazz concerts, and distinguished lecturers from other universities. Also, our classes have all been quite small.

But there have been many ways in which the students at York have failed to achieve the liberal arts ideal. 'Tea and Talks' had to be discontinued because of lack of interest. The tutorial system has become less effective because of the students' lack of participation. Liberty has caused many students not to show as much respect for their instructors as would seem fitting. Many students became so involved in activities, such as Student Council, in an attempt to develop York that they forgot that the primary aim of the student, in his learning years, is to be dedicated to his books.

Yet let us not forget that many students have received a good education at York. Perhaps in their concern for their studies they forgot that they were helping to build a tradition by their academic achievements. By concentrating on their work they were, in fact, building the tradition which many others attempted to induce artificially.

Looking back, it is now obvious that the growth of a liberal arts college must be slow. It takes patience, work, and dedication. Inevitably, many mistakes will be made, many people will be disillusioned. But if we continue to strive towards the goal, York will soon develop into a real university and will become part of the great tradition that began with Plato's Academy.

The

Graduating

Class

1963

BRIAN ADAMSON

Brian, unaccountably known as Raff, took an interest in hockey, political science, and most of all Janet, during his three years at York. He was also athletic representative on Student Council in second year. Armed with a sharp wit and sometimes daring candour, Brian's future with Janet, summer camping and architecture should be bright.



DOUG BARBER

Doug's outlandish sense of humour has been a constant source of awe to his friends in his philosophy major class. He has actively participated in drama club, orchestra, curling and philosophy club in his three years at York. Next year he hopes to enter law. Best of luck to you Doug!



DAVID BEASLEY

In the stormy field of student politics, Dave has provided a quiet stability as chief returning officer. His efforts were a great help in the work on the draft constitution. We wish you success in the profession that you decide upon — whether it is lawyer or town planner.



JANET BEEBY

Beebs was here from the beginning and throughout participated in various sports, activities, the girl's football team in first and second year, girl's field hockey in third year. A sociology major, Janet hopes to be a public school teacher. We hope that one day she will be assistant director of Brian's summer camp.



VICTORIA BISSET

Vicki, co-editor and guiding-light of this publication, majored in philosophy at York. Since she came to York in its first year she has remained enthusiastic, responsible and an understanding friend of many. In the future Vicki hopes to teach, if, that is, she has time after teaching Dale common-sense.



JOHN THOMAS BOEHM

Tom arrived at York in 1960, after missing the boat to Europe. He stayed the three years playing hockey, directing social activities in second year, majoring in Geography and on the verge of being York's angry young man. He wants to go for a walk around the world and get an M.A. in Geography (in that order). He'll probably be the popular owner of a night club, with dim lights and cool jazz.





ARTHUR BOYNTON

Art's selection of York for his final year was a happy choice indeed. His cheerful personality has been appreciated by not only his mates on the hockey squad, but by anyone who has come to know him. We wish you every success in your career in school administration, Art.



PAT BRADLEY

"The Great Patrinian" was a member of the philosophy Club, orchestra and student forum. He majored in philosophy and you always knew when Pat was in the area by his resounding, boisterous, Irish laugh.



SHARI BRAITHWAITE

Shari spent three years at York, majoring in English. She loves to travel, read and camp (presumably in the hills around her Orangeville home of which she is so fond). Although she has given her future much thought she is unable to predict it at the present time. Whatever you decide Shari, we hope that it will be interesting and rewarding.



EULALIE S. BROWN

Bonnie has been here since second year, when she transferred from University of Toronto. She was a nurse before coming to York and is now an avid philosophy major. She has travelled around Europe but would like to go again. For your smile Bonnie, thank you.



MRS. MARY BROWN

"Without exaggeration I can say the course of my life has changed through my attendance at York, University." This enthusiastic sentence had profound meaning which became evident to all in Mary's third year. Unfortunately extensive research in child psychology at home prevented her from continuing her university education. However Mary admits that her ambition has already been attained.



BRUCE BRYDEN

Boo was here from the beginning. He was Student Council treasurer in second and third years and was one of the pioneers of the now illustrious York Hockey team. Majoring in sociology his ambition is to be a financial success. We picture Bruce in the future as a retired financial executive on the board of several large companies and proud father of a brood of kids.

ROBERT BULL

Raucus Rob was active during his three years at York, to say the least. He was involved in the choir, drama club, the Conservative club, the U.N. Club, the Pro-Tem and most of the pranks that have occurred. He is still uncertain as to his future plans but his background in English should prove valuable if he follows his fathers footsteps into the world of public affairs.



GARY CALDWELL

Gary was here from the beginning and now wants to be a university teacher. A political science major and one of our best students, Gary was president of Student Council in third year. He dedicated himself in thought and action to the ideals of a liberal education.

You don't know what it is but there is something about him that is hard to place. You feel that it will take him far and wide. Although at 60 you hope that he will be retired with land of his own to work, you sense that the road there will be strange and even tortuous.



KENNETH CAMPBELL

Kenny, every co-ed's teddy bear, spent three active years at York majoring in geography, weight-lifting and playing a solid game on defence for York's first hockey team. Kenny, modest and sincere, will have a rewarding career in teaching if he achieves his ambition.



MELANIE CONN

Melanie was here for her 3rd year. Majoring in English she hopes to study social work in New York next year.

About York she says, "I'm glad I came but I find that I saw Dean Tatham more when I was at University of Toronto"!



ANNE DALZIEL

Anne came to York on a scholarship and kept it for her 3 years here. She was in the Art Club and a guiding light of the Art committee. She plans to go to New York to study art next year. Anne says that she intends to spend her life on a mountain top, with a knapsack on her back, in existential communication.



WILLIAM DERRY

Throughout his undergraduate career Bill has worked hard with his books and achieved high academic standing. But scholarly impulses have not dimmed his smile and well rounded outlook. While modest about his curling ability, Bill was both a good scorer and sweeper. Good luck for the future!





SCOTT FORSTER

Scott, admittedly born "near his mother" was ever-present at York during its first 3 years. Involved in all pursuits at York, he was the treasurer and guiding light of a dubious organization known as the Rats and made sure that the burden of serious study never destroyed his sense of humour. Scott who majored in English will be admirably prepared for admission to the bar in several years time.



DOUGLAS GRIFFIN

Soft-spoken Doug, known for his agility on the dancing floor and frankness on the soap-box majored in sociology at York. Since 1960 Doug has effectively buried himself in several activities — W.U.S., Art club and drama club. Doug aspires to be an itinerant wanderer but others feel he may be translating Ivestia for the Prime Minister in 40 years time.



LOIS HENRY

In 40 years Lois will be 35, Married with lots of kids bustling between the sink and the library and planning with her minister husband a crusade to darkest Africa. The editors would like to know the meaning of Gamma Phi Beta, which Lois listed under activities. We hope the translation is not too revealing!



STEPHANIE HOPKINS

Steph has been here since York was about two weeks old. A French major, she plans to continue her studies at the Sorbonne next year.



IRENE HRACHOVEC

Irene came here for her second year, a transfer from art and archeology at U.C. She has not yet decided what she will do next year but is thinking of farming and wood sculpting.



ROGER HYMAN

Roger's humour was the source of much laughter at York in the past three years. Nevertheless he showed himself to be a serious student and a person who appreciates what is involved in a liberal education. Mixing athletics with his academic work he played hockey and basketball. Roger, who wonders whether anyone will exist in forty years, will continue his work in English at Graduate School.

ANN KASK

Ann, a native of Estonia majors in French at York. She is not really sure what her future will be, but it must be something exotic! Her outside interests include bridge and curling and when asked what she would be doing in forty years, Ann answered, "Won't 1984 have arrived by then?"



HERB KEE

Our staunch naval officer, known to his loyal fans as Herbie has been a constant stimulus (conditionally). The "Kee" note for Herb's future is Graduate work in psychology in the U.S. We hope you bring your talent back across the border, Herb.



ANNE LAYTON

Tall and statuesque Anne was seen periodically at York during its first three years. Majoring in English, Anne admits to an interest in bridge, evangelism and skeet-shooting. Typically, she understates an obvious interest in her fiancé. If Anne achieves her ambition of becoming President of Argus Corporation, she will indeed be entitled to exist in the "state of quiet gas" which a friend sees as her destiny in 40 years.



HEATHER ANN MCCLARY

From the beginning of first year, Dusty has been one of the mainstays of girls athletics at York; as Sports representative she was active in field hockey, football and volleyball.

After her children have grown up she'll be spending her time as personnel executive of a company, running away from the lecherous men who are chasing her around the office and giggling forever. That's Dusty.



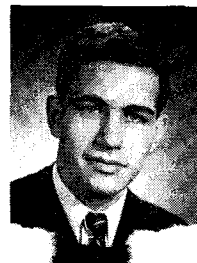
CRAIG MACDONALD

Amiable Craig has been at York for 3 years, majoring in Political Science. Craig, who enjoys tennis, curling and teaching Sunday School as extra curricular interests aspires to become either a diplomat, a civil servant or perhaps a teacher. Next year will see him continuing his studies in political science, possibly South of the border.



JOHN MCGOEY

John joined York's first graduating class in its third year, as transfer from the "Downtown university." He majored in French at York and performed with the Drama club. John, whose ambition is to do some spare-time writing full-time, will be helped toward his goal by his intense desire to read.





HARVEY RAYMOND NASON

A member of the 3rd year aristocracy (??), Ray's a geography major hoping to be either a town planner or a cartographer. Cuddly Ray swims and plays hockey. What will he be 40 years from now — Cuddly!! — and a nice guy (still!).



PAUL OAKLEY

Aggressive, witty, happy go-lucky, extroverted, jovial carefree, always seen with a smile — That's Paul. He is undecided as to law or teaching. Paul majored in geography and was known by his alleged admirers as the playboy of the curling rink.



PENNY OFFMAN

Mrs. Offman, York's newest bride, came for her last year from Smith College.

An English major her worthy ambition is to be the mother of 3 daughters and one son. In 40 years, she sees herself a retired grandmother in the Virgin Islands.



WILLIAM PENNY

Bill has really been a live wire at York, with many interests including Treasure Van, our first Social Representative, WUS, and U.N. Club. In third year he sang in our choir which came first in the Kiwanis Festival. Bill holds the distinction of being the only student to use his phony parking sticker all year (as of this writing anyway). He plans to be a teacher and in forty years he hopes to be headmaster at Saint Andrews.



KEN PAWOSKI

Ken has enjoyed studying Russian so much that he plans to become a Professor of Slavics. While at York he has been active in both the drama club and the Curling Club. It has been predicted that in forty years, Ken will be a professor in an exclusive girl's College, holding a simultaneous position of part time hairdresser.



ANGELA ROBINSON

Angela has been active at York during her three years here helping draft the constitution for the Student Council, playing table tennis and bridge. Angela majored in French but as yet, has not decided what she will do next year.

FRANCIS ROHER

Quiet Francis majored in sociology at York and has enjoyed watching York U. and its student body develop over the past three years. Francis also enjoys badminton, tennis and bowling and her ambition is to do social work and to send her grand-children to York.



CLAYTON RUBY

Although Clayton came to York on an athletic scholarship, he certainly did not limit himself to sports. Majoring in philosophy his activities were, to name a few, editor of the Pudding and the MC2, NFCUS and CUCND seminars and the bridge club. Good luck Clayton in your ambition to "suffer quietly but with a maximum effect" and keep on giving those parties to rise above your suffering.



DOUGLAS RUTHERFORD

Doug has spent a very active three years at York contributing a great deal to Student Council as its first president. He was also captain of the first York inter-collegiate hockey team. He majored in psychology and few will forget the horrifying results of his free dream analysis and psychological tests. Rubby plans to go into law and then a career in business.



IAN SONE

Ian came to York in second year and still managed to found the French club, chair the Philosophy Club, and play on the basketball team. After spending his time last summer in gay Paree he hopes, next year to study and work in a social agency.



KENNETH SODERLAND

Ken came to York in his second year and kept busy trying to establish the Varsity Christian Fellowship. He expects to pursue studies in theology next year and eventually to enter some aspect of the ministry.



JUDY STUBBS

Judy spent some of her time at York during the past three years and majored in English. She is interested in music and reading and hopes to go into teaching.





REGINALD DALE TAYLOR

What can you say about Dale? He used every minute at York, playing hockey, the first boys athletic representative on Council, 3rd year Rep in his last year and working in the library to pay his rent.

Also one of our best students, his ambition is to develop common sense, and with Vicki to suppress his wilder ideas, he should realize this ambition.



JOHN WILSON

John could always be found at the piano at Falconer Hall and when we moved to York Hall he soon found one there. He has a great musical talent and in forty years we hope that we will be playing his best-selling jazz recordings. John majored in sociology and his knowledge of group dynamics certainly was a great help to the Rat Pack.



ELIZABETH WHITE

Liz spent three years at York, and majored in English. She plans to marry an engineer this spring. Perhaps you could capture the Skule cannon for the York trophy room???



BOB WITTERICK

Bob comes from the "idyllic village of Islington" (to use his own words). No one in the graduating class will ever hear "Etobicoke" mentioned without thinking of the long list of attributes we heard for three years from Bob. He says that he will always remember the friendships he made at York. We will always remember you Bob — and those great Grey Cup weekends.



MARY WOOD

Mary has been at York since the beginning and achieved the ambition of every female student at York — a man.

Mary's ready smile and outgoing manner is always appreciated here. We hope you have lots of children and that they will all be York graduates.

Message of the President..

For some students, "the way has been tried".

This year, the first group of students graduates from York University. These students have had three years at York, taking, it is true, University of Toronto courses and examinations, but studying with York University professors, working with York University students, and contributing to the creation of a York University community.

What this experience means to this year's graduates, neither they nor we know at this time. I am certain that many individuals in this year's graduating class have developed tremendously, both in terms of the mastery of certain subject matter and in terms of their capacity to contribute to the world in which we live. But exactly how many, or how much, neither we nor they can know. Only after a decade (or two) will York's influence be recognized. My guess is that in years to come both students and faculty members will look back and say, "Those were really exciting days!" But just now, we are all too intimately involved with these days to appreciate what they mean to us.

The past three years have not been easy for York's first students. York provided a very large degree of freedom for students, and it was not a simple matter for many of them to cope with such freedom. But most students came through the difficult days well; many made very great contributions to York; and all will long be remembered here.

All of us who remain at York wish each member of this year's graduating class well in his future endeavour. We will watch the development of these students with interest and with pride. We hope they will watch us, that they will visit us frequently, and that they will be proud of what York is, and will become.

Murray G. Ross,
President.

The Dean's Message to the Graduates . . .

Dear Graduates:

It is hard to believe that three years have really passed since we first met in Falconer Hall. Then we looked at you eager pioneers wondering what had brought each of you to York. What did you expect? Could we (or should we) fulfill your expectations?

Three years have taught us much. Now we know a lot about each other, and probably more than we bargained for about the joys and difficulties of pioneering. Last week, when I saw the C.B.C. film "University" made in that first year, I was surprised to find how different you all looked. Were you so very, very young in 1960? Have you really aged so much? Or do you merely bear the marks of hard work and much learning? Whatever the answer, you are certainly changed, and we are, at least in part, responsible.

We shall see you go with mixed feelings. There will be relief — that at least some of you made it — but also an affectionate concern for your well-being, and a hope that each of you will find a productive and satisfying life.

When in the years ahead you look back at your student days, I hope it will be to recognize that some things of abiding value were found at York: firm friendships, intellectual interests that have given depth and richness to life, and something of the truth which makes men free.

Bon voyage.

George Tatham,
Dean of Students.

These opinions about the first three years at York have been expressed by some members of the first graduating class.

... **Clayton Ruby**

(1) "Our failure to nourish intuitive and imaginative powers is one reason why so much of the material fed by the high school and University to young people, has little, if any, meaning to them.

—"Murray G. Ross"

(2) Teaching is a noble profession with a noble history, and it may be simply that we are living through a slack time.

—"Philip Roth"

(3) Everything is what it is and not another thing.

—"Bishop Butler"

Mary Wood . . .

I think that York has been very successful in its beginning. While it will not be possible to maintain the same ratio of students to professors (there are only two of us in our major history course) I hope that the same friendly rapport will be preserved.

... **Bob Witterick**

When I think of York I do not think of professors, seminars and "lively discussions," but rather the kids who have made York. While the academic aspect has indeed, been significant and unique, the side of York which I feel is most unique is the close friendships which have formed in the past three years. Some will object that this has been carried to an excessive degree but I don't think that anyone will disagree that the first year at York especially was and it certainly was for me one of the best years at school.

John McGoey . . .

As a transfer student from the downtown university I have seen that York offers a different challenge and different opportunity to each individual student. Each student is fortunate to have as much offered to him as he is willing to work for. The Yorkite who receives a sheepskin has only been cheating himself. York is a fine community for scholars.

Heather MacClary . . .

I feel that my three years at York have definitely been unique and on the whole profitable. I especially like the small classes and personal attention — you don't feel like a number on an I.B.M. card here. At any institution, there are drawbacks — York is no exception. The main drawback I feel is social in that it is practically impossible to branch out and meet different people within the academic setting.

I must say of all three years I shall remember the first year at Falconer Hall as the most memorable.

. . . Rob Bull

My experience at York has been extremely rewarding, particularly meeting and making new friends. A university is a place to get to know people and understand them. With the small number of us here, our basic faults and fine points stand out. So, perhaps one thing that I owe to York is fuller knowledge of people. This certainly is the most basic and important thing a university can provide.

The ideals set out at the beginning have changed. By staying here and taking advantage of the comforts and fine points offered to us we have given consent to these new ideals. Any person who was honest with himself and who discovered that he did not agree with these ideals should have left as soon as he discovered this.

Angela Robinson . . .

It is still too early to judge York. When its curriculum is firmly established and when all ties have been broken with U of T then will be a better time to begin to evaluate York. In the meantime I feel that a good beginning has been made. If all the clubs, activities and literary efforts are any criterion there is a good measure of that elusive quality called spirit. Although the small classes are advantageous there have been times when students wondered if they were just a little too small. I have missed the "atmosphere" of York's first year but it now seems more like a University. iversity.

. . . Herb Kee

Any evaluation at this juncture would be premature since York has yet to initiate its own curriculum. With the completion of campus construction, of the present (to use a hackneyed expression) "growing pains" will undoubtedly be assuaged. However, it remains for tomorrow's "Yorkers" to ensure that future evaluations will describe the university's influence as an influence with a bang, not with a whimper.

Doug Barber . . .

The education received here has been the broadest and most satisfying possible; it has brought us into contact with some of the great questions and conflicts of the history of humanity; on our minds and habits of thought it has been a crucial expanding and disciplinary experience. It has been a great social as well as academic enlightener despite the lack of formal fraternities and steadily expanding student population. There have been periods of unfair and apparently rebellious criticism by students against staff and administration, which I have personally grown tired of, but which are probably justifiable as a normal and healthy offshoot of an atmosphere encouraging critical and ideological attitudes. Despite this and the inevitable growing pains, I will always feel privileged to have had this chance to participate in York's development during the first years.

. . . Art Boynton

Most students at York will not realize the amount of anonymity in taking a B.A. Degree by Extension courses. The work is often done in a large group where one does not even get to know the name of the student next to him. Often the lecturer remains anonymous and does not even introduce himself.

To be known by one's peers and to be recognized by a professor is most pleasant. For myself, I have only high praise for York University. I am known here and am no longer just a number on an admit to lectures card. I feel that the friendliness of the students and the contagious camaraderie cannot but aid in the development of "The Whole Man." I have been here but a short time but what I have seen and experienced has made me proud to be associated with York.

. . . Bill Penny

Without sounding too optimistic I think that I can say my three years at York have been the happiest and most maturing of my life. Ideas have moulded me, interesting individuals refined me and, I hope, the facing of problems deepened me. I will be forever grateful for the unique opportunities presented by the York situation from its birth to the present time.

Ideals are elusive creatures. I know what my conception of York's being and purpose is, and belief that purpose is a part of me. I have been united to it from the start. However I am not blind. I feel that in facing reality, York as an institution has bent its ideals too far, compromised its dreams, and in the process has experienced pains not just of the "growing" variety. For the future? I have only hope.

When They Understood the Thing was Dead ...

SHARI BRAITHWAITE

When they understood the thing was dead
Then they left, quietly packed their books
And left, turning their eyes.
The young took the hands of the old
And quietly, quietly led them across,
Left the concrete walls canvas-shrouded
Amulet
To watch the silence and the ruined trees.

No, it was only my dream.
We stay and weaken.
Weaken and choke on cringing hope
The young watch quietly
The old
Masking anguish with a scholar's yawn.



Dogma Insaloma

MICHAEL FINDLAY

Cry! Grand beach-begotten, speech-forgotten
Wife of Israel.
Chew the sky and grind your buried jaws
That sour and sicken.
Never mind the wastrel sun
Cast through the leech-lost mound
That stands presuming.

And when the unloved snake
Bucks and wrinds on the tall
Neck of time lost,
Then mount the stranded beast
And be cast, thinly-lit,
To the spewing songstress.

Catch the mane of the galloping cheetah
And scratch finger-deep
His fleshly hide.
He carries you hard to the care-torn,
Core-worn abyss of anxiety
But do not stay long.

Rush back on the leaping
Creature of calm
And tell no-one.

graduation day

ARTHUR WILLIAMS, *a second year student, won \$10.00 in the recent MC² literary contest for this short story.*

The streetcar moved far too slowly for Michael Lashen; he twisted restlessly in his seat. This was an important date he was to keep — one with his parents whom he was taking out to dinner. He had just received his diploma from the university's School of Pharmacy and to celebrate, he intended to take them to the most expensive restaurant in the city where he would order the best courses on the menu. They would like it he knew — it would help make up for the great sacrifices they had made to keep him at school so long.

He looked out the window noting that it was still drizzling in a desultory fashion. A dismal evening for a celebration, he thought, but the reservations had been made a week in advance so there was nothing to be done except ignore the weather. Impatiently he moved back in his seat, still thinking about his parents.

Yes, their sacrifices had been great. His father had come to Canada just before the Second World War and had taken a job as a construction worker. During the war years jobs were plentiful, the money came in steadily, and the mortgage on their little house had been completely paid off. But, in 1947 trouble started. The soldiers had come back, many of them working as unskilled labourers, and had displaced the old man. He only worked periodically from then on, and not at all in the winter. His mother had had to take in sewing and washing in addition to her part-time job at a factory. And he himself was growing up. His schooling became more and more expensive, especially once he reached university where the combined cost of tuition and books proved a crippling burden to the family. He knew he was only a mediocre student, unable to carry a part-time job as well as the full load of studies. During the summers he had worked, certainly, but the pay was never very good and only helped slightly to ease their financial worries. But his parents never complained, never once refused him money for books, school expenses, or even the occasional dance to which he used to go. Not even when his father had been forced to again mortgage the house; then a second one, just a year ago. He knew about both mortgages although his father had never mentioned them. He also knew that his father had been out of work for the last five winter months, had fallen behind in the payments and was now in danger of losing the house entirely. His mother was growing old, sewing was virtually impossible for her while washing was a terrific burden too. But — the thought made him smile slightly — now he could pay them back. He could pay off the mortgage in no time and let his parents retire from the drug company that had accepted his application only that morning—money worries would cease to be.

He snapped out of reverie abruptly as he heard the driver call his stop. Standing up, he pulled the bell cord and walked to the exit. When the streetcar stopped and he stepped off, he turned his coat collar up around his neck to prevent the fine rain from chilling his back. He was on a safety island; the light was red in his direction. But across the street he saw his parents waiting under an awning on the corner, and with a glad shout to get their attention he ran across the road. The tracks were treacherous — he slipped. Quickly he scrambled to his feet. As he was rising, though, a dazzling pair of lights blinded him; from somewhere he heard a woman's scream; then the car struck.

* * *

Howie Kern had had a bad day, all day. First the car had not started in the morning — ten dollars to that goofy garage man. Then those bums at the factory where he worked had laughed at him when he broke his machine. His coffee at lunch had really been lousy, and he gashed his hand badly on the broken thread of his machine, (that he had only hastily repaired in the morning) that afternoon. Now traffic was backed up about half a mile because some crummy streetcar was off its trolley. He swore to himself as he jerked the car forward a few feet at a time. Bloody streetcars, he thought. When are they going to replace those damn anachronisms with buses like all the other cities have. Anachronism was a word he had heard on a news programme over the television the night before. He turned it on by accident while looking for the fights — watched for a few minutes, sneered, and switched channels. But the word had stuck with him; he liked its sound and when he used it. Yah, damn anachronisms, he thought again. Then his mind turned to supper — probably beans again, since he lived alone. Ah well, he consoled himself, there were going to be some pretty good westerns on the old buzz box, so the evening wouldn't be a total loss.

At last he drew equal with the streetcar and was just about to pass when the driver opened his doors. The light was green for him, and he swore out loud at all streetcars and their inventors while he revved the engine, hoping the light would not change. The driver closed his doors and Howie floored the car, shooting across the intersection. In front of him a boy was crossing the street against the light.

I'll skin his tail and scare hell out of him, Howie chuckled to himself as he aimed right for the boy. But the lad fell — Howie hit the brake too late and smacked the boy solidly just as he was scrambling to his feet.

Howie jumped out of his car as soon as it had stopped running back to where the boy was laying, surrounded by a crowd.

"You all saw he was going against the light," he shouted at them. "I didn't have a chance."

An old woman screaming and crying in a foreign language followed closely by an old man pushed through the crowd to reach the boy, lying broken and bloody in the gutter, the filthy water trickling around the arm bone that gleamed dully

where it broke through the skin. She cradled his head in her arms, sobbing and cooing.

Crazy old bat must know the kid, Howie thought nervously. Might be her son. Hell, I didn't do anything. I was in the right. Damn foreigners should teach their kids better.

A policeman arrived, took the details of the accident from some bystanders and then asked Howie what had happened. Howie told him, mentioning several times that the boy had jumped right out in front of him. No, he hadn't been speeding; he always drove slowly. Sure, he had tried to stop but the stupid kid had jumped right out in front of him, he didn't have a chance. Dark night. Slippery pavement. It was all that stupid kid's fault.

On hearing that, the old woman who had been pulled from her son's body and was now crying against her husband's chest, screamed and ran forward. She tried to attack Howie, punching him and shouting frantically in a foreign language. Before the policeman could do anything Howie hit her with his open hand knocking her down on the wet road. Her husband rushed over, hesitated between fighting Howie and helping his wife, but finally picked her up and led her away, all the while hating Howie's unshaven face with all his soul.

"Crazy old dame tried to attack me — it was self-defence. You saw it," Howie almost shouted at the officer who just closed his notebook and turned away, disgusted.

An ambulance arrived to remove the body and the parents — the mother refused to leave her son's side — while the policeman took the names and addresses of some of the witnesses. At last he told Howie to go home. Howie did so. He had beans for supper; he even watched the westerns that night. By 11:00 o'clock he had convinced himself completely that he had done no wrong. The boy had been totally at fault; he could never have stopped in time even though he was going slow.

And Howie Kern went to bed, had a sound sleep, got up refreshed the next morning, and went to work. There he bragged to all the boys about the exciting accident in which he had been involved the night before, how he had beaten off that nutty old woman, and how he had told off the cop. Some of the boys laughed; others, like the policeman, simply turned away. Just shows who the regular guys are, thought Howie.

* * *

The courtroom was warm, Joseph Lashen noticed. He had removed his overcoat but he was still uncomfortably hot sitting there. He looked at Maria, his wife. She did not look hot, just sick and very, very tired. The shock of the death of her son, the subsequent trials during which Howie Kern had first been cleared of criminal negligence and then beaten them in their civil suit, had aged and exhausted her. Now the strain of the appeal. . .

Joseph sighed. In the four months since the accident Maria had brooded continually, becoming more and more introverted. She hardly ate anything, cried unceasingly, woke up from her fitful sleeps at night screaming. He himself was more stolid; he could take much emotional stress without it seeming to hurt him. Besides, he had the more mundane worries of money in order to pay for all these things. The funeral had cost almost a thousand dollars alone; then the lawyer's fees and the fees for Howie Kern's lawyer which the court had ordered him to pay after the last trial. He had not worked all that time, had not been able to leave Maria's side. The house now actually had three mortgages on it — he knew they would never be able to pay them off — and most of their furniture had been sold. He had borrowed as much as he possibly could, going to two different finance companies on the same day so they, in their investigations, would not discover his loan from the other. Hoping to gain some recompense from the last trial, he had really borrowed to the hilt — then to lose, and even have to pay for the lawyer of his son's killer. Now for this appeal he had had to sell most of their clothing — it had brought so pitifully little — as well as their stove and refrigerator to raise the money. And payments were due on the mortgage, to the finance company, to a great many utility companies, to this one, to that one. . .

He sighed again.

He had not wanted to appeal the last decision but Maria had begun screaming that he did not love their son when he tried to talk her out of it. She wanted only one thing now; revenge on Howie Kern. Perhaps if they had had other children. . . But they did not. They had planned on only one, intending to give him all they could to get him started properly in life. Then this cursed Howie Kern had come and finished everything.

He was sitting directly opposite them, fat and smug, pleased to again be in the spotlight, not at all nervous since his lawyer had assured him the appeal would never be granted. Joseph knew Howie had lied during the last trial when he said he had not been speeding and had not seen Michael until the boy jumped right in front of the car. The old man had watched Howie's vehicle race out past the

streetcar, across the road, seem to aim for his son, and then hit him with that shuddering thud. None of the other witnesses could testify definitely that Howie had been at fault, ("It all happened so fast.") and Joseph was unable to express himself convincingly in English. And when Maria kept interrupting the trial screaming in a mixture of English and her own language, their case was as good as lost. The judge considered them emotional immigrants who were so prejudiced against Howie that their testimony was useless. The appeal would be the same, Joseph knew. He was right.

After the trial, he and Maria walked home. She talked only of another appeal, but Joseph knew this one was the last. In fact, the end. They had just a few dollars to live on, no food or furniture in the house, and a veritable mountain of debts. He could never pay them off, of that he was certain. The house was lost — but at least the mortgages would also be cancelled. The other debts? About them he did not know.

A week later, their last day in the small house they had known so long, Joseph took part of the little money remaining to them and went to the store to get some food. He was unbelievably hungry. Maria must be too, he thought, but she refused to eat anything. He had not been able to tell her that another appeal was unthinkable, and she spent her days dreaming of revenge on Howie Kern. Perhaps if he could get her away, could just get her mind off her son's death. . . So involved was he in his thoughts he almost bumped into the postman delivering letters, heading for their house. Hah, he thought to himself, we get nothing but bills now. Stuffing his hands into his jacket pockets, he hurried on, not wanting to leave Maria alone any longer than was necessary.

As he was returning a bare five minutes later, he heard wild shrieking coming from the direction of his house. My God, not her, he prayed and ran the rest of the way. Breathless he pushed open the door — the screams were unbearable. Maria was sitting on the floor, rocking back and forth, laughing, crying, shrieking. A letter waved in her hand. She was totally and absolutely insane.

Joseph stared, stunned. He stepped in and closed the door. Once more he just stood, staring. Then he walked over to pluck the letter from his mad wife's hand. She took no notice of him, but continued gibbering and screaming. He looked at the letter. As he had earlier predicted, it was a bill; and it read: "For repairs to front grill of automobile owned by Howard Kern, \$350."

The Rogue Wave

PROFESSOR LOCHHEAD *has been chief librarian at York University since its founding three years ago. He is a poet of some renown and has published three books of poetry. He has been a great friend to many students at York and will be greatly missed when he leaves us this spring to become chief librarian at Massey College.*

Forward and back
 the days seem simple
with death
 and change:
this land freezes,
 the wind beckons snow,
the eyes wait,
 the seeing is wide
with December sky
 with few birds
except here and there
 a stir
of snow buntings
 finding old seeds
in old pods
 near a barn
in a hollow.

But what is simple
in my slumping days
 brings back the dismal
upright loves, stuffed tears,
 the queasy time
of the rogue wave
 the strafing one,
the rogue wave hitting
 the hull of my life,
as it smacks all of us
 in its way
and stays, in the eye,
 in the ear's bell,
in the banked fire
 of our rage,
in these simple days
 of death and change.

DOUGLAS LOCHHEAD.

AGAINST THE BOMB

MICHAEL FINDLAY is a first year student on scholarship from the United Kingdom where he was active in U.K. C.N.D.

THE nuclear disarmament movement in the United Kingdom is split into two main organizations. The original one, The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (C.N.D.), is a nationwide movement having as its objective the unilateral disarmament of Great Britain. Its methods of governmental persuasion have taken different forms throughout its life. Letters have been written to M.P.'s and newspapers; articles have appeared in periodicals and books have been written, speeches made. The most impressive manifestation of action has been the annual fifty-mile protest march from the nuclear pile at Aldermaston into the heart of London where a rally is held. This three-day journey has grown in popularity and numbers during the five years since it was instituted. On the last day of the march this Easter no fewer than sixty thousand people were estimated to have participated. The organiser of the organization C.N.D. is Canon Collins, an Anglican who believes in legitimate but nevertheless violent protest within the law.

The other organization is an off-shoot of the above, called the Committee of 100. It has surpassed its parent in popularity and notoriety. Apart from a temporary merger, every year for the Aldermaston March, the activities of the two are separate, although many people belong to both. The motive force behind the group is the Committee itself which includes, besides "prominent personalities," many housewives, students, businessmen and teachers. The president is Bertrand Russell, with whom many of you may be familiar as a philosopher. But he is much more than a "famous figurehead". I have heard him speak for over an hour in the pouring rain to a crowd of some thousands. And speak concrete, down-to-earth sense, with no trace of emotion, senility or personal importance. His speech was hallmarked by conviction in his beliefs and a genuine fear for the safety of the future generations.

Apart from rallies and speeches, the main "weapon for peace" used by the Committee of 100, is that of the sit-down demonstration. All legal government action having failed to produce any results as far as nuclear disarmament or the banning of tests is concerned, the only alternative is to organize a civil disobedience campaign similar to that used by Mahatma Ghandi twenty years ago. The object of the civil disobedience or sit-down is to attract the attention of the establishment and make it aware of the fact that pre-voting age who believe their future lives are being jeopardized by the actions of the Ministerial grandfathers who persist in indulging in a futile, expensive and severely dangerous arms race.

During the last two years more than three thousand people have appeared in court as a result of arrest during sit-downs, charged with offenses which range from disturbing the peace to insurrection and, in one case, high treason. Their reply has been that the Ministry of Defence is far more guilty of action prejudicial to the public good than they are. Many were fined and some are serving jail sentences, having refused to be bound over and to pledge not to do the same again. Although many are students, some of the sit-downers are persons risking their jobs and even their family life for the sake of an endeavour to prevent a Third World War.

The next demonstration, to be held when seven thousand guarantees of attendance are received, will take place at the Air Ministry building in London. In this, there is a desk at which sits Air Commodore McGill who has said that if the circumstances required, he would "press the button" that would instigate the mass vituperation of global human existence. The sit-downers are demanding an explanation of what those "circumstances" entail.

That, very briefly, is the British Scene. Because of the larger population such action among the minority does not receive as much attention as no doubt similar demonstrations would do here in Canada. But attention is received all the same and the national daily newspapers, in criticizing such action are at the same time giving publicity to the movement. The outlook is bleak but not hopeless. Britain has the bomb, and opposition to its possession is growing. Canada almost has it; if she does acquire it, the decision as to its economic, defensive and above all moral and humanitarian value lies in the hands of Canada's government.

Notes toward a poem

She
Fire,
I
Desire.
Denied,
Died.

You,
Wife:
Love,
Life —
Hearth
Star.

PADRAIG O BROIN.

*Easter Dawn;
A Walk
in
Three
Parts*



ROB BULL

I

The sky is pale
Grey as a pigeon's belly
With a rosy suspicion of a blush
Just to warm it up a little.
Under the arch
The marble carving glows like gold.
Behold!
Here through the arch the morning comes,
The black hard shadows are blurred of a sudden,
With a white small snow flurry whisking down
From above the naked black arms of trees
In the murmuring wind,
In the chirri-chirruping, very early dawn.

II

But it is quiet now,
And I am alone.
The world is asleep with its dreams and I
I'm awake with my thoughts.
The park is dead,
Dead skeleton trees.
Surrounded by grey buildings like foreboding tombs,
The wide sweeping avenue without a soul,
And my footsteps echo from concrete and from house to house
And I am alone
Like the dead and gone, like the last on earth
In a cold whistling wind
As the dawn brightens,
As I walk on.

III

But high above I hear some crows cawing and
At my feet I see green shoots pushing
And ahead,
I see a stubby
Moth Gothic
Black silhouetted thumb
Pointing up to a turquoisish white
And in my soul I hear a song
And I think of a certain girl and I whistle a tune
And a rather hung over but nevertheless spirited robin joins in
And I am here in the world where I belong.

our english teacher

BARBARA HILL is a first year student at York University who won \$10.00 in the recent MC² literary contest for this short story.

I'm in Grade Thirteen again this year, and it's all Mr. Graham's fault. Mr. Graham was our English teacher last year.

We had heard stories about Mr. Graham from the people who had him during his first three years at Eastland High, so it was with a certain amount of trepidation that we first entered his class.

We could tell from the beginning that Mr. Graham wasn't normal. First of all, he always sat perched on an old rickety stool, or else he walked incessantly back and forth across the front of the room, running his fingers through his elegantly greying hair. Actually, "elegant" is the right word to describe all of him, I suppose. His shirts, jackets, and strides were all impeccable; his tie always matched his outfit perfectly; in the winter he wore tan leather shoes with inch-thick corrugated crepe soles that gave him a strikingly youthful, exuberant air. His voice was soft, well-modulated and well-educated, although he never had any trouble making himself heard in the classroom. He was sort of a Rex Harrison-Image, as one of the girls in our class remarked, if you didn't count the grubby, crumpled trench coat or the weird-looking fur hat he wore to school. He upset the staff and students by wearing sandals to school in the summer, and ostentatiously carrying a lunch bag.

What really marked him apart from the other English teachers, however, was his tremendous enthusiasm for his subject. His voice, though low, was always tense with excitement, a remarkable feat when you've been taking up something like "The Death of the Hired Man", in detail, every other year for heaven knows how many years. Being in a classroom with Mr. Graham was like being invisible in a tiger's cage. We sat, vaguely apprehensive, while he paced restlessly up and down the floor, or sat winding his legs in and out among the rungs of his three-legged stool, reading or talking all the while. I say "apprehensive" because there was no telling when he would throw a piece of chalk or a book at someone, kick the wastebasket over, or break into song. Instead of telling us that ballads were meant to be sung, so that we could write it down in our notes, Mr. Graham just went ahead and sang them to us, making up the tune as he went along. He threw things at us whenever we wouldn't answer a question — which was pretty often — and he kicked over the wastebasket whenever he was criticizing our homework — which was also pretty often. And I'll never forget the day when the noise of coal being delivered down the chute just beneath our classroom window finally drove him up the wall. He threw up the nearest window, and proceeded to throw out all the books on his desk, one by one, at the stunned-looking coal man who was standing on top of the truck.

You're probably thinking this is all very funny, but if you passed Grade Thirteen English I guess you can afford to. It wasn't long before every one of us — except the Four Brains — hated that man.

On the first day of school, we were warned by all our other teachers how tough the June exams would be, and how hard we would all have to work to scrape through. But what did Mr. Graham do? He read us an old Scottish ballad that wasn't even on the course, and told us to write a ballad of our own and hand it in. It was this kind of time-wasting that went on all year, completely antagonizing the class. He could never talk about literature without going off on some sort of a tangent, and as for English Composition, he absolutely refused to teach it! We protested vigorously, of course, and he wasted more time by arguing enthusiastically with us. His arguments were utterly impossible, too; he said that if we hadn't learned enough English grammar to get us through by now, it was none of his business and he wasn't going to try and teach us the fundamentals all over again; he said that the Grade Thirteen Certificate was nothing but a little sheet of paper anyway, and what were we all getting so excited about? He called us "vegetables", or "I.B.M. cards", or victims of the "gulp-and-vomit" system of learning.

Sooner or later we all turned against him. The girl who sat behind me was the first to go — she tried to transfer out of his class after he spent half a period ridiculing her for copying down every word he said in the margins around the poem we were taking up. The vice-principal wouldn't let her out, so she sat and glared at him for the rest of the year. My boyfriend gave up on him after getting back his third straight essay in a row with "Garbage!" written all over it. My turn came one day when he was carrying on a three-day old argument with one of the

Brains about men in pink bowlers. It was late in the year, and we were three weeks behind in the literature course, and we had already begun to get notes from our friends in other classes who were tired of hearing us mutter darkly about Mr. Graham in the lunch room. Since I was generally acknowledged to be the only boy in the room with enough courage to tell him where to go, I got up and told him exactly what we thought of his silly arguments and his embarrassingly frank language and his annoying sidetracks and his infuriating "method" of teaching English.

There was an uncomfortable silence.

Then he went over to a stack of those old auditorium chairs standing near the door, and gave the most astonishing tirade I have ever heard in my life, punctuating each remark by taking a chair down off the pile, and sending it clear across the room with a mighty shove. As he ranted and raged about the outlook and calibre of today's students, the entire structure and aims of the school system, and the monstrous evils of Grade Thirteen and the Great God June, the chairs piled up at the other side of the room, clattering and crashing against each other. The noise was deafening.

He stopped talking when he ran out of chairs, went and sat down at his desk for the first time in the history of Eastland, looked me straight in the eye, and said quietly: "Keith Clark, you are just so much phlegm at the bottom of the sink."

Well, the rest of the year dragged on blackly after that. As we became more sullen and withdrawn, he and the Brains seemed to reach new heights of inspiration. The Brains zealously wrote stories and poems and even plays for him to read, and had long literary discussions with him, while we sat silently through his periods, counting every minute on the clock. In turn, Mr. Graham took to reading to us — weird, uneasy poems about Coffins and Hollow Men and J. P. Prufrock; witty, conceited essays by George Bernard Shaw on the genius of George Bernard Shaw; short stories by some Welsh poet who died young; school-censored portions of Shakespeare's plays — all things never printed in any Grade Thirteen text.

There was no time for review, of course. June came and went like the Grim Reaper, and we fell beneath its scythe.

But this is all futile. Looking back over what I've written, I can see that this is what Mr. Graham would call "incoherent and utterly incomprehensible". I guess it has to be, because he was that way, too. I have only one thing left to say: we won after all. It took us five years and five hundred obstinate minds to do it, but we finally beat him. Mr. Graham is leaving Eastland at the end of this year.

I suppose he'll go and try another school, incorrigibly idealistic as always, looking for a race of students that must have died out many, many years ago. He'll look at them with that unquenchable flame in his eye; he'll speak to them in that earnest, ardent voice; but they'll find him out and beat him.

Some people just never learn.

Thoughts on a Haiku Theme

GEOFFRY CLIFF-PHILLIPS

When I looked far out, over the Eastern sky,
The distant mountain slopes were hazy,
The clouds above us, the valley floor
below,
Cold rain.

A Hidden valley, a carpet of fallen leaves,
A stream bubbling from the rocks,
A love that never will return.

The cold blue peaks shrouded with mist,
The morning sun,
Dusty roads and warm, western skies.

My old home,
New faces,
Laughter, the warm fire.
The winter winds blow long and cold.

Winter soon ends,
Snow melts, sun shines warmly.
In the mud, a pale blue crocus.

Water swiftly flowing by the flower-scented village.
In the river-breeze, a clump of willows
Sounds and scents of spring,
Laughing children.

Snowy slopes,
Distant hills are hazy grey.
Sunset, the land is still.

Cool sand, swift boats,
Cold, clear water in the
Moonlit night.

Summer twilight,
Old men sitting on porches, rocking,
Smoking silently.
The darkening hills,
Damp oppressive heat.
Buzz of mosquitoes — darkness.

The lake a blood-red glow,
Flash of seagull,
White against the cold wet sand.

a darkened room,
a dusty floor,
a spider's web — a struggling fly.

Warm, moonlit night,
Cool, lapping water,
A garland of lights around the bay,
Little fishing boats along the shore.

Soft falling flakes,
Footpads in the fluffy snow,
City lights below,
Skies a muted orange.
A persian cat, watching, waiting
A ghostly, silent world.

I leave the streets above, the cold wood beckons,
We walk the way of the child,
The broken glass, the fallen log, the bubbling stream.
A sewer of man's long forgotten dreams and hopes,
vanishing into the marsh, sodden and cold.
The sun is bloodied, the trees are cold,
The howling winds and a long-lost dream,
The woods are cold, dark, lonely.
The winds shriek, but no one hears.

ROOTS OF MAGIC

PÁDRAIG Ó BROIN is a student in Atkinson college.

Certain poems I like, though I scarcely know why. Here is one of them:

Four Ducks on a Pond

Four ducks on a pond,
A grass-bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing,
What a little thing
To remember for years—
To remember with tears.

—William Allingham

Now, I can see the picture Allingham paints in those lines, but in itself the scene means little to me. City born and city bred, I never had much to do with ducks on a pond; the only ones I knew lived in wire enclosures at the Zoological Gardens I used to haunt as a child — before I grew conscious of how cruel the animals' captivity was. The poem however, is one that is important to me, and I have tried to explain to myself why, to rationalize my liking for it.

Allingham starts by describing a simple, ordinary scene — four ducks, a pond with a grassy bank, a blue sky. Pleasant, isn't it? But what of it? He apparently thinks little of it himself, saying "What a little thing." But in that very act of belittling he adds, "To remember for years — To remember with tears!" There, I think, is the instant when the common thing he describes becomes a symbol, of universal validity at that. I no longer see merely duck and pond and sky; against the background which by virtue of its very ordinariness he has made actual, I hear the poet speak of remembrance, for years and with tears. And I remember, too.

Not, of course, what Allingham remembers, but persons and places made part of me by joy or sorrow. The poet has so described a scene which is to him personally evocative, that it becomes a symbol evoking a different yet essentially similar response from me. His poem has that universality of appeal which is one mark of all real poetry.

Here are two other poems of the same *genre*:

Memory

One had a lovely face,
And two or three had charm,
But charm and face were in vain
Because the mountain grass
Cannot but keep the form
Where the mountain hare has lain.

—W. B. Yeats

and:

A Deep-sworn Vow

Others because you did not keep
That deep-sworn vow have been friends of mine;
Yet always when I look death in the face,
When I clamber to the heights of sleep,
Or when I grow excited with wine,
Suddenly I meet your face.

—W. B. Yeats

In the case of these two poems I have a concrete reference to what the poet is talking about. From photographs, from descriptions by her lover, her friends, her enemies, I know how she who "did not keep That deep-sworn vow" appeared to her generation. But as with Allingham's pond, it is not Maud Gonne's face I see — rather some "high laughing head" called up involuntarily, perhaps even unwillingly, under the stimulus of Yeats' personal imagery, now grown to be a powerfully evocative, universal symbol.

These two poems also show incomparably greater technique than Allingham's simple description of actuality. This is not to say that involved poems are necessarily greater poetry than more simple ones. But analysis of some of Yeats' devices does add to my enjoyment and appreciation. Take, for instance, the last three lines of *Memory*:

Because the mountain grass
Cannot but keep the form
Where the mountain hare has lain.

Here Yeats even dares show, in a sense, how the spell "works": using "mountain grass" as image for mind and "mountain hare" for the beloved, he points out how mind cannot help but remember her because of the impression she has made. The impression in the grass is actual and physical, the impression on him is no less actual, but it is mental and emotional. This usage verges upon the pun — particularly in the word "form," meaning primarily the flattened grass "Where the mountain hare has lain"; but secondarily and almost as vividly, the actual physical form of the beloved. A word that might have wrecked a less highly-charged poem enhances this one.

And take the second poem, *A Deep-sworn Vow*. It opens with unusual abruptness. "Others," by its position at the beginning of the first line and the suddenness with which it is thrown at me, calls up the instantaneous response, "Other than who?" Immediately the "who" appears, in the grammatically subordinate "because you did not keep That deep-sworn vow." But though subordinate, this clause at once builds up suspense and increases the stature and emotional significance of "you" to such degree that even when I discover that the "others . . . have been friends," it is anticlimactic. The forcefully introduced "others" are now reduced to unimportance, and for the rest of the poem I remember only the "you." But because the "you" has in a sense dethroned "others" from first place, the "you" is correspondingly more important than if the poem had begun without the first emphatic reference to "others."

Again:

. . . always when I look death in the face,
When I clamber to the heights of sleep,
Or when I grow excited with wine . . .

These three lines call up three dissimilar situations with but one thing in common: they are all occasions which inhibit the conscious will, allowing subconscious memory to bring to the perceptive surface that which is emotionally important. At first glance their arrangement may appear arbitrary and incorrect. Surely it should run, wine, sleep, death? But looking back I see reason in the chosen sequence of illustration.

"When I look death in the face" — At the most intense moments of all, when I stand before that unknown which men picture to themselves as a being austere and terrible of countenance — "Suddenly I meet your face."

"When I clamber to the heights of sleep" — when, with difficulty, I have put you out of my thoughts and finally manage to approach sleep with its blessed forgetfulness, then, as at every other height of my life — "Suddenly I meet your face."

Many a poet has cried that the image of his beloved heartens him in the face of death. It is a natural thing to say. Not so many of us have testified to the equally obvious truth that dear temptations torment the mind in that unguarded moment between waking and sleeping. But Yeats' integrity goes further:

"When I grow excited with wine — it's not just during life's most intense moments, either, but even in its trivial hours, when deliberately seeking gaiety, perhaps again forgetfulness — "Suddenly I meet your face."

This last line attains tremendous emphasis by the use of "meet" rather than the obvious and expected "see."

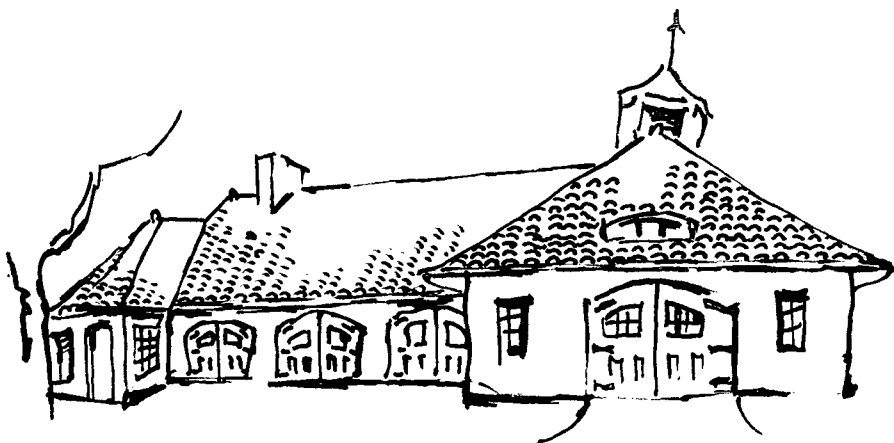
Too, "keep" rhymes with "sleep," and "mine" with "wine," so that on reaching the last line I unconsciously expect it to end with a rhyme for "face." Instead I am met with a repetition, as startling in its way as the abrupt "others" that began the first line, of the *leit-motif*, "face": a repetition that throws me forcibly back to the first face mentioned in the poem, that of death.

The emotional equation forms itself in my mind something like this: "There is no forgetting you: Death, the end of all; Death, whom no man can evade, himself wears the 'terrible beauty' of 'your face'."



COMPLIMENTS

OF



A

FRIEND

WEIGHING THE TRY . . .

The following articles were written by students in the graduating class who were asked to write a personal evaluation of their experience at York University. They do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editors.

GARY CALDWELL

Soon we will be swept up in the flush of graduation, a ceremony in which we will be the chief attraction. Nevertheless, graduation is also the time to honour the men with whom we as students have been associated for three years.

What have we learned from these men? With them we have studied science, literature, languages and the humanities. For endless hours we have discussed fact and ideology. Often, we were tempted to suspect them of an abstract approach to the stark world of reality. It was easy to think of them as arm-chair critics, regarding the worldly tumult from the "ivory tower." The old maxim "the really significant is what men do, not what they say" best described our reservations.

The question in our minds was this: "When it comes time to act and men must stake their reputation and career on an irrevocable decision, on what grounds do they make it?" What are the ultimate values, or, if you like, realities—this we feel is the beginning of real wisdom. In asking this, the most vital of questions, we forgot our own maxim, "Watch what men do, not what they say." Clearly, it was a mistake to expect any one to answer this question for us; all we could do was to observe and see how, in fact, they themselves did decide when it came time to act.

No one can deny that these men acted decisively when they came to York. They committed reputation and career to an endeavour which required that

they make real (as real as men can) an ideal. The ideal was that of a small academic community; a community in which scholars, free to think and write, would come together with students driven by an eagerness to comprehend the human predicament. (Of course, a more pressing demand necessitated the compromising of this original commitment).

These then were the grounds upon which they decided to act. We have known these men. Instead of busying themselves spouting meaningless liberalisms and adjusting irresponsible people, they worked towards the fulfillment of their end of the commitment — by being scholars. Having observed this, we can know with certainty that when these men committed themselves to York, it was not for reasons of self-aggrandizement, but rather from a desire to give thorough study and instruction. We have seen what these men did, not what they said they would do — we were watching, and now we know that these are men who do not put their own aggrandizement first.



For the first faculty members, the act of committing themselves to York was a very realistic act when viewed in terms of such pragmatic realities as careers and family security.

Now, many of them have elected to leave. Once again, for the second time in three years, they weighed the pragmatic realities of career and family security against their intellectual and moral commitment. When a man risks his career and uproots his family twice in three years, he cannot be accused of hiding in an ivory tower. Having come for a reason, they are leaving for a reason. We were watching — and now we know what integrity is.

But we need not pity them for one instant; indeed, what would such men do with a gush of sentiment. They were not the ones who went about seeking self-justification in outburst of sentiment — we were watching, and now we have learned something about honour.

Our pity ought rather to be directed to those who must carry on without them, those who are left with the idealistic trappings and the manoeuvres. The men who are now leaving came to give, not to get, now they are gone; consequently the new York has less to give.

We are still watching. Should any person venture to explain away the behavior of these men by alluding that they were young and irresponsible, hard to get along with, self seeking, or too idealistic — we will have learned that there are also people to whom commitment, integrity and honour mean absolutely nothing.

DOUGLAS RUTHERFORD

It is with some unique sentiment that most members of this first graduating class reflect upon their three years at York University. The reasons for coming to this University are many, and in a good number of cases, unclear; however, there seems to be a greater unity of feeling upon our departure than ever before.

For three years now the members of this first York class have lived together in an intimate atmosphere which encompassed the academic, the social, the impersonal, and the personal lives of every one of its members. This has for the most part been an extremely enjoyable way of life, and is it any wonder that some degree of sadness and nostalgia occurs as we prepare to go to our separate ways?

These must be to some degree the feelings experienced by any member of such a group as he prepares to move on, and yet there is more. Because we were the first, and because there is now something where there was nothing, we somehow feel a measure of belonging and of possession that must be denied the future classes at York. As we leave this University we will look back and feel that, although we ourselves are no longer there, we have left a part of us there. And selfish as it may seem, this will always be our University.

Many have already attempted to assess the success of this University, and many have leveled criticism at it in its formative years; and while some of these may have been accurate and valid, the measure of success of such an experience must ultimately be sought within itself. One can only determine for himself to what degree he has benefited from the maturing and broadening influence of this stage of his education. And it may be the more mature student who realizes that as yet he is still incapable of assessing the shortcomings or the merits of a University education. It was Tennyson in his epic poem *Ulysses* who said that knowledge is like an ever widening arch, and the closer one comes to this arch, the more one can see that he does not know.

BRUCE BRYDEN

York University is now reaching its third birthday and will graduate its first class this June. Whether it has lived up to its early press notices or not, is the question to which many York students apply themselves and so I, at this time, must too.

An ideal, a handful of students, understanding professors, and an old home were its components; a certain intellectual "joi de vivre" its atmosphere. This seems to be only a memory today, as our cryptic student critics will tell us. They chastize York for not realizing the original commitment to a liberal arts education. I cannot agree.

To expect an institution to conform to an ideal, right or wrong, seems to me to be negligent thinking—negligent because an ideal, practical or impractical, possible or impossible, is open to many interpretations. To expect all to

conform to one interpretation of a university seems to me to deny individual freedom. An institution is an inanimate object, only its members can determine its actuality, its atmosphere.

The past three years have had a deep impact on the lives of us—the first graduating class. Only time will determine whether the influence of this impact can be measured in positive or negative terms. I believe the former will prevail.

For those who wanted it, the education has been liberal. The subject matter has been as varied and as quantitative as time and we, the students, permitted. The professors have not only been accessible but eager to listen and to criticize our intellectual and personal queries and problems. The rigorous academic achievement has been there for our conquest.

But this is not all. Confronted with a class of truly individual persons, we have gained an invaluable knowledge of human relations, of aspirations, of failings, of ideals, and of compromises. All this amidst the development and evolution of a university community seems to me to be more than simply a university education but an education in life itself. We have learned to grow with the physical setting. We have learned that change is inevitable.

Those who have lived at York only in an atmosphere of pessimism and criticism have missed the essence of this experience; have missed the liberal education; have missed a lesson in life. I, and I believe I am not alone, thank York, its students and its faculty for an experience I would not have missed for all the degrees at the University of Toronto.



DOUGLAS GRIFFIN

When I awakened recently from a contented academic slumber, I was unpleasantly jolted by the aggressive hue and cry against York reverberating around me. Being by nature a brave and swaggering fellow, I was immediately seized by a terror that the sacred walls of the place were about to tumble down about me.

Students and faculty alike were joined in heavy-lunged attacks against their foes. The University was in a mess, and they were in a rage, they said, forgetting that together they composed about ninety percent of the population. Let's all gang up against the "Great White Father." Besides, he is always hidden away in that other building over there, and maybe he won't find out anyway.

As well as I can understand it, (in my simple-minded way) the self-identified scholarly idealists among both faculty and students thought the scholarly school of rarified atmospheres and cerebellic caelesthenics they had been promised hadn't been given to them. Alas! Gnashing of teeth and wringing of hands.

And as for facts, they despise them. Problems of finance and the crushing problem of required accommodation in the near future are too awkward to be contemplated. We wanted an instant Oxford; just add some Don water and mix; and we don't have it. While it's true and we cannot deny it; why cry about it?



The kind of university such idealists envisage is the result of years of hard work and long drawn-out battles. Why should we quit in disgust or throw frustrated hands in the air until we have laid our ideals and plans on the line and fought over them? The battle itself would strengthen York. Not even a won battle would contribute as much as would a continuous thriving struggle, and we have only begun to define the terms of dispute. No battle has been fought or lost, as far as the students are concerned.

And what have we had? Three years of groping, uncertainty, but also freedom, for the student. I challenge anyone to show me how his concrete goal has been deliberately thwarted. His time was required for about fifteen hours a week in lectures, and roughly a similar amount of time outside of lectures, to pass his courses. This left the serious student sixty to seventy hours a week to contemplate his toes. With so many hours devoted to such contemplation, he should have come up with at least one thought worth carrying away with him. Perhaps he wanted a nursemaid as well?

What professors do with their time remains a mysterious secret. But speaking as a student, it seems to me fortunate that maturity, imagination, and hard work are necessary to realize our opportunities here. Many of us — like myself — have awakened from our academic slumbers rather late. But it is now that the battle should begin, now that we have something to fight about.

DALE TAYLOR

When the first graduating class passes from the halls of YORK UNIVERSITY, a new university will have finished its first three years as a complete community. Let no one be mistaken: that first class will have left its mark on the liberal arts tradition of the university. It gained a unity and hardiness in its first year at Falconer Hall which it brought to the new campus virtually intact. It brought with it an essential disdain for the cliché, the dogmatic statement, the baseless remark and the blind obedience of conformity. Above all, it brought with it an intensely personal spirit which refused to be broken by the institutionalized impersonality that it inevitably faced at YORK HALL. And finally, it brought with it the announced intention of meeting its responsibilities as the senior class in a new institution of higher and liberal learning.

It seems, however, that the first class at YORK was not fully armed to meet these responsibilities. In the first place, as a group which was to lead the way for the new junior years, the first class had perhaps developed too personal and social a character to promote the kind of inner soul-searching and self-criticism necessary for good leadership. In the second place, the early pace of establishing effective student organization, activities and traditions at YORK was so overwhelming for the most part that few students could manage to escape this necessary activity to consider the real nature of a good liberal arts education. It must also be remembered, moreover, that not all students in the first class at YORK were really concerned with the ethical and social

questions that such an education poses or the reasoned approach it gives the student which will lead to the answers of these questions. This is probably the case with any undergraduate class, although it is somewhat disconcerting when that class is the first class to associate itself with the ideals of a new university.

But, perhaps most important of all was the fact that the troublesome inconsistencies between the qualitative and the quantitative needs of a new university for general liberal education were openly exposed to the members of the first class from its very first days at Falconer Hall because of its intimate contacts with faculty and administration. This naturally led to a certain degree of disillusionment and cynicism among many of the more idealistic members of the first class and a general drop in group and individual morale. The consequence of this intensified sophomore slump was that the first class failed to establish a consistent and purposeful standard for the new classes coming in. The latter, in turn, responded in a somewhat more dreary and aimless manner to their new environment than



ordinarily might have been the case. The senior class merely completed the cycle by placing original blame for the rather depressing atmosphere of the winter of 1961-62 on the second class and its seeming lethargy and lack of "spirit".

The apparent effect of the first year at Glendon Hall for the first class was the disintegration of the group as an opinion-leader and pace-setter into a basic antagonism of two groups—the "keeners" and the "swingers" in the terminology of the latter—with a third group composed of people who either did not bother about the antagonism or who were bothered but who found neither side worth "joining". Although it was hard to pinpoint all of the members of the antagonistic groups of the senior class in its last two years at YORK, it was not hard to pinpoint the opposing ideologies. One group was viewed as ever-serious and ever-studious and was, in fact, convinced that the undergraduate student experience was fundamental to one's complete humanity. The other group was viewed as fun-loving, social and jazz-oriented and was,

in fact, much less convinced that university education was an end and not a means. The dichotomy, of course, was artificial, but this did not detract from its importance; for, certain members of the class were viewed by certain other members *as if* they exhibited distasteful traits. The result of this typical sociological phenomenon was that relatively few members of the class were freed from sub-group pressures to pursue *openly* a genuinely middle course in educating themselves. No-one, of course, will emerge from YORK in any year who will completely fill the bill as a "whole man" but it seems relatively fewer in the first graduating class were headed in this direction because of the problems inherent in being the first class. But it was as unfortunate as it was unavoidable that on the one hand, many genuinely gifted and intellectually interested members of the class could not develop their gifts and interests freely and that many of the idealists on the other could not freely and willingly apply the tests of the reality to their ideals.

It cannot be denied, however, that anti- and pseudo- intellectual attitudes did exist in the first graduating class at YORK although instances of the former may have been merely emotional reactions to certain specific situations at YORK during its first three years.

In the last analysis, however, under the circumstances, the positive contributions of the first class of YORK UNIVERSITY compensated for its negative attitudes in some areas. It started and guided Student Government at YORK during its infant stages, it started many student activities including YORK'S first efforts at a student literary publication—MC²—, it achieved creditable scholarship and athletic prowess, it held together a personal pride in YORK during some of its most discouraging times and it tenaciously asserted undergraduate student freedoms and individualism. More significant than even this, perhaps, was the fact that it vividly posed the most important question of liberal education—at what point does student freedom degenerate into licence and irresponsibility.

Other classes at YORK must not fall prey to the artificial temptations of the personal liberal arts environment: the temptation to take the Faculty at YORK for granted and hence to underrate its wisdom; the temptation to criticize the administrative sector *before* the student sector; the temptation to waste much of the extra free time that the liberal arts schedule allows and the temptation to be accepted by the group whether this may dull one's critical and cultural senses or not. Only a few, if any, in the first graduating class at YORK refused to yield to these temptations at one time or another—a fact that

reveals the power of the temptations much more than the weakness of the class. Here then was the statement of the class to future generations of YORK students—believe in and fight for student freedom and individuality. Here also was its lesson—do not forget that you still have much to learn.



York: The Next Stage

PENNY WILLIAMS, SHIRLEY THOMPSON and
PHIL SPENCER *were asked to write an article on
the future plans for York University.*

The new curriculum beginning 1963-1964, and the buildings under construction, are tangible evidences that the future York is becoming more present all the time. A great deal of thoughtful planning is going into the development of York University.

The aim of present-day planning cannot be to construct the final definition of York University. Rather, the concern is to provide a good curriculum, answering today's needs, that will be a solid basis for the future development of our university. As Dean Tatham pointed out, a handful cannot plan for all time. Thus, the most important factor in the success of York will be neither physical buildings nor curricula per se.

It will be the people involved.

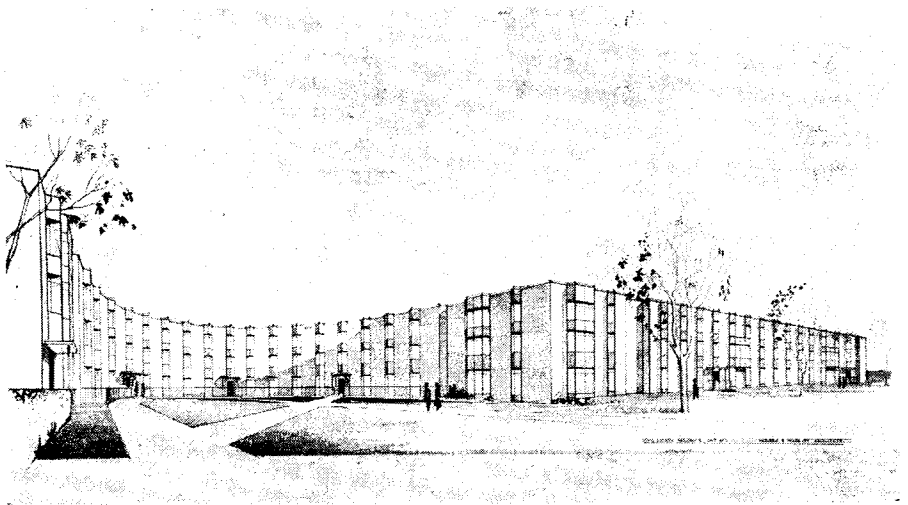
We immediately think of the faculty—its members must be of high calibre, and enthusiastic about their part in York. Professors, however, cannot operate in a vacuum. To attract excellent men, we shall need an excellent curriculum. To make these men enthusiastic, we shall need contributing students—students with spark and initiative. To attract such students, we shall need first-rate courses and faculty. In other words, the future quality of York will depend upon a complex interrelationship of faculty, students, and curriculum.

York will attempt to meet the needs of the modern world in at least two ways. One of these ways lies along academic lines. It involves offering new courses—for example: Man and Society, Modes of Reasoning—hiring an international faculty that will lift students out of the southern Ontario atmosphere, and willingness to experiment. Indeed, experimentation may be the great “raison d’être” of Glendon Hall, in time to come. In this regard, it is not *what* experimentation is done that should interest us. Dean Tatham describes it well, by emphasizing not concrete innovations, but the need for freedom to innovate. In a world increasingly given over to graphs and IBM projections, this ideal of flexibility is to be cherished. As pointed out by Professor Seeley, York will have tremendous difficulty, as it grows large, in

becoming or remaining great. Size often follows moral stature, but rarely the other way around. It will require ingenuity and determination to avoid the fate of an organization, that, despite its intentions, can turn out only "organization men".

In the past, there has been an attempt to set up York as a university wherein there would be a place for experimentation. The principal example is the tutorial system. Initially, an "Oxford-type" was aimed at; however, the English breed did not survive its transplant to a Canadian home. A Canadian student (and hence a York student) is overwhelmed with lectures, and lectures are not compatible with an extensive tutorial system. Faculty also, have had their problems in endeavouring to fit tutorials into their busy schedule. But one must add that the fault, in many cases, lies in the student's inability to use, and benefit from, tutorials. A tutorial is not the time or place to discuss how to study! Everyone consulted in composing this article stressed the importance of maintaining the present close faculty-student relationship in the future. The faculty are searching for some variant on the tutorial system that will be in harmony with the Canadian character and university atmosphere. It is hoped that one will be developed, and that students will realize then the responsibility in making this type of relationship a valuable part of their university experience.

The curriculum commencing this fall will be one of the most outstanding innovations in York's history. In the first year, five courses will be offered: Humanities I, Natural Science I and II, Social Science I and II, and two of: English, a foreign language, and modes of reasoning. After a common first year, which will introduce a wide field of study, students will choose one of four "streams": the ordinary BA (three years), the General Honours BA (four



years), the Special Honour BA (four years), or one of the professional schools (four years). In the General Honours course, students will spend the third year studying a non-Western culture, and the fourth, on major social and economic problems. There is a definite objective in the planning and the teaching of these new courses, for example: Social Science I is intended to illustrate the nature of man and his development from infancy to adulthood. The development of mankind, as well, from his primeval state to the present will be stressed. Although the General Honours course was originally considered by some to be the major course of the university, emphasis is clearly placed on the Special Honours programme. In the view of Dr. Kilbourne this is all to the good, for the strikingly different General Honours course can best be launched with a relatively small group.



Provisionally, the first three professional schools to be offered will be Administration, Social Work, and Environmental Design. The purpose of these schools will be to complement the work of the University of Toronto: that is, to concentrate on courses which it either does not offer or does not emphasize. Still, let not York be planned in reaction to the University of Toronto!

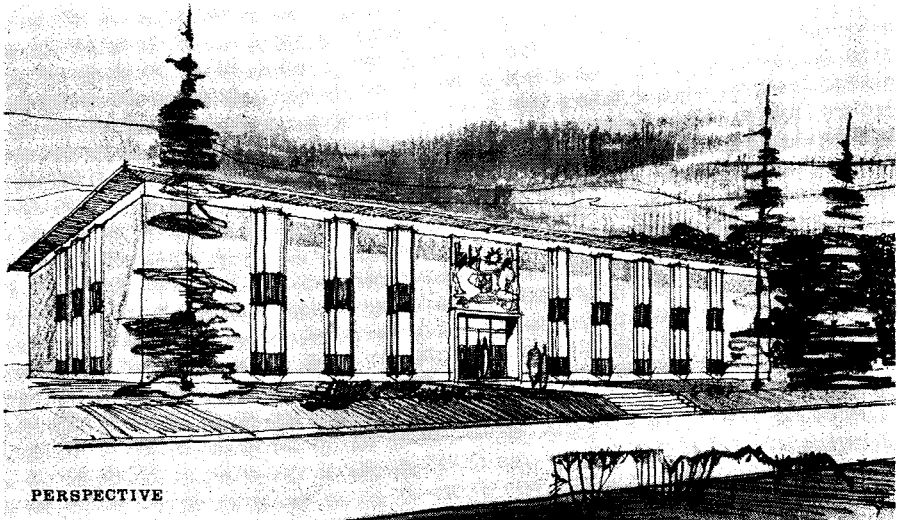
The second way of meeting today's needs is to challenge the problem of modern man himself. The uncertainties of life and of adulthood produce uncertain youth. Today's moral, social, and political situations do not combine to give young people real goals, and the desire to achieve them through hard work. The willingness to drift where there should be drive and purpose is a problem largely ignored in universities. If York can check this waste of minds, it will have made a solid contribution to our troubled society.

All concrete plans are evolved within this aim to provide a basis for a university that will meet the challenge of the future.

When York moves to its new campus at Jane and Steeles Ave., the present Glendon campus will become a small residential college with approximately 800 students in residence. The present residence, which will be completed by September of 1963, will provide for about 200 students. The aim of the Campus Planning Committee is to determine the needs of the future and then provide for them in the designing of the facilities which are presently under construction, as well as those which will be needed in the future.

The present construction will provide a residence, as previously mentioned, a new library, and an extension to the York Hall. The Field House in the valley will provide a central area for numerous sport activities. Thus, the Glendon campus will be a well integrated unit furnishing both living and recreational facilities.

Those in charge of physical planning have learned a great deal in their experience with the Glendon facilities. The preservation of the park-like setting is considered of paramount importance. It is also hoped that an architectural consistency which is homogeneous, and at the same time not monotonous, will be achieved, and several striking features have been incorporated into the plans, for example: the unusually designed residence, the expanse of glass in the library's north wall which will allow the benefit of the strong north light, and the corridors in the new academic wing which will be less institutional in their appearance and will be broken by small alcoves graced with settees and perhaps works of art.



Work is well under way on the planning for the new campus at Jane and Steeles. The first classes will commence in September of 1965 (or thereafter) with approximately 1,000 students. It is hoped that facilities will be provided for 7,000 students by 1970, and for 15,000 students by 1980. These goals are only tentative, as they are dependent upon whether the necessary facilities can be made available. Plans must be flexible so that unforeseen needs and conditions may be incorporated as they arise.

It is still too early to ascertain the final form that the large campus will take, or the number of buildings that will be situated there. In any case, the graduates can be assured that the planning of the campus and the execution of these plans will be thoughtfully carried out by those concerned.

In the future, there will be many more changes than mentioned in this article, many successes and many failures, but the important factor is that we are moving forward and are striving to meet the problems of modern man. We, as the present-day students, can look forward with confidence to the fulfillment of what in the beginning was only an idea and now is a tangible structure.

Thou too, miraculous Entity, who namest thyself Yorke and with thy vivacities and genialities, with thy all-too Irish mirth and madness, and odour of palled punch, makest such strange work, farewell; long as thou canst fare-well! Have we not in the course of Eternity, travelled some months of our Life-journey in partial sight of one another; have we not existed together, though in a state of quarrel?

Sartor-Resartus, Carlyle

In Memoriam

BOB BULL, a graduating student, wrote this short history of the first year of York. For the members of the graduating class it will recall fond memories. For the rest of the student body it will recreate in part what that year was like.

On a clear autumn afternoon in 1960, seventy-eight people gathered in the common room of Falconer Hall and started to get acquainted. The building, previously a women's residence for the University of Toronto and a social centre, had been loaned to York University for a year. Administration and professors were moved in. Courses were borrowed from the University of Toronto. A small but growing library was set up. And here at last was the final requirement for a university—the students, gathered in the common room assessing one another and their new environment.

The President and the Dean had told us, that morning, what to expect from the university and what the university expected from us. We were members of a community dedicated to finding truth. The university was going to be small and intimate. We were to be given the available facilities, human and physical, to help us become well-rounded individuals. In return we had to dedicate ourselves to the ideal of a liberal education. We were given the chance to develop ourselves spiritually and academically. We were requested to make the most of this opportunity.

So there we were that afternoon, sizing each other up. Most of us came from suburban middle-class families. Ten of us came from private schools. About the same number came from small Ontario towns. Only nine of us lived away from home, most of us commuted. A few of us had been outstanding academically in high school, but most of us were average students. There were a couple of "flunkards" from other universities. There were also a couple of "odd-balls." Seventy-five percent of us were in the first class of York University because we wanted the challenge of a new, small university dedicated to liberal arts. A few knew what they wanted from a university; it was a place where they would learn,

examine, talk, and eventually know. Others saw it merely as a means to an end, a good background to law, the ministry, medicine. Most just arrived at the university that day and said, "Here I am, do what you want to me!"

Then we started talking about what was going to happen to us. The atmosphere in those days was almost like a camp meeting. We saw the light and heard the word. A few people transferred from University of Toronto and justified our opinions about that sprawling complex. Large lecture halls crammed with people who could hardly see the lecturer, the anonymity of the production-line kind of education to which they had been subjected — all this was wrong. More, as a member of York, we were uttering what amounted to a Confession of faith. When we had our first student council elections, one person after another got up and said how he would lead us to achieve these ideals. Nearly every student who ran for an office that year had finally seen and stated for all of us a sense of purpose for the undergraduate.

To help us on our way we had the University of Toronto — staid, conservative, engrossed in its own magnificence, pooh-poohing us, forcing us to react against it. A fraternity stole a sign from our entrance-way, and in a well-planned operation involving all of us we brought it back, along with a few trophies which have since been lost in oblivion.

We had a Christmas party that year in the common room — dark but glowing with Christmas tree lights, and a fire in the fireplace, and candles on a minora. With Latin phrases the professors gave us mulled wine prepared from an old Oxford recipe and we — professors, administrators, students — stood, drank and talked for a few hours while the great University around us rushed about its own impersonal business.

We had to decide how close our ties as students would be with the University of Toronto. What were we getting for the large amount of money we contributed to S.A.C.? Some wanted open affiliation which would give us access to athletic and social facilities and organizations that York could not hope to duplicate for some time. Others wanted complete severance. When we moved up to Glendon Hall we could start off with a clean slate, develop our own activities and be forced to make them good because we would have nothing to lean on. The argument raged in Student Council. In a special Assembly all the students gathered and talked the problem over, and finally a compromise was reached, whereby we gave as little money as possible to the S.A.C. and in return got most of the facilities we would ever possibly need.

When the President was inaugurated, we, the students, presented him with a rooster. Then we showered the assembled academics with confetti and carried Dr. Ross out of Convocation Hall on our shoulders. We had four newspapers that

year; the York Thorn; the York Muddy; the York Rose; and the York Pudding, which was a kind of "literary supplement". Each succeeded the other after major editorial crises which were generally over the choice of name. We had Teas and Talks. We developed a kind of philosophy about lectures. The prevailing opinion seemed to be that the lecture was basically to disseminate information which could generally be found in a book at a more convenient time. The day was for talking and socializing. Perhaps for this reason the seminar system was a great success, because by now we had become a fairly gregarious lot. Most professors were not particularly impressed by our efforts academically. However, a York student did top the combined York-University of Toronto results in the General Arts finals, and few of us did fail that year. We considered ourselves the chosen few and came very close to being a community.





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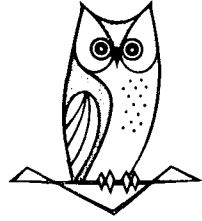


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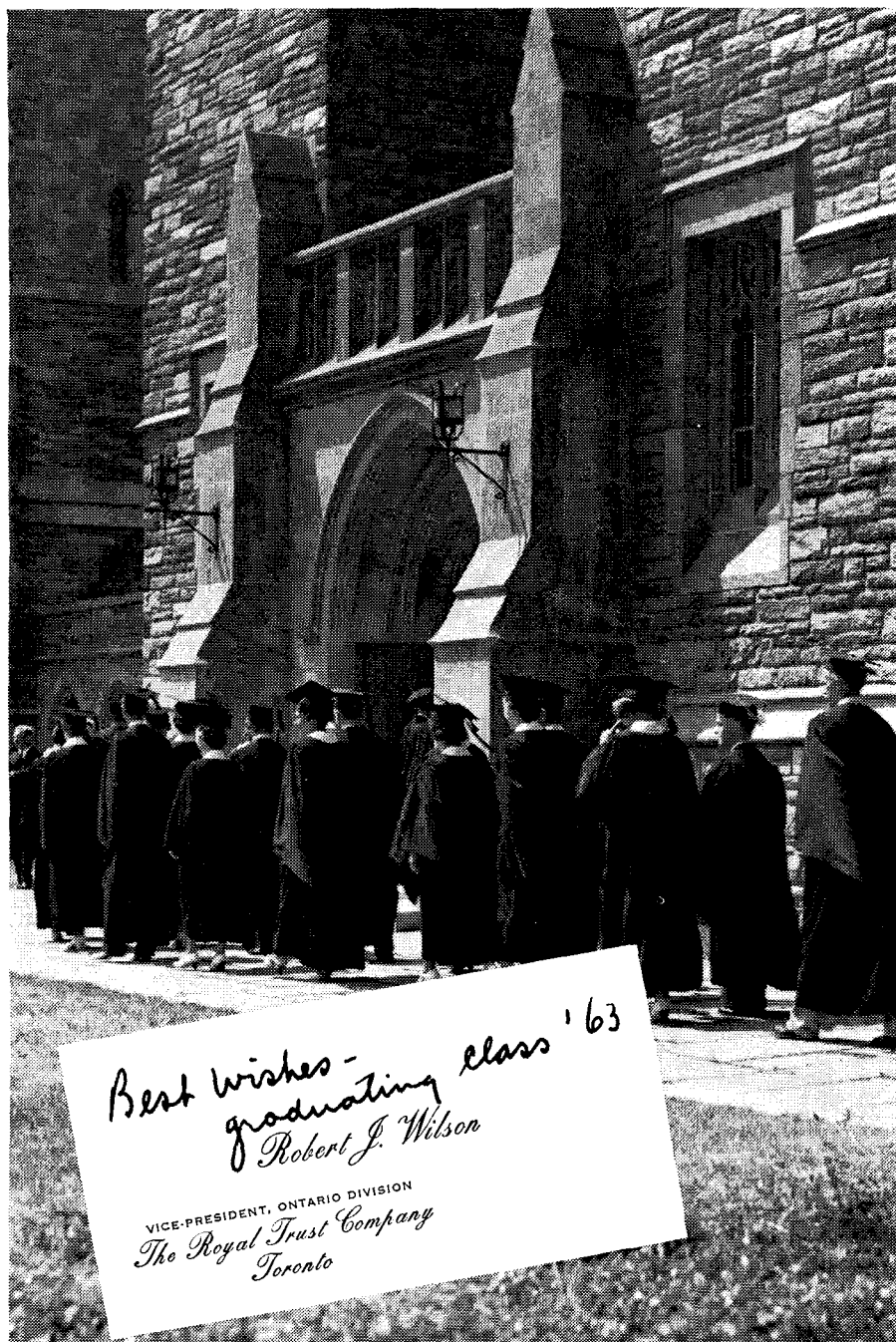
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LABOUR POLICY AND LABOUR ECONOMICS IN CANADA

by

H. D. Woods
McGill University

Sylvia Ostry
University of Montreal

505 pages. 70 tables. 10 charts. 18-page bibliography. \$7.75

From the Preface

Part I of this book, by H. D. Woods, covers mainly labour policy in Canada. Part II, by Sylvia Ostry, covers labour supply and wages. A concluding chapter, written jointly by the two authors, gives some observations on the future of labour in the Canadian economy.

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JOHN WRIGHT, *the editor of this publication, can be contacted for comment at the Verdun Protestant Mental Hospital in Montreal this summer (as a result of social alienation). The other editor, Vicki Bisset, can be contacted in the stacks of the York Library (also suffering from mental exhaustion).*