

NEWS BRIEFS

A ticket to ride

HEAR YE, OH lovers of leather, brass, and the electric guitar. In a New Year's venture into the field of social organizing, the Trent Student Union is attempting to put together a bus/rock concert package for the upcoming Bruce Springsteen concert in Toronto (around January 20th). The TSU will sell combination concert and round-trip bus tickets to students; Peter Sidgwick says, "watch Arthur for details."

Wither the universities?

GOOD NEWS OF a sort from the Ministry of Colleges and Universities. Minister of Colleges and Universities, Bette Stephenson, last week announced the formation of a committee "to study the future role of the universities in Ontario".

The Committee's membership includes a broad selection of individuals from business, government and four University administrators but not any representation from faculty or students. Its terms of reference are: to develop a public statement of objectives for Ontario universities in the 1980s expressed in operational terms; to relate the cost of meeting these objectives to funding levels; to consider modifications to the funding mechanism which would provide appropriate processes to encourage voluntary institutional adjustments and inter-institutional cooperation to meet these objectives.

Spokesmen from the Ontario Federation of Students and OCUFA, a provincial association of faculty members, expressed relief that the government had taken at least a step toward discussion of the problems being experienced by Ontario universities, but at the same time stated they were deeply disappointed at their own lack of representation on the committee. As well, some expressed misgivings over the committee's terms of reference.

Evaluation debate continues

TSU report backs CFE



SANDY MACDONALD: TSU'S MAN ON THE JOB

A BRIEF IN defense of Course-Faculty Evaluations has just been completed by Sandy MacDonald, the Trent Student Union's Commissioner for Academic Affairs.

MacDonald said last week that he takes exception on several points to the recent rejection of CFE by Trent's Faculty Council. The Council, which makes recommendations on academic policy to the University Senate, has faulted the CFE mainly on three points:

validity, use and design. It also will recommend to Senate at its January 22 meeting that the evaluation process, in practice at Trent the past three years, be discontinued.

In an interview Friday, MacDonald said that he doesn't agree at all with the position struck by Faculty Council. "Discussion of validity is crucial to their argument. When they call the survey invalid, what they're really saying is that students aren't respon-

sible or competent enough to evaluate their teachers," he elaborated.

A report prepared by Faculty Council states that the CFE can at best "measure only selected components of teaching activities", and doesn't take into account factors such as the professional competence required for course preparation or research. MacDonald doesn't disagree with that, but he points out: "The Course-Faculty Evaluations measure one aspect of teaching — an aspect that can only be measured in this manner."

While MacDonald said he himself considers the present evaluation process imperfect, he doesn't fully comprehend the "logical design arguments" prepared by Faculty Council. "The instrument is good, but it has problems, and it's not being used well. Students are dissatisfied with it, and profs are dissatisfied with it. But for the Faculty Council to say 'the thing has problems, let's kill it', is a major leap in logic that I can't follow," MacDonald said.

CONTINUED TO PAGE 2

Native issues focus of recent meetings

SPEAKING BEFORE a modest gathering of faculty and students at the Wenjack Theatre last Monday Eric Tagoona outlined the position of the Inuit Tapirisat of Canada on the federal government's proposed constitutional changes. Mr. Tagoona said that despite assurances from the Prime Minister that native concerns will be considered after the constitution has been brought to Canada, the subsequent amending process will exclude the Inuit and "there is little or no incentive for provinces to agree to constitutional amendments in our favour at the post-patriation stage."

Mr. Tagoona said the Inuit are seeking "to enshrine in the Constitution some further indication of the special status of Aboriginal peoples as nations within Canada", and "formalize the political commitments of federal and provincial governments to negotiate with us constitutional matters of concern to Aboriginal peoples", before the Constitution is patriated.

The Inuit occupy land in Labrador, Northern Quebec and Nunavut (the Eastern Arctic).

One week prior to his visit to Trent Mr. Tagoona had presented a brief to the federal government committee on the constitution, receiving from

them what he described as "a very warm response". Mr. Tagoona was also part of a delegation of Inuit, Indian and Metis representatives who lobbied British MPs in London over constitutional matters last month.

Mr. Tagoona said the Prime Minister has declined to meet with the Inuit over constitutional issues because "he feels that if he opens the door to one group, everybody will want in." He would not speculate about whether the government committee is likely to accept the Inuit recommendations, or what his group's response would be if the government proceeds to patriate the Constitution without native input.

Two other native representatives — Harry Daniels of the Native Council of Canada and Del Riley of the National Indian Brotherhood — were scheduled to speak at the event, but failed to appear. The discussion was sponsored by the Department of Native Studies.

AT A RELATED event on Thursday, Karmel McCullum of the Inter-Church Committee on Native Issues (Project North) reflected on her experience mobilizing support in southern Canada for northern native rights issues. She believes that people doing educational and lobbying work in southern

Canada around native rights and northern development have to step beyond the single issue or single pipeline approach, and look more critically at the role of government and resource companies in the north.

She feels that while the high-profile mega-pipeline projects of the mid-1970s attracted a lot of southern attention, the less well publicized developments taking place right now — such as plans for a small oil pipeline to run from Norman Wells in the Mackenzie Valley to northern Alberta, and the exploratory work being carried out in the Beaufort Sea by Dome Petroleum — are just as threatening to native aspirations for just land claims settlements in the north. By allowing developmental work to continue while land claims negotiations are underway, she believes, the federal government is pressuring native groups to accept "compromise" settlements, in the same way as they've been pressured in the western Arctic and in James Bay.

Ms. McCullum was less than optimistic about the likelihood of widespread southern opposition to the current projects, as there was to the Mackenzie Valley Gas Pipeline in 1977: "There will be a lot less sympathy when it comes to the Norman Wells pipeline be-

cause the argument can be posed that the oil is needed in the south...as our economy gets worse there is less sympathy with regard to marginalized groups like northern natives."

With the changing conditions of northern development, Ms. McCullum believes that Southern support groups (which number about 30 across Canada) have to sharpen their critique of government and cor-

porate involvement in the north, and re-design their strategies accordingly.

Her talk was sponsored by a group of students who are planning a day long workshop in Peterborough on northern native rights next March. For further information contact Debby Clarke at 748-6873, or Beth Smilie at 748-4571.

— Art Kilgour

Merry Christmas

From the

Staff Of

ARTHUR

Arthur is published by the students of Trent University. Any student may become a staff member and participate in the paper's production.

All submissions are gladly accepted. Priority will be given to copy which is typed and triple-spaced. All submissions will be edited.

In accordance with the Arthur constitution all letters, to a maximum of 500 words, will be published unedited but for grammatical and spelling errors. Unsigned letters will not usually be printed.

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Arthur is a member of the Ontario Weekly Newspapers' Association and also a member of Canadian University Press.



Submissions and assistance this week from: Paul Mason, Stuart Robson, Peter Deyman, Jamie Yeates, Harry Musson, Stephen Elliott, David Ramsden and Art Waxer.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

He is of two minds as to Faculty Council's assertion that the CFE is not widely used by faculty or students, and would only be improperly used by the Trent administration to make personnel decisions.

"If it's not used by the faculty that's their fault. If it's sent to them and they don't read it, there's not much we can do about that. Students can't use it because it's not been published early enough for them to do so," he stated.

MacDonald is in part sympathetic to the Faculty Council's expressed concern that the CFE would be unfairly used against them. "I realize there's a problem here. It might be solved if professors took part in the evaluations and commented on student reaction to themselves and their courses. Their own comments could be included as part of the stored data." MacDonald said he is against publishing explicit personal comments about courses and professors for public use. He would prefer instead an evaluation report which contained statistics with a summary of the general written responses from students.

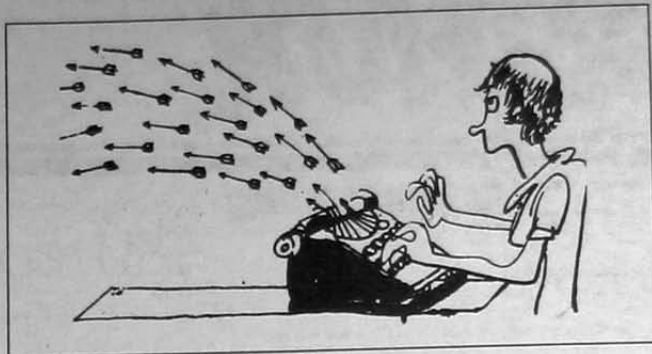
The resistance on the part of 'official' faculty bodies to the Course-Faculty Evaluations stems from anxieties relating to job security, MacDonald said. "Their eagerness to send this thing down the river stems from an aversion to criticism. But that's just part of life. Students are subjected to it constantly, as are most ordinary workers. You've got to be accountable to somebody and, in this case, profs are responsible to their students. We are the people most affected by their job performance," he said.

MacDonald reports to being a bit surprised by the reaction he's received from some faculty members on the matter. "Even though we've gone through the 60's there seems to be a feeling in the University that faculty members are somehow divine and above assessment." He said Faculty Council's suggestion that complaints from students about courses or professors should be monitored by the departments concerned is unlikely to result in real improvements in courses which are consistent problems for students. "We are just transitional members of the University community. Profs can't help but resent complaints against them. And their fellow faculty members are going to be hesitant about supporting a student over a colleague with whom they have to work for the next ten years or more."

MacDonald's brief addresses several of the problems brought up in the Faculty Council report, and it incorporates suggestions for the future improvement of the present evaluation process. These are based on similar evaluation methods carried out successfully on other campuses. He also consulted psychological studies of student-faculty evaluation processes, which in the main tend to support student evaluations as a valid form of assessment. MacDonald is hopeful that Senate will see fit to reject the Faculty Council's recommendations and continue administering CFE. He pointed out that, as it is now the trend among universities for students and faculty to collaborate in producing such evaluations, it would be unfortunate for Trent to drop the scheme at this time.

— Kathy Woodcock

LETTERS



Mason: amusing and well written

If Mr. Mason's column provides the target for bird's bombs I can only presume that Mr. Best's letters provide the ammunition. The vast majority of Mr. Best's contributions to Arthur have been highly destructive and vindictive in nature.

What he fails to realize is that Mr. Mason was probably asked to write this weekly column by virtue of his obvious writing abilities. The idea of a column is that the author should have the freedom to write on any subject which he wishes. Any attempt to curb his imagination is to disrupt the flow of his thought and thus his eloquence. At the present time I find Mr. Mason's column amusing and well written, and I have heard nothing but positive comments about it. Perhaps Mr. Best is displaying some deep emotional anguish at not having equalled Mr. Mason's literary success.

At any rate, it would be a refreshing change to encounter a constructive work by Mr. Best. Surely there must be some way to unleash his literary potential in another, less destructive manner. I await with anticipation.

Yours sincerely,
Reg Milne

Arthur irresponsible?

For more than a year I have not only put up with your left wing ramblings, I have been forced through the TSU, to also pay for them. Your recent headline, 'NDP Recalls Past Victories' (Arthur, Vol. 15, No. 11) is just another flagrant example of such odious journalistic irresponsibility.

Your banner failed to mention, as it should have, that Walter Pitman was being honoured. Rather, you found it more important to mislead people by suggesting that the New Democratic Party was recalling past victories, presumably it's own. In the article you mention that the toastmaster once headed the Ontario branch of that party. This is quite different from your implication that it was the NDP acting as an official party.

The toastmaster is also white, yet your headline did not read 'White Recalls Past Victories'. Perhaps, you might

have recalled Donald MacDonald's religion, his choice of automobile, or perhaps, his father's medical history.

In future, please report the facts in a manner consistent with their relevance, importance and accuracy.

Yours
Andrew R. Kieran
Otonabee College

Ed. Note: The Trent Student Union does not fund Arthur. Each full-time Trent student pays a \$7 ancillary fee to support the paper's activities. Arthur is in no way associated with the Trent Student Union.

As well, Arthur did not inappropriately link the Pitman dinner to the New Democratic Party. It was for his success as an affiliate of the Party that Mr. Pitman was honoured. The dinner was organized by members of the party to commemorate the 20th anniversary of Mr. Pitman's election to the House of Commons as a 'New' Party supporter.

Failure to get facts straight is not just 'odious' and 'irresponsible,' as Mr. Kieran suggests, it is also stupid.

Theatre Services: ready to serve

Trent University Theatre Services is accepting booking requests from 1981-82 programme sponsors for the use of the University's campus Theatres (Bata, Champlain, Science Complex, Wenjack). Requests are normally handled on a first-come, first-served basis in keeping with the Theatre usage priority schedule. Deposits are required from non-academic users in order to secure their bookings, by April 30th, 1981 at the latest. Full refund of deposit(s) will be made if written notice of cancellation is received at the Theatre Services Office, 4th Floor, Bata Library 30 days before the schedule date(s).

P.J. Northrop
Manager, Theatre Services

The Vietnam debate

My criticism of the film 'Apocalypse Now' has obviously stirred up a hornets nest. This is great. Everyone should read Arthur; there should be great debates in every edition about the world around us. I

am somewhat dismayed though by the lack of response to the content of my critique, which I reflect upon as being essentially correct if provocative. How is the level of debate to be heightened if all students at Trent are concerned with, is assassination of character; ie, 'ignorant', 'laughable', 'knee-jerk leftism' (?) 'miserable creature.' Some debate! With this in mind please allow me the following anecdote.

In 1972, I was sailing off the North coast of Australia in a yacht with two Americans. Hot weather, perfect winds made for perfect sailing conditions and life was pretty good. Jim, the skipper, was about 50 years of age and Denver about 20. Many a night was spent in the cockpit talking away the hours. Jim had a penchant for booze and Denver one for magic mushrooms he had picked up in New Guinea. Needless to say the conversation got wild and near to the heart at times out in that blue yonder. It turned out that Jim had been captured by the Germans in 1940 in Greece. He had stayed behind the general retreat to tend a wounded British sergeant and for that he spent 4 years as a P.O.W. At 19, Denver had been leading his buddies through the rice paddies of Vietnam when he got shot up and came within an inch of losing his life. His mental and physical scars were not pleasant and you could say his 'worldview' had changed drastically.

So there we were, out in the beauty of the sea and stars listening to the horror of their experiences. Jim's sacrifice was somehow comprehensible to us but Denver's...we never did figure that one out.

Harry Musson

Students should manage C.F.E.

Re: Faculty Council's now established position against the present system of course-faculty-evaluation.

I suspect most students see John Fekete as the enemy, the one who killed course-faculty evaluations. Wrong! He is merely looking after his interests. We students should do the same — and as skillfully.

Here is another chance to accept more of the responsibility

CONTINUED TO PAGE 9

An art show on wheels Xmas fantasies on parade

THIS YEAR'S SANTA Claus parade down Peterborough's main street was a tour de force of kiddy ingenuity. It had everything from the sculptured elegance of a classic Cadillac V-16 roadster to the world's most uncoordinated majorette corps.

Local businesses proved they aren't all grinch who care only for your Christmas dollar by putting together some highly imaginative and colourful floats. The best of these was sponsored by an area bakery and depicted bakers hard at work making gingerbread men. I had the good fortune to be standing in a crowd of young ladies and gentlemen who during the course of the parade not only received samples of gingerbread men, but several balloons and a fair helping of candy as well.

Apart from the floats, an assortment of hot rods, souped-up vans, and antique cars took part in the parade. There were also western riders and the obligatory bands. These did not overwhelm. Top awards go to the Shriners whose top-notch musical performance was complimented by a jeep labelled 'The Shriner Patrol' on which were mounted several unique noise-making devices the driver did not hesitate to use at the most inappropriate moments.

Miss Grey Cup 1980 beamed profusely whenever she noticed a camera, as did a few local celebrities who sat ensconced in rather expensive fur coats supplied by a local furrier.

The two most effective displays came from the Peterborough Post Office, and the Trail College After Four Program kids.

A convoy of post office vans moved down George St. at the beginning of the parade surrounded on either side by mailmen who collected letters to



Santa from the kids stationed alongside the road. These they stuffed into mobile mailboxes that walked along beside them.

Probably the best part of the parade was the After Four contribution. Their theme was a Tolkien's Christmas and it presented by far and away the most

original and interesting costumes. More important, these kids were really excited about being in a parade and were having a great time despite the fact that their float didn't make it into the parade, through technical difficulties. As they trudged through the slush, oblivious to the rain, with smiles

on their faces, I was struck by the thought that this is what art is really all about; the creative effort of one person, or a group of people, to bring joy and grace into the lives of others. Coincidentally, that is what Christmas is all about too.

— Steven Leak

Good News from Washington

THE US GOVERNMENT has suspended \$25 million in aid to the military junta of El Salvador in Central America. Such action is felt to cast doubt on the ability of a particularly repressive regime to maintain power in a country on the brink of civil war. The suspension comes in response to the murder on December 4th of four American women, three of whom were nuns, who had been helping victims of the junta.

The announcement came only days after the Canadian Government had denounced US support for the Salvadoran junta. Organizers of a benefit for El Salvador on November 21st and a protest march the following day (that ended in a petition criticizing the Canadian Government's indifference to the slaughter being handed to local MP Bill Domm), were confident when interviewed that such activism in Peterborough, amongst other places, had been successful in bringing pressure to bear on the government.

Of the \$25 million in suspended aid, \$5 million was earmarked for 'non-lethal' weapons, military communications equipment and an officer training program in Panama for El Salvador's military and police. The latter program has gained notoriety for its training of thousands of military personnel in Latin America over the past 15 years. The spread of highly sophisticated methods of torture, and terrorization of opponents of repressive governments in Latin America is felt to be directly linked to the American 'school' in Panama.

— Harry Musson

If you are a student...

THIS WEEK: helping students to come to a better understanding of themselves. For example:

If you are at university at all you just want a high paying job, so you must be plain greedy.

If residences were not built properly, and need expensive repairs, it is only reasonable that students pay, being wealthy.

If you want your OSAP increased, you just want to be pampered.

If you want to hold tuition down, you forget you are pampered.

If you think universities are under-funded, you forget universities are also pampered.

If you think the library is under-funded, you really don't understand.

If you cannot find a book in the library for an essay, you're just procrastinating.

If library books are not shelved, it's because students are lazy.

If you can't run three miles to class because you missed the bus or you're too cheap to buy a car, you are lazy.

If you don't like 45-minute line-ups, you're just impatient.

If you go to one pub a week you are on the verge of being an alcoholic.

If you go to more than one pub a week, you are an alcoholic.

If you spend any time on concerns around the university, besides your school work, you're being irresponsible.

If you don't know everything that's happening around the university, you're apathetic.

If you show any concern or do any work on something besides your school work, you're unusual.

If you wonder why major decisions about universities are made with little or no student input, you're either a student politician or paranoid.

If you complain to the people

in charge, you're a student politician.

If you wish you knew who were the people really in charge, you're paranoid.

If you don't like residence food, you're a complainer.

If you like natural foods, you must be a hippie.

If you wonder why you pay twenty dollars for a textbook you never need to use, you're being stingy and unreasonable.

If you think you should be allowed to criticize your courses and professors, you're just being obnoxious.

If you know where the TSU office is, you're showing signs of being concerned.

If you get all the work you have to do by the end of term finished, you're showing signs of being miraculous.

If you've endured this term and this article, you deserve a Happy Holiday.

— Stephen Elliott

Blessed are the Car-less

SOMEONE STOLE Reverend Ken's car early Monday morning and left it on a deserted country road, burned to a crisp. The car, an aging Chrysler larger than many churches, was the spiritual nerve centre of the Reverend Ken religious empire. The singing group lost all of its show clothes, winter clothes, sleeping bags and quilts in the hellfire.

However, blessed are the car-less, for the owner of the Red Dog Tavern shall help find a suitable replacement. Roy McGregor, owner of the Tavern, stating that "The old Rev's done me a few favours," has agreed to help negotiate the sale of a hotel tenant's 1967 jalopy to the grounded evangelists.

Arthur's shopping list

YULETIDE COMES BUT once a year, and as always, Arthur wishes to bestow gifts upon some of the University's most famous figures. This year we have a generous shopping list: for President Donald Theall, an information cum security officer and lessons to get rid of the American accent; for columnist Paul Mason, a full-length mirror; for Jamie Best, a full page in the first Arthur of the New Year; for Peter Adams, an election; for John Fekete a kingdom; for John Leishman the Vice-President (Finance), more donations; for Elwood Jones, a new haircut; for Richard Onley, one year's free tuition to the Bantustan of his choice; for Bay Bell, a really big case; for Bob Page, a million dollar building and an improved sense of humour; for Matt Shaughnessy, a pot of gold; for Arthur Kilgour, new brakes for his bike; for Peter Sidgwick, new earrings; and for Bette Stephenson, less than last year.

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L.E.C. Search Committee

The Presidential Advisory Committee for the Selection of a Head of Lady Eaton College invites applications and suggestions for the position of Principal of Lady Eaton College. The term of office and duties of the Principal are open to negotiation. The appointment will commence July 1, 1981.

Suggestions and applications should be addressed before December 31, 1980, to Professor Gordon Johnston, Chairman of the Selection Committee, Lady Eaton College. Suggestions may also be made to other Committee members:

Professor Ian Chapman CC
Miss Tanna Gregory LEC
Mr. Paul McCann CC
Professor Dawn Smith LEC
Mr. Keith Webster LEC



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Dogs of Trent and Peterborough

It's a dog's life at Trent

ARE THEY FRIENDLY? Why do they have such massive heads, skimpy bodies, menacing looking jaws, and tiny eyes? Will they prevent me from getting through those glass doors and into the library?

Such questions probably raced through more than one head upon encounter with the pair of Bull Terriers who frequented the Nassau campus several weeks ago. Their nonchalant occupation of the library foyer both amused and bemused passers-by for several days until their owner bowed to the advice of Trent Security and left them at home.

"They're a constant pain in the ass", asserts Bay Bell, head of Trent Security, in reference to free-running dogs on campus. He says dogs litter walkways and other public places with their excrement, they kill wildlife if left to wander, and have, in the past, molested children. "It's a campus for human beings, not animals", he concludes.

College residences are also supposed to be kept free of



Bata's door dogs

cats and dogs but, says Bell, "like other rules we don't enforce it with a baseball bat." Pet policy is left pretty much in the hands of individual colleges.

Bell seems to know his dogs as well as city cops know their

several-offense, petty criminals. He spotted the Bull Terriers when they first visited Trent in September and was prepared to deliver the crack-down when the owner made a practice of bringing them to school. He is presently trying to pinpoint the owner of a large German Shepherd he has seen about campus recently.

One particularly difficult case Bell dealt with several years ago involved a student who insisted on bringing his Spaniel puppy to class with him. After being lectured once about the rules prohibiting free-running canines on campus, the student wisely to Bell's game; whenever he noticed security guards about he would raise his arm, clasp his hand as if holding a leash, and whistle for the dog. If challenged by security he would retort, "I can see the leash, can't you?", and proceed on his way, the Spaniel fifty yards away on the end of 'leash'.

An official exception to the no-dogs rule is Sandy, the seeing-eye German Shepherd used by Linda Hillborn of the Audio Library. Sandy skillfully leads her to work on the library's second floor and guides her to various offices and meeting rooms throughout the day. Sandy's predecessor led Mrs. Hillborn around Trent's stair-strewn, oddly shaped campus when she was a student.

When she walks in an unfamiliar area Mrs. Hillborn must ask directions and relay the commands to Sandy, but at Trent they know the territory well enough to move about with speed and confidence: she charts the overall course and Sandy negotiates corners, people, objects and doorways.

So despite Trent's countryside atmosphere, only exceptional circumstances — if you're blind or willing to match wits with Bay Bell — will permit you to have your canine friends accompany you at school during the difficult times of pre-Christmas essay deadlines.

— Art Kilgour



I can see the leash, can't you?



Sandy: the official exception

Dr. Morton

"A whole man in a fractured age"

At the fall convocation in November the following address was given by Professor Stuart Robson in honour of W.L. Morton who was retiring as Trent's Chancellor. Professor Morton died last Monday in Manitoba.

"In 1943, Bill Morton complained that, although the poet and the historian were each makers of myths, the historian had neglected the job of making myths in this 'decadent age'. It was not to be a job he would neglect in his subsequent career. Let he now seem to some of you almost a myth himself, let me tell you a bit about the man. I promise not to be analytic.

"He was born in Gladstone, Manitoba, where his family had settled for almost 40 years. Graduating from the University of Manitoba in 1932, he went to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, an honour his eldest son was to repeat 30 years later. Oxford did him no harm; the habit Oxford men have for supporting lost causes would later be seen only in Bill Morton's fondness for the Montreal Expos.

"After living amidst the dreaming squires of Oxford, and seeing History unfold in the grand manner in Germany in the summer of 1933, he returned to Manitoba to teach, eventually joining the department of history at the University of Manitoba. His major historical works started to appear in 1946, when he and his sister published *Third Crossing*, a history of their hometown, Gladstone. Then came the history of the Progressive Party in 1950 and of Manitoba in 1957, each work broader in range but with the same sharp focus on the land and the people. In the 1960s, he took the whole of our nation as his canvas, in *The Canadian Identity*, *The Kingdom of Canada*, and *The Critical Years: The Union of British North America*. All the while his interest in the dilemmas of modern culture and the nature of conservatism was manifested in articles, reviews and, for example, his membership on the Board of Broadcast Governors. In 1966, he came to Trent to be the first master of Champlain College. It would be far-fetched to suggest that his arrival was the apex of his glittering career, but no more than the truth to say that it was a high point for us.

"Edmund Burke once defined the nation as a community of the dead, the living and the yet-to-be-born. Perhaps Burke's sense of historical continuity and community came unbidden in Gladstone, Manitoba, where the very land and sky lifted the imagination out of the present moment. Whatever the reason, the sense of history came to Bill Morton.

Eulogy to Dr. Morton

Champlain's wise man

I HAVE BEEN asked to add a bit to the tribute I gave to W.L. Morton, so that those who did not know him might better appreciate his contribution to Trent.

First, there was his service as the Master of Champlain College. Although the colleges were an integral part of the idea of a new sort of university held by the founders of Trent, "between the motion and the act falls the shadow". The colleges had to be breathed into life, and the breath came mainly from the

remarkable people who were the original college heads. Marion Fry, Dick Sadleir, Bill Morton, and Marjorie Seeley led with such intensity that each college took on something of the character of the college head. Even though I had toured Champlain College with Bill Morton when it was still — oh, well-remembered phrase — a wilderness of "rubble aggregate", and heard him talk of what he hoped the college would become, soon after the building was complete and the people had moved

in it seemed to me that the college had always existed and always would. Champlain College was imposing, formal and earnest; quite apart from its size, it had a gravitas that made it seem the natural flagship of the colleges. Even when its future lay before it, and choices were infinitely confusing, Champlain College seemed to know what it was. Much of this calm certainty was due to its first Master.

Then there was the gift Bill Morton gave us as a historian and a teacher of his-

tory. His renown when he came, although great, was only part of this gift. When he told us so eloquently, in his last address to us as Chancellor, that we should persist in seeking to be a "University of the first degree", he was telling us why he came here. He wanted to help create not only a university of "the first degree" in the sense of the highest quality, but also a small university in which the "first degree" would matter most, in which the liberal education of undergraduates would come first. With this in mind, he taught in our first year Canadian history course. Those of his students newly arrived at university who brought enough exposure to Canadian history to be in awe of his name were put at ease; those who came in blissful ignorance of history and his unique contribution usually acquired a life-long interest in the past and respect for the quiet man who had sparked the flame.

Finally, as a man, Bill Morton was endearing. Because he talked so softly, one was at times uncertain which of his strong opinions one had endorsed in the din of a social occasion. In some ways a shy and private man, he prized good manners and formality, and could seem aloof. But he knew when to bend the rules. I can recall a faculty party at the end of the academic year. A colleague who shall be nameless persuaded me to help him liberate a few extra bottles of wine from the Champlain staff, just to make our corner of the party flow along nicely. As we plied the barman with a string of exaggerations and half-truths designed to justify handing over the wine in the interests of human destiny, the BNA Act, higher education and the greater good of Champlain College, I realized that Bill Morton had been quietly watching our charade, looking rather grim. "Oh Lord", I thought, "this is where I explain that my Colleague Who Shall Be Nameless exerted a mystical power over me and made me debase the name of Champlain College". Bill Morton looked at us, turned to the barman and ordered that his good friends receive what they needed. Then he winked at us, and, with a smile, helped us carry our booty across the bridge to Lady Eaton.

The smile is what I will remember.

— Stuart Robson

As an historian, a teacher and a colleague, he has radiated the prairie blend of individuality and community. Not by preaching the ideal of community but by living it, he challenged the department he joined and the college he led to rise above the here and now. To be a true community of scholars may always be an ideal beyond our grasp, but with Bill here, it seemed an ideal worth reaching for, and I think the yet-to-be-born will know he was here.

"He has given us with his presence what he has given Canada with his scholarship: a sense of who we are, what we share, and what we ought to be. He has helped to give us, in the best sense, in his sense, the myth we need. We might

have been enjoying the hospitality he and Peg so often provided, or listening to him explain the best way out of a problem we faced, or we might be reading one of his books. Whatever the occasion, we were meeting the same calm voice, the same gentle wit, and the same decent man. To borrow a description the historian Barbara Tuchman has made of a good man who lived 600 years ago, Bill Morton is a whole man in a fractured age. To do so much for a university at all its levels, to do so much for a province and indeed for a nation, is no small matter. Mr. Chancellor, this corner of the Kingdom of Canada would like to salute and to thank you."



December 15, 1982

Names in the News

IN A SURPRISE move earlier today, Ronald Reagan resigned his post as President of the United States. Speaking from the solitude of Camp David to a handful of interested reporters, Reagan cited as his reason the fact that, "Nancy and I discovered yesterday morning that we are both complete and utter fools. It came as a shock to both of us. Up until this time, we had thought of ourselves as decent, normal folk. I just don't think it's right that the people of America should be subjected to a cretin such as myself. An Nancy too, of course."

No reason was given as to what brought the President to this realization, but one reliable White House Source reported that earlier in the day Reagan had become visibly upset by his own apparent inability to understand the finer points of such common household appliances as toasters and coffee pots.....

"I GUESS I'VE always known that I was a person of little or no talent, but it was Rupert who gave me the courage to admit it up front."

The speaker was none other than relentlessly maudlin pop crooner Barry Manilow — the Rupert he was referring to was of course, the witless and mundane Rupert Holmes of "Pina Colada Song" fame. Holmes and Manilow revealed their forthcoming marriage to the world in a flurry of tasteless press releases earlier today.

Said Holmes, "It's always been Him, Him, Him!", to which Manilow replied, "He came and he stopped me from shaking."

All this reporter can say is "Strike up the Bland."

IF I WERE a Carpenter...
Bob Dylan wrote the words, but they could have been spoken only last week by rock superstar Bruce Springsteen.

Springsteen, on a brief hiatus from his latest world tour, took time out from his hectic schedule to announce that he had recently purchased 200 acres of prime land near Peterborough, Ontario.

Plans for the property include building a permanent residence and recording studio, to be used by the singer and his friends.

Asked if he would continue performing live, he replied, "Of course. There's a little university or something up there called Trent. It'll probably be a good place for me to try out new material. I guess I'll be spending quite a bit of time up there."

IT COULD BE a classic textbook case of writer's block, or it could more simply be just another example of little left to say.

Margaret Trudeau held a brief news conference this week to announce her resignation from the world of prose.

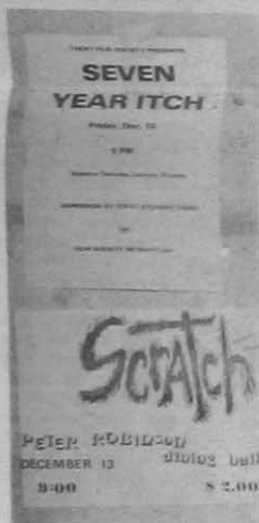
"At first it was fun," the former First Lady admitted, "but after a while I began to realize that no one was really interested in hearing about me. I'm opening a new discotheque in Washington, and we're going to call it Maggie's Farm. Sort of work on the 'Urban Cowboy' theme, you know?"

In any event, Ms. Trudeau claims that there will be no more personal memoirs forthcoming.

"I've finally discovered where my true feelings lie — disco!" she chattered merrily.

We certainly hope so, but it took her long enough to realize it.

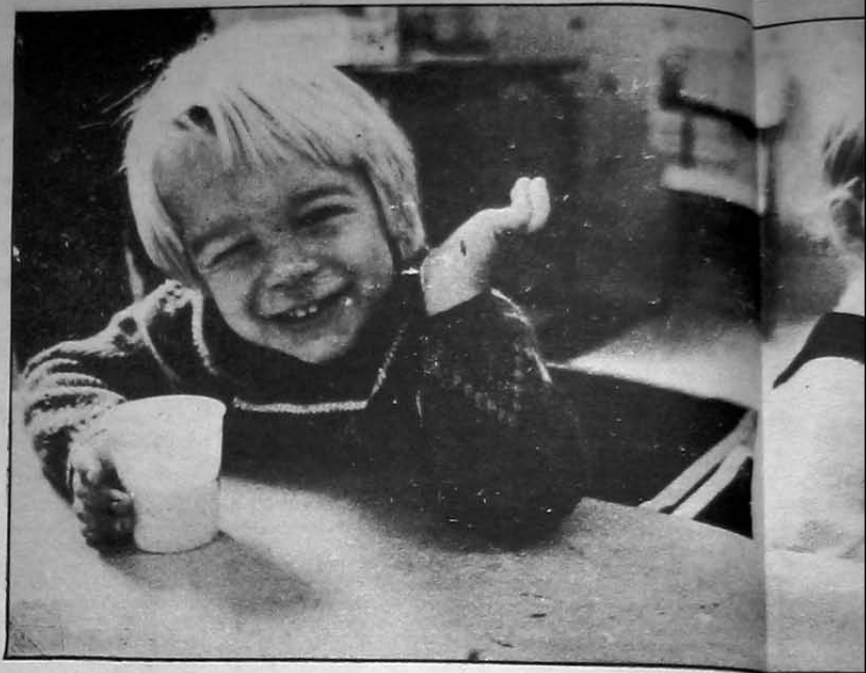
— David Ramsden



Poster Advice

A lot of people complain of the amount of posters littering the walls of Trent. But there is some valuable advice to be found if one just looks. For example just last week on the stairway down to the Champlain Coffee Shop this important medicinal advice was found. What do you do when you have a "seven year itch"? You "scratch" it, of course. So keep your eyes open. Perhaps the purpose of life will be revealed on the way to one of your psych lectures some morning.

— Eric MacNeill



Wee People look forward to

IN SEARCH OF the spirit of Christmas, an Arthur reporter ventured over to the Trent Day-Care Co-op to ask some of the wee people a few questions about Christmas. As you will soon see, it was not your stereotypical interview.

Arthur: What do you think about Christmas?
Wee Person: I dunno.

Arthur: Oh. Do you know why we have Christmas?

Wee Person: Cuz.

Arthur: Cuz what?

Wee Person: I just told ya an' I gotta tie my shoes.

At this point a rather pleasant Wee Person came over to rescue me and tell me what she thinks of Christmas.

Arthur: What do you plan to do on Christmas Day?

Wee Person: I'm going to build a Frosty The Snowman and put a hat on him so he'll come to life an' then I'm going to do angels in the snow.

Arthur: Do you expect to eat lots of good stuff?

Wee Person: Nope. I'm going to my Nanny's — that's my Mummy's Mummy.

Arthur: Oh. Why do we have Christmas?

Wee Person:

Dad can bri

Arthur: V

Claus?

Wee Person:

when I was

Arthur: W

Christmas

Santa and

Christmas

Your Shopping Dollar Christmas bargains

IT DOESN'T MATTER that you have little spare time and a fast declining bank balance. Just because you're a typical student doesn't mean it's all right to trek home without purchasing Christmas gifts for your waiting relatives. Pangs of guilt will prevent you from enjoying tokens from others if you have none to give in return. For those of us who celebrate the season, the true gift giving spirit of Christmas stems from a deep desire to avoid feeling cheap and remorseful.

To relieve Arthur's readers from some of the anxiety usually attached to Christmas, we have drawn up a list of local shops where it's possible to buy some inexpensive items which might suit your mother, your brother, or your great Aunt Hazel.

THE BOOKSTORE on Charlotte St. carries quality hardback reading material — whenever it gets the chance. Depending on what you're looking for it's a good place to check out. It stocks a fair selection of politics, history and sociology browsing and quite a surprising collection of foreign lan-

guage novels. It carries the standard racks of bestseller pulp, western, science fiction and romance. Nearly everything at The Bookstore sells for half price or less. If you're looking for something unusual, proprietor Sandy Stewart will happily provide assistance.

LIBBY SMITH'S silver studio on Water St. is not inexpensive, but it is possible to purchase quality hand crafted silver jewelry at 'reasonable' prices. Ms. Smith designs and produces all of what she sells. A Libby Smith pin or ring would be a gift to treasure.

MOONDANCE on George St., south of the theatres, is full of a wide assortment of those items which make perfect Christmas gifts — low priced albums, unique and unusual jewelry (of the inexpensive variety), comfortable clothing, (some second hand), pipes, odd ornaments and imported sweaters, slippers and toques.

MUDPATS studio, off Dublin St. just down the hill from Trail College, is where potter Pat Woods displays most of her stoneware creations which include platters, bowls, mugs, vases and flower pots. Inventive

design and clever use of colour distinguish her work. While an entire place setting might cost a pretty penny, a handsome mug at \$4 is a bargain most of us could afford.

ROCKINGHORSE, the King St. trading post which specializes in second hand items ranging from clothing to curios would be a good place to check through. Most of the items there are in good condition and sensibly priced. It's a busy little place that contains everything from old albums to kitchen knick knacks.

If it's cheap notions, not places, you're after there's plenty. Small toiletries like soap, lotions or creams are often appreciated, and easy to come by as well. Then there is a plethora of foodstuffs that make for wonderful gifts — good jam, chutney, spices or European chocolate, biscuits, exotic teas or gourmet coffee will always be welcome presents. Mugs, paperbacks, pens, notepads, plants or flowers, candles, hankies and scarves are other gifts which don't strain the purse strings but will likely provide somebody on your gift list with pleasure.



ward to Christmas

going to
Snowman
so he'll
m going
v.
ct to eat

going to
at's my
Christmas trees.

Wee Person: So my Mum 'n Dad can bring me toys.

Arthur: What about Santa Claus?

Wee Person: He's too big 'n when I was a little kid I was scared of him.

Arthur: Why do you like Santa and toys and snow and Christmas trees.

It would seem then that we have a lot to consider as far as Christmas in the future goes including a midget Santa Claus, better food at Nana's house and more toys.

Merry Christmas to all the wee people of the world.

— Steven Leak

The Debating Society

Santa Claus absolved

SHOULD SAINT NICHOLAS — that jolly old giver of gifts who was recast as an Arctic toy manufacturer, and who now graces the display windows of every North American department store — be abolished? Should society perpetuate the Santa Claus white lie on the young, or has his usefulness as an embodiment of generosity worn thin in these times?

The thoughtful and argumentative members of Trent's Debating Society came down overwhelmingly on the side of tradition at their final fall debate two weeks ago. Rejecting complaints that Santa "exploits labour", is "cruel to animals", and "obscures the meaning of Christmas" (one anti-Clauser even called him "essentially irrational"), the 15-odd members voted with near

unanimity to preserve the institutionalized old man.

Although both sides employed humour and absurdity in arguing their cases, the debate hinged on the question of whether Clausian commercialism has corrupted the meaning of Christmas.

The abolitionists claimed that "Santa Claus creates the illusion that Christmas is something more than over-consumerism", and attacked the commercial profiteering that goes on in Santa's name. But the pro-red man forces countered that the root of the problem lies with the system not with Santa, and that "abolishing him won't get rid of the commercial nature of Christmas — the ad agencies will just shift their emphasis."

Their argument derived

from an interpretation of Christmas as a time for the giving of gifts — on which they justified with reference to the three wise men of the biblical Christmas story. Thus, they continued, "Santa is a myth we've created to facilitate the spirit of gift-giving."

Declining to challenge the pro-Clauser's biblical interpretation (though noting that the bible has no footnotes and no author), the anti's queried: "Why use an obese elf-driver to symbolize gift giving?" However, either through the superficiality of their own arguments or through the audience's conservatism their challenge to the institution of Santa Claus went down to humbling defeat when talk ran out and the vote was taken.

— Art Kilgour

New!
No. 7
Lights
Regular Length



**Real Satisfaction
in a Mild Cigarette.**

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — avoid inhaling.
Average per cigarette: Regular "tar" 14 mg. Nic. 0.9 mg.

INTRODUCING BUCKEYE

It's a new beer for Ontario. And you'll find Buckeye comes across with a satisfying flavour that you can count on, everytime.

Next time, give Buckeye a try.

ONTARIO'S OWN

The Prince and the Paupers

LIFE'S A FUNNY thing: once a year it's Christmas, and then, almost exactly a year later — quite unexpectedly — it's Christmas again. It always takes me by surprise.

And, of course, an important part of the festive season at Trent is the annual round of College Christmas Dinners; this year, as my affiliation has recently changed, I doddled off to Peter Robinson, eagerly anticipating a really good nosh.

Forging my way into the crowded Dining Hall, I was greeted by the College Master, Ian McLachlan; Ian very thoughtfully introduced me to another non-resident student who, alas, doesn't yet know many people at the university. Saudi Arabian Sahoud Omni, Crown Prince of the oil rich province of Dabbu Debbie, seemed very glad to have a dinner companion.

"Shall you sit down, please, and we will be devouring the Beaver Foods," said the Crown Prince. I sat down opposite him and did my very best to ignore the malevolent gleam in Ian's eye as he hovered over us.

"You can be screwing off now, please," said Prince Sahoud elegantly, and Ian obligingly screwed off, looking every inch the thoroughly rorty dog as he went.

"Nasty little man," remarked Sahoud Omni conversationally.

I protested, politely, that Ian is, on the contrary, a very nice little man.

"If he ever be coming to Saudi Arabia he be cleaning after the camels and making dung patties for fuel," predicted Trent's wealthiest visa student.

There was no answering that.

Fortunately, before an awkward silence could develop, the very beautiful Catherine Bacque walked into the Dining Hall, distracting the Prince's attention.

"Who be that?" asked the Crown Prince of Dabbu Debbie.

"That's Cathy Bacque. She's President of the Peter Robinson Cabinet," I said reverently.

"O," said Sahoud.

"She's a wonderful woman," I said. "Witty, warm, and wise," I added alliteratively.

"Is she being for sale, please?" asked Prince Sahoud. I explained, as best I could, that things don't normally work that way in Peterborough. My dinner companion amused himself by constructing imaginary oil rigs in his gravy.

Just as I was about to ask if Moslems have Christmas

trees, who should come reeling through the door but Mr. James Best. Mr. Best was wearing a very loud red T-shirt with the slogan, "I'M A REAL MAN," stencilled across his chest.

"Hol!" said the Crown Prince: "What is the kitchen boy doing in the Dining Hall, please?"

I explained that Mr. Best is, in fact, a prominent member of the Peter Robinson College community. "Furthermore, Your Highness," I said sternly, "In this country we do our best not to judge people on the basis of biological differences. We judge them on the way they behave."

Sahoud sulked for a while.

But not for long. Ian had very kindly arranged for some music during dinner, and with a great deal of pomp and ceremony, he introduced the Sociology Department Choir, led by Roy Bowles (nasal tenor).

"I have, after dialectical exertions, set The Vertical Mosaic to Christmas music," announced the worthy Bowles. "Most of the department will be singing the melody, but Professor Heitlinger has developed a sort of SCAT feminist descent."

The Choir was not a great success. "So what be wrong with singing about the jingling



MASON:
A CAMEL—HERDER TO BE

bells and rutting reindeers," grumbled the Prince.

The music having at last finished, and Andrew Wernick having been dissuaded from reminiscing about the halycon days of the RMG, the assembled diners devoted themselves to eating and to chitchat. The clatter of cutlery and the friendly buzz of Christian conversation lulled me into a feeling of warm benevolence for the rest of humanity.

The peace was suddenly shattered by a yelp from one of the tables against the far wall.

"Hey, Paul Mason!" bellowed the omnipresent turkey — "it's shake and bake budgie!"

I immediately felt very, very sick.

"Budgie is a great, great delicacy in my country," beamed the Crown Prince. "Who be that?" he added, pointing at the roaring Ramsden.

"That's David Ramsden," I said. "He's a very high-spirited young man."

"Mmm," said Prince Sa-

houd. "Is he being for sale, please?"

"No," I said succinctly, and I glared across the room at the Master, appending every filthy adjective I know to the name McLachlan.

The rorty dog winked at me.

There was, I noticed, a stir over by the entrance, and after a moment a Hobbit-like figure hopped up on one of the tables.

"Is this being one of Sandy Claus's elves and g-nomes?" asked the inquisitive arab.

"I don't think so," I replied. "No...no...Good Lord!"

"Merciful Allah! Who is it being, please?" asked the Prince.

"It's Freddie Hagar!" I answered.

And so it was. Freddie waved for attention, beamed happily at everyone, and piped up: "I just want to say that I shall be in the Senior Common Room for the next few hours for the express purpose of hearing the life stories of any Irishmen present."

We all cheered and applauded enthusiastically, and Freddie, looking very pleased with himself, was assisted off the table by the beautiful Ms. Bacque and the chivalrous Jamie Best.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Thursday, January 8 to
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Sahoud nodded approvingly at this display of courtesy and racial co-operation. "I hope you will be having a Merry Christmas, Fuzzy Wuzzly!" he called out.

I buried my head in my hands.

A filling dinner had clearly put Sahoud in a cheerful frame of mind. He burped happily to himself for several minutes, picked his teeth reflectively, and then suddenly demanded: "Who be really running Trent University?"

I pondered that one briefly, and was about to deliver a carefully considered reply, when I heard a Great Sniff

behind me. I whipped around and there, resplendent in Tux and top-hat, stood the All New John Fekete.

"Hullo, John," I said. "Speak of the devil, and all that."

John snubbed me magnificently. "Hark," he said, "The Voice of the Great Unwashed," said he. "Dust under the chariot wheels of the All New John Fekete," he said.

I was a little hurt.

And then John did a very strange thing: he beckoned imperiously toward the East, and suddenly — Lo and Behold! and what have you — there stood Trent's new President.

"Say something, Don," said Professor Fekete languidly.

"Arumapumarumpapum-arumapumarumpapumgarble-schnarfle," said Donald Theall indistinctly.

"I cannot be understanding a bloody word," said the Crown Prince.

"The President says he's very interested in establishing good communications among staff, faculty, and students," Fekete announced. "He says he will be bringing his considerable expertise in communications modes and systems to bear in this regard."

The Dining Hall applauded politely. (Which is quite a feat for a Dining Hall.)

"Very good, Don," said John Fekete. President Theall grinned toothily, nodded once or twice, and sat down to eat.

"I wonder if he be paying \$90 for a lousy fowl and veg Christmas Dinner," I said — then started guiltily. Fortunately, the Prince had not noticed my appropriation of his syntax.

"I being very impressed with everything I be seeing," he said contentedly. "I think my daddy will soon be making a little present to the university."

"Terrific!" I said, leaning forward eagerly. "What to, Sahoud? The Library? Theatre Services? Operating Costs? Physical Plant?"

"Well, I be telling you," replied the Crown Prince of Dabbu Deeble. "What Trent really be needing is a stud farm for camels."

I absorbed this for a moment.

"Tell you what, Your Highness," I said. "I've got just the man to run it for you." My eyes misted over as I thought of a recently disappointed and very capable Joseph Wearing.

"O, no, Mr. Mason," said my new woggish friend. "I think it would be fitting your own talent admirably."

We shook hands on the strength of it.

★

A very happy festive season to everyone, but most especially to correspondents Bowles, Best, and Armstrong: I am now in a position to offer them some remunerative employment.

LETTERS CONT....

ity for our education. Students are slowly making inroads into the decision making bodies of the University and a Student run course-faculty evaluation is another opportunity to come of age. Realistically, the only aim for a course-faculty evaluation is to assist students to choose courses. If students are not willing to design and implement a course-faculty evaluation, then we deserve nothing.

Many students want the University to do the course-faculty evaluation because they think students are incapable. This failure-bound thinking is a plague.

If the process is not a whooping success, then the crew next year would fix it — if they really wanted the process.

The process need not be elaborate. It could be a one sheet questionnaire. It need not be published. It could be collected and collated alphabetically and put in the library in filing cabinets. Students are a group of intelligent people, we can design something and make it work if we choose to do so.

Any course-faculty evaluation administered by the University can never adequately fulfill our needs because, despite all the talk, they just aren't students. I am not advocating that we divide the university into camps of we students against them professors. If they choose, professors will ask for feedback on courses — and you can be sure that their form will be short and straight forward. We must address our interests. We can pass on our opinions, feelings and ideas on courses and faculty.

Validity is a bogus issue. How can one opinion be more valid than another? More informed, more cogent perhaps, but more valid? At best the instrument is going to be imperfect. Users rely on opinions and that is a limit, so let us admit it and get on with the biz.

The issue is do students want an evaluation process? If so, have we gotten ourselves out of the mire of disco decay enough to get up and do it?

Yours,
D. Boulding

When you want great taste, spell it out



Seagram's V.O.

Canada's most respected 8 year old whisky.

RECORDS

Rhythm and Blues Christmas
Various Artists
United Artists

THE SNOW IS here, they're thick on the ground at the liquor store and the plethora of Christmas albums are out.

This is one of the better catalogues of the old tradition in blues to record Christmas songs. The line up includes Baby Washington, Drifters, Five Keys, Chuck Berry, B.B. King, Orioles, Amas Milburn and Lowell Fulson. The infectious warmth and the good

quality of the music is consistent from start to finish. If you like smoky piano, hot guitar, and beautiful voices all in celebration of Christmas — secular and spiritual — this album is for you.

— Peter Deyman

Never for Ever
Kate Bush
STAO 6476

NEVER FOR EVER, Kate Bush's third album is more of the same highly eclectic stuff;

well known and very popular in Europe and Japan, but, due to poor airplay, largely unknown here.

This is unfortunate since she, and a talented group of backup musicians, put out some very original, slightly Eastern, material. Bush continues from earlier albums her fascination with death — rather morbid, but presented under interesting guises: through the eyes of a widowed newlywed 'Wedding List' or a nuclear holocaust victim 'Breathing'. The songs are effective not just because the



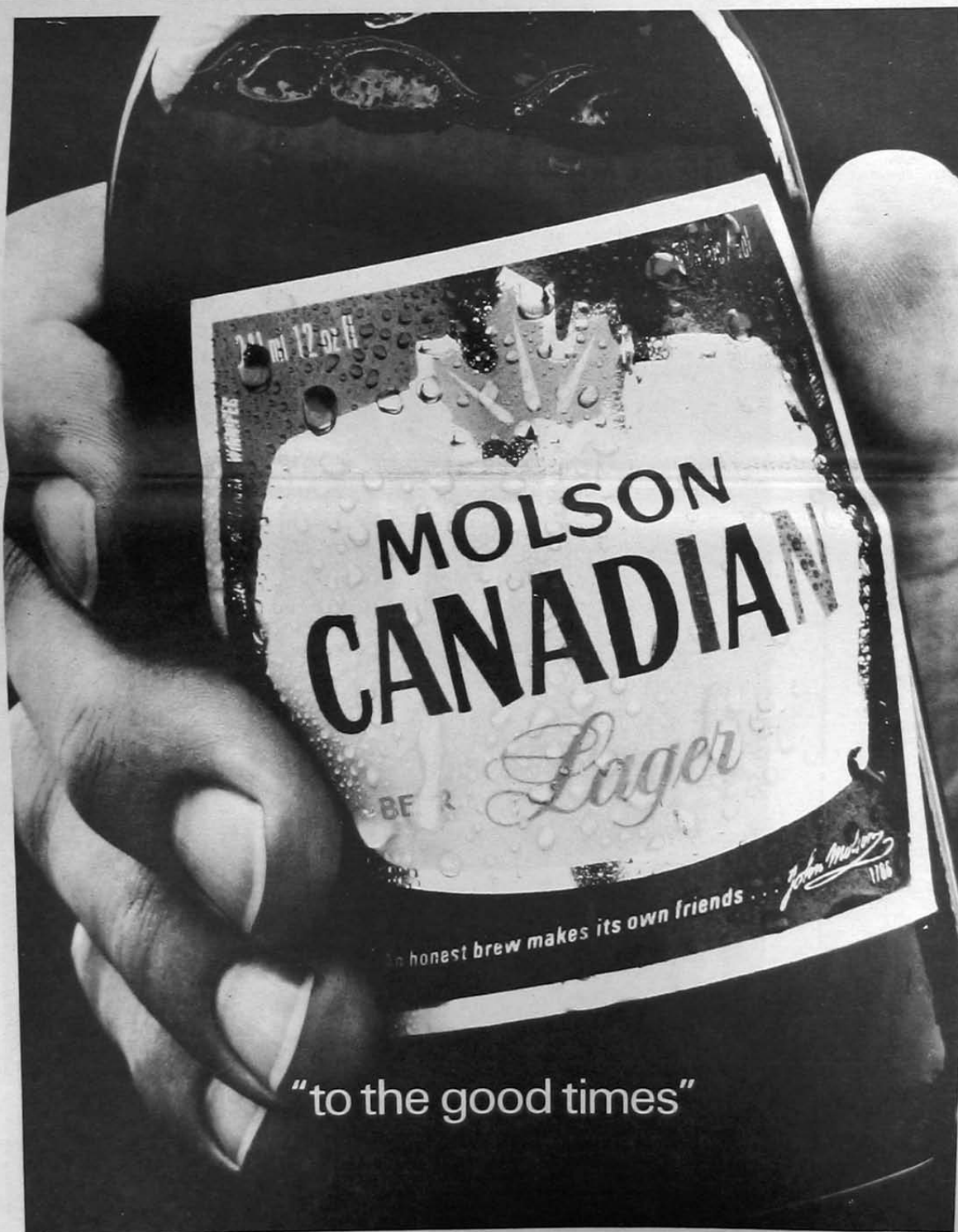
lyrics capture feeling, but because the music compliments and intensifies it — not for dancing, but good listening music.

The overall sound is much more polished and controlled than before, allowing Bush's amazing voice to be heard

clearly over the mandolins, violins, sitars and other string sounds she specializes in. In fact, the only objectionable cut on the album is 'Violin' where her voice is too overpowering and piercing.

This is the album that should make or break Kate Bush in the North American market since it characterizes her music. Its level of success will tell whether North American listeners are ready for her.

— Rob Jones



"to the good times"

**“give peace
a chance”**

—John Lennon
(1940-1980)

