

# PRO TEM



*The Student Weekly of York University*

VOLUME II, Number 27

Toronto, Canada

March 21, 1963

## YORK STUDENT DENIED ROOM ON RACIAL GROUNDS

A York student was denied a place to live this past week because of the colour of his skin. Mr. Samuel Mungai, studying at York on an African scholarship answered the following add in the Toronto Daily Star of March 11.

EGLINTON-Bayview: comfortable room,  
TTC at doorstep. Hu 8-6129.

With the lady who answered Mr. Mungai was able to make satisfactory arrangements regarding rent, date of occupancy, laundry, and meals. Mr. Mungai then explained that his present landlords are moving and being a university student he needed accomodation. The woman then asked where he was from. "Kenya" replied Sam.

"Are you coloured?", questioned the landlady. When Mr. Mungai replied in the affirmative she stated that it would not be possible to rent him the room. Her husband, she said, would not permit it. In addition the neighbours wouldn't approve.

When Pro-Tem editor Doug Hird telephoned the above number last night, he was informed that the room had not been rented until that very night, (ie. over a week after Mr. Mungai's call.) When questioned about Mr. Mungai's experience the lady grew very evasive. "No", she said, "no, she didn't remember that". "But there have been several calls." She had turned down people "who wanted to cook or had cars". "But no," she "didn't remember THAT!" "There were several calls. You understand."

The room that Mr. Mungai applied for was not listed in the university files. However to ascertain whether it COULD have happened with the York listings, Pro-Tem asked the Office of the Dean of Students whether any questions about racial discrimination are asked when the listings are made. Miss Knudson, Secretary to the Dean of Students, and the person incharge of University listings explained that in the past she has asked no such questions but that in future she would certainly include an appropriate query. Although Mr. Mungai has been in Canada for over a year now, and has lived in several places, this is the first occasion on which he has experienced this particular type of response. The experience is made all the more poignant in that Mr. Mungai recently visited the Town of Woodstock where he appeared on the CKOX, the Woodstock Radio Station, was interviewed by the Woodstock Daily Sentinel-Review, and was enthusiastically received at the Woodstock Collegiate Institute. Several times in the course of his visit Mr. Mungai was asked about discrimination. He was able to state at that time that he had experienced none of it in Toronto.

He made his phone call the following day.

Editor's note: In connection with this story see also the Editorial on the following page.

---

## ODE TO ORIENTATION

---

It's an old sweet song! It has been heard before and it will be heard again. But at this time of year, at universities around the world, the thoughts of virile, young minds turn to orientation. Yes, orientation, that exciting, gripping, concept of enfolding new and malleable people into the welcoming embrace of University Life. One tends to be carried off onto heights of verbosity just in the mere contemplation of such an event. (I must guard against this for fear it happens to me).

But STOP!! HOLD FAST!! My duty is to inform, explain, not to overwhelm. Perhaps not everyone has seen the Truth as I have. These few (for surely there could not be many) must be coaxed, cajoled, and coerced if necessary in order that everyone will be able to share equally in this revelation. I must return forthwith to the real, cold world of Platitude.

With approximately twice as many freshmen coming this fall, the program will necessarily be twice as elaborate, quantitatively at least. As a result, there will be twice as much money spent (conservative estimate) and double the quantity of 'mentors' required. To do justice to the statistics, we have, in the fine, age-old traditions, propounded a tentative program which we feel is the equal of any in the world today. There is no excuse for it not to be. Most people agree that last year's was very good; this year's has to be better simply because there are certain advantageous conditions now that did not exist last fall. For example: there will be a residence (must be much potential here); there will be many new and exciting buildings (tours can be extended over a much lengthier period of time); the weather this fall is guaranteed to be sunny and warm (it is nice to be sure about things like this); and not least important is the fact that the Don River will have dried up into a mud flat (the advantage here is obscure but nonetheless existent and vital).

The program itself lacks very little, in my opinion (hardly biased at all). As far as content is concerned there appears to be something for everyone and in this sense it should be a success. We have also made certain that there is nothing included that will in any way detract from the self-respect of the individuals involved. The purpose of orientation is, to my way of thinking, to create a relative semblance of unity within the student body in a short period of time. This condition of homogeneity can never be attained if a "Lord-serf" atmosphere is allowed to develop. An atmosphere such as this can be fostered by one of two circumstances: the first is a feeling of resentment over the invasion, by 'aliens', of what was a formerly private domain, not unlike a child's resentment of a new-born baby; the second is a feeling of superiority, either real or imaginary, toward the strangers. The first is just not valid in a community as small as York--new people

and new faces are essential for the maintenance of fresh thinking and a non-static environment. Equally fallacious is the second. The audacity in considering a fellow member of the human race inferior because he or she has spent a few years less in the race for an education, is almost incomprehensible; particularly if he or she is a foot taller and thirty-five pounds heavier.

The correct atmosphere can be created very simply. All that is required is the active participation of as many interested students as possible over the six day period (September 19-24). Even those who are not interested in helping are needed to tell freshmen why they are not interested--there is no point in hiding the fact that University Life is not just a big bowl of lotus blossoms. I refuse to indulge in a lot of 'rah-rah' about this: but with the program developing as it is and with good participation, this fall promises to be fraught with humour.

--Dave Carruthers.

---

### POLITICS:

#### HAITI: OMEN FOR DEMOCRACY IN LATIN AMERICA

---

Ever since the election of President Duvalier 6 years ago in Haiti the many citizens have expressed fears for the democratic constitution of that country. During 1961, the President pressured the National Assembly into granting him emergency decree-law powers. The protests of students and labour unions were unable to prevent the President from declaring martial law on November 21 and ordering the arrest of more opposition leaders.

His term of office having expired recently, Duvalier dissolved the now-impotent National Assembly and declared himself elected for another six years. The new left of centre, but strongly democratic regime in the Dominican Republic has not discouraged the progress towards dictatorship in its neighbouring Republic of Haiti. The United States pursued a wise if belated policy in the Dominican Republic such that it seems that democratic revolutions are possible in Latin America if foreign powers refrain from interfering. Cuba has taught us what may happen if they do. Nevertheless, the United States has failed here to draw on its own experience for, despite the protests of Haitian piquets before the United Nations building in New York the United States government continues to send aid, including military aid, to the Duvalier government in Haiti. When will they ever learn?

--George F. Howden.

---

## DEBATING SOCIETY

MEETING TO CHOOSE  
NEXT YEAR'S EXECUTIVE

MONDAY MARCH 25  
3:15 p.m. Dining Hall

---

---

## WHERE IS IT???

---

Pro-Tem's ace investigator, Operative 93, this week released the results of a study he has been conducting. This study concerns the determination of status at York University.

Operative 93 originally became interested in this work when some members of the academic staff conducted a preliminary survey using floor coverings as a guide. Their findings were as follows:

Rug=Full Professor  
Vinyl Tile=Associate Professor  
Linoleum Tile=Assistant Professor  
(or Lecturer)

Investigating further, Operative 93 discovered that an office having two windows indicated at least a full professor and probably a department head.

Operative 93's study brings to light an extremely rare status symbol. This mark of distinguished rank consists of having a door connecting with an adjoining office. Such a passage indicates a Dean of Students. At last report, only one of these offices had been discovered.

Our agent also reports that a good deal can be determined by a careful study of office furniture. Such things as size and style of desk, type of chairs, bookcases, waste paper baskets and other furniture can frequently be relied upon to give a very accurate indication of status.

Operative 93 in summarizing his report poses this little riddle for those interested in matters of rank. A certain office has:

vinyl tile  
two windows  
a door connecting with the  
adjoining room  
two desks  
two large tables  
two bookcases  
seven assorted chairs  
an ashtray on an elaborate  
pedestal  
two original oil paintings on  
the wall

We pose the following questions:

Whose office is it?  
What status do the furnishings indicate?

( The answer will be found elsewhere in the paper.)

---

AS THIS IS OUR LAST ISSUE OF THE PRO-TEM FOR 1962-63 THE EDITORS AND STAFF WOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO THANK THE STUDENTS FOR YOUR SUPPORT AND WISH YOU THE BEST OF LUCK IN THE EXAMS AND THROUGHOUT THE SUMMER!!!

---

## CHOIR TO DEBUT AT O'KEEFE

---

On Saturday, April 6, the York University Society of the Friends of Song (YUSFS) will entertain the little ones, and the big ones, too, in the O'Keefe Centre in the Young Peoples' Concert. They will be joined by the Lawrence Park Collegiate Choir, and the Northern Secondary School Choir. Among their songs are "The Canadian Counting Song", by Dr. McCauley, "A White Russian Easter Card" and "Moon River", as arranged by our own Dr. McCauley.

The Concert will be at 11 o'clock am. and tickets will be \$1.00 each.

---

## EDITORIAL

Why do editors print stories concerning racial discrimination? Is it because the persons involved desire publicity? In this instance, definitely not. In fact it required a good deal of persuasion to obtain Mr. Mungai's permission to release this story.

Is it because it makes a good story? What newspaperman could say no to this question? Certainly, in a sense, it makes a good story. But there is a much more important reason for printing news of this sort.

We print this story because we believe that racial discrimination is morally wrong. And because it is wrong, the persons who wish to commit such deeds should not be allowed to commit them with impunity. A newspaper cannot sentence such individuals to prison as can a court of law; we cannot denounce them from a pulpit as can a clergyman. But we can present the facts in an accurate manner to a large number of people. And we believe that making people aware of these attitudes is the first and most important step towards eradicating such elements from our society.

This is why we print such stories. Our first duty is to inform our readers, so that being informed they will become aroused and take appropriate action. We believe that in this instance our readers will be sufficiently aroused to decide for themselves what action is appropriate.









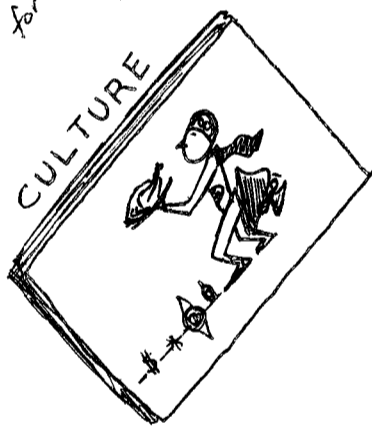
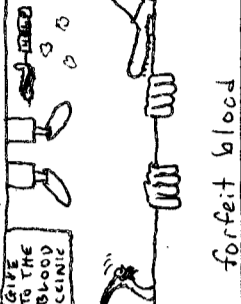
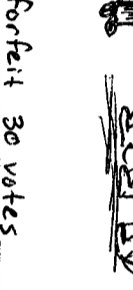
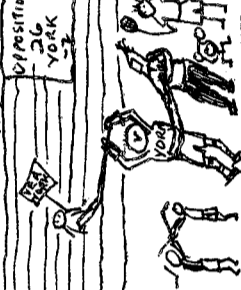
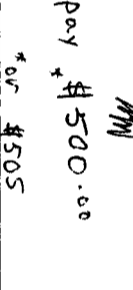
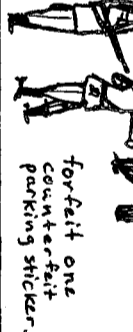

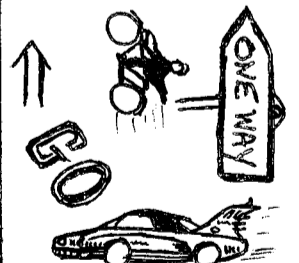

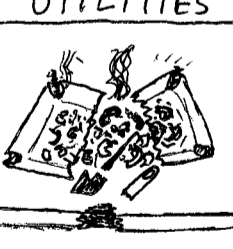
---

FILLER by Fred Gorbet










---

I never drink, I never flirt  
I never gossip; I spread no dirt  
I never kiss, I never neck  
I never say Hell, I never say heck  
I'm always good, I'm always nice  
I play no poker, I roll no dice  
I have no sex, no funny tricks  
But what the hell, I'm only six.

(This poem is not original, but rather is part of a great collection that has been passed on from father to son through the ages.)

DEAN'S OFFICE VISITING 	JUST VISITING 	CAFETERIA COURT  forfeit money & stomach.	RAILROAD 	UTILITIES  forfeit 10¢	FREE APATHY  forfeit plenty - gain nothing
	PLEASANT VISTA HELP KEEP OUR BEAUTY AND GREEN! forfeit grass, beauty, trees, etc.	<div style="text-align: center;">  <h1>MUDROPOLY</h1> <p>THE NEW FUN GAME for YORK STUDENTS</p>  </div>			INITIATION ISLAND  forfeit blood
	RODENT ROAD forfeit 30 votes				SPORTS GARDENS 
DOGS CATS MICE SPONGES ORANGE UTENSILS OSTEOPATHY SLEETED FROGS MUST BE ON LEASH	CHARITY pay \$500.00 * or \$505				UTILITIES forfeit an arm, leg, head, etc.
	PINKERTON PLACE forfeit one counter-fair parking sticker.				EXAMINATION CULDESAC 17 forfeit nerves, love, life, happiness
	PARK PLACE lower level only \$20 DANGER RISK MUD HELL ETC. forfeit suspension, axle, life, money, etc.				
	BORED WALK  forfeit cleaning bill, hospital bill, funeral, etc.				UTILITIES 
GO TO HELL! GO DIRECTLY TO HELL! DO NOT PASS GO! DO NOT PARK! DO NOT COLLECT DEGREE! DO NOT THINK! BUZZ OFF!					

**RULES:**

1. CHOOSE A 'MAN':        
2. BE SINCERE
3. THROW DICE 
4. MOVE MAN THE NUMBER OF SPACES SHOWN ON THE DICE AND ACCEPT CONSEQUENCES OF SPACE YOUR 'MAN' LANDS ON.
5. IF YOU SINK BEYOND NECK IN THE MUD, YOU MUST FORFEIT ALL MONEY, PROPERTIES, AND APATHY AND LEAVE THE GAME.
6. IF YOU LAND ON RODENT ROAD, GROW A BEARD AND START OVER.
7. AT ALL COST, AVOID GOING TO THE LIBRARY. -
8. OTHERWISE, THERE ARE NO RULES. - SO HAVE FUN!

G. H. RUST-DEYE

## YORK IN RETROSPECT

Editors' Note: This being the last issue of PRO-TEM for this academic year, the editorial board has invited Mr. Rob Bull to give his impressions of York. Mr. Bull is a third year student who has been at York since its inception. In preparing this article, Mr. Bull interviewed psychologists, students, faculty, registrars, President Ross, and the Dean of Students, in an effort to achieve as objective a point of view as possible.

On a clear autumn afternoon in 1960, seventy-eight people gathered in the common room of Falconer Hall and started to get to know each other. 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 University of Toronto. A small but growing library was established. 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, 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 towns near Toronto. Only nine of us lived away from home, and most of us commuted. A few of us stood out academically in our high schools, but most of us were average students. There were a couple of flunkards from other universities. Seventy-five per cent of the students were in the first class of York University because they wanted the challenge of a new small university dedicated to liberal arts. A few knew what they wanted from a university. For some 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 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, heard the word, and were the chosen few. 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 they had been subjected to was wrong. As members of York, we were uttering what amounted to a Confession of Faith. When the first student council elections were held, one person after another got up to say 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, 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 served us mulled wine prepared from an old Oxford recipe and we stood and talked,--professors, administrators, students, quaffing their brew for a few hours while the great University around us rushed about its own imperial business. We were a community then.

When the President was inaugurated, we, the students, presented him with a rooster to show him that we were no chickens. 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 fewer of us did fail that year.

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 complete access to the athletic and social facilities and organizations that York could not hope to duplicate for quite a while. 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.

And then everything changed. After the summer vacation we arrived at a new campus with new people. York was no longer our private little club. We had to share it. One prominent York psychologist compared the students' reaction to that of an only child, being most important in his parents' minds, who is forced to share the limelight with a new arrival to the family. For, this is what changed. York was bigger and our year, second year now, staged a collective temper tantrum! We didn't like the building! We didn't like the facilities provided for us. The administration no longer cared for us. We were being swamped in a sea of faces at just another U. of T. When we ran out of things to gripe about, a few faculty members were not averse to patronizingly using us to further their own ends, and regenerating our run-down batteries, telling us it was our duty as students to rebel and fight the university every step of the way. President Ross, it was claimed, had sold us down the river for a grant from the Ontario government. We were told, too late, that York would be large. We had committed ourselves to a small university, where we could get a liberal education, and this we no longer had. What we failed to realize was that the administration had told us this would happen in the previous year. One student had decided that he believed strongly enough in the smallness of a university and a truly liberal education for himself to leave. The rest of us, or rather some of us, stayed and criticized, accepting the good points of the system presented for us yet, doing all in their power to destroy the institution, prostituting themselves as it were. We did have two legitimate grievances against the university. We had been promised residences but we didn't get them. And then the administration, refusing to admit that most of us were forced to commute from fairly long distances, openly embarked on a policy to discourage cars being driven to the campus. This latter move still seems nothing less than stark and sheer irrelevant idiocy.

One thing we were agreed about last year. That year's freshman class was just a mass of amoebae. They were spineless. They lacked character. They seemed to like the university the way it was. They didn't come to any of the dances. They considered themselves part of the university, yet to most of us last year, for a while, we didn't really consider them part of York. They had missed that mystic year at Falconer Hall. This lack of moral, social and intellectual fibre in the newcomers was not our fault. We had given them a rather sedate orientation programme with as little loss of dignity to them as to ourselves. We were trying to guide them in a rather fatherly way, yet until about the middle of November, most of them regarded most of us as a group of conceited finks. One bright spot during this otherwise dismal period, was the watering of Premier Frost, who shortly afterwards retired from office.

By the end of last year, our year--third year, as a class apart, had almost disintegrated. We were no longer a solid fellowship. We had broken up into smaller groups of friends. We didn't divide into "swingers" and "keepers" so much as into several small, intensely introverted societies, each with its own "keepers" and "swingers". Most of us no longer identified with the university. Most of us refused to participate in the three-sided academic community (administration, faculty, students). We tried to fight as students, for rights from the other two bodies. Witness the fight spearheaded by members of our year, against the faculty and administration for student discipline to be handled entirely from the students' point of view. Before long we didn't even care about that. Now, when you ask a freshman about third year students, he generally says, "I can't say. I haven't really met any." We started off as a community dedicated to the ideals of a liberal education. Some of us, the seniors, lost their idealism, others forgot it. Both lost something of themselves in the process.

What will York lose when we leave? Some of its character perhaps, certainly some of its characters. It will lose a reminder of what it once was. It will lose various leaders in the spheres of undergraduate social, sports and intellectual life. But the school will probably become, on the whole, a lot more stable. What is York's loss, is the world's gain.

---

### FOR MEN ONLY!!

---

This is an anonymous questionnaire designed to find out what use is made of the facilities of HART HOUSE-- i.e. concerts, art exhibits, record rooms, squash, camera club, chess club, debates, and rifle range. (Please NOTE: athletic facilities are under the auspices of the University of Toronto Athletic Association and thus are not included under the facilities provided by HART HOUSE.)

Each male student is urged to complete this questionnaire. PLEASE DEPOSIT COMPLETED QUESTIONNAIRES WITH Miss Knudson--Room 241.

1) How many times have you used Hart House in the past year? \_\_\_\_\_

If regularly, how often did you use it a) per week \_\_\_\_\_ b) per month \_\_\_\_\_

If infrequently, can you suggest why? \_\_\_\_\_

2) What facilities have you used, in order of frequency? \_\_\_\_\_ 4) Will you use Hart House next year? \_\_\_\_\_

1)

2)

3)

4)

3) Do you think that we should retain our connection with Hart House? \_\_\_\_\_

## YORK IN RETROSPECT

Editors' Note: This being the last issue of PRO-TEM for this academic year, the editorial board has invited Mr. Rob Bull to give his impressions of York. Mr. Bull is a third year student who has been at York since its inception. In preparing this article, Mr. Bull interviewed psychologists, students, faculty, registrars, President Ross, and the Dean of Students, in an effort to achieve as objective a point of view as possible.

On a clear autumn afternoon in 1960, seventy-eight people gathered in the common room of Falconer Hall and started to get to know each other. 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 University of Toronto. A small but growing library was established. 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, 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 towns near Toronto. Only nine of us lived away from home, and most of us commuted. A few of us stood out academically in our high schools, but most of us were average students. There were a couple of flunkards from other universities. Seventy-five per cent of the students were in the first class of York University because they wanted the challenge of a new small university dedicated to liberal arts. A few knew what they wanted from a university. For some 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 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, heard the word, and were the chosen few. 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 they had been subjected to was wrong. As members of York, we were uttering what amounted to a Confession of Faith. When the first student council elections were held, one person after another got up to say 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, 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 served us mulled wine prepared from an old Oxford recipe and we stood and talked,--professors, administrators, students, quaffing their brew for a few hours while the great University around us rushed about its own imperial business. We were a community then.

When the President was inaugurated, we, the students, presented him with a rooster to show him that we were no chickens. 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 fewer of us did fail that year.

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 complete access to the athletic and social facilities and organizations that York could not hope to duplicate for quite a while. 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.

And then everything changed. After the summer vacation we arrived at a new campus with new people. York was no longer our private little club. We had to share it. One prominent York psychologist compared the students' reaction to that of an only child, being most important in his parents' minds, who is forced to share the limelight with a new arrival to the family. For, this is what changed. York was bigger and our year, second year now, staged a collective temper tantrum! We didn't like the building! We didn't like the facilities provided for us. The administration no longer cared for us. We were being swamped in a sea of faces at just another U. of T. When we ran out of things to gripe about, a few faculty members were not averse to patronizingly using us to further their own ends, and regenerating our run-down batteries, telling us it was our duty as students to rebel and fight the university every step of the way. President Ross, it was claimed, had sold us down the river for a grant from the Ontario government. We were told, too late, that York would be large. We had committed ourselves to a small university, where we could get a liberal education, and this we no longer had. What we failed to realize was that the administration had told us this would happen in the previous year. One student had decided that he believed strongly enough in the smallness of a university and a truly liberal education for himself to leave. The rest of us, or rather some of us, stayed and criticized, accepting the good points of the system presented for us yet, doing all in our power to destroy the institution, prostituting ourselves as it were. We did have two legitimate grievances against the university. We had been promised residences but we didn't get them. And then the administration, refusing to admit that most of us were forced to commute from fairly long distances, openly embarked on a policy to discourage cars being driven to the campus. This latter move still seems nothing less than stark and sheer irrelevant idiocy.

One thing we were agreed about last year. That year's freshman class was just a mass of amoebae. They were spineless. They lacked character. They seemed to like the university the way it was. They didn't come to any of the dances. They considered themselves part of the university, yet to most of us last year, for a while, we didn't really consider them part of York. They had missed that mystic year at Falconer Hall. This lack of moral, social and intellectual fibre in the newcomers was not our fault. We had given them a rather sedate orientation programme with as little loss of dignity to them as to ourselves. We were trying to guide them in a rather fatherly way, yet until about the middle of November, most of them regarded most of us as a group of conceited finks. One bright spot during this otherwise dismal period, was the watering of Premier Frost, who shortly afterwards retired from office.

By the end of last year, our year--third year, as a class apart, had almost disintegrated. We were no longer a solid fellowship. We had broken up into smaller groups of friends. We didn't divide into "swingers" and "keepers" so much as into several small, intensely introverted societies, each with its own "keepers" and "swingers". Most of us no longer identified with the university. Most of us refused to participate in the three-sided academic community (administration, faculty, students). We tried to fight as students, for rights from the other two bodies. Witness the fight spearheaded by members of our year, against the faculty and administration for student discipline to be handled entirely from the students' point of view. Before long we didn't even care about that. Now, when you ask a freshman about third year students, he generally says, "I can't say. I haven't really met any." We started off as a community dedicated to the ideals of a liberal education. Some of us, the seniors, lost their idealism, others forgot it. Both lost something of themselves in the process.

What will York lose when we leave? Some of its character perhaps, certainly some of its characters. It will lose a reminder of what it once was. It will lose various leaders in the spheres of undergraduate social, sports and intellectual life. But the school will probably become, on the whole, a lot more stable. What is York's loss, is the world's gain.

---

### FOR MEN ONLY!!

---

This is an anonymous questionnaire designed to find out what use is made of the facilities of HART HOUSE--- i.e. concerts, art exhibits, record rooms, squash, camera club, chess club, debates, and rifle range. (Please NOTE: athletic facilities are under the auspices of the University of Toronto Athletic Association and thus are not included under the facilities provided by HART HOUSE.)

Each male student is urged to complete this questionnaire. PLEASE DEPOSIT COMPLETED QUESTIONNAIRES WITH Miss Knudson---Room 241.

1) How many times have you used Hart House in the past year? \_\_\_\_\_

If regularly, how often did you use it a) per week \_\_\_\_\_ b) per month \_\_\_\_\_

If infrequently, can you suggest why? \_\_\_\_\_

2) What facilities have you used, in order of frequency? 4) Will you use Hart House next year?

- 1)
- 2)
- 3)
- 4)

3) Do you think that we should retain our connection with Hart House?



The Drama Club last Monday night, sat in on a rehearsal of Wotzeck, the play which will open soon at Workshop Productions. This performance promises to be a most exciting theatre experience, and will most certainly capture your interest and imagination.

The play, set in the Leipzig of 1835, was not completed before the death of the author, Georg Buchner, and has been put together from his notes. Although he was only 24 when he died in 1837, Buchner left behind him, a great wealth of writings.

An opera based on the play was presented in New York in 1931, but this is the first performance of the play in America. This version of Wotzeck has been adapted especially for Workshop, as are all plays done in the

MAMBO YENDAPO KOMBO, KAMA NYAKATI HUENDA:  
IWAKO BARABARA UTEMBELEAYO MLIMA YELEKEA KUPANDA;  
NA WATAKA KUCHEKA, LAKINI KUGUNA NI LAZIMA,  
WAKATI YA ULIMWENGU, CHINI YAKUSUKUMA PUMIZIKA KAMA LAZIMA, MBIAL USIAHIRISHE KAMWE.

MAISHA NI MIUJIZA, MIZUNGUKO NA MIPINDO;  
KAMA MMOJA---MMOJA TUJUAVYO,  
MENGI MAANGUKO, BADALA HUTUKIA USHINDI UWAPO KARIBU NGAA KASHUGHULIKIA USIFE MOYO, INGAWA HATUA NI POLE UTASHINDA HUENDA, KWA LIPIGO LINGINE.

THE YORK UNIVERSITY STUDENT COUNCIL

cordially invites

A L L S T U D E N T S

to attend the

T E R M - E N D D I N N E R

in York Hall

Fri. Mar. 29

6:30 pm

group theatre tradition.

The show will open on Friday, March 29, and will run Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights for at least a month.

Tickets are available from members of the Drama Club, and are priced at \$1.50 for students and \$2.00 for others.

---

**EDITORIAL BOARD MEETS TODAY**

---

Last Monday Student Council adopted a new method of choosing the editors of the various publications at York. Blake Simmonds moved "that Council accept general applications to be submitted to a committee to be composed of an equal number of Council members and publications representatives with a tie vote in committee to be decided by a vote of the Student Council as a whole. This committee shall consist of either four or six members.

Anyone wishing to become an editor of Pro-Tem, Forum, MC<sup>2</sup>, Aardvark, or the Yearbook, for 1963-64 should submit his application to Tony Martin, Blake Simmonds or Phil Spencer before noon today.

USHINDI U MWANGUKO, KAPINDULIWA NDANI NJE  
LULU YA MAWINGU YA UTASHWISHI NDIYE KAMWE HUELEWI KARIBU GANI ULIKO MBALI WAJITHANIA, KARIBU HUENDA UKO HAYA VITANI ENENDA UJERUHIWAPO VIBAYA MAMBO YENDAPO KOMBO, NDIYO WAKATI WA KUVUMILIA.

by George Mwincigi

(An African Student from Kenya--one of the founders of the African Students Foundation in Canada. He gave a talk at York, after which he left for Kenya immediately, where he is working for the East African Common Services Headquarters in Nairobi, as an Economist.

Translation which follows is by Sam Mungai and he says that it can be used in a "good clean family!")

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will;  
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill;  
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,  
When care is pressing you down a bit--  
Rest if you must--but don't you quit!

Life is queer with its twists and turns;  
As everyone of us sometimes learns,  
And many a failure turns about,  
When he might have won, had he struck it out.

NEWS ITEM: IN SPEECH TO STUDENTS, PRES. ROSS LIKENS YORK OF 1962 TO ISRAEL OF 1952.

1. Welcome to Beth York, the rich new experience only ten minutes from downtown Toronto, -handy to public transportation.



2. Here, we are a new breed of university student-- bronzed by the sun, keen of eye, swift of foot-- resolute in our faith in the future under the leadership of Ben Gur-- I mean, Dr. Ross. Where we lead, others will follow-- if they don't, somebody will have a lot of explaining to do.



3. We have come here from as far afield as Forest Hill, Don Mills, Lawrence Park-- to hew a land of milk and honey out of the wilderness of Bayview Wood-- to say nothing of the NEW kibbutz at Jane & Steeles.



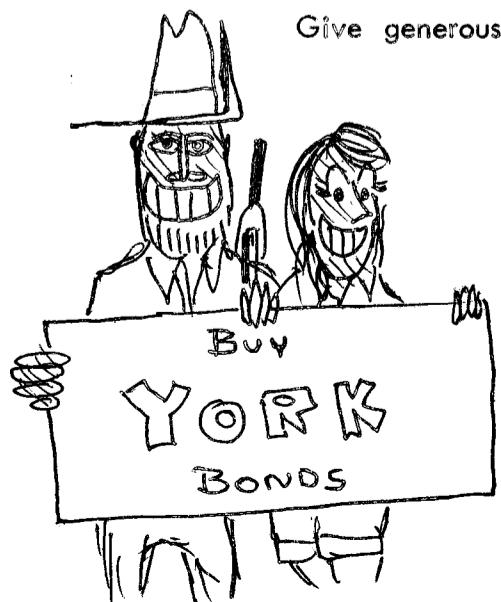
4. But while we build, we must also fight. Reactionary, fascist forces on our very borders threaten our existence. The HITLERS, the NASSERS, the FINGOLDS of this world must be exterminated!



5. So send us your young, your strong, your starry-eyed idealists, your truth seeking intellectuals, your U of T rejects-- we'll fix 'em. But most of all, when that little bearded man with the suitcase comes to YOUR door.....



6. Give generously!



DRAG

NEWS ITEM: IN SPEECH TO STUDENTS, PRES. ROSS LIKENS YORK OF 1962 TO ISRAEL OF 1952.

1. Welcome to Beth York, the rich new experience only ten minutes from downtown Toronto, -handy to public transportation.



2. Here, we are a new breed of university student-- bronzed by the sun, keen of eye, swift of foot-- resolute in our faith in the future under the leadership of Ben Gur-- I mean, Dr. Ross. Where we lead, others will follow-- if they don't, somebody will have a lot of explaining to do.



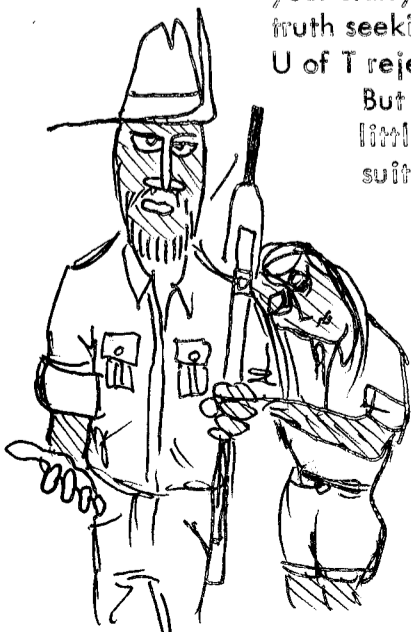
3. We have come here from as far afield as Forest Hill, Don Mills, Lawrence Park-- to hew a land of milk and honey out of the wilderness of Bayview Wood-- to say nothing of the NEW kibbutz at Jane & Steeles.



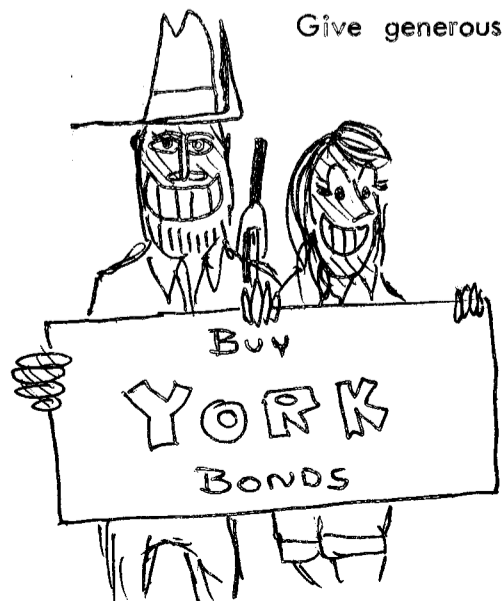
4. But while we build, we must also fight. Reactionary, fascist forces on our very borders threaten our existence. The HITLERS, the NASSERS, the FINGOLDS of this world must be exterminated!



5. So send us your young, your strong, your starry-eyed idealists, your truth seeking intellectuals, your U of T rejects-- we'll fix 'em. But most of all, when that little bearded man with the suitcase comes to YOUR door.....



6. Give generously!



BRASS

Don't you give up though the pace is slow,  
You will succeed with another blow.

Success is failure turned inside out,  
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,  
You never know how close you are yet seems so far  
So stick to the battle when you are hardest hit  
It's when things go wrong that you must not quit.

---

## EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE SCHOOL

---

This summer, for the first time in Canada, gifted high school students will have an opportunity to learn more about science from experts in various fields.

The Summer Science Programme is sponsored by the Royal Canadian Institute. Applications have already been received from students in Grade 11 and 12 in high schools all over Canada. Some thirty students will be accommodated this summer.

Prof. C. D. Fowle has been appointed Director of this programme. The school will be held this summer at Lakefield Preparatory School, from July 2 to August 10.

The aim of the programme is to teach the students how to obtain reliable information from Nature, and how to establish criteria for reliability. They will also have practise in approaching scientific problems in the best way to achieve results, and outline further problems deriving from these results.

Among the staff recruited for this school are Dr. Wittenberg of Laval University to teach Mathematics, Dr. Walter Tovell of the Royal Ontario Museum for geology, Dr. James McColloch of the Meteorological Service, and Dr. Ken Armsen, Faculty of Forestry, to instruct in soil physics and chemistry. Dr. W. E. Beckel, Dept. of Zoology, University of Toronto, and Dr. Tuzo Wilson president of the Geophysical Year will come to deliver guest lectures.

It is evident from the line-up of excellent staff, and the suitability of the site, that the students accepted to attend this experimental venture will gain immeasurably in knowledge and insight into the nature and functioning of scientific endeavours.

---

## CAPERS ANYONE???

---

It seems that not even the generous offer of this publication to supply an award for the caper which best furthers creative atmosphere at York, can move our students from their deep-set and dangerous decadence at this University. You, people, are too complacent! To date, there have been no practical jokes perpetrated at York, with the possible exception of the relatively easy theft of a parking sign. Come on now people!!! There are only six days left before PRO-TEM will award its honours, at the closing banquet, and if there is no prank deserving of our high esteem we shall not confer our prize this year. This is your final warning! We would like to point out that the faculty are not excluded from this contest.

HEAR HERE

by George Rust-D'Eye and  
Rick Wilkinson

The question this week was, **WHAT DO YOU THINK?** Since we asked the question in the library, and since everyone knows there are no students in the library, we were unable to get many answers. However we interviewed some people wandering around in the cellar of Glendon Hall. They said that they were students, and were all wearing academic gowns, so we asked them anyway. Here are the results of our poll.

Moxie Cowznofski: I came to York because I wanted to be a big frog in a small puddle ... but I didn't know the size of York mud puddles.

Second Base: Mr. Base said nothing...but sneered. Shortly after, the interviewer was found crushed beneath the wheels of a red sports car. On his pad we found the words, "decadent bourgeois society... you're all a bunch of Marxists"

Millie Ann Whale: Before the interviewer could ask the question, Miss Whale thre her arms around him, and rained kissed upon his head. The interviewer retired to Pro-Tem blushing profusely and had to be restrained from attempting to interview Miss Whale again. Written on his pad in lipstick was one word "Wow!!"

Hary Madams: Oooh!...I think it's wu-u-nderful!!

Cocky Dillinger: Would you like to hear a few of my clever witticisms?

Rob Cow: Ho Ho !!!

Francis Smith: I really don't have much time to think, what with badminton, hockey, pool, cards, singing etc. However I do think once in a while, but no one thinks of anything very important in bed-- so I have no comment to make.

Grave Small: I'm against apathy. I think that students should take the opportunities that are given to them in their three precious years at a small residential liberal arts college. I think something should be done to stamp out apathy. I'd do it myself if I had more time.

Phony Narton: I think that the implications of this question are far-reaching. Far be it from me to offend anybody or say anything important, but I do think that some people are doing some things which are potentially dangerous to many factions which are essential to the clean running of our great university.

Dadger Barrelswoth! I guess I'm just a fun-guy. If I ever got serious about anything it'd be game over for me. I used to be a mouthy kid but when I came here that was a key move for me. But I'd never run for office or anything, that's just too far out--- a real laugh!!

Razor Freed: The question is interesting not only constitutionally but also legally, and morally. However before I make comment on that, it would be necessary to consult something else--anything else. But I have to rush now, the Queen Mary is coming in.

Gorgeous Roads: I think that the exit lights should be green--not red--after all, red means stop, doesn't it?

Plug Ruddydud: What makes you think I do??

THE PRO-TEM EDITORS & STAFF WISH YOU  
HAPPY FIRST DAY OF SPRING

HA! HA! HA!

## THE DEAN SPEAKS....

Our beloved Dean (Tudor, that is) has suggested that a necessary prerequisite for the Final Examinations is an agility of mind. For this purpose all students at York University are strongly urged to try the following logic question:

(This reasoning test is given to employees of a large American Steel Company. The allotted time is two hours.)

- A. A certain train was driven by an engineer, a fireman, and a brakeman, whose names are, not respectively, Robinson, Jones, and Smith.
- B. On the same train are three passengers, a Mr. Robinson, a Mr. Jones, and a Mr. Smith.
- C. You are asked to consider the following data concerning these gentlemen. There is no catch and each fact is relevant.
  1. Mr. Robinson lives at Detroit.
  2. The brakeman lives exactly halfway between Chicago and Detroit.
  3. Smith beat the fireman at billiards.
  4. Mr. Jones earns exactly \$10,000 a year.
  5. The brakeman's nearest neighbour, one of the passengers, earns exactly three times as much as the brakeman.
  6. The passenger who was the brakeman's namesake lives at Chicago.

The question is: Who was the engineer?

Send your answer (with complete work-out of the problem to Dean Tudor before Wednesday of next week. Next year's Pro-Tem will carry the answer and the winner's name. A prize will be given.

## FINAL CONSTRUCTION REPORT

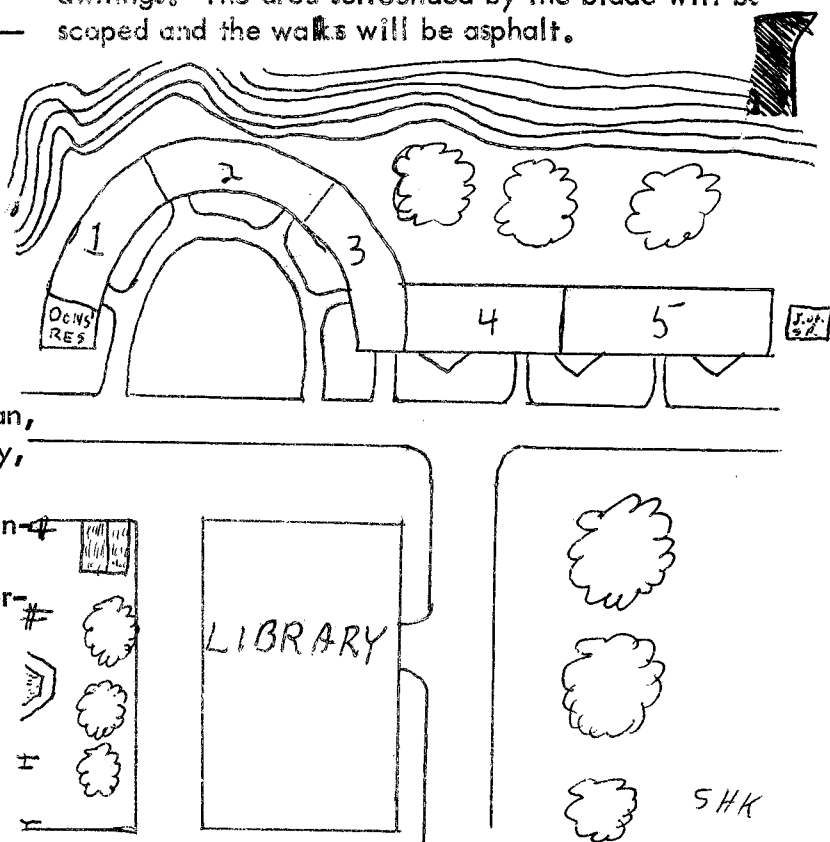
After five months, the new buildings are quickly approaching completion--well, on the outside-. As most of us know, the residences will look like a sickle handle.

The roof of the handle is on, and when the windows are put up and glazed in the next two weeks, the terrazzo, plating, and acoustics in the handle will be installed.

By the end of April, weather permitting, the roof of the blade will be poured. If all goes on schedule, the residences will be available for occupation by the middle of August, if anyone happens to be around.

When completed, the Residences will contain, in the basement a recreation room, a piano room, a rehearsal room, laundry room, and a few bedrooms, as well as mechanical, electrical rooms. The first floor will have five common rooms, one in each house. The second and third floors will contain most of the bedrooms, as well as the linen closets.

The entrances to the residences will be protected by awnings. The area surrounded by the blade will be scaped and the walks will be asphalt.



The blade will be so shaped so that the view from the valley side will give a beautiful view of the valley. The window on the north side will be of a "V" shape design--enabling a better view of the Campus.

The central services building is also progressing. They will soon be installing the boiler pads. By the end of the week the walls will be completed up to the first floor. After that, the plumbing and drains will be installed next week.

The electrical unit at the North entrance will have the footage installed next week.

## ANSWER TO WHERE IS IT

The office described, oddly enough, is that of Pro-Tem in the basement of Glendon Hall. Operative 93 points out that a final determination of Pro-Tem's status is not possible at present because of a serious deficiency in the waste paper basket department.

Operative 93 points out that Pro-Tem employs an old can for waste paper. In a stinging denunciation he takes Pro-Tem to task for deviating from the standard university receptacles. "While Pro-Tem insists upon using an old tin can," he says, "it is impossible to determine their true worth."

The editors of Pro-Tem assure their readers that they are aware of this receptacle problem and are taking steps to conform with accepted practice. At present we are undecided as to the style (mahogany with legs, as in Department head, or plain metal, as in others) and the colour (desert tan, or cayuse beige). Reader's suggestions would be appreciated.



Don't  
You  
Succ  
The

## C R E D I T S ! !

CONTRIBUTORS:      Sandi Bracken  
                         Sam Mungai  
                         Rob Bull  
                         Dean Tudor  
                         Dave Carruthers

REPORTERS:            George H. Rust'D'Eye  
                         Geoge F. Howden  
                         S. Howard Kaplan  
                         Rick Wilkinson  
                         Dave Alter  
                         Janet McQuillin

STAFF:

Editors                    Fred Gorbet  
                         Doug Hird  
                         Allan Millward

Spiritual Advisor      Harold J. Levy

Sports                    Dave Allen

Distribution            G. H. Rust-D'Eye

Circulation            Lillian Hale

Rewriting               Steve Barker

Mortician               Janet McQuillin

Printing                Mary Lynne Arneson

Art                        Joe Weiser  
                         George Rust-D'Eye

Typists                 S. Howard Kaplan  
                         Mary Lynne Batten

Cartoons by Base

PRO-TEM IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE STUDENTS OF YORK UNIVERSITY, TORONTO, CANADA. THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THIS PAPER ARE THOSE OF THE EDITORS, AND NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE UNIVERSITY STUDENT COUNCIL.

FOUNDED MCMLXII

T E N T A N D A      V I A