

BATHURST banner

MERRY CHRISTMAS
CHANUKAH GREETINGS
HAPPY NEW YEAR

VOL. 2 NO. 2

DECEMBER 1966

Through The Eyes of Tomorrow!

by Danny Epstein

"Through the Eyes of Tomorrow" is a television program geared to the Canadian teenager. On Sunday, January 8th at 4:30 p.m. it will start its second season on the C.B.C. national network.

The television ratings of last year showed that this low budget program had approximately 1 million viewers across Canada. The smallest percentage of these viewers live in the Toronto area where this program originates from. The strange thing about last year's viewers was that, even though it is geared to the adolescent, this show's most avid fans were women who were 55 years old.

School representatives from the Toronto area are used in the planning and presentation of this program. I am privileged to represent our school as a council member on the show. It is our job to think of things which not only interest ourselves but which will interest as many teenagers as possible for this program is televised "clear across Canada" and in some areas of the U.S.A. I am therefore open to any suggestions you have for this show (i.e. people you want to see on the show or a group which you think is different or exceptionally good), for it is my responsibility to air all suggestions, whether they are mine or yours, at our monthly meetings. If you think that this show is good

Anyone for Tea? (Dance That Is)

by Andy Sos

At 3:30 in the afternoon of Wednesday, October 26th "It" was supposed to "happen" in our school cafeteria. Whatever "happened" certainly wasn't "It". The occasion was the Commercial Club's Tea Dance for the United Appeal and the result as far as I could tell was a little short of an esthetic success. Not that it was the fault of the organizers because the dance seemed to be well planned with ample publicity, but the turnout was pretty poor. Thank goodness for the spirit of the Commercial and Technical students at this school because if it weren't for them no one would have showed up. But back to the actual event, the dancing, what little there was, was to the beat provided by Gord, Steve, Jim, Dave and Doug - The Ascots. They provided pleasant, danceable music which was good in that it was not too loud. I think the major fault besides the turnout was best summed up by Mr. Coffeng who, after staying a little while, said, "Why pay to get into a dance if you're not going to dance?" Hear that y'all?

or if you want to criticize it please feel free to come up to me and tell me.

Since this show is for you and it is up to me and other council members from other schools to make sure that this show televises things that interest you I am therefore appealing to you, the student body, to give me your ideas and criticism.

It's Time to Fight

CROSS WALK REJECTED

by Mel Borins

A few years ago in an election campaign speech one candidate promised that if he was elected he would get a crosswalk put in at Shermount Ave. and Lawrence Ave. This of course was just one of the many ridiculous promises which politicians give to attract the ignorant votes. He was never

elected but he stirred up much reaction among the students.

Now two years later we still have no crosswalk and no indication that we will ever get one. Recently I talked with Paul Godfrey the alderman of Ward 4 and he indicated he is solidly behind the idea. He wrote a letter to the Metro Traffic

Board requesting that a crosswalk be installed. His request was refused. I have just recently sent the following letter to the Metropolitan Transportation Commission.

December 9, 1966

Dear Sir:

On behalf of the students of Bathurst Heights Secondary School, I am requesting an appointment to appear before the Metropolitan Toronto Transportation Commission with a delegation from our school to discuss the construction of a crosswalk at the intersection of Lawrence Avenue West and Shermount Avenue.

For a number of years we have been unsuccessful in our

attempts to have this dangerous situation rectified. Mr. Paul Godfrey, Alderman for Ward 4 in the Township of North York, has also made overtures to the Metropolitan Toronto Transportation Commission on our behalf, but to no avail.

We, the students of Bathurst Heights Secondary School, feel this situation is serious enough to merit your prompt reconsideration before one of our schoolmates is seriously injured.

Trusting to hear from you in the near future.

Yours truly,
Mel Borins,
Mayor of the Student Council.



Photo by B. Cole

Blood Donor Clinic Succeeds

On Wednesday, December 7, 1966 our school undertook the important task of giving the "gift of life" to those who needed it. We are proud to announce that 247 pints of blood were donated by staff and students. Out of the 267 volunteers only 20 were refused for medical reasons.

On behalf of those who were in charge I would like to thank all those who provided the entertainment and those who assisted the Red Cross Nurses. Most important of all however, I would like to thank those who donated their blood so that some needy person may have a

chance to live.

I would also like to encourage those who are able to give blood but are a little on the timid side. There is no pain and no terrible after-effects, so the next time the blood bank moves into Bathurst please stand in "the line of life".

All Rallied to the Pep Rally

by Barbara Mlotek

I was walking down the hall, towards the rotunda when I started to hear music. It didn't take long for me to realize that half of the instruments that were playing was the student body.

The feet were stamping, hands clapping until they were a fire red and voices were as loud as any voices could be. This is spirit.

In the boys gym the whole school was gathered. This is one time in the year that you see everyone at once.

The school was introduced to the coaches of the team and the captains. After brief speeches the audience met the team. A thunder of applause was heard after each boy came running out.

Miss Theohar introduced the cheerleaders. The cheer-

leaders attempted in teaching the school some cheers. At first it was a timid bunch but it didn't take long before the gym roof was off its rafters.

The student body stood up and sang the school song with all the spirit and patriotism they have in them. This was the end of the spirit rally. But it didn't end the spirit for our school.

Bathurst meets U.A. Goal

by Cathi Mandell

Approximately one week, this year, was spent on school and class projects with the objective of collecting as much money for the United Appeal Fund as possible - Futile? - partly Fun? - of course.

There were twenty-two class projects in all. 2S9M had billiard games; 2S10N had a candy sale; 5A10G sold balloons; 5A11E lollipops. Popcorn was sold by 5A11G, 5B10B and 13F. After school 4S12B offered coffee to the night-school students - for a price naturally. A number of classes made their donations by trying to clean up the city - 5A10F washed windows, 4B10A washed cars, 4B10B a stable? and 5B11A shined shoes. There were contests and raffles; 5A12C and their marble guess, 5A12J who carefully prepared lovely costumes for a few lucky teachers, 13E's date with Miss Theohar and 5S12A prized baby-picture of Mrs. Elliott. 5A10H entertained us all during lunch hours by playing records, 5S10A showed the movie "The Silencers" and 5A12H who ended the week on an unusual note had the usual yearly Hootenany. Other classes were 5A10D,

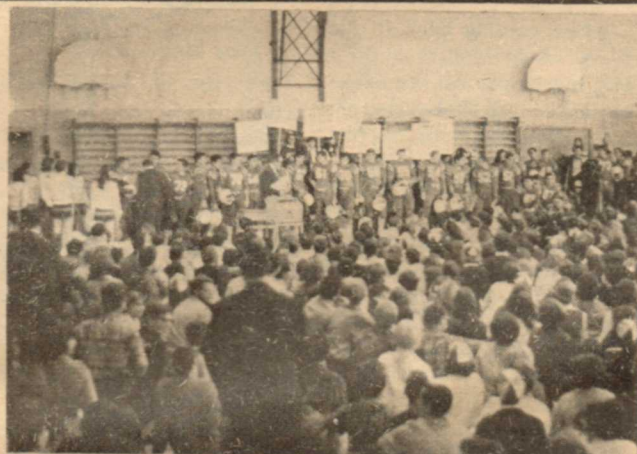
5A11D, 5A11H and 5A12F. A total of \$845.40 was collected from these class projects.

The grads-club had a name-the-bear contest after which it (the bear not the grads) was promptly kidnapped and returned (in return for a small fee). Prefects sold chocolate bars and other projects were Bingo, "Cat Ballou" and the school talent show.

(Since the talent is an annual highlight of not only the United Appeal campaign but the school year, I shall discuss it in length).

Danny Epstein and Howard Seiden emceed the show with a little of their own humour (Oh Boy!). The captain of the football team, Joel Kligman, sang and played guitar although it was quite hard to hear him (not that anyone bothered to try). Next a number of light-footed dancers trooped out on the stage. The New Canadian Rockettes? -- no, just our Bathurst Bears announcing their raffle. Representatives of the G.A.A.? - perhaps. Four girls did their interpretive dance to "I'M IN WITH THE INN CROWD". Dena Bain and Carolyn Fogle sang beautifully. Our mayor Mel - sang - loudly.

Continued on Page 2



AROUND THE SCHOOL

Students Council News

by Mel Borins

Some tremendously exciting news for everyone is that this year's school prom will be held at the Royal York Hotel on January 19th.

The new intra-school Bathurst Heights College Bowl looks like it will be a great success. I hope this original idea will be carried on in future years at Bathurst.

The dance with the Big Town Boys was a success in more ways than one. Along with the 600 people who showed up, the dance made a profit of over \$150.

The sweatshirts sold this year through the help of Ernie Singer made a profit of \$16. We would like to thank everyone who bought these sweatshirts and supported the school.

A committee will be set up to work on Centennial Projects for the upcoming year. Everyone who is interested will please contact Mel Borins as soon as possible.

We have a new kind of school ring which resembles the rings worn by high school students in the U.S. They will be presented in the upcoming weeks.

Prefects Hayride

by Bruce I. Cole

On Saturday, November 5 the prefects went on a hayride for the evening and then over to my house to warm up for a while. The weather was a bit nippy but it went off on schedule. We met at the doors to Bathurst Heights with five cars. Somehow through the six mile drive we lost one! Unfortunately Mike Eisen, Ruth Weinstock and Elaine Zuker didn't know how to get there alone.

The wagon we were on left a little to be desired. It was just a flat one with 155 horses (horsepower that is) to pull us. Everyone got thrown off at least once. Many, especially Susan Eisenberg and Peter George got a handful or two of hay down their backs. Jane Stanbury and Rosemary Caranci got misplaced so often on the ground that they spent half their time trailing behind the wagon. Eva Goldman lost one of her gloves on the torturous journey. Karen Freedman stepped into one too many mud puddles and almost lost her shoe!

After coming back to the barn we decided to build a big, big fire to roast marshmallows and hot-dogs on. John Biro displayed his fire starting techniques he learned in the "Rangers". Actually all we had to heat our food by was a pile of burning hay. The snack was accompanied by pre-recorded music. The treat of the evening was slightly burned pop-corn with marshmallow melted in it. All in all we had a tremendous time. And remember, "Practice Makes Prefect"

I hope to set up a committee to look into the reviewing and rewriting of our present constitution. Anyone who would like to help should place their name and form in the suggestion box or speak to me personally.

A committee has been set up to look into the purchasing of school blazers which would be bought by the school, and worn by all students who represent our school in all out-of-school activities. These specifically will be of great use to all music students. Nearly all the other schools have these blazers and it is about time that our school had them also.

It's about time that everyone stopped complaining about the cafeteria food and started doing something about it. If you dislike the food you are being served then instead of drowning in your tears, take it up and complain to the catering staff. Do not let them serve you stale or cold food. If you are paying for it then you as a customer deserve what you pay for. Don't let them push you around. It's about time everyone stood up for their rights and maybe then and only then the standard of our cafeteria food will improve.

Telephone

Mel Borins

During my campaign I suggested that another telephone be installed in the rotunda.

We informed Bell Telephone of our need and received the following reply:

Further to your recent request for additional coin telephone service for your school please be advised that we have reviewed the present location and are unable to recommend a second coin telephone. Our basic reasoning is the student body is using the coin telephone at an average of 26 times per day and we do not normally consider additional service until a demand potential upwards of 45 or 50 calls per day exists.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank you for taking an interest in the telephone service of your school.

Yours truly,
R.G. Kennedy
Sales Representative.

Security is...

by Mary-Ann

Security is Junior High School...

Security is watching your boy friend trying to dance with a girl who can't...

Security is reading a diary full of mistakes you made in the past and writing one full of mistakes you won't make in the future...

Security is knowing you can play baseball better than any boy on the block...

Security is knowing you've got all your homework done

SCHOOL ADOPT'S CHILD

Last year our school undertook "parenthood" of a ten year old Greek boy. In October we received the following letter from our adopted child, Emmanuel Polymenakos.

Piraeus, 5th Oct. 1966
From: GM.583, Polymenakos Emmanuel

Respected Protector,
Goodday to you!

I hope my letter will find you healthy and happy, many thanks for your kind help, it is a great relief to our poor many membered family consisting of five persons, unfortunately father is ill.

With this money I could buy the books I needed for the school, I go to the 3rd Class of the Elementary School and am a good pupil, I every day pray to God to keep you well, repaying your generous gesture.

Finishing my letter I transmit my family's best wishes and thanks and wait for a letter and a photo, please.

Respect and love,
Your protege,
Emmanuel Polymenakos



4512B SELLING COFFEE AT NIGHT SCHOOL

Continued from Page 1

What would the school talent show be without some good classical music - probably a lot better off but a few of our Grade 10 students tried it anyway. Rick Jacobs, Lindsay Horenblas, Barbi Reisman told of their secret ambitions in singing "IF I WERE NOT A STUDENT".

Dave Kreaden also offered us a little (very little) culture presenting his new ballet "Last Love on the Volga" with Vic Helfin, Sam Freed-

man and some wild maniac running around without his shirt on.

Joe Glass, John Stocker and Sol Silverberg sang "Long River". Bill Tredgold, who placed third, played a medley of songs on the piano. Jay Myers, who placed second, played "Tijuana Taxi". Chuck Anders fortunately the only one-man band in the show played "Want You".

The Nova Sounds, first place winners, consisting of

Jay Krieger, Jay Myers, Alan Shiner and Howie Silverman executed quite professionally that very popular Tijuana Brass Sound.

Edie sang "Exodus" and Bill Martin and Marty Rosenthal did "Summertime" and "Ferry Cross the Mer-cy".

Our Tymes (an animal band) brought a close to the show. "And this is the way the show ended not with a whimper but a bang."

by Andy Sos.

Trouble - For - Lunch

Andy Sos, mild-mannered reporter for the famous journal that he had just put down, leaned back in his desk and analyzed the facts of the crime: The Heinz truck was parked outside the cafeteria door when it was attacked by the arch-criminals armed with math sets, who drove off the driver at compass point. From then on it was easy work for them to abscond with the 15 cases of relish each containing 500 containers worth 2¢ a piece. The evil-doers then left without a trace. No-one could catch up to them.

After looking at all the facts and considering all the possibilities, Andy Sos slowly rose, walked out of his home room and down the hall to his stately locker in the New Wing. Following a mere three tries he succeeded in opening the locker. He then stepped in and disappeared from sight. Inside the secret compartment behind the locker he donned his emerald green Bathurst Heights sweatshirt, dark blue gym shorts, white sweat socks and running shoes; and the specially adapted football helmet with the antennae for communicating, a mouthguard with built-in breath freshener and chin-strap which doubles for a mean whip.

For unannounced to the world, Andy Sos was really

THE GREEN AND WHITE HORNET.

"Calling GREEN AND WHITE HORNET, Champion of the underdog, Defender of the innocent, et cetera! We need your help!"

It was the voice of the Commissioner of Prefects and snapping his side-kick, Kody, out of his daily fifth period nap, GREEN AND WHITE HORNET raced to the Prefect headquarters, being careful not to go the wrong way in the halls.

The way to the Prefect office went through the cafeteria and it was there that the GREEN AND WHITE HORNET noticed that too many students had smug looks on their faces. His brilliant deductive mind also noticed that all these students were eating the delicious cafeteria hamburgers and hot dogs without relish!

"Well GREEN AND WHITE HORNET, I guess you heard about the robbery but what you don't know is that the money is going to come out of the Student's Council Funds unless you find the culprits.

The GREEN AND WHITE HORNET crossed his eyes, dilated his nostrils, sat in the lotus position of Yoga and rocked back and forth. Trust-worthy Kody knew that this meant he had a lead on the case and that excitement and danger were coming up.

As the Champion of the Underdog, Defender of the innocent and so on, was walking down the hall with his side-kick (a distinctive way of walking) he smelled danger. Suddenly he heard a creepy creaking and three of the hall direction signs toppled from the ceiling. One stuck into the ground in front of him another landed behind him but the third flashed by his face and cut the mouth freshener off his helmet. OOOOOH! That made him mad!!

He picked up one of the signs and saw that the edges were filed to razor-sharpness. This could only be the work of the infamous F.R.E.D. (Ferocious, Rotten, Evil, Deadly) Gang who must have somehow escaped from behind the iron bars of the Detention Room.

Knowing that time was running short, the GREEN AND WHITE HORNET motioned to Kody to follow him and ran down the hall (the wrong way). As they came into the rotunda he saw them in their purple, yellow and brown jackets. (Cyechech!)

"Look Out!" their leader said, "It's the GREEN AND WHITE HORNET, the Champion of the underdog, Defender of the innocent, Worker of Miracles, Nemesis of evil, Idol of millions and Beloved of Girls! Kill him!!"

"Yes, 'tis I, GREEN AND WHITE HORNET, Champion of the underdog, Defender of Nemesis and whatever! You have not a chance! Surrender, vile fiends, for I have you surrounded!" the Great One said.

But they didn't listen . . .

POW! SMASH! KERPOW!

GREEN AND WHITE HORNET and Kody were back in the Commissioner of Prefects' Office. The Principal was also there to thank them for their magnificent job in annihilating the F.R.E.D. Gang and recovering the stolen loot. He said, "Hot dog, G & W.H. we sure relish you recovering this merchandise and we would like to reward you. What do you want?"

The GREEN AND WHITE HORNET said in his magnificent voice, "Principal, sir, I do not wish anything for myself because to see the best interest of the student body being served is reward enough for I. But I would request of the administration of this noble institution that the relish presented in our magnificent cafeteria should be done so graciously.

Once again the GREEN AND WHITE HORNET has struck a blow for the benefit of beautiful Bathurst Heights built by the bountiful banks of North York!

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One Math Morning

by Ruth Weinstock

My hand trembles when I touch the tip of my pen to the bit of yellow kleenex in front of me. The ink spreads out in a spidery web and merges into one blue blob.

When I walked to school this morning there was a tree. I took off my glove and put my hand on the cold, rough bark and looked high up through the lacy twigs to the sky. There is something sacred about a tree.

...Ridiculous. Me in a math class. Why must I be constantly reminded that I am stupid? The theorems flow all around me and push against me, but they never seep in.

This morning the wind was light and sweet and warm and the water tinkled down from the dirty, melting snow into the red brick and down the sewer. Patches of soft brown showed between the gray lumps of snow on the lawns.

A book slid off my pile and slapped against the floor. Bending down to get it, I felt sick and gray as the sky and all the morning aches flooded in.

The room is sterile and pale green like dispenser soap. All I ever do is daydream but it is hard to ignore the hard seat around me and the cold. The wind is sweeping through the windowpane and circling me in an ugly draft. And the people. Shifting, scratching, sighing. I delve into their thoughts and watch their eyes and their hands. They stare into the air or into notebooks covered with hieroglyphics.

How can anyone keep his mind in order, following from step to step, from number to number and miraculously pick the right answer out of the meaningless confusion of white chalk?

I can't stand this math class! It makes me so mad. There, I've said it. I'm so bored. How can I explain it? I don't think you can really ever write something so that people will understand it. No one can ever feel the same as you do about anything. But when you do your best to understand another person's point of view, try to

Notes and Quotes

1. Mr. Mulligan: Mathematics is a low form of cunning.

2. Blaise Pascal: The heart has its reason which reason itself knows not of.

3. Mr. Gillanders: Scientists don't say anything, and when they do, they make fools out of themselves. They just describe what's in front of them.

4. Don Zaldin: We don't really know how to add.

5. Mr. Weisz: We damn well do know how to add.

6. S. Ezer: Toronto is a city in which I would not want to grow old, for it offers so much to the young that it is difficult to escape envying them.

7. Mel Borins: The trouble is that nobody gives a damn.

8. John Ruskin: When we build, let us think we build forever.

9. Howard Szafer: What does the face mean anyway? It's what's behind it that counts.

10. Harvey Paternak: Every time a class tries to get some spirit, some teacher always comes around and knock them down.

Joseph Ezer.

think of what has brought him to say this thing, at this time, and really listen to him, not just hear the words because you have ears on your head, then....

But I am only daydreaming because there is a war, there is Napalm and there is Viet Nam. Why?

Somebody died just now. People die but you can never stop their ideas. It's like the idea that thought--not people--is the real world, the eternal world. If people could just understand each other. If they could all have one mind, so that their individual impressions and feelings wouldn't have to be explained: they would just know and understand immediately.

That's what a friend is. Someone who knows. Then I have one real friend. But it is a beginning and there will be no end.

The sound of the bell circles the room and we follow it out the door.

PSSC Course Educational

by Joseph Ezer.

The Physical Science Study Committee course is the grade thirteen physics course which is being widely taught in Ontario for the second year.

The PSSC course is the result of the efforts of several hundred people, mainly American university professors and high school teachers, over a period of four years. The project started in 1956 with grants from the National Science Foundation, The Ford Foundation, and the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation. During the summer of 1957, about sixty physicists, teachers, apparatus designers, artists, writers, and other specialists got together and the result was the model of the PSSC course. To be sure the new approach was right, the course was first taught experimentally. The comments and suggestions of university professors, teachers, and high school students have helped to revise the course.

The PSSC textbook is not a body of facts, but it is a process of understanding the physical world. There are no bold prints in the next which attempt to define the various phenomena in nature. The concepts of time, space, matter, and energy are not degraded to mere definitions, but by the end of the course the student gets a clear idea of what each is.

Although the textbook is the heart of the PSSC course, it is not the whole course. A lab guide and a set of inexpensive apparatus play an important role in the course. Aside from enabling the student to describe thoroughly a certain motion from a piece of dotted tape, the triumph of the lab part of the course lies in the fact that the student is able to measure, with simple equipment, the size of a molecule, the wave length of light, and the mass of an electron.

Where certain demonstrations cannot be conducted in the classroom, PSSC films have brought such demonstrations to the student. There are a total of about fifty-two films which have what Mr. Weisz called a "fantastically high quality."

A HUTTERITE COMMUNITY

BY Paul Bain.

At the turn of the century a devout Hungarian Hutterite immigrant decided that God had created man to love his brother. The best way that the Brotherhood of man could be perpetrated, he reasoned was if men lived under the same roof and there by began to understand each other better. Gathering his followers, this man with a dream led his compatriots to B.C. where a communal Farm was established. In later years this settlement was transferred to the present location in the vicinity of Kitchener.

There the one-hundred members of the kibbutz live in total immersion of their beliefs. As in many communal communities there is no individual possessions or wealth. Each person is given a small allowance for clothing and personal necessities. The amount received by the individual is dependent upon the extent of his needs not position. Each person has

assigned duties on the farm to earn his keep. The main productive pastimes on the farm are the raising of various cash crops, and the production of pure egg noodles. A large amount of the operating profit is reinvested into the farm.

Perhaps the most astounding aspect of life on the Brethren farm is the absolute isolation from the realities of the outside world. There is no television, no radio and only one weekly newspaper (they need something to wrap their fish in). No part is taken by the Brethren in the civic life of Canada. (I can't really blame them for ignoring Parliamentary Issues as they don't revel in scandal mongering as we do and that is all this Parliament has produced.)

There is no high school and the public school is imperivated by religious beliefs and principles yet through. A total disregard for modern fashion is expressed by the Women's ankle-length dresses and the attire of the men. (If a member of the Brethren attended BHSS he'd have to attend classes in the attendance office corridor.)

For one to leave the complexities of modern urban society and enter this world of crystal-clear simplicity is a striking experience. The aspirations for wealth, success, for satisfying relations with the opposite sex are all abandoned as one enters an atmosphere of amiability, where time is not a precious commodity of which there is always a shortage.

And reflecting upon the memories embedded in my mind of this visit I can't help but to wonder who I pity, Myself, or my gracious hosts at the Brethren Communal Farm.

anything, even about their class behaviour, but rather he asks them. He gets a "lot of enjoyment" out of teaching this course because it doesn't tell "half-truths" like the old course did. In accordance with his philosophy of teaching this course, Mr. Weisz thinks that "the politicians have proven their incapacity to govern the world and the literary culture consists of followers and commentary, and I believe that the future belongs to the scientist. I think God is a scientist."

It is unfortunate that more time is not afforded to the PSSC course. If more time was afforded to it, the whole course could have been covered as a continuous whole, as it was intended.

As for other science courses, Mr. Weisz said, "They are rapidly following in the PSSC pattern. The grade eleven physics course is based on the PSSC course. It's going to mean a big improvement when all the science courses are designed to emulate the PSSC

Mr. Know-All Advises

by Joseph Ezer

Dear Mr. Know-All:

I'm giving a party on Saturday night and I have a shortage of boys. What shall I do?

Suzie Simcoe.

Dear Miss Simcoe;

Call Manpower.

--Know-All

Dear Mr. Know-All:

According to the latest rule in school, (the latest as of the time I'm writing this letter), you have to smoke at least one block away from school. I live less than a block away from school. Can I smoke at home?

Peter Jackson.

Dear Mr. Jackson:

You're in a bad spot. This rule is designed to protect the good reputation of the school, namely, that they don't want all the wicked people smoking near the school to be identified with it. It will be alright for you to smoke at home only if you close your windows, close your blinds, and draw your curtains. Otherwise, you'll be damned and will burn in the fires of hell forever.

--Know-All

Dear Mr. Know-All:

I'm a nice Jewish boy and I plan to marry a nice Jewish girl after I get my university degree in East Mongolian studies. What do you think of my future?

Abe Mazeltov

Dear Mr. Mazeltov:

I see a flaw in your plans. You can't marry a nice Jewish girl if you'll be taking East Mongolian studies. The only time you can have nice Jewish girls looking at you as a potential husband is when you declare that you'll be studying to become a doctor, lawyer, or accountant.

--Know-All

Dear Mr. Know-All:

Let me describe my Physical Miseducation program for you. Every physical miseducation period I arrive late at the dressing room, because my previous class is in room 1984, which is very close to the gym, which means I have to go all the way around to get to the gym. I often manage to change into my gym uniform on time, but sometimes I don't and get myself a detention. For about twenty minutes I do things that I don't necessarily like. Most of the time we don't play games, and when we do, I spend half the time waiting for my turn because there are too many of us. Then I'm sent to the shower chamber to take a hurried shower, after which, feeling sticky behind my clothes, I hurry to my next class. As the exams near, I have my physical misfitness test. Without any previous preparation for it during the physical miseducation periods, I'm supposed to display maximum skill at that moment. The whole operation for the students in my group takes at the most two periods, which means they are tested as if they were products in a factory. So much for my physical miseducation. As for my mental miseducation, I have a one-period a week unhealthy lecture, in which I'm told to be a good boy, a good son, a good husband, a good father, and a good grandfather. Most of what I'm told is an opinion, but I have to accept it anyway. The unhealthy exam consists of two parts, multiple choice and essay. Every trick in the English language is used to have me make the wrong choice in the multiple choice, not mentioning the fact that about one-fourth of the terms tested in this part of the exam I nor my friends have heard about. In the essay part, I merely regurgitate what they want to see on my paper, even though I might disagree with it.

Johann Werther.

Dear Mr. Werther:

May I remind you that you go to school to do what you're told, say what you don't believe, be what you are not, and make enough marks to leave.

--Know-All.



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the banner

A school newspaper, partially sponsored by the student body of BATHURST HEIGHTS SECONDARY SCHOOL, 640 Lawrence Avenue West, Toronto 19, Ontario.

HOWARD SEIDEN, Editor-in-chief
MR. MARTYN, Staff Advisor
JOE EZER, Assistant Editor
PETER KELLNER, Assistant Editor

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1966

Freedom of The Press

Is it true that one in three teachers are not qualified to teach? Is it true that in the province of Ontario where there are some 550 secondary schools there are only 380 qualified practising guidance teachers? Is it true that examinations are geared so that at least 80% of the students must pass? Is it true exams are no longer and never were a competent method of showing a student's progress to his parents? Is school merely a factory where machines are produced? In this issue of the Banner we will try to answer some of these questions and many more.

I realize right now that no matter what evidence, facts or statistics we may present in the following editorials there will be some people who will refuse to believe and will advocate the termination of the Banner on the pretense that we are meddling in taboo territory. We do however live in a democratic society and as it is our right to express our opinions it is their right to oppose them. It is my opinion that anyone who would like to see the Banner banned be-

cause of what we print is highly small minded or that these persons must realize that the following editorials deal with them and therefore they cannot take the criticism. May I refer these people to a book by a strong advocate of freedom John Stuart Mill entitled "On Liberty".

In his book Mr. Mill states: "If any opinion is compelled to silence, that opinion may, for aught we can certainly know, be true. To deny this is to assume our own infallibility." He goes on to say that even if an opinion contains an error or is an error it also may contain a portion of the truth; and since few opinions contain 100% truth it is by the "collision of adverse opinions that the remainder of the truth has any chance of being supplied." Thirdly unless an opinion is vigorously and earnestly contested it will be held in the manner of a prejudice, by most of those who receive it and what better place for an opinion to be contested than in a newspaper where letters to the editor are always accepted and acknowledged. Lastly if opinions were never expressed

then their doctrine would be in danger of being lost and I feel all progress would stop.

In editing this page I have tried to cut out as many personal opinions as possible and print only facts. We are not discussing any particular school but education in general. When we speak of teachers we do not necessarily refer to those of this school but rather to teachers in general. I sincerely hope we offended nobody but rather help some people to realize there is a problem in our educational system and that something must be done about it.

We are running a newspaper and "The time, it is to be hoped, is gone by, when any defence would be necessary of the 'liberty of the press'" With this in mind read on.

Pep Rally

by Kathie Jackson

The apathy shown by the students of Bathurst Heights towards their school is a disgrace. Although willing to come to school each day, do their work, and perhaps join a club, they show little school spirit. The best illustration of this fact is the recent pep rally, held to raise support for the following football game. Everyone had been told to dress in the school colors, but few people wearing green and white were seen in the halls. Those donning their Bathurst sweatshirts did so just for the satisfaction of wearing this type shirt to school. Many considered the pep rally only as a good means of having shortened periods all day. It was they who tried to skip after the ninth period, generally without success.

The actual rally itself was a farce. Few paid attention to the introduction of the football team and cheerleaders. The attempt to get the crowd to cheer failed. When they were supposed to call out "Bathurst", many people yelled out "Losers", thus reflecting their attitude towards their school. In many cases, teachers looked more enthusiastic than their students. Mr. McDevitt and Mr. Hawkins were cheering, while all around them, people watched or talked amongst themselves. Before the conclusion of the singing of the school song, several people had already gone home.

The voices which should have filled the gym with the familiar tune were for the most part silent. How many of the students of the school even know the words to the song? I'd be afraid to take a survey. One phrase everyone should learn, and think about, is "In defeat or victory sweet, it's Bathurst Heights." Maybe then, we would have a better school.

not know why, when multiplying by a two-digit number, one starts the second row of figures one space to the left. Yet this process is taught in grade two. Mathematics is by no means alone in this fault. Teachers in other subjects grade essays on the basis of one fact - one mark. Others advocate the use of subjects such as Latin as a discipline for the mind, as if the brain were some kind of a muscle, to be strengthened by any kind of exercise.

The result of the mark system is the system of putting people into grades. This means that a student who is brilliant in some subjects and deficient in others may be failed so that he must take all his subjects again, his strong ones as well as his weak ones. He must repeat even the part of his bad subject that he does know. Far from encouraging thinking, report cards encourage the routine memorization of facts that pass exams. This has to be the result of a system that concentrates on marks instead of individual human problems.

Because the system is geared to the average student, the 20% that are above average are bored and frustrated, and the 25% that are below average are condemned to failure. This is not the purpose of education.

The Ontario Institute for Studies in Education's report should be a welcome step on the route to change.

Are Exams needed

by J. Ulli Diemer

The Ontario Institute for Studies in Education will release a report toward the end of May which condemns and suggests alternatives for our present exams, marking and grading system in education.

This is welcome news, because it is high time that our educational system examined its traditional policies in regard to marks and examinations. Are they necessary?

To a large extent, the answer is a resounding NO. The reasons given for their use are that they evaluate a student's achievement, encourage him to study, and determine whether he will be promoted. In reality, they do none of these things.

They do not measure success in achieving the most important aim of education, that of teaching the student to think creatively, to become interested, and to understand what is being taught. Instead, an exam tests a student's ability to put down on paper the mixture of facts and borrowed opinions he has memorized. In fact, our present system actually penalizes anyone who displays originality or creative thought in its claim that there is only one right method, only one right answer. Our schools are turning out flabby computers that operate with their memory tapes rather than their intelligence. For example, there are actually people in high school who do

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

As an interested parent, I am concerned and alarmed at the results of the first term exams now being released. Surely, such a high incidence of low marks clearly indicates that something is wrong somewhere. In many cases, of course, it is simply lack of preparation on the part of the student; but there are also many cases where students are working diligently but need a little bit of extra help or a few words of explanation on certain subjects. Too often this is not forthcoming from the teachers in question.

We all know, of course, how busy teachers are and we know some who give of their time generously when approached, but we would ask the others - who sometimes put students off with a "too busy" reply - to give a little consideration when approached in this manner.

Remember there are a great many students who are

not of the scholarship winning calibre but who are nevertheless working very hard towards that Honor Graduation Diploma.

A Concerned Parent

Dear Concerned Parent:

We are very glad to see that some parents are reading and taking an interest in our paper and would like to thank you for your letter.

As students we are also concerned about our first term results and we agree that there is definitely something rotten in Bathurst. It is supposed that the first term exams are set much harder than those of the second and third term so as to shock the student into working harder during the rest of the year rather than degenerating. This may be a good philosophy for some but certainly not for the majority. Many a tear have been shed in our hallowed halls over a failing English, chemistry or math

mark. It is certain that these are wasted tears and only cause aggravation to the student.

It should be noted however that rumors that parents hear from their children are often exaggerated and I am sure that far less people actually failed than what you were told. This is not to say we disagree with your letter because although many people passed many did so by the skin of their teeth or by dropping 10% to 15% from their last year's marks.

We also agree that many teachers give a negative reply when approached for extra help. We have found far too many teachers just don't care. They figure that they are overworked and leave school precisely at 3:20. We must also remember that there are many good teachers in our schools too, and to them we give our apologies for printing this page.

MISEDUCATION

OPIATE AND POISON

by Joseph Ezer

Education is defined as "the process of training and developing the knowledge, skill, mind, character, etc." To what extent does our educational system fulfill this definition?

Sir Richard Livingstone, the great British educationist, said, "The healthy human being wants to know what the world is like and what he should be and do in it. To help him in answering these questions is the one and only purpose of education. But that is not the prime aim of the ordinary pupils who is working for a certificate, scholarship or degree."

Richard J. Needham, The Globe and Mail columnist, has visited a dozen or so Ontario high schools. This is what he found: "They're ghastly places, a cross between a factory and a jail, bearing little relationship that I can see to real learning . . . There's no sense of leisure or of liberty; it's rush, rush, rush; do this, do that, do the other thing. And especially pass the examination, pass the examination. What's that got to do with education?"

Mr. Needham noted that the students are not treated as "individual people - each with a heart and soul and personality of his or her own - but as things to be regulated and controlled." An English and history teacher at a Toronto high school seems to be in agreement with him. She feels that she has been defeated by the regimentation imposed on her and on the students. "What I am doing has got nothing much to do with education."

A Toronto high school student remarked that, "The Ontario school system is geared toward producing mindless obedience in a regiment of non-thinkers, non-doers who are resigned to a life of dependency and whose collective goal is to coast to a soft, non-competitive job (e.g., hair-growth observer in a high school)."

John Rich, a university of Toronto psychiatrist, said, "My own view is that we must take into account what constitutes 'success' for the individual. The bright child who has been brought up in a democratic household measures success by his own ability to puzzle out problems and create new concepts for himself. All too often this is punished in the Ontario school system where 'success' is measured by the ability to regurgitate facts, or even (and I have considerable evidence for this statement) complete misinformation. The dull child, especially one who has been brought up to do as he is told and not argue does in fact 'succeed' in this system. In other words a great many of the students who drop out do so, not because they cannot stand the competition, but because they are not allowed to compete in the only way that makes sense to them, competing with their own standards."

In the Ontario school system there is a "standard success" - the examination. Success on an examination is equated with getting an education. And success on an examination involves the memorization of facts the week of two before the exams - facts that the student will forget within a week after the exams have been written.

For this, Rabbi W. Gunther Plaut of Holy Blossom Temple complained that grades, tests, and examinations as measuring devices "are not only false and misleading in themselves, but that they encourage students to memorize facts and get good marks rather than learn to think and get, or start to get, and education." And Sir Richard Livingstone has called the examination system an opiate because it makes people seem educated when they really aren't. He also called a poison because it paralyzes the natural functions of a healthy mind. He added,

"Examinations turn education into a savage competitive system. It ceases to be education and becomes a road to a career. Shakespeare is read not because he is Shakespeare, but because he is an examination subject in a syllabus."

He thinks that examinations are harmless only if society doesn't take them seriously. But how can it? The whole system has been "set up to get results in the form of marks, degrees, jobs -- and this means it cannot truly educate."

The result, as The Globe and Mail reported, is this: A brief prepared this year by Air Canada "stated that it is fairly common for secondary school graduates hired by the airline to be unable to spell correctly, solve simple problems in arithmetic or compose understandable sentences . . . the product of Canada's schools show poor analyzing and reasoning skill, are often ill-equipped to work in an organized way or absorb new information quickly and retain it and are apathetic toward continuing education."

But perhaps all these people are wrong in what they are saying about the system. Maybe, as a Montreal high schooler said, "The trouble with Canadian schools is the students. If there weren't any students the system would run much smoother. Nobody would bug the teachers and the Principal. Nobody would interrupt classes with stupid questions or make a disturbance during The Queen."

One often hears students saying, "I'm so busy making marks that I forget I'm here to learn." This forgetfulness is closer to the truth about our educational system. In a truly educational system there is a difference between learning and studying for marks - the former is a virtue and the latter, a vice.

The Teachers Fight Back

by Mr. D. McDevitt

My complaint would have made more sense to me a few years ago when students were even more uncritical and credulous than they are today, so my complaint has been tempered by time. But it is still there and becomes more rabid, pardon the phrase, every time a student in my class accepts statements at their face value. I think the situation has improved but there is still a way to go.

A healthy skepticism is helpful and necessary in History since the adage "Things are not what they seem" is especially true in this subject. New interpretations and emphasis are constantly entering the field of History to upset the old way of looking at persons and events. Not that the old is discarded completely; it is reshaped and revamped to meet new information.

To question the apparent, to find the real is everyone's task. Especially true in History, this concern has been underlined in recent news events. Have you noticed how many news events have said, in effect, "things are not what they seem?"

Mr. Seigney, the former Deputy Defence Minister, was seen one night swearing on his honour, his family's honour, that he only knew the lady socially. Then we are treated to the RCMP files which indicate that the matter did not stop there. And, after all, one may ask, how accurate are those files? Is the apparently true really true?

A little further afield, situations and policies which apparently were acceptable and lasting have been subject to considerable scrutiny. Remember when most Americans thought U.S. foreign policy in the Far East was a realistic assessment of the struggle between Democracy and Communism? Remember when almost everyone agreed that the issue was between Democracy and Communism? Remember when Batman was really "square"? You can make up your own list to underline the revealing times we live in.

So look around you, ladies and gentlemen. A little more scrutiny, a little more incredulity and healthy skepticism in the classroom. It's part of the times.



"He's a legend in his own time."

Are High School Teachers Qualified to Teach

By Jay Myers

At least one in five of Toronto's secondary school teachers is not fully qualified because he does not hold an Ontario College of Education certificate, says Morris Richardson, who is the field secretary of the Ontario Secondary School Teachers' Federation. He also said that 20 to 25 percent of the 2,033 high school teachers in Toronto do not hold an OSSTF certificate, which is granted to teachers who have the OCE, plus some experience.

But achieving this does not label the teacher as 'qualified,' for a teacher must teach, not tell, and this is one of the hardest things to accomplish. It still remains, however, that 1 out of 3 high-school teachers is unqualified in more ways than one.

In the realm of education, there are 'teachers' in the true sense, who not only have the basic requirements, but who also possess the tool of the trade--that of teaching. In order to teach, one must have a realistic and ethical attitude and philosophy to reach his students and thereby teach him. Logic, understanding, and the power of explanation are all a part of a teacher's make-up.

There are those who cannot do this even though they may be brilliant in their field. Just because a teacher knows everything there is to know in one particular field, does NOT make that

teacher qualified, and I'm sure that I speak for every 'Joe' student that ever walked the halls.

It must also be realized, that no system is perfect, and that an ideal student-teacher relationship is not always possible. In most cases, it is improbable.

Barry Lowes, chairman of the Toronto Board of Education, said in an article which appeared a week ago, that the "one-in five" ratio of only partly qualified teachers was a fair estimation.

He said one of the reasons for the lack of OCE graduates in Toronto secondary schools was a "brain drain" to the suburbs. This is a very serious problem and I get the feeling that the teachers' colleges and the Department of Education are not doing enough to educate teachers in how to educate us. I suppose if you took the number of teachers who are unable to establish contact with their students and the number of teachers without the required certificate, you might find the ratio to be 1 in 7, although I'm only guessing at that.

In all grades of any high-school, the student requires and demands a teacher, not a book of knowledge. I admire and respect teachers who have the knowledge of books and I also admire those who have achieved a high percentage in university but a student cannot be educated with just that.

The problem just won't be solved until the education field becomes more competitive," says Robert Brooks, a member of the Salary Committee of the association's Toronto district.

In a recent conversation with Barry Lowes, I discovered that all teachers do not necessarily enter the Ontario College of Education immediately on completion of Teachers' College. Therefore they do not receive the proper training in how to educate our young people. Instead they take this course during their summers while they teach during the year with, in most cases, an inadequate method and philosophy. In other words, instead of getting the proper training after Teachers' College, they immediately enter a high school without the OCE background. In some cases it takes a teacher two or three summers to complete this course and in most cases, his stu-

by Gabriele Ascenzo 5S10A

I tremble in my coat of love experiencing for one moment in seclusion the destiny of my triumph. In gay profusion of worldly deeds I steal the moments of mediocre pleasures, as the swirling waters of enchanted meaning caresses my invalid conscience. The whispering winds of knowledge echoes softly through the deep abyss of my cavernous mind. A murmur that means nothing, a whisper, a sigh, all in envy of my self-being. And as I recoil my tenuous arms of love and hate, I withdraw into my shell, my silent womb of rectitude and await for that unending time to come when we are HIS people and abide in quiescence and repose.

dents were being experimentally taught. Who suffers from this? Certainly the teacher may, if his method was found to be unsatisfactory by the students, but the students themselves suffer for they have to be educated. It is true however that no system could be improved if experiments weren't done, but this is going about it in the wrong way. Why isn't the OCE course enforced upon graduating teachers? This is not enforced because there seems to be no faculty of education on the campus to do it.

He also said that a major reason for the lack of qualified teachers and lack of future prospects for this profession, is a result of the salary, which in my opinion should be increased by one and half times of what it is now, and the present ideas of the community which in my opinion should take a firmer stand towards the betterment of our educational system.

In closing, I must conclude that there are 'unqualified' teachers in our high schools. Teachers must teach not tell.

To Deal With the Real!

by Mary-Ann

When I started on this Model Student kick, I thought I should interview two teachers of opposite sex that would, in my opinion say something constructive about the subject.

I also thought of making it hilariously funny (?), but Miss Perry one of my victims, saved me the trouble. She refused to take my quest seriously. My other victim was Mr. Holovaci, who doesn't want to be misquoted.

When asked about favouritism neither of them approved of it "for the obvious reasons." Mr. Holovaci has no favourites whereas Miss Perry has one. Beethoven's Violin Concerto in D?

His idea of a good student is one who is polite, courteous, industrious etc., etc., but Miss Perry's idea of a good student is....Alexander the Great. Her conception of an ideal student is "There's no such thing..." She also feels that the rules of popularity seem to work for those who are already popular, which is a little something to think about.

Mr. Holovaci feels that a popular student should have friends, a social life, and fairly good marks. His last comment on the ideal student was: "send me some..." Miss Perry's last comment was, "I prefer to deal with the real than the ideal!" Well....um.....

Something to Think About

Said one, "I planned an ultramodern home."
But a Hungarian woman whispered,
"I have no home at all."
Said another, "I dreamed of a country place for luxurious weekends."
But a refugee child kept saying,
"I have no country."
I decided on a new cupboard right now;
But a child of Korea cried out, "I have no cup."
I started to purchase a new kind of washing machine;

But a Polish woman said softly,
"I have nothing to wash."
I wanted a quick-freezing unit for storing quantities of food;
But across the water came the cry,
"I have no food."
I ordered a new car for the pleasure of my loved ones;
But a war orphan murmured,
"I have no loved ones."
--- Anon.

Attack on Marks

by Mary-Ann

As a member of a German and Latin option class, I am well aware of the pressures most teachers exert on us to aim for higher marks. They constantly expect us to do much better on tests than any other class and when we do not, they feel personally insulted.

I don't see why they expect so much of us. Most of us do not have any more scholastic ability than any other students; the majority of us merely have talents in languages. Teachers are also always reminding us that marks aren't everything and that what we learn is the most important thing.

After receiving a lecture on the "technical unimportance" of marks, I went to my next class. We got back some tests and the majority did quite well. Our marks were read out, contrary to our demands, and the teachers made some unnecessary re-

marks to the few students who did not do well!

Other teachers hand back tests in order of highest mark to the lowest which only further emphasizes the importance of a graded percentage. How is a teacher to say whether a composition is worth 82% or 84%? He can't. And if a teacher asks for your opinion on a test, how can he mark you wrong? If he does, he's merely saying it wasn't your opinion and how can he judge that?

In a district Junior High School, there are no exams, only surprise tests and if you ask the students about what they learned the second day they'll tell you. They told me.

I hope that the school system learns each year by the mistakes that are made, for if it doesn't, we are not merely standing still, but are slowly moving backwards.



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What's Happening In Toronto

by JUDY PAPERNIK

Now that everyone is ready to live it up, you are all probably asking yourself the age old question, "What are we going to do this weekend?" Well ask no more my friends, for the city of Toronto has the very best to offer.

Now that the cold season is upon us, the Yorkville Scene will be moving inside. The Riverboat Coffee House will be featuring such personalities as Tom Paxton (Nov. 29-Dec. 11); Eric Anderson (Dec. 13-Dec. 18); The Dirty Shames (Dec. 20-Jan. 1); and back for a return performance, Gordon Lightfoot (Jan. 3-Jan. 31). And here's something to note, there is a Hootenanny every Monday night, sponsored by the Toronto Folk Music Guild at the Riverboat.

For those who are interested in seeing live plays, the Hart House Theatre at the University of Toronto is presenting a series of very good plays. On Friday Nov. 25th, and running until Saturday Dec. 3rd, "Ondine" by Jean Giraudoux; "Edward II", by Christopher Marlowe, will be shown from Fri. Jan. 20th, to Sat., Jan., 28th. And finally "The Father" by August Strindberg, will run from Fri., Feb. 24th to Sat., Mar. 4th.

Coming to the O'KEEFE CENTRE, for two weeks is "At the Drop of Another Hat," starring Michael Flanders and Donald Swann. Anyone who saw this pair in the astonishingly successful "At the Drop of a Hat," a few seasons ago, or who listened to the recorded version of their nonsensical revue, will rejoice over their impending re-arrival.

Their material this time is all new and, I have it on the word of those who have seen it, that it is just as hilarious as their first show was.

"These two Oxonians have come up with a package of bristling bits of memorable epigrammatic humour sandwiched among 18 witty songs. In a personal idiom of light-hearted indifference, they captivated the (Boston) audience for more than two hours. Apiano, a floorlamp, and their intimate style are all that's required to pull off this educated divertissement." -- Variety.

There are so many great movies in Toronto now but there are a couple in particular worth mentioning.

"Is Paris Burning?", the Paramount film that stars 16 internationally known actors opened Nov. 10th at the Glendale Cinema. Based on the best selling book by Larry Collins and Dominique La-Pierre, the movie version was directed by Rene Clement. The huge cast includes Orson Welles, Charles Boyer, Leslie Caron, Alain Delon, Kirk Douglas, Glenn Ford, Yves Montand, Anthony Perkins, Simone Signoret, Robert Stack and Claude Dauphin.

A show that is already here "Hawaii" starring Julie Andrews, Max Von Sydow and Richard Harris, is an absolute must to see. If you can't afford to visit the real place, you can at least imagine yourself there.

If that doesn't keep you busy enough, there's always that great standby "The Toronto Maple Leafs" every Saturday night. But be sure to get the seats in front of some drunks from the visiting team's city -- THAT'S A SHOW IN ITSELF!

And if you're still stuck; Be sure to take a trip to Nathan Phillips' Square and "appreciate" the ARCHER or at least try.

BTB-4 BIG TOWN BOYS

WRITTEN BY Laura Kimel
TECHNICAL SUPERVISION
AND MORAL SUPPORT BY:
Bruce Cole

On Friday December 2, Bathurst held its biggest dance yet, featuring the fabulous Big Town Boys! "Out of sight!" and "Off the wall!" or any other such gear expression of our day could be used to describe this huge success, attended by over 600 people. The BTB-4 recently voted Toronto's top group in the After Four Pop Pole, came out with three sets of some of the best rock music you'll ever hear. Between sets top pop records were played. Highlights of the evenings were a dedication by Tommy Graham to yours truly, a seven-minute drum solo by Josh, and Celia Cornblower popping a garter. With music by the Big Town Boys, no dance could be a failure-ours was certainly no exception.

I had the honour of interviewing the group between sets. I found that they are not only excellent, talented musicians but are four witty, hilarious, down-right nice guys. After all the introductions were made, my technical assistant set up the tape recorder and we got down to business.

The original group was formed two years ago at a card game. "We discovered we all played a musical instrument so we decided to get together and form a group." Peter, originally with the Associates, came to the Big Town Boys while the two groups were on tour east. Their original organist had left and after hearing Peter and how good he is, he joined them, thus forming the Big Town Boys of today.

Tommy Graham is the leader of the group and plays guitar and sings. When he was a young lad, he attended Winston Churchill Collegiate and Santa Monica High. ("ancient history," quoth he). His hobbies are collecting many types of musical in-

struments, learning to play them and collecting stuffed wambats. ("You should see my blue and green striped one!") Tommy digs mod clothes as they wear really "wild" garb on stage and says it's alright for school "as long as it's neat." He thinks rock n' roll will last another decade and in the near future we should expect much music featuring the new 16 string guitar. Then music will go back to the big bands. (At this, the rest of the group chimed in humming bit tunes of Tommy Dorsey and Glenn Miller - two big swingers of our time.)

Penelope Penfold (alias Peter) plays the organ and "I sing a little." He attended De la Salle High and Holy Cross. In his spare time, he plays marbles, climbs mountains, and water-skis in winter. Since mod styles are "in", Pete says "do what you want but take a bath and wash behind your ears." For upcoming music he predicts music out of context on "free-form" and says rock'n' roll will last as long as there are teenagers. (Bravo, three points for you, Pete!)

Jimmy Little (alias Jimmy Arnt) sings and plays sax,

tambourine, gourd, cowbell, and a little drums. In his younger days, Jim attended Fort Erie High. He plays pool (not swimming) and is "wonderful" at it, to quote him. "For an entertainer mod hair styles can be long but neater and shorter" preaches Jim. Upcoming music will be the pure sound with an Eastern flavour perhaps featuring the sitar.

Josh Stonebreaker plays the gizzor and rib-snat and doubles on drums. He attended King Edward Public School, the Fitch Institute in Brampton, and Taxidermy Tech. He passed high school because he felt he didn't need it. For hobbies Josh collects fur-lined doorknobs and "makes skulls" says Tommy. While performing he wears granny glasses (perhaps due to the strong attachment to his mother) and really digs mod clothes because "it gives the men a chance to wear some color." New music, he predicts, will be electronic and synthesised with audio-frequency generators and some for vocals.

On the subject of their marital status, you'll be happy to know that Jimmy is single, Tommy is "definitely" single, Peter is single,

"in fact, lonely" and Josh tells there's "nothing in sight."

Since you all enjoyed their music on Friday in the evening, I'll be glad to inform you that their new single should be out in January with an L.P. following. If you want to see them perform you can go to W.A. Porter High, December 22nd and New College on December 16. Also there's been talk of a trip to Hawaii (if you happen to be there look them up) but nothing definite.

As the tape slowly rolled to its end Tom wished "to thank everyone for a real nice reception" and Jimmy says "keep brushing your teeth." From Pete: "don't swear and keep those cards and letters rolling in." Advice from Josh was "watch Roger Ramjet" and on a more serious note "I'd like to thank my music teacher Mr. Kosnoffsky for making all of this possible."

For more on the Big Town Boys write to their fan club:

Big Town Boys
c/o Karen Howe
1940 Yonge Street
Toronto 7, Ontario.

and keep your eyes and ears open for more personal appearances.



The Folk Corner

Joni Mitchell writes her own songs. Her lyrics are beautiful and sensitive. She has an excellent sense of humour; her guitar playing is only slightly better than average but different; her voice range is excellent. It has the tone of a well-played violin.

This year has been very eventful for her. She started at the Mariposa Folk Festival relatively unknown and after the end of the festival she was being touted as its prize find. Tom Rush has recorded her "Urge For Going." Buffy St. Marie and Ian and Sylvia will be recording her "Circle Game." She has an album now being produced. She has played two club dates in Toronto, the first being at the Seven of Clubs in September and the second at the Riverboat in November. She has been on several folk-oriented T.V. programs: Let's Sing Out, Chansons,

etc. International recognition may be just one step around the corner. It should be.

RIVERBOAT

Tom Paxton finally made it to Toronto. His appearance here is his first in five years. His songs are written for people. They are easily understood. His topics are not hidden in obscure images like Bob Dylan's and Phil Ochs's recent works.

At his appearance at the Riverboat he sang songs about his ramblings, the inhumanity in the world, love, and also a song satirizing American Vietnam policy. It is called "Lyndon Johnson Told the Nation." He dedicated this song to the many American draft dodgers in Canada.

I just hope his next visit to Toronto isn't five years from now. This man has so much to say about what is happening in the world today.



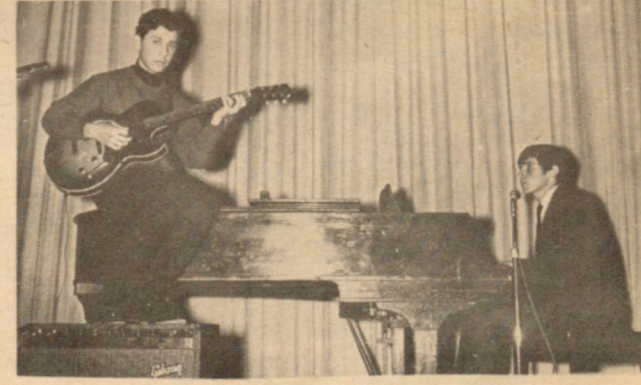
TALENT SHOW

Well the Bathurst Talent Spectacular is over for another year; the judges have made their decisions and handed out their awards but like everybody else I have my own preferences and opinions which I would like to impart to you. First of all I feel that the present method of judging is not fair to the contestants involved because it's like pitting Monty Rock III against the New York Philharmonic under the direction of Leonard Bernstein. There should be in future a system of categories such as Folk Music, Popular Singles, Popular Groups and Miscellaneous to give every one a fair chance.

In my first category, Folk Music, I picked That's Right-that's right the trio of Sol

Silverberg, John Stocker and Joel Glass who harmonized ably on the Pride of Man, down Lightfoot's "Long River" and didn't give a damn about a "Greenback Dollar". Next, I liked the pupil's mayor, Mel Borins, who sang two of his own songs and Joe Kligman who tried hard. (Chuck Ander, although he doesn't go to this school, sang two good Dyl anesque songs.)

We move next into the field of Popular Music Singles and Doubles. My choice here was Jay Myers, whose toe-tapping trumpet treatment of "Spanish Flea" and "Walk Don't Run" was really pleasing to the ear. Also great and original were Bill Martin, who plays a mean piano and Marty Rosenthal on



groovy guitar. Another pleasing piano sound came from Bill Treadgold. Singing up a storm were Deena Bain and Carolyn Fogle (accompanied by Ellie Coleman), who had a great bilingual version of "What Now My Love?". The other voice heard was Edie Schmisloritz, who really belted out the Exodus theme with the accompaniment of Al Shiner.

The next category is Miscellaneous and here I had two favourites one of which was not even entered on the judges' list of contestants. I am referring here to an amusing act put on by Mel Borins, Lindsey Horenbliss, Barbi Reisman, Rick Jacobs and Bill Martin. Of course, I preferred Barbe's part of the act and watched it very



closely both times that I saw the show but that's immaterial. The other item that I and most of the spectators present found amusing and original was the exclusive engagement of the Bathurst Bolshoi Ballet Company's "Love Lost on the Volga"

Record Collectors

SEE

RECORD WORLD

AD ON PAGE 9

EXPO - BOUND IN 1967

It will unfold over 1,000 acres to the world. And on this land will be portrayed the theme of the exhibition, Man and His World (Terre des Hommes) in each and every one of the pavilions, be they national, international, industrial or thematic. Make sure to put Expo on your agenda next spring. We're sure you'll want to after you've read this feature.

SEE YOU AT EXPO

We are Canadians. And we are proud of it. All Americans really know about us is that occasionally we send a cold air mass down their way. As far as they are concerned we export cold weather!

Well, we do not export cold weather; we import dependency on our southern neighbors.

But next April, Canada will stand alone - for success or failure - as Expo '67 opens in Montreal. Canada's future depends on the success of Expo - and its success depends on you, and every Canadian.

Expo '67 will give world travellers the opportunity to see Canadians do not live in igloos, that we do not drive dog sleds through the snow; but are able to see Canada as it really is.

Expo is situated on a thousand acre site within the Montreal harbor, utilizing the St. Lawrence as a magnificent setting and Montreal's skyline as a backdrop.

Canadians will be the hosts of the largest exhibition - not 'fair' - in the world. Over 70 nations will be present and have the chance to show to over 30 million people the traditions of their past and their hopes for the future.

The theme is "Man and His World" which will be displayed in pavilions, shown in theatres and demonstrated throughout the Expo site.

Instead of blowing cold air let us make things warm for our southern neighbors - help Canada celebrate Canada's 100th birthday - be on hand at her party to the world. See you at Expo.

THE WORLD OF YOUTH AT EXPO

A pavilion designed to reflect the world as seen by today's young people will be the major highlight of youth activities at Expo '67.

The pavilion, containing an amphitheatre, indoor theatre, restaurant - discotheque and a theme section, will get underway shortly.

From his office on the 23rd floor of Place Ville Marie in Montreal, Malcolm Scott, a 25 year-old graduate of the University of British Columbia, guides the pavilion and all other youth activities at the 1967 World Exhibition. Malcolm gets ideas from the Youth Advisory Committee, an organization composed of representatives of 23 world youth groups. What came out of all these recommendations is basically what goes into the final pavilion.

But aside from the actual structural features of the pavilion Malcolm has planned many other activities. An international film festival made up solely of entries

from young people will be one feature, along with musical competitions, literary competitions, sculpting and painting exhibitions.

As far as possible everything concerning the pavilion will be done by persons under 30.

The building will be of ultra-modern design - light and airy. An outdoor area (the Agora) will be surrounded by the theme section, a series of interconnected hut-like structures. Inside they will contain films and photo essays which reflect the world of young people.

The Agora will be open to the elements and will contain within it two structures, a 200 seat indoor theatre for live performances, concerts, film programs, meetings and live CBC youth programming, and an amphitheatre for band concerts, Shakespearean productions, pop concerts and what have you. The Agora will also be used for outdoor art exhibits.

The Cafe Dansant will be a combination discotheque - restaurant where you can eat

WHAT DO CANADIANS KNOW ABOUT CANADA

The new year is just approaching, and as Canada's centennial it will, in all probability, evoke patriotic sentiments in our midst. We will boast of our unique Canadian Heritage and proclaim in hollow chauvinistic talk our concern for Canada's well-being and independence. So, if while attending a Centennial celebration on July 1 you notice a skeptic bursting into fits of hysterical laughter, please forgive me.

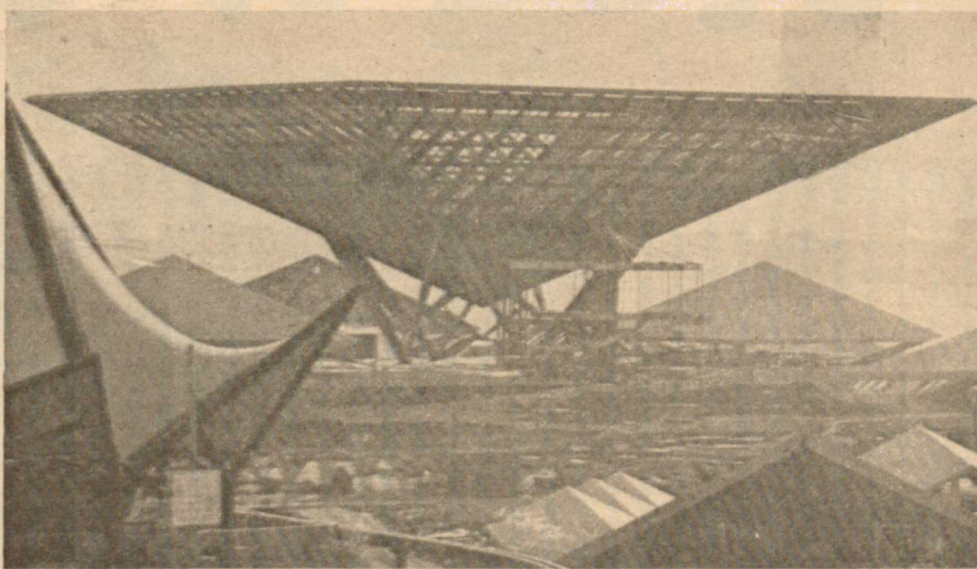
No matter what we, the Canadian Public may be led to believe, the only uniquely Canadian cultures emanating from within this country are generated by our original settlers, the Indians, and by the French-Canadian segment of our population.

The rest of the nation is subject to the permeation of American culture through the devices of mass media. Today television is the greatest existing medium for the dissemination of culture and knowledge. Unfortunately, this culture is American and the knowledge is of the United States. Subsequently, Canadian affairs are relatively obscure.

The following figures represent a poll taken to gauge the knowledge of Canadian and American Politics of a typical Grade 12 Arts and Science class.

QUESTION:

1. Who are the governors of New York and California? 85% Students Correct.
2. Who is a senator from New York? - 90%
3. Name the American Secretary of Defense? - 75%
4. What name is President Johnson's wife commonly referred to as? - 98%
5. Name the Mayor of New York City? - 55%
6. Name the Premiers of B.C. and Manitoba? - 23%
7. Name five NDP MP's? No student could state 4 or 5; but 10% knew 3 NDP MP's correctly.
8. What is the first name of P.M. Pearson's wife? - 4%
9. Who is the Canadian Minister of Defence? - 20%
10. Name the Mayor of Montreal? - 20%



and dance into the wee hours of the morning. There will be open areas around the pavilion for roasting hotdogs and marshmallows while you sit around and sing folk songs, talk about the world's problems, read poetry or just relax.

A paradise for young people is the way the Youth Pavilion is being described around Expo circles.

In the course of compiling this poll I learned many new and wonderful things. Did you realize Val Scott is the best known NDP Member of Parliament. The students responded to the tenth question by giving Robespierre a majority as Mayor of Montreal. In a second place tie, far behind, were Toe Blake and Jean Drapeau.

I cite this poll as an example that Canadian issues are indeed being obscured by those of our powerful neighbor to the south. Of course we can't force people to stop watching Huntley and Brinkley; however, we can promote interest in Canadian politics and the great derision facing our people today. The live television broadcasting of Parliament in action will lead us along the path to this end; however, we must find another media for giving Canadian Youth an education in Canadiana. This instrument is political clubs in our schools which would give students a chance to understand the problems facing them today and would cultivate the seed of interest from which could sprout a well-informed Canadian Public.

Paul Bain.

YOUNG ONTARIO AT EXPO

What does Ontario look like through the eyes of an eight-year-old? Children have a way of presenting the world in a different outlook than adults and this is why the Ontario government decided to open their Pavilion at Expo '67 with an exhibit of fifty such paintings.

Suspended from the ceiling and measuring six by eight feet each, the pictures are blown up copies of watercolors done by public school students across the province.

The second exhibit is aimed at the teenage group and it takes a new approach at explaining career opportunities available today. Five automated manikins, surrealistically dressed in garb pertaining to their fields, take visitors on a brief tour through their chosen vocations either in English or French. The speakers include: Mr. Businessman, Mr. Laborer, Miss Art, Mr. Scientist and Mr. Athlete.

Completing the Pavilion's youthful side will be a collage of items used in everyday life by Ontario's million plus young people under 21. Tires, radios, magazines, school books, watches, cars, bicycles, hair brushes ad infinitum will be hung within a metal frame to form a large chamber. In this chamber, which will hold about eight people, will be two screens which will have two short

films projected on them.

The two films are almost opposites in their themes. One is along the Go-Go mood, a fast moving picture of life in the Village area of Toronto. The other is more pensive and serene, reflecting the goodness of youth - walking through a park with your girlfriend on a beautiful summer's afternoon. Both were filmed by award winning Torontonians Chris Chapman for the Ontario government.

Other exhibits will have a distinctive youthful flair - consistent with the new image that the Department of Economics and Development is presenting to the world.

There may also be a type of discotheque included in the Pavilion, but even without this there will be special youth activities planned during the Exhibition. The sculpture and art decorating the grounds will be modern and out of this world. Even Michael Snow's "Walking Woman" will get a featured position.

Ontario, like the other pavilions, is looking for hosts and hostesses to guide visitors through the Snake-like pavilion and most of these will be recruited from universities across the province.

Thus Ontario helps swing the focus on youth at Expo '67.

Greeting the World as a Host or Hostess

The World Exhibition's Student employment program to get young Canadians from various parts of the country interested in working with Expo got underway.

The qualifications for Expo Hosts and Hostesses, as well as for the individual province and the federal government which will also require young men and women, are stiff but a challenge.

You must be between 20 and 26 (though in some cases mature' 18 or 19 year-olds may be considered), have a senior matriculation (a minimum) or better still be in university or a university graduate, and most important, be bi-lingual - even multi-lingual. You must be attractive, physically fit, pleasant, intelligent, neat and want to work hard. A prerequisite for working in the Ontario Pavilion (or any other provincial pavilion) is that you must be a resident of the province, though not necessarily have been born there.

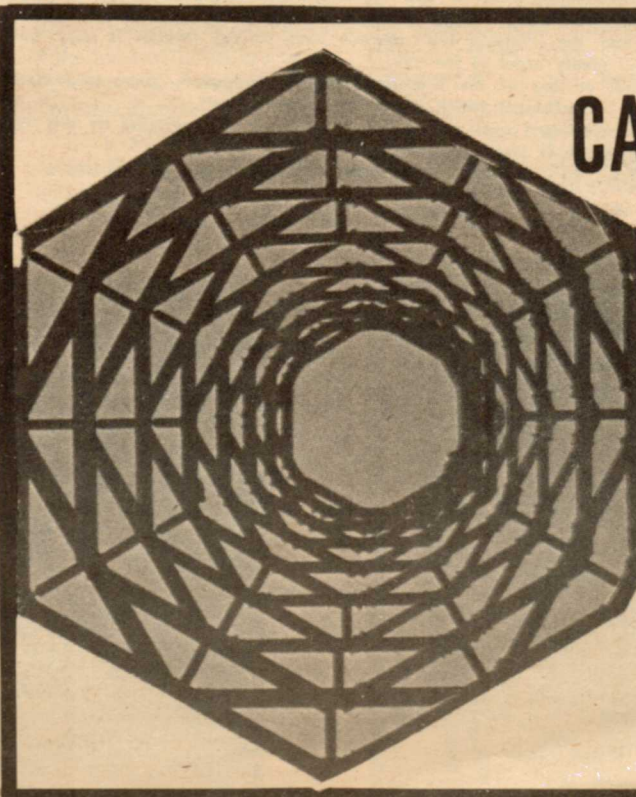
Most of your expenses will be covered and for your forty-hour week you will receive about \$80, free room and board, and travelling expenses.

Hosts and Hostesses will have many jobs. They will man exhibits, guide visitors, show VIP's around Expo as well as represent the quality of young people in Canada to foreign visitors.

Final selections of Ontario hosts and hostesses will take place in January or February of 1967.

Expo selected hostesses in September and training is expected to begin in mid-February. The ten-week course will consist of grooming and deportment, protocol, etiquette, handling of visitors, first aid, complete information on Expo in addition to review courses in Canadian history, geography and economy.

Special arrangements have been made to allow students attending university to complete their work while Expo is in progress from April 28th to October 27th.



CANADA'S PAVILLIONS

Quebec's glass and steel will "float" over a pond of clear, reflective water.

Ontario's Pavilion has been compared to a snake coiled around a forest of evergreens. But looks are deceiving as you will discover when you visit Expo.

The Maritimes will join their efforts to, among other things, construct a fishing schooner and will sail it away on closing day.

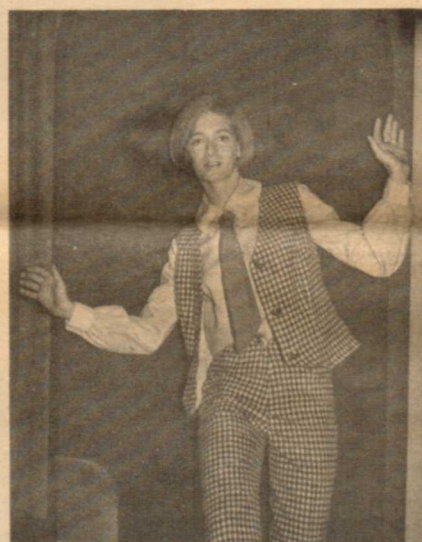
Another joint pavilion is that of the four Western Provinces, which resembles a cross-section of their re-

gion - A large mound with evergreens (B.C.), smaller mounds (Alberta) and flat plateau (Saskatchewan and Manitoba).

Canada's national contribution is highlighted by the ten-storey inverted pyramid known by the Eskimo name "Kitamavik" - meeting place.

Only two years ago there was nothing in the middle of the Saint Lawrence but the forested area in the centre of the picture. Now more than 1,000 acres sit ready to bloom their hundreds of pavilions.

Poise 'n Ivy



STROLLING THROUGH POISE'N IVY

Here ye! Here ye! all nature lovers, you need not venture into the woods to catch "poison ivy". There's a patch situated in our very own district. Just wander into the Lawrence Plaza at Bathurst and Lawrence and soon you will become infected with it. It's a contagious disease and is effecting the whole of Toronto.

Yes, I am talking about Toronto's newest fashion haven the "Poise'n Ivy" Shop. Clientele both young and old on entering this "boutique" are discovering a new world of fashion. The coarse-grained wooden walls add to the forest setting which enhance any individual. The long deep room creates a mysterious mood.

Along the shop's walls is found a menagerie of stunning clothes which delight the younger and older generation. Formal, casual and sportswear find their home here. Gowns, pantsuits, hipster skirts, tent dresses and other apparel appeal to one's eye. Colours a neon orange, gold, violet, copper and hot pink add to the fantasy created within. Not only does the Poise'n Ivy have teenage swinger's clothes but also articles for the career-minded woman. The apparel is fashioned for the young at heart and in spirit.

One of the most revolutionary ideas in the fashion world is to have a skilled designer on hand. The "Poise'n Ivy" has not one but two designers on the premises. For those who are particular or difficult to fit, a costume can be styled to your taste.

For the "mod" or total look, jackets, sweaters, skirts, and stockings, create a harmony from head to toe. Because of the demand for fish-net stockings, the "Poise'n Ivy" has a more than sufficient stock on hand. For the "teener on the go," wild paisleys, prints and loud coloured clothing can be purchased at moderate prices. But for the more conservative adult there is a wide selection of suits, dresses and sportswear, according to one's own taste. There is also an ample selection of stylish clothing from a petite size five to a larger size twenty.

The management of the "Poise'n Ivy" is always open for suggestion and their aim is to please the public. So if your wild over one of the upcoming fashion crazes, and the "Poise'n Ivy" doesn't have it Yet (which is very unlikely), the store will gladly order it for you.

But on top of the fine array of high-fashioned, guaranteed clothing is the feeling of cheerfulness which exists in the store itself.

In closing, I must admit that I too have been effected by this "Poise'n Ivy" epidemic which is sweeping our city.

P.S. 25% discount on dresses, suits, coats and sportswear.



Teacher of the Month



The writer wishes to remain anonymous

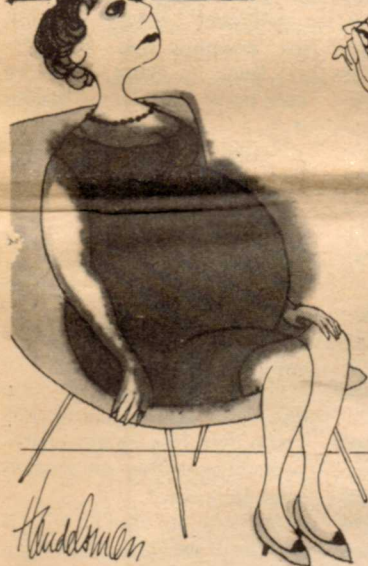
This issue of the Banner Staff unanimously elected MR. SPENCE as Teacher of the Month. When told this he said, "I'm appalled."

When Mr. Spence graduated from the University of Western Ontario in 1951 where he studied Journalism and Philosophy, he came to Bathurst Heights in January of 1958 as an English teacher. Previous to this he was an education reporter for the Toronto Telegram. He was doing a story which required him to teach and he liked teaching so much that he became a teacher.

Mr. Spence feels that as an English teacher he teaches not only the subject, but himself. When asked if he learned from the students as well as his students learning from him he said, "If I didn't learn, I wouldn't teach."

The Bridge Club and Film Club are supervised by Mr. Spence who (as a point of interest to our Banner readers) formed the Banner in 1960 from its predecessor "The Student Prince".

His out-of-school activities include skiing in the winter and swimming and camping in the summer.



"My diagnoses are seldom wrong, Miss Fern—and it's my opinion that you are either pregnant or have swallowed some large object."

La Neuvieme Nuage

Gloria Smider 5S10A and Lee Coulman 13J

They whisper about it in the halls. Stunted, muffled, utterings are heard and short suspicious glances are cast towards it. Everyone senses the tension, and growing anxiety until all present are in a violent state of apprehension. And then it happens. Very slowly a door opens, to reveal at last, the never before revealed secrets behind the mysterious door marked - CLOUD NINE - Projection Room. The next few paragraphs containing the facts relating to Cloud Nine, were written by Lee Coulman, head of the sound crew.

The audio crew as it is constructed today was formed by two hard-working grade eleven students, three years

ago. These two had decided that, 'the best way to spend the school day was away, from class that is.' So as a result a new classless society was conceived out of necessity. This group which has now grown into a living intellectual community called "Cloud Nine" shows all the traits of being a big success. (After three years, it should . . . Ed.) Of course, the group has been bothered with such things as: assemblies, dances, basketball games, football games, Green & White Night, Music Night, School Show, Talent Show, more assemblies, commencement, and even more dances, but they have managed to bridge these events with the greatest of dispatch and the least amount of troubles. Beyond these functions the crew has also helped the lighting and stage crews by providing "beverages" at the

Bat Hurst and Robin Versus Batub and His Ring of Dirty Villains - or - How To Take a Bath Without getting Wet

by Jay Myers - 5A12H

It was a quiet day in the Queen City on the morning after the night before; the moon was shining brightly and the clean fresh air was everywhere. But wait. Something is wrong. The streets are empty and the people seem to be frightened. It smells like a dirty deed. What unforsaken criminal has dared to return to the Queen City? Could it be the Riddler? Could it be the Penguin? Or could it be Mr. Deep Freeze? What ghastly fiend has dared to pull the rings over our eyes? Can Bat Hurst and Robin save the Queen City from this wave of evil? Only time will pass and we shall see what we can find out.

We now switch you to the commissioner's office where the phone is about to ring.

"Answer the phone sergeant."

"Right chief. Hello, this is the commissioner's office, Sergeant Tap speaking. May I help you?"

"Help, help. Someone has lifted my bathtub plug. Now I won't be able to take a bath."

"It must be the fiendish work of Batub and his ring of dirty villains. Hey chief, Batub is back in town again and he's draining the city of all the bathtub plugs."

"Okay sergeant, you know what to do."

"Right chief. To the Bat phone."

As the sergeant pressed down on the phone, a loud buzzing sound was heard, which resembled that of a busy signal on a normal telephone for the Bat phone was no ordinary phone. Blue flashes of light were seen coming from the front and sides of the phone every time the noise was heard. This morbid distress call was being sent directly, by means of an underground cable, to the Mortgage Manor Estates. There, in the calm of the morning, was Alfred who was dusting the furniture. By some unexplainable reason, he turned his head around and immediately caught sight of the flashing signal. He rushed over to the phone, but not before he stumbled on

school show at only a slight profit to themselves, and according to the other crews it was a 'sound' investment.

This year the crew has been recruiting more members. These were selected on an unbiased basis with preferences given to the five year technical students. The audio crew would also like to extend an invitation to those students not necessarily in the technical course, who are interested in taking on the responsibilities involved in keeping Cloud Nine a big success.

* * * *

Note:

"Cloud Nine" was derived from sarcastic remarks by the conductor of the Royal Military Band when it appeared here two years ago.

Robin's roller skates. He quickly picked himself up off the floor and grasping the phone in his left hand he painfully replied . . .

"Hello, Alfi here. What seems to be the problem?"

"It's Sergeant Tap, let me talk to Bat Hurst. It's extremely urgent so hurry. Batub's back in town and he's up to his old tricks."

"Okay sergeant, I'll get him. He's in the bathroom taking a bat, but he'll be out in a minute." In a deep voice Alfi yelled . . .

"Hurry Bat Hurst, it's an emergency. It's urgent too."

"Hokay." Replied Bat Hurst in a calm manner.

In one minute and twenty seven seconds, Bat Hurst was coming out of the bathroom wearing a batowel. He rushed over to the phone, but not before he stumbled on Robin's roller skates. He quickly picked himself up and painfully replied . . .

"Hello, Bat Hurst here. What seems to be the problem?"

"It's Batub again sir. His ring has ganged up again."

"Did you get that Robin? Do you know what this means?"

Robin was listening to the conversation on the extension in his room. He has a very bad habit of doing that. With the sound of Batub's name, Robin quickly jumped out of bed (his phone is only a foot away) and ran into the next room, but not before he stumbled on his roller skates. After picking himself up, he yelled out loudly, because most people do . . .

"Holy ring ading ding. Now no one will be able to take a bath. What a dirty thing to do."

"Right Robin and in more ways than one too. Allright sergeant, we'll be over as soon as we get there."

"Right Bat Hurst. That sounds pretty definite."

In four minutes and eleven seconds, Bat Hurst and Robin were ready to assume the responsibilities of tracking down Batub and his ring of dirty villains. In six seconds, the secret foldaway panel doors revealed the fantastic, gigantic, immense, realistic, and stupendous Bat Cave, where Bat Hurst and Robin have spent many hours in the quest for truth, justice, and the Canadian way.

Their red and purple cloaks fluttered in the current of air as they slid down the gold flecked pole to their destination. Their hard soled boots, trimmed in red and green, broke the silence of the mid-morning air, while their footsteps resonated through every molecule of it. The click of the super V-12.7 dynamic solar valve resonator atomic thrust adapted car was to be the starting point for Bat Hurst and Robin in their quest for Queen City's number one enemy.

The wide black tire marks on the white crystalized marble floor was all that remained, as the Hurstmobile zoomed out the rear entrance which is also used as the exit considering it's in the rear. But on the other hand, it can't be an entrance since it's called an exit. So as I was saying, the dynamic duo zoomed out the rear exit towards their destination.

In eight seconds the doors

were locked and the Bat Cave was once more a silent chamber for the quest of law and order.

Meanwhile, back at the secret headquarters of Batub, we find his dirty ring plotting some evil actions. There amidst the light of a 51.3 watt bulb, was that fiendish maniac, who was sitting at the head of an oval shaped horse-shoe designed meeting table. Little do they know that their equal is pursuing their tracks. Little do they know, that Bat Hurst is after them. Little do they know. What uncalculating thoughts are going through the minds of these madmen? Will justice prevail or will it be covered up by these bad men?

And now we tune in on the conversation of the Queen City's number one enemy.

"Well gang, it's like this. We only have 99 plugs, but we must pull another one. We just pull the job of the year. Then I'll go clean. Then I'll wash myself from this life of crime. But first we must plan our course of action, see."

"Do I have any suggestions as to what our next job should be?"

"Mr. Batub, may I make a suggestion?"

"Okay Mr. Matt. What's your plan?"

"I think we should attack the school pool, you fool."

"That sounds like a cool idea, Matt. Okay guys, here's what we're going to do."

At 7:03 a.m. Friday, Joe Rinso and Fred Curtain will meet Willie Rotza and Marvin Rock outside their pad. At 7:11, they will get into the Draino Plumbing Company Service Truck, which will be waiting outside Rock's house, and will proceed along the Macdonald-Cartier Freeway at 59 miles per hour. At exactly 7:43, the truck will come to a halt at the Yorkdale cutoff road and will then pick up Bill Sparrow. If everything goes according to plan, you should reach the intersection of Bathurst and Lawrence in 12 minutes. Naturally, I will be doing the driving. It should take us 3 minutes and 14 seconds to enter the school pool door. On entering the door, Willie Rotza and Marvin Rock will guard the entrance. Don't

forget, that's Rotza Rock. By eight o'clock, which will come in one minute and 46 seconds from there after, Joe Rinso and Fred Curtain will proceed to the diving board, which is located over the water where all good diving boards should be. This leaves Bill Sparrow and myself to pull the cool school pool plug. This should take roughly about 8 minutes depending on how much time is consumed. Therefore, at 8 o'clock we should be ready to pull the plug, and Bathurst Heights will be in a ring of terror. At 8:08, I will hand the plug over to Rinso and Curtain. At 8:09, they will proceed up the pool stairs and at 8:10, they should be outside the door where Willie and Marvin will lead the way. Rotza Rock. At 8:12, we will all be inside the truck ready to make our escape. Since a bell rings at 8:15.4, and it will take us three minutes to get out of hearing distance, that should leave us .4 of a second as a safety margin. That should be plenty of time. Are there any questions?

Not a question was to be asked, so the gang disipated and went home.

Meanwhile at the commissioner's office . . .

"I wonder what's taking Bat Hurst and Robin so long to get here. I can't understand it. They left over an hour ago."

"I know chief, but what can you do? Oh wait a minute I think someone's at the door. It's Bat Hurst."

"Sorry I'm late commissioner, but one of the valve resonators was flooded with sodium ozone which slowed down the ratio of speed acceleration and I had to stop for a while to regenerate the solar cells of the atomic thruster."

Just then, a bulletin was coming through the audio visual frequency dictaphone, for the Queen City is equipped with the finest equipment. It so happened that, one of the citizens of the Queen City, spotted Batub, as he was driving down Bathurst Street.

Continued on Page 10

Record World

59 AVENUE ROAD



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●● Cook's Caper ●●

by Danny Epstein and
Howard Seiden

Hi there Bathurst and all you "cooking fans across Canada". This is Sifting Flour introducing the Toronto premier of Banana Cream and Apple Crumb Pies.

It all started Saturday evening: since we're both so popular with the "weaker sex" we decided to explore the culinary art of baking.

Howard's parents left at about 7:30 by 7:35 the kitchen was barely recognizable. There were dishes all over the place, flour on the floor and big gooey gobs of butter all over the ceiling. The walls were plastered in 17th century Pizzaria. Danny was diligently enthused in peeling 6 cups of apples (like Sad Sack), Debbie (Howard's sister) was busy disrobing bananas while Howard prepared the crumbs for the pie.

By 8:30 our concoctions were ready for the oven. Approximately one hour later we removed a mouth watering Apple crumb pie from the oven and a slightly burnt Banana Cream pie from the fridge.

Debbie being the youngest, we decided she should be the first to taste our creations. She did and was rushed to Branson Hospital where she had her stomach pumped.

Seriously speaking for a first attempt our pies were very good and if your stomach is a septic tank we give you the following recipes to follow:

APPLE CRUMB PIE

pastry for 1-crust 9-inch pie
3/4 cup brown sugar
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/4 tsp. salt
6 cups peeled sliced apples
1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour

Heat oven to 400 degrees. Line pie pan with pastry and build up high edge.

Combine 3/4 cup brown sugar, cinnamon and salt and toss through apple slices lightly. Put in pastry-lined pan.

Work butter, 1/2 cup brown

sugar and flour together, first with fork then with fingers, until crumbly. Sprinkle over apples.

Bake until apples are tender about 1 hour. If topping starts to brown too much, cover with a piece of aluminum foil.

Serve warm with Ice Cream.

BANANA CREAM PIE

2/3 cup sugar
3 tblsp. cornstarch
1/4 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. mace
3 cups milk
3 egg yolks
1 tblsp. butter
1 1/2 tsp. vanilla
2 large ripe bananas
9-inch baked pie shell
Whipped cream

Combine sugar, cornstarch, salt and mace in saucepan. Stir in milk gradually.

Set oven moderate heat and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a boil. Boil 1 minute.

Beat egg yolks lightly and add about half of hot mixture gradually, stirring constantly. Stir back into saucepan and set over moderate heat again. Bring back to a boil and boil 1 minute, stirring constantly.

Remove from heat. Stir in butter and vanilla. Cool.

Slice bananas into prepared pie shell. Pour in cooled filling. Chill well (about 2 hours).

Serve topped with sweetened whipped cream and sliced bananas.

STANDARD PASTRY (1 crust 9-inch pie)

1 cup sifted all purpose flour
1/2 tsp. salt
3/8 cup shortening
1/8 cup ice water

Measure flour into bowl. Mix in salt with a fork. Add shortening and cut in coarsely with a pastry blender or 2 knives. Sprinkle in water, a tablespoon at a time, mixing lightly with a fork just until all flour is dampened.

Gather into a ball with fingers and press firmly.

Roll on floured pastry board or cloth and place in pan.

by Dena Bain, 5A12F

Normally, I'm a very peace-loving, gentle, kind, generally sort of stupid person. However, everytime I go to turn on a tap, I begin to quake with fear and visage takes on the aspects of an about-to-be-stuck pig. And if something is wrong with the tap, I begin to rant, rave, foam at the mouth, curse, and all kinds of war-loving, ungentle, and unkind, but still generally sort of stupid things.

Believe me, I have good cause, as all who owe me favors or who know my plumber agree.

You see, last Saturday, I left the house at 9 a.m., and came back around 2 o'clock. I swatted the bird hello, went into the kitchen, and took a

glass out of the cupboard over the drainer to take a drink of water. I turned on the tap and waited.

And waited. And cursed the bird a few times for good luck. And waited some more.

Finally the tap gurgled disdainfully.

Now, I can't say that I've led a very sheltered life. I've become completely insured to spiders, snakes, older brothers, and other such nuisances. But this gurgling was different. It started off as a minor disturbance and ended up a thumping Wagnerian march played with the emphasis on the thumping on my nerve ends. At first I merely bore my burden with the patience of a saint, laughed at the tap and smirked: "You can't bother me. Ha, ha, ha."

It gurgled back and the fight was on.

The details are too gory to record here, and the conclusion of the battle is obvious anyway. I had to call the plumber.

"Hello, Mr. Handelmann? This is Dena Bain. Fanny Kirsznier's niece."

"I don't like Fanny Kirsznier."

"Oh, well, in that case - neither do I. She makes lousy strudel. I'm also Muriel Bobyk's cousin, though. She was Miss Toronto, 1957, and she had trouble with her sink last month."

"Oh, yes. Her." He sighed longingly. "What do you want, dear?"

"My tap is gurgling."

"Gurgle back."

"I tried that. It doesn't work. Can you come over and have a look at it this afternoon. I know it's Saturday, but if you don't, I'll simply go out of my mind."

"Don't worry. If you're related to Fanny Kirsznier, you ain't got nothing to lose."

"Mr. Handelmann, with all my heart and soul, I beg of you on hands and knees to relieve my suffering. For as the great poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow said . . ."

Mr. Handelmann belched considerably.

"Lookit honey, it's Saturday, my Sabbath, my one day of rest. I don't work Saturdays."

"Convert."

"Forget it doll. I'll drop by next week sometime. O.K.?"

"Mr. Handelmann, listen to me. That tap sounds dangerous to me. It might explode at any moment, so I'm scared to go into the kitchen to retrieve my cookie jar filled with bill-paying money. So if you don't get over here and fix the tap, well . . ."

"Okay," he sighed resignedly, "I'll be over in half an hour. 'Rosie!' He bellowed, 'Put down the bottle and go get my tool case.'"

Mr. Handelmann belched goodbye and hung up.

About seven that night, the plumber showed up, all five feet, 200 pounds, and 8 inches of mouth of him. He turned to a very tall, thin man who looked like he'd just lost his mother, and had enjoyed the funeral immensely, and said: "This is my Assistant."

I didn't know whether to offer congratulations or condolences, so I decided on 'Hello'. Apparently this was the wrong thing to say because he glared hatefully at me. Or perhaps I had said the right thing and this was an attempt at jocularity.

I led the Two Musketeers into the kitchen and pointed to the tap.

"It gurgles," I said to start the conversational ball rolling.

"Yes," agreed the Assistant.

"Yes," reiterated Mr. Handelmann.

"Ark! Dena Stinks!" addressed the bird.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Handelmann.

"Fix the tap, please. And shut up, Lemeshka."

"Stinks! Dena Stinks!"

To my relief Mr. Handelmann said nothing but got down to work. He tapped, poked, struck, turned on, snorted at, and did everything to the tap but ask it to say ah.

It continued to gurgle. While all this was going on, the Assistant stood by with the calm air of an undertaker. Occasionally he

grimaced in so terrible a manner as to make me think he was either going to die, or force himself to speak. However, he would immediately conquer these evil forces and would regain his composure.

Just as the drama was reaching its climax, when Mr. Handelmann was beginning to curse because he couldn't find any reason for the tap to be gurgling, the phone rang, and the doorbell rang two seconds later (why do phones and doorbells always insist upon ringing at the same time?). I felt that dark premonition of some approaching evil that I have every time my History teacher smiles. I picked up the receiver, and asked the Assistant to please open the door.

"Hello?"

"Hello, dear."

"Who is this please?"

"It's your mother - you know, the one with brains, beauty, money, etc." I'm calling from Detroit. How are things?"

"Terrible. The plumber's here, and the . . ."

In burst a tall, heavy man with the staring eyes of a fanatic, and the smell of a camel that eats garlic sandwiches and drinks only Vat 69.

"Are you the damn idiots trying to use your tap?"

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I'm your mother, idiot."

"No, not you, mom. Him."

"Who's him? Are you having a wild party?"

"I'm from the hydro."

"Hydro? I thought you said the plumber was there?"

"Shut up mom. They're both here. Just let me handle it."

"Ark! Mommy stinks."

"I do not."

"Lookit, Dena honey . . ."

"Honey! You are having a wild party. I just know it. As soon as I turn my back on you . . ."

"Lady, will you have that idiot turn the tap off. We're trying to fix the water main down the street, and we left you a note like we did everybody else telling you to shut your taps off."

"Who's an idiot? Doll, if you don't tell him to shut his trap . . ."

"QUIET!!!"

I could hardly believe it, but I actually got silence. I walked over to the mail slot

in the front door, and took out a little white card that said:

"All water will be stopped on Brookview Drive from 11:30 a.m. until approximately 9:00 p.m. while repairs to the water main on that street are made. You are requested to kindly refrain from turning on spigots, etc., until such time as the water is turned back on. Thank you,

Ontario Hydro Commission."

The plumber and the man from the hydro commission looked at me with murder in their eyes. Actually, so did the Assistant and the bird, but they always had, so I don't count them. My mother could be heard relating the incident to my father, which meant that the pieces left by the four predators already in the kitchen would be cheerfully disposed of by my parents in as torturous and painful a way as possible.

I keep trying to explain to my parents, et al., that I never look in the mail slot after the mail arrives at eight, which only makes sense, but I don't think they're in particularly receptive moods of late. So I just pray that the tap will work when I turn it on.

Trouble with Water

Bat Hurst and Robin Versus

Continued from Page 9

Bat Hurst could see no point in pursuing this, considering it was late, but he said that he would return to the commissioner's office on Friday, (that being tomorrow).

At 6:45 the next morning Bat Hurst and Robin were in the Hurstmobile ready to proceed to the commissioner's office. In 11 minutes they were well onto the MacDonald-Cartier Freeway. At 7:03, while travelling at 63 miles per hour, a peculiar thing happened. Robin casually glanced to his left which happened to be the west-bound lane of traffic. He immediately recognized the getaway truck, as it was used once before. He sprang to his feet, but not before he hit his head on the convertible roof. Bat Hurst acknowledged this and when he discovered what Robin had seen, he opened a secret compartment,

where four buttons were located. He pressed the top one on the right and the car miraculously lifted itself. In mid-air, Robin then pushed a lever on the right side of his foldaway seat. The car then turned on a 45 degree angle and by remote control Bat Hurst set the car on a new course. This put the hurstmobile in the west-bound lane in pursuit of justice.

be sweeping good luck away.

CANDLE. When a candle sparks suddenly, whoever is sitting opposite it will receive a letter.

POTATOES. If you burn the potatoes, company will come. This one has worked on many occasions.

EATING UTENSILS. Crossed knives on a table is bad luck. Dropping a fork while setting the table will end your love affair. I think this happened to me, oh well. Two spoons in a saucer means a wedding.

MIRROR. To break one means seven years bad luck, and to look at one's face in a mirror by candle light also means bad luck.

CAT. If a cat sneezes it is a sign of rain.

CIGARETTES. It is bad luck to light three cigarettes from the same match. (Dates from the Boer War when the third man to light up proved a good target for the enemy).

BASIN. If two people wash in the same basin at the same time, it means bad luck.

SUPERSTITIOUS? Maybe you will be after good or bad comes to you when superstition takes over.

Tom Witruk.

Superstitious Eh!

Whether or not you think that superstition has a place in the jet age, read on.

Did you know that three-quarters of the population regularly look at their horoscopes? Newspapers print daily horoscopes and horoscope magazines are a big seller in the publication industry, and Old Moore's Almanac has four million readers.

Widely known superstitions are the crossing of fingers and touching wood; also, feeling nervous on Friday the thirteenth affects many people. Those who will deny being superstitious will usually admit they won't talk about something they want to happen in case it goes wrong. It tends to follow that the more insecure one's life is, the more likely he is to be superstitious. The rich, the famous, the show business personality and the sportsmen seem to depend on some ritual or some lucky charm or sentimental piece.

Do you know that the owl is the symbol of death in Switzerland or that in Hong Kong, blue letters on white background may mean bad

luck. The significance of these things to the average person may seem trivial but to a person such as an importer they could mean much in the success of his business. A good omen in one country could be a bad omen in another.

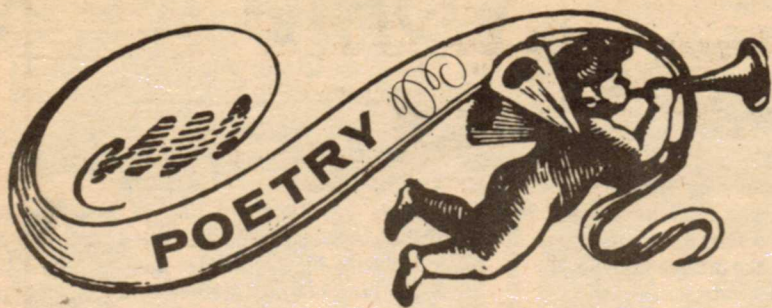
There are many superstitions of which I could write pages about, but I have thought it convenient to let you read about a few I have come into contact with or have experienced.

STAIRS. It is unlucky to meet on them and if you trip going down stairs it is also unlucky; but, if you trip going up stairs, a wedding will occur in the house.

SHOES. To put new shoes on a table means bad luck.

SPIDER. It is good luck if one falls on your face from the ceiling. I was confronted in this situation just the other day. Even though it might have brought good luck if the spider fell, I couldn't stand such a creature crawling over my face.

BROOM. A new broom should sweep something into the house before it sweeps dust out, otherwise you may



Reflections In A Mirror

by Mel Borins

You stand all alone and see the world spinning around you;
You feel the cries of people bursting inside of you;
And you want to jump right in and make it a part of you;
And you think by acting that you can capture the world of it.

You hear heavy breathing of people trying to choke you;
And you try and fight back and get on the right track that
you were before;
But you find it's not easy to think like a saint anymore
For society swallowed the key and turned around and
locked the door.
And I know life's not worth it.

And you run both ways trying to amaze your real values;
And you're caught in a twist and spun like a disc in spite
of you;
And though it seems clear that you've found life's key that
will set you free;
Then pleasure returns and you're lost in the strains of
realities.

And your sensitive and deep and trying to leap in flights of
emotion;
And never before did you have to take pills to be part of it;
But you're not so sure and you've grown insecure with a
taste of life
And your values are shattered and scattered and all you
believed in
Is no longer so clear and your fear is constantly growing.

And you've lost your power to tower above your mind;
You no longer see visions and dreams and you're becoming
blind;
And with each passing day you face you somehow can't escape
All your fraudulent fears of becoming a feign and death's own
way of rape.

You've lost all you've had and you're finally glad you're
not living;

And all your dreams and schemes of the world are turned
upside-down;

So you smile to yourself and say whatever became of them;
All your soul-searching sprees and spiritual fantasies are
now realities.

Put back the mask and join the task of dying;
Live with the blind and find yourself always crying;
But the tears are just years which are floating endlessly
by you

And if you don't turn around and fight back then they might
as well bury you.

And I know that life's not worth it.

Weep Not For Me

by John Stocker

Weep not for me
Now that I'm gone,
Complete your life,
Continue on.

Let not your ears
Hear pity's cry
Expressed by those
Who falsify.

Let not your lips
Expound for me
The useless prayers
And eulogy.

Let not the tears
In your eyes burn,
From dust I came,
Now I return.

Congratulations

A hearty Mazel
Tov to Eva Rosen-
baum on her engage-
ment to Barry Korn-
haber of Gainesville,
Florida. The Banner
wishes them every
happiness.

The Future

I know not what lies ahead;
The past is dim and blurred
As I walk into the light of
future
To where my life has not yet
stirred
I hold no premonitions,
Nor run faster to where
tomorrows stay;
The future shall become the
present
And I'll greet it day by day.

P. Jekel

Mockery

He'd skuttle his way through
a hurried existence
He'd make no lasting or
meaningful relationships
He'd scoff at sentiment,
fantasy, human warmth
And people who knew him
came to avoid him
And He'd be unaware of their
increasing absence
His scoffing, mocking, and
smug smile
Would fall on very few and
soon none
And he came to be along, a
mock replica of a man.

J. Jekel

Who Dares To Travel

Who dares to travel
Along the unknown
Where places never seen by
man
Would be revealed to you?

I've taken such a trip
Along a line and
Through a point until
Infinity seemed so close!

I travelled on and on
And the lines and points
Flashed by and always
Changed their shapes

Years, centuries, eons,
Fled past me in endless
parade,
Leaving me unscathed

Ever smaller cycles
Infinite universes
It is useless to go on!

Never ending, each pre-
sented
Something new, something
queer
A variation of life or intelli-
gence

Life divergent
Amorphous globules.

But I am tiring
Perhaps dying
And a memoir would be
suitable

To you, I give my words,
my sentences, my life

Like a trip
Along an eternal spiral
Like a trip
Along a series of concentric
circles

Like an image
Between two mirrors
Always penetrating deeper
and deeper.

by Juwal Krausz

Dedicated To R.B.

"A Queen"

I'm just a standin', and waitin', and a wonderin' where you
are.
I can't go out and look for you, I don't know where you are.
The wind is just a howlin' and a wailin' as it rains,
And I just can't get off my mind, the hurtin' of this pain.

I've tried so hard to get to know, the one that means to me,
The way the others didn't, when I tried to be.
There's a feeling deep within me, that burns...I don't know,
To go on with this heartache, that has me in its tow.

I see your face amongst the crowd, but you don't see me.
I get a funny feeling, as you get near to me.
I say hello and then I smile, and hope that you will be,
The one that I've been waiting for, to rule my destiny.

It's been so long, since I have known, the likeness that
you are,
And in the crowds that I have been, there hasn't been a
star,
That casts its light amongst the skies, and brightens every
dream,
The way that you have done to me, I think I've found a Queen.

Tom Witruk.

Metaphors In Every Day Speech

by SILVIA HEUBURGER

Have you ever realized
how many of the expressions
we use in our daily life are
metaphors or little word-
pictures drawn from many
sources, carrying us back
in thought to days of old and
far-off lands? It is because
we have used and heard these
expressions so often that we
have forgotten the original
and thus lose much of the
charm and picturesqueness
that lies hidden in our every-
day speech.

If you once begin to note
these word-pictures, you
will be astonished at the
frequency with which you use
them unthinkingly. In fact,
you can hardly speak half
a dozen sentences without
one coming to the tip of your
tongue--this last expres-
sion is itself a picture.

How To Beat The Cops

Today's Lesson: Sneaking
into Pool Halls.

As many of you under-18
year olds know, the most
common question a cop asks
you upon entering the pool
hall is, "Are you eighteen
or over?"

Since you are obviously
not yet eighteen, there is
only one method remaining
to you to justify your pre-
sence. It goes as follows:

1. Go to court.
2. Change your name to
Rover.

Having done this, you now
go to the pool hall. When the
cop now asks, "Are you
eighteen or over?" you im-
mediately reply, "Yes, I
am," since you are over
(are Rover). And thus, my
dear friends, you have beaten
the cops again, legally.

"What Kind of a Story is
This?" you ask readily.

"You will be writing a
test seven days from to-
day," the math teacher said
weakly. "It won't be an exam,
but just a few simple ques-
tions," she said testily.

"Also, you will not be
responsible for questions
like how much two and two
is," she added, "But make
sure you know what twelve
times twelve is," she said
grossly, "And know the chap-
ter on logic," she impied.

"What happens if we get
worried and blank out?" I
cracited.
"Well, if you don't finish
the test, I'll raise every-
body's grade," she remark-
ed. "Also, remember to stay
calm and don't lose your
head," she said absent-
mindedly.

Len Phillips

Some of these metaphors
consist of one word, or per-
haps two, while others are
longer expressions and have
become almost proverbs. A
key, for instance, means
first an instrument that un-
locks, and from that we go on
to apply the term to a solu-
tion of a problem and a book
containing many such solu-
tions. As a branch is an
offshoot of a tree, we have
formed metaphors by talking
of the branch of the family,
of a business, a branch of
learning, of a special
subject, or of an institution.

So, too, we say that our
thoughts flow; we reap the
reward of our actions; we
are goaded by ambition; our
eyes flame, and hopes are
kindled, or shattered. We
speak of an upright man, a
striking thought, and a
threadbare argument; and we
say that a person's mind
wandered, or his faith failed.

We talk of grasping an idea,
of handling a subject, of
dropping a hint; of a sweet
voice, a rough tone, rugged
features; and, nine times out
of ten, we do not think of the
first and original meaning
of the expressions.

These little metaphors are
always full of vigour and

much more expressive than
any more literal paraphrase.
Think of the vividness of such
terms as piercing screams,
crying evils, a lightning
glance, frowning mountains,
knitted brows, burying re-
sentment, raking up old
troubles.

As the English were ori-
ginally a nation of sea
rovers, it is not surprising
that the English language
provides us with many word-
pictures connected with the
sea.

We say, for instance, that
an angry person storms or
rages and then calms down.
We talk of the Ship of State
and call a statesman the pi-
lot. If times are troubled,
we say there are breakers
ahead and hope that he will
steer us through and weather
the storm successfully.

When you are bewildered
and wonder which way to
turn, you say you are all at
sea. If a man has difficulty
in making both ends meet,
you say he can scarcely
keep his head above water,
and if he fails, he goes under.
Happiness can be wrecked,
and care drowned. Thieves
watch to see if the coast is
clear.

Continued on Page 12

Mountain Climbing

I stood -- I looked around.
I saw many faces, many
smiles, many frowns.
Before me stood a mountain
--rugged.

At the top I saw my goal.
Why climb? I asked myself.
Would you not rather stay
down here?

Why work so hard? You want
to LIVE!

But look around at all those
peaks.

How many times have they
been reached?

Their sides are ancient, but
yet they stand--many
worn out.

Arthur tried to master Smoky
But he slipped and fell.
He tried again on Blacky,
On Slanty and on Sharp--
But to him Rocky was the
only one at heart.
So easily he climbed.
He shook a little at the top
But soon he stood a
conqueror.

I felt his happiness run
through my veins
For mine was soon to follow.

And soon I stood. My mind
was made

To stay down here was not
for me.

I had to climb. I had to see
if life for me was truly
she--this mountain.

I took my hand--I started
work.

It took me years to reach
the top

And then I stopped:

I saw a light. I saw two.
And all around the blackness
shone

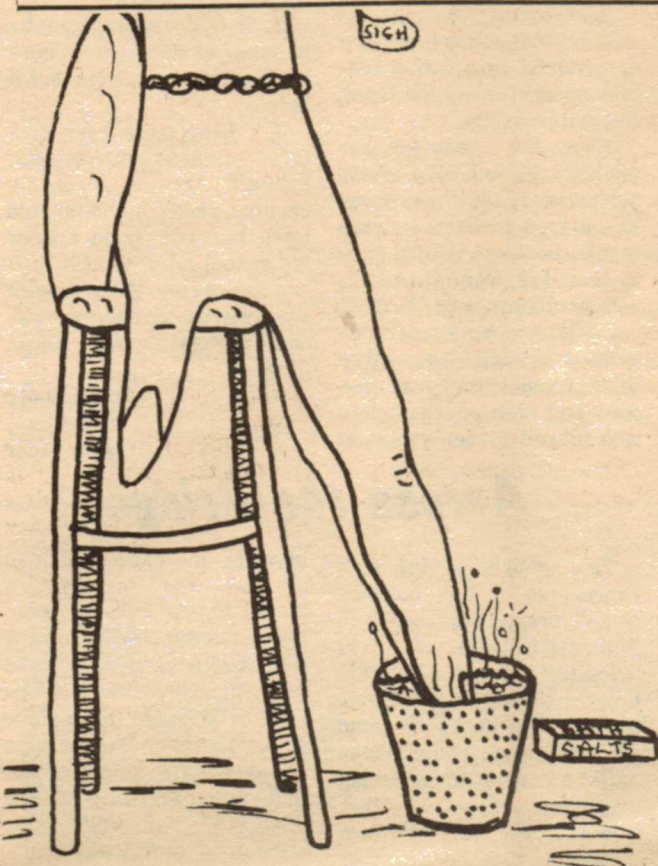
In all those peaks that stood
around

But this was mine.--
I heard a sound

And all the angels stood
around.

I cried for joy--for I had
found,
Myself.

by Daria Lada



...AND AFTER YOU LET YOUR
FINGERS DO THE WALKING...

CLUB NEWS

Commercial Club

The purpose of the Commercial Club is to actively promote the Business & Commerce Branch of the school to bring needed prestige and purpose to the students of the Commercial courses. It is composed of seven executives and one representative from each Commercial class. Our advisor is Mr. Treliving.

So far this year, the Club's activities have been to take the Commercial students down to the exhibition grounds

to see a business machines show, to sponsor an assembly with two movies, and to hold a United Appeal dance, which was very successful. The Commercial paper is in the process of being completed. In the future, the Commercial Club hopes to sponsor Good Grooming Week, several Commercial Assemblies with guest speakers, and finally the Annual Commercial Awards Assembly.

Josephina Marchese,
President.

Camera Club

Besides the goings on in the dark room and the uncensored pictures we have been developing on our own, the camera club has been busy taking pictures for the Phoenix. These pictures include topics such as sports, our brave losses in football, and certain activities around school such as the bike ride. We are planning

to display our great works in the front hall, for everyone to admire. In the future we hope to go on a field trip to take pictures in the wilds. Wild what, I don't know? Well, the chemicals are brewing, and the shutters are clicking, and the camera club is in full swing.

Alex Boros,
President.

The Jazz Scene

Contrary to Patrick Scott, jazz is not dead in Toronto - as the members of this club are readily finding out.

During the same past month, Art Blakey and his quartet played the town, Sonny Stitt, the most melodic alto-saxophonist in the business blew at the Plaza Room and Thelonius Monk, the high priest of jazz, packed them in at the Colonial.

Of course, due to lack of funds, examinations at school and age barriers, our "nocturnal excursions" as a group, are limited. We did see the Connie Maynard Quartet at George's Kibbitzeria, and we attended the Concerto for Jazz Quintet

and Symphony orchestra, by Symond, at Massey Hall, on Nov. 8.

At our weekly appreciation sessions, on Tuesdays, we listen mainly to the semi-modernists, just sometimes touching the avant-garde. Coltrane, Cannonball, Monk, Lateel, Davis, Peterson and Brubeck are just a few who have become part of us - part of not only our vocabulary, but our experience.

The immediate future of this club looks good. Attendance of members is regular, but we always appreciate new enthusiasts. So if you swing man, the in-spot on Tuesdays is room 301, where the jazz club makes it.

Chess Club

According to the constitution, the Chess Club is run by Ulli Diemer, President, Dave Handelman, Secretary-Treasurer, and Sid Lovas, Premier. (In reality . . .)

Over the summer a championship match was held, which went the limit of twenty-four games and still wound up a tie, twelve all, between Mark Bohnen and Ulli Diemer. During the school year, standings are determined by a rating system which, to say the least, fluctuates wildly.

Since the start (or beginning, if you will) of the school year, the Chess Team has played in three tournaments, beating Victoria Park 91/2 - 21/2, Don Mills 5-1, and Newtonbrook 61/2 - 31/2.

On November 4 a simultaneous exhibition was given by a former Bathurst student and club co-champion, who played eleven games at

once, losing five, winning five, and drawing one.

The club has about twenty-five members, but any newcomers, whether boy or girl, and especially beginners, are always welcome to come to Room 114 and play.

Note:

1. The Chess Team has the highest average IQ of any team in the school.

2. It is not a prerequisite to membership in the Chess Club to be an atheist, but it helps.

3. I have quite a few pictures of chess tournaments, football games, cross-country races and assorted miscellaneous from around the school lying around. You are free to use these free of any charge whatsoever except perhaps a very slight pittance.

J. Ulli Diemer,
President,
Chess Club.

Across the Bridge

This year's bridge club represents a link between two rivers of importance in Bathurst Heights. The first being the need for more culture in the extra curricular activities in our school and secondly it gives the bridge buffs an opportunity to get together and swap their tricks concerning bidding, defensive play or whatever may cross their minds. More important though, the club's aims this year are to teach those who are interested in

learning the game and also to give the "experts" a chance to prove themselves. This year we hope to have a school tournament and send the winners to the University of Toronto championships. In the future, we hope to serve coffee at our meetings which should place the bridge club in the upper echelon of social endeavors within the school. Look out Goren! - Here we come.

Murray Balshin,
Treasurer.

What Is a Perfect Teacher?

The teachers of Bathurst Heights may be classified in one of the following categories: 1) ignorant and drab; 2) ignorant but a good guy; 3) interesting but off topic; 4) on topic but uninteresting; 5) brilliant but idiotic; 6) brilliant and excellent. Whether the students realise it or not we do have one teacher among the rif-raff which may be classified as brilliant and excellent.

This instructor is a friend of the student yet he has strict control over the class at all times. One is not free to speak out in his classes but one is free to voice his opinion without having to bear the ridicule of others.

Debates are not an uncommon thing in his classes. They take place regularly and unplanned. A student may raise a subject; another disagrees; and instantaneously there is a debate. A student of his is prone to call it an over heated argument in which both teacher and student become peers using the same material as backing. A person would think that the perfect teacher would disallow these discussions, but not him. No, he encourages these rather involved factual disagreements. In fact he takes every opportunity available to start such a discussion.

The above description of the teacher in question may give you the idea that he does not cover the entire course in its time allotment. On the contrary the assigned work is completely explained in detail according to the course of work. This means that each and every student is being given the opportunity to achieve an all high in this particular subject.

Above all, this person has reached the normal height of maturity. This means that he has no favoritism whatsoever. He marks exams objectively, keeping in mind that each of his students has been equally prepared by him for the examination and therefore each paper deserves the same marking scheme.

Why are not there more of this type of teacher? The Board of Education blames the individual citizen. It states that good teachers must be well educated but, well educated people have no yen to be professional teachers. I find the fault lying in the present day teacher himself. If he does not treat his student as a young adult who is willing to receive the education which will enable him to take part in our future society then the student cannot be expected to become a teacher who is both qualified and willing to do this exact same job.



CENTENNIAL DRIVING SCHOOL

Participating in the
Pro Driver's Club

EXPERT INSTRUCTION IN THE FINEST
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781-1322

United Nations Club

The main purpose of the United Nations Club is to represent Bathurst Heights in the Model United Nations General Assembly.

Each year, every high school in Toronto is assigned a country. Bathurst has been given the United Arab Republic. For four months we will study their economic situation, their foreign policy, and everything else about that country, until we understand exactly what our country believes, whether we agree with it or not.

Then, in January, we assemble at the University and hold a general assembly. Resolutions are debated on every subject from South Africa to Red China. Some

of the debates get so violent that it is almost necessary to physically hold back the debaters.

The General Assembly is followed by an evening dance. Another purpose of the United Nations Club is to represent the United Nations in Bathurst. This is done mainly through the United Nations Assembly, held on United Nations Day each year.

Lastly, there is a centennial project, of which by now, you will probably have been informed.

So as you can see, our club is one with widely differing tasks, and is extremely interesting to anyone who is remotely interested in foreign affairs.

Art Club

The 1966-67 Art Club has planned to do a lot for the enjoyment of the school and themselves this year, under the guidance of Mr. Walker. Our first major project this year was decorating for commencement. The gym was colorfully decorated with

a huge, fall tree against a black backdrop. The tree was covered with leaves of the various fall colors. The decorations were greatly admired by all. We are now working on puppets which we soon hope to show in a play to the students.

FORM NEWS

by Eva Citrin and Janice Warren

5A10J - The class with spirit would like to announce their nomination of Paul for the award for "The Most Original Self Expressionist".

5A10G - Class 5A10G would like to announce that talking three languages is not hard and we do not get confused. Just to prove this we would like to say: Valemus Schulers es est sekr bonne. Danke Beau-Coup!

5A10F - We all agree that Math is a wonderful subject and that music is the most interesting.

4B10B - We are proud to announce that we are the Girls Volley Ball Champions.

5A11A - 5A11A's happening . . . we didn't! There will be a ring toss to make up for the loss on donuts and drinks.

5A11F - "What's up Noch?" That is the question asked by 11F'ers. Also we'd like to know what the Perpendicular Bisector of a Locus Ratio is to the Anaxagoras Property of a Corpus Dilecti. Is Phaedo for Dogs?

5A11H - We are starting to knit booties (praeda, praedae, f lesson 8, page 37, section 80, 3rd line down, left column). Special note should be taken of the impending visit of THROGMORTON III.

5A12J - We would like to announce the formation of the Society for the Establishment of Canadian Surfing. This is a non-profit organization which plans to build an ocean over the Bathurst football field. All contributions of salt water or sand will be appreciated and accepted by any member of 5A12J.

13B - Due to the great success of our U.A. project 13B will be selling balloons and having turtle races for the rest of the year. For added excitement the class will be taking turns singing the announcements each morning. One last word from 13B "Y'Okay?"

13D - David Kreaden refuses to have his tonsils removed by a doctor. He insists with the proper text book and his slide rule he can do it himself.

13D - OBITUARY - 13D would like to announce the passing of David Kreaden. It seems he choked on his slide rule.

13K - Will "Mulligan's Moron's" please return our plaque and nail.

13J - Conversation overheard in Mr. Weisz' physics room -- Don: But sir, we don't really know how to add. Mr. Weisz: We darn well do know how to add. Moral - It's Mickey Mouse statements like this that throw the class off the mark.

Conversation overheard in Mr. Broger's chemistry room. Ron: Sir, are the products on the right side of the equation? Mr. Broger: Where else are you going to find the products of the equation. Moral - Don can do it in ONE line while Lloyd does it in his own way.

WARNING - 13J cautions the school that they will launch a full-scale investigation into the devious crime committed in Mr. Broger's chemistry room on Tuesday November 15. -- We vow to apprehend the fellows who stole Mr. Broger's water molecule.

13E - Sends a special congratulations to all those lucky students in this establishment who sit in either first row, first seat or second row, first seat because they know "the meaning of life".

Metaphors In Every Day Speech

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When you drop your work for a while, you rest on your oars, though you may be preparing "to take arms against a sea of troubles," in which expression Shakespeare has used a mixed metaphor--one picture being taken from the battlefield and another from the sea.

Have you ever realized how many metaphors are connected with animals? We call a greedy person a pig; a stupid person, a donkey; an obstinate person, a mule. Few people would care to be called a cat, fond as they may be of an animal which is really dignified and graceful; and duck is a term of endearment, though the bird has an ungainly walk and an unmusical voice.

A very gentle person is a lamb; a crafty person, a fox; while one has unfortunately met women whose waspish tempers have earned them, strangely enough, the name of vixen. That a person should object to being called a reptile is easily understood. If you are busy and energetic, you are a bee; if lazy, a drone; if thirsty,

a fish. When you call anyone coldblooded, you are thinking of animals such as the snake, tortoise, and lizard.

Men, as well as bulls, bellow; people have been known to coo as doves and you have heard a buzz of conversation and a roar of applause. A leisurely person is a snail. People, as well as horses, are put through their paces, and most people at some time in their life have felt like a fish out of water. Men are said to feather their nest, and our hopes sometimes soar high, while high-flyers were known before airplanes were invented.

We might go on quoting familiar metaphors at any length, but we have mentioned enough to show how large a part of our everyday speech they form. Paraphrase any set of metaphors, and you will see at once how much force of expression and picturesqueness is lost. In fact, so well do familiar metaphors express what is in one's mind, that you will find it very difficult to put that thought into other words.