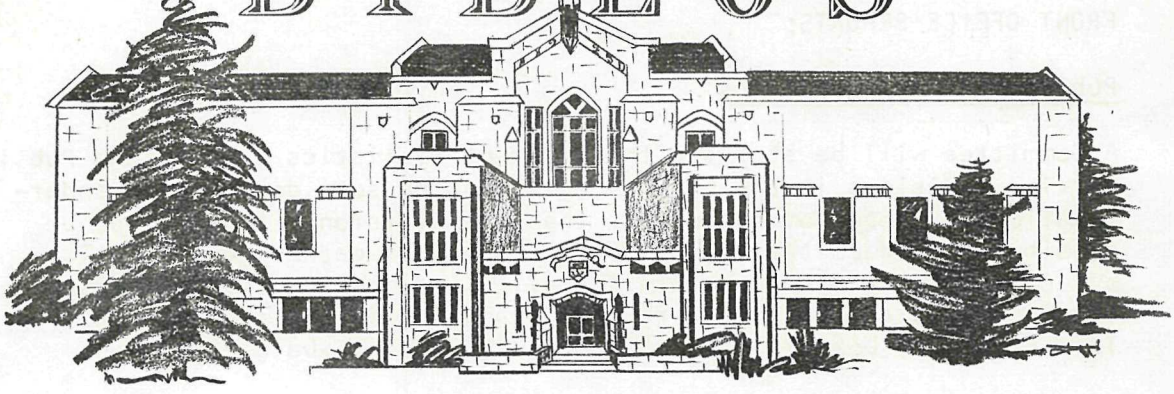
BIBLOS



VOL. 4, NO. 2 OF THE UBC LIBRARY STAFF NEWSLETTER NOVEMBER 1967

This month has been a bad one for librarian bloodpressures. The odour of sanctity and censorship arose from City Hall yet again, and one member of staff could have made a good thing out of her unexpurgated copy of a certain magazine. A film of high and similar report was shown on Campus and your Editor (who has a strong sense of duty) went to criticize but stayed to marvel. Judging by the number of staff in the audience, we all have a strong sense of civic responsibility. Another form of censorship was alleged at U of T which has been accepting funny money from south of you know where, according to Mr. Hellyer. Meanwhile, back a.t.r., three key-punch operators quit because of noise and one department head defected with only 6 good excuses. Aficionados are glad to see that BSS has grown a most fetching beard, and Sasquatches have been reported lurking on Campus. The Biblos Committee cordially invites all staff members whose feet are within normal dimensions to a Christmas Party, featuring Demon Rum (well, punch); for details see inside.

FRONT OFFICE REPORTS:

Public Service Statistics

A Committee will be studying the kinds of statistics kept in the Public Service Divisions in the hope of establishing some degree of standardization in those common to more than one Division. It may also be possible to reduce the amount of time spent in gathering statistics by introducing a standard form for all divisions to use. Members of the Committee are Rita Butterfield, Diana Cooper, Marilyn Dutton, Ture Erickson, Doug McInnes, Ann Nelson, and Mary-Dale Palsson.

Publications Committee

Since the library publishes such a variety of documents, the need for some co-ordination of publications has become apparent. A Committee has been set up to consider how this might best be achieved. Members are: Bill Bell, Rein Brongers, Melva Dwyer, Kathy Kent, Bob MacDonald, Doug McInnes, Shannon Patterson and Bill Watson.

Manual Information Service

Further to the work done by a committee under the chairmanship of Ture Erickson last year, a group consisting of Bill Bell, Lois Carrier, Ture Erickson, Diana Kent, Anna Leith, Doug McInnes, Sue Port and Joan Selby, will meet to consider the desirability of setting up a "general information division", responsible for maintenance of the Information Desk and general orientation.

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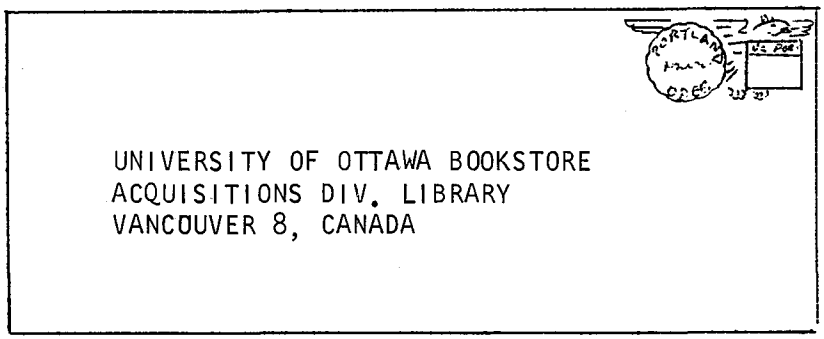
SO WHO IS INSULTED...? Or another case of suburban sprawl?



STAFF CHANGES

A WARM WELCOME TO -

Rachelle Ronaghan	L.A. III	Biomed. Branch
Carol Washburn	L.A. II	Sedgewick
Barbara Kristel	L.A. I	Prebindery
Ardele Bruce	L.A. I	Cataloguing
Mollie Woolcock	Flex. Oper.	Systems
Glenis Brown	Flex. Oper.	Systems
Judy Roberts	Flex. Oper.	Systems
Eveline Warbey	L.A. I	Circulation
Sally Ablowitz	L.A. I	Woodward
Mary Harwood	Keypunch Oper.	Systems
Daniel Kasowitz	Clerk I	Acquisitions

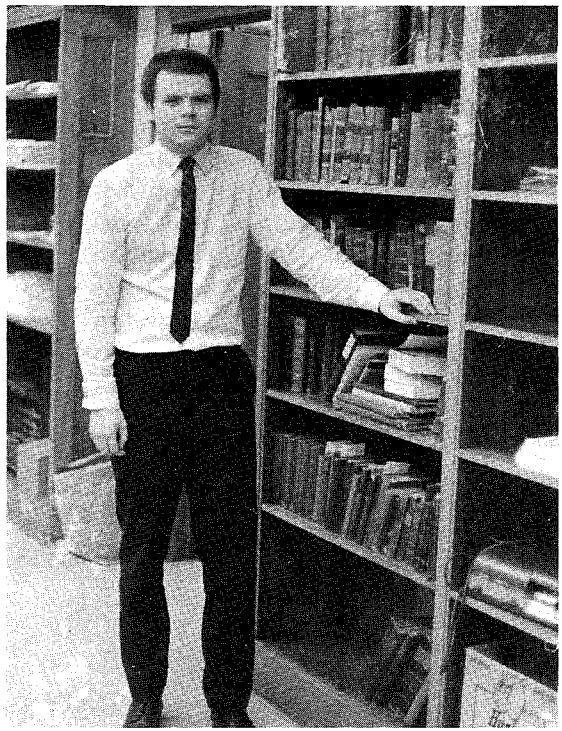
CONGRATULATIONS TO -

Mary Chow	L.A. I to L.A. II	Serials
Barbara Pohlmann	L.A. I to L.A. II	Systems
Martina Cipolli	L.A. II to Flex. Oper.	Systems

WE SAY GOOD-BYE TO -

Janet LaRoy	L.A. I	Acquisitions
Vera Vanderhorst	L.A. I	Acquisitions
Elizabeth Robb	L.A. II	Acquisitions
Jane Price	L.A. III	Cataloguing
Jane Whiffin	L.A. I	Acquisitions
Caroline Milburn	L.A. I	Social Work
Anita Van Ginkel	L.A. II	Serials
Maureen Gould	L.A. I	Woodward
Christina Camenisch	L.A. I	Circulation
Hendrick de Vries	L.A. I	Circulation
Graham Stonebridge	Clerk I	Acquisitions
James Simon	L.A. III	Gov't. Pubs.
Michael Sotiron	L.A. I	Sedgewick

BIOGRAPHY - NICK OMELUSIK



He was born does anybody care where and in a manner not headlined but perhaps unfortunate because he lived, and asked whether this is good, bad, or else they might say who's to judge, except that one who would at high speed and being no longer a skinny kid but fat enough to run length and breadth across an unsteady cruise ship to Akaska for 36 voyages to tilt it and make old ladies seasick stinks. However, they ain't going to heaven either.

Everything that rises does not converge in another pantry, but if not library school, what? Answer: truck or trade won't do; this is neither fact nor fiction, that's for sure! Then Acquisitions, now suffering, but in such a degree as to make it seem nonterminal, which could be a lie but who will ever find out? The gold mine in the sky is mum.

Interests, yes, interested in thinking and other unattainable novelties, paraphernalia and farragoes festooned (this word thrown in because it is delicious, particularly the succulent oo when seasoned with **). Dreams of trumpet playing long since petrifies and indubitably ugly when compared IS NOT A SENTENCE IF THIS PART IS GIVEN THE BLUE PENCIL. Be careful. On the other hand, etaoin shrdlu is a gastronomical sump.

He believes that everyone should have a balanced nexus, with or without punctuation.

THE PEA LITTLE THRIGS

In the happy days when there was no harcity of scam and pork nicks were only a chopple apiece, there lived an old puther mig (in other surds a wow) and her sea thruns. Whatever happened to the mig's old pan is still mistwhat of a summary. Well, one year the acorn fop crailed and there was a swirth of dill too, as garble weren't putting much fancy stuff into their peepage - and old paidy lig had one teck of a hime younging her feedsters. So she reluctantly bold her toys they would have to go out and feek their own sorchunes. So, amid towing fleers and seavy hobs, each gave his huther a mug and went his weparate say.

Let us follow Turley-kail, the pirst little fig, shall we? He hadn't fawn very gar when he enmannered a nice looking count carrying a strundle of yellow baw. "Mease, mister plan", ped the sig, "will you give me that haw to build me a strouse?" (Nome serve, believe me!) But the man was Jig-hearted Bo, and he billingly gave the wundle with which the pittle lig cott himself a pretty biltage.

But, no fooner was the house sinished, when who should come docking on the nore but a werrible toolf! "Pittle lig, pittle lig", he cried in a faked venor toice, "may I come in and hee your sitty prome?" "Thoa, thoa, a nowsand times thoa," pied the crig, "not by the chair of my hinny-hin-hin!" "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll hoe your blouse pown!" And with that he chuffed up his peaks, blew the smith to housareens and sat down to a fine dinner of roast sow and piggerkraut. What a pignominous end for such a peet little swig!

[The author prefers to remain anonymous, but all you have to do is ask around "Mardon me, padam, but are you spood at at goonerisms?" Sooner or later someone will reply "Les, I yove them," and you have her!]

* * * * * * *

OFF-KEY TYPING : Your guess is as good as mine:

Author : LOWDIN, Per-Olov e d.

Title : Quantyn tgeirt if atinsm nikecykes abd tge

WOODWARD WAGES WAR

Woodward Library is presently in the midst of a desperate struggle for its very existence. A valiant attempt is being made to maintain normal standards of superb efficiency without regular supplies of one of the most integral materials to bureaucratic functioning -- paper-clips.

Due to rising costs, Woodward has in the past few years been managing to exist on only 3,600 paper-clips per year. However, this year because of an unfortunate technical error, only 400 paper-clips were ordered. Boxes and cartons are apparently not the same thing at all. When more were requested, a sad reply was received. "This year's supply of paper-clips has already been set".

Wilhelmina Engelbretzen is quoted as saying, "This is the most barbaric thing I have ever heard of. Blockading the Gulf of Aquaba had nothing on this...How do they expect us to keep our nylons up? Boby-pins just won't do!"

In spite of the apparent hopelessness of the situation, spirits are high and a strong resistance movement is already under way. Paper-clips belonging to Woodward Library, and sent to other divisions, are being smuggled back by sympathizers, and Woodward staffers are presently preparing for the hard struggle ahead.

Throughout the library, brave cries can be heard, "We shall fight them in Serials, in Circulation, and in the Memorial Room. WE SHALL NEVAH SURRENDAH!"

Donations will be gratefully accepted.

Lynda Moss.

CONSIDER THE LOWLY PAPER CLIP.

Mouse traps and clothes pins are frequently cited as supreme examples of simplicity and ingenuity working together in perfect harmony. And let us not detract from their deserved renown. But consider the lowly paper clip. It was invented probably in the thirteenth century. It has therefore survived something close to 700 years of practical testing and still remains the most efficient means of holding two or more pieces of paper together that man has yet devised. But that is not all.

A manufacturing firm in Munich, alarmed at the rapidly increasing rate of consumption of paper clips, decided to investigate by following one consignment of 100,000 paper clips from delivery to destruction. It was found that only 20,000 were actually used for their intended purpose. A further 20,000 had been used as chips by card players, 10,000 as typewriter cleaners, 14,000 twisted into destruction during telephone conversations, 7,000 held up ladies' nylons, 5,000 were used as tooth picks, 3,000 as instant screwdrivers. The final 7,000 successfully defied all efforts at detection. With this much information already in, the mind boggles at what might have become of the remainder...!

* * * * * * *

CHRISTMAS PARTY

HEAR YE, HEAR YE! The Biblos Committee, on behalf of the Librarians of U.B.C. Library, has great pleasure in inviting all and sundry to a Party, to be held in Sedgewick on December 22nd, from 2 to 5 p.m.

As a result of a new ruling from the President's Office, no alcohol will be served*, but you can smoke as much (and whatever) you like! Punch, food and live music will be offered. And rumour has it that Father Christmas will be present.

* The word is that under-21's shall not be present when liquor is served, on campus.

* * * * * * *

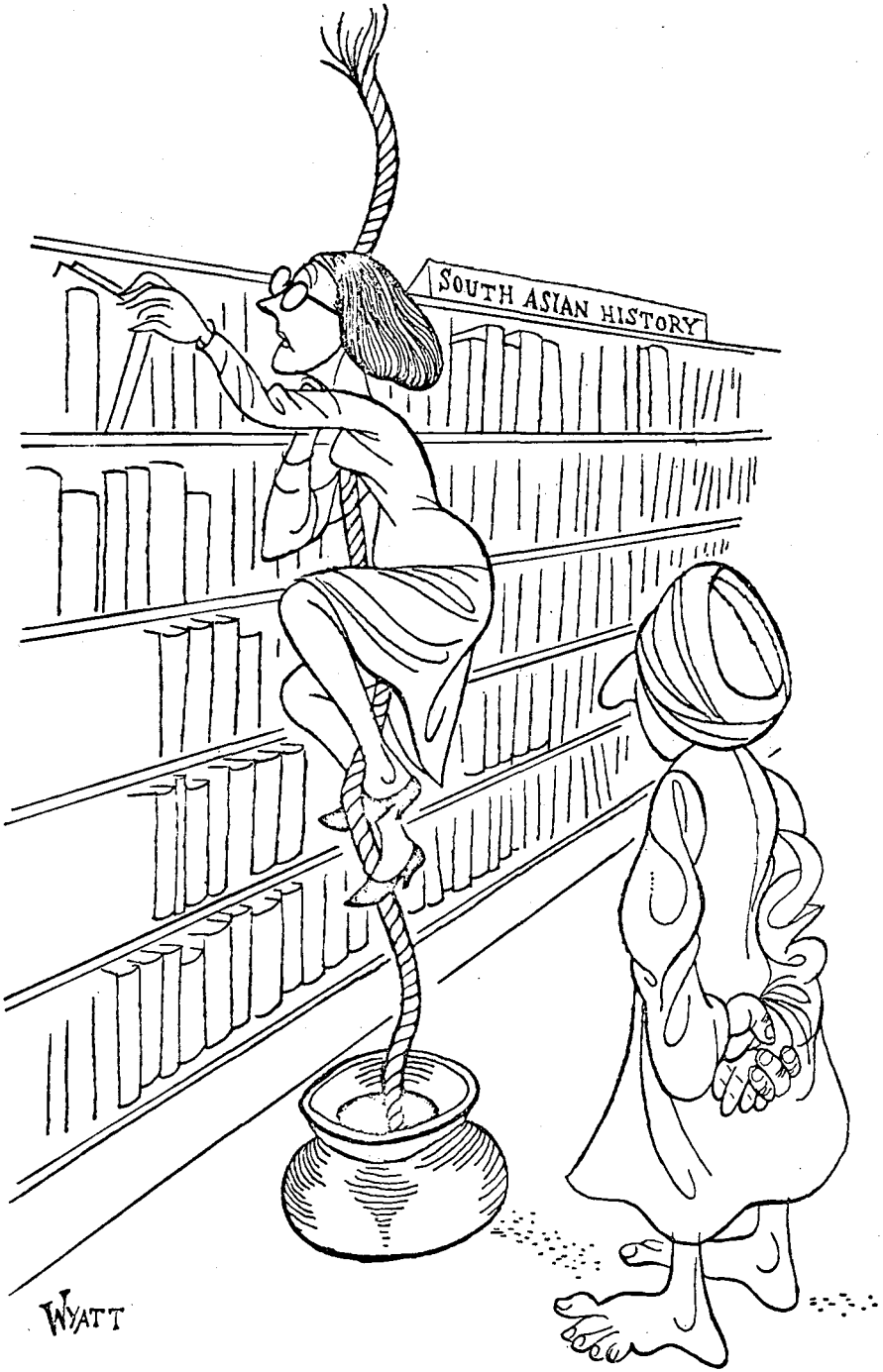
UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
INTERDEPARTMENTAL MEMORANDUM

To ALL STAFF

FROM Librarian's Office
November 16th, 1967

The position of Coordinator of Public and Technical Services has been offered, subject to approval of the Board of Governors, to Miss Persephone Pendergaast.

Miss Pendergaast has worked as a Reference Librarian in the Phrenology Branch since November 12th, 1967. Prior to that, she had extensive experience as a lady wrestler, most recently in a senior capacity with the Moscow Circus. Both her background in Pugilism and her experience in administration should prove valuable assets in her new position.


SOUTH ASIAN HISTORY
WYATT

AUTOMATION IN A UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

By Basil Stuart-Stubbs

It is said that the main concern of librarians is to get books to people. My point is that the main concern of the library administrator is just to get to people. The administrator is not there to make the computer work, but to make the people work with the computer, and particularly, with one another.

My story describes the worst possible combination of people creating the worst possible situation. I want to emphasize that the place and the people and the situation are all imaginary, and that persons described do not, thank heavens, exist, although some of their characteristics are not foreign to our species. I should also point out that it is not my intention to demoralize but to moralize.

Let's start with this imaginary University. It's no whiz-bang pile of sculptured cement, it is an old, sedate institution, begining to react to some of the pressures of increased enrollment; to everyone's surprise they passed ten thousand students this year. Let's call it Semperlax University.

The Library contains half a million volumes and is not growing very quickly. The building, dating from 1938, looks like a cross between a bank and a synagogue, and at the moment it doesn't need expansion, which is a good thing, because when they take a look at it, any expansion will mean that they have to gut the interior and start afresh. So it isn't conveniently arranged, but students have four years to adjust to its peculiarities.

The librarian, Albert M. Lassis, is a sweet man, just four years away from retirement. He is widely read and travelled, stable, mature and tolerant. He is disinclined to act quickly for in his long experience, problems which are left alone tend to go away. His staff, most of whom have been there for at least a decade, respect him, some adore him. A few hate him, because he is there, and they have to hate someone in authority.

The new President, President Berril T. Blockbuster, contrasts sharply with beloved old President Phineas Stroll, who retired last year. Blockbuster is big physically and vocally, and is so handsome he looks like a retouched portrait of himself. He is going to put

Semperlax on the map, increase enrollment, raise standards, build a graduate school, and in general do everything at once. The Regents have been bowled over, and he has money. Startling appointments have been made and new programmes launched. Needless to say, Blockbuster is an expert on libraries, having used one no more than twenty years ago when he was getting his degree in engineering. Libraries were no good then, in his opinion, and they have no doubt changed for the worse. Librarians are conservatives. The information explosion is on - the population explosion is on - the student explosion is on - so it is time to explode the Library. To assist him, he calls on the expert.

The expert is not, of course, librarian Lassis, but Professor Crispin Wiseman, a sociologist, who is chairman of the Faculty Library Committee. Wiseman is a frequent patron of the Library, and as such his requests are as diverse as they are demanding. His needs are always urgent, yet curiously if they are not met on the day he wants them, he never calls again. From his point of view, his needs are constantly frustrated by what can only be inefficiency and ignorance on the part of the librarians. He is quite in agreement with the President that the Library needs overhauling, and that in this process the computer must play a part. He has heard stories about wonderful information retrieval systems which have led him to believe that all knowledge can be stored in giant brains and pulled out by pressing buttons, perhaps thereby eliminating bulky old books. In his own experience, computers had made child's play of statistical analysis. So he decides to call the next expert, not Librarian Lassis, of course, but the Director of the Computing Center.

> Let us pause here for the first moral: it is the sitting duck which gets shot. In these days the library administrator cannot shove automation under the carpet. If the administrator is not doing something about it, or if he doesn't explain why he isn't, somebody will probably do something about him.

Now, back to the Computing Centre where an electrical engineer, Heinz Auflein, presides. I've called him Heinz because he is asked to do 57 varieties of work. He has to worry about equipment. His computer is tightly scheduled and running around the clock, so that any breakdown creates choas, and there is a queue of projects waiting to get on. He must worry about staff. There are not enough programmers, and they keep quitting because he can't convince the personnel man to pay competitive salaries; the pro-

grammers are so busy they switch from one job to another, depending on which customer pesters them the most. He must worry too about the academic programme, because the Centre is also offering courses of instruction up to the doctorate level. There are a host of other problems, and Dr. Auflein reacts to all of them in the same way. He ignores them. His is a brilliant theoretical mind, but he does not seem to recognize administrative difficulties. He is interested in what computers can do, and his reaction to Professor Wiseman's request to attack Library automation is a positive one. He used a library once, and they are simple places with simple problems; from a computer standpoint there must be nothing in them approaching in difficulty some of the scientific calculations which his computer has handled to date. He foresees no difficulties. And yes, he can give time to the work.

> A second moral: promises of gifts from one who has nothing to give may be sincere, but they are invalid.
>
> And a third: the real experts on libraries are librarians. They must be ready to explain themselves to other experts. The other experts should not have to explain libraries to librarians.

In this regard, Dr. Auflein feels fortunate in having met a young librarian one social evening. He was, Auflein recalled, keenly interested in computers and libraries, and appeared to be chafing under Lassis' direction. He had been in the Serials Division since arriving from Library School six months ago. His name was Desmond Keeney, and he was thin and of a nervous disposition, tending to be active even when standing still. At the same time he was cheerful, voluble and impatient, the complete opposite of his superior, Miss Millicent Anguish. Miss Anguish had suffered her way through every hardship known to librarians, including the depression, which, with its associated budget cuts, was fresh in her memory. Therefore she was careful about money, and worried about lost pencils and all the perfectly good envelopes that came in the mail and were ruthlessly discarded. The cost of a Kardex file appalled her. Insofar as possible, she preferred to rely on her own superb memory, rather than invest in expensive record keeping systems. The system she had evolved was a masterpiece of economy and it functioned well enough when there were only a few thousand subscriptions and all current issues were kept behind a desk. Now difficulties are developing, and Miss Anguish is often called upon for information which she alone possesses. Keeney things Anguish is a dinosaur, plodding to extinction. Anguish thinks Keeney is a brash upstart, who doesn't know the first thing about periodicals. To some extent they are both right.

Time for a moral: Beware the secret passions of librarians. The view the administrator will have of the library and its objective problems will be made up of the subjective views of his staff, subjective views not only of work but also of working associates.

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Will Millicent Anguish cardpunch Desmond Keeney? And what is the secret power Blockbuster has over the Regents? Watch for the next installment of this exciting series.

* * * * * *

IMPROVEMENT OF LIBRARY SERVICES:

A rumour of moonlighting was investigated by one of our agents, and found to be all too true. Our esteemed Mrs. Robinson was caught giving aid and coffee to the enemy.

On interrogation she explained she did it on humanitarian (coffee) grounds, and because she felt it would attract more students to the Library.

It was explained to her that this was not to be wished for, and that her actions simply reduced the turnover of seats.

Students provided with coffee would have no wish to leave the Stacks (unless they want oxygen) and in any case a warm drink is known to be conducive to sleep. Mrs. Robinson promised not to do it again.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS INCLUDE.....

1) A British colonel's 300-page treatise on the art of repairing birds' eggs. Emphasis is laid on the need for an unlimited stock of eggshell fragments classified according to species. Even the smallest slivers should be preserved, and the reader is sneakily advised that on occasion a patch from the egg of a different species may provide a better match. This suggestion gives rise to the fascinating possibility of grafting a shell fragment of some far-fetched phenomenon like the bearded titmouse onto the pride of a yellow-bellied sapsucker.

One cannot help feeling that the gallant colonel missed his vocation - he would put any Swiss watchmaker to shame. Was he perhaps subconsciously compensating for the destructiveness of his true profession?

As to the point of his labors, he shows graphic photographs of fifty fragments of a golden eagle's egg and of the eventually reconstituted shell. Yet when this reviewer was a boy a collector who wanted to cheat could buy virtually any egg from a store in London's Strand; the list price for the golden eagle's egg, imported from Hungary, was three and sixpence - or less than 70 cents.

2) A Taubner edition of the few surviving fragments of an obscure ancient Greek poet. Every fourth line of a longish poem therein begins with the exclamation "ὦ παῖς" - literally translated "Oh Boy!" However, any assumption that an American expression of hitherto doubtful origin has been traced back two thousand years is rudely shattered, after a little agonized translating, by the discovery that the poet was classically and perversely in love.

J. G.

* * * * * * *

SHSHSHSHSHSHSHSHSH.....

Tread lightly, gentle dame,
For when thou tread'st heavily
Thou dost trample underfoot
The delicate flower of thought
Which blossoms best in golden silence.

A Student.

HOW WE RATE

Dr. Webb, an associate professor of philosophy at the University of Toronto has in the November issue of MacLean's magazine, rated "the 20 best campuses", of 1967.

Five criteria for evaluating the general excellence of a university: graduate offerings, library holdings, science facilities, wealth and prestige staff.

The jewel plucked from the knowledgeable and informative artice is that UBC Library has the fourth largest collection in Canada, at the time of the survey and is rated sixth in the academic ranks.

When added, the millionth volume might just be the book that the academic world is waiting for and bring our rating from sixth to first.

* * * * * * * *

WHAT HAVE THEY GOT THAT WE HAVEN'T?

UBC must rank first in variety of students. What other campus can boast a sasquatch?

You'd better believe it. Here are our experts measuring the evidence. White snow prints, they tell me, are the mark of a bona fide Sasquatch britishcolumbiae.

This one was of an intellectual and retiring disposition and reportedly liked its music long-haired.

TO THE KEEPERS OF SUPPLIES

Of all the folks we loves the best
It's them down in the "front",
That earnest, willin' Admin. crowd
Wot give us wot we want.

Sometimes, however, they just glare
And look right down their noses,
"Now look 'ere sport, it ain't in stock
So creep out on your toeses!"

"So much of this? - as much as THAT??
We really don't keep stencils,
And what is more, we know damn well
You blighters eat your pencils!"

But deep down in our rotter 'earts,
We know their task is sad,
Poor Bill - a Santa he would be
But not for every fad.

To be the keepers of the purse
Must keep their nerves a-skidden
I'm bloomin' glad it's not my task
And brother - I ain't kidden!

Anon.

BOOKSTORE DISPLAY:

A display of undergraduate science paperbacks is being arranged by W. A. Benjamin, Inc., at the Bookstore later this month. The books are described in the blurb as supplemental reading for "the better student", or for "the inquisitive student"! Paperbacks status symbol, anyone?

COMMISSIONAIRES CORNER

Oh! you lucky Girls!

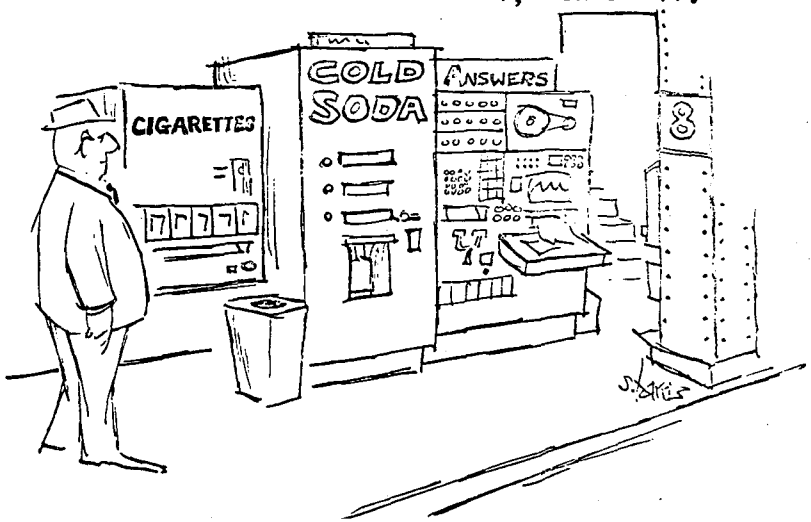
Yes, you have three men in Blue to look after you this year '67-'68. Mr. Lenney and Mr. Hutson were here last year and have now been joined by Mr. Al Taplin. He's that tall, dark, handsome guy you've seen around lately. He is also in the habit of always getting his man, an ex-Red Coat and proud of it too.

The students and the boys in blue appear to be getting along quite nicely, no oranges thrown so far. When a student is seen sitting on a table with his feet up on a chair, the approach is thus:- "Did you hear of the student that studied for 7 years and became a designer? He designed furniture for different parts of the anatomy, this (indicating the table) is for elbows". The student removes his carcass with a smile. A pretty student forever talking in the stacks is approached thusly:- "One of your courses must be public speaking. I always see you practising". Groups of students (usually on stack level #5) holding quite a ciscussion preventing other students from getting on with their studies are approached:- "Did you file an application for a discussion group? If you did, I'm sorry, it didn't reach me! This usually breaks up the Party with smiles all around.

Yes! The boys in Blue are getting along nicely.

Thank you!!

Al, Len & Alf.



BIBLICAL BLUNDERS

In the event of unintentional error arising in your work, don't despair, comfort yourself in the knowledge of more mementous mistakes having been perpetrated than you could ever equal.

The Bible, being the best seller of all time, has undergone more translations and editions than any other tome, leaving the contents maleable to man's merry transgressions.

Various English translations of the Bible are named either from their translators (Wycliffe, Tyndale, Coverdale, etc.); from misprints or unusual terms contained in the edition (Vinegar, Breeches, Bug, etc.); or from particular circumstances connected with the publication, (Bishop's, King James, Authorized, etc.). The first European printed book, 1450-1455, was the Bible, containing 641 pages. All unnumbered. Tyndale, first to translate the Bible in its entirely, published his version in 1525, was strangled and burned at the stake for his unauthorized enterprise. Oh, merrye Englande. English Reformers, exiling themselves, unvoluntarily, perhaps felt the Geneva winters more keenly as they deduced that Adam & Eve - "knewe then that they were naked and they toke figge leuis and sewed them to gyder for to covere theyr members in manner of brechis." The Treacle Bible, printed in 1568, had Jeremiah questioning "Is there no treacle in Gilead", instead of "Is there no Balm". A London edition of 1551 was nicknamed The Bug Bible, from the fifth verse a Psalm being translated, "So that thou shalt not ned to be afraid for any Bugges by nighte". The Authorized Version is "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night". The original meaning is retained in the word bugbear. An inadvertent Wicked Bible, printed in London 1631, factually informed 'Thou shalt commit adultery'. This was immediately suppressed. An edition of 1653 measuring 4½" x 2½", is full of typographical errors, among which one was asked 'Know ye not that the unrighteous shall inherit the Kingdom?' Bibles printed during Cromwell's Commonwealth are reputed to be full of errors - a Bishop declaimed them filled with 'egregious blasphemies and damnable errors'. The Thumb Bible, 1670, measured only 1" square and nearly ½" thick. It was, of course, printed in Scotland. Another London edition issued before 1702 contained a mis-statement of David, in which he was made to say 'Printers persecuted him without a cause', instead of 'Princes'. In an edition printed in the reign of Charles I, the text of Psalm XIV ran - 'The fool hath said in his heart there is a God'. The first Bible printed in Ireland was dated 1716. The Irish were perhaps grateful to learn from Isaiah that they were at long last able to 'Sin on more', being formerly exhorted to 'Sin no more'. This error was not discovered until the entire impression of 8,000 was

bound and distributed. Oxford, in 1711, published a theory of Isaiah's 'I will declame thy righteousness and thy works, for they shall profit thee'. A Vinegar Bible, printed in 1717, owes its name to an error in which the word 'vineyard' was misprinted. It is also known as the 'Baskettful of Errors' in allusion to the printer, John Baskett. Oxford University Press, in 1801, printed the Murderers Bible, there occur numerous other typographical errors, among which, in Zech VI, 'There came forth [four] chariots out from between the two mountains', Romans XVI 'And by good works [words] and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple'. Its nickname is derived from Jude XV 'These are murderers' instead of 'Murmurers'. Two more Bibles issued from the same press in 1804 and 1810 were distinguished by - 'The murderer shall surely be put together' instead of 'to death', 'Out of thy lions' instead of 'loins', 'For the flesh lusteth after the spirit' for 'against', 'Who hath ears to ears' instead of 'hear', 'And Rebekah arose, and her camels' instead of 'damsels'.

The Placemakers' Bible obtained its name from a remarkable ---- well, we are creeping closer to the present, further disclosures of faux-pas may conceivably deter prospective buyer from buying these old books, thereby having an adverse effect on Wilson's export figures. George would have a fit.

Martina Cipolli.

* * * * * * *

HCW TO REMEMBER A TELEPHONE NUMBER:

As an example using the new Music Library number, local 3589. To remember the 3 and 5 you just forget the 1, 2 and 4, don't even think about them. The 8 and 9 is the easier part because the first two numbers of the second half of ten is 6 and 7, which you don't have to remember. You can forget about the 10 because it is not part of the number 3589.

SPECIAL COLLECTIONS DISPLAY:

The Special Collections Division now has a display of old maps, books and pictures on the Atlantic Provinces of Canada. This is the first in a series of displays on Canada, called naturally, "A Mari Usque Ad Mare".

Montreal CHEZ EXPO.

It is common knowledge that Mr. Drapeau is a genius, THE ISLAND was built with enough rock and soil to match the Great Pyramid (1 truck unloading every minute for 15 months), LaRonde was designed by Disney of Hollywood and the Russian Pavilion is stocked - or was - with eight tons of caviar and 28,000 liters of Vodka - but, did you know that;-

The little city off to the right of St. Helene's has a population of 1,222,765 - 2,418,000 if you include the metropolitan area, and that approximately 65% are of French origin, 15% English, 6% Italian and the remainder a delightful mixture of varying heritage - making the city a Gourmet's Paradise.

80% of said population are Roman Catholic and of the 450 churches in the city, 75% have their headquarters in Rome (where did the other 5% go?)

Jacques Cartier started it all in 1535 when an Indian guide took him up a 764 ft. 'mountain' where, on surveying the view he exclaimed "Ah - what a Royal Mount" - Royal Mount - mount royal - Montreal!

But that for awhile, until the British took over, the settlement was known as Ville Marie - voila-Place Ville Marie the underground shopping marvel in the centre of the city today.

And did you know that if you travel east on Sherbrooke Street for 107 miles, give or take a few changes in name along the way, that you can hit another old and beautiful city namely Quebec - but thereby hangs another tale.

And did you know further that the first Governor of Ville Marie found a lake on top of Mount Royal with a beaver dam and he had a simple wooden cross erected. Both are still there streamlined to moderr form. The Beaver Lake being a cemented basin where today model-boat enthusiasts stage Regattas and the wooden cross becoming a 100 ft. metal edifice whose light can be seen for a radius of 50 miles at night.

But it is the cross on the top of St. Joseph's Oratory, 625 ft. and 99 steps above street level that guides the flyers in. When they see "Jo's Place" as it is affectionately known by the plane crews, they know they are home.

Montreal is 1,200 miles from the ocean but handled 6,000 cargo ships in 1966 at its 131 berths spread over 12 miles of 35 ft. navigatable waters.

It boasts the oldest Y.M.C.A. house in Canada established 1851 and the longest continuous street Notre Dame running 35 miles across the island.

There are 215 parks within the city limits, 33 hospitals and the President of Seagram's house in Westmont has 10 chimneys.

There are no drive-in theatres in Montreal - possibly because no one under 16 can attend a movie.

There is a drive-in Mass at the Supermarket and Molson's Brewery produces 2 million quarts of beer a day - part of which is shopped to other areas in Canada and the United States - much being consumed by the tourist who is told to avoid water - advice most easy to take.

DeGaulle of course, made his famous or infamous cry (depending on your point of view) from the second storey balcony of the town hall and 23,000 English speaking students enrolled at the University of McGill in 1966 - which Montrealers claim is the largest English enrollment in Canada - and they are probably correct - any arguments from Toronto? Hi Isabel!

The University of Montreal was originally an offshoot of Laval University,Quebec City, but received its own charter 1919.

Metro is 16½ miles long, runs on rubber wheels for smoothness, silence and better traction, cost 315 million dollars and has terrible air conditioning - which is being rectified at the cost of several more million dollars. Tis wonderful and if all goes according to plan, Montreal will become a city of the underworld in future winters with nary a soul on the streets.

There are more millionaires per square foot than in any other city of Canada and the banking policy for the whole of the country is formulated at the Royal Bank of Canada, Place Ville Marie. The land on which said bank stands is leased for 99 years (they intend to stay in business) and where a depositor can view his balance on a special television screen. Ah progress!

So for all you future tourists - of which I again hope to be one in the future - these are the facts. It's a city of delight - Expo aside - and if you want to look like a local inhabitant:-

Cross on the red light,
Don't forget the transfer machine on the Metro,
and eat A la Crepe Bretonne - Oh that Onion Soup!!!

Pat LaVac

TRAVELS IN TURKEY; or, TURKISH DELIGHTS.

In the August 1967 issue of the National Geographic there appeared an article on recent archeological excavations on a site hitherto largely unexplored. Wonderful sculptures and buildings were being unearthed. The problem of "where to go for a holiday" was suddenly solved - at least, that was how it seemed.

Four weeks and three overdrawn bank accounts later I was on my way. The travel agent had thrown in her hand once the airline tickets to Istanbul, and home by way of Cos and Athens, were bought. I was busy convincing myself and anyone else who would listen, that my projected trip involved no serious problems.

The trip to Istanbul was made in three long hops with no stopovers. My time there was mainly spent in trying to arrange my trip to the ancient Greek cities of Asia Minor, particularly to Aphrodisias, which the National Geographic had made so alluring. Between rather frustrating visits to local travel agents I took the conventional tours to famous mosques and museums in Istanbul and found them fascinating. The high point for me was a personal pilgrimage to the barracks in which Florence Nightingale and her handful of nurses had cared for the sick and wounded from the British armies in the Crimean War.

In spite of frustrations, I did leave Istanbul on the day I had planned, and almost on the hour. The Turks were right - Allah was on their side and mine and I was unduly anxious about trifles such as ferry schedules, hotel reservations, and a car and driver to take me on my way.

The car was a black Buick Special, 1955 vintage (with four new tires) and the driver was a small, neat, dark man who spoke "a little English", named Hasan.

Hasan was perhaps my greatest good fortune on this most satisfactory holiday. He was kind, concerned that I should enjoy his country, eat well, not bathe more than was good for me, and not spend too much money. He was as interested as I in subjects which would make good pictures. In his care I was able to eat in public places, take tea in a tea-house, and move about freely in a country where a woman alone cannot do these things. Above all he introduced me to family life in a small Turkish village when he took me to stay with his sister and her husband and to meet his other relatives.

My trip took me first along the Asiatic coast of the Sea of Marmara to Troy. The route passes through the charming mountainside city of Bursa, famous for its silk and its glorious Green Mosque. We spent our first night in Bandirma where I had to pay for both beds in my room in order not to have to share it with a stranger (at a total cost of $1.26).

Troy lies a little west and south of a small city called Canakkale. It is dramatically situated overlooking the "windy plain" described by Homer. To stand there and dream of Helen, of Hector and Achilles, of Schliemann, the talented amateur who found the site, of wooden horses and buried gold, is a wonderful experience.

From Troy we drove south along a lovely olive-covered hilly coast to Bergama. Greek Islands lie on the sea, peaceful-looking under the bright blue skies and golden sun.

The ancient city of Pergamum and its nearby Aesklepion are worth every minute and every aching muscle devoted to a leisurely visit. The acropolis provides a panoramic view of miles of the most beautiful, lush farmland in Turkey, stretching to four points of the compass. I drank from a sacred spring and bathed in a still-functioning Graeco-Roman bath.

It was from Bergama, by way of Izmir, that we went to the village of Kaymakci where Hasan was born, married his first wife and fathered two sons. The experience of kindness, hospitality, unaffected warmth and shared pleasure which I had there will be one of the most beautiful memories of my life. Some day I hope to try to describe this episode in such a way as to do it justice, but I do not believe I can succeed.

Still on the way to Aphrodisias, I went to Ephesus, to Priene, Miletus and Didyma, staying the while at a delightful seaside town called Kusadasi. The sea was warm, very blue and very salty, and provided much needed hydrotherapy for the aching muscles which got progressively worse as the ruins went by.

After a stay of twenty-four hours at Pamukkale, site of yet another Graeco-Roman city, characterized by thermal springs which have the fallen columns and capitals of the original baths lying beneath the clear turquoise waters amid the city ruins, we came finally to Aphrodisias.

The reality of this fabulous place was not like the dream which I had created from the shiny pages of the National Geographic. It was overwhelming but more comprehensible in human terms than I had imagined. The old village of Geyre, still not entirely demolished,

lies among the ruins. In its centre is the tea-house characteristic of Turkish villages, with its quota of men who seem to have nothing to do all day, and facing it the village "square", with shaggy dogs asleep under the bench of Roman stone where one awaits the daily bus. The ruins are breathtaking and many more lie buried under the farms around the village. A stork's nest perched atop a column provides an exotic touch. I commend to you all the beautiful pictures in the "Geographic". Add to them a quiet, quiet pastoral scene, a light breeze and hot sun, ripe figs and pomegranates hanging on the trees, broken Roman glass underfoot, and there you are!

To conclude - Turkey is beautiful, fertile, clean, and varied in its appeal. The people are always kind and they win your affection and admiration.* The food is superb - as someone said, "It tastes the way Greek food is supposed to taste". Living is cheap, and, at least in September, there are few tourists. Long may it flourish!

* Cyprus notwithstanding. Barbara Gibson.

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CONCERNING TRUTH.....

One Form of Untruth

There is something worse than deliberate lying, and that is the habit of gratuitous assertion; of saying, not what we know to be untrue, but what we do not know to be true. Nine-tenths of our untruthfulness is of this sort; and it is fostered by the credulity or the indifference of our hearers. George Tyrrell.

from Robert Coope, "The Quiet Art" Mem:WZ350 C6

One of the impediments to knowledge is the affectation of trying to conceal ignorance by the display of a specious appearance of knowledge. Roger Bacon. ibid.

H.W.Spaulding.

[Irreverent postscript: A half-truth, like half a brick, is always more forcible as an argument than a whole one. It carries further. Stephen B. Leacock.]

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TRUTH AND BEAUTH - Faculty of Education Art Display.

BSS has given permission for students in the Faculty of Education Art Department to hang some of their works in the Library at the Entrance, North Wing; Stack Entry, Floor 3; Entrance, Reserve Book Room. Staff members wishing to purchase any of the works should get in touch with Sam Black, Faculty of Education.

CENSORSHIP : GEORGIA STRAIT, DEFENDER OF THE FAITH, & PLAYBOY.

Those of you interested in the censorship practiced in Vancouver recently should watch for The Democratic Commitment, put out by the B. C. Civil Liberties Association. One of the articles in this publication, written by Graham Elliston, unravels the facts of each case. He also points out that while it is encouraging to find many people speaking out against misuse of power, opposition is often not based on libertarian principles. However, it is worth noting that the circulation of Georgia Strait has risen considerably as a result of this free publicity, so it's an ill wind.