

KING EDWARD TIMES

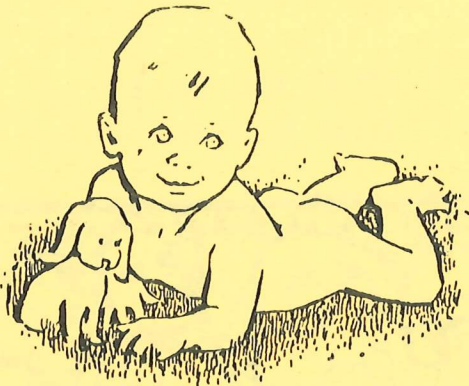
VOLUME VII, No. 2

April 10, 1981



KCC

King Edward Campus



CONGRATULATIONS, STEVE AND JAN!

Steve Baker, our Receiver, is the proud father of a baby boy, Nicholas James, born on Friday, April 3. Nicholas weighed in at 9 lb. 1 oz. and will soon be ready to join brother Benjamin in fun and games.

M.G.

FROM THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

D. Duke, J. Domer and M. Ehling attended the American Musicological Society Chapter meeting at University of British Columbia on Friday, April 3, 1981.

D. Duke has been elected chairman of the B.C. Post Secondary Music Forum.

THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT PRESENTS.....

Christopher Ellis - Voice and Oboe
Laura Minato - Harpsichord and Piano
assisted by other students

DATE: April 12, 1981

TIME: 3:00 p.m.

PLACE: Recital Hall, Mt. Pleasant Centre
225 West 8th Avenue

ADMISSION FREE!

NOW BAND

NOW BAND

NOW BAND

NOW BAND

NOW BAND

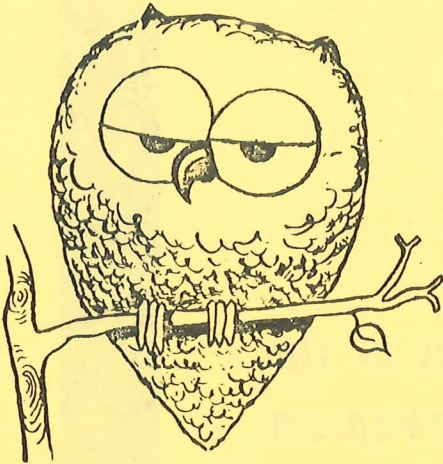
NOW BAND

IN PERFORMANCE - BLUE TALES IN TIME

Friday, April 10 at 8:00 p.m. at the Mt. Pleasant Centre
225 West 8th Avenue.

ADMISSION FREE!

T.S.



EARLY BIRD KEEP FIT CLASSES CONTINUE.....

It's not too late to join!

6:30 a.m. - Tuesday through Friday

SHOWERS AVAILABLE!

P.B.

PEOPLES' REPUBLIC OF CHINA: RECRUITING ENGLISH TEACHERS

The Ministry of Education announcements circular on recruiting English teachers for the Peoples' Republic of China is posted on the bulletin boards.

H.E.P.



Campbell

"It's not exactly a note from the teacher. It's more like a joint communiqué from the faculty."

LOST, STOLEN, or STRAYED?

Alf Glenesk, Director of Continuing Ed. at Regional Office thinks he left his brief case here at K.E.C. a week or so ago.

Recently, "someone" phoned Regional Office to say they had found his brief case, but neglected to leave their name or where the case could be picked up! If YOU are the one who found it, please call Alf and let him know who you are and where he might retrieve his "case".

M.G.

HOLIDAYS

I will be off campus from April 13 to April 20 inclusive. Mr. Casey will be attending to matters which normally cross my desk. Mr. Pankratz will attend to those of an administrative nature. If in doubt, please contact my secretary, Mrs. Akin.

R.F.C.

WELCOME, JANE!

Although Jane Gaudry has been with the Music Department for some time, she is now a permanent member of the group. Jane is a Clerk II and, with her extensive musical background is a definite asset to the Department.

We hope Jane continues to enjoy her work and we are pleased to have her with us on a permanent basis.

M.G.

POEMS FOR THE WORLD

Daniel Harding, an English Language Training instructor at K.E.C., has published a little book of poems entitled Poems for the World. Daniel gave me a copy; I enjoyed reading his poetry and I've now placed the collection in our library for the enjoyment of others.

H.E.P.

K.E.C. FACULTY/STAFF ACTIVITIES

Brown, J.D.	On Duty-Off Campus - meeting with Ministry of Education officials; Victoria	April 9
Cranstoun, J.	Articulation - Program Developers' Committee Meeting; Justice Institute, Vancouver	April 6
Lowe, E.	P.D. - Reading of new materials re teaching of typing to adults; Vancouver	April 27-May 1
Meyer, R.	P.D. - Collection of resource materials; Portland, Oregon	April 10-12
Moutter, D.	Conference - P.A.C.R.A.O Annual Conference and Hawaii Career and College Fair; Honolulu, Hawaii	Nov. 1-8 S.M.

POSITION OPENINGS

V.C.C. King Edward Campus requires a Key punch Operator II in the Student Records Department. Closing date for applications is April 9.

V.C.C. King Edward Campus requires a Clerk II (Payroll/Personnel). Closing date for applications is April 10.

V.C.C. Langara Campus requires a Laboratory Demonstrator I for the Nursing Program. Closing date for applications is April 10.

V.C.C. requires a Payroll Clerk III at the Regional Offices. Closing date for applications is April 14.

For further details on the above positions, please see postings on bulletin boards.

H.E.P.



"Consider the possibility — just as a hypothesis, of course — that your feelings of inferiority are the result of remarkable self-awareness."

RICHARD COHEN
... of the Washington Post
Writers Group.

TAP, TAP, TAP, I have decided to live in the 1930s. I have decided to tap dance there, to a time when the women had long hair and wore silky gowns and sang in a deep voice. This was a time when people could smoke without getting cancer and when the poor were poor, but proud and happy and had plenty to eat.

Tap, tap, tap. I love the 1930s. I see them in old movies and so I know all about them. I want to sail to Europe on the Ile de France ("with all the gulls around it...") and watch Fred and Ginger dance on the deck. I love Luckies and Camels and double-breasted suits. I'd wear knickers and have a touring car (whatever that is) and call women "baby." God, I'd kill to call a woman "baby."

No doubt about it, the thirties were the time for me. I would have gone to nightclubs with the floors that shimmered. I could have drunk all night (martinis) and never gotten drunk and woke up in the morning with just an amusing little hangover and vague recollections from the night before of blondes, bon mots, and a dog named Asta.

Tap, tap, tap. There were no alcoholics in the 1930s and people were not yet neurotic. Hamburgers did not give cancer and coffee was java and healthy and no one talked about being in their own space and doing their own thing. They said words like "shamus" and "gat" and "gunsel." No one says gunsel anymore. No one even dresses for dinner anymore.

In the 1930s, there were real radicals. They wore rimless glasses and they always walked into the wind wearing nothing but a suit jacket,

but they were never cold. They drank a lot of coffee, their mothers drank tea from a glass, and their wives or their women stayed in the kitchen, served food on white porcelain kitchen tables, talked politics with a kind of innate wisdom and moved just like the women in the nightclubs.

Sometimes I wonder if the 1940s were not more my time. I would have been wonderful in the Blitz. I would have worn a trenchcoat and smoked like crazy and been driven around London by a WREN who looked like Joan Fontaine. I would have had a place on Berkeley Square (where nightingales sang) and then gone off to the war and come back with a slight but very interesting war wound. I'd rather not talk about it. The main trouble with the 1940s, though, is that they end with the fifties.

Tap, tap, tap. I think I'll stick to the thirties. We had our own war in the thirties. We had the Spanish Civil War with George Orwell and Hemingway (ah, what a fool he made of himself one night, but that is a different story) and Antoine de Saint-Exupery, the fellow who wrote the Little Prince which I read much later. In the fifties to be precise. Everyone drank wine out of goat skins and ran with the bulls at Pamplona and when they died, and they died by the score, they did it very well.

In the 1930s, people wore hats. I look good in hats and back then everyone wore them. I could have carried a walking stick, which is something I now and again get the yen to do, and I could have gone up to the stadium to watch Ruth and Gehrig or gone to see vaudeville — maybe Jolson. Yes, definitely Jolson. At night, I'd go down to the neighborhood

White tie, top hat, and tails

where my family lived and see my parents as they really were. I could have sat on the stoop with my grandfather, me rubbing the top of my walking stick, asking question about how it had really been — filling the old photographs with life.

Tap, tap, tap. I'd take a train to the coast. The train would be comfortable and not like

In the 1930s, there was lots of unemployment, but no street crime and even the poor wore ties. The summers were hot but comfortable and the winters were cold but bracing and there was no such thing yet as Florida. Shirley Temple was a little girl, the women wore hats, Roosevelt talked from the radio, movies were better than ever, people held hands on the street, romance thrived, sex was for grownups, and Ronald Reagan was a hit.

Tap, tap, tap. We're back. □

THE ONE THING I SHOULD HAVE BEEN IN AM NOT.



FRED ASTAIRE.

BUT I DON'T HAVE THE TALENT OR DISCIPLINE TO BE FRED ASTAIRE.



SO I DO THE NEXT BEST THING.

I TAP DANCE MY WAY THROUGH LIFE.



I TAP DANCE MY WAY THROUGH RELATIONSHIPS.



AROUND MY FAMILY.

IN AND OUT OF PERSONAL CRISES —



AT TIMES I WISH I COULD SLOW DOWN LONG ENOUGH FOR SOME SINGERS TO CATCH ME.



BUT WHEN ONE OF THEM COMES TOO CLOSE I TAP AWAY.



SENSATION! AL BUT ISOLATED I DANCE ON.



THE CURSE OF FRED ASTAIRE.

3-X © 1980 The Estate of Fred Astaire

Reiner/Held Newspaper Syndicate

