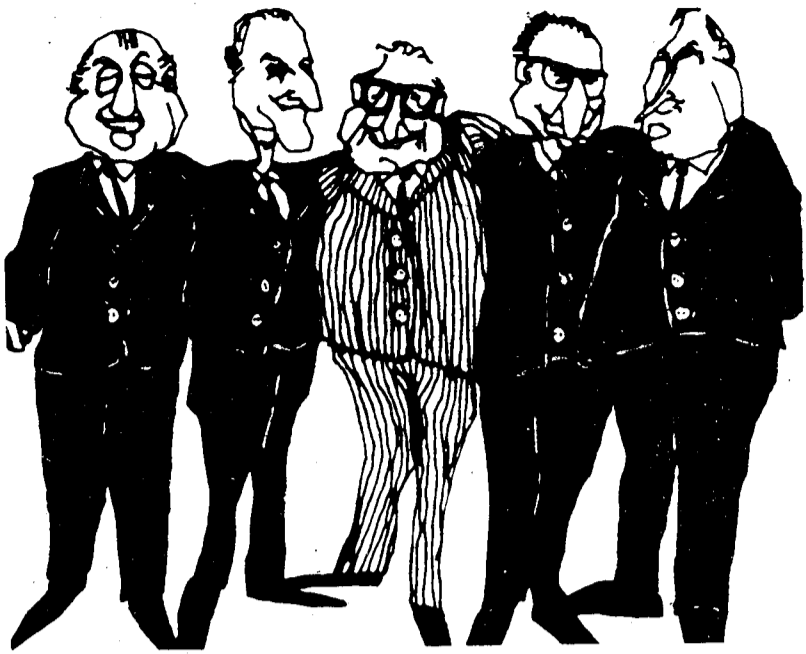


TENURE -- WHO WANTS IT? APPLICATIONS REVEALED ; PUBLICATION PLANNED



Damn good thing they gave out tenure in a civilized manner in our day, but perhaps it's just as well the upstarts are being subjected to student scrutiny.

by Farrell Haynes

There is no time like the present, so the General Council proceeded, after a forty minute delay due to the absence of a quorum on Monday, November 25, to deal with a rapid succession of issues.

A recipient of Council's benevolent attitude was the U. F. W. (United Farm Workers), a "club" considered to be like other groups attempting to provide information to the

Glendon community, which received \$25.00 as well as full Student Union support for their efforts. A motion was rejected that would offer students a free choice between union and non-union produce, along with a proposal accusing the Food Committee of being undemocratic by limiting options. The council also decided to urge the Café not to sell non-union products. In order to receive Council funds, the History and Political Course Unions submit-

ted their budget. History Departmental representative Derek Watt asked for the appropriated \$50 for his Union and if possible, an extra \$150 to cover an outstanding \$75 film debt. Mr. Paul Hunt called for the \$ 50 for the Political Science Course Union which budgeted 60 per cent or \$30 of the money for refreshments.

Lists of faculty members applying for tenure and promotions within the English, Political Science, History, Sociology and General Education Branches were submitted. No members of the Philosophy and Economics Departments are applying this year, and the French and Philosophy sections have not their lists submitted to date. The G.C.S.U. is hopeful that the full roster will appear in Pro Tem in the near future.

"I do not wish to play politics any longer", stated former Social Affairs Commissioner Larry Guimond in his letter of resignation submitted to Council. The resignation was accepted.

Due to illness the Council's former Secretary, Dianne Perkes had to resign. A decision was not reached regarding procedures to fill this post.

To avoid error the Academic Affairs Commissioner will be taking last year's course evaluation questionnaire to York Main to discover previous flaws.

The National Union of Students committee announced that a meeting will be held Thursday, November 29 at 1:00 pm. President Duguay reported that a letter to Quebec institutions will be sent asking for their opinions on matters relating to the N.U.S. and will be presented at the N.U.S. Ontario caucus assembly December 15.

President Duguay reported that the Parking and Grounds Committee, established to investigate the security system and other matters, raised objections concerning posted unilingual signs instead of bilingual ones. These signs may soon be replaced. A security job is open to the Glendon community because a previously hired non-Glendon student has left.

pro tem

the glendon college weekly

VOLUME 14, NUMBER 12

NOVEMBER 27, 1974

BILINGUALISM : ENCORE UNE FOIS — ONE MORE TIME, THAT IS

by Yves Jolicoeur

Ma première appréhension en arrivant à Glendon, lors de ma première année d'étude, fut de subir un certain choc culturel, c'est-à-dire d'arriver dans un milieu totalement anglais où l'usage du Français se faisait aussi rare que celui de l'Espagnol à Fort Chimo. Comme tout bon Québécois j'apportais avec moi mon sac de préjugés afin de mieux supporter ce changement de culture. A mon grand soulagement (temporaire cependant), je me rendis compte que Glendon faisait partie de cette tendance qui unit les deux cultures Canadiennes, à savoir le bilinguisme et le biculturalisme. Au départ, on le remarque sur les enseignes qui ornent notre Collège. Les écriteaux pour la plupart reflètent le caractère "bilingue" de notre institution. Pour peu que l'on lise l'anglais et le français, il est assez difficile de se tromper entre le service de santé (Health Services) et la librairie (Bookstore). Là où réside une certaine ambiguïté c'est lorsque l'on regarde les services qui concernent directement les étudiants; c'est-à-dire l'enseignement (faculté), les services aux étudiants et l'administration en générale. Je crois que c'est à ce niveau, et non seulement au niveau des panneaux indicatifs, que l'importance du bilinguisme et du biculturalisme réside. Avant d'admettre le principe du bilinguisme, il faut d'abord savoir quel en est le sens réel et dans quel contexte particulier il s'applique.

Le bilinguisme à Québec et le bilinguisme à Toronto ne repose pas sur les mêmes critères. On peut cependant distinguer que dans l'une comme dans l'autre, la suprématie d'une culture se fait remarquer et c'est dans cette optique que l'on voit le bilinguisme. La culture dominante subit l'apport du bilinguisme d'une façon totalement différente de celle qui est en position inférieure. A Québec, être bilingue, c'est parler l'Anglais. A Toronto, le bilinguisme se fait plus nuancé. Être bilingue pour la majorité c'est être capable de répondre oui, non, un petit peu, et deux drafts. J'avoue qu'il est assez difficile de concevoir un bilinguisme qui soit ni aléatoire, ni utopique: car celui que l'on vit semble l'être. Il est facile d'ex-

iger le bilinguisme là où il est facile de laisser des concessions. Là où il est plus difficile d'arriver à une entente vient lorsque l'on parle de changements organiques importants, des changements qui demandent justement trop concessions. Si Glendon est un Collège bilingue il faut soigner certaines articulations drôlement malades. Si Glendon est un Collège anglais, offrant une option bilingue, alors la situation peut demeurer ainsi. On ne peut nier qu'un certain nombre de personnes participent au caractère bilingue de Glendon, mais ce nombre est assez restreint. La sphère de participation semble se rétrécir au lieu de s'étendre. Moins de francophones cette année,

donc moins de bilinguisme car ce dernier ne semble exister que pour eux. L'existence du bilinguisme et du biculturalisme ne tient pas à un brouillage des deux cultures afin de chercher à atteindre un faux idéal. L'essence même du bilinguisme et du biculturalisme réside dans l'existence distincte des deux cultures avec une communication et une relation sincère, évidente entre ces deux cultures. La situation devient ridicule lorsque l'effort pour atteindre ce but n'est pas partagé et je crois que le bilinguisme ne sera jamais qu'un rêve politique tant que l'effort ne sera plus valable, plus sincère. L'effort doit être collectif et non le fruit d'une minorité comme il existe actuellement. Des ententes et même des concessions

doivent être faites rapidement. Le rapport (Bennett-Jolicoeur) qui sera présenté au Conseil de la Faculté jeudi, représente une tentative afin de prouver la rentabilité du bilinguisme à Glendon. Tentative je dis bien, car le rapport va sûrement rencontrer une opposition farouche de la part de la faculté. Une telle opposition ne fera que renforcer mes préjugés à l'égard du bilinguisme. Il est évident que le document contient des énoncés catégoriques susceptibles d'être rejetés. Il est cependant temps que de telles mesures soient prises si l'on veut faire la preuve du bilinguisme à Glendon. Nous devons agir logiquement et objectivement afin d'atteindre le but que s'est fixé le Collège: c'est-à-dire un Collège bilingue et biculturel. Il nous le faut et nous l'aurons.

POLITICAL ECONOMIST FORESEES RECESSION

SASKATOON (CUP) --- Another voice has been added to the many who foresee an inevitable recession in the near future. James Laxer, speaking to students at the University of Saskatchewan provided hard evidence to show there is no way we can expect to avoid a recession.

Laxer, a political economy professor at York University in Toronto and a member of the Ontario Waffle, says the most notable indication of what is to come is the huge inventories of raw materials presently being stockpiled by all industries in response to the sky-rocketing prices of materials.

At some point in each industry a "glut level" will be reached, after which no more supplies will be purchased. This will shut down the industries supplying material.

This crisis or over production is spreading, said Laxer, from the United States to the rest of the world. There will be special effects for Canada.

In the limping auto industry for instance, the cutbacks have hit Canada first and with greater force than in the U.S. He sees the deficit in the Canadian auto industry rising to \$1 billion in 1974 from \$250 million

last year.

We will see massive layoffs of Canadian autoworkers before Christmas, he claims.

This shrinkage in Canada's manufacturing capacity is part of the process, Laxer charged, of rationalizing Canada as a hinterland. The trade balance with Canada is very important in American economic thinking.

If the U.S. wants to buy more Canadian raw materials, "it simply must sell more manufactured goods."

Selling American manufactured goods is facilitated by the closure of competing branch plants in Canada.

The growing economic crisis has its roots in a conflict between U.S. capitalists and those in Europe and Japan, he said. The dominance of U.S. imperialism began to end in 1960 as the economics of Japan and the European Economic Community started to demand their own place in the world.

American policy to thwart this trend, Laxer maintained, began in 1970.

The recently inflated oil prices are the result of a three-sided combination of this new American foreign policy along with the interests of the seven largest oil companies and the

Arab states.

The oil companies until recently had faced the problems of oversupply and too much competition. The "energy crisis" is a snow job, charged Laxer, because the companies spend more money on advertising than they do on developing new production. Their profits have soared and competition is being squeezed out.

The Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) has benefited from mammoth increases in royalties.

One other benefit to American government policy from the "energy crisis" is the pressure that has developed to insure stable sources of energy for the American economy.

The Americans are not really interested in a national energy policy; Laxer accused them of building a continental energy policy, one which will include development of both Arctic oil and gas and the Athabasca tar sands.

The oil production companies should be nationalized, he said, without compensation. The oil companies long ago recovered their investments, he said.

WHAT'S RIGHT ABOUT THE WORLD

by Doug Graham

I was reviewing what I had written for this paper over the past few months and I came to a surprising conclusion. I'm a mean bastard. I've criticized everything from the school system to weddings. I'm sure there's someone out there somewhere who thinks I swear at little children and beat up my mother. Well, I don't. I know I have given that impression. So, I have decided to devote this week to try and tell you what I think is right with the world for a change.

I like booze. Beer, to be specific. I know just about everyone has been telling you booze is bad for you, and it has been linked with everything from birth defects to impotence, but I like it anyway. I think a good drunk is a good head clearing experience. I went on an all day bender a couple of weeks ago. True, it didn't solve any of my problems, but for quite a few hours, I didn't give a damn anyway. I had two essays coming up, and you think I gave a shit? When you're drunk, everything is rosy, everyone's happy, every girl you see is beautiful, and your bed looks good when it's over. It gives me a sublime, peaceful feeling that comes in handy when pressures and deadlines are threatening to turn you into a conscientious student.

I like smoking cigarettes. It keeps my hands busy and occupies my time during excessively dry classes. I don't mind the brown fingers and breath that smells like the 3rd infantry just marched through your mouth. I know I will get some kind of cancer, thinning hair, smelly clothes, heart failure or trench

mouth, or whatever else they are saying smoking will give you. But come to think of it, anything you do just for the sake of doing it is either fatal or taxable. Even kicking off costs money, and that's about as fatal as possible. If you decide to go back to nature and pack up a tent, you can't stay anywhere for less than five bucks a night.

Next time someone lights a cigarette beside you, don't tell him to put it out. It might be me, and I'll tell you to go to hell.

I like comedy. Anything that is designed to make you laugh. Comedy is about the last refuge we have. You can't watch news any more. You might see a live calf getting his throat cut, because some asshole farmer is mad at the government. You can't watch Carol Burnett. What's funny about someone that can open their mouth and hide their whole god damn head. That's why I usually turn to Paul Rimstead, Gary Lautens, or Art Buchwald. The rest of the paper seems more bearable when you read their point of view. I believe they serve a function more important than any story you read in any of the Toronto rags.

I like Toronto. I like it's subways, even though they could split you from crown to gizzard if you don't hear the whistle, or is that just a rumour? I often wonder if deaf people take the subway. I like walking along Yonge Street, donating nickels for soup kitchens, bald religious nuts, and toothless winos. I don't mind giving money to winos. (I admit this because I'm reasonably sure no winos read this paper, but then again, maybe



There is nothing like an all night bender to clear your head.

I'm not.) Charities thank you politely and walk on in search of another sucker. A wino figures he has to give you a hard luck story that is often quite entertaining. Hell, it's worth a quarter. I've had winos tell me they were robbed in the Salvation Army. Others say they dropped their wallet and a (rich) Doberman Pinscher picked it up. I love cold weather and snow. Just

the atmosphere of winter showers me with benevolence. I think nature is much prettier to walk through with a coating of snow, and frosty air. In summer, I never go outside when the temperature is more than seventy five. In winter, I'm always out walking.

So, now you know what I like. Beer, cigarettes, winter, and winos. I'm a nut, right?

Francophones du Glendon

Des consultations en français sont disponibles aux heures suivantes dans les bureaux du Service de Counselling:

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Bienvenue à tous!

ESSAY WRITING?

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Mrs. Jean Sherlock, M.Ed. is available in the Counselling Centre to offer extra assistance during this significant November - April part of the Academic term.

Jean is a well-qualified experienced counsellor who returns to Glendon after five years as Director of Counselling at the Toronto General Hospital.

You can contact her in Room 101, Glendon (487-6180).

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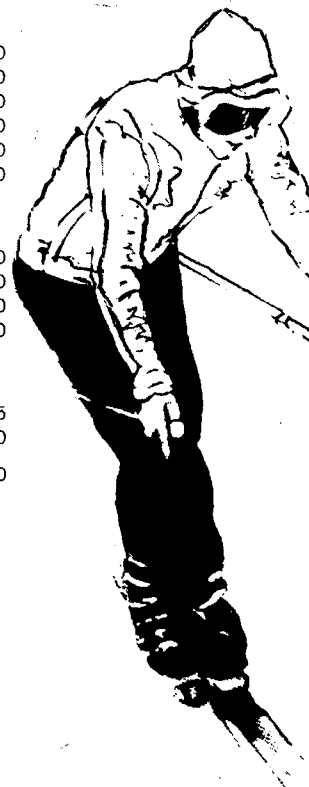
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pro tem

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RUMOUR HAS IT

IF YOU FIND MISTAKES
 IN THIS PUBLICATION,
 PLEASE CONSIDER
 THAT THEY ARE THERE
 FOR A PURPOSE. WE
 PUBLISH SOMETHING
 FOR EVERYONE AND
 SOME PEOPLE ARE
 ALWAYS LOOKING
 FOR MISTAKES !!!



Probably the major mistake made by people here, or in any "isolated community", is to base some statement or story on hearsay. The danger involved is that the listener is able to identify the person or group that is the subject of the story since most of the people here know just about everybody else here. I'm sure it is the same in most "isolated communities".

The problem lies in the fact that while the person receiving the hearsay information (commonly referred to as a rumour) gets a picture of the person or group referred to in the rumour, which is not entirely true. This is due to the fact that the listener may not be personally familiar with the individual. Worse still the listener may compound the rumour by adding a little of their own spice to the sauce and turn what may have begun as a misunderstanding into a demeaning fabrication.

This particular phenomenon, "the rumour", sparked my interest in the latter part of last year. Until that time, I honestly admit, I was oblivious to such hearsay. I may have even engaged in the banter unconsciously.

Rumours got to be such a fascination with me that it became uncanny. My first reaction was to track down as much information, or better still hearsay, as possible about a particular event or individual and

then attempt to diagram the entire misadventure. That is, I structured the whole story: determining what information was true; which facts were untrue; who was responsible for what information and why the whole thing got started in the first place.

Somehow it didn't work out. I could never get the tale back to basic truth. There were too many fabrications, such a number of groundless facts, that it proved an impossible task. I just couldn't determine a reason for the start of the rumour in the first place. Oh, this wasn't always the case but very often the reason behind the account had no relation to the subject matter.

Another problem I faced in my search was that you couldn't determine who "spilled the beans". Occasionally, the entire rumour started when someone took some statement out of context. But more usually the original source of information was not known, or at least, no-one would say what or who the original source was. I wonder why?

All in all, it was an exercise in futility. One couldn't find the truth about the different accounts even if that one was Sherlock Holmes. I decided to stop dabbling in rumours. I'd suggest that everyone in this and any other "isolated community" do the same. It isn't worth the time, the bother, or the information you end up getting.

GRAB BAG

by Peter Russell

This month Quest magazine has an excellent article in it by John Ruddy entitled 'The Ugly Spectator.' He discusses the current breed of spectators to hockey games, and makes the poignant distinction between athletes who have no use for the way the game is played these days and don't watch, versus the T.V. room athletes at home and in the stands who are so fat and swollen they can hardly walk never mind skate. There are many case histories cited of typical spectator behaviour, but one of the most entertaining examples was that of an incident in Montreal, "in which two teams of eight-year-olds refused to shake hands after a game; they were watching a brawl in the stands between two mothers."

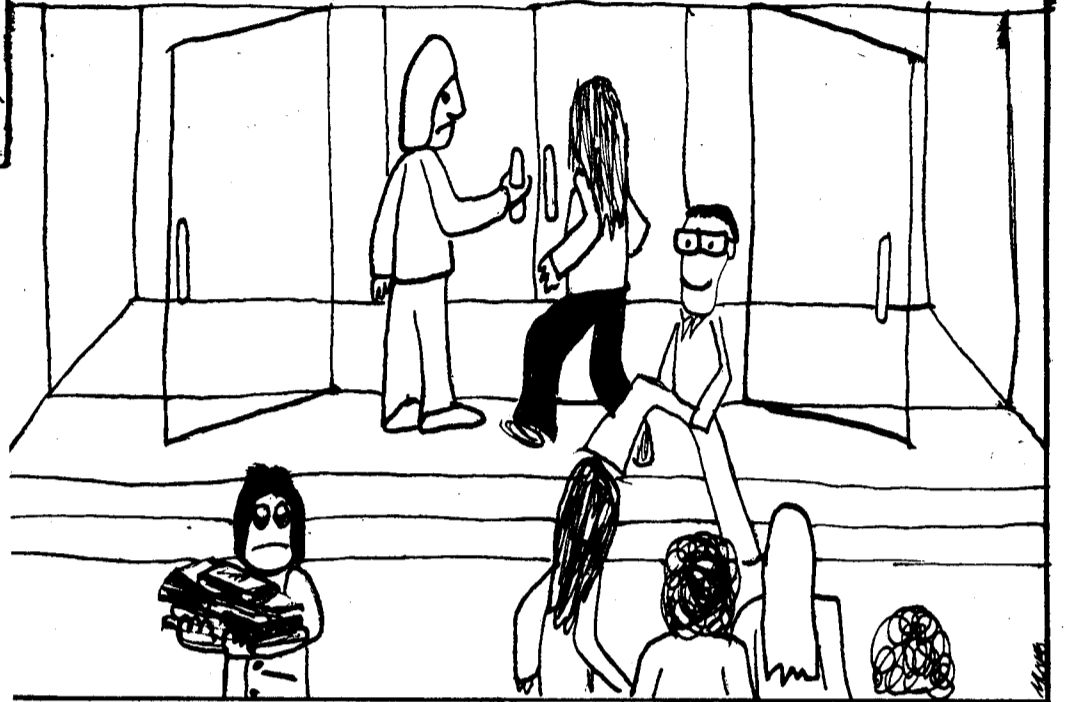
This example gave me a sudden flash of brilliance. I know there will be those who will suspect that I don't follow enough spectator sport to be worth listening to. I can only assure you that I indeed follow organized sport with a passion. Only last week I was rolling on the ground, foaming at the mouth. The veins were hanging so far out of my neck I got dizzy. After about five minutes of this perfectly normal behaviour I realized that the people rolling in the aisles with me weren't having veinous constriction at the same time I was. It was only then that I discovered, much to my loneliness and sense of alienation, that they were all having their exercise over what was happening on the ice. You see where that left me. . . out in the cold. . . all the time I thought we were celebrating one another's

ecstasy.

Well, it wasn't long before I stopped going to games. (Last week would you believe?) Since then I have formulated a new plan for a game. I expect to be selling many franchises, as the total concept is under copyright at the time of writing. The way it works is this. Tickets are sold to the show as usual, which can still happen in the arenas. We'll save money on not having any hockey equipment. There will be the same number of players as in a hockey game, but they will be of both sexes, and be wearing only skates and a hockey stick. The object of the game will be to bash in and kill as many members of the other side as you can in one hour of play. There will be intermissions galore if the teams drop too fast. The highest payed players will be the fattest and most humourless members of the Beaumont-set. Penalties will be given out for knifing (with the skate blades) and indecent violation of another player (with the hockey stick). The umpire who will sit over each net sipping Crisco oil and giggling will be responsible for interpreting all matters of conduct. . . what is and isn't a penalty.

I'm so excited just thinking about it I have to stop writing and clean up. But remember, all you sports-fans. With my proposal rapidly gaining popularity, all the once keen spectator athletes that have had to give up wasting their time watching boring hockey games will be able to reunite in the aisles of arenas all over the world. Once again the people will sigh, scream, and gurgle as one. Back to Godhead!

LIBRARY



ONCE AGAIN GLENDON STUDENTS UNITE AT THE LIBRARY.

Letters to the editor

STUDENTS DEMAND ANSWERS

To the Editor:

The members of the Kitchen Plan of Hilliard Residence held a meeting last Thursday to discuss problems related to the operation of this plan.

It should be stated here that twenty-seven people each paid forty-five dollars per month for use of the facilities.

In this meeting, there was a unanimous request for information concerning the use to which this forty-five dollars is put.

As these fees amount to a sizeable sum of money (\$1215 for the period of eight months and at least another \$800 from summer residents), the members of the Kitchen Plan feel that some of this revenue should be used to better the conditions in the kitchen.

There is a lack of sufficient cupboard space, meaning that many people must share a cupboard with ano-

ther student, and that some only have a drawer for storage space. A fourth refrigerator is also needed, especially since there are three more people on the plan than the facilities allow. In addition, there is poor, almost non-existent ventilation and the pots and pans provided are of the poorest possible quality.

The Dean of Residence has informed us that a \$12,000 loan was required to install plumbing, ventilation, refrigerators, stoves, cupboards, etc. However, it is felt that this is an exorbitant amount of money to spend on the installation of kitchen facilities, considering that the kitchen was built over three years ago.

The members of the kitchen plan would appreciate a detailed Financial Statement from the Dean, showing residence costs. We feel that such a statement would clarify the allocation of our fees.

The Members of the Kitchen Plan

WHAT INJUSTICE?

To the Editor:

Jacques Plante himself admits that his campaign against injustice is "getting nowhere". Could it perhaps be because he has so far failed to convince anyone that he has actually suffered an injustice?

He was not permitted to have a room in D-Hilliard because 70% of the Glendon students applying for residence this year were women, which left us with no alternative but to assign women to D House. He was given his old room because he failed to mark down any alternative to D House on his application form. Had he suggested an alternative his seniority would almost certainly have guaranteed that he got it. Although he was assigned to a maidservice house, he could have been put in another house as late as 6 September (and at no extra charge), if he had cared to make his wishes known to the Residence Office.

M. Plante resents having to pay for maidservice when he dropped out of residence after only a week.

Yet last spring the residence students replied yes to a questionnaire on whether they favoured continuing the maidservice option in four of the eleven houses plus the Hilliard basement. Having four designated houses meant that a few students ended up having to pay for maidservice when they didn't want it. However, this was the only way in which the option could be made financially practical. When the College hires a maid it has to know that the money will be there to pay her for the full academic year. That is why M. Plante was asked to put his signature to a statement agreeing that the charge for maidservice is not refundable.

He is of course welcome to take the university to court, but I expect he will find that the response is the same beyond the gates of Glendon as it is within; namely, that when you put your name to something in writing you're expected to stick to it.

Yours sincerely,
 Ian Gentles,
 Master of Residence.

MORE LETTERS...

c.c. To the Editor, Protem.

Mr. William Firman,
Chief Security Officer
Glendon College,
2275 Bayview Avenue
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Bill,

I was at Glendon for a day last week at which time I noticed a copy of an article on Security in Protem.

Needless to say, I was appalled at the content. From my experience last year I believe I understood the background to the cases mentioned and must only conclude that the author was unaware of the details of the situation or deliberately misused their context. As for the personal

JUST ISN'T FAIR

To the Editor:

I am writing in regard to Daryl Urquart's review of the English 253 play "Chamber Music". In his review, he referred to the play as "Cindy Fothergill's production". I'd like to point out that Cindy Fothergill had nothing to do with this production. The director for "Chamber Music" was chosen arbitrarily in class. Credit should be given to him, as well as the producer, who assisted in the direction, and to the cast and technical people, who all worked hard and did their best for a good production. While on this subject, I'd also like to note that although this

references to yourself, I feel these were both unjustified and vindictive.

Contrary to the implications made, I wish to say that my experience with Security at Glendon has generally been enlightening and worthwhile. With a few minor exceptions, almost every aspect of the Security system is worthy of commendation. The Guards are, by and large, both good friends and fair and competent individuals.

I really do not think I need to pursue this any further and I believe that the majority of the Glendon Community hold similar views.

Keep on Keepin' on

Paul Johnston.

play took so much work and helpful suggestions from everyone, it is only being marked for 5% of the year's grade. One wonders where a contemporary drama course is at, that assigns so little value to practical experience. If we must go through a university system in which marks are at least a pragmatic concern, it seems only fair that more attention in this respect be paid to those endeavours which take up the most time and effort; and after all, drama is made and learned on stage, not at the typewriter.

an English 253 student

Aldermanic Race in Ward 8 : a full time job?

by Don Ward

Is the job of Alderperson a full-time job? This the central issue in the race for the aldermanic seat in ward 8. Two of those running, Robb Roche a manufacturer's representative and Joseph Cusimano a Cable TV technician, believe it is possible to carry on a full time job outside the municipal politics and still adequately serve their constituents.

The third candidate, Ray Haveloch a community worker with North York doesn't agree. Ray Haveloch believes that it is not enough to attend council meetings: an alderperson must also attend the day time committee meetings faithfully. Moreover, an alderperson must have the time to keep in touch with constituents and to research the various problems he is called upon to help solve. An alderperson must have time to read reports, ask questions, investigate personally and consult local residents before making decisions that involve the quality of life of a community and/or involve expenditures of huge sums of money.

Ray Haveloch is the only candidate to propose monthly ward meetings at different locations in Ward 8, to air complaints, hear problems, and receive local input. He has also suggested a loose advisory board composed of representatives from all local community groups including the Glendon community. After 18 years in the community and group work field, the candidate, Ray Haveloch, knows how to listen and to work with groups. He believes in working with people rather than doing things to people.

Ray Haveloch is about to receive his MA in Sociology from York with a focus on communities and leisure time pursuits. As an Atkinson undergrad his major was Sociology and his minor was Social Welfare.

He served on a shortlived student-faculty committee that was involved in every aspect of the sociology department and was chairperson of the procedures out-committee, that drafted the agendas and co-ordinated the larger committee (among other things).

He was a Woodrow Wilson Designate and received other scholarships while maintaining a full-time job and supporting a wife and three children. Despite a 40-60 hour weekly work schedule, a house-filled with children's noise and household responsibilities (he shares all the housework with his wife who also has two jobs;

wife and government office secretary), Ray Haveloch has maintained a n 'A' average.

Ray is opposed to irrational development, the Lawrence expressway that would have knifed through Glendon, & unsightly highrises at Post & Bayview and turning the Yonge Street corridor into one large commercial and high rise area. More than this Ray Haveloch is for citizen parti-

Ward 7 politics : Rienhardt's the one

by Andrew Nikiforuk

I recently attended an all candidates meeting for Ward 7 of Metro Toronto. I found that the character and uniqueness of the Ward was well-depicted by the natures of the eleven candidates running for alderperson. Ward 7 is best remembered by many as home for the St. James town project (a Meridian bastard), the Gerrard tavern, the Don jail and 500,000 people.

The political sympathies of the candidates were clearly evident. Representing the left were two members of the League for Socialist Action, one Communist, Populist John Sewell and his running mate, Janet Howard. A Conservative, Gary Stramm, and a notorious adherent of the western guard were defenders of the right. Among the non-partisan candidates were Uncle Steve (remember the man who distributed free beer to protest the inequities of the L. C. B. O.) and of course, Peggy Rienhardt.

The two members of the League for Socialist Action addressed themselves more to the concerns of the Socialist Party than to the community of Ward 7. Their talk about a municipal working class government and women's rights (these seem to apply only to the young and middle class) was extremely enlightening, but ignored the more basic and immediate needs of better education, housing, and jobs. The Communist candidate gave the audience less rhetoric and spoke of housing as a public right and the need of a citizens' committee to investigate police affairs.

John Sewell and Janet Howard spoke of the threats of large land developers to Ward 7 and Metro Toronto as a whole. Sewell specifically talked

about Metro Centre and of the effects this colossal multi-billion dollar development would have on Toronto. (The big three development corporations in Toronto are Greenwin, Meridian, and Cadillac Fairview. An excellent article by Terence Belford in December's issue of "Toronto Life" details the obscene wealth of these corporations and the Weimar lifestyle of their owners.) Gary Stramm, a very low-key speaker, expressed the need for more development in Toronto. His supporters, a conglomeration of stylishly dressed realtors and developers, looked very much out of place among the predominantly working class audience.

The western guard candidate was greeted by yells of "No room for Fascists." He enjoyed this outburst and responded to the wave of insults with a broad smile and nervous twitching of the head. His programme was overshadowed by its grotesque delivery. A speech defect gave his oration a moronic and comic effect. His mumbling and slurring of words was greeted by laughter from the audience which in turn produced an ingratiating and mysterious smile on his face. "No forum for Fascists," they yelled. "You Marxist bums," he said.

Uncle Steve spoke with the humility of an uneducated man. When he had trouble reading his speech and pronouncing words, he was laughed at by Stramm supporters. Uncle Steve spoke of the need for better housing for single people. "We don't want Toronto to lose its single people," he said. He also emphasized that more aid and attention should be given to the elderly. Uncle Steve delivered a very earthy speech.

Now when Peggy Rienhardt spoke the audience was very silent. She talked about the poor in the commun-

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Glendon Students its time to exercise your franchise. North York historically has had a rather reactionary council. Ray Haveloch and others like him could form a more enlightened community conscious council in 1975. I endorse Ray Haveloch (for alderperson in Ward 8) and urge you to vote Dec 2. Voting takes less time than your normal coffee break.

ity, of the degradation of being on welfare, of the waste of bureaucratic social service agencies and of child suicides in Ward 7. Peggy was indignant and expressed herself with such dignity and honesty that the audience responded with a thundering applause. The audience recognized that her speech lacked the expediency and pragmatism of the partisan candidates.

Peggy Rienhardt is a mother of four and a welfare recipient. Her experience in dealing with government agencies is very broad. She has served a three year term on a school board in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and has had extensive business and public service in reasonable levels of paid and volunteer work. Peggy is currently engaged in post-secondary education on a part-time basis (at York), in order to build more skills in helping organize poor people. She is now writing a book entitled, "Peddling the Poor."

Because Peggy has experienced poverty and has been subject to many of the dehumanizing aspects of being poor, she felt obligated to run as an anti-poverty, non-partisan candidate in Ward 7. She has focused her campaign on the need for dignified jobs for the poor, "better housing for the poor, better education for the poor (it is substandard in Ward 7) and a greater share in the decision making process by them."

I can only conclude by urging you (if you live in Ward 7) to vote for Peggy Rienhardt for alderperson on December 2. She is a very Christian woman and persistent fighter.

Watch Peggy Rienhardt on CFTO, the Norm Perry Show, on November 30 at 10 p.m. till 11 p.m. Campaign information headquarters (that's her home): telephone, 461-3027, 252 Don Mount Court "G" Complex, Toronto, Ontario M4M 2C3.

LA GREVE POUR LA JUSTICE: LES TRAVAILLEURS AGRICOLES



Les propriétaires cherchent des grévistes.

par Richard Wagman

Les travailleurs agricoles du sud-ouest des Etats-Unis, comme ceux des quatre coins du monde, vivent dans des conditions véritablement affreuses, imposées par les propriétaires des grands "fermes corporatives".

Dans les fermes de la Californie, on ne gagne pas de salaire à l'heure. Par exemple: une famille de 12 personnes reçoit seulement \$45 par semaine pour son travail. Le revenu annuel d'une famille moyenne n'est que de \$2,700.

A cause de cette pauvreté, il y a le problème causé par des enfants qui doivent travailler. Ils ne vont donc pas à l'école. Vingt-cinq pour cent des travailleurs agricoles ont moins de 16 ans. A cause de ce manque d'éducation, beaucoup des travailleurs agricoles qui sont citoyens américains, aujourd'hui ne parlent que l'espagnol--la langue nationale du Mexique, leur pays d'origine.

Les autres conditions de travail sont assez dures. Une journée comprend de 10 à 12 heures de travail, parfois sans eau, sans toilettes et sans repos. La durée est seulement de 49 ans en moyenne, et plusieurs des travailleurs sont empoisonés par les pesticides. La plupart des ouvriers temporaires habitent dans des logements surpeuplés que les propriétaires leur louent à proximité des camps de travail.

En 1962 on a commencé à s'organiser dans les vignobles de Californie sous la direction de Cesar Chavez, un jeune travailleur agricole d'origine Mexico-Américaine. Chavez a insisté sur le fait que la lutte pour la justice soit non-violente. Dans les premières années, cette "association" a rapidement grandi dans les milieux agricoles.

En 1965, quand un groupe de travailleurs agricoles philippins s'est mis en grève dans les vignobles près de Delano en Californie, les ouvriers Américano-Mexicains se sont joints à eux. A ce moment-là, "l'association" est devenue un syndicat national reconnu: les Travailleurs Agricoles Unis (UFW). Ils ne sont retournés au travail qu'en 1970, cinq ans plus tard, lorsqu'ils ont signé les premiers contrats pour travailleurs agricoles dans l'histoire du mouvement syndical.

Avec ces contrats ils ont obtenu un salaire minimum, des périodes de repos aux champs, le contrôle des pesticides et une clinique médicale gratuite. L'exploitation des enfants a pris fin, et pour la première fois, les enfants ont pu assister régulièrement à des classes.

Un des changements les plus importants a été l'abolition du système des "contracteurs" de travail. Avant 1970, ces contracteurs avaient obtenu un certain nombre d'ouvriers pour travailler à la récolte au service des propriétaires. Ils choisissaient seulement les jeunes hommes qui ne pouvaient pas toujours assurer une source de revenue pour chaque famille. C'est le contracteur qu'on doit payer pour boire de l'eau pendant la journée et pour le transport quotidien aux champs, aussi bien qu'un dollar par jour pour le privilège de pouvoir travailler. Il

n'y a aucune sécurité d'emploi. On peut être mis à la porte sans être détériorées jusqu'à devenir pire qu'avant. En avril 1973, les propriétaires ont refusé de négocier à nouveau avec l'UFW. Au lieu de signer d'autres contrats avec M. Chavez, le 15 avril 1973 ils ont signé des contrats secrets avec les Teamsters--le préavis. Les contrats signés en 1970 ont remplacé le système des contracteurs par des bureaux de recrutement supervisés par le syndicat fournissant les emplois, sur la base de l'ancienneté.

Mais ces contrats ont expiré au bout de trois ans. Les conditions de travail qui auraient pu s'améliorer pendant ces trois années, se sont plus grand syndicat du monde--sans avoir consulter les travailleurs. Ces contrats ont laissé tomber beaucoup des progrès faits par l'UFW depuis 1970.

On a consenti à ce plan d'action trop tôt en décembre 1972, quand M. Frank Fitzimmons, le président du syndicat Teamsters à l'ouest, a parlé aux délégués au congrès annuel du Bureau américain des fermes (l'association des propriétaires). Malgré les demandes pour un vote libre, les propriétaires et les Teamsters ont refusé des élections qui auraient permis aux travailleurs de choisir le syndicat par lequel ils voulaient être représentés.

Le jour suivant, 16 avril 1973, 30,000 des travailleurs agricoles ont quitté les champs pour se mettre en grève. De nouveau, on a entendu les cris de "Huelga" (espagnol pour en grève) dans les vignobles de Californie et d'Arizona. Et cette fois les ouvriers qui travaillent dans les champs de laitues les ont rejoint.

Pour briser la grève, les grands cultivateurs ont importé illégalement des immigrants du Mexique. On a fortement critiqué la Patrouille de frontière du Service d'immigration des Etats-Unis qui a permis à ces immigrants d'entrer dans le pays contre la loi. Selon L. F. Chapman, commissaire du Service d'immigration des Etats-Unis, on a appréhendé plus de 670,000 immigrants illégaux en 1973, mais "ce chiffre peut aussi représenter moins de 10 ou 20 pour cent de ceux vivant actuellement dans le pays illégalement." Selon les récents calculs du Gouvernement, il y a maintenant environ deux millions d'immigrants illégaux au sud-ouest des Etats-Unis.

Beaucoup de ces immigrants sont maintenant employés dans les grands fermes ou ils doivent vivre comme des animaux. On retranche la plupart de leurs revenus hebdomadaires pour des paiements aux contracteurs et pour d'autres "services". S'ils protestent, le propriétaire informe le Service d'immigration qu'il y a des "Mexicains illégaux" dans sa ferme, et ils sont ainsi renvoyés au Mexique sans être payés. Et tout cela se passe dans le cadre des contrats Teamsters.

Au commencement de la grève, les travailleurs agricoles ont réussi à convaincre leurs frères mexicains de quitter les champs pour rejoindre les piquets. Mais après ça les propriétaires sont allés en cour de justice pour obtenir des injonctions qui ont sévèrement limités les piquets de grève. Ils ont stipulé que les grévistes

ne pouvaient pas rester à moins de 100 pieds l'un de l'autre, et qu'ils ne pouvaient pas employer de haut-parleurs pendant plus d'une heure par jour!

En août 1973 deux grévistes ont été tués. A ce moment-là les travailleurs agricoles ont décidé de terminer la grève, et d'aller dans les villes pour organiser un boycottage parmi les consommateurs. C'est la seule tactique qu'ils emploient maintenant pour gagner leur lutte.

En septembre 1973 plus de 30 travailleurs agricoles sont arrivés à Toronto pour demander aux gens de ne pas acheter de raisins ou de laitues des Etats-Unis. Toronto est en troisième place en Amérique du Nord pour l'achat des raisins américains. En octobre on a vendu à peu près deux millions de livres de raisins de moins que l'année dernière: vente réduite de 44%. Selon les statistiques du gouvernement canadien les importations de raisins dans tout le pays ont été réduites de 50% par rapport à l'année dernière. Et la demande pour la laitue syndicale à Toronto (un propriétaire a signé avec l'UFW) est une des plus haute sur le continent.

L'église aussi bien que le mouvement syndical, a démontré sa solidarité avec les travailleurs agricoles à cause du caractère moral du débat. Ici à Toronto, l'UFW a reçu beaucoup de soutien de la part des groupes religieux, syndicaux, étud-

ants, etc. Le boycott torontois a eu beaucoup de succès, malgré le fait qu'aucun des supermarchés n'a encore arrêté la vente des raisins et des laitues. Plusieurs supermarchés l'ont déjà fait à Boston, New York, Atlanta, etc. En Colombie-Britannique et au Manitoba, les ouvriers syndicaux ont refusé d'expédier des raisins et des laitues américains.

Mais au Québec et en Ontario, Dominion, le plus grand supermarché, refuse de coopérer avec le boycottage. De plus, il achète la plus grande quantité de raisins au Canada. A Toronto, tous les autres magasins ont consenti à abandonner la vente des raisins et des laitues dès que Dominion le fera.

Et en Californie, depuis plusieurs années le gouvernement républicain de Ronald Regan était très hostile envers le syndicat des travailleurs agricoles. Mais le nouveau gouverneur, M. Pat Brown, et son parti Démocrate ont exprimé leur sympathie pour les grévistes. On pourra introduire de nouvelles législations quand l'assemblée législative de Californie ouvrira en février.

C'est bien un moyen difficile avoir gain de cause. Pour la première fois pendant les années 1960, ils se sont mis en grève pendant cinq ans avant d'obtenir leurs contrats. Et avec le progrès qu'on a fait jusqu'ici, les travailleurs agricoles espèrent obtenir leurs contrats avant la nouvelle année.



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THE COLLECTED WORKS

by Peter Russell

The medium height, bearded and very human looking guy that wears a black leather jacket alot, and has an office on the second floor of C-wing, is non other than Michael Ondaatje, Glendon's Writer-in-Residence. You'd hardly expect someone who's published four books of poetry made films, and written various works of prose to be approachable. Success often has a rather unpleasant effect on the nicest of people. Not so with Michael Ondaatje. In spite of a busy schedule of writing and leading informal seminars in Canadian literature, Mr. Ondaatje graciously agreed to an interview with Pro Tem. Far from being difficult to approach, we talked for several hours about his work.

A writer-in-residence spends most of his time writing and so I asked him what his current efforts were being concentrated on. My question brought a smile and a pause:

"I'm very superstitious about talking about what I'm working on." My curiosity has always been a problem for me, and it forced me to press for more than this. He told me the new project is a book of prose which is set in the twenties. "Is it a novel?"

"I'm not sure I can write a novel. A novel is in some ways a restricted

form . . . there are certain hoops you have to jump through. The thing isn't following the form of a novel so I can only call it prose." "Can't you tell me anything about the story?"

"Well . . . there are two main characters. One is a barber and one is a millionaire. Don't get me wrong on this. I'm dying to talk about it but I don't like being influenced by people's points of view when I'm actually writing. After something's finished I listen very carefully to people's reactions."

This was all I could squeeze out about the work in progress, so we began talking about the incredibly successful play he wrote in 1970, *The Collected Works of Billy the Kid* which won the Governor General's Award for Poetry in that year. I had seen it produced at Stratford's Third Stage a couple of summers ago, and liked it enough to be bothered reading it. I was struck by how well the narrative nature of the poetry lent itself to the dramatic form. The transition can be accomplished with more apparent ease than is actually the case, but

nevertheless the flexibility of the work is remarkable. As the show is currently running at the Toronto Free Theatre where it will be until December 7, Michael has been actively involved with the production. He's rewritten some places in the work and helped the director with the massive job of directing a play of this kind. Billy's success both as a poem and a piece of theatre prompted me to ask Michael what he thinks is the best form for the work, or was there a preferred form for it.

"I think of that production as a play and the book form as a book. Some of the criticisms of the show have jumped on the company for destroying the poetry or something. I don't agree. There's no point in doing poetry in a theatre and far from ruining the poems in the book, the production has 'opened them up dramatically.'"

I then asked him how he liked being in on the production of his own play, and what his reactions to the experience were.

"It's different with theatre. I was quite surprised. Theatre is such a public thing. By being at rehearsals I could tell for the first time how monologue could be translated into dialogue and actions, such as the Chisum and Billy scene with the birdcages."

One of my recurring fantasies is to have written a successful play and then get in on the directing of the play. That way I could make sure that the whole thing went down to my satisfaction. I was interested to learn that Michael isn't that dogmatic or inflexible about his play, (as I suspect genuine artists usually aren't). Nevertheless I couldn't help wondering if it didn't bug him just a bit to see a director and a group of actors turning his play into a production in which all the characters would be in some way different to the way he had imagined them as a writer.

"No, not at all. For example, Chisum in the book is a very shadowy character, but Bill Webster opened that character out in the rehearsals into something real and distinctive. In the book he seems to be just a foil for Sallie Chisum, whereas in the play he has to be a distinctive fully made character. It's in this way that a theatrical production can bring a character alive. So Chisum emerges as a rip roaring drunk which startled and pleased me."

When I saw the play, one of the things that struck me the most was that Pat Garrett wasn't at all what I had expected.

"We got away from the standard stereotype of authority versus rebel, so that Garrett is almost as crazy as Billy. The thing about Garrett is that his mind and body are not in the same place. It's really interesting to me to watch the way David Bolt does Pat Garrett...the way he walks. It's like his brain tells his legs to move and then he moves. His description of Billy killing the cat gets a strong element of comedy along with the seriousness of the words. What really amazes me is how Nick and the rest can get so far into a character when they have to keep in mind all the physical limitations of the stage itself. They have all these guns...one which fires blanks and a couple that are empty. The blind-man's-buff scene where Billy



Mr. Merrill in a scene from the film, 'The

puts a gun into Charlie's mouth and fires it just after Charlie spits it out and ducks, always scares me because it's the blank gun. If that thing ever accidentally fired while in his mouth it'd kill him. That thing can kill you if its fired directly at you within a range of four feet."

The thought of this was enough to make me get a chill down my spine. I'm glad I saw the play when I didn't know this. It scared me enough as it was.

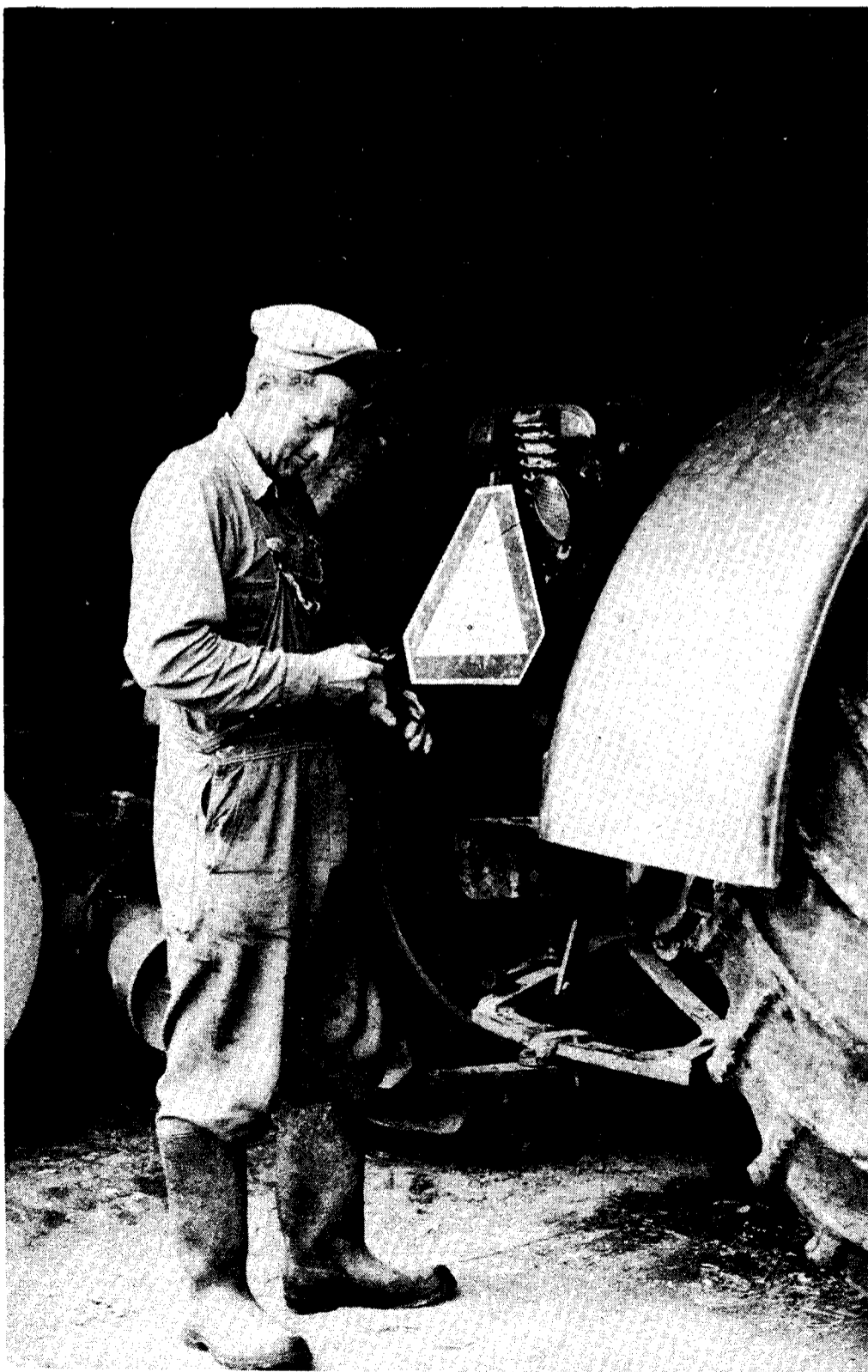
Ondaatje then went on with his description of the production and what some of the problems were.

"The actor has to be so conscious of the technical problems such as this, and still be a Billy for example. Especially later on when Garrett plays a joke on the newspaper man by firing an empty gun at the man's head.....I'm always terrified they're going to make a mistake and get the guns mixed up."

I remembered being most impressed by the knife fight. It is so well done that the audience is sure someone's going to get killed.

"The knife scene was beautiful to watch in rehearsal, because it was done in slow motion. One night one of the knives got kicked out of someone's hand into the audience, so don't sit in the first two rows. But seriously though, the scene is exhilarating. That's what Martin Kinch can do as a director. He's brilliant at putting violence on the stage, (and into the audience), "realistically."

The *Collected Works of Billy the Kid* is now nearing the end of its run at the Toronto Free Theatre, 24



David Bolt as Pat Garrett in a scene from, 'The Collected Works of Billy the Kid', a play by Michael Ondaatje, which is now playing at the Toronto Free Theatre.

OF MICHAEL THE KID



made a play out of the stories and the events and the people of that region. The following spring they took their play of "The Farm Show" on a tour of the farming communities of south-western Ontario, sometimes performing in auction barns. The Clinton Special is a documentary of the tour, including scenes from the play. It is also about how the play was made and the people that the play was about, which makes it a rare viewing experience. The play was directed by Paul Thomson who had known Michael from the summer of 1969 when he, Thomson, directed Ondaatje's *The Man With Seven Toes* at Stratford. It was only scheduled for one workshop performance and lasted twenty minutes. Ondaatje felt then as he does now, that "The lead actress, Anne Anglin really did very well considering it was an impossible poem to dramatize."

When Ondaatje heard about Thomson's ideas for a farm show, he became very interested. "I thought it was a very exciting and important piece of theatre and wanted very much to make a documentary film on the play and how it was made."

I once helped in the making of a film, and can remember that one of the major problems is the cost of the actual film. Where what and when to shoot it becomes decisions of the utmost importance. Ondaatje told me that after the cast had researched its material in and around Clinton, the show was moved to Toronto where it was done in the Passe Muraille Theatre downtown for a predominantly urban audience. The show was then taken on tour back to the area and put on in auction barns around the area. It was during this stage that Michael took the film. Canada Council and the Ontario Arts Council financed it. The film itself was shot within two weeks, later being edited by Michael in the fall.

I was curious to know how a man who is essentially a poet could produce a film of such high quality. With honesty and modesty he claims to have only made two films before. While he has had some experience himself with actual production, he had two very good camera men to do the shooting, and two sound men as well. So all Ondaatje had to do, (at least on paper), was to direct. My parting question dealt with what Herbert Whittaker had once written about Michael in the *Globe and Mail*. He reported Michael as having said he wanted to destroy the literary respectability of the book *The Collected Works of Billy the Kid*.

"Well Michael. Is this true?"

"Yes, in the sense that if Billy's going to be done on the stage, one has to be conscious of the fact that it's not a gentle or respectable poem. I mean this in terms of people who still believe in poetry being necessarily spiritual or characterized by emotion recollected in tranquility. There's very little tranquility in Billy."

Michael Ondaatje isn't your everyday average poet, playwright, film maker and novelist. As I was leaving I couldn't resist another try at finding out about the activities of that mysterious barber and the millionaire. Nothing doing. The virtue of silence was never less odious.

DATES

It becomes apparent that I miss great occasions. My birth was heralded by nothing but the anniversary of Winston Churchill's marriage. No monuments bled, no instruments agreed on a specific weather. It was a seasonal insignificance.

I console myself with my mother's eighth month. While she sweated out her pregnancy in Ceylon a servant ambling over the lawn with a tray of iced drinks, a few friends visiting her to placate her shape, and I drinking the life lines, Wallace Stevens sat down in Connecticut a glass of orange juice at his table so hot he wore only shorts and on the back of a letter began to write 'The Well Dressed Man with a Beard'.

That night while my mother slept her significant belly cooled by the bedroom fan Stevens put words together that grew to sentences and shaved them clean and shaped them, the page suddenly becoming thought where nothing had been, his head making his hand move where he wanted and he saw his hand was saying the mind is never finished, no, never and I in my mother's stomach was growing as were the flowers outside the Connecticut windows.

Michael Ondaatje



Another scene from 'The Collected Works of Billy the Kid'.

ton Special'.

Berkeley Street. In fact you've only got until December 7 to phone 368-2856, or reservations to see an outstanding show.

We'd been talking quite a while when realized I hadn't taken down any personal scandal notes like they do or less reputable publications than his one. I was to be disappointed. What can you say about a great guy whose plain O.K? He lives in the city and spends his summers on a farm north of Kingston. His wife Kim Ondaatje is an artist who has a show in the Glendon Art Gallery this month. Trying to imagine how a man with a family could still manage to do any creative work I was most anxious to know where he did his writing.

"Sometimes at home. Any where really."

"What are your interests outside of writing?"

"I go to plays and a lot of movies. In the summer I write, swim and play volleyball. I'm a brilliant volleyball player, but I cheat."

"What's your favourite quotation?"

"It's by John Wayne: 'I've never had a goddam artistic problem in my life.' I really envy that kind of mind because I have several artistic problems."

By this time, the only thing we hadn't talked about was Michael's most recent film, *The Clinton Special*. During the summer of 1972 the Theatre Passe Muraille Company moved into the farming community of Clinton, Ontario and

THE KIM ONDAATJE COLLECTION

by Catherine Fletcher

The Glendon Art Gallery is currently featuring an exhibit of two series of works by Kim Ondaatje. My initial tour during a few spare minutes after classes one day did not instill a reaction of excitement in me. The paintings appeared extremely bleak, inert and unmoving and reminded me all too much of the atmosphere of York's main campus. I couldn't comprehend that our Ontario factories and mine sites even merited being mentioned in a description of a landscape, and certainly did not deserve a detailed depiction on six feet of canvas. In the hope that I might gain a more valid, concrete understanding of her ideas and her work, I attended one of the lecture-presentations given by Kim in the gallery, and was extremely impressed. I do not pretend to be qualified to give a sophisticated art critique of the exhibit, but can share some of the feelings and discoveries I gained from the presentation.

Her informal, unpretentious discussion of her work was very revealing of both the feelings and the inspirations behind her art, as well as the reality of her life as an artist.

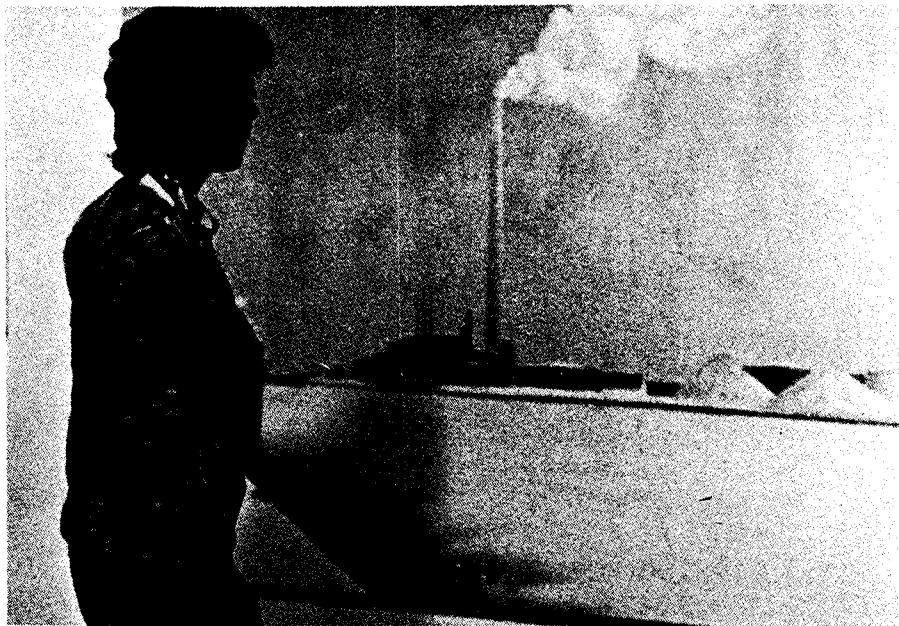
Some of her most intriguing re-prints - a series of 22 acrylic paintings and prints depicting with "minimal realism" various rooms or ar-

reas of her former Picadilly St. home in London, Ont. Although she was not necessarily conscious of these factors at the time of their creation, she has become aware of some distinctive characteristics of this series as a result of some of the feedback she has received from viewers. The absence of people or personal "paraphernalia" in these paintings, which often intrigues or disturbs her viewers, emphasizes the feeling of mystery and the presence of the past and the future occupants that she senses in a house, even her own. Consequently, she strives to depict a house or room in its purest state, unrelated to time.

She believes that the fascination with doors and mirrors that is obvious in the prints may well arise from her childhood fascination with the Alice in Wonderland tales. She maintains that many experiences and impressions similar to these that she has internalized during her life are allowed an outer expression and concrete representation through her art.

The emotion and genuine wonder with which she relates these perceptions, illustrates that her work as an artist is a dynamic process of discovery and a stimulating learning experience for her.

The other series represented in the Glendon gallery is her "Factory Series" which consists of large acrylic portrayals of various factory and mine sites in Ontario. Contrary



to the common assumption, the corporations such as Shell Oil and Ontario Cement that are unintentionally given free publicity in these paintings have criticized the representation given them in her work, more frequently than they have supported it. The unusual perspective and detail, as well as the immense size of these portrayals, forces the viewer to recognize and examine these imposing and very numerous structures on our landscape that most people prefer to ignore. Her obsession with these structures arose in part from her conviction that with the passing of the industrial age these structures will become ghost-like testaments to an era of history. Consequently, her de-

pictions of them possess an abandoned, deserted appearance, emphasized by the symbolic wintry setting. I doubt regard factories or industrial sites as beautiful, artistic, or even acceptable, but Kim's interpretation of them as "objets d'art" with an historical significance was intriguing and enlightening.

Kim Ondaatje's rejection of what she refers to as the "sterile atmosphere" of the traditional art gallery, as evidenced by her open, informal lecture-presentation, perhaps exemplifies the attitude of many contemporary artists who have somehow managed to avoid becoming emeshed in the artist as-elite-and -eccentric image. Their desire is to render art accessible and meaningful to everyone. Any individual who has any interest at all in art, and had the opportunity to attend one of Kim's lectures, would certainly have gained considerable insight. Although the final lecture took place last Friday, the display will remain in the Glendon gallery until Dec. 6. If these lectures were any indication, future events in the gallery similar to them will certainly be worth attending.

BILLY JOEL

by Stephen Barrick

Every so often a performer comes along with such vitality, life and drive that he makes his contemporaries look anemic in comparison. Billy Joel played at Massey Hall last Wednesday and did just that.

With a backup band consisting of bass, lead guitar, drums, some strange synthesizer and Joel himself at key boards, the Piano Man created a memorable night of entertainment. From the outset Joel relaxed the audience with his easy going, affable manner.

All the songs are his own compositions; 'Piano Man', 'The Entertainer', 'You are my Home' being some of the highlights of his substantial repertoire. The keynote to his performance was the excitement and power of the music. The timing between Joel and his band was impeccable; his tunes depend on precise timing as the change in tempo creates much of the impression. This continual rise and fall of the music combined with his clarity of voice render Joel's style very distinctive. His material has variety but he always maintains his own style.

Perhaps his best song is the dynamic 'Captain Jack'. This song has been criticized for containing nothing but cliches. While it may be true to an extent the song is undoubtedly a social criticism of considerable impact. In this tune the power of Joel's music was particularly evident. The chorus picks the listener up carrying him away with the soaring music. When one remembers the message about the emptiness of teenage life; the song becomes even more memorable. Stage presence, excellent piano work, tremendous renditions of the songs - - - what more could an audience ask for?

The reaction of the audience was phenomenal. Responsive, sensitive, appreciative, they could only be quelled with two encores, each containing two songs. A rapport had been established. Billy Joel created a magic moment at Massey Hall.



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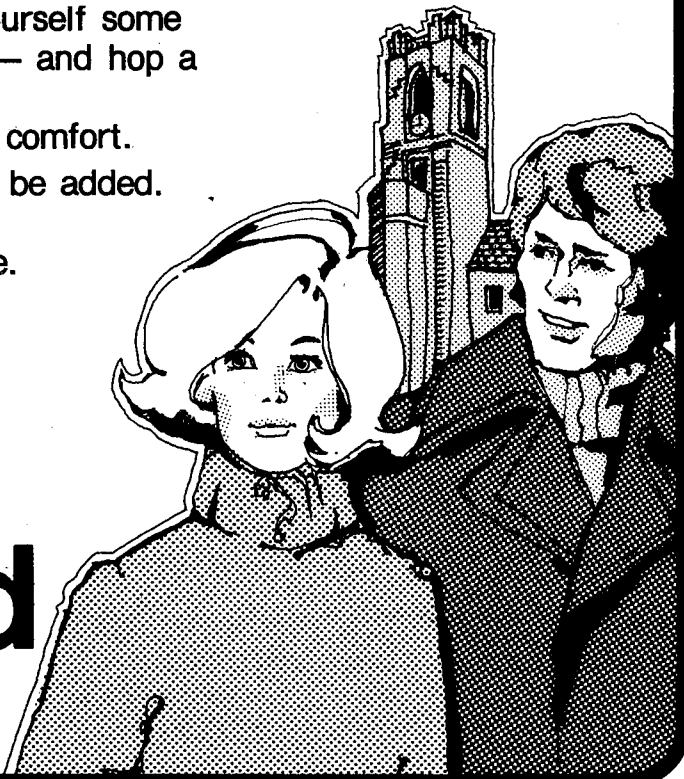
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SORRY WRONG NUMBER A SUSPENSE FILLED DRAMA

by Daryl Urquhart

Sorry Wrong Number is a suspense filled drama about an invalid woman who in phoning her husband's office overhears a murder plot on the life of an unsuspecting victim. Her horror in discovering the plan is topped only by her frenzied reaction when she finally realizes that she is in fact that victim and her husband; the murderer.

Directed by Donna Garvey of the English 253 talent agency, both crew and actors (of the same company so I'm told) managed to produce a spine chilling edition of this famous radio mystery. Ann Clark was quite able to find and display the recording type voice of the telephone operator while Holmes Hooke in the role of "Duffy" the police sergeant handled to a tee the apathy of an officer receiving innumerable prank or lunatic phone calls at the station.

The play progressed with very little lag in pace due largely to the keen sense of awareness on the part of the star: Marilyn Sapsford in the role of Mrs. Stevenson, the frantic victim. In places however I felt that her fear stricken sighs were slightly over done and therefore I was unfortunately more aware of the actors tricks or method, rather than her characters predicament. I also felt that perhaps a more slowly developing horror through stages of irritation then fear followed by the final hysteria might have lended more readily to the finishing horrific mo-

ments. Apart from these two points I felt the presence of a Glendonian "Joan Crawford" right here on the pipe room stage.

The stage itself was well layed out with flood lights on the center where Mrs. Stevenson lay helpless in her bed. Around her on the outskirts of the stage a single spot only when needed would light the other characters who in their turns were on the distant end of Mrs. Stevenson's frenzied phone calls. This effect added

quite well to the feeling that this poor lady was all alone and indeed helpless.

In this article I have taken a slightly different look at one of the characters than I have before. To Marilyn Sapsford; I do not mean to derogatorily criticize your performance as you may feel I have done. What I had intended to do was to give you a constructive remark as encouragement for I feel that you should continue your interest in theatre. You

have a remarkably natural stage presence and with work you could become a refined actress.

My Personal Comment: Seeing several professional productions of this play and not being involved in one myself I cannot say that I was overly impressed by Donna Garvey's edition of Sorry Wrong Number, yet I can say that in places it moved me and that was quite satisfying. I was glad I saw it.

CLAUDE LÉVEILLÉE - TRÈS BON

par Daniel Richard

Vendredi soir dernier, Québechaud présentait Claude Léveillée. Malgré toutes les rumeurs voulant que ce dernier soit maintenant un homme fini sur le plan professionnel, force nous est de constater qu'il demeure encore un des grands de la chanson Québécoise.

Le spectacle qu'il présente tant sur le plan musical que sur le plan visuel est surprenant. On ne s'attend pas à ce que ce compositeur-qui travaille depuis quand même un bon nombre d'années-nous présente du matériel vraiment neuf. Or, et c'est ça qui nous a le plus frappé, la musique de Léveillée est restée très vivante, parce qu'elle a grandie en force et en beauté depuis l'époque de "Frédéric": par exemple, "La Fleur."

On sent, dans cette pièce instrumentale que Léveillée se dégage petit

à petit de cette merveilleuse poésie qui le renfermait comme dans une cage. D'ailleurs, il n'y avait qu'à regarder son visage lorsqu'il était au piano: il semblait bien dans sa peau. Lorsqu'il chantait par contre, mêmes il jouait son personnage comme il faut, il semblait vieillir très vite et devenir soudain très las.

Du côté musical, aucun problème. Claude Léveillée a su s'entourer de musiciens très compétents.

(Ceux qui n'ont pas encore trouvé violon et les grenouilles devraient se souvenir qu'il n'y avait que le guitariste (qui était simplement fantastique) et le batteur qui jouaient à ce moment-là)

Donc, un très bon spectacle. Qui, ne l'oublions pas, coûtait \$3.50 et \$4.50 par personne le lendemain soir à Seneca College. A \$ 1.00 c'était donné.



Claude Léveillée

ABSURDITY FINE IN JACK OR THE SUBMISSION

by Robin Peterson

Perhaps sitting through a play without knowing that four days later one will be called upon to discuss it provokes a less strained viewing. At any rate, this is Monday and I'm recalling the English 253 presentation, last Wednesday and Thursday, of Eugène Ionesco's "Jack, or the Submission."

Anyone who did not realize prior to seeing the performance that its material belongs to "Theatre of the Absurd" would not sit long in the blackened Pipe Room before the knowledge seeped through.

Maybe it would also occur to the audience that the Pipe Room itself, as a theatre, can seem a bit absurd at times. Good-sized attending crowds, rocking back and forth, attempting to see the performance area is another entry that previous complainants may add to their list of Pipe Room traits that are not good theatre traits.

The audience on Thursday night reacted in two ways to what was enacted in its face: people either sat numbly, perhaps overwhelmed by the style and approach, and unable to accept it, or they laughed (and laughed...) at the larger-than-life perspective. The latter reaction probably outweighed the former, with the actors effectively persuading the audience to recognize the absurdity not only of the

play, but of the human attributes it portrayed.

This persuasion was furthered by the cast as a whole, as well as by individual performances. Anne Stirling, as Jacqueline, was convincing; she picked up the role and coloured it easily, lending it a flippant, foolish hue. Harry Hazen, when Jack finally allowed his animator to speak, came on strong; his voice rising at times

above what one felt to be the appropriate level for speaking of adoration for hash brown potatoes, but bringing out the unpredictable, rebellious moods of his character. Jennifer Kasper and Lee Anne Nicholson, as the two grandparents, gave great caricatures of golden agers. Their characterizations were much less the stereotypes than two "charming tip-

sters."

The play was an escape on one level, and an unpleasant reflection on another--depending on whether one finds an absurd depiction of 'the human comedy' something to watch, be numbed by or dismiss as unreal and preposterous, or something to laugh at. I found it a pleasant absurdity, and enjoyed it completely.

NO PICNIC

Getting out this paper is no picnic. If we print jokes, people say we are silly.

If we clip items from other papers, we are too lazy to write.

If we don't we are stuck on our own stuff.

If we omit news that we're never told about, we should have picked it up from local newspapers.

If we print news about anyone who reports it to us more than once we are showing favoritism.

If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate true genius.

If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.

If we make a change in the other fellow's write-up, we are too critical.

If we don't, we are asleep.

Now, like it or not, some guy will say we swiped this from some other paper... we did!



Hawaiian honey needs high

HAWAII (CUP/ZNS)----Police have denied marijuana for medicinal purposes to a 55 year old Hawaiian woman who is dying of lung cancer, even though her doctor says it is the only effective substance to alleviate her suffering.

Minnie Pagan said her physical condition has deteriorated rapidly since police raided her home last July. During the raid, officers seized all of the pot plants her 59 year old husband had been growing for her treatment.

She says she has lost weight and her appetite has suffered as a result. The Pagan's attorney, Robert Jinks, says that the dying woman "definitely needs the marijuana to treat her condition."

Her physician, Doctor Charles Hesterly, states that he knows of no other drug he can prescribe that is as effective in alleviating her suffering as marijuana has been.

Monnie Pagan says she used the leaves from marijuana plants to make a tea which lessened the pain of the cancer spreading through her body and helped her to maintain an appetite. She says that the other prescribed drugs caused her to become nauseous, and lose the will to eat.

Her husband Frank, was arrested on felony charges, but they were later dropped because of public reaction. However, the police warned that if additional marijuana is found

in the Pagan home, Frank Pagan will be arrested and jailed.

Minnie Pagan states that she had never tried marijuana until she learned she had terminal cancer and heard that the plant might alleviate the pain.

Her doctor has told her that she has less than five months to live.

Strange kiss makes Strangelove

LOS ANGELES (CUP-ZNS)---Do you remember that 1964 movie "Doctor Strangelove", the story about a crazed German military advisor to the President of the U.S.?

Stanley Kubrick, the movie's director, reports that none other than Doctor Henry Kissinger was the personality that inspired the character of the mad scientist.

According to the Los Angeles Herald Examiner, Kubrick claims to have met Kissinger at a party when the film was being planned. At the time, Kissinger was a Harvard professor, active in foreign affairs, and a special foreign policy advisor to Nelson Rockefeller.

Kubrick was apparently so struck by Kissinger's demeanor that he decided to incorporate elements of the future Secretary of State's personality into the character "Doctor Strangelove."

WHAT'S HAPPENING

on campus

Wednesday - Saturday
DAP presents "Brussels' Sprouts", directed by Charlie Northcote, in the Pipe Room at 8:30 pm; Saturday matinee at 3:00 pm Admission \$1.00.

Saturday
Radio Glendon Dance featuring 'Muddy York' in the ODH, 8:30 pm, \$1.00

Watch for the return of the Brass Studs next week!

movies

1 Roxy Theatre: Danforth at Greenwood Subway, 461-2401, 99 cents.

Wednesday: Sleuth at 7 and 11:05
Butch Cassidy at 9:20.

Thursday: Truffaut's Shoot the Piano Player at 7 and 9:55
Tout va Bien at 8:35.

Friday: Clockwork Orange at 7 and 8:30 pm.

Saturday: Monty Python at 7:30 and 9:30
Pink Flamingos at Midnite.

Monday: The Last Picture Show at 7 and 11:00 pm.
The original Lost Horizon at 8:00 pm.

Tuesday: The Parallax View at 7:00 and 10:40 pm
The Conversation at 8:45 pm.

2 Wednesday 8:00 pm: Foundation Church, 99 Gloucester Street, free admission to a comedy potpourri of five films of the 1930's and 1970's.

3 Thursday: Soviet Cinema, 545 Markham Road.
Arsenal (1929): an account of the Ukraine from the outbreak of WWI to the workers revolt of 1918.
8:30 pm: free admission

music

The Riverboat
(134 Yorkville): Shirley Eikhard from Tuesday to Sunday. 922-6216.

The Colonial
(203 Yonge St) Maxine Brown, followed by Muddy Waters on Monday December 2: 363-6168.

El Mocambo
(464 Spadina Ave.) National Lampoon Revue: 961-2558.

Renaissance: with special guest Michael Leurs: Friday evening, 8:00 pm, at Convocation Hall.

television

CBC: Wednesday, 10:30 pm Part IV of a Prime Minister: This evening 'Prelude to War'.

Thursday: 1:00 am. channel 4: Emerson Lake and Palmer, and Black Oak Arkansas.

Friday: Midnite CBC: Mark-Almond Dave Mason and Jesse Colin Young guest on Rock Concert.

1:30 am, channel 4: Seals and Crofts, Eagles, and Earth Wind and Fire.

theatre

1 Theatre du P'tite Bonheur
(95 Danforth) Macbett until Dec 7. 466-8400.

2 Poor Alex
Paul Gaulin and the Compagnie de Mime. 920-8373.

3 Firehall Theatre
(70 Berkeley St) 'Shelter' by Carol Bolt, to Dec. 7. 364-4170.

4 Theatre Passe Muraille
(Bathurst St. United) - comedy about Newfoundland. 961-1827

5 Tarragon
(30 Bridgman Ave.) The Donnellys, Part II: - well worth seeing. 531-1827

6 St. Lawrence Centre
(27 Front St. East) The Rivals, directed by Alan Scarfe 366-7723.

7 Hart House
(U of T) Back to Methuselah: Thursday to Saturday only, at 8:30 pm. 928-8668.

8 Toronto Centre for the Arts
(390 Dupont) - improvisation 967-6969.

9 Factory Lab
(207 Adelaide) Hurrah for Johnny Canuck. 864-8871

10 Toronto Free Theatre
(24 Berkely Street) The Collected Works of Billy the Kid. 360-2856.

11 Theatre Passe Muraille
(315 Dundas St. E.) Brutal Paradise. 961-3303.



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THE CHINESE EXHIBITION OR A VISIT TO THE ZOO

by Donna Yawching

Or, an alternative sub-title could be - "How to defend yourself against vicious little old ladies". For believe it or not, that's what I spent most of my time doing when I went - somewhat belatedly - to imbibe my share of culture and knowledge. Considering that the Chinese Exhibition has now ended, to give my impressions of the show itself would probably be redundant. More relevant, however, and perhaps more interesting was the behaviour of the other people who were visiting the museum that day, with the same intention as myself.

With characteristic tardiness, I decided to see the Exhibition just a few days before it closed -- which may or may not explain the urgent crowds. As I entered, I found myself herded involuntarily along past the first few exhibits, straining to catch a glimpse of them above, past, or between the heads. If, by some slight chance, I got close enough to actually identify the item by reading the information blurb on the case, you can rest assured that I did not keep my position for longer than a few seconds. I was shoved unceremoniously out of the way by some other eager seeker-of-knowledge, and was surprised -- in fact, appalled -- to discover the worst offenders were little old ladies. Moving in lethal groups of two or more, they pushed you aside with whatever luggage they had available, and gathered chattering around the exhibits, secure in the knowledge that, respecting their white hairs, you would not return the shove. I was, as I say, appalled.

And I've started to revise my formerly patronizing, but generally benevolent attitude towards the breed.

As we moved along, the Exhibition spread out a bit, and things were slightly less congested. Escaping from two little old ladies, I found myself behind a couple of flip characters -- Joe Cool types, if you know what I mean.

"Hey, man, what's this supposed to be? A flower vase, or something?" (It was actually an enormous, beautifully-wrought wine container).

"Oh, it's probably where they put their ashes, man". Shit, I thought, and moved on to where an earnest young man was saying.

"There really should be organised tours, don't you think?" Christ, I thought, it's enough like cattle already; what more do you want?

Time was moving on, the rooms were suffocatingly hot, and the smaller children in the crowd were beginning to whine.

"Mommy, I'm tired".

"Well, we can't go out, dear, because we'll have to pay to come in again".

"Mommy, (decisively) I think I want to go home."

"Not yet, dear, we've got to see everything first."

Culture at all costs. Personally, at this point my sympathies were with the kid. But he lost.

Onward, to the room of the much-

publicised jade burial suit. Here, one of those exasperatingly over-informed ladies had decided to share her store of knowledge with the masses. She told us how long it would have taken the jade-smiths to construct the costume -- ten years, if you really want to know -- and expounded on the fascinating fact that Princess Tou Wan's feet would not actually have been as disproportionately large as those of the suit -- they would have been wrapped before she was dressed in it. We were also instructed to take note of the life-like details of the suit, such as the ears and nose. My own personal impression of the jade suit -- apart from admiring its artistic qualities and painstaking workmanship -- was that Princess Tou Wan must have been built like a Prince; the shoulders and chest of that suit were pretty hefty.

Finally, there was that breed of inveterate museum-goers, the people who stop before each exhibit with their little catalogue, and read every word in it before moving on to the next case. This, no doubt, is highly commendable, but I started getting the impression that they were so absorbed in the books that they hardly even saw the exhibits. I heard one such young lady call out to her companion in tones of utter despair, "Oh dear, I think we've missed the acupuncture needles!" When I came upon the needles a few minutes later -- two rather unimpressive looking instruments -- I was almost tempted to run after her, and drag her back by the arm, shouting "Here they are,

here they are!" To me, seeing a museum through a catalogue seems pretty much a waste of time. Why not just buy the catalogue, take it home, and read it in peace, and skip all the unpleasant pushing and shoving?

Before I close, I suppose that I ought to give some quick opinions about the Exhibition itself. The fact that, by and large, I was a little disappointed by the whole affair, no doubt says more about me than it does about the Exhibition. While I was suitably impressed by the jade suit, and also by the fascinating workmanship and variety of the wine vessels; and although I was particularly enchanted by the almost-alive carved or porcelain animals, (the human figure were unfortunately very un-life-like), yet, for the most part, the Chinese Exhibition seemed to me to be standard Museum fare. An old clay pot from China is very much like an old clay pot from anywhere else. To me, the poignancy of such pottery often lay less in its actual beauty than in the fact that I could picture some poor peasant laboriously painting patterns on his bowls, in an attempt to make his rather drab meals a little more appealing. Obviously, too, age has given many of these items more than their intrinsic artistic value; and I couldn't help wondering if, in centuries to come, some poor moron won't be gazing with rapture at an electric frying-pan, and saying, with tears in his eyes, "How primitive! But, oh, my dear, how beautiful!"

BILLY GARRETT'S BAND: GOOD

by Larry Guimond

Bill Garrett's Band, our featured entertainment last Saturday night in the Café are definitely on their way up the musical ladder. The band, consisting of Bill Garrett on guitar and vocals, Bernie Jaffe on fiddle, Rick Whitefield on bass, and Frank Barth on dobro and mandolin have a good down-home sound. Their material ranges from traditional and blue grass up to some of Bill Garrett's own writing, which is to say the least very enjoyable.

On the whole, the band seems to fit together well. Working under the handicap of being short of sound equip-

ment did not seem to bother the band at all. It even added to the fun of the whole night. The only complaint against them as an outfit would be that they are not entirely musically tight enough. Then again, for any new band, that is always a problem.

Being a low-key outfit seems to help the band considerably. It gets kind of tiring always hearing a screaming, loud bluegrass type of outfit. Bill Garrett's band is a pleasant change. While the solo work of the band members does not shine out, Bernie Jaffe's subtle fiddle playing was appreciated by the audience.

We had the privilege of being given a guest set by a dynamite female

DOWN HOME SOUNDS

country singer. Since guest sets are not usually done here, I wonder how many of the audience were able to pick up on what was going on. While I did not like her lyrically, you have to admit she had a dynamite country voice.

Hopefully, we can have the chance to see Bill Garrett at some time in the future here, or maybe we can see him at Mariposa next year. Bill Garrett and the band will be one of the featured artists for our folk day on March 22, but more about that at a later date.



Brussels Sprouts brought a new dimension to theatre at Glendon when it opened last night in the Pipe Room. It's runs all this week.

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SOUTHERN COMFORT

NONE OF THE sports ALL OF THE TIME

Good afternoon, sports fans throughout the world and welcome to Eyewitness Sports as witnessed through the eyes of Hail Bruin (or Haywood as I am sometimes called) with dubious assistance coming from the by-now infamous Ms. Stiff of K-Tel Record Selector fame and from commentator ordinaire Henry Longhurst.

After more than five but less than six weeks of residence on this idyllic campus where the trees are taller than the buildings and the students higher than the trees, it is without fear, for only mortal men are troubled by fear, that I commend editor Frank E. Yofnaro for the high degree of journalistic expertise exhibited in the publication of the Glendon College weekly, PRO TEM. My arrival ici has ensured that that expertise now extends from cover to cover, particularly the back cover ou la page finale. With this in mind therefore, please permit me to offer these words of wisdom: In sports, the term "Professional Edge" means that special something that makes a winner. It's the magic combination, ou la combinaison magique of effort, ability, and experience. This you get with Eye witness Sports from PRO TEM.

We consider sports coverage so important that PRO TEM has three full-time sportscasters on staff:

Henry Longhurst, Ms. Stiff, and of course, yours truly, Haywood Hail Bruin. We're backed by many other pros including Frank E. Yofnaro, Muttley T. Bushwack on location at Buzzard's Crick, and a recent addition to our multi-talented staff, Dick Bedclothes covering the World Rocky Association.

That's why the "Professional Edge" comes through loud and clear in all Eyewitness Sports reporting and comment. Read here, whenever Glendon athletes are involved in major sports--you'll always know the score or an approximation thereof. Yours collegially,
Haywood Hail Bruin



OK hockey fans, it's time, once again to play 'Find the Missing Puck.' Winners will win a free night out with either Ms. Stiff or the K-tel Record Selector. Haywood (Hail) Bruin.

FLEUR DE LEAFS POLLINATE OPPONENTS

DATELINE La Ice Palace, at Le Campus Centrale, nord of Toronto the Good.

Wednesday passé, or mercredi last, a bevy of Glendon's beauties condescended upon La Ice Palace to do battle with the Bethune Teakettles, sister équipe of the Boilermakers. Steeped with confidence, and boiling with pride, teamspokesperson Marnie 'Little Pirate' Stranks informed this

reporter that the Fleur de Leafs are the 'tea-m that dares to be known by good taste alone.'

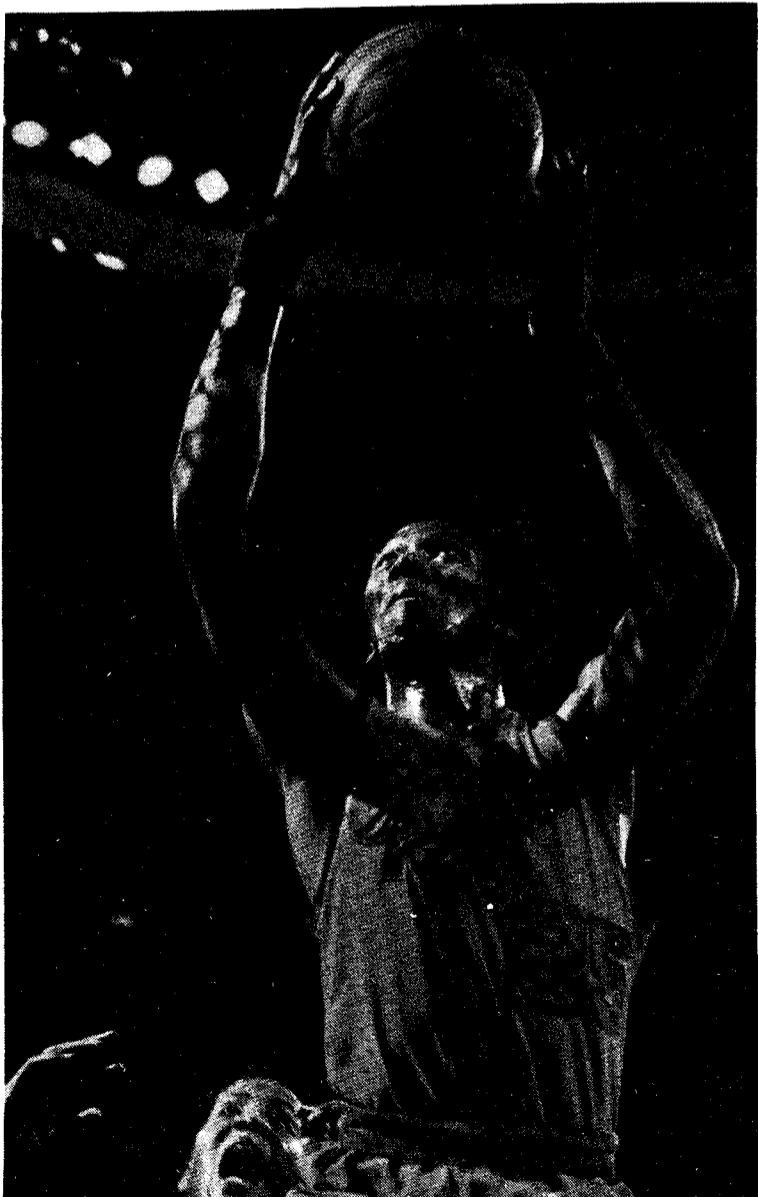
With a defence as porous as a flow-through tea-bag, and an offense as lacklustre as a stained cup, the Fleur de Leafs were fortunate indeed that the opposition appeared in absentia.

In other inconsequential sports action, nothing of consequence acted sportingly, and remember you don't

have to play a sport to be no good at it.

End of Article: End of Train of Thought; also End of Train: Choo Choo! And Goodbye.

Late Flash: Late last soir or night passé, Haywood Hail Bruin was struck by a train of thought. Fortunately, he is expected to recover in time for next week's issue. The train was not so fortunate. End of Article.



This week marks the end of the Glendon Hoop Hall's regular season.



Glendon est dans la marche

La première victoire de l'équipe de basket-ball (filles) vient d'être enregistrée.

La première joute, la victoire! Cela semble réserver un avenir assez prometteur!

Cette rencontre s'est tenue au gymnase (Gym.) du Proctor Field House, lundi de 18 novembre 1974, contre l'équipe de Bethune.

L'adversaire se fit attendre. La partie étant cédulée, à 7:00 p.m. ne commença en fait que vers les 7:15 p.m. Mais ce retard ne les favorisa pas pour autant.

Après le premier quart, Glendon menait une avance de deux points. Il conserva une avance tout au long de la partie. Donc le pointage:

premier quart: 6 - 4
deuxième quart: 10 - 7
troisième quart: 14 - 13
quatrième quart: 19 - 18
Les points furent marqués par

Eileen Hayes: 8 points
Sylvia Vanderschee: 7 points
Nancy Omen: 2 points
Wendy Hoover: 2 points

CERTIFICATE OF BILINGUAL COMPETENCE CERTIFICAT DE COMPETENCE BILINGUE

EXAMINATIONS 1975

Applications to take the examinations for the Certificate of Bilingual Competence should reach the Secretary, Bilingual Examinations Board, C102, York Hall by Tuesday January 15, 1975.

Application forms and Further Information are available in that office. Completed application forms must be delivered to the secretary of the board in person.

Les demandes pour passer les examens du Certificat de Compétence bilingue devraient parvenir au Secrétaire du Jury d'Attestation de Bilinguisme, salle C102, York Hall, le mardi 15 janvier 1975 au plus tard.

Pour avoir une formule de demande et de plus amples renseignements, adressez-vous au même bureau. Les formulaires remplis doivent être remis personnellement au secrétaire.

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