

# A STARVING SUCCESS

The Glendon Oxfam Committee would like to thank the Glendon community for its fantastic support of the OXFAM fast held last Thursday, December 5. I'm not sure of the number of people who kept their fast until 9pm., but to those who did, our congratulations! As the day wore on, you could distinguish the "fasters" from the rest of the student body by their grumbling stomachs and by the eager way they lined up at the "soup kitchen".

In any case, a good number of people lasted until the dinner hour before they ended their fast, and enjoyed the ever present delight that is Beaver food. A very special thanks goes out to Beaver Foods from the Committee for their kind co-operation. Their efforts helped to make this fast possible. They provided us with the soup at a reduced rate and also allowed scrip donations for cash. Beaver has also agreed on behalf of the Christmas Banquet Committee to donate \$100.00 to OXFAM, bringing our final total to \$724.47.

Further to the day's activities, our OXFAM speaker was Penny Fraser - a former Glendon student - who brought with her a film entitled "Trade Union of the Third World". This stimulating film was followed by a discussion, during which some people disagreed

with parts of the Oxfam ideology. However, I think it is important to remember that OXFAM is feeding hungry people, sometimes through disaster relief, but basically through long term development programs which are certainly positive and productive

programs for the under-developed countries of the world. Within this lies the basis for supporting such an organization.

In retrospect, Glendon's day of Fast was an immense success and our thanks to every member of the College who participated. It appears that apathy, if it exists at all, can be overcome when the cause is a worthy one. If we put our minds to it, a great deal can be accomplished as demonstrated by our OXFAM day of fast.

Thank You so much for your support.

## CALDWELL CLAIMS CONTROL

Our new Social Affairs Commissioner is first year student Tony Caldwell. Although Tony Caldwell regrets having run unopposed, he feels grateful and honoured to now hold this position. Mr. Caldwell has not had any previous experience with organizational student council social endeavours, but this matters not. He has enthusiasm and interest galore, and has already begun work on the Winter Weekend meeting.

Mr. Caldwell of course, will be aided by the old stalwarts

Ted Paget, Larry Guimond etc, but he is bringing with him new friends and associates to give the Social Affairs Commission a new look, and the extra help necessary.

It is indeed gratifying to see a first year student getting involved so deeply, and quickly, in the life here at Glendon. We can all rest assured that we have a competent and exuberant Social Affairs Commissioner, who will be open to new ideas and suggestions.

Good Luck Tony! - Hope to see you bartending at a social function soon!

## Season's Greetings From



VOLUME 14, NUMBER 14

DECEMBER 11, 1974

## Bilingualism: The Big Issue For Second Term

by Marc Duguay

Last Thursday's forum in the N.D.H. with the Bilingualism Committee, exposed the negative and positive feelings of some individuals concerning Bilingualism and Biculturalism more specifically, the Bennett-Jolicoeur 7 point proposal.

After Mr. Bixley's opening statement on Bilingualism and Biculturalism at Glendon in front of the cameras of the French Television network Radio Canada, the committee was then exposed to faculty and students speaking about the 7 point proposal.

It was noted by Dr. Tucker that not many students had gotten up to speak. He indicated that there should be more occasions whereby students can speak out in a large assembly. Granted that should be the case, however I think that the reason why the students were silent was not because they were camera shy or afraid to speak into a microphone. I think students wanted to hear the faculty speak to the proposal.

Everyone remembers the General Assembly held two weeks ago on Thursday in the O.D.H. before the faculty council meeting. During that assembly it was announced that the 7 point proposal was going to be presented to Faculty Council for approval. There were approximately 60 students who attended the meeting, specifically to hear what Faculty had to say, witnessed as Faculty Council shovled the proposal into the committee without giving it any attention. Instead of discussing the proposal whereby students could have received

some form of direction, discussion centered on the question of whether the proposal should go to a committee or not. Faculty Council moved it to a committee. So much for direction.

That is why the Student Council urged the bilingualism committee to hold an open forum on the whole question. The majority of the committee members agreed to do so.

At the forum there was a significant number of faculty in attendance along with students. Four students spoke to the Committee and for the most part gave unconditional support to the 7 point proposal.

However the majority of faculty members who spoke to the committee that afternoon showed many reservations to the proposal. Two members spoke specifically to the 7 point proposal. These were Prof. E. Appathurai, Chairman of the Political Science department and Mr. Gentles (le Doyen).

Mr. Appathurai gave support to the latter 5 points concerning the institutional bilingualism while not readily accepting the first two proposals, since these concerned individual Bilingualism. This analysis of the situation should prove to be quite useful for the committee on Bilingualism.

However the Dean of Students and master of Residence Mr. Ian Gentles spoke to the committee, showing disapproval to a suggestion that students through a referendum of some kind could voice their opinions on the 7 point proposal. He then went on to describe

some of the points, as being ridiculous, impossible and poorly thought out. He thought some were good and others were bad.

However he sat down and gave no indication as to what he thought was ridiculous and what he thought was sound. That is why I asked him to let us know what points he was referring to in particular. He mentioned point seven as being financially impossible. Point 7 reads as follows "all future budgets make provision for faculty leave to study the second language or culture." He went on to say that point 6 would be next to impossible to include. Point 6 reads "our future course additions to the calendar make provision for a seminar in the second language".

Doesn't our Dean of Students realize the importance of this point or for that matter the whole proposal.

The Dean must be aware of the fact that there are fewer than 20 courses offered in French at Glendon.

Some faculty members can reject this proposal, but for the Dean of Students to give little attention to this problem is in my opinion not fulfilling the task which he has been assigned to do. The Dean of Students should be the liaison between the students and the university administration. Obviously he doesn't know how we the students feel. The majority of francophones on this campus are giving approval to this proposal. As are a large number of Anglophones.

Shouldn't the Dean be charged with representing these views in the quarters of the University?

It is apparent that we the

students are concerned about the future of Glendon on a Bilingual and Bicultural college. The students representation at the forum and the faculty meeting held in the last month proves that there is considerable attention given to this "non-issue" as some have termed it.

I would again like to give my full support to this proposal which the Bilingualism committee is now faced with.

I firmly believe that the spirit and future of this college as a bilingual institute lays in the way this proposal will be treated and the way in which it will be implemented.

Two Glendon students have presented this proposal and no doubt this proposal concerns itself with the foundations on which this college supposedly rests.

As it stands now the Bilingualism committee is now studying the proposals and hopefully will have a series of resolutions ready for Faculty Council in January. As a member of the Glendon Community and a member of Student Council I should not sit back and see their proposals shelved.

The situation is critical both for francophones and anglophone students. A proper and meaningful education is what's at stake; not only for francophone students but for the English speaking students as well who wish to learn the french language and culture. On behalf of the Student Council who approved the Bennett-Jolicoeur proposal, I wish to thank all those who turned up at these forums and the faculty council meeting.

I'm looking forward to the continued and even greater concern and involvement in the second term.

## RAPIST REAPS REWARD

WINNIPEG (CUP)---- A 20 year old Winnipeg man has been acquitted in the Manitoba Court of Queen's Bench on charges of rape and gross indecency after the 16 year old complainant refused to testify because she feared a traumatic cross-examination.

The girl, pregnant at the time of the preliminary hearing, although not as a result of the alleged rape, said that after an extensive cross-examination at the hearing, she almost had a miscarriage.

She was subpoenaed to appear in court Monday morning (Nov. 25) but did not appear. A warrant was issued and she was arrested and brought to court Monday afternoon.

The girl entered the witness box, but after only a few minutes of questioning by the Crown counsel, she walked out of the courtroom.

The Crown had asked her to describe the alleged incident which occurred after 3:00 a.m. the morning of March 15 when she was hitchhiking.

When the girl walked out of the courtroom, the Crown attorney closed the case and the judge directed the jury to return a verdict of not guilty.

The Crown attorney said afterwards that the defence counsel had conducted his cross-examination at the preliminary hearing, "as he was allowed to" but the girl was reluctant to face the experience again.

## WINTER WEEKEND MEETING

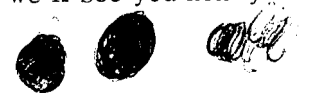
January 30th, 31st  
and February 1st

January 7th at 4:30

in the Student  
Union Offices.

Keep it in mind  
over the holidays and

we'll see you next year.



# HORIZONTAL JONES' BIG WEEKEND

by Peter T. Crane

"Ah, there's nothing like sitting around the ol' fire and having a cup of tea after a long day hiking on the trail. C'mon and sit down, Pete, and I'll tell you a few of my favorite stories." I nodded to Bill after he finished speaking and said,

"I'll be there in a minute; I just want to go to the tent and get my coat on--it's getting damn cold out here." From outside the tent, Bill asked, "By the way, Pete, how's school going this year?" I pulled on my coat and headed back out to the campfire.

"Well not too bad," I began, "but wait till the end of November; that's when the real crunch begins." I shuddered at the thought of those essays and exams that would soon be upon me, and then huddled near the fire for warmth.

"Listen," continued Bill, "you write for the newspaper, don't you?" I looked up, wondering what the hell he could be leading up to.

"Yeah, I do now and then," I said with a slight reservation prevalent in the tone of my voice.

"Well, why don't you write about one of my more humorous stories around the end of November when the students need a bit of lightheartedness to take their minds off their work?" offered Bill, knowing full well I'd heard nearly every story he had.

"You've got to be kidding," I laughed, "you're an old man now and you've had a lot of unbelievable things happen to you, but I've heard all your stories and most of them wouldn't make the last page of the Hobo News!"

I shook my head and chuckled since I knew this would only egg him on.

"Well, have you heard the one about horizontal Jones?" Bill had me. I could honestly say I hadn't heard that one.

"Who in the hell is horizontal Jones and how did he get a name like that?" I half prepared myself for a snow job.

"He used to be a good friend of mine back in the days when I still had my drinking problem," Bill could talk frankly about his former shortcoming and I admired him for it.

"I suppose he drank a lot too and that's why they called him horizontal Jones." One thing about Bill's stories, you could figure them out about a month in advance.

"Yeah, that's right, and my God, did he ever drink; I remember when he ate pretzels you could hear them splash!" Bill usually offered slight exaggerations like this to spice up the story. "Anyway, are you going to let me tell the story?"

"Yeah, go ahead," I said hesitantly and settled back to study the gleam in Bill's eye as he excitedly began spinning another one of his numerous tales.

"Before I knew Jones he belonged to a real rough gang, my God, I'm sure those guys ate nails for breakfast! Every two months they would pool all their money together and go on a weekend drunk in a small northern town. I recall one particular weekend when ol' Jones decided to take his new Buick Electra on the trip. Driving up there was fine, and they had quite a wild time during the first night. However, Saturday morning soon came around and they discovered that they had about one dollar left amongst the four of them.

"Anyway, seeing no alternative, they decided to make the long trip home, even though they were burdened with heavy heads from the night before. They were driving slowly along an old dirt road when suddenly Jones spotted a wobbly-legged calf in the middle of the road straight ahead.

"Well, we're just going to have find that calf a home, thought Jones, as the whee

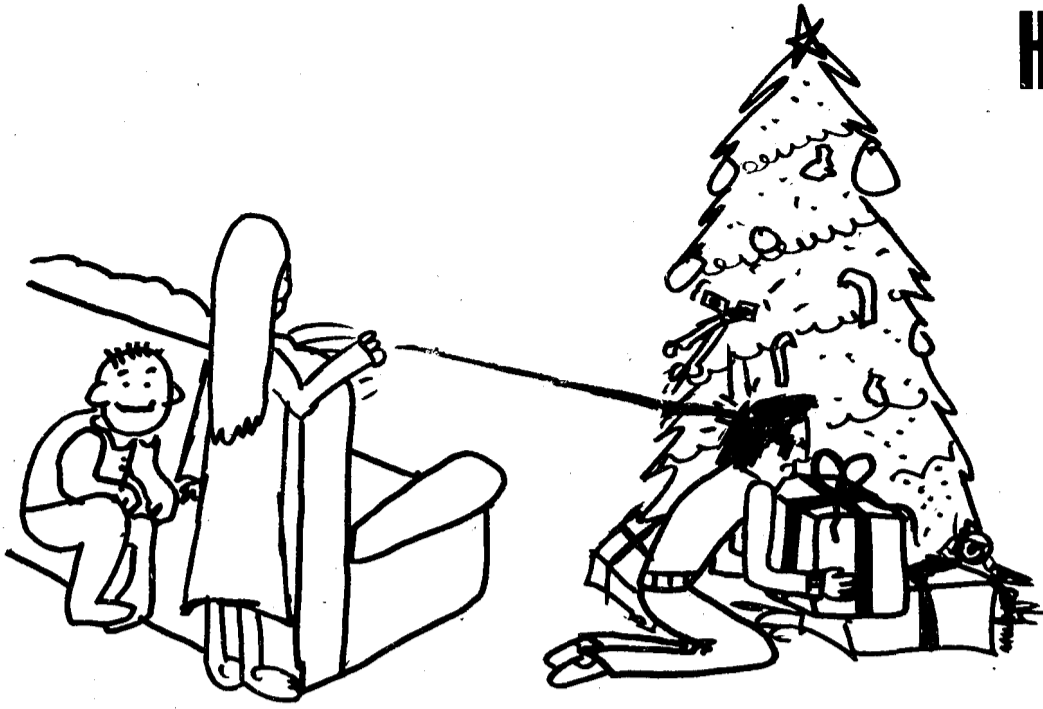
"Do you know what that son of a bitch did next? He stopped the car got out and ol' Eric Carson and him picked up the calf and placed it in the

back of his new Buick Electra. Well, the calf didn't waste any time baptizing his new car, if you know what I mean, but wait till I tell you the rest of the story. Jones then drove to the next small town, sold the calf in an auction, divided the money amongst the other guys and they all went up north again to finish their weekend." Bill reeled back and slapped his knees.

"Now don't ya think that's worth publishing?" he said.

"No not really, but I suppose we all need easy reading when we are burdened with academics." I said with a grin.

By the way, I'll probably round out my next essay with some of the stuff that calf left in Horizontal Jones' Buick.



## DICKING AROUND AT XMAS

by Doug Graham

This will be my last column before Christmas. I could dick around and wish you all a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, but everybody does that. Your milkman, with his hand out, your paper boy, with his hand out, and your boss, with his wallet out. Besides, to wish you Merry Christmas, I'd have to write it some two hundred fifty times to fill my space here. So I will say it once, somewhere near the end, and dick around in between.

Christmas always was and still is very special to me. A lot of things have happened to me at Christmas time. Christmas was the first time I got drunk, the first time I made it, stuff like that. When I was young, Christmas was also a time of some confusion for me.

When I was a little gaffer, I used to go to Eaton's and sit on Santa's knee. Then we went to Simpson's, and guess who I saw? I was told then that Santa was a fast traveller, and had no trouble beating a shrimp like me to Simpson's. So, being inquisitive, my friend and I set out to prove that I damn well could be faster than Santa if I hurried. I went to Eaton's and saw Santa. Then I ran out to the phone at the front of the store and called my friend who was waiting by the phone in Simpson's. He was to wait by Santa's chair and note what time Santa got there from Eaton's. I walked to Simpson's and my friend met me at the front door.

"He was in his chair with a kid on his knee by the time I got in there. God damn, he's fast."

Another occurrence at Christmas I remember well was my sister and I waiting in our bedroom to get up and open our presents. We heard a noise coming from the living room. "God damn, it's Santa Claus."

"But what if it isn't," I answered. "I bet it's some big kid stealing my electric train." We decided we had better take a weapon with us. I ran into the kitchen and grabbed the first thing I could get hold of, a can opener. My sister was pissed off. She didn't see how we could kill anybody with a lousy can opener. We continued into the hall. I told her, she was going to use that can opener, she had better be damn

sure it wasn't Santa Claus, because that would be the end of my electric train. We slowly crept into the living room, we saw the figure hunched under the Christmas tree, and he didn't have a red suit on.

"Well, go on up and hit him," I told her.

"You hit him. I'm scared."

"Well, why don't you throw it at him." She did. I heard my father holler, God damn.

When I was younger, my parents told me I spoiled Christmas for everybody one year. In my haste to see my electric train, I ran into the living room about 4:30 a.m. I guess the first present under the tree was not my train, because I kept ripping open presents until I found it. Well, I didn't find it.

When I was around fifteen, my friends decided we should have a booze party on Christmas Eve. A friend, Randy, whose parents were in Florida for the winter, insisted we have it at his place. We all went without cigarettes for a few weeks in order to save our share for the bottle. We gave our money to Randy. On Christmas Eve, Randy took us to a street corner where he said we were to wait for his connection to bring us the bottle. The connection never came. A friend, Danny, began to punch Randy in the stomach. Randy began to bleed, because Danny never was such a good shot. I solved it by telling them my uncle was at my place and he had a case of liquor in his back seat. I ran to the house, and encountered my uncle, pissing in our back yard. He was too lazy to climb the stairs. I waited while he waded at two buses, and finished, and then bought a bottle of vodka from him for seven of Randy's dollars. The retail price was then \$5.95. While carrying it to Randy's place, I slipped on the ice, dropped the bottle, and smashed it. God damn.

Well, I guess I've dicked around enough, and it's time to wish you all a, ah... ah....

NOTE TO SANTA I'm still waiting for those trains, man. I mean, god damn, you know.

NOTE: Would the person who sent me the letter on the pass-fail system please identify himself to me somehow.

### Dean Applicants

The Glendon College Committee on Student Affairs is seeking:  
 (1) A Dean of Students and Master of Residence or  
 (2) A Dean of Students and  
 (3) A Master of Residence

the term of office to begin July, 1975.

Candidates must be able to function in both French and English. Enquiries should be directed to E. Hopkins, C214, York Hall, (487-6195).

Applications must be received by January 15, 1975.

### A SNEAK PREVIEW OF OUR PROGRAM

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 (Include resume if available.)

# pro tem

Only as good as the community it serves.

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 Entertainment Editor: Peter Russell  
 Layout: Barry Nesbitt, Alan Grover, Paul Dowling.  
 Sports: Haywood Hail Bruin, Ms. Stiff  
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 Tony Caldwell. Cartoons: Ron Munro  
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 Cooper, Larry Mohring, Roberta Powers, Cathy Scott,  
 Milana Todroff, Marney Gattinger, Gillian King.

## SANTA SUITS SEASON

I got the chance of a lifetime last week. I got the chance to play Santa Claus at the big Christmas party my family has every year. It may not seem like such a big thing and as a matter of fact, I didn't see it as such a big opportunity right away. But the experience that I had, the warm titter that filled the room when "Santa" entered gave me a joy I won't soon forget.

When my aunt said to me "We don't have anyone to play Santa Claus!" I figured, what the hell, it'll be my contribution. I didn't think much of it at the time and about an hour later when my aunt came up to me and gave me the box with the suit in it, I kinda wondered how I ever let myself into the mess.

It wasn't until I went into the wash-room to change and was fiddling around with the Santa Claus suit that I felt good about the whole thing. I thought at that time it would be a good laugh but not much more than that.

But something else struck me as I was getting ready. The Santa Claus suit was plastic and it was only necessary to pull it on over your clothes and tie it at the back like a hallow'en costume. The boots were plastic cover-ups, that one simply pulled on over one's shoes. I thought about the commercial, hustling sales gimmick Christmas had become and how even the traditions of the season were being molded to fit the "new look, make it quick and convenient" package that Christmas has been bound in.

So I was all dolled up in a Santa Claus suit, my beard was in place and I pulled the funny hat (complete with fringe wig) on over my own hair. I sighed, smiled a little flippantly and headed out to where the Christmas tree was.

When I got outside it hit me like a ton of bricks, the entire picture came into perspective. All the little kids in the family became fantastically excited. Their eyes lit up, they smiled with such joy and their little cheeks glowed. Such positive feelings flowed from the little ones that it affected the entire room. It was one of the most powerful phenomena I've ever witnessed. It was all because "Santa" had entered the room. We all knew who Santa was, none of my little cousins were unaware that it was me under that plastic dome. But it didn't matter somehow. The idea of the season was represented and the kids responded to that. Their response poured off them and filled everyone else, wiping away all the commercial aspects, all the feelings about duty - having to give so many presents, send out cards to so and so and getting your quota of cookies baked for the holiday season.

One look at the joy the little children possessed and all the cynicism that has become part of Christmas time just melted away. It made me feel so lucky to be the dope who got to wear the Santa Claus suit. Even if it was a plastic one.

## Letters to the editor

### ANOTHER VIEW

To the Editor

It has generally been noted that, besides the administrative problems, bilingualism at Glendon college does not work. Up to this point, I had felt that this was due primarily to a lack of initiative on the side of the English students (the French having the excuse that they are in a minority group). Today, in a conversation with two French-canadians, (conducted in English to be sure I'd understand), I was presented with another point of view. Many French-canadian students at Glendon are employed to teach French to Anglophones, which takes a lot of time and patience (as all good teachers know). However, when they come to Glendon during the week, they are sick of long drawn-out conversations with stupid anglophones who cannot speak French nearly as well as the francophones can speak English. So maybe this explains to the disillusioned anglophones, why the francophones "stick together" in class, at lunch and whenever they can. Perhaps they just aren't interested in communication with anglophones who are not bilingual. Why should they be?

P. Elliot

### OUT OF ORDER?

To the Editor

At the Faculty Council meeting of November 28 I was asked by the chairman of the Curriculum Committee why I had enquired about the chances and the machinery that exist for students to initiate and/or effect changes in the curriculum. Before I could answer, the chairman of the Faculty Council had ruled this question "out of order". Here is what I would have said had I been allowed to

speak.

Every year, students ask for instruction under the 'Special Topics' rubric in the Department of General Education. Neither funds nor release time have ever been allocated for a positive response. Those Faculty who have taught Special Topics courses in General Education have done so on an "unpaid overtime" basis. The statistics as to how many students were taught what and by whom are readily available.

In September, more than 20 students had signed up for a Special Topics course they hoped could be given. The course could not be given since the potential instructor had already well over 80 course registrations in the three courses he was bound to teach as his normal teaching load. Several months earlier a student petition with about 90 signatures asking for the introduction of one or, perhaps, two courses in the same 'wanted' field had been presented to the administration.

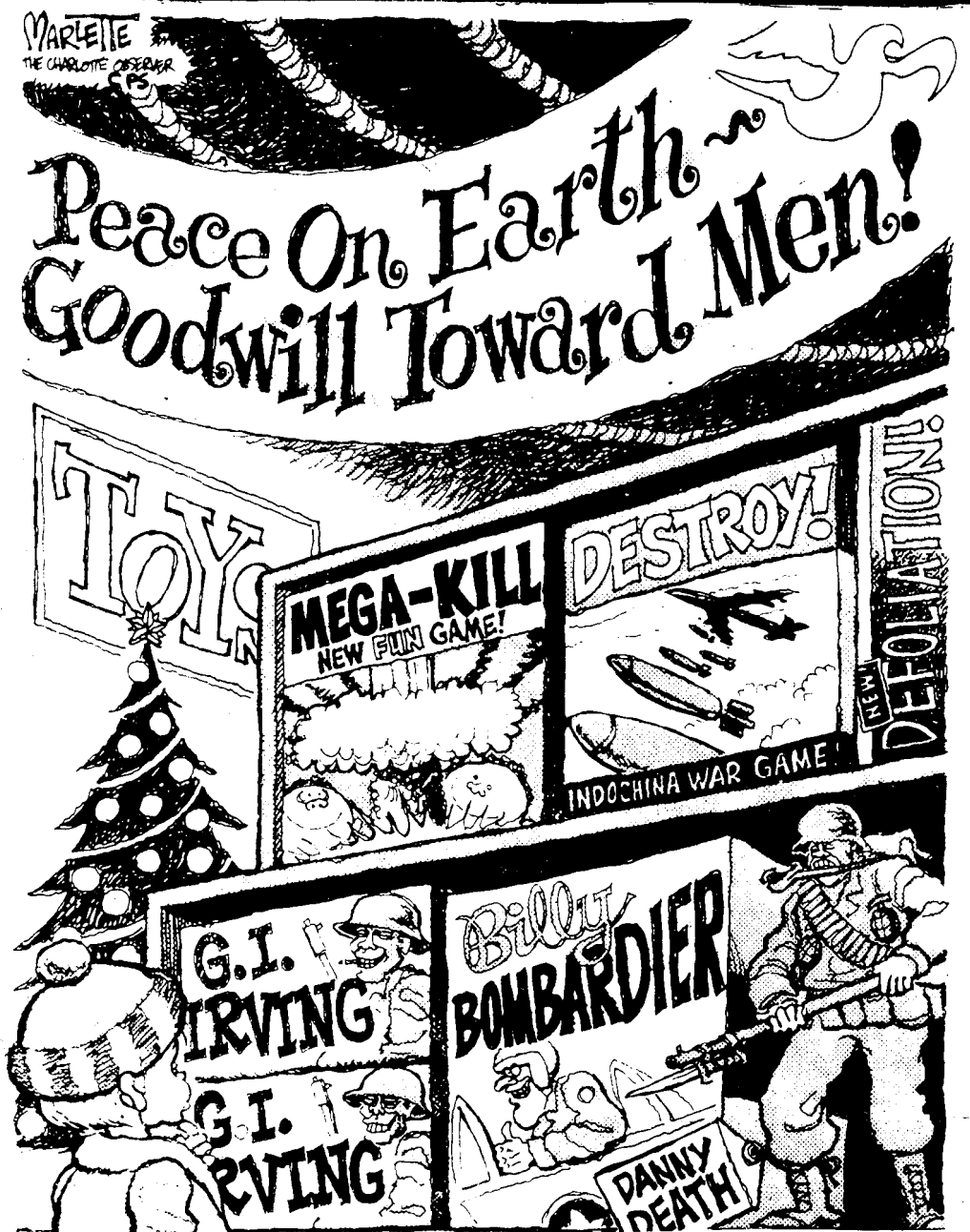
The Curriculum Committee and the Faculty Council are time and again asked to approve courses said to be 'necessary' for students who might want to go to graduate studies in a certain specialised field. The administration is pressed to allocate funds for such specialist preparatory courses. When attention is drawn to the 'tight money' situation it is suggested that money be taken away from "Humanities and General Education".

Two questions: just how can students effect the allocation of funds for courses they really want to take? And: are the interests of the few to take precedence over the needs of the many?

Walter Beringer

Associate Professor of History

(more letters on page 4)



## GRAB BAG

by Peter Russell

Christmas once, Christmas twice, Holy Jumping Jesus Christ; Christmas...SHIT!

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, Joyous Tidings, fun, Yule-tide Euphoria to you... two weeks worth of love and thought from Our House to Your House. Peace! I can hear angels farting and burping during Christ's dinner mess. (Christmas dinner's always a mess... a whole mess of food...don't mess yourself just because you didn't get what you wanted for Christmas).

I have no ideas on the subject of Christmess anymore. We gave up giving one another presents quite some time ago. I mean why give presents to people you'd really never give a present to if it weren't Christmas? One thing that seems to stay on year after year is the strange rite of a real Christmess Tree. Can't seem to kick the phony trip to church either. . . something to do with childhood primal whimper therapy. There's really no point in going. The sermon is usually as tired as the swollen, well-blasted congregation who can taste everything they've eaten for the last three days every time they have a gas attack. I usually manage to keep myself from falling asleep, from falling on my face, from falling into a fat attack, and from falling into the trap of being introduced to people I can't hack.

Christmess is a pleasant diversion. . . an incongruity to be enjoyed and not hassled with. When you try to fight it, it becomes a little much to take on all at once, and especially for the two weeks that

you're supposed to be spending in a state of wholesome charity and goodness of spirit.

The Christmas present is the only thing really worth attacking. The only legitimate reason for giving a present is to make someone take notice of how much you care for them. All the good people of the world, (who are going to go to heaven), give presents to people because they just like them and want to give them a present. Not me. I give presents to people I like with the idea that they're going to realize how wonderful I am and fall passionately in love with me. I also expect that they will have the good grace to receive my gift(s) without being so forward as to presume that my motives were anything but the finest. (I, incidentally, imagine I am going to go to hell.) In this vein, I should be most interested to hear from anyone who has managed to perfect the charade of present-giving; more specifically anyone who knows how you go about giving about giving a present for the right reasons without wiping out badly. Remember that wiping out is not getting what you want. Do you get what you want? I've been thinking of going downtown next week to sit on Santa's knee, and telling him quite frankly that if he comes down my chimney he'll get himself shot, tried out, and the oil from his ample carcass given to industry so they can sell it back to us without anecdote.

Have a very Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year. If Jesus loves all the little Children of the World then I'm afraid W.C. Fields must have gone to hell. Hell, I guess hell's quite a laugh, eh?

# LETTERS

(continued from page 3)

## FOR SHAME!

To the Editor:

As a result of a poll taken by the Master of Residence, it now appears that maid service in the residences will be discontinued by the time classes resume after the Christmas break. This action appears inevitable after the overwhelming response in favour of discontinuance.

It may, and properly should, be said that the Dean has acted correctly in taking this action in response to popular demand. However, I question the responsibility of those who opposed the retention of maid service, those who favour economic expediency over moral responsibility. Those who for a saving of between twenty and twenty-five dollars, are willing to force the dismissal of

some of the support staff.

The adoption of such a utilitarian attitude towards fellow beings, is to me a disgrace worthy only of those who perpetrated the abuse of the Industrial Revolution.

I draw this parallel in its absurd limits in order to point out to those who have chosen this course the effects of their actions. We are faced now with a period of increasing unemployment and with the threat of imminent recession, yet these individuals are willing to throw people out of work, so that these same individuals may save their twenty pieces of silver.

For shame I say!!

Let us reconsider this action and work towards a more equitable solution to the issue of maid service.  
Lorne Prince

## POLL OUSTS MAIDS

To The Editor:

To correct the inaccuracies in Donna Yawching's article on maid-service would take almost as much space as the article itself. In order not to bore your readers intolerably I will confine myself to a few brief observations.

In 1972 the main campus decided to abolish maidservice in all undergraduate residences. The decision was resented by the students at Glendon who exerted pressure to keep maidservice and thus preserve the maids' jobs. The most we could get from the main campus was an agreement to permit a maidservice option in certain designated houses. From the outset it was made very clear that all students in the designated houses would have maidservice, and that in order to keep the price as low as possible there would be no refunds to people who dropped out of residence.

This fall it became apparent that the idealism which had originally prompted the retention of maid-service had largely evaporated. Last week students were polled on whether they wished to cancel the option at the end of this term. Since a majority replied yes, maidservice is being abolished as of January first. All students (including Jacques Plante) will be getting a partial refund.

I object strongly to Ms. Yawching's unflattering innuendoes (based largely on the comments of an anonymous student), about the staff of the Dean of Students' Office. Both my assistant, Kirsten Nielsen, and my part-time secretary, Mme Suzanne McCaffrey, are recognized throughout the college as extremely hard-working and competent at their work, and in addition, they are both fluently bilingual. Personally, I consider myself extremely fortunate to have two of the ablest members of the staff working in my office. Your reporter's aspersions were very wide of the mark.

Yours sincerely  
Ian Gentles,  
Dean of Students.

## A KIND WORD

To the Editor:

It has become apparent to me through correspondence with a number of students and professors, that they felt the quality of copy in PRO TEM was of a sub-par standard. It was their opinion that "if that trash was all PRO TEM had to print, then it wasn't worth the Glendon community's time or money."

I was left perplexed! It appears to me that in my many years in contact with PRO TEM, it has never exhibited such quality. The abundance of Glendon oriented news, the forceful handling of issues, and the dynamic layout by this years staff leaves me only with the opinion that yours has been a job well done. My most sincere congratulations to both you and your very efficient staff. May I also express my best wishes of the season to you, your staff and the entire Glendon community.

Yours in happiness,  
Santa Claus



## SATURDAY STUDY SESSION

by Richard Wagman

This Saturday 14 December the UFW Support Committee will sponsor a one hour Christmas study break for the students at Glendon College. All across Ontario other students and workers will congregate at their local supermarkets to protest the sale of non-union grapes and head lettuce this Saturday -- "Share Christmas Day".

Here in the York Mills area a mass picket line will be held at the Dominion store at Bayview and Eglinton from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. There will be singing of "Huelga" songs, dancing and general merriment throughout the day. "Share Christmas Day" is being sponsored jointly by several community groups in the York Mills area, including the Glendon College UFW Support Committee. Students at Glendon are cordially invited to attend the event for an hour or so during the day.

Then in the evening a Farmworkers' mass and pot luck dinner will be held at the Catholic Information Centre, on Bathurst Street north of Bloor (just opposite the subway station). Mass begins at 6pm, the dinner at 7pm. All are welcome to attend.

Back in 1970, when the growers first signed union contracts with the farmworkers, there were just over 5 million boxes of grapes in cold storage. The growers are hurting worse than ever.

On Monday 9 December six major

supermarkets in the U.S. were scheduled to sit in a tri-level meeting with the growers, the Teamsters and the governor in California. Pathmark Food Stores, a major chain on the east coast, originally called the meeting and was expected to announce the removal of non-union grapes from their stores regardless of the outcome. (The Teamsters Union were called in by the growers in April 1973 to sign sweetheart agreements without consulting the workers, who have been on strike for better safety and working conditions, decent wages, and an end to child labour.)

Here in Canada Dominion is the largest buyer of non-union grapes and lettuce. All other chain stores in Metro Toronto have agreed to take them off the shelves as soon as Dominion does. The farmworkers are hoping for a breakthrough before the New Year, as the growers will try to dump their grapes on the Toronto market for the Christmas season. It is essential that the Toronto boycott succeed.

Until Saturday a list will be posted in York Hall beside the JCR, opposite the entrance to the cafeteria. All those persons wishing to participate in the mass picket line are asked to sign up so that we'll know how many to expect. The farmworkers in Toronto extend a warm welcome to all members of the Glendon Community to attend this event. Please take a study break for an hour or so on Saturday and join in the festivities.

Merry Christmas and Happy Chanukah.

## CLUB "DOWN-HAUT" CLUB

by Pierre Barbin

Vendredi dernier, à huit heures a.m. avait lieu au Janvier commun Room la première réunion du nouveau club "Down-Haut", club qui a pour but de faciliter l'apprentissage d'une langue seconde (français ou anglais).

Après certains rituels, non moins remarqués, la réunion débuta. Un conseil de onze personnes fut choisi: 5 francophones, 5 anglophones et un neutre (bilingue). C'est le conseil qui donnera la ligne de pensée au club. Par la suite, un commun accord de tous les participants fixa les premières activités du club au début de mois de janvier, pour permettre au conseil de s'organiser et de préparer son programme.

Bienvenue à tous!

## ONCE AGAIN

by Dave Wexler and Sue McLean

People have been wondering about all those "strange" signs posted around the campus entitled, "Down-Haut". Well, for those of you who missed the opening session on Friday, here's what it's all about. "Down-Haut" is a social group whose purpose is to provide an opportunity for

francophones and anglophones to get together and communicate with each other. It is NOT a club for those who want A's on essays or exams, and it is not a place for those who wish to speak only French or English. But if you want to improve either of those tongues and have a good time doing it, then "Down-Haut" is most certainly for you. While a meeting was held Friday, the club will not begin to meet until January, at the start of the new semester. Hopefully the "Down-Haut" club will be open every Tuesday in the Hearth Room (right beside the JCR), from the hours of nine o'clock in the morning till six o'clock at night. The format will be CASUAL with everyone dropping in, when they have a spare moment. The schedule will alternate with French being the language one week, and English the next.

If you don't speak French or English, well, here's your chance to improve, so come on GLENDON, here's what you've been asking for; let's make it work!

For further information, contact one of the following four people, on campus or by phone:

Dave Wexler 491-7960  
Sue MacLean 247-3295  
Martine Guay -----  
Pat Moyer 481-2178.



## You're never snowed under

You find crisp temperatures and new-fallen snow invigorating. An invitation to a good old-fashioned snowball fight. And you'd never dream of missing the first snowfall of the season.

That's because you believe in the promise of Tampax tampons. They're worn internally to protect you securely and comfortably. They can't restrict the high-spirited activity that rules your life. And since they're worn internally, they prevent embarrassing odor from forming.

A day in the snow is no day to miss. Protected with Tampax tampons you can promise your friends you'll be right there with them.

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NOW USED BY MILLIONS OF WOMEN  
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# THE NATIONAL: STOOGES STAR

## IN GOD WE TRUST ; OTHERS PAY CASH

NEW YORK (CUP-ENS)---- The men and women who guide and advise the nation's millions of investors on the vagaries of the stock market are themselves turning for guidance and advice to an unlikely source -- God.

According to officials at the old Trinity Church in the heart of New York's financial

district, attendance for weekday masses is up about 100 per cent from last year. Furthermore, they say, Wall Streeters are flocking in at all hours of the day to pray, meditate, or seek ministerial advice.

George Bauer, a church official, admits that there's probably a connection between the

dismal state of the stock market and the rising church attendance. He says that weekday attendance is now at about 200 for the noon mass, up from 100 a year ago when the market was still bullish.

But despite the surge in well-heeled attendance, officials also note that contributions are off.

## SHOOT 'EM UP JOHN WAYNE STYLE

Calgary (CUP)---The Calgary police claim that just because they look more like John Wayne doesn't mean they're going to act more like him.

As part of their new uniforms and equipment the Calgary police will begin wearing open pistol holsters rather than the traditional kind where the gun is hidden and protected by a flap.

Dr. John Klein, a criminologist from the University of Calgary disagrees with the police, however, saying that

the new open holsters would lead to "shoot'em up, wild West stuff."

Klein fears the new holsters will escalate tricky situations because the guns will be far more accessible than in closed holsters.

Klein also argues that there is, "a serious implication here in that our tradition is of respect for the authority of the officer based on his office and his uniform rather than simple respect based on a visible weapon."

"We are now moving in an

opposite direction, toward the American style gun holster, and that is of concern in a country that does not rely on the presence of guns to maintain order."

Calgary police like the new holsters saying they are much more comfortable and convenient should the officer get in trouble.

"It's great for left handers, too," one left-handed policeman said. "Even John Wayne doesn't pull a cross over draw you know."

## AREN'T THEY ALL ?

Bridgeport, Conn(CUP-ZNS)- A former student at the University of Bridgeport in Connecticut has filed suit against the university alleging that one of the courses she took was an utter waste of time.

Ilene Ianniello, now 33 and the working mother of three, states that she took an education course in which she learned nothing. She says she

complained about the class when she took it, but that school officials did nothing to improve the course.

She has asked a circuit court to refund her tuition costs, plus wages she could have earned working instead. Even though she got an "A" in the course, Ianniello wants a \$450 refund, and vows she will take the case to a jury if necessary.

## HECKLING HELPS

OHIO (ZNS-CUP)-----Three Ohio State researchers say that they have found that "heckling" is an effective method of undermining a political speech.

Psychologists Lloyd Sloan, Robert Love and Thomas Astrov report that he showed a series of old Richard Nixon and Ed Muskie speeches to small groups of students, some of the groups, they say, were secretly planted with hecklers.

The psychologists found that heckling caused people who might be "neutral" to become negative about the speaker

and that people who were positive about a speaker tended to become more neutral as a result of the heckling episodes.

The researchers say they found no "backlash" effect, where the audience sympathized with the speaker because of the heckling.

One of the most interesting findings is that the heckling effect, when tested two months later, still influenced the audience's views. Two months they say, is the length of a typical political campaign--meaning that a heckling strategy could influence an election.

## MUGGER MEETS MERDE

Los Angeles (CUP-ENS)--A Los Angeles woman suffered a broken arm last week when a mugger attacked her on the street, pushed her down and grabbed the plastic bag she was carrying.

But Mrs. Hollis Sharpe had

to smile about the incident anyway, as it turns out, the unidentified thief probably reached into the bag and got a handful of "doggie-do."

Mrs. Sharpe had been walking her dog and conscientiously cleaning up at each fire hydrant.

## SPERM SPURNED

London (CUP/ZNS)-- The British Academy of Sciences, after an 18 month study, has recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited by law from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks.

The Academy has stated that restrictions are necessary because it fears that a lack of controls could lead to a "sperm bank pop star war."

What the scientist have been worrying about is that rock idols such as Mick Jagger,

David Bowie or Paul McCartney might sell their sperm to the frozen banks which would, in turn, advertise it--selling it to thousands of female groupies wishing to become pregnant.

The Academy has said it does not oppose the idea of thousands of Mick Jagger offspring being fathered. What is worrisome, said the Academy, is that when these children grow up, they could marry one another without knowing that they have the same father.

HOLLYWOOD (CUP-ENS)--- Columbia Pictures is releasing "The Three Stooges Follies," a compendium of the trio's most popular comedies.

The feature-length film features footage of the Stooges during the 1930's and '40's, as well as guest appearances by Buster Keaton, Kate Smith and Batman and Robin.

## CONTEST COSTLY

NEBRASKA (CUP-CPS)----- Alisa Chapman, a freshman at the University of Nebraska, won a contest recently.

Unfortunately, it's beginning to look like the prize she won is the right to owe the government money.

The prize she actually won was a \$100,000 "dream house" but with a price-tag like that, the state and federal taxes on the prize run to nearly \$60,000.

Neither Alisa nor her family could afford to pay that much, so they have planned to sell the house to raise money to pay the taxes. But because of the bad housing market in Omaha, the house may have to be sold for half its estimated value.

If so, Alisa will still owe the federal government the difference, which may easily run into thousands of dollars.

## HO HO HARDING LTD.

BRANTFORD (CUP)---- Ho Chi Minh Trail is the name chosen for a new street in the city's industrial area.

A City Council committee named two streets this week and preferred Copernicus Boulevard and Ho Chi Minh Trail to Widget Street and Roy Avenue, the other names

suggested.

Harding Carpets Ltd. whose new plant will be on Ho Chi Minh Trail, is not very enthusiastic about the name.

"It seems very out of place," Frank Farr, the plant manager said. "I think some kind of protest is in order."



### Something to "cheers" about:

Now the glorious beer of Copenhagen is brewed right here in Canada. It comes to you fresh from the brewery. So it tastes even better than ever.

And Carlsberg is sold at regular prices.

So let's hear it, Carlsberg lovers. "One, two, three . . . Cheers!"

# Social scene sends Santa shivers

Up and Coming:  
Glendon:

CAFE DE LA TERRASSE: Hours this week / Heures cette semaine  
Wednesday/Mercredi 8:30am. -midnite  
Thursday/Jeu 8:30am. - 4:00pm.  
Friday/Vendredi 8:30am.-6:00pm.  
Saturday/Samedi 12:00 - 5:00 pm  
Sunday/Dimanche 12:00 - 5:00pm.

Merry Christmas from the Café Staff  
Joyeux Noel à tout le monde

Thursday  
Annual Christmas Banquet at Glendon

Lysistrata - présenté par Théâtre  
Français dans le Pipe Room,  
vendredi à dimanche à 20h30  
chaque soir.

## movies

Roxy Theatre: Danforth at Green-  
wood Subway, 461-2401, 99 cents.

Wednesday 8:00pm: The Merry  
World of Leopold II, an NFB film  
shows free at The Church of The  
Millenium, 99 Gloucester Street

Wednesday: If at 7 and 10:55pm.  
The Conformist at 8:55pm.

Thursday: Lady Sings The Blues  
at 7 and 9:30pm.

Friday: Monterey Pop at 7 and  
10:05pm.  
Holland Music Festival at 8:25 and  
11:30pm.

Saturday: Everything You Always  
Wanted to Know About Sex 7 and  
10:00pm.  
Sleeper at 8:30pm.  
Pink Flamingos at midnight

Monday: Bed and Board at 7 and  
10:20pm.  
Claire's Knee at 8:35pm.

Tuesday: Last Tango in Paris 7pm  
The Music Lovers 9:15pm.

## television

1 Nightmusic: A program featuring  
Canadian talent appears nightly on  
channel 19 at 11:00pm. with host  
Rainer Schwarz

2 Wednesday: 10:30pm. (CBC) The  
Pearson Memoirs Part VIII: Dip-  
lomat at War (Washington 1941 - 45)

1:00am. (NBC) : Golden Midnite  
Special, Part I  
1:00am. (CBS) : Elton John Documen-  
tary

3 Friday: Midnite (CBC) : Rock  
Concert with Johnny Winter and  
Argent

## music

The Colonial  
(203 Yonge St.) Rob McConnell en-  
tertains this week 363-6168

El Mocambo  
(464 Spadina Ave.) Houndog Taylor  
Blues Band 961-2558

The Chimney  
(579 Yonge, above The Gasworks)  
Miles and Lenny appear this week  
967-4666

## theatre

1 Playhouse  
(Bayview Ave) Toronto Workshop

presents Barry Broadfoots Ten Last  
Years 925-8640

2 Firehall Theatre  
(70 Berkeley St) Still Life, and  
A Pheonix Too Frequent 364-4170

3 Hart House  
(U. of T.) Daffydill, to Saturday  
the 14th

4 Tarragon  
(30 Bridgman Ave.) The Donnellys  
Part II 531-1827

5 Theatre du P'tite Bonheur  
(95 Danforth ) Macbett 466-8400

6 Factory Theatre  
(207 Adelaide) Hurrah for Johnny  
Canuck 864-9971

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

8 Toronto Centre for The Arts  
(390 Dupont St.) Theatre Festival  
of Improvisation 967-6969

9 St Lawrence  
(27 Front St) The Rivals, directed  
by Alan Scarfe



THE RIVALS plays at the St. Lawrence Centre thru-to December 21st.



## Seasonal Stocking Stuffers

by Larry Mohring

Purchasing Christmas gifts has become a very complex task for many, including myself. What should I buy? A record album? That can pose a problem, given the number of albums released every week. I hope what follows may be of some assistance.

IT'S ONLY ROCK AND ROLL(WEA) by the Stones

(recorded in West Germany) has convincingly re-established the Stones as the best rock group today. GOATS HEAD SOUP had many weak moments, but this album, containing Ain't too Proud to Beg, If you Can't Rock Me, and Dance Little Sister, indicates that the band is back on track. Highly recommended.

WHEN THE EAGLE FLIES (Island Records), by Traffic, is also very fine. In the tradition of JOHN BARLEYCORN and LOW SPARK OF HIGH-HEFLED BOYS, this album is receiving considerable FM play, and deservedly so (listen to WALKING IN THE WIND). Also recommended.

Carole King's WRAP AROUND JOY (Ode Records) contains some fine tracks (JAZZMAN, NIGHTINGALE) but is unfortunately unable to attain the heights of TAPESTRY, and as such is not that notable. Bonnie Raitt's STREETLIGHTS (Warner Bros.) is a contrast in musical styles and is terrific. This 24-year-old is a tremendous performer, and she plays great music. (Perhaps you have heard ANGEL FROM MONTGOMERY?)

Van Morrison also has a new album entitled VEEDON FLEECE (Warner Bros.) which is very similar in both style and content to HARD NOSE THE HIGHWAY, but is weaker musically. Probably only for Van Morrison fans.

Leaving the best for last, The Eagles have a new recording this year called ON THE BORDER (Asylum Records) and without a doubt is one of the best albums presently released by probably the best 'unknown' group today: their blend of country-rock clearly illustrates their musical talents and direction.

Hopefully the above list may assist you in your Christmas shopping in the coming hectic days. Joyeux Noel!



A brilliant young chemist  
named Lou  
Studied the whole evening  
through  
Books of facts and equations  
That gave explanations  
For the great tasting flavour  
of 'Blue'



Labatt's Blue smiles along with you

# STU STATES : STUPENDOUS STUDS STILL STAR - STUDDED

by Stu Stickwood

Since they broke the colour barrier in North American entertainment fields, the Brass Studs have been gracing audiences with their talents, throughout the York community.

The colour barrier I'm speaking of is the one that exists in the world of show biz. There are off-colour bands, colourful bands, colourless bands and coloured bands. The Studs are a new colour on the spectrum (which is, as most people know, an universal symbol, symbolically representing the stage).

Last Thursday, vibrant sounds, raspy voices and misplaced choreography highlighted an evening of entertainment which soared to heights never before reached and certainly

not to be attained again until the next "last return of the Brass Studs."

With a polish most reverently reserved for black patent rosepicker shoes (optional in alligator), the group socked home some good down-home country sounds. Actually, that's about the only music the group doesn't play but we have a contrast with Buck Owens stating we have to mention him in our Christmas issue (this is our Christmas issue) and this is the only way I could think of getting him in.

By the way the dance was really grand (really it was) and the only way the Studs could get off the stage was to promise the faithful throng that they would be back again next term. I can hardly wait. Isn't the rock scene exciting?--eat your heart out, Rex Reed.



The Studs rocked and rolled their way into the hearts of the O. D. H. audience

## A CAMPUS FOR ALL SEASONS - GLENDON THE GREAT

by Donna Yawching

It's the end of term, I've got a lot of work to do, (I'm not doing it, mind you); and I can't think of anything original to write about this week. No doubt, if I thought long enough, I could find something to bitch about; but what with the Christmas spirit, and season of good cheer, and so forth, that would probably be mildly

### HARRISON: FANS AT FAULT

by Susan Elliott

In view of the anti-George Harrison trend that seems to have plagued most of his North American concert tour, it would be almost too easy to write a review about the man's sore throat, poor sound system and general inadequacies in his rapport with the audience. I cannot comply, however, and it doesn't even pain me to say that the George Harrison concert on Friday last was really very good.

It seems almost too obvious to mention, but I classify a concert by the quality of the music played. I mention this, however, because as I looked around on Friday the quality of the music George Harrison was giving to us seemed to be of least importance to the audience in general. This was evidenced by the fact that we were roused from our seats only by Billy Prestons' strutting across the stage.

Harrison is an excellent musician and his level of excellence was maintained throughout the concert. His band, made up of musicians such as Tom Scott on Horn, play on Harrison's latest record Dark Horse and, thus, know their material backwards. Also, Harrison, quite simply, writes good music. His songs are easily listened to and have a great sensibility about them. It is this sensibility which is, unfortunately, lost in a rock concert situation, where the "glitter" mentality maintains itself.

Ravi Shankar was unable to appear because of illness and this left a large space, to be filled in the concert. The "family", musicians who play with Shankar, did, however play with the help of the band and made, what turned out to be, some of the most effective music of the evening. True to its nature, the audience sat restlessly throughout this series of pieces, one especially good jazz number was fairly well received, and seemed almost relieved when the "eastern" set was over.

I believe that the problem basic to Harrison's tour has been in his audience. Most concert goers today have been oriented by such musicians as Alice Cooper, David Bowie and Bill Preston. It is a small wonder, therefore, that a musician who walks on to the stage with nothing more than good music to offer will not be seen through the screen of musical ignorance. Harrison has said himself that "it is not like it was before". Perhaps he had best

inappropriate. So, in what is my first real instance of plagiarism, I decided to steal an idea from an article done a couple of weeks ago by Doug Graham, who happens to be my favourite Pro Tem columnist. Doug, reviewing the articles that he has written this term, discovered with surprise that he was a "mean bastard". Re-reading my own, I was in no way surprised to find that I was a bitch. (My friends

quit the road and put his energies into creating music; it seems to be what this musician does best.



### HO HUM GEORGE

by Lisa Granik

The George Harrison concert last Friday was a disappointment to me. Billy Preston attempted to steal the show (George didn't seem to mind) by dancing that soul boogie he does so well. His music gave Harrison's style a bit of soul, a real plus in my opinion, instead of that soft love sick music that is nice to meditate by. It was like a jam session.

After they played on came the Ravi group which really reminded me of the Ed Sullivan show. Later a lady in a Sari was leading the band like a choir teacher and another Indian attempted to sing an English song. The song went something like I miss you . . . I need you . . . I can feel you -- very simple and boring.

Even though Harrison was not playing at the time his influence was certainly present in this lady's performance. Or, was her performance certainly an influence on Harrison.

While they were on the audience was bored and seemed restless.

I even yawned a bit, myself.

To top the entire fiasco off, George Harrison was the proud owner of a sore and raspy throat. The entire experience left me so unmoved that I couldn't even motivate myself to applaud.

have been telling me this for years). I seem to have done everything from social to dramatic criticism; written about restaurants and museums and films.

So, this week, acting in the spirit of Christmas, and once again stealing Doug's idea, I've decided to dwell upon the more pleasant side of life, with, however, a slight shift in perspective. Since certain aspects of Glendon life have been the targets of my harshest - though undisputably well-deserved - criticism, I thought that, for a change I'd say what I liked about the place. For, incredible though it may sound, there are certain things that I do like.

Basically, I like being at Glendon. I like the college; I like its layout (except for the parking lots); I like the atmosphere; I even like many of the people and some of the courses. I like Glendon

in the fall, when all the trees are flaming, and the leaves float red around you as you walk. I like walking down the steps to the lower level, in the rustling stillness of an autumn afternoon, and seeing the glow of sunset reflected in the woods. I like gazing down at the gorge from an upstairs window in York Hall, and being dazzled by its fiery brilliance. I remember that, in my first year, I fell in love with a particular tree; one that I could see from the window during my most boring class. It reached the point where I was almost going to class only to look at the tree. I was really upset when winter came, and it lost all of its leaves.

Nevertheless, I like Glendon in winter. If you've got to be in Toronto in winter, Glendon's a good place to be. I like it when the snow has just fallen, and everything is Ajax-clean. Walking up the steps, I like the black charcoal trees, sketched in against the stark white snow, and the gaunt branches cutting across the sky. I like walking into Glendon, on those rare winter days when ice has formed on the trees, and each twig is encased in cold, sparkling glass. But

most of all, I like the silence. When snow falls at Glendon, there is a kind of stillness, a hush, as if the buildings are holding their breath, and the trees striving to be quiet.

I like Glendon in the spring, when the snow has melted, and the tiny green buds appear like magic on the trees. I like the freshness of the new leaves, and the tentative green grass that peeps up out of the earth. I like the flowers slowly coming to life in the carefully-laid beds in front of the old mansion, and the riotous wild ones that spring up along the banks of the river, and in the woods. I like the gregarious re-appearance of the birds and squirrels in the trees. I remember that, last spring, the sight of the first robin outside of my window had me completely enthralled.

I like Glendon in the summer. The rooms are too hot, of course, but there's always the quad. I like throwing a blanket and cushion on the grass, wearing a little as possible, and soaking in the sunshine (Vitamin D, they tell me). I like looking around me, and seeing all the other semi-nude bodies, similarly prostrate, or strumming guitars under the trees. I like sunbathing down by the fieldhouse, with the view of the thick green woods on one side, and the prospect of the deliciously cool swimming-pool on the other.

So now you know the truth. I like Glendon, at any time of the year; in any mood; in any weather. It's just the more technical, administrative aspects that I could do without. I've just had a great idea! Why don't we build an unobtrusive little shed somewhere - behind the U of T greenhouse, say; or in some secluded corner of the football field - and move all the administrators into it, with all their filing cabinets and typewriters and computer cards and duplicate forms.

On a more serious - or at least facetious - note, I hope everyone has a terrific Christmas. Happy holidays; I'll see you all next term - maybe!

SUNDAYS  
6:10 p.m.

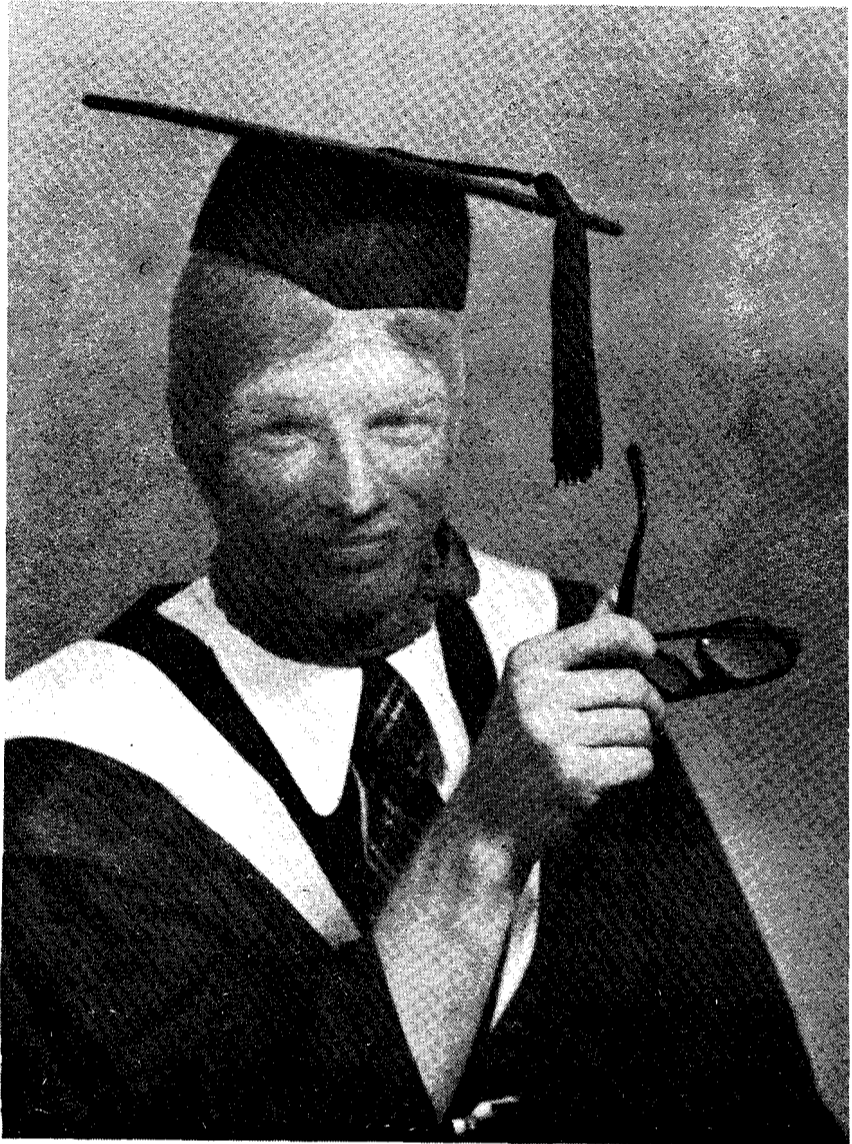
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...with the newsmakers.

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# MERRY NOËL AND JOYEUX CHRISTMAS

## FROM THE EYEWITNESS **sports** TEAM OF GLENDON



Well, he is here for all to see. Haywood or Hail Bruin of staunch British stock or stocking wishes all sports fans a joyous Christmas season.

Merry Noel or Joyeux Christmas, sports fans and this is Eyewitness Sports brought to you be jolly old Hail Bruin (or Haywood as my intimate friends prefer to call me. No! Not you Ms. Stiff) aided by Ms. Stiff of K-Tel Record Selector fame with part-time Woolco Santa Claus, Henry 'Ho-Ho' Longhurst.

Lounging here devant the crackling fire on my authentic bear-skin rug, with a sherry in one hand and Ms. Stiff

in the other, it suddenly comes to mind that after no more than seven but less than eleven weeks here at le collège Glendon, that the Christmas season is upon us. Indeed, it seems apparent that the athletic supporters who cohabit Glendon have departed the édifice Proctor in search of more lustful surroundings. Yes, it is time once again for our athletically inclined to renew their acquaintances with the academic realm, which I myself reside, high

on Glendon hill, leaving Peter and his crew to gather the debris down in the valley, not to be confused with over the hill.

Looking back upon what is by now nearly two months, I have fond memories to which I may divert myself. It seems like only yesterday that I witnessed in amazement the titanic struggles on the now snow-laden Glendon gridiron. Highlighted by the Quacks' spine-tingling comeback victory over the Bayview Oilers and lowlighted by Charles 'Ironlungs' Laforet struggling vainly with Porky Haddon, in an attempt to regain his zircon-studded BMOC belt and then resume his title, emblematic of that individual who best exemplifies no-talent, no-brains but a lotta dope. (But he ain't no bum! Right?) Recall those stirring pre-game pep-talks offered by Coach Frank E. Yofnaro to the tea-time tokers, the Suffrage Jets. Ah, yes! That bitter struggle between Boodle 'Too-Tall' Noodle and Tom 'Belgian Bomber' Lietair in the GBA one-on-one championships, which was declared null and void because Lietair failed the saliva test. And not to be forgotten, Barry 'Wilted-Stilt' Nesbitt and Kareem Abdul Kulach discussing backroom strategy over a few bowls, prior to another Axeman defeat. The Windsor-like waddling wizardry of Ernie G. and The Mozambique techniques of the Puerto Rican Pistol, Bo Beniquez, remain indelibly etched in the computer banks of the K-tel record selector. Who can forget the Bethune Teakettles twice defaulting the same match on no less than two separate occasions? Queen Visine Savoy cracking open that first bottle

of eye-reviving liquer, Marnie 'Little Pirate' Stranks cracking her first knee joint while ing her first knee joint whilst tween the twine and Mike the Devine letting everything go unsaid, but not be be unfor-

gotten. Chumley D. Gow Artis Sullivan and Niloc Nottsirrocln, the 'winged warrior', complaining at a meeting of the Royal order of the Soapstone pipe, that life isn't like this back on the farm. These are only some of the memories that burn brightly in my mind, they are in the past, they are behind us, and will never be more than memories.

On a more optimistic note let us fix our gaze to the brouillard filled future which beckons. In the new année ou la nouvelle year, we can look forward to the crowning of new champions. Already it is reported that last years great trio of Axemen shinny fame the infamous Dope Connection line will be once again reunited this year under the Bayview Oiler banner. Names are being withheld to protect the guilty and implicate the innocent. Yes, within a month the GAHA (Glendon Amateur Hockey Association) will once again commence play at venerable Glendon Gardens sud de Proctor Maison, Le Campus Normal, au milieude Toronto. On the intercollegial level, the return of our Maple Lys offers a somewhat more sophisticated version of GAHA activities. Coach Young and his troops have intimated

that they are working on a plan to increase the seating capacity of Le Barndes Vaches, the Cow Palace (not to be confused with B304, the Gow Palace), to allow even more of our ravenous fans to attend their matches, where there's always room for one more. It has been rumoured however that the Cow Palace may soon be returned to its rightful owner Old MacDonald,

who had a barn.

In the finest tradition of my ancestors, I, Hail Bruin (or Haywood as my phone number is listed) now present to you my avid reading and viewing public, my perennial Christmas cheers. In the past journalists of British stock variously have given Johnny Walker 'Black', my self I gave Boodles Dry Gin. But as many here have told me, my very presence intoxicates them.

Thus it is, that my very cheer will take the form of written greetings and best wishes. To editor Frank E. Yofnaro, thank you for your blind loyalty and unfailing support. To Larry of Larry's Light Lunches thanks for the Lunch, he's a sandwich of a fellow, a well-spread personality. To Don Tom thanks for the voiture. To Barry 'Wilted Stilt' Nesbitt, good luck at Postal Station D, Newmarket, think of me as you make your way through rain, sleet, snow or hail, (or haywood as it is sometimes known.) To all the boys of Oiler fame, may your tokes be endless and your lungs be windless. To you Ms. Stiff, your work has been an inspiration to us all, even if you have not. To you Henry Longhurst, old friend, try and lay off the booze long enough to get up off Bunny Rabbit Run, nord of Toronto. To the staff of Pro Tem, get off my back. And to you all, my avid reading and viewing public, I Hail Bruin (or Haywood as I signed my letter to Santa) wish to all a good night and a good night to all.



Apparently Ms. Stiff is Number 51. This is her first outing in her new winter ensemble.



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