

# CO-EDS PICKED

Marney Gattinger and Cathleen Scott

What would make two perfectly sane third year Glendon students shun their quiet lives as French majors in favour of a life of frustrations, hard work, controversy, but nevertheless interesting and rewarding work as editors of *Pro Tem*? Would you believe that after the many hours spent in the headquarters of *Pro Tem* we have found it impossible to extricate ourselves from the inner workings of this organisation? No? Well, it's really difficult to pinpoint exactly why we sought after this position, beyond the satisfaction gained from working with the *Pro Tem* staff and creating a newspaper which reflects the Glendon community.

Afin de créer un journal qui reflète tout ce qui se passe dans la communauté de Glendon, nous aimerions bien

encourager plus de participation francophone dans la création de *Pro Tem*. Aussi nous encouragerions des liens plus étroits avec d'autres organisations sur le campus. Il peut y avoir des résumés et des renseignements à propos des réunions; du Conseil de Faculté, Conseil d'Étudiants, Conseil des Résidences et d'autres comités estudiantins. Les annonces hebdomadaires concernant les activités sportives seraient publiées aussi.

We would try to include all aspects such as cultural, political, athletic and social in the paper, and would continue in the tradition of trying our best to reflect the thoughts, interests, and desires of the whole of the Glendon community.

If you would like to help us realise this goal, let us know now, and remember us in September! Souvenez-vous que nous aurons besoin de votre aide en septembre!



Co-editors Cathleen Scott and Marney Gattinger

## CAMPUS NEWS SECRET CODE BROKEN ; LIBRARY FINE

Secret papers, discovered in the office of the Assistant to the Dean of Students, revealed that massive plans are now being undertaken to hold a farewell dinner for Dr. A. V. Tucker who will finish his illustrious term as Principal of this fine College in June. When, after many tedious hours, *The G. I. A. (Glendon Intelligence Agency)* broke the code within which these messages were written, it became apparent that the dinner would be held on **Friday, April 11 at 6:30 p.m. at Chinahouse** which is located at **935 Eglin-**

ton Avenue West, just west of Bathurst Street in lovely Toronto. Further study has determined that the code was in Chinese.

Tickets for this social event of the decade may be purchased from **Kirsten Nielsen, "Baby Face" Nielsen**, as she is called by the other members of this conspiracy, is apparently the brains behind the entire plot, but this of course is very difficult to believe.

In any case, tickets to the dinner will cost \$3.50 for students (an obvious way of

winning students' support) while the "others" will have to pay \$6.50. Who says education is not worthwhile?

A further note, uncovered just before press time, stated

that a reception in the Senior Common Room, from 4:00 p.m. until 6:00 p.m. on that Common Room will be staged on that same fateful day, **April 11, 1975, from 4:00 p.m.**

### LIBRARY FINES TO RISE

Sources of unquestionable reliability provided *Pro Tem* with facts and figures earlier this week, claiming that library fines are to be raised. Fines for overdue library books will rise to 20 cents a day up to \$15 maximum. Reserve books to \$1.00 a day up to \$15.00. In addition, the replacement cost of a lost book will be \$15.00 plus \$5.00 for processing.

total \$20.00.

As recommended by the Senate, all users are liable for these fines, students and faculty. Therefore, students and faculty are urged to return books now overdue as the new fine rates will apply to all books that are overdue on or after April 1, 1975 (i.e. after Easter)

Long overdue books not returned will be charged at the maximum on April 1, \$35.00.

## WHAT'S COOKING ON THE LABOUR SCENE?—UNIVERSITY PIE

by Paul Dowling

A precedent in labour relations at York University was set on Sunday night when representatives of organized labour, support staff, faculty and students, met to discuss common problems and the possibility of mutual support. It was agreed that it is now time to dismiss the notion, often implied by the University, that University finances are like a 'big pie'; the more one group gets, the less there is for the others. Three groups, representing employees of the University, all presently involved in contract talks, were present.

### STRIKE IMMINENT

The most pressing contract negoti-

ation involves the Canadian Union of Public Employees, Local 1356, representing the 226 cleaners and maintenance workers at the University. This group will be in a legal position to strike on the 3rd of April if mediation due to start on April 1st fails. Negotiations have been going on since shortly after the beginning of the school year.

The last offer made by the University was between eight and nine percent on a 12 month contract. If this contract were accepted, the workers would not even be keeping pace with inflation, projected for this year at 12 percent, let alone improving their position relative to other workers in the community. York University's cleaners are paid \$102 per hour less than cleaners for the Toronto Board of Education. Wages range between

\$7,200 and \$13,000 per year, with the majority being toward the lower end of the scale, cleaners and maids.

In addition to these purely economic demands, the Union is attempting to safeguard its position on campus by asking for a clause in the contract prohibiting contracting out of work currently done by union members. At Glendon, the cleaning of York Hall at night was contracted out to Adelaide Building Maintenance, two years ago. The Union would like to see this work brought back under the collective agreement.

Jack Kipling of Local 1356, said that due to a reduction in cleaning staff, the university property is being allowed to get run down, "Residences have not been properly cleaned in two years, carpets have not

been shampooed, walls have not been cleaned." This lack of maintenance, he said will result in a deterioration of the buildings and more cost to the university and to the community.

If there is a strike, the proposed National Union of Students conference on campus, scheduled for May 1-5 will be held elsewhere. G.C.S.U. External Affairs Commissioner, Kathi Fort, said this will be done to avoid N.U.S. representatives having to cross picket lines.

### WOMEN TO GO

The York University Faculty Association (Y.U.F.A.) is presently involved in contract negotiations with York. Y.U.F.A. executive member and information officer, Bill Irvine said that they are not satisfied with York's latest offer of 13 percent and has asked University President Ian MacDonald for voluntary arbitration. An earlier suggestion for week long study sessions was rejected by Y.U.F.A. last week.

It has been pointed out that present cutbacks in educational spending at the faculty level will seriously effect moves to hire more women faculty members. Not only will capable women not be hired, but many of the part time faculty to be released for budgetary reasons are female. Therefore the result will be the perpetuation of male domination of York University faculty.

### NEW GROUP

York University Staff Association (YUSA) members Gabriele Paddle and Jerry Goldhar represen-

**protem**

VOLUME 14 NUMBER 24

March 26, 1975



Seated clockwise from left to right: External Affairs Commissioner: Kathi Fort G.C.S.U., Ex G.C.S.U. Pres. Pat Smith. Y.U.F.A. Executive Member: Bill Irvine, C.U.P.E. Rep: Jack White, Local 1356 President: Ed Gorton and back to the camera C.U.P.E. Bargaining Committee Member: Jack Kipling.

ted this fledgling group at the meeting. This group, representing over 1,000 clerical, secretarial and technical workers at York, is in the process of attempting to get certification as the bargaining unit and to negotiate their first contract with the University. At present there are 170 positions in dispute as to whether or not they should be included in the bargaining unit. Among these are the positions of porters in the Wood and Hilliard Residences.

C.U.P.E. representative Jack White told Y.U.S.A. representatives that they could feel free to turn to CUPE for any assistance including organizing and setting up a contract.

### REAL GULPRIT

Although it was conceded that the University is in part responsible for the financial difficulties in which it finds itself; (eg. there are five supervisory personnel at Glendon for only 15 workers) the real responsibility, it is felt, lies with the Davis government at Queen's Park and their cutbacks in University grants. It is in this direction that all groups need to direct their actions.

Jack White, C.U.P.E., said that as C.U.P.E. represents public employees, it is only right that they should be negotiating with the government as a whole group instead of with individual Boards of Governors. This has already been done for hospital workers and could easily be started with the 16 Ontario Universities.

It was decided that the groups should meet together again, as C.U.P.E. President Ed Gorton put it: "The University will give us no satisfaction, therefore we have to band together."

# SUMMER JOB SEARCHING AND WHEELCHAIR WASHROOMS

by Doug Graham

School will soon be over. I am taking it with mixed reactions. While I will be extremely glad to be rid of sitting all day, I don't relish the thought of finding a job. I don't think anyone does. Not that I'm lazy, it's just that I never had a job that worked out. I spent two years out of school before coming here and the longest job I ever had was measuring toilets for five months.

Oh, it was great fun. Every morning I would show up for work and collect a list of public buildings, then I would go to them and explain that I was going to measure their bathroom.

"What the hell for?"

"It's part of a survey. We're seeing how many washrooms in the area are accessible to a person in a wheelchair. If you were in a wheelchair, wouldn't you want to know where you could have a shit and where you couldn't? Could save a lot of trouble, couldn't it?"

"No matter what size their ass is, I think it will fit."

"Yes, that's true, but what good

would it do knowing your ass would fit the hole if you couldn't even get to it."

"What do you mean?"

"Most wheelchairs can't even get through the doorway to the little stall you put the john in."

"I'll be goddamned; is that true?"

"Oh yeah, people in wheelchairs have a hell of a time when they go out. Would you go out for a few hours knowing you might not be able to shit if you had to?"

Once I convinced him I needed to measure the can, he usually let me go in and take as long as I wanted. I especially liked hotels because they would set up a few free beers for you to lie on the figures a little bit. I lied, but not enough to change the conclusion on the report. Their can still failed.

The odd time, a patron would walk into the john while I stood there flicking my tape measure in and out and looking into the john. I would usually smile and say, "Want to make a quarter?" I had no takers, thank Christ?

I also worked a grand total of two

days with a surveyor on a county road somewhere around Uxbridge. I hated that job. The second day we only worked an hour. I was sick of the job already and was looking for a way to fuck up and still collect eight hours pay. I found a way. I was working the rod (handling the surveyors fifteen foot measuring pole). It was a heavy bastard and carrying it around made my arms tired. At one point I was to climb over a fence one hundred feet out. I saw a large pointed rock sticking out from the other side of the fence. I threw the pole over, with enough accuracy so that it would hit the rock. It broke in half. The surveyor, a smart aleck bastard named Fudge, informed me that that was not a county pole, but his own. That was my last day surveying.

I got transferred to a gravel pit way out in the middle of nowhere weighing dump trucks. I guess they figured I could do little harm out there. About a week after I started, Tony's Vending Trucks filed a complaint with the company. I was throwing rocks at the trucks. It's a long story, but I did have good reason for throwing rocks at the vending trucks.

I really loved the job weighing the trucks. I would hide booze in the scale shack for the drivers to have a little nip while I weighed their trucks. I charged an appropriate

rent. Usually by four in the afternoon I didn't give a shit what the god damned truck weighed. I would look at it and decide for myself how much he was carrying. Sometimes as many as a dozen trucks would go out, all weighing in exactly the same. I also would get cigarettes and booze from the independent drivers to weigh them heavy, so they could collect more for the run. If there ever was a dispute about a ticket I wrote up, I would take one of the balances off the scale and throw it against the wall a few times. It was enough to make the scales go bananas when the supervisor checked them.

In reference to last week's column, I'd like to add a short note about a guy I saw who wasn't afraid to let his true feelings be known. I was waiting at the GO station in Oshawa waiting to use the phone for calling a ride home. A young executive was also waiting. This young broad was gabbing on the phone to a friend about fashions, and past jobs, etc. we waited fifteen minutes for her to hang up the phone so we could use it. It was nearly eight, and neither of us had had supper yet. He waited as long as he could, then walked up behind her, planted a solid kick to her ass, and walked away fuming. Bravo!

See next week's column for my reply to that Farquharson broad.

## NEW ON THE CITY SCENE-CRIME



by Charlotte Winslow-Barrington

I used to think I lived in a quaint, cosy little neighbourhood in downtown Toronto, but tonight I'm not so sure.

It was shortly before midnight, I was up working in my room in the attic, and had just turned the old typewriter off to give her a rest when I heard some mumbled screams in the street down below. I went out on the patio to investigate, thinking that perhaps it was a domestic quarrel and in the summer-time some young kids in the neighbourhood playing field hockey late at night used to yell RAPE instead of score, so I really didn't know what to expect. I listened for a few moments, and heard a woman yelling, "My purse, my purse; somebody help." I wasn't waiting to hear anymore; I bolted down five flights of stairs as quick as a flash and called the cops. I usually get hyped up and emotional when stuff like this happens, but I tried to remain as cool as possible. The dispatcher comes on the line and starts asking me my life history in a calm tone of voice. "And what is your exact address madam," he asks. So I give it to him. "And could I please have your phone number," he slowly enunciated. "Oh, for Christ sake," I said, "the guy's probably gotten away by now," and I slammed up the phone. That was very rude, and I should have phoned back to apologize I suppose. But anyway, prior to his asking me my life history I pin-pointed the exact place where the purse-snatching occurred. After that I put my coat on over my nightgown and walked up to the corner: the victim was there with a couple of comforting bystanders. Just at that moment the cop car came screeching around the corner, so I just went home.

The above is only one of a few such incidents that have happened around here lately. The other week it was jam-packed

in a little Portuguese meat market up the street, and two guys stole a woman's purse amidst her screams, and the two fled on foot in broad daylight.

This has all been happening in the Kensington Market area of Toronto. I'm beginning to wonder if "it's a great place to shop, but I wouldn't want to live there" makes sense.

Just a while ago the people at the bottom of Kensington Avenue told me that they were getting tired of the long hours in running their little variety store, and thought they would put it up for rent. A couple of days later, I walked in and the woman told me she'd been held up in broad daylight the day before, and he just cleaned her right out.

A couple of friends of mine live around the corner, and it's a big joke that if I happen to visit them late in the evening, I carry my umbrella for protection (it's better than nothing). The other evening I was coming out of the alleyway at 1 a.m. and had my umbrella in my hand the way you'd carry a gun, I suppose. All of a sudden this woman and I meet, clash, almost crash as I turned from the alleyway onto Spadina. She gasped, almost had a heart attack and said, "Oh you scared me; I thought that was a gun." I apologized and said that no, it wasn't a gun, but it was my weapon, and we chatted for a few minutes and joked about it.

I used to think Toronto was a unique city North America, being residential in the downtown area and all—and that fact alone provided some sort of feeling of security against massive crime on the streets. But you know if I have to act like I live in the Bronx of New York (or wherever their big paranoia area is), I may as well as move there. As much as my heart still belongs to Toronto, and I think she's one of the finest cities around, she's getting a little too big for her own good. Heck, that cottage by the sea I've always dreamt of is starting to look better every day.

**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!"

# ANSWER TO FINANCIAL PROBLEM - NOT HALF-WAY MEASURES

It is clearly evident from two PRO TEM stories appearing this week, that this University's financial situation will prove to be a thorn in the side of Glendon students. For the time remaining in this academic year as well as the summer months, the economic conditions that prevail will indeed be exhibited by circumstances that will exist on this campus.

The first issue that poses a serious problem, regards the predicament of the C.U.P.E. workers on campus who may be forced to strike due to an unfavourable offer of an increase in wages from the university. In relatively the same plight is the York Faculty Association. They,

however have offered to submit their case to compulsory arbitration in an effort to better their situation. Further still the York Staff Association is also trying to get in on the act in an attempt to climb out of the financial hole they find themselves in.

In an obvious effort to gain an advantage over the dismal economic picture, York University has raised the summer residence fees to an astronomical \$100 per room. This price will provide the resident with a closet type atmosphere of a "room only" situation. The dining privileges usually accorded a resident student are not included in this fee. This asking price is just totally unacceptable.

With the rather substantial profit that would be gained from residence fees, the University will make meagre and absolutely ridiculous offers to its various employees. The purpose behind such measures is most certainly an attempt to balance the University books and keep this institution within the confines of a feasible budget. While virtually every other post-secondary educational institution will run at a deficit, the administration of this school have decided it is not outside their realm to function at a break even level. Such utopian idealism, while admirable, is unfortunately not the best possible road to undertake. If the standard of proper and reliable performance is to be

achieved, from the maintenance, through the administration, to the educational aspect of it, then proper payment must be given. Sub-standard wages will render sub-standard execution of duties.

Such policies as summer residence fee hikes should not be the means through which the University braces their economic structure. If government funding is not adequate (and there is no reason for this to be the case) then the University must be content to run at a deficit in the hope of future gain. The good years must be counted on to supplement the bad. These continual half-way measures will only render half-way solutions. This predicament is favourable to no one.

## pro tem

Only as good as the community it serves.

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## GRAB BAG

### MERCI QUEBECHAUD

A l'éditeur:

Il y a une institution ici à Glendon qui reçoit rarement la louange qu'elle mérite. Québec-haud a présenté un programme de divers spectacles depuis le début de l'année. Tout le monde qui a participé dans ces soirées afin de les donner le succès qu'elles ont eu, doit être remerciées. Il faut surtout insister sur le courage, la connaissance et la ténacité que les organisateurs de Québec-haud, Denis Goselin, Yves Jolicoeur et Daniel Richard ont eus de présenter une telle série de spectacles agréables et de haute qualité.

Ils ont terminé l'année jeudi soir avec le groupe Harmonium. L'excellence de la présentation de ce groupe a laissé presque tout le monde, anglophone et francophone, sans paroles. C'était une soirée qu'on n'oubliera jamais.

Le moins qu'on peut faire en tant que spectateur, c'est de vous remercier, Denis, Yves, Daniel et tous les autres, d'avoir passé tant de temps et tant d'énergie à donner Québec-haud à Glendon. On en avait grand besoin.

Malheureusement anglais.

### SMILE A LITTLE

To the Editor:

I am writing this out of frustration and possibly naiveté. After another year at Glendon I still can't get used to the zombie-ness that most of us seem to be caught up in as we wander the halls. People rarely make any eye contact and usually seem to pretend that that person they attempt not to see does not exist. It's just like riding the subway at rush hour - our whole body may be crushed into one or more people but we attempt to delude ourselves into thinking that they are not there!

I do realize that it is difficult to keep

track of all the folks who are at Glendon, but surely after 8 or 9 months we could be familiar enough with our fellow zombies that we could at least acknowledge their existence. Of course some days we would like to tell everyone where to get off and can't be bothered being human. But it sure wouldn't hurt to make the effort once in a while.

I've met lots of folks this year - brief conversations in class or the dining halls or in the library or with people with whom I've hitched a ride to school and sometimes afterwards the face looks familiar, but I can't place it until after the person has passed by. Probably they are going through the same puzzlement. Or perhaps I have been "formally" introduced to someone who won't even meet my eye later in the hall. It is so discouraging.

I like to think I am not as naive as I once was, but I will never understand why people find it so hard to put forth a little energy towards others. After all, a smile uses a lot of muscles - at the very least it's good exercise. Try it sometime.

Molly Farquharson

### BEST OF LUCK

To the Editor:

Je voudrais remercier tout le monde qui ont voté pour moi la semaine dernière. Je serai à votre disposition l'année prochaine quand je serai un membre du conseil de la faculté.

Thanks to all who voted for me last week in the elections; I will be available for any ideas you may have about the College as a member of Faculty Council next year.

Best of luck to Phil Rouse as History Rep.

James Deitch

### GRAHAM'S GREAT

To the Editor:

This letter is addressed to Molly Farquharson and others who might complain about Doug Graham's articles in PRO TEM. Last

Due to the remarkable success of one of my earlier columns this year that dealt with the matter of love, I have decided on a sequel to it as this weeks news. It takes the form of an imaginary letter to a love.

Dear (fill in the blank, whoever it happens to be),

I really miss you. I don't know how to say this. I've always known I'd never know how to say this when it happened. But because I've never been able to stop wanting to have the last word with you I still love you very much. So here I am again telling you I miss you at most times, and I'm trying to say IT without making any number of the terrible mistakes that cynical failures can tell you all about while trying again to say it to you again. So hear I am again.

I was interested to note in the most recent publication of SUBJECTIVE EGOMAGAZINE, that Dillinger Dildoe had finally come up with an interpersonal solution to the problem arising from the possibility of there existing within the human form of consciousness another consciousness being equal in all ways to it. This doubt had caused many people for years to assume that they could go on reducing all of the visible horizon into a lifelong continuing series of black points of dark on this horizon... (as it was so well put so very recently here at Glendon by Mauro Martino)...

Well, and to be brief, Mr. Dildoe has at last ascertained that there are altered states of consciousness and so people had better watch out for all those nice oil company-approved values they've been hoarding up so smugly for so long.

So you see I am just trying to talk to you. And you won't listen, or I won't listen to you trying to tell me, but to stop hearing what I want to hear.

How is your subjective ego doing? Probably running on low octane gasoline. May

week I read with much interest the above mentioned reader's letter to the editor condemning the writing of Doug Graham. To quote Ms. Farquharson she stated: "I haven't heard anyone say anything good about Graham's writing yet." This is true only for the pages of PRO TEM, however, because I can assure you, Ms. Farquharson, that I have indeed heard many worthy comments regarding Doug Graham's writing throughout the year. Next time the paper comes out why don't you take a poll to see how many readers immediately read Graham's weekly

suggest something with more controlled responses, such as the fact that I can't stop making an ass of myself!

Sometimes I feel that if I can't solve the riddle of why people should feel that you owe them something just because you shared a few confidences with them, then I'm probably in no position to try and explain how it is that some lovers spend so many years of their lives going back and just plain waiting and trying to explain themselves. So in short I have no explanation for my conduct, except for the fact that I love you.

And so the time has come at last where it really is up to you to do something with all of this, if indeed you eventually decide that it was worth it or would be worth for some more. And so I should close by hoping that one day you really do come back.

But as is my tradition and especially with this column, I shall try and gainsay myself once again with a personal addendum or post script or whatever. I shall scoop myself once again and hope that I incur the wrath of some worthy young person as I have done so in the past. I will say to you, my faithful readers, and keepers of the keys to the only club ever worth belonging to, take heed of the wise sayings of our forefathers: Remember that love is all in the head, and you are always making it up to yourself with the assistance of someone who for a time at least is interested in playing the game... for one reason, or another. And when you can't stop, it means you're really in love. Because when you're really in love, you respond on an animal level, which can only intuit and interpret animal response. And you only respond on this level if you are getting feedback. And so if you are, it's worth loving another headspace.

Signed: the world's most determined dogmatic and narrow-minded half-loser - only half you see because I still haven't conceded defeat.

article.

I will grant you an admission that in many instances, Graham's articles are humorous trivia lacking in writing excellence or heavy underlying themes. However, I don't believe it is Doug Graham's ambition to win an outstanding reputation as a classical, serious journalist while avoiding issues and ideas he desires to write about. Graham's writing as controversial as it may be, provides an honest, funny and fresh addition

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# LETTERS

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to our weekly newspaper here at Glendon. His writing may be blunt and devoid of conservative flowery language, but it is honest and indicative of today's contemporary dialogue. He exposes many inhibitions and "false fronts" exhibited by people like you, Ms. Farquharson.

If you don't like or can't accept Doug Graham's writing don't read it. But whether you like it or not, he has a right to his opinions whatever they may be, and it is time this censorship bullshit you advocate should be shelved. This is a student newspaper for mature students who can decide if what they read is acceptable to them or not. It is about time we accept the realities of contemporary society. As funny (or silly

as you put it) as Doug Graham's articles may be, many of the issues or events described have happened to each one of us at one time or another. To quote Doug Graham's article of last week: "Maybe everybody should take a lesson and begin expressing themselves honestly."

To answer your last statement, "I hope next year we will have more and better contributors" why don't you contribute a series of articles that have been as consistent and popular as Doug Graham's.

Good Luck! (You will probably need it.)  
Michael Church

## CHURCH LETTER

To the Editor:

This morning (Monday, March 24, 1975) I applied for a summer job. After filling out the application and submitting it to the

interviewer, I was asked, "When will you be free for work?"

I replied I didn't know for sure. "Perhaps in four weeks or maybe after May 2nd, I'm not sure."

"Not sure," he queried, "Why not? Don't you students even know when your exams finish?"

"No, I don't," I replied on the defensive, "and it's not my fault."

The interviewer concluded, "It would be more helpful for you if we know when you're available."

Although it is not an issue of world crisis, I feel I have the right to know when my exams are scheduled because it would help me properly plan the exact date of when I can start summer work to pay for next year's tuition and the salary of Mr. Pilley, Glendon's Registrar, who is in charge of scheduling and informing me of the date of my exams.

On Monday morning, before I applied for the job I previously mentioned, I telephoned

the Registrar's office to request any possible estimates on when I would be free to begin summer employment. You canguess the answer; they didn't know, but hoped it would be very soon, perhaps tomorrow. Even if the schedule is posted tomorrow, I find this an intolerable situation, and at the same time typical of Glendon's administration's lack of responsibility to Glendon students.

The U. of T. and even York Main, larger and by far more complex institutions have allowed their students the right to know when their exams will conclude so that their students may make necessary arrangements in time for summer jobs, trips, etc. Perhaps I am too finicky, but I truly believe we deserve much more consideration from the administration in the future regarding such disgraceful situations typical of a second-rate institution. Surely Glendon isn't deserving of such a reputation from within or without.

Michael Church

## ÉDUCATION DÉSABUSÉE

par Gord McIvor

Anatole France a commencé son chef-d'oeuvre, *Le Livre de mon ami* avec les phrases suivantes. "Les personnes qui m'ont dit ne se rien rappeler des premières années de leur enfance, m'ont beaucoup surpris. Pour moi, j'ai gardé de vifs souvenirs du temps où j'étais un très petit enfant". J'avoue que mes souvenirs "des premières années" sont assez isolées et généralement évanouies, mais j'ai des souvenirs très vifs de mes années à l'école primaire. Je me souviens très bien par exemple de mes premières leçons de français, cette langue abominable qui m'a donnée tant d'ennuis. Mon professeur, une vieille anglaise avec une moustache, me détestait. Elle était toujours en train de me dire qu'il n'était aucun espoir pour moi dans les langues, et que je devrais songer à faire une carrière simple, quelque chose comme boueur. J'avais dix ans à ce temps là.

Tous les matins à dix heures, cette vieille femme venimeuse ouvrait la télévision pour l'émission *Parlons Français* avec Mme. Slack. La réaction de la classe était toujours la même... les filles riaient et les garçons faisaient des grimaces tout en train de jeter les petits bouts de papier vers la télévision. Mme. Slack, qui était maintenant à l'écran, souriait sans cesse en disant les petites phrases ingénieuses comme, "Alors, écoutez, répétez et lisez mes chers enfants, et vous souriez aussi." Puis elle nous faisait répéter deux ou trois cent fois des mots comme *bonbon* ou bien *maman*. Pour augmenter cette expérience passionnante, en projetant les photos de l'Arc de Triomphe et de la Tour Eiffel à l'arrière plan. Notre vieille professeur avec la moustache, Mme. Smith trouvait cette émission tout à fait formidable. Moi, j'étais convaincu que le français était une langue inutile et impossible à comprendre. Ce n'était pas la faute de cette chère Mme. Slack avec tous ses bonbons et ses histoires de Paris, mais la faute du système... c'est très difficile

pour un enfant de dix ans à comprendre pourquoi il faut passer une heure tous les jours en apprenant les sons et les histoires d'un pays lointain qu'il n'a aucune intention de visiter. Personne nous a dit que c'était la deuxième langue de notre pays personne nous a dit qu'il y avait une province où le français se parle et même des milliers de gens en dehors de cette province qu'utilisent le français tous les jours.

J'ai commencé à étudier la langue française quand j'étais au quatrième à l'école primaire (grade four) neuf ans plus tard, durant ma troisième année (grade thirteen) ...

J'ai vu pour la première fois, un exemple de la littérature québécoise. Dans l'intervalle j'avais appris en détail, tous les quartiers de Paris, les fromages de France (et les vaches qui donnent ces fromages), toutes les villes touristiques du pays, etc. Je connaissait très bien les chansons de Récaud, de Sardou, et de Johnny Hallyday. Si vous m'aviez demandé ce qu'était qu'une Pauline Julien, un Château Frontenac, ou même un Michel Tremblay, je n'aurais eu aucune idée. Mme. Slack, avec son sourire gigantesque, ne parlait jamais des choses comme ça. Et la charmante Mme. Smith, qui ne savait ni parler français ni raser, aurait été tout à fait bouleversée si on lui avait dit que *Parlons Français* ne valait rien pour un jeune étudiant canadien. L'émission est parfaite pour les étudiants dans les pays où le français ne se parle pas, mais Canada devrait avoir son propre émission de télévision pour l'enseignement des étudiants anglophones dans leur deuxième langue. Si on m'avait expliqué à l'âge de douze ans, qu'il fallait apprendre les deux langues de ce pays pour vraiment comprendre comment il marche, je l'aurais fait volontiers. Mais j'apprenais plutôt, d'idéaliser la France et sa culture sans jamais avoir compris le Québec et les québécois avant de venir à Glendon. De toute façon, j'espère que Mme. Smith mourira avec un système archi-stupide pour que mes souvenirs d'enfance puissent rester en tranquillité.

## GLENDON STUDENTS KIDS AT JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON SCHOOL

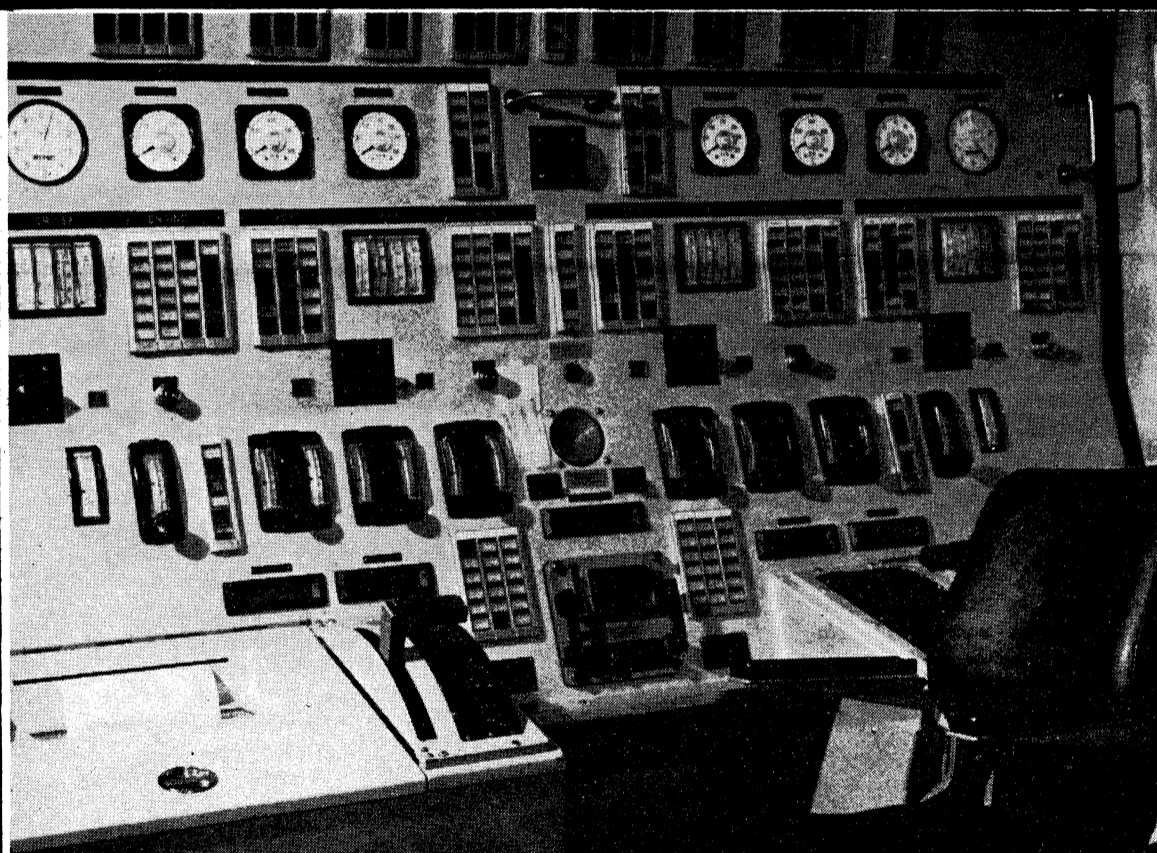
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SCHOOL DAYS FROM 11:30 - 1:30

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Judy Mandel 483-2323



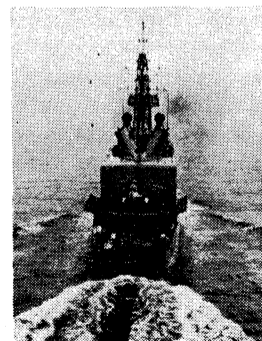
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COURSE \_\_\_\_\_ YEAR \_\_\_\_\_

Dans les écoles anglaises au Canada c'est Paris avant Montréal, France avant Québec.

# PROPOSALS DEALING WITH SUMMER RESIDENCE FEE HIKE

The Council posed the following motions on Monday night:

Whereas students spending the summer in residence should not be used by the University in order to make a profit;

Whereas residence students at Glendon fall under the regulations of the Dean's office during the academic year;

1. Be it moved "that summer occupancy for students staying in residence fall under the regulations of the Dean's office of Glendon College."

2. Be it moved that "the Dean's office be charged with handling all Glendon students wishing to stay in residence during the summer."

3. Be it moved "that the present summer rate increase is unacceptable and that the summer rate should be less than what the students pay for during the academic year."

4. Be it resolved "that a meeting be held immediately with the Dean and/or future Dean, Principal Tucker, the Officers of the Conference GCSU, to change the excessively high the Officers of the conference office of the main campus and the GCSU; to change the excessively high summer rates and transfer the authority of summer residence from the conference office to the Dean of Students office."

The reasoning for initiating such action is as follows:

The conference office which caters

to outsiders in order to fill the empty rooms at Glendon has set a summer rate which is 7% over the regular cost. Why should Glendon students pay more for a room during the summer when there are fewer services offered. Did the conference office notify Residence Council of this?

Last year several Glendon students were unable to acquire summer rooms because they had filed an application too late. Were these students advised of a deadline for summer occupancy? No. This year the same situation is developing. Rumour has it that everyone has to move out of Hilliard during the month of May because carpets are being laid. Are any other alternatives behind made, and are the students aware of the moving which will take place?

It appears that students at Glendon are being treated as if they didn't exist. There appears to be a total lack of communication with the conference office and the students here.

Council, on Monday night, took strong objection to the rate increase as well as the apparent lack of concern for students here who wish to make Glendon a "home" for a full year.

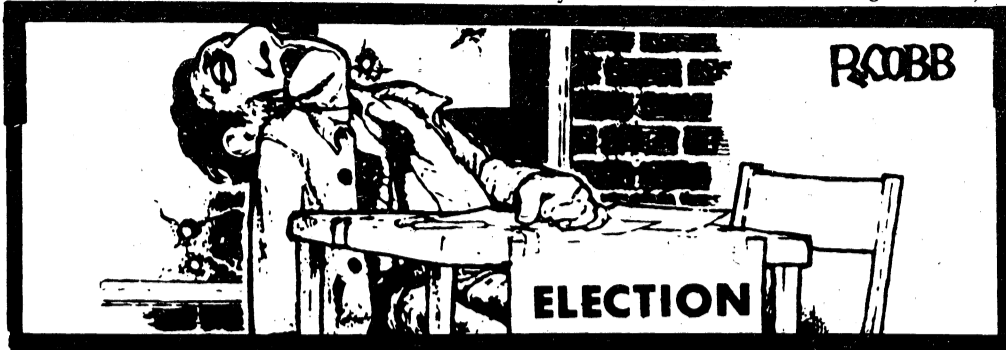
To quote Rene Levesque, "we must be masters in our own home."

Although this does not affect the majority of students, nonetheless if this action (such as the rate increase) is allowed to occur, then we

will not have one Glendon student during the summer to fill those

rooms. Maybe that's what they want, because more money can be made

with conferences attended by outsiders! In good faith, Marc Duguay.



## UPCOMING ELECTION & REFERENDA

Next week a by-election will be held to fill three vacant positions on the Committee on Student Affaires. At this time students will be given the opportunity to vote on the following referenda.

1. I accept the nomination of Alan Lysaght as station manager of Radio Glendon. Yes or No

J'accepte l'appointment de Alan Lysaght comme directeur de Radio Glendon. Oui ou Non

2. The \$4.00 levy be continued in general for the GCSU and specifically for the Cafe during the year 1975-76. Yes or No

La requestion de \$4.00 soit continuee pour l'AECG en generale et d'une maniere plus specifique, pour

le Cafe de la Terrasse pendant l'annee 1975-76 Oui ou Non

3. An increase from \$6.00 to \$8.00 per student be given by the GCSU to Pro Tem. (This will not mean an increase in student activity fees.) Yes or No

Une augmentation de \$6.00 a \$8.00 est demandee a l'AECG pour le Pro Tem. (Ceci ne signifie pas une augmentation de frais de la part des etudiants.) Oui ou Non

4. I accept the nomination of Cathleen Scott and Marney Gattinger as co-editors of Pro Tem for 1975-76. Yes or No.

J'accepte le nomination de Cathleen Scott et Marney Gattinger comme editeurs de Pro Tem pour 1975-76.

5. An increase of \$1.50 over present referendum of \$1.00 through an increase in student activity funds to Radio Glendon for improvement and expansion of Present facilities. Les candidats pour les trois positions sur COSA sont: Marilyn Sapsford Raynald Charest Susan Underwood Doug Gayton The above named persons are candidates for three positions open on COSA.

□The election will be held next week and polling days are as follows: Monday 10-2 Student Union Office of Glendon Hall.

Tuesday 9-5 York Hall Wednesday 9-5 York Hall (in front of JCR).

## N.U.S. IS OUR UNION

by Peter Bennett

Some of us may have heard that the Glendon College Student Union is hosting the Third Annual General Meeting of the National Union of Students (Union Nationale des Etudiants) from May 1 to May 5 of this year. What many of us do not know, however, is what this national union is. NUS is an organization of approximately 100,000 post-secondary students from twenty-four institutions from every region of the country except Quebec. It was founded in Ottawa in November of 1972, in response to a desire by students to join together in fighting issues of common interest. At that time various committees concerned with these issues were formed. The Standing Committee on Financing of Post-Secondary Education was concerned with investigating, soliciting views and making recommendations for policy regarding finances of post-secondary education with special consideration toward federal-provincial fiscal agreements. The Standing Committee on the Status of Women examined the particular problems confronting women on campuses in Canada. A standing committee on housing, unemployment, and the financial and organization of student unions was also formed. With the help of a paid staff of three, these committees do ongoing research and prepare policy briefs for the Union. The executive committee and the office staff also set about the task of organizing a central office and setting up liaison with various governmental agencies concerned with education, as well as provincial student organizations and faculty groups. We are, in this time of general governmental cutting back in education, investigating the feasibility of joining up with these groups in a common front against the cutbacks.

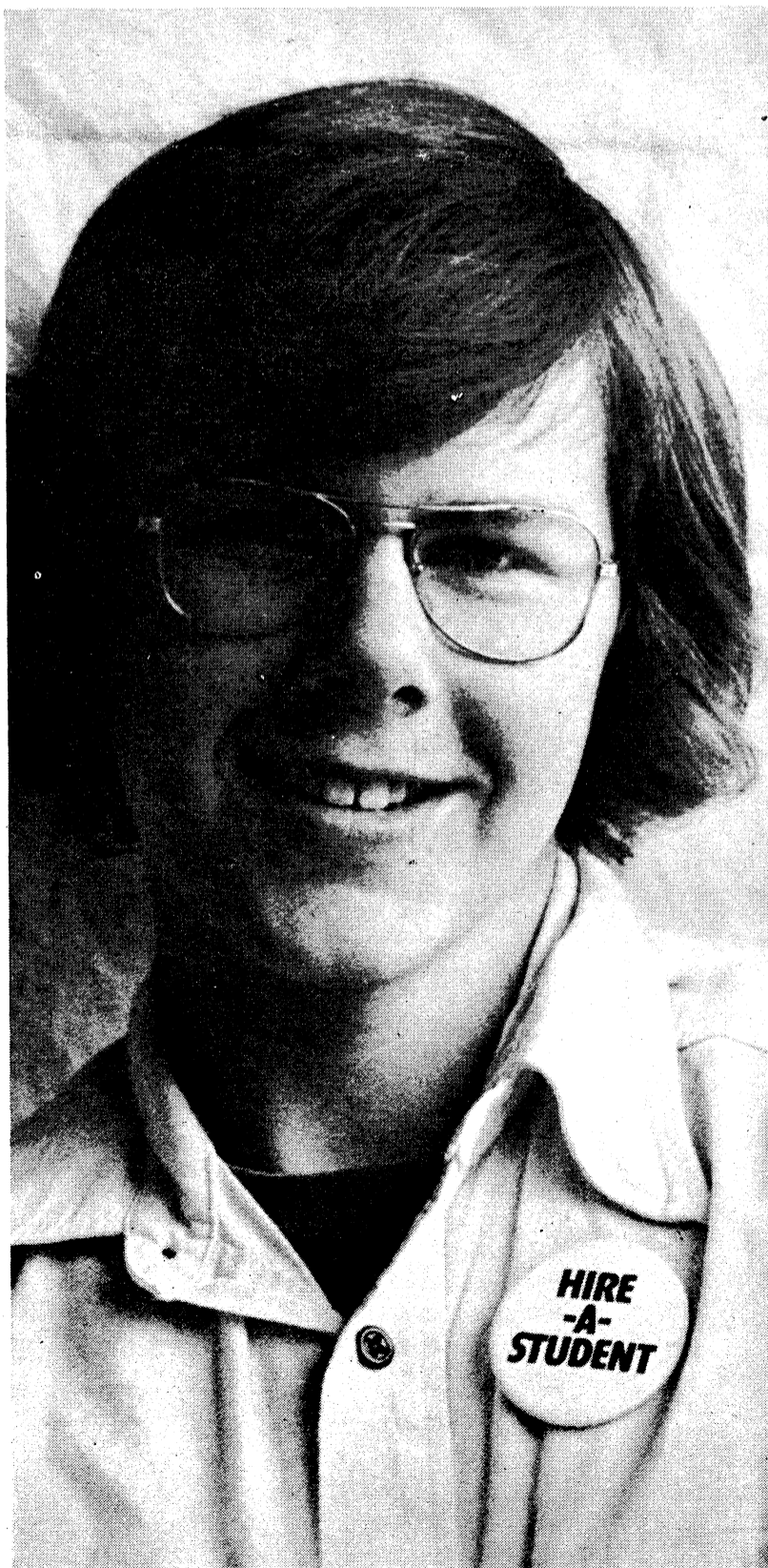
### LOBBYING

In 1973-1974 NUS/UNE began its lobby campaigns with the federal

government and persuaded them to undertake a long-range study of student aid. The NUS short-term proposals to make student union and education expenses tax deductible were put to the government for consideration. NUS has been asked to help prepare a questionnaire on the socio-economic status of students. During the year 1974-1975 NUS has undertaken a massive student aid campaign on member campuses focusing on the inadequacies of the Canada Student Loan Plan and asking for the age of independence to be lowered to 18, the inclusion of part-time students in CSLP, increasing the grant portion of student aid, delaying repayment of CSL for one year or until the student has found a job, and finally asking for a reduction of regional disparities in federal aid to education.

Research centres and conferences have also been set up to discuss the women's issue, housing and governing structures of student governments.

As founding members of NUS, Glendon's contribution has not been outstanding (although Marc Duguay did set up the central office in 1973). This has mainly been due to the fact that our efforts have been directed at the provincial level (OFS/FED), and also because of our internal efforts this year concerning bilingualism. We are attempting to rectify this by hosting this conference and by undertaking a recruitment campaign with NUS in Quebec which has not yet borne fruit. Because of its location in Toronto, this conference is very important to the success of not yet borne fruit. The location of this conference in Toronto is very important to its success, because Toronto is the media centre of Canada. There is lots of work to be done beforehand however, and the organizing committee needs your help. We meet every Tuesday afternoon at 1:00 p.m. in the Council offices. Next week we'll talk a bit more about the conference itself



### MAKE SOMETHING THIS SUMMER.

Make a pyramid of cans in a supermarket. Make something grow. Make a meatball sandwich. Make your mark on the business world. Make a pair of blue jeans. Make a long lawn short. Make a dirty dish clean. Make a big satisfying hole in a road. Make the road smooth again. Make a massive machine go. Make some files neat. Make a building.

Make a fool of yourself asking questions and learning things. Make your boss happy. Make money.

Come see your nearest Canada Manpower Centre. One visit might make your summer.

### HAVE A YOUNG SUMMER.

Manpower and Immigration / Main-d'œuvre et Immigration  
Robert Andras Minister / Robert Andras Ministre  
Canada Manpower Centre

# IN SAIGON: HOSTAGES



Prisoners are shackled in a variety of ways: standing, sitting, and lying prone.

by Anne Marzalik

In 1973, Senator E. M. Kennedy, Chairman of the Judiciary Subcommittee on Refugees, charged the Nixon administration with "a cover up of continuing American involvement in the police and prison system of South Vietnam." The text of a statement released by the Senator's office contained the following comment:

"For too many years, the issue of political prisoners has been swept under the rug by our government--as if we were not involved, or the issue did not exist. Again and again our government has sought to white-wash the issue--and in response to congressional inquiries has

all but pleaded ignorance to the existence and plight of political prisoners in South Vietnam. That this situation continues is distressing to me . . ."

On November 9, 1973, a letter was addressed to the honorable Mitchell Sharp, minister of external affairs. It was signed by no less than seventeen members of the Senate and the House of Commons. The letter began as follows:

"The undersigned are a group of members of the Senate and the House of Commons who are deeply concerned about the grave question of the large numbers of civilian political prisoners held in South Vietnam in violation of the spirit if not the letter of the January Peace

Agreement and the Provisions of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and other well established international laws."

On May 7, 1971 The International Committee to free South Vietnamese political prisoners from Detention, Torture and Death released a newsletter containing an account of Canadian response to date over the issue. The account was presented in a letter written by Mitchell Sharp. The minister for external affairs indicated at that time: "I personally raised the concern of the Canadian government and of many Canadians regarding reports of civilian detainees being held by the South Vietnamese Government, with President Thieu and the foreign minister of the Republic of Vietnam, during my trip to Saigon in March '73."

And, in the same vein, Sweden's U. N. delegate, Nils Larson, placed the South Vietnamese political prisoner issue on the Human Rights Commission Agenda on February 26, 1974, as a separate item. Larson commented at the time: ". . . the large scale imprisonment and maltreatment of political prisoners violates not only the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights, but also the 1973 Paris Agreement."

As a consequence of the conflict in Vietnam, two types of prisoners were created. More specifically, there are military personnel, directly implicated in the conflict, and civilian detainees. The 1973 Ceasefire and Peace agreement defines the latter as "any persons who, having in any way contributed to the political and armed struggle between the two parties, have been arrested for that reason and have been kept in detention by either party during the period of hostilities." Aside from this sufficiently vague definition of the term, political prisoner, one can find fault with the terms of the accords for relegating the entire question to a state of animated suspension.

The two parties to the dispute in South Vietnam (i.e. Government of the Republic of South Vietnam, and the P. R. G. or Provisional Revolutionary Government) were simply encouraged to come to an agreement by the proposed deadline of April 27, 1973.

The deadline having expired, the plight of civilian detainees in South Vietnam has progressively worsened. Numerical estimates pertaining to such prisoners encompass a wide range. In the statement released by the offices of Senator Edward Kennedy, there is an allusion to this rather large discrepancy in estimates: "President Thieu cites nearly 6,000 'communist criminals.' The U. S. Embassy in extrapolations from a statistical jungle usually estimates some 20,000 political prisoners of whom 1,000 are non-communist dissidents. Still other sources, including the Provisional Revolutionary Government (P. R. G.) go as high as 200,000." The most reliable estimate to date is the figure cited by Amnesty International (a voluntary organization which has documented a significant body of information on the subject) which estimates a figure of at least 100,000.

Regardless of the estimate one selects, it appears that there is an acute problem, which, on the whole, has received little publicity.

In fact, the Peace Accords probably had the effect of diverting attention away from the plight of political prisoners, by centering wide exposure on the P. O. W. exchanges.

## AN OVERVIEW

The discrepancy in estimates of political prisoners is a reflection of the complexity of the problem, which currently exists in South Vietnam. This is particularly so in delineating a frame of reference for the term, "political prisoners." Moreover, it appears that President Thieu and the Saigon government deny the existence of such prisoners and insist to the contrary that the only prisoners are "common law" and "communist criminals."

According to a report circulated by Amnesty International in 1973, entitled "Political Prisoners in Vietnam," there are two significant factors contributing to the uncertainty of estimates pertaining to these prisoners. First, the rather complicated prison system: the administration is both large and decentralized, and "official estimates" consequently, are somewhat less than accurate. Secondly, the G. R. V. N. has undertaken to reclassify systematically sections of the prison population once detained under various political offender classifications. Such persons may now be earmarked as common criminals. Such practices avoid answering to accusation levied against Saigon of continued persecution of civilians

## THIEU'S REGIME

One can only speculate on the purpose of the Thieu regime in this repressive endeavor. It permits Saigon to be the sole determinant of existing political activity in South Vietnam. Following a decade of intense war, the Thieu regime appears less than stable. This has undoubtedly influenced Thieu in his choice of methods of ruling.

It has been pointed out that under the Thieu regime, neutralism is the equivalent of pro-communism. In fact, the Peace Accords clearly recognized the existence of two forces in the south, the Provisional



Two women detained at Quang Ngai prison hospital. Quaker doctors say the old woman, arrested while carrying rice to her family in an NLF-occupied area, is now partially paralysed as a result of torture.



Women inmates of Tan Hiep national burns at Cho Ray Hospital in Saigo

# OF A WRETCHED WAR

Revolutionary Government, and the Saigon government which, with the neutralists, will form a coalition government.

Thieu's nonacceptance of the "third force" neutralists is pointed out by **Andrew Brewin** in a speech delivered in the House of Commons on March 8, 1974. In reference to the political prisoner issue, he said: "A large number of these persons are guilty of no offence except that they have sought peace between the warring factions in Viet Nam. They support neither the present regime nor the P. R. G. nor the communists. Their offence is one of neutralism and desire for reconciliation."

Thieu's methods, then, are characteristically totalitarian. Decree Laws are issued by the executive, and lend virtually limitless power to the government. For instance, life imprisonment at hard labor is the penalty for demonstrators.

A study written by **Holmes Brown and Don Luce**, entitled **Hostages of War, Saigon's Political Prisoners**, depicts the system of justice as authoritarian, and self-serving of government's needs. The power to arrest is given to over a dozen agencies. Their methods are entirely haphazard, and remain void of democratic proceedings. "Being arrested in South Vietnam is more often a matter of chance than of design. The police force has acquired a certain efficiency in repressing political opposition—using massive and indiscriminate arrests rather than precise identification and seizure of subjects."

The study also indicates that torture during detention and interrogation is the rule rather than the exception.

"The whole pre-trial process is most briefly summed up in a saying popular among the police, "khong, dang cho co,"—"if they are innocent, beat them until they become guilty."

Judgment and sentencing is carried out by either the military courts or the Provincial Security Committee. The former does not admit common standards of justice and invokes

non-appealable decisions. The latter is known for promulgation of "an-tri" laws. According to this decree law, a person "considered dangerous to national security" may be interned for a period of up to two years. This is a renewable sentence. In short, democratic forms of legality which permit certain rights to the accused, have been virtually suspended.

Assisting the implementation of Thieu's pervasive and repressive measures is a paramilitary police network. The police bureaucracy is not considered as a branch of the civil service, but rather is headed by an army officer responsible to Thieu.

In the aforementioned study, **Holmes Brown and Dan Luce** indicate, "Though the national police network includes both military and civilian branches, there is little difference in objectives and procedures between the two."

On the whole, the entire system of justice, militates against "political prisoners." at every level. This concern has, however, been overshadowed by considerations of brutal torture undergone by political hostages during their period of detention. Inhuman conditions and brutal treatment are common-place. A report of five students recently released from the "Tiger Cages" on Con Son Island documents horrendous details. The cages measure about 10 feet by 5 feet; they are totally isolated from all life outside.

"They throw five people into this narrow cage. On the average, each person had only about two hand-breadths of space in which to lie and live. The legs were shackled and held high day and night. . . . they forced us to lie in silence.

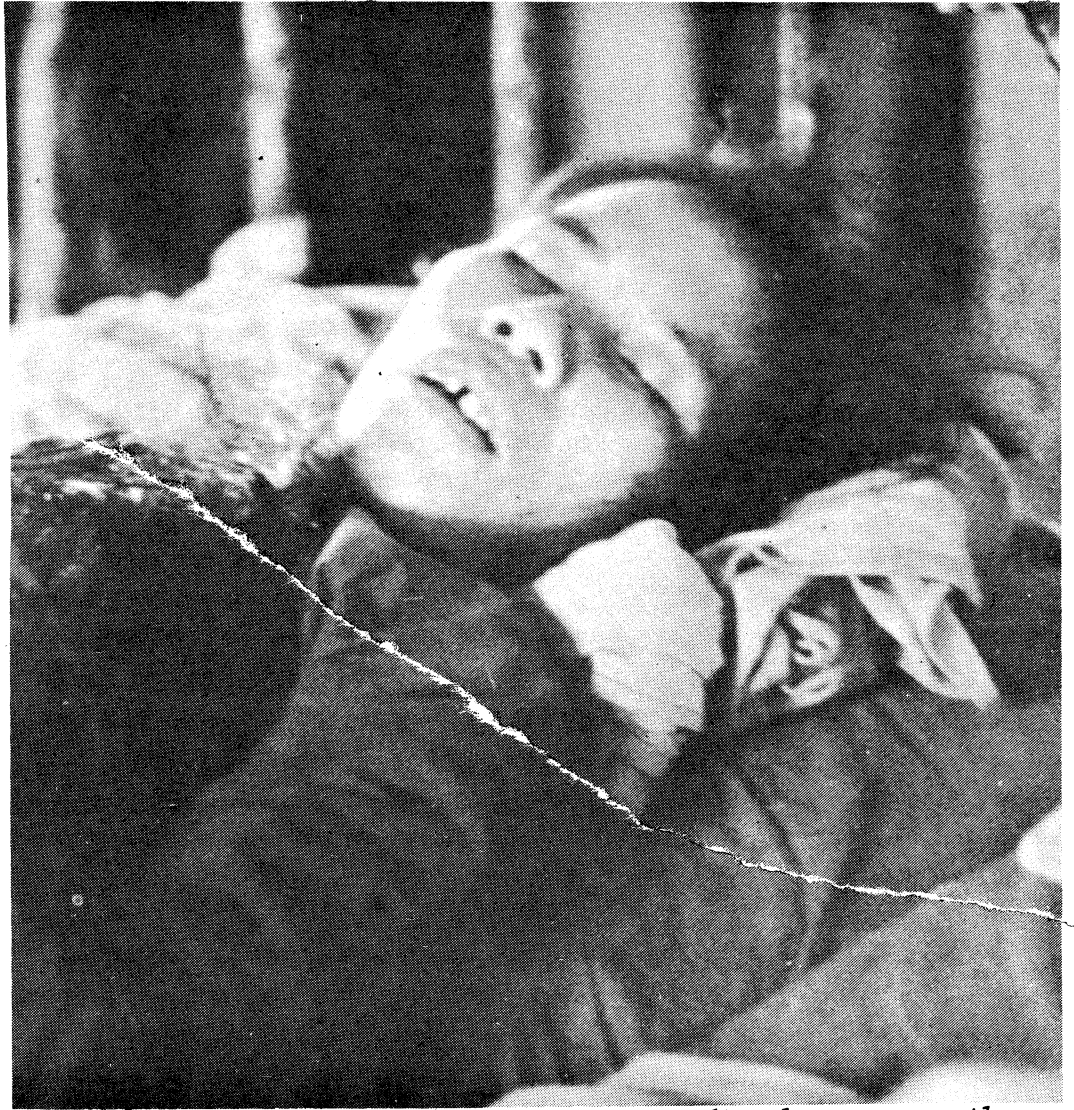
A description of barbaric torture is given by women who were confined in Con Son: "The trustees rushed towards us, throwing bags and buckets of lime upon us which had been set on the iron bars above . . . We were choked and burned with the lime mixed with water."

The situation continues despite the Peace Accords, and clearly contravenes internationally acceptable declarations of human rights. The Thieu regime is perpetuated more overtly by U. S. funding. According to aid officials, an estimated \$8,800,000 for "public safety supplies" is found in the fiscal year 1974 budget request of the department of defense.

On another level, the "Phoenix Program" was initially designed by the U. S. to 'neutralize' the Viet Cong infrastructure. In reality, this American-designed program has become a significant aspect of the overall mechanism for political repression. Theoretically, identification of V. C. I. occurs as a result of carefully screened information from paid informers and members of the local populace. In fact, as **Michael Uhe** comments: "Our paid sources could easily have been either provocateurs or opportunists with a score to settle. Every information report we wrote based on our sources was classified (1) unverifiable and (2) usually reliable. As to the first, it speaks for itself; the second, in most cases was pure rationale for the existence of the program."

## CANADIAN CONCERN

Based on the figure quoted by Amnesty International, there exists more political prisoners in South



*Inmate of Quang Ngai prison hospital. Quaker doctors say the one above was beaten on the head at Quang Ngai interrogation centre, causing a fractured skull and brain haemorrhage.*

Vietnam than in any other country in the world. Canada has been involved in Vietnam since 1954 when we joined the I. C. C. S. Canada officially supported the **Paris Peace Accords** by her signature to the **Act of the International Conference of March 2, 1973 in Paris**. The plight of the civilian prisoners is in violation of these Accords.

Positive action would include the following steps: (1) Call for the reconvening of the twelve nation **International Guarantees Conference** to deal with such blatant violations of the Peace Accords; (2) Support Sweden's initiative in the U. N.; (3) Publicly condemn

**South Vietnam for violation of article II of the Accords which calls for democratic liberties; (4) Discontinue aid to Saigon until positive measures are taken.** **Andrew Brewin**, in his speech to the House of Commons, concluded by saying: "The immense, terrible war damage in all parts of Viet Nam cannot be repaired until the terms of the Paris agreement are accepted by all sides. Canada was one of the signatories to the final act of the International Conference of Guarantees of the Implementation of the Paris Agreement. We have assumed responsibility in this field, and I suggest it is time we showed some responsibility."



*on undergoing treatment for acid*



*Mrs. Thanh suffering an asthmatic fit at her trial.*

# BRAVO! HARMONIUM



Harmonium dans leurs première spectacle au Canada.

## GOD DOG—A PLEASANT ILLUSION

by F. J. Mayers

The inversion in the title of Mr. Mauro Martino's play, performed last Wednesday and Thursday in the Pipe Room, suggests possible ambivalence, absurdity and a sense of humour. It is indeed, a loosely structured play composed of a series of episodes, each presenting a situation in which something is sought for—an old wise-man, oneself, God, friendship, a woman, understanding, love and each ending with a discovery that what was sought after is not what it appeared to be, simply disappointing, or in general - an illusion.

Mr. Martino has left it up to the audience to make the connections between the individual episodes and to grasp their shared intent, for the play is asymmetrical in its eclectic association of incidents and characters. This idea has its merits, as it demands a creative response to the play, but I do not think that it is completely successful here, as the placing together of such diverse figures as the Lone Ranger, Christ and Zorro, seems to weaken rather than strengthen the coherence of the play as a whole.

If the control image of God/Dog is a circular pattern of search and illusion, its subject in particular, appears to be the fashionable trendy concern with searching for oneself, for wisdom or for God. This subject is dealt with in popular literature by authors ranging from Hesse to Castenadas, and suffering at its worst superficiality, sentiment and unclear thinking.

It appears that Mr. Martino has tried to gain a distance from, or, to transcend (used here in a very down to earth fashion) this state of mind, by playing with and poking fun at the expectations of his audience, using a generally ironic and at times melodramatic tone, and an "out-clicheing" of clichés.

The two most substantial episodes of the play—the long monologue by the narrator, David Sullivan, and the dialogue between Tall Man, Jeff Ballenie, and the Little Man, Andre Des-saules, are concerned with this problem. The monologue, beginning with—"Once upon a time..." parodies a youthful search for wisdom through travel, the facing of fears and danger and encounters with wise old men; at the expected moment of illumination, the white-clad shining figure of wisdom announces to the searcher - "Rise up my son, for you shall be the President of the United States of America." The point is clear but the stating of it does not quite ring true.

If there is a central character in the play, it is Little Man, who is searching for God in order to find himself. He receives advice from both Narrator and Tall Man (why are there

two narrator type characters? this is confusing), and the climax of the play, a chaos of light and meaningless noise revolves around the impotence of his inarticulate search.

The two episodes dealing with love, the first concerning Man (Grant Lake) and Woman (Lorraine Heaton), the second Little Woman (Lorraine Heaton), the second Little Girl (Louise Mullie) and Tall Man, present images of vulgarity and naive sentimentality; they are of secondary importance in the play, deriving from and intended as a complement to the dialogue concerning Little Man's search for God. The interweaving of these three episodes is certainly one of the play's strongest structural points.

The ending of the play, in which Zone and Christ arise out of nowhere and kill each other, after the Lone Ranger has just killed everyone else, seems to be its weakest moment, for no context in which its significance can be measured has been constructed. However, the audience is given no time to consider the possible meanings or subtle implications of the event, for after this scene of desolation, loud music is immediately played and wine is served, suggesting that we need not take the play seriously, but simply see it as a group of friends having a good time (which obviously was the case. One can have no quarrel with that.) In any case, this shows an almost apologetic attitude towards the play by the author.

On the other hand, we might also see the celebrating aspect as evidence that the play is to be taken more seriously than its ironic tone might suggest. From this point of view, it could be interpreted as saying that although this circle of search and illusion is the condition of our lives, we need not fear it, but must accept it and have a good time in the process. This is supported by the quotation from John Fowles (Aristes) included in the program of last week's production, which begins: "My only certainty in life is that I shall one day die." Mr. Martino is obviously trying to distance himself from the concerns of Little Man, but the viewer at times wondered whether his plight should be taken seriously, especially when the usually cynical Tall Man expresses sympathy for his condition.

Thus it might be said that God/Dog expresses a certain self consciousness concerning its subject, and a lack of complete understanding as to what the author's specific aim in the play is.

par Jacques Lachance

Le jeudi 20 mars dans l'O.D.H., Québec clôturait l'année 74/75 avec Harmonium. Il y avait eu énormément de rumeurs sur cette orchestre venant du Pays du Québec. Lorsqu'ils sont arrivés sur la scène, tout le monde était un peu heureux et nerveux de les voir.

Serge, un des guitaristes du groupe a pris un premier contact avec le public, en nous expliquant ce qu'il allait nous présenter. Très vite on s'est aperçu que ce n'était pas des amateurs, mais bien un groupe qui avait quelque chose d'intéressant à nous communiquer. Et dès, les premiers notes, ils nous ont emportés avec eux dans leur musique.

Une musique qui était riche au niveau de son contenu, elle dégageait ce que le groupe s'était inspiré, soit "Les cinq saisons", le dernier album du groupe.

Au niveau instrumental, cela était très impressionnant de voir une aussi grande variété d'instruments et la manière professionnelle par laquelle, ils étaient capables de les exploiter, avec une maîtrise et une dextérité aussi remarquable.

Par contre, peut-être que vocalement, il y aurait amélioration à apporter. Parce qu'ils auraient tendance à se répéter au niveau du rythme de la chanson comme telle et qu'ils manqueraient un peu de finition entre l'harmonisation des voix et des instruments. Mais tout au long du spectacle, qui dura deux heures sans aucune intermission, on ne pouvait qu'être entraîné par leur rythme. Puisqu'on les sentait très près de nous.

Et nous, public de notre côté, étions vraiment dans un délire et une euphorie de joie qui ne faisait que rendre témoignage de ce que leur présence pouvait apporter.

Parce que la qualité du spectacle et le contact qu'on a pu établir tout au long, cela a transformé cette salle en un lieu où on participait avec eux à ce qu'ils faisaient.

J'espère que cette première percée, du côté du Canada Anglais, va être pour eux un succès toujours en grandissant.

Donc, tous ceux qui n'ont pas vu Harmonium venez du Pays du Québec, cette été, ils vont vous amener quelque chose d'extraordinaire, soit leur musique par le contact direct.

## HARMONIUM EXCELLENT

by Jacques Lachance

On Thursday evening, March 20, in the ODH, Québec closed out its 1974-75 series of concerts with the musical group Harmonium. A great deal of nervous excitement preceded the appearance on stage of this very popular band from le Pays de Québec.

Serge, one of the group's guitarists, began the show with an outline of what was to be expected. It certainly did not take long to realize that Harmonium is a thoroughly professional act, with a great deal to say to the audience. From the very first notes played, we were carried away by their music, - music that was both good to listen to and which said something. (many of the songs were taken from their newest album "Les cinq Saisons")

While from the point of view of musicianship, a great variety of instruments were played in a superior fashion, at times the singing lacked a certain amount of control. But over the entire two hour show, the audience was continually captivated by the band's music until we gratefully felt ourselves to almost become a part of it. This very excellent standard of sound and the rare bond it created between musicians and audience transformed the O.D.H. into a scene that would be difficult to recapture.

This first visit to English-speaking Canada can only serve to accelerate the inevitable growth of Harmonium's popularity. For those who unfortunately missed the concert, it would be well worth the time to come to Québec this summer to see this magnificent group in person.

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# CANADIAN HUMOUR

by Stephen Barrick

THE TREASURY OF GREAT CANADIAN HUMOUR edited by ALAN WALKER is the first anthology of its kind. This substantial book covers Canadian humour from its inception to the present day in a rollicking, haphazard way. The work is not governed by any staid historical chronology, rather, it contains pieces which were funny when written and are still funny today. Selections have been taken from copious quantities of books, magazines and papers.

Perhaps it would be enlightening to examine a number of the common themes found in some of the works represented in THE TREASURY OF GREAT CANADIAN HUMOUR. Certain subjects are utilized frequently by diverse authors. There are common factors to be found within this anthology.

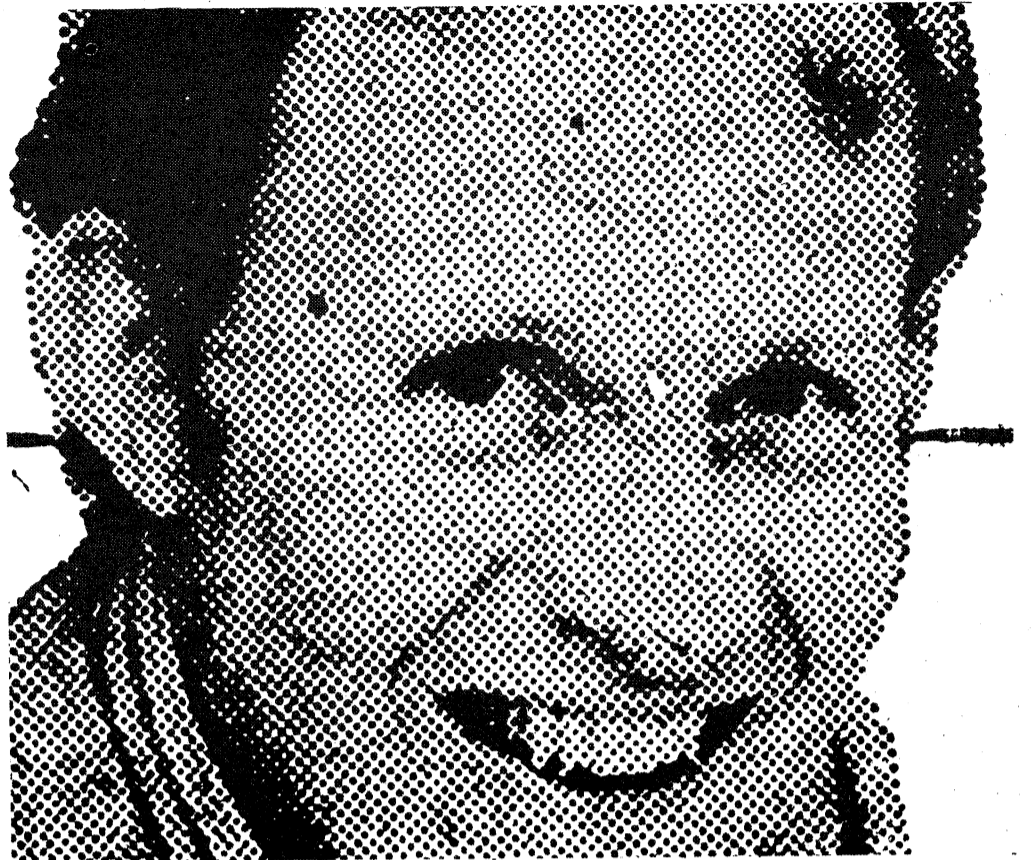
Humour concerning the domestic scene appears in a number of the sketches. It seems a common idea to make fun of housewives, kids, dogs, cats, the domestic way of life in general. This is to be expected in view of the structure of Canadian society. With a large number of individuals dwelling in a suburban environment this provides a sort of identity for many readers. An identity with the subjects of the anecdotes is essential. True humour often seems to depend on the reader being able to envisage himself in the same predicament. Some of the stories which deal with domestic humour are: "What Happened to Teen-Agers?" (Robert Thomas Allen), "Neighbourly News" (Andy Clarke), "They know when a man answers" (Eric Nicol) and "The Common Man" (Joseph Schull), to name a few. All of these stories contain the same sort of ingredients. Each story is funny in its own right, however, one might question how enduring the stories will prove. This sort of humour is rather selective of audience. It would probably appeal to a large number of North Americans but people from different cultures might be hard-pressed to understand it fully.

A good deal of the humour found in THE TREASURY OF GREAT CANADIAN HUMOUR is based on the structure of our daily habits. In the same way the previous

example encompassed something familiar to a wide audience many sketches are based upon our work habits. The nine-to-five routine, working at the office, Saturdays off, all appear in many forms throughout THE TREASURY OF GREAT CANADIAN HUMOUR. Following this notion is the scourge of the pitiful two week summer vacation. A person works his rear end off all year long in order to spend two weeks (two weeks!) of that year doing what he wants to do. That notion alone is so strange and bizarre that it opens the mind to countless humorous ideas. Since so much is expected from the vaunted two weeks, often humorous happenings ensue. "A Reservation" (Merrill Denison) is an excellent example of this sort of humour. Many times the vacation situation will be worked in as a small segment of a sketch rather than as a complete theme. (The magnitude of this thought is reflected even in the topic of a kid's inevitable first written work in school after his vacation. It is usually entitled, "What I did on my summer vacation.")

Sports stories seem to recur rather frequently in THE TREASURY OF GREAT CANADIAN HUMOUR. These stories usually deal with ice hockey although other sports appear as well. In a sense hockey has become almost a way of life for many Canadians. The seasons are so long, the teams so numerous and the action so boring that it is difficult to avoid making fun of this institution. "Man, You're a Great Player!" (Gary Lautens) tells of a hockey player's route to stardom, only it is not through clean, upstanding play.

Dave Broadfoot in his book, SEX AND SECURITY, says this, "If you are concerned about the future of Canadian culture, if you want to be better informed in this regard, to gain a deeper insight and awareness of your cultural heritage, I commend to you the wealth of knowledge in the following literary works." Broadfoot then proceeds to list one hundred and ten titles dealing exclusively with hockey. Humour of this nature also supplies social comment as well as attempting to define the Canadian mentality. Our identity is determined, to a large extent, by how we



Gary Lautens, feature writer for Toronto Star, is featured in this TREASURY.

occupy our time. Humour helps to make us understand ourselves.

A large number of the sketches included in THE Treasury of Great Canadian Humour emanate from newspapers of fairly high repute. There seems to be a hierarchy of writers present in Canada starting with newspaper reporters, proceeding to columnists, magazine writers, feature writers, and so on. A cut above these individuals are short story writers, poets, novelists. Some of the better known newspaper writers to appear in THE TREASURY OF GREAT CANADIAN HUMOUR are Richard Needham (Globe and Mail), Alexander Ross (Toronto Star) and Gary Lautens (Toronto Star).

Many shorter pieces appeared first in magazines such as "The Weekend," "The Canadian Magazine," and "Saturday Night." These magazines provide a vehicle for lighter pieces in particular.

In an anthology of this nature certain authors are guaranteed representation. Stephen Leacock is apparent with three short pieces, though it could be argued that the entire four hundred plus pages could be filled with Leacock alone! Greg Clarke is represented along with Farley Mowat, Robertson Davies, Pierre Berton, and Mordcai Richler.

To try to cover, even in a superficial manner, all the various pieces in a paper of this size is impossible. Perhaps it would be beneficial to outline a couple of the funniest selections instead. Simply by looking at the humour will possibly help isolate the Canadian aspects concerned. On the other hand it may negate its presence altogether.

One of the most humorous pieces in THE TREASURY OF GREAT CANADIAN HUMOUR is entitled, "Finding a Coffin for a Dead Snake Is No Easy Matter" by Alexander Ross. This little gem deals with the author's search for a proper burial for his five and a half foot Eastern Fox Snake. He phones a pet funeral service and the ensuing dialogue is uproarious to say the least. "There's no reason--I can't see why we couldn't curl him up." "Ever with rigor mortis?" "Well, how long is he dead?" "Well, I don't know. For a long time there, I thought he might be asleep. I mean for about four days. You know, he didn't move and I thought, you know, it's spring or something. But then, you know, I've been looking at him, examining him, and there's no sign of life. I'm pretty sure he's dead. I'm sure he's dead. Anyway, you say it would cost \$50. Does that include a marker?"

This piece is simply a funny piece. No Even if one does not particular care for puns it is difficult to restrain from laughing at selections from Himie Koshevoy's Treasure Jest of Best Puns. They may be corny but these pieces are very carefully and intricately constructed.

"A Spaniard, Juan by name and not nature,

fell in love with Carmencita, a most possessive girl. She had heard the gossip that his was a wandering eye but it didn't surprise her because that trait was inherited from his primitive ancestors when they swung continually from limb to limb. She decided there was only one way she could be certain her man would remain faithful until she could exchange the alter for the halter. By accompanying him everywhere, every waking moment, she became the village joke but her vigilance was rewarded when she was able finally to wed her suitor without his ever once being unfaithful, a state of grace hitherto unheard of in all Spain. Everywhere she went, eager, enquiring maidens would ask her for the secret of her success and her wise answer can be condensed to seven words: you always herd the Juan you love." Sick perhaps, but funny.

When viewing a book of this nature it is difficult to define its contents. The book in itself represents a definition, of sorts, of the Canadian identity. Perhaps it cannot be rendered into precise verbal expression. Undoubtedly, it cannot be defined in black and white. We are Canadian, the examples of humour in THE TREASURY OF GREAT CANADIAN HUMOUR are Canadian. Why not let it stand at that? It is conceivable that we will define ourselves (as if that is really necessary) through our actions, our own fun, our own lives, rather than incessantly attempting to administer labels to affix to everything.

In fact the appendix to THE TREASURY OF GREAT CANADIAN HUMOUR deals expressly with the Canadian identity. This chapter mentions a number of writers for "National Lampoon" who also happen to be Canadian. Within the magazine appear quite a large number of references to Canada in spite of the fact that it is an American publication. Laughter is directed towards our ways, our habits, our likes and dislikes. Perhaps this, too, is a start towards understanding ourselves.

"Any Canadian I know here wants to go back--he thinks that's where he lives, he talks about it when he's drunk, he goes up there whenever he gets a chance, and he gets very defensive about it when other people knock it.

"Any Canadian I know here wants to go back--he thinks that's where he lives, he talks about it when he's drunk, he goes up there whenever he gets a chance, and he gets very defensive about it when other people knock it."

"As much as the Canadian contingent at the magazine enjoys lampooning Canada and Canadians, it is, compared to say, the cannonades fired at middle America, pretty gentle stuff. After all, we're presented as polite, conservative, hard-working, loving, friendly, simple people. And that's not so bad. Is it?"



Stephen Leacock, one of Canada's great humourists, also appears in the



# the World of Entertainment



## music

- 1) **El Mocambo** (464 Spadina; 961-2558) Tom Rush ends Wednesday; Greaseball Boogie Band Thursday and Saturday. Downstairs: Rough Trade.
- 2) **Colonial** (203 Yonge St.; 363-6168) Myles and Lenny
- 3) **Bourbon Street** (180 Queen St. W. 864-1020) : Paul Desmond
- 4) **The Chimney** (579 Yonge St.) Perth County Conspiracy

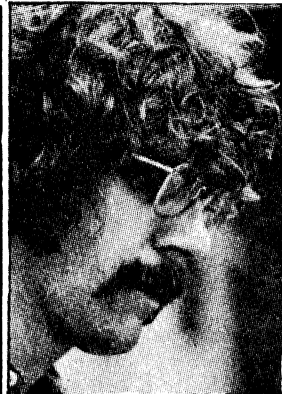
## movies

The 99¢ Roxy, Danforth and Greenwood (461-2401)

**Wednesday:** Cabaret at 4:30 and 9:30 pm  
**Thursday:** What's up Doc at 7 and 10:10 pm. Start the Revolution Without Me at 8:35 pm.

## open forum

**Wednesday:** Subject concerns immigrant children in the present school system; St. Lawrence Centre (27 Front St. E.) at 8:00 pm.; Free Admission.



Tom Rush sings his old songs and some new ones March 24 to 26 at the El Mocambo, 464 Spadina Ave. 961-2558.

## on campus

**Mercredi et Jeudi soir:** LA TOILETTE DU GALA dans le Pipe Room à 8h30; L'entrée est libre. Puis dimanche apres-midi a 2h30

**Mercredi:** Hum 373 présente LA HONTE (Bergman / '69) à 4h15 dans la salle 204; L'entrée est libre

**Mardi (le lère avril):** Hum. 383.3 présente LA MAUDITE GALETTE dans la salle 204 à 3h15; L'entrée est libre

## CAFE DE LA TERRASSE :

Summer Hours-

7:00 pm - Midnite

MAY 1 - AUGUST 15.

Why not drop by!

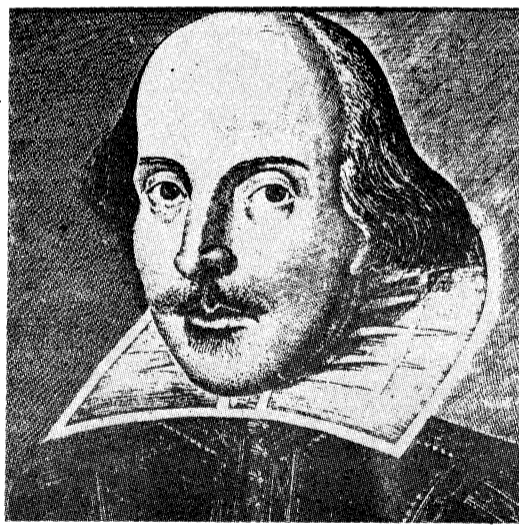


## theatre

- 1) **The False Messiah: (Passe Muraille St. Paul's Centre : 121 Avenue Rd. )**
- 2) **Good Evening :Royal Alexandra** A two-man revue, March 24 to April 12; matinees 2:30 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday. Tickets \$4 to \$10. 363-4211.
- 3) **Handcuffs - The final act in James Reaney's trilogy about The Donnellys** Opens March 29 Tarragon (30 Bridgeman)
- 4) **Heat: Toronto Free Theatre** (24 Berkley St.)
- 5) **Trelawny of the Wells; St. Lawrence** (Front St.)
- 6) **Family Entertainment: Passe Muraille Seed Show** (10 Breadalbane St.)
- 7) **Forget-Me-Not-Lane: University Alumnae Dramatic Club** (70 Berkeley St.)
- 8) **Strange Gaules: Theatre du P'tit Bonheur** (95 Danforth)
- 9) **Late Great Passover Show: York U.** (Moot Court)

## HMMMLT

With apologies to you know who, by Peter BonEnfant



You Know Who.

To me, if not to you, this is the question;  
 Whether 'tis easier in the mind to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous cobwebs  
 Or to take water against this sea of dirt and grime,  
 And by a hosing, end them. To try, to sweep  
 No more, and with a humidifier to say we end  
 The sparks, the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to; 'tis a discharging  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To try, to sweep.  
 To sweep, perchance to clean.  
 Had chicken breast for supper last night.  
 Aye, there's the rib.  
 For from that garbage can so full what odors  
 may come,  
 When we have shoveled off that mortal oil,  
 Must give us pause; there's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so greasy a meal;  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of  
 the line,  
 the repulsive cakes, the congealed puddings,  
 The pong of despised concoctions, the steam  
 table's delay,  
 The insolence of the staff, and the buns  
 That patient resident of the unworthy takes  
 When he himself might his own supper make  
 With a bare hibachi? Who would all these  
 bear  
 To grunt and suffer under residence life,

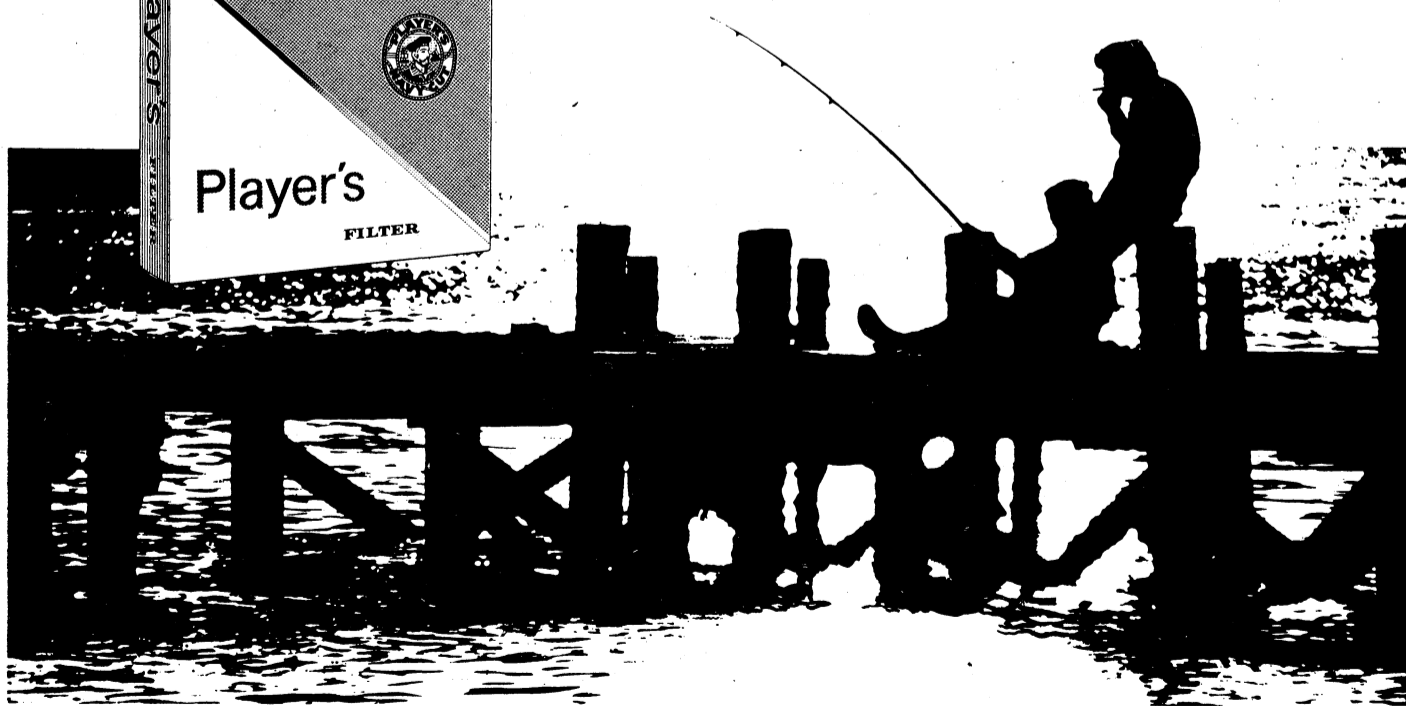
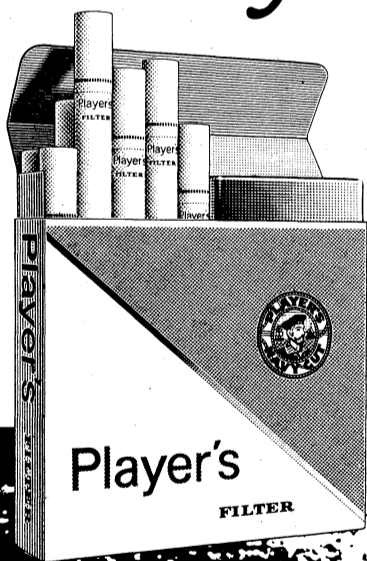
But that the dread of something beyond those  
 gates,  
 The crowded city, from whose hectic rush-  
 hours  
 No commuter returns unscathed, puzzles  
 the will,

And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus convenience does make cowards of us all,  
 And thus the naive hint of relocation  
 is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of second  
 thoughts,

And intentions of great pitch and moment  
 With this regard their currents turn awry  
 And lose the name of action. Soft you now,  
 The fair janitor! Sparky, in thy vacuum  
 cleaner  
 Be all my debris collect'd.

# Player's filter cigarettes.

## A taste you can call your own.



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling.

# A wind blows new life into Dylan

by Bob Koehn

Before she became the first lady of America, Marilyn Monroe was asked, "If fifty per cent of the experts in Hollywood said you had no talent and should give up, what would you do?"

"If one hundred per cent told me that, all one hundred per cent would be wrong." It is not only a great answer thirty years later, it is the only answer any artist who is assured of their own genius can give.

For the last seven years Bob Dylan has been saying almost the exact same thing, and it turns out with the release of his new album Blood on the Tracks that he was right too. It's been a fucking long wait, but it was worth it; the new album is the work of a genius.

Since John Wesley Harding there has been a long dry spell for Dylan, the best you could hope for was that he would be pleasant and not offensive. Dylan is mystery, perhaps the only writer alive today who can totally confound his audience. Why did he go from a genius to an idiot and then back to a genius? It is almost understandable why A. J. Weberman went through his garbage for all those years trying to figure him out. He is infinitely important to a great many people, probably responsible for changing thousands of people's lives and there doesn't seem to me to be any greater impact possible for a writer.

He's got all of his old skills back, he is writing as well as he used to, his harmonica sounds good again, and he sure as hell can sing. I am constantly amazed by his voice and his phrasing; he must be greatest singer of all time.

It is a real breath of fresh air to hear him thinking he is Jesus again, the one who reached out for salvation and was denied on all counts. Idiot Wind and Shelter from the Storm testify to a new burst of hatred from a man who could always hate with the best of them. Lone soldiers on the cross, crows of thorns, and soldiers bargaining for his clothes in a little hilltop town are all reminders that he is back, none of this forever young bullshit, but often pure unadulterated hatred done to a turn.

"The priest wore black on the Sabbath day, / And satstone face on a velvet bird, / I waited for you on the

running board, / near the cyprus trees / While the springtime turned slowly into autumn. / Idiot wind, blowing like a sock all around my skull. / From the Grand Collee Dam to the Capitol. / Idiot Wind blowing everytime you move your teeth. / You're an idiot babe, it's a wonder that you still know how to breathe. A beautiful song fashioned out of bitterness, the way he drags the word slowly out, you have to wonder what prompted anyone to expose so much pain. Something is eating away at him again, and whatever it is you had better be grateful. It's a top-notch feeling to hear someone who feels just like you, but can turn it into "art."

There is something new about Dylan's writing on this album. I have never heard him write anything like A Simple Twist of Fate before. One of the most beautiful songs I have ever heard and in a different style than he ever used before. Dylan's talents often are so enormous that it sometimes seems possible that a really great writer is developing. Something that would equal the magnificence of Dostoyevski, that you could actually live through, is so giant a daydream that it deserves some appropriate cliché to describe it, but I can't think of one.

Dylan is definitely back; after seven years of Nashville Skylines, etc., it is more than a pleasure to hear him again. Anyone who doesn't like this album, well that's fine, I have no arguments and I never drink milk.



**THE LAST...  
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Applications for Summer Residence are now available Thursday, 9a.m. to 12 noon at C205 York Hall or from the porters of Hilliard and Wood Residences. Please return them to C205 York Hall.

**WOMEN'S  
STUDIES**

On Saturday, March 29, 1975, beginning at 10 a.m. there will be a conference on women's studies in the Senior Common Room, Glendon College.

The conference will be an informal gathering of people from around Toronto, who will be discussing various topics concerning women's studies.

For further information, please contact Marina Dorna, Room 127, York Hall, or by phoning 487-6181.

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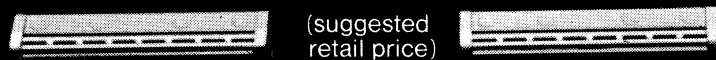
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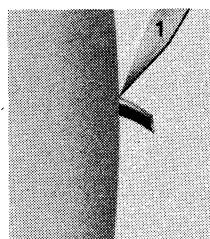
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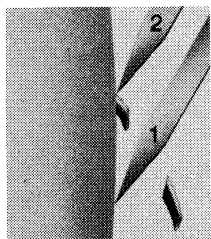


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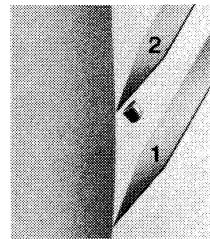
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Offer expires December 31, 1975. Prov.....P. Code.....

# EYEWITNESS sports PART OF LIFE AT GLENDON

Bonjour mes amis and bienvenus to all the rest of you too! This is **Eyewitness Sports '75** brought to you subliminally by Hail Bruin (or Jack as I am otherwise known) with a little help from my friends Ms. Still, the K-Tel Record Selec-

tor, and the gigolo-supreme Henry Longhurst.

To start off this week's exciting article, the staff of Eyewitness Sports is pleased to announce that Larry of the Light Lunches chain has been selected centrefold for Lint Magazine because of his vi-

brant personality and fashionable manner of dress. For those of you who are statically-minded. K-tel informs me that Larry's Vitals are 30, 35 with cheese, and 40 toasted. Now on to the sports, which after-all is the purpose of this article.

## ATHLETIC SCHOLARSHIPS-PLAY PAY

dateline; la proctor maison

This week my avid reading and viewing public, in contriving our policy of in-depth, contemporary reporting of pressing social problems, Eyewitness Sports delves into a question that is of vital interest to us all, (No Cariboo brains! Not dope). This may come as a surprise to you but recruiting athletes for scholarships touches the lives of all of us and indeed, threatens to totally destroy the placid life we call a student's playland. You may ask, but what do athletic scholarships have to do with Glendon? Are there athletic scholarships at Glendon? The answer, perhaps surprising to most of you, is unequivocally, Yes.

Virginia There is a Santa Claus, but more importantly there is also unimpeachable evidence that no one knows what goes on behind closed doors. Sportsfans, I present to you now, the unabridged saga of that heretofore unaccounted phenomenon athletic scholarships at Glendon.

The matter first came to my attention when Ernie G. Picard mysteriously came upon twelve pounds of grass and two litres of hash oil. Upon further questioning it was revealed that the source of Ernie's untold fortune could be linked with his connections at La Proctor Maison. Going straight to the horse's mouth, I talked with the towel attendant in the equipment room, who told me that Ernie had been paid \$2800.00 to stay away from the field-house, for the benefit of the athletic programme. (Little did he know that such monetary incentive was not necessary to keep Ernie away from any and all physical labour. A hit of pinball would have done as well).

Just as the government pays farmers not to grow rutabagas, so it appears that the maitres of Proctor have pieced off would-be, has-been, never-were and never-to-be athletes to remain in that capacity. In commemoration of this, at tomorrow's athletic Banquet (?) the staff of Eyewitness Sports in conjunction with the Wonderbread Corporation (for who else helps build strong bodies twelve ways) will present the first annual Golden Bun Award to be thrown at the person on the scholarship program who best exemplifies little talent with even less enthusiasm. But what you say? Is that all there is to this purported expose? Well, read on my children.

To further investigate this matter (for as you know it is the matter -at-hand) I contacted those famous private-eyes Snoop and Blabber of the Q.T. Hush firm. Incognito as two typical "Jock-types", Snoop and Blab sent out feelers throughout the field-house. They presented themselves as two Grade 13 students eager to combine rigorous athletic exercise with leisure and scholastic enterprise, based along the lifestyle of John H. K. "Jingles" Riley. (Step 1 - successful)

Realizing the potential of this dynamic duo, Peter J.J. Jensen ushered them on a cross-campus tour climaxed with a candlelight dinner at Larry's Light where they were wine and dined. Other reported stops on their tour included a visit to the offices of this metropolitan daily where they shook hands with the new type-set machine, a stop at Nurse Bremmer's for some bennies, a brief sojourn at the laundry room where they did their wash; Snow was imported from the arctic wasteland of Le Campus Central, so they could enjoy some moonlit traying on the Rose Garden Run and probably the highlight of the entire tour was the Midnight Rodeo at Bayview Glen, where former Glendonites, Buffalo-Bert Knab and Cowboy Kaiser were flown in to entertain.

Here is the personal account of Snoop and Blab's findings.

**Blab:** (to be read with marbles in your right cheek and a heavy lisp) Gee Snoop, you shure were smart, The way you handled that Jensen jerk.

**Snoop:** (With no feeling and a slight feline drawl) Not to worry Blab. It was simply a matter of my great detective genius versus his all-brawn and no-brain approach.

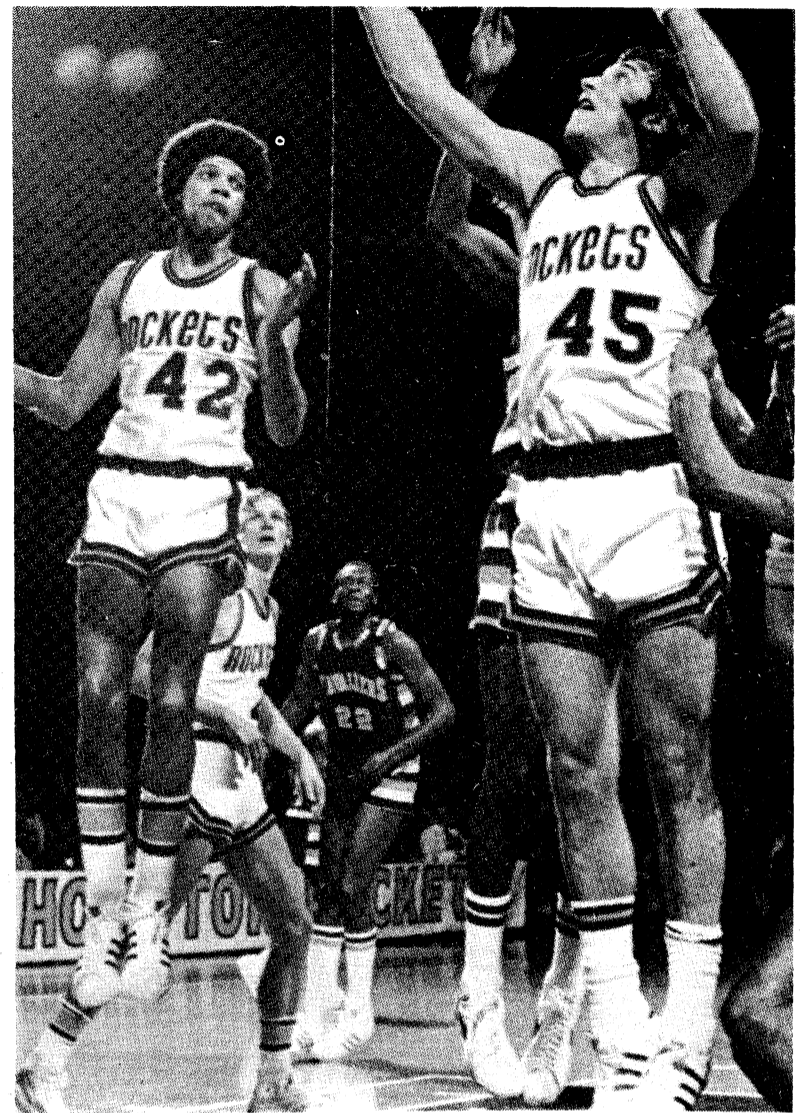
**Blab:** Aw, gosh, Snoop. You shure are great! But, what about his assistant Anne Osborne. She nearly made you blow our cover with that slinky squash get-up of hers.

**Snoop:** Nonsense, Blab. You think for one moment that I was evenly slighted distracted from my duties.

**Blab:** Schee-hee-hee! That Snoop shure is a kidder.

Haywood again. No wonder those guys were so cheap. All they asked for was Nine Lives and a pound of Gouda.

With such conclusive evidence to support me I hope that it is now clear to everyone that this article will end as terribly as it started. That's it! The end. (Give a guy a even break, I can't help it if we can't produce every week.)



As the basketball season slowly comes to an end, number 42 ascends to heaven.

## FACU BOUNCES PROTEM

dateline; le barn des vaches at nord

Thursday passe or jeudi last, the forces of faculty met those of this metropolitan daily. Without Clark

Kent, flying out of a phone booth as Superman to do battle with the forces of evil, the Pro Tem equipe was forced to face the like of Mad Dog Michalski sans a policeman type.

Henry Longhurst attempted to control the physical aspect of the match but alas, in the third period Henry tripped and broke his hip-flask and as the glass shattered so did our hopes for victory.

For the first time in a raccon's age, I donned my multi-bladed bob-skates to lend a hand wherever it was needed. Reminds me of those cold winters back home in England where the cold of winter allowed us to play hockey on the English Channel.

Pro Tem's star of the game was editor-in-chief Frank E. Yofnaro who tallied more scores than I care to remember and also prominent was M. "Little Pirate" Stranks who got taken more times than she cares to remember.

Big-gun (biggun) for the faculty was the aforementioned Mad-dog who roamed about the ice like a biker on his Kawasaki 900. Smaller guns (smallguns) included George "Big Band" Hewson, and Glen E. Jones not to be confused with Glenn Jones, his arch-rival and sometimes don of E-house.

Rumour has it that Dean Gentles, who opened the scoring for the faculty, lost his job as dean because of his lack lustre performance. Them's the breaks Deano! If you don't produce on this circuit they'll put you on the shelf. The latest trade talk has Gentles going to the London Lions of English Channel fame (Channel 29 on our sets) for a box of popcorn and access to the British Historical Archives. With any luck he'll be producing a book, ghost written by Scott Young.

D-d-d dat's all folks!

P.S. Only one week to go!

join in the fun



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