

WELCOME CLASS OF 75

I HAVENT READ ANYTHING THEY'VE SENT ME SO COULD YOU HELP ME ?

HOW HARD IS THIS COURSE ?

COMBIEN DE FOIS PEUT-ON CHANGER DE COURS d'ICI NOËL ?

OFFICE OF SCHOOLS LIAISON

ALL THE COURSES LOOK SO GREAT I COULD ONLY FIND 4 I DIDNT LIKE

I CAN ONLY FIND ONE LIKE I DO

MY FUTURE IS AT STAKE SO COULD YOU CHOOSE MY COURSES FOR ME AND LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU DECIDE ?

LONDON COLLEGE

MY SON THINKS HE WANTS LITERATURE BUT I THINK HE WOULD BE BETTER OFF IN ECONOMICS

I'VE FILLED IN ALL THE FORMS ALREADY SO I GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL STAY HERE

LE RCMP NE ME TROUVERA JAMAIS ICI !

AUTHENTIC QUOTES

I'M SO CONFUSED

FEARLESS

PRO TEM

POINTLESS-GUTLESS

Rabbit droppings

With so many inadequacies evident on campus: residences over a quarter vacant at a purportedly residential college, in a city with a shortage of good housing; the cleaning staff receiving oppressively low wages; and the faculty council operating during the summer without keeping student members adequately informed of important meetings (such as the one at which our second reading week was dropped); it may well seem odd that the year's first editorial should attack our fellow students.

Perhaps it is because we hopefully expect that the students council does not suffer under the established mediocrity of full time employment that we are so disappointed with their recent foray into pamphleteering. 'Revolutionary Rabbit' was truly an abysmal failure. At the production end, the typing was poor, the spelling weak, the reproduction sketchy, and the French worse. The title page, besides having the paper's first error in French, can only be described as amusing. It is safe to assume that the council's banner has no subtle meaning at least nothing evident to anyone not on a double hit of mescaline.

The document begins with a rather incomplete list of Orientation Week activities, continues with a discursive justification for student activism and ends with a pitiful summary of things to do in Toronto.

The council went for the READER'S DIGEST format of wildly diverging themes joined by telling quotes, stale witticisms and assorted reprints and ended up with a jumbled mess that said little and accomplished less.

The entire paper came out looking like a hurried, last minute, last chance effort at letting the student body know that the council still lives. But the end result is so weak it almost makes one wish that this were not the case.

Despite this ignoble beginning, the council has shown signs of real potential in the Orientation Week programme and by offering space and assistance to the South Asian Project under Stanley Burke.

We hope and trust that the students council will not let us down again and that they will try to translate some of their pseudo-radical carping into concrete proposals for action.

Glendon has seen enough of the kind of council which either contents itself with passive bookkeeping or which allows its grandiose plans to turn into mid-winter dust collectors.

J. Daw

PRO TEM

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OYP was not all roses

It was easy to like the Opportunities for Youth Programme. When Liberal backbenchers rant about public money being wasted on radicals, hippies, and even communists, you know that OYP must have at least had its heart in the right place. In fact, there are a number of good things to be said about the sole idea of encouraging people to develop useful community-level projects and giving them money to carry them out. One of the best products of this kind of programme is that the money sometimes helps people to organize effective protest against the government's inadequacies, stupidities, and outright shiteadness. The governmental practice of encouraging criticism of itself strikes us as a particularly healthy type of masochism — an enlightened practice reminiscent of the romantic days of the old CYC.

There was never a student summer job programme like it. Summer has traditionally been a time to earn your tuition and lose your mind. The Opportunities for Youth Programme not only allowed but demanded a certain element of creativity, at least in the development of projects. For this it is to be praised.

Of course we'd like to make some criticisms too. This rag would lose all of its doubtless enormous credibility with the revolutionary masses if it printed articles that just threw roses at government programmes. And Opportunities for Youth has been easy to criticize.

But the standard criticisms — those of the M.P.'s and the Tom Campbells and the above-ground press — neglected an impor-

tant point. Certainly there were processing delays, inadequate funds, dubious projects, and impersonal refusals, attributable mostly to governmental short-sightedness and general Cabinet ineptitude. However, critics generally failed to mention that, as a student-oriented programme, OYP was clearly geared to benefit those who are already members of an advantaged group. And of this advantaged group, it is only those who are able to return to school after making only \$900 in the summer who could afford to participate in the OYP programme.

To us this seems to indicate that the money may not have gone to those who needed it most. There are, doubtless, exceptions to this; some OYP projects did serve lower-income districts. Like the Youth Hostels programme, however, OYP was principally a response to demands from middle-class students.

The federal government clearly realized that it had to create programmes to improve its image among students. The student group, after all, has been an embarrassing source of radical criticism and a potentially effective challenge to government policies and politics.

Opportunities for Youth was no crude whitewash of the federal government's image. As far as it went it was a commendable programme.

But, as much as we are thankful for small mercies, we think that the Secretary of State and his Cabinet colleagues would serve youth better if they ceased equating youth with middle class students.

by Bob Gibson and Andrew McAlister

Otium Negotium

by Andrew McAlister

Learning is a beautiful thing. It's unfortunate that people obstruct and obscure it with silly hindrances like examinations and grades.

Perhaps the greatest frustration of university life is tearing yourself away from learning in order to search for, memorize, and puke material of sufficient superficiality that it can be reproduced in a short length of time. Or perhaps the greatest frustration stems from the destructive competition created and fostered among students by the rigid, pre-historic and, of course, totally useless grading system, which serves only to pervert the goals of education and to reinforce the quasi-feudal relationship between professors and students.

One of the absurdities of the present educational system is that it all but ignores the co-operative aspects of education. The acclimatization of students to thinking and working in isolation leads them to appraise the benefits of their education from a narrow, highly individualistic point of view. In this way, they are prepared for friction-

less assimilation into the groove of the working world. The compartmentalization of learning into fifty-minute periods in sterile cubicles from Monday to Friday in many ways parallels the environment surrounding the productive processes in the economic system. The educational system teaches, demands, and extracts conventional thinking which is compatible with other structures in society.

Learning is not something that can be achieved solely from consuming thousands of pages; it is a process of experiencing the entirety of human activity. To isolate part of that process and to evaluate it with a system of grades is not only completely impossible, but also absolutely bizarre. The originators and the perpetrators of such a system have in my opinion missed the point of education and confused the goals of learning, for unfortunately, the acquisition of marks often becomes the primary motivation for a student.

It is quite clear, however, that the compulsion inherent in the grading system is the poorest possible motivation for learning. It

Learning versus university

encourages lying, cheating and "getting away with" doing as little as possible. A healthy, rational education system would render these activities pointless by placing the emphasis on self-enrichment and community betterment. Examinations and grades which exist in order to "make the student work" seemed to be based on the deranged assumption that academic work is wholly unpleasant. Certainly some of it is in the short run, but I think that most people are far-sighted enough to see that all the benefits of education are not realized immediately.

I find it difficult to understand why students and educators alike have tolerated so long the perversities of examinations and grades. There have been encouraging signs in some high schools, especially in the Toronto area, that finally people have come to their senses.

Perhaps in a few years when the students who have experienced free education see the absurdities in the archaic universities, the roar of their laughter will crumble these peculiar inventions.

Fee hike causes residence vacancies

by DAVE JARVIS

Glendon's residences are starting the year off with over 120 vacancies. E house Wood and C house Hilliard have both been closed and there are over 30 additional vacancies in each residence.

According to Ian Gentles, Dean of Students and Principal Albert Tucker, the decline in residence applications is the result of the increased fees which range from \$1100 to \$1200. Many students, they believe, are not able to afford the new rates and have been forced to seek cheaper accommodation off campus.

At a meeting last year of college Masters, fees for all York residences were increased about \$200 to meet rising expenses. The increase, however, is having a serious deleterious effect on Glendon's competitive position vis-a-vis the market for student accommodation.

"The plain fact," says Gentles, "is that we have almost priced ourselves out

of the market for student accommodation."

Since last February both Tucker and Gentles have been attempting to have the new fees reduced. All their major proposals have been rejected by the administrators at York main campus.

The problem is not simply one of lost revenues.

"It's a far more serious matter than merely one of finances," says Tucker. "Resident students have a cohesive impact on the college and the commitment to its ethos." The decline in applications, he feels, can only be viewed as a departure from the total positive contribution resident students can make to the Glendon community.

The main campus must charge high fees in order to pay for mortgages and maintenance costs. Glendon has only a small mortgage on Hilliard residence to pay. Under the increased fees, Glendon, more than before, is subsidizing the main campus residences (particularly the graduate residences, which, according to Dean

Gentles are renting at 28% below their market value.

Tucker is certain that if Glendon could either reduce residence fees to last year's level or lower appreciably the cost of largely unfilled double-bed rooms, both residences could be filled.

Glendon senior administrator, Victor Berg, admits that the fees are "very high" and agrees with Tucker and Gentles that lowering them would probably fill the residences. But he says it would be unfair to students at the main campus if Glendon were to enjoy such a privileged position.

York administrators discount the importance of the financial factor as essential in the lack of demand and also the fact that Glendon is in a far more competitive

market for student accommodation because it is more centrally located in the city.

York administrators refuse to reduce fees at Glendon because it would mean that the main campus would have to again increase their fees further. Such an increase, Tucker was informed, could cause a vacancy rate at York of the same magnitude as at Glendon.

Tucker is being pressured by the York administration to allow non-York students to live at Glendon. He is reluctant to comply because it could mean over one third of the resident students here would be non-Glendon, non-York and have no incentive to contribute to the life and welfare of the college.

One area that could be reviewed, says Gentles, is the compulsory meal ticket purchased by all resident students. But he says, any positive action in this regard depends on the response of the entire Glendon student body.

Last Thursday Tucker obtained permission from York president David Slater to form a committee to look into the question of residence fees and the compulsory meal ticket situation at Glendon. It should be formed within the next two weeks. But little can be done about the existing state of affairs, says Tucker until the meeting of the college masters next January.

Right now he admits, "we're in a kind of a box and we just can't move".

Glendon CUPE strike uncertain

by PAUL WEINBERG

Will there be a strike by York and Glendon maintenance workers? "It's all up in the air", is the message from both Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE) representative Jim Anderson, and university negotiator Don Mitchell.

However from the caretakers, one receives the same militant message loud and clear: A significantly higher wage or Strike!

Don Mitchell criticized the September 8 Excalibur article ("York workers could strike over demands") as exaggerated and premature. He ruled out the possibility of a strike within 14 days because, in his words, it would be "illegal" as "the labour department's conciliation officer has not yet attended negotiation meetings. By law, a strike cannot be called until fourteen days after the officer has handed down his report."

Negotiation meetings with the officer begin next week and could conceivably last as long as a month.

Mitchell remained optimistic that the main stumbling block of wages, can be overturned. However, he refused comment to the question concerning the union's wage offer.

Negotiations have gone on since April in a series of nine meetings. The need of a conciliation officer from the provincial labour department suggests in itself a situation of much disagreement in spite of Mitchell's optimism.

York's 250 maintenance workers of CUPE local 1356 are asking for a raise from the present rate of \$2.50 per hour for men and \$2.06 per hour for women to about \$3.50 per hour.

CUPE's Jim Anderson commented: "All we are as-

king for is the same wage that maintenance workers receive in the public schools in this city." Mitchell has rejected this as a valid comparison.

The workers take-home pay of \$80 per week, or about \$5,000 per year is considered by many economists to be near the poverty level in Toronto.

According to Ashley Hayden of Glendon's cleaning staff "the workers have not received a raise since July 1969."

A five per cent wage increase was budgeted for by Glendon's administration. However this falls short of the union demands.

What if there is a strike? Would the university accept student scabs taking over the positions of striking maintenance workers?

Albert Tucker, in sympathy with the men, replied that he found the idea "distasteful". However, both Don Mitchell and Glendon Senior Administrator Victor Berg refused to dismiss if entirely in a hypothetical situation.

Berg vowed: "I am myself prepared to pick up the broom if necessary, to ensure that the college can function properly." He declared that since "education is a priority here", disruptions such as these, cannot be tolerated.

Mitchell also refused to completely rule out lock-outs in the eventuality of a strike. He described it as an unfortunate but legal means in a labour-management tangle."

Paul Johnson, president of the Glendon student council came out in favour of the workers. He denounced the university's position as an example of "bureaucracy willing on one hand to overcharge on residence fees but underpay when it comes to maintenance."



Albert Tucker



Ian Gentles



photos by NIGEL OTTLEY

Victor Berg

Frosh end 3 year slump

First year enrollment has increased at Glendon for the first time in three years.

The goal of 600 first year students, 400 in the bilingual stream and 200 in the unilingual stream, set last year by the faculty council has been reached and will probably be surpassed.

Applications to first year, which had shown a marked decline over the past three years, have increased in number substantially and other indicators seem to show that Glendon's ability to attract high school students is improving.

Glendon's first year bilingual stream has grown by 33 per cent, going from 301 in 1970 to 400 this year. Because applications and acceptances are still being processed, it is possible that there may be as many as 450 students in the bilingual programme after first year registration tomorrow.

An increase of 50% in the size of the first year bilingual stream would correspond to the increase in the number of applications received. Last year there were only 855 applicants to first year Glendon, but this year there were 1389 to the bilingual programme alone.

As shown by the statistics, Glendon's increased popularity is more impressive than that of the Faculty of Arts (FA) at the main campus. The number of FA applicants has only in-

creased by 17.8 per cent over last year.

41 per cent of the grade 13 applicants to Glendon listed it as their first choice while the FA figure was only 32.8 per cent.

Last year the concern was expressed that since enrollment was dropping each year some steps would have to be taken to improve Glendon's ability to attract grade 13 students and thus permit it to continue as a viable economic entity.

The practice of completing the college's quota of students by importing first year faculty of arts students from York main campus came under fire as it was charged that they were receiving an inferior education. York President, David Slater, informed the faculty council that they would have to devise a better method of solving Glendon's enrollment problems.

It was recommended by the academic policy and planning council that two new departments, Spanish and psychology, be added and that a second unilingual stream be instituted as a temporary measure to increase enrollment.

A large portion of the student body objected to the idea of the unilingual stream because they felt it was an abandonment of the aims of the college and it might hurt recruitment even more, especially among francophones applicants.

An extensive recruitment program was mounted by the school's liaison department

and by student volunteers in the hope that enrollment in the bilingual stream might increase.

The results seem to indicate that the addition of the unilingual stream has not harmed recruitment to the bilingual stream or among francophones.

The percentage of francophones within the college increased from 3.6 in 1968 to 12.3 in 1970 and with the addition of 25 new students this year it will probably rise again.

Glendon grant boosts French

Excalibur

Glendon's struggle for bilingualism continues thanks to a \$100,000 provincial grant. The college asked for the non-formula grant from the Committee on University Affairs to bolster the French programs at the college.

A recent decision created a unilingual stream in an attempt to salvage sagging enrollment figures. The grant enables Glendon to implement strong bilingual features in the college.

Francophones receive a special boon with a \$25,000 fund allocation for bursaries.

\$45,000 goes to Frost Library and \$25,000 to the French language training programs. \$5,000 is available for field study trips to Montreal and Quebec.

Everything you wanted to know about Glendon * but were afraid to ask

B-GI	GLENDON	DICTIONARY	Gr-V
<p>BELLE: (bel) 1. "What's your number?" 2. "You've got too much on your tray dear". 3. see VERSA SHIT.</p> <p>BERG, VIC: (burg, vik) 1. firetraps. 2. vandalism 3. Senior Administrator.</p> <p>BEVAN, ANDY: (be-van, ann-dee) 1. flowers 2. lost and found.</p> <p>BOWEN, SALLY: (sune salee), 1. Glendon Alumni cum advisor to freshman innocence. 2. Don of A House Hilliard. 3. Schools Liaison 4. mileage record holder for repartee about Glendon.</p> <p>BREMNER, NURSE: (brem-nur, nurs) 1. pregnancies 2. V.D. 3. Versa Cramps 4. "What can I do for you, dear?"</p> <p>CHRISTMAS BANQUET: (kris-mas bang-hikup-kwet) 1. rum and eggnog 2. Versa portions of wine. 3. good Versa 4. blue moon.</p> <p>COUSINEAU, DOUG: (Koo-zino, dug) 1. flunked out sexologist 2. recreational sex. 3. Sociology Department 4. dirty old man.</p> <p>CROAK: (croke) 1. second term highlight 2. smut 3. see NORTHCOTE, CHARLES.</p> <p>D.A.P.: (Dramatic Arts Programme) 1. college thespians 2. see GREGORY, MICHAEL, NORTHCOTE, CHARLES.</p> <p>DAW, JAMES F.: (daw, jaymz eff) 1. wishy-washy editor 2. Ashburn 3. see PRO TEM.</p> <p>DAY STUDENT: (da steward-ent) 1. brief cases 2. brown paper bags. 3. see TERRACE ROOM.</p>	<p>DIXON, MRS.: (dix-un, mis- ez) 1. resident mother for resident students. 2. upstairs in the infirmary. 3. see BREMNER, NURSE.</p> <p>D'OLIVERA, JOSS: (d'oliv- era, jos) 1. summer headaches 2. admissible and inadmissible 3. timetables 4. see BOWAN, SALLY.</p> <p>DON RIVER: (don river) 1. dwelling place of serpent. 2. see MARTIN, NICK 3. see MUNG.</p> <p>EXCALIBUR: (lo-calibur) 1. Social rag from the northern imperialist York. 2. Capitalist PRO TEM alumni. 3. see MICHALSKI, ANDY.</p> <p>FACULTY COUNCIL: (fuk-al-tee kown-sil) 1. teaching staff plus token student political elite. 2. academic trivia. 3. Rules of Parliamentary Procedure. 4. see MACKENZIE, ANN.</p> <p>FIELDHOUSE, PROCTOR: (feeld-hows, proktor) 1. popular jock hangout. 2. see DON RIVER. 3. see MARTIN NICK.</p> <p>GENTLES, IAN: (genitals, e-an) 1. wayward students, pie fights, midnight prowlers. 2. resides at end of Wood Residence. 3. Dean of Students. 4. See GENTLES, SANDY.</p> <p>GLENDON HALL: (glen-dun hol) 1. Symbol of bourgeois opulence, known as "The Palace". 2. Home of TUCKER, AL; Bookstore; Slaters office at Glendon; Students Council, Art Office, PRO TEM, Bank; Infirmary; PIPE ROOM, Terrace Room; Garbage Room, Art Studio; Other Art Studio; Mens' Washroom; PRO TEM Darkroom.</p>	<p>GREGORY, MICHAEL: (gre-gree, mykl) 1. Linguistics. 2. Z element of the English Dept. 3. see D.A.P. 4. See TUCKER, AL.</p> <p>JOHNSTON, PAUL: (jon-sun, pol) 1. "That's really heavy" 2. Revolutionary Rabbit of the Student's Council.</p> <p>MARTIN, NICK: (mar-tin, nik) 1. The Glendon legend. 2. Alumni returned to save the sinking ship. 3. see PRO TEM; FIELDHOUSE, Proctor.</p> <p>MICHALSKI, ANDY: (meek-halskee, an-dee) 1. term used only in bad ethnic jokes. 2. former opinion leader of Glendon College 3. see PRO TEM; EXCALIBUR.</p> <p>MUNG: (mung) 1. see DON RIVER; MARTIN, NICK.</p> <p>NORTHCOTE, CHARLES: (northcote, charlz) 1. thespian entourage leader. 2. magnificent bottom 3. see D.A.P.; CROAK; PIPE ROOM; TERRACE ROOM.</p> <p>NEMNI, MONIQUE: (nem-nee mon-ee) 1. little tyrant in charge of course which makes you bilingual. 2. see blue moon, CROAK.</p> <p>PILLEY, C.A.: (pillee) 1. receipts. 2. Student Loans. 3. personally responsible for losing your application forms.</p> <p>PIPE ROOM: (pipe rume) 1. as in water and not hookah. 2. small time thespian hangout. 3. see GREGORY MICHAEL; GLENDON HALL.</p> <p>PRO TEM: (pro tem. L. for the time being) 1. enlightened student journalism. 2. former revolutionary hot-bed 3. see MICHALSKI, ANDY DAW, JAMES F.; GLENDON HALL.</p>	<p>QUIXLEY, JAMES: (kwiks-lee, jaymz) 1. keeper of the Glendon book.</p> <p>RESIDENT STUDENT: (re-zident stew-ent) 1. first year students, rich upper level students, French Canadians 2. see VERSA SHIT.</p> <p>REID, ESCOTT: (reed, es-cot) 1. founder of the nebulous Glendon ethos. 2. first Glendon principal. 3. "You can't make a revolution with just fire in your bellies". 4. see VERSA SHIT.</p> <p>ROSS, MURRAY G.: (ros, mu-ree ge) 1. first president of the imperialist York University.</p> <p>SLATER, DAVID: (sley-tur, dey-vid) 1. president of all the surveys from the top of the Murray G. Ross Humanities Building plus our exploited colony to the south.</p> <p>STUDENTS COUNCIL: (stew-dents kown-sil) 1. recipient of part of your tuition fees. 2. leader-servants of the student body. 3. see JOHNSTON, PAUL; GLENDON HALL.</p> <p>TERRACE ROOM: (tare-ass rhume) 1. student oriented food. 2. cultural centre. 3. coffee shop cum occasional pub. 4. see GLENDON HALL.</p> <p>TUCKER, AL: (tucker, al) 1. Glendon principal. 2. resides in local palace at the top of the red carpet. 3. see GLENDON HALL 4. a human in a high place.</p> <p>VERSA SHIT: (mung) 1. expensive yet bland. 2. starchy yet greasy 3. fattening yet stale. 4. consistent but mediocre. see MUNG; BREMNER, NURSE.</p>

The Glendon system for fun and profit or The pros are the ones with the old cars

By STEVE MEEK

To quote Al Tucker at last year's Spring Convocation "All Glendon is divided into three parts; the Academics (which way to the Cafe de la Terrace); the Jocks (Give 'em the mung - the mung - the mung; Give 'em the mung - the mung - yeah!); and the Politicoes (what daya mean P. Johnston (I) is a hippie wierdo freak?)"

So much for basics, (Breck, Born Free, or Great Body; this is a multiple choice question.) The far more reaching aspects of the dilemma (lourd, lourd) are, of course, the fragmented schisms (pas de moyen) within the system as a whole. (Or is that hole? mail your answers to "Holier Than Thou"/o Miss Poison (2) Pen PRO TEM. The winner will receive a two weeks, all expenses due, stay at the Main Campus.)

Let us consider the problem groups alphabetically, starting with the Academics (I watched Sesame Street all summer, what did you do?) This group is alleged to be the main reason behind Glendon's being here (isn't it Ian Gentles and the frogs?). However, they are fundamentally divided as to what they do here. First you have the serious Academics; the ones who actually possess real live text books, and know by sight the inside of lecture hall 129.

1. by acclamation; head bridge player with an eye on Tucker's office.
2. see: "Oedipal Flirtation leads to Frothy Dream", PRO TEM, March '71.
3. "Dramatic Arts Programme" as opposed to "Damned Arty Prick"

On the other hand (à la gauche) are what are commonly known as the Artsies, or, at Glendon, the D.A.P. (3) people. These are the inhabitants (are they bilingual too?) of the Pipe Room, that extravagant setting used for mini productions and Boite de Chansons (gee, they must be French, or at least franglais). However, the major contribution of the D.A.P. is the major production (no, not the Christmas Banquet, not even Monte Carlo Night) wherein a goodly (in numbers, nothing else) portion of the male members of the college get to get together (huh?) and really enjoy (tournez sur) wearing Lady Patricia Panty Hose (4) and gold gottchas (loin d' hours).

Next on the list are the Jocks (disgustant). The Jocks (5) are easily recognizable around campus for at least three reasons: 1) A Jock will laugh, unprovoked, at Croak. 2) A Jock knows it as Proctor Fieldhouse, not the building where you register. 3) A Jock could organize a Boat Race in the middle of the Sahara.

The Jocks, however, are not merely decorative (does that mean they pose a lot?) and have contributed much to Glendon's way of life. For instance (visit their own Brewer's Retail at Bayview and Eglinton) they have given us such folkisms (as opposed to orgasms) as "mung", "Viet Squirrel", "Cap'n Scurvey", and the beloved "Masked Beaver and Captain Bourgeois". Finally, a last, huzza huzza, we come to the

4. there is no truth to the rumours going around about Quince and Demetrius and a certain party in St. Catharines!
5. so named because of their relations with the Scotch.

third major Glendon Group (voyageant), the ever popular Politicoes! But even they are not coming together as a group (6). There are in turn three groups of Politicoes; the real live political workers (T.K. Olsen is alive and well and living on Viewpoint), the York Homophile Society (are they uni- or bi-lingual?), and of course, the Women's Lib (careful, they're definitely bilingual, and instructive (7)).

The Politicoes are, alas, not a vocal group on campus (their record isn't too good to dance to). The Homophile Society is Mainly Campy, rather, Main-Campus, and the real live political workers tend to work behind closed doors in smoked filled rooms (like first floor 'C' House, Wood).

The only group in evidence is led by Sally McBoobs, (King of Women's Lib). She has a couple of good points in her favour (droit sur, poulette) and she and her cohorts can always be counted on for fun and games with their water pistols (8).

This is but a primer course in the Glendon family units. Hang in there (calm down you yo-yo's) and you, too, may learn to tell a Politicoe from an Artsey by sight - taking it for granted, that you, too, are totally unprejudiced.

6. "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex - but were Afraid to Ask" pg. 132
7. I held a door open for one once, and she informed me "poussez-la".
8. Not to mention the multiple uses of brown shoe polish, baby oil, and peanut butter.

It's how white you play the game

by NICK MARTIN

They called him Marlin the Magician in 1968, when first Steve Tensi, then John McCormick, and finally Jim Leclair were knocked out by injuries, and the Denver Broncos in desperation handed the quarterback job to rookie Marlin Briscoe.

He was a total unknown, a 14th round draft pick from tiny Omaha University, and the Broncos had no intention of playing him as quarterback; they planned to convert him to a running back before injuries forced them to make Marlin Briscoe the first black quarterback to ever start a National or American Football League game.

In what remained of the season, Marlin the Magician dazzled opponents with his scrambling, gambling style, finishing 7th in passing and throwing for 14 touchdowns, only one less than Joe Namath did with 140 more passes.

Yet the next season, the Broncos brought in Pete Liske and Alan Pastrana to quarterback, and released Briscoe to the Buffalo Bills. Buffalo had been so hard hit by injuries to their quarterbacks the year before that they had finished the season with reserve flanker Ed Rutkowski in the pivot. But, even with these severe injury problems, the Bills converted Briscoe to a wide receiver, and like so many black quarterbacks before him, Marlin the Magician's quarterbacking aspirations became a dim memory, the victim of the myth of racial equality in professional sports.

It is a myth born in the 40's, when Jackie Robinson and Kenny Washington burst out of the UCLA backfield, Robinson to break major league baseball's colour bar, Washington to integrate the National Football League. Since that time, Americans have deluded themselves into believing that professional sports are a showcase of equality and fair play, but in many ways, the situation is now worse, for the blatant hatred of the Mississippi red-neck has been replaced by the silent prejudice lurking behind the patronizing smile of the not-on-my-block liberal.

Until the 40's, blacks were simply barred from competing alongside whites. But now the colour bars are gone, and no professional baseball, football, or basketball team is without blacks on its roster. But where a black may play, and what he can or cannot do, is all too evidently spelled out in pro sports' unwritten laws.

If one accepts the premise that blacks are as physically capable as whites are of playing every position on a football or baseball field, then what other explanation but prejudice can explain what is happening in the big leagues?

Equality a myth

Pro football's positions divide into two categories, the first requiring natural playing ability, the second, including such positions as centre, guard, quarterback, linebacker, and free safety, requiring both superior physical and mental abilities. It is the players in the latter category who man the positions of team leadership and who bear the brunt of the responsibility for the team's success or failure. But, although 217 of the first 260 players selected in last winter's college draft were black, and roughly a third of the players in the NFL are black, the positions of responsibility and leadership are manned almost totally by whites.

You can name Eugene Upshaw, but then you will search for a long time before you find another black guard in the NFL. Nor will you find a black snapping the ball, for the NFL's 26 centres are all white.

Only 3 blacks play the defence's glamour spot. Middle linebacker: Willie Lanier Garland Boyette, and Jamie Rivers. Only a handful play

outside linebacker: Fred Carr, Dave Robinson, Ray May, George Webster, Bobby Bell.

Cornerbacks and weak safeties have a relatively simple task: cover one man or one area. But the free safety must be able to diagnose where the ball is going long before it is thrown and be there waiting to help out when it arrives. The cornerbacks and weak safeties in the NFL are nearly all black; the free safeties, Larry Wilson, Jerry Logan, Johnny Robinson, Dick Anderson, Paul Krause, Steve Tannen, Ritchie Petitbon, Eddie Meador, are mostly whites.

Blatant prejudice

Surely it is more than a fantastic coincidence that of the hundreds of blacks playing in the NFL only a tiny handful are in positions of leadership and responsibility. If Willie Lanier can be a star at middle linebacker, Gene Upshaw at guard, Willie Wood at free safety then why aren't other blacks also playing these positions?

The answer is prejudice, a prejudice that dictates that blacks are incapable of leading and unfit to accept responsibility, coupled with a fear that white players and fans would not accept blacks in these roles.

Nowhere is that prejudice more evident than at quarterback, the position of supreme glamour, supreme leadership, supreme responsibility. Of all the black quarterbacks that U.S. colleges have produced in the last three decades, you can count on one hand those who played even a single down as big league quarterback. The rest, Willie Wood, Jimmie Raye, Bobby Smith, Darryl Johnson, and many others have been either cut or converted to running backs, wide receivers, or cornerbacks.

Of course, the same thing has happened to many white college quarterbacks, such as Paul Hornung, Ed Podolak, Tommy Pharr, Dale Hackbart, and Dan Reeves; many college quarterbacks are superior athletes playing the position principally for their running ability, whose passing arms are not of NFL quality.

But what has happened to some white college quarterbacks has happened to practically every black college quarterback.

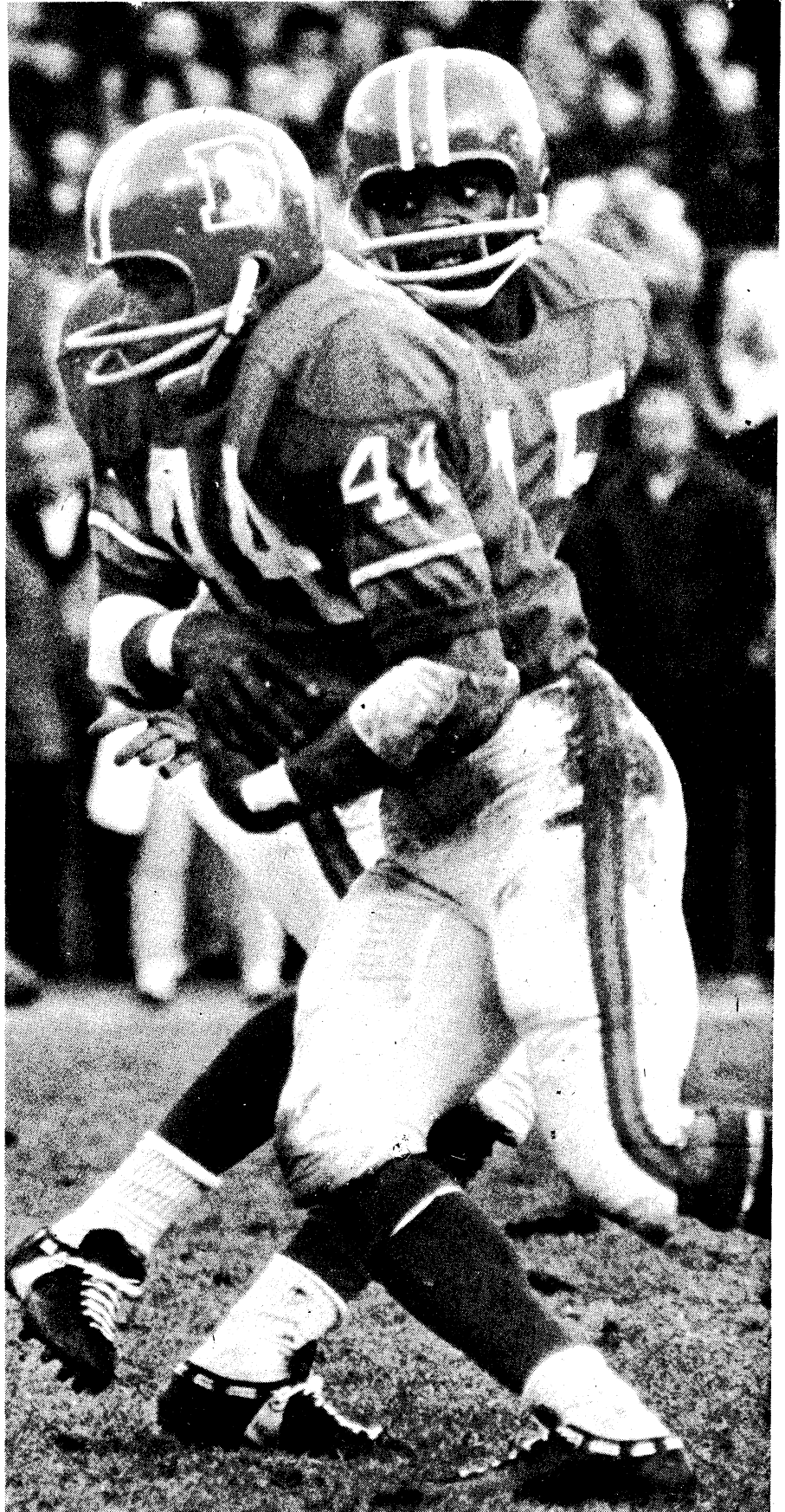
There have been very few exceptions, and what has happened to these exceptions is no cause for self-righteous beating of the NFL's breast.

From the time in 1953 that Willie Thrower saw a few minutes of action as a Detroit reserve quarterback, no black led a major American team in league action until Denver was forced to play Briscoe.

Hank Washington was signed by the New York Giants, but although he was outstanding with their minor league affiliates, he never played in Yankee Stadium. Three years ago, the Boston Patriots got a lot of publicity by signing Onree Jackson. The publicity harvest was reaped, and Jackson was gone.

Two years ago, Buffalo took James Harris of Grambling in the later rounds of the draft. Harris proved to be so outstanding in his exhibition appearances that he wrested the starting quarterback job away from Jack Kemp and Dan Darragh. The next season, although they were desperate for help at practically every other position, the Bills used their second draft choice to pick Dennis Shaw, a white quarterback. Shaw became his conference's rookie of the year, and Harris is back on the bench.

Two years ago, to the fanfare of trumpets and the flash of strobe lights, the Oakland Raiders announced that they had used their first draft choice to select Tennessee A&I's black quarterback, Eldridge Dickey, a man they intended to develop into the NFL's first full-time established black



quarterback. On a later round they took lily-white Alabama's Ken Stabler. They say it takes five years to properly develop a professional quarterback, and really determine if he has what it takes. Today Ken Stabler is receiving that tutelage; Eldridge Dickey is a second-string wide receiver.

Dave Lewis, the only black among the NFL's 50 punters and placekickers, is listed as the Cincinnati Bengals' 4th-string quarterback.

Baseball, despite the overwhelming sociological benefits of the Jackie Robinson case, has no more right than football to feel overproud of its treatment of blacks.

Handful of pitchers

Catchers and pitchers are baseball's equivalent of the quarterback. There are black pitchers, but the catch is that they are nearly all outstanding: Bob Gibson, Fergie Jenkins, Vida Blue, Dock Ellis, Juan Marichal. In considering the proportion of blacks to whites in the big leagues, you would expect some 70-80 black pitchers. The true figure is less than 25.

By the same logic, you would expect at least 20 black catchers. There are 5: Manny Sanguillen, Hal King, Earl Williams, Elrod Hendricks, and Paul Casanova.

The conclusion is inescapable: unless a black is demonstrably superior to a white, he will not stand in the middle of the diamond, the centre of attention, the most important figure on the field, the

man around whom the game revolves and on whose shoulders rides victory or defeat. A black with run-of-the-mill major league pitching ability will not make it, because there are more than enough run-of-the-mill white pitchers to go around.

The inequality goes beyond the players' benches. In the NFL, major league baseball, professional basketball, there are virtually no black umpires, referees, or other game officials. With the exception of playing-coach Len Wilkins of the Seattle Supersonics of the National Basketball Association, where blacks now constitute a majority, no black holds a head coach's job in professional sports or the 120 universities in the NCAA's major college division. And significantly, although most baseball and football teams now include a token black on their assistant coaching staffs, no team employs two black coaches.

Until the 1940's, prejudice denied that the black athlete even existed. Today he is recognized, but he is recognized as a man recognizes a thoroughbred race-horse. The black is treated as a prize stud whose superhuman body is to be exploited; a man unfit for authority, a man unfit for leadership, a man unfit for responsibility.

Professional sports have a long way to go yet before they achieve equality, for what is the greater prejudice, to deny a man's existence, or to deny his manhood?

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Stanley Burke at Glendon

by Dave Jarvis

Stanley Burke, one time news commentator for the CBC, has been given the use of several students council offices at Glendon.

Burke, who resigned from the CBC to aid starving Biafrans during the conflicts in Nigeria, says the offices will serve as a co-ordination centre for the South Asian Project for East Bengal relief.

According to Burke, the food situation in strife torn East Bengal is rapidly approaching crisis proportions.

The Bengalese, he says, are the closest nation in the world to the margin between a subsistence level of food supplies and national starvation. The nation enters into the famine period within weeks. So unless something is done soon, their dwindling food supplies will be exhausted.

While much attention has been paid to the 8 million refugees to India, says Burke, virtually no one has been concerned with the plight of those still in East Bengal.

The purpose of the project is to co-ordinate the provision of food and medical supplies for the starving millions.

The Bengalese food supply has reached a critically low level after three consecutive interruptions in the food harvest.

Compounding the gravity of the situation, adds Burke, is the fact that West Pakistan military activity has not only destroyed many of the remaining crops and food supplies but is interrupting the shipment by boat of relief supplies.

Over one and a half million tons of food are needed by the end of the year. The present level of 80,000 tons of food a month must be increased to 200,000 to prevent a major disaster. Food experts, Burke adds, have predicted there could be millions of deaths if this quota is not met.

Besides co-ordinating the relief supplies Burke plans to set up a documentary film, hopefully financed by students councils across Canada, to examine the legal background of the East Bengal conflict.

It is planned the film will consist of a conference of the International Commission of Jurists with headquarters in Geneva.

The authenticity of an independent film, Burke believes, should give the commission's findings a "real impact" on the North American public and in turn on their governments.

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US2

Pious porn petrifies populace

by ELIZABETH COWAN

It's possible - someone once remarked - that pretty girls do marry wealthy octogenarians for love, but if that is the case, why don't pretty girls ever marry poor old men?

The same principle applies to movie-makers. They may be absolutely sincere when they lay claim to the noblest motives of social redemption in producing films about twelve-fingered lesbians, and little boys with leather underwear, and men who stretch their wives out on racks before indulging in a spot of slap and tickle. But why don't tamer fields inspire this urge to Make a Statement?

The ads for Ken Russell's latest meander down the shady by-ways of Psychopathia Sexualis are prim enough for "Lad, a Dog", and loaded with reproach for all us porno-freaks.

"The Devils ... a serious attempt to portray an authentic historical happening ... thoroughly researched ... carefully documented... we hope the audience will consist of people prepared to treat this work with the respect and thought it deserves ... " and so forth.

It wouldn't do to doubt their word - perhaps the theatre managers really want thrill seekers to stay away, preferring to sell three tickets a night to the thoughtful few in search of redeeming social importance.

In which case, they need our sympathy. The thoughtful few are going to be swamped in the crush of the lip-licking many. Because "The Devils" carefully sugar-coats its authenticity and earnestness with lots of lively porn.

The odd thing is that Russell, who made one of the genuinely erotic films of all time in "Women in Love"

seems to have decided that good old run-of-the-mill sex isn't sufficiently sugary. Just a man and a woman, or a man and a man, or even a man and a horse, isn't going to hold the attention of all us thoughtful moviegoers - and perhaps there isn't enough social comment, even in a man and a horse. Pain is the important aspect. Pain and humiliation and misery.

Russell has evidently adopted the maxim of a stag-movie producer quoted a few months ago in the Globe: "Anything that treats women like pieces of meat will sell." "The Devils" should sell like fury - there isn't a female in it with ideas above her navel.

To be fair, though, the women aren't the only meat - Oliver Read has a very convincing scene as an over-barbecued chicken.

He's burned at the stake, you see, and turns black, and bubbles melting fat, and all sorts of carefully documented things. Vanessa Redgrave, exquisite even as a hunchbacked Mother Superior, endures a lot of equally uncomfortable treatment. In fact, scarcely anybody involved, including the audience, escapes without misery, not the least of which is the sanctimoniousness of Russell's directing.

There might well be a message to be conveyed in a story of the conflict of body and spirit in lives devoted to religious service; but religion has replaced sex as the Great Taboo, and none of the innumerable nuns and priests and prelates in "The Devils" seems to have any connection with spiritual matters. Christianity is just sublimation, proclaims Russell; what they really want is sex, with sadism thrown in for titillating.

Apparently he's also decided, but secretly, that that's all moviegoers want too - and he's probably right.

But why pretend to be concerned with Deeper Issues? Forget the pieties, Mr. Russell, admit you married the old goat for his money.



New look at old Canadiana

by ELIZABETH COWAN

Here's a stumper for a Can. Lit. quiz: who was the only Canadian novelist to become a millionaire through his writings? No, not Leacock, not Service, not Richler, not Leonard Cohen.

It was the Rev. Charles Gordon, better, though not much better, known nowadays, as Ralph Connor. The number of people under sixty who have read "The Sky Pilot", "The Man from Glengarry", "Black Rock", or "Glengarry Schooldays", is small indeed. They aren't on the curriculum of any grade school, they certainly aren't touched on in university courses, there are even public libraries that don't carry them.

This is cultural spinelessness on a grand scale. Connor's novels set forth the most vital aspect of Canada - that we are the last nation with a frontier, the last to remain undomesticated over vast areas. In his day, the frontier was closer, the wild lands were still to be found south and east of Ottawa, and civilization meant building churches, not pipelines - but it is all a part of us, the largest piece in our cultural mosaic.

Furthermore, everything he wrote is good reading. The style is unfamiliar, the staunchly Presbyterian interpretation even more so, but every archaism adds to the charm. To take "The Man from Glengarry" as an example, the plot is episodic, demanding rather more imagination than a compulsively detailed modern novel; the characters are unfolded through their actions rather than through painstaking Freudian analyses; and the sexual undertones are just that - not a single throbbing thigh in the whole book.

Ronald, the hero, works his way for the love of a simpering big-city tease, from poor Ontario farmboy, to lumberjack, to surveyor for an (already) American-owned timber company in northern B.C. On his way up, he meets every possible Canadian, British and American archetype, including Sir John A. Macdonald, loses his sweetheart; and retains his soul.

It would make - as would any of Connor's books - an exciting series for television; one that furthermore would be really truly Canadian, which seems to be the desideratum just now; and yet the C.B.C. ignores this gold mine of material to pour hundreds of thousands into a mini-Saga about those totally Merrie English Whiteoaks, who only settled at Jalna because they were assured no non-British would be allowed to buy land in the area.

Even for a country so fond of kicking ourselves in the shins, it is baffling that we so easily neglect our own talent. Ralph Connor is no means Canada's Milton, but he might be our Mark Twain if we gave him a chance.

Old west bites dust

by NICK MARTIN

"We sound like bad men," says Doc Holliday. "We are," replies Wyatt Earp, and therein lies the plot of "Doc", the most iconoclastic of the new wave of westerns and the best of a trio of recent westerns.

A "Little Big Man" without the laughter, "Doc" attacks the myth of the American west and reveals the feet of clay of its heroes. Wyatt Earp is no longer the Hugh O'Brian deity who drank only milk and shot only to wound, but the consummate back alley politician, lusting for power, hiding a killer's heart behind a badge. Harris Yulin plays Earp with a calm unspoken evil unmatched since Jack Palance created the definitive gunfighter in black in "Shane".

Stacey Keach brings the same quality of menace to Doc Holliday, the dentist gunfighter who had helped Earp tame Dodge city. Realizing the purposelessness of his life as he slowly dies of consumption, Holliday nevertheless helps Earp to manoeuvre the disreputable but basically honest Clantons into the gunfight at the OK Corral, so that Earp can legally murder them and enhance his election campaign for sheriff of Tombstone.

Faye Dunaway, as Kate Elder, brings new life to the prostitute with a proverbial heart of gold. The dialogue, particularly the exchanges between Keach and Dunaway, is the earthiest, and best, heard in a western, in many years.

Unlike recent bloodbath westerns, "Doc" is short on violence and long on superb characterization. It

is a fascinating study of politicians everywhere who use legal violence for their own gain, and of the people caught in the middle of these ploys; but more than that, it is a devastating analysis of the men of violence, the killers, from whom America fashions its gods.

"Lawman" aspires to these same goals, but bogs down in a morass of clichés. Lee J. Cobb is the powerful rancher whose men accidentally killed an old man during a drunken spree in another town. Robert Ryan is a sheriff bought and controlled by Cobb, and Burt Lancaster is once again a stubborn marshal determined to bring the men to trial dead or alive. With such talent available, "Lawman" has great potential but none of the characters is any more than a stereotype, and this promising tale of the lawman as hired killer just ends up shooting blanks.

"Big Jake" is a John Wayne picture... what more needs to be said? Richard Boone and his gang of cutthroats and ne'er-do-wells kidnap Wayne's grandson, killing a dozen innocent people in the process. The Duke wasn't there to prevent it because he had left wife Maureen O'Hara 15 years before; he's done this to Maureen in so many previous movies that they never bother explaining why he left this time. Two hours and much spilled blood later, he recovers his grandson.

"Big Jake" is enjoyable, as are all of John Wayne's movies, and is one of his best in recent years. But the film, like the Duke himself, is an anachronism, as it tries to perpetuate the myths which "Doc" so ably punctures.

PRO
TEM

Staff
Meeting

Wed. 4 pm

EVERYONE
WELCOME

Exclusive Bishop interview!

Jocks take over campus on Saturday

By NICK MARTIN

Athletic Director Wayne Bishop says Glendon will have the best sports programme ever this year. "We're going to have our best sports programme ever this year," Bishop said in a statement which we completely distorted out of context.

The jocks take over the campus on Saturday, with Versafood helping out by serving lunch at the field-house. There'll be co-ed flag football, with Raquel Welch on hand to demonstrate the bump-and-run. Not only that but pushball, egg tossing, swimming and a dance too.

"And tell them I told you about the annual greased pole contest and the tug of war over the Don, 'cause I want my name in the paper too," adds Women's AD Anne O'Byrne.

Everybody is welcome to come down and participate, and get a look at the Proctor facilities. Do you know

that Proctor contains two gyms, a pool, tennis courts, a rink, a weight training room, and squash courts? You didn't know that? How'd you ever pass your entrance exams if you're that stupid, you dumb #\$\$/&*?

Glendon has an outstanding programme, offering intramural competition and qualified instructions in dozens of sports. Various clubs will be initiating their activities by early October, including squash, badminton, judo, fencing, ping pong, swimming and diving.

"We'll be starting archery lessons, too," claims a bowman dressed in green velvet who lives in the forest with a group of men reputedly inclined to be merry.

Two new activities are being added this year, golf instruction in the fall, and snowshoeing in the winter. "Avast ye swab!" announces Cap'n Scurvy of the pirate ship the River Crab, "Me and me mates'll be holdin' int'reemural keelhaul'n on the Don this year for any bilge rat what's interested, ar-har!"

Curling starts in October, but... (pause for suspense)

only enough ice has been reserved this year to accommodate 48 people. If you want to curl, it'll cost \$20 this year, and you can sign up by contacting Wayne Bishop in the Executive Suite at Proctor.

If you'd like to help organize the sports programme, or earn extra money by refereeing ("I always likes to meet young folks interested in maintainin' law'n order, boy - Captain Bourgeois), contact Athletic Council chairwoman Muffy Macdonald or chairman Gary Young, who notes, "If you tell everyone I'm the new Big Man of campus, then I won't tell anyone who played goal in that 20-0 game last year."

The intramural season gets underway on Monday the 27th as the Glendon Football League kicks off its season (typical PRO TEM pun). A meeting will be held prior to that time to acquaint frosh with flag football rules.

Newcomers to the GFL should know that the purpose of the league, and of every sport at Glendon, is healthy recreation. Everyone plays to win, but victory isn't of paramount importance. You can't prevent anyone from playing, no matter how bad a player he may be.

This year, for the first time, faculty and alumni who have paid the athletic fee will be eligible to win intramural trophies, although school letters will be limited to undergraduates.

Powerful profs

The Fightin' Faculty have been installed by Las Vegas bookmakers as 2-1 choices to win the 1971 Grey Saucer. Breakaway threat Stan the Streak Kirschbaum has recovered from the injury that cost his team the title last year, and there are reports that legendary flanker Irving 'Golden Hands' Abella may switch to quarterback this year. Wayne 'The Galloping Kangaroo' Bishop will handle the punting chores again this season, while all-star snapper Meteor Michiel Horn recently told Howard Casell on Wide World of Sports that he's in great shape (Horn, not Casell).

Bishop is trying to play down rumours that the Viet Squirrel has been seen lurking on the edge of Glendon Forest. "The Masked Beaver has assured me that he will keep Proctor under his protection", claims Bishop, "but I'm afraid we can't guarantee the safety of anyone, such as crosscountry runners, who enter the woods."

Captain Bourgeois is extremely upset at the deci-



Viet Squirrel says: "You fascist two-legs can get equipment for dozens of sports at Proctor any time. Chee chee chee!"

sion of a number of world governments to recognize the squirrels as the legitimate government of Glendon Forest. "But we's always recognized them four chipmunks in the big oak behind Hilliard as the only gooks in the woods," lamented the Captain.

The Masked Beaver has sworn to take action against the furry pinkos. "Arritt dum dum huntsville cherry pie mun muga undula photogenic yegsotheth ayayiii!" vowed the Defender of Freedom, but of course, we'll just have to wait and pray

STOP THE PRESSES! (Oh, wow, that newspaper talk really turns me on). Former Glendon Gophers captain Wild Bill Wade has just been signed to a contract to play professional hockey in Holland this winter. Full details will follow in a future issue.

Terry Walker has returned to Glendon following a highly successful campaign in Europe last year. Terry will be available in Proctor to any frosh wishing to hear the Mel Famey story.

Free plug

Suddenly, Clark Kent ran into the phone booth to ... read the latest copy of TRUP a new Canadian magazine which features the hilarious new comic strip sensation 'Chucky', drawn by York student and former PRO TEM staffer, the beautiful and talented Elaine Freedman.

"The intramural golf tournament will be held on the 30th, with the school paying for the green fees." (From the top secret files of Wayne Bishop, smuggled to PRO TEM by Daniel Ellsberg who told us, "The people

have a right to know.")

Saturday's activities promise to get the year off to a great start. Come on down to Proctor, and get acquainted with Wayne (he's the guy wearing a tie) and Anne, and secretary Ruth Blackhall, and Don Hendry and John Bramberger down in the equipment room. As a prominent American sports fan recently told us, "Let me make this very clear, it's not as much fun as being in the army, but it is fun, make no mistake about that."

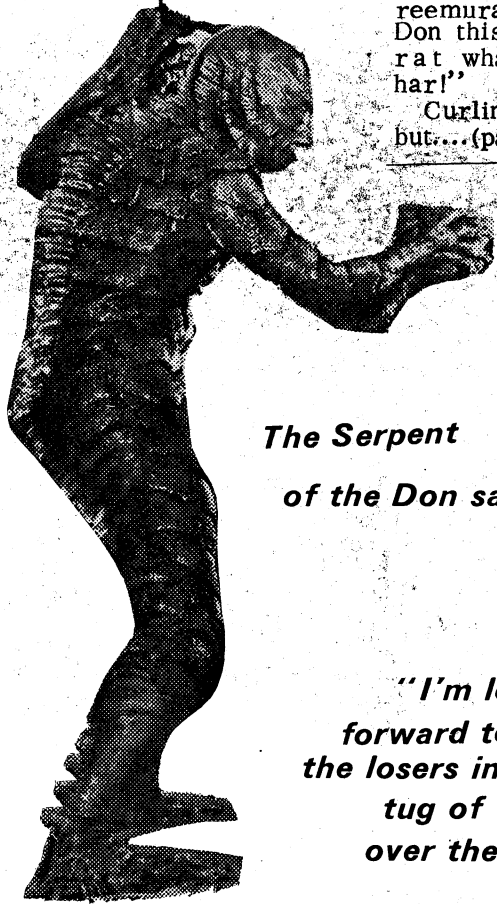
Serial chapter 23

As you no doubt recall, in our final chapter last spring, we had just finished trapping the Old Ones in another dimension, when suddenly, Eleanor Paul screamed, "Ohmigod look!" and she pointed to the front lawn of Hilliard, where a flying saucer was landing.

"Geez, they better move it before the guards see it, or they'll really get yelled at," pointed out Jim Daw.

We chorused our agreement, him being the editor and all, when suddenly Betsy Cowan screamed, "Ohmigod! It's opening up." And so it was ... We stood staring in terror, then slowly started forward.

Elaine Freedman said, "I suppose I'll have to go first - people expect so much more of you when you have naturally curly hair." But Captain Bourgeois shoved Marshall Leslie in front of her, saying, "No, gal, let the NDP'er go first. It don't matter if'n he gits kilt." And so we moved on, when suddenly Dave Jarvis screamed, "Ohmigod, look! Coming out of the saucer is -" (to be continued)



The Serpent
of the Don says:

"I'm looking forward to meeting the losers in Saturday's tug of war over the Don"

Who wants my job?

We bet you think we flunked again, don't you, you #\$\$/* commie creep? But we didn't, chortle guffaw! We made it this time, but our replacement has changed his mind, so we're making a comeback until we can find a steady job. Is anyone interested in taking over? Send your answers to Contest, c/o PRO TEM. (Winner gets a copy of Serge Colekessian's new political thriller, "Federalism and the French Armenian.")

In keeping with the findings of the government's Committee on Youth, we are pleased to offer you a chance to start at the top, without qualifications or experience. We're handing you the world on a silver platter, just the way you want it; you don't have to work for it, and you don't even have to threaten us with violence to get it. Whoever wants to be sports editor can have the job!!!

Any man or woman interested ("Them women oughter be at home cookin' an' sewin' an' raisin' kids where they belongs, boy" - Captain Bourgeois) should contact editor Jim Daw, or call 622-1689 and ask for Armpit.

- CLARK KENT

Free horror movies

Saturday at midnight, a pair of fright flicks are being shown free gratis in the Terrace Room of spooky old Glendon Hall. "Premature Burial", stars Ray Milland in a terrifying tale of a man buried alive, and the grisly revenge he takes (Oh wow, we're scared already!) What evil lurks in The Haunted Palace? Perhaps we were never meant to know ...

Friday night at 11:30, channel 7 has Peter Cushing in Evil of Frankenstein, with the lovely and ever popular Kiwi Kingston as the monster. While you're watching the climax, try and figure out how a stone abbey can burst into flames.

- COUNT YORGA



IN METROPOLIS, ONE DAY, THE DAILY PLANET'S REPORTERS LOIS LANE AND CLARK KENT HEAR THE DISTURBING NEWS...

Great Caesar's Ghost, Clark! Martin finally graduated, and we need a new sports editor!

Go find one!

Oh wow, chief!



WHEN HE IS ALONE, CLARK KENT WHIPS OFF THE OUTER GARB THAT HIDES THE HERCULEAN PHYSIQUE OF -- SUPERMAN!

Up! Up! and away!