

# WALKOUT POSSIBLE AT UQAM

MONTREAL (CUP) - Professors negotiating their first contract at the Montreal campus of the Université du Québec may go on strike anytime after today, following a vote last Tuesday for strike action.

Unionized faculty members — 53 % of UQAM's teaching staff — are disputing a contract extension to June 30, 1971, which was agreed on but never signed. A union spokesman says they are the only group of private welfare employees still without a contract in Quebec.

The major disagreement is over a non-monetary item and is based on widely differing concepts of faculty participation in administrative decision-making processes.

The university administration claims it is offering the professors a chance to take part in running the university. The union, refusing to accept their employers' concept of participation, are holding out for involvement in key decisions, not just routine administrative tasks.

The faculty members want a free rein in matters pertaining to hiring, firing, and granting of sick leave to teachers. The spokesman said the union's primary aim is "protection of the quality of teaching" at UQAM.

Other points of difference between the union and the university include job definitions, work loads of faculty members, and recognition of the union as the sole spokesman and bargaining agent for the teaching staff.

## A PLEA BY PROBE

by GARY O'BRIEN

Pollution Probe has called upon Glendon students to help make the environment a vital issue during the October provincial election campaign.

Speaking at a Thursday meeting in the JCR, Ann Rounthwaite, a Pollution Probe worker, outlined the strategy the organization hopes to employ to raise this question during the next month. Teams of students will be sent to all candidates meetings held in their ridings to question and record the individual candidates' environmental platform. Towards the end of the campaign the organization will then release to the press its own assessment of the candidates' sincerity towards this issue.

Miss Rounthwaite expressed hope that this project would not only educate the general public about important environmental problems but would also sway at least some voters to those candidates with good platforms and records regarding pollution.

Students interested in aiding Pollution Probe in this endeavor should contact the Students' Council as soon as possible.

# Pro tem

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Toronto, September 29, 1971



Meeting-Grenouille. *Tout ce qui grouille, gribouille, quelle importance!*

## Youth in towel tells of CIA in Quebec NDP

OTTAWA (Last Post) — Just after a meeting of the Waffle caucus in the Château Laurier hotel last April during the New Democratic Party convention in Ottawa, a conservatively dressed tall, thin young man with light brown hair approached a prominent official of the Quebec NDP.

The youth who had been around meetings of the Waffle and the Quebec party all through the convention (although nobody knew him except to say hello), said that perhaps the official could help him and asked whether they could get together. The official suggested he call him at his hotel room.

The youth called the next morning and the official invited him down to his room. He came in and almost immediately asked whether he could take a shower. A few minutes later, he emerged from the bathroom wearing only a towel.

Thoroughly suspicious, the official asked: "Is this some sort of gift from the RCMP?"

"You're used to this kind

of thing," the youth replied.

After that, the conversation got down to business. The youth wanted to know all about the Waffle and the Quebec NDP, relations between them, relations with the rest of the party, who made decisions, what their strategy was, what went on

## BOYCOTT AT REGINA

REGINA (CUP) — Students on the University of Saskatchewan Regina Campus are boycotting the main cafeteria on campus in an attempt to get rid of the operator of the cafeteria, Beaver Foods.

The cafeteria contract was granted to Beaver because the company promised that it could, because of its other food service operations on other campuses, buy the food at a much cheaper price than could the university.

This, however, has not been the case.

in meetings, and so forth. When the NDP official replied that most of this was public knowledge and meetings of the Waffle were public, the youth asked him who he thought he was kidding.

"We're not interested in separatism," the youth said at one point. "The RCMP are taking care of that quite well. We're interested in the other stuff." Later on in the conversation he said that 'we' referred to the CIA. He was an American working in Montreal and spoke only English.

To remove the official's doubts about who he was the youth told him two personal secrets about Quebec NDP president Raymond Laliberté.

The next day the official went to Laliberté and recounted to him what had happened. Laliberté was not surprised and said he was aware that the CIA was trying to infiltrate the Quebec NDP. He was naturally interested in what the secrets about him were and the official told him.

Laliberté turned pale.

## RADIO GLENDON DELAYED

Despite administrative delays, it appears that Radio Glendon will be operative within the next few weeks.

To begin with, Radio Glendon will broadcast primarily Radio York programs with one hour of Glendon material a day.

Arrangements between Radio York and the Glendon students' council were finalized some time ago, and this agreement communicated to Senior Administrator Victor Berg early in September.

Andrew Bevan, Glendon's campus superintendent, then wrote John Burke, news director at Radio York, requesting a meeting because as Bevan wrote: "There are points in your letter which are either unacceptable or impractical."

At a subsequent meeting here September 23, Bevan insisted that all installation be co-ordinated through his office, although this was agreed upon and no changes were made in the plans as outlined September 8, Bevan is now awaiting a second letter of intent from Radio York.

## VOTE ON SKI WEEK

An informal referendum will be held in the JCR this week by the student faculty council members.

At a faculty council meeting last May of which no student was aware or attended, it was decided that this year there would be one reading week at the end of February and one the week before exams in April. Last year there was a two week reading period with no classes the last week of February and first week of March.

The student members of faculty council agreed at a caucus meeting last week to review this decision.

The referendum this week is being held to determine which system the student body as a whole would prefer. Ballotting will take place in the JCR today from 11:00 - 2:00 and Thursday from 10:00-3:00.

## A win for students in Ec. 278

by ALLAN GRCVER

It was neither as an exciting nor dramatic confrontation as some students had seemed to hope, but none the less most left the class satisfied with the end result.

The issue was crystallized when Marilyn Gerriets, who will teach the first half of the cross-listed History, Economics and Social Science course "The History of World Economy: A Canadian Perspective", announced that the first term mark would be based upon a 60% in-class exam, 30% essay, and 10% seminar presentation.

She reasoned that many first year students would be too shy to speak up in seminars and would have a great deal of difficulty writing a major essay. She felt also that a high-percentage exam would induce most students to actually learn the material.

Many first year students, however, as well as the second and third year people enrolled in the

course were not prepared to accept this rational lightly. A small group was semi-organized to badger her out of her stated grading system at last Friday's lecture.

Mrs. Gerriets, however, effectively pulled the rug from under their feet by entering the lecture room prepared to be flexible.

It was decided after 40 minutes discussion that although the exam and essay would count for no less than 30% each, that the students would be otherwise free to select their own marking scheme. Further, by majority vote a take-home exam was decided upon.

And although at least one student attempted to enliven the discussion by terming it "a throwback of what has been achieved in the last five years", it was all relatively anemic stuff indeed.

Some students have chalked the incident up as a successful exercise in student power, others to an inexperienced lecturer. Either way, it seems clear that no important precedent was established in Economics 278.



Several ceiling tiles were broken in Glendon Hall last Thursday.

## Vandals insane

We were both disgusted and disappointed to learn of the incident of blatant drunken vandalism in the basement of Glendon Hall last Thursday.

After Talent Night on September 23, some fun-loving, ignorant, thoughtless boob punched and broke several ceiling tiles in the hall leading from the back entrance of Glendon Hall to the Terrace Room.

We consider such things as shoplifting and the destruction of public and/or private property unnecessary even under the rationalization of a fight against excessive private wealth, but this case amounts to little more than a fight against sane, rational behaviour.

Glendon Hall is a student centre maintained with student funds and managed almost exclusively by students. Glendon students guilty of destroying or defacing property within the building are doing nothing more than robbing themselves and their colleagues. There is no reason why this community should tolerate such behaviour.

Anyone who can provide information about the guilty parties in this incident are asked to inform either Ted Amsden, Doug Knowles or the students' council.

## Workers on boards

Now that a majority of students is convinced of the merits of democratizing decision making bodies, we should start lobbying for these rights at all levels. When the legislation of governing bodies influences individuals, they have a right to be represented.

With regard to the faculty council, this will involve cooperation with students at the main campus to cajole or pressure the Senate into changing its ruling of a 15% maximum representation.

It will also involve some hard work on the part of all student members on the council to demonstrate their responsibility, interest and ability at carrying out the tasks of the council.

But in addition to this, it will involve a demonstration of the students' commitment to the idea of democratic representation. We think that a good step in this direction would be to make provisions for giving the college's cleaning and maintenance staff representation on those bodies which affect their working conditions.

The residence council and other boards should investigate making it possible for a representative of the workers to participate in their decision making functions.

— J. Daw

## LETTERS

Dear President Slater:

We the under-signed, dons-in-residence at Glendon College, wish to register our protest against the current level of fees for the residences on the Glendon campus.

It seems that in raising the fees to as much as \$1200, the university has lost sight of an important economic reality: that for the Glendon student it is relatively easy to find other accommodations at a cost which is now significantly below that being charged in the residences. A policy which may be suitable for the York campus will have the effect of undermining residence life on this campus. We therefore hope, using a political analogy, that the government of the metropolis will recog-

nize the peculiar needs and problems of the colony, and will reduce the residence fees here to an economically more rational level.

Thank you for your attention to this letter.

Yours sincerely,

Sally Bowen	Rejean Garneau
Jill Wyatt	Ron Sabourin
Jennifer Rigby	Roger Gannon
Marilyn Smith	Mark Anderson
Ann Fawcett	Michiel Horn
Gail Cuthbert	

Dear Mr. McAlister,

### Otium Negotium

by Eduard Marcos

### Learning versus education

Yours in all sincerity,  
Eduard Marcos

## PRO TEM Staff Meeting Wednesday at 5:00 p.m.

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PRO TEM is the student weekly of Glendon College, York University, 2275 Bayview Ave., Toronto 317, Ontario. Opinions expressed are those of the writer. Unsigned comments are the opinion of the newspaper and not necessarily those of the student union or the university administration. PRO TEM is a member of Canadian University Press and an agent of social change. Phone 487-6136.

## Otium Negotium

by ANDREW McALISTER

It's of course quite easy to be cynical about human nature. People are always doing stupid, vicious and senseless things — like stealing.

The biggest problem, however, is not that some people do nasty things; the biggest problem is that all people are now treated as if they would do nasty things if they could and, therefore, they must be prevented or restrained.

A good example of this occurred a few months ago in the Toronto City Council. Someone thought that rather than spend their millions of dollars exclusively on more expressways, it might be a good idea to spend a little on bicycles. The plan entailed purchasing a fleet of a few thousand bicycles, painting them a distinctive colour, and leaving them around the city for people to use.

Everyone liked the idea. Bicycles are a clean, quiet, and relatively cheap mode of transportation, as well as being an excellent form of exercise. (They also encourage peo-

ple to talk to each other— something that automobile compartments do not allow.)

But then someone said, "We can't do that. All the bicycles would get stolen!" Everyone agreed, and that was the end of that. And so, a good idea was scrapped because we hadn't enough confidence in ourselves.

Perhaps they were correct. All of the bicycles might have been stolen, but we might at least have tried. How else will people ever learn?

When one examines the matter closely, it is easy to see why people don't know how to use free things. The society teaches them an individualistic, competitive approach to life. It's really no wonder that they are forever attempting to accumulate things by any of several means, stealing being just one.

It is of utmost importance that we give ourselves the chance to learn how live with a minimum of restrictions. For example, we could start with little things like the bicycle plan and then gradually more and more am-

## Let them ride bicycles

bitious schemes like the Rochdale experiment.

Of course there will be costs involved in putting these ideas into practice and making them work. Free articles will be stolen and free services abused, until people acquire a somewhat wider philosophical outlook on life. But people will learn. They will learn to conduct themselves in a more civilized fashion and they will learn to do away with barbarisms like chains and padlocks.

The urgency of finding solutions to these problems stems from the fact that our society is fostering increasing cynicism about man's nature and characteristics.

A bleak future will face us if we allow ourselves to become convinced that human beings are unable to rise above nasty things.

We have a lot of big, difficult things to do with this society but we can do little things, too, to give people a chance to learn not to be nasty.

Let them ride bicycles. For FREE.



**Save  
a fortune  
this year  
try COLES  
the book  
people!**

## The race in Don Mills *Kusner: liberalism is the answer*

by JAMIE DORAN

Michael Kusner is a liberal in the full sense of the word. He believes it is the only viable form of government for Canada and that is why he is running as the Don Mills Liberal candidate in the upcoming provincial election.

Kusner is the Director of the Urban Planning Department at Ryerson. His participation in urban planning includes four years service on the Canadian Mortgage and Housing Corporation as well as work in other countries before settling in Canada.

He is disgusted with the urban planning that has been carried out by the Conservatives and charges that "the bureaucrats are married to the politicians" after their twenty-six years in power.

Kusner promises to respect and encourage local autonomy in his reform proposals for urban areas. One of the first changes would be to restructure the electoral map, giving more representation to urban areas and less to the rural ridings.

When questioned about the Spadina Expressway, Kusner replied emphatically that rapid transit was not a substitute for expressway construction. He did not feel that the automobile and the urban core areas were incompatible; only that the cohabitation would have to be better organized.

On the subject of foreign control of our economy, Kusner cautioned that, "we need to play harder games with the Americans at the bargaining table." However he would not describe himself as "anti-American." He dismissed the N.D.P. solutions to our economic ills as being "impractical."

"Canadian people are in a mood for change as has been proved in recent provincial elections," Kusner pointed out. He interprets Robart's abdication from the Conservative party as a sign that they are crumbling from within.

The N.D.P. doesn't stand a chance of an upset in his eyes because "they haven't got a hope in hell of winning a rural riding."

His prediction for the election; "The Liberals will win," he says, "although we may only get a minority government, in

which case we would go to the polls again for a stronger mandate."

Kusner promises to hold a regular monthly meeting in the constituency after he's elected and help sponsor a riding office to act as an ombudsman to the electorate.

He hopes to break the bureaucratic stronghold in Ontario and replace it with a much smoother and more efficient operation.

He readily admits that his forté is in the bureaucratic arm of government but he maintains that a Liberal emphasis can make all the difference. It will be our prerogative to decide that at the polls on October 21.



*Michael Kusner hopes to win the Don Mills riding for the Liberals in the upcoming October 21 election.*

### ABORTION QUESTIONS?

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(201) 868-3745  
868-3746

9:00 A.M. to 7:00 P.M.  
Monday to Saturday

# Endangered species.



See anyone you know?

The life forms shown above could well be among those enumerated under the Provincial Endangered Species Act passed in June '71 — including perhaps the little fellow in the middle.

For when it comes to the problem of environmental management that's where man is — in the middle. Man created the problems and only man can solve them.

Fortunately for all species concerned, we have become increasingly aware of the ways in which untrammelled development, or simple neglect, threaten our environment and ultimately our well being.

Bill Davis is more than aware of this. He's getting action . . . to ensure that the government he leads will continue to be a leader in environmental protection.

The province of Ontario has already established some of North America's most comprehensive legislation in the area of pollution abatement: Legislation covering air, noise, and water pollution, international waters included; waste management in both municipalities and recreation areas; motor vehicle emissions; pesticide control — even littering.

Since assuming power last March Bill Davis has added to this legislation in a substantial fashion.

Logging was banned in Quetico and

Killarney Provincial Parks. Pits and Quarries were put under much tighter regulations — and banned altogether from provincial parks. The government got tough with industrial polluters. Project SWEEP was initiated — and citizen participation encouraged.

A Department of the Environment was established to effectively co-ordinate all government activities that relate to pollution control. And to assist smaller industries with the installation of control equipment, money has been made available through the Ontario Development Corporation.

Bill Davis believes in clean living — so we won't get caught in the middle.

**Davis is doing things...for people,  
their children and their children's children.**

Sponsored by the Youth Group for Bill Davis.

# They attend meetings, don't they?

by DAPHNE READ

One of the most astounding features of faculty council is that people actually attend its meetings.

Perhaps they enjoy the two-hour respite from the academic grind and the chance to concentrate on improving their artistic skills (doodling and contributing to paper pollution), exercising their great senses of humour and wit ("You can call Spanish GL050 Spanish GLpots-and-pans for all I care."), taking jabs at other departments with just a touch of malicious glee, snoozing or fanning the coals of the bilingualism-unilingualism debate.

## The people's report on Faculty Council

There was once a time when students were not allowed to sit on faculty council. (Most people would probably prefer a bed anyway.) But this changed in the fall of 1967 and a few students were appointed by students' council (now a dying body). The next spring a few students were elected to FC (faculty council to the serious.)

In the autumn of 1968, faculty council voted to hold open meetings with press coverage (the infamous PRO TEM).

Numerous objections were raised — too radical a decision! Senate will not approve (all bills passed by the FC must be ratified by the York Senate). One faculty member, perhaps in anticipation of the theatrical productions that would follow, suggested that members of the press should be required to obtain tickets to FC meetings.

One might be tempted to cry "undemocratic," "suppression of the freedom of speech," but that would be noise pollution as FC has since conducted open meetings with no admission requirements for reporters.

In the autumn of 1969, FC once again caused eyebrows to be raised. It became bilingual. Either of Canada's two official languages could be employed (although unemployment is still a major problem). This was most astounding in view of the college's aspirations to bilingualism.

With student representation, open meetings and two languages, faculty council seemed all set for production. There are ten standing committees (in response to the previous discussion on sitting).

The executive committee ensures the smooth functioning of other committees, refers matters to other committees after due consideration, and recommends the creation of new committees (this is suspiciously like bureaucratic structure...).

The academic policy and planning committee (better known as APPC) recommended the two-stream system and the institution of psychology and Spanish courses. As its name indicates, this committee is concerned with the implementation of the aims of Glendon College, and with academic structures.

The curriculum committee has lengthy discussions on course content and requirements but the knottier (or naughtier) question is course numbering (36-26-36 or GL pots-and-pans). For example, which courses will satisfy the Canadian content requirement for students in the unilingual stream?

The committee on academic standards is responsible for the academic rules and regulations published in the calendar. It also considers petitions which would establish precedents and require further definition of academic standards.

This committee, by the way, approves final grades in all courses.

The petitions committee would be ideal for Glendon gossips, but for the fact that its meetings are closed. Anyway, it considers all exceptions to the established academic regulations. Petitioners are obviously anti-establishment.

Other committees are the Committee on Tenure and Promotion (also private), the Nominating Committee, the Committee on minor research grants (for minors

It would be a most enjoyable experience for a linguist, disastrous for a sensitivity group leader, but it is just plain unsensational for a serious PRO TEM reporter. But perhaps that is the point faculty council is trying to make.

North American society takes itself to be just a bit too serious, can't - laugh - at - itself - sober, pious, intellectual ... aah, — Escott Reid and shades of élitism — how black thou art!

But under the relentless glare of an editor, one must produce copy, and this author tried, in all sobriety, to discover the facts about Glendon's faculty council,

that glorious governing body of academia. Few people knew, not even the student members — although there were a few exceptions; (Ah, the enquiring mind!) Why does it exist? Does it have a constitution? Or, to put it more bluntly, what does it do? Is one to believe that our highest legislative body lacks legality? Sweet mystery.

In despair, this PRO TEM reporter, aiming to please and feeling not unlike an innocent venturing into a hotbed of radicalism, searched the archives (that unprepossessing filing cabinet in PRO TEM's inner room) and discovered hitherto little-known facts.

*Last year I decided that I needed an outlet acceptable to my middle class values — nothing too overtly political like the students' council.*

*When I ran for faculty council I suppose that power had crossed my mind, but I was not long to discover that the profs had bought all the tickets for that trip.*

*I thought if I showed some interest in the academic life at Glendon, the profs would favour me when I asked for extensions at the end of the year. But the first time I stood up to speak, I blew everything.*



*That ended my more active role on the council. Now I just write Soc. essays about the effects of architecture on the dynamics of grope decision making. I still get things in my mail box — up until April at least.*

*I also find the chamber provides the one comfortable place to sleep in this academic environment. When I manage to keep my eyes open, I follow the professorial fashions — trendy yet passé*

*I suppose its all part of my training to become a member of the ruling elite as a mandarin in the civil service.*



only), the Bookstore and Library Committees (for majors in curriculum studies). Faculty council is itself a committee, created by the York Senate.

Students sit, or whatever, on all these committees.

One of the recurring themes since the first days of student infiltration of faculty council has been parity. Did you know that the quota of student members is 15% of FC membership? This means — take heed all ye democrats — that 18 elected students represent about 1250 students, while all full-time members of faculty and all part-time members with at least the rank of lecturer automatically sit on council.

Parity is one of those concepts power-conscious students like to mystify the masses with. Faculty council could be divided into three constituencies: administration, represented by department chair men, the principal and the director of academic services; faculty, and students, both these represented on council by equal numbers. This new representative government might be more efficient and less absentee.

FC meetings are held regularly. Although to a casual observer or, more to the point,

as there are few of the former, to an uninformed student, meetings might appear quite lax(ative), there is actually a document of rules and procedures, and in cases not covered by these, House of Commons procedure is observed.

Both members and non-members (discriminatory practices are gradually being eliminated at this small liberal arts college) are allowed to speak on all motions but non-members are not allowed to vote.

FC meetings are most fun when faculty council moves into committee of the whole and even greater relaxation is permitted. Members can speak any number of times, as opposed to the restrictive once in faculty council, and motions do not need to be seconded.

This self-styled people's committee to investigate the faculty council of Glendon College concludes its report with the following recommendation: that students should make every effort to attend these meetings, taking care to bring reclining chairs, artistic materials and all other aids to further their education.

In this way, they can greatly improve their minds and gain an idea of college government.

by Mary Stuart, Joan Andrew and Jim Daw

I WAS  
A LONER  
AS A  
CHILD.



DISTRUSTFUL  
OF STRANGERS.  
KEPT TO  
MYSELF.  
DIDN'T  
GET  
INVOLVED.



GOT TO BE  
AFFLUENT.  
FORCED  
INTO  
OBLIGATIONS.  
EVERYONE  
MADE  
DEMANDS.  
NOBODY  
GRATEFUL.



**Feiffer**

ENEMIES  
SURROUNDED  
ME.  
ATTACKED  
FROM  
WITHOUT.  
CONSPIRED  
FROM  
WITHIN.



ID GO  
MAD IF I  
DIDN'T  
FIND A  
WAY TO  
GET MY  
MIND OFF MY  
TROUBLES.



I KILL.



# An allegory for our times

from  
*Canadian Dimension.*

by JIM BACQUE

Sam was a violent redhaired man with a terrified little wife named Columbia and many mistresses who all lived with him and his fifty-one children in his splendid mansion on a great farm in the West. Sam got his farm when he fought his father, nearly killed him and took his land. Then he shot his Mexican neighbour to the south and stole half his farm; he raped an Indian girl and took her hunting grounds; for a long time he used black slaves in his fields. He even fought with his simple brother John who had the next farm north of his, and he grabbed off a nice pine forest by the mountains.

John was a big shy man with a bitchy wife, Quebeca, and ten children named Joey, C. Gert, Noob, Tory, Manny, Potasha, Oilbert, Wacky, Yukon Eric and Little Prince Edward. John and Quebeca quarreled so much that he often thought of divorcing her, but her dower was barred so he drank rye instead. They all lived in a rundown frame house that was always cold in the winter.

Sam worked hard, stole a lot, entered war contests and got rich. He had segregated colour TV, muscle cars, processing plants, mines, factories, and dams right on the farm. John used to stop his horse Nell by Sam's electrified barbed wire fence on the south field and look over at the huge tractors with tires twenty-five feet high, belching fumes onto his unsold wheat; he heard the screams of Sam's fifty-one children fighting and entering war contests; he glimpsed the muscle cars on the private drag-strip, and he took out his crock and drank too much and went home and spat on the stove. Quebeca stood with her hands on her hips and said "Maudzit anglais, hostie de tabernacle, get your manure feet off my kitchen floor," and the children who were all huge and stupid and ill-behaved hit him with broom handles and blew spruce gum bubbles in his face. John sat there looking and drinking rye.

One day Sam came over the lawn in his muscle car, ran over a chicken and stomped up to his brother.

"How about a cup of water, John. I'm thirsty as an Arizona cactus. My well's gone dry — the kids have pumped it all into the swimming pool." He looked around as John pumped the old hand well. "Jesus this is a lousy old dump you got here. Haven't even got nuclear fission electric power. Look at that." He gestured to the great cloud of fall-out over his own land. "Why don't you sharpen up here. I'll show you how an open-end triple-fee high-percentage draw-down closed-end leaseback sell-out fair contract."

John, who didn't understand a word, silently handed his brother a cup of water. Sam drank, put the cup in his pocket, and drove away over the lawn in his muscle car, thinking about the water he had not drunk.

Quebeca and the children all screamed at John the moment the muscle car had gone in its cloud of poison dust.

"Why don't we have muscle cars, factories, slaves and swimming pools, and why don't we ever enter any of those war prize contests too, Pop, you weakling?" They hit him with their balloons made of pig bladders; they bitched at him day and night, until he was almost mad. Then Quebeca said, "I've had it with you, Maudzit vaurien, I'm gonna cross my legs and take back my riverside hundred unless you get me some of that too." And John cracked.

He got behind Nell on the aristocrat — a gift from his father who despised democrats — and shagged down the road to Sam's. He had not visited his brother's farm for many years and he was amazed. At the gate was a huge collection of neon signs bright in the black smog: "Enter, Wrest, and Pay; Jesus Saves, Why Don't You? A Penny Saved Gets You a Million Bucks in an Undeveloped Country; Grab and Stash." Everywhere flew the Christian cross, the Star of David and Sam's personal flag, glorifying Mammon. Lynching posts, plastic apple pies, machine guns, electric chairs, test tubes, engines, dams, and frozen orange juice cans, along with red flamingoes — designed from memory — stood on the velcron lawn glorifying achievement. John was frisked at the gate, handcuffed and released on bail to see his brother. He went into the splendid building, named the Whiteman's House and saw Sam seated at his desk.

"Boy Sam, you've really fixed up the place."

"You buying or selling, John?"

"It's not what I want, it's what Quebeca and the kids want," John said diffidently, "muscle-gums, bubble-cars and that."

"So? Go get 'em boy. Stop drinking and get off your ass and pick up a blueprint and a machine gun, and you're in business. Chiclet?" He held out a carton.

"Thanks." John put one in his mouth and tasted vomit.

"That'll be five cents, cash. I don't want any of them damn welfare vouchers you use for money up there."

"I'm sorry Sam, I haven't got five cents."

"Tell you what, now you've chewed that there brand new vomit flavoured chiclet, you deed off the house to me and I'll call it a fair deal."

John knew it was a bad deal, but he had already chewed the chiclet.

"Tell you what, gimme back the chiclet and I'll retread it and sell it to that dumb Mexican down the road, and you gimme the south hundred. That's fair."

"But that's where Tory makes his little models of your place."

"Well, gimme the east fifty."

"That's where Joey smokes his cod."

"Then that hundred on the river."

"That's where Quebeca's pigs wallow."

"Then how about that west two hundred. You better spit out that chiclet fast, boy, my price is going up."

"Oh, I couldn't let that go. That's where I grow my unsold wheat, and where Wacky has the rye still."

"John, you know you're stupid? I offer you good deals like this, and you turn 'em down. Gimme back my chiclet." But John didn't know about chiclets, and he had already swallowed it.

"Wait a minute, Sam. How about the north thousand?"

"What's on it?"

"Well, that's where I cut my ice in winter."

"You still cutting ice up there?"

"Real good ice Sam, Hunnert feet thick, cut a big blue block freeze the eyes in a rattlesnake at a hundred yards in midsummer. Last me two, three drinks when I'm drinking good."

"I got refrigerators, don't need your blue ice. Go home to your pigs. You come round here for muscle cars and swimming pools and you haven't got a nickel for a chiclet. What kind of brother is that? Wait a minute, listen, I'll take the whole place, leaseback deal 20% over time, no downpayment, credit card the difference, you keep on living there, just send me the produce, you got a free house to live in, and that chiclet, hey, and I'll throw in free another carton of them good vomit flavour chiclets, hey, and this here guaranteed entry form good to enter any one of sixty-five big war prizes contests around the world — John, I'll let you have one of my own personal wars, and that's sincere. I'll give you my latest muscle car to drive home in. I'll keep Nell. Sign."

John gazed out the window and through a tunnel in the smog he could see his pine trees and pig wallow, his leaning old barn and snowy mountains, his clear blue lake with the homemade raft, his drafty old house with a blue curl of smoke from the sugar maple cut in the spring of the year when the sap was still in it to smell sweet, and he signed. Sam slapped him on the back with his right hand while with his left he lifted the welfare vouchers from John's pocket. "Just to keep him honest," he said to himself, "I'll return them when I've used them up." He gave John the keys to the muscle car and sent Nell off for cat meat.

John started to drive home in the muscle car thinking how proud and pleased Quebeca and the children would be to have a muscle car and an entry form to enter and WIN any one of sixty-five war contests, with hundreds of cash prizes, and the carton of chiclets.

But just as he was slowing down to the house the planned obsolescence brakes faded, and the short-haul transmission failed and the minimum-life engine croaked, the thin-coat tires all blew, and the low-expectancy paint job flaked off and the sure-rust body crinkled and crumpled. John was sitting amazed in the ruins in front of the house when Quebeca and the kids came out and said, "Where's Nell?"

"I give her for this muscle car."

"What muscle car? That heap of slag? Nell was all we had for dinner."

"Wait a minute, I got a carton of chiclets."

"Chiclets. Maudzit tabernacle. Hostie de vaurien. You two-tined hayfork. How'm I gonna feed this rabble on chiclets? Lemme taste."

Just as they were starting to chew, the sky lit up with a tremendous red flare from a fantastic eruption on Sam's farm, and houses, barns, muscle-cars, factories, dams, lynching posts, electric chairs flew around like leaves and fell back in a smokey heap. In the silence after, the pre-recorded voice of Sam could be heard announcing to Columbia from a stationary satellite:

"Now let me make one thing perfectly clear, ask not what your neighbour can do for you, ask rather how you can do your neighbour."

"That's true, that's true," said all John's family. "And boy he's really gonna need us now. Let's go."

And they started down the road to trade, Joey with an armful of codfish, C. Gert dragging a lobster pot, Noob with a block of peat in his wagon, Quebeca riding a pig, Tory with his scaley model of Sam's farm complete with evil-smelling smog cover, Manny with a pailful of smoked buffalo tongues, Potasha with her toy train full of unsold wheat, Oilbert with his little oil-can, Wacky with a jar from the still, Yukon Eric with a block of blue ice on his head, and little Prince Edward, the smallest, with one perfect white pearl in an old Birk's box.





# Where did all the food go?

## The profit's in synthetic additives these days

by DANIEL ZWERDING  
Liberation News Service

THE WESTERN WORLD IS SLOWLY EATING itself to death by downing nutty doodle snacks, hot dogs, balloon bread, chickens and steaks, canned orange juice, dehydrated soups, soft drinks, cakes made from mixes and imitation whipped cream — all sodden with 3,000 different synthetic flavours, colours, thickeners, acidifiers, bleaches preservatives, package contaminants, antibiotics and poison pesticides.

The word to the industry is out: the more additives, the higher the potential profit margin, (writes Food Engineering, a leading trade journal).

The corporate food monopolies have taken over and are remaking food in their own image. General Mills, General Foods and Kellogg produce close to 75 per cent of all breakfast cereals (most of them a feast of empty calories). General Foods and General Mills alone manufacture the majority of synthetic foods: in all, 10 huge corporations make the bulk of the foods sitting on a supermarket shelves. They also export tons abroad.

Additives play a crucial role in the maintenance of this hegemony. They allow high-speed production; they minimize costs and let the foods endure over thousands of miles of transportation and buffetting, keeping them fresh-looking and tasting for long periods of time.

Sales of convenience and synthetic foods are outpacing the traditional foods and the consumer is paying for it.

**ADDITIVES CUT COSTS FOR THE MANUFACTURERS.** Cakes that once needed eggs and butter now need only tiny amounts of synthetic flavouring and colouring and emulsifier. Fruit juices no longer need fruit.

But perhaps the biggest revolution in food is just beginning: the spun soy bean protein, a bland, tasteless creature of industry research which every additive in existence can turn into something resembling meat, vegetables, almost anything. It's true that soy products contain as much protein as real meat. But that's only part of the story. To taste like meat (or vegetables) the soy isolates must be smothered and pumped with every synthetic known. And furthermore, one prominent researcher warns, "When we replace natural foods with synthetic protein substitutes, we lose many trace minerals and vitamins. We don't know everything about this area, so we're in a transition period that has serious dangers."

One pound of isolated soy protein costs only 30 cents dry — but when it's hydrated, pumped with water, oil, flavourings and other chemicals it expands to three times its size.

When you buy soy protein "beef stroganoff" from the Thomas Lipton Co. — via Unilever Corp. — "you're getting what you pay for," vice-president Ernie Felicetti assures, "since a real meat product would cost four times as much." But once you realize that this soy protein costs Lipton about a ninth of what meat would cost it doesn't seem like such a great deal.

**GENETICISTS LIKE NOBEL LAUREATE** Joshua Lederberg and Bruce Ames fret about the human gene pool. They think synthetic foods may be fouling it up — only we won't discover what we've done to the human race for generations, when it's too late.

All chemicals in the food supply carry the government's blessing for one of two reasons. Either they are listed as GRAS (Generally Listed As Safe) — that is, they seem okay after years of use — or food additive regulations restrict their use to levels which laboratory tests ostensibly have shown to be safe. Actually, less than half the additives on the market have ever been tested in a laboratory.

It's hard to eat with gusto when the government keeps discovering new toxicological surprises. In the past few years it has been forced to ban safrole, the carcinogenic (cancer-producing substance) flavouring ingredient in root beer; sharply restrict the use of Vitamin D in milk; strike the antioxidant NOGA from the GRAS list; fight to keep MSG (a source of brain tumors in mice) on the GRAS list; and struggle through the cyclamate controversy.

From 1950 on, government authorities warned that this most widely used artificial sweetener caused tumors in rat lungs, ovaries, kidneys,



skin and uteruses. The government pulled cyclamates off the market in 1969 only after the industry showed that cyclamates caused bladder cancer in rats.

Now saccharin sales are booming, in spite of government laboratory test results last year that show saccharin may also induce tumors in rats.

**SYNTHETIC COLORS ACCOUNT FOR 95 PER** cent of the food colour on the market. Since 1960 a large number of colours have dropped from use because they are strongly suspected to be carcinogens. The last colour to go, sort of, was FD&C Red No. 2, which causes cancer in laboratory mice. You'll still eat it in every maraschino cherry, though, because the maraschino lobbyists convinced the government that no one could possibly want to eat more than one or two at a time.

But the handful of synthetic colours left are making plenty of scientists uneasy — especially the coal-tar dyes. "Artificial colours are very suspicious, Dr. Lederberg warns, because their molecular structures look like potent carcinogens.

The Kaiser hospitals in California have documented numerous artificial-colour-caused asthmatic and allergic attacks in children and adults.

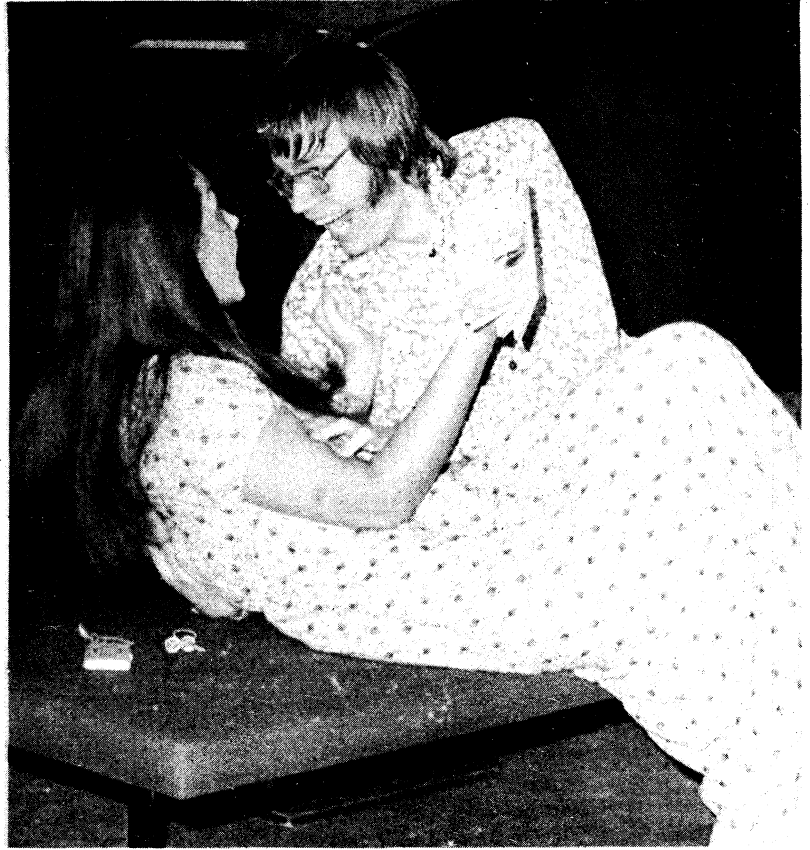
Government authorities insist that "all artificial colours are continually under review." Meanwhile, every orange is dyed with sunshiny Citrus Red No. 2, which the additive experts have flatly denounced as a potent danger, although they doubt that anyone would want to eat the peel.

**VIRTUALLY EVERY LOAF OF BREAD OR** cookie or cake or doughnut you buy has been made with flour bleached and conditioned by poisons like hydrogen, benzoyl and acetone peroxides, chlorine dioxide, nitrogen oxide and nitrosyl chloride — and they all end up in your stomach.

Antibiotics are mixed with all kinds of animal feed — drugs like chlortetracycline, penicillin and streptomycin. By dosing the animal with potent drugs, meat producers can crowd them into filthy pens, get them fat quick and send them to the market before they succumb to profit-hurting disease.

Without synthetic additives, a handful of centralized food corporations could never saturate the markets of much of the western world at minimal production costs. Your local supermarket tells you where the profits are. They aren't on the lone shelves of the outer walls where meager varieties of (usually) wilted vegetables and fruits, dairy products, meat and poultry are displayed.

Look at the rest of the floor space: hundreds of different brands of the same synthetic foods, artificially flavoured, coloured and textured. That is where the additives are — and the industry's greatest profits.



From left to right, Marianne Kimmett, Sally Mcbeth, Steve Meek and Dave Jarvis play in the Yo-Yo production of Ray Smith's "Cape Breton is the Thought Control Centre of Canada". Last Friday night about 50 people attended this well produced and well acted series of irreverent skits. On the right, Steve and Marianne explore what they really want to do. The play throws barbs at Canadian life with topics that range from the mundane to the trite. (Not shown, Bob MacDonald and Nancy Newton).

## York Eskimo art lacks continuity

by ELIZABETH COWAN

York University may not hire as many Canadian professors as it could, but at least it appears to appreciate home-grown art. By the un-arduous procedure of buying out a large private collection, York has acquired a selection of Eskimo artifacts, carvings and prints, which are presently on display at the Art Gallery in the Humanities Building.

The immediate impression is superb — plenty of space around each exhibit, everything well-lit, the prints framed in quiet chilly grey. Wanderers-by-the-door are drawn in by the intriguing shadows and shapes, and once in, can enjoy drifting among the stone animals and spirit creatures.

But anyone who really wants to study the art, instead of glancing at it thinking "How primitive, how quaint, how amusing", runs into difficulties. There is no sense of continuity in the design of the exhibition — different periods, styles and areas are muddled without identification, except for a catalogue number ... This is very little help since there are not always catalogues available.

A great deal could have been done with contrast: the three little ivory birds carved perhaps a thousand years ago by the people of the Thule culture could have been put beside ivory birds carved last season in Pelly Bay — nothing seems to have changed.

Or carvings from different areas

could have been set up together, to show how distinctive stone and style can be. As it is, the confusion makes it impossible even to get an idea of how a Cape Dorset piece differs from a Pond Inlet.

The difficulty is aggravated by the limited scope of the collection — there are too many dull Povungnituk carvings, and very-much-alike Lake Harrison, but very few pale green lake harbour or Dorset pieces. Only the Eastern Arctic is represented, and not all of that — the areas most conspicuous by their absence were Eskimo Point and Spence bay bone. In fact, there were very few bone carvings at all.

In the print section also, there are holes: only one region, (Dorset) and nothing more recent than 1967.

The flaw in this kind of presentation is that it begs one of the most troublesome questions of primitive art — how much is its appeal due to its primitiveness? or, It's Funny Looking Alright, but Is It Art? When the Eskimo ceases to produce art which conforms to the stereotype of arctic life — dog teams, igloos, happy fisherman — his work ceases to attract the buying public. Soapstone ski-doods and figures in bell-bottom pants have no market; nor, at the other extreme, have abstracts such as the bizarre shapes of Pameloo.

This problem will increase as Indian and Eskimo artists grow more disenchanted with the patronising attitude of the 'Gifte-Shoppe' Southerners who consider their work

as handicrafts, rather than honest examples of independent creativity. A few print makers and carvers — Kenojusk, Pauta, Parr, Oonark and Pangnark — have freed themselves from the mass identification of "Eskimo Artists", and are known as individuals with recognisable styles.

The York exhibition is not a giant step in this direction. Its tendency to use carvings as components in a

See-How-The-Noble-Savage-Lives-public-schooler-Museum-diorama, is natural enough; most of the subjects are inspired by day-to-day experiences.

But it is imperative that the collection be expanded and diversified.

Still, whether you like or know Eskimo art at all, the York Gallery is putting on a very attractive show; so take the time to go and see and enjoy it.

## Pour les francophones

Jeunes hommes et jeunes filles sans qualifications ni talents particuliers - beaux ou laids - intelligents ou imbéciles (oui, il y a de la place pour vous aussi) - parlant français plus ou moins (vous êtes éligibles mêmes si vous avez appris le français à Glendon, nous n'avons peur de rien) - étudiants ou professeurs.

En d'autres mots, on prend absolument n'importe qui. Si vous avez du temps à perdre, si vous lisez Hara Kiri, si vous votez pour Caouette ou si vous écrivez de la poésie paillarde, vous êtes acceptés d'avance.

Pourquoi faire?

Du théâtre français, évidemment!

Glendon cette année (comme les autres) entend prouver qu'une mi-

norité (oppressée) peut créer des oeuvres époustouflantes. Nous avons un metteur en scène (un vrai), Paul Thompson du Théâtre Passe Muraille. Il est enthousiaste, inconscient, sympathique et mal payé. Il aimerait rencontrer tous les gens que le théâtre en français intéresse. Il vous invite à venir au Pipe Room, vendredi le 1er octobre à 3.00 p.m.

Cette annonce concerne particulièrement tous ceux qui n'ont pas le temps, pas de voix, pas de physique, pas de talent, etc ... En un mot, tous ceux qui ne veulent rien foutre, qui essaient de se débiter, qui se dégonflent, enfin qui n'ont rien au cul.

C'est pour vous tous, bande de cons, que je répète: Au Pipe Room, vendredi, 1er octobre à 3.00 p.m. On vous attend, on compte sur vous.

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# 1st yr. weaklings meet Serpent

by BROCK PHILLIPS

The Serpent of the Don was on hand to greet the casualties of an unfortunate mishap during the Orientation Week sports day.

During the annual rope stretching contest an inexperienced freshman team proved inadequate to match the combined forces of the second, third and fourth year heavies and were dragged screaming into the mighty waters of the Don.

Big Man on Campus, Gary Young was heard to say, "Hold it, I'm in charge here" as he dove head-long into the ankle deep water to make a heroic attempt at saving the flailing freshmen and the rapidly dissolving rope.

Wayne Bishop, commenting afterwards in the executive suite of the Proctor field house, said, "that pumpkin should have remembered he can't swim. Give a guy a little authority and he thinks he can do anything."

In the individual orange

pushing race Eric King nosed out Ted Paget for the number one position. Barry Smith crawled in a distant third and was heard to say as he ran to his room in Wood residence, "It's not everybody who nose how to do that well. Besides if I had my MG here I'd take you all to the cleaners."

Later the dynamic duo of Dave Moulton and Janet Rudd with a semi-radical approach to position 47, surpassed the agility of the other contenders and came out on top in the wheelbarrow race.

Having quelled the agony of earlier defeats, Barry Smith and Josie DePinna egged each other on to thrilling victory while astounding the anxious crowd with some fantastic fielding and a series of shoestring catches and impossible high-bounce stops in the 'lance les oeufs' contest.

BMOC, Gary Young, was forced to consult the record books when a freshman team composed of Ted Paget, Susan Boothe, Bruce Maltby and Tom Kemp gained the summit of the greased pole.

When asked why she attempted the difficult climb Boothe commented with a flash of her hazel eyes; "Because it was there."

A venerable authority on Glendon history, super-snap Michiel Horne, has reported that it was 26 years ago today that Cap'n Scurvy of the River Crab destroyed the Russian ocean liner 'Gnottnight Ivan' on the Don, leaving a tiny boy as the only survivor.

Rescued by the squirrels of Glendon forest, the baby was adopted and raised as one of their own. Now as the Viet Squirrel, he is using his human physique and squirrel cunning to lead the squirrels in a war of liberation to drive man from the Glendon forest.

The Kermit Zarley fan club will meet on the ninth green of the Don Valley Golf Course on September 30th as the Glendon Open tees off for another year. This tournament has been sanctioned by the Proctor Golf Association (PGA) so the green fees will be paid by

the Glendon College sports programme.

Jack Nicklaus ability is not required and therefore non-golfers as well as golfers are urged to enter. If transportation is needed to the golf course, call the Proctor Fieldhouse

"The co-ed outdoor archery tournament scheduled for September 30th has been cancelled for the moment," claims a bowman dressed in green velvet and living in the forest with a group of men reportedly inclined to be merry. It has been revealed that most of the arrows are out of commission.

The Glendon Football League kicked off its exhibition season Wednesday with the A house Axemen cutting down John Riley and his Sons of B.

The Axemen brought their fine quarterback Bill Marsden out of the woodwork and unveiled deep threat Bob Edwards.

In another game C house was reported to have beaten the D house animals.

The results of a partial

poll show that because of the strong arm and fine signal calling of quarterback Marsden, and the return of Pat Flynn, the Axemen will be the team to beat.

John Riley of B House revealed to reporters that "We're glad that A House is the team to beat because we don't like them very much!"

The Serpent of the Don has again announced that any footballs going into the river this year will not be returned. Any student attempting to rescue the footballs will be devoured.

Cross-country is going to be run-off on October 7th. The Masked Beaver has guaranteed safety to all runners entering Glendon Forest from attacks by the Viet Squirrel and his subversive oand.

Joe Aiello directs the attention of the men and women rackateers to the intramural tennis tournaments. The men's is September 29th at 12:30 and the women's the following day at 2:30.

## Time held them green and dying

by NICK MARTIN

When Rick Norton was young and walking on water he watched the golden world of the American Dream waiting to embrace him. He came out of the University of Kentucky, the All-America quarterback in the year of Bob Grise and Steve Spurrier, to accept a six-figure contract to lead the newborn Miami Dolphins to the heights of glory.

But along the way the Dream soured, and things went wrong. In his first full shot as first-string quarterback, he passed for one touchdown and nine interceptions, and from there things went downhill.

Now Rick Norton is an old 27 and the fourth-string quarterback of the Green Bay Packers. The Packers do not expect the heights of glory from Rick Norton; ahead of him are Zeke Bratkowski, a 39-year old career benchwarmer coming out of two years of retirement; Frank Patrick, whose quarterbacking at Nebraska

was so ordinary that the Packers drafted him to play tight end; and Scott Hunter, an oft-injured rookie from Alabama. And when Bart Starr recovers from his injuries, Rick Norton will be fifth-string, and no football team carries that many quarterbacks.

In his sixth season as a professional, at that age when All-America quarterbacks are supposed to have fully absorbed the nuances of pro ball and burst out of their cocoons into ten years of stardom, Rick Norton fights a game-to-game, practice-to-practice battle to survive. He has watched, he has learned, he has played, and he has been found wanting; and now he is no better than fourth-string on a team desperate for a decent quarterback.

Yet he hangs on for every minute of his career left to him. It's not for the money; his present contract must be only a pittance compared to what Miami paid him when he was their future Moses. It's not for job security, a man of his experience

could have his pick of assistant coaching jobs at a hundred colleges.

It is nothing material that drives Rick Norton and a dozen other NFL quarterbacks to struggle for existence. It is memories, memories of the teenage autumn days when they slew their enemies with their golden arms and strutted for the cheering thousands like the second coming of Sammy Baugh.

No American sports hero is deified like the college quarterback. In the deep South and the mid-West in small college towns in every state, the local college team is very often the only form of local entertainment. The local citizens, many of whom have never been to college, seize upon the local team as their own, so that it comes to represent not a student body, but a town, or an area, or even a state. Teenaged boys suddenly find themselves cast as heroes for vast crowds, and there is none among them a greater hero than the quarterback, master for ten autumn Saturdays of an artificial world.

But then the artificial world is taken away, and the campus hero finds himself fighting for survival among tough, seasoned professionals. For Rick Norton, there was a sudden terrible realization that his release, devastating to weak college defences was too slow to beat the sophisticated pros. The interceptions piled up, and years of experience failed to decrease their numbers. Rick Norton became just another quarterback.

Yet he couldn't forget the cheers, the way the stadia had rocked when he arched his passes. He remembered the way he zipped the ball to Roger Bird and Rick Kestner the day he gave Mississippi its first defeat in three seasons, and couldn't believe that arm could not still perform such magic. And so Rick Norton hangs on, hoping for one more chance, for one more day in the sun.

He is not alone. Saturday's heroes are in every NFL camp, struggling to become Sunday's subs.

Eight years ago, when George Mira quarterbacked the University of Miami, he owned the world. He never fulfilled his promise with San Francisco, and after drifting from club to club, he finds himself fighting an unknown rookie named James Delgalze for a seat on the bench in Miami's Orange Bowl, where once he was king.

John Huarte was the next Johnny Unitas when he won the Heisman Trophy at Notre Dame. The quarterback-hungry New York Jets blew the bankroll on a trio of super col-

lege pivets, Huarte, Joe Namath, and Bob Schweikert. Schweikert is long gone, and now Huarte battles desperately for Kansas City's third-string spot on the roster.

Jerry Rhome rewrote the record books in college, but this summer he watched rookies Dan Pastorini and Lyan Dickey pushing Charlie Johnson for the starting job. He knew all three would be kept, and wondered where he could try next. Now he sits on the Rams' bench, with Karl Sweetan and John Walton, watching Roman Gabriel go on forever.

Kent Nix thought he had a chance with the Steelers until Terry Bradshaw and Terry Hanratty came along. Now he and Bob Cutburth and Ron Maciejowski want a precious spot on the Bears' taxi squad, and only one of them can have it.

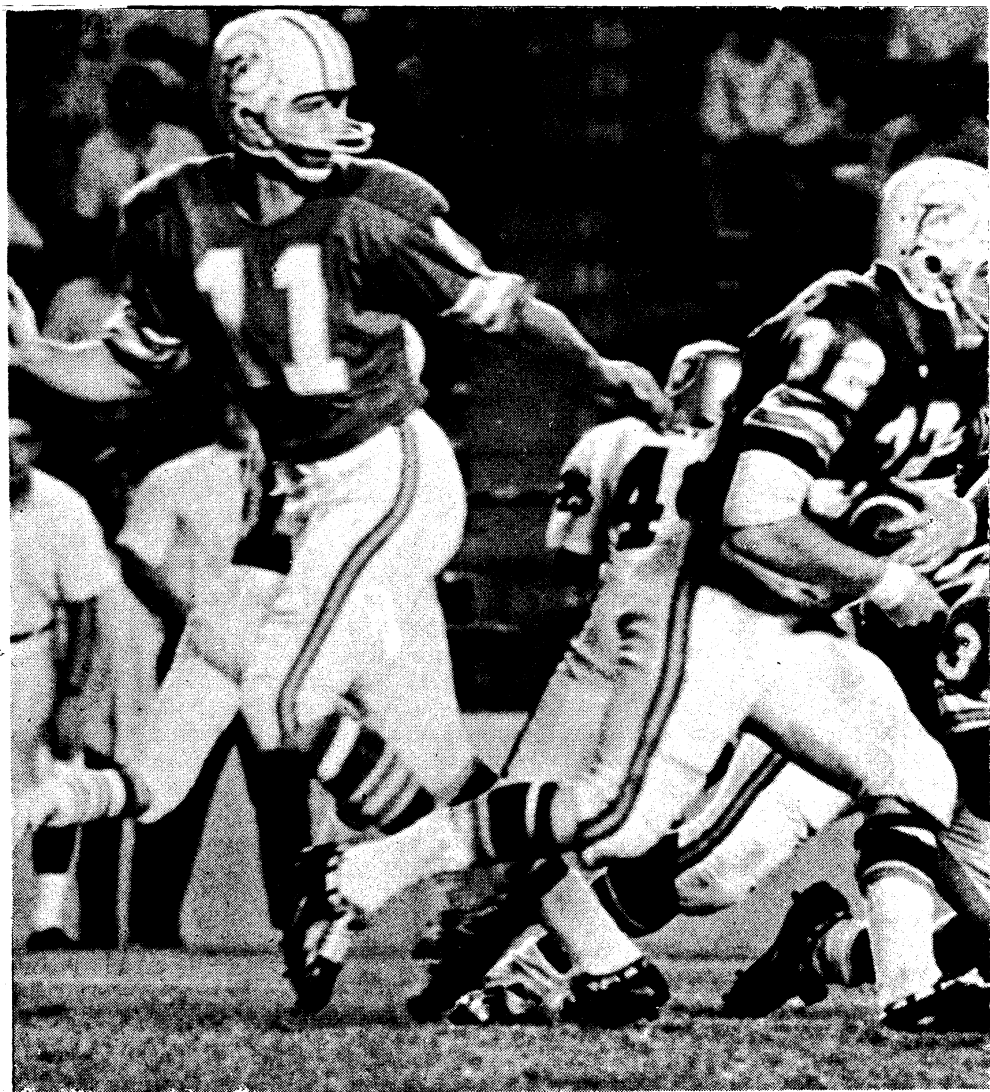
Frank Ryan is 35 years old. He has been on NFL champions, but last year he played long enough to complete only one pass. He is a brilliant man, a doctor of mathematics, but he sits on Washington's bench, because he wants to do it all one more time.

You'll find them in every camp, the super college passers who fell short, the can't miss prospects who somehow missed, the perennial number two who will never be number one: Kim Hammond, Jim Ward, Bob Davis, Randy Johnson, Dick Shiner.

Some never even make the NFL, or disappear rapidly. They turn up in minor league towns, where the pay is low and the stadia small, and the cheers but a dim memory of a distant past. Familiar names live on in the minors, Junior Edge, George Bork, Gary Snook, Bob Churchich, Terry Southall, Spaghetti Joe Spagnola.

They were only boys, boys who could throw a football better than most any man alive. For three years they were deified in an unreal world, and then their unreal kingdom was taken away. The ability just wasn't there. They just weren't good enough. But when a man has been a god, he can never be a mortal again. And they hang on hoping for a last hurrah, for one more day in the sun.

Rick Norton hangs on, unwilling to accept that he is a fourth-stringer, still believing he is the All-American of 1965. And perhaps, as he sits on the Packers' bench, he hears the roar of the crowd as Rick Kestner breaks in behind the Mississippi secondary and he fires a pass arrow-straight through the warm Kentucky sun.



In better days, Rick Norton (11) hands off to Joe Aver of Miami.