Glendonites prove sporting ability

by Alan Lyons

Although Canada may rank as one of the most physically unfit nations, Glendonites proved their sporting abilities on the night of Saturday, April 2 as the first annual pinball competition matched skill and bragadocio in an event which kept the fans screaming for more. The results (or most of them) are as follows:

Individual: Despite Peter Pinball Hall's great showing of 128, 816 in the first round of the competition, Dark Horse candidate Phili Rocha narrowly clipped runner-up Fred Kulak by 200 points to take the honour of victory and the Labatt's beer stein as prize.

In the team category: Seven groups of fanatics vied for the cherished number one position to be beaten by the polished team of Pinball Hall and Eddy Alan. They too were found under a table at the end of the night, fingers still twitching and singing refrains from Tommy.

Blue Chip, a pinball player's second choice after King Pin, showed good scores in the preliminaries but was halted before winners were decided when the machine couldn't take the excitement anymore and terminated its functions. At press time, Little Vince McCormack had 224,329 a score, while Holmes had kept to beat for the championship of the individual division.

Three teams still have to battle it out for the final winners in that division.

In High Hand: excitement Jim Hyslop beat runner-up Carol Williams by a tense 3000 points in the individual meet, while the team of Larry Pelikhos and Jim Hyslop forced to a win by beating the two favourites Jeff Rogers and Mark Smith by 10,000 points.

While all the individual and team competitions involved massive amounts of tension, brain and beer, the real man-to-man confrontation was the Cafe versus Radio Glenden. The prospect of fierce competition left Pub Co-manager Tom Brown in such a state of mental and physical disorder that he declined ungracefully denied from the challenge.

Even though the Cafe brought in ringer Bob Faulkner (who has thus far watched on payment of the side bet), Peter Pinball Hall who came from his sickbed where he is recuperating from his recent operation and current bout with pneumonia, joined forces again with Eddy Alan Lyons to trouble the Cafe in the four-game playoff.

Residence

Residence application forms for the 1977-78 session (beginning Sept. 11, 1977) will be available on Friday, April 22 starting at noon in the Dean's Office (Room 241 York Hall). Fee schedules will also be available at that time.

Please remember that the sooner applications and deposits are submitted, the sooner rooms can be assigned. The priority deadline for returning students is June 15, 1977.

Attention thief!

Would the person or persons who look, lifted, or stole the Ron Triffin Scholarship Plaque from the Old Dining Hall several weeks ago kindly have the decency to return it to the Dean's Office. The crime was petty and senseless -- why would any individual want such a thing? If it's the frame you want, KEEP IT! But please, please, please return the information so it is irreplaceable and cannot possibly be of any use to you. At the very least think about the family of the dead student in whose name the scholarship is given. PLEASE RETURN IT!!

THIS WEEK or is it next week?

Many a PRO TEM has come and gone over the year, but THIS IS THE LAST ONE FOR VOLUME 16!!!
Lockers

Do YOU have one?? This year, ALL lockers in York Hall must be emptied by April 30th. This earlier drop-out date is made necessary because of renovations planned for the locker area. So, beat the rush: Clear your locker now, please. And if using our lock, return it for a flat reward of $1.50.

Make your claim at the Physical Plant Office.
Evelyn Epps

Friends of Glendon

The annual meeting for the Friends of Glendon will be held Tuesday, April 19, 1977 at 7:30 p.m. in the Dean’s Office (Rm. 241 York Hall). If you are interested in how this scholarship/bursary committee works or want to be involved in its operation next year, COME TO THE MEETING.

Les amis de Glendon

La réunion annuelle des Amis de Glendon aura lieu mardi, le 19 avril 1977 à 18h, au bureau du Directeur des Services aux Étudiants (241 York Hall).

Si vous désirez faire partie de ce comité ou si vous voulez être mieux informé de l’année prochaine, VENEZ A LA RÉUNION.

Cafe summer hours

The Café de la Terrasse will close on the 22nd of April at 6 p.m., to re-open for the summer on Monday, May 16 at 12 noon. For six weeks following this gala opening, the pub will be open for business Monday thru Friday from 12 noon to 12 midnight. Then, starting on June 27th and for seven weeks until Aug ust 12, the Café will be in operation Monday thru Saturday, for the same “business” hours (12 - 12).

Office summer hours

Effective Monday, April 25, 1977, the College salaried staff will go on summer hours from 8:45 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.

Summer hours will terminate on Friday, September 2, 1977.

**PORTER**

by David Zolls

Picking through some vintage copies of PRO TEM (now on microfilm of course) I happened to find an item which seemed out of place among all the strange and forgotten names and issues. It dealt with the platforms of the candidates for the 1968-69 GCSU executive and the issues of the day.

The most urgent debate appeared to be centred around Glendon’s membership in CUS, the fore-runner of NUS. Not only did they talk about it, but they called for a referendum.

If this sounds familiar, then you probably have heard of Al Mc-Pherson and his recent campaign for president of next year’s GCSU.

The 1968 candidate for V.P. Communications wished to establish a weekly GCSU Council information column in PRO TEM. At the time, this was a new and brilliant idea, but it is far more likely that this candidate saw ‘Deacon’s Beacon’ glimmering in the future.

Also heard were calls for an increased bilingual atmosphere on campus, with one particularly amazing quote from one of the candidates. Peter Robertson said, among other things, that we should use “a little bit of French to bilingualize Glendon before 1976.” Well, 1976 has come and gone, so has Peter, and things are still the same.

Also discussed in 1968 was the proliferation of posters on Glendon walls, student apathy, and a lack of responsiveness by the GCSU to the students’ needs.

**Nothing new under the sun**

We shouldn’t blame the recent GCSU presidential candidates for a lack of creativity. They honestly thought their ideas were, if not new, at least re-vitalized from the last couple of years. Who would have thought that these issues and platforms had actually been carefully handed down from the dark “ancients” past of Glendon? To make matters worse, I could not find the results of the 1968-69 elections in any copy of PRO TEM. No one seemed to know who won. Does it really matter?

**Foreign Employment**

Working overseas is highly profitable, exciting and adventurous and the opportunities are now greater than ever. Over 100 foreign countries are now hiring. All occupations. Excellent pay, free transportation, bonuses and incentives. Write today for our latest computerized job listings and special reports. Only $4.00. Completely refundable if not entirely satisfied. Get the job you want now.

Imperial World Service
Box 296
Snowdon, Montreal
Canada

**Evelyn Epps**

**Leslie Frost**

**Library Hours**

April 26 -- closed 10:00 p.m.
April 29, May 2-6, May 9-13 -- 8:30 a.m. - 10:30 p.m.
April 30, May 1, 7, 8, 14, 15 -- closed
May 16 (summer hours begin) Monday to Thursday -- 8:30 a.m. - 10:30 p.m.
Friday -- 8:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.
Saturday -- 10:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m.
Sunday -- 1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.

**Portrait of a Cunning Linguist**

Talking round the circle.
Talking round the Circle.
Talking round.
Talking.
Talking.
Talking circle.
Talking circle.
Talking circle.
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Talking.
Circle.
Talking circle.
by Sara Wolch
April 14, 1977

with feeling

PRO TEM

Glendon College, York University 2275 Bayview Avenue Toronto, Ontario


Cutlines by: Mark Everard

Wait! Before you read any further, please forgive me if I ramble on...that's the way my head is working at this last moment. I hope I can get it together soon though--I have a few essays to write when this is all over...

I'm going to do this just "once more with feeling". It is difficult for me to make that crucial decision--should this be a mushy goodbye (but let's do it now) or should it be philosophical (a reflection on the events of the year) that has been an eventful year you must agree), or shall I just write what I'm feeling right now...

As I write this, we are already a day and a half overdue and we have just been told that the paper may not be ready for distribution until Monday or Tuesday. That news just about did me in...in fact none of us were too thrilled about the idea. So who knows when you may be reading this. It could be that you've all finished your essays and exams, and you've all more likely gone home. But that means that you are not in fact reading this at this last moment. I hope I can get it together soon though--"I have a few essays to write when this is all over..."

I'm going to do this just "once more with feeling". It is difficult for me to make that crucial decision--should this be a mushy goodbye (but let's do it now) or should it be philosophical (a reflection on the events of the year) that has been an eventful year you must agree), or shall I just write what I'm feeling right now...

As I write this, we are already a day and a half overdue and we have just been told that the paper may not be ready for distribution until Monday or Tuesday. That news just about did me in...in fact none of us were too thrilled about the idea. So who knows when you may be reading this. It could be that you've all finished your essays and exams, and all--you're probably working or (more likely) looking for work, or (perhaps even more likely) just doing "whatever"... Does that mean that I'm writing this for nobody to read? Oh dear--has this job finally accomplished what I've been fighting against all year. No, no, it couldn't be... I'm just tired--I will not succumb to such vile thoughts.

I may be tired now, but think--'I'll be able to look back on all this and smile in that way that I have about some of the mistakes we have made and about the crazy things that went on when we had already passed our deadline all those times. Deadlines are probably a student's worst enemy--especially at this time of year--so I'm sure I needn't elaborate.

Poor old Mark--I wish him all the best--I've sure been bending his ear back with advice. This week the lucky fellow had the opportunity to learn first hand. He's started dithering from him, the work that he and Stephen put in the last few days is a clear indication to me that we'll be in for a super newpaper next week.

It will certainly be different. (I never was one for exaggerations.) But you've already seen a few representative pieces over the weeks--and this week you'll certainly be the Everard touch on many of the pages. With reckless abandon (that's my euphemism for irresponsible journalism) I have allowed Mark and Stephen a free hand (well almost) with the bulk of layout and content.

So, this is it folks. Best wishes for the week to come. I hope that you shall all enjoy a simply marvelous summer. But seriously, I hope you'll all see the good for the bad of your year next year.

Bilingual melange from "bon vivant with a spirit of largesse"

A recent tâche-a-tâche with one of my protégés, the discussion turned to the raison d'être for the renaissance of French culture. I am far from being a savant, and in my gauche made the faus-pas, with typical insouciance of saying that bilingualism would never be a fait accompli without a complete exposé of the motives of the bourgeoisie. With much elan my companion accused me of considering myself of the élite, whereas I was in fact only a nouveau riche bon vivant, having no rapport with the working class. He quickly recovered his sang froid and termed my cavalier statement avile and was transported to take his cavalier statement avile.

He declared that for him this was a case célèbre, an affaire d'honneur, and then gave me the choice of weapons, time and place.

With the help of my valet, whom I appointed to be my aide, I selected épées, the rendezvous a plateau behind my chateau, and the time immediately after maelstrom.

Details of the mêlée will be found in my memoirs. For now a resumé will suffice. It was a complete débâcle. Although this week I quickly rendered the poor boy hors de combat by administering a coup de grâce admirablely.

To celebrate I took my entourage to the restaurant in our town's only hotel, operated by an absence entrepreneur. As the buffet did not appeal we consulted the maître d'. On the advice of the chef he recommended, from the a la carte menu, a de-lux repas of potage de jolies, pilots, crepes, entree of dore with legumes, and for a dessert choice of souffle, parfait, tarte a la mode, followed by cafe au lait. There was an unexpected divestiture during the meal. A clumsy garçon spilled some consistence of the crépe de chine

dress of one of my personnel, an au pair girl named true English (see French). With surprising nonchalance and the help of my maître she removed the melange with a serviette. A proper souvenir was presented by our corps de ballet with its illimitable repertoire. We were treated to a display of an electrifying routine of legerde- main, performed with consider- able dexterity by a versatile member of the troupe.

On route to our domicile the whole menage proclaimed that their esprit de corps never changed.

But I digress. I realize that the bête noire of bilingualism must be overcome by people with more savoir-faire than moi. I don't feel that I am qualified to express an opinion on our own Can- nadian patois with its specifically and strictly entre nous, I am not so blase as to believe that a laissé- faire policy was a bad one. But I do feel that a spirit of rapprochement. Au contraire.

However, in an attempt to pro- mote detente I will cheerfully present a plaque (which I have somewhere in my bureau or com- modité) to one of our grand suprême panache to persuade me to learn one word of French. Unlike some correspondents, I will not seek refuge behind a no-de-plume.

Nat Edekinin
Toronto
Autocritique neo-pompeienne

- mes adieux à Glendon par Gordon McVor

Il est plus nisé d'être sage pour les autes que de l'être pour soi-même. - La Rochefoucauld.

Puisque tout le monde qui a s'en va l'année prochaine semble vou- lir faire des adieux, j'ai décidé de le faire à mon tour. Je crois que vous avez lu au moins quelques-unes des lettres que j'ai écrit au cours de mes quatre ans ici (dort un an en France), et que vous savez tous qui je suis. Certains parmi vous ont pu excuser mon français écrit parfaitement chancelant, et je sais bien qu'il y a de bien d'autres qui me considèrent toujours comme "l'Égal d'autre-mer", c'est-à-dire comme le petit anglais qui a envoyé toute une série de convos à PRO TEM pendant son séjour en France. A tous ceux qui portent ce sentiment, j'offre mes excuses les plus sincères, en vous assurant que je n'ai jamais écrit qu'avec des bonnes intentions. Enfin, je dois dire aussi que me m'en fiche un peu de certaines de ces personnes, car heureuse- ment j'ai toujours eu beaucoup d'encouragement de la part de mes lecteurs francophones et anglophones. Grâce à eux, j'ai continué à écrire dans ma deuxièmeme langue afin de l'améliorer, et surtout dans une tentative de donner à notre petite hebdoma- daire au moins un article en français (pour chaque numéro). L'année prochaine, je serai à la Faculté des Lettres de Mon- tréal pour faire une maîtrise en lettres modernes, mais je garderai toujours un excellent souvenir de notre petit collège à Toronto. J'étais vraiment bien à Glendon, et je dois dire que j'ai eu des très belles amitiés qui sont nées dans les salles de classe, dans le pub, en faisant du théâtre, etc. Je voudrais sur- tout remercier Marcel Boleau, pour m'avoir permis de faire du théâtre en français pour la première fois de ma vie; Marie- Claire Girard pour m'avoir toujours encouragé à écrire en fran- çais; et Pierre Bobbilaire pour avoir corrigé mes articles sou- vent pleins de fautes et d'inat- tentions. A vous, mes lecteurs, je vous remercie pour m'avoir lu, malgré tout, et j'espère de tout coeur que vous aurez plus un haut niveau de journalisme fran- çais dans les années à venir. Puisque Claude Ryan ne cherche pas des journalistes qui écrivent dans leur deuxième langue, je crois que je peux dire humble- mente que ma carrière de jour- naliste vient de s'achever. La francophonie du monde ne sera jamais le même.

Je vous souhaite tous bonne chance, et à la prochaine!

Gordon McVor, Glendon's resi- dent francophone, bids bis adieux.

And for all you Blue Jays fans: Did you hear about the baseball game last Thursday? They won didn't they? Yes, but of course they had the home ice advantage.

Keep a stiff upper lip.

Portrait of a Cunning Linguist

Talking round the circle.

Talking round the circle.

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Talking.

Round the circle.

Talking round the circle.

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Circle round the circle.

Talking.

Circle round the circle.
by Chris Jull

Alcohol related hallucinations may have been experienced by as many as 1500 students, and 3300 may have experienced blackouts and memory loss if an unreleased study of alcohol consumption on the University of Guelph campus is representative of the total population.

The use of alcohol has become increasingly important to social events at the University of Guelph, according to the study conducted by the Department of Student Affairs.

The survey, which is the first conducted at a Canadian university, was taken in the winter semester 1976. The results have been known for several months but have been delayed by rewriting.

Guelph students drink considerably more than a similar sample taken at the University of Texas two years ago. The Guelph sample indicated that there is a widespread acceptance of alcohol among students and that there are students who have a drinking problem.

The survey was conducted by mail and reached about 10% of the undergraduate population of 19,000.

Students surveyed were evenly divided on whether people were aware of the dangers of alcohol use. A total of 42% said that they felt guilty, 39% reported feeling ashamed of drinking or related behaviour and 38% said that they had mixed classes because of drinking.

Only about 10% of those surveyed reported that they were abstainers. Generally drinkers and abstainers were found to be intolerant of one another with few students replying that they would break a friendship over differing attitudes to alcohol.

A large number, 45% of the Guelph sample reported that they drank 3 - 5 beers or 3 - 5 ounces of liquor daily. The Texas sample showed a majority drank 2 - 3 beers or ounces of liquor each time they sat down to drink.

Kevin Kennedy of the Department of Student Affairs, who compiled the results of Guelph's survey, said that the Texas survey was not a good comparison because the campuses are different and the alcohol content of American beer is less than that of Canadian.

The Texas study and one conducted by the Addiction Research Foundation were used for comparison with the Guelph results.

The ARF report also found that 80% of its sample of 1,439 high school students drank alcohol. The Guelph study found that in high school 37% of its sample had been drinking 1 - 2 beers or ounces of spirits at a sitting. Now 49% drink 3 - 5.

The study came to the conclusion that drinking usually began at home or with a friend and alcohol consumption was often permitted in the presence of parents.

The mean age at which students in the Guelph sample began drinking was 15 years compared to 16.9 years in the Texas students.

A LOT OF MONEY

Guelph students spend an average of $13.65 per month on alcohol. Twenty-three percent in the sample spent in excess of $300 per month. The study reports that in 1971-72 the average per capita expenditure in Ontario was $15.00 per month.

Using the busiest night in the most popular bar on campus, the Reg, in February 1976 when the survey was being conducted, a total of $3,253.00 was spent on alcohol. The bar holds 350 people. During the entire month of February, that bar took in a total of $64,087.00 from the sale of beer, liquor, wine, etc.

There are seven regular licensed outlets on the Guelph campus. The University is also under a blanket licence permitting alcohol at banquets and other events in many locations.

The Reg sold a total of 6,451 gallons of beer in the calendar year 1976.

REASONS FOR DRINKING

Students' opinions about why they drank seemed somewhat mixed. Although 70% thought that moderate use of alcohol was socially valuable, only 53% believed that a moderate amount of alcohol helps people function more efficiently in social situations. Eighty percent said they would drink even if there was no social pressure to do so.

The report 'cautiously concludes that moderate use of alcohol at times needed for its physical effect and also because it may help relax a person in some social situations; however, the large majority of students do not, at least consciously, perceive that they need to drink because of peer or social pressure.'

Drinkers were labelled 'as trustworthy' as abstainers by 94% of the sample. Seventy-nine percent thought that their friends' attitudes towards alcohol were sensible but only 50% thought that people were aware of the dangers of alcohol.

The Guelph study compared the drinking habits of males and females. Males were found to drink more than females and to be more widely of the opinion that a few drinks are necessary to have a good time.

In conclusion the report states that, 'while there is much drinking on this campus, the majority of it is in relatively modest amounts.'

It concludes, however, that the frequency and amount consumed is higher than in Ontario, as revealed in the ARF report and higher than the University of Texas results.

There was no evidence that Guelph students had a high incidence of alcohol related problems with either city or campus police. The report quotes the head of campus safety and security as saying that liquor related offenses increased in 1975 but decreased again in 1976. He said that he suspected students were better able to hold their liquor since it had become readily available on campus.
Joint winners of the Farrar-Fawcett-Majors look-alike contest: Cheryl Watson and Sue Liebel.

Like most things at Glendon, this photo of the Universal Man is backwards.

One of Glendon's hotspots for the protest movement.

The Brodie made the U.L.S. vote good by losing to their candidate in the Board of Governors election.

Jan Morrissey, Canadian Studies rep., brought such prominent speakers to Glendon as Claude Ryan, Tommy Douglas and Dave Motown.

Glendon's own Clark Kent, Marshall Katz, becomes V.P. of Communications.

Help needed for early May thru the summer

A small, friendly restaurant called "La Sélect" is looking for waiters and waitresses to work from Early May. If possible, applicants should be French-speaking or bilingual but this job could provide a way to improve one's French. Experience preferred. Minimum wage plus tips.

Please write: Frederic Geis
755 Gerrard St. E.
TORONTO M4M 1Y5
(evenings: 469-3240)

Accurate General Typing done at home evenings and weekends. Call Sharon at 225-4661 extension 340. 8:30 to 4:30. After 4:30 pm. call 222-7129.


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For Sale

1 ten speed racing bicycle model: Jeunet. Originally bought for $400.00 -selling at $300.00 -in excellent condition -phone Cyril 989-9261

Charles W. Northcote...before

...and after.
PRO TEM Awards of Maturity

compiled by Blinda McCormack, "Doc" Lubin and Mark Neverhard, with special material by David Vine

Since the demise of the famed Radio Glendon "Bazoozie" awards, our fall campus has been left without the vehicle to properly recognise meritorious individuals and performances. Pro Tem has decided to rectify this grievous loss, and in the best traditions of scandal-mongering, we present the Awards of Maturity. Remember that these are the awards that made Noelite Ball, Al Hirt and Kim Wilde.

And now...the envelope, please!

The nominees for best greaser at the 50's night are:
- Martin Hoy
- Garth Browncombe
- Don Smith
And the winner is...Tom Brown (you can take it off now, Tom)

The nominees for the "best faked accent" award are:
- Victoria Catell
- Stephen Lubin
- Phil Roche
And the winner is...Al Macpherson (good to see you finally won something, Al).

The nominees for the Elizabeth Barrett Browning "How do I love thee..." award are:
- Mark Everhard and Sarah Irwin
- Martin Hoy and Cally Carlton
- David Melvin and Diane Elliot
And the winners are...Ron Sabourie and himself.

The nominees for the "call me Lex" Bukielehem, Lex "Call me Lex" Bukielehem award:
- "Why was he born so beautiful?"
- "Can I test your microphone?"
- "When I grow up, I want to be an insurance salesman."

Hang in there, Al.

The nominations are closed.

Acclaimed for best impersonation of a flute: Peter Jensen
Acclaimed for the "I wish I was still in Korea" award: Bill Firman

The nominees for the "if I could play guitar like Jimmy Page I'd organise a show for Winter Weekend" award are:
- Kevin Fulbrook, for his imitation of Earl Scruggs
- Jean D'Alaire, for his rendition of "She Came in True Do Bathroom Window"
- Al Parrish, for reminding us just how good Roger Daltry really is
And the winner is...Jim White, for being fool enough to do it.

The nominees for the "I can't believe he's a don" award are:
- Dave Moulton
- Dave Moulton
And the winner is...Hubert St. Onge.

"God, I'm handsome."

The nominees for the "I don't know why I'm here" award are:
- Lex "Call Me Lex" Bukielehem, for just being himself
And the winner is...Greg Deacon, for his virtuoso display of ass-holism at Winter Weekend

"For a good time, call 667-3333."

And finally the nominees for the coveted Rubie of the Year award Dave "Fogborn" Mouthing, for his sonic magic Blintz McCormack, for his superior exhibition of cup-popping in the cafeteria Mike Devine, for his imitation of a journalist.
And the winner is...Dave Gray, last year's Miss Congeniality.

For those who did not make the Pro Tem awards list, despair not, "Maturity" himself, Dave Moulton offers his own selections:

This article is yet another indication of the depths to which the Glendon Community has plunged in the past few years. The new prodigy of Grow Stems asked me to write an article for this year's last issue, but little did "Easy Mark" Neverhard realise what this meant. Once again my faithful correspondent would have to den his mental of man nir and prove his beerless in sight. Please allow me to humbly give the following categories and nominees:

The Most Talked About Item on Campus:
- Beaver's week-end meals
- The up-coming duck hunting season (Quack, Quack)
- Beaver's week-end meals
The ducks they serve at Beaver.

The Best Devoloped physique on campus are:
- Rick Moir
- Ian Lesswice
- Bob Faulkner
And the winner is...Linda "The Creature"

The nominees for the Ream of the Year award:
- Vince McCormack
- Stephen Lubin
- Mark Everhard
And the winner is...Pat Mastik.

The nominees for the "I don't know why I'm here" award:
- Lex "Call Me Lex" Bukielehem, for just being himself
And the winner is...Greg Deacon, for his virtuoso display of ass-holism at Winter Weekend.

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And the winner is...Greg Deacon, for his virtuoso display of ass-holism at Winter Weekend.

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What you can do with your PRO TEM

READ IT...

ACT SILLY...

WRAP FISH...

TRAIN PUPPIES...

KEEP CLEAN...

KEEP WARM...

KILL FLIES...

ROLL BIG JOINTS...
The hockey season put on ice

by Richard Schwind

There has been a certain amount of criticism over the year re: the trendiness of the sports section of this newspaper to digress from what most people would strictly label "sports." Mark asked me to contribute something to the final sports page of the year so I have decided to write something totally serious regarding the subject of Canadian sport.

William Castor selflessly dragged his hockey equipment out of the dimly lit arena. It had been a bad night. His broken stick bumped along behind him, covered in unlistening players. He should have guessed that something was wrong when the opposing team had silently unfurled a banner reading: BILLY BEAVER SUX! But he had audaciously staked out onto the ice, happy as a blue gill. A cold wind discombobulated the craggy crouches and the clandestine moose stared in amazement. He had ripped open a scratchy mint while winding up for a slap-shot and they had all laughed and pointed to his prominent ears. It wouldn't have been so bad if he hadn't been in the team hadn't laughed as well. There were the rancid jokes too -- could he help it if his mother was Icelandic and his father Australian? He hit a big laugh early in the game he tried to pronounce "Molvich." But bleak winds blew wet maple leaves into his still red face. There was McMahan, his coach, who earlier in the season had said in that slurry way that is particular to him: "Get the hell out of here forever?" Then there was Willis who had shown everyone on the team how to make the perfect cross-check, using Castor as a model -- then letting them all have a try. It was frustrating, and his jock strap was three sizes too small.

The other sports were no better. He was the guy who always had to hold the hockey stick at kickoff, why they made him use his nose was beyond him. He had liked baseball -- that is until the sky that had been hit in the head by a baseball. All part of the game. Unfortunately, it had been broken by his coach with intent to maim. He was basically an intellectual. When he was cleaverly trans- planted the complete works of Punch drunk into Latin. He had signed his name wrong, however, and someone else had been sent the royalties. It was in his blood. He turned to the left off in the cold, dark night, but he tripped over a golf club and fell on his face.

Sports

Rugger returns

by Mark Everard

Sports editor

The Glendon Gladiators Rugby Club showed that beer-drinking is not their only accomplishment by edging to a respectable seventh place finish in the 1977 Toronto Rugby Marathon two Saturdays ago. The Glendon leather-tailors completed the 23 mile route in just over 2 hours 20 minutes to place second in their division, a scant several thousand yards behind the winners, Toronto Barbarians. The race, held on an annual basis to mark the opening of the rugger season, covered a course extending from downtown Toronto to the G.R.U. fieldhouse at Victoria Square. All Toronto area clubs sent 12 men teams, each member slipping through muddy country roads and dodging stray motorists for a distance of about two miles. The Gladiators ran, for the first time, under their own colours, proudly displaying those blue-and-white jerseys that have become the latest uniform at Glendon. To avoid confusion, the team wish to point out that the initials G.R.U. stand for Glendon College Rugby Football Club, and have nothing whatsoever to do with kinky sexual practices.

Leading the way for the Glendon contingent was captain Rick Moir, who demonstrated that as a long-distance runner he is a great rugby player, and Martin Hoy, who would have turned in a great time if he had not got lost. The Gladiators bolstered their line-up with a few "runners," including a hockey player and even resorting to a couple of chis.

A tense moment occurred when one of the Glendon follow-cars ran out of gas only minutes before it was to discharge Prof. Cohen to run the next leg. Team manager Jon Harris quickly rectified the situation by prostrating himself on a nearby fence and traffic, obtaining a ride and driving off with minimum damage to his cherub-like face.

Runners are now rife that a similar team marathon will be organised for the fall, to follow a course between Glendon and the main campus. Also in the air is the possibility of an exhibition rugger match this Saturday. All parties interested in participating should contact Jon Harris or Rick Moir, those who have never played Rugger before can begin training by sticking pins in their arms or wearing draught glasses.

The hockey team put on ice

by Stephen "Doc" Lubin

As another school year draws to a close, the Good Doctor has consented to do a distillation of past columns, which he calls "The Bowl of Pro Team."

It all began way back in October when Markus Everardus made a giant step for mankind and became the Pro Tem sports editor. In his first attempt at writing Pro Team, Neverhard presented his feelings towards sports by proudly screaming "Yes, Goodnight, sports belong at Glendon." He then stated something about the Argos being ass-holes.

Everard went on to write about such various sports as rugger ("Give blood, play Rugby"); soccer ("Eth, Vietro, passa de balls over to me."); and baseball ("Unless Lahatt's are better at building teams than they are at bowling balls the Jays will never get out of the basement.").

He then switched on to a couple of the important North American sporting events, including the College Bowl ("Hockey will stimulate controversy, exciting emotions or boost liquor sales as much as will the 1976 College Bowl."); the Grey Cup ("One wonders if Land Leveque will insist on taking the ceremonial kickoff next year in Montreal" and "Wee arrested for public drunkenness and/or assaulting a police officer"); and the Super Bowl ("Being at least moderately sexually active, I am used to ledowns"), although lately you could hardly say that he is more sexually active (quick, quick).

Your fearless sports editor then branched off into such diverse topics as University Hockey ("As entertainment, however, Canadian university hockey is without rival, except perhaps for pornographic films"); pinball; baseball; "What, you may be asking, is this somewhat questionable activity doing on the same hallowed pages that have been graced by such noble pass times as hockey, rugby and oral sex?"; and boat racing ("People view the sport as being rather unhealthy, if not absolutely immoral").

Not did he disdain from discussing The Holy Lord Thundering Modest Tabernae Review II ("No doubt some people feel strongly about the demise of sports at Glendon, pointing to the decline in physical health and the increase in birth rate among students as inevitable results").

Then Everard, like any true proponent, ran out of ideas and yours truly put pen to paper and wrote Pro Team on Basketball ("I find it as Interesting as Hockey Night in Canada, except I don't get my butt spanked between periods."). I was fol-

lowed by a brilliant piece of work by another Pro Tem sports columnist, Ross Langbottom, who described the life of a Glendon Hockey Player ("Yourshipship ehbarsn, pants, look at them too. Cut, dirty, striking!"")

Everard returned to leave us with spring ("I am greeted by the distant odour of dog shit, leading me to reflect that all though Dave Marquette might make a good president, "Czar will have to go!", thanks Terry for the explanation, but we did know all along.")

Well there it is: the inaugural year of Pro Team. It may be the only year, as Everard is moving up to bigger and better things. Bon été mes amis!
Theatre Review: Equus

by Richard Schmidt
I was going to see Equus one night in London, until a couple of Australian nurses offered to take me out and get me "plussed up." Understandably skies. I missed the show. So, when it came to Toronto I made a special effort to take it in.

It was worth the effort for me, and it would be for anyone else. The show is tremendous. I cannot think of a single play that has ever so utterly absorbed my attention during performance.

I sat beside the actress who played Jill Mason (Carolyn Burtin), and I could tell that she was rather amused by my fascination. The fact that I was sitting beside the actors was made possible by my seat being onstage.

By special arrangement the Royal Alexandra Theatre has set up a number of bench seats onstage in the view of the audience. The actors sit on these seats as well while they are waiting to go on. I considered my seat which was immediately beside the stage right entrance, to be the best in the house. That it was the cheapest seat in the house increased my satisfaction all the more.

The play itself is brilliantly written. Peter Shaffer's story is exciting and relevant. The play alternates between child psychiatrist, Dr. Martin Dysart's office, the home of Alan Strang, stables, a beach, a cinema, and the emotional worlds that the two of them have created for themselves. Yet each image is vivid and the viewer is never distracted to the need to decipher where he is or figure out what is happening.

The story, briefly, concerns that attempts of Dysart (Douglas Campbell) to discover why Alan Strang (Dennis Erdman) has blinded six horses. The answer lies in the boy's fantasy/reality relationship with the god-like spirit that he believes dwells in all horses. Equus.

His tortured life (is it?) is a strange reflection of society's perceptions of religion, sex and love. Dysart seems to be the only man who can discover the nature and cause of the boy's confused world, but to do so he has to expose and torment the fragile core of his own spirit.

The performances are electrifying. Campbell's strength on stage moves the viewer from one emotion to another with a professional grace. Erdman, with his performance, seems to almost recreate reality. Even the horses as command an attention that completely denies the physical fact that they are a group of guys in turtlenecks, standing on funny platforms and wearing stilts.

The set is simple and effective. Basically, it consists of a large trampoline on which the square playing area is hemmed by a small frame-like affair. It is an extremely versatile set and very well used by the actors.

The special effects, involving the creative use of lighting and mime, mound the intuitive play. I left the theatre feeling impressed with what I had seen and deeply stimulated by the approach and subject matter of the story.

It is playing at the Royal Alexander theatre on King Street near the heart of Mirvishland (or the St. Andrew subway station).

The prices (keeping in tune with the generally absurd state of the universe) range from $5 for the best seats (the understated seats) up to $12. For the worst (the seats directly under the front of the stage) a situation causing great alarm among wealthy patrons who loathe the thought of being spit upon by over-zealous actors. If you're into theatre, even a little bit, I would suggest that this show is a "must!".

Your token newbie joke Why did the Newfie buy a pig for his wife? I give up. He heard that his wife was getting bailed at the office.

Festival of Festivals

DATE: September 9 to 18, spanning ten days and including two weekends for the benefit of those who cannot attend during the day.

Four gala evenings with receptions will be held on Friday and Saturday of both weekends.

Festival Headquarters will be the Toronto Harbour Castle Hilton Hotel at 1 Harbour Square.

The Festival appreciates the generosity of the Hotel in providing accommodation for guests of the Festival. The lobby and bar of the Hotel will be decorated for the Festival with posters and pictures and an all-round festive atmosphere is certainly expected.

Reservations can be made to stay at the hotel at any Hilton Reservation office or by telephone. Call 1-800-268-6000.

Canadian Consultants: Negotiations are underway with several prominent Canadians for special program series, an academic retrospective of the first week is being planned by Wayne Clark and Canadian Film Institute will prepare a series with the Festival.

EVENTS: The first major event will be a Special lunch at the Toronto Harbour Castle Hilton hotel on Friday, Sept. 9.

TOUR: A national tour following the Festival is being planned which will take one or two films and a filmmaker or lecturer to each of 12 cities across the nation.

PASSPORTS: Arrangements are being made on university and community college campuses for the pre-sale of passports to students before the cut-off date of April 29.

More of the best: Independent American cinema, West German films and Women's films will all gain be shown.

Brechtian Cinema Event: A special event of the Edinburgh Festival last year, will be presented here by Linda Myles.

Dino's "Peachy" Films: Ten favourites chosen by Dino de Laurentis. This retrospective may include La Strada, Nights of Cabiria, The Gold of Naples, War and Peace, The Bible, The Great War, Waterloo, Branded Women, Barabbas and The Tempest.

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The FU-KU Revu

featuring Jim MacPherson and Ed Boyd

Ed—Tell me about the FU-KU Revu in a word or two.

Jim—The idea came up one day and we got together to try and pull it off.

Ed—End of the year party?

Jim—Ya, we wanted to have cheap booze and free entertainment.

We needed something to break the exam tension and this seemed like a nice alternative.

Ed—Did you understand you were originally going to play in the pub?

Jim—Not really, they want to put on some sort of event on this particular matter, but it was something about doublebooking—anyway we then made the move to the Pit.

We—But you had to make another change to the Pit this time. Seems like you're having some difficulty finding a home.

Jim—To say the very least. As it turned out, the pub didn't think it was worthwhile their while to have a bar while we were selling cheap beer. So they withdrew and left us high and dry. So no say, we are here in the pit.

Ed—you seem to be selling the beer at quite a low price? How can you afford to take such a risk?

Jim—That fits into our plan of turning this affair into a party.

If people can have cost price beer and good, free music—well we are a couple of good reasons for a party so why not go. We don't plan to lose or make any money. Just to break even with the wine and beer. By the way, it's going to be three free beer or glasses of wine the price of admission, which is $1.00.

Ed—Do I hear rumours of a special guest performer. Who or what are we in for?

Jim—Something really different. I don't want to say anymore now, but it would be worth your time just to catch this act. The whole year is working with a degree of mystery, mostly whether or not it will happen. You'll really dig our New York surprise though.

Ed—Understand you've changed your basic format since you've your basic format since your very successful A-House party in the pub a few weeks ago.

Jim—For sure. We've made a mostly laid-back folk oriented show then where as now we're doing moreixed type music. Faster paced. Our first set will be pure folk but from there we're going to move. It's been very nice so far.

Ed—Well best of luck with the show Jim.

Jim—Thanks, Ed. I really hope we get the turnout we expect. No doubt it's going to be quite a party.

The FU-KU Revu rehearsing for Friday night.

an English major's joke:

Knock, knock.
Who's there?
Fuck.
Fuck who?
Fuck whom.

Harmonium: an autobiography

by Stephen "Doc" Lubin

My life was one of the happiest anyone could ask for until I graduated April 3rd, the night of the Harmonium concert. So, don't get me wrong, the show was unbelievable. It was just what I sat with that made the evening so enjoyable.

About a week before, one of my drinking buddies and I were fortunate enough to attend certainly one of the events of the year at Glendon, the CANO concert. We were so amused by the Quebec band that, while still in our drunken stupor, we ran out and bought tickets for the number one French-Canadian band (one could argue that they are probably the number one Canadian band—after the show they put on!).

After smoking a few cigarettes rolled with fuzzy tobacco, we departed on our T.T.C. journey to Convention Hall. We had left over an hour and a half before the concert was scheduled to start with a chance of getting a "good" seat. Upon arrival, we realized that we weren't the only ones hoping to get a good seat. Standing outside the hall were 3000 music lovers who had booked seats.

Included in the masses were about 150 Glendones, mostly made up of the Quebec delegation who were, needless to say in full voice ("gibon" without any beer!). After street corner for a while, saying "bonjour" to the familiar faces, we were accosted by Claire "um immon", who was with her luscious sister and two handsome young men (God, they were good looking!). After waiting in line for about an hour and a half the doors were opened and the mad rush was on for a seat.

Miraculously we found ourselves sitting in the front row! Then it began. Claire started moaning that she couldn't see the whole stage and that she couldn't understand this weird language. She moaned and whined for about ten minutes.

Finally, we decided to move, and wouldn't you know it, the only seats left were those way up in the last row. The concert itself in mine and everybody else's books, was excellent. On top of that, somehow after the show I ended up in Hamilton!

I would be rambling in closing if I failed to mention Kevin Pullbrook's contribution to the show. Claire would especially like to thank Kevin for testing the mikes.

The FU-KU Revu is a seven-member folk rock group, made up entirely of Glendon stock. The group will be playing an end-of-the-year party on Friday April 15 at 8:30 p.m. in the Hilliard Pit.

Members: Jim MacPherson—12 string guitar and vocals Ed Boyd—drums Larry Peterson—bass Jean Dallaire—lead guitar, back-up vocals Karl MacKenzie—back-up vocals Lynn Archer—back-up vocals A.J. Andrew Jones—vocals guest appearance—John Tench

Three beers or three glasses of wine with the price of admission $1.00.

Un petit tour au YMCA (YWCA)

par Pierre Robitaille

La claque d'Anglais Hill, "Théâtre absurde" de Peter Robinson préconisait le 29 mars dernier au Pipel Room, une expérience théâtrale improvisée intitulée "Open house at the C". L'inspirateur de ce cours, absolument râléculies, destiné on sait pourquoi dire comment à réhabiliter, intégrer au guide des déséquilibres, des victimes de viole, etc.

En demi-cercle, le groupe de six élèves sous l'égde de leur professeur, a tenté de nous restituer l'atmosphère typique d'une session habituelle d'université, un conseiller "hi" tenailles pas les complexes les plus divers, une agressivité, une susceptibilité maladive s'ingéniant donc à torturer six lamentables, belles loges humaines dégradées par une existence mérite, il les force, à tour de rôle à dégûter leurs créations, leurs loisirs à l'œil infatigable, les dressant les uns contre les autres, la dénigrement verbe s'accomplissant de l'affollement physique, où le libéralité le sub- conscient mais sans que l'excès du mal ne s'accomplisse. En vrai, un "freak show" transformant le spectateur en voyer, qui par ses accents de vérités avait réussi à imprimer chez lui, un incomparable mal à l'âme.

Il semble que cette dernière heure de recomposition au cours soit tout souligner l'être inévitable d'une telle thérapie, où le dialogue n'existe pas. Le contact physique ne s'implique que pour apaiser un désir sensible maladif. Ce fut certes un plaisir convaincant à plus d'un niveau.

Partant d'élèves en majorité viole èase d'expérience théâtrale, Peter Robinson, à travers une mine série de quinzaine ses- tive de pratique, a réussi à éloigner visuellement six personnages, à leur donner un relief marqué, à les faire vivre. Philip Adams et David Sullivan se sont distingués, mais sans briser l'homogénéité d'ensemble. Il est par ailleurs, peu curieux d'être repéré par une seconde fois, une rotation des dix dans le groupe aurait pu être fasciante.

Finalement, soulignons qu'un certain type de théâtre du mal- pronée racine dans notre Glendons passionné d'art dramatique, nous croyons que les étudiants l'apprécierait rapidement, ce n'est certes pas le talent, ni l'expression qui manque!
On Campus

The winner of the Pro Tom draw

Return ticket to Gt. Britain is M. L. Pigott

Concerts

Triple Feature Concert Series: Country folk singer Deborah Dymond, Delta blues artist Charlie and contemporary folk-rock group Backwood prospectors in concert April 15 at 8 p.m. Tickets $2. Church St. Community Centre, 519 Church St.

FM: Multi-instrumentalists Nash The Slash and Cameron Hawkins of the no-connections FM forgets to entertain with music, sound and lights, reminiscent of the group Pile. Play Friday at 8 p.m. Tickets $3.50 and $2.50 for students are available at Round Records, 45 Bloor St. W. and on Wheels, 629 Yonge St. Ontario College of Art Auditorium, 100 McCaul St.

Live Theatre

La Troupe Grotteuse's comedy review Plain Brown Wrapper at Old Fordham's 65 Elm St., Mon. to Thurs. 9 p.m., Fri. and Sat. 8 and 10:30 p.m. Reservations 597-6155. Student discount Mon. to Thurs.

Primary English Class: Israeli Horovitz's comedy performed by Open Circle and Theatrical Troupe from Fri. 8:45 p.m., Sat. and 9:30 p.m. 8:30-20 and 7 p.m. Tickets Tues. to Thur. $3.50, Fri. and Sat. $4.50. Sun. matinee pay what you can New Theatre, 726 Bay St., Small Room. Advance Reservations 967-4564. Held over to April 24.

I Love You, Baby Blue 2 Theatre presents Mervelle's sequel to I Love You, Baby Blue is a light comedy about love and sex, directed by Erast Ashwin. An inept run. Tues. to Sun. 8:30 p.m., Sun. at 8:30 p.m. Tickets Tues. to Sun. $5, Fri. and Sat. $4. Sun. matinee pay what you can 14 Ryerson Av. Reservations 363-9988.

Dracula: John Balderston's adaptation of Bram Stoker's famous vampire story is on full of suspense, mystery and good fun. Presented by Toronto Theatre Truck to May 16, Wed. to Fri. and Sun. at 8:30 p.m., Sat. and 9:30 p.m. Royal Theatre Wed. Thurs. $4, Fri. and Sat. $5. students and seniors $1 discount Thetford Reservations 922-0084.

Yuk Yuk's: A new club aimed at providing a launch pad for new comedians, featuring troupe and a feature set Wednesday at 8:30 p.m. April 20 Gerry bedrock, 110 Church St.

Domino Court and Comices Cafe: Two one-act plays written by William Harnall, set in Oklahoma during the Depression April 15 to Thursday, Fri. to Sun. at 8:30 p.m. Tickets $3 and $4. students and seniors $1 discount Toronto Free Theatre, 26 Berkeley St. 368-3656.

Epstein: Peter Shaffer's award-winning drama involving a disturbed boy and his psychiatrist continues April 15 to 21, Mon. to Sat. at 8:30 p.m., Wed. and Sat. matinee at 2:30 p.m. Tickets $8 to $12, matinee $6.50 to $10.75 Royal Alexandra Theatre, 623-4211

The Man Most Likely: British comedy with Raymond Jentjes performed by Doric Productions. April 16, Wed. to Sat. at 8:30 p.m. tickets $5. Aladdin Theatre, 2367 Yonge St. 753-1964 or 482-2982 Monday, 9:17-18.

Let's Get A Divorce: by Victor Sardou and Emile de Nac. Directed by Albert Mullaire. April 16 to Apr. 20, Thurs. to Sat. at 8 p.m. matinee at 2 p.m. Apr. 16 Mon. and Thurs. $4.50, Wed. and Sat. $5.50 to $6.75. Tickets $5 to $10.75. Students matinee $5.50 and $6.75. Students matinee $3 and a half hour before any performance for $3 reservations 366-7723.