

Watson Resigns From GCSU

by Howard Marshall

Last Monday's GCSU had all the makings of a "Pier 1" brawl.

GCSU Vice President of Communications Cheryl Watson and Marshall Katz who had not so much as looked at one another for weeks, many felt were ready to square off as a result of Watson's attempt

to censure Katz for his comments of November 13. This was not to happen as Watson, satisfied with Katz's behaviour in Monday's meeting, withdrew her motion of censure. The withdrawal of this motion really was of little consequence in the final outcome of the meeting, as such things as the status of the J. Pollard Award, the Glendon Task Force

on the 1980's and the Christmas Banquet were discussed. The J. Pollard Award, a memorial Award in honour of a Glendon student who died in a car accident, it was decided, is to be given out this year to the Glendon student who has remained active throughout the year as well as maintaining a good academic record. The award will be given at the

Spring Commencement.

Monday's meeting as well saw the GCSU pass a motion "to actively promote bilingualism on this campus." This has not been pursued in the past but will be now by means of bilingual GCSU posters and bilingual announcements of GCSU-sponsored dances. Council also decided to push for an increase in Bilingual social

activities on campus.

The meeting was topped off when Chairman Marshall Katz, with deep regret read a letter of resignation from Cheryl Watson. Ms. Watson's reasons for resigning were largely personal. Though her resignation became effective immediately, she will continue her work on the Christmas Banquet. The meeting ended on that note.

1 December
1978

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pro tem

Glendon College



Photo: Geoff Hoare

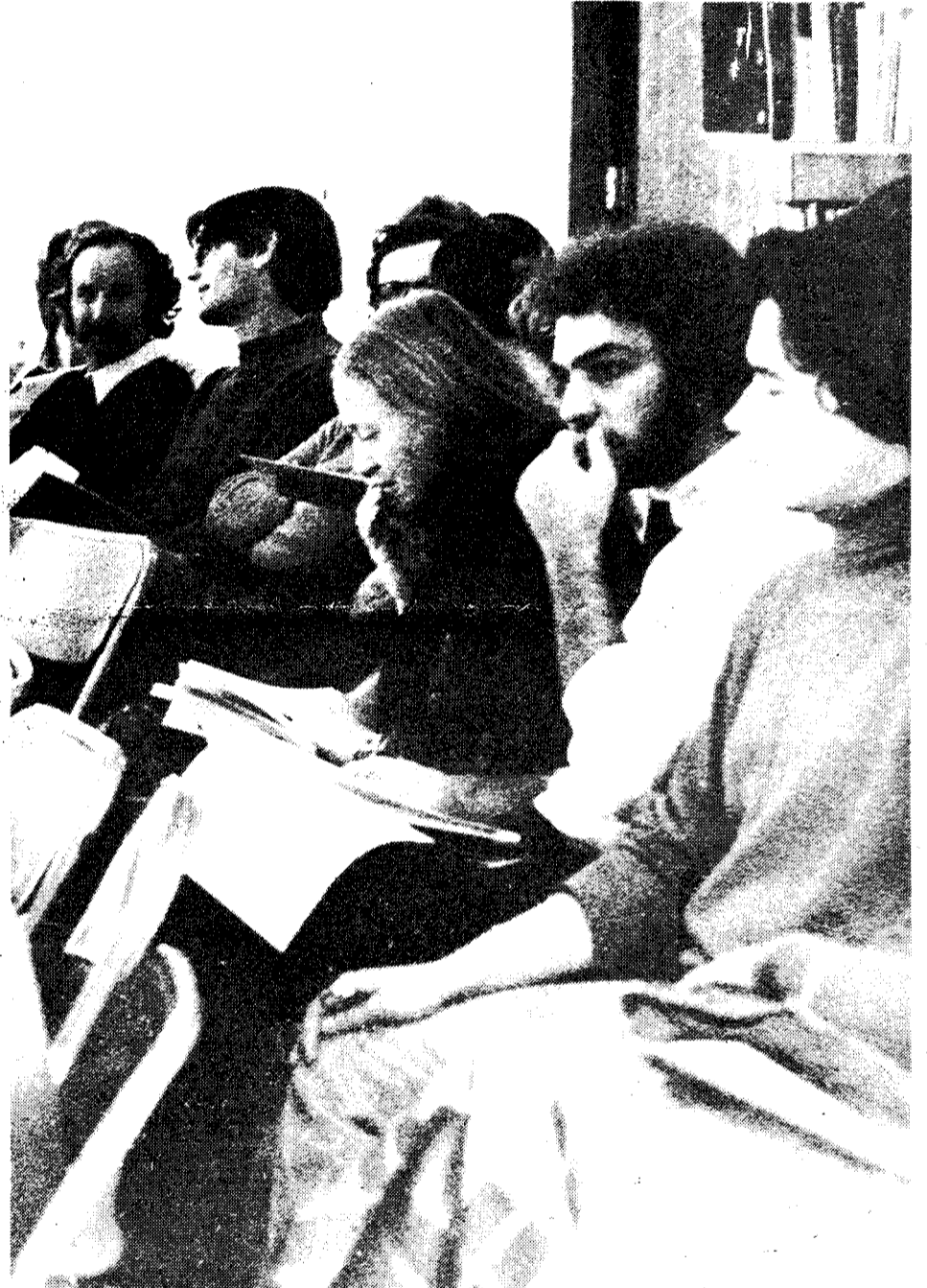


Photo: Phil Roche

The Kids Play...

Two of the Glendon Day Care Centre's finest representatives take advantage of Monday's snowfall to get some serious playing done

And the Elders Converse Thursday's Glendon For The '80s Conference

Subversion By Fingerprints?

San Francisco (ZNS-CUP)
If a recent decision by the Federal Appeals Court in San Francisco stands, people who read "inflammatory texts" by Karl Marx or even Thomas Jefferson may have to start wearing gloves.

The decision involved the case of Frank Giese, a former professor of French at Portland State Un-

iversity, who was convicted in 1974 of conspiracy "to commit offenses against the United States."

Giese, a leftist activist in Boston and Portland, was accused by the U.S. government of recruiting, leading and financing a small group of revolutionaries and of bombing a Portland military recruitment centre in 1973.

The jury found Giese innocent of the bombing charges, but convicted him of conspiracy. The French professor was subsequently sentenced to five years in prison and to pay a \$10,000 fine. He is currently free on appeal.

According to **Seven Days**, Giese was forced during the trial to read violent rhetoric from books the

prosecution says contained his fingerprints. The only problem, the magazine said, was that the same books also contained another 190 unidentified fingerprints from other people who had read the book.

Two federal appeals courts judges ruled that the book was relevant evidence in the case because it sho-

wed Giese's "knowledge of violent revolutionary met-

One judge, however, dissented, saying that "even during the evil thrall of McCarthyism, we did not embrace the concept of guilty by book association."

The case is currently on appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Notes

Visit of President Macdonald To Glendon College

President H. Ian Macdonald of York University will be visiting Glendon Thursday December 7th.

At 2 p.m., he will be in The Board / Senate chamber for a dialogue on:

"The Future Of The University"

Don't miss this chance to make cogent Glendon input to the Central Administration.

Certificate of Bilingual Competence Examinations 1979

Applications to take the examinations for the Certificate of Bilingual Competence should reach the Secretary, Bilingual Examinations, Board, Room C137, York Hall by Friday, January 20, 1979.

Application forms and further information are available in that office. Completed application forms must be delivered to the Secretary of the Board in person.

Certificat de Compétence Bilingue Examens 1979

Les demandes pour passer les examens du Certificat de Compétence Bilingue devraient parvenir au Secrétaire du Jury d'Attestation de Bilinguisme, salle C137, York Hall, le vendredi 20 janvier 1979 au plus tard.

Pour avoir une formule de demande et de plus amples renseignements, adressez-vous au même bureau. Les formulaires remplis doivent être remis personnellement au Secrétaire.

The U.N.A. will be meeting to discuss disarmament in the Senate Chambers on Tuesday at 5:00 p.m. All welcome.

Community Chamber Orchestra Concert Monday, December 11, 1978 8:00 p.m. Theatre Glendon Admission Free



Nancahuazu Andean Music Saturday Dec. 9th, 7 pm. O.I.S.E. 272 Bloor St. W. St. George Subway \$5

CEGEP Students Protest College Repression

Montreal (CUP) - The gate separating the students from the administrators is locked and guarded. Television cameras provide a continuous surveillance at all the entrances and exits. This is not a federal penitentiary. It is the CEGEP de Vieux Montreal.

September, 1978 ushered in not only the beginning of the new school year, but also, for many of Quebec's CEGEPs and universities, what has proved to be an unrelenting chain of confrontations with the administration.

The pattern shows an unmistakable move towards repression of students' activities outside the classroom curriculum. The incidents are neither minor nor isolated and have, on more than one occasion led to student strikes and class boycotts.

"I think there's trouble in each CEGEP in Quebec,"

said Andre Lauzon, coordinator for the Bureau regional d'information et de recherche (BRIR) of l'Association Nationale des Etudiants du Quebec. (ANEQ)

At CEGEP de Vieux Montreal and l'Université de Quebec à Montreal, the administrations have refused to recognize any student associations. The associations have no money to work with, and are not recognized as the spokespersons for the students they represent. This led to a student strike at the CEGEP de Vieux Montreal Nov. 9.

The student association of CEGEP Rosemont was threatened by the administration with an abusive service contract, which also limited their right to post signs and hold student meetings.

A group of 250 students peacefully occupied the administration offices for

three and a half hours before the anti-riot squad was called to expel them.

More fortunate than most, the Rosemont students have resolved their contract dispute, after a long struggle.

In September, directive number 030307, formulated by the Ministry of Education, was implemented at CEGEP Maisonneuve. The various statutes make it mandatory that all students carry their identification cards with them at all times or risk being removed from the premises. A long struggle by students resulted in the revoking of these regulations by the administration last week.

Students and associations are not permitted to divert other students from pedagogical activities or disturb the public order, with the penalty being suspension or even expulsion.

"But what is 'public or-

der'?" questioned Lauzon. It's definition must be arbitrary at best."

Administrative control over finances and facilities has left students at Lionel Broulx, Ahuntsic, and Andre Laurendau CEGEPs almost totally powerless. The administrators refused to turn over the fees collected from the students to the associations and have reserved the right to check spending at both Lionel Broulx and Ahuntsic.

Since last year's organized student demand for a sports complex, the administration of CEGEP Andre Laurendau began charging \$75 every time the auditorium was used to hold a student assembly.

"An auditorium is very important because you must be able to hold meetings," Lauzon said.

Cont. page 5

Junior High Students Strike For Four-Day Week

Coquitlam, B.C. (CPA-CUP)

About 500 students at Winslow junior secondary school here have walked out of their classes, saying they would not return until a four-day school week was implemented.

School principal Gordon House said that the incident began during a debate on the subject in a communications class when the students were discussing the various hours of work insisted upon by trade unions. They then started talking about shorter work week in the schools, he said, but all the time it was just a theoretical discussion.

The communication class distributed opinion surveys to other pupils and many of them took the subject seriously, House said.

One Grade 10 student, who said he was one of the strike leaders, said he did not know how long the strike would last. The principal, who has arranged a meeting with the students, said the four-day school week is impractical because our society is not ready for it.

"There's just no way in which we could implement the four day school week," he said.

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How Do We Do It? Like This...

Story and Photos by Brian Barber

Have you ever wondered how Pro Tem gets to you every week? (Well, almost every week.)

This is the story behind the scenes: the actual work involved in putting out the newspaper.

It begins...

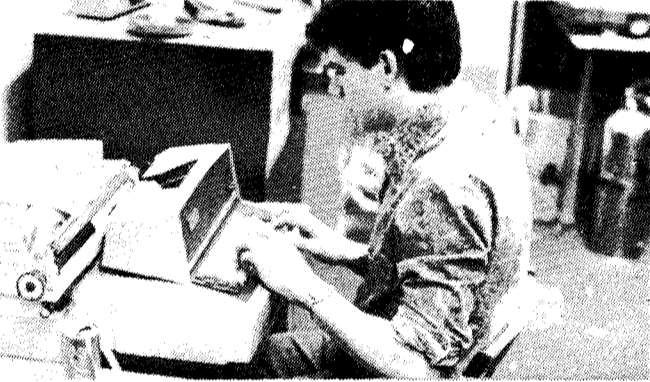
Friday Afternoon

The Pro Tem editorial staff meets in the newspaper offices to plan the stories, features, reviews and photos for the next issue. Staff writers and photographers are assigned to cover the week's happenings.

A brief critique of the previous issues is discussed and problems that arose are usually ironed out.

Monday Afternoon

Typesetting for the forthcoming issue begins. Unlike Excalibur, Pro Tem owns its own typesetting equipment and does its own layout and paste-up.



Jim Smith doing the typesetting

Copy from the Canadian University Press (CUP), of which this newspaper is a member, and stories and reviews held over from the last issue are run off on the typesetting machine and justified (the machine that is supposed to line up, or justify, the right hand side of this column.)

Tuesday

By now most of the stories for the paper have arrived and space is allotted for them. Typesetting continues and the actual layout and pasting-up of the paper begins. Advertising copy (from Youthstream, our national advertising representati-

ves and from Septocorp, who handle local ads) is the first to go up on the "flats". Regular graphics (like the masthead and the column titles) go up next.



Perry Malinos and Kelly-Anne Bishop pasting-up copy

Wednesday

This is when things really start to move. Final copy is in and some is being rewritten. Photos for the

issue are being processed and the copy going onto the flats is beginning to resemble Friday's finished product.

Thursday

Do you know what it's like to be at the Bloor-Yonge subway interchange at 5:00 on a weekday afternoon? If you do, then you have some idea of what it's like in the Pro Tem office on Thursday. Copy is being typeset and pasted up as fast as it can come off the machine. A writer or two is still working on a story that took place earlier in the day. And the editor is finally pounding out his

editorial.

By nine or ten o'clock at night the paper is finally ready to go to press. Unfortunately, the press happens to be in Guelph, sixty miles west of Toronto.

So the editor, Brian Barber and the Production manager, Stuart Starbuck, as well as the occasional guest (usually Jim Smith) hop into Starbuck's pick-up truck and drive out to Guelph.

Upon arrival, approximately 70 minutes later, we hand over our photographs to the camera person from Webman Ltd. (the printers) so that they can be made into "PMT"s. PMT stands for Photo-Mechanical Transfer, and what this process does is change the black, white and grey areas of a photograph into a series of dots; close together for black, further apart for grey and none at all for pure white.

Once the PMTs are done, we have some of our regular body type blown up using the process camera (the same one that the PMTs are shot with) so that we have headlines. This isn't exactly the normal procedure for a newspaper, as a headliner machine is generally used to print the headlines in various sizes and typestyles. But, in keeping with grand Pro Tem tradition, our headliner doesn't work and at present, we can't afford to fix it.

While we're waiting for the headlines, we strip in the PMTs and finish off little bits and pieces of paste-up that were somehow neglected in Toronto.

When the headlines are returned we paste them up and return the finished flats to the camera room.

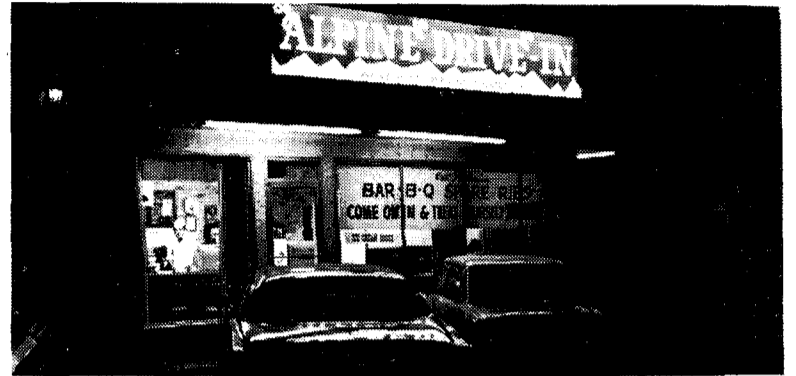
Now it's time for a little relaxation.

Because it takes nearly an hour for the flats to be photographed, and the negatives of the flats to be "burned" onto aluminum



Putting the finishing touches on the negatives.

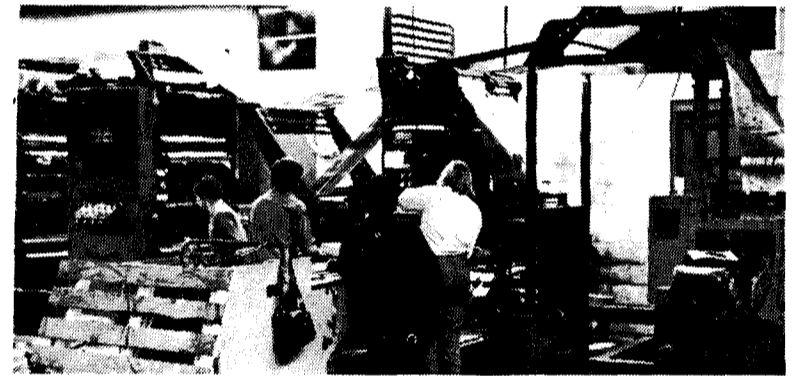
plates and the plates to be put on the press and..... oops, got a little carried away there. Anyway, while this is being done we take our leisure by heading to the famous Alpine Drive-In for the inevitable "Big Al, fries and a chocolate shake".



The famed Alpine Drive-In

By the time we return to the printer's the plates are ready and our press is about to begin.

Once the big Web Offset press starts rolling, the pressmen are crawling all over it, adjusting the pressure on the plates and the flow of ink to ensure that every copy is "perfect". These guys really take pride in their work.



...And the presses roll

As the paper comes off the press in large sheets it is cut and folded automatically and then bundled into piles of 100 copies.

It takes 45 minutes to run our 4000 copies and once that's done it's time to load them into the truck

and head back to Toronto. We usually get back between four and five in the morning and distribute 2000 copies around the campus upon arrival, after that we catch a little sleep before starting the whole procedure again.

While the editorial staff are conferring on Friday afternoon, Stuart Starbuck is taking the remaining copies of Pro Tem up to the main campus. And we're sitting here talking about next week's issue.

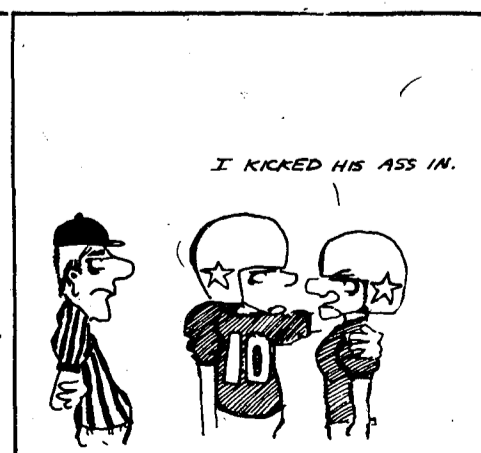
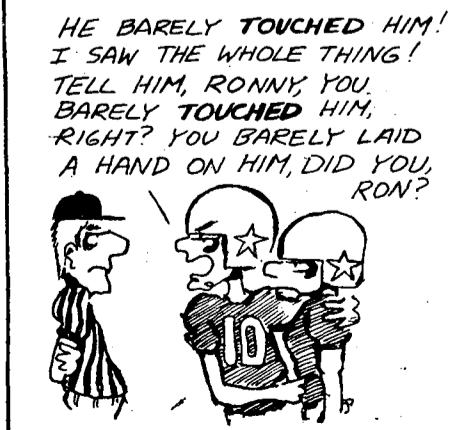
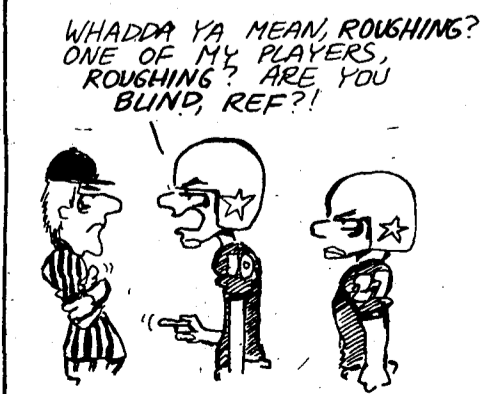
So that's all the poop on producing Pro Tem. Anybody want to give us a hand with it?

PRO TEM



Glendon College,
York University
2275 Bayview Avenue
Toronto, Ontario
M4N 3M6

trudeau



Pro Tem



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York University
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Pro Tem is the independent weekly newspaper of Glendon College. Founded in 1962 as the original student publication of York University, it has been a member of the Canadian University Press' since 1967. **Pro Tem** strives to be autonomous of both university administration and student government, and all copy and photographs are the sole responsibility of the editorial staff. Editorial offices are located in Glendon Hall. Telephone: 487-6133. **Pro Tem** is printed by Webman Limited, Guelph, Ontario. Circulation: 4,000, including Glendon and main campuses of York University. National advertising is handled by Youthstream, 307 Davenport Rd., Toronto, Ontario M5R 1K5. Telephone 925-6359.

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(30)

Editorial

The commercial press here in Toronto seem to be moving into the realm of sensationalism at a rapid pace. News and the quality and calibre of reporting it are taking a backseat to catchy 72 point headlines.

This past week, the leader of the Federal New Democratic Party summed the situation up quite nicely when he told CKO Radio that politics is both substantive and dramatic. Unfortunately, said Broadbent, the Canadian media are giving the public the drama, but not the substance.

There is no better example of this than the way in which the press in Toronto have approached the whole situation in Québec. (Perhaps by calling the Québec political scene a "situation" I have inadvertently fallen into the same trap as those I accuse of sensationalism.)

To the unwitting anglophone. Québec has been

portrayed as a province of blood-thirsty Péquistes, waiting to lynche the unwary Englishman who dares to venture into "their" territory.

Lead by a cigarette-smoking revolutionary, René Levesque, these people seek to destroy Canada in one fell swoop.

Never do we hear about how the PQ government has cleaned house in a province where corruption and patronage were an accepted way of political life.

Nor do we hear much about the new political awareness that the election of the PQ has brought to the people of Québec.

Politics are in the hearts and minds of the majority, be they Péquiste, Liberal, Conservative, Social Credit or otherwise.

Compare that to Ontario, where political commitments are few and far between, and where membership in a political party generally means attending

all the proper social functions and carrying a three colour party card with your name on it.

How many people here even bother to read what the Government or the Opposition parties are up to. "Give me the sports page or give me death."

Do people in Ontario really bother to analyze the problems of this shakedown Confederation that we are a part of? How many anglophones have tried to picture what this province would be like if it was surrounded by 16 million francophones? What does it feel like to have the shoe on the other foot?

Besides that, how would Ontario residents react if their favourite newspapers ever told them that the PQ ran a better government than their own? I'd hate to think of the repercussions.

God save the Status Quo.

B.B.

At Queen's Park

By Gord Cochrane

Frank Drea is a crusader. That is why it was so appropriate for Drea to be given the job of minister of consumer and commercial relations in the provincial administration in October.

He was a crusader when an international representative of the steelworker's union. He was as director of the "Action Line" column for the old Toronto Telegram. And, he certainly proved that he was in his year as correctional services minister.

No sooner had Drea been sworn-in as a provincial cabinet member than he made clear that he planned to make changes in the field of corrections.

Drea's most noted plan - advocated by various law reform commissions in the past - was to have the minor offender sentenced to work programs within the community. Such programs were to have benefitted the community and make offenders earn their remission. "Dignity through work", he said.

Other tenants of the Drea plan called for upgrading the training of correctional officers (guards) and for the use of the province's jail yards to grow vegetables.

All reports agree that the plan has been a tremendous success.

But, Drea despite - and probably because of his crusading style of politics - could conceivably prove an embarrassment to Bill Davis. At times in the past, his convictions have led him to the brink of outrageousness. He also has had a drinking problem in the past which most certainly led to that outspokenness. So, Frank Drea will clearly have to continue to control himself if his ministerial tenure is to be measured in years.

To quote former NDP leader, Stephen Lewis, from a year ago: "...it will undoubtedly be one of the most colourful and unorthodox tenures in contemporary politics" And, it has...

In the consumers' portfolio Drea has already taken some pretty bold new steps. He has pushed the Liquor Control Board of Ontario (that's what LCBO stands for) to hire the handicapped to staff its stores across Ontario. And, in the face of much criticism he has warned that waitresses shall be waitresses and strippers shall be strippers. Talk of motherhood issues!

Let's hope that Frank Drea will continue to pursue his new responsibilities with the same crusading style that has marked the rest of life.

How in the world do you drink Kahlua?



Brown Cow
Kahlua and Milk

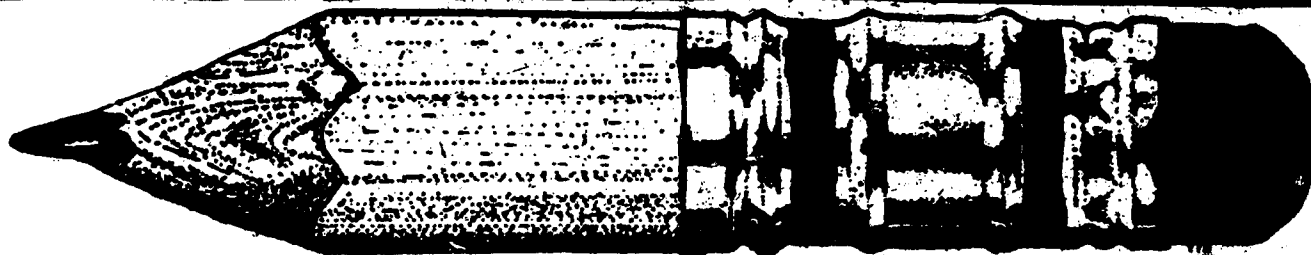
Black Russian
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Letters



All correspondence should be addressed to:
**THE EDITOR, PRO TEM,
GLENDON HALL.**
We welcome your letters and will print as many as space allows.

Libelous and slanderous passages will be deleted without the author's consent. All letters must be signed and pseudonyms may be used only with the editor's permission.

To the editor:

Thank you for your brilliant and insightful review of the Devo album. It was

non-committal enough to have been written by Dr. McQueen. Usually a critic offers some opinion, but these two were generous enough to leave it all up to me. I figured out what the problem was, however. If they had only read one other critic the review would have been simple. Having read two critics, however, the mind was, understandably, bogged. Keep up the good work. One last word: Mongoloid.

Mark Smith

Fun With Words by Mark Terry

This week's puzzle is not unlike the very first one to appear in *Pro Tem*. Have fun!

The object of this week's puzzle is to find the most homophonous* sound in En-

lish. It has 14 meanings. (Last week's answers: Poem number one: Every second letter, starting with the t in at spells the title. **THE LEGENDARY JUDY GARLAND**. Poem number

two: Every second word, starting with **I'm then hanging** and so on explains the person's cry which is **HELP!**)

*Homophonous—a single syllable sound.



CEGEP Continued

Often the associations have been forced to fight for the most basic of rights in the fear that loss of these will eventually mean the erosion of all the association's powers, and even the erosion of all student rights.

Lauzon sees the right of association as the foundation on which all other battles are waged.

"If you are not organized, how can you fight against economic and academic repression?" he asked.

"The goals of the government and administration are to neutralize the associations," he added. "Because if you do, it is difficult, for the students to be organized against any increases, pedagogical changes, etc."

Student Threatened With Deportation Gets Reprieve

Halifax (CUP)

The St. Mary's University student what was threatened with deportation for accepting 15 cents for some candy has won a temporary reprieve.

Kow "Peter" Chang has been granted permission to stay in Canada until December 31 while his case is being reviewed by the Federal Court of Canada.

Chang had been previously ordered out of the country by November 4 by the Nova Scotia adjudicator for the federal department of immigration. He had been charged with selling 15 cents worth of candy to children from his sister's store, an act allegedly contrary to the terms of his visa student status.

His lawyers are also hoping he has a better chance of winning his case after a similar case in Ontario was decided in favour of the accused.

In that case, John Labrakos, a native of Greece, was charged with having assisted his brother in his submarine shop. The assistance was given when the shop was busy and a regular employee had failed to arrive on schedule.

When immigration officials saw Labrakos making sandwiches, they laid charges.

However, the adjudicator in the case ruled that Labrakos was not working (which would have broken immigration rules) but was only giving assistance to his brother for which he expected no pay.

Similarly, Chang was in his sister's store only because a regular employee had failed to arrive and the store had to be opened to allow the milkman to make delivery. After Chang opened the store, two youngsters entered, placed 15 cents on the counter, and took some candy.

The Nova Scotia adjudicator who ordered him out of the country ignored the concept, ruling that the duties performed by Chang were ones for which one normally expects to be paid.

According to Labrakos' solicitor, there is a wide area of case law which supported the Labrakos arguments and should support the Chang case.

In order for one to be employed, he said, it is necessary that certain conditions be met, such as regular hours, regular pay, regular government deductions and some sort of a "master-servant relationship".

As for the aspect of the Immigration Act which refers to activity for which "a person may reasonably be expected to receive valuable consideration", the Ontario solicitor asked, "Would you expect to be paid for helping your sister?"

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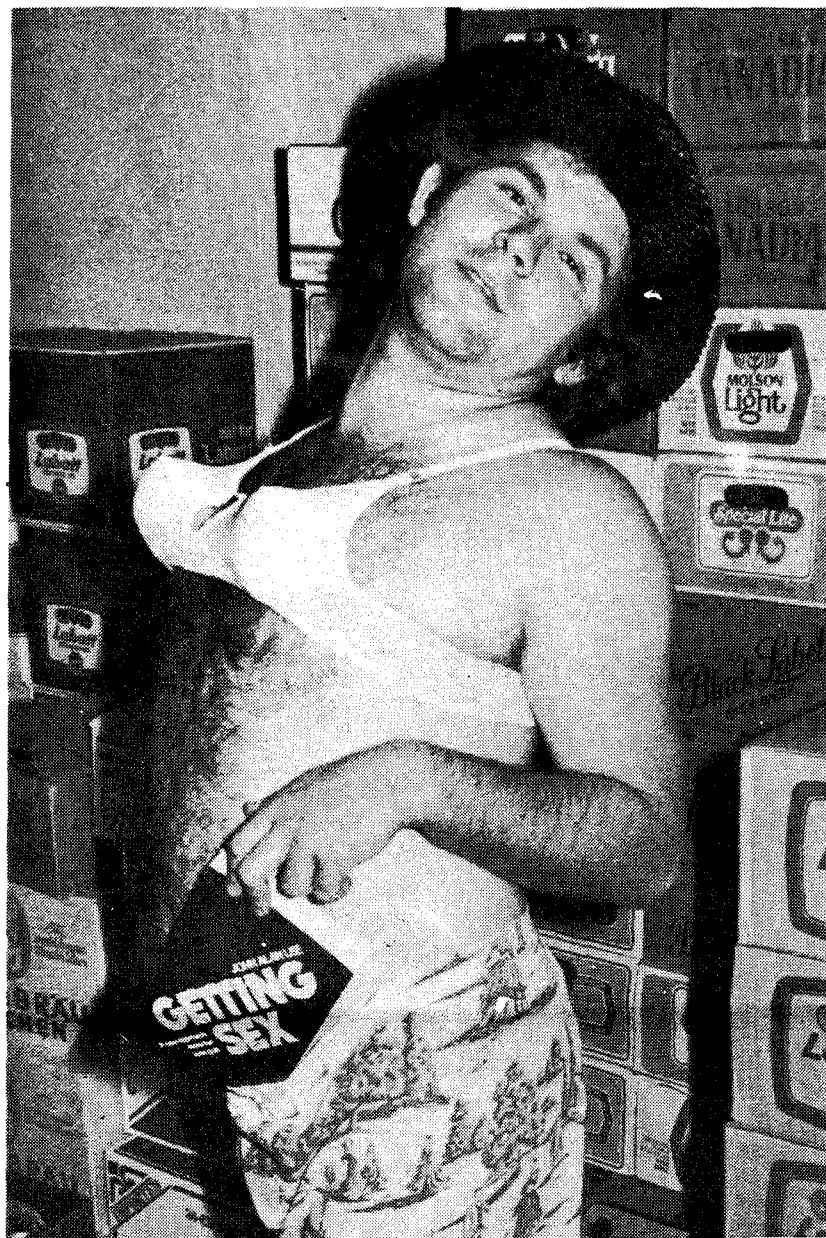
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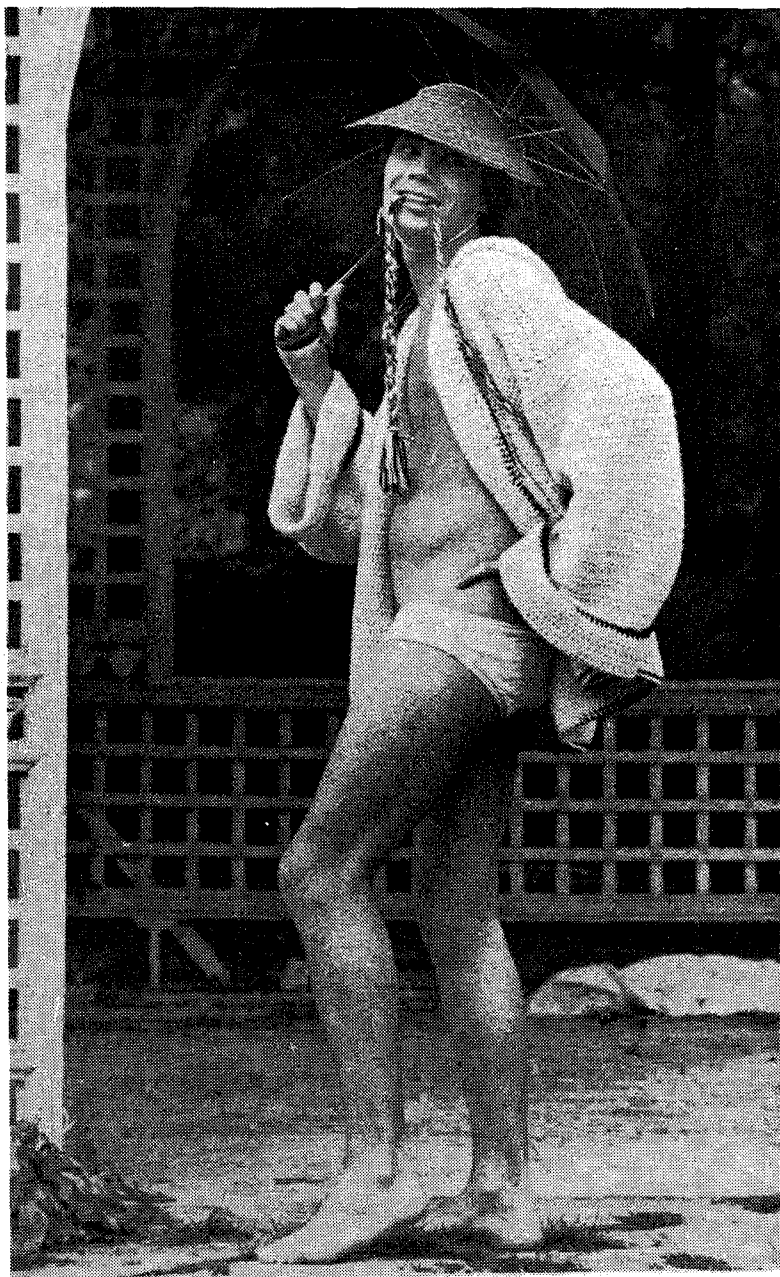
Official Pro Tem Girl Ballot Box
Located Above The Cigarette Machine
In The Café de la Terrasse



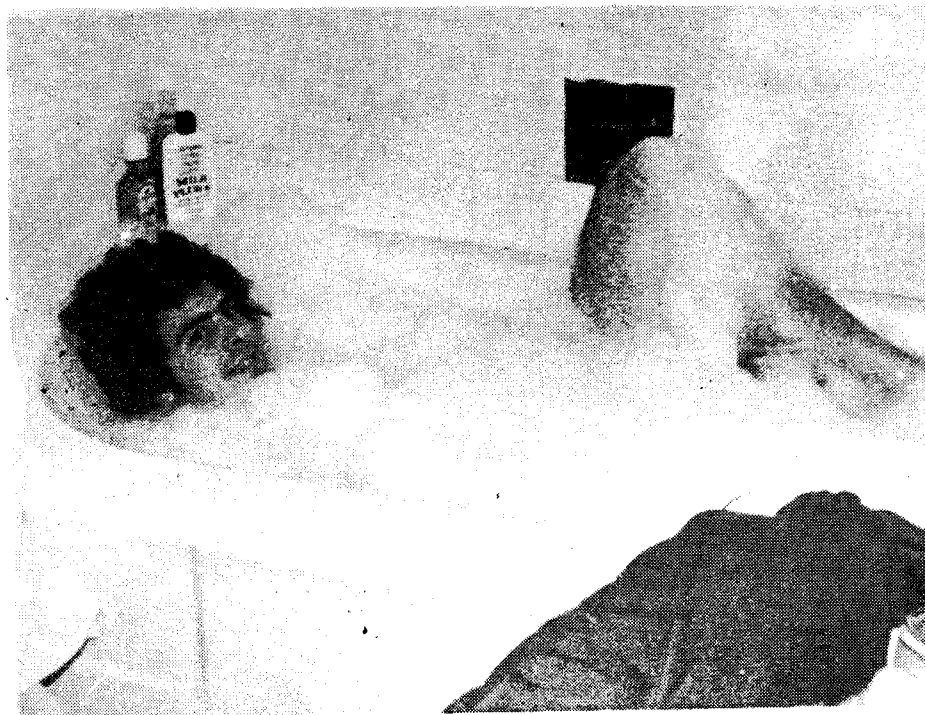
1. Zelda - 21 years old



2. Vincenza - 24 years old

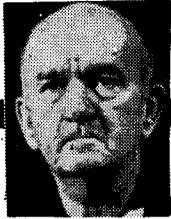


3. Stephanie - 20 years old



4. Tanya - 21 years old

BIG AL'S
Pro Tem girl



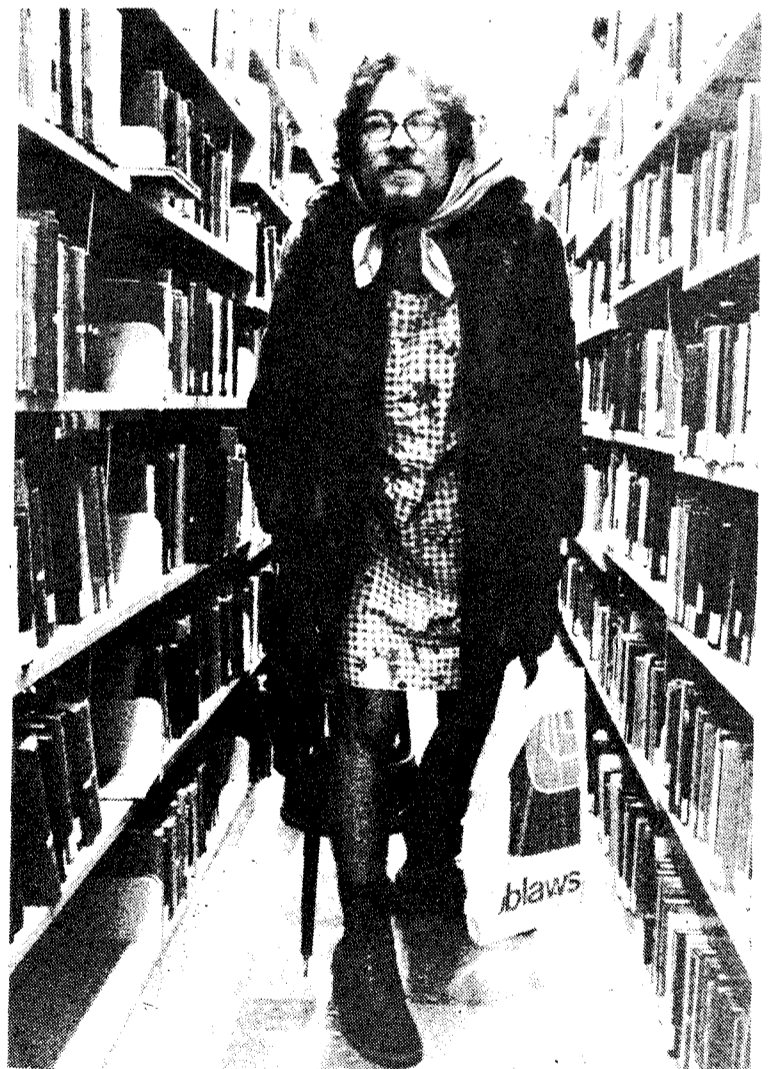
WIN A DATE!
GUARANTEED
GOOD
TIME!



6. Josephine - 12 years old



5. Enza - 25 years old



7. Rose - Age unknown

THE BEST COMMENT WINS THE EVENING OF YOUR DREAMS

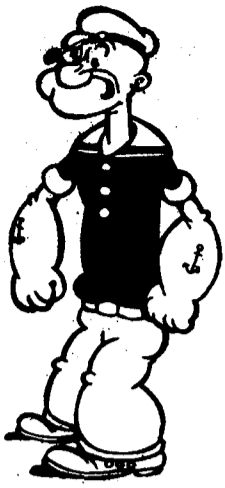
Pro Tem
Girl
Official Ballot

Fill in The Box With The Number Of Big Al's Best Photo This Year.

COMMENTS: _____

All Entries Should Be In To Us By 12:00 pm. Dec. 6.

Sea Sickness



By Revrun Willis

Since this column did not appear in the commemorative issue of **Pro Tem, Glendon: Past, Present and Future**, I felt it my duty to write my own commemorative column about a very dear and close friend of mine who has returned to Glendon after an absence of some twenty months. Many a Glendonite spent hour upon hour with this friend of ours, usually in the pinball room of the Café de la Terrasse, and she endured all of the abuse and lauding that we unforgivably directed her way.

She played an important part in many of our lives, and in her presence, many lasting friendships were made. Her voice could be heard as it carried through the corridors of Glendon Hall from early in the morning usually until well after the pub closed. She had an attraction that seemed to almost compel people to go over and initiate interaction with her, and she was seldom seen without a crowd of people gathered around her.

One fateful eve in March of 1977 she was mercilessly and viciously attacked and to this very day her assailant has not yet been identified. They took her away immediately and she was not seen nor heard of since that time. There were many who felt distraught at her sudden disappearance and we all leaned our heads upon another of her kind to try and put the very thought of her out of our minds. We soon found that she had played an even bigger role in our lives than we had ever anticipated, and that faint glimmer of hope that she would some day return

to us could never be extinguished.

Many others appeared trying to take her place, but it soon became apparent that this was impossible, and they seemed to float in and out of Glendon almost without recognition. Pleas were made to the powers that be, to do all that they could in an attempt to find and return her to us.

It actually got so bad that some of us, upon hearing that she might in fact return to these hallowed halls, made special trips to the pub office and pinball room hoping that her glowing face would be there to greet us. News of her location was finally procured: we were informed that her long period of convalescence was over, and that she would soon grace us with her presence once again.

One day last week our dreams came true and within minutes of her arrival we were again spending money on her, for where she was concerned money was no object. One example of her worth to us can easily be seen in the instan-

taneous attention that she received upon her arrival back to her rightful home. We have not left her alone since, nor unguarded, and will never let her leave us

again. Thank you for returning to us in all of your glory, 'HIGH HAND'. We missed you.

Until next week...

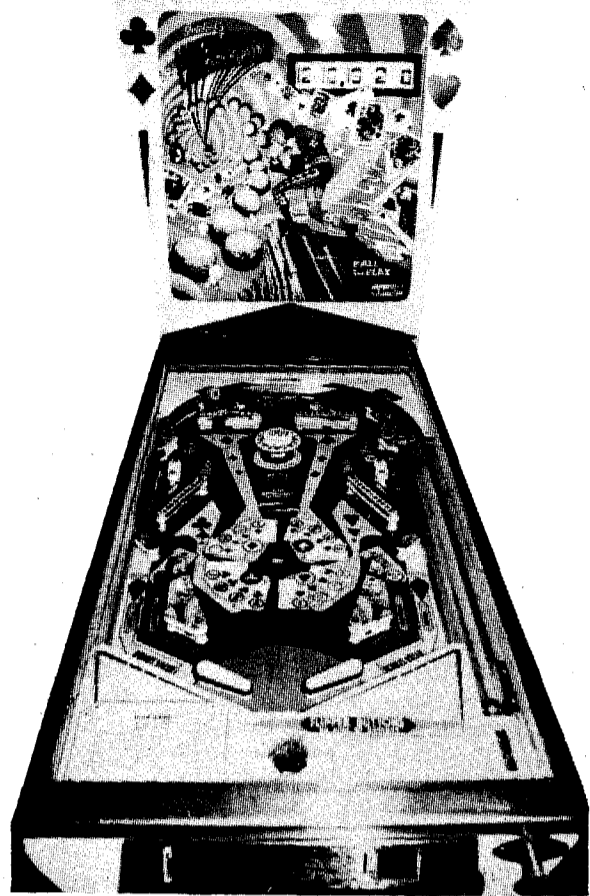


Photo: Geoff Hoare

The Joe Cool Column

by Himself

In a surprise move earlier this week Garth Brown-scombe, G.C.S.U. President, appointed Vincent McCormack Deputy President in Charge of Civic Functions. Mr. Brown-scombe, saying that he simply "hasn't the time to attend to all these petty, timewasting functions" will no longer appear in person at Winter Weekends, Dances, Pit Parties, and similar sordid affairs.

When asked why he had chosen McCormack as his representative, Garth re-

plied that he saw McCormack as the logical choice, citing such qualifications as Vincent's great proficiency in diplomatic tact and subtlety.

"Vince was simply made for this job," said Brown-scombe.

Mr. McCormack's first public function was a blood donor clinic guest appearance late last month.

All humour aside, we might consider what a dangerous move our new mayor, Mr. Sewell, has made. Perhaps Mr. Sewell doesn't realize the impor-

tance of the public ambassador side of the mayor's job. A mayor is not only a desk jockey and a bill-pusher for City Council, he is also a public relations man. He must sell the city every day to groups ranging from the Ladies Home Auxiliary to Sun Life Corporation. The next bank to open a multi-million dollar complex in Toronto won't want ol' Fred Beavis to cut that ribbon, and what returning Olympic Champion will be thrilled to receive the key to the city from someone who is nothing but a glorified stand-

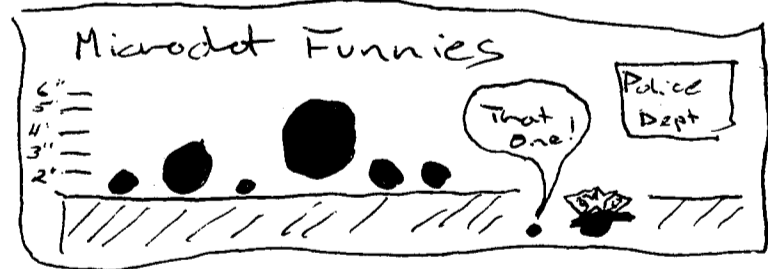
in? If Mr. Sewell wants to last in his new job, he is going to have to face the music and undergo the distasteful task of meeting the public. The public may be impressed at first glance by his workaholic attitude, but in no time his absence will become conspicuous.

Crombie didn't get where he is by locking himself in this office.

Nuff said. As long as we're talking seriously... Let me take this opportunity to ask the Powers-That-Be why the

manager of the most successful campus organization of Glendon College is still languishing in a unpaid position. You'd think that after all the flak and writing that has been circulated about Radio Glendon, Alan Lysaght would by now be receiving even a token pay cheque. But such is not the case.

All arguments about the campus availability of RG aside, it remains that the station is a popular and respected organization. It's about time, then, that the manager got some respect, too. How about it, boys?





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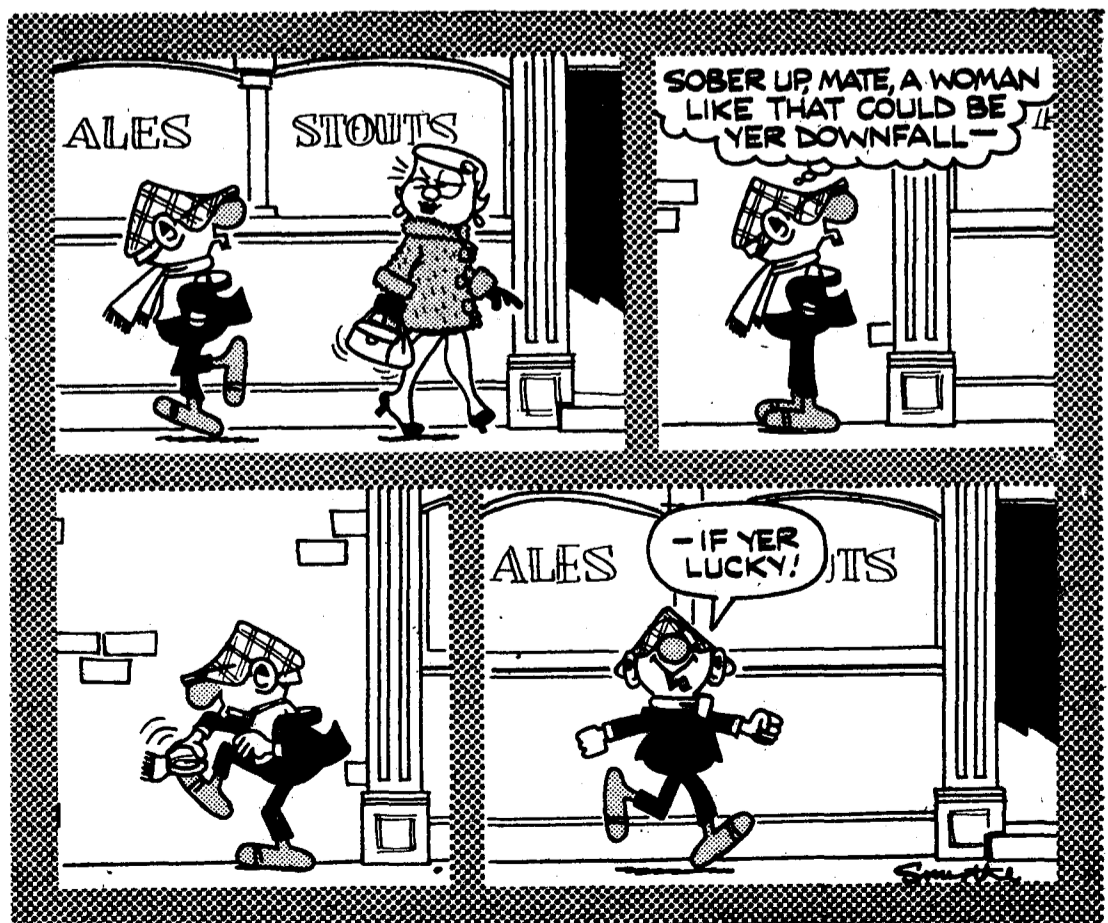
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Same To You



OTTO and JULIET
By Otto 'Shake' Blivion

A new gem of profound or fecud sewage dredged out of the brilliant mind responsible for 'Aardvarks in heat', 'Don't Drink My Tidy-Bowl' and 'Life of Otto'.

ACT I, Scene 1

The snug smug confines of Glendon, a timeless setting if you don't have a watch. JULIET is sitting in the cafeteria with Kong Stonehead, a chiropractor. Lunch-hour.

KONG: Marry me, Juliet! You could cook, clean, sew, and have babies for me, and I could rub your back!

JULIET: I'm sorry, Kong. My parents would never let me marry a quack. They're respectable people.

KONG: I could change! I'll take an arts course! I'll get fat!

JULIET: You could take a shower...

KONG: LOOK AT THESE MUSCLES!

JULIET: (desperately) Look. I've got a boyfriend!

KONG: Where is he?

JULIET: (glances around and points to OTTO, walking down a near aisle with a tray full of oatmeal cookies) HIM!

OTTO: Pardon me?

KONG: (pounces on him) aaaarrrrgggghhh1111

OTTO: Awk?
(The tray of cookies clatters to the floor, the cookies bouncing off. OTTO gets mad)

OTTO: (his fingers around Kong's neck) MY LUNCH!

JULIET: (worried) Pass the salt, please?
(The boys rise to their feet)

OTTO: Wield thy knife, blackguard of a back-rubber. I'll soon free thee of bodily restraints and send thy coarse baggage to cavort amongst the daemons of Hades!

KONG: What the fuck?
(OTTO stabs him with a Beaver knife)

OTTO: Greet thy end, unwary wastage!

(OTTO's friend Benny Volio arrives)

BEN: Alas, what tragedy lies here?

OTTO: Naught but that which was deserved. I deem.

JULIET: You guys talk funny.

BEN: Come friend Otto, we must fly 'ere your life is as a flunked exam!

OTTO: Hold! What fair maiden is this, that greets my eyes with tender blessing, and big tits too?

JULIET: (giggles) My name's Juliet, handsome. What's yours?

OTTO: Otto of the House of Blivion, my lady, and your servant.

JULIET: Oh no! With a name like that you can't be from Rosedale.

OTTO: Our family hath humble beginnings, it is true, yet valour -

JULIET: So long. Sayonara.

OTTO: Lemme finish my bloody speech, ya fat bitch.

JULIET: Why? We come from different sides of the tracks. You know, winner, loser, good guys, bad guys? It's all futile.

OTTO: And don't give me that existential shit! (resumes) Yet full of valour are we, and proud indeed to sire young maids.

JULIET: I bet. See ya later, chumpo.

BEN: My lord Otto, me-thinks it is the fuzz!

OTTO: Peace Ben, I am coming. (To Juliet) We shall meet again. (sad violin music)

JULIET: Don't wear out your inflato doll waiting.

SCENE TWO

JULIET's house. The dining room. JULIET enters.

JULIET: What's for dinner, Mom?

(a voice from the kitchen) MOM: Earwax on toast, dear.

(DAD, a big, bluff man with three ears, enters and sits down at the table)

JULIET: Hi, Dad. How was the market today?

DAD: Oh, you know how it is, dear, up and down, in and out, lots of fluid stock...in and out, up and down, splitting...

JULIET: Calm down, Dad. Eat your cream of milk soup.

(MOM enters with dinner) MOM: Isn't it nice to be a happy, well-off, normal Rosedale family?

DAD: Oh yes, I think it's very nice. Especially the soup.

JULIET: Dad, you and Mom are the most boring, hypo-

critical, ignorant people in the world.

DAD: Thank you dear.

We've tried to set a good example.

MOM: Eat your earwax, dear, before it gets cold.

SCENE THREE

OTTO's room in residence, a double he shares with Benny Volio, who is out 'popping cherries'. OTTO is standing in the middle of the room with his arms held out like an operatic tenor.

OTTO: 'To be, or maybe not...' - no, that's not right. Fair Juliet impedes my thoughts and irritates my jockey shorts. I must make haste, or be driven mad. HE LEAVES

ACT II Scene 1

Outside JULIET's house in Rosedale. On the lawn OTTO is being pinned against the rosebush by four Dobermans interested in his neck.

OTTO: Get off me, ya smelly bastards!

DOGS: ARF! ARF! ARF!

OTTO: Man's best friend, eh? I'll show you!

(He beats them to death with a package of stale Gainesburgers)

OTTO: Well, I'm not up to last week's death totals, but it's a long play yet. Friggin' dogs. My cape is ripped.

(JULIET appears at the window above)

JULIET: Funny, I coulda sworn I heard something.

Oh well, (sighs) I wonder what that weirdo with the knife is doing now? He's take me away from here. Oh, Otto, Otto, where are you, Otto?

OTTO: I'm down here!

JULIET (ignoring him): Otto, Otto, why art thou Otto? Why not Bryan, or Frank?

OTTO: Hey! I'm down here!

JULIET: He's probably just like the others, with six pairs of faded jeans and a car. I bet he hates virgins.

(OTTO hits her with a brick)

OTTO: Hey!

JULIET: What are you trying to do, kill me?

OTTO: Well, you wouldn't be the first, anyway.

JULIET: What are you doing here? If my parents see you I'll be canned for a month!

OTTO: I thought you'd say something about the danger to me.

JULIET: Danger? You just killed four dogs, ruined our rosebush and left carcasses all over the lawn!

OTTO: Nobody's perfect.

JULIET: Get out of here before the house falls down!

OTTO: I know of thy love for me, sweet Juliet. My heart is yet yours.

JULIET: Your heart is all you're gonna have left when our lawyers get through with you. Shove off!

OTTO: You must fly with me.

(he takes out a ladder from behind the rosebush)

JULIET: You're completely wacko, aren't you?

OTTO: I will free thee from this accursed place and the indignities of an unhappy life.

JULIET: This accursed place cost \$300,000! And they're gonna give me a car when I get home from Europe!

OTTO: Have no fear and think no more of these terrors. With me all shall be bliss, and sometimes perversity.

(he sets up the ladder, shattering JULIET's window)

JULIET: That was stained glass!

OTTO: Removed, my dear, like the stains on your existence.

(other lights come on)

MOM: (far off) Juliet dear, are you having another wet dream?

JULIET: Oh, God. TAKE ME, OTTO!

OTTO: Not now, dammit.

I'm not-AAAAAHHHHHH!!!

(the ladder falls)

SCENE 2

The Glendon Infirmary.

OTTO is lying on a bed in a body cast, attended by the nurse.

OTTO: Ohhh. What am I doing - HERE?

NURSE: They wouldn't take you at the hospital. Something about an OHP Uninvited Persons List. But don't you worry, I'll soon fix you up. Would you like an aspirin?

OTTO: This body cast feels funny.

NURSE: Well, it's an old one Doctor Johnson found in the back. It was original-

ly used on a dwarf, but we modified it a little by cutting off your legs.

OTTO: WHAAT?

NURSE: Want a cough drop?

OTTO: Where's Juliet?

NURSE: Oh, she's at the hospital. Her parents own it.

OTTO: So she's a captive once more!

NURSE: Thankfully, she wasn't hurt badly. You broke her fall, as well as most of her lower body.

OTTO: I've got to free her! We'll run away and marry! Well, maybe not run away. We'll take a bus. A bus to freedom!

NURSE: I'm sorry, but I'm much too benevolent to let you leave. Have another cherry coughdrop and lie down. Put your legs up if you can find them.

(OTTO grabs a crutch and whacks her in the head)

OTTO: So, you're in with their evil plan too, eh? Take that! So you like cough drops, do you? Here, have a few thousand. Oral, rectal, injected.

NURSE: I need an aspirin...

OTTO: Too late. You just died of BeechNut overdose in four flavours. And now I must off for Sunnybrook and Juliet!

(he breaks the door down with his crutches and hobbles in his bodycast towards Sunnybrook hospital)

NEXT WEEK: PART TWO WILL OTTO AND JULIET BE TOGETHER AT LAST? WOULD OTTO BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT IF THEY WERE? STAY TUNED!

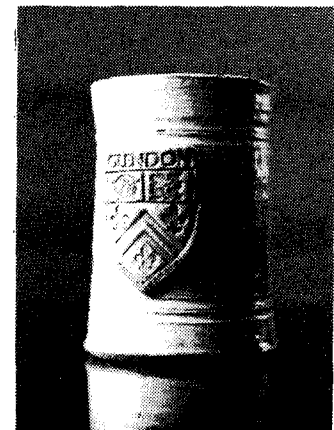
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ENTERTAINMENT

Gallery Display Exquisite

by Michael McCabe

Unique and antique miniature environments are the primary passion of Joan Lepofsky, whose exquisite display opened Wednesday night at the Glendon Gallery. It's a fascinating craft, and one that immediately reveals an artist's chill, which in Ms. Lepofsky's case is considerable.

Her own creations represent exact replicas of domestic and commercial interiors: a flower shop; a late 19th century English inn; an antique shop; a Nova Scotia lighthouse; and two personal reconstructions of her family's produce stand in the St. Lawrence Market and of her husband's tailor shop on Adelaide St. In every case, the attention to detail is astonishing; even the labels of the tailor's suits are exact replicas of the real things; miniature Playboy pin-ups grace the lighthouse keepers' wall; tiny cabbages stand for sale in the market; a beautiful lilac girdle, with incredibly intricate needlework, lies in a

perfectly rendered leather suitcase. One could go on for hours recounting further details, but I'll leave it to you to see your own favourite details.

The frames are especially imaginative: for the flower shop, a 19th century wood-frame; for the light-house, an old wooden weather-vane; for the English inn, a tin wall-hanging; for the Market, an architect's reconstruction of an early Quebec barn. These features add to the authentic charm of Ms. Lepofsky's work.

She has been collecting antique houses for seven years, and some of these treasures are on display: SOME Bliss-type houses which reflect American excellence in this field around 1895; a Converse wooden structure; a Mennonite hog house constructed from a cheese crate, and a beautifully furnished French drawing room.

I can heartily recommend this show not only to "art lovers", but to anyone who prizes great craftsmanship

and individuality. It continues until Dec. 29 at the

Glendon Gallery. Hours are Monday-Friday 10 am. to

6 pm. and Sunday 2 pm. to 5 pm.

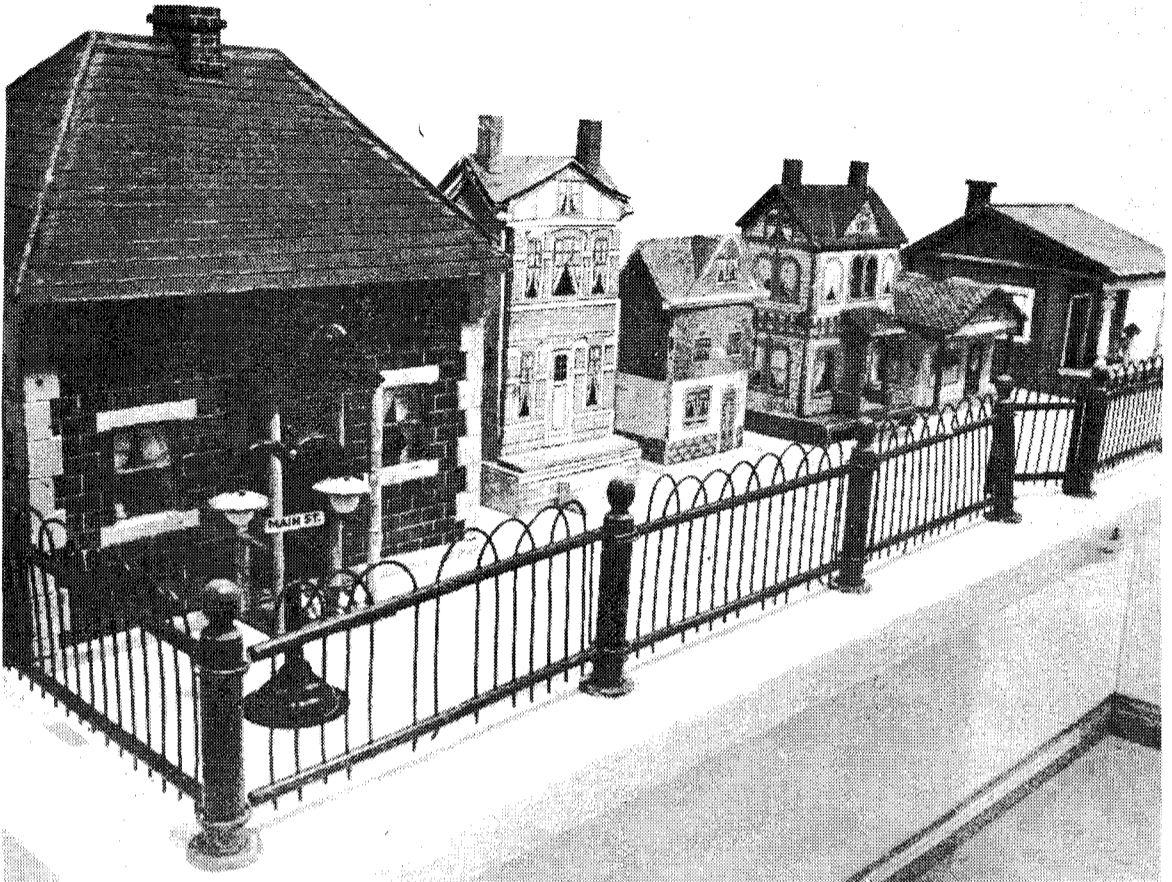


Photo: Geoff Hoare

A Modern View Of "The Trojan Women"

by Michael McCabe

Adapting Greek tragedy is a perilous project, even for established writers, as Gwendolyn MacEwan proves in her new version of Euripides' **The Trojan Women**, which opened last week at the St. Lawrence Centre's Town Hall. Despite the rhythmic intensity that is evident in her stories and poems, MacEwan and director Leon Major have not succeeded in creating a truly novel interpretation.

Euripides wrote the **Trojan Women** in bitter response to the Peloponnesian Wars, which had established Athenian military power, but devastated the moral fabric of the society. The dramatist relates this condition to the archetypal Greek triumph in the Trojan Wars. As MacEwan proves, centuries after the play was first performed, its message still rings true in the aftermath of Vietnam and other prolonged, fruitless contemporary conflicts. MacEwan maintains the same outraged tone, yet her use of contemporary idiom sometime weakens the poetic force of the monologues, most notably Cassandra's. The grief and persecution suffered by women in wartime does not require modernizing, yet MacEwan sometimes strains for a hip feminist diatribe. Diane D'Aquila as Cassandra, and Fiona Reich as Helen, have trouble adapting these modern mannerisms to the clas-

sical dimensions of the Euripidean originals.

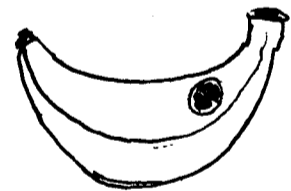
Leon Major's deployment of the Chorus is disappointing. They do not assert any of the moral authority that is required by Greek convention. Instead, their middle-class delivery and aimless gesturing add very little to the dramatic sense. Other jarring notes are added by Phil Nimmons' music: its cocktail-lounge atmosphere is absolutely appropriate and defeats the emotional power in the

climactic scenes.

On the plus side, Dawn Greenhalgh as the aged Queen Hecubo, and Anne Anglin as Andromache, the haughty wife of Hector, manage to assimilate modern expressions and acting approach into brilliantly realized performances. Ms. Greenhalgh's work is the finest I've seen by this veteran Toronto actress—her ironic fortitude in the face of extreme suffering lifts this production to semi-tragic level.

Ms. Anglin has been associated with Theatre Passe Muraille for many years; she has a splendid voice and an expressive, resilient face. Kenneth Pogue plays the Prologue and Messenger roles with great human sympathy. Also, Murray Laufer contributes his usual beautiful imaginative scenery—here, the gigantic ruins around the city walls, with fallen pillars scattered everywhere and jungle-gym gates over which the chorus scramble, monkey-fashion.

The Trojan Women suffers from Toronto Arts Productions traditional defects: some great acting talents misused; an overly casual and objective directorial style; an ambitious script that is ultimately unsatisfying.



THE MOVIE BUFF
by Joseph Holmes

Wow! It took me two weeks to sift through all the **Montgomery Cliff** entries! But **Sandra Shaw** emerged victorious with **From Here To Eternity!** This week we try a twist—What actor said this in **The Hustler**: **Well, look here, gentlemen... I do believe this boy's a hustler!**"

18 Wheels Rolling to Success

by Joseph Holmes

With the introduction of **18 Wheels**, Toronto's Tarragon Theatre has gone musical. **18 Wheels** is a fast-paced country-music show that delves into the world of long-distance truckers. To call it a musical play would not be accurate, for it is a mixture of musical vignettes ranging from comedy to tragedy, giving the audience a 'crash-course' in long distance trucking.

The most memorable segment of the show is a mélange of song and monologue recounting a tragic pile-up on highway 400: a vivid presentation of the crash captures the audience, and they empathize with the trucker as he is blamed for the crash.

Frank Moore, the actor portraying the trucker, assumes a crucifixion pose as this blame is laid upon him, turning another-wise faultless show into a bit of tasteless tripe. The show's tendency to romanticize truckers is summed up in this one action.

I certainly hope that the writers of this show don't expect us to swallow their depiction of truckers as innocent, law-abiding drivers who desire nothing but a safe driving. The main reason for CB radios in long-distance trucks is to evade the law via tip-offs about speed traps and the like. The show would be excellent were it not for this overpowering attitude of innocent truckers.

Shelley Sommers and Stephen E. Miller are char-

ming in their depiction of a husband and wife truck driving team, and present an enrapturing story of a woman who shames her husband by becoming a better trucker than he. Ms. Sommers' silky voice is a perfect compliment for the husky baritones of the two male stars, culminating in beautiful harmony and pleasant entertainment for country-music fans.

The show definitely suffers from not having a main plot, tragedy, and back to comedy again. But the delightful music more than compensates for this flaw, and the lyrics prove to be both insightful and entertaining.

All in all, **18 Wheels** culminates in a night of pleasant country-music entertainment.

Flicks: Paradise Alley

by Perry Mallinos

If one does not fully comprehend the nuance of the term "wretched excess", one should view Sylvester Stallone's latest film.

Paradise Alley, now playing at the Odeon Hyland. After one views the film, the meaning of the term becomes quite prevalent. This is one of the most over-acted, over-directed, over-costumed and over-cinematographed films ever made. Stallone has himself a new toy and is playing with it to the utmost limits.

Clarity is one aspect of film making which Stallone does not get overly concerned with. **Paradise Alley** is a street in the unpopular Hell's Kitchen area of New York city during the depression. Three brothers live together in a room on this street: Victor (Lee Conalito) who is all brawn and no brains; Lennie (Armand Assante) a technician in a morgue who is the intellectual of the trio; while Cosmo (Sylvester Stallone) is the "operator". Presumably they want to get

out of Hell's Kitchen and believe it possible to do so by turning Victor into a professional wrestler. Each of them in turn displays a desire for wealth, but in the end they learn that money is not a very important part of life.

There is nothing particularly wrong with the plot except that it is extremely predictable and ludicrous. Incidentally, Stallone also wrote the script and one gets the impression that he is on an ego trip.

As the director, Stallone uses a plethora of shots. The one thing he does not do is take one single shot that doesn't have some sort of "gimmick" attached to it. He zooms and pans, uses shadows and filters, double exposures and triple exposures, fade ins and fade outs, slow motion -- you name it, Stallone uses it. After a while the viewer starts to feel exhausted and hopes for a simple straight shot, but Stallone refuses to give one to us.

The set itself is filled with so many details, that it is unbelievable. One gets

the impression that this is a Hollywood stage and not the city of New York. Even the garbage looks like a thousand people spent a thousand hours setting it up.

Nearly everyone in the film overacts and exaggerates their role, but Stallone is the worst offender. He is so bad that he overshadows everyone else. Nor does he display any moderation with costumes. At one point he appears in

a Santa Claus suit, minus the beard and unshaven. The suit is ill-fitting and Stallone doesn't let it stop there. It has Macy's written on the back. And, as if this isn't enough, he finds it necessary to wear a green beret. All the costuming is taken to excess.

Obviously the success of **Rocky** has gone to Stallone's head. One can only hope that in future he demonstrates a little more taste than **Paradise Alley**.



Flicks: The Lord of The Rings

by Mark Terry

The **Lord of the Rings** is based on the stories by J.R.R. Tolkien. Ralph Bakshi's vivid animated interpretation is full of energy and cartoon versatility. Bakshi, best known for presenting images of reality in animated form and insulting our preconceptions of the "cartoon" (as in his restricted **Fritz the Cat**, **Heavy Traffic**, **Coonskin**), has chosen the prophetic "other world" fantasy of a place called Middle Earth.

Generally, a film like this is an indulgence in imagination and creativity directed by the guide of the text(s). Bakshi creates an Elizabethan atmosphere complete with Shakespearean taverns and "thee" and "thou" language. Interestingly enough is the lack of human beings. In their place are hobbits, elves, black riders and wizards. As such, they exhibit uncanny similarities to classical human attributes, like greed (for power), cowardice, bravery, wars,

envy, jealousy, and yes even love.

The entire story centres around a certain hobbit declared to destroy a ring of evil ("a" ring; I can't figure what other ring(s) the title refers to). The only way to do this is to return to its place of forgery and destroy it by those very flames. A modest herd of likely and distinct characters aid him in his journey: An elf, who bears a striking resemblance to Shawn Cassidy with cat-like eyes, a Friar Tuck character, who is a complete klutz at everything but fighting, a Dan Haggarty Macbeth and a William Tell Kirk Douglas are among the hobbit's companions. Looming high above them all, like a guardian angel, is the almighty wizard of good stuff (Middle Earth's "God"), who has a seeming endless wardrobe of flowing robes and funny hats. The most appealing and fascinating creature is a thing called a "Sneegle". A sickly looking thing with the reasoning of a thirties con man

and the speech of a child. He enters the film much too late for what he has to offer. He treats his "masters" the hobbits, like pet dogs, petting their heads and saying, "Nice Hobbits, Sneegle loves precious Hobbits," and so on.

The film employs a variety of animated techniques, some of which are breath-taking. The elaborately detailed battle scenes, and "warring cosmos" scenes could be displayed proudly in any art museum. On the other hand, the stress on facial expressions often tend to look forced and jerky.

However, despite all this deserved praise, the film has one inescapable major flaw--the ending. They freeze the picture when you least expect it and the narrator declares that this is the end of the first part. So, Bakshi is almost forced to produce a sequel or leave this as it is - inconclusive.

All in all, a fine effort of pure escapism. One of the best ways to forget about exams for two and a half hours.



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sports

Coffin Corner

by Ron Hoff

So here it is, the day after the big match to decide the ownership of the Grey Cup, the party is over, the Alberta Crude have won the day, and, as if our hangovers aren't punishment enough, it's snowing and blowing and basically being winter outside.

The Als had their chances, they could have pulled the game out in the fourth quarter, except that Sonny Wade looked all heroed out. This was one game Sonny wasn't able to do his Rick Gossage routine. In fact he looked more like Jerry Garvin coming out of the Jays bullpen. The rest of the story of the game was the weather. Wilkinson's short crisp passing game needed the sunshine and relatively warm temperatures to work. There's no way his receivers would be able to make those sharp cuts, crucial to the side-line and short hooks he used, if the field had been messy. It is also necessary to put something on passes to the flat since interception out there spells six more often than not, and if it had been really cold his receivers would have had problems holding on. However, as it was, Edmonton 20 Als 13.

The jury has come in on Bruce Boudreau after his big efforts in last week's action. He can be a starter in the N.H.L., although, since the Leafs have Ron Ellis and Dan Malony returning this week, he will probably be back in Moncton by mid-week. He is another example of a new phenomenon for the Leaf management: depth.

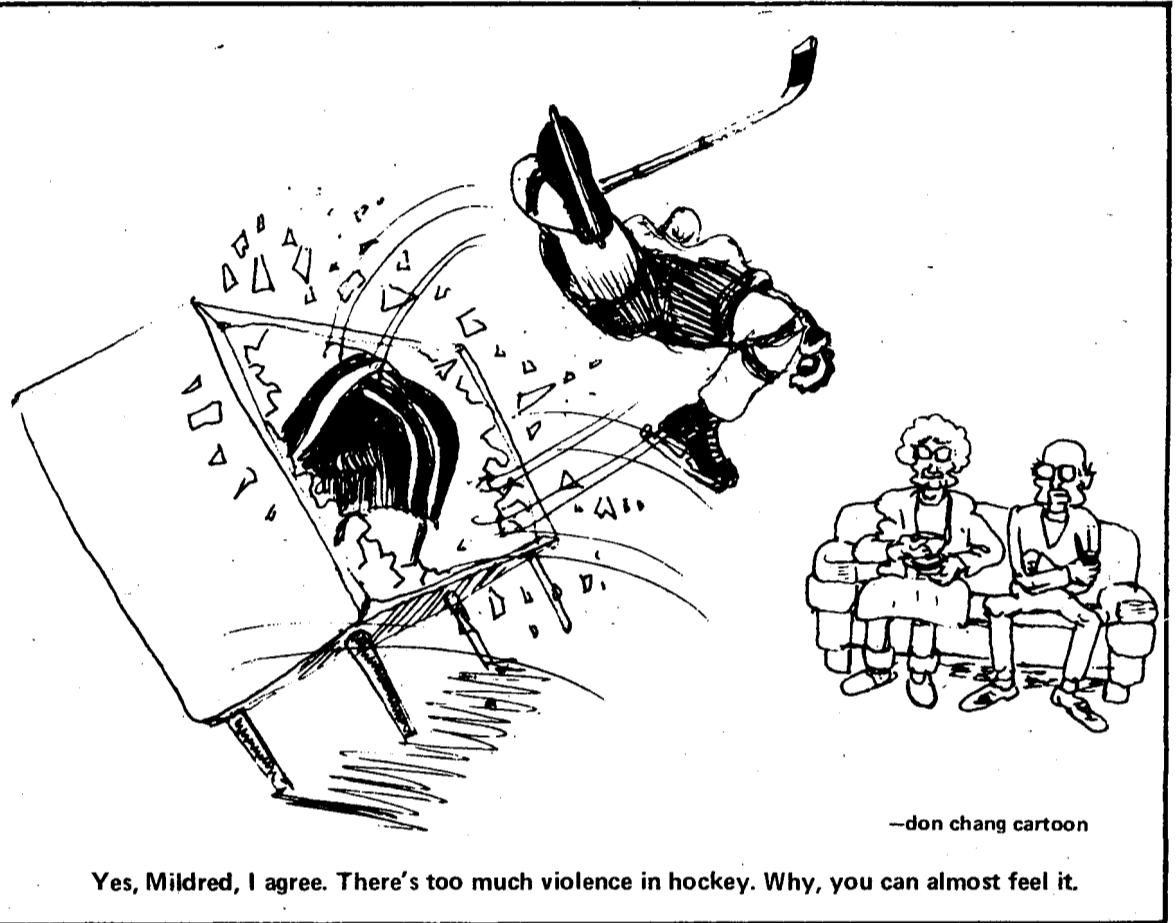
Consider this: if Don Cherry's Bruins are the lunch bucket crew, are Roger Nielson's Leafs not

akin to a hospital's surgical staff? Roger is fond of specialists. If you don't have a center who can score and check, have two centers, one who concentrates almost solely on defence and one with his eye on the opposition net. Same goes for defenceman. Burroughs and Johansen think defence while Salming, Turnbull and Hutchinson are expected to contribute to the Leaf attack. As long as the Leafs stick to their respective specialties and play as a team, each player contributing 100% in his area of expertise, I don't think first place is an unrealistic target.

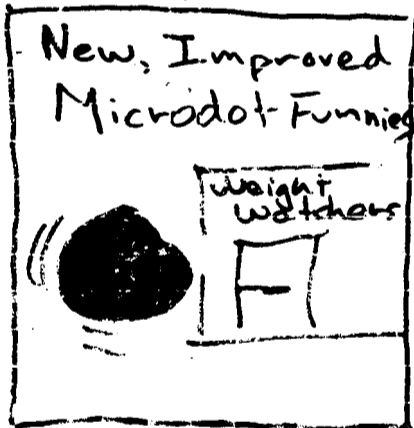
Just a note on football and Christ. Did you know the reason why Don Shula, coach of the Miami Dolphins, has a prayer said before the kick-off of games in Miami. The prayer, which sounds like an appeal for the safety and good health of the players is in fact a ploy by Shula. He reasons that many teams won't be used to the heat down there in Florida and that the extra few minutes they have to spend standing in the heat will give his team an advantage. I may be dreaming but somehow I don't think ol' J.C. had that in mind when He suggested that we should pray. Crusades anyone?

Time once again for the Coffin Corner Call, our weekly prediction. Last week the point spread was right on, unfortunately, however, the wrong team had the seven points. This week we're calling Dallas to win by three over New England in what could be a Super Bowl preview, although Pittsburg shouldn't be counted out, and L.A. has a shot as well.

Watch This Space For Maple Lys Profiles Next Week



-don chang cartoon



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