

THE LETTUCE PROBLEM

by Tony Caldwell

There is a petition posted on the walls in and around the cafeteria and on the UFW desk concerning the boycott of non-union lettuce. The petition states basically that the undersigned call upon Beaver to cease buying non-union lettuce.

This petition was discussed briefly at the recent Food Committee meeting and the following alternatives were mentioned.

(1) for Beaver Foods to serve UFW lettuce when it is available and

when it is not, to serve nothing.
(2) for Beaver to serve UFW lettuce when it is available and when it is not to serve leaf lettuce which would raise prices accordingly, or
(3) for Beaver to continue its present policy.

It must be stipulated that Beaver Foods has nothing to do with the actual petition and will cheerfully adhere to the decision of the Food Committee.

There will be a special meeting of the Food Committee to formulate a decision Monday, November 4 in the Fireside Room. All those interested are urged to come to this meeting.

pro tem

VOLUME 14, NUMBER 8

OCTOBER 30, 1974

ANOTHER BY ELECTION

To: Pro Tem
From: C.R.O.
J. Ballannie
Re: Announcement
of By-Election

The Glendon College Student Union wishes to announce a by-election for the position of Vice-President and two student members to C.O.S.A. Nomination Week starts October 25, 1974 and ends November 1, 1974 (noon). Nomination Forms can be picked up from the Student Union Offices or from the various posters throughout the campus.



The return to the Swing Era was a grand success as "The Clichés" played on to the early morning at last Saturday's Harvest Moon Ball.

MORTON SOBELL TO SPEAK AT GLENDON

Morton Sobell will speak at Glendon on Tuesday, November 5, from 5.00 to 7.00 p.m. in the Principal's Dining Room. Sobell was a co-defendant in a celebrated American espionage trial in 1951. Charged with conspiracy to steal the secret of the atomic bomb and to transmit it to the Russians, Sobell and the Rosenbergs faced trial during one of the most depressing periods in the history of American civil liberties. In the midst of the Cold War, with officially sponsored anti-communism at its height, America in the late 1940's and early 1950's saw a highly repressive domestic climate. Seeking to explain American inability to control the post-war world or to contain the spread of revolutionary nationalism, the government tended to blame its failures in foreign policy on the "communist conspiracy". With varying degrees of intensity

the bulk of the American political elite, ranging from Hubert Humphrey on the Democratic Left to Joseph McCarthy of the Republican Right launched a campaign to purge the State Department, governmental bureaucracies, schools, universities, trade unions and churches of real or imagined communist influence. The result was a night-mare of fear and anxiety for American Communists, "fellow-travellers", "progressives" and those liberals who resisted the pressures to join the chorus of red-baiting.

In this climate, a group of admitted former Communists such as the Rosenbergs and Sobell, accused of having betrayed America's nuclear secrets, faced serious difficulties in court. The government's case against them was surprisingly weak resting largely on the testimony of

two confessed Communist spies. Many contemporaries and many subsequent observers have felt that, given the unconvincing nature of the government's case, the defendants could only have been convicted in an atmosphere in which even "reasonable men" were predisposed to suspect all Communists of treason and espionage. All of the defendants were found guilty; the Rosenbergs were sentenced to death, Sobell to thirty years imprisonment.

In spite of over twenty appeals and an unparalleled world-wide protest, the Rosenbergs were electrocuted in 1953. Morton Sobell was released from prison in 1969 and has recently written a book, On Doing Time, about the trial and his experience in prison. All members of the college community are urged to hear Morton Sobell this coming Tuesday.

CONFIDENCE PLUS

LATE LATE FLASH

At a general meeting of the Glendon College Student Union held at noon today the executive council asked for and received a vote of confidence.

Or rather, newly installed President Marc Duguay pleaded with the assembly to move a vote of non-confidence in his administration so that he could get on with the job at hand. After prolonged soul-searching just such a motion (albeit unofficial and non-binding) was presented, but the motion was to meet with ultimate failure.

The vote followed an outline by the executive of its plans for the rest of the year, and a heated discussion of the degree of elitism now prevalent in the characters of both the President and the council. Needless to say, all's well that ends well.

(A PRO TEM editorial appears on page 3.)

PASS-FAIL COURSES: A FUTURE CONSIDERATION

by Cindy Randall

Although pass-fail courses do not yet exist at Glendon, they are definitely under current discussion. At a meeting of Faculty Council held Thursday, October 24, 1974, Michael Gregory, Professor in the English Department proposed that the system be approved in principal; the motion was seconded by Howard Robertson, Professeur au département du français. The discussion, which lasted one and a quarter hours will be resumed at a later Council meeting.

Perhaps the most important aspect of the pass-fail system is the emphasis it would put on education itself, rather than the attainment of a certain grade. Michael Gregory pointed this out, saying that grading by letters tends to become too concrete.

With a pass-fail system the student would have the freedom to be more

innovative within his field of study not fearing that a particular grade for a paper would ultimately affect his mark for the entire course. Yet some criteria by which to judge would still remain; i.e. the courses would not simply be ungraded,

With a pass-fail system the student would have the freedom to be more innovative within his field of study, not fearing that a particular grade for a paper would ultimately affect his mark for the entire course. Yet some criteria by which to judge would still remain; i.e. the courses would not simply be ungraded, indicating only that a student took the course.

Gregory sees the pass-fail plan making student's work a means of education rather than evaluation. Our society is, he says, evaluating, and students, throughout the course of their education, continue to think in terms of grades, of structured

levels. Some students aim for a C plus saying that this particular grade is "good enough". Professors also would be pressed to express more comments regarding essays and assignments rather than dashing off a few words and assigning a definite mark.

Ideally a pass-fail system would ultimately raise standards and involve the student more intimately with his work. As Gregory points out, more people would probably fail with this system. But for those who do pass would it not then be a more worthwhile end to achieve?

If a pass-fail system were implemented it would not be restricted to certain courses of a certain year of study. Some pass-fail courses are established at York main campus, and several small liberal arts colleges in the United States operate entirely on this basis. It is certainly not a radical

idea, for as Gregory indicated, the first group to discuss the idea at Glendon consisted of tenured professors with teaching experience of ten to fifteen years both in Canada and elsewhere.

The details of the scheme are far from being decided, however Gregory hopes to arouse the desire for such a system among faculty and students alike. Some members of Faculty Council want to see an exact plan of a pass-fail system before they will consider it, and some are satisfied with the present system of actual grades. Pass-fail courses will only evolve if students and professors discuss the possibility in their own classes, and express a real desire to try this approach. Glendon, Michael Gregory remarks, was meant not only to be a bilingual college, with an emphasis on Canadian affairs, but an experimental college as well.

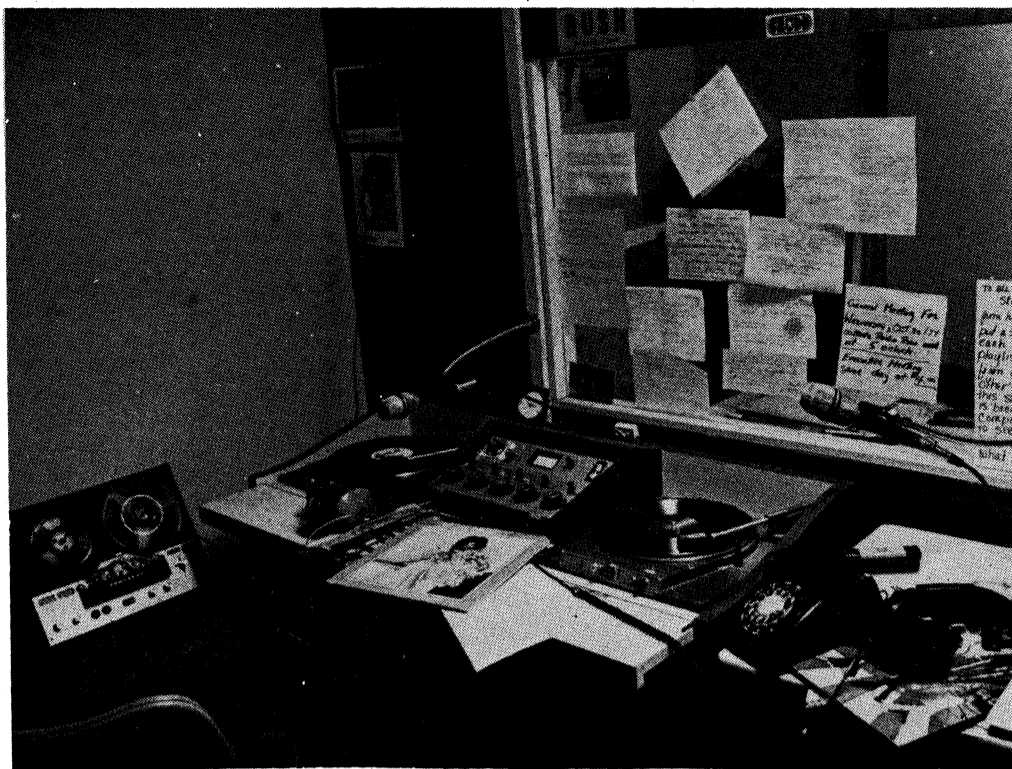
TURN YOUR RADIO ON TO RADIO GLENDON

by Al Lysaght

In these days of resignations and rampant apathy isn't it uplifting to learn that at least one of Glendon's organizations is enjoying its most successful year. This year, more people than ever before showed up to contribute their musical knowledge and enthusiasm to the Glendon community via Radio Glendon.

Radio Glendon started three years ago through the heroic efforts of Barry Wallis and his humble but capable team of followers. With this solid footing the station now endeavours to reach new heights of broadcasting proficiency and professionalism.

Radio Glendon operates out of an upholstered sewer in the basement of York Hall in space so cramped even the mice are hunchbacked. After remodelling and rebuilding the radio room for more efficient use of space, we turned our attention towards improving sound conditions in the Café. Next a telephone was installed in the studio to facilitate the exchange of information between the station and the Glendon community. Radio Glendon hopes that people with information to share will call the station so that it can be broadcast. News of coming events, sports results and



Operating out an oversexed Broom Closet, Radio Glendon starts to get its act together.

topics of common interest will keep people better informed about Glendon and about the "real" world outside the campus. Radio Glendon is a public service radio station; we need your support to effectively fulfill and justify our very raison d'etre.

People at the station are always grateful for comments, queries, constructive criticism and reminders that someone out there is listening. The telephone number is 487-6103; give us a call anytime.

As Radio Glendon struggles for-

ward, ties are being strengthened with record companies, who will receive the major portion of our budget to increase our pitifully small record library of about 200 albums. To help guide us in our record selection and programming, a survey has been taken to determine the musical preferences of Glendon students.

Because Radio Glendon strongly believes in the bilingual-bicultural aspect of the college, a considerable effort has been spent to increase both our French music library and our French programming. Over a quarter of our announcers broadcast in French and the French records now outnumber the English ones.

Increasing our accessibility to Glendon students, enlarging the record library to reflect your musical tastes, expanding our French programming; these efforts are just a beginning. Plans for the future are now being discussed and we would appreciate your suggestions and comments. Drop in or give us a call because we need your support. Remember: Radio Glendon is your radio station; communicate with us and we'll do our best to communicate with you. (a reminder that Radio Glendon is having a dance November 30 featuring the 1st Annual Radio Glendon Rugby Choir Competition).

GAYS SMEARED BY TORONTO PRESS

Terence Phillips

Last week both the Toronto Sun and the Toronto Star inaugurated a homosexual witch-hunt. The Star, in its lead editorial of Saturday, October 19, portrayed homosexual civil rights organizations as "aggressive" groups seeking "converts to homosexuality" amongst youth. The Body Politic, Toronto's gay liberation newspaper, was accused of seducing the "seduction of children".

The Sun took up the cry on Tuesday October 22, adopting the same liberal pose as the Star: it expressed verbal support for homosexual civil rights, and then proceeded to deny those rights in practise. Gay groups and newspapers, it agreed, could not be allowed to advertise in The Star's pages because these groups were indeed "socially pernicious". The Sun, too, "drew the line": it could not tolerate homosexual publications that it disagreed with.

Gay civil rights groups such as the Gay Alliance Toward Equality and the Body Politic have no need to "convert" anyone to homosexuality,

because it is a natural component of human sexual experience, something that occurs spontaneously and comes from within the person. No book or newspaper ever changed a person's sexual preference.

However, as gay people, we find ourselves discriminated against, in a society which glorifies heterosexuality as "health" and denigrates homosexuality as perversion and disease. Therefore, we have organized ourselves to affirm and to defend the human and civil rights of every person to consensual homosexual experience, and to a positive homosexual identity. To the Star and the Sun's charges of child seduction, we reply: People should not be denied simply because they are young, the rights which those happy enough to reach the age of 21 now take for granted. That is, simply put, the right to consensual sexual relations with people of either sex and of any age. We do not advocate coercion, nor have we ever advocated it.

The Star and the Sun have dragged out the bogeyman of the homosexual

child molester to further their own ends. They seek to whip up anti-gay hysteria, reinforce anti-gay prejudice, and thus intimidate homosexual rights groups into silence.

The latest step in their campaign has been the publication in the Star on Saturday October 26, of a full page of letters on the topic. Most of the letters are stridently anti-gay, and make a mockery of everyone's human rights. The heterosexual bigots have a heyday at gays' expense. Earlier in the week the Star had refused to print the Body Politic's response to the editorial attack. The letter of the Gay Alliance towards Equality has been ignored. This is free speech?

We at the Gay Alliance (GATE) are working toward the formation of a proposed Committee for Media Fairness to Gays, to consist of all groups in the city who are willing to unite with us behind one issue: the right of gays to free speech. If you or your organization can give support, contact GATE at 961-9389, or me at 364-6731. I am a student at Glendon.

INDIAN CARAVAN: DISMAL MISREPRESENTATION

by Peter Crane

Thus far, I have heard comments from politicians, psychologists and even members of the clergy concerning the recent Indian march on Ottawa. I am just an average citizen of white society but I feel compelled at this time to offer some commentary on the situation.

First of all, a few facts. Hundreds of Indians appeared on Capital Hill a few weeks ago during the opening of parliament. At one time over 200 Indians were holding a building on an island very close to the hill. During the uprising a fair number of Indians were thrown in jail. We heard also about the R.C.M.P. using tear gas and grenades while the Indians used more primitive artillery such as bottles and bricks. Eventually police brutality became a common cry throughout Indian ranks.

Furthermore, it had been learned that, A.I.M. (American Indian Movement) was willing to assist our native peoples in any way they could.

Certainly, there are alot more facts and observations which could be noted but for my purposes; such an exercise is not necessary.

Hopefully, by now, anybody with an ounce of brains in this country would have to agree that the Indians got a rotten deal. I respect the native peoples of Canada and I can truly appreciate their discontent. However, I would have to conclude that this most recent extravaganza was a sad mistake. Unfortunately, the Indian is already viewed as a parasite in this country. Now, seeing the Indian acting in a violent way will only give the Canadian people another reason (or excuse) to conclude that the Indian is the scum of society.

The white man will spot the Indian in our cities just hanging around

looking bewildered and so he sees him as a bum. Then the white man will go up north to a small town and might witness a group of Indians high-spirited on fire-water and so he then sees them as alcoholics. Thanks to the Indian Caravan (march on Ottawa) which was a tragic error, the white man can now turn on his television and witness the Indian throwing rocks and so he pegs him now as the violent type.

This view of the Indian is certainly sad especially after studying the culture of such a proud and admirable race of men. Yet, can you really expect the ignorant Canadian populace to think any other way?

Did the Indians really think they could get the sympathy of the Canadian people by staging such an atrocity? They would have to be insane if they did. I have come to the conclusion that what we saw was simply another violent outward expression

of oppression, depression, and frustration. The Indians just felt like doing something and this was the first thing that came into their minds. A law of science states that after pressure has built up to a certain point then the lid has to pop off.

I can understand the fervour for such an uprising but I can't affirm it. As tiresome and burdensome as it sounds, the Indians must develop and groom their own native spokesmen to attack white society across the conference table. Our task is to train open minded individuals who can see the whole picture of the Indian situation.

The Indian needs a new image, and perhaps it's the one he lived by before the coming of the white man. This is the image which will finally convince the ignorant that the Indian is humanity in it's most beautiful state.

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pro tem

Only as good as the community it serves.

PRO TEM is the student weekly of Glendon College, York University, 2275 Bawview Avenue, Toronto, Ontario () Opinions expressed are those of the writer. Unsigned comments are the opinion of the paper and not necessarily those of the student union or the university. PRO TEM is a member of Canadian University Press and an agent for social change. Phone 487-6136.

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CLEAN UP YOUR ACT

There's nothing worse I suppose than maintaining a system or being consistent with a pattern when your main aim is variety. If the object of your efforts is to appeal to and satisfy the interests of many, than remaining on the same topic can appear self-defeating to say the least.

Such is the problem that confronts this tabloid as the Glendon Student Union continues to stumble, as it attempts to climb the steps back to a position of respectability. Their general meeting on Monday night past, presented an "out with the old; in with the new" atmosphere, provided of course by the presence of a new president, a reconsideration of the non-confidence motion moved by the General Council against the Executive Council, and a presentation of the budgetary problems followed not by discussion, but by a call for tabling of the motion until the next Executive Council meeting. Such, in my estimation, is not the proper manner necessary to handle the most pressing problem before Council and hence a major dilemma to all involved students at Glendon.

Two cases which deserve discussion arise from such an action. First of all it must be realized that the longer the Student Union waits to discuss the budget the more time passes before the various organizations on campus receive the funds,

not only necessary, but vital to their existence. I can speak first hand when I choose as my illustration of this case this newspaper. To date we have been able to squeeze a rather meagre sum from the Council. Since we do not have our due we are forced to by-pass the purchase of products which will improve our efficiency. Furthermore, we must simply turn over bills so as not to be confronted by the figures owed to our printer and for the leasing of our machinery. Certainly the Union's had trouble and regardless of our complaint we will be waiting for our grant.

But a second consideration goes deep to strike home at the fundamental problem facing the GCSU. By tabling the motion and reserving discussion of the budget to the Executive meeting, that specific group is committing the very sin that caused the General Council to issue a motion of non-confidence. The Executive shows no faith in its General members. They are not taking them into their confidence. Their exclusive discussions of problems facing the whole Council is from the very plank sighted in the General Council's motion of non-confidence.

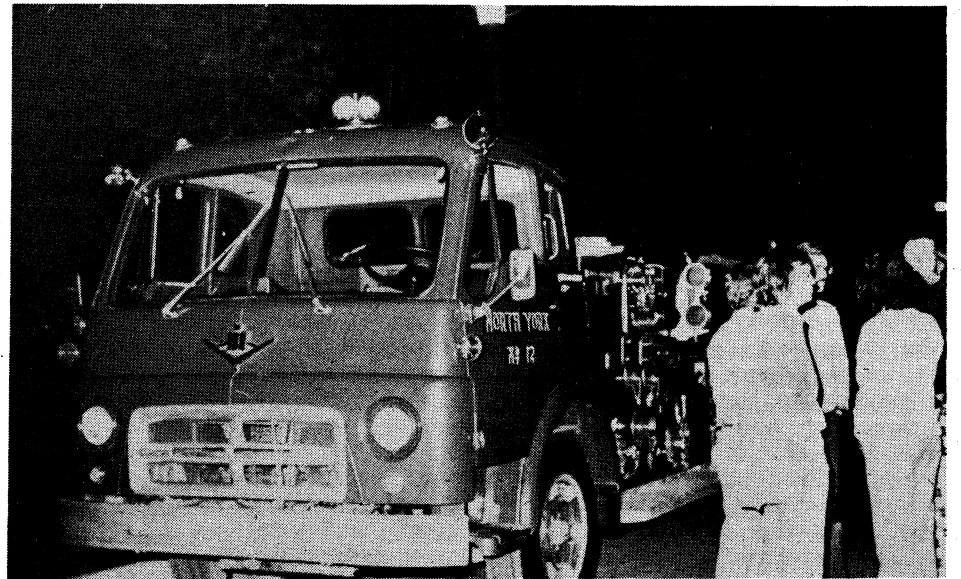
The Executive Council, I assume, tabled the motion and reserved discussion so that they could study the budget and then present it as a motion from the entire Executive and not simply as a report from the

Business Manager. There is merit in this reason, but they never made this clear to the General members. More astonishingly the General Council simply accepted the tabling without so much as a sigh or a shrug. Not one of them said, "Wait a minute; that's the very thing we're complaining about! That's why we

moved non-confidence."

If things are going to run smoothly then the Executive Council must work within the framework of the General Council. Furthermore the General Council will, in the future, have to stand up for the factors it wishes to exist.

FIRE ALARM



Can you imagine the damaged state of someone's "university type intellect" when that someone drops to the degrading level of pulling a fire alarm as, what one must assume, a prank. It has happened twice in the last two weeks (I was never aware of a fake fire alarm before at Glendon) and it is going to cost us plenty through our cautionary fund.

But set aside cost for the moment, and let's talk about the human element involved. To begin with there is the bother exerted upon the residence dwellers who were forced to abandon their rooms and whatever activity they were engaged in to answer the alarm by quickly exiting from the building. Such a disturbance is

costly, unnecessary and a long way below any form of humour.

But what about the firemen who answered the call with noticeable speed and efficiency? The first thought that springs to my mind is centred around the fable of "The Boy Who Cried Wolf." Pray that there is no need for a real fire alarm in the near future because the reaction by North York's fire department could very easily parallel that of the townspeople in the above-mentioned story.

My reaction is probably very common. Let's not hear that awful gong again unless there is a necessity for it, namely a fire.

GRAB BAG

by Peter Russell

Some time ago, PRO TEM ran an article on Glendon's creative writing publication Dime Bag, of which I am the editor. I should like to welcome you today with the good news that there is lots of room left in the first issue for your poems, short stories, vignettes, photographs and drawings. So please don't hesitate to hand your material into office C222 York Hall. Bear in mind that most of us are too severe in judging our creative efforts. Many good pieces never make it to press because their author was too reticent and modest about his or her talents.

I hope you had a good weekend. I went hunting on an official organized hunting trip for the first time in my life. Not a safari exactly (I mean when you are reduced to shooting at derelict beaver dams, beer bottles and tin cans, it's not quite what Doc Savage would have had in mind). I missed my chance at two partridges largely due to unfamiliarity with firearms. The best part was the walk in the woods. I'm sure that's what hunters go hunting for. The properly motivated ones, that is. No one got shot in spite of what is usually said about city types who go into the bush with a zealotness that encourages them to shoot at anything that moves, even if it does have a fluorescent orange hat on. I had the good fortune to go with a friend who knows the woods, and by following good example was able to avoid embarrassing myself sick. I even refrained from trying to blast a chickadee at close range. Quite good, wouldn't you say?

I can highly recommend Second City's new comedy revue, ANYONE FOR KELP? It's a fast moving show with a lot of good laughs. With a couple of exceptions the skits are

really good, and the show is enhanced considerably by the cast's excellent timing. Without exception, Second City puts actors on the stage who know just when to cut in and out of dialogue without causing any sense of strain. None of them hold audience response too long. One of the shows highlights is a song-and-dance number introduced as "that Male Chauvinist number." It's put together on the Vaudeville-Cabaret-top hat-and-cane model, and shows Second City at its most inventive. Picking their best is hard and perhaps futile as so much is so good. Weaknesses include a not-so-comfortable skit where one of the actors plays Trudeau ad lib. It wasn't long or relaxed enough. However I'm sure it won't be long before the Company will be as good at that kind of thing as the well-known Dave Broadfoot. You can drink while watching the show if you like, but there's no pressure, which makes for one of the best evenings you can expect to have in downtown Toronto.

This week's serious note has to do with the fact that poet Patrick Lane will be at Glendon on TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, in LECTURE HALL 129 at 12 NOON. If you can make it to this reading you'll be well rewarded. Lane's poetry echoes the macabre vision of Bosch with the clarity of a good Bruegel. If you can get your hands on a copy of one of his books before Tuesday, do. The library has some of them, and one at least is illustrated with some of the poet's own drawings, which incidentally are as eerie and haunting as his poetry.

Someone ought to explore the question: Do smokers' have the right to smoke in public. See you next week.

Letters to the editor

Mr. Melvin

In reading your letter I was disconcerted by the following passage: "The collection of unverified figures and vague diffuse observations used to build this picture of atrocity and confusion, is hardly grounds for serious allegations". I would certainly have appreciated examples illustrating the atrocities I allegedly fabricated. Such a suggestion without a specific example can be extremely misleading. Also, you do your suggestions an injustice by then allowing them to become rhetorical.

Nevertheless, if you are firmly entrenched in the opinion regarding the inauthenticity of the published figures may I suggest that you consult your student Union. Perhaps you and other concerned students may, if you wish, listen to the taped conversation which is available at the Pro Tem office.

Thank you for your response
Your concern is appreciated
G.E. Gaynor

P.S. (1)

On a lighter note pertaining to rhetoric: if I may allow my gusto to match your tedium, there is no established "black and white school of criticism". However I do realize that you are referring to an attitude

rather than a doctrine. This view is shared by the less-informed masses. To further elucidate your point, the governing body is always better informed than the governed.

Now consider this, if the student council is an elected government body from the student masses, it follows that despite their positions they remain members of the mass. If the attitude is characteristic of the masses, then the governing body of students also shares this characteristic. That is they are poorly informed, and have myopia, (defective vision of distant objects.)

So council members are not unlike the masses, and it is then false to assume that those governing are better informed. Since myopia also means "lacking in foresight, discernment and liberality", and you invite me to share your "image of a faceless administrator", apparently you have not escaped this predicament.

Now how can I see something if I'm half blind, and how can you ask me to see something if you can't very well see it your self?

Let's go further, how can we ask anyone to see anything if we are all half blind.

Please excuse my shot at rhetoric.

Cheers and thanks again.

Glen

Letters continued on Page 4.

LETTERS

LEADERS EXPOSED

To the Editor:

With the fall of Pat Smith, another chapter has been added to the recent revelations of scandal in some of the world's highest political offices. In the past year, North American society has been rocked by the exposure of two members of the triumvirate of Western leaders -- and now the last of the "Big Three" has fallen from grace.

As yet, the details of Smith's demise remain shrouded in a cloud of bureaucratic mist. The withholding of information by the Executive Branch of Council through the use of in camera meetings violates the spirit, if not the letter, of campus democracy. It is hereby submitted that it is the duty of Council to release transcripts of all its proceedings to Glendon constituents. Even if this suggestion is implemented, it is doubtful that all the details of the scandal will become known. College historians are hoping to obtain tapes of all presidential conversations recorded

A FORMAL PROTEST

Dear Mr. Bennett:

With regard to your October 23, 1974 article entitled "Glendon Student Union Finally Talks Back", I would like to formally protest the inaccurate reference made to me.

Although I have written articles about Student Council meetings, in particular the Council's appointments of business manager, secretary, and C.R.O. that were announced in the October 2, 1974 Pro Tem issue, I do not have the habit of concluding that all student politicians are "in it for the money" - you labeled it

between April 24, 1974 and October 21, 1974 inclusive. In the probable event of the disappearance of these tapes, concerned parties will be forced to await the publishing of Smith's memoirs.

Meanwhile, there is considerable speculation on campus that President Marc Duguay is planning to grant Smith a full presidential pardon. As indicated by the fifteen per cent voter turnout in the recent Student Union by-elections, emotions are running at fever-pitch. Ex-president Smith himself, was not available for comment. It is rumoured that he is in the infirmary, suffering from a mysterious leg ailment.

Speaking as concerned persons, we believe that Smith has suffered enough. It is hoped that the new regime will strive to be more responsive and representative of the Glendon community.

Justice for all,
Richard M. Nixon
Spiro T. Agnew

"personal mercenary gain". I printed what I heard - those are the facts.

If you had questioned me before hand, I would have gladly provided you with the required information. Unfortunately you did not and now you appear guilty of the same "crime" that you wrote about - namely, distortion, a "fundamental misconception", and a "gross inaccuracy has been perpetrated".

Regards,
Farrell Haynes

CRASHING BORES

The time has come, the 'bores' announced,
To talk of many things,
Of Doris Day and drinking bouts
And other trifle-ings
Of why an ass and centrefolds
Amuse these ding-a-lings.

But wait a bit the masses cried,
Before we have our chat
We first must down our daily draft
To find out where we're at (urp).
No problem, said the crashing bores,
(They burped their thanks to that!)

A spot of wit, a cultured mind
Is what we chiefly need (kultcha, I don't care how
much it costs, I want I should be kultchad)
In fact, conscious stirs of any kind
Would be welcome here indeed.
So if you're finished quaffing beer
Let's all begin to read (gasp!).

Oh God, not us the masses squealed,
Turning a seaweed green
In such an august university
The thought is most obscene.
Besides, this is a FRIDAY night,
How dare you intervene!

O come along and talk with us
The bores implored their mates,
A pleasant walk, a pleasant thought
Perhaps we can relate.
But the masses would no further go,
Than up to Glendon gate.

We weep for you, the bores avowed,
We deeply sympathize,
Your way of life is difficult
All for a lack of eyes!
As for your time, we shall, I swear
No more monopolize.

So masses, quoth the crashing bores,
We think we've had our fun.
Shall we return to classes now?
But answer came there none.
And this was scarcely odd, because,
They'd dropped out every one!

BY R. Taylor and P. Elliot

A DISAPPOINTMENT

To the Editor:

Janet Bennett's article, "The Search for Survival," was for me both a surprise and a disappointment. I was particularly amazed at her comment on the "discontent" among black students with Glendon's lack of "Third World" ethnic studies. (I confess my ignorance on the existence of the First and Second Worlds.) I would like to point out that every student, black, white, or orange, had access to a calendar so that they are not forced to suffer in our dull courses. If Glendon is as bad as Janet suggests, I'm surprised that someone of her perception is still here. Of course, she may be here as an angel of mercy to save the blacks from persecution by the rest of Glendon students.

I'm sure that Janet is aware that Glendon is a bilingual school and that there are white and doubtlessly black

students here for that particular reason. It is also interesting to note that there are students at Glendon from many parts of North America and the rest of the world. They do not feel the pressures of "discrimination" and "prejudice" that Janet feels because their particular history is not studied here.

I would like also to tell Janet that it is not "taboo" for any group to associate at Glendon. I simply hope that the black students that I know and others at Glendon do not feel obligated to separate themselves from our small community because of their color of skin. I dare to suggest that complete integration cannot take place in any society if such methods are used. I really don't think that we need a Black Student Union, and I hope that an honest attempt is made by Janet and those sharing her opinions to get along with the "Real World."
Theresa Johnson

BLACK UNION : NO WAY

The so called Black Student Union of Glendon played host to a party a couple of Saturday evenings ago in the pit of Hilliard Residence. Although I was not there and am in no way connected with such an association, it was brought to my attention that there was a fight between two blacks, one being a Glendon student who suffered injuries to his mouth and had to be taken to the hospital.

To me this most disgraceful on their part. If there is dissension among themselves how the hell can they live with others. As for the

article in last week's Pro Tem, about their major aim is to form some sort of Black Association in Glendon, they may as well forget it. Glendon has always been a quiet and peaceful place to live and work and it would hurt me a great deal to see it torn apart by any such group. The very fact that the Union has been formed or is trying to form suggests a turbulence in Glendon. Black Student's Union in Glendon? No Way.

A very concerned black member of the Glendon Community.

SEEMS TO BE ATTEMPTING

To the Editor:

I refer to Peter Bennett's article in which he seems to be attempting the correction of misunderstood situation for he states: "Fundamental misconceptions, in many cases, gross inaccuracies have been perpetrated which require correction."

In this article mentioned above, I would like to point out and clarify some inaccuracies which I found within it.

1) re: "The article on bilingualism ... came from the previous year's handbook because nobody cared enough to write about what this college is all about." As Council's summer secretary, I was asked by Pat Smith to have all 15-20 pages (This figure is approximate because of their subsequent loss. However, I know Albert Bérubé was paid for between 15-20 pages of translation.) of new Handbook articles (that is, those other than ones from previous years, such as The Formal Structure of York University/Structure du Pouvoir de l'université York) to be translated by Albert Bérubé. Why they did not make it into the handbook is curious, because I found many of them, as well as pictures of the writers of the articles lying on the table where the handbook was being organized into the respective page envelopes for the printers, AFTER the handbook had gone to press. There should be at least circa 45 pages of editorial in the handbook that were handed in because people "cared enough to write about what this college is all about". Compare that with the approximately 15 pages of editorial to be found in the present handbook.

2) re: The attack on my reasons for both my resignations. My reason for resigning from Faculty Council was that my involvements in Student Council required too much of my time for me to fulfill what I perceive my obligation and involvement in Faculty Council should have been. I resigned from Faculty Council before I began working at my present job which began after the start of this academic year. My reasons for my Student Council resignation still stands as it was written.

3) re: "Ms. Kennedy was summer secretary-treasurer". Correction: I was hired as secretary only and was officially responsible and paid only

for that part. I was not made aware that I was a signing authority to question the payment of cheques. I believe I was naive, but with no past business experience as such, without being informed I could hardly be aware of what the "responsibilities" should be as "signing officer". In any case, I apologize for my lack of quick perception concerning that matter.

To Peter and the Editor: The other mistakes in article and other articles are more subtle, and unfortunately it will take time to erase their inaccuracies and damage.

Concernedly and sincerely,
Lynne Kennedy

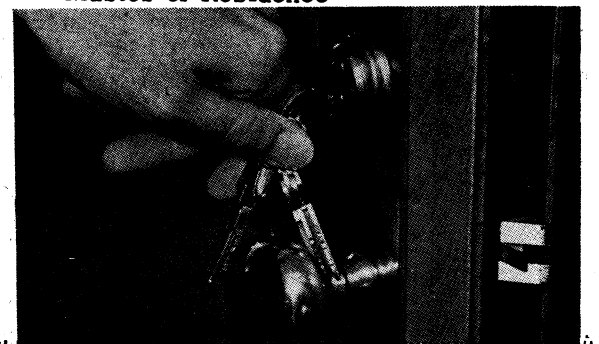
NOT ME PAL

To the Editor:

If I broke into a student's room, as your anonymous correspondent charges, then I must have done it in my sleep, because I am quite sure that I didn't do it while I was awake.

I give your correspondent credit, he did get part of his story right. His don and house president did enter his room. There were signs up in his house for one week before the incident in question, announcing that a house meeting would be held to discuss the enforcement of the rule on pets and cooking appliances. At the house meeting it was announced that students would be visited in their rooms and reminded of the rule. The so-called "break-in" occurred because your correspondent evidently missed the house meeting and was not in when the president and don made their rounds.

Yours sincerely,
Ian Gentles
Master of Residence



GROWERS ATTEMPT TO STIFLE TORONTO UFW MOVEMENT

by Richard Wagman

An interesting episode took place in California with reference to the United Farmworkers this year which illustrates the growers' idea of justice in the farm labour dispute.

K. K. Larson, a grape grower who owns 200 acres of desert farmland near Thermal, California, was one of the first growers to sign with the UFW in 1970. This agreement was the result of five years of strikes and boycotts, concluded by an independently supervised secret ballot election, giving a mandate of 152-2 to Chavez' union. When this contract expired on 15 April 1973, Mr. Larson signed another one-year contract with the UFW. As the expiry date for this contract approached early this year, Larson's desire to renew was uncertain.

Then at 6:30 am on 21 March 1974, an "election" was held on the Larson ranch without prior notice. It was supervised by Fr. Humphrys, a local Coachella Valley priest who is an outspoken opponent of the UFW, and the author of many pro-grower articles. No UFW or Teamster representatives were present at the election. Workers were brought to the polling place by supervisory personnel. The election was "explained" to the workers in Spanish by the main supervisor, a labour contractor for 14 years. Mr. Larson himself was present during the voting, and in some cases personally handed the workers a pencil to mark their ballots. There was no secret ballot as supervisors were present throughout the voting. Finally, there were

no UFW representatives present during the counting of the ballots. Results: 60 -28 against the UFW, with 5 abstentions. If you can believe it.

On 20 March 1974, when Larson's wife attended a negotiating session with the union, she failed to mention the company's decision to hold an election.

According to Sydney Nthan, an attorney for the UFW.

"Manuel Chavez of the UFWA challenged Mr. Lawson to a fair, secret ballot election (on 10 April 1974). Mr. Larson accepted on the spot, but within one day, and away from the public eye of television, reneged on the challenge and called off the election. Five days later the Larsons agreed to sign a contract with the Teamsters. . ."

Larson claimed that this decision was based on workers petitions requesting him not to resign with the UFW. But the petitions were circulated by supervisory personnel after Larson had made it clear that he wanted no part of Chavez' union. During the petition campaign, two UFW stewards were fired, and a pro UFW worker, a woman with five children who was legally in the U.S., was seized by the border patrol from the Larson ranch and deported. This tends to substantiate UFW claims of undue pressure and coercion during the petition campaign.

Larson signed the Teamster contract on 15 April 1974. It lacked adequate provisions on pesticide controls and generally fell short of the demands sought by the UFW.

When the workers heard about the

agreement the next day, they immediately left the fields and went on strike.

In May, Mr. Larson went to court before Judge Fred P. Metheny in Indo, California to get an injunction against the United Farmworkers' strike and boycott on the grounds that the Teamster contract was legal and the UFW was trying to wage a jurisdictional labour dispute. According to Judge Metheny, Mr. Larson said in testimony that "he (Larson) didn't care if the UFWA thought the election was fair."

In a preliminary ruling and opinion, Judge Metheny did not declare that a jurisdictional dispute existed. As a result, no injunction was issued and the UFW was allowed to continue the strike and boycott. According to Metheny, Larson probably "interfered" with the workers' right to join a union. Larson's company was then told to refrain from

"coercing or compelling any of their employees not to join or to join any labour organization as a condition of securing or continuing in their employment until final judgement in this case."

According to UFW lawyers, this means that no worker has to join the Teamsters in order to keep his job. In other words, the court has declared Larson's contract null and void.

This could have serious implications for other Teamster contracts signed without secret ballot election.

The question will eventually reach the California Supreme Court, but it usually takes two to three years for a final decision. In the meantime, the strike goes on, and the farmworkers, without an income, struggle for their

daily subsistence.

Earlier this month two people who claimed to be field workers on the Larson ranch came to Toronto to express their discontent with the United Farmworkers, in what they claimed was an attempt by the union to ignore and cover up workers' grievances. Marshall Ganz, an executive vice-president of the UFW and director of the boycott in Canada, revealed that one of the so-called workers, Ms. Josephine Garcia, was in fact a supervisor on the Larson ranch responsible for the hiring and firing. Mr. Ganz also pointed out that their trip to Toronto was paid for by Larson himself, along with some Teamster funds.

Before a press conference could be called to reveal all the facts about these "field workers," Ms. Garcia and her companion left town and returned to the United States (Toronto a major centre for the boycott, has seen a reduction of grape sales by over 42% from last year).

In the midst of fantastic odds, the farmworkers on strike continue to fight for the recognition of the union of their choice and for a better way of life. The strike fund in California now consists solely of donations of food and clothing from sympathisers. On Hallowe'en night, Thursday 31 October at 9 p.m., the Glendon College UFW Support Committee will sponsor a dance in the ODH to raise money for the striking farmworkers. Admission is \$1, and the dance is fully licensed. The Easy Street Strollers' band, will perform for the benefit dance. Everyone is welcome, and cordially invited to attend this Hallowe'en event.

POL SCI ANNOUNCEMENTS

by Roy Seravalle

Following an entirely different format than last year's Political Science Course Union attempt, the students at a general meeting on October 16 hit upon a winning combination-cooperation and innovativeness. The students not only elected five members to sit in on departmental meetings, but also a steering committee for student participation. This steering committee held their first official function on October 24 called An afternoon of film which succeeded in arousing a keen sense of participation among those who attended.

The films seen were called "Propaganda Message (an entertaining cartoon feature spoofing Canadian views on politics) and In Exile: Draft resisters and deserters in Canada (describing the situation of Americans in exile because of the Viet Nam War).

Several actual war resisters were in attendance, at the asking of one of the committee members, and they expounded on the film and also gave their own views/ and that of war resisters in Canada. Their view is that they are unfairly being blamed by the U.S. Government for a war that was judged by the American People as being morally and politically wrong. They were the first to judge so and therefore had to leave the country they loved on threat of punishment for evading the military draft as well as desertion. Now with Ford's amnesty proposal (which was recently rejected by all organized

war resisters all over the world) they say implies guilt where none exists. They are victims, as well as those who died in Viet Nam of a sick society which looks on war as their Godgiven right.

It is sufficient to say that the students there (20 to 30) showed a keen interest in the discussion following the film. The Political Science Course Union has many such afternoons and evenings in which outside speakers, debates and social evenings will be presented. At this moment the steering committee is setting up a debate session. They welcome other ideas as well as your participation whether you are in political science or not. If you have any suggestions bring them along at our next function.

Attention Political Science Students
At a meeting of political science majors and faculty these five students were elected to serve on the departmental committee.

Jane Arnup
Chantal St. Cyr
Robert Larue
Stuart Spence
Chuck Eisel

Their addresses and phone numbers are posted on the political science bulletin board.

Also, Stuart Spence and Chuck Eisel were nominated to sit on the committee to search for a new departmental chairperson.

Housman

"Shoulder the sky my lad, and drink your ale".

(Last Poems)

Shakespeare

"For a quart of ale is a dish for a king".

(The Winter's Tale)

Borrow

"Good ale, the true and proper drink..."

(Lavengro)

Browning

"There they are, my fifty men and women".

(One Word More)



poetic justice

ATTENTION!

HISTORY COURSE UNION MEETING

Thursday Nov. 1, 1:30 P'M
Hearth Room

FACULTY STUDENTS- ALL
WELCOME

Topics of discussion: tenure, course
evaluation, curriculum, History symposiums

HAZARDS OF SMOKING



CAN YOU SPOT THE CAMEL SMOKER?

Last Wednesday afternoon as I was peaceful, and untroubled in my "modes" class a "tidal wave" of sudden nausea almost hurtled me off the chair. A student, yes, a fellow student whose company I enjoy was nonchalantly bellowing a steady stream of cigarette smoke directly into my face.

What shocked and horrified me most was NOT the presence of little white clouds of smoke encircling my head but the total and complete unconsciousness in which this technique is practiced. In many cases capable, bright and interesting beings (this might be YOU) are suprisingly unaware of their subconscious actions regarding their smoking habits.

These unsavory and insipid actions (harsh eh!) by many students prompted me to write this article raising some personal questions and genuine inquiries into the smoking phenomenon. I hope a discussion of this nature might illuminate the situation to ALL students, non-smokers or smokers. Tobacco that is!

Not a judgement

I do not, repeat, do not, have any right to pass judgement or condemn the personal habits of my fellow students. I will attempt to respect your rights in this article but I would also like to follow a light-hearted approach to controversial subject. Is that smoking or me respecting your rights? As usual, since I've got the pen: "Heads I win, tails you lose."

Since I have never indulged in the art of smoking (poor me, but I've tried once or twice. I guess I could not cut it) via cigarettes, pipes, cigars, rubber tubes, etc., it always has and will probably remain so, been difficult for me to comprehend why people, especially the young, seem to spend an enormous amount of time, money and health to satisfy this habit. Because I'm committed to abstaining from the luscious pleasures of tobacco my views can be argued as slightly non-objective. I lose \$50, proceed directly to "jail".

For the moment let us disregard the fairly conclusive scientific evidence that smoking is extremely detrimental to your health, future children(?) and even to the strange animal, a non-smoker... I would like to focus on the issue, "why?"

Deciding to question the unquestionable issue I proceeded to seek out some qualified heavies of the smoking circuit. To be eligible you must smoke almost a pack or more a day. Then with strong confidence and a clear conscience I swooped down on the unsuspecting MR. SMOKER.

"Sir, why do you smoke?" was my first question. It was answered by a barely audible and sober, "I don't know," preceded of course by grunts, hems and haws. Other replies, if I got any, included "I'm not sure," "It relaxes me," "Don't bug me, you health freak."

Smokers club

My next question even more daring (Part Two of the Glendon Inquisition): "Okay, if you don't really know why or see the purpose to continue membership in the huge club, Smokers International, why don't you just quit." WOW! You would have thought I had called their mother a JOHN FRANKIE.

I was belted back with such fierce comments such as: "Okay, wise guy, if you think simply quitting is all there is to it, then you start puffing and try to quit. Hah, hah! Much easier said than done." You don't understand this cynical armchair critic in the disguise of a concerned newspaper (what newspaper?) writer. (Sorry J. F., but I'll promise to be good.)

As I shrunk to about two inches I replied a faint, meekest of meek, "No, thank you... sir!" A booming voice then warned, "All right, kid, don't get me excited again or else." Shiver, shiver. Even the clouds circling my head were scared off by such hostility. I had only talked to a part-time smoker, lucky I didn't get a real heavy.

Today over 40% of the adult populace indulges in some form of smoking, tobacco. Approximately one out of every two adult males while one out of every three adult females enjoy the pleasures of puffing and huffing. I wondered what happened to the old 'days' of the "stately" habit of smoking, so I consulted Alfred H. Dunhill, the smoker's smoker and truly a gentleman of the art. Sir Alfred concedes that today smoking is rapidly becoming, except for a small and elite minority, a lost art and a very limited pleasure. Paraphrase; a dull

pastime.

To quote Sir Alfie: "Many smokers in the furious tempo of modern life have freely admitted that it is only an essential narcotic for frayed nerves. For them the choice Havana cigars, hand-made cigarettes and lustrous meerschaum pipes which graced the smoking-rooms of fifty years ago, must seem almost as remote as the elaborate paraphenalia which brought such excitement to Elizabethan England. Today the ubiquitous cigarette has robbed most of us of these former pleasures and glories and gripped us by the throat. Smoking has become habit and habit proverbially blunts the edge of pleasure."

Lost it's pleasure

If we were to argue with Sir Alfred that today smoking has lost its pleasures and become habitually dull, why does the smoking habit continue to dominate the lives of 40% of our adult population. Granted that smoking can relax and calm you but surely the advantages don't offset the disadvantages.

I can't accept the theory that today's students are a bunch of neurotics with frayed nerves, who will have convulsions and nicotine fits unless they smoke seventy-five delicious cigarettes before the sun sets. (As usual I exaggerate to make a point--it only requires forty-five cigarettes.)

Apart from the increasing instances of lung cancer, coronary artery disease, emphysema chronic bronchitis, smokers' breath (yee-veh) and a friendly host of other ailments, the habit chokes all smokers, especially the students, hard in the pocket-book (ZOWIE).

I have to admit even if I wanted to smoke I probably couldn't afford to even buy the MATCHES, and it is getting progressively more expensive. (Inflation gets everyone, including poor Mr. Chim-knee).

Imagine if you smoke roughly a pack a day; annually (of course many don't but then again many surprisingly exceed this amount) this would cost a smoker almost two hundred and seventy-five dollars. Ahee! That is fifty cases of 24 Molson Export; tragedy strikes my heart.

There are only three ways to combat this inflationary dilemma: (1) quit smoking (lonely are the brave who dare suggest this); (2) reduce to an economically viable number of cigarettes daily; or (3) become successfully competent in the precarious art of leeching off other smokers to render your smoking bill an effective zero.

Returning to the issue of smoking at Glendon, I'm sure the freedom of smoking in lectures, seminars, etc., is very relaxing and enjoyable to many students. I would be the last person to suggest an infringement upon personal freedoms such as smoking. Although smoking represents a small example of personal liberty, of freedom of choice, the principle must not be rebuked or challenged.

It's your choice

If you desire to smoke, go ahead. It is your and only your choice. But be fair and reasonable to the disadvantages smoking creates for others. Also, almost everyone is aware that the information and literature on the question of smoking, death risks, hazards and repercussions are endless.

Although you personally might not realize or understand why individuals choose to smoke or alternatively abstain, try to diligently respect the interests and rights of your fellow students and fellow human beings while pursuing your inherent right to choose your eventual destiny.



We wish to go wherever the **Spirit** leads in order to cooperate in man's complete development and sanctification.

We try to follow Christ by living a **communal** life, being present among our fellow men, sharing their joys and sorrows, their aspirations and their legitimate struggles for a more human world.

We are the **Holy Cross Fathers**.

For further information, write:

Vocation Director
Holy Cross House
Fredericton, N.B.

Please send me information about your community.

Name _____

Address _____

HARVEST MOON BALL

by Ted Paget

"Wow! Terrific!" "Let's do it again!" These are the comments that I heard following the Harvest Moon Ball. There's really very little else to say.

Of course, I could talk about the excellent food and drink provided by Beaver Food. This included beef, salads, a cheese tray and pastries. And, I could mention the excellent appearance of the Old Dining Hall. For that, we must thank English 425 (Play Production), who worked many hours to transform the ODH into the Waldorf - Glendon.

George Hewson and the Orchestra (The Clichés) played some of the best "big band" music that I've

heard for some time. Their show, which included jazz, swing, polkas, Broadway themes and modern music, was extremely professionally executed. Besides, they looked like they were having fun (which I understand they were).

It's easy to have fun, playing for the audience that was in attendance. It was just your typical Glendon group; easy to perform for because they are out to have a good time.

The only thing that flawed the Harvest Moon Ball (besides my overpowering Saturday morning hangover) was the disappearance (probably due to hangovers as well!) of those people who had promised to help clean-up and take down lights.

Nevertheless, when are The Clichés going to play again?



George Hewson and his Orchestra delighted the Harvest Moon Ball audience.

STRINGBAND COMING

by Larry Guimond

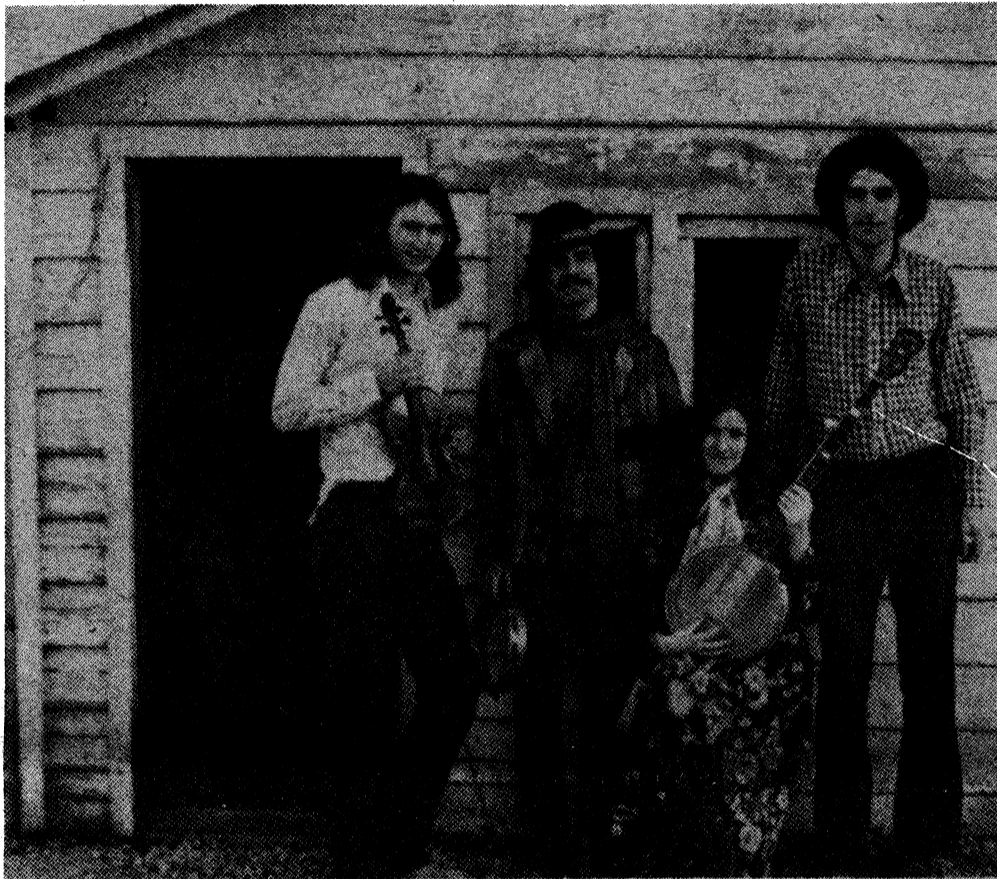
There are few folk groups around today of the calibre we saw back in the 1960's. Good folk groups are extremely difficult to locate on the Canadian music scene, yet Stringband shines through as a good folk group. The band is just beginning to gain a following and popularity of their own. During the month of October, Stringband played two major concerts here in Toronto. One with the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band and the other with Fairport Convention. To be on the bill with either of these two groups is a rightly deserved honour for Stringband.

Stringband's style is one of charm and simplicity. Rather than the high-power of a bluegrass band who depend on their instruments, a folk group's strength lies in its vocals and lyrics. Marie Hammond and Bob Bossin, the leaders of the group, handle this task excellently. Between the two of them, they cover lyrics, vocals, banjo, guitar and autoharp. The other two members of the group, Mark Lams on bass, and Ben Minks on fiddle and mandolin, have a list of credentials that range from Ian Tyson and Valdy, to production of Hair and Godspell.

There is a vast amount of talent in Stringband and yet they are not pretentious about it. The music that Stringband plays can best be described as friendly, warm and down home.

When no record company would give Stringband a recording contract, they simply put together an album themselves called Canadian Sunset. Should you be lucky enough to find a copy in the store, grab it up. It is one of the most successful folk albums I have heard up to date. A second album that is in the works now, will hopefully be out soon. Very likely the record companies will be after Stringband this time because they have already proven themselves.

For an evening of charm and home-made style, be on hand Saturday, November 2 at 8:30 in the ODH for Stringband in concert. Admission is \$1.50 at the door.



Stringband will be appearing at Glendon on November 2.

DICK KIMBERLY COMING SOON

by Larry Guimond

On Friday night at 9:00 in the Café, Glendon once again hosts a piano man. Our first encounter with this type of performer was back in orientation week, when we had the pleasure of having Peter Hall. The program calls for Peter Hall to be back but a long time commitment on his behalf, forced him to be elsewhere. He quickly supplied us with a variety of alternatives and Dick Kimberly became the natural choice.

The concept of the piano bar dates back almost as far as music itself. If you check back through the traditions of England, Scotland or Ireland, you

can find evidence of this. Throughout the United States, especially in the fields of jazz and blues, the piano bar has always been an institution. Dick Kimberly, a very likeable person of English lineage, fits into the type of sing-along piano man.

As a rule, most piano men of Dick's stature are hard to remove from the hotels and bars. They usually have long commitments and a regular audience. They are also well paid for their trade. So, while we have the chance, enjoy a sing-along night with Dick Kimberly, Friday November 1, admission \$1.00.

FAIRPORT CONVENTION

by Larry Mohring

Fairport Convention...who do you know that is familiar with their music? Not many, I would wager. It is unfortunate that a large portion of people rarely stray outside their musical interest field into another realm, for exploring diverse styles of music can be very rewarding. For myself, Sunday evening was one such time.

Although the English group Fairport Convention have been together for a very long time, I had never actually encountered their music. The Convocation Hall concert proved to be very dynamic. The only unfortunate aspect was the long (probably inevitable) delay before their appearance, compounded by the fact that their lead vocalist, Sandy Denny, had contracted a severe bout of laryngitis. This was a disappointment, since the promotional material was built around her singing ability.

However Fairport presented a fine display of music—a cross-section of various types to which it is difficult to attach a label. Their music was in various forms: folksy ballads, rock'n roll style instrumentals, and a vast range of fiddle music: from earth down-home fiddling, to an electric style which created moods reminiscent to Pink Floyd-ish music.

All the musicians were very competent, and without a doubt the group is one of the most versatile I have seen in several years. If and when they return they should not be missed.

Also of interest was the intro act, Stringband. They succeeded in establishing a relaxed mood by treating the audience to a variety of music whose common denominator was a flavour all its own. Singing both in English and French, the group created an enjoyable atmosphere by alternating with instrumental numbers, old ballads as well as native folklore, all of which contained a pleasing consistency.

This group appears here at Glendon this Saturday evening and are very worthwhile seeing. If you decide to attend, you shan't be disappointed.

WINTER WEEKEND MEETING

Anyone interested in helping to organize the Winter Weekend or anyone with some good ideas about the event, should drop around to see Larry Guimond at the Student Union Office or call him at 487-6137 (Student Union Office)

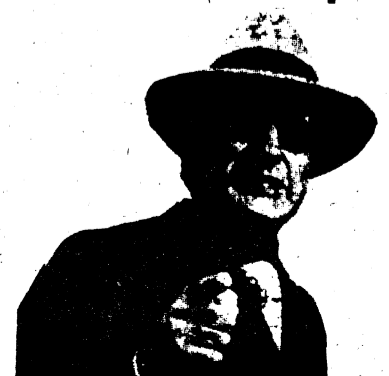
Why not.

If you want your motivation to infect others, then there's no reason why not.

Think about us and yourself; then think about what we can accomplish together.

For more information on the diocesan or religious priesthood, contact
Priests of the Sacred Heart
 Delaware, Ontario
 NOL 1EO

Pro Tem
 important
 staff meeting
 Wed. 3:15 p.m.



COLOURS IN THE DARK

by Daryl Uequhart

In writing critiques on the English 253 theatre presentations, it is necessary to bare in mind that derogatory criticisms of acting ability or final overall productions are not in line. One must realize that these plays are a product of a class of students studying theatre, some of them with no previous training or connection to this discipline. It is therefore my intent in this series of articles to point up the highlights of each production and perhaps give a personal comment.

"Colours in the Dark" a play by James Rearcy is a collage of uneventful events depicting the cyclic pattern of life from birth to death. By employing a family of three generations, as it's stepping-stones of characters, it is possible to view the deterioration of the time and at the same moment, the rejuvenation of the same. The characters in the play, each of them stereotyped, straight and flat, are Rearcy's soldiers with which he conveys the meaning of the play, through a rather perforated dialogue.

Before getting into the production end of this article I feel I must first commend the publicity crew on a job superbly done. Everywhere one turned, there were "Colours in the Dark", mostly in the daylight. Their work was well worthwhile and rewarded as at each performance, it was the "Sold Out" sign at the Pipe Room.

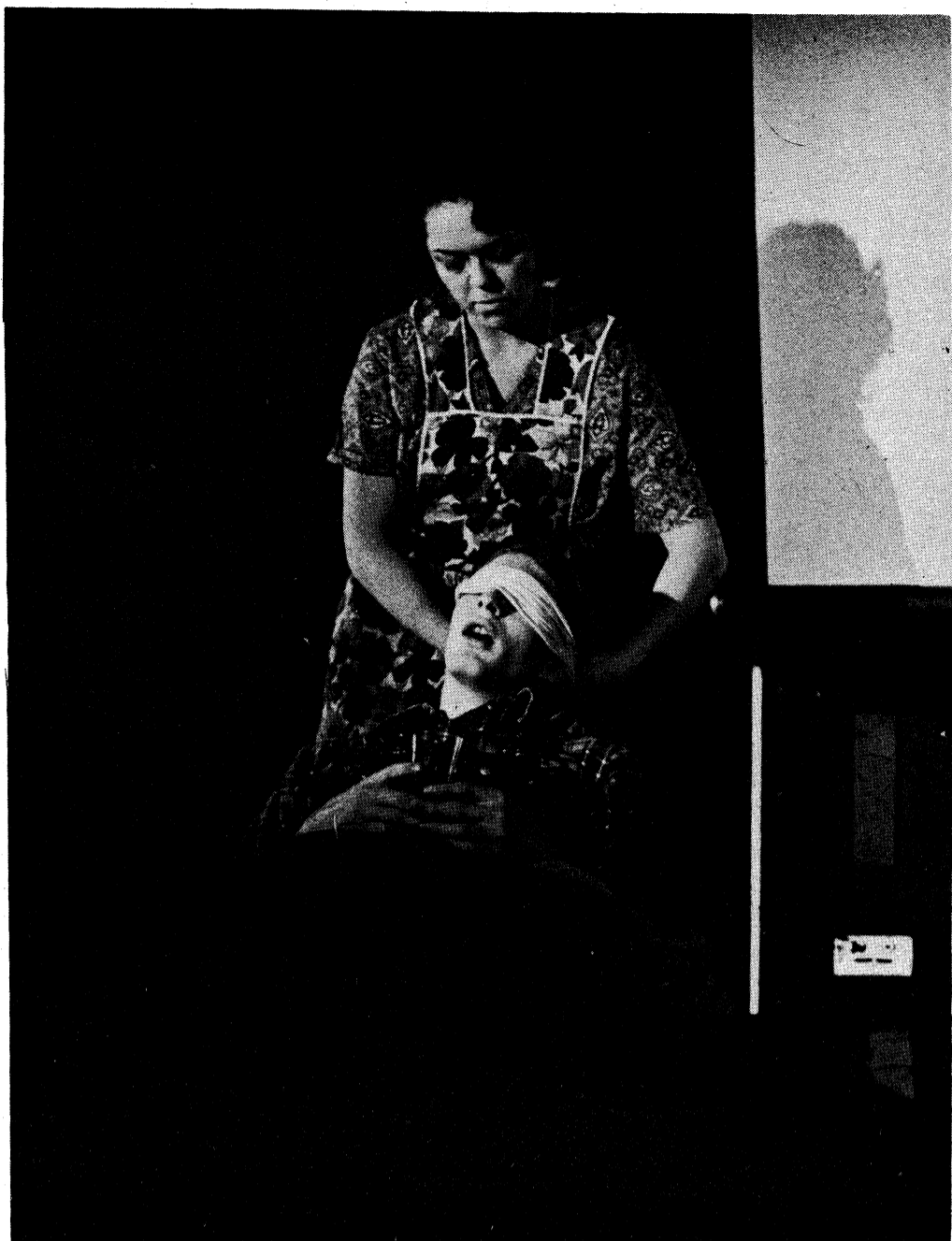
As plays go "Colours in the Dark" is not one of the easiest to produce. However, in this particular attempt one could hardly be anything but impressed by the ambitious approach with which it was handled. From a technical point of view the ideas were imaginative and hindered only by the lack of proper facilities and perhaps timing. Effects such as the echoing tape and the movie screen backdrop

were successfully executed and provided a mood otherwise impossible. My only complaint here is that one had the impression of spending half ones time in the blackouts listening to the hustle of the stage crew frantically changing the set. The set itself however appeared to be entirely functional to the play and therefore was ideally suitable to the production as a whole.

COMMENDATIONS

Several words of commendation I think are in line for two players in particular. I was impressed by the constantly forceful stage presence of Dave Taylor in the role of the Father. His articulation and voice control was of such a demanding quality that one could not help but to be fully aware and respectful of his presence. The same is true I found with Gwyn Ace who played the grandfather, especially in the scene where he portrayed the ghost-like devil casting his spell upon all those who stood before him. Although as an old man, perhaps slightly over acted, his was an outstanding display of timing and awareness. Other individual performances were also commendable however not quite so refined as the two I have mentioned.

Perhaps the one most attributable aspect of this production of "Colours in the Dark" was that of the feeling of team work on the part of the actors. I feel that this more than anything else is what pulled the play together, so as to be termed a theatrical production. To coin a corney cliché, "Colours in the Dark" was not my cup of tea, but then, neither was Jesus Christ Superstar. On the whole, this play was a reasonably good start to another year of theatre in the Pipe Room.



A moving scene from Colours In The Dark.

THE LONG COLD LINE-UP

by Susan Elliot

Some had been waiting for three days, others of us for only the night. Whichever, few of us would have given up our places in line, even if the second coming had been taking place one block away. In a sense, however, it was as if the second coming was taking place. After all, we were waiting in line for tickets to see a former Beatle. Yet it all seemed so absurd to be doing this in order to obtain such a material thing as a concert ticket for someone who sings against this "living in the material world." I thought this, and yet throughout the night, I reached deep into my pocket, just to make sure that my money was still there.

The whole scene was rather peaceful; no riot squads. There was only an empty paddy-wagon and a few strolling police who were eyeing, rather enviously, our wine skins and sleeping bags. It was cold, and it rained, and there were no washrooms. So, we just crossed our legs and waited. The lack of washrooms, however, did not deter some of the line-up, and unfortunately we were in a rather accessible corner.

By 9:00 all the tickets were sold out, and a few rather small pieces of paper were tucked into our back pockets. I can't say what I was doing there but I hope to see much clearer after the George Harrison concert December 6 at 5:00. That is all.

FRIENDS: THOUGHT PROVOKING

by Jan Penhorwood

Recently in Toronto, a new play enjoyed its Canadian premier at U.C. Playhouse. Entitled "Friends" it is a contemporary work of the prominent Japanese playwright Abe Kobo. Mr. Kobo is well known for his innovative approach to theatre, combining both ancient Japanese tradition with modern methods of absurdist theatre.

Universal themes

The North American company handled the production well, stressing universal themes without losing sight of the essence of Japanese society.

"Friends" depicts the plight of a young office worker whose singular life is disrupted by the arrival of a family of eight, who claim it is their duty to befriend him. The visitors proceed to install themselves in his apartment in an attempt to impress upon him the values of communal living. To the Japanese, a solitary existence is a kind of death. Mem-

bers of Western society however, are encouraged to value our independence and privacy. This clash of ideals results in tragic consequences leaving the audience with few answers.

Convincing

The performance of Deborah Jarvis brought an added dimension of sensitivity, and reflected the family's earnest attempts to befriend the lonely. Jordan Grant, Bruce Wall, and Helen Slota, each gave convincing, entertaining performances.

"Friends" is a play which asks the audience to examine our hurried, individualistic lifestyle carefully. In our progressive, modern society the bonds of family are becoming less and less distinct.

Most North Americans, however, will sympathize with Man's desire for privacy and share his horror as control over his life slips from his grip. Whatever your reaction, the play is a thought-provoking and entertaining one.



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WU-FENG UNREALISTIC

by B. Williams

Munroe Scott's play Wu-feng, premiering at the St. Lawrence Centre, brings to life the Formosan folk hero (Wu-feng), governor of a remote tribe on Mount Ali. The story of this man says Scott, currently writer-in-residence at Guelph University, haunted him for ten years after he heard it on his travels in Formosa.

The result is a play of conflict, between Wu-feng and the young rebel Margama who, along with his torch-waving, machete-swinging compatriots cries out in the name of freedom. They advocate a return to the ancient rites of the god Pu-la-luwan with sacrificial ceremonies, and want the ancient language brought back into use.

Wu-feng counters with slow-spoken, wise sayings of Confucius, and the verbal exchange between the two leaders is a skilled one, and a powerful point in the play. Wu-feng's approach to adversity is serene simply expressed as the games he plays with his small entourage of happy children.

This conflict is one that Toronto critics have pointed out as being all too similar to the Canadian scene, with a minority clamoring for cultural

freedom, and on occasion one forgets just what the time and place of the action actually are -- make-up is so sparsely used and hairstyles unchanged but for the occasional pigtail. Is this a Chinese play? Authenticizing details are missing. Costuming, however, is fascinating with brocaded smocks and pagoda-style hats. And the drums of unrest pound, and the gongs resound...

Wu-feng is an active play on a sloping stage designed to reflect the mountain setting. Skulls impaled on a bamboo pole scaffold are a reminder that Margama and company call for a sacrifice, and a victim is awaited. The choices are Han-sun, a merchant from Peking, and the Stranger, an honourable person, ready to please even to the point of dying; the final selection is... True Man.

Wu-feng's theme of social upheaval has a great potential for arousing a strong emotional response on the part of the audience. Yet, despite strong, convincing speeches by Alan Scarfe as Wu-feng and Neil Munro as Margama, the play is encumbered by an overall effect that says that Western actors cannot effectively recreate the East for us.



A fierce fight scene from Wu Feng.

Lacombe Lucien: efficiency impressive

by Donna Yawching

"It's about the banality of guilt," my friend informed me solemnly. "What the hell does that mean?" I asked. "What's so banal about guilt?"

After correcting my faulty pronunciation of "banal" she confessed that she herself had no idea what it was supposed to mean. She had, it seemed, merely been repeating the words of someone else who had seen, and who had been suitably impressed by the film. So, curious, we went to see "Lacombe, Lucien," currently playing at the International Cinema, Yonge south of Eglinton.

Excellent film

Right now, three hours later, I still have absolutely no idea what our erstwhile critic meant by his terse description. I do know, however, that I have seen what I consider to be an excellent film; one which is both socially and psychologically acute.

The film is set in France during the German occupation of the Second World War. Lucien, who had originally wanted to join the Résistance, drifts, almost without realizing it, into the role of collaborator, thence to become a card-and-gun-carrying member of the German police. The problems arise when, once again almost involuntarily, he falls in love with a beautiful Jewish girl, whose family is only permitted in the town because her father has obtained forged papers from another collaborator--a "favour" for which he never stops paying.

The conflict is resolved by Lucien, if only temporarily, in his own rather unique way--which, for the sake of those who intend to see the film, I will not divulge.

Perfectly cast

What is fascinating, however, is not so much this inevitable conflict, which after all is not particularly original; variations on the same theme have been done before, in "Cabaret," to mention one instance. The truly intriguing aspect of the film lies in the development--such as it is--of the character of Lucien Lacombe. Pierre Blaise is perfectly cast in the rôle of Lucien. In his face, there is all the resentment and vulnerability of extreme youth. Lucien cannot be more than 16 years old, with a face with an expression of almost child-like ab-

sorption which mirrors at once the pain of being young and fanatical, and the cruelty which is all the more disquieting because it is so totally unaware of its own existence. Lucien, a young country-boy, shows from the very beginning of the film, an inexplicable penchant for killing--birds, rabbits, chickens. Yet it is apparently the act, and not the results, that attracts him. He is absolutely uninterested in his prey once they have been destroyed, and he is obviously genuinely unhappy over the death of an old horse on his father's farm. (Director Louis Malle, incidentally, goes in for some rather gruesome rural realism in the opening section of the film. I won't cite examples, for fear of discouraging anyone from seeing what is actually an excellent film, but certain scenes surely take a lot of the enjoyment out of eating your popcorn.)

No pangs

This, I think, is the most striking thing about Lucien throughout the film--his lack of visible emotional reaction to either his own actions, or to those of the people around him. He says little, assimilates everything, and acts when necessary, with no pangs of guilt or twinges of conscience.

Dreadful innocence

Because of this impersonality, we slowly realize that Lucien's apparent lack of conscience is, in fact, a dreadful innocence, a simple, uncalculable concentration on self and survival. Hence, although we know that he is in collaboration with the widely-despised Gestapo, we can never condemn him as an inhuman monster, or even as a traitor to France.

Perhaps it is because Lucien's loyalties in fact lie nowhere. He works with dedication for the Germans, but his lack of commitment to either their cause, or to the cause of France, leaves him totally free to make his final choice. And perhaps, it is this freedom which, in a way, both protects and destroys him.

I have, I realize, concentrated most of this review on an analysis of one character, for fairly obvious reasons. This does not mean, however, that the performances of the other characters should be ignored or under-rated. They are all, without exception, excel-

lent; all completely convincing. Lucien's girlfriend, whose name (chosen, I suspect, with more than a touch of irony) is France, is played with a beautiful, wraith-like sensitivity by Aurore Clément.

Even when she is passionately upset, there seems to be a faintly airy quality about this girl. Her father, an aging, emotion-filled Jew who has learnt, probably the hard way, when to be silent, is also very sensitively portrayed. A priceless performance, however, is given by France's mother, an old tisane-sipping, solitaire playing hag, who says no more than three words throughout the film. Other, less detailed parts are played without exaggeration, but with the same ring of authenticity as the major roles.

High quality

As far as the more technical aspects of the film are concerned, I venture--with admittedly limited expertise--to say that they are of the same high quality. The direction is often very pointed, for example protracted close-ups on certain ob-

jects or faces, but never overstated. The film, dealing with a theme that could easily degenerate into melodrama or sensationalism, retains throughout a level, credible perspective.

Sound is used effectively, particularly the very last sound effect; you will notice it, have no fear! Camera shots, while never gimmicky, are often taken at unusual angles, in order to shift or to emphasize a mood.

In short, the film is put together with efficiency and effect, and the result, is quite simply, impressive. I have no hesitation in recommending it to everyone. There's just one thing that I'm still wondering about, though. What the hell is the banality of guilt?



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STUDENT PROGRAMMES: PROFILE STELLA McMURRAN



Stella McMurrin of Student Programmes

by Ann Marzalik

Having survived a neat bit of dental wizardry, and the net effect of an overzealous hairstylist, I am returning (perhaps unrecognized) to the offices of Pro Tem.

I sincerely hope that certain 'misconceptions' which have arisen with respect to the series of profile articles have received clarification. As our editor pointed out, these articles are intended as an informative, introduction as I have no interest whatsoever in pursuing the format of a gossip columnist. Admittedly, these profiles are limited in their capacity to portray a comprehensive analysis of various personalities.

I had hoped that those who were convinced that I had presented a much maligned portrait of the Dean, would

channel their criticism in letters to the editor. Essentially, this would provide an 'apparently necessary' supplement to my own caricature of the dean. The deluge of written protest was not forthcoming. Instead, various vocalized mumblings found their way into the offices of Pro Tem to our editor. (just call me boss!)

I can only respond to this form of criticism as 'below the belt' and lacking a certain vigour (or pep as you may prefer) Having stated my case I plan to return to my original endeavor.

My first choice for this profile was Mr. Pilley but at his request, the college registrar, shall remain anonymous to the bulk of the student population. Mr. Pilley stated that as an administrator, anonymity was an important prerequisite to the exercising of his duties.

I proceeded to the office of the director of student programs. Here, under the supervision of Stella McMurrin the keynote is "accessibility".

Ms. McMurrin arrived at Glendon in September and replaces Ms. Angela Newham at the helm. A formidable task in light of the fact that Ms. Newham had held the position since the college opened (in 1961).

Ms. McMurrin has had considerable involvement with the education process both at the teaching and administrative level. Her experience was obtained not only in England where she was born, but, as well in Montreal where she resided for a period of fourteen years.

At McGill university, she taught educational psychology and later, became secretary to the Dean. She is particularly adept in languages, and

commands a high level of ability in French.

Following her husbands' transfer to Toronto, she became secretary to the Faculty of Education at York Main. Ms. McMurrin professed a disaffection for the architecture of the campus which lends an aura of bleakness to the place particularly in winter.

In her capacity within the faculty of education, she was provided an opportunity to visit our lovely campus and decided then, that if the opportunity presented itself, she would make the switch to Glendon. She particularly like a conspicuous lack of concrete and an overabundance of trees. She officially began her duties in September 1974.

In the course of conversation she expounded on the nature of her functions and, the importance of the student programs office to all students.

The range of tasks can be confined to two basic areas, 1. academic advice and 2. student records. Concerning the former, it may be stated that student programs is unquestionably most familiar with academic regulations at the college. This category is inclusive of degrees, advance standing, petitions, transfers from other universities. Occasionally, there arises a problem with transfer students from other universities, who are perhaps entering second or third year and are required to fulfill a) our unilingual requirement and b) our general education requirement. This may mean taking courses which they had not planned for.

A second area which we discussed was "petitions." Students may petition for a number of reasons, to be excused from certain regulations

governing the student body as a whole. For instance, a student may wish to have a course failure discounted, or withdraw from a course retroactively. In either event, the petition should be based on specific grounds. For example, personal misfortune, academic misfortune or economic hardship. Ms. McMurrin is of the opinion that petitioning is a fairly straightforward matter as long as the appropriate channels are followed.

The second area of concern at the offices of student programs, is as was indicated, student records. Ms. McMurrin was adamant in pointing out that student programs is the locus of the university for the recording of academic information on all students. A complete data filing is amassed on each individual student. Consequently, it is of great importance that each student is familiar with student programmes both as a centre for receiving information and equally important, as an office for the submission of information.

Ms. McMurrin indicated that occasionally students will pick up a course without ever consulting the student programmes office. Such students may run into difficulties at a later date when they discover they are not officially enrolled in that course.

The task of providing such records is undoubtedly an enormous one. Ms. McMurrin indicated that she receives very capable help in the person of Ms. Reynolds, secretary to the office.

Ms. McMurrin expressed satisfaction over her decision to come to Glendon, I am confident the choice will prove profitable to the college also. I shall take the opportunity to welcome Ms. McMurrin as Angela Newham's successor, to the Office of Student Programmes.

THE SET-UP

I'm vulnerable. I have been for a couple of years now. This vulnerability makes me prone to the set up. Really, I don't know what's worse, remaining vulnerable or accepting a set up.

The set up is something I have grown to dread. Almost everybody knows what a set up is. When you do not have a steady girlfriend, every person you know feels it is their duty to "fix you up" with some girl they know. It can happen to girls too, as most set ups are designed for both the people involved. You drift blissfully through your life, devoid of complications, picking flowers and listening to the radio, then all of a sudden you get a phone call.

"Hello, what are you doing tonight?"

"Oh, nothing, I might watch a late show, or read a book."

"Sit tight. You are gonna go out with my girlfriend's cousin tonight. She just broke up with her boyfriend. She doesn't look too bad, and she's kinda lonesome, if you know what I mean."

The smart thing to do here is politely refuse. Tell him thanks very much but you've seen her cousin and she looks like the kind that opens beer bottles with her teeth.

But somehow I never do. I am basically very curious and always willing to take a chance. I accepted this particular set up. I knew the night before that I shouldn't have because Toothy phoned me. She didn't piss around with small talk. She told me right off that she didn't fool around with just anybody, she had to get to know them first. She continued that she wanted her parents to meet every guy she went out with. It was hopeless to try and get her drunk, because even when she was drunk, she could defend her honour. She didn't go to drive ins. She disliked really long hair, moustaches tickled her, and she insisted that I be neat. Keep in mind I had never met this girl, and this was the first time I had ever talked to her.

I called my friend back and told him to forget it. He told me it was too

late now, since the plans had already been made. We went to pick her up. In all fairness, I should admit that I don't think she could open a beer bottle with her teeth. She was really quite attractive. She started on me right away. My hair was messy, my sleeves were rolled up, my moustache would have to go. Her parents would be in in a few minutes, so I still had time to straighten myself up. To avoid an argument, I complied.

With all the minor disturbances out of the way, we were on our way to our favourite bar. She said she couldn't go to this bar because the waitresses were snippy, we couldn't go to that bar because the music was too loud. We ended up at some movie about bears in the Arctic because it had a sound ecological message. We sat and watched bears climb trees, eat fish, scratch, and dismember an unidentifiable, small animal.

After the bear movie we went out for refreshments. When I ordered a beer, she asked me if drinking was all I ever thought about. Then she dropped the bomb.

"After we get to know each other better you'll have to settle down a bit. I don't want a boyfriend who can only have a good time when he's boozing. Besides, you smoke too much. If you smoke alone, that's your problem, but why should I have to breathe air that has come from your dirty, black lungs?"

I don't like people that lecture me on the perils of smoking, because it makes me feel very guilty for a couple of days whenever I light up. The rest of the evening was spent in conversation about bear habits. When we dropped her off, I walked her to her front steps and left her there.

I received a call the next morning from her former boyfriend John. He said, "Listen, I called her this morning, and we talked. I think she's decided to come back to me. I'm sorry. I hope you're not too mad."

"Oh no John, don't worry about me. Why don't you come over and have a beer with me. I've got something for you. A medal."

WHAT'S HAPPENIN' BABY?

Up and Coming

CBC
First Person Singular: The Pearson Memoirs. Wednesday, 10:30 p.m.
Part I--The Undergraduate 1914-15.

ON CAMPUS

Wednesday and Thursday. English 253 present CAMINO REAL at 8:00 p.m. in the Pipe Room each evening. Admission 50 cents.

Friday, November 1. Another sing-along in the Café, featuring piano player Dick Kimberly. 8:30 p.m. Admission \$1.50.

Saturday, November 2. Stringband in concert in the ODH at 8:30 p.m. Admission \$1.50.

MOVIES

The 99-cent Roxy Theatre, Danforth at Greenwood Subway, 461-2401.

Wednesday. Truffaut's DAY FOR NIGHT at 7:00 and 11:00 p.m.
Visconti's DEATH IN VENICE at 9:00 p.m.

Thursday. Two by Truffaut: THE 400 BLOWS at 7:00 and 10:25 p.m.
JULES AND JIM at 8:35 p.m.

Friday. SERPICO at 7:00 and 9:30 p.m.

Soviet Cinema, 666 Eglinton Avenue West

Thursday. OCTOBER (TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD), a 1928 film by Sergei Eisenstein. 787-4595.

Theatre

Toronto Workshop (12 Alexander St.) 'You Can't Get Here From There', A dramatization of Chile's political turmoil in 1973, 925-8640

Toronto Centre For The Arts (390 Dupont St.) Ionesco's 'The Lesson' and Pinter's 'The Dumb Waiter' 967-6969

Poor Alex Theatre (296 Brunswick Ave.) Paul Gaulin and the Company of Mime 920-8373

Hart House (U. of T.) James Reaney's 'The Killdeer' 928-8668

Theatre Passe Muraille (Holy Trinity Church) 'Them Donnelley's 961-3303

Toronto Free Theatre (24 Berkely St.) The Collected Works of Billy The Kid, 368-2856

Theatre Passe Muraille (Bathurst St. United Church) 'Beyond The Grave' Newfoundland Folklore 961-3303

Tarragon Theatre (30 Bridgman Ave.) 'The Night No One Yelled, 531-1827
Firehall Theatre (70 Berkely St.) 'Lemon Sky' 364-4170

On Campus

Wednesday: General Meeting for Pipe Room Incorporated (Café) to be held in the Café at 4:00 p.m.

Thursday: Second Meeting for all those helping to organize The Christmas Banquet, 1:30 in the Dean's Office, All Welcome

Music

The Chimney (above the Gasworks) 579 Yonge, Bill King appears all this week, 967-4666

El Mocambo (464 Spadina Ave.) A Mainline Reunion followed by The James Montgomery Blues Band from Boston, beginning Thursday, 961-2558
Bruce Cockburn: Thursday evening at Massey Hall, 9:00 p.m.



Bruce Cockburn, one of the foremost Canadian singer-songwriters makes an annual appearance at Massey Hall Thursday, Oct. 31 at 9

FOOTBALL: NIXON'S LAST DOWN?

by Michael M. Lustig
Brown University
Providence, Rhode Island

Since my arrival to Brown University, I have noticed that American press has made much of G. Ford's former football abilities. Ford is described as having been a highly capable lineman at the University of Michigan; but there has been no attempt to explore a possible causal relationship between his giddy years and his subsequent policies as congressman or chief executive. Having previously done some reading on R. Nixon, I was interested to find out whether football had any influence on his "illustrious" career. Nothing I have read as an undergraduate regarding the influence of pre-White House experiences on presidential actions of R. Nixons has ever mentioned possible effects from his participation in football. The New York Times and the Boston Globe noted that Nixon played football during his high school career with minimal success. But that is all.

Americans have viewed football in many different ways. They have in my estimation naively credited it with such virtues as determination, self sacrifice, team spirit, and the ability to respond to challenge. Whether R. Nixon or G. Ford has exhibited

But the paramount principle of football is probably most eloquently expressed by the definition decorating locker rooms or thundered by coaches at pep rallies and post season banquets: "Winning is not the only thing. Winning is Everything."



Since this credo is instilled during formative years, it may create an indelible impression on at least some of those exposed to its insistent indoctrination, which coaches justify with the apparently accurate observation that there is no place in this world for losers. In the sports field, fair play can be plentiful but, often, too, the rules are bent, if not broken. Just as in politics it is considered perfectly fine to cut corners - provided you do not get caught.

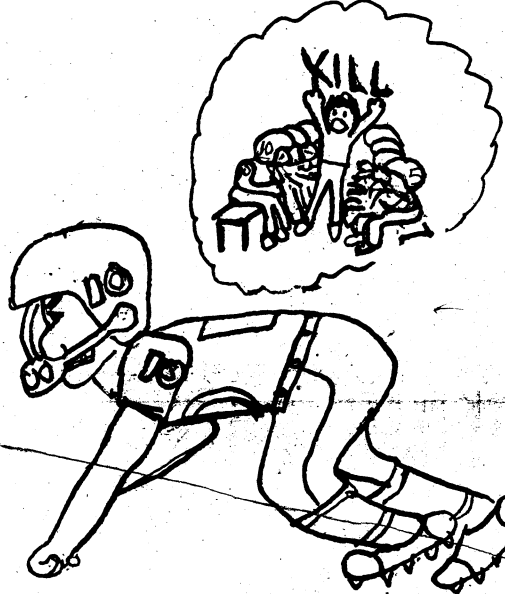
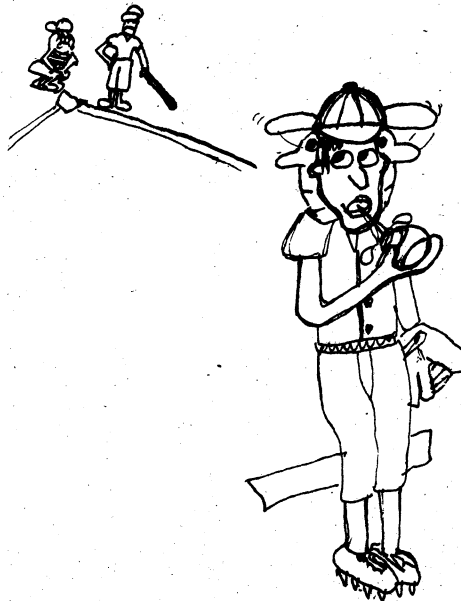
Football lineman will privately admit to discreet holding and other illegalities, especially if the officials show signs of not being too observant. No coach may admit to teaching such tactics, but eavesdropping on half time talks may occasionally indicate that instructions include illicit covert operations, which naturally involve the risk of penalties, apparently believed worth the gamble in the view of potential rewards. Certainly such piccadillos are insignificant compared with other illegal acts rivaling the rascality of those responsible for Washington's "dirty tricks".

Football teams with good passing attacks or quick, sharp cutting backs have been surprised when playing away from home to discover the turf slippery and not sodden even though it may not have rained for days. Could the field have been soaked with a hose because a wet ball is difficult to throw and breakaway backs wheel and speen less effectively on the slick surface? That is just what

coaches placed in this predicament believe.

However, football is not the only sport with shoddy stunts. Basketball teams featuring small, speedy personell, dependent on ability to run around or fake out bigger opponents, have returned from road trips reporting gyms visited to have been highly polished as ballroom floors, thus nullifying their major weapon of mobility.

For a pitcher to apply sweat or saliva so that a baseball will dart in a half dozen directions en route to the plate is outlawed because inability to control the pitch is supposed to make it dangerous. Yet, nobody is naive enough to believe that "spitter" is not clandestinely used sometimes. Even more dangerous, perhaps, is the custom of attempting to brush back the batter, sometimes by shooting for his head. If not taught, this tactic is evident from Little League up. Then there is the standard style of breaking up the double play



any or all of these qualities may be debatable and dependent upon personal perspective.

A sterling example for us all to follow

After a year of retirement from the NBA, C-House has once again taken to the basketball courts. With 6 seven foot two jocks, they headed down to the fieldhouse to face battle with 422 BB players from A-House Hilliard and B-House Wood. However, being achievement-oriented girls (that was for the benefit of Jenson's Jocks, SS 384) they took on

the other team with great enthusiasm. Making her debut on the courts, Marnie Stranks, who is certainly no "Ernie G", led the scoring race.

There was then a roaring tackle by "Pinky" Scott, who still thought she was playing football against Bethune. Suddenly a sneak rimshot from Louise Regan (a former day student who saw

at second base on a forceout by barelling into the infielder taking the catcher's peg and perhaps inflicting serious injury. Or the runner who is a dead duck at the plate slides in with spikes at eye level in the hope that the catcher will be scared into dropping the ball.

The premise, proclaiming that winning is the only thin, prevails not only in such plebian pastimes as football, baseball, and basketball but

the light and joined C-House) put her house ahead 4-0. Meanwhile Melodie Coher and E-House recruit Jan House were moving down the courts with lightning speed to allow Donna Millar to score the next and last basket.

Later from her hospital bed, Danielle told the press, "it's tough being a jock what with my bad cartilage and all..."

came back to score again on a very good hand-off. However, the game would have been over long before it was if not for the confusion of the regulations of the last three minutes. It took us 25 minutes to play only three. Bethune scored again in the dying minutes of play and converted through the uprights for three. She was something else for we had never seen a place kicker in this league before.

Glendon defence was prepared most of the time. Bethune seemed to take control of the game. The girls on defence, Bev Josling, Paille, Sepajak, Walker, Regan, Scott, Houe, et. al. played well with great help from Mullie, Findley, Hoover, Milne, Johnson, and all the fans who turned up and watched.

This may mean that Glendon is out of the finals but we won't know till sometime this week. Whatever happens the coach would like to thank the girls now. They all played very well and put out a good deal. The main thing is that I think everyone had a good time and that is what is so important! We also got to know some new faces and make new friends. Thanks again!

Glendon girls win and lose

by Nancy Scott

Two weeks ago the Glendon Girls' Football team again headed north to the Main Campus. This time we were to play McLaughlin. We had learned with Stong and had no off-sides called against us. We had barely enough to make a team but we headed onto the field with confidence. McLaughlin didn't seem as confident. Louise Mullie, QB, opened the scoring with a running play to Pinky Scott who went in for the touchdown. The extra point was good and Glendon led 7-0 the end of the first quarter. Unfortunately that's the way the score stayed. Glendon had numerous opportunities but couldn't capitalize on any of them. Defensively the team played very well, since defence was also offence. NANCY SCOTT & LOUISE REGAN kept making it hard

for McLaughlin with their many interceptions.

Glendon played a very good defensive game. It's just that we couldn't get our offence going once we had possession of the ball. Everything was going well until, again, the last few minutes of the game. McLaughlin scored on a pass play but BEV JOSLING held them to only six when she stopped their drive for the extra point.

Last Monday, October 22, Glendon finally played a home game on the field beside Proctor Fieldhouse, in the valley for those who don't know. Thirteen girls showed up for our game against Bethune. They started off the scoring on a disputable running play. A touchdown was called when their player had her flag off--not legal or sportsmanlike either. However, Glendon recovered quickly and came back with two great efforts by Louise Mullie's strategy and arm and Pinky Scott who scored two touchdowns. The extra points counted and Glendon went into the lead. However, the coach of the girls' team was wise enough to protest the game on their first touchdown... Bethune,

also pops up in athletic activities with more puritanical reputations for rigorous adherence to ethical codes. There was the cross-country coach who started one team in national interscholastic championship race and hid another crew in a barn situated ideally midway through the course. When the starters entered one side of the barn, waiting replacements, quickly receiving numbers from co-conspirators, emerged through another door and continued the race. Unfortunately, for its preperators, the deception was discovered.

Tennis, aristocrat of all athletics, has its own skeletons, often discussed in court-side conversation. For instance, a baseline retriever, realizing his dependence on slow bounces for success decided to deaden balls to be used in a tournament match next day with a big hitter by placing the container in the refrigerator over night. When his opponent, unexpectedly picking up the still chilled can of balls at the court just before the match next morning, suspected chicanery and complained to officials, the culprit confessed. Slogans such as "When in doubt, Call it out," and "If you want to Win, Don't call it in," also suggest the theme often dominating tennis matches.

In sports, there is gamesmanship of all sorts, not necessarily condoned, but seldom condemned as sharp practices are accepted, just as elsewhere in a society with competition a cornerstone.

So during R. Nixon's occupancy of the oval office, there may have been concealed by a stack of tapes a banner reading: "WINING IS EVERYTHING" - and maybe it is still there.

Maple-Lys devastated

by Jim Phillips

The Glendon Maple-Lys played their exhibition game last Wednesday at York main and chalked up the first devastating loss of the season: 11-1 in favour of Stong.

Yes, Glendon does have a hockey team. We compete on an intercollege basis against college teams from all over Ontario. Last years team competed in the provincial round-robin college tournament, in Kingston and emerged victorious. Two years ago our team travelled to Holland and represented the college with an honourable display of determination and respectability.

The "Lys" make annual trips to participate in Quebec tournaments and there is a strong possibility of another Europe trip being organized this year.

Yet, regardless of the minimal (bridging nill) turnout at this year's camp we as a team, need more than hockey players in order to make this year's campaign a success. We need fan support. We need the bolstering effect's of the recognition by the student body. Not necessarily directing blame towards the student body for their complete lack of interest and enthusiasm (which is, necessarily, grounds for blame and blatantly evident in a disgusting turnout at camp and a complete lack of fan support at the first of our games). The Maple Lys may still have a chance.

The team is doing it's damnest to put it all together. Following last Wednesday's floundering defeat a few new faces began showing up at the practice on Thursday afternoon. This aided in sparking new enthusiasm in the team and the apathetic characteristics of a losing team may soon disappear.

I would like to do something about the lack of enthusiasm (permeating the sports scene) at this college and will attempt to bring something about the team through weekly editorials in the sports section. So, what is all you fans out there, stay on your butts. After all, there must be hundreds of others coming out to our games, and anyway, how could your fan support help us?

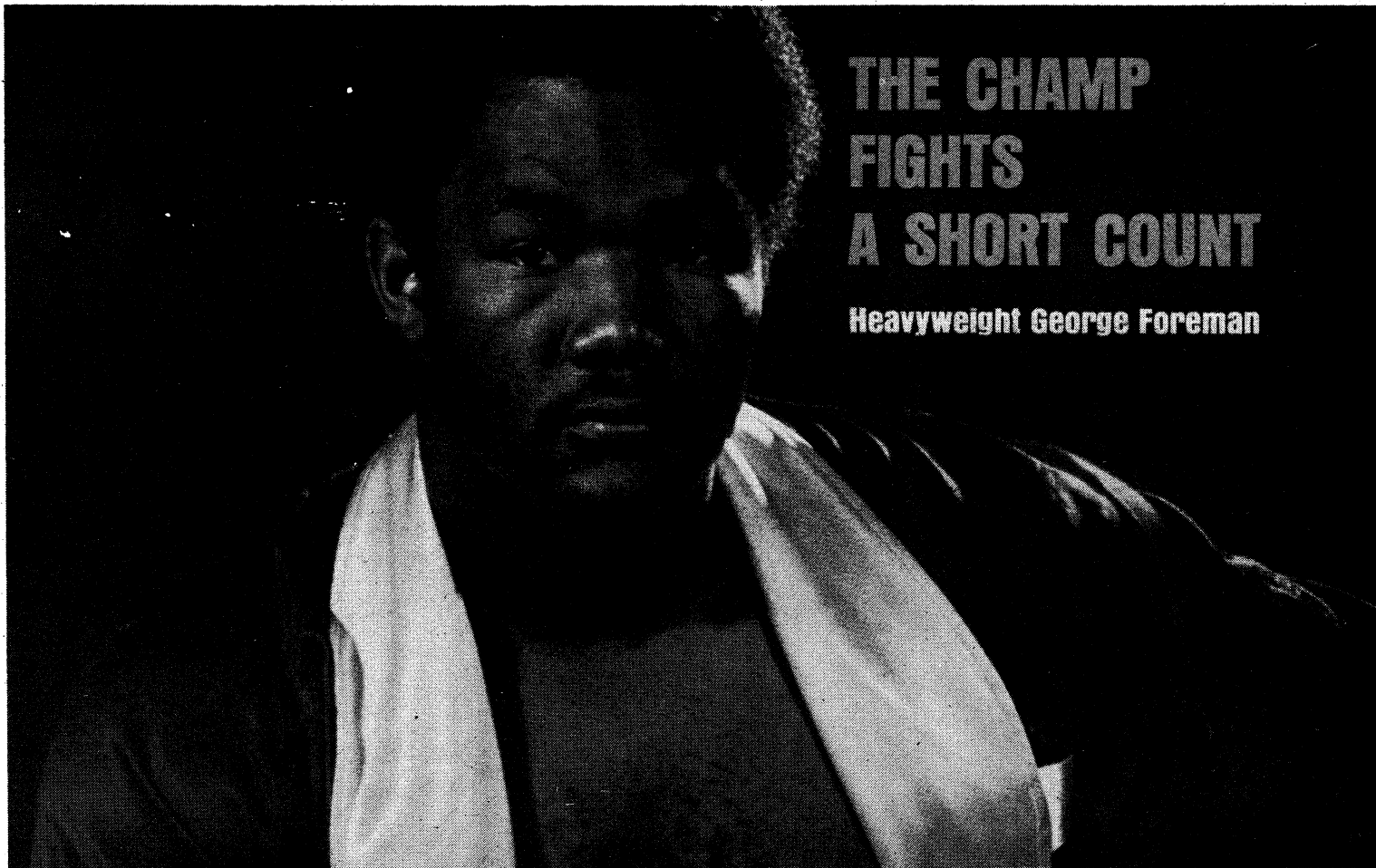
Eyewitness sports

During the past fortnight events in the world of sports and in particular here at Glendon, have been of such earthshaking importance that the editors of Pro Tem have felt it necessary to employ the services of a truly professional sportswriter. After a lengthy search and many mid-night sessions in the council chambers, the editors were in a quandry. At the last moment Howard Cosell announced that prior commitments prevented him from assuming control. Similarly it was learned that Paul Rimstead's contract with an un-named brewery prohibited his association with any major tabloid as a feature columnist. Accordingly, Tuesday of week past, a Western Union Candygram was cabled to 4273 Dorchester Cr., residence of that world-renowned nice guy and terribly British, Haywood Hail Bruin.

Appealing to his humanitarian instincts to save our Metropolitan daily from total disgrace. Hail Bruin (Haywood as he is sometimes called) accepted the challenge, finding himself suddenly thrust into the sometime chaotic yet always exciting arena of sport at Glendon.

Therefore and without further ado, ladies and gentlemen, reading public and Ernie G., the editors of Pro Tem are pleased to present one of the senior deans of the international sport scene, Haywood Hail Bruin.

Good day sports fans and welcome to Eyewitness Sports as witnessed through the eyes of Hail Bruin. (or Haywood as I am sometimes called). Assisted by an able staff of two; myself and Miss Stiff (Miss Stiff



THE CHAMP FIGHTS A SHORT COUNT

Heavyweight George Foreman

This man is the latest unfortunate to fall in the path of Hayward Hail Bruin (aided by Miss Stiff) Apparently he had decided to vent his frustrations on the likes of a man named Ali. As of press time the results of their encounter were not known.

will you look that one up for me, thank you Miss Stiff) and after a cursory survey of this Stonehenge like landscape, I am convinced that my respite here will be conducive to fair, intelligent sports-casting. It has been immediately apparent that within the hallowed halls of the Proc-

tor Sportscomplex there resides a plethora of activity. Already before me there live the legends of Glendon's ancestral heroes. The legends of 'Wild Bill' Wade, 'Salty' Cockburn, John H.K. 'Jingles' Riley, K.C. Haffey and B. Lamarr Philipps will never die. Yet there exists new legends

and new heroes that must not go unheralded. It is my solemn duty to seek out their hidden mysteries and reveal them to you, the reading public, through the eyes of Eyewitness Sports.

Yours humbly,
Haywood Hail Bruin

FOOTBALL REPORT: THE PACK (6) IS BACK

During the last week or huit-jours as my Francophone colleagues would recognize, the Glendon Gridiron, home of would-be jocks and Sunday heroes, witnessed contests of an intensely exciting nature, destined to determine the team worthy of the Gray Saucer and the Supremacy of the G.F.L. (Yes, that is the Glendon Football League).

Intramurally, the Sons of B (and E) combined to thrash the wheat out of a sadly aged 4th year squad, Led by Arm-chair graduate and four time All-Nothing Ernie "G" Picard, the Sons of B (and E) were fortunate to prevail on the scoresheet for they didn't on the field. (Says who? Boodle) (Says me! Hail Bruin or Haywood as I am sometimes called) This came in the initial match of a two-game total point series, with the Sons of B (and E) desparately hanging on to a slim twenty (20) point margin over 4th Year.

D. 'Gow' Sullivan climaxed a dismal season by tallying with two trys (one if by land and two if by sea) (Long Live the Queen! Bloody Colonials!) Niloc Notsirroc Cam replied with two more to ensure a victory by sea. Other Mid-Shipmen scores came from the able hands of Noodle Lake (I thought it was Poodle, C. de Mizzen), the fleet feet of Ernie G. (employing once again the now infamous Windsor Walk, not to be confused with the notorious Mozambique Technique of Juan Beniquez' Fame.) and Glen E. Jones, not to be confused with Glenn Jones, his arch-rival and sometime Don of E House. The over-the-hill gang showing signs of senility was unable to recall who wheel-chaired

for a six-pack. It has been rumoured however that part-time 4th year student, Gregory Muscales, Ellis flexed for a pair. With Ted the Polak, not to be confused with Fred the Kulach, and Tom C_____ in co-operation with the English as a Second Language Department, the editors are pleased to announce the institution of the weekly Hail Bruin or Haywood as I am sometimes called Contest of the Week Award. This week it takes the form of a spelling bee. Please choose one of the following as an appropriate means of filling in Tom's last name.

- Tom Czechoslovakia
- Tom Cat
- Tom Boy (That's not a 'C')
- Tom Charrington
- all, none or some of the above

Send your answers to
Contest of the Week Award
c/o of Haywood Hail Bruin
Pro Tem, Glendon College

Next week we will announce the winner and his or/her mystery prize. Bob 'Dimmer' Dimofski was heard to report that he is unsatisfied with his present contract and is considering an offer from the G.F.L. cellar-dwelling equipe, the A-house Axeman. After a year of what can only be labelled vicious tampering on the part of Thomas Leader's Sons of B, the rank of the A-house membership had dwindled to 1. For the Axemen, a policy of re-building is obviously in the works. Moulded around the Frames of Big Band leader George Hewson, A-house perennial

Stuart Sylvester Spence and the indomitable influence of All-G.F.L. great French Fry Fred (or Karen Abdul Kulach as he is sometimes called), the Axemen are destined to rot. My heart is with you boys.

Incidentally the C-house Quacks couldn't get the Kinks-out and subsequently defaulted their way to defeat under a strong-smelling second and Third Year Squad. All-star receiver Bert Dombrowski, a refugee from Manitoba - way, was an ineffective threat all-season long as he continued to mesmerize the opposition with his uncanny ability to score touchdowns without the ball. Journeyman Frank E. Yofnaro of Lichee-Gardens fame and the Amazing Doug Watson (Watson, you're not amazing, I'm amazing.) also attended.

INTERCOLLEGE: GLENDON LOSES

Intercollegially, the Glendon Gonads, Gophers, or as they are sometimes called the Glendon Gadflys, livened their playoff hopes with a resounding triumph over Winters, to the tune of Melancholy Baby (and in the key of G) Final score Gadflys 51 - Winters 10. Unfortunately due to an unexpected

blizzard which swept the Arctic tundra of Le Campus Central, any record of the individuals involved in said contest were forever lost. On Friday of the same week (being last-week) the Gadflys placed their future on the line in a sudden death semi-final contest against the Owls from

Osgoode. Hampered by injuries to several key veterans, plagued by administrative problems which saw two unnamed players locked out of their hotel and forced to spend the night on Yonge Street and the inability to find transportation for more than 8, The Gadflys fought proudly though vainly and hence were sent to the showers a week earlier than their

victorious counterparts. Player coach, G.M. and club executive, John Frankie, offered these comments in an exclusive Eyewitness Interview. Hail Bruin, (or Haywood as you are sometimes called) I can't say enough

about the dedication shown by the Gadfly Eight. With a few breaks here ore there, a change in the wind, or a 9.0 flat sprinter, we could have been there. But who am I to question our Fate. Ours is not to reason why. A loss by any other name would still be a loss. (Alas? no a loss). But even in defeat there is planted the seeds for victory. And next year's Squad buoyed by the loss of the entire team will undoubtedly once again raise the Gadflys to the pinnacle of Y.I.F.L. (York Intercollegial Football League) Supremacy?

SPORTS SUMMARY: GET YOUR TICKETS EARLY

G.F.L.

Series A: two game total point semi finals

Sons of B: 45
Over the Hill Gang: 25

Future games B & E at 4th yr.

Series B.
C house Quacks and Hilliard
2nd at 3rd Year

-series defaulted to Quacks.
Championship matches between
Quacks and other finalist to play

Wednesday and Thursday of this week.
Two game total points.
Y.I.F.L.

Glendon 51 Winters 10

Sudden death play off
Osgoode Hoot Owls 32 Gadflys 20

Y.I.H.L.
Glendon at Ice Palace (Le Campus Central)
November 6.

DATELINE: G.G.G.C.C. (Greater Glendon Golf and Country Club)

Henry Longhurst reporting from the 4th hole a 444 yard 4 par (dog-leg to the left.) (Oh blast! what a four-pas).

No report today Hail Bruin. (or Haywood as you are sometimes called.) A devastating fog has enshrouded the entire course and besides I've lost my 'Bicky! Until later then, Cheerio and Ta-ta!