Big Brothers need your help

by Phil Booth

I believe that it is time that the administration set a scrutinizing eye on the Security Guard System at Glendon College. In my own experiences over the past 3-4 years on the campus and that of others have convinced me that the time is long overdue that some changes should be made.

The change I suggest would be the same as that made by the Glendon Co-op at the University of Toronto. The staff would be responsible for directing traffic, issuing parking passes, and checking those who enter. The Chief of Security, Bill Firman, would be in charge of the security force and issuing passes, and the front gates would be manned by guards at all times.

The change I suggest would also give the guard the time to serve a valuable function in preserving the campus, which it could not do with its current duties.

In conclusion, I believe that the security force at Glendon College should be reorganized to serve its purpose more effectively and to better protect the campus.

JOLLY HEARTS CLUB BAND

by Larry Guimond

After an evening with Dick Kimberly's String Band, one could describe the event as a zoo. It was a pleasure to sit back and listen to Stringband. In their usual style, the band took it easy and had a good time. For those who have had the pleasure of a day at Mariposa, it was that type of a good time. The Stringband mixed the traditional and new, between French and English, and between soft pictures and fun times.

Marie Hammond and Bob Bossin, the leaders of the band were just what one could expect--easy-going on stage but in control of the music throughout the show. The only complaint against them should be that they were not as musically right as they could have been. Their two-part harmony was good but sometimes a little tenderness is needed. The rest of the band, Ben Mink on fiddle and mandolin, and Mark Yams on bass fit into Stringband well. As someone pointed out, maybe Ben could have turned down the fiddle, but I liked it loud.

The French material of Stringband was particularly enjoyable. Marie Hammond's background is Montreal from French family and it was definite change from loud French rock to soft ballads and love songs. She fits the role of performer and song-writer very well.

Stringband is primarily a home folk music with a feeling towards people. Too bad more of Glendon's people didn't show up, you missed a fine show.
SECURITY: try a little tenderness

The position of Chief of Security occupied by Mr. Firman for the past year is one that is accompanied by much pressure. He must be careful to be in charge of keeping the flow of traffic moving smoothly, while being in the midst of a bureaucracy system where he must answer to a great many people including himself. He must also be sharp and watchful, for every move he makes is watched by everyone. After 5 o'clock there is a great increase in carelessness, so he must be careful to watch for anything that might cause a problem. He is also in charge of keeping the parking lot free of cars and ensuring that no one is parking there as well.

Our ideal Security Guard should be a model of honesty and justice. He should be immune to the corruption of bribes that are offered by people who wish to receive special privileges. He should treat everyone with equal respect and concern regardless of whether they are administration, faculty or students. His sense of justice must prevail over baseness.

Our Security Guards must also be aware of the fact that Glendon is not just an educational institution for many of us, but a home for those who live here. We are trying to establish a happy and healthy atmosphere for all. This spiritual union is difficult to achieve if it is threatened or shattered by feelings of anomaly between the Security Guards and the students of Glendon. We must control anyone else who is part of the atmosphere. We must show a sensitivity to those who call Glendon "home" and find it unserving to be treated as strangers or outsiders when they enter through the main gates and are stopped for interrogation at the security booth.

The quest for recruits into a "popularity contest" and the fear which are this year appears to be a definite swing away from the political trend of the year ago. Consequently, our liaison representative can appeal to students only on the basis of acquaintance itself.

A significant part of the function of a student in the town where they live is the opportunity to belonging to a group of like-minded people. An ideal where they display a competitive spirit is bilingualism.

For English-speaking students, the concept of Glendon is simply that of having a job to be taken up. When you look at Glendon as an opportunity which is sufficiently appealing to possibly future students, you begin to see the uniqueness of the college in two areas: 1) the physical setting, and 2) bilingualism. I always like to point out that Glendon College was an estate. The amount of students in the college area is still quite small, and the students who are there are faced with a unique challenge in terms of bilingualism.

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Last Sunday I attended the Toronto Argo final season game at Maple Leaf Gardens. It's old news now but they went down to defeat at the hands of the Tiger Cats.

The most interesting aspect of that entire afternoon was unfortunately not the game. Some of the incidents which I encountered on the bus trip going to and coming from the game as well as the occurrence of events when at the game, left me asking a lot of questions and a few observations that I would like to pass along.

To begin with, the bus trip I went on was a charter of ten buses for the purpose of transporting Argo fans to the game in Hamilton. Or so I thought. The only reason I was on the trip was to go and see the game. I was told that as a simple as far as the other passengers were concerned.

That trip was organized by the Hollywood Tavern (a pub in West Metroland that served as my first clue to what was in store). The busses had a maximum of 40 passengers (ours had 35) and each was supplied with an unbelievable amount of "refreshments". Each bus had 6 cases of beer, 26 oz. bottles of rye whiskey and 6 bottles of wine. All of this was to be consumed by the people in a round trip travelling time of less than 2 hours.

It's unbelievable, but they did it.

The entire spectacle left me with a lot of wonder. I'm not well rounded enough to be able to handle this sort of thing but this is what happened:

Needless to say, I kept my distance. I knew that the next hand you would see would be that of a lady with her hand on every woman on the bus. And so it was (that as far as the other passengers were concerned).

There was also this young exec, I guess about thirty (by the end of the trip everybody had his business card). He was the ambitious type, very go get em attitude. He appointed himself host and bartender and made sure everybody had a drink and was enjoying themselves. By the end he was spilling wine all over people, confusing everybody (the Argo's loss) I was supposed to have kissed him, offering people jobs (he liked my manner, said he could do big things for me) and started nearly every last one of the (term loosely) he could grab.

There was another guy who was sly enough to sneak a bottle of rye off the bus and into the game. But about two minutes into the game he went zipping and grabbed the bottle. The guy spent the rest of the game with his back to the field, begging the cop to give it back. I don't know why he just didn't stay home, listen to the game on radio and get blasted!

Probably the classic of the trip was this enormous fat man about fifty years old. He was completely bald, had his eye on every woman on the bus. He joined the trip was to go and see the game. Some of the incidents.

And so it came to pass that smokers, later in life than the others) decided to be a part of society with the rest of us. So I fought this down. And so it came to pass that the non smokers found themselves being left out.

And to this very day, large parties Friday and Saturday. And yet I fought this down. There are many surprises in the world, for methods and means to be used.

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And to this very day, large parties Friday and Saturday. And yet I fought this down. There are many surprises in the world, for methods and means to be used.

...shall not smoke anymore. You will not be able to please yourself. Exhale excess smoke, man-...cities filled with field of firelight. One cannot be stuffe...manequins of doom and despair, they have a new...monumental turd. You hear-... an intelligent and non-smoker.

To the Editor,

I would like to compliment the writer of "Hazards of Smoking" (Pro Tem, October 30) for a rare objective look at the subject. The article raises some interesting questions. Why is the world doing away with laundromats to Queen's Park? What use are "Please, No Smoking" signs, not to mention those that are in our homes? And finally, what rights do non-smokers have?

Allan McPherson

To the Editor,

The problem of smoking in lecture rooms is a matter of concern. A letter appeared in the October 30 issue of Pro Tem describing research done by a young man who used to be a smoker. He then discovered that he was particularly interested in the subject. I have heard many interesting and important arguments for the non-smoker's cause. I know of no arguments against the non-smoker's cause. If the apathy continues, these volunteers and I shall go ahead and plan Winter Weekend anyway. Maybe we can plan a weekend for the few of us in the country. Maybe we could even go skiing, downhill, like the rest of college student body.

Robert Larrv

TO THE EDITOR:

I was slightly disturbed when I read last week's issue of the 'Pro Sphere'. A letter innocuously titled 'An Interview with Andy Cook' was, in fact, a hasty attempt by Mr. Nikiforuk to capitalize on the very same confusion that exists in the Glendon community. I think it may have been more aptly given the title 'Opinion'. It is obvious that Mr. Nikiforuk has no axe to grind with Mr. Nikiforuk. I thought the people of Glendon were being offered a chance to express their opinions and certain unsubstantiated allegations were made concerning the factors involved in the issue. Acceptance of these seeming truths by Mr. Nikiforuk's average mind, and the idea he uses of his "non-facts".

Although I cannot remember anything at all about Mr. Nikiforuk, I am not sure that the effect of the letter would be in the best interest of the editor or an article or series of articles as proposed by Mr. Nikiforuk's contributions. As to their

Wealzrations of an hour's time, 'the author' would ask Andy for his opinions. I apologize for Mr. Nikiforuk's opinion, as I do not hold them and I think the people of Glendon are being offered a chance to express their opinions and certain unsubstantiated allegations are made concerning the factors involved in the issue. Acceptance of these seeming truths by Mr. Nikiforuk's average mind, and the idea he uses of his "non-facts".

I assumed reading any of the letters, Mr. Nikiforuk, and believe me this is a letter not only to the people of Glendon, but also to the people of the world and from a side. The main purpose of this letter is to call the attention of the President and Vice President of the Student Union to a point of view which one might naturally feel an interesting, disturbing, and one side of the point. The point is a matter of personal opinion and a question of what he or she is in no way associated with any Black Student Union existence or was formed, it only serve to destroy the calm, and hence exists in that existing at Glendon.

The author here is obviously associating with and violating the facts that anything is Black, with no proof or evidence to back up his statements. He is not only that he or she is in no way associated with any Black Student Union that exists at Glendon or that is being formed. Assuming that one is a member of the above, I only thank the Almighty that this individual is not associated with anyone.

With friends like these, who needs enemies?

Sincerely,

A. A. Brown

NO NEED FOR EDITORIAL BOARD

To the Editor:

I am the editor of the Pro Sphere, and I believe that it is my duty to defend the right of the readers to freedom of speech. I am not afraid of any criticism, and I am proud to publish the views of those who disagree with me.

As an older member of the staff, I hope that you will consider my views on the matter. I believe that the Pro Sphere needs an editorial board to ensure that all articles are fair and impartial.

I hope that you will take my concerns seriously and give them due consideration.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]

Dear Editor and faces, eyes, noses,..

Since reading the entry entitled "The Story of Pro Sphere" in October 1973 titled "The Search for Survival" in the Pro Sphere, I have had many thoughts about the world in general and the Pro Sphere in particular. I would like to share my thoughts with you.

The Pro Sphere is a newspaper that is written by students for students. It is a place where we can express our opinions and share our ideas. The Pro Sphere is not just a source of information, it is a reflection of the community it serves. The Pro Sphere is a place where we can learn about the world and our place in it.

I think that the Pro Sphere is a valuable resource and that it is important for us to support it. I would like to see the Pro Sphere continue to be published and to continue to reflect the values and ideas of the community it serves.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]

YOU FIGURE IT OUT

To the Editor:

I was very much disturbed by the article "The Search for Survival" in the Pro Sphere. I think that the author of the article is making some very serious mistakes.

Firstly, I believe that the author is not giving a fair representation of the situation. The author is making some very serious mistakes.

Secondly, I believe that the author is not giving a fair representation of the situation. The author is making some very serious mistakes.

Lastly, I believe that the author is not giving a fair representation of the situation. The author is making some very serious mistakes.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]

HISTORY COURSE UNION

To the Editor:

I am writing to express my concerns about the history course union. The union is currently in disarray and I believe that some action needs to be taken.

I was very disappointed to hear about the recent meeting of the history course union. The meeting was poorly attended and it seemed that there was little progress being made.

I believe that the union needs to be reorganized and that some new leadership needs to be put in place. I think that the union should be more proactive in its efforts to improve the courses and to represent the interests of the students.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]

MALCOLM X

To the Editor:

I was very interested in the article "The Search for Survival" that appeared in the Pro Sphere. I think that the author is making some very serious mistakes.

Firstly, I believe that the author is not giving a fair representation of the situation. The author is making some very serious mistakes.

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Sincerely,

[Your Name]
LEACOCK comical and coincidentally Canadian

by Stephen Barrick

Of all types of fiction perhaps the least durable is humour. It is extremely difficult to write material that is funny and retains merit year after year. Jokes which were once understood by everyone can lose their impact in ten years, twenty years, often within months.

Stephen Leacock is one humourist whose work endures long after it was written, long after his death. In fact, the best of Leacock’s work will probably still be read, and laughed at, fifty years from now.

Most people are aware of Leacock and his work from a very limited point of view. Stories such as My Financial Career and his mastromark, Sunshine Sketches of A Little Town are usually the extent of Leacock readings for most individuals. Few realize that Leacock produced over sixty volumes, thirty-five of which are known works that are well worth re-reading. Literary Lapses published in 1910, was Leacock’s first work of humour. The book was rejected by his political scientific and history publisher so Leacock published the volume himself. It quite well; then was discovered by John Lane of the Bodley Head who released it in England. The book became enormously popular and not Leacock on the road to success from which he never looked back. Literary Lapses contains a large number of short sketches which previously appeared in magazines and periodicals. Tales such as “Voodoo McPigglie” Christmas” and “How to live to be 200” and “The Awful Fate of Melpomenus Jones” rank among the best of Leacock’s work.

You know, many a man realizes late in life that if when he was a boy he had known what he knows now, instead of being what he is he might be what he won’t; but few boys stop to think that if they knew what they don’t know instead of being what they will be, they wouldn't be? These are awful thoughts’ from “How to make a million dollars”

Literary Lapses was followed in 1911 by Nonstop Novels, a series of parodies on various forms of the novel. Critics have commented that Nonstop Novels is actually a poor example of the parody for the sketches are not specific enough, however, from a strictly humorous point of view they are simply upstartings. Maddened by Mystery or the Defective Detective is a brilliant take off on Conan Doyle’s Sherlock Holmes. Other notables in this volume are; Soaked or Seaweed or Upton in the Ocean and Gertrude the Governess or Simple Seventeen. There may be better parodies but there are not many better laughs.

In 1912 Leacock published his finest work, Sunshine Sketches of A Little Town. Much has been said of this wonderful little book, it remains as close to a classic as Canadian literature can boast. The portrait of Maripousa (Orillia) which Leacock draws in Sunshine Sketches is a marvellous example of small town Ontario as it was in Leacock’s time. Indeed, with a few minor changes it could be regarded as an accurate portrayal of small town North America. The book is peppered with individuals who are teasesmatically, to contend that only Sunshine Sketches is of value is narrow and foolish.

At this point I would like to mention a few of Leacock’s other lesser known works that are well worth experiencing. Literary Lapses published in 1910, was Leacock’s first work of humour. The book was rejected by his political scientific and history publisher so Leacock published the volume himself. It quite well; then was discovered by John Lane of the Bodley Head who released it in England. The book became enormously popular and not Leacock on the road to success from which he never looked back. Literary Lapses contains a large number of short sketches which previously appeared in magazines and periodicals. Tales such as “Voodoo McPigglie” Christmas” and “How to live to be 200” and “The Awful Fate of Melpomenus Jones” rank among the best of Leacock’s work.

To one experience of my tour as a lecturer I shall always be able to look back with satisfaction. I nearly had the pleasure of killing a man with laughing. American lecturers have often dreamed of doing this. I nearly did it. The man in question was a comfortable, apoplectic-looking man with the kind of merry, redlined face that is seen in counties where they don’t have prohibitions. He was seated near the back of the hall and was laughing uproariously. All of a sudden I realized that something was happening. The man had collapsed sideways on to the floor. A little group of men gathered about him; they lifted him up, and I could see them crying; they were out a silent and inert mass. As if duty bound, I went right on with my lecture. But my heart beat high with satisfaction. I was sure that I had killed him. The reader may judge how high those hopes rose when, a moment or two later a note was handed to the chairman, who then asked me to pause a moment in my lecture and stood up and asked, “Is there a doctor in the audience?” A doctor rose and silently went out. The lecture continued, but there was more laughter: my aim had now become to kill another of them and they knew it. They were aware that if they started laughing they might die. In a few minutes a second note was handed to the chairman. He announced very gravely, ‘A second doctor has arrived.” The lecture went on in deeper silence than ever. All the audience were watching a second announcement. It came. A new message was handed to the chairman. He rose and said, “To, Mr. Murchison, the undertaker, in the audience, will kindly step outside?”

That man, I regret to say, got well, disappointing though it is to read it, he recovered. I sent back next morning from London a telegram of inquiry (I did it in reality so as to have a proper proof of his养老金, and received the answer, “I am doing well; is sitting up in bed and reading Lord Hal dane’s Relativity. I don’t want any more parodies but there are not many better laughs.

Many of Stephen Leacock’s books which were out of print have been re-reproduced by McClelland and Stewart in recent years. To find a good cross section of his work it is advisable to consult a representative anthology and of these a substantial number exist. The Best of Leacock (McClelland and Stewart) is perhaps the finest, being edited by J.B. Priestley. Also recommended are the Leacock Roundabout (Dodd, Mead and Co.) and Laugh with Leacock (McClelland and Stewart). All three contain a generous portion of Leacock’s best, most enduring stories.

Without trying to sound pretentious Leacock is a very important part of our Canadian literary heritage. His strength, and one must always bear him in this mind when assessing any work, lies in the fact that his books are good first of all, they are Canadian; secondly. That Leacock happens to be a man who has a serious and thorough academic author is simply an added bonus.

Leacock’s work is to be read, to be laughed at, not talked about. To analyze is important to a point, yet they are Leacock’s, his. Leacock should have edited his own work with a few minor changes it could be regarded as an accurate portrayal of small town North America. Indeed, with a few minor changes it could be regarded as an accurate portrayal of small town North America. Indeed, with a few minor changes it could be regarded as an accurate portrayal of small town North America. Indeed, with a few minor changes it could be regarded as an accurate portrayal of small town North America. Indeed, with a few minor changes it could be regarded as an accurate portrayal of small town North America.
by Doug Graham

I have to attend a formal function this weekend. I feel pressed to write about this phenomenon is not important. The bare fact that any function makes me wish I could die, just for the weekend, and come back to life on Monday.

I must clarify formal function. To me, formal function is anything that requires a tie. This weekend I will either borrow a tie, or look to a general store near me to convince you that the fifty dollar dollar one you pick out. If you want anything that will come apart and wear once, buy it, if you want a jacket that will last, get the one.

"Thanks. But I only plan on wearing it once." Ok, come on. A handsome guy like you must take girls out every now and then.

"Sometimes, but I seldom wear a suit jacket to Macdonald's."

You can walk into a shop with a face that looks like it's been chewed up and spat out, and they can't tell you're a handsome young guy. They really couldn't make a sale if they wanted a customer and told him to buy a suit jacket, especially if I were to try them on. You look like the kind of guy that spends most of his time at parties facsimiling the way I do.

After I've been sufficiently outfitted, I'll sit down and follow the general rules of etiquette for formal gatherings. I must pour my beer before I drink it, I must not stir drinks with my finger. I must tug at a hurp audibly. I must not walk away from a bowl until they finish their nettle. I must use the napkin when I finish eating. I smoke, I must blow it into the air, I must not into somebody's eye. I don't usually eat at formal functions. They are mostly buffets where you go into a corner with a plate in one hand, a glass in another, and sit in your jacket pocket. Now figure out how you're going to eat. You can get mild success if you look like meat and potato salad, but you're not going to be a total success. I'm going to be something with sauce that soon turns your whole plate into soggy artichoke bottoms, green raspberry jelly, butter tarts, and dull pickles.

The talk you hear at these functions is dull. Ever notice how everyone has a story about how tall they once were, or how happy they are that you didn't understand? I told you about my acting career before you'd finished. If the function is a wedding, the bride and groom are never usually suspected to be pregnant. If it is a funeral, the corpse is well done and looking peaceful, and usually suspected to be the cheapest job you can get.

At weddings, you go through the receiving line and think of something to put to the next person in the line. I usually stick to the standard, "Nice wedding, who do you put your present?" I don't worry anymore because I swore I would never attend another wedding, ever. I haven't, I once agreed to be an usher because I was promised I'd arrive half an hour early, and I walked out of the shower. I dressed and they could get, cause their face looks worse, than it did when they were alive."

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The quality of food is also superior to what you will find in a Toronto supermarket. The produce is always fresh and some of the vegetables are incredibly over- sized. It is of course, important to go early. By noon the best selection of food has been thoroughly priced and over. As well the best selection of people will have come and gone, and it is watching being a part of the people that brings the market alive.

People-watching is a sport, and the atmosphere at the St. Lawrence Market is totally conducive to playing the game.
by Daryl Urquhart

In the finest edition of Funk and Wagnalls, it is said with regards to theatre that a performance is "the act of representing a character in a dramatic work." I think that in Beth Hoppe's English 253 edition of Camino Real by Tennessee Williams, this can only be considered an understatement. Though perhaps not a flawless production, this attempt was surely the mechanical reproduction of meaning one finds in the Dictionary. The Set was adequate; complete with running water, Gypsy Brothel and posh hotel. The cast, was well above mediocre and at the very least sufficient.

Chris Connors in his portrayal of Kilroy, the American stereotype, brought with him a vigor to the stage on every entry. His voice, although strained at times blended well with his character, and it was refreshing to see his own wit come to life in the lines of Tennessee Williams. His most commendable and moving scene occurred when he sat by the fountain, talking of his only true woman. He created in a moment, a stillness full of sympathy which was only to be broken by his own change of mood and pace.

An equally engrossing performance was that of Judith Levy, who perhaps really does have a trace of Gypsy blood in her veins. What I found to be most amusing about her display was that I had no trouble at all in believing her. She was a Gypsy from head to toe. I also enjoyed watching the conflict between the aged Casanova and the younger harlot. The fatigue of the decrepids and the vigor of youth was quite well portrayed in the contrast of Barry Neibert and Linda Rice, especially upon the arrival of the Airship Fugitive, the only means of escape from the Camino Real. Here it was evident to me that Judith has played on stage before. Seemingly typecast Paul Picard as Casanova had definite control over the scene at all times, and with two gus welding, toothpick chewing, guards at hand, it is not difficult to understand why.

There are many reasons why one goes to the theatre. One of them is to be entertained. Well Whether or not this was the intention of the audience last Thursday night at the Pipe Room it is without a doubt what they got. Although slightly stretched in places and perhaps even lagging in others, the final impressions which one received as he or she left the Pipe Room theater was one of getting more than your money's worth. My personal comment is, look out Michael Gregory, you've got competition.

MOVIES

THE 99-CENT ROXY THEATRE, Danforth at Greenwood Subway: 401-2401. November 6-12:

Wednesday: SIDDHARTHA at 7 and 10:15 p.m. KING OF MARVIN GARDENS: 8:30 p.m.

Thursday: BRANDO: THE WILD ONE (7:00), ON THE WATERFRONT (8:30 p.m.)

Friday: LEFT at 7:00 and 10:00 p.m. NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD at 8:25 and 11:20 p.m.

Saturday: PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m. PINK FLAMINGOS: midnight

Sunday: KAMOURASKA at 7:00 and 10:15 p.m.

Tuesday: ROCKS: midnight

Wednesday: Trafic at 9:00 p.m.

SOVIET CINEMA, 66 Eglington Avenue West, Thursday at 8:30 p.m. Sergei Eisenstein's 1925 film, POTEMKIN FREE

THE FOUNDATION CHURCH, II Gloucester Street, 922-2385.

Wednesday at 8:00 p.m. A silent Buster Keaton film, THE GENERAL

Friday: Singer, guitarist Keith Caddy at 8:30 p.m. for $3.00.

Saturday: 'Rockin' Rejean Carneau' and the Jolly Hearts Club Band in the Café at 8:30 p.m.; entrance, 75 cents.

THEATRE

Theatre du P'tit Bonheur, 95 Danforth Avenue, 466-8400. Ionesco's Macbeth du 15 novembre jusqu'au 7 décembre. Poor Alex, 976 Brunswick Avenue, 920-8737. Paul Gaulin and the Compagnie de Mime continue.

I arranges: 30 Highgate Avenue, 531-1827. The Donnells', Part II: preview November 12-15. Last week for the Night No One Yelled.

Toronto Centre for the Arts, 390 Dupont Street, 967-6656. Pinette's The Dumb Waiter and Ionesco's The Lesson.

Second City, 110 Lombard Street, 925-3674. The Tip Tap and Dali Two Toronto Workshop, 12 Alexander Street, 925-3840. You Can't Get There From Here.

Theatre Passe Muraille, Bathurst Street United Church, 961-2309. Beyond the Grave, Sketches of Newfoundland Folklore. CBC, Wednesday, 10:30 p.m. Part III of Pearson: Memoirs of a Prime Minister: Tonight: To War and Back, 1915-1918.

Remember: raucous luck. Kilroy 'graced' the Cafe Saturday past.

Notice to York University GRADUATE STUDENTS engaged during the September 1/72 - August 31/73 and/or September 1/73 - August 31/74 sessions

You may be entitled to vacation pay if you were registered as a Graduate Student at the time you were engaged and paid as a teaching assistant, demonstrator, marker or tutor during either or both of the above sessions and did not at the same time have full employment away from the University.

You may claim your entitlement by:

1) Completing a claim form available upon request from the Administrative Officer, Faculty of Graduate Studies and,

2) Returning this form to the Administrative Officer.

All validated claims will be paid promptly.

NOVEMBER 6, 1974 PRO TEM 7
Sports

Quacks Straighten Out Their Act
Squeak Past Sons of B. (and E.)

Good afternoon sports fans and a~preciated) by gar;ne look ary Quacks Model
upfor me; thank

the unceasing onslaught that human eyes Facul
one up for me

you will be
(by back-to-back:

iD
dis Maple appropriate

you,
talent.

Ehe
-
-

-32 years’ from that historic night,

Dateline: Glendon HDDP Hall Quacks close But B-House ChDice

3 PRO TEM NOVEMBER 6, 1974

Feat was accomplished by the only
gave way

defeat? Through the able assistance

I am sometimes called) Bruin. Last

thrill of victory and the agony of

G~

it can't get

bitt’s conflict with team manage-

ment’s decision to 'permit one-inch

squads. The C-House Quacks are back

seeking

Led by the Chadwicks and trailed by

make up for a lack of height with an

located high over the squash courts

possible. First-aid Faculty is also

Newcomers to the squad will be on a professional level

only. Competition for the Axeman

bitt's conflict WIth team manage

sands. The C-House Quacks are back

control was due to a

bugles sounding taps to the score of

The turning point in the struggle came

masses tha't permeate Glendon life

Gary Young appealed to the insiduous

and defensive absence. In the end, the

Chiros
tasteless rookies.

coaching a scrub-team on some se-

bitt's conflict with team manage-

management’s decision to 'permit one-inch

squads. The C-House Quacks are back

seeking

Led by the Chadwicks and trailed by

make up for a lack of height with an