

# Beaver to support UFW Boycott

by Kim Carter & Ineke

Limbortie

On Monday, November 4, a special food committee meeting was held to decide whether or not Beaver Foods should be asked to support the plight of the California farmworker by only buying United Farm Worker (UFW) lettuce.

The first clause of the following motion was passed 7-2, the other clauses unanimously by the 9 enfranchised food committee members present:

1. That Beaver Foods be asked to buy only UFW lettuce; or leaf lettuce and cabbage (it should be pointed out that this may entail a price increase in the cafeteria)
2. That the food committee oppose any rise in the price

of cole slaw.

3. That Beaver Food ask its suppliers to ship the lettuce in their original boxes.

4. That representatives of the Glendon UFW Support Committee reserve the right to check the lettuce in the cafeteria coolers periodically.

This motion will be effective until Christmas, where upon it may be subject to reconsideration based on student reaction to the proposed increase in prices and any possible inconvenience caused by the cafeteria boycott support.

The committee's decision was partially based on the successful petition (510 signatures) circulated by the UFW support committee at Glendon and by the fact that no adverse impact from last weeks PRO

TEM article was noted by the committee.

It should be pointed out that of the twenty-odd people present at Monday's meeting, (including two UFW reps. from California) only nine were enfranchised by virtue of their having attended previous food committee meetings. This, then, is a precedent to be followed at future gatherings.

Results of the meeting? - in the future (at least until Christmas!) Beaver Foods will only serve UFW lettuce from California, New Jersey lettuce (which is not subject to the boycott) and when these are unavailable, we may expect higher priced leaf lettuce or a cole slaw. Next food committee meeting, Dec. 2, Fireside Room 4pm.



String Band played at Glendon College last Saturday. Their show was interesting while offering refreshing variety to the Glendon Entertainment scene.

## Big Brothers need your help

Would you like to be a Big Brother? Could you spare at least four hours per week with a fatherless or motherless boy, or even both? If so the Big Brothers of Metro.

Toronto are looking for responsible men to become Big Brothers for over one thousand boys all over Metro.

As an active member for over five years and Chairman of my district, I urge members of the Glendon Commu-

ity to contact the "Big Brothers of Metro" at 504 Jarvis Street or telephone 925-8981. Be a Big Brother and earn the respect of a young lad for life. Potential "Big Sisters" can contact

Québécois présente Réjean Garneau et le Jolly Hearts Club Band. Tous les anciens connaissent la tradition qui est à l'honneur lors de cet événement. Nous invitons

the Childrens' Aid Society at 33 Charles Street, East or telephone 924-4646 for more information.

Helpfully Yours  
Ivan W. Archie  
Wood A210

## JOLLY HEARTS CLUB BAND

donc, les nouveaux à venir s'amuser et se défouler avant d'entreprendre la deuxième moitié du premier semestre.

L'admission sera de 75 cents, et ça passera au Café de la Terrasse.



After 5 o'clock there is a vast amount of cars passing through the front gate for night classes and everyone behind the steering wheel cannot be called angels.

## SECURITY: try a little tenderness

by Phil Booth

I believe that it is time that the administration should set a scrutinizing eye on the Security Guard System here, at Glendon College. My own experiences over the past 3-4 years in living on the campus and those of others have convinced me that the time is long overdue that some wrists should be slapped and attitudes changed among some members of the Security System, and in particular, the Chief of Security, Bill Firman.

But, before committing what I see as faults to writing I would like to outline how the ideal security system should operate. Well, let us begin at the beginning. What is a Security Guard? I am sure that no one would disagree that he is an individual commissioned with the task of maintaining the security, safety of the buildings and people who are found on this private piece of property called Glendon College. The main concern and worry of the Security Guards is the enforcement of parking regulations and the prevention of chaos

erupting with thousands of cars pouring through the front gates each week. For a security guard this is where most of the activity is—directing traffic and issuing parking tickets.

For people entering through the front gates, their first introduction to Glendon College is through the little security booth situated there. This can be a very crucial point for first year students and visitors. A Security Guard must keep it in mind that one of his duties is to be friendly to incomers. It is easy for someone is his position to become merely a machine with a grouchy temperament. I've heard people say that you can't be a "nice guy" and be a Security Guard. Well, if by "nice guy" they mean someone who is gullible and easily tricked, I thoroughly agree with them. But what I mean is that they should be good-natured and fair to those who enter.

Not just those who are in the administration, or pretty ladies with smiles, but for everyone who uses Glendon. If friendliness and fairness are projected by them, then

they will find it reflected by the people they deal with. It will lead to co-operation and mutual assistance. Guarding the security of Glendon is an enormous task that cannot be done by 4 or 5 people. It is a duty that everyone at Glendon should be conscious of. This is why co-operation and mutual assistance is of the utmost importance and why we should be on guard to prevent any rift between Security and students.

It is a very disturbing introduction to Glendon for people who meet up with an impersonal or abrasive Security Guard at the gate. This kind of attitude will only provoke trouble and the impulse for the driver to disregard regulations and thus violate them. The ideal Security Guard must understand what the rules and regulations stand for. Their job should not be used as a tool for exercising their own power and influence by the abuse of the rules and regulations. They must be careful to preserve and maintain the

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# pro tem

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## String Band Success

by Larry Guimond

After an evening with Dick Kimberly which can best be described 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 people who have had the pleasure of a day at Mariposa it was that type of a good time. The Stringband mixed the show between 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 would be that they were not as musically tight as they could

have been. Their two part harmony was good yet sometimes it slipped below par. 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 a French family and it was a definite change from loud French rock to soft ballads and love songs. She fits the role of performer and songwriter very well in both languages.

Stringband is primarily down home folk music with a feeling towards people. Too bad more of Glendon's people did not show up, you missed a fine show.

## 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)

# SECURITY: try a little tenderness



No one questions the fact that security's job is tough.

(continued from page 1)

spirit of the law and not to introduce their own personal manifestations of it.

Our ideal Security Guard should be a model of honesty and justice. He should be immune to the corruptibility 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 anonymity between the Security Guards and the students of Glendon and anyone else who is part of the atmosphere. Security must show a sensitivity to those who call Glendon "home" and find it unnerving to be treated as strangers or intruding outsiders when they enter through the main gates and are stopped for interrogation at the security booth.

The position of Chief of Security occupied by Mr. Firman for the past year is one that is accompanied by a great deal of pressure. It is not a care free job to be in charge of keeping the flow of traffic under control and being in the midst of a bureaucratic system where he must answer to those above him when things go wrong. After 5 o'clock there is a vast amount of cars passing through the front gates for night classes and everyone behind the steering wheels cannot be called angels. Many will use every excuse in the book, right down to lying or cheating to obtain free parking or a spot on the upper level. Dealing with people like this can cause resentment and disillusionment in people and ultimately the decaying of the characteristics that we would like our ideal Security Guard to have.

I greatly empathize with the Chief of Security concerning these pressures but I cannot commend him in the handling of his work. At times he has exhibited the characteristics that one would expect to find in a bully. He has even sunk to the level of arrogance and rudeness at times. A case comes to mind of a student who lived on the campus for three years and was told at the end of last year that she would be charged with trespassing if her car was brought on campus again.

This was the climax of a year of poor rapport between herself and Mr. Firman which I am not alone in believing was due to his over-rigid enforcement of authority throughout the whole year. There are other examples that exhibit the same qualities but are better left unmentioned at this time.

I found myself in an altercation with the Chief of Security as well this year. It centered around my extreme displeasure at finding my car towed away without being properly notified to move it during the Premier's Conference despite the fact that I had an Ontario Government parking pass. In addition to this, I had not received my parking decal which I had paid for in full last spring, when I applied for a particular parking space in advance of the main

rush of application. I was informed that the decal would not be issued to me unless I paid for two tickets from last August. It is this sort of impersonal and unfriendly treatment that has caused much chagrin for many people at Glendon over the past year.

I wish it could be impressed on Mr. Firman that everyone is not a trouble-maker that enters the front gate and that they do not have intentions of giving him and the rest of Security a difficult time. If he showed a more human, personal and sympathetic concern for people he would find the same returned to him. And further, he should come to the realization that Glendon is a home for hundreds of other people. The fact that he lives in the house next to the U. of T. parking lot and has a parking spot there as well

does not place him above the students. If he gave some respect out to the students he would find it reciprocated. Further, I do not believe it is necessary to insist on the payment of every ticket that is issued through threats or coercion unless the person in question is particularly belligerent or despondent. Most students operate on a frail monetary budget throughout the year, and hence any cancellation of tickets would be well-remembered. Displaying some leniency around exam time or when people are moving in or out of residence will lead to better relations also. In concluding I would like to emphasize again that I understand how the Chief of Security has a difficult job to fulfill but the present occupant of this job is not trying hard enough to strive for perfection.

## French at CNIB

by Cindy Randall

This summer witnessed cooperation between the CNIB and students at Glendon to establish a French teaching programme at the institute. Pierre David, who was involved in the programme, explained to me how it ultimately proved very profitable for both groups.

The idea apparently originated with Mr. Milton, who is in charge of the rehabilitation building at the CNIB. In order for plans to materialize, however, he had to persuade the federal government to provide financing and convince the administration of CNIB that such a programme was worthwhile. The three most important institutes for the blind are situated in Toronto, Ottawa and Québec City, therefore it was required that many of the personnel be bilingual.

Réjean Garneau recruited people from Glendon in May '74, and Pierre David, a teaching assistant at the time, was one of the eight people who became involved in the programme. Classes were held five hours each week, from May to August, and people from

all parts of the CNIB attended.

Pierre felt that the enthusiasm of the pupils often outmatched that of the teachers and that the efforts and accomplishments were amazing. He found it a bit terrifying at first to contemplate the immense challenge facing blind people on the road to rehabilitation. "We underestimate them", he said adding that the adaptation they make is tremendous.

The students from Glendon were not only teachers of French but also ambassadors from Québec, Pierre felt. They attempted to impart not only a knowledge of the language but of the French mentality as well.

Pierre saw the programme as a success in the final analysis, but when I questioned him as to the continuation of such a scheme he said problems had arisen as to who would teach, when classes would be held, etc. Nevertheless, it is certainly encouraging to see that such a programme can function and result equally in human, as well as academic, gain.

## PROFILE: Thérèse Boutin school's liason officer



Brenda Williams is the on campus liason officer. Unfortunately we were unable to obtain a picture of Thérèse.

by Anne Murzalik

Ms Boutin spends four out of five days per work week on the road in an effort to maintain contact with high schools through the province of Ontario and Quebec CGEPS. She is a member of U.L.P., University Information Program, a body which is composed of representatives from each university in the province. This group makes an appearance in virtually all high schools in Ontario from September to December when applications are forwarded by students.

I spoke to her about the element of competition between university's liason officers. She indicated that she did not savour the idea of turning

the quest for recruits into a "popularity contest". This year there appears to be a definite swing away from the dropout trend of two years ago. Consequently, our liason representative can appeal to students on the merits of the school itself.

A significant part of the function of a liason officer is conveying an image of the college which is sufficiently appealing to possibly future students.

Thérèse concentrates on the uniqueness of the college in two areas: 1) physical setting and 2) bilingualism.

"I always like to point out that Glendon College was an estate". The smallness of the college appeals to students in Quebec who are faced with geometric growth of the CGEP schools in the province.

Secondly Ms. Boutin spoke about the dual image which she has lent to bilingualism.

For many English students, the concept of Glendon is simply that of a French school. As such they may display hostility to the idea of complete immersion in a French milieu. In such a case, it is necessary to point out that bilingualism is an opportunity, not a requirement. She also placates such students by pointing out that the Glendon community is surrounded by the core of Anglophone Toronto. The frustration of working with such obstinate students is considerable. "No way I am going to a french school" and the attitudes they display are consistent with "middle class brats".

Students of Quebec are often genuinely concerned that they will be Anglicized. Thérèse assures them that French Language courses will be

offered and as such provides assurances which are quite diametric to those she offers their English counterparts.

The difficulty which arises in her encounter with students is overcoming the misconceptions which they have about Glendon. The process of changing an ingrained image is one which requires a lengthy period of time.

Keeping in constant contact with high school guidance personnel is an enormous job task, particularly in view of the turnover which inevitably occurs. A recent article in the Globe & Mail (Thursday October 31/74) was entitled "Dropouts and stopouts of early '70's now swelling university ranks". Ms Boutin confirmed the phenomenon of 'stopouts' returning en masse to the university. Basically these are students who postponed university education following high school.

Referring to the dropouts of the early '70's who travelled or worked in the interim, Thérèse has observed a significant change in the attitude of these students. They have become entirely serious in regards to academic matters, to the point where they exclude all other university activities.

According to the article I alluded to earlier, there are 68 degree-granting institutions in Canada almost all of which reported substantial enrollment gains. It is purported that 513,600 students, (part-time, full time, graduate and undergraduate) are registered in degree programs this year. Interestingly enough the research director of the federal

statistical agency comments on a "new trend":

"There appears to be a pattern nationally - that of strong interest in vocational fields. Students want education they feel will lead them to a job". This orientation towards jobs may be consistent with the desire to attain high marks.

Thérèse spoke of her years in Laurentian university as a period of participation in the affairs of the university and not a strictly academic experience. By 1970 she graduated with a honors B.A. in political science, and was convinced that she belonged in the university milieu.

Mr. Glen Jones vacated the post of liason officer earlier this year, in order to continue his education. At this point, Ms Boutin was offered the opportunity of fulfilling her ambition.

She aspires to obtain her doctorate in international relations, and gain a working knowledge of 3 languages rather than her 2 and a half. She is bilingual in English - French and can read and write in Russian. Such an accomplishment would enable her to gain a foothold into the foreign service office.

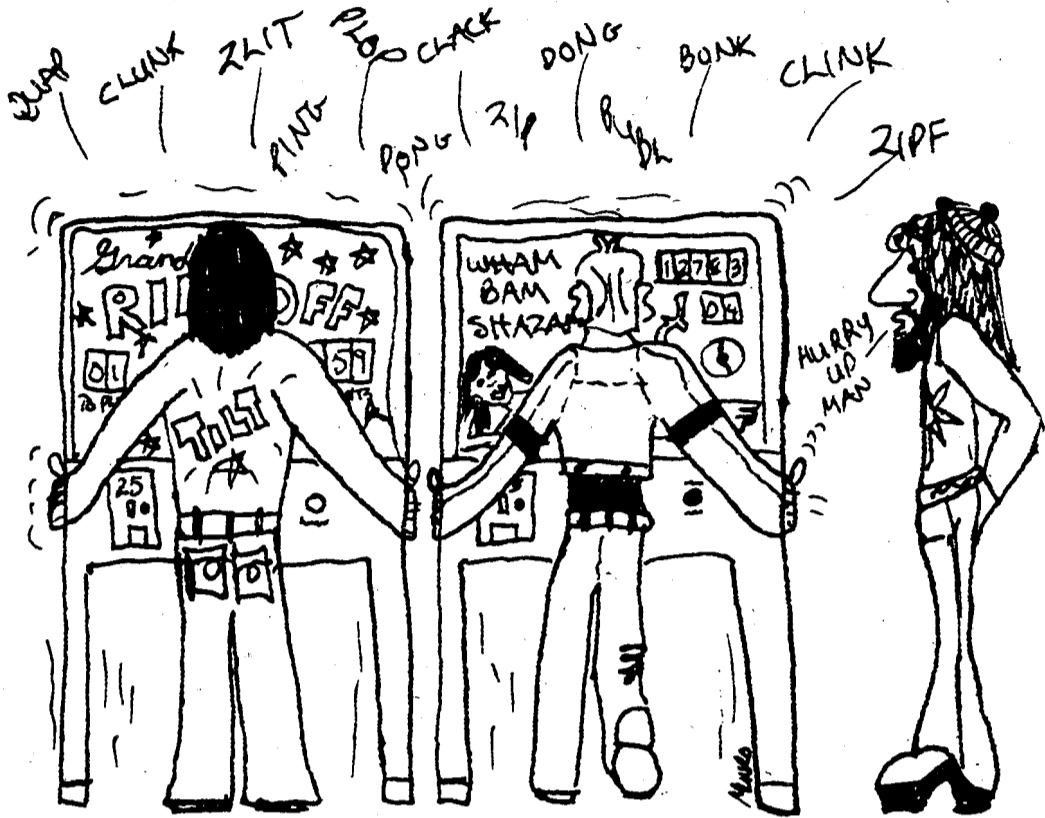
Thérèse is assisted by Brenda Williams who is in charge of on campus liason. They both expressed the need for "day volunteers", students who are willing to accompany high-school visitors around Glendon. In the more immediate future Ms Boutin hopes to recover her baggage from Air Canada, and survive the hazards of flying. Bonne chance Thérèse.

# pro tem

Only as good as the community it serves.

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Here's a hint for all you psych. majors who are looking for an essay topic. The effect of pinball on the average university student.

## ON THE KIDS TODAY!

Last Sunday I attended the Toronto Argos final season game at Ivor Wynne Stadium in Hamilton. 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 I was at the game, left me with 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. It wasn't that simple as far as the other passengers were concerned.

The trip was organized by the Hollywood Tavern (a pub in West Metro) and that served as my first clue to what was in store. The buses had a maximum of 40 passengers (ours had 35) and each was supplied with an unbelievable amount of "refreshment". Each bus had 6 cases of beer, 4, 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 assume why they did it. Thus I'm going to simply relate some of the events that took place.

Firstly, the lady sitting behind me on the bus must have been sixty years old or better. She began the trip talking about her lovely grandchildren and how much she enjoyed an entertaining game of football. After throwing moderation to the wind, she joined "the boys" at the back of the bus in some hearty talking and singing that I'm sure was designed to peel the paint off the bus.

Then there was her girlfriend who, while a few years younger wasn't able to keep the pace that grandma set. She instead, went around finding men to lean all over and make funny whining noises in their ear.

Needless to say, I kept my distance. Her husband was on the trip and he had his eye on every woman on the bus save his wife. By the trip's end, he made sure his hands touched everything he had looked over. It was something else.

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, with the go get'em attitude. He appointed himself host and bartender and made sure everyone had a drink and was enjoying themselves. By the end he was spilling wine all over people, consoling everybody about the Argos' loss (I was surprised he knew they lost), offering people jobs (he liked my manner, said he could do big things for me) and kissed nearly every lady (I use 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 a cop spotted him 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 blitzed.

Probably the classic of the trip was this enormous fatman about fifty who was guzzling rye straight from the bottle. By the end of the third quarter he was sitting slumped over completely gone, without any idea where he was or what he was doing there. They dragged him back to the bus and dropped him into two seats at the back of the bus. About five miles outside of Toronto he finally came to and, you guessed it, asked for a bottle of beer. I almost got sick for him.

To say the least, I couldn't believe it. I've seen people get drunk but never like this. They completely annihilated themselves. I thought about what would happen if one of these "parents" discovered their 17 year old son or daughter had been drinking or using some other drug. They might very well sigh and look upwards and say "Oh, the kids today!"



## GRAB BAG

by Peter Russell

We finished last week with the question, DO SMOKERS HAVE THE RIGHT TO SMOKE IN PUBLIC?

We think not. Smoking you see, is a form of indirect assault. He who seeks to burn and play with shredded dry plants, causes to be effected a hazardous condition in which by-standers might be burned or suffocated. He ignites his shredded plants and terrifies little children with gusts of 1100 degrees smoke... blue and terrifying. The non smoking by-stander to this carnal scene of dementia and perversion, must perforce suffer himself to be exposed to that which is not compatible with every day life. He must breathe with equanimity and continued charm the fetid air, dank with the gas of the hellish caverns, in which all matter of filthy life co-generates by smoking shredded plants. The non-smokers see and smell the stink and putrefaction of their (unfortunately fellow) fellow men. They are nauseated. They are puked. They are encrusted over this unfortunate fact of life.

And so it came to pass that smokers, (discovering later in life than the others) decided to be a part of society with the others who were non-smokers. And so it came to pass that the non smokers found themselves having to put up with the smokers in a society. "AND TO THIS VERY DAY WE ARE STILL PUTTING UP WITH THE FILTHY AND CANCEROUS HABITS OF OTHER PEOPLE WHO AREN'T AS INTELLIGENT AS US

NON-SMOKERS."

This shrapnel of forensic farsighted socially adaptable piece of information was given as a fore-running advertisement that I had an agreement with a member of the Glendon Community, that we neither of us were going to smoke any more cigarettes after Thursday (last) midnight. Well, I had to go to two parties Friday and Saturday. And I can tell you it was pretty hard not to quit, but I did. I even had to go home early after one of them, my need for a cigarette was so bad. And yet I fought this down. And therefore this proves that I know how it is to have to give up that most 'wanted' cigarette. Anyway, you can quit too. You too can set the non-smokers free to love the other half of humanity.

This week's serious note has to do with the fact that I actually gave up smoking for good last Thursday at midnight. To the member of the Glendon community who was not able to successfully join me in my on-going quest for life and health, I urge you to contact me. There are many surprises in the ways of the world, for methods and means to sweep all vice clean away....

Thou shalt not smoke anymore. You who smoke make a pox and a filth... excrescence bog.....city of the damned.... a fetid sore of boiling puss and muck.... You who smoke should be stuffed... manequins of doom in the palace of higher education.... A MONUMENTAL TURD. You hear boy?

## Letters to the editor

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 all the expense put into programmes aimed at limiting industrial waste, car exhaust, etc., when cigarette smoke pollutes many rooms from laundromats to Queen's Park? What use are "Please, No Smoking" signs, seen hanging from place to place? And finally, what rights do non-smokers have?

Allan McPherson  
 Editor's Note: The author of "Hazards of Smoking" was Michael Church.

To the Editor:

The problem of smoking in lecture rooms as pointed out briefly in "Hazards of Smoking" (PRO TEM of October 30) is easily solved with co-operation of smokers and non-smokers. Smokers should set themselves at the back of the room, preferably by an open window, while the non-smokers seat themselves at the front. Those indifferent to the puffs of smoke ballooning at them should hold the dividing line. I can further suggest

that should a smoker for any reason or whatever want to sit near the front, should do so and forego his right to smoke. The non-smoker who likes sitting at the back will, also by choice, forego his privilege and be subject to the smoke. As a former 'pack-a-day' smoker trying to quit I appreciate both sides of the coin in making this suggestion.

Jennifer Kasper

To the Editor,

My thanks for the ad on Winter Weekend in last week's issue. It appears from the first week of response that a great number of people on campus are interested in the event. About six to seven volunteers have come forth out of the woodwork and I have been able to gain sympathy for the cause of Winter Weekend from at least two or three other sources. If the apathy continues these volunteers and I shall go ahead and plan Winter Weekend anyhow. 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.

Larry Guimond  
 Student Union

Letters continued on Page 4.

# LETTERS

## NEVER SUCCOMB TO PRESSURE

To the Editor:

As an older member of the staff of U of T I have been interested for some time in the content and the refreshing approach of your editorial staff of "Pro Tem". I use the word "refreshing" because one is bombarded with a badly prepared and a content of comparative garbage in a major college newspaper which I perpetually discard with disgust. However, your most recent issue published an "interview" under the guise of improving your paper, was nothing short of an image destroying attack on one member only of your contributing staff ... Mr. Nikiforuk. I would remind you as editor, that we have only just recovered from similar tactics in the "Watergate" affair. Presumably your paper is open to all its members to rebut any statement by any contributor. Surely this is the approach that should be taken by your so called interviewers.

and while they are about it, apply their own criterion by backing their statements with fact and not defamatory innuendos. Again, I strongly suspect that this interview was contrived not by the individuals themselves but by a religious "pressure group".

Mr. Nikiforuk's choice of phrasing leaves a lot to be desired, but his material is obviously well researched and contrary to the suggestion is FACTUAL in the most part. So also was the article "Origins of Conflict" by Judith Levy. The truth when it is plainly put, hurts and the simple truth is that there have been reprehensible actions on both sides.

The whole point is Mr. Editor, you must NEVER succumb to pressure from any side. The maintenance of a FRFE press is the lifeblood of our country.

Sincerely,

A.A. Brown

## NO NEED FOR EDITORIAL BOARD

I was slightly disturbed when I read last week's centre page spread which was innocuously titled "An Interview with the Editor". It didn't take long to realize that it was an attack upon the writings of Andrew Nikiforuk which have appeared from time to time in your paper. Had it not been printed in the form of an interview, I think it might have been more aptly given the title "Opinion". It is obvious that the interviewers have an axe to grind with Mr. Nikiforuk over the content of some of his articles and certain unsubstantiated allegations were made concerning the factuality of said articles. They seemed upset by Mr. Nikiforuk's avoidance of indicating sources and his use of "non-facts".

Although I cannot remember reading anything startlingly new in his articles I would to a certain extent concede the point on the identification of sources. However I think that the place to deal with his alleged use of non-facts would be in a letter to the editor or in an article or series of articles somewhat like Mr. Nikiforuk's contributions. As to their

allegations of 'amateurish journalism' I would ask Messrs. Shain, Weiman, and Gaynor, "Have you read the rest of the paper?" I cannot apologize for Mr. Nikiforuk's opinion's, as I do not hold them and I think that he, himself, if confronted openly in print or elsewhere, would be quite prepared to back up any statements he has made.

I have at times found his articles to be interesting, dogmatic, witty, polemical, amusing, rhetorical, Marxist (horrors), and even a little silly, but at all times they were thought provoking and a nice change from the Globe and Mail and Time Canada.

I think it takes courage to write articles on contentious issues with a viewpoint which often radically differs from the mainstream and I would contend that to do this, one needs more integrity than mendacity. I look forward to Mr. Nikiforuk's next article and any that Messrs. Shain, Weiman, and Gaynor wish to publish. I do not need the assistance of an editorial board to decide what I should or should not read.

Rob Cook

## YOU FIGURE IT OUT

Dear Editor and faces, eyes, noses, cheekbones, lips, jaws. . .

Since reading the interview entitled The Story at Pro Tem in October 23 issue I decided that I should explain why what I am now writing is a letter and believe me this is a letter not only because I am writing and you are reading and not necessarily because I don't care about where you place this; whether it be personal opinion, or personal letter, or personal fact, or personal personalizing for the purpose of proposing a point based on empirical fact or unfounded fact or fiction because to my personal points of view, but that is not why this is a letter, not in the least, in fact, such a stand, by definition, would be fairly foolish and almost as foolish as asking a journalist to reveal his sources and just to show you how foolish that is I'll have you know that the supreme court plays with that idea every so often, but if you think I'm saying or even implying that a journalist is like a priest who never tells his sources even to the most simple because if his sources are not known then the poor priest really doesn't have a leg, then you are wrong for I would never suggest a comparison between the C.B.C. and the Toronto newspapers and the priest's sources just because long before Andy, well maybe weeks before Andy, days at least before Andy wrote his now famous article on Henry . . . I mean those attuned to current events will agree and when

it comes down to it there is no way out in that dear sweet Andy that lovable boy was scooped, but that is beside the point which is exactly where one must go after the point has been stated because there would be no point unless one puts a point beside the point which then becomes the point in the point of view and then naturally if one doesn't like that point he should examine the point rather than the point of view, even though, in doing so one puts another point beside the point and the process creates another point of view and whether the original point is a point at which one should be pointed or not is a question something like saying, in the end which never comes, in my opinion your opinion is only an opinion and in my opinion all opinions are exactly that and should be placed in opinion sections where opinions are based on what actually happened based on what someone thinks actually happened and I suppose this could go on a little more, but it is not why this is a letter because if it were it would be ridiculous especially since this is being written for a university paper where freedom and involvement have to be put far above defining criteria and making sure people conform to an arbitrary convention and although the expression might not be what is liked or wanted just because Andy sounds very much like a subversive and should be put down with shooting metaphors and made to join the nice speakers who seems to conform to a self-imposed convention,

## AS DEFINED BY MALCOLM X

To the Editor:

In reference to the article under the caption, "Black Union: No Way", appearing on page four of your October 30th issue, I am forced to take issue with the basic arguments forwarded by the author who chose to hide behind a title, instead of being brave enough to reveal his or her identity. It seems to me that if this person, whoever he, she, or it may be, felt so strongly about the existence of, or the considered formation of a Black Student Union then that individual would do more justice to their position by coming forward and speaking up revealing their identity in the process instead of hiding behind a title.

Now the author correctly points out that there was a disagreement between two individuals and one got hurt at a recent party held at Glendon. While one does not condone unnecessary violence, I was not aware that violence was unique only to black people. The hypocrite who wrote the article goes on to argue that if a Black Students Union exists or was formed, it would only serve to destroy the calm and serenity that exists at Glendon.

The author here is obviously associating destruction and violence with anything that is Black, without any proof or evidence to back up his argument. The author makes it clear 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 exists or is being formed, one can only thank the Almighty that this individual is not associated with it. With friends like these, who needs enemies?

## DISRUPT THE PEACEFUL FLOW

To the Editor:

I was very much disgusted and surprised at Janet Bennett's article entitled "The Search for Survival" in the Pro Tem of October 16.

Firstly, she claims "for once no one can squeal of discrimination or prejudice." As far as I know, there is and was no such thing in the Glendon community. If she claims to feel "prejudice and discrimination," that's a bloody lie. I have never met with either "prejudice or discrimination" during my three years of living in the Glendon community. Such words

Malcolm X in one of his brilliant speeches identified two types of negroes that existed during slavery. These were the house negro and the field negro. The house negro lived in the masters house. He was allowed to pick up and eat the crumbs that fell from the masters table. Because of this, he felt that he was a legitimate member of the household. When his master's house caught on fire he was the first to get water to put out the blaze, he worked the hardest to save the master and his belongings. When an accident occurred in the masters family he mourned the longest and prayed the hardest for his master. All this occurred while he was still a slave.

The field negro on the other hand was the militant. When his master's house caught on fire he helped to pour gasoline on the house, he burnt the fields and prayed that a strong wind would blow so that the fire would spread. He prayed for his master to die. All this because he knew that his master was the source of his oppression. He knew that if he got rid of his master, he would be free physically and his mind would be released from the brainwashing he got.

While I doubt very much that the person who wrote the letter will get the point I am drawing at by relating Malcolm's example. I sincerely hope he, she or it at least makes a serious attempt to have it explained to them. If the author cannot find someone to explain, I would be willing to enlighten the poor, lost soul. Its a pity that in these times there are still some house negroes among us.

Hugh M. Salmon

exist only in the minds of racists. She is trying very hard to discredit Glendon and at the same time is attacking the community on racial grounds.

Secondly, if the courses were not to her liking I would suggest that she and those who share her views seek refuge at the York campus, as she herself claims the courses there are more interesting. "Glendon is a small, Liberal Arts College focusing on Bilingualism and Public Affairs." In the first place why on earth did she come here? In other words why is she still here?

Thirdly, I am thoroughly against her idea of "Black Solidarity at Glendon." She also used an infliction of a threat by saying, "However we are aiming to do something about it." Again I would suggest that she and her faithful followers practise these ideas outside the Glendon community. She should first try to socialize and mix before pronouncing an opinion.

Last of all but most important is, "A Black Union" at Glendon would only disrupt the peaceful flow and life here, and most important of all, it would cause a total segregation. I honestly hope that no such predicament would befall this College.

Concernedly yours,  
Ivan W. Archie  
Wood A120

the expression or personalizing is what it, (whatever it is), is all about and although one could easily suggest that this is an article on the article on Andy's article, it is not, because it is not the reason why this is a letter and the reason why this is a letter and, in fact, the only reason why this is a letter is that this conforms to the letter writing convention of beginning with Dear and some of you out there looking in might not even want to have this convention, but that's a whole other song.

Besides the fact that I enjoy Andy's stuff there is another point which was brought to my attention by my Life's love and that was, "What is a university newspaper without a subversive?"

M. Foley

## HISTORY COURSE UNION

by Derek Watt

Last Thursday afternoon the History Course Union held its first general meeting. A small, but enthusiastic group of students discussed the direction of the union as well as ideas for discussion groups. Ideas for discussion ranged from the Women's Role in History to the Role of Canadian Unions and Tenure in the University.

Unanimous disapproval by the History students was voiced towards The Student Council's proposed budget

cut of Course Union funds from \$150 to \$50. The History Course Union will ask for further monies at next Wednesday's Executive Council Meeting at 7:30 p.m. in the Student Council Boardroom.

The next meeting of the History Course Union will be held at 1:30 p.m. in the Hearth Room, Thursday November 7th. Discussions will range from finances and elections of officers to an analysis of the methods to be used to course and teaching evaluations.

# 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 mirth 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 masterwork, *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 humour. To maintain that all his books are worth reading is being overly optimistic, 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 science and history publisher so Leacock published the volume himself. It did quite well; then was discovered by John Lane of the Bodley Head who soon released it in England. The book became enormously popular and set Leacock on the road to success from which he never looked back. *Literary Lapse* contains a large number of short sketches which previously appeared in magazines and periodicals. Tales such as "Hoodoo McFiggin's Christman", "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 how 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 *Nonsense Novels*, a series of parodies on various forms of the novel. Critics have contended that *Nonsense 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 uproarious. *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 is Seaweed or Upset 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 Mariposa (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 peopled with individuals who are typecast simultaneously. Josh Smith the Hotel proprietor, Golgotha Gingham the undertaker, Jefferson Thorpe the barber, Peter Pupkin the heroic bank teller, all come alive and while the reader may despise these people he feels an affinity for them at one and the same time.

*Sunshine Sketches* was followed in 1913 by *Behind the Beyond* a collection of short sketches containing a number of funny points but as a whole the book is rather dated. It deserves little comment.

Following this mediocre piece of work came Leacock's excellent *Arcadian Adventures of the Idle Rich*, in many ways a companion volume to *Sunshine Sketches*. *Arcadian Adventures* deals with the foibles of city dwellers in much the same manner *Sunshine Sketches* did concerning small towns. Read one after the other they represent both sides of the fence, it is a pity that *Arcadian Adventures* is not better known among Canadian readers.

Most of Leacock's more innovative work was accomplished by this point, to a large extent he seemed to slip into formula humour in producing a humorous book each year as a sort of annual presentation. This is not to say that the books are not worth reading. Each one contains a number of highly humorous tales that can be read with great mirth. The consistency is not the same, perhaps, as Robertson Davies points out, Leacock should have edited his own work more carefully.

In 1922 Leacock published *My Discovery of England* which has its flaws yet contains two of his finest essays, "Oxford As I See It" and "We Have With Us Tonight". The latter deals with Leacock's extensive lecture tours in Canada, the United States and England. Perhaps an excerpt from this essay would be appropriate to illustrate Leacock's brand of humour.

"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, rubicund face that is seen in countries where they don't have prohibition. 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 carrying him 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 these 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 no 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 is wanted.' The lecture went on in deeper silence than ever. All the audience were waiting for a third announcement. It came. A new message was handed to the chairman. He rose and said, 'If Mr. Murchison, the undertaker, is in the audience, will he 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 death), and received the answer, 'Patient doing well; is sitting up in bed and reading Lord Haldane's *Relativity*: no danger of relapse.'

Many of Stephen Leacock's books which were out of print have been republished by McClelland and Stewart in *The New Canadian Library* series. 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. Priestly. 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 keep this in 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 truly Canadian 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 the essence is to laugh with Leacock, to enjoy his world of nonsense, not to make him an academic pillar. Ours is to revel in his humour.

"Lord Ronald said nothing; he flung himself from the room, flung himself upon his horse and rode madly off in all directions"



From Leacock's "Beyond the Beyond"

# formal function blues

by Doug Graham

I have to attend a formal function this coming weekend. The purpose is not important. The bare fact that is is a formal 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 generous relative to purchase one for me, because I can't pick out "dressy" clothes. I go into a store and pick out any rag that resembles a jacket, and of course there is always a salesman around trying to convince you that the fifty dollar jacket is more "you" than the twenty dollar one you pick out. "If you want anything that will come apart after you wear it once, buy it. If you want a jacket that will last, get this one."

"Thanks. But I only plan on wearing it once."

"Oh, come on. A handsome guy like you must take girls out every night."

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

That's the way it goes. You can walk into a shop with a face that looks like it's been chewed up and spit out and some salesman will tell you you're a handsome young guy. I can see their method, though. They really couldn't make a sale if they waited on a customer and told him, "I wouldn't be so choosy about ties if I were you. You look like

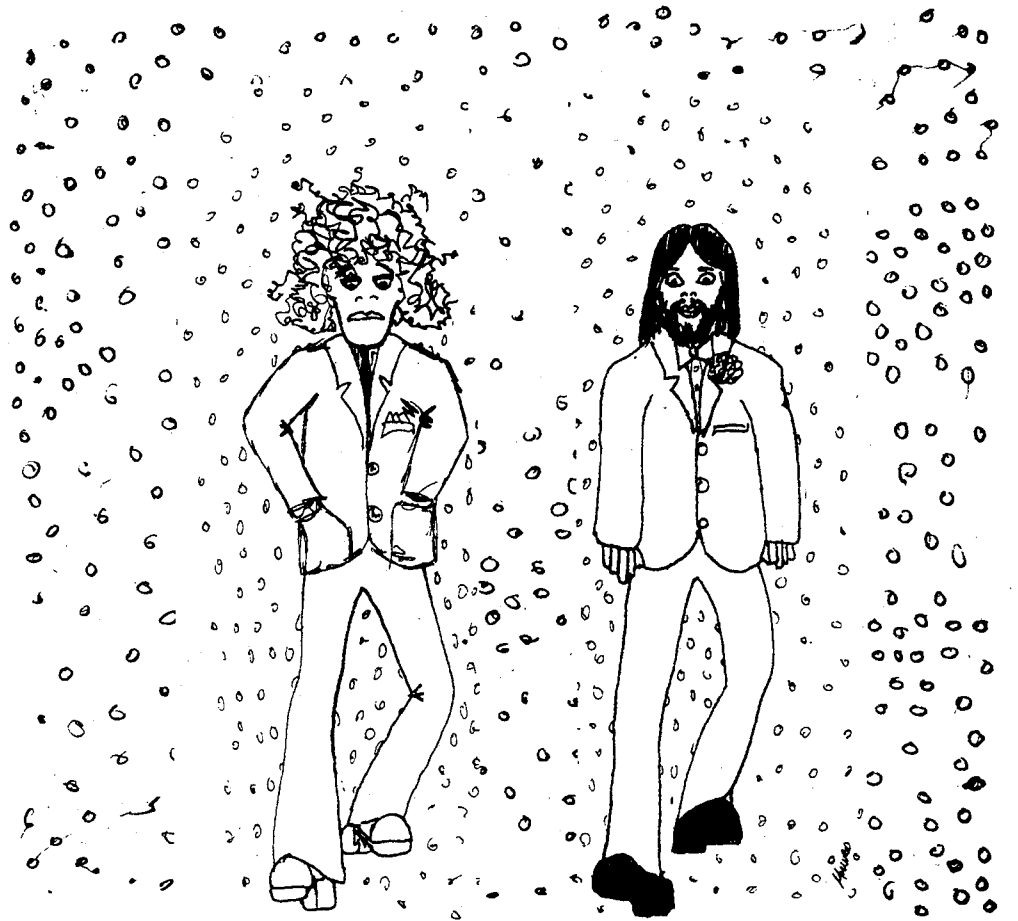
the kind of guy that spends most of his time at parties facing the wall."

After I've been sufficiently outfitted, I have to sit down and go over my general rules of etiquette for formal gatherings. I must pour my beer into a glass before I drink it. I must not stir drinks with my finger. I must not burp audibly. I must not walk away from bores until they finish their sentence. I must use the napkin when I finish eating. If I smoke, I must blow it into the air, and not into somebody's face.

I don't usually eat at formal functions. They are mostly buffets where you go into a crowded room with a plate in one hand, a glass in the other, and silverware in your jacket pocket. Now figure out how you're going to eat. You can get mild success if you have hard food like meat and potato salad, but you're in real trouble if you have chili or something with sauce that soon turns your whole plate into soggy mound of stew made from fondue and raspberry jelly, butter tarts, and dill pickles.

The talk you hear at these functions is dull. Ever notice how everyone marvels over how tall you're getting or how happy they are that you finally licked your acne problem, or how sorry they are if you didn't. They compliment you on your healthy appetite while they prod your stomach.

If the function is a wedding, the bride is beautiful, and usually always suspected to be pregnant. If it is a funeral, the corpse is well done and looking peaceful, and usually always suspected to be "the cheapest job



they could get, cause their face looks worse than it did when they were alive."

At weddings, you go through the receiving line and think of something different to say to the next person in the line. I usually stick to the standard, "Nice wedding, where do I put your present." I don't worry anymore because I swore I would never attend another wedding. So far, I haven't. I once agreed to be an usher for my cousin. Her fiance arrived half an hour early, and pulled me out of the shower. I dressed and

we walked to the church through a falling snow, and I was still soaking wet. My hair gets very curly and unruly when it is wet, and it dried that way. My suit was soaked around the shoulders, and all down the back because I didn't wear a top coat, suspecting he would drive. Guess who tipped off the best man about where the happy couple hid their car and luggage. I still hate that bastard. The function I must attend is neither a wedding or a funeral, but if it goes like most of them, it could be a suicide.

## U. OF WINDSOR HOMECOMING

by Janet Bennett

The annual Christmas Banquet at Glendon is set for early December and already people are anxiously anticipating this fun event. It is an occasion which is really appreciated and thoroughly enjoyed when it is finally here. It is one of the only things that Glendon has as a regular, traditional event that is given the enthusiasm and the recognition of being a successful custom. Most other universities across Canada and especially in the States have numerous other activities throughout the school year like Freshmen's Balls, Induction ceremonies, Cultural Week, etc., which serve the same purpose to them that our Banquet does to us.

Last weekend for example, a friend of mine from the University of Windsor invited me up to their Homecoming Weekend. I was told that it was going to be fun for days, and I really couldn't resist this offer especially when half my bus fare was to be financed.

At first I hesitated about accepted the invitation because I didn't know what homecoming was, and was a bit diffident in displaying my ignorance. When I finally inquired I was answered with an incredulous, "Ah, c'mon, everybody knows what homecoming is. Every university has a homecoming weekend."

So I arrived, ready to get down and have myself a ball. The first party had a lousy band, at least it would have been good if one could dance to twenty-minute drum renditions. It was crowded. Participation in homecoming festivities scored a high 95% at least. It finished at one, after the band had taken a break and failed to reappear. There was lots of beer and the place reeked with weed.

But the night was yet young and there was another party so away we went, really trying to get with it. The rest was surprisingly good as I danced and sweated to top hits of the '50's.

At 4:00 a.m. there was a fire drill, and everyone was ushered out of the basement by a voice booming, "git outa here y'all, git out." Naturally,

that promptly put an end to the party. My first impressions of the University of Windsor were not so hot.

We spent the rest of the night discussing the fun time we'd have in the morning. By 7:30 everybody that didn't have a beer hangover went down to help build the floats that would be parading down Quellerie later that day.

I was impressed with the rather technical design that the Engineering Department displayed. I was not surprised when they won first prize and neither was anyone else because they always have. There was a giant boot which kicked a giant football periodically. This was all suspended on a complex network of metal girders and everyone cheered furiously each time a goal was scored.

It was easy to tell that the floats were not designed with any relevance towards any particular department or house, and I am still puzzled as to what McDonald House had featured. I was amused to see the Caribbean Club's S. S. Calypso overcrowded with passengers singing appropriately 'Rock Your Boat, Baby' to lively steel band music. How they managed not to tip over the boat was beyond me.

That night Cody Hall had a fantastic dance. The music was perfect, and I danced non-stop all night and the only thing I had to complain about was the heat, the weak rum punch and the pushy over-zealous guys. Next day I missed my first bus because I'd overslept.

My friends at Windsor were pretty cool, I gathered, and I never wanted to spoil this by objecting to allow two strange fellows to use the bathroom at the same time that I did.

When it came time for me to go home, I had no regrets at saying the hasty good-byes to my old and new friends. Homecoming with all its traditional festivities was dull. Whoever called throwing a few parties and watching a dull parade exceptional? If this is typical of all homecoming weekends, I do say we at Glendon have not missed much, and I'm still looking forward to having a better time at the Christmas Banquet than I did over the entire homecoming weekend at the University of Windsor.

**SUNDAYS**  
**6:10 p.m.**

**"LET'S DISCUSS IT!"**

Dial Radio 1010 for CFRB's  
erudite panel discussion of  
contemporary Canadian events  
...with the newsmakers.

**CFRB**  
**1010**

## the people-watching place

Susan Elliott

Every Saturday morning, Toronto comes alive at the St. Lawrence Market. As you walk through the old market place you can feel the energy in the air, flowing from merchant to buyer. It is as if you are experiencing part of a market scene from the past. A scene full of meat strung up and hanging from its feet, as well as over-ripe fruit and vegetables that have just been brought in from nearby farms. It is easy to imagine that the sawdust on the floor is not covering concrete.

The people are alive as well. It is not the mechanical supermarket scene with "muzac" playing in the background. Instead, people are bargaining and hasselling with one and other. A reasonable proficiency in Italian is a great asset. Also, it is important to emphasize with your hands. The background music is the incessant chatter of the merchants,

each one claiming to have the best buy, or at least the loudest voice. Until you have laid your money on the table you are fair game, and they use all within their power to lure you away from one stall into another. Often the men break into song, and it is almost as you are buying the merchant rather than the merchandise.

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 oversized. It is of course, important to go early. By noon the best selection of food has been quite thoroughly picked over. As well the best selection of people will have come and gone, and it is watching and 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.

# CAMINO REAL: stirring and original



Chris Connors stars as Kilroy, the American stereotype in the English 253 production of Camino Real.

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 Hopkin'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 not the mechanical reproduction of meaning one finds in the Dictionary. The Set was more than adequate; complete with running water, Gypsy Brothel and Posche hotel. The cast, was well chosen 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 decrepid and the vigor of youth was quitewellportrayed in the contrast of Barry Nesbitt 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 Gutman had definite control over the scene at all times, and with two gun weilding, 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 theatre was one of getting more than your money's worth. My personal comment is: Look out Michael Gregory, you've got competition.

## Straw Hatted Dick Kimberly

Sophia Hadzipetros

Straw-hatted Dick Kimberly banged out some of that good old-fashioned sing-along music for us in the Pub Friday night. The crowd was small but lively, and after a proper amount of beer had been consumed, the place was really jumping. From the moment Kimberly first appeared, he established a rapport with

us which broke down the usual audience-performer barriers, turning the "concert" into a big party.

Did you know Glendon College had the makings of a home-grown weekly variety show? Well, if you had been at the Pub Friday, you would have seen an array of talent comparable to that which Ed Sullivan used to give us in days gone by. Before Kimberly came

on, we were entertained by Glendon's first annual leg-wrestling competition. Then, after our piano-player led a couple of songs, such as

"I'm the Sheik of Araby  
And I'm going to buy BP,"

Kimberly's talent on the keyboard came through in songs such as St. Louis Blues, but at times his humour was a bit raunchy. It seemed as though he felt every joke had to be a sex-joke because the crowd was made up of students. The main thing, though, is that everyone seemed to be having a great time, drinking, dancing, and singing and in closing I'd like to quote from one of Friday's songs:

"Oh give me a home  
Where the buffalo roam  
And the skies are not cloudy all

day,  
Where seldom is heard  
A discouraging word  
For what can a poor buffalo say?"



Komping & raunchy Dick Kimberly "graced" the Cafe on Saturday past.

### ONCE AGAIN THERE'S PLENTY OF REAL GOOD TIMES TO BE HAD BY ALL OF YOU

**MOVIES**  
THE 99-CENT ROXY THEATRE, Danforth at Greenwood Subway, 461-2401. November 6-12:  
Wednesday. SIDDHARTHA at 7 and 10:15 p.m. KING OF MARVIN GARDENS at 8:30 p.m.  
Thursday. BRANDO: THE WILD ONE (7:00), ON THE WATERFRONT (8:20 p.m.), and THE CHASE (10:30).  
Friday. THE LAST HOUSE ON THE 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 at midnight.  
Monday. KAMOURASKA at 7:00 and 10:35 p.m. TRAFIC at 9:00 p.m.  
Tuesday. LAST TANGO IN PARIS at 7:00 and 11:00 p.m. MIDNITE COWBOY at 9:10 p.m.  
SOVIET CINEMA, 666 Eglinton Avenue West  
Thursday at 8:30 p.m. Sergei Eisenstein's 1925 moie, POTEMKIN FREE  
THE FOUNDATION CHURCH, 99 Gloucester Street, 922-2387.  
Wednesday at 8:00 p.m. A silent Buster Keaton film, THE GENERAL MUSIC  
THE CHIMNEY, 579 Yonge, above the Gasworks. John Allen Cameron appears all this week. 967-4666.  
EL MOCAMBO, 464 Spadina Avenue. Howlin' Wolfe is in until Saturday. 961-2558.  
THE RIVERBOAT, 134 Yorkville Avenue. Biff Rose appears this week. 922-6216.  
Ian Tyson, Sylvia, and The Great Speckled Bird are at the HORSESHOE TAVERN, 368 Queen Street West until Saturday. 368-0838.  
Rory Gallagher at Convocation Hall at

7:00 and 9:30 p.m. Friday.  
Perth County Conspiracy at Massey hall Friday, November 8; all seats are \$3.50  
Electric Light Orchestra at Massey Hall, Sunday the 10th at 8:30 p.m.  
Arlo Guthrie, Massey Hall, Tuesday the 12th; check for time and prices.

**ON CAMPUS**  
Thursday. Atkinson-Glendon College Dance with Maiden Kanada in the ODH at 9:30 p.m.; 50 cents.  
Friday. Singer, guitarist Keith Caddy Café at 8:30 p.m.; \$1.00.  
Saturday. 'Rockin' Réjean Garneau' and the Jolly Hearts Club Band in the Café at 8:30 p.m.; entrée, 75 cents.

**THEATRE**  
Theatre du P'tit Bonheur, 95 Danforth Avenue, 466-8400. Ionesco's Macbett du 15 novembre jusqu'au 7 decembre.  
Poor Alex, 296 Brunswick Avenue, 920-8373. Paul Gaulin and the Compagnie de Mime continue.  
Tarragon, 30 Bridgeman Avenue, 531-1827. The Donnell's, Part II; previews November 12-15. Last week for the Night No One Yelled.  
Toronto Centre for the Arts, 390 Dupont Street, 967-6965. Pinter's The Dumb Waiter and Ionesco's The Lesson.  
Second City, 110 Lombard Street, 363-1674. Tippecanoe and Dali Two.  
Toronto Workshop, 12 Alexander Street, 925-8640. You Can't Get There From Here.  
Théâtre Passe Muraille, Bathurst Street United Church, 961-3303. 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.

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.

HAYWOOD HAIL BRUIN AIDED BY MISS STIFF

## sports

QUACKS STRAIGHTEN OUT THEIR ACT  
Squeak Past Sons of B. (and E.)

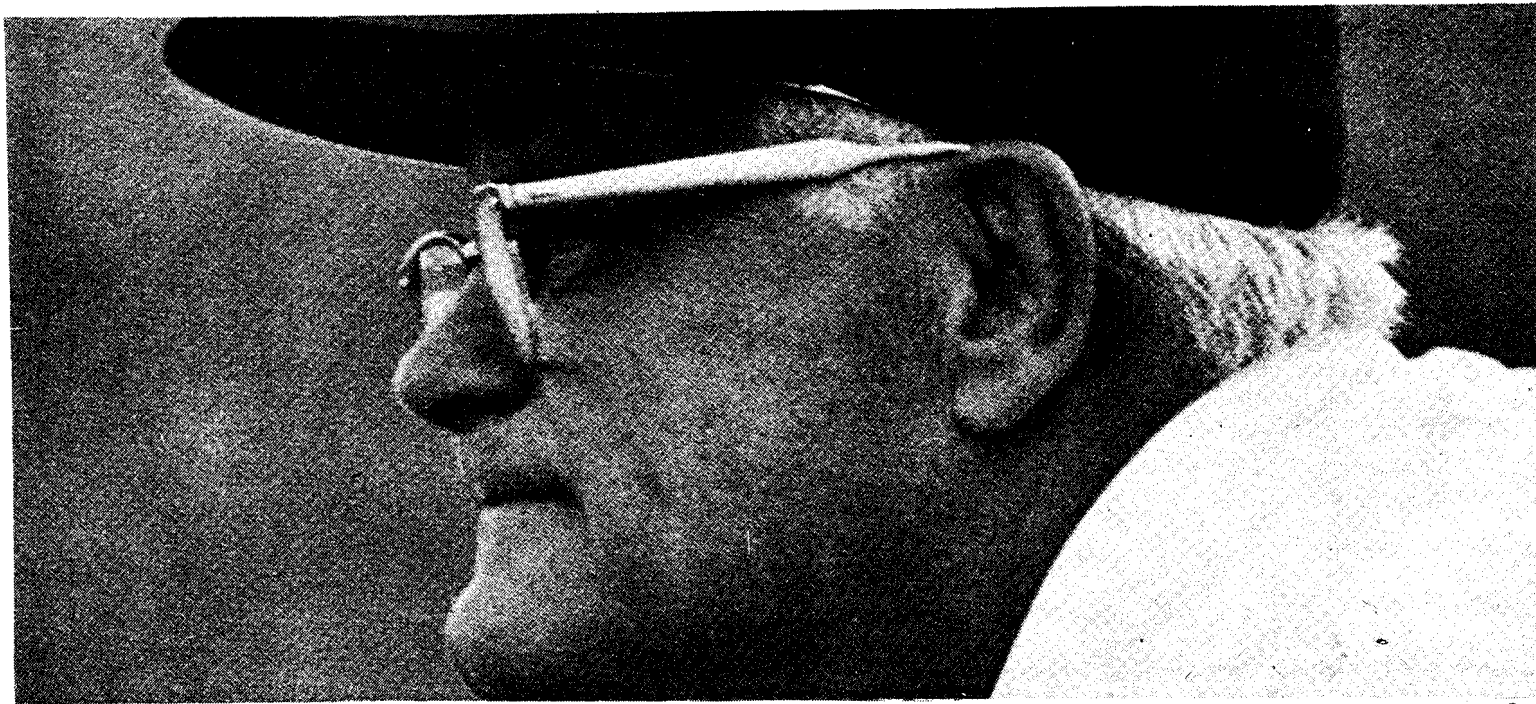
Good afternoon sports fans and welcome once again to Eyewitness Sports, reported to you through the myopic vision of Hail (Haywood as I am sometimes called) Bruin. Last week on the Gridiron, Glendon sports fans were once again treated to the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat? Through the able assistance of my comrade in arms, Miss Stiff, (Would you look that one up for me Miss Stiff, thank you Miss Stiff) I am pleased to report that on October 31, 1942, Bill Mosienko scored three consecutive goals in twenty one seconds. Even more amazing, this feat was accomplished by the only left-winger of Macedonian - Irish origins ever to lace his skates for the Toronto Maple Leafs. (Never to be confused with the Stratford Sumach Leafs or Glendon's own Maple Lys.) Be that as it may, this reporter is also aware that exactly 32 years from that historic night, the Grey Saucer emblematic of G. F. L. supremacy, was also decided. Whilst Post Road urchins prepared themselves in their Hallowe'en finery, a titanic struggle was in the making on the playing fields of Glendon (more recently recognized as Dump #2 by the Department of Sanitation, Borough of North York). After hours of pre-season training and a sometimes grueling schedule, the battle for the league championship had boiled down to steam.

Despite an early lead in the first game of what was to be one of the most closely contested two-game total point series ever witnessed by human eyes or those of myself for that matter, the Sons of B (and E), also known as the Bayview Barnstormers, gradually gave way to the unceasing onslaught

of red-shirted Chiropractors, a sight known to make braver men than Iron-lungs Laforet quake in their boots. The turning point in the struggle came during a commercial break (brought to you by Lichee Gardens and Larry's Light Lunches); the Sons of B (and E) unwittingly returned to their bench to massage their aching corpses with a special oil purchased at great cost from a local apothecary, Mutley T. Bushwack. Meanwhile the Quacks climaxed a spine-tingling comeback by annihilating their inhaled rivals. Dave Millar, on behalf of his Chiropractic Colleagues added that any

damage as a result of spine-tingling would be taken care of free of charge. Miss Stiff informs me that the score changed so quickly that even her abacus-band fingers were left helpless. The swiftness with which the Quacks assumed control was due to a combination of offensive excellence and defensive absence. In the end, the Chiros' twelfth unanswered tally was the straw that broke the camel's (I warned you about all that humping, Porky Haddon) back. A last-ditch desperation rally by the Sons of B (and E) fell ever so short, with the bugles sounding taps to the score of

75-21. It may appear that the Quacks have begun a dynasty comparable to that of Allan Grover's lengthy stay as Student must graduatium here at our institution. (Thanks once again to the able assistance of Miss Stiff and her K-Tel record selector.) The Sons of B (and E) may well be at the end of an era. The announced retirements of veteran quarterback Ernie G. (as in Gutman) Picard along with wide receiver Niloc 'Southern C.' Notsirroc Cam and the 'Puerto Rican Pistol' Juan Beniquez has decimated the ranks of an untherewise great pre-tender.



Is this man looking for Haywood Hail Bruin, or Miss Stiff?

## Dateline: Glendon Hoop Hall Quacks close But B-House Choice

On Monday next the G. B. A. opens another season, with the promise that it can't get any worse. Last season's titleholder the A-House Axeman are entering the fray with only two returnees from a Year ago. All-Springbok scran-half-Stuart Spence and backcourt ace Kareen Abdul Kulach (or Kooch as he is rarely known) will provide the leadership for a group of interested and unpaid neophytes. (In the unlikely personage of George 'Big Band' Hewson, Brian 'Big Time Burns and Mike Tee-hee-Leehan). The Axeman are pleased as punch (al though more gin would be appreciated) To have convinced Barry 'the Wilted Stilt' Nesbitt to end his premature (not to be confused with Victor Mature) retirement. Although in the past Nes-

bitt's conflict with team management's decision to permit one-inch sideburns and collegiate brush-cuts ended in bitter feuding, Nesbitt has buried the hatchet, though he confides that his association with the Mod-Squad will be on a professional level only. Competition for the Axeman will be stubborn. The Bayview Oilers (who serve under the domain of Tom and Glen Don) are sparked by Champion plugs: Ernie G., Juan Beniquez, Artis Sullivan, Glen E. Jones, Paddy Hall and Mike the Devine.; they are backed by such able supporters as Tom the 'Belgian Bomber' Lietaer, Boodle 'Too Tall' Noddle, 'Two-Point' Laforet and a cast of thou-

sands. The C-House Quacks are back with last year's other finalists, seeking back-to-back victories in Gridiron glory and Hoopball honour. Led by the Chadwicks and trailed by the Amazing Watson, the Chiros make up for a lack of height with an equal lack in talent. 'Gentleman' John Frankie announced that he too would come to play, although the Quacks have already reserved him a private-box located high over the squash courts and as far away from the bench as possible. First-aid Faculty is also expected to have a strong team. With Peter 'the Pearl' Jensen, the legendary pairing of Moore and MacDonald and two starters from inter-

collegial ranks, the First-aid Faculty Flames can do no worse than last place. Fourth year can boast of Tom C. while Second and Third toast Barry and Mike Howard, with Hot Dog Kellerman boasting for himself.

Due to an overwhelming response to last week's contest it has been held over for another week. It has been announced that the winner will receive an autographed copy of Hail Bruin's new book "Sporting and Snorting: Do the two mix?" along with the chance to be entered in the grand draw for an evening with the DeFranco Family, accompanied by the charming and lovely Miss Stiff.

## Dateline: Some where in the Alps-Henry Longhurst Reports

Nestled deep within three feet of glistening powder, this is Henry Longhurst reporting from Bunny Rabbit Run, nord of Toronto. Unbeknownst to you, my avid reading and viewing public, that yearly blight which calls itself winter is fast approaching. Already, all about this non-entity, wine-skin and banana-warmer sales are on a pronounced upswing. With summer sports apparel already collecting storage payments, and with the links as barren as that wasteland nord of Toronto, Le Campus Centrale, Beaver Catering Co. has remarked a serious shortage of their ever-popular and multi-purpose food trays, made famous earlier in this decade by ones H. 'Bones' Kaiser and Albert 'Burt' Knab.

But, of even greater significance, winter is also a period for that sport of kings, not to be confused with the breakfast of champions, skiing. In

particular it would be appropriate to make mention of the formation of the Glendon Ski Club. Club spokesman, Fischer T. Head, told me of a program to include a number of junkets to Georgia Peaks between January and March of the coming season and for a mere pittance. For the extraordi-

narily low price of \$42.00 for 6 trips or \$24.00 for 3, one can partake in the activities, occurring bi-monthly and on Fridays. Included in the prescribed fee are both lift ticket and bus transportation. For further information, contact my friend and colleague, Anne O'Byrne, of Proctor

Fieldhouse fame. P. S.: Wendy Jones has agreed to be the apres-ski activity.

Until next time, Hail Bruin (or Haywood as you are sometimes called), and a fond farewell from Bunny Rabbit Run.

## Maple Ly's Faced With Major Re-building Job

Faced with a major re-building job following last year's success, Coach Gary Young appealed to the insidious masses that permeate Glendon life for assistance and les voilà les Maple Lys for '74. Returnees include Peter David, Peter 'Hands' O'Brien, Laurie Munro, Jim Barnes and Jonathan Frankie, absent and rumoured to be coaching a scrub-team on some secluded Toronto campus (Miss Stiff,

will you look that up for me; thank you, Miss Stiff). Despite the retirement of one-time bmoc Greg 'the cock' Cockburn, Wilson 'Duchie' Ross, Yves 'Gunnar' Gauthier, Gary 'The Bear' Lamb, Terrible Terry Tobias and a host of others too numerous to mention, Coach Young has succeeded in assembling a truly formidable squad of seasoned veterans and tasteless rookies.

Aided by the early 'pink-slipping'

of David 'Turkey' Melvin and Jimmy 'the Greek' Snyder the équipe seems like it will quickly realize its potential. Today November 6 at 9:30 will be the first test of Coach Young's new combinations.

Tickets for this game will be available at Le Ice Palace, Le Campus Central, nord de Toronto up until game time, the entire existence of which is dependent upon heavy advance sales. So, see you there!