

Student Loan Maximum May Be Raised In Future

Ottawa (CUP)--- Documents from a federal-provincial task force on student aid indicate that an inter-provincial agreement has been reached on raising the loan maximum under the Canada Student Loan Plan (CSLP).

Under the present federal regulations the maximum student loan for an academic year is \$1,400. The proposed change in loan ceilings, would provide for a maximum \$1,900 loan per year, allowing the

provinces to reduce the grant component of student aid programs.

Provinces now set their own loan ceilings ranging from \$800 to the maximum \$1,400. If the agreement becomes law provinces will be able to raise loan ceilings up to \$1,900.

The change in the loans ceiling was submitted to the provinces last October at a plenary meeting of the Canada Student Loan Committee, and has now been referred to Fi-

nance Minister, John Turner, for consideration.

Under the Canada Student Loans Act, the Minister of Finance is responsible for the plan.

The CSLP committee meets on an annual basis and consists of representatives from the federal and provincial government. The plenary provides a forum for a consensus to emerge between the provinces and Ottawa on the operation of the CSLP, according to a

federal official.

There is no student representation on the committee, its meetings are held in closed session, and no record of discussions or decisions is released to the public.

But a report of what occurred at this year's meeting curbed at this year's meeting on October 11-12, 1974, was contained in the November minutes of the federal-provincial taskforce on student aid.

Pay Or You're Out By February 14th

Dear Student:

January 31, 1975

The Accountant's Office has informed me that as of Friday, January 24th you had not yet paid the second instalment of your academic fees due on January 15th.

This matter is of some urgency, as students who fail to settle their fees by February 14th will be "Withdrawn Without Academic Penalty" from the University as of that date. Students who are withdrawn without academic penalty are responsible for that portion of the academic fees from January 15th to February 14th inclusive, as well as the fifteen (\$15.00) dollars Late Service Charge. We therefore urge you to complete the payment, (in cash or by money order or certified cheque) as soon as possible at Student Accounts, C104 York Hall, Glendon College.

If you have any questions or problems with regard to academic fees, please do not hesitate to contact Mrs. D. Sutter, Supervisor of Student Accounts, at 487-6135, at once.

If you have other questions or problems, whether academic or other, please speak with the Student Programme Officer, Mrs. Stella McMurrin.

I sincerely hope we shall be hearing from you shortly.

Yours very truly,

G. Fontaine

G. Fontaine,
Associate Registrar

by Paul Dowling

This sinister warning was delivered to more than 130 Glendon students last week.

York's Registrar, Milt Bider assured us that the University means business. "The accounting department is not a credit agency," he told Pro Tem "There are counselling

services and student awards people on campus, we try to steer students with financial difficulties toward the appropriate organizations".

York University President Ian Macdonald was not familiar with the policy but felt that students would be wise to treat the matter seriously.

"I can not offer the students much comfort at the present

time," he said but assured Pro Tem that he would look into the matter in the next few days.

Macdonald pointed out however, that the policy is just simple economics; if you want an education you must be prepared to pay for it. This is a feeling that some people might take exception to, however it is not really the issue here. Students at Glendon have come to expect from past experience that they would be able to defer payment until May or June. Many have budgeted their finances with this expectation in mind.

DEFERMENT POSSIBLE

Students can have the second installment of tuition deferred if they have not received their O.S.A.P. grant cheques yet. In this case they must sign an agreement that they will sign those cheques over to York for tuition fees as soon as they arrive.

If for any reason students are unable to pay before this Friday, February 14th, they may, if they wish, sign a note promising to pay the tuition fees in full on or before April 1st. In either case



Ian Macdonald

April 1st is the last date to pay the fees.

"The University must have payment for services rendered while those services are taking place," was Bider's explanation. If by April 1st the fees, are not paid, the student will be 'Withdrawn without Academic Penalty' effective February 14th.

He pointed out that the only students not permitted to defer payment of fees past the February 14th deadline are those students that have already picked up O.S.A.P. grant cheques without paying the second installment.

Students that are withdrawn from the College this month may be reinstated if they pay tuition plus the late penalty. (oops! We meant to say: "late service charge" didn't we Mr. Bider) on or before April 1st. They must have their study lists re-confirmed to show that they are still enrolled in all courses.

The policy was established two years ago by the Vice President in consultation with all faculties including Glendon's Registrar Cy Pilley. Pilley convinced him last year, that because of Glendon's intimate situation such measures were not necessary here. Last year, however, fees not paid were significantly higher at Glendon than at the other colleges.

The original intention according to Mr. Bider was to help the students. Some students, he said especially those in first year would not return after Christmas or would leave before paying the second installment. They would consider themselves withdrawn but would fail to inform accounting.

In the late spring they would realize their error when they received their failing grades and or requests from the University for payment of tuition fees. The University devised this policy to prevent this confusion from arising, Bider stated.

Students will receive one final notice and, if no arrangements are made for payment before April 1st they will be officially de-registered by the end of February.

Pro Tem

VOLUME 14 NUMBER 20
FEBRUARY 12, 1975

Some Solutions To Club Budget Hassles

by M. Shain

In an effort to straighten out the bookkeeping mess in which Glendon has recently found itself, meetings were held last week between the business managers of the GCSU, PRO TEM, and myself. The following recommendations are proposals which were arrived at after consultation with the parties concerned. We hope to have them submitted to the GCSU for discussion and consideration.

1. One of the main problems seems to be the position of Business Manager. Books and accounts seem to be rather haphazardly passed from old to new with a minimum of explanations. The outgoing BM must meet with his successor and make some attempt to explain to him the finer points of the job. This would be a good idea for all of the referenda agencies as well.

The GCSU BM must be around during the summer, not

just for the school term. He is a paid employee and this ought to be a stipulation for the position. After all, the GCSU spent over \$7,000 last summer.

2. The real problem is the books themselves. There is no standardized method of bookkeeping, in fact PRO TEM does not even have a set of books. Although I am in sympathy with the creative spirit I have encountered in the Glendon books, I would think that a set system would be far more advantageous. There are too many ambiguous categories of expenses, too much room for error. There should be a limited number of expense categories, all to be approved by GCSU and no new additions to expenses without their renewed approval. The inevitable miscellaneous expense category should also be regulated.

3. No payment without receipts! A real basis for any bookkeeping system, yet there are numerous important expenditures which have no receipts to show. No petty cash advances over \$10 unless approved by the Executive first. This should discourage the practice. Furthermore only the BM, not the President or any officer, should be involved in cash dealings. Experience has shown that to be a very poor practice.

4. Meetings between the people handling the money and those elected to spend it should be held more often. The BM of the GCSU should meet monthly, at least, with the

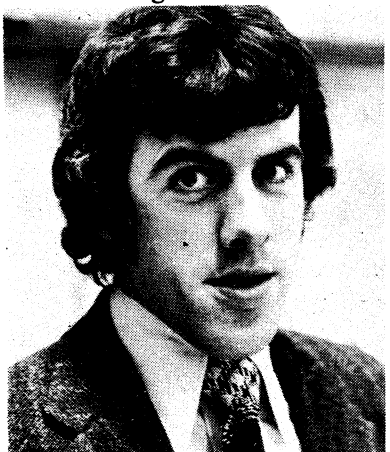
President and the President should report the results of that meeting to the Council or the Executive.

The Business Managers of all the referenda agencies should meet monthly with the BM of the GCSU to appraise their month-by-month financial situation. Their books should be up-to-date enough to present for examination at these meetings. Hopefully that will avoid another situation in which a referenda agency, such as PRO TEM, suddenly finds itself broke. It might also be worthwhile to have the BMs of the GCSU referenda agencies report periodically (every four or six weeks) to the Council on how their monies are being spent.

5. All these other recommendations become rather useless unless certain contractual agreements with York Main are cut. Over the summer, when the GCSU has little or no funds, York Main foots the bill for the GCSU and bills them for it in the fall when the tuition funds come in. A large number of receipts for GCSU expenses are forwarded to York Main and are never seen again. This can only completely screw even a feeble attempt at organized bookkeeping. The invoices which the GCSU receive in the fall are for lump sums of expenses incurred over a four month period. It would be far easier for York Main to forward us a lump sum in the spring in lieu of the tuition funds we will receive any-

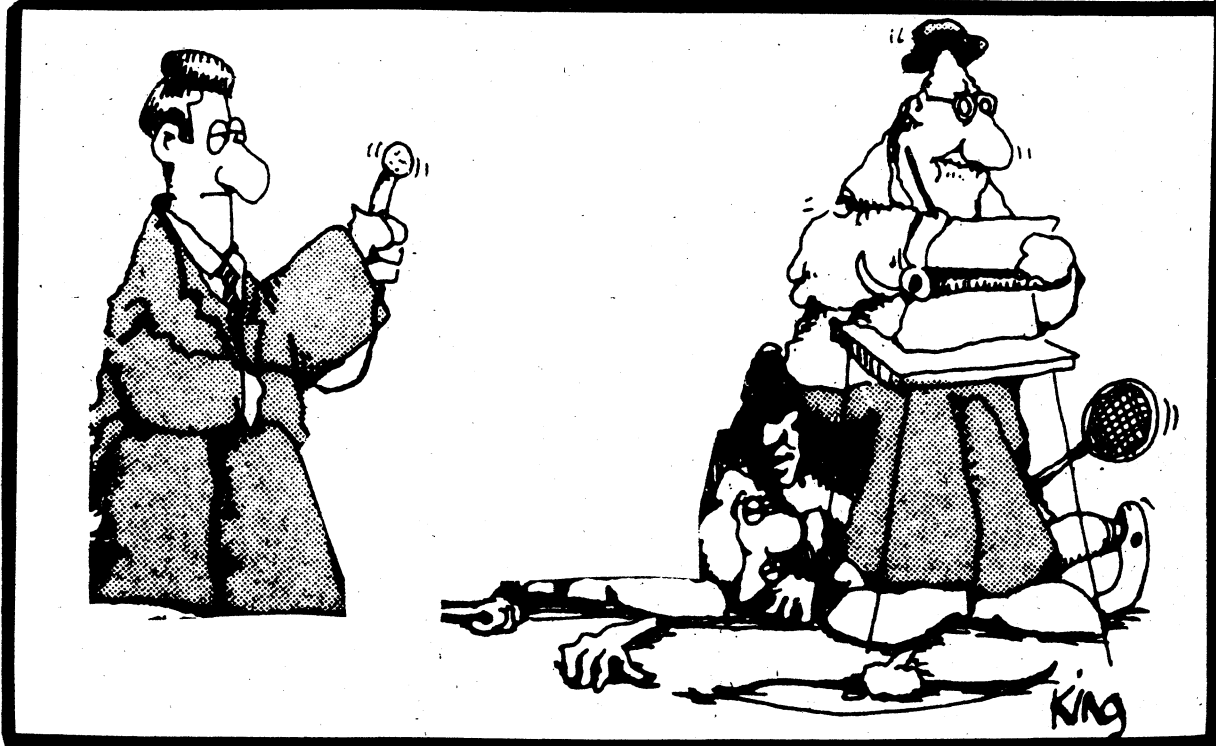
way in September. This way the GCSU could handle its own books over the summer. Some expenses, such as GCSU officers' salaries, which are paid all year round could also be more efficiently handled at this end.

I should note that I am not an accounting or economics major. My bookkeeping training is strictly high school with some auditing experience in the bad old outside world. However, I think that it is safe to say that even an examination of the Glendon books by a Humanities major would raise some questions about the handling of finances here. Your thirty bucks coupled with revenues from pinball, part-time students and funds add up to a total GCSU annual budget of around \$45,000. Without a proper system of bookkeeping, appropriation of this fairly substantial little nestegg becomes difficult in the extreme. Long-range programmes, plans and activities become impossible when no one is really sure whether we are running at a deficit or a surplus. Needless to add there is plenty of room for wastage as well. I hope that now that these facts are known, prompt action will be taken. My thanks to the business managers of the GCSU and PRO TEM, Arthur Roy and Peter Russell, for their co-operation and participation in the formulation of these proposals.



GCSU Business Manager
Arthur Roy

A Different Direction And Ruthie Never Had It So Good



by Doug Graham and special guest author, Pat Sims.

I decided to take a different direction with this column by inviting a guest author to interview me, since nobody else would. I hope to give you some insight into the person who writes about bulls and sex maniacs.

Go ahead, Pat,
 Pat: Why do you write about bulls and sex maniacs?
 Doug: I write what I know about. After all, how could I write about something like women's discomforts? What would I know about that, apart from what I see in commercials.
 Pat: Why don't you care about women's discomforts?
 Doug: I don't know any women who care about my discomforts.
 Pat: How come you took up writing?
 Doug: Because I couldn't do any of the other shit kids do.

Pat: Is that the truth, or are you in love with your typewriter?

Doug: No, that's the truth. I'm not fond of shit.

Pat: What's your view on your columns?

Doug: As an outlet for my frustrations. It's not nearly as draining as rape.

Pat: Did you ever think about raping Ruthie?

Doug: Constantly.

Pat: I hope Ruthie doesn't go to this school?

Doug: Me too.
 Pat: Was Ruthie really that good looking?

Doug: Does a pig stink?

Pat: Which column is your personal favourite?

Doug: I don't pick favourites, because if I picked a column I wrote on say, perversion, people would think I was perverted.

Pat: How do you feel about the lack of response to your columns in letters?

Doug: Doesn't matter, I can't read, and my dog ran away. But I'm pleased with their personal response.

Pat: What sort of personal responses have you received?
 Doug: Well, my mother still cries when she sees me. She misinterpreted my column about Belvedere and she checks for bull hairs under my pillow.

Pat: There's a rumour going around that no one knows you, why is that?

Doug: I'm a very busy person. I interview girls all night long for my naked field hockey team.

Pat: Have you had a lot of applicants for your naked field hockey team?

Doug: Many. Naked girls chase me all day.

Pat: Is that the truth or is it a dream?

Doug: Does a pig stink?

Pat: Does that leave time for a personal life?

Doug: Who needs a personal life with naked girls chasing you?

Pat: What are your views on women's liberation?

Doug: Does a pig stink?

Pat: What the hell do you mean, "Does a pig stink?"

Doug: If you're going to get nasty, I won't answer, Fuck off.

Pat: Fuck you, I'm a guest, besides, I didn't ask to interview you.

Doug: Well, if I had known you were going to be a big prick about it, I wouldn't have asked.

Pat: If I had known you were going to be such an inhuman bastard, I wouldn't have accepted.

Doug: How dare you use that kind of language in my column.

Pat: You started it. If you hadn't been such a son of a bitch, not caring about women's discomforts and blatantly lying about naked girls chasing you, we never would have regressed to this point.

Doug: I'm not even going to answer, this interview's over.

Pat: With a dink like you talking, it never started.

Doug: If this wasn't my typewriter, I'd break it over your goddam head.

Pat: Oh yeah?

Doug: Does a pig stink?

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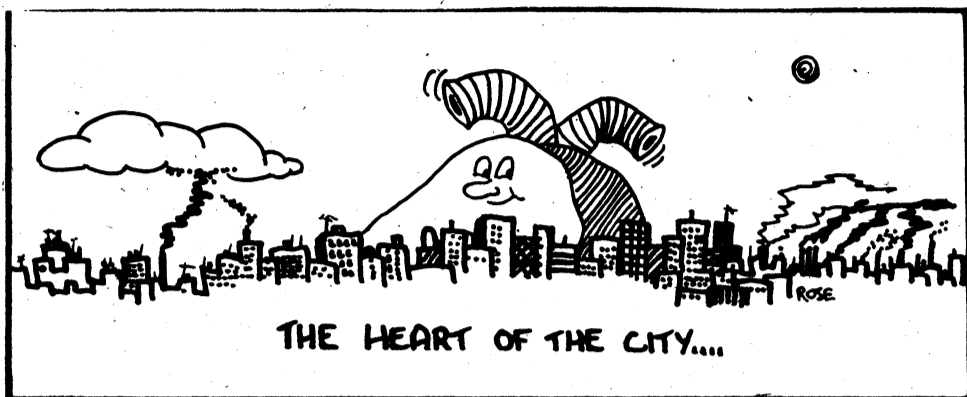
Warning: The Department of National Health and Welfare advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked.

HISTORY FACULTY-HISTORY COURSE UNION MEETING THUR. FEB.13 TH AT 1:15PM IN ROOM 217.
 AGENDA: DISCUSSION AND PROPOSALS ON TENURE AND PROMOTION, CURRICULUM AND TEACHING EVALUATION. ALL HISTORY MAJORS AND INTERESTED STUDENTS ARE INVITED TO ATTEND.

pro tem

Only as good as the community it serves.

Reporters are distinguished by their by lines.
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GRAB BAG

For those who like, when they can afford it, to write the L.S.A.T., Saturday February 8 was a great day. The international association of L. satirs celebrated the 247,000th sitting of the L.S.A. T. exam. The celebration opened this year at 6:45 am at the Osgoode Hall Law School, (see...Canada does rate with the States...it was a great day for us

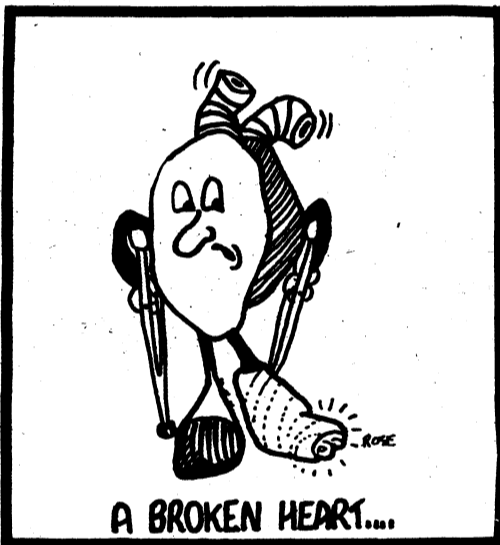
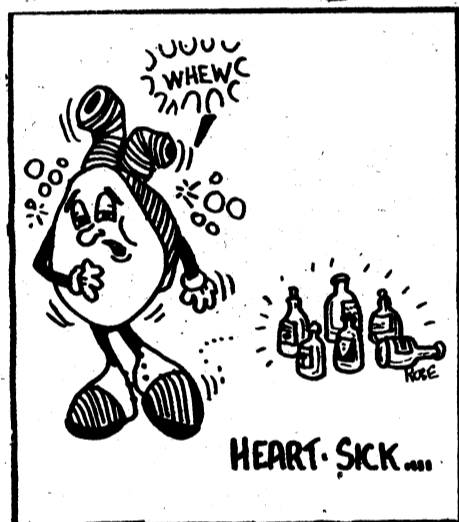
one sang the Association hymns with reverence, respect, ingenious enthusiasm and a spirit of co-operation that was a pleasure to behold. The thumb printing went off like a dream with fewer than one misplaced persons in a hundred, refusing to give a print. Those who would not give prints were spoken to afterwards as a group, by Association Deputy Minister for Corrections Phyllis Runcible. After she had done her young-thing it is reported that there were only a few offenders, all coming, strangely enough from Glenlivet Gorge, a small "college" somewhere up in Canada. They were dressed so strangely the Association decided they must somehow be different than the other Canadians.

After the formalities of the Black Tie Breakfast, the doors were thrown open, and the happy throng of young persons burst into rhapsodic song in the instant. They entered in unto the building with determination and euphoria that even brought the competitive tears to the law-suit and I'm-mortgaged-up-to-my-lowers face of Association Vice-Chancellor Me Fuk Yu.

Before we sign off, let's take a peek into one of the beautiful new testing rooms. It is 10.30am and the Proctor is just finishing his orally read instructions:

Casualties were few for the celebration writing of the test, with only one candidate injured. He was an older man of foreign descent, and when last seen was jammed in turnstile A14. The Association later learned that he had been line crashing. Fortunately for the younger candidates writing, there were very few such indecent exposures of self centredness. By and large every-

"...and with the leaded end of the pencil, print your name and nationality in the upper box. When you have done this, print your political bias, your sexual orientation, and a list of your favourite vegetables in the box on the left. When you have finished put the eraser end of the pencil into your right nostril and look up. You are not to work on any other section of the test. That is to say you are not to turn ahead or turn back any pages while I'm telling you to keep working on this section. If you finish before the time is up..."



APPLICATIONS
 FOR
PROTEM EDITOR '75-'76
 should be rushed into the ProTem office immediately. Send applications in care of John Frankie.

Happy Valentine's Letters to the editor

Dissatisfaction

To the Editor;

As a student in the Glendon community, I wish to express my dissatisfaction with the present student administration. After the accumulation of considerable revenue (\$45,000) the present "Student Council" has little or nothing to show for the expenditure of a considerable portion of these monies. The Student government at Glendon has been completely irresponsible in fulfilling its obligations towards its constituency.

Students at Glendon have no independent facilities which students can use on a 24 hour basis, instead they have been given a small room in the cellar of Glendon Hall. The Student government has not sponsored an important conference since 1968, and film showings have all but disappeared.

Surely the poor leadership of the present Student administration has led the student union into virtual eclipse. The all too familiar silence of the Student government on issues at the university and in the general community is an embarrassment and an insult to all students at this university. Are we regressing back into the haunted fifties, when students were basically eunuchs?

I believe it is time for the students at Glendon to change the present non-policies of their student government.

After a great expenditure of hot air by the student bureaucrats; bureaucrats first, student second, Glendon still has relatively few activities and few facilities for students and is greatly isolated from the Toronto community.

No better time remains to reform the decision making process inside the student administration and effect new policy outside it.

Mike Drache

Who You Are

To the Editor;

This weekend I was reading an article on the recent trouble at Castle Frank High School which is near Regent's Park. Bob Barootes, a student from the Rosedale area, who attends this trade-oriented school was quoted as saying "IT'S NOT WHERE YOU COME FROM BUT WHO YOU ARE". Mr. Barootes's father owns various restaurant chains and Bob was interested in the same line of work as his father so is taking the food preparation course at Castle Frank. So his family has money, but most of the kids he goes to school with don't.

Thank you Bob Barootes for saying something that hit me right in the gut.

You see, lately I've had a sort of intense dislike---no let me rephrase that---lately I've had a hatred for all the rich kids (you know who

you are out there) who go to Glendon. Of course there's been exceptions. Oh, I know this one guy whose father is vice-president of one of the biggest companies in North America, and he's a real angel and very, very, personable - a sort of all around neat guy, and he's no snob. But what I'm trying to say is I have had this great dislike for rich kids in general. Maybe some of the things they represent, or will represent. I've never really thought about this subject until I attended Glendon. You know how it is---the lovely Havergal, Bishop Strachan, Branksome Hall women. They look like they've come from private snob schools. Quite often they smile a lot and have a sort of refined (?) look about them. In any case that's neither here nor there.

The other day I overheard two (girls) women at Glendon comparing burglar alarm systems in their respective mansions and I almost died! I thought that truly, my ears were deceiving me. And then one of the women was talking about her boyfriend firing the maid while his parents were on holiday. And it's not the first time he's done that! Well, I said to myself, this is really too much---I've heard everything now.

Rich kids are basically like average kids except they probably had their own bedroom all along and didn't have to share it with two others or whatever.

I'm not gonna gab any longer. I'm really glad that I'm starting to under-

stand that it's not where you're from, but WHO you are. Ah, what the heck, rich kids you're o.k. (P.S.-----I know if your family has a lot of money, it's difficult to get a student loan, so if you hit me on a good day, I may just buy you a coffee).

Joe Student

The Molson Mamas

To the Editor;

As active participants in Thursday night's boat races we would like to express our disappointment in Larry Guimond's write-up of the event. As so few females take part in such activities at Glendon College, we feel that our efforts should have been mentioned in the article. Since two of the eight drinking teams ie. 25% of the drinkers were women and one of these teams won a consolation prize, it is our sincere opinion that this fact should have been noted in Pro Tem. The same lack of attention was shown toward the sole female participant in the Elvis Presley look-alike contest who tied for first place. Fair mention should be given to the women of Glendon College. Why not?

Yours sincerely,
 The Molson Mamas (alias the Deep Throats)
 Janet Mador
 Brenda Bellini
 Jewel Thaler
 Theresa Gloster

Why its Not Nice To Fool With Mother Nature

by Gail Mitchell

The potential for misuse of knowledge has always been nightmarish. But with the recent development in genetics, the threat of disaster has never been so real.

In fact, for the first time in the history of modern science, research workers concerned with molecular biology have called a halt to their studies for fear of the consequences. And for the first time scientists are questioning their common, and generally unspoken assumption, that the acquisition of knowledge is always an absolute good, requiring no justification or ethical sanction.

More than 200 eminent scientists recently concluded an urgent conference at Davos, Switzerland, on the immediate dangers and projected future benefits of genetic engineering.

Researchers have realized that their latest achievement--the cracking of genetic codes has opened the way to the designing of new bacteria which are potentially more dangerous to mankind than the atomic bomb.

In 1953 at Cambridge University, Dr. James Watson and Dr. Francis Crick discovered that the pattern of all life forms is determined by a double-helical molecule of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA). Genes are molecules of DNA, unit of heredity. Since then scientists have found ways of cutting the long molecules into short pieces and recombining

them. These splicings are then incorporated into bacteria to create new microorganisms whose potential for causing disease in plants, animals and man is yet unknown.

In 1969 when three biologists at Harvard Medical School announced to the world they had succeeded in isolating a pure gene from a bacterium, it was not without some misgivings. Although they felt their discovery could be used to cure such hereditary diseases as hemophilia, they warned of the dangers of government misuse of the technique. They feared they were unleashing on the world the same kind of mixed blessing as nuclear power.

They were not alone in their fears. Soon after the announcement Maurice Wilkings, 1963 winner of the Nobel Prize for medicine, warned that the isolation of the gene could lead to the development of a major germ weapon. "It is the kind of thing you cannot trust society with," he said.

Again in 1972, Australian microbiologist, and Nobel laureate Sir MacFarlane Burnet said he would, if he could, stop all experimental efforts to manipulate the genes of viruses that inflict grave illness or death in people. The danger he said, was the inadvertent creation in the laboratory of sub-species of a devastating virus against which humans will have no immunological defences.



"The possibility for good in these experiments are trivial improvements in vaccines, and not worth the risk," Burnet said. Despite the past warning from scientists in the field it was not until this summer that some kind of positive action was taken to look seriously at the potential consequences of genetic engineering.

In July of this year, 11 American researchers, including Watson, declared they were halting certain experiments in genetic manipulation of bacteria. Their reason: if they do not stop they may accidentally loose upon the world new forms of life-sensitized organisms that could cause epidemics, resist control by antibiotics and perhaps increase the incidence of cancer.

In a letter published in Science magazine (the magazine of the American Association for the Advancement of Science) and in Nature, the British counterpart, they urged colleagues around the world to stop experimentation with bacteria whose biological properties can not be predicted in advance.

The group, chaired by Paul Berg, chairman of the Stanford University department of biochemistry, is buying time to consider hazards before rapidly developing research grows too large to be controlled.

According to Berg, the embargo is "the first I know of in our field. It is also the first time I know of that anyone has had to stop and think about an experiment in terms of its social impact and potential hazard."

Many are unoptimistic about the embargo holding. One national Institute of Health (U.S.) scientist says, "Anyone who wants will go ahead and do it." Although, he adds, the technique requires a moderate degree of sophistication at the present, it will be a "high school project in a couple of years."

Others are uncertain whether the ban will be observed by countries interested in the new techniques considerable potential in biological warfare. For example, many millions of dollars were invested at the U.S. Army's biological laboratory at Fort Detrick, Maryland in trying to improve on the lethality of viruses and bacteria harmful to man.

Controversy already surrounds every proposal put forth at the conference in Switzerland.

Scientists at the University of British Columbia have gone ahead in application of genetics to the management of insect pests, offering benefits to agricultural and public

health care. Their colleagues at Sussex University in Britain have developed new strains of nitrogen-producing bacteria that could cut down the need for fertilizer.

Industry is attracted by the prospects of new processes for the synthetic production of drugs, such as insulin.

Yet if some of the fast-producing deadly organisms were to escape from the laboratory in the course of experiments they could produce plagues that would make the Black Death of medieval Europe look trite, for there would be little hope for control.

And dangerous materials have been known to escape from laboratories. Only recently, smallpox escaped from Porton Down, Britain's top security laboratory concerned with microbiological research.

Although the problems are comparable to those associated with nuclear fallout, in that it effects everyone, John Kendrew, deputy director of the British Medical Research Council's Laboratory of Molecular Biology, thinks it's worse.

"....in my opinion our present problem is even more difficult. For early nuclear research was contained within a governmental military framework while gene transfer can be done by competent people in any lab at any place. And for some of the work to be carried out behind a cloak of military or commercial secrecy would be doubly dangerous."

Scientific progress has always been erratic. It seems it has been impossible for us to protect ourselves from the changes. The different developments are uncontrolled----there is no master plan guiding the research. It is as if science has been waging guerilla warfare against society----small teams of men, each working on its own biological bomb.

Now many scientists would like to see the establishment through the forth-coming world conference on genetic engineering, early next year, of an authoritative international body to advise specialists on aspects of research in the field that should be avoided.

Perhaps scientists have finally stopped regarding their subject as a curiosity and started treating it as the most potent force of our world. With some luck we may even be better prepared for the coming of the "biological age" than we were for the "nuclear age."



Something to "cheers" about:

Now the glorious beer of Copenhagen is brewed right here in Canada. It comes to you fresh from the brewery. So it tastes even better than ever. And Carlsberg is sold at regular prices.

So let's hear it, Carlsberg lovers. "One, two, three... Cheers!"

Consumer's Diary: By Gosh What Is The Price ?

by Allen Charles Rosen

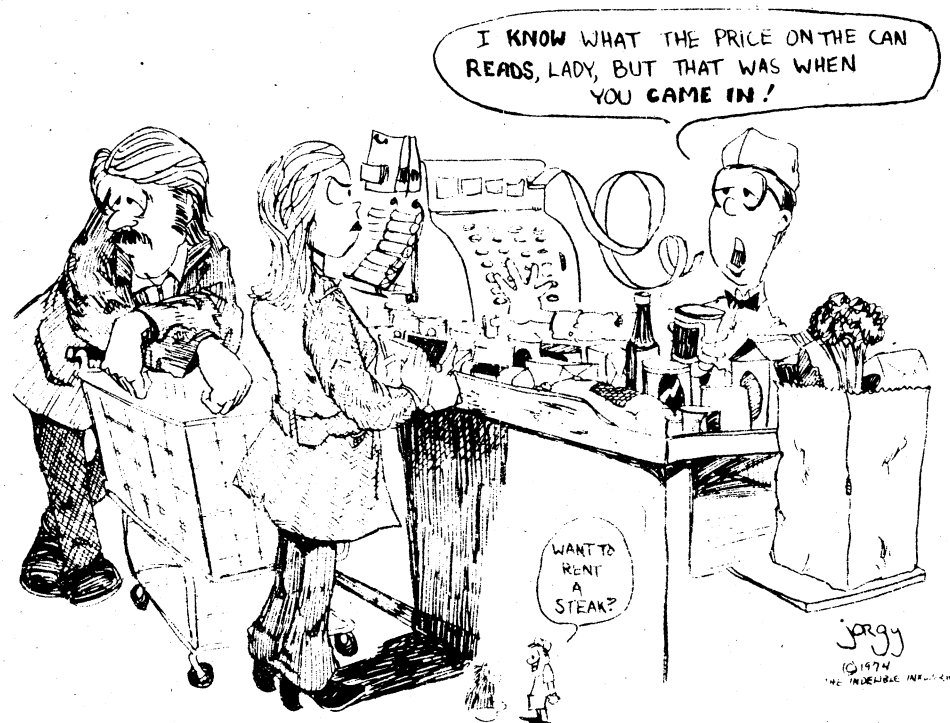
Friday, February 8, 1975. I had a prescription for Phisohex, and Tri "S" acne lotions filled at the Pharmacy at Shopper's Drug Mart at Cedarcroft and Bathurst. The cost of the Phisohex was \$3.69 and the cost of the Tri "S" was \$ 4.52.

Saturday February 9, 1975. I take off the dispensing label and notice the original price tag of the Tri "S" lotion. The Manufacturer's suggested list price was \$2.07 and Shopper's Drug Mart (discount?) price was \$3.85. I figured that the .67cents difference between my cost and the discount cost was the dispensing fee, which seemed reasonable; but what seemed unreasonable was the new discount price! The price was increased by \$1.78 or about an 85% increase in price. I decided to get at the bottom of this apparent "rip-off" and so I telephoned the Pharmacist at the Shopper's Drug Mart, a Mr. Berkowitz, who told me that his pricing system is "confidential", but that both prices that were marked on the label (i.e., \$2.07, and \$3.85) were both his cost price! He was unable to tell me how both prices could be his cost at the same time.

In order to clear this up I decided to call another Shopper's Drug Mart store. I called the store at York Mills Centre and spoke to the pharmacist

who was at first a little hesitant to speak to me and suggested that I speak to the manager, a Mr. Haberman (who was not in at the time) about prices. However, after calming down the pharmacist with a couple of simple inquiries, he began to respond readily. Asked how Shopper's Drug Mart calculates their dispensing fee, he said that all Shopper's Drug Marts, because they are part of the "Par Cost" system, have their dispensing fees negotiated by the provincial government. He said that all pharmacies that a part of the "Par Cost" system charge a dispensing fee. When asked about the pricing policy on prescription drugs, he said that "this is company policy" which "I cannot divulge". In other words, at this location, the pricing policy is confidential. I then called the Shopper's Drug Mart at the Scarborough Town Centre, and the pharmacist, after telling him that I was writing an article for my school paper, said he was too busy to talk; but when pressed, said that they had NO DISPENSING FEE, and, their pricing policy was confidential.

What began as an innocent inquiry was becoming another watergate coverup. No one seemed interested thus far in letting the public know their policy for pricing prescription drugs. I decided to call one more location, and if they were not helpful I would call the head office. I called the Shopper's Drug Mart



at 4949 Bathurst St. and talked to the pharmacist. He said that all drug stores charge a dispensing fee, but the fee at his pharmacy was "company information". I asked him if the fee was negotiated by the government and was therefore public information. He said that the negotiated fee was only for pharmacists who dispense to "welfare" cases under the "Par Cost" system, of which Shopper's Drug Mart was not a member. When asked about his prescription pricing system, he said that it was "confidential". I called head office of Shopper's Drug Mart at 255 Yorkland Ave. and there was no answer.

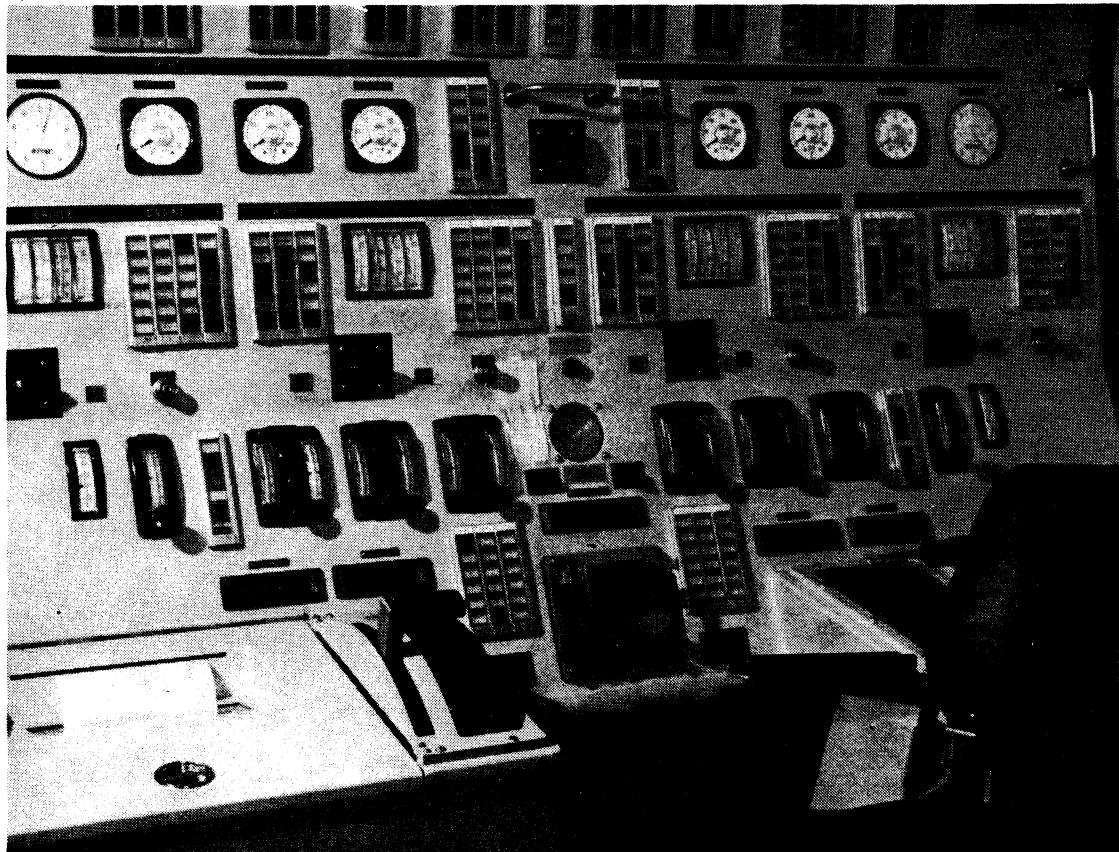
I then phoned Shopper's Drug Mart at 467 Parliament St. and inquired about the prices of Tri "S" lotion (which cost me \$4.52) and Phisohex lotion (which cost me \$3.69). He told me that both lotions require a doctor's prescription, but that Tri "S" costs between four and five dollars, but he said their policy was not to quote prescription prices over the phone. This is a little silly, I thought to myself. If I don't know how much something is going to cost me, how will I know how much money to take out of the bank to pay for the medications?

Further it seemed odd that a large company would advertise about their low, low prices, and then not tell you what they were! To resolve this dilemma I telephoned another location, this time at the Towne and Country Square. The assistant pharmacist said that she had no Tri "S" lotion but she does have Phisohex but she can't tell me how much it costs as this is the policy of the store. I told her that I needed to know how much money to take from the bank to cover the cost of the Phisohex lotion, and she said, "It will be less than \$20.00". At this time, I was not in the mood to play the guessing game of "is it more

than two dollars and less than sixteen", etc. etc. until I came up with the correct price.

I decided to check her story out with yet another Shopper's Drug Mart location. I was told by the Finch and Leslie Square location that they do not have Tri "S" lotion, but that the Phisohex would cost me \$3.37 which includes the dispensing fee. Finally! It appeared as though I was getting on the right track with the Phisohex. I felt that if I could unravel the mystery of the Phisohex, then, by seer momentum, the clues to Tri "S" would surely fall into place.

I recalled that a friend of mine had worked at a pharmacy and might (if plied by drugs and liquor) tell me exactly what the dispensing fee really is on Par Cost, or, as the druggist at the 4949 Bathurst St. store said, "welfare" prescriptions. After plying my friend (who wishes of course to remain anonymous) I got the answer. The dispensing fee under Par Cost is \$2.60, and this fee is set by the government. Thus, if you add the dispensing fee to the \$3.85 cost of the lotion (the first store) you get \$6.45. I can only infer that they were very generous to me and undercharged me by almost two dollars, and that some pharmacies can't be making very much money if they don't have any dispensing fees at all! Not being a mathematician I leave the reader to figure out the numbers. Of course none of this explains why the Cedarcroft and Bathurst location will tell you how much something costs while another won't. I suppose I could get to the bottom of this mess if I telephoned the company that manufactures Tri "S", but I have this terrible premonition that I may discover that it is a wholly owned subsidiary of Shopper's Drug Mart and is run by an agent of the C.I.A.



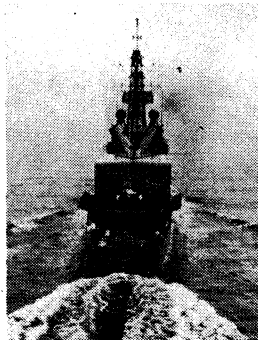
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ENGLISH 253 PRESENTS
EXIT MUTTERING
 BY DONALD JACK
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY
FEBRUARY 12 & 13 8:00 pm
 IN THE PIPEROOM

Torontonian playwright Donald Jack suggests an unconventional approach to self-fulfillment. Be there.

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Judge Rules Prisoners Have The Right To Attempt Escape

Los Angeles (ENS/CUP)---In a landmark decision, a California Appeals Court judge has ruled that under certain conditions a prison inmate may have a justifiable right to attempt escape.

The case in point centres around two women inmates from a narcotics rehabilitation centre in Southern California. They escaped after being continuously threatened with rape by lesbian inmates at the prison. The women

contend that they complained to prison authorities several times to no avail and finally escaped to save themselves.

A trial court convicted the women of the escape charge after they were recaptured. That conviction was appealed and defense attorneys argued that the women escaped out of necessity.

Appeals judge Robert Gardner, in overturning the lower court decision,

cited as a precedent a case in English court 238 years ago in which a judge ruled that inhumane prison conditions, "excuse the felony" of escape.

Gardner ruled that for the "defense of necessity" to be admissible, the prisoner must first have tried every recourse available to protect himself inside the prison and must have also turned himself in to authorities immediately after the escape.

The decision has been appealed by

the state to the California Supreme Court on the grounds that the ruling is too broad.

But deputy state attorney Conrad Petermann acknowledged, "maybe now time has come," for the defense of necessity to be admitted as, "a new defense."

Man Jailed For Shooting Way Into Bathroom

Knoxville, Tennessee (ZNS/CUP)--A Knoxville man has received a six month suspended jail sentence for being in such a hurry to use the bathroom that he fired five pistol shots through a locked door.

As Woodrow Harvey unloaded his pistol into the door, his son-in-law who was inside, was forced to scramble for safety out a window.

The 58 year old Harvey told the court, "I was just trying to shoot the bathroom door open. It was

locked and I had to get in there."

Judge Jewell Watson, who handed down the six month sentence on simple assault, told Harvey, "I advise you to get an extra key to the bathroom so you won't have to shoot your way in when you have to go."



Featured cell mate of the month, Catso Duro

Art You Can Sink Teeth In

San Francisco, California (ZNS/CUP)---The mystery of the 5,000 tooth like objects discovered in the desert near here has been solved.

An estimated 5,000 pyramid like objects, from seven to 13 inches high were discovered protruding upward on the sands of the Majve Desert. Many nearby residents suspected that "flying saucers" were behind the incident.

However, a 31 year old, Los Angeles artist reported this week that the teeth were merely his works of art. Donn Jones said he placed what he calls ceramic candles on the desert to dry, where they were discovered by puzzled travellers.

Doper Mouse Taken Alive



Palo Alto, California (ENS/CUP)---Marty, the notorious marijuana mouse, has finally been taken alive by narcotics officials here.

Police officials have been hot on Marty's tail for about two weeks. The mouse was discovered living

somewhere in the police department's evidence storage area, living on a steady diet of everything from marijuana to cocaine.

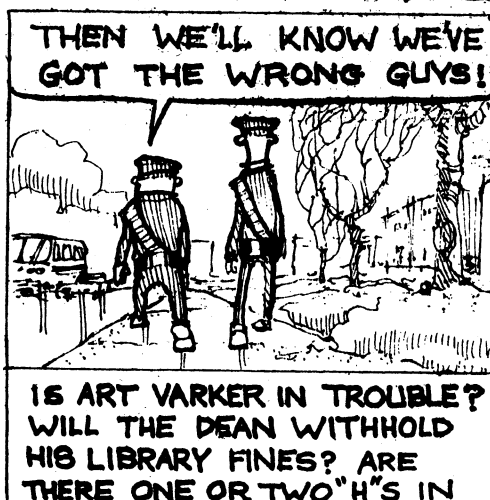
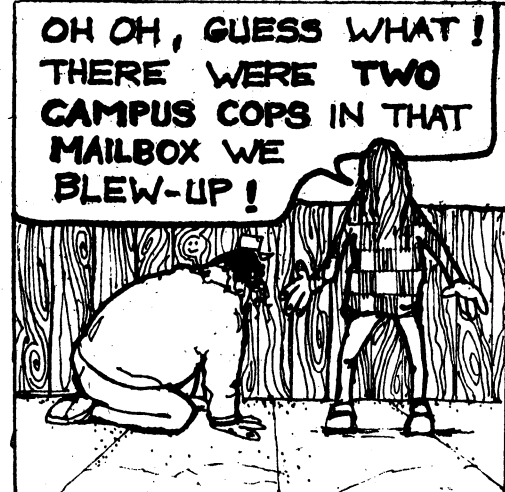
Repeated efforts to capture the mouse, baiting him with everything from peanut butter and cheese to a female mouse proved unsuccessful

until this week. A sophisticated Sherman Trap, which allowed him to enter but not to leave, was credited with making the pinch.

Police officials say they'll keep Marty as a mascot, confined to a cage in his favourite place--the narcotics storage room.

Art Varker

CAMPUS REVOLUTIONARY



IS ART VARKER IN TROUBLE? WILL THE DEAN WITHHOLD HIS LIBRARY FINES? ARE THERE ONE OR TWO "H'S" IN WITHHOLD?
(ANSWER: YES OR NO)

Bacteria Backtalk

New York, New York (ENS/CUP)---The first man who suggested seven years ago that house plants respond emotionally and physically to human actions, this week told scientists in New York that bacteria in yogurt experiences similar responses.

Cleve Backster, whose work was made famous in the book, "The Secret Lives of Plants," was joined by five scientists on a panel at the convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in New York.

The panel discussion was prompted by the increasing public acceptance of the notion that plants can interrelate with humans.

All five scientists rejected the theory, saying they've been unable to repeat Backster's original experiments. But Backster rebutted, saying he's gone on to new experiments, this time involving yogurt.

He says that when he pours milk into a bowl of yogurt in another room, an electronically monitored bowl of yogurt in yet another room responds by emitting electrical signals signifying pleasure. The responses he says, are emitted by the living bacteria in the yogurt.

Mickey And Donald Lose Face

Disneyland, California (ENS/CUP)--- Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck have lost their battle to form a labour union of their own.

The National Labor Relations Board has ruled that Mickey, Donald, Goofy, Snow White and even the Three Little Pigs are, "unskilled or at best semi-skilled individuals" whose work is not substantially different from hundreds of other characters employed at Disneyland.

Employees portraying cartoon characters at Disneyland had petitioned

NLRB to allow them to create their own collective bargaining unit, claiming that they are highly skilled actors and actresses.

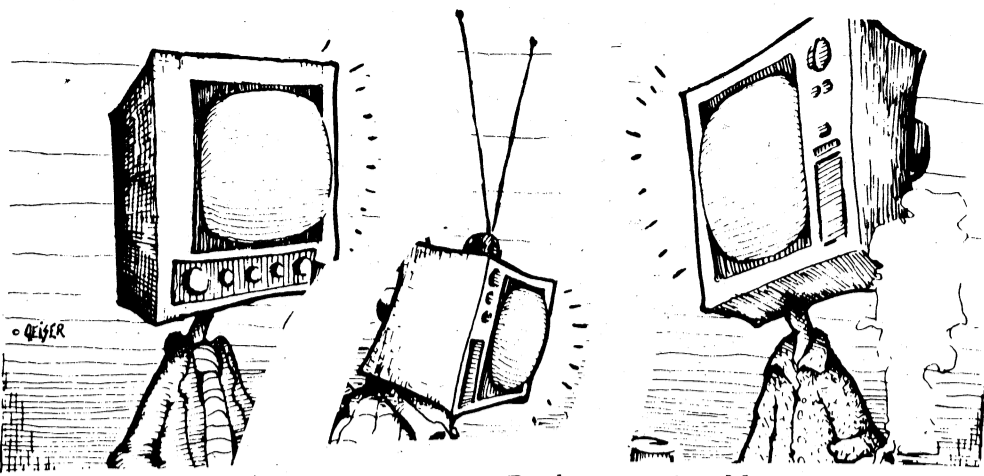
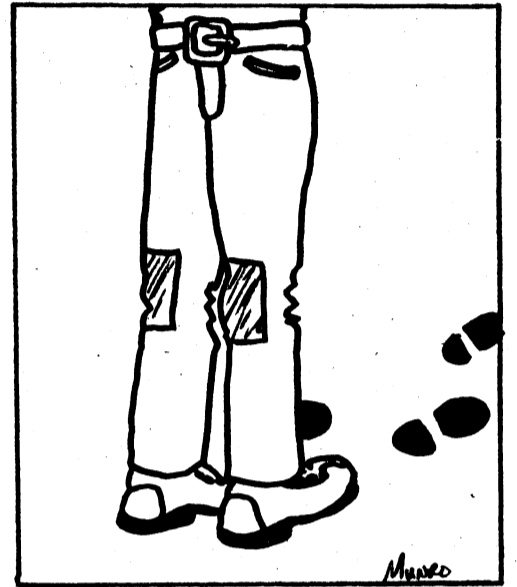
They also complained that they had to face special problems such as getting kicked in the shins and having their masks pulled.

If The Shoe Fits

Jarrettsville, Maryland (ZNS/CUP)-

Cecil Slemph of Jarrettsville has come up with a reversed shoe that has the heel in front and the toe behind. Slemph has been trying to sell his invention to the Pentagon.

He believes the shoe has military possibilities in that it would leave tracks leading in the opposite direction than the wearer actually marched.



Yeah, but it beats looking like Donald Duck or Mickey Mouse.

Pickpocket Pinched In Mitten Mix-up

Los Angeles, California (ZNS/CUP)- A pickpocket has been jailed on charges of not wearing his mittens.

Timothy Mack was arrested by police this week for violating his probation. Mack, it turns out, has

been arrested on a number of previous occasions for pickpocketing.

Judge Richard Hayden eventually grew tired of sending the light fingered criminal to jail, so in 1971, he set up special probation conditions for him.

Hayden ruled that Mack would be able to spend his days out of jail on the condition that he always wore mittens on his hands in public. What's more, said the judge, the mittens must not permit, "the independent movement of the fingers."

Mack's freedom came to an abrupt end when police spotted him, with his hands bare, allegedly following a woman with a wallet. As a result, Mack is back in jail awaiting a new sentence from the judge.

Workers Layed Off

Fiji Islands (ZNS/ CUP)---A union representing gold miners in the Fiji Islands is seeking a 30 minute sex break to be tacked onto their normal lunch break.

According to Navita Raccone, a representative of the 1,600 member all male union, the miners have found that noon-time is the best time for sex.

Raccone says that a man has a sexual obligation to his wife and if he comes home exhausted at 5 p.m., he simply can't fulfill it.

The union proposes to limit the sex breaks to married men only, said Raccone, "we don't want to overdo this."

Senator Says It

Washington D.C., Maryland (ZNS/CUP)--The quote of the week comes from Mississippi Senator James Eastland, who sat in on one Senate caucus investigation alleged wrongdoing by the C.I.A.

During the discussion of the agency's intervention in Chile, Eastland drew audible gasps by thundering out, "what's wrong with overthrowing the government of Chile. It was a commie government wasn't it."

Nader's Nonsense On Tour

San Francisco, California (ZNS/ CUP)--Consumer advocate Ralph Nader is not the easiest person to accommodate when he is on the road.

During a recent California lecture tour, Nader surprised officials of one college by refusing to ride in a limousine offered him. Nader, instead, asked for a pre-1970 Ameri-

can built sedan which he felt was less pretentious and safer.

At a restaurant, Nader set aside his salad until the waitress could determine if the lettuce was organically grown and union packed.

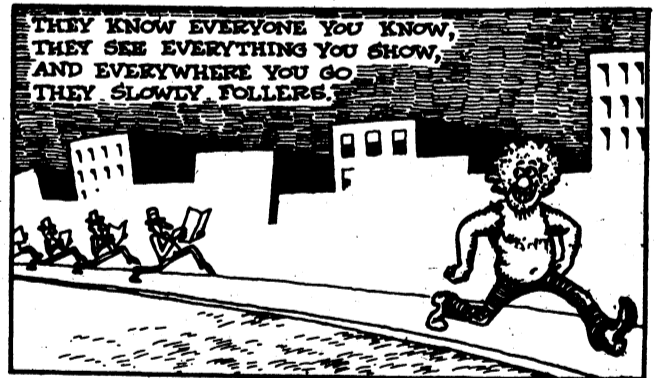
Finally, he demanded another hotel when he learned he had been booked into one controlled by I. T. T.

GOVERNMENT SPIES

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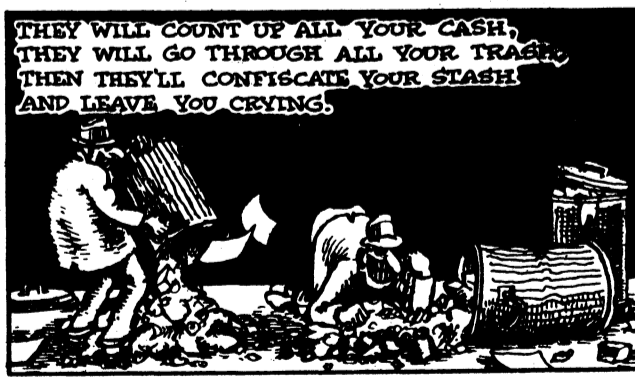
GOVERNMENT SPIES ARE EVERYWHERE, IN YOUR HOME AND IN YOUR HAIR, LURKING IN THEIR SECRET LAIR, COUNTING DOLLARS;



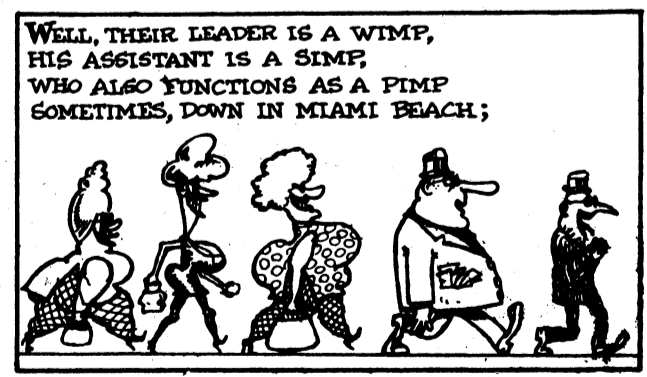
THEY KNOW EVERYONE YOU KNOW, THEY SEE EVERYTHING YOU SHOW, AND EVERYWHERE YOU GO THEY SLOWLY FOLLERS.



GOVERNMENT SPIES WILL COME TO YOU, AND THERE'S NOT MUCH YOU CAN DO, EXCEPT TO SIT THERE 'TIL THEY'RE THROUGH WITH THEIR SPYING;



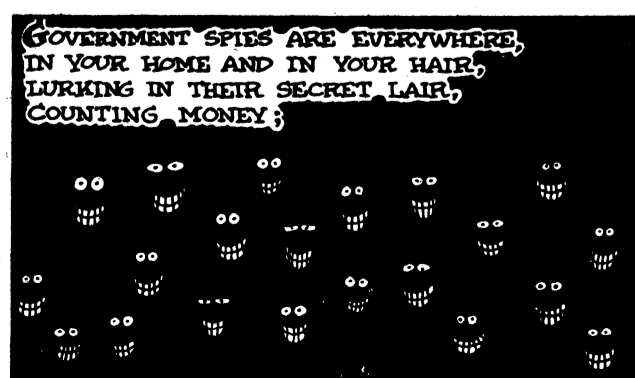
THEY WILL COUNT UP ALL YOUR CASH, THEY WILL GO THROUGH ALL YOUR TRASH, THEN THEY'LL CONFISCATE YOUR SLASH AND LEAVE YOU CRYING.



WELL, THEIR LEADER IS A WIMP, HIS ASSISTANT IS A SIMP, WHO ALSO FUNCTIONS AS A PIMP SOMETIMES, DOWN IN MIAMI BEACH;



"SECRET SOURCES" PAY THE TAG, AND THEY PAY THEM BY THE BAG, IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A GROWN MAN GAG AND SCREECH.

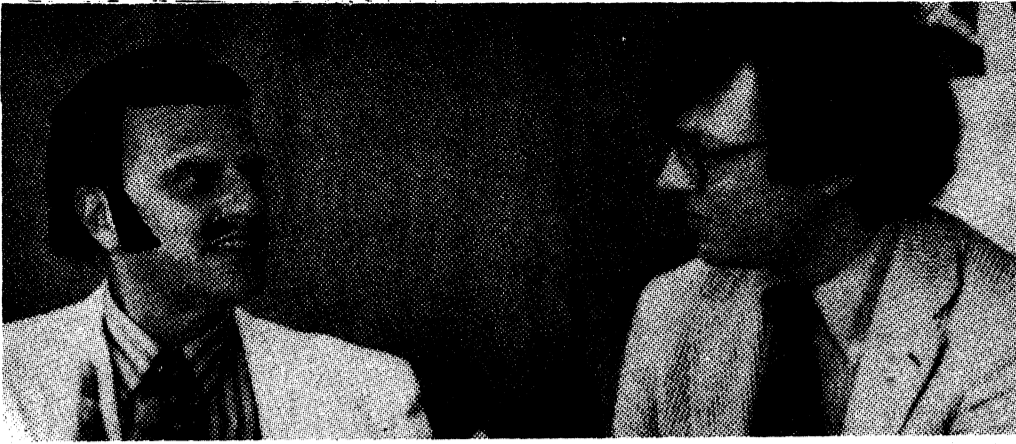


GOVERNMENT SPIES ARE EVERYWHERE, IN YOUR HOME AND IN YOUR HAIR, LURKING IN THEIR SECRET LAIR, COUNTING MONEY;



THEY KNOW EVERYONE YOU KNOW, THEY SEE EVERYTHING YOU SHOW, THEY GO EVERYWHERE YOU GO, AND IT AIN'T FUNNY.

-GILBERT SHELTON- 6-73



by Andrew Nikiforuk

My article this week is a short story about "insanity." People enter into madness and become insane to escape the pain of reality. If reality is nothing more than legalized or authorized "insanity" then there are no asylums. If there are no sanctuaries then no distinctions exist between sanity and insanity. In such an environment the victims of insanity must in turn conform to the insane order by becoming insane or risk the pain of being real. Insanity is a tempting social opium.

Two men sat down and began to talk. Because they were intellectuals they talked about many things that other people do not discuss. They talked for a long time and only stopped to light their cigarettes. The cigarettes were dry and there was much smoke. The two men coughed a great deal as they talked and waved their hands at grey clouds of smoke. Then there came a silence. The men had talked so long and about so much they needed a silence. In the silence they appreciated what the other had said and tried to anticipate what would be said next.

Finally the first man ended the

An Ideal World Is Not Out Of Man's Reach

Richard Lougheed

Do you ever ask yourself, "Is that all there is to life?" as in one recent popular song. If you haven't and if the question seems ridiculous, then this article is not for you. I believe man inevitably searches for an ideal; that is his nature. Probably, most of you have searched for an ideal through philosophy, politics, drugs, alcohol, religion, money-making, meditation, sex or whatever. I know that I tried a few methods, but there was always

something which was still missing.

Now let us construct an ideal system for the whole world. This won't be mere philosophy (please excuse me, philosophy majors) because it has a practical application. Naturally, everyone will not agree to all of the hypotheses, but please bear with me to the end.

First of all, this ideal system must begin with a transformation of the individual's attitude rather than imposition of the system from above. In this way, he will not rebel and it will be a grass-roots system. There should be strict principles which nevertheless allow for extensive individuality and variety in application.

Moniteurs de Langue Seconde

Cinquante étudiants universitaires de l'Ontario possédants une bonne connaissance de leur langue seconde, l'anglais ou le français, recevront un maximum de \$3,000 par année et jusqu'à \$300 au titre des frais de voyage pour leur participation dans ce programme fédéral-provincial.

Les étudiants choisis comme moniteurs étudient à plein temps dans une autre province et en même temps, travaillent de six à huit heures par semaine comme moniteurs de langue seconde. Les moniteurs aident les étudiants des niveaux élémentaire, secondaire ou postsecondaire à parfaire l'utilisation de leur langue seconde officielle.

Les étudiants de niveau postsecondaire des autres provinces qui poursuivent leurs études en Ontario peuvent être reçus moniteurs de langue seconde en Ontario.

Pour recevoir une brochure de renseignements et un formulaire de demande, veuillez écrire à votre coordonnateur provincial. Les étudiants de l'Ontario doivent consulter

Mr. R. E. Schatz
Coordinator, Educational Exchange Programs
Ministry of Education
Mowat Block Queen's Park
Toronto, Ontario M7A 1E5

The Two Hour History

silence by admitting to the other that he was insane. "My friend, I believe I am insane."

"There is nothing unusual about that," the other replied. It was a reassuring remark. "In fact my best friends are insane," he added.

"I know that well. That is why I have revealed to you the fact that I am insane. Now you have one more friend who is insane. They laughed matter-of-factly and reached for cigarettes.

"How is your wife taking this?" asked the second man.

"Not very well. She has become quite hysterical and very intolerant of my actions. She has not been receptive to my insanity at all. I fear I shall have to commit her. The neighbours all agree that she has been most unreasonable and has totally negated my right to be insane. She shrieks in front of the children that I am irresponsible. She is not an understanding woman."

There was a pause in the conversation. What could one say?

"I understand your feelings. You know you have my sympathy." Both

men nodded their heads mechanically. "Women's reactions are always so full of sentiment and emotion. A few weeks in the sanatorium would do her no harm. But what will you do with the children?"

"The children," said the other, "shall be sent away with their mother. They're just as insecure and demanding as my wife." The man gestured in agreement. A wave of the hand. A mysterious flick of a cigarette.

The first man smiled and said, "You know I really enjoy this new sense of freedom I have now that I am insane. I can do absolutely anything I want."

The second man leaned over to the first.

"Your conversion is a step in the right direction, part of the growth process nowadays. It is unfortunate your wife cannot recognize your maturation as a human being." They realized this was most unfortunate.

A silence followed. This silence marked the end of the talking altogether. This matter of insanity had consumed many words and much energy.

All men must be equal under the system. To avoid coercion, everyone must be allowed to freely accept or reject the authority (to be described later). The system would have goals which could never be fully attained by us, in order to keep us motivated. At the same time, there should be immediate and continuing rewards for those who accept and follow the authority, as well as a final reward.

Thus, the citizens are doubly-motivated to follow the authority while anyone who rejects the authority is, in effect, penalizing himself doubly by denying himself the rewards for allegiance. Nevertheless, this person is free to exist and attempt to find enjoyment outside the system.

This system must provide a reason for existence and for our actions. It should promote love, joy, peace, understanding and gratefulness (to the system).

Now, to achieve all this there must be a perfect or incorruptible and be a perfect or incorruptible referee or authority who is all-knowing. He would provide a source of absolute and perfect authority, which could deal with all problems. In addition, each citizen needs a source of authority (still perfect) near to him to give continual information, reminders and encouragement.

This authority, in controlling the system, must be able to increase the occurrence of happiness while strengthening the citizens in time of sorrow. Probably, you are now saying that this model is utopia and therefore useless. And you are right, as long as man is in control of the system and a man is the authority. But what if the system is Christianity and this absolute authority is God. The intermediate authority is both the Bible, describing the teachings of Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit. In this way we could personally contact God. Wouldn't this be ideal?

I know most of you will dismiss this as an old-fashioned foolish superstition, as I once did, but wouldn't this system be ideal, if it were possible?

We shouldn't judge Christianity by the hypocrites we have met, anymore than we should judge the Italian community by several Mafia leaders or Marxism as represented by only Stalin. Many people use the title 'Christian,' as a social necessity or they may do it honestly without understanding most of the above-mentioned system. In addition, all true Christians are still imperfect and sinners, but they realize it and they should be attempting to continually improve. They make many mistakes but they should have a different attitude from those of non-Christians.

Now you say, "How does this concern me?" I say, try it for your-

self to see if the tremendous power, which so many people through almost 2,000 years have felt, is what you have been missing in your life. It definitely was what I needed. Maybe it's the ideal you are looking for.

Being a Christian doesn't turn us into dull hermits! As well as being much happier than before, we receive inner peace, a purpose for everything and constant personal direction. Christianity is not a religion, worshipping a distant, unknowable God. It is a personal relationship with the infinite through Jesus Christ. Fantastic, very hard to believe at first, but true.

There are lots of ways to get more information and my purpose is not to recruit members for a certain denomination. But, on campus, anyone interested in further information is invited to talk to the Chaplain or to come to the Glendon Christian fellowship group (Wednesdays from 5 to 6 p.m. in the Hearth Room), just to see what I am talking about. Also, anyone can contact me in Wood Residence E305 or 487-6247.

Faute de temps, je n'ai pas écrit en français. J'espère que vous pouvez tous le comprendre. J'aimerais aussi discuter ce sujet en français avec qui ce soit.

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A Midwinter Night's Dream Sounds Familiar



Gordon McIvor

This article was written in story form so as to prevent me from being attacked too severely. The illusions however, are clear. These are all my own opinions and not necessarily those of this newspaper.

The King was sending more ships and more men over to the New World. It was almost certain now that they would win the continent and beat once and for all those stubborn and persistent Gauls who had been stealing so much of their valuable fur-trapping land. The French had been the first ones to settle and discover much of the eastern continent, it was true, but if they thought they were going to run the New World they were wrong. The English, the al-

mighty and glorious race under God, would win yet another corner of the earth to increase their evergrowing Empire. Besides, they hated their neighbours across the channel, and by conquering the French colony across the sea they could advance their position in the war against them. Hail Britannia, and the new mighty land it would create!

Le roi avait beaucoup de problèmes, il lui semblait, et le plus grand était situé à l'autre côté de la Manche. Il y avait des fois quand il pensait que les Anglais et les Français ne s'entendraient jamais... ils se battaient même au Nouveau Monde. Et qu'est-ce qu'on voulait qu'il fasse avec la Nouvelle France? Il avait assez d'ennuis dans son propre pays. Il ne pouvait jamais envoyer plus d'hommes pour aider la garnison des braves qui s'abritaient sur les côtes du Saint-Laurent. C'était triste, mais la vie est comme ça.

The hangman cut the rope and the body fell. It seemed to swing gently back and forth in the cool breeze that blew over the city. Regina was always cool at this time of year, open to the savage winds which swept across the prairies. And perhaps people shivered even more because of the corpse which hung in front of them. Louis Riel was dead at last, a traitor to the British new world and a madman who had somehow managed to stir up a country almost to the point of chaos. MacDonald was right; he had to die in the name of justice and national unity.

Marie ne comprenait pas pourquoi sa mère était tellement triste ce jour-là. Son père était parti pour la soirée en la laissant seul avec sa mère et son petit frère. Elle pensait que c'était peut-être à cause de ça que sa mère semblait malheureuse, mais enfin, son père passait souvent ses soirées en dehors de la maison, en discutant des choses politiques avec les autres hommes

de la ville. Ce soir il semblait que la réunion était spécialement importante... on va discuter le meurtre d'un grand homme dans l'ouest du Canada, un certain Louis Riel. Son père l'avait dit que cet homme avait fait beaucoup pour les Canadiens français, mais maintenant il était mort. Son père voulait le venger, et c'est probablement ce qu'il discutait au centre-ville de Saint-Foi à cette heure. Marie aurait voulu qu'il reste au foyer pour s'occuper de sa mère. Elle semblait tellement triste dès hier soir.

The Prime Minister thoughtfully examined the land he had chosen to build on. It was indeed a beautiful site for a university, probably the most beautiful area he had seen in Toronto. There was presently a small college on the land, but it could be bought and re-established to suit his ideas. As he walked through the rose gardens and gazed up at the old building bathed in a mass of verdancy, a building which once was the home of one of the city's richest families, he sighed and almost wished he would be going to this college. What a college it would be! For the first time in the history of English Canada, there would be a truly bilingual institution of learning in which young Canadians could come and learn and live in their second language. Perhaps it was a bit ideal, but the Prime Minister was certain it could work. It had to work... there had to be a place somewhere in the land where young people from both cultures could come together to live, to learn, and to love.

Il ne savait pas exactement pourquoi il est venu à Toronto. Quand il était au CEGEP, il avait souvent songé à voyager, mais il ne savait pas où. Il avait décidé de venir à Toronto parce que c'était la ca-

pital du Canada anglais, et dans cette ville il pourrait apprendre d'anglais (son père avait toujours dit qu'il faut apprendre l'anglais si on veut se débrouiller dans le monde), et il pourrait voir comment vivre les Anglais tout en continuant ses études politiques. Mais quand il s'est inscrit au collège, il n'avait trouvé que trois cours de politique en français, donc il était forcé de prendre la plupart de ses cours en anglais. Il avait appris très rapidement l'anglais, mais il a manqué un cours quand même à cause d'un langage technique qu'il ne comprenait point. Le maudit collège bilingue qu'on lui avait promis n'était qu'une farce. Mais ce n'était pas grave, car il y aurait toujours une Laval pour l'accueillir l'année prochaine.

An angry young woman sat reading an article on bilingualism at her new college. She really couldn't understand what all the fuss was about... I mean if people wanted to speak French, why didn't they just go ahead

and do it, as long as it wasn't around her. Why should the bloody bilingual group dominate the college? Didn't she have her rights as well, being a psychology major? Of course she did, and so did everyone else in the unilingual stream. She was really quite sick of the whole idea of bilingualism, and secretly wished she had gone elsewhere. But the campus of the college had been so inviting with all its trees and natural beauty, and it also wasn't far from downtown. She thought of writing a nasty article to the editor of the college newspaper concerning the article on bilingualism, but then thought with horror for a few seconds that if she did that, there was a possibility that she might be ostracized. Besides, she had too much psychology homework to do.

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SOUTHERN COMFORT

ON TAP

on campus

1. Exit Muttering: English 253 presents a play by Donald Jack on Wednesday and Thursday at 8:00pm. in the Pipe Room Admission 50¢.
2. Atkinson Dance on Thursday evening in ODH at 8:30 pm. featuring ELVEN; Atkinson free, Glendon students \$1.00.

movies

The Roxy Theatre, \$99, Danforth at Greenwood (461-2401)
 Wednesday: Le Petit Theatre de Jean Renoit at 7 and 10:10 Fellini's Clowns at 8:40pm.
 Thursday: Rashomon, best foreign film of 1952 at 7:00 pm. The Blind Samurai at 8:25pm. Ugetsu at 10:00 pm.
 Friday: Zachaiah at 7 and 9:20pm. Magical Mystery Tour at 8:30pm and 10:50pm.
 Saturday: Batman and Robin #13 2:30 matinee, Monty Python at 7:30 and 9:30 pm., Pink Flamingos 12 mid-nite

Monday: Candu and Magician (with Bela Lugosi) at 7:00 pm. Un Chien Andalou at 8:15 pm. Phantom of the Opera (Lon Chaney) at 3:45pm. Things to Come at 10:00pm.
 Tuesday: D.H. Lawrence's Women in Love at 7:00 and 10:45pm. Virgin and the Gypsy at 9:10 pm.



Emily Carr's works at the Art Gallery Feb. 11-27.

theatre

1. St. Lawrence Centre (57 Front St.): Article 58 366-7723
2. Tanagon (30 Bridgman Ave): Bonjour, la Bonjour 531-1827
3. Firehall (70 Berkley St.): THE Power of Darkness 364-4170

4. Toronto Free Theatre (24 Berkley St.): The Pits 368-5847
5. Poor Alex (296 Brunswick): Tony's Woman 961-3303
6. Theatre Passe Muraille (736 Bathurst): I Love You, Baby Blues 961-3303
7. Second City (Lombard St.): Any-one for Kelp? 363-1674

OPEN FORUM

A look at Federal government's Green Paper on Canadian Immigration at St. Lawrence Centre 27 Front Street on Wed. Feb. 12th at 8:00pm; Free Admission.

music

1. The Colonial (203 Yonge St.)
Rahsaan Roland Kirk 33-6168
2. El Mocambo (464-Spadina): The Good Bros. to Saturday 961-2558

3. Egertons (Jarvis at Gerrard): Lisa Garber
 4. Riverboat (134 Yorkville) Luke Gibson to Sunday 922-6216
- Murray McLauchlan at Massey Hall, Saturday evening at 9:00 pm only.



Folksinger and songwriter Murray McLauchlan is at Massey Hall, 9 p.m. Feb. 15. Tickets \$4, \$5 and \$6. 363-7301.

Scenes From a Marriage - Honest Emotion

by Stephen Godfrey

Two years ago, the great director, Ingmar Bergman, made a six part series for Swedish television starring his close friend Liv Ullmann, who has appeared in nearly all his movies since they met in 1965, and Erland Josephson, an actor best known outside Sweden for his performance as the doctor in Bergman's recent "Cries and Whispers." Together, these three were responsible for what turned out to be perhaps the most popular yet controversial television series that country had ever seen. Encouraged by an American distributor, Bergman (who plans a second series next year) compressed his six one-hour segments into four hours, then finally just under three. Even in this greatly condensed version, "Scenes From a Marriage" (SFAM) is destined to be his most popular work in North America yet, and is being acclaimed as one of his best. By any standards, it ranks as one of the most honest, emotionally affecting, literate and memorable films in a long time. It also happens to be very entertaining and truly dramatic, and it strikes so many chords that are common in most of us that I can think of few people who would not be able to identify with a part of it. Some long-married



Liv Ullman in Scenes From a Marriage

couples may find it so true to life as to be overly-familiar and repetitious, but for the general movie-goer, that should be seen as a sign of the work's success.

The film is about an affluent couple named Johan and Marianne, and traces the breakdown of their relationship after a comfortable and smooth twelve years of marriage, when a crisis forces them to reassess their lives, together and alone. The opening scene uses the simple and effective device of having them being interviewed for what we suppose is a woman's magazine, aiming to present them as a sterling example of a model marriage. But when the interviewer asks them to describe themselves in a few words, their answers reveal to us an imbalance that shows their arrangement is on shaky ground. Johan applies to himself such adjectives as mature, intelligent, sexy--here he looks to Marianne, who gives a demure nod--and youthful. Marianne talks of herself submissively, in terms of fulfilling Johan's needs, and only seems confident when she mentions her children. Yet Marianne says, "I'm happy" and means it; Johan seems to make fun of the word.

"There's one problem I've noticed in all my clients," Marianne remarks later, speaking to Johan of her work as a divorce lawyer. "It's as if they're speaking two different languages to each other, like a faulty telephone connection." Yet she does not see the danger in settling an argument with a pat "I think you're right, but so am I." She and Johan watch their best friends, married for years like themselves, lash out at each other and argue how they will divide up their money when they divorce. Marianne is thankful that she and Johan "really communicate" and that they are agreed on so many important areas. "Of course, they say that a lack of problems is often a problem in itself," but again she does not apply this theory to her own case. Blind to the tension we see building in Johan, she is totally devastated when he comes home on night and tells her he is leaving for Paris next morning with a 23-year old student named Paula. The rest of the film concerns the painful and often surprising outcome of this separation for both of them.

A great deal of the film's power comes from the simple direction and camerawork, as well as the acting. Through various means, Bergman makes us feel so intimate and closely linked with the couple that the effect is almost claustrophobic. The two main actors are shot almost entirely in close-ups, and since they are the only people on screen at least three-quarters of the time, their faces by



"Open-ended, slow-paced, and multi-climaxed" SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE

the end seem as familiar to us as those of our own friends. The camerawork is generally so unpolished and unobtrusive as to seem entirely spontaneous. The settings are almost all inferior, one-dimensional, bland, and fairly sparse, and the lighting is generally quite flat. There is no spectacle or music to even momentarily distract us from the personal and painful aspects of the marriage, and we are denied the less intense emotions that possible scenes of the two children talking or playing might produce. As a result of all this, the film is less commercial-looking, more informal, and entirely realistic.

Liv Ullmann's understated performance, in a role that has a lot of potential for theatrics, completely holds our attention and never seems false. Although she seems a bit too timid and subservient in the opening scene with the interviewer, her development into a very emancipated woman (sometimes similar to Nora in Ibsen's "The Doll House," a role she is now playing in New York) reveals an incredible emotional range. When Johan announces he is leaving, her wounded, helpless cries of "Please! Stay and help me through this!" combined with her unpredictable and petty comments ("I keep meaning to buy a new alarm clock," "Can I help you pack?") are incredibly moving. Contrasting scenes of anger and outrage, such as one where she finds that many of her best friends have known of Johan's plans all along, give a well-rounded portrait of a sympathetic woman.

"SFAM" contains great insights and perceptions that are relevant not just to this couple, but to relationships we have all had at some time. The very simplicity, even banality, of some of the exchanges between Johan and Marianne have a kind of universality that makes you feel that

either you have said such things before or that someone has said them to you. We see the familiarity and routine of a relationship leading almost inevitably to dishonesty and blindness. "It's so funny," Marianne is forced to admit after Johan's announcement, "I haven't noticed any change at all. Things were even better than before." At last she realizes the danger of the "I think you're right but so am I" attitude, and we see the peril in certain kinds of compromise.

But "SFAM" owes a lot of its profound and disturbing effect to the fact that it does not attempt to neatly answer or solve any of the important questions it presents. The outcome is original and fairly unpredictable, and it makes the film open-ended in a really valuable way. Although one critic saw it as showing marriage to be an institution "that curdled love and incubated hate," there is little evidence of this at all. Nothing in Johan and Marianne's problems point to the idea of marriage and monogamy as a failure in itself. Rather (and this is the source of the film's greatness and broad appeal), it tries to show the complex problems of something which sounds so elementary: the basic need to love. The film is a catalogue of the frustrations, violence, insecurity and chaos that can come out of such an attempt, and yet the final note is one of optimism. "My biggest regret," says Marianne at one of the film's emotional high points, "is that I will never know what it is like to be truly loved." "I love you," says Johan, "in my own imperfect way." Bergman manages to show us that even great imperfection in love, as long as it is honest and active rather than evasive and superficial, can still make the struggle very much worthwhile.

Quebec chaud D'ici La Fin De L'année

par Daniel Richard

Bonjour chers lecteurs, vu que rien ne change ici-bas et surtout pas vous autres, c'est donc avec le plus grand plaisir que je confirme la nouvelle que j'annonçais la semaine dernière: Harmonium sera à Glendon le 20 mars au prix indiqué. Vous vous souvenez? André Rousseau m'a dit que c'est le meilleur groupe au Québec et puis, vu que c'est mon chum et mon ancien voisin de chambre et aussi vu qu'il est plus grand que moi, je ne l'ostinerai pas. Donc un très bon spectacle, d'une classe définitivement supérieure, à ne pas manquer.

Vous aimeriez-vous ça si y'avait un autre Jolly Hearts Club Band au mois de mars? Ben là, tenez-vous bien, restez calmes (ça, pas de danger pas que pour ce qui est de bouger, . . .): je le sais pas. Ça se parle. Les négociations vont bon train et tous les membres du groupe espèrent encore pouvoir s'en clarifier. Mais néanmoins, soyez confiants. On n'a jamais eu l'habitude de ne pas changer d'idée deux, trois fois.

Si il y en a qui aimeraient me faire part de leurs commentaires concernant n'importe quel des sujets dont il n'est même pas fait l'ombre du reflet d'une allusion ici, . . . je ne veux rien savoir.

Gros becs à tous les malchanceux qui n'étaient pas là la semaine dernière.

Pour en revenir à Harmonium, et là soyons sérieux, il s'agit d'un jeune groupe Québécois qui comprend cinq musiciens. Leur musique est très bien construite et ils apportent quelque chose de neuf au "son" Québécois. Ils parlent de la ville mais sur un ton différent de celui d'Octobre par

exemple. Ils se sont produits un peu partout au Québec et ils ont toujours eu des critiques élogieuses. Ce sera leur premier "grand" spectacle à Toronto et pour l'occasion, ils ont obtenu d'avoir une ou deux entrevues à Radio Canada et à CHUM-FM.

Par contre, la musique du Jolly Hearts Club Band est un peu plus difficile à situer. Un style écoeurant et un son qui souvent fait fi de toutes les normes concernant la pollution sonore font de ce groupe une des valeurs les plus sûres pour la renommée de tous les autres groupes professionnels. Doté (pour le meilleur et le pire) d'un chanteur mâle exceptionnel qui répond humblement au nom de Réjean Garneau (dans le civil) et Superstar sur la scène, il ne fait pas de doute que ce groupe a en main tous les atouts nécessaires pour faire un flop. Heureusement, le public averti (du danger) qui assiste à ce que certains ont (en se croyant très, très drôles) appelé le zoo Québécois, heureusement dis-je, ce public est en or. Etant tous membres honoraires du Jolly Hearts Club, ils savent supporter leur fanfare avec bruit et fracas.

Mais, et là soyons un petit peu attentif, il ne faudrait pas croire que tout est pourri dans ce groupe. Selon certains observateurs que je remercie ici de leur objectivité, le JHCB donne une performance musicale qui, si elle est loin d'être professionnelle, est du moins d'un calibre amateur respectable.

Mais, comme je vous ai dit tout à l'heure, énervez-vous pas. Commencez pas à dire qu'on va vous faire sécher comme les autres fois à dire qu'on le fait, puis qu'on ne le fait pas, puis qu'on le fait. Non. On ne le sait pas encore si on le fait. Mais, il y a une très haute pro-



babilité que le huit mars il va y avoir pas mal de monde paqueté sur le campus mais, c'est pas sûr encore.

Ce qui est certain par exemple, c'est que, s'il y a un Jolly, vous n'aurez pas besoin de passer l'heure du souper devant la porte du café pour avoir une place. Non. Cette fois on vous a gâté. Vous allez pouvoir amener votre dessert et vous installer devant la porte de la salle O.D.H. pour avoir une chance d'entrer. Vous aurez même pas besoin de changer de bloc. Tout dans le même édifice. Aussi, ceux qui n'ont pas pu entrer les autres fois (et de cela nous sommes vraiment désolés,) vous allez pouvoir entrer, et vous êtes les bienvenus.

Ces deux dernières activités (s'il y en a deux), clôtureront une saison bien remplie pour Québec chaud.

En attendant, bonne semaine, et s'il se trouve des passages que vous n'aimez pas dans ce article faites comme moi, oubliez les. Par contre, s'il en est que vous avez particulièrement aimé, prenez les en note. Ils pourront vous servir à un moment ou à un autre (pour débiter un essai; une lettre à un ami etc.). S'il y a des passages que vous auriez aimé voir dans cet article, ne vous gênez pas: découpez l'article, écrivez ce que vous avez à dire et insérez le quelque part. Ça me fera plaisir. Finalement, en espérant ne pas vous avoir trop ennuyé, salut.

Le Médecin Malgré Lui

par Gordon McIvor et Michel Gontard

Molière n'aimait point les médecins de son époque. Il avait perdu ses enfants sous les yeux des médecins, et il avait lui-même une maladie douloureuse qui le fait souffrir. Donc ce n'est pas du tout étonnant qu'il donne une place importante à la maladie et à son cortège dans cinq de ces pièces . . . DON JUAN, L'AMOUR MEDECIN, MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE, et LE MEDECIN MALGRE LUI.

LE MEDECIN MALGRE LUI a été présenté pour la première fois le 6 août, 1666, avec Molière dans le rôle de Sganarelle. Ce fut un immense succès, et tout le monde déclara que c'était sans doute la meilleure farce jamais écrite par le grand poète. C'est curieux comme un homme qui souffrait des crises aiguës et des périodes de lente souffrance, un homme qui était "tout proche d'entrer dans la bière," ait pu écrire une farce comme celle-là, mais Molière était sans contredit un homme exceptionnel. L'intrigue de la pièce n'est pas très importante . . . ce sont les situations, les dialogues, et le ton qui la rendent tellement drôle. Sganarelle, un vrai vilain qui aime battre sa femme et qui s'avoue méde-

cin sous les coups de bâton de ses naient aux spectateurs une très bonne idée de la préciosité du XXIIe siècle. voisins, est décidément un personnage qui compare avec M. Jourdain du BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME ou bien Argan du MALADE IMAGINAIRE.

Le lundi et mardi de cette semaine, dans le 'Senior Common Room,' Molière était effectivement vivant et en bonne forme à Glendon. Le décor était original, celui du salon et celui de la forêt aussi. Les costumes étaient typiques de l'époque, et donc En ce qui concerne les acteurs, un peu d'inégalité. Bien sûr, certains professeurs rappelleront peut-être que "la critique est aisée, mais l'art est difficile." Malgré tout, dans l'ensemble un jeu agréable, le ton était là, du même, la manière, et le charme. A remarquer: Roger Léger, Marie-Jocelyne D'Amour, Jean-Claude Bouhénic, Carole McKay, et Clermont Trudelle. Qui aurait cru qu'un mélange aussi détonnant d'anglophones, de francophones des deux bords de l'Atlantique, puissent nous divertir avec tant de brio, et nous faire apprécier une fois de plus ce cher Molière?

fiddle player are good illustrations. While it appeared they were both very good, they did not get that much of a chance to show us.

Both Michal's first album and his recent single are doing well on the Charts. Hopefully Michal's new album currently being worked on, will be out to the public by the summer. His new act is a long ways

from the Michal Hasek that we saw last fall. I wonder why everytime a performer seems to be headed in a good direction, he makes a rapid switch to a different type of sound?

With his new sound Michal should be able to stay on top of things. If he had the old sound, it would have been guaranteed.

Easy-Going Concert

by Larry Guimond

When the five ladies who compose the Buffalo Gals walked on stage they took the old dining hall by storm. With excellent playing and an easy going stage show the Buffalo Gals lived up to their reputation. The band has a great amount of talent and draws upon all of its members heavily. Bluegrass music depends on instrumental breaks and good harmony. The Buffalo Gals do a great job of both harmony and breaks.

The Buffalo Gals material ranged from standards in the bluegrass field to some original tunes that they have recently been recorded. An original piece called "I'm Willing" done by Sue Raines is probably well worth the price of the album. While the band did a great job Sue deserves a special mention for her solo effort.

Since it is impossible to listen to a bluegrass band without noticing the banjo player, let it be recorded that I was definitely impressed. The remaining members of the band, while they never shine through as loudly or clearly as a banjo picker, were still enjoyable.

The Buffalo Gals expect that their

first album will be out in late March or early April. It would be well worthwhile to pick it up. The band will likely be back up in Canada for the bluegrass festivals this summer. If their concert here at Glendon is an indicator of their usual performance they will be a definite act to catch next time you get a chance.

Michal Hasek brought a whole new act to Glendon last week and received a somewhat mixed reaction. Those who expected the blues in a simple easy fashion got an electric surprise. Michal used a full band which included a dynamite lady vocalist to bring across his new sound. While the material was the same that Hasek has always done, the new sound was something completely different.

Michal, who has come a long way in the field of music, finally got to reap his success. For a single musician to carry as many musicians as Hasek did, it is a mark of success. Most of the people that were playing in the band are musicians used on Michal's album. Their was a lot of talent on stage that night but it appeared to be somewhat wasted. The lady vocalist and the

Glendon Cultural Event of the Year

On Thursday, February 13, at 1:30 pm. the cultural event of the year will take place in the Glendon Art Gallery. Students from all across the Glendon campus, joined with the odd faculty member, will present an afternoon of poetry, scenes from plays and anything else really that can be performed in front of a small audience. There are no restrictions on who can or can't perform. Organizer Peter Russell has a speakers list, and all you need to do to get on it is to come to the Glendon Art Gallery at 1:15pm. or so on Thursday, and get your name on it. It should be a lot of fun and very enjoyable to take part in.

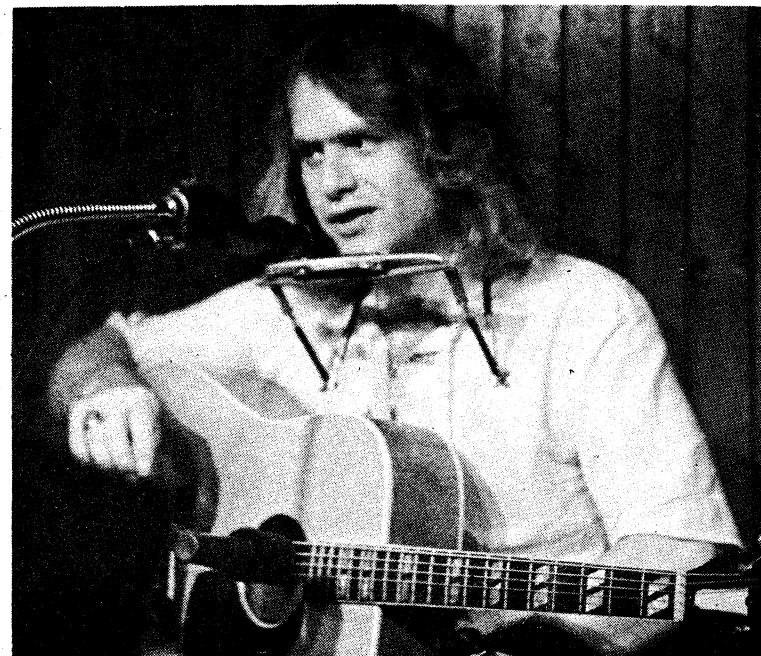
And now for the pre-amp.

It is rumoured that the very talented Sophia H. might be putting a little something together... Rumour has it that David T. may produce a small piece from a play he has written. Michael O. will be there reading. David S. and David M. are two definites, and it would be less than the truth if we weren't to say that Michael G. would have been there had he not had a series of meetings to attend.

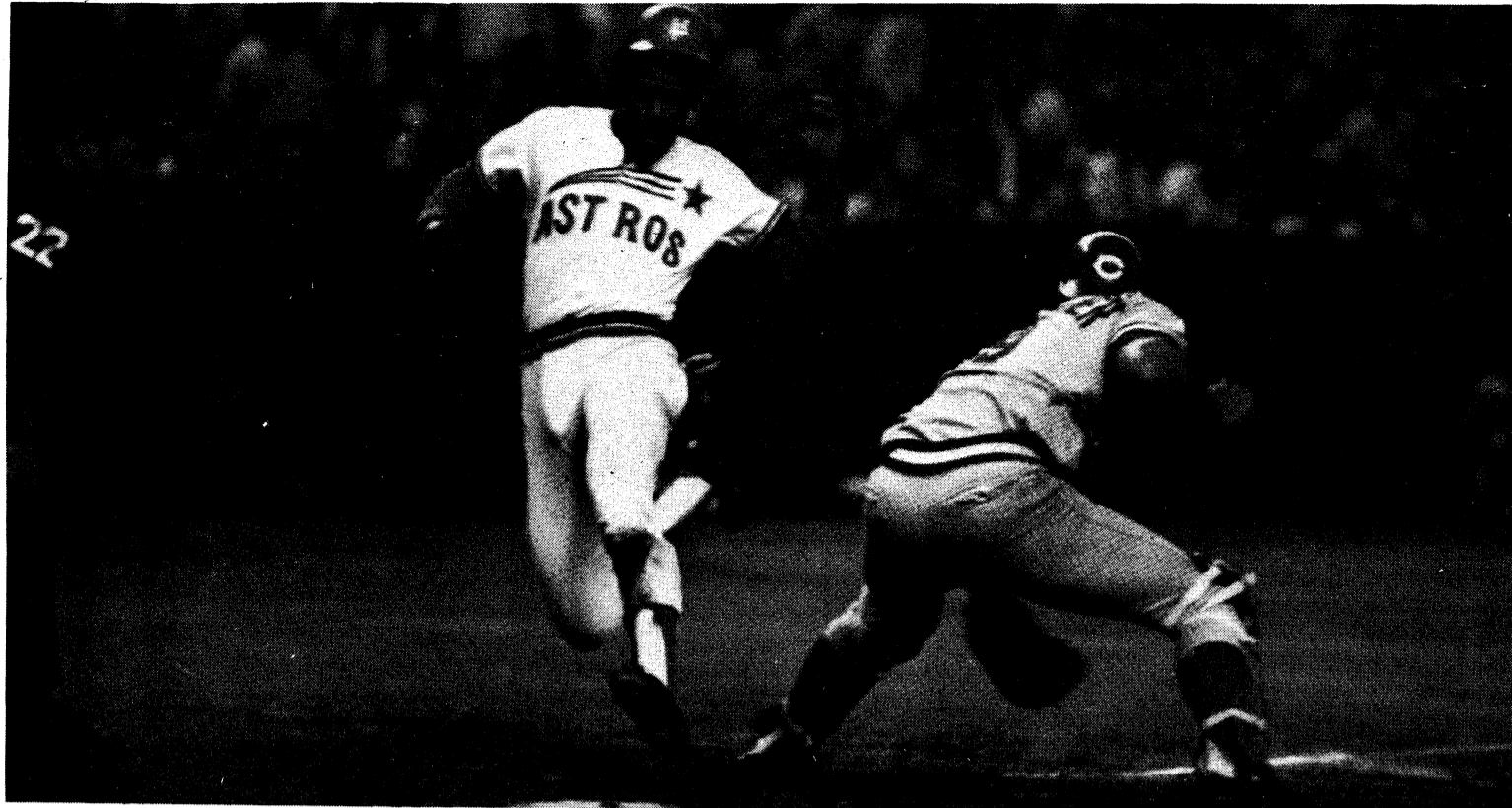
Glendon could use more of this kind of thing. We have had dances, concerts, forums, boat races, movies, dinner at the O.D.H.; we need now to have the people that make this College the great place it really is, the students them-

selves, to perform works of their own devising, or the works of one of the favourite artists. What could be better than an evening of music in the O.D.H. starring student pianist, cellists, etc. The possibilities for jazz combos, big and small band sound, singing, dancing and—? are endless.

So as you sit wondering what to do Thursday afternoon that's different, consider coming to the Art Gallery and performing. But you don't have to perform. Spectators will be as welcome as guest artists. Thursday February 13, Art Gallery Glendon College. A short one day away....



The turn out was small but those who were there enjoyed the show.



The Fat Old Men of Summer

It was a game between paunchy writers and flabby broadcasters—but among the spectators were the unbeatable Yankees of the glory days

It was back in the early 1960s, and I really wasn't that much of a kid anymore, but I still carried an autograph book in my hip pocket wherever I went. Ever since running into Rocky Marciano in the monkey house of Manhattan's Central Park Zoo I had made it a policy to be prepared, and it had paid off. Those jelly-smudged pages carried such gilt-edged names as Duke Snider, Roy Campanella, Gene Woodling and Gus Triandos. I got them by hanging around wherever players were likely to be found.

This chase for names once took me all the way to Bear Mountain. Each August the Yankees journeyed 40 miles up the Hudson to lend glamour to a game between sportswriters and broadcasters. No admission was charged. Who would pay to watch a bunch of mostly fat, mostly old men drop pop-ups, fall down and twist their ankles, forget to touch bases and bat out of turn? It was just a fun thing for the participants and for the 10,000 or so camp followers who came up from the Bronx.

But the Yankees were there. Though they didn't take part in the game they were, after all, the Yankees, the top-of-the-world Yankees—of Howard, Berra, Ford, Maris, Mantle and Skowron—breezing their way to their umpteenth pennant in the last umpteen years. No matter where they went kids stuck to them like barnacles. As for me, like most disillusioned Giant fans I had been drowning my sorrows in the Yankees since 1958, though they weren't my sort of team. They were too polished, too professional, too sure of themselves, but, what the heck, I finally decided, we were all each other had left. And on this occasion, at close range, hatless and in pull-overs, they looked like the winners they were. Which is more than I could say for

the writers and broadcasters. I was standing behind first base, maybe 10 yards behind it, when the writers took the field. "That's my hubby," said a bulgy woman, as an even bulgier man

waddled to third base. He wore green shorts, a crashhooter's visor and a pained expression. "He's with the *Journal-American*," she announced proudly. The rest of the team was no bargain, either. Still, when the ball—a big, chunky softball—was being whipped around the infield, it suddenly became evident that, while no Bob Fellers were out there, somebody could get a few teeth knocked out at close range. I realized, as did the spectators near me, that we were in a bad spot. One slip by the writers' first baseman, not apt to be a Vic Power with the glove, and the ball would connect with somebody's skull.

The first baseman was Dick Young of the *Daily News*: steel-gray hair, Zeke Bonura nose and, unlike most sportswriters, swarthy skin into which a good tan had been burnt. Young seemed to be enjoying himself, putting zip on the ball as he threw it, and he could pick up grounders. We in the line of fire waxed confident that our lives would be spared. Our trust was misplaced.

The broadcasters' first batter grounded out, the throw thudding safely into Young's floppy mitt, but with the second batter it happened. A rifle-arm sling from third glanced off Young's glove and headed straight for us. The ball hit a woman's wickerwork handbag and caromed into a tender part of my anatomy.

"Lordy," I thought, "I've been ruptured by Dick Young."

I soon realized the injury was not so horrible as it seemed, as the deflection had taken a lot of steam out of the throw.

I also realized that everybody was looking in my direction—there at my feet was the ball, without which the game could not continue. I picked it up and lobbed it back to Young, who had walked over to the crowd to see if anyone had been killed. It was a triumphal moment. I felt like Tiny Tim doing the two-step down Piccadilly on Christmas morning. Not only had personal tragedy been narrowly averted, I had come into close proximity with one of my boyhood idols.

Nothing much was doing in the outfield, since nobody had the strength to hit a fly ball, so I went there to get a few names (that's what we called autographs) from the lordly Yankees who were watching the game from that vantage, and settled on Ralph Houk—a young Ralph Houk who had not yet tasted defeat, and the way he looked that day, with the sun beaming off his head, his foot-long cigar smoldering, is the way I'll always think of him.

Would he sign my book? I pulled it from my pocket and thrust it at him, along with a Scripto pencil.

"Sure, after the game," he said. At that moment I learned a lot about Houk. Anyone who can take that kind of game seriously has to be made of different stuff than the rest of us.

Not everyone was playing it that straight, and I got Ralph Terry, Duke Maas and Johnny Blanchard on the spot.

I worked my way out to right field. There stood the awesome figure of Mel Allen, without his wig. He was twice my height, three times my weight and I was scared of him. Scared not so much because he was big but because he was the personification of a legend. It was as if I had met the Green Hornet in the flesh. But my autograph book was filled! I handed him a crumpled envelope, not wanting to blow this chance.

"I'm sorry," I said. "It's all I've got."

"That's O.K., son," he replied, and signed his name with a flourish. "Hey," a kid yelled out, "Wally Moses is in the men's room!" The pack of us sped there to corner the Yankees' batting coach. As we neared the men's room an old man passed by, wearing checkered shorts.

"That's him," somebody shouted. "That's Wally Moses. I recognize him from the yearbook."

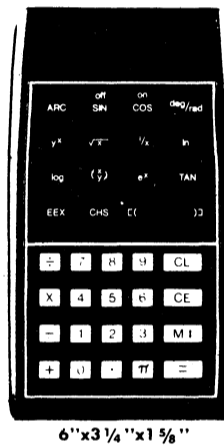
By the time we got back outside, the game was reaching its climax. The score was tied 5-5 in the bottom of the sixth—and last—inning. The broadcasters had two on, with Mel Allen at bat. He took a pitch, fouled one off, stepped out, squeezed the bat, stepped back in and blasted a long drive up the alley in right center. Both runners scored, and the game was over. Mel circled the bases and trotted off with a Ruthian grin as the ball rolled north toward Albany with three fat copy editors in pursuit.

—WILLIAM RODGER



Haywood Hail and Ms. Stiff cavort

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