

ELECTIONS

PROTEM
editorial
on page 3

Nominations will open on Sunday night midnight on March 2nd for the following Positions.

Executive Council

President, Vice-President, Academic Affairs, External Affairs, Social Affairs, Communications, Councillor at Large.

General Council

Canadian Studies rep, Economics rep, English rep, French rep, History rep, International Studies, Philosophy, Political Science, Psychology rep, Sociology rep, Spanish rep.

Committee on Student Affairs
Seven members to be elected.

1 Student Senator to sit on the Senate of York University.

1 women's athletic rep.
1 men's athletic rep.

Nominations will close on March 9th.

Nomination forms for these positions will be available in York Hall.

Completed nomination forms should be sent to the Chief Returning Office in the Student Council offices. There will be a mail box provided for completed nomination forms.

RESPONSIBILITY

In the coming weeks students will be asked to run for the different positions opened, and then will be called upon to vote for the different students who are running.

Last year 1/2 of the positions were filled by acclamations. As well, it seems rather unfair to ask acclaimed officials to provide true and responsible leadership when those student officials have not had the opportunity to voice their opinions to students on a competitive or comparative basis. Should next year's positions be filled mostly by acclamations, then students would not expect a vibrant, excited, and enthusiastic group to work for them.

Out of our student population of approximately 1400, there must be at least 100 or more students who care enough about Glendon and its students to take the initiative

and represent in part the needs of the student community.

Hopefully positions will not be acclaimed and thus strong ideas can be heard from different people, and we the students will have a choice. Elections should not be popularity contests because the work which has to be done is not generated by popularity.

If you didn't like the way orientation week was handled or the way money was spent, etc. then now is the chance to affect a change for next year. It is not critical letters next September or October which will change the situation. Armchair critics may serve a useful purpose; however, we most certainly need people to stand as student reps. It is here that the greater service is accomplished. There is a serious responsibility which is placed upon every student when election time rolls around and if this responsibility is not taken seriously, foul ups and lack of leadership can only be blamed on the apathetic students, we who didn't bother to vote or encourage a fellow student who could do a good job of representing our views.

GLENDON : AN ENDANGERED SPECIES



Peter Bennett

par Yves Jolicoeur
homo glendoniens
Règne: Collège
Type: Universitaire
Classe: "Vide"
Ordre: "Désordre"
Famille: "Orphelin"
Genre: Homo
Espèce: Glendoniens

Cette classification pourrait bien être trouvée dans une revue du type "Journal Canadien des institutions bilingues." Cependant un tel journal n'existe pas, nor plus qu'une classification précise de Glendon en tant qu'institution de ce genre. La raison en est simple. Il n'y a

pas premièrement suffisamment d'institutions de ce genre au Canada et deuxièmement en faire la classification devient impossible si l'on n'a pas établi le statut réel de l'institution donnée. Voilà deux semaines le Comité pour la recherche d'un nouveau principal présentait quatre (4) candidats susceptibles de remplir le futur poste. Chacun des candidats tenta de justifier leur intérêt particulier en regard à leur candidature au poste de principal à Glendon. Chacun aussi donnait sa propre conception du bilinguisme et du biculturalisme en tant que principe général mais ils devenaient beaucoup plus hésitants lorsqu'ils devaient considérer le cas particulier de Glendon. Personne à ce stage ne pouvait "classer" notre institution. Il est normal que des gens qui ne connaissent pratiquement rien des conditions l'intérieur de notre institution

puissent parvenir à prendre position sur les questions importantes qui troublent Glendon. L'un d'entre eux aura l'année prochaine l'occasion de résoudre une partie des problèmes qui paralysent Glendon n'est plus ce qu'il était et qu'il s'oriente désormais vers de nouvelles conditions d'existence. Ceci ne signifie cependant pas qu'il faille tout détruire mais qu'il faut cependant commencer à donner une "couche" neuve à Glendon. Il semble encore évident que tout le monde n'est pas d'accord à faire ce petit remu ménage. L'enlèvement intellectuel et un conservatisme déprimant de certains membres de la faculté empêchent Glendon de combler ses aspirations, d'attendre son statut particulier et une classification finale. La semaine dernière j'en ai eu, encore une fois, la décevante preuve. Après plusieurs délibérations en ce



VOLUME 14 NUMBER 21

FEBRUARY 26, 1975



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TIME: 12:00 - 4:00 TODAY J.C.R.



qui concerne la motion que le comité sur la promotion et la permanence doit présenter au Conseil de la faculté, nous en sommes venus à une impasse qui porte atteinte à la sécurité du bilinguisme à Glendon. L'"Homo Glendoniens" voit ces chances de survie diminuer. Il ne faut surtout pas se leurrer, les motions adoptées par le Conseil de la faculté ne prouvent encore rien car on rejette toujours les motions qui sont les plus importantes. Raisons: certains disent qu'elles portent atteinte à la "sécurité" de certains membres de la faculté, d'autres pensent qu'elles sont discriminatoires à leur égard, d'autres enfin croient qu'il ne s'agit que de motions visant à "forcer" les gens au bilinguisme. A tous

ceux-là je dis chimères! Pour peu que l'on se serve de son jugement et de sa raison et que l'on regarde attentivement les motions proposées (Le rapport Bennett-Jolicoeur), on comprend vite qu'il ne s'agit nullement de propositions discriminatoires envers qui que se soit. Au contraire, elles furent écrites pour assurer une place "normale" au bilinguisme et au biculturalisme à Glendon. tout en as-

(continued on page 2)



Yves Jolicoeur

New Lending Code For York Librarians

by Cindy Randall

In the January 30th issue of EXCALIBUR there was an article regarding the new library lending code, entitled, "No degrees granted if library fines unpaid." Some students seemed to be upset at the

harshness of this new ruling, so perhaps some more information concerning the code and the reasons for changes would be in order.

The code now provides for a one hundred day loan period for faculty members, however

they are now also subject to the same fines as students: 20 cents per day. For those who have books which are beyond 60 days overdue and/or owe over \$25 in overdue fines library privileges will be withdrawn. As the Senate Library Committee report of January 23, 1975 states: "With respect to penalties for library misuse the Committee is convinced that the withdrawal of library privileges from faculty members is a punishment equal in severity to withdrawal of privileges AND withholding degrees from students, and that both are appropriate penalties for offenses that are quasi-academic insofar as they deprive other scholars of opportunities for study."

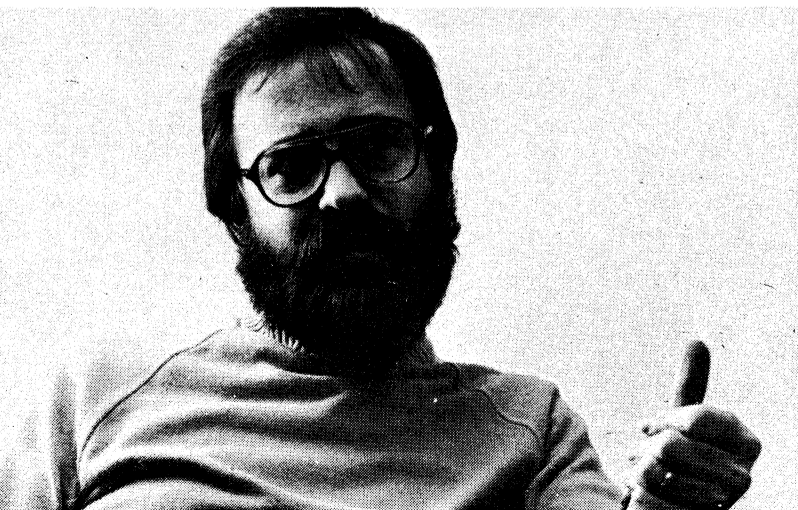
I talked with Tony Hopkins of the English Department at Glendon, who is also chairman of the Senate Library Committee. He was surprised that the

student senators did not make more fuss over the code, adding that they did so last year to a great degree. I agreed with him, though, that more forceful action had to be taken on all delinquent borrowers. Again, I quote from the Senate Library Committee report: "Figures were presented showing that on a single day in the middle of the last academic session, 58% of the 21,740 books out on loan to students were overdue, 43% of the total for a period of longer than 40 days. Comparative figures for faculty members were 80% of 4,352 books (65% for longer than 40 days); for staff members, 82% of 927 books (63% for longer than 40 days). This represents a temporary loss to the collection, at one of the peak borrowing periods, of approximately 16,900 volumes. The Committee also felt, and still does, that penalties for infringement of borrowing regulations should fall with equal force on all segments of the University com-

munity."

York University Libraries do refer cases to collection agencies when overdue fines amount to over \$25. As Tony Hopkins pointed out the library was losing from \$30,000 to \$50,000 yearly in uncollected fines; even though collection agencies charge a significant portion of what they collect, the University will still not lose quite so much if they use this method. Everyone is free, of course, to appeal against the application of fines or sanctions to the head of the Circulation Department, the head of the particular library, or, ultimately, to the Appeals Committee of the Senate Library Committee.

Jim Quixley, Librarian at Glendon, stressed that it is in the students' interest for the books to be in the library, even though these harsher measures may be necessary to insure this. This code is new and not the final say for the rest of the University's existence. As Quixley said, "the lending code can be amended."



Tony Hopkins Chairman of the Senate Library Committee.

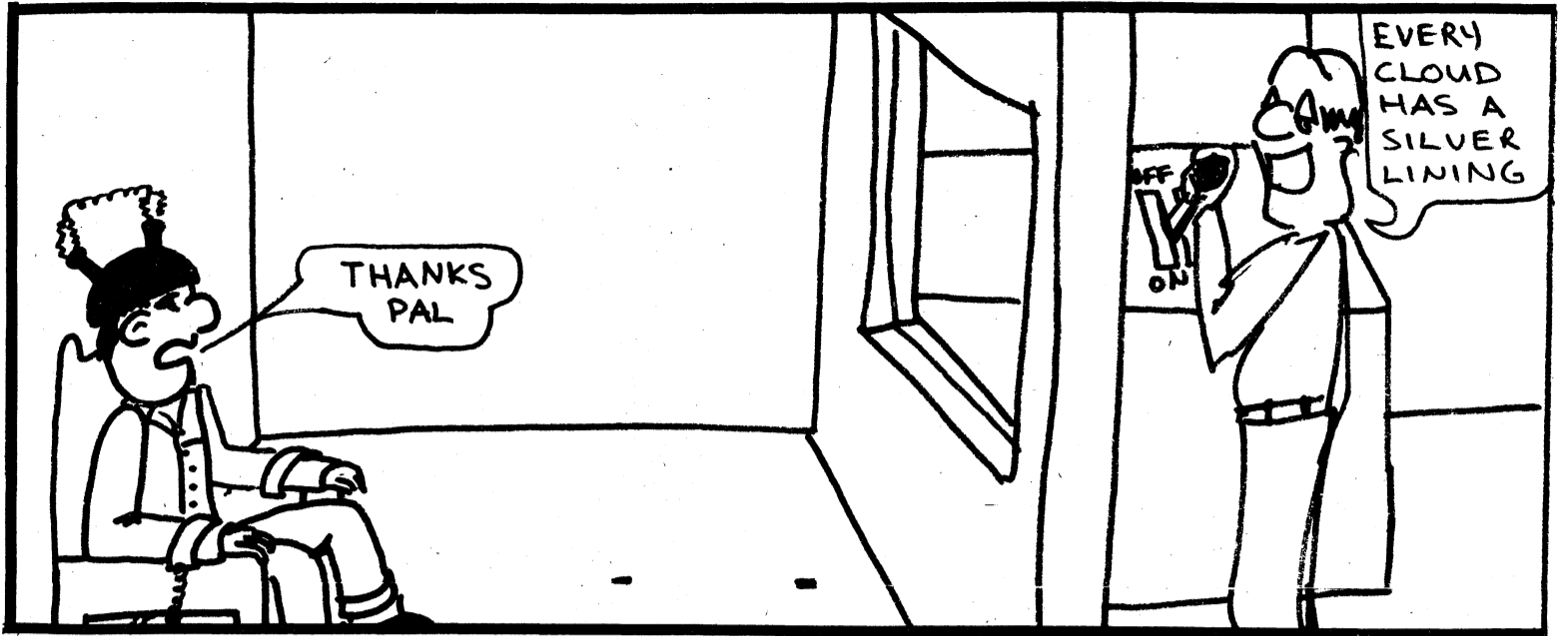
Keeping Abreast of Current Clichés

by Doug Graham

I've declared war on clichés. I try never to use them, and in phase two of the battle, I plan to punch everyone I hear using a cliché, or one of those goofy proverbs that sound nice but don't do bugger all.

Remember when you were young, and the neighbour's dog decapitated your hamster. Your mother probably said something like, "Don't cry over spilt milk." What good does that do you? Here you are, crying, and trying to fit your hamster back together so you can bury him, and your mother is yapping something about spilling milk. Perhaps she should have said, "Don't cry over spilt hamster."

"Every Dark Cloud has a Silver Lining." Now this one is pretty. It sounds nice to listen to, but it is little in the way of comfort. Try saying it to a guy that's on his way to the electric chair. I'm sure he'll appreciate it. Where's his silver lining? Well, he never has to eat prison food



again. He no longer has to work for a living. He doesn't even have to get up any more. What more could a guy ask for? I've found a few silver

linings along the way in my life. When I hit a teacher's breast with a paper airplane I no longer had to worry about Latin verbs. I'm going to take

an aside here. Regular readers know I usually don't give any warning when I decide to change my subject in the middle of my writing, but for the benefit of any new readers, don't be alarmed if the next passage doesn't quite fit what you've been reading so far.

The teacher with the breast was one of my least favourite. I also was seated beside the class wizard, who used to just love to show off the fact that he could do more homework than anyone else. He was also an expert ass kisser. He could turn anything the teacher said to him into a compliment. Mrs. X would say, "That answer is wrong, Bryan," and brown-mouth Bryan would say, "Thank you, Mrs. X. I'm glad you pointed that out to me. Sometimes I get so involved in listening to you that I forget the answer I was going to give." Doesn't that make you want to puke? I'm sure everyone who went to school knew a brown-mouth Bryan.

I decided it was about time that brown-mouth Bryan gave his lips a little rest. One day I came into class and said to brown-mouth Bryan, "Lend me your homework; I didn't get mine done." After listening to his preliminary lecture on the value of keeping up with your work, he gave me his workbook.

Forgery is a talent I picked up from copying my father's signature on notes for cigarettes, and I decided to use my talent now. I opened brown-mouth Bryan's workbook to his last lesson and studied his handwriting in great detail. I noted every squiggle, and even where his letters were thick and thin. Then I took my pen and wrote carefully across the top of the page in large letters, "Mrs. X sucks the big ones." Then I closed the book and hurriedly threw it on brown-mouth Bryan's desk as Mrs. X was beginning to make her rounds to check homework. I had to make him look happy so I made a few grotesque faces at him. Brown-mouth Bryan would laugh at anything. If you stopped for a piss in the field on the way to school, he'd go into hysterics.

By the time Mrs. X got to his desk, brown-mouth Bryan was having a grand time laughing at my face. Then he showed her his homework, and his handiwork.

By the way, I didn't get away with it. Mrs. X seemed to know right away who had really done it. I had a history for such jokes. I had a history of suspensions too.

I'd like to close with an opinion. I read in the last issue of this paper that Lenny Bruce should be left to rest in peace. Perhaps that would be a greater loss than the writer seemed to realize. Lenny Bruce was a philosopher. Anyone who reads or hears some of his monologues should realize that Lenny Bruce had very serious motives behind any work he ever did. The fact that he was constantly badgered throughout his entire career by people who could only see that he was saying dirty words is unforgivable.

We need Lenny Bruce, and those like him, more and more every day.

NOTE: Watch for next week's issue for an exclusive interview with God.

AN ENDANGERED SPECIES CONTINUED (from page 1)

surant à ceux qui en "souffre" la possibilité de s'y adapter sans y perdre la "tête".

L'année dernière, le Conseil de la faculté adopta une motion visant à considérer la bilinguisme et le biculturalisme à Glendon. Malheureusement cette motion était plutôt vague. Elle laissait en effet le "choix" à tout candidat de considérer le bilinguisme et le biculturalisme si c'était à son avantage ou à son désavantage. C'est du bilinguisme "à la requeste de la candidate". Le choix n'était pas au Collège ou à un comité mais au candidat. Je ne critique non seulement le Comité sur la promotion et la perma-

nence mais surtout cette motion "band-aid" qui sert de ligne de conduite à l'application du bilinguisme et du biculturalisme dans les critères pour la promotion et la permanence à Glendon. Il faut non seulement formuler de nouvelles motions mais aussi en éliminer d'anciennes qui sont, il faut le dire, désuètes.

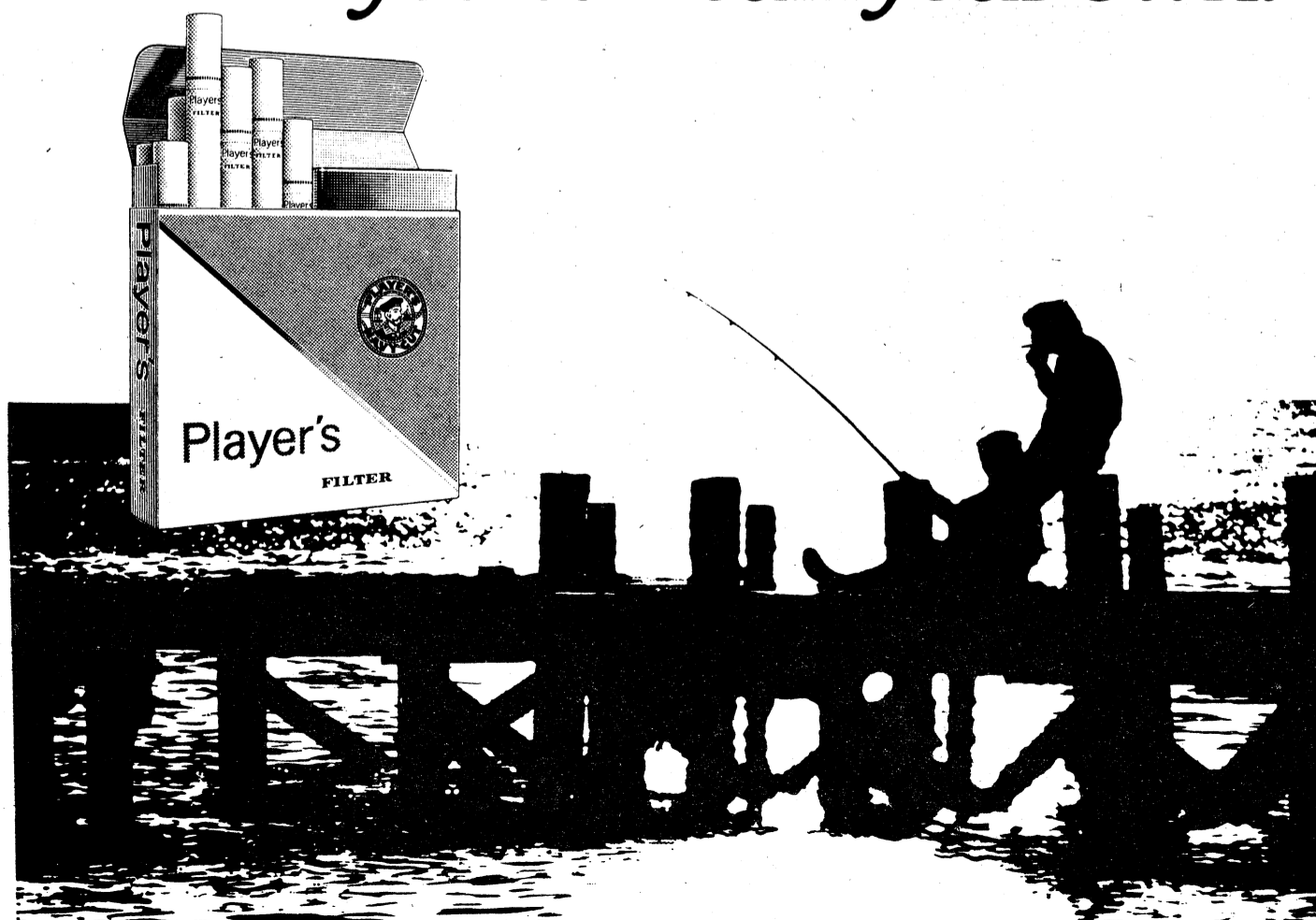
On ne désire qu'assurer au bilinguisme le statut qui lui est dû. Pour ce faire il faut une juste participation, ici j'entends bien sûr celle de la faculté. Les étudiants "eux" ont montré qu'ils désiraient l'application du bilinguisme à Glendon. Il reste cependant à la faculté à prendre position sur cette question. Il ne s'agit nullement de punir qui que ce soit

mais de donner au bilinguisme sa place normale dans le statut de l'institution. Jeudi le 27 février, il y aura une réunion de Conseil de la faculté.

Ayant été défait par notre propre Comité, il nous faudra, Peter Bennett et moi, présenter un rapport minoritaire sur les deux motions concernant le bilinguisme et le biculturalisme dans les normes de promotion et de permanence à Glendon. Rapport minoritaire je dis bien, donc il faut avouer que notre situation est précaire car il sera facile pour la faculté de refuser ou de rejeter nos deux motions sans l'appui de notre propre Comité. Les étudiants

font poids dans les décisions de Conseil de la faculté. Votre présence ne passe pas inaperçue, loin de là elle suscite beaucoup "d'inquiétude". Vous devez nous supporter, Glendon a plus que jamais besoin de l'appui des étudiants. La "raison d'être" du Collège est menacée. C'est donc l'"Homo Glendonien" qui est en voie de disparition si aucune mesure sérieuse n'est prise pour protéger l'espèce. S'il disparaît plus que le Collège en souffrira, le concept même du bilinguisme et du biculturalisme sera lui aussi gravement menacé. To be or not to be may be the question, but to act or not to act is the solution.

Player's filter cigarettes. A taste you can call your own.

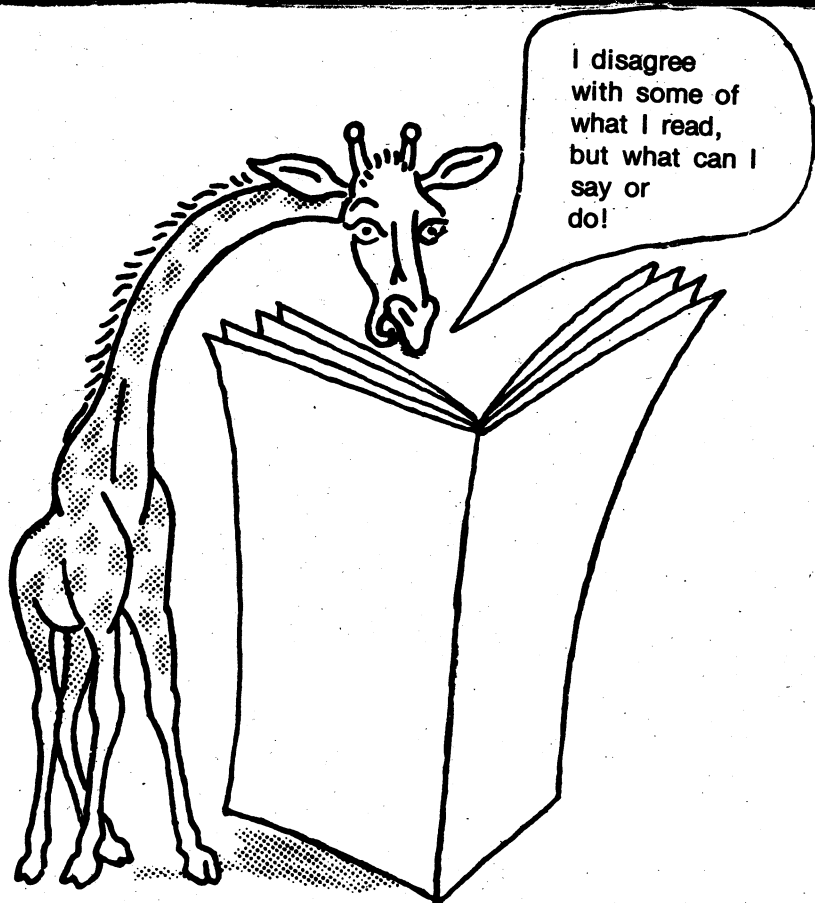


Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling.

pro tem

Only as good as the community it serves.

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 Cooper, Larry Mohring, Roberta Powers, Cathy Scott,
 Milana Todroff, Marney Gattinger, Gillian King.



It Is All In The Motto

The caption that runs in this paper, "Only as good as the community it serves", has a very obvious meaning yet is a rather intelligent summary of a sometimes frustrating problem. This journal can only rely on its contributors when it attempts to offer a truly Glendon oriented newspaper. Outside information (from the press services or other journals) can most certainly be of interest and is by no means unwelcome. If however outer-campus information is too prevalent, we are truly conceding failure. The paper's ultimate quality is marked by the "Glendon copy", the Glendon student's effort, and the rest must act only as a supplement.

The implications of this rationalization are obvious. But let us expand this case of "contribution" to a cause, so as to include other facets of the campus life. Any and every organization in this college operates on the same principle that is expressed by Pro Tem's motto. No where is this more true than in the case of the Student Union.

Elections for all positions on the Council will be held in two weeks. Nominations for these positions will be opening soon. The need for conscientious, intelligent, and straightforward students to staff the many offices open is most certainly acute. The time has come when criticism of and nonchalance toward the student government can subside and the objectors (and there have been many) can come to the front and serve themselves or provide the necessary ingredients to make the representatives of the student body responsible and capable of arranging and handling all the student affairs that affect the Glendon community.

A great deal has been said for and against the present council. Never, to my knowledge, has such a disorganized state of affairs prevailed

at Glendon in student politics, yet never has such a turn around been accomplished. From a rather haphazard beginning, the council has righted its position and, save the budget allocation mismanagement (of which no one seems at fault), they have performed --- satisfactorily.

Inexperience has been the main plank in the council's argument regarding its inefficiencies. Granted, it plays a definite role in the mishandling that has occurred. Yet such an excuse should not keep new people from coming forward to attempt the task of representing the students. It is the job of the outgoing Union to instruct and guide the new officers. It seems rather obvious that such should be done, but in the light of last year's Council's exit and the entrance of the present Student Union, it seems imperative to mention. Let us hope the 1975-1976's Council will know enough for instance, about summer management of the council and have sufficient information about the nature of the budget, so that next January everyone is not wondering how \$7000.00 in funds appeared and disappeared in the extremely short space of one week. Very hopefully an extensive book-keeping system for campus organization (as promised) will be a solution to such inconsistencies.

Still the most important implementation that can be made, is the one that must be made by the student body. The clamour against ineffectiveness must cease and the forcefulness of a concentrated, positive, organized effort toward the task of student government must commence. A happier state of mind comes out of diligent work than comes out of frustrated criticism. The changes for the better come from within and the inflicted insults from without only serve to rebuke and destroy, leaving no alternatives in their wake.

GRAB BAG

PRO TEM's Agency for Social Change received a coded communiqué late last night, from Intelligence-in-the-Field worker Squealie Gruntum. The matter is indeed a grave one. It now appears that what the Agency has long feared to be true, is true. There is someone enrolled at this College who is making it his/her/its business to know everything about everyone. This person is interested in what makes everyone tick, and is highly dangerous, staying one or more steps behind his victims during self-confessional conversations. Victims report that the criminal begins by putting his victims at ease. Victims all agree they feel euphoria and a desire to tell all, followed by nausea and a feeling of windswept nakedness and cold. Having told their all, victims lose so much respect for themselves they can't remember who it was they were talking to.

We ask you not to panic. The Agency for Social Change has everything in hand and at hand, to apprehend in time, the guilty party. Agency field workers have been keeping 18 hour days in an effort to discover the criminal's identity. Evidence is piling up fast. As a fact of the matter, I just happen to have several of the most recently completed dossiers marked "CLASSIFIED" "PERSONAL" and "TOP SECRET" (we are very official in this office) in front of me. Let me read you a few.

CAREN CRAVEN

eyes: insinuating, look intelligent
 mouth: smile is very knowing--seems to think she knows everything about the victim before asking any personal questions
 intelligence: medium rare--bright but not brilliant
 conclusion: a suspect--not successful when trying to know people of above average awareness but tries hard

Letters to the editor SERVICE WITH A SMILE

To the Editor ;

It seems that courtesy is an unknown word at Beaver Foods. Lately we've been getting extras with our meals--uncalled-for remarks, hand on hip, head wagging, d'ya want anything else? next please! grouchy sneers and sarcasm. These members of the staff we must encounter on a day to day basis; now that we've paid for our scrip and want to use it up. It's not as simple as being able to say "I won't go back there again after such lousy service." Beaver staff undoubtedly take advantage of

THE PRES. IS NOT PLEASED

To the editor:

This letter is in response to Mike Drache's letter in PRO TEM dated February 12 and titled, Dissatisfaction.

My reason for writing is not to lead people to think that we are the best student council that Glendon has seen. I and others on Council will be the first to admit that we could have done better as a council this year. However, we have encountered several problems and on the whole, I feel that the Council has done quite well considering the fact that no members of our Student Council have ever been on Council before.

BILLY BOOLBA

eyes: nervous
 mouth: smiles too quickly and too much
 intelligence: a modicum--has about as much character and spine as a damp meringue
 conclusion: not a suspect--too incredibly self-indulgent to be a threat

MANFRED MANFRED

eyes: clear, open, warm
 mouth: encouraging, strong
 intelligence: rare
 conclusion: a suspect--never says anything that is defamatory--likes to go for control

CONSTANCE CONSTANCE

eyes: lovely, sexy, human
 mouth: kind, beautiful
 intelligence: rare
 conclusion: a suspect--doesn't seem to get off on the gossip where people eat with their hands--has a good enough diet that this type of nourishment is unnecessary.

HILL FLESH

eyes: fat
 mouth: fat
 intelligence: fat (well done)
 conclusion: fucked up

PRUDENCE PATUNIA

eyes: sparkly, girlish, sucky
 mouth: like it's looking for a sucker
 intelligence: none
 conclusion: not a suspect. Has deep seated convictions--right out of it, spends her spare time trying to jam everyone she knows into funny coloured little bottles, cries when they won't fit, sick
 cure: a good fucking

I'm afraid that's all we have time for. Space is limited. To those whose files were not made public, my apologies. Maybe you'll get lucky next time. There's always advertising space for those who have been disappointed but are nevertheless well off!

this position and allow themselves the liberty of spewing out their poisoning negativism on whomever they please. And the important thing is negative attitudes usually don't limit themselves to a one to one encounter. They infect, fester, and spread. Some of the cafeteria workers have been very pleasant and courteous this year; others couldn't give a damn. Slop some food on a plate, ring it through the cash register, and it's each man for himself when it comes to his appetite!

Fed Up

APPLICATIONS

FOR

PROTEM EDITOR '75-'76 SALARY \$1500

should be rushed into the ProTem office immediately. Send applications in care of John Frankie.

LETTERS continued

(from page 3)

are available at the entrance of the G.C.S.U. offices. Anyone is free to pick up a copy.

Mr. Drache wrote the following: "Students at Glendon have no independent facilities which students can use on a 24-hour basis. . . . What kind of facilities is Mr. Drache referring to - pool tables or libraries? Before the Student Union could begin to finance 24-hour services it was essential to provide money for basic needs which unfortunately do not run 24 hours a day. Despite the fact that Radio Glendon, the Pipe Room Board, Dime Bag, and the Glendon for Students Fund do not operate 24 hours a day, council felt that the money issued to these organizations was essential if basic services to the students were to be provided.

On the issue of "not sponsoring an important conference since 1968" I would like to remind Mr. Drache that this present student council is organizing a National Union of Students conference from May 1 to May 5 at Glendon. In the handbook and periodically in PRO TEM and the G.C.S.U. bulletin we have indicated that there is going to be such a conference and help is needed to organize it. I would suggest to Mr.

Drache that the N.U.S. conference is an important one, and a conference which Glendon students can take pride in hosting. This will be the first time that a small campus is able to host a national conference. As well, our Council has sent delegates to Québec to encourage Québec institutions to participate in the conference. Had Mr. Drache attended any of our council meetings he would surely have realized that this work is being done.

As for "film showing" on this campus, I would again remind Mr. Drache that this year's Council had to bail out last year's film society in excess of \$400.00. Because of last year's lack of proper organization the Council decided not to provide any more funding to a movie club which had become non-existent.

As for leadership in the community as far as external matters are concerned, I would again mention the upcoming conference. A conference such as the one we are planning is taking up much of our "external spirit".

Every student at Glendon pays \$1.50 to be members of O.F.S. Our Council expects that O.F.S. can act on our behalf when dealing with external matters. Our interests channelled through O.F.S. as opposed to Glendon taking the lead is in my



Student Union President Marc Duguay talks back.

opinion a good move. Our interest will be better served if we follow policies set by O.F.S. with consultation from the member institutions.

Mr. Drache, I'm sure, remembers the Student Councils of the past. Granted councillors then were very concerned with provincial actions affecting students. However this was largely due to the fact that there was no effective provincial or national student organizations.

This year, however, the Student Council has been actively involved in promoting bilingualism on this campus. This has been an issue which no student council in recent years has taken seriously. This year's Council, however, has taken an active interest

in promoting bilingualism on this campus since it is one of the main themes of Glendon which for the most part has been ignored. Maybe Mr. Drache feels that our priorities around bilingualism are not proper ones, since he fails to mention them in his article?

Again, I would like to emphasize that our Council is not above criticism, but comments such as Mr. Drache's are false and misleading.

If nothing else, Mr. Drache's statements appear more like the "usual political propaganda" one uses for an upcoming election!

Marc Duguay, President
Glendon College Student Union



PEACE PRIZE

WASHINGTON (ENS/CUP)-----Dr. George Wald, the Nobel laureate, along with 315 other members of the American academic community, have officially nominated all American war resisters for the 1975 Nobel Peace Prize.

The nomination, made in the name of all draft dodgers, deserters and resisters has been forwarded to the selection committee in Stockholm.

The announcement of the nomination was made during a meeting of families of 85 war resisters in Washington, D. C. The meeting was held to urge Congress to pass a bill approving universal and unconditional amnesty for all war resisters.

The meeting was highlighted by the surfacing of former Green Beret, Gerry Condon, who went into exile six years ago.

RAPEE TAKES MURDER RAP

The Joanne Little murder trial scheduled to open this month has been set back to April 15.

Little is the 20 year old black woman who stabbed a prison guard to death when he allegedly attempted to rape her in her prison cell. The guard was found in the cell, naked from the waist down, stabbed with his own ice pick.

Little fled the jail following the assault and later turned herself in to authorities through her attorney, Jerry Paul. She has been charged with first degree murder, which carries the death sentence.

Julian Bonds, Southern Poverty Law Centre, has taken over responsibility for funding the defence, though the two lawyers on the case are continuing to work voluntarily.

The Centre is trying to raise \$20,000 to hire a criminologist and a private investigator to look into charges that other women prisoners in North Carolina have been subjected to similar sexual abuse by guards.

THE NATIONAL SYSTEMATICALLY SLAUGHTERED, SOLD AS SLAVES

PARAGUAY (ENS/CUP)---One of the last primitive Indian tribes of Paraguay, the Ache, are being systematically slaughtered and sold into slavery, with apparent U. S. complicity, according to protests before the United Nations.

According to various European anthropologists who have lived among the tribe, the Paraguayan govern-

ment has periodically dispatched military units into the jungles with orders to kill all un-cooperative Aches and to bring others out to be sold into slavery as prostitutes and agricultural field hands. The director of Indian Affairs, Colonel Infazon, is said to be a well-known trader in female slaves himself.

According to German anthro-

pologist, Mark Muenzel, about half of the tribe was slaughtered between 1968 and 1972 and only about 800 to 1,200 may still be alive.

Official protests of the situation have been lodged with the United Nations Subcommittee Against Discrimination and Protection of Minorities in New York.

THE GUNSINGER ?

THAILAND (CUP/ZNS)-Sangthong Sisai, a folksinger in Thailand, came up with one way to deal with a rowdy audience.

It all began when Sisai arrived two hours late for a scheduled concert last week. He tried to explain that his lateness was caused by a car accident, but the audience wouldn't listen. Instead, they began peppering the stage with debris and bottles, when one container struck Sisai in the head.

The folksinger suddenly pulled out a pistol and fired away at random back into the

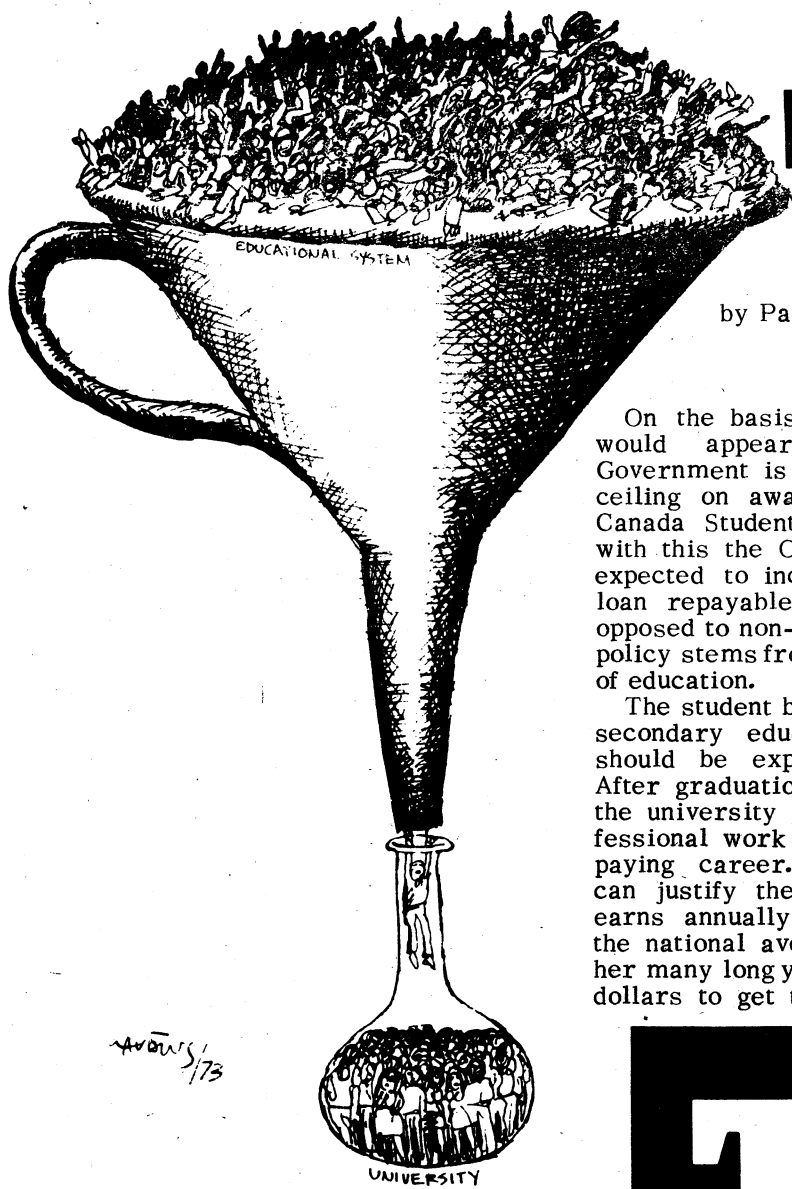
audience. Three people were wounded, and the folksinger was later jailed on attempted murder charges.



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SOUTHERN COMFORT



Educational Financing: A Naïve Analysis

by Paul Dowling

On the basis of recent reports it would appear that the Federal Government is about to increase the ceiling on awards given under the Canada Student Loans Plan. Along with this the Ontario government is expected to increase the proportion loan repayable after graduation as opposed to non-repayable grant. This policy stems from a basic philosophy of education.

The student benefits from his post-secondary education, therefore he should be expected to pay for it. After graduation, the assumption is, the university grad will go into professional work or some other high-paying career. The professional can justify the fact that she or he earns annually three or four times the national average, because it took her many long years of study and many dollars to get to the level of exper-

tise where she can command such exorbitant prices for her services.

Why should society pay for her education, since only the student will ever profit from that education?

Wouldn't it be much healthier if each individual contributed her talents and abilities willingly for the benefit of society as a whole, without demanding financial rewards beyond fulfillment of her needs for the basic comforts of life.

Society then would have a vested interest in helping each individual to develop her talents to the utmost. The more doctors there were, the healthier the society would be; the more scientists, the greater the technological advancements. These talents are equally important in the arts as in technology. The world does not improve merely by scientific advancement without parallel cultural advancement.

Carl Bereiter of OISE in his book, "Must We Educate" (Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N. J., 1973) suggests that adolescence is a time between childhood and adulthood

during which the individual is free to get to know herself and develop her talents before taking on the full responsibilities of adulthood. However, in our present system, adolescence is a privilege reserved only for those who for reasons either financial, academic or cultural, are able to undertake post-secondary education. He suggests that all adolescents should be given grants for a number of years to support themselves, while they study, travel, or if they wish, lie around "doing nothing." The money spent in this way would, Bereiter suggests, be recovered in later years in taxes.

This idea would require a complete rethinking of values, but still, perhaps it's time to give serious thought to the idea of a guaranteed annual income for all, even for students.

This concept of education may be naive but perhaps my naiveté can be excused; after all, I haven't graduated yet.

French University

by David Cooke, English Department

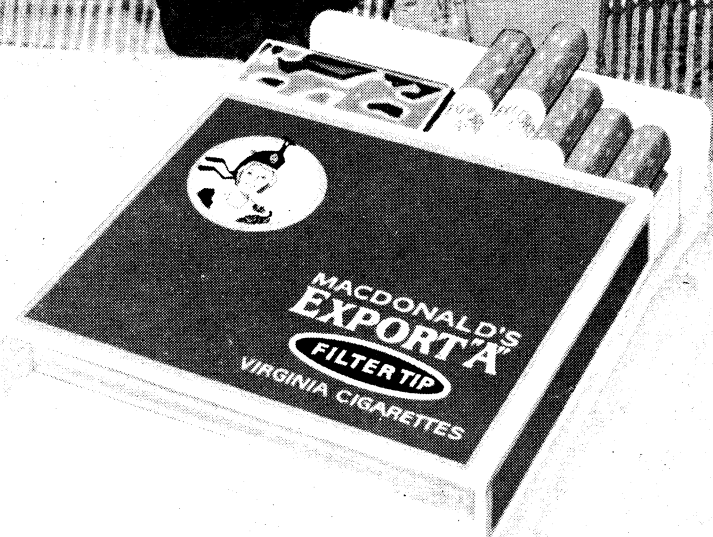
Students thinking of spending their third year in a Francophone university are reminded of the procedures adopted for this year. Applications are required by the Subcommittee for Study at a Francophone University: since there has recently been a run on the application forms, they are being reprinted by popular demand and will be available this week from the Office of Study Programmes. Please be as specific as possible in filling out the forms. In order to have surer guarantees that the year outside Glendon will result in appropriate credits, the SSFU has designated the following universities for 1975-76: Laval, Sherbrooke, Trois-Rivières, and Université de Montréal in Québec; and Aix-en-Provence, Bordeaux, Dijon and Montpellier in France. These universities have been selected because of Glendon's knowledge of the conditions of study in the institutions, and/or because of contacts set up with particular faculty members. In this way we hope to minimize chances that a student might spend a year at an institution without gaining Glendon equivalent credit at the end of it.

In addition to the internal application to the SSFU, students are advised to contact the Francophone universities immediately regarding admission procedures. If you intend going to Europe, you are strongly advised by those who have already found delays in correspondence with France to include a dollar's worth of International Reply Coupons with your requests, in order to encourage the universities to reply to you. Without this inducement, the result in some cases has been one long silence.



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THANKS FOR THE MEN

by Ivan W. Archie

Do you remember the first time you saw Glendon? Were you surprised to discover that it was so serene yet so close to a busy street? Were you impressed by its beauty and perhaps a bit curious about its past? Well, I was. Consequently I spoke to people about Glendon, some of whom knew a great deal about its past and were very helpful. I have gathered the pictures that accompany this article, I have researched some articles and compiled information about this magnificent estate and hope it will be of some interest to all. My special thanks to the Librarian and the secretary of the Leslie Frost Library for the information they provided.

The First Era

Before the nineteenth century, nature had her way on the land we occupy without too much interference from human beings. The first dwellers of this area were pioneers from Yorkshire who settled on the land about 1820. Starting from that period this area travelled through four eras: 1820-1920, the land was farmed by pioneers; 1920-1950, home of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Wood; 1950-1960- present, York University was launched. Glendon became a liberal arts college with emphasis on bilingualism.

The County of York Land Registry Office gave the legal description of the property as "East of Yonge Street, Bayview at Lawrence; Concession 2 Lot 5," with the registration of the property as follows: 1861, John Burke to John Russell; 1884, David Russell and John Russell; 1920 (September 7), John Russell to E. R. Wood and Mrs. Wood; 1951 (June 11), National Trust for Mrs. Wood to the University of Toronto.

The Miles Historical Atlas 1878, indicates several farms belonging to the Burke family. Presumably, it was a Burke who was the original "pioneer." However, this particular property remained in the hands of the Russell family until it was purchased by Mr. Wood. In all probability, it was used for general farming, with market gardening, cattle and apple orchards. With the sale of the farm one hundred years of farming came to an end. The Russells obtained sufficient money to retire comfortably.

Home of the Woods

Mr. Wood, successful businessman and financier, purchased the Glendon property in 1920, when he was in his middle fifties. His home, "Wimblewood," was required by U of T to accommodate its expansion. It was

necessary to build a road to the site before construction of the house could begin. Extensive landscaping and building construction took some time. The house was occupied by 1923 and Mr. Wood lived there until his death in 1941.

The estate was featured in the Canadian Homes and Gardens 1926-27. The Copies of that Article gave an excellent description of the grounds and house as it was in those early years. The Rare Books Library at the U of T has early issues of this magazine.

Mr. Wood was born in Peterborough in 1866. His formal education lasted until he was eleven years old, when he left school to work as a telegraph messenger with the Central Canadian Loan and Saving Company. In 1884 he moved to Toronto with this firm. The Company later became known as Dominion Securities Corporation Ltd. and Mr. Wood rose to become its first President.

He was a self-educated, self-made man.

However, he must have had great respect for formal education for he was always very generous with the educational institutions. He was a very short man, only 5'6" in height, bald in later years, and with distinctive black eyes as a predominant feature.

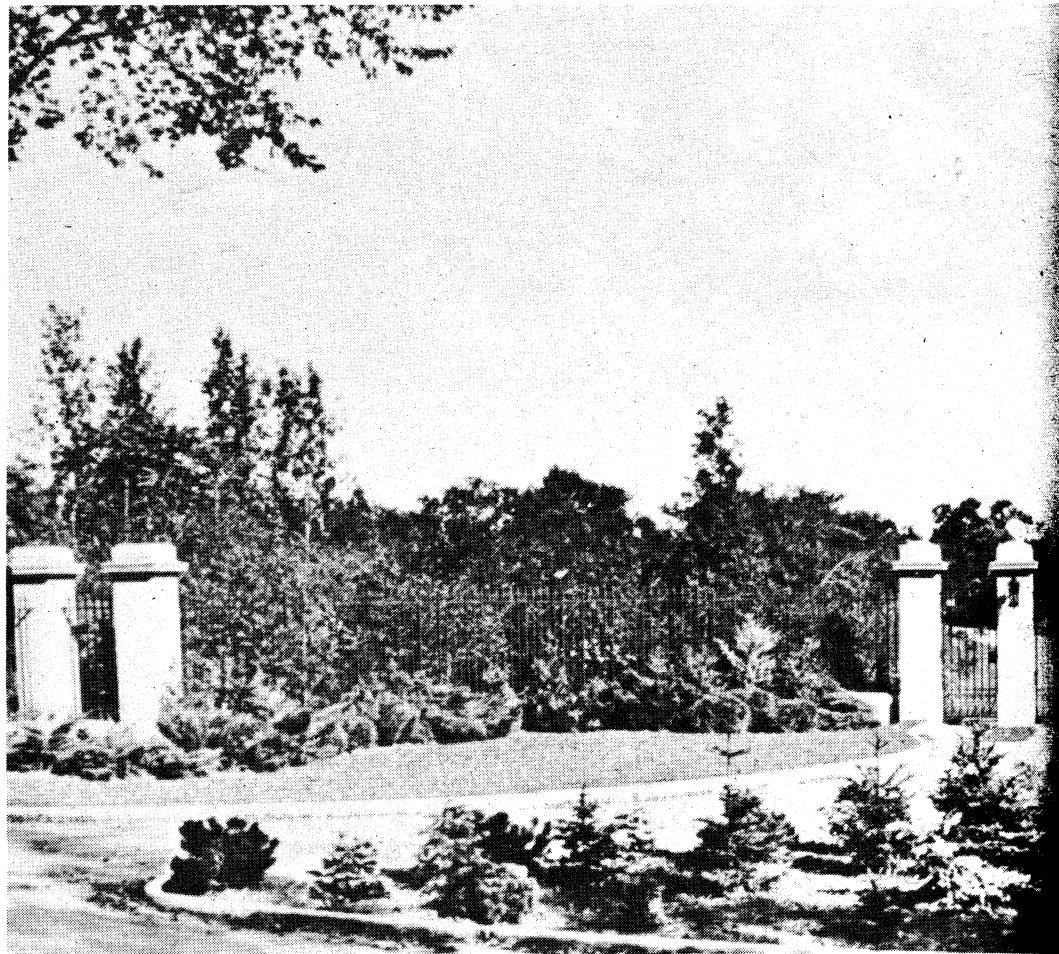
He was twenty-two years of age when he came to Toronto. When he was twenty-five he married Agnes Smart. They had two children, William (who died in childhood) and Mildred. At the age of seventy-five, after living at Glendon Hall for eighteen years, Mr. Wood died leaving his estate to Mrs. Wood.

Mrs. Wood was a beautiful woman who shared her husband's enjoyment of entertaining and enthusiasm for the development of the Glendon estate. They undoubtedly planned diligently and generously with the thought of a future botanical garden in mind for this property. She died in 1950.

Mildred Wood, their daughter, was married at eighteen years against her father's wishes to C. S. Reid. The marriage did not work out. She then married a Mr. Flemming of whom her parents were very fond. They gave them the house and property which still stands on the north-east of Glendon (2295 Bayview). That marriage also failed. Mildred then sold the house to Mr. Fingold, a contractor. She then married a Mr. Gilchrist.

The Way It Was

After Mr. Wood died and before the estate was turned over to U of T, Mrs. F. M. Gaby, granddaughter of the Woods, commissioned Eaton's to photograph the interior of the house



The above picture depicts the entrance to Glendon Hall as it appeared in 1950 with the furnishings intact.

1950-1960

This period saw extensive plans made for the installment of a botanical garden. The U of T. Department of Botany, on the strength of Mrs. Wood's niece, were firm in their plans. The plans were not formally approved by the Board of Governors of U of T, and several uses were made of the facilities available until firm decisions were made. The Faculty of Law, Ontario College of Art utilized the house at periods. The Department of Botany was in for a big disappointment when the plans for the estate were changed.

Lab Garden U. of T.

The idea of a botanical garden had an unbroken continuity in Toronto for more than thirty years. In the 1920's an extensive group of large properties were developed into a series of residential estates in the Bayview area of suburban Toronto. At that time Mr. E. R. Wood had bought and began to develop one of the largest of the Bayview estates, which he named "Glendon Hall." So, after Mrs. Wood's death the estate was bequeathed to U of T so as to be used for botanical purposes. In order to give opportunity of developing a scientific garden and arboretum and the corresponding lab facilities for research, the main house had to be leased for one year to the Ontario College of Art, but which some income from the property itself without impairing its botanical usefulness. A small budget had been assigned jointly to the Department of Botany and the School of Forestry for the development of their work at Glendon Hall.

In Its Prime

The gates of Glendon once led into a veritable land of enchantment. Winding past an artistic lodge, the broad serpentine driveway, with its ribbon borders of shrubs and perennials interceded by groups of evergreens gave promise of surprises ahead. That promise was first fulfilled when a curve in the road divulged the Apple Orchard. As far as eyes could have seen to the north and south, great gnarled trunks branched into that venerable shape of domesticity which made the very old apple tree so lovable.

But what was unique about the orchard was that no rough meadowland lay beneath the trees for a smooth velvet turf spread like a vast lawn, rather reminding one of the

ancient oak trees amid the luscious grass of Windsor. The mental picture of it in blossom-time is a feast for the imagination.

So the driveway with its formal planting approached the manor house which, surrounded by its 125 acres, stood amidst seventy acres of cultivated property, quite distinct from the farming land.

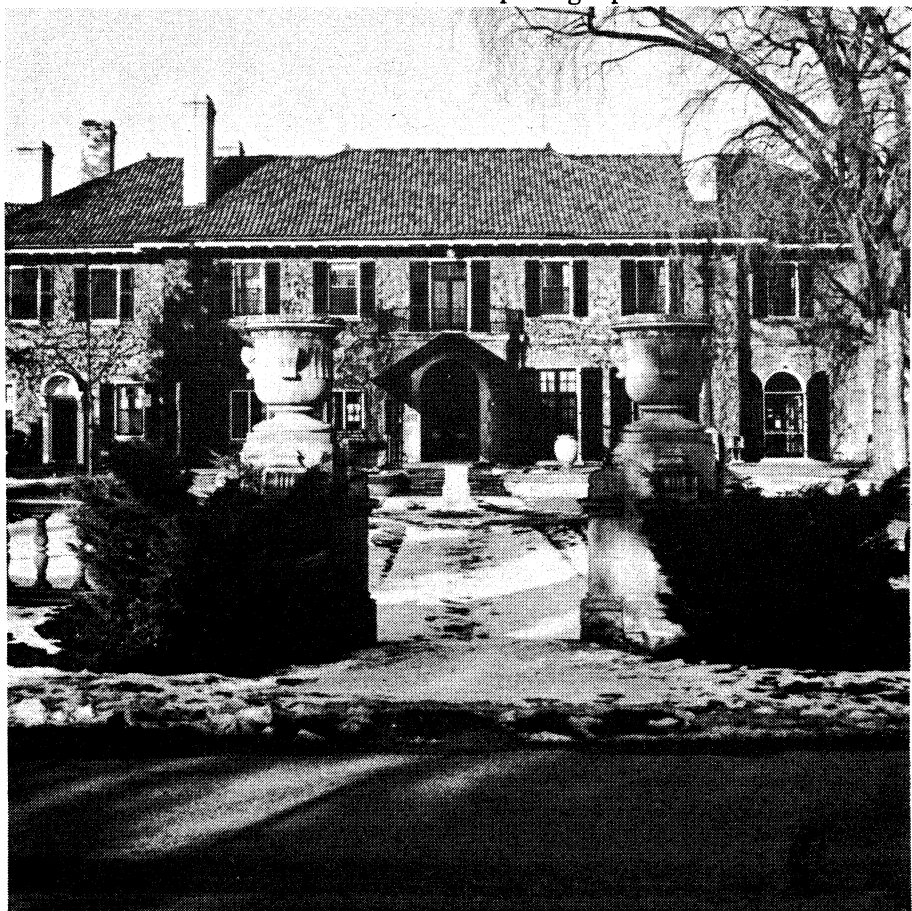
The immediate foreground of the house was planted with small evergreens and one's attention was next focussed upon the very fine gillwork of ornamental iron which formed the massive porte-cache over the front entrance. Its delicate black traceries were accepted by the curves of two turquoise blue urns which graced the vestibule with luxurious oriental beauty.

The Southern exposure faced a park --- a plaisance of restful grandeur adjoining the orchard, with extensive lawns, fine trees and ornamental shubbery. Whereas the latter was part of the original demesne settled upon by a family of Yorkshire Pioneers, the park had been largely achieved by the addition of numerous trees transplanted from the woodlands --- Silver Birch, Foster Spruce, Picea Douglassi and others. These spacious lawns lovely as an arboretum, were eloquent of the marvels of landscaping, one Corsican Pine tree which took four to move was typical of the work involved.

One would have reluctantly turned from this vista, and while enticed by the glow of early flowering Nasturtiums in vivid orange boxes, would enter the terrace at the eastern wing of the house. This overlooked the sunken garden with the Rose terrace beyond and a dark grove of pine framing the background. All the choicest flowers in lavish luxury were set in formal beds, making an oblong design dissected by flagstone paths covered by cedars. Massed plantings of Peonies banked the sides of the enclosing brick wall which was softened by huge stone runs trailing greenery, and the palm-like foliage of Sumach growing on the hillside beyond, softly fringed the northern side.

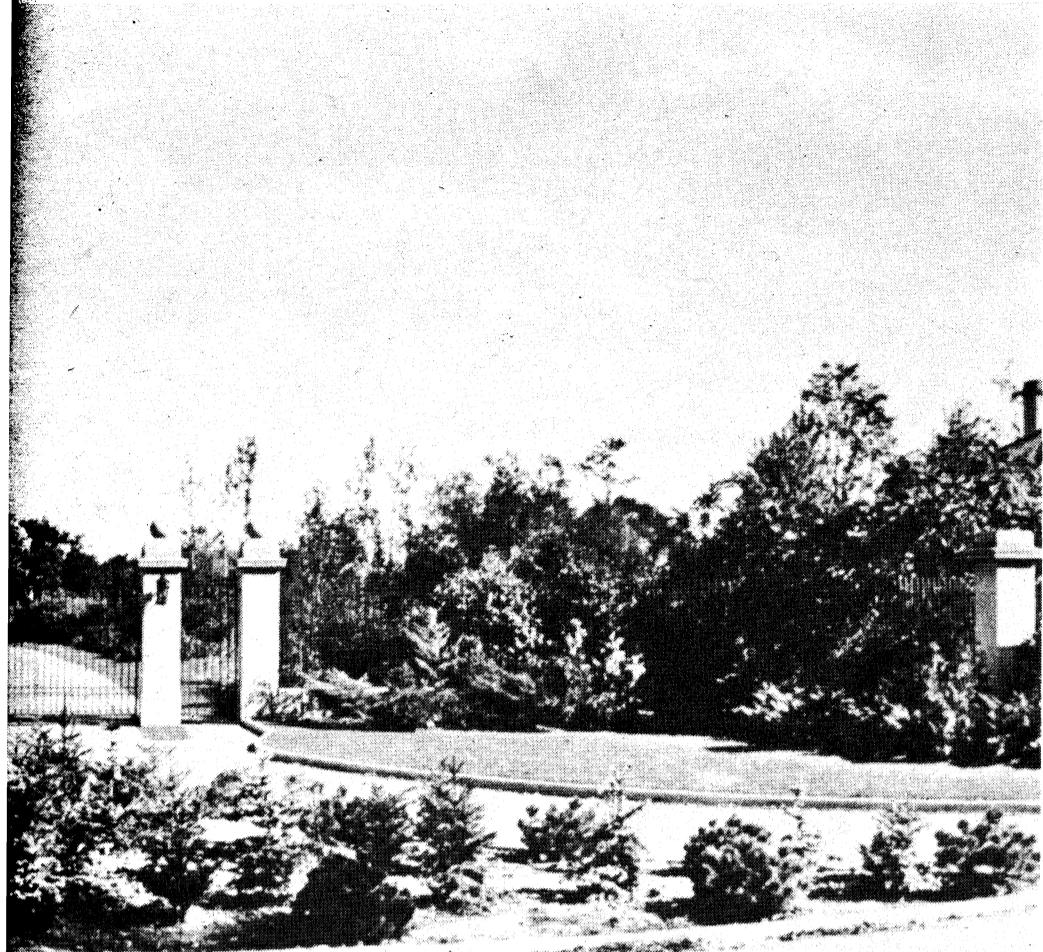
Flanking the sunken garden was a most artistic arrangement of trellis-work forming two quaint tea-houses with a semi-circle of complementary pillars of roses. These enclosed a gorgeous group of Cedars which made a bower for the rose garden between the two pergolas.

The design of the tea-houses was particularly pleasing in sea green and white. An unusual touch was the inlaid tondso or round panels of pierced



Here of course is a familiar picture of Glendon Hall Today.

ORIES : A Concise History Of Glendon



early years. This entrance from Bayview Avenue is presently unused.

wood showing pairs of blue love birds. Such decorative treatment of the garden furnishings gave an intimate air which was further developed by the carvings on the white wooden gate which opened off the sunken garden area and seemed to have led one suddenly right into the blue sky, for stretching far below lay the valley of the Don. The gateway was on the very crest of the high hill and the illusion of stepping from a sunken garden into cloudless space was heightened by the carved crescent of the new moon topping the gate which silhouetted realistically against the blue.

Resisting for the moment the intriguing path descending to the valley, one could have explored to the south of the terrace where two impressive stone vases, five feet in height guarded an opening in a high Privet hedge. An immaculate green ward for tennis and bowling intervened between another rampart of the same Amoor Privet which enclosed the cutting garden bisected by a rustic pergola. Quantities of every perennial and many annuals were planted here for house decoration. Beyond, in the shadow of the Pines, only a sight of a lawn roller betrayed that the verdant velvet rug was actually a nine-hole Putting Green.

Then the delicious scent of Sweet Briar Rose beguiled and the wonders of the hillside spread before one's eyes. Sloping steeply almost two hundred feet to the river road below, the entire surface of the hill, about three acres, had been converted into an immense rock garden. Undoubtedly it was the chef d'oeuvre of Glendon Hall. Hundreds of massive boulders had been put into position by means of stone boats and horses, dry-stone walls formed an overhanging parapets; stone steps skillfully led into alluring paths and in between the rocks while clambering over them, draping them, were flowers in all colours of the rainbow. Later in the season the bloom became entrancing while in June great splashes of mauve Phlox Subulata, blue seas of Forget-Me-Nots, and the captured sunshine of Ranunculus were a joy to see: Fluffy-Ruffle Petunias, variegated Shirley Poppies, foaming torrents of white Arabis, garlands of Peonies cascading against Blue Spruce and the sun glittering on clumps of cerise Tulips were unforgettable. It was bewildering in its variety, and all the while the view across the valley beckoned commandingly.

So the road skirting the river was reached and following it--- passing the picturesque boat house---steps

were halted by the rushing of water of the dam and concrete bridge which led to the pasture lands where sheep and cattle grazed. Another roadway led along the river's edge where the Don flowed lazily by as if loathing to leave the beauty spot, but in early spring, before the flowers were friendly its manners were tempestuous as it madly hurled its ice floes.

The then peaceful river quietly encircled an island and connected by a small bridge a fascinating little child's kingdom flourished. There was a bungalow doll's house --- a pavilion for nursery teas and afternoon naps and a awinged stretch of sandy beach just right for wading.

Putting temptation behind, one could have turned back along the flickering shadows of a woodland walk, scented with the rose-like perfume of Breeder Tulips, and regained the lights above. There from the stone terrace carpeted with flowered Deltoid Pinks the marvellous panorama of fertile valley and glowing hillside winding river and mossy glen lay dreaming in the hush of twilight --- the full enchantment of Glendon Hall.

Glendon Hall 1954

Glendon Hall stood in the grounds of over eighty acres lying in the valley and on both banks of the river Don. The property comprised besides the house itself a separate two-storeyed garage building which afforded about 4,000 square feet of heated floor space, a service greenhouse and potting shed, a gate cottage and pavilions placed at various points in the grounds. The grounds themselves had an impressive beautiful topography and included level upland, benchland, and bottom land areas as well as gentle slopes and steep hillsides on both east and west sides of the valley. The river at that point meandered in wide swings with the result that there were slopes facing almost all points of the compass. Springs arose on the hillsides. A great variety of natural vegetational habitats was thus afforded and much scope for the artificial creation of special conditions.

Over the years Mr. and Mrs. Wood expended a great deal of money and effort in laying the foundations necessary to the development of the estate as a whole, as well as carrying out the intensive development of certain portions. Three miles of metalled road gave access by vehicle to all parts of the grounds and there were three bridges capable of carrying motor vehicles across the river. The most fully developed were the twenty-

five acres of level upland in the vicinity of the house. Except for a natural woodlot of an acre or two fronting on Bayview Avenue and farming a most desirable screen from that busy traffic artery, the west bank upland was already considerably developed. In large, it was drained and piped with water. There were beautiful trees and shrubs, and several acres had been planted, many of which were exotic and some rare. The steep banks were covered with a natural mixed forest in which about forty native species occurred. In and around those woods an exceptionally full representation of our native shrubs and herbaceous flora was already established, and numerous excellent sites provided for the naturalization of additional forms. A quite exceptional site for a rhododendron planting occurred on the sides of an old municipal road (now included in the estate) which ran down the hill amongst a suitably open stand of pines, hemlocks, and hardwoods.

The main house stood on the very edge of the steep hillside overlooking the valley to the east. Immediately to the west and south of the house the hill was terraced with cut stonework and planted with lawn, shrub and flower beds. To the south and west of the top level was the formal gardens with stonework, pavilions, fountains, and lily pools. Plantings of horticultural species and hybrids occurred in those gardens and in their vicinity. There were over five hundred species of hybrids bearded irises established in a semi-circular area surrounded by a tall protective hedge.

No one who had seen Glendon Hall could have doubted that the grounds and buildings were beautifully adapted to the purposes of a botanical garden. Manifestly, the existing architecture and planting had set some nice problems of maintenance and modification, but the accomplished work of road building, cleaning, bridging, fencing and irrigation, which usually constituted such a serious problem in the initial stages of development, far overbalanced the problematic features. Indeed, few gardens could have had such a good start in life. The estimated monetary value of that foundation work, quite apart from the intrinsic value of the real estate, was well over two million dollars. In the main that would have been discarded and lost had the policy of the University Governors taken another form. The existence of the foundation had been enabled by concentrating first upon developing the scientific and research side without having to expend all the meagre resources upon road construction,

fencing, and such necessities. (The garage building was converted into a laboratory and office building and the greenhouses were maintained.) The facilities were also enjoyed by workers from other departments of the University and by institutions from outside the University altogether for work on hybridization of trees, climatology, microbiology and forest entomology. All those researches required facilities, sometimes multiple facilities, available nowhere in the University except at Glendon Hall.

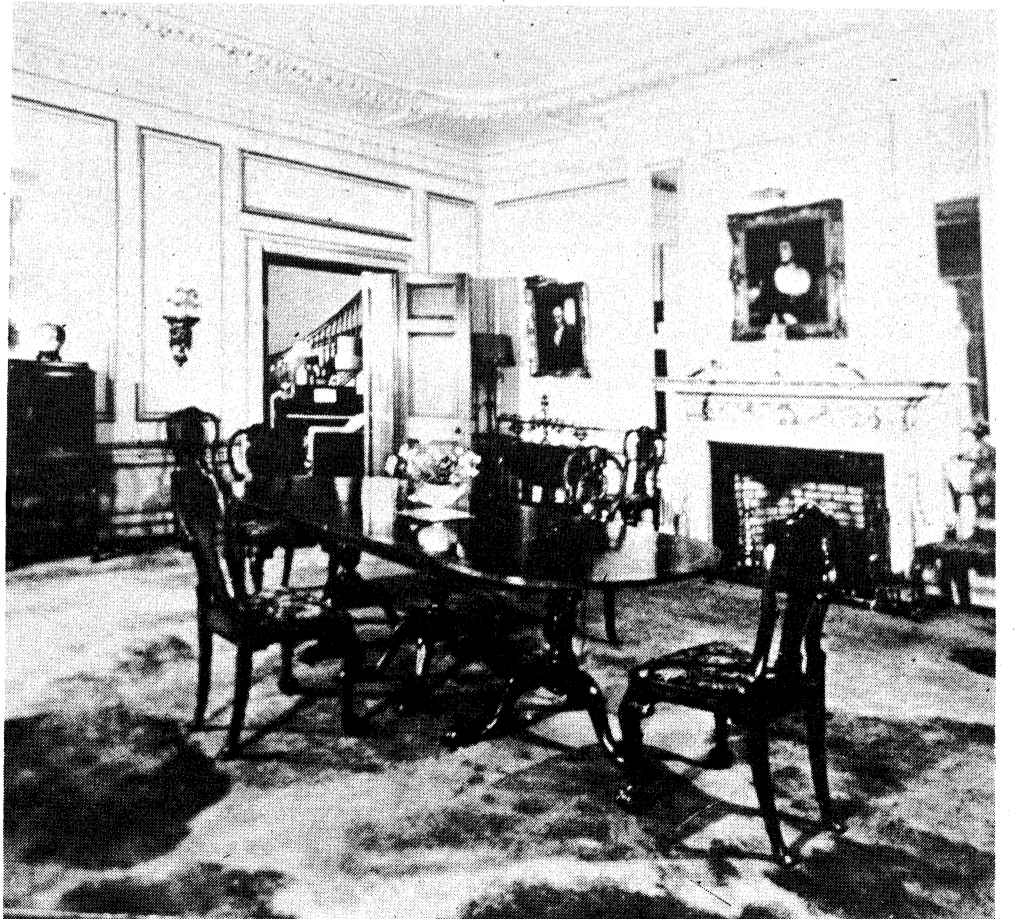
On Friday October 15th, 1954, the Toronto region was visited by hurricane "Hazel" with disastrous consequences. The Glendon Hall Garden did not escape. Two of the three bridges and nearly all the roadways on the floor of the valley and some on the hillsides were washed out. Three-quarters of the bottom had been buried under a tremendous deposit of mud and sand and great heaps of rock and wreckage from higher up the valley. It was difficult at the moment to see how the existing frightful chaos was to be tidied up and the destruction repaired, but clearly the valley was somehow to be restored and the means to do it were forthcoming.

Fortunately, the uplands, benchlands, hillsides, and terraces suffered rather less damage that might have been expected and though the losses at those elevations were severe, they appeared to be manageable. It was probably difficult to perceive the bright side of such a violent and destructive convulsion of nature, but no doubt it might have been worse.

The College Era

Glendon is now in the second decade as a College of York University. This period began in 1960 when the Board of Governors of U of T decided that the requirements for another University in Toronto exceeded the need for a botanical garden. They took advantage of a loophole Mrs. Wood provided in her will --- extract from Mrs. Wood's will - "It is my wish that the Board shall use the property devised, in whole or in part, in connection with the work of the Department of Botany of the University of Toronto or in such a way as it may think best for the purposes of the University, its teaching staff and students, but in stating my wish in this way, I do so without intending to create any trust."---this gave the property to the York University.

Thus ended the great plans of the Department of Botany (UofT) so enthusiastically embarked on for the (continued on page 8)



The Beauty of the former Livingroom and Library of Glendon Hall

History Of Glendon

(continued from page 7)

previous ten years. The work was then confined to a small research laboratory and still continues.

Many thoughtful citizens were alarmed at the prospect of a University campus in the midst of a very fine residential area, and the fear of what could happen to the beautiful ravines as well as the garden-like estate. The spectre of high rise residences and huge parking lots dominating the area concerned the residents of the area, and those concerned with the preservation of the wooded areas and ravines.

However, the necessity of having plans approved by the North York Council, the Metropolitan Planning Board, the Ontario Municipal Board, the Metropolitan and Region Conservation Authority, and pressure from residents, provided sufficient restraints.

A statement made by Murray Ross then Vice-President of U. of T., in 1960 identified three separate but interdependent needs which York University should meet in the years that lay ahead.

1. a large urban university with a wide range of arts and professional facilities and schools to accommodate 15,000 students, most of whom would be commuters.
2. a small arts college specializing in general and liberal education to accommodate 1,500 students, most of whom would be in residence.
3. an evening college providing courses leading to a university degree.

The master plan for the development of Glendon Hall was approved by the Board of Governors included the following features:

1. land coverage by buildings limited so that ninety per cent of the acreage would be retained as green areas and would continue to be opened to the public. Most of the fine trees on the site would remain and a large portion of the natural amenities would be improved, thereby enhancing the fine park-like features of the property;
2. buildings limited to three stories above table-land, the majority grouped well away from the private homes on adjoining properties, thus preserving the character of the neighbourhood;
3. planned limitation of physical facilities to meet academic requirements for a maximum of 1,500 students and residential accommodation for approximately eighty per cent. The development to take place over a considerable number of years;
4. adequate provision of parking space in locations and in a manner designed to be unobtrusive as recommended by a parking consultant. The college, being largely residential would have small student-parking requirements compared with a university enrolling a large number of commuting students.

The plan was approved without modification by the North York Council and the Metropolitan Toronto Planning Board, but met with opposition by the Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority and a number of residents in the



The Former Dining Room which is now occupied by Pro Tem.

area. While the Board of Governors believed that the plan was basically sound and in the public interest - indeed, in the words of President Ross, "This college might as well become the brightest star in the Canadian University firmament." - there was recognition that considerable time would be required to reach a harmonious solution. This would have precluded the possibility of completing the first buildings in time for classes in the fall of 1961. The Board therefore, made certain concessions which seemed essential to the fulfillment of the university's first phase of development.

A revised bylaw incorporating restrictions in respect of the use of valley lands, heights of buildings, distance from adjoining residential properties and parking had been enacted by the North York Council and approved by the Ontario Municipal Board. Work on the first new building proceeded immediately and made possible the opening of classes in September 1961 on the Glendon Hall Campus.

Glendon Garden

On January 21, 1961, Roger Bray, professor of Botany, U. of T.; was totally against the construction of buildings on the property, for since 1950 the Botanical Garden Committee of the Department of Botany of U. of T. had made plans to develop the garden property as a botanical garden. They had operated a research laboratory in co-operation with the Faculty of Forestry and had planted native and exotic shrubs and herbs on the grounds. He argued that it was not an ideal sight for a university or a residential college. The Don bottomlands were subject to flooding from the polluted Don River. Even with flood control, another hurricane Hazel might bring extensive damage. The uplands were too small for a university and there was no room for inexpensive expansion since the surrounding area was a very high priced residential district. There was no room for the commercial enterprises which serve students and faculty, like book and music stores, restaurants, small-groceries, coffee houses, jazz cellars, and self-service laundries. Without those services and social amenities, the area can never become a university community and thus, it would only be a daytime education factory. Nor would many faculty members be able to live in the neighbourhood because of the high-priced houses.

Even though construction on one of the buildings had begun at Glendon Hall, it was not too late to change plans and move to another site. The financial saving to York University in the long run would have compensated for the inconvenience. The Glendon property would have still been suitable for a botanical garden, if York University had decided to move.

Violation

By giving the Glendon Hall property to York University, the U. of T. Board of Governors did not violate the will of the late Mrs. E.R. Wood. They certainly violated the spirit of the will and the intentions of Mrs.

Wood which were that the property be used for the development of a botanical garden by the Department of Botany of U. of T.

I suspect that York University did not wish to occupy the Glendon Hall site but was forced to do so by the Governors of U. of T. One wonders whether the Governors realized that fragmentation of a university campus (as is the case of York University) might effectively prevent the growth of a creative university community which is capable of challenging the predominance of U. of T.

Glendon Experiment

Glendon College came into existence on July 1, 1966 and started operations in September. According to the Greek myths the Goddess of Wisdom sprang full-grown from the brain of Zeus. Glendon College has this same god-like quality. It sprang from the brain of York University. When it began operations in September, Glendon College began with students in all four years.

The explanation for this is that when York University moved its headquarters and main base of operations from Glendon to its new campus at Keele Street many of the students already enrolled in certain arts courses at York stayed on at the Glendon campus. Seven hundred, second, third and fourth year students who stayed on at Glendon became, on July of that year, founders of the Glendon campus.

Glendon College now has residential accommodation for 433 students. A small co-educational, mainly residential, liberal arts college, located on a quiet, secluded, beautifully wooded eighty-four acre estate on the edge of a river valley, located in the middle of a vigorous, growing metropolis of over two million people, separated by twelve miles from the rest of the university to which it belongs is, to say the least, unusual.

Today the Glendon campus is still beautiful though much of its former beauty had to be destroyed so as to make way for the construction of buildings. We now have a main academic and administration building, a library, two residences, a physical education facilities. The "Glendon Hall" building, the most identifying element on the Glendon campus now serves to facilitate the needs of the Glendon community. Although stripped of its beautiful furnishings and with the addition of a few small changes it still shows that it was an example of perfect urban dwelling with a home-like and tasteful effect.

It has always been the intention of York University to maintain the unusual beauty of this site on which we live and work and also to permit public access to the walks and gardens.

The work of changing this once fairy-like habitat of "Glendon Hall Estate" into a University was well done. Even now, many people driving down Bayview Avenue do not suspect all the activities of a college are taking place behind the wrought-iron gate of what appears to be an exclusive residence.

Indeed, a residential Liberal Arts College focussing on bilingualism as its distinctive feature is alive and well and functioning in beautiful Glendon.

Housman

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

(Last Poems)

Shakespeare

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

(The Winter's Tale)

Borrow

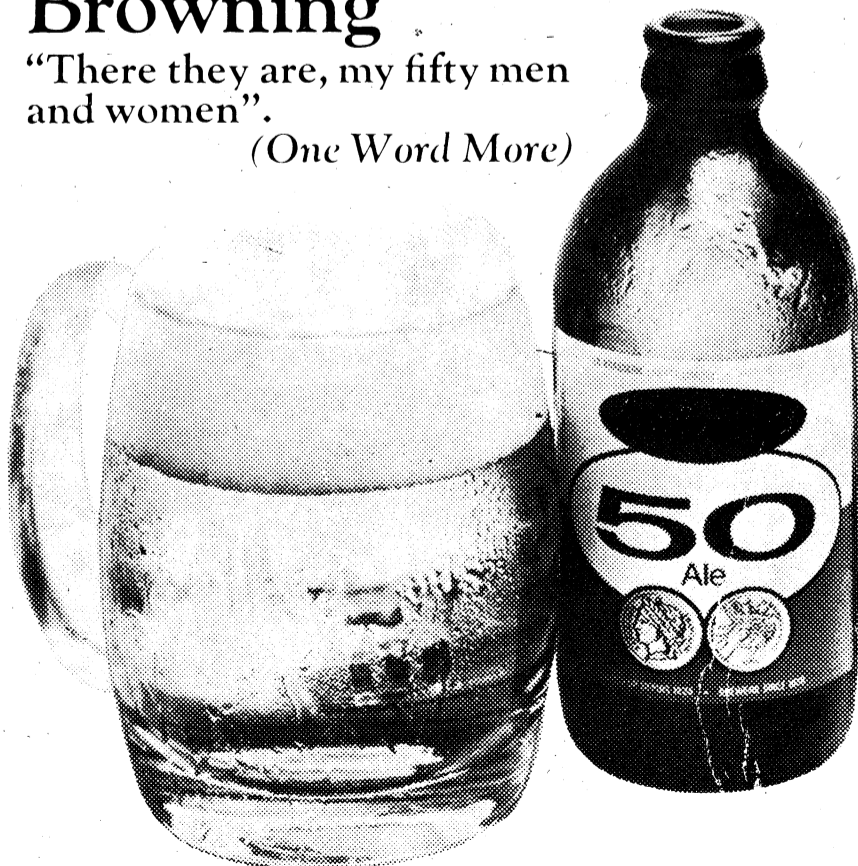
"Good ale, the true and proper drink..."

(Lavengro)

Browning

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

(One Word More)



poetic justice

Poetic Justice Productive

The first poetry reading of the year took place Thursday, February 13 in the Glendon Art Gallery. The participation was excellent with over a dozen poets from all parts of the College reading. Seating capacity in the Art Gallery is not great, and consequently the audience was smaller than it could have been, with people sitting outside in the hall. The next one will definitely be staged in mid-March if we can get a larger forum.

The reading itself was a great success. Cecile Mosely, a consultant to chemical technicians, and who had heard about the reading from a friend at Seneca, opened the afternoon with several very moving love poems.

Bob Sherman picked up the pace by perhaps the best rendering of several E.E. Cummings poems that is likely to occur for some time to come.

Yvan Rioux, one of Glendon's top

Francophone poets, read with energy, conviction and an ability to deliver his own poetry well; something not all poets are good at doing.

Eric Moore read some of his recent work with the animation and energy that characterizes his poetry.

David Melvin and David Sullivan both added a touch of humour which was most welcome and refreshing. It strikes me that a sense of humour is an excellent performance device and produces gentle ironies when the poetry itself is sincere.

Michael Ondaatje read selections from his book, RAT JELLY, as well as some of his recent work, which was very much appreciated.

The staff of Dime Bag would like to thank everyone who came out to read, and to keep in mind the possibilities of another reading sometime in March.

UNA MEZZA JORNATA BELLA IN ITALIA PICCOLA



The happy environment of an Italian neighbourhood.

by Gordon McIvor

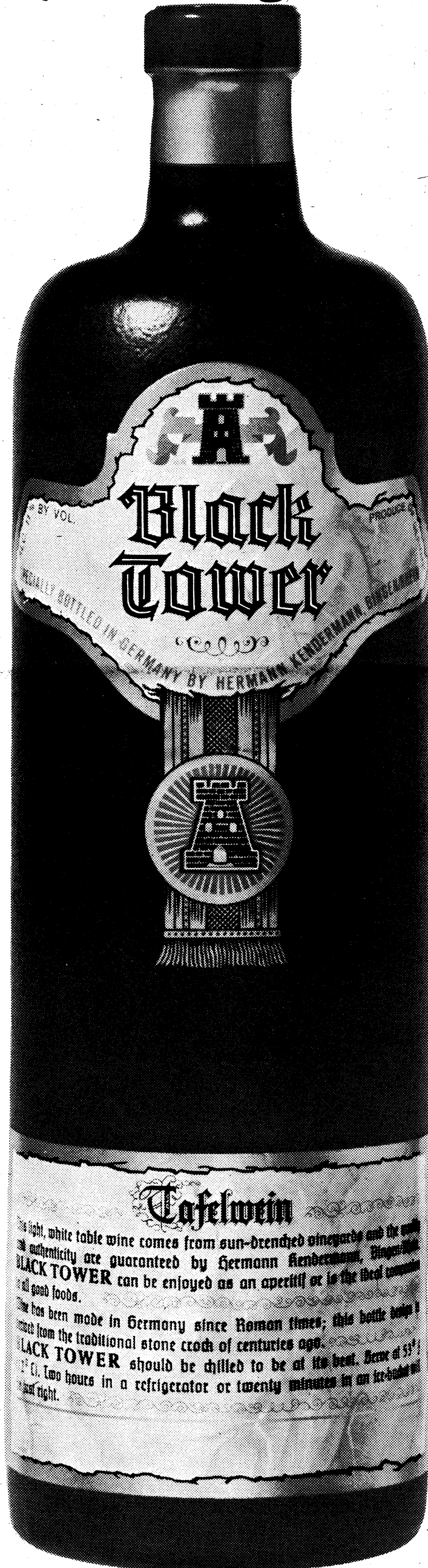
Reading week loomed drearily in front of me, and as I drove home the Friday afternoon before the holiday I envisioned the countless essays I would have to battle through during the days to come. While friends disappeared right and left to such exotic places as Puerto Rico, Vermont, or Mont St. Anne, I would be left stranded in Leslie Frost with such delights as Freud, Racine, and Shakespeare. The most exciting thing in my future was watching the "CARNIVAL" parade on television from Québec city, and perhaps a couple of chess games with my brother. As I drove down St. Clair Avenue heading west, these cheery thoughts danced around my head, and I was so preoccupied that I nearly ran over an old Italian "mama" and her nine children. They all looked so happy as the scuttled across the street and disappeared into a corner bakery that I felt quite envious. No one has the right to be that happy, stuck in Toronto in the middle of February! I parked the car, and furtively darted into the bakery after them to see if I might learn their secret.

Fresh odors of bread, cakes, pies, and cookies attacked my helpless nostrils as I stepped into the tiny shop. The first thing I saw was that the family I had followed was sitting around the store's one table eating the most delicious-looking pastries I have ever seen. They took absolutely no notice of me whatsoever . . . I had expected at least the usual angry glare that Torontonians greet each other with in public places. I boldly walked over to the counter to where an attractive middle-aged woman with (dyed) red hair was serving. I asked for two pastries like the ones she had just sold to the large family over in

the corner. She smiled, nodded her head, and then walked away, leaving me standing there confused. Two minutes later (I ingeniously timed it on my official Sherlock Holmes watch), she returned with a very black-haired man. He in turn smiled at me and said, almost in an apologetic tone, that his wife didn't speak English. "You see we no get very many English people in here," he explained. I couldn't believe my ears . . . a clean, respectable street filled with people who don't use English, in the largest English city in Canada? I explained that I wanted two pastries, the ones with the pink icing and red cherries on top (by this time, I had cleverly noted the kind of pastries that my friends in the corner were devouring). He took them out, and informed me I owed him forty cents. "They are usually two for fifty cent, but just give me forty." I smiled at this typically Latin business deal I had just participated in, and took my pastries out onto the street so as to watch the Italian world drift by.

St. Clair is not like anything you have ever seen in Toronto before. The cafés are probably the best in the city, with friendly service at all times. There are discotheques, restaurants, parks, pool halls, taverns and clothing stores abounding, not to mention the excellent food stores where you can buy delicacies from all over the European continent. On a Saturday afternoon, if you don't feel like battling the St. Lawrence Market, try buying your fruit, vegetables, and meat on St. Clair Avenue, and drop by a café for a pastry and a coffee. You may never go to Yonge Street again, for compared to the dirty circus of Yonge, the St. Clair world is paradise. It's like taking an afternoon trip to Italy, economy class.

A light white wine in a classic black bottle.
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BLACK TOWER should be chilled to be at its best. Serve at 55° F. or 10° C. Two hours in a refrigerator or twenty minutes in an ice bucket will do the trick.



on campus

Mercredi: Hum 373 présente 'La Nuit de la Saint-Jean' à 4h15 dans la salle 204. L'entrée est libre.

Thursday, February 27--Sunday, March 2: The Glendon College Dramatic Arts Programme presents MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL by T. S. Eliot, directed by Michael Gregory, in the ODH at 8:30 p.m. Admission \$2.50.

Mardi, le 4 mars: Hum 383.3 présente GROS MORNE et UN LENDEMAIN COMME HIER de Michel Bouchard à 3h15 dans la salle 204. L'entrée est libre.

movies

The 99-cent Roxy (Danforth and Greenwood, 461-2401)

Wednesday: LITTLE BIG MAN at 7:00 and 9:30 p.m.

Thursday: END OF THE ROAD at 7 and 10:40 p.m. IF at 8:50 p.m.

Friday: HARD DAY'S NIGHT at

7 and 9:20 p.m. MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR at 8:30 and 10:50 p.m.

Saturday: YELLOW SUBMARINE; BATMAN AND ROBIN #11 at 2:30 p.m. SUGARLAND EXPRESS at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m. PINK FLAMINGO at midnight.

Monday: ZARDOZ at 7 and 10:40 p.m. THE MAGUS at 8:45 p.m.

Tuesday: CATCH-22 at 7:00 p.m. BREWSTER McCLOUD at 9:10 p.m. Bristol Palace Hotel (950 Dixon Road, 677-9444)

Sunday: Hepburn and Grant in HOLIDAY (1938) at 7:30 p.m. Admission \$1.50.

theatre

(a partial listing of live theatre in Toronto)

St. Lawrence Centre (27 Frank Street East, 366-7723) QUESTION TIME by Robertson Davies

Royal Alexandra (260 King Street West, 363-4211) ODYSSEY



The soul group The Miracles and their 13-piece band, open a new nightclub, Zodiac 1, Feb. 26 at 9 p.m. Located in the Ramada Inn, the club boasts two stages and a 16-track sound mix. 185 Yorkland Ave. 493-9000.

Toronto Workshop (12 Alexander Street, 925-8640) CAPTAIN OF KOP-ENICK

Tarragon (30 Bridgman Avenue, 531-1827) BONJOUR, LA BONJOUR

Théâtre Passe Muraille (Bathurst Street United, 961-3303) I LOVE YOU, BABY BLUE

Poor Alex (296 Brunswick, 961-3303) TCNY'S WOMEN

Passe Muraille Seed Show (Dundas at Sherbourne, 961-3303) FOLLIES OF CONVICTION

Théâtre du P'tit Bonheur (95 Danforth Avenue, 466-8400) ON DEMANDE UN MENAGE

Firehall Theatre (70 Berkeley Street, 364 4170) Tolstoy's POWER OF DARKNESS

Second City (110 Lombard, 363-1674) ANYONE FOR KELP

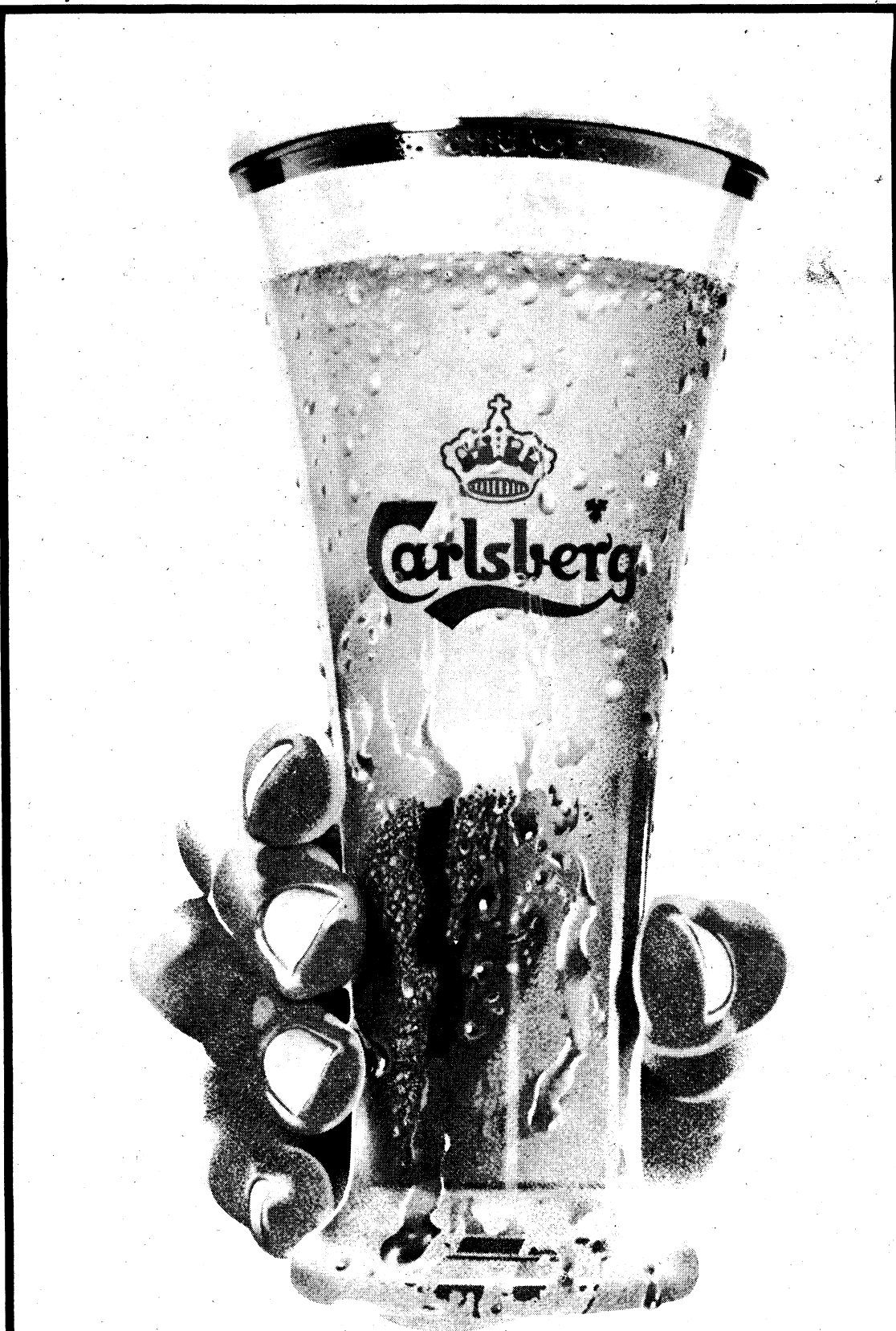
music

El Mocambo (464 Spadina, 961-2558) Downchild Blues Band

John Entwistle's OX at Massey Hall, Saturday at 8:00 p.m.



A metal sculpture by Ted Goldstein of Toronto, is one of the many exhibits at the third annual ORT Festival of Crafts, being held at the Four Seasons Sheraton Hotel



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Jacques Brel is Alive and Well and Living in Paris is the cabaret attraction at The Teller's Cage theatre-restaurant. 862-1434.

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MURDER In The Cathedral At Glendon This Week

by Barb Munro

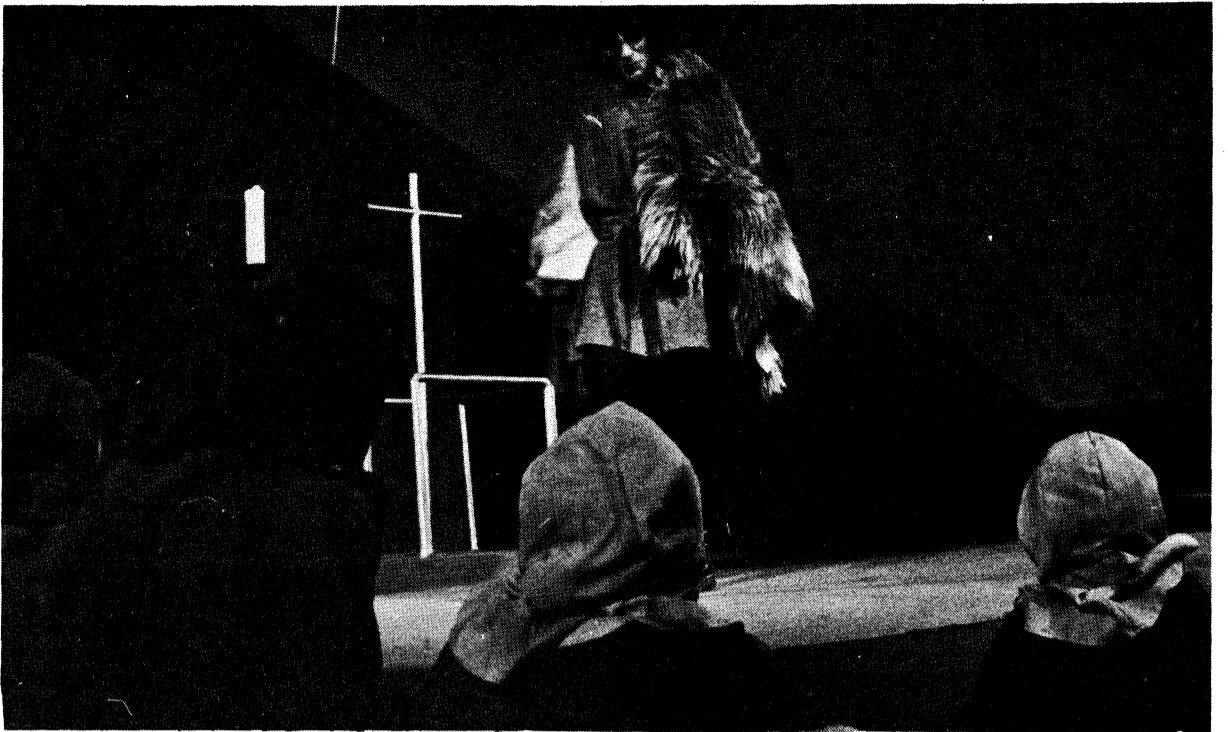
Thursday February 27 is opening night for the Dramatic Arts production of T.S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral". Every year there is great anticipation and excitement surrounding the College's major production, and this year is no exception. There are well over 50 people associated with this production. More than fifty people are experiencing participation in a theatrical endeavour that is nothing short of completely professional. D.A.P. Director Michael Gregory has from the beginning, orchestrated the various departments within the production as though he were dealing with professionals, and as always, the response has been professional. Actors, designers, crew members and officers of the company have all worked well and efficiently together to ensure the genesis of a production that will be welcomed by the community that the Dramatic Arts Programme serves. Caroline Gregory, as usual, created a stunningly appropriate line-up of costumes, all of which were hand tailored for the play.

Charles Northcote, Manager of the Company, gave generously of his time, conducting workshops and helping individual actors with the extremely difficult task of interpreting well their parts. Many of the actors are very glad he was as available as he was.

The largest, although by no means the most important role, is that of Thomas Becket. John Frankie handles the role with competence, infecting it with his peculiar ease and relaxation of manner, creating visions of a Becket that are not at all inconsistent with a very possible historical perspective.

If the play has a shooting star, it is surely Ted Paget. I know I speak for the entire company when I say, without any reservation whatsoever, that Ted has been a genuine source of inspiration for sometimes dispirited actors and technicians alike. Ted represents everything that's good about positive thinking.

I am not going to mention anyone else at this time. Everyone ought to be mentioned for we don't have anyone on staff not worth



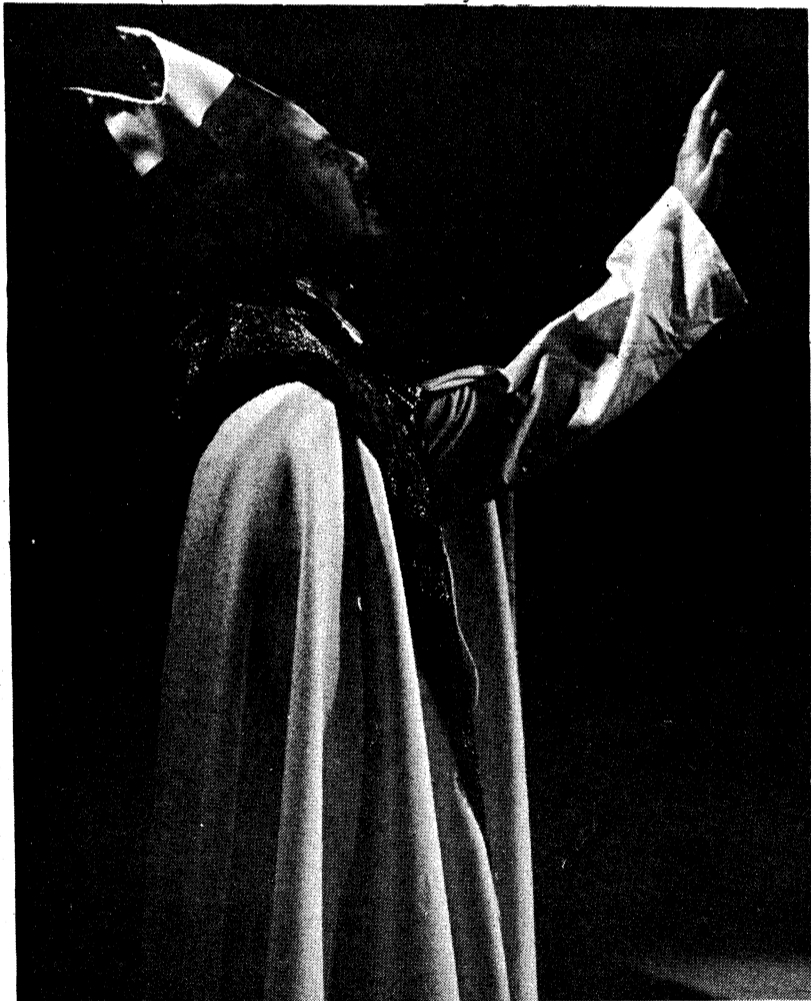
Bruce Litvac as a rough country baron in "Murder in the Cathedral"

mentioning. I shall leave the rest to Pro Tem's theatre critic of the hour to furnish you with a more comprehensive overview than I have time for here.

Not wishing to conclude this at all, may I leave you with

my assurances that "Murder in the Cathedral" has been well directed, well acted; that David Weatherston's incomparable set will make you wonder why the one at Stratford doesn't look more like his, and that you will enjoy

your evening in the Old Dining Hall Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 8:30pm., mainly because so many of your friends and acquaintances have had so much to do with this play's most assured success.



Bob Sherman, as the fourth tempter, offers advice to Thomas



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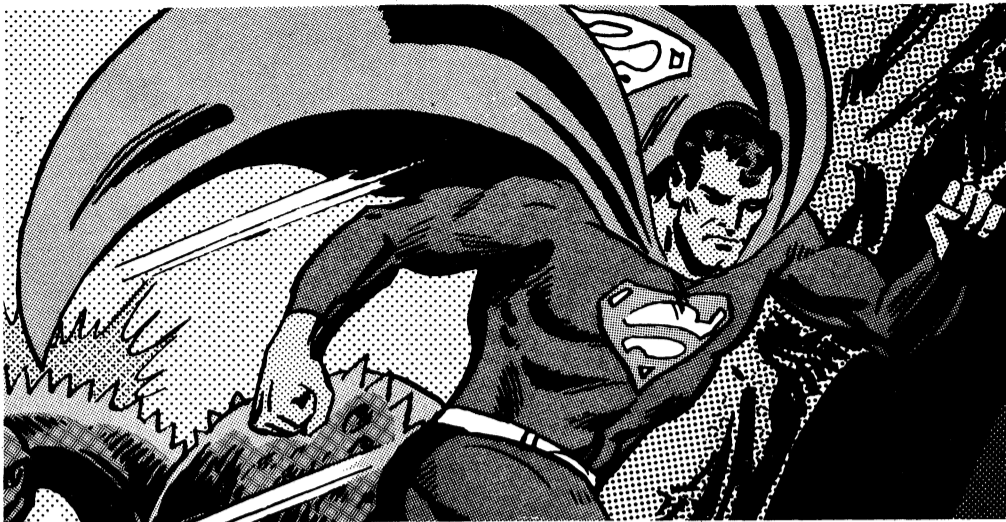


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FOUL WITHOUT TEARS Bruin Baby Bruin & MS. STIFF



Lorne Prince caught in one of his usual poses.

Student Prince A Sports Hit

Good afternoon, art lovers and closet queens, and welcome to the ever popular, but always jocular (Ed. note: I doubt it! Hayward, you're as popular and jocular as the Bethune Tea Kettles) world of Eyewitness Sports '75, brought to you by yours contritely, Hail Bruin (or Dipiddy Do as my biker jacket is studded), with f--k a-l coming from Ms. Stiff with the K-Tel Record Selector at the base, and back for a return engagement by popular demand, Henri de Longhurst, fresh from the tracks of la towne du carnival, ye olde Québec.

After twelve but less than thirteen semaines of lugubrious work behind the key to the executive washroom, it suddenly comes to mind that at last issue's conclusion Master Prince Prince was deep in the throes of fabricating yet another exaggerated tale recounting how he came to be Glendon's Male Athlete of '74-'75 by default. But, let us review his case. Here are the unabridged facts of Lorne Prince, "The Great Pretender."

Recall how in the spring of '75, and with all the grace of two walruses in heat, Lorne finally learned how to stop dribbling before he shot. This was a significant accomplishment, for this meant that Lorne could play co-ed basketball. Previously, he'd only been allowed to play with himself.

Hail You! This is Henry Longhurst, ou Henri-de-Longhurst, interrupting this article for a narrative interlude of one of my own experiences with "Squire" Prince. It should be noted that Lorne excels in not only athletic ability, but he has talents not insignificant in other realms as well. Lorne is also the only man who can inhale through his ears, acquiring this unusual habit after being struck in the nose by an errant birdie which rendered him unable to breathe normally for several days. Thus, he obviously NEEDED to breathe through his ears! 'Nuff said, nudge, nudge. Nod's as good as a wink to a blind bat. Know what I mean? Ay. Say no more, say no more!

The K-Tel Record Selector has

just now informed me that Ms. Stiff would also like to add her tuppence worth to this eloquent testimonial to Sir Lorne Prince, Duke of Bridgewater and Earl of the East-Ed.

Thank you, Hail (or Haywood as his paperweight is monogrammed). I remember it vividly. It was Wednesday, October 16, 1974, between 8:03 and 8:14 p.m. I was wearing my brown jumper and K-Tel was wearing his family kilt; the kettle was on the boil and the 'phone had just rung; the dog barked, and a fly landed on the kitchen sink. Then what happened? Oh, yes! Lorne came in. He was inquiring about purchasing a copy of the Kama Sutra, the Polynesian Book of sport. Noticing his extreme state of arousal on this subject, I immediately administered one mouth-to-mouth recussitation and two hickeys. Ecstasy. Sheer joy! Lorne then proceeded to assault me with a wide variety of athletic equipment. He stroked my navel area with an oar, he chipped in with a nine iron (salvaging par), patted my fanny with a squash-racquet, and caressed my cheek with a hockey stick on L5.

Finally, streaking in from the blue-line, he asked me out of my shorts and put one in the left corner, with a high, hard shot. 'Nuff said, 'nuff said, nudge, nudge. Say no more, say no more; a nod's as good as a wink to a blind bat.

Thank you, Ms. Stiff, for that scintillating display of your extra-curricular skills. In the future, please confine yourself to the Joy of Cooking.

Well, sports fans, to you my avid reading and viewing public, the stirring testimony which you have just witnessed, that open show of love and respect for Lorne, has surely convinced you too, that Lorne 'Student' Prince is not only a truly exceptional athlete but a man for all seasons.

Lorne, my staff salutes you; the Glendon community salutes you; Henry toasts you; Ms. Stiff will always remember you; Porky Haddon will always warn you, and I will give you this much at least--nothing. Lorne, you puck artist, you!

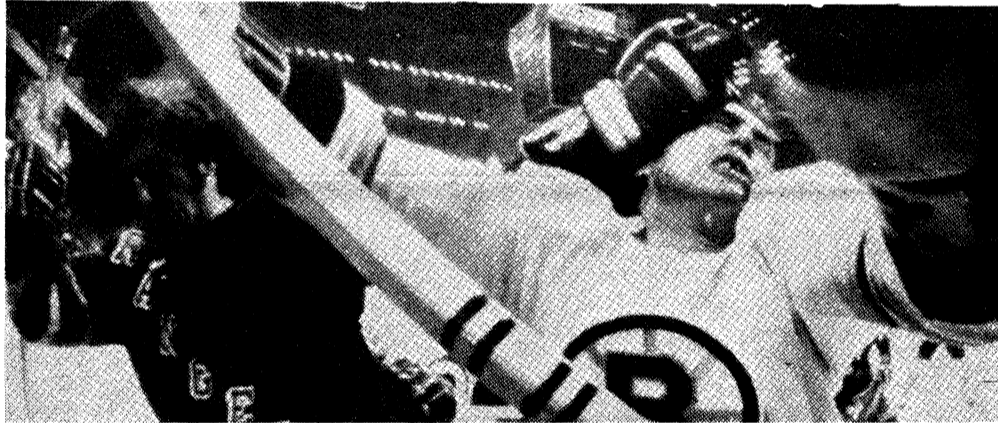
Well folks, you my avid reading and viewing public, slander-mongers that you are, have in the past variously heard such expressions as "ghost-writer", Casper the Friendly Ghost, "not a ghost of a chance" and that age-old joke - What do ghosts eat for breakfast? Ghost Toasties, of course! Mindful of this highly illustrious tradition, I, Hail Bruin (or Haywood the Hallowed Ghost as my tombstone shall undoubtedly be engraved) now present to you the G.A.H.A. resurrected from the dead.

What you say? You didn't even know there was a hockey season? Well, that's not surprising. In the past, however, this idyllic, parasitic campus had a tradition of participation and activity. Why, back in the old days out mottoes were "We make our fortunes and we call them fate," and "The greatest thing about being 'high' on Jesus is that you don't have to come down". But, alas, the spirits of sanctity were replaced by les spirits de gin, de vodka and de scotch. What! Pas de Watney's Rouge? queried Stuart "So-Tall" Spence. Furthermore, when everyone found out that J.C. wore "water-walkers" the spiritual high was exchanged for that wonder of modern science and technology, le dope. As the days became weeks, the weeks became months and the months became years, glassy-eyed-Glendonites wandered aimlessly about, with a look about them that can be described in only one word, stoned. At this point the great Glendon traditions of Faith, Hope and Charity departed the hallowed halls of Glendon never to return. All three girls graduated with V. D.'s, that mark which is just

enough above an F to get you out of here.

In desperation, the maitres of the Proctor Field House decided that the existing athletic activities were too participatory-oriented. Following the example of the Student Union a new Glendon motto was borne "Never underestimate the power of laziness". By some star-crossed fate they came upon a copy of that little known exposé on negative thinking, "Dragging Your Ass for Fun and Profit" written by an equally unknown philosopher, "Torpor". After the gospel had been spread, everyone decided to celebrate. There was shouting in the streets, and over on the ski hill some unknown soul, miraculously transformed three nickels of hash, and one ounce of grass into enough for five thousand. Then, he parted the Don and the Serpent, the Masked Beaver, Viet Squirrel, and Mallard J. and Sydney T. Duck were no more.

It is saddening to think that this transformation has befallen us. But, "woe is us", and "aye there's the rub", it has. So it is for your own personal benefit, my avid reading and viewing public, that I, Hail Bruin (or Haywood the Lion-hearted as I am known amongst fellow crusaders), indeed, my entire staff, even old Henry the epitome of a "fallen" man, are determined to report to you on activities that only "an act of God" could prevent from occurring. (Who said God is dead?) In retrospect, therefore, Eyewitness Sports, is pleased to reconstruct the events of a season that never got off the ground.



Ms. Stiff and Hail Bruin trade off old hockey stories in this week's issue.

SPINEMEN BEYOND REPAIR

Dateline: Glendon Memorial Gardens

Semaine last, or the semaine before last, or was it before that... Oh, anyways who cares, we're just making this up! ... the inaugural match of a young intramurally-yours shinny season took place in the winter-wonderland setting of Le Campus Normale. It was a clash between the old guard and the new guard. On either side was the Right Guard and the Western Guard. (née, the Edmond Burke Society)

The Bayview Oilers, in keeping with nothing in particular, (then again, who is?) with veterans, deserters, and P.O.W.'s and draft evaders really did a job on an inexperienced squad of neophyte Quacks. Led by that fearsome threesome, the "Dope Connection", Ernie G., Chumley and Niloc, known alternatively as Dinken, Stinken, and Clod, the Oilers by virtue of this story were assured the victory that they would otherwise have been denied. One play stands out in my memory. Trapped in his own end, Dinken passed to Stinken, back to Dinken who relayed it to Clod, then they stopped for a toke. As the play resumed Clod lost the puck between his feet, but the ever-alert Stinken scooped it up and crossed the blue-line, while Clod went to the men's room to roll a spliff. Dinken, lazy as usual watched the entire scene from the catwalk above the smoke-filled edifice. High, high above. At Glendon no-one has a fear of high places. Where else are the students higher than the trees. Meanwhile,

Stinken caught alone without a joint and with only the puck to keep him company snorted some ice chips to bring on that familiar sensation in his nostrils. Not like coke, but good in a pinch. Final score Oilers 4,321 Spinemen 0 give or take a few. But in this instance we prefer to take. Oh yes! Iron-lungs Laforet was also fine "a tween the twine". Also noticeable were the lacklustre efforts of all-star rearguard, Lorne "Student" Prince (that's right, the very same) and the team spark-plug, Noodle. Absent was Tom "Belgian-Bomber" Lietaer who was taking a cold shower, after having seen the cast of Brussel Sprouts, au naturel (and back stage).

Attention

Voulez-vous acheter des billets de hockey de \$4.50 pour seulement \$3.50. Les billets sont pour une partie de hockey qui aura lieu au "Maple Leaf Gardens" vendredi le 7 mars à 8 heures p.m. Les Nordiques de Québec attaqueront les petits Toros de Toronto. C'est une partie à ne pas manquer. Donc, si vous voulez des billets, hâtez-vous car le nombre est limité.

S. v. p. contactez: André Rousseau, E301 ou Jacques Plante ou Louis Têtu E303.

N.B. N'oubliez-pas d'apporter vos drapeaux du Québec, vos cloches, vos sifflets, vos trompettes ou tout ce qui peut faire beaucoup de bruit. Jacques Plante

