

Report asks total gov't control of higher education

By JOHN KING
Stare Staff Writer

A new bureaucracy under the Minister of Colleges and Universities is one of a series of wide-sweeping reforms proposed in the report of the Commission on Post-Secondary Education in Ontario.

In a draft report to be released next week, the commission under chairman Douglas Wright recommends that the ministry have three co-ordinating boards — one for universities, another for community colleges and a third for two new categories of government control.

The first new category includes

institutions established by various government departments for specific purposes, such as the Niagara School of Horticulture, police colleges, the colleges of agricultural technology, teachers' colleges and the school of nursing.

The second new category includes libraries, museums, theatres and art galleries.

A draft copy of the report and its 72 recommendations was leaked to The Globe and Mail on Monday. The report will go to public hearings before it is presented to the Ontario government in June.

The report stresses that the commission is not recommending the

establishment of a University of Ontario — one province-wide university with satellite campuses in various communities.

The university co-ordinating board would have the power to establish a general admissions policy, the power to distribute operating and capital funds among the institutions and the power to establish new faculties and do away with others, both at the graduate and undergraduate levels.

"The clearly delineated powers should make it possible for the board to establish stable relationships with individual institutions. While the co-ordinating board structure may ap-

pear to some as another name for the 'University of Ontario', we reject such comparisons.

Experience in multi-campus jurisdictions shows that a single governing board for whole systems leads to bureaucratization and homogenization. The powers of the three proposed co-ordinating boards are specifically intended to preclude such developments."

The report does call for a University of Ontario to give courses by television, radio and mail and to co-ordinate post-secondary education through libraries, museums, theatres and other cultural institutions.

The report says all libraries, including those in schools, colleges and universities, should be open to the general public.

The commission also recommends that Grade 13 be abolished.

There should be "direct and significant representation on governing bodies of students and faculty" in the government of provincially assisted institutions, the report says.

It recommends that meetings of such bodies be open and that budgetary and other information be available to the public.

The report calls for an end to job competition based on degrees

and the abolition of degrees as a method of predicting job markets for students planning to enrol in various fields.

The commission criticizes universities for not reflecting in their hiring practices the number of women receiving PhDs and suggests a timetable of deadlines and proportions for the hiring of female academic staff, starting this year.

The 13-member group was commissioned in 1969 by William Davis, then minister of both education and university affairs, to blueprint Ontario's higher education until 1980 and provide guidelines until 1990.

Increase grants to poor students commission asks

Have you been cheating on your student loan application and using a sizeable portion of your grant to invest in stocks or bonds?

Degree exams for all urged

Examinations for university degrees should be available on demand to everyone in Ontario — whether or not they have undertaken formal study — the Commission on Post-Secondary Education says.

If the recommendation were accepted it would eliminate the need to spend three to ten years in university to get a degree.

The commission's draft report calls for the breakup of the present rigid structure, which forces students to follow prescribed courses in a single institution to get a degree, and suggests a new Uni-

The Commission on Post-Secondary Education would curtail your reckless spending habits and ensure that an equal share of public funds goes into the pockets of students with legitimate financial problems.

The commission proposes to revamp the flow of public subsidies to post-secondary institutions; it would present a basic subsidy of 50 per cent of operating costs to the schools for the first three years of post-secondary education.

Beyond this, families would have to buy education for their children through fees.

A system of grants and subsidies would be set up to distribute the funds into the right hands; the lower the family income, the greater the share of these fees would be. The genuinely poor families in the province would be eligible for grants to cover tuition and living expenses while the student was in full-time attendance at a university or community college.

Families with an income below that of the provincial average would be eligible for

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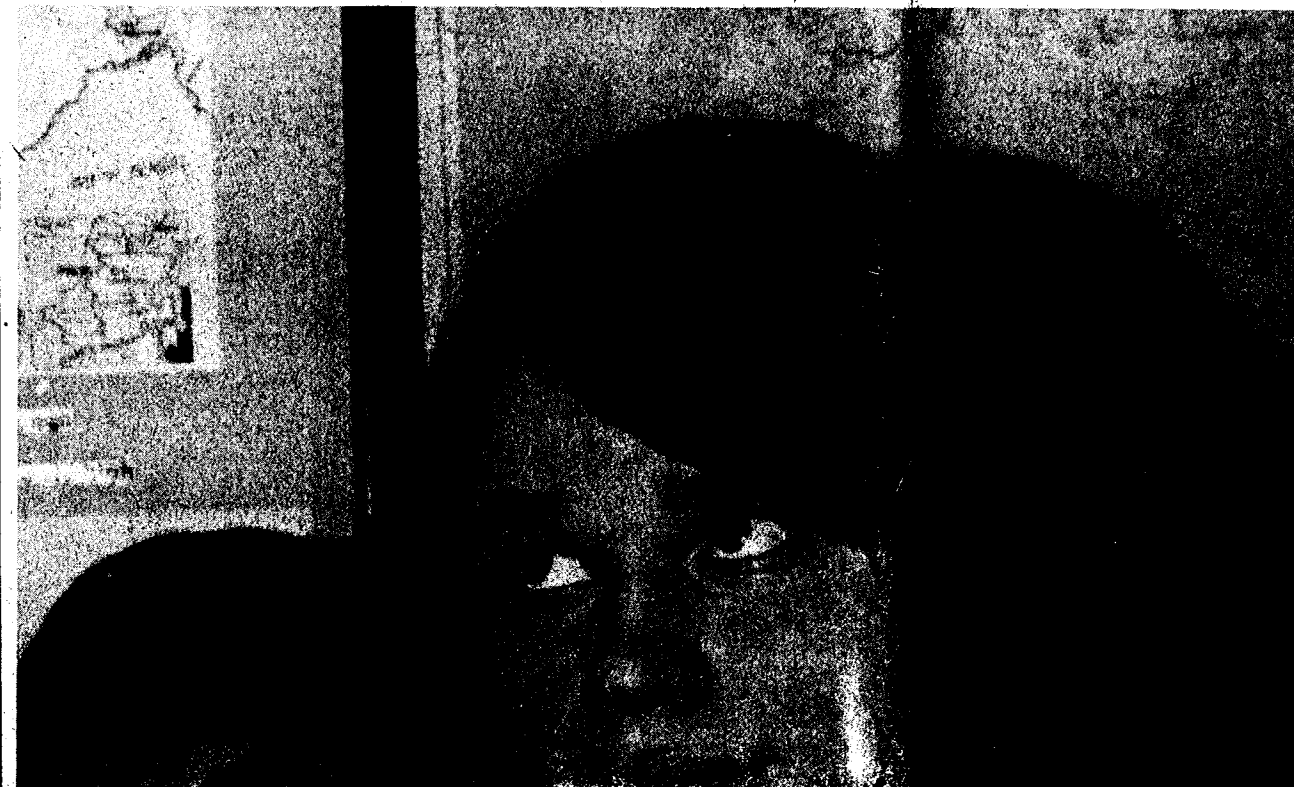
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Grover to edit paper

PRO TEM PICKS CANADIAN



Long time Glendon student and enthusiast Allan Grover was last Thursday selected by the staff to be Editor-in-chief of next year's PRO TEM. The appointment must go to the student body as a whole for ratification in a referendum sometime next month.

Three applications were considered at Thursday's screening, and Mr. Grover was given the appointment only after considerable discussion. Mr. James Daw, current editor of the student weekly, made the announcement with the reservation that he hoped Mr. Grover would not become too tyrannical in wielding the considerable powers commensurate with the job.

Also considered were Paul Weinberg of the PRO TEM staff, J. Carl Andrade and Gary Lambe, both first year Glendon students and Greig Stewart, editor of the Humber College paper, COVEN.

Mr. Grover first entered Glendon in the fall of 1968, and has been noted since for his considerable aversion of attending classes. He has, however, been somewhat active on the students' council, on which he has served as Academic Affairs Com-

Council defeats plan to censure students on FC

On Monday, a Student Council motion to censure the student members of faculty council was narrowly defeated. The motion was put forward by first year representative in response

reed to discuss the matter of parity fully on Wednesday. The motion was narrowly defeated with 2 in favour, 3 against, and 3 abstentions. Weisleder denounced the pro-

could grant a degree to someone who studied simultaneously in two universities.

The commission also recommends that a special fund be set up to give grants to people who did not get or chose not to use opportunities for post-secondary education.

The fund would have an initial \$15-million.

Those who qualified would be able to apply for an amount approximately equal to the average public subsidy for conventional post-secondary education.

Living and learning ought to be indistinguishable, the report says, and it recommends that people should be given degrees for any work they have done or trade they have mastered.

The report does not suggest more colleges and universities of the present type, but advocates the establishment of satellite campuses for some existing institutions in Brantford, Orillia and Chatham.

subsidy based on a sliding scale grant system; students from families with an income above the provincial average would not be eligible for grants.

Success of strike unknown

The due date for the payment of the last installment of residence fees has passed, but the number of students who withheld the \$200 increase over last year's fees remains uncertain.

These figures will only be available when the accounting department updates their student financial records.

The rent strike was organised and publicised first by the French caucus on campus and second by the residence council, but is unlikely to have any significant effect.

EVERY PROGRAM IN FRENCH SEEN

All post-secondary educational programs now available in English in Ontario should eventually be offered in French as well.

This recommendation is included in a special section of the Wright Commission report dealing with education for Franco-Ontarians which has been distributed to commission members to be voted on but has not yet been formally adopted.

"There is little doubt that the general educational level of Francophones is by far inferior to that of the province as a whole," the section says.

The section recommends special grants for French language and bilingual institutions such as Glendon College to offset their educational costs.



A WEAK SMILE on his face, Allan Grover poses angelically for the camera. He will take over as editor of Pro Tem in September if his election

is ratified by Glendon College students. Behind him, 1971-72 editor Jim Daw looks dejected. Grover says he is a liberal despite his long hair.

York security men accept wage offer below U of T rate

At a meeting of the York members of the Canadian Guards Association held last Saturday at the main York campus, union members voted to accept the administration's latest wage offer. The settlement means that the average salary for the campus' security men, including premium pay for night and holiday shifts, will total approximately \$7,200 per year.

The union had been asking for parity with their counterparts at the University of Toronto at \$7,700 for guards and \$8,100 for senior men. In addition, the U of T workers are slated to receive an \$800 to \$1,000 raise next year.

York's security men,

unlike those at U of T, are not empowered as special constables with the power of arrest. Union men at the York campus, however, did not seem clear as to what special duties and responsibilities this status entails, or if this status in itself warrants the higher wage scales at Toronto.

Many members of the York security staff did not attend Saturday's meeting, and it is reported that the vote to accept York's offer was extremely close. At least some consideration was given at the meeting to the administration's purported ability to bring in outside security personnel in the event of a strike by the York union.

ASIAN REFUGEES WANT LUNCH

Glendon residence and day students are being asked to give up their lunches to support Bangla Dosh refugees today.

A representative will be collecting meal card numbers near the dining halls and the university food services will donate the appropriate funds to the People to People Campaign operating on campus. Day students will be asked to donate their lunch money.

The money will be used by OXFAM workers to pay for food, medicine, blankets and agricultural implements.

Class revolution is answer to crisis in Bengal--Kaplan

"The simple answer is a class revolution" interjected Robert Kaplan, the Liberal MP from Don Mills at the York teach-in on Bangla Dosh Friday. The answer came near the end

of the day when medical relief worker, Candy Rohde questioned Pakistani socialist Feroz Ahmed about his answer to the Bangla Dosh crisis.

Throughout the day-long teach-in there was an obvious parting of the ways among the panelists. Kaplan was supported in his opposition of the socialist position by his fellow devotees of the liberal electoral democratic tradition, Candy and Dr. John Rohde and Stanley Burke.

Burke said churches, relief agencies and the media make a political decision when they decide to call Bangla Dosh by its new name

two years. He has also served as student member of the college's governing body, the faculty council.

In accepting the appointment Mr. Grover acknowledged the heavy work schedule it entailed, but promised to regard it as his first and only priority during the next year. He further promised to retire the whip he had been carrying while seeking the nomination.

Born in a hospital in Toronto on March 5, 1950, Mr. Grover spent a good part of his formative years on a one third of an acre plot of land in the country outside the town of Ajax, Ontario. He assured the staff, however, that his was not a country mentality. At the age of 12 Mr. Grover moved with his family to the capital city of Ottawa where his father continues to be a mandarin for the civil service, and where Mr. Grover continued to live until entering Glendon. He assured the staff, however, that his was not a big city mentality.

Queried as to his social mentality, Mr. Grover could only state that that must be obvious to all. The bell rang, however, before he could elaborate.

a majority of student faculty councillors, last week, to forstall any action on the parity issue until further research has been conducted.

Faculty councillor and academic affairs commissioner, Allan Grover, announced this decision before the assembled: "The students on faculty council have agreed that, other than calling a motion in faculty council for parity on committees, no action will be done on the general parity question until more research can be completed."

This was defended by Grover due to the lack of time and the heavy academic commitments that many student faculty councillors bear at this time.

This infuriated council militant, Barry Weisleder, who immediately introduced a censure motion. He denounced Grover's call for further deliberation: "Instead of waiting for decades, this whole thing should be elevated to a level of action. Nothing has been done to promote this."

Gary O'Brien mediated the verbal conflict with a call for a meeting this week of the parity committee. The three members then ag-

of "Facism intriumpht"

1st-yr voting debate

A referendum will be put before the student body to deliberate on the who should be allowed to vote for first year reps — first year students or all students.

Debate originally arose from a disagreement among councillors over an ambiguous line in the election act. It almost led to a rejection of last September's first-year rep election results. It culminated in a COSA decision, upholding the right of the whole student body to decide upon the selection of these representatives.

At first, Allan Grover tried to have this decision amended. He introduced a motion, stipulating that only first-year students may vote for first-year reps.

"The first-year reps should have the right to their own representatives as when they come to Glendon, they are denied a voice on the autumn student council, which has been elected in the preceding spring. Seven out of 10 councillors are not elected by first year students when they come to the campus and cannot elect representatives to oversee the spending of their \$17."

Gary O'Brien disputed this argument "some third and fourth year kids won't be back next year. Some people will be coming into Glendon in their second or third year. They, too, will lack a clear voice. With this motion, you will also be disenfranchising second, third and fourth year students.

There were some appeals from Ted Paget to defer the whole matter. However, most councillors concurred that an urgent decision was required due to the approaching students' council election.

DAP wood threatens Glendon Hall

By CATHERINE HILL
Stare Staff Writer

Smoke and acrid fumes parched the throat of Miss Erin Combs, PRO TEM's girl photographer, as she struggled down the hall. Blinded by the haze caused by the furious blaze, her last thought before she passed out

was to find and salvage the valuable PRO TEM Pentax camera. But just before Miss Combs surrendered all consciousness to the choking gases, the strong arm of a heroic firefighter gripped her strongly and lifted her to safety.

The scene was the two alarm fire that broke

out mysteriously in the basement of Glendon Hall, Tuesday January 11. The alarm was touched off by the heat-sensitive devices installed in the ceilings of the basement rooms.

The source of the fire was determined to be a box of scrap wood placed in one of the storage

rooms by the Glendon Dramatic Arts Programme Crew after finishing extensive repairs to the Pipe Room last summer.

Within at least fifteen minutes of the alarm being sounded, Toronto firefighters arrived on the scene. They were detained for several mi-

minutes at the Security Gatehouse whose personnel did not know where the fire was, or indeed that there was a fire. However, by the time these men arrived at the scene of the blaze it had been virtually extinguished by Glendon's quick-thinking maintain-

See FIRE, page 8

The Toronto Stare

- Is the government's proposal to extend the Great Slave Lake Railway north to Eureka a good idea? Maybe yes and maybe no, Grahame Beakhurst reports. And what about the caribou? Page 2.
- Mourning bands are in order when the art of healthy spontaneity is lost. Our reviewer wasn't impressed by 'The Black Queen is Going to Eat You All Up' at the Theatre Passe Muraille. Page 6.
- Glendon College used to be the beautiful home of one family. What was it like? Read Adele Gianelli's report from the past. Page 7.

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RON HAGGART Managing Editor

JIM DAW Editor-in-Chief
ROB CARSON Business Manager
ELIZABETH COWAN Entertainment Editor
SARAH FRANCIS Circulation—Ad Manager
BROCK PHILLIPS Sports Editor
ERIN COMBS Photo Editor
MARY STEWART Cartoonist

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Time to relax

Recently there has been much discussion at Queen's Park concerning the costs of higher education. There was a time, during the last decade, when it was generally believed that a rapid growth in the number of university enrolments would prove vital to a growing Canada. Flushed with pride in our new flag we faced the future with the hope for which it stood — and a crying need for more university graduates. Our feelings were not without foundation. Our new flag was indeed a deserved source of pride. However, recent experience indicates that we did not really need all those university students.



WILLIAM DAVIS

Drastically rising educational expenditures have proven to be a tremendous burden for the taxpayer — a cost not completely outweighed by the benefits. Indeed, our universities have produced more graduates than there are jobs. In its attempt to increase the accessibility of a higher education and to provide the correspondingly

increased facilities, the Robarts/Davis government has instead trained a malcontented and over-educated army of unemployed young people.

However, not all the blame should be placed with the Conservatives, whatever their past mistakes. A partisan approach would serve merely to cloud the important issues at stake. The ill-considered demands for more government action in ensuring the accessibility of higher education could well have resulted in an even larger army of over-trained and unemployed young people.

The Toronto Stare, wisely we think, was cautious in its evaluation of the so-called "universal accessibility" issue. God only knows what catastrophe would face us now if the more extensive student assistance plan of the New Democratic Party had been put into effect. It is clear that we have (at least, temporarily) more than enough unemployed poor people. Are we not lucky that we did not train more?

What, then, is the problem? It is obvious to most that the problem does not lie with the essence of the market economy. Unemployment is a problem of growing concern

everyone by surprise.

We have always believed that the NDP Members of Parliament play a useful role, not the least of which is the amazing dexterity with which Stanley Knowles can compile new records for our parliamentary system, and the way in which he enlightens everyone about the terribly complex rules of procedure. We sincerely hope that a way might be found to keep his skill at the disposal of Parliament, without actually electing him to the House of Commons.

In spite of its contribution to parliamentary debate, we believe that the serious weakness which the NDP suffers from, is that it is much too partisan. Its MP's rarely vote for Liberal proposals, even though they know very well that the Liberals have a much better chance of getting their measures adopted.

But we really like the NDP. We like its emphasis on Canadian Nationalism, although with the Waffle Group actually making proposals to curb US domination, things could get out of hand. Nevertheless we feel that it serves this country well to have at least one party with a nationalist bent, although it would be very dangerous if such a party got into power.

We prefer the steady, cautious but firm way the Liberal Government handles this issue. We feel that it was a big victory for its policy, that the Nixon administration was forced by our firm stand, to accept the Canadian proposal to dismantle our automobile industry.

But we do not want to seem overly partisan. Our stand on the Ron Haggart issue shows how we intend to remain non-partisan. In line with this attitude which has always been that of the Stare, we urge our readers to support the NDP between elections, but on election day which is, after all, only once every four years, support the Liberals. In that way we can have the best of all possible worlds. The NDP can write letters to the Editor, which we will gladly print, and the Liberal government can, in formulating its legislation, take into consideration any worthwhile proposals that might appear from time to time in such letters.

Bell committed

It is with great awe and admiration that we witness the recent appointment of Jay Bell to head the new Presidential Committee on the Rights and Privileges of Parliament. The Committee will be allotting washroom keys and dining room reservations to our elected representatives.

In making this appointment President



That's just for cutting out political bias

unemployment appears to be a price which we must be willing to pay for freedom.

However, the insufficient utilization of resources is not a price which we should be willing to pay. In a recent editorial we argued in favour of a plan to use Ontario university campuses for summer semesters. This plan would help to solve two problems. The taxes spent on building and maintaining these campuses would be put to more thorough use. Secondly, while many students in their vacation periods would, of course, continue to find it impossible to find work, the problem, no longer concentrated in the summer period, would be less noticeable. In fact, if student unemployment figures undergo extensive seasonal adjustment, interpretations by Statistics Canada, the problem might possibly disappear altogether.

But we should not stop there. We should not be satisfied merely by solving the problems of the present. The future must be studied: it brings new problems and new possibilities. For example, because of our rapidly growing technology it is no longer science fiction to picture a society in which most of the work is done by machines, which are in turn directed by computers. This is all very well, but what is to be done with all of those people who have been rendered obsolete? Statistics Canada can only do so much!

The solution is to reorient much of the content of what is taught in institutions of higher learning. It is time that the university taught further ahead in its important role of providing cultural leadership. This leadership requires the planning of solutions to the traumas of tomorrow. More specifically, the university should begin to cope with the inevitable death of the work ethic by concentrating more and more on teaching leisure. The leisure graduate of tomorrow would be, unlike the graduate of today, entirely suited to that which awaits him in the outside world.

But this daring idea must not become so much fodder for another Royal Commission. Action must be taken now lest we run the risk of finding it necessary to import American leisure professors. Canadian institutions of higher learning, by getting their heads together now, could well provide leadership to the entire world in this imminently important field.

To water down slightly the words of Laurier: the last quarter of the 20th century could well belong to Canada. Relax.

We like N.D.P.

The current session of the House of Commons was, on the whole, a dismal one, and we are glad that this will probably be the last session for this Parliament.

However we must not overlook the one highlight of this session, which undoubtedly was the unanimous and full-hearted accord with which all parties welcomed the arrival of the Prime Minister's son. It was, as Stanley Knowles pointed out, the first time since Confederation that Parliament had come face to face with a genuine Father-figure. It was also a big relief that after all those cabinet leaks, this event caught

career as one of Canada's most successful political organizers. He has to his record, incomparable achievements in the battle to



JAY BELL

preserve the rights of man, to which our government is totally committed. Assisting in the work of the Presidential Committee will be the noted political scientist and scholar, Senator Aspirant, Richard Schultz. Mr. Schultz will be invaluable to the Committee as he supplies them with technical opinions on the Constitution and ensures that their water glasses are empty and their garbage cans full. He has crowned a magnificent career which he began as a political scientist in the old capital of Ottawa, and has carried on here in our new Central for the Administration of Presidential Government at Whistler Mountain.

Leading the Opposition, as he has ever since the President announced His intentions to change the government by benevolent presidential despotism, John Diefenbaker today delivered one of the most vile speeches our nation has ever heard. Mr. Diefenbaker stated that the proposal was a subversive attempt by radicals to insult Elizabeth someone. (Our researchers were unable to determine the subject of his reference.

Does Mr. Diefenbaker not realize that the House of Commons has been de-emphasized so that citizens will not waste time writing to parliamentarians about their troubles? Now they will call in person on the President, Who will always be available, as He has in the past, to hear their complaints and offer His divine solutions.

The only challenge to Mr. Diefenbaker's record for irresponsibility has come from Robert Stanfield who has been muttering something about how he should have stayed in Nova Scotia. We fail to see why he would want to give up his job as Presidential chauffeur to return to his old job as provincial premier.

The Stare is reassured to know that our nation is in such competent hands with President Trudeau at the helm and Jay Bell supervising Parliamentary Privileges. There has not been a happier day for this nation since Justin Trudeau took over his Father's old job as Prime Minister and since Alain Picard became Auditor-General in this most liberal of all governments, the government that caters to people.

Darts and Laurels



The Canadian University Press: For voting at their annual conference to support their national executive in its endeavour to "smash capitalism". The delegates must have been missing most of their classes if they have not yet learned that capitalism is good.



Miss Laura Sue Brown, a columnist for the student newspaper of Glendon College, who, alone among the Toronto film critics, recognized the fine artistic and moral qualities of Face-Off.

Ottawa view / Prospects for northern development

By GRAHAME BEAKHUST

The government's proposal to extend the Great Slave Lake Railway north to Eureka has met with a mixed reaction in the North. The native brotherhoods have expressed concern over the possible effects this development might have on caribou migration and game populations. At the same time they are quite enthusiastic about the possibilities of new wage employment for their people.

In a recent press release the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development stated that during the initial construction phase there will be several thousand new jobs created for northerners. When the line is completed there will be literally dozens of other jobs in maintenance and the operation of the many ferry services involved in the new line.

The primary purpose of this new development is to provide access to southern markets for the vast oil and mineral reserves about to be discovered in the High Arctic. Northern Affairs minister Jean Chrétien has pointed out that in addition there will be many side benefits to native northerners from the new ground link between several northern communities and outlying hunting camps.

The government expects that the new rail line will have little or no adverse environmental effects. At his recent press conference the Minister expressed his belief that the rail line will probably have similar effects to the proposed Mackenzie Valley natural gas pipeline. He added however that extensive research into this latter area has already conclusively determined that some game animals will be adversely affected and others will not.

University in north

The long term possibilities of this new development are of course very exciting. There is a strong possibility of branch lines connecting Yellowknife, Coppermine and Bathurst Inlet enabling the economic extraction of the untold mineral wealth of the Arctic Coast. And in the Yukon there is already talk of a similar link between Whitehorse and Inuvik to expedite the export of Mackenzie Delta white fish and muskrat pelts as

well as to provide dependable transportation for students attending the new University of Canada North (UCN) in Inuvik.

There is little doubt that this new northern innovation will bring about the rapid growth of our northern population. Reliable sources in DIAND are predicting that the present population of some 65,000 will increase to more than 100 million by the year 2525, adding that this will still be less than 80 persons per square mile. Plans are already being drafted for the first domed northern city to be located at the strategic rail junction of Ennadai Lake in the middle of the Barren Lands. With cheap power from the northern storehouse of oil and gas, boundless iron ore from northern Baffin Island and the new rail link to the south, this new city is certain to become the Pittsburgh of the North.

Think tank

Questioned about the southern terminus of the new railway, M. Chrétien was more cautious. Indicating that the government was not altogether happy with the present links northern railways have with the Alberta system, he suggested that a future development might be a direct line south and east from Great Slave Lake hooking into the Penn Central some 40 miles west of Chicago. "The Alberta rate structure is a definite threat to the expansion of northern resource exports," he said. Under subsequent questioning he admitted that the northern mining industry had indicated its intention to ship via the north-west passage if the government did not do something about the inadequate level of publicly financed infrastructure developments.

Prominent northerners have been quick to comment on this proposed new development. In a statement from his home in Toronto, northern expert Richard Rohmer said that he intends to take a dog team expedition into the Ennadai Lake area this spring to scout possible locations for a second campus of UCN. He confidently predicts the growth of a massive think tank in the northern wilderness devoted to the task of making life more comfortable in the north and inventing a better lemming trap.

Farley Mowat, recently returned from a research project on the Siberian vodka industry

commented that while the completed rail line is long overdue (and in any case originally his idea), it does pose a certain ecological and environmental threat. His solution is the creation of a series of domed ecological preserves in which various northern species — wolf, bear, caribou, Eskimo — can be preserved in their natural state.

In Ottawa, an interdepartmental committee is presently at work trying to sort out the economics, logistics and politics of the Arctic Railway project. It seems clear from the latest carefully leaked Cabinet paper that domed settlements were favoured over conventional development as a means of maintaining the highest degree of Canadian content in new northern communities. The domes will be pre-fabricated in Sarnia by Polymer-C.D.C. and transported to the north in a fleet of government surplus Bobcats. Tests will be conducted this summer to test the feasibility of using the Bras D'Or to carry shipments through the North-West passage to the rail-head, but in the interim it is planned to hold a fleet of converted cargo carrying Arrows in reserve should the Bobcats succumb to the severe northern winters.

The line itself poses less of a problem. The rails will be fabricated in Hamilton entirely from Canadian steel. They will be laid by the CN and then leased at a nominal rate to the CPR to avoid undesirable public involvement in profit-making.

B.C. to be sold

In an exclusive interview, Prime Minister Trudeau said that the two and a half billion dollar railway should help "waken the sleeping giant of the north and propel Canada into the 21st century as a major industrial power." Speaking from his vacation home in Fiji, the Prime Minister noted that "for the first time in our history we are making a determined attempt to move our population northwards". He refused to comment on the suggestion that in the interests of national unity and as a boost to the construction industry the Queen would soon be asked to name a new national capital somewhere north of 60.

In Ottawa, Finance Minister Benson, questioned about the effect of the new railway on unemployment, stated unequivocally that "it would definitely improve the picture" hastily adding that this should not of

course be taken as a definitive statement of government policy. Asked where the money would come from to build such an enterprise, the Minister indicated that the government was now contemplating the sale of British Columbia to unspecified foreign interests as it appeared that most of the N.W.T. and Yukon has already been given away.

The Opposition has been quick to criticise the government over the new national policy. Conservative Leader Stanfield said that "Using the CN to build this line for the CPR is just another example of Trudeau's creeping socialism". NDP Leader Lewis expressed his concern that part-time caboose operators on the Great Slave Lake Railway were still not unionised and felt that this new extension of the line would be yet another blow to the Canadian labour movement.

While it is clear that there are many problems still to be ironed out in a development of such proportions, the government's expressed intention to accelerate the rate of northern development cannot but be applauded. Without this sort of programme the North can never hope to match the pace of southern industrial growth and could well find itself left far behind, in a primitive and undeveloped state, while the rest of the country marches forward to take its rightful place in the great industrial empire of North America.

Quotes

"I think that the event demonstrates that the majority still rules in our country. The President certified the Canikin experiment as a defence requirement and a majority of the Congress and a majority of the people have supported it. Even the Supreme Court stepped in to stop a highly vocal minority from paralyzing this ABM proof test. Americans can now be satisfied that their government still will move when it should move and that the United States can still look after its national security when it ought to do so."

- Congressman Craig Hosmer of California, a member of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy just after the detonation of a five-megaton hydrogen bomb on Amchitka Island.

Voice of the People

The Allegory of the Sloth and the Leech

To the editor of The Stare:

Few people speak of it anymore but the tiny land of Lief still exists in legend. This little country was truly the most wondrous of all the territories watched over by the omnipotent Ynitsed. Indeed, it was little wonder that this should have been her favourite. It is said that Lief had been endowed with all the gifts that its governess could bestow. Its boundaries did not extend to any great distances but within them were to be found everything that could be associated with beauty and everything that was necessary to exist comfortably. There were numerous mountains that seemed to caress the sapphire sky with the sun as its eternal star. Between these guardians of the heavens stretched many lush valleys, kept fertile by the many cool, clear rivulets which ran from every snow-capped steeple. All of these streams inevitably ran into a lake; the only one in Lief.

Many things were beautiful in Lief but this lake was far and away the most exquisite. It would not have been considered large by an outsider, but in size alone there is not necessarily awe or beauty. There was an intangible quality about this little body of water. It was not uncommon for a state of euphoria to descend upon any visitor to the lake. Perhaps it was caused by the vast, sheltering stands of pines which gave off their own peculiar incense. It might also have been caused by the intoxicating sight of sun and sky reflected perfectly from the glass-like surface of the lake. The rendering of a feeling of contentment was not the

most unusual characteristic of the lake, however. It was what the lake contained that was truly amazing. It was the dwelling place of a single species of fish: a species so rare that the fish could be found nowhere else. There were also as spectacular as they were rare. They shone like molten gold when caught in a ray of sunlight and they loved to dance in the water. Aside from the pleasure that could be derived from watching them, they also provided the primary source of food for the creatures that dwelled in the forests beyond the shoreline. The fish were quite obliging in this respect and once each day they would swim close to shore to facilitate their own capture. They chose the early morning to carry out this practice because they wished the remainder of the day to dance in the sun.

Not every creature of the land understood this ritual. It took a certain amount of persistence and intelligence to eventually discover the easy method of obtaining food. The only other alternative was to catch the golden fish when they were in the middle of the lake and this was quite difficult because they refused to interrupt their frolicking.

There lived in the woods an old and handsome bear whose sagacity was known throughout the land. He quickly discovered the best way of catching the fish. He rose early each morning diligently and would hasten to the lake so as not to be late. Another creature of the forest, a slimy green sloth, was not quite so rapid to catch on and hence arrived later in the morning than the bear when the fish

were gone. When he saw the bear eating his catch, he asked for some. The bear, of course, suggested that the sloth might do better to catch his own. Being emotionally unstable, the sloth accused the bear of selfishness and then crawled off to sulk and utter various obscenities at the bear who couldn't have cared less.

Many days passed and each time that the bear refused to share with the sloth, the latter would creep over to a clump of trees and whimper. The sobbing was occasionally interrupted by the ejaculation of an indecent epithet. One day after the bear had finished his meal and had left for his nap, and the sloth was left jibbering to himself, he heard a noise behind him. He turned slowly for by this time the poor creature was very weak from hunger and bowel problems caused by a diet of nuts and berries. There at his ankle, or rather clinging to it, was a leech. The leech had an exasperated look on its wrinkled pinkish face.

"Hey man, you sure are anemic," said the leech, "Aren't you on a regular diet?"

"I'm afraid not", replied the wizened sloth, "Bear refuses to share his food with me and I can't figure out how he can get the fish and I can't. So, if you have no objections, will you not suck any more blood, I need it all."

"It's easy enough to figure. Just get up earlier. The fish swim close to shore in the morning."

"But I don't want to get up early. I enjoy sleeping."

"You're quite right. It's a rip-off. Why should you have to get up? I mean, like, Bear



The bear and the sloth (minus the leech), two characters from the abysmal allegory by Barry Wallis.

is up anyway; he might just as well get your food at the same time. He has no more right to those fish than you have. He is morally obliged to share his catch with you."

"That's what I thought but try to tell Bear that."

"Well, never mind, I'll help you catch a fish. Just tie a piece of string to my tail and throw me out to the middle of the lake while holding on to the other end of the string. I happen to know that those particular fish love to eat pink leeches like me and being a morally conscious creature, I am willing to sacrifice myself for your welfare."

The sloth was naturally overjoyed at this prospect and since he just happened to have a piece of string on his person,

he did as the leech instructed. The sloth hurled his bait as close to the centre as possible. As soon as the leech hit the water, he noticed a nice fat fish of gold. As the pirouettes of the dancing fish brought him closer and closer to the leech, the latter readied himself for the inevitable. Finally the leech sprang and attached himself to the side of the piscatorial Gene Kelly and drained it quickly of its vital bodily fluids. He did this to scores of the beautiful fish, leaving only pale carcasses floating near the surface, and then gave a tug on the line.

The sloth pulled the line in and noticed that there seemed to be a heavy weight on the other end. Surely he must have

caught an extremely large fish and he silently said a thankful prayer for the brave and kindly leech. The weight appeared to increase as the sloth continued to pull and finally he put the line over his shoulder to drag the line to shore. The end must be drawing near, he thought. It was. As the sloth turned to survey his catch, he was enveloped by a huge pinkish mass.

Now the naive sloth lay a crumpled withered piece of meat at the many feet of this slimy, gelatinous mass. The next step for the leech was to cut up the body of the sloth, which wasn't easy since he had no hands and even more so since he had no knife, but trust me that he managed somehow. The pieces of sloth-

flesh were used by the leech as bait. He set about catching the golden fish who curiously enough found the bait to be a delicacy and soon he was catching more fish than the bear. In fact, it wasn't long before there were no fish left and the bear moved off to the hills where he suffered eternally from bowel problems because of the nuts and berries that he was forced to eat. The leech moved on to another land, leaving the land of Lief considerably poorer.

So, dear children, let this be your warning: you can't even trust a pinkish leech as far as you can throw him!

BARRY WALLIS
Toronto

Commercially profitable system of education

Concerned and
humanistic journalism

Mr. Snavely was the grounds keeper at the Glendon Campus for many years after he finished his studies. He always used to say "I like to

In ardent
praise of capitalism

To the editor of The Stare:

An advertisement that appeared in one of Toronto's leading newspapers a week before Christmas and the wonderfully penetrating cold of Toronto's harsh winter prompted a brainwave leading to the solution of all Glendon College's problems as a tottering institution of experiment, creativity and growth.

Rochdale College urged that Christmas orders for B.A.'s, M.A.'s and Ph.D.'s ought to be in by December 20. What a

wonderful way to cope with education in our technological society.

Since all these degrees only contribute to the unemployment situation and since everyone knows they're no good but you have to have one anyway, why not go into the business of marketing degree certificates? A Ph.D. for \$100 is exceedingly reasonable, compared to, say seven or eight years of tuition at \$500 or 600 a year strikes me as a method of raising fees for uni-

versity. According to scurrilous reports, a group of female students at an illustrious Ontario university run bed services, providing for the otherwise unsatisfied needs of male students and professors, and at the same time earning money for their fees. This shows a great deal of moral imagination, in my opinion.

Then I discovered Term-paper Services which supplies pre-packaged essays on demand, for a slight fee, of course.

With these three brilliant solutions to the major problems of education today in mind, I propose the following solution to Glendon's academic and residential problems.

It seems to me that Glendon could easily solve its problem with the residences and enhance the quality of the college life by adopting a "bed-and-breakfast" policy. I think this new policy could be very profitable.

If the residences were run on a nightly "bed-and-breakfast" basis, I'm sure there would be no vacant rooms and the residences would shake with social activity. Furthermore, since everyone knows that few people get up in time for breakfast, and that bed (and all its accoutrements), no food, is the major attraction, Versafood would doubtless make a profit from these arrangements, having to serve only a minimum number of breakfasts while charging the maximum.

With Term-paper Services in operation, both professors and students will be able to relax from essay and exam tensions and fully enjoy all of the renowned country-club facilities, perhaps even making it down the ninety-nine steps to Proctor Fieldhouse. Sounds so simple! Beat the system and live a truly creative life of comfort without strain. For those who want the mental stimulation that is occasionally accrued from writing papers, no doubt Term-paper Services will be glad to hire them. What a great way to solve the job situation for the academic world!

However, why be content with Term-paper Services? It will be charging \$3.95 per page. Glendon already does a thriving though clandestine business in pre-packaged essays which have the added advantage of being free. The really enterprising entrepreneur, (and the economics students ought to seriously con-

sider this), would organize all the small time operators on a co-operative basis and go on to bigger and better things.

The possibilities open to Glendon College by these ideas are mind-boggling. At last, a really meaningful life-style and an honest and relevant attempt to deal with our technological society.

YURI KAH
Glendon College

Recognition sought for groundhogs

To the editor of The Stare:

I wish to applaud the magnificent efforts of Groundhog News to bring to the world's attention the emerging significance of the growing minority of groundhogs. As suitable recognition for their traditional efforts to lengthen our winters and for their more modern attempts to cope with such major world problems as the Canadian postal system, air and water pollution, aviation disasters and hijackings, I propose that February 29 of this year 1972 be dedicated to them as an international holiday.

ANDY MICHALSKI
York University

Chemicals applauded for role in moral upkeep

To the editor of The Stare:

It has come to my attention that the policy of adding certain socially-beneficial chemicals to the beverages served in the cafeterias of Ontario universities has been discontinued. This is just another example of the steps the universities are taking as part of their conspiracy to undermine the moral fiber of our province.

At least the Ontario Government has remained steadfast in its policy in this matter at their youth leadership camps at Couchiching and Bark Lake. Immorality and corruption have not yet reached the highest echelons of our government. While there is still time the government must step in to reverse this tide towards loose morals in the universities or our society will crumble in sinful permissiveness.

S. PETER
London

In these days of increasing cynicism I would like to take this opportunity to compliment the Toronto Stare for the genuine concern and openmindedness exhibited in its news coverage and editorial policy.

It is certainly refreshing to read a paper that has managed to stand above petty political bias and to set the public good above its own corporate interest. The Stare is to be praised as a truly human paper.

R. HAGGART
Toronto, Ont.

Prominent liberal speaks out

To the editor of The Stare:

It was with rare pleasure that I read the incisive political allegory by Mr. B. Wallis in the Jan. 13 Voice of the People column. Such competent analysis of the socialist threat to freedom and democracy is all too absent from your paper, with all your senseless talk of Canada's independence and other such nonsense.

GENGHIS KHAN
Lachine, Quebec

Irresponsible economists blasted

To the editor of The Stare:

This is a suicide note, because I'm sick to death of the irresponsible types sitting on my exams at school. I mean really, I may as well kill myself now, because I am probably going to die of old age before they ever come across and actually return the damned things.

I can see it now ... Toronto 2037 AD ... "Chester Snavely was posthumously awarded his BA in Economics by the now-defunct Glendon College, of bankrupt York University, just hours after his death in the geriatrics ward at Sunnybrook Hospital.

Contributions to Voice of the People should be addressed to Contest, Remedial English Section, Walt Disney Memorial English Department, 2275 Bayview Ave., Toronto 12, Ont. All letters must be signed and printed somewhat legibly. The Stare reserves the right to edit all letters to the point of gross distortion but will take every precaution to preserve the core of the correspondent's argument if we happen to agree with it. We regret that we cannot print obscene letters.

the academic world and since I have already got my BA's in Political Science, Sociology, English, Natural Science and French while waiting for my economics grades to come through, what else could I do? A fellow can't hang around Mrs. Brown's office forever ...

So, ladies and gentlemen of the department of economics, good-bye! I am going to end it all now, rather than face a lifetime of suspense. Nothing can stop me, I'm going to do it right now! I'm going to set an example.

CHESTER SNAIVLEY

Influx of foreigners causes unemployment

To the editor of The Stare:

As I have said before in one of my public appearances, the cause of the unemployment problem in B.C. has not got anything to do with increasing technology or the influence of our good neighbours to the south or the policies of our Christian Social Credit government, as some of the communists in your paper would have us believe. The problems is foreigners, the so-called immigrants who come to our good nation looking for a soft life. And the only way to solve this problem is to half the flow of these people, especially from southern Europe, who are imposing themselves on our country and taking all the jobs.

FRANK GAGLIARDI
Minister of Social Welfare
Government of BC

To the editor of The Stare:

I am really getting tired of being hounded about my treatment of my workers. So what if I picked them up by the ears? They were MY workers and I was paying them good hard cash to follow my orders. Ungrateful dogs. I should think that I deserve thanks and respect for my efforts. What have my critics done to support Canadian sport and keep it out of American hands? It's about time that Canadians realized that good entrepreneurs are the backbone of our nation. They should lick my shoes.

J. BASSETT
Toronto, Ontario

Coke's support of world peace acclaimed

To the editor of The Stare:

Stare television reviewer Jack Miller, in his column of Jan. 10, showed tasteless bias against a Coca Cola commercial.

The first time I watched the ad, I cheered for the Coke company. With the desire for world peace, the striving must be made not only by protests and demonstrations but must be appealed for by all possible mediums at all possible angles. Coke was the first to make the appeal in their commercial, and it must have been an expensive appeal to bring young adults from around the world to that hill somewhere in Italy.

World peace is not supporting Coke, but Coke is supporting world peace, something every commercial agency should do.

BERNARD SLEPKOV
Oakville

'I have news for leftists: the United States won't die'

To the editor of The Stare:

From time to time, particularly during the past few years, I have observed a vicious campaign of malice and hate aimed at our good neighbour — the United States of America. Editorials, articles and commentaries that outraged any sense of justice have been current throughout the various news media of Canada. More nauseating is the fact that these infantile diatribes have been mouthed off by some of our more honourable members of Parliament.

In view of this horrible indictment, American courage must shine like a beacon amid the holocaust of hypocrisy. Let's keep the facts straight.

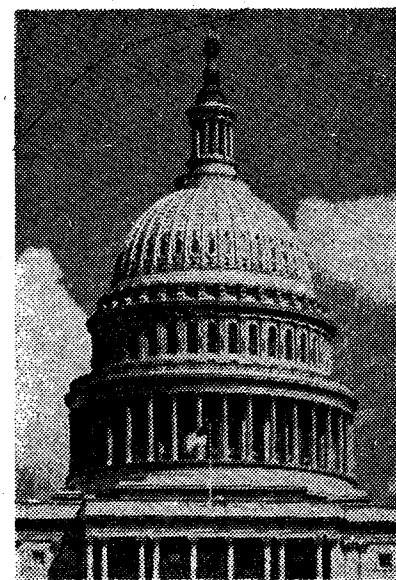
Cannot we have some semblance of admiration and respect for a nation that was the first to put three men on the moon? The U.S. has at all times shown compassion for the less fortunate of humanity by rushing millions of dollars in aid to any part of the world, regardless of race, colour or creed. The U.S. is a nation that is the seat of world culture, harbouring the best brains in the world in all fields of endeavour. It is also a nation that is the envy of the entire world in every respect, zealously vigilant in the preservation of the four freedoms.

I have never seen a worst betrayal of America, being haphazardly abandoned now by the democracies she so nobly defended. Apparently the leftists have reached the conclusion that the disintegration of the U.S. will take too long and that it would be preferable to

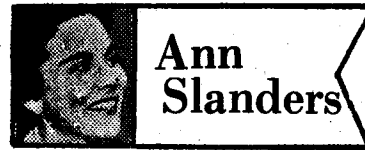
smear and divide the U.S. from Canada; a basic Marxian assumption that capitalist countries must destroy each other by war and that therefore the Communist triumph is inevitable.

I may have some disturbing news for the leftists, weirdos and other assorted groups of morons in our midst: America will never die. In the days to come she will stand as an imperishable monument to steadfastness and faith in freedom when overlordism, dictatorship and tyranny have been swept from the face of the earth. With America's leadership and strength there will also come freedom for other peoples now dwelling in the dark shadows of cruelty and oppression.

STAN PLOMISH
Hamilton



U.S. Capitol in Washington, D. C.



Trudeaus show first snaps of baby

Education not all in a girl's life!

Dear Ann Slanders: I am a senior in a small liberal arts college in a large Canadian city. I'm not ugly by any means but I wouldn't win any beauty contests. I never admitted it to anyone but the only reason I came to university was to find a husband. I've done all the right things in the husband-hunting game, unobtrusively of course, gone to all the mixers, cheered at all the football games, worn dresses everyday and I never curse in public. But as this my last year comes to an end, I've been a total failure. There is no one insight and my college career has been a total waste. What do you think I should do? Sign me —FANCY FREE BUT A FAILURE TOO

Dear Fancy: The road to hell is paved with heroin. Write for my pamphlet on drug abuse on college campuses today. Please enclose 25c for handling.

Socio-economic status good?

Dear Ann Slanders: I'm in my last year of economics at college so I'm usually emotionless but this has me stumped. I'm in love with a lovely lady who teaches sociology at my college and you know how futile that is ... But to complicate things I'm being hunted by this girl who isn't ugly by any means but who wouldn't win any beauty contests. She goes to all the mixers, cheers at all the football games, wears dresses everyday and never curses in public, but it's common knowledge that all she wants is a husband.

However I'm afraid of marriage for two reasons: partly because of my course on economic development but also because of a terrible secret in my family. You'd think my father was perfectly normal. (He's a furnace repairman for Natural Gas). But he is really an escaped Nazi commandant.

Marriage would probably be good for my emotional stability but I just can't stop loving the sociology professor. Ann, please help me! —
ECONOMICAL YET EMOTIONAL

Dear Ec.: Do polar bears drink orange juice?

Boy bugged by buns

Dear Ann Slanders: I'm in my second year of university and I'm certainly not stupid but I have one compulsion. First I better give you some background. I'm going steady with the girl of my dreams. I'll call her Suzie although that is not her real name. It's really Mildred. Well Suzie and I attend the same university and both live in residence but her parents are coming to town and want to meet me so are taking us out to dinner at a very



Justin Trudeau, six-day-old son of unemployed construction worker Pierre, poses with his mother. The photo was taken by fellow tenant and friend James Elliott, who has had his rent reduced for the month. Justin was well behaved during the sitting, and caused little fuss.

By LOIS LANE

Seasonally unemployed construction worker Pierre Trudeau is now showing off the first snapshots of his first child, a son whom the proud parents have named Justin.

These pictures of the six-day old baby were taken in Ottawa Wednesday amid diaper changes and a few wails.

Trudeau and his wife are displaying only the best ones to his neighbours and friends. They were taken between 3 and 4:30 pm.

The photographer, who shot in black and white with a Brownie Bullet was Jim Elliott, the upstairs tenant who is also temporarily unemployed. He is 47 and just recently married.

He was assisted by his hard-working wife, Dottie, the mother of seven children, five by a previous marriage. The Elliotts have twins. Whenever Mrs. Elliott finds time, she helps her husband. "I like to help my husband with his work," she said.

In a telephone interview Mrs. Elliott said that she and her husband were enchanted

with the baby who, they said, was already behaving just like one of the "boys".

The picture-taking session took place in the Trudeau's bedroom on the ground floor of a dilapidated brick duplex at 24 Preston Road where generations of welfare-bound Trudeaus have lived.

One corner of the room has been turned into a nursery, which, according to Mrs. Elliott, has been specially decorated by the father with blue wallpaper carefully selected at the Salvation Army. There are a few presents in the nursery received from those friends and relatives who could afford them.

Many of the gifts are very practical, including, from one eco-conscious welfare mother, washable diapers. There is also a second-hand baby carriage donated by a family whom Family Planning Services have decided will have no more children.

Staying with the Trudeaus is Margaret's mother, Mrs. James Sinclair of Vancouver, and Ted Porter, one of Trudeau's drinking buddies. Trudeau was absent, picking up iron pills at the drugstore and checking in at the welfare office.

Mrs. Elliott reported that Margaret was looking haggard and needed her mother's help to

Pot panned

Renowned sociologist Fulton A. Brown today warned that the gravest danger facing American society in the 1970's is the growing acceptance by the young of the illegal drug cannabis.

Brown noted that this drug warps the mind and is largely responsible for the increasing rejection among today's youth of materialism and the competitive instinct for survival.

look after the youngest Trudeau.

He was asleep when they got there, and Margaret wanted to leave him that way until Jim had loaded the camera. Then she picked him up gently, wakened him, changed his diapers and wrapped him in swaddling because there was no money left over from the Christmas welfare cheque to buy new clothes.

Mother and child sat in a second-hand rocking chair with a couple of slats in the back missing, and the camera clicking began. Margaret was wearing a new T-shirt, freshly-washed jeans, holey sneakers and a scarf to cover her head as protection from the draughts.

Halfway through the session, Justin began to fuss, adding a few wails to the noise in the room. His mother started to bottle-feed him and afterwards changed his diapers. Margaret is too

weak to breast-feed him, according to Mrs. Elliott.

Mrs. Sinclair had to scream to us to come in when we knocked, the baby was crying so loudly," Mrs. Evans said. "Then Margaret came into the room smiling wanly."

It was quite chaotic, she said, with all the little kids from the neighbourhood poking at the baby to see if he could talk.

"That baby is a real doll," she continued. "Justin has soft fuzzy hair all over his head, but so little of it the scalp shows through just like his father. It's a mousy brown shade, like his mother's."

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott would not comment on whether they thought the baby looked like his mother or his father. "At the moment he looks like his father with his baldness and like his mother with his vague eyes", Mr. Elliott said diplomatically.

Toronto duo view Stratford lights

By LOTTA CRAPP

Toronto Drama Enthusiasts, Susan Elizabeth Boston and Pamela Robb Thompson were recently privileged to be the first of the general public to view the new lighting system recently installed at the Festival Theatre in Stratford, Ontario. The new system was made possible through the proceeds accruing to Stratford from the Lottery which was run by the Ontario Arts Council.

Miss Thompson and Miss Boston (an employee at Stratford for three summers) had their tour guided by Mr. Norman Freeman. Du-

roof level to balcony level, a relocation which we are sure will enhance the luminescent effects in every production in this, the greatest haven for culture vultures here in Canada.

Having studied under Mr. Michael Gregory, noted Shakespearean dramatist and permanent resident of the Senior Common Room, these young women could fully realize the great potentialities offered by this system.

When asked for her impressions, Miss Boston commented: "The new lighting system may present many problems for Stratford this sum-

Hearts left in San Francisco

By "ACE" HOLE and "DEUCE" BAGG

For bridge fans we have an unusual treat today. We have a report, previously unpublished, of the first annual Prussian invitation held in Konigsberg because of the great facilities. The hand we will be looking at pitted hometown favourite Manny Kant and his partner Renege Descartes who travel in the same circles, against the husband and wife team of Will and Auriel Durant. Renege was

to withdraw. When asked for comment the bewildered team captain replied "All we did was call a spade a spade."

Both sides played the Gerber four club convention, introduced by Johann Gerber of baby food fame, to make sure everyone played well. Each player is equipped with a three foot long club and every time someone makes a mistake, his partner hits him on the head. This is sometimes called the deterrence theory of bridge. It was this convention which was res-

Dealer - Busted
Bathub - Running

North
♠ AKQJ10
♥ QJ1097
♦ 83
♣ A

West
♠ 8
♥ AK8532
♦ K752
♣ J10

East
♠ 743
♥ ---
♦ 1096
♣ 9876543

South
♠ 9652
♥ 64
♦ AQJ4
♣ KQ2

Northeast by Southwest
North won the club lead with the ace and tried a diamond finesse. West won with the king

razor, screaming something about disposing of unnecessary entities. Just before he died East muttered "I would have followed suit but I didn't have the heart to do it". "Well there goes one loser, you forgot to count," quipped North as East's body was removed. Once they found someone to play the remainder of East's hand (two fingers and a thumb), and it wasn't easy, play resumed. With one round left North employed the Hope Diamond convention used by players who

Suzie knows about it but she doesn't know how serious the compulsion is. Ann, for the two years I have lived in residence I've never finished dinner without having a bun fight. I just can't stop myself. What will I do if this should happen while we are at dinner? I don't want to lose Suzie. Sign me—
BUNNY BUT NOT A RABBIT

Dear Bunny: Buck up and remember the old saying, "People who go out to dinner shouldn't throw buns."

Nature boy hangs loose

Dear Ann Slanders: I thought I would never write to Ann Slanders but I'm hung up on this one problem. It is an issue concerning human liberation. I am a male who has a problem which I wish to point out is not peculiar only to contemporary "now" girls. I enjoy the freedom of movement provided by casting off restrictive foundation garments. I'm not athletic so that doesn't provide any problem. My worry is that I go through life being the object of lurid stares from lusty wenches, careful appraisals by squirrels and raised eyebrows by my maiden aunt. While I don't mean to be testy I feel myself to be sufficiently self-supporting to overcome these petty traditions. How do I persuade the rest of the world to accept me? Just sign me — **HUNG UP**

Dear Hung: I would like to have an opportunity to size up your situation in greater depth. Please send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your particulars in care of this newspaper.

CONFIDENTIAL TO DODO IN D-HOUSE:
 You lose baby! He's only after your body.

Pro Tem

staff meeting

Thursday 1:00 p.m.

Charlie Northcote, so he will like it this week.

Political Science

students!

MEETING TO DISCUSS PRIORITIES IN
 HIRING FOR THE CANADIAN STUDIES
 PROGRAM.

THURSDAY, JAN. 20, 1:00 P.M.

FIRESIDE ROOM.

he could defeat any opponents without even having to look at the cards. Just before the tournament was about to get underway the South African team was asked

Bridge." This is also the origin of the saying "Clubs is (sic) the backbone of no-trump", coined by a player who knew his bridge, if not his English.

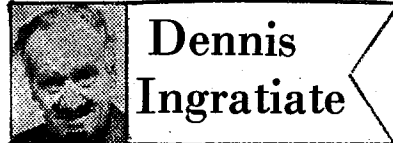
7 and East trumped with the 3 of spades. Before dummy could play (some might say he just did) West leaped across the table slitting East's throat with Ockham's

the 4 of diamonds from dummy uttering the words, "Gee, I sure hope this diamond wins a trick."
 What's that noise? Oh no! It's the truck.

unchecked, he warned, pot may well create a generation of misfits more interested in happiness than the American G.N.P.

roof of the theatre where they carefully examined the lighting connections. They were particularly impressed by the new lighting booth which has

installation of the system made one hell of a lot of holes in the ceiling of the theatre. There are just a million holes in the ceiling; it looks like a sieve."



Bleeding-hearts wail over starving on workers' sweat

My subject today are those bloody bleeding heart liberals. Yeah, you know what I mean. Those blood-suckers who start whimpering and wailing whenever some window-faced wog is starving. These liberals strut about on their spindly hind legs and scream about the starving millions. It doesn't matter what place they pick. All the places are the same to me whether it be Bengal, Brazil or New Brunswick. Listen! I am sick and tired of hearing bleeding hearts beseeching me to donate my hard earned cash to some puny hungry welfare-bum refugee in East Pakistan.

I say: LET THE REFUGEES STARVE. Yeah, why not? There are lots of them to go around anyway. So what, if some of them die. They don't appreciate life, the way we do. We should save the money and food for those who are worthy; like us in North America.

I am really sick and tired of mealy-mouthed bleeding hearts who tell me I should be concerned with my fellow man. What a load of crap!!! My only answer is: Fu*k them! That's what I say. They do it anyway. These wogs breed like gophers. It's no accident that both gophers and refugees are the same colour — brown.

Have you ever seen a wog refugee? They all resemble a dehydrated Woody Allen, if you forced him to starve for two hours.

Do you know, dear reader, who the worst bleeding heart liberals are? The saity types! Yeah — the high and mighty Stanley Burke guys who in their sh*t social conscience style decide to save humanity. They make me puke! What do they know of humanity?

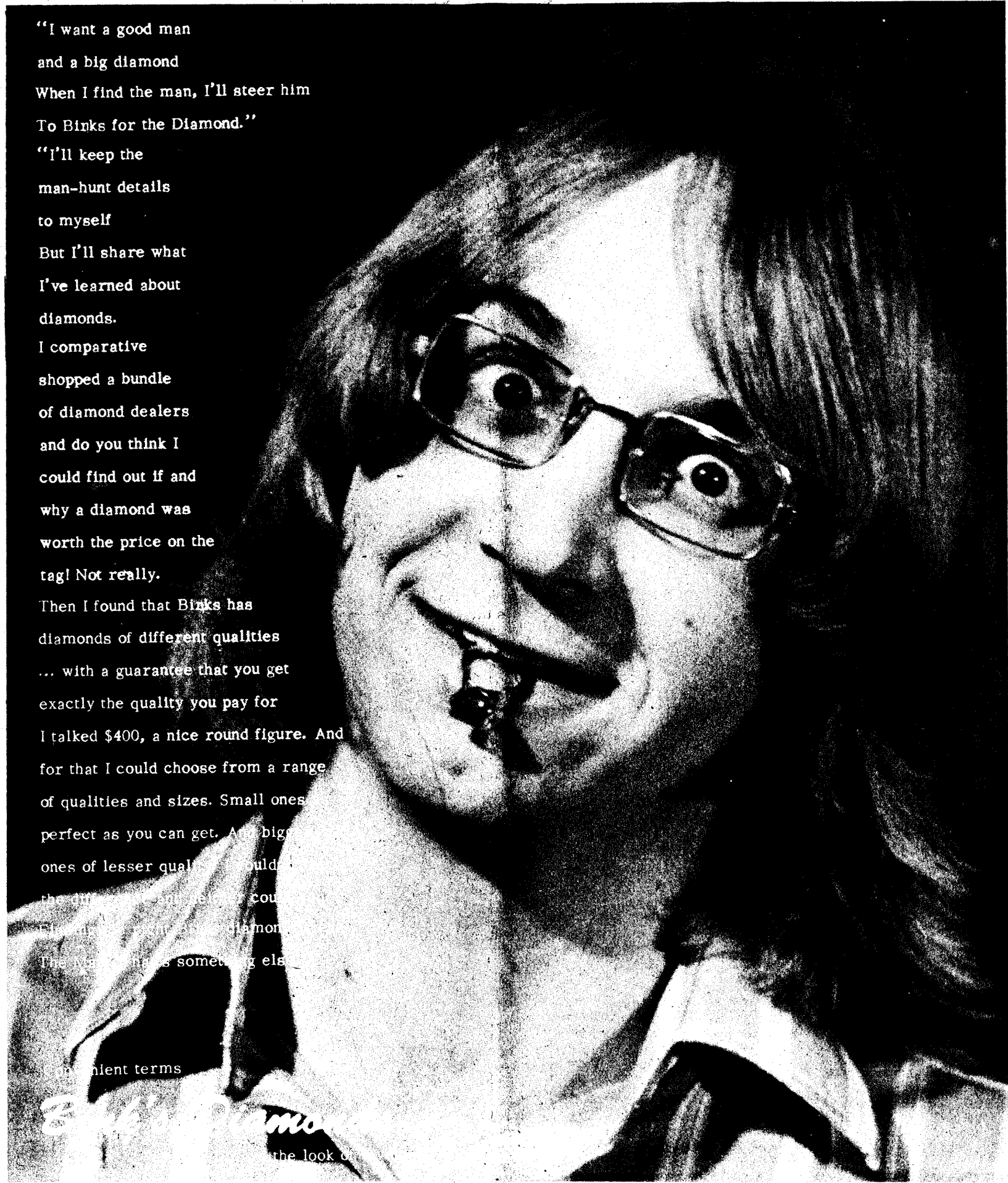
Have you noticed the way they jabber? They all sound so articulate, educated and elegant in their U of T accents. It's no mystery to me that a lot of these saints are fairies. Instead of staying home and watching Hockey Night in Canada every Saturday night, like every good rugged Canadian male; they are flying around the world, begging and proselytizing people to love their neighbour.

They got to be fairies! Look even Jesus Christ was queer. (It's fact; I read it in the Toronto Sun). He never got layed, did he? He was always running back to his old man, wasn't he? It wasn't enough that Christ was Jewish.

To be honest with you, Joe was mistaken when he said 80 per cent of liberals are queer. It's more like 100 per cent! In fact they are all transvestites too! You can tell by those bell buttocks pants, they wear, or whatever you call them.

So next time, you hear a bleeder screech about the starving millions, just yank him over and say to him: "Let them eat sh*t!!!"

"I want a good man and a big diamond When I find the man, I'll steer him To Binks for the Diamond." "I'll keep the man-hunt details to myself But I'll share what I've learned about diamonds. I comparative shopped a bundle of diamond dealers and do you think I could find out if and why a diamond was worth the price on the tag! Not really. Then I found that Binks has diamonds of different qualities ... with a guarantee that you get exactly the quality you pay for I talked \$400, a nice round figure. And for that I could choose from a range of qualities and sizes. Small ones perfect as you can get. A big ones of lesser quality could be the diamond you're looking for. The way things are something else. ... ment terms ... the look of



Milt
Muddle

SPORTS SECTION

The flamboyant
quarterback

One of the most colourful players in pro football today surely has to be Broadway Joe Namath, the flamboyant, playboy quarterback for the New York Jets. His penchant for wining, dining, wenching and squandering is well known. Joe is fortunate in having as his coach one of the more tolerant in the AFC, and for the most part his somewhat dubious antics are overlooked. Consider though the possibility of the taciturn coach of the Minnesota Vikings, Bud Grant making the move to the Jets. Grant is well known for his iron clad rules, and his rigid training schedule, he doesn't even allow his players to have bench warmers; the initial and inevitable clash that would come about eventually has intriguing possibilities.

Picture the first meeting between the two; we see Grant sitting somber as a British schoolmaster at his office at Peekskill academy. He has summoned in his half million dollar quarterback for a get acquainted chat. He has made careful notes on a pad, and is studying them as Namath cockily saunters in.

GRANT: (in his booming five star general voice) Hello Joe. Its a pleasure to see you, I thought that we both might benefit by some conversation before we begin training camp tomorrow.

NAMATH: (sprawling into a chair, his feet on Grants desk) Yeh, Yeh, Buddy babes, gimme five and all that, nice to have you aboard.

GRANT: (puzzled and somewhat taken aback) A-board, well I suppose you could say that, after all I do run a fairly tight ship. However, at the beginning, I should point out that I am not accustomed to being called by my first name by a player.

NAMATH: (lighting up a large stogie). Sure, Bud I'm hip. Whatever you say sport, live and let live that's my motto. Didn't you read the story in Sports Illustrated about me saying that? It was in the same issue that they had the story about Jerry Kraemer and how he called you the Jap ...

GRANT: THE WHAT ...

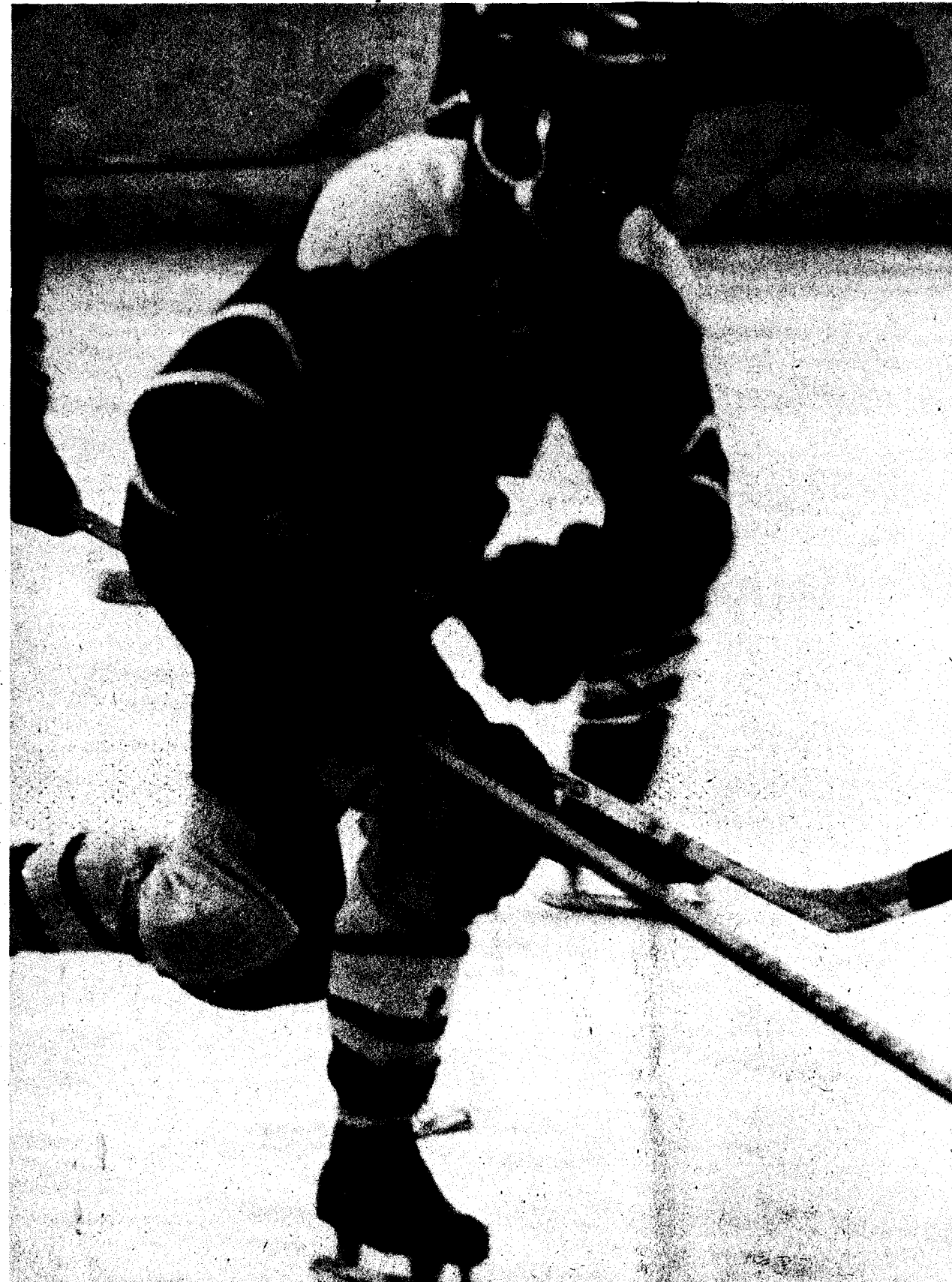
Cool it baby

NAMATH: Whoa cool it baby, let bygones be bygones ... what's on your mind anyway buddy baby.

GRANT: I believe in one for all and all for one, I must stress to you that with a completely unified effort our Jets have a splendid chance to advance into the Super Bowl, and emerge victorious again.

NAMATH: But, Buddy after we whopped Kansas City you said it was just a fluke, and we didn't deserve to win.

GRANT: Misquoted, misquoted as usual, those sports writers ...



Contest: Bob Fenton, of 4th year, is a) opening a can of orange juice b) going home to mother c) playing hockey d) de-

stroying the melodious, harmonic atmosphere of the Don Valley e) smoking dope f) none of the above; all of the above.

Zero wilts in backlash

No star for Lemay
despite shut-out

By BROCK PHILLIPS
Stare sports writer

Andy Raven wonders what Jean Lemay has to do to rate as one of the three stars. Astronomical Andy was watching as Jean stopped two shots in the 3rd year's 10 to 0 Wednesday victory over the B-house Sons of B in Glendon Hockey League action. "Jean has played excellent hockey over the past week without the proper recognition," said Raven. "He was one of the best players in the 27 to 1 victory over Ye Greene Machine (C-house). His goal in that game was only an example of his excellent play in recent games, and now he has a shutout."

Astronomical Andy Raven, Archie Love, Dave Ellis and Brent Stacey shared the limelight for 3rd year.

The Sons of B looked bad everywhere especially behind their own blueline. They gave goalie, Gary Lamb, who came into the game with one of the highest goals against averages in the G.H.L., little or no protection. Most of the time his defencemen were liabilities. In fact he said later he was glad to return to the relative safety of the showers.

Three-way tie

The win left 3rd year in a tie for first place with 4th year and 2nd year. Each have six points in three games.

The loss left the B-house coach, who wishes to remain anonymous so he can get another job without his previous experience being a blot on his record, climbing the wall. The Sons of B left themselves deeply mired in the cellar with a host of other two-time losers.

"Inexperience cost us the game," said the B-house coach. "We should have shot the puck out of the rink every time we got it, so the game could be called after the three pucks were lost in the snow." As it was, they kept shooting the puck into our net.

"But I have to remember that most of the guys were playing their second game after a poor training camp. We have the personnel to be on top though."

Archie Love led the assault on the Sons of B with a picture-play goal at 3:04 of the first period. Love took the puck in full flight, cut in behind the defenceman and deked Lamb down and out before tucking home a backhand.

At the eight minute mark of the second period Archie Love sped from end to end deking the Sons of B out of their suits to blast the puck by a startled Lamb.

Hockey fan Charlie Laforet, one of the four fans that packed the Gardens to the rafters said that it was the best goal he had seen this year. He added that it was also the only goal he had seen all year.

Brent Stacey's goal at the twelve minute mark put the game on ice. Stacey stepped inside the blueline and whipped a quick shot into the upper left hand corner. "I thought he was going to pass," said Lamb.

Astronomical Raven

Astronomical Andy Raven scored the game's tenth and his fifteenth goal at 17:31. It was off a canonading shot that the goalie never saw. Lamb never made a move in the direction of the puck. It was thought that he might have been screened.

There were no penalties in what was a fairly rough game. Both teams were happy with the refereeing of Mike Thomas and Wilson Ross, although 3rd year coach Animal Gilbert was critical of Ross's ability as a figure skater.

"It was ludacrist," said Andy Raven in a post game interview in the dressing room. "We just couldn't seem untracked. I guess we need the scoring power of Gary Young and C.K. Doyon." C.K. Doyon was out of the game nursing a tired body. He also didn't want to be captain during the game.

ICE PICKS

ICE PICKS: Susan Boothe of Snowbunnies Unlimited picked Archie Love, Andy Raven and Bullet Bob Stanger as the three stars.

Animal Gilbert picked Jean Lemay and Brent Stacey as the top 3rd year players Timekeeper Bonnie Stanton thought that Archie Love was the best defenceman on the ice Bullet Bob Stanger said that he got a piece of every Son of B who tried his side of the ice Jean Lemay made the big play of the game when he turned aside a dribbler in the closing minutes of the game. "It would have changed the whole complexion of the game. They might have fought back."

sports writers ...

NAMATH: I know what you mean sport, I've had the same sort of trouble... they even claimed I beat up some lousy, \$100 a week creep on Broadway.

GRANT: That's something else Joe, there will be no frequenting of night clubs by my players.

NAMATH: You bet, baby ... that's my gaff too, I don't go to no night clubs, just saloons, and bars... you know, The Crazy Horse, Whiskey A GO GO, Killy's ... that whole routine.

GRANT: In my opinion, they're one and the same.

NAMATH: Yeah, Yeah, okey Buddy you don't have to chew the bone to the marrow. By the way, I wanted to check something out with you, I've got this pad uptown, see, and there's this chick, and well I was wondering if I could skid bed check this evening, a fast piece on the side, you know, good for the morale ...

GRANT: If you are absent when curfew falls, it will cost you \$1000.00.

NAMATH: A thou, whoa baby, Weebie Eewbank overlooked such things, I got certain social obligations you know.

GRANT: Not only will it cost you \$1000 but each subsequent offence will cost you double the previous.

you're the bandmaster

NAMATH: (wearily) Okey sweets you're the bandmaster, I just dance. By the way, I understand that the Super Bowl will be worth twenty five grand a man, I was wondering if there is any way you could spot me that in advance, I had a couple of bum investments, well ... you ... know...

GRANT: I do not make a practice of lending money to employees.

NAMATH: Ah well that's too bad I could have made you a few fast bucks.

GRANT: Mr. Namath, I believe there are certain areas in which we are going to have to have to clear up certain misunderstandings. I make the decisions in this organisation. You carry them out with dignity, perseverance and dedication. There are no individuals in this club except myself. Are there any further questions?

NAMATH: Ding a ling Buddy baby, you're coming in loud and clear, just one question. Any way you could get me traded to the Vikings?

Judges sympathize with Magnusson

TOENAIL TALES: Canadian Figure Skating champion, Karen Magnusson was at a loss to explain why she fell three times during her free skating performance at the recent championships, judges on the other hand, sympathized with her, and decided that it must have been at that bad time of the month. Rumour has it that bedroom athlete of the year Jamie Doran wore his spurs while cavorting on his K-Mart water bed, and the ensuing result was a new CIAAU record for the four-year flounder. PRO TEM Sports editor was recently presented with a national sports writing award as a result of his series of seventy two articles on the effects of the birth control pill and the female athlete. Duane Thomas wears lavender sweat socks. Renowned sporting journalist, Scott Young is reported to be working on his latest book entitled Fourplay, a follow up to his most recent novel Foreskin.

ZERO WILSON

Steve Bresolin wilted in the backlash of an aroused 4th year team; the Axemen were cut down twice; Wilson Ross stole the scoring thunder from some of his 4th year teammates and 2nd year skated rings around 1st year and D and C house in Glendon Hockey League action during the past week.

On Wednesday afternoon Steve 'Mr. Zero' Bresolin was shelled out of the C-house nets as 4th year won 16 to 1. Wilson Ross and K.C. Haffey led the veterans with 6 goals each. They were followed by the old man Larry Scanlan who added 3 goals of his own. André Debellefeuille's 1 goal rounded out the scoring.

Ye Greene Machine's lone goal was misplaced.

On Tuesday 4th year routed B-house 12 to 1. K.C. Haffey and Wilson Ross again equalled each others scoring output with 4 goals a piece.

Larry Scanlan blasted away for 2 goals and Bob Fenton shovelled 1 goal into the net.

Albert Bérubé was the only Son of B to light up the goal lights.

Danny 'Animal' Gilbert (Call me Animal because the fans really get off on it - Gilbert) scored 4 goals in a row in the late stages of the game to add to his 2 previous goals to lead 2nd year to a 14 to 1 shellacking of the D and E-house Animals. Intermingled among goals by Mike Thomas, 2 goals by Steve Marchessault and 1 goal each by Yves Gauthier and Frank Randovan.

Andy Scott scored the only Animal goal on the first shot of the game. Richard Lougheed missed the net on each of his solo efforts on the goal.

Dave Brvan was unhappy about missing the shutout. He complained about letting the first shot get by him.

Rick Stainsby of second year revealed that he received a bruise when he stopped a shot with his foot. The team doctor was hesitant to say whether Rick would be in the next game.

On Monday 2nd year skated rings around 1st year winning 7 to 3. Mike Thomas and Rick Stainsby had hat-tricks for 2nd year with Greg Cockburn scoring a lone goal.

1st year goals were again scored by some ringers they picked up.

The A-house Axemen went on down to defeat twice during the week. On Tuesday 3rd year beat them 8 to 3. Andy Raven had 3 goals for the winners and Gary Young had 2 goals. Glen Jones, Brent Stacey and Archie Love divided three goals amongst themselves.

Doug Knowles, Keith Caddy and Angie Diclementie kept the score respectable with their three goals and fine play.

On Thursday the Axemen bowed to B-house in a game that was almost called off because of rain and a game that was marred by a snow storm that made shooting, skating, and seeing almost impossible. With the Axemen speed cut to a walk by the snow, Al Gillis was able to score twice and John H. Riley and Wayne Langlois once for the Sons of B.

Jamie Anderson and Keith Caddy were the Axemen to get their shots through the snow and on the net. They each scored a goal.

The plight of the amateur referee

"How'd you like to make a couple of bucks tonight?" This phrase can be heard Monday through Thursday echoing through the mens' locker room of the Proctor Field House or

in front of the Mens' Athletic Bulletin Board next to the J.C.R.

This isn't a blatant 'come on' by sexually deprived Glendon males. It's becoming instead the standard 'come on' for the referee in charge of house league sports at Glendon - and it's been none too successful!

Witnessing the failure of offers of monetary rewards (referees and timers for houseleague sports are each paid \$2 per game), verbal arm twisting, physical threats (only when the potential ref is in first year, is half his size, and has his back turned, of course), and tears; the head referee has been forced to question the reasons behind the paucity of males willing to don black and white striped uniforms and make asses of themselves.

There may be an understandable fear among first year students to referee games involving players who are older and undoubtedly wiser than themselves.

Who, for example, could be considered competent to arbit a game between the Third Year Sages and the Fourth Year & Faculty Philosphs.

When refereeing games involving fourth year faculty, there is

also a dilemma that would frighten off all but the most foolhardy ref. If one referees in favour of his professor, he may boost his marks, but he runs the risk of a different sort of 'boost' from the other team. But the consequences of penalizing a faculty member or otherwise impeding the team's inevitable victory, are too grisly to describe here.

Of course, a similar dilemma arises when refereeing a game where the referee has (or at least 'had') good friends on both teams.

Anyone who has attempted to referee hockey, basketball or flag football soon realizes that there are always players who can make this normally routine task take on the proportions of one of Hercules' twelve labours (in particular, the one concerning the cleaning out of the stables).

I have often seen a novice referee turn into a sobbing, incoherent and spineless mass of gelatin upon being transfixed by a tearful and dis-

believing stare from third year's Doug "Who me?" Street after he has been charged with committing a foul.

Then too, the constantly felt threat of physical retaliation from several of Glendon's backcourt giants must be a great deterrent for prospective referees. The fear instilled by the two A-house vigilantes, Bill 'Wild Man' Rowe and Brock Phillips is formidable indeed.

But above all, who would dare undertake the risk of incurring the wrath of Mike Eisen for a mere \$2 per game.

What is it like to wear the stripes; Andy Raven says it helps his skating. "My ulcers," was all that Eric King said. Wilson Ross revealed that he liked refereeing, "but I never get to score any goals."

We have just given you an in depth look at the fun and interesting life of a referee. Next week we look at the even more interesting life of a tip-sneless mass of gelatin upon being transfixed horn-blowing by Bonnie Stanton.

Good-bye Ed

In a news conference held yesterday in the Café de la Barasse, Bob Edwards announced his retirement from hockey. Edwards said that he was not as young as he used to be. "The injuries just don't heal fast when one begins to get on in years," he said.

Claude
Guilemower

Straw Dogs is for the 'now' generation

I (with my assiduous acumen in the perusal of the cinematic form). I, I say, saw with my little eye (for the less fortunate of my readers, who may not even approach my brilliance or celluloid erudition, that last word before the parentheses is one of the finest examples of paranomasia to be seen in this city) a movie last week.

'Straw Dogs' is at present enjoying an engagement of some duration at the Uptown Cinema House.

I, when I decided to grace this palace of film with my presence, went expecting another bath of blood from that master of catsup, Sam Peckinpah, perhaps best known for his pretentious and pedantic (unlike my insightful reviews) 'Wild Bunch'.

The film concerns itself with the socio-economic re-evaluations of the presented self, much-maligned, terribly triturated psyche of an American (played with disarming candour by Dustin Hoffman), who is married to a chic English bird (portrayed by Susan George who just happens to have one of the nicest bodies to come along in cinema in years,) and the re-adjustments they try to make to socio-parabolic frustrated-ecodomesticity.

Audience is myopic

I, anyway, was just making myself comfortable in my chair when the film was gotten underway. Whether the manager waited until I was seated or this was one of those natural shocks that (heh, heh) my flesh is heir to I was never able to discern. Needless to say, except to my regular readers, this coincidence obfuscated my perusal of the picture, and it was only when I was distracted by the expectorations of a young man and woman behind me that returned to fully concentrating my efforts on the film (which, by the way, is called 'Straw Dogs', in case you have forgotten).

Yet, I notice these two young representatives of what is affectionately referred to in the vernacular as the youth generation constantly mouthing something which confirmed some previous suspicions of my own that this "youth generation" has astigmatic vision. At least, here we were, no less (but then, no more) than four seats from the silver screen when these people complained that everything was out of sight and far out. I also believe that they were hard of hearing for they found it necessary to expostulate these shortcomings at several decibels above the normal conversational level.

Blood and guts

By this time the picture was half over — that is to say, was partially completed, or nearly over, depending on which part of the cinematic castle you were sitting — and not one person had been gored or stabbed or anything icky like that.

Black Queen improvises to chaos point

**BLACK QUEEN TROUPE ENGAGED IN THEATRE GAMES**

Confusion at its best or worst?

The time has come for all Toronto theatre-goers, and indeed, perhaps the whole population, to don tie-dyed sackcloth and ashes, or perhaps black kaftans and tights (I'm not just sure what type of garb would be appropriate for this sad occasion) and mourn the lost, and seemingly deceased, art of healthy spontaneity.

Spontaneity finally gave up the ghost last week with the opening of 'The Black Queen is Going to Eat You All Up' at the Theatre Passe Muraille, and after such a painful and unpleasant demise, is unlikely to experience a resurrection.

Spontaneous theatre, as portrayed by 'The Black Queen', speaks to me of a sorry state of affairs in contemporary society. There is a writer, Frank Dowley, and a director, Jim Garrard, who believe that they can rely upon the ingenuity and collective good spirits of a dozen people along with the tolerance and good will of the audience to create something which by its very definition may be desirable but is certainly unmanufacturable.

In addition to this, Powley and Garrard seem to believe that the public is in such dire need of this elusive

commodity, spontaneity that they will spend two dollars and two perfectly good hours (which they spend on their asses in the bleachers) passively observing a poor counterfeit of it. I say counterfeit because 'The Black Queen' is as far from self-determinism and spontaneity as I have ever seen, and as close to chaos as I ever hope to see.

While I have thus far been wont to place the blame for this play's failure to communicate a sense of healthy action-oriented freedom of form squarely upon the shoulders of the director and author who

send their actors out to face a bored audience without a leg or a line on which to stand, a good deal of the blame could be attributed to the performers who generally demonstrate a singular inability to improvise or even to communicate.

The sequence of actions and events which constitute the play is apparently ordered upon sets of idiosyncratic value systems, some of them authentic to the members of the cast, others of them borrowed.

The actions which originate with the actors themselves are invariably underdeveloped and we are left with the im-

Urge
O. Creative

pression that the majority of the cast members are morons. Are they capable of nothing more than making google eyes at each other, eating Mars bars, and climbing over the furniture or up and down ladders?

The events and roles which are borrowed are often obscure and rarely do justice to the noteworthy characters from whom they have been borrowed. There are exceptions to this and the exceptions constitute the two performances which I consider worthy of special consideration.

A small child bearing credible resemblance to Little Orphan Annie accomplishes the almost impossible task of maintaining a role and an identity in the midst of a universe which has no order and no single point of reference. By curtain time she comes off as the only character possessing an iota of sanity. She looks as confused as the audience.

Another actress maintains the role of a vampish 1940's film star throughout the first act and I found myself following her every move as the other characters floated around her lost in their own little lunatic world.

The play gets off to a very promising beginning as it convincingly spoofs the world of big time entertainment. Makeup is administered onstage and a musician repeatedly flubs a fanfare which introduces a seedy looking entertainer who "Didn't think he'd make it here to-

night." From that point onward the action declines.

A parliamentary debate concerning the disappearance of the Globe weekend magazine falls far short of even the standard for CBC political satire.

A satire on audiences falls flat on its face in front of an audience totally different from the obliging, satisfied sort of audience being satired.

The cast from time to time amuses itself by smearing ketchup on certain of its members, playing cruel games with a pizza delivery man who makes a delivery on stage during the first act, and wandering on and off stage at their every whim.

A love scene between Louis Riel and Isadora Duncan, enacted in the midst of chaos, offends the senses as does the tasteless treatment of the letters of Zelda Fitzgerald, which are read during an inane little mirror game.

The set is cluttered and confusing and corresponds with the rest of the play. Lighting is interestingly executed by members of the cast, and certainly the costuming can only be described as "appropriate."

'The Black Queen is Going to Eat You All Up' is generally chaotic and uninteresting and I can only hope that Passe Muraille will learn a lesson from it and in the future stick to the sort of theatre which has some other message than confusion.

gored or stabbed or anything icky like that. I must tell you though that for the last hour of the film, occasionally interrupted as it was by intermittent sternutations emanating from the audience, my heart went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat from all the excitement and guts being spilled on the silver screen.

I must confess however, that I am worried by the socio-historic, psychological and cybernetic implications of this violence being shown to the masses who cannot be expected to cope with the psyche-shaking quasi-somatic diatribes of the ur-combat. I guess you pays your monies and you takes your chances. I think I liked 'Straw Dogs'. I think But I wouldn't let my daughter see it. Films so violent as this one make me so mad I could just pee.

Ozolins at St. Lawrence

Canadian pianist, Arthur Ozolins will be featured in the fourth of the ten Y.C.P. (Young Canadian Performers) concert series at the St. Lawrence Centre Town Hall on January 20. Mr. Ozolins will perform works by Scarlatti, Schubert, Ravel, Beethoven and Bartok.

Born in Germany, of Latvian parentage, Mr. Ozolins came to Canada to study at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto and later at the Faculty of Music at the University of Toronto. He has appeared frequently with both the Toronto Symphony as well as with the CBC Symphony Orchestra on radio and television and has made concert appearances throughout Europe and New York City. Winthrop Sargeant reviewing his work in the New Yorker in April of last year commented, "I suspect that, given a few more years of mellowing, Mr. Ozolins will become one of the great virtuoso pianists of our time."

The Young Canadian Performers' series, made possible through the subsidy of the Canada and the Ontario Arts Councils, has been planned with the specific purpose of offering an opportunity to young musicians to perform in front of live audiences and in so doing to broaden their repertoire and test their musicianship before a critical public.

Kubrick daringly ignores public

By HANS FIDGET
Stare Staff Writer

How refreshing to find a movie which is totally indifferent to its audience. For the longest time, producers and directors have pandered to the lowest common denominator of the movie going masses — they have portrayed unrealistically affectionate families; prettily devoted lovers; "edifying" battle scenes full of absurd courage and improbable loyalty.

There's only so much of this slop one can



KUBRICK
Defies tradition.

accept, technically exquisite and momentarily amusing though it may be.

Stanley Kubrick has issued in a new era in film philosophy heralded by "A Clockwork Orange."

All the expertise of 2001 is here — the marvellous classical soundtrack, the intense colouration, the futuristic sets and costumes. But there is much more — 2001 hovered on the verge of entertainment; there was a slightly crass element in the pleasure caused its viewers.

"Clockwork Orange" makes no concessions to popular taste. With stark relevance it bites its way through the carpet of conventional morality, through the floor of that conventional "good taste" which too many of us in the middle class accept with question and into the bedrock foundations of real life in all its brutally meaningful actuality.

The hero, a handsome lad named Alex, who wears false eyelashes



CLOCKWORK STAR MALCOLM McDOWELL
Emotionless young superman of the future.

on the bottom rim of his right eye, endures life at home but only between bouts of defiant looting, beating, raping, robbing, and general rampaging. We first meet him beating up a dirty old tramp — earlier film makers might have tut-tutted this, or sentimentalized the tramp, but not Ku-

brick — he gives us sensitively choreographed violence and humiliation.

There is much blood, much pain and humiliation, much that by our everyday shibboleths is to be condemned. But Kubrick never wavers. He rubs our noses in admirably honest guts and gore — If we squirm

it is only our conditioning betraying us. There is such wit in the soon no-doubt-to-be-famous "Singing in the Rain" scene where Alex punctuates each line by kicking an old man in the stomach — such relentless artistry. Here is a movie to wake us all up, a veritable tour de force.



Spartan Nilman

Kidnapped is worthy as classic

How refreshing to find a movie which is entertainment, sure and simple American International, whose sole yet lasting contribution to the North American cultural scene so far has been beach party movies, has lately turned to revamping the classics: this time the classic is 'Kidnapped' already filmed three times in the last thirty years.

But that after all is what makes a classic — it can be filmed four times running and still not lose its sparkle.

The latest embodiment of that redoubtable Cockney Alan Breck is Michael Caine, in tartan trows and a moustache. Mr. Caine buckled many a swash in a style that shows he has been wasted hitherto as the anti-hero in films like 'Ipcress File' and 'Get Carter'.

David Balfour is charmingly portrayed by Lawrence Douglas. His face has only two expressions — blankness and a smirk — but is such a pretty face that one hasn't the heart to demand acting ability as well.

David is the nephew of a miserly old hypocrite named Ebenezer Balfour (Donald Pleasance) who, rather than give him his rightful share of the family inheritance, first tries to kill him, then has him kidnapped by Jack Hawkins, an evil sea captain who is prepared to take David to the Carolina's and sell him as a slave, but in the voyage they run down Alan Breck who is floating around in a rowboat waiting for a ship to take him to exile in France (the time is just after the last Stuart uprising in 1745) and who attempts to bribe the captain to take him, but naturally the treacherous captain tries to take him back to Scotland, where there is a great reward for the captain Alan Breck and in the course of this treachery, the ship runs aground, and everyone is drowned except Alan and David who set off across the Highlands on foot, dodging British soldiers every inch of the way.

Among the people they meet is Alan's cousin Catriana (Catherine Helibron). Miss Helibron cannot act much more than Mr. Douglas but they are both very pretty and they fall in love with David risking his life to save her father from being hanged at the hands of Trevor Howard as the Lord Advocate.

The scenery in this movie is extremely beautiful; there is plenty of green grass, blue sky, red roses, grey rocks and so forth. There is also lots of local colour in the way of bagpipes, kilts, claymores, and Edinburgh Castle. Technically the new 'Kidnapped' is a tour de force.

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Travelling Overland to India proves to be a 'real trip'

By DAPHNE READ

Douglas Brown's new book has inspired this reviewer to greater heights than the top shelf of the Frost Library. The latest classic to miss the shelves, this book presents an unpurged version of travels to India, not by air, nor by boat, nor by broomstick but, of all the earth-shattering methods, overland!

Yes, you cool cats, Brown writes of groovin' along on people and dope, with tantalizing

tidbits of history and customs thrown in for good measure.

Fortunately, he admits, there are good ways of coping out, like passing up manhood-testing curries in favour of mother's apple pie in the Khyber Restaurant in Kabul (which is the capital of Afghanistan) like stocking up on medicines to cure such delicate things as dysentery; like staying in good hotels that cost money instead of ones that don't, for reasons which Brown doesn't explain.

He warns tourists to try to appear as inconspicuous as possible in places like Meshed, for Iranian Moslems the se-

cond holiest city. What he doesn't say is that no matter how hard you try — and I speak from personal experience — you can't be inconspicuous, not even wearing the black ghost-like costume of the women.

He understates the hazards of the trip. We probably made the fastest trip on record through the golden mosuqe in Meshed because our guide was slightly (to put it more mildly than the curries) nervous that we would cause an uprising.

Brown has great hints for beating the system. Don't worry about money, just as long as you're willing to sell

the clothes off your back, or indulge in smuggling (dope, primarily — but warning, not in Iran. If you're caught, it's off with your head tout de suite), or play the black market money game

Brown's style is really good, once you catch on to his philosophy. "The whole travelling thing, until it gets into your blood, takes some getting used to," he says. And that sheds some illumination on his style. He is entertaining, flippant and unhassled, a cool cat. Take life as it comes, and get the most out of it. It narrows down to one road anyway.

"The most common thing among the people on the road is telling some other cat how to save himself some time, or how to make a little money, or just where you can find a hot shower in Kandahar." Brown is talking to us other cats like we're groovin' along over there with him. And we are treated to relevant bits of history, sociology, philosophy, law, economics, medicine, etc.

It's not really the kind of manual you'd just happen to have in your knapsack, stuck in the Khyber Pass or in the Himalayas. The maps aren't really the ones you need.

(By the way, he forgets to mention that: rumour has it that many of India's road maps haven't been revised since the days of the fear of Chinese invasion. And consequently, if you think you're on a national highway and it peters off into a mere path, you will know you've been following one of those maps! The Indians, rumour has it, thought they could fool the nasty Chinese by hiding their villages on the map.)

Seriously now, if an utterly mad desire to play tennis in the library or ping-pong in the bathtub overwhelms you during these black months, pick up OVERLAND TO

INDIA and plan a trip to India. It's a practical guide to getting there cheaply, happily and unhassled. If you're feeling poor, unhappy and hassled, like most library freaks I know, indulge in your favourite escape of day-dreaming.

And if you've made the trip already, it's great for taking off down memory lane and reveries of what once was. This reviewer is certainly looking forward to hearing more from Brown after he has completed his next voyage.

OVERLAND to India, by Douglas Brown, new press, 250 pages, \$2.95 paper.

Glendon Hall: The days of bygone grandeur

By ADELE GIANELLI

The gates of Glendon Hall lead into a veritable land of enchantment. Winding past an artistic lodge, the broad serpentine driveway, with its ribbon borders of shrubs and perennials intersected by groups of evergreens, gives promise of surprises ahead. That promise is first fulfilled when a curve in the road divulges the apple orchard. As far as eye can see to north and south, great gnarled trunks branch into that venerable shape of domesticity which makes the very old apple tree so lovable.

But what is unique about this orchard is that no rough meadow-land lies beneath the trees for a smooth velvet turf spreads a vast lawn, rather reminding one of the ancient oaks 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 approaches the manor house which, surrounded by its 125 acres, stands amidst 70 acres of cultivated property as distinct from the farming land.

The immediate foreground of

the house is planted with small evergreens and one's attention is next focussed upon the very fine grille work of ornamental iron which forms the massive porte-cochere over the front entrance. Its delicate black traceries are accented by the curves of two turquoise blue urns which grace the vestibule with luxurious oriental beauty.

The southern exposure faces a park — a plaisance of restful grandeur adjoining the orchard, with extensive lawns, fine trees and ornamental shrubbery.

Whereas the latter is part of the original demesne settled upon by a family of Yorkshire pioneers, the park has been largely achieved by the addition of numerous trees transplanted from the woodlands — silver birch, koster spruce, picea douglassi and others. These spacious lawns, lovely as an arberetum, are eloquent of the marvels of transplanting; one Corsican pine which took four to move is typical of the work involved.

One reluctantly turns from this vista, and enticed by the glow of early-flowering nastur-

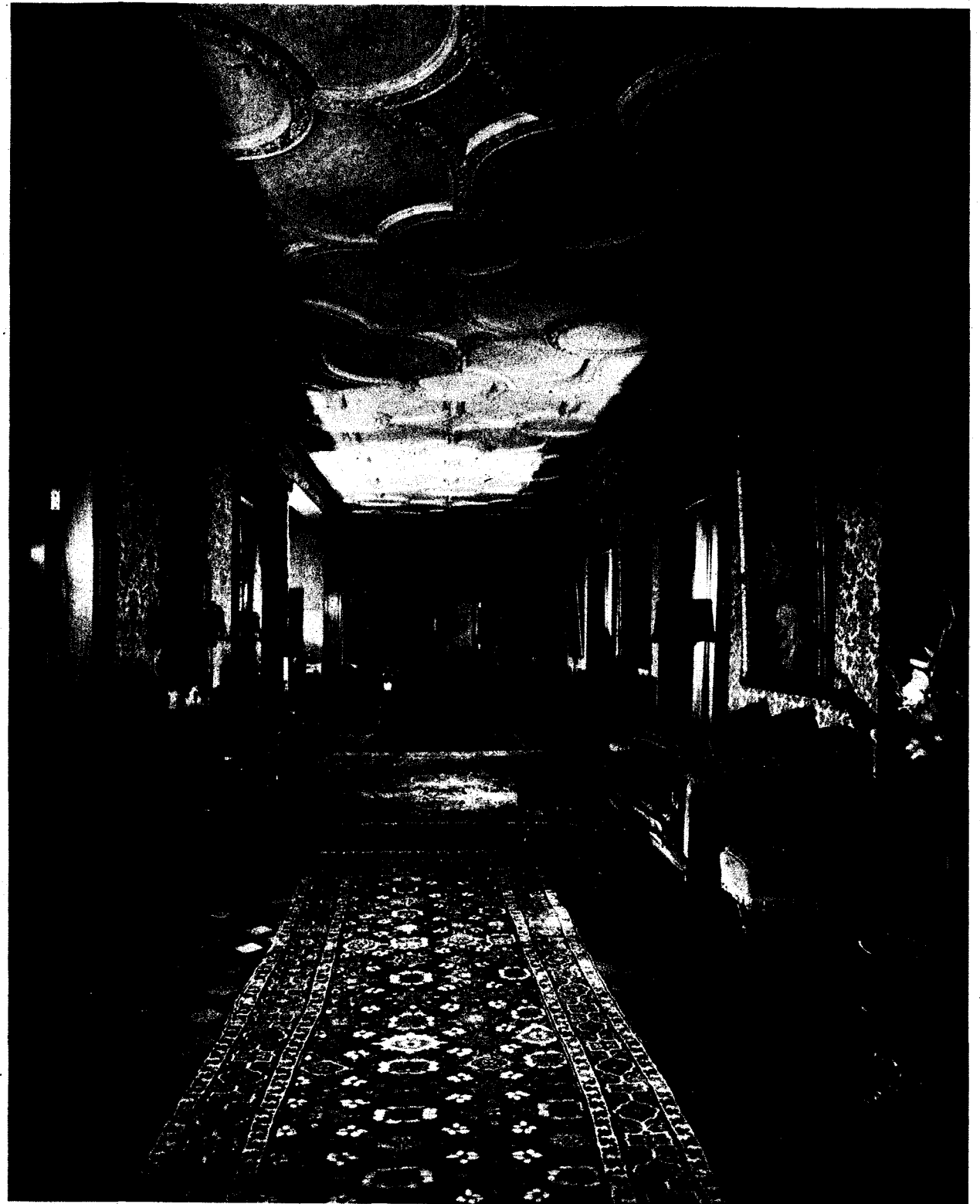
tiums in vivid orange boxes enters upon the terrace paving the eastern wing of the house. This overlooks the sunken garden with the rose terrace beyond and a dark grove of pine framing the background. All the choicest flowers in lavish luxury are set in formal beds, making an oblong design dissected by flagstone paths cornered by cedars. Massed plantings of peonies bank the sides of the enclosing brick wall which is softened by huge stone urns trailing greenery, and the palm-like foliage of sumach growing on the slipping hillside beyond, softly fringes the northern side.

Flanking the sunken garden is a most artistic arrangement of trellis work forming two quaint tea houses with a semi-circle of complementary pillars of roses. These enclose a gorgeous group of cedars which made a bower for the rose garden between the two pergolas. The design of the tea houses, is particularly pleasing in sea-green and white. An unusual

touch is the inlaid tondso or round panels of pierced wood showing pairs of blue love birds. This decorative treatment of garden furnishing gives an intimate air which is further developed by the carvings on the white wooden gate which opens off the sunken garden and seems to lead one suddenly right into the blue sky, for stretching far below lies the valley of the Don. The gateway is on the very crest of the high hill and the illusion of stepping from a sunken garden into cloudless space is heightened by a carved crescent of the new moon topping the gate which is silhouetted realistically against the blue.

Resisting for the moment the intriguing path descending to the valley, we 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 sward 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 are planted here for house decoration and especially lovely at this season were the pink and white lupin and long-spurred columbines poised like flights of yellow butterflies. Beyond in the shadow of the pines, only the sight of a lawn roller convinced us that this verdant velvet rug was actually a nine-hole putting green.

Then the delicious scent of sweet briar roses beguiled and



The front hall of Mr. Wood's house in earlier days, looking from the room in which the bookstore is now located. Student Council offices are now located in the rooms to the right. The offices of the college newspaper, PRO-TEM, now occupy the room at the far end.



phlos subulata, blue seas of forget-me-nots, and the captured sunshine of ranunculus are a joy to see; fluffy-ruffle petunias (green house products which have stolen a march on less pampered pets), variegated shirley poppies, foaming torrents of white-arabis, garlands of peonies cascading against

connected by a small bridge a fascinating little child's kingdom flourishes. There is a bungalow doll house — a pavilion for nursery teas and afternoon naps and an awninged stretch of sandy beach just right for wading! Putting temptation behind, we turned back along the flickering shadows of a woodland walk

sociation Co., Canadian Bank of Commerce, director of the Western Assurance Company, Massey Harris Co. Ltd., Mexican Light & Power Co., Mexican Tramways Co., Huronia Traction Power & Light Co., Toronto Savings and Loan Co., and Provincial Paper Co. Ltd. He was born in Peterborough



This room is situated off of the foyer, and is presently the office of York President Slater. This house was built in 1923 by one of Canada's wealthiest men. When his wife died in 1950, she donated the property to the University of Toronto.

spread before one. Sloping steeping almost 200 feet to the river road below, the entire surface of the hill, about three acres, has been converted into an immense rock garden. Undoubtedly it is the chef d'oeuvre of Glendon Hall. Large trees seem as shrubs on it but one especially girious elm towers majestically. Hundreds of massive boulders have been put into position by means of stone boats and horses; dry stone walls form overhanging parapets; stone steps skilfully lead into alluring paths and in between the rocks while clambering over them, draping them, are flowers in all the colours of the rainbow. Later in the season the bloom becomes entrancing, while in June great splashes of mauve

ing on clumps of cerise tulips, are unforgettable. It is bewildering in its variety, and all the while the view across the valley beckons commandingly! So the road skirting the river is reached, and following it — passing the picturesque boat house — we halt our steps by the rushing water of the dam and the concrete bridge which leads to the pasture lands where sheep and cattle graze. Another roadway leads along the river's edge where the Don flows lazily by as if loath to leave the beauty spot, but in early spring, before the flowers are friending, its manners are tempestuous as it madly hurls its ice floes. The now peaceful river quietly encircles an island and con-

tume of breeder tulips, and regained the lights above. There, from the stone terrace carpeted with starry 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.

The house was built by Mr. Wood in 1923. He was considered one of Canada's wealthiest men having been at various times in his life president of the Central Canada Loan and Savings Company, vice-president of the National Trust Co. Ltd., Brazilian Traction Light & Power Co., Canada Life As-

Smart in 1891. He died in 1941 at the age of 75. The funeral service was held at Timothy Eaton Memorial Church and he was buried in Mount Pleasant. His wife lived until 1950. She was persuaded to donate her property to the University of Toronto by a member of their board of governors. She did so with the understanding that the grounds would be used for botanical gardens. When it was decided to build a college here there was a great deal of protest from the neighbouring areas but by agreeing to several building conditions the college area was rezoned and built.

From CANADIAN HOMES AND GARDENS, September, 1926

Fashions to greet the New Year at Glendon



Our award for the toughest-dressed character on campus goes to this dude. Notice the natty puce and lavender-striped sweater, the gull-winged Eatonia shirt, and the appropriately faded blue jeans. The knee-high boots are from Germany (early Nazi period). Embroidered swastikas are optional.

Each year Bitchy Bruce teams up with Gossip Gerty to evaluate the fashion plates on campus. Now, once again, after careful selection we are ready to deliver our awards.



This little nipper stole the "under five" award this year. The rolled-collar effect on his belted jumper is the highlight here. Observe the belled pants which flare all the way from the waist. The plastic undergarments cannot be seen here but they aptly reflect the new "full" look.



Yes, these two are perfectly poised at any time of the day and always seen together. Now, turning our attention to the other girl, one will notice the beautifully bunched denims. You can always count on using blue jeans in a tight situation! The sweaters for this attire are passion pink and flaming yellow respectively.



Nigel is cute and inquisitive, but not too long on answers.

Nigel is friendly ... yet aloof

by ERVING GOFFMAN

An independent and outgoing youngster, Nigel has made many friends and is a favourite in his present, large foster home. He is a handsome child and, although there is evidence of drugs in his background, he is free from any visible indications of severe chromosome damage.

Of partly black parentage, Nigel loves music and exhibits a fine sense of rhythm. His ances-

TODAY'S CHILD

books from an early age. Unfortunately, his language development has been a bit slow. But the words he has learned are quite expressive and he can usually communicate his desires and o-

Watkins explains the Waffle alternative

By MARSHALL LESLIE

"Walter Gordon in 1969 had a more realistic policy than the NDP explained Melville Watkins last Thursday to a group of 50 Glendon students meeting in the JCR.

Watkins, co-author of the Waffle Manifesto, member of the NDP federal council, and U of T economist, cited this as one of the reasons for the development of the Waffle wing of the NDP.

Starting from the realities of the Canadian situation, it came into being in 1969 as a result of the inadequacy of alternatives offered by the three major parties on the issue of Canadian independence. Because there was no independent Canadian business class to repatriate the economy Gordon's approach was eliminated, so Watkins and the Waffle are working to build an independent socialist Canada where an independent capitalist nation cannot exist.

Skilled, as well as the unskilled working classes are bearing the costs of foreign ownership. After all says Watkins, a "branch plant" by definition does not need the skills of trained or highly educated Canadians — it gets them elsewhere. Present employment (and here he uses the most recent reports of the Science Council) will remain above 5% until at least 1975. Ten per cent of the under 25 age group will be unemployed according to the same reports.

The Waffle recently has been trying to focus

attention and educational work around two sectors, resources and manufacturing. In both they have been assisted by Richard Nixon. On August 15, Nixon told Canada to keep her manufactured goods and take the loss of jobs but, yes, he would take our resources (which were exempted from the 10 per cent surcharge).

More recently the safeguards under the Auto Pact, mainly responsible for our current trade surplus with the US, are under attack. The auto industry, the most important of our manufacturing sectors and 100% foreign controlled, which had been so inefficient as to require active intervention by the government in 1965 now is in danger of having all its defences dropped by Trudeau's stated intentions to revise the safeguards.

"I believe the most principled stand of the Waffle is on Québec's self-determination", stated Watkins and that, so long as the French Canadian sees the English Canadian as a pawn of the American, no basis for co-operation between English and French will result.

Watkins points to the change of the Québec-NPD from English and moderate to French and radical as a precursor to a new alliance with a socialist party in English Canada. He added that the Waffle took very seriously, at least, the idea of two nations on the northern half of the North American continent.

After the discussion had passed from current topics to the ge-

neral one of the socialist state, Watkins opened up to listeners many of his own convictions.

"We'll never have a world safe to live in unless we destroy the corporation. No really effective case has yet to be made for it, even conventional economists will admit this ... How did it get to be so large? Because, eventually monopoly power starts to feed upon itself"...

"I don't want to sound like a Jeffersonian ag-

rarian, but I'm very attracted to it — although I certainly don't want a return to laissez-faire capitalism".

"Even capitalism was once decentralized though," Watkins pointed out that Marx, "the greatest socialist writer" did not want a society of public ownership, but rather of eventual decentralization and democratization of the society. "Vulgar Marxists" are seriously mistaken in plumping solely for state ownership.

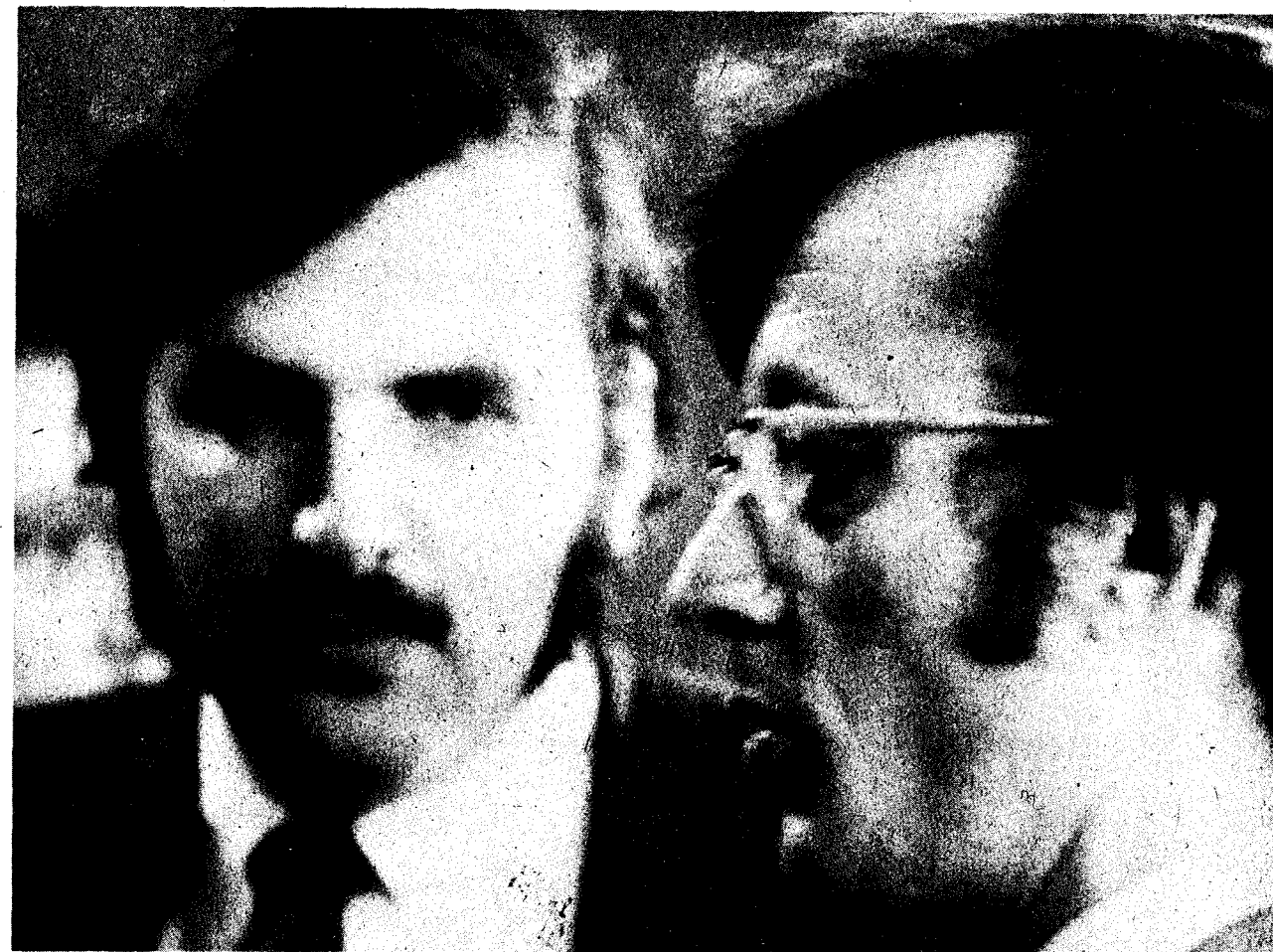
Questioned about the concept of growth, he admitted that the "horrendous" possibilities in the long term were serious. Yet, "when the middle class goes to the worker and tells them 'we're going to stop the machines', it's like telling him 'you're going to be poor forever'.

In global terms "you can always wonder whether our politics are relevant if a while after absorbing 60 per cent of the yearly resource output of the world tells a brown man

that 'we're going to have to limit your growth'".

Watkins verified reports that he would be seeking the nomination in Toronto Parkdale at the next federal election and that he would be standing on the present party platform as all candidates do. "The NDP is too important to be left to those who wish to make a reform party out of it."

The forum, sponsored by the Glendon NDP/Waffle is to be followed by three more, January 27, February 10 and 24.



Melville Watkins (right) of the NDP Waffle addressed 50 Glendon students on the question of Canadian independence last Thursday. Watkins and fellow Wafflers like James Laxer (left) are trying to determine a feasible alternative to Walter Gordon's "inadequate" plan to buy back our economy.

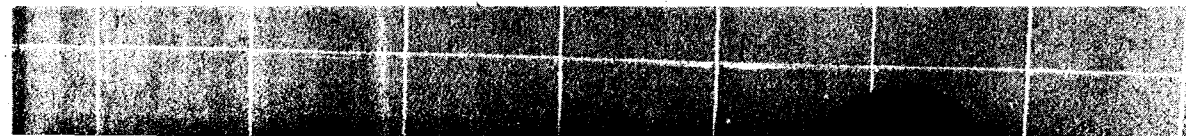
Continued from page 1

Fire

ance worker, Ashley Hayden, who had been alerted to the fire by PRO TEM's Miss Combs.

In the Glendon Coffee Shop, Le Café de

CANADA....



inherited a love of the outdoors. However, he dislikes the cold and tires easily, perhaps partly because he must wear an iron lung at all times.

Nigel is big for his size and has had hair on his chest since birth. Recently he has begun to show interest in some indoor sports. He is already showing signs of overcoming his initial clumsiness.

His past environment, although notable for its athletics, is more remarkable for its scholarly atmosphere and Nigel has had the advantage of being surrounded by

live within commuting distance of a large urban hospital with facilities for the necessary daily treatment of Nigel's mild case of sclerosis of the liver.

Although he has been in a large foster family and is used to being surrounded by many other people, Nigel needs a home which can offer him special supervision without pressure for academic excellence.

To inquire about adopting Nigel, please write to Contest, c/o the Simply Terrific Institute Governing Mutant Adoptions, Tawarana, Ontario.

well on the way to the fact that the record player was for once functioning (albeit at a very low volume) the fire alarm at the top of the stairs was all but inaudible. Card playing continued as did the steady sales of submarines and bagels. Indeed it was only after being alerted by the ever-alert C.F. Ellard that the usual contingent of bridge players were aware of the approaching danger.

Back at the scene of the blaze, Miss Combs had quite recovered herself, and her camera, and was busily snapping photos of the firemen inspecting the remains of the scrapwood as well as Glendon Hall's excellent plumbing facilities with a vim and vigour that would have done justice to any Canadian Press photographer.

Chief of Security, Mr. John Sparks, had by now arrived at the site, as had Glendon's Chief Electrician, Mr. Sid Harrison. As Mr. Harrison, aided by the brave men in the black coats and white helmets, proceeded to track down the source of the alarm, Mr. Sparks took advantage of the opportunity to deliver a lecture on the proper storage of wood and paint.

In his lecture, Mr. Sparks touched upon matters such as oily rags and the disposal thereof, keeping floors well-swept and not packing dry wood in unventilated areas.

"It sure would have been a mess if that stuff had caught," said Mr. Bunton at the scene of the fire.

Only slight smoke and water damage was incurred by the several hundred valuable sand-castings produced by students in the Art Course (Humanities 200), temporarily stored in the room where the fire broke out while awaiting shipment to the Art Gallery of Ontario.

It was later reported through reliable sources that the report on the blaze said that "there was no evidence that the fire was caused by accident."

Dateline Entertainment

On Campus

The Old Dining Hall at the scenic Glendon College campus at Lawrence and Bayview will be the scene of an exciting confrontation between radical students and officials Grace Hartman and Jim Anderson, of the Canadian Union of Public Employees, this Thursday at one pm. The Prime Minister was not available for comment, but there is speculation in Ottawa that he does not care.

Campus sex show

O.J. Silverthorne, Ontario's Censor for many years, is reported concerned over a Punch and Judy show slated for the scenic Glendon College campus at Lawrence and Bayview. His objections are apparently based on the fact that everyone is invited to attend, which might intrigue the younger and more impressionable students. Punch and Judy shows are notorious for their violence and sexual innuendo. If the Censor's Office does not interfere, the production will go forward as scheduled in the Café de la Terrasse at twelve-thirty on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 19th.

Jules et Jim

This Wednesday will also see a showing of the film 'Jules et Jim' dans la salle 129, à York Hall à 16 heures et 15, et aussi à 20 heures; entrée libre. 'Jules et Jim' est un film excellent — c'est une chance pour les Glendonites de voir un chef-d'oeuvre.

Tried jam and beer?

Sweetened beer is the latest student fad, according to informants at scenic Glendon College, where

a Jam and Beer session is scheduled for next Saturday in the Pipe Room at 8:30 in the evening. The confectioners involve include actor-strummer Doug Knowles and other old favourites.

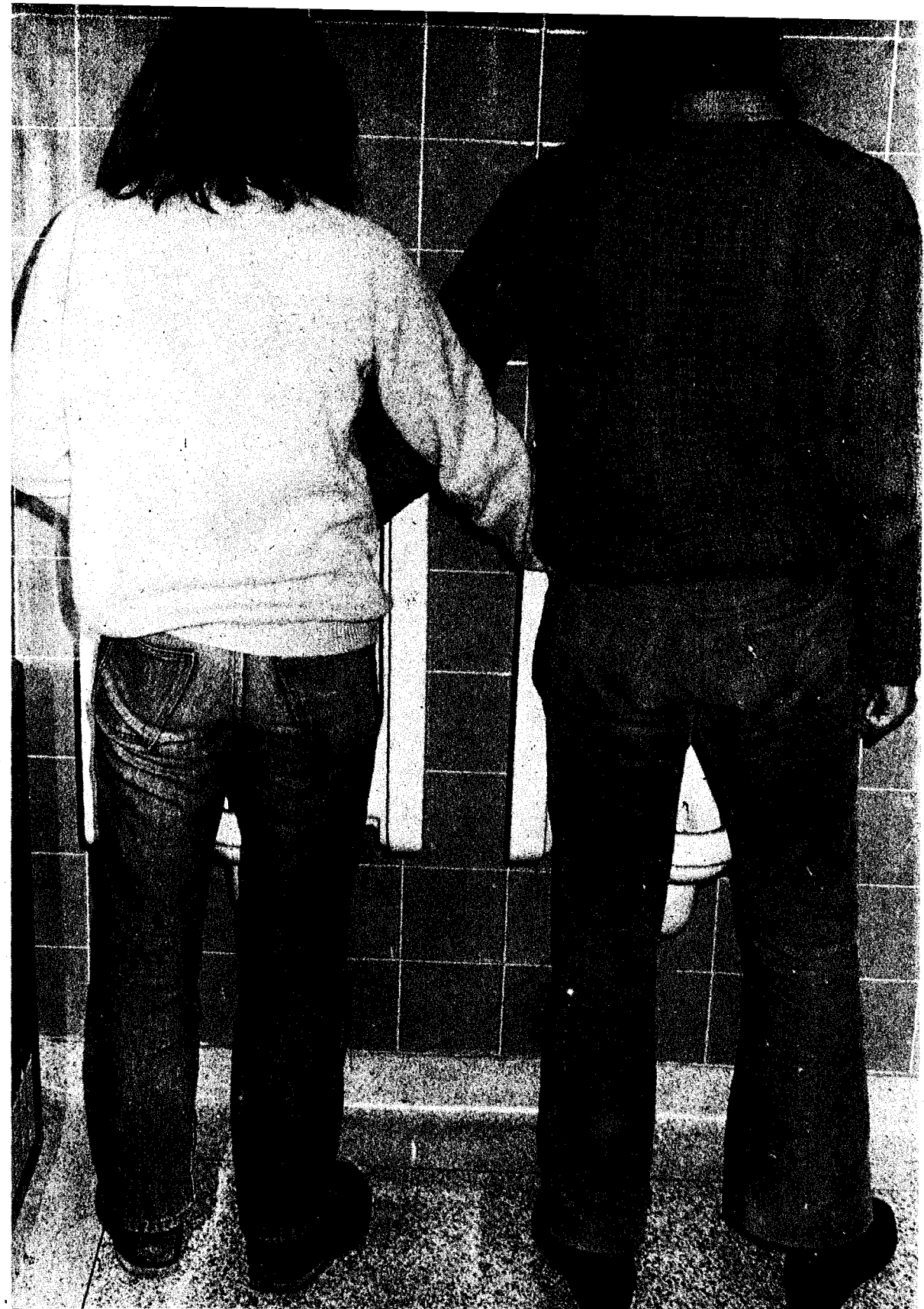
Fistel is here!

This Friday's performer in the Pipe Room is chanteuse Ingrid Fistel, famous for her rendition of the Canadian Boat Song and other favourites. It is rumoured that the Pipe Room Board was able to acquire her services only after prolonged haggling with her equally famous agent, Colonel Purvis, who has refused to let his star perform at such prestigious nightspots as the Copacabana and the Satellite. Fans should be at the Pipe Room by 8:30 on the evening of January 21. It will cost them 50 cents.

Travel bargain

Promoter and entrepreneur Jean Lemay is arranging a return-trip package to Quebec's famed Winter Carnival leaving on Friday, the 11th of February at six in the morning, and returning on Sunday the 13th at six in the evening. The package includes the transportation, the lodgings, and all the fun of the carnival, for only \$39.50. Potential carnival-ers should get in touch with M. Lemay before the first of February, as a large turnout is customary for this event. The number to call is 487-1664.

Dateline Entertainment is always on the look-out for news items of importance to our readers' social calendar. If you know of an event which would interest them, please feel free to bring your knowledge to the newspaper office by 12 noon on the Friday of each week. There is an envelope on the door for your contributions.



stand together, understand together