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# Council moves to Jolly Miller?

by PAUL WEINBERG

The student council of Glutton College met last night to enold another exciting chapter in its continuing debate over the contradictions in the capitalist society.

In his first intelligible speech of the year, Dave Moulstonale introduced a motion that would have all future council meetings start in the Jolly Miller, since they end up there anyway. This was quickly approved by the council 20 to 2.

Student President Paul Godson dissented, contending that the Nag's Head was a better pub. Newly-elected first year rep. Barry Weistrotter voted against it because as he put it: "Neither Marx nor Lenin made any provision for pubbing nor booze in the dialectical process."

Suddenly Jay Dingdong and his army of groupie followers marched into the room and demanded a \$1,000 grant for his Liberal club.

"We are in a great leap forward towards the Just Society, as Chairman Trudeau has taught us in one of his most enlightened quotations: 'Money can't buy happiness but it sure can buy votes'. We are a growing movement at this college; yesterday I signed up our 50,000th member. Therefore you cannot deny my request. If you do, we'll use the War Measures Act against you!" said Jay Dingdong.

After that, the council debated a resolution by Weistrotter that would convert the council into a Central Committee: "The Glutton Central Committee will take over the school. We'll abolish elections; everybody knows they are a farce anyway — elections usually involve bourgeois opportunists who be-

come immersed in self-indulgent-adventurism."

At this moment, he climbed upon the table and started shouting: "We will become a dictatorship of the students! Why bother with elections? We are the vanguard! We have the right line! We know what is, and is not, correct! No one else does! Why not allow us to rule indefinitely? Yes — forever ... forever ..."

After that, he had to be restrained by Allan Groper. For hours poor Weistrotter

kept mumbling to himself: "Let's have a purge, Joe."

Paul Godson introduced a compromise motion that would have himself designated as 'Saviour' instead of 'President'. He stood up on the table, shook his peach fuzz and yelled: "My fellow Gluts; I have a Vision."

Moulstonale whispered: "This is no time to hallucinate."

Facing the heavens, he repeated: "I have seen a vision!"

That on the red hills of Glutton College, there will be a victorious confrontation between us, the students, and the administration of Yoke University, led by David Slacker and Victor Turd".

The meeting ended abruptly when Claire Elkfart, Beth Bopkins, and Steve Geek made a dramatic attempt to stage a coup d'état. This however produced few results, as everyone presumed it was just another campus play full of make-believe.

## Student's council resolution

# "Let public debate Metro Centre"

"Why bother? I think Union Station is an eyesore anyway!" blurted Beth Light in reaction last Monday to Gary O'Brien's anti-Metro Centre resolution presented to the student council. After some debate the council endorsed a watered down resolution, in which it simply voiced concern over the speed with which the city's Metro Centre plan was being discussed in City Hall.

O'Brien's motion originally voiced three concerns: inadequate public debate over the proposal; lack of proper provision for public housing, par-

kland, and good transportation facilities; and the preservation of Union Station.

Ms. Light felt that the old building was not worth preserving. She subsequently submitted an amendment to delete everything in the resolution except the provision regarding insufficient public discussion.

Gary O'Brien defended his motion by pointing to John Sewell's complaints in the press of glaring faults in the city's plan. However, he failed to sway the councillors.

Beth Light's amendment to reduce the wording, won the

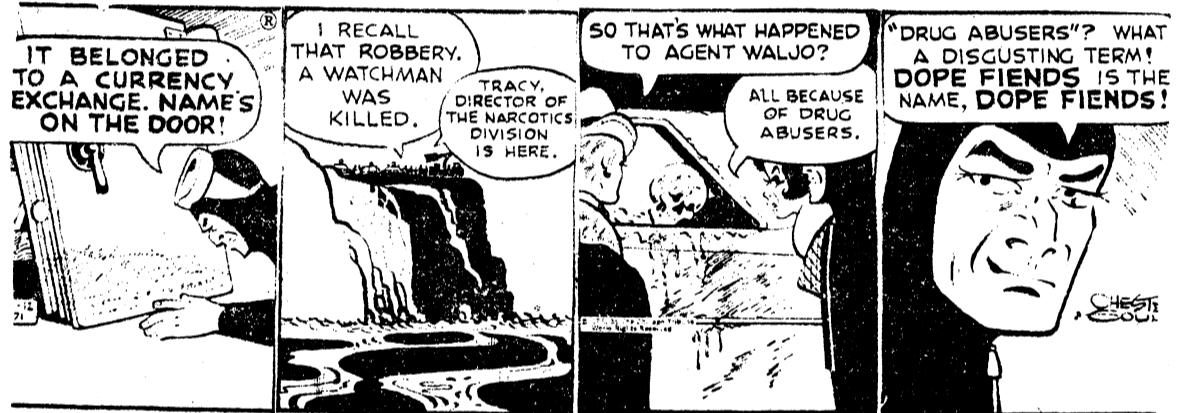
sanction of council 3 to 2 with 1 abstention.

After some deliberation, the council voted to give \$350 to the academic journal. Jean-Claude Guédon attended the meeting to explain the journal's proposed budget.

Paul Johnston and Gary O'Brien were the leading antagonists toward any large grant of funds to the journal.

Johnston criticized the idea of a journal itself: "It's just an attempt to put Glendon on the map!"

While not denying this, Guédon defended it as a valid academic exercise.



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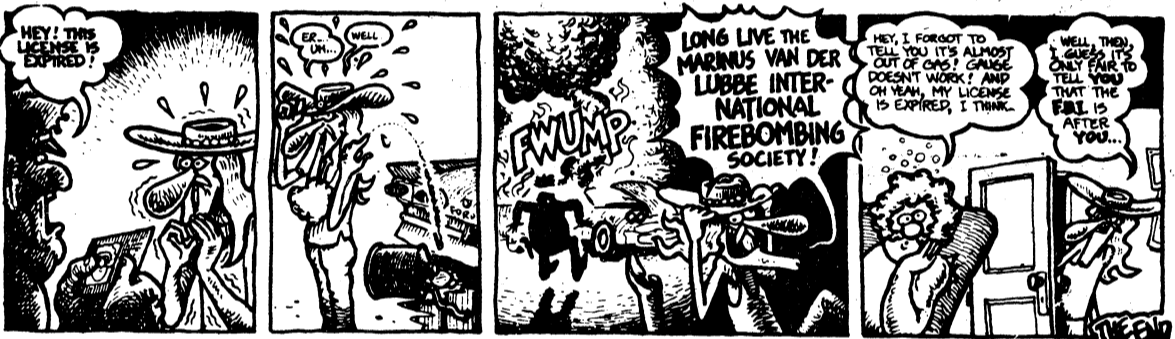
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# FREAK BROTHERS



## LETTERS

### Women called rude

On Thursday, Dec. 2, the Glendon women's liberation group held its organizational meeting. As an interested person and a strong supporter of women's rights, I attended the meeting. Much to my surprise I was told to "go away," "stop making a nuisance of yourself" and "we don't think it's necessary to tell you why, just go away."

Of course I didn't need to be told why. I'm not a woman so I wasn't welcome at the meeting. Perhaps these women, who argue against discrimination on the basis of sex, need to re-examine their reasons for excluding males from their meeting.

Women claim that they wish to be respected as human beings rather than thought of as mere women. Well, Naomi Lyons, I can only say that you will never gain my respect by being rude to me merely because I am male.

Despite the rudeness of two members of the Glendon group of women's lib and the cowardice of two others in not speaking up, I can still say that I support women's liberation, if not the Glendon women's lib group.

Paul Dowling

### Bell wants free ad

There's a liberal association on this campus and we're trying very much to do something for the college and the community. There are a lot of misconceptions about our organization, unfortunately. Some people see us as an election propoganda machine, Glendon's cheerleaders for Robert Nixon and Pierre Trudeau. Well, there's no denying many of us did work in the last election. We knocked on doors, we went to meetings, and we talked to people.

But there has to be more than that

to being a political club on a university campus, because if there isn't anymore then eventually it will degenerate into a social clique; a tea or beer party group and then eventually it will disintegrate. After the last election the members of the Glendon Liberal Club, there were only 10 of us then, decided we did not want to disintegrate. We wanted to continue to exist and do something productive.

We could have established ourselves as a political discussion group. The idea, however of sitting around and listening to ourselves talk, simply reinforcing our own views, didn't appeal to us. There's already one group on campus like that. Instead we decided to set up a programme for the campus as a whole. We hope to present some of these programmes on campus next term.

We are negotiating with the head of the Glendon Forum to bring in R. Lévesque. He has already indicated a willingness to come. We want to set up a programme to make people aware of what's going on in urban politics, to discuss issues such as the multi-billion dollar waterfront scheme of Toronto centre. There are politicians in city hall making the decisions about your future. We think we should all know what's going on. These are only two of the programmes we are planning. We are bringing in speakers to spark discussion not to spread propoganda. We have other programmes in the works, social action programmes, and community-government communications.

Any way we must be doing something right because since the election our membership has almost doubled. If you're interested in finding out more, in learning about politics or in giving us a hand, come to our meeting this Wednesday at 4:00 in the hearthroom.

Jay Bell



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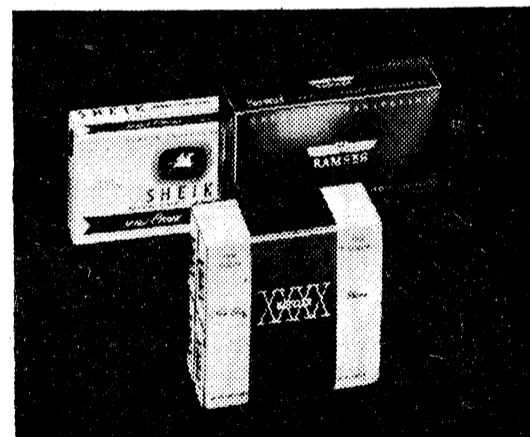
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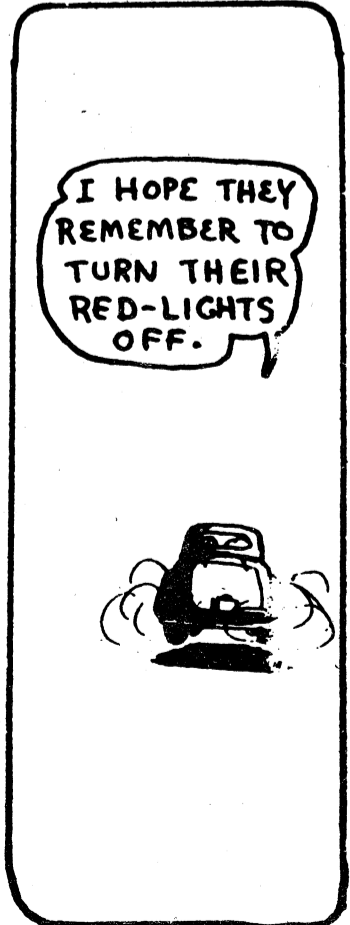
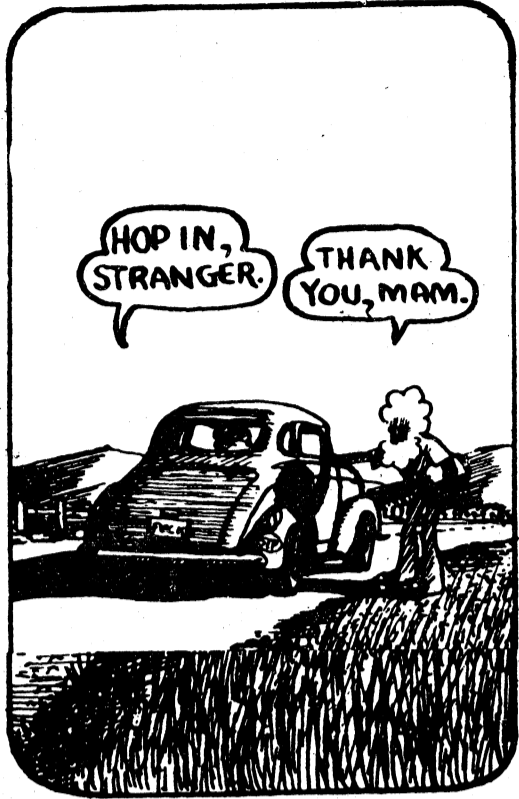
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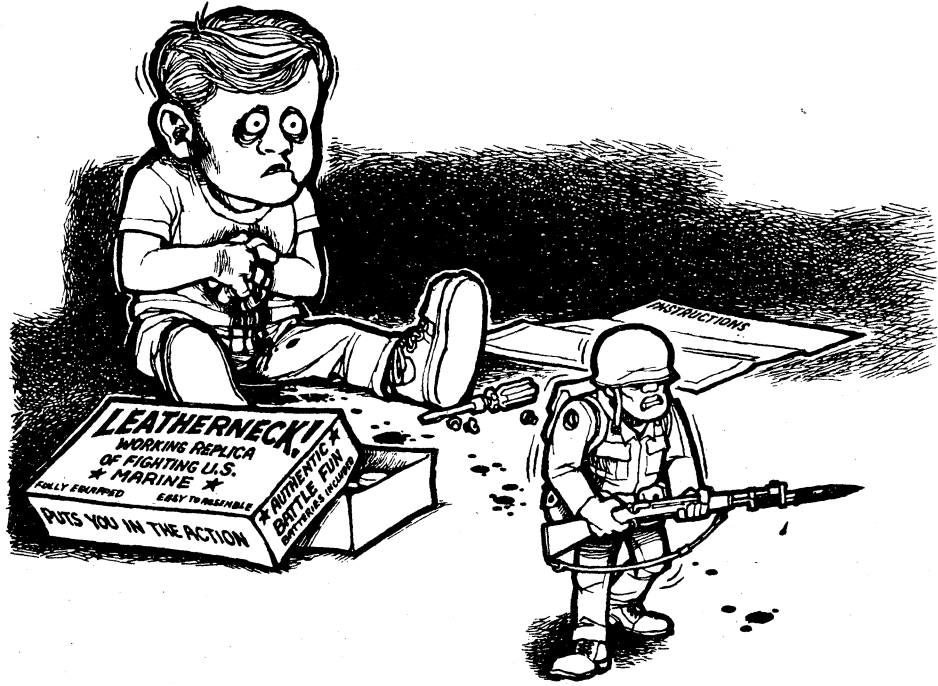
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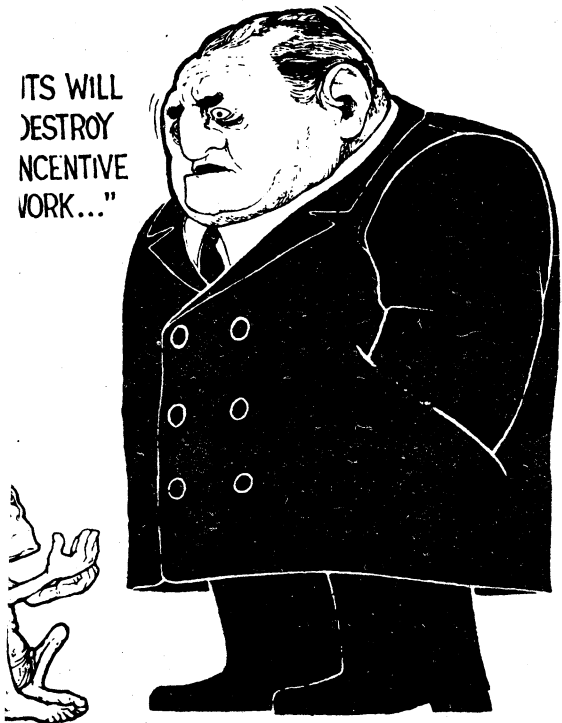


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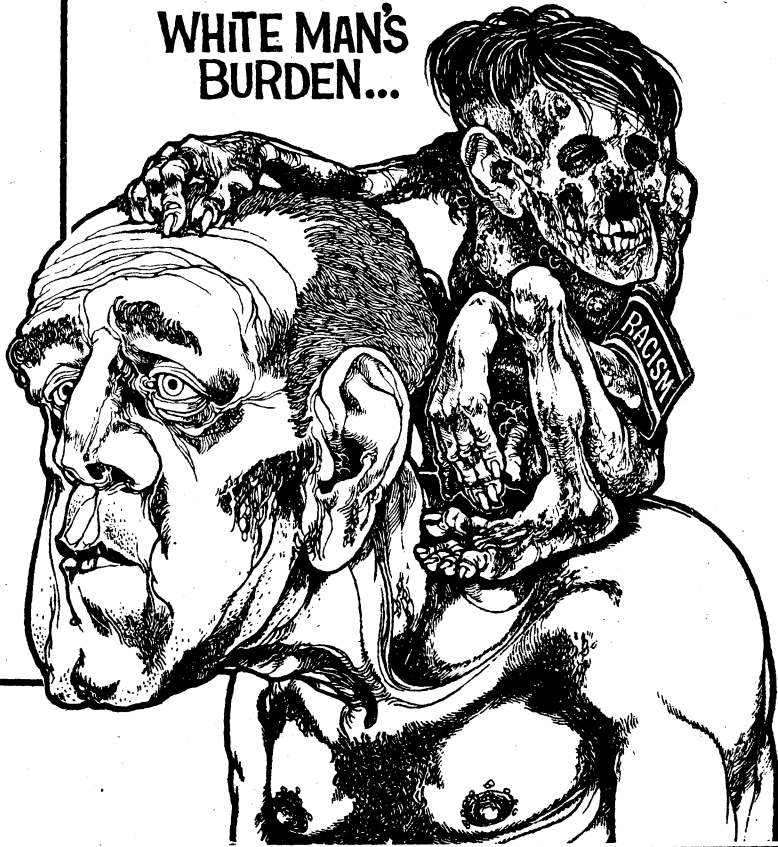
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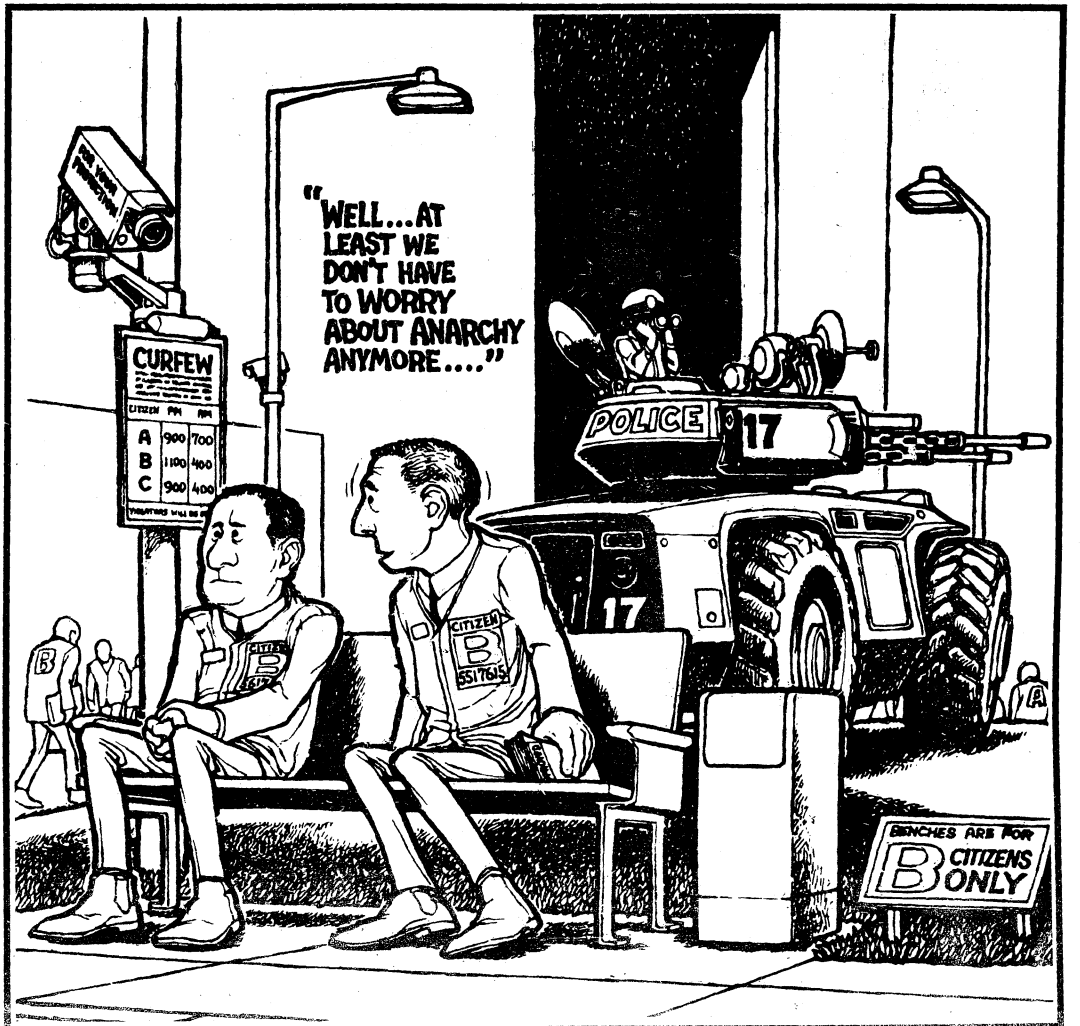
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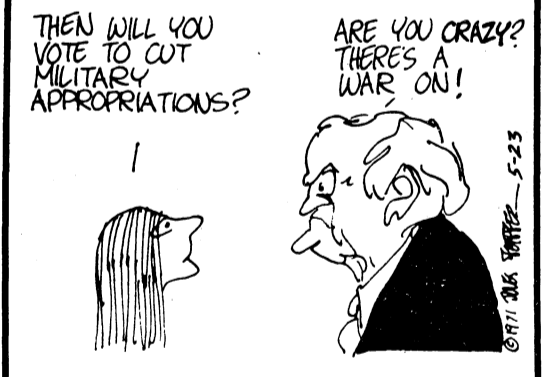
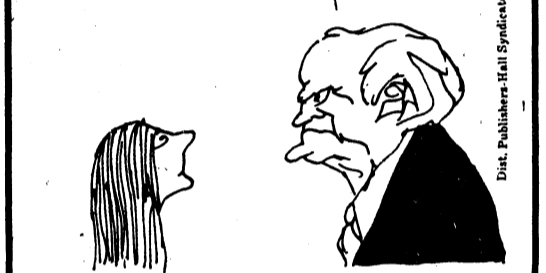
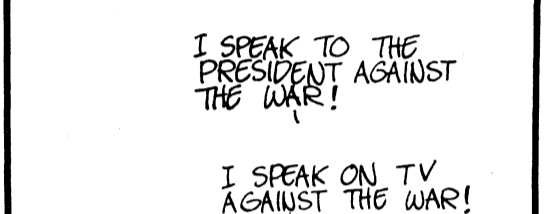
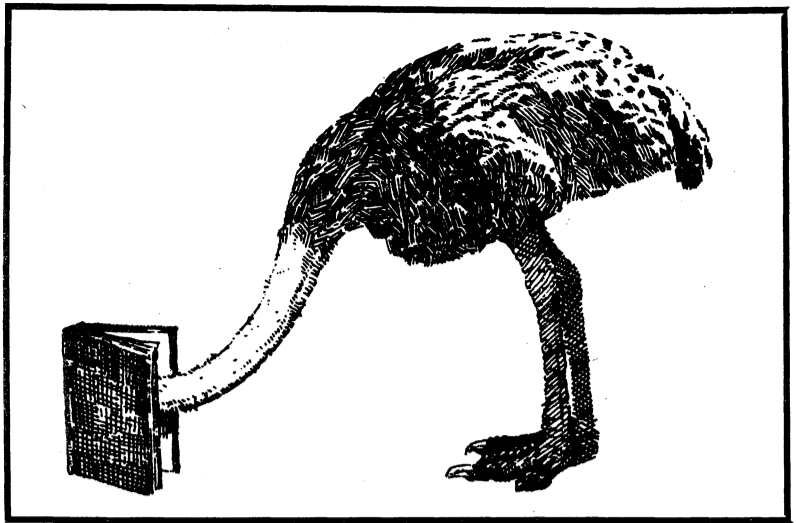
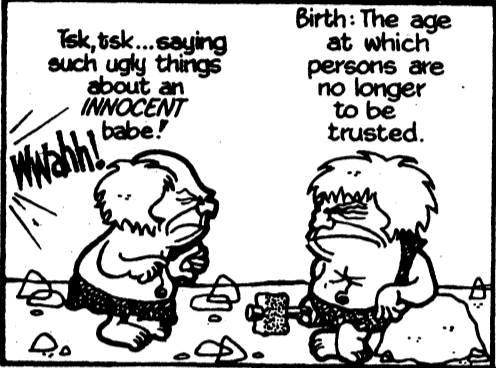
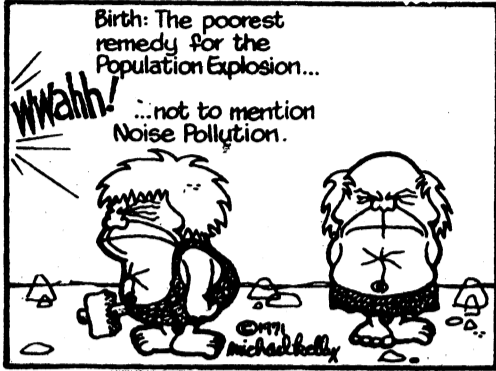
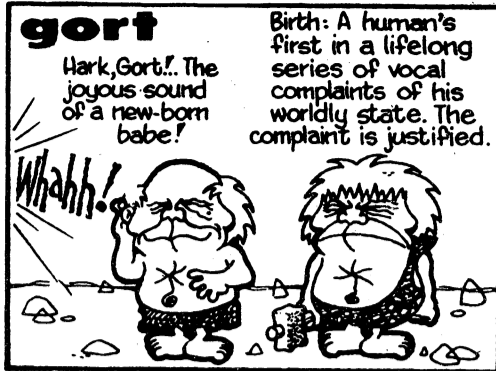
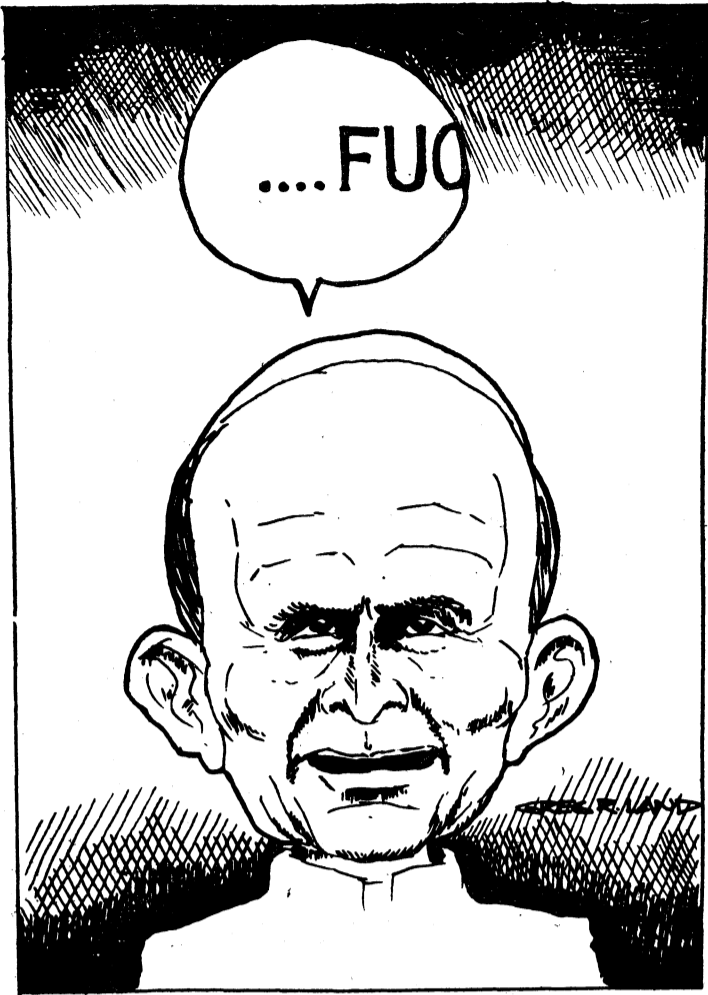
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# Bullring - struggle of mind over might

by CLIVE HOBSON

Blood sports are as old as man himself, and certainly they have been the centre of controversy for almost as long. Even the sports that fringe on the very edge of the ill-defined "blood sport" have come under a barrage of debate favouring their abolition or at least curtailment.

It's not easy to define a blood sport, the old axioms and adages about sports don't always fit the bill; boxing is often pointed out as presenting and perpetrating man's basic carnal instincts in their worst form; yet by the same token the bloodbaths that often flare up in NHL hockey games can hardly be deemed any more civilized than the man to man conflict within a ring.

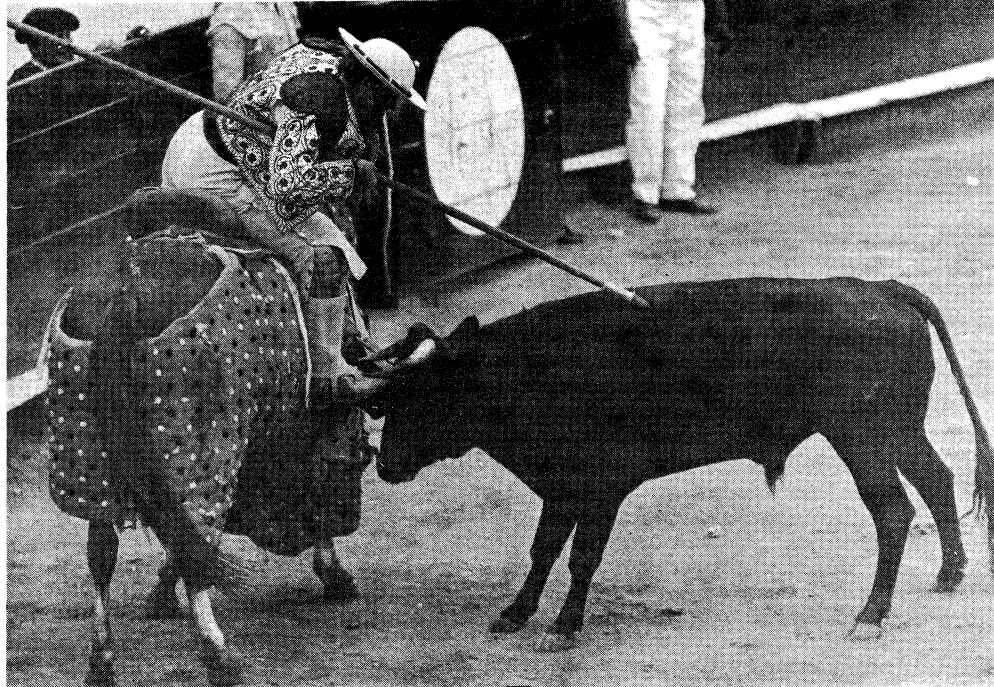
However, what is probably the most controversial of all the blood sports, and perhaps the most misunderstood, has weathered years of criticism, and still retains its ranking as one of the world's most popular sports.

No one can be really neutral when describing a Spanish bullfight. Either you betray a certain amount of sympathy with it, and so incur the abhorrence of all animal lovers, or else you unwittingly offend the feelings of the Spaniards. The bull fight is a sharp divider. You either find it revolting, a barbarity that disgraces Europe, or you become an aficionado. Either way, no one can really pass judgement or make a decision as to his side, until he has witnessed a first class "corrida."

The aficionado always hopes that he will witness a corrida with all the grace, agility, strength, courage and gallantry of a myth in action. He is aware of the matador's dilemma: not to play safe by keeping his distance from the bull's horns, yet while working close within their fatal reach, not to take showy risks with his life. The aficionado is not interested in death defying gambles. He only admires the ineffable mastery of mind over brute strength, even though its aesthetic demonstration does involve an ultimate risk.

To watch a bull fight through the eyes of an aficionado is truly an experience. The first few minutes between the bull's release from its pen and the entry of the picadors give the matador a brief and decisive time for observation and deduction. Does the bull prefer to gore with its left or right horn? Which eye does it see better with? Are its reactions those of a clever or stupid animal? Is it in condition? Will it get wilder or more cautious under punishment? Bulls learn very quickly from experience. If a fighting bull could ever return to the ring for a second time, it's doubtful whether any torero would get out alive!

A torero needs agility, stamina, split second timing, instinctive reac-



The picador must frustrate and tire the bull before the matador makes his kill.

tions and a deep familiarity with bulls. The higher the bull's spirits, the better a torero will anticipate its reactions. But even so, no one can be sure what conclusions the bull will draw from incidents in the arena.

The whole art of the corrida lies in knowing how to prepare to kill a bull because when it enters the ring it is virtually invincible. When the bull is fresh, the one permissible classic stroke with the sword is impossible. It is still far too nimble and fast, and never drops its head long enough to allow the matador to aim his sword at the fatal, inch wide patch between the shoulder blades.

Entering the ring at the same time as the bull are the picadors. Their specific job is to tire the bull. In the old days, the horses they rode were broken down wrecks which escaped the slaughter-house to go to the ring where often as not, they made one or two trips before being fatally gored and killed. Now the horses are imported from the United States in large numbers; animals in their prime — fast, spirited and well trained, they are protected by padded blankets and a form of armour.

Although more humane for the horses, the risks have increased for the picadors. When the horses they rode were basically unprotected, the bull after goring accurately, would turn away and seek fresh targets. The modern bull, however, goes on butting and tossing until the picador is unseated. This is a particularly dangerous moment.

Good picadors are rare. They must practice not to lean too long on their lance so as not to damage the bull's shoulders or back when preparing it for the matador. It would be useless trying to perform an elegant kill and

demonstrate good cape work with a badly injured bull.

The bandarillos must place their barbed darts in the neck muscle ridge from a head on position — never from the side, and certainly by the gods and all that is fair, not from behind. The bandarillos curb the animal's tendency to be impetuous and induce it to concentrate its fury on trying to slay its main enemy ... man!

The arena is abandoned to the bull and the matador with his assistant. The matador takes the muleta, a heart shaped scarlet silk banner hanging from a cane. With this he will execute the culminating faena, the cape work leading up to the death stroke.

Many people suppose that the red colour of the capes irritates the bull. In fact, bulls react only to movement. They are capable of horning a moving object with deadly accuracy and lightning speed. The matador agitates the muleta with only a twitch of the wrist, causing the bull to thunder past within an inch or two of his own immobile body. Not until one has actually seen the unearthly grace with which an inspired master handles the bull can one fully appreciate what it means to be an aficionado!

The "estocada", the death stroke, can ruin everything that has gone before. Thrusting the sword into the

bull's side or throat, or between the shoulders while running past, or without coming within range of the deadly horn tips ... all that is not killing the bull but butchering it.

The matador's sword is too short to pierce the animal's heart, but the length is enough, if properly placed, to sever the aorta.

There is only one true way to kill: the left hand with the muleta, but hold the bull's head down and a little to the right, while the right hand crosses above and slowly drives the sword in up to the hilt.

One moment man and beast are fused; the next second the man either brings death to the bull, or the slightest jerk of the bull's head upwards will leave the man impaled.

Nearly all of the great names of Spanish bull fighting have died at the estocada. The great Luis Freg was gored an average of three times a season over twenty one years in the ring. If every matador consented to kill truly according to the rules of the art, the death list would be even longer.

There would be no problem if bullfighting were just a throwback to barbarism, and could be abolished like open drains and bear baiting. But it is an institution! Much can be charged against the sport of bull-fighting, but not that it is merely a survivor of barbaric times. We may hate it, but we must recognize it for what it is; a manifestation of human civilization.

One of the greatest bull-fighters that Spain has ever seen, the great Dominguin, once summed it all up when he related his feeling to the noble Spanish artist, Picasso. "Unless we invest the bull-fight with its properly transcendental meaning, all we have left is a fellow in pick stockings, fighting a bull in the middle of a big ring ... and all this is going on in the atomic age. At first glance it can't seem a very serious business. But there is something more than mere ballyhoo at the heart of this festival. A lot more, in fact, if its protagonists have got more in them than just an urge towards a flashy display. Of course it can't be helped that some will still regard the life and death struggle between bull and man as a futile spectacle. And indeed, yes ... it's sport, almost frivolity, in the life of the people with the greatest familiarity with death that there has ever been ... the people of Spain."

## 'Hot Flashes' panned

by ELIZABETH COWAN

Yet another obscure publishing company has surfaced — Jack McClelland need have no worries about Canada's cultural identity while we go on spawning publishers at this prolific rate. Many of them will vanish after producing a few over-priced books; but at least they try.

This latest effort calls itself, in the coy manner which isn't innovative with anyone except e.e. cummings, widdershins press. widdershins press seems to consist of the author of their first publication, Ross Efron; his wife Renata; and the person who presumably put up the money for their enterprise, a mysterious individual named simply Preiss.

Mr. Efron's book is a collection of poems entitled 'Hot Flashes in a Cool Medium'. It purports to be the first really McLuhan-saturated communication, in that the form draws heavily on the media and the vocabulary is thickly laced with phrases like "global village" and "inter-verbal".

Typographically, 'Hot Flashes in a Cool Medium' resembles — intentionally — T.V. Guide. There are double columns, times, and channels, so that a typical poem is set up this way: 10:00 (9) (13) ORGASM (C)

a flash of static the screen is whited out the actors carry on but invisibly ah (10 sec) Mr. Efron apparently considers all this gimmickry contemporary and relevant and original; and also, good enough not merely to print, but to expect the reading public to fork over

\$4.50 for. This was undue optimism on Mr. Efron's part.

'Hot Flashes etc.' may of course be an elaborate joke, a satire on modern poetry. If so, it is a remarkably dull one.

An indigenous publishing industry is indisputably an important and necessary thing. But if it publishes junk it might as well be American as Canadian — mediocrity gains nothing by being homegrown.

Except that it is slightly more embarrassing to read.



**PRO TEM**  
Staff meeting  
4 pm today  
To make very  
important  
new year's plans

# Brock's jock talk Globetrotting Gophers to fly high

We can't keep it a secret any longer. After 4 weeks of sitting on the greatest and most important story of the week, we have decided to reveal that the Glendon Gophers are about to become the Glendon Globetrotting Gophers by making a Christmas jaunt over to Holland. (That's in Europe for you non-geography majors, which one will remember are few and far between at Glendon.)

In the past few weeks K.C. Haffey has been seen holding secret meetings in the library, sending Andy Raven to Holland, making private phone calls from a public line and choking on Versa-food (a fate worse than death) showing his excitement (because K.C. should know that one should not choke on Versa-Food) to come up with this trip sponsored by KLM (Royal Dutch Airlines) of Canada and Glendon College.

It's hard to believe that this all started when that Gopher climbed out of his hole on Groundhog day many February's ago and had the view of his shadow obstructed by the Glendon Gardens. After watching the players on the rink that day the gopher took up

hockey and developed into the fine hockey player you see before you, that is if you go down to Glendon Gardens or up to Arctic Arena, or even over to Holland.

Some people are probably wondering what a gopher was doing trying to find his shadow on groundhog day; so are we. The suggestion was made that he was fighting for gopher liberation rights, but the contest question is — What was that gopher doing trying to cut in on Groundhog day. Send your answers to Contest C/O PRO TEM.

In an on location interview, in the Art Studio, (What's a jock doing in the Art Studio; ask K.C.) K.C. (Punch) Haffey, general manager of the touring hockey team, disguised as undercover agents for the soon to be founded Psychology Department, revealed the secret contents of a piece of paper, referred to by Haffey as a schedule, to PRO TEM.

PRO TEM has taken it upon itself to share its contents with our readers.

On December 14th the team leaves for Holland, and Saturday the 18th they play their first game against Thialf, Andy Raven's and Terry Walker's old team. This game

may be carried coast to coast on Dutch National Television, which would be something in itself.

On Wednesday the 22nd the Gopher's opponent is Utrecht, Wild Bill Wade's (another former Glendon great) team.

It's off to Gren on Boxing Day (The day probably has no relation to the game that is going to be played.) They play against Thialf again on the 29th.

There are two more games to be played after the 29th, but the opponents have been kept a secret for security reasons.

On January the 4th they hope to be welcomed home

as heroes at a large gathering at Toronto International Airport, and to have a ticker tape parade down Bayview to honour their achievements.

If you happen to be traveling through Holland during the Christmas holidays the guys on the team would like it very much if you would attend one of the games and become one of the frenzied fans who are making their presence felt at intercollege games this year.

For the super fan who can't bear to miss a Gopher game, BS Incorporated has a travel now pay now trip to Holland. The company says that their canoe can be boarded at the

bridge near the fieldhouse on the 13th for the trip down the Mighty Don to Lake Ontario where the passengers will be transferred to their trans-Atlantic row boat.

Bonnie Stanton, one of the presidents of the firm, said that the trip would be priced for the student in financial difficulties, and is excellent for the jock who wants to get into excellent condition.

A final word for the team. We all wish them good luck on their up-coming tour. This is a great opportunity for Glendon to receive some Canada-wide and maybe world-wide prominence. Good luck and win a lot of games, Gophers.

## Gopher girls remain beaten

Getting back to this side of the Atlantic, the Gophers fought their way through a snow storm on Monday only to find that Vanier was also in a fighting mood. The final outcome of their game was a 2 to 2 tie. Angie Dieclemente and Danny Gilbert's goals provided Glendon's goals.

On Thursday playing with the flair more accustomed to Gopher teams, the Gophers crushed MBA II to 2. Goals came from Mike Thomas with the hat-trick (That's three goals J. Daw — Brock), and John Frankie with 2. Single goals came from Greg Colburn, Larry Scanlan, Wilson Ross, Danny Gilbert, and Serge Leclair.

In a post game interview Steve Greene said that the Gophers shot real well, back-checked real well and skated real well. "Over all," he said, "The Gophers played real well."

On Monday against an unidentified team the women's intercollege hockey team was beaten 7 to 1. However the team was forced to play with only 4 players for the duration of the game. It's like a never ending double penalty.

Wednesday's game was never played due to transportation problems. Their dog sled to the North Pole broke down, and Santa Claus was going the other way.

## Balls bounce for Go-nads

The basketball was bouncing the right way for some teams during the past week but eluded others. The ball was bouncing right for 4th year sans Faculty on Mon. as they murdered 3rd year 63 to 19. Abandoning the library for some athletic exercise Jim Mountain scored 18 points. Following him was George Hewson with 8 points, Eric King with 6 points, Bob Gibson with 5 points and Ron Martin with 2 points. Mike Eisen rounded out the 4th year's scoring with 24 points.

Bren Stacey had the hot hand for 3rd year as he hit for 16 points. Doug Street followed closely with 2 points, and the ever dangerous John Bramberger had 1 point.

The other Monday game should be a candidate for the cleanest and most sportsman-like game of the year. By the time the final score of 25 to 19 in favour of C-house over A-house was reached four players had fouled out and many more were on the verge of equalling this feat.

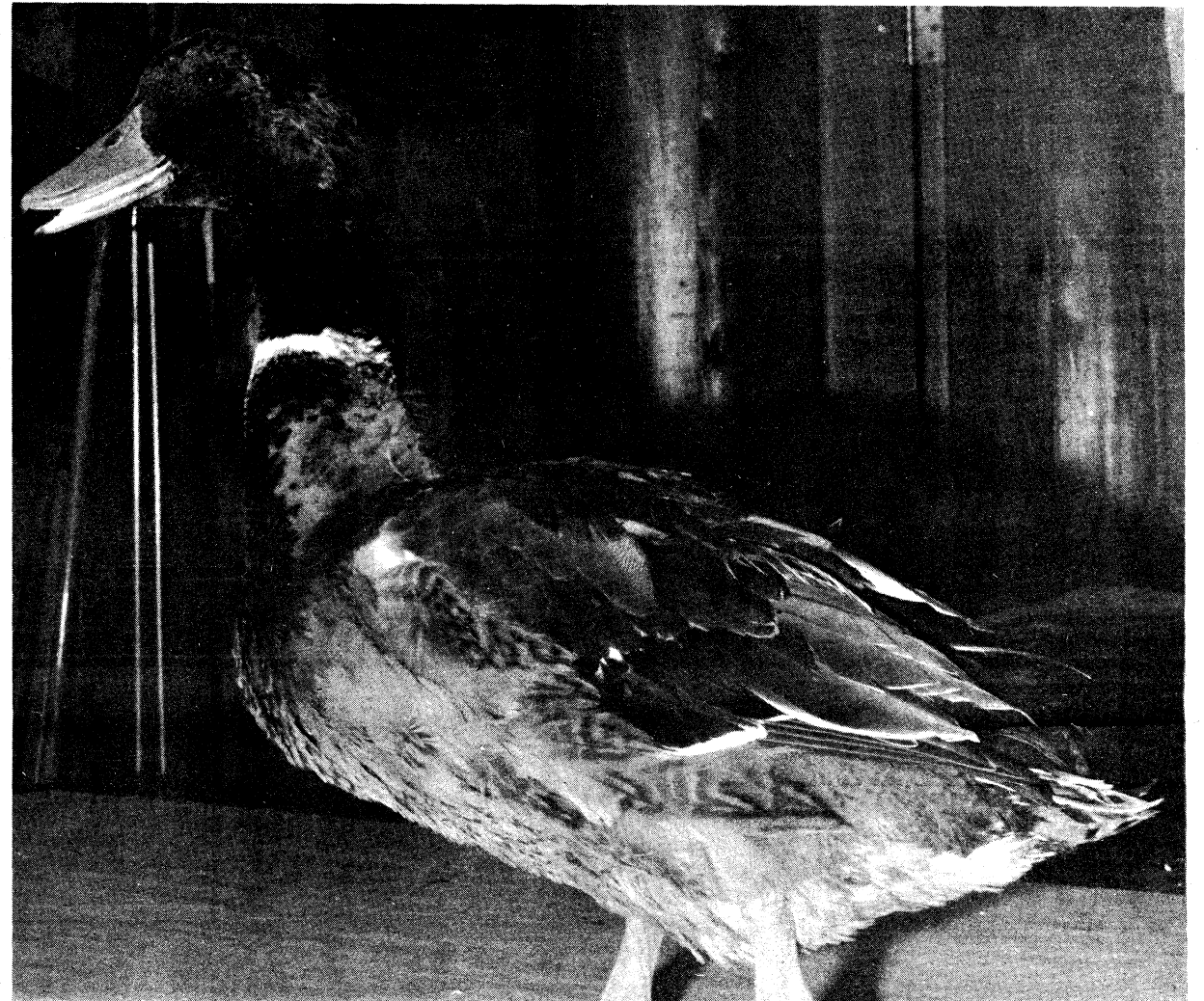
Rick Pattens equalled 10 points for Ye Greene Machine. Ted Paget and Frank Byrnes had 5 points a piece and Bill Cutt and Steve Bresolin had 5 points altogether. (Steve had 3 points and Bill had 2 points).

Paul 'Streak' Picard wove the most baskets for the losers, with 16 points. Bill 'Wild Man' Rowe had a double and Jeff Ballenie a single.

On Tuesday the D and E house Animals powered their way to a 22 to 17 victory over B-house. Andy Scott and Doug Watson were the most accurate Animals with 6 points each. Brad Henry was just a bit inaccurate as he got 5 points and there's just nothing one could say about Tom Kemp's 4 points.

Bob Lottbrein proved to be the most proficient scorer for the Sons of B as he hula hooped 8 points. John Wheelham was not able to simulate Bob's efforts and was forced to settle for 3 points. Gary Lamb, Sam Tramiel, and Lorne Prince accumulated the other 6 points, each providing 2.

The A-house paraplegic society continued its losing ways allowing themselves to be upset 23 to 16 by 3rd year. Doug Street's hand spelled doom for the paraplegics as he scored 16 points. Bren Stacey's, Brian Marshall's and Gord Henderson's hands didn't spell doom as well, as they only got 2 points each. John Bramberger was again dangerous with 1 point.



Sydney the duck is reported to be recovering well and is expected to be back on the scene covering the important developments in Glendon sports after the holidays.

## ON CAMPUS

Wednesday 8

Le film "La tête contre les murs" de Franju sera projeté dans la salle 129, York Hall, à 16 heures et 15 et à 20 heures. Entré libre.

The students of Hum. 200, "Line and Form" present an exhibit of their work thus far in the art gallery of B wing. This display will continue until the first week of January. Some of the pieces will be offered for sale.

Glendon Liberal Club meets at 4 p.m. in the Hearth Room.

Thursday 9

Dean Gentles will be the host of a sherry and eggnog party in the senior common room at 5 pm. Everyone welcome. The Christmas banquet is at 6:30 in the New Dining Hall. Sorry! All tickets have been sold.

Turkey Croakette "a satirical review foul-mouthed by Steve Meek and directed by Charlie Northcote." will be presented at 8 pm in the old dining hall.

Christmas carols will be sung in the Café de la Terrasse at 9 pm and Santa Claus has promised to make an appearance.

The Ride'n Thumb will be playing at 10:30 pm in the old dining hall.

NOTE: Admission of \$1.00 covers Turkey Croakette, the Christmas carols and the Dance.

Le Festival du Film Québécois: "Question de vie" de Théberge sera projeté dans la salle 204, York Hall à 16 heures et 15 et à 20 heures. Entré \$.50.

Friday 10

The Council reading room needs a thorough cleaning up. In order to achieve this Paul Johnston will be having a "beer party". Beer will be sold at 15 cents a bottle to those who help tidy up, at 30 cents a bottle to those who don't. Get the picture?

A play directed by Paul Thompson of Théâtre Passe Muraille 'Creation Collective' will be shown at 8:30 in the Pipe Room. Beer will be sold. For admission costs, see posters.

Tuesday December 13

A poetry reading with Ed Chameleon in the Pipe Room at 8 p.m. Come to the funness.

## New feat for light feet

In another history making event last week, John H. Riley became the first person this year to hike across the fish pond. "I was the second," reminds Barry Smith. "I was the first to walk through it," adds Charlie Laforet. A goldfish that witnessed John's historic walk explained that it was a sight to behold.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all and remember it's not whether you win or lose, but how many you can put away after the game.