

# PRO TEM

Volume IX, Number 10, Toronto, Canada, November 12, 1969

Male students wanted; \$1500 a month for 6 months in exotic Angola or mysterious Mozambique. Teach natives the value of our way of life; full polemic accoutrements provided: modern machine guns, bazookas, flamethrowers, Napalm with BA only. Call Portuguese Consulate any time and ask for Colonel Pillager.

**Next week-The City**

## 1939-45: 16,829,758 War Dead

**The shotgun that teaches a boy how to use shotguns.**

Shotguns have been neglecting boys for years. Sleazy shotguns with all their fancy engraving. Confusing shotguns with all their complicated actions.

But what about a nice, simple, down-to-earth shotgun that could take a boy in hand and teach him the fundamentals of shotgunning?

Announcing the Model 370.

Class begins the second a boy loads the 370. It's a single shot. So he learns to put one shell at a time in the chamber. (Instead of two or three shells he can lose track of in the magazine.)

And when he cocks the 370, he pulls back a hammer on the outside of the gun with his thumb. That way, cocking a shotgun becomes a safe, easy to understand operation. (Instead of something mysterious that goes on inside the gun.)

The Model 370 even lends a boy a helping hand when he takes aim.

In the front, there's a brass bead sight that helps an untrained eye zero in on target. In the back, a non-skid butt plate that's especially good for small shoulders. And inside, there's that *one* shotshell just waiting to teach a boy how to make every shot count.

Of course class isn't dismissed once the 370 is fired.

The hammer automatically pops back a safe distance from the firing pin. And the shell automatically ejects from the chamber.

So if a boy wants to fire her again, he has to go through the whole rigamarole all over again.

But that's what learning is all about, isn't it?

### MORATORIUM VIETNAM

We were  
The Frightened Generation  
Lost  
In the Middle of Somewhere  
Nowhere  
In the Middle of  
Ourselves, taking it all in,  
Where all events  
Seemed to Bounce—  
Scatterize, mesmerize,  
The wind  
The world  
The mind  
With Computer Rubber Balls  
Oiled  
Foiled  
Despoiled  
In what Mama, Papa, never  
knew:  
Riding on a Crest  
of Affluent Misery,  
For the first time, wafted,  
Shafted, into the first  
Bottomless War, while  
They  
Fought against Inflation, built  
Multi-Bombs  
We  
Grooved away, Farther and  
Farther  
From the shores of the  
Plasticked Social Cage  
Striving to brush away, tear  
away, snap away,  
Loose,  
Clotty Spider Webs  
With Sychedelic Song, and  
Sychedelic Speed,  
and Sychedelic Soul  
and much Anything else  
uncertain and unsquare,  
Unshocked, but Desperately  
Holding on to Mini-Flowers.

Neville Layne

Reprinted from  
The Lance

**WINCHESTER**

Model 370 shotgun available in 12, 16, 20, 28 gauge and 410 bore. Winchester-Western, 275 Winchester Avenue, New Haven, Conn. 06504.

**Will he follow in his father's footsteps?  
Vietnam Moratorium - Thur.  
1 o'clock**

# Nixon's Secret Plan: Send the Silent Majority to Vietnam

"We will not be influenced in any way by demonstrations of protest against our policy in Vietnam" ... words taken from the "swan song" of Richard Nixon, at the beginning of the end of his mandate as President of the United States.

While President Nixon claims no concern for public demonstrations, the protest against U.S. war policy in Vietnam is growing and becoming even more varied. This week, the "Moratorium on business as usual" will be two days long, with estimates of 2 million or more people taking part in over 500 cities and towns across the country and around the world. Through canvassing, public vigils, memorial services, town meetings and rallies, the moratorium will reach out to the broadest possible base of education and protest -- involving every worker, student, housewife, business man and welfare recipient in putting the brakes on the U.S. Vietnam policy.

## Secret plan and public death

Mr. Nixon's efforts to "de-fuse" public opinion against his war policy have failed. Reports of reactions to his internationally televised policy speech of November 3, indicate that the 'greatest silent majority', instead of rallying behind him, are becoming more and more confused and impatient. Why? Probably because nothing has materialized from Nixon's 'secret plan' to end the war, and because 'concrete' measures have been seen to be really token measures -- troop withdrawals and draft reductions only after increased draft calls earlier in the year.

I.F. Stone, using official Pentagon figures, observed that the net withdrawal in the six week period from August 31 to October 2 of this year was 200, at which rate the U.S. could withdraw 1,732 men every 12 months, and be out of Vietnam in 294 years.

The Moratorium's Washington committee reports further that the announced quota of 60,000 for 1969, is precisely the number of troops former President Johnson said could be withdrawn without damaging the war effort. The fact is that the 12 month total for draft calls in 1968 was 296,000. The total number of those drafted this year, through October, is 290,100. Thus, even if the November and December draft calls were suspended, the 1969 draft calls are only 5,000 men lower than those of 1968.

## The silent majority is dead

The cost of the war in human lives has been enormous. On the American side, deaths have totalled 45,598; wounded or 'missing' (i.e. captured or deserted) have totalled 255,711. So, according to official U.S. Defense Department estimates, the toll has been 301,339 men. In almost every American community at least one young man has been lost in the illusory fight against communism. More and more American draftees have deserted before transfer to Vietnam; many intend to march in Washington and San Francisco on Saturday, according to the New Mobilization Committee.

President Nixon asked the 'great silent majority' to stay with him as he pursues his secret plan to 'win the peace' in Vietnam; but his public relations men failed: 'winning' the peace, as a face-saving device which could continue the war indefinitely is not good enough.

## An army by proxy

Even the policy of Vietnamization is questionable. As stated by Nixon's aides, this policy entails the transfer of an everincreasing burden of the actual fighting of the war to the South Vietnamese army, with the continuation of massive logistics and equipment support from the United States. The plan calls for withdrawal of 10,000 troops per month until after the 1972 Presidential election, when the pull-out would end and the remaining 250,000 men would settle in for the duration. Meanwhile, the South Vietnamese army would be the richest, best-equipped riot squad in the history of tiny fascist regimes. As Maynard Parker of Newsweek said it recently, the policy of Vietnamization means that the U.S. administration "has temporarily avoided the problem of a political solution to the war and has not set out again in pursuit of a military victory -- this time through the proxy of the South Vietnamese army."

All this would indicate that there is no way out for President Nixon -- that he is caught between his own personal good will and the unpleasant needs of a difficult situation. No one suggests that the situation is not difficult, but to suggest that there is no solution is to deny the possibility of any kind of change in a world that is dominated by change.

The continuation of the war at the present scale or at a reduced scale, can only mean ultimate victory for the NLF and North Vietnam, after more needless suffering and death by all concerned. This has been the trend for over five years, and a reduced scale of the same style of fighting will not reverse the trend.

It seems that the only alternative to Vietnamization and the only hope for ending the war, is to push the Saigon regime into a compromise with the NLF, pull out all U.S. troops, and allow the Vietnamese to determine their own destiny. It is the only sensible policy, and the only one which the people of the United States -- and the world-- will stand for.

- DEE KNIGHT



Ceci n'est qu'une partie des quelques 28,000 étudiants qui étaient massés devant le parlement de Québec vendredi le 31 octobre.

# Le gouv. propose: La population dispose

Par PIERRE LEMIEUX

Vendredi, 24 octobre, le gouvernement du Québec passe en première lecture le "Bill 63", un projet de loi dont les Québécois se souviendront longtemps. Ce projet de loi qui amène sous un même accord les deux partis politiques les plus importants du Québec, se voit refusé semble-t-il l'opinion publique.

Le "Bill 63" prône un Québec bilingue, une province où chacun est libre de s'instruire dans la langue et la culture qu'il préfère. En plus, on permet aux immigrants de choisir la langue dans laquelle ils veulent s'exprimer.

Ces clauses nous mettent en face d'un problème qu'une certaine partie de la population ne veut se résoudre à accepter. Cette dernière voit le Québec s'angliciser, perdre sa langue maternelle. Faisant volte-face au "Bill", ils ne veulent que blâmer les gens qui sont pour ce projet de loi, ceux qui se disent en accord avec le constant progrès du Québec. A la vue d'une deuxième lecture et ayant constaté la réaction publique, Jean Lesage, chef de l'opposition apporta des amendements au "Bill 63"; ceux-ci ont été refusés par la chambre parlementaire parce qu'ils annulent en quelque sorte le

"Bill".

La seconde lecture, qui devait avoir lieu vendredi 31 octobre fut reportée à mardi 4 novembre. Ceci n'empêcha cependant pas les étudiants de mettre à exécution leur projet d'une marche gigantesque sur le parlement. Après avoir durant cinq jours procéder à des débrayages, des marches, celle du vendredi 31 octobre devait en quelque sorte clôturer les agissements contre le "Bill 63". Partants de différents points de la province, les quelque 28,000 étudiants se sont donnés rendez-vous au parlement de Québec. Tous y sont arrivés, à l'exception des 25 autobus qui se sont vus refuser l'accès au Pont de Québec.

Tout le monde atteignit son point d'arrivée vers les six heures trente. A ce moment, les étudiants quelque peu échauffés à la vue d'une masse aussi importante, se mirent à crier des slogans de tout bord, de tout côté.

Quelques individus, dont M.R. Laliberté, prirent la parole et se trouvèrent entourés de gens parfois même trop enthousiasmés à ce qu'ils avaient à leur dire.

Cependant, plus tard dans la soirée, la masse des manifestants diminua un peu mais ce ne fut que temporaire. Vers les 11 heures, un dernier regroupement eut lieu. C'est alors que les étu-

diants qui cherchaient dans la manifestation une signification violente se mirent à causer du trouble. En effet, certains d'entre eux tirèrent des projectiles aux policiers qui étaient massés devant le parlement. Ceux-ci ayant passé toute la journée immobiles, devant ces actes de manifestations assez bruyantes. Après avoir essayé de retenir la foule qui ne demandait qu'à entrer au parlement, ils reçurent l'ordre de sauter les barrières et de disperser la foule.

Les étudiants, affolés à la vue des matraques se dirigèrent tous vers le Carré d'Youville où déjà plusieurs personnes se trouvaient. Cette place, qui est en quelque sorte le "Time Square" de Québec était réellement devenue un champ de bataille où tous et chacun ne cherchait qu'à sauver sa peau. Quelques groupes de résistants voulant faire face aux agents de la loi se regroupèrent en bandes pour essayer de repousser ce que eux appelaient les "Chiens". Leur tentative fut malheureusement vaine. Les policiers armés de bombes lacrimogènes se les virent relancés par de jeunes gens qui avaient sans doute quelque expérience en ce domaine. Après quelques minutes de combat très singulier, la place était déserte, on n'y voyait plus âme qui vive. Durant cette échauffourée, plusieurs arrestations (une cinquantaine) eurent lieu.

Heureusement, les étudiants avaient prévu le cas échéant, on avait mis au service des manifestants un groupe d'avocats qui se chargeait de les défendre. Il faut dire aussi que les étudiants avaient dans le cadre des manifestants un groupe de 2,000 jeunes qui se chargeaient de maintenir l'ordre.

Enfin, tard dans la nuit, un dernier groupe de non-satisfaits entreprirent une marche dans les rues de la vieille capitale. Celle-ci n'eut pour effet que de réveiller les gens et amener le bris de plusieurs vitrines de magasins du centre de la ville.

Le lendemain, à voir les rues, on se serait cru en plein Carnaval. C'est à se demander si réellement ce n'en était pas un.

Staff Meeting

Wednesday, 4.30

You are cordially invited  
to attend  
**A FUNERAL**  
for the  
**DON RIVER**  
to be held on  
Sunday, November the Sixteenth  
at  
two o'clock  
and also  
the unveiling of a  
**MEMORIAL**  
at  
**QUEEN'S PARK**  
Monday, November the Seventeenth  
Nineteen Hundred and Sixty-Nine  
at  
one o'clock

Regrets only  
Pollution Probe  
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Allen Ginsberg, the poet, and the Creative Associates of Buffalo, musicians, are both contemporary artists. They use what they believe to be new idioms and methods to reach the minds of the human beings of our own time, in other words, us.

But the methods Ginsberg uses and the Creative Associates have adopted to establish an artistic identity in the same society are so drastically different that when the two phenomena are placed side by side, as they were at Burton Auditorium last week, the contrast illuminates some fascinating characteristics of the modern arts.

Music and poetry, of course, are closely allied arts. Since music and poetry first reached maturity simultaneously, about the time of Homer, the relationship of the two forms has been a close one. And, judging by the poetry of Ginsberg, and the music of the Creative Associates, the two arts are approaching one another once more.

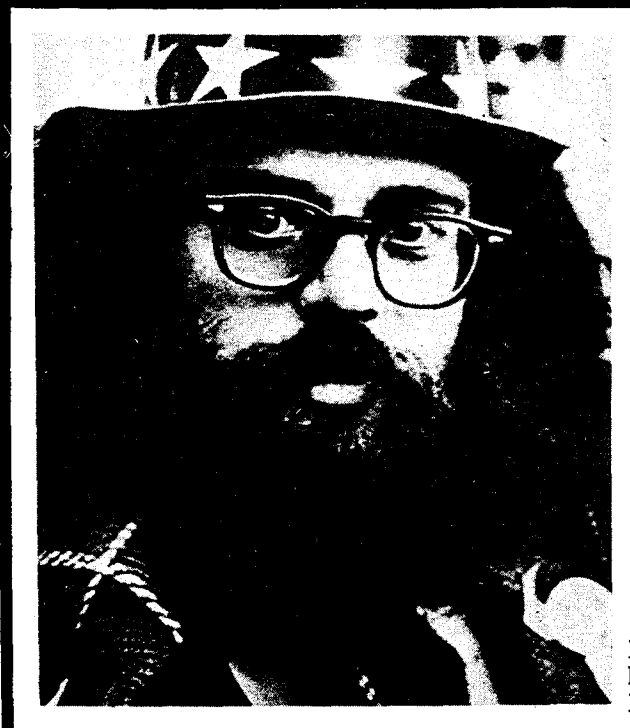
The Performing Arts Series at Burton got off to a fine start last Tuesday with a remarkable concert by the Creative Associates of Buffalo, a university ensemble which composes and performs highly innovative music in the established tradition of Western composers of the past four hundred years. The music is composed for the concert-hall environment with practiced musicians in mind.

Composer Lucas Foss, though he plays with forms a great deal more often than the rest of the composers performing that evening, still uses the ensemble's classically-oriented musicians as the medium of his highly personal, idiomatic message in his work called 'Paradigm'. The result is that the musicians are divided into discreet musical sources. Even the conductor becomes an entity to himself, using a 'flexation' which, unlike the usual baton sonically, instead of visually describes the nature of the direction and separates him from the group.

Foss, by illuminating the past, reveals the present. The symphony orchestra was a magnificent precision instrument, into which the identities of nearly one hundred individuals were submerged to produced homogeneous, coherent music. Foss deliberately destroys this coherence when he fragments sentences and words in the mouths of the performers in the production of a para-musical poem. The performers construct a song from a set variable grammatical units. He ends whimsically requesting of his bemused audience the answer to the question: "What is Art?"

To Foss, I feel compelled to reply: "Which is Art?" Is it the syllable mouthed by one performer art, or is it the word he performs with the rest of the ensemble? The words alone have expressing meaning, but the syllable, being the product of one human being, is also an expressive act and it is no less valuable than the world as a whole because to the single performer, that syllable is a whole as well.

The composer no longer defines art as creation but as a process, which is the exclusive domain of the performer. The performer cannot define art just as the part cannot define the machine. And the audience, now aware



By BRIAN PEARL

Allen Ginsberg, the American poet, came to Burton last Thursday night. The auditorium was packed; even the stage had people on it. Ginsberg's reputation as a poet is growing quickly as the truth and brilliance of his earlier poems like 'Howl' and 'Kaddish' become clear with the passage of time.

With time, Ginsberg's nightmares have become America's dream-like reality. His attachment to Eastern religion, especially the Hindu faith came years before the current fad of orientalism -- quotations from the 'I Ching', sitar music, clothing styles, and drugs. And the terror of American cities he saw so painfully in 'Howl' has broken out into open violence and despair.

Ginsberg experiences, plays and experiments with any forms and processes he encounters. He sings Blake's poems, accompanying himself on a squeezebox. He chants 'Hare Krishna' before the reading to relax the audience and himself and because its fun to do and to hear.

When he reads, his head dances back and forth; the beard describes a graceful arc.

Ginsberg is a homosexual and a heterosexual, and, maybe, a lesbian. He is an academic and a junkie, a poet and a priest, a re-enactor of lost sensation and a conjuror at the ancient blood soaked altars. He is a man of parts and fragments; a 'golden belly' a 'tender asshole' and a 'soft core', and a seer of the old gods; Moloch, Vishnu, Shiva and Brahma.

The parts are not bound together in any way. In fact, their diversity is the fascination of Allen Ginsberg. But they are bounded by a real entity, a person much more real than most.

The real differences between Allen Ginsberg and the Creative Association of Buffalo cannot be seen in their art but in their processes of creation. Foss imitates his own music in his piece 'Paradigm' with a 'lecture' in which he states: "To take refuge in the past is to play safe. Avoidance of truth. To burn the past is to play safe. Avoidance of knowledge."

But Ginsberg approached the present from the future, not the past, and avoids nothing. He said in an interview recently: "When I started, it was to function as a poet. All this meant was that I was invited places to shoot off my mouth. Gradually, the imagery that I used passed into the world of reality." The world approaches Ginsberg and it recedes from Foss. And the process of artistic expression for each is basically different for just that reason.

# Ginsberg Performing Arts Creative Associates Ginsberg

What can you say about little blocks on the wall? Cuz thats what it is.

Red, blue, brown. Nice little blocks. Symetrically arranged. This? is? modern? art?

But little blocks....do they SAY anything? Not to me.

Pretty

Little

Blocks

Little blocks, painted nice pretty colours. Painted nice colours. Symetrically arranged. Little blocks like that have been sitting on the wall for the last fifty years.

But if you are one of the old guard Who dont want things to be said Go and see the

in the Glendon art gallery.

By CLAIRE ELLARD

**Instead of us reviewing, we want you to view**

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by John Palmer

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**PRO TEM**

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# sports

## B Top Gridders

Son of a B! B House beat the D House Animals 22-15 last Thursday to win the Grey Saucer two games to one, putting on one of the greatest defensive displays in GFL history in the process.

MVP Geoff Scott showed superstar form in the playoffs with 37 points, including two touchdowns in the final game, and made a vital end zone interception to blunt the Animal drive late in the second half of the final. But credit for the victory must go to the entire defense squad, which, in B's two wins, stopped the Animals seven times on 4th down and less than five yards to go, and made four interceptions. "We stiffened up at the line and gave them a real hard time," a B House spokesman told PRO TEM.

The Animals took the opening game 23-22 as B was stopped at the one as time ran out. John Pearse, Gobby Cohen, and Ralph Trodd majored, and Ralph trodded three singles. Brian Marshall deuced for B and Geoff Scott got one.

The teams traded the lead several times in game two before B emerged a 32-26 victor. Brian Marshall hauled in two of Larry Black's TD tosses, including the winner, George Cameron tallied twice, and Scott once. Bill Elkin, Jamie Meuser, Gobby Cohen, and Ralph Trodd scored for D.

Then came the decisive final. World famous astrologer Ron Maltin had predicted a D House victory, so naturally we asked him what had munged up his clairvoyance. "I must have put too much aquarius in my sagittarius," he told us. "I'm really pissed off with this result."

The Bees jumped to a quick 15-1 lead on TD's by Brian Marshall and Geoff Scott, but Dave Roote cut the halftime margin to 15-8 with an interception followed by his own scoring reception. Scott intercepted and then hauled in a long scoring toss to give B a 21-8 2nd half lead, causing the Animals to play catch-up ball. Bill Mulock got 6 for D, but the outstanding defensive squad squelched the Animals on one series at their own goalline and then batted down a desperation bomb as time ran out.

In the semis, B blasted E 52-39, running up an early lead and then giving the first string defence a chance to rest up for D. Garry Freeburn chapeaued, Scott and Bullet Bob Stanger were twotimers, while Bruce McDonald had one. Renault Marier deuated, as did Tom Lederer, with Jim Duncan and Tim Anderson packing in six. Meanwhile, the Animals doubled the Axemen 16-8 with Ramblin' Ralph Trodd dinging and Bill Elkin getting a major.

Other members of the winning team (see opening paragraph for clarification of this term) were Captain Pete Van Horne, swimming star Rob Carson, Pierre Yelle (southern expression meaning 'cowardly'), Jim Daw, Andrew McAlister, Bill Kort, and of course the famous Chink in B's armour.

-NICK MARTIN

## Red Guard Win

That headline doesn't lie, despite our reputation for sensationalism. Tim Taylor tells us that he has witnesses who will attest to the fact that the Glendon Red Guards massacred MacLaughlin 2-zip last Thursday to win the intercollege soccer championship. Serge Colekessian and Jackrabbit John Teixeira dented the Mac net, while John Bramberger got credit for the whitewash.

Coach Taylor's chargers boosted our lead in intercollege play to 1150-925 over Mac, with Winters third at 804. George Brown and Terry Walker were the fullbacks; Smacksie Maxie Marechaux, Trevor Massey, Pat Coyle, and Bob Hallbrooks were only half as full; Captain Dave Honsberger, Craig Donovan, Dave Cox, Richard Lawrence, and Paul Hallett were the forwards.

## Cumper Smashes Records

By NICK MARTIN

Marg Cumper of B House and Murray Shields of 2nd Year were the headliners in the aquathletics extravaganza in Proctor Pool last Thursday, according to usually reliable sources claiming to have been on the scene.

Marg won the 25 and 50 yard freestyles and the 25 yard breaststroke to cop the crown, setting new records in those events, Marilyn Smith, the famed Jake the Shape during her goaltending career with the PRO TEM

Penpushers, won the 25 yard backstroke and placed second to Marg in the other events. Murray staged a tight duel with Doug Street of E to win the men's title.

Olympic night, consisting of all sorts of mayhem, erotica, sadism, violence, and wholesome family fun will be held on November 20th, says Henry Wood. "Martin speaks the truth," Confessed Henry to PRO TEM, finally succumbing to the threats of physical violence by the Masked Beaver. "Mung ungor nugatien vachon ayayayiii," proved to be the clincher that loosened Henry's tongue.

TEM. Winner gets a week's expenses paid vacation in Chicago. Second prize is two weeks.

### B-Ball soon

Paul Westlake wants us to mention that the Glendon Basketball League starts operations on the 18th. He also wants us to tell you there'll be two games every Tuesday and three every Thursday night, and that schedules and team lists will be posted this week. Geez, Paul, we can't waste our valuable space for that kind of crap. Find some other way to let people know.

There is ice down on the rink now, and Mike Salter will have the lights operating from now on. Intramural hockey is scheduled to start at the end of the month if weather permits. Dave O'Leary is the man to see for further shinny info.

In the race for the Glendon Cup, the frosh have a fairly wide lead of 1060-920 over the Animals, with Ye Greene Machine in the show position at 900. The sophs have 805, but the rest of the pack is far behind with the Axemen fifth at 585.

### Scott wins

Final statistics released from GFL Headquarters show that Geoff Scott of B won the scoring title as he coffeyed his opposition with 87 points. Animals Gobby Cohen and Ralph Trodd had 76 and 72, Pete Allan of C had 62, and Al Hamilton of Ye Greene Machine and frosh Craig Donovan had 51. Sudden Death Del Buono lost his chance to win the title when he missed the final game of the season. Vinice was arrested by the Narcotics Squad for possessing a deadly bottle of lowcal cola.

### Girls tie

The Women's hockeyettes tied Vanier 2-2, with Carol Hana scoring and Ann Blackburn getting a hulluva goal. The ladies volleyballed Vanier 3-1, and have a home game (euphemism for 'Glendon') Monday night at 8.

The men volleyers will be home tomorrow night at 8. Last week the local heroes minced Mac 2-1, with Ron Maltin, Doug Street, and Mike Lunycz comprising Colekessian's three star selection.

The Gophers ruled Osgoode out of order 6-3, but our Ruggierites got scarboroughed 19-11. Informed sources refused to betray the names of the scorers to us, and have since been munged by Captain Bourgeois and thrown to the Serpent of the Don.

### Contest

Asked for his reaction to this, the good captain told PRO TEM, "They should give all these hippie weirdo freaks a haircut and put them in the army." Did you get any on you? Send your answers to Contest C/O PRO



Paul Westlake?

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