"Well it's obvious that king Bob will make you his bride after all this silly gold spinning."

Sharon figured she might not even have any kids or be Queen, so she agreed. A month later Sharon, who was now the Queen because king Bob married her, gave birth to a boy. Sharon figured the little man must have forgotten about their deal and never gave him another thought. But one day the little man came to the castle and demanded the little child. Sharon was scared. She offered him all the money in the kingdom but he wanted the little child. She broke down and cried and screamed. The little man told her to be quiet and not make a scene.

"All right take it easy. Tell you what, I'll give you three days to guess my name. If you can't guess my name . . . the little boy is mine."

Sharon spent the whole night thinking over all the names she had ever heard and even sent out a pink lady to get information. The next morning the little man came around and Sharon tried to guess his name.

"Caspar, Melchoir, Tidy-bowl man, Balthazar?" She repeated about fifty names but after each one the little man said, "No that is not my name" The second day Sharon asked all the neighbours and servants if they had any unusual names. When he came around again, she asked, "Are you caled Roastribs, Sheepshanks, Bebe Rebozo, or Spindleshanks?"

"No, but you're close," he said, as he walked away giggling "Bebe Rebozo".

Sharon sent out a messenger to see what he could come up with. This was the final day and she was running out of names. If the messenger couldn't find any new names, it would be ball game over, her back was up against the wall, she would have sold the farm, the handwriting was on the wall . . . it would be a real bitch. Before long, the messenger returned and told her that he saw a little man dancing around a fire singing a song. "Terrible voice too ma'am. Anyway the little man's name is RUMPELSTILTSKIN." Sharon was overjoyed and showed her appreciation by taking the messenger into her private chambers, letting him watch TV, (the color set). She could hardly wait for the little man to come, so she could guess his name and get rid of him forever. Soon he showed up and asked.

"Well sweetie, what's my name?"

"Are you called Jack?"

"No," he answered.

"How about Harry?"

"No," he said. And then Sharon asked.

"Well perhaps your name is RUMPELSTILTSKIN?"

The little man's smile turned into a frown, but then he smiled again and said.

"Okay . . . what's my last name . . ."

LAST WORD

Searching for Integrity

by Kim Grundy

The most prominent feature of the last issue of the Projector was its seeming disregard for the basic rules of journalism and the area of libel. I refer specifically to the menagerie of verbal sewage that adorned the last two pages of that issue, i.e. the article on the elections. I am not sure in what light Miss Lyons wrote this tale, but I have an idea it was a very dim one. As for w-h-y she wrote it, I am at a total loss for justification.

After reading the selection a number of times since my first exposure to it, I still am at a loss! I do have one observation that might indicate the motivation behind this "expose of political scandal" and that is; if you review the story and note the persons least attacked in it, you may come to the conclusion that it was a tasteless effort to rub the losers' faces in the dirt. I would like to know why Ms Lyons was not too active in reviewing candidate's platforms and ideas **before** election day, rather than after? Her letter reminded me of someone watching a person getting burned on a hot stove element and then whining that people should stay away from that place, rather than saying the element should be shut off.

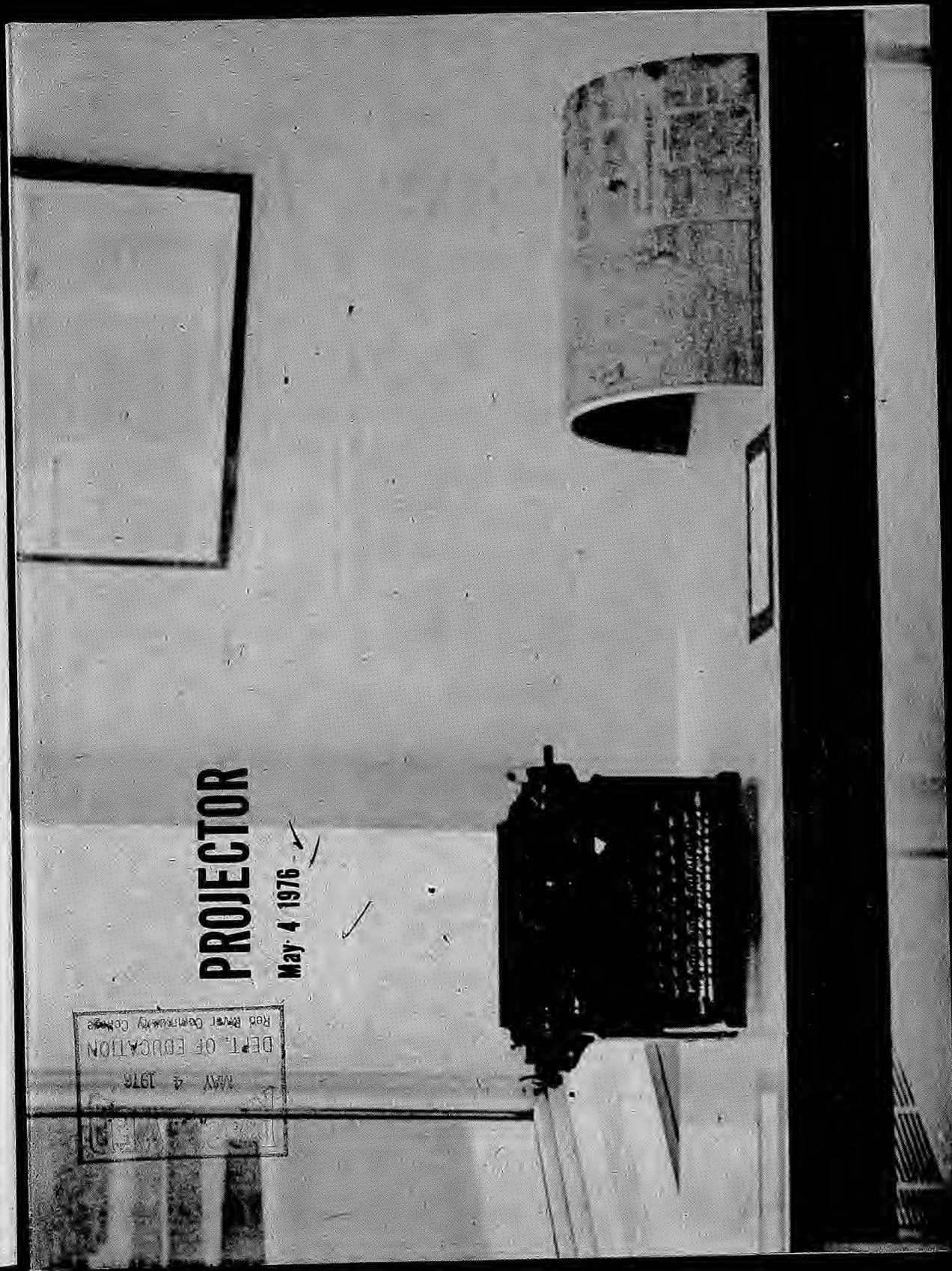
And her miniscule criticisms of the candidates left me a little bit relieved that she did not represent the majority of the voters in this college. If she would check her rules of libel and slander Ms Lyons would discover that she was treading a very fine line and very possibly made herself available for a lawsuit with her feverish devotion to mud slinging. Stating quite matter-of-factly that a candidate did not attend the speech period because he/she was drunk is a pretty cheap shot, besides transgressing the law. And of what relevance is it to Ms Lyons just how candidates occupied themselves on election day if they were not breaking any rules? It is one thing to make an accusation from a casual observation, but it is another to prove it.

Then getting into the field of campaigning practices and posters. I wonder if Ms Lyons could find any recent election where the candidates (or at least a majority of them) did not partake of massive handshaking campaigns, cliched posters, and "if elected" slogans? The number not falling into this catagory of typical political campaigning are few and far between. Also, if Ms Lyons was so hyper about the use of clichés she should not have used any towards the end of her letter . . .

I suppose the part that really annoyed me more than anything was Penny's lack of positive criticism. She had little to say about how the elections could be improved or apathy lessened. I seemed to get an impression of someone bored from nothing to do; but taking one's frustrations out on persons who have suffered some humiliation from losing an election to me smacks of shoddy journalism.

And what of the Projector's role in all this. No they do not get away totally innocent! Not too long ago they transgressed the laws of libel by publishing a piece on MacDonald's restaurants, and now it looks as though they are aiming their publication toward more trouble by printing material whose liability is to say the least, questionable. Then you get into the area of executive editorializing. Since when do editors print derogatory titles on "Letters to the Editor"? I refer to the K. Sinclair letter, which was branded "Post-Election Belly-Aching" by the Projector. This letter deserved more highlighting than Ms Lyons's little rendition of the National Enquirer. It at least offered some constructive ideas! Would the Projector mind answering why they would do something like that?

In conclusion, I'd like to believe that something good has come of the student election besides some very capable persons being put into office, but I have my doubts. If the paper refuses to print an apology for Ms Lyons 'gossip column', and if it continues to editorialize in areas where the right of inmarked expression should be held a little more sacred, then maybe the Projector should be replaced with a student bar.



GRADS FAREWELL '76

May 28th 7:00 P.M. till ? ? ?
Dress: Semi Formal

Skyview Ballroom, Marlboro Hotel
$10.00 per person

Dinner Menu

Fruit Cocktail, Tossed Salad
Veal Cutlets
Mixed Vegetables, Duchesse Potatoes
Rolls and Butter
Lemon Slice Neopolitan
Tea and Coffee
Wine will be included with dinner

Programme

7:00 - 7:30 Cocktails
7:30 - 9:00 Dinner
9:00 - 1:30 Dancing and Entertainment

SPECIAL ATTRACTION

Recording Artists
CHILLIWACK
plus
DELUXE CHANCE BAND

Reservations for tables will be taken at the Students' Assoc. Office
Reserve your tickets early to avoid disappointment
Tickets go on sale May 6th at the S.A. Office and Info. Booth
No tickets available after May 25th

OUR COVER

An antique typewriter and lead plate. Only one of the many exhibits at the recent Open House.

projector

Editor-in-Chief
Greg Cox
News Editor
Brian Mitchell
Acting Entertainment Editor
Dwight Dubowits
Production Manager
Joan Sadler
Production Staff
Norm Richards
Lora Held
Contributors
Scott Smallwood
Dawn McKeag
Frank Tanasychuk
Sandra Deagle
Michelle Dumaine
Dan Smith
Suzi Schroeder
Cartoonist
Ray Green
Photography
Terri Koutecki
Scott Smallwood
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Marc André Ouellette
Jean-Luc Melançon
Advertising Manager
Dan Smith

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THE PROJECTOR VOL. V NO XVI MAY 4, 1976

Mailbox

Secretarial Students Reject Course Changes

Dear Editor:

We, the students of Secretarial Science, 1st and 2nd year, would like to clarify our position on the "proposed" changes in our course. Contrary to the impression Mrs Martini apparently formed, we definitely object to this proposal.

For those people who are unware of the designated changes, they include a greater concentration of skill (ie. typing and shorthand) in the first year of the course, and less academic subjects in total. Also, those academic subjects may not receive credit in Business Administration, Teacher Education or at the University of Winnipeg, as they do now.

We have completed and analysed a questionnaire distributed amongst ourselves in order to establish our general stand on this proposal. The results of two of the most pertinent questions are as follows:

Under the proposed system (career ladder) would you, as a student enrolling in the Secretarial Science course next fall—

1. remain in the course for the second year? 1st Year: yes, 18.2%; no, 81.8%. 2nd Year: yes, 0%, no, 100%.

2. enroll in the course next fall? 1st Year: yes, 6.9%; no, 93.1%. 2nd Year: yes, 5.3%; no, 94.7%.

Mrs Martini stated that one of the reasons for the change was to encourage enrollment. The results of our survey would seem to indicate that this would, if anything, discourage enrollment. We are already aware of one girl who had enrolled in the course, heard of the changes, and cancelled. Also, during Open House a counsellor from one of the schools was discussing aspects of the course with two of the students. Upon hearing about the changes, he told them he would not recommend it.

The general feeling among the Secretarial Science students is that the effect of such changes will be a "watering down" of a good course. It has been proven by past graduates that capable, challenging jobs are their goal; this will only continue to be possible by having the Secretarial Science course retain the present high standards. We have had some feedback from former graduates who also seem to be upset about the changes because of the career implications.

In effect, it seems that there will be no other option for women who want responsible jobs except to direct their time and energies toward other areas of education. In our view, the proposed changes in our course represent a change only for the sake of change, not an improvement.

The Secretarial Science Students

For a more indepth look at this issue see the "Frustration Forum."

May 7 — 8:00 THE SILENCE — Bergman starring Ingrid Thalin

10:00 WILD STRAWBERRIES — Bergman starring Bibi Anderson

May 14 — BANANAS — Woody Allen with Howard Cosell

JAZZ ON A SUMMER'S DAY film of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival

Admission: $1.25

THEATRE 'A' MEDICAL SCIENCE BUILDING

Emily at Bannatyne (New building — west of General Hospital)

FREE PARKING IN ADJACENT DENTISTRY LOT

Frustration Forum

by Norm Richards

You may have read the article written by Barry Senyk in the Open House issue. It was about the Secretarial Science course being revamped under the trimester system. Barry was only required to write this article in reportive fashion so we cannot fault him for that.

However, when writing like this, an essential point is all too often missed. The writer often only writes what he hears and not what is sensed, felt, or perceived; nor does he feel the need to follow up on an initial story. This is a column that can fill that gap. Well done, Barry, and thank you for the food for thought.

Let me explain what I mean by this. The article states that Department Head Margaret Martini who is in fact assistant chairman, is involved in changing the Secretarial Science course. She says a career ladder system is the new concept. This means, interpereted, that the first year of the course is to be dedicated to typing and shorthand skills as well as some Accounting basics. The academic subjects such as Economics, Personnel, Human Behaviour, Management and so on are to be moved to the second year.

This puts a student in a position where he or she is considered a stenographer after the first year and not a Secretarial Science student beginning the second year of a two year course. A basic failing here could be that people will sign up for the first year of this course, gain the steno abilities and move on.

The real question is, "Who is going into the second year for the academic subjects?"

Probably not many, if any. You cannot be considered an executive secretary unless you have more than typing and shorthand. Where is the incentive?

Mrs Martini said, "Hopefully the changes will make the course more attractive to more students."

You will not have your wages paid on hope Mrs Martini, if this change is implemented. A change in the educational system has to continue to fulfill two essential goals: to attract a student to a career where there is employment upon graduation; and to have the educational institution control the supply and demand.

What good are a bunch of stenographers on the market if little work is available? Mrs Martini stated in the write-up, "Although students had some misgivings, (referring to a meeting held on April 12 with the students and herself) they generally did not oppose the plan".

FORUM CONTINUED

Here's news for Mrs Martini. Although the students did not answer you as strongly as you might have expected, they do oppose the plan. Upon investigating this subject I found the first year people oppose it and so do the second year students.

They call it "watering down" of a good course. I tend to agree.

The students are saying, "Don't lower the standard" Any change in the system should be an improvement over what they had.

The basic question, I must ask the teaching staff is, "Are the students learning to use the dictaphone, because a great deal of business operations want dictaphones?"

My wife graduated from high school several years ago in the commercial course which gives you enough typing and shorthand skills, to work in a business right after high school graduation.

She began working for a major corporation in Winnipeg using these skills. She was told it was absolutely imperative to know shorthand but when it came practical use of the skill in business, they put a dictaphone in front of her. Consequently, she lost her shorthand.

Lawyers like to have secretaries with shorthand; that's true, but how many grads can gain jobs as legal secretaries. Probably not as many as hope to.

The moral of this story is that businesses are not always consulted as to what they prefer their employees to know. The result is an educational system which does not always move in the same direction as business.

Lionel Orlikow, Deputy Minister of Education, has some interesting observations about the educational system, but he gives no answers.

He says "a fundamental problem is that the teachers have never defended their position, public relations are poor and teachers are not communicating to the public just what they are doing?"

In our case the public could be considered the present student body and future students of this institution. I ask, "Will a change be good for all?"

Mr Orlikow says, "students are no longer willing to accept dead-end jobs with low pay"

Doesn't the present Secretarial Science course work to prove Mr Orlikow's statement true? The future secretary wants to be a greater asset to herself and the business she will be working for.

In return for greater abilities, a higher rate of pay is standard. Change that basic premise too much and the standards become lower.

A few improvements could be made instead of major changes in this course. The Business Administration course did this. They took off three subjects that were not as important making room for more demanding courses.

Is it possible shorthand is not as important as it's made out to be?

Business will not cease because a person can't take shorthand, but it is essential to study subjects such as Accounting, Economics and so on, which will only be taken in the second year under the new recommendation.

The proposal might be revamped on this course change before this forum is in print, but the students want to be heard. A survey has been conducted on the students to get there views. Here are the results: Fifty-two Secretarial Science students were asked various questions such as, "Do you prefer a greater variety of subjects in the first year?"

Answer: All fifty-two said yes.

Question: Would you enroll in the course next fall under the proposed system?

Answer: 86%no!

Question: Do you prefer to be identified with the Secretarial Science Course at the time of your enrollment?

Answer: 92% yes!

Question: Do you prefer to have a greater mixture of subject matter in both years?

Answer: 92% yes!

Question: Do you think your subjects should receive credits in the Business Administration Course, Teacher Education and the Unversity of Winnipeg?

Answer: 97% yes!, three gave no answer.

Other questions were asked, to follow up these previously mentioned questions.

Over all the students had comments on the proposed changes such as:

"If I had wanted just the basic skills, I would have enrolled in the stenography course".

"This course has been credited with worth in business, why change it?"

"The new program would discredit the name of Secretarial Science".

"I feel this new split in the course will cause a depletion of standards now held, also credit would be greatly minimized".

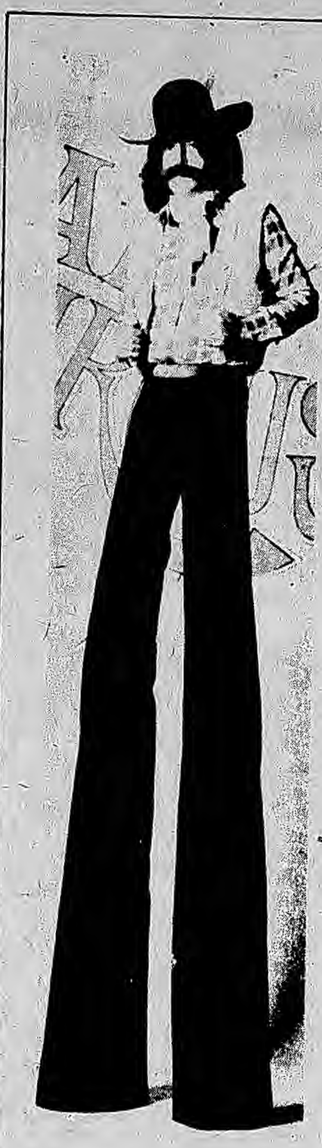
"I think the course is too heavy in the second term (under the new set-up)",

"Why bother having a Secretarial Science course? Having all the Academic subjects in one year is ridiculous".

As you can see the students felt very strongly about a big change in the course. However, some change may be necessary. That's true, but the educators could take another look at it.

I do not profess to have all the answers, but in this forum it is my intention to print the frustrations of students in this college. This is one of them. The Secretarial Science students are concerned that the system must continue to work in a positive direction for them and not set out to suit anyone else.

Bye now.



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Editorial

Who's Who In The Political Zoo

by greg cox

I know it isn't nice to step on peoples toes. But sometimes people ask for it by putting their toes right under your shoes. I'm referring to two articles printed in the last two issues of the Projector in the form of a letter-to-the-editor and in The Last Word.

The angry letter concerned itself with assorted complaints about the recent SA election. 'Post Election Belly-aching' was signed "name withheld". Fine. When I first read it, though, it just didn't seem to be the product of a certain 'concerned student' from Adult Basic Education. It smelt of someone who was directly involved with the elections crying over the results.

The person lacked the maturity to accept his failure in the elections.

The day the Projector was produced, I frantically searched the school for the supposed author of the letter. I didn't find him but I did find his girlfriend. She told me that he didn't write the letter but only signed it. The Projector does not accept unsigned material. The letter was technically legitimate and therefore got printed.

The consequences surrounding the letter also proved my suspicions. It was actually written by an SA election loser. It seemed odd that the person who did write it would not have the gumption to put his own name on the paper. It also was presumptuous for this person to think they could pull the wool over the editors' eyes, sneeking it by with some one elses name on it. Nice try, though.

I printed the letter under the asumption that our readers would not take it too seriously. History shows that a cutting letter singed 'name withheld' has about as much impact and credibility as a die-hard Nixon supporter.

Talking about Nixon, that reminds me of something mentioned in the past week's The Last Word written by Kim Grundy (**supposedly**). It accused the Projector editors and also Penny Lyons of being guilty of "shoddy Journalism". Oddly enough, ex-Press Secretary Ron Ziegler accused the Washington Post's Woodward and Bernstien of the same thing. What he called "shoddy" journalism turned out to be one of the finest examples of good journalism North America has ever seen.

More about shoddy journalism. The Last Word was rather questionable itself. For one thing, it was not written by who it is said to be written by.

When this second dose of post election belly-aching turned up on my desk, it smelt similar to the letter-to-the-editor which we previously mentioned. For one thing, I've seen Kim Grundy's work before and the Last Word did not sound like her writing. When I approached Kim about it, she admitted that someone did indeed assist her in writing it. She told me Frank Tanasychuk assisted her. Frank, by the way was a candidate in the recent SA elections. He lost out to Jim McDonald for the position of Publications Director.

I approached Frank to get the situation cleared up and he said he had co-authored the article. He added that he did not want his name associated with the article. When asked why, he said "I have my reasons".

After reading the Last Word by Frank and Kim, something stuck in my mind about one certain letter they mentioned. The question was asked, *What gives the editors the right to sign a letter with such derogatory headlines as Post Election Belly-aching*. The odd part of it was that they referred to the letter as being from K. Sinclair. I rushed to the files and found the particular letter to the editor. In the newspaper it was signed *name withheld!* Odd isn't it, how the two authors figured out who really wrote the letter? Could it be they actually were involved with the writing of the original letter which K. Sinclair signed? Somebody sure goofed.

In answer to the question about headlines, I don't think there is any reason to justify calling the letter *Post Election Belly-aching*, for that was exactly what it was. It was written by a candidate who lost the election and, like a little kid who didn't get his way, was now crying over it. Such immaturity makes me ill.

As far as exposing herself to libel, if anything, it was the other way around. The author(s) of the Last Word came closer to finding themselves a lawsuit from making such ruthless remarks about Penny's credibility. Yes, she said Tom Piche was drinking to fortify his nerves before the speeches. No she did not say he was drunk as Frank and Kim stated. I'm sure Tom Piche is not in the process of suing Penny Lyons and if by chance he wanted to, it would be very hard to find the damage done to him or loss of respect from his fellow man."

The person who lost the most credibility in this issue was in fact, the author of the Last Word, in the April 22 issue of the Projector.

The author(s) of the two articles are (excuse the cliche) living in a glass house and throwing stones. Sneaking around and getting fellow students to sign back-stabbing editorials so as to hide the real author's identity (or lack of it), is the shoddiest form of journalism I've come across since becoming editor-in-chief of the Projector.

College at Large

Open House Loses Out To Sunny Days

Many people were golfing, opening up their cottages, and generally taking advantage of the warm weather two weeks ago. That is why Open House was attended by less people this year.

During the two day event approximately 8,000 guests wandered around the college. The spectrum of visitors included future students, future employers, and parents.

On Friday, over 90% of the visitors were students, while Sunday attracted an older group. More parents came Sunday, as well as people 25-40 years old, who were inquiring about taking courses.

RRCC students had a chance to see what their fellow students were up to. Although most students did not find exhibits that really stood out, there were a few that were very popular. Such things as, a whole plane in Aircraft Maintenence, the Assinaboine Inn, Photography and the Masonry display.

Fewer Students at Open House

by Joan Sadler

Sunny weather wasn't the only reason for the drop in attendance at openhouse this year. School budget cutbacks resulted in high schools being more selective about the number of students they sent. They couldn't afford to hire as many buses, so rather than send all their students, they sent only those who showed an interest in the courses offered at RRCC.

"I think the quality of students was better this year," said W. S. (Wilf) Jeffries, who coordinated the Open House this year.

Mr Jeffries said the displays that included action were the most popular. The glassblowing demonstrations in Chemical Technology drew good crowds, as did the ever-popular Food Services displays. As Mr Jeffries put it, "people like to see something happen."

The purpose behind the annual Open House is to help Manitobans become aware of what RRCC has to offer.

"Everyone knows what the universities have to offer, but we're a fairly new institution as institutions go," Mr Jeffries said. "We have to make a special effort to let the community know what happens here."

The general opinion around the school is that this year's Open House was a success, despite the drop in attendance, according to Mr Jeffries.

May is speech and hearing month

by Joan Sadler

Do you hear as well as you used to? Are you sure?

If you answered yes to both those questions, you were wrong. Your hearing has been on the decline sincy you were an infant.

Think about it. A baby with normal hearing has range of up to 30,000 cycles (vibrations) per second, but this drops to 20,000 by the time that babe has grown to a teenager. If he lives to be 80, this will have declined to about 4,000. So in a sense we are all slowly going deaf.

May is Speech and Hearing in Canada, a month devoted to promoting Deaf Awareness among Canadians. It is a chance for people to learn exactly what deafness is and how to deal with it, and to dispel some of the popular misconceptions connected with the handicap.

Deaf people must live with misunderstanding and frustration. The outdated terms "deaf and dumb" and "deaf mute" foster the false belief that deaf people have limited intelligence and cannot be taught. Research has shown that deaf persons have the same range of intelligence and capabilities as the hearing population. With intensive training by skilled professionals, most deaf people can be taught to speak, but inadequate educational programs can result in limited vocabulary, language problems and cultural deprivation. Whatever the case, speech or language skills should never be equated with intelligence.

More people suffer from hearing loss than all other disabilities combined, well over 15 million North Americans. Until more of the hearing population learn to communicate personally with them, interpreters must continue to bridge the gap.

Helen Keller, a woman who was deaf and blind from infancy, overcame her handicaps to the point that she could make the following articulate observation:

"The problems of deafness are more complex, if not more important than those of blindness. Deafness is a much worse misfortune because of the loss of the most vital stimulus—the sound of the voice that brings language, sets thoughts astir, and helps us in the intellectual company of man."

"Ours is not the stillness that sooths the weary senses; it is the inhuman silence which severs and estranges. It is the silence not to be broken by a word of greeting or the song of birds, or the sigh of a breeze. It is a silence which isolates cruelly, completely."

Stop now and listen to the sounds around you .....

This is the basic sign language alphabet.

Special Apartments bonded by SA

by Sandra Deagle

RRCC students are being offered a chance to learn the basic skills of communication with the deaf in a series of lunch-hour workshops during May, Speech and Hearing month.

The workshops will be held in the Tower Lounge on Tuesdays and Thursdays during the weeks of May 11 and May 25. They will begin at 11 a.m. and again at 12 noon and will spend 20 minutes dealing with fingerspelling, on Tuesdays, and introductory sign language, on Thursdays.

"Anyone who attends a few of these workshops should be able to pick up some skill in basic communication with the deaf," said Janice Hawkins, Interpreter for the deaf at RRCC.

These lunch-time sessions are part of a campaign by the college's Hearing Impaired Program to promote deaf awareness. Films will be shown in the lecture theatres throughout the month. Check the special display in the LRC window for the times and titles of the films as they were not yet available at press time.

Hearing aids and other audiological equipment will also be on display in the Tower Lounge for most of the month.

Ms. Hawkins suggested that anyone interested in learning more about hearing impairments might watch "The Sounds of Silence", a locally-produced television show aimed at deaf audiences. It is carried on the public-access channel 13, seen east of the Red River on Tuesdays at 6:30 p.m.; and west of the river on Thursdays at 9:30 p.m.

"It should be especially interesting to watch during the month of May," she said. "Among the guests will be an audiologist, the principal of the Manitoba School for the Deaf, and the Director of the Oral Pre-school for the Deaf."

Red River College's Students Association granted a $1500 bond to our Hearing Impaired Program, at a meeting April 14, 1976.

The bond will guarantee the rental of 12 suites at the Kiwanis Centre of the Deaf on Pembina Highway and keep them open for deaf students attending classes at the college.

Manitoba Housing and Renewal Corp. regulations requires year round occupancy of these suites and this has presented a problem for students attending classes for 10 months of the year. The suites are rented out at $70 per month. If any of these suites are vacant during July and August, the bond will pay the rents for those months, or sublet them to interested parties. The suites are equipped with special apparatus for deaf people but tenants don't necessarily have to be handicapped. The project was designed to serve senior citizens, young people (working or attending schools in the area) as well as the deaf.

Form letters will be sent to organizations who have previously referred residents to the Centre, to inform them of any vacancies in the suites.

The bond will apply to this year only, but Harley Shuster, vice-president of the SA, said that if it works out well this year, he doesn't see any reason why the program couldn't continue in future years.

Other motions passed at the meeting were an authorization granted to John Schillinger, manager of the Crazy Ox, to purchase two display cases at a cost of approximately $550.

RRCC Readers' Theatre group was granted $850 for their recent trip to the Interpreters' Theatre Conference in Calgary, Alberta.

WHAT'S A NICE LAMBORGHINI LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?

photos and story supplied by Scott Smallwood

RRCC was host to a rather classy guest at one of its television productions recently — in the form of a $50,000 Lamborghini Espada; one of the fastest, most expensive, and exotic motorcars in the world.

Ken DeVisser, general sales manager of Motor Sales Ltd., suppliers of the car, said the Espada has a top speed of over 160 MPH, and can out-handle almost any other car in the world.

"Its a car for those who want, and can afford, the finer things in life," he said.

The Italian-built car is produced in limited numbers, and was first introduced to Winnipeg at the recent international auto show.

The hand-crafted automobile is equipped with a V-12 engine, five-speed transmission, suede and leather interior, and every option the designers could come up with.

In spite of its rather stiff price tag, DeVisser said Motor Sales have already received several orders for the car.

DeVisser and the Lamborghini were featured in a talk show taped at the college.

Producer Dwight Dubowits said it was reassuring to know there are still some businesses concerned with keeping good relations with the public. Noting the obvious risk and loss of showroom time involved in transporting such a car to a television studio, Dubowits said that "... Motor Sales, and Mr. DeVisser in particular, should be commended for their enthusiasm displayed towards college activities such as this."

ELECTIONS PROVE B.A. BIG VOTERS

by Joan Sadler

Nominations for the constituency representatives were so sparse this year that only the BA's had an election, and three other positions are still vacant because no one was nominated.

As a result, Civil Technology, Electrical/Electronics Technology, and one of the two Business Diploma constituencies will be without representation on council next year until a by-election can be held in September or October.

However, Harley Shuster, SA Vice-President, wants it known that students in these constituencies are not just left out in the cold.

"Anyone in an unrepresented constituency can come and see me if they have any problems," he said. Harley added that his door is always open to students with problems, but they should see their rep if they can.

Harley agreed it was a bit surprising that none of the defeated candidates from the recent SA executive elections entered their names in the rep races.

The BA election saw 27% of the eligible students turn out to vote, a figure that Harley called "pretty good for a constituency election." Only about 15% of the students voted in the executive elections this year.

The Projector cornered one of the representatives elected by acclamation and asked what she expected to do during her year on council.

"I intend to be a watch dog for the students," she said, "all the students."

Here are the names of the students who will be representing you next year:

Business Administration-Doug Calmain, Tim McLaughlin, Muriel Oades.

Medical Diploma-Linda Withers (Child Care)

Arts Diploma-Sandra Deagle (Creative Communications)

Business Diploma-Beth Payne (Computer Analyst Programmer)

Chemical/Mechanical Technology-Dan James (Heat and Power Tech)

Teacher Education-Vicki Morris (Marketing Major-2 year)

Canadian Fashion Emerges

by Michelle Dumaine

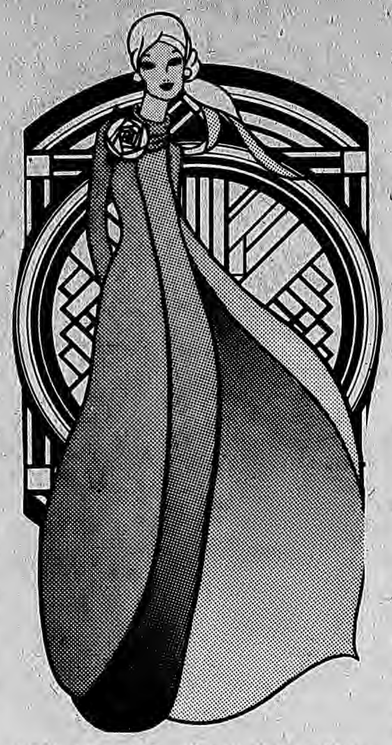
Paris and London, long the world's fashion forerunners, were finally eclipsed by Canadian designers when they premiered Canadian spring and summer creations three weeks before any European showings.

The fashion display prior to the actual show was exciting and interesting. Decked out in last year's spring clothes, young hopefuls quickly filled up the seats circling the lighted runway. Older clothes-enthusiasts arrived 'fashionably on time' and mingled about in silk dresses, matched pearls and mink stoles. No one was to be ignored as every ethnic group in Winnipeg was represented in startling dress rendition. And it is these ethnic fashions, once just costumes, which are the basis for this year's fashion showcase.

Fifteen top Canadian designers presented Winnipeg with their interpretations of the 'ethnic look' for spring and summer '76, and they have chosen color to display the new Canadian clothes, so be prepared for color this year. You'll be seeing and wearing it.

Canadian Designer Showcase '76 was presented Wednesday, April 21, at 2 p.m. and 8 p.m. in the Centennial Ballroom of the International Inn, hostessed by the Winnipeg Lionelles Club. The show was a fund-raiser for the Manitoba association for Children with Learning Disabilities, and for the multi-handicapped at the Kiwanis Center.

The sponsor of the program, Borateem Plus, also presented a private collection of spring and summer sportswear. The Borateem Collection was the home sewers' part of the show, featuring an active wardrobe created for Borateem Plus by Simplicity/Style patterns. The action



wear was made of easy-care cottons, denims, and calcutta cloth, sharply exhibited by the six models/dancers.

The entire show was a panorama of music and dance performed by five women and one man who travel with the show. They were expertly choreographed by one of Canada's leading dancers, Brian Foley. Mr. Foley is well known in Canada for his work in training Olympic ice skaters.

The live modelling was interspersed with filmed interviews with the designers whose fashions were being displayed, so the show never slowed or stopped while the models changed.

Mary Stephenson, the show's fashion commentator, was also the interviewer in the film inserts. She questioned designers on their new collections; their approach to Canadian design; and their views on what the Canadian consumer wants in fashion.

Designer creations are usually expensive, but they are originals. The care taken in making a garment, the materials, and the design make owning one an investment.

Some of the designer's creations were shown just as fun fashions, like Donald Richer's chic throw-away styles — the summer look in fur. These elegant mink wraps were thrown about the shoulders to be later tossed away or thrown casually over the furniture when not in use. The 'fun' part was noted when the audience laughed at the idea of anyone tossing around a mink jacket as the model in the film did — but when the live model danced on stage and proceeded to follow suit it did lose some of its hilarity.

Another novel display was the $150 jeanskin (suede) overalls in the avant-guarde men's showcase. I cannot foresee much demand for such an article, but it did cause quite a stir throughout the predominantly female audience.

Fashions by Elvia Gobbo are based on the key words, 'active and aware'. Her soft, billowing leisure wear has an Arab flair to it, and her color choices, mainly lilac and cream, gave an elegant and mysterious effect.

Many of the fashions featured exotic head coverings, veils, and elegant wrappings covering the face — fashion is definitely intriguing this year.

Buyers from the Bay and Eatons generally look for the designs of Elvia Gobbo, who works under Helen Harper, and Margaret Godfrey and Nicola Pally of Bagatelle. Their designs range from evening wear to sportswear.

The trendiest fashions in active wear turn to the nautical look for inspiration, with choice of fashion a big concern. This year Canadians are demanding packable — washable — wearable fashions. The Bagatelle label serves all of these demands.

Spring and summer clothes for 1976 are fund clothes. Fashions are reflecting exactly who you are — a comfortable, relaxed, fashion-conscious person — but more important, Canadians are becoming designer-conscious, not just fashion-conscious.

ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR WANTED

FUN SEEKERS MAY APPLY, BUT ONLY THOSE WITH EXCEPTIONAL QUALIFICATIONS, NEED APPLY. THOSE FAMILIAR WITH LAY-OUT AND WRITING AND A SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY CAN EARN $40 PER MONTH AS OUR NEW EDITOR. BRING A PORTFOLIO ALONG. WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE IT. THE SUITABLE APPLICANT MUST BE WILLING TO WORK LONG HOURS AFTER SCHOOL. PLEASE APPLY BEFORE MAY 5, 4 P.M.

Radicals find refuge at Red River

by Brian Mitchell

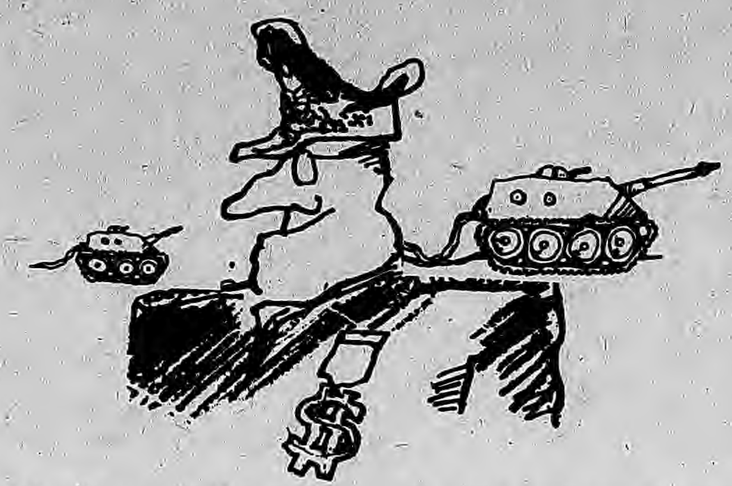
A student attending this college was extremely upset and offended by literature in the form of a booklet being sold by the Manitoba Student Federation. The booklet, entitled Zionism is Racism, disregarded a rule in this school that does not permit the sale of literature, unless special permission is granted.

Although the name implies a federation of Manitoba student unions, the group is, in fact, a political activist movement.

They have been barred from the University of Manitoba Student Union building (UMSU) because of trouble caused through their biases and self interests. One instance centred around a meeting conducted at UMSU where baseballs bats were utilized as self protection against right-wing activists. Police had to be called in for that one.

Discussions on the presence of this group at RRCC were generated and the conclusions were that SA not offer opposition against any group from setting up literature tables within the college. This also means though, that the SA doesn't specifically support any views put forth by these groups or their literature.

SA has no position as to the sanction of these groups. Ray Newman, Supervisor of Administrative Services, is approached by groups who would like to use the college halls. SA vice-president



Harley Shuster said, "Newman often sends them to us and we make a recommendation. If we didn't want a certain party here, he would go along with the decision."

Harley and the offended student both have Jewish blood and were especially offended by the Manitoba Federation of Students who are Marxist-Lennonists.

A petition was circulated against this group the day they were here. A student set a table across from theirs' with the petition taped to the chair. It never reached the SA office.

Many groups and associations have come to Red River, among them Family Planning, GASP, Conklin Shows, The Manitoba Motor League, Hare Krishna, Moses David and the Marxist-Lennonists.

The Hare Krishna's status in Manitoba is questionable to date. They are not recognized as a charitable organization but they are still asking for hand-outs. Donators have no way of knowing what funds are used for.

Hare Krishna is a religion against materialism, such as money. Oddly enough, they were charged a few years ago, in New York, for counterfeiting. They were caught with over $10,000 worth of fake cash.

Kim Capar, SA president, says he doesn't mind groups coming to RRCC.

"If we didn't allow these people their freedom of speech, it would be much like Russia," he said. He added that "as long as groups don't force their beliefs on the students, they can sit in the halls.

Bringing Sanity To An Insane World

reprinted from "Greenpeace Winnipeg"

The formation of Greenpeace Winnipeg adds another chapter to a quickly-growing group of people throughout the world who are concerned about what is happening to the world as we know it, and to what is happening to some of the animals who are thoughtlessly being forced into extinction by man's insane attitudes towards them.

Greenpeace first started when the Americans wanted to set off an underground nuclear blast at Amchitka, in Alaska. A group of concerned people, backed by the opinions of many prominent scientists — but very little money — were worried about the possible future effects of the disruption of a large underground area, as would be caused by such an underground blast.

They sailed in a small boat, Greenpeace I, towards the blast site, hoping by their very presence that the blast would be halted — or at least postponed until all factors could be considered.

Unfortunately, the first boat never made it to the blast area because of mechanical problems. A second boat, Greenpeace II, was also forced back for the same reasons.

Greenpeace, in years following, sent boats into the Pacific Ocean, where the French were conducting nuclear tests, but Greenpeace efforts were thwarted by French gunboats.

Greenpeace V last year sailed into the Pacific to hinder and harrass Russian and Japanese whaling vessels, who are slaughtering the remnants of the largest mammal on earth. This last expedition did have some effect — the Japanese cut short their "harvest" and the Russians were irate enough to fire a loaded 250-pound harpoon at a small Greenpeace rubber life raft as it tried to protect a sperm whale from being hunted.

The entire aim of Greenpeace is to try and bring some sanity to a world where insanity seems to be the rule, and greed the master. Nuclear blasts are set off without thought of future consequences; whales of all species are being hunted into extinction — even though all the products that come from the whale's carcass can be man-made.

This year, Greenpeace is trying to bring world attention to the inhumane and senseless slaughter of Harp Seal pups off the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts by both Newfoundlanders and Norwegians.

Greenpeace Winnipeg hopes, in its own small way, to aid that search for sanity which otherwise might leave the whole human race grubbing for roots and berries — if there are any left — in a desolate environment.

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Intramurals at a glance
Softball tournament May 28

The annual intramural softball tournament has been tentively set for May 28. Tech-Voc High and Sargeant Park diamonds will likely be the site of the tourney.

June Graham, intramural co-ordinator, said the tournament will be co-ed and there will not be any class restrictions on entries. Teams can enter at room GM 19. Deadline for entries is May 14.

Each team must have at least three women players. Ms Graham has instituted some special rules to keep the competition fair in a co-ed event. Women can't catch, pitch or play third base and pitchers must use a slow pitch when women are batting.

All games will be four innings with a one hour time limit. Each team is guaranteed two games. Ms Graham is hoping the tournament will attract at least 24 teams.

Last year the tournament was won by the "Fubars" consisting of predominently Computor Technology students.

Co-ed volleyball has drawn a record entry of 32 teams. This is an increase of ten teams over last year. Ms Graham noted 23 of this year's teams have entered the "B" division of the league. She feels this shows most participants are playing for the fun of participation rather than stacking their teams with the idea of winning.

Games are played in the North Gym during noon hours.

Ms Graham commented that despite the constant "bitching" done by athletes about closed competitions whenever sports are opened up a great number of teams are still from one class.

The Annual RRCC Softball Tournament Should Attract 24 Teams.

INTRAMURAL NOTES: Floor hockey playoffs should start around May 13. The top two men teams from each division will qualify for the playoffs. All four women teams will participate in their playoffs. . . . . .The annual tennis tournament is in danger of being cancelled. Ms Graham said she was having great difficulty in finding facilities available for the event. If facilities are found, the tournament will be held May 26 and 27. The question is - Where are our courts? Apparently they have been planned for years but there is still no sign when construction will begin. . . . . .Entries will be accepted for the one-wall paddleball league for about another week. The start of the league. . .Entries have been disappointingly low so far, especially for the men side of the league. . . . . Ms Graham is contemplating changing the spring golf tournament to a mixed two-ball event. . . .The archery tournament is still planned for the 2nd or 3rd week of May. Anyone interested in the sport should contact June Graham for information on the event. . . .Equipment manager, Al Moore is assisting the Physical Education Department in producing a film about the RRCC intramural program. The film would be used to introduce new students to the program and would also be available to provincial high schools. . . . .If any students have ideas on how an intramural cross-country skiing program can operate, they should contact June Graham. She said there seemed to be an increasing interest in the activity and would incorporate it into the program if a suitable format can be found. . . .

Jogging Distances Measured

Jack Kaplan, physical education instructor, has measured off distances for RRCC jogging enthusiasts. Starting from the South Gym and going west on Notre Dame Ave. to the Airport Road is one mile. If a runner continues north on the Airport Road to Logan Ave the distance is 1 1/2 miles or 2.5 kilometers.

Mr Kaplan invites any interested students to join in the activity. He said there are people running the course during most times but during the lunch hours a student should find it easy to find jogging partners.

THE CINEMA

FAMILY PLOT

reviewed by Dwight Dubowits

Alfred Hitchcock has been a very busy man during his fifty-year span as movie director. For those who **don't** know, Hitchcock is the genius behind such memorable thrillers as **PHSYCHO, THE BYRDS, FRENZY,** and a total of 50 other films, including his most recent production, **FAMILY PLOT.**

Hitchcock's films, for the most part, have all had an underlining sense of dread about them, often building up to fast-paced and frightening climax, which usually left people breathless awaiting his next release. This was especially true of **FRENZY**, and audiences displayed more than the usual amount of eagerness in anticipating **FAMILY PLOT**. After all, they nudged each other, this is the one that will celebrate Alf's Golden Anniversary of directing, right? So this one'll **really** cause us to poop our pants in frightened fantasy, right? RIGHT?

Well gee, you guys, I almost hate to say this, but, no, not quite. To tell the truth, I really was expecting something spectacular myself. Honest. I **like** Hitchcock films. In fact, I WANTED TO POOP MY PANTS, TOO. But I didn't. Not even a little raisin. Somehow **FAMILY PLOT** lacks the zap one normally expects fromHitchcock films. Gone were the feelings of dark forboding, the moments of held breath when the door slowly opens, the frightening terror of having one of the good guys snuffed out, and cut into iddy-biddy pieces. Instead, we have car chases filmed in fast motion to make them **look** fast, vehicles flipping **off** camera and exploding out of view from the audience, and the old passing-out-as-soon-as-the-needle-enters-the-arm bit. Cheap stuff.

FAMILY PLOT isn't a total failure, though. Its just one those films that isn't as good as one expects. Its still a lot of fun to watch, and still has a good dose of suspense—enough to keep the less-than-hard-core terror lovers satisfied. And you can still see if you can find the famous Hitchcock profile that is hidden in all of his films.

The best part of the film is Bruce Dern's portrayal of the taxi-driving boyfriend of Blanche, the would-be clairvoyant played by Barbara Harris, who plunges the two into a complicated and coincidental path of finding-the-missing-heir. Dern has been receiving far less recognition that he rightfully deserves for his acting abilities, and his humorous portrayal of George is another feather in the cap of this man's talent.

Karen Black also does a good job of playing the semi-cold blooded kidnapper who's partner in crime (and husband) is the missing heir.

Aside from the cheapy production techniques used, **FAMILY PLOT** still is good ENTERTAINMENT. The story starts off slow, but soon accelerates to a mildly good and humorous ending. But mind you, I did say **mildly.**

Dawn McKeag —

"A Touch of Magic"

It was that time of year again; a couple of weeks after the last New Year's resolution had been broken, and just before the annual blizzard and new bathing suits hit the city. Some call it the "blahs". Judy LaMarsh expounded for a whole moring on the subject, so it's definitely a force to be reckoned with. In the north, it's known as "cabin fever", and suicide rates hit their peak.

Can people really get so depressed? I wouldn't have have thought so until I caught myself, full-length in the mirror one day. Despite my dewy after-the-bath look, I was discouraged. I rotated slowly, mentally ticking off the pros and cons of the shape I was in. It was no contest, the cons won.

So much for the toe-touching and self-denial at the table. It left only one alternative, and I hiked off to the nearest department store. A touch of magic was what I was after, and that's not in the toy department, gang, but in a place called "Foundations." I explained my problem to the motherly looking lady behind the counter.

"This way, my dear. You undress and I'll bring in some undergarment for you to try."

I complied. After all, one should look one's best — but something should be done about the draught in the dressing rooms. My advisor reappeared, arms laden with the products of her trade. She tucked me into one after another, shaking her head each time she appraised the result.

"We're not doing something right, are we?"

How could I tell? I was cold, covered in goose bumps, and sorry I hadn't simply enrolled in a Mark Eden course.

"Do you mind if I call in a consultant dear?" I could only nod mutely.

And in she came like the figured prow of a ship under full sail, exhuding a fragance of baby powder. She snapped the tape from around her neck and proceeded to measure my chest — natural and expanded. I was mortified, but the whole thing was now out of control. The tape measure was cold plastic and I winced each time she used it. She shook her head, stepped back, and then asked the first clerk to step outside.

I looked down. Two breasts, however much they resembled fried eggs hung on a nail were there in all their healthy, natural state. The tummy protruded, and so it should at my age, after producing four good-sized babies. And who the hell were those two, weighing it at an average of 170 pounds, with bosoms built to comfort a nation, to tell me I had a problem? I started to dress, and was snapping up my tired old bra, when the committee of two reappeared. They had come to a decision, and I went home with a modest package under my arm.

So do be impressed when you see me. I'm $75 poorer, have an irate husband and can stand and sit only at attention. Another victim of intimidation selling. Oh, I don't touch toes any more — elbow bending at day's end makes me feel thin. Hang in there I say!

THE BUSINESS CLUB PRESENTS

A BANQUET AND DANCE FOR ALL B.A. STUDENTS AND INSTRUCTORS, MAY 7, 1976. AT THE FORT GARRY HOTEL PROVENCHER BALL ROOM. TICKETS NOW ON SALE BY CLUB EXECUTIVES AT $4 FOR MEMBERS AND $6 FOR NON-MEMBERS. GET YOURS NOW!

DUBOWITS' BELIEVE IT OR ELSE

by Dwight Dubowits

This warning was neatly printed near the bottom of a stall door in the downstairs washroom of an Eaton's department store in Winnipeg: BEWARE OF LIMBO DANCERS.

* * *

A man in Fargo, North Dakota, was sleeping in the back of a pickup van, when he awoke halfway through his slumber to answer Nature's call. (Pee) According to reports, he stepped out of the side door of the van — which happened to be travelling at 50 mph at the time. Later, at the hospital emergency ward, the man mumbled something to police about the first step "being a rough one."

* * *

Nick Catsinas, of Durham, North Carolina, was on route to the Winston-Salem airport early one morning, when his car slid into a muddy ditch. Undaunted, he returned home, got his other car, and again headed for the airport. This car, too, went into a muddy ditch. Once more, he returned home, borrowed his son's car, and driving carefully, managed to make the airport in time for the noon flight — which was cancelled after the plane plowed into a muddy ditch on its take-off run. Catsinas returned home and did not go out for the remainder of the day.

It really happened: Golden Gibson, of Knoxville, Tennessee, nonchalantly reached into his pocket for a cigarette, put a two inch firecracker to his mouth, and lit up. Gibson said he's quit smoking for good.

* * *

The city of Ocean Shores, Washington, held an "undiscovery day" to celebrate the moment, 181 years ago, when Captain George Vancouver sailed past Ocean Shores without discovering it. Residents commemorate the event by going out to the beach at midnight and shouting, "Hey George!"

* * *

A woman in Santa Ana, California, asked a cab driver to wait while she went into a grocery store. Inside, she pulled a toy pistol out of her purse, and announced a holdup. The surprised manager handed her $25, then reached under the counter, pulled out a toy replica of a muzzle-loading pistol, and chased her out. Spotting the waiting taxi, the manager pleaded for help, yelling, "This is a holdup" — so the driver immediately threw up his hands. Meanwhile, the woman bandito hitched a ride with two men who turned out to be undercover cops — and drove her directly to the cop shop.

*****

Police in Providence, Rhode Island, were inspecting a large plate-glass window at a McDonald's restaurant that had been shattered by a brick. They found the offending brick, with a note attached: YOU DESERVE A BRICK TODAY.

* * *

When the U.S. government asked General Motors to install a device on all new cars that would warn drivers when their catalytic converters caught fire, GM countered with a statement that said its cars are **already** equipped with "a highly effective and efficient warning device." The report says that "... two minutes following a detection of a distinct odor, the edges of the carpeting will begin to smolder, causing irritation to the eyes and throat ... After about five minutes, the level of irritation and heat will increase until immediate exit from the car is required." Nuff said?

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Books

THE EARTHSEA TRILOGY

by Ursula K. Le Guin

reviewed by
Dan Smith

Truly great fantasy is marked by an author's ability to make his world breathe and come alive in every detail. In short, if a reader believes in a writer's creation, and isn't concerned that the universe in the work is a fabrication, the battle is more than half won.

Professor Tolkien did it best, of course. There has never been a work of fantasy which has come close to the scope and entire 'reality' of the Lord of the Rings.

However, that's not to say other authors aren't talented enough to be immensely enjoyed. Ursula Le Guin is a case in point.

She's made her mark in science fiction, but her fantasy is of the highest order, with **THE EARTHSEA TRILOGY** shining the brightest.

In **A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA**, Sparrowhawk comes to the Isle of Roke to learn the art of wizardry. Sorcerers are trained there for their duties once they leave the school, and the young goat-herd Sparrowhawk proves a more than adept pupil.

In his eagerness to display his talents, he calls up a shadow-beast from the land of the dead. Sparrowhawk is almost killed by his summoning, and the Archmage of Roke dies in a succesful attempt to drive the evil creature from the island.

Once healed, Sparrowhawk is faced with the task of destroying the creature. In an epic chase worthy of Oddyseus, the shadow-beast and the wizard pursue each other through the archipelago of large and small islands which is Earthsea.

Eventually his chase goes past the edge of the world, and Sparrowhawk returns a much wiser wizard.

In **THE TOMBS OF ATUAN**, the second volume of the series, Sparrowhawk has won his staff of wizardry, and been granted his permanent name of Ged.

He travels to the isle of Atuan, where he attempts to steal the greatest treasure of Earthsea, the lost of ring of Erreth-Akbe, which will return peace to the islands.

Ged soon himself in desperate straits indeed, however, as he is found out and trapped in the labyrinth of the Tombs by Arha, the high priestess.

After a dark and endless struggle in the depths of the earth, Ged the wizard and Arha the priestess defy the nameless Powers of the Earth, whose wrath is released upon the Tombs.

A terrifying climax builds and builds, as the two struggle hopelessly against the ancient ones in a welter of suspense and fear worthy of H. P. Lovecraft.

The final volume, **THE FARTHEST SHORE**, succeeds in crystallizing the promise of the first two books.

Arren, Prince of Enlad, comes to the Isle of Roke with the worst possible news for the wizardly archipelago—the spells of wizardry are running dry. The mages in the north have forgotten their spells, and civilization begins to flounder in the resulting chaos.

Arren and Ged, now the Archmage, set off in search of the source of the unknown blight. Another epic chase results, which eventually ends up on the farthest shore, past the Drangon's Run, in the land of the dead.

The young prince and aging wizard hold the fate of future Earthsea as they battle to block the hole in the world opened by the Bright One and his promise of eternal life.

Miss Le Guin writes in a moody yet gripping style, giving painstaking attention to detail which really aids in the 'reality' so necessary to fantasy. Her Earthsea of the many isles is charted and followed down to the tiniest rock, cemented together by her refusal to ignore the laws of her created world.

THE EARTHSEA TRILOGY is no Lord of the Rings, of course, but still an extremely entertaining set. It's required reading for any fantasy buff, possessing a rare combination of great plot and sustained grace.

THE LOST VALLEY OF ISKANDER

by Robert E. Howard

Robert E. Howard's popularity has increased remarkably since he put a bullet through his head, 40 years ago.

Accordingly, the amount of his work available has risen dramatically as well. As is so often the case, a lot of his stuff now being re-released is trash. Happily, **THE LOST VALLEY OF ISKANDER** isn't.

Howard was the only writer Cross Plains, Texas ever produced. He survived by writing for the now infamous pulp magazines and his work varied considerably in quality. Mags such as Weird Tales, Amazing Stores, and so on were his market, a market which called for writers to maintain a prolific pace in order to receive enough two-and-a-half cents a word to eat.

When he was at his best, Howard's towering sagas of mighty adventure were fabulous journeys of excapism. His heroes strode through a maze of bloody battles and sorceries with a quality unlike that of the creations of less skillful adventure writers.

One of Howard's lesser known characters was an I rish adventurer named Francis Xavier Gordon. Three stories of Gordon's adventures in the wilds of the Asian steppes are told in **THE LOST VALLEY OF ISKANDER**.

Called El Borak, "The Swift", by his Afghan cohorts, Gordon cuts a swath of destruction across the rolling plains. It's certainly not great literature, but for sheer adventure the stories are pretty hard to beat.

In the first, The Daughter of Erlik Khan, Gordon is duped into leading the Englishmen to the forbidden city of Yolgan. The two nasties leave El Borak to the tender mercies of a band of marauding Turks, and procede on to Yolgan, where they kidnap the "goddess" of the city of devil-worshippers.

Gordon complicates things by slaying the Turks' leader, and heads to the rescue with his newly-won band. The whole cast excape with the loyal countryside hot on their heels, and there's a rousing finish in the stark chasms surrounding the mysterious city.

The title story finds Gordon in possession of documents vital to the undoing of a Hungarian desperado named Gustav Hunyadi, who has plans to form a vast empire of the Afghan hordes.

The final tale, Hawk Of The Hills, sees Gordon leading a tribal revolt against a usurpous khan who slew the Irishman's best buddies. The British and Russians get involved as well, and the tribal skirmish grows to an international tangle of intrigue and war.

The stories are exciting and swift, exhibiting the sure pacing which typifies Howard at his best. It's pure escapism, but it's great fun and a sure bet for those familiar with Howard's better known sword-and-sorcery tales.

THE LOST VALLEY OF ISKANDER, Zebra paperbacks, $1.50.

JUST A LITTLE BAND FROM T.O.

by Greg Cox and Brian Mitchell

They were just finishing a "shit-kicking" concert in the South gym when a group of toddlers from the Day Care center arrived, too late to hear the music.

Bruce laughed. "It looks like our audience just came in."

The three Good Brothers, Bruce, Brian and Larry, decided to put on a second concert for the late-comers – in the day care room.

The second audience, mostly under six, sang along and clapped their hands to a tune called "Aiken Drum" and the ever-popular, "He's Got The Whole World In His Hands." The kids loved it.

Later Bruce sank his knife into a dinner of roast lamb as we asked him about their music.

"Have you ever played at the Country Blue Grass Jamboree?"

"How did you know about that," he asked.

"It says so on your brief case. There's a sticker."

He said they often play country fairs. The Country Bluegrass Jamboree was only one of many. They've played at prisons, like Kingston pen and the Guelph Reformatory. "We had a captive audience there," he joked.

They have done folk festivals, but feel that folk producers want a more acoustic sound along traditional lines.

"We usually don't play traditional bluegrass or country. So our audiences are mostly young people who don't want that, so we've updated it a little, tied the old with the new."

Many people have tried to attach labels to Good Brothers' music, but few stick. An Ottawa newspaper called it 'uptown country'. The brothers once called their music 'goodgrass'.

It all started in a living room in the wealthy suburb of Richmond Hill, north of Toronto. Mrs. Good played fiddle while her husband accompanied on the harmonica. They played old Carter Family and Hank Williams tunes. The country tyle influence them, as did Peter, Paul and Mary, the Kingston Trio, and other contemporary artists.

They played with James Ackroyd for a time as James and the Good Brothers, and recorded in collaboration with the Grateful Dead in Los Angeles. The album was never released.

James and the Good Brothers toured with Janis Joplin, the Grateful Dead, the Band and others on the legendary Festival Express Train that crossed Canada in 1970.

They split from James a few years back and created their own music, churned it around for awhile to come up with the present style. James is now making it big in Toronto, after finding a more secure musical niche.

What they do now may change in a year.

"A song we did last year would probably sound different if we played it now," Bruce said. "We're always changing the sound, trying to improve it to our satisfaction."

Good brother Brian joined our conversation, taking over for his brother who was off to handle a financial matter. He told us the Festival Express had a big influence on their style.

"It was a private train travelling across the country. It was our hotel, restaurant and home for the whole tour. Rolling Stone called it a million-dollar party. They weren't far off."

The Good Brothers got involved with the tour with a little help from their manager who happened to be the Festival Express promoter. The, Express had trouble in some cities. Montreal was having Jean-Baptiste Day at the same time. The city felt the rock concert would just cause more riotous activity than already expected.

Vancouver also cancelled, using their new stadium turf as an excuse. They feared cigarette burns would destroy it.

In Toronto they were met by demonstrators who used the concert as a platform. There was picketing and near rioting. Demonstrators and rabble rousers stormed gates and threw rocks because they thought the nine-dollar admission price was a 'rip-off'. The cast includedJanis Joplin, the Grateful Dead, Ten Years After, Tom Rush, and New Riders of the Purple Sage, all in one concert.

The music the Good Brothers did then, with James Ackroyd , was more rockish and contemporary. They felt a sense of insecurity in the band at that time. The future didn't seem rosy, so they decided to venture off on their own.

They are presently touring and preparing for the upcoming release of their first record. There is also to be a single released off the new album.

The album met with difficulty in the early planning stages. They made a master tape, tried to peddle it to a recording company for a lump sum, and were refused. Later, though, RCA decided to take a chance on the group.

Brian Good didn't seem happy with the present package tour of the west.

"We saturated Ontario and British Columbia, but we are only doing one night stands in the Prairies. We should have concentrated more time playing here."

The Good Brothers will soon be doing a tour of the States.

"We are hoping for an American release so we can gain acceptance there," Brian said.

The Good Brothers have a five man band, with Micheal McMaster on bass and Carl Kees playing fiddle. Bruce Good plays autoharp, Brian plays guitar and Larry picks a banjo.

They want success in the U.S., but they still consider themselves true Canadians.

"Our album is very Canadian, half by Canadian writers, half our own material," the brothers emphasized.

Audio Column

SOUNDS RIGHT

Frank Tanasychuk

What's the best medium for sound reproduction? Many people have different arguments for the two most common forms used in hi fi today, the record and the tape, and in the end tally, the tape machine will usually come out ahead.

Why? Recording on tape allows continuous replay of material without wear and tear and scratchy sounds developing. But if you decide tape is best for you, you immediately run into another problem — choice. There are three basic tape music reproduction systems in existence on the market today. They are the cassette, the 8-track cartridge, and the open reel tape. And the merits of each are strongly related to the characteristics of the type of machine used for reproduction.

The cassette recorder has grown in popularity over the past few years until nearly everyone has one in some form or another, or has at least used one. The fidelity of their reproduction characteristics has suffered because of a general rule: the slower magnetic tape moves past a record/playback tape head, the smaller the frequency range of the tape will be. Thus, a cassette recording played at 1¼ ips (inches per second) will have a staggered range losing a great amount of the 'highs' of the program material. Nevertheless, through the use of various accessories such as the Dolby noise reduction system, cassettes have achieved a remarkable level of fidelity.

The eight-track has become the dominant entertainment medium of the automobile, and quite a few households as well. It has an advantage over the cassette in that it runs at double the speed — 3¾ ips — and so has a bit better reproductive quality. The eight-track is so named because it is fed by a continuous loop cartridge which contains four sets of stereo sound tracks, and the machine's playback head moves down to a new set of tracks every time one set is completed. Problems arise with the eight-track cartridge (and with the cassette) in that they are limited to one speed and fairly short recording times. Some manufacturers have tried to put longer tapes on the market for each of these mediums but they tend to be quite thin and susceptable to stretching and breaking.

The reel to reel recording method has dominated the market of those who are seeking high quality reproduction, especially at the "live" level, for many years, and with good reason. Reel to reel decks are capable of running at speeds up to 15 ips, which is four times the speed of the eight-track. They are also generally multi-speed machines which enable you to double the recording time of a tape simply by cutting the decks speed in half, say from 15 ips to 7½ ips. And the technology behind reel to reel development has been improving over the years so that combined with new advancements in the quality of recording tapes, they have been able to upgrader recording characteristics until what could only be done at high speeds formerly can now be done at 3¾'s ips.

And in dealing with tapes, the reel sizes on larger machines vary from 7 inches to 10½ inches diameter so that as much as 7200 feet of tape can be put on one reel. Running this length of tape in one direction non-stop at 7½ ips would result in a total program time of just over three hours. Almost room for five long play records!

Beyond the time and quality characteristics, reel to reel machines offer a host of gadgets to expand your potentials, especially if you're interested in live recording. They have switches for setting the characteristics of the machine to suit the type of recording tape being used. They have special effects features such as scho chambers, sound on sound, and sound with sound controls, synchronized recording on quadraphonic decks enabling you to sing as a quartet, if you so desire. There are 'panoramic' controls which allow you to take your material and place it anywhere across the front channels. There are machines with auto-reverse features which can play a tape right through and then play in the opposite direction without turning the reel 'over', or they will rewind themselves to the start and play continuously as long as you desire it.

The list of features of tape machines can go on for a long time, but they would be meaningless unless you wanted a large machine costing around $1,000.

Tape technology has improved greatly just in the past few years, and new things are always coming out. If you are a critical recording artist and want the best possible fidelity in your finished product, the reel to reel is for you. If you are only interested in something that reproduces prerecorded material then cassettes and cartridges will fit your bill quite nicely, and at a minimal cost. The choice has to be made on what you plan to do with your tape machine, and how long you intend to keep it, as well as funds available to you for purchasing this medium of personal entetainment.

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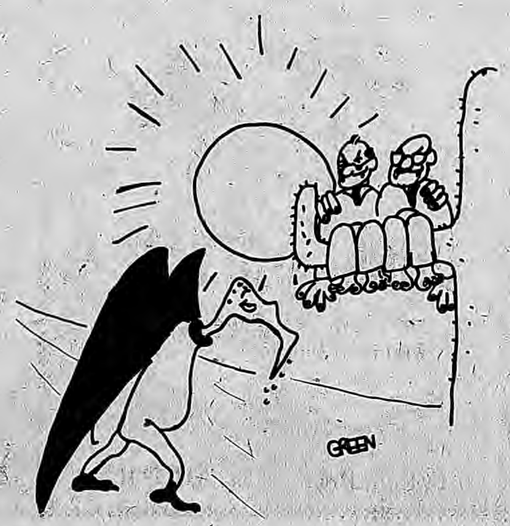

And where else can you find a speaker of these credentials?
A golf-ball picker, boat-builder, aircraft riveter, technical writer, Air Force fighter pilot, telescope lens-and mirror-grinder, editor, stunt pilot, flight instructor, jewelry maker, draftsman, aircraft mechanic, commodity trader, college professor, screen writer, telephone book deliverer, barnstormer, corporation president, mail carrier, air taxi pilot, article/story/book writer, college dropout, unemployed job-seeker, pauper, millionaire, graveyard-shift factory worker, psychic, fencer, sailor, chess-hustler, parachutist, airshow performer, ping-pong player, amateur astronomer and self-taught theologian.

I know what it feels like to:
have my car repossessed, watch a friend killed, float into the air above my own body, survive a few airplane crashes, collect a hundred rejection slips from editors, write a best-seller, talk with a wise discarnate, pull the ripcord in freefall and have the parachute fail to open.

AUTHOR
OF
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ON CAMPUS
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Short Story

The Two Lives of Jamie Struthers

by
Suzi Schroeder

The funeral was crowded. And no wonder. A lot of people show up when so young a man dies, especially when he's the son of a prominent family. Jamie was just twenty.

I was the least noticeable of the mourners, tucked away by myself at the back of the church. From where I sat, I could just make out the bereaved family. Mrs. Struthers looked young and stylish in a smart black suit. She touched a white hanky to her eyes from time to time as the service progressed. Mr. Struthers stared straight ahead, stiff and detached. I didn't doubt he was stricken to the bottom of his soul.

Jamie's younger brothers – I presumed that's who they were, for I'd never met the family – sat solemnly side by side. There were three of them, between fourteen and nineteen years old. I guess they didn't know if it was all right to cry, so they looked at the floor, completely awestruck.

Melanie, his fiancee acted like a broken woman, weeping from start to finish. She even cried during the procession with the family to the reserved pew at the front of the church. I couldn't help noticing the engagement ring displayed prominently on a black-gloved hand. She had a black shawl draped over her head, which contrasted shockingly with her overly blond hair.

I sort of drifted through the service. The whole thing was a dream, until they carried Jamie's casket down the aisle and out the door. A cord was tightening around my windpipe and I couldn't breathe.

I didn't go out to the cemetery. Melanie's dramatic sorrow would have ruined my personal farewell. I could imagine her tossing primroses onto his coffin before they pitched in the earth.

There was a get-together afterwards though, and I wanted to go. Mr. Struthers was a lawyer, so they lived high, and it was the last chance I'd have to see the house Jamie had grown up in. So I walked the two miles in falling snow and got there in time to hear the servants gossip for awhile before the mourners arrived. I was ushered to the parlour by a smartly dressed butler.

"Fearful accident it was, too," said a charming English maid. "They say the young master couldn't have walked again if he'd lived."

"He'd broken his neck, bless his poor sweet soul," said a puffy woman whom I took to be a nanny of some kind. "The casket was closed."

"It's such a very sad thing." Both women wrung their hands and turned damp eyes to me.

"Were you one of his friends?"

I nodded.

"Have some tea, dear. You look piqued." The kindly woman brought me tea and a plate of tiny sandwiches.

"Thank you," I said. "Will there be many at the reception?"

"Oh yes. No one's anxious to let go of poor Jamie."

I ate sandwiches and thought until the burial party showed up. Greg Chapman, Jamie's best friend, was among the first to arrive. He didn't seem to notice me, but I didn't mind. He wasn't the type to strike up conversations, and I guess he was choked up, anyway. Maybe he didn't want to see me.

Jamie hadn't introduced me to many people during our trips to the city. We'd eaten dinner in lovely places and sipped Black Russians in posh cocktail lounges. We'd made love under trees in the park at dusk. But he'd never taken me to meet his folks. He couln't risk having Melanie find out he was back in town. He didn't feel free to take out girls. His family believed he was attached to Melanie DuBarry. They'd lived in the same swank neighbourhood all their lives. It was natural that they'd grow up together and marry. Melanie though so. Everyone thought so.

Even Jamie said he'd end up marrying "that Bitch". But he said, too, that he and I would always be much closer. I could be his sort of mistress. I didn't mind. I loved him like I'd never loved anyone before. Besides, I was used to being second place.

My mind wandered on. It was quite a jolt to rediscover myself sitting at Jamie's funeral gathering, watching high society people mingle and talk about Jamie. They thought they knew him, but I couldn't seem to fit him in anywhere among them. He belonged so much more to me and my quiet bungalo near Cool River Village – forty miles out of the city.

I'd met him in the Cool River bar. It was a quiet night in summer. A few old timers wandered in and out, but otherwise we had the place pretty much to ourselves. We drank glass after glass of frothy cold beer, talking together just as natural as if we'd known each other all our lives. I remember how I liked his looks. He seemed sort of dreamy, as if he never knew what he was going to do from one minute to the next. And he didn't seem to care, either. A drifter, like me.

I think he was lonely, too. He said he was just out of college, and he wanted to break away and live a new kind of life. So I told him how I'd made out helping on farms sometimes, and milking for farmers when they went away on vacations. For a girl, I was pretty good driving truck, too. But somehow I'd picked up a nasty reputation in town. They didn't know me, so they had to label me somehow or another. Anyway, they had the grace to leave me alone. And I lived as a wild woods flower on next to nothing in the bush.

I took Jamie out to see my place that first night, and let him sleep with me, too. He had no place particular to go. It felt so good just to hold someone close. Jamie was slow and gentle with me, kissing my face, my breasts and my body like tender buds on a rosebush. I was completely adrift. When at last he came into me, I clutched his heavy shoulders so I wouldn't drown in burning waves of pleasure-pain.

The bed creaked and groaned for quite awhile, and then we snuggled together and went to sleep, with crickets chirping outside in the dark. It was such a relief to feel his warm vibrant body in my arms.

He stayed with me for a few weeks. We'd wake with the sun and have breakfast in bed every morning: eggs and toast and marmalade. The crumbs would fall on my pillow and sheets, and we'd have to brush them onto the floor, before rolling over together one final time.

It was the time of year when the daisies were just coming out. One day I took Jamie half a mile or so down the railway tracks to an open field of sunny-faced flowers. And there we were, alone with nothing to do but run. I thought I'd never stop. But a stem twined around my ankle – I fell onto the soft sandy earth, and didn't even try to get up. Jamie fell beside me, out of breath and laughing so that he couldn't speak. We spent an hour or so close to the earth, watching the clouds float above us through undulating stems.

Those were our best days. We'd never felt so free in our lives. In the end, though, Jamie had to get work. So he moved into a place in Cool River. I never saw it. Jamie said it was no good bringing me up there to set tongues flapping.

For a year and a half we were lovers. No one back in the city knew about me. Just Jamie's best friend, Greg, who'd acted like I wasn't there the few times we'd met.

One day Jamie was driving his pick-up to the city to spend Sunday with his parents. He crashed on the icy highway and was killed instantly, or so everyone says. And now I was alone among Jamie's closest people, without a friend of my own in the world.

But the sandwiches were good, and I was filling my plate at the centre table when Melanie came and stood near me. She was playing the benevolent widow.

"Hello," she said. "Are you one of the cousins from Ottawa?"

"No. I'm from Cool River."

Melanie was stuck for a half a second.

"Oh?" she said. "Jamie's never mentioned any friends in Cool River?"

"No," I said. "I don't suppose he ever did."

She looked straight ahead. I saw she might be harbouring more feelings than I'd given her credit for.

"Listen," I said. "Jamie and me were drinking partners. We talked a lot in the pub."

"Jamie and I were to be married," said Melanie.

"That's too bad." My eyes were fixed on the sparkling diamond. She'd removed her black gloves, but the stone was as brilliant as ever.

"When did he give you the ring?"

Melanie covered up her left hand. "Awhile ago," she said looking down.

"It's a nice ring," I said. "It must've cost Jamie an awful lot of money." He'd never had two nickels of his own to rub together. It was a big diamond.

"It's his mothers," said Melanie quietly. "She meant to give it to Jamie first, but . . ."

My heart stepped up a beat. The silly bitch was wearing a meaningless token for sympathy's sake. But I had Jamie all to myself.

"I didn't see you at the cemetery," Melanie said, a phoney brightness in her voice.

"No. I think I'll go there right now to say goodbye to Jamie properly.

I ate a piece of almond slice and went to get my coat. When I looked back, Melanie was in tears again. A man and woman were comforting her, both looking sternly in my direction.

But I was laughing deep inside. Jamie would have laughed too.

The snow was falling heavily in the cemetery when I got there. The mound of fresh earth over Jamie was already covered. When I threw myself on top of the white sugery mound, I could feel Jamie's spirit laughing out with mine, just like the last time I was with him.

It was a mild, peaceful sort of evening, with a soft white sky sealing in the street-lamp glow – the kind of night Jamie and me would have spent pitching snowballs in a pasture if he was still alive. For years to come, I'd be longing for him.

My heart was full of love as I headed down the back road to the open country. I knew I'd get a lift to Cool River eventually, if I walked long enough.

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