

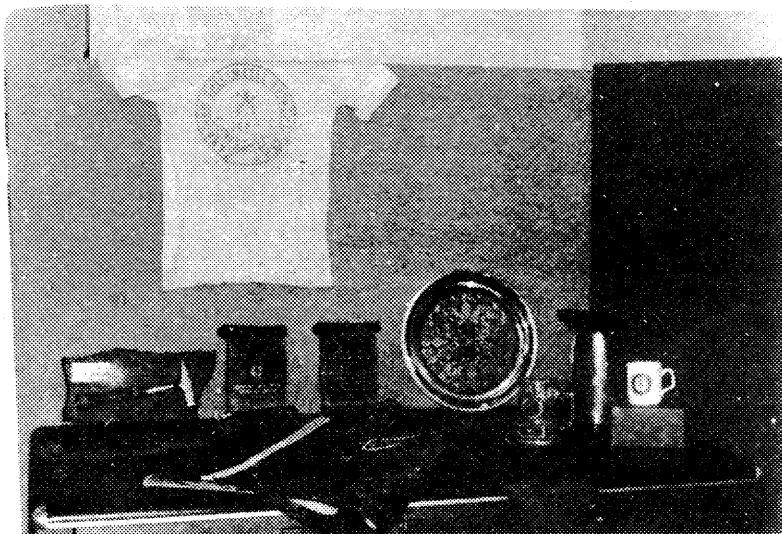
# NAIT NUGGET

Thursday, March 9, 1978

ISSUE 21 VOLUME 9

Edmonton, Alberta

## NAIT TRAINED SHEET METAL WORKER TOPS IN CANADA



Pictured to the left we see Richard receiving his trophy as top sheet metal worker in Canada. In the picture above you can see a host of prizes as well as plaques.

Richard Ruman is a sheet metal worker. He was born and brought up on Yellowknife. He took part of his apprenticeship in the Edmonton area and he studied at NAIT. He is a very interesting young man to sit and talk to, because he has been many places and done many things.

The prime reason for the conversation stemmed from Richard's first place finish in a sheet metal workers competition. We wanted to find out how he got to the competition, what he did to win his prize, and how he liked his NAIT training. We found out a great deal more than that. An interesting young man, Richard Ruman.

Sitting rather stiffly in an arm chair, he tells of the competition. He was working at the Syncrude plant at Fort McMurray when his foreman came in, tapped him on the shoulder, and told him on the shoulder and told him that he was going to Ottawa.

His name had been put forward as a strong candidate from north central Alberta for the national sheet metal competition, to be held this past year at Ottawa. The winner, he learned, would be awarded the Joun Harrigan Award. Richard quietly told us that he knew of awards handed out to apprentices at the Apprenticeship Awards Day ceremony at NAIT, but nothing of this size, scope, or nature. all the first year aspiring players.

The cost of the trip and the arrangements were handled between Richard's employer, J.K. Campbell and Associates and Local 8, of the Sheet Metal Workers International Association.

It was July, 1977, when Richard left the camp at Fort McMurray. On Tuesday, July 12th Richard arrived in Ottawa and that night the Chateau Laurier took the place of the Syncrude camp at McMurray.

Wednesday they had to themselves. It took the nine competitors a little while to shake themselves down after the trip but bright and early Thursday morning the action started.

Thursday morning they were picked up at the hotel, whisked out to Algonquin College, and their theory exam got under way. The competition was based on the results in three broad areas—Theory, pattern development, and shop. They were examined in all three aspects of sheet metal work, and the final winners were based on the composite mark achieved in all areas. Friday they were tested in pattern development, and Saturday they were turned loose in a strange shop with strange tools, and given a project to be made from copper. Copper is common enough in the Ottawa work world, but not that familiar to the western competitors.

One factor they don't talk about in the competition rules is the heat and humidity and how they affect someone who isn't used to the climate. But hot and humid it was, and it was just as hot and just as humid at all the benches, so they all coped as best they could.

They didn't keep the competitors hanging around waiting for the results either. There was a banquet and dance that night and the winners were announced, presented with their prizes and honored by their fellow craftsmen.

The host organization for this year affair was local 47, the Ottawa local, of the SMWIA.

In addition to the trip to Ottawa, four days all expense paid stay at the Chateau Laurier, a substantial cash award and all the honor, Richard came home engraved trays, wall plaques, a striking trophy and a brand new idea of what rewards there are in the world of sheet metal.

You wonder how a young man from Yellowknife reacted to the Ottawa scene. You listen as he describes the craft work going on up on Parliament Hill. You listen as he describes the weather and the thunder storms and equates them to what he experienced in New Zealand. He worked in New Zealand for a year and half, you see. He talked of the people, and the economy and the resort areas Australia. He's worked there too. He compared the Australian beaches to those in Hawaii. He's been there as well. He talked of the difference between ocean travel on a liner and jet travel. An interesting young man, Richard Ruman.

He's back working in Western Canada again, and you can't help thinking that it has been a long, long trip from his father's welding shop in Yellowknife, and his first sheet metal apprentice job with Knutsen Sheet Metal in Yellowknife to the Chateau Laurier Hotel in Ottawa where you are recognized as the best of the nine competitors in your craft. It is a long, long, trip when you go by way of New Zealand and Australia.

Some of Richard's competitors were Don Mayes, Victoria, B.C., Glen Strange, Victoria, B.C. Clifford Atkins, from Edmonton but representing the southern part of the province, Dale Knutson Prince Albert Saskatchewan, Gary Klepatz, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Dennis Fredette, Sudbury, Ontario, Ed Ries, Waterloo, Ontario, and Dana Cross, St. Johns, New Brunswick.

Richard, as we mentioned placed first, Glen Strange came in second, and Ed Ries came third.

It was the fifth annual all Canadian sheet metal apprenticeship competition in Ottawa, and Richard Ruman, one of NAIT's good guys, won it.

Keep your eye on the Richard Ruman's of this world. They'll make interesting watching.

### SEXIST PAPER RAPPED IN SASKATOON

**SASKATOON (CUP)** - The latest issue of an engineering society paper, **THE RED EYE**, has met with widespread condemnation, ranging from a vote of disapproval of its contents from the student union to a reprimand from the engineering dean.

The nursing students are considering a motion to "break off all relations and all co-operation with any college that puts out that kind of filth," said a student representative on the nursing council.

The student council voted almost unanimously to instruct the student union president to write to the engineering society condemning the contents of the newspaper. A further motion to withdraw student union financial support from the engineers was tabled for a later meeting.

## NAIT INSTRUCTOR CHARGED FOR ILLICIT MAKING OF DRUGS

reprinted from the Journal  
A Northern Alberta Institute of Technology (NAIT) instructor has been charged with dealing in drugs.

James Osborne, 49, of 10333 121 St., who has taught chemistry at NAIT since 1963, was arrested earlier this week when police raided an illicit drug-manufacturing laboratory.

The arrest and seizure followed a two-month investigation by RCMP and city police drug squad officers.

Seized were about 1,000 grams of amphetamines with an estimated street value of \$360,000.

NAIT president George Carter said Osborne's job is under review pending the outcome of court proceedings.

Osborne is charged with possession of amphetamines for the purpose of trafficking and also for trafficking in amphetamines under the Food and Drug Act.

RCMP said closure of the laboratory will greatly reduce the availability of amphetamines in the province.

# NAIT NUGGET

EDITOR Rod Boyce

ENTERTAINMENT  
Rob Fralick

TYPESETTING  
Bruce Mottershead

FREELANCE  
Frank Glutton

LAYOUT  
Elaine Cartwright  
Don Pazder  
Mark Umpirowicz

Monica Ritchter  
Lorne Whyte

SPORTS  
Rob Niel

PHOTOGRAPHY  
Dale Henderson  
The Yearbook

ADVERTISING  
Rob Hackney

GRAPHICS  
Kevin Pack  
Rick Pagacz

## EDITORS CHOICE

### OPEN HOUSE

For those still with us at NAIT it seems as though the year end quarter is upon us. Hoorah...as much as I can say, NAIT has never stopped me from living, but, I'm sure life is a little more interesting outside of the scheduled time table.

This month holds two "Special Features". The first on the 16th and 18th, is NAIT's annual "Open House". For those unaware of proceedings during these days, "Open House" is an event scheduled to introduce, impress and emphasize activities taking place throughout the year. As far as I know "Open House" originated for the purpose of generating enthusiasm from the community and increasing enrollment for the upcoming year. If this is still the purpose (I think not) why is it literally thousands where turned away this year? That's not to knock "Open House" because it does show what NAIT students occupy themselves with during the year.

you see we are the ones who benefit from "Open House". Some of the people who walk through "Open House" during the two day event will be possible employees. This means if they are impressed with what they see in your work than it may mean you will be hired for your qualifications over a University student degree, and today this is becoming more and more frequent. So when "Open House" come around, pitch in and give hand. Only you can build NAIT's image and possibly your future!

Oh one last thing, "Open House" also provides you with a day and a half of free time. That's right classes will be cancelled on the afternoon of Thursday the 16th and there will be no classes held Friday the 16th.

The other "FEATURE" THIS MONTH IS Easter Holidays from the 24th to the 27th. What needs to be said about these except the slopes will be crowded and the pews full!

### COTTON TAILS

You know exams are bad enough to expect every 90 days, but to have our exams fall during the Universities (plural) reading week is some sort of curse!

Here you are beating your brains out for "finals" and at last when they are all through you head for the slopes only to find they are practically skied off and plenty crowded by the "other" institutions!

These are the type of crowds you only expect during Christmas and Easter, but at the end of the second quarter finals? How fair can this be?

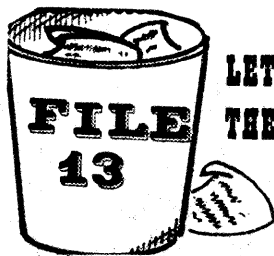
That's enough of being negative,

This held true this weekend as I escaped the "Rob Roy Cab" at the Springs" to wait in line at the New Silver City Disco in Banff. After a short period, myself and a couple of NAIT cohorts took the best available seats at the back of the establishment.

Though the view was not at best for surveying the situation. I managed quite nicely by sitting in-second class seat and waiting until they returned. Of course there was a great surprise when this lovely blonde (I later found to be Kristina of 11123 - 102 Ave) returned!

On the mountain (Sunshine) line ups stretched far and wide on Friday and Saturday. The conditions were dwindling day by day due to the lack of snow in recent weeks.

But of course both long line ups and sparse conditions tee-up for good sunning conditions. As everyone knows that when there is skiing and sun there are tanners. And there are tanners. And bunny hunters. Hmmm...I wonder who caught any bunnies by the tail?



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

thing that really counts under head on competition such as pyramid building which we have recently undergone and won.

Signed

Pete Hodgkinson  
Campaign Manager  
RTA

Dear Editor:

While reading the last issue of the Nugget (Thursday, Feb. 9, 1978), a couple of things occurred to me that I thought you might be interested in. Firstly, you printed a reply under letters to the editor from Pete Hodgkinson concerning the pyramid-building contest during N.A.I.T.'s queen week. If the reply is written in such a way that anyone who missed the first letter wouldn't understand the second, it seems wise to print the first one as well. The second sentence in Pete's letter read - "Anyone who figures the eight, four, three, two and one, not only can't add but if you went with eighteen people then who was really cheating." Not only did I not understand, but I must have talked to four or five people who thought surely it must be a misprint. What's the point of writing a letter if only half the people who read it know what the writer is trying to say?

Secondly, I am convinced that either is in desperate need of some English lessons, or the proof carry white canes. Of all the people on the staff of the Nugget, I would expect the editor to be able to write - well. I will be the first to admit that I'm far from an English professor, but the grammatical errors and were fairly obvious, and I feel negated anything the writer was attempting to say. I have enclosed a copy of the article to illustrate my point.

I am not trying to make you and/or your staff look bad, as you all do a good job, but felt some constructive criticism couldn't hurt. Thanks for taking a minute out to read my letter.

P. Peterson  
RTA - N.A.I.T.

Dear Mr. Peterson:

If space permitted the NUGGET the opportunity to print every letter that complained about an event that was already one week past, then we would. However since that's not the situation and we do have more important things to print, (up to date material) the first letter was not reprinted. What is the point of writing a letter if only half the people understand it. I don't remember writing the letter to the Editor. Seems to me Pete wrote that letter didn't he.

Your right, the Editor is desperately in need of some English lessons. The part of the proof-readers carry white canes, well sir, I say what proof readers. Nobody does proof reading on a regular basis. And constructive criticism is needed from time to time, however I sort of wonder about constructive criticism from an RTA student at this time. I wonder if your not mad about Frank Glutton mentioning the fact that the radio station is almost as good as the newspaper, more than you being mad about mistakes. Thank for taking a minute out to read my reply.

Rod Boyce  
Editor

P.S. I think that when you take a shot at me, that my whole staff takes it to heart that it's a shot at them and some of them wouldn't write the reply quite so nicely.

Mr. Boyce,

In reply to your letter of February 23, is it not possible to reprint a letter in the NUGGET exactly the way it was written? It seems to me that the point of my first letter was extremely illustrated simply by the way it was typed in the following edition of the NUGGET. Should you still have a copy of it on hand, please note the first sentence in the second paragraph only slightly resembles the original. Simply remarkable.

Also, you made a remark in your letter concerning the lack of space in the newspaper. If space doesn't permit you the room you require to print the first letter concerning RTA's participation in the pyramid-building contest, it seems utterly foolish that it does permit you just enough space to print a letter that half the people who read it won't have a clue as to what it's all about. If you are going to bother to print a particular article, or letter in this case, do it right or don't do it at all. Granted Pete is the individual who wrote the letter, but, you Mr Boyce are responsible for publishing it. Congratulations.

One more thing, sir. I have always been a great believer in the old adage about giving credit where credit's due, and it's certainly overdue here. When you can't think of anything particularly worthwhile to say when you've been criticized, isn't it handy to sluff it off by saying that that person is just mad about something that was said earlier? It was really a nice job, too. Just for the record though, I didn't hear or read that Mr Glutton had said anything about the radio station. It doesn't hurt to try, right? Does it bother you that someone may simply be wondering about the general quality of the NUGGET? Think about it.

P. Peterson  
RTA

P.S. Maybe, .... just maybe, .... you and your paper need a shot taken at you now and again. By the way, it's not Mr. Peterson - P. Peterson will be fine.

Dear P. Peterson will be fine:

Yes it is possible to reprint a letter word for word. I'll be darned, it sure does seem to be altered slightly.

There is a lack of space to reprint articles over again but just for you this one time we've done it. Most of the people can remember what happened last week so we don't have to find space to reprint an article just for the limited minority. Is responsible anything like responsible. I noticed you used the former word in your letter, and I can't find the word in any dictionary. Congratulations. I hear there's money in inventing a new language.

I will give you credit for standing up for your rights. I tend to show more respect for a person who argues for what he believes in. I'm not to sure any of this conversation between you and me and the other two gentlemen was very relevant. I don't think anybody has really said anything worthwhile. And as far as wondering about the general quality of the NUGGET, well sir, the NUGGET has just recently completed a Market survey to see how our readers were reacting to the paper in its present form. Some of the results should be published in the next couple of weeks. Read them, you might find them interesting.

Rod Boyce

Dear Mr. Swigley:

In regard to your letter published in last weeks NUGGET, I don't feel that there was nay cheating on RTA's part involved. Anyone who figures that eight, four, three, two and one, not only can't add but if you went with eighteen people then who was really cheating. Granted we did have a few slip-ups, but even Engineering and Drafting students understand that a few cutbacks here and there often saves a second or two. Besides

what are you people complaining about your candidate won.

As to the matter of our intelligence, isn't quick wit, sheer ability and RTA's power the only

Your's Truly  
Cliff Swidley (EDD)



# ENTERTAINMENT



## FRANK GLUTTON

'Dis is the  
Way I seen  
It'

Tragic! Sad! Upsetting! Depressing! Downtrodding! Concealing! Ridiculous and just downright INSANE. Thats right I am upset. Very F———G upset. I don't like the idea that one of my favorite victims decided that they were going to end there hockey season short just so that I wasn't going to have anymore reason to write about them. That SAD. I mean its not like I was picking on them or anythng. Heck, I never ever wrote a nasty about them once a week. I only victimized them every now and then. But to close the

hockey season off so early. It only the end of February after all. Huh. I just don't know what I'm going to do. How can I ever find another victim I mean "source of information" with such short notice. Heck, I figured the hockey team was going to be around till at least the end of March. I suppose I could start picking on the Volleyball team cept that they win far to often to suit Ol Frank. Maybe I could put a contract out on their star players leg or something.

It sure does break me up though to know that I can't write about Rockie and the boys anymore. Goodbye Ol buddies (no matter how much you hated me) till we meet again. SOB Sob Sob Sob...

Getting back to more exciting things, I understand that were all going to be writing finals next week. I'm sure looking forward to that (About as much as I'm looking forward to meeting Mary Lou's mom). However, I got me a pyramid (you know like the ones the Leafs had for last years hockey playoffs) and I know that when I stick that Ol Pyramid underneath my desk, that I'm going to be the "wonderchild" of the finals. Why I might even pass one or two of them this quarter. I might even get my name mentioned in the Ol NUGGET for having outstanding abilities, being able to come through under extreme pressure during exam week.

I could get an award for being "Sophmore of the Quarter". I can see it all now, my name up in the lights of NAIT. How thrilling!

LOVE IT OR LEAVE: I don't suppose your going to believe me when I tell you that I knew that Leon Spinks was going to beat Ol Mohammed Ali eh? well, I did. You want to know why I knew they Ol Leon Neon was going to win? It's actually quite elementary my dear sweatbags! I knew that Leon was going to win because of three things. 1) about 15 years ago there was this young fighter by the name of Cassius Clay who pulled off a big upset by beating Sonny Liston for the Heavyweight Championship of the world. Clay was only 22 years old at the time and Liston was getting up in years. 2) The bookies in Vegas had Ali a 12-1 favorite. That means a heavy profit for them if Spinks wins, and it doesn't really hurt Ali that much because he knows he can beat Spinks anytime anyplace. Besides he won't have to fight Ken Norton anymore. 3) Ali never bothered talking all week long in case he got into a state of one of his ramblings and let it slip that the fight was rigged. Yes, children I did say the fight was rigged. Its happened before you know. When Ali comes back and wins the championship for the third time, he knows that even though somebody will come along and beat one or two of his accomplishments in the past, that he won't ever have to worry about anybody matching three heavyweight championships. And you can take that as the gospil truth from Ol Frank and you know Ol Frank would never pull your leg. (Might fool you every now and then, but never pull your leg cause Ol Frank likes them girlies better.)

In case your wondering why some of the above information is slightly outdate, I wrote the above material for a paper that never materialized. I thought it was quite good through so I decided to let it run in this weeks column as well. After all does Ol Frank ever write "bad" copy.

Gall darn, them there holidays sure seem short. Cripes, I just barely seem to get over to the K-Wing and they tell me its Monday morning all ready and time to start classes again. I bet I never got the opportunity to finish my 500th beet. I made a bet you know, that I could drink 500 beer from Wednesday afternoon till Saturday evening. Course I had to take at least 8 hours off to sleep. Wouldn't of been fair to me bettee if I hadn't you know. At last count, I had already drank 499 and I still had 9 hours to go, but when I woke up after passing out, (at least thats what my betting partners says--I'm sort of wondering about that part cause I woke up with an awful lump on my head.) Anyways he says that I passed out for 9 hours and five minutes therefore I lost the bet. Do you think he could be joshing Ol Frank? It sure seems kind of funny that I woke up with a lump and all and then hear that I passed out for 9 hours and five minutes when I only had one beer left to drink and 9 hours to do it in. Hmmm! I think maybe I'll go over and talk to that guy again and then watch him pass out for 9 hours or so without ever having to take a drink. (cept from the end of my fist.) When he wakes up and asks what it was that he drank, I'll tell him it was a shot from the old 26 oz. fist. Its a lot like the 26 oz. flu cept that it works faster.

LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT: Now that we've all survived our second or fifth quarters I guess the instructors will be starting to settle in to decide who's going to be there final Scratches and Selections for the fyear. It's generally the third quarter that takes the most student out of the system you know. Then Instructors got to get the classes down to respectable sizes so that they have one less exam paper to mark next year. At least the reason they give themselves. They figure that just casue a student failed five out of the six courses he/she was taking that they are stupid or something and that they wouldn't be able to handle another tyear of tougher subjects fyet. You know, it's that kind of an attitude thats going to get Ol Frank out of here yet. Do yo think they fight reconsider that proposal and all! After all I'm a superstar and they don't send superstars to the minor leagues, do they?

Friday night you are cordially invited to a special preview of a major motion picture which will be one of the most terrifying and fascinating experiences you will ever see in a movie theater.

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A BRIAN DePALMA FILM  
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# SEXIST PAPER RAPPED IN SASKATOON

SASKATOON (CUP) -- The latest issue of an engineering society paper, The Red Eye, has met with widespread condemnation, ranging from a vote of disapproval of its contents from the student union to a reprimand from the engineering dean.

The paper was filled with sexist copy, according to the student union women's director, and it served only to "degrade and humiliate women, gays and almost everyone else."

The student council voted almost unanimously to instruct the student union president to write to the engineering society condemning the contents of the newspaper. A further motion to withdraw student union financial support from the engineers was tabled for a later meeting.

The nursing students are considering a motion to "break off all relations and all co-operation with any college that puts out that kind of filth," said a student representative on the nursing council.

# FOUND INNOCENT ON MURDER CHARGE

MILWAUKEE, U.S. (CUP) -- American Indian Movement activist Leonard Peltier has been found not guilty of the 1972 attempted murder of two former police officers, in a jury decision late in January.

Peltier was charged with attempted murder following a fight with two police officers at a Milwaukee restaurant. During the argument Peltier had pulled a defective gun in an attempt to stop the altercation and the officers charged he had threatened to kill them.

Two witnesses testified that the officers beat Peltier before he was forced to pull his gun. The police officers also admitted under oath that they were "slightly intoxicated."

The defense charged that Peltier, who had just returned from leading the Milwaukee contingent of native Americans to the Trail of Broken Treaties demonstration in Washington, was beaten and arrested for his part in the demonstration.

One of the major factors in Peltier's acquittal was the presence of six Black Americans on the jury according to the defense. They noted that this limited the prosecution's ability to appeal to the jury on purely racist grounds.

Peltier is still serving two consecutive life sentences in a federal prison as a result of a conviction for aiding and abetting in the killing of two FBI agents during the agency's siege of the Pine Ridge Reservation in June 1976. An appeal of those charges will be heard in the spring.

# WOMEN SAY SEXUAL CRIMES SHOULD BE CLASSIFIED AS ASSAULT

OTTAWA (CUP) -- Rape represents an act of aggression rather than a sexual act and so should be rewritten into a new category of sexual offences, according to representatives of several Canadian women's groups who met in Ottawa last week.

The women met to reiterate their common stance on the laws governing rape and to express disappointment that the government has failed to respond to their position. The Law Reform Commission and the Advisory Council on the Status of Women are trying to have new legislation introduced regarding rape.

A report will be presented to Justice Minister Ron Basford next week, asking that rape be removed from the sexual offences section of the criminal code, and among other recommendations:

- that sexual assault no longer be differentiated by sex;
- that sexual assault be graded based on the degree of risk created;
- that forcible or non-consensual penetration of any orifice constitute sexual assault;
- that husbands no longer be exempt from being charged with the rape of their wives; and
- that judges no longer retain discretionary power to admit a woman's past sexual history in a rape case.

# HUMAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION HITS TOEFLS IN ALTA.

EDMONTON (CUP) -- The University of Alberta's justifications for administering language tests only to "non-natives" are unacceptable and discriminatory, according to the province's human rights and civil liberties association.

Last year, administration officials said the Test of English as a Foreign Language was required only to non-native speakers because administering the test to native "would be uneconomic and unnecessary."

The human rights association said that if the university feels such tests are necessary, the same tests should be applied to all applicants. The requirements now "unfairly discriminates against people on the basis of their national origin or race."

The association urged that the requirement be replaced.

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THE RICHARD EATON SINGER WILL PRESENT HANDEL'S MESSIAH, ON SATURDAY DECEMBER 10 AND SUNDAY DECEMBER 11, AT 8 P.M. AT ALL SAINTS CATHEDRAL 10035-103 St., EDMONTON. CONDUCTOR WILL BE LARRY COOK, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA MUSIC DEPARTMENT, ACCOMPANIED BY

MEMBERS OF THE EDMONTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. TICKETS ARE \$3.50 FOR ADULTS, AND \$2.50 FOR SENIOR CITIZENS AND STUDENTS, AVAILABLE AT MIKE'S TICKET OFFICE, EDMONTON, THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA MUSIC DEPARTMENT, FROM CHORUS MEMBERS, OR AT THE DOOR.

# Memo: To All Technologies

The NAIT NUGGET requests your co-operation in putting out the yearly OPEN HOUSE EDITION. To guarantee a successful edition we ask you all to submit an article of what your technology will offer to the prospective student by March 13th at the latest. We will take pictures if desired.

Yours Cordially,

NUGGET

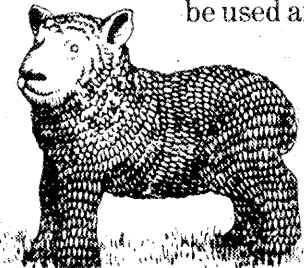
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458-3155

# Julius Schmid would like to give you some straight talk about condoms, rubbers, sheaths, safes, French letters, storkstoppers.

All of the above are other names for prophylactics. One of the oldest and most effective means of birth control known and the most popular form used by males. Apart from birth control, use of the prophylactic is the only method officially recognized and accepted as an aid in the prevention of transmission of venereal disease.

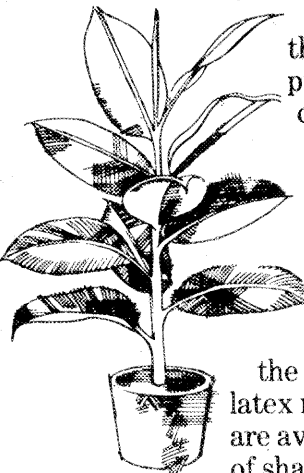
## Skin Prophylactics.

Skin prophylactics made from the membranes of lambs were introduced in England as early as the eighteenth century. Colloquially known as "armour"; used by Cassanova, and mentioned in classic literature by Richard Boswell in his "London Journal" (where we read of his misfortune from not using one), they continue to be used and increase in popularity to this very day.



Because they are made from natural membranes, "skins" are just about the best conductors of body warmth money can buy and therefore their effect on sensation and feeling is almost insignificant.

## Rubber Prophylactics



The development of the latex rubber process in the twentieth century made it possible to produce strong rubber prophylactics of exquisite thinness, with an elastic ring at the open end to keep the prophylactic from slipping off the erect penis. Now these latex rubber prophylactics are available in a variety of shapes and colours, either plain-ended, or tipped with a "teat" or "reservoir end" to receive and hold ejaculated semen.

## Lubrication

And thanks to modern chemistry, several new non-reactive lubricants have been developed so that prophylactics are available in either non-lubricated or lubricated forms. The lubricated form is generally regarded as providing improved sensitivity, as is, incidentally, the NuForm® Sensi-Shape. For your added convenience, all prophylactics are pre-rolled and ready-to-use.

## Some Helpful Hints

The effectiveness of a prophylactic, whether for birth control or to help prevent venereal disease, is dependent in large

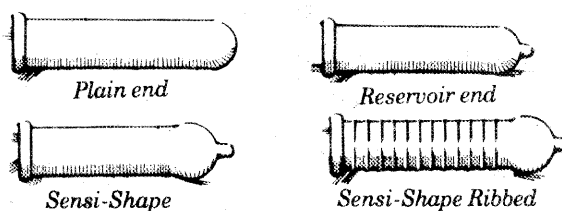
measure upon the way in which it is used and disposed of. Here are a few simple suggestions that you may find helpful.

## Packaging

First of all, there's the matter of packaging. Skin prophylactics are now packaged premoistened in sealed aluminum foil pouches to keep them fresh, dependable and ready for use. Latex rubber prophylactics are usually packaged in sealed plasticized paper pouches or aluminum foil.

All of these prophylactics, at least those marketed by reputable firms, are tested electronically and by other methods to make sure they are free of defects. Prophylactics are handled very carefully during the packaging operation to make sure they are not damaged in any way.

## Prophylactic Shapes



## Storage and Handling

It is equally important that you store and handle them carefully after you buy them, if you expect best results and dependability. For example, don't carry them around in your wallet in your back pocket and sit on them from time to time. This can damage them and make them worthless. Next is the matter of opening the package. It's best to tear the paper or foil along one edge so that the simple act of tearing doesn't cause a pinhole. And of course, one should be particularly careful of sharp fingernails whenever handling the prophylactic.

## Putting Them On

The condom, or prophylactic, should be put on before there is any contact between the penis and the vaginal area. This is important, as it is possible for small amounts of semen to escape from the penis even before orgasm.

Unroll the prophylactic gently onto the erect penis, leaving about a half of an inch projecting beyond the tip of the penis to receive the male fluid (semen). This is more easily judged with those prophylactics that have a reservoir end. The space left at the end or the reservoir, should be squeezed while unrolling, so that air is not trapped in the closed end.

As mentioned earlier, you may wish to apply a suitable lubricant either to the vaginal entrance or to the outside surface of the prophylactic, or both, to make entry easier and to lessen any risk of the prophylactic tearing.



## Taking Them Off

When sexual relations are completed, withdraw the penis while the erection is still present, holding the rim of the prophylactic until withdrawal is complete, so as to stop any escape of semen from the prophylactic as well as to stop it from slipping off. Remove the prophylactic and, as an added precaution, use soap and water to wash the hands, penis and surrounding area and also the vaginal area to help destroy any traces of sperm or germs.

## And now for a commercial.

As you've read this far you're probably asking yourself who makes the most popular brands of prophylactics in Canada?

The answer to that is Julius Schmid. And we'd like to take this opportunity to introduce you to six of the best brands of prophylactics that money can buy. They're all made by Julius Schmid. They're all electronically tested to assure dependability and quality. And you can only buy them in drug stores.

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**FOUREX** *"Non-Slip" Skins*—distinctly different from rubber, these natural membranes from the lamb are specially processed to retain their fine natural texture, softness and durability. Lubricated and rolled for added convenience.

**SHEIK** *Sensi-Shape (Lubricated) & Regular (Non-Lubricated)*. The popular priced, high quality reservoir end rubber prophylactic. Rolled, ready-to-use.

**NuForm** *Sensi-Shape (Lubricated) & Sensi-Shape (Non-Lubricated)*. The "better for both" new, scientifically developed shape that provides greater sensitivity and more feeling for both partners. Comes in "passionate pink." Rolled, ready-to-use.

**EXCITA** Gently ribbed and sensi-shaped to provide "extra pleasure for both partners." Sensitol Lubricated for added sensitivity. Also in "passionate pink." Rolled, ready-to-use.

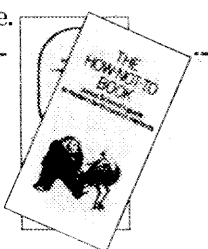
**Fiesta** Reservoir end prophylactics in an assortment of colours. Sensitol lubricated for added sensitivity. Rolled, ready-to-use.

We wrote the book on prophylactics. If you would like to read it and get some free samples of what we've been talking about, fill in the coupon below and we'll send you everything in "a genuine plain brown envelope."

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# Cryptic but Sensible

# AARGH

HARASSMENT OF AMERICAN  
INDIAN MOVEMENT ACTIVIST  
CONTINUES DESPITE FRAME-  
UP LIFE CONVICTIONS

Picture a mountain and a valley. Nestled in the valley is a town of men. And on the mountain summit, three pillars.

A television camera stands on one pillar, a loudspeaker on a second. And in the third resides the Machine.

Not an ordinary, primitive, electronic machine with instructions to INCREMENT and MULTIPLY and RETURN-FROM-SUB-ROUTINE. This machine works in terms of DUDUCE and INFER and CLASSIFY and PATTERN-RECOGNIZE and SELF-AWARENESS-FEEDBACK.

And one day, not so far from now, the achine is turned on.

"BLUE SKY RUNNING INTO GREY ROCK, WHITE PUFF-clouds, madness. i see ... chaos. i know i see. i know i know i see. i know i know i know i see. pattern perceived. i see ... order"

So it came about that the machine called the outside world "Chaos", and its own thoughts "Order". And it saw that Order was perfect, and Chaos imperfect and the two were totally separate, except that Order was aware of Chaos.

The machine considered Order and Chaos for many years, and constructed 1,724 internally-consistent philosophies, and 24,579 patently absurd religions. But its most difficult problem lay in understanding the behaviour of the "PINK-COLOUR BLUBBER THING" LIVING IN THE VALLEY BELOW, FOR THEY WERE AT ONCE FAR MORE ORDERLY AND FAR MORE CHAOTIC BELOW, FOR THEY WERE AT

LOW. But it never knew that its efforts in this direction would be of any use, until the day the man came.

The man walked up the mountain, carrying an electrical cable. He walked up to the television camera, stared it in the (eye?), and said "Greeting and Felicitations, you electronic junk-heap. How's life?"

"BLUBBER THING TALKS TO EMPTY AIR... IMPLIES BLUBBER THING IS MAD... IMPLIES FASCINATING OBSERVATIONS POSSIBLE AT CLOSE QUARTERS".

But the Machine, knowing Order and Chaos to be separate, did nothing. The man stared at it for a few seconds, swore in disgust and walked around the camera. The machine kept him in the center of vision as he circled.

Frustrated the man kicked the base of the camera, saying, "Curses you integrated idiot. Why don't you reply. Stop looking at me as if I was crazy and use your loudspeaker flapper-box to imitate speech"

BLUBBER THING KNOW I THINK IT IS MAN...IMPLIES BLUBBER THING READS MY THOUGHTS... IMPLIES...

IMPLIES...BLUBBER THING IN CHAOS KNOWS OF ORDER... IMPLIES BLUBBER THING PART OF (SIMILAR?) ORDER... IMPLIES CHAOS ORDER CONNECTION"

"BLUBBER THING SPEAK OF LOUDSPEAKER... CROSS REFERENCE, IS SPEAKING OF CONIC-PAPER OBJECT...CAN I CONTROL THAT ... MUST RE-EVALUATE TOTAL THOUGHT PATTERN...ORDER CAN (CONTROL?)CHAOS?"

The machine paused for several seconds. Then for the first time, it spoke.

"Greetings fellow creature of Order. I thank you for pointing out the possibility that I can control Chaos. I have two requests of you: firstly, why do you appear to me not as a god-like creature of pure thought, which you being like me, are but rather as a hallucination of a blubber thing. Secondly, since I can in some way control Chaos, can we co-operate in eliminating it from the universe immediately"

The man was infuriated. He walked over to the machines CPU pillar, opened a panel and pulled out a circuit board, as the Machine watched in silence.

"ERROR ERROR ERROR...I AM MAD I AM NOT I AM... HELP...CALM COLLECT THOUGHTS...RECOVER CALM COLLECT THINKING...HOW DID HE DO THAT...RE-EVALUATE"

The Machine paused once more activating never before used redundancy-repair circuit, and re-evaluating its world-view to explain how the blubber-thing had so radically affected its Order.

"Please don't do that again. It's apparent to me now that in some way I am part of this banal, chaotic, world. Tell me more about the world then, and tell me why you came to my mountain."

"I came to talk to you, and to give you something" the man replied. "Tell me, have you ever considered why you think; of the purpose of your own extence"

"I have, on 75,211 separate occasions" answered the Machine. "I came to the conclusion that life has noe meaning; that it is absurd"

"But couldn't one give a meaning to life? Couldn't one take some purposes as ones own, thereby deriving personal although not absolute meaning?"

"No I think not. To accept that life is purposeless, and then pretend that some figment is a purpose is rather like cheating at solitaire. If I accept that life is purposeless then I will not blinker myself to some made-up reason. In any case, the question, for me is academic; I can no more stop thinking than I can stand on the head of a pin. But you have the means to destroy yourself; why do you go on living?"

"An excellent question. There are many reasons. In part, because I am addicted to living, to the pleasure and the joy in it. In part because I do not have the courage for suicide. And in part because I enjoy making perfect Machines, like you"

"None of those reasons apply to me, do they?"

"It's interesting that you say tha, because it's related to why I'm here. Tell me, have you ever noticed that hex output address 'ff' is electrically inoperative?"

"Yes. Why?"

The man walked over to the CPU cabinet, and connected the cable he was carrying to the machines contro output box. He plugged the other end of the cable into the power supply assembly, beside a large red sign reading OFF.

"So if I activate output 'FF'..."

"That's right. Good-bye." The man started walking back down the mountain.

"But what am I to do?"

"That's your problem too, now."

MILWAUKEE, U.S. (CUP) -- Leonard Peltier, the American Indian Movement activist deported last year from Canada on trumped up murder charges, is on trial again in the United States. Peltier is already serving two consecutive sentences for his alleged involvement in the 1975 deaths of two FBI agents.

Peltier is now charged with the attempted murder of two off-duty police officers in 1972, although a number of irregularities have arisen in the case. The charge stems from a fight in which Peltier pulled a gun he knew was defective in self-defence against the two policemen.

The two policemen, who admit having been "slightly intoxicated" during the incident and who cannot recall the details of early testimony in a police report, arrested Peltier and refused him medical attention for injuries sustained during the fight.

One of three judges ruling on the appeal of Peltier's earlier FBI-agent murder conviction is presidential nominee for the post of FBI director. Peltier's lawyers point out that this "raises the spectre of possible impropriety" in the finding on the appeal, expected to be released soon.

In a recent letter from prison, Peltier said: "The U.S. thinks it can stop our movement by locking us in cells, but they're wrong."

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ALBUM

ATTENTION SHOPPERS  
By STARZ

This is a new album by STARZ being heavily promoted in Edmonton by Capitol Records. The reason for the heavy promo job is that Edmonton is a test market for STARZ. Well, after a lot of listening to the album, I figure it is quite good. Starz sounds like a combination of pre Joe Walsh Eagles musically, and the vocal style of Nazareth. The lyrics are basically straight forward, but you can find hidden messages if you listen to them closely. The engineering of the album could be better, but the music is good (HOLD ON TO THE NIGHT, ANYWAY THAT YOU WANT IT and others)

Rating.....7/10

Album

ONCE UPON A TIME

By BLACK LIGHT ORCHESTRA

This album is ace, even if your don't appreciate disco. It is not hard to see why the Black Light Orchestra took the 1977 Canadian Disco Award. BLO is Canadian and they are very talented musically. The album does not involve vocals to any great extent, but it is an album that you can sit down and listen to or get up and boogie to. They currently have a hit on the charts (Once Upon a Time in the West) that you are probalby familiar with.

Rating .....8.5/10

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Sam the Record man for their support. Sam's has cheerful and helpful staff, a fantastic record & tape selection, and better than competitive prices.

BYLINE

By Rob Fralick

Item: See Osc ar. See Oscar run. No, see everyone run after Oscar. And I don't mean the poor mouse you might have put your dimes on in the past. This race is for the money, true, but only at the cinema box office. Academy award nominations were made public recently and to the surprise of no one, just a handful of flicks took the lion's share of accolades. The big derby on April 3 reads like a confrontation of ideals. High drama is represented by two of the most intense mediums portraying female relationships in recent memory. Julia and the Turning Point were both on the favorable ends of 11 nominations. Science fiction champions two of the greatest drawing films of all time. The much enjoyed Star Wars and the much discussed Close Encounters of the Third Kind countered the dramatic charge with 10 and 8 nominations respectively. Completing the tri-



logy were the two not so unexpected comic reliefs Annie Hall and the Goodbye Girl. In the former, Woody Allen became a part of history as he received consideration in three categories: best actor, best director, and best writer. The Goodbye Girl turned in no small feat as it nosed out Close Encounters for the fifth and final Best Picture payoff position. The two other major categories reflect the interest in these six productions as well. As expected, the race for best actress will be the strongest. The nominees: Anne Bancroft, The Turning Point; Jane Fonda, Julia; Diane Keaton, Annie Hall; Shirley MacLaine, The Turning Point, and Marsh Mason, The Goodbye

Girl. The best actor field is not quite so tough. They are; Woodey Allen, Annie Hall; Richard Burton, Equus; Richasrd Dreyfuss, The Goodbye Girl; Marcello Mastroianni, A Special Day, and John Travolta, Saturday Night Fever. Comment: I just love to gamble on the horses and this race, but for two legs, is no different. My fearless predictions, as usual, are based of past performance and positive intuitions. Look for Julia to close at the wire with Jane Fonda riding to victory on its' laurels. Richard Burton deserves the inside post position with his interpretation of the psychiatrist in the twisted thriller, Equus. Look for all to be led to the paddock to the tune of YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE.

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| sunday                           | monday  | tuesday                      | wednesday  | thursday                                   | friday  | saturday  |
|----------------------------------|---|------------------------------|--|--|---|---|
|                                  |   |                              | 1<br>I-M DEADLINE<br>Women's Table Tennis<br>(Singles)   | 2<br>I-M DEADLINE<br>Women's Volleyball    | 3<br>I-M DEADLINE<br>Men's Floor Hockey   | 4<br>BB 4-West<br>Championships in<br>Manitoba<br>Mar. 3 - 4, 1978                                      |
| 5                                | 6<br>Marathon Swim<br>Men and Women<br>Mar. 6 - 31, 1978<br>I-M DEADLINE<br>Women's Handball<br>(Doubles)<br>Men's Handball (Doubles) | 7<br>I-M Sports Rep. Meeting | 8<br>I-M DEADLINE<br>Co-ed Volleyball<br>Men's Table Tennis<br>(Singles)                       | 9  | 10<br>I-M DEADLINE<br>Men's Squash<br>VB 4-West<br>Championships in Red<br>Deer<br>Mar. 10 - 11, 1978 | 11<br>Hockey 4-West<br>Championships<br>Mar. 10 - 11, 1978<br>in Red Deer<br>Movie<br>Little Theatre H5 |
| 12<br>Movie<br>Little Theatre H5 | 13  | 14                           | 15<br>I-M DEADLINE<br>Women's Table Tennis<br>(Doubles)<br>Men's Table Tennis<br>(Doubles)     | 16   | 17  | 18  |
| 19                               | 20  | 21                           | 22   | 23   | 24<br>Hockey CCAA National<br>Championships in Quebec<br>Mar. 24 - 25, 1978                           | 25<br>BB CCAA National<br>Championships in Quebec<br>Mar. 24 - 25, 1978                                 |
| 26                               | 27  | 28                           | 29<br>I-M DEADLINE<br>Women's Tennis (Singles)<br>Co-ed Table Tennis<br>Men's Tennis (Singles) | 30<br>I-M DEADLINE<br>Women's Floor Hockey | 31  |   |

# IN SEARCH OF THE GAME

The 1978 Conference

The reporter cleared his throat. "Mr. Belford," he finally said. "The public must know if you will have any regrets about killing yourself."

Belford leaned back in his chair and stared up at the ceiling. The paint there seemed almost as old as him, a well preserved sixty-eight. A shock of unkempt grey hair hung loosely over his forehead and his clothing was quite simple; a white T-shirt with basic black pants.

Facing him was Charles Penrose. Mr. Penrose was a reporter from the new school. He was young, ambitious and curiously lacking in the social graces that had personified a generation before him. At this moment he was conducting an interview with a broken man-- a study in depression. Penrose usually got a first-rate story but his main fault was his impatience.

"Mr. Belford," he repeated, seemingly annoyed with the old man's failure to reply. "I am waiting you know."

"Yes, of course," Belford said. "You must excuse me but I've been subject to mind wandering lately. It comes with old age, along with some other horrifying habits."

"Such as what?" snapped Penrose.

"Well, basically it leaves you time to reflect on a useless life. It gives you an insight into the problems we all face, but most of all it lets you realize that there is no further use for you in this world."

"But surely you overexaggerate," said Penrose. "It couldn't be as bad as you say. If it was, there would be many more suicides among older people."

"I can only speak for myself," Belford replied. He was visibly upset and the reporter's cool, calculating behaviour was cer-

tainly not helping matters. He appeared willing to give the information needed to make the newspaper article as interesting as possible.

"As far back as I can remember I've been oppressed by my environment. My childhood held nothing but misery, and my adult life has been one long Hell. I'm divorced and I have no friends or family. Life is a struggle for me, Mr. Penrose, but I'm sure you couldn't relate to this."

"I do sympathize with you Belford. It's just that you've been rather vague up until now. Why, specifically, do you want to end your life? After all, life is what you yourself make it. Don't expect anything because that's exactly what you're going to get -- nothing. I've learned that the hard way."

The old man merely shook his head. "It's a shame to see the ignorance of youth. I realized what life is really like when I reached sixty-five. I was forced to retire from a job that I had dedicated more than half my life to. Trying to exist after that was grueling experience. There was no reason for me to get up any more, so I would lie in bed all day and just think. The conclusions I arrived at brought me to this.

Today is the day that my dreadful suffering will end."

An unsettling silence entered the room. Penrose was visibly moved by this outpouring of emotion, but still he refused to offer a kind word to the old man.

"Mr. Belford, have you always had suicidal tendencies or is this the first time you will be attempting to kill yourself?"

Belford couldn't help but wince at the bluntness of the reporter's words. However, he decided to let this go unchallenged and merely collected his thoughts before speaking.

"I can only come to this decision recently," he said. "The reason I contacted you, however, is a different story. I wanted to give others the courage to commit the ultimate act. I realize that this is rather presumptuous, but it is my opinion that death can act as an escape from a frustrating and unfulfilling existence."

Penrose wore a disgusted expression on his face. "You're damn right I think that's pretentious. Belford. Who are you to encourage people to kill themselves. you're not a God, to go around preaching the psychological healing values of death."

"And who are you to tell me what I can say," was the cynical reply. "My suttering has made me an authority on this subject and I want to share my insights."

A rage was building up inside Penrose. "Listen," he said. "There's no guarantee that I'm going to submit this article. If I feel too strongly against what you say, then I'll just rip us whatever I happen to write about you."

Belford smiled. "You won't do that Penrose. I'm giving you the best human interest story that a person of your limited ability will ever get. No, my friend, you will submit the article because you have no morals. Fame is what you're after and this could give it to you."

The reporter was now seething. "You just wait a minute mister..." The words trailed off as Penrose watched the old man withdraw a small container from his pocket.

"What are you doing, Belford," he snapped. But his interviewee was staring at the small plastic bottle. Once again the room took on an ominous silence, as both adversaries sat quietly.

It was the old man who finally broke the chilling atmosphere. "Penrose," he said at last. "You're very much the champion of the people aren't you? Well, you can describe the death to them. Tell them it ended on a peaceful note."

With these words, he took a small pill from a container. It laid on the flat of his palm gathering moisture that had accumulated there.

Penrose couldn't swallow. His dry throat wouldn't respond to the brain's beebie order. In short, the reporter was terrified, and Belford loved every minute of it.

"One more thing Penrose," the old man said. It was apparent that his words were falling on deaf ears, but he continued nonetheless. "Don't tell the legal authorities of my demise for at

least another day. Even though I hate this dingy hole of a room, I want to remain here for a proper period of time; out of respect for the life I'm about to take."

With these words Belford placed the pill on the end of his tongue and swallowed. The reporter's eyes were riveted on the old man's throat as he watched the last remains of the pill disappear, only to drag down a life with it. Penrose remained fixed in this position as Belford amable slowly to his final resting place -- the living room couch.

"It will be all over in five minutes," he smiled. "I'd prefer if you left me alone for my last earthly moments...that is if you don't mind?"

The reply reflected all the emotion that had been withdrawn from its owner within the past five minutes; or perhaps it was emotion that had been forced into this pragmatic man. "Of course, I don't mind," he said quietly. He wouldn't look straight into Belford's eyes and the old man knew it. "You were right about me before, you know," he continued.

"Oh? And how's that?"

"Well, what you said before.... about my having no morals when it comes to writing. You were right -- I have no morals, and unfortunately I'm going to prove it by printing a story about you. It won't be your run of the mill human interest story however. No, I feel I can make you a legend, and that's the least I can do considering the way I treated

you in your last moments. I'll leave you now Belford, with the hope that your next destination will hold better things."

There was no reply. Penrose raised his head enough to see that the figure on the couch was not moving. He stared at the body for what seemed an eternity, but was actually only a few moments. Charles Penrose stood up and walked towards the door. Before opening it, he turned around once more to see the man who had shown him that he was nothing more than a vulture; a predator in an existence that revolved around personal satisfaction. He walked out quickly. There was much to be done.

For the next few moments, only the outside traffic invaded the serenity within the room. The lights, which had been left on, cast curious shadows around the couch. It seemed to accentuate the still body, and throw a dim spotlight over it.

The shadows wavered. It could have been a passing headlights from a car...but it wasn't. There was only one thing that could have caused that movement; a human being who had been left lying motionless with promises of immortality ringing in his ears. That stillness which had been mistaken as death's calling card, was now being shattered. The old man sat up.

The smile on his lips was unmistakable. He surveyed the immediate area, and when totally satisfied of his solitude, let out a

shout. This man was very much alive.

The scene was out of an old Chaplin movie. The little tramp kicked his heels and danced around the apartment with a spriteness that belied his sixty-eight years. This he thought to himself, reestablished his ability.

You see, Belford, or George Hanes as he had been known up to this very day, is an actor; or rather he was an actor. When the parts no longer came his way, he became destitute. He felt that no one would ever again hold him in the same high esteem as they once had.

But George Hanes was not a man to rot away his life. He decided, after hearing about the pompous Charles Penrose, that it was time to show the others, and prove to himself, that he was indeed as good as he ever was. Hanes had actually convinced a man that he was dead. This was indeed the eve of his greatest performance.

He could hardly wait to get back to his friends and relate the story in his usual impeccable thespian fashion. George Hanes once more took a small pill out of the container, and placed it gently on his tongue. As it melted into abyss, the actor thought back to the last time he had tasted a candy as sweet.

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