

So you're a star!

Do you throw pigskins

casserole

a supplement section
of the gateway

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It wasn't so long ago that you were a kid.
And like all good kids, you would spend
Saturday afternoon at the movies.

On the great afternoons, the B westerns were showing and you could see Roy Rogers, Gene Autry or Hopalong Cassidy spend 75 minutes of frustration and then systematically chase the crooks, catch them and unmercifully beat them silly. And all through

this latter escapade, the kids in the front row would cheer with the voices of millions. The theatres would rock with joy as the good guy got the bad guy down, pummelled him to within a breath of death and delivered him triumphantly to the sherriff.

Then it was over and you went home to more serious things like growing up.

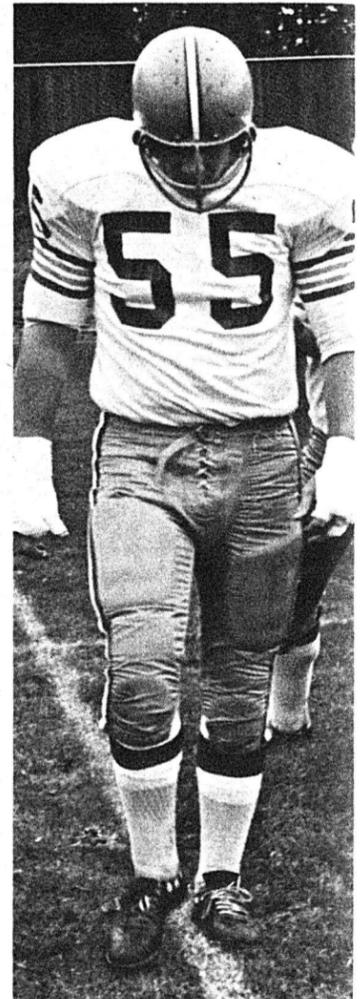
But through it all, you were secure in the knowledge that the good guys won again. Even if it was in the world of guns, girls and popcorn.

But you grew up and went to high school because it was the thing to do. And you went to university because this was also the thing to do.

But no longer do you go to the Saturday matinees at the



A LOT OF EXCITEMENT WHEN YOU'RE WINNING



BUT AFTER THE GAME?

feature by
rich vivone

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thought it foreign to go to the latest Burt Lancaster western. (Gary Cooper movies are out—officially).

The university, in its place, has substituted college football, soon to be replaced by college hockey and college basketball. This fine activity

local movie house because this is the thing to do. What if anything, fills this cavity in the life of intelligent young people? What do you do in the long, boring, yawning gap that is Saturday in this city?

From recent experience, one thing is obvious. You don't go to the university-sponsored sports programs which took place on three separate Saturdays of this young term.

It is strange because play-games like football are the university's answer to a nothing Saturday, and should provide that little hero worship need created by the exit of cowboys and losers. In some cases, you just postponed it until Saturday night when you either put James Bond or the girlfriend on a pedestal.

This story is for the rest of you. The ones who do not have a Great Idol but have



THINK ABOUT IT, BUDDY

Couple of interesting articles and a cute story this week—nothing earth-shattering, but do have a look at it.

First off, there is Vivone spouting off again right next to here. He wonders what college football and sports in general means to the college athlete.

Then there is yours truly on page four with a dissertation on the Canadian Union of Students. You might consider that a dead horse, but I figure it is pretty important.

Page C-5 features a story by some unknown author and illustrated by one of our B.F.A. students. The copy isn't too good, but it does tie the illustrations together.

Incidentally, if any of you like the make-up on page three (or object to it), let us know. It is sort of an experiment.