



STUDENTS COUNCIL SPEAKER

Applications are being accepted for the position of Students' Council Speaker to act from **January 27th to March 31st**. Ideally the Speaker would continue for the 1977-78 term.

Forms are to be obtained from and returned to the Students' Union Receptionist, Room 256, SUB.

The Council Speaker is responsible for:

- (a) Calling to order meetings of Students' Council
- (b) Chairing meetings of Students' Council
- (c) Preparing the Agendas and publishing the official minutes of Council Meetings.

The Speaker earns a fee of **\$25.00/meeting**. For more information contact Eileen Gillese, Vice-President, Finance and Administration, Room 259 SUB. Phone 432-4236.

Also: Students' Council Speaker By-Law available from Receptionist upon request.

WANT A FIRST CLASS CAREER WITH A FIRST CLASS COMPANY?

In the very near future you're going to make one of the most important decisions in your life. A Career.

We want to talk to you about a career in Life Insurance Sales, leading to Sales Management.

We know this isn't for everyone, but for those of you who want the challenge and rewards this type of career has to offer, come and see us and open up a whole new world.

See your Placement Office or fill in the coupon.



Education Department
The Canada Life Assurance Company
330 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M5G 1R8

I am interested in attending an interview for The Canada Life Sales & Marketing Management Program.

NAME

ADDRESS

COURSE

(Include resume if possible)

CON

by Ambrose Fierce

An army surplus flamethrower is expensive, but I have been saving for months, and am now the proud owner of serial # RKE4439087216 — a real beauty. It was a Christmas present to myself, for use against at least two business establishments on Hub Mall.

The first is a tawdry, almost terminally depressing arcade, crammed with tacky wish-fulfillment gadgetry and gizmos — pinball machines and similar trashy and preposterous monstrosities. (One is reminded of a Biercean definition: "Amusement, n. A pastime whose inroads stop short of death by dejection.") This place I hate.

WHINEGRAONNNNNN
URGHRRRRROARCLANGCLANG
CLANGGROANNNCRASH
TINKLEPINGGGG. That is the sound that comes from this place, a sound generated by the non-humanoid machines. These are manned, so to speak, by humanoid machines. The close observer would, however, have a hard time telling which was manipulating which; the humanoids work the knobs and levers (and thereby persuade themselves that they are, to the accompaniment of noises like those of a dying brontosaurus, racing-car drivers, hockey stars, lovers, ace pilots, and so forth); the non-humanoid machines, however, work the others' wallets.

Concerning these patrons it is difficult to generalize, but the average pinballer has his facial features huddled together in a grey clot. His eyes are lustreless and positioned extremely close; they are, indeed, situated where most folk are accustomed to wear their spectacle nose-piece dimples. His forehead is low and sloping, giving his face a streamlined effect, like that of a rock-bass. His jaw is slack, his mouth in a moist O of pongid concentration, except when he manages to score a point, light a light, ring a little bell. At such times a fleeting and patulous smile overspreads his features. On either cheek there is a hectic flush the size of a quarter.

The proprietress now and then makes her way among the din and smoke and stench and packed bodies, leisurely wiping from the machines' upper surfaces copious accumulations of saliva.

Now, I have called the S.P.C.A. and called them, to no avail. Always there are excuses, prior commitments, delays. I have called the Edmonton Home for the Severely Bemused. Always there are excuses, prior commitments, delays. Oh, they are always very nice, very polite, and they apologize effusively for their inaction. Soon, they tell me — soon some men will come and take these arcade denizens, and either put them out of their misery or put them somewhere remote. Soon. But it will not be soon, because I just happen to know that a jurisdictional dispute is raging over my head, and has raged, for a full year. And

no settlement in sight. The Home for the Bemused claims these individuals, and the right to take them away, on the dubious argument that they are human. Behold, they say: upright stance, opposable thumbs — obviously human, just severely bemused. The S.P.C.A. counters this flimsy contention with more pertinent data. Behold, they say: slouching walk, knuckles grazing the floor, intelligence quotients in the minus 30's, excessive drooling, pronounced supraorbital ridges — obviously simian, or proto-simian, and thus ours to do with as we will. So, although the S.P.C.A. would seem to have much the stronger claim, the two agencies remain in a deadlock, and both have refused arbitration. So there is where the matter rests, and will. Stalemate.

But that is where my new flamethrower comes in. I have a plan, one so daringly simple that it is bound to succeed. One fine afternoon, very soon, I will simply enter the arcade, trying to look as inconspicuous as possible in my bright saffron Krishna robes and with my head shaved and with various sacred pigmentations on my face and shouldering Old Betsey (that is that I call my new flamethrower — "Old Betsey"). I loiter, attracting no particular attention. I am nonchalant. Slowly I work my way to the back of the arcade. My eyes will probably sting from the smoke and reek, but I will not falter. Near the back, I plant my feet firmly, click off Old Betsey's safety, disengage the triplicate seer guard mechanism, and take a firm turn on the lanyard. A deep breath, and I am ready.

FFFFF-
FOOOOOOSSSSSSSHHHHHHHH.
And it's over before anyone realizes what has occurred.

Peace. A roomful of cinders. The odd spark.

"But," you will likely say, "isn't that rather an extreme measure? Perhaps it isn't technically illegal — but is it just? Isn't your plan a bit, well, harsh? Can't you find it in your heart — especially at this time of year — to be a little more tolerant, understanding, sympathetic? Can't you see that these young individuals — really they don't drool all that much — are simply seeking a brief respite from the rigors of study, and that this recreation, harmless to others, is beneficial to them? Aren't we all just plan, fallible human beings, just trying to get through life as best we may? Can't you see this tiny arcade world as a microcosm of your own larger one, which these young people are so very soon to enter — a world of action, conflict, heartache, triumph, tears and laughter? Can't you be just a little more indulgent, realizing that all men regardless of posture and gait are brothers, just a little more merciful? Can't you put yourself in their place? Can't you? Well?.....
.....Hello?



Calling at night can save you money. © Trans-Canada Telephone System