



However, Cassidy's problems as a new leader are considerable. To begin with he entered the race with the support of a mere three of 33 caucus members, while Ian Deans had 17 and Mike Breaugh had 7.

In addition Cassidy had the least labour support. This is crucial at a time when the NDP and labour are not exactly bedfellows.

A "grassroots" victory it was and for this Cassidy deserves credit. But the fact of the matter is that in representative democracy he will have to tone down his arrogant and abrasive character if he is to jive with the big guns of the party. His intellect and ambition should enable him to solidify his support.

What remains to be seen is whether this new shift towards socialism, reflected in the new leader, can overcome the conservative mood of Ontario



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laste quencher

In this overall economic strategy a resolution was overwhelmingly passed calling for public ownership of the resource operations of INCO, Falconbridge, Rio Algoma and Denison mines.

The delegates reaffirmed the party's controversial stand in support of a \$4 hourly minimum wage, establishing a formula by which it would increase in step with the provincial composite wage index.

The leadership race was won by Michael Cassidy despite the fact that he is least photogenic, furthest from the realm of charisma and pin-stripe suits. But then that seems to have been what the majority of delegates wanted in the final analysis.

Of the three candidates, Cassidy was certainly the most "policied" man, who talked the kind of economics that the "grass-roots" delegates wanted to hear.

More important, Cassidy, the most left-wing of the candidates, was a reflection of the new socialist turn in the NDP.

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By D. Ian McLeod

When faced with the terror of a Canadian blizzard, one is reminded of those Reader's Digest articles (you know the type): I Was Chased By a Bull and Met God, or High Tension at Rapid Creek.

I feel that Five Hours on the TTC would make an equally gripping tale.

There we were, a group of weary travellers — cold, starving, many of us breaking out in running sores (well, not quite, but I believe that high drama is the spice of life). In any case, things seemd quite hopeless as we waited for a bus that would perhaps never arrive. I held a secret envelope of Lipton Cup-A-Soup to my breast, praying that the smell wouldn't give me away. I was reminded of that nurse up north somewhere who, upon dying in the snow, was whipped up into some kind of Stroganoff before you could say 'Jack Rabbit' (in absence of same).

Thinking retrospectively, I don't know what I thought was the value of freeze-dried chicken-flavoured powder, sucked from a foil pouch, in the middle of a hurricane, but such are the indiscretions of the artist during times of stress.

Looking to the glorious 'Fine Arts Building', I noticed to my horror that it seemed to be falling over (but of course, it always does.)

Some comfort was derived when, inspired by the sight of a nearby Canadian flag, I led the gang in a few choruses of 'My Eyes Are Dim', an old favourite from Camp Kawabi. I will admit that it did little for one girl, who feeling nothing from the thighs down, was contemplating a life selling pencils at Bloor and Bay. I told her reassuringly that Reitman's was having a sale on half-slips. She was not amused.

With my love of the exotic, I am saddened to say that we were all saved. I would have preferred to say that we were all picked up by a police helicopter, and whisked off to the Ramada Inn for an all expense paid period of health restoring Saunas and Eucalyptus whirlpool treatments. But such is not the case in a city where Tupperware Parties and Fabricland discount sales arouse more attention than the plaintive moans of we, 'seven students in search of an ambulance'.

Study hard and make your mothers proud. I sign off tearfully,

(P.S. "Who is Carmelita Pope, anyway?")

D. Ian McLeod.