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All Students Welcome!

Joe Polonsky

I prefer the dating game

Those of you, who have in your day, grooved to television game shows, probably are of the consensus that Monty Hall's "Let's Make A Deal" is the most crass, vulgar and/or repulsive offering of the entire genre. Well, my friends if this is indeed your belief, you, are obviously only a quasi-game show fanatic. Just a few years ago there was an afternoon program, which by comparison in the category of repulsion, makes Let's Make A Deal appear as refined an offering as a session with the Galloping Gourmet. The host of the proceedings was Jack Bailey with the proceedings themselves being entitled "Queen for a Day".

Every afternoon at 4 p.m. Thunder Bay time, four women would come on the show and compete for prizes on the basis of which one of the women could move the audience to the greatest ovation. The audience would be so moved by the four women relating to the viewers, a personal tragedy each one had recently suffered. A typical case was a Mrs. Sarah Birmingham who told the sad tale of how her husband had been shot in the back by an ardent group of gangsters, of her son having caught a bad case of scurvy, and of her daughter who after having been locked in the family's ice box for six days, paraded around the house convinced she was Joan of Arc.

Well, Mrs. Birmingham narrowly beat out a Mrs. Cohen whose grandmother had been kidnapped by the Klu Klux Klan. And for her efforts, the lucky Mrs. Birmingham won a trip for two to Vegas on TWA, a set of golf clubs for her son, and \$300 of the latest fashions from Paris for her daughter. This is of course ignoring the biggest thrill of all, a chance to come back and compete for the real 'bigees' on "Queen for a Fortnight".

viewing pleasure I had the opportunity to see a live taping of Queen for a Day being acted out in my urban sociology tutorial. The tutorial, whose constituent members' fathers are probably for the most part \$20,000-a-year men, played host to three women from \$20,000-a-year men, played host to three women from

"The Just Society".

The Just Society is a group of Toronto poor people who are trying to organize themselves in an effort to try and improve their somewhat dismal lot. Our urban sociology tutorial members, being very moral people, are naturally very concerned about poverty and decided to see some up close for the afternoon. So for two hours we proceeded to talk about poverty and after the show was over we all went down to the cafeteria and bought lunch for the poor people. We just did not think we could afford to send them all to Vegas for a week.

I'm trying to apply a little self analysis as an explanation for my hostility towards that afternoon's proceedings, I have decided somewhat inconclusively that either (a) I was upset at feeling like a freak who could afford to sit in York University and spout such inquiries as "Have you ever thought of socialism?" to a woman whose husband is on skid row, or (b) I was simply upset at this intrusion of poverty in my daily schedule and guilty at how I could sit in splendor while people were fighting for their next meal.

Whatever the case, my advice to moral students is if you want to see poor people, there are better places to see them than at York University. And I think my advice to myself is that one of the more nagging queries of mankind. "To help or not to help, that is the question." And if you decide to help, I am afraid you will have to go down to Cabbage Town. Cabbage Town cannot come up to you!

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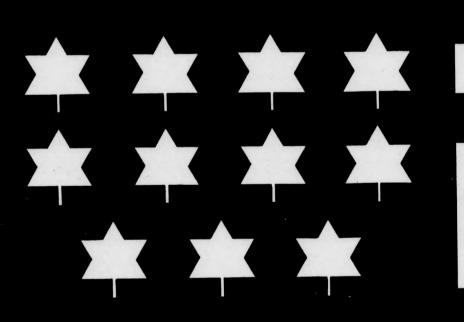
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