

Morning air was crisp as Fiji arrive at the 100 mile point.



Photo essay
by
Jack Dobbs



Rollie Cook - only 84 miles left

fiji for winnie

Saturday morning at 5:00 a.m. 16 not quite yet awake fellows boarded a bus at the campus bound for a desolate point on Highway 2 near Red Deer. Determination was the key to success for those that ran 100 miles in relay form, to raise money for the Winnifred Stewart School for Retarded Children, the first time a project of this kind has every attempted.

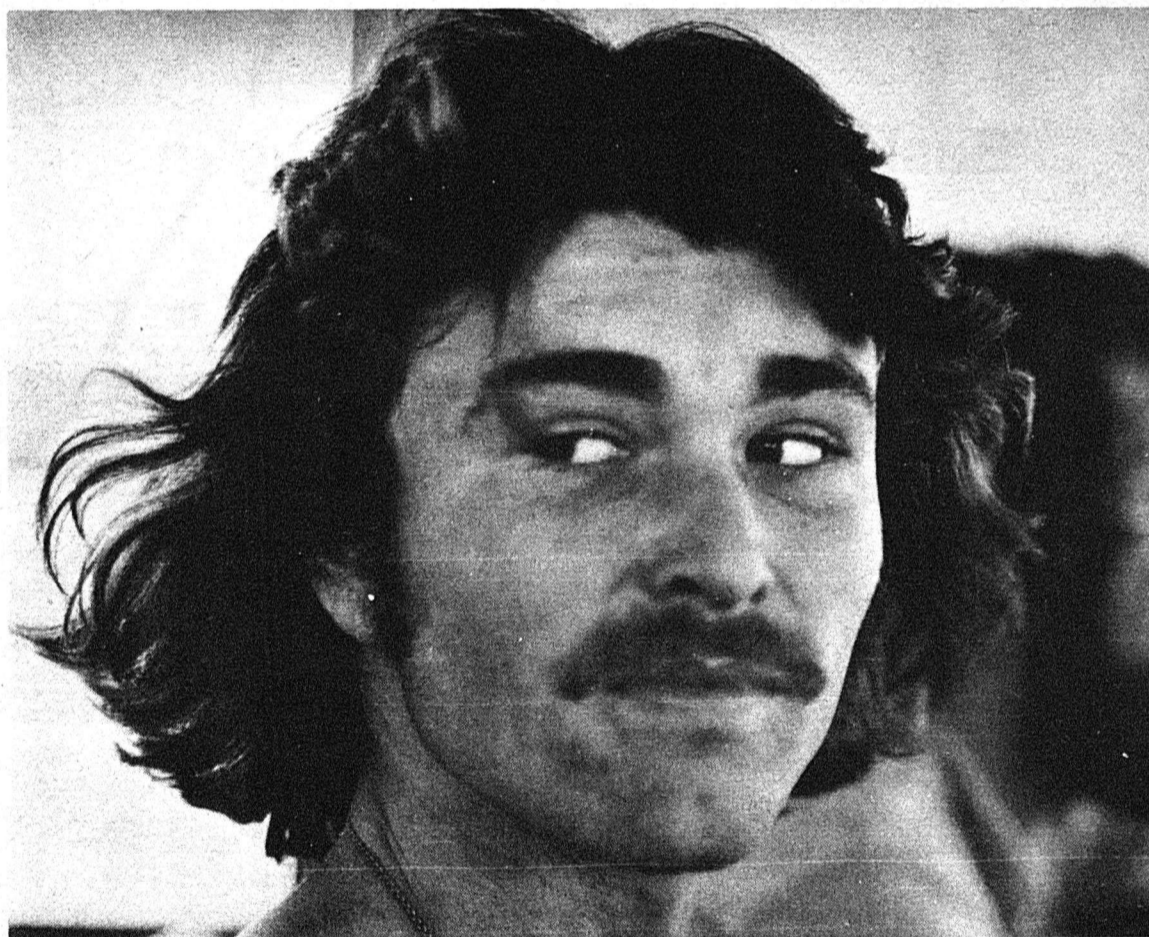
But according to Jack Dobbs, a Pledge of the fraternity, it has been decided to make this an annual event. The funds raised will be given to a different charitable organization each year.

"Rollie Cook, the organizer of the run said that approximately \$500.00 is hoped to have been collected."

The run was completed in just over twelve hours.



7:00 a.m. near Red Deer.



"That was an easy 4 miles" - Barry Sutherby.

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chandeliers made out of plastic wagon wheels, the lurid blow-up photographs of giant illuminated hotdogs, suspended over the counter like off-colour Zeppelins, the ghostly unctuous menus that assail you with their lush prose, in which the meals are not described but eulogized. . . It is a prose both seductive and vacuous, a blend of hypnotist's patter and subliminal propaganda as it was foreseen - or more accurately, simply "seen" - in *Brave New World* and *1984*. "A generous helping of crispy apple pie topped with a delicious blend of our own

. . . " If a real person serving at table in a house said something like that about her own cooking (and feminists may note the reactionary implication of that sentence if it amuses them), we should think her an offensive fool, but when the Benevolent Menu says it we smile gratefully and pay up. An entire continent - and it is not the only one - is filled with the sounds and signs of a personal language that speaks out of an uninhabited vacuum. It is a giant illusion, a pathetic pretence: there is nobody there.

It would be nice to think that we *all*, really, prefer our restaurants to be soberly utilitarian: plain, clean, and quiet. It seems obvious that we would *all* think money better spent on good food rather than on tired,

ugly, Disneyland decor. But the Madison Avenue mentality takes a vulgarly cynical view of human nature, and proceeds to mold us in that image. We are children who must be spoilt by spectacle, or else dull brute beasts who can only be roused to buy if the right stimuli are applied. Darwin's contemporaries were profoundly shocked at the suggestion that they were descended from the apes, but had they had the gift of seeing into the future they might have considered themselves relatively flattered. We in the 20th century, after all, cannot but reflect that descent from one of Mr. Pavlov's dogs seems, on the whole, a far more likely proposition. From bells to Muzak: there's progress for you.