



THE MAN

... with the message

ada, not in terms of individual provinces or regions.

In the future, the idea of realignment could be an aid to attaining strong government but, presently, politics are not ready for change. If the need for realignment becomes necessary parties will adopt this change. It will evolve, rather than happen but won't come as a result of publishing of one book, even though it is written by Premier Manning.

The Social Credit leader did not agree with Premier Manning's claim that the Progressive Conservative party of Canada should become the effective vehicle for the meaningful reorganization of federal politics. Mr. Scoville agreed that there was a need

"There is not a high degree of political awareness in this country. It is in the interests of political Conservatives and Liberals not to have too much political interest because that would produce questioning which would require change."

for political realignment but noted that the record of the Progressive party has been rather poor. Conservative MPs have been guilty of despicable action. They have placed party loyalty above loyalty to constituents and probably themselves.

"These are not the kind of people that I would choose to lead a nation in the pursuit of ideals," Mr. Scoville pointed out. "I think Premier Man-

ning dismisses the Liberal party rather prematurely. Many Liberals support the ideals stated in Premier Manning's book. The PC party may be successful if it was completely revamped but I suggest that the Liberal party not be dismissed as an alternative vehicle for the realization of Social Conservative ideals."

"Manning is unrealistic about the nature of Canadian politics since he wants the Conservative party as opposed to the Liberal party," said Gerry Ohlsen. "Premier Manning's Social Conservative party is the conservative position dressed up in humanitarian terms to make it more palatable. It is not practical. The two party system would not function successfully in Canada because of regional differences and further profound disagreements about general policy. There is sufficient political disagreement to require at least three parties to articulate successfully. Each party is a consensus rather than a missionary party. It is this center consensus that the bulk of Canadians support. While there may be some polarization developing among the major parties, each continues to accommodate several points of view within its structure and they must do this to survive. The majority of Canadian political parties are not about to reorientate themselves."

## Bummer's . . .

By RICH VIVONE

According to the standards and values of the place where he lives which is Earth, Bummer was stupid. Not psychologically stupid or naturally stupid but just plain honest-to-goodness stupid. He liked being that way because every time he did something odd his friends, between beers, said Bummer couldn't help himself.

It wasn't his fault—he just didn't know any better.

Bummer, in his infinite stupidity, was predictable in one way. He never told anyone where he was going and he never asked anyone to ask him what he was doing or going to do.

Last week, Bummer was downtown at Mike's News Stand thumbing through the magazines. He always read the high priced ones because it looked better. Only dopes would stand around reading sports books, Bummer liked to say. They don't cost much.

This day, Bummer had his nose stuck in Maclean's magazine and was reading a piece about Canadian universities and how good or bad they were.

"That place up there over the river good for learnin' things?" he said as a student walked by with books hanging out of every pocket. "This book says it only rates three stars and the school at Toronto gets five. How come? You guys stupid too?" he said unsmoothly and unsympathetically.

"It even says here that the University of Brit-tish Col-um-bi-a has three stars too. How 'bout that, huh. We're as stupid as them," he said having great difficulty pronouncing the name of that province.

Bummer seemed to understand when

the other party offered no defence. So he put the book back on the shelf and simply shook his head. He left.

It was a few days before Bummer showed up in Mike's again. He was lost in a sport book.

"Where you been," a friend, who was a regular browser also, asked. Bummer didn't look up from his magazine. It was his polite way of ignoring a guy. Finally, he gave up and readied himself for the conversation.

"I been trying to smarten up 'cause everybody says I'm so stupid but I think I want to stay this way. At last I know where I stand," Bummer said in a state of utter and complete frustration. He was very upset about something.

"Pucker up, Bummer," the friend said. "It can't be all that bad."

"Okay. You asked for it. You want to know where I been and I'll tell you. No guff now," he said dropping the magazine back on the radiator where he had originally picked it up.

"A magazine said this school across the bridge was not so good. So I went to find out. After all, some guy from there may be prime minister one day and I want to know who I vote for. It's a guy's duty, you know."

"So, I went to the Van instead 'cause they're supposed to be the same and I wanted my survey to be objective. You gotta be objective, you know," Bummer emphasized as the butt in his mouth dripped ashes on the floor.

"I picked up a ride and went over the hills. You can see the hills from Calgary," Bummer said. He had been indulging in geography.

## . . . education

Bummer went to Vancouver to visit UBC. He wanted to see how the students got smart. The shock of learning what students were not learning almost made him more stupid.

Bummer, in spite of his lack of intelligence which IQ tests proved he did have, easily snuck into a class which turned out to be a fourth year geography lecture. He felt he was grossly overmatched but was afraid to leave because someone might think he was not supposed to be there.

He sat near one aisle and was amazed to see a grey bearded gent at the front pass out pieces of paper and issue strict instructions.

"Please sketch a map of Canada on this paper," the instructor said, "and name the provinces, any capital cities you can remember, the larger lakes and rivers and include the boundaries of each province. You have 20 minutes. Start any time."

Bummer was overcome by a streak of ineptness. But he gave it a shot anyway and when he was finished, took great pains to stroke 'Bummer Jones' neatly on one corner. He did not want to put his correct name on because he was not sure all his answers were right.

Bummer went to the next class and was surprised to see the grey beard gent angry. "He went goofy," explained Bummer. "I thought maybe I didn't do a good job."

The prof went to the board with four sheets of paper in his hand and elaborately traced the contents of each on a separate board. Bummer looked them all over when the prof was finished and didn't recognize his work on any. But they all looked so different and he couldn't tell for sure.

The prof went to the first board on the left. He pointed out that Ottawa was not in Manitoba, Winnipeg was not a province and Nova Scotia was not an island.

Bummer beamed. He knew one of those was wrong for sure.

The next board was different. The prof showed the student had labelled Newfoundland as 'Labrador', indicated Toronto was not in Northern Ontario and that Lake Superior was not south of London, Ontario.

The third board had a map saying there were just two prairie provinces and the third province which the student knew was there had a question mark. He wrote Calgary somewhere between Saskatoon and Regina and had Keewatin instead of North West Territories which he spelled incorrectly.

The last board showed Victoria Island off the coast of British Columbia, Saskatchewan misspelled, two separate provinces in Ontario, Niagara Falls which he thought was a capital of somewhere in Quebec and Baffin Island where Newfoundland should be. The Grand Banks were south of Nova Scotia.

"Mine wasn't like any of those," Bummer was saying dejectedly.

"And that guy with the beard said those were the best of the lot. From now on, I'm sticking to sports books."

And Bummer strode out the door into the Fall sunshine of Jasper Avenue secure with the knowledge that he really was stupid and that the people he would vote for were fit for office.

The guy thought Bummer was being just Bummer until he saw the results of that test splashed across the front page of the Toronto Globe and Mail.