FRIDAY NOVEMBER 27, 1970

A Bounty of Boots

Certificate Not Enough at Ryerson

Ryerson Polytechnical Institute graduates must go to the United States to obtain full credit for their studies because they still have second class status in the eyes of Canadian universities.

This long standing grievance surfaced Thursday night (Nov. 12) during Ryerson's presentation to the Commission on Post-secondary Education. The Ryerson brief asked for degree-granting authority.

Ryerson President Donald iev-Mordell said that some Canadian universities equate three years at Ryerson with just one of their own, in contrast to the policy of some reputable American universities.

The Ryerson graduate seeking more education than Ryerson can now provide is now forced to go either to the U.S. for one year or spend two or three years at a Canadian university at the taxpayer's expense "to get that piece of paper which seems to be thought so valuable," he said.

When NDP deputy leader Walter Pitman said the Ryerson proposals would just produce another "piece of paper," he was applauded by Mordell and his delegation.

"Get rid of the BA and the MA and instead show a potential employer a transcript of what the student has learned and done on his own," Pitman urged.

Mordell said he accepted the need for a "piece of paper" only as a given condition of the present system and said the public is very uncritical of what a degree means.

The classis university still operates on a model formed for a minority of privileged people but it is not what people want now, Mordell said.

At the moment, the Ryerson brief said, the cost to the taxpayer of a Ryerson diploma is about half that of a university degree in engineering, business and some of the applied arts.

This can be accounted for in part because Ryerson instructors are required to spend almost twice as much time in the classroom as their "publish-or-perish" counterparts in universities. BRUNSWICKAN - 7

Gary Constantine

York sat on his lumpy toadstool contemplating the future of some of the things he had been told about and was slowly realizing that it all didn't matter because in a few days the toadstool would rot and he would fall off and that would be the end of it. As all these complex thoughts passed through his none to complex brain he realized that Qwark was once again picking his nose and trying to form modern art out of it. That really bothered York because Qwark always left it on his toadstool to dry or put it in his pocket to take home. Either way it was messy to handle and anyways York didn't care much for Qwark's art. "York?"

York & Qwark

"What? "

"I can't get my finger out of my nose."

"Oh, for Christs sake. How many times have I told you not to put your finger in past the second ; knuckle

"Well it just slid in and before I knew it I couldn't get it out."

"HELP"

"Shut up before I break your neck.

York, please help me get this thing out of my nose. I'm going to sneeze."

"God no, the last time you sneezed with your finger in your nose it took me two days to dig your fingernail out of my ear! "

York moved his little square buns as fast as he could but it wasn't fastlenough ---

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Soft pieces of rotting toadstool flew through the air and several pieces struck York in the face forcing its way up his nose.

"Qwark, you stupid". He was stopped short by Qwark who had landed on him. "Qwark you stupid, diddling ass, I told you not to sneeze."

I couldn't help it morgled Qwark. I tried to pull it free at the last minute but it just wouldn't come." York tried to blow his nose. "I can't get this toadstool out and it feels awful stuck way up there in my nose, and, MY GOD, I'VE GOT ANOTHER FINGER-NAIL IN MY EARLILL.

Qwark was up and running, his stubby little legs beating the turf for all he was worth. "I'm sorry he screamed as he ran through the mushrooms.

27, 1970

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"Something has got to be done. Something has got to be done. I can't take this any longer. I spend days looking for a suitable place to sit and meditate and Qwark always destroys it in one way or another".

"That fingernail in my ear is killing me".

York sat on his toadstool picking his nose and trying for all he was worth to get the rotten toadstool out of his nose when it happened. He got his index finger past the second knuckle"Oh no;" he moaned, "this can't happen to me. York pulled and tugged, moaned and groaned and then he fletit., the biggest sneeze he had ever felt in his life building up inside his pear shaped head. Qwark! 1, H-E-L-PI I I I I I

Join us next week for more adventures of Qwark and York, when we meet the Arkans on the island of FOOOOOOTOOOO.