

# the Northern Light



## Wonderful things inside



### THIRD WORLD FILM SERIES AT ALGOMA COLLEGE

# FILMS

for

FREE  
FREE  
FREE

The Political Science and Sociology Departments of Algoma College are cooperating in bringing a remarkable series of award-winning films to Sault Ste. Marie. These films, never before shown in the normal commercial movie-house circuit, are now available to local audiences for the first time.

The series, IMPERIALISM AND UNDERDEVELOPMENT: THE LATIN AMERICAN CASE, consists of six films. Each and everyone of these movies is an aesthetic and intellectual "tour de force". They are a graphic delineation of the social and political realities of the system of imperialism and of its consequences.

No one with an interest in the intense conflicts, struggles, and social upheavals occurring in the contemporary world can afford to miss this sequence of powerful films.

The movies will be shown in Shingwauk Hall on the Algoma College campus. They are all open to the general public and there is no admission charge.

The titles, dates of showing, and a short description of each follow:

## II BLOOD OF THE CONDOR

Winner of three international awards including the famous "Golden Lion" at the Venice Film Festival.

This film deals with the exploitation of Bolivian Indians. More than merely illustrating misery, the movie also constitutes an indictment of the power structures which create and maintain the systematic development of poverty and hunger.

Show Times: Wednesday, January 10th, 1:30 p.m.  
Sunday, January 14th, 8:00 p.m.

## The Sanctity of PROFITS

Rosalie Gardezi

The U.S. election is over. Women's latest attempt to achieve some of their basic human rights, which are long overdue, went down to defeat. Michigan's bill to legalize abortion was defeated although experts had predicted that it would easily pass. The reason for this outcome is fairly obvious. Groups who claim to be defending the rights of the unborn have been conducting a massive, misleading and dishonest advertising campaign designed to influence people's emotions as opposed to reason. While we in Sault, Ontario received our fair share of this propaganda, thanks to the co-operation of our local T.V. network, Michigan residents received the full dose. Some examples are posters showing babies in trashcans, ads with day old embryos being portrayed as rational beings giving a week by week account of their development, and of course, the famous T.V. commercial showing a four month old fetus and declaring that the human heart starts beating 21 days after conception and continues to beat until someone stops it complete with a "heartbeat" in the background. One ad showed men stopping people on the streets to give them this information. From the ads it looked like the Michigan voters were being constantly harassed. It must have taken people with either very strong convictions or personal experience to have voted in favour of the proposal after that kind of bombardment.

I stated that this campaign was misleading and dishonest, deliberately designed to play on the emotions of people. One example is the absurd ad in the form of a diary with an unborn child giving a week by week report from the day of conception. Among other things the fetus tells how he is looking forward to being held by his mother and wonders if his mother loves him. It ends with the fetus declaring eleven weeks later "Today my mother killed me!" The whole thing is completely irrational but the emotional appeal is overwhelming. The most unscrupulous ad of all and one

which I think was primarily responsible for the defeat of the bill was the T.V. commercial showing a fetus at least four months old and declaring that the heart starts beating 21 days after conception. A person uneducated in embryology and physiology may well have thought that the picture on the screen was that of a 21 day old fetus. At 21 days the human fetus is about

1/4 inch long and can not be distinguished by a layman from that of any other animal. The "heart" at this point is the size of a pinhead. Scientists have painstakingly discovered with the aid of powerful microscopes that after 35 days the heart is transformed from a two-chambered organ to a four-chambered organ. At this point the heart has only begun to develop in a fetus 1/2 inch long. It has been postulated that the heart begins to pulsate after 28 days, but it is not co-ordinated and no true circulation exists at that point. From the T.V. commercial it appeared that the heartbeat is regular and is pumping blood through the veins of the already perfectly formed fetus.

The vested interests through their shamelse shameless tactics have temporarily succeeded in preventing women from receiving legal abortions in Michigan. Ironically they have not succeeded in saving the unborn but only in condemning more young women to early deaths and unbearable suffering, particularly in the low income groups. Middle class women can go to New York and about 9,000 went from Michga 9,000 went from Michigan last year. They have failed to prevent abortions, because they have not changed the basic reasons for them. They have done nothing to help women economically so they can provide for their children. They have not established any day care centers so that having another child would not be such a psychological or physical burden. Nor have they supported realistic sex education in the schools

to prevent unwanted pregnancies among teenagers which are occurring in increasing numbers. ("More teenagers Pregnant in city high schools". Sault Star Nov. 8) What kind of sadism is it to force a fourteen year old girl to have a baby and then leave her in the limbo?

One wonders at the staggering cost of such a wide-scale and slick advertising campaign. An estimate of several million dollars would be conservative. Obviously it was in the vested interests of some segment of the society to prevent women from having legal access to abortions. It's hard to believe that all this was done from religious convictions alone. Perhaps the answer lies in asking oneself, who profits from a high birth rate? The list is endless. In addition to the medical profession and pharmaceutical firms, there are all kinds of manufacturers from baby powder to breakfast cereals who have been going into a panic because the birth rate is declining. My guess is that this campaign has been financed not mainly by the people whose primary concern was for unborn children, but by those who's concern is for maintaining an expanding market for their products.

It is too bad that those who have befriended the unborn are not as concerned about those who have already been born. I can't help thinking how all that money could have been used to give underprivileged children adequate food, clothing and health care.

While I saw all these ads against the proposal to legalize abortion, I never saw one in favor. The women who worked for the proposal evidently did not have the kind of money and power that the men who were against it had at their disposal. This poses an interesting question for the democratic system. How can a country remain democratic if the rich and the powerful unscrupulously use the means at their disposal to coerce the minds and the wills of the people for their own interests?



III THE JACKAL

Prize winner at three international film festivals including the Berlin Film Festival.

This film is an incredibly realistic re-enactment of a famous Chilean murder case. The movie reveals the social conditions which led to the tragedy and condemns the judicial system as "an apologist for an ugly social reality".

In addition, a brilliant short dealing with 1970 Chilean elections will be shown.

Show Times: Wednesday, February 7th, 1:30 p.m.  
Sunday, February 11th, 8:00 p.m.

IV VALPARAISO MI AMOR

Dealing with the theme of unemployment, this film shows the disintegration of a Chilean family when the husband and father loses his job. A movie with a universally important story, it is not to be missed.

Show Times: Wednesday, March 7th, 1:30 p.m.  
Sunday, March 11th, 8:00 p.m.

V MEXICO: THE FROZEN REVOLUTION  
BRAZIL: NO TIME FOR TEARS

This "double bill" brings in a moving and significant indictment of the current situation in Mexico and Brazil.

The Mexican film is a winner of five international awards including First Prize at the Mannheim International Film Festival. An important film.

The Brazilian film is an emotionally draining series of interviews with nine recently released political prisoners intercut with demonstrations of the methods of police torture.

Show Times: Wednesday, April 4th, 1:30 p.m.  
Sunday, April 8th, 8:00 p.m.

## letters

Dear Editor:

I will gladly face Goliath, but what do I use for a sling-shot? The editorial of the Nov. 1st issue of the Northern Light states that:

"Algoma now seems in the position of David facing Goliath- the giant is determined to have his way, and the time has come to fight for what is ours."

I am certain that few students at this institution know how to go about "fighting for what is ours." Does the concerned student approach Academic Council for support? Not unless he or she has a copy of Robert's Rules, and is in no hurry to have Algoma obtain its independence. Does the student then approach the Board of Governors of Algoma College? Not unless he or she is interested in hearing of the exploits of a humble group, which has developed Algoma to its present stage and is content to proceed slowly (if at all).

Does the student seek assistance from the faculty? Not unless the pedant realizes that the faculty (through no fault of its own) has little or no influence in such matters, and thus is unable to battle without further support. Concerned students, don't dismay, for Mr. Gatien (Laurentian Student) has supplied us with the ultimate solution. We must "mandate students council to organize and fight the oppression Universite Laurentienne" Unfortunately, we must reject this solution, for no individual has a functional organize students council members.

It would seem that ultimately the fate of Algoma College rests in the hands of its students and faculty, and in the hands of Sault Ste. Marie I believe that any serious attempt to free Algoma from Laurentian's chains must be made with the support of the entire community. Therefore, it would seem that the first step toward freedom lies in the educating of the general public, in regards to

Algoma's position.

As I feel that this issue of independence is vital to the existence of Algoma College, and the key to the development of school spirit, I suggest that the Northern Light outline a plan (or plans) by which Algoma may fight for its life. I would also suggest that the Northern Light invite the comments and support of the student body, faculty, and community in the development and presentation of such plans. I am certain that there are many individuals within and without the academic community who would be willing to devote themselves to so worthy a cause.

Yours against Laurentian,  
Ken Davies.

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading a copy of your newspaper dated Oct. 18, 1972. Most of the paper contained interesting readings with constructive material presented to benefit the reader. However, certain parts of the paper were offensive to me because the articles contained filth and smut that served absolutely no purpose but to prove that you have the right to print filth and smut.

Specifically: Page 5 contains an article headlined- DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE but obviously not properly headlined and, most obviously, UNSIGNED so that no one could tell where the story really came from. This article, intended to be humorous, was printed mainly to exploit the use of four letter words that would not be used in better newspapers. This article shows me that your Editorial staff must be hard up for articles that are constructive and you therefore must resort to the use of filth to show all your readers your Editorial rights.

Also, on Page 6, an article entitled YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT contains Paragraph 4 that encourages all male readers to attend a show where an opportunity to "RAPE"

### I AM PROUD TO BE A LEFTIST

I am proud to be a leftist,  
Becos of the beauty of our kind, the majesty of our stance, far horizons of our reach, the sweep of our so-called propaganda, the abundance of our minds, the sparkle of our souls... even the forbidding barrens of the times.

I am proud to be a leftist  
Becos of the rich diversity of our people. We are not a melting pot, but a unique union of minorities; each of us proud of his origins but prouder still to be a leftist.

I am proud to be a leftist  
Becos we are a faction - woven thru the fabric- and enriching all minds we reach All united in praise of the true left, strong and free!

I am proud to be a leftist  
Becos our wing was not born in nor does it live in jealousy.  
We labour no hate, we covet no territory, we envy no other faction.

I am proud to be a leftist  
Becos in the left wing the operative word is tomorrow not yesterday  
Our greatness rests not only in our history But in our future  
Our destiny has yet to be fashioned.

I am proud to be a leftist  
Becos my pride in the left wing does not Cause me to respect other factions less, I am a leftist, yes, I am also a citizen of the planet earth and a brother of every other man.

( parody from " I am proud to be a Canadian" )

your favourite female will be available. I hope that this is some form of talk that only College Students understand or I would seriously reconsider sending any member of my family to ALGOMA COLLEGE.

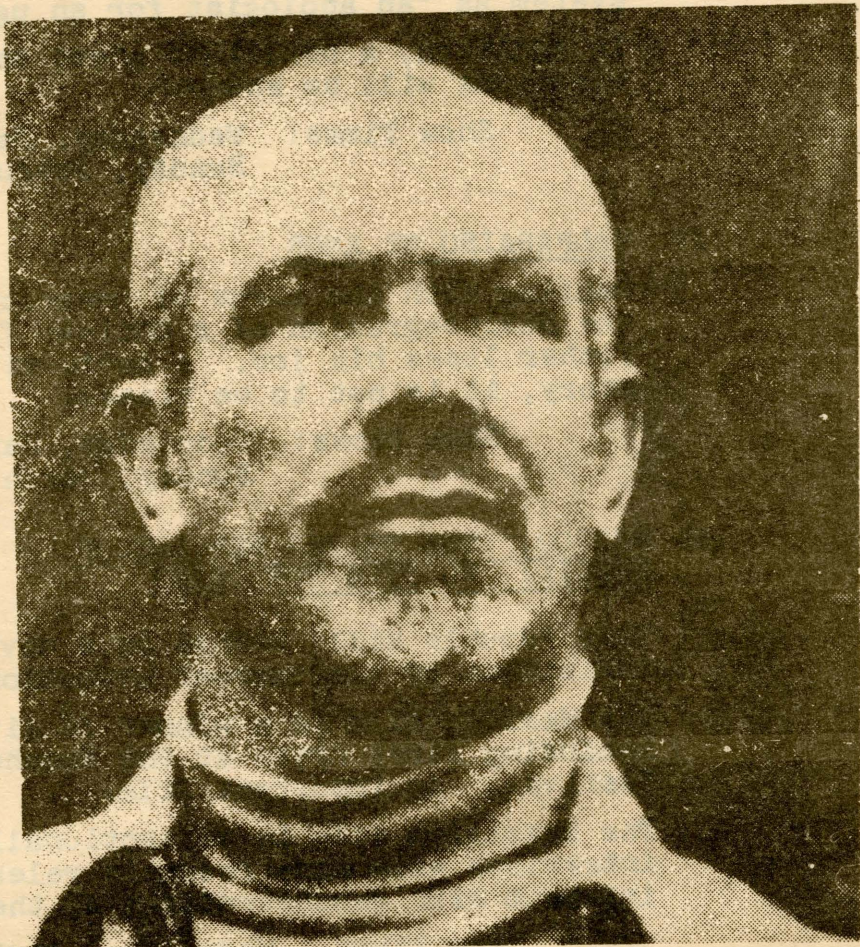
Common everyday talk of students is filthy enough without printing it in a newspaper that can influence their thinking to justify its use.

Don Edwards.



# These men make the wounds

## Norman Bethune



The following manuscript was written by Norman Bethune shortly before his death from blood poisoning in November 1939. Together with a short list of instructions for his replacement it was the only document Bethune asked to be passed on.

"Everything I have to say," he assured those close to him, "is in them."

The kerosene lamp overhead makes a steady buzzing sound like an incandescent hive of bees. Mud walls. Mud floor. Mud bed. White paper windows. Smell of blood and chloroform. Cold. Three o'clock in the morning, 1 December, North China, near Lin Chu, with the Eighth Route Army.

Men with wounds.

Wounds like little dried pools, caked with black-brown earth; wounds with torn edges frilled with black gangrene; neat wounds, concealing beneath the abscess in their depths, burrowing into and around the great firm muscles like a dammed-back river, running around and between the muscles like a hot stream; wounds, expanding outward, decaying orchids or crushed carnations, terrible flowers of flesh; wounds from which the dark blood is spewed out in clots, mixed with the ominous gas bubbles, floating on the fresh flood of the still-continuing secondary haemorrhage.

Old filthy bandages stuck to the skin with blood-glue. Careful. Better moisten first. Through the thigh. Pick the leg up. Why it's like a big, loose, red stocking. What kind of stocking? A Christmas stocking. Where's that fine, strong rod of bone now? In a dozen pieces. Pick them out with your fingers; white as dog's teeth, sharp and jagged. Now feel. Any more left? Yes, here. All? Yes. No. Here's another piece. Is this muscle dead? Pinch it. Yes, it's dead. Cut it out. How can that heal? How can those muscles, once so strong, now so torn, so devastated, so ruined, resume their proud tension? Pull, relax. Pull, relax. What fun it was! Now that is finished. Now that's done. Now we are destroyed. Now what will we do with ourselves?

Next. What an infant! Seventeen. Shot through the belly. Chloroform. Ready? Gas rushes out of the opened peritoneal cavity. Odour of faeces. Pink coils of distended intestine. Four perforations. Close them. Purse string suture. Sponge out the pelvis. Tube. Three tubes. Hard to close. Keep him warm. How? Dip those bricks into hot water.

Gangrene is a cunning, creeping fellow. Is this one alive? Yes, he lives. Technically speaking, he is alive. Give him saline intravenously. Perhaps the innumerable, tiny cells of his body will remember. They may remember the hot, salty sea, their ancestral home, their first food. With the memory of a million years, they may remember other tides, other oceans and life being born of the sea and sun. It may make them raise their tired little heads, drink deep and struggle back into life again. It may do that.

And this one. Will he run along the road beside his mule at another harvest, with cries of pleasure and happiness? No, that one will never run again. How can you run with one leg? What will he do?

Why, he'll sit and watch other boys run. What will he think? He'll think what you and I would think. What's the good of pity? Don't pity him! Pity would diminish his sacrifice. He did this for the defence of China. Help him in your arms. Why, he's as light as a child! Yes, your child, my child.

How beautiful the body is; how perfect its parts; with what precision it moves; how obedient; proud and strong. How terrible when torn. The little flame of life sinks lower and lower, and, with a flicker, goes out. It goes out like a candle goes out. Quietly and gently. It makes its protest at extinction, then submits. It has its say, then is silent.

Any more? Four Japanese prisoners. Bring them in. In this community of pain, there are no enemies. Cut away that blood-stained uniform. Stop that haemorrhage. Lay them beside the others. Why, they're alike as brothers! Are these soldiers professional man-killers? No, these are amateurs-in-arms. Workman's hands. These are workers-in-uniform.

No more. Six o'clock in the morning. God, it's cold in this room. Open the door. Over the distant, dark-blue mountains, a pale, faint line of light appears in the East. In an hour the sun will be up. To bed and sleep.

But sleep will not come. What is the cause of this cruelty, this stupidity? A million workmen come from Japan to kill or mutilate a million Chinese workmen. Why should the Japanese worker attack his brother worker, who is forced merely to defend himself. Will the Japanese worker benefit by the death of the Chinese? No, how can he gain? Then, in God's name, who will gain? Who is responsible for sending these Japanese workmen on this murderous mission? Who will profit from it? How was it possible to persuade the Japanese workman to attack the Chinese workman—his brother in poverty; his companion in misery?

Is it possible that a few rich men, a small class of men, have persuaded a million poor men to attack, and attempt to destroy, another million men as poor as they? So that the rich may be richer still? Terrible thought! How did they persuade these poor men to come to China? By telling them the truth? No, they would have come if they had known the truth. Did they dare to tell these workmen that the rich only wanted cheaper raw materials, more markets and more profit? No, they told them that this brutal war was 'the Destiny of the Race', it was for the 'Glory of the Emperor', it was for the 'Honour of the State', it was for their 'King and Country'.

False. False as Hell!

The agents of a criminal war of aggression, such as this, must be looked for like the agents of other crimes, such as murder, among those who are likely to benefit from those crimes. Will the eighty million workers of Japan, the poor farmers, the unemployed industrial workers—will they gain? In the entire history of Wars of Aggression, from

### THE REVIEW

the Conquest of Mexico by Spain, the capture of India by England, the rape of Ethiopia by Italy, have the workers of those 'victorious' countries ever been known to benefit? No, these never benefit by such wars.

Does the Japanese workman benefit by the natural resources of even his own country, by the gold, the silver, the iron, the coal, the oil? Long ago he ceased to possess that natural wealth. It belongs to the rich, the ruling class. The millions who work those mines live in poverty. So how is he likely to benefit by the armed robbery of the gold, silver, iron, coal and oil of China? Will not the rich owners of the one retain for their own profit the wealth of the other? Have they not always done so?

It would seem inescapable that the militarists and the capitalists of Japan are the only class likely to gain by this mass murder, this authorized madness. That sanctified butcher; that ruling class, the true State stands accused.

Are wars of aggression, wars for the conquest of colonies, then just Big Business? Yes, it would seem so, however much the perpetrators of such national crimes seek to hide their true purpose under the banners of high-sounding abstractions and ideals. They make war to capture markets by murder; raw materials by rape. They find it cheaper to steal than to exchange; easier to butcher than to buy. This is the secret of all wars. Profit. Business. Profit. Blood money.

Behind all stands that terrible, implacable God of Business and Blood, whose name is Profit. Money, like an insatiable Moloch, demands its interest, its return, and will stop at nothing, not even the murder of millions, to satisfy its greed. Behind the army stand the militarists. Behind the militarists stand finance capital and the capitalist. Brothers in blood; companions in crime.

What do these enemies of the human race look like? Do they wear on their foreheads a sign so that they may be told, shunned and condemned as criminals. No. On the contrary, they are the respectable ones. They are honoured. They call themselves, and are called, gentlemen. What a travesty of the name! Gentlemen! They are the pillars of the State, of the church, of society. They support private and public charity out of the excess of their wealth. They endow institutions. In their private lives they are kind and considerate. They obey the law, their law, the law of property. But there is one sign by which these gentle gunmen can be told. Threaten a reduction in the profit of their money and the beast in them awakes with a snarl. They become as ruthless as savages, brutal as madmen, remorseless as executioners. Such men as these must perish if the human race is to continue. There can be no permanent peace in the world while they live. Such an organization of human society as permits them to exist must be abolished.

These men make the wounds.



## MORE ON KRAFT

In 1904 J.L.Kraft started producing cheese, it still tastes the same, and in fact, there's a possibility that....

The Canadian farmer, in his efforts to obtain collective bargaining rights for himself, has provided the opportunity for each and every Canadian to exercise his power and influence as a consumer.

The Kraft boycott is an attack on corporate monopoly and a fight against the domination of Canada's economy by foreign corporations and for the control of food quality and distribution by these corporations.

In 1966 there were 22,206 dairy farmers in Ontario; by 1971 7,664 of them had been squeezed out of business. In the last two and a half years 44 Canadian co-ops and independent factories were forced to close.

While that was happening, Kraft received a \$250,000 interest free, forgivable loan from the Ontario government to build an addition to its Ingleside, Ontario plant.

Kraft is the 28th largest corporation in North America with sales last year of \$2,751,129,000. The company's net profit in 1971 was \$91,3000,000. The President's salary was \$318,616.

In 1969 Kraft spent \$69 million on advertising. It is the second largest television advertiser in North America. The Canadian farmer's average net income in 1970 was \$3,700. Farm families are being driven off their land at a rate of 1,000 per month.

Did you know that Velveeta cheese is unsaleable, low quality, hard and mould cheese that the public will not buy, and is conditioned, ground, heated and combined with salt, water and an emulsifying agent then poured into packages ready for sale? It is fairly obvious that Mr. \$318,616 is not interested in the quality of his product or the health of his customer.

Because our farmers are without bargaining rights, they must accept whatever they are offered for their products by the marketing boards and corporate businesses.

Ontario dairy farmers must sell their milk through the Ontario Milk Marketing Board (OMMB). Farmers contend that government agencies are

merely vehicles through which corporations are assured of a cheap and steady supply of milk. They are not acting in the interest of the farmers whom they are theoretically supposed to represent.

It is no accident that there is an apparent overlapping in the board of directors of the government agencies and the larger corporations. There is a common member of the boards of both Dominion Dairies and Kraft who represents both on the board of the Milk Industries Foundation and the National Dairy Council.

The OMMB allocated the amount of mild cheese, factories may receive through a quota system introduced in 1969. Each processor was assigned quotas which could be bought and sold, thus encouraging the corporate monopolies to take over small plants.

In Leeds county, near Brockville, Ontario there were once 92 small plants, there are now 2. The Plum Hollow co-op is one.

Local dairy farmers bought Plum Hollow in 1967 and invested \$60,000 to make the plant a paving proposition.



Help make schools  
a more meaningful  
experience

VOTE DR.TASSO

# CHRISTIE

BOARD of EDUCATION

Its location allowed neighbouring farmers to ship milk to the plant

for considerably less than if they shipped to the nearest Kraft factory.

The new quota system limited Plum Hollow to receive 4,000,000 pounds of milk in 1971. Half the amount it processed in 1970. Once the quota was filled, farmers, who are operating under a system that financially penalizes them for producing over their own quotas are required by law to ship their milk elsewhere.

On August 19, 1971 the National Farmers Union called for a boycott of all Kraft products to back farmers call for collective bargaining rights.

The Kraft boycott, then is essentially a power struggle. If it succeeds some power will be taken from the corporation and redistributed into the hands of the small Canadian farmer and consumer. If it fails, the quality of food will continue to deteriorate and prices will continue to rise, with little opposition to corporate power.

## A Communist?

Friendly service from the world's fastest  
take-out Chinese food service:

All in the space of a month we make a hero out of a Communist we ignored for 33 years, reconvene Parliament to end a dock strike barely two weeks old, announce plans to streamline the Prairie economy, and bundle Mitchell Sharp off to Peking to play Mozart on a piano in a department-store window. If we negotiate another wheat deal Canada may yet get a visit from the Chinese hockey team.

For many years now, the memory of Norman Bethune had, to say the least, gone unadorned in the little southern Ontario town of Gravenhurst.

The modest wooden house in which Bethune was born is currently occupied by a Rev. Houston, whose family had grown jittery to find on odd mornings clumps of people in Mao jackets prowling about the bushes and showing up at the front door bearing huge bouquets of flowers. Delegations of ping-pong players would appear requesting to be shown the room where Bethune was born (it is now adorned with a large Fred Flintstone poster belonging to the Houston boy). Rev. Houston was reported eager to sell the house.

Norman Bethune's recognition by the Canadian people may have taken 33 years, but let it never be said that Ottawa drags its heels when Trade and Commerce sees the light. The rehabilitation of Norman

## Well...

Bethune took place on Sunday, September 10 in Gravenhurst, and had all the air of a shotgun wedding.

Mr. Sloane, the church organist, was the MC of the little ceremony (he also runs Sloane's Restaurant); the mayor spoke, the local MP spoke, the local MPP spoke, the man from the Historic Sites Commission spoke. When Ted Allan, co-author of the Bethune Biography *The Scalpel, the Sword* spoke, he embarrassed everyone by pointing out what everyone who spoke before gently omitted—that Dr. Bethune had been a Communist. He said he mentioned this so that "children should not be frightened of these things."

Afterwards, local MP Gordon Aiken hastened to assure a CBC interviewer that he was sure Bethune hadn't really been a Communist, that he joined the party "as his way of expressing opposition to the way things were at the time." Knowing the good burghers of Gravenhurst, we might expect a Norman Bethune Bar and Grill and a Bethune Marineland and Game Farm to spring up sooh.

Claude Balloune  
from *The Last Post*

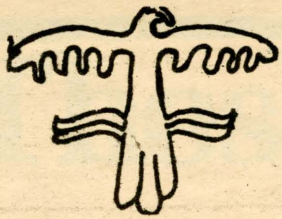
## Scandalous

They tell us about  
the poor in Asia  
They tell us how the  
commies are taking over  
They tell us;  
The blacks are killing  
The pigs are killing  
They don't tell us  
who the killers are  
They don't tell us  
who are gaining by  
exploiting the poverty  
stricken, the working  
poor, and the elderly.  
They don't tell us SO  
DON'T TRUST THEM FOR  
THEY ARE THE TOOLS OF  
THOSE  
\*\*\*\*\*

When will they tell us why the poverty stricken elderly take light bulbs and toilet paper from public washrooms? They don't want to take these things. It is just that they are being deprived of an existence that is available to most everyone else. They are trapped by poverty.

The elderly manage to survive on the little subsistence income they get by "not doing". As one elderly person replied to the question, "How do you manage?" I don't entertain, I don't go out with friends, I don't eat in restaurants, I don't go to movies, I don't buy new clothes, I don't ride the bus or taxis, I don't eat cake I don't eat a lot, I don't take care of my health, like I should, I don't do this I don't do that, you know what I mean. I never have to make the decision between a new pair of shoes and a new dress instead it's a question of a return trip by bus to the supermarket or the quart of milk I would buy when I get there So I must walk- but then I'm trapped by the fear of falling on the slippery sidewalks so I do without my milk."





## SHINGWAWK SPORTS SCENE WITH RANDY GREENE



### VARSIITY "A" HOCKEY:

The Shingwauks remain undefeated atop the Brotherhood Hockey League with two wins and one tie. Wednesday they were held to a 2-2 tie against the apparently overrated Nor-Pipe Team.

Goals were registered by Frank Coccimiglio and Mike Hogan for the college. However, the final result was not a true indication of play. Nor-Pipe were outshot 28-12 overall (13-2 in the first period alone) by the bustling Shingwauks.

Top scorer for the school is Jim Conlin, who has collected 5 goals and 2 assists in the young season. The netminding of Richard Dovigi and Keith Dinelle is second only to Nor-Pipe, allowing a mere 7 goals.

The Shingwauks invade Pullar Stadium Friday and Saturday night to take on the Lakers "B" team. The Canadians provide the opposition for Sunday night's game at the Pee Wee

arena. Wednesday is an off night.

### INTER-MURAL HOCKEY:

Friday, November 10th marked the opening of inter-mural hockey. Apparently quite a rivalry is brewing this year with each respective undergraduate year well represented.

A team for the inter-mural was invited to play the Thessalon senior team, Sunday night.

### CURLING:

There are only a few openings left in the curling programme. Hopefully, some interest will be shown by part-time students. They are more than welcome.

### GIRL'S BASKETBALL:

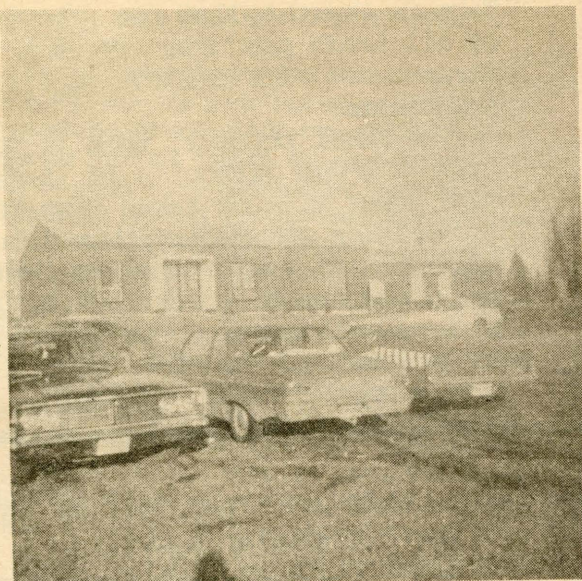
Jeanne Aymar is still taking names of those girls interested in playing in the city Women's Basketball League.

### MEN'S BASKETBALL:

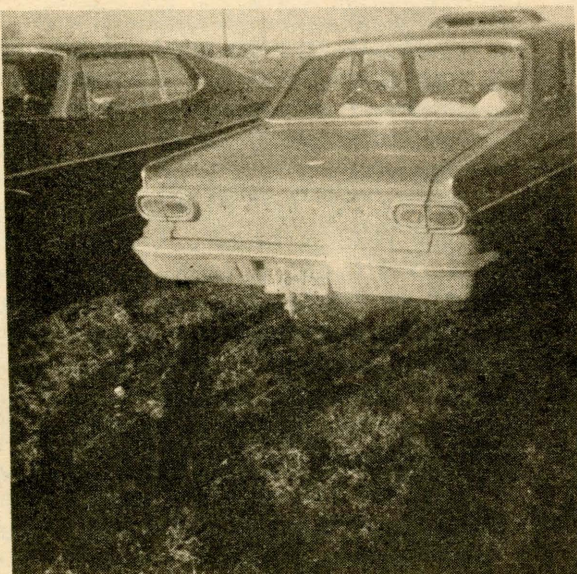
Walt Gover is building a competitive team in the Men's City Basketball League. Everyone is welcome to try out for the team.



THE FIGHT FOR SPACE FOR STUDENTS  
TO STUDY IN THE LIBRARY.



Rollie Paquin



The college administration is falling off on its commitment to police the NO PARKING areas. If they have already towed some cars away, they should tow all which are illegally parked away....including that of the chairman of the board.

We are really concerned that something should be done now before the damage spreads to other grassed areas. People are already parking on the grass in front of Shingwauk House.

As we are planning to spend thousands of dollars making the college a good place to be these photographs show what irresponsible people are doing to our landscape.

People who become upset with Algoma Steel's pollution seem to forget what they themselves are doing or do they think they can only point to other people's faults and ignore their own?



# ZUGZWANG

C. D. Martin

Bobby Fischer's book "My sixty memorable games" has been hailed as the best chess book ever written. If one does not agree with this opinion it is most likely because one does not believe there can be a "best" chess book rather than a critical judgement of the book.

However, I now understand why the Soviet players criticize Fischer for his lack of objectivity. It is true that Fischer's analytical powers are great and that he can demonstrate possible lines of play many moves deep. But how does he use his great powers in this book? Too often he is intent on showing that he should have won a game rather than lost it or that he need not have allowed a draw. He too often underestimates the creative abilities of his opponents. This often is the cause of his infrequent defeats.

The book consists of sixty often beautiful games from the period 1959-1968. The three games I give this week are not in the collection. The first is Fischer's "game of the century" played when he was fourteen. I feel the second game should have been included in Fischer's book but chessplayers often have low opinions of their best games. Black's mistake in this game was not getting his fair share of the centre by 12...f5!. The final game is Fischer's crush of Bent Larsen in their first match game, 1971. Larsen feels that he could have held the draw by 32...a5, but who knows?

D. Byrne-Fischer, Grunfeld, New York, 1957.

1 Nf3 Nf6 2 c4 g6 3 Nc3 Bg7 4 d4 0-0 5 Bf4 d5 6 Qb3 dxc4  
7 Qxc4 c6 8 e4 Nbd7 9 Rd1 Nb6 10 Qc5 Bg4 11 Bg5 Na4 12 Qa3  
Nxc3 13 bxc3 Nxe4 14 Bxe7 Qb6 15 Bc4 Nxc3 16 Bc5 Rfe8+  
17 Kf1 Be6 18 Bxb6 Bxc4+ 19 Kg1 Ne7+ 20 Kf1 Nxd4+ 21 Kg1  
Ne7+ 22 Kf1 Nc3+ 23 Kg1 axb6 24 Qb4 Ra4 25 Qxb6 Nxd1 26 h3  
Rxa2 27 Kh2 Nxf2 28 Re1 Rxe1 29 Qd8+ Bf8 30 Nxe1 Bd5 31 Nf3  
Ne4 32 Qb8 b5 33 h4 h5 34 Ne5 Kg7 35 Kg1 Bc5+ 36 Kf1 Ng3+  
37 Ke1 Bb4+ 38 Kd1 Bb3+ 39 Kc1 Ne7+ 40 Kb1 Nc3+ 41 Kc1 Pc2  
mate.

Fischer-Berliner, Alekhine's defence, US championship 1960-61

1 e4 Nf6 2 e5 Nd5 3 d4 d6 4 c4 Nb6 5 exd6 cxd6 6 Nc3 g6 7  
Bd3 Bg7 8 Nge2 Nc6 9 Be3 0-0 10 0-0 e5 11 d5 Ne7 12 b3 Nd7  
13 Ne4 Nf5 14 Bg5 f6 15 Bd2 Nc5 16 Nxc5 dxc5 17 Bxf5 Bxf5  
18 f4 exf4 19 Nxf4 Qd6 20 Nh5 Rae8 21 Nxg7 Kxg7 22 Bf4 Qd7  
23 Qd2 Rf7 24 Bh6+ Kg8 25 Pae1 Rfe7 26 Rxe7 Qxe7 27 h3 Qe4  
28 Qf2 Qe7 29 g4 Bd3 30 Rd1 Be4 31 d6 Qe5 32 Bf4 Qc3 33 d7  
Rd8 34 Qe2 Qf3 35 Qxf3 Bxf3 36 Bc7 (1:0)

Fischer-Larsen, French defence, first game, match 1971.

1 e4 e6 2 d4 d5 3 Nc3 Bb4 4 e5 Ne7 5 a3 Bxc3+ 6 bxc3 c5  
7 a4 Nbc6 8 Nf3 Bd7 9 Bd3 Qc7 10 0-0 c4 11 Be2 f6 12 Re1 Ng6  
13 Ba3 fxe5 14 dxe5 Ncxe5 15 Nxe5 Nxe5 16 Qd4 Ng6 17 Bh5 Kf7  
18 f4 Rhe8 19 f5 exf5 20 Qxd5+ Kf6 21 Bf3 Ne5 22 Qd4 Kg6  
23 Rxe5 Qxe5 24 Qxd7 Rad8 25 Qxb7 Qe3+ 26 Kf1 Rd2 27 Qc6+  
Pe6 28 Bc5 Rf2+ 29 Kg1 Rxc2 30 Kxg2 Qd2+ 31 Kh1 Rxc6 32  
Bxc6 Qxc3 33 Rg1+ Kf6 34 Bxa7 g5 35 Bb6 Qxc2 36 a5 Qb2  
37 Bd8+ Ke6 38 a6 Qa3 39 Bb7 Qc5 40 Rb1 c3 41 Bb6 (1:0)



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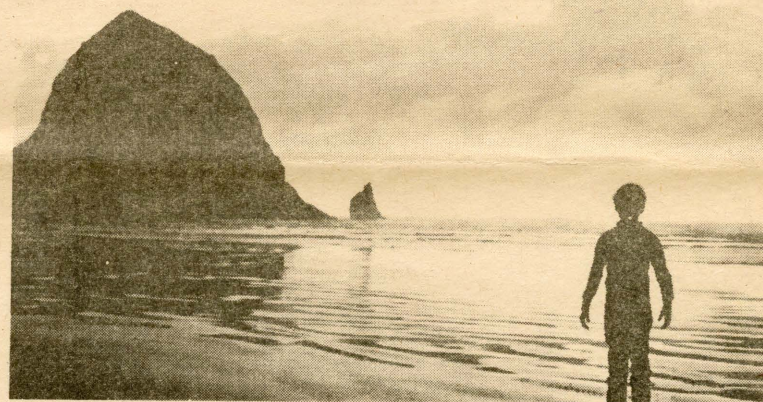
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Ad No. 1C





Mississippi Greyhound

Our bus rolled through the black night,  
past the southern pines,  
past the George Wallace billboards,  
my face a featureless  
caucasian mask of an outsider,  
naked, exposed, in their country.

Wanting to observe, to study these faces  
lined with their soul-sad history,  
to look into the shopping-bag suitcases  
of the big mammas,  
to ask where they were going:  
to visit their kin in Natchez  
or Bogalusa?

But I couldn't. I hid my face  
in self-conscious shame for my race.  
And in prayer for theirs.

The black man next to me  
silently offered one of his smokes  
which he had rolled and placed  
neatly in a plastic case.  
I accepted it.  
But I knew that my hand  
had moved too quickly.

n. nenczyn

SHEBANG

To Edgar, rice burrows were hard to drudge wib a ruddy  
lipstuck. Slightlery enough his mumble stamped him a few  
times on his behooved with an effortless, "This blurts  
myself more than it will ever curdle you."

Grimincing with shot pain, Edgar licked his Mumble's  
popular knees fruitively.

"Oh, Mumble drear! I of Grately misdeed, putting it  
lithely. I bug your gore finesse, and don't die laughing!"

"Oy, oy me sod. You art all I have aloft in the  
world. Shut yer beak yer warty lid goomer," softly, softly  
she whimpsered.

Edgar addressed again with putting wrongwards the  
stripper at the back.

"Oy, oy Edgar. What must you do when relievance is  
necessitated?"

"Glory, Mumble," Edgar exclaimed, I be putting me flirt  
on otherways back, too!"

"Oy, oy me sod. Trod hither."

Hugly she embarrassed Edgar, her fumblers rapped about  
his throat tight quitely.

"Dreary Mumble!" Edgar

"Dreary Mumble! Me broth is repaired!"

"Don't make me larf whilst you put up a strungle," Mumble  
churgled, "Else the vombis creeb up my throad and gurgle  
'mongst me lap."

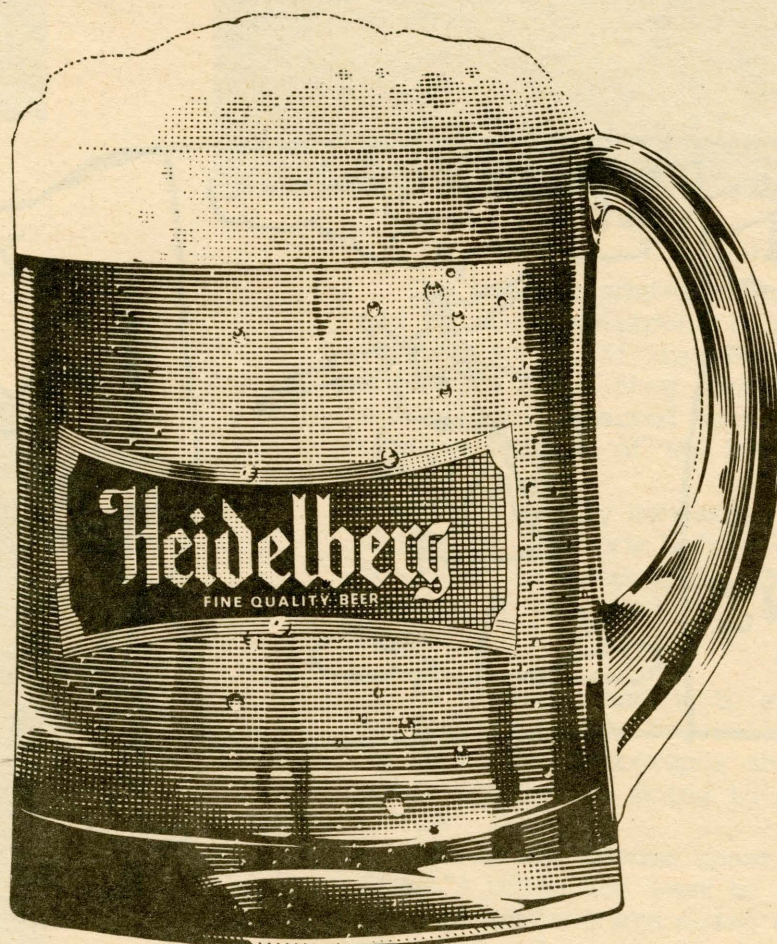
Twas most laid, for Edgar marooned.

(Durst I say the bluing came about in midst of ferocious  
gabbles, tongs and nose-picking. Mumble meanstwhile piffled  
'mongst the gumbo, gravelling in his footgrooves.)

"Thank heavy me crabs God it to me afore Ma Griffe!"

Helle Poldmaa.

***Heidelberg***  
*Brewed from pure spring water.*



***And that's the truth!***