

MEMORANDUM

To: All Faculty

From: The Northern Light

In view of the recent questions raised concerning anonymous contributions to the student newspaper, the staff of the Northern Light has decided to release the names of previously anonymous contributors.

KOBASON is Ron Bird. TANYA is Robert DeMatteo.

ROSA is Jeanne McGuire.

The staff of the Northern Light sincerely regrets any embarrassment caused faculty members or students by the impetuous actions of a few of its contributors. We especially apologize to Prof. Robert D'Amato and to Mr. Hamilton Smith. Individuals such as these who have made significant and genuine contributions to our academic community should not have been subjected to the personal abuse dealt them in our paper.

We intend in future issues of the Northern Light to rectify past mistakes, to make amends for injustices done to individuals and to the College as a whole, and to serve as a united voice dedicated to the betterment of mankind and the furthering of education.

February 1, 1973

Wawa University Assumes High Role



By
**MARIANNE
WHITE**

Sault Star Bureau Writer

WAWA — Picking a press release up off the street is not the usual way reporters get their stories. It happens to one or two of the lucky ones and last Saturday must have been my day.

The first reading of the news release however left me just a little confused and at first thought I figured it must have fallen out of the garbage.

Second reading started the little bells to tinkle — something was up in the field of higher education in our town. The reputation of the press was at stake. Wawa, a university town?

Pushed aside were the dirty diapers and off to the pub I scurried. After all, the news release did mention "high" quite a bit.

Every reporter knows people will talk in front of the press, but one phrase that increasingly becomes more and more familiar to this reporter is "this is not for publication".

How, then, was I to surmount this situation? A group of university enrolled students were sitting at a table in the pub all right, but would they talk to me? No sir. Simple logic came to my brain. If there could be a university in town then I could also become the foam on top of a draft beer. Logic worked, and the round table discussion by the university enrollees revealed the following facts.

The press release was true. Wawa does have a university. Not only do they have one but during the last year the increase in the enrolment has amounted to 250 per cent. What other university in Canada can boast of such an increase?

This group of students and faculty were not only discussing the courses and enrolment of the Wawa university but hidden deep in their thoughts and revealed over their glasses of draft was the fact they were also discussing the steps they would have to

take to affiliate Algoma College in Sault Ste. Marie, which apparently to date has not been able to obtain status as a university.

The students and faculty, all clad in Wawa University sweatshirts, discussed also the pros and cons of allowing the name of "Algoma College" to appear on the inside label at the back of their sweatshirts. This, they felt, would give the college its due recognition. For certain, the faculty felt, it would give the college more recognition than the college has been able to gain in status from the educational elite.

Proud of the university and an educator of no mean intelligence is Duane Rubadeau, founder and head of the faculty of our university. Duane's elation over the founding of this university even led him to prominently wearing and displaying the brilliant red hue of the new sweatshirts of Wawa's University at a cocktail party and the annual ball of Algoma College held in Sault Ste. Marie.

The news was covered at this end, now the time had come to hear the other side of the coin. A reporter was dispatched to ascertain Doctor Brown's, head of the Algoma College in Sault Ste. Marie, views regarding Wawa's new university. The reporter returned with the following facts in a strict question and answer period conducted with the principal.

Reporter: The appearance this week of red sweatshirts with WAWA UNIVERSITY emblazoned across their fronts has revealed to the public one of the best kept secrets of the Canadian mid-north since the discovery of the fact that the excessive number of snowmobiles in the Wawa area were being used to provide access, not to traplines, but to stills hidden deep in the back country. Our readers will remember that one got out only after the RCMP discovered that an abnormally large number of moose had taken to climbing trees during the rutting season.

This reporter had little difficulty in obtaining an interview with the principal of Algoma College once that noted academic had overcome an ingrained aversion to lipstick and mini-skirts and had questioned me as to whether or not, being a member of the fourth estate, I was literate.

Principal: "I'm amazed

Wawa was able to pull this off on Queen's Park. But, of course, they were helped by the fact, as you know from recent reports in the press, that the government of Ontario isn't quite sure where WAWA is".

Reporter: Are you not disturbed by the competition Wawa U might provide for Algoma College?

Dr. Brown: You'll probably be amazed at the answer to that one, he replied, spilling quantities of Amphora pipe tobacco on the floor. "The universities of Ontario form kind of a closed club and the formation of any new university cuts into the common financial pot.

"Naturally we are a little disturbed by the fact they can call themselves a university while we still have to call ourselves a college. We'd prefer to have them call it the Northern campus of Algoma College, or at least claim affiliation with Algoma College. Probably the provincial funds that will now go into Wawa U will prohibit, or at least delay, Algoma's plans to establish a medical school and a law school. But the heart of Algoma College is as big as its pocket book. Good luck to them.

Reporter: Do you think Wawa has the physical facilities for a university?

Dr. Brown: Certainly, classes are being carried on in a fine old building with a long tradition of providing education for the people of Wawa. The faculty even have access to washrooms without having to brave the elements; that's more than we have here. Furthermore, the town of Wawa is extremely well equipped with that sort of public agency (licenced) essential to that kind of full university life demanded by both faculty and students. They will have no difficulty attracting both faculty and students.

Reporter: What about faculty?

The principal's eyes brightened noticeably. "I can say in all sincerity," he replied, "that for the past three years they have had the services of the finest faculty in the North. And I can say with total sincerity that in the session 68-69 their university faculty was, and there is no other word for it, exceptional. (This, it should be pointed out, was the year Dr. Brown himself taught in Wawa).

"The people of Wawa treat

their university faculty with remarkable generosity and hospitality. It is no lie to say that, no matter what the conditions, their faculty perform with the same high effectiveness. I would appreciate it, by the way, if you would omit the word 'high' in your copy; your public might read something into that that I certainly didn't intend.

Reporter: But a university must be distinctive and creative. Has Wawa U got anything going for it in that sense?

Principal: (Who became noticeably excited and momentarily lost that masterful and sophisticated use of the language that one usually associates with the academic profession) "Are you kidding? A university must serve the needs of the community that nourishes it. Wawa U's new course, designed to prepare its citizens for the Bar, is fantastic. Can you imagine a course that can be of more practical use to that particular northern community?"

Reporter: (pressing further) Has Wawa got the population and financial resources to support a university?

Dr. Brown: "Why is it that you people of the press are always the last to know what is going on? Surely you are aware of the developments in regard to the legalizing of gambling in Canada? Can't you see Wawa as Las Vegas of the North? Ten years from now Wawa is going to have a full treasury and a population of 250,000 while the Sault is still sending off delegations in all directions to see if they can get the bridge tolls lowered. You certainly must give full credit to the initiative and creativity of a community that erected a goose as a symbol years before the full significance of that symbol would become apparent."

The reporter, appreciating the great burdens which the principal of Algoma College must bear and noticing he was beginning to shake uncontrollably, asked one final question. How is it that you are so well acquainted with the situation in Wawa?

Principal: "Oh, didn't you know, I was invited up there as a visiting lecturer in the winter of 68-69."

The reporter quietly stole out of the principal's office and let him return to his sandbox where he was absently erecting and tearing down models of arts buildings and libraries.

It was late in the day when he found them by the library entrance, casting their thoughts toward education and knowledge. He said unto them; "put down your pens and follow me. Once you sought learning, now you will seek to save my job".

And lo, as if in a trance they followed him, casting aside all that was human in them. And he began to instruct them, and it seemed good. And he said unto them "render unto me what is mine, and unto the school nothing, lest you worship false gods". And they were subject to him, and it seemed good.

After he had been with them for three months, he gathered them to him and spoke thusly: "The time for me to leave you is fast approaching, unless you act. Therefore, go you out and slander all departments, and those whose faults you shall exaggerate, shall be exaggerated, and those whose faults you shall construct, shall be constructed. I am the match, the footway and the possible truth, and he who believes in me shall be a man without a will forever and ever."

"A man" they preached, "is here among us. A man whose coming had been forecast by the prophet W.vonHumbolt. This man is here to save us. He is the shaft of the world, and we must follow in his ways." And it seemed good.

As the time of his forewarned departure arrived, he called his disciples around him and he said to Bob, and Ron and Roland and himself and the others "you are Kobason and upon this buffalo dung I will build my support". And he knelt and erased their D's + C's with his hair, and as he rose, he lifted their marks to heaven and their eyes to the Light. And it seemed good. And he smiled.

They went out among pseudonyms and preached the fiction, for it is truer than truth. But he saw that not all men listened to the word and he told his followers: "Beware, for there are those among you, who would have my contract". And they wrote dictionary definitions in his honour. And it seemed good.

At last the time of his departure became eminent and he called his followers to his side. When they were gathered together, he spoke these words "The time has come, for the Light has changed to Darkness, and after three days the Darkness shall be no more. Thus we must invoke all with these words 'Our father, who art on the Board, hallowed be Louis Feldhammer's contract. His contract done, we will leave now as we've promised in the past. Give us this year our lecturer and forgive us our calumny as we don't forgive those who tell the truth about us. Lead us not to logical conclusions, but deliver us from Clark, Guth, Amhed and the others.' Go now and spread rumors of a lawsuit. Instill fear into the hearts of those who will not believe. Persecute, in my name, and you will be honoured in my classroom". And it seemed good.

His disciples went out and spread his word, but their voices fell upon deaf ears. And in despair, they proclaimed their atheism, and one among them, Ian by name, worshipped course unions. And seeing his sin, he wrote gibberish and thought of mushrooms. But the master came to him and said "I am the insurrection and he who lies for me, shall not tell truths against my nature. For it is written 'Thou shalt not expose thy god' ".

But his followers became few, and only spoke of buffalos. Thus he knelt in his office, with Bob keeping watch at the door. He prayed to his father: "Dear father Karl, who lies within the ground, let this contract not pass from me". But Karl, hearing him in his hour of need, sent Rollie and Ron to comfort him. But as he spoke to them a large buffalo appeared before them, and the master looked at Ron, and wept. Bob, hearing the wailing, and gnashing of contracts, beat his fists upon the door and as loudly as possible prayed in his best buffalo voice.

And it was good. It was the end of the master, and his followers spent their lives contemplating "legal contracts between consenting adults".

And thus read the word. And god smiled as Ian wept with Bob and Ron.

.....DAVIES - Chapters 1-5, Verses 341-2792.