

FLASH ! From SUN's Foreign Correspondent

Greetings from John Galt's city on the banks of the Speed River, strategically located in Prince Billy's Land, the heart of the Kingdom's industrial wasteland. This is the area praised glowingly in song as a place to stand (where man can even walk on the water) and a place to grow (in the shadows of concrete erections), even now that the milk and the honey which once rose so freely have dried up and moved westward.

Knowing all too well the agonies suffered by an editor when neither man nor beast can be caljoked into dashing off impressive epistles of wit and wisdom, I agreed out of sympathy to write a line or two posed as the SUN's Foreign Correspondent from the city of Guelph, Ontario. Here is my first report:

After blundering around much in the manner of Inspector Clouseau, I have concluded that the natives of Guelph's ivory towers are friendly, quite unlike the snobbish and impersonal stereotype attached to those attending most large institutions. These scholars kindly point out distant nooks where the facilities are concealed, and politely refrain from wild outbursts of laughter when you walk into the wrong classroom every day for two consecutive weeks. It is unfortunate, however, that the same compliment cannot be paid to the bureaucratic process at the University of Guelph. The prime example of recent administrative bumbling that springs to mind is Registration.

Unlike UPEI, where Registration Day is a wonderful opportunity to rehash with longtime

friends the thrills and adventures of recent holidays, registration at UG is tedious and ill-managed. How tedious you ask? Well, gather 'round all my friends, and lend an ear to the tale of Adelbert of Avonton, one dear young soul who just barely survived the rigors of Registration.

Having applied for admission into UG a full month prior to Christmas, Adelbert failed to comprehend why he had received no word of acceptance within due time, fully aware that universities had of late been plunged into dire financial straits. Now could dear Adelbert understand why it took two days to reach anyone in the Admissions Office by telephone. Not heeding this tardiness as ample warning of future difficulties, Adelbert departed for Guelph with marvellous intentions of registering with time to spare before his afternoon class. Judging from past experience, Adelbert assumed that no person worthy of the student profession would be out of bed before 11 a.m. If he arrived by 9 a.m. therefore, Adelbert reasoned that registration should pass like a dream. Miscalculation #1 for Adelbert.

After an unscheduled self-conducted tour of the 1100 acre campus, Adelbert finally distinguished between a myriad of visitor and student parking lots. His next discovery, however, banished any hope of finding a parking spot close to classes, for amidst the Hondas and the pick-up trucks (pick-ups in central Canada?) Remember that UG is renowned for its Agricultural College. Where UPEI's feud broils between the Engineers and the Biology student - why are they

never referred to as Engineering students? - UG's feud simmers between the Aggies and the Artsies) was room enough to park a Beetle but certainly not enough to park a tank. Finally, in the most remote corner of campus...

Adelbert's next quest was to discover which of the five or six tall concrete structures on campus was the University Centre. Eventually, after unplanned tours of all seven levels of the Library, and all nine floors of the Arts Building, our fearless explorer entered the UC.

Today Adelbert would be only an ossified monument to the curiosity of man gazing in awestruck wonder, had not a surge of students elbowed in behind him. The UC was an amazing zoo to the young man from Avonton. It seemed like the hub of a busy community, home of the Whippetree restaurant (tres classy), a hairdresser's salon (tres expensive), mailboxes in which off campus students receive on campus mail (tres ordinary), the university administration (tres bumbling), all student organization (tres radical) and the Canadian Imperialist Bank of Commerce. When Adelbert had resurfaced to reality, he was forced to turn down his hearing aid, for it sounded as if all full-time students were gathered in the UC. Bodies abounded in all positions; some of those stretched on couches in the lounges looked as if they had been snoring there since John Galt founded Guelph in 1827. Realizing that lunch time was long overdue, Adelbert grabbed a bite to eat from one of the UN's many snack bars and resumed his search for.. what was it? ... ah yes, the Registration office.

After absentmindedly straying into the offices of the Student Activist Movement, the Hunters and Anglers, and Guelph Gay Equality, Adelbert finally reached the Registration office on Level 3 via Staircase 5. He fearlessly tugged open the door, only to be swept halfway back down the stairs by the torrent of students leaving the premises. When Adelbert eventually gained entry to the Registration office, he was again struck dumb with awe. A room the size of the ground floor of UPEI's Barn was sectioned off by scores of abominable yellow dividers. Signs designating the function of each area hung from the ceiling in such a manner that Adelbert bumped into at least thirty persons as he stumbled around reading them.

The lineups were interminable. After standing for fifty-five minutes in the Drop/Add Courses line, Adelbert realized that he was in the wrong one. He then spent ninety-two minutes in the second row of bodies, and was next to be waited on when the wicker gate closed and the staff left for the day. A thoroughly disgusted Adelbert whipped around and was about to rush out when the tall redheaded female behind him asked if he'd join her downstairs. A puzzled Adelbert agreed and followed her down a flight of stairs, and what to his wondering eye should appear, but a few hundred students in a pub drinking beer.

So, my dear friends, you have an inkling of the trials inflicted upon those registering at UG. Take heed from the experience of young Adelbert of Avonton, and next time, Pre-Register.

By our beloved old ed,
Maureen Hartman



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