



Athletic Center Grand Opening Now A Piece of History

by Dion Gilroyed

On October 31, 1997, Concordia's Tegler Center was the site for the dedication of the Ralph King Athletic Center and High School Building. Festivities included greetings from dignitaries, some selected spiritual readings, numerous hymns

and prayer. In addition, those of us in attendance had the opportunity to see our professors in their respective caps and gowns — very interesting to say the least (Buzz Buzz, Anabel). The high-light of the morning, which I am sure many of you will

agree, was listening to Concordia's Concert Choir — led by the multi-talented Evelyn Pfiefer — delight us with their splendid rendition of E.M. Christiansen's "Praise the Lord". Upon completion of the dedication, those in attendance proceeded,

in pilgrimage fashion, to the new facility for the ceremonial ribbon-cutting. With many of us arm-in-arm, we joined together to thank our Lord in prayer. In general, the proceedings went well, and organizers are to be congratulated. Not only did

this day serve to open the new buildings, but this day also served to display the deep-rooted Concordia tradition — a tradition marked by our strong ties with the community, our never-ending search for wisdom, and most importantly, our love for God.

The X-Files Cometh

by Peggy Wright

OK. So, I've watched the first two episodes of the X-files this season, and as usual, I've got more questions than answers. I'm thrilled that Scully's cancer is in remission — but why? Is it because of the mysterious chip that Mulder located in the de-ionized water (courtesy of the now-maybe-deceased-but-I-hope-not Cancer Man, who's known to legions of X-file fans as Cigarette Smoking Man), or is it because of the "radical"

treatment Scully's doctor was giving her. Will Mulder ever go back to that cavernous Pentagon records vault, and if he does, what else will he discover there? And what is it with Skinner? Does he work for the FBI or the mysterious company the presumably deceased cancer man worked for, or does he work for someone else? And what of Fox's sister — although they met each other in the diner, the questions of her abduction weren't answered — was she abducted by al-

iens or those mysterious government forces that always seem to permeate the X-files' scripts? Is she the original sister, or one of the many clones? And, you know what? Scully's brother bothers me — and as a military man, does he know more than it appears? Chris Carter promises that the movie that's due to be released in the summer will tie up many of these loose ends — Hah! I doubt it — after all, if the show is to continue for another season (which it's rumoured to),

they wouldn't even think of closing all these open-ended questions. Aside from that, I think that even if the show finished its run at the end of this season, they'd leave many of the big questions unanswered — and that's something that would leave many an X-philer hopping mad, but many a conspiracy theorist jumping for joy. I can see the web pages now. What happened to our favourite double agent anyway?

In this issue:

Matt's notebook
Athletic news
Sarah relieves some Stress
Pick up lines!
Line by Lines
Dirk Diggler
Orbello reviewed
The other sex
Rocco draws again
Money Marker
Book Reviews

My Three Cents

by Sarah Holland

Last week some disgusting, immoral beast(s) broke into my house. I came home from school through the front door and made my way to the kitchen for my usual after-school chocolate snack, and the side door was toast. The door jam was ripped apart and laying on the floor with insulation hanging out... you get the point. So far, the only thing I can find missing is a diamond solitaire that was an anniversary gift from my fiancée. I highly doubt it carries the same sentimental value for the thief that it did for me. I'm not sure that I can express the feelings of fear and violation that pervade my thoughts. I now hate being in the house alone, and every creak seems deafening. People who do this make me sick. All they succeeded in doing at my house was ruining my door and fraying my nerves. I had two exams shortly after this incident, and studying for them was extremely challenging, since my mind was not on my work, but rather on the pig who invaded my space and how I can get over this intense fear of being alone in my house. I never realized the severity of this crime for the victims until now. While I am glad that no one was hurt and more things weren't stolen, I am still angry and scared. A part of me would like to find who did this and pummel them, even though I am not a violent person. This is my story for the month, and now I shall push forth and get over this as I prepare for final exams and snow and Christmas — especially the holiday part. Have a relaxing few weeks off, and I'll see you all back in January, refreshed and fattened-up.

What Is It With Men?

by Peggy Wright

First of all, let me qualify the headline of this editorial — it's not about man-bashing, man-hating, or man-maligning — it's about men who suffer mid-life (or earlier) crises and decide the only way out is to have affairs with women who are most often (but not always), younger, skinner, and more exciting, than their wives. I ask the question, Why?, because it seems to be at epidemic proportions, this notion that a person can trade-in their spouse or partner for a newer, perhaps less well-used, model. I realize that it's not only men that act in such a cowardly and utterly reprehensible fashion — after all, men don't have the monopoly on such acts — but the unfortunate reality is that all too often, it's wives who are the victims of these stupid, stupid, men. It happened to me, and it's happened to friends of mine as well, and I can't for the life of me fathom why someone who's in a marriage or relationship they're unhappy with, would consider an affair to be the best option. When you're committed to someone, whether married or not, one of the things that results is that each of you trusts the other. Both of you trusts that the other person won't deliberately set out to hurt you, because that person loves and respects you — that person is truly, your friend. To have an affair not only blasts that trust to smithereens, but it also means that the victim (yes, victim) is forced to deal with a sense of betrayal that I don't believe can ever really be overcome. It's a hurt that stays, and one that often comes back during unexpected moments. While some relationships can withstand an affair, that's only because the person who strayed is fully able to understand the ramifications of such an act. Broken trust cannot be rebuilt in a day, and if the relationship is to survive, that means the person who's at fault must work diligently to earn the trust of his or her partner, and not say things like, "You know, it's been six months. Isn't that enough time? Why are you so angry at me, still?" Marriage counselors often maintain that affairs are simply a symptom of something wrong in the relationship — maybe so. But even if that's true, I also believe that affairs are cowardly acts made by cowardly people who all too often, are afraid to face the fears that we all deal with everyday. Fears like growing old, growing fat, growing complacent, or living a life that doesn't appear to mean anything to anyone. If you feel your marriage or relationship is stale, that it's going nowhere, or that you don't love your partner any longer, take the most difficult, most mature, and sometimes, the most heart-wrenching option, and talk to that person — that person you once professed love for. Perhaps things will work out, perhaps not. But at least you will have acted with honor, respect, and care.

A Call To Arms

by Greg Schuhknecht

Arms to hold. Arms to help. Both depend on a heart and mind suited to the task. If you are anything like me you feel guilty due to not contributing to the lives of all those starving children that we see on T.V in those info-mercials. Well don't — there are things you can do. And no, your help does not need to be cargo-transported to Africa, or carried in the hope of a lone person running from coast to coast. You need only to look for these opportunities in your own life, in where you work or play.

Take me for example. Just last week I was asked by three different people if I was on Student Council. Well I am not of course, and I was left wondering how these people could have come to their conclusions. But I realize that their conclusions come from and reflect my personal philosophies — those being simply to help where I can, and to be sure in the knowledge that if I wish to be built up I must bring others with me. We are in a community here at school, a special one with limitless potential. I see that limitlessness in every face, and I hear it in every classroom. Believe me, there is nothing that cannot be reached, gained, or given into your lives.

However, the secret is not in taking those things first before others but rather, to give them away to others before you receive them. An example of what I mean may be found in our sports program. We really don't have one for the school — the one we do have is for the athletes involved. I say these things because they are true. I hear athletes complain about the lack of support from the student body. Well, I respond with a challenge to those athletes. Make the student body care and need you. All you need to do is stand together, get organized and work on behalf of those students that you are trying to affect. By leading with your example you will give previously apathetic students access to the joys that you experience by your involvement.

Perhaps the moral to this story is that talking about what drives you nuts will bring nothing but more complaining; yet, when action is employed there can only be change. Only then will it be change that you had the chance of helping come to life.

Go for it and give before you take. I think you will be surprised at the results.

The Blue & White Staff wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and hope that your holidays are stress-free and thoroughly enjoyable. See you in January, with refreshed brains and new ideas.

Hear Ye, Hear Ye!

For those of you who remember (or know) Cara and Colin Penman, they're now the proud parents of a baby boy named Derek. Congratulations, best wishes, and remember to sleep when the baby sleeps.

The Alberta Ballet along with the ESO presents The Nutcracker Ballet

December 10-14 at 7:30pm
December 13 & 14 at 2:00 pm
at the Jubilee Auditorium
Tickets available at TicketMaster, call 447-6812
Student/Senior discounts
For group discounts call 424-5278

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Note: The views and opinions expressed in this paper are not necessarily those held by the Blue & White, the CSA or Concordia University College. You may contact us regarding any submission at the Blue & White office, or phone us at 479-9219.

The CSA Money Marker was located by Kimi Jann the day that the last issue of the Blue and White came out. It was located in a bush behind girl's dorm, specifically Wangerin House. Here are some of the clues that people had trouble with, along with their explanations:

Clue: *Conduct a Southern Search*
Explanation: Look down (It's somewhere on the ground)
Clue: *Branch Out*
Explanation: This refers to the bush
Clue: *Teamwork means success*
Explanation: Refers to the girl's dorm (living with a roommate)
Clue: *Plenty of Knives*
Explanation: Refers to blades of grass behind dorm

Anyway, here is the next set of clues for the money marker. This will be the last outdoor money marker, as well as the last one for the semester. The prize is 2 tickets to the CSA Christmas Formal, a Spiritual Life T-Shirt, and \$50. Good luck, and Happy Hunting. Keep in mind that the rules and regulations printed in the last issue are still applicable.

Stone cold
Don't cross the border
Scratch the surface
To the ends of the Earth
Twins

by Peggy Wright

Concordia's CSA recently hosted a "Night Before Bash", held at Bellevue hall on October 30th. While those of us who were there had a great time – good DJs, by the way – it was disappointing not to see more Concordites there. In fact, given the ticket price of \$1.00, it was darned surprising not to see a bigger turnout. (Kudos to the Education department by the way, for beefing up the attendance – see you at the next event – the Christmas formal. OK, a shameless plug, since I'm in the after-ed degree program too.) I know it was on a Thursday night, and I know many of you

were dying under the weight of too many (or at least too stressful) mid-terms, but it was an opportunity to go out with friends, and to dance the night away. The next official event the CSA is organizing for us is the Christmas formal, which is scheduled for November 28th at the Coast Terrace Inn – it's sure to be an enjoyable evening, not the least of which is because it gives us all a chance to don fancy clothes and to see our favourite people in something more than their usual school uniform – so, save your pennies, and hope to see you there.

I decided to enjoy the concert by Dr. Bromley and the Concordia Symphony Orchestra on November 9th instead of watching the Eskimo heartbreaker. I have attended several performances in the past, and as always, have not been disappointed by the wonderful music performed. Every performance I go to deepens my appreciation of the rich musical talent that has entertained people for generations. However, since I'm not a music critic, but a music lover, I can only give my impressions and opinions based on this experience.

The first piece performed was Franz Schubert's Symphony #6 in C Major. Schubert composed a great many works in his short 31 years of life. He never gained fame during his life, so his many works were performed in public for the first time after his death. Every new piece (to me) of Schubert brings a greater enjoyment of his music. For instance, Schubert's Symphony #6 has a wonderful pace and the light, cheerful sound that I have found characteristic of his work. Much of the music Schubert wrote was for intimate gatherings of friends for the sole purpose of entertainment, and this piece was certainly entertaining.

The second piece was the Concertino for Clarinet and Orchestra in C Minor by Carl Maria von Weber. The soloist was Robert Seymour. I have never quite been able to place the clarinet in my mind as it sounds quite unlike any instrument. The piece was very enjoyable, yet it does sound slightly odd when one is unfam-

miliar with the sound of an instrument. However, I found the range of the clarinet fascinating despite my lack of knowledge — it's probably just my enjoyment of rock showing its dislike for the higher range of notes.

My friend Dean is a saxophone addict by birth, so I kept hearing about this next piece for a couple of weeks prior to the performance. Henry Cowell's *Air and Scherzo for Saxophone and Orchestra* was very interesting to listen to. The piece moved very quickly as soloist Rosemarie MacDonald let her fingers do the talking through the expressive sounds of her alto saxophone.

The final piece performed was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's Symphony #35 in D Major. I happen to own a couple of Mozart CDs and found this symphony very similar to one of the ones I own, though I can't recall which. The program notes are right-on when they say that the first and last movements, *Allegro con spir-*

ito and Presto respectively are "vigorous" and "energetic". They beautifully frame the the more melodic Andante and Minuet movements. Along with Schubert, Mozart is another composer who's music I enjoy more each time I hear a work I've not heard before.

Overall, it was another excellent performance by the Dr. Bromley and the Concordia Symphony Orchestra. If you've never attended a symphony, but enjoy classical music, I invite you to discover the Concordia Symphony Orchestra. The next scheduled concert is with the Concordia Community Choir on December 7 at 3:00pm.

by Peggy Wright

On October 28th and 29th in Tegner, students of Concordia were treated to a talent showcase that was evidence of the fact that there are some very creative people roaming our hallowed halls. There was music poetry, and drama. The musicians who played and sang for us treated us to a variety of styles: rock, blues, jazz, country, folk, and even choral music. Some of the songs were cover tunes, while others were original compositions. Our drama department offered a glimpse of their production, "Arsenic and Old Lace", and the poets who read for us told stories of sometimes difficult subjects. Those who performed need to be thanked – not only for the performances they gave, but because they were willing to give us a brief glimpse into those things that are important to them. It takes courage to stand up in front of a group of people and share yourself with them, and no matter the adrenaline rush that accompanies performance, there's always a little kernel of fear there, because you're risking something of yourself for that performance. So, I applaud you all, and I look forward to the next talent showcase in March 1998. Thanks as well to the event organizers: Greg Schuhknecht, Dallas Harris and Sarah Hoffman.

The logo for Pasta Deli is centered at the top. It features the words "Pasta Deli" in a white, serif font, set against a dark blue, arched background. Below the text is a small, dark blue diamond-shaped graphic containing a white outline of a pasta dish. The entire logo is enclosed within a thin black rectangular border.

November & December 1997

Friday, November 14th & Saturday, November 15th
Thunder Hockey

Monday, November 17th through Friday, November 21st
Spiritual Emphasis Week

Tuesday, November 18th
Thunder Cross Country Running

Friday, November 21st - 23rd
Thunder Curling

Saturday, November 22nd & 23rd
Thunder Badminton

Friday, November 28th
CSA Christmas Banquet
Thunder Hockey

Saturday, November 29th
Thunder Swimming

Saturday, November 29th and Sunday, November 30th
Concordia Choirs Christmas Concert
ACAD Curling

Tuesday, December 2nd
Last Day of Lectures!
Friday, December 5th through Saturday, December 13th
Exams

Happy Holidays!

Tuesday, January 6th
Classes resume

Wednesday, January 7th through Friday, January 9th
CSA Book Buy Back & Sale

Monday, January 12th
Add/Drop Deadline for winter semester courses
Last day to withdraw from full year courses

Thursday, January 15th
Application deadline for Concordia awards and scholarships

Book Review

by Peggy Wright

Pale Rider

By Myrna Temte

A Silhouette Special Edition, 1997

List price: \$4.50 in Canada

Yeah, yeah, yeah. I know it's not Conrad, or Joyce, or even Judith Krantz, but you know what? It wasn't a bad read. Certainly, romance books like the ones published by Silhouette aren't known as great literature, but, just because they're in the genre of romance, doesn't mean they have to be bad writing, and at 251 pages (an extraordinary length for yer' typical romance novel), that's a good thing. Temte has a way with words, and even when she veers into the cliché-ridden world of man meets woman, she manages to rise above it. The plot of this book began in fairly stereotypical fashion – cowboy meets actress from Hollywood – big misunderstanding develops (she thinks he thinks this, he thinks she thinks that) – gradually, a friendship grows – they fall in love – and something happens to draw them apart. Except in this book, nothing really drew them apart. There wasn't another woman, or another man, or some deep, dark secret from someone's past; instead, the two characters (Blair and Dillon – great names) grappled with some truly 90s issues, like dealing with two adults who have their own lives and their own career ambitions to fulfill, and leftover baggage from previous relationships. The thing I appreciated most – what with my 90s sensibility – was that the two characters developed a friendship and fondness for each other, and a respect for each other's feelings, lives and careers – they didn't just madly fall in love (well, that happened too, but so did all that other stuff). In the end of course, it all worked out and I presume, they continue to live happily ever after. The upshot is that for a romance novel, it was a cut above, and rates at least 3 1/2 cowboys out of five.

by Shelley Jacobson

Title: Women Romantic Poets 1785-1823 An Anthology

Editor: Jennifer Breen

Publisher: Everyman's Library

Cost: \$10.99 (new), \$5.50 (used)

Anyone who has ever read any of the Romantic poets knows the attention that they pay to the intricacies of the natural world. When I first began studying the poets of this period, I was introduced to only a few but, fairly well-known poets who included Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Keats.

Unfortunately, we were not exposed to some of the less well-known poets because of the time we had allotted for our course. Among those who were not included, but are no less important, are the women romantics.

Now, when I first learned about the romantic poets, I was unaware that there were not only well-written men, but also some very well-written women. Mind you, at that time in history and for years prior as well as after, women writers were neither read nor even considered as writers. Even now in the last few years, they have been seen as being equivalent to witches,

Sonnet XCII

Behold that tree, in Autumn's dim decay,
Stripped by the frequent, chill, and eddy wind;
Where yet some yellow, lonely leaves we find
Lingering and trembling on the naked spray,
Twenty, perchance, formillions whirled away!
Emblem, also! too just, of humankind!
Vain man expects longevity, designed
For few indeed; and their protracted day
What is it worth that Wisdom does not scorn?
The blasts of sickness, care, and grief appal,
That laid the friends in dust, whose natal morn
Rose near their own; and solemn is the call;
Yet, like those weak deserted leaves forlorn,
Shivering they cling to life, and fear to fall!

Composed 1789; pub. 1799

Many More Romantic Poets

according to Margaret Atwood. But, that last point is not very relevant to what I'm referring to in this article, so let me return to what I was previously saying. The women romantic writers were obviously just like women writers in any other period of history; that is, they were not widely read.

I, having not known about the women romantic poets, discovered a book this past summer of these very same people, and spent some time reading their poetry. Unlike a novel which most people read from cover to cover, a book of poetry is not generally read from the first page until the last; at least, that's not what I do. If I pick up a book of poetry like this one for example, I tend to flip through it first to get a general idea of what is to be found in it. Then, I may choose to begin reading a poem that I exactly int he middle, then perhaps flip backwards or forwards.

This book though, contained many poets who I believe are just as good as Wordsworth of Shelley. I found the themes however, were in some respects idfferent, but in other ways, much the same as those of their male coutnerparts. They describe nature, but they also describe the struggles and hardships they endured as a result of their gender in conjunction with the natural world. I felt that their poems were just as good and as moving as those poems I have read by the male romantic poets.

I have include a poem by a male and a female romantic to allow readers to judge for themselves whether female reomantic writers move readers just as much as their male coutnerparts. This first is by Anne Seward, and appears in the anthology listed above. The second is by John Keats and is taken from *English Romantic Poetry and Prose*, by Russell Noyes.

When I Have Fears

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in character,
hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's strarr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love; — then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

January 1818

1848

Bookends

by Ian Campsall

"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" by Samuel Taylor Coleridge is a macabre and disturbing exploration of humanity's own narcissistic view of the world. It chronicles the story of an aged seaman's voyage in which he and his crew are blown far off course by a sudden squall. Alone and surrounded by great fields of ice and impenetrable fog they await their demise. When suddenly through the mist flies an albatross who with nothing more than a whipping of his wings causes the ice to break up and the fog to lift. The ship seems out of danger. But then the Mariner does the unthinkable. He fits a bolt to his cross-bow, takes aim, and kills the bird. Instantly the wind calms and the fog returns. The ship wallows helplessly in a calm as placid death. Days pass and both water and food run out. The crew litter the deck feeling only the cracked insides of their mouths too parched even to bleed. When suddenly a ship appears and a rescue seems only minutes away. But as it approaches it becomes horrifyingly clear that this is not a vessel of hope but rather a ghost manned by the personification of Death and Life-in-Death who sit aboard playing dice for the soul of the Mariner. As he stands watching feeling the icy breeze of death blowing all around him the Mariner's crew each soundlessly fall to the deck and die and Life-in-Death proclaims her victory. Now the old seaman stands utterly alone surrounded by the corpses of his men, their faces locked in grimacing reminders of his folly. At this point in the story the reader stops and asks "What's the big deal? Its only a bird!" But the key and the lesson

of the story lie in the Mariner's attitude towards the albatross. There was no malice in his heart when he fired. He did it simply to prove that he could and did not stop and consider what consequence his actions might have for the bird. In effect he denied the deep symbolic connection to the rest of the world the albatross represented. He lives in a world where he is THE center of the cosmos. Everything else is simply a means

"We maintain a viselike grip on beliefs that proclaim us masters while systematically deny the effect this has on our relationships with others who follow a different path."

unto his end and nothing more. By shooting he denied his connection to the universe around him and so he is removed from it. He finds himself in a wasteland for that is exactly what is in his heart. A great empty space where only he has any claim to reality. How far does this translate to our own lives? We tear down acres of forest in the name of progress disregarding the countless creatures that live in it. We strip the earth of her minerals and oils ignoring the reality that we are not her only inhabitants. We maintain a viselike grip on beliefs that proclaim us masters while systematically denying the effect this has on our relationships with others

who follow a different path. I do not believe that we do these things out of malice or a desire to injure others. But rather because of our attitudes we do not see the real price the rest of the world must pay for what we do. We cut ourselves off from true enlightenment and transcendence because we exclude so much from our concept of reality. Humanity lives in a waterless lifeless desert and it does not even know it. In

the poem the Mariner is able to reintegrate himself back into the real world by blessing a group of sea snakes playing alongside the ship. For once he places no value judgment on another creature but recognizes its intrinsic beauty. Perhaps aesthetically the snakes are not visually attractive but they are unique. Nothing within the cosmos can take their individual special place from them. From this the Mariner acknowledges the value of others and admits his responsibility for the effects of his actions. His own limitations and mortality have been clearly demonstrated. He comes to see that he is equally as beautiful as the snakes for all the same reasons. We as a species must do the same. We must confront our limited place in the universe but not to mourn it but celebrate it. From that we can derive a truer more holistic identity that incorporates and transcends ourselves and all space and time. And, most importantly of all we can arrive at a fuller appreciation of our own role within the titanic forces moving around us and express that with pure joy. To do otherwise would be to abandon ourselves in that lifeless wasteland with "Water, water, everywhere and not a drop to drink".

At the End

by Shaun C. Irwin

Wandering the earth...

He walked forever.

A hitch-hiker without a destination.

He was a ghost,

Wandering empty streets.

He was searching for a soul,

Something he had lost.

His howls and moans will always be heard.

A testimony to his endless suffering.

He had shackles and chains,

Too many regrets.

He never had a heart.

He will never be free.

Those Mad Brewster Sisters!

Or, why watching "Arsenic and Old Lace" was such fun
by Peggy Wright

On Sunday, November 1st, my children and I had the immense pleasure of watching the Concordia Drama Department's rendition of Joseph Kesselring's "Arsenic and Old Lace", an screwball comedy if ever there was one. Set in the not-too-distant past, the play focuses on the Brewster sisters and their penchant for, ahem, knocking off lonely souls (in the most gentle fashion of course — who would have thought that elderberry wine made by two gentle old ladies could pack such a wallop) who come to their house looking for lodging. Of course, the sisters believe they're doing those lonely old souls a favour, and consequently, don't quite understand their drama-critic nephew Mortimer's consternation when he discovers their secret. Complicating matters is Mortimer's brother Teddy, who's not only convinced he's really Teddy Roosevelt, but who's also busy building the Panama canal down in the basement (the perfect place really, for the burying of 11 — or is that 12 — corpses), and charging up the stairs blowing his trumpet at all hours. As if that weren't enough, Mortimer's criminal brother Jonathan re-appears, looking not unlike a corpse himself, and hoping to find a safe haven for himself and his partner, Dr. Einstein.

As played by the cast, "Arsenic and Old Lace" was a hoot. Their comedic timing was perfect, with lots of double takes (watch out for those window seats, folks), and background action that provided the audience with many an opportunity to laugh. As Jonathan Brewster, Nate Torhjel

stood out — his characterization of Jonathan Brewster — a la Jack Nicholson — was scary, funny and over-the-top (my kids were even afraid of him at first) — and left me wondering how he was able to sustain the energy and focus required during the 2 1/2 hours the play ran for. Kathleen Brul as Dr. Helga Einstein, another fine and energized performance, was the character who intrigued my kids the most — why didn't she get carted off in handcuffs, like Jonathan did? Sian Juric, who played Mortimer (perhaps the only sane one in the Brewster family) had the double takes and nervousness down pat; after all, who wouldn't be nervous with the discovery that one's gentle, old maiden aunts were serial killers? After awhile, I began to feel quite sorry for Elaine Harper, Mortimer's intended (and played by Nisha Sajani), because she didn't know what the heck was going on — invited for sandwiches before the theatre one moment, and unceremoniously ushered out the door the next. Dorinda Toner (Abby Brewster) and Angie Sample (Martha Brewster) were perfectly sweet old ladies who only wanted to help everyone live less lonely lives. Finally, Taz Dhariwal, who played the erstwhile Teddy, blew his trumpet, charged up the hill, dug the Panama canal, and ate all the goodies at tea, all with aplomb. I loved it, and so did my kids. The entire cast is to be commended, as is their crew and director Caroline Howarth, for providing all who attended with an afternoon of fun.

Alice

by Wolfgang Behrend Hryniw

Do you remember when you were eight years young and that witch stepped from the shadows of night and wrapped a chain around the frame of your bed? She was dragging you back into the shadows where you belong. Do you remember that afternoon when your best friend turned to you and said that she had cancer and then turned away and walked out of your life forever? She left you weeping unrelenting tears of confusion in the playground. Do you remember that night when you hid yourself beneath an orange tractor for three hours until the police finally sniffed you out with a bloodhound? You were fingerprinted and photographed. Do you remember that cold morning when you came to school and someone told you

that Steve had committed suicide the night before? Do you remember the night before? Do you remember what you were doing the night before besides phoning him? Have you ever experienced one of those moments in time when your entire life feels as though it has been one long sleepwalk from which you have just awakened? This is how I feel when I whisper your name in the darkness before I fall asleep. This is how I feel when I awaken in the morning and drive myself insane with all the possibilities of being with you. This is how I feel when I stand on the front porch in the afternoon and wait for your letter to arrive.—This is how I feel when I am crushed by the mailman who always walks past my house without saying a word.

Othello

A review by Ian Campsall

What can I say? Wonderful! Stupendous! Delightful! The Citadel's production of Othello is another triumph in their long history of Shakespearean productions. Allen Gilmore does an excellent job of bringing out Othello's isolation and alienation from the other characters. We see a man standing alone surrounded by circumstances he is unprepared to deal with and motives beyond his comprehension. Megan Follows' performance as Desdemona is equally commendable. The play is set in the late 1700s and both the costumes and staging bring out the pageantry of the time beautifully. Stuart Hughes' portrayal of Iago may not bring out the viciousness that I associate with this villain of all villains but it is still a moving performance. If there is one play to see this year make it this one!

Loreena McKennitt's The Book of Secrets

by Stuart Elle

For the last few years I have found my musical tastes covering a wider range of music. More recently I have taken to further discovery of the many talented Canadian artists that are gaining in fame. For instance, Jann Arden and Sarah McLachlan are gaining more popular acclaim, and I am enjoying their music immensely. My latest discovery, though and not a new one since I knew of her before, is Loreena McKennitt's latest CD *The Book of Secrets*. I saw this CD on the shelf at A&B Sound downtown and thought to finally give her a good listen since I was intrigued with what I already knew of her.

Her music is haunting and sensual to the ear. There are deeply rich tones that cover the entire range of the music from vocals to percussion. The lyrics are poetic and blend effortlessly with the music. I tried studying with this beautiful sound in the background, but it hardly remained in the background for long as I was forced to take notice. As my musical taste matures and widens I find this style of music very hypnotic such that I enjoy nothing more than relaxing in a darkened room in front of my stereo so not to have any distractions.

The CD's third track I found very interesting as it tells the story of a highwayman and his love, the innkeeper's daughter. The narrative is simple, descriptive and meshes with the music in a seamless fashion. "Night Ride Across the Caucasus" was inspired by a trip on the Trans-Siberian Railway. The song "Marco Polo" combines some of the sounds of the Middle East in a beautiful instrumental arrangement. The

"Mummers' Dance" is a ballad telling of the return of spring as celebrated by the Celtic people.

I cannot compare the Celtic sounds that Loreena McKennitt has released on this CD with previous works since I have only this one (a problem I will rectify in the near future, I think). What I have heard leaves me wondering though, about the beauty of the rest of her music. In any event though, fifty-three minutes and twenty-two seconds and eight songs of exquisite musical pleasure is what *The Book of Secrets* is all about.

Boogie Nights

by Sarah Holland

When I volunteered to attend the screening of the movie *Boogie Nights*, I had not seen the previews, and did not know what to expect. Wow. Hmmm. Interesting. Uncomfortable. Flesh. Disco. These were a few of the words which ran through my mind while watching this movie. If body language says something, then mine said alot — I watched most of the movie slouched down in my seat with my arms crossed, hoping no one could see me blushing in the dark. I don't like pornography, so this movie topic didn't thrill me. I couldn't decide if Mark Wahlberg was a good actor portraying an idiot, or just a bad actor. Burt Reynolds was quite good, although his character wasn't too deep. I would have to say that the best aspects of the movie were the funky disco music and the cheezy 70s costumes. The beginning of the movie was light and rather funny, then it became a Quentin Tarantino-ish violence fest. I could see where they were trying to go with the movie, but they didn't get there. It didn't flow, and it seemed to jump around a lot. I didn't hate this movie, nor did I really like it. There were good parts, and lots of hilarious characters mixed with parts that just made me shake my head. It certainly didn't conform, and I didn't go through the movie knowing what was coming next — I hate predictability in a movie. All in all, I suppose that a "family" of porn stars doesn't give me a warm, fuzzy feeling, rather it gives me a warm-from-squirming-so-much feeling. Maybe I was the wrong person to see this flick, since the subject matter and sudden violence tainted my perception. The final scene of the movie was unexpected, as Dirk Diggler (Mark Wahlberg) removed his large (prosthetic) genitalia from his pants for a close-up. What can you say after that scene? "Hmmm, quite life-like, wasn't it?" If you like disco, drugs, laughing, and can handle unbridled violence and watching a porno movie being made, then you will probably like this movie. If, however, this kind of stuff turns you off (no irony intended), then maybe you should spend your money on the re-releasing of *The Little Mermaid*. I give Boogie Nights 2 prosthetic appendages out of 5 — all for the laughs.

A Thin Scream

by Wolfgang Behrend Hryniw

"I want my mommy,"

Permeates the darkness.

"I want my mommy,"

Screamed over and again

In the darkness.

As though, "I want my mommy,"

Were an incantation

To extinguish the darkness.

—"I want my mommy!"

It originates from somewhere

Upstairs.

—"I want my mommy!"

It has mysteriously woven its way

Downstairs

Into the silence of my dark study.

—"I want my mommy!"

Am I to blame for this thin scream?

—"I want my mommy!"

Have I dwelt upon the darkness

Until the darkness dwelt upon

The small child who lives upstairs?

—"I want my mommy!"

Or could it be

That I have simply

Adjusted to the fact

That I live alone?



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Feeling Stressed? Maybe I Can Help

by Sarah Holland

As this is the last issue this semester, I thought it would be appropriate to talk about stress. We all feel stress, although at different levels. Even the most calm, organized person has those days when things seem to pile up. There are, however, ways to relieve some stress, and I'm going to remind you of some of the well-known tricks.

1. time management - need I say more?
2. don't procrastinate! - I know that in order to be a university student you must learn the art of procrastination, but it's unhealthy and extremely stressful. It is not possible to do all of your work in advance, but certain projects, like papers, can be started and/or finished before the deadline. This will not only reduce your tension, but it will help you to get a better mark, as you can take time to edit.

3. get some sleep - many students say they can easily live off four hours of sleep. It is a fact that sleep deprivation affects your daily performance. Most of us need at least seven hours of sleep, and if we don't get it, our bodies become worn down and more susceptible to illness. How can anyone sit through Tuesday/Thursday classes on little or no sleep?

4. take a break - at least once a week, plan an evening off. If you plan in advance and make the necessary adjustments to your schedule, you can have a relaxing evening off, without thinking of school, work, or any other worries. Just do what you love, like watching a movie, hanging out with friends, listening to or playing music, shopping, or exercising.

5. speaking of exercise, do it! - exercise is one of the best ways to relieve stress, and you get the added bonus of improved health. Make sure you choose an activity that you enjoy, and force yourself (if necessary) to get off your butt. A few suggestions of mine are: working out at the gym, jogging, volleyball, basketball, badminton, and racquetball. Racquetball is great for stress, because you can pretend the ball is someone's head and nail it as hard as you can. All of the sports I mentioned can be done at most fitness centres for a very low price. For example, Commonwealth and Kinsmen have a gym, weight room, and courts. They also have racquets and balls you can borrow. Kinsmen has the advantage of having a pool, but Commonwealth is cheap.

6. make a "to do" list - if you have ever forgotten an appointment or deadline then you need one of these handy lists. The Concordia Student agendas are great for planning, you just have to remember to open it daily. Just make sure your lists are realistic; write down what you believe you can honestly accomplish in a day. If you have a list of 10 things to do, you can add to your stress by not accomplishing your unrealistic goals.

7. make a commitment - this is the most important thing to learn. Don't sit around thinking about how stressed you are, make a plan and follow through. Use your willpower and motivation to get yourself ahead and relaxed. We all have these characteristics, sometimes they are just hard to find.

I hope that you have benefited from my suggestions, because stress not only affects you, but those around you. Stress is highly contagious, so if you relax, you can become a calming influence on your friends. Don't let stress build up, because it will win if you allow it to.



Betty at reception (and lost and found) stops for a moment to mug for the camera

Reality Check

by Chantelle Chevrier

In this day and age, a struggle continues as it has from the dawn of time. This is the battle for the attention of members of the opposite sex. The ultimate goal? To gain a mate and to ensure survival of the fittest. We asked you for your best and worst pick-up lines and here's what you said:

The Guys:

"You've got the whitest teeth I've ever come across"

"Is your father a thief? Because I want to know who stole those diamonds and put them in your eyes"

"Is your father a baker? Because I want to know where you got those great buns"

As the person you approach wonders why you are checking the tag on the back of their shirt say: "I was just checking to see if you were made in heaven"

"If I could rearrange the alphabet, I'd put U and I together"

Quote anything by Shakespeare

"I lost my phone number, can I have yours?"

"You're so pretty, did you take pretty lessons?"

The Girls:

by Wolfgang Behrend Hryniw

What's the worst line you've ever heard?

I can't remember my phone number, can I borrow yours?

Who took the sun, the moon, and the stars and put them in your eyes?

Do you believe in love at first sight, or should I walk by again?

Your legs must be tired because you've been running through my mind all day.

If I said you had a beautiful body, would you hold it against me?

If I had a rose for everytime I thought of you, the universe would be your garden.

The Dilemma: Coffee in the Library

by Johnathon Deveau

By now most of you have realized that you can't take coffee into to your class in the library — just try to sneak your coffee into your class and you'll get yelled at. But I don't see a problem with taking a coffee to a classroom down stairs. You walk past the desk, and don't go near the books or computers, so where's the problem?

I can see the problem with taking a coffee to an upstairs classroom. The librarians don't know if your going to class or up to look at the books.

If they don't like us carrying coffee through the library, then maybe they can open up another door to go to the class. We need our morning/afternoon coffees. Speaking from my personal experience, I've got an 8 am Stats class in the lower library. I'm sorry, but if I don't have a cup of coffee in the morning, I'm not going to stay awake in class. (Even the prof needs a coffee to stay awake in class.)

Another possible solution is don't have early morning classes in the library. But the fact is that caffeine is a drug and we're addicted, and if we don't get it we get really cranky!

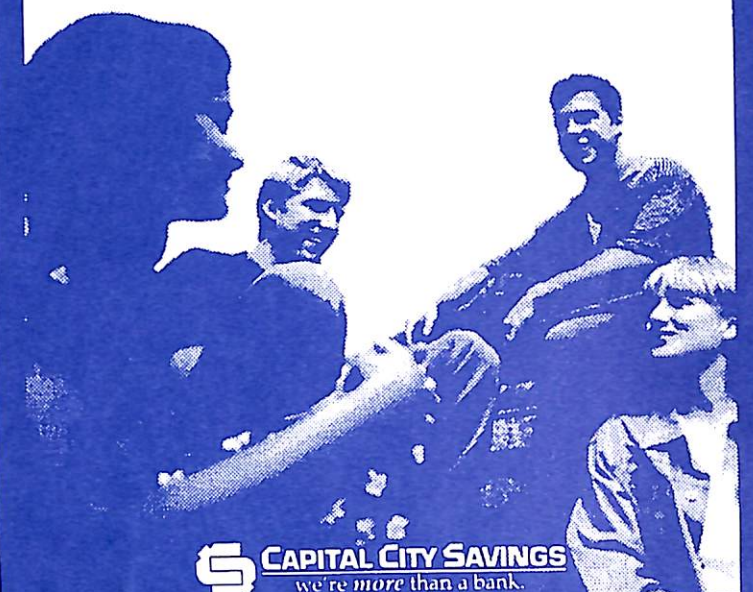
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It's almost the end of the semester already, and we know you have books at home.

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We know you have books and we want them.

When you bring your books back before the holidays:

You get extra cargo space in the trunk for skiing equipment.

You have a place to put the Christmas tree.

You get to see what color your carpet really is.

You avoid ringing up all those fines that you really can't afford anyway.

So bring your books back.

You may not need them anymore, but we do.

Happy Holidays and Merry Christmas,

The Library Staff

Also, all students with no books outstanding at the end of the semester are eligible for prizes. Bring your I.D. card to the library from Dec. 1-5 to enter!

The draw will be made on Dec. 5.

Grad News

by Tanya Boles, Grad Rep

Jostens was here on November 13 and 14 for graduation pictures and ring orders. If you missed this opportunity, Jostens will be back in January for another sitting. Stay tuned for dates and times.

The graduation committee this year is determined to lower the cost of the graduation banquet. One of the ways that we are doing this is by fundraising. Our first major fundraiser is the Silent Auction. It will take

place on November 25 through the 28 in the Tegler Center, and will end on November 28 at the Christmas banquet which is being held at the Coast Terrace Inn. Bidding will be open to everyone on those days. We have collected a wide variety of items to be auctioned off. This will be a great way to support this year's grad while doing some Christmas shopping. I hope to see all of you out at this great event.

"Prepare Ye, the Word of The Lord"

Those are the opening lyrics of one of the songs from the musical, "Godspell", our drama department's next production, which will run sometime in the spring of 1998. Caroline Howarth, who will be directing the production, will be holding auditions in December - probably sometime during exam week - so, if you're looking for a good way to beat those exam blues, consider audi-

tioning. You'll need to prepare one song for your audition, and there will be a pianist on hand to accompany you during your audition. If you've always wanted to act, sing, and dance (and wear funky clothing) - all at the same time, consider auditioning. Check the various bulletin boards around campus for notices detailing audition times.

Grad Fundraiser Silent Auction in Tegler

Item list attached to posters

**10 2-for-1 passes to be given away
to auction participants**

Ends on November 28 at
the Christmas banquet at the
Coast Terrace Inn (dinner attendance optional)

Information from Your Off-Campus Coordinator

by Mike Schiemann

The Concordia Students' Association will be having its annual Christmas Formal on Friday, November 28, 1997. This year it is being held at the Coast Terrace Inn at 4440 Calgary Trail North. Tickets are going for the lowest price in many years at only \$10 each. They will be available on Monday, November 17, 1997. Other news from your Off-Campus Coordinator includes great reviews from the CSA Octoberfest. We had nearly 100 people come out dressed up in amazing costumes doing karaoke and dancing. We gave away a discman, a remote car-starter and a car alarm system. Overall, this semester is going well for off-campus events. I look forward to seeing you at the Christmas Formal, and serving you again next semester.

Blood Donor Clinic Revisited

The Canadian Red Cross Society recently sent Concordia a letter of thanks for convening the Blood Donor Clinic in October. Fifty three units of blood were collected, and many thanks to all who donated blood and/or volunteered to help organize the event. However, fifty three units was not enough to win the Christian College Challenge, and North American Baptist College will have bragging rights this year to the challenge.

Win A Prize!

Seeing as though no one managed to answer any of last issue's trivia, I thought I'd better make them a little easier. This issue's winner will receive a Concordia Thunder T-shirt.

Sports Trivia

1. How many holes are there on a golf course?
2. How many players are there on the playing field in an indoor soccer game?
3. What is the name of the Dallas football team?
4. Who won the 1997 Stanley Cup?
5. Who won the 1997 Formula 1 racing title?
6. Who led the 1997 PGA money list?
7. What company makes Air Jordan running shoes?
8. How many yards in a 100 meter race?
9. What U.S. University goes by the name "Trojans"?
10. Where is the 1997 Grey Cup being played?

Apologies go out to Shannon Haggerty, as we accidentally cut off her tribute poem to Lorelea Boss. We are truly sorry.



THUNDER ADVISORY HOCKEY

In Effect: From Oct 31 to Nov 28



by Matt Cassie

THUNDER SINK CLIPPERS: The expansion Briercrest College Clippers and the Concordia Thunder played their inaugural series on Oct 31 and Nov 01, and the Thunder sent the Clippers home bailing. The Clippers are the first new team to enter ACAC hockey competition since the Thunder themselves joined the league for the 1992/93 season. The series had been greatly anticipated by both players and fans alike, since no one had seen or heard much of the boatmen from Saskatchewan.

Despite not knowing what to expect from the Clippers the Thunder went into the series confident of victory. However, victory did not come without a challenge. What the Clippers lacked in raw talent they made up for in heart, and the Thunder soon found themselves back on their heels on more than one occasion. While the players were frustrated and disappointed with their play, this series was, nevertheless, an entertaining one for the fans. Game one ended with the Thunder on top 7 - 5. Game two was equally entertaining and again the hometown fans were treated to a 4 - 3 victory. These were two very important games for the Thunder as it improved their record to 3 wins and 3 losses. The Clippers were sent home swimming as their ship appears to have sunk early in, this, their inaugural ACAC season.

VIKINGS NOT AFRAID OF A LITTLE THUNDER: After sinking the Clippers in back to back games the Thunder lost its momentum and took a mere 1 point away from what could have been a 4 point weekend. The Thunder was simply outplayed on Fri Nov, 07 by the Augustana Vikings and consequently found themselves on the short end of a 6 - 2 game. The Thunder rebounded the following night in Camrose; however, despite a much stronger effort the boys were only able to manage a 4 - 4 tie. All in all it was a very disappointing weekend.

WHO'S HOT: Jon Specht has 3 goals and 6 assists; Jeff Sequin has 3 goals and 6 assists; Shawn Hove has 5 goals and 3 assists.

WHAT'S NOT: The Thunder have lost 3 games and tied 1 in their last 6 and now sit a _ game under .500 going into two very difficult weekend series against Mount Royal and NAIT.

THE NORTH SIDE THUNDER: The Thunder now call the Clareview Recreation Centre home. What the Clareview Arena sometimes lacks in heat, it more than makes up for in atmosphere. Unlike the 3900 seat capacity Northlands Agricom which made a crowd of 200 look and sound like one of 200, the Clareview is standing room only at 200. The Clareview Recreation Centre is located at 3804 - 139 Ave.

NEXT UP: The Thunder's next home action is against the Mount Royal College Cougars on Fri Nov, 14 at the Clareview Arena, game time is 7:45. The Thunder then host their cross-town rivals, the NAIT Ooks, Fri Nov, 28 at the Clareview Arena, game time is 7:45.

ATTENTION STUDENTS —> ATHLETIC NEWS

by Naomi Proudlove, Athletics Coordinator

I just thought that I would take the time to inform you about the events that I am planning over the coming months. Six of us have recently returned from a hiking trip which was a lot of fun and I am sure that all other events will be as well.

There will be a meeting for all those interested in a downhill ski trip Nov. 24 at 11 and Nov. 25 at 2 in the CSA conferences room.

After Christmas I am also hoping to offer a X-country/ice climbing weekend and also a backcountry ski trip. Posters will be up in Tegler so keep your eyes open!

I would also like to tell you that,

assuming the gym is open and available, there will be a THUNDER WEEK Nov. 24-28. This will allow the students to know what is available to them with the new facility. Some of the events that are being planned are: volleyball games, basketball games, velcro ball, badminton, floor hockey, rock climbing, West Edmonton Mall water park, and a full day of learning to care for and ride a horse. If you are interested in any of these activities please contact me at 479-9211.

Since I am here I will remind you about the fact that any Concordia

student can swim for a loonie at any city pool when they show their ID.

Another important fact is that basketball pre-season is now done and the first season game is Nov. 21. The women have finished in top spot and it would be great to have some students out to see some great ball. (I happen to be on the team so this might be a biased opinion, but come out yourself and see if you agree).

My last point is that any event planned at the school is for you so be sure to participate in them. **Posters will be up in TEGLER so keep your eyes open!**

Verbal Voltage

by Tony Wong

I'm not one of those touchy feely new age personalities. On the flip side, I'm not a Rush Limbaugh, Howard Stern forceful right-wing neo-fascist worshiper. I'm both and somewhere in between. I would suppose this has given me the type of personality which has no lack of opinion on any given subject. As of late, however, I have been plagued by writer's block, something that has never occurred to me before. However demoralizing this was to me was compounded by the realization that this block was not caused by anything other than a lack of ideas. This inspirational, dare I say, impotence was and is a cause of much consternation and embarrassment. For me it feels like a jamming of gears, a breakdown in an organic factory where dichotomous and opposing ideas which formerly meshed together to grind out ideas with alarming frequency. Vague idea phantasm no longer coalesce into

pleasing forms; they drift through my mind like poltergeists haunting the nooks and crannies of my mind. For many people, this type of problem is not major. For me it is catastrophic. Normally, I am a person who operates without notes, written schedules, or very much else other than my thoughts. Ideas tend to drive me, motivate me to perform and function. Thus the blockage of my thoughts have had very serious consequences. Little haphazard pieces of paper hastily scrawled now function as reminders, vague notions of where and what I have to do plague my mind and of course, the continual preoccupation with "what is wrong with me" prevails over other essential tasks. Before the final writing of this piece, I had sat down no fewer than three times in order to start this. Every approach, every thought felt unfulfilled, stilted. Cursing to myself, I would discard the article and attempt

to start over. Originally, I was going to write about difficulties in relationships between men and women as an adjunct to Peggy's editorial. It was my thesis that most difficulties arise and propagates from the fundamental inability for men and women to communicate properly their wants and desires, even when they both have identical goals and needs. No matter what it seems that men say to women (womyn?), or vice versa, the message always manages to get garbled. One of my favorite examples of this is, "You look fine." Why is this statement so offensive to women? Men learn very quickly not to say this to women (I will not relate my experience with this, it was just too painful - for me). For most guys, the statement is taken at face value. No boogers hangin', fly's zipped, socks match, let's go! For women, it seems that the effort that they put into primping and preening in the wash-room have gone to waste by the glib

and callous statement made by the uncaring brute of the species. Women want men to be more expressive, guys want women to less talkative. Women tend to be verbal in their reasoning, while guys are not. So women wind up seeming wishy-washy while guys seem to make snap decisions. So what is to be done about this kind of situation? Most guys I know see a resolution to this problem as caving into women's demands, as if the act of actually sitting and talking to their significant other is anathemic to men. Before all the guys get up and protest, where do you think the term 'whipped' came from? Most guys I know actually like to talk, just not about subjects that women seem to value. This tends to support my theory that even when men and women talk, they don't really communicate. Sometimes it almost seems like both sides are talking in their own secret code, and one leaves it to the other side to decipher the message.

Thus it seems obvious that improving communication is paramount to relationships. Guys should attempt to communicate in a way the girls can appreciate and vice versa. Notice the word appreciate, instead of understand. Thus it is not merely the exchange of words that is required to communicate. For women, it seems that shared ideas and thoughts are valuable, while for guys, shared experiences are valued. As I am droning on from here, I will let you extrapolate the rest. Of course, the irony was that my writer's block left me dumb-struck and unable to communicate the importance of communication. So it seems that this article in itself has served two purposes. It has led me to a roundabout manner in which to stress the importance of communication in relationships, and has lowered the barrier to the blockage in my brain.

Line X Lines

J.K.
Your presence brightened my happiness in Banff. You are so beautiful.
Love, C.C.

Brett, Brett, Brett
There! I told you I'd do it. You didn't believe me, did you!?
Chantelle

NN,
The big whip really scared me. Can you bring the small one next time?
Rubber (Duck)

Hey Cowboy,
Where's your horse?

For Sale,
Big Juicy Van
Interesting Trades Considered

Why do they call that guy "Fingers" anyway?
LMG

Guys, Guys, Guys
Watch yer aim! Perhaps we need to offer some marksmanship lessons!

Girls, Girls, Girls
Ever thought of washing your hands? Yuck!

You know who-
Wanna go swinging sometime?
-Spidey

S.P.R.M.
Finger Lickin' Good!
S.B.

To 7:30-7:45 in the morning man
Thanks for the coffee, the company, and the comfort

To the LMG
Don't forget paddling on Friday
The ladies of the paddling society

Hug a Peggy today!
Warning: Watch the back; new material only; do not remove this sticker until delivered to the consumer

Christmas is coming, the goose is getting fat!

Go Riders Go!

Hey, Bio Stats Man
Aah! Great cologne...

So tell me again...
What happened after the time you were camped out for six days and six nights with one pair of underwear and you were sleeping so soundly that you...
Know 'em all

All I want for Christmas is an eight in Soc, and eight in soc, an eight in soc...

Sarah,
I could guard your house for you...
-Tigger

we've got balls.

we've got beer.

Sports Bar

THE HIGHRUN CLUB

Cafe & Billiards

we've got food.

break time.

This Month at the Highrun Club

Moosehead Mondays
Pitchers \$7.95 Pints \$2.95

Ruby Tuesdays
fruitopia cocktails for sale!

BigRock WEDNESDAYS
Pints \$3.35 Pitchers \$7.50

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