

BLUE & White

Eleventh Issue - And it's still Free! Please don't throw this paper away! Keep it and show it to a friend. Thank you! April 1997

Farewell



Looking Ahead

by President Richard Kraemer

As the 1996-97 academic year draws to a close, I would like to express my appreciation to the students of Concordia, their leaders, and the staff of the *Blue & White*. It was a year for lively discussions in almost every area of campus life. Some problems were solved. Others are still under study. You reminded us that excellence is a journey, not a destination. We may not have arrived yet, but we are getting there.

Concordia is moving forward. Soon we will be offering new four-year majors in Chemistry and in Mathematics. Our Environmental Health program was recently certified on a national level. Students completing that program will be eligible to sit for exams to become public health inspectors anywhere in the country. Next year our first graduates in our B.Ed. After Degree program will be entering the teaching profession. Graduates in our four-year B.A. program in Psychology will have the advantage of having a degree with an applied emphasis. Concordia is becoming known for the quality of its programs in all areas. As I

look to the future, I see a Concordia that will be even stronger.

In the meantime, it is exciting to see the new athletic centre and high school classroom building under construction. The athletic centre will have a beautiful university-scale gymnasium and fitness area that will serve the entire campus community. At the same time, the movement of the high school will provide more space for the university program in the central core of the campus and a place for the high school to call their own.

As we bring the year to a close, I want to say farewell to our graduates and to all others who for whatever reason may be leaving us. I pray that you will always value your years at Concordia and that God will richly bless you in every way in the future. And to those who are returning, I hope you will have a good summer. When you return in the fall, may you come back refreshed and ready for an even better year. May the peace of the Lord be with you always!

From the CSA President

I suppose it's time for Brando-esque mumbblings about the end of year and such, and mention about how great things are and how great things were this year. To this end I will say a few words about the CSA this year in summary. The main focus of this year's Council was to ensure the fiscal viability of the students union and ensure that a formal process of accountability and responsibility was created. To that end, many thanks go out to all of the CSA for tightening all the belts and making sure that events, operations, and a myriad of other details were handled with (not just) the bottom line in mind. The result is that this year's council will (hopefully) be the first in a long time to receive a clean audit. This has been long in coming, and I hope that this process continues.

Speaking of continuing processes, I would like to congratulate Jason Gariepy and the rest of his student council for being elected for the 1997-1998 year. Having known Jason from his term as VP this year, I predict his term as President will be one to watch.

Back to the task at hand, I

wish to thank Dean Stuhlmiller and Val in Student Services, and Jason, Suzanne, Mike, Jodie, Mark, Marlana, Kathy, Alana and June for their hard work and dedication to the unglamorous concept of responsible government. Finally, I thank Corey for his leadership and faith and wish him the best, and congratulate him on his well deserved Student of the Year Award.

Carpe diem,
Tony Wong
CSA President



WE FISHED, SLEPT, AND DID OTHER THINGS
... BUT MOSTLY OTHER THINGS

Reflections

Tadpoles Tales

by Peter Dry, Editor and Chief

Recently a friend showed me a paper that he had written using a path as a metaphor. When I arrived at Concordia 4 years ago, I felt that I was standing before a great forest that I could not see around or through. As I entered into this forest I was beset by a hundred eyes that felt like they were burrowing there way in to my skull. But as I fumbled through my first year, the Ogars, with their penetrating eyes that haunted my days, became friends that joined me on the forming path that was leading me through the forest of my education and my life. At times these walking companions would leave me, some times momentarily and other times for ever. But the path that they helped me make through the forest would not have been the same without them. I would not change one pebble that was put on the path or even one curve that I took. Sometimes while walking I think back on the past times and I grow sad as I know those times will never come again. Now I find myself standing in a clearing with many paths in different directions, but I take comfort in knowing that I have made it through this forest and the companions that I have made. I know that some of these people I will never see again and to them I say thank you for helping me now and I will take the strength they gave me and use it to help me down the paths that I will take now. Thank you for it all and goodbye.

Out in the sticks

by Sunita Sabahney

The past year I have had the opportunity to get to know my classmates very well. There are only eight of us taking the After-Degree for Environmental Health program. We will not be saying "good-bye" to one another; rather saying "see you in a while", since our choice of work, will be giving us the chance to keep in touch with each other.

In every class, there has to be a class clown. Ours happens to be a guy named Quan Nguyen. He injects humour into our sometimes dry, boring lectures. Next is Steven Yi, the cynic. Steven will always question the professor's view on any subject that is presented to us. Then there is Nyall Hislop who it seems always has a question and all of the answers. Beside Nyall is our spokesperson and decision maker, Bonnie Segal. Do not worry Bonnie, I am sure that one day we will decide to make our own decision. Jhansy Chucku sits at the back of the class and rarely says a word. I guess she figures that with Bonnie making a the decisions and Nyall answering the questions, why bother. Jhansy's, partner in crime is Carla Plotnikoff. Carla also sits at the back of the classroom. She sits back there with this secret little grin on her face that makes you wonder what is going on in that

by Sarah Holland

Is everyone as happy as I am that this year is almost over? Just think — one last stressful 10 days of final exams and then we can flee for summer holidays and play in the snow. The 1996/97 school year has been very... interesting, as well as a valuable learning experience for myself. I have had the pleasure, and sometimes misfortune, of meeting many new people. Is that my cue to say 'and you know who you are'? Working for the Blue and White has given me many memories as well as headaches, but I believe that no experience is negative if you can come away with new knowledge and hopefully lasting friendships. I just know that we on the B&W staff will stay close after April 24, especially from spending eight months together

by Peggy Wright

In many ways my graduation from Concordia comes wrapped in a ribbon that my children helped tie. You see, without them I might not have made the decision to return to school. It was the realization that I'd be unable to make enough money to support them and give them the kind of childhood that all children should be entitled to that propelled me to apply in the first place. Along with me, they've battled final exams, and the horrors of Bio 100, Ear Training and Logic — as well as the accompanying stress. They've watched as I've spent countless hours in front of the computer, sometimes swearing at it. They've watched as I've strug-

gled with any subjects that seem (at least to my mind) connected to math — chi square analysis anyone? They've listened (along with my parents — who also deserve praise and thanks and who I've promised to care for forever) to my supertime ramblings and rantings, and sometimes even ravings, about whatever it was that upset me that day. Hopefully, they've also watched as I've grown stronger and more sure about myself. Along the way my reasons for returning to school, while still tied up with my kids, have more now to do with me. There are many fond memories I'll take with me

To My Children

while staring at the calendar, sipping the gigantor size coffee and demurely munching on chocolate-covered almonds. When Patrick thinks of the end of the school year, his speech increases, just a tad, to 241 words per minute, and a tear falls when he is reminded that he will no longer be able to have croissants and Sprite for breakfast. Ian, the literary O.G., will have to find someone else to tell his stories to — the same stories every single day. I'll have to call my grandpa in Toronto this summer to fill the void left by Ian's absence. Perhaps his neighbours will go crazy this summer as he strums out his angst on Cordelia, his beloved and hopefully not mis-

treated guitar. Greg, "the guy with the hair", whose cheerful demeanor will not be missed by me in the morning, breaks into a colloquial monologue at the mere thought of being severed from the school. Hey Greg, the campus is open all summer. Now Cathy Scott is another topic all together. After receiving her four-year degree this spring she will sit on the front steps of Concordia and quietly — who am I kidding — loudly weep from the profound sense of loss. Sian will howl deeper than Elvis, Paul will drown his sorrows in endless karaoke, and Jade will snap and join the Reform party. As you can see, the loyalty by my clan of peers is deep, and next September will be welcomed with a resounding groan.

from my three years here. Things like singing in the cafeteria, listening to President Kraemer's opening speech and hearing, (yet again) about the couple that met while they were both students here, working for the *Blue & White*, and hearing Dr. Gow's laugh from one end of Tegler to the other. I'll remember some great teachers — mentors — people like Dr. Querengesser, the Bromleys, and Dr. Porvin. I'll remember risqué conversations in the *B&W* office, as well as conversations about more esoteric topics. I'll have Concordia to thank for introducing me to people like Kathy, Ann, Carolyn, Sarah, Ian, and Greg.

I'll also have Concordia to thank for my discovery of a group of people who, like me, love the blues and love going to the "Blues on Whyte" on a somewhat regular basis. It's certainly true that I'll take a first-rate education with me as I travel to that "big university across the river" next year, but it's those memories of teachers, mentors and friends that I'll carry with me every day. With luck, my time here will be something that my children will look upon with fondness too — it's the time in Mom's life when she learned to laugh and to sing again — the time when she found her own voice.

Our Odyssey to Kimberly B.C

by Patrick Corbett

The hordes of people grew in number around 12:30pm in Tegler on Friday the 4th of April. This horde wasn't an evil group of beings trying to ransack or even raise Concordia, but just the opposite. A group of individuals ready to be part of a journey that they will soon not forget. Boarding onto a Brewster bus (Which is also, in some weird coincidence, is that name of my second dog) the journey began. With music and great conversation the 8 hour bus ride was on its way. The first several hours went by quickly for the most part of the bus, but for some of the others it just dragged on and on. But soon, after leaving Calgary we stop off at some place off to the side of the highway where we had a complimentary hot-dog and drink. After this short lived stop we were on our way again. The only other stops that we would have, were the occasion smoking break for those who smoke. I personally think it is a disgusting habit, and thanks to my friend Beth, I hold this belief with an even tighter grip. After a few more hours the sun hid behind the horizon and the night began to clutter the sky. With people starting to fall asleep we finally arrived at the lodge that is situated on the hill. Waking up quickly from my own personal slumber and shutting of the CD-player I borrowed from some guy named Duncan, I jumped out of the bus, collected my stuff and headed up to my room. Unfortunately to my dismay I was on the top floor. Quickly unpacking, the evening began. With people rooms left open I and

others began to wonder. Every time I enter a room, I was offered great hospitality and generosity which made me think, "Wow, I sure enjoy these people". But soon, after a couple hours, about 1am, I decided it was time to head to bed. Unlike some people, who decided to stay awake until 3 or even 4 am, I needed my beauty sleep. The next morning arising to the sound of my evil watch, I got ready and dashed out the ski hill. Quickly with the sun rising, the temperature rose to a beautiful 15 degrees Celsius. With a full day of skiing, I and everyone grew tired. Unfortunately my friend Jordie and Beth injured themselves, but which makes this story laughable, noting laughable in the sense of he-he, not ha-ha. They did not notice their injuries until they visited their respective doctors when they returned home.

That evening the parties grew again, and again I went to bed about 1am. The following day was of course another beautiful 15 degrees, but to my disappointment went too fast. By approximately 4pm we started loading the big bus again. With delays from some guy name Dave, and stopping in at a police to pick up a bag for someone that was accused of shop lifting we were off. Arriving at 2am we unloaded and stumbled home from our odyssey. But before I left, I aided people in distress by boosting their vehicle and made them even happier. All in all, this trip will be one that I will remember for a long time. The only sad thing is, it's over and many of you have missed out on the excitement.

Second Thoughts

by Dallas Harris esq.

Well kids this is it, the end of another great year here at Concordia, something we all will look on in ten years and say "What the hell was I thinking!". Just kidding. This year has been great, we have had more events, done more stuff, and generally had more fun. When I look back I will miss a lot of different little oddities, like sitting in my office and doing nothing when I should have been in class. I will miss telling people to shut the hell up when I'm talking during staff meetings. (Oh the joys of mediocre power!) And I will always have fond memories of the Friday after noon b.s. sessions. But seriously this has been a great year, full of great activities, friends, making music, and weekend benders. (Sorry again about the wax T!) For those of you who are coming back next year have a great summer!

If you are interested in being a part of the 97/98 Blue and White please see Matt Cassie.

Awards Night A Success

by Sarah Holland

Tegler was filled with tension on Saturday, April 5 as awards night was about to begin. Before the ceremonies we were all casually shmoozing while introducing parents and significant others. Even though we all knew what awards we were getting, that blanket of apprehension still lingered. It was really nice to see many professors there to support the students, even though they weren't giving away any awards. Everyone looked respectable on this special evening. Speaking of special, all of the students who received awards are distinguished members of the school and should be proud. Gordon Preston, the Dean of Admissions and the MC for the evening used his dry wit to entertain the crowd. I always knew that Gordon has a differ-

ent sense of humor, but on Saturday he proved it to the masses. Dean Preston — good job, I was certainly impressed. After the ceremonies we were all treated to free munchies and beverages. Some people stayed around to socialize while feeding their empty stomachs and stretching their stiff muscles. It was a huge honor to be recognized in the presence of our peers and professors. It seemed as though months of dedication, hard work, and stress finally paid off (literally). Corey Haberstock got the surprise of the evening by being given the Student of the Year award. Many people agree that Corey is truly a deserving winner. The evening was successful and everyone was friendly and seemed to enjoy themselves.

PJ Harvey To Bring You My Love

By Ian Campsall

With tuned down guitars, pipe organs, vibes, cellos, violins, and African drums *To Bring You My Love* is one of the most original sounding albums I have ever heard. PJ Harvey is known for her sublime, convoluted, and contorted, alternative blues. Her first album *Rid of Me* made use of much more conventional instruments but still captured her signature bizarre and macabre sound. This recording is unquestionably a leap forward.

"Down By The Water" (the title track), appeared on the soundtrack for David Lynch's film *The Lost Highway* if that offers any indication of where this music fits in. From slow dripping sensuality to bellowing rage every range of emotion is explored and examined. This is an album to be listened to on a humid torrid night with towering anvil thunderclouds swelling in the distance and the object of your desire gazing back at you with lust-filled eyes.

Dear Editor,

I was browsing through the last edition of the *Blue and White* when I was suddenly slapped in the face by an unnecessary remark. Now, although this remark was not directed specifically at myself, it did refer to the high school population of which I am a part. The remark I am referring to was found in an article entitled *New Gymnasium Instills Excitement in Students*. It referred to high school students as being an "irritating omnipresence" and the only apparent "unpleasantness" surrounding the excitement of a new gymnasium. This comment offended me as it was both an unnecessary and rude addition to an otherwise positive article.

Let me make it clear that I do not begrudge sharing this new facility with university students. I look forward to the benefits of a gymnasium for our high school sports programs. Having been to a few college sports games I have seen the lack of support they receive from other students. I am equally optimistic and excited for the blessings of this new facility to university sports programs as well.

Let me remind university students that although it may not be out of our own pockets, someone is paying for us to use this campus and its facilities as well. I realize that university students have completed high school and as

they pursue their post secondary education the presence of high school students may not seem ideal. However, it is a fact of life when they choose to come to Concordia, an institution that began as a high school seventy-five years ago. Perhaps we are irritating and immature, but please give us some slack. We are still growing up. You went through this adolescent stage and there were people then who accepted you and gave you the chance to grow through it. Please give us the same courtesy.

I am the first to admit that my peers leave their trash and refuse strewn about certain corners of Tegler after lunch. Walking through at the end of the day I see just as much garbage blanketing the areas frequented by university students. These same students wish to be recognized as the more mature portion of this campus' population, yet they do not know how to use a trash can. Hmmm.....? But that is a different matter.

I am grateful for the opportunity to complete my high school education in a university environment and I thank those university students who accept our presence and even stop to chat with us from time to time. Next year we will, for the most part, be at the other end of the football field. Yet as we are privileged to share a wonderful new sports facility, I hope we can all treat each other with respect and tolerance.

Naomi Haberstock, High School Student

Jordan Cooke and the Blues Boys

Blues on Whyte

Thursday, March 27, 1997

by Peggy Wright

Those of us who went to the Commercial Hotel's "Blues on Whyte" on March 27th and saw Jordan Cooke and the Blues Boys looked upon a singular talent destined for greatness — we saw a blues god in the making. The last time we were all at the Commercial we listened to the Alanis Morissette cover queen (someone who should never be imitated, particularly when the lead singer's hair isn't long enough to do the real Alanis toss-the-head-kinda-thing), so to hear actual blues being played by someone who has the ability play more than A, D and E was great. The minute this kid started playing (and I mean kid, well actually, teenager — reports on TV said he was thirteen) we knew we were in the presence of a virtuoso. A friend and I were talking to each other while he was doing his sound-check and we wondered out loud if we'd gone through the wrong door — maybe the "Pol-

ka Dot" one? However, once we got back to our table we quickly realized the error of our ways. He introduced his first song in a high (as yet, unbroken) tenor voice and soon, everyone at our table had the same look — mouth open, dropped to the floor, and saying things like "Oh My God!", "This guy can play", "This guy's for real", "I hate him, he's so good", "I'll never be able to play like that even if I play until the day I die!" Some of the songs he and his boys covered included, *Hey Joe and Voodoo Child* (Jimi Hendrix), *Diggin a Hole* (Big Sugar), *Crossroads* (Robert Johnson), and *Mary Had A Little Lamb* (Stevie Ray Vaughn). However, much of his first set was made up of original tunes. Imagine being thirteen and having enough original material to not only fill up a CD, but also, to fill up a second CD and impress the regulars at the Blues on Whyte. Of course, Jordan wasn't the only excep-

tional musician in the bunch — the two "boys" that comprise his band were good musicians too. That may be my only complaint — good as he is, it would have been nice if he would have given the guy on bass and the guy on drums (sorry, I don't know their names) more opportunities to shine on their own. However, the band does carry his name, and ultimately therefore, his vision. I have a feeling that someday, I'll regret being given the opportunity to buy a Jordan Cooke CD for a mere \$10 and not buying it. Look for Jordan Cooke and the Blues Boys to show up on shows like "Austin City Limits", or on stellar blues marquees around the country. In the meantime, if he comes back to Edmonton, take in his show. You'll have a great time listening, dancing, or just tapping your feet to the blues beat. This 13 year old boy from Saskatoon, so long as he doesn't burn out, should be around for a long, long time.

Relational Reflections

By Greg Schuhknecht

Soon the halls will be empty, echoing the passing of another year. Have you been on campus in the middle of the summer? It is a eerie place in its hollowness and lack of activity. I was here last summer when the place was dead. It made me realize what is the essence of this institution — the people who walk its halls. The glory in seventy-five years of education for Concordia is not contained in the cement, air ducts, or the electrical cables but rather, in the voices, dreams, and special gifts of those that have been here. Sure the education is great in lectures, but all that I have come to know about myself has risen out of my relationships outside of class. Remember all the debates and conversations that you have been involved with? Those acts of interaction have only stressed the importance of sharing myself with the world. So many truly great people I have came across while I have been at this school that when I leave it will be with reluctance. In my time here I have witnessed what happens when we share and are open to the people and situations around us.

Perhaps the greatest lesson for me this last year has been the

rule of involvement. That in order to change something, you simply must get involved. At the beginning of the year, I did not enjoy this paper. In fact, I complained about it for weeks. Then something strange happened. I realized that if I was that deeply concerned there was only one thing to do in any way effect the paper, that was to get involved. So I did. I think the paper is better for my influence. You may have some issues that really grind your gears about this campus or in your personal life. Just letting those situations play out without your participation produces nothing. Get involved and give what you have to offer to that situation, I guarantee you will not be disappointed. You are probably thinking that this is not true but it is, for the reward is not in the result but in the path you chose to get there. We are not beings separate from one another. We must explore our relationships while building on old ones and creating new ones. If we never open to the opportunities in these relationships then we have truly died, for the world

will not hear your voice, be entranced by your dreams, or rejoice in your gifts.

As this year slips out of the way for summer, do not forget what you have learned, share it in all that you do this season and help to fulfill the purpose of this school. I have been built up here at Concordia. As you travel your way this summer, build others up as you have been. I have found that the more I give away, the more is returned to me. It may not come back through the direction I sent it, but come back it will and to the full.

CSA Election Results

President:
Jason Garipey
Vice President:
Matt Cassie
Treasurer:
Conrad Chan
Secretary:
Suzanne Liske
Spiritual Life Coordinator:
Ali Charyna
On-Campus Coordinator:
Jodie Veldman
Science Representative:
Doug Macaulay

For Your Information... Election Bylaws Change

Next year's student council elections for the positions of Arts rep, Business rep, Athletics coordinator and off campus coordinator will be held September 16th and 17th, 1997. A vote will be held by Student Council for the bylaw April 24th at 3:00 p.m.. The proposed bylaw change will be posted in Tegler.



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In Praise of Women

by Catherine Scott

"I seldom think about my limitations, and they never make me sad. Perhaps there is just a touch of yearning at times; but it is vague, like a breeze among flowers."

Helen Keller

Women. Beautiful, wonderful, magical. We are women. We come in a myriad of shapes, sizes and colors. Our beauty shines in different gradients like the color spectrum. Each has qualities that sparkle in her own unique way. We are sensitive, bold, smart and funny. We are glorious. We are all things, both the best and sometimes the worst.

We are our own worst enemies. It is women who tear each other down, who crush

their rivals with their hidden envies, jealousies and bitterness. It brings me great sadness. I have wept when women who are close to my heart reveal that they have harboured secret jealousies against me. Rather than admit it flat out, it is conveyed in a thousand little ways -- the roll of the eyes, the turning away in a moment of need, small slights that leave scars on the soul. What is it in our nature that divides, rather than unites us? If a woman is smart and assertive, she is an 'overbearing bitch'. If she is beautiful, we look for signs of implants and a dye job. We are all guilty of this pettiness. It hurts. It hurts us as individuals and as a group. As a small step...I wish to celebrate women. Several women in particu-

lar that surround me at this stage in my life. They have not started a boycott of the bus system or written the great Canadian novel (yet), but they are women of substance, with many gifts -- both apparent and hidden.

I know a woman with a rich, throaty laugh whose eyes sparkle with fire when she reads a line of poetry or responds to a political debate. She loves her children fiercely and is committed to raising them as glorious women in their own right. She is bright, she is witty. I admire and respect her. A salute to this woman of power.

I know a woman who reads Milton with dignity, and sometimes a sprinkle of wit. A woman who delights in the English language. She finds

meaning in the "elongated 'ah' sounds" that most of us miss. She is a woman who takes the time to foster greatness in others. A salute to this woman of power.

I know a woman who makes me laugh like no other. A woman who is unabashed and perseveres. A woman who strives to succeed and to make her mark in this man's world. Kudos to you...a woman of power.

I know a woman who is the fairie queen. She floats on the air with her 'butterfly wings' and brings peace and comfort to those around her. Hers is a most beautiful spirit and one I wish to emulate. A salute to this woman of power.

All of you know these women. If you don't know

these particular women I describe, you know someone who possesses elements from each one. Their passion, their drive, their love, and their strength are all examples to me. I do not 'envy' them, rather I try to learn from them. I salute the 'Peggys', the 'Catherines', the 'Sarahs', and the 'Marilyns' in my life. They have much to teach me. I ask that this day, you turn to a woman of strength in your life and salute her. She deserves it.

"I do not want to die...until I have faithfully made the most of my talent and cultivated the seed that was placed in me until the last small twig has grown."

Kathe Kollwitz

Concordia Overseas Work Project

by Alana Manke

Concordia students have been working on an overseas work project that will offer students the opportunity to work in a developing country assisting in several different areas. Originally Concordia was planning a trip to Cuba following final exams with Canada World Youth, but because of financial deadlines, we've canceled that trip and are now planning one to Guatemala. The Concordia Overseas Work Project is now working independently with schools and teachers in Guatemala in organizing a trip that is to run for two weeks during May. During their stay in Guatemala, students will live and work in the community they are providing assistance to, so they can develop an understanding of the issues that face developing countries, particularly as they affect rural areas and education. Students will assist teachers in an elementary school and will also contribute to the development of the

school community.

Ten students are planning to travel to Guatemala, and they've been working to raise funds for several months. Thanks is owed to the Concordia Students Association, many corporations, as well as individuals who have donated both money and time to ensure the success of this trip. Concordia students continue to approach companies in an attempt to raise funds to achieve their financial goals, and they continue to look to you for support, encouragement, and any fund-raising ideas. We have seen this program come alive this year, and hope to see it established as an annual event. With the close of this school year we wish all involved in this program the best of luck and happiness, and we look forward to hearing from you in the fall. If you have any suggestions or questions about future trips, please phone us at extension 625.



This ain't no shotgun wedding!

Announcements

Congratulations!

On March 28 at 9:20 a.m our illustrious counselling psychologist, Dr. Colleen Hammermaster gave birth to a baby girl. Weighing in at 6lbs. 10oz., little Sydney Bryn Selland is the first bundle of joy for the happy couple.

The News of the Semester!

Now that the shock has worn off, we are all ecstatic about the upcoming marriage of Dr. Sandy Gow and Dr. Wendy Pullin. Do you think there will be any deep, philosophical discussions around that dinner table?

From the library:

The end of semester is here! Have you:

- returned all your library books?
- paid your library fines?

Marks, transcripts, and diplomas are withheld when library books and/or fines are outstanding. If you're not sure if anything is still out on your record, please inquire at the circulation desk.

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What are you doing this weekend?



Shamanism: The Oldest Religion

by D. Nicklin

Many people, when they find out what I do, ask me "What are you?". This is a difficult for me to answer. The simplest (and also the most difficult to explain) is that I am a Shaman.

But what is a Shaman, or Shamanism? Well, Shamanism is an ancient belief system that every culture once held. Some anthropologists claim that Shamanism is the first and oldest, religion in the world. The Shaman goes by many names: Hougan, Medicine Man, Witchdoctor, Sorcerer, and Healer.

The form of Shamanism most familiar to Western society is that practiced by the North American Natives. Fortunately, the cultures of the Natives are in a new renaissance and many "whites" have access to the knowledge of the Medicine.

The Shaman is a person who believes in, and is trained to

communicate with, a plethora of spirits. The spirits are usually those found in nature: animals, winds, rivers, and trees, although some of them are of a higher order of being: Gods, Loa, and mythological figures. The Shaman communicates with these beings for information, to heal others or to see great distances in time or space.

Shamans also believe in the existence of the "Otherworld", a spirit realm that co-exists with the world of human beings. Shamans travel into the Otherworld to contact the spirit beings (though some of the spirits live/exist in our world as well). During his/her trance, the Shaman's consciousness leaves the body and travels into the Otherworld. Rationalists and psychologists say that the Shaman is exploring his or her own consciousness and

travels nowhere. This is not true; to the Shaman, the Otherworld is just as real as ours.

Shamans are also magicians. The knowledge and power given to the Shaman by his/her spirit helpers (totem animals) allow the Shaman to perform miracles. They are diviners, healers and at times, warriors capable of amazing feats. Shamans can fly through the air, change into animals, and kill with a thought.

The training of the Shaman traditionally starts early, in childhood. When ready, the apprentice is initiated and travels into the Otherworld where s/he is killed and resurrected by the spirits and is given a guide (usually some kind of animal). This guide stays with the Shaman throughout life and gives the Shaman access to power.

Then, the real training begins.

The Shaman was revered in almost all cultures. There were Celtic Shamans, Hebrew Shamans, Mexican Shamans, Japanese, Indian, African, Australian, South American, Asian, Polynesian, and Siberian Shamans. Different names and teachings, but at the core they were all the same.

The Shaman has made a strong re-emergence in the past few years. A sudden interest in Native American Shamanism has inspired research into the Shamans of various other cultures. The Shaman is also beginning to enter the modern age. The "World Wide Web" is a type of Otherworld and the Techshamans are powerful

travelers in this new spirit realm.

Even Christ was a Shaman of sorts. His crucifixion was an initiation and he traveled into the Otherworld, Hell. There he healed the sick, all of humanity, and upon his return Christ was reborn.

There is far more information on Shamanism than I can pack into this article. There are now uncounted books on Shamanism, and some names to look up are: Matthews (Celtic), Castaneda (Mexican), Eliade (an anthropologist considered to be an expert on the subject), and Harner (an excellent training manual).

Since this is the last issue of the Blue and White for the year, I would like to thank the Editor and the other readers who have enjoyed my articles. Have a good summer, and journey well!

Reality Check

by Peggy Wright

The last reality check departs a bit from our normal, sometimes cheesy, question. Because it's our last issue of the year, the *B&W* asked some graduates as well as some people who are transferring to that institution across the river, to provide us all with a bit of wisdom. Here's what some of your fellow Concordians said:

"Goodbye, and thank you"

"Concordia was an interesting and eye-opening experience"

"The answer to the question is, 42...goodbye and thanks for the fish!"

"Thanks to Concordia, I've expanded my horizons. Thank you"

"It was fine, it was good, it was a good trip!"

"Concordia gave me wonderful opportunities; opportunities that will open many doors in the 'real world'"

"If you get the wrong answer, try multiplying by the page number [presumably somebody out there knows what this means!]

"I can't put what Concordia means to me in one simple sentence"

"The warm, caring atmosphere and chocolate chip cookies, are things I'll miss"

"The marks that I gained while at Concordia only last a short period of time, but the friendships I've made will last a lifetime"

By Ian Campsall

Lets clear something up right now. I work for Safeway. Every opinion you hear in this article is completely subjective. I and the rest of my co-workers have been on strike for a little over three weeks now. We are not a bunch of overpaid money grabbers out to milk our employer for every penny we can squeeze out of them. We are attempting to force Safeway to give us a fair deal. In 1993 we agreed to wage rollbacks in order to save the company. Now that Safeway is profitable again

they are unwilling to share some of the rewards we earned for them. Our CEO Steve Bird earned a bonus of 27 million dollars last year — feel like sharing Steve? The final offer Safeway put forward addresses none of the issues that we have expressed concern over. They have refused all attempts at negotiation or compromise. They expect us to take what we're given and be quiet. Some company spokespersons may tell you that the strike is about unions; it's not. This strike is

about people. There are single mothers working at my store who have been with the company for more than five years but cannot get enough hours to feed their children because Safeway refuses to assign hours on the basis of seniority. As a result they have had to go on welfare in order to support themselves and their dependents. Under the offer I personally stand to lose about \$1200 in wages. That may not sound like much but when you only earn \$6500 a

year its more than just a little pinch, its a blatant slap in the face. Safeway has stripped away our bonuses bit by bit while expecting us to meet and exceed their new superior service guidelines. At every turn they take away more and expect us to give in return. I am asking you to look beyond the picket lines and the rhetoric and see the human side. We want nothing more than a fair deal. Four years ago we bit the bullet to save the company; it's time we were repaid for our sacrifice.

The Safeway Strike: A Personal Perspective

Grad News

by Kathy Jennings

You should have received your grad mail mailout by now. If you haven't got it yet, please contact the registrar's office to ensure you are registered to graduate.

Grad Tickets are on sale at Student Services, from Val Lenz. Yearbooks and Grad Flowers can be purchased through me at the CSA offices. And, if you've got any questions, please call me either at 479-9210 (school) or 998-5292 (home).

Grad Dates and Times

April 9	3:00 pm	Grad Rehearsal
April 19	8:00 am	President's Breakfast
	10:00 am	Baccalaureate
	2:00 pm	Convocation
	5:30 pm	Cocktails
	6:45 pm	Supper
	8:30 pm	Dance

Banquet & Dance Tickets: \$30.00
Dance Tickets: \$5.00

Time's Incurable Cure

by Ian Campsall

Like a gentle breath he strokes the nude hollow of her throat
Threaded sinew rises beneath her glacial flesh

Weak watered blood flows in her silk porcelain skin
Delicate dull veins course her nubile body

As a sliver against a raging river she braves his body

Thin as April ice her lips move to his
His hard gaze pulls her in
To the stone garden he tends his heart

Where like the summer flower she will bloom
Only to be cut down by
Time's sickled scythe
And rot on black pitch earth

Like the Wolf falling on the hapless Doe
He reaches with hot iron hands

To cage the prey in the jaws of his spring steeled traps
And crush out life to preserve beauty in death

He takes her neck think as the thread that cradles the black swollen fig
And rends it as the woodcutter shatters a dry twig



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Scuba Diving, the Underwater Sport

by D. Nicklin

Imagine hanging weightless, bubbles racing upwards past your ears. Above you the sun filters through the blue and green of sixty feet of ocean. Below you is an abyss, dropping to the bottom, five thousand feet down. You hang in between. You spiral slowly down to the wall of rock covered in urchins, anemones, and wolf eels. There is more sea life per square foot here than any where else in the world. Fish and sharks swim lazily about, looking for something to eat. An amazingly human looking

wolf eel darts out of a crevice in the wall, eating the bait right out of your hand. Then, you look at your dive watch, your bottom time is up and you have to return to the surface.

SCUBA diving is like this. You are neutrally buoyant so you are effectively weightless. You can view sea life without peering through panes of glass. Of course, you have to get wet to do it. But boy it is fun. I have been a certified diver for seven years and I love it. Nothing quite like brushing a shark as it swims by.

Yet, this sport is not for the foolish or the stupid. The equip-

ment requires training, as does the dive table. If you aren't very careful, you will die. You can run out of air, lose buoyancy and drop to the bottom of the ocean, or surface too fast and contract Decompression Sickness, or your lungs could explode. Not to mention all the sea life which looks harmless but contains toxins that cause agony, paralysis or death. Other than that, SCUBA diving is no more dangerous than driving your car.

The view is worth the risks. I've hand fed sharks, played with dolphins and petted

stingrays. The ocean is the last frontier. We know more about the surface of Mars than we do about the bottom of the ocean. And it's quickly disappearing. We dump our waste into the coral reefs, fish the cod out of existence, and basically wreck every thing we can. Some divers are very responsible, taking care not to touch the sea life, others bash coral that has been there before time.

All in all, I recommend diving to everyone. There is nothing quite like the feeling you get when you realize you CAN

breath under water. And its good exercise. A one hour dive will feel like you have been working out for four hours on land. Its good for the heart, the lungs and the soul. You become one with the ocean, a denizen of the deep, reconnecting with the source of all life on Earth. Give it a shot. The courses are relatively inexpensive, and there are a ton of diving shops in the city (surprising considering that there really is no place dive in Alberta). Slip on a wet suit, strap on a tank and dive, dive, dive!

CSA Notes

by Jodie Veldman

Off-Campus Coordinator

It's the end of the year and we all are looking forward to... working all summer to pay for next year, graduation and the search for jobs, or SPRING AND SUMMER SESSIONS!! Whatever the case may be it is time to put some closure on the 96/97 academic year. This year I served as your off-campus coordinator and I have recently been elected as on-campus for 97/98. First I would like to thank everyone for all the support and help! Whether it be advertising, driving a bus to nowhere and back, making tickets, sorting out pool tournament rules, hauling out faulty equipment, decorating for Christmas and Halloween events, cleaning up after events, making signs for Tegler, painting office furniture, making more signs for Tegler...you know who you are.

THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU!

Next year as on-campus coordinator, I would love to hear any suggestions as to what you or your club would like to see happen in Tegler, or around campus.

Please come and talk to me in the CSA office, leave a note, or call me at 479-9211.

Sports Wrap Up

by Sarah Holland

The final issue, or is that the final frontier? The fairly unacknowledged year in sports now comes to an abrupt, chin-smacking halt. I wish to extend a final thank you and congratulations to all of the athletes who participated in Concordia's athletics programs. I'm sure that Bernie and Jim also thank you all, the fans included. Remember that next year the new gym will be opening and all of you returning students will surely benefit from this coming attraction. The new facility is, in the immortal words of Martha Stewart, a good thing. What does Martha have to do with sports you ponder? Well, nothin I simply like that saying — it pretty much sums everything up. Please watch for the sports section in the Blue and White next year, and keep track of the happenings of the teams. A new year means new action and fresh opportunities. Have a great summer and if you don't participate, then keep watching.

The Oilers Continue to Surprise and Disappoint

by Sarah Holland

As I hopped on the LRT to travel to the Coliseum, I was filled with anxious excitement. It is an unbreakable habit of mine to thoroughly look forward to hockey games; this feeling stems from my childhood and subsequent love of hockey and the Oilers. I still enjoy the blaring music and light show. Unfortunately, I was just recovering from being ill over the Easter long weekend, so I had an almost blinding headache. I'm sure you all know that the press box is directly in front of the fireworks and speakers. So two fireworks went off right in front of me, and not only did I seem to jump out of my skin, but my headache seemed to increase

exponentially. Then the announcer introduced the starting line-ups and the music played and the crowd roared and my head really, I mean really ached. Still, I was anxious for the Oilers to stomp the Stars. My hopes were soon crushed as the Stars were on the Oilers like a wet blanket. The defense was not terrible, and Joseph was his usual reliable self, but the Oilers desperately needed offense. Don't misunderstand me, the shots on net were equal, but you could not of known this by simply watching the game and not looking at the board. Was it the absence of Arnott and McAmmond which put the proverbial damper on the team? I

think not. I will not pretend to know the real reasons why the Oilers offense lacked that certain spark necessary to win, but I will say that my disappointment at the loss was only slightly less than my disappointment at not winning the \$6000 in the 50/50 draw. After the game we fans filed out of the Coliseum with heads hung low and for myself, my headache raged on. The season is almost over, and I am proud of what the team has done so far, and I know that next year will present to us anew team and new hope. So long sports fans, I hope somebody out there reads my blathering, and perhaps finds some semblance of satirical or blatant humour.

Zen and the Art of Writing Zen

By Patrick Corbett

As the pen begins to move and the ink starts to flow, the words form on to the page directly from the mind. With this process of writing, the art begins. Words keep spilling onto the page, as if there were no tomorrow, and the thoughts begin to bundle and create a togetherness that makes sense in a strange, yet mysterious way. Frantically creating and composing, you are halfway done your artistic expression. Linking one thought to the another, your words begin to sound like poetry. Upon completing the paper, you review in amazement. You notice the awesome forces of the universe transgression from your hand onto the parchment. Sighing with an awe of relief, you realise the intricate levels of Zen. Quickly forwarding a copy to your friends in order for them to experience this oneness with the universe, you patiently await their response. With a sudden smile upon one of their faces, you are relieved. You realize at least you have affected one person, and made them closer to Zen.

19 Questions (Because 20 is too Many)

by Paul Linton

1. What 4 words appear on every denomination of US coin?
2. How many 4 cent stamps in a dozen?
3. Is it legal in Canada for a man to marry his widow's sister?
4. If you take two apples from three apples how many apples would you have?
5. Some months have 30 days. Some months have 31. How many months have 28 days?
6. A rooster facing North lays an egg on a pointed roof. Which side does it roll down?
7. A man builds a house with 4 sides to it. Each side has a southern exposure. A large bear comes wandering by. What color is the bear?
8. Can a man living in Bon Accord, Alberta be buried south of the North Saskatchewan river?
9. Do they have the 1st of July in the US?
10. In baseball or softball, how many outs are in each inning?
11. If you had only one match and entered a room where there is a kerosene lamp, an oil heater and a candle. Which would you light first?
12. An archaeologist claims she found some Roman gold coins dated 46 BC. Is this possible?
13. How far can a dog run into the woods?
14. I have in my hand 2 coins which total 30 cents in value. One is not a nickel. What are the two coins?
15. How many birthdays does the average man have?
16. A farmer had 17 sheep, all but 9 died. How many are left?
17. If a doctor gave you three pills and told you to take 1 every half-hour, how long would they last?
18. How many animals of each species did Moses take on the Ark with him?
19. A woman gave a beggar 50 cents. The woman is the beggar's sister but the beggar is not the woman's brother. How can this be?

Toddler Property Laws

By Paul Linton


1. If I like it, it's mine!
2. If it's in my hand, it's mine!
3. If I can take it from you, it's mine!
4. If I had it awhile ago, it's mine!
5. If it's mine, it must not appear to be yours in any way!
6. If I'm doing or building something, all the pieces are mine!
7. If it looks like it's mine, it is mine!
8. If you have it and I want it, it's mine!

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Funny Stuff

For your laughing pleasure, we present.... Light Bulb Jokes of the last thirty years

by Peggy Wright

I was perusing the *New York Times Magazine* the other day and came upon a funny little article about light bulb jokes. I laughed. I cried. I was outraged. I thought....perfect for the *B&W!* Enjoy!

1960s

How many psychiatrists does it take to screw in a light bulb?
Only one, but the light bulb has to really *want* to change.

1970s

How many feminists does it take to screw in a light bulb?
One, and that's *not funny!*

1980s

How many Reagan aides does it take to screw in a light bulb?
None — they like to keep him in the dark.

How many Holocaust revisionists does it take to screw in a light bulb?

None — they just deny that the bulb ever went out in the first place.

How many Communists does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Only one, but it takes him about 30 years to realize that the old one has burnt out.

1986 (after Chernobyl)

How many Ukrainians does it take to screw in a light bulb?
They don't need light bulbs — they glow in the dark.

Early 1990s

How many baby boomers does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Ten — six to talk about how great it is that they've all come together to do this, one to screw it in, one to film it for the news, one to plan a marketing strategy based on it and one to reminisce about mass naked bulb-screwing in the 60s

How many Gen X'ers does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Two — one to shoplift the bulb so the boomers have

something to screw in and the other to screw it in for minimum wage.

1990s

How many Microsoft executives does it take to screw in a light bulb?

None — Bill Gates will just redefine Darkness™ as the industry standard

1991

How many L.A. cops does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Six — one to do it and five to smash the old bulb to splinters.

1995

How many O.J. jurors does it take to screw in a light bulb?

None of them believe it is broken.

1997

How many Dolly clones does it take to screw in a light bulb?

As many as you'd like.
As many as you'd like. As many as you'd like.

And my personal favourite,

How many Surrealists does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A fish.

And a few we made up...

How many *B&W* staffers does it take to screw in a light bulb?

None — the office is too messy/cramped/busy/crowded to find any

or

Ten — four to complain about it, one editor to freak out about it, one to toss the computer out of the room, one to ask about the journalistic ethics of breaking the light bulb placers union, one to ask why, one to say it's not my job, and one to say "Can you come in at 11:00 to help me out with it?"

In the Beginning ...

by Paul Linton

In the beginning, God created the Heaven and the Earth. Quickly He was faced with a class action suit for failure to include an Environmental Impact Statement. He was granted a temporary construction permit for the project, but was stymied by the cease and desist order for the earthly portion. Appearing at the hearing, God was asked why He began His earthly project in the first place. He replied that He just liked to be creative.

Then God said: "Let there be Light!", and immediately officials demanded to know how the light would be made. Would this involve strip mining? What about thermal pollution? God explained that the light would come from a huge ball of fire. He was granted provisional permission to make light, presuming that no smoke would result from a huge ball of fire; that He would have the light out half of the time. God agreed, and said He would call the light "Day" and the darkness "Night." The officials replied that they were not interested in semantics.

God now said: "Let the Earth bring forth green Herbs and such as many Seed!" The officials agreed, so long as only native seed would be used.

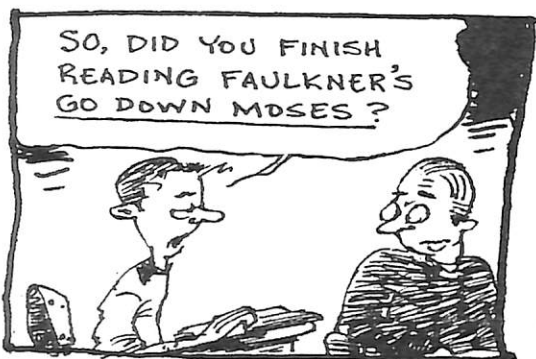
God said: "Let the Waters bring forth creeping Creatures having Life; and the Fowl that may fly over the Earth!" Officials pointed out that this would require separate approval from the Fish and Wildlife Service, Department of Fish and Game and should also be coordinated with the Wildlife Federation and Audubon Society.

All was well until God said He wanted to complete the project in six days. Officials stated it would require at least 180 days to review the application and impact statement prior to holding public hearings for comment. Then there would be a delay of 10 - 12 months for ...

At this point, God created Hell.

Answers to 19 Questions

1. United States of America
2. Twelve.
3. No, because he's dead
4. Two apples
5. They all do.
6. Roosters don't lay eggs.
7. White. You are at the North Pole and it's a polar bear.
8. No, because the man is still living.
9. Yes, they have it everywhere.
10. Six
11. The match.
12. No, because they didn't know when Christ was coming.
13. Half way. Then he's running out of the woods.
14. One's a quarter and the other is a nickel.
15. One a year.
16. Nine
17. One hour
18. None. That was Noah.
19. The beggar is a woman.



I GOT TO THE FIRST CHAPTER THEN I RAN OUT OF HEROIN.

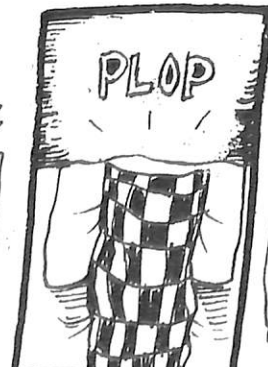


...DID YOU FINISH IT?

GOT TO THE 3RD CHAPTER AND OVERDOSED



I'VE GOT ENOUGH BUTTER HERE TO MAKE A DRINK!



...CUDDLE UP WITH ME.



Thank-you to:

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The Girlz
Jerry
Allan
Kevin
Prozac
Valerie
Expo 86
The city of Walla Walla
The candy machine
The fine Alberta Weather
Elvis (the King)
Squeeze Cheez
Samuel L. Bronkowitz
Howard Hughes
Chevy Impala
Automatic Transmissions
Bre-X
Arkham's Razor
The Arrow Planning Group
NASA
Alien Life Forms

Remember if
you have a
locker,
turn your
locks into Betty
at reception

We love you Corey
Oh Yes we do
the poster girls!!!
To the cute girl in Soc 224
You sit beside Holly and that
Shannon person Sorry I forgot your
name. Will coffee heal your pain
Embarrassed Classmate
K.J.
Happy birthday, you (well aged)
museum piece!
Love the other Cathy
It can be done--
love warmth and light for
all people
Perry Ellis Man,
Sorry if we embarrassed you
but you do smell good.
The couch potatoes
Peggy,
Can I buy you a coffee in September?
I hope so
G.S.
Cathy E
we are History!
love the other sister Kathy
Cathy
journal scoreboard 5-2 for me!
That's Brudal!
Peggy
Cool; Way cool; you're Budiful;
Guess who
Happy, Spike and Bad Guy
Rock on, cousins
Love Harry

Line By Line

Michael
you are so cute!
Love Shorty.
House Cooling Party
at the place with the fridge in the
living room. Friday April 25th till
Sunday. Bring a fridge magnet.
Happy
Run away, Run away.
She's Crazy man
Hoop,
Mr. Bean got nothing on your
cute butt!!
Love Sparky
Erik
I love you man
Jeff
Alana
52 more sleeps Til Vegas Vacation.
Bob
P.S.
That is not all I got pierced
Ms. J.
Thanks for breaking me in
M V P
The Lance
Are you prepared for the new battle
The encounterer
B R Q
I think this joke should be put to bed
now
????
Jordan, Sean and the Girls
Those conversations. Try syrup.
See you next year.

Carmen
Thank you for supplying the liquid
that made my year flow.
Double punch boy.
If any one has seen my brain
please return it to the Blue and White
office. It is very small and worn out
so please watch where you step
E I C
The only thing that we control in any
situation is the way we react to it.
Mike S
I am sorry that I have made this a
frightful year for you but I had to do
something
Boo
I had my 3pm it was great.
not Monzer
T G I O
Yoda
MVP in my rookie year.
Skywalker
Sarah,
It was the best of times
it was the blurst of times
The Bronco
Claire
Thank you
you did more than you realize.
The paper guy
K G O D ' S
Stay tuned in !!! Yeaah!!!!
Elf - Boy/Doorman
We Quit!
To the Hockey Boyz.
One word..... WOW !!!!

Peter.
Leave me alone, I am not writing !
Claire
Whoever stole my coffee cup
I will have revenge.
Sincere appologies
go out to Jason Fuger, the world's
most famous soccer star, for constant-
ly mispronouncing and misspelling
his name in this publication. Our
sincere apologies also go out his many
fans who have also been offended by
our gross incompetence.
Claire,
Take the book down.
Meg & Crystal
Bek,
Keep the Raja cool over
the summer!
Reb,
Remind me, what is the definition of
stalking?
J.C Hatta
C .
See you in Texas!
Holy,
Will you ever quit bugging that poor
guy in soc class
Joanna
Hey D.C
I saw who won the race.
Fl freak.
Hey Kathy!
I'm so grateful we met in English 100
-- life wouldn't be the same without
you.
Pegasus
Greta,
When can we go to the Commercial
again?
Love, Inga
Sarah
Had any donuts lately? Watch out
for that glaze!
P
Time is like a predator it stalks you
and then pounces
when your papers are due.
Thanks for all your generosity on the
ski trip.
-Signed, Gilligan
To M, in Mythology,
I still mean what I said earlier.
P. C
Bottomless Pete,
Can I have a sip of your coffee?
Capt.
When in doubt take them out.
To Everyone,
Thanks for a great year and remem-
ber, never trust a man in a blue trench
coat, and never drive a car when you
are dead.
M V P
You walk the dark path, and I will
complete your training!!
The Cactus
Tony,
I like my new office. Why did you
move me?
Zeus
The happy man that walks alone is
probably insane.
Rats! I hate rats! Rats drive me cra-
zy!...
The Cactus
I spent 4yrs here and I now have the
answer to the universe. It is 42. But
what is the question I ask you?
According to Einstein imagination is
more important than knowlege. Why
do I get in trouble for doodling on
my exams?
Sputter, Sputter, Fart, Wheeze,
Cough
Peg's Mazda
Dana,
Uh-hem, Uh-hem. Where are the
photos. Call me
Pat in the Hat

The Best Crew

by Peter Dry EIC

This year I had the task of bringing you, the population of Concordia, the *Blue and White*. When Jason asked me at the end of last year to do this job I was eager to take on the task, but as the summer drew shorter and September closer I realized that I had no idea of what I was supposed to do. I had never been put in a leadership position of this type before. I was, to tell the truth, scared stiff about the task that lay ahead. I had never before written for the paper and only read it in a quick glancing manner, let alone work on it. The one thing that I did know was that the paper seemed like a fun place to be. That's if the noise that was emanating from the office was any indication. Sure I had heard the horror stories of Charles and Tony (the 95/96 edit staff) spending long nights at the Collage to bring the paper to us. Me being naive, I believed that it could be done in just one day. Was I ever wrong. Dallas, Sarah, Peggy

and Pat could tell you that refinery row has a ironic beauty



in the very early morning (2-5am). They could also tell you that the Mac lab after 8-9 hours is one room that you would wish into oblivion and that it is one of the most uncomfortable areas on the campus. Pat and Dallas could tell you that AAAABU'S pizza is no longer going by that name. Sarah and Peggy could tell you that Computer glitches are not easily fixed and by no means quickly. The talks in the office are also something that could not easily be forgotten about. Whether it be about the creation of the Universe, one of our lives or about somebody's pants/shorts. In previous issues I have thanked the people on the staff and the contributors for their work, this time I am thanking them for being them; they made this year at Concor-

dia the best one that I ever had. Sure we had our disagreements... OK, they were sometimes outright fights, but I know deep down in my soul that you the staff and contributors are the best team/ crew I could of had and I would not change anyone of you. You must be commended for the work that you have done with this paper as you have made it not just another paper but you have made it the *Blue and White*. I also thank you because you have not made this any year for me but the best year possible. You are the best group of people that I have ever worked with and possibly ever will work with. I am now leaving this school. So to those of you on staff who are not returning good luck out there in the real world and to those of you who are returning the paper will be missing something if you do not participate in the new year. I, like others, can no longer put finger to keys for this publication, but you can. I Thank you all again and good luck in what ever direction that life takes you.

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