

A political cartoon by Rodolfo depicting a line of men in a mine, likely representing miners. They are wearing hard hats and carrying tools. One man is holding a flag that says "GREY CUP PARADE". A speech bubble from a man at the back of the line says "10 BUCKS SAYS LARRY DROPS BEFORE THE CUP DOES...". The signature "Rodolfo" is at the bottom right.

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## Second thoughts

by Dallas Harris

Welcome again to Second Thoughts; for your convenience emergency doors are located to the back and the sides of the cabin. In all seriousness, however, I recently got a chance to sit back and ponder a little, as I had the flu with a fever that reached 101 degrees. It could have been the delirium setting in, but old friends that I hadn't seen in awhile started to pop into my head. It was amazing to think of how many people come and go throughout a lifetime, and how each and every one of them help shape our lives. I'm reminded of one person in particular who walked into my life about a year ago, and eight months later she was gone. At the time it didn't seem important to tell her what her friendship meant to me — it may sound quite cheesy, but I still would like an opportunity to convey my thanks to her. I'm sure that there have been people who have come into your life who are gone before you know it, so I think that it's important to let the people in your life that mean something to know that you appreciate their friendship. You don't have to be blatant about it, subtlety will do. But, because we're almost halfway through this year, and soon some of us will go our separate directions, before you know it will be gone — possibly, forever.

## Reality Check

by Peggy Wright

Well, 'tis the season to be jolly....and all that. Now that school's almost over, and exams are close (too close), it's time to start thinking about Christmas. For some of us, Christmas is just another day, another season, a few more days off to rest and recuperate from all the stresses and travails of the first semester. For others, though, Christmas means different things. If you haven't already guessed, this week's question was, "What does Christmas mean to you?" Here's how you responded:

"Christmas means family"  
"Pigging out"

"A time of family, sharing, renewal — the birth of Christ; it's a celebration"

"As students, it means no more exams; it's a time of year you can enjoy because you don't have any more

papers to do — it can be a time of renewal, a refreshing time"

"Getting together with family"

"It means a time to sit back and review — to discover where I'm at. It brings everything together, and it reminds me about the important things, like family. It's also a time to practice tradition"

"It means the birth of Jesus"

"It means having a good time by contributing, working at the shelter, and, to be thankful"

"Snow!"

"A celebration of Christ's birth"

"Christmas trees"

"Happy children"

"Lots and lots and lots of eggnog!"

"Christmas means insincerity; it's a false time of year when people call you up just because it's Christmas"

## Concordia Concert Choir CD Review

by Peggy Wright

The Concordia Concert Choir's first CD in approximately five years, showcases a choir that has a polished, mature quality. Vocally, they boast a unified and blended sound; a sound that enables the various sections and voices of the choirs to shine, without overpowering each other. Their articulation is clear and concise, which is particularly important given the number of pieces in languages other than English. The selection of the pieces seems to fall into two parts, with the first generally representing an older, more traditional approach to sacred songs, while the second group incorporates more modern selections. For me, however, the last few selections from *My Lord, What a Mornin'*, provided more of a feeling of the passion that this choir is capable of representing to an audience, whether live, or on a recording. In particular, *Abendlied* by Josef Rheinberger, is simply beautiful — it's one of those pieces where I sat back, closed my eyes, and let the sound of the music and its movement wash over me, creating a sense of peace and wonderment. As a contrast to the quiet beauty of *Abendlied*, there's *The Last Words of David*, which provides the

choir with a chance to express a wide range of dynamics, from controlled pianissimo to glorious fortissimo. While the choir's musicality cannot be questioned, I do have some concerns about the order of pieces as they're presented on the CD. Because the first part of the CD focuses primarily on older repertoire, many of the selections seem to blend into one another — they sound very much alike, and though performed well, there is a certain sameness to them (particularly in terms of style and tempo). By the 12th cut, I was ready for a change. Additionally, the recording quality itself is questionable. While the echo present in the church worked well for a few selections, it often detracted from the quality of the sound, and sometimes resulted in a sense of brittleness. At times the soloists and other small groups of singers sounded as if they were either located behind the choir, or forced to compete with the piano, both of which made it difficult to hear their singing. Despite these technical glitches, however, this is a disc which provides the listener with 72 minutes of quality choral singing, and is worth purchasing. It's available through Wendy Fraser in A327, or at the bookstore.

## REFLECTIONS

by Charles Villebrun

The man stands all alone on the corner of the street. Cigarette dangling from the corner of his lip, his hair was a mess, sticking up in every direction. His clothes were stained, and the crease was gone from his pants. His shoes were the odd thing about him; they were brand new. As I walked by the smell of alcohol and tobacco smoke wafted by me, making me gag. The look he gave me, I have seen thousands of times on these lonely streets. It was a look that said, "Help me, please?" I looked straight ahead, trying to avoid that look of desperation. I couldn't — I couldn't just walk by — they do it to me every time. I stopped and reached into my pocket, thinking, "I'll give him a loonie, at least he'll be able to have a coffee". As I reached out to give him the coin, he said,



Jerry out on his rounds.

## At Home With The HIP

by Greg Schuhknecht

The band walk on stage casually and calm. Here expectation stops and reality happens. The Tragically Hip are in the building and ready to play! They begin slowly, laying note upon note in the rising intro to *Gift Shop*. Sparked by the first drum beat, the audience surges to its feet into immediate connection with the band. Now masters of their music, the Hip weave an elaborate and textured soundscape as diverse as each face in the crowd. The experience unfolds in the building of song on song from "Twist My Arm" to "Grace Too" to "Spring Time In Vienna". Gordon Downie embarks into his signature stage persona, expounding stream of consciousness dialogue with creative intensity. Rooted in their 'don't stop till the job is done' stage ethic, the band takes the Coliseum on a two hour journey of justification as to why they are the worlds premiere rock band. If you were a witness you understand.

With a cloud painted backdrop and the sun for a stage, the venue

## Tragic Little Bones

by Ian Campsall

Hushed multitudes wait  
For contorted prophet's words  
Subtly bound in a Gordian knot

And detonating in an  
exquisite cacophony  
Of steel strung songs  
Bringing wondrous bedlam  
And hallowed worship  
In rabid frenzied supplication

took on an amazingly intimate setting that bridged the gap between the artist and audience. With lines like "we are free to dream" and "hammock to the stars...remote control is on mars" threading through the music, the band is able to express itself with honesty and integrity. These are real people on stage delivering real art, not some bloated ego dishing out trash. Through most of the songs the audience sang along with Gordie in an overwhelming response to the band. Most Hip fans feel they own some of the Hips songs, as do I. During 'Courage' and 'Blow at High dough' the crowd sang an inspired chorus that drowned Gordie's vocals. Production of the show was professionally superior with crisp full sound and a expertly timed light show that followed the band into every beat and note change. A far cry from the Convention Center in 1991 when the stage collapsed during their set. Yes, the Hip have grown into a Canadian institution that we all share in. We are truly fortunate that the band is still sharing its growth in their art.

To darkly lurid tales  
Of intrinsic meaninglessness  
Mocking reality's bigotry  
With braying howls of disbelief

Interred in premature burials  
And smeared on strips of serengeti  
With grace and talent too  
Awash in bourbon blue light

Waiting for the Tragically  
Hip to take the stage...

## GAME REVIEW: Civilization 2

by Patrick Corbett

While sitting comfortably thinking of glory, power and a nice fresh sandwich, a sudden messages pops up on the screen. With your eyes suddenly fixed on the little message box, you sigh in relief believing that it is just a friendly messenger from your 'friendly' neighbors the Carthaginians. After clicking the OK button, the music starts up and the message continues. As you read you sense an evil stirring. After reading the message to yourself you yell out loud... "WHAT! I HAVEN'T!" .... "APPARENTLY we are being accused of collaborating with the evil Aztec empire. With a huge sigh, you send off the message and begin to prepare for war. As stated from the message, the Carthaginians have decided to vanquish your empire. Within 5 turns you look carefully at your screen and from due east comes a huge force of Carthaginian War Elephants. As they approach even closer, you prepare your military surprise. As the enemy arrives in a 3 square radius, you decide that maybe you should send out your little surprise. With a simple click of a button, you launch your newly developed Cruise missile. Laughing to yourself as you destroy six of their troops, you are thankful that your scientists are much more wise than the pitiful Carthaginians. Since their highest technology is Iron workings and maybe even polytheism, you decide to send a spy into their capital with a little present. After a couple turns your spy is commissioned and sent over. With another click of a button, the enemy capital vanishes. Laughing again, you think to yourself, "don't you just love Theme-Nuclear devices". But your little party is soon over, since every nation on the planet sends you diplomats who declare war on your nation for committing such a horrible act. Asking yourself why, you quickly realize the only way to successfully plant a nuclear device is to be a Fundamentalist Government. As you attempt to hurry and amass an army, you are quickly destroyed with the combined forces of the whole planet.

This game is one of the best strategy games I have ever seen and have ever played. If you decide to purchase this game, I give you one warning. This game is REALLY ADDICTIVE! Please do not hold me personally responsible for any missed essays or exams, I have given you a warning. I would rate this game 10 out of 10 bits.

## Tegler Clock

By Sunita Sabhaney

After long last the clock in Tegler has been replaced by student council. The funds were generously donated by the students, through the recycling of pop cans.

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## My Three Cents: A Female's Perspective

by Sarah Holland, Sports editor

Why? Why? I hate to be a "typical female", but why do puckbunnies insist on attending College hockey games in half-shirts with Tammy Fay Baker make-up? On Saturday night one Mount Royal Cougar fan was sporting glittery bronze eyeshadow, and her drugstore perfume was burning my eyes and nose from 3 tables down. The reason that I don't comprehend this phenomenon is because I was wearing four layers on top, wool

socks, etc., and my appendages (ie: hands, feet, nose) were frozen. Now, if I was hot for a hockey player, I would not choose that venue to practice exhibitionism. What does this have to do with sports? Well...nothing. It just bugs me! I like hockey, and I attend games to watch, not flaunt my sexuality. I'm curious as to the desired outcome of these females' actions. I would like to warn all the puckbunnies of North America to bundle up, or disaster may strike.

## Footbag!

OK, I know that you already know what it is. It's a bag...and you play with your feet. It's not hard, it just takes a little bit of practice. That's what we have — free practice — put on by the CSA, who have generously donated Monday nights to the development of footbag.

Monday nights (7:00 pm - 9:00 pm) at Virginia Park Elementary School, 1/2 block northwest of the Tegler Center. Bring your own feet (and a bag would be nice too). If you don't have your own bag, no worries — kick with ours.

## Flashbacks

For all of you who desire to relive your youth, here's a list of some of the reruns presently on the tube:

*Three's Company*, 3:00 pm weekdays, channel 22  
*Gilligan's Island*, 11:30 am, weekdays, channel 22 (we think!)  
*Magnum PI*, 12:00 am, Sundays, channel 22  
*Dukes of Hazzard*, channel 15  
*Dallas*, channel 15  
 Check your local TV listings for times, days, and channels!

Groovy!

## Sports Trivia

1. What teams played in the longest overtime game played March 24, 1936?
2. Who was the leading playoff scorer for the 1979-80 season?
3. Who holds the record for most shots on goal in one season?
4. Who holds the record for most assists by a defenceman, one season?
5. What three players are tied for the record for fastest goal from the start of a game?
6. Where was Joe Sakic born?
7. What club did Ranger Eric Cairns play for during the 95-96 season?

Remember to submit your answers to Sarah. She is keeping score.

**ARTIST? ASPIRING ARTIST? JUST SOMEONE WHO DOODLES ALOT?**

**IF THE ABOVE DESCRIBES YOU, THE CSA WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!!**

The CSA is looking for a poster person to design and post a few posters to promote CSA activities. Those who are interested please come down to the CSA office and talk to Jason Gariepy, Vice President, or call 479-9210. And yes, the job does pay...

**VOLLEYBALL CHALLENGE TONIGHT  
 DECEMBER 2**  
 come out and play the Student Association  
 win win win prizes  
 a good study break

Every Monday night  
 Footbag  
 Come out and kick it at  
 Virginia Park Elementary  
 starts at 7:30 PM

Since Christmas is coming, we thought you might get a chuckle out of a *Blue and White* spin on some old Christmas favourites.

### To the tune of OH CHRISTMAS TREE

by Pegasus

Oh Primus man, Oh Primus Man  
 Thou art the loveliest in the land  
 Oh Primus man, Oh Primus Man  
 Your offices are so grand

In days of old, so long ago  
 into the dunk tank you did go

Oh Primus man, Oh Primus Man  
 Thou art the loveliest in the land

### To the tune of JINGLE BELLS

by the Color Wheel Group

Driving through the snow  
 Of the parking lot all day  
 Even a 4x4 cannot lead the way  
 Gee it would be nice  
 If they cleared the ice  
 Cause everytime we leave our cars  
 Some sand would suffice

Oh...  
 Jingle bells hear the yells of  
 students in the hall  
 Brains are blown, hear the  
 moans, finals are too long  
 Who is this, what is that,  
 why am I still here  
 Is it true that Santa won't be  
 coming here this year?

### To the tune of SILENT NIGHT

by Rocco Volpe

Silent night freezing night  
 Grey cup's gone, but not for long  
 The scoundrels in blue paid off  
 the striped men  
 Flutie drops but doesn't know  
 when  
 Lancaster's gift was to give them  
 the game  
 We hope that the boatmen don't  
 sink in their shame.

Silent night pitiful night..  
 Drillers are back and on the  
 wrong track  
 The Oilers seem to be finally back  
 Mess and Gretz can tell you about  
 that  
 Fleury's gone home, to get a fa-  
 cial  
 Silent night Monday night

### To the tune of SANTA CLAUS IS COMIN' TO TOWN

by The Blue and White Tabernacle Choir

You'd better not park you'd better catch a ride  
 You'd better bring a toonie I'm telling you why  
 Cause parking fees are doubling next year

You'd better not pout you'd better not whine  
 You'd better start studying I'm telling you why  
 The profs aren't getting raises this year

They know if you've been skipping  
 They know when you are late  
 They know when you just plagiarized the essay that  
 was great.

So, you'd better not cheat  
 You better not buy  
 the test from last year I'm telling you why  
 Cause Peter flunked the same test this year

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## T-Balls Roll On

by Dallas Harris

On Saturday, November 23, the *ThunderBalls* rolled again at Pins & Cues in Westmount Mall. The turn out was quite lousy, only four brave souls came out to battle the evil Ten-pin menace. Under the skilled leadership of E-Zee (a.k.a. Dr. Banana), the pre-fab four rolled on to teach those wooden sentinels a lesson or two. Yes with only four mighty people, with four mighty bowling arms the task was completed, even though the courageous Phats, and the valiant Delvis were casualties of a common virus. The *ThunderBalls* institution was defended with honour, but the Ten-pin menace will be back. So if you think you have got what it takes to fight this foe see Dallas in the B&W office.

Athabasca University Learning Without Limits

## Line by line

Jeff  
Lose the excess baggage.  
You know who  
To every one on the CSA and the Blue and White,  
Merry Christmas.  
love ESA girls

Moose,  
We are going to miss your blank looks  
Cathy,  
What color do you want your collar to be?  
I'll get you one for Christmas.

Anne,  
Were here for you. Glad to hear that you are still friends with D and he'll be here for you

CSA  
Volleyball..... Tonight..... Prepare to die  
!!!!!!!

Danielle, Dana and Chantell,  
No one could ask for better friends to have!  
Thanks for all support during my "very hard stressful, upsetting, Crazy week! Love you all"  
The other ESA Girl

Dallas  
Is it really Dallas or is it Debbie.

Da thunder Balls are looking for Bowlers. So come and talk to Dallas in the B&W office. If you can't find me find Patrick.

When-D  
The Hip are all that and more. Vive le Hip and down with The Cult.

J,  
Are we still engaged?  
D.

The Sick instructor  
If you are sick as often as you say I better stock up on Tomato soup.  
Your personal nurse.

To the guy that got us all sick  
Thank you for an interesting way to end off the semester.

Sarah,  
If I wanted rules I would have stayed at home and finished my hooked on phonics workbook  
Fouled out of game.

Peter and Peggy,  
IT'S NOT THAT FUNNY!!!!!! Button! Button! It's a common word! Give it up!

Patrick,  
But it is so funny the way that you enunciate it so clearly, it's soon cute.

## The Food Bank Thanks You!

by Catherine Scott

In the last week of October, student fundraisers at Concordia managed to collect \$168 in just a few short hours for the Edmonton Food Bank.

Patrick Corbett was the dynamic force behind the drive on October

30th as he managed to collect several large bills from generous students. Patrick could be seen racing through Tegler in a manic state, asking every student he could find to donate to this cause -- he even did a little song and dance for those that wanted more bang for their buck. Many of those that were approached were only able to give spare change, but this helped enormously when the final tally was calculated. We faced stiff competition from the 'Unicef guy' on the first day, but recognizing that we need to spread our generosity to those in need around

the world, Patrick and I decided NOT to mug him in the parking lot. Dallas Harris was my dupe on Friday, November 1st, and while not quite as crazed as Patrick, he also managed to charm several women into dipping

into their pants (for change that is!). Groceries for the Food Bank will be purchased and

dropped off over the long weekend on behalf of Concordia University College students and staff. I wish to extend thanks on behalf of the Edmonton Food Bank for the generous donation, and I also wish to extend my own personal, heart-felt thanks to everyone who participated in this impromptu fundraiser. I'll be seeing you all again at the end of the month -- so get your change purses ready! \*\*A special thank-you to Patrick and Dallas for giving their time and energy to this event - you guys are the best.

## FEED THE FOOD BANK!

Look for Christmas boxes  
in Tegler  
Nov. 20 - Dec. 6

Sponsored by Church Work Association.

## Wizard's Corner

by Paul Linton

Three sailors dock in a seaport town. They are not scheduled to leave until the next day so they decide to take a room at the local inn. The innkeeper charges each man \$10 for the room that they are sharing. After a few minutes, the innkeeper begins to feel guilty for overcharging the three sailors. He gives the bell boy \$5 and sends him to the sailors' room. The bell boy remembers that the sailors did not tip him, so on the way to the room he changes the 5 dollar bill and keeps \$2 for himself. He gives each sailor one dollar. This means, in effect, that each sailor has now paid \$9 for the room. If \$9 X 3 = \$27, and the bell boy kept two dollars, where is the missing dollar?

Answer to previous puzzle: a mountain.

## My Wallet was Stolen

by Debbie Tavers

I left my door open today, and Someone came in without asking.

I told them to go away, but They would not listen. They rifled around like they owned the place, And threw my things on the ground;

I did not like it. I yelled, but They would not listen. I cried, but They would not listen. I stayed quiet, but They still would not listen.

No, we did not forget the money marker!! We regret there is no money marker in this issue, but it will be back in the January issue!

## Letters To the Editor:

From D. Nicklin

I would like to reply to the letter of Brodie Smith about a few points.

1) Religious Discrimination is both a provincial and federal offense. I have a fundamental right to express my beliefs as long as I do not insult others. This extends to publishing in the *Blue and White*. Words such as "pathetic" are insulting and closed minded.

2) Brodie Smith is correct about the etymology of the word Hallow'een. However, Smith is obviously unaware that the festival of Samhain begins at sundown 31 October and continues to sundown 1 November. Thus, it also contains All Hallows Day. I expressed this in my

article, but I see Smith did not read it carefully.

3) Our "religion" is not governed by fear, but by respect for powers beyond our control. Besides, aren't Christians supposed to fear God? If Smith considers our festival "pathetic" because we party, perhaps he should take a close look at the rampant commercialism of Christmas and Easter.

The festival of Samhain is considered sacred to us. We honor our dead, respect the forces around us, and join in happy fellowship on a holy day.

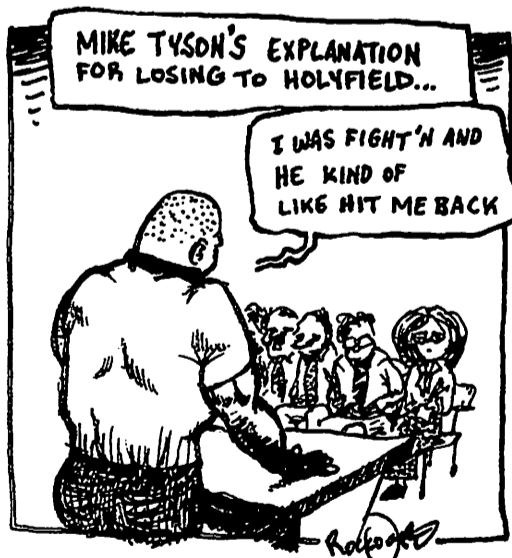
If documentation is what you want, Mr. Smith, then you've got it. I have some interesting facts for you about Yule and Christmas.

Thank you.

From Greg Schuhknecht.

Intolerance is a crime. A crime against the individual and society. When one is intolerant ideas are sacrificed for the cause of a closed and dying belief system. What happens when we are unwilling to examine new ideas? The result is an ever narrowing perspective and diminishing ability to accept others as they are. We cannot expect people to squeeze into any mold that we have created for that discriminates against the individual's right to be what they are, which is separate and unique within the context of a society. What are the intolerant fearful of? Are new ideas a threat? Can an idea destroy a belief? The answer is NO!!! To rend apart a belief would mean that belief was weak and in need of review. In fact, I believe that ideas that challenge our beliefs are good, for then we are given an opportunity to gain insight into the reasons for what we think and do. We are at school to learn not only facts but also to gain

understanding of self. In the academic environment intolerance acts to entrench seekers in the prison of unquestioned paradigms. There is more than enough ignorance in the world. Accepting ideas without close scrutiny would be folly that we can not afford. In a world where nothing is as it seems it is crucial that when we accept ideas, we accept them understanding honestly what it is we are affiliating ourselves with. I for one want to live honestly, knowing who and what I am. If I refuse to give new ideas some voice I have fallen into benign corruption. Intolerance exists at home, at work, at Church, within political systems, within relationships and in many hearts. At school I hope to discover a safe place where I need not fear intolerance. A place where I am free to roam the vast world Of thought, without bias and discrimination but rather security and an open mind. I see intolerance on this campus and simply wish for it to go away.



## Shadowing the Wild

by Charles Villebrun

I walked down to the river and stood there thinking about time and what it has done to me. The mirror in my mind was looking back at me and asking questions of me that I had no answers for. Looking back, I realized I had lost something when I went to town. Something is gone from my makeup; the small and wonderful things that make me who I am. They have dis-

appeared with time spent in a world that I was not meant to be in. I am not a person who was meant to be confined in a city. I was meant for the wide open spaces, blue sky and the not so bright stars at night. I was meant to wander the forest, day or night, hunting for my meal. My savage heart tells me all this but here I stay in this land of false lights. Light that turns night into day with the flick of a switch. Who are we that I feel such things in the middle of the

day in a classroom filled with other students such as myself. Trying to bring together the whiteman's world in our minds and hearts to survive another day. Not hunting or seeking immunity from the savageness in our lonely wild hearts that beats like the beast in the forest who is free.

Slowly I turned from the river wishing for a new time to receive the love I knew that was my birthright. The love of the wildness of the forest that has entered my heart from time to time. I seek, I said to myself, I

seek the right to be who I am, because I am lost in a world not of my making. (A world that is sterile and almost clinical. A world of wonders that are man made, buildings, sidewalks, roads and steel.) Slowly my awareness returns, to the chatter of everyday life revealing itself on the sidewalks just beyond my vision. A cacophony of sound hits me like a sledge hammer after the stillness of my journey throughout the wilds of my mind.



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