

BLUE & White

Second issue - Free! Please don't throw this paper away! Pass this on when you are finished! Thank you! October 1996

Concordia Bleeds for Red Cross

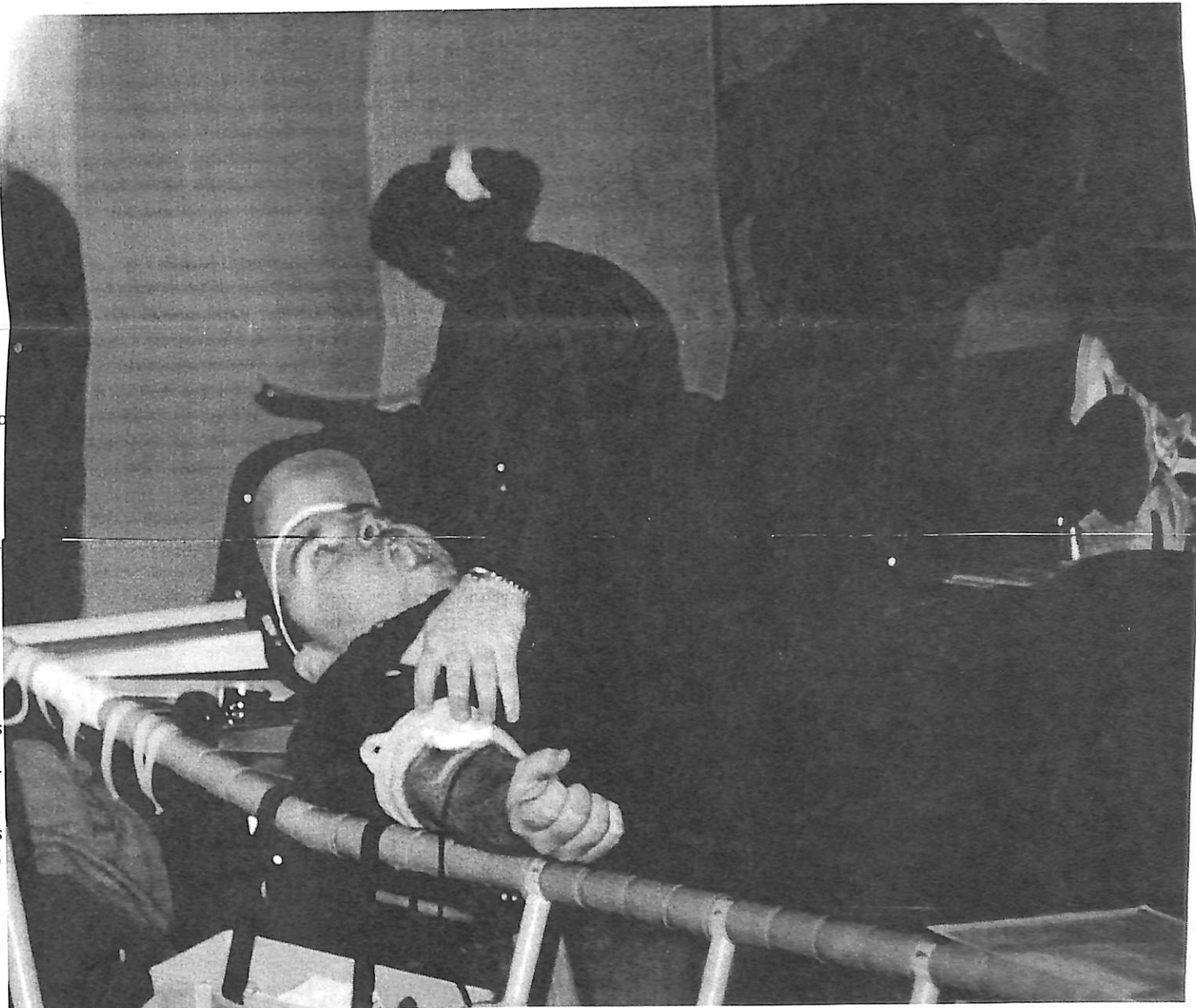
Everyone needs a good bleeding

by Mike Schiemann

Members of Concordia's student body poured out their hearts on Wednesday-literally. In cooperation with the red cross, the CSA sponsored a blood donor clinic. Between 11:30 and 2:30, 80 students came through the clinic. Our liaison with the red cross, Kiann McNeill was here to witness the event, saying Concordia's spirit and willingness to give blood was truly a wonderful thing.

Our goal for the clinic was to get one hundred units of blood. We came close at 68. However, for the first ever clinic at Concordia, I would call it an overwhelming success. Every unit of blood saves four lives, so for all of those math majors out there, you can figure out that we saved two hundred and seventy two lives. Not bad for a University College with a small population. I personally would like to offer my thanks to all of the students that donated. Right now, the Red Cross's blood supply is drastically low once again. Our donations helped to replenish their supply.

In a day when accidents are common place, and there is a constant need for blood, it is nice to see how many people really care. The procedure for a blood donor is easy, yet tedious. First, you must register which entails reading an information pamphlet. Next, is the most painful part, the pricking of the finger. After your blood is analysed, and you are told you can donate, comes a private information session with a nurse after which the blood starts flowing and the bag fills up. After you fill the bag, which takes longer for some than for others, comes what many people believe is the best part, the cookies and the juice. The procedure is very easy, and takes up only about half an hour of your time. A little inconvenience for yourself, yet a life saving procedure for someone else. It takes about 24 hours to replenish the sugars and the fluids in your body, and takes 6 weeks for the body to replenish all of the red blood cells. One can donate only once every 56 days, because it takes almost that long to restore your blood. Because of the popularity of the clinic, the CSA will be hosting another one on March 10, between 11:30 and 2:30. The setup will be the same, and by that time, everyone who donated last Wednesday will be able to do it again. I would like to extend my personal thanks to all who volunteered. Without volunteers, the clinic wouldn't have run as it did. In total, 16 people volunteered their personal time, and gave of their efforts to support this worthy cause. I hope that when March 10 rolls around, I will be able to count on them again to help with the clinic. Anyone else who would like to help with the clinic is welcome to do so, and any questions can be directed to me in the CSA office.



C.S.A. AND BLUE & WHITE EDITORS WINED AND DINED.

by Dallas Harris

On the 24th of September the members of the Students Association and members of the Blue & White were treated to an evening of food, beverages, and fun at Harleywood Cafe in Kingsway Garden mall. In attendance were student councils from Grant MacEwen, U of A, and Nait. There were plenty of people to meet, great food, and entertainment galore. The purpose of the evening was to draw business, but more importantly to create ties between the different organisations. A good time was had by all, and there was talk of the possibility of an inter-school ski trip with Nait. A big thanks to the great folks at Harleywood Cafe for their hospitality, and for putting together such a great event.

Links from the Library

by Heather Morrison, Library

Photocopying at the U. of A.: If you're planning to do some photocopying at the U. of A., please note the following changes in progress over there:

ONE CARD: the U. of A. is gradually switching over from photocopy cards to their new one-card system. Some of their photocopiers will only take one-cards, some only photocopy cards. At present, one-cards are available for U. of A. students only. Eventually, it will be possible for outsiders to purchase a one-card for photocopying purposes; in the meantime, photocopy cards can still be used. It is not a good idea to put a lot of money on these cards as

they will eventually be phased out.

PHOTOCOPIER LOCATIONS: the U. of A. is moving towards standardizing photocopier locations. In general, to find a photocopier, go down. For example, in the newly renovated Rutherford North, photocopiers are located on the ground floor. In Coutts, they are in the basement.

CONCORDIA STUDENT I.D. CARDS: have you picked up your new card at the library yet? Students who received an I.D. card during orientation should come in to exchange their cards.

I find your lack of faith disturbing.

-Darth Vader

Second Thoughts

by Dallas Harris

Well kids, it's that time again, time for another thrilling instalment of second thoughts. I thought that this time I would touch on something I think is really stupid, political correctness. We've gone too far people, it's time to take another look at the direction that this disease is taking us. Listen, the whole premise of this awful social ill is to spare feelings and keep people from being offended. This is crap kiddies, pure crap. If we just spent a little less time worrying about labels, we just might avoid problems in the first place. Look at it this way, it's like having a band-aid on your skin, you know it's going to be unpleasant removing it, so why prolong the pain, just rip it off. The reality of it is that even though you're try-

ing not to offend anybody, you're annoying somebody like me, so you haven't accomplished a darn thing. The biggest stumbling block to the p.c. lifestyle is that it ends up labelling things like they were disabilities, and people as if they were individual species. As far as I am concerned, we should treat everybody like we treat our friends. If your friend is short, bald, and happens to be Chinese (for example) you wouldn't introduce him as my friend, the vertically and folliclely challenged Asian Canadian, I think you'd just introduce him by his name. Here it is straight, a rock is rock, a tree is tree, a dog is a dog, and people are people, so knock the p.c. garbage!

THE WEEK

Mark Just

This last week of September was Spiritual Emphasis week. During this time we have had some pretty awesome chapels from various people about one main verse ACTS 4:12! In one particular chapel we were encouraged to creatively greet and discover who that person is in the desk beside you?!? I encourage you to acknowledge the people who sit around you in class every day that you never seem to acknowledge. Take the first step and introduce yourself and work on establishing common ground to build a personal relationship. Once that is done, do it constantly, in the halls, and every day that you come through the door to attend your classes. I am not encouraging you to do this when your professor is speaking. But I am telling you this to build character in yourself and to develop friendships with others. I am not telling you this on my own merit, but the One who created earth and every one of us waits for you to use your creativity to acknowledge Him.

The Forest For the Trees

Amy Willans

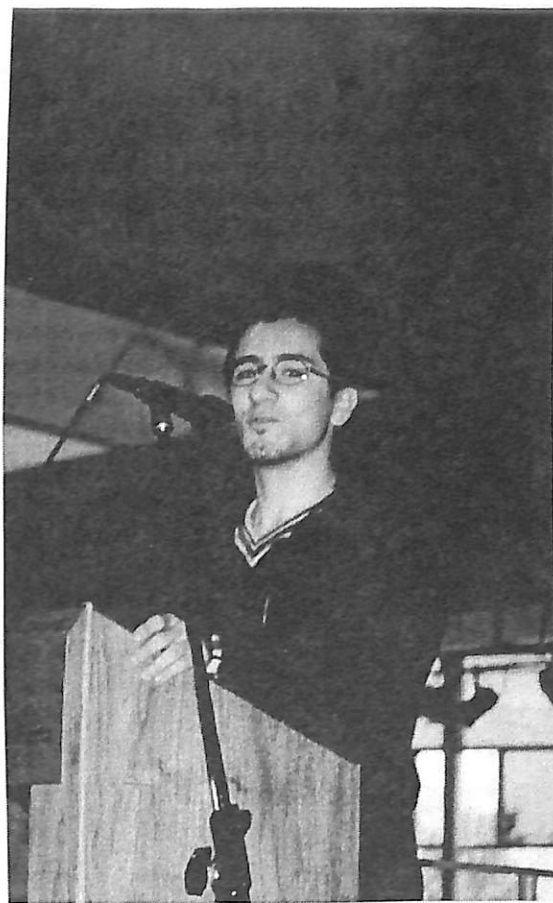
It's the end of the week, and I feel as if this is the first chance I've had to breathe in five days. I no longer am able to see anything as clearly as I could have a few days earlier. I feel torn in three thousand different directions, and the best looking option is to sleep all weekend and avoid any and all of my responsibilities. I scan my daytimer, drop it onto my desk so it can mingle with the rest of my impatient books, and search out my salvation.

One of the most vital things in my life is my journal. Without my pens and paper I would never be able to find myself in this crazy world we all inhabit. As soon as I sit down and open it's raggedy cover, relaxation spills down my body. It is the only place in the whole world where I can be completely real. All of the crazy stuff that whirls around my head finds it way onto those pages. All of it, good and bad. I have only one rule: no editing, no hiding. It's in those

pages and between those lines I am able to see my reality a little clearer. It's in that book that I figure out what's bothering me, how to go about things differently, and just basically find direction and comfort.

Sitting alone with a pen, a cup of coffee, and my notebook, I am completely content and perfectly balanced. Even when life happens faster than I can process, and I feel totally unbalanced, confused, frustrated, sad or lonely I know what to do to restore my sanity.

Although this is my outlet for stress and confusion, and I highly recommend it's therapeutic value, not all issues can be settled by yourself. There is an invisible line you can cross where outside help is needed. When darkness sets in and options seem limited, as frightening as it may seem, please reach out your hand and ask. However alone I've felt or witnessed others struggle through, I have found that somebody somewhere can identify with it.



PROVING YOUR DEMOCRATIC WORTH

by Patrick Corbett

With many of the standard problems, the elections of 1996 at Concordia finally got underway on Wednesday Sept 25th. With Patrick Corbett introducing the candidates for each of their respective positions, the speeches soon began. Kathy Jennings, running for Grad Rep. was unable to give her speech due to a very important class, but the problem was minor since she was the only individual running for that position. Soon the Arts Representatives took to the stands, first there was Katherine Little, who gave her medium length speech with good prowess and harmony, during her speech she outlined fairly directly what her goals would be throughout the year. Soon to the stand came Jeff Nachtigall, his speech was quick, short and to the point. The last of the Art candidate's, Doug Wilson (otherly known as Moose), came up to the mic and gave his speech, which was also very short and quick. After the Art Rep's were finished their speeches, Monzer Al-Bekai, the business Representative was brought forth, and delivered his even shorter speech to the crowd. With all the speeches finally done, the polls opened up the following day at a very slow but steady rate of votes coming forth. The polls were open between 9am until 3pm, Thursday and Friday. Finally the ballots were counted by several members of the Election committee, and the results were as follows: Jeff Nachtigall for Arts Representative, Monzer Al-Bekai for Business Representative and finally Kathleen Jennings for Grad Representative.

Zen and the Art of Air Hockey

by Patrick Corbett

The air rushes in, the disk starts to rise and your blockers start to move. As you prepare yourself to play, you remind yourself and occasionally your opponent that it's only a game. As you look up, your opponent eyes you and says "Let us begin.". As quickly as the words slip off the lips the disk is launched at incredible speeds, soon with a sudden twitch you have blocked the first round, but now it's your turn.

You eye your opponent and in your mind you think "be one with the disk, you shall succeed, you are the victor", then suddenly it's off, your shot rebounds off the walls and it's in, you cheer but before you are done your howls of victory, your opponent strikes and scores. You quickly realize then and there, it's no longer a game, it's personal. Soon after an exchange of curses

you reclaim your lead but quickly lose it again. Through many tense moments of battle you pull out at an even tie, one point, and just one victor. As you notice your dilemma, you sigh and glare aimlessly at the disk in front of you and try to visually attune yourself to it and convince it to score. As you prepare your shot, you think this is it, I am one with my blockers, they are my hands and my life line, you pray that they will be your guide to your prophesied victory. As you shoot, time slows and the disk rotates as it is launched forward to it's destiny. As the disk approaches that yet to be said destiny something suddenly stirs inside of you. You come to one last conclusion, Victory is the mind killer.



Tadpoles Tales

by Peter Dry Editor-In-chief

On the first day of classes I had a very unique experience to Concordia, I walked in to one of my classes, a little late, only to find that there were no desks or chairs to be found. So for that class I endured the feeling of numbness, as my butt fell asleep. I thought that this being the first time that I had ever experienced or even heard of any one having to sit on the floor at Concordia, I would just chalk it up to experience. Partially to my surprise I walked into the same class a few days later to find that we had moved class rooms, I thought that my days of looking at the backside of one of my classmates were over, but I found that at the next class that I was sharing the floor with 4 other people. I am now at the point where I am debating whether it is worth going to a class to experience the feeling of my pelvic bones getting sore and looking at someones posterior. After talking to the registrars of-fice about this problem, it would seem that not enough people dropped the course as of yet. The unfortunate side to this is that there is no where else to hold the class in the school. I wait with anticipation to see how well I can write an exam while on the floor, looking at my classmates anatomy.

Announcing...

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At The Citadel

by Amy Willans

A review of Henrik Ibsen's "Ghosts"

The lights dimmed for the final time, but that's only the beginning. When you leave the theatre a haunting feeling will stay with you. "Ghosts" takes you down the dark path of family secrets, unspoken truths, and hidden messages. Henrik Ibsen's family drama, translated by John Lingard, brings into light the destructive forces of words left unsaid, and the power of revealing them.

Susan Cox portrays Mrs. Alving, the self-willed, strong-minded, and equally nurturing mother. As "Ghosts" unfolds we watch her struggle out from the shadow of her once womanizing, diseased, mad, dead husband, while freeing her son

from his father's sins. As she evolves before your eyes, you feel a sympathetic understanding as to why she kept quiet for so long.

Osvald Alving, played by Jeff Haslam, is as equally convincing. In his portrayal, Haslam demonstrates two opposing characteristics simultaneously, independence and child-like neediness. After spending the majority of his life away from home, Osvald has returned home to be cared for by his mother, only to discover that nothing in his family's history is as it seems.

The weakest role is found in Randy Hughson's unreliable and inconsistent portrayal of Pastor Manning. The other two cast members, Nancy

Mcclear and Alec Willows, take on the roles of Regine and Engstrand respectively, and make for the lighter moments.

All in all "Ghosts" is an exceptional start for the Citadel's new season. The only downfall being, the lack of closure in the final scene. Although dramatic, it somehow falls short in comparison to the previous acts.

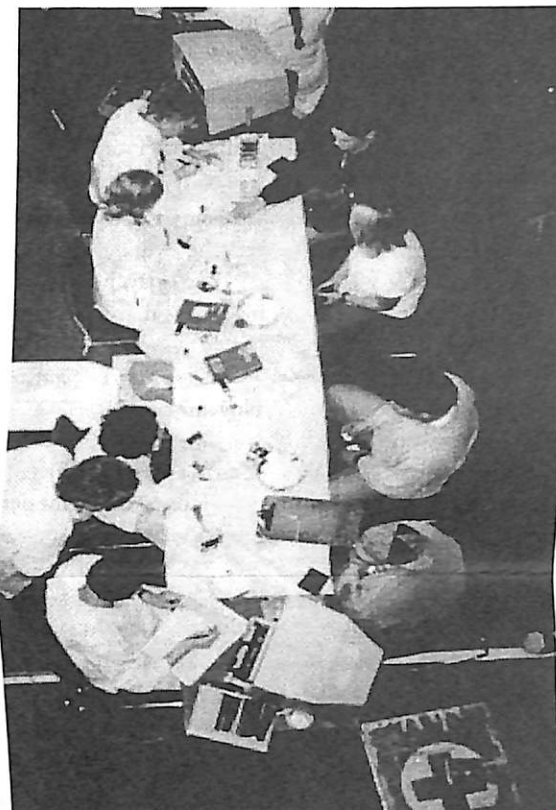
Through effective lighting, bland colours and continual rain an eerie feeling stays with you from start to finish, allowing you to feel immersed in the Alving's family. Despite one missing connection "Ghosts" is an entertaining and thought-provoking play well worth attending.

Maestro Jilts Orchestra

Daryl Harvey

Maestro Grzegorz Nowak, the conductor and musical director for the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra, was lined up for a guest spot with our very own Concordia Symphony Orchestra last week. However, plans are not always followed through to fruition, as was the case for Maestro Nowak. Unfortunately for the orchestra, the jet-set conductor had just flown in from Paris two nights prior and apparently was so jet-lagged and exhausted from his travels that he couldn't make the practice. The only hitch was that this message was relayed five minutes before practice was to start. A publicist of the Maestro phoned Dr. Bromley, Concordia music professor and CSO director, just prior to "showtime" with the news. I guess the rich and famous don't have access to telephones. So needless to say Dr. Bromley wasn't too pleased. He and the majority of the orchestra members weren't too impressed with the Maestro's hap-hazard concern regarding his commitments. Nevertheless, despite the setback which sent this reporter on a wild goose chase to track down the man who wasn't there, Dr. Bromley persevered and put the CSO through their pieces. And hey, they are GOOD. For a classical music novice and an agnostic, I really enjoyed it. I even surprised myself. Maybe I'll go see a symphony or two. I definitely recommend that everybody go and see the CSO's first performance of the season in late October. Advertisements will be posted. Come out and support Concordia's many musical talents, I know I will.

Vampires Incorporated



Thanks to the many who willingly gave their blood. Count Dracula

OCTOBERFEST PUB CRAWL

On October 18th, the Students Association will be hosting a pub crawl. The evening will include stops at various Club Malibu locations, and promises to be a blast. For more information please ask at the Student's Association office.

Swimming With Sharks

by Patrick Corbett

It's Saturday night and there you are, sitting on the couch with a few friends pondering what to do. You think, maybe we should go to a bar, but no, the temptation slowly passes with the thought of interaction and the expenses. Then you think, hey why not go to the local 'Ultimate Bowling Experience' place, but again, the temptation slowly passes. Soon you think, hey, how about a good movie, but your friends quickly remind you that you have seen all the movies that are out there. Are they correct, have you really seen all the great movies? Well folks the answer is clear, you haven't. Swimming with

Sharks is an amazing movie to watch, except if you want to see explosion, death and carnage. Directed by George Huang, Kevin Spacey (also seen in *Seven* and *The Usual Suspects*) is Buddy Ackerman, a ruthless corporate who is the Vice-President of Production at Keystone Productions. Buddy Ackerman has to be the everyday employee's worst nightmare, and is known to introduce people to the corporate monster. Soon Guy (Frank Whaley) is hired to be Buddy's personal assistant and is ready and willing to climb the corporate ladder, but soon he realizes that it is harder than one thinks. During the first few days

at work, Guy discovers that no position that can lead to greatness comes without a cost. Guy gets bombarded by various types of punishments from nasty comments all the way to office stationeries. Guy generally goes through a nightmare to satisfy the needs of his boss, Buddy Ackerman. Soon Guy loses it, takes Buddy Ackerman and turns the punishments and torture around on the boss, which is the dream of many, or not all employees. This movie is one of my favourite films in any video rental place out there. If I were to rate this movie, it would be 9 out of 10 Nibs.

Detachment

Julia Novikova

So I'm here again in my delusional world. I so much don't want to leave, but I know I'll have to. If I could stay here forever I would never go, I would be. In the perfect state of mind, where everything is beautiful, even the ugly monsters who are the horrid and violent. Their beauty shines through in their deviant acts, that after awhile become their sacred art. The art of vicious despair and majestic, agonizing derangement of the mind. The monsters will never change, and their triumphing nature will praise them. On my knees, I will bow my head and sacrifice a little of my self. To my world and to the polluted, conscious existence on the other side. To gain guidance in my brain, to function in this regulated, modified society. In other words, to acquire the means to leave for good, to be forgotten, and to erase the raging silence of the past, as well as the present. My desire to cease to exist "here" is fatal. My concepts and understandings are usually proclaimed unfit, or crazy. Yes, I'm in the state of mind, or in my world, I'm true and fair. I'm beginning to conceive that sooner or later I will be incapable of

substantiating the mask of conformity on my face any longer. Will not be able to cope with ordinary hassles and regulations of today or tomorrow. Time has already escaped me, letting me fly free. In my world, I'm never in a hurry and I don't have anything to attend to that is not desirable or appealing. There are no limits, and everyone knows that time is a mere symbol for eternity. Only a simple device designed as a decoration to hang on the wall or to chain to a wrist. And so I will still go on, pretending to be all here. Where as in reality, half of me has already left this grey matter converting it into black and white. Creating two extremes without any intermixing, which creates masks and hides the hideous monsters. The monsters are only black on the outside, covering their white souls and keeping them under suppression. The only reason for this misunderstanding of their beauty. They are bright and intelligent, not accepting any standards but their own. The dignity they possess will not permit them to wallow in denial, to push down on themselves just to please others. They are beautiful because they have love. Love

has to be present, first for your own being, then for few others who know and can learn as well as teach. This alone is enough for them to stay, being clowns or genuine wild lovers they are not in comparison to the rest. So the rest can pretend to care and live, alienating the ones who disturb the peaceful functioning. Coming up with perturbing questions and creating succulent unpermissive alternatives. Outrageous and non-submissive they are all welcome in my world. Without care, without time we will languish in the internal chaos, acknowledging and carrying through with unspeakable most primitive desires. Entering beautiful madness. Conquering other's nightmares, transforming them into precise deformities for entertainment. Jealousy and greed will be eaten by deceit, but nobody never lies. Only "here" on the surface that we are forced to endure, it happens. Boredom, regret, longing, what rubbish! One day I'll quit for all to see and disappear in my striped wall-less castle.

Wizard's Corner

by Paul Linton

A magic square is divided into sixteen smaller squares. Rearrange the numbers so that each horizontal, each vertical, and the two main diagonals is equal to 34.

Answer to last week's puzzle: The letter L.

CHECK THIS OUT

!!!

Theatre Network and Workshop West
Theatre present:

THE STONE ANGEL

Based on Margaret Laurence's critically acclaimed novel. Brings to life the memories of Hagar Shipley, from the late nineteenth century through most of the twentieth, chronicling all of her ornery, spirited and proud quest for life. Production runs October 1-13.

Sports Overview

by Sarah Holland

It is painfully obvious from some of the articles I've received, that the main concern regarding sports at Concordia, is the lack of support.

So far, the articles have fallen upon deaf ears, and this is distressing. I'm sorry, but I just have to say that the apathy here is disgusting. **WHAT IS WRONG WITH EVERYBODY???** Doesn't anyone in this university enjoy sports? Guys-don't you like to see fights, hits and blood? Girls-don't you like to watch some cute, single hockey players showing off their talent and manliness? Every single athlete in the world had to start

somewhere, and the Thunder teams, especially hockey, are just one rung in the ladder to athletic success. My parents used to watch Mark Messier play for the St. Albert Saints. Some of the Thunder players may make it pro someday, and then some people at Concordia will whine, saying "I didn't know we had any good hockey players, why didn't someone tell me?". Well, I am telling you. This hockey league is entertaining, and it also has its rivalries; NAIT (the 'other white meat'), SAIT (the Flames' equivalent in this league) etc... So, I officially challenge Concordia students to attend the Thunder hockey game on Oct.19, 7:15p.m, at the Agricom (or the Coliseum - the calendars say conflicting arenas, so check the postings around the school). Members of the Students Association and the Blue and White will be in attendance, to consume some of the BEVERAGES that are served (know what I mean, know what I mean, wink wink, nudge nudge, say no more say no more?). So, I encourage everyone to show up and cheer on our Thunder.

Anyway, here are some upcoming events that may interest some of you:

- Canadian Finals Rodeo-yeehaw- November 6-10
- World Cup Qualifying Soccer, Canada vs. Cuba: Oct. 10 & 13
- Concordia Thunder Hockey

Games:

Oct.10 vs. NAIT 7:00 @ NAIT

Oct.19 vs. SAIT 7:15 @

Agricom

Oct.25 vs. NAIT 7:00 @

Agricom

Oct.26 vs. NAIT 7:15 @

Agricom

For the Thunder home games check the postings for definite arenas

I have also been fortunate enough to obtain a press pass for the upcoming Oilers' season. So, we shall see what happens, and I'll let you all know how well I schmooze (is that word originated from some ancient language, or did some disco-loser in the 70's make a noise, and hence formed the word schmooze?). Oops, I was just informed what schmooze is all about, and I apologize for any political incorrectness.

Thunder badminton is under way, and I attended the practice-I wasn't overly mobile the next day, thanks Bernie. Although, I was relieved that we didn't do line touches. I strongly urge all of you to support your often sore Thunder teams, Oilers, Eskimos, and local sports bar; it's fun and rewarding. In other words, get your apathetic butts out there and see what's going on before you decide to ban Thunder sports from your busy schedules.

Concordia Thunder Hockey Roster

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------------------|
| 30 Jason Bartziokas | 15 Brian Erick |
| 1 Geoff Acton | 16 Toby Weishaar |
| 35 Jason Knight | 17 Mike Tavaroli |
| 39 Sean Wighton | 18 Curtis Lomanski |
| 2 Vince Edwards | 19 Allan Erick |
| 3 Tom Tobin | 20 Dez Clark |
| 4 Kevin Stewart | 21 Rob Stepaniuk |
| 7 Brent Woitas | 22 Mike Marshall |
| 8 Chris Harkness | 24 Rockson Yoo |
| 9 Jeff Suggitt | 25 Dan L'Heureux |
| 10 Mark Graff | 27 Mike Mychalysen |
| 11 Mike Patenaude | 5 Jason Arbuckle |
| 12 Mark Collins | Coaches: Jim McLean, Bruce Os- |
| 13 Chris Wakal | land, Larry Hofmann |
| 14 Jeff Seguin | Trainer: Tony Lui |
| | Team Doctor: Dr. Gordon Mazu- |
| | rek |

Hockey Players Need Groupies...

by Kurt Puhlmann

In a recent conversation with a few members of the Concordia Thunder Hockey team, I was surprised to hear of the lack of support from students and faculty. What's going on? These guys are sacrificing time and energy for the pride of their institution (okay it's for the money...). Why can't we find some ways to get more fans at the games? Maybe we should start by creating a party atmosphere with pre-game rallies at select watering holes, (or professors could give free credits for having old game tickets). Whatever the solution is, they still need our support. To truly be a member of a college/university team, you need fans to create the electric atmosphere (we've all seen Revenge of the Nerds; Alpha Betas right?). In essence, the guys on the team need dates and groupies to help them with their mission. So please, do your part and support the Thunder.

Hear No Thunder, See No Thunder

by Rocco Volpe

The truth about many Concordia students is that we may be unaware. We wouldn't know Thunder if it hit us on the head. You get the idea. Our priorities come first, and that's all. Perhaps a little reminder to all who "have no time", the Thunder at Concordia is just starting to rock. Captain of the Lady Thunder Soccer team, Lauren Bellamy, knows a thing or two about balancing her school schedule along with her leisure time. Bellamy, in her third year with the Thunder, says that it's been a good experience. While they haven't exactly lit up the scoreboard this year, the team has had good chemistry so far. To Lauren, it's been fun just being part of the team. As far as Ian Diaz is concerned, the mens' Thunder soccer team is going to be something to see. Diaz, who plays the right midfielder position, feels that this team has offensive potential, especially with some good finishers around the net. He feels that the team just has to get, and the rest will fall into place. Whether it's the ladies' or mens' soccer, the excitement is there. As students of Concordia, our university experiences are much like a hockey player's career: they are short, sometimes rocky, involve a lot of money, require oodles of patience, involve a lot of money...(did I mention that already?). Let's get together and enjoy the season of good entertainment that the athletic program can bring. See you on the field!



After the last Oilers home game, Northlands collected some of the items thrown on the ice. Concordia decided to auction them off...

Oh, Those Amazing Moments...

by Scott McPherson

There are certain smells that evoke strong memories.

There are old songs on the radio that bring us back to our high school days. There are

family stories that shuttle us to our often embarrassing childhood.

Memories often find their way into the present. This doesn't sound like a sports commentary, I know, but I do have a point. I was thinking about the greatest moment in sports history, and thought there was no way to say that one was of greater importance than another. Is something important now going to fade 10 years from now? Obviously, I abandoned that 'deep' idea, and chose something a little more clear: Some of my favorite and most outstanding memo-

ries in sports. Yes, the day I scored three goals in my first ever hockey game, the time I struck out the side...O.K. O.K...not *my* most memorable moments, but those most engraved in my mind from pro sports. Some are encouraging, some are discouraging, but all are never to be forgotten. So here is the beginning of my list, that I may continue with at any time:

1. **Bailey in 9.81** - Do I have to recount this for anyone? It'll be just as important in 50 years, for Canadians anyways. Dennis Mitchell et. al, sit down!
2. **Smith scores** - On who? Grant Fuhr? Yes...it was a sinking, drowning feeling- maybe that's why it is engraved in my memory forever. Truly catastrophic, but who will forget it? To Smith I say...that was one way to make your mark in hockey.
3. **Joe Goes Deeeep...** - I called

it, for \$50 in my pool. Joe Carter hits a tater, and the Jays in the World Series. Two out, bottom of the ninth, it couldn't be more dramatic.

4. **Norman Wins Again...Second Place** - I know a great many people who dislike golf, but this stands out. Masters tourney; Greg Norman is almost guaranteed a win on the first play-off hole, then Larry Mize sinks an unbelievable 80 yard chip shot to begin Normans' second place dominance.

5. **Help! I've fallen and I can't get up...** - Maybe not a famous incident, yet it was unforgettable if you witnessed it. Cincinnati lineman Tim Krumbrie has his leg snapped while playing the 49ers, and was it graphic...from his knee down, his leg looked like a month old carrot.

6. **Whippersnappers!!** - The last true character on the ATP tour, Jimmy Connors, runs over a field of

players less than half his age (45-18). I've never heard a louder crowd or seen a more entertaining week. True pride and determination.

7. **Johnson Pees the Wrong Color** - This might be the most disappointing day in Canadian sport. Now every athlete has to sit in the drug shadow that Ben Johnson cast. Our victory over the Americans, our new pride: the Fastest Man in the World was here, then gone. Thank goodness for the redeemer, Donovan Bailey, who has cast a drugless shadow over the American egos.

These are just some of the memorable moments in my mind, and perhaps if time permits, I'll continue next issue. Although I may have to dig deep for curling and lawn bowling memories, I'll try my best. I hope some of you shared in these memories, and let's all look forward to more.

So You Want To Be A...

Occupational Profile: Sports Physician

Most current sports physicians are orthopedic surgeons or family medicine practitioners who have a particular interest in the treatment and prevention of sports-related injuries and disorders. Sports physicians work as part of a team with other medical professionals such as athletic trainers and physical therapists. In general, sports physicians:

- examine and evaluate athletes prior to their participation in sport activities to determine level of fitness and any predisposition to injury,
- observe and evaluate the emotional well-being of athletes, especially young players who may be under pressure from parents or others,
- instruct trainers and coaches in the proper use of exercises and physiotherapeutic techniques, and advise them against practices that may be dangerous to athletes,

-examine injured players or anyone who has been physically hurt during the sports activities as soon as possible after the injury, assess the severity of the injury and take appropriate measures,

- supervise the rehabilitation of injured athletes.

Sports physicians work regular hours in clinics and hospitals, but are also on call in case of emergencies.

Qualifications

To be successful, sports physicians need:

- the intellectual ability required to successfully complete the academic training and keep up to date with new developments in medicine,
- a keen interest in sports and fitness,
- the ability to put the needs of the athlete ahead of the needs of a team, if necessary.

SPORTS PHYSICIAN IS NOT RECOGNIZED AS A MEDICAL SPECIALTY IN CANADA. Anyone practising as a sports physician must be licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Alberta as a general practitioner, family physician, or a specialist physician. Licensing requires graduation from a MD program at a recognized university followed by residency training. Enrolment in the MD programs at the Universities of Alberta and Calgary is limited. Not all applicants who fulfill the admission criteria are accepted. The admissions committee selects medical students on the basis of their:

- academic grades in the pre-med program,
- letters of recommendation,
- autobiographical narratives,
- personal interviews, and
- their results on the Medical College Admission test.

After completing the MD program, family physicians and the general practitioners must complete at least two years of residency training. Orthopedic surgeons take at least four years of residency training. To qualify as sports physicians in Alberta, licensed physicians must have experience in the sport medicine field and pass CASM's Diploma in Sport Medicine exam. Advancement usually takes the form of becoming a recognized expert in a particular area of sports medicine. Incomes for sports physicians are roughly the same as those for physicians in general, ranging from \$60,000 to \$250,000 a year (1995 figures).

Contacts

Canadian Academy of Sports Medicine, 1600 James Naismith Drive, Gloucester, ON, K1B 5N8

Education Committee, University of Calgary Sport Medicine Centre, 2500 University Drive NW, Calgary, AB, T3A 4R3

Glen Sather Sports Medicine Clinic, U of A, E-05 Van Vliet Centre, U of A, Edmonton, AB, T6G 2H9

Registrar, College of Physicians and Surgeons, 900 Manulife Place, 10180-101 St. Edmonton, AB, T5J 4P8

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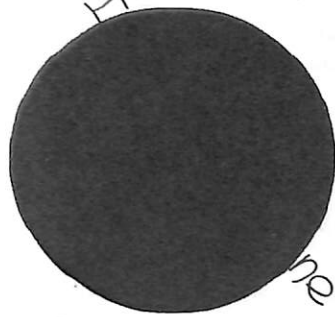
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Our most basic common link is that we all inhabit this planet.
John F. Kennedy

The Bloc Op Chop

by Catherine Scott

This is the second installment from my journals written during my sojourn in Chad this summer.

Woke up in high spirits on July 9, 1996 as this was the day I would finally be allowed to observe on the surgery ward (bloc op). The first scheduled operation of the day was:

The Amputation: A woman of approximately 50 years was wheeled in with the lower section of her leg wrapped in bandages. She was then stripped of her clothes and left naked on the operating table. As this was one of the few air conditioned rooms in the hospital, I felt this was a little cruel, so I took the initiative and covered her with a sheet. While the nurses prepared the room, I went off to scrub like an expert after watching all those episodes of Chicago Hope and ER - HA! After I had donned all of the proper gear, I positioned myself next to the doctors to get a decent vantage point. I was cautioned repeatedly that if I felt lightheaded at all during the operation, I was to sit down immediately in order to prevent adding injury to humiliation. Due to the pressure applied around her upper thigh, there was very little blood following the initial incisions. I was mildly repulsed when the surgeon began pulling muscle back from the bone with a fork like instrument. The mental picture of having to eat lunch in a few hours suddenly did not seem so appealing. However, I am sure that my own sense of horror was nothing compared to the poor woman on the operating table. She had already spent four months in the hospital while they tried in vain to save her leg from the infected abscess on her calf that refused to heal. It looked as though an animal had gnawed off a chunk of her flesh which had been left to fester. Tasty. Furthermore, she was AWAKE for the operation as they tend to avoid risky general anesthetics, so she was simply given a needle in the spine, to numb her from the waist down. She had a sheet in front of her face to shield her line of vi-

sion, but she was well aware when they began to saw through the bones (by hand). At this point, she began to shake with the effort not to cry and since I had no medical skills to offer, I did the only thing I could think of to help...I took her hand in mine and began to sing her Scottish lullabies. She squeezed my hand rightly throughout the rest of the operations, and I hope that I was able to offer at least a little comfort in her time of need.

The single moment in which I was afraid I would toss my breakfast, was when David removed the leg, looked right at me and with a grin, tossed it over his

BOOM - one burst all over the front of my gown. Yellow fluid was dripping down the front of my gown and onto the floor...

shoulder into the metal garbage can at my feet. I believe that he thought it would be great fun to rattle the 'delicate' little English major from Canada. This pales in comparison, however, to the surgeon who, before leaving the room, proceeded to discuss the operation with the patient while holding her dismembered leg in his hand! Nice. Everyone needs to see

Reality Check

by Peggy Wright

Each year the CSA sponsors a number of off-campus activities for Concordia Students, and generally, the most popular are the Welcome Bash, the No-Class Bashes and Oktoberfest. This year, the CSA Welcome Bash was held at the Rev on Friday, September 13th. In an effort to discover more about what you thought about the first "official" event of the year, the B&W asked, "Did you go to the Rev?", and if you didn't, "Why not?", and "What sort of events would you be most likely to attend?" None of the people interviewed for this week's Reality Check attended the Welcome Bash. Here's why:

I didn't go because....

- "I'm too old to go to the Rev"
- "I didn't know about it",
- "It wasn't well publicized",
- "I didn't hear about it"
- "I was busy, otherwise I would have been there"
- "I don't go to bars"
- "I was working" (about half the students interviewed worked that night)
- "Not my scene"

These are some of your suggestions for off-campus activities:

- Hall parties
- Dances/Cabarets
- Pep rallies before games
- Bowling/Curling/Pool tournaments
- Pub Crawls (Whyte Ave was a favourite spot)
- Ski Trips
- Theatre-type stuff like sponsoring (or subsidizing) tickets to plays, or to the opera
- Another evening like the one at the Rev, but also including specials on drinks and food

Along with all the suggestions, a few people mentioned that anything \$5.00 and under was a good price and wouldn't stop them from going; however, anything over that was too expensive.

Next time: Your thoughts about Spiritual Emphasis Week

Next Dead line for the Blue and White is the 11th of October

their fibula, up close and personal. After a brief rest, operation two was wheeled in...

2) A young woman in her twenties was brought in suffering from abdominal pains and a high fever - due in part to her malaria. The surgeons were performing exploratory abdominal surgery for a proposed appendectomy. I was completely enthralled when the surgeon, after having cut through layers of abdominal fat and tissue, pulled out her uterus and ovaries to display several large cysts. I came close to the table at this point, to get a better look...this was not prudent at this particular juncture. The surgeon had just made an incision in one of the cysts to drain the fluid. BOOM - one burst all over the front of my gown. Yellow fluid was dripping down the front of my gown and onto the floor...Voila, baptism by fire! I thought that the fluid was pus at the time, but later I was informed that this was not the case. Too bad, I think 'Ovarian Pus' has a nice ring to it - somewhat reminiscent of a Klingon delicacy. I must admit that my composure was rattled when it became obvious that the patient

was still feeling severe pain. The surgeon had just finished depositing half of her intestines onto her chest and the table and was pressing on several spots where blockages had been found. She began screaming and moaning from the pain, and I found this the hardest part of the whole ordeal. I finally asked the doctor if we could give her something for the pain and his response was "Well, she's not bothering me"...ah, the empathic nature of physicians. It was eventually determined that there was no problem with her appendix and that due to dehydration she was severely constipated, hence the abdominal pain.

I am proud to report that 30 minutes after leaving the operating table, I sat down to enjoy a hearty lunch of chicken (with the bones) and rice. This was a truly marvelous educational experience and much more interesting than the worm dissection last semester in Bio 100 (sorry Craig!). I count myself truly lucky, being only a 'lowly' artsy, to have been given the opportunity to observe these operations. In closing, I have not had an epiphany in which I came to find my calling in medicine due to this episode.

Besides, I'd still take an Edith Wharton novel over biochem any day of the week! Instead, I remain firm in my resolve to find other methods to contribute, in some small way, to the improvement of this crazy world.

BRAIN TEASER #2

"WHAT IS THE LONGEST AND YET THE SHORTEST THING IN THE WORLD; THE SWIFTEST AND THE SLOWEST; THE MOST DIVISIBLE AND THE MOST EXTENDED; THE LEAST VALUES AND THE MOST REGRETTED; WITHOUT WHICH NOTHING CAN BE DONE; WHICH DEVOURS EVERYTHING, HOWEVER SMALL, AND YET GIVE LIFE AND SPIRIT TO ALL THING GREAT?"

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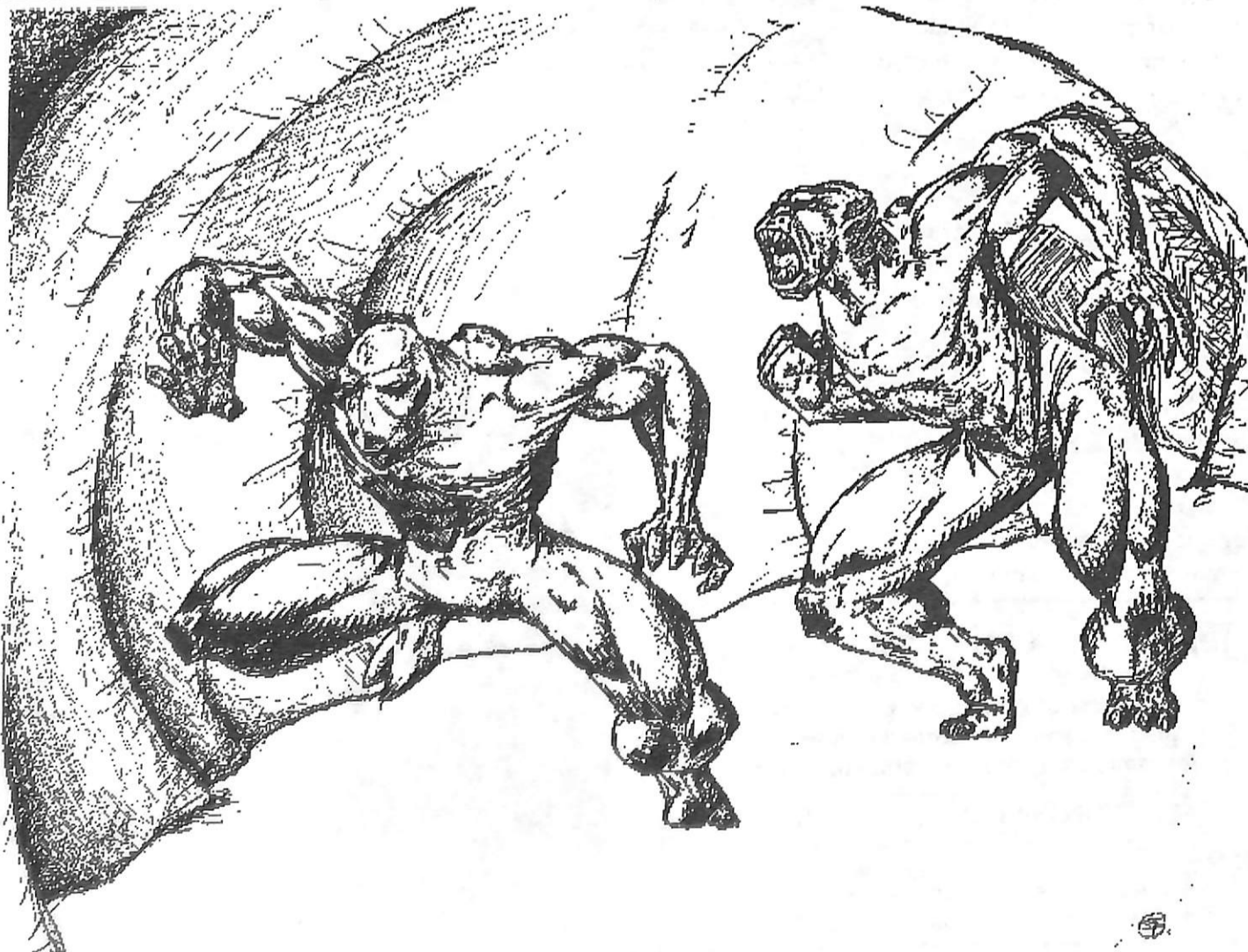
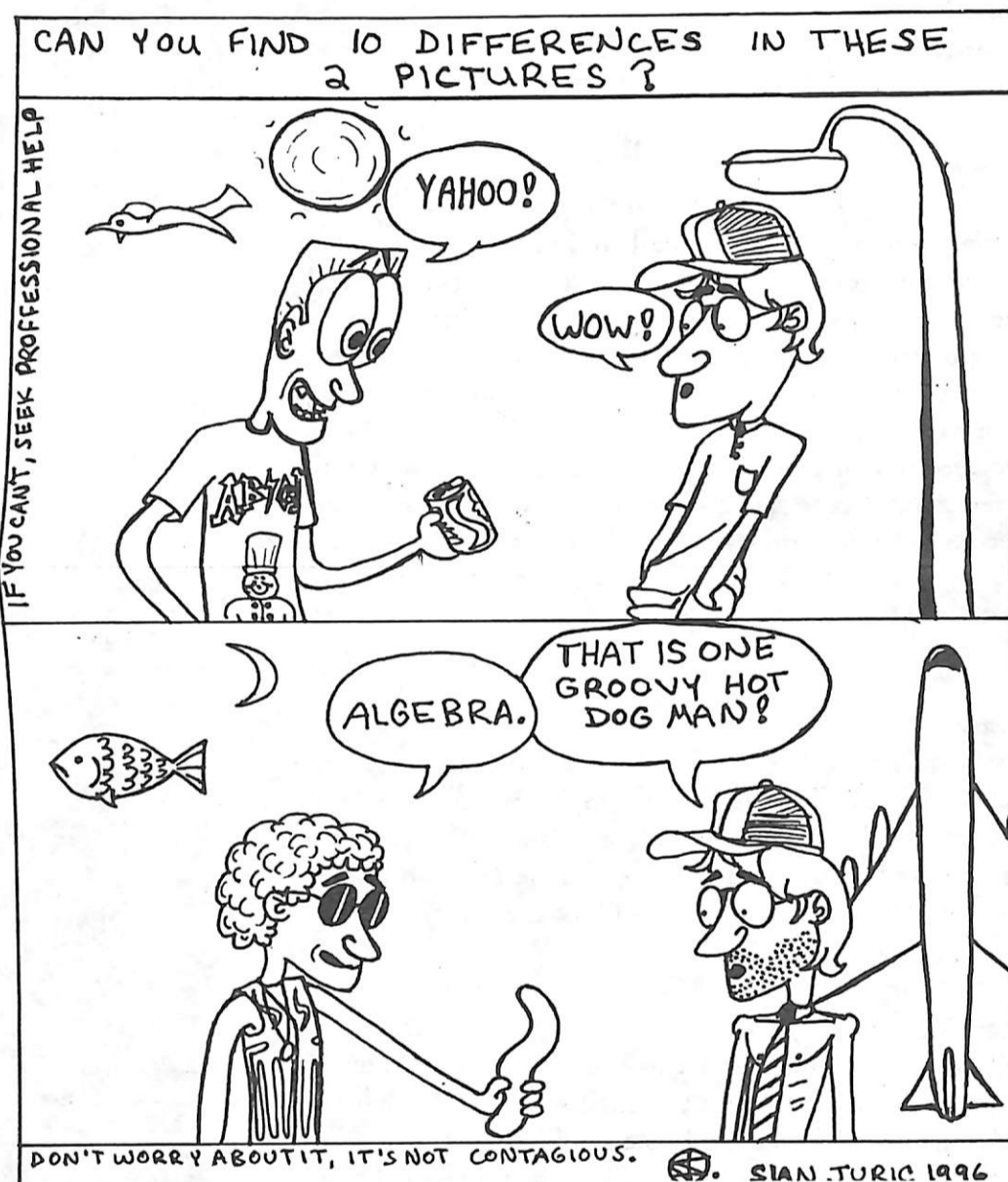
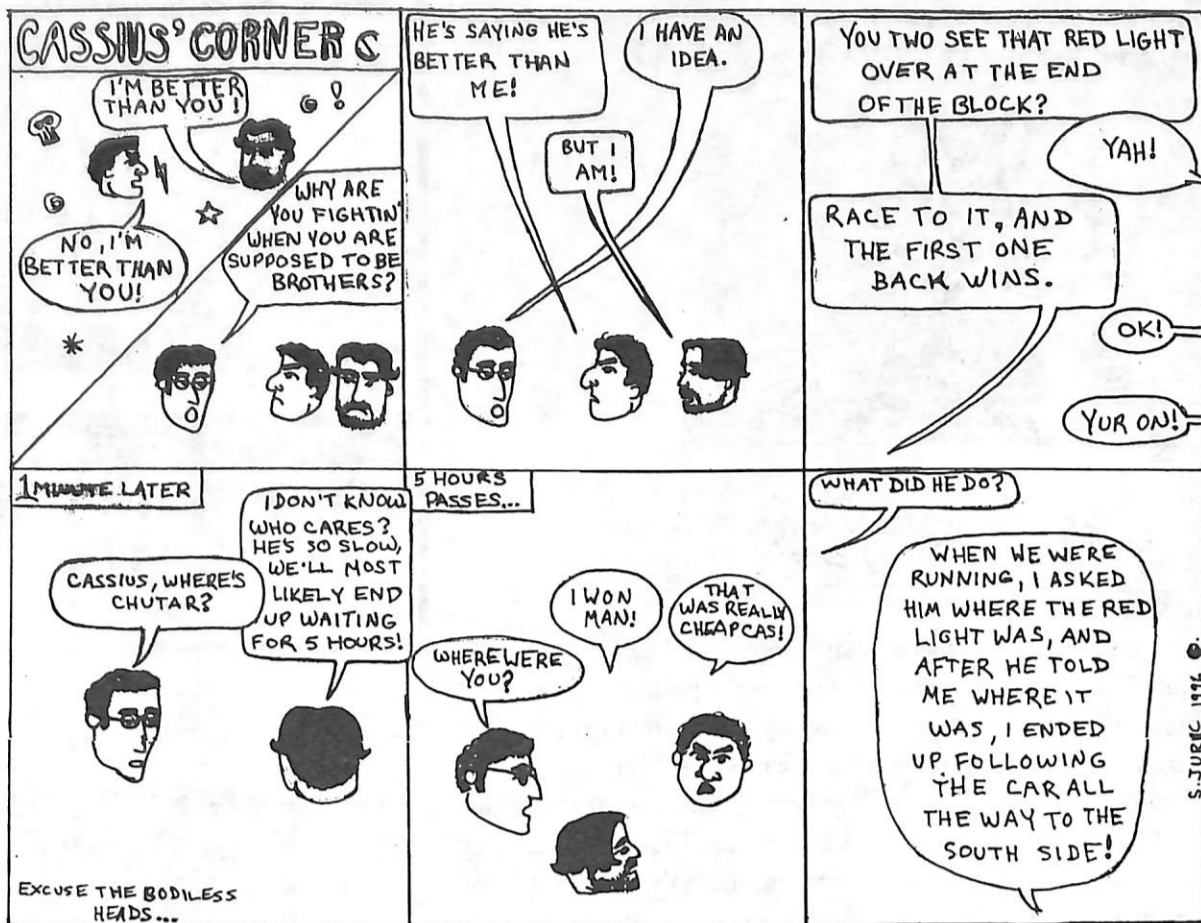
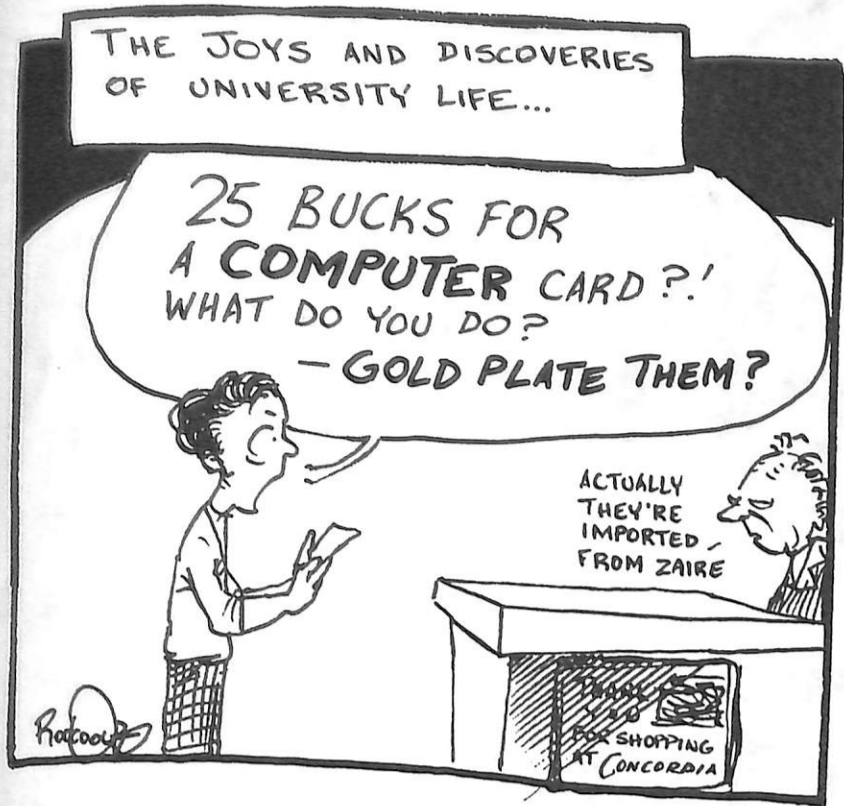
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COMICS PAGE



ODDS AND ENDS

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Dear Kat,

I have a girlfriend who has similar interests and tastes as myself, my family loves her and everyone says we're perfect together. My problem is whenever we get into an argument she flips out. She screams at me, calls me names and even throws things at me. I am finding it impossible to talk to her about things that bother me. The last fight we got into she threw her binder at me. I feel stupid complaining about my girlfriend like this, but her flipping out is getting worse, How do I stop her from freaking out like this?

Signed Black and Blue.

Dear Blue,

You stated many reasons why you stay with your girlfriend, but the fact that she is violent towards you makes me feel that you should run screaming in another direction. Your family and friends may say that you are perfect for each other, but if they knew of her tantrums I'm sure they wouldn't feel the same way. Whether you are a guy or girl, NO ONE has the right to lay their hands on you or chuck things at you. Now pal, if your not prepared to walk away from this relationship, get this girl into some counseling so she can learn to deal with her issues and temper. Go with her and learn to communicate with each other, but what you don't do is let her chuck anything at you or hit you again, or I'll smack you myself.

Dear Kat,

My boyfriend tells me that he loves me and thinks I look great. But lately he has been bugging me to dye my hair blonde, and not just blonde, but platinum. I have dark brown hair and I like the color of it. I don't want to dye, but he won't stop talking about it. Should I dye it to make him happy?

Signed Color Confused

Dear Confused,

Tell this guy if he likes blonde hair so much he should dye his own! You don't want to dye your hair-so don't! We all have to battle life to maintain our self esteem, the last thing you need is your boyfriend trying to alter you when he is supposed to love and accept you completely. Don't change yourself if you like how you look. If your boyfriend continues to talk about blonde hair, you should take a long look at this guy, do you really need a guy like this in your life?

Dear Claire, got you note, thanks for writing, If you don't take personal time out for yourself you will burn out. Learn to tell others no when your time is being taxed. Find something just for you, and when that specific person calls you again, tell her that you can't make it that day because your fumigating your apartment or donating an organ. You can also invest in call display, trust me, screening out nuisance callers is worth every penny!

If you want to drop off questions or problems, my litter box should be up in Tegler soon, for now just leave them in the Blue and White drop off box.

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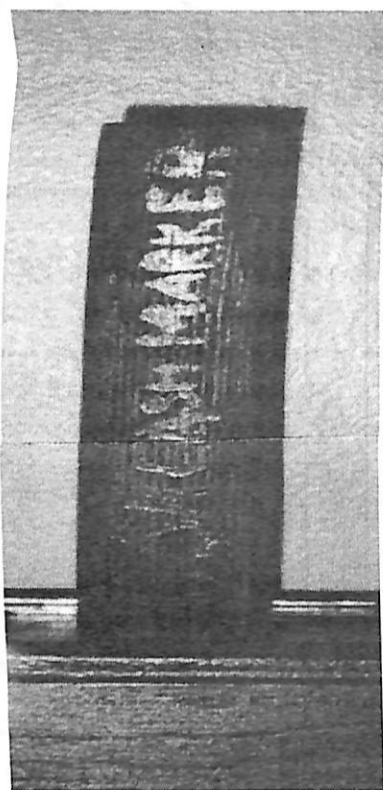


JUS' PROVIDING A LITTLE ELECTION RELIEF!

CSA Money Marker

by Mike Schiemann

I don't know a single person who doesn't like to win money. So, as your on-campus coordinator, I'm going to give you a chance. Somewhere on Highlands Campus, a Money marker is hidden. To win \$100.00, locate the marker by following the clues. You must actually get the marker, and follow the instructions on it. You need not dig or remove any objects to find it. These clues will help you in your search for the loot.



HELP ME, I'M LOST!

- A taste of the forest
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- The way of the alumni
- The path to success
- Disposal is not a problem
- The very first
- Look down, look way down and you'll find it
- Stepping up to education
- Go out of your way
- Clear is the way
- The structure is old
- A Gothic era
- 70 years and counting
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- The window of opportunity is near
- Knock on wood
- Dirt blocks the path
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- The other side

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