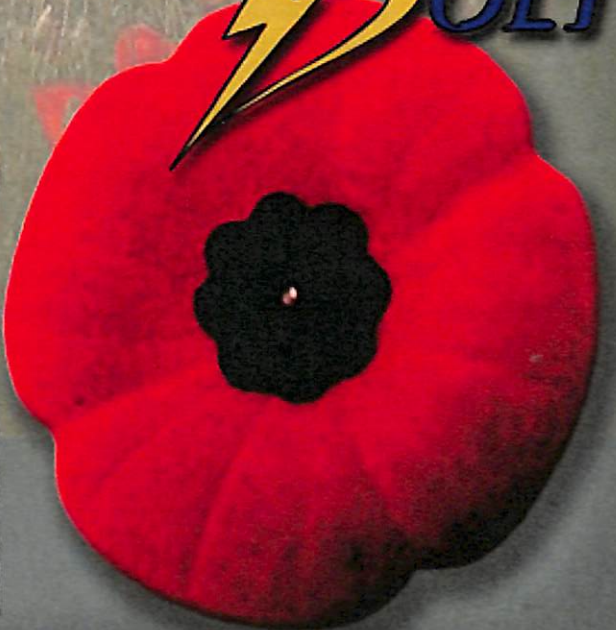


REVIEW

FIELD

EP

the **B**OLT



Meet the Masters



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ANNOUNCEMENTS:

THUNDER HOCKEY UPCOMING GAMES AND EVENTS

Saturday, November 12th

Concordia Thunder vs. MRU Cougars

8:15pm Clareview Arena

-VIP Guests – Military Personnel and their Families

Saturday, November 19th

Concordia Thunder vs. Augustana Vikings

8:15pm Clareview Arena

-Alumni "Blue Carpet" Night – Come early and watch our alumni game from 6-7:30pm

-CUCA Concert Choir leading O Canada

Wednesday, December 7th

Concordia Thunder's "Charity Challenge" Volleyball Game

Men's Hockey vs. Women's Volleyball

Ralph King Student Athletics Centre

11:30 am - 1:00 pm

Proceeds go to cancer research

Tickets only \$5 available for sale from the Hockey/Volleyball team members and at the Bookstore starting November 21 st.

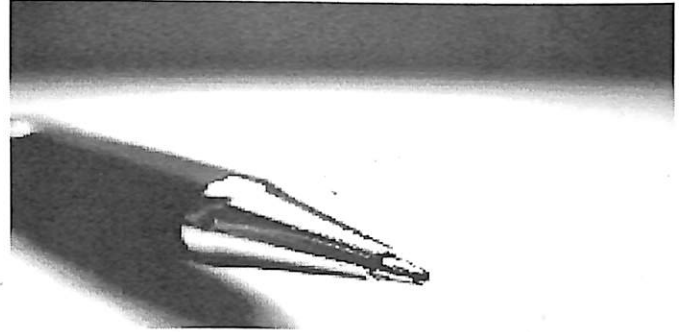
See you there!

Our games feature...

Live singing of O Canada by Concordia Students! Toonie Puck Toss! 50/50 Draw! Prize Giveaways! Chocolate Fountain Reception! FREE ADMISSION for Concordia Students!

Wanna join the family and write for the BOLT? Let us know! CONCORDIA.BOLT@gmail.com

Hey gang, back for another rousing edition of The Bolt? Glad to have you. In this issue we will discover a surprising fact about the newspaper that you may or may not know, one student's experience with the Occupy Edmonton movement, the four types of Professors you are likely to encounter in college, and a few reviews. I hope you enjoy your time with us. As always, send us a note or a rant at concordia.bolt@gmail.com



The four Professors You Will Have in College

Oliver Marlowe

One of the favorite activities of college students is the ruthless evaluation of our professors. Walk across any campus in North America and you are sure to overhear all sorts of nasty names being thrown around for the professor that just dared to give out an assignment over the long weekend. You might even witness a cruel imitation of that Ukrainian lecturer's funny accent that nobody can seem to interpret. With three years of post-secondary education under my belt, I have taken my fair share of classes from tyrants, but have also been lucky enough to take classes from professors that seemed to legitimately have a passion for teaching. From my experience, most of the professors I have encountered can be grouped into one of four categories, based on their attitude in the classroom.

The Idealist. Sometimes only a few years out of university themselves, Idealists take the job with only the best of intentions. It is obvious from their enthusiasm that these people love what they are teaching and want their students to feel the same way. I once had a young Idealist Chemistry professor who spent half a class describing his humanitarian trip to Africa, where he used his knowledge to help the natives light their homes with distilled water and used soda bottles. A true romantic, this professor came to class everyday with the goal of convincing us that chemistry could change the world. Unfortunately, the Idealist has a tendency to waste too much class time trying to captivate his audience and can leave their students

woefully unprepared for higher-level classes, not wanting to scare them away with tough concepts.

The Snob is usually one of the top scholars in their field and will make sure their students know it. Even the most zealous students will have trouble following their lectures, during which the Snob routinely tries to relate passages between her most recent article and the latest developments in post-modernist theory. It does not help that a person of their reputation is above writing notes in plain English, so a good thesaurus is crucial in order to decipher her grandiloquent choice of words and be successful in the class. The most recognizable kind of professor on campus, they need to show off their superiority with an expensive suit jacket and their Louis Vuitton watch. Despite all of their flaws, the Snobs rarely develop their enormous egos without some sort of success in their field. Therefore, it may be worthwhile to battle this one out with your thesaurus.

The Modest Intellect. Like the Idealist, the Modest Intellect accepts a teaching position with good intentions. They understand that the greatest gift they have to share is their knowledge, and are driven by their passion to pass it down to their students; however, they do not try to captivate the students' attention with jokes and anecdotes every ten minutes. Rather, they simply teach the subject as thoroughly as possible, while making every effort to clarify topics that the students seem to struggle with. The exams in this class are fair, but just chal-

lenging enough to push students to apply their knowledge beyond simply regurgitating definitions. Unlike the Snob, my favorite professor in this category was easy to overlook in the hallway in his favorite pair of jeans and wrinkled button-up shirt. However, their humble appearance should not fool you. These professors are among the brightest, and usually very respected in their field.

The Burnout. This is the professor that had big aspirations when they started teaching, but after two divorces and a lack of success in their field, they have lost all interest in the job. Along with a complete lack of enthusiasm during their lectures, the Burnout can be identified around campus by their nicotine stained teeth and the vacant look in their eyes. If you are fortunate, you will only have to deal with the type of Burnout that only asks for minimal effort in exchange for a decent grade, as they want to do as little marking as possible. With this subclass of Burnouts, you may not learn much, but at least you can get through the class without destroying your grade point average. During my first year, I had the bad luck of running into the much worse subclass of Burnouts. It seemed that this man's sole purpose in life was to make his students as miserable as he was. His lectures would usually turn into rants about the ex-wife who took all of his money or the Ivy League college that rejected his application a dozen times. To make matters worse, his exams seemed to be based on material from some phantom textbook.

A Nudge From Wall Street

Josh Gillingham

"Just about there." Just barely, I can see the sign for 109th Street up ahead. Mel glances at her watch, then at me, and smiles, "We're right on time."

Our city bus heaves to a stop and I snag a hand rail hanging overhead to avoid being flung forward. With a hiss the door opens and half a dozen of us shuffle out and into the urban street.

Occupy Wall Street members have pitched their tents, their frustrations, and their hopes here at 109th Street and Jasper Avenue. It is dark now, just past eight-thirty, and a chill sweeps through the park, ruffling the tents, the posters and the flags. The sound of slam poets rapping their economic, social, and ethic frustrations up in radical rhymes pulses through the gathering crowd. Combined with economic concerns, discontent over gender inequality, drug abuse, alcoholism, and racism colour the lyrics. Later in the evening hip hop artists get on-lookers swaying, jumping, and fist pumping in both English and Spanish.

Thirty permanent members of this spontaneous community perform essential duties and tasks while organizing events, distributing information, and chatting with visitors; a collection of less permanent members wait eagerly to do any and all things useful for the peaceful proliferation of the movement. Everyone is a volunteer, and most are in their twenties or thirties. Within half an hour I meet a soulful First Nations rap artist, two budding activist science students from the U of A, and a university lab technician who dreams of moving to BC and working on an organic farm co-op.

The Occupy Wall Street Movement fascinates me. When has the frustration and injustice felt by the many working people been expressed so clearly, so spontaneously, and so globally? Is this outpouring of protest over economic injustice an inevitable event that has found its time? And if the feelings expressed by this group claiming to be the 99% are as baseless and naïve as anti-Occupy advocates would have us believe, then why do national media sources feel such a strong need to suppress and ridicule the movement?

I shove my hands deep into my coat pockets as another brisk breeze claws at my collar. Mel shivers but pretends she isn't cold. We laugh as two kids chase each other around our legs and disappear again among the tents. A community member offers me a cup of hot coffee. I see half a dozen university students dancing jovially alongside activist moms and curious business people to a pulsing hip hop beat; they all cheer when the emcee calls for correction of injustice and equal opportunities for all. A homeless man gives us a genial, toothless smile.

I begin to wonder what our news stations and our newspapers and our government want us to fear so much about this movement. Why are our brokers of public information so concerned that these 'lunatics' might be about to take us on a voyage far more significant than man's trip to the moon, that is, on a journey to replace the statues of corporate greed with the fountains of human need? Is it because Occupy is nudging us back to our own humanity?

It's Not Easy Being Green...Or Is It?

Angela Anderson

Our dear newspaper has been the cause of some criticism, but not the kind you might think. Instead of students complaining about printing a school paper in this age of technology, students are complaining that our paper should be "prettier," glossy, in colour, etc. However, did you know that our paper is made on 100% recycled paper? That's right, not 10 or 50 or even 85, but 100% pure post-consumer product.

Did you know that your Starbucks coffee cup is not recycled paper? The sleeve they put over your cup so you don't burn yourself is 10% recycled paper. What else should you know? Left

over copies of the Bolt are also recycled. I remember being completely appalled after an Earth Science Lecture when I saw a well-meaning staff member of CUCA empty a bulletin board and throw all the paper in the trash when the recycle box was less than a foot away. The EAS geek in me quickly took all the paper out of the trash and put it in the paper recycle box that our school kindly displays all around our campus.

What can you do to be more GREEN? You can recycle old notes, accidental printing, any paper you don't intend to keep by putting them in the big bins beside the printers in the library. In

addition, I use the backside of unwanted paper to scribble on and let my kids draw on. You can make sure you always recycle your drink containers. Not only can you collect some money for yourself or for some of the groups on campus, like mission trip and the choir, but also you can help to reduce greenhouse gases which increase with the production of tin and aluminum products.

Just a few tips to help you and our school on the way to being green. How about I let you decide if it is easy to be green.

Wanna join the family and write for the BOLT? Let us know! CONCORDIA.BOLT@gmail.com

The Evolution of Technology

Sasiri Bandara

Historically, mankind's use of technology began with the conversion of readily available natural resources to primitive tools such as stone spearheads and wooden knives. However, recent advancements have resulted in complex equipment and machinery which range from cell phones, to air planes and spacecrafts. Although the evolution of technology has, in many ways, made life easier for people, it has also affected society in negative ways.

Some technological movements could not be praised enough as they have contributed to our better understanding of science. For instance, advancements in the field of medicine have taught us about human anatomy, from which we have developed means of curing diseases and ultimately saving lives. Thanks to recent surgical practices and better equipment, we are able to treat heart attacks, strokes and tumors. Moreover, our ever-increasing research and development in the automotive industry continues to make transportation more efficient and less harmful to the planet. In fact, environmental studies have also directed us to developing technologies which harness renewable energy and reduce our carbon footprints. Perhaps the most

astonishing advancements have occurred in the field of computation and telecommunication. It was not too long ago that the first computer and cell phone was invented, but today most of us are not only familiar with such personal devices, but depend on them to stay connected with the world around us on a daily basis.

Although technological advancements have made us a smart and effective civilization in many ways, it has also been the root of some of our problems. Warfare, for example, has been known to claim lives and harm the environment for thousands of years, but new knowledge has transformed war into something with very dangerous outcomes. Particularly, the development of nuclear weapons, such as those used in World War II, has shown that we are capable of mass destruction.

From prehistoric times to the present day, the evolution of technology has shaped life on earth. Every day, we use technology in brilliant ways, but sometimes its misuse can have serious consequences. By being aware of our actions and using technology safely and peacefully, we can solve global problems and move forward as a civilization.

Pick Your Poison

Ben van den Bosch

A previous issue of The Bolt featured two articles that I found intriguing; one was on the tobacco industry, and the other on the question of caffeine. I enjoyed both articles, and found their juxtaposition fascinating. I would like to take a closer look at the social norms surrounding the two substances these articles discussed.

All of us are more or less saturated by the popular idea that cigarettes are evil and nasty, and a cup of coffee is a perfectly normal and wonderful piece of everyday life. Both are drugs, people. Both can be dangerous. We're well supplied with numbers concerning all the people who died because of tobacco, but no one ever tells us how indulging in too much caffeine seriously increases our chances of heart failure. My Grandfather never smoked a cigarette in his life, but coffee almost killed him. Ok, but which one kills more people? . . . Is that really all we want to know? "Hmm... 25% of people died by leaping off this side of the bridge, but only 15% died by going off the other side." Oh, well that's just fine then, go ahead and jump. Really??

It should be obvious that I'm being rhetorical here. I'm not suggesting that caffeine should be banned. I might be suggesting that our stigmatization of smokers is a little hypocritical. Consider a world where we all sit around laughing and joking, cradling elegant and expensive cigarillos in our hands, the thin wisps of delicate, delicious smoke trailing off into the air like an unfinished sentence which. . . Then all of a sudden some poor trashy idiot comes along with their cheap cardboard cup of filthy psychoactive stimulant. Our noses are offended by the odious coffee smell, and we turn them up in disgust. "You're not actually thinking about putting those chemicals in your body are you?" we say.

This world isn't that much of a stretch to consider. It wasn't that long ago when cigarettes were considered cool and sophisticated, while drinking alcohol was a horrendous and shameful act. How do these things change? Consider the follow-

ing: Laws and legislation are more affected by corporations and lobbyists than by what is actually good for the people. Blame it on the M-O-N-E-Y. Healthcare is a huge expense. That's the real reason for the massive anti-tobacco campaign. They don't really care how many of us get sick until someone has to pay for it. Caffeine kills people too, but mostly by heart attacks, which are quick and don't cost the system as much.

So do you want a coffee, a cigarette, or a beer? A lifestyle of heavy use could be devastating either way, but only one of these will make people frown at you. It seems that a lot of our decisions are more governed by social convention than by what is actually conducive to our wellbeing.

What do I think? I think that addiction of any kind isn't good because it's bad for your soul. You become dependent on something lower than yourself. Is that really what we want? I also think that people have the freedom to choose certain things. How do we treat them if they partake in something we don't like? Do we think: "Those people are gross. I don't want to be contaminated with their filth. Let's make them all stand 5 meters away from our doorways so I don't have to get too close to them. Better yet, let's give them a spot to stand on off in the trees somewhere and make them all go over there. Won't that make everyone feel better?" Maybe we should analyze our motives. Shouldn't we encourage people to be healthier? - Absolutely. Maybe we should also consider loving them at the same time, unless that's just something Jesus does.

I love coffee, and use it to keep me awake at several crucial points throughout my academic year. But I also remember the dangers of abuse and so I never have too much of it or become addicted. Similarly, tobacco can be very harmful. We all know that excessive smoke can cause cancer, among other things, and so we have to be careful. This doesn't mean that I don't get intense pleasure out of smoking my pipe every now and then. Moderation is key, folks.

Review of *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*

Corey Zaal

When I was first asked to review this show, my immediate and sarcastic answer was "Sure and I will write a three word review: 'It was good'". Strangely, I was asked for a more complete review. My first instinct is to say that we all interpret live performances differently, and if you want to know if it is good or not please go and watch the performance; the actors would love to see you out and live performances are always worth it. Unfortunately, the run of *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* will be over before this review is printed. So I will have to impart to you my reactions to this Show.

My strongest memories of this production were of the characters from *City Hall*, the two perfect sources of comedic relief in the play by far (played by Lauren Tamke and Brittini Carey). If I could stage a production just based on those two characters I would do it in a heartbeat. I also found all the transitions to be a treat for the eye because of how dedicated the actors were to playing the part of overtly "sexy" sign holder. The constant contrast between serious and silly within this play created many moments of well placed comedy.

To place praise where praise is due, the Costumes, Hair, and Make-up were fantastic and fit this production to a tee. If you were looking for gangsters you certainly got them. The Props were fantastic, Tommy guns and handguns looked as real as anything I have seen on stage. The sparse stage of mostly old crates created every room perfectly. The actors were quite invested into their characters; you really felt drawn into the world, and you knew right away which characters you really wanted to stay away from. Arturo Ui (played by Kendra Lamothe) and Hitler felt like one and the same on stage, at least appearance wise. One moment that I particularly enjoyed was the Betrayal of Roma: I found myself wishing it had all gone the other way, as Ernesto (played by Clint Yanchula) was one of my more favourite characters.

One thing that disappointed me was how the double

casting played out: initially I was confused as characters seemed to be getting killed left and right but then re-appearing on stage shortly thereafter. Though I am aware of how double casting works (a person plays two different characters at different times) there didn't seem to be enough change in appearance to make it work all of the time. As a result, this production was difficult to follow at times. The circus of the court room, however, was quite well and clearly established, if not too clearly established almost to the extent of being hit by a 2 by 4; the message being the court room is a sham.

I found that much of the acting was fantastic: as an example, Dogsborough (played by Michael Dodge) was quite the perfect representation of a vulnerable pathetic fragile old man of eighty. Most of the actors were exceptionally committed to playing their parts and as such I congratulate them on their performances, which had very little room for improvement; other than the occasional issue with lines which tragically follow almost all live performances. The message was there, that Nazi German was bad and we should be aware of the past so that we can prevent the same from happening in the future, because the potential for a reoccurrence is out there. I didn't find this show to be among my favourite as far as Concordia performances go, since I was occasionally confused by the characters, found it difficult to follow the story itself at times, and there seemed to be something about the message that fell flat for me as an audience member. There were a number of great moments, there were a number of visual treats for the eye, actors were into the characters so much so that I highly respect their dedication, and the Costumes, Make-up and Set were fantastic. All together, as with all live performances, this was worth watching but it was not to my taste as an audience member. If I were to rate this Play, I would give it a 3/5 rating.

PINOCCHIO WITH A MODERN SPIN

ANGELA ANDERSON

Westbury Theatre and Alberta Opera put on this heart-warming rendition of the famous childhood show, *Pinocchio*. Farren Timoteo and Jeff Unger are genius. Transformed, this classic story was modern, touching, and a comedic musical. Four talented Grant MacEwan graduates performed in this brilliant production. Madeline Knight, soprano, Christopher Scott, tenor, and Byron Martin, baritone played all of the roles in this play (which were far more than three, each playing possibly close to three or more characters) all accompanied by the talented Erik Mortimer.

I was lucky enough to take my daughter (three and a half) with me and she made the show seem so magical. Part of this magic came from the inventive scene changes. At one point, the cast members change a jail scene into a chase scene and then into a train. I know it is not done justice in words, but believe me it was remarkable. Another part of the magic was the way the lights and smoke were controlled. It kept a feel-

ing of mystery and excitement. The costumes were colourful. When *Pinocchio* comes to life in the beginning of the show, he comes out of a chest, it was very cool. My daughter was not misled though, she could not be tricked: *Pinocchio* was played by Miss Madeline Knight and my daughter kept asking why she was Geppetto's son if she was a girl.

There were many incredible characters: the classic Italian Big Momma, Judge Tony (aka Judge Judy) and the bailiff dancer, ghetto "black" guys (played by white guys), 60's cool guys in jail, a waiter with a tiny walk and a moustache on a stick, and last but not least the valley girl fish (played by guys). This brings me to my favourite, the underwater scene. There were dancing jellyfish, singing angelfish and the SHARK... It was great!

It is very rare that a drummer can be equated with the front man of a band. This was the case on Oct 28th at Rexall place when the Foo Fighters performed. Taylor Hawkins (drummer) proved that you don't need to be the lead vocalist in order to have the entire stadium eating out of your hand. Taylor and Dave Grohl (lead vocalist/guitar) lead the entire concert, though Taylor didn't nearly talk as much as Grohl, his drums solos always kept the audience asking for more, which is exactly what he kept on giving.

The entire stadium was electric for the nearly 3 hours that the band played. It was extraordinary to see that a band could play that long, and holding nothing back. Front man Dave Grohl was magnetic, charming and uninhibited, hands down the best front man that's ever come into Rexall

place. He opened the concert saying "If you don't want to sit through a rock concert for 2 hours and 45 minutes, just go home now."

Dave really connected with the audience; he talked throughout the concert, gave a little history about the band, introduced every single band member, and made an effort to incorporate Canadian rock into the concert by playing a snippet of Rush's "Tom Sawyer". Dave Grohl's vocals were raw, and forceful, he screamed from the moment the band came on until the very end of the 3 hours that they played.

The set list consisted of songs ranging from the very first album "Foo Fighters" to their recent "Wasting Light", extending most of their songs with head banging drum solos to guitar solos and battles between

lead guitarist Christ Shiflett and Dave Grohl. The band had enough material to play for so long and had all of Rexall place standing and screaming from beginning to end, not a single person could be found sitting.

The Foo Fighters walked off after their final song of their set list, to later just tease the audience from backstage with how many songs they should play for an encore. One? The crowd screamed for two. Dave scolded us for being greedy, while Taylor continued to hold up more and more fingers, finally promising six songs. Then played as they promised, starting with acoustic songs with Grohl in the spotlight moved up closer to audience. They saved their best for last when they played an extended version of "Everlong" as the final song of their encore.

Cancer Can Save You

Nadine Elmasri

You may know him as one of three things: a) Joseph Gordon-Levitt b) the slim guy from Inception with the nice suits or, if you are old enough, c) the kid from 3rd Rock From the Sun. Regardless, if you know him than you know that he is an exceptionally talented individual. He has been in red carpet features like Inception and indie films like 500 Days of Summer – both of which I highly recommend to you and the person sitting next to you. His latest feat 50/50, however, far surpasses the bar when it comes to must-see movies.

Gordon-Levitt plays Adam, a regular 27 year old guy – mediocre job, pretty girlfriend, goofy best friend – sounds like every other movie so far, right? Well it is except for the fact that it is not. Adam has cancer. And from the initial diagnosis, 50/50 portrays to its audience the struggles that he and his counterparts (including funny-man Seth Rogan) go through up until a most tear-jerking conclusion that I

will not spoil.

I am sure that at this point in reading, most of you are not quite convinced into watching it. Why? It is probably because this is not your typical movie starring not your typical actors portraying not your typical story. Ironically, this is exactly why you should watch it.

Cancer is a household term and we hear statistics about it multiple times a day to the point that its redundancy accomplishes exactly the opposite of its primary goal. Stated another way: instead of making us care about cancer, it desensitizes us and, in turn, makes us not care. Yes 'we Run for the Cure and throw our change into the donation slots at Tim Hortons but as soon as the loonie hits the bottom of the donation box, we lose sight of why we put it in there to begin with. Seeing a film like 50/50 breaks this chain and people will be better people simply by watching it.

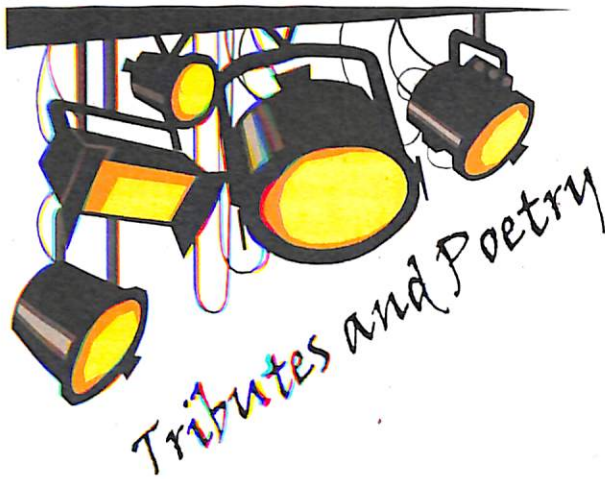
Some of us have or have had

cancer, most of us have been affected by cancer, all of us have heard things about cancer but, unless you have or have had it, none of us understand cancer.

50/50- for its versatile and talented cast, for its breaking of the social barriers associated with its topic, for its window of insight into the struggles of cancer and, above all, for its message – is a must see film.

Some of you are contemplating what watching a movie is actually going to accomplish. Well, my answer to that is: what better way to begin the helping process then to understand the problem?

Watch 50/50, it'll change you.



Immortal Rose

Elysia Marchand

Red velvet from the bosom of your bloom
 Fades not, though winter drives icy death ever near
 Awaken in sweet morn' still a beauty to thine eye -
 Beaded tears of new moisture capturing such life
 Toying with the sentiment of death, deciding not
 Thus for another breath you live
 Honoured by fate to share thy beauty
 Being captured in viewer's eye an immortal wonder
 Last rose never to shrivel

We Flew, We Fell, We Lived

Nadine Elmasri

Today, the highlight of his day is his thirty-minute walk to Tim Horton's every morning to enjoy a coffee – one cream and one sugar. He has been married for sixty-seven years to the same woman, has lived in Edmonton all his life, and has children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. His philosophy on life is to “enjoy every day of it” and today, this man of eighty-eight definitely does. In his younger days, however, this life of simplicity was far from reach.

Ken Taylor fought for Canada as an aviator in WWII and, on November 10th, I had the honor of meeting with him. We sat at the display table, his blue eyes still glassy from the tears that were shed during the Remembrance Day Ceremony that we had just watched. Mine looked the same way, for the same reason. The items on the display table intrigued me; there were photos and books but what immediately caught my attention is the medal-crested army blazer crested that lay there. Neatly pressed and attached to the hanger, I felt humbled by its presence and by what it stands for. I knew that the circular and star shaped medals hanging from the left breast pocket were well deserved and that there can never be enough thanks given to Mr. Taylor and others like him. I began the conversation by asking him about his entrance into the army. He told me that he was eighteen at the time, halfway through his final year of high school when he left. He explained that others had advised him to wait until he finished high school but when he had heard of the atrocities happening in Germany, he felt compelled to take action. His voice was full of passion – a combination of anger at the state of Germany and justice at the outcome. He spoke of his aviator training and the amount of travelling that was associated with it: the long trip to Halifax followed by the long and dangerous boat trip to Britain. He was the only Canadian in his group. He began informing me about the enormity of Hitler's cruelty and as he was speaking about it, even he was in utter disbelief that what he was saying was the truth. He then



went on to show me a book that he was featured in: We Flew, We Fell, We Lived by Philip Lagrandeur. We flipped through the pages and talked about the picture of him in his youth, of the significance of his attire in the photo, of the horrific statistics at the time, more of his days as an aviator, and of how he could not speak of them for 50 years.

His presence humbled me and my experience that day was circling through my head on my way home. It had affected me much more than I had anticipated. I thought about how young he was when he had witnessed the things, that he had witnessed and the people that he had left behind without knowing whether he was going to see them again or not. I thought about his age. I thought about his courage. At that point, I tried to think of the most horrific moment I had witnessed and nothing seemed to compare to even a fraction of what he had seen. It was then that I realized that the reason why that is, is because of the contributions that Ken Taylor and others like him have made and continue to make. I also realized how much we take it for granted.

In the words of Lieutenant Russ McBride, a current member of the Canadian Army, “for your todays, we give our tomorrows”.