



Algoma University's Student Newspaper

# The Sentinel

Issue 4 - December 1994

## Bookstore Policies: The Conflict From This Side

Students who think bookstore policies are unfair should take a moment to hear the explanations of Anne Ferris; after 23 years of employment as manager of the university-owned bookstore, she knows what she's talking about.

Compared to most universities, the book return policy at Algoma is very generous; whereas most others will not allow returns beyond one week, here you may return them (unmarked, of course, so don't put your name in them right away and keep your receipt), up to the last day for course changes and withdrawals.

With regards to running out of books for courses: the number of books ordered is agreed upon by Ms. Ferris and the faculty member concerned, based on factors such as how many are taking the first half of a course, or whether a new edition has come out, meaning that second-hand books will not be readily available, etc. Unfortunately the number of students who have signed up for a course is often not a good enough indication in time for ordering, since it has a tendency to fluctuate widely right up to the last moment. This last has become even more the case recently; Ms. Ferris is finding that publishers are now sending their order request forms earlier than previously (e.g.: in March for a course starting in September, when normally they weren't received until June).

Further orders of books once a class has started run into shipping cost difficulties; ordering in bulk is cheaper than ordering single texts. The preferred method is to have the professor poll the class to determine how many still require a text and then to order that amount. Please be aware that unless the

(CONT'D ➡)

AUC Annual Christmas  
Semi-Formal  
DECEMBER 22ND, 1994  
TICKETS - \$20 PER PERSON  
AT AUSA OFFICE

## Student Counselling: A Successful Experiment

The experimental counselling service offered over the past year to Algoma University students has been deemed successful, according to Arthur Perlini of the Psychology Department.

This service began in October 1993, thanks to Mr. Perlini and Marianne Perry of Student Services, and was operated for approximately one year. The service proved useful since several students took advantage of it, enough that consideration is being given to starting a full-time position for a student counsellor at Algoma.

"A school ought to take some responsibility for its students", Mr. Perlini stated, "not just to offer an education, but an atmosphere conducive to growth".

It was found that some periods of the year were more stressful for students, in particular the start of year, midterms and finals. The service also provided help for students faced with other difficulties common to this age group: post-graduation concerns, financial pressures, loneliness, parental pressure (since it is not uncommon for students at Algoma to be living with their parents), and relationships. Spring semester was relatively untroubled compared

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## EDITOR'S PAGE:

What is this Christmas Spirit that pervades us every year? I remember writing a play for my grade eight class that solved the mystery by Biblical reference, but that just doesn't cut it for me anymore. There's something psychological about it.

I see it more as an 'All's right with the world' mentality. It's the time of year when trouble takes a backseat to your perception of the world as a benevolent place. Pessimists consider it an illusion that disappears again once the season has passed. But wise optimists can tell you it can be spread the whole year 'round.

This Christmas Spirit guides us to see everyone as a friendly neighbour, anyone as someone worthy of your respect. Granted, you have to be more picky most of the time, but begin around people we respect always makes us feel good, regardless of the time of year. Remember to hold the one most important to you very close and remind them how glad you are to be with them, because this is the person you most respect, and with whom it will be easiest to maintain this spirit always.

And as for those we normally don't respect, maybe it was on false, assumed pretences. Maybe Christmas is the perfect time to get to know these people better (when you're both most benevolent and least likely to kill each other); at least take the opportunity to verify if what you think about them is actually true.

Lastly, take advantage of Christmas to become introspective; seek out and destroy whatever prevents you from feeling this way all the time. Be wary of those who dislike or resent the season; it is likely that they are the ones most reluctant to look within for fear of what they'll find. Please remember, however, that it is also they who most need to do so.

I'm about as mushy as Mr. Spock, but I wish all staff and students a very merry Christmas anyway - may you make your dreams come true this holiday season (now go get drunk, or whatever it is you do)

-C.C.

('Bookstore' cont'd):

bookstore is given a list of names, however, these books can not be held back for these specific students; buy them as soon as possible once the order arrives, else that guy who forgot to raise his hand isn't doing you any favours when he gets there first.

Prices are set according to publishers. Here's some interesting facts; hardcovers aren't necessarily more expensive to publish than paperback, special graphs and figures in certain texts contribute to their expense, and several are of limited print which naturally doesn't make them cheap (maybe that explains why one book that's half the size of another is twice as expensive!). The bookstore is not gouging you - it doesn't need to, given so many certain sales.

Ms. Ferris has chosen not to sell used books, since editions often do change, several upper year courses are offered only every two years, and after all one person can't do everything! Student's Council has since taken up the task (but check the bookstore first to guarantee you're looking for the right book and edition).

The Algoma Bookstore has acquired a word-of-mouth reputation in the community for ordering, and keeps a stock of non-curricular books that have been recommended or are expected to be popular; currently Native History is in this category. The bookstore also promotes local talent, such as poetry by Owen Neil, and Bruce Bedell's collection of cries he has performed over the years as the Soo's official Town Crier.

Buy your books quickly, but leave them unmarked as long as possible seems the best advice. And please give Ms. Ferris a break - she's had a long day too!\*

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('Services', cont'd)

to the rest of the year, likely since students tended to remain more active, a natural therapy for self-esteem difficulty.

During the rest of the year, however, particularly during November or February, there were occasionally weeks consisting of ten appointments. In all cases, this service proved helpful and students **grateful for its existence.**

Students who require this service will now be referred to Marianne Perry and Eileen Bonifaro, until further notice.\*

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**Cole's Law - 'Thinly sliced cabbage' (Get it?)**



Burn like a star,  
A shooting star soaring across the sky.  
Life only matters so long as you burn.  
Burn long, burn strong.  
Let reward be reflection  
Shining back at you.

Chess is such a simple game  
But observe its complexity.  
Life appears so complex,  
But we forgot its simple rules.  
So easy to fly, to  
Burn like a star.

## Computer Science 4-Year Degrees

J. Rajnovich of the computer science department has verified that a proposal is awaiting Laurentian University approval for a four year computer science program in Computer Science here at A.U.C. The degree, however, will actually require four and a half years to earn, due to currently insufficient resources. This will work well for students in the Co-op Program. Hopes are that the new program will be in place for the next school year (Sept. '95).

This is a note to whoever made off with my ad for the 'Sentinel' that was posted in the stairwell - if you liked it that much, was ten cents for the photocopier too much for yah?

HO! HO! HO! HAR! HAR! HAR! HA - HA -  
HAND IN SOMETHING FOR THE NEXT  
ISSUE, WOULD YA?!

A January issue is dependent on student response, but we'll see you again in Feb. for sure - **stay tuned**, oh faithful reader!

Greek god of wine, is also the name of the national league of students seeking to raise alcohol awareness among university students.















Although in operation for the past two years, AUC's division is only now really getting off the ground, with 6-7 members and meeting times pending. Goals for the year include fundraising for group projects as well as donations towards the RIDE program. Plans are also being undertaken towards initiating a Designated Driver ID Card program, whereby businesses accepting these cards will offer discounts on purchases of non-alcoholic drinks.

Students seeking to get involved should contact either Jenny Musso or Shelley Armstrong for more information.

**PLEASE - DON'T DRINK AND  
DRIVE THIS HOLIDAY SEASON - OR  
ANY SEASON, FOR THAT MATTER!**

## CHRISTMAS PUZZLER:


















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












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## Fiction:

### *The Legend of the Bluewater Wizard*

(A Legend by Julie Walker)

Back in the time of the settling of the waters of the Great Lake Superior, water covered a large portion of land known today as the Bluewater Bay. There were few inhabitants of the region save a handful of locals, some Natives, and the newest arrival of gold prospectors. Life was hard. Settlements were few and far between. Lumbering in the bush, clearing land for Hudson Bay outposts along the shores of the Great Lake, fishing and hunting; all this left little time for social activities. The arrival of gold prospectors and their stories of bravery and adventure were a welcome change.

Bluewater Bay was a favourite stopover for prospectors. It was said that deep in the dense white pine forests dwelt a wizard. The locals never saw the wizard. They only heard tales of many prospectors' quests to find the Wizard and seek his counsel on where to find the much-sought-after gold.

Legend has it that the Wizard had once been a golden eagle in the northern forests. He used to fly over the north shore to warn the people of incoming winds and rainstorms. The rest of the time the eagle swooped down on the shores to bask in the warmth of the sun on the rocky crags.

The eagle was arrogant and resented having to take seafaring journeys to check for storms. One sunny day as he lazed about, his inner voice prompted him to make an investigative flight, but he ignored it. He nestled on the rocks and blatantly refused to move. The gods became very angry. There was an impenetrable storm front building fast and furiously over the open waters. The gusts began on shore and the eagle realized his mistake. The rain began to blow in off the lake, and then in no time at all it turned to biting hail. There was no way he could fly out to warn the fishermen and prospectors on

the nearby shores and rivers. There was nothing he could do to save them or help them find shelter from the storm's intensity.

The eagle had made a mistake he would pay for dearly. The gods sentenced him to life as a human. He was destined to make up for the loss of the lives of the four prospectors who drowned in the Bluewater Bay. The eagle was transformed into a human, but one hand was deformed, bearing a striking resemblance to eagle talons, except it was of gold. It would remind him of his grievous error until eternity. He would spend the rest of his life isolated in the great pines of the Bluewater Region, becoming a lesser-known legend of Superior. To this day, when prospectors come into the region they still seek out the Bluewater Wizard, for it is said he can fly like an eagle, and if you prospect on the place where he lands, you will find the gold the prospectors sought so many years ago.

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## THE ROGUE

### EPISODE THREE: CONCLUSION

by Chris Crowder

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As it turned out, the rogue was better off for having cursed.

The rough slope emerged into none other than the lava springs from which he had originally ascended, and it was only his painful momentum that carried him over the first pool to crash land on the rough stone. Thus having the air knocked out of him, combined with his utter disappointment, was more than enough to leave him motionless for several moments.

Gradually he tried moving, and found thankfully that this was still possible, though an ache in one ankle was almost enough to convince him otherwise. He appeared to have emerged into an unfamiliar portion of the springs, but blemished paths of rock between the boiling pools gave him hope that he might find his way

(cont'd ☞)



back to the stairs.

Then what? Back up to face the monster.  
One thing at a time.

With a grimace he stood up, finding that he was best off not putting too much weight on his bad foot. The hole in the wall from which he had emerged was placed out of reach, too far up and positioned above one of the pools. There was nothing for it but to navigate the flows.

At first this appeared to be easy enough, but the rise and fall of the rocks made for tricky navigation. More annoying still was that, due to steam and distance, he couldn't often tell whether the rim he was following would come to an unexpected end until he arrived at it. Then, cursing more foully than ever for ever having accepted this mission in the first place, he would limp back to the last intersection, hoping that perhaps this branch would lead him onwards.

As the rogue struggled in this manner, unbenownst to him another had entered the springs. Now that the trespasser was gone, there was still an opportunity for the spell to be completed, and the wizard was not about to remain a living chunk of lava for the rest of his life as long as something could still be done about it. Of course, not knowing where the slope led, he imagined all sorts of wicked things that could have happened to the little cretin who dared to challenge him as he returned down the stairs.

Gradually the rogue traversed the cavern, until the foot of the stairs were, thankfully, visible. For a moment he panicked as one rim after another came to an end short of his goal - finally one did in fact wind its way about the bubbling lava to arrive at the original murder site. He had just enough time to heave a sigh of relief before the fire demon emerged from the stairs.

It was difficult to say which of the two were more surprised in that first instant, but by the second it was certainly the rogue who was the more dismayed. More so yet, when, breaking out in a sweat that was due to far more than just the heat, he discovered he had lost something far more important than his breath when he'd fallen down the slope - his sword, as well.

For the first and only time in his life, the rogue wished he'd taken after his father and become a fisherman.

(CONT'D, PG. 6)

*Essay:*

## *Abortion*

Abortion; what a funny word. It seems almost harmless. I am familiar with the word abort, as in 'halt the launch sequence', when no one really gets hurt and the only consequence was maybe some frazzled nerves.

But this word abortion is truly different. The mere mention of this word can bring out deep-felt emotions in people who rarely raise an eyebrow at the latest death toll from an unforeseen disaster. Some support abortion, or at least the notion of women's rights to control their destiny. Some do not support abortion. I guess I would fall into this category, although I never really got involved with the issue.

Speaking of issues, is abortion a political, religious, ethical or moral issue? Is it an issue concerning society, communities, individuals, the world? Is it a combination thereof? I am certainly unqualified to give an opinion on this matter. I can, however, express some of my feelings on the issue of abortion.

Abortion, to me, means that someone with no name dies - or should I say, is purposefully killed. This is achieved legally in most societies and is sometimes sponsored by governments. Who is benefitting? I guess the mother is, otherwise she would not have undergone the procedure. The father, too, will benefit, since this is one less mouth to feed, and just think of the free time for golf on the weekend. Society, too, benefits, by controlling the population and keeping social costs in check. Basically everyone leaves home happy. Except, of course, if you're the person being aborted.

But then again, is it really a person, a human being? Most abortions must be completed before three months. At this time the person is very small, short and stubby, but also very developed, resembling a miniature one of us. Surely killing one of these creatures is moral; after all, it can't even think. When you sit down and realize

(cont'd over)

('Rogue', cont'd)

Grinning in its mysterious, fiery way, his enemy closed the gap slowly. It seemed that the wizard was about to exact a heavy revenge on this scoundrel after all. Had the rogue been able to read his mind he might have agreed one hundred percent.

Might have, except that when that last lava bubble had burst off to his left something flashed in its light alongside the pool, and just maybe it wasn't some shiny volcanic rock (although even a handy rock would be better than nothing). Whatever it was, he was going to get it, wounded ankle or no.

Violently he threw himself in its direction, rolling over the rough stone and barely avoiding the lava in his haste. Leaping to his feet he chose to ignore his protesting ankle and leaped forward to land flat on his chest, knocking the wind out of himself this time, grasping his prize.

It wasn't a rock. A sword! But not his sword. Oh well, finders keepers.

The wizard's grin increased even further. How fortunate that his prey had retrieved the missing spell item he had lost; now both goals could be accomplished. One, to finish off this scum, two, to complete his spell, return to normal and begin the long dreamed-of conquest of his enemies (which was practically everyone).

The rogue was getting that desperate feeling again, exerting considerable effort this time to get back on his feet. The creature had him cornered between the wall and the lava, blocking all escape. The sword had a golden hilt and was certainly nice to look at, but that was his only consolation. It was terribly heavy (or he was feeling terribly weak, one or the other), and the image of his last sword stroke going straight through this creature without effect was vivid in his mind. Nonetheless, arm muscles quivering from exhaustion, he raised it in pitiful defence.

The creature didn't slow for a second, though it approached without haste. Closer. Closer. When the rogue could feel the heat of the beast on his face and saw the beady eyes of fire staring into his own, he swung.

He was absolutely, undeniably positive his aim was true, yet he struck nothing. The sword sliced through the creature as it would through any flame. A dismal sense of déjà vu overtook him as he

(CONT'D PG. 7 (Yeah, yeah - I know...))

('Abortion', cont'd)

that this little creature is just like yourself, you realize too that taking away its life is just not the right thing to do. After all, most people are shocked when they hear that a baby or small child is murdered. Who could do such a thing?

I think we fool ourselves into believing no one is being hurt during an abortion. We depersonalize and dehumanize the unborn by referring to them as 'fetus', or 'fetal tissue', or some other name much different from 'human being', or 'person'. If we were to give the unborn names such as Tom or Jane we would have a harder time to end their life, because we would have acknowledged their existence and right to existence. The fetus would stop being just a clump of cells, and start being our baby boy or girl.

I think abortion is not just a women's issue but an issue involving all humanity. It is a reflection on how sacred we deem the gift of life given to us from God. I guess right now we don't think life is as important as the rights of people. But shouldn't everyone and everything have a right to exist, to breathe, to move, to learn, to love? Since when is one person's rights more important than another's? I do not have the right from either God or the political will to kill another person. But this right has been given to doctors to kill the unborn in an unwanted or unplanned pregnancy.

How did we get to the point where abortion is so readily acceptable and accessible? I think governments try to please society at large so as to gain support and re-election. This is putting their interests in front of the interests of society. This is why abortion should be kept out of the political arena. It should be, however, reflected in the nation's conscience - the Charter of Rights.

-Anonymous

{The above article was found posted on the 3rd floor bulletin board - I figured it was fair game. If you're bothered by something enough to do that, send a copy to the newspaper instead; it's more likely to be seen by people willing to take the time to read it - ed.}



## Sun On The Empire

The sun is setting on my Empire  
I have just enough time to tell you about it  
It has been so beautiful to me  
I clutched it to my heart, held it close  
Willing it to become real.

Like sand it collapses and my eyes are  
Weary, my hands weak. Just let me  
Tell you how much it meant, how much I  
Wanted this.

Now the sun sets and it is time to sleep  
And waking up is the one thing I can't  
Do for myself.  
But at least sleeping  
Is where dreams come true.

-Vortex

## 5 GREAT THINGS ABOUT

### BEING EDITOR:

1. Nobody bosses me around.
2. I get to write 3/4 of every issue.
3. You wouldn't believe what this does for my resume. (☺)
4. Two UNIX accounts (mine and SENTIENT (notice we still haven't updated the name, in case you're sending us (sorry - me) something.)
5. Office doubles as biggest locker in the school.

## 5 THINGS THAT STINK

### ABOUT BEING EDITOR:

1. Nobody to boss around (no staff, period).
2. A computer so old it can't support Windows (I have to put the paper together in the upstairs labs).
3. Trying to find advertisements (⊗).
4. Fighting with \$%#@ \$# Aldus Pagemaker.  
[ 'Ralph's Observation: It is a mistake to allow any mechanical (or electrical) object to realize that you are in a hurry.' - so true!)]
5. Office doubles as freezer storage for pop machines. (⊗⊗⊗)

## ('Rogue', continued)

listlessly let the momentum drag him off balance, now certain the gods had forsaken him. Fair enough; he supposed you could only put yourself in ridiculous situations so many times before they gave you up as hopeless.

Similar to last time, the sword carried through to crash against the wall.

The wizard felt a tearing sensation and howled in unexpected agony, instinctively backing away. The spell holding him in his meager in-between existence wavered.

The wizard's backing up gave the rogue only enough time to gape in stunned amazement before the fiery being's howling turned into that of rage and he advanced again, this time with all the haste he could muster.

After years of experience, the rogue had become certain that sometimes, when you have no idea what you're supposed to do, there are times when the absolutely stupidest idea you can think of is the right one.

That was why, with death itself screeching and hurtling towards him and with a weapon to defend himself with in his hand, he instead attacked the wall.

The instant the blade struck the rock the creature was stunned into motionlessness, its screeching becoming louder and of higher pitch. Knowing a good thing when he saw it (and that this beastie couldn't carry a tune, but he'd worry about that later), he began hammering the sword against the wall as though his life depended on it. Which, in fact, it did.

Each blow held the creature in place and increased both its volume and rage - but that was all. It certainly didn't look any less as though it was going to grill him for supper.

Deciding that he couldn't do this forever - after all, he'd probably fall unconscious from the effort before he could hack his way through solid rock to the stairs, ha, ha - he put all his strength into one, last violent effort, and swung.

The blade shattered apart, shards flying off the

(cont'd over)

## ('Rogue', cont'd)

rock in a glittering dangerous explosion, several of which caused him some harm. This was, however, in no way comparable to what he had done to the creature.

The half-finished spell dwelling within the blade flew apart with the shards, and with it permission for the existence of this unnatural form of fire the wizard possessed; instantly he imploded in a flash, gone out of existence.

The rogue collapsed in a pile of weakness among the glittering bits of metal.

Feeling fourteen times his age, the rogue began ascending the stairs, leaving the cavern behind once again. Despite his incredible aching, a seraphic grin shone from him nonetheless. After all, not only had he completed his mission - he'd done it twice over. But if he comes back this time, forget it ...

Nothing remained in the cavern but the spiders and insects who had not yet perished in the flames. The lava flowed on.

- THE END -

# 1995

## IS ALMOST HERE!

Calendars make great Christmas Gifts.

## AUC BOOKSTORE

is the place to look for these and other great gift ideas, including children's books, local authors and novelty subjects.

### Dear Santa Claus:

Please send the newspaper the following:

1. An ambitious business student who'll get all excited when I mention the word 'advertising', who's wants to make this newspaper a self-supporting business so he/she can brag about it later in job interviews.

2. One Computer Science student who happens to like English, or one English student who happens to like computers, to help with layout and publishing of the student newspaper.

3. Somebody with a half-decent level of creativity who has ideas concerning how to raise interest in our student newspaper amongst our students.

Should you happen to see any of the above during your travels this year, please send them to the Student's Council office, convince them to send me a UNIX message, or to run me off the road on my way home and say 'Hey, I'd like to help!' (but only this last if they're really wealthy so I can sue).

Thanx!

P.S. - Giftwrapping them isn't necessary.

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