The Gateway

Vamp on Camp



HUMOUR

The Worse the Better









Pigmented Perspectives













Important Gateway Meeting Thursday 4:00 pm Rm 270A SUB

Volunteer Staff Please Attend



WAY

catering

- SANDWICHTRAYS
- MEAT TRAYS
- CHEESE TRAYS
- SALADS
- DESSERT TRAYS

CALL - PAM

Your chance to meet a real editor!

Editing Workshop

Brian Tucker, copy editor at the Edmonton Journal (a.k.a. hack and slash man), will give a workshop on editing and writing leads in room 270A Thursday, October 8 at 3 pm. Everybody welcome.

OPTICAL PRESCRIPTION CO.

8217 - 112 St. 433-1645 College Plaza

- prescriptions filled lens duplication repair service

 repair service
 repair service
 fine frames
 quality sunglasses
 contact lenses Expert cosmetic a advice OIO



Fly on the Wall

A hockey class is in progress in the arena right now. Clare Drake is standing along the boards, whistle in his mouth, watching his students scrimmage for the last ten minutes before the class ends. About every minute he blows the whistle to signal for a line chappe.

change.

Some of the students seem to be Some of the students seem to be taking this scrimmage quite seriously. The student who just took a run at a defenceman on the other team strikes me as one who is determined to win the game at any cost. The student who flipped the puck over the head of the grid in the pink sweatsuit, and made her shriek, strikes me as one who would do it again if the situation called would do it again if the situation called for it, although he barely missed her. The student who patted his linemates on the back, congratulating them for a "good shift", rallying them for their next attack, seems to be adopting a leadership role that may be a little

innecessing.

The student who slapped the puck, a wobbly shot, but hard, and high, head high, from the blueline with players from both teams around him certainly strikes me as one who had a burning desire to score the winning goal. A desire that he was unable to quell until he put the puck in the net with his slap shot. Whereupon Clare Drake blew the whistle and signalled "no goal" with his arms. No slapshots guess. The student looked very surprised, and a little peeved. I don't blame him. What a call to make so late in the game.

J. Dylan