#### **HUMOUR**

#### Cara's Corner

For those fortunate enough to have never experienced the dreaded horror known as In-Person-Registration, count your blessings. For those of you aged enough to recall that abomination, I'm sure your sympathies will be with me as I relate my tale of woe.

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As an iill-fated freshman years ago, I naturally had to register In-Person. For most people, that was a harrowing experience, as one staggered from building to building, enduring horffic line-ups, only to discover that a particular course or section was full, thereby ruining a meticulously well planned timetable as one had to juggle times and dates all over again. For yours truly, it was nothing short of Dante's Infernio, as I dessended lower and lower into that registration malbolge'. My problems began with simply filling out a time-table, and wading through the University calendar's legalese style of writing. Imagine, if you will, a person traumatized at an early age when trying to follow directions such as "fold flap A into slot 8, unless flap A is missing, in which case remove tab Aa adjoining sub-tab C........." I think you get the picture, so naturally, when confronted with something like "also refer to \$43.19. (1) and (2) above, "I panicked, and whatever comprehensive reading skills I may have possessed abandoned me like rats off a proverbal sinking ship. I spent my first agonizing day wandering around in what appeared to be a Machiavellam maze, and by 4:00 I'd managed to register for a grand total of one class. For the first and only time in my life, I was driven to drinking alone in a neighbouring pub, and was even given honest-to-God bartender's advice. After a consultation with my brother that evening, I. made it through the second day, and somehow became a Registered Student'. Like any good neurotic, I've repressed all memories of that day.

Second year saw me at it again, as I'd. changed my major, thereby eliminating the pleasure of Advance Registration. Entering third year, I thought I had the system beaten, until my advisor struck class after class off my Advance Registration form, and concluded our session with "I cannot approve this—you have no first semester." Perhaps if he hadn't been so generous with his pen, I might have had that necessary semester. Due to utter confusion and disorganization, I missed seeing him before the final deadline, and thus, faced the cheery prospect of In-Person' when I came back for what was to be my fourth very.

My delight at returning to the Phone-In-System was immeasurable, and I foolishly became fulled into a false sense of security. I punched my courses in gleefully, and being exceptionally brilliant, I decided to forego the time-table pick-up lines by collecting mine at a more convenient time. "How long, oh Lord," I asked myself, when my brother pointed out the fine print regarding time-table cancellation due to failure to obtain said item within the specified time. So, back in September I frantically attacked the telephone; and re-registered in 15 minutes before the system shut down for the night.

The fact that I've survived the horrors of my own folly and other nightmares convinces me that I'll be able to withstand anything in later years. The 'coup de grace', nevertheless, occurred two weeks ago, for when I attempted to submit my Application For Degree, I was promply sent away, as I'd neglected to attach my 'checklist'. Not to fear, though, as I managed to hand in both pieces the following day, but I swear, it something else goes wrong before I graduate, I'll hang myself around the Dean's neck in the guise of an albatross.

Cara Koropchuk

## Fly on the Wall

I am standing in the check-out line at the Rutherford Library. The student in front of me just approached the counter and asked the librarian if he could renew some books. She said "Yes" so from his bag he began pulling out the books that he wanted renewed. He had about twenty.

The librarian picked up about five of the books and moved over to the little drawer to check to see if another student had a reserve on any of the books that he wanted to sign out again. As she did this, she looked at the call numbers of his books. "Are theyall BSI" she asked, studying the numbers. He looked a little surprised at his question, "Ah..., well, I didn't think so," and ducked back down to his bag. She looked back towards him and picked up more of the books from the pile on the counter and looked at their call numbers. "Hammn," she said, almost to herself, "looks like most of them are." and flipped through whatever the librarians flip through when they look for reserves. He stood up again, his bag empty, and said, "some of them are pretty good."

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About half-a-minute later, she moved back
from the file drawer and started to sign his
books out. "Well," she said, "they were all
BS." He looked at her again. "Not all of
them," he said, a little defensively. "Yes they
were." she said, ka thump ka thumping
another one of his books. "I looked." Yea,
but you didn't read them, 'he said, to which
she replied, "I didn't have to."

He looked at her again, but she didn't look at him. I don't know if she was teasing him or not, but if she was, she should tell him. The poor guy, he's probably half-way through his paper and now he thinks his sources are all bull—

J. Dylan

# Terminal Cafe When Mr. Fish was 14, he thought Just wait until I'm 16- then 11! .get all the chicks!

X







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Beyond the Moon

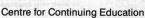








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