



Childerhose/Dal Photo

Happy trails . . . The Gazette staff of 1982/83 (some of them) bid you all a fond adieu. Front Row (L to R): Catherine Ricketts, Ken Burke, and Bruce Galloway. Second Row: Elaine Mosher, Ivor MacKay, Rusty James, Samantha Brennan, and John Tourneur. Back Row: Bob Morrison, Cathy McDonald, Geoff Martin, Alec Bruce, and Andy Lorimer. Those who for some reason were unable to be captured by Dal Photos merciless glare are: Ken Newman, Bryan Fantie, Luke Napier, Dena Dankner, Robert Putnam, Tibs, Scott Owen, Wendy Coomber, Tom Morrison, Doug Whittall, KimRilda Van Feggelen, Gary P. Leblanc, Edd Hansen, Anya Waite, Pat Jordan, Mark Childerhose, Paul Morris, Mike Hayes, Bea Renton, Peter Rockwell, Nonie McDonald, Psychedelic Eric, CKDU and the others whose destiny is to be remembered other places than here.

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"Oh sure," he replied, "I have a couple left over from last night's party . . ."

It was a huge device, or at least as huge a device as you could build in a dark room. Admid the complex maze of circuitry was something that looked suspiciously like a shower head, and on the floor was painted a bright red square, with thge words DO NOT STAND HERE!!! Painted beside it in the broad, even strokes of a person who knows exactly what would happen to you if you did.

"Okay, you just stand there on the red square," he said. I glanced at my watch to see if it was Monday, it certainly didn't seem to be my day . . . a few deft adjustments to the panel he thrust an object into my hand.

"This is your recall device" he stated: It looked like a half melted Beatles cassette.

"What about . . ." I shoved the napkin in his hand again.

"Oh yeah." He shuffled around in his closet for a moment, then pulled out a pepper shaker.

"Just turn the crank. A few seconds later it detonates. It's pretty good on fries too." Then he pulled down a lever.

"Don't worry," he said. "This

won't hurt a bit.

One of the interesting things about time travel is that although you may go back thousands of years in history you retain the same position in space. The chaps room was on the third floor of a building which unfortunately didn't exist in forty thousand BC . . . after regaining consciousness I stood up and looked about. Off in the distance I could hear noises, so clutching the recaller in one hand, and the pepper shaker in the other, I set off in that direction. A few minutes later I spyed a clearing. Within this clearing was a group of primitive looking people who I dubbed Halagonian Man. They were gathering around a large rock, upon which sat a creature that rather resembled a frog having a fight with a large cauliflower. Apparently the natives had found the creature sitting there and weren't quite sure what they should do with it.

"Ugh, grunt grung gagarbleah" suggested one shaggy man.

"Guh gir rafthas grgurgle . . ." countered his companion.

Then I felt something behind me. I turned and spotted two other Frogflowers, who appeared to be conversing with each other through telepathy. The thoughts were weirdly alien in their structure, and if it hadn't been for the sub-titles I

could never have followed them.

"We are almost ready. This continent can be ours in a day, but according to the Proper Rules of Conquering Race etiquette we must have the signature of a representative group of natives on these documents," said the first one, shuffling some pages in his hand/paw/flipper.

"But they can't even communicate with each other! How can they sign their name?"


"We implant into their minds the ability to complete this form to the satisfaction of the Federal Government," he/she/it replied.

"Very well," said the companion. Then they turned and began to transmit information into the Halagonian men. I only caught part of it, however, because I had just turned the crank on the pepper shaker. The funny thing is that what I'd picked up had rather resembled a Chemistry midterm. Seconds later I had pushed the stud on the recaller and was winging my way towards the twentieth century, with strains of Yellow Submarine discernible oin the background.

Well, with this information we can resolve a number of different things, i.e. why exams exist, why Halifax has a harbour, and lastly why no one seems to understand Chemistry midterms . . .

# gingers

Hollis at Morris



## Ron-Doug PARKS

# ONE MAN BAND

Monday,  
Wednesday, Friday  
and Saturday  
Nights

FRIDAY AMATEUR COMEDY NIGHT\*

Tuesdays & Thursdays: OPEN MIKE  
(Bring your own guitar)

Saturday Afternoons: PARTY 2-7 PM