

TOURNESOL presents...

FREE DANCE IMAGES

New works choreographed by Ernst & Carole Eder

FEBRUARY 11, 12, 13 — 18, 19, 20 8:30 p.m.

ESPACE TOURNESOL

(formerly Tournesol Dance Space)

11845 - 77 Street (located behind the Coliseum)

Tickets \$2.50 Reservations 474-7169



CUSO needs

Tradespeople, Engineers, Businesspeople, Physicians, Registered Nurses, Physiotherapists, Math. Teachers, Physics Teachers, English Teachers, Agriculturalists, Home Economists to work overseas on two year contracts in developing countries of the Caribbean, Latin America, Africa, Asia and the South Pacific. Salaries are generally equal to a local worker's in a similar job. CUSO provides return transportation, dental, health and life insurance and a resettlement allowance.

For further information

attend a Public Information Meeting
Monday, February 21st, 8 p.m.
Room 2-115 Education Bldg N., U of A
(87 Ave & 112 St. — park Jubilee Auditorium lot)

or Contact

CUSO Office
2-5 University Hall
The University of Alberta
Edmonton, Alberta
T6G 2J9
(phone 432-3381)



STUDENTS' UNION
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Handbook and Telephone Directory Editor

Duties: To assemble information on all aspects of university life; edit and compile that information into the 1977-78 Handbook for Students. To coordinate student and university telephone information into the Student Telephone Directory.

Salary: \$750.

Duration: Must be able to start after exams, part-time through the summer and September.

Further Information: Contact VP Finance and Administration 432-4236. Applications available from Receptionist room 256 SUB.

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PRO

by Lydia Torrance

I listened as the talking continued — Olaf and her plotting in the fruit cellar. "She's not going to hurt anybody, Mama," Olaf wheedled. "Let's go upstairs. We're going to hurt her feelings." Hurt my feelings! My fingers clenched on the shears till they turned white. It wasn't his feelings I wanted to hurt. Thinking I was so patient and long-suffering. My patience was exhausted. I'd show him what hurt really meant.

I marched down the stairs and shook the door. It was still locked. "Open this door!" I shouted. The whispering stopped. I couldn't even hear them breathing. "You'd better open up or I'll just knock the door down," I said in a conversational tone. There was no need to get unpleasant after all. What I was going to do could be done in a civilized way. "OK, you guys," I said after a minute. "I have ways, if you don't want to cooperate."

There was a scuffle, and then I heard her gasp "No! Don't you dare open that door!" "Mother, stop it." Olaf shouted, and I heard him coming to the door. The bolt slid open. His head peered out. "Lyddie, we'll be right up. I'm sorry about all this —" "Olaf Norgaard, I don't want apologies, I want to know if we're getting married or should I leave? That's your choice." "Honey, you know I want to. But I've got to calm Mama down. There's no point in her being all mad at us."

I felt weak, and my head began to ache, dull throbbing zigzags of lighting in my brain. There were steps on the porch. Someone knocking on the front screen door and a man's voice yelled "Hello in there! Anybody home?" I turned silently and mounted the steps. "We'll be right up soon as she's more calm," Olaf said hurriedly, and closed the door. The screen door opened and a man stuck his head inside. "Hello? Hello? Well! Hello there then!" He smiled and took off his hat. "I reckon you're the lady of the house?"

"Well, not exactly..." He was a fine-looking blond man with a hand-tooled vest, a flowered tie, a seersucker suit of pale blue and white stripes, and boots of a beautiful soft brown leather.

"Not the lady of the house? But Ma'm you look so — like you're in control. I know then. You're the daughter home from college for the summer and wonderin' what in the world to do to keep the mind alive till you go back in September. Right?" He smiled so nice and his eyes wrinkled so, I suddenly felt all friendly. I'd forgotten how nice the world could be, people treating you civil and all. He was a real gentleman. But what was he doing here?

"I don't go to college," I said. "Can I do something for you?"

"I reckon not, but I can do something for you. I can bring new meaning to the words 'an evening at home.'" He picked up his satchel. "I'll just

open this on the table over there — all right?" He must be a salesman then. My heart sank: somehow he'd seemed so special and unexpected I thought maybe he was here to rescue me.

"Whats you got there?" I asked.

"The wisdom of all the ages!" he said, patting the satchel. "Now I know how it is, you're busy cooking, churning, canning all day, when evening falls you're too tired to read all the greatest thoughts e'er writ by man. I bet sometimes you drop off asleep in your rocker knitting something nice. Am I right?" he beamed.

"I'm not the lady of the house," I repeated.

"Oh, yeah. I forgot. You're a — no, you're not a college girl neither." He looked puzzled. Then his brow cleared. "Anyways, whatever you do with yourself this is for you." He pulled out five little blue books. "Here you are!"

"What's these, recipes?"

"No Ma'am," he said laughing, his face glowing and crinkling. Whatever he was selling he was sure nice. "These here are the Little Ladies' Home Treasury of World Literature. Now you want your children to grow up in a fine educated household don't you?" I hated to say "I don't have any children." I felt I was making it hard for him. How could he got on with his sales pitch when I kept being the wrong person? But I couldn't lie.

"I — don't have any children."

"You will, you will!" I was relieved I hadn't stopped him one bit. "When you do have children you'll want to have a fine, educated home, right?"

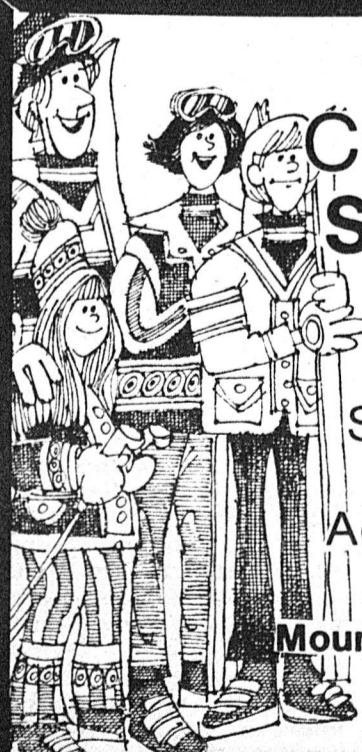
"Oh, Yes!"

"Now then. Most great books are too long, that's how they wrote back then, they had lots of leisure and sat around readin'. But we know time is money. So we've gone through the great books and plucked out the heart, peeled down to the core, cut out the dross, uh —"

He seemed stuck. I took a book out of his hand. "They're right pretty. These are the best parts then?"

"Yes, yes! This is the real point of the book, see? See, here's *Ben-Hur* by General Lew Wallace. Now it's a wonderful tale of Jesus and his charioteer — but the whole book, well it starts before Jesus is even born with the wise men and all. And you still have to read up to the Crucifixion. Now our book starts off right before the Crucifixion with *Ben-Hur* and his girlfriend and Jesus on Palm Sunday. It's just 35 pages long. You don't want to be reading it forever."

"Have you read all these books yourself?" I asked, looking into his oh-so-blue eyes. "Yes Ma'am," he crinkled. "Reading's important if you want to get anywhere." I nodded. Suddenly a hateful voice came from the cellar. "What's that man doing in my living room I'd like to know?" I froze.



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Resource Forums

The John Janzen Nature Centre and Edmonton Parks and Recreation will be presenting a series of resource development forums beginning this month and continuing through April.

Syncrude, Arctic Gas, the strip coal mining industry, the provincial and federal governments, and the environmentalist group STOP will be offering free displays Monday through Saturdays at the centre. In addition, there will be two one-hour presentations in the centre's auditorium on Sunday afternoon, with a \$1 adult and \$.50 children's admission.

The first forum features a display by Syncrude running through to Saturday, with an audio-visual presentation on Sunday, February 20 at 1:30 and 3:00 p.m. This opening forum deals with the reforestation of the tar sands mined areas.