



This Week: Cursed Spring

Note: The following is admittedly sophomoric, repetitive, pedantic, childish, pointless, and repetitive. This was intentional, and I did laugh while typing it.

Why oh why do I hate spring? Oh, there are so many reasons, the least of which is navigating around those monstrous puddles that seem to arise every morning. This spring is even more striking than others because of the so-called 'winter' that didn't really exist this year, and I've been lamenting the lack of a true winter storm for quite some time now. Why? I'm a skier. No, the other kind. I don't do that erect-tobogganing-type-thing that often passes for skiing. Cross-country is the only way to go (I'll try not to degenerate into "my skiing is better than your skiing" argument, but bear with me anyway).

Maybe it's the fact that skiing is a true winter activity that can only be done in the winter (unlike hockey or skating, which seem to go on well past the traditional March thaw). Skiers have a relatively short window to get in their pastime -- rarely is there enough snow in December to cover the ground sufficiently, and usually by early March rain replaces snow as the dominant precipitation. That leaves only a little more than two months -- ten weeks at best -- to fulfill my Nordic diversion.

Whenever I can, I usually go out for a few kilometres and treat it like a major accomplishment. "Why do you even bother?" some may ask, "it's just like jogging." Yes, it's like that for the uninitiated, but for those hardy enough to perfect the techniques, it's as much like jogging as

tic-tac-toe is like chess. Plus, even if you do still believe skiing is jogging in disguise, there is an advantage for skiers: no revealing clothing. No need to feel self-conscious about those legs, since no one can see through your snow pants! It's a great relief knowing that you can be hideously out of shape and still look like a fitness guru by wearing the proper attire (headbands are especially good for the healthy Nordic look). By the end of March, my physical fitness is at its apex, since I usually do a perverted hibernation throughout summer and fall.

This brings me to spring, my most hated of seasons. Mid-March is always a depressing time for me, since it means that there is no longer any escape into the world of snow and whiteness. Sure, I could go jogging, but how likely is it that anyone can jog through a golf course while wearing concealing clothing? Not only would you melt from over-exertion, but you'd probably irk a lot of golfers too. Skiing simulators are a poor man's version of the most perfect of winter activities. I used one for a very, very, limited time (like one hour) and I noticed that without the wind in my hair (and face, giving me a wonderful-looking windburn that gives the false impression of health), the winter scenery around me (it lets me escape the artificial suburban 'forests' and see actual wildlife), and letting my mind wander, simulated skiing is nothing to brag about. The mid-winters blues don't exist for me. In fact, I'm wallowing in the "early spring greens" right now.

Dig This!

The Soc/Anth Newsletter
by Michael Drake

Alcohol, I once believed, was an evil terrible substance that led to major problems in all areas of life. Now I have a different view. Beer is my best friend. My pal, Mr. Oland, is there to give a pat on the back and take me for a sail on the ever beautiful Schooner of inebriation. Mid terms (pre and past) are a trial, one in which we as students are always found guilty. The joys of domestic fermenter grain are there to alleviate that guilt, like the long awaited conjugal visit of a supermodel to a hardened convict.

That, dear reader, is the reason there has not been an article for the last while -- I have languished in the solidarity confinement cell of school-related stress. But I am back, better than ever, and only slightly hung over and giddy with the prospects of perhaps pulling off yet another successful semester.

So, the news of major importance to all members of the society are the upcoming elections for the 1996-1997 society executive.

Nominations (and votes) are being accepted in the lounge, just look for the ballot box. All positions are up for grabs -- from vice president right on down to the humble public relations rep. Remember, the society can not exist without an executive, so I encourage you to get involved. For more information on positions available and the duties each entails, e-mail me at mgdrake@upei.ca or jduggan@upei.ca.

Pictures for the yearbook will be taken at 11:15 on Tuesday (that is today, while you are reading this) Show up and say cheese.

Well folks, that's just about it. Oh yeah, to all you guys at *Panther Prints*, I personally thought the corruption quiz was hilarious. Keep up the good work, guys.

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