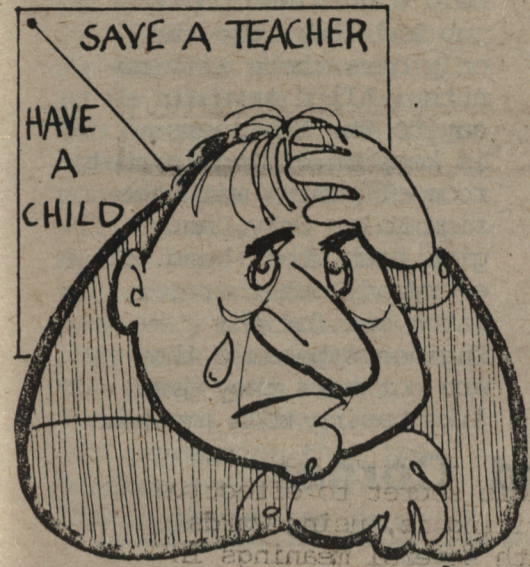


Notes from the Principal's Office



on orienting presented by none other than Kim Pineau... boring... (no really Kim, it was well done. Is north really that way?) Then the resource people prepared us for a late night excursion by encouraging (yes, folks they encouraged us) us to sharpen our sixth sense... Meanwhile, five drinks later, we set out to discover the Great Outdoors. On a more serious note, for the next hour, Dave and Bill guided us on a tour of the Murray River. The tour included a nature walk, complete with local ghost stories (really Dr. Mitchell, there are no ghosts).

After this inspiring walk we headed back to the dining hall for a rousing sing-song. This continued until we had sung all the songs in Brad's song books (Thanks Brad for bringing them along. Also special thanks to Clair, Wally and Dawn for leading the sing-song.

We then progressed to an even loftier mental level.. "charades". I hate to say it but the guys really buried the girls under their masses of literary, musical, and "miscellaneous" knowledge. For some strange reason the girls could not guess that Jo-anne's actions were supposed to lead them to "If your girlfriend was a sardine, would you kiss her in the can?" or to "Deep Throat". Jo was successful in that one.

The charades got progressively more "risky" as the night progressed, until around 4:30 most people stuffed themselves with peanut butter sandwiches, Oreo cookies, and left-over chili in preparation for their long hibernation.

The events of the next day were anti-climactic compared to the sing song, and night walk. One thing that I feel should be mentioned however, was the fact that George and Sockie got lost in the deepest darkest depths of Oak Acres. In actual fact, they were only momentarily misplaced, for Dr. Roy Campbell had already collected the orienteering markers. (Better luck next time guys). Congratulations

to Debbie and Brad for being first to complete the course. By the way, Brad, when do you expect Debbie will be out of the hospital? Rumors around that she is still suffering from a severe case of exhaustion.

The adventure ended at noon with a splendid luncheon consisting of cheap red wine (Donini) and Kam (dogboard sandwiches. Yuk!).. So what happened to the steak?

All in all, a right good time was had (but not remembered) by all. Hopefully the camps of the future will be as good. P.S. Plans for an escape cross-country ski weekend are already in progress. Stay tuned to your local black board.

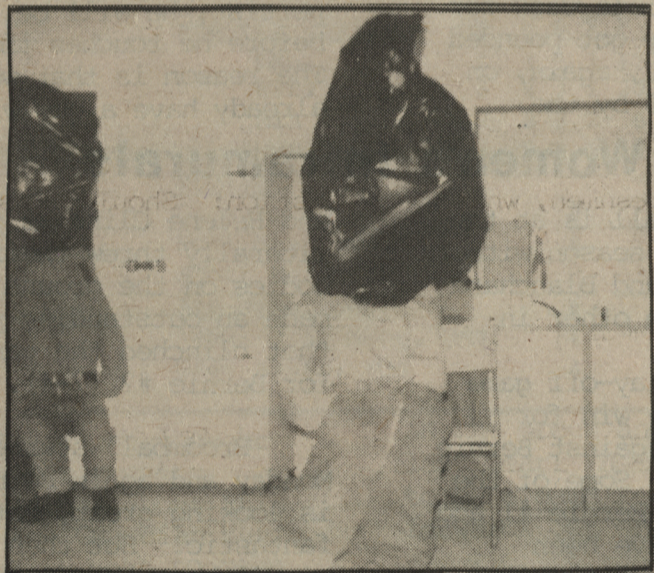
The Education Society Proudly Presents Notes From the Principal's Office.

On Friday, October second, sixteen education students, two resource people (sent, I'm sure by an Atlantic Breweries company), three faculty members and family packed their bags, rubber boots, and set out for Oak Acres Camp, in the thriving metropolis of Murray River, P.E.I.

The purpose of this weekend was to better acquaint potential teachers with the great outdoors in order that they might pass on their knowledge to their students and to have education students and faculty come together on a social and sometimes horizontal level.

Arriving in the evening chill of early October, our intrepid adventures were not by a speciality whipped up by our slightly inebriated cooks - what else other than chili? (Hot!!)

Having demolished the chili, we listened to an informative talk



Education Executive 81-82

- President: Shelley Pepler
- Vice-pres: Geraldine Hughes
- Sec/Treas: Vickie Johnston
- 1 year rep: Kim Pineau
- 4 year rep: Debbie Callaghan

to Drink or not to Drink...



That is the Question!

