

# Scalping a problem

By Bob Stanley

Tonight's **Haywire** Main Event was sold out about five hours after ticket sales opened on Monday morning, setting a new record for the UPEI Student Union events.

The sell-out mirrored similar situations for the last two Main Events this term, and at least part of the reason behind the increasing speed of sales is the opportunity to make big bucks scalping tickets.

The Haywire pub had an added bonus of a chance to win a trip for two to Montreal. Scalpers had an added incentive, as the more tickets bought, the better the chance of winning.

The Student Union has no formal policy on the number of tickets a student can buy, but "in general doesn't give out more than five per person."

The Barn can hold only 475 people, a small percentage of UPEI's 1700 full-time students. It does not take an Economics major to figure out that demand outweighs supply.

CIMN manager Kent Thompson says that when an event is sold out, CIMN is flooded with people wanting to buy tickets. Due to the scalping problem, the station refuses to allow any announcements concerning ticket sales to go over the air.

To insure getting a ticket,

# Life Styles

By Lori Anne Heckbert

Nothing new and exciting this week — I'm sorry, but you're just going to have to live with the drudgery of your lives for this one week.

Take heart, though, there's always Myron's, now that you've discovered it.

I'm going to chat at you this week. Remember the Friendly Giant? Well, you all just curl up in that big chair now and listen real good.

I noticed walking around campus this weekend the

students are advised to be at the Student Union office when it opens at 9 Monday mornings.

beautiful artwork on those irresistible white walls surrounding the Vet College. Nice work, people. As for the person who painted the piece titled "Stats", you are to be commended. You are a credit to your parents, I'm sure.

I noticed, too, the lack of lighting over these pictures, or anywhere on campus for that matter. Last year, Ronald Murphy set up a buddy system after there was strong talk of rape on campus. She lobbied constantly for more lighting on campus.

One young man informed me that he was chased about by another young man, clad only in his birthday suit. So you see, it isn't only girls that have to fear assault by the opposite and/or same sex.

Walking under the awning

on the University Avenue side of Duffy Building one night, I hit a dip that felt like I'd missed three stairs. I said, "Gee, this is like Montreal — there aren't any dip signs, and when there are, they come after the dip: 'You have just hit a dip'." Can we get a sign like that? It would be a small comfort.

Have you noticed that the heating system in virtually every buildings on campus is going through menopause? The poor thing is having hot and cold flashes like you wouldn't believe, if you weren't on the receiving end.

If anyone has a suggestion for dealing with this other than toting around a beach towel and a Kerosun heater, please let me know, I'll print it.

Change trains (of thought) here.

Several people living away from home for the first time have approached me about their laundry. I told these people I cannot do their wash for them, but here's a couple of tips:

1) No matter what else you do, put the soap in the machine **before** you put in the clothes. Let it get swished around a little bit too — you'll avoid soap stains.

2) Wash dark colors separate from whites. When you pour bleach on dark fabrics, they have a nasty habit of turning light on you.

3) If a garment says the color may run, it **will** run. Wash it separately, unless you're particularly fond of that color and want to see it in everything you own.

4) Never use ABC. Besides being tacky, it's no cheaper and it makes your clothes itchy (Note: this is personal opinion, not slander).

5) Don't do as one hapless resident of Bernardine Hall did. Take your laundry out of the dryer **before** it starts to smoke.

As for all you lucky people who got tickets to see Haywire, have fun. I won't, I didn't get a ticket.

Take care of yourselves, see you next week!

# A "Fresh" point of view

By Kaberi Dasgupta

I'm in university now, ready to make my own decisions, to forge my own way, to be independent.

With a sigh of relief, I went home. My father had just finished writing a check for the first four months of my college education.

I could see the sheer pain with which he took out his checkbook.

I saw his shoulders crumble

down as the woman behind the desk told him the cost.

The cap slowly came off the pen. Each number was written out slowly and meticulously — \$786. The pen was lifted from the paper, the cap was wound back on, the pen disappeared into the pocket.

Then with a final *coup de grace*, the check was torn out of the book and handed over.

The woman behind the desk, having witnessed the same incident three hundred

times before, was oblivious to my father's pain. Unfortunately, I was not. Yet Dad, martyr that he is, made a noble effort to hide his suffering if only for my sake.

I went home, glad to have had the incident over with, naive frosh that I am.

After the first two days of classes, we received a list of books to purchase. How much could five books cost?

Five enormous hard-cover books. Coloured Pictures. Millions of Graphs. Two

Hundred and Fifty Dollars.

And that wasn't all. Binders, paper, lab books, pencils, geometry sets, dissecting kits.

Now come my extracurricular activities. Vocal lessons, which involve sheet music at \$5 a sheet, Royal Conservatory exams, Music Festival. Forget it! Piano — same problems.

Allow me to censor my father's reaction. Poor Dad.

When I think of all the hungry people in the world who could become obese on my budget, I start to feel

very guilty.

Of course, coupled with all this is that by the time I decided I would come to this glorious albeit expensive institution of learning, it was too late to apply for scholarship.

Did I mention the fact that I'm not working? Well, where do you suppose I'd get the time?

Yet I'm reminded of my unemployed state every time I leave the house. It's rather weird. **Everywhere** I go, I see someone that I know ...

working.

**Everywhere** — the library, the cinema, the stores, the restaurants. And they're always ready with a nice, loud "Hi, Kaberi!" at which my parents look at each other and mildly inquire if I know the hard-working person in question.

But, I'm being unfair. My parents are a couple of encouraging, understanding people who want me to do well.

I wonder how they'll react when I tell them I want to go to Harvard.



Invites nominations for the position of

# Chancellor

The Chancellor is the titular head of the University and confers all certificates, diplomas and degrees. The Chancellor is an ex-officio member of the Board of Governors.

In the performance of these duties, the Chancellor officially represents the University to each of its graduates, and is an important link between the University and the wider community.

No person who is a member of the teaching or administrative staff, or an employee, or a student of the University is eligible for this office.

The four-year term of office will become effective immediately upon election by the Electoral Board.

Those eligible to submit nominations are: **registered students at UPEI**, alumni, members of the teaching and non-teaching staff of the University, members of the Board of Governors and members of the Senate. Members of the general public are invited to suggest possible candidates to those eligible to nominate.

The closing date for acceptance of nominations is October 15, 84. Letters of nominations should contain relevant biographical information and be sent to the Registrar of the University of Prince Edward Island.

Michael Hennessey  
Registrar



These four children above are members of the Leningrad State Youth Association-Ukraine Branch, funded by the Soviet government. They are pictured here with their leader Constantine Chernenko's pet bear Sasha. Notice the innocent little smiles on their faces. Kids learn to smile early in life over in the USSR — or else. Yet another example of Soviet efficiency at its best.