

ASET Award tied

By David C. Schamber

Air Conditioning technology and BCET tied for the ASET award presented for best display at Open House. Air Conditioning also won the NAITSA award for industrial division. The Alberta Society of Engineering Technologists, a branch of the Alberta Association of Professional Engineers, have

presented a trophy to a NAIT technology since 1970.

ASET sent around a number of judges to view the various displays presented during Open House. Although more judges viewed the BCET display, ASET's system of determining a winner showed both BCET and Air Conditioning tied at 92 1/2 percent.

This is the eleventh year the award has been presented. This is the first time a tie has resulted. BCET had a streak of three straight wins going into this year's judging. Architectural Technology has also been awarded the trophy four times. Architecture did win the NAITSA Award for technology division and over all NAIT winner for this year's Open House.

Photo winner: NAIT student

BY Linda Hause

For the second year in a row a second year NAIT student has one the top trophy awarded for the Best Student Photographer (color). *Mike Shimbushi* won the award this year with his entry to the B.C. Professional Photographers Annual Convention.

When phoning to announce the winners, the director of the competition stated that he thought Mike's photograph was even better than the professional entries.

Karen Bursey also a second year NAIT Student won

a trophy for the highest total points for her four entries.

This contest is open to anyone across Canada.

†Pictures were not reproduced, as the Nugget printing would not do them justice.

the

NORTHERN ALBERTA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
STUDENTS' NEWSPAPER

NUGGET

YOU CAN LEAD A NAIT
STUDENT TO CLASS.
BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE
HIM THINK.

VOLUME 12 ISSUE 27

Thursday April 23, 1981

1981-82 NAIT budget

by David C. Schamber

NAIT will receive a 13.5 percent increase in its operating budget over the 1980/81 allocation. This represents an increase of close to \$4.3 million, to bring the budget to \$36 million.

The operating budget does not include some salary adjustments which is the concern of the Treasury Department until changes affecting NAIT's status are completed.

Monies allocated for NAIT's capital budget—buildings, furnishings, and equipment costs are not yet known.

The 13.5 percent increase in the operating budget for

NAIT is considerably less than the overall 18 percent increase in operating budgets to Alberta's post secondary institutes. This 18 percent represents a \$54 million increase over last year's \$350 million estimate.

The University of Alberta undergoes a similar increase to NAIT's with a 13.6 percent increase to \$154 million.

The budget introduced into the legislation showed an overall increase of 34 percent in advanced education spending. The budget showed \$663,731,000 being spent on advanced education for the 1980-82 year, whereas the 1980-81 estimates were \$512,968,000.

Much of the increase will be taken up in capital projects, \$148 million, at various universities and colleges around Alberta. The University of Alberta already has \$32 million committed to it for the 1983 World Student Games. This money goes for a new athletic fieldhouse, housing facilities and tennis courts.

Student financial assistance has increased to \$20.6 million from \$15.8 million last year. However, much of this is earmarked to improve aid to rural, professional and post graduate students leaving many NAIT students out in the cold.

Unexpected closure

Mitchel C. Fraser

Plaza II was closed tight for the long weekend because of a lost set of keys. At about 4:30 p.m. last Thursday a Civil Engineering instructor lost his keys. The authorities decided to keep Plaza II locked for the weekend.

The decision to lock the doors was prompted by reasoning which felt that if the doors were locked then the only person having access would be the person who had the keys. In this way they could catch the key man.

The logic of this decision is shaky. What made them think that someone had the keys? Maybe they fell down the toilet. What made them think that if the keys were in the clutches of some student, he would use last weekend to go places he shouldn't? Maybe they should lock the place tight every weekend from now on to trap this mysterious person.

Of course, to catch the person would mean that there would have to be an army of guards posted throughout the building. Otherwise, he could sneak in and out, in and out, till he decided to throw himself on the mercy of the courts.

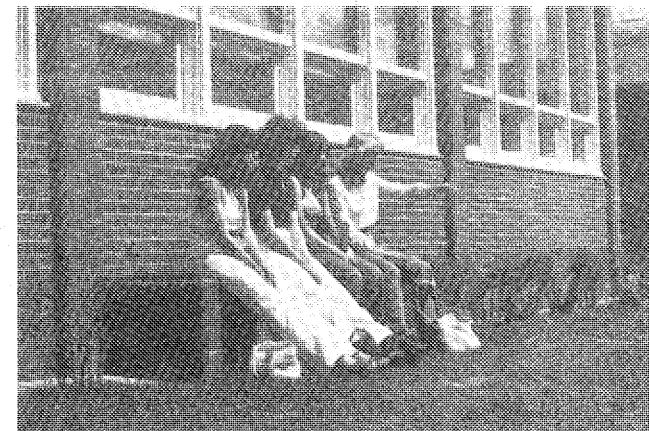
The worst thing about the closure of Plaza II was the lack of notice given to students. By the time the decision was made to seal Plaza II most students were merrily on their way to weekend retreats. Many of them probably would have been happy that they wouldn't be able to get back in and thereby have an excuse for late assignments.

★ ★ ★

tune in next week for the continuing saga of a boy and his dog as they search for happiness.

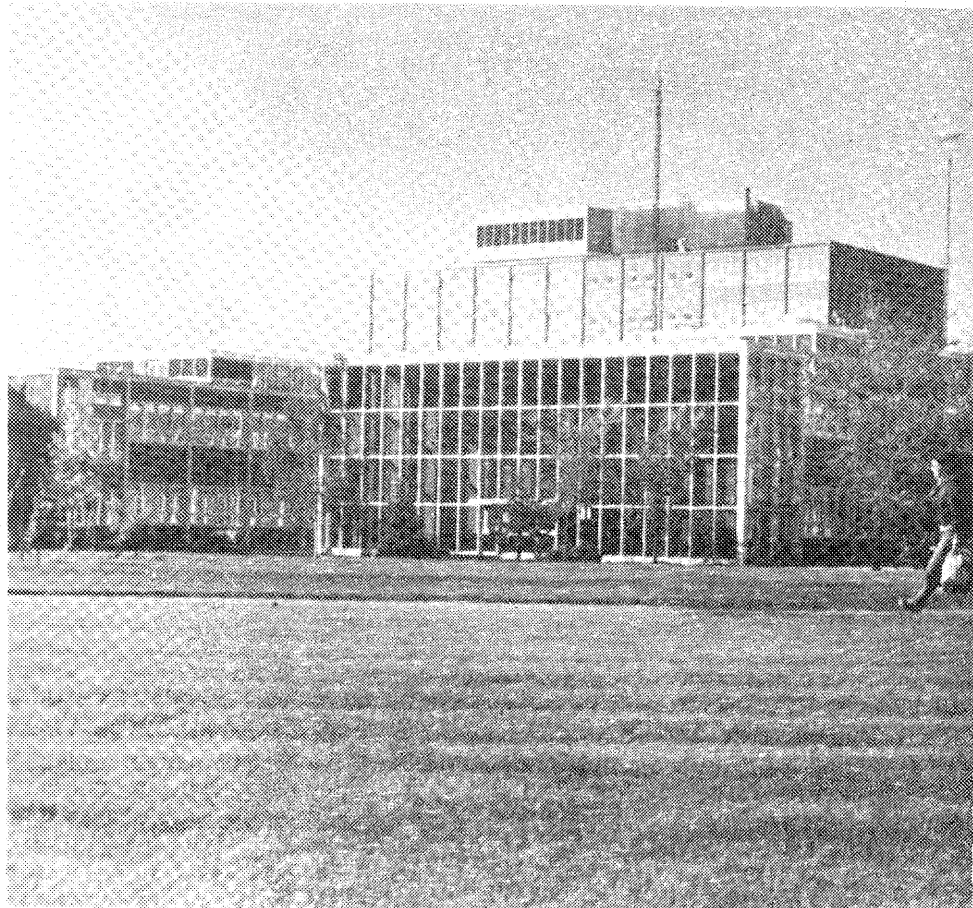
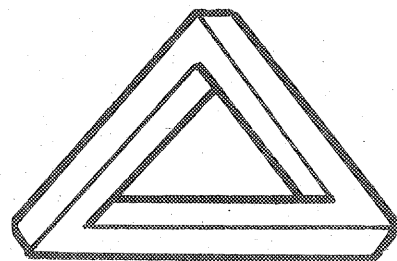
There are some dedicated students out there who were inconvenienced by the lock out. Remembered assignments and forgotten books remained just that. For the students in Architecture and EDDT, many of them use the weekend to do drafting.

They don't like to pack home squares and triangles and pencils and erasers and sharpeners and scales and paper and more paper. Thought should have been given to these students. At least some form of access to the building.



This Week

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the NUGGET

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Letters

Letter to Students

Two Year Diploma Program Students

How do I know if I am eligible to continue into the second year of my program in September? The mark statement of each student sent out in June will indicate the continuing status of all first year students. The categories are:

a) You have successfully completed all the requirements to be admitted as a second year student;

b) You are admitted to second year on probation because you have outstanding subject (s), you are required to meet with your Program Head within the first week after registration to best determine how you can successfully complete your program.

c) Please contact your Program Head regarding re-admission as a Special Student;

d) No readmission. An interview can be obtained on request.

Should more information be required, please check with your Program Head or the Registrar's Office.

Countdown to Graduation - (Tentative Graduates)

1. Second and fifth quarter marks have been received and recorded on the student file.

2. We are presently sending out to all Program Heads, Student lists, with the subjects outstanding indicated. These will be verified and returned to us or updated.

3. Students who have completed the final two quarters of their program are placed on a tentative graduation list for the graduation booklet in preparation for the ceremonies.

4. As a possible graduation student, you may have outstanding subject (s) but have completed it through Continuing Education or another manner. Please check with your Program Head to make sure that all subjects are recorded.

Windy days

By Sonja C. Wratham

Those last few windy days have made me homesick. Each gust of wind that pushed me off the sidewalk reminded me of growing up in Pincher Creek. Growing up there, one becomes accustomed to the wind in the same way one accepted a broken leg.

There were days when the wind would come whistling over the mountains at over a hundred kilometers an hour. On those days you attached a rope to your little brother before sending him outside.

In my formative years I had a vivid imagination and kept expecting to wake up some day with Ralph, my dog, and say to him, "Ralph, I don't think this is Alberta."

I think of the effort that could be made to wind energy in that area of the province. It doesn't matter that we are trying to push gasoline like some school yard pusher. Windmills have a certain romance and beauty to them. I can picture whole fields of windmills chopping at the air as it sneaks by them. And out there may be a latter day Don Quixote, ready to challenge them to rescue the damsel from the dragons.

There is a beautiful side effect of the winds in

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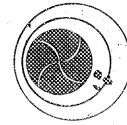
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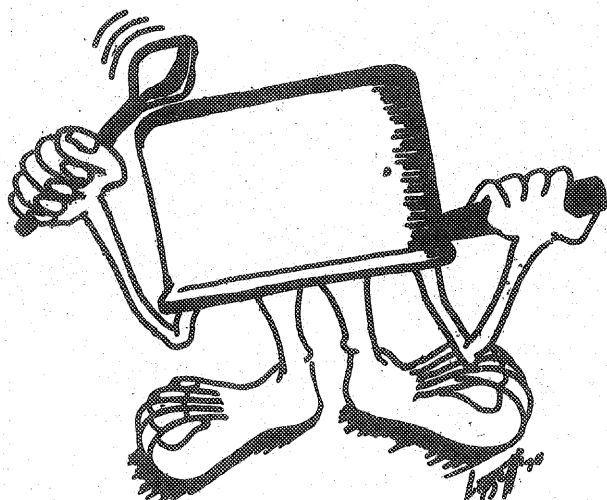
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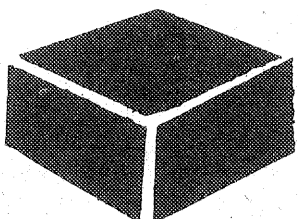
Southern Alberta. It is the sky. The clouds are hurried across the sky. They change like some animated cartoon. I have spent hours wandering the foothills, watching the drama unfold in the sky. I miss that. Edmonton is always obscuring the horizon and much of the sky.

What is the next number in the sequence?

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Do people ever come out of there?

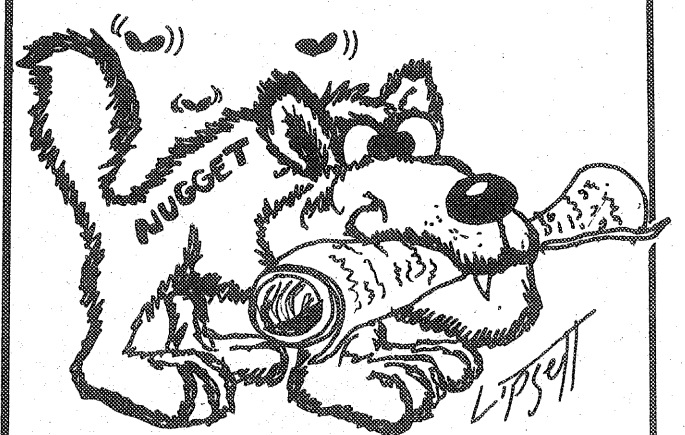
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i wonder if janet cooke is in need of a job. we could use a good writer. we have better control here at the nugget than the post has. such episodes couldn't happen here. or could they. mitchell i want to have a quiet little talk with you. the next page please. thanks to us who put out this paper with an added thank you to joanne for spending a few hours helping lay out this paper. and to the rest of you keep them good thoughts coming in. we keep them in a black box and let them out when no one is looking. you can get charged for possession of ideas.

The Wheel

The Revolutionary Potential of the Bicycle

By David C. Schamber

The greatest value the bicycle has lies not in its ability to serve as a means of transportation or for the purpose of exercise but its potential to change value systems and perceptions of the world. The bicycle as an instrument of exercise or as a means to cut into the voracious appetite of North Americans for fossil fuels are really only surface considerations; there is something much more fundamental about what the bicycle does. The bicycle taps into the basic underlying reality of the way the world works.

The dynamics of the bicycle subtly work on the subconscious of the cyclist to change how he or she approaches and interprets the world. The change is revolutionary, it usurps the way western societies function. The revolutionary potential of the bicycle is more effective than propaganda. It has greater 'value changing' ability than drugs or eastern religions.

The bicycle goes beyond politics and forms of governments. It is the individual that the bicycle speaks to and is thus a means to anarchy. The bicycle is antagonistic to the western style of living. It is a true anarchistic tool of society for it breaks with the authoritarian control imposed on North America by the car. It is an anarchistic tool of world perception for it bends the linear thinking of western man into a circular view with profound repercussions to behavior.

The bicycle is an extension of the body. The rider is not separated from his environment as happens in motorized vehicles. The environment is not simply the landscape that can be seen from convertibles and motorcycles. The environment is what is felt, or smelled, or heard; it is sensed. The senses put us into the world; as we discard their use we become alienated from the world. The world is not out there. It continues on into the body. There is no subject/object duality. The senses belong to the body and yet at the same time they are sensing out there. There is no distinction, no dividing line between the body and the environment in all its flavors and textures. The bicyclist does not alienate himself from the world and thereby retains a wholistic interpretation of the world.

The world becomes much more than something to be torn up and replaced with concrete. In a wholistic approach to the world there is the realization that the world is an integral part of the self. To change part of the world is to change the self. Change is approached as a rearrangement of the self, of the individual's awareness of the world and how he understands the patterns.

Progress is an illusion made solid by alienation from the world. It is a belief that more and bigger are good because they are new. It is a fallacy reinforced by western man's view of the linearity of time. The past was worse than today, tomorrow can only be better.

The underlying direction of western thought is linear. It is the belief that there is always a beginning and an end. The world started with a bang and will end. There is a primal cause. There is the primal mover. Even time has a beginning and only goes in one direction. Western thought carries this linearity into all its philosophies and behavioral actions. It is a push-pull mentality that gives birth to titanic struggles between good and evil. It is this duality which is in the greatest danger from the bicycle.

The cyclic nature of the wheel gives a hint to a different world order. To the cyclist who uses toe straps and thereby acquires a cyclic motion to his cadence the circle begins to close the straight line. There is no beginning nor will there be an end. The world will change and continue to change but it will not end. Just as the bicycle wheel always returns to the same point and the pedaling motion returns to the same point so to does the world work.

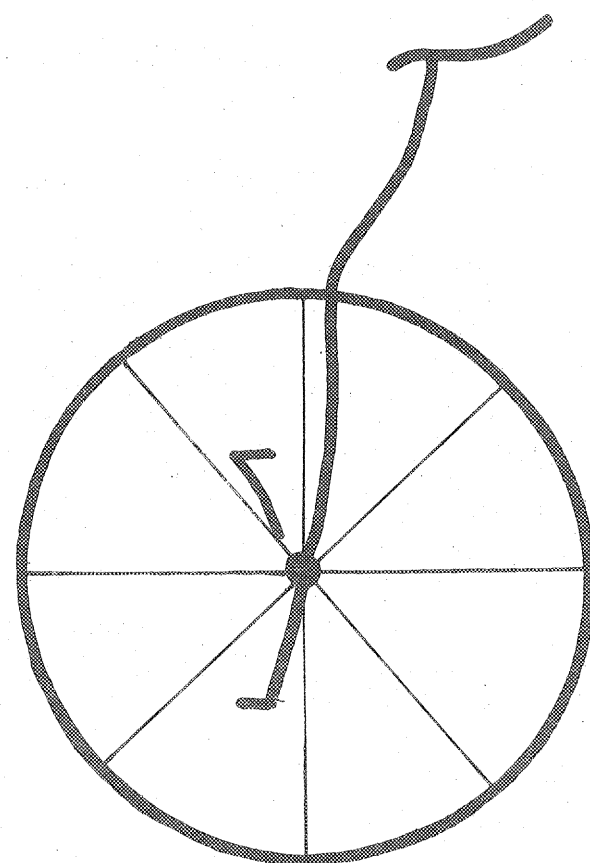
In the late 19th century, Friedrich Nietzsche questioned the Christian value systems and came to view them as superfluous. Later he encountered the theory of the eternal recurrence. If there is no beginning or end then everything has already happened and what has happened will happen again. Nietzsche's Zarathustra found himself on a long road that stretched out in front of him to infinity. Behind him the road continued on into infinity. Somewhere far away those two roads meet and will

continue to meet for an infinite period of time. There is no end. There can be no salvations, no armageddons.

It is in this theory that Nietzsche discovered a new approach to encountering the world. It no longer hinged on dominance and aggression that western man had for thousands of years cultivated. Nietzsche looked out at the world and said since it will happen again then I should want it to happen again. Since there is no first cause then all things are contingent on each other. To condemn part is to condemn the whole. The person must embrace life as something precious. In this way, this acceptance of the world and all its shortcomings comes the greatest optimism to ever grace man's thought, to eternally want your life to reoccur in all its minute victories and defeats. There are few who could stand to repeat even a small portion.

The disgust found with one's life rises out of the linearity of thought. It is grounded in the belief of goals, of pots of gold at the end of rainbows, of greener pastures where one goes to rest. How many things would I do different, the people I would treat differently if I was to redo my life so that I may acquire that bowl of cherries. Be happy with what one has, forget the past. It will reoccur and one should work towards the future. The greatest potential that this world view has is in the discarding of vengeance and revenge.

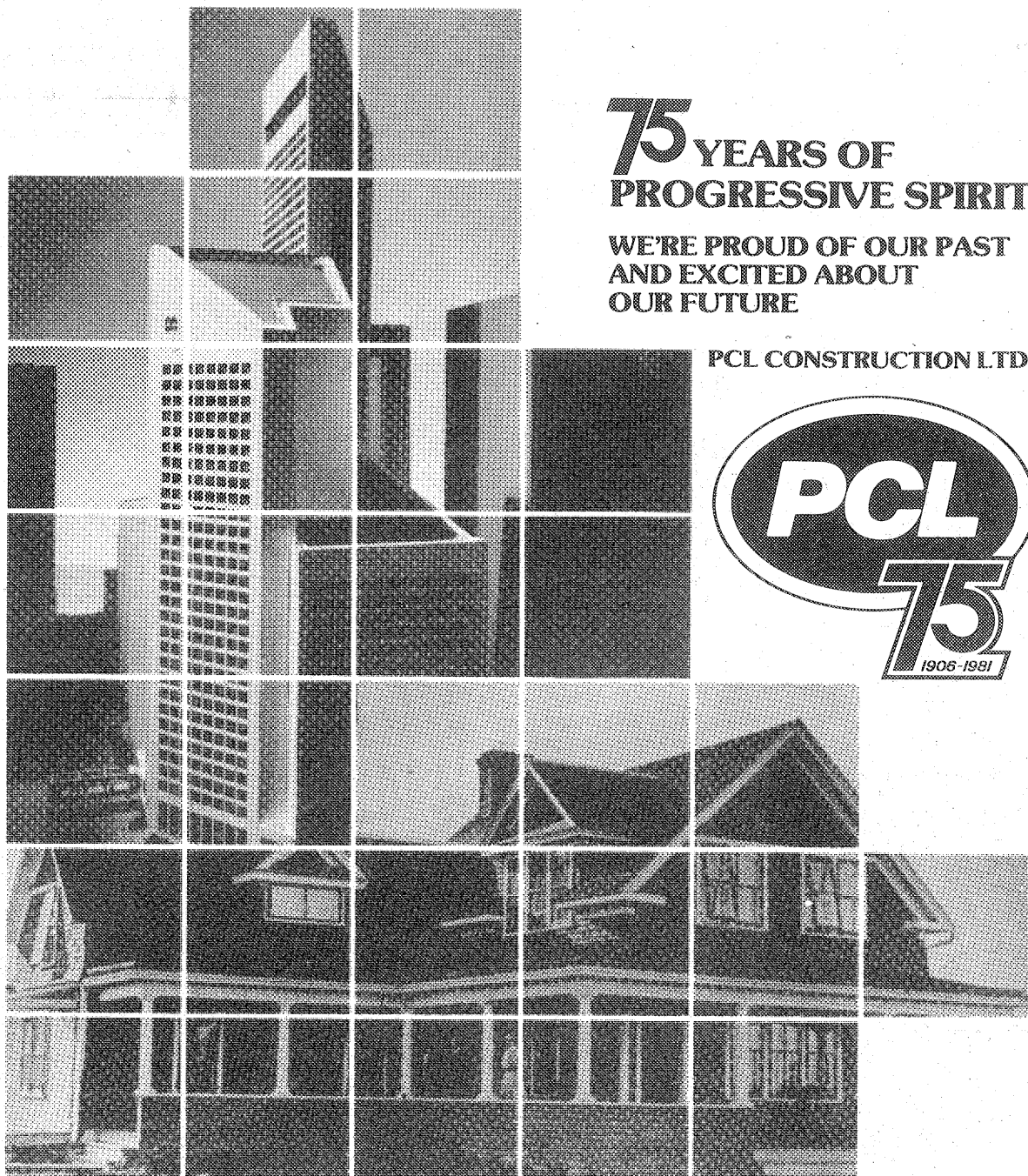
Revenge is rooted in the past, it is the desire to rectify what has gone before. Revenge is a need to redress the world for what it has done. It is found in the polarity of alienation from the world and in the linearity of aggression. Revenge is an illusion and barricade to happiness. The revenge artist spends his life in his past. He looks back and plots how he would change his course so that next time he will have the upper hand. There is no upper hand. There is only the attitude of acceptance of the past and a desire for life to repeat itself.



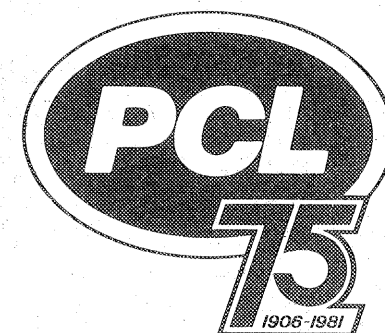
The bicycle is an insidious device that will change the outlook on the world of the bicycle rider. It has potential far beyond terrorism and Sunday morning sermons. It goes to the core of being. It is the perfect revolutionary device. There is no pain or coercion involved in riding a bicycle. The gentle rhythmic motion of the wheel and the pedaling action give access to a complete reevaluation of life and its worth.



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Wandering Fingers

Tommy's First Fishing Derby

By Margaret Grant

It was a warm sunny day as Tommy sat and watched the other children playfully leave the school ground. Everyone seemed so excited as they discussed their plans for the summer break. Tommy wished that he too had some place special to spend his holiday, but that thought ended short as he knew his parents could never afford it. To Tommy, the last day of school was the worst. It always left him with an empty feeling inside. He dreaded the days to come because no one would be around to play with. Fortunately, the little boy's thoughts quickly changed as he remembered the Annual Fishing Derby. Although the derby only lasted two days, it was the largest event of the year. People came from all over to enter. For those who didn't like to fish, several

other contests were set up within the fair grounds. No matter how old you were, everyone was involved.

This year the prize for the heaviest fish was \$500. Tommy felt lucky. He found himself getting anxious as he headed home for supper. In his head, he sorted out how he would spend his time before the fair arrived. He realized that he would have to help his mother with the chores, but also hoped that she would let him sneak off early in the morning to get some fishing practice. Tommy figured that his mother would be more than happy to let him go as the extra fish would ease out her food budget.

The day of the fishing derby grew closer and closer, and each day Tommy felt happier. His early morning fishing was improving tre-

mendously. He found himself bringing home two good-sized fish each day. Occasionally, Tommy caught himself thinking about what he would do with the prize money. His biggest wish was to go on a holiday with his parents. It didn't matter where they decided to go as long as it was some place far away.

Finally the big day was here. The little boy could hardly eat his breakfast as his stomach was full of knots. Tommy rushed down to the docks to be the first to register. Then he walked past the exhibits in the fair to try to calm himself. Just as he returned to the docks, the contest was starting. This is what he had waited for.

The day seemed to drag on. Tommy felt himself losing confidence when the only fish he could catch

looked so small. At the end of the day everyone weighed in their fish. His mother coaxed him to weigh his largest fish. He felt embarrassed because he knew that it was worthless. Since his mother asked him, he weighed it.

That same night, feeling quite depressed, Tommy gave his mother the fish so that they would have something to eat for supper. He was so disappointed in himself for getting his hopes up that way. As he fed his cat the remainder of the fish bones, he decided that he wouldn't even enter the contest next year.

The radio played as Tommy and his family ate their meal. Within the news, the ratings were given on how the prizes for the contest were distributed. When the weight of Tommy's fish was

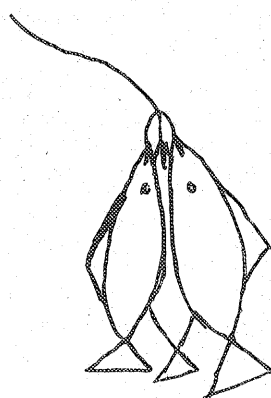
announced on the radio, everyone looked up from the table. His fish had won first prize. Tommy felt like dying.

There was no way that he could prove that he had caught it now that the fish had been eaten.

For two days Tommy moped around the house only doing the chores he was asked to do and nothing more. The thing that bothered him the most was the fact that next year would be the same and he would never be able to go on a holiday with his parents.

Several days later a stranger came to Tommy's house. No one knew what he wanted. He asked to be invited in the house and at the same time handed Tommy an envelope. The strange man said that he could remember Tommy weighing the fish and he had

been looking for him for the past week. Tommy then opened up the envelope to find a cheque for \$500. He couldn't believe that this was happening to him. He gratefully thanked the man and handed the cheque to his parents. They looked at him questionably, so Tommy quickly replied by telling them that next year, they too, were going on a holiday.



FIRE

By Ken Rebryna

The match started on the first strike, it burst into a ball of light and heat and the sulfurous odor made his head turn. He dropped the match and as it hit the floor the fire engulfed the whole room. He smiled and walked calmly away.

"It's mental sickness", she yelled almost in tears, "he can't control his actions, let me find him...let me talk to him." The sergeant stared angrily at the woman who had burst into his office a short while ago and who he was now arguing violently with. "No, he is too dangerous, and when we catch him we're gonna lock him up for good." The woman didn't answer. She just turned and stormed out of the office. The slam of the door made the sergeant's ears pop.

Margo Young was stunning, even in her furious state, as she half walked, half ran down the hallway to the precinct's entrance. At 28 she was quite young to be a psychologist, but she was devoted to her profession. Her speciality was violent mental illnesses such as pyromania. She was sure they could be helped and cured, but the police didn't.

As she walked down the crumbling sidewalk, the old buildings rotting away, garbage piled everywhere, and half starved children playing in the streets, she thought it must be hell living here.

As Margo walked by the site of the last fire, she stopped. She stared at the charred and burnt remains of the building and wondered how no one was killed. Then she noticed a package of matches on the sidewalk in front of her. She picked it up. It read "Joesph's Confectionary" and she discovered there was only one match used. "That's strange" she thought as she walked on, absorbing the hot sun that beat down on the city. Margo stopped at Joesph's Confectionary and decided to go in. The store was empty except for a man lazily sitting

behind the counter. "Hello, is Joseph here," Margo inquired. "No, he's out doing good deeds, probably giving away food again... he likes to help people out." "Do you sell these matches here," Margo asked holding up the matches she had found. "No", the man replied, "Joe gives those out personally." She thanked the man and left. "Now I'm getting somewhere," she thought. "He couldn't have given out too many match books, all I have to do is find out who."

The gasoline gurgled out of the can and spread evenly on the dry wood floor. He threw the match and almost instantly the wood began to crackle and burn. He stared at the now raging fire and then smiled, but there was a trace of sadness in his eyes.

"Strange," the sergeant said, "All the fires have been in a twenty block area, all the buildings burned were old run down houses, and no one was killed." After a pause, "But we have to find him before he does hurt someone, now go out and capture that mad man." As his men hurried out of the briefing room he wondered just how crazy this man was.

Margo was also thinking as she drove back to Joesph's place, "This man only burns certain old unoccupied buildings, odd traits for a pyromaniac."

There was a different man at the counter of Joesph's Confectionary when she walked in, "Hello, are you Joesph," Margo inquired. "Yes, can I help you?" the man replied. "Yes, I found a package of your matches at the site of one of the fires and I'd like to know how many you gave out. "Ooh, hundreds," Joesph answered quickly. "It would be impossible to trace them all." Thanks any way," she said and departed. As she was going out the door Joesph yelled, "I'm really sorry I

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Cont. on Page 8

Entertainment

BCET WITH DENTAL ASSISTING

By Mitchell C. Fraser

Finally in my wanderings around NAIT I encountered an afternoon cabaret, a launch pad for the weekend. All year long NAITSA has been running around staging afternoon cabarets that tended to get out of hand. Trust the new BCET executive to come up with a formula for a slow but pleasant, social time.

There was no rowdiness, no thrown beer bottles. Of course the bouncers had a distinct advantage this time. They had stairs on their side. It is difficult to fight back up a flight of stairs to regain entry. Much like king of the castle and you're all dirty rascals. But they had no need for such games for they staged a mellow, quiet cabaret. The novelty of it caused some to leave to look elsewhere for excitement and violence.

BCET with Dental assisting staged the cabaret out at Harold's Place last Thursday night. I had to borrow someone's car to get out there. The shame, the shame. That is the only mark I hold against the cabaret although it did not fulfill my daily need for decadence. I had to go home and tune in some television.

Those who will some day resurrect Pubtime should take note on how this cabaret was run. The band was Snakedancer, a last minute replacement for Catcher who caught something. Snake-dance is a blues band and thereby set the tone for the type of cabaret that unfolded that evening.

Blues is introspective music, it is meant to purge the mind of the slings and arrows one accumulates. It is not given to high energy dancing but more to a swaying, hypnotic movement. Stay in your seat and cleanse yourself. And then in white one can venture out into the weekend to innocently take part in debauchery.

Snakedancer would have been good for a NAITSA after noon cabaret. The students would be able to listen to the blues and exorcise themselves of frustrations and failed exams gathered in the previous week. Unfortunately, blues bands are not for those who gain rebirth by dance. Many times the cabaret floor was half clad, exposing only a few bodies until a rocking rolling song was played and the floor

would put its clothes back on.

The layout for Harold's Place is good for socializing but not good for listening to a band. The band is situated in the center of arectangular room facing the other wall. For the sound to get to the ends of the room it is bounced around so much that it is reminiscent of listening to a car stereo through the trunk. The positive side of this is the patrons can talk and socialize all night long instead of the usual starts and sputters between songs and sets.

The loose arrangement of the tables allowed the customers to walk without fear of being trapped by menacing chairs. While the cabaret did not fulfill some expectations of a wild and crazy time it did allow one to visit with friends, something that the afternoon cabarets of NAITSA neglected to take into account. The cabaret was sedate and gave one a yearning for something more and thereby a launch pad for the weekend instead of a crash landing the next morning.

The subdued tone of the party reflected in the lessened need to drink beer. Good thing too. They were serving Budwieser Beer. Why after coming through such a harrowing experience of the last beer strike do they serve to remind one of it by supplying an American Beer. I had put in a special request for Bridge but my pleas fell on deaf ears. Bridge isn't called Bridge because it is Leth-bridge Beer but because it allows one to cross over to Nirvana.

There are no pictures of this cabaret because the Nugget doesn't trust me with a camera, even if they had one to use. A student newspaper without a camera, quite a combination. One must be content with imagination on the cabaret. There were no stacks of glasses towering on the tables like kiddies blocks in sand boxes because amazingly the customers were trusted with the actual containers beer comes in. There were no drunkards looking for crumbs of hashish under the tables. There were no disturbances for the petty to mark up in their memories as a night to remember. The cabaret was a low key but social event.

AT THE MOVIES

by Cathy Kiss

Night Hawks is destined to become a cult film classic in the mode of *Warriors*, another violent street epic.

Cinematography is the key to *Night Hawks*. Like *Warriors*, the camera races through mazes of stark grey alley ways in inner city New York. Primary colours flash obscenely from police cars and discos, producing some absolutely stunning visual reliefs.

At a T-junction in one alley way, the camera freezes momentarily on the identical frontal view of the grey tenement that was illustrated on the cover of Led Zeppelin's *Physical Graffiti*.

The story is based on a free-lance terrorist hit-man who is turned over to the police by the group he is working for. His extremist methods earn him enemies in every quarter. With no friends among his underground and hunted by every security force in the western world, his psychotic nature leads him to make a bizarre stand against the forces of goodness (Sylvester Stallone). Stallone plays an equally disturbed cop who, with his partner, makes a suicidal game of ridding the streets of dangerous small change like muggers and rapists.

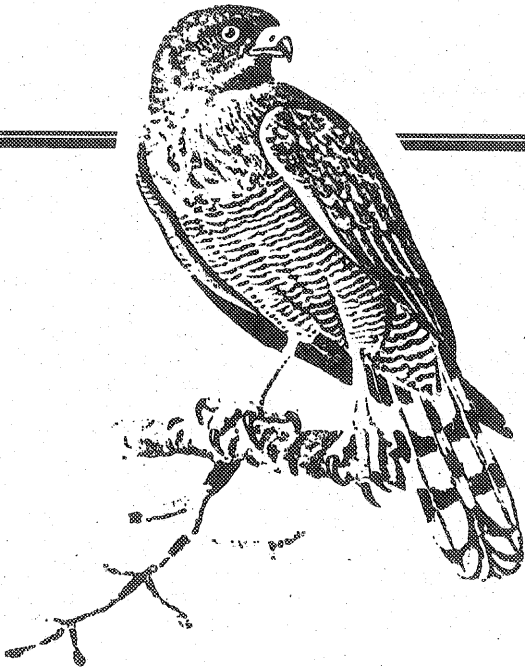
They are pitted against each other in a breath-taking cross-match that touches the very essence of the good-evil movie syndrome.

The musical score by Keith Emerson pervades the film like peyote dream. Although it doesn't quite match the power of some of the classical masters Emerson has infused into his albums over the years, it is sensitive and harmonious with the film matter as a whole.

The script is full of flaws that are somewhat compensated for by loose characterization of the villain. Why he's running around doing these things never does seem to make much sense.

As an audio-visual experience, however, *Night Hawks* will be drawing the midnight crowds at the theatres for years to come.

NIGHT HAWKS



Move into Management



You'll move ahead fast when you join forces with Canada's fastest-growing retailer today. Sears rapid expansion on a national scale, gives you ample opportunity to move into challenging management positions within the company.

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APPLY IN PERSON

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KINGSWAY GARDEN MALL

Simpson Sears Ltd.

AROUND TOWN

	TAVERN	LOUNGE	CABARET
BEVERLY CREST	Catcher	Holiday	Stealer
CAPILANO	Victory	Duo Glide	
CONTINENTAL	Berlin	Tracey Lynn	Clear Light
CONVENTION INN SOUTH	Audio		
HIGHWAY MOTOR INN	Phoenix	Ellen Raymand	Jenson Interceptor
KINGSWAY	Harold Nix	Northern Express	Champions
LONDONDERRY	Risk	Fair Trade	Informer
RENFORD INN ON WHYTE	Patch		
REX MOTOR INN	Berlin	Cola Bash	
RIVIERA	Steel Back	Skye	Woodwork
SHERWOOD PARK INN	3/4 Ton Truck	Merriam Scott	Legend



YOU SHOULD KNOW

GRADUATE PHOTOGRAPHS

NAITSA has made arrangements for graduates to have individual photographs taken at NAIT.

The cost of the grad photograph package is \$5. Included in the package are 3 proofs (4 x 5) and one (5 x 7) photograph. These are not customized photographs. You will receive your negatives and if you want a customized photograph you may order them for about \$6 each.

Appointments may be confirmed by phoning 6202 or 6261 on the grey phone starting April 27.

Photograph settings will be May 4 to May 25.

LAST CHANCE for

PERSONALIZED YEARBOOKS

Wednesday, April 28, 1981

Yearbook Office E127

From 12:15 - 2:15

Yearbooks can be

Personalized and mailed for \$3

Arrangements for mailing

can be made for \$2

WANTED

**Nugget Editor
Yearbook Editor
Photo Coordinator**

Applications can be picked up in Naitsa office E133D
Deadline April 24, 1981

**PHYSICALLY DISABLED STUDENTS
WELCOME TO OUR FIRST MEETING**

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29

1:15 - 2:10 p.m. (Common Hour)

Room E 117

- Results of questionnaire released
- Discussion of needs for 1981-82 school year
- summer employment opportunities

FOR MORE INFORMATION, CONTACT:

JACQUES PLAMONDON (ROOM E121)

**COORDINATOR, SPECIAL CAREER TRAINING
AND SERVICES**

**APPLICATIONS ARE NOW
BEING TAKEN FOR HEAD
INTRAMURAL REFEREE
FOR 1981 - 82 year**

**Hand in applications at
Room E133 or Emanuel
Bertolin or Irwin Striffler**

Deadline May 8 at 4:30

POOL CLOSURE

During closure of the swimming pool, April 17, 1981 to June 30, 1981, Alberta Government Services, Operating & Maintenance Division will be re-surfacing the pool base and walls.

The following is the sequence of events:

- 1) draining of pool
- 2) sealing all outlets, pool base.
- 3) sealing all doors.
- 4) sand blasting of Pool base and walls.
- 5) Removing of coal deposit
- 6) Cementing all indentations pool base.
- 7) Ceramic tile lane ways.
- 8) Apply Thoroseal to base and pool walls, 2 coats seal
- 9) Apply Quick Seal to base and pool wall, 1 coat colour.
- 10) Drying time and clean up
- 11) Fill pool, ready for use

This should enhance the aesthetics of the pool.

