

THE CAPTAIN'S LOG

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APRIL 19, 1999

Campus torn up over construction



An artist's rendering of the fountain that is to be placed in the academic quadrangle.

Illustration provided by CNU Grounds Department

By Dave Zellers
Staff Writer

Campus renovation, including a new sports center and a residence hall will give CNU a fresh look for the next millennium. The new residence hall, which was described in last week's issue, will be ready for the start of classes in August 2000. The expected completion of the sports center is set for June 2000, leaving some leeway for an August 2000 deadline.

The Shirley Construction company will build the new sports center to replace the current sports facility, Ratcliffe Gym, which will become an academic building. CNU Vice President Bill Braur notes some problems with Ratcliffe Gym. Braur says the build-

ing is approximately 30 years old and is showing its wear and tear. He also says that the seating capacity for basketball games is inadequate for an increasingly populated university like CNU. In addition, the track team needs an indoor track instead of being restricted to the outdoor track for all practices and meets.

The new \$15 million sports facility will adequately accommodate for what Ratcliffe lacks. Special features include a 200-meter indoor track, a competition basketball arena, a volleyball court, and a 10,000 square foot fitness center for aerobics. Other advantages of the new facility include team and coach locker rooms, a weight training room, and a cafe that serves health conscious foods. Additionally, the sports center will be provided

for all CNU students, not just the student-athletes.

Despite the positive outlook, the sports center may prevent a smooth traffic flow as dump trucks and heavy equipment will be coming and going constantly. However, the bulk of the traffic problems will be resolved in time for the fall semester.

Overall, the sports center will be mostly advantageous for CNU. President's Office Chief-of-Staff Cynthia Perry says that the new facility will be visible to the public and easily accessible for sporting events. The sports center will be the "signature building of the campus," says Perry.

In addition to the sports center, CNU has other plans for campus renovation. The Captain John Smith Library will soon undergo

construction for enlarging its lobby area. Also, the McMurrin breezeway will be demolished this summer to restore the original design of an open area between the two sections of McMurrin Hall. Furthermore, the entrance to Gosnold Hall has been under construction to provide a lighter, open area to replace the previous tunnel-like entrance. And brick pavers will soon replace the weathered sidewalks leading into Gosnold Hall.

Eventually, according to Braur, the entire campus will be furnished with brick paver sidewalks. In addition, a fountain will be centered between the Administration Building, Gosnold Hall, McMurrin Hall, and Smith Library, with similar sidewalks leading up the fountain from all four directions.



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A Letter From A Reader

By Richard Strube
Staff Writer

One clarification before this week's column. I have received some feedback concerning "The Noland," which I write and another staff member illustrates. The comic, which ran on the back page last week, is in no way intended to replace "Fishbait." The two have run side by side, and the writer of "Fishbait," Kris Van Deusen, enjoyed my comic; and I enjoyed his. Yes, the absence of "Fishbait" does increase the visibility of "The Noland." But this should not be misconstrued as an attempt to outshine "Fishbait," to diminish its unique and uncompromising humor, or to exploit its creator's circumstances. You still might not find it entertaining. But that's your business.

Here's a letter that just came in. (Two letters in as many weeks!)

Dear Mr. Strube

While I find it commendable that you do not condemn the asymmetry you claim to notice so well, I do think you should take care not to criticize others for the very mistakes that you make yourself. Correcting others can be beneficial, but as the saying goes, Those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones." Specifically, I am referring to your April 12 editorial, in which you correct a respondent's spelling of "vain." After reading your error-ridden and incitement-filled editorials for several weeks, your shortsighted criticism was the last push for me to write this letter. In case you have forgotten, you wrote, "I do prefer that fan letters demonstrate proper vocabulary." Does that mean that you do not hold such standards for yourself? The evidence in your article seems to demonstrate this asymmetry.

The numerous misspellings in your editorial lead me to think that you might, possibly, have put them in there on purpose as some sort of microscopically subtle, humorous commentary on poor vocabulary. If that is the case, then I have to admire your subtle wit. I would also have to assume that the pedantic, pretentious language in your editorials is an equally subtle way of showing how self-aware you are by making fun of yourself. Here are the words that you (purposely?) misspelled in your column along with their

correct spellings: mathematicians (mathematicians), conceptualizations (conceptualizations), idealizations (idealizations), bureaucracy (bureaucracy), bureaucratic (bureaucratic), paen (peon), mis-understand (misunderstand), dis-honor (dishonor)- as opposed to dat-honor, I suppose.

I suppose that you might blame, as you did in a previous editorial, that some inarticulate English major ruined your work. You know who I mean, one of those with "a poor grasp of style and taste in the art of writing," as you wrote. Of course, I hope such an attack would be too "dishonorable" for you. Curiously "paen" actually is a word, and if you were an English major, you would have recognized that it is actually a term in poetry referring to a particular length of metrical feet (not to be confused with a "paean," which is a hymn of praise). However, like the word "vane," which you pointed out, "paen" is a word, but it is not the correct word. English majors also tend to have sentences people can read, particularly if we are writing in a newspaper and not a scholarly journal. We try not to write sentences like "We must endeavor to resolve false dichotomies," to paraphrase one of your admissions from last semester. Sure, the words make sense, but does it communicate? Maybe it does in one of your philosophy papers, but it doesn't in the forum of a newspaper. And I won't bother to use the pages necessary to explain how your improper grammar often gets in the way of clear understanding. Feel free to visit the Writing Center if you would like further help improving your communication skills.

On the subject of communicating, words do matter- even those in a cartoon. Mr. Van Deusen certainly has the right to print his controversial cartoon, but I wonder if he is aware of the negative influence such words have. With no mollifying balance, printing words that could encourage date rape is certainly poor judgement. On the other hand, I do think that such a cartoon would be more dangerous in, say, a high school newspaper than in a college newspaper, where readers are, I (naively) trust, more likely to see the irony in a supposedly wise sage spouting obviously negative awareness about women. Now if Mr. Van Deusen actually believes what he wrote,

that's an entirely different, more misogynistic problem.

My opinion on that notwithstanding, your reaction to the cartoon is a little ridiculous. You seem to have tossed out the logic- or logos, if you feel more comfortable- that seems so important to you by quoting your girlfriend as support. I'm sorry, but a statistical study of one does not make a convincing argument. I hate to be the one to tell you, but your girlfriend (or as you so eloquently called her, "my woman") does not represent all women; she represents herself. She is not a professional expert on the subject of sexism by virtue of being a woman. Her credibility is further shaken by her personal attack on men who are against sexism, as well as her near-insane statement that Van Deusen is a "god." Also, please understand that my intention is not to personally attack your girlfriend but to ridicule your use of her statements to support your opinion.

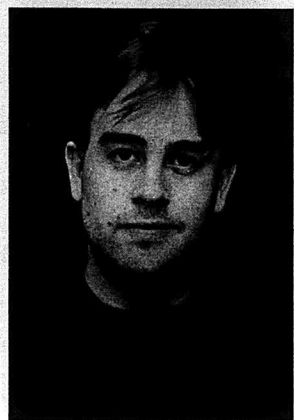
Having said all that, I would like to let you know that I have admired your occasional insightful commentary mixed in with the incitement. I particularly appreciate your observations of the administration's antisocial behavior. In addition, I would not be upset if this letter encourages you, seeing as how your inciting comments kept me reading. Good luck in the future!

Respectfully submitted,
Don E. Mann

Thank you Mr. Mann, you are a gentleman and a scholar. I have a couple of points to address, but not many.

First of all, I would certainly not agree with your idea (expressed in the first paragraph) that we who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. There is no one who is without fault, so by your reasoning no one should ever criticize anyone else. Of course I fall prey to the same things I criticize in others. So do you. So does anyone. He who casts the first stone doesn't have to be without sin. He just has to have a hard head.

In your second paragraph you (wisely) note that it is unlikely my column could escape both spell check and grammatical editing. Therefore you conclude that any mis-spellings must have been deliberate. However, you then imply that if these mis-spellings were in-



tended to be humorous, the nature of my writing style must be as well. This is not true. What you describe as "pedantic" and "pretentious," I refer to as "extravagant" and "verbose." This is clearly an issue of aesthetics though, so I won't belabor it.

Another point I disagree with you on is that the average college student is incapable of understanding my article, as you suggest at the end of the third paragraph. I don't think my language is excessively complicated, but if you have had any trouble following me, then let me know and I can try to explain what you didn't get.

My last point is that in your fifth paragraph you seem to have misunderstood my reason for quoting my woman. It was obviously not intended to be any sort of statistical science sample. Rather, as you point out, my woman represents herself. I quoted her in order to demonstrate that Mr. Van Deusen's comic was not offensive to all women- no more, and no less. All in all though, I certainly appreciated your letter. Please write in again, although we only have one more issue...

That's right kids- one more. So if you have anything to say, get it in to me this week! And remember, the Writing Center is always there, if you need it.

If your are inflamed by Mr. Strube's opinion you have only a few days to respond. Don't wait, do it today.

THE CAPTAIN'S LOG

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Campus Life



Ken McKether and Eric Strong spend some quality time in the barn as Crooks and Lenny in CNU's recent theater production of John Steinbeck's drama, "Of Mice and Men." Photo by Barbara Temple/ The Captain's Log

"Of Mice and Men" inspires conflicting responses

A Professor's View:

By John Hoaglund
Contributing Writer

The CNU players staging of Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men" opens a window onto the lives of itinerant California farm workers at the depth of the Great Depression of the 1930s.

The play revolves around Lennie—hulking, good-hearted but witless and dangerously powerful—and George—smaller, crafty, smart, a thinker and planner—working \$50 a month jobs harvesting barley, when only a few years earlier 13 million Americans, a quarter of the workforce, were jobless.

For George and Lennie, the new job proves to be a volatile situation. Curley, a quick-tempered and pugnacious bully, is portrayed with convincing nervous energy and swagger by Robert Dospil. Curley hides his cowardice by picking on bigger men. George orders Lennie to avoid him—'you can't win a fight with the boss' son—you get beat or you get fired.' But the inevitable happens—in a very realistic fight scene, Curley beats his fist into Lennie's face, George releases Lennie to fight, and in sec-

onds, Curley's fist is squished into a mass of broken bones.

George's dream of owning a farm gets a boost when old Candy, the swamper, wants in. Candy's kept on pushing a broom at the farm because he lost his hand in an accident. He fears his usefulness will soon wane to the point he'll be sent to the country home. He has half the money saved George needs to buy a farm, and would rather finish his days hoeing vegetables and tending chickens.

Matt Riebe, veteran CNU thespian, portrays Candy carefully as a wizened, raspy-voiced, defeated old man, into whom the dream of owning a farm breathes new life. Crooks, the black stable hand, who wants to join up for only bed and board, is played with insight and thinly-veiled anger by Ken McKether.

Lori Loving delivers a strong performance as Curley's wife. She's very believable in her poses and exaggerated facial expressions as the not-too-bright girl who is savvy enough to use her face and figure to ascend from the bottom of the social ladder.

George ends Lennie's life with a bullet

See "Of Mice," prof-page 9

A Student's View:

By Joseph Atkinson
Staff Writer

I was eagerly looking forward to reviewing the April 10 production of the CNU Theater Department's "Of Mice and Men," but something seemed wrong from the minute John Wynne and Eric Strong restlessly clambered onto the stage. Wynne, handling the role of George following last semester's choice turn as "Tartuffe's" sinister lead, looked big, haggard, road weary, and, well, bored—not the George I remembered John Steinbeck describing in his classic novel.

"The first man [George] was small and quick, dark of face, with restless eyes and sharp, strong features. Every part of him was defined: small, strong hands, slender arms, a thin and bony nose."

Eric Strong, on the other hand, looked every bit the Lennie I remembered.

"Behind [George] walked his opposite, a huge man, shapeless of face, with large, pale eyes, and wide, sloping shoulders; and he walked heavily, dragging his feet a little, the way a bear drags his paws. His arms did not swing at his sides, but hung loosely."

It was all there—the enormous body,

the shapeless face, the sloping shoulders, the clumsy gait, the loose arms—Strong's mastery of Lennie's endearing dumbness was evident from the second he dropped his face to the stage to take a deep slurp from an invisible creek.

"Ok," I thought to myself. "Wynne doesn't look much like George, but maybe it's just the physical differences. He's not exactly a small, quick looking guy after all."

It wasn't the physical aspect though, while Strong confidently and goofily bumbled about the stage, never once falling out of character. Wynne only once or twice convinced me that George genuinely cared for his and Lennie's dream of having a farm—with rabbits—on a nice piece of land. Mostly, I got the feeling that George was already resigned to the inevitable, the death of an unrealistic dream and, subsequently, Lennie.

Wynne played the role with a grim determination and, although he did leave me with the impression that he was indeed a genuine traveling farmhand, he also left me with the impression that his primary con-

See "Of Mice," student-page 9

Model UN savors new culture at conference in Cairo

Diane Grigsby
Contributing Writer

Did you ever want to ride a camel or sail the Nile in the moonlight or visit a pyramid? Eight members of the CNU Model UN Society made this dream a reality.

The student contingent attended the 11th Cairo International Model United Nations Conference in March with Stanley Hash, their faculty sponsor and Director of International Programs and an instructor for Government and Public Affairs.

On Sunday, February 28, they left for Cairo.

"I wanted to go to Cairo so I took the course. I always wanted to go overseas," said Damien Bernache, who played on staying involved with Model UN.

When the group arrived Cairo was not what Bernache expected.

"I was expecting a more traditional Islamic culture with women wearing the full face veil and things like that, but it was really pretty Americanized," he said.

According to Julianne Carney, head delegate, "Everyone had a good time."

"There was no real tension [between men and women], they just were curious," she said.

What she did notice was that, "There were no women out at night."

Carney, an English major, said she

joined the Model UN, "because I was interested in the multi-facets of different cultures." She enjoys "being immersed in a culture and then being assimilated into it."

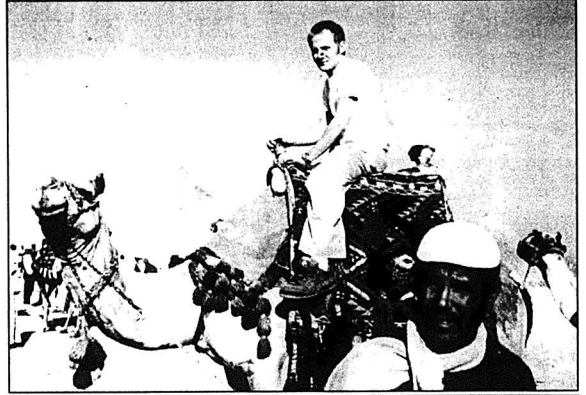
The conference started on Tuesday, March 2. Each delegation was divided into two delegate teams representing different countries. The delegates from CNU represented China and Japan for various councils and commissions, such as the Commission on Human Rights, Commission on Organized Crime, International Court of Justice, International Labor Organization, the Security Council, and the United Nations Environment Program.

Each group had to develop resolutions to the questions relating to issues discussed in the actual United Nations. Topics ranged from drug trafficking to chemical waste.

Bernache said that his group had to give an accurate representation discussing how China and Japan would react to issues such as women's rights and human rights violations.

The delegation returned from Cairo on Monday, March 8.

It took a lot of work to make this trip a reality. The Model UN Society held fundraisers to raise money for the trip. One way money was raised was to get Stanley Hash to dress like Santa. They raised enough to pay the registration, but students had to pay their expenses to get to Cairo and back.



Model UN member Damien Bernache takes a ride on the veiled side as he enjoys a camel's view of Cairo, Egypt, site of March's 11th International Model UN Conference. Photo provided by the CNU Model UN

The members who attend the conference were Julianne Carney, Melissa Kennedy, Rick Marsh, Monica Tavkar, Damien Bernache, Greg Roberts, Josh Powers, and Kim Williams.

The Model UN Society intends to re-

turn to Cairo next year. They plan to start raising money in the near future. Stanley Hash said that anyone can join the Model UN Society. "All you need is the being interested in learning about the international community," he said.

Act One proves there ain't nothin' like a little Spanky

By Diana Plevin
Staff Writer

"Men are sluts; that's my theme," said Steven McFarland, the comedian who calls himself "Spanky." The talented comedian performed his stand-up routine in Games Theater on Monday, April 12 at 8 p.m. Based on his many well-received campus performances in 1998, Spanky was recently named the "1999 Campus Comedian of the Year."

The Act One Campus Programming Board brought this energetic, hilarious show to CNU. Newport News was one of the many stops on the performer's many stops on the performer's "Men Are Sluts World Tour," which will soon take Spanky to Italy, Spain, and Greece.

World travel is not new to McFarland, who said, "I've worked all over the world...in the Caribbean, Europe, and Hawaii." After his appearance at CNU, he is scheduled to perform in North Carolina, New Jersey, Connecticut, and New York City. Last semester he did shows in 73 cities in 87 days.

Steven McFarland's background is as diverse as his career. After earning a B.F.A. in Painting and Drawing, McFarland worked as a designer for Fortune 500 companies. He used a stage name while moonlighting as a stand-up comic and writer, so that the people for whom he worked would not know about his side job.

Friends gave him the nickname "Spanky" because he has the same last name as the actor who portrayed "Spanky" in the "Little Rascals" television show. "Now I'm stuck with it," said McFarland.

McFarland has worked as a professional comedian full-time for the last 13 years. Originally from Dallas, he has also called Los Angeles and New York City home, due to his acting and comedy work.

When asked if he has a favorite place to perform, he said, "I really don't have one favorite place...but I enjoy doing clubs in New York and Dallas, because I have friends there."

McFarland does shows in those and

other clubs on holidays and during the summertime, when he is not on his college circuit.

The comic/actor has appeared on 34 television shows, including "E.R." and "Profiler." He has also done five commercials and is working on his eighth movie appearance, in the upcoming film "Molly" starring Elisabeth Shue.

Says McFarland, "I play a crazy guy." He has played similar characters in several other roles as well. For example, he was a "crazy guy" in his "E.R." part. In addition

to his acting and comedic performances, he has written material for the likes of Joan Rivers, of whom he says, "She's a nice lady; she gave me my first big break."

The performer did his homework on CNU before the show. During his act, he said, "I go to about 150 universities a year, and everywhere has something that makes it special. You have a tea house. You must be proud," as he broke into hysterical laughter along with the audience. McFarland told many jokes and stories, and kept the audience laughing

for the entire time he was onstage.

When asked why he became a comedian, McFarland says, "My granddad was a comic on the vaudeville circuit." He advises everyone to "Please make comedy a part of your life. Laugh every chance you get...People say that 'all the world's a stage' and 'life is but a play.' My philosophy on life is that it's a comedy. Get out there and find the humor, 'cause if you do you'll live a long and happy life." He also said, "Humor surrounds us; all you have to do is train your mind to find it."

Students hunt for fun at Eggstravaganza

Sigma Tau Gamma and Gamma Phi Beta give back to community

By Paul D. Powers
Staff Writer

Community service has always played a part in CNU clubs and organizations.

On April 3, Sandy Bottom Nature Park sponsored an Easter Eggstravaganza. Two CNU organizations volunteered their time and energy: Sigma Tau Gamma, a fraternity and Gamma Phi Beta, a sorority.

Both organizations helped to set up and man games like the Easter Egg Hunt, the Egg Toss, an Egg Carry event and Egg Relay Race and Face Painting. The eggstravaganza lasted from 11 am to 4 pm.

I took my nine-year-old daughter there for the Easter Egg Hunt and saw many fellow CNU students assisting children all over the grounds.

Kara Forrest of Gamma Phi Beta challenged the children to grab as many eggs as possible. Chris Hale of Sigma Tau Gamma put eggs collected by the children into bags. Each child would keep one egg each in order to receive a prize.

Directly in front of Kara was a little girl with rabbit make-up on her cute, in-

nocent face. She stood motionless listening to every word that Kara said.

The event was held to help raise money for the American Cancer Society's Relay for Life. In addition, the Peninsula Food Bank, Sandy Bottom Nature Park and other organizations benefited from the event.

A total of about 500-600 kids showed up for the first annual event. A donation of \$5 each was collected at the gate and about \$2,002 was raised to benefit local charities.

"It's the first annual event and we want to continue this every year to help raise support for the Relay for Life and other charitable organizations," says Chief Don Levinworth.

"It would be impossible to do any of this without the help of the countless volunteers like the Brittany Coalition, students from Christopher Newport University, Thomas Nelson Community College, and generous donations from Gateway and Winn Dixie," says Levinworth.

Sigma Tau Gamma members were Carter Goerger, David Goerger, Darrell

Norton, Jason Haim, John Paine and Chris Hale.

Gamma Phi Beta members were Kara Forrest, Heather Gatter, Pandi Hartigan, Maggie, Vonda Bryant, Valerie Johnson, and Shannon Morris.

You couldn't help but to smile at the children searching for the hidden eggs; some were quicker than others and got more eggs, but all had a lot of fun!

One particularly funny event was the Egg Relay Race. The object of the game was to carry an egg on a spoon, and race down a track along with other participants and to avoid dropping the egg and breaking it.

Three girls sprinted down the track with egg on precariously balanced on their spoons. As they approached the finish line, one of the girls lost her balance, sending her egg crashing to the ground. She was so close to the end of the race.

The other two girls made it to the finish line with their eggs still on their spoons. The Easter Egg-stravaganza was a tremendous success!

The kids loved it and the adults had fun too!

Don't forget the 1999-2000 Captain's Log Interest Meeting Thursday, April 22 at 3 p.m. in the Student Center, room 223!!!!

Reviews

Food Review



Taste of the Towne

By Shelly H. Breitbeil
Staff Writer

*The Gourmet Market (Jamestown Road in Williamsburg)
&
The Deck at Shelly's Parent's House (Williamsburg, but you're not getting the address!)*

My friend Ann Marie and I had our hearts set on grilling out the other day. My apartment has no deck, her deck has no furniture and all of the local places that have decks just didn't appeal to us. We had no idea how to solve our problem.

A-ha — my parents are in Cancun! Living on my own hasn't taken away my "while the parents are away, the kids can play" rights, has it? We both agreed that it hadn't, so we headed on down to "The 'Burg."

Have I ever mentioned that I think food is beautiful? Our visit to the Gourmet Market was as pleasing to the eye as an art exhibit — the fact that we had some money to burn, a deck with a gas grill, and a little creativity made it even better.

Burgers? Yeah, but nothing typical. We selected two fresh, handsome Portabella mushroom caps and decided they'd make nice "burgers." Some baby spinach leaves, some peanuts, a few slices of Provolone cheese, and a couple of slices of vine ripe tomatoes — at the Gourmet Market, they are *still on the vine* — a large loaf of sourdough bread to slice up and use for buns, and some pre-made pesto (basil, garlic, pinenuts and olive oil all ground up together) to top it all off.

Hmmm, a side dish. A half a pound of fresh, natural shrimp, some squash, a big red onion, some more of those fresh tomatoes and some... avocado? Sure, why not, but it's starting to sound more like a meal in itself rather than a side dish. Marinade for these delicious Kabobs? How about some Caribbean "Jerk" marinade with lime juice and zest, spices, molasses... sound awesome to you too? We were psyched.

It all totaled \$43, not bad considering we had enough to actually feed four — considerably lower than your average "dinner out at a gourmet restaurant" bill for four, wouldn't you say?

It took all of 15 minutes to prepare everything. We headed out to the deck, fired up the grill — without burning the house down, thank God — and enjoyed a few glasses of Chardonnay in the cool Spring breeze while we waited for everything to marinate.

Sugar Ray's "Every Morning" came on the radio a few minutes later. I soon realized why my parents, nor their neighbors, seemed too torn up when I moved out a few years back. By the time the song was over, I had lost half of my glass of wine while flailing all over the deck. Ann Marie

Anyone interested in joining the Captain's Log staff next semester is invited to attend a

Captain's Log interest meeting
on Thursday, April 22 at 3 p.m.
at our offices on the **second floor of the Student Center (room 223).**

There are a number of positions (paid and unpaid) open to students next semester: **staff writers and photographers, artists, design and graphics specialists, layout managers, section editors, business and ad managers, etc.**

If you're interested, but can't make the meeting, please e-mail the Captain's Log at **clog@cnu.edu** and let us who you are, what you'd like to do, and how we can reach you.

quickly sat down when she sighted the neighbor across the back yard peeping out of his window and shaking his head. Ooops. "Hey, how are you? Isn't this weather great?" she yells over to him — I guess he didn't think so.

I think I over-cooked the shrimp, but they were quite tasty nonetheless. The "jerk" seasoning was the perfect marinade for the Kabobs, especially the avocados, but we had to take a break a few times because it was setting our mouths on fire!

The Portabella "burgers" were amazing. They were so very juicy and the grilled

sourdough bread was the perfect accompaniment. The cheese was mild and not overpowering.

Despite the breaks we took during our meal, I was so completely stuffed. Dessert? Oh, well that's different. Of course I had room for that.

The Gourmet Market had this beautiful berry, cookie, custard pie thing that we just couldn't pass up. I laughed in disbelief when Ann Marie cut it right down the middle and gave us each half of the pie. What's more amusing, or perhaps sickening, is that we both cleaned our plates!!

Music

Fountains of Wayne - "Utopia Parkway" (Atlantic/Scratchie) Fountains of Wayne's first album was one of the most pleasant surprises of 1997, a shiny little gem full of the kind of sparkly, ebullient pop that would have sounded perfect on the radio — circa 1966 — sandwiched between tunes by the Beatles and the Zombies. "Utopia Parkway," the band's new disc, is, believe it or not, better, if a little less surprising, than the first. Songwriters Chris Collingwood and Adam Schlesinger are devotees to catchy songcraft — Schlesinger wrote the irresistible theme song to Tom Hanks' "That Thing You Do!" — and nearly all of "Parkway's" 14 tracks have the kind of urgent, memorable hooks that are an absolute must in good power-pop. Lyrically, the LP captures, almost letterperfectly, the comedy of errors we call adolescence. "Will you stop pretending I've never been born," Collingwood sings on "Red Dragon Tattoo." "Now I look a little more like that guy from Korn." Fans of Ben Folds Five, the Posies, Weezer, and Matthew Sweet rejoice — "Utopia Parkway" is a power-pop treasure.

Book

Colson Whitehead - "The Intuitionist" (Anchor) "It's a new elevator, freshly pressed to the rails, and it's not built to fall this fast." So begins "The Intuitionist," Colson Whitehead's dazzling debut novel, a story about race thinly disguised as a story about the volatile and fascinating (no joke!) world of elevator inspectors. Whitehead, a Harvard grad and journalist who has written for "Rolling Stone," "Spin," and "The Village Voice," sets his novel in an unnamed city — seems like New York — where elevator inspectors are divided into two factions, the Empiricists and the Intuitionists. After a catastrophic elevator accident in the newly built Fanny Briggs building, Lila Mae, an intuitionist and, incidentally, the city's first black female inspector, seems the obvious scapegoat for the power hungry, politically motivated Empiricists. Around his central metaphor (elevators, race — you figure it out) Whitehead confidently builds a taut, timeless tale of upward mobility. "The Intuitionist" belongs in the same canon with Ellison's "The Invisible Man."

Alex Heard - "Apocalypse Pretty Soon: Travels in End-Time America" (Norton) Alex Heard, a journalist who has made a name for himself as an editor and writer at "Wired," "The New York Times Magazine," and "The New Republic," first took an interest in kooky millennialists after a mid-eighties bout with viral encephalitis. "The fever," he says "amounted to a personal apocalypse... Thus, my first act after recovery was to...[concentrate] as much as possible on the vast subject area that got me interested in journalism: weird people." Heard certainly stays true to his *modus operandi*. In each of "Apocalypse's" eight stories he smugly, but lovingly documents the lives of Americans who live in wait of some kind of dramatic end-time event. Despite the sarcastic voice — Heard describes one of his subjects as being "a kindly, fuzzy-haired man who looked about as dangerous as a woodchuck snoozing in clover" — the author usually finds himself pleasantly fascinated by the people he covers. That said, "Apocalypse Pretty Soon" is a sometimes unsettling, frequently hilarious look at a strange American underbelly.



Wes's World

By Wesley Cline

The day no telephones would work

By Wesley Cline
Staff Writer

I picked up the phone in the newspaper office last Wednesday and held it up to my ear to check for a dial tone.

I don't know why I did this. There is only one phone connected to the line; so if I could pick up the phone, obviously there would not be anyone else on the line.

As it turned out, it was a good thing that I checked because there was no dial tone.

I wasn't too surprised. We in the office are pretty hard on the phone. We tend to pull it off the desk while walking around the room talking on it. We should really get a cordless phone, but it is more fun to yell at each other every time the phone crashes to the ground.

This abuse makes the phone a little cranky about working. Sometimes we surprise it and pick it up without warning, and there will be no dial tone. Usually, however, if we hang up the phone and pick it up again, it will awaken and work for us. We just have to give it that warning pick up to rouse it from its slumber.

Knowing this was sometimes the case, I hung up the phone and picked it back up hoping to be able to make my call.

Nothing. No dial tone. Not even the helpful little clock telling me how long I'd had the phone off the hook.

Had someone dropped it on the floor one too many times? Was it now in Ma Bell Heaven where all good and faithful phones go when their time on the chatlines is done?

Just in case the phone was just playing dead and not in a real state of permanent malfunction, I picked up the extension on the business desk. It is not nearly as abused as the regular office phone.

This is mainly because it is stuck in a corner, and there is something wrong with the buttons. It is like Russian Roulette trying to dial a number.

Sometimes you dial one number and a completely different number is actually dialed. It makes for a fun phone experience.

This phone, though, is on a completely different line than the main phone; so it should have provided an incoming line even if the other phone had been destroyed. It too was dead.

"What is going on here? Has the administration finally decided to shut the paper down?"

Well, little do they know that we have a number of mommies and wives in our office. They all have cell phones in their purses for emergencies or so they can keep tabs on their husbands. Thinking this, I laughed maniacally and ran from the office.

I ran into someone coming out of the

ACT One office, so I decided to see how widespread this administrative conspiracy had gone.

Their phone was also dead. We couldn't all have forgotten to pay our bills, and I hadn't heard anything on the news about a virus that was scheduled to destroy the phones. (We all know that those things are planned and well publicized.)

I then ran downstairs to the Student Life office. If anyone would have phones, they would. The phone is always ringing in there.

I walked in and discovered an eerie silence. They were all sitting around looking slightly confused.

"Do you have phones?" I asked.

"Yes," they said.

"That is odd because we don't have phones. They all seem to be dead."

"Yes, we have phones. They aren't working but we have phones."

"Man! That must be awful for you guys."

"Actually, it's kind of nice. We can finally get some work done."

I left the office wondering how I was going to get through the day without a phone. It wasn't the business calls I needed to make. Those could wait a couple of days



until the phones were reconnected. But how was I going to live without access to my "for entertainment purposes only" psychic hotline?

I need them in order to make my important life decisions.

Should I take the job in Topeka? Is my boyfriend cheating on me? Should I eat in the Terrace or go out to Taco Bell? These are life and death things. Who am I to make these kinds of decisions without some kind of guidance?

Praying that the fates would not frown on me, I just wrote my two lunch time options on a couple of pieces of paper and threw them in an old Slurpee cup that was sitting in the bottom of the trash can.

I shook it up, trying not to slosh the remnants of Slurpee all over the office while still mixing up the two pieces of paper. With any luck, this small invocation of the fates would be able to divine where I was destined to eat lunch.

I pulled out a slightly sticky and soggy piece of paper that said The Terrace.

So, maybe a Slurpee cup is almost as good as a phone or, at least, as good as the advice I get during the first free five minutes on the psychic chatline.



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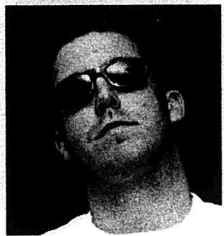
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By Kris Van Deusen

Talkin' trash

I was playing a game of in-line roller hockey last Monday. I'd love to play on ice, but it's too darn expensive. Anyway, the team I play with joined a puck league, and last week a player on the opposing team started to talk a little trash as he skated by our bench just after he scored a goal.

In case you don't know what trash-talk or talking smack is, it is when one player taunts or teases an opposing player or team. Usually players of team sports talk smack. One does not see it often in individual sports, except for boxing or other individual contact sports.

Very rarely do you see tennis players, golfers, swimmers, cheerleaders, or ice skaters tell their opponents what they think of them.

Could you imagine Michelle Kwan screaming at Tara Lipinski, "You got no game, wench! Check out this triple! I got mad skills! You look like a full-back! Get off the ice!"

It just doesn't seem to fit. But, in a team sport with physical contact, it is prevalent. Some talk smack just to hear themselves speak. Others talk trash to try to get inside their opponents' heads which in turn may cause them to concentrate on the banter rather than the game in progress which could cause them to make errors. Sometimes it works, sometimes not.

Dennis Rodman claims to cause opponents to commit errors by talking trash to them. However, I think he just likes to hear himself talk because others do the same to him with much success.

The king of talkin' trash was probably Muhammad Ali. He would say a lot, but everybody still loved him. Usually when you run your mouth, others do not appreciate you. Ali would make those around him laugh.

Well, usually when someone has something to say to me, I respond in kind. I think it's fun. However, last week when that guy skated by and said something, I went up to him during the face-off and asked why he decided to cultivate ill-feelings between our two teams?

He said, "What? Culti-what? Ill-what?"
Talkin' trash," I said. "Why are you talkin' smack?"

He claimed that someone on our team had said something to him earlier when he whiffed on a slapshot.

I told him I didn't appreciate him coming up to the team and starting something. I told him I thought he should go up to the person he had a problem with because he just opens a whole can of worms by coming up to six or seven guys who hadn't said anything.

Well, I thought about checking him into the boards the next chance I got, but I didn't, and after the game I even shook his hand. It must have made an impression on him because he came up to our team afterwards and cleared the air with us.

Of course trash-talk truly should not have a place in sports, but it will always be there. I personally think it's fun and harbor no hard feelings. However, problems arise because feelings are usually hurt and tempers often flare. It's the stuff of which unsportsmanlike conduct is made.

As for me, I usually talk trash to people I know just for kicks, but sometimes, if there's someone on the other team who isn't very nice, I might say a word or two. Maybe.

SPORTS

It's hammer time!



By Casey Taylor
Staff Writer

Two new throwers have joined the women's track team this year and hope to add to the nationally ranked program already known for its All-American and National Champion sprinters, jumpers, and hurdlers. Juniors Amy Gay and Christine Rutherford are mastering the hammer, discus, and shot put under the wing and tutelage of Coach Keith Maurer. After only their first year, Amy and Christine placed in the hammer at the Captain's Classic, CNU's first home meet for the outdoor season. Amy came in second with a throw of 111' 1.5", while Christine placed sixth with a throw of 69' 4". Coach Maurer believes that Amy "has made extremely good progress during the outdoor season. I am very happy with her progress in learning the technique of the hammer. I think she has a lot of potential in that area."

Amy Gay is no stranger to track and field. She graduated from Franklin High School in 1995 and won four varsity letters on the outdoor track team and basketball team. She was MVP in 1994 and 1995 and broke the district and regional record in the discus, earning All-Region and All-District honors. Amy also qualified for states three years in a row.

Amy entered CNU in 1995 and is and physical education major. She has maintained a 3.8 G.P.A. as a full-time student, skillfully balancing the demands of work and school. Amy has consecutively earned All-Mason-Dixon Conference honors in indoor track in the 20 lbs. weight throw for

two years. "I love throwing, CNU's atmosphere, the track team, and the coaching staff, especially Coach Maurer."

Amy is concentrating on the hammer and discus for the outdoor season to get ready for the Mason-Dixon Conference Championships. "The hammer is my favorite because I see the most improvement with it which gives me a sense of accomplishment. At every meet, I want to keep improving so that I can peak at conference."

After seeing her roommate of two years become so involved in throwing, Christine Rutherford decided to try out for the team since she had the leisure time to spare. Both girls met while taking a dance class in the Fall of 1997. "We were the two big girls in the class and made an instant connection," said Christine.

Christine, a 1996 graduate of Lafayette H.S., is also a junior and majoring in physical education. She has a cumulative 3.9 G.P.A. At Lafayette, Christine lettered in indoor and outdoor track and field hockey for four years. She went to regionals her junior year, winning many good sportsman-ship awards throughout high school.

"Christine is in the process of making the adjustment to the college level in athletics. She is primarily concentrating on the shot put," said Coach Maurer. She wants to place in the conference in hammer and shot put and is looking forward to the rest of the season. "There are so many benefits with being on the women's track team. I have made so many new friends and have been supported by the coaching staff and athletic trainers. I have definitely learned more in college than I ever did in

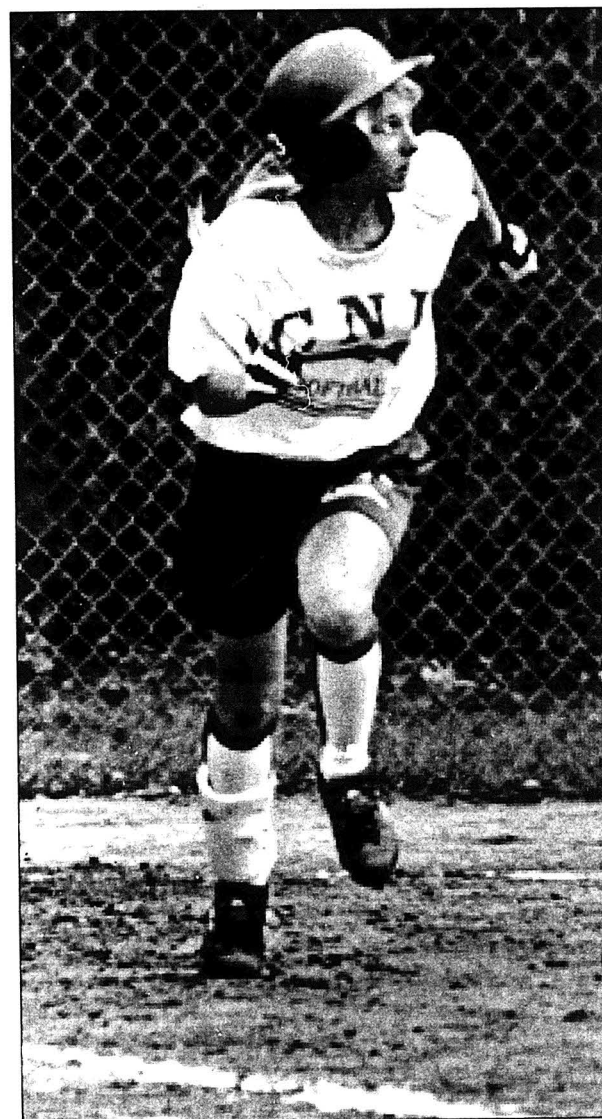
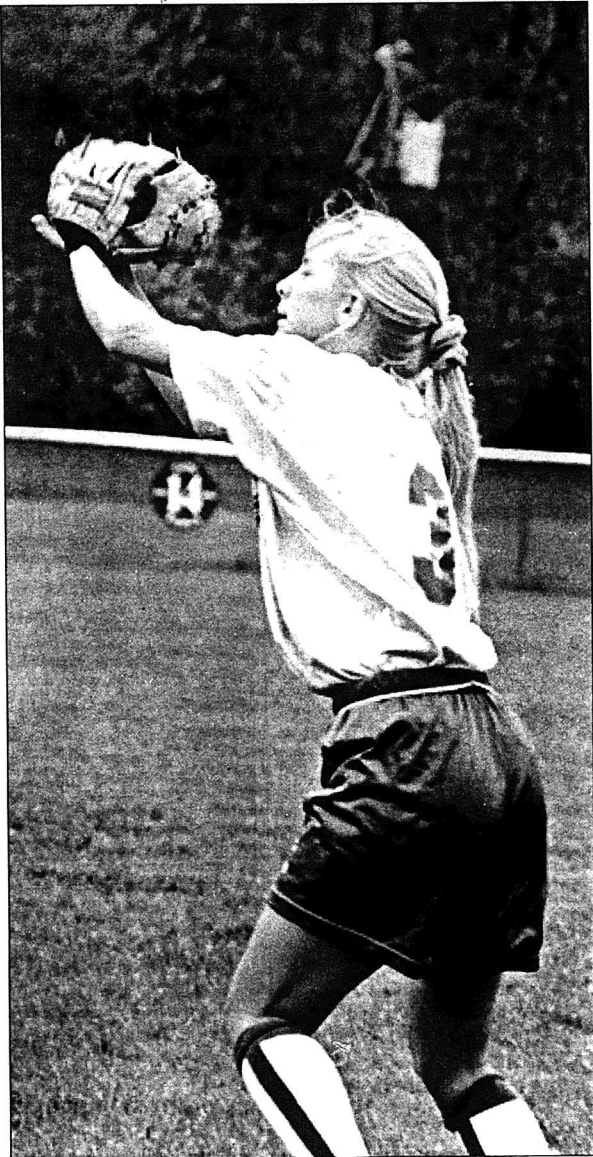


Amy Gay and Christine Rutherford are strong both academically and athletically.

Photos by Barbara Temple / The Captain's Log

high school as far as technique is concerned."

Both women are not only phenomenal as students and athletes, but they also find the time to hold down part-time jobs. It's no coincidence that their motto should be "Shoot for the moon, because if you miss, you'll always hit a star."



The Lady Captains Softball team beat Randolph-Macon on Thursday, April 15.

Photos by Benn Hutt / The Captain's Log

"Of Mice," prof continued from p. 3

to the head. This powerful closing scene was masterfully done. Lennie is fearful that he "dun a bad thing" and George will leave him, then relieved that George isn't mad, and finally ecstatic at the vision of their farm across the river. George is subdued, stoically going about with grim determination what he hates to do, putting his best friend to death. He knows, however, he must do so to spare Lennie the wrath of the lynch mob. The opening-night audience was stunned at this closing scene, some at the surprise outcome, others at its great dramatic impact.

John Wynne gets into the skin of George—It's a perfect fit. His characterization is seamless. He performs with concentration and intensity. He becomes a migrant farm worker, grappling with circumstances just beyond his control. When it looks like he'll have to fight Curley, he slowly takes off his jacket, folds it carefully, and lays it down—when all your belongings fit into one portable bundle, you aren't careless with any of them. Wynne's toothpick chewing, euchre-playing George has obviously spent his adult life in and around bunkhouses.

Eric Strong is outstanding in the difficult role of Lennie. Strong looks the part and adds art to his appearance: posture erect, head thrust forward. He projects the guileless simplicity of the child, seeking Lennie's guidance on what to do, then making a great effort to remember.

Strong delivers it all and performs each nuance well; the childlike grin on an otherwise vacant face; hurt and fear of being abandoned when he's done something wrong; cowering obedient to George when Curley seeks to bait him; screeching in panic when Curley attacks him; and manic energy in combating Curley or quieting Curley's wife.

Mike Gamache in the role of Slim, leader of one worker team, demonstrates a welcome growth in his ability to inhabit and project a character. His assured stage pres-

ence is a valuable contribution. Harry Grau was impressive in his brief appearance as the Boss.

George Hillow's set of gray, weather-beaten boards served alternately as river bank, bunkhouse, and barn, an appropriate set for grizzled, weatherbeaten men and their drab lives. The costuming by Laurel Gonçalves helped to define character, from the bright print dress of Curley's wife to the braces that hiked George's trousers up the small of his back, like George.

Bruno Koch's directing hand was evident from the leisurely delineating of character and laying out of circumstances of the opening scenes to the tense, gripping drama of the close. This is Dr. Koch's final production as the head of CNU's theater program, over twenty years of memorable drama, ranging from Sophocles and Euripides to Marial Spark, Pinter, and Beth Henley, in scope from the expressionism of Brecht to the farce of Coward, and with an emphasis on Moliere and classical American theater of Inge, Miller, and Williams. The current Steinbeck piece attests that Koch is leaving at the peak of his powers; we hope it will not be his last production for the Gaines Theater or the last of the highly talented theater group he has gathered.

"Of Mice," student continued from p. 3

cern was to scrape together some money, with or without Lennie. Scene after scene, he looked more and more like he was just trying to fit in with the other guys and less and less like he needed the companionship of Lennie. I need to see a guy who was not only a survivalist, but a guy who needed someone close to him. I barely saw that.

In all fairness, I did see the George I remembered from the novel in the scene leading up to the chaotic row between Lennie and Curley, played with boiling intensity by newcomer Robert Dospil. There, Wynne genuinely seemed to care for the dream and for the happiness of Lennie, but that moment was fleeting and by the end of the play, as George mulled over having to kill Lennie, I was thinking "please, get it over with" instead of "no, don't do it!"

The rest of the production's ensemble cast was, for the most part, reliable. The aforementioned Robert Dospil infused Curley with a stinging, manic energy. Once or twice he threatened to over do it, but with his limited stage time he was left with little room to make an impression. Not bad for a newcomer. Jon Morris was perfectly droll as the down-to-earth Carlson.

Ken McKether was good as the angry, resigned-to-his-fate Crooks. Lorin Loving was passable as Curley's flippant wife, and Jesse Gray was OK as Whit.

I wasn't as fond of Matt Riebe's Candy or Mike Gamache's Slim. With his exaggerated rasp and drawl routine, Riebe's Candy came across somewhat cartoonish. Gamache's Slim seemed uncomfortable and overly cautious. I couldn't help but think that these guys should have been playing each other's roles. Still, Slim was a good stretch for Gamache, a positive learning experience for an actor who was very likeable in "Tartuffe."

George Hillow's stage design was sturdy, rustic, and appropriately workmanlike. The abundant wooden planks tended to be noisy—often overwhelmingly so—in scenes that involved a lot of action, but they gave a strong, if abstract, visual impression of early twentieth-century farm life. The stage lighting was near-perfect, particular in the play's first scene when, as George and Lennie sacked in for the night, everything became eerily dim, most of the light coming from a small campfire. Kudos to light board operator, Jonathan Janis. Laurel Gonçalves' costumes were convincing worn and old-fashioned.

Helt "Of Mice and Men" disappointed. The final scene only carried half the jolt it should have. As hard as Eric Strong tried, he couldn't pull anything out of John Wynne to suggest that George and Lennie had any sort of bond. It's too bad that his top-notch performance was hampered by Wynne's refusal to convincingly connect with his character. Mostly, I felt as if there was some serious miscasting—it hurt the ensemble feel this play should have had. I would have liked to see Robert Dospil in the role of George (he looked the part), Mike Gamache as Candy, and Matt Riebe as Slim.

But hey, hindsight's 20/20, right? It still appeared that director Dr. Bruno Koch pulled as much out of his cast as he could, given the production's limited rehearsal time and the strange casting choices.



Lenny (Eric Strong) cowers in a corner, trying to avoid getting himself into trouble.

Photo by Barbara Temple/
The Captain's Log

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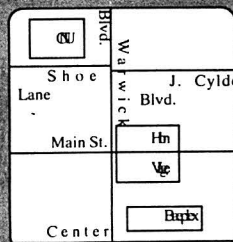
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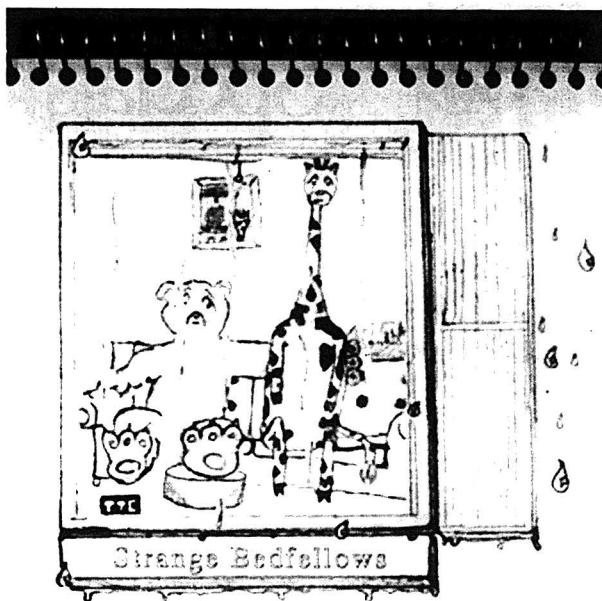


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classifieds

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