



MIKE OTTO

## I ain't saying she's a gold digger ...

But if you want to get the girl, then you'd better have more to offer than a big ego

GRAHAM  
LETTNER

If you're an undergraduate male and, one month into the fall term, you don't have a girlfriend you could possibly take home to mom for Thanksgiving, for shame. But if you're an undergraduate woman and you're single, well done.

Allow me to explain. Men, it's a cold, hard fact: any woman that's spent a semester or more on this campus is scoping out the size of the wallet in the back of your jeans, not the bulge in the front. It's just simple survival smarts.

Women are investors with an eye for the long-term, and, frankly, your bank account counts. Virility? That's a short-term commodity, gone long before retirement, salvageable only with earnings enough to pay for the erection enhancers.

That women are already good brokers of human capital is no surprise. The problem is that the older they get, the savvier they become. By fourth year, every varsity woman earns a part-time accounting diploma in Gross Male Earnings. And that sultry look across the lecture hall/bar room is full of man-to-earnings ratio calculations, not lust.

"Oooh, that belt looks expensive.

He buys nice leather; he's gotta have dollars to spare. And that was real cologne, not Axe. He looks reliable, looks employable, looks like he could make car payments. I might be dealing with a winner here."

So guys, while women are still young freshettes drunk off freedom and beer, make them an offer they can't refuse.

**Men, it's a cold, hard fact: any woman that's spent a semester or more on this campus is scoping out the size of the wallet in the back of your jeans, not the bulge in the front.**

You're captain of the table-tennis team, dammit, and ran the 4 km Turkey Trot in well under half an hour. Wow them with feats of strength now, and then when they meet your parents, they will realize that you're genetically comparable to your father, and that he only just upgraded to a self-propelled lawnmower last summer.

Seal the deal while they revel in you taking them to varsity volleyball, cheap night at the Garneau theatre, and sub-zero skating on Hawrelak pond. Hesitate, and you'll wind up playing 50 Cent to some Kanye who can swing by in something with four wheels, take

her out for overpriced steak, and buy tickets for two in Rexall's silver section. It doesn't take tons of cash—just more than you have.

On the flip side, women should just swear off men entirely until they reach that crucial year when the CAPS jobs fair actually means something more than free pens and candy. A friend—and freshly-pressed career woman—told me recently that men clue into the notion of other people having needs, feelings, and dreams of their own sometime during the last months of their degree, while women start hunting for the man they'll marry the moment they blow out their 18th-birthday candles.

There may well be an anatomical thickness to the male cranium to go along with the metaphorical one, but until we wear down our big heads with a few of life's bumps and bruises, there isn't much point in trying, ladies. Save yourself the tears, angst, and late-night calls home to mom, and instead get started planning out the designer kitchen that Mr Man is going to buy you just as soon as he graduates.

Somewhere between the extremes of this pseudo-embezzlement idiocy continuum exists the lucky few that make magic happen. Somehow, he's knocked the chip off his shoulder, and she's put her marriage/family plans on hold for now. Don't ask me how it happens—just thank your lucky stars if one of these two lucky bastards is you.

Perhaps if we had even more hunting education, people like Mr Pounder would not be so ill-informed in the future.

JOEL LONGARD  
Education II

### Loss of Bear Scat still felt

I'm proud to be an alumnus of the University of Alberta and to call Edmonton home. Upon reflecting back on my undergraduate years at the U of A, I decided to write to some of my professors and thank them for supporting me in my pursuit of graduate studies.

You can imagine my disconcert when, on logging on to Bear Scat to see what courses they were teaching this year, I was greeted by a plea to the SU for funds to maintain this essential service. I can't count how many of my colleagues in my four years at the University used Bear Scat to find courses, build timetables, check exam times, and register for courses.

Bear Scat brings together so much of the complex university bureaucracy in an elegant and accessible package. That the Students' Union would balk at asking students to contribute \$0.75 a semester to support this incredible service is practically shameful. That a new administration would withdraw from the promises

of its predecessors in the commitment they did offer is, frankly, scandalous.

To suggest that the successors of the kind, generous, and well-reasoned people I knew during my time at the U of A would be so cheap as to not pay the price of a bottle of pop for a service that made their lives so much easier is preposterous. Bear Scat is an important institution at the University of Alberta and has earned the right to be supported by the student body and its representatives.

Everyone feels homesick sometimes, but no one should feel sick on finding out what's happening at home.

ALEKSANDER KSIAZKIEWICZ  
Alumnus

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