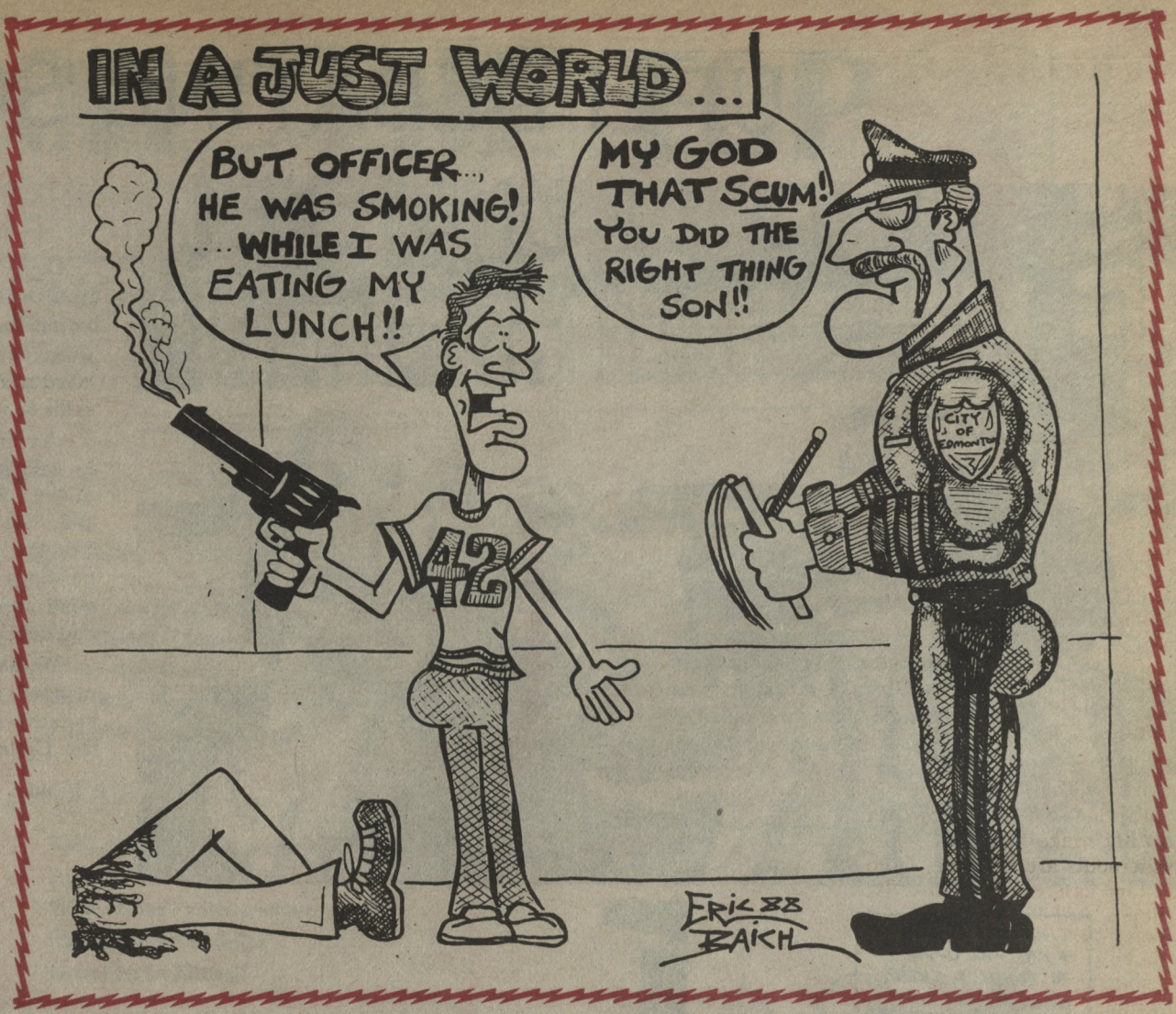


OO

ing in a store it should
y. However, recently on
McIntosh a program call-
FreeHand" by Aldus
ing had about 5,000
recalled because a virus
en found thereon, so test
oftware before installing
your system. Be careful
public domain software,
tremely careful about
stuff. Unfortunately,
pirates and their clubs
that viruses are a joke.
mes they want to get
some rival club, and we
fallout.
ck your system usage.
use a machine that
he has left on. Turn it off
Memory can not live
it power, and when you
f a machine any virus
ight be in memory will
led. Try not to let
ers have open access to
oftware or system. A
an't be introduced unless
e brings it in.
ortunately, some
eters out in the computer
have decided to make
gitimate users life dif-
The problem, however,
en amplified by media
A lot of programmers are

not that original and probably
would not have thought of
writing a virus until they had
heard of them.
A virus is not a joke. Last
March a student was fined
\$2,380 U.S. and expelled from
the University of Albany for ac-
cidentally releasing a virus. A
programmer in Allentown, Pa.
was convicted of "harmful ac-
cess to a computer", (a third
degree felony that carries up to
10 years in prison and up to
\$5,000 U.S. in fines.) because
of a Trojan Horse that he
planted in his employer's
system when he was fired.
More recently, a Cornell
graduate student was held
after allegedly releasing a virus
that struck over 7,000 ter-
minals linked to the United
States defense system.
As William Murray, with In-
formation System Security,
Ernst & Whinney, pointed out:
"A virus is a type of lie. There
is really no one person or group
to blame; it is an ethical pro-
blem. It is the fact that this
viral program has gotten into
your system, regardless of its
intent. It is a violation of
privacy."



LITERARY PAGE

Still Running

I was only six
but I remember The Street
like a photograph
never changing.
Our big house,
the colour of fake grass,
an ugly duplex
with cement stoop
and steel rail.
But my room was out back,
carpet of grass,
white fences for walls,
domed with blue sky.
Next door was a dog.
A Newfoundlander.
He was bigger than me.
I remember those jaws
Though he always

Liked me. (Thank God.)
One day a bully came,
the newfie growled and
barked.
The bully ran away.
I laughed.
One day the bully came back.
It was my turn to run
and his turn to laugh.
Through the house
and out back, I ran.
He wasn't mine,
and he was big and ugly
but he was my friend
and I wanted him with me.
But he died
and I'm still running.
-K.L.

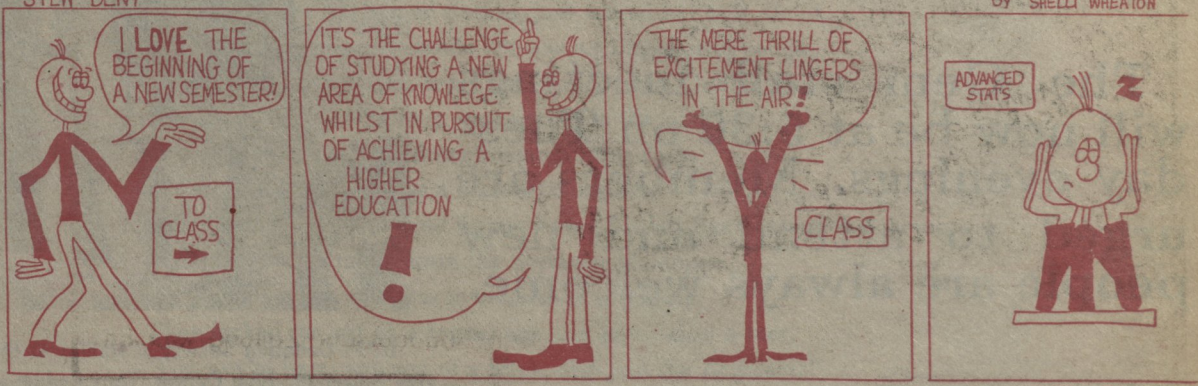
Setting Sail

I'm setting sail upon an ocean
but not of water, serf or swell.
Of those I have no notion
And have no tales to tell.
But while the mighty stars still shine
And crimson blood still flows,
I'll sail and search and try to find
That light years' distant shore.
A fools errand, some call my flight
But from the moment of my birth
I've wondered each and every night,
Is there life on Earth?
-K.L.

"The Song on the Radio"

By: Wendell Blackett
The wind carries away another slow moving day.
One thought flows dark nights as the search continues.
Some watch and wait, while others sit and pray
For life to bring hope out of the depths of dark symbols.
The song on the radio beats through my mind today.
Only time will tell how long the dream will last.
If I should paint a clouded picture or smile some other way,
Will nights bring cheer or will the drum sound from a faded past.
All morning I sit searching for a word to describe
The beauty of her face and the secret locked inside.
All this time I thought it was me going through pain and strife.
Now it has been discovered, she has been hurt from the slide.
A twisted sneer moves pain-stakingly along a crimson path.
Yet her eyes still flash deep with in my treasured soul.
Oh, for one moment to tell her a story that could make her laugh.
Only for one moment to see whether life can be whole.
They say time can heal all of our wounds.
Maybe so, but it still feels like my heart wants to fly.
As the radio blasts, filled with voice from all popular tunes.
The moment will come when neither will have to sit and cry.

STEW DENT



By SHELLI WHEATON