

History repeats because of oil



CHRISTIAN MCPHATE
STAFF REPORTER

An international race has blasted across the not-so-frozen north-lands of the Arctic.

It is a race that has gone full throttle since the awakening of political minds on global warming.

The United States, Russia, Norway, Denmark and Canada have extended their capitalistic fangs and turned their dollarshot eyes toward the fish-, diamond- and oil-filled region.

Associated Press writer Doug Mellgren reported the defrosting land is in such high demand that Canada and Denmark have both laid their claims to a Frisbee-shaped island in the Arctic with flags and warships.

Russia has been squabbling with Norway over the Barents Sea while slapping off the United States claims to the Beaufort Sea.

The United States and Canada have been fighting over rights to the Northwest Passage as well as disputing the offshore boundary of the Yukon.

Canada said the melting lands of the Northwest Passage belong to them, and Prime Minister Stephen Harper pledged to put "military icebreakers" in the frosty waters.

Canada, Russia, Norway and Denmark are laying claim to the waters extending from their borders

toward the North Pole, stating that the seabed belongs to their continental shelf, according to the 1982 United Nations Convention on the Law of the Sea.

An estimated 25 percent of the Earth's untouched oil and gases lay within the Arctic.

In 2004, Russian President Vladimir Putin said the sovereignty issue is "a serious, competitive battle that will unfold more and more fiercely."

On March 25, 2007, the United Nation Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change stated that the ice caps are heating up faster than the rest of the planet in part due to the greenhouse gases.

According to the panel's latest report, the accelerated impact of global warming has unveiled riches for the shipping industry in the form of new lanes of navigation for prospective diamond miners and oil mongers.

The first ship to reach the North Pole without icebreaker help was the Akademik Fyodorov of Russia in 2005.

And now with the advancement in technology, the Norwegian shipyard Aker Yards has begun to create "innovative vessels" that can sail through clear waters and then turn around and plow through heavier ice with their sterns.

The Arctic Climate Impact Assessment, an intergovernmental group, said the global warming of the Arctic would cut sailing time from Germany to Alaska by 60 percent for five months out of the year by allowing ships lanes of navigation through the not-so-fro-

zen waters of Russia's arctic region instead of the Panama Canal.

And while the rest of the political world turns its focus on the possible promise of trillions of dollars increasing governmental budgets, the indigenous peoples of the Arctic, the Inuit and Sami, are being overlooked and pushed down to the bottom of the G8's agenda.

"Everybody is talking about the potential for minerals, diamonds, oil and gas, but we mustn't forget that people live there, all the way across the Arctic," Tristin Pearce, the University of Guelph's Global Environmental Change Group in Canada's research associate, said. "They've always been there and they have a major role to play."

And yet the Canadian Inuit communities are suffering from overcrowding in housing, high rates of unemployment, substance abuse, violence and suicide much like the derelict communities of the Native Americans.

The Sami communities are the largest group of indigenous people in Europe and encompass the northern parts of Sweden, Norway, Finland and the Kola Peninsula of Russia.

The Sami Parliaments have very weak political influence; the Scandinavian governments rule the political bodies despite democratically elected politicians.

Russia does not recognize the minority of Samis.

So where does the indigenous people's power lie exactly?

What kind of role are the Inuits and the Samis really going to play? What has history shown us?

Life joyful despite Mom's moles



JASON KIMBRO
ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

Life is a bowl of cherries.

Let me fix my typographical error: Life is a bowl of cherries, thousands of them meticulously

stuffed in the most painful manner, be it in groups of 10 or 20.

Yes, life is a tough piece of leather which to chew upon, but imagine if those cherries were instead pineapples with extra-stiff leaves poking from atop the rough exteriors. The cherries don't sound so bad then, do they?

What's the point of being metaphorically sodomized by fruit?

Well, it goes back to the old suggestion that no matter how bad life may get, it can get worse.

When one wants to moan and groan, then find another who likes to partake in such asinine conversations, and the inevitable competition of the downtrodden begins, we are all that much more worse off for letting that sort of verbal and emotional stink cloud our atmospheres to a point that we are all crapping red and wondering what ever happened to the good ole days.

As much as you may not want to hear it, I'm afraid to tell you that you are in the good ole days, no matter how craptacular they may be.

If you are so unhappy with yourself and your life, short of a psychological condition that some pill could either make better or worse, then take a step or two back and find the source.

There is such a thing as a source to your inner and/or outer turmoil: No money, no honey, no gold, nobody to hold - other than perhaps yourself, if you're into that sort of thing.

(On that note, if you're not into it, you really should be. It can really improve what little hope you have for a sex life, especially if you're a female.)

There is always a source to your pain.

This is such a "duh" idea but sometimes we forget how simple it really is.

Unfortunately, the most simple of things can be the most complicated to eradicate.

It's like the various causes of many diseases. The simpler the organism causing the disease, the

harder it is to cure, if it can be cured at all. Virus? Sorry Charlie, little luck in the cure department. Bacteria, a little more complicated of an organism, a bit easier to destroy. Protozoa and beyond, hey, you got it licked in no time.

If multiple items are causing your distress, it might be more realistic to attack the protozoan-type problems first. They seem to be complicated situations but more than likely they have the easiest resolve. For instance:

Your mother calls you nightly to tell you about her mole.

Her mole is growing.
It seems to change color with her moods.

It seems to change places. For one day it is on the index finger of her right hand and on the next, it's on the index finger of her left.

All this talk of finger-focuses mole-ery is causing slight contribution to your saddened state.

What do you do?

Well, you tell her that it isn't a mole after all, but that instead it is the mood ring she found in her attic during her mid-life crisis and due to its nostalgic value she decided to put it on but now that Alzheimer's is setting in she keeps forgetting that she puts it on in the mornings and some bits of dementia are making her think that it is a strange color-changing mole that loves to bounce around from one finger to another.

Okay, bad example.
That situation would probably make it worse, but hey, the pill that's suppose to get rid of yellow toe nails can cause liver failure, but apparently there are enough people out there buying it to keep it on the market.

You would be hard-pressed to find many situations that you yourself could keep from bringing you down. You've got to train your mind the right way.

This concept took me nearly 26 years to achieve. Throughout high school I was picked on for being fat, poor and visually impaired. I always took it hard. I was sad at school and I was sad at home from time to time because I seemed to disappoint my father a lot.

After high school things didn't change much for me. I was constantly feeling down because I could not drive, I could not get women, I could not get money and I could not seem to do well at my first attempt at college. It was a bottomless pit of quicksand but I finally realized that the only one who could throw me a vine so that I could climb out was me.

And climb out I did. With a ven-

geance! I went on a killing spree. Well, not really. As a matter of fact I had no intentions of revenge at all. Well, except for maybe a few who happened to get in the way of me and my drunken wit along the way.

I am a happy person.

I do not let the demons that used to tear me apart even scathe me now.

There are times in which I am even able to make such things make me look good, even though it may only be in the realm of glorious arse-ness.

The other night at Toby's, for example, I was in the bathroom taking care of business, saying goodbye to the beer I had just a few minutes before when I could hear a guy outside say, "Is there someone in the bathroom?"

Then I heard a female voice pronounce: "Yeah, there's some fat guy in the bathroom. He's really fat. You should see him. Oh, my God, this guy is fat. If he were any fatter, Parkay would be mining his ass."

Okay, okay, she didn't go that far.

Anywho, when I walked out of the bathroom I simply stated with a nice grin on my face, "The fat guy is done, you can use the toilet now."

The girl, trying to save something, as if there was anything to save since I was being fairly cordial about it all, said: "What were you doing in there, taking a shit?"

To this I responded: "You have nothing to worry about, ma'am. I do not plan to take you anywhere."

As far as I can tell it seemed to achieve something among all the alcoholics around me.

It wasn't that big of a deal after all.

When I told the story to my friends back at the table they really didn't care about what I had to say, they (being female) wanted to find the girl and kick her ass, or so they say.

I kept them calm with more beer and the night continued as always. In the past that would've been the end of my evening. Now, it was just a minor part of a wonderful night.

I guess what I am trying to say with all of this is that if you are unable to do what I have done, then try harder.

If you still can't seem to achieve this level of confidence in yourself and in your world, then I will just have to admit that I'm better than you.

Maybe the next time I see ya, you will be checking on my reservation.

Thank you very much.

Campus Voices

Q: How many hours a day do you spend playing video games?



"I have better things to do. Even if I had a console I still wouldn't play very much. When I go home and have time, when I'm not working, if I could I would. It's not worth it because of the amount of money involved."

– Patrick Johnson, 20, sophomore business management major



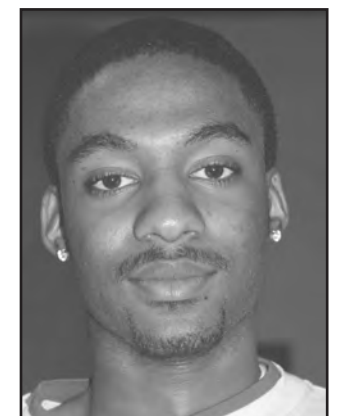
"I just started really playing again. I stopped playing games in January and February because school just got so busy. Averaged out over the week, I play about three hours now."

– Kevin Seman, 18, freshman education major



"During the whole week I'll play less than 10 minutes. I go to school, have a job and enjoy riding my motorcycle. If I pick up a game and start playing it, I'll usually get bored with it and end up giving it to my little brother. I spend too much money on stupid stuff as it is."

– Tony Banner, 22, junior engineering major



"If I'm around an X-box 360, I play around three hours a day. My friends say I play more than that, but they're just hating because they know they play more than me."

– Dionte Johnson, 19, sophomore computer science major

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