

Vol. 23, No. 11

November 25, 1987

... *thanks to everyone* *who helped us this year!*

Bullshit on the Mount

Hey, wake up Jeff. Did you sleep here in the office again last night? That's six weeks in a row you've camped out here.

Yeah, I stayed up all last night. I was making plans for all the trouble we're going to get into after you're gone.

You don't have to look so excited about it. We got into plenty of trouble while I was here. I figured you'd had enough by now.

I'll never get enough, you know that.

I never checked.

Besides, if you weren't finished school at Christmas you could stay and get into trouble too.

Forget it. The past four months of stifling creativity and forcing my prudish judgements on people has worn me out. I'm going out to find a full-time job so I can get some rest. Have fun next term.

We will. And so will our readers. Listen, I'm going to go back to sleep until after Christmas. Could you turn out the light on your way out? I'm going to need all the rest I can get.

Goodnight. Have a good second semester.

Goodnight. Have a nice life.

Co-Editors

Sharon Rose

Jeffrey G. Mann

Sicaro staff

Sharon Rose, Co-editor: She's a woman! An incredible level of tolerance for bad jokes. Her cruel sense of humour will be missed next term.

Jeffrey G. Mann, Co-editor: Jeffrey G. Mann is a very together individual. He stays on top of everything (everyone?) What a Mann.

Lisa Bugden, Office Manager: Bugbear is poised and sophisticated. She can hum like Luciano Pavarotti and wears shoulder pads that rival those of Refrigerator Perry.

Rob Caume, Entertainment Editor: Everybody's favourite teddy bear! Well, when your idol is Samantha Fox, people do wonder.

Alexander G. Dow, Business Manager: Alex 'God' Dow is your basic money man. "Invoice? What invoice?" He can be seen trying to corral (as in horse) Lisa Chippett for paychecks. The only person whose favourite centerfold is Queen Elizabeth.

Katrina Aburrow: Target for Abuse: Men! Let's wipe out the entire race! "No I'm not a bra-burning feminist, just a frustrated female."

Paul Paquet, News Editor: What can be said? He's a slack, immoral, unethical journalist! "From one tender, sensitive male to another..." He'll be missed!

Ross Edison Bowness, Guy Who Does Everything Else: The man with no first name. At first sight of female, he reaches over from his permanent position on the office couch to turn on his sexist heavy metal music.

Claudine Fougere, Sports Editor: Claudine is ace at pacifying A/R into a state of willing submission—though we're not sure exactly how she does it. She spends her spare time studying Public Relations!

Editor's Note:

Cheryl O'Connell, Staff Writer: Cheryl has a promising future at the Picaro. One of the few non-PR students on staff, Cheryl's writing style is unspoiled by complex grammar and a journalistic sentence structure. We think that's one of the reasons our news wire likes to carry parts of her stories (out of context) across the country.

**AIDS
CHLAMYDIA
GONORRHEA
HERPES
SYPHILIS**

Five of the catchiest words in the English language

Now they're everywhere. Not just the words. The diseases too.

But there are three things you can do about these five words.

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The third thing you can do is to educate yourself. Talk to your doctor. Ask at your local clinic. Or go right to the top.

Contact the Canadian Public Health Association at 1335, Carling Avenue, Suite 210, Ottawa, Ontario K1Z 8B8.

They'll tell you that about one million cases of sexually transmitted diseases are diagnosed every year. And they'll give you the best available advice on how to avoid becoming a statistic.

It comes down to three simple things.

Abstinence. The condom. Education.

Nothing else makes sense.



Published in your interest by Canada's leading condom manufacturer, Julius Schmid of Canada Ltd., makers of Ramses and Sheik, the commonsense condoms.

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Snyde Park Corner

by Spoof

Only here in Nova Scotia would people actually put up with all of this. What is "this", you ask? "This" is the ultimate annoyance.

That's right, I'm talking about feminists. Bra-burning, man-hating, shit-disturbing feminists! Ms. Leading, Ms. Taken and Ms. Informed are all key feminists.

If you think I'm kidding about this, then you are very wrong. A good case in point is the article by Cheryl O'Connell on the elections that went on some time ago. In that article Rod Benteau was interviewed, and he said some interesting things.

Sure they were sexist quotes, yes it was stupid of him to say those things, and of course he deserved the criticism he received, but that's not the point.

The point is this, feminists are to blame for all the problems and disasters to befall the world since 1847. That was the year that the true founder of the feminists told her husband to "Cook your own damn dinner!"

The world hasn't been the same since.

Sam Fox: spandex wench from hell

A Nasty Letter to Karen Seaboyer

On many the occasion the Picaro office is taken over by what can loosely be described as loud noise. Yes I am talking about REBowness' "heavy metal hit parade" that can usually be heard whenever he is in the office. For the uninformed, REBowness has practically taken up residence in the office.

The concerns of late, do not center around this "music", however, as much as they center around the effect it has on an appointed member of the Student Council. If the decibel level of REBowness' music exceeds a certain point, Karen Seaboyer attempts to pound a hole in the

wall separating the Picaro from the Council offices.

This may not be a large concern to the whole of the student body, but it should be. As Ms. Seaboyer continues to put dents in the wall she also sets in motion an action that is causing the deterioration of Rosaria Centre. The intense vibration from Ms. Seaboyer's tantrums is causing cracks to appear in the foundation and walls of the complex, leading to the leaking in the roof and all windows. At first it was believed that REBowness' taste in music was the problem, but, after intense research, it was discovered that only someone from BC could be causing these problems.

Giant cod sinks entire naval fleet

Assignment due dates rear their ugly heads.

People you hardly know call you on the phone to arrange 'group meetings' scheduled for some impossible hour on a Sunday morning because this is the only time 'convenient' for everyone in the group, and even then, one can't attend because she lives in Upper Musquodoboit and commutes during the week with a neighbour, who, surprisingly enough, doesn't feel the need to travel to Halifax at 0800 hrs. on Sunday.

You've had an average of five hours of sleep a night over the past week because, like most students, you've mismanaged your precious time, frittering it

away in front of the tv or at some smokey downtown bar with your friends, or reading some infinitely more entertaining piece of literature than the prescribed course text.

And then, Thursday rolls around. A fairly ordinary day for most, except the members of the increasingly well known "Mount Drinking Team". Yes, Thursday signals the end of the week for the MDT, but more importantly, Thursday night is "Duck night".

Some of you may recall a recent article by Michelle Whelan, co-spokesperson of the MDT, which made reference to our group's activities—our first printed publicity.

This article will give another

perspective of our group and its activities.

People jump to conclusions with little provocation.

To allay any suspicions that the members of the MDT are chronic alcoholics, it should be pointed out that although we meet at The Thirsty Duck Pub, we do not meet to drink.

"Sure, sure," you grunt skeptically.

Of course we have the odd drink, but that's only part of the ritual.

"And the name, the Mount DRINKING Team?" you ask with an air of accusatory satisfaction.

Admittedly, a mildly damning tag, but this was bestowed upon us by a group of Navy officers—who have subsequently become our friends—who probably found it funny and the easiest way to refer to us.

Although you may not have guessed, this article is about friends. The MDT is an ever-expanding group of friends who meet almost every week to discuss classes; favourite and not so favourite profs; how incredible Butch—a Duck waiter—looks in jeans, or shorts, since we're on the subject; which one of our Navy buddies is on his way to which exotic port; what the plans are for the weekend; and the general scoop on the night's clientele.

We get serious too but I won't bore you with our discussion of morality, fidelity, sexism, and the future.

This article doesn't have any quotes, except the made-up ones in predicted response to some statements. So sue me for a one-sided presentation; one is entitled to the occasional mono-

logue.

There is a risk of sounding trite and sentimental too, but the people who make up the MDT are very important. We rely on each other for emotional support—maybe too much sometimes—and we thrive off our friendships. There is a good chance and a strong hope that many of us will remain friends.

So, if you're down on Spring Garden Road some Thursday evening, and you have three or four assignments waiting on your desk—in other words you have nothing better to do—why not drop by the Duck? Who knows, if you start showing up regularly we might make you an honorary member!

50th Anniversary— Smarties see blue

by Lisa Bugden

When you eat your Smarties do you eat the blue ones last? If you said yes, then you are one of thousands of Canadians who have given new blue Smarties your sign of approval.

Since the introduction of blue Smarties in August 1987, candy-maker Rowntree Mackintosh Canada Ltd. has recorded the highest ever consumer response to a product. "We certainly didn't expect the reaction we're getting," says Smarties' spokesman, Rob Hason. "We're hearing more from Smarties' fans than ever before."

"Smarties are a strong product and very well accepted," says Bary Gilbert of C.E. Choate Ltd., distributors of the candy in the Halifax, Dartmouth, Bedford and Sackville area. Gilbert says the candy is distributed to over 400 locations in the area. "In order to keep the shelves full we

have to order 120 cases, with 48 boxes of Smarties in each, every two weeks." If you multiply that, 2760 boxes of Smarties are being eaten every two weeks, and, as Gilbert says, "That's a lot of Smarties."

adults and children in Canada, and number three in the Maritimes. Gilbert says Smarties have staying power in an ever-changing market because they have always been a good buy for your money. There are 57 grams in every box and approximately 58 Smarties.

In their Toronto plant, Rowntree produces 17 million Smarties a day and that works out to 3.9 billion a year. According to Hason that was enough Smarties to cover the circumference of the earth one and a half times.

If blue Smarties have been such a hit, heaven knows what colour will be added to celebrate the 100th birthday.

What the heck is Gonnagoogoo?

The feathered residents of the Mount have begun to express themselves by staging waddle-outs and protests over their living conditions. Pool Rhino has released a statement saying that if "the ducks wanted to be treated in a special way, they should have gone elsewhere." This has caused the leaders of the duck movement to ruffle their feathers, and they say to expect violence on the picket line. While they refuse to be identified or quoted, the duck leaders have stated that their demands are not unreasonable and should be carried out immediately to prevent blood-

shed.

The demands range from an increase of the worms fed to the ducks each day, to asking for their own residence next to Assisi. Why Assisi? Why not, comes the reply. Just because the ducks are in the minority (less than 15%) why should they suffer, asks a source within the duck union.

"If this duck thing continues, the administration will be forced to open the Mount to hunters and the National Rifle Association of America," warns Rhino.

A duck referendum has been scheduled for early January.

Rob Caume's Top 10 Albums

Mormon Tabernacle Choir Sings
Judas Priest

Slim Whitman Sings Valdy

Valdy Sings Bon Jovi

Bon Jovi Sings Nana Mouskouri

Nana Mouskouri Sings Everyone

Bananarama Sings Samantha Fox

Samantha Fox Sings Bananarama

Bananarama Can't Sing

Michael Jackson Really Is Bad

Paul Card Sings Michael Jackson



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Dec 10-12 Tarrence Simen

Dec 15 Chi Dogs

Dec 17-19 Cowboy Junkies

Dec 21-23 Hopping Penguins

Dec 28-31 Basic English

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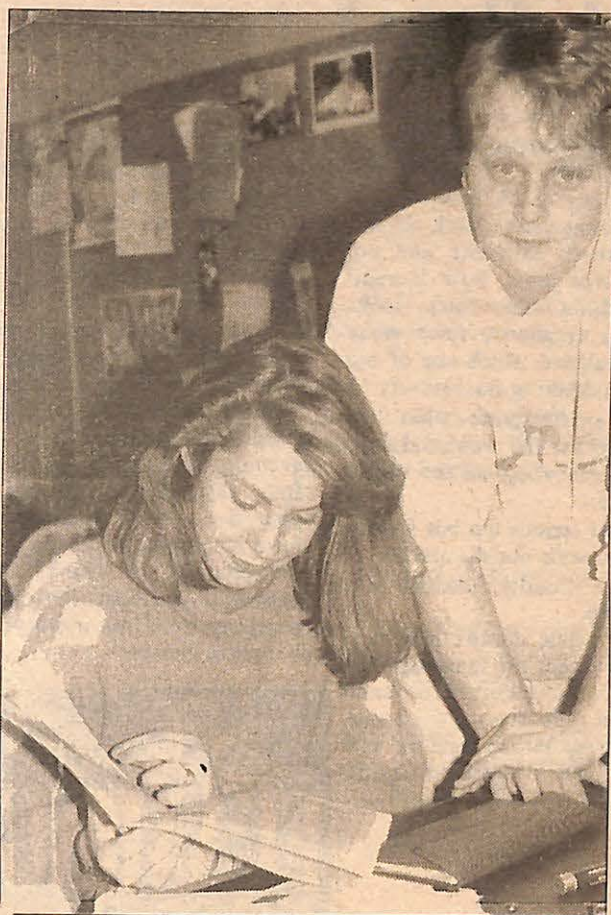
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The Director

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After student union cuts budget, Sicaro staff decides to sell Graphics Manager to raise funds.



Lisa Budgetcut and Jan Smurphy discuss financing for prez's new dentures.



MSVU basketball centre/place-kicker prepares to punt into opposition's hoop.



Ex-photopool Manager declares, "The frog and I were just friends. The web prints in my Crisco were a hoax." see page 7



President Noni Hymnsing replaces security staff.

enoit Cartier for his support!



On the fundraising scene...Robyn McIsaac rolls egg to Charlottetown with nose to raise money for unwed marsupials.



Jeffery G. Mann declares position on student apathy.



Former photopool director shows his support for new dental plan.



All security personnel are invited to the grand opening of Seaboyer's Thighs 'R Us chicken restaurant.



"Honestly Ted, I am on the security list for the bank. So what if it's three in the morning."

Mount annual fundraiser

"Twas the month before Christmas, and all through The Pub Robyn McIssac and her motley crew of organizers paired good times with a good cause — Christmas Daddies.

The evening moved slowly at first, with entertainment provided by four musicians who donated their efforts, and though the guitar playing was decent, the singing was, well...

Todd Barnard and Braden Furtney opened with a few legitimate attempts at mimicry and were followed by the slightly more talented duo of Dave Doucette and Walde Boudreau.

Fortunately, relief arrived in

the form of Chef Rene as Santa Claus. Further relief was provided by the "Spot the Alpine Dog" look-alike contest. Participants were R.E. Bowness, Sherry Fleming and Karen Chilton who, by most resembling the dog, eventually won the contest. Moosehead gave each contestant an Alpine hat, and presented Karen with an Alpine rugby shirt.

ATV showed up to record the glorious money scene.

The end result was a cumulative total of \$1,215.20 towards the worthwhile charity.

...and a good time was had by all!



Drugs at the Mount: a love story

I have a recurring dream about being flogged by a mass of half-naked men wearing zebra striped bathing suits. But...that's not what this story is about. It's about another dream. You know...the one where you're in suspended animation and headless animals are touching your body with their paws. You can see the sun, it gets brighter and brighter until...nothing. Every-

thing is black, you can hardly see the hand in front of your face but when you do, you realize it's not yours. You begin to scream but Beethoven's Fifth Symphony comes out of your mouth instead. The hand moves towards your neck. Finally, you emit a scream so chilling the hand moves away. The phone rings and you awaken. You know what I mean...right?

President guilty of sex scandals

Fill in the blanks!

_____ is a _____-year student here at MSVU. _____ is from _____ (pick a hicktown), and has travelled a great distance to attend this _____ learning institution. _____ enjoys his/her/its job immensely, though it usually takes up about 110% of his/her/its time.

_____ has many duties to perform, which may include promotion, PR, financing, advertising, cooking and typing. Duties always include some council cheek-kissing (and I don't mean on the face.)

_____ has reams and reams of experience in his/her/its field. "I've been

working at many jobs, starting with McDonald's, in preparation for this ultimate challenge of my abilities."

_____ has great hopes and dreams for council this year (Oh well. We won't spoil them with reality.)

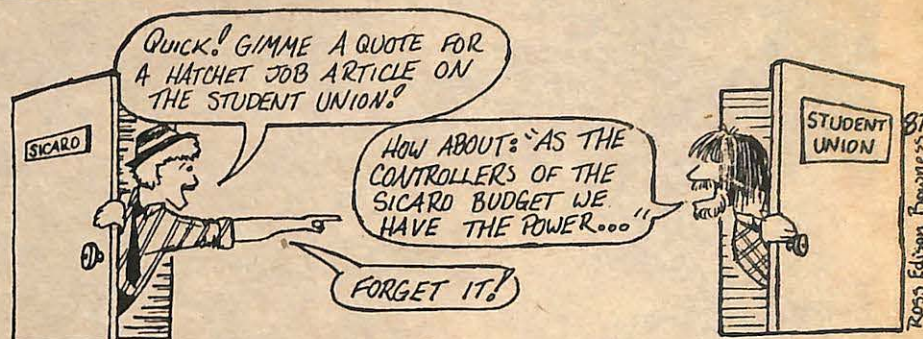
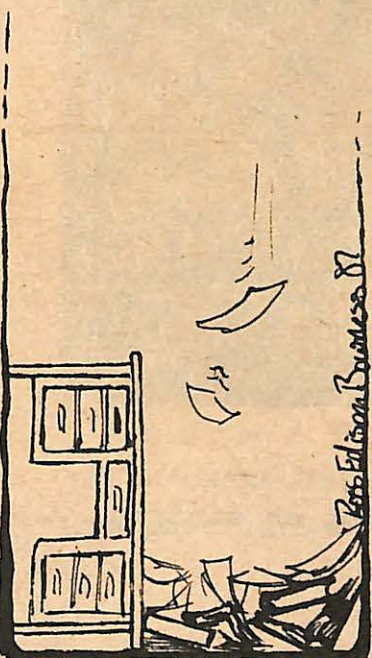
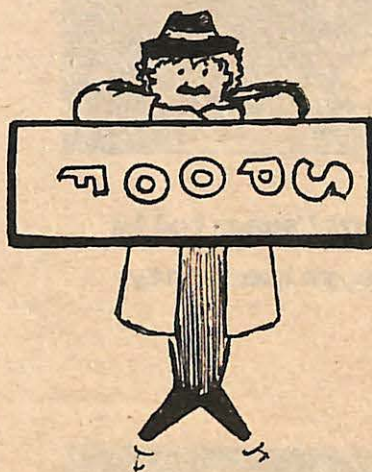
_____ has nothing but high praise for his/her/its council colleagues. "They are mudslugging individuals with lots of guts and enthusiasm (but few brains), and I just know we'll be awesome this year!"

_____ also has many personal, council-related goals for the future. He/she/it would like to see improvements in the _____ department. "I would like to do

some serious (•\$#~)-disturbing and get some action. I would also like to improve awareness of the hard-working council we have." He/she/it goes on to say that, while the job is stressful, it is fulfilling, meaningful,

_____ is a wonderful, dedicated, _____ person with a real zest for life. He/she/it is invaluable to the functioning of the university. Hopefully his/her/its hard work and dedication will be properly appreciated by the student body. "Yes, the job is tiring, but as _____ (any famous philosopher) once said: _____, _____, _____."

SPLOOF



Car crash maims alien aerobic lobsters

The battered remains of what could have been a typewriter were discovered last week by a twenty-man archaeological team in the Sicaro office. This has led to speculation that intelligent life may have, at one point, been in contact with the former staffers of the Sicaro. This does not give evidence of intelligent life present within the office now.

"We never expected to find something like this in there (the Sicaro office)," exclaimed Dr. Bonz. "A few shards of pottery

would have sufficed. Our observations of the site before the expedition were not encouraging, but now we have award-winning material on hand, perhaps even a Nobel!" When questioned on his opinions, Junior G-man could only stare blankly in disbelief that there actually was a typewriter in that office for untold generations.

"Junior is upset because for years he's had to print everything out by hand," explained Salmon Rose. "He does have trouble with words in excess of two syllables."

Benteau, Collins seek leader: apply within

by Seldom Knows
The Fields

Mount president, Noni Hymnsing, has complained about the inadequacy of her new accommodation (she doesn't like her new digs) so she has demanded council raise student fees and build her a new home. Construction begins on The Fields next Wednesday. Council president, Jan Smurphy, defended council's decision. "We can't say no to her. She has hired these two guys named Mario and Guido to break our legs if we refuse," she cringed.

The E. Margaret Confusion Centre

With construction on the new Confusion Centre completely bogged down by poor weather and complete disorganization, art gallery director, Merry Sparrow has suggested the site be used as part of an upcoming exhibit on financial corruption in the university community and how it relates to the social condition of women in the 20th century. Chirps Sparrow: "We thought the suggestion was a good one. How were we supposed to know that the area is going to be used as a private parking area for president Hymnsing and Pole Rhino?" Council has demanded an immediate rationalization for the decision.

VP Finance Arrested

Storm Troopers disrupted this week's meeting when they burst in on council chambers and arrested Chocolate Chippet for embezzlement and grand larceny. Security Supervisor Bob Pamplemousse says authorities were tipped off when they saw Chippet on a buying spree at K-Mart. "We know Chocolate is a snappy dresser, but 18 polyester jumpsuits is a bit excessive," explains Pamplemousse.

In her own defense Chippet says, "I couldn't help myself. A dozen of my best friends were flying down from Cornerbrook. I wanted them to feel at home."

Sicaro To Be Replaced

Council has decided to disband the Sicaro and replace it with a newspaper. VP Indecisive, Fuzzy Duck, suggested council sponsor a publication that has interesting stories, clean photographs, funny graphics and biting editorials. He was interrupted by an outburst from co-editors Junior G-Man and Seldom Knows. They argued that council has already gone ridiculously over budget on the Sicaro and couldn't possibly afford to have a real publication on campus.

Duck's motion was vetoed.

Council's next meeting will be held sometime next year.

Parking at the Mount, who needs Assisi?

by Salt and Pepper

The Sicaro sports staff has chosen this semester's "sportsthing of the year." The award goes to floor hockey referee (for lack of a more accurate term) Slim Whines. However, the award is shared by his seeing eye dog Whitecane.

"What can I say," farted Whines. "I've been handling this league for three years now, of course I deserve the award."

However, many players are critical of Whines. Goaltender

Stray Pork has this to say. "I don't know what sport he thinks we're playing, but last game I was penalized 15-yards for clipping."

"I guess he's not doing so bad for a blind guy, but I get a tad pissed-off when he sends the net to the bench for an illegal block," says veteran Bean Hand-som.

Whines explains his improving techniques. "Hey, since I've never seen a hockey game before or even read the rules, I went out

and bought a book. I think there's a slight problem with it though as its written in braille, and my roommates have been using it for dart practice."

Since he can't see, he calls random penalties whenever Whitecane barks. "I've got a braille list, and whenever the bitch barks I choose a player and an infraction, this way everyone gets a penalty once in a while."

At the beginning of the year, Whines decided to be a play-

er/referee. This was fine until the rosters were picked and his team consisted of anyone who could walk a straight line. The other squads were a little outraged. To this day, Blandy "da Newf" Crapman can be heard screaming "Ows yer team doin' Slim?"

But Whines maintains that there is no bias in the league (as well as a hearty appetite). "Hey, shut up! I put all 60 names into a hat and pulled them out one at a time. This was a completely random selection process."

When we asked Whines to explain how four teams randomly picked from 60 players ended up with different amounts of players (any dickhead knows that $60/4=15$), he farted once again.

"Look, I've been misquoted," he complained. "Once the teams were randomly picked, I had to make some changes to accommodate personal conflicts between certain players."

The scheduling process is unique, Whines says Alan Eaglesdaughter is looking into incorporating this process in the NHL.

Whines lays out four steaks with different numbers of them. When Whitecane bites any

steak, that team plays first against either themselves or the fifth team from outside the school. The other steaks usually go bad, and the one which smells the most like Whines plays second. As this process continues, Whines makes sure each team plays twice a day and then schedules his team to play the most exhausted opponent at the end of the day.

"It's very scientific," pondered Whines. "I've been in accounting for four years, I know how to be creative." Little does the world know that Whines has been in the same course all those four years.

Some of the players are upset with the recent rash of injuries. Hay Burns (very rapidly) had this comment. "That friggin' mut pisses all over the floor, and Slim thinks its part of the game so he joins in. Players end up sliding all over the place and breaking bones."

Whines responds, "Hey, when ya gotta go, ya gotta go. And I have a bladder control problem."

Last year, Whines was the poster child for Depend Undergarments.

Salt's Top Five Movie Picks

Ferris Bueller Skips School,
Sings in Parade, Wrecks Car, All
in One Day
Peggy Sue Demands Alimony

Ishtar II, The Return of Boredom
Robocop Meets Rumbo
Star Trek 97: The Search for
Spoof

Editors ousted after farm animal scandal

by Pepper

"Hey, where the hell is Wack?" bellowed co-editor, Yeffica Main. It sounded like a scoop to this reporter, and boy was I right.

The Sicaro mascot, Wack the frog, a stuffed replica of Kermit from the Muppets, has been missing since Oct. 13. Says Main, "I cannot handle life without Wack. He was the target of all my _____ frustrations. I could punch and kick him, even pull off his eyes and shave his fur without getting thrown out of school."

Mickey Mallet, ex-picture girl (who wishes to remain anonymous) may have stolen Wack to keep Main from abusing him. "Look," she screams, "that guy does weird things to Wack with Exacto knives and darts. I wanted to save what was left of poor Wackikins."

Mallet's comments just lend support to the rumour that she and the frog are having a closet

relationship. This reporter saw the pair at Senior Frog's with cartoon star Art.

"It was just an innocent date," ranted Mallet.

The most recent unsubstantiated rumour states that Student Union's VP of Alcohol and Other Stuff, Fozzy Bear Card, is holding Wack captive and slowly torturing him to get back at Sicaro staff. The left arm of Wack dangles from Card's notorious Wall of Fame.

"Wack's southpaw was a gift from my buddy Yeffica," burped Card. "We burnt it off the frog on Oct. 13, but I haven't seen either the rest of Wack or a bathtub since."

Mallet still denies having what's left of Wack. "Get off my case," Mallet whined suspiciously, "I don't have Wack, but I'll pay a large reward for his return. I have been so lonely..."

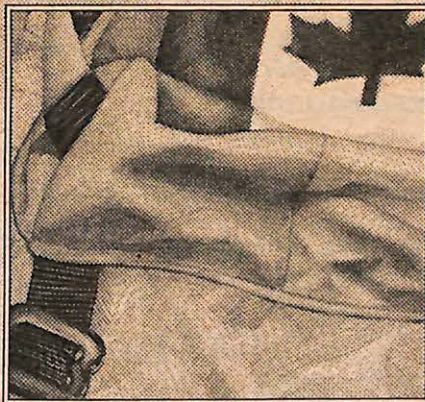
Main couldn't be reached at his sanitarium room for further comment.

THE *footloose* CANADIAN

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