

## Schmooze students now, not later

On Monday afternoon, Judy and I attended the "Official Launch of the 1994 Annual Fund" at President Howard Clark's house. Among the invited guests at the reception, hosted by Clark, his wife and Annual Fund Chairperson Dr. Ruth Goldbloom, there were vice-presidents, deans, board of governors, faculty, student politicians and other special guests.

Clad in our "business attire", we ate free food and drank free drinks and hob-knobbed with some of the most influential people at the university.

So what is the Annual Fund all about? Well, it's a fundraising campaign targeted towards, among other Dal supporters, Dal alumni, parents of current Dal students, and students in their graduating year — last year raising \$1.54 million.

The neat thing about the Annual Fund is that donors can direct their funds to a specific area of the university — towards the purchase of equipment in science labs or books for the library or even towards the running of a specific department or school.

Although a financial goal of \$1.555 million has been set, emphasis is being placed on participation rate goals. Out of 60,000 Dal alumni, the whereabouts of 45,000 are known. And out of those 45,000, only 8,500 donated to last year's Annual Fund. That's a participation rate of less than 20%.

I can't help but wonder whether or not this rate is attributed to the quality of time spent by a student while s/he is at Dal. After all, wouldn't an alumnus be more apt to donate to Dal if s/he had spent an enjoyable and memorable three or four (or more) years rather than if s/he had had a miserable or mediocre time here?

Although I am a student right now, I am also considered an alumnus. This past June, I attended my first alumni reception in Truro.

I would be threw out the invitation when I first received it. I figured that it almost be really boring and dry. But I couldn't help but wonder what actually goes on at these alumni receptions. This curiosity eventually got the better of me, and three friends and I ended up going.

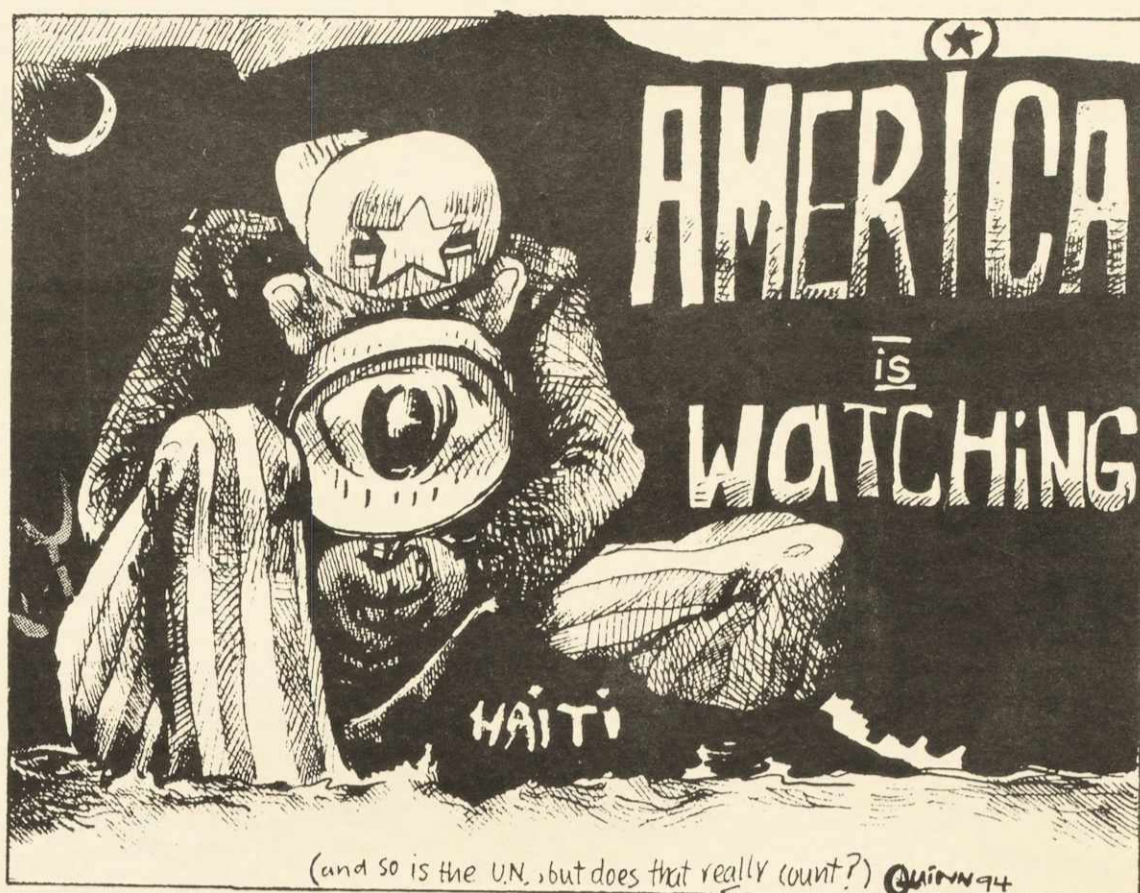
We originally planned on staying for half an hour — no more. We ended up not only having an OK time, but being among the last of the guests to leave. We met and chatted with a number of university officials, including Howard Clark himself. Some of our more lively conversations took place with older alumni who shared interesting stories with us. The evening turned out to be a nice time. It was a great opportunity to meet and talk to some of the people that work at this university and to people who have been here before us.

Maybe I'm too young or maybe it's just because I'm still a student, but I really don't feel particularly nostalgic towards my alma mater. A lot of this lack of nostalgic, warm-and-fuzzy feelings towards this institution can probably be accounted for by the fact that there is a general lack of school spirit here.

Why not have receptions for students while they're here? Why not have an awesome homecoming that targets both alumni and students? An investment of time, money and attention to students while they're students could be returned many-fold when these students have graduated and left the university.

Good alumni relationship development should begin while the future alumnus is a student — not after the student is no longer a student. The university should appreciate students while they're here and not after they've left. Schmoozing to them after they have reached alumni status may be too late.

Lilli Ju



## Under 19 blues

To the editor:

You're inevitably going to run into thousands of enthused and eager first year students that are looking to meet as many people at Dalhousie as possible. Realizing that we should make them feel as welcome as possible, it hurts my brain to try and figure out why we exclude them from many of the available activities in the Student Union Building.

My first and biggest peeve was back in first year, when I couldn't even enjoy a dinner in the Grawood because I was underage... "What, no dry stamp or something?" But, even at the turning-22-years-old point in my life, I have yet another annoyance thanks to the SUB. I get ID'd playing pool now! Lovely. I'm not annoyed that they ID'd me, so much as I'm annoyed that they changed the facilities so that they had to check my age. Of course, my Dalhousie student ID meant nothing - I have to carry that and my liquor ID every time I go to school. So, the big question is: Why? Why is the SUB gearing its facilities towards alcohol, and forgetting the huge underage population of Dalhousie?

I'm not just griping because I got carded... You see, it doesn't make good business sense to me. I remember back in first year that I had all this time to spend, so I spent lots of it in the games room. In fact, I remember that a huge number of first and second year (un-

derage) students would hang out in the pool room. I guess that's not going to happen too much longer. I spent a lot of time in the pool room before, and so did a lot of my buddies, and we realized that they didn't ask any of us what we thought of the changes. Know why? It wasn't the staff that had any input, but the Student Union. Drag eh? So, now we're stuck with this pool room that few people like, and even fewer people can use.

Just as a final pet peeve—the games room put coin-operated pool tables in, rather than charge by the hour like before. What implications does this have? Well, in short—good players aren't going to play there, because their skill means that they'll be paying more. Paying by the hour doesn't care how good you are, but now, once you've sunk all the balls, you have to feed the machine more money. As well, the students used to get a cheaper fee for using the pool tables than non-students... No more. Doesn't matter if you're a Dalhousie student, or a Myxian from Mars. I thought that my Sub fees would have guaranteed a few perks at the games room.

In any case, I'm sure I'll frequent the dark and pub-like pool room once in a while through my next year of school, but it's just not going to be the same. It's too bad that we have to rag on it this way, because really—it's irrevocable. Enough money has gone into it that the damage can't be undone.

Too bad really, because it was a fun spot. Now it just seems to be more of a money-making venture than anything

(and whether it will succeed or not remains to be seen).

Stay you in the ... Green room (or is that 19 and over too?)

Note: The pool room is open to underage before noon on weekdays.

Please don't complain to the friendly staff at the games room, since they're just doing their job. They do it really well, and the changes had nothing to do with them.

Steve Franklin

## DSU for all?

To the editor:

I would like to express my disagreement with the Corner Pocket's admission rules concerning minors. Since the renovation over the summer, they have decided that students under 19 not be admitted into the Corner Pocket presumably due to the sales of alcohol. Considering that this establishment is operated by the DSU, shouldn't all students be permitted to use the facility? Shouldn't alcohol be left to the Grawood? As a student who did not become 19 until my second year of University I would have found it appalling that services I am entitled to are being kept from me because the DSU wants to make some extra cash selling liquor.

Kevin Hayes

## A stranger in Canada

It's Wednesday afternoon and I'm looking down on a vast green land which will inevitably be my home for the next eight months. As the aeroplane touches down at Halifax Airport, my excitement dissolves into insecurity and acute depression.

I collect my luggage (which miraculously did not get lost—thank you, KLM!) and after going through immigration and security, move on to the arrivals foyer. I desperately look around for someone from Dal, but my hopes are dashed. The woman

at the information desk refers me to the CBIE desk... "What, no reception committee? No red carpet!?" The desk is empty. Somehow I'm not surprised. I bump into their representative, Sarah, on my way out. She's very sweet and helpful and I, in return, manage to talk the poor girl half to death.

We get into a taxi (just me and my forty-five thousand bits and pieces) and set off for Dalhousie University. The driver is very informative but I'm at a loss for words...

The scenery is amazing, but then again, Canada has forests several times bigger than Cyprus!

I eventually get to the SUB and try to look for a friendly face. I find not one, but several, both at the Enquiry Desk and at the International Students Centre. Everyone is very considerate and helpful, despite the fact that I'm being quite difficult, probably due to my severe lack of sleep (about eight hours in the past

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# the Gazette

Vol 127 No 4

September 22, 1994

### contributors

Mark Farmer  
Mike Davenport  
Mike Graham  
Eugenia Bayada  
Milton Howe  
Katrina Hurley  
Ryan Stanley  
Rod Nickel  
Lisa Lachance  
Kelly Morrissey  
Jennifer Hockey  
Sandra MacDonald  
Wayne Groszko  
Steve Tonner  
Joe Mirsky  
Joe Tratnik  
Jefferson Rappell  
Sam McCaig  
Sean Rooney  
John M. Place  
Rob Schurko  
Shannon MacAulay  
Julli Ju  
Carmen Tam  
Danielle Boudreau  
Iain Jardine

Ren Kah Tam  
Sean Sweet  
Feng Tan  
Jodi Gallagher  
Joanna Gutt  
Kevin Halfpenny  
Toby Moorsom  
James Beddington  
Jen Horsey  
Claire Campbell  
James Quinn  
James McCormick

### copy editor

Lilli Ju

### managing editor

Judy Reid

### distributor

Tara Hoag

### typesetter

Robert Currie

### ad/business manager

Jan Del Mar

494-6532 phone

494-1280 fax

Student Union Building, Dalhousie University  
6136 University Ave., Halifax, N.S., B3H 4J2  
(902) 494-2507/email GAZETTE@ac.dal.ca

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