

Over \$3000 raised

DSU hits jackpot for Phoenix House



Dal students gambling their money away for charity.

DALPHOTO: KENNETH KAM

by Lilli Ju

For the first time in four years, the Dalhousie Student Union's Charity Ball, Casino and Auction did better than just break even. By evening's end, over \$3,000 had been raised for Phoenix House, a long-term home for homeless youth.

"I was ecstatic," said Tori Douglas, DSU Vice-President Community Affairs. "Secretly, I wanted to raise \$2,000 or even \$1,000. I would've been happy just to have broken even. The event was a huge success."

For four years, the DSU has supported a different charity with this event. When asked how Phoenix House was chosen, Douglas said she was really impressed with the work they do. "I really thought it worthwhile. The DSU has supported charities dealing with women's issues, food banks, and literacy. This year, we wanted to pick something that hadn't been supported before."

As well, Douglas said she had read about Phoenix House in the news — especially the destruction by fire of 'Hell's Hotel', an abandoned building where homeless youths had been living.

The formal evening began with cocktails and a casino, which brought in over \$600. This was the first time a casino had been incorporated into the event. The Dalhousie Jazz Band set the atmosphere as people gambled away with play money — play money that would help increase their chances at a door prize.

The night continued with dinner prepared by Beaver Foods and a lively auction that raised about \$1,700. (The rest of the money was raised through ticket sales.) Participants were treated to an energetic and lively auctioneer, Kenny Parker, and his sidekick, Wayne. All items for the auction were donated, ranging from cheesecake and wine to weekends-for-two.

After all that, the climax of the evening was provided by Sandbox Legacy, a local band, which played both cover and original music for participants to dance the night away to. Some of the songs they played were off their new album, *Maskman*.

"They were great," said Douglas. "And they volunteered their time to play at the ball for free. Some people went just to see them and were requesting their material."

Behind the scenes and sober in residence

by Steve Tonner

In residence on Dalhousie campus, another world exists that non-res students may not know about. It's a world of fierce competition, extremely loud music, and pride.

Something everyone experiences when they move into residence for the first time is a feeling of dislocation. For most, it is their first time spending any extended period away from home. The feelings of being lost are, however, quickly replaced with a new feeling: pride in having found a new world.

Some of the things in this article will come as a great surprise to those who have never set foot in residence. To others, it will be familiar territory.

The Stereo Wars

The first thing a new residence dweller notices which is different from home is that during frosh week, there are no rules. This means loud music. Very loud music. Until about 4:00 in the morning, every night of the week. Closing your door doesn't help. Burying your head under the pillow doesn't help. Plugging your ears with cotton, and humming while in the shower doesn't help.

The only thing that will help is to try to drown the music out with your own. If your stereo is loudest, you win. If not, you might as well keep drinking and hanging out in the winner's room until things quiet down.

It's common to be subjected to loud music all day long during the early part of the year, when midterms and papers are few. In fact, some students' stereo equipment is so powerful, it looks like it belongs in a stadium. (One student had 200-watt speakers with a 600 watt sub woofer.) All this equipment is often packed into a room sized at 7.5 feet by 12.

Za

And then there's pizza.

Lo and behold — Pizza, or 'Za' as it's sometimes called in residence, is

looked at as both a saviour to those who missed their supper at the oh-so-delicate eatery that is the cafeteria, and as a social instrument.

To illustrate the point, consider the following, which is the typical scenario when it comes to ordering Za:

9:00 pm, your buddy comes knocking on your door and tells you that he's gotta eat or he'll die. Not wanting your friend to perish (who'd loan you his bike then?), you agree to partially sponsor the search for food. By 9:30, you've settled on which place to order from, and no blood has been drawn yet. Good sign.

By 9:40, you find the number of the place you 'agreed' on, and call it. The order is then placed, and you and your friend settle back to enjoy the short wait for the evening's culinary treat-in-a-box to arrive.

10:15, and you're starting to wonder if ordering a pizza was such a wonderful idea after all. With that, you get the phone call from the front desk. Za's here. Promptly race down 4 flights of stairs, run two miles to front desk, pay through nose.

Well, by now it's 10:20 and you're in either of your rooms, or the TV lounge, in a feeding frenzy. This is where it gets interesting. Soon after the pizza box is opened, vultures begin to hover around, wondering if you're going to drop the smallest morsel so they can swoop in for the kill. These aren't ordinary vultures, they're walking ones, with names like "Flounder" or "Dewar" (hi guys). Questions like "You gonna finish that?" and "Any crust left?" are common.

10:30. You're done the pizza, and are ready to finally swallow the eight pounds of food you just spent ten minutes stuffing into your mouth. That's when the vultures strike in earnest. In res, there's something everyone knows. When you order Za, you don't eat the crust. This is because the crust is what the vultures are waiting for. That's right. In res, people will fight over those hard lit-



Howe Hall resident Jason Nudent in his roomette.

PHOTO: LISA WAMBOLDT

tle doughy things. I've seen it. The strange thing about this is that, to me, it always seemed that the way crusts were revered in res was natural and everyone did this.

The reason I wanted to mention this is because I've been out of res for about a year now, and since then, when I'm eating Za (oops, that's Pizza now) with non-res folks, I still offer the crust to them. Now, in res this is the highest form of table manners conceivable. On the outside, though, the reaction to this is the questioning of my sanity.

Supremacy and Other Fun

After frosh week is over and classes start, people get a bit more serious. It's time to get down to the more important residence issues, like supremacy. This is a competition, running year-long between the various residence houses on campus. The events are cheer-offs for varsity sports, residence sports leagues, chess competitions — you name it. The winner of each event is recorded, and points go to the winner's house, to be totalled up at the end of the year to determine the final winner.

In residence, Supremacy is the Holy Grail.

Bob Pritchett, former President of Cameron house and current President-elect of Howe Hall, thinks of Supremacy as the chief method to get residents involved, and become proud of where they live.

"Supremacy drives the [residence] house. To the individual, who isn't here solely for academic reasons, it consumes them," said Pritchett.

"Ted", a resident in Howe Hall, describes the importance of Supremacy.

"Basically, it's who comes out on top. Which house is more dedicated to enhancing the excitement of living in res."

And there is plenty of excitement. Recently, Cameron house has been holding what it calls the Assassination Game where players draw photocopies of a fellow resident's meal card — showing the person's photo and name — out of a hat. The mission is then to 'assassinate' that person. Your intended victim is fair game anywhere in Halifax, except in residence, which is a safe zone. The weapons of choice are usually water

guns, with Super Soakers preferred by many players.

These and other activities are geared towards bringing residents together, and allowing them to get to know some of the five hundred people they live with.

Bad Reputation

Despite the reputation residence has been getting lately, with complaints of cruel treatment of first-year students during frosh week and the like, Pritchett maintains that many good things do come out of res.

"Living in res gives a sense of community. We have everything right here. Sports facilities, laundry, even our own government — right in residence. If a story comes out about res, it's always bad. It's easy to generalize and say that residents are partyers who don't do anything, but lots of good things come out of res. We've donated to lots of charities this year."

Pritchett also describes residence as a "support network" for first-year students, who may not be familiar with life on their own and need a little help getting around.