



ITEM: THE GRAWOOD IS MISSING \$30,000 OF ALCOHOL.

editorial

Wondering about winter

Awesomely uninspired to write about anything interesting in our editorial this week, we have decided to revert to every Canadian's favourite conversational standby, the weather.

How about that snow, eh?

Well, it's been fun. Watching those first tender flakes wafting to the frozen ground is something that, when it finally happens, is a welcome sight that brings back tender memories of youth. Even now, all that potential for skiing and snow forts and snowballs is something to regard with excited expectation.

But, at this point, the novelty has worn off. The thought that there will be nothing alive and green outside for another three or four months is just not impressive. The thought that heat is going to be more costly than rent until May is disgusting.

Why do we live here? This holiday revealed a place, a mere seven hours away on our modern airplanes, where "winter" temperatures rarely dip below freezing, a place which suffers only with copious amounts of rain, and is still in Canada. And hey, there are mountains in B.C. too, so skiing is still an option. But alas, home is here.

Looking out over the campus, one catches the pathetic sight of students gripping their threadbare jackets around them, faces nestled in their collars as they trek from class to class. And from this vantage point, it is possible to laugh at those poor souls with chapped lips and blue hands trying to shake some life into back their frozen walkmans.

Then the time comes to venture out into the frozen wasteland. The mere thought of what is involved in going to a place with a patch of outside between here and there just sends shivers down the spine. Running over the tundra from building to building in an attempt to evade the polar bears that try to crush us, and the arctic foxes that nip at our extremities — or was that a taxicab and a bit of frostbite? — whatever it is, it is a

Canadian Hell like no other.

So why do we do it? Why do we put up with the day-to-day aggravations of the biting cold and clinging long johns? What glory is there in arthritic joints and ice-induced free-falls?

For starters, schools in Tampa don't have snow days. A couple of flakes is a small sacrifice for a day off school when you're ten years old. Not to mention if there was a test or presentation scheduled for that day. However, there rarely are snow days for university students. Winter has done nothing for me lately, you might think.

I disagree. For starters, people treat blackouts like the plague. We all "hate" them, yet we're always talking about them and trying to outdo each other with our horror stories of being stranded. What's wrong with a fireplace and a bunch of candles? What's wrong with an evening of conversation instead of a repeat of Melrose Place?

Secondly, winter hardships

make us appreciate the arrival of spring. We marvel at the buds on trees, the return of the robin, the boxing of scarves, and the knowledge that summer is next. Hell, we rejoice at the sight of green grass.

Also, if every month were June, it would be pretty boring around these parts. Sure, it'd be fun for a while, but then we'd start to take things for granted. Like, coming into a house after a long walk wouldn't be a big deal if it was always twenty degrees. But, when it's twenty below and every step feels like it might be your last, you appreciate the warmth of somebody's house. Surviving winter's best shots is a rush. In prehistoric times, home was where the heat was — everyone stuck close to the fire in times of trouble. It's reassuring to know that despite all of our technological advances, we are still battling the same elements that challenged our forefathers. And they didn't have Gor-Tex.

SAM MCCAIG & JEN HORSEY

opinion

More than entrenched

In the light of the referendum, and, listening intently in class, it struck me that we've gone to extensive effort to legislate equality in Canada. Humanists still claim "little by little every day, we're getting better in every way" AND according to the United Nations, our country has the highest living standards. We're considered front-runners in advancing human rights globally, sending experts to third world nations to help them become "developed" like us.

I watched a documentary about sexual harassment in Canadian junior high schools. The report stated that one out of every four Canadian women will be sexually assaulted in some form during their lives. I watched as junior high boys casually called

girls "bitch," "ho," and "fat slut." The show's experts were obviously concerned, but I simultaneously recalled sitting in the Green Room, SUB cafeteria, and walking to class hearing the same words roll off tongues like female officially meant "bitch."

I talked to a new friend a couple of weeks ago, and he told me about the hatred he faces as a homosexual. It opened my eyes to the pain I cause when I flippantly use words like "gay" and "faggot." I guess I thought because homosexuals were homosexual, they weren't "real people." I'm sorry for my ignorant attitude — I'm trying to be honest.

I work at the pool, and I think I get along with everyone there. I

...cont'd on next page

letters

Smokers' Rights

To the Gazette:

As a SMU (and formerly MSVU) refugee driven to the Dal SUB cafeteria to indulge in a smoke while studying over the last few years, I am annoyed to find the anti-smoking "witch hunt" is now in full flame here at Dal.

I'm not going to go into the fact that the various businesses in the SUB benefit from the large smoking minority drawn to the one place where they can light up — the cafeteria would almost be empty in the evenings without smoking clientele. No, I won't go into all that. I will say that smokers at Dal should not be apathetic in the face of Dave Cox's raiders. Yes, let's hunt — the buck stops with Cox at the head of his little "elected" band of power brokers who would better serve you elsewhere.

Any response, Dal smokers? Or are you sleeping with Dave Cox's foot stuck in your groin? I wonder if these people are going to seek reelection?

SMU student

Bear with us

To the Gazette

This letter is in response to Raeb Revol's article "Twice nothing is still nothing" (December 7 issue of the Gazette) which contained certain slanderous comments regarding the stamping of the \$2 coin at the Royal Canadian Mint in Winnipeg.

In the article the author states:

"...we'll treat the \$2 coin's birthplace as a regrettable mistake." We simply cannot understand why he would have made such a malicious and simple-minded statement. Had he done his homework, he may have realized that Churchill, Manitoba is the polar bear capital of the world. Every fall thousands of polar bears congregate along the shores of Hudson's Bay near Churchill. What better place to manufacture a coin with "...a big ol' polar bear that's roaming around on the ice floe..." than Manitoba?

The author further states: "...if it was the loonie that they were stamping in Winnipeg, we could take that premise and run with it." Once again, we are at a loss. Are we to assume that since there are loons in Manitoba, this justifies the manufacture of the "loonie" in Manitoba? Perhaps, he is referring to the fact that Manitobans are mentally challenged (?). We certainly hope he would not be so foolish as to make such an absurd statement.

Based on Raeb Revol's statements we can only assume that he believes the new \$2 coin should have been minted in some other city (a new mint in Halifax, for example?). However, had he consulted a map, he might also have realized that Winnipeg is at the geographic centre of Canada. Therefore, the stamping of the \$2 coin at the Royal Canadian Mint in Winnipeg not only makes symbolic sense, but economic sense as well.

The only "regrettable mistake" we can detect is Raeb Revol's decision to publicly voice his spiteful attitude toward a fine Canadian city such as Winnipeg. In the future we would ask that Raeb Revol give his opinions at least a modicum of thought before putting pen to paper.

Proud Manitobans

Neil R Banerjee, Scott D. Anderson & Trent A. Rehill

SUNS Sets

To the Gazette:

A friend in Halifax recently sent me a copy of the Gazette announcing the planned withdrawal of the DSU from the Students' Union of Nova Scotia. This news comes with surprise and sadness as Dalhousie students have traditionally served important leadership roles in SUNS. With transfer payments being reduced by the federal government and the imminent rationalization of university courses and services in the province, it is more important than ever to have a strong voice for all students across the province. It is my hope that the end of SUNS at Dalhousie may only be a temporary exercise in poor judgment.

Dr. James LeBlanc (B.Sc. '86)
Chair of SUNS 1984-85

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