opinions

"Swarmarama" lacking in spit 'n' polish

Walkingdown Spring Garden Road last Thursday afternoon was like strolling down a rifle range — only you wouldn't get hit as often.

If you were like me, one of the unfortunate downtown shopper/victims, who had to walk the stretch of cement running between Barrington and Robie Streets, you will know that I speak of the Frosh Week tradition called Shinerama.

When the concept of raising money for a charitable organization (the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation) was first conceived at Canadian universities, the idea of shining shoes to help fill the charity coffer made sense. The event combined a social conscience with that

of social interaction. Students could get out in the community and show both the public and potential employers that young people were substantial and hard-working. In this lies the key reasons why the shine has dulled on a once-successful event.

A blurb from an orientation week schedule read, "Come help in the battle against Cystic Fibrosis... all frosh and frosh leaders hit the street to shine anything they can get their hands on..."

Not being ones to turn up their noses at something to shine, the participating students must have noticed alack of spit-and-shine footwear. With today's changing lifestyles, the fitness and environmental crazes and of course

the economically endangered businessperson, structured leather footwear just isn't happening.

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Yes, I've heard of the Doc Martin! The point is that the shining frosh are turning into grimy nuisances. At everystreet corner, passersby were confronted by a gang of matching, multicoloured, t-shirt-clad youths more often demanding money that expressing their eagerness to shine something. If it's beginning to sound a bit like one of this summer's swarmings, you wouldn't be too far off.

Universities are putting their best and brightest young minds on the streets to compete alongside seasoned changebeggars. What was once the Student Union's public relations charm has now vexed itself into nothing more than begging rights. It is as if we are trying to convey a message of impending doom to our frosh, that what lies ahead is a life dependent upon others' generosity. As the women who happened along the same path as I was taking said, "It's a little much!"

But the integrity of our youth can be salvaged. We can go back to the drawing board and come up with new methods of welcoming our future frosh into a higher education environment.

For example, frosh leaders, using what they have learned from past business courses, could take their frosh groups to big business and give

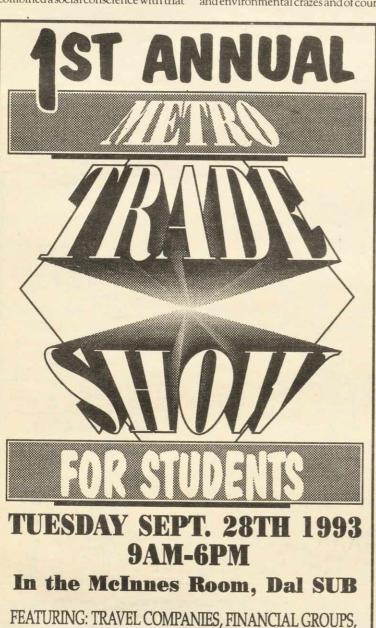
an intelligent presentation on the income tax advantages to corporations who make sizable donations to registered charity organizations.

Sound flaky?

Is it any worse than seeing a two hundred pound frosh confront a timid, elderly lady on her way to catch a bus, desperately rifling through her purse trying to find change, so as to get the hulking brute out of her way?

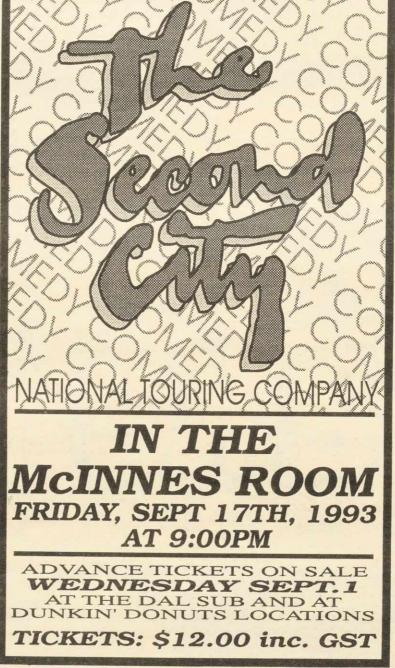
Simply put, raise the funds, lower the harassment.

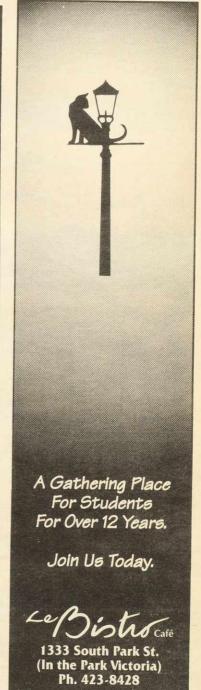
Andrew Wallace



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Invitation to the Dalhousie Community

YOU ARE INVITED to a meeting about the future of Dalhousie University. The recommendations of the Budget Advisory Committee for the period 1994 to 1997 will be presented. President Howard Clark will respond to the committee's recommendations and describe the measures he will propose to the governing bodies of the university to enable Dalhousie to serve the Maritime region in the 21st century as a leader among Canadian universities.

Wednesday, Sept. 22, 11:45 a.m. to 1:15 p.m. The Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, Dalhousie Arts Centre