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"WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH..."

C100 **THE TOUGH GO SHOPPING**

Commentary

Tales my parents told me

by Douglas C. Merrett

Ever since I was a child, it seemed that the ideal to work toward, ingrained into me from birth by "mum" and "dad", was to finish high school and go on to college. The goal was pressed with such gusto that eventually I found myself agreeing that it was the best thing to do. I was further convinced when my father explained that the choice was entirely my own. I could, he said, go to college and truly make my family proud, or shave my head and become a Buddhist monk. Having not realized before the dire consequences that resulted from a wrong decision, I quickly set about acquiring the proper forms for admission. I applied to Dal with whirling thoughts of Ph.D.'s and relativity flashing through my head. Then, the commitment made, my admittedly Provincial Parents changed their tune....

"Look out for the loose women! Don't walk the streets at night! Don't forget to pack your collapsible MIG-35 automatic sub-machine gun!"

My head was suddenly being filled with thoughts of horror and my sleep shattered by violent nightmares filled with sex, drugs, all-night boozers and other examples of pending delinquency.

absolutely no WAY I was going to miss attending university. Who could pass up a chance like this? After all, I was starting to be noticed in the modest-sized middle-class village in which I had been sired. As I walked down the road,

little old ladies on their verandas would point and whisper to each other. "There goes the neighbour's son, he's going to go to UNIVERSITY!" Then there would be the sharp intake of breath and exchange of knowing glances as they nodded and firmly vowed to tell their daughters to STAY AWAY from HIM. My impending corruption not even merely a possibility but a sealed fate, like death and taxes.

Well, needless to say, when I finally arrived for my first day of classes, I firmly believed that during my walk to the campus I would be mugged, sexually assaulted and forced to witness a human sacrifice, in that order. Within my modest off-campus room I grimly set my teeth and prepared for the inevitable. Over my undersuit of chain mail I dressed myself to look inconspicuous in a crowd. Then, with the reverence due such a moment, like a samurai receiving his two swords, I slowly sheathed my MIG, cunningly disguised as one of the accessories on my Swiss army knife. Then, a look of determination on my face, I stepped out into the street. After a number of narrow escapes and narrower misses, I changed my mind and stepped onto the sidewalk.

Quickly I left from the shelter of one building to another, never making myself an easy target, never dropping my guard for a moment. Then, suddenly, out of nowhere, a dangerous-looking old lady approached me with a grimace of evil malice inscribed on her face.

I fumbled quickly at my side.

Spoon, saw, corkscrew, oh damn, where is it? But then, to my amazement, she passed me by.

Needless to say, it was a narrow escape.

Then I finally arrived at the university, having taken three buses, two cabs and doubling back twice. I entered the hallowed halls of higher learning, amazed that I was still in one piece. It was then that I entered the all-important First Class Of The Year.

Once the class was finished, I had begun to relax. I hadn't removed the chain mail yet, but I was relaxing. After the day was complete and I had returned, safe and whole, to my room, morality bruised but intact, I began to ponder what had gone amiss. Most of the people I had met were friendly, courteous, a few were even human. The staff was efficient, willing to help, and generally I was impressed. Nothing untoward had happened, no killings or maulings, angry mobs or anything even slightly resembling a House of Commons debate. But my parents? Of course, they would have been drawing on personal experience, and when my parents were my age, times were different. Suddenly the respect I had for my parents increased ten-fold, to think they survived all that! It made me wonder just what my parents had been like Way Back Then. My suspicions mounted, especially after I remembered that the Swiss army knife cum MIG had been given to me by my mother...It's eleven o'clock Halifax, do you know where your parents are?

News

CKDU, and who's going to do what

by D.G. Campbell

Despite all efforts by student council and CKDU's station manager Derrick Daniels, Dalhousie's student radio station seems living Murphy's Law: Whatever can go wrong, will go wrong.

Last year Peter Rans and John Russell were elected president and vice-president of Dal student council on the campaign promise that a good student radio would be established.

To achieve this goal Rans said they would "finance an independent, extensive third-party study on what is involved in going either AM or FM, taking a good look at the present equipment and formulating a sound proposal on what should be done."

Last week, Rans said he is frustrated with the little progress made so far in initiating a study.

"The study should have begun by now. The students realize that CKDU is useless if it only broadcasts to the Student Union Building.

"We have been fighting over

whose responsibility it is to get this thing off the ground and if they don't settle this soon there will be an attempt to close the station down," he said.

Rans explained that the first priority of the station is to be heard by the students and that they will never be convinced the money spent on the station is worthwhile unless this happens.

Rans said station manager Derrick Daniels should begin the work to get the study off the ground and says his responsibilities as president keep him from getting the job done.

Daniels disagrees with Rans and said the study should be initiated by the stations board of governors.

He admitted that the study was necessary but was not enthusiastic about the cost involved.

"Something like this will be very costly and I don't want to take too much money away from council. We are having some technical problems now with transmitters at Fenwick Towers and Howe Hall and

we feel our money should be spend on getting these things fixed.

"As for the additional costs of this study, I don't know where we will get the money from," he said.

Student council vice president John Russell, also a member of CKDU's board of governors, said Daniels should be responsible for the study and that student council "is very willing to be as cooperative as possible with helping CKDU."

Russell said there has been a problem with organizing a direct meeting with student council, Daniels and the station's board of governors because of the resignation of former station manager Mike Wile as chairman of the board of governors, but he hopes this will be straightened out in the near future.

"We are going to have to sit down as a group and straighten this whole mess out," Russell said. "The whole affair has been complicated even more by rumours of (CKDU) intentions to become AM rather than FM as was originally intended."