\mathbf{Q} uality of life. The phrase has been kicking around in my head for a while, and giving me reason to

At the time of Canadian confederation Nova Scotia was the fourth largest (by volume of trade) trading nation in the world. Steam took over from sailing ships and this part of the world was left behind. Since then gold mines and oil wells have built up false hopes of economic prosperity from time to time, but we never seem to have enough of anything to do more than get excited. Now the mainstay of many of our local economies, fishing, looks as if it might soon collapse. I hope not but, what happens if it does?

I find myself wondering what keeps people here if there is so little opportunity. For me it must be more than the fact that my family has lived here for 250 years that continually brings me back to Halifax. I guess it must be the people and the way they treat each other. Life may sometimes be slower than in other cities, and it's definitely aggravating to have people know your every move, but it's nice to know they care.

In fact, I don't think that this place could've developed quite this way if it had had to deal with extended economic prosperity. People would definitely have been too busy to care what each other was doing.

I wonder what would've happened if somebody had found a major amount of oil right in the middle of Halifax harbour. Maybe a large oil company would've come in and spent billions of dollars building a huge towering platform in the middle of the harbour and paying workers copious amounts to operate it.

In a very short time a lot of people's incomes would have gone way up. This city would've been on its way. The money would change hands endlessly and everyone would've prospered.

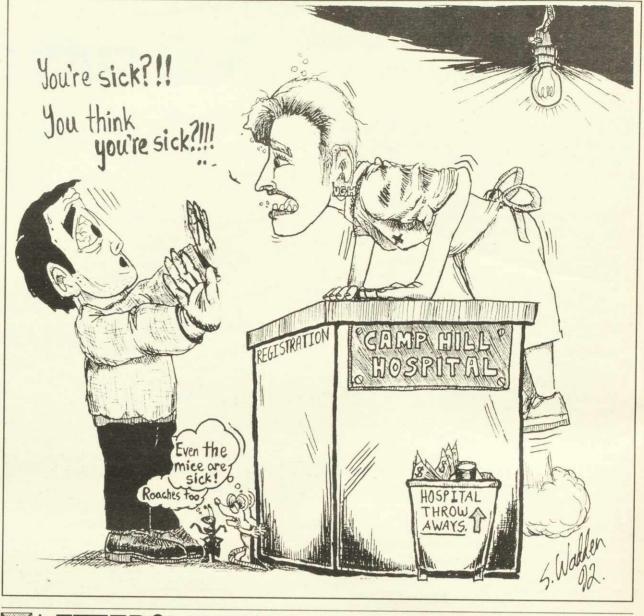
It seems hard to imagine that a bonanza of this size it would eventually have to come to an end, but it would. Maybe over something as simple as a miscalculation of the size of the oil field, but it would end sooner or later.

Once people's incomes started falling off they might have had a hard time going back to their previous way of life. That would probably have caused a lot of problems for a lot of people.

Who knows, if the company were powerful and ruthless enough, we might even end up with a concrete drilling platform in the middle of our harbour to remind us for all time what it was like for that short time when we were prosperous. If we had no voice we might not even have been able to make them clean up their mess.

I'm glad that didn't happen. Still, I have to wonder how the Cree of James Bay feel.

Jerry West



The Dalhousie Gazette welcomes letters to the editor. Letters should not exceed 300 words in length and should be typed and double-spaced. The deadline for letters is Friday noon before publication. Letters may be submitted on Mac or IBM-compatible 3.5" disk.

Criticizing criticism

To the editors: It is with annoyance that I

have seen an onslaught of condemnation recently against Mr. Costain in the opinion column in the Gazette. I cannot believe how judgemental people have been in placing a label on him. Can it be that these so called adults in our community at Dal are so bloody childish that as to pick apart his simple criticism of an offensive cartoon in the paper, to create a characterization of Mr. Costain which is so biased choice, proclaimancy, personal freedom and the general underdog. Why don't you people try to read what he had written? For Christ's sake people, if you are unwilling to accept criticism of your actions how can you so self-righteously condemn Mr. Costain for expressing his views in the exact same methods that you entertain?

As for offensive cartoons, I must complain about one in our Valentines edition which depicted two people having oral sex with each other. Please refrain from publishing these images in your paper again. Really, I find these pictures of

such activities, regardless of being heterosexual or homosexual sex, not in particularly good taste to present to the general public. If you wish to present information on such topics, does it require an ever-so-nicely drawn border of fellatio surrounding the article? (yes)

In closing, I would like to point out that people are supposed to mature to socially adept adults in university. I really hope that these whining children can reach that by the time they graduate. Really now! Inferring racism and anti-women tendencies in Mr. Costain is pathetic. Grow up you squealing brats!

Chris Barnes

Crititiquing Costain

To the editors:

This letter is in response to Darren Costain's letter which appeared in a recent issue of the Gazette. I am shocked at the treatment that he has received. Mr. Costain wrote a letter with an understandable opinion, yet people like Mr. Stacey write unsubstantiated claims about Mr. Costain's beliefs. Where he finds such weak kneed, simpleton claims

I fear I will never know. I sincerely doubt that Mr. Costain has any links to a racist organization like the KKK, or has any hatred towards women. People like you that pass judgement like this on someone, only add to the hatred and fear that the homosexual population now experiences. Instead of trying to heal the wound you make the cut deeper. It appears to me that whenever a person writes in your publication with a view like Mr. Costain's their solution is not to educate, but to attempt to demean and humiliate a person's character.

Michael J. Cooper

Cuba visit no vacation

To the editors:

The following is a warning to next year's Spring Break travellers: avoid Proto Tours at all costs. Signs posted around campus this year for an affordable trip to Cuba enticed us to sign up (enlist is more like it) for a week of fun in the sun. Little did we know the dismal conditions we would be enduring.

From the very first we should have known to turn

around and run for home. The trip was supposed to run from Monday 17 to Monday 24, but Proto Tours first juggled the date back one day, then ahead one so we left and returned Tuesday. Considering that we only learned of the change after classes were over, just days before leaving, we were annoyed to have to miss a second day of classes. The next warning sign foreshadowing disaster occurred at the Halifax airport. The flight was delayed five hours, making us land in Cuba quite late and not actually reaching our "resort" (we use the term loosely) until 1 a.m., where our pre-paid dinner was not waiting. Instead we bought pizza and stood gaping at the pathetic surroundings that would be our home for the next week.

In short, our cabanas, which were supposed to be domes of culture and rest, were flea-infested, scorpion, cockroach, and termite ridden hovels that resembled garden sheds. Each morning and evening brought a-buffet identical to that of the previous meal. We did not expect Club Med, but variety is not only the spice of life, it prevents diarrhea. There are so many more things we could add

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announcements is noon on Friday before publication. (Thursday of each week). Submissions may be left a the SUB Enquiry Desk c/o The Gazette. • Commen tary should not exceed 500 words. Letters should not exceed 300 words. No unsigned material will be accepted, but anonymity may be granted upon request. • Advertising copy deadline is noon Monday

before publication. . The Gazette offices are located on the third floor of the SUB. Come up and have a coffee and tell us what's going on. • The views expressed in The Gazette are not necessarily those of the Students' Union, the editors or the collective staff. .

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