

Good morning, Frosh

Often, after working laboriously on an edition of the Gazette, we can see day break through the window of our office on the third floor of the SUB, which by some psychological influence, leaves us feeling tired and grumpy. In contrast, the typewriters, with their monotonous melody, surround us in a shroud of indescribable silence, while all thought travels out from our eyes, like two parallel lines, onto one keyboard of the electric typewriters, which seem to dance in anarchy. The editing room with its horrible yellow paint seems to turn as white as the sleepy faces of all of us in it.

However, not everything turns white as though painted by White Out. Once a year there is a brightly coloured morning, an accomplice to a concert of voi-

ces, heard throughout the university campus, saying "Good morning" to the trees, and to anything else that these fledglings happen to meet on the way. These are the new students going out on their first morning to get to know the places where they will study, where they will live for a good part of the year and where they will live out another type of story; where their new knowledge will both crown them and punish them.

Hundreds and hundreds of them stopped in from of the SUB, and, as if saluting a goddess out of spacial mythology, they knelt and chorused "Good morning, SUB". All of us, shaken out of mechanical concentration, broke dormancy, waved at them through the windows to say hello, and to surprise them with the enthusiasm

which they excited in us. Others, however, played leapfrog before greeting the SUB, the place where students hold certain rights, and try to keep those that they have.

They continued passing in front of us, more and more of them, holding hands in a long procession, until they disappeared out of sight, into the foliage of the branches, like the sun sinking into the bed of the sea, until it touches the roots, the daughters of submerged firmament.

All the happiness and the real student-like show that they put on for us left us certain that the spirit of unity and participation is something concrete which only needs to be channelled through programmes which capture the interest of every participant of this big garrison we

call Dalhousie University, where anyone can be a general since weapons are provided, left hanging in the libraries.

The night was gone, dawn arrived, the human birds had left along with the frogs and their songs. We were all left with a feeling of happiness and with

the smoke seeping out of the machines as they melted down the paper, which had taken back its original colour, like everything else.

Elias Letelier-Ruz
translated from Spanish by
Jane Davies

Tramping the housing street blues

by Laura May

Trying to find a habitable place to lay one's head in Halifax is almost next to impossible. For a student on a budget, rent is outrageous even compared to Calgary or Toronto and I wonder how anyone could live in some of the rat holes that are vacant.

My acceptance to Dal was late - I had less than a week to change my life for the next two years. I arrived in Halifax lost, without a map and not knowing anyone. Although the people in Halifax are friendly and willing to tell you what bus to take and to give directions, landlords have an aversion to letting students through the front door.

The problem between landlords and students is the same in any university/college city. Landlords expect students to keep the noise low, to keep the apartment in good condition and to pay

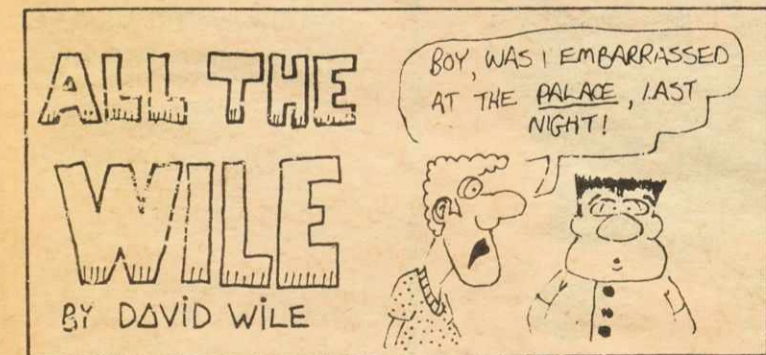
rent on time (and until the end of the lease). But students go wild after one intense week of studying and six exams so they tend to unintentionally damage property. Most students are on a strict budget and are lucky if they get three meals a day.

Despite their differences I have never seen such a housing shortage. Things are so bad that I have heard horror stories of students bidding for apartments, of line-ups just to view a place and of landlords demanding \$100 from each prospective tenant before choosing one to give the apartment to. One landlord wanted me to get a working person who lives in Halifax to co-sign the lease. Since I didn't know anyone in the city, I didn't have a chance.

Knowing where to begin a search for accommodations is a

chore if you don't know the "right" areas to live in. The newspaper lists only a handful of places which are usually taken before the paper is printed. A rental agency provides little assistance for a fee with no guarantees. The ladies in the housing office are always friendly and helpful (free city maps and the use of a phone) but accommodations are often taken within minutes of being pinned on the board.

The most effective and most tiring way to find a place is to walk the streets of Halifax and knock on doors. Be prepared for a lot of rejection and for doors slammed in your face as soon as you mention you're a student but just remember that a landlord is just as anxious to rent his place and get money as you are to find a place to call home.



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ANN MADER

Headquarters Hairstyling is pleased to announce the addition of Ann Mader, formerly of the Cutting Factory, to their staff. Ann, who has 5 years experience, invites all her former clientele and friends, as well as new ones, to join her at her new location. Just a reminder that Ann cuts children's hair and that free parking is offered at the Maritime Centre Parkade

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