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Robin's Donuts Student Union Building and Life Sciences Building

Career classes

continued from page 1

essay and not midterms," Hutchins said. "[It's] a process of gaining knowledge of yourself... to be tested on this would take away from the point of the class."

The course is targeted for arts and social science students, but a few science students and one kinesiology student are enrolled.

The other new class, Group Leadership Skills in Career Development, is a full-credit third-year course that began in September.

Approximately 22 students are in the class, and they learn the theory and research behind career development, leadership, mentoring, and group dynamics.

Larisa Hausmanis is in the third-year class and is a mentor for the first-year class. She says the classes are about personal

reflection.

"Students assume that a degree will get you where you want to be, but a career portfolio shows what you are good at and helps you show others that you are good at it," she said.

"If anyone thinks this is a bird course, that is a person who does not know what they want."

And even though the course is unlike most others offered at university Hausmanis also thinks the class is important.

"How does a course like this fit into academia? It is not directly related to the course curriculum of any faculty, but it is relevant for anyone making the transition from university to the real world."

And just because the course is pass/fail does not mean students take the course lightly.

Especially Claire Rafferty. "If anyone thinks this is a bird course, that is a person who does not know what they want. They are missing an opportunity to find out about life, not just your career."

Garage sale

continued from page 1

a nice, relaxed atmosphere and the bidding was pretty friendly, except for a middle-aged walkman-hawk who outbid me four times on four different walkmans. Twice by only a dollar.

Portable tape players, watches, calculators, bikes and clothes were the bulk of trinkets available at the auction, but there were a couple of intriguing items up for grabs.

Topping the list was a curious, if vicious, rusted posthole setter (read: a big iron spike) that was apparently forgotten after a hasty column erection somewhere on campus.

Where the hell do they find this stuff?

Hungry for a tale wrought with eerie images and sketchy characters — a strange discovery in the basement of the chemistry building by a lone custodian as he swept up late one night — I was a tad disappointed by security operations co-ordinator Peter Brown's response.

"The items are usually just collected in the SUB... dropped-off; box at a time, just like lost and found bins. Nothing crazy."

His passion could scarcely be heard over the breaking of my heart.

In the end though, even Brown profited. He bought two leather bomber jackets in a row. Ten bucks.

But when he told the crowd his wife's birthday was coming up, the jackets weren't the only things that came off looking cheap.

"Oh, you're a real catch!" someone yelled from the audience.

While the articles may not be accompanied by a romantic story

of discovery, one couldn't help but wonder what kind of heathen would cast away items like a pink CCM ladies road bike circa 1972, rusted, with a broken chain and only one wheel?

Amid the bidding and consuming there was a glue that held the audience happily melded with the auctioneers — the auctioneer, Phil O'Hara. The professor was a splendid orator, whose charismatic and enthralling voice was like a soothing rain.

But O'Hara was quick to point out that while talented, his voice was more a product of training that focused on stretching, toning and amplifying.

"Yeah, I trained for three weeks," he said.

For an event that cried out "student budget", it was mostly older folk that seemed to realize the auction's potential.

One excited buyer, Kathy Horne, was delighted to take home the unofficial prize for most items bought — including backpacks, clothes, jackets, jewellery, and watches.

"I have teenagers at home," she rationalized. "And I just wanted the calculator!"

But happy customers weren't in short supply.

After a couple of tries, Dal student Gary Dixon finally landed himself a functional mountain bike.

He was elated.

"I'm going to Sackville!" he cried.

All and all more than \$1,000 was raised, with all profits donated to the Dalhousie scholarship and bursary fund.

Kinda like winning twice.

As I left the auction, with my three dollar orange hazard light (that doesn't work) happily in tow, I was struck by the question: where the hell were you?

Git nekked

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