

ARTS

Food for the spartan in everyone

BY BOB LEAN

I ADMIT FOOD ISN'T my forté. If I could avoid it altogether I probably would. There's just too many things to get done in a day, etc. But when the cramps set in I know where to go - The Spartan on Quinpool Road.

FOOD

Spartan Restaurant
Quinpool Road

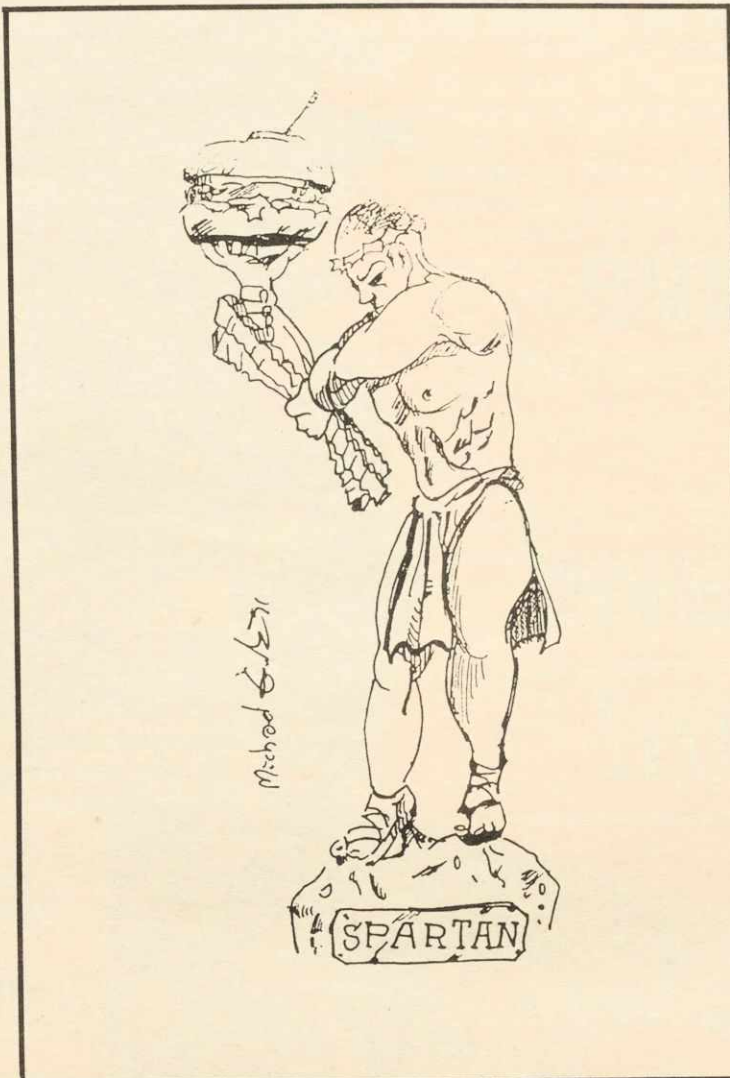
Take last week: I was walking down Quinpool in search of diversion when all of a sudden my stomach commenced to tighten and flip flop like a squirrel in a washing machine. I'm doubled over standing on the sidewalk and cursing that muffin I ate nine hours ago. In a blind haze I stagger past the Colonel's and MacDonald's, but Big Macs and 11 secret spices just don't appeal. I'm really getting desperate and thinking my only option is Oxford Theatre popcorn when there it is - the faded facade of the Spartan Restaurant.

The sign is music to my eyes, I hope they never re-paint it. "Spartan" - just what I want in a meal when survival is more important than cuisine. Like many of the charming, humble eateries in Halifax, The Spartan is a totally unpre-

tentious place run by a family which still speaks Greek within the restaurant.

Plunking myself down in the first booth I of course order the special - grilled haddock, fries and cole slaw (no time to ponder a menu when death is around the corner). Peter, the cook, is perched high atop the wait station, eyeing you as you wait for the food. I'm sure, when he's not too busy, he checks you out to see if you're a little too scrawny (I am) and "maybe ya need a few extra fries or a little more cole in your slaw." Anyway, he whips up the staples and she's back with your food in no time, calling you dear and everything. You've just had time to scan the *Chronicle-Herald* and found out that in world-terms, Canada isn't even big enough to have a reputable publishing industry - who writes this stuff, anyway!?

The food is great. The haddock slides down my throat quelling the squirrel for another 7-8 hour period. I even go overboard and have a piece of pie. The best apple I've tasted in eons. The tea is nice as it warms your belly and perks you up. Smiling, you leave a loonie, grab a toothpick, drop \$6 (cheap) on the counter and scam - restaurants are a scream.



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New debaters in demand

BY GAZETTE STAFF

SODALES: noun, from the Latin, meaning: 1. the brotherhood; 2. college of priests; 3. conspirators; 4. assassins.

Sodales, the Dalhousie University debating society, will host its annual novice tournament during the weekend of October 4-6 to introduce its junior members to the experience of public speaking.

Sodales serves two major groups of students. The first are those with some speaking experience and an interest in competitive debate. The second are those who have limited, if any, experience speaking in public.

Sodales won the 1990 National

Championships and placed second in 1991. They have been the Atlantic Champions for the past five years, and they placed second in the 1991 World Debate Championships.

**committed
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During the coming year they will send debaters to tournaments in

Dublin, London, Sydney, Montreal, Toronto and Fredricton.

They are committed to coaching interested debaters at all skill levels. The society meets each week at 7:30 in the Council chambers on the second floor of the SUB. Educators at the meetings provide many opportunities for members to learn new techniques of public speaking and oral advocacy.

Sodales operates under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. They are funded by the John Grant trust fund, created in 1990 by the family of a Halifax lawyer. They also receive some corporate sponsorship from Imperial Oil and Scotsburn Dairies.



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