

The are things known, and there are things unknown.

In between, in that netherzone of metafact, there is the Gazette.

Join Us.

What are we remembering?

Monday is the 11th, Remembrance Day, or, as it is better understood by most, Poppy Day. Woo hoo, we get a day off from the drudgery of day to day classes, a long weekend for a change. How nice.

I was talking to some friends who were most excited about the fact that there was an extra party night available to them. I got the distinct impression that they will not have risen from their alcohol induced comas, come 11:11 a.m.

You might be asking yourselves what is going to happen at 11:11 a.m., and if you are, you must have grown up under a rock. On the 11th minute of the 11th hour of the 11th day of the

11th month of every year, most of North America stops for a moment, one brief moment of silence, to remember those who have died in the various wars that have plagued the West in this century. It

started as Armistice Day, a remembrance of those who died in World War I, but then we had World War II, and we had to honour those dead people as well. We also honour those Canadians who died in Korea, and in the US, they honour those who died defending US Ideology and Imperialism in the Vietnam War. So much honouring of so much death.

Now, don't misunderstand, I understand that the First and Sec-

ond World Wars could not be helped. People had to fight, and when people fight, they also tend to die. But, why do we have a day to remember those who died? What's the use of it?

I can tell you that most people don't understand the implications associated with the day. They don't understand that it is also meant as a day of atonement for the gross degradation of humanity, that we as a species collectively allowed ourselves to commit. We, collectively, are responsible for what we've faced.

But, we have short memories, or the very least, highly selective memories. Oh sure, every year the

Prime Minister lays a wreath at the foot of the war memorial in Ottawa and CTV preempts their regular programming to cover the event. But who's watching?

I think it might be better to have a national day of education. People could go places to learn some history, perhaps placing this decade in context. Or, they could go to church, make some attempt at atonement to their deity(s). Perhaps next year, everyone could go to Bosnia and protest the war there.

Hey, these are just some ideas. I just hope that the line "Lest We Forget," does not fall on deaf ears.

JOSEF TRATNIK

OPINION

ROSEMARY GILL AWARD

In June 1995 the President approved the establishment of the Rosemary Gill Award in memory of Dr. Rosemary Gill, Director of University Health Services, who exemplified a high level of commitment of service to students, both in terms of her responsibilities as a physician on campus and as a member of the larger University community.

The award is to be presented annually to a member of the faculty or staff of the University who has provided outstanding service, other than teaching, to students. The selection of recipients is to be made by a committee consisting of the President, the Vice-President - Student Services, the Chair of the Student Relations and Residence Committee of the Board of Governors, and a student appointed by the Student Union.

The first Rosemary Gill Award is to be presented in December 1995 and nominations are now being sought. Written nominations that include the rationale for the nomination and the names of the persons who could be contacted for further information should be submitted to:

The Office of the Vice-President
Student Services
1234 LeMarchant Street
Dalhousie University
Halifax, Nova Scotia B3H 3P7

The deadline for nominations is Friday, November 24, 1995.

ANNOUNCEMENT/INVITATION

As part of its routine planning process, the Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences conducts periodic reviews of all academic departments. In 1995-96, Review Committees are examining the departments of History and Sociology and Social Anthropology. Students (undergraduate or graduate, current or former, majoring in these fields or studying them as electives) who would like to comment on the curriculum or future development of these departments, their experience as students within these departments, or any other aspect of these departments' activities, are cordially invited to meet with or to write to the appropriate Review Committee. All communications will be treated as strictly confidential. To set up an appointment, for an individual or a group, please contact the chairperson of the Review Committee by **December 15th, 1995.**

Dr. J. Holloway (Department of Spanish, 494-6968), Chair
Unit Review Committee
Department of History

Dr. D. Sutherland (Department of History, 494-3682), Chair
Unit Review Committee
Department of Sociology and Social Anthropology

The underage dilemma

For those of you who spend your Thursday, Friday, and/or Saturday nights at any one of the bars in Halifax, you are lucky. It means one of several things, that a) you are of legal drinking age, and have a valid liquor ID or photo driver's licence; b) you have a reasonable facsimile thereof (not that anyone here would ever consider doing anything like creating a false identity for themselves); or, c) you look older than you are.

How old were you when you got to university?

I was 17. I came from out of province, and didn't know anyone except my roommate and a couple of other people who were among the aforementioned three groups who could actually go out on weekends.

For most people, the end of the week is something which is anticipated. It's a time when you can go out and party, and have fun and get away from whatever it is that bores you during the weekdays.

For the first two years of my university career, the end of the week was a prelude to the inevitable and dreaded Friday night.

It would roll around, I'd be finished my studies for the week (theoretically) and cool, I could go and do...what exactly? I could have gone to see movies, I suppose, but isn't that what cheap nights are for? Besides, I wanted to take the opportunity of week's end to spend some time with my friends. We wanted to go out and see bands or go dancing somewhere.

Yeah, in my dreams.

Friends would let me in on their plans to go out on the town, and the inevitable "Hey, remember I'm not 19 yet, eh?" conversation would happen. I had to tell

them, because it was they who had either to lie for me and vouch for my age, or to walk me home after I was rejected at the door.

I recall one particular evening when I lined up with friends both from here and out of town, and waited to get into a rather popular dance club downtown. The bouncers were doing their job that night, and "carded" me. I was out on my ass, and one of my loving and caring friends escorted me home for yet another Friday (or was it a Saturday? Or a Thursday?) night watching T.V.

Those first two years were very stressful. I'm not a person who enjoys deceit, but I got pretty good at it. As did many of the other people I knew who shared the underage dilemma.

Granted, there are a few places that you can go for weekend entertainment if you're underage, but "few" is the operative word. The lack of variety gets a bit dull. I'm sure, if there had been a variety of other things to do that didn't involve having to face a bouncer with a strong flash-light at the door, my friends and I would have been satisfied with those activities. Unfortunately, our culture just doesn't work that way. There are few options.

You wonder why those individuals who aren't 19 loiter around various areas of the city? You wonder why they grab a table at their favourite coffee shop early in the evening and budge only to make that purchase that ensures that they won't get booted? You wonder why there are such things as "Mall-rats."

Simple, there isn't much else to do.

JEN

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