

Time for March

Well, that time of year has rolled around again and the Gazette is wrapping up another publishing year. Don't cry all at once.

I thought maybe an end of the year piece thanking Sandy MacKay, our fearless editor over the past year, for his undying patience and commitment would be appropriate. But I'm not sure how to tell him.

Then I thought I would write a piece on my vision of next year's paper and how good it will be. But, again I changed my mind. Besides, everyone on staff knows the editors don't have any real authority, and Sandy is not really interested in this shit anyway.

I could shoot my mouth off about problems with the Dalhousie administration, the student council, the government, the environment, the fact that I've been described as a walrus, and Sandy MacKay. But I'm saving all that stuff for next year.

What I wanted to write about is *the march*. Yes, another stupid, fruitless march at the Grand Parade. Get this, this one's about underfunding of universities, cuts in student loans and a three per cent administrative charge. They also want to protest government cuts in student employment programs and rising tuition fees. Are these people wacky or what? Do they think they can really change anything?

Moreover, why should students get involved in this sort of thing? Is it any of our business? Is it any of Sandy's business? This is a free market society; you get what you pay for. If you can't afford to buy something — you don't. If you can't afford to go to university — tough luck. There are plenty of other kids around this country who can come and fill up our hallowed halls.

So, why meet at the corner of South Park and Spring Garden at 12:30 in the afternoon, on April 5,

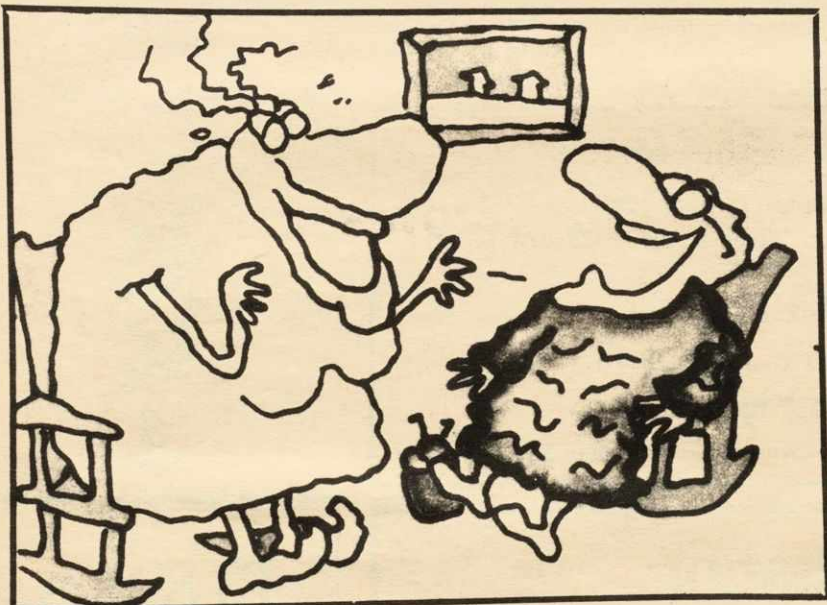
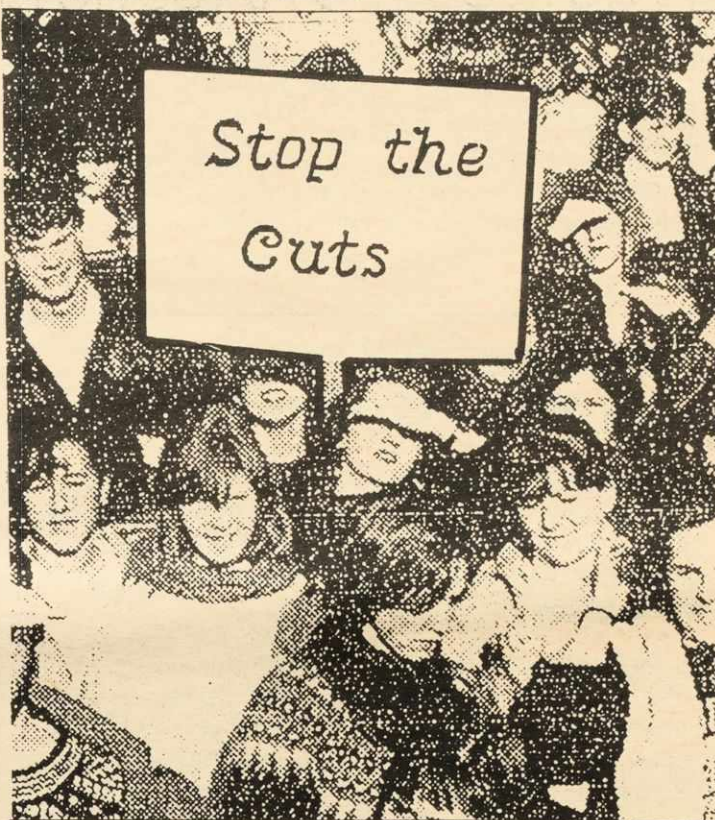
to march to the Parade grounds? Do you want to take a couple of vital hours out of your week, no, your life, to support some cause you don't know much about? Maybe Sandy will be there, then again maybe he won't. Can you afford to take that chance?

I mean you're getting a summer job this year (or, maybe you aren't); you're prepared to work a couple more hours a week part time next year (or, maybe for the first time); your grades won't really be affected, will they?

Anyway, I'm only going to the march because I want to see who actually goes. You know, know your enemy and all that. Hell, I might even join in a few chants; my lungs could use the exercise.

Now, I seem to have strayed from my original idea of thanking Sandy. But he'll probably be at the march (also just to see who is there), and I know he'll understand.

Alex Burton

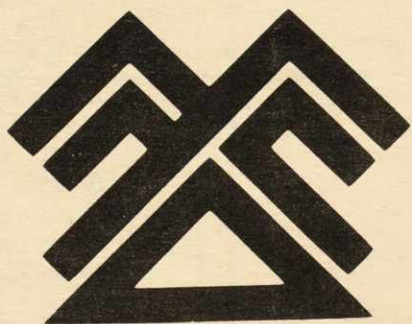


... So then I asks Mr. Mulroney about the time he falled out of Dal l aw school.



photo: Delory

"If I leave by the back window, maybe no one will notice that I've gone to check out the march." Come out and speak out against underfunding, Thursday, April 5, at the corner of South Park and Spring Garden.



Latvijas Tautas fronte

Free Latvia, now!