

Health Plan unhealthy

Dear Editor:

It seems incredulous to me that in this day and age of sky high costs, such as those of tuition and textbooks, that the students of Dalhousie can afford to dish out fees for services that are, to say the least, ineffective. I am referring to the Student Health Plan. Over eleven dollars of our fees each year are automatically spent towards a plan of which I, at best, have yet to see the slightest benefit. Since coming here three years ago, I have watched hard earned money slip away, and the most I have to show for it is three letters from the insurance company, one each year.

The point is, if I am already covered by MSI or any similar plan, why do I have to, having no choice in the matter, buy another plan from a company in Toronto (Ingle and Co.) whose main entertainment seems to come from seeing

how long they can withhold student reimbursement? For those of you unfamiliar with the procedure of reimbursement (and I hope you never have to personally experience it), it works in the following manner. When you buy some prescription drugs, you have to pay from your own pocket initially, then fill out a form, send it to Toronto, and hope they have enough heart to send your money back (minus one dollar). Usually they do, but not without waiting for about two months, well past the limit of tolerance. By then you have gone to the bank to borrow the money you were desperately short of, as it was "tied up".

When one reaches university, you should be mature enough to decide whether or not you want to buy a health plan or not, that is, to at least have the option to spend or save your money. As mentioned before, many students

already have coverage of a plan. Decisions such as this should not be made for us—after all, university is supposed to prepare us for responsible living, not spoon-feed us.

In the past five years the price of the Health Plan has gone up 250%. Next year it

will probably increase by another 30-50%. I, for one, cannot, and find it highly unreasonable to be forced into a position to, pay for non-essentials. I'm sure I'm not the only one who feels this way. Eleven dollars and fifty cents is too high a price to pay for a letter that comes once a

year and never again comes out of my drawer.

Why don't we raise this topic to Student Council and see if the Health Plan can be changed to benefit us instead of the insurance company?

Anil Sharma
A poor(er) student

Spring exams during Easter

Dear Sir:

It has come to my attention that the Registrar's Office of this university has scheduled this year's Spring exams so that two of the days will coincide with Holy Saturday and Easter Monday, two very important Christian holy days.

Granted, Dal is a secular, polycultural university, but some consideration must be

given to the Christian students on campus. For them, this is the single most important time of the year, the time when the resurrection of Christ is celebrated. For this reason, I think it is unfair for the university's administration to expect Christian students to write exams on these two holy days.

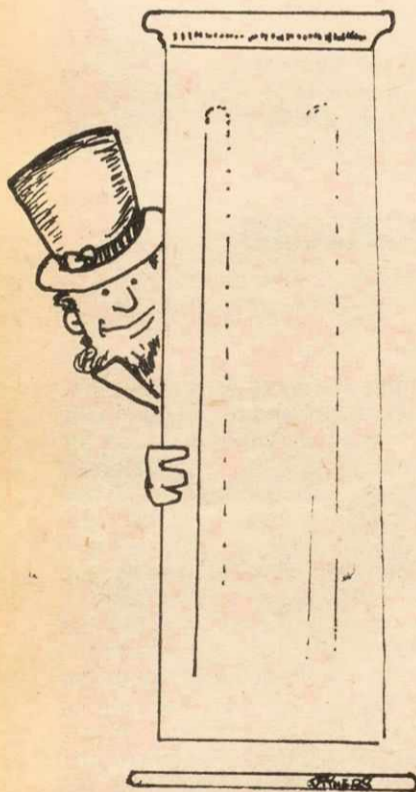
Giving the administration

the benefit of the doubt, perhaps the Registrar is unaware that the exam schedule conflicts with Holy Week. If this be the case, I hope this letter to the university community will clarify this matter.

Let us hope the administration will rectify this situation immediately.

Sincerely,
David G.C. McCann

A peek at the past



by John Cairns

The adjustment to a university residence is frequently considerable, especially for students primed on home cooking and fatherly advice. In both places, however, there are usually rules of the house, rules sometimes leading to light resentment of the figure in charge. In *The Dalhousie Gazette* of January 23, 1951, a piece of science fiction examines the mightiest of all in Shirreff Hall. Finding the wave length of our author, we discover:

"I chanced to ramble over to Shirreff Hall last night—having little else to do I sat me

down in an alcove and debated as to whether I ought to tune in my thought-wave recorder on one of the inmates. Fearing that my ears would really sizzle and not wishing

to sink to the lower depths, I decided to tune in on the mightiest of all in Shirreff Hall—Miss Slow-it of course—for after all, what else could be going on in that mind of hers but thoughts of the highest calibre? Hmm—on second thought maybe my recorder will not pick up such ultra high frequency—it was only built for normal wavelengths. I turned it on—result:

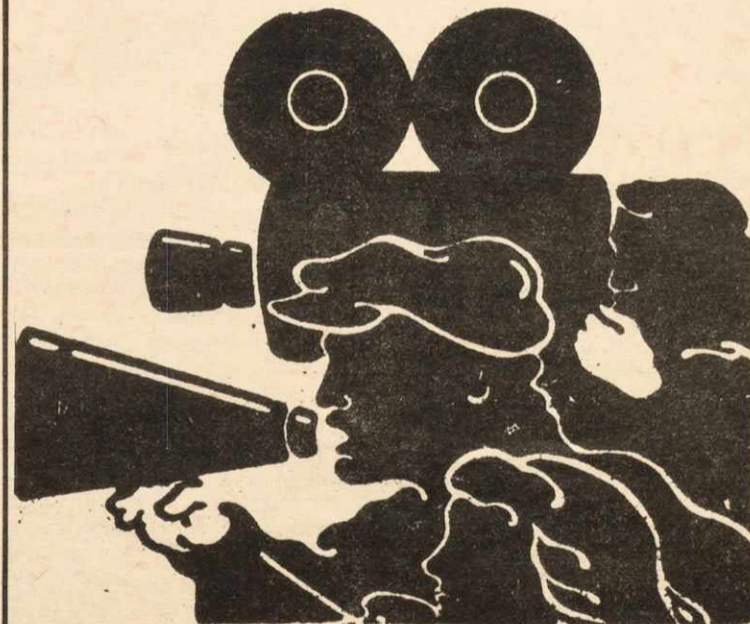
'Gee it's wonderful to be the head of this institution... my girls all seem so happy... matter of fact they are probably too happy... better cut out these ten o'clock permissions... no sense of overdoing it... never got those leaves at Dartmouth—or was it Dorchester... hmmm glad it's 9:15 already, most of the little angels will be sleeping by now—bless their pointed little heads... say—that's not what my watch says—it only points to 8:30... guess I better re-adjust the wiring in the clock... can't understand it... the same system worked on the roulette wheels... what's this... a law student... in the alcove... with one of my girls... after all the things I've told her about them... just never will profit from anyone else's experience... well they are young, they'll learn... I was young once... one can still remember those dashing officers in the Napoleonic wars... they were gentlemen, not like these young ruffians... law students yet... probably can talk their way out of anything

... well just let him talk back to me, I'll soon take care of him... what's this—he knows that I won't stand for necking in the alcoves... I'll teach him... why when I was young I'd... say he is pretty handsome at that... wouldn't hurt to invite him up for tea—better still to dinner... wonder if I dare... I could wear my blushing purple slacks in the dining hall... always did feel more comfortable in slacks... especially when I am eating... eating... I always seem to enjoy myself most when I am eating... urp—good heavens look at the time, almost 11:30... what's that... a noise in the upper hall... can't stand noise... where's my axe... one more peep out of them and I'll bash their skulls in... in fact I think I'll do it anyway... say, who is that gruesome looking jerk over there... think I'll just give him a piece of my mind... not too big a piece... can't spare too much.'

"Oh! Oh! I'm a goner, I didn't think that she'd notice me way over here, but here she comes—'Yes ma'am—salaam ma'am'. And with that I picked up my thought-wave recorder and departed."

Could all this be true about Miss Slow-it, or whatever her real name was? Possibly the thought-wave recorder was malfunctioning. In any case, we probably should not condemn Miss Slow-it because of the impressions of a lurking spy. The recorder in the hands of one of the actual residents of Shirreff Hall might have produced a more flattering slice of Miss Slow-it's personality. If not, then the author may indeed have been very close to being "a goner".

Interested In Photography?



If you can answer any one of these questions the Gazette can use you as a photographer.

- How big is a 5 x 7 picture?
- Who invented the camera?
- What is the chemical composition of developer?
- What button on a camera do you push to take a picture?
- What shoots without causing pain?
- What is a mirror lens?
- Which of the following records the image?
- The lens
- The tripod
- The film
- The hammer and chisel
- The photographers left elbow

Come to room 320 in the SUB and join Dal Photo and get your credit in the paper!