



Howe Hall responds

To the GAZETTE:

I have just finished reading the Howe Hall column published in the December 5th issue. I take strong exception to it and feel it needs to be answered along with its author David Challer.

Mr. Challer gives the impression that Henderson is populated by elementary school students who need the guiding hand of a trusty adult. I think we passed through this stage in Junior High School. We are first-year university students and don't need nor like to be treated like children. I am a resident of this house and know of what I speak. In fact I intend to return to this house next year if I can.

Living in Howe Hall is referred to as a "tough experience". I question the toughness of residence life. We here are catered to- we have maids to make our beds and clean our rooms, janitors to clean the building and facilities, we have our meals provided, we are situated right on campus and we have a large say in how this residence is run through our residence council. I would think that living in an off-campus apartment would be much "tougher". I think that David is generalizing his own "bad" experience in residence to apply to everyone else here and this is just not true!

There also is reference to an inferiority complex in Henderson House (I live here and fail to see any evidence of this). No wonder-after experiencing the humiliations of Frosh week and then reading trash like this published in our university newspaper. But I question this. If Henderson House has such a complex how were we able to become victors in Volleyball over such upper-class houses as Bronson and Smith?

The problem, made apparent in the Gazette, with this university is apathy and yet first-year students at Henderson have helped to create a spirit through the "Dal Tiger Fan CLUB" which other students have

failed to do.

I can't help but feel the condescending tone of Mr. Challer's remarks and I resent it. I do look forward to more articles on Howe Hall and other aspects of life here at university. Hopefully none will be as slanted as David Challer's is. Thank-you for this space.

Sincerely,
Lawrence F. Jardine
Art 1, Henderson House

To the GAZETTE

As a resident of Henderson House, I feel I must respond to the B.C. you printed in the form of a "Howe Hall Column" in your issue of December 5th. Who is Dave Challer and what does he think gives him the right to set himself up as an all-knowing God in his ivory tower of paternalistic wisdom? Not only are his comments in respect to the maturity of Henderson residents naive, simplistic, and uninformed (he obviously does not live in Henderson House), but they are in fact contradictory. First he states that "most of the problems that have occurred in past years were due to the older boys influencing the younger ones to perpetuate old events", and yet a few paragraphs later he turns around and writes "...it is definitely a good thing to have young students gaining help from older boys... Without this kind of help the students may not be able to gain maturity, self confidence and be able to stand on their own feet as men."

Personally, I cannot speak on events at Henderson or Howe Hall in past years, but I do know that the image Dave Challer has presented of this house is foreign to what I have witnessed since September. I look forward to future articles on Howe Hall in your newspaper, but not those written by Mr. Challer.

Sincerely yours,
Ken Stewart
Arts I

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Halifax or Toronto?

by Michael Greenfield

It was an icy cold Thursday night, which partly explains why the Haliburton Room was not much more than half full for the second, and another interesting, King's Debate. The topic this time was: With a Little Luck and Good Management Halifax Could Become the Toronto of the East. Supporting the proposition were Alderman Dennis Connolly and President of the Urban Development Institute Roger O'Neil. Countering the proposal were Mayor Edmund Morris and Housewife Elizabeth Pacey. The debate started off with a brief speech from each debater, followed by comments from the floor, after which each speaker gave a short rebuttal. The debate ended with a vote on the motion by the participants and the audience.

The first speaker was Alderman Dennis Connolly. He contended that Toronto is one of the most exciting cities in Canada, indeed in North America. He then spoke of the need in Halifax for the best use of available land. Work, cultural and educational opportunities were all to be gained by planned development. Roger O'Neil, president of UDI, supported Connolly by stressing the need for a Halifax master plan. He pointed out that because of its regional situation Halifax is comparable to Toronto in regional significance. It is only a matter of time before Halifax will grow to become a huge urban center. These points seemed well taken, but both affirmative speeches came off as somewhat dry and were not as coherent as

they could have been.

In contrast the negative speeches were hilarious. Mayor Morris wasted no time in attacking the jugular vein. He called Toronto a "nice place to visit." He pointed out that 1½ hrs. flying time made Toronto's virtues easily acceptable, while its many vices were beyond immediate reach. Still the mayor's speech did have a serious point, that Toronto is an unhealthy, bustling, concrete environment, while Halifax is not by any means an awful city. Mayor Morris certainly proved himself a highly skilled and lively debator. It was, however, Mrs. Pacey who perhaps came off as the finest speaker. She supported the Mayor with the compelling fact. She pointed to the miles of congested Toronto highway, the air pollution, and water pollution so bad that tons of sludge have to be removed from the Don River every day to keep it from "backing up". All this seemed to clearly illustrate that it would not be in Halifax's best interest to want to become like Toronto. Unlike their affirmative counterparts both negative speakers came off as informative and amusing.

Speakers from the floor were then asked for their comments. None seemed to want to stick up for Toronto. It was pointed out that even Toronto had seen the error of its ways and has imposed a 45 ft. building limit. The question was raised as to whether growth equals progress. It was most interesting when the President of

King's College got up and made a long comment on the ugliness of the high rise building that is being constructed just north of the college. The audience clearly seemed opposed to the big business attitude of the affirmative speakers.

The rebuttal saw the affirmative side stress the complexity of progress, but that in order to provide more opportunity more growth was needed. The negative pointed out that the affirmative had not been able to successfully counter the points of the negative and that nobody really wants Halifax to become another monster like Toronto.

Apparently the audience agreed with the negative, as the vote went 56 to 13 against the proposition that Halifax should become the Toronto of the east.

It was clear that the affirmative team had not very forcefully argued for Halifax becoming another Toronto. They seemed merely to stress the vague point that Halifax must grow. Meanwhile the negative team adroitly spoke of the undesirability of becoming another Toronto.

Much thanks must again go to the Quintillion Society for presenting an excellent forum for ideas. And once again John Godfrey was a fine Speaker of the House.

Although this debate was perhaps not of as high a quality as the previous one, it still beats watching T.V. The series will continue after the Christmas break and I urge anyone who can to attend.

Yea, and unto the multitude the load was dropped

by Paul Morris

Once upon a time, there was a fair land called Scotia Lande, a fair land of green forest, sparkling rivers, teeming game, clear skies and happy people.

But then there came a shadow over the land. The Pimpreagan had arrived! The Pimpreagan saw this beauty and his mouths drooled, as he turned his two faces to the kingdom of the south. There he knew lay rich Yankeeland wherein there was much gold and rich booty. In return for fair Scotia's beauty he knew he could lay up many riches in his lair.

And he made a pact with the creatures of Yankeeland. And they bought fair Scotia. The Wreckerfeller beast oozed his 16 tentacles over her from Fundie Baye to Wrecker Cove. The Skott-raper with its many chain claws tore the raiment from her body. And the elusive Shuheenestein ho-

vered overhead, croaking. Hordes of minor kapitolists and other beasts that fly by night paid the Pimpreagan that they too might satisfy their lust.

The assembled multitude demanded sacrifices be made to their gods, Washday-white, Diodorant and Vee Eight. The Pimpreagan did then require holy sacrifices of fish, virgin forests, wild games, scenery and other valuables. All the while the Pimpreagan counted his gold and laughed.

The Pimpreagan had promised Scotia the greatgods would soon arrive to bring prosperity. He described how the winged chariots of fire carrying Fundiepower, Staddardislan and Gabbruce would drop from the clouds and deliver gold, frankincense and myrrh. But these gods were on a myth invented to trick poor Scotia. Only the Pimpreagan and his friends prospered.

One day, the last beauty was torn from poor Scotia's ravaged body. Her rivers were dead, her raiment of trees torn asunder, and even the fish were no more. And there was everywhere weeping and the gnashing of teeth. The Yankeeland hordes then departed, and took their gods with them. They left only the three trolls of the underworld, POELUTION, Cleercutt, and Pohverty to rule for ever more.

But the Pimpreagan moved his lair, and the gold coins therein, to Yankeeland and lived there happily ever after.

