

Halifax Invaded

Gangs of youths invaded Halifax last weekend as the first ARCUP conference of the year was held at Dalhousie University. Many of the newspaper staff were there.

ARCUP is an organization of University papers from around the atlantic region. They held there first conference last weekend and we were there. We had a good time at the conference but it was at least half the fun getting there.

We were seven in number and blind in direction. We drove two cars over with the intention of sticking together. That idea lasted until we left the parking lot and then we drove alone. We did meet at the boat and we once again said that we were going to stick together. Neither of the cars had a map and none of us knew our way there. It was amazing, but we did stick together for about 100 km. It was at that point when we lost sight of the lead car as it wound its way down an off ramp that we were passing at 120 km/h. Now we were on our own again.

It still boggles the mind, but we did make it to Halifax, and we were almost on time. It was at that point when two thoughts (and only two) were in our minds. "Did the other car make it?" and "Where in this city is Dalhousie?" I realized then, my navigator was more lost then I was. His idea of deciding which way to go rested on the decision of where the prettiest buildings were. It was also at this point that I realized never to listen to my navigator again. We toured the city and asked directions to a few people must have spent there entire lives wandering that city because they were more lost then we were. We did finally make it to Dal but the other car was nowhere to be seen. They straggled in about a half on hour latter.

When it came time to leave that first evening, we were one person short. He was nowhere to be seen, so we left without him. A group of us wandered the city for a few hours then went back to the apartment where we were staying. Our missing companion still was not in sight. We had all his luggage and sleeping bag but not him. We found him the next day.

The second day was filled with seminars and sightseeing. There was a party planned for the evening and we spent a lot of time preparing for it. The party lasted until the wee hours of the morning (and later) and when we arrived back at the apartment, we could not find a place to park, so my navigator said "we can park any damn place we want to", and we did. When we went out to the car in the morning, we found that our friends, the Halifax Police Department, cordially left a parking ticket on our windshield. We went to pick up our other passenger who we lost the first night and again we could not find him, so we picked up some others instead. We all walked around the gardens, took the usual photos, and ate breakfast.

When we returned to the conference we were again very late and we again found our missing person. Unfortunately, we had to leave the conference early order to get the boat. Luckily, our companion, who had a habit of disappearing, was still in sight and we did manage to drive home together and not get lost, despite some very strong criticism against fellow drivers.

We were changed that weekend. We left here as we nosed journalist going to our first conference and we returned as growling journalistic dogs, not so much from what we learned at the conference but rather a result of the lack of sleep we were all suffering from.

Sleepy eyed, ZZZZZZZZ

