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Dear Diary --

The day-to-day journal of a Dal freshette during Co-ed Week

TIRED as I am, dear diary, I simply can't let tonite slip by, unrecorded. I've a feeling I'm going to like co-ed week. Tonite was wonderful. I had made up my mind last week to take in everything I possibly could, so tonite I called for my date quite early and we started off for a movie. He seemed quite embarrassed when I handed the tram conductor our fare, and even more so, when I took out my billfold to buy the tickets for the show. He hesitated for a moment, undoubtedly wondering whether or not he should let me go through with it, but he didn't weaken. Apparently, he too had made a decision regarding co-ed week—to follow the rules and let the gal pay. "Kitty" proved to be quite an entertaining picture. I was rather restless at first. I kept asking myself, "Ought I to take his hand?" Not that I felt that it was compulsory on account of co-ed week, but rather because I wanted to repay him in kind for several very enjoyable movie dates. For his part, he seemed quite satisfied to let me do the honors. I finally managed it, without causing myself too much embarrassment by dropping my scarf; we both reached for it at the same instant, and ended up holding hands and leaving the scarf on the floor (he retrieved it later).

After seeing the movie, we went to a nearby restaurant to eat. His embarrassment at my paying his way seemed to have disappeared, and we were now really enjoying our date. We soon hopped a tram to Shirreff Hall, my happy "home away from home," which had opened wide its doors to scores of campus couples. We danced to the music of the Dal quartet and the delightful tunes of that ever-popular swooner-crooner, Art Hartling. At twelve, we said goodnite. I've got to cut this short, dear diary, because I'm running into the territory of January 19, 1946, but before I do, I want to tell you of the wonderful scheme that occurred to me as I was saying goodnite to my date. I've often told you how busy the alcoves usually are; well, it's even worse on nites when we have open house. We really ought to initiate a system whereby everyone gets her turn (providing she's willing, of course), something after the fashion of a theatre line-up, with freshettes coming up first, since, after all, the Sophs, Juniors, etc. get later leaves. Oh well, it's quite late now, and I'm too tired to think beyond getting to bed; so

Good-nite.

January 21—Monday

WELL, dear diary, I apologize for neglecting you yesterday; I really didn't have anything very interesting to tell you. In fact, all I did all day was work myself into a dilemma about to-nite. Whom should I take out? No sooner had I made up my mind about that,

when I was confronted with the problem of deciding between taking him to bridge and taking him skating. You see, being a very versatile young man, he is equally good at both. I decided (I asked him what he wanted to do, but his answer was neither bridge nor skating) that bridge would be nice. With my Culbertson in hand, I called for him. We arrived at the common room a little late, and so we weren't able to pick as opponents a couple, whose limitations, where bridge was concerned, we knew, were far greater than our own.

As luck would have it, we were paired by the committee in charge with a couple, whose enthusiasm to get started should have been enough to warn us to change our minds while we were still able. Well, we got started, but frankly we didn't do so well. Even Culbertson couldn't help us. We were quite badly beaten. After the bridge party, we took a walk to the drugstore and had cokes and sandwiches. I decided to see my date home and really be a considerate escort-ess. In spite of our failure in bridge we spent a very enjoyable evening. I might add that my date to-nite, very unlike Saturday's suffered no qualms about doing the treats, for which I am truly glad since it saved us both a great deal of embarrassment (silly, isn't it?) Co-ed week's off to a good start now, and there's lots of fun ahead—theatre party Wednesday, dance Thursday, etc. Must concentrate on getting a date

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Delta Gamma Ending Program Tonight With Connolly Shield Play

● "WORLD WITHOUT MEN" the play which Delta Gamma is entering in the Connolly Shield competition this year promises to provide a very amusing half hour. It is under the direction of Mr. J. G. Robertson. The cast includes Thora Reid as Madame Pavel, a domineering scientist; Kay Whitehouse as Miss Wisper, a young journalist; Renee Garrett as Millett, the elderly parlourmaid; and four discontented women hoping to be freed from their husbands. These ladies include Margot Lass, as Mrs. Smith; Shirley Weatherbee as Mrs. Jones; Joan Godfrey as Mrs. Robin; and Margot Ross, as Mrs. Brown.

The plot couldn't have been more appropriate, being presented as it is during Sadie Hawkins week when the femmes show the men what a woman's world is like.

McGosh Unearths Sinister Origins of Co-ed Week in Expose of Hovel Inmates

by J. CRICKET MCGOSH

● MCGOSH WAS FLATTERED but depressed when a group of Marmalade Hovellers phoned him the other night for a story on "The Origins of Co-ed Week". He was already deeply embroiled in his weekly Dal Daze and had yet to produce an harangue for the Nausea page. In addition, he was endeavoring to keep abreast of his thesis reading for pedagogue G. Laffyville. Nevertheless, all things considered, he felt it would be best to comply. The facts of the case follow.

Precautions Against Intruders

Many years ago, at the instigation of Warden Annie MacSharp, Marmalade Hovel was surrounded with barb-wire entanglements and strewn with land-mines to take on the form of a veritable armed fortress. The precaution arose after a Travelling Salesman was discovered by The Warden smiling brightly through the iron gratings at a frail young missie within. The Salesman was subsequently handed

tested and true" for security purposes.

But opposition to the MacSharp regime was fast brewing. Through publications smuggled to them from "outside contacts" the girls read of love and romance and developed a yearning for male companionship. The vast majority had at one time or other attended Church with either their father or brother—but such was the extent of their "outings" with the opposite sex. A secret underground movement was organized, and one bright morning the girls threw off their chains of oppression, locked up Warden MacSharp and her deputies in the confinement cells, and assumed the trappings of normal human beings.

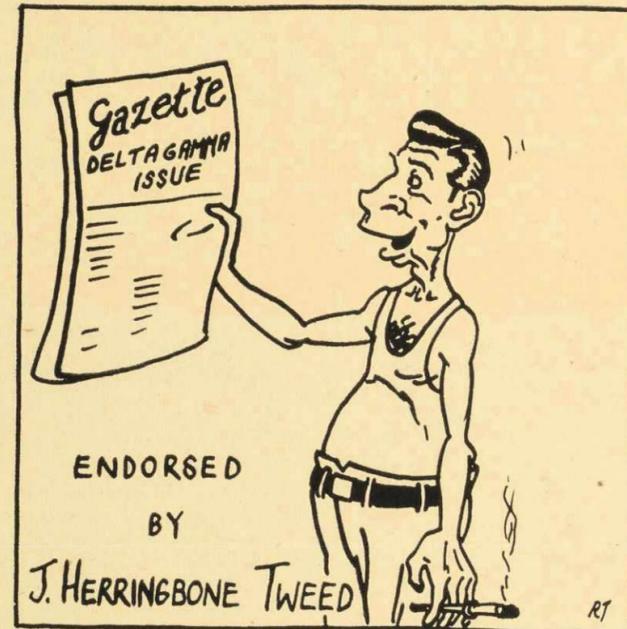
Liberated at last, the inmates jumped out windows, slid down drain-pipes and crawled through gratings into the cool, clear air of Buttonmeadow campus.

"We want men, men, men!" shrieked Cunning Itchybald hurling aside her knitting needles. "Come on girls! This'll be simply wunnerful—gee, I can hardly wait." But, contrary to expectation, Cunning, her side-kick Lozenge Mousie and, in fact, the entire Hovel population, got the proverbial cold-shoulder from Dullhouse males.

"Who the heck is them?" an Engineer was heard to remark. "I aint never see nuttin like dat since da circus came to town."

And so it went. Crooner Gunther Rothling was quite unimpressed when Boobie Whittle grovelled at his feet in submission. Murdock Wetmeadow crawled farther under his coon-skin cap before the amorous advances of botanist Izzy Walnut, and Elixir Distantram had naught but a wry face when pert Mimi Madonna collapsed

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Co-ed Chatter

by IMA CAT

● CO-ED WEEK is nearly over and tonight's your last chance girls to catch that man (none of them are worth the effort) and we hope to see you all there grabbing and scratching.

Catty was everywhere this week and has seen all, and what she missed Knowsey will tell you next week—won't you, Blair?

The Meds tried to assure themselves a busy week by holding their annual Ball just before the Skirts took over the rule of the Campus. This small, quiet affair held by the boys from Frosty Hollow, was a diplomatic gesture toward the girls but not quite subtle enough. And speaking of the Med Ball, we might remind Faye and Monk that the dance floor is hardly the place for them to cool their ardour for each other. Pat Patterson, a very quiet boy from Law School, is trying to set a new style in formally appearing at the Ball (slip—meant Brawl) in a Cashmere Sweater. Ann Matchett had lots of Kisses to spare that night and they weren't all for Keith!

Joan Godfrey just couldn't go to the Med Ball. Oh Deah!! She doesn't hold her pre-Christmas grip on Phi Rho.

Hearts were trumps, or maybe clubs, but anyway Jan and Connie turned their attention to the Law School for that night and had Jack

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over to the Mounties and the frail young missie had her hair shaved off and was subjected to a public humiliation in the residence pillory.

Miss MacSharp realized then and there that her wards were in mortal danger and engaged the services of the Royal Canadian Engineers in fortifying the "environs" of The Hovel against unwelcome intruders. Prior to operations, each member of the corps was obliged to take an oath that he would not "smile or chat in an improper way" with any of the girls residing therein. Signs reading "Beware: Land Mines" were posted and the inmates were provided with maps and detecting apparatus so they could pick their way through the "danger areas" in an emergency.

Miss MacSharp and three armed aides accompanied the Hovel party to classes each morn and sat in the back of the lecture rooms to protect their charges from what The Warden termed as: "the covetous glances of the male element."

Restricted Social Life

Social life for the Hovel girls was almost non-existent. They were allowed a ten-minute "supervised" stroll in the courtyard on Sunday afternoons. They had a "knitting circle" which met every five weeks under chairmanship of comely Cunning Itchybald, and a quarterly "Cultural Group" chairmanned jointly by Misses Lozenge Mousie and Jayan Grilse. Only recreation was a yo-yo class conducted by instructress Midge Lan-yard. Bobbie Whittle, who served as Executive Officer to The Warden, commanded The Hovel Defence Platoon recruited from "the

Vox Discipuli

"Do you think Co-ed Week should be made an institution at Dal?"

John P. Nicholson, Law '47.

● CERTAINLY NOT, nor do I think it should be an institution anywhere. For why should university students, in times when wholesome suffering and privation are visited on many people of the world, give themselves up to imitating the uncouth, witless antics of fictitious, illiterate mountain folk whose undeserved popularity is exceeded only by the unbelievable childishness of the adults who follow their escapades in the Sunday papers. If we must read about them, let us do it secretly, but let's not imitate them.

J. Cricket McGosh: Why, gee, I think it's wunnerful (giggle, giggle). No foolin' (gulp). Everyone is so swell and everything's so grand, it makes me so thrilled I could scream. And one whole week of it, too. Just think! Gee! I hope I said the right thing (giggle, giggle). I wouldn't wanna offend no one.

Margot Ross: I think Co-ed Week is a good idea because I think the girls should take a more active part. Women are just as capable as men and the men need a push anyway, and this will be plainly shown, I hope, after this hectic week—but thank God it's only lasting for a week. I'm broke already.

Bill Kelly: Huba! Huba! Huba! Frannie Jubien: I think that having Co-ed Week become an institution is a wonderful idea. All year the boys take us out and spend money on us, so why shouldn't we return the hospitality? They deserve it.

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Man: OR SHERRIFF HALL EYES THEM ALL

Ladies, let us look at the creature—Man!

N. B.—If you can.

Man, as a general rule, is considered a brute—

P. S.—(But rater cute.)

Some women go for the suave, considerate gentleman,

And others like the magnificent, elemental man,

But whichever you like, it is certain

That his virtues are equally few, and his vices just as diverting,

For though, in the masculine branch of the homo sapiens,

There are sad ones and happy ones,

And some who would stoop to anything, and a few who are stainless,

They are all equally brainless.

And the story of the "stronger" sex is a myth and a delusion,

For an hour or two of housecleaning throws them into confusion,

And all, whether they are short or fat or "slender, tender and tall",

Though they claim to have nothing against pink or yellow, dress soberly

in grey or black or blue,

From hat to shoe,

Except for the tie,

Which is modelled on a rainbow or a potato bug or a fruit salad, and

catches the eye,

And drags it a block or two and knocks it down and tramps on it.

Furthermore, it is only fit

To say that, though gossip's considered a woman's dominion,

It is my opinion

That whenever men borrow cigars from their friends and seek the smoker,

their natural habitat,

They talk about "this and that"

But, since they've let men into Dal, it doesn't do to be rash,

So I'll leave the rest unsaid, especially as the supper bell just rang and

they might, as a treat, serve hash.

—Apologies, Mr. Nash.

