

recognize most of the events related from the last academic year the halls were operated in the old style. As the restless winter of 1963 blew itself over, I lay sleeping in a room below the suite of Dr. Morrison, Assiniboia's last warden, a room where graduate students now pursue their unreal academic ways. I remember a "seminar" we had one night over coffee in that chamber, conducted in a literary style I'm sure the English Department will find hard to equal. It is certain the spirit of Rod Taylor who rendered a dramatic reading of selected passages from "Tropic of Cancer" will be with that room forever.

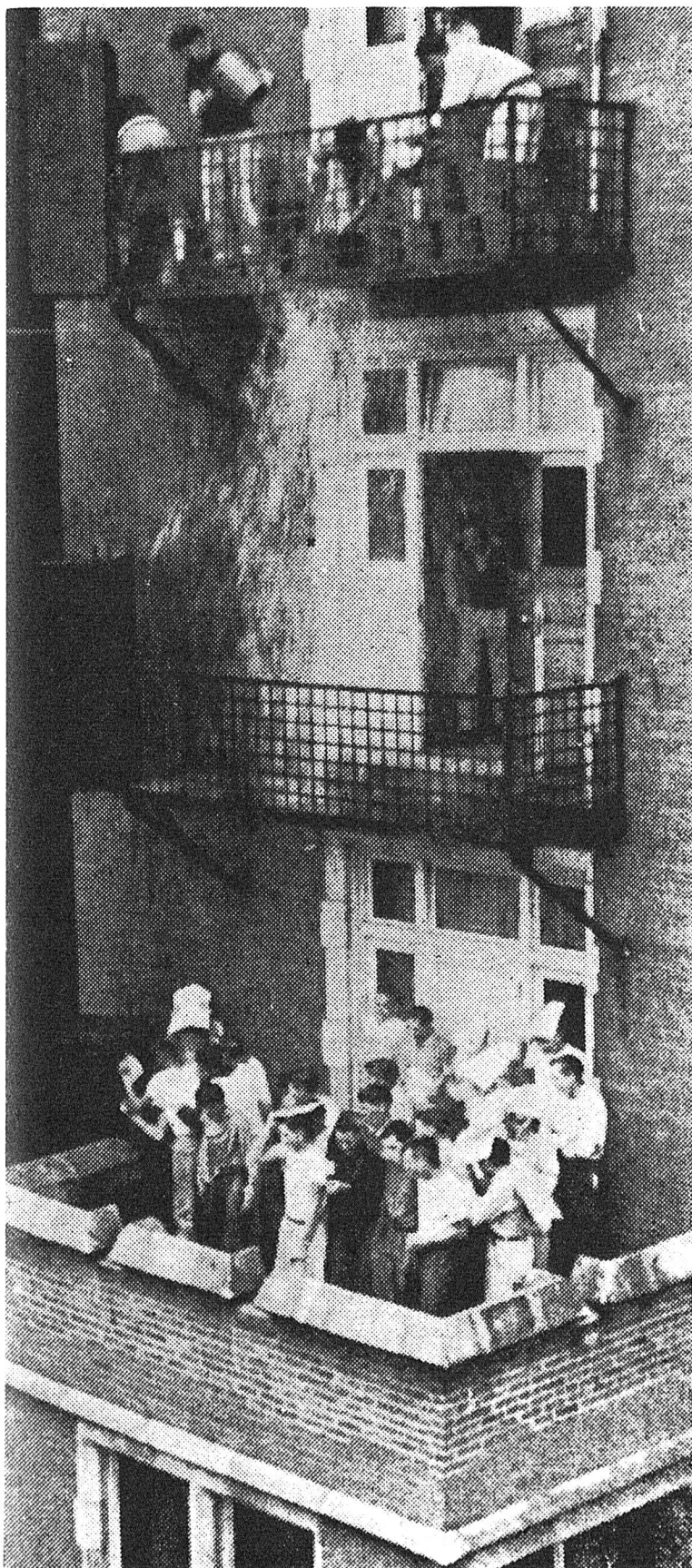
The spring was a painful and protracted one in many ways. E. D. Bolt, there were many hours spent in your office planning protests and demonstrations about the high rents in Lister Hall. I remember, too, Provost Ryan trying to return to the then resident of that room a parting gift the young man had never given him. Did you know Dr. Baldwin that a phone call to the room that is now your office postponed one of the largest demonstrations ever planned for the Provincial Legislature? Exams, as always, raised the ten-

sions just a little more. Anne Marie Decore, is the black circle still on your floor where a young man who had been studying too long fell asleep one Sunday morning, leaving his electric kettle plugged in?

These are the most recent spirits of that building. There are others. The most prominent being that of Reg Lister, and the spirits of four young men, who one night used a steam tunnel to gain access to Pembina Hall and paint some light bulbs and certain parts of the bathrooms bright red being decidedly the most colourful. I am sure, too, that if you listen carefully in some of the corridors about seven in the evening you might hear the sounds of a baseball game in progress.

One old building has passed away and another two are passing. There is really no one left to live there, for the old system needs a regenerating group, a group to teach the newcomers the traditions. Next spring, if the old building goes down, the phantom of SUB may find himself overrun, and in many corners of this country and countless others, the old priests will begin a chant.

Wassail one last time old home.



**LIFE IN THE OLD RESIDENCES**  
... where a bath was a community project

## 'Tis the season to feel lonely; if you want to let yourself

By LYDIA DOTTO

She walked hurriedly across the quad, the wind blowing her hair in her eyes. It had started to snow and she was afraid it would ruin her hair. It was the tenth time it had snowed that month—each time the snow had melted the next day. Was this another abortive attempt at winter, she thought.

The SUB loomed in view and she slowed her pace. She didn't want to go in—it was much too warm in there—a false kind of warm. But she thought of her hair again—it was naturally curly and tended to friz slightly in rain or snow—and decided, after all, she might as well go in and have coffee.

She hoped she wouldn't meet anyone she knew. She hated having coffee with anyone. Well, almost anyone. If that cute fellow who sat next to her in poli sci ever asked her to have coffee with him she'd probably go with him. He seemed a nice enough fellow, in a superficial sort of way. Not that it really mattered, one way or the other, whether he was superficial or not. One coffee's nothing to get excited about.

He hadn't asked her, though, and she couldn't really say that it bothered her. She walked into the cafeteria. Alone.

The cafeteria was unusually quiet, but then it was almost supper time and everyone had gone home to eat. Just people like herself reminded—people who had taken late classes. People who couldn't bear to get up early in the morning and who, consequently, ended up staring out of the SUB cafeteria windows, in a somewhat morose manner, into the twilight, and snowy mud and uninterested people wandering around.

While she sat there she thought about the English essay that she hadn't started which was due tomorrow, the Biology notes she hadn't taken that day because she'd been

writing a letter in class, the date she'd accepted when she didn't really want to and was wishing she could break, the snow, and the fact that winter had finally, finally come.

The wind seemed very cold that day. She hoped it wouldn't die down, and she hoped the snow wouldn't melt again.

It was getting ridiculous—here it was, practically Christmas and no snow.

She didn't want a green Christmas. No, she certainly didn't want that. It would be quite upsetting.

She wasn't sure she wanted a Christmas at all. It was a nuisance buying gifts.

There were Christmas exams too, which really didn't come near Christmas at all, but for which she was expected to study during the Christmas holidays and for which she knew she wouldn't. You couldn't really blame Christmas for that, though, and she didn't particularly care to.

She thought about the Christmas tree which was the only thing left about the season that she really liked, besides the snow. They were getting an artificial tree this year. It was cheaper in the long run.

But they could get genuine pine tree scent in a spray can, and that would make up for it. It was a comforting thought.

The lights in the cafeteria dimmed then, and over U of A radio she heard vague strains of what could have been "O Holy Night" or "We Three Kings".

Or it might have been "Snoopy's Christmas". She wasn't sure. Like most things, it really didn't matter.

Yes, she thought, as she looked at the dusk that had unexpectedly become night (she never quite really believed it would), it was winter and Christmas.

She looked out the window again, into the darkening sky, to make sure it was real, and wondered, "What the hell."

## Merry Christmas from



## your friendly Casserole staff

The entire Casserole staff wishes each and every one of you a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year, many hours of studying time, little trouble with your examinations, easy term papers and good skiing. Your well-wishers are: (we did not realize there were so many people working for us) Jim Rennie, Lydia Dotto, Rich Vivone, Ralph Melnychuk, Chuck Lyall, Bev Bayer, Terry Donnelly, Gordon Auck, John Thompson, Barbara Fraser, Shirley Swartz, John Makowichuk, Rita Lever, John Green and yours, Ron Yakimchuk. Have a good time.

Color photography by:

C-1—Neil Driscoll

C-4, C-5 (left to right)

(1) B. S. P. Bayer

(2) George Barr

(3) Ken Hutchinson

C-8—Ken Hutchinson

Special thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Barr and Dr. and Mrs. Blackmore for the use of their homes. Thanks also to models Barb Cogill and Mike Evans (C-1), Dwayne Good and Kathy McGuffin (C-4), Ken Hutchinson (C-4 and C-5), Connie Carr (C-5) and Cathy Elias (C-8).