

THERE IS NO DALHOUSIE

Of Women and Figures

THE INSIDE STORY ON Life at The Hall

By JOAN HENNESSEY

Listen.
There is no Dalhousie.
The Library was the traitor.

At 9:30 last Thursday night I walked out of the Reading Room and, left foot planted firmly on the top step, prepared to lower my right foot onto the second-last step.

There was no second-last step. And students popped into place.

There was nothing but a barren stretch of ground 10 or 15 feet below me. As I stood transfixed, a vast three-dimensional section of Library shivered into place. The Library was whole once more.

For a long time, I had been suspecting that there was something odd about Dalhousie. Now, rather than passively await a second confirmation of my suspicions, I decided to take matters into my own hands.

At 10:00 Friday morning I paused at a peculiar spot on a slope above and behind the Rink. Secluded from everybody, I stood stock-still for four hours. Then, with muscles creaking and stomach growling, I plunged suddenly down the slope and hurled myself around the side of the Rink, hoping to fool Them.

I succeeded.

There was nothing at all to the side of the Rink. No football field. And, as I watched, They slammed the side of the Rink into place, then the football field. Then Sherriff Hall reappeared, for that, too far across the barren plain, had been missing.

At 1:00 Saturday afternoon I took the final step. Hunched within the back door of the Arts building, I struck from behind a straggling student, with a \$16.00 slide ruler I had borrowed from a third-year Engineering Physics student. I beat his skull to a pulp with 7 blows of the splintering slide-rule.

Delicate transistors and dials, filament and wires, and nuts and bolts lay strewn on the floor. A robot, one of 1500 built by Them to fool me.

I know that when I move from class to class you disassemble my last class-room and re-assemble my next. I know that when I go to the dentist You disassemble the whole campus. I know that when I take notes I am surrounded by writing things placed there by You to fool me. I know that some of the things are some of You.

I am getting used to it. But, occasionally, I have minor perturbations. For example, why should I bother writing this article, Who is going to read it?

The robots?
Or You?

Hollywood has changed our way of life and many of our views, and now it is changing our women. In the past 20 years the great influx of American movies and their ideals has made the average Canadian woman ridiculously figure-conscious.

In reading a recent magazine, I noticed where 65% of all North American women wear padded bras and other equipment in order to accentuate their bust line. This leaves one wondering whether we are in a nation practising the breast cult, instead of a predominately Christian one.

The most modern dresses which women wear are so scanty that it's a wonder that they stay on. They dress, as an American writer put it: "so as to protect the property without obstructing the view."

But this sex craze does not limit itself to dress. Most women, including young girls, are on diets so that they can attain "the perfect figure." They carry their foolish self-denial so far that one is reminded of saints—who suffered for a much better cause.

Why do they act like this? Simply to trap a man.

Women have always been strange creatures with an equally strange sense of values but the time has come when they should learn that men are attracted of other things besides a good figure.

In bygone days women still managed to land husbands without running around half-undressed. Even today, most of the girls who are married are the quiet home-body type who appeal to men as wives, and not as just something to go to bed with . . .

We are not adverse to shapely figures, but we do deplore the development of the body to the exclusion of all other aspects of the female make-up. We would much rather see a few more girls with a fair figure and a good personality than a perfect figure and no personality at all.

Sex, we agree, has its place in life, but a change is needed when the common girl feels that it is the ONLY thing. After all, high pressure advertising is only done because someone has something to sell—or give away.

Romance

The moon was yellow,
The lane was bright,
As she looked at me,
in the autumn night.

Her every gesture,
Her every glance,
Gave me the impression,
That she craved romance,

I stammered, I stuttered,
And time went by,
The moon was yellow
—and so was I.

Being a seasoned old Shirreff Hall senior and an inmate of said institutions for two years, and also being of a reasonably sound mind (no doubt some will dispute this) I feel in a position to tell you unfortunate souls (i.e., the boys who have been lucky enough to successfully raid the place, and the city girls who are still under mother's wing) what it is like to live in a women's residence.

Analogically speaking, Shirreff Hall could be likened to a veritable bee hive of activity. We have our Queen Bee who watches over all, our workers and our drones. Then there are always a few misfits or wasps who seem to be in the wrong hive.

You think life at the Hall is soft, do you? Just try our beds sometime. And to make matters worse we have to make them ourselves everyday. This is usually quite a shock to some freshettes who have never had to do anything for themselves before. And if you don't know how to iron be sure to bring a wardrobe of drip dry clothes. You might even win the title of "drip, of the year." On the subject of beds, there is nothing more delightful than coming in from a formal at 2:30, studying for a couple of hours, and then rolling into bed only to find that someone has frenched it.

It is terribly disconcerting when you take your first bath in Halifax. The water is always a peculiar color, but our pipes are rusty too. However, we are stalwart souls and armed with water softeners we grin and bear it. Try it sometime (the

water softeners I mean) and for the first time in your life, feel really clean.

The first year I was at the Hall we had (among other such things) an eccentric washing machine which had the oddest habit of overflowing at the most inopportune moments. Rushing to complete a washing just before an interesting class, you might be literally cashed out of the laundry room by an avalanche of soap-suds engulfing everything in its path.

There are ways and means of being very, very popular at Shirreff Hall. These fine points are learned through experience. Of course a lot depends on your mother. You are never so popular as when you get a parcel of food from home. As soon as it arrives you are trampled in the rush for your room by both your friends and people you supposed were your enemies. After having demolished everything in sight they all rush out over your tattered body and don't return until the next box arrives. Occasionally they stay to sing a few screech songs but this is not appreciated by the management. And the girl who has cigarettes, especially on Sunday, is a Godsend. This brings me to another important point. Do not make the mistake that so many girls do. They come to college, take up smoking, and neglect to tell their parents. Suddenly one day mother arrives. She enters a smoke-filled boudoir and finally spies her daughter surrounded by her cronies, smoking like a chimney. Alas and alack, now she knows why dear Cassandra had to send home for money for the same book three times. Of course, if you know your mother is coming, that's fine. Be a fresh air fiend for a day. Open your window sky high, and it will only take a matter of minutes to hide cigarettes, matches, and ash trays under the bed.

We have a committee of girls appointed to mete out penalties for those who just couldn't tear themselves away from the alcoves on time. At the end of each week, if you have been late, your name is posted on the black list, and at the appointed hour you go before the tribunal for sentencing. It's grim. I usually laugh because I'm sure I can hear strains of "Dragnet" in the background.

I've never seen a dog in the Hall but we have plenty of cats—black cats, orange cats, and black and orange cats. As the appropriate season we are serenaded every night. But these cats are not the only things that serenade us. Besides the "real live" animals we have stuffed ones of every description—vestiges of our childhood. It really is hard to cut all ties with home.

Most people don't realize it, but there is an elevator in Shirreff Hall (for the benefit of the staff only). However, as the year passes the staff increases little by little. Using the elevator has its disadvantages, however, because like many things, the elevator is eccentric too. And it's quite embarrassing to have a boy phone you, only to be told you are stuck between floors in the elevator. Although if the firemen had to come and cut you out it would be the first time that they had the run of the Hall.

Actually, we like the Hall, and despite our water fights, soap fights, pillow fights, and just plain fist fights, it's fun!

—Brian Chandler,
President, DAAC.

MORE LETTERS—

(Continued from Page Three)

satisfy ever the desire of the unnamed censor. However, since none of these additions appear to be forthcoming we must face reality and make do with what we have.

The writer has quoted the report made by the Students Council in 1958 on our athletic situation. We have been studying this report since the spring of 1959 and our interpretation of the report differ somewhat from the author. Some of the suggestions offered were practical but most were not at the present time. At present we are trying to incorporate the practical suggestions.

Since the summer our committee has been working on a project which we plan to introduce to the Students Council before Christmas. We feel that this project will do much to improve the athletic situation of Dalhousie. It has required much work and thought by several people, and yet we are told by the writer that the "DAAC is a dormant body" and "nothing has been done yet." The writer has made astute statements yet not once has anyone on our present committee been approached by any "Gazette" writer. I would be most happy to discuss our present athletic situation with anyone genuinely interested in the problem but the fact that I have to defend DAAC against an attack by some unknown who hasn't even bothered to inquire as to what plans we have leaves an extremely sour taste in my mouth.

If the writer had come to us before writing this article and then drawn his conclusions I would not have to quarrel. However, I do not feel it the duty of the DAAC to publish a weekly report on its activities nor do I feel that we should accept abuse from one who won't even bother to inquire as to our plans. Surely we have enough people in the world who speak first and think later without having to put up with such idiocy at Dalhousie.



Dear Diary...

As I take my pen in hand, I take my bottle of Coke in the other hand! Yes, dear diary, where would I be without Coca-Cola? Just a social outcast. Why, everybody drinks Coke! John and Bill and Barry and Charley. Horace too. Confidentially, I think I'll have another bottle of Coke.



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