

ANONYMOUS HALL

From the Inside Out

by Woody MacLean



"Be it ever so humble"
Anonymous Hall.

Whether a university residence is large and beautiful, or small and bleak . . . it serves the same purpose.

First, it makes accessibility to classes and study very easy, and eliminates the unpleasantness of living off-campus. It relieves a lot of responsibility and the difficulties which otherwise would have to be faced if the student were out of residence.

Second, it puts the student amidst the activity and spirit of university life. It orients frosh, while making them feel at home. It is a haven to those whose homes are far away.

Third, it is a fraternity. Anonymous Hall, the Dalhousie Men's Residence, is fortunately new, modern, and relatively attractive. Tho' its hospital-like corridors, and spacial extravagances, tho' its tile, terrazzo, and plastic floors . . . its lack of fireplaces, and a 20th century habit of being soul-less, may make it, at first glance appear cold and unfeeling . . . the observer is mistaken.

Indeed, the building feels. Lights burn out, paint peels, dust gathers, odors arise, floors crack, and plaster crumbles. In the evening the grand chandeliers in the dining room burn/as if some furious festivity were taking place.

Gayly shower heads and sinks fall off the walls with ease, and the oak dining room has a delightful antique squeak. Late at night the wind howls thru the south lobby . . . warning someone.

And every one of its 150 single rooms, be they identical in every respect, has its own particular charm, flavor, character, representative of each particular tenant . . . his tastes and personality. Everyone finds these rooms quite adequate in size and furnishing, as they are host to nightly orgies accommodating up to fifty or sixty guests, none of which are ladies . . . and this is such a pity.

HALL WELL EQUIPPED

Besides these 150 or so chambers a coucher, there are laundry rooms, music rooms, libraries canteens, trunk rooms, linen closets, circular staircases, a three-room suite with minature fridge . . . out of HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, a host of tunnels trap doors, and secrets, and a non-denominational chapel, with pump organ and non-denominational protestant hymn books.

Practically speaking, these facilities are cared for by a barage of people, and one irreplaceable porter. Maids every morning care for the private rooms and the halls. They hint at the late risers, then quickly dust the floors and make the beds. One sheet, the bottom one, is changed every week, the top becoming the bottom . . . so are the pillow slips.

Washrooms are occasionally polished superficially by a single magic rag brandished by a single magic hand which makes porcelain gleam . . . And one lone housekeeper does most of the

rest, wielding a five ton floor polisher over miles of corridor thru miles of mess. She arrives in the gray of the morning and leaves before the night . . . and every floor she polishes, every wall she washes, every chair she arranges, every ashtray she empties . . . is scuffed, smeared, knocked over, filled . . . five minutes after she vainly put it in order from the day before. Hers is a thankless job . . . a job of Fanta-stains and burnmarks, and dust, and mud and more dust. No one seems to care that the building is in order, or out of it.

KITCHEN STAFF UNSUNG

Thankless also go the kitchen staff, who are remembered only for their culinary failures, and not for their successes. The tastes of 200 patrons vary as the names and personalities; no one is always pleased, some are never.

CANTEEN HANDILY LOCATED

Anyone who is dissatisfied with his meal may eat instead, in the canteen located on the ground floor. Here are served peanut-butter and jelly sandwiches, hot-dogs, and hamburgers, which have recently changed to steakettes, orange, pliable discs, capable of being grilled, chewed, and swallowed. The canteen is run as a non-profit service to residents, and anyone else who cares to drop in.

But the random shortcoming of the maintenance, and an occasional anemic Shepherd's pie, are more than offset by the respect and real affection everyone has for the residence in general . . . for the residence is really residents. And the number 1 resident is the inhabitator of the first floor penthouse . . . the dean of residence, K.D. Gowie.

He is just that, resident, friend, confidant of anyone who needs to bend his ear. He is a provider of entertainment, information, who can lay down the law, and at the same time smile.

RESIDENCE COUNCIL POWERFUL

The law is laid down by four monitors and floor representatives to the Residence Council. The former are responsible to the dean, the latter to the council . . . the residents legal vehicle for reform and complaint.

What the residence council has been doing recently has been to initiate a series of weekly dances, sponsored involuntarily by various floors, turn by turn. This venture has turned into a highly profitable affair, with inestimable damage being done at the same time to the ground floor.

The profits of this dance were destined never to leave the university. They instead have been used as a tool by which a radio station could be installed in the building, to broadcast all the residence gossip and some music too. Everyone is certain this will be fantastically successful . . . with council meetings, which were held in relative secret transmitted live, for all to hear.

The real significance of living in residence cannot, however, be

defined by amplitude modulation, food, or staircases. Even the fundamental convenience of living within reach of every faculty and facility means little when one thinks of the experience and friendship available here. This is a university within a university . . . and sometimes some of the most valuable ideas a university can produce are developed here.

This stimulation can only be because of a mixture of minds, backgrounds, and desires. "Quick round", the timeless call for a fast rubber, "I'll see you in my room at six", you don't know what you're talking about kid, all the starts of communication and the greatest thing . . . friendship.

The residence is a fraternity, perhaps not quite closely knit, but performing much the same tasks . . . binding people together in faith.

There are those who would prefer to live away, there are those who do not take advantage of the opportunity this environment affords, but the majority of those who reside here are familiar, friendly and faithful with each other and have established lasting friendships. There could be nothing more beneficial to a new student than one year . . . the first year . . . in residence. For if they are not so fortunate as to live here in the following years, they at least have formed relationships and ties which will carry them throughout their college careers.

RESIDENCE LIFE ACTIVE

It has been admitted by many that the residence is not the ideal place to study, as there is constantly a great deal of commotion going on. Traffic through the main library on the ground floor is sufficient to spoil anyone's train of thought. The top two floors on the two wings are the only ones suitable for room study. There is little noise heard from outside, and few people parade down the hallway. Most people



"with a spot I damn him"
Council meets in Anonymous Hall.

have to find some other quieter and more peaceful place in which to work, or choose not to work at all.

The new wing has surprised some people, in that it is comprised of rooms slightly larger than the single rooms in the old new Dal. Men's Residence, which are to be shared by two instead of misered by one. This will make it possible for 100% more students to benefit from the good life in residence. Whether the rooms are slightly small or not, the wing will be an important addition to the present facilities, and it will most important of all, give these people an opportunity to share these new and the present facilities.

In light of the above, the male student, both at present and in the future, can look forward to even better accommodations than has been his fate in the past, and it is to be hoped that his future dependance upon the not-so-tender mercies of the Halifax landlord will, in the future become a matter of purely personal responsibility.

SAM SLANDERS

Sam Slanders has sold his syndicated column to the Dalhousie Gazette in the hope that the answers to the problems posed will be a benefit to the troubled students at Dal.

If you have a problem you would like answered in the column or if you have an answer you would like a problem to just send them along to Sam Slanders of this paper.



Dear Sam:

Why do the students of Dalhousie deride and chastize the modest, hard-working, rich, strong, good-looking, students from prosperous, advanced, benevolent Upper-Canada?

T. O.

Dear T.O.

That's why.

Dear Sam:

How can a person study in the library when it gets so hot up there with all those girls walking around in tight ski pants and skirts etc.?

Science

Dear Sci:

As I see it you've got two problems here. Solution for problem #1 is open the windows. Thank goodness there is no solution for the second problem.

Dear Sam:

With Saddle Hawkins week coming up; and with this being Leap Year, - How do you go about asking a boy for a date?

Girl from the Hall.

Dear Girl:

I don't.

Dear Sam:

Father says that I should join a fraternity to broaden my social contacts; but I don't want to join one which has a bad reputation for drinking and wild parties. Which one should I join?

Milk Toast.

Dear Milk:

I'd suggest you join Delta Gamma or SCM.

Dear Sam:

My girlfriend wants me to take her out, or phone her every night so that we are together for about

ODE TO JOE CAMPUS

You have seen him - likely in his shiny car,
Or talking with the campus Queen
Or tuning his guitar.

Casually drawing on his pipe
He views the distant sky
As if he sees momentous things
Not meant for human eye

His questions, if he has them
Show his hidden zeal
Like "Why not be an atheist?"
And what is really real?"

Now, degree in hand, he stands
Albeit just a pass
To resolutely take his place
Amongst the working class.

This product that I speak of
This man in his totality
Look here my friend,
look there my friend
He has become reality.

L. Stork.

4-1/2 hours a night. This leaves me 1/2 an hour for homework. Dad says this is too much, is it?
Apron Strings.

Dear Apron:

I don't think it's too much, lots of people do 1/2 an hour homework a night.

Dear Sam:

Why is it that all them guys from Upper Kanada think we all from the Maritimes is a bunch of Ignorent slobs.

N.S.

Dear N.S.

That's why.

Dear Sam:

My boyfriend is in Meds, and he always wants to experiment with new techniques of various types on me. How far should I let him go in this?

Perplexed.

Dear Perplexed,

Keep him within the bounds of common morality.

Dear Sam:

My boyfriend always wants to take me parking, park, Park, PARK, is all he things about. But he doesn't have a car. What do I do?

Tired of Cold Benches.

Dear Tired:

I don't know what you do, but I can guess.

Confidential to Dental Hygenist:

Just keep an eye on how he adjusts that chair.

Confidential to Lover of Chamber Music and Fine Arts:

No it doesn't necessarily make you one, but it doesn't help your image either.

Confidential to Inquiring:

A platonic friendship is the interval between the introduction and the first kiss.

Sam Slanders.



TYPING
EXPERIENCED
STENO WILL TYPE
ESSAYS, REPORTS,
THESIS, ETC.
PICK UP AND DELIVERY
Mrs. J. Connolly
3661 Windsor St.
Phone: 455-7643

"EXPORT"
PLAIN
or FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES