



From the vestal's temple

By NANCY WHITE

Hall prepares Expo display

Don't ask me to sell tickets for you today. Bid me not to join your worthy organization. This is not the week, darling, for you and I to run off to Fort Churchill. I'm too busy working on the Shirreff Hall booth for Expo '67.

The Fair people, hearing of my administrative capabilities, gave the planning job to me, and believe me, it's going to be a rough one. I just can't get any co-operation. Why, I don't know. My announcement saying that everyone is welcome to join my planning committee has been put over the intercom half-hourly for over two weeks now and the response has been quite disappointing. I say "Would all those girls interested in pavilion design please ring down" and then there's this awful silence.

Be that as it may, the plans are shaping up nicely. After lengthy deliberation, it has been decided that, in keeping with the "Man and His World" theme of the Fair, we will call our exhibit "The Sweet Young Thing and Her Sphere of Operation, Especially When She Lives in Residence in Halifax." Punchy, no?

Then there will be subtitles like "The Sweet Young Thing At Work", "The Sweet Young Thing Ordering Out", "The Sweet Young Thing Cursing About the Leave System," and so forth.

The residence itself could be simply indicated by a couple of papier mache pillars, a 20-foot-square, three-foot-thick door, one barred window and, on top of the entire construction, a pair of pigeons stomping out the rites of spring.

Staffing the booth will be 23 hall residents all dressed in dungarees, trained to reply to visitors who say "tsk tsk look at those sweet young things in dungarees", "mockery mockery on you, these are CUT-OFFS!"

Our booth will swing away slightly from the intellectual, educational character of most of the fair. We feel that even though most visitors will be Canadian, surely an element of gentle fun

would not be too amiss.

To provide this, we are going to build a sort of "fun house", like the Bill Lynch Show usually has.

For 25 cents the customer will be sent off on a dizzying trip down a corridor lined with etchings and into a large room, generously draped with cobwebs and dark except for light from a single taper flickering on a table. From their seats around this table a group of young women will glare and hiss in a ladylike manner at the visitor. From a sound system voices will reverberate on all sides, interrogating the guest about all the naughty things he has done in the past week. Mechanical hands then reach out and gently push him to his knees, from whence he leaves the room at a crawl. He then has five minutes to recount his harrowing experience to the other people waiting in line. We'll probably call this section "The Sweet Young Thing and Her Moments of Unadulterated Terror."

These are just a few of my ideas and I know they're going to be great when put into effect.

Naturally, there are likely some facets of Shirreff Hall life that have been overlooked. So please, if you've any ideas for our pavilion, do pass them along.

Features editor Piers Gray (he swears it's his real name) has said this Great Work must be double length this week.

"We're making a big issue."

"Out of what this time, ho, ho ho?"

"Nancy, sometimes I think you are such a . . . oh forget it." (He doesn't appreciate terrible puns and things of that ilk. I do. It made my day when a guy came up to me backstage at Julius Caesar and said "What's a nice girl like you doing in a play like this?")

Anyway, for the sake of length and because this, believe it or not, is the Christmas issue, here is a defensive, pro-Shirreff Hall digression.

It's a bit appalling to be told

you're anti-everything when all along you had been carefully cultivating a positive attitude and avoiding cluttering up your open mind with facts and ideas.

Especially when:

a. you're so nice you don't even mind paying income tax b. you like rain because rubber boots are more fun to wear than shoes

c. you fail exams with a cheerful heart because then you know Dal is keeping up its standards d. you're a Maritimer but you like Toronto anyway.

Under these circumstances, a charge of being anti hurts you deeply and you go hide in your closet for hours.

But you see, no matter how much you love the world, it's just too gauche to write columns saying so. Pre-ten-tious. Picture me grandly bestowing the accolade of the week. Makes you choke on your wine, don't it?

Nonetheless, as a bow to complaints I take another N.V.P. pill and bring you an interesting, informative and enjoyed-by-all chat on "Things I Like About Shirreff Hall".

There's the big lawn, the trees that are gorgeous in autumn, the setting itself-close to water. The circular driveway "like rich people have." The stonework in the walls. The grand-old-castle look of the main hall. The library-impossible to study in but filled with the maddest collection of books and magazines.

I like the rooms. They're not all exactly the same and they're warm. The staff is nice and includes the necessary kooks. Meals are marvellous. Our cook is an artist. There's an endless supply of hot water. The rules, with the exception of the really silly ones, are reasonable.

And it's close to the A and A Building.

There now. How's that for sunshine and light? The third floor girls called in to check the eulogy for sincerity were quite moved to tears by it.

Merry Christmas.

South-East Asia discussed

"Conference invaluable"-Kemp

"Sir, you make me ashamed to be an American," drawled a Texan student, commenting on the same speech that reduced the Cuban delegate to a fervour "I can only disagree with everything you say." Professor Klaus Hermann, from the Political Science department of Sir George Williams University, brought a chorus of such protests from his audience with a very pro-U.S. speech during the conference on International Affairs, held in Montreal from Nov. 2-6.

His conviction that the U.S. was the "champion of freedom" leaping to defend the "poor weak little nations" of South East Asia from the "brutal, murdering aggressors", it was not well-received by an audience that had spent several days in intensive research and discussion of the problems of the area. The whole aim at the conference was to discount as far as possible the propaganda pumped out by both sides and to attempt an objective analysis on the basis of facts and observations as presented by experts who had been to the countries on which they were speaking. In comparison, we began by doubting Professor Hermann's sincerity: we ended by doubting his sanity.

The debates often flowered into controversy of this kind and Canadian delegates, who tended at first to argue from a viewpoint of mere interest in the problems of a rather distinct area, were stirred into more immediate concern by the vitality with which overseas delegates - two from Cuba, two from the London School of Economics, one from Russia, and several from Asia - attacked the subject. They questioned every assumption, challenged every belief, and generally made everyone stand up and fight.

Apart from the lack of information and materials available the

Have you argued over the extent of Sihanouk's power in Cambodia, whether Thailand is swinging to the left, or whether SEATO is of any practical value? A multitude of topics were presented for discussion, the only flaw being that each delegate managed to hear at the most 10 papers at his particular group. In my group, three of the papers were on Viet Nam, so this limited our scope even more. In the final plenary session, a summary of the discussions of each group was made which helped to synthesize the ideas of the conference on the major topics.

Always accepting the fact that conclusions are nebulous and unsatisfactory; what conclusions did we reach? When discussed on theoretical planes, it seemed to be the feeling at the conference that South East Asia has become a chess board on which the major powers are playing out their game at check and mate without any concern for the people who are getting killed, intimidated, or simply made unhappy in the process. In Viet Nam, which seems to be the test case for the area, the U.S. has put herself in the

Navel display

Visitors to the Ontario pavilion at Expo '67 will be able to see a filmed peep show of the lives of six prominent Ontario citizens. They will peep through an aperture in the abdomen of the sculpted torso to see the show inside. It was announced that the peep hole will probably be in the region of the navel.

conference of this sort is an invaluable experience which only those able to attend can fully share. Nevertheless the wealth of information is something which can be passed on, and I hope to be able to do this in the weeks to come.



We hear you'd like a girl your own age to tell you about Tampax

She'll be easy to find. She's the one who wears all the snazzy new fashions, is up on the latest dances, and seems to be thoroughly enjoying herself every single day.

Frankly, we'd rather have her speak for us than speak for ourselves. She may not dwell too long on the advantages of Tampax menstrual tampons. She knows you must be aware of them, or you wouldn't be asking about Tampax. But she will explain usage and absorbency and all sorts of things.

And will you do us a great big favor? Will you tell her how proud and grateful Tampax is that she takes this attitude about the product we cherish so much. We'd tell her ourselves, but we don't know how to reach her-except through you. Thank you very much.



Existential Dalhousie

By STEPHEN POTTIE

Recently, my driving editor suggested that I write something for the next issue. "Anything!" he said. "How about an article pointing out the demerits of examinations?" That wasn't what I wanted though. Besides being well over-worked, I explained that I thought exams were necessary evils. He didn't bother to argue the point. Assuming a meditative look, he searched his fertile brain for some subject which I could mis-represent admirably. In a moment of weakness I suggested something about entertainment. "Yes, that's it!" he exclaimed in what appeared to be one of his less lethargic moods. Inspired by his confidence and enthusiasm, I narrowed it down to entertainment in Halifax as it concerns university students. His delight at my idea gave me great confidence that it would work out. So I went to work, thinking, planning, digging up details.

The trouble with that article was that it didn't really have anything to say of importance. I mean, how many students on Dal worry about movies or music or plays or whatnot. Then it came to me. I had found something significant, something that every student of this campus has thought about, and if not, should be thinking about. Every morning I have an eight-thirty class which makes it necessary to walk the full length of the second floor hall of the Arts & Administration Building. And, I must admit that I was becoming very familiar with that corridor. I knew with a certain degree of surity what type of information was posted on each bulletin board, where my class rooms were, where the men's coat room was, where the stairs were, and, most important, where the water fountains were placed. In other words, I could walk along the hall without any fear of appearing like a visitor.

Then it happened. During one night a few weeks ago, someone placed padded leather couches in the area in front of the art gallery. "Marvelous," I thought. Some gentle soul must have thought of the tired students who have to walk up the stairs; the elevator is only for the use of the staff and visitors.

I did not take a seat the first day, because I felt I would be too conspicuous sitting alone. This opinion must have been shared by others for no one sat down that day, and I waited around for several hours after classes had ended. Soon, however, they became accepted fixtures of the second floor and students were sitting on them right and left. I must admit, the whole thing took on a casual air. I made a point of resting there every morning before class. However, this proved dangerous for I fell asleep on two occasions and missed my first class altogether.

One day as I approached the mid-section of the hall, I noticed that the couches had been removed. The first reaction was one of indignation. However, after rereading one of the Time ads, I cooled down. Maybe the seats had been taken to some other part of the building or even to another building for the enjoyment of students there. "Don't be selfish," I told myself. "Our turn will come up again." In a week, I had completely forgotten about the seats.

But soon new objects began appearing in the hall. At first, it was only a collection of harmless crates. "Somebody is moving," I thought. These disappeared and were replaced by wooden columns that measured about four feet high. Curious, I investigated. Function, I decided, was the only method of discovering what they were. My first idea was that they were podiums for speakers with small notes. I reached that conclusion about the size of the notes from the area of the top which was about six inches square. Maybe this spot on the campus was going to be some sort of area for speeches. My theory was soon shattered by an authoritative-looking young man. He approached the podiums, looked slightly puzzled for a second, and then, with the look of a man who has just settled the Viet Nam crises, extinguished his cigarette in the shallow tray that formed the top of what I now knew to be an ash-tray. Despite my chagrin, I accepted his conclusion eagerly and would have put a cigarette in a like manner to show that I was no ignoramus only I don't smoke. I thought of borrowing one, but gave it up and went home.

I soon discovered that even he was wrong. When I arrived next day, the ashes had been removed and objects d'art were in their place. A few days later, two glassed-doored cabinets were left outside the art gallery. Today, someone has returned the leather couches. The hall was so crowded that traffic reached a standstill during peak hours. Students were sitting down, looking at the objects d'art, and generally holding up the normal flow.

Could there be some link between the hall and the art gallery? Is the administration giving in to Union demands for more workers on campus and the only work they can give them is moving furniture? I can't say yes or no to any of these questions. For all I know the whole hall might have been removed during the lunch hour. I can only urge students who notice similar unexplainable events to report them to me as quickly as possible so that I can process the information and come up with the solution.

W.U.S.C. Plays key role in student affairs

By GAY McINTOSH
Gazette Staff

W.U.S.C. - What is it? The International body called the World University Student Committee. What does it do? It plays an important part in our national student affairs.

When you were visiting Treasure Van you were contributing to W.U.S.C.

Now let's distinguish between W.U.S. and W.U.S.C.

W.U.S. originated in 1920 as the World University Student relief fund, which helped European students who were in need of a university education. W.U.S.C. is

the organization here at Dal - W.U.S. - the real thing.

W.U.S. has and is playing its role well.

It rebuilt shattered universities and contributed to the rehabilitation of destitute students and professors in European countries. Some of its contributions were to Geneva. During the second World War it sent textbooks, food, clothing, and money to students in Europe, Asia and Australia. Today, there are 45 participating countries and membership could include making money donations for medical supplies, books, financial aid to students

from Mozambique and Angola, Universities in Ceylon and Hong Kong and students in Latin America.

Canada is sending 62,000 to the international programme this year.

The year before last, Enid Green went to Algeria as a representative from Dal.

Last year John Cleveland went to Chile. This year one of you will go to Turkey.

What can you do? If you want more information, you could go into the C.U.S. office in the arts annex and speak to Jane Massey, the chairman of the committee, or call 423-7543.



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