



—Photo by Bissett

## What A Difference A Day Makes

The professors of Dalhousie have finally met their match. After years of waging battle against rain, fog, hail, sleet, snow and ice, they are at least smarting in ignominious defeat. Thirty inches of snow and gale-force winds last week marked the first time in history that classes have been cancelled at Dal because of adverse weather conditions.

The storm began with quietly falling snow last Tuesday night, but by Wednesday morning all traces of serenity had disappeared; a full scale blizzard was upon us. But for those courageous, and foolish, enough to brave the elements and struggle to the campus, the scene was one of wierdly enchanting beauty.

At first glance, all seemed tundra-like, barren and lifeless. The paths were unshoveled; the roadways impassable. Even the Arts Building, whose facade, under normal conditions, tries desperately to dominate the campus, looked lonely, deserted, and forlorn.

But all was not lost. The canteen, center of attention as usual, was, for better or worse, graced by a company of human animals. Decked out in regalia fit to make the most avid science fiction fan gasp, they sat, and guzzled coffee, and talked, and gabbed, and . . . sat. All morning everybody thought about shoveling and nobody shoveled.

After luncheon, prepared in the inimitable fashion by the Canteen

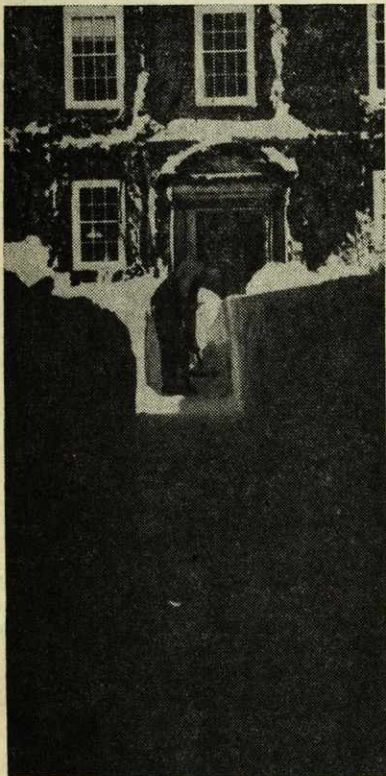
staff, a few individuals, horribly plagued by conscience, bestirred their fannies and headed for the library. Half of them reached it. But we are sorry to report that one of them did not reach the main reading room quite as fully assembled as he started out. He lost his shoes and pants in the hall. And to judge from the hysterical mutterings of a *Gazette* observer, he lost his head, too. It seems he insisted on studying in the reading hall in his Bermuda undershorts while keeping his toes warm under a nearby radiator.

But by the end of the afternoon, the storm had abated and mischievous minds started to work overtime. Kingsmen laid siege to St. Mary's with snowballs, both sides battling vigourously until, exhausted, they agreed to a chivalrous truce. An unidentified, but more practical, army of males attacked the belligerent Amazons of Shirreff Hall. Unfortunately for several growling stomachs, however, this engagement did not end on such an amicable note; following the advice of the local radio station, boys who normal-

ly eat in the canteen gathered up at the Hall and demanded food—the war-weary girls turned them down.

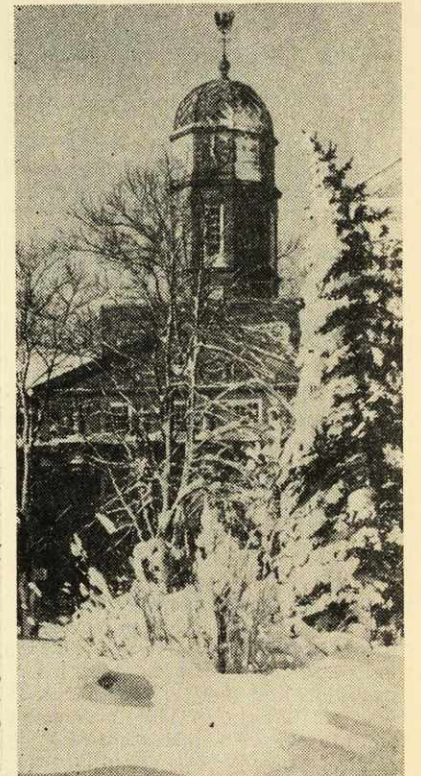
Thursday dawned bright and clear and the ranks of the faithful swelled on the campus, much to the annoyance of the crews (to whom we owe a vote of thanks) who were struggling to remove the tons of snow from the walks. The library did a business comparable to any regular Sunday. Trade in the canteen roared as usual. But the remarkable feature of the day was a great crowd of roving camera-fiends. Everything from trees to garbage cans was being photographed from all possible angles.

By Friday, however, everything was back to normal. Classes resumed and once again the ivy walls echoed with the laughter and chatter of young voices. (Their were hang-over groans, too, from those who had guzzled too loud and too long, but we'll leave them to bask in fond memories without further comment). And out of the clamour, we heard one quotable quote: "Wouldn't it be nice if we had another thirty inches next week."



"Labour"

—Photo by Van der Zwan



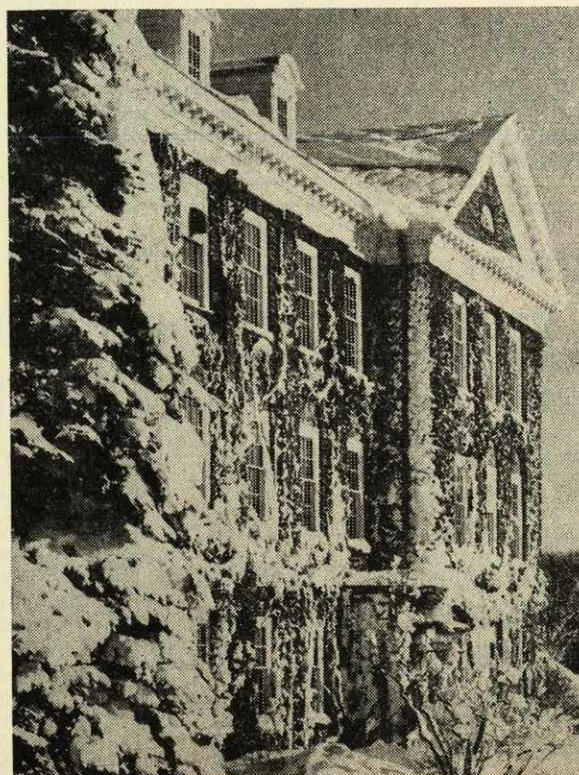
"... and Solitude"

—Photo by Van der Zwan

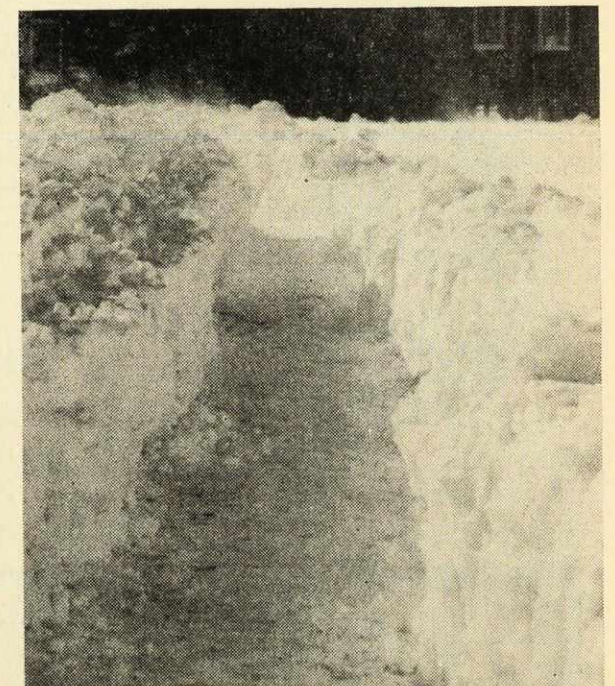


"The Plough Got Stuck"

—Photo by Bissett



—Photo by Van der Zwan



"But Perverserance Paid Off"

—Photo by Acker