

SUB: Fact or Fancy

A STUDENT'S BUILDING BY '15

By SUE HERMAN

As reads the above, so read the headlines of a Dalhousie Gazette in March, 1914. Since 1910, when Dal students were clamoring for a YW-YMCA building with offices, reading rooms, and lounges and up to the present campaign, the drive for a Students' Union Building has been varied and discouraging.

In 1911, a full-time, paid secretary was hired, but the idea was shelved when the property now comprising Studley Campus was appropriated. The ever energetic Dalhousians turned their attentions to raising funds for the Science Building on Studley that was to be able to take care of the 1500 students prophesied by 1963. All was silent until a cautious Gazette editor in '13, during the course of calling the students' notice to the problems facing them at Studley, included a statement to the effect that "our ultimate aim is a Students' Building, but we realize that it cannot come for some time yet."

Not agreeing with the previous editor, the above headline appeared the next spring. This time there seemed to be no holding back progress. Deciding, as do all good college students at the peak of their learning, that it was up to them to make the effort to attain their wishes, a canvas of the Maritime Provinces was carried out. Backed by the hearty approval of the Board of Governors, and with the promise of Alumni aid, the students collected \$12,000 from the inhabitants of Halifax, and \$19,000 from the rest of the Maritimes in a strenuous one week's campaign. Not even the European War halted the demands for money. Even in 1915, a large sign facing Coburg Road proclaimed, "DALHOUSIE STUDENTS WANT \$50,000 FOR A STUDENTS' BUILDING."

All of a sudden and for no obvious reason, the demand for a Stu-

dents' Building became a plea for a fully-equipped gym. Then, in 1924, after weeks of deliberation, the fickle students decided that they merely wanted an open-air rink, and not a Students' Building after all. This they obtained and all became quiet.

In the '40's, the idea reappeared but was quickly overshadowed by a prospective Men's Residence and/or a Campus Rink. At the end of World War 2, once again the hue and cry was raised. However, this outbreak of irrationality was soon squelched. "Dalhousie is going to have a hard enough fight to hold on to what she does have," came the answer, "without adding an unnecessary burden to the worries."

Then came the War Memorial inspiration, so-called, because superstitious supporters felt that the name "Students' Building" was cursed, and thereby decided to foil Fate. The War Memorial, like a chameleon, took on forms as changeable as the whimsical minds of the planners. Within a short time, the shopworn idea of a Students' Building turned with the tide and became a possible Men's Residence. At this point either some of the ardent S.B. supporters graduated, or greener pastures were again spotted, for not until the stepped-up campaign last year did the topic of a Students' Union Building emerge from the bushel under which its light had been hidden.

The chief problem appears to have been one of a lack of unified support. The Administration could not be blamed for taking the neu-

tral viewpoint when each new influx of students brought with it new ideas and new demands. It is obvious that unless an ardent upholder of a S.U.B. plans to spend his entire lifetime at Dalhousie, the enthusiasm raised by him and his supporters will die out. Certainly eager, energetic backers of a S.U.B. exist on Dal's campus, but how long will they be here? In order to assure continuation of their efforts, their brainchild must be firmly cemented into the mind of each freshman. As each new follower will not, in all probability, be as aspiring as the prime instigator, the action will gradually peter out. The Administration is fully conscious of this, and feeling that, as past history indicates, if the decision can be postponed long enough, the malleable minds of the new students will tire of fighting an immovable force and will resort to demands more easily satisfied.

Definitely a S.U.B. is need at Dalhousie. The irrevocable fact remains that the Building must be built NOW, while the "iron is hot," to resort to a cliché. Successive students will vaguely recognize the necessity of a Students' Union Building, but unless a successful drive is put on, the lethargic Dal campus will unambitiously ignore the possibility. As always, someone's dreams will fade into oblivion . . . but for what real reason? We are Dalhousie students. Let it be proved that OUR dreams, unlike those of our predecessors, are manufactured of sterner steel . . . the kind that erects buildings.



"RIDE 'EM, COWBOY!" To judge by this shot, it looks as if boys of ALL ages had fun at the Inter-Fraternity party for underprivileged children held in the Men's Residence last Saturday.

—Photo by Hogan.

A Blow on The Head

There was once a group of lovely normal people (two arms, two legs, the usual 30 feet of intestine, etc.) who had known one another for years. They all dressed conservatively, brushed their teeth three times a day, and were generally socially acceptable. However, one cataclysmic Thursday afternoon, Joe, their most orthodox member, happened to hit his head on the door of his Buick. The sharpness of the blow stunned his ego long enough to let hitherto unforeseen elements of his personality slip out of his subconscious, where they had been firmly repressed ever since he had gone Ivy League . . . This small and seemingly insignificant incident had repercussions like unto those of "the shot heard round the world" . . .

As usual the gang got together the following Saturday evening—Just a small bunch for a party. Everyone anticipated the customary well-bred proceedings: wine in moderation, women in good taste, and song in harmony. At 10:15 Joe arrived, his appearance heralded, not by the smooth . . . PPUurr . . . of the Buick, but the violent VVRoommm . . . of what proved to be a suave little Jag. He swung into the room in black corduroys and a mauve sweater, a pair of bongo drums casually swinging in one hand, and a long lissome burnette with slanted eyes and inch-long scarlet fingernails draped against his shoulder. A blanket of silence settled over the company like a foot of snow.

Joe was not abashed. He played and sang a couple of Calypso songs that would curl the hair of any missionary, slung his woman through a series of the most amazing dances, and then, evidently finding his erstwhile boon companions uncongenial, left by the shortest route, which happened to be via a bay window.

His exit was followed by a riot of questions and answers, two phone calls to his psychiatrist, and a general flood of sympathy. The party ended soon after, and the members wended their way homeward, lost in thought.

By Tuesday of the next week, the members were displaying an unaccustomed interest in the weekly party. By Thursday, the usual phone calls were doubled, and there was a certain indefinable air of secrecy. By Friday, one could almost spot a feeling of tension, and on Saturday afternoon there was an unprecedented burst of enthusiasm when three of the members volunteered to make the punch.

GERRY CURNEW—Arts 2:

"How about a pie-throwing contest for a part of the afternoon, and giving the proceeds to the March of Dimes Fund? The contest would go along fine with a sock hop!"

Saturday evening, figuratively speaking, dawned. From 8:30 until 10 o'clock, not a soul appeared. At 10:15 the gang thundered in, each looking like a fugitive from an M.G.M. carnival, mob scene. What arrays of bongo drums! What galaxies of long lissome brunettes! What rainbows of sweaters! What glorious Calypso songs guaranteed not merely to curl a missionary's hair but to render him completely bald by the end of the first refrain. At 12 o'clock someone dug Joe out of his recently acquired cold water flat, and at eight after twelve Joe, Jag, and the original lissome female arrived. The party continued madly into the itsy-bitsy hours.

Life for the gang was one rosy dream for the next two months. Cold water flats were at a premium, new shipments of bongo drums converged to the city from all directions. No one had realized what fun it was to be negativistic.

However, no one can control the circumstances of even an ideal life, and one afternoon Joe hit his head on the door of his Jag. His ego gaining an added get up and go from the knock, reached out and snatched his new personality back into his subconscious, and firmly repressed it with two new neuroses. Joe looked down at his black corduroys in horror, rushed out and bought a charcoal grey suit, rented an apartment on an eminently respectable avenue, cleaned his fingernails, and worried about what his friends were thinking.

At the next party Joe was thunderstruck to see his friends wearing Italian shirts, and evidently living a life of debonair immorality. As soon as he had fully grasped the situation, he whipped off his charcoal grey jacket and stabbed himself with a steak knife.

His friends were understandably annoyed at his lack of consideration and very few went to his funeral. At last report they have been accepted into the Beatnick brotherhood, and show signs of becoming one of the most promising of the newer groups.

MUNRO DAY

ANY MORE IDEAS

By BASIL COOPER

Munro Day, the biggest thing to ever "happen" at Dal, is fast approaching! An industrious committee of six members is having to plan very carefully in order to make this year's Munro Day, the best ever. But they need ideas, and stacks of them!

A Gazette reporter interviewed numerous Dalhousians in quest of new ideas for the big day that lies ahead. The questions he asked were: "What ideas have you got to offer for Munro Day?" and "Can you think of some new attraction that can fill the best part of an afternoon?" Following are some of the replies:

JIM HURLEY—Pre Law 2:

"I'd like to see some qualified person on the campus write a humorous spoof about life on a

Dal campus. Whether it's long or short, I feel that a great number of the students would get much enjoyment out of it. This might be a One-Act Play to go along with the other acts of the Dal Revue!"

BRUCE REDDING—Engineering 3:

"If there's enough snow around we could build snow statues! The various faculties could work on the statues and prizes could be awarded for the best creations!"

DIXIE DENNIS—Science 1:

"I think Dal lacks enthusiasm and if everyone would pitch in and do something towards preparing for Munro Day, they would get more out of it. Something original we could do is to go to Citadel Hill and there have a big sing-song session."

MEL FREEDMAN—Pre-Med 3:

"I suggest that each fraternity be asked to prepare something towards an afternoon's entertainment! Last year's Revue was quite successful on the Tuesday afternoon, and I believe the same format should be repeated this year!"

RUTH MacKENZIE—Arts 3:

"I'd suggest a Float Parade through the city, with floats rep-

resentative of the various faculties, organizations and fraternities, and with the various queens accompanying them. This grand parade could be held in the afternoon of Munro Day and would be most impressive! It will also give a much needed lift to the pathetic spirit of Dal! Prizes could be awarded for the better floats and everyone will be able to see the Queens before they are presented that night."

NANCY CREASE—Arts 3:

"If there is lots of snow, we could have a big tobogganing party. A sock hop would also be a keen idea for the afternoon and possibly some skating too."

SANDY MacDONALD—Science 3:

"I'd suggest a sock hop in the afternoon—a very informal one, handled by a disc jockey like Sandy Hoyt (CJCH), or someone else from a different local radio station. As well, we could have broom-ball games and skating sessions in the afternoon."

PETE STRONG—Comm. 1:

"If there is snow, it might be possible to rent horses and sleighs and have sleigh rides. Maybe a beard-growing contest is an idea, or perhaps even an outdoor skating party!"

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