Memories of the 1970s

Days to Remember (1970)

This was the time of Taché Hall legend, a time when larger-than-life Residents strolled the halls, undertaking larger-than-life pranks and tricks.

• The time when someone sealed a Residence shower stall and went scuba-diving.
• Or when another drove his small Italian car through the Cafeteria line-up, to the understandable consternation of Food Services officials.
• Or how about the time when the Student Life Coordinator found his car parked in the hall, by the Faculty Club.

Memories of East Taché (1971)

I lived in East Taché from 1969-1971, while I was a student in the Faculty of Engineering. It was a wonderful experience. I found Taché to be the friendliest of places. The Administration staff were always eager to help. One time the heater in my room (213) was not working, and the director of Taché Hall came over with tools at hand to repair and to make it work. It turned out that he was an air force pilot during World War II. He was stationed in what was then the eastern part of India in the district of Chittagong (now in Bangladesh), my own home town.

At exam time, Taché Auditorium used to be turned into a large study hall. I used to look forward to watching weekend movies in the Auditorium on Sunday evenings. Christmas time at Taché used to be very festive, with colourful decorations and private parties at all hours. Taché back then was an all-male dorm, with a shared dining room at Pembina Hall with an all-female residence, Mary Speechly Hall.

There are so many fond memories of my days at Taché. Sitting here in my living room in the San Francisco Bay area, California, I remember all that and it makes it so much more special. The Taché building is one of the most distinguished buildings at the U of M, and I wish it was maintained as a Residence for the next several hundred years. Maybe someday in the future, it will be turned back to its old glory to be the grandest Residence at the U of M.
Don’t Forget Girl-Watching (1972)

In 1972 (and in other years as well), there was a whole host of Beautiful People who were elected or appointed to maintain peace, order, and good government in Taché Hall. One such poohbah was the “Floor Rep” whose mandate it was, in a nutshell, to keep reasonable quiet and civility on his floor within the not-always peaceable kingdom. A Floor Rep also had to serve on a sub-committee of the Resident Students’ Association Council, e.g., Newsletter, Sports, Foods, etc.

In order to become a Floor Rep, one had to be given the nod by an RSAC selection committee. En route to an interview by said committee was the completion and submission of a questionnaire. One of the questions on the sheet asked the applicant if he had previously taken part in Residence activities and, if so, what they were. This was presumably intended to suss out his familiarity with Residence culture and his commitment to it.

One chap, who wrote on his application form that he found this question ambiguous to start with, listed the following experiences that, to the best of his knowledge, qualified him for the exalted position of Floor Rep: participating in inter-mural volleyball and basketball; water fights and most dances; eating at Pembina Hall; sleeping in Taché Hall; attending House Meetings; skateboarding; making friends (and enemies); and ... girl-watching.

Exactly how girl-watching qualified one for a job in an all-male domicile may not be obvious at first blush. But upon due consideration, we can probably all agree that someone had to keep a vigilant eye out for the disruptive, man-hungry harpies (fabulous, ravenous, and filthy mythical winged monsters with the face of a woman and the body of a vulture) that are known to lurk in the dark corners of every university campus. Fortuitously, a personal history of girl-watching qualified Floor Reps to detect these loathsome creatures (harpies, that is, not girls) and prevent them from infiltrating Taché Hall.

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Water Fights (1973)

Water fights were relatively frequent events in the early 1970s, particularly with the new Proctor system. The Proctors were responsible for hall spirit, but they were also responsible for discipline. It was a fine line and it took a bit of time to grow into. Previous to that, the Dons had ridden a tighter shotgun on things like water fights and other nefarious late-night activities. So there was a bit of an explosion that first year. And being in the basement, we were always the recipients of the water in any case.

So if a water fight broke out above us, we simply attacked as a first response. Sometimes we simply attacked regardless. Room garbage cans were usually the weapon of choice although floors above us would choose to fill the old hallway garbage cans (about 100-gal capacity), drag them over to the stairwell and wait for someone foolish enough to walk under it. First person got it and that usually started a war. Somehow we had managed to acquire a freight elevator key and that allowed us to load up the elevator and counter-attack from behind.

Of course the girls also needed to let off some steam from time-to-time, and they were quite sneaky about it. Usually it would happen right after supper when we would just be hanging out in the hallway. The first inkling of that attack would be a platoon of girls running into our hallway with full garbage cans singing, “If you want us, here we are, come and get us!…” Those evenings tended to end with pizza and beer and good times in the hallway. … Ahhh, the foolishness of youth!!!!

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Big Streak (1974)

The Big Streak occurred in the winter of early 1974 if I recall correctly, when streaking was at its height of popularity. My roommate and I grabbed cameras and followed along (with about 30-40 streakers) to record the event. It was late at night, so the photo quality wasn’t great, but there were several photos of RSAC officials in there with nothing more on than what they were born with.

They streaked out of Taché Hall over to Fletcher Argue, through Dafoe Library, some of the tunnels, Engineering Building, then through Speechly and back into Taché. They didn’t restrict their streak in Speechly to just the main floor either.

The next day the Winnipeg Free Press somehow found out I had photos and wanted to publish some (with blotted out areas) but I was advised by some of the “models” that this might not be a good idea!

There are many other stories such as pouring someone a concrete door, Puff the Magic Dragon, the electric chair, water fights, pantry raids in Speechly, rooftop parties on Taché Hall, Spider Man and Batman rappelling down into the Auditorium to win first place at the Halloween Dance (I was Batman) [See Taché Hall Hallowe’en Dance in this section], papering rooms with crumpled newspapers, etc. I expect that students today would be expelled for much of what we did and got away with.

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Forbidden Fruit (1974)

One of the Food Services regulations that annoyed the Resbians was that which ruled against the removal of uneaten fruit from the Pembina Hall Dining Room. The students wanted to take the extra food back to their rooms for when hunger pangs struck outside of mealtimes. They didn’t feel that this practice was unreasonable because the surplus food had already been paid for with their board fees.

The management people concurred that the transported food had indeed been paid for; but the board fees also paid for the privilege of eating meals in Pembina Hall that had been generously provided by the University. Indeed, this facility was the place, and the only place, where the institutionally-provided food was to be eaten by Residence students.

What was the reason for this seemingly peevish and arbitrary requirement? In a November 1974 memo directed to all customers, the Pembina Hall Food Service Manager voiced his concern that much of the fruit taken to the rooms didn’t get eaten at all. Rather, it sat on peoples’ windowsills and soon went rotten. The next phase of the scenario would see the students tossing the spoiled food out onto the grounds surrounding the Residence. Those patrons who were skeptical of this argument were invited to check the courtyards in the spring after the snow had melted.

The dollars involved when food was taken from the Dining Room was said to have had a “tremendous” effect on the room and board rates for the following year. The basic point (food wastage) was no doubt well taken, although the magnitude of the problem was probably debatable, as was the tack the Manager used to press his suit.

He gauged the impact of taking fruit back to the rooms as follows:

One apple/day x 800 students x 6¢/apple x 190 days = $9,120

To be relevant, this calculation has to assume that every man, woman, and child in the Residence complex walked off with an apple every day for the entire 190 days, and that all of said apples ended up on the lawns.

Was the Manager making a mountain out of a molehill, or were the students, by their argument, making a molehill out of a mountain? Probably only the Deity, the ultimate creator of mountains, apples, and molehills, knew for sure.

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Photography Club (1974)

I am glad you have located the Churchill photo. It is likely worth a significant amount of money and an asset to the University that should be securely displayed somewhere that people can see it. I could be wrong, but I don’t believe that Karsh presented the photo in person.

Tony Mah was a year or two older than I was and he was the President of our Photo Club. As I recall, Tony approached Yousuf Karsh in 1974 about
judging the photo contest. Not sure how the Churchill Photo arrived, but I don't recall Karsh presenting it, so perhaps it arrived by courier. I believe it arrived with a letter from Karsh that was read out at the time [see info and photo on page 149].

If I remember correctly, Tony's Photo won 1st place that year in what I recall as the first year of the photo contest. I likely have photos of the presentation of the trophy to Tony and I believe the Churchill photo might be in the background. I think the presentation occurred at Colour Night. I usually didn't go too far without my camera. We had our own darkroom up on the 4th floor East Taché, right beside Harry Nolan's suite.

The Die Is Cast (1974)

In 1973 or 1974, with nothing better to do one day, I visited my little brother who was in his first year at the U of M and living on Broadway in Taché Hall. After less than ten minutes, I knew this was a place I wanted to be a part of. I had just graduated from the University of Winnipeg, and pretty much right then and there I decided to extend my secondary education by a few more years. I lived in Taché from 1975-78 when the RSAC was probably at the peak of its influence and power.

The memories (and some of them are pure Animal House [as in the movie]) linger on, but mostly the many friendships; the long hours of study, socializing, and drinking; getting involved in Residence politics and administration (a valuable education in itself), and above all the camaraderie, will always be with me. It was a unique slice of time and space that will never happen again. I was fortunate to have been a part of it.

Development of Hall Identities & Names (1975)

The years 1971-72, 1972-73, 1973-74, and 1974-75 were the ones I spent in Residence. I was there when Rat Alley formed as the first named hall in Taché West in 1972-73. I was the second Proctor in Rat Alley (1973-74). I then became the RSAC President in 1974-75 at the time when we first started down the renovation (no more water fights) path.

The information provided herein was gleaned from my Yearbooks and the Directories for those years. Residence structure and rules in 1971-72 hadn’t changed too much in a long time. No alcohol in rooms, no cross-visiting boys and girls except for very limited hours on weekends and you had to be signed in at Mary Speechly, no telephones in rooms, all furniture and hardware unchanged from the 1920s including the steam radiators that clattered and banged the minute things got cold. Mr. Kains was the Director of Residence, Miss Barnwell was the Women’s Director, and they had both been there since before the Earth cooled. Spirit wasn’t high and Men’s Residence wasn’t particularly full ... I recall that year that only one side of Rat Alley (unnamed yet) was occupied. We used the empty rooms on the other side as a shop to work on our motorcycles, etc.

In 1971-72, each floor in Men’s Residence had a Floor Don, responsible to Administration for discipline (full room and board was paid this position). Each floor had an elected Floor Rep who sat on the House
Executive and was unpaid. Floor Dons didn’t really answer to student government or students, and that sometimes led to situations developing between students-at-large and the Dons. At the same time, you had one elected Rep per floor and so you didn’t have the individual hallway camaraderie that was about to come upon us. Hallways didn’t really have an individual identity until the year 1972-73, because prior to that you had one Don per floor, always a senior, who was more responsible for keeping order than for initiating social interaction and student government.

About that same year, Administration hired a young American expat by the name of Stan Nelson as the Associate Director of Men’s Residence. I think the plan was that he would take over as Director when Mr. Kains retired. Stan was probably three to four years older than a senior student, and coming from a different part of the world, he had many ideas of how to reorganize. His thinking was that a hallway of 20 or so students was a perfect size to promote social interaction and good self-governance within Taché. The whole push was to make the RSAC more empowered and more responsible for all aspects of Residence Life and to get each and every hallway active and involved.

So in 1971-72 Stan convinced Administration that in 1972-73 the Floor Dons and Floor Reps should be dismantled, and that Proctors be placed in each hallway at half room and board remuneration. They would apply to RSAC for the position, and if selected they would also sit on the East or West House Board. So, they became Don and Floor Rep wrapped up in one, they reported to RSAC, and now you had hall spirit.

Hall spirit, hall identity, hall names, T-shirts and logos started that year with Rat Alley, the hallway I was living in. Sunshine Alley had been around for some time already. It was the first named hall, dating back prior to the 1964 opening of Mary Speechless Hall. Prior to 1964, the Women’s Residence was, of course, in Taché East and at that time Sunshine Alley was the closest women’s hall to the Men’s Residence. So it was viewed as a little ray of sunshine in the men’s eyes every morning. I believe it was also the wing for Nursing students, but I’m not sure. But there were no other hallways with names, T-shirts, logos, etc.

Because we lived in the basement, we started calling ourselves the Cellar Dwellers and the Basement Rats, and on a certain Friday afternoon, over a couple of gallons of Harvey Wallbangers, we crafted the name “Rat Alley.” So, with this new change, we—the Cellar Dwellers or the Residence Rats in the lower basement West wing of Taché Hall in the early fall of 1972—decided that we were going to become a hall to rival Sunshine Alley. We convinced one of the Speechly ID gals to craft us a logo and she did that, but her version of a drunken party rat looked more like a pregnant kangaroo [see next story for photo of T-shirt featuring this logo]. Then we got T-shirts made up and started wearing them everywhere. The drunken kangaroo was great because, whenever we asked someone what the logo reminded them of, the answer usually described a kangaroo of some sort. Anyone foolish enough to answer thusly was off for a tubbing or a dunk in a snowbank. Some prank or other was sure to befall them—especially if they lived in Sunshine Alley!!

In any event, things happened quickly and by Christmas time, Broadway, Cherry Lane, and a number of the other halls had done the same thing. Other hallways saw what this spirited interchange between Rat Alley and Sunshine Alley was doing for camaraderie, and it took off from there. By 1974-75 pretty much all of the halls in East or West had names, T-shirts, and logos.

With the switch to the Proctor system, the Residents became pretty much self-governing, and so we were able to effect great change in a very short
time. The period of 1971-75 was a period where we went from “no women in our rooms except for a few hours on Saturday and Sunday afternoon,” to 24-hour visitation rights, to the beginnings of full co-ed. We, in the RSAC, had demonstrated that we could do way more than organize Saturday night dances … first the Condo Lounge, then full-blown renovations, etc., etc. During that short period of time, we went from the Second World War concept of structure and social interaction to the modern age.

Our champions were twofold. Stan Nelson, Associate Director, and his wife Shari had a huge positive impact during the period of change. Stan worked with RSAC and the students, throwing out ideas, meeting with house committees, and RSAC, hosting lively dinner parties full of discussions, and quite often helping us prepare reports or submissions to Administration. The second champion was Mr. Bill Condo, Vice-President, Ancillary Services (Residences, Parking Lots, and Food Services). It was key to have the support of Bill Condo in order to get things done because Residences fell under his administrative budget.

Those changes included:

1. Telephones in the rooms.
2. Discipline became the responsibility of the RSAC.
3. Representation on the Food Services Committee. We students actually took over the Pembina Hall Kitchen and fed ourselves in the winter of 1973-74 when University support workers first went on strike. Everyone assumed that Residence would shut down (no kitchen, no janitors, and no laundry).
4. Increased and much less regulated visiting hours. By 1974-75 it was basically open 24/7 to visitation, and we were heading to co-ed.
5. We started the first major renovations with something small called the Condo Lounge in 1973-74.
6. We petitioned Administration to start full-blown interior renovations with something called the Phoenix Report submitted by RSAC to Administration in the winter of 1975.

Shortly after, we started 24-hour visitation rights in the fall of 1974, I remember Mr. Condo, in early November, asking me, “Do you know if students really are taking advantage of these new visiting rules, wink, wink?” I suggested that he check the streets next to Speechly on Saturday and Sunday mornings to see how many cars were parked outside …

**Making Their Presence Known (1975)**

I have attached pics of the first two generations of Rat Alley hall shirts. The original kangaroo-looking Rat Alley T-shirt has been through a lot of tubbings, washings, water fights, etc., but the logo is still recognizable. The next generation shirt was designed by a Music student at the U of M and was in my hall when I was Proctor of Rat Alley (I think it was 1977). He also composed a “Rat Alley Theme Song” that was sung at various Residence events when the members of Rat Alley wanted to make their presence known.

With respect to the origin of the hall name “Rat Alley,” Stan Nelson (Associate Director of Speechly/Taché) placed me in Rat Alley in my first year at the U of M. He told me that Rat Alley was well know for its “spirit,” that during the legendary water fights all the excess water eventually flowed to the basement on the far West side of the Taché Hall, and that the members of that hall were thought of as the “water rats,” both for their enthusiastic participation in the fights, as well as for their ability to cope with the large volumes of water that came their way.

![The original kangaroo-looking Rat Alley T-shirt to the left, and the second generation to the right.](image-url)
Memories of a West House Pres (1975)

I read the article about Taché Hall in the April Alumni Newsletter, *OnManitoba*, with interest. I lived in Taché Hall for three years, from 1975–76 to 1977–78. During my time there, I was quite involved in Residence Life: as yearbook editor, hall Proctor, and finally, West House President.

I enjoyed many good friendships and participated in many fun Residence events. Our time there was just before the renovations, when you could get away with water fights and belly surfing without causing much damage or commotion. Or for that matter: panty-raids; and food fights; and getting “pennied” in your room with your girlfriend; kidnappings and tubbings; all night saunas in the shower rooms; beer fridges; RSAC orientation week; D-boards; Rez dances; Rez hockey; hall decorations at Christmas; the all-night Rez curling bonspiel; and of course romances and heartbreaks. I could go on and on and on. They were great times and a great community of students.

My core memories of my time living at Taché Hall include being a valued member of a well-organized team (Resident Students’ Association Council), and to live and interact with individuals of a wide variety of backgrounds and cultures, all in a close-knit “community” environment.

Despite the fun and partying, we also took our studies and our Residence responsibilities seriously. If you didn’t, you either flunked out or could be kicked out.

It will be sad to see the old girl transformed, but I am also heartened to see that she is to be renewed and rehabilitated, and will remain a beautiful and valued campus landmark.

I have good memories of Taché Hall.

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Taché Hall Hallowe’en Dance (1975)

My friend, Derek, wanted to win 1st Place at the Hallowe’en Dance costume parade and decided to go all out with a Spider-Man costume and a grand entrance. He was looking for a partner in his scheme and I (Fitz) volunteered to go along with him as Batman.

One of Derek’s friends had some long ropes that he lent him, and we tied knots every few feet to help give us a little better grip on the rope. Derek had managed to make a passkey that allowed us access to the roof of Taché Hall and then into the access door leading down to the false ceiling platform over top of the Auditorium. The night before the Hallowe’en Dance, we dragged the coil of rope up to the roof and down to the false ceiling. The rope was securely attached to some of the rods holding the ceiling in place. Once the costumes were made, we were set. We also had managed to keep our Hallowe’en costume plans well under wraps.

The dance was held on Friday night, October 31, 1975. Derek and I, and our dates, attended the dance dressed in our everyday attire. About 30 minutes before the costume parade and judging was to begin, we left the dance to go and get changed and get up to the roof and then down to the ceiling above the Auditorium. Once we were on the false ceiling, we had to wait a few minutes for the costume parade to begin. When the parade and judging had started, we gently lowered the rope down. I distinctly remember looking over the edge of the ceiling at all of these Hallowe’en masks and faces looking up trying to determine where this rope had come from that had dropped into their midst.

I believe I lost what was likely a coin toss to see who would go first. As we were coming down, there were a few gasps from the people below, but with

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Another tubbing. She looks like she’s having fun!

This photo was taken in Derek’s room which was 107W on the hall we named “Broadway” that year. I was the Proctor living across the hall in 106W.

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the knots in the rope, the descent was quite easy. Once on the dance floor, it took a few minutes for the group to figure out who we were. The rope was retrieved later that evening and returned to its owner.

I’m proud to say that we won first place that year.

In this photo, Batman (me) is already down the rope and standing on the left. The costume judges are standing on the stage. Unfortunately, I do not recall who took either photo, but the one taken of us in Room 107W was taken on my camera.

I still have a 1975 vintage Taché Hall West dark brown leather bomber jacket with an embroidered U of M in the shape of a buffalo in gold coloured thread. They were expensive at about $175 dollars each at that time, and consequently there were probably only 30-40 of them sold in all of West Taché. I don’t remember whose idea it was, but it likely came out of the west side RSAC. Word spread fast and names and deposits were taken. The students ordering them came from across a broad spectrum of faculties.

We went down to the supplier who was near Grant Ave and Pembina Hwy to be sized, and deposits were placed. This was in early October as some of the guys buying them were Agricultural Diploma students who didn’t start school until October. Several weeks later, the jackets were ready and we were a very proud bunch running around campus with our unique leather bombers.

As a current U of M student, my son has worn my jacket many times in the last few years and he gets endless questions on where it came from. I don’t recall anyone giving them to girlfriends, but some may have. For me, after spending that much money on the jacket, I needed to wear it for winter!

Taché Hall West Bomber Jackets (1975)

If there’s one thing young folks can’t abide, it’s old(er) folks trying to ingratiate themselves by talking or acting like young folks. Is there anything more pathetic than an ancient, 45-year-old geezer wearing modern, youthful fashions, displaying a brace of gold chains and trinkets hanging over his bare chest, and saying “totally awesome”?

In early 1975, the Food Services people were fine-tuning a questionnaire they had devised to acquire feedback from the Residence students. They called it the “Student Attitude Survey,” and of course its purpose was to elicit information that would assist in enhancing the quantity and quality of the food being served in Pembina Hall. One thing they wanted to know was how well the lines of communication were functioning between the Establishment and the students toward the betterment of the youngsters’ dining experience at the facility.

Back in the early 1970s, one innovative piece of vernacular very much in vogue among the young crowd was the verb “rap.” To rap meant to chat, to carry on a conversation or discourse, to communicate. On the suggestion of someone who thought he was “with it,” one of the questions on the
survey read: “How are we ‘rapping’?” In the minutes of the February 14, 1975 meeting of the Pembina Hall Food Committee, it was noted that the term “rapping” would be dropped on the next edition of the survey form. ...

The reason for this move may have been not so much the students’ resentment of the dinosaur’s intrusion into their vocabulary, but because the word was no longer in their lexicon. This could prove problematic, since it could foreseeably cause confusion in the mind of the young reader. On one copy of the form, someone drew an arrow to the term and wrote, “6 months behind the times.” Clearly, this part of the questionnaire would have been entirely dysfunctional for anyone born within the past six months. Besides, it just sounded goofy.

A Close Call (1976)

I t could probably be said with some justification that by the mid-1970s Taché Hall had been a certifiable relic for quite a few years. The building itself was “solid Hooper,” referring to the name of the designing architect, which meant that the foundations hadn’t shifted significantly since the day they were installed. Aside from a few cracks over window lintels and door frames, there wasn’t a serious structural flaw in the building.

What was causing a major problem was the mechanical systems, especially the steam heating system which was suffering from a serious case of “hardening of the arteries” due to deposits building up in the steam lines. There was a major break in one of the lines in the winter of 1976—a really close call. Luckily they could start work on it immediately, and it wasn’t too cold outside. It was a bad break, but not as bad as it could have been. By working very, very hard, they got it fixed without too much discomfort to the Residents.

But it could have been a near disaster because at low temperatures the heating system could be shut off for only about six or eight hours. After that, water lines and toilet bowls would have started to freeze and burst, and if that had happened, the building would have been uninhabitable.

Take That! (1976)

A ccording to sociological theory, in small communities such as that to be found within a student residence complex, individuals’ behaviour can (theoretically) be regulated by a system of rewards and public recognition for laudable conduct, and by ostracism and rejection by the society-at-large for anti-social deportment. There is no need for physical punishment, torture, or deprivation of the necessities of life, which in any case would not be legal on the part of a student governing body.

The following is a letter sent to an individual whose miscreant conduct was found to be objectionable to enough people to elicit their condemnation and his expulsion from Residence social events.

Whatever the perpetrator did to curry disapproval, his condemnation and rebuke by his peers no doubt gave him ample incentive for sober second thought and to mend his disruptive ways. People are social animals, and the status of pariah generally doesn’t sit too well with anyone for very long.
Ambush (1977)

One of the duties I had as THWHC (Taché Hall West House Committee) President was to prepare for and run the weekly meetings with all the hall Proctors and Assistant Proctors, and the Sec-Tres. There was frequently a busy agenda with different committee reports, social plans, and RSAC business and reports. The Assistant Proctor from Rat Alley, a mischievous, daring, but funny little odd ball, had a tendency to disrupt the proceedings with wisecracks, pointless questions, and general goofing around. On several occasions, I threatened to have him expelled.

Finally, one meeting when I had had enough of his antics, I made a motion that he be expelled from the meeting for repeatedly disrupting proceedings. But ... he was ready for me and had secretly arranged with all the other committee members that, as a joke should this ever happen, he would make a counter-motion, to be immediately and unanimously passed by the committee, that I be the one to be ejected. I wasn't sure whether or not this was done simply as a prank, or to show me that he had more influence than I did in the group and could do as he pleased. Nonetheless, it was a well-conceived little plot, and his antics may have been bait that would goad me on to this point.

I was somewhat gob-smacked at the turn of events, but realized I had no choice but to leave the room, and the entire assembly howled with laughter as I closed the door behind me. I pretended to laugh it off, but I was actually pretty upset with this devious little prankster. My annoyance was more for his not taking the meetings seriously, than for making me look foolish for simply trying to run tight and productive meetings. In protest, I chose not to attend the next two meetings, to see if the weekly business of the committee would continue without my participation and planning. But that didn’t work so well, as my absence at the THWHC meetings was brought to the attention of the RSAC president, and I was chastised in writing for neglecting my duties! That may have been a set-up, too.

So, about the third or fourth week after my expulsion, I returned to run the THWHC meetings and was greeted with more huge howls of laughter, as I entered the West House lounge for the first time. I resumed the planning and chairing of the weekly THWHC meetings, and the committee’s work carried on. The meetings tended to last a little longer than necessary, as this particular “Ass-Proctor” continued with his antics and one-liners, to which I would simply sigh and wait for the banter and laughter of the other committee members to subside on its own, before proceeding to the next item on the agenda.

The lesson that I took away from this little “Ambush in the West Lounge” was that sometimes, when you are out-matched, it’s better to simply swallow your pride, cut your losses, and go with the flow—and to pick your battles carefully.


Nowadays, “privacy” and “security” are two big-ticket items in daily life, and great pains are taken to ensure that these values are guaranteed as we go about our routine business. But for students living in the Speechly/Taché complex back in the 1970s, privacy and security were not necessarily top of mind among the “Powers That Be.” Residence students weren’t issued keys to the main doors of Taché Hall, as they have been in recent years. Access was monitored by a night watchman.

The potential seriousness of the situation can be illustrated by incidents with which I was directly involved right there on site. While assisting in cleaning up after a party on the 5th Floor of Mary Speechly Hall in the wee hours of a Saturday morning in March, one of the women who was escorting people down in the elevator advised us that there was a man who was attempting to come up to the 5th Floor despite the fact that the party
was over. The night watchman tried to prevent him from going up; however the intruder managed to get into the elevator with a girl and her boyfriend and went up to the 5th Floor.

When I saw him, I immediately recognized him as being the same person who had been in Taché Hall some two weeks earlier. When I had approached him at that time and asked him if I could help him and whom he was here to see, he had retorted angrily that he didn’t have to answer my questions. I identified myself as the Associate Director and advised him that this was a private Residence and that he was not here as a Resident’s guest that he would have to leave. He said that he couldn’t tell him what to do. I advised him that if he didn’t leave immediately that I would call the Campus Police. While making the call I lost track of him, and when the authorities arrived we were unable to find him.

Getting back to the Mary Speechly Hall incident, I asked the fellow where his escort was. He said that he didn’t have one. I told him that the party was over and that he would have to leave. He asked if there was any liquor or beer and I told him there was none. I told him that it had been a private party and that he had to be a guest of a Resident and be escorted up. He said that he didn’t need an escort and that he could escort himself. I said the party was over and that he would have to leave. He said that he could be where he wanted to be when he wanted. I told him that that was not the case in the Residence complex and that if he didn’t leave immediately, I would call the Campus Police. He didn’t leave, and so I called the Campus Police requesting immediate assistance.

After five to ten minutes had passed, the Campus Police still hadn’t shown up. So, I requested the assistance of a Residence student and together we were able to get the fellow over to the Campus Police office. This took us about 20 minutes to do, and in the meantime another student had gone to the Campus Police asking them to hurry up. When we entered the Campus Police office, the Constable on duty immediately recognized the man with us and said, “What are you doing here again, Ben?” Some five minutes or so later the Sergeant showed up and took statements from the man and then from us.

When I asked the Sergeant what could be done to prevent the intruder and other unauthorized persons from being in the Residence, he said, “Probably very little.” He said that there were half a dozen or so similar persons with no particular purpose who seemed to gravitate to the University because it was generally accessible 24-hours a day and provided an open atmosphere for them. I told him that my concern was for the security of the Residence and the safety of the Residents; that having outsiders wander around the Residence is unacceptable; and that although our immediate problem of removing this particular fellow was solved, I suggested to the Sergeant that he advise him that if he showed up in the Residence again without being a guest of a Residence student that he would be charged with trespassing. The Sergeant said that might be hard to do because the local civic police detachment was reluctant to pick up such persons.

“Spirit” (1977)

Back in 1977, there was a lot of concern over the lack of “spirit” in Residence. As a frosh and a female, I reacted strongly to articles published in the Perspective newsletter attacking Rez students’ so-called/supposed apathetic attitude, particularly that of persons in my situation.

I didn’t participate in many Rez activities, but nonetheless certainly didn’t consider myself apathetic. Nor did I think that the other non-participants were apathetic either. And I had my reasons; the “clique” known as the Rez Exec (not everyone included) had a talent for making others, especially frosh, feel unwanted. Published statements like, “Each fall a lesser portion of ‘the good old gang’ returns …” conveyed the message, or gave the impression, that “the good old gang” would like to stay “the good old gang” until they needed “go-fers.” When I got this looked-down-upon feeling, I didn’t feel eager to help at all. If my Proctor had come to me personally and said, “Hey! Could you give me a hand?” I’d have been more willing to help out. They could have done a better job of making us feel wanted and needed. A smile would have helped, too.
The male population (again not all included) had this sick attitude that girls who lived in Rez were there to “get laid.” After only three weeks since my arrival, I had received at least four grossly ignorant propositions and obscene phone calls as well. Neither of these “intelligent” tactics made me eager to attend Rez functions; in fact, I quit going to all parties. Girls weren’t interested in these sorts of crappy poor moves. Contrary to popular belief, we weren’t there to “get laid”—most of us were there to go to school. I’m not denying that we liked to meet people and to have fun, and would have even gone out with a guy if he’d had the guts to ask, but I chose to stay home rather than meet creeps like this. Then there were the unavoidable reasons for our non-participation, such as homework, sleeplessness, etc.

People were moving out of Rez, and some of the deep thinkers thought it was because of the apathy and lack of “spirit.” But I doubt that apathy was the reason people were moving out: the only reasons I could see were the food and the noise.

A Good Candidate for “Rat Alley” (1978)

I remember very well my first day in Taché Hall Residence. I had decided fairly “late in the day” to attend the University of Manitoba. I was not at all sure there would be any “room in the inn” at Taché Hall. Fortunately the Associate Director of the Residence at the time, Stan Nelson, was there to make sure that this wide-eyed frosh would be well taken care of. Stan was a large, genial, good-natured soul who believed very strongly in building “a community in the Residence.”

He looked me over and said, “I think you’d be a good candidate for ‘Rat Alley.’ That hall has a lot of spirit.”

I wasn’t sure if he had said “spirit” or “spirits,” but I found both were highly applicable. And so I was chosen for Rat Alley, not unlike Harry Potter being placed by “the sorting hat” in the House of Gryffindor. “Rat Alley” proved to be a fraternity like no other and I’ve never regretted Stan’s choice for me. I participated with great enthusiasm in the tubbings, water-fights, waterslides, co-ed saunas, Speechly raids, “kampus kidnappings,” pumpkin purloining parties, food fights, pig patrols, “Gentleman’s Nights,” dances and socials of all descriptions, impromptu room renovations, and pretty much everything else that was going on at the time. Admittedly, I was often the quiet instigator and perpetrator of these activities, but occasionally, like everyone else who immersed themselves in the fabric of Residence Life, I was the hapless victim.

Part of what built character in Residence Life was “dealing with adversity.” Whether that was being “tubbed” or “pennied” by your hallmates, employing your own brand of “conflict resolution” with a difficult roommate or hall member, waking up in the middle of the night from a cacophony of sounds made by the pipes and radiators interrupting your sleep the night before a midterm (that you knew you hadn’t really studied enough for), you “sucked it up” and dealt with it. You either developed a fortitude and grace to deal with these things, or you moved out of Residence.

Throughout my stay in Residence (which was longer than most), I managed to hold down three part-time jobs and earn two undergraduate and one postgraduate degree. I could never have done this without the “community” and, despite all that I have described above, “stability” that Speechly/Taché provided. Most importantly, I developed life-long friendships, which I value as much as the degrees earned.
A Proctor’s View of the “Paper Wall” (1978)

As Proctors on the floor, who were tasked with the well-being of the students residing on their respective floors, we were provided with a master key, in which we had the “power” to open any room in Residence. This was mainly for the use of those forgetful students who had misplaced their key and needed to get into their room when the main administrative office was closed, usually after business hours. This provided opportunity to play practical jokes on fellow Residents. 

One popular trick we played on students who went home for the weekend to take a break away from campus life, was to enter their room on a lazy Saturday. We would then proceed to bring in many weeks’ worth of newspapers and have a little party in the room. While casually sipping a few refreshments, we would crumple up individual sheets of the newspaper into paper balls and proceed in filling up the room with cellulose. It is amazing how three or four guys over a period of seven to eight hours can redecorate a room. Imagine the look on the face of the returning student on a Sunday evening, who upon opening the door to his room, would be subjected to a wall of paper. He would not be able to enter his room at all. Once the shock was over and the laughter died down, the majority of the students in the hall would assist the returning student in the cleaning out of his room. Needless to say in these current times of “politically correct” behaviour, any attempt to pull tricks like this would lead the individuals to jail for “breaking in” and “invasion of privacy,” or at the very least, expulsion from the Residence and possibly the University.

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Naming the Halls (1978)

Broadway was named due to the layout of the Residence complex, consisting of Taché Hall and Mary Speechly Hall. All the girls from Speechly needed to take a certain route through West Taché in order to get to their classes on campus. The easiest route (with the less amount of stairs) happened to go through the first floor of the eastern side of West Taché. 

This was the floor that I was the Proctor for during my first two years in Residence. Since it was a custom for the Residence students on a specific floor to have a name assigned to it, there were a couple of floors that inherited a permanent name. The name of this particular floor was called “Broadway” since this was the way that all the “broads” used to pass through on the way to and from class.

Rat Alley had the distinction of a reputation set in the darkest basement area of Taché, where it was rumoured that a couple of rats were once seen roaming around. It was set on the western side of the first floor (symmetrically situated opposite to Broadway). On Rat Alley, you could be guaranteed that someone had an open door and usually a party happening no matter what time of day it was. [See a list of Hall Names at the end of the book.]

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Shower Room Sauna Parties (1978)

The year that I lived on Fourth West, 1977-78, I had the opportunity to join in on a couple of so-called washroom or shower room “sauna parties.” These took place about once a month or every few weeks and always on a Friday or Saturday night, when the Admin staff and caretakers weren’t about and Quiet Hours were less vigorously enforced.
In Taché Hall, before the renovations, most washrooms were divided into two rooms, with a row of five or six marble-walled shower stalls and a bathtub cubicle in one part, and rows of toilet cubicles and sinks lined up along opposite walls in the other part. Both rooms were heated by a steam-radiator located below a window on the far, outside wall, side of the washrooms.

It seems that somebody discovered that in the shower room, by turning the shower head in the stall closest to the radiator as far up and to the right as you could, the water could be made to reach the radiator and by turning the tap on full, you could generate steam. If left on for a couple for hours, the whole room became steamy and hot just like a proper sauna. Well, almost like a proper sauna.

What was needed was a cold plunge. But that was easily rectified too, thanks to the conveniently located bathtub cubicle. It seems that after a little testing, it was determined just how far one had to open the cold water tap, so that the tub would fill with water to the overflow drain and empty at the same rate as it was filling, thereby keeping a constant flow of ice cold water in the tub. So, now you have a fully functional washroom sauna. And of course, the tub conveniently doubled as an effective beer cooler and constantly had a dozen in it throughout the event.

After a couple of hours of prep and setup, and a bit of pre-game in one of the nearby rooms, the participants headed off with towels and bathing suits (usually, but not always) for a sauna party that often lasted well into the wee hours of the morning. The procedure was to arm oneself with a cold one from the tub, and with the help of a chair, climb atop one of the shower stalls. It was much hotter up there near the ceiling, and there was sufficient headroom to comfortably sit up erect at the front of the dividing walls. A party is not a party without music, so somebody plugged in a “ghetto-blaster” in the other half of the washroom, which through the open connecting door, provided much appreciated musical accompaniment to the event, at a sufficient volume.

When it got too hot to comfortably handle sitting atop the shower stalls, or when our beers were in need of replenishment, we’d hop down, head over to the tub and slowly slide ourselves into the cold water tub up to our necks—slowly, because there were a dozen or more beers in the tub and because the effect was prolonged that way. The tub overflowed each time, but a floor drain took care of most of the overflow. You stayed in the tub until you couldn’t comfortably stand the cold anymore. We found, however, that if you lay perfectly still in the tub the heat from your body would warm up the layer of water next to your skin, and you could stay in the cold tub for quite a long while. After getting out, you grabbed a fresh beer and headed back atop the shower stalls.

It was amazing how many beers we were able to consume at these shower room sauna parties. I guess with the constant sweating, the beer just went right through us. I don’t remember any one of us getting stupid drunk or sick or anything. I remember one time, as we were closing down the party, I looked at the unbelievable number of empty beer bottles that we were leaving behind, thinking to myself that I ought to take a photograph of this. I’m sorry now that I didn’t. Apparently, it was customary to leave all the beer bottles behind for the caretakers, because of all the extra work we always caused them. They would return them for the deposit and no doubt made a pretty penny over the course of the year.

The guys would turn the showers on a few hours ahead of time, wait until the room filled up with steam, and then have a great sauna party!

Refreshments were kept cold in the ice-filled tub. Once the guys got too hot, they would slowly slide into the cold water up to their necks to cool off.
At some of the sauna parties, but not the ones I participated in, the night ended with some belly surfing on the marble floors of the hallways just outside the shower room … after watering down the floor a bit, of course. On other occasions some of the, always invited, female Residents of the Speechly/Taché complex were brave enough to drop by and see for themselves what a “shower room sauna party” was all about.

After renovations, which began the year after I left, there were no more shower room sauna parties, due to the redesigned washrooms and the now-carpeted hallways. During the three years that I lived at Taché Hall, I was involved in many unusual pranks, parties, and shenanigans, but the two shower room sauna parties that I attended have to rank among the most unusual and most fun.

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Spiking the Orange Juice (1978)

I spent three memorable years at Taché Hall during the late Seventies. During my final year, 1977-78, I ran for and was fortunate enough to be elected West House President. At the time, Taché West was the all-male bastion of the Speechly/Taché complex, with Taché East being co-ed, and Speechly all female.

Among other responsibilities, my job was to run the weekly Taché Hall West House Committee (THWHC) meetings, comprised of the Proctor and Assistant Proctors from each “hall,” myself, as the President; and an elected Secretary-Treasurer. The two THWHC executive members also sat on the larger Resident Students’ Association Committee (RSAC), which had its own elected executive and representation from Taché East and Mary Speechly. There were also several RSAC sub-committees requiring Resident council reps, such as: Yearbook, Social, Cafeteria reps, Disciplinary Board, etc. It was all very well-organized and, during my time there, it was a very well-run system. It was a pleasure and an education to have been a part of it.

In addition to preparing for and running various committees and meetings, as West House President I was also in a sense “responsible” for the actions of several hundred male Residents who made up the Taché West camp, and who frequently viewed the Taché East and Speechly camps as bitter fraternal rivals. I had to find a way to insure that the pranks and shenanigans that were bound to occur, and with some frequency, did not do serious harm to any Residents or the building.

I decided that, rather than to “lord it over” my fellow Rez mates, I would instead put myself into the middle of the action, to be an instigator myself, and from my insider position try to control some of what went on. Besides, there was potential for a lot of fun to be had! Sometimes I came up with ideas of my own, sometimes I would “tag along” and help out, and other times when I wasn’t involved, but spotted something nefarious going on, I would simply observe from the sidelines for a few minutes to ensure nothing dangerous was about to happen.

One stunt that my Secretary-Treasurer and I dreamed up, so as to provide an example of the type of the “good clean fun” to which I could turn a blind eye, was the spiking of the Pembina Hall orange juice machine.

For a two-dollar “entry fee,” my Secretary-Treasurer and I offered to add a THWHC Resident’s name to an “insiders” list to be informed of the date and meal during which the orange juice machine would be spiked. After we had collected enough cash for a couple of bottles of vodka (plus a little for us for taking the time and making the effort), two bottles were purchased and the vodka poured into appropriate-sized clear plastic bags.

In those days Smirnoff vodka came with a little red neck-tassel, which we tied to the necks of the plastic bags. For a week or so before the event the “bottles” were on display in my room for the benefactors to view and to show that this was not a scam.

On the appointed day, the word was put out and the plan put into action. Four of us were involved in the actual spiking. One kept the server nearest to the juice machine occupied; another gave the signal when the server(s) were deemed to be adequately distracted; the third lifted up a corner of the juice machine cover; allowing me to quickly snip off the corners off the bags. The plan unfolded perfectly. Both bags were drained in a matter of seconds, and nobody seemed to notice a thing, not even the Residents in the nearby food line.

Now the intent was for the paid-up members of our “insider group” to get a little buzz going at supper. Word about the spiking was supposed to be kept secret for as long as possible. However, it didn’t quite turn out that way. A small group of the forewarned decided to capitalize on the
situation—I don’t know, perhaps to take some credit for the caper—but within a few minutes of the successful spiking, three or four members of the insider group were going back and forth between the dining area and the serving area carrying trays with 15-20 Styrofoam glasses of orange juice on each.

It didn’t take long for other mealtime Residents and Cafeteria staff to figure out what was going on, and quickly the plug on the orange juice machine was pulled. As a result, not all the benefactors who paid into the scheme got to have their glass or two of orange juice. They were not too thrilled about the scheme not working as promised, and for weeks afterwards, demanded their money back. I think they enjoyed that more than they would have having a couple of drinks at mealtime.

For me, the personal life lesson learned, or reinforced, by this experience was, of course: the best laid plans of mice and University students looking for fun oft go astray—even fool-proof plans. And also that: the likelihood of success of a scheme is inversely proportional to the number of co-conspirators involved. But it was good clean fun, none of the Residents were harmed, and it was talked about for weeks afterwards ... so in that sense, I suppose, the prank was a complete success.

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**The Taché Hall Curling Club (1978)**

During the Seventies, and probably prior to that for years as well, curling was one of the many intramural sports organized by the Residence sports committee at the Speechly/Taché complex. In my time, ice could be rented at any one of several nearby city curling rinks; however the games had to be scheduled at odd hours to get it. A game a week league was organized and functioned over the winter months.

The curling highlight of the year was the All Night Mixed Bonspiel where roughly 15 or 20 teams of two couples would play a “two-losses-and-you’re-out” draw, all night long to determine A side and B side winners for little prizes and trophies.

Various techniques were employed to stay awake: coffee; “Wake Up” pills; wine-skins; and flasks of schnapps and brandy among others. And, the club restaurant was open for part of the night serving up burgers and fries, etc. Some teams were fairly serious in their approach to the evening; others were out only for a night of fun with the girls and other teams.

I recall one all-nighter at the large old Grain Exchange, which was located downtown right at the Forks on the south side of the Assiniboine River, and soon after demolished, but not for anything we did I don’t think. I recall the Pembina Curling Club was also used, and was more popular as it was much closer to dash back to Residence before the next game, for another drink or an hour or two of sleep. It was great fun as I remember, but I don’t recall a great deal for reasons noted to above. I do remember that nobody got hurt falling on the ice, in spite of the schnapps and brandy, etc.

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The Taché Hall Slip ‘n’ Slide (1978)

Before the renovations in which heavy duty carpet was installed on all the hallway floors, we had the privilege on walking on marble floors. These floors were so smooth and crack free (not the drug type) that it often was the scene of body sliding contests. Simple recipe: add 1 inch of water over 30 to 40 feet of marble floor, dress the participants into bathing suits or shorts, take a running start of about 10 feet and determine who could slide their way the farthest down the hall. There were some knee scraping and elbow bumps against the wall, but no one ever got hurt.

After the competition was over and the trophies awarded to the winners, the mops came out and the students wiped up the water. Try to imagine if a contest of this type could be conducted in today’s Residence Life style (without repercussions from Administration)!

The Unsightly Display (1978)

By the fall of 1978, I had seen a lot of changes in Residence. Several administrators had come and gone. A more significant change had been the attitude of the clientele (the Rez students themselves). On the positive side, I had noticed that students were more aware of their living environment (i.e., that over-sized closet called a room). The building of lofts in Taché, decorating the interiors with plants (trees in my case), pictures, posters, portraits, and other paraphernalia had transformed many drab rooms into vital, vibrant living spaces.

It was ironic that some Residents who cared so much about their rooms cared so little about the rest of the building. Broken beer bottles in the halls were all too common, but the most unsightly display was the food splattered on the walls and stairs leading down from Pembina Hall. It showed little intelligence or even class to throw apples, oranges, and the like against the walls of the building in which they resided.

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Three Man Lift (1978)

This was a trick played mostly on frosh, because once you’d seen it done or had it done to you, you won’t fall for it again.

You got three fellows who picked an unsuspecting frosh and they started talking about this amazing feat of strength that this frosh just had to see. Really ... just one guy could pick up three others, all by himself!

You explained that you had to get three guys side-by-side on the floor, hook arms and legs, and then by standing over the frosh (who you made sure had the middle spot) the “lifter,” by carefully grabbing the belts of the two outside guys, actually was able to lift all three off the floor. It’s amazing! You got to see this! Blah! Blah!

Soon the newbie was just dying to see this feat of strength. Only thing was, that once the frosh’s arms and legs were hooked, he was completely helpless to defend himself and the “lifter” was able to calmly “lift” the frosh’s belt and pour beer, or shaving cream, or whatever down the front of the frosh’s pants. No real harm done, except he’d now have to walk to his room with the front of his pants soaked.

Truth Be Told – There was a Good Deal of Pot-Smoking (1978)

There is one aspect of 1970s Residence Life, which few former Residents would likely be willing to talk about except in private company, but the truth should always be told, especially for a history book. I refer, of course, to pot-smoking. Cannabis. Marijuana. Weed. Smoke. Grass. There were many terms used at the time. Of course, I myself never actually inhaled, but I bore witness and can thus speak with some small authority on the subject.

It was the Seventies after all, and pot-smoking was commonplace among the youth in and outside of Residence. Taché Hall, during this period, was largely self-administered and self-policed, so it was probably even more “open” than on the outside. Pot possession and use was viewed essentially the same as alcohol use—keep it in your room with the door closed, and the Proctors would not disturb or report you—regardless of what the hallway outside your door smelled like. City police rarely, if ever, were called to a situation in Taché, and Campus Police as well didn’t come around unless summoned, so if everybody behaved and followed the unwritten rule, the Residents were quite pleased and secure when smoking-up in their rooms.

Some took full advantage of it, organizing bong-making competitions and testing events. With a fairly large number of Agricultural students, (Aggie Dips and Aggie Degrees) in Residence, window-ledge “crop science” projects were also not uncommon and eventually led to the formation of the THMGA (Taché Hall Marijuana Growing Association)—which became a very highly regarded Resident...
association. The plants rarely amounted to much; mostly it was just to see if you could actually successfully grow a plant or two. A few Aggie Dips started a whole garden’s worth of “experimental Dept. of Agriculture tomato plants” which were transplanted “into the back forty” upon returning home after semester.

I was quite surprised at how little “trouble” cannabis use caused in Residence. I suppose it was like Residence Life itself, it could be quite fun and harmless and a good education, if everybody followed the rules—the written and unwritten ones. Besides, there were some great parties and schemes undertaken while a little high due to pot-smoking. I can’t recall anybody in Taché, during my time there, becoming argumentative or violent after a few “tokes” or there ever being D-Board cases involving cannabis—quite unlike the situation with alcohol use in Residence. The procurement of munchies, any kind of munchies, just goofing around, talking and laughing, and sometimes the playing of little “mind-games” was the normal result of marijuana use in Residence.

The Aardvark-Anteater and Zap-Schwartz-Bifliguano games were two of the most unusual, funniest, and most talked-about “drinking and toking” games I ever witnessed during my years in Residence. Some referred to them as “stoner” games, but I came to see these shenanigans as good clean harmless University fun that livened up a party or two and generated much laughter and chuckles—and what could possibly be the harm with that?

The Aardvark – Anteater Game

One of the weird fun things our circle of friends used to do during a free evening and after “a few,” was to play little mind and memory games. Strange games, but in the right situation, really fun! One game was called The Aardvark – Anteater Game. It involved a circle of players passing “The Aardvark” and “The Anteater” (two sticks with plastic animal heads attached) around the circle, in opposite directions, while trying to correctly say the required four simple phrases, “This is an Aardvark!”; “A what?”; “An Aardvark!”; “Oh, an Aardvark!” And the same with the Anteater.

The rules were deceptively simple. The person who started the game would turn to the player immediately to one side and declare “This is an Aardvark!”; the second player would respond first with the phrase, “A what?”; to which the starter would reply, “An Aardvark!”; and to which the second player would respond with, “Oh, an Aardvark!” thus completing that “link” in the chain of players. The second player would then turn to the third player and repeat, “This is an Aardvark!”

At the same time the “Anteater” was sent around in the opposite direction. Simple enough, except after player two informed player three that, “This is an Aardvark” (or Anteater), and received the reply, “A what?” player two could not provide player three with the “An Aardvark!” response. Only the game leader could provide the answer, and the question, “A what?” had to be relayed back to the leader, who then provided the answer, “An Aardvark,” which was then relayed back to the end of the line to player three who then responded with the appropriate, “Oh, an Aardvark!” and turned and started the “relay” over again … “A what? A what? An Anteater. An Anteater. Oh, an Anteater.”

If everybody concentrated and recited their lines properly when it was their turn, the Aardvark and the Anteater could “pass” each other and players would have to relay the same answer twice before it could reach the player at the end of the line, and you had to keep track of the “Anteater” coming through from the other direction.

People would howl with laughter at not being able to get it right, when it seemed like such a simple game. The game would frequently break down, at which point players would attempt to sort out where the Aardvark and Anteater actually were, and restart the game without having to begin from the beginning … or just give up due to the constant laughing.
The Zap-Schwartz-Bifliguano Game

Another rather interesting and strange kind of a “mind game” in Taché Hall was called Zap-Schwartz-Bifliguano. I can’t imagine what warped mind came up with this game … but it was completely harmless and in the right situation, could generate huge amounts of laughter and discussion. The trick was to play it in front of people unfamiliar with the game. Like me.

One evening while hanging out and imbibing, someone shouted “ZAP!” whereupon four or five of the guys said, “Flapped in!” and stuck their thumbs under their armpits … then followed a furious word exchange involving only TWO words: “Schwartz” and “Bifliguano.” During this back and forth word exchange, which seemed to have no rhyme or reason to it, the two players were also shifting their heads to the side and back again, over and over. Then one of the players would say, “ZAP!” to another of the “flapped in” (all of whom had remained totally silent the whole time) and the same intense wordplay, involving only two words Schwartz and Bifliguano (along with the head shifting) continued with that player. Before long somebody yelled, “Flapped out! Fu**ed up! Ha Ha! Game over.” Then the players all flapped-out, basically sat back and laughed and laughed, as the rest of us tried to figure what the hell just happened. Those who played the game would not provide a word of explanation. There were obviously rules controlling the game, and it seemed that there were only a few rules involved, at that. But for the life of us, we could not figure out what these rules could possibly be. We were completely dumbfounded and the rest were laughing hysterically.

The rules apparently were never to be explained; one was supposed to figure them out by observing. My eventual understanding of the rules was as follows:

1. The game began when somebody shouted out, “ZAP!”
2. Those wanting to participate had to be “flapped in,” done by “declaring so” and placing your thumbs under your armpits.
3. Once flapped-in only two words could be uttered, “Schwartz” or “Bifliguano.”
4. The game began when the “starter” selected an opponent from the “flapped-in,” looked him in the eye, and said, “ZAP!” to him.
5. If one player said “Schwartz” to his opponent, he had to look him directly in the eyes. If he said “Bifliguano,” he had to avert his eyes to one side.
6. Any infraction disqualified you immediately, including: staring at your opponent when saying “Bifliguano,” averting your eyes when saying “Schwartz,” or any of the flapped-in uttering anything except “Schwartz” or “Bifliguano.”
7. The one exception to this was the person initially who got “Zapped” to start the game. He had the “ZAP!” and could switch the game to another player, looking them in the eye, and declaring “ZAP!” once again.
8. If a “word flub,” or any infraction occurred it could not be pointed out, unless you stated, “flapped-out” and removed your thumbs before speaking, otherwise you, too, were disqualified.

The point of this game, it seemed to me, really was to watch the reaction of those not playing and their trying to figure out the rules of the game. People rarely caught on quickly and until it got “old,” it was a lot of fun in the right situation.

It is interesting to note that many of my fellow Rez-mates who I observed participating in such weirdness in Taché Hall ended up with very successful careers, in finance, government, and industry. Not sure if that was in spite of the Taché Hall experience or because of the experience, but it sure was an interesting experience!

Fixing the Ugly Scar that was 324 East (1978)

Agricultural and Engineering students at the U of M had a long record of competitiveness, each purporting that their faculty was superior in any and all ways that such things can be measured, and this competitiveness was “occasionally” also evident in Taché Hall. Being a Taché Aggie, I had the pleasure of being part of a team that decided to pull the “ultimate” prank on a Taché Engineer; something never thought of or tried before.

The victim we chose was a standout Engineer, the great [BS], who in 1977-78 resided in 324 East. Coming from a rather well-off family that apparently owned shares in Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting, the great “BS” sported chiselled good looks; could afford to pay for a single room; owned an expensive stereo and television set; sported the latest clothing styles; had perfect hair; and attracted the cutest girlfriends. We decided that he walked around with his nose in the air far too frequently for our liking and needed to be brought down a notch.
So, over the Christmas Break while he was away on a tropical holiday, we decided we would cement over his doorway.

To ensure that we minimized damage, we conferred with an Agricultural Engineering professor to make sure a concrete block 6 in. thick x 4 ft. wide x 7 ft. high would not fall through the floor; we cut plywood to fit snugly against the door; even taped a tin can over the doorknob so as not to damage that. The only damage done was a couple of holes from the eye-hooks that we screwed into the door frame to lace wire to keep the cement block from falling over after it had set. The necessary materials were gathered and over the course of one night the cement was mixed on a washroom floor, carried in buckets to the door; and poured in two shifts—allowing the first, bottom half, to partially set before pouring the top half. Two by four planks, reaching to the opposite wall were used to hold the plywood form in place.

Unfortunately, after working (and drinking) all night, before we could apply a final finishing layer and coat of paint, the caretakers came in earlier than usual and discovered the new door we installed. Procuring a wheelbarrow somewhere, they quickly removed the concrete before it fully set.

Consequently, the great [BS] never got to see his new door in person, only photographs of it. Before it was removed, however, Director Harry Nolan came to see the new door, and proclaimed it to be the best Residence prank he had ever seen. Consequently, and thankfully, the Aggie conspirators escaped a trip to the D-Board and avoided even a minor fine. We didn’t learn, or care, what the great [BS] had to say about all of this ... as we had successfully made our point and avoided any sort of recrimination.

West House Stag (1978)

West House Stag was an annual event for the gentlemen of West House. Some “real” men of East Taché were also invited to attend this prodigious event. Several 8 mm films (of questionable content) were acquired for the evening. It may not have been known, in general, that the Auditorium of Taché Hall had a full projection control room. This is in the days before electronic video (AVI, MP4, etc.) and excellent film quality could be projected on a huge screen set up on the large Auditorium stage. This is the same stage that world-renowned bands like KISS, Loverboy, etc., played to the music fans of the Speechly/Taché Residents.

Back to the story ... after an hour or so of viewing films that most students, fresh from the farms of rural Manitoba, had never seen in their youthful lives, it was time for the main event. It just so happened that a couple of dancers from a local bar were in the area and decided to pay a visit to the event. As the evening progressed, the eyes of many young men were opened up to the following actions of these dancers. The evening went very well with no real major issues.

One year, the boys did get a surprise visit from a group of energetic young ladies from East Taché Hall, in which they bombarded the boys with water balloons. It was their way in trying to cool down our boys. In all, no harm was done with these types of events, but with the moral settings on campuses these days, this could not be repeated in the same spirit that we enjoyed in the 1970s and early 1980s.
Out, Out, Damned Spot (1979)

Back in the spring term of 1979, UMSU was having its annual executive-election campaign. Among other things, the procedures involved the candidates descending on the Residence complex and littering it with campaign reading material. Campaign posters covered our notice boards.

Pembina Hall was a public building, so we had to put up with being bombarded with election brochures while we were trying to eat. Unlike Pembina Hall, the rest of the complex was not public space and a non-resident needed to be an invited guest to enter. We didn’t appreciate our privacy being invaded.

Ironically, the UMSU President at the time was not only one of the offending campaigners, but himself a former Resident! He should have realized full well that for eight months of the year, Taché Hall was home to a lot of students and a retreat from school pressures. If UMSU had had the grace to approach the RSAC, arrangements might have been made to set up information tables in the lobby of Pembina Hall or in the Luncheonette.

As a token of our displeasure, the UMSU President had several gallons of water poured on him, and a letter of outrage was sent to the Editor of The Manitoban by the RSAC President in the hope that candidates, in future election campaigns, would understand that aspiring student politicians rudely imposing themselves on Taché Hall and its environs wasn’t the best way to win votes.

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Puff the Magic Dragon (1979)

For a year or two in the late 1970s, Puff the Magic Dragon regularly breathed fire into the hallway after people had passed by. Puff was actually a couple of Aggie Dips with a blow torch, a metal coat hanger, and a propane tank. Thus “Puff” was portable and could and would blow fire from different rooms at different times. His “home” cave was never discovered.

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Swastika Pattern on the Entrance Floors (1979)

The oldest cross and emblem in the world is the “Swastika.” It forms a combination of four “Ls” standing for Luck, Light, Love, and Life. It has been found in ancient Rome, excavations in Grecian cities, on Buddhist idols, on Chinese coins dated 315 B.C., and the American Southwest Indians use it as an amulet. It is also seen as an ancient Aryan symbol. Nazi Germany did not invent the symbol, but only borrowed it in order to show the “aryan” roots of their new German state. Today, unfortunately, the Swastika is most commonly known for the destruction of life, rather than its affirmation that “Life is good!”

Some people believe that the Swastika has been permanently co-opted or ruined by its brief appropriation by the Nazis—who stood it up diagonally
and placed it in a circle rather than running it four-square, and gave it their brand-logo colour scheme of black, white, and red, thus making THEIR Swastika a national seal, unlike the non-Nazi Swastikas of varied colour and form one finds all around the world.

In 1911, the entrance floors were accented with rows of Swastikas for good luck, just as were other buildings on the U of M campus.

During World War II, Taché Hall, then called the Manitoba Union Building, was commandeered by the Canadian Army for use as a barracks. With all the allied support provided by Taché Hall, it seemed ironic that the welcome mat bore a close resemblance to the fated enemy’s emblem.

To the very end as a Residence, the mention about the swastika-pattern was not just folklore, but a true story.

Taché Hall Renovations (1979)

While many of our fondest memories of Taché Hall/Mary Speechly Residence involve what could be loosely termed “good natured hijinks,” there were more serious times as well. When the decision was made to do massive renovations to Taché Hall in the late 1970s, the Residence became much more of a “construction site” than a place of rest and relaxation for Residence students.

The work was supposed to have been finished during the summer months, but unfortunately the University of Manitoba Administration failed to put a “penalty clause” in the contract with Wardlaw and Associates, the Engineering firm hired to oversee the project. We, the Residence students, arrived to find almost no furniture in partially renovated rooms. We were forced to live four to a room in makeshift bunk beds. We walked across bare electrical wires, as well as massive amounts of dust and debris on the way to class. We were on a first name basis with welders, electricians, heating contractors, and furniture assemblers. Mary Speechly women noted a “spike in their popularity” as Taché Hall gentlemen looked for a “refuge room” with a girlfriend who could provide “a port in the storm of chaos” which was the Taché Hall Renovation project.

Surprisingly, the Administration at the University of Manitoba did not offer any compensation for the inconvenience that the renovation caused the Residence students. Thus began some very long, protracted, and at times, acrimonious negotiations between the RSAC (the Residence student government) and the University Administration. In the end, a settlement was reached where students did receive a rebate on their Residence fees.

In many ways the Taché Hall Renovations project was a turning point in how Residence students and University administrators viewed each other. Students discovered a conflicted group of “all too human” bureaucrats torn between personal ambition, legacy, financial management, and “doing the right thing” where the students were concerned. Administrators learned that Residence students had a serious side and a commitment to their rights as tenants that went far beyond the playful pranks of exuberant youths.
Taché Hall renovations marked the end of an era, a simpler time, “an age of innocence.” In the end, the renovations proved to be a necessary modernization and maturation process for both the building, itself, and for the students, who studied, partied, lived, loved, and forged memories of a lifetime within its walls.

The Recollections of an RSA Prez (1979)

As a Resident of Taché Hall in 1979 and a proud alumnus of West House, first as a Resident Proctor and finally as President of the Resident Students’ Association during its renovation in 1979, I wanted to weigh in with my recollections and thoughts as Taché Hall becomes “re-purposed.”

While I presume there is a rush to portray the new Residence facility as fulfilling a need that Taché Hall couldn’t—that the infrastructure, electrical cabling, steam heating system, bricks, and mortar of Taché East House and West House that couldn’t be moved, replaced, or upgraded ordained the Residence’s fate—all I ask of you is to reflect, for a second, on a view of what many of my peers of that era likely share with me: bricks and mortar crafted and formed into single and cramped double rooms; steam radiators that made odd noises at night and would jump into action and suck any remaining remnant of humidity out of the air; hallways used for communal gatherings; common bathrooms where more than one individual has slept the night away, actually do matter. While you forge ahead to champion the idea of residence pods designed with all the efficiency and depersonalization of an Airbus A380 business class interior, remember this before you plug your USB patch cord into a wall outlet or seek a wireless Internet connection: it’s the people part of the equation that endures.

I lived in an era when West House was the Men’s Residence, Speechly was the Women’s Residence, and East House was some sort of weird co-ed social experiment (a hold-over barb towards my East House friends).

In taking a tour of the Residence today, you might not know that in the era about which I speak, East and West Lounges were largely unused spaces or that people defined their social perimeters by the point in which the direction of the corridor changed. To leave the safe confines of your hall, you risked encountering an unanticipated water shower or, heaven forbid, stumble upon a party. We self-identified by using hall funds to buy hockey jerseys or T-shirts labeled with timeless names that associated people to their Residence hallways with monikers like Rat Alley, Broadway, Penthouse, and the like. They were brands. They were iconic sources of identity. They endured. You didn’t have to get your nose or eyebrow pierced, or seek social conformity by adorning yourself with ill-considered tattoos in order to make a personal statement.

In Taché, you were automatically part of a group by virtue of the number on your door. You were unique by the character you brought to your hallmates and memorable by how you influenced your hall and the timeless moments you helped to create. With our brands, we carried them long past our days at Taché Hall. A subdued pride, if you will, but something that you can’t explain until ... probably, 30 or so years later.

Our social introductions were tubbings, shaftings, and water fights where bathtubs were set on overflow in order to become the supply source for “fire-fighter” brigades of absolute chaos. This was an era when forays into the men’s washrooms were acts of sheer lunacy. The perceived safe confines of a toilet were often disrupted by disquieting footfalls with accompanying swishing noises that changed the sense of refuge to the terror of a trapped convict. The jig was up—damn, is it me or the sucker in the next cubicle—with the foreboding slow motion of a bucket of water being dispensed from over the top. Taché Hall waterboarding at its finest.

My Proctor never understood that whenever he went to collect a comic book from our communal library for his 10 minutes of reading time, this was a sign to mobilize the troops. Oddly, he never caught on as he and Spider-Man took a drubbing ...
he would march back to my room with his shirt, pants, and socks dripping in unison trying to dislodge the water drops off a soaked issue of Spider-Man ... and march out muttering under his breath ... “b**tard.”

He would mutter such things with a crooked smile as he knew he was Obe-wan, my trainer. This was an environment in which stereo-wars were pre-determined by the guy who had the biggest and baddest set of woofers on the planet. This was Residence Life in the 1970s. There was no Facebook, LinkedIn, or Twitter character-limited texting. There was only the echo of a Pink Floyd tune reverberating from some distant hallway that signaled a party was well underway. Residence Life was the first social medium. Instant. Communicative. Personal.

It was an era in which people scrambled to the floors with the higher ceilings so they could build lofts, some of which were remarkable feats of engineering. None of this was permitted and the Administration staff, to give them their due, turned a blind eye to many of the antics that took place.

Our supper hours, although they started at 4:30 pm, were rarely taken before 5:55 pm. That was when a line would form down the Pembina Hall staircase, because our attendance was unfortunately delayed. In fact, we were all crowded around a black and white TV watching the trilogy of Hogan's Heroes, Gilligan's Island, and Get Smart before we made the short dash out the back fire door of 1st Floor West, past the garbage cans, up the three or four steps, and across the brief span of space between Taché West and Pembina Hall to the serving line before the door closed. The caterers could never understand why the late line-ups took precedence over their offerings of potatoes and breaded ... well ... mystery meat.

Romantic dalliances were conducted with military precision, deception, and subterfuge. When you snuck your girlfriend into your room and were detected, more often than not, a tour to the washroom meant you would have to navigate past a hastily constructed mock judge's table and a placard stating “1 from the Russian judge.” There was no mercy, just the progressive march to the mutually assured destruction ... MAD ... version of the best prank ever. And there were pranks of every type.

I won't venture very deeply into some of our escapades because they would likely violate the precepts of morality that permeate social relationships and interactions today. What we did, if we did them today, would certainly get us expelled and likely land us in jail. However, the statute of limitations has now thankfully passed.

We ran liberal interpretations of existing liquor laws through beer dispensing operations (speakeasy's if you will) that was the heart of our economics modeling class (25 cents a beer actually yielded a profit); we snuck into nearby farmers' fields to lighten them of their Hallowe’en pumpkins so we could have pumpkin-carving contests (great way to get girls to a party); we “pennied” people in rooms (not great results in the basements, however); we cemented people in rooms; we would disassemble, transport, and reassemble entire rooms in the oddest of places; or we would sneak into the Pembina Hall Kitchen in order to boil hops for our Rat Alley “chemistry class”... or “brewing class”... whatever ... to prepare the mix for our homemade beer experiment (however, a bad move without a chemistry major near by) ... almost went blind on that one.

We pre-empted the idea of “Celebrity Apprentice” by more than two decades. We had guest Proctors. Our male and female floors (Taché and Speechly) would exchange Proctors for a week. The women who became the guest Proctors in Rat Alley created 20 lap dogs. Disgusting—it took weeks to de-program them afterwards. My sacrifice was to be the Proctor on an all-women's floor for a week and to be victimized by 20 single women. The sacrifices I made!

One cold winter night there were rumors of a women's slumber party in Mary Speechly Hall after a dance in the Taché Hall Auditorium. After consuming a few beers in Rat Alley through the wee hours, a cunning, but mischievous, crew carefully devised an ad hoc plan to disrupt the activities in a kind, but gentle way. The renegades went to the agricultural barns located down the street from the Residence and borrowed eight piglets. They brought them back to the Speechly lobby and proceeded to grease them down with Dippity Doo. There's nothing like a greased pig to add a little drama to the evening's festivities! Then they loaded them all into the elevator and sent the octet to the 8th floor. The elevator doors opened and voila! A stampede unfolded into the darkened lounge. After all it was 4 am!
After the screaming and swearing ended, one of the ladies called the Campus Police. Two officers arrived in two cars to take the piglets home. The slick swine proved difficult for the campus cowboys to catch, but eventually they rounded up the herd and loaded them into their cruisers. Mysteriously, while the police were rounding up the swine, all their tires were deflated. Needless to say, it took a while for the event to be defused. The Rat Alley gang watched all the goings on from the comfort of one of the basement rooms. The laughter was hysterical. An investigator showed up at Taché Hall the next day looking for the culprits, but to no avail. The Rat Alley gang could always be counted upon to keep it “in the family.”

There is another story worth sharing and it all started with the flick of a pea. It was mid-March one year as the Rez gang was gearing up for final exams. We ate in the Pembina Hall Dining Room, and after a long winter, a few of the boys decided that a good old food fight might be in order. So some guys showed up for dinner donned with green garbage bags for shirts, with the letters “CFFC” displayed on the front. That stood for Canadian Food Fighting Champ. That was a very prestigious title, by the way. Anyway, at about 6 pm or so, rival factions gathered on each side of the café. Spaghetti was on the menu. Lovely.

One guy flicked a pea across the room. Boom, the tables were turned on their sides as protection. Then members of both factions ran for the salad dressing. It got tossed around like water from a pail. Then the pasta and sauce flew from all corners. It was wall-to-wall food in the air for five minutes. The place was a mess and looked like a war zone. Everyone was covered in food and drink.

The food service manager, Patty, came out and asked us what the heck had happened. “Well Patty, we’re not so sure of everything, but we know something. We think we’ve finally determined who the real food fighting champs are!”

There was a particular Christmas, in a particular year, in which we in Rat Alley like all other halls were challenged to come up with the most creative Christmas hall decoration. Nothing of the sort would be allowed today. Any Fire Chief would have been sent into apoplectic shock had he or she witnessed that at every turn and upon entering every hall were coverings of brown wrapping paper, floor-to-ceiling fire door-to-fire door, painted with the brightest greens and reds imaginable and with the corridors adorned (blocked) with papier mâché fabrications of Donner and Blitzen or some other homage to Christmas. There were sleds (converted beds), there were tunnels, there was snow (cotton batting), and there were Christmas lights ... everywhere. People would roam from hall to hall after the judges had been through to enjoy punch and, hey, have a party. At one particular Christmas (heck it was every Christmas), we Rats left decorations to the last possible minute.

That particular year, however, we cooked up the greatest hall decorating idea of all time. We were going to heist the Three Wise Men atop the Great West Life Building in downtown Winnipeg, bring the “hostages” back to Rat Alley, and most certainly cart away the best hall decorating prize and the greatest story of all time.

Well about 3 am, a bunch of us Rats arrived outside the GWL Building and somehow managed to climb onto the roof. When the “kidnappers” arrived near their intended hostages, they found that the camels that the three Wise Men rested on were nearly as tall as them! Discouraged but not dissuaded, one particularly adventurous Rat climbed on a camel and proceeded to beat on one of the Wise Men trying to dislodge him from his perch. Standing back on the street in plain sight, it was a snow-covered image I will never forget.

There were also incredibly touching moments, too. Like the time in which a Master of Engineering student, who was a Japanese Air Force Lieutenant, was assigned to my hall. His English was barely passable, but his smile was pervasive. I recall him leaving the hall in mid-afternoon with his ever-present smile and telling me that because I was the Proctor and therefore the leader (duh?), he was going to celebrate my leadership and cook me a meal. He told me in halting English to stay, not to go to supper (not an onerous request), and to locate a hotplate. Not fully understanding what he said, I just took his cues and responded to his nods, smiled profusely, and popped the cap off another stubby. (Another fast fact: Rat Alley was the first Residence hall at the University of Manitoba and possibly in North America to be sponsored by a brewery). Well my friend returned about two hours later with brown grocery bags stuffed with fresh
vegetables and meat. I scrambled to find a hotplate and pot and proceeded to have one of the most incredible meals I have ever eaten, prepared for me in traditional Japanese style, and eaten out of a re-fabricated and re-purposed cardboard beer case (hey, nobody’s perfect). I have eaten in some fine restaurants since, but nothing can ever compare with the savory smells and tastes of that meal.

There are so many gems within Taché Hall and remnants of its history that you may gloss over or may never have known.

- Did anyone tell you of the existence of swimming pools below the Centre Block of Taché ... yes they were there (before my time) when a wall existed to separate access between the men’s and women’s dorms. You can trace the terrazzo floors to see the outline of the pool walls.

- Or did you wonder why the closet doors were cut so high off the floor? The answer is, to provide circulation for the boots [whew!] of the soldiers of the First and Second World Wars who were stationed there.

- Or did you ever see the graffiti on the inside of the roof peak over the Taché Hall Auditorium, some of which dates back prior to the Second World War.

Four of my Residence chums and I had supper together a few weeks ago on a Saturday night, one having flown in from London, Ontario just for the occasion, and one came in from Whitehorse, and we gathered together for the first time in 30 years. In fact, most of us hadn’t even conversed over that period. We never knew each other prior to arriving at Taché and coming from distinctly different parts of the country would likely never have had reason to meet ... except of course for the experiences we shared in Residence. We shared some drinks, some recollections, told stories, tried to contact some fellow Residents, and often had some moments when no conversation took place, not because it was awkward, but because we knew we shared a special time in our lives. Nothing more needed to be said, because we helped colour and give life to the stories each one of us cherishes. Our get-together was not prompted by the occasion of Taché Hall’s demise—it was because we thought about each other.

We all graduated and went onto our separate careers, moved to separate cities, married, some had families, and we converged in Ottawa because of that time in Taché. These are people who I will think about, with a crooked smile, and mutter to them “b**tards.”

In a rush to create new milestones, there is a risk of relegating history to some afterthought. So before you cocoon yourselves in your new Residence pods, think about that incredible red-bricked building next to you. Think about the fact that hey, those old farts, some of whom may have been your parents, grandparents, or great-grandparents who lived there, studied there, partied there, and dated there, and didn’t turn out so bad.

And by the way, that photograph with the Rat Alley Board of Governors [see page 160 for photo] (I was the only one of that group who could spell and I didn’t make that sign) was convened to judge whether we would make some applicants honourary Rats. One such challenge of manhood was to bring to the table a pair of woman’s panties without explaining why you wanted them.

Think about it ... Rats are great storytellers ... if you passed all of the challenges you would be invited to the Rat Alley year-end party to which all hall members and their dates were invited, complete with fully-paid steak-and-lobster dinner and open bar, funded by the Rat Alley beer fridge. Our economic model did work and at 25¢ a beer, you do the math! I want to thank my friends Brookesie, Bugsy, Poxy, and Boo Boo for reminding me of those times, and Bugsy, in particular, for contributing some of the stories.

No plants or animals and only one Wise Man were harmed in the writing of this story. Long live Taché Hall!
There were two types of sports in Residence—Inter-Rez and Inter-Mural. The Inter-Rez sports were for everyone—you didn’t have to know how to play, you just wanted to have fun! Inter-Mural sports, however, involved the more competitive type of athlete who wanted to compete with other faculties. These sports included football and soccer in the fall, and volleyball, basketball, and hockey for the guys and gals during the winter months. The Tché hockey team even had team uniforms.