

After the pottery lab. I graduated to a Sunday school room at St. David's United Church... and had to teach the "effects of interior design on the psyche" in a room whose drapes had been made of a one-way patterned fabric hung upside down! Highlands ^{in 1973,} was a breath of fresh air after St. David's, rather too fresh actually because the furnace seemed to be activated only for Sunday worship, a day ^{on which} I never taught.

After Highlands we moved the entire Retail Fashion program to a warehouse on Welch Street ⁽¹⁹⁷⁴⁾. The Art department had taken pity on us, and generously

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offered to share their accommodation.
(Either that or misery love Company.)

We were assigned 400 square feet and access to a toilet which overflowed with sickening regularity. A great "esprit de corps" succored the inmates at Welch Street, and short of the occasional shocks (fashion students seeking the coffee machine through the life drawing lab. + walking head on into a totally nude male model; the Dean searching out the Retail Fashion Coordinator (me) and opening the classroom door on to 25 ballet-tight students including the Coordinator, all in the lotus position with eyes closed.

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We all got along surprisingly well.
The move into the portables
on the North Campus^{in 1975} was
marvellous. At last the programme

was on campus. We got on
campus Sunday at noon. I
had an 8:30 class Monday

morning. Sunday noon, all
the equipment from Welch
street was in a pile in the
middle of the classroom while

the carpet layers finished
gluing it down around the
edges. My husband, David, and
my three sons, helped me unpack
and set up the room for the
early morning class.

The Tower was a breakthrough!
Being allowed actually to design

the facility ^{is} the program
required, after all the years
of imperfect accommodation was
sheer bliss! We moved in
with a sigh of relief and
satisfaction in the fall of 1976.

In retrospect the years
before the Tower hold tremendous
nostalgia and romance. It's hard
to recall the frustrations, the
awkwardness, the physical exhaustion
involved in teaching in the
best that could be managed at
the time. But we all did ^{manage} and
we kept the students learning
and enjoying their college
experience, as we were, in the
building of ~~the~~ ^{today's} college community