



FEATURES



Sigma Lambda Beta Rho BY UNEXPECTED

The night was cool, fresh and invigorating, so I took my nightly stroll to release the pressure of conscientious hours of study and yesterday's hangover. While making my rounds of the Forestry Building and "K" Huts in search of romance, I stumbled upon a fair lady in distress. My chance for performing my good deed for the night was forthcoming. The lady was a member of the Brunswick staff and she was in dire need of — an article concerning the residence for this week's issue of the Brunswickan. By some trick of fate, I was recognized as a lad from the Residence and immediately was given notice to prepare the much needed column. I accepted the proposal as it seemed such a shame that of all the stalwarts of that house of ill-repute, no one wished to supply the ardent readers with news and views of life at the Residence.

Concerning Residence life of last week, I, a new member of the clan, have many tales to tell. Read on, Oh foolish one.

It seems that among the ever-existing activities of the Residence, a "pool expedition" holds top rank. A Mr. Mansfield was duly given second baptism and birthday rites by being thrown into the swimming pool. The only unhappy quote about this glad affair was that "One ducking deserves another". Soon all the occupants of the Residence were enjoying the pleasant experience. "Scotty", our chief exponent of Residence cleanliness, was quite disappointed in finding his newly waxed floors in sad need of further polishing. He also complains of wet trousers hanging about in the lavatories like women's stockings. All those interested in retaining same are urged to remove at earliest convenience.

In Memoriam

WE REGRET THE PASSING AWAY OF OUR FORMER REGULAR RESIDENCE REPORTER WHO, AFTER COMMUTING WITH THE DEAD WILL RETURN WITH NEW TALES NEXT WEEK.

Confidentially yours

The voice of Maggie Jean is speaking again, so hear ye, hear ye, hear ye!

Very fortunate that there are more girls in the residence this year because, as one might logically conclude, there are more Birthdays, and the more Birthdays the better of the more Birthdays the more parties and the more, the more, the more etc, etc.

Last weekend Pat Ryder celebrated in suitable fashion and disturbed the prevailing peace in such a manner that was satisfactory to everyone, or nearly everyone. Wee Willie Wilson also gained another year last Saturday, her 21st, and although the party was held without the confines of the ga—, oh dear, we almost used a forbidden word) M.J.C.H., we understand that a most successful "tea party" was enjoyed by various wellwishers.

There was one more Birthday that comes to our notice at the time of writing, and as this was the most important of all, we feel that it deserves a new paragraph. This was the anniversary of our esteemed Cook, Mrs. Appleby. Her friends call her Clara! On Tuesday last, at supper, she was presented with a birthday cake, not of her making, naturally. It really was a very nice cake. The writers of the column are just a little confused as to why one would give a cook, and a very good one at that, a cake, for a gift. However, we suppose it must be a relief to get away from one's own cooking for a while, even if it is only one piece of cake; furthermore, we suspect that she very generously gave most of it away to the girls, who, we noticed, partook of it ravenously.

Everything went off beautifully; the cake was delivered at the door on Thursday morning. It went straight to the kitchen, where, and this wasn't according to plan, Clara opened the box. Somebody came in and caught her in the act, and being a very quick-thinking young lady she accused our poor chef of abducting a cake belonging to Mrs. Connell, a resident of Woodstock. The only connection between the cake, the cook and the Connell, is that Lucy lives in the Maggie Jean she had something to do with buying the cake and her Mother is Mrs. Connell. We find this is rather an obscure relation, but it's the only one. Under the circumstances we are sure that our readers will understand why the police were not summoned to the premises.

Sadie Hawkins is, at the time of writing, just around the corner. However we feel that we can safely say that the annual Sadie Hawkins dance was a great success. A party is being held in the residence before the dance and much coca-cola ugh, (straight) is going to be consumed together with numerous potato chips. Delightful combination!!! If anyone finds the odd piece of hay in their clothing or around the vicinity of the Arts Building, we ask them to pick it up and put it in their Scrapbook or Hope Chest or What-Have-You as a pleasant reminder of Miss Hawkins who retired for another year.

The authors of Confidentially Yours would like to thank the Brunswickan, Wednesday, October 27th, 1954, for the two "Coeds" (?) whose letter appeared in the last issue their timely advice and welcome comment. In closing we just want to point out that at no time was there any slander meant or any ill-intended slurs. We hope that in future we can carry out these suggestions to your satisfaction and to the best of our ability . . . "As many down-trodden writers have said before us, "The world is full of good critics".

AN OPEN LETTER From a Post-Grad to a Freshman

Dear Freshman,

Don't try to hide because I shall find you. You have done a dastardly thing and I demand an apology. You have maligned, calumniated, — indeed, hurt the feelings — not only of myself, but of all the students who live in carrels. I insist upon justice on behalf of all carrel eers.

Perhaps I had better explain. The Reference Librarian and a group of freshmen had dropped by one afternoon to visit us in the stacks. Snobbish, I imagine, kept you from leaving visiting cards for those carrelers who were out at the time. I was not out, and while I was not intentionally listening to the conversation between the librarian and the group, I could not help overhearing one freshman's (seemingly) innocent question. He quite nonchalantly and quite without embarrassment, proceeded to inquire whether we had parties in our carrels. The insinuation was obvious. I was shocked! Oh, yes, you may laugh, (as a matter of fact, the librarian did laugh), but I was SHOCKED! And my fellow carrelers were shocked when I reported the incident to them. Not amused, not dismayed, but strangely, deeply, irrevocably SHOCKED!

I have been requested to publish a demand for an apology. My graduate friends and I, who have been living in carrels for nearly six weeks, have decided that such a slight upon our dignity, propriety and — and — and dignity and propriety, must not pass unnoticed. We are looking for you, freshmen. We are not in the mood for games. Come out, come out, wherever you are. We are prepared to forgive. We will be merciful if you will be equal to the task before you and step forward and be crucified.

What? You wish proof? Alas! From a freshman! Hear, then, our defence, O ye men fresh from the green School pastures on High. Hear us, and judge us as we do judge ourselves.

We do not have parties in our carrels! Now, of course, we do have tea every afternoon about three o'clock. Not a party, mind you, just tea. Just plain, freshly squashed, freshly sloshed, tea. Not a tea party either! A "party" connotes a gathering. We do not gather. As you know, carrels are arranged on the north and south sides of the stacks (extension) and are one above the other for four floors. Each of us sits in his carrel and has his tea quietly by himself.

What is that? How do we prepare our tea if we do not assemble in any one carrel? Er — uh — yes — quite so, how do we prepare — Yes, alright, of course we have

found an explanation. My nervousness is attributable to the fact that ordinarily we do not divulge the story of the brewing of carrel tea. But since this is a letter, we trust that this information will go no further. The truth of the matter is this. Each of us brings his own cup of hot water to his carrel just before 3.00 p.m. Then, at 3.00 o'clock exactly, the two carrelers on the fourth floor (carrelers 4N and 4S) carefully bend down and extricate ONE tea bag each out of their respective waste-baskets (they keep better there and are never disturbed), and dip them into their cups of hot water. One minute is allotted for teabag "seepage". Then the two teabags are removed and attached to two long pieces of string and gently, oh, so gently, lowered through to the third floor. (The architect for the library stacks, fully aware of the need of afternoon tea sessions — not parties — conveniently allowed for this emergency by spaciouly providing "tea-string" apertures ("holes" if you insist) between all the floors). By 3.05 p.m. all carrelers have had their minute, the process is completed and the two precious, tired looking teabags are drawn up and repaced amid the waste-baskets. There, you have made me tell you, and since I have told you this much, I might just as well pass on some further advice to you, freshman, for, in time (one never knows when), you too may live in a carrel. My advice is NEVER, NEVER throw your two teabags away, keep them in your waste-baskets. It's extremely inexpensive, and two teabags, used economically, may well last out a term. And you know, the flavour just grows and grows. One of our carrelers was carried out last week, but then, that man never did have a good, tea-worthy stomach.

And so, you see that we do not have parties in our carrels, because we do not gather. My companion-carrelers are still outraged and seek retribution. An apology is in order. You are out there somewhere, scheming, seemingly innocent, Freshman, and your remark has convulsed our sensibilities. Your conscience is with you and will follow you until you repent your ways. You may reach us in care of this newspaper. Speaking for all carrelers, I stand and wait, (as long as I can), grievously wounded at heart, but no less merciful in soul, if the freshman will step forward and be reclaimed.

Yours,
PRESIDENT OF THE
Association of Carrelers of the
University of New Brunswick.

Reflections

by "LIZ"

I often think about the unpredictability of this confounded Maritime weather. One never knows whether to prepare for warm autumn days or cold wintry ones.

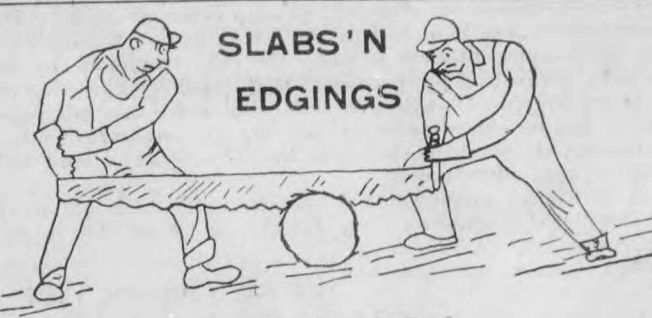
The noble foresters are faced with this very problem in connection with their annual Hammerfest. Their main concern is: How will the weather affect the liquid refreshment for the great occasion? The foresters good little scouts that they are, have adopted the motto "Be Prepared", in their determination to be ready for any eccentricities of the unpredictable Mr. Weatherman.

They will, it has been decided, take their bottles of orange pop to the old maple grove and if it is warm enough to drink, the liquid

from the bottles will be consumed in the usual fashion. However, if it is cold enough to freeze the liquid the foresters will not be unprepared.

They will, instead of drinking from the bottles, simply smash those vessels with their little hatchets, cut the orange sherbet into chunks, and dispense it by the pound.

Forestry week reminds me of green things, and green things remind me of the Maritime Gardener; and the Maritime Gardener reminds me that I haven't covered my petunias yet, petunias make me think of onions, and onions of hamburgers. Hamburgers I associate with hot dogs and — why doesn't someone have a weiner roast?



by Jack, Jim and Paul

A letter of invitation has been sent to "the only other society on the campus which we Foresters recognize" — that is, the Ladies Society — to attend the Social Nite. We know that these girls are dying to meet the Foresters and we expect them to come. The stipulation included is that they come alone or accompanied by a Forester. Here's your chance to make a date for the Forester's Ball and Fall Formal. You may even arrange a cup of coffee after the Hammerfest.

Professor Irwin has decided that there is not enough money in teaching, so he has decided to make a little fast cash by converting the dry kiln in the basement of the Forestry building into a Turkish Bath. Guaranteed to sober the biggest and best of us by Sunday night, price \$10.30.

Reprint from last year — "Is it a coincidence that the Sadie Hawkins Dance precedes the Fall Formal by a couple of weeks?"

Practice and theory have been demonstrated recently in wood technology. Liquor barrels of red oak soak up and dissipate more liquid than those of white oak. The theory behind this wasting process is that an "aspiring torus" is responsible.

A talk by Dr. E. O. Turner was given to the senior class this week regarding Forestry Week. It seems that more damage was done last year by the Foresters than anyone foresaw, and which to this day only a few of us know about. We have a great amount of spirit this year and, I might say that it is exceptionally great but there are ways planned for us to work off surplus energy, i.e. Soccer Game, Sunday afternoon; Field day, Monday; Social Nite Wednesday; Ball Friday and Hammerfest Saturday. Let's see you all out to these events and in case any scandalous plans have been made, discard them. In so doing, the Association will be benefited. Thank You.

We regret the passing of one of our former graduates and lecturers, Mr. Peter Spicer '50 who was shot in a hunting accident on October 22nd, and died on the way to the hospital. Flowers were sent by the Association.

A special meeting of the Finance committee of the Association was held on October 20th. Since finances are in the red, it was decided that only two quarts of — would be issued free with the meal at the Hammerfest this year. Any more will be purchased at 50 cents a quart, so bring your pocket-books.

NOTICE TO THIRD YEAR FORESTERS: Your analyses of the soil on the Hammerfest site has indicated toxic compounds with a PH of 5.

Correction re Donation of Crosscut saw mentioned last week: This saw mentioned was supplied to Professor Scheult by Simonds Canada Saw Company. Professor Scheult has kindly assigned it to the Forestry Association for a trophy.

We three agree basically with "LIZ" concerning clothes for the Sadie Hawkins Dance. Off-the-shoulder blouses do have their points. And speaking of wine consumption this month, righter words were never spoken.

A REMINDER
TO FORESTERS: TONIGHT IS SOCIAL NITE.
TO EVERYONE: ROLL INTO THE FORESTER'S BALL FRIDAY NIGHT.

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