



FEATURES



Sigma Lambda Beta Rho

BY
HERODITUS

The dull thud of falling bodies has ceased and once more the Men's Residence has subsided into the solitude of conscientious learning. Little did the Freshmen realize that they were the majority in their clash with the Sophomores during residence initiation. This little reminder should startle them. All those so inclined are now practicing the regular habits and virtues of previous "flunkers".

The Residence had more than the usual quota of Freshmen this year and this is strongly felt the residence over. This act of purging the infamous dens of iniquity may be a psychological move of the "higher ups" to indoctrinate the Freshmen into at least a newer way of life.

Thursday night of last week provided an all-out "let's swim" night at the Residence as the local pool-partners, without Dave, believe it or not, began their sudden rampage. When the smoke had subsided the residence looked like a flooded ship, wallowing in a storm and at times it shook with the fury of the attackers. The original offender of residence rules was forgotten and most of the occupants of the famed abode were slightly damp at the end of the procedures. They can't keep a good man drowned, but they certainly tried.

Looking at the lighter side of the last two weeks comings and goings, strange giggling noises were heard up in the second floor last

weekend. Some female seemed to be bitten by a snake. President Bill Baker, always honest and true and a clean-living lad, quickly settled the issue.

Our noticed "man of the week" is none other than "Buffalo" Bill Barwick, who even at this early date is so engrossed in university activities that he hasn't even got time for his regular cup of tea.

The executive of the residence this year consists of President Bill Baker, a most capable man; and Dor Taylor, Secretary, who will try like his predecessors to minimize the minutes of the residence meetings — any errors or omissions?

A residence social was held Saturday, October 3rd which provided a comfortable and pleasant evening for the fifteen couples who attended. The males proceeded to toast their female companions by the fireplace while cool sounds were piped in to inspire the making of 'amour. At least some were under that impression, or should I say spell.

A parting word — keep your eyes on the residence clock; we expect it to move in 1986.

Maj. Newton Reviews

"THE TWO JACKS"

In "The Two Jacks" a Nova Scotian author, Will R. Bird, tells the tale of two Maritimers who fought with the North Nova Scotia Highlanders during the last war. Mr. Bird's writing career runs the gamut from being on the staff of a Halifax newspaper, through the authorship of several books, to an honorary degree of Litt D. conferred on him in 1949 by Mount Allison University.

Despite his literary background and a distinguished career with the 42nd Royal Highlanders in World War I, the author has managed to produce a volume which reads like a modern edition of "The Rover Boys Make Good."

The book commences seemingly at random, when Jack Venes of Fredericton and Jack Fairweather of Rothsay join the Canadian Army. It follows them in minute and often irrelevant detail thereafter. On landing in Normandy on D-Day, their unit soon finds itself in the van of the attack. Shortly afterwards two companies including Venes and Fairweather, are surrounded and captured by SS troops. Their hungry and footsore trek to a prisoner of war camp at Rennes is described in detail.

After a comparatively uneventful stay in the camp, the prisoners are packed into a train consisting of the inevitable box-cars labelled "40 men—8 horses", one of which becomes their home for several days. The description of their trip in the train and their subsequent escape from it is probably the most vivid in the book. Impending air attacks send the packed prisoners into a panic; and there is suspense while they wait for two of their members to tear a hole in the wall through which to jump. Such incidents help to maintain the readers interest.

The two Jacks eventually are taken under the dubious wing of a Maquis group under the command of Captain Georges Le Coz. This unsavory gentleman appears to have been dedicated to terrorizing both the Germans and any French citizen unfortunate enough to possess something Le Coz requires at the moment. Why our heroes remain with this menagerie as long as they do is never very well explained, although the exploits of Le Coz are itemized in detail.

No mention is made of the sources from which the minutia of this book is derived, and one can only surmise that the two Jacks had remarkably retentive memories. Be this as it may, the story holds the reader fascinated to the end, anxious for the climax. However there are so many climaxes hidden in the short, unobtrusive statements of fact throughout the text that one arrives at the last page with a slight sense of frustration.

The tale peters out much as it began, this time with an easily arranged flight by RAF to England, and the careers of the two Jacks until the war's end several months later. The last forms an epilogue. The book should be of interest to readers at UNB mainly because it is about a former student at this University. Jack Venes was a member of the C.O.T.C. here from 1941 to 1943.

A POEM

The clock of Time is wound but once
And no man has the power
To tell just when the hands will stop
At a late or early hour.
Now is the only time you own,
Live, love, toil with a will,
Place no faith in tomorrow:
The hands may then be still.
(Kingston Penitentiary Telescope)



Confidentially yours

Ye Old Maggie Jean flourishes still with approximately eleven new and beautiful coeds to keep her going, and a new matron, to boot. Yes sir, we're off for another year of and corruption within the prison walls.

Feeling that last year's strict rules weren't strict enough, several poor individuals taxed their weary brains and thought up some real doozers for the incoming crop of Freshettes and Freshie-Sops. The only hitch in this, is the fact that everyone else, excepting those who devised the rules, of course, is subjected to a similar miserable lot.

How would you like your wife coming to the breakfast table in her dressing gown? I bet if you have one, a wife that is, that she does. Anyway it was decided, that, seeing a goodly number of the poor females now restrained within the walls of this sainted sanctuary, would prefer to see them fully dressed at the first meal of the day. What the writers would like to find out, is, . . . how on earth do these certain individuals know whether certain other individuals, namely the future husbands, want their wives dressed or undressed, (at breakfast). Especially considering the fact that the unfortunate things don't even know each other as yet.

As the more versatile mind may have gleaned, the crux of the matter is that the inmates of the Maggie Jean Penitentiary are required and are under compulsion to clothe themselves properly for breakfast every morning (breakfast, by the way, being at the ungodly hour of 8 a.m.) and if we may express ourselves rather graphically, this is found to be a damnable imposition. However, and I speak for all the injured parties, I suppose under great persuasion from all sides, we might be swayed to bear our cross like cheerful martyrs.

A certain person in possession of an automobile, would like to make an appeal through this column for financial support or liquid aid which would be greatly appreciated, in the form of petrol, of course, a car can't live on alcohol.

Miss Mary Jane Maggee, or McGee, or MacGee or something, anyway a very distinguished young lady, has finally arrived back after her long-g-g-g weekend spent at her home in Rothesay. She made her appearance in Fredericton on Tuesday after having departed from this fair city the previous Thursday for the weekend. It just goes to show that free will still prevails if you know how to get around it, and how to take the consequences if you don't know how to get around it.

So far prison life for 1954-55 has been relatively quiet and undisturbed. There are only a couple of old die-hards left and they too have succumbed to U's rigours of hard work and concentration, as much as can be expected. The wild lassie with the red hair, let's call it the strawberry blonde tresses for the sake of poetic diction, departed for the wild and woolly west early last spring together with Miss Pauline Saunders to work in a mental hospital for the summer. One of the pair arrived back, the other didn't. No doubt the place went to her head, to use a rather hackneyed expression. Evidently the estimable Miss Lynn Doupe has decided to follow the calling of Registered Nurse, although we have a great conviction that she will return for a visit in the not too distant future. Everybody, get out your Bingo hats ! !

A certain Business Administration student, in fact the only female student in the Faculty of Business Administration, has had her social life somewhat curtailed lately, since she committed the unpardonable sin of being caught . . . in the front porch, and has been locked up in solitary confinement for two weeks.

That's all the scandal for this week, Kiddies, it's not much, but . . . it's real!

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Reflections

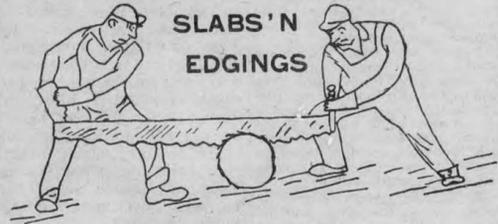
by "LIZ"

Have you ever noticed that when a group of women get together there are only two topics of conversation? The first is, of course, clothes, and the second, men. If the males did not wear such drab clothing, it might be interesting to combine the two main interests of the female and speculate about men's clothes. Men of Britain, realizing the value of this as a conversation piece, have a men's club which meets at a restaurant to display the latest — men please note — silk, or velvet, or brocade, waistcoats. Fashion decrees may not include anything as interesting as the lowering, or raising, of a helmine, but at least there is some indication of fashion. The decree for this year, for example, is buttons set in pairs on what Englishmen call 'weekits' and you may prefer to call vests. Startle your fellow guests at the next tea by discussing, not clothes, not men, but men's clothes.

Speaking of 'teas' reminds me of the 'At Home' held at the Ladies' Residence recently. Did anyone wonder why he or she was drinking coke out of a glass instead of the traditional bottle? Well, it was this way. It was decided by those in authority that the traditional vessel was "unrefined", and liquid refreshment was to be poured from the offending bottle to a less offensive glass.

With autumn leaves falling all around us, our minds naturally turn to colour — and what could be more colourful than Spring fashions? The colour forecast for Spring 1955 includes rose-pink, green-toned bronzes and coppers, lemon-yellow, green-toned blues, and, most unusual in name, bamboo-beige.

Wonder which of these alluring colours the men will choose when they charm us with their new Sping "weekits"?



SLABS 'N EDGINGS

by Paul Courtice and Jim Purcell

We extend a hearty Forester's welcome to our faculty, especially the Freshmen, and also since some of the other faculties attain great heights by reading our superb column, we greet them too. We are back for another year of writings, bringing you Forestry Association News, anecdotes, and in general, "Forester's Spirits".

We notice that this year our faculty enrollment is not as large as last year's, but that the Engineering and Arts enrollment has soared. Last year Engineers outnumbered the Foresters over two to one, but our spirit was 50 times as great. This year Engineers outnumber Foresters three to one. Let's show that our spirit is 100 proof.

Another one of our senior Foresters got married this year. We won't mention his name, but his initials are Al Gallon. We figure thirty-two half pints for two gallons. We'll bet the first one will be called Imperial, and the second will be American.

Since Forestry week is close at hand and the Forestry Brunswickian will be hot off the press that week, we would like to extend an invitation to all Foresters to give us help by offering contributions (jokes, stories, etc.). Contributions can be left in the suggestion box in the Memorial Reading Room.

The regular meeting of the Forestry Association was held in the Memorial Reading Room. Over 50 members were present. The week of November 1 was chosen to be Forestry Week. Committees were elected. Forestry Week events are as follows:

- Sunday afternoon — Soccer: Foresters v. Engineers
- Monday night — Field Day, (sharpen your axes, etc.)
- Tuesday night — Unofficial activities
- Wednesday night — Social night (cards, dancing, etc.)
- Thursday night — Unofficial activities
- Friday night — "The Foresters' Ball" - open to everyone
- Saturday night — "The Hammerfest"

The next meeting of the Association is on October 18 at 7.30. Let's see a few more faces; in fact, everybody out. Watch the bulletin board on the right as you go in the door of the Forestry Building for notices concerning the Association.

We extend an invitation to the Freshmen Foresters to visit our Reading Room on the third floor of the Forestry Building during spare periods. This is a beautiful room for the Foresters' enjoyment, an asset no other faculty possesses.

Three of the oldest professors on the campus died this summer. "What caused it," a freshman asked one of the seniors, "An epidemic?" "Naw. The weather warmed up, and they had to bury 'em."



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