



Sigma Lambda Beta Rho

BY HERODITUS

We regret to report that the fire of intellectual learning has not yet enveloped the freshmen. From several different dens of iniquity have come the sounds of revelry, gurgling streams, clinking glasses and weird melodies. (Shades of Yma Sumac.)

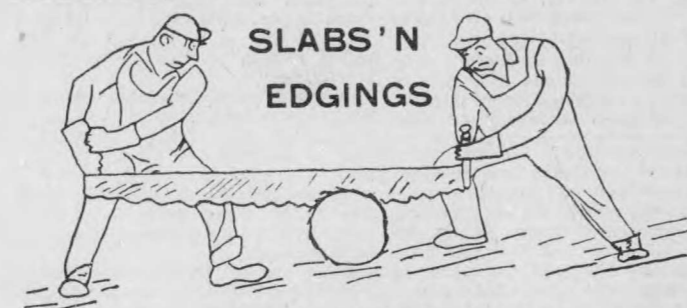
The spirits of those returning from their long weekends were dampened by the news that Doctor Jones, long time Dean of Residence, has been confined to hospital with a heart condition. Professor Shaw has moved in to take over the honorary post.

We see that our two vestal virgins on the first floor are keeping vigilance over the residence by maintaining fires of the hearth as offerings to the goddess Vesta.

The intramural soccer team of the residence met defeat a few nights ago when they met the much vaunted faculty team. The boys fought hard but in the end experience won out over youth and the elders were the victors in the tune of 4-0. This victory shows the value of a higher education.

On October 6 a score of hardy souls set forth in the hunt for the young boy who was lost over by the Royal Road. After the search a count of noses was made and a few were found missing. In fact there is still an empty room on the third floor and the consensus of opinion is that if the occupants have not returned by Convocation a search party be sent out. (God rest their souls).

The nomination of the writers of this column for Men of the Week has fallen on Don Fowler and Vic Stewart—The Great White Hunters.



SLABS 'N EDGINGS

by Jack, Jim and Paul

With Forestry Week quickly approaching, Foresters will note the listing of Field Day events on the Bulletin board to the right as they enter the Forestry building. This listing names the various events: buck-sawing, cross-cut sawing, chopping, back pump race, chain throwing, knife throwing, axe throwing and log rolling. Any events which you wish to enter, sign your name below and name of the event. Many valuable prizes are given for placing in the events. These may be soon displayed in the showcase on the landing between the first and second floors of the Forestry Building. Let's see your name on the listing.

The Forestry Faculty has been short a professor for the past week. He has gone to Harvard with "Hairless Joe" and "Lonesome Polcat". We think he has an invitation to a "Kickapoo Joy Juice Party" which we're sure he will accept in order to put himself in shape for the "Hammerfest".

I guess that brings us to the invitation we extend to all Foresters to attend the Social. Bring your wives or girl friends or come stag and meet your fellow Foresters. You will find out what the other fellows did this summer and how they liked their work. If you intend to come sign your name on the list on the board as you enter the Forestry Building. Let's have lots of names here also.

There comes a time on every campus when the Faculty preaches against the use of alcoholic beverages and the students cry out in earnest. The Foresters' truly unbiased opinion is "Those who are on the wagon are better off". Get your Association tickets now and be ready for the Hammerfest. Well anyway we think it was an admirable effort. It shows that their tastes may be turning to the finer things in life.

Getting used to our new campus fixtures? The Foresters certainly are — now that they have a parking lot handy to their bush labs. Other doubtful economies are proving to be a hindrance, also, the cost of continued surveillance since the commissioning of our asphalt should balance the expected savings of same. This situation is peevish though not when you consider that some residents of Albert Street receive parking tickets.

Why were Engineers planting trees behind the Forestry Building a while ago? Did they expect them to grow in rocks?

Reflections

eyes are not your best feature, why not attract attention to your feet? An increase in the number of co-eds on the campus had been faintly suspected before the annual initiation supper, but with that event it became certain. Because of the number of co-eds attending, the supper was served buffet style instead of the traditional banquet tables. After it's head table had been cleared of its edible tidbits, it became a stage for the unfortunate freshmen who were summoned to offer a statement of their names, addresses, interests, current boyfriends, and any other information desired by their superiors, the upper classmen.

In the world of fashion, it will be a relief to the women on the campus to know that they are not in for the extreme styles of the 1950's. The current trend, a fashion show held recently in Toronto assures us, is not really to the extremes of the 20's, but merely to a "relaxed silhouette".

Hear that the dance of the year—the Fall Formal—is to be held on Friday Nov. 12. Men will appear in the usual dark suits, but women have a new color avenue open to them. If you are wondering how you are ever going to find an opportunity to wear all those upke heels you brought home this summer (one co-ed we knew came home with no less than five pairs), why not wear a pair to the Fall Formal? Brightly colored shoes in regular styles have been substituting for the traditional silver and gold evening sandals for over a year now in the fashion centre of Canada (i.e. Montreal). If your

FEARFUL

A NEW MODEST PROPOSAL

by Fred Cogswell

During the past year, like every one else, I have been asked to give money to various charities, and like every one else, I have given my bit. I can't say, though, that I have had my money's worth out of it. Oh, yes, I have had a certain amount of enjoyment. Whenever the collector has been a charming young woman, the smile and the warm "Thank you" she gave me was always worth the trouble of looking in my pockets for the money. I must confess, too, that on the few occasions when I found as much as a dollar there, I took a certain delight in thinking that I was making twenty cents out of the Government on my income tax. I suspect, however, that these pleasures are not the real ones for which charity was intended, and I would like to see a system adopted which would give me my money's worth.

Direct begging would, of course, be ideal. We get more intense enjoyment from a dime given to a tramp than from a cheque for as much as ten dollars to the same organization like the Society for the Provision of Clothing to the South Sea Islanders. There is nothing which gives one a more proper sense of thankfulness than seeing another human being in rags; there is nothing that produces a warmer glow of self-esteem than the direct relief of distress. But, however attractive begging might seem, I cannot propose it out of concern for the feelings of the beggars.

Once upon a time, to be a beggar was not to be unfortunate but to belong to an honoured profession. Purified by poverty and provided with leisure time, who was more fitted to pray for the souls of the rich whose ambition and wealth gave them neither the time nor the proper frame of mind for prayer?

The rich in turn recognized the beggar's service by a bestowal of alms nicely calculated by their evaluation of the efficiency of prayer. A man could thus beg with pride, knowing full well that he was giving. But to be the only man in the crowd to beg was then no burdens but performed an honoured function in society. Now that we have lost our humility and become too enlightened for prayer, there are other alternatives. The first is for the government to abolish poverty by regulating our economy and providing welfare services from the cradle to the grave. This possibility sounds attractive but must be abandoned as a distortion of the system of free enterprise which has made Canada what she is; it might give offence to our American neighbours, particularly to Senator McCarthy, worst of all, it would mean paying even more taxes than we do now.

A second alternative is the modest proposal that that great Christian philanthropist, Dean Swift, made to the Irish more than two hundred years ago, namely that the poor support themselves by selling their children as beef, or veal rather. This scheme, too, is impractical, I am afraid, even had the stomach for it. The freight rate structure of Canada is different from that of the Ireland of the Dean's time. It would only aggravate our present provincial economic problems. Think of the effect upon the stock-raising economy of the West and the fishing industry of the Maritimes if a new and attractive source of meat supply were to be home-grown at a low cost right in the cities of Quebec and Ontario. Moreover, apart from the stunts of half a dozen cities, I doubt whether it is really better in Canada today to be dead than poor, as it most certainly was in the Ireland of Dean Swift's time.

Having rejected the alternatives to our present system of charity, I would like to submit a new modest proposal of my own which will, I am convinced, solve all the problems of our society and give the greatest satisfaction to all concerned without being open to any of the objections I have outlined.

I propose to set up Charity Matres within reach of every Canadian citizen. These matres, the details of which have not yet been worked out, will resemble parking matres but be more complex. A citizen who wishes to give will press a button, deposit his coin or bill in the appropriate slot, and

Confidentially yours

Another week has rolled around and the inmates of the Maggie Jean report that they seem to be becoming accustomed to the rigours and privations of prison life. Complaints are whispered now, for even the walls have ears!

Sad news! 'Barney de Boid' passed away during the summer in the care of a certain male student, B. G. by name. The goldfish also died amid much weeping and lamentation. A funeral service may be held, that is, if the ground dries up enough to make interment possible. Failing this, cremation may be the order of the day.

All of the inmates were paroled on Thanksgiving week-end (for good behaviour, of course), and from all accounts, a good time was had by one and all. Old Home Week was celebrated in Moncton, what with all Monctonians returning home, and others attracted no doubt by the prospect of a big football game, 'tis said that the Moncton powerhouse was sold out at the unheard of hour of noon, because of the strong thirst felt by one and all from U.N.B.

Miss Alda Mair is now in residence on Grey Street, and states that she will not be returning to the fold. We will certainly miss the impromptu play rehearsals which were always held in her room.

A certain inmate is off on a mountain climbing expedition in the United States this week-end, accompanied by several members of the Ski Club. The party hopes to attain new heights — in mountains, of course.

The writers have discovered that the name McGee is not spelt MacGee or McGeec or even Maggec but Magee, anyway the young lady who goes by that name and who was mentioned in last week's column returned from her weekend on Tuesday and was off again the following Thursday, we wonder whether weekends are getting longer and longer or whether she gets lost on the way.

The members of Kelly's Pool Hall Inc., the Barn to you folks, have been right noisy lately, or so we hear, as there are little signs everywhere commanding silence. The complainants don't seem to realize that smart Pool Halls just aren't what one would call quiet. Anyway the more noise the merrier and the sooner the walls will crack and crumble to the ground which is what we want in the long run, so, what's the problem, anyhow?

Do you remember the good old days when Maggie Jeaners could use their discretion as to the hours they kept. Well, figger the days of discretion are dead and gone forever. Not only are we told when to come in, shouldn't say told, let's make it a bit more forceful and say requested on pain of dire punishment, moreover we are practically tucked into our beds at the witching hours every night, ten o'clock of course.

We might add that the date set for the Fall Formal doesn't suit a few people. However if that's the way it has to be, we'll live through it. Poor down-trodden under-dogs that all we poor convicts are. Makes you want to cry doesn't it, all those lovely Freshets being ground under the heel of dictatorship, plutocracy, autocracy, and just general boarding school rules.

Things are too quiet around ye olde reform school. Any one for a party?

Soucy Saves Sinking Swimmer

Normand Soucy, a second year Electrical Engineering student at the University of New Brunswick, rescued a middle-aged woman from drowning in the Saint John River late last Wednesday afternoon behind the A and B boat house, near the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel.

Miss Ella Heppner, a native of Scotland, apparently fell into the river when she was standing on the bank behind the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel. Soucy, seeing Miss Heppner, dived into the river and brought her to shore, applying artificial respiration to revive her. He was aided by Herley Bissett, Chief Assessor of Moncton, who came out of the hotel at the time.

Miss Heppner, who has been visiting Mrs. Spencer Price at Doctowen, was taken to Victoria Public Hospital to recover from shock.

Soucy, a native of St. Basile, New Brunswick, lives at 488

(Editors Note — This article has been republished due to the fact that there was a hole in our proof and this was the easiest way of filling it. Our apologies to Mr. Soucy and the sinking swimmer he saved.)

having proudly worn after his name those exalted initials U.E.L. (United Empire Loyalist) would exchange his birthright for a mess of pottage? No, strange as it may seem, my fellow Canadian, I ask no reward but the satisfaction of that benevolence which the performance of any good action brings to the human heart.

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THE ESCAPIST

The headlines blared their story, "No Truce At Panmunjon!" "Communists Are On The March!" And "Indo-China Goes!" I struck a match of vengeance, And while the paper blazed, The voice of my childhood Came to me through the haze.

Christopher Robin beating a drum, Was calling his cohorts to follow, Owl and Pooh and Piglet were there, Mole and Badger and Swallow, Kiplings Jungle Stories passed, With Mowgli and his brothers; Robin Hood, and Little John, And half a million others.

Then suddenly they faded, And a voice which knew my name Called me from the embers, And bade me feed the flame, Feed the flame with violence, Terror, vice, and war.

That the stories of your childhood May live, for evermore.

By G. B. (From The Queen's Journal)

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