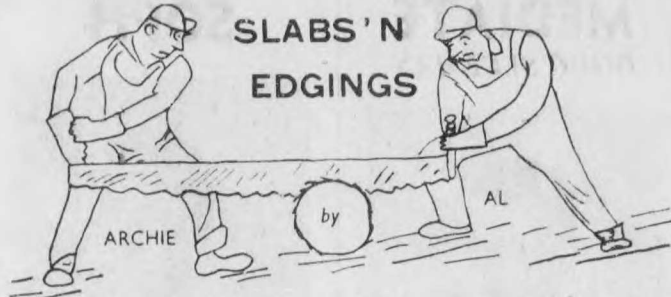


# THE FEATURES SHEET



Any Forester who takes any labs out in the woodlot will tell you that wolves around Fredericton are getting bolder. Every afternoon, wolves can be seen on the College Hill road between here and Corbett's Brook. One even ventured into town last week and was seen on Church Street beside the College Field at 1.00 o'clock in the afternoon. The Intermediate Foresters tried to go closer to one one day to get a look at his hide, but the old wolf stuck up the fur on his back and growled at them, then took off down the road leaving them in a cloud of burning cement. You should have seen his tail.

Paul invented the doughnut with the assistance of his cook Flapjack Slim. To tell the whole truth it was a bit of an accident. Slim, who was strong on sourdough let the cauldron boil over. The liquid dough poured out on the 10 x 20 acre range in the main cookery; it flooded around the 5,000 gallon tea boiler. When the boiler had been removed, Paul pried the biscuit off the range . . . and rolled the doughnut out to the bush (where it was acclaimed a new confection worthy of the tradition of the camp). After that the cooks wheeled them out to the bush for lunch.—W. J. Gorman.

There once was a woman named Bright  
Whose speed was faster than light,  
She eloped one day  
In a relative way,  
And returned on the previous night.  
Overheard a Forester comment the other day that the model building the Engineers constructed during Engineering Week resembled the all wood-constructed building which fell flat on the ground in Halifax.

Results from Monte Carlo Night—We wish to thank the customers for helping us to build up our Hadley-Rideto Memorial Fund. Gate receipts showed an attendance of over 170 people. Ken Hacker won first prize by winning \$89,000 at the tables. Dr. Gibson, Joe Burden, and Earl Underwood were high betters for the night. Who is the red-headed Brunswickan photographer cheating at the Over and Under table.

## MY WISH

Oh, Lord, hear my prayer this very night  
And this wish I have in my very heart  
Please give me strength, wisdom and sight  
To spread good and evil apart  
And the day I walk out through the gate  
When my debt to the world is paid  
Will my friends be there, my hand to shake  
Or be there with eyes of hate?  
With strength I'll be able to face them  
The wisdom to help bear the pain  
And the sight to see the gate close  
On me, a free man again.  
(Reprinted from the K.P. Tele-scope)



But even rockhounds can keep off  
the rocks — by steady saving



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## Writer's Workshop

Captain Manson stood in the doorway of the outpost hospital and waited. He was bent over with pain and there were beads of sweat on his forehead. He supported himself against the frame of the door and called out, "Doc! Where are you?"

An elderly man appeared and replied, "Come in Sir. The Doctor is busy right now but he will be finished in a few minutes." He then noticed that Manson was suffering and he helped him to a chair.

Manson crouched over and held his sides. He groaned, "Tell the Doctor that I am too sick to wait long." Just then the doctor appeared and asked, "What seems to be your trouble Herb?" He didn't wait for an answer. Instead he motioned to the orderly and they helped the sick man into the next room. It didn't take the doctor long to recognize the sickness as appendicitis. He told Manson that he would have to operate immediately. The orderly started to arrange lights on the ceiling and the Doctor gave the patient an injection to ease the pain. Within half an hour everything was ready and Manson found himself looking up at the lights that would shine on the doctor's work.

Manson was given a few papers to sign and the Doctor asked, "What do you want done with yourself if this operation is not a success?" The sick man was so overwhelmed with the speed at which things were happening that he had to think for a few minutes before understanding the question. He replied in a half pleasant tone, with a weak smile on his lips, "Oh just bury me in the glacier for posterity, Doc."

He lay there and remembered the miseries of his last operation. He recalled the awful headaches and sickness when he recovered from the gas. He looked up at the Doctor and said, "You know Doc, I hate recovering from this darn gas. When I had my tonsils out I had headaches for a week after wards." He lay on the operating table and was now a serious man. He remembered that when he was under the ether before that he had no recollection of the passage of time. He knew now that when he did recover it would be almost immediately.

The doctor tested his heart and Manson asked, "How is it working Doc?" "It seems to be alright Herb", replied the doctor in a sort of doubting tone. "It doesn't make any difference anyway for we have to operate whether we like it or not."

Manson knew that his heart was bad but he said nothing. He began to worry and he noticed every movement of the orderly as he prepared the mask to administer the gas to him and noticed a white cotton mask on the doctor's mouth and nose. The orderly came to the head of the table and stood ready with a cylinder and mask. Manson was silent now and he knew that there

was nothing he could do but leave himself in their hands. The doctor nodded to the orderly who applied his mask to the patient's mouth and nose. Manson counted and waited for the timeless sleep to come.

The next thing that he knew he was enveloped in a swirling mass of gray light. His head ached and there was no feeling in his arms and legs. When the twisting grayness cleared from his eyes, he looked around the room. What he saw puzzled him. He couldn't recognize anything about the room. The cabinets were no longer there and there were no doors . . . no windows. He couldn't tell how large or how small the room was. A feeling of loneliness and despair seized him. He knew that there were no rooms like this one on the outpost and he became very confused. He thought that he might have been flown out to civilization while unconscious, but this didn't explain the odd shape of the room. The lighting was indirect and the room had an atmosphere of limited space. It must have been built in the form of a globe for there were no corners. While he occupied himself with these mysteries he noticed a vertical crack appearing in the wall about ten feet from him. The wall opened silently and two tall thin men entered.

The first visitor approached him and asked in halting but clear English, "Well, how do you feel after your operation Mr. Manson?" Manson replied, "I'm all right, but I would like to know where I am and what you people are doing dressed in such odd outfits." Where is the Doc?"

The visitors were delighted when he spoke for they smiled at one another and said something in a beautiful musical language. It was then that he noticed himself. He looked under the bedding that covered him. There were no bandages and only a very slight scar. He became more and more surprised as the minutes flew by.

The taller visitor smiled at him again and said, "I am Karl Niden and this is my assistant Dr. Sparr."

"How do you do gentlemen", replied Manson and then he asked, "Would you please tell me where I am and what I am doing in this queer place?"

The other visitor spoke, "You had better prepare yourself for a bit of a surprise Mr. Manson". He spoke in slow steady metallic English. "You see we found you in a glacier and we revived you. Apparently you had undergone an operation and your heart stopped. According to the letter which we found with you, you had requested to be enclosed in the ice if the operation was not a success."

Manson lay in silent disbelief and hoped that the illusion would pass, but when he opened them, the odd room, the tall strangers, were still there. He murmured, "Where is the Doc and the orderly?"

Prepare yourself for another surprise Mr. Manson," the taller man said, "You will never see them again for while you have been in the glacier, they have been dead for a thousand years."

Manson lay in silent disbelief. A thin smile appeared on his lips and he said, "Well gentlemen, now that I am out of the deep freeze, how are chances for seeing some of the world of 2954?"

The visitors replied together, "Gladly", and they led Manson into the future. — NORMAN PERT.

## Sigma Lambda Beta Rho BY DIOGENES

Residents awake!!! Observe what has happened in yonder kitchen. Food and a variety of it! And neatly labelled too. This week we have had TURKEY (a bird native to North America, two legs, one wishbone), BEEF (cow, animal with four legs, one tail, like Elsie), and LAMB (unclassified). Thanks, Mrs Neilson, for being a good sport.

The girls needn't worry about blackmail because the TAPE has been played so often to so many people that it is worn out.

An evil device in room 303 exploded of itself last week covering the occupants with broken glass and creating a mild uproar on the floor. All mention of the occurrence has been hushed up.

A new transportation system has been set up to augment the meagre supply of goodies at the Maggie Jean. All those willing to make a sacrifice for the cause may leave their scraps at room 216. The Astrological Society is sponsoring this venture.

The tensions of political intrigue can be felt in the air here. Campaign workers are feverishly hammering out publicity. Closeted discussions are going on everywhere and friendships are being broken and made overnight. Did someone say something about political lassitude on the campus? Vive La Revolution!

At last we've been found out! Men, the secret of the curfew is out. After all these years this blow to our masculine pride may be too much. As a matter of fact, there once was a time when a resident broke curfew. That was back in 1933 when the residence was new. One honourable soul found out that he had passed a whole set of exams and set out to celebrate in a manner fitting to a resident. He was not heard from for five weeks. At the beginning of the sixth week curfew time was drawing near and concern for the missing one was beginning to be felt. A meeting of the house was held and search parties were sent out. Four weeks later and, sad to relate three days after curfew time, our long lost resident was found in a hollow log in the wilds of York county.

## BILLY FORD

Years ago in Northland Springtime,  
When the ptarmigan were white,  
White against the rocky hillsides,  
Free from snow of winter night,  
Out across the moss blue mountain,  
Brothers with a gun in hand,  
Hunted down the tall white rabbit,  
And the white winged Ptarmigan.  
'Mong the "Skimos and the huskies,  
Lies a body wrapped in sand,  
When the winds and snows of winter,  
Roll across the cold Northland.  
Sad they left him there in silence,  
Far from sight of human eye,  
Where the winds of Arctic winter,  
Carry howling huskies' cries.  
Tiny snow birds of the Northland,  
Flutter in the crisp cold air,  
Hunt the fleeting Arctic hare.  
Now the clouds above the mountain,  
Hide the light of polar star,  
From a grave on Baffin Island,  
From a grave so far so far.

NORM PERT.



## 811 . . .

We would like to extend congratulations to Marg Roach for winning the Maritime Ladies' Singles Badminton Championship. It must've been a wonderful trip! She easily defeated all her opponents, worthy as they may have been. Too bad, we couldn't have sent a doubles team but evidently the rest of the Co-eds showed little interest in a trip to Halifax. Silly people!

Friday night and Saturday, the swimming team ate their habitual meal of poached eggs and honey in preparation for the great event. Let's hope it did some good. At least it's better than pork. We hear that the boys in the residence aren't getting any more of that delectable dish, but it seems that the pig farm has been sent down to Charlotte Street.

Our clan is once more complete with the return of Sandra to the happy family. Welcome back kid—we missed you.

Two birthdays were gaily and enthusiastically celebrated last week. They were Beth's and Mary Jo's, both becoming eligible for a pension. The house was elaborately decorated and the food parcel from the "Good Kid's Club" was ravenously devoured.

As much as we hate to, we agree with the so-called authors of "Slabs and Edgings," that the Sigma Lambda Beta Rho is turning into a column strictly for Engineers. Granted you may be a bit prejudiced Diogenes, but have mercy. . . . We are eagerly awaiting news of the executive of the "Club."

The embarrassed talk around the residence lately seems to centre around the hidden microphone in the Ladies' Dressing Room at the pool. Judging from the numerous red faces, we gather that they said too much.

FLASH . . . Paul Courtice is writing a novel called "The Story of Itsy Bitsy Bugs," on which he elaborates on the strange behaviour of an upside down lady-bug. Author's note: all crop.

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