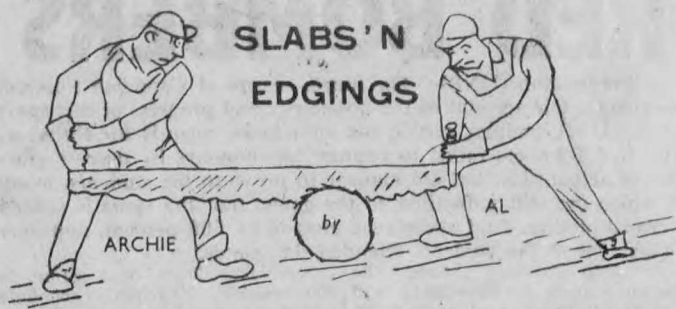


THE FEATURES SHEET



Congratulations to Don Fowler on his decided victory. May he uphold the position of president and the tradition of Foresters. Let's have a party in the Arts Building.

Heard where three "Comrades" had an interview with "Hero No. 1" for enjoying themselves at the Wassail. We give them special invitation to next year's Hammerfest if they will join the democratic party (Faculty of Forestry).

At the Forestry Association Meeting, March 1st, it was decided that some of the money made at the Monte Carlo would be put into the manufacturing of a radio cabinet for the Memorial Reading Room. A radio chassis has already been donated. Tables and lamps were noticed to be in bad need of repair and a committee was set up to look into this matter. The motion for the purchase of three new decks of cards has already shown results. After the meeting three logging and lumbering films were shown.

We noticed the exceptional turnout of Sophomores at the Association meeting. We would like to see as good a response from the other classes at the meeting NEXT MONDAY NIGHT AT 7.30.

We wish to congratulate the boys swim team on their wonderful showing at the Swim meet. Notice that the majority of those who took the honours were Foresters. We also wish to congratulate the girls' team. A fair percentage of the winners were Foresters' wives.

ARTSMAN'S CORNER
A straight-laced old maid from Merced
Planted Bachelor's Buttons, it's said;
But she screamed with chagrin
When she found several in
Her Black-eyed Susan's Bed.

CHANGING PARTNERS

We were dining together
At a little restaurant;
When I offered you coffee
You replied "I really can't."
As I poured out my coffee
You had smiled a little smile;
As I added in the sugar
You had grinned all the while.
Though I drank for one moment
All too soon I had to gulp,
And the stuff in the coffee
Would have turned a tree to pulp.
Now my eyeballs are glazing,
And my body's wracked with pain;
I will never buy coffee
Of that brand name again.

(Author's note: Any resemblance between this coffee and that served in the Residence is lamentable.)



And he pins his budget-bugs
down, too — by steady saving



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Writer's Workshop

"Swift through the Libyan cities
Rumour sped.
Rumour! What evil can surpass
her speed?"

Thursday Morning:
A young girl, while cycling
across the Annetstown bridge accid-
dentally knocked into a ().
No damage was done to the bicycle,
girl, or (). After mumbling some
apologies they proceeded on their
ways.

Thursday Afternoon:
Overheard at the Annetstown
Canasta Club.

"Why didn't the () stand aside
and let the little girl by? They
are getting too uppish if you ask
me."

Friday Morning:
Overheard at the Annetstown
Groceraria.

"Well, I call it plain assault. I
wonder when he will be up for
trial!"

Overheard in the Bijou Theatre.
"The police have hushed it up.
He raped her right on the highway
bridge in the middle of the night."

Saturday Morning:
The Annetstown Radio announc-
er.

"The City Police deny all re-
ports of an attempted rape by
several () upon a white girl."

Saturday Afternoon:
The softball park—scene of our
story.

The insidious little rumour
spread across the ball park in the
period before the game. You could
see its progress by watching the
little clusters of heads coming to-
gether as they shut out both light
and reason. The solitary () in
the crowd sat in the centre of
about three hundred people com-
pletely unaware of what he repre-
sented in their eyes.

During the whole game the mur-
murs of unrest slowly grew. The
rumour began to detail all the mis-
deeds of the Annetstown () and
of the one in the crowd in par-
ticular.

"Be sure to stay around after
the game. We are going to get that
() and whale the life out of him.
We'll teach them that they can't
do that to us."

The heat of the Saturday after-
noon sun burned the crowds' un-
protected heads like a blow torch
heating up some explosive mix-
ture. The game was a boring one.
The crowd grew restless and

annoyed. Annoyed at themselves
for coming perhaps; but wanting
to focus it on someone else. The
rape rumour kept tripping from lip
to lip around the crowd, building
itself and hate as it went.

After the game was over, the
() sensed the crowd's attitude
towards him. He started to edge
out of his central position in the
crowd that had stepped down from
the bleachers.

As he pushed his way out he
had more and more difficulty in
moving until he found himself
directly blocked by a group of
sport shirted men. The () asked
if he could pass but was answered
only with a ring of rigid deter-
mined stares. The crowd, sensing
the drama in their midst, quieted
and turned in the direction of the
(). No one said anything, each
was waiting for the crucial action
or word.

Then, with a high screaming
voice a woman shrieked. "That's
the one, he's the one who did it."
That was all the crowd needed.

"You dirty god-damned ()
what did you rape that girl for?"
By this time the crowd was
afire. There was no rumour trip-
ping and rippling about the crowd
now. In its place was a whirling
hate centred on the () himself.

The cry arose "Lynch him,
lynch him."

The frenzied mob closed in on
the (). Each face was a mask of
contempt and hate; each brow was
wet with the perspiration of excite-
ment. Their hearts were throb-
bing with the urge to kill. The ()
while lifting his arms to protect
himself, was struck down. The
crowd sensed blood and enjoyed
it. Soon the () was fighting for
his life. Fists rained upon his
head and boots left toe marks on
his body. The crowd fought among
themselves to get a kick at this
bloody pulp mass.

A police siren sounded, causing
the crowd to fall quickly back from
the bloody, still, form. Two police-
men helped the () into a car
while the two others started to obtain
witnesses.

Saturday Morning News:
"The Annetstown Police Depart-
ment urge all citizens to ignore the
rumour that three () were
lynched this afternoon. A charge
of attempted rape by () is being
investigated."

Bill Reddin—55.

SWILLESPIE

Drinking at night, drinking alone,
Swillespie left dull care behind;
Before he opened the second case
An artsman dashed in, staggering blind.
"The liquor has come to our fair shore—
The liquor that runs by night," he said;
Whiskey and rum, and wine galore,
Amber and red, amber and red.
Without a gulp, without a hic,
Sudden and swift Swillespie turned;
The beer roared through his veins like fire,
Like fire the throat within him burned,
He lumbered down to Smitten's room;
He lumbered on to Quart's room too;
Before he thought a coherent thought
He'd turned the air a trifle blue.
"They've double-crossed us, Quart, my boy;
They've brought it in a day ahead.
If you're able then come with me;
If you're not, too bad," he said.
Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
Behind him came the taxis grim;
They drove as Frederick taxi can,
But never a taxi drove like him.
Their feet pressed down, the taxis leaped,
The engines roared from the pace they led,
But ever alone, before them all,
Swillespie sped, Swillespie sped.
Alone he hammered on the door;
The place was dark, the lights were out.
Soon a voice was heard within,
"What da hell is da noise about?"
"Johnson, Johnson, damn your pate,
Where's the stuff you promised, you heel?"
Gloomily came the man's reply,
"Da Mounties got it; somebody squeal."
"A drink, a drink," Swillespie groaned;
They pooled their bottles to serve his need.
Not a man did not get drunk
From following Swillespie's lead.
This tale was never told before;
I hope it's never told again;
Drinking at night, drinking alone,
Swillespie's hopes went down the drain.

Henry Youngnut.

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811...

Another Maritime Championship has come to the house. This time it's the Maritime Open Ladies' Championship which Diana Drew acquired last Saturday. Congratulations Di!

Looks like the perennial pig is here to stay for some time. All we want to know is if there is some ghastly disease called "porkitis" or something, which we are likely to catch.

Groans and moans were heard last Wednesday as nine of the residents overcome by religious fervour stumbled out of bed at seven a.m. to go to church. Wonders will never cease! However by the yawns and sleepy replies which were very noticeable all day we'd say it probably won't happen again until next year.

The past week has seen several girls running around either asking for record players and help with posters and props or in the case of one well-known person who the other day celebrated her birthday, having lines heard. Anyway congratulations Alda. It doesn't look like the house will calm down yet, because after our drama fiends get through, our chorus liners will take over.

Excitement of the month: Cries of "Man coming—clear the road" resounded up the second and third floors as one of the privileged few (the plumber) invaded the sacred upper halls.

The Boys' Residence is not the only one which has a swimming pool. If we have any more rain or if the snow melts much more it looks like the front of the house and barn will be reached only by boat or plane.

Mostly due to Mr. J. Michaud's excellent campaigning, Miss Peggy Wetmore is our new 2nd Vice President. Jacques announced that since Peg got in, he will refrain from splashing anyone in his jeep. "Stay dry with Wetmore." Congratulations Peg.



Sigma Lambda Beta Rho

BY
DIOGENES

As this is being written, the screams of successful SRC candidates are echoing through the halls. Their spirit dampening process is, or must be nearing completion by now. It's nice to see residence hospitality paying off. The underground schemer of room 216 is chuckling to himself as he surveys the situation and is to be congratulated on his campaign management. Now that our house president is also SRC president, his gold plated doorknobs will have to be replaced every week instead of every month. Congratulations Don, even those of us on the Engineers' side of the fence must admit that a better man would be difficult to find.

Among the mechanical contrivances in our illustrious kitchen, there is an exhaust fan intended to remove fumes and keep the whole building from knowing hours in advance what we are having for dinner. This fan is very rarely used and as a result, cooking food can be smelted for hours before and after meals. For some reason or other, mass produced meals are never very appetizing as to smell. And I have known meals that are not very appetizing to eat.

All those who have ever seen a volt are being recruited to make "stars" for the CON. The residence has been stripped of soldering irons and everyone who has ever seen one is getting to know them better.

If the meals at the Maggie Jean follow the pattern of our meals, and here is grave cause for suspicion; we have this to say: "Be prepared for a seige of pork, girls, another carload of the damn stuff has arrived.

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