

THE FEATURES SHEET

Sigma Lambda Beta Rho

BY
DIOGENES

Time for another report from UNB's den of masculinity. Our well-known natural stamina, virility, general physical fitness and good-living habits notwithstanding, many residents are under the weather this week. As anyone will agree, that is a poor location. Many room-mates of the unlucky (or lucky) ones are spending their mealtime carting trays up and down stairs. The smell of alcohol (RUBBING alcohol) pervades the air, and clinical thermometers are in short supply. The groans of the sick are enough to strike fear into the hearts of the bravest, etc., etc., etc.

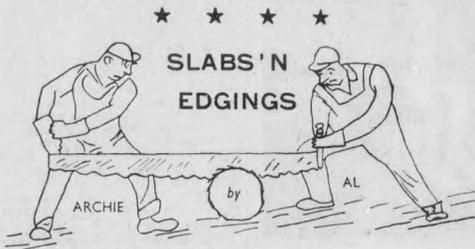
Some quarters place the blame for this sad state of affairs on the "U-Y." This goodly organization sponsored an expedition into the wilderness surrounding the city which was attended by many of our inmates who returned to spread pestilence and chaos among us. Others placed the blame on the general condition of the residents which may be summed up in the words of the dainty Miss behind the bookstore counter when asked if she kept stationery: "Yes, up to a point, then I just go all to pieces."

A meeting of the "Good Kids' club" was held today. At this time, only a brief dispatch is available. We quote:

There once were some girls quite facetious
Who tried every way to "out-breach" us
They persevered long
But as far as they've gone
Is to spoil my knack with poetry altogether

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No Albert, a stern wheel is not a big shot who never smiles.



A moving picture was shown at the Forestry Association meeting named "Packaged Power", showing how aluminum is produced and refined. The next meeting will be next Monday night, February 8. Don't miss it.

Have noticed during the past few weeks how many stray animals are on the streets, the majority being cats. We say "To hell with dog-houses, lets get some feline-houses."

WHEELS OF FORTUNE

At our Forestry meeting it was decided that we have our annual "Monte Carlo" nite on February 26 in the Gym. This will be a great nite for lucky people. There will be gambling, dancing, refreshments, and fun for all. Reserve this date.

Stop Me If

A local drunk staggered about on Carleton Street, hailed a cab and asked to be driven to the Air Force Club.

"Buddy, you're in front of it now," said the driver.

"O.K., Mac," said the drunk as he got out of the taxi, "But next time don't drive so blamed fast."

Strangler Trees . . . it's true

In the dense tropical forest among the most common stranglers are fig trees (genus Ficus) of Brazil. The seeds of the fig sprout high on the branches of a tall tree and roots of two kinds are produced. One grows around the trunk of the supporting tree and the other descends to the ground. The stem of the strangler sprouts leaves and grows upward. Its roots then rapidly thicken and harden and eventually form a mesh which envelops the host tree with an ever hardening stranglehold until it throttles the supporting tree to death. The supporting tree then rots and the strangler becomes an independent tree.

Paul Bunyon

Paul had a saw-mill six stories high. The smoke stack was so tall it had to be hinged, to let large clouds go by. Three men were put on the stack with long pike poles to push the small ones by. Unfortunately this mill was located on the East coast. A precedent was set by the men with the pike poles when they pushed the clouds in the direction of Fredericton, as you can see.

FEBRUARY 10 IS ENGINEERING WEEK WHAT A WASTE OF TIME!

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Writer's Workshop

Old books have frustrated me for more than ten years. From the time I was bestowed with three very ancient torn volumes of "The Boy's Own Paper" I have watched closely for the opportunity to collect antique books. I remember in 1942, I was only twelve years old, taking my sixpence pocket money every Saturday morning and spending twopenny for a return ticket on the London Underground Railway to the Elephant and Castle. From there I would walk out to the stalls of Lambeth Walk, Peacock Lane or the Old Kent Lane; anywhere to buy some tome, as old as possible, for fourpence.

It took me only a few weeks to find the best book bargain centres around London. Among these I would stroll first, peering at as many books as I dared, asking questions of some of them; prices of fewer still, and perhaps if the price was right, buying one. In the informal atmosphere of Peacock Lane, the small booksellers soon knew the limit of my weekly resources. Often, when I asked the price of a book, I would get the simple answer "Yes" or "No"; telling me that the price was fourpence or above. Due to my apparently parsimonious habits (perhaps she didn't know it was all I had) I was nicknamed "fourpence" by one of the elderly female vendors. Every Saturday, as I approached her stall she would exclaim good naturedly: "Hi, fourpence! I've got some more new books here for you". She never did have, it was just part of the game.

Have you ever watched closely the actions of a salesman who is giving you the price of supposed antique furniture or of some second-hand book? I have noticed that they usually give you a haughty but very searching glance by which means I presume they estimate your socio-economic status and they ask a little more than they think you will pay. If this is true it would seem that the best way to buy old books would be to dress untidily, not shave and to cultivate a monosyllabic vocabulary. Taking these precautions will I am sure save about threepence on every book you buy! I resolved that whenever possible, I might call them ultramattums, either put the books in the cellar or keep them in a trunk in my room I chose the latter since she didn't specify that the trunk had to be continually closed.

I had been collecting books for a few months before I learned the significance of the first edition. I resolved that whenever possible, it would be the first edition that I would buy. I later discovered that a first edition for fourpence was a first edition only because it will never see a second.

Some of the books I purchased were printed and written in old and middle English. I would find it most entertaining to attempt to unravel the S's and P's and to discard the superfluous E's sprinkled to my mind, at least, almost at random through the pages. My first attempt at reading a language and style slightly different from my grade seven English was in Hazlett's "Table Talk". I didn't understand the significance of very much of this book or, for that matter, the title "Table Talk". In my old books file I remember writing the comment on Hazlett: "This man seems to have nothing to say." On reading that remark over perhaps I shouldn't either.

If I couldn't purchase a first, I at first bought my books on the basis of age. To me, in those early days, a William Shakespeare of 1870 was a far better buy than a Robert Service of, say 1900. Once, while poring through one of the big second-hand bookstores in London, I had the point about the ages of books driven home. There on a shelf, presumably for people like myself were displayed three rows of books. The rows were labelled: 100 years old, 2/6d; 200 years old, 1/6d; 300 years old, 1/-. It was about this time that I began to think that there was more to books than my limited knowledge had been considering.

By the time I was seventeen, I had started work and had a little

While in Simms I became involved in a quaint old Devonshire custom held on every July first. The local mayor and alderman would gather on the second floor of the town's oldest inn "The Bishop's Tankard" and throw hot pennies to the townschildren gathered below. This custom, I later discovered had its origin in an ancient city council's desire to enable all of the local children to have enough money — even if only a few coppers — to participate in the July Fair. The prospect of obtaining a little extra money interested me, so I went with a friend to stand outside the inn together with thirty other urchins. For me this was a grave mistake. The first shower of pennies went shooting up into the air and then came tumbling down towards us. I stretched out my hands to reach one, but just before I caught it another fell down my back. For the next two seconds I gave all indications of being a lunatic or, at the very least a very energetic Morris Dancer. Eventually I managed to shake the coin from my pants — but even a greater dishonor awaited. No sooner had the penny fallen to the ground than four boys jumped at the coin laying at my feet, so depriving me of what I thought to be mine. A kindly old lady came over to me a few minutes later. I guessed that she hadn't seen the coin fall down my neck when she said "Little boy do you have these fits very often?"

My mother had only two objections to old books; the bugs and the smell. I soon realized myself that something should be done for the bugs. When first discovered a small borer had drilled about twenty small holes from cover to cover of one of my books. I was enthralled. I was confident that this dilapidated appearance enhanced its value; not so my mother, so out it went. She even insisted that I spray the rest with fly powder. As you probably know, the smell of a book bought from an open air bookstall does not have the same musty smell as from the book store shelf. Since most of my books were purchased from the latter category, my room began to smell like a deserted house. My mother offered two solutions: I might call them ultramattums, either put the books in the cellar or keep them in a trunk in my room I chose the latter since she didn't specify that the trunk had to be continually closed.

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811...

On looking back over the events of the past week at 811, that reputed house of ills, one finds that little has broken the peaceful yet at times, monotonous routine of . . . Be good to Those who take away your Late Leaves, and of course our regular patrons, Percy, Sam (one of them) the Judge, The Romantic Poet, etc., etc., and last but not least The Estimable Postman. However, on delving beneath the surface, your faithful reporters have uncovered a few bits and pieces here and there.

Let it be said that for this week, this column is taking on the shape, substance and form of a general complaints notice, as there are a few trifles that our delicate feelings could not permit to be passed by word of mouth.

Item 1. It would seem that there is a young lady residing in the barn (the place where we put the overflow on crowded—or rather, in crowded times) who has an irresistible urge to slam doors around 10.45 p.m. It is understood that she likes the early to bed and the earlier to rise scheme. Needless to say, the house is slowly falling apart from this repeated treatment.

Item 2. . . . With regard to Item 1, a similar complaint has been lodged, only this is for door slamming at 7.00 a.m. Having decided that 10.45 p.m. is a more reasonable hour than 7.00 a.m. (the middle of the night) we fear that Clara is going to have to fly through the wall, or sleep in a little later. Hint ! !

Item 3. It is with great regret that we report that Pat is back to her old self again, she managed to pull through from a serious malady, just after we had a real fancy like funeral all fixed up. Perhaps it is just as well however, as most of us are in dire straits as regards money (business falling off these days).

Item 4. The postman has been bringing mercy food parcels from home lately, as it seems that we are being sadly neglected by our beloved dietician. This esteemed person does not even dare bring her aerial-less vehicle round to drive us Up the Hill any more.

In closing, we have only to mention our non-drinking, non-smoking maiden from God's Country, who has burst her shell at long last and is continually trying to "snake" another girl's man under the pretenses of scolding him for exposing our chaste selves to his risqué playing cards. The secret of the whole thing is that on the side she is trying to persuade him to come and photograph her for a new pack. Watch that woman, she lives dangerously. Well, so much for the Bad and the Beautiful for this week.

Probate—A professional lure.

Mo-le Cule—Frenchman who discovered the atom.

Expectorate—One who figures to make a hit with the women.

Export—What co-eds would like to do with imports.

Go-Diva—Jump in the lake.

Smelter—Got a whiff of her.

Antiseptic—One who disbelieves.

Argonaut—One who does not argue.

Bearskin—A Bikini bathing suit.

Cannonade—A stiff drink with a large charge.

Paralyze—Two falsehoods.

Teller—If you don't, someone else will.

Seamstress—Strain in a woman's stocking.

more money to spend on books, and a first edition of Robert W. During the previous five years, I had intermittently collected about seventy volumes. I had read only about thirty of them but had learned some information about them all. One book occupied my attention for several weeks. It was a bound family bible with the first entry dated as 1713. By means of "Who Was Who", "Burke's Peerage" and "Leading Families of England", I attempted to trace the name of Louise Peny-Rutlish. Apart from gathering the facts that she was born in Shropshire of Peter and Elizabeth Pepps-Rutlish, I had little success — but the fun of the hunt was worth the work.

When I came to Canada at the age of seventeen, I decided to leave most of my books behind me. The choice was difficult, what was to be my criterion? Should it be age, cost, weight, or interest? I decided on interest alone. On that basis I chose a red morocco leather covered edition of Rudyard Kipling's "Stalky and Co."

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