



"We are maddly selling (munch) football tickets (crunch) in SUB rotunda (chomp) for on campus games starting (slurp) Saturday at 2 p.m.; varsity grid."

Photo by Wm. C. Stenton



**FROSH!!!!!!**

Welcome to the ARTIFICIAL world provided by a surfeit of reality. One can glory—and indeed one has—in the pleasures of frosh week and never realize that the "community of scholars" is precisely what it says. It is not a glorified coffee shop for Phyllis Teen, the average Canadian girl, much as one thinks.

You've already met the Empire Builders. They were the first to shake your hand. If you don't know what an Empire Builder is now you'll meet him again the week of elections.

And what reality? Marks are a result of work alone. In effect those marks are the highest form of reality and you're not avoiding reality at all by coming to university. You'd be surprised by the number of students who think they are. Let no man write your epitaph. If you're going to flunk do it on your own. All the platitudes we could provide will never guarantee a pass. As one sage put it, flunk now, avoid the rush. (Thanx Dud) or was it pay now, flunk later

**IVORY (CLAY) TOWER**

So here we are in our ivory tower-ed life of contemplation, misery and marks. Actually 'the life' is a ball and you'll find yourself fighting to get back if you do flunk. Nothing funnier in the week past than Con Hall filled with students and the members of the first year committee lying to each other. (I got there by accident.)

In re kawphy tix. By my comps 2,500 frosh times 2 yields 5,000 coffees or only 1 per upperclassman. Barely enough methinks. If the poor freshettes should meet two engineers or one W. B. Stocks twice they are apt to go through university with a warped and jaundiced view and never realize there are such things as respectable Artsmen. And what, Keysters, of the vultures who grab

fifteen or twenty coffees on Monday alone and leave the late arrivals none. Let us return to three next year.

**EXAMS BECKON**

Exams are but six weeks away come Monday. And how many shopping days to Christmas? Tempus fugit. Ad absurdum non sequitur quaecumque vera.

Frosh do have an advantage this year. They are not used to a library with a smoking room. If you haven't heard the word yet, the smoking room was taken out of the library and replaced by of all things, books. Should add five per cent to everybody's marks. Didn't even have a chance to burn the librarian in effigy. (Maybe we should burn the books.) As a matter of fact I can't remember a single person having been burnt in effigy in ages on this campus. Maybe there's still time.

**JOIN NMIAC (If you must be a joiner)**

And frosh, take comfort in the fact that egalitarianism raised its formidable head on campus this week. Everyone has to learn the new bus schedules.

**NEXT WEEK: THE SCOOP ON ABNORMALITY.**

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