

Before our time...

"Three o'clock in the Morning," sang a pair of undaunted Freshmen on Friday morning, October 8, in the lower gymnasium of Athabasca Hall.

From that unearthly hour until long after the cock crew some hundred and fifty Freshmen, bound and blindfolded, patiently awaited the signal for initiation to commence.

The Long-Awaited Moment

At last the long awaited moment came. With a sigh of relief the Freshies stretched themselves as their captors released their hands and feet. The writer was one of those who took part in the delightful program which followed.

A Sophomore official went up to the first blindfolded youth, took him by the arm, and led him to the upper gym, cautioning him to look where he was going. Here he was passed over to another official who curtly asked if he were in any way physically deficient. Anticipating the answer before it was delivered, the Sophomore led him into the gym.

"Here you, climb that ladder!" pushing Freshie alongside a rickety structure.

Up, up the gallant lad strove. At last, with the aid of a paddle skillfully wielded by a Soph, the Freshman reached the top.

"Come with me, and mind where you're going."

Roughly the distracted victim was seized by two pairs of powerful arms. Swinging backward and forward he heard the death chant of his husky captors, who were monotonously droning:

"One—Two—Three."

Tossed in Blanket

He was gently (?) released, felt himself hurtling through space, until with a thud he landed, but to

his terror was tossed up to the call of "heave!" Again he fell into the blanket, and for the second time tossed on high. The third was the last time, and Freshie disentangled himself from the blanket, all the pretended unconcern and reckless bravado knocked out of him.

Nervously now he followed his guide to a nearby table, upon which he was hoisted.

Paddled

"Get into that barrel and make sure your head is inside."

Quickly he obeyed. Then the barrel was tipped on its side, and Freshman No. 263 was rolled down an incline at what seemed a mad rate. He was unceremoniously hauled out, and then given over to the care of another official, who backed him under something, where he was swatted and cracked from both sides.

The Electric Chair

"Now, sit down on that chair."

"What the —!?"

"Sit down, I tell you!" commanded the stern and unsympathetic Sophomore, as the electricity

prompted Freshie to rise into the air. This time a double charge seemed to be used, for the effect produced was nothing short of marvellous. Freshie's spring landed him halfway up a ladder conveniently placed in front. A few gentle persuasive taps from the flat weapon used for that purpose prompted Freshie to make the rest of the grade in no less time than his first convulsive springs.

More Paddling

Arriving on top of a table, he was made to grasp a nearby rope. Swinging outwards and back would have been a bit of a treat, not an ordeal, except for the flat sticks that seemed to swing from every direction. Then, somewhat unceremoniously lowered, the blindfolded Freshman was led over to the operating table. After being deposited on the table, he was first commanded to open his mouth.

"Ugh," came from Freshie as he started to spit out the slippery thing, but finding it only a grape he quickly swallowed it.

A Fly-Paper Mustard

"I think he needs a mustard plaster, chief." This from one of the assistants. Whereupon Freshie's manly chest was smeared with transmission grease and a sticky fly-paper deposited thereon. After he was almost overcome by evil smells and startling sensations of various kinds, he was allowed to get up.

War Paint

Down the stairs again. Ah! What a relief. Just as these thoughts were being followed by a long sigh, a pair of burly hands grasped his shoulders, led him into a small room, and smeared his face and hair with bright yellow caldosome.

Nor was this all. Led to the garden with some three dozen companions, he was made to transfer a pile of turnips to the root house.

However, many hands make light work, and the task was soon completed.

The Grand March

There was left now only the grand march past Pembina Hall, which the Freshmen carried out in a manner that would do credit to the Coldstream Guards.

The Flag Rush

Two o'clock. Oh, how long had the young rebels waited for this hour of revenge. How impatiently had they longed for the signal to rush that little band of courageous Sophomores lined up in front of the flag.

Vengeance is Saccharine!

At last the charge was sounded, and before the guardians of the flag were aware of what had happened, Freshman Bill Holgate was romping merrily down the field with the flag. He was pursued by the Sophomores with the Freshies at their heels. Then came the moment of vengeance. Though they fought bravely, the second year men were hopelessly outnumbered, and soon had to admit defeat.

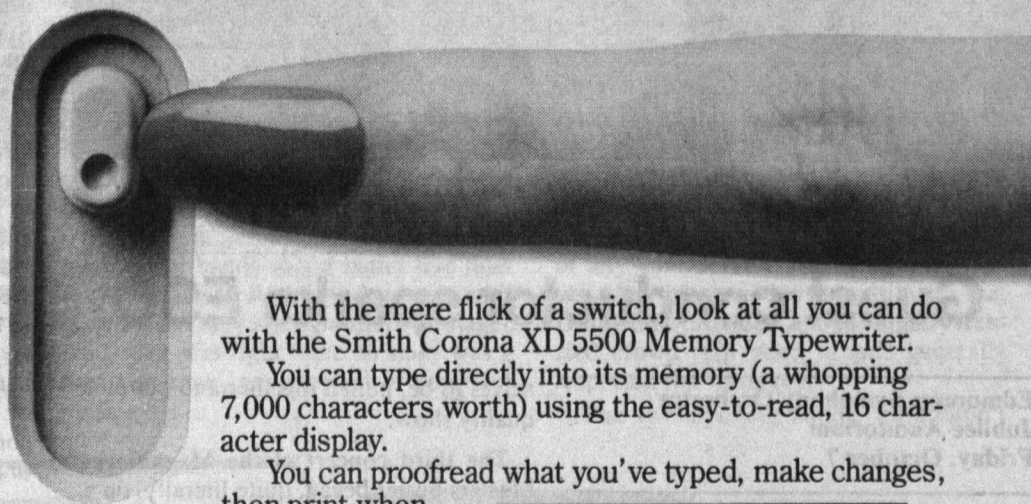
Buried the Hatchet

Hatchets were buried there and then, and laughing Sophs and Freshies shook hands as they discussed their various bruises.

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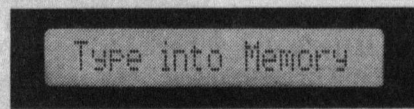
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