

THE FEATURES SHEET

SIGMA LAMBDA BETA RHO

BY
DIOGENES

A survey conducted early this week showed that there are Foresters living in residence. This may come as a surprise to any Artsmen who may read this.

One young Freshman Engineer is missing from the fold. The story is sad but brief. It seems this young person was returning very late the other night and noticed a certain amount of strange disorder on the Campus. The Engineering Buildings, he said, had been decorated in a manner which smacked of Foresters. This statement hurt the feelings of the Foresters present and he was hustled off to bed as soon as possible. Next morning we looked around the venerable hill and could see no evidence of rudeness on the part of the Foresters, and so concluded that the poor boy must have had a weakening of the brain. It is to be noted that he apologised profusely to Foresters in general as he was being taken away.

A note of mystery has been added to the regular late night goings on. At about midnight, silent figures can be seen coming from various parts of the building bearing receptacles of various sizes. They converge on Bill Barwick's room and enter, probably with the exchange of secret passwords. Once inside, a strange gurgling sound is heard accompanied by a load of several kilowatts on the lighting system. From what I have been able to observe, a cup containing some elixir or other is circulated among the participants amid low, mumbled chants. When this gathering breaks up, several of the initiates descend to certain locations on the first floor and the ritual is continued. Here the ceremony is much the same as before except that weird music is added. The music seems to be played on an instrument similar to a piano in some respects, a piano with most of the strings missing. It has the effect of sending the group into a form of trance during which the hands, feet and sometimes the head are in constant rhythmic motion. There you have the facts. Is the Astrological Society functioning again? Do we have to tie up our black cats? Or are residents succumbing to Margaret's charms and trying to improve their minds?

Tip: Marilyn Monroe's graceful form no longer decorates the walls of room 201. She has been abducted by two shapeless objects which crept in early in the morning. So guard your more interesting photos well men. There is skulduggery afoot.

★ ★ ★



U NAME IT

Strange happenings around the Maggie Jean this week . . . men from the Forest came pouring down the stairs one night, however it seems they were only passing through . . . mistook us for the boot-legg leggers. On reviewing the situation, we consider that the negligible edifice that was discovered sitting on the front lawn was another indication of those little boys from the woods and we thank them for their gracious reminder of the leniency and laxity of our constitution!

Our Magistra Scientiae Culinearis had her 21st birthday the other day and was presented with various birthday cards and a bought cake. We had the cake for supper and the following morning several of the inmates arose with (if you'll pardon the expression) a pain in the gut . . . Many thanks to James MacDonald, Esq., for supplying the elegant terminology. Another female of the Mansion suffered a birthday last week in the person of Sandra. Having now attained the wholesome age of 20, this young lady is a fully reformed character.

In order that Diogenes and his comrades may satisfy their undying thirst, Pat will recelbrate her annual anniversary sometime in the near future. To make a long story short, BRING YOUR OWN next time! In addition we thank the noble Diogenes for straining his cerebellum to give this column a name. However, as a last resort we will use "Scraggy Scene".

Grateful thanks are extended to Di for her brilliance exhibited in the above lines. The rest of the fascinating details of this past week are non-printable so we'll see you next week (if we're here).

smoke
SWEET CAPS
always fresh and
TRULY MILD!



CORK OR PLAIN

Writer's Workshop

The boat was poled along through the water just at the edge of the trees. It was cold at that hour of the morning; the sky was still grey, and the sun shone faintly through the mist that enveloped them. The marsh was very bleak; the leaves had not yet appeared on the trees, and the reeds were covered by the rising waters. In between the trees where the spring sun had not yet penetrated, the water was still covered by a thin sheet of ice.

Mrs. Cornelius was huddled in a corner of the boat, wrapped in a heavy grey blanket. She had only consented after much coaxing to come on this trip, and still regarded the Indian trapper with suspicion. Trapping muskrats might be necessary, but it still seemed a very barbarous thing to do. They reached the end of the run, and the Indian bent over the water. A small log looking like a piece of driftwood lay beside one of the trees. It wasn't until he reached down and drew it towards him that they saw the thin rusty wire holding it to the tree. The Indian wasn't very interested in the log, however. It was the trap lying on it he wanted.

The centre of the log had a piece carved out of it, leaving just enough space to set a steel trap on it. A small bolt, with a long chain attached to it, had been driven into the log to keep the trap in place. The Indian took the looking instrument, glistening cold and grey in the early morning light. The steel arm lay back, ready to spring at any moment if the little plate in the middle were touched. The Indian spread the arms in his strong brown hands, showing what a strong grip the jaws had. Any animal caught in the trap would never get away.

They went on to the next trap and here nothing was to be seen on the little log. The Indian put his hand in the water, and after feeling about for a moment, brought the trap up, attached to a long chain. On the end was a large furry body. It was brown muskrat; dead now, for it must have been caught and drowned under a root of the water in its frantic attempts to escape. The body was still and heavy, showing that it must have lain there all night. The Indian opened the trap and reset it, after throwing the muskrat on the bottom of the boat.

The next trap had been sprung too, but here the animal had been more resourceful. When the trap was fished out of the water, only a small brown paw was left in the steel jaws. The plucky creature had gnawed off his foot and swum away, escaping the danger this time with only a bleeding stump to remember it by.

Farther down in one of the traps, a muskrat was still alive. When they arrived it thrashed wildly, and dove into the mud below, hoping to escape. The Indian picked up his hammer, and waiting until the animal came up for air, hit it squarely over the head, giving a sharp blow that knocked it unconscious. He then removed it from the trap and it went down with its dead brother.

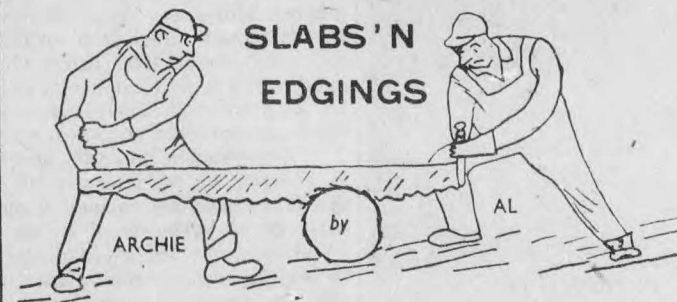
They went down along the line, here and there adding to their furry pile. A wind sprang up bending the branches of the trees. It created a whistling sound that made the loneliness of the place seem even more vivid. A loon cried out somewhere in the distance, and if they listened carefully, they could sometimes hear the plopping of an animal escaping into the water at the approach of the boat. The mist had cleared, and past them in the cold grey sky flew a solitary heron.

When they finally arrived back on shore, the Indian threw his catch in a pile on the wharf. He stood beside the boat making no effort to help the ladies as they clambered out of the boat. Mrs. Cornelius seemed relieved to get out; she had been silent all the trip, but now she was back on safe ground again she let loose her grievances.

"Uncivilized, that's what it is. Those poor unsuspecting animals being lured to their ruin. How anybody could stand by and let such happen! Why, I should report that man to the SPCA. We don't allow that sort of thing to happen in the city, I'll have you know. How anyone could set traps like that is beyond me! My husband will be horrified when I tell him!" The Indian looked at her for a moment, shrugged his shoulders, and turned away. Just then Mr. Cornelius came hurrying down from the camp.

"Did you have a good time, dear? Sorry I couldn't go with you. My phone shall be with you. My and James has arranged everything beautifully. He has filed a lawsuit against the awful man who sold you that material, and he's pretty sure we can force him to sell out, or else go bankrupt. You see, we've got him! I don't know what we'd do without people like you around to see justice is done, my dear."

Sandra Wilson.



SLABS 'N EDGINGS

As usual, Forestry Week had its share of excitement and trouble. It all started when some irreverent engineer found it necessary to write an extremely blunt and obscene observation on a wall in the forestry building. Quite naturally, some foresters were a bit riled at this carnal desecration of their building . . . and asserted their belief in reciprocity. The general thought was this: If the engineers like vulgarity so much that they even have to write it on the walls, they don't deserve to live in a building — a barn being a far more suitable place. One a.m. Tuesday morning: the civil building was changed into a barn. Although the writers of this column are not entirely in accord as to the advisability of the pranks, it still took only a few minutes to undo the damage (?) and surely shouldn't have caused quite so much concern.

Two foresters were stumbling home along the railroad tracks after the Hammetfest. One said, "Say, this is one hell of a long staircase." To which the other replied, "I don't mind that so much, it's the low hand railings that bother me."

And then there was that embarrassing moment at the Chestnut Canoe factory during a recent Wood Products lab. One forester (unnamed), took a shine to a set of paddles and a pair of snowshoes — he might easily have gotten away with the loot if he hadn't tried hiding the stuff in one of those fourteen-foot canoes as he walked out the front door.

During the week, both the foresters and engineers were very fortunate in having one day's series of lectures and films through the courtesy of the Caterpillar Tractor Company which proved to be most interesting and informative.

Toast to entomologists:
Here's to the beetle, Dendroctonus
Who lives in the bark of a pine.
Eat lots of pitch,
The son of a b—
Is harder to kill than a lion. (Right Gordie?)

Old time loggers in the Douglas fir region of British Columbia and Oregon were known to concoct a bunkhouse stew from Puget Sound clam juice and rye whiskey.

In the last issue of this paper, the writers of "U Name It" invited suggestions regarding a title for their column. Being at all times glad to help young ladies in distress, we suggest "From Here to Maternity."

Portrait Personalities



Dr. J. M. GIBSON

Fredericton (Special) — Dr. J. M. Gibson, Dean of Forestry at UNB, was born in Fredericton, N.B. At an early age he moved to Saint John and graduated from Saint John High School. He enrolled in forestry at UNB in the class of '17 but left to join the army in 1917. He served as a sergeant in the Canadian Artillery. While overseas he was wounded and was discharged in 1918.

He came back "Up the Hill" upon his return and graduated with his BSc in forestry in 1919. Dr. Gibson worked in this province in forestry for one year and then emigrated to British Columbia and was engaged in forestry work in that province from 1920 to 1929. Dean Gibson returned to New Brunswick in 1929 and took a position at UNB in the forestry department. When the Board of Deans was established approximately nine years ago he became the Dean of Forestry. In 1942 he was awarded an honorary Doctor's degree from UNB.

Dr. Gibson is a member of the Fredericton Curling Club, the Fredericton Golf Club and the Canadian Legion. He is past provincial president and past Fredericton branch president of the British Empire Service League.



FRED DRUMMIE

Fredericton (Special) — Fred Drummie, one of the Sophomore SRC representatives, is a native of Saint John by birth and by inclination. Fred went to high school in Saint John and after his graduation in 1952 he came to UNB and entered the Science faculty. On his return to UNB this fall he saw the light and changed to THE Arts course.

In his Freshman year, Fred was president of his class and last spring he was elected to the SRC as a sophomore representative. He is a member of the University Male Chorus and one of the news editors of the Brunswickan. He is a member of the Sigma Lambda Beta Rho Society, or in other words, he stays in the Lady Beav-erbrook Residence. Fred is interested in all sports, and participates in Intramural hockey, basketball, swimming and softball. He says, however, that his favorite sport is golf. He placed third in the Southern New Brunswick Zone golf tournament played in Westfield Golf and Country Club this past summer. He worked for the New Brunswick Department of Highways last summer on highway construction.

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