



## Worms 'N Snails

I have never seen a football game and the thought of my first game intrigues me, but when I hear that the first game I see may be played by the Co-eds, I got really excited.

As yet I know little about the game but I do know enough to realize that the sight of girls playing football is going to be one of the biggest laughs of my life. I can just imagine a ninety-yard run being ended on the line by a fleet-footed end. (I say end because it is one of the four positions I know.) I fear that Moose Flemming will be more worried by the lack of weight in the Maggie Jean line (no pun intended) than he was by the same lack in the Red Bombers' line. Go to it, girls, show us just how it's done. Then perhaps you can challenge Mount A to a game if the Red Bombers won't.

The little Red 'N Black went off very smoothly and was a success. Yet how many of the audience realized what a rush it had been to get the show on the stage. The first rehearsal was on Sunday when only a few of the acts were ready. Many of the performers did not know they were in the review until the weekend. Lines had to be learned in three days, which, believe me, is no easy task. There was one thing that got that show on the stage on Wednesday night and that was the presence of Bill Barwick. He worked almost all the time during those three days. Much of the credit should go to him and the directors Jim King and Ian Kennedy who were in three acts during the fifty minute show—quite a feat of endurance.

Once a fortnight on a Sunday, about two hundred people make their way up to Memorial Hall to see a movie put on by the film society. They come out of a biting wind and rain into something almost as bad; the darkness of Mem. Hall. They have to sit in chairs (which are in an advanced stage of decomposition and uncomfortable in various other ways) for two hours. Then when the film starts, the sound is often indiscernible when the speakers crackle. Cannot something be done about this? This was not meant to be an attack on the film society. They do a grand job of showing students many films that they would otherwise be unable to see. One must admit, however that the impression would be much more intense if they were exhibited in less drab conditions.

In the reign of James the First or James VI (if any Scot-nationalists happen to read this, God forgive!) Guy Fawkes tried to blow up the houses of parliament but was caught at the last moment. This has always been a celebration in England on November 5th.

Canadians do not celebrate this occasion which is hardly surprising because: (1) Many of them are sorry that Guy Fawkes did not succeed. (2) No one has tried to blow up the Canadian Parliament, which is thought by many to be a great pity.

But this year there will be celebrations by members of UNB on November the 5th. It is the day of the football final which the Bombers will win (we hope!) and of the Foresters' Hammerfest when our foresters are told to forget any ideas of sobriety and Fredericton gets its worst beating of the year.

One last thought. When you peopl are staggering around, white-faced, after your blood donation, console yourselves with the fact that you can get drunk on half as much liquor as usual. It augers well for the notorious 5th of November.

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This space is reserved as a memorial for Gene Motluk and Dave McColm whose column vanished with their demise.

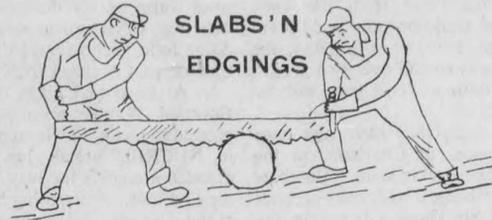


"On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined; No sleep till dawn when Youth and Pleasure Meet."

FALL FORMAL FRIDAY

TOMMIES & FOOTBALL SATURDAY RED BOMBERS COLLEGE FIELD 2:00 p.m.

## SLABS 'N EDGINGS



Have you given blood yet? Since the Blood Donor Clinic and Forestry Week coincide, all Foresters should make a special effort to get down to the Gym and give. If you haven't already donated you can still do so this afternoon between 12:30 and 3:00 p.m. (Don't worry, it should be replaced by Saturday night!)

Congratulations are due to Art Cowie & Co. for a fine portrait of Paul Bunyan, Forester Extraordinary. Congratulations, too, to all committees for jobs well done in organizing the various events. Next week, in the Forestry Brunswickan, there will be a complete news coverage of Forestry Week.

A number of somewhat nomadic Jam Sessions have been held lately by certain members of the Association. Two or three "cats" can frequently be seen transporting parts of a dismembered phonograph and large stacks of B.G. records around the City and/or Campus.

They say that a man's home is his castle. Seems they were trying to prove it by digging a moat around the Forestry Building. Anyone missing lately?

Sam was bringing the doctor back home with him to deliver his wife of their 14th child. As they turned into the barnyard, the doctor noticed a duck waddling up the driveway. "Is that your duck?" the doctor asked the expectant father.

"Tha ain't no duck!" moaned Sam, "That's the stork with his legs wore off!"

All members are reminded that the next meeting of the Forestry Association will be held on November 14th, 3:30 p.m., Memorial Reading Room.

Signs of the Times: "What is this thing called Growth?" — a reference recently given to the Senior Foresters. We prefer the original wording.

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## Sigma Lambda Beta Rho

BY UNEXPECTED

Last week there was a strong rumour floating around the campus to the effect that Mount Allison had challenged (yes, challenged) our UNB Red Bombers to do battle in Sackville on the 19th of this month. How true this is, no one seems to know. At any rate there seems to be every likelihood that this game will materialize. There is also a possibility of there being a "Mount A train". As we can all imagine, this trip has unlimited possibilities. Train or no train, the residence is determined to accompany the Bombers to Sackville; in fact, plans have already been completed for forty stalwart, bloodthirsty (note BLOODTHIRSTY) Residents to have a bus for the occasion. These forty are determined to accomplish what was very nearly but not quite accomplished a couple of weeks ago at St. Thomas. Let's hope the Mount A goal posts fit the bus.

Two weeks ago "Unexpected" complained of the peace and quiet that has settled on the residence. "Unexpected" now has to go to the library to get any work done. Yes a few of the old traditions are right back with us. An hour long pool party though hectic, was a resounding success much to the annoyance of Scotty who was left with floors that had had 3/4 of an inch of water dry on them overnight. Also a great success were the numerous social gatherings during which many intimate tete-a-tetes were indulged in around the fire-place.

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## Confidentially yours . . . .

ATTENTION:

Would the Freshette? Miss Hazen Marr, please report to the Maggie Jean Society immediately — and account for his, I mean her actions? She was last seen late Wednesday night with a moustached gypsy (despite all warnings from the Dean) and has not been heard of since.

Our Residence committee was formed last week. From the main house were chosen Gayle Wilson, Ann Robertson, and Margaret Tomilson, and our president, Shirley Hitchen. Mary Jo Elson represents the Barn, and Rose Harrie, the Annex. The first social effort of the committee was a highly successful Hallowe'en Party held Friday night. We'd all like to thank Dr. Milham and her helpers for their cooperation and assistance.

WHAT'S THIS about a girl's football team for Nov 11th? New rules have been written for all houses. Please note that all lights will be flicked twice two minutes before your date should be in, and that boys will not be allowed in the buildings in the mornings.

## From the Occasional Observer

How many of the new students have made their way to the arts centre so far? How many of the upperclassmen realize its potential? Although it is housed in an unpretentious building, our arts centre offers facilities comparable to those of other universities many of which cater to fine arts much more than does UNB. Once inside, the drab impression created by the bleak external appearance is soon dispelled by the ingenious furniture, unusual lighting arrangements, and soft, massive drapes which cover two walls with a sound absorptive blanket. Decorations include paintings by many contemporary artists as well as those done during the informal gatherings in the centre which so frequently occur. There is a fine and complete High Fidelity system which even now is undergoing further improvement by its original designer, Bob Cass. A complete record collection complements this equipment and it is used every Sunday night during the concerts of recorded music which many are being to enjoy amid the comfortable atmosphere of the relaxed surroundings. A small stage is available and it is often used by the drama society for studio nights and similar functions. Miss Lucy Jarvis, the director of the centre, is always available and eager to assist any campus group in activities which may include the arts centre. Students should remember that it is a co-operative effort and without student participation, it can never be more than a bleak hut on the edge of the campus.

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I have noted with some consternation that the feminine portion of this campus now enjoys the luxury of TWO well-equipped and very private reading rooms. These boudoir-like establishments boast miniature kitchens in which small quantities of simple foods can be prepared. They have commodious chairs and divans; thick rugs on the floors. It can be seen that these are places of comfort and relaxation. 'Well and good' one is inclined to remark. 'The weaker sex deserves a haven to shelter it from the stormy rigours of campus living.' But have you ever considered (females being what they are) what is talked about behind the doors of those sanctuaries; the lives that are made and broken, the reputations destroyed, the publicity given some poor fool's declarations of passion that he had the short-sightedness to make by mail, the Cheshire Cat looks on their faces when they come out? Have you? Think about it.

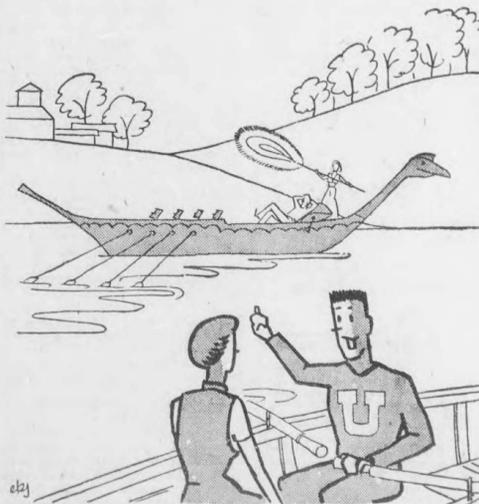
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## CONTEMPLATIONS . . . by KOS

Pointing to an old friend of the family who used to take the sister out but who had since ceased to put in an appearance the young brother of three said "You are a bad man." "What makes me bad?" he asked in concealed annoyance. "Because you don't look good to anybody and you don't answer 'Hi'."

This is more than a simple matter to be dismissed as ordinary childish prattle. Significant is the fact that the remark was that of a little boy, but perhaps more significant is the simple analysis and evaluation of the human mind and personality, with the only date of a physical gesture; yet how true! For how often do people meet and will not take a chance to greet or cheer, occupied as they are by their individual personalities; how often do we refuse to share the joys of the wonderful chance we have to live; how few realize that we do not live for self alone but for those around us too, and for the good that we can do. A word of thanks or cheer or perhaps the subtle pressure of the hands can transform life in many ways from a humdrum into something very wonderful indeed!

Imagine the many words we say each day and the expressions we make; a kind word or a smile costs nothing yet can a world of joy and a fortune for life.



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