

FEATURE PAGE

GETTING A HAIR CUT

By JIM REID

Getting a hair-cut is an exciting experience. You wander along the street looking in the different barber shops until you find one almost full and everybody looking very busy. You enter, find yourself a seat and with a seeming disinterested look observe the action going on around you, watching also the men getting their hair cut. They return your look with a very self-satisfied smirk through the medium of the mirror, and you look disinterested and wonder what you would do if you had such a mop of hair. But now one is finished, he gets up with his hair slicked back like a cat coming out of water. He struts over and plays with a flourish, all the time sneaking searching looks into the mirror at himself as he puts on his coat with the genteel help of the barber.

"Next," he calls, and you get up very self-consciously, followed by the stares of the others who have come in during the interlude you were waiting.

Now I won't act as if I am a Turkey Gobbler pruning myself before going out to find a mate, I will just get an ordinary hair-cut and get out as fast as I can. With this commendable resolution in mind you settle yourself in the chair and the barber is raising and lowering you usually with some concise remark about the weather.

"How would you like it cut, sir?" he asks.

You look at him, shrug and say, "Oh, just give me a hair-cut. He nods, dusts a little powder in your hair, and rubs it slightly.

Then starts the clippers making a very disagreeable sound in your ear. This soon stops and the clipping begins. "Snip, Snip, Snip, go the scissors and you can see small tufts of hair flying.

Suddenly you notice a tuft left, very nicely drawing the attention of the Barber to it. He immediately goes back and clips it off with a particularly vicious snip.

When it is finished you smile at the barber and keep the smile on as you turn to look at yourself, but it fades slowly as you turn this way and that catching your reflection. "Why the fool barber didn't take any off," you think. All the while the barber is anxiously watching, getting ready to snip again. You turn to him with a sigh and say with a sneer, "I asked for a hair-cut," and sit down.

"But, but, but," he stammers, then shrugs eloquently and the whine starts again. You notice the interested looks of the others and smile coldly at them, as you relax more comfortably in the chair. All the time the whine is in your ear. You wonder what he is doing but can't see because he has turned you around, so your back is to the mirror. Suddenly you notice the noise is stopped; slowly, majestically he is turning you around. You smile broadly as you anticipate looking at yourself. You see yourself. Your smile fades quickly followed by a blank expression, then one of horror.

It appears that there is just a small ring of hair around our crown.

"Is that what you wanted," falters the barber.

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Trending Into Maine

With Apologies to Kenneth Roberts.

By GERRY CARR

I thought that you chaps would like to hear about some extracurricular activities of an unusual nature. We have at U. N. B. a chap who served for six years in the R. A. F. His name is John (Jock) Francis and he hails from Liverpool. When the war ended, Jock decided that Canada was the place for him, so he cleared the emigration authorities and set off. I believe that it was at this point that the hitch-hiking bug caught him. He got a lift over on an aircraft carrier which landed him in the United States. From there he proceeded to Canada with his usual nonchalance.

As I have stated above, Jock seems to have been bitten by the hitch-hiking bug and rather than tell you of the distances he has travelled in Canada and the U. S., I think I shall tell you of one trip which I had the honor (dubious) of accompanying him.

One Friday afternoon, Jock said to me: "How about you and I going down to Bangor for the week-end." I chewed my tongue for a moment before answering and then replied: "Why?" "Oh, I've just got a hankering to visit it, besides, I want a new pair of shoes," he said. I thought over the things I had planned for the week-end, then decided that there was nothing very important that I desired to do and besides this looked like fun, so I agreed.

We went down and got some American cash and started out about 2.30. The first lift was from a farmer who took us as far as Longs Creek. We had planned to go through to Vanceboro on the first leg of our journey. Plenty of cars came by but they were all going to Woodstock. After a half an hour of this we decided to go to Woodstock and from there to Houlton so we crossed over to the other side of the road and waited. The cars came and went down the Vanceboro road. We tried new tactics. One of us stood on the other. The result was utter confusion. Finally we tossed a coin to see just which way we'd go. Woodstock won. I protested and said: "Best out of three." Vanceboro won. We started to walk up the Vanceboro road. A gravel truck picked us up and took us up the road about three miles. We walked a bit. Then we saw down the road a cloud of dust and then a car. Would he stop? He did. We were wearing the good old red and black and the driver was a Forestry grad. We heard the baseball game on the radio in which "Cookie" saved a day. We celebrated with the usual "stuff." The grad was going through to St. Stephen so we looked at one another and nodded. We drove as far as St. Stephen. It was then about 5.00 P. M. We had supper and then crossed over the bridge and were in the U. S. This was my first trip but not Jock's. He had been over many times. I trod the soil with pleasure.

It was now getting dark and I thought it would be better to hole up for the night rather than attempt hitch-hiking after dark. Jock reassured me. He had hitch-hiked at night many times. Why, there was nothing to it. He had done it many times. Then he went on to tell me of these successful after-dark trips. We must go out of town. We thumbed and

thumbed. No lifts. Then it happened. A half-ton stopped and we climbed in. The driver was a big man and soon began to talk about himself and of Maine. "I'm Harry Bailey boys. Where are you going?" We told him where we were going and also where we were from. "Why I know the Fire Chief in Fredericton," he said. "Know him well. You see I'm the Chief here in Calais, met him at a Fire Chief's Conference." He then began to answer our questions. Soon we didn't have to ask any. He talked of Maine; of the sandhogs who worked under pressure on such and such project; of the hunting in Maine; of Mr. So and So who was a millionaire but was afraid of heights and of his induction as a Volunteer fireman; of his enjoyment of the work and how his wife thanked Harry for his complete recovery from vertigo, newfound agility in hanging curtains around the house plus the ability to make himself generally useful and happy; of the man who operated a still in the old days; of how he was arrested for drunken driving while sampling his wares and lost his licence only to find out later that the Judge was crooked and instead of revoking the licences, kept them, and then for a sum pretended to get them back for the interested party; of how he bluffed the Judge into giving him back his licence and got a complete immunity in the future. In short, Harry was a most interesting speaker and it was all too soon that he was telling us that this was where he turned off.

Within five minutes we were riding in a truck. There were already two men in the cab. One was a wee bit sober. They had just come back from a trip of hauling lobsters. The one that was a "wee bit sober" was just a young fellow. The other had been in the Coast Guard and he began to talk of it and the ships he had served on. I looked at the speedometer, 65 mph. I said to myself: "OK, you're a fatalist so what are you worrying about." We stopped in at Machias for a cup of coffee, then on again. Soon we were getting out and thanking the boys.

It was now 10.00 P. M. so we decided to call it a day and find a place to bed down. The place was Columbia Falls. It's a small place; just a few houses. We saw a tourist home and knocked. Yes, we could stay for the night. They would be pleased to have us. We got up early in the morning (8.30) and hit the road. I won't go into detail here for we got quite a number of small lifts from trucks and cars alike. There a lift clear to Bangor with a theatre manager, stopping along the way for breakfast. The theatre manager insisted on paying. We reached Bangor at 12.00 sharp.

We shopped around town and bought a conglomerate of stuff, including the shoes, and then had dinner in a seafood restaurant. At 5.00 P. M. we started out. Our first lift was from a University of Maine student who took us as far as Orono. At Orono we were picked up by a truck driver with a huge van who dropped us in Oldtown. It was not about 8.00 P. M. and I was dog-tired. I holed

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The Mighty Minority

BY BETTY MacDONALD

Back again—and such a lot has happened since the last co-ed column appeared—its hard to know where to begin. But here goes.

The first meeting of the Ladies' Society was held on a Thursday evening in the Reading Room—prexy Mary Dohaney was in the chair and it was undoubtedly the busiest business meeting ever held. We discussed the problem of dishes, a radio, the Sadie Hawkins dance, the entertainment of the visiting teams. Since then the Reading Room has been enhanced by a combination radio-phonograph—we plan on raising the odd dollar by renting the Room and radio to various societies and organizations for dances and two nights a week have been set aside for this purpose.

A committee was chosen to look into the problem of buying dishes for the Ladies' Society and is to report at the next meeting which, by the way, is being held this Thursday.

Bud Kinsman was selected as chairman of the committee for the Sadie Hawkins dance—the date will be November 14, so men beware—start being extra considerate if you want an invitation to "the" social event of the term.

The S. R. C. has requested that the Ladies' Society entertain the members of visiting teams; this includes providing them with dates, free tickets to the dances, if there are any being held at the time, Elsie Peterson was voted to head the committee in charge of this. After all our business had been attended to, we sat around drinking coke and eating cookies—a very enjoyable meeting was the comment.

Last Saturday, the Freshettes established a precedent by entertaining the Ladies' Society at a buffet luncheon in the Common Room of Alexander College. A new idea in the way of banquets and a clever one—Faith Baxter was in charge of the ar-day.

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Around the Campus with Egbert...



Those of you who met Egbert in his Freshman adventures last year know that he is a young Canadian student who can be found on college campuses from coast to coast. And like thousands of students from U.N.B. to U.B.C., Egbert knows that the students' bank is "MY BANK".

Egbert says, "I'm saving at the B of M because I need new sports equipment, because I like that 'rich-as-Rockefeller' feeling it gives you—and because it's smart to have money in "MY BANK". Oh yes, and because I've touched the Pater once too often."

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