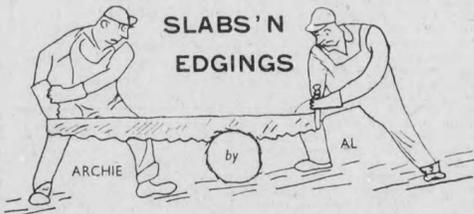


THE FEATURES SHEET

Sigma Lambda Beta Rho BY DIOGENES

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the place,
Not a body was mobile, there wasn't a trace
The hip-flasks were stood at the top of the stair
In hopes that Scotty soon would be there.
The inmates had fallen, some things left unsaid,
While remnants of last night spun 'round in their heads.
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
We sprang from our sacks to see what had been shattered.
The moon on the smidgits of new fallen glass
Show'd a strange and exciting new piece of
Right up to the top floor the sleepy ones flew
To wake up the rest of our horrible crew.
And then in a twinkling we heard down the hall
New sounds that bespoke of a wonderful brawl.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Out of the door our babe flew with a bound.
She was dressed all in coat from her tip to her toe,
Except for a bit that would now and then show.
She danced and she sang so lively and quick
I knew in a moment she must be some chick.
More rapid than eagles, her escorts they came
And soon after that was the end of our game.
More news have I much but with this style of tripe,
I can see my dear readers beginning to gripe.
One other short tale to add it behoves me
And now so I will before they remove me.
Our Margaret we hear has a story to tell,
If I tattle, she'd just as soon see me in hell—
Even so I'll divulge that it was quite profound
To see Margaret so quickly so far from the ground.
This tale now is ended with what well it might,
Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night.



Archie had a call, long distance, from the president of the CPR yesterday. As he has realized that Dec. 18 is drawing near he has started to panic. He informed Archie that after a board meeting, which lasted 3 days and nights, the directors have made special provisions for the UNB Foresters. They are to have a special car. It is an old relic that was used for transporting buffalo hides and fertilized from the "shite-poke" bird. The car has been thoroughly scoured with "Grandma's Licesoap" and the interior has been padded with "Dunlap pillow". Several producers have become very interested in this project, i.e. Peller's ice, who have donated 5 barrels of cracked ice. The car will be towed from the last coach by a hunched foot cable, and it will bear Maine licenses plates to avert the suspicion of the MacAdam Customs Officials.

In case any forester still does not know when the Forestry Association holds its meetings, we wish to remind him that there is one every second Monday night in the Memorial Reading Room. The next and last in 1953 will be next Monday, December 14 at 7.30 p.m.. Last meeting, Mr. Bruce Wright gave a very interesting talk on wildlife management. Those foresters who miss our meetings are missing an awful lot.

At the risk of being called prevaricators, we will endeavour to tell you the truth about Paul Bunyon, something no other man has been able to do, without resorting to untruths. Don't make the mistake that other readers of Paul Bunyon tales have made. Most of the stuff is nonsense. What we tell is authentic and truthful. Paul Bunyan was the Master Logger of all times, the leader of the hardest, toughest, band of rough-and-ready, red-blooded, snuff-chewing, whisker-growing, ear-chewing bullies that ever chopped, sawed, felled, bucked, and trimmed a stick of timber.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Writer's Workshop

There was nothing in the behavior of Harriet Revelstoke which even her most critical neighbour could find fault. As a wife she cooked and cleaned efficiently and without complaint. As a mother of two rather ordinary children, she was inclined to be over anxious, but otherwise did an admirable job. However, her husband, had he been more disconcerting and less complacent, might have noticed that his wife was often preoccupied and aloof.

For Mrs. Revelstoke hated him and herself; in fact, practically everyone but the children. Most of all she hated the humdrum boredom of her life. Memories fromted her: the gay parties, fine clothes, laughter and dashing companies. Time had gloried these, obliterating the dark spots, emphasizing the brilliant, and generally molding the whole into a dream.

Only her great will power en-

India of Today . . .

I greatly appreciate and admire the courtesy of Dr. Toole and Dr. Wisner to give me this opportunity of coming up to their famous UNB. All those whom I have had the honour to see so far, have shown great interest in India and I hereby make an attempt to review the position of India after independence, now.

The Union of India, a six year old democracy of more than 350 millions of people covers an area of 1,138,814 square miles and extends from north to south for a distance of 2000 miles and from east to west 2000 miles. She is roughly two thirds the size of Europe (excluding Russia) or thirteen times that of Great Britain. Within her 3000 mile land frontier and an equally long coast line are to be found types of climate and vegetation as varied as those of Europe. India has some of the loftiest peaks, the greatest plains, the longest rivers and the driest, as well as the wettest regions of the world. The climate ranges from the tropical heat to the temperate coolness of the mountain regions and on the whole it is a land rich in resources of all kinds, plant, animal, soil and mineral.

Six years ago this last August when India became independent there were nine partially governing Provinces, four small central provinces and five hundred and eighty-four princely states in many of which the petty autocrats had the power of life and death over their subjects, and in many cases there was little to differentiate the Ruler's private bank account from the public reserves. All those princely territories (with an area of 588,000 square miles and a population of more than 100 million people) have now been merged with each other or with the former provinces or otherwise integrated into workable administrative units (except one—the Kashmir) and this was done largely by persuasion and with no violence except in one—Hyderabad. India now stands as a democratic republic, with freedom of speech, freedom of religion to all people and freedom to vote to all men and women over twenty-one years of age.

With the partition, India faced another difficulty; the refugee problem which was much greater than the one in West Germany and involved about six times more people than which arose in the near East—the number was 8,000,000. They have all been settled down now and have been provided with sufficient land and money to make a new beginning and the majority is now self supporting. But that was not all; the partition involved a loss of extensive agricultural land to the Pakistan side and on the soil of India herself there existed big landlords with great political influence and land had had to be provided to the poor—the refugees and the tenants which

formed the majority. This has been done now, with satisfactory compensations to the owners and the tiller of the soil now is the sole owner of his produce and can make his lot better. The landlords were very generous in many places and they very often gave their lands to the poor, without any compensation at all. That gave a good impetus to the working people, but that was not sufficient. India had still to import food grains worth several hundred million dollars every year and that could better be used in building up her steel industry; in expanding her transportation system; in providing new factory jobs for more workers. That they are doing now. The first India five year plan has boldly met this challenge and by the end of 1955, they feel they won't need to have any imports (food grains) at all. This is being attained by harnessing of new lands, better use of modern implements of agriculture, use of more fertilizers and vast extension and improvement of the irrigation system. They began with the construction of groups of big dams and one of them alone (the Bakhra-Navgal) is expected to irrigate 3,300,000 acres annually. This is 70% more than is serviced by Grand coule, at present perhaps the largest irrigation system in the world.

Community projects—village to village programmes—have been launched and village workers, specialists in engineering, education, public health and welfare are now busy in carrying on their work in local industries, co-operatives, building of schools, hospitals and homes and they have done much headway in their objectives. They didn't forget, however, that the modernized agriculture will require less men and will thus throw others out of work and so they have begun with the industrial development too. India is quite rich in natural resources. Iron ore deposits are among the largest and purest in the world. She is the largest supplier of manganese and mica in the world and the ilmenite, monazite and zircon are among the main sources of the world's supply. Her jute and tea industries are the largest in the world.

So human material is there, physical resources are there and there is the will to move ahead and work for the nation. As they come out successful in their first five year plan, they will surely be a source of encouragement for other developing countries (Eastern) and will definitely constitute a challenge to the communistic ideas. The West may, therefore, see, in a few years, a dynamic and democratic India taking her own stand to swing the preponderance of world power in the direction of peace and freedom. Let us hope for that time.

Rama Kant Maudgal.

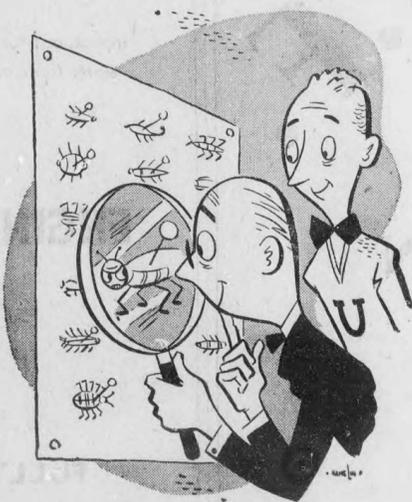
ODE TO THE FRESHMAN

During your first few months at college, you have been exposed to several hundred new faces. Some of these faces did not appeal to you. I refer of course to those sophomores who worked hard during the first week to welcome you to the university. No doubt, some of you are already resolving that you won't treat next year's freshmen in such a rough manner. You will though!

"Into every life a little rain must fall," so goes the old saying, and it applies to your present status. You are in a different position. Your high school days are over and your university days not really begun. Do you remember that song that Judy Garland used to sing: "You're Just An In-Between". She was singing about you.

Have you wondered about that first week of confusion? Apart from giving the sophomores fun, the Freshman week probably did you a lot of good. Instead of being surrounded by a hundred new faces you have a hundred comrades who together defied the sophomores at the trial (freshmen always do it) and managed to get more whitewash on the upper classmen than on the fence during the whitewashing programme. You are no longer a bunch of collected loose ends, but a team. THE Freshman class—if you want it to be.

We have a few words for those of you who are elected to be SRC representatives. As an SRC rep you will be eligible for The Order of the Round Table. The table is actually oblong, but you will see many nights around it. Repping is a gruelling job. Most of them have to keep in training by running four times around the track each morning. They also have to be a student of Sherlock Holmes, since they have to do more deducing to unravel motions (especially those on the constitution) than Sherlock Holmes ever heard of.



'And he pins his budget-bugs
down, too — by steady saving



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Your next few years here will be exactly what you make them. The University is one of the rare places where you can quickly meet many people with similar tastes to yourself, so why not take advantage of it. If you want to talk we have the Debating Society, if it is thinking you like we have the Philosophy Club. For painters and musicians, we have the Art Centre and for investors we have the Investment Syndicate. There were twenty regularly meeting organizations on the campus last year—surely you can find one to interest you.

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