

THE FEATURES SHEET



Sigma Lambda Beta Rho

BY
DIOGENES

I dreamed I went to the Gaiety in my Residence crest. I was uplifted from the depths of despair. I laughed so hard I almost bust my Beta. My Sigma was the centre of attraction. I was rushed, crushed, mushed. So be popular like me. Rush up to the Engineer's stores and get your copy, or if you like to dress at home, send in your name and we'll send it along and take it on the lambda.

A noted local biologist has offered a solution to the tiny prints of fish feet in the halls. It seems there is a colony of "silverfish" under the pool in a tunnel well remembered by certain of the Freshment. These fish have an insatiable craving for sour milk. They also can detect this pallid substance, using their phenomenal sense of smell. From their retreat under the pool they can tell exactly how much sour milk there is in the entire building and when they think there is enough, they make a trip up through the plumbing, air ducts, electrical wiring etc., and drink it all up. Then when the bottles are empty, they throw them down the jerrys thus blocking their exit from the scene and creating a crisis in the dining hall by refusing to eat the food. This situation can only be remedied by:

- (1) cutting all the pipes, ducts and wires;
- (2) supplying sour milk under the pool;
- (3) as last resort, serving meals that a silverfish would eat.

Unearthly harmonious (?) vibrations can often be heard these days in the men's locker room in the pool. The source of the commotion is reputed to be a group of "musicians" who have been ostracized on the upper floors because of the quality of the music they are able to produce. Nevertheless, at certain odd hours, the band can be seen assembling in the locker room with their complement of ardent admirers. Takes all kinds.

THE ETERNAL PIG

I knew a little pig
And a nice little pig was he,
But he grew till he grew much too big,
Then he was no longer wee.

His fat was fat and his lean was lean
And his tail was as big as his head,
Handsome he was but not very clean
For he never lay down in his bed.

The farmer was poor and saw no more
How he could keep his pig.
He sold the pig to a local store
They'd never seen a pig so big.

Now the life of this pig was not very long
For soon he was turned into pork.
His sides and his chops were sold for a song
To a person of whom we won't talk.

But the life of the pork was not so short
As the life of the pig had been,
For the matron thought the pig that she bought
Was the best she had ever seen.

This pig we eat every day of the year
And vainly his end do we seek
But alas, I fear it's abundantly clear
That it's pork every day of the week.

Many thanks to Vic Stewart and Paul Collins for preserving the anonymity of these columns.

Writer's Workshop

How I used to abhor a necktie! It seemed to be an instrument of torture devised by some nasty character who cared for nothing but appearance. Worst of all, I considered its importance a result of female intervention in the affairs of men: an unforgivable trespass since no woman would wear a tie herself. So it was with some bitterness that I wore to Sunday School the hateful thing that Mom knotted at my throat on the hot summer days. She always gave me an extra jerk and as often nullified it with an opposite jerk, thus proving that every action has an equal and opposite reaction. However, as with most ill winds there was some compensation: it felt great to get the thing off. Also, though this may be farfetched, I think it increased my appreciation for the many tales of cowboys, gunmen, and rustlers which were my favourite companions. Zane Grey, at his best, could make me sweat, stop breathing, or reach for the necktie which I had taken off an hour before. Just as the tough foreman slapped the rustler's horse out from under him and the rope dragged him from the saddle, I was with him, swinging from a Cottonwood in Arizona at the end of a necktie. They even called these affairs necktie parties, much to my delight.

Though Mom was my first tormentor, she was by no means the last. An edict by that dictator among dictators, a high school principal, to the effect that ties will be worn under such and such conditions, promptly induced me to buy a turtle neck sweater. But I had felled society for the last time.

There is a power greater than mothers and principals I refer, of course, to sergeants, W.O.'s, and commissioned officers. You shall not even eat without a tie, much less appear on parade or go downtown in that state of undress (they call it proper dress) but every one knows this to be a concession to the censor.

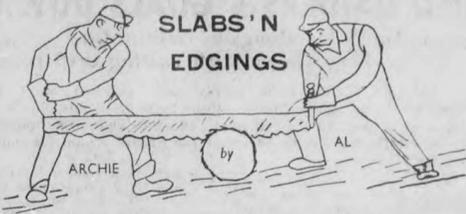
Having become reconciled to a lifetime of tie wearing, I discovered that my problem had just begun. A khaki tie matches a uniform; a blue tie is high school brown suit. That much was easily learned. But what does one do with brown skin? Wear a green tie, you say. That sounds reasonable, but looks like hell with a navy blazer. Besides, every second person who follows hangs his chin ask: "Is this St. Patrick's day?" Comes to a Canadian of Scottish descent, the urge to kill! My first solution was the proud tartan. Even this had its consequences: the necessity of learning to what extent a tie is already worn; or not I was privileged to wear it. I learned, too, to ignore the brown skin and wear all kinds of ties.

There are numerous troubles associated with ties, not the least of which is the horror that arrives at Christmas or anniversaries of birth. The cartoonists have a lot of fun with that one, but, at this writing, have discovered no solution. Now I contend that it is just another manifestation of that sadistic element in the fair sex which started the whole business of ties; therefore, it is not necessary to wear it at all. If anyone's feelings are hurt, it serves her right. Now, assuming that Mr. X has a number of ties, that he is going to wear one, that he has it in his hand, and that he is already wearing a shirt with a clean collar, are his problems all eliminated? No! He must now decide what type of knot he will have under his chin

for the day and (or) evening. First he examines his shirt. It has a Windsor collar: he must twist a Windsor knot. For days, perhaps years, he has relied upon the over, up through, down, under manoeuvre which results in a serviceable lump, but just now this won't do. He tries to recall the salesman's instructions, while carefully folding and looping. The big end settles over his right shoulder, the little end disappears, and there is a multi-colored ball under his left ear. He goes next door for assistance and tears his best pants on the neighbour's dog. He marches home to gloat over his flaring knot.

One minor point, the foregoing applies wholly to the ties called four-in-hand. Should Mr. X, whose identity you have probably guessed, ever be confronted with something more formal than a sports jacket dance at the armouries, he will have to visit a library. There, in the encyclopedia of everything, he will discover that the lowly bow-tie of the most ordinary colors, is a real celebrity. Indeed, the white tie will assume a position of respect beside the striped trousers of the diplomatic corp, and the black tie will sneer at him with all the insolence of the 'Nouveau Riche'. He will banish all thought of getting one of these magic ribbons for a buck fifty. It just wouldn't be decent, so, again he must master a new knot.

Although I am treading on strange soil, I feel compelled to assist with this white tie—black tie discussion, for there is something which puzzles me. Why is the white tie supreme? It seems most illogical; in fact, it reminds me of the old school book story about the two confidence men who sold the king a suit of clothes visible to the righteous only. Since even the king himself refused to admit that he could not see the cloth, it remained for a child to voice the obvious: "The king has no clothes on!" so with the white tie against a pure expanse of white shirt front. Think of the historical significance attached to white. Perhaps the answer lies hidden there, but the only one I can think of doesn't have much connection with a man's neck. This subject is inexhaustible. Who hasn't heard of the old school tie? Most of them would stand out on New Year's Eve, but that doesn't prevent them from appearing wherever a jolly good fellow hangs his chin. (I'm not trying to get back to that hanging issue, really, it's such a disconcerting subject). But, anyhow, this old school tie stuff isn't unique either. Behold, a regimental tie has invaded that sphere! It's as common as the other too. Nevertheless, each forms a certain bond between total strangers wherever they sight a twin for the tie, and a gentleman who claimed experience once told me that a supply of the right ties, matched by the correct accents, in the proper hangouts, is enough to keep one drinking indefinitely though he hasn't a shilling. A few years ago a famous personage, whose name I have forgotten, was reported to have remarked that he would rather buy another man a new tie than loan him one of the several hundred in his collection. He did not wear a tie more than once, nor would he allow anyone else to wear one of them. This practice was obviously wasteful and it bothered me, but for another reason: this poor man must have suffered terribly. Supposedly, each tie in his collection differed from every other. If he



Friday night's the night we've all been waiting for. Come and join the milling crowd when the Foresters present their third annual "Monte Carlo" in the Gymn Boxing Room at 9.00 o'clock. Everybody welcome. \$1,000 "Monte Carlo Money" for 25c. Another new professional game, "Craps," made by the able hands of Pete Kirby will be initiated. This new game says off up to 35 to 1. There are prizes for the persons turning in the most amount of money at the end of the evening. Don't miss this chance to spend an enjoyable evening with "The Boys," your girl-friends, wives, children, friends and professors, playing at Over and Under, Crown and Anchor, Craps, Horseshoe, Roulette, Rainbow, and Electric Roulette. Fifteen tables in all to accommodate you. There will also be dancing for those who can tear themselves away from the tables. SEE YOU THERE.

Did you hear about the dog whose tag number was Hydrant-free, tree, tree?

Have been wondering if the Forester or his girl-friend who left the pink balloon in the Dean's car picked it up.

One year when I was runnin' Paul's farm, I planted eighty acres of tobacco just across the fence from a big cabbage field. Well first thing we knowed, a big flock of grasshoppers come in and eat up most of the tobacco. Then the darntings would set on the fence and spit tobacco juice all over them cabbages, till Paul figured they was a total loss.

Well, sir, an idee hit me. We pulled them cabbages, ground 'em up, and made the best grade of Copenhagen. E. C. Beck

Is the column Sigma Lambda Beta Rho turning into an Engineering column? We believed that there was no Engineer with enough to talk about to write a column all of his own. We are glad to see that this is not true, however, but would suggest that he change the name of the column to something other than the residence ensignia since it is certain that the residence is not composed 100 per cent of Engineers.

You may remember that two weeks ago we spoke of an Engineer who put up a good fight in defending his typewriter on which we write this column. Last week we had the same Engineer typing the column for us.

We wish to congratulate the Co-eds on the wonderful effort they made in last week's paper. We might even be able to spare one honour from the "Order of Spruce Boughs" if we could find the girl who did the most work toward it.

more only one tie each day, at the end of a five year period he could have as many as eighteen hundred and twenty seven ties. Imagine trying to find a tie unlike eighteen hundred and twenty-eight others and still going up. I think it fitting that I should close by stating that I have developed a fondness for ties despite my earlier aversion. They offer an escape from drab plainness, giving a dash of color where it is badly needed. My only remaining worry is one that has only recently come to assail tie wearers: psychologists. These superior beings claim the ability to see a man's character in his tie. This may be partially true, but I will not believe it while a single psychologist refrains from suicide.

George Fullarton, Art '54



But he has the right formula for budget problems—steady saving at MY BANK

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Canada's First Bank

DOUGLAS TROTTER, Manager
Fredericton Branch

WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

ALLY!

TITL NO. 3

I did not allude to dishonesty. We are only finding out where the money is going. We are not accusing anyone of what is being spent on NFCUS ideals? Is it not our records? ... We express ourselves. I for the words "closed" the Brunswickan. We are seriously at a dinner with anyone else. It was a closed session only the principle would still like to the money is going. It might for students of for NFCUS' own benefit up in the air and I would not willing to go to partake of your food and teguila, but I can't. CUP papers in Ottawa wish the information."

"I won't go into de-posed session. The last was a reasonable one. The Carleton to the do company sends its check holders. One of the will ask the Carle-ber matter."

ASSEY AGAIN

in remarking on "The discussion of not connected with the not the feelings of the Student body. It con- Oakley and not the an. Also the Massey re- because it "cannot build so why all the contests. pull universities closer

"The main aim of the admission is the scholar- (Mentions several cases students who would like college). "I do not take suggestion as a personal I do not remember, in of my imagination, ever vocated the IUS joining 'S; I do not cherish the ving myself involved in ment. My personal feel- against it—very deeply . I have always been e IUS. Yet I do not be- as president I could not carry out the mandate sent to me to investigate onal feelings are against "I be darned, if I will not e this organization when to me as president of an on to do so. If you are to carry out an invest- u must do so—impart-

"What is the difference WUSC and NFCUS?" z told him. said that the word "insti- printed in a letter to the Therefore, the word "ad- in the Brunswickan. "I to our office—all expen- to see that letter."

ch: "I will give a written all recommendations so may be made known to e student body. I hope come up at the next con- But, I want to have them upon before the next con- so that they will not be ly up in the air as sugges- want to have tangible evi- student opinion.

ez: "We do not usually the conference anyway. to all universities before- of the time."

MONTE CARLO

our slide rules and break em . . .

VE to the ED CROSS

ive with an open hand!

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811...

We had a card party Monday evening. It was for the Co-eds but many were not there, as usual. The majority of the co-eds that were there had a magnificent time. Tough luck to those apathetic female students. James McKenzie, later in the evening was voted the most friendly man on the UNB campus. He was treated to a magnificent evening on the town, visiting all the famous night spots in the precincts of Fredericton. Everyone had a good time except James McKenzie.

Tuesday night featured the Cattley party and also featured the greatest collection of male characters on the campus. The boys were magnificent cooks, servers and bottle-washers as they made leather hamburgers, spill soft drinks on the drapes and broke dishes in the kitchen. Otherwise, the evening was rather dull.

Anything went Wednesday night, but nothing happened tho'. The Apache Dance went off rather well, as the girls had to import the real thing—apaches. The dance was held in the Boxing Room and nobody had to fend for themselves. The boxers danced among green bottles with candles in them and they waltzed away the evening under pseudo street lamps. The aura lent to the apaches was that of Water Street in Saint John. Things were laid on at the Residence for late leaves until four in the morning, but much to our surprise, the boys had to be in at twelve so the much suspected curfew at the Men's Residence is in fact, fact.

Guided missiles, supersonic planes and streamlined armies were the order of the Free For All on Saturday night. We had to resort to the best weapons available to get the inert males under-way and at long last they were able to acquit themselves nobly. Co-ed Week was a success at last!