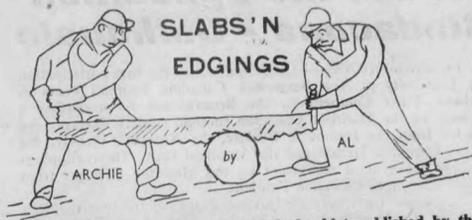


THE FEATURES SHEET



SLABS 'N EDGINGS

Last week we dug up a nice little booklet published by the manufacturers of Scottish whiskey. This interesting piece of literature contains all kinds of questions and answers about the processes and problems involved in the production of liquor and its use. One question that is often asked but never satisfactorily answered is question 75 on page 42. The problem is this: Is it harmful to drink whiskey when eating oysters? The answer: No. It is an old superstition with no basis in fact. There are also recipes in the book. Here is one of them: Earthquake Cocktail — one third gin, one third whiskey and one third absinth. We knew about that one before. During the war, it was served under the name of "depth charge". Well, "earthquake" or "depth charge" the result is pretty much the same as we recall . . . vaguely!

We read in "Industry" magazine that the Canadian dollar is now worth only 53 cents in terms of prewar buying power. That's really not too hard to believe, why downtown the other day we saw a sales girl with a black ribbon around her neck. Archie was curious and questioned her about it. She said it was a velvet choker and "very smart". He said he thought it might have been a garter because everything else in the store was so high.

Archie became quite interested and found out later that she used to be a burlesque queen. Apparently she has reformed and even taken to religion. She was telling us about it. In the course of her instructions the good man of the church asked her among other things, "Who made you?" She answered with a question: "You mean originally or recently?"



YOU NAME IT

We're just playing a hunch but it is believed that someone in this enclosed area is operating a late-leave racket. We just want the facts so we'll interview the prisoners privately. The main question is: "Do the occupants of this asylum feel they are being treated fairly or unfairly?"

D.D.—Unfairly . . .
 Interviewer—Please give us all the facts, ma'am.
 D.D.—Well, to begin with . . .
 Interviewer—Thank you, ma'am.
 P.W.—Fairly, 'cause I ain't the type o' girl who like to go out much.
 Interviewer—Please, ma'am, we just want the facts.
 A.M.—I don't feel I'm in any position to give my free opinion.
 Interviewer—Thank you, ma'am. We just want the facts, ma'am.
 A.R.—Unfairly, not enough bread and water!
 Interviewer—That's enough, ma'am. Just wanted the facts, ma'am. 2.15 p.m.—Unable to reach the isolated cases in the barn. This is a breach of law 9061, section 9091. Case will be closed next week.



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



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WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

Writer's Workshop The Frozen Land

Across the woodland lakes and frozen streams,
Where waters dance in summer sunlight's beams,
Beyond the land of springtime's warm green face,
Far from the busy white man's dwelling place.

Above the dark green forests far and wide,
That hold the woodland creatures there inside,
Beneath the stretching branch and leafy hand,
In this the warm and thriving summer land.

Toward the rocky islands near the shore,
And cliffs that wear away forever more,
In this the far northland of winter nights,
Beneath the sky of dancing northern lights.

Above the misty mountains' eerie spell,
Toward the fading tree line's last farewell,
The thinning fir trees stretch a dark green hand,
Toward the stillness of the frozen land.

This is the North where Arctic winds and snow,
Roar over the mountains and the rocks below,
Where silence is the only sound you hear
And cold gray beauty dwells throughout the year.

Here time, for cold, cold centuries stands still,
It too is frozen, by the Arctic chill,
And mountains are too cold to know regret,
For suns that seldom rise or ever set,
Where loneliness is all they have to share,
Amid the peace and solid silence there.

In summer when brief warmer wind will blow,
To show the Arctic mosses there below,
The earth-bound lichens, primitives that grow,
Will peep with pleasant faces through the snow.

Like buttercups and pale blue violets sweet,
They move the hearts of stone whose gaze they meet,
These delicate designs at once appear,
To warm the cold gray Arctic atmosphere.

The dark gray stones that stand watch everywhere,
Were dropped by moving ice that did not care,
How long the smaller ones have to remain
And hold them there aloft in silent pain.

Of all the creatures found there on the prow,
They all respect the silent Arctic owl,
Who perches on the rocky hillsides steep,
To move down on his prey in silent sweep.

The ptarmigan that turns from brown to white,
Can find but little safety in the night,
For heedless northern light helps to reveal,
The silent Arctic owl's midnight meal.

The sunlight creeps beneath the rocks on high,
To silhouette the mountains with the sky,
With lifeless herds of mammoth things that stand,
Eternal watch upon a frozen land.

The time has come, the eskimo must go
Across the groaning ice and shining snow,
To give his moon-faced children winter meals,
And life, he goes to hunt the Arctic seals.

Across the wide white waste of ocean ice,
Against the wind that holds him in its vice,
And leaves the white frost scars upon his face,
When numbing cold demands a careful pace.

Around the airholes in the distant white,
The seals appear like black dots in the light
And leaning huskies pull with all their might,
To meet the darker cold of winter night.

Beneath the cold blue ice that covers all,
The Arctic seals plunge through the freezing wall,
To reach the distant airholes farther on,
They stress and strain beneath the summer dawn.

None tells these fishy creatures where to go,
To find the distant airholes in the snow,
But still they reach the steaming frosty door,
To rest and start the struggle, full once more.

But when the chilly whiteness covers all,
The mountain icebergs of the sea recall,
How when seal appears and gasps for air,
Is met by monstrous clawing polar bear.

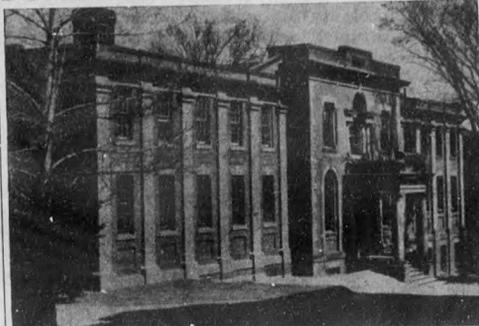
The wind sweeps down upon the tiny team,
And sends the snow in whistled frenzied stream,
That bends the huskies' legs in leaning strain,
To stop and wait to smash them down again.

Brave Amitook stands on the runners low,
That pass his feet like arrows through the snow,
That curls about his sealskin mukluks gray,
To hold his precious balance thus at bay,
His sealskin pants are wrinkled as if fright,
Had seized the tiny man with all its might.

The racing dogs in powdered drifting sway
All heave and haul throughout the long half-day,
While morning light seeps through the swirling deep,
And snow clouds watch the steady crawling creep,
Of dogs and sled and tiny crouching man,
On this the surface of the frozen land.

NORMAN PERT — ARTS '55

BONAR LAW BENNETT LIBRARY



The Library at UNB was constructed on its present site in 1929. The building was designed by Dr. C. C. Jones, who was then President of the University. The Library was built by means of a Provincial Government grant and was furnished by Charles E. Neill of Fredericton.

In 1949 through the generosity of Lord Beaverbrook, construction was begun on what is now the Beaverbrook Reading Room and the book-stacks that accompany it were installed. The new wing, which is on the west end of the original library, was dedicated to the late R. B. Bennett and the late Andrew Bonar Law and was officially opened in 1951. Among those of prominence at the opening were the Hon. Richard Law, son of Andrew Bonar Law, Captain Ronald Bennett of Sackville, brother of Viscount R. B. Bennett, Lady Lloyd George, widow of the late David Lloyd George and Lord Beaverbrook.

The Bonar Law-Bennett Library is one of the largest in the province having at the present time a total of 65,000 volumes, with a capacity for 120,000, now that the new wing has been added. 14,000 books were contributed by Lord Beaverbrook as part of his collection, as well as the papers of David Lloyd George, Viscount Bennett and Andrew Bonar Law. In 1933 the will of Rufus Hathaway, a noted Canadian literary critic and friend of Bliss Carman and Charles G. D. Roberts, provided that many of his papers be given to UNB, on condition that they remain in the library and be kept in a separate room. This collection consists of many of the manuscripts and first editions of Bliss Carman and Charles G. D. Roberts, which have been used very extensively by Mt. Allison students doing theses on the two noted New Brunswick authors. Another valuable collection in the library consists of books and pa-

pers of L. W. Bailey, noted pioneer in Canadian Science. As well as the above mentioned relics, the archives collection consists of material relating to the history of New Brunswick, such as a number of old and rare books, pamphlets and a very extensive collection of New Brunswick newspapers. Most of the old University records and examination marks are also to be found in the Archives. There is one record showing that Charles G. D. Roberts received a zero on an examination for allowing another student to copy his work.

The Lord Beaverbrook collection began accumulating in 1948 with the arrival of the Bennett papers. The Lloyd George and the Bonar Law papers are still in Lord Beaverbrook's possession in England. Among the valuable manuscripts in the Beaverbrook collection are a letter from Lord Nelson, to his mistress, Lady Hamilton, in which he accuses her of being unfaithful and letters from Rudyard Kipling to Lord Beaverbrook. Also to be found is a letter written by Thomas Jefferson, one of the principle authors of the Declaration of Independence and the third President of the U.S.A.

The library at UNB is the oldest in the province. In 1795, Col. Thomas Carleton the first governor of New Brunswick secured a number of books for the original University and a library was in existence when UNB was known as King's College. A record of books issued from this library between 1845 and 1875 is one of the many relics to be found in the Archives. It is only within recent years however that the library has really expanded. In the past six years the number of volumes has doubled and in contrast to a one-man staff ten years ago, there are now fourteen members on the staff of the Bonar Law-Bennett Library.

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