



FEATURES



Sigma Lambda Beta Rho BY HERODOTUS

Freshmen do murder sleep—the innocent sleep. Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of juniors. From the death of each day's life and yet on into the next is heard the plinking of banjos, the strumming of guitars, the stomping of feet and the bilious notes of an ill saxophone. Those not wishing dire and damp retaliation please take note.

An unexpected visitor descended upon our fair home one week ago Sunday morning. The visitor was the Honorary Chancellor and benefactor of the University, Lord Beaverbrook. On inspecting a few of the rooms on the first floor his Lordship's comment was that he was glad to see the boys appreciated what they had. When our house President had fully recovered from the shock of the surprise at such an early hour of the morning he was heard to mutter "Thank God he didn't go upstairs to the Indian Reservation" (third floor to the uninformed).

Like last week, the writers of this column are again going to choose The Man of the Week. The honour has fallen on two residence stalwarts, Don Taylor and Ron Roe—The Happy Wanderers—who returned from a recent trip to Halifax and intermediate points with those marks of distinction on their faces.

Two of our foremost scientists had a personal and fully-clothed introduction to the pool this week for neglecting to answer the telephone on several different occasions when it was their duty to do so. It is hoped that they now know "For whom the bell tolls".

Wonders will never cease — the residence is going domestic, a committee has been appointed to look into the possibility of buying a washing machine with the worthy John "bathless" Ronan at its head. At the same meeting a tentative date was set for the house formal, Friday, December 3rd, 1954.

In reply to last week's request by the dishwashing sex, the boys have this to say "Let's get loaded, dolls".

Reflections

by "LIZ"

It seems to me that there is an amazing similarity between Sadie Hawkins Day and Forestry Week. Furthermore, the same similarity seems to exist between the co-eds, on their long-awaited day, and the foresters. I am afraid that there is a real risk, particularly as the two occasions fall so close together this year, of this similarity becoming so great that co-eds will be mistaken for foresters! This fear is increased by the knowledge that fashion editors declare that the emphasis is on a long, slim torso and that the voluptuous "Z" of the female silhouette is being replaced by the mannish "H".

The fear of mistaken identity between co-eds and foresters is further increased by the latest trends in hair styling. Men, and of course, foresters in particular, seem to get haircuts less and less often, while their hair grows longer and longer.

Women, on the other hand, are reverting to shorter hair styles (the latest New York prediction is one and one half inches all the way round). Perhaps the greatest area of possibility for mistaken identity is in the similarity of dress. Alas, for some unknown reason, our worthy women of the campus seem to feel that they have to don the jeans and plaid shirts of the foresters for their Sadie Hawkins dance!

Why, oh why don't we have some variety this year? Let's, for example, wear peasant skirts and off-the-shoulder blouses, or if we can't afford anything else, burlap potato bags or brightly painted flour sacks. Maybe if we get really daring, some of us will appear in the traditional Daisy Mae costume of shorts and tattered shirts.

Speaking of foresters reminds me of green foliage. Did you know that the old custom of displaying bunches of green branches on inns in England was originally to denote the arrival of new stocks of wine?

In connection with wine. This is the month that contains the red-letter event in the wine almanac of English importers. October is the month of tasting for the Trade.

The sentiments of one of the campus up-and-coming wine tasters who knows that October is the month of tasting, were expressed the other day in a mis-quotation of Robert Browning. Replacing the "April" of one of Browning's best known poems with "October", our worthy wine-taster said: O to be in England Now that October's there.

Evidently it was as hard to get material for the Brunswickan twenty-five years ago as it is today. This ironic editor appeared in a 1929 issue of the then monthly Brunswickan: "It is with deep gratitude and sincere appreciation that I express my thanks for the many—very many (2, two) offers of material from the Forestry Department during the past year. May God help the next editor".

LEARNING ENGLISH

"No! Mr. Smolensky," said the professor to the new Canadian learning English, "you obviously don't understand the use and pronunciation of the simple English verb, read. Look how easy it is. If you want to use the past tense of read, you simply pronounce read as red. If, of course, you want to use the present tense, we read, you pronounce read as reed. Of course, you understand, Mr. Smolensky, that the words red and reed have nothing really to do with the verb, read. The first is a colour, and the second is a rush, which also, incidentally, could be either a plant or a hurry. Simple isn't it?"

At last report Mr. Smolensky was booking passage back to Europe.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

A CITY SURVEY by Derek Gemmell GLASGOW

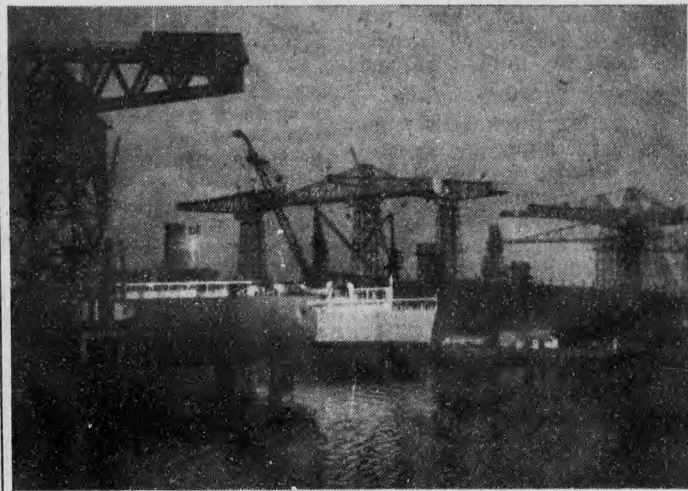
It is, I have noticed, a pleasant pastime of Montrealers and citizens of Toronto to literally and verbally tear each other's city to pieces. Such a situation exists also in Scotland where the supposedly intellectual and comparatively small (479,838) population of Edinburgh are at cross purposes with the numerically superior (1,106,072), population, definitely interesting and without doubt more down-to-earth characters of Glasgow, Britain's third city.

In this short article I cannot trace the historical development of each. Suffice to say that Edinburgh is old with many centuries of history behind her, whereas Glasgow is comparatively modern undoubtedly grimy, busy, and that I am biased in her favour.

Glasgow still is an example (and a bad one) of industrial Victorian Britain. The majority of main streets are still cobbled and along them sway and jolt packed tramcars of great antiquity. Railway stations are hideous blocks of stone, as also are row upon row of dingy, soot-blackened tenements. On a wet day, and there are many, the general aspect is one of gloom, lightened, however, by the new schools, apartment blocks and parks of the post-war suburbs.

Nevertheless, if a visitor can penetrate this crust of drabness he will find, believe it or not, a happy invigorating community, proud and optimistic.

It is very difficult, practically impossible, to describe an average Glasgow person, though the most interesting group is the industrial worker, long famed for his craftsmanship and skill

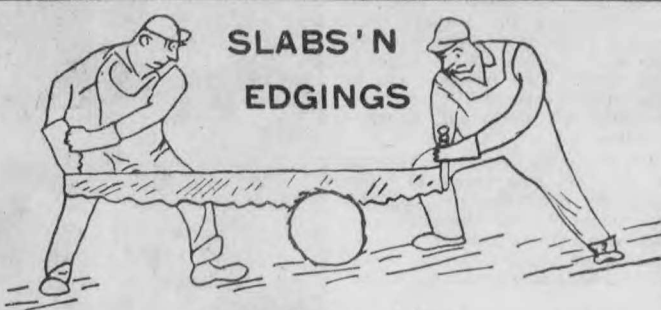


SHIPBUILDING IN GLASGOW

in heavy and light engineering. He is friendly to strangers (as can be proved if one visits a pub), helpful and considerate (as he assists you home from the same pub). The reason for so much drinking, some observers explain, is that it is his only escape from the ugliness and depression of his surroundings. This may be true to some extent, but for a more accurate interpretation I will quote from Scotland's late and great national comedian and philosopher, Will Fyffe: "I cannae stand teetotalers. If you're teetotal you get an awful feeling that everybody's your boss." There from the bottom of his individualistic soul speaks the Glasgow industrial worker. If you wish to criticize him, do so with reserve, for no one can equal his capacity for hard work well done. On the day they started work on the "Queen Mary" after the depression of the 30's the men ran to their work. Since that time they have produced 54% of Britain's new ships and, therefore, more than a quarter of the world's total construction. They deserve their enjoyment.

But Glasgow is not all grime and turmoil. There is the tranquillity of the 500 year old University (shattered somewhat by the appearance on the platform of a live duck during the Lord Rector's last Convocation Address) and the beauty of the surrounding countryside. Truly it is "No Mean City."

This is the first in a series of articles by Derek Gemmell, a second year Arts student. Mr. Gemmell has lived in Glasgow for fifteen years. Other articles will deal with the Middle East.



by Jack, Jim and Paul

The regular meeting of the Forestry Association was held on August 18th with fifty members present. General business was concerned mostly with Forestry Week. Guest speaker was from Omoose Wood Preservative Company.

With Forestry Week just three days away, hurry and sign your names on the Field Day listing of various events. Prizes this year are better than ever. Also, sign your name to the list for those who will be at the social night next Wednesday. Movies, cards, dancing and refreshments are planned. Bring your girl friends and wives. Lists are on the board inside the main door of the Forestry building.

Professor Scheult has kindly donated a new saw to be hung in the Reading Room along with a Bull-of-the-Woods axe. The winner of the sawing contest is the winner of this saw and has the honour of having his name on it as the bull has the honour of having his name on the axe. In case you are wondering what the Bull-Of-The-Woods is, he is the forester who obtains the greatest number of points from placing in the Field Day events. Let's see more names on the list.

Professor Erwin took the senior class to Odell's sawmill last week, but I imagine he got more than he bargained for when "Seedy" flicked the switch which started the live roll under the plank on which the professor was standing, nearly sending him into the "Green Dip". Only minor injuries were inflicted but "Seedy's" party money for the year will likely go toward a new suit for the prof since the one he was wearing got torn. "Seedy" is now reading "How to win marks and influence professors". He had better take a swim in the Green Dip himself in case he rots before graduating.

We welcomed back Charles "Chuck" Eastman, class of '52 who has returned from Nigeria, West Africa, where he has spent the past two years as "Assistant Forest Conservator" and "Forest Officer" with the British Colonial Service. The senior class had an interesting lecture from him and it is hoped that he will give a lecture at an Association Meeting at some future date.

A new transportation company has been formed. It is called the H.M.T. (Hammerfest Motor Transport) since the S.M.T. considers the foresters as a rather indelicate crowd after last year. After all, all we did was blow up a bus in front of the Forestry Building. They should have been grateful. The new transportation company consists of Sam and his wagon. He has promised to take us out to the "stampede grounds" if we will give him all the old bottles. Of course, this is a one-way ticket as there won't be any room for people on the return trip. To aid Sam in locating his loot, several foresters volunteered to make a "loose cruise" for empty bottles.

The standard procedure of barbecuing freshmen foresters is to be discontinued this year as most of those that burned last year had only paid a half year's tuition. The practice was strongly looked down upon by the University Senate.

FOR A QUICK LUNCH
VISIT OUR LUNCHEONETTE FOUNTAIN
KENNETH STAPLES DRUG COMPANY



It's a good rule to keep your finances in top condition, too — by operating your own savings account at the B of M.

BANK OF MONTREAL
Canada's First Bank

WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

Fredericton Branch
Queen & Carleton Streets
DOUGLAS TROTTER, Manager

New colour magic for your "Kitten" Collection

For schoolroom... or some enchanted evening... in cashmere-soft Lambswool... 100% Super Orlon. Full-fashioned, exquisitely hand-finished... shrink-proof and moth-proof... by Glenayr.

At good stores everywhere

s. s. pullover \$6.95
l. s. pullover \$7.95
cardigan \$8.95

G-55

Cory
THE STATIONER

Complete Camera and Photographic Supplies

Home, School and Commercial Stationery

74 Carleton Street

Dial 3101