

THE FEATURES SHEET

SIGMA LAMBA BETA RHO

Freshman Week! The very sound of the words brings delight to the hearts of every Sophomore and in the Residence, the Sophs and upperclassmen in general were laying plans from the moment of their arrival for the welcome of the new house members.

Beginning without further ado, on the first night, the Frosh were lined up in the lounge for an inspection. They turned out to be a scruffy looking lot and it was decided that they would need a fairly thorough workout in order to make U.N.B.'ers out of them. The job was commenced without delay.

The events of the week while occupying only four nights were somewhat more refined than usual, being patterned after the methods used in Siberia on the minority classes. The Freshmen were introduced to the inner workings of the pool by being stranded in the dead (and I mean dead) of night in the service tunnel under the perimeter of the pool. After some time amid dripping pipes and mud they came out sadder and wiser men. During the night of the Frosh Banquet, mysterious forces came into play which had the effect of disturbing the impeccably immaculate appearance in which Freshmen are known to keep their rooms. This caused considerable commotion among the aforementioned Freshmen who spent an appreciable part of the night searching very nosily for their beds and chattels. These and similar events occupied the nights of our bleary eyed Freshmen (and Sophomores) while milder entertainment was arranged during the day. Every evening at supper time the Frosh were to be seen entering the dining hall in a close order march which acquired several descriptively picturesque names especially among the Frosh. The drinking of milk from Coke bottles through nipples was encouraged among the young 'uns. This measure was designed to produce a fitting attitude of humility among them and failed miserably. One thing must be brought to the attention of my candid readers. In fact it probably has been already. The cold corpse of an incorrigible was seen hanging by the neck from a window of the residence during Freshman Week. Nothing further need be said. Let this stand as a warning to all future Freshmen.

The sanctity of a house member was disputed on the night of Sophomore Court by a band of Freshettes. This daring invasion of hallowed ground was dealt with in a suitable manner by various house men. The complete details of the incident are unprintable but it will suffice to say that the spirit of the Freshettes was considerably dampened before the evening was over.

Frowns and scowls from confirmed house men were in evidence when two strangers came in to dinner without proper attire. Now that the house rules are posted, we will hope that such offences will not be repeated. Govern yourselves accordingly men!

SLABS & EDGINGS

Now look what Bob Hatcher and Pete Murphy had to go and do. The ingrates!

Yeah! Er . . . what did they do Woody? They graduated of course. Now who do you suppose will write "Slabs 'n Edgings" this year?

Who Woody? You and me.

That's good Peevey but do you think Fwecddy Cogswell will approve?

Sure, we was buddies Fwecddy and I "999" but what about Mucus and Pasty?

Attention Artsmen. There has been a change in your timetable. Economics 340 will no longer be held in Forestry 107. Aggie refuses to hold the course in the men's washroom.

This is a good one: Rumour has it that the Intermediate Foresters have been indulging in some pre-season Hammerfesting—no casualties reported, so maybe they will invite Professors Buckingham, Pringle, Long and Hilborn next time.

Our readers should know that this year's first Forestry Association meeting was held the night of October 5th in the forestry reading room. It was conducted with the usual forester's aplomb with President Dave Bradshaw guiding the discussion and "Texas John" Burch adding many valuable suggestions. A tentative date (Oct. 24-31) was set for Forestry Week . . . Freshmen note. You'll have to set aside your relative errors, abscissas, ordinates and attend our gatherings. Forestry Week is climaxed by the Hammerfest. To you unsuspecting freshmen foresters the Hammerfest is merely a word but to old foresters it signals the gathering of the clan . . . a stag among the trees. If "Percy" can't think of more than twenty-four "cute little rhymes", then possibly Colin Mackay can help you out by supplying a few of his own. Remember, Hammerfest spelled backwards is "Tsemmah" which in our Russo-Indian dictionary simply means skoal. This is pitiful Peevey time to take five.

Let's see everyone at the next forestry meeting October 19 in the Reading Room.

Writer's Workshop

If we hadn't seen the funny side of it, we would have been bogged down in our own panic. As it was, the absolute story-book quality of our first night in the big city appealed to our sense of humor and we were able to laugh—nervously enough—between scares.

Our "adventure" began quite innocently. We were to drive from Fredericton to St. Catherines and to get a bus from there to Toronto. That part went off smoothly. When we arrived in the unknown darkness of Toronto, we brashly called a taxi and, after juggling our four suitcases, two tennis racquets, two overcoats, one broken down suit box, and two white hats, we settled back for a drive to the YWCA on McGill Street. Even the drizzling rain didn't cast moisture on our fresh, small town spirits—then.

The cab driver seemed a little loath to leave us when we arrived at the "Y". But we remembered the stories of country girls and city taxis that we were told before leaving home, so putting on our most sophisticated air, we assured him all was well, and sent him on his way. Had we only been a little less confident, our troubles would have vanished as did the rain in the gutters; for when we rang the bell on the door, we discovered a notice tacked above it to the effect: "This YWCA will be closed Monday, May 18th, for the holiday. Open May 19th."

But this was the night of the 17th and we needed a bed! In answer to our frantic bell-ringing an old man carrying a mop finally appeared inside. He staunchly refused our entreaties to let us in, saying, "Look, ladies. This ain't no roomin' house. Go away!"

And he disappeared. What to do? Our motley luggage lay at our feet; it was eleven o'clock on a wet Sunday evening; we had neither a phone nor a taxi to get us out of our predicament.

We stood on the steps a few minutes, wondering if we were in the outskirts or the centre of that vast sprawling unthill which is Toronto. No cars passed by; the roaring silence of the street bore down on us; two girls staggered past supporting the leaning frame of a man. Home and our snug beds seemed far away.

Finally we fathered together our last remnants of nerve and started knocking on the doors of the adjoining houses surrounding us. The people thought we were anything but the two thoroughly shaken young women we were. At the ninth door we succeeded in getting a "Yes" answer to our query, "Have you a room for two girls for the night?"

After many trips we managed to assemble our luggage in the dingy hall of Mr. Jensen's house. Jane and I both felt dubious about the respectability of the establishment, but at that moment, we wanted a bed more than visions of night callers.

Just then, through a door at the end of the hall, appeared the magnificent head of a doberman pinscher. Immediately, I was reassured and stretching out my hand, started toward him. Then, just as I was about to touch him, a scream from behind me and a hurtling body brushing me aside filled the narrow hall with tension and fear. The dog had been about to lunge at me, and as Mr. Jensen dragged him away, I saw the look of ferocity in the animal's face.

Jane and I didn't waste much time in getting to the comparative safety of our room.

When Mr. Jensen carried the luggage upstairs, he found two girls sitting on the bed, afraid to move, afraid to think.

"What time will you be up in the morning?" he asked. Without a moment's hesitation we told him it would be quite late because we were very tired. Then came the next blow.

"Well you'll have to be up before twelve, because this room belongs to a couple of truckdrivers and they will be here at noon."

As Jane and I got ready for bed that night we had visions of two clomping, tobacco-chewing ruffians barging in and waking us by saying, "Push over girlsies!"

That was when we really began to giggle. After all our parents' warnings we had arrived in the never-never lands of "guys and dolls".

After all this, we had still one more experience before crawling into bed. On the dresser was a small notice, giving the rules of the house. The ones that set us off into rales of laughter read:

"Friends must be out by 11:30 p.m. If friends stay all night the charge will be 50 cents extra unless I am advised in advance."

And another, "Friends will be allowed to visit three nights a week and every other Sunday, signed G. Jensen."

Early the next morning, I ventured downstairs to Mr. Jensen's apartment. There I used the telephone to call a friend in search of rescue. When he learned where we were he roared, "Don't move, don't breathe I'll be right there. Do you know where you are? In the middle of the reddest red light district in Toronto!"

As if he had to tell us!

Joanne Corbin '5.

NO BEER ON TRAIN

Queen's (C.U.P.) Queen's Alma Mater Society Monday night passed a series of resolutions designed to prevent a repetition of last year's exhibition of vandalism on the Toronto train.

Fred Wright, chief AMS constable, told Monday night's meeting that he would have thirty AMS constables to police the train. The CNR is providing two constables and a special agent to help keep the situation in hand.

After considerable debate, during which various other plans were submitted for discussion, it was decided to take the same precautions to prevent anyone from carrying cases of beer onto the train as have been taken at the football stadium. The constables will be stationed at the entrances to the coaches and will refuse entrance to all persons carrying cases of beer.

The CNR reserves the right to put any intoxicated student off the train at the next stop. Any student taken into the custody of the CNR will be liable to civil court

FLYING CLUB TAKES OFF ON BIG YEAR

U.N.B. (Special) — The first meeting of the U.N.B. Flying Club was held on Tuesday, October 6, with the president, Al Huggill, in the chair.

Mr. Pat Munnings, instructor at Fredericton Aviation, Ltd., addressed the group. He outlined a scheme by which a student can privately learn to fly on a government approved plan. Four aircraft will be at their disposal for flying while two evenings a week will provide ground school training. Mr. Munnings went on to elaborate upon the points and explained that there was no time limit.

The rates will be approximately \$225 for a private flying licence. The Federal Government gives a grant of \$100 to every successful applicant upon receiving his private licence.

It was emphasized that it is the duty of everyone on the train to assist the constables in maintaining order.



U NAME IT

The beginning of the fall term saw about twenty girls move into the Maggie Jean Chestnut House. They are under the supervision of Mrs. McArthur and Miss Keith with Clara again as their excellent cook.

For awhile the girls were reserved, trying to make a good impression on each other, then suddenly POOFF . . . manners were dropped, loud greetings were exchanged and girls clad in pyjamas and curlers were everywhere. They soon realized that they were just "one big happy family" (?) and this was their home.

Along with the frantic period of unpacking and getting acquainted came "Freshman Week". During this time the upper classmen and freshettes could be heard conversing with lady-like words as to whether or not the new girls should obey their superior's commands. However the week ended with a splash (for three girls and a prominent member of the jury at least) and everyone was in good spirits by the time "Open House" rolled around on Sunday.

The house has been a mixture of weird noises, off-key singing and shouting at all hours of the day, so one of the more sensible girls has moved into the sanctuary (?) of the "Barn". However, her motive was not quite clear, unless of course, she had heard of the Fish Pond swimming pool that has been installed there. This pool is occupied permanently by two new members of the Maggie J. One is a handsome, strawberry blonde and the other is a brunette. The "Barn" is also expecting a new arrival this Tuesday. It seems that those strange girls are purchasing a Budgie-bird.

Many of the girls are entering into extra-curricular activities "up the hill". They fence (with the ratio of boys to girls what it is, they feel they should know the art of self-defence), play badminton, swim and cheerlead.

Oops, it looks like our editors are cutting us off right here. See you next week . . .

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