

## Sadism In The Frosh Squad

As an incoming Freshman it seems to me a pity indeed that I have been summoned to this fine University five days before the beginning of lectures so that I may be subjected to the sadistic whims of a small group of Sophomores known mystifyingly as the FROSH SQUAD.

A thirst for knowledge, an insatiable intellectual hunger has brought us here from the countryside of New Brunswick, the farms of Quebec; up the hill we come, out of the forests of Nova Scotia, the metropolitan areas of Montreal, Toronto. We realize the fact that we are neophytes and we turn to the upper classmen for advice and a guiding hand.

Our initial session consists of an address by President Mackay and an introduction to the Deans. We are impressed. During the ensuing days

of orientation we are divested, by degrees, of our personal dignity. We take the defensive. We are young, however, and eager to please. We want to belong, to fit in. We concede.

In the early morning we assemble on the dew-drenched grass. Pseudo-Nazi tactics are employed by the FROSH SQUAD. We have been advised to wear jackets and ties, skirts and stockings. We form a huge circle and begin a primitive dance. Arms flailing, we circle the field. Now we break down into smaller groups. Chastisement turns to animosity, animosity to sadism. Duck walk, wheelbarrow race, crawl on your belly like a reptile in your new suit — paid for by a summer job or devoted parents. If these parents could see us now would they be so devoted for us to make the trip "up the hill?"

With grass-stained trousers and muddy skirts, a taste of lemon in our mouths, and a bit of shaving cream in our nostrils, we climb that hill for an ability test, a campus tour, or a lecture on the subject (of all things) self-discipline.

We now adjourn to the Student Centre for a Coke or a cup of coffee. Here we observe three embarrassed

Freshettes standing on tables in various predicaments. The first is having her quivering body measured in clumsy hand-lengths by a blushing Freshman boy whose hands are unaccustomed to so delicate a task. The second girl is attempting in vain to manoeuvre an inflated balloon from the head of a Freshman boy to his toes. Repeatedly she fails and her face falls in

defeat against the thighs of the young man. The third girl is reading excerpts from Playboy magazine describing various types of sexual orgasm. This scene is being supervised by a score or so of squealing, mirthful upperclassmen. "Louder, we can't hear you." Such fun. But it has long since ceased to be amusing to the Freshmen Prose (SEE page 9, column 1)



**President's Tea:** an annual highlight of Freshman week is the reception and tea held by the University President, Dr. Colin B. Mackay. Dr. Mackay is shown greeting freshette Peggy Vincent of Charlo Station, N.B. Many students were heard suggesting that the event should be renamed, 'the President's Freshie' ... no tea was seen.

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