

THE FEATURES SHEET



Sigma Lambda Beta Rho BY DIOGENES

This issue of the Brunswickan is a bit late because it has been waiting for the mid-year rush of tests and exams to finish. We have seen again the wisdom of the old adage: Everything comes to him who waiteth if he worketh like hell while he waiteth.

Plans are under way for the Residence Formal. It promises to be one of the splashiest events of the year as usual. Details are being kept under wraps—also as usual.

Strange sounds are being heard on radios in the residence. They are purported to emanate from a diabolical communication system connecting some of the rooms. Those buzzers have got to go.

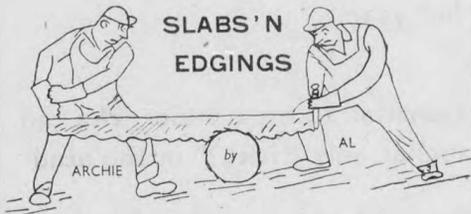
Residents are still wondering what happened to the party at the other "residence" that vanished without a trace just before Christmas. The gift we had picked out to put under their tree (a new Yogi bird) is still here. It is a quandary to be sure.

It appears that Margaret will be leaving us soon. Where will we ever get a waitress again who can make those corners at her speed?

Is there any explanation for the general ill-health in the residence since the holidays? What has accompanied the Yule to cause this?

We say no more but leave the matter open to conjecture.

To the poor frigid souls who ventured into the pool on the first day back: What's it like; I mean that singular feeling?



The results of an experiment by the Mellon Institute of Technology concluded that maple flooring has a wearing quality second only to marble and has a resistance to indentation unequalled by any other flooring material.

Since 'Engineering Week' usually passes without notice to anyone we hope that it will pass over in the same fashion this year and that the engineers will be kind to us. If any dirty tricks are played on us, we will have our Dean cancel your activities for the week. Remember, 'Engineers' are to act grown up? ? ?

Foresters are more advanced than Beechwood in their engineering schedule. Designing of our dam on the woodlot will commence shortly, since the topographic survey plans of the area are on the drawing board. It is only fair and unbiased to state here that any dam building the Power Commission does will be to assist in our programme of flood control.

Not to mention the two artisans on the train at Xmas, who kept heading for the washroom. I think their names were Patrick Fitzgerald and Gerald Fitzpatrick.

ARTSMEN'S CORNER

There was an old sculptor named Phidias,
Whose knowledge of art was invidious,
He carved Aphrodite,
Without any nightie,
Which startled the purely fastidious.

One of our bravest second-story boys was caught by the matron of the Maggie Jean when he got half way down the stairs. His excuse—"I went back up to get my cigarettes."

PAUL BUNYON

Historians agree that Paul was born in the east. He was christened in the Bay of Fundy, where four horses and a logging jammer lowered him into the water. He hit with such a splash that he started a tidal wave which still has not subsided, and may be seen anywhere on the Bay.

It is said that he cut his teeth on a peavy and drove logs down the Kennebec river in his first pair of pants. There were no scholarships in those days, in fact the Governor General's assistance was requested for educating Paul, but without avail.

Writer's Workshop

Bob stopped the car. "Then I'll pick you up around 8:30. Will that be all right, Ann?" The other agreed, got out and then turned to watch the car disappear around the corner of Crescent Street.

The sun was gone now and only a faint redness was apparent on the western horizon. Ann turned and ran up the steps of her boarding house.

As she bounced into the room, Ann startled her room-mate who was seated in what the two girls called their "one real easy chair". Betty, like Ann was a student and worked during the summer months at a local hotel. Ann threw her light jacket on the bed.

The room was plainly furnished with two single beds and two dressers, all in various stages of untidiness. Ann replaced her bathing suit on the straight-backed chair where it had been hung to dry. The writing desk beside the chair was littered with several books, a school and office Dictionary and sheets of writing paper.

"Are you going out?" Betty asked as she noticed that Ann had taken a pair of white pumps from the closet and was looking at them with a critical eye.

"Shouldn't talk when you have your mouth full, dear." Ann laughingly evaded the question and Betty's retort as she retreated from the room in her bath-robe.

Ann took a long time over her bath. She sighed as she thought of Bob, who had happened to be driving past the hotel when she finished washing her hair. He had offered to drive her home.

She had a sudden feeling of anxiety as she thought of the party he had invited her to. Her wide blue eyes had given no indication of the slight hesitation she felt when he asked her to go. She realized that she knew little of Bob except that he had an office on St. James St. and had a vague connection with a brokerage firm there.

Ann had first encountered Bob when he asked her to go to the hotel where she worked for the summer as a hostess. Bob ate dinner there, often stopping to chat with her. At first it was just the weather and then Ann found that she was telling him of books she had read and life as school in the winter. Ann was fascinated by his suave appearance and easy manner. She sensed that it was perhaps a girlish infatuation but when he asked her to go out this evening she couldn't imagine herself refusing.

With a pang she thought of Paul. He was overshadowed completely when she thought of Bob. Paul was the boy she had been going out with for the last two summers. He was nice, too, but in an unexciting sort of way. Paul was a little too serious at times, so unlike Bob and his gay chatter. Paul could be fun at times. They often spent long warm summer afternoons swimming in Lake St. Louis, or playing tennis at the club. But Paul wasn't fond of night clubs or parties or anything like that. Why, only last Wednesday night she had met him after he came from night school. It had been too late to go to a movie so they had gone for a walk in the park. Ann frowned. A girl did crave some excitement once in a while. To Ann parties and

night clubs were symbolic with gaiety and laughter and someone who just didn't take her for granted.

Ann's cheeks were flushed as she pulled on her pale-blue organdie dress. She added a string of pearls and as she pulled her blond hair back from her face she decided the effect was more sophisticated than usual. Betty, her room-mate, gave a mock wolf whistle as Ann threw her light coat casually over her shoulders.

On the street in front of her boarding house where she had arranged to meet Bob, Ann unconsciously drew her coat more closely to her. Everything had a different perspective under the dim street lights. The air was haunted with the spicy odour of lilies-of-the-valley from a nearby garden. The huge elm across the street seemed distant and aloof as Ann tapped her heel impatiently against the sidewalk.

With a feeling of relief she watched the headlights pivot around the corner of both Avenue and grow larger as the car approached. Bob's shiny blue sedan pulled to a stop before her and she slipped through the opened door and into the dim interior.

She suddenly felt gay and admiringly Bob greeted her, his smile gliding over white, even teeth. Ann talked gaily as they sped smoothly up Notre Dame Street. He explained that the party was at his brother's home in the suburbs, which he had inherited for a time while his brother was out of town. Of course, if she would rather not go... Ann brushed aside her hesitation and said that she would like to go very much. Bob lit a cigarette and in flare of the lighter she noticed his clearly defined cheekbones and deep-cleft chin. She smiled easily as she met the dark intensity of his eyes.

As Ann and Bob entered the room the laughter hesitated. The haze of cigarette smoke hung heavy. After Bob had made the introductory remarks, Harry resumed its intensity and Ann found herself talking freely and joining in the gay chatter. Bob seated himself easily on the arm of the chair where Ann sat. He placed a rye and ginger-ale in her hand. His arm rested on the back of her chair as he told Ann about the floor-show at the Chez-Paree. He said that she must go with him soon.

Ann enjoyed herself more and more at the evening progressed. Bob went to fill her glass for the time. When he had done a short heavy-set man whom Ann remembered as Harry, beckoned to her to sit on the sofa beside him. "Anti-social, eh?" He asked. Ann watched with fascination as he gulped down almost the whole liquor remaining in his glass and felt uneasy as he showed a fawning interest in her.

"I work for a plastic company, research man, you know, always say that people are never satisfied with a substitute. They have to try to find a substitute for a substitute." Harry leaned toward her and laughed heartily at his little joke.

Ann was suddenly nauseated as she looked into his beady eyes. She turned her head to avoid the stale smell of liquor on his breath. She suddenly noticed an ash-tray which had spewed its contents near a chair by the fire-place. No one bothered to pick it up.

Harry let his stout frame sink back into the cushions. He pointed with a unsteady finger toward a girl who was dancing. The girl seemed oblivious to everything else except the nearness of her partner.

"That's my girl, Cathy, dancing with Don—she's mad at me now." He added and laughter shook the cushions behind him. "She said



811...

The girls at the MJCH wish to announce the engagement of Allison Brown B.A. to Mr. Peter Mitchum, B.A., M.A., Ph.D., L.S.M.F.T. Miss Brown is working on her MA. and MRS. degrees. One gone, nineteen to go.

Any offers of food will be gratefully accepted by the residents of MJCH. We are starving as of December 18, 1953. (Currently we are selling raffle tickets on an aerial.)

A man looking for a cigarette was caught on the second floor. He hasn't been seen since. Live and learn.

Masseurs wanted! A few of the girls are suffering severe atrophy of the muscles as a result of their strenuous activities in Chorus Line Practice.

Overheard in one of the rooms the other night—"I was having a real hot necking session, then, Bang --- he fell asleep.

that I'm obnoxious when I have too much to drink."

Ann was inclined to agree with him as the remainder of the drink in his hand slopped onto her dress. She stood up and brushed it off, relieved to see Bob returning from the kitchen. He gave Ann her drink and turned to Harry.

"Been bothering my girl, you wolf?" Bob shook his finger playfully at the fat man. Harry laughed heartily and winked at Bob as if to say that anything goes between friends.

Harry moved over to let Ann and Bob sit down. Ann looked into Bob's intent dark eyes and he smiled. Ann somehow did not feel like smiling as she looked at him. As she watched the dark woman dance Ann suddenly felt that her blue organdie dress was plain and too simple in comparison with the strapless dress that clung to Cathy's lithe body.

The slow waltz came to an end. Cathy retrieved her half-filled glass from the low coffee table in front of the sofa. She weaved rather uncertainly as she made a mock bow to Harry. She lifted her glass.

"All of us are having fun, aren't we, Harry?" Her voice was saturated with intoxication. Her voice was several octaves higher than the brittle crash as her glass shattered on the floor. Harry pushed her away.

"Aw, go sleep it off, Cathy!" He turned to Ann and whispered that Cathy inevitably became dramatic when she drank too freely. Ann finished her drink and suppressed a shiver when her hand touched Bob's as he took her empty glass.

Ann excused herself to powder her nose and as she opened the door she saw Cathy standing unsteadily before the mirror. The girl's eyes were red and she was applying lip-stick to lips already bright red against her thin, pale face.

"Hi, you're the girl Bob brought?" The question was emphasized by a metallic snap after the lip-stick had been thrown into a small black purse. "How long have you known him?"

Ann hesitated. "Quite some time." She did not feel like taking Cathy into her confidence.

"Say, did you notice the kid's painting over the fireplace?" Ann nodded, somewhat surprised by the sudden change in the conversation. She remembered the painting well now—an oil painting of a little boy with freckles and a wide grin.

"Guess who? That's Bob's son, he and his mother, your boy-friend's wife, are away on vacation right now. So everybody's having fun at the party, eh?" Cathy laughed. Ann remembered the sound of the glass as it fell from the girl's nervous fingers and shattered into a thousand pieces on the floor.

Ann's disgust was tinged with a vague wish to escape as she slipped past the weeping Cathy and

out into the hall. No one noticed as she slipped her coat from the hall closet. The music was loud behind her as she closed the front door. The night air was cool and fresh. The street-lights seemed warm and familiar as she hailed a cruising taxi.

As Ann leaned her flushed face against the cool leather upholstery there was no feeling, only a dull sense of safety. Suddenly she thought of Paul and the fun they had in just being together. She remembered his boyish crew-cut and wide grin. Tomorrow she would phone him...

WALKER'S SUGGESTS

The Right Clothes at the Right Time



TRAVEL AFAR—Tweed is excellent in your suit and topcoat. Tweed can take it, looks as good on arriving as it did when starting. Or try flannel—see what it does for you. Colored shirts hide wear and travel fatigue.

Now that you are back, we suggest you check your wardrobe. We have received a shipment of

UNB JACKETS

Walker's Men's Shop
20 Steps from Queen on York

money won't buy happiness, but it helps

Today is a good time to start your Savings Account

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

"D-COY" RESTAURANT

FINE CUISINE
Counter & Table Service
Phone 5591 - York St.

Established 1889

FLEMING'S OF COURSE

HATTERS and HABERDASHERS