

THE WANAGAN

Our Motto: The most fun for the most people.

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The Wanagan

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IMPORTANT!—The Printing Machine is legally authorized to take all the responsibility for the various opinions of the correspondents.

IN dedicating our first number specially to '12 we wish to extend a glad hand to the Class, and assure them of the pleasure with which we view their red ties and redder cheeks, their green bows and greener ways. The delicate but appalling task of welcoming these embryonic Sophomores and possibilities of Seniors had been entrusted to those societies of College fame, the R. A. F. and the Q. J. J. S. C. Both have discharged their duty in such a manner as to dispel all doubts as to their zeal, praiseworthiness, honor and College spirit. We offer them our deep sympathy and sincere thanks, and we hope and trust they have not been sowing in an unproductive soil.

Sherwood had a long interview with the Editors last week on his prospects of securing a Freshette this year.

Freshmen Welcomed

“The primitive and, I may say, modern custom of Initiation is simply meant to impress the youth with his own ignorance and helplessness in contrast with the wisdom of the multitude.”—TUB.

WHAT all-important awe-inspiring function, never to be forgotten by Freshmen, called Initiation by the world-wise, took place this year on Tuesday evening, Sept. 29th, in the Gymnasium. Want of space compels us to give only the interesting programme followed during the evening: Opening Drill, “Kissing the Toe”, in charge of Gen. Huge Gun Deedes. Moonlight Parade, in charge of Darb Coy and his Lantern Brigade. “Baby Food” Luncheon, Head waiters, Do: Orchard and Bishop Firth. Oration, “Unwritten Laws and Beware of the R. A. F.,” by Hon. Sheeny L. McKnight. Good-night Chorus and God Save the Freshmen by Upper Classmen.

The party broke up early, everyone departed highly satisfied and the echoes of the hills repeated long and loud, cheer after cheer for Class '12 and Class '09.

“You brazen little Bell! you miserable little Sophomore! You ought to be home with your mother!” And the irate Co-ed shook the little culprit out of his coat. Then with the air of a Daphne she walked away and the poor frightened little fellow went away by himself and cried.