

FRESHETTES

THUMB-NAIL SKETCH

In case you slipped up in your survey on the freshettes here is a general description. You will recognize the same by her un-natural walk due to one high heel and one low heel shoe. She will have on a silk stocking rolled below the knee and a sockee. She will be wearing a size 44 house dress with no belt as low waist-lines are the style this year. One side of her will be pinned up intentionally to display a dimpled (we hope) knee. The dainty miss will have her hair completely done up in curlers and covering all her hair will be a stocking with the toe trailing gracefully down her back. These modest young things will wear no make-up or finger-nail polish, but being patriotic will wear a V on their foreheads in bright red lipstick. In case you forgot to notice they carried a mama doll also and each one had as well either a paddle, an egg-beater, some tin cans, a pair of ski poles, skates, a baby carriage, a wheel barrow or anything like that to distinguish herself from the others. Now that you know what the well-dressed freshettes wears we shall introduce you to their

ONE OF THEM TOLD THIS

One balmy summer evening in the midst of a stroll Pat bumped into Mike whose face wore a sorrowful expression indeed.

"Shure, Mike, where are ye goin' this foine summers evenin' with such a long face?"

"Ah Pat, 'this sad oi am this even', fur me auld friend Murphy has passed away and oi'm goin' to his wake," said Mike.

"Oi know just how you feel, Mike. Why don't ye come with me and have a little drink and then Oi'll go along with ye?"

So Pat and Mike walked into the nearest saloon—and staggered out

characteristics—one of them is a marathon hitch-hiker, half-way across Canada and back, with five dollars to the good in her pocket, one is a free lancer, but is open for opportunities to change her role, one is a poor piano player, one is a worse story teller, one of them has a boy-friend in the navy, another wears liquid stockings. I think if you're interested you can find any more out for yourself, but be careful because remember they are all green as grass.

So - You're Back!

Well here we are again—and what do you see?—freshettes with curlers and old socks—V's on their foreheads—even though B..... says its no indication!—two more diamonds—girls with no socks to help the war effort—Mrs. Bailey's new tuck shop—new members to the faculty—not to mention the additions by matrimony—all the war widows wandering around loose—for a while—Enid without Jane—Bob without Jim—Brunswick without Minnie—reading room starting bridge again—or just picking up where it left off—lectures at 8.30—you lucky people with Freshmen math—all the Air Force wandering around—those cute new bangs on you know who—yell "chow" and see what happens—Freshmen with no moustache—no blonde bomber from Newcastle—Eric getting 45 miles to the gallon in the Austin—Bap getting 45 miles for rides in the convertible—longer cigarettes and shorter matches—a sophomore with a dependent—approximately twelve weeks to examinations—and a brand new Snoop!

an hour and a half later, pleasantly and completely swacked.

"And now, Moike," said Pat, "where is your friend's home?"

"Begorra" said Mike, "I fergot the number but Oi'm shure this is the street."

May We Present



ALASTAIR D. CAMERON

We begin our term right by presenting to you the President of the S. R. C. Alastair D. Cameron. This is not the first time he has been an officer of this worthy council because in his Sophomore year he was Secretary of it. Alastair was President of his own class in his Freshman and Junior years. He has been very prominent in C. O. T. C. as last year he was A Company commander and is a Lieutenant attached from the 90th Battery. He is a crack shot with the rifle and has been on the team for as many years as he has been up the hill and has won the Cameron shield for his expert marksmanship. Incidentally he is a Beaverbrook scholar and last year won the prize from the Engineering Institute of Canada. He has dabbled in Interclass hockey, and this fall was an instructor at Engineering camp. You'll recognize Alastair by his ever-present charming smile and his willingness to help you when you need him.

So they walked down a long line of brownstone houses and finally Mike stopped and squinted up at one of them and said to Pat:

"Shure, and this looks loike it to me; let's go in."

Up and in they staggered. The hallway was dark. They opened the door and discovered a living room which was also dark except for the faint glimmer of the candles sitting on the grand piano.

"Shh" warned Mike; he beckoned to Pat to follow him and together they went to the piano knelt down in front of it to pray. Pat stopped praying long enough to look at the grand piano. After a pause he shook his head and resumed his praying. A few minutes later he stopped to look again. After a longer pause he shook his head and leaned over to nudge Mike.

"Moike", he said, "Oi don't know who yer friend was, but he shure had a foine set o' teeth."

The church service was proceeding successfully when a woman in the gallery got so interested she leaned out too far and fell over the railings. Her dress caught in the chandelier, and she was suspended in mid-air. The minister noticed her undignified position and thundered at the congregation:

"Any person who turns around will be struck stone blind."

A man, whose curiosity was getting the better of him, turned to his companion said: "I'm going to risk one eye."

I Wonder -- Do You?

(From the co-ed viewpoint)

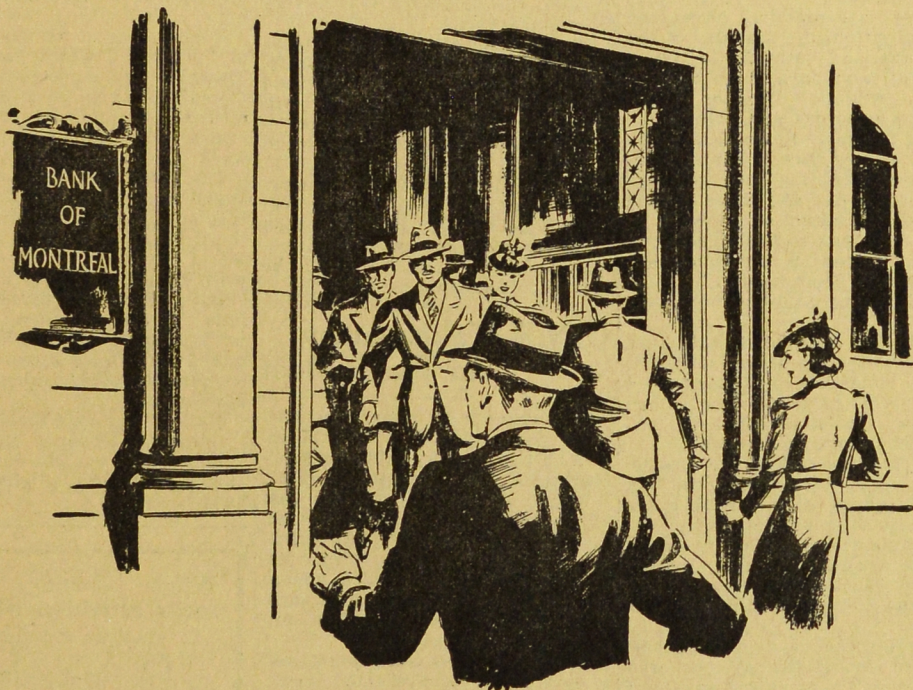
Do you ever wonder how some of your pals can get away with those dizzy looking hats (when chic turns to chump on you)? Do you ever wonder how she can stand having him around all the time (he might have a car, but the way he dresses!)? Do you ever wonder where smoke goes? Do you ever wonder where Tom, Dick or Harry was two nights ago (could it be that neat little waitress with the nice pins)? Do you ever wonder where you picked up all the dirt (and I don't mean reading room gossip)? Do you ever wonder where you put the back door key? Do you ever wonder where the money goes (I'll bet two to one on Peggy Sage nail polish and Max Factor lipstick, not that it will pay dividends—no?) Do you ever wonder where a run goes (now boys get your minds out of the gutter)?

Do you ever wonder when will turn that gosh darned radio off (surely a room-mate's health is more important than Joe Louis)? Do you ever wonder when the world is going to end? Do you ever wonder when he'll ever propose (that new perfume should have turned the trick)? Do you ever wonder when the war will be over?

Do you ever wonder who broke the lock on the hen-house door? Do you ever wonder who'll be the next president of the U. S. A.? Do you ever wonder who in hell will ask you to the Brunswick dance? Do you ever wonder who invented pianos, nail polish, banks, refrigerators and "paint on" stockings? Do you ever wonder who Uncle Edgar will leave his money to (your mother always said you were his favorite)? Do you ever wonder whose lipstick that could be on your kid brother's shirt front (that must be your maternal instinct)? Do you ever wonder who's at the door (you'd better answer it anyway, in spite of the cold creamed face, curled hair and sack-shaped kimona)?

Do you ever wonder what the men see in her (her figure is terrible and she hasn't a brain in her head)? Do you ever wonder what would be good for this terrible headache (try aspirins, bile beans, cod liver oil, Minard's Linament or Dodd's Kidney Pills)? Do you ever wonder what's new? Do you ever wonder what's on at the Gaiety? Do you ever wonder what to give Mary for a wedding present (something not too expensive but GOOD looking)? Do you ever wonder what time it is? Do you ever wonder what he's going to do next? Do you ever wonder if its going to rain? Do you ever wonder if your legs are too big to wear knee lengths? Do you ever wonder if the eggs are done (only to discover they've been cooking for 17 minutes)? Do you ever wonder if this can be the right street (it looks so run-down)? Do you ever wonder what made you pay that much for such an awful looking old rag? Do you ever wonder why only God can make a tree? Do you ever wonder if you can remember the name of the dwarfs or the quints? Do you ever wonder if it's true what they say about Dixie? Do you ever wonder (ah! but you can't be naughty and still be nice)?

Now, I wonder what you wonder.



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