

ARTEMIS STAGES A COMEBACK

It all started when a group of aristocrats in Jones House decided that it would be unwise for the pure and proper co-eds of our university to enter campus residence life without the necessary precautionary measures.

So to uphold the honor of the young ladies at stake, the Jones House clan appealed to Artemis, protectress of Womanhood, the Home and the Hearth. To receive the full benefit of her bounty, it is necessary to carry out the ancient ceremony of purification. The boys decided to purify Lady Dunn Hall, Friday night.

Due notice was served to all no the day preceding the ritual. A proper Proclamation was carried to the Maggie Jean, where it was read to the assembled maidens in the Dining Hall. Adequate proclamation notices were also posted about the University.

On Friday, at 10:30 p.m. a torch was lighted at the Maggie Jean and carried to the new residence. Thus traditionally the fire of the old home was carried to the new. The torch was received by a Maiden in virginal White, who then ignited the hearth of the new home. A final warning was served to any evil spirits, witches and vampires who might be still living in the dwelling to come out. Those spirits who did not leave were doomed to suffer the consequences and a team of three spirit exterminators scoured the residence for any remaining spirits.

One stubborn witch was found on the top floor of the new building and thrown to the ground by the spirit exterminators. Then she was carried of to the fire where she was burnt at the stake.

Lady Dunn Hall was then proclaimed to be pure and free of all evil spirits which might lead the highly moral young women of this campus astray. Thus the rites of Artemis were concluded.

Time will tell just how successful they were!

*Any hound a porcupine nudges,
Can't be blamed for harbouring
grudges.
I know a hound that laughed all
winter
At a porcupine that sat on a
splinter.*

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Sex symbols strike shaggy maggie—Seen left to right appropriately clad as envoys of the Rites of Artemis are: Rae Bailey, Joe Mulder and Barry Savage.

THE BRIGADIER

Dear Editor:

It is reported in the press that Mr. Michael Wardell, publisher is to be awarded honours at the University on 4 October. Many of us who have watched his career here as publisher of the Gleaner have been amazed and pleased with the leadership he has given in this province and in the Atlantic District generally.

Mr. Wardell has strongly advocated the construction of the Chignecto Canal and other worthwhile Maritime projects and about a year ago I composed some verses in tribute to his energetic actions.

I am enclosing these verses and if it suits your purpose you may publish them in your college paper or magazine.

Yours sincerely
Harry P. Wade
574 King's College Road
Fredericton.

Written as a tribute to Brigadier Michael Wardell, Publisher of the
Daily Gleaner and the Atlantic Advocate.

THE BRIGADIER

*Who is this hero of my rhyme
Who stirs my soul to heights sublime?
Who keeps awake, while others sleep
And vigil with our affairs does keep?
Who puts our interests to the fore
And never falters in the war
Against the foes of our corps?
The Brigadier!*

*Who is this chap—this English bloke
Who came from 'London in the smoke'—
Not 'London in the bush, or snow'
But 'Where the Queen lives', don't you know?
A warrior of some renown to face
Who never took a backward pace,
But stands four square upon his base!
The Brigadier!*

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Terry Toons

Convocation was brightened up by a new and refreshing novelty. A short speech! It seems a shame that this idea of a short speech couldn't have started some years ago. On second thought maybe Dr. Wardell wasn't trying to establish a precedent, but rather to get home to watch the World Series game.

Speaking of time and things related to it, what about the timetables? It seems odd that one must wait until registration before getting one, instead of being able to figure out courses ahead of time from a timetable printed in the university Calendar. This is common practice in many Canadian universities and it would certainly save a lot of time and confusion.

Red 'n' Black is only five weeks away. Now that might seem like a long time to most of you but it's not. Get more skits together fast and turn up to-night at Memorial Hall.

Just as a matter of interest, Carol Freeman of the Ryersonian Column, "Nobody Asked Me," came out with this one.

"Did you hear about the Indian chief with three wives. One wife lived in a house of deer skin, one in a house of buffalo hides and one lived in a house of hippopotamus hide.

The first wife gave birth to a daughter, the second had a son and the third had twins.

Which all goes to prove that the sum of the hippopotamus is equal to the sum of the other two hides."

I have been informed that the higher echelons of the freshette pack frowned upon comments regarding them in this column last week—truth hurts eh?

Incidentally, the rumor that all the co-eds have dates for the Fall Formal is completely false, in fact for the most part, they're pretty desperate. If you find time in the evening, give a girl a call and ask her; she might even accept.

*Besides recording others' views
This man is known for making news!
In every corner of the land
Is felt the grip of his firm hand;
He is our mentor, guide and friend
Upon whose services we depend,
From day to day—world without end!!
Our Brigadier!*

*Who from Hernandez's hideaway
Views the whole scene without dismay,
And gives us warning when it seems
The road ahead with danger beams!
Who to the presses gives the word
That spreads the tidings to be heard?
(His pen is mightier than a sword!)
The Brigadier!*

*Who is this chap that rings the chimes
Calling the tunes for these Maritimes?
Who stands on guard for you and me
And puts our case where it ought to be?
Who championed the Chignecto Gate,
Refused to heed the doom of fate,
But carried the fight to the Head of State?
Your Brigadier!*

*Without him—Ah, the place is still!
His shoes are surely hard to fill;
No build-up for your meet—no date,
No Gleaner and no Advocate!
None to not if we live or die;
None to explain the reason why;
None to distinguish truth from lie!
No Brigadier!*

*O fellow people! It seems we are
Frankly too unconcerned by far;
We sleep, when we should be awake
And firm our stand beside him take;
A little boost, a word of praise
Is helpful in so many ways;
In truth, co-operation pays!
Eh Brigadier!*

*So here's to all that hold the fort
And freely tender their support
Of one who makes our cause his own
And never lets our country down!
We too, should climb on board his van,
Give him all the support we can
And Hail with pride—our lead-off man!
The Brigadier!*

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