

Letter re Frosh Week, 1949.

Oct. 1, 1949  
10924 – 81 Ave.

Dear Family:

We moved today. We sat on our bed and it nearly caved through to the floor. Oh well, floors are comfortable!

Marilyn, you can start cooking because we're going to be darn hungry when we get home. If there is a fatted calf anywhere near, please kill it. I could eat a cow!

For dinner she [our new landlady] served us each a bowl of milk soup. Then, while I was still wondering what we were going to have she placed dessert in front of us – jello and bananas. Lots of fun!

Our room is rather small and we're cramped for space in which to put things but somehow we managed to put everything away (except what we're bringing home next weekend).

This week has been very wild – you may have thought I was on the go all the time last winter but Frosh Week takes the cake. I am on the Gateway and got my first assignment on Wednesday. Monday night I made posters in the basement of Athabasca, Tuesday night was the snake dance and [a] sock dance in the Ed. gym. Contrary to the Bulletin report though, there was police interference. While we were on Whyte Ave. – somewhere near the bowling alley I saw three policemen breaking up the line. They were swinging clubs around and arrested three boys. These three kids managed to keep annoying the cop who was trying to take them in. Finally they got all the doors in the [police] car open and leaped out. They got away.

At the dance I met a very nice Chem. student from Wetaskiwin. He danced the last half of the dances with me and took me home.

Wed. we had Pres. Newton's address and afterwards Phyl. and I went over to Mrs. McBride's for coffee. Rod lent me [his] Botany text for the winter, thus saving me \$4.50.

Thursday night we had the Waunita scavenger hunt. One of the items we had to find was a red-headed man. That took most of our time but we couldn't seem to find one wandering about the campus so we went to St. Steve's. We found one there but there were a few complications. He dared us [all ten] to come up and get him and like a darn fool I agreed and ripped after him taking the stairs two at a time. [The] Rest of the girls followed and before we knew it we were all on the fourth floor. So we went shouting up and down corridors looking for this red-headed male. All of a sudden there was a yell from one of the kids – the darn boys had shut and locked the door over the stairs. So we did the only thing we could -- made a dash for the fire escape – but someone slammed it [shut] almost smashing my fingers. It wasn't very long before they'd grabbed one of the girls and headed for the bathroom, filled the tub and soaked her thoroughly. Then they grabbed me and another girl and herded us in. After a long struggle we managed to get free. There was a slight diversion as another party of girls came up the front steps. By this time, two other girls had been tubbed. With the excitement downstairs and so forth, we managed to get the door opened [and] eight or nine of us sped down the stairs. On the third floor, I suddenly realized that two of the girls were still up there, so I told the kids

who were wet to go home and change and I got the others to come back with me because it was really my fault. No sooner did I have us all speeding down the steps again than about 15 of the guys swarmed after us. I'd gotten back to the third floor before they caught up to me and next thing I knew I was being carried bodily back to the 4th floor, screaming, yelling, kicking and pleading all the way. They had just gotten to the door of the bathroom when someone with an authoritative voice said, "This has to stop – it's gone far enough." Then he added that they would get into trouble with the University, so they dropped me in the middle of the hall.

By that time the hall was covered with water but at least I was dry except for a faintly damp feeling here and there. While I was still sitting there trying to get my breath I heard someone exclaim, "Boy were you lucky". And he wasn't kidding. So we ran all the way down the four flights of stairs and then slowed down. That was a mistake too. As I strolled nonchalantly down the last few steps a bucket of water caught me head on and soaked my hair and my sweatshirt. More fun!

After that we headed back to Pem. and lo and behold we met a real cute red-head meandering our way. I grabbed him by the hand and dragged him back to Pem. As it turned out, he'd been there already with another group but it didn't really matter. We'd lost anyway because we spent too much time in St. Steve's and later in the Med. Building, crashing the men's smoker.

Then we all hiked down to the outdoor cabin and sang and ate.

Friday, lectures started, and guess what, my Russian Prof. [Dr. O. Starchuk] came right up to me in class and shook hands with me and introduced himself. I'm the only girl in the class and it's going to be loads of fun I th—think.

In the afternoon was Frosh Court and me with 2 subpoenas! The Bible on which they swore me in had two thin wires strung across it. When I put my hand on it, naturally, I got a horrible shock. They put me in the dock and put a noose around my neck. Rigged along the rope was a plastic tube, through which they squirted water down poor innocent victim's necks. The hangman whispered in my ear (he was very nice) that they wouldn't do it to me and as it turned out, they couldn't -- something broke.

They also had a wind machine set up underneath [the dock], calculated to make any skirt go flying. But there was a curtain around the box. After they were through with me they allowed me to go back and sit with Neville. Later they decided that they needed a jury and called for "Miss Stewart" (meaning my sister, Joan). So after she had gone up there, Neville looked at me and said "you're Miss Stewart, get up there". I went and that is why the [Edmonton] Bulletin took a picture of me standing in the prisoner's dock and the [Edmonton] Journal, one of me sitting in the jury.

After Frosh Court there was another dance with free all-day suckers for everyone – a ten dance they called it. Then in the evening Jo went on the hayride and I went to an organizational meeting of the "Octopus" (one more chance to try out my journalistic talents).

Tonight Jo and I are trying to decide to go to the Mixer dance and tomorrow???

See you all next weekend when the three of us get there.

Love, Ardis

The Cast of Characters:

Ardis –Ardis [Stewart] Kamra, B.A., 1952 & M.Ed., 1969; also B.L.S., Univ. of Toronto, 1953; & Ed. D. Univ. of Washington, 1976.

Joan/Jo –Joanna [Stewart] Seward, 1947 – 50 in B. Ed. Program, received her degree later at the Univ. of Calgary.

Marilyn – Marilyn [Stewart] Schroder, B .Ed., U. of A., 1957.

Phyl –Phyllis Clark, BA, 1952. She had worked at the Camrose Canadian for a number of years including the time I worked there.

Neville – Neville Lindsay, B.A., U. of A., 1950, L.L.B., Dalhousie, 1952, Neville's father was a prominent Edmonton Lawyer, Neville practiced Law in Calgary until his death in the seventies.

The three coming home for Thanksgiving included my boyfriend Syd R.

The Stewarts lived in Camrose. Each of the Stewart sisters married a U. of A. grad.

