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J. C. SMITH.

St. John Street,
Fredericton, N.B.
ember 17, 1952.

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Slabs and Edgings

By Murph & Hatch

The senior foresters had an enjoyable and quite eventful trip to Newcastle last Thursday. Visits were made to Fraser Company's Kraft pulp mill and Trafalgar Mills where 'Plas-wood', a compressed chip board, was seen being made. Both conducted tours were interesting and would have been more enjoyable had we not given up two dollars each for the bus. The naturally exuberant good spirits of the class were let loose on the bus trip and a most enjoyable time was had by all but one.

A sample of the Forestry Christmas cards for this year is posted on the third floor notice board. The design was worked out by Gord Fenton and Al Gordon; an excellent job. Anyone wishing to buy a few will have to order now by leaving his name and order on the third floor.

We have a little poem this week that we would like to dedicate to anyone (but someone in particular). There are several reasons for drinking. And one has just entered my head. If a man can't drink when he's living, How the H can he drink when he's dead?

Since many people will be going off into the bush next summer, we would like to warn them, while there is still time, about some of the strange creatures they are bound to meet. We will attempt to include one each week. To start with, we will take up the Sidehill Gouger. This ferocious animal is found in hilly country. Its characteristic feature is that its legs on one side are shorter than on the other. This enables it to run around hills with very little trouble. As may be expected, there are two varieties of this animal: the clockwise sidehill gouger and counterclockwise gouger. The latter is found only west of the Rockies and is by far the fiercer of the two. However, since they can only climb hills by spiralling, they can be easily avoided by merely moving up or down the slope a few feet.

From Japan comes a new plywood. It is bamboo plywood especially suited for floors, wall panelling and table tops. Coming in one foot squares and sheets up to 3' by 6', it resembles an ink blot.

We think we've got troubles! Seems as if folks over in Shebba, England, got rock troubles just like us, only they have to do something about it. According to legend, the stone was dropped near the church by the devil on his way to hell. The stone must be turned over every Nov. 5, for if it stays in the same place for two years, evil will come to the village. So for longer than anyone can remember, six sturdy men with crowbars roll the stone over as the village parson commands, "Turn the Shebba Stone!" Our own stone hasn't been around for two years, but if things start happening there, we'll know what's to blame and a possible solution. Who knows but what poor little Eyesore may have a more ominous tone than might appear.

A suggestion has reached our little ears that the Forestry Association buy the materials for a monster brew to be cooked in the Dry Kiln under controlled heat and humidity. Under the loving care of the Alex Brewmasters' Ass'n. it should rival anything on the market. The idea might be worth working on.

For your dancing pleasure . . .
MUSIC BY
DICK BALLANCE
AND THE
—ORCHESTRA—
Phone 4298

Σ Λ Β Ρ

The two major problems disturbing the minds of residents of late appear to have been disposed of, at least temporarily, to the satisfaction of most members of the house.

Since a conference between Dr. Trueman, Dr. Jones, Mr. Macaulay and Mrs. Neilson, a welcome change has come over meals served in the dining hall. Even the most critical resident must agree that very satisfactory meals are now being served again. That such an improvement has resulted after complaints had been registered by residents, must show that the University authorities DO have our comfort in mind. It is to be hoped that the standard of meals will remain at its present level for the remainder of the year.

Perhaps not so satisfactorily solved was the problem concerning the use of the residence by S.C.M. delegates during the Christmas recess. Rumours which had been percolating throughout the residence were mostly confirmed by Dr. Jones when he addressed the house last week on that subject. Dr. Jones confirmed that S.C.M. delegates would occupy the house for a few days and that the residents would have to remove all personal possessions from their rooms. Store rooms would be provided on each floor for the safe keeping of residents' property. It was Dr. Jones' opinion that since such a situation as this arises very rarely, house-members should not be too offended by what is, after all, a necessary offer of welcome to a visiting group of students.

An unofficial poll taken after Dr. Jones' address revealed that the house members were divided approximately as follows:—

Those in favour of admitting the delegates because such a situation rarely occurs and because it is necessary to extend hospitality to our visitors—50%.

Those against admitting the delegates in principle but not wishing to oppose such a decision by petition or protest—40%.

Diehards—10%.

At the same house meeting, residents expressed their approval of the Forestry Association's move to abolish sales tax on text books. The only opposition came from the campus communist, Bill Barwick, who attacked the motion on the grounds that it was an attempt by the Foresters to restrict other peoples' rights (i. e. the right to pay sales tax).

Seniors in the residence are keenly looking forward to Friday night's Senior Class Social. Top of the bill attraction is the floor show featuring the original, one and only "Shepherd's Follies".

Two floodlights now shine from the ends of the residence shedding light on our magnificent mud roads and revealing some of the bottomless pits therein. Also basking in their radiance are our ditches complete with rotted basketball and football posters dating back to September. Money spent in these lights could well have gone towards a fund for paving our roads.

We wonder why it is that no copies of the Brunswickan are delivered to the Residence this year whereas about 300 copies go to the electrical building. Of these 300 copies, about 100 are read and the rest finally assist in lighting the furnace in that building. This state of affairs must be the responsibility of Business Manager Jud Purdy. How about a little action in that quarter Jud?

The "Man of the Week" award has this week been awarded not on the basis of merit as in past weeks but on the basis of unusual achievement in what is an unusual field for our nominee. Suffice it to say that Bernie Scott spent last Thursday evening and part of Friday morning in the company of what has been described in informed circles as a female. Whilst not intending to give our readers any false impressions, they might do well to note also that our "Man of the Week" has since booked a passage by air to England. Further comment is not needed and indeed might be detrimental to Mr. Scott's character.

—EUREKA & TOBICLES.

The Field Trip

A group of the chaps were bouncing about on the Foresters' chartered bus;

The Kid that handled the conductor's punch was causing a bit of a fuss,
Up at the front, on a leather seat, sat the driver with whom to reckon,
For watching his chance on a downhill grade slipped it from low to second.

And out of the bush which was Balsam Fir, and into the din and noise

We whistled along the Doaktown streets, the SMT loaded with boys,

Doaktown looked like a man with a foot in the grave and scarcely the strength of a louse,

Yet the Mounties were up and brushing their teeth, for we stopped in front of their house.

There was none could say just what was up, though we searched ourselves for a clue,

But we drank our health and sang a song, "That Good Old Mountain Dew!"

There's men that somehow just grip your eyes, and hold them hard like a spell,

And such was he, and he looked to we, like a man who had lived in hell.

With a face most bare and the dreary stare of a dog whose day is done

As he entered the bus he sideways turned and looked at us one by one,

Then I got to figgering who he was, and wondering what he'd do

And I turned my head—and there watching him was the other forty-two.

His eyes went rubbering round the bus, and he seemed in a kind of daze,

Till at last some lunch boxes fell in the way of his wandering gaze,

The conductor kid up out for a drink, the driver was having a few,

So the Mountie stumbled down the aisle and said, "Anyone here got brew!"

In a coat of brown that should have been red he stood and I saw him grin,

"That's O.K. boys, I thought from the noise—somebody here had gin!"

PART TWO

The Return

Did you ever ride on the SMT, when the moon was awful clear,

And the drunks in the back seat hemmed you in with a noise you most could bear,

With only the purr of the Diesel's roar and you cramped there on your chair,

A half-dead drunk in a drunk, dead world, clean made for a breath of air,

While from the seat behind with a twing or twang the music swept in bars,

Then you've a hunch what that music meant—a party and drink without par.

A party not of the social kind, that serves up crumpets and tea,

But the drinking party of lonely men going home from a day-long spree,

With real good brew for the fortunate few, green bottle with a cap above,

But oh! so craftful of cosy joy, and crowned with a Forester's love,

A brew that is dearer than all the world, and brewed as good brew is brewed,

God! how ghastly they look—through the smoke—the boys with the bottles of brew.

Then on a sudden the music will change, so soft that you scarce can hear

But you lift your voice in a hymn of praise of all that you now hold dear,

Then someone has stolen off into the night and you have to sit and wait,

And your guts are gone, but the best for you, is to guess who's keeping you late.

It's the crowning fit of the homeward trip, and you sit and curse and swear,

The lost comes back, the bus moves on, you haven't a fear or care.

The music almost dies away—then it bursts like a pent-up flood,
It seems to say "Parade, Parade", and you're up to your ankles in mud,
The thought comes back of a dirty wrong, and it stings like a frozen lash,

And the lust awoke to kick and curse—the autobus stops with a crash,
And the driver turns and his eyes they burn in a most peculiar way,
In a uniform blue, that smells of goo, he sits and we see him sway.

Then his lips go into a kind of a grin, and he speaks and his voice is calm,
And "Boys," says he, "you don't know me, and none of you care a damn,
But I want to state, and my words are straight and I'll bet my pay they're true,
That the brakes have ceased, and I'm going to sneeze, and I'm
And there's nothing you can do."

Then we duck our heads as the lights go out and we stand around in the dark,

And a woman screams, and the lights go up—a store, well, what a lark,
Grabbing the money as if it were honey—the storekeeper makes his haul,

While we crowd around the counter he says,
"Business ain't bad at all."

These are the simple facts of the trip, and I guess I ought to know,

They say the boys were drunk with hooch, and I'm not denying it's so,

I'm not so wise as these pre-Law guys, but strictly over a brew,

'Twas the conductor kid that flipped his lid and caused enough hell for two.

F B O - Z Y X A B C

Can mean anything

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P. D. Q.
Can only be
HARVEY WOODS
No Button
Underwear

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\$5.95

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DAISY SMITH