

PS

THE FEATURES SHEET

TEACHERS

in at College Field
rally, by a wave of
oyal supporters who

ould expect. After
utdown only three
ball, and continued
all afternoon, piling
onction line seemed
of a faster backfield

partisan crowd to
e pioneers who are
e Maritimes. Some
ould have no trouble
mmies this weekend.

roduction of basket-
football, even though
ame a bit more of a
r that the Bombers'
to go overboard
ght even cause the
of their ability. This
before.

this same Tri-Service
unt. The following
for a game with St.
little notice of the
whipping UNB 19-8.
identical.

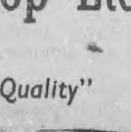
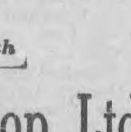
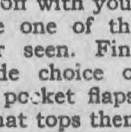
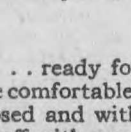
der-rated team which
s in the league finals,
e Maritime Final at
-estimation has been
what remains comes
s have been inflated
e the most popular

yers should be, that
e poorly conditioned
ence. The Bombers
ously when they win
at bear in mind that
icate their undefeated
of their mastery over

urity to the Brooklyn
eague baseball. The
etter team on paper;
at little extra on the
all obstacles.

redict a St. Thomas
afternoon at College
e Spectator . . .

omfort!



SLABS & EDGINGS

11 paces equals 1 chain (according to Archie's pacing),
80 chains equals 1 mile,
942 paces divided by 11 equals 85.6 chains,
85.6 chains divided by 80 equals 1.07 miles.
That's the story people — 1.07 miles of unpaved roads (more scenic that way) on the UNB campus.

Last week we took the lid off some of the mystery surrounding the flying saucers and as part of our regular contributions to the spread of scientific knowledge, this weeks' notable discoveries were these: Women have a lower specific gravity than men . . . male white rats, when given unlimited access to whiskey, don't drink enough to get stiff.

"Jag" Mackley's continental can was seen on the campus a short time ago. Could it be he was hunting for work? Anyone know whether Lord B's old job is a paying proposition? They DO seem to be hiring lots of young fellas around here lately.

Fire remains the greatest threat to Canada's rich timberlands. In 1951, forest fires destroyed 1,538,000 acres causing a total loss of \$5,200,000 to Canadian taxpayers.

Overheard in English 440:
Professor Freddy: "How would you punctuate this sentence? Mary went in swimming and lost her bathing suit".
Intermediate Forester: "I'd make a dash after Mary".

Don't forget the FORESTER'S BALL this Friday at the Beaverhouse. It's the biggest thing during Forestry Week next to the Hammerfest. A door prize will be given to some lucky (?) non-forester, entitling him to one year's honorary membership in the Forestry Association and to be our guest at the Hammerfest Saturday night.

SIGMA LAMBDA BETA RHO

BY
DIOGENES

Amid the smouldering wreckage of another week I see another deadline approaching. It will never be said by many that this week has been fraught by morbid silence around this place. In fact there was very little time in which to consider the significance of things.

The well known dances at the hotel are beginning to be a source of wonder to this person. It has been estimated that a human being takes up about 2.2 square feet of floor space when standing still. It is reasonable to assume that the same person would need at least four square feet in which to perform any sort of violent physical exercise. Now if that dance floor is more than half full when no one is dancing, how full is it when they start to play it sweet and hot? I have seen people who could pretty well occupy five or so square feet one after the other. On the other hand, why is it still so full when they play it soft and low when most people find ways of making 2.2 square feet do for two people.

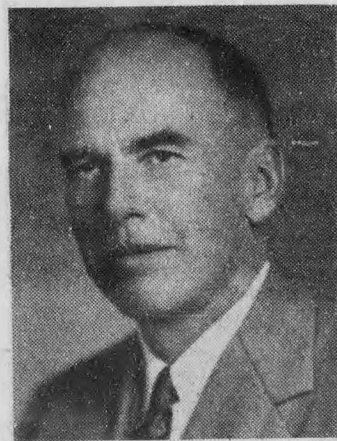
Mechanical vibrations and sounds of construction interrupted the sleep of some of the residents the other night. Whatever the nocturnal workers were doing remains a mystery but some of their equipment remained behind. Someone discovered a tractor hidden in an inconspicuous part of the Forestry building. Geologists suspect a plot to abscond with the rock.

There were two large pool parties at the residence this week. During the first one it was estimated that all the Freshmen were in and most of the Sophomores. The halls came in for their usual dose of punishment with the twenty or so wet ones squishing about.

A task force of Residence men was called to the Maggie Jean to help demolish a birthday cake which the girls (strange as it may seem) could not eat by themselves. Consensus of opinion among the men: "The cake was good but oh those liquid refreshments."

There has been a column appearing on this page with the daring title of "U NAME IT". Strictly speaking, there is no name for such a thing as that but we have considered the problem and now believe it should be called "The Scraggy Scene!"

Portrait Personalities



Fredericton (Special) — Dr. Earle O. Turner, Dean of Engineering, was born at Harvard, Mass., USA. He is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, graduating from that college in 1914 with a degree in civil engineering. Dr. Turner was engaged in Engineering in the US from 1914 to 1917.

In 1917-1918 he was a Lieutenant in the USAF, and then became a member of the UNB Engineering Faculty after receiving his discharge. He has been on the campus since that time and became the Dean of Engineering when the Board of Deans was established about nine years ago. In 1940 he was awarded the Degree of Dr. of Science at UNB.

Dr. Turner is the Consulting Engineer for various Montreal Engineering firms and is a past vice-president of the Engineering Institute of Canada. He is now the vice-president of the Royal Canadian Golf Association and a member of the Newcomen Society. He is also a member of the American Society for Engineering Education.



Fredericton (Special) — Bob Case, the treasurer of the SRC, is a Monctonian, and upon graduation from Moncton High in 1949 went to International Business Machine's Engineering School in New York. After completing his course at the IBM School, Bob worked in Toronto, London, Ont., and Halifax until 1951 as a customer engineer for IBM. Then he came to UNB to study Electrical Engineering.

He was an SRC representative in his sophomore year and is now chairman of the Finance Committee. He is a member of UIS and the UNB Radio Club.

For the past two summers Bob has been employed with the CNR in the Signal Division, working on Centralized Traffic Control. He hopes to complete his thesis, which involves the construction of an Electronic Calculator this year, and plans to do post graduate work at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Writer's Workshop

asdfjkl; - asdfjkl; - this will give you an idea of my state of mind as I proceeded up Queen Street towards my summer job.

Typing and I were friends of three days by now, and I hoped would be fast friends by September. Radio Station CFNB's continuity Department was my destination. Never before had my fingers felt so stiff nor my mind so confused! With trepidation and many misgivings I pushed rather slightly against the department's door . . . and to my dismay, it opened.

I was inside now. Everyone had looked up from his typewriter. The stillness was more deafening to me than the previous clatter of several capably handled typewriters. asdfjkl; was very poor consolation.

A slight, fair man of about twenty-four greeted me with a wide friendly smile. He was the head of the Continuity Dept. For the next half hour we toured the station. It was most interesting. The staff consisted of twenty-eight people of which the majority, I figured weren't much older than I.

Things looked far less overwhelming once I met the staff. By this time my tremors had subsided—that is, until I saw my desk! It was a large maple model, and to my horror, right in the middle of it was a terrifying typewriter! With little comfort I noted that the second row of keys had a faintly familiar appearance.

In a matter of minutes I was handed a list of sponsors for a strict schedule to follow. Twenty, forty and sixty second spots, flashes and commercial announcements were requested by certain sponsors for definite times. Most of the sponsors were Frederickton business men. Some were from Woodstock; other, Maine and St. John. I sat at my desk for a few moments feeling dumbfounded. Pamphlets, books and leaflets on hints for commercial writing soon covered the desk's top. John Clark and Son wanted two sixty second commercials during "Saddle Rocking Rhythm Time", advertising Westinghouse Electric Ranges. It was with great concern that I looked at the Westinghouse Appliance Book, at the competent staff about me, and finally at asdf!

I waited until the typewriters about me were steadily calling out a definite, loud rhythm. Then, ever so slowly, painstakingly, J. Clark and Son's commercial started to take form. Needless to say, every time the noise slackened about me, the tendency to type "Now is the time for all good men . . ." grew greater. Once the commercials were finished, the office boy placed them in the morning run.

In a matter of minutes I and 92,000 listeners would hear my first attempt at continuity writing on the air! Somehow I felt as if everyone of the 92,000 knew who wrote them too.

As the theme of "Saddle Rocking Rhythm" commenced, a surge of blood rushed to my face, an embarrassed, frightened feeling came over me. Never before had I experienced a feeling quite like this!

Then almost before I realized it, the first commercial was over and the second started: "Here's further information on the up-to-date cooking news from Clark's Store dept."

The announcer's voice was clear and forceful.

"The new Westinghouse Speed Electric Models have all the advantages of quick, clean electric cooking, in modern styling of white, chrome, crystal and colour. The B-24 Westinghouse range has the exclusive "Miracle Oven" that allows you to cook anywhere in the oven for even, golden results. . . . no rack shifting is necessary."

Surely that point would make an impression on housewives! The announcement went on . . . "Each unit has five even heats for your convenience . . ."

Trying inconspicuously to look as though this were an everyday occurrence, I thumbed nervously through one of the pamphlets and occasionally glanced round the room for hints of the commercial's effect. Everyone was preoccupied in his work; everyone, that is, but the head of the department. He was listening intently. The commercial continued: "Large capacity roll-out drawer, electric timer, minute minder and automatic appliance outlet are some factors that make the B-24 Westinghouse range now on display at J. Clark and Son Limited as famous as it is. For better cooking results, and for tastier meals remember to be sure with Westinghouse."

"Be sure with Westinghouse." Quickly he looked at me . . . "That ought to sell some!" I felt as though I were a veteran of two wars!

Then the Senior and Freshmen Foresters were discussing classes . . . Senior: "You ought to take chloroform". Freshman: "Yeh? Who teaches it?" Let's Face It!

In order to find out what type of woman was preferred, the following question was asked in another of the famed Brunswickan Surveys: Do you prefer going out with a university co-ed, or a non-university female and why?

Here are a few views of prominent men on our campus . . . J.B.:—Forester: "I hate girls."

I.B.:—Arts: "I hate girls but love those co-eds. Why? Because they treat you as equals and open doors for you".

B.G.:—Arts: "University girls are gorgeous, beautiful and sensational!"

P.C.:—Bus. Admin.: "I like Zellers, I like Zellers, I like Zellers".

A.B.:—Engineers: "The girls here are no Lady Godivas, but we have 60 girls and 600 men and so I like the co-eds 'cause they have the guts to stay among us men."

J.P.: "University girls are slow, stupid, vain, conceited and show-off. The nicer ones have to get in too early . . . you have to get them home when the party is just starting."

Let's Face It! Well I better sign this off. I hear Canada is soon going to be without alcohol . . . Everyone is drinking "Canada Dry". Let's Face It, that joke has got to go!

and Son's commercial started to take form. Needless to say, every time the noise slackened about me, the tendency to type "Now is the time for all good men . . ." grew greater.

Once the commercials were finished, the office boy placed them in the morning run.

In a matter of minutes I and 92,000 listeners would hear my first attempt at continuity writing on the air! Somehow I felt as if everyone of the 92,000 knew who wrote them too.

As the theme of "Saddle Rocking Rhythm" commenced, a surge of blood rushed to my face, an embarrassed, frightened feeling came over me. Never before had I experienced a feeling quite like this!

Then almost before I realized it, the first commercial was over and the second started: "Here's further information on the up-to-date cooking news from Clark's Store dept."

The announcer's voice was clear and forceful.

"The new Westinghouse Speed Electric Models have all the advantages of quick, clean electric cooking, in modern styling of white, chrome, crystal and colour. The B-24 Westinghouse range has the exclusive "Miracle Oven" that allows you to cook anywhere in the oven for even, golden results. . . . no rack shifting is necessary."

Surely that point would make an impression on housewives! The announcement went on . . . "Each unit has five even heats for your convenience . . ."

Trying inconspicuously to look as though this were an everyday occurrence, I thumbed nervously through one of the pamphlets and occasionally glanced round the room for hints of the commercial's effect. Everyone was preoccupied in his work; everyone, that is, but the head of the department. He was listening intently. The commercial continued: "Large capacity roll-out drawer, electric timer, minute minder and automatic appliance outlet are some factors that make the B-24 Westinghouse range now on display at J. Clark and Son Limited as famous as it is. For better cooking results, and for tastier meals remember to be sure with Westinghouse."

"Be sure with Westinghouse." Quickly he looked at me . . . "That ought to sell some!" I felt as though I were a veteran of two wars!

Then the Senior and Freshmen Foresters were discussing classes . . . Senior: "You ought to take chloroform". Freshman: "Yeh? Who teaches it?" Let's Face It!

In order to find out what type of woman was preferred, the following question was asked in another of the famed Brunswickan Surveys: Do you prefer going out with a university co-ed, or a non-university female and why?

Here are a few views of prominent men on our campus . . . J.B.:—Forester: "I hate girls."

I.B.:—Arts: "I hate girls but love those co-eds. Why? Because they treat you as equals and open doors for you".

B.G.:—Arts: "University girls are gorgeous, beautiful and sensational!"

P.C.:—Bus. Admin.: "I like Zellers, I like Zellers, I like Zellers".

A.B.:—Engineers: "The girls here are no Lady Godivas, but we have 60 girls and 600 men and so I like the co-eds 'cause they have the guts to stay among us men."

J.P.: "University girls are slow, stupid, vain, conceited and show-off. The nicer ones have to get in too early . . . you have to get them home when the party is just starting."

Let's Face It! Well I better sign this off. I hear Canada is soon going to be without alcohol . . . Everyone is drinking "Canada Dry". Let's Face It, that joke has got to go!



U NAME IT

Well Guys and Dolls, here we are again to pass on to you the news of the Maggie Jean. The come-an-go girl, Claire Douglas, has left us once more.

Sir Barney de Bird is learning to talk . . . Jane spent two hours this morning saying "pretty boy" to it and from then on it was easy to teach it the proper vocabulary.

Last week, a number of beer bottles (if you'll pardon the expression) were found sprawling on the lawns and porch. It is believed that a certain Bob J. was the brain who engineered this brilliant project. A rest room sign was placed at our door but not many passers-by heeded it.

Two birthdays were celebrated last weekend by Jane and then Pat. Parties seem to be the order of the day, if everybody (i.e. the Men?) is out by eleven o'clock. We youngsters must get our sleep.

The Cheerleaders returned from Chatham last Saturday night and even though the game was unfortunately lost, the girls feel that they made some more friends (?).

One of our Freshie-sophs has been voicing her opinion all evening so we are going to give her an opportunity to make it known. This girl (P.W.) feels depressed and lonely. Not that we can do anything for her but maybe somebody up the hill can aid her in this plight.

We finally discovered that our moldy gifts of love came from the Delta-half-Deltas. Many thanks Boys. We appreciate your efforts to keep us from starvation.

The Girls of the Maggie Jean are in disagreement with the last "Slabs and Edgings" column. As much as the girls admire Dr. Kinsey and his findings, we feel that he is wrong about girls of 18. After my partner and I took a vote around the Maggie Jean, it was decided that all girls, by the tender age of sixteen have petted. We also feel that the authors of the column don't know what they are stating . . . Lack of experience was concluded as the reason.

Well, listen again next week for more news. Incidentally, we still don't have a name for this work of art so please send in more of your intelligent suggestions.

IMPERIAL RESTAURANT

Fine Food
Courteous Service

Phone 7381 -- 73 Carleton St.

ROSS DRUG Co., Ltd.

Operating
ROSS DRUG—UNITED STORES

402 Queen St. Phone 4451
602 Queen St. Phone 3142
361 Regent St. Phone 4311

RELIABLE
PRESCRIPTIONS

FOR YOUR
Kitten Collection

Soft cashmere-treated Lambswool . . . full-fashioned . . . hand-finished . . . shrink-proof . . . moth-proof. \$6.95, \$7.95, \$8.95. Jewelled and others higher. At good shops everywhere.