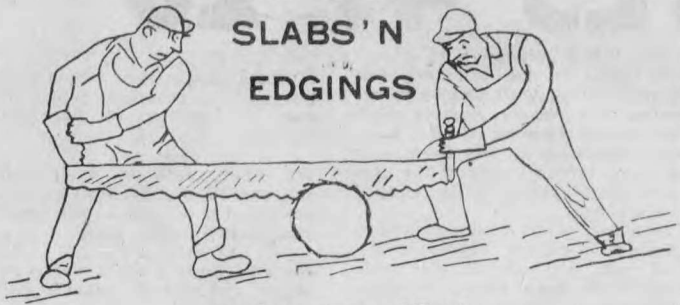


FEATURES



SLABS 'N EDGINGS

by Jack, Jim and Paul

The regular meeting of the Forestry Association was held on Monday night February 1st. General business was concerned mostly with Monte Carlo. Nite which is to be held on February 20th after the basketball game.

After the business was completed an interesting talk was given on "Big Game" by Mr. Bruce Wright who is director of Fish and Game for the Department of Lands and Mines. This talk was followed by the usual coffee and do-nuts and a movie on the 1954 World Series. Surprisingly enough, many Electrical Engineers turned out to see this.

Monte Carlo is well under way with all the old stand-by games: Crown and Anchor, Roulette, Electric Roulette, Rainbow, Over and Under, Craps, etc. To these will be added new games.

For those who don't know what Monte Carlo is: it is a chance to try your luck. For 25c. admission you obtain \$1000 in Monte Carlo money with which you play the games. In another room there is dancing for those who wish; however, we have found that most people do not indulge in this sport as long as they are able to play the tables. Plan now to attend the Gym on February 20th. There will be a basketball game, after which the Foresters will present their fourth Annual Monte Carlo. Bring your friends.

Because the Engineers have open house this week does not mean that we should have had open house in our Reading Room last week, as several Engineers found out. They were "civilly" asked to leave. Enough said.

When the Santa Fe Railroad was making its first trip across the desert, a circus was on board. One of the monkeys died and was carelessly thrown off the train. The Indians, following the train on their ponies, stopped to look at it, and never having seen a monkey before, took it back to the medicine man to find out what it was. The medicine man looked at it for a long time, then pried open its eyelids and peered into its lifeless eyes. He scratched his head and after a few minutes replied, "Ugh, long ago Civil Engineer made love to cat."

When the President of the Forestry Association was asked how he enjoyed the Wassail he replied "Oh, yes, it was a fair party, but just a tea party compared with the Hammerfest".

Ain't gonna do it for a dime no more. Did it last night till my back was sore. Fifteen cents is now my price; I'll do it slow and I'll do it nice . . . Shoeshine, Mister?

For a Light Smoke and a Pleasing Taste



Call for PHILIP MORRIS



Confidentially

Since this is Engineering Week we'd like to draw our readers attention to the large number of budding engineers on this campus who some day hope to set the world on fire; or, of course, even if they do, they will need the engineers to help them put it out!

Last week (Co-ed Week—surely you remember) was very exciting. Due to below zero weather the various outdoor events had a sparse attendance; however, indoor events such as the Apache Dance, the climax of the week, were a rip-roaring success. Vivent les hommes francs!

The sports women in the house have been bringing home some laurels lately—the swimming team has beaten the Saint John team once and are hoping for a repeat performance again this Saturday. The girls' basketball team defeated Acadia. Unfortunately they were beaten by Dalhousie. Next week, the badminton team leaves for intercollegiate competition. Carol Ann, one of the girls of Kelly's Pool Hall, decided that billiards were detrimental to her health, so she went home for a rest. Di Drew headed an expedition to New Hampshire.

Poor Sheila O'Connor was forced to vacate her room. There was a small accident and the walls caved in.

When are we going to be able to buy coffee on the campus? Have you noticed that many more lectures are being held in the Paradise Restaurant? Everyone is there but the profs.

We had intended to nominate an engineer as "Man of the Week" but after carefully examining all existing records and graphs, etc., we came to the conclusion that it was impossible to make a choice so we nominated Sheila Caughey, a lady, as Engineer of the Week.

Reflections

by "LIZ"

Ah! Another of those eventful "weeks" not National Kleenex Week, not Let's Drink Orange-pop Week—but . . . Engineering Week!

When I think of Engineers, my thoughts automatically turn to Wassails. Wassails, are, as you know, taboo to the fairer sex. This reminds me that this is a women's column, and has no place in an engineers' paper. I conclude here then, with a curtsy to the noble Engineers.



Sigma Lambda Beta Rho BY DIOGENES

Well, at last our long awaited formal is past. One unbiased observer was scouting around the building during the night and was seen to be recording some apparently interesting information which I was able to obtain for this column. The following are the notes made by the said observer.

What was in Bob Cass' room, and why were so many people going in and out of there?

Why did the people coming up from the pool look so much more dishevelled than those going down?

What were all the coconuts doing at one of the tables? What kept them from upsetting?

Why did no one fall into the pool this time?

When was the art work done on the lounge shades?

Presumably no research is to be done on these problems. Seriously, many residents feel that the formal was one of the best residence formal in some years.

Last week there was a giggling group of co-eds in the pool doing their best to look glamorous in swim suits for the sake of their "guests" during the Co-ed Week splash party. This event was followed by a splash party of our own at which most of the splashers were more fully dressed. As usual, great quantities of water were slopped on the stairs and upper floors to the chagrin of Scotty, our "Happy Wanderer."

As this is the Engineers' Brunswickan, we will make no further cracks about their new column, except that in their title we can see no representation of Electrical Engineers. Perhaps the ignition system on the bulldozer is enough for them!

And finally, from our "Verses of Famous Songs" department:

A giddy young trollop from Yale.
Had prices tattooed on her tail;
And on her behind,
For the sake of the blind
A duplicate version in Braille.

ARTSMEN'S LAMENT

I have been balled out, balled up, held down, held up, black-jacked, walked on, cheated, squeezed and mooched; stuck for war tax, excess profits tax, state dog tax, and syntax; Liberty bonds, baby bonds, and bonds of matrimony; Red cross, green cross and double cross; asked to help the society of John the Baptist, G.A.R., Women's Relief Corps, Men's Relief, and stomach relief. I have worked like hell and been worked like hell, have been drunk and got others drunk; lost all I had and now because I won't spend and lend the little I earn and go beg, borrow, or steal, I have been cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to and talked about; lied to, lied about, held up, hung up, robbed and damn near ruined, and the only reason I am hanging around now is to see what in hell is coming next!

UNIVERSITY of NEW BRUNSWICK



Courses Leading to B.A., B.Sc., B.Ed., B.C.L.
B. Admin.; Graduate courses for Master's Degrees and Ph.D. in Organic Chemistry

- arts
- science
- engineering
- law
- forestry
- education
- business administration

Pre-Medical and Pre-Dentistry Courses
for information write the Registrar,
Fredericton, N.B.



Engineering week is on, and it's not too late to take in the remainder of the stupendous events which the Engineering Society has planned for you. This evening is the setting for "Open House", an event which every engineering student, let alone every UNB student, should attend.

The Lord Beaverbrook Hotel is expected to have its biggest fling of the year when the Engineer's Ball commences at 9:30 p.m. this coming Friday. Ken Bartlett, chairman of the dance committee, said that the evening is planned to entertain everyone. Prizes will be given away with the highlight being the selection of a "Belle of the Engineers Ball".

To a request in a large newspaper for 1 Queen's graduate in Mechanical Engineering, came the following reply: "Do you want two McGill graduates or one UNB grad working half time?"

A spacious room at one of the local halls was the setting for "The Wassail", one of the most irrefragable events of the year.

The meeting was well represented by the engineering students from all years, with the freshmen in full force. The ceremony commenced at seven o'clock with the President of Alcoholics Unanimous, Local 76 (Fredericton Branch) leading a line of bleary-eyed engineers and singing the engineers' song.

After all had assembled, the president commented on an extensive survey which had been made, revealing that man had been drinking since he first set foot on earth. "Early cavemen," he continued, "did not form bands for defense, nor for means of survival, but rather, to raise grapes necessary to make their wine."

Then the freshmen, kneeling unsteadily, repeated the pledge and staggered from the platform with candles mounted in the necks of their beer bottles.

Superstition surrounds the ceremony: the boys holding bottles with Moosehead labels will marry Co-eds, while those with Red Ball labels will have a share in the Saint John Brewery. At one point in the ceremony, three of the freshmen had to be forcefully ejected from the chamber when they were caught changing their Moosehead labels.

The ceremony was adjourned with the arrival of the local police force.

WHICH I DRANK

I had twelve bottles of whiskey in my cellar, and my wife told me to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink, or else—, so I said I would, and proceeded with the unpleasant task.

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass, which I drank.

I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass, which I drank.

I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle, and emptied the whiskey down the sink, with the exception of one glass, which I drank.

I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank.

I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle and drank the glass. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour.

When I had everything empty I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles, corks, glasses and sinks with the other, which were 28. To be sure, I counted them again and when they came by, I had 74, and as the house came by I counted them again, and finally had all the houses, bottles, corks, glasses, and sinks counted, except one house, which I drank.

Editor's note—He is not as much under the alcfluence of incohol as some thinkle peep he is!



The Day Begins Divinely!

Kitten Orlon Classics

... light as a feather ... soft as the softest cashmere ... in an exciting bouquet of new colours ... Apricot, Helio, Charcoal, Olive Green, Chamois, Chartreuse, as well as twelve other fashion colours. Full-fashioned, hand-finished, shrink-proof, moth-proof ... and so simple to care for! At good shops everywhere. \$6.95, \$7.95, \$8.95.

by GLENAYR

For Your Complete Photographic Needs

PORTRAITS — PICTURE FRAMING
SNAPSHOT FINISHING — COPYING and ENLARGING
CAMERAS and ACCESSORIES

See

THE HARVEY STUDIOS

FREDERICTON, N.B.

Phone 6461

:::

Queen Street