



— FEATURES —



Why the Editor Left Town . . .

Somebody sent the editor of the Poketown Gazette a few bottles of home brew. The same day he received for Publication a wedding announcement and a notice of an auction sale. Here are the results:

"William Smith and Miss Mary Anderson were disposed of at public auction at my farm one mile east of a beautiful cluster of roses on her breast, and two white calves, before a background of farm implements, too numerous to mention in the presence of about seventy guests including two milk cows, six mules and one bob-sled. Rev. Jackson tied the knot with two hundred feet of hay-ropes and the bridal couple left on one good John Deere gang plow for an extended trip with terms to suit purchaser. They will be at home to their friends with one good baby buggy and a few kitchen utensils from date of sale to responsible parties and some fifty chickens."

(Taken from Brunswickan of 1924).

RED 'N' BLACK PLANS MADE

Plans for the annual Red 'n Black Revue have already been started. A meeting on Tuesday night revealed a few facts about the show that will be staged on February 19, 20 & 21 of '58. It will be produced by George Andrin. The opening number will again be written by Steve Patterson and in addition to the usual "Kick Line" composed of the co-eds, a change will be made and UNB Males will form a Masculine Kick Line. It is also hoped that the Foresters and the Alexander Athletic Club will have skits in this year's production.

The highlight of the meeting on Tuesday was the showing of movies taken at last year's Red 'n Black. It is hoped that many will be willing to participate in the coming show.

The next meeting will be held after Christmas.

MILLICENT and MAGOO

The gates were painted, who were they
Who did not dare it during the day;

The damage great, there seemed no reason,
Unless it was the football season.

Of course you've all read the Times report on college activities and of course, you've read our first column in which we reported the same observations. Colleges are, for the greater part, polluted by mature individuals who are working toward a self-satisfying, adult life. There are the exceptions, such as the painting of other university's buildings and monuments, which seem to indicate the reverse.

However, on the whole, our students do, in the words of Dean Wilbur Bender of Harvard and quoted from Time magazine:

"Want to do something about the world. But they feel they have to know a lot more in their minds before they can become effective. They are not weak. They are strong and they are serious."

ATTENTION CHEMISTS

The UNB student chapter of the Chemical Institute of Canada (CIC) will hold a meeting on Wednesday, November 27th at 7:00 p.m. in Room C-3 of the Chemistry Building. At that time Dr. Douglas Attack of the Pulp and Paper Research of Canada, will talk on Recent Studies on the Mechanics of Sliding and Rolling Friction." Everyone interested in Chemistry or Chemical Engineering is invited.

EngineEars by Red 'N Black

We, the editors of EngineEars, were passing by the men's residence the other day when a page from somebody's notebook floated down at our feet. Picking up the page and deciphering the writing, we realized that it must be a page out of one of the English Gentlemen's diaries. So that the owner can claim it, we decided to print it in our column as a public service feature.

Nov. 13—6:30 a.m.—Rudely awakened by some dastardly notes from the bell tower. Called Nanny for my usual pot of tea—realized I was in the colonies, so consoled myself by reaching under my bed and grasping my last remaining bottle of scotch whiskey. Bottle in one hand—birth certificate (age 21 years) in the other—I arose, slipped my new corduroys (1939) over my nightshirt and proceeded to hunt for one of my shorter scarves sufficient only for a hat and overcoat. Finding one, I ventured forth to classes—received a few tests back—failed all three of them—educational standards deplorable in Canada. Retired to student centre and mulled over possibility of writing *The Ego and I* a feature for the Brunswickan—sounds fascinating. Got to reminiscing about Mossy Hall, our country estate in Deeth Heath—decided to retire to the library and read the *London News*. Was relieved to find most articles (The Ripper, axe murders, and increases in common law marriages) normal but rather upset to find Philip challenged to a Tiddle-winks duel . . .



Sigma Lambda Beta Rho

By the "Jones Boys"

Canada's Oldest Student Publication

Oh! the Jones Boys
They're learning still
On the side of the hill
They went to learn in a history class
How New Brunswick laws used to be a farce.

Jeez! Way back in 1894 some of New Brunswick's laws were so archaic and anachronistic as to be unbelievable. Boys, d' you realize the virtuous Victorians in N. B. even vehemently vented their vicious views against your taking your girl out. Laugh—but legally you had to be 21 before you could date for a dance or tickle your toot's tootsies. And then, unless you paid bootleg prices at illegal private establishments, she was only obtainable from the State-run institution at extortionate rates. She had to be taken home by the shortest route possible, and believe it or not you weren't even legally allowed to quickly snatch a quiet kiss in public (in fact she had to wear a customs stamped chastity belt, a seal to be broken under no circumstances until home).

Certainly it wasn't worth while letting your woman be seen at a Football game by any important local nonentity or a C.P. (cuddling preventer)—you'd be right up before the S.D.C. (Sex Discipline Controllers).

And all because of a few, interfering, influential frustrated females, the W.C.T.U. (Women's Celibacy Trust Union) who virtually controlled the official omnipotent N.B.L.C.B. (New Brunswick Lesbians Counterattraction Board). The inevitable result of such immoderate measures was overindulgence, on Friday and Saturday nights in particular, only lending more weight to the W.C.T.U.

Isn't it wonderful living in the civilized world of today?

Judo Presentation

Last Wednesday night at the Judo beginners class, Dave Lawson, organizer of the sessions, was presented his Yellow Belt (6th Kwu) by George Steers of the St. John Y.M.C.A. Mr. Steers, a brownbelt holder, gives practice sessions at the Gym every two weeks and

is assisted by Staff Sergeant Jack Melrose and Sho Yito, both brown belt holders.

"Some curve!" said the garter as it came around the home stretch.

"Stewed at last!" said the prohibition oyster as the cook dropped him in the pot.

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