



FEATURES



Confidentially

We consider it only fair to warn all male students that Co-Ed Week will be held from January 30 to February 5. It should be most exciting—so, be nice to the girls, men!

From all reports, one and all seem to have had a fabulous time during the holidays. One co-ed in particular seems to have developed quite an addiction for pink-ladies.

Any contribution to the food shortage will be gratefully accepted. Even bread from the Deltas would be appreciated.

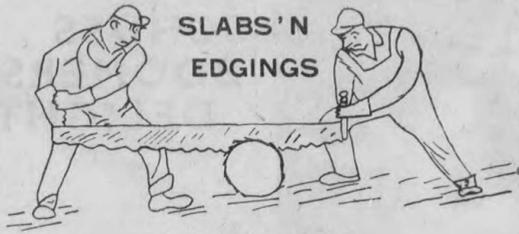
"We got a hippopotamus for Christmas". What else could we want?

Iris and Diane J. were so impressed by the muscular powers of the men shovelling snow outside the residence that they invited them to call this week-end-bearing gifts, of course. For sentimental reasons, Mary Jo Elson has been nominated "girl of the week!"

For a Light Smoke and a Pleasing Taste



Call for PHILIP MORRIS



SLABS 'N EDGINGS

by Jack, Jim and Paul

I once heard someone say that the Foresters had no interest in the Finer Arts. This statement is not true since here are two poems at Xmas by two Foresters:

THE NITE BEFORE XMAS

'Twas the night before Xmas, when all through the house, Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. When all of a sudden I felt I must go, I sprang out of bed and I didn't take it slow; I fled down the hall as quick as a flash, Made straight for the bathroom, threw open the sash; When what to my sleepy eyes should appear, But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer, With a little old driver so lively and quick; I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick. It seemed the old boy was in kind of a dither; He sprang from his sleigh and ran hither and thither. It wasn't the chimney or fireplace he sought, To unload the pack his reindeer had brought, For the next thing I knew he was pounding like sin, "Come on, hurry up, I just gotta get in." But I laughed when I heard him and said to myself, "This is one time I beat you, you jolly old elf— Control yourself Santa, like kids have to do, When the night before Xmas they're waiting on you." Then he stuck up his thumb to the side of his nose, And he gave me a wave as through the chimney he rose. He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, And away they all flew like a guided missile. But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight, "Merry Xmas, aw nuts with me in this plight, If I don't make it soon, it sure will be 'Good Night'."

Here's one for the Senior Foresters, who, after taking the Management course, will understand the significance of this poem. For the rest of the Forestry undergrads it might be wise to save this poem, for though it may never be placed in the Hall of Fame, and you may never hear "Hundeslagen's Lament" again, you will certainly hear Hundeshagen's Formula.

HUNDESHAGEN'S FORMULA

Godfrey Gleditsch, as most of us know, Was a Forester bred long, long ago, One day late in March, or it may be later, Old Godfrey went forth with his technical datur. "I'll cut me a switsch," said Godfrey Gleditsch, A seedling, a sucker, or a coppicing sprout, If I can find where one ought to come out, "Now what shall it be," said Godfrey to me, "A small Jujube or a Zizyphus tree, Tho I'm really loath," he mused with an oath, "To take the young life of either or both." "But here's a rank weed, its copious seed Has clustered the earth with its thorny breed. A misguided bum, this Zanthoxylum, But it's good low shade," and he smiled as he said; "As sure as my name is Godfrey Gleditsch I can't quite convince me to cut down this switsch." So into the night he strolled with a light To find the right tree scientificalee, But Godfrey Gleditsch, the sonofabitsch, Would cut nary a switsch nor a Fishfuddle tree Without full justification silviculturallee.

WE CLAIM THE BRIDGE

One hundred and forty-two years ago, the College of New Brunswick was granted the exclusive right to operate a ferry "in, upon, and over, the Saint John River."

It seems that the worthy institution was in dire need of funds. In spite of a legislative grant, and the revenues from the College's five thousand, nine hundred and fifty acres of land, the available moneys were insufficient for the support of the college.

Funds were needed (and we have heard echos of this ever since) to enlarge the quarters of the college and to raise the meagre salaries of its professors. Consequently the authorities were forced to cast about for additional sources. As there seemed to be no willing contributors, the authorities made an appeal to the government—their strategy has since been repeated.

As a result, on April 27, 1813, King George III granted to "the Governor and Trustees of the College of New Brunswick and their Successors", the exclusive right to operate a ferry "in, upon and over the River Saint John between the two parishes of Fredericton and St. Mary's . . . from side to side, and from either to the other side, together with all fares, toll rights, liberties, profits and advantages to the said ferry."

When University of New Brunswick students affix their signs to the Canadian National Railway bridge, which stretches over the area where the ferry was to run, around Encaenia time each year, they should not, therefore be called "pranksters" by irate citizens and city employees. They are merely reasserting their rights.



Attention Engineers! This column is for you. We are determined to bring you the best, and make "this" column, "The Brunswickan."

In this, our first column, we will report on our last two engineering Society meetings.

The first was held on Friday, November 30th, in the I.O.O.F. Hall. Our speaker for the evening was U.N.B.'s Business Manager, Mr. B. F. Macauley, who spoke on Administration and Investment "Up the Hill."

Among other things Mr. Macauley stated that student fees amounted to only 24% of the University's income. The remainder is made up of 54% from the Provincial Government, 12% from the Federal Government and 10% from miscellaneous grants.

The last Society meeting was held in the Civil building on January 10th. During the meeting, co-ordinator Jack Dean, a senior mechanical student, stated that he was well underway with plans for open house which is to be held on February 9th, during Engineering Week.

Engineering Week (which will be held from February 6-11) was further discussed and the following elections were held. Bill McNamara was elected as editor of the Engineering Brunswickan and Ken Bartlett will chair a committee organizing the Engineers' Ball. The latter election was rather close with Ken winning by two votes over "Scottish mist". More details on this classic event—Engineers' Week, will follow in the next few weeks.

Following the meeting, a film, "The Big Track" was shown. Tracing the history of the caterpillar tractor from 1896 until the present day, it proved to be both interesting and amusing. It is hoped that the society will continue having speakers and films of the high calibre we have experienced in our last two meetings.

Now we come to a portion on "Get to Know Engineering." This week:—How come the Civil Engineers are called Civil Engineers?

It was 1785 when the famous Gurley roamed the wild west. His job was the construction of a railroad across the prairies. One sunny afternoon, while looking at a luscious mirage through the transit (his own invention) hundreds of Indians swarmed down upon him. He was captured and brought back to the Indian village. It was here that the great Indian chief, Situm-on-Foresters, noticed that Gurley had "Injun cars." "But", snapped the medicine men, "he's civilized." So from that day on they called Gurley "Civil Injun cars", later changed to Civil Engineers.

Guest: (To an Engineer in his new home) Well, how do you find it here old man?

Engineer: Walk up stairs and to your right.

Writer's Workshop Reflections

by "LIZ"

She was a funny woman. Having changed from the lavender dress with the holes under the arms to her Sunday black, it seemed she had also altered her personality. Gone was the farm woman; here was a small town woman. She mimed down the cracked and hole-filled walk. She never noticed the cracked and hole-filled walk. It seemed that her obviously holy thoughts had pulled her ponderous weight to an equally high plane. She nodded deferentially to the venerable Mr. Murray, then proceeded to her seat in the choir without glancing either to right or left. She felt very proud of her place in the choir. Why, her father and his father and his father before him had sung in this choir. Of course the musical ability had stopped with her father.

She put on her rimless glasses. Her glance plainly asked "Why doesn't she realize she can't sing! All she ever does is put me off key." The choir, the whole five sopranos, burst into a shrill crescendo of praise. The congregation stood in mute admiration, moving their lips in silent supplication to the Lord. Mrs. Hill sat down, a purposeful sigh of satisfaction escaping when the hymn was over.

The priest intoned "Let us pray." Mrs. Hill, with an awkward grace born of many years practice, leaned against the Prayer rail in the position that she thought a reverent kneeling. After all, she couldn't risk getting a run in her only nylons. As the priest prayed, "We do not presume—" I imagined her meditating, "Don't know why we keep him here, can't preach worth a damn. Bringing in all that 'high church' tomfoolery, crosses himself as if he were a Roman Bishop; putting in that fool boy, whatever they call them, so they can bow and scrape to one another. He won't last long. Mrs. Allen will get rid of him like she did the Canon." The service followed its—usual dull procedure, meanwhile Mrs. Hill ticked off the members of the congregation and their faults like beads on a rosary. Collection time came and she put in her envelope gingerly so everyone would think it contained bills. She beaded off a few more members during the sermon, and finally the service was ended. She pattered in her pocket-book while the members were gathering up their things to leave. When she saw she could go down without having to speak to the pregnant Miss Black, she joined the line. She couldn't stand women who made such fools of themselves. Of course she herself had only been married six months before having Florence, but she had her engagement ring. She smiled coyly as the Priest thanked her for singing. She replied modestly, "Oh, I just try to do my Christian duties."

It seems to me that entertainment facilities in Fredericton, on Saturday night at least, are becoming fewer and fewer—or perhaps I am just getting older and older (and less appreciative).

Of course, there are movies, but everyone sees them on Thursday or Fri., so that is out. Then there is sometimes a basketball game, but that's over at 10:30 or 11, which may be the deadline for freshettes in the residence, but certainly isn't for most of us. . . .

When these activities fail to arouse our interest, we can always turn to the Beaverbrook dances—that is, if we want to risk being kicked, stepped on, or lost in the crowd. Somehow, this just doesn't seem to appeal to me.

Anyone for a game of mumble-pegg—or even a few class socials. Guess what! I think this little part of Eastern Canada has actually beaten the nation's fashion centres to the draw. In the December issue of a leading Canadian magazine is a picture of, and a pattern for, Campus Socks—those knee-length "things" which first appeared on our campus last winter.

We have all heard, in this noble establishment of learning and enlightenment, of the Renaissance. What most of us haven't realized is that there is on this campus, in a minor way it must be admitted, a Renaissance twice every year. For some strange reason, the time of this "revival of learning" seems to coincide with the last three days before exams!

Evidently men are, and will become, more clothes conscious. There seem to be a few stray bits of evidence pointing to less severe fashions for men. For example, at a meeting of the International Federation of Master Tailors, held recently in Rome, the masculine garb of 2000 AD was predicted as "dandified and non-functional". Can you imagine some of our Foresters, in forty-five years' time, in "dandified" clothes?

In the field of women's fashion hair-tinting is becoming more popular. Two out of every five women in U.S. are now reported as tinting their hair. The latest shade—"lustrous brown mink".

Apparently the interests of Pakistani Teen-age girls are not so different from those of Canadians. The Pakistani girls were urged by their UN Children's Fund Supervisor to select a movie that would be "helpful in their cultural development". Although none of them had ever seen a movie, they chose, unanimously and unerringly, "How to Marry a Millionaire".

V. S.

Sigma Lambda Beta Rho BY DIOGENES

ON LIVING ON THE THIRD FLOOR We hear no footsteps in our beds; Come on upstairs and try it; For only God lives overhead; He's busy but He's quiet.

TV OR NOT TV, that is the question. Individually, all residents seem to be in favour of having a set installed but when it comes to a collective decision, there is considerable controversy. The chief problem is a location. The lounge, it is contended, would be monopolized by those who were watching to the exclusion of others who would be unable to read as a result of the dim light. If the bright general lighting were replaced by floor lamps, the room could be used for the dual purposes as the local lighting from the floor lamps would not interfere with TV watching. Also, as the custodians of the folding doors know, there is rarely anyone in the lounge after seven.

THE ELUSIVE FORMAL. At a house meeting held two weeks ago, the date for the residence formal was set at January 28. Since that time there has been so little interest shown that at a meeting called last week, provisions were made for cancelling it. Why is it that the residence formal, formerly one of the major events on the campus, has been received with such apathy? It is significant perhaps that only 12% of the Freshmen in the house have signified their intention of attending, (as of last Thursday, the time of writing). When the house is about half Freshmen and this situation exists, it is understandable that possibly there is no further need for the house formal.

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ART CENTRE Sunday, January 23rd. at 8.30 p.m. Puccini's "LA TRAVIATA" on records. With Jan Peerce Robert Merrill Lucia Albanese

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