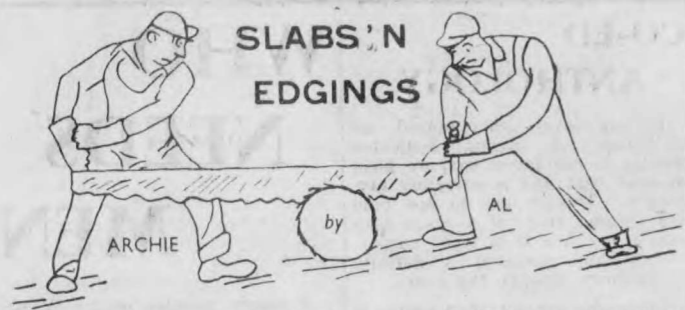


THE FEATURES SHEET



Fuel-wood constitutes three quarters of all the wood products cut from farms, and farm woodlots supply three quarters of all fuel-wood used in Canada each year.

WHEELS OF FORTUNE

Ever been to Las Vegas, Nevada? If you never have, you'd better plan to come to the Forester's Mont Carlo on Friday, Feb. 26, to get an insight into Gambler's Paradise. This year we have expanded our Roulette, Under and Over, Horse Racing, Crown and Anchor, and have a brand new game, Rainbow, paying off up to five odds. It will cost you practically nothing for a night of fun, so bring your girl-friend, wife, family, or just come alone, but don't miss it.

As one-casket to another, "Is that you coffin?"

Slabs and Edgings sends its thanks to the Ubbesy, the Varsity and other Literary sources for coming to the aid of our unimaginative engineers. Note that our engineers are 100 years old on Feb. 15. That means that they have had 36525 thrill-packed days, yet they had to go and swipe confessions from other papers. The Engineering Store—that's where you go when you can be sure that it has not got what you didn't want anyway, because Marilyn Munroe is showing at the Gaiety. Hail thee Engineers, with three bangs on a drum and a shrill bugle blast that you may have more to say in the next 100 years. If not we will be forced to inscribe your living memory on a pin head.

"Of course", said he, as he tackled a bit of chicken, "I may be wrong, but it strikes me that this chicken—"

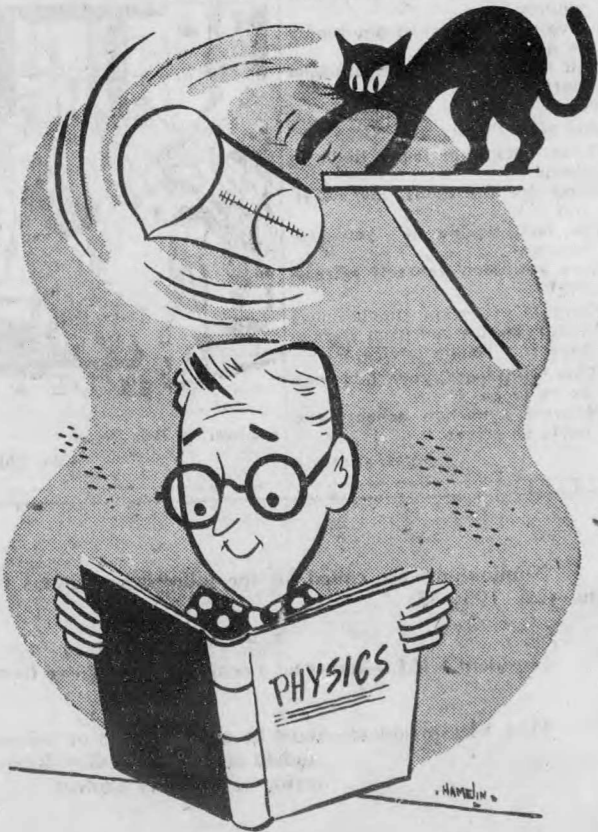
"Well", snapped the landlady, "and what's wrong with the chicken?"

"Oh nothing, nothing", said the student. "I was just going to say that it is evident that this bird is the offspring of a hard-boiled egg."

Have heard that several engineers are suffering after the Wasserman, from Red Ball. We would imagine that your host in St. John would be disappointed to see that you weren't drinking his beverages.

The order of the Hazen-nuts is to be awarded to Diogenes for Marr-ing the Residence column with engineering tripe. We were right about the engineers having a poor time at the Wash-ale. To quote the Engineering Brunswickan, "The Wassail ended with many of the lads exclaiming LET'S HAVE A PARTY. We also thought it very complementary to the Foresters to have the Engineer's banner suspended from a tree (Ulmus americana) for a few days.

Our archivist just turned this over to us. Paul had the misfortune once of shooting ducks at such high altitude that they spoiled before they hit the ground. To prevent this he loaded his gun with rock salt.



But his Savings Account defies Newton's Law. It just goes up and up



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WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

Writer's Workshop

Have you ever really looked at a window? Some people use windows only to look through, but it seems to me that the glass and wood deserve something more. From the time we are born until the end of our lives, windows continuously open or shut our minds.

Take, for instance, the father seeing his son or daughter for the first time—through a heavy plate glass barrier. Can that completely isolated feeling ever be recaptured? Before him is a new individual in a strange room of sterile white and hushed attendance. That same child, a few years later, may stretch up to another window, making fascinating dewy blurs on the glass or watching the first snow fall. Still later, a young girl will push open the window and lean outward to breathe in the first delightful whiff of Spring. A housewife, cleaning those same panes, will sigh at the endlessness of her work, yet she won't be able to resist the temptation to glance out and watch the neighbourhood activity. Finally, an old woman will rock silently by the window, unaware of the movements beyond it, but settled complacently in a dream of other days. Surely, the thing that affects our lives so much should receive its due.

All these thoughts occurred to me only the other day. I was lying on my bed, recovering from my annual bout with the flu, when I found myself regarding the window intently. It was a strange sensation, and I looked again to see what had arrested my interest. The familiar view was changed by the twilight. Snow blocked the lower third of the window and behind it, two thick branches of an elm tree leaned to the left under their burdens of twiggy antennae. This much was commonplace and used to me, but the difference came from the shade of the dusk. It was a flimsy yellow-grey backdrop that caused me to hold my breath in expectancy. Yet nothing happened.

It was then that my mind started to wander to the frame of this weird picture, and then to other windows and reactions. I remembered the window at my grandmother's house that was the delight of my child-eyes. It was at the foot of the stairs in the front hall, and consisted of a large pane of clear glass topped by the once-stylish panes of yellow, green and maroon set in a semi-circle. How I used to love it when the sun shone through those colours and made the floor, the steps, and even me speckled with dancing lights.

Yet even as I remembered about that window, the smell of apples filled my room. I knew there were no apples in the house and wondered how that distinctive fragrance came to be so pronounced. Then I realized that in the house next to my grandmother's, there was a similar window opposite the staircase. Everytime we passed through the hall when we were children, we had been given an apple taken from the storage bin which formed the window seat. The scent of the apples had remained in that hall all year. Isn't it odd how the memory of a reality can bring forth such a definite associated scent?

But not only house windows stir the memory. I remember the many store windows I've seen. The village store used to cast an intriguing spell on us as children long before we went inside the old building. What delight to stand outside and peer through the dusty panes at bolts of cloth, mousetraps, coils of rope, candy and Aladdin lamps! It would take a whole summer or more to find out all that those crowded windows displayed. Then there are the very select dress shops in large cities. Disdaining the friendly jumble of a small town display, these sophisticated sisters haughtily reveal a single gown with its splendid aloofness. A contrasting background enforces this unreality. But what dreams of high society life these show windows are able to produce! Such is the range of a mere window!

A thing that has been a constant source of amazement to me has been the rounded windows so often seen in houses and old ships. The new ships don't matter because their portholes are bound in steel, but the old sailing vessels had portholes confined in wood and that is what interests me. How did they get the wood curved for these windows? Perhaps they cut a horizontal slice from a tree trunk and peeled away rings from the outside and poked them out from the centre until they had the right size. But that method would produce difficulties because it is seldom that trees grow in a perfectly symmetrical shape. Perhaps they heated the wood and then bent it into the required ring. But then the wood might scorch and burn, and ashes would be of little use to the builders.

In any case, no matter how the porthole window is made, it has a strange fascination for me. A house with one of those round windows always appears to me to contain friendly sincere people. That impression probably comes from the ring effect of the window, or possibly it is due to the mental association with sailing ships and a sense of freedom.

As all these thoughts scattered through my mind as I lay in bed that day, yet another one formed and took shape. It was an idea for a house—for a house that would appear friendly and welcoming to all people, that would make them happy just to see it. My design was for a two-story house with the long side toward the road. On the front there should be two round windows on the second floor and a tiny one over the door, which should be placed in the centre of the first floor. On either side of this front door would be a picture window—not in the common oblong shape, but in a shape of a half-lip. By that I mean that it should curve from a rounded fullness near the door up to a slender end near the outside wall. Then, when the lights were on inside, the house would appear to be a great face smiling out into the darkness.

But it could be that people would laugh at, not with, my friendly-windowed house.

Joanne Corbin '55

THE DISCHARGE OF THE NOT-TOO-BRIGHT BRIGADE

Half a line, half a line,
Half a line onward
Cribbing quite shamelessly
Wrote the six hundred.
"Down with the students'
marks!"
Flunk the whole class! he'd said:
Into the depths of gloom
Plunged the six hundred.
"Flunk the whole class!"
he'd said,
Were there some faces' red!
Some of the faculty
Thought he had blunder'd:
Not even pass a soul?
Gad! what a risky role!!
To every one alike
Miserly marks to dole!
Flunk the whole lot of us:
Flunk the six hundred!

Classmates to right of me,
Classmates to left of me,
Classmates in front of me
Shivered and shudder'd.
Erring, but caring not,
Wrote down a pile for 'ot.
Textbooks we had not bought
Regular hell we caught!
All the six hundred!

Splash'd we our ink in air:
Papers we passed in bare
Of any writing there.
Attempting the impossible
Till our minds smolder'd.
"What is the tangent law?"
"Who wrote of 'Hoof and
Claw?'"
"How big's a lion's paw?"
Worse stuff you never saw!
Oh! how we blunder'd!
Next year we came back, but
not —
Not the six hundred.
Doctors to right of us,
Masters to left of us,
B.A.'s in front of us
Bellowed and thunder'd:
Choosing their victims well,
Answers they would not tell:
"Why is a lobster's shell?"
Knocked all the fight from us,
Showed us the mouth of Hell:
All that was left of us,
Left of six hundred.

"When will our torture ends,
Oh, when can we unbend,"
All the class wonder'd:
Please to us flowers send;
Promises our graves you'll tend;
Poor old six hundred!

Albert, Lord Tenderloin.

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811...

Well, here it is—the week all you red-blooded Canadian men have been waiting for. After an anemic Engineering week we welcome this chance to show you how "a week" should be run. The climax of this most glorious affair will be the Apache Dance, Friday night in the gym. Oh those Parisiennes! Qu'elles sont formidables!

Congratulations to our basketball team for downing Acadia by a 20 point margin.

It seems we have received a complaint from one of our eager Airforce gals. Says she, "We are flight cadets not lowly airwomen". Sorry dear, we did not mean to degrade one from the upper ranks.

Now for complaint No. II. Says one of our irritated male business administrators, "Whereas only Maggie Jeaners are allowed to participate in the intimate affairs of the Maggie Jean, and whereas most of us are not Maggie Jeaners, and whereas this column primarily concerns the intimate affairs of the Maggie Jean, we ordinary laymen CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT." Tough sonny!

So pleased to see that our friends (?) from the other Residence have finally developed an interest in the aesthetic side of life. "Your project" is the ultimate in sculpture.

The Engineers are perfect as usual. Their exact model of a building seems to be lacking a carrying beam.



Sigma Lambda Beta Rho

BY
DIOGENES

Again; news and views from the aforementioned den. First, in order to correct an erroneous impression in certain circles, we are not at death's door at all. Why with any luck at all, we will be able to last for the rest of the term. The Wassail and the Residence Formal seem to have had a favourable effect on health and morale in general.

Last Thursday night while the eerie glitter from the Electrical building bathed the campus with ultra violet, a scent of tremendous activity was taking place in the residence. The cause of it all of course was the Residence Formal. In the pool, several residents spent most of the night shuttling between the surface of the water and the bottom, adjusting lights which were located on the bottom of the pool. Others swam around with a hose which was to supply water to the fountain in the middle of the pool. Above water level other types selected for their long legs were strung up the ceiling and arranging the lighting. That last was a very short job. Upstairs, the husky people that could be rounded up, spent an interesting half hour carrying a piano upstairs to the gallery of the dining room. In the dining room itself, another false ceiling was being hung. In a short time the building was almost unrecognizable and looked more like a cross between the Coconut Grove and Purple Grotto. By the time the work was completed, some of the decorators had just time to rush out and pick up their dates. This was the scene Friday night. We hope it lived up to your expectations.

We noticed that the Forestry Association had to get an Electrical Engineer to repair the gambling machinery for Monte Carlo night. Why couldn't a Forester do this job? Is it because they might confuse "repair" with "fix"?

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