



# FEATURES



## SUGAR 'n SPICE

### STUDENT WIVES' ORGANIZATION

The first meeting of this society was held on Oct. 18 in the Lounge of the Student Centre. Its purpose is to organize the wives of the sixty-six married students at UNB into a group which will participate in many campus activities, such as sports, dramatics, etc. The organization has the use of the Ladies Reading Room in the Arts Building every Tuesday evening. Wives are entitled to accompany their husbands to games and other campus functions if their husband's SRC card is stamped "married". A few local stores have promised discounts to married students.

This club should benefit and interest every student wife. Try to attend the next meeting which will be held on Nov. 15. A slate of officers will be chosen. In the meantime, enjoy the various activities which are available.

Badminton—Tuesday, 7-10 p.m.—Contact Mrs. W. L. Sears at 2793.

Swimming—Wed. & Fri., 8-9 p.m.—Contact Mrs. R. K. Clark at 5196. Mrs. Clark is also in charge of Basketball.

Bowling—Mrs. John Mathewson at 8589.

Bridge—Mrs. P. J. Collis at 6496.

Dramatics—Mrs. M. J. O'Connor at 2673.

A great deal of credit should be given to Mrs. A. L. McAllister, without whose help this organization would never have been formed.

### SOCIAL EVENTS

Last Friday evening, the Co-Eds and their guests were entertained at a square dance given by the Alumnae Society in honour of Lady Jean Campbell. Although some of us were not so adept at the art of square dancing as others, nevertheless, we had soon learned the basic steps, and a fun-packed evening began. The party was very much enjoyed by all of us. Let's have another soon. Don't forget the Fall Formal on Nov. 4!!

### SCHOOL SPIRIT

How about some enthusiasm at the Football Games? This campus has some nice-looking Cheerleaders who are working hard to perfect their routines to lead the students yelling encouragement to the Bombers. However, at the St. John-UNB game on Oct. 15, the students exhibited very little enthusiasm. Let's show our Varsity teams that we mean business. Let's ALL cheer!!



## Sigma Lambda Beta Rho

### BY UNEXPECTED

Last week a committee formed by the Lady Beaverbrook Society presented the residence food problems to the president and business manager of the University. They were both extremely co-operative, and promised that the committee's reports would be put into effect as soon as possible. Let us hope then, that we have seen the end of food troubles for this year.

On behalf of the men's residence, "Unexpected" feels bound to reply to the scathing onslaught dealt out to all males by the ladies' society in last week's "Sugar 'n Spice" so...

### "The Truth About Women" or "What Men Marry"

Women are what men marry. They have two feet, two arms, and in fact, very nearly two of everything. They only have one husband, (that people know about) and always many more than one idea at one time.

Like Turkish cigarettees, they are made of the same material; the only difference being that some smell more than others and some are more angular than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into two classes; wives, and those no one will marry. An eligible spinster is a woman of virtue entirely surrounded by several invincible rings of defence. Wives are of three varieties, faithful, unfaithful and impotent.

Making a wife out of a woman is one of the greatest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires art, perseverance, fantastic control of temper, endurance, and money, a great deal of money.

It is a psychological marvel that a rugged, strong, swashbuckling male should enjoy kissing a spidly-spotted painted corseted thing like a girl.

If you flatter a woman, she suspects you of ulterior motives and if you don't flatter her she will drop you like a hot brick. If you try to make love to her, all you get is a slapped face, and if you don't make love to her, she leaves you for someone else who will. If you agree with her in everything, she tells you you're too pliable and haven't got any personality; if you argue with her, she tells you it's a woman's privilege to change her mind and to have the last word. If you believe all she tells you she thinks you're a fool, and if you don't you're a cynic.

If your past is liberally sprinkled with wine, women and song and if you regularly indulge in all three to excess, "nice" girls hesitate to go out with you. If you're an ordinary genuine, quiet, studious, and down-to-earth guy, girls hesitate to go out with you because you're uninteresting, plain, dull and can't show them a good time.

Bye, now. Have to go down to the Maggie Jean to pick up my date.



The sports department of The Brunswickan isn't quite sure if the following falls into its category, but it is taking the liberty anyway of passing along a vote of thanks to Miss Susan Hayward for the priceless information she supplied us in "Soldier Of Fortune", the opus which played the Gaiety last week.

In the closing scene of said Cinemascope celluloid, she leaves her husband for the arms of Clark Gable. Mr. Gable, aged though he is, has not yet become senile and manages the obvious question, "Do you still love your husband?"

Gushes Susan, moving into contact with Clark's mustache, "Oh yes, but there is a difference between loving somebody and being IN LOVE!"

Movies are better than ever. —O'SULLIVAN.



Graduating as an engineer does not guarantee that we will end up as vice-president of a company or make a million dollars. Many of us will be successful in business, just the same as in every other profession. It's up to us to climb the ladder of success by our own efforts. But never has anyone blamed his lack of success on the fact that he had engineering training.

At the present time the average engineering graduate starts at a salary of from \$300 to \$400 a month. But disregarding starting salaries, past experience indicates that engineering training plus hard work may lead to real success later on.

To-day engineers are found in many top positions in technical jobs as well as sales and advertising. It is not only the technical knowledge that helps, it's the thinking habits and the methods of analyzing a problem that become an engineer. Few persons felt that their technical training was a waste of time.

Engineers, engineers and more engineers. Yes, no matter where you go on the U.N.B.I campus, these days, you see an engineer. It's survey time. The sophomore and junior engineers are hard at work, laying out a traverse of the campus, or attempting to lay it out.

The beginning of last week, following the rough weekend with Pep Rally, football game and all, I watched four bleary-eyed engineers working over a transit. The weekend was just too much for them. One of the fellows was taking a shot on one corner of the Library stairs across the road and into the Arts Building. Some blond.

Instructors tag along with every crew. You freshmen probably think they're around to show the sophomores how to operate the transit. You're wrong. The sophomores know only too well. The instructors are there to see that they get the right readings in the book. Why just yesterday some sophomore was tying a fire hydrant. His readings were—"Bust 38", waist 24" height 5'4". Now things like that can't go on and instructors try to straighten these chaps out.

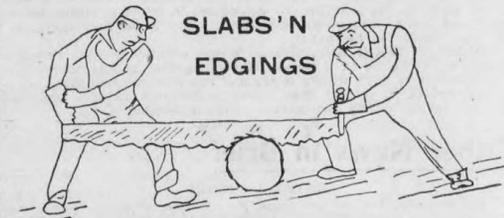
Now you think I'm fooling when I say sophomores know their instruments. Well here's proof—

Joe College was scanning the campus one afternoon and here is what he said:

"Ah—There's Sally... and Lucy... Bob McLaughlin... Bearing N43° 15' W.

Well fun is fun, but man, wait until you try to close that traverse.

### SLABS 'N EDGINGS



### THE WEEK IS COMING!

A full eight days of events have been planned for this year's Forestry Week. They are:

Sun. Oct. 30 Soccer Game vs Engineers (Grudge Match)  
Sat. Oct. 29 Bushmen's Ball — Boxing Room

Mon. Oct. 31 Field Nite — College Field.

Tues. Nov. 1 — unprintable —

Wed. Nov. 2 Social Nite — Reading Room.

Thurs. Nov. 3 Tug-of-war — Artsmen's Doorstep.

Fri. Nov. 4 (Fall Formal) Preparations for . . .

Sat. Nov. 5 Hammerfest.

Many merchants in the City have been kind enough to donate valuable prizes for competition in the Field Nite events. A display of these may be seen on the second floor landing of the Forestry Building. These events are open to all, so come on down to College on the night of Oct. 31 to show your skill and have some fun.

We would like to nominate Prof. Louis Scheult for the position of Man of the Week for his valiant support of the Forester's Soccer team last week. Unfortunately his co-operation was offset by the efforts of a remarkably spry Faculty team.

Two weeks from today The Brunswickan will be published by the Foresters. All those interested in contributing to the success of this issue are asked to see the Editor, Eid Eddy. Jokes, articles, etc. should be left in the Suggestion Box in the Reading Room or turned in to Sid.

In the same vein we might add that the Suggestion Box is the place for any contributions to Slabs and Edgings you may have.

Our Closing Thought: Beer may have its faults, but at least it gives you a run for your money.

VISIT **Herby's MUSIC STORE**  
Fredericton's Bright and Cheery Music Store

**CORSAGES**  
FOR FALL FORMAL  
We give special attention to college students.  
PHONE 6683 AFTER HOURS 3233  
**TRITES FLOWER SHOP**  
298 King Street

## READER'S DIGEST

### Was Never Like This

I was walking home from church one cold winter's day a few years ago, bravely slogging through heavy North Dakota snow drifts, which made walking well nigh impossible. Just as the first flakes of a coming storm promised to make my walk ten times more uncomfortable, a battered old Ford pulled up beside me, and a kindly old man bade me get in.

I thanked the twinkling eyed old gentleman, and we soon struck a lively conversation. Presently, I asked, "How is it that an old gentleman like yourself is out in a raging snowstorm on such an inclement Sunday morning?"

"Shucks," he replied with a chuckle, "I've been doing this for eleven years. It's the biggest fun I get out of life". And with that he assaulted me, snatched my purse, and threw me into a snow drift, and with a merry laugh, drove off down the road.

Mrs. I. R. Undone.

When my son returned home from Korea to our small town in the Southwest, he was greeted by the town band, whose members were gathered at the railway station to welcome him home. As he stepped from the railroad car, his war bag in his hand, the band started a stirring rendition of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home". His wife ran to him with the child he'd never seen before, the mayor shook his hand, the Boy Scouts gave him three cheers, leading the people gathered there. He puked and died.

Old Ben who had been Postmaster in our small town of Three Forks, Louisiana since the Confederates were tricked out of Fort Sumpter, had made it a practise every Christmas to send a Christmas card to everyone in Three Forks. It was a great surprise, therefore, last Christmas to discover no cheery card in the mails. When we went to see what could have kept old Ben from his yearly habit, we found him sitting in his living room rocking in his favourite chair. "Ben, why didn't you send us a card this year," we asked. Feeble with age, old Ben paused in his rocking, laid aside his pipe, drew himself up like a soldier and said, "None of your goddamned business."

George Peebles

After careful consultation with a noted psychologist, my wife and I decided that we would cure our two children of their diametrically opposed outlook on life by the amount of toys we would put under the Christmas tree. Under Willie, the pessimist's tree, I put toy trains, a bicycle, Jane Russell, and a ten year's subscription to Esquire. Under the optimist's tree I put a bag of horse leavings. On Christmas morning, my wife and I came up to see how our sons were taking it. The pessimist was his usual self, grumbling because he hadn't got Bob Feller too. But the optimist was running happily around clutching his bag. "Daddy," he cried joyfully, "Look what Santa left me. I know I've got a pony, but I can't find it."

Rodney Bennett-Serf.

Out in Texas where men are men and women had better be, the story is making the rounds about the young Co-ed who displayed her inborn Texan cleverness. When out on a date with a university student, she was the object of some overly warm advances as they studied astronomy late one night. After fighting off the clutches of this young man for over two hours, she finally escaped by claiming a stomach cramp. She later said to her mother, explaining her flight, "A stitch in time saves nine."

A civil service worker, famous around the office for his long morning sessions in the mens' washroom, was found missing one morning as the employees gathered around the pool table for their lunchtime game. On searching for their fellow-worker, his compatriots found only a saddle-shoe clad foot projecting from the toilet bowl. Upon searching through his family records, his fellow-workers discovered that he was of kingly descent, on his mother's side. "Poor Sam", one remarked on hearing this. "He always was a poor poker player, you might have known his last play would be a royal flush — Bennet Serf."



He says he does it by Steady Saving  
at the Bank of Montreal\*

\*The Bank where Students' accounts are warmly welcomed.

Fredericton Branch  
Queen & Carleton Streets  
DOUGLAS TROTTER, Manager

WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817