

OUT 811

This is the last "811" I'll see... (Encaenia, you know), it is only fitting that I should see the happenings of all these years that the old place has been the main abode for a lot of

It hardly seems possible that years ago, "811" was a mysterious looking place deserted corner, surrounded by trees that it might be a girl's place. And the first day a lot of us were in it, (the fur-woman even all in, then) the woman arrived and we took a conducted tour, getting somewhere between the floor showers and the... There weren't any eats when, so we used to march... LORD BEAVERBROOK... two by two, come meal... There we all sat at a long table, lapping up the stares and compliments of the other guests.

Of us old timers remember... D. Cox attained the rare distinction of being the first man caller at the MAGGIE... Guess who we got him the date with? I can still see us sitting down in the front hall... and packing cases between the living rooms were still... empty bare. Those were the old days when we used to meet on the third to see what we'd talk about on... (Now, the fellas complain they never get a word in...)

Member Freshman week that year... especially how it was the night of the street... and we all sat out on the steps with our dates until the policemen arrived. (No, they didn't want to chase the boys... someone had crawled up... and into the third bathroom, only to be... by a quavering Co-ed who was crying to get to bed early so... could get up for nine o'clock...)

The parties held at 811 that year were THE THING to go to; still see our old pal "Lover" and his gal sitting in the two chairs in the dining-room... the rest of us danced in our feet. He got to be quite a... didn't he, kids? Those evenings at home could... have even been considered a... and to the Saturday night... we loved to go to. None of... were very good bridge-players... year but Canasta was just... in so we spent almost as... time at that as we do at... ge now.

Now, girls, these late hours... to stop just as soon as the... 'N BLACK REVUE "is over"... our motto, but we had so... fun that until about a... month before the exams we never... got around to realizing that... REVUE was over.

The first year ended happily for... majority of us, then we swung... YEAR II with the Barn in... swing and a lot of cute new... shettes. Summer school was an... attraction for some of us... besides the lectures and the... work, we all agreed that it was a... wonderful way to spend six weeks... there was one party, which be... came known as the ISLAND... DINNER which we are planning... resume after the exams this... year. "A good time was had by all... doesn't seem even adequate to... describe the fun we had." Our

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SLABS & EDGINGS

By HATCH AND MURPH

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to speak of many things, of ceiling boards and water taps, and Foresters as Kings." And from looking over the highlights of the University year, we find that Foresters really have ruled the roost. Due to the fact that this paper runs only 6 pages to the issue, and we hate to request an extra 2 (or 3) pages just for our purpose, your little old pals, "Slabs & Edgings", (the Sawdust Twins, knots and bolts) have compiled an abbreviated list of the outstanding achievements of that illustrious body, the FORESTRY FACULTY.

The most noteworthy accomplishment was the organization, establishment and drive for funds, of the Hadley-Videto Memorial Reading Room. From beginning to end this project has been a huge success and the room will be opened before the end of the present school year.

The next event which comes to mind is the annual and loveable Hammerfest. Need anymore be said? (Hic—pass the bottle). Yes—such harmony and good spirits are as yet unknown or unheard of in any other faculty.

And who could think of a more appropriate place to hold a tug-of-war? What other group of students would have the audacity to show off their brawn on the lawn of the arts building. Artists were left with their particles dangling and their antecedents un-antecedented at such a brazen display of Forestry spirit.

Interest ran high and competition was keen at the annual Foresters Field Day, unique among inter-student competition at UNE. Sid Hyslop walked off with most of the honours, and prizes which were generously donated by local merchants.

And naturally a bigger and better Foresters Dance was held last fall at the Beaverboard. Seems like every year this dance is becoming more popular and is well on its way to becoming highlight of the year.

Also unique among campus faculties was the annual Social night held during Forestry Week. This goes to show that Foresters can also be perfect little gentlemen, among other things.

The personal welcome given to the Royal Visitors last fall by the Foresters is also worthy of mention. This sign helpfully drew attention away from the fact that the roads were only hastily and partially gravelled for the occasion.

Although the Foresters didn't come through with the anticipated victory, in the annual Forestry—Engineer hockey classic, it nevertheless shows the willingness of the Foresters to accept any challenge issued. It was also noted that the turnout was exceptionally high. No lack of spirit here for sure.

Due to excellent planning by "Aces" Shure, a very successful "Monte Carlo" night was held in the gym. Exhibiting their natural flair for this type of sport, the Foresters, (and others) gambled with utter abandonment, while "Moneybags" Monkhouse and "Mint" McLeod kept the currency flowing. "Hotlunch" Hughill revived flagging spirits with "coffee" (cold) and "cokes" (hot). All in all another successful forestry "first" and due for a repeat next year.

Under the able guidance of Prof. "Doc" Roberts, the Foresters formed a "Learn to Swim" class. This was another of the more constructive undertakings

of the year. Besides teaching foresters how to swim, the class concluded with a rather novel swim meet in which the contestants in bush clothes. The grand champ of the evening was dubbed with the title of "Bull of the Frog Pond", won by Art Lorimer this year, followed by "Tadpole", Kirby Johnson. Events and winners are as follows:

- 1) Sidestroke — K. Johnson, B. Anderson.
- 2) Breast (if you'll pardon the expression) stroke — A. Lorimer, B. Anderson.
- 3) Canoe race — Winning crew — Lorimer, Johnson, Stevens, Golding.
- 4) Pants-off race — W. Stevens A. Lorimer.
- 5) Floating on air-filled pants — I. Sewell, W. Perrin.
- 6) Diving — A. Lorimer, Sewell.
- 7) Medley Relay — Winning team — Lorimer, Johnson, Stevens.

Not only were Foresters active in their own field of endeavour, but also joined wholeheartedly in most other campus activities. About the only two societies lacking Foresters members as far as we know are the Engineering Society and the Ladies Society.

At the recent Blood clinic the Foresters ran true to form and gave the highest percentage of donations by faculty on the campus. Foresters also led the way in the campus elections by having far and away the greatest percent turnout of voters. 86% of the Foresters voted with Arts & Science having only 67% to place second. (Pardon us while we snicker).

The Senior Foresters came out on top in the Intra-mural hockey series, and, to add insult to injury, the consolation series was won by the Axemen, also an up and coming team of foresters.

The mixed bowling league also saw a Forestry team walk off with the championship honours. The Ins & Outs took both the fall and final wins. Bowling high single in Candlepins with 161, and W. C. Stevens took high single in 5 pins with a 277.

60% of the Canadian football team were Foresters.

Foresters also got behind the staging of the Red and Black Revue, and helped make it a huge success. If you cared to look, you would also find foresters profusely through the S.R.C., Class Executives and Brunswickan Staff. In fact, it has been rumoured that some foresters frequent the Art Centre upon occasion. In short, you will find foresters just about everywhere and doing just about everything whether in sports or otherwise.

As for minor accomplishments we might add that we now have running water, fixed ceiling, coat hangers, "trees", and a quiet bell. For a while we thought we were going to get the campus roads scraped down to bedrock, but it turned out that it was just a couple of "cats" struggling up the hill with "New Eyesore" in tow.

We read recently that dust on lightbulbs can cut their efficiency as much as 60%.

As a parting thought, we think it would be appropriate if someone managed to scrape off a few years accumulation of dust from the lights.

And so, as the Daschund said as he walked around a barrel "This is the end." Control yourselves, though, for as Gen. MacArthur once said, "We will return."

See you next year (we hope). "Slabs" Murphy "Edgings" Hatcher

(Continued from Page 2, Col 5) happy little club which gave us so many activities has recently taken over a new project, initialled S. F. A., and if we are successful, we'll let you know in plenty of time to get in on the fun after the papers are all in and MARK-ED.

Between the two cats who couldn't catch mice, and the five mice we caught, this year has been lively in more ways than one. Lately we've decided that money can be an asset, but if you haven't got any, it can be got along without. Ask us we've had lots of prac-

tice around here. Good thing we all deal "to the some Grocery store"! (Plug for Mr. Burt!)

P. A. will tell you that if you're ever eating a steak dinner at a hotel, and you get called to the phone to talk to your Aunt Hat-tie or even Aunt Matilda, don't let your \$2.75 (without dessert) steak get cold, because chances are the dear old auntie doesn't want anything anyway, and probably just paged you to talk about the weather. For further reference, ask Marion what her views of the subject are, with special attention to the movies. We feel

that P. A. has a great future as a long-distance telephone operator, too, (especially with her variety of accents).

Kind of makes us feel a little blue when we realize that we may never all be together in the front hall by the piano singing "My Hero" (with variations, of course... I like the verse about the trip to Boston, the best... again, but that reminds me that if I don't stop and get to work, I might!

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