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10 St. John St., Fredericton, N.B. October 23, 1952.

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Slabs and Edgings Forestry Award

By Murph & Hatch

How's that for coincidence. We mention a tree and even before the word is printed, lo and behold we have an "er-ratic" all our own. Such towering majesty and grace is almost overwhelming. We candidly recorded a few of the first impressions heard on the campus. They struck us as so sincere that we can't refrain from passing a few on to you. From one, 'Haw, Haw, Haw', others, 'truly magnificent'; 'reflects the beauty of the whole campus'; 'Leaves me awestruck'; 'Goes well with the Arts Building'; 'A stroke of genius'; 'Thhhh'; and from one artsman we questioned, 'What trees? I didn't see anything'.

In full view also were two signs, one in front of our tree, 'The Tree', and one in front of New Eyesore, 'The Rock'. Apparently very few people caught the significance of these signs and this must have been very disheartening for the planters of the tree to say the least. Obviously they thought that the Tree was just as beautiful an addition to the campus as the Rock, which truly it was. The two have many basis for comparison.

In connection with the above, one artsman stated that the Geologists are proud of their rock, because as rocks go, theirs is a very good looking rock. But we'd like to ask this question—How do rocks go? Proof that many people consider rocks ugly can be found by just looking around. Engineers put crushed rock on roads and then cover it up with asphalt so motorists won't have to look at it. Some build rock gardens and then plant flowers to cover up the rocks. Many home owners build their abodes with rock and conceal it from the public gaze by growing vines all over it.

Consider a small rock. By no stretch of the artistic imagination could you call it beautiful or decorative. Consequently all you can say about New Eyesore is that it is a large edition of something usually smaller, but just as drab and undecorative to be sure.

The official presentation of the Rock was made last week in an attractively wrapped gift box. Although the box was clearly marked 'Do not open until next Pleistocene age', the geologists, in the uncontrollable excitement of the occasion, couldn't refrain from tearing open the wrappings on their new toy to stand in starry eyed awe at such a handsome and philanthropic gift. Well, you've opened your little package so don't expect something else come next Pleistocene age, we'd hate for you guys to get spoiled.

Trusting that all students on the campus have as much appreciation of the "aesthetic" as the Foresters, the noble "Tree" was left for all to enjoy and admire. But catastrophe struck one dark night when some sinister and selfish person fell upon the unprotected monument of incomparable beauty and ruthlessly stole it away for their own private collection of priceless relics. It was surprising to hear no one bragging of this foul deed. We examined the stump (up). What a mess! It appeared at first as if it were chewed off (indicating an artsman) but closer examination revealed the inevitable slide rule marks. Obviously a poorly engineered job.

Had another good laugh the other day. After our last column, some artsman wanted to know where 'Breast Height' was on the woodlot.

There isn't much left to say about the Foresters-Engineers soccer game. The second game last week saw the Foresters victorious again (naturally). For more details we would refer you to the last write-up in the Brunswickan. It would be just as wise to ignore the droolings by I. Slide Rule—an obviously biased and inaccurate report. One thing we pride ourselves on is our unbiased opinions of all that goes on. Just ask any Forester how unbiased we are.

(Continued on Page 7)

Ann's Dress Shop
595 Queen St. Dial 8083

Forestry Award

The announcement was made at dawn last Thursday that SPCUS* had made a special award to the Foresters at U.N.B. The news was so hot that CFNB hit the air waves four and one-half seconds earlier than usual so that they might scoop the Gleaner. An extra edition of the Gleaner put out solely to comment on the award hit the gutter only after CFNB had been broadcasting for five minutes.

This SPCUS award is made each college year to the university organization which has done the most for Canadian university students. It is indeed significant to note that this college year is only a month old and yet the award was made unhesitatingly and unanimously to the Foresters.

Why did they receive this award? For their part in hiding that hideous eyesore—the rock, of course. And doing it in such a noble fashion at that. Dynamite was available but that would have left a gaping hole as a menace to dazed Artsmen heading from the pile of sandstone to the pile of books. A goodly number of red paint was on hand in the residence and in some cases paint brushes and painting arms were being warmed up (by the application of Moosehead liniment). However this just makes it a rock of another colour.

Had either of these ideas been carried out probably no award would have been made. It was the ingenious idea of making the rock disappear and replacing it with something much more attractive that clinched the deal.

The following comments were overheard from two arts types —

"The rock is gone."

"How do you know it's gone?"

"I can't see it so how do I know it's there?"

Sound philosophical reasoning old boy. We'll recommend you for 10 extra marks.

Later on in the day the geologists destroyed the box in a most destructive manner. These destructive tendencies have been noted before in the geologists by numerous pieces of rubble laying around the basement and first floor of the Forestry building.

We might point out at this time that such antics on the part of small rockologists are not practical. Since the S.R.C. has canned certain activities down town and since Bobby Burns is becoming more and more worn from constant coatings of paint—of a necessity more attention is being turned to the rock. So you little stone chippers—if you rock is painted again don't come hollering to the Foresters for help because they'll be right there cheering the painters on. *SPCUS—Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to University Students.

TIME!

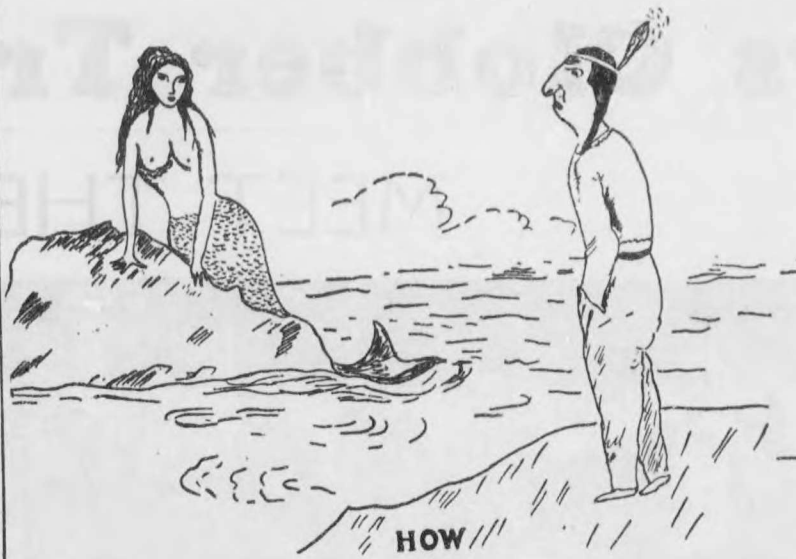
Toronto, Ont.—(CUP)—From time to time other papers print articles and editorials that are particularly meaningful to college students. Here is one that can be directly applied to the average university student.

"There is no more valuable commodity in the world than time. "Some may look upon money as a more important phase of wealth, yet money is comparatively worthless. If you lose money or spend it foolishly it may be replaced, but no man has ever been able to regain a lost second of time.

"Yet money and time in common represent mediums of exchange valuable only when used to obtain something else.

"Time is valuable only while it is being used. If you spend it for education, this much is certain—no one will ever take it from you, and you can use that education again to provide a happier, better way to live."—This from a paper which is a real expert on time: The San Quentin News.

DON'T FORGET THE ONE-ACTS TONIGHT and TOMORROW



FROM "FIELD AND OFFICE FABLES"

(reprinted by popular request)

Have you heard the story of the characters on the Isle of Ohm? Well, in the Town of Transit, situated beside the famous Slip-Rule Falls live a colony of Engineers—of course, most of the inhabitants are now grocers and plumbers, but that's not telling the whole story.

Being naturally queer, the Trans-tonians ride about on donkeys, which they call asses.

A person's social standing is determined by the ass he keeps. For instance the President of the Engineering Society has a lovely white ass. It's grand to see him going down the street on his ass. Instead of shaking hands they pat each other's ass.

One day a big meeting was held in the Engineering Building. The President was to speak. Everyone came on their ass which they left in the adjoining stable. The president left his just outside a window as he was in a hurry to get away. Halfway through the meeting a fire broke out so everyone ran like mad to save his ass. The President jumped out of the window expecting to land on his ass—but instead landed in a depression.

Which all goes to show that an Engineer doesn't know his ass from a hole in the ground.



Is 20 years a long time?



It depends on your age.

A man of forty can look forward to many interesting years and in 20 years can build up, within his present means, an income to help him enjoy his later years. At the same time he can provide for the welfare of his family should the unexpected happen to him. Let our representatives show you how a Mutual Life of Canada policy combines the best features of savings, investment and a pension plan at a modest outlay.

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The horse and mule live thirty years And nothing know of wine and beer The goat and sheep at twenty die And never taste of scotch and rye The cow drinks water by the ton And at eighteen is mostly done The dog at fifteen cashes in Without the aid of rum and gin The cat in milk and water soaks And in twelve short years it croaks The modest sober bone dry hen Lays eggs for noggs then dies at ten All animals are strictly dry They sinless live and swiftly die But sinful, ginful, rumsoaked men Survive for three score years and ten.

OVERCOATS

Drop in and see our new styles & shades while our stock is still complete.

U.N.B. sweaters and jackets
SCOVIL'S
Queen at Carleton

FORESTERS TAKE NOTE...

To all FORESTERS—Greetings. It has been said among the FORESTERS that we have just had one of the most successful Forestry Weeks on record. For this I wish to thank the committees who worked so hard. Indeed every one of you who got into the spirit of the Forester's frolics helped to make it a great success.

To the Freshmen and Sophomores particularly I would extend hearty congratulations. You have shown more spirit and interest than has been seen around U.N.B. in a long time. I hope you will keep it up. We have had our fun. Now it is time to work and there is lots to do.

Last year the association acquired the Hadley-Videto Memorial Reading Room and furnished it to the tune of some \$1,100. This showed what could be done by the Foresters. It also gave us new responsibilities. Let us show that we are capable of handling these responsibilities. We are one of the largest organizations on the campus and we show the most spirit. Let's work together for our own improvement and for the benefit of U.N.B.

Here at university in your faculty and particularly in your association you have the opportunity to gain much valuable and practical experience which will stand you in good stead as you take your place in industry or government.

In spite of vast iron discoveries in Labrador and the seas of oil in Alberta, Forestry still stands as Canada's leading industry. It is your privilege as Foresters to be part of this large industry in whatever branch you choose. It is a privilege which is not available in every country. Let us use it wisely.

There are several professional organizations which are of importance and value to foresters. Membership in some of these societies may be obtained at a special rate for students. I urge you to join them.

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