



Sigma Lambda Beta Rho

By the "Jones Boys"

O the Jones Boys!

They built a still on the side of the hill,
And they'll 'still all night and they'll 'still all day,
'Till decency puts the 'L.C.B. away.

As our Weather Cock shifted Eastward in yesterday's wind, our short-wave set picked up a sorrowful story from a sobbing Soviet.

"Last night I wished to celebrate my promotion from a three-star-Hero to a four-star-Hero in my Commissary with a few cups of tea. But because a noisy minority of the W.C.T.U. (Women's Counter-Tea Union) frowns upon it we are not allowed to drink tea in public places; and hence we have no Tea Houses, not even Chinese Tea Houses. However I was determined to carry out my celebration at all costs, and decided to go to the N.B.L.C.B. (Neo-Bolshevik Liquids Control Bureau) and to buy some bulk tea, regardless of the indecency of such an act, or the risk of total liquidation.

"When I reached the Bureau I was required to present my Party Membership Card, Birth Certificate, and Certificate of Health, before I was allowed to make my purchase. Fortunately, I am a Party Member and was allowed a free choice of brands of tea, but non-Party members may purchase only cheaper local brands in order to patronize the Five-Year-Plan for the promotion of local tea processing.

"Having settled on a carton of Upper Siberian Tea, I was warned to leave by the shortest route and to be home in less than thirty minutes. I was also told not to break the seal on the tea carton on the way home since that constituted a breach of the I.L.A. (Irreparable Labels Act).

"Upon leaving the Bureau I was accosted by a member of the N.K.V.D. (the Never Kind to Virtuous Drinkers) who escorted me to the Commissary of my Department. The Commissary on the spot demoted me to a Two-Star-Hero and severely reprimanded me for such an indecent act as to purchase tea against the wishes of the W.C.T.U."

After hearing such a pathetically undemocratic breach of civil and personal rights of the individual by a cruel and abject administration, we can only remark, "Thank God the people of New Brunswick have the freedom to partake of any beverage as they please."

Modern Art In A Nutshell

by Rozi Harris

Bob Miller in his discussion tried to open our minds to the fact that there is a deeper perception of things around us than the simple observance of the physical nature of objects. In the first place he explained that there is an "infinity of experience" to which our limited faculties are conditioned in such a way, as to exclude all experience that is not necessary to our basic motivations in life. That is we do not try to comprehend all that we experience because our faculties cannot utilize all of it. The Universe is something we are only aware of. We do not see this great cosmos as a whole but only in parts. The scientists are the ones who have "perceived" it for us, who have done much research in order to collect data about our universe. "Compare for instance," says Miller, "Our experiences of life to a ride in a plane. Before we sail into the sky we catch fleeting glimpses of the runway lights. The sequence of time, so short permits us only the fleeting glimpse. But when we have reached a considerable height, we see from the plane the whole series of runway lights as a whole". This is an "objective reality", that is we cannot say it is a fantasy. Similarly if we could comprehend the universe as a whole, which the short sequence of time does not permit us to do yet, then this would not be a fantasy, but an objective reality.

Mr. Miller paralleled the bursting of scientific ideas to the artists' struggle against the visual representations of things as they appear. It seems that the artist was the first to be aware of this need to break with tradition, and to begin the search for essence, rather than the exactness of form. He gives for example Paul Clay who believed that it was dishonesty to continue in traditional art. The time had come that a search for new relationships should begin. Man is always imposing order upon himself, but through the middle ages the synthesis of fundamental relationships had come to a peak. Now was the breaking point, to explore deeper meaning, as the scientist explores deeper concerns in his field. So Paul Clay had to consider as a child considers to approach the real meaning.

Mr. Miller concludes his talk by saying that we are at present in the painful growing stage of approaching this integration period of seeing things as a whole, and the art we sometimes cannot understand is only part of the search for ultimate understanding.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page one)

If the Canadian Pacific Railway is responsible for erecting proper signals at their crossings, then the Canadian Pacific Railway is criminally responsible for Stanley Cooke's death!

On behalf of the University of New Brunswick and especially of those who knew Stanley Cooke well, we wish to express our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Cooke's family. We will assure you that this needless waste of life will not go unanswered.

Slabs 'N Edgings

Every once in a while a man feels impelled to have his hair cut. It's a neat and tidy habit. It also helps him to relocate his ears, reaffirm the boundaries of his neck, and reassure him that he does, indeed, have a skull.

Most men prefer to have their hair cut on a Thursday. There's nothing wrong with that, except that the barber shops are all closed on Thursdays.

So on Thursday I went over to the barber shop and it was closed. The door was even locked so you couldn't go in and cut your own hair. This was a trifle disappointing, for my hair was beginning to look like a Guardsman's busby with a faint part in it.

I was walking along the street keeping a wary eye on birds which might be house-hunting, when I saw a women's beauty salon. Women, apparently, can have their hair cut, wrinkled, painted or resodded any day in the week.

So I went in and approached a blonde who was wearing sugar floss candy for hair and said I'd like a haircut.

"Have you an appointment?" she said. I said it was an emergency. She consulted a large black book.

"Anna can take you," said the blonde. She pushed a button on the desk and a small, brown-haired girl popped through a door.

"Haircut, Anna," said the blonde. "Emergency."

I was whisked into a small, plush, private booth, seated in a small chair, and had a scented apron draped around me. Anna smiled at me reassuringly.

"You must not worry," she said. "I have cut the men's hair in Vienna, Munich, Baden-Baden and Basel".

I wasn't reassured. After all, she may have been run out of all those places for what she did to men's hair.

After that the conversation went something like this:

"Cut?"

"Yep."

"Shaped?"

"What shape?"

"To fit your head."

"It fits my head now."

"I will give it the natural sweep."

She did, too. She swept it left, right, forwards and backwards. My hair had more sweeping than a Dutch housewife's kitchen. My hair wasn't only being cut, it was being exercised.

And Anna's approach wasn't the cut-and-swipe of a man barber. She treated each hair as an individual. That's the way a hair should be treated. It takes longer to cut one hair at a time, but it gives the barber a chance to cut with the grain of a single hair.

The conversation went like this: "You have the nice hair," said Anna.

"Which one?"

"All I see."

"There are two crooked ones at the side."

"I'll straighten them."

She did. She straightened them out and patiently clipped unruly single hairs here and there and swept them into their natural slots. Then she stepped back with a little sigh of delight. "You are now shaped," she said, patting the side of my head.

I guess she's right. It cost me \$2.00 plus a 50-cent tip. I'd been shaped, molded, clipped and taken.

And today I'm going to a barber. My head still looks like a Guardsman's busby with a slight part in it.

—with apologies to "The Telegram".

INTRAMURAL HOCKEY

Soph. Eng.—Fresh. Sections X, Y, Z
Soph. Eng. won by default. Referee, P. Coombes.

Science 5—Junior Eng. 6
Science: Burns 1, Wilson 2, Watson 2.

Junior Eng.: Lavolette 2, Campbell 1, Bullman 1, Coombes 2. Referee, J. Sears.

Fresh. Sec. W.—Foresters 2nd & 3rd
Foresters won by default. Referee, E. B. Dohaney.

Senior Eng. 2—Arts 0
Senior Eng.: Thomas 1, Douglas 1. Referee, E. B. Dohaney.

chemistry undergrads

Career possibilities are wide and interesting with —

CANADIAN CHEMICAL COMPANY, LIMITED

Q. What is Canadian Chemical?

A. A young, progressive and fast-growing Canadian company. Its \$75,000,000 plant on a 430-acre site at Edmonton, Alberta, consists of 3 plants—a petrochemical unit, a cellulose acetate manufacturing unit, and a filament yarn plant. It has its own power plant and water treating facilities to supply steam, electricity, water and compressed air.

Q. What do we make at Edmonton?

A. Canadian Chemical's three integrated plants at Edmonton use the products of Canada's forests and vast oil fields . . . producing for world markets high-quality supplies of

ORGANIC CHEMICAL
CELLULOSE ACETATE FLAKE
ACETATE YARN AND STAPLE FIBRE

Q. What are my job opportunities?

A. The Company maintains complete technical facilities for the development of new processes and for quality control of products.

Organic chemistry as applied to the petrochemical industry is the basic science of this plant's operations. The entire plant depends upon accurate analytical methods, including the use of spectroscopy (UV, infrared, mass). Your training will be applied in the solving of many interesting and varied chemical problems.

* * *

Challenging job opportunities also exist for mechanical engineers, chemical engineers, electrical engineers and engineering physics graduates—as discussed in other ads of this series.

CANADIAN CHEMICAL COMPANY, LIMITED
Montreal • Toronto • Edmonton • Vancouver

an affiliate of



CANADIAN CHEMICAL & CELLULOSE COMPANY, LTD.

You are always welcome at
GREENE'S ELECTRIC
Fredericton's centre for fine appliances