Queen Esther's Coronation WASSAIL '59 Highlights Tonight's Ball



Her Highness Queen Esther Hoyt, Reigning Monarch of all the Engineers, will be crowned tonight on the stroke of midnight at the Engineers' Ball. Queen Esther grew up in Wirral, Queens County, and attended Saint John Vocational School. A keen scholar, she won a University Scholarship for Women, is active in the Choral Society, and tosses a few stones with the Curling Club. We are fortunate in our choice of Queen, and wish her every success in the Winter Carnival Pageant.

Engineers Edge Foresters

team 5-4 in the annual Engineering Week tilt. After Dean of Bu flicted by carefree sticks and fly- at 4-4. ing pucks.

good scoring opportunities. The score was tied 2-2 after the first twenty minutes. In the second victory. period, the hard-fighting, high spirited foresters opened a two goal lead on goals by Connelly and Little, and due to the brilliant efforts of their goalie 'Leaky'

The Engineers started off En- | Parkin, the foresters held a 4-2 gineering Week on the right foot lead over the highly-favoured by defeating a tenacious forestry Engineers after two periods of

But in the third period, the Engineering, J. O. Dineen drop- Engineers, sporting several exped the opening puck, both teams varsity players in their line-up, squared off in the hotly contested battered the foresters continually game which saw three players until, with five minutes left in leave the ice, due to cuts in- the game, Stewart tied the score

The Engineers maintained the The first period was fairly even pressure until finally Coombes in play, with both teams missing scored on a brilliant effort with six seconds remaining in the game, to boost the Engineers to

> "Leaky" Parkin, in the For-ester's net, was the big stumbling banana". block for the Engineers, as he time and again, turned aside almost sure goals. Coombes led the winner's attack, with a pair of goals, while singletons were based his talk on his practical scored by Hache, Pearson and experience. He spoke on the sub-

Pakistanis at U.N.

In Tuesday's Brunswickan there was an error in the names of the Pakistanis who spoke in the Model United Nations. The correct text is as follows:

"The next item of business was discussion between the Indian and Pakistani delegation but the Pakistanis, Mrs. Mazur-i-Khuda and Abdul Khaleque, appeared to have won the sympathy of the assembly.

you make of that?"

"Highballs, sir."

By DAVID MOUNT

Last Saturday evening at the Kent Inn, Engineering Week for 1959 officially opened. The scene was the engineers annual dinner which for reasons of tradition is which for reasons of tradition is called a Wassail. Actually the term "Wassail" is now a misnomer for this banquet. A "Wassail" is a drinking party according to the dictionary, but alas no ale to quaff or wassail to swizzle at the engineers Wassail. eers Wassail — not openly anyway.

The Wassail was well attended and everyone there appeared to en-joy the excellent meal and the after dinner speeches. Bill Paterson, president of the UNB Engineering Society was chairman for the oc-casion. Dean Dineen was the first guest speaker. He left us with the impression that the Wassail of 1940 was a little different than our Wassail '59. It seems that it took place in the street outside one of of Fredericton's hotels.

Following the remarks of our present Dean, the Honourary President of the Engineering Society and Dean Emeritus of Engineering, Dr. Baird, was introduced. He too recalled the Wassails of by-gone days. It seems that the Wassails he remembered best might have been more like the Wassail of 1940 than our Wassail '59. Part of the tradition was the telling of "terrible stories".

The first engineering dinner was held in 1910, although at that time it was not called a Wassail. However this banquet became an an. nual affair, and like all engineering practices it has evolved by the trial and error process. There was a Wassail many years ago when the U.N.B. engineering faculty numbered only 12. At this particular banquet all 12 of the faculty were present. When the last bite was taken they were excused and the dinner took on a different com-plexion. Perhaps this singular event marked the birth of the Was-

Some people thought they heard Dr. Baird imply in his closing remarks that the University may be stepping up requirements because the professors are not so good as they used to be.

Mr. Otis Logue of the Fredericton firm of Associated Designers and Inspectors and a U.N.B. graduate spoke next. He had obviously been feeling sorry for our gentle-manly Wassail 59. He had suffered in silence long enough. A wassail is no place to pass gems of wisdom. Mr. Logue was bound and determined that our Wassail would not take a back seat to the wassails of old, and he told us what really took place in those days. when Mr. Logue finished his storytelling the ice was broken and a competition began for "top

Those of us who were attending our first wassail witnessed a surprising performance by two of our mind the absence of a blackboard Stewart. Connelly scored two for the foresters, and Benson and Little added single goals.

Experience. He spoke on the subject of a special chromium-plated cast-iron foundry project. This was a very technical matter which was delicately handled. Professor Beattle followed suit and told his stories, which, incidently, he learned while attending summer school at some other university. Beattie spoke with all the finesse of an experienced "teller of tall tales". It appeared that he was being very careful not to let his exceptionally long neck-tie fall into his coffee. Professor Beattie's students were very surprised to learn that he is so neck-tie concious, and yet doesn't even own a Nova Scotia Tartan tie.

The last of the after-dinner speakers, by his own, request, was "I have a report here that says coke, soda, and whiskey were found in your community and the color of the problem that faced him, the impossible task of telling found in your room. What do a story to top Professor Beattle's. As we listened to the eloquence of Dr. Mackay we were once again reminded that our President not

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only possesses a diplomat's sense of delicacy and an artsman's sense of beauty, but also, the engineer's down-to-earth practical sense.

The father of a pretty co-ed asked her boy friend to see the basketball game over the television set. When the boy arrived, he brought a jug that obviously contained a mixture containing alcohol, and during the game he took a nip now and then. At last the father could stand it no longer.

"Young man," he said, "I'm forty-seven years old, and never in my life have I touched liquor."

"Well, don't get any ideas, Pop," the student snarled. "You ain't gettin' any of this."

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