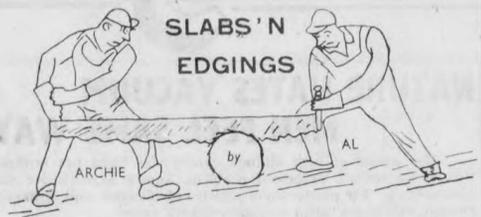


THE FEATURES SHEET



It occurred to us today that this week is what is so loosely referred to as Engineering Week. No one would have known anything about it had it not been for a public address system announcing the unfortunate affair. It must be a dull party if you have to advertise it. Apparently the biggest event of Engineering Week is the "Wasserman". We fully agree that a "Wasserman" is a big step in anybody's life—even an engineer's, and we all hope the Engineers survive their "Wasserman" without any disastrous results, as the results of a "Wasserman" are often disastrous. But remember this, Engineers, it is better to have flunked your "Wasserman" than never to have loved at all.

Monte Carlo News
Have you reserved Friday, Feb. 26 for the Monte Carlo? This year we have expanded our facilities in the expectations of a greater crowd. No one from any faculty including the professors wants to miss this chance to spend an evening of fun in gaming, gambling and dancing. You will be given \$1000 in crisp, new bills for two bits to do your gambling with. Everyone had a wonderful time last year. Plan it with your girl-friend, or plan to come stag.

Got quite a laugh tonight when the engineer, on whose typewriter I am now typing this column, refused to let me use it for this purpose. Oh, well, he was brave.

For those Foresters who have not got their forestry transfers as yet or those who have them and don't know where to use them, we found that they look excellent on drinking glasses which can be bought for 10 cents. Try them. You can get the transfers from Dave Bradshaw, Jefferson, Mack or Art Hobbs.

A 10 per cent cruise of the Forestry faculty showed that the Foresters unanimously agree with the affirmative of the debate mentioned in last week's issue, headlined "Illegal Sex and Pubs Condoned by Society."

Paul Bunyan
When Paul hunted ducks, he could knock down a flock at a time with his huge gun, which is said to have been 51 axe handles long. He used to load his gun with a keg of nails, and waited till the flock got in front of a tree before firing at it. Consequently, the ducks were nailed solidly to the tree trunks, where the bull-cooks could easily pluck them.

Elmer, Paul's dog, had a very good nose but was only a normal sized pointer, so he couldn't keep up to his master. Ingenious Paul slung a hammock from the barrel of his gun, and placed the dog in it. The pointing dog's nose served as a useful sight.

Artsmen's Corner
A philandering man from South Syme,
Married three different girls at one time
When asked, "why the third?"
He huffed, "One is absurd,
And bigamy, sir, is a crime."
★ ★ ★

Timely Advice On
How to Fail a College Course

1. Enter the course as late as possible. By changing your mind about your curriculum after school starts, you should be able to avoid classes until the second or third week.
 2. Do not bother with a text book.
 3. Put your social life ahead of everything else. If necessary, cultivate a few friendships in class. Interesting conversation should be able to drown out the noise of the lecture.
 4. Observe how seedy most professors look and treat them accordingly.
 5. Make yourself comfortable when you study. If possible draw up an easy chair by a window.
 6. Have a few friends handy during the study periods, so that you can chat when the work becomes dull.
 7. If you must study, try to lump it all together and get it all over with. The most suitable time would be the last week of school.
 8. Keep your study table interesting. Place photographs, magazines, goldfish bowls, games and other recreational devices all around you while studying.
 9. Never interrupt your reading by checking on what you have learned. Recitation is not very pleasant anyhow, since it shows up your deficiencies.
- Do not let academic work get mixed up with your daily life.
(Reprinted from the Acadia Athenaeum)

Writer's Workshop

I like horses. Whenever I see a horse everything seems to stop for me. It doesn't matter whether he is a beautiful, bay, riding-horse or a dappled grey garbage horse—to me he is wonderful because he is a horse. There is something about them that quickly, very quickly, takes me back to the happiest times of my life.

When I was ten I guess I was the happiest boy on earth. My father had given me a horse for my birthday and had stabled it at the farm of friends of ours about four miles from town. It was a beautiful dusky black horse and I named it Smoky. He was a gelding and was a year and a half old when I got him. Smoky and I were very close friends for six long, tremendous years.

Now don't get the idea that Smoky was a riding horse when I got him. He had been quite ferocious when he was a stallion, but now had quieted down to an especially gentle horse. He also had trouble with his left front leg and at times it bothered him so much that he couldn't do the work-horse jobs around the farm. I had been riding horses for some time and Smoky was a perfect buy for me. He could earn his board on a farm and yet he could be ready for me whenever I wanted him. I know Mr. Barret, who owned the farm used him sparingly around the farm, usually in the barn yard, and affectionately called him "Donnie Stephens' horse".

And he was "Donnie Stephens' horse" right from the very beginning. I gave him some cubes of sugar and the roughness of his tongue on my hand greeted me as a friend. I love the soft touch and warm breath of a horse's nose, usually in the barn yard, and I remember the sweet smell of spruce and the west wind in my hair as Smoky put his head down to get some water from the creek which ran through the farm. There was a peace and quietness there which I will never forget.

I think that it was those wonderful Saturdays with Smoky which made me like poetry so much. Each Saturday I would get up very early and get a ride out to the farm with Mr. Barret, who brought his cream in early Saturday mornings. After about a month Smoky had got used to our weekly meetings and he would be waiting for me. I could see him when I turned into the yard and I still say that he smiled at me.

Some people say that animals don't say that they do! There was something almost human about Smoky. When I was happy and carefree we seemed to ride that way together. When I was unhappy I am sure it showed in the way we rode. When I was angry we used to ride and ride quickly. He was a part of me and my mood.

There was one place we used to visit quite a lot and I'm sure Smoky instinctively knew where I wanted to go. He would turn across the back fence, across the section and go slowly through a huge bluff of trees.

The leaves in that wood were the most beautiful in the fall. I remember that my mother used to say that a part of New Brunswick had been put into that woods. There were many warm brilliant colors there that one doesn't usually find in Saskatchewan. The leaves seemed to make the most

beautiful music when we went through the bluff—the ground would be covered with the crackling leaves and the occasional one would drift down when we slowly walked through the trees. Even when all the leaves were on the ground, that bluff seemed to make everything right. The trees were quite far apart and very little underbrush grew there. It reminded me of the woods one saw in the pictures of the hunt in Great Britain. The trees were tall and stately and seemed out of place in such a country where the trees don't grow very high.

Past the bluff was a long road of poplars which were weather protection for the house of Mrs. Hansen. Mrs. Hansen was a "peculiar" woman and had lived alone since her husband died during the single "Flu" epidemic of 1919. She raised her garden and flowers and rented her land to a farmer nearby. Never wanting to move into the city, she lived a quiet existence by herself. Mrs. Hansen, Smoky and I used to have a lot of fun together. When she saw us coming she would come out of her little stone house, toss Smoky some sugar or candy and tell me to tie him up—anywhere. She wasn't particular where I put the horse just as long as she had some company. Usually she had just baked some cookies and I would sit there in the kitchen munching away on one, with a large glass of cold milk in my hand and listen to Mrs. Hansen. She always wore a long skirt, high lace boots on her feet and always had a huge stiffly starched apron tied around her expansive waist. She would talk about George, her departed husband: "God rest his soul", and tell me of her latest doings in fortune telling. She was the last word in fortunes and the one she told us always came true. Her main interest in this was cultivated by a wish to contact George in the "other world". I have often wondered if she ever made it.

One evening I stayed especially long at Mrs. Hansen's, she was telling me about her latest seance and how she had "felt" that George was in the room. Poor George—perhaps he was better off where he was. But please don't get the idea that I didn't like Mrs. Hansen. I did like her but let's face it—she was a bit peculiar.

Smoky and I had to go home in the late twilight that night and as we slowly rode across the back field, we stopped and watched Mr. Barret go about his evening chores. As I watched his swinging lantern as he entered all the doors, I counted the many trips he made from the barn to the stacks. Even now I can drink in the pleasant odor as he brought the fork-fills back. All at once I can hear the mooing of the cows and the bleating of the sheep; the bawling of the sleepy little calf and the cooling of the swallows; the horses' meowing of the kittens. A tune floated through the air as Mr. Barret went about his chosen work. The growing darkness tended to hide the whiteness of his hair. And I know that when he went to bed, because he was very old and lame, he would go through his many chores again in his memories and thoughts.

And I went back to town and thought of my Saturdays with Smoky and even today I dream of many Saturdays, riding on top of Smoky, when the "world was my oyster".
Don Stevens, '54.

He had the toughest job in the world. He sold sleeping pills at Niagara Falls.



811...

We're getting real athletic this week folks. Five exuberant girls, making enough noise for five hundred, stamped out at ten o'clock Saturday morning bound for the swimming meet in Saint John. However, wet and wailing because of a disappointing defeat by a few meagre points, they returned considerably more subdued than when they left.

Congratulations are extended to Marg Roach who has been selected the Varsity Women's Singles Champion for the Maritime Intercollegiate Meet to be held in Halifax the week-end of Feb. 20.

It's time some of the girls from 811 got interested in basketball. We hear that the team had a real "George" time at Dal and Acadia. We would imagine that they enjoyed themselves more at Acadia however,—eh, girls? We also enjoyed having the Wolfville co-eds here over the week-end.

A change in apparel has been noticed of late as Airwomen Gately and Craig march into supper on Thursday evenings clad in their sexy uniforms. With so many girls trying the outfits on a rush is expected soon at the RCAF Recruiting Office on the campus.

Are these mid-term blues getting everyone? There seems to be a noticeable slump in the usual Sunday night rush. Where is your fighting spirit boys?

So it's Engineering Week?—This is apparent by the presence of a couple of "engineering widows" around the residence in the last few days. Hurry back lads, or the Foresters will be taking over. It didn't take them so long to recover from their Hammerfest. This Wassail must be quite a thing!!!

Wanted—one barber pole (red and black, instead of red and white). . . explanation: one of the girls has opened a barber shop at the Magee Jean and is going to land office business. This will probably result in a "new" look.

We are considering your offer of a masseur, Diogenes.



Sigma Lambda Beta Rho
BY
DIOGENES

Engineering being a profession wherein discernment, observation and a keen sense of the fitness of things is a hallmark, we have this week a gathering of some of the things our engineers with their discernment, observation and keen sense of the fitness of things, have noted.

There have been five days this term on which we have not eaten pig meat of some sort or another. No one can remember a day on which potatoes were not served.

It apparently was not intended that electric razors should ever be used in the lavatories. Not only are there no outlets near the mirrors, there are no outlets—period. One irrelevant type voiced the thought that our building was erected before the discovery of electricity.

The resident Engineers have evolved a new definition for a Forester. He is a person who has nothing to do all day but sit under a tree and dream of the pleasant life he would lead as an Engineer.

Electrical Engineers are concerned about the lighting in the Residence. The regulation of the lighting circuits is well-known by anyone who has been reading a book when a "jiffy-jug" was turned on. The sudden change from dazzling white to sunset orange is, to say the least, disconcerting. We recommend that all the wiring be replaced with at least 500,000 c.m. wire and a step voltage regulator be installed in the basement. A shadow of doubt still remains though because of the fact that with our array of heating implements we would challenge the regulation of Niagara Falls.

Our well-loved spotlights (one at each end) also present a problem. What is it that lies within their limited circle of illumination that requires such scrutiny? What hallowed spot is located there? If they were beacons to guide the late straggler, they would be pointed up in the air. If they were intended to illuminate the front of the building, they would be pointed so that their beams would converge on the drive. But they are pointed straight at the ground. What are they for.

Only two more days until the Residence Formal. At this event all Foresters will be expected to act like Engineers.

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