

FEATURES



The city of Fredericton is preparing itself for the most important event of the year — "Engineering Week". Pete Atkinson, President of the Engineering Society at UNB, claimed that the events this year will be the best ever. Plans are well underway for the big dance scheduled for February 11 at the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel. Several days ago some fifteen eager UNB engineering students were found waiting in line for their "Wassall" tickets. Everyone is getting in the mood.

The Engineering Brunswickan should be tops and this can be accomplished with your help. If you have anything to contribute please pass it along to Bill McNamara or place it under "Mc" in the Arts Building.

At 2 p.m. January 17, 1955, three wise men of the engineering staff gathered to remove a "Pellet Wheel" from its shipping box. The cover was removed, the braces thrown aside and an all-out effort was made to remove the pellet wheel without damaging the box. After a thorough examination it was discovered that the pellet wheel was spiked firmly to the box. A fruitless search for a nail puller was made. To the sorrow of all, the box had to be destroyed before the pellet wheel could be freed. It is rumored that the nail puller has been removed by a certain "backwoods" Association.

Engineers, don't forget to hand your Hodge Podge pictures to Bill McEwan or Bill Barwick.

Now we come to a portion on "Got To Know Engineering". This week:—How Electrical Engineering was originated.

On Faraday, January 10, 1855 A.C., the Kilowatt Kid was sent by the Daily Shmeener to cover the opening session of Parliament. Here is a copy of his report:

"A large crowd attended the opening session filling the gallery to capacity as members from both positive and negative parties filled the cell. It wasn't long before the negatives threw charge after charge at the positives, but the latter put up much resistance causing the discussion to get hot. One of the members tried to shunt the discussion and the assembly soon broke out in hysterics. The Prime Mover, sitting in his arm-a-ture, called for order. Just then, a member of the positive party made a switch, and both parties saw the light. A vote was taken and the negative won by 110 volts."

"WATT is the purpose of this story you ask?"

This verifies the fact that the Kilowatt Kid was the first to use electrical terms and hence is the originator of electrical engineering.

Tight clothing doesn't stop circulation—the tighter a girl's clothing the more she circulates.

Reflections

by "LIZ"

There are many ways in which a man may court the young lady of his choice. The sending of flowers and bringing of chocolates are well known to us. Less known is the giving of a Love Spoon. This is an old Welsh custom, which, it is claimed, has given to the English language that expressive term Spooning.

According to the old custom, a love spoon was offered by a man as a sign that courtship was desired; thus a village belle, if she were a coquette, might accept a spoon from several would-be suitors.

Some of the most simple spoons were intended for use, but many were to oelaborate to be more than symbolic. The actual symbolism, according to courting, seems to have originated in spoons of similar size fitting closely into each other.

Most exciting love spoons are eighteenth or nineteenth century work, but the old Welsh craft is still practised by a few wood-carvers, and the spoons may still be purchased.

Remember last week when I mentioned that three out of five women in the United States tinted their hair? Since last week's edition, Canadian news has been released. The "lustre brown mink" shade so popular in U.S. is rivalled in Canada by "chestnut satin" and "Russian Red", and statistics have been changed to read, in Canada, four out of five.

AH PROPHECY!

"The improvement in city conditions by the general adoption of the motor-car can hardly be over-estimated. Streets—clean, dust-free and odorless—with light rubber-tired vehicles moving swiftly and noiselessly over their smooth expanse would eliminate a greater part of the nervousness, distraction and strain of modern metropolitan life."

From the July 1899 Scientific American.

Confidentially

Hope you fellows have started to use your charms, etc., on the Co-Eds by now, as lists are starting to appear already. The agenda for the big week is as follows: Monday, sleigh ride; Tuesday, pool party; Wednesday, toboggan party; Thursday, show; Friday, Apache Dance; Saturday, hockey game and wolf night.

The Card Party held by the Faculty Wives for the Co-Eds was very well attended and everyone enjoyed the evening with its variety of entertainment.

One of our seniors has been stricken with pneumonia and has been removed to the hospital. We all miss Sandra and wish her a speedy recovery.

You Co-Eds who frequently hop over freight trains do take advice from Di Johnston and don't get suspended in mid-air.

Clara, our cook, left us last week-end. With Mrs. MacArthur and Frances both pitching in, we are finally back to our former hearty eating habits.

Writer's Workshop

When I first saw Cynthia in her fresh light frock, she enchanted me with her loveliness and candor. Her golden-brown hair was brushed abundantly down her back, and although she must have been well past twenty, her hair made her look like the picture of Alice, which I had seen in the "Alice books" as a child.

"Would you not like another cup of tea?" she asked, with a curious intent look, like a fox peering out from cover. I answered yes, and passed my cup and saucer to her. She handed them gingerly, making fine little scrolls with her fingers. I admired the nice shy manners which she displayed as she served the tea.

I liked her voice. She had a soft, flurried way of speaking, which carried with it a kind of purity, making her seem very innocent and maidenly. Her speech showed the results of careful teaching, and she did not resort to Canadian slang.

"Do you like the biscuits?" she began.

"I always call them biscuits. Some people call them 'crackers'."

I think we all ought to call them the same thing. I like to call them biscuits because they crackle so when you break them. I think that "biscuits" is better than "crackers" because "crackers" sounds as if they are all cracked, but some biscuits just bend you know!"

After saying this she looked very pleased with herself, as if she had just established some law from which all of mankind would benefit. She reached for the biscuits and delicately lifted one from the dish.

She nibbled at it, and although she took great care not to spill any crumbs, a few wild tallow tumbled down on to her flat chest. She quickly brushed them off, offering a great flow of apologies for her clumsiness.

Then she smiled at me charmingly with her little mauve-ringed moist mouth, and I could not help but remark that her small cupid-bow lips were really too turgid to kiss. She laughed, her voice hitting precise little notes, as she said:

"Why, you haven't eaten a single biscuit!"

Her face was beaming with enthusiasm, and since I could see nothing to be enthusiastic about, I thought I should do something or other. I fished out my package of cigarettes and offered one to her.

"Oh! No thank you!" she cried, her voice again hitting those precise little notes.

"I do not smoke! I think that ladies who smoke are really quite vulgar and sordid."

Her facial features pulled tight in an expression of complete disgust, which reminded me of an expression which was quite often displayed by a frustrated splinter school marm whom I once knew.

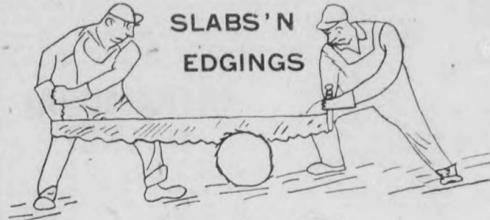
She spoke of her singing in the church choir, and placed special stress on the fact that she knew all the hymns by heart. Apparently I didn't seem to be too impressed by this, for she quickly changed the topic, and began to speak of her University training.

She told me that she had gone to the University and that she had majored in German. In order to impress me further, she chirped off a few idiomatic German phrases with a very strong English accent. It was quite plain that she had studied German straight from the book, and she had read Goethe without even being able to pronounce his name.

I found myself wishing that I could slough off that life of the small town, which she put on when she woke every morning, like some cursed, indestructible dress of girlhood.

I could see many reasons for her being interested in me. I was young, handsome, irresistible, and a bachelor. But her efforts to impress me fell flat, and since I was now perfectly bored with her company, I made some weak excuses and rose to leave.

She followed me to the door, begging me to stay a bit longer. When we reached the vestibule, she paused and looked up at me expectantly. I said good-bye quietly, and bent over and kissed her on the cheek!



by Jack, Jim and Paul

Forty members were present at the regular meeting of the Forestry Assoc. on Monday the 17th. The main topic at the meeting was the fourth annual MONTE CARLO. The date for this event has been set for Friday, February 18. This is the popular event of the year for which students and professors have been waiting. Do you remember the wonderful time you had there last year? How can you forget?

We have received word from the St. John Ambulance Assoc. that the following have successfully passed their Senior Saint John Ambulance exams: J. Lister, N. Dymant, A. La Breque, G. Miller, H. Diechman, L. Grey, R. Marachya, D. Moran.

The Forestry New Year's Social was held on the 14th on the third floor of our building. Three interesting movies were shown. The reading room was turned into a dance floor and Room 305 became a card room. Coffee and donuts were served. What fun!

The Assoc. has again put itself in the limelight by sponsoring a UNIVERSITY WATER SAFETY PROGRAMME. The course is broken into three parts: 'Learn to Swim', 'Canoeing', 'Water Safety'.

We were surprised to see BULLDOZER in our paper. The 'ears' have not had a column for years, perhaps because they were all too illiterate to write one. Seriously, we might say here, we are surprised and glad that our largest faculty has scraped the surface with 'Bulldozer'. Welcome to the paper and may the 'ears' be able to read.

During the Christmas holidays the form reproduced below was discovered by a Forester. No survey forms were available for males. Consider the two words on each line to represent the extremes of a continuum, along which you should rate any Co-Ed you are interested in. We are told that the ratings have been experimentally checked by the Chi-Square analyses system and it has been shown to be significant with a high level of confidence.

FEMALE COMPATABILITY RATING FORM

Ratings	0	2	4	6	8	10	Attributes
illreputes							receptive
resistive							suggestive
deceptive							charming
disarming							objective
selective							Booze some
gruesome							expective
rejective							mobile
docile							entertaining
complaining							cheerful
fearful							restless
chestless							total

In determining female compatibility the mean figure is derived by dividing the total by 5. Division gives the JAGGY MEAN. If this answer isn't mean enough multiply the jaggy mean by the following Finsey factors: age 14-17, 2.0 age 18-24, 5.0.

Sigma Lambda Beta Rho BY DIOGENES

Last week there was a lot of excitement around the Residence. Due to the large snow fall in Fredericton the boys decided to do a bit of sculpturing. In the wee hours of the morning of the 20th, half of the Residence Members gathered outside in the front and began to build snow men. All sorts of weird things began to take shape as the boys got into action. In the morning there appeared two likenesses of Residence Administrators, along with inmates of the Residence pleading mercifully for some TEA. Residence Lawn now seems to have turned into a Grave-yard.

MEALS: OH TO BE HOME AGAIN

We would like to take this opportunity to welcome the Engineers Column ??? We have had a bit of difficulty in deciding if the name suits. We agree with the BULL but we will leave it up to the readers discretion as to the rest of it. Anyway, better late than never.

As for the men of the week we have decided to choose the four man committee who were investigating the Case of The Missing Tea Cups.

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The Monkey's Disgrace

Three monkeys sat in a coconut tree,
Discussing things as they're said to be.
Said one to the others, "Now listen, you two,
There's a certain rumour that can't be true,
That man descended from our noble race;
The very idea is a disgrace.

"No monkey ever deserted his wife,
Starved her babies and ruined her life;
And you've never known a mother monk
To leave her babies with others to bunk,
Or pass them on from one to another
Till they scarcely know who is their mother.

And another thing, you'll never see
A monkey build a fence around a cocoanut tree
And let the cocoanuts go to waste,
Forbidding all other monkeys to taste.
Why, if I put a fence around a tree,
Starvation will force you to steal from me.

"Here's another thing a monkey won't do;
Go out all night and get on a stew,
Or use a gun, or club, or knife,
To take another monkey's life.
Yes, man descended, the ornery cuss,
But brother, he didn't descend from us."

From: The Fulcrum.

Rule No. 1:
KEEP IN TOP CONDITION



It's a good rule to keep your finances in top condition, too — by operating your own savings account at the B of M.

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