

Achievement

ty presented "Fortune... It was the crowning... one of the best pres-... remarkable in many... play, it was a light... puppets were featured

nd Quebec as the best... dian. A skilful mixing... hicle for the antics of... present university city... experts, coupled with... unist and a habitual... the opening night, and... ntario and Quebec.

to the public by now... for the last few days... on possible is an end-... scenery, made the... the lighting, costum-... dents, many firms and... the success of the pro-... spent both time and... tric, Walker's, CFNB, ...rvey Studio, Greene's... thanks of the Drama

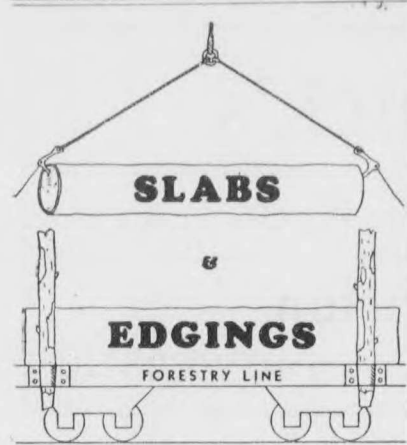
performances, including... Among those on the... Dr. and Mrs. A. W... aren and Mrs. Mac-... caude Taylor and Mrs... Harrison, Chief ustice... e P. G. Hughes, Hon... nd J. B. McNair, Q.C.,

on will appear in next

first prize and this was... n's first public appearance... na. The program also in-... nate for violin and piano... , a piece by the late Ivan... nce by Janis Kalnins, ... ricton.

posers on the performance... st Block, Ravel and Bar-... core, Mr. Margolian play-... cent composition entitled... credit he now has a long... ber music, songs, choral... let and two violin con-... d of these was awarded... rmonic Prize in London

Lucy Jarvis explained in... e soloist, we were pleased... only the artistic activity... tre, but also the original... med by a contemporary... look forward to hearing... again in recital, together... er Hart, who was an able... in the piano.



By Murph & Hatch

Happy birthday to us,
Happy birthday to us,
Happy birthday Slabs and Edgings,
Happy birthday to us.

—Or words to that effect. We hope you'll excuse the rusty harmony but it happens to be our first anniversary. Throughout the past year we have striven untiringly to bring you the best in journalism and unbiased reporting. If you'll pardon the blush, we have. The fact that 450 students disagree with this is of no significance mainly because 150 foresters agree, and tell us, can 150 foresters be wrong? Impossible!

"Now Hatch, tell me how it feels to have a year of journalism behind you."
"Well Murph, unaccustomed as I am to making public statements I would just like to take this opportunity to state that I am very glad you asked me. But on the other hand I'm not so glad you asked me, for being such a modest soul..."

"Ha!"
"... You can imagine my reticence at speaking of our many activities this past year."
"Bravo."

"Thank you, Murph. To continue, I must say my vast vocabulary fails me at this time, and pangs of compassion fill my glad heart as I delve back to those dark and unsure days when we courageously and righteously..."
"(He's getting carried away again)
"Well thanks Hatch, and now on to the next literary gem."

The last Forestry meeting in 1952 was highlighted by an excellent talk given by W. Y. Smith of the economics department. His outline and views of NATO were very interesting and were well received. We'd like to express our thanks for the trouble he took.

The ever-present humidity is again wreaking its inevitable toll. Eight (8) count them (8) ceiling blocks have fallen since the first welcome repair job and one is hanging precariously. We still have our precious water though, so we can probably tolerate this new situation for a while.

To answer Mr. Harrowing's vitriolic outburst at an item of statistical fact we recently published, we merely ask—whose complaining?—Only artists, so far.

Have you heard about the Co-ed with the wooden leg? Hopalong chastity.

"The Forest Management Problem" They told him it couldn't be done With a smile he got right to it He tackled the thing that couldn't be done And found he couldn't do it.

It may prove interesting to all senior foresters to read page 164 of Rechnagle's Forest Management. We agree with the statements made on this page but obviously some do not.

Yes... she could have worn her mother's girdle, but she didn't have the guts.

An indication of the growing practice of forestry is seen in the fact that in the United States in 1950-1951 there were 1730 bachelor's degrees awarded in forestry. Eight of these were awarded to women.

Pearls of Wisdom Dept.—The following were gleaned during the past three months in senior forestry classes.
"Beech is a wood."
"This is a pail."

In reply to a question—"Boinggg".
In reply to a question on how to tell the difference between spruce and pine.
"What are you worried about that for? There wasn't any spruce on the last test."

We'd like to reprint in its entirety an educational item gleaned from a

EXPERIMENT X
A Cup Feature
Acadia Athenaeum

OBJECT:
(a) To determine the existence, properties and reactions of an unknown compound.
(b) To provide a filler for desperate feature editors.

HISTORY OF COMPOUND:
Has been known to exist for about twenty years, and has dwelt in its present habitat for two years, five months, twenty-four days, sixteen hours, two minutes and fifteen seconds. At S. T. P. (specific times and places) it bears a remote resemblance to the mature homo sapiens, but at all other times, such resemblance is purely coincidental.

COMPOSITION:
70% H₂O, 10% potential energy, 15% foreign material, 5% of undetermined matter.
OCCURRENCE:
Native only to the college campus; unfortunately supply is not always plentiful. Found occasionally, in times of deep stress and strain, in study halls, libraries and classrooms, but more often in any place constructed for the purpose of enabling one to waste time in the presence of others possessed with similar aspirations. Students' Union Buildings, canteens and local hangouts provide an especially favorable environment for this type of activity. Approximately 44.001% of its daily existence is spent in a horizontal position and therefore it is assumed that this state is especially pleasurable to the unknown.

PHYSICAL PROPERTIES:
After prolonged tests and accurate observation, the physical properties were determined. Length of molecule, 175 cm. and atomic weight 80 Kg. Facial expression unstable, frequently inane sometimes intelligent, always interesting never observed in free state in public, but usually combined with jeans, multi-colored jackets adorned with insignia and letters, gaudy tams or battered fedoras, occasionally with loud sport shirts, bright bow ties. Compound frequently appears effervescent, at least it exhudates smoke. It is not uncommon to find a sample with shaven head and bristly face, indicating a marked similarity to an Alcatraz undergrad.

CHEMICAL PROPERTIES:
Shows marked affinity for the company of other compounds, especially those combined with sweater and skirts. Excellent agent for rapid reduction of parental income. Precipitates into all lectures five or six minutes late. After precipitation, takes about ten minutes to settle down. When subjected to colorimetric tests, X turned red when its dignity was removed, resulting in distinctly acid tendencies, green when another compound exhibited a new method of velocity (a new Cadillac), and blue when its basic principles were counteracted; it was rendered completely colorless and neutral in the presence of more powerful agents. Acts as a catalyst in conversation. Concentration is great when item under observation is of opposite valence and attractive, but weak when item is Latin or History. Specific gravity is 1.9, when unknown is forced to isolate itself in preparation for annual examinations.

REACTIONS:
1. With alcohol, it may be either saturated or on some occasions, super-saturated.
2. With moonlight, soft music, etc., reaction is frequently exothermic.
3. With one whiff of Chanel No. 5 compound is rendered physically inactive and may reach the melting point or kindling temperature.
4. With cigarette, pipe or cigar, may be seen to phosphoresce or light up.
USE:
Up to present time, of little use, but very desirable to have access to under certain conditions.
CONCLUSIONS:
(a) Having carried out the experiment with great detail and careful calculation, close inspection reveals the unknown to be—the college boy (alias man).
(b) Having reread this treatise, it is concluded that no feature editor is this desperate.

daily paper recently. This is it in all its profundity:
"About half of all the products manufactured in Canada are made."

Did you know that the water out in the residence pool goes through a residence filtering system before it is used? It seems that the city drinking water is too dirty to use directly. As one professor once told us "I put fresh water in my goldfish bowl and its three days before it clears up enough to see how the fish are."

I GOT HOME FOR CHRISTMAS ...

By Versus

Several nights before Christmas and all through the train
The students were staggering and feeling no pain
The bottles were hidden in pockets with care
For fear the conductor soon would be there.

The passengers settled all snug in their seats
Were thinking of Christmas, its joys and its treats
Grandma there in her kerchief and Pop by her side
Had just settled down for a comfortable ride.

When out on the platform there arose such a clatter
They sprang from their seats to see what was the matter
Up to the window they jumped like a fiash
Rubbed off some soot and leaned on the sash.

The lights on the platform bare without snow
Gave a shadow of twilight to objects below
When what to their wondering eyes should appear
But a mob of students and eight cases of beer

And the rushed for "The Rocket" so lively and quick
To drink up their beer so they all could be sick.
More rapid than eagles these students they came
And they whistled and shouted and called each by their name

"Now (censored), you (censored) hey (censored) and (censored)"
Here (censored) gimme (censored) for (censored) and (censored)"
To the top of the step where they fell in a heap
As "The Rocket" took off with a bound and a leap

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly
Past Three Tree and Waasis we went whistling by
So out to the Junction "The Rocket" it flew
With a train full of drunks, my Gawd what a crew!

And then in a twinkle it stopped on a dime
And spewed out its passengers one at a time.
We threw down our luggage and stamped up and down
With a curse and a kick at a sniffling hound

We waited for five or six hours it seemed
But at last round the bend to our left slowly steamed
The train we awaited and we made our attack
With our bottles in hand and our bags on our back.

Our eyes how they twinkled, our dimples how merry
Our cheeks were like roses, our noses like cherry!
Our droll little mouths spread out in a grin
To catch each drop of that lovable gin

We smelled of cigars held tight in our teeth
And the smoke encircled our heads like a wreath
There's singing and dancing and drinking some more
And what do you know, "McAdam by gor!"

There's a young fellow there wants to stir up a rucus
But it's forty to one and he thinks better of us.
In a wink of the eye and twist of the head
We found that the Border Patrol was ahead

He spoke not a word but went straight to his work
And filled out his forms, then turned with a jerk
And laying his finger aside of his nose
And giving a nod through the coach he goes.

We whipped up our party the sleepers we're few
At last Windsor Station rolled into our view
And we exclaimed to each other as we parted here
"Merry Christmas to you, and a Happy New Year!"

Σ Λ Β Ρ

Christmas is traditionally the season of good cheer and, for once, the usually deserted Residence had its share this year. Providing and partaking of the cheer were six waifs and strays who were forced to remain in Fredericton for the festive season. Aiding and abetting was the Residence Dietician Mrs. Neilson. Altogether, a good time was had by all. Shortly after Christmas, the "six" were greatly increased in number to about fifty-six when the Eastern Canada Conference of the SCM convened. Needless to say, the "six" made the most of their many opportunities to benefit from the conference. The New Year's Eve party, for instance, gave them a welcome chance to assist the SCM in their good work.

Now, once again, the regular inmates of the Residence have returned, sporting their new ties, slippers, rings and girlfriends which Santa Claus brought them. Ties, in particular, seem to have been a popular gift this year. Vic Stewart and Don Fowler were observed going from room to room trying to sell some decrepit old ties for the exorbitant price of ten cents! Presumably they must have received plenty of ties this Christmas.

As usual it was noticed that the last persons to return to Residence after the holiday were foresters. John Burch and Keith Waddell appear to have set the record this year in that respect. It should be noted, perhaps, that the first to leave before Christmas were also foresters although artists were a close second.

A familiar scene was observed by returning residents straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of their beloved Residence. Despite the attentions of the electrical engineering department, the Residence clock has, once more, ceased to function properly. The hands of this glorified egg-timer are now stuck at the hour of twenty minutes after five. The chimes still operate. The electrical department probably has some reason for this apparently incorrect state of affairs. Whatever the reason, we hope that it will be explained to us laymen at an early date.

Table tennis enthusiasts in the Residence are able to play their favourite game only under very poor conditions. The builders of this Residence must surely have made a mistake during construction and erroneously interchanged the names of the refrigerator room and the table tennis room. The refrigerator room could hardly be much cooler than the table tennis room. The table also leaves much to be desired and the possibilities of obtaining a new one should be investigated.

Our Man of the Week award goes to Vic Shearsmith, the Lachute Lion, whose blood-curdling roars were very noticeable at a late hour recently. The cause of the disturbance is not known but presumably it was either a celebration of sorts or perhaps someone was "twisting the lion's tail". We trust that he will now remain quietly in the jungle for the rest of the year.

EUREKA & TOBICES

