

# Leave It to The Engineers

## Excavations

● Poor, timid Harvey found the Banquet rather expensive, so in company with "Dewar's" entertained the boys with a very fine exhibition of card tricks.

Not to be outdone Eisenberg climbed a stately maple to retrieve a young lady's cat. Unfortunately she would not accept it as terms were not agreeable.

The staff of the Lord Nelson is in search of Mencions to complete their staff of efficient waiters.

An 8 o'clock curfew has been established in Armdale until the feud between Morgan and Joe is settled.

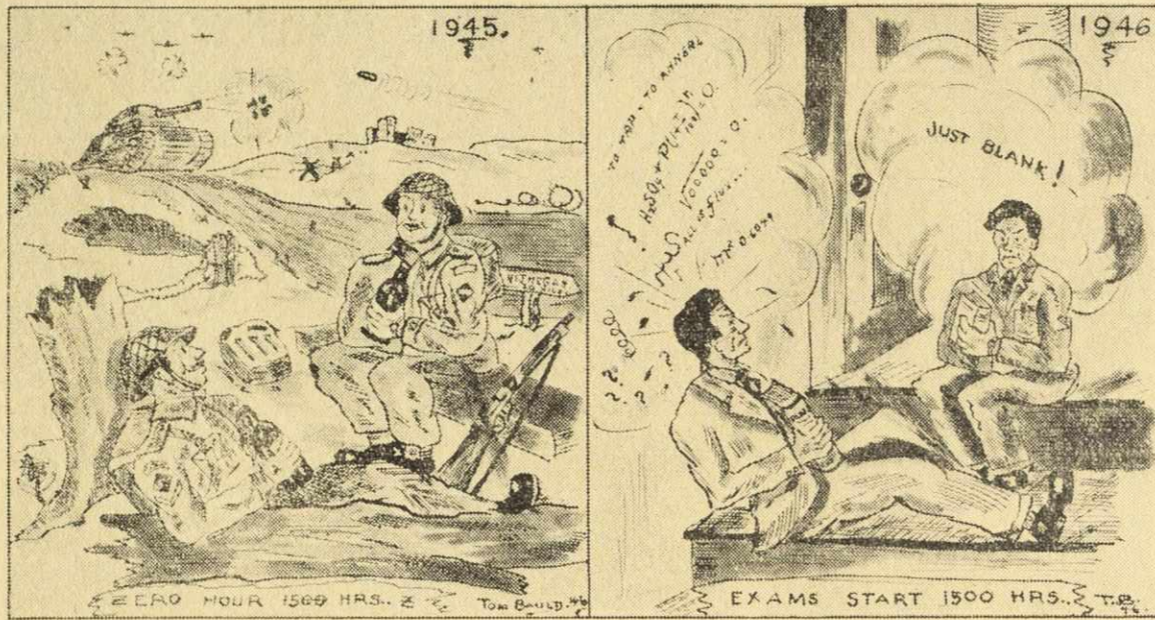
Wilson braved the dangers of a mob to obtain three pairs of nylon-destination unknown.

Saskin boasts the ownership of a private cement-mixer and for confirmation suggests a mixture of milk, ice cream, scotch and rye.

The two authors of the above warn Knowsey to watch his or HER job or we'll step in.

M.B.C.V.W.S.

## BACK FROM THE WARS



● SWAYING IN THEIR NARROW hammocks slung deep in the bowls of a Canada bound transport, three Hopefuls lay discussing their future plans to the background music of gurgling bilgewater.

"Ya know," said the first, "it'll be great to get out of the Army and into college. No pushing around, no line-ups, no rush, just peace. Ah, peaceful college days!" No more of this stuff for us."

Discharge came quickly, and the three Hopefuls soon found themselves in a long line-up in front of the Q.M. stores, carrying great piles of equipment. Then came a long line of doctors with long needles and fiendish looks. After running this gauntlet, the three Hopefuls lined up at the documentation office, listening to shouts of

story of the Dal Men's Residence, THE THREE HOPEFULS were discussing their future plans to the background music of a leaky drain-pipe. "Ya know," said the first, "it would be great to get out of college and into the Army. No pushing around, no late plates, no themes, no problems, just peace. Ah, peaceful army days."



"sign here, — No, not there, you rube, here!!" No more of this!! sighed the Hopefuls, leaving the office and lining up to meet the personnel officer. "Now, the abilities you boys have shown . . ." began the officer. "No more of this!!" sighed the Hopefuls, leaving the personnel office and sidling into the line-up in front of the pay office. "No more of this," sobbed the Hopefuls, tenderly fingering their last pay. "No more line-ups, no more K.R. & O., no more orders, part one or two. We're out of the Army."

The next day the three Hopefuls found themselves in a long line-up waiting to register at college. "More of this?" they queried, looking at the block-long queue. Soon they came to a small cage where a man and a dark coat immediately relieved them of their money. "No more of this," they mused, fingering their empty wallets. Next they met the registrar, who greeted them kindly, saying: "Now, the abilities you boys have shown . . ." "More of this?" sighed the Hopefuls, following the line-up to an office from whose depths came shouts of "Sign here — No, you rube, not there. Here!!" "Not more of this!" exclaimed the Hopefuls.

Registration finished, our heroes presented themselves at the public health clinic, where they were met by a long line of doctors, brandishing long probes and malevolent looks. Leaving the clinic they visited the Gym Store, then Currie's emporium, where they collected great piles of equipment. "No more of this!" screamed the Hopefuls.

Lying in their narrow bunks perched precariously in the second

## Harmonious . . .

(Continued from page 3)

him in shape—but rumor had it that he had an affair with Grandy.

Attention was then diverted to the belles of Truro; all blondes were labeled bench-marks, the others were content with minor roles such as turning-points, off-sets and the like. When the Engineers moved in, ingenuity and achievement were struck off the ration list. Their every move and affair was systematized. Vic would take her out on Monday night and Harvey would take over on Tuesday night. Share and share alike became a byword. Living up to the high standards expected of an Engineer the girls were conducted in fine style (army boots and overalls) to the Forum—, or for the elite the "Bucket-o-Blood".

No review of a stay at surveying camp would be complete without mention of the food situation. very commendable indeed — what with corn growing outside the doors of the bunkhouse, apples outside the windows and the chickens that wandered in (well, anyway it seemed like they wandered in) everyone ate well. The midnight snack was invariably followed by a sing-song, on these occasions quite a bit of spirit was diffused throughout.

Word is getting around that in future the surveying camp will be held at Dal. Our sympathies are extended to those who have not or will not at some time in the future be able to enjoy the good, clean fun that surveying camp has in store for those away from home.

## The Case of THE SQUARED CIRCLE

Or: Who Put The Kibosh On Pi?

● THADIOUS J. INTERGRAND was usually a calm man, but this morning he was buzzing everywhere — flying off on numerous tangents — and why? Because, gentle reader, he had squared the circle! This was news of the first degree—mathematicians the world over were soon beating a path to his door. Einstein shuddered — "suppose he busts my theory to pieces? Oh, no, he couldn't, he must be wrong."

The great day was at hand. Professor Intergrand waved a baton and fifty professors arose and straightened the tables and threw a few logs on the fire. By now such notables as Cosine Squared and Pythagoras P. Pentagon were seated.

Intergrand was finally read and proceeded to give his proof. All went well until he said, "You see gentlemen, placing Pi equals 32/7 . . ."

"But, Intergrand," shouted the audience, "Pi equals 22/7!"

"Oh, yes, I do remember reading that, but I am so practical-minded I forgot it."

"It's all his fault!" said Intergrand pointing an accusing finger at his assistant, P. Sub. Nought B.A., B.O., P.I.E. "Ever since he came here from his job in the pastry shops he has been trying to

trick me. I might have known he would turn to no good but then again what chance has anyone when he has been derived from an improper fraction?"

After 7.49 awful seconds of silence, Fraction carefully got to his feet. Slowly he spoke—"Sure I did it and I'm glad, I tell you glad! He always despised me—now I've tricked him—and I could have made it worse. My long years of experience has shown me that it is possible to divide a pie into infinitely small number of pieces."

"Hold it — hold everything — (and who is this? Why its Officer 6 7/8 that infamous detective.) I've been watching this case for seven years and now I'm going to break it. Both of you are to blame. I can't bother to bring you to trial as that would be too humane. You, Intergrand, are forthwith disgraced and must finish your days calculating log tables to 17 places with extra columns for interpolation. And you, Fraction, must prove your own theory, and calculate Pi to 6,740 places, and then figure the sequence of numbers in it."

To this day Intergrand and Fraction can be seen in the depths of despair busily working, working, working . . .

—from "Police Records, '46".

## THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

Scene: Dartmouth Ferry Office. Time: 08.12

Enter Ainslie Pasture and Billsdotter arguing about the relative slope of two sides of a hill, Pasture still maintaining they slope the same way.

08.13 Harlow Catching enters on roller skates, deposits bowler on ticket takers knee and commences to argue about ferry schedules. After maintaining "there ain't no justice" he registers a complaint with the Super and returns muttering "You can't tell that man anything." He deposits a child's ticket and enters.

08.14 A violent tremor of the ferry building indicates that the captain is trying to prove that the angle of shear of the dock is 45°.

08.14 1/2 Mate tries to close the door. Dinky Meadows is crushed underfoot by the Coffeevalley brothers and his unconscious body is carried on board by Prickhog. Billsdotter stops hammering the weighing machine with magnet muttering "Oh to be in Amherst now that spring is here."

08.15 The gates are closed and a cry of "Soweeeee" is heard from a distance. The ferry cop is seen clearing a passageway through the traffic. As the boat starts to move

Magnetic Horseshoer appears running down Portland Street with a frying pan in his hand. With a rush and a six-foot leap he lands on the ferry and as the ticket collector vainly wrings his hands on the dock he proceeds to the upper deck to look for Wetmeadow and to finish his breakfast.

08.16 A vile odor hits the ferry as it clears the dock. "Here comes Wetmeadows pipe," says Horseshoer with his mouth full of bacon.

08.17 Billsdotter wanders along the deck shouting "Peanuts, candy, hardtack, thumbtacks, and Scotch tape". Horseshoer looks for Lee-hi Brindle to make a fourth. Jokey draws an integral curve on the wheelhouse and runs into Catching sorting out his "perfect lettering plates".

08.20 The Coffeevalley brothers listen open-mouthed to Darwin's theory as expounded by Chief Doors.

08.29 Catching indignantly complains to the captain about the boarding up of the porcelain utensils in the little cabin below the stairs. "It ain't sanitary. I'll write the commission about this."

With a grinding crash the boat docks. The chains rattle and another voyage is over.



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