

# UNB FOUNDERS' DAY COINCIDES WITH ENGINEERING CENTENARY

## ENRIQUEZ ARRIVES TONIGHT TO MEET STUDENTS AT UNB NATIONAL PREXY

Fredericton (UNB) — Mr. Antonio Enriquez, the first full-time paid president of N.F.C.U.S. will be on the UNB campus Feb. 17th, 18th and 19th. Mr. Enriquez is from Mexico and has taken a year off from his business administration course at Ottawa to fulfill the presidency of Canadian University Students. He has just returned from a conference of CoSec Coordinating Secretariat for National Unions of Students) where he and his delegation very capably maintained Canada's position in international student affairs.

Mr. Enriquez, who recently recommended N.F.C.U.S. association with the Communist dominated International Union of Students, took the office of N.F.C.U.S. president last fall after a hotly debated session concerning the advisability of boosting annual N.F.C.U.S. levies to fifty cents per student for the added costs of supporting such an officer during his travels about Canada.

It is expected that, during his stay on the UNB campus he will meet the Students Representative Council and the president of the university Mr. Colin B. Mackay. Plans have also been made to give Mr. Enriquez the opportunity to address an open meeting of the student body in Memorial Hall.



TONY ENRIQUEZ

The SRC recently turned down an appeal from the local N.F.C.U.S. committee, for the provision of a fifty dollar grant to be used for entertainment expenses incurred by the visit. An SRC member spoke against the proposed grant calling it "an unnecessary expense."

## DARKNESS AT NOON IS ADMISSION FREE

Fredericton (UNB) — The students of the University of New Brunswick will be getting a little more for their Student's Council Pass in the near future. After a recent agreement between the Drama Society and the SRC, a grant of \$350.00 was given the actors in return for free admission to the annual three-act play of the Society. The pass will be good for one admission this year, to the production of "Darkness At Noon", to be performed March 9th and 10th at the Fredericton High School Gymnasium.

Professor Alvin Shaw of the UNB Modern Languages Department, will star in the leading role of the play. In the second leads are Iain Barr, Bob Whalen and Alda Mair. Miss Mair, a first year Arts student has the only major female role in the production.

The play is a dramatization of a novel by Koestler. It was first produced in 1950 and since then

it has received considerable comment on its overall merit. The play won the Drama Critics Award in New York as the best production of 1950.

One of the surprises in store for the audience on opening night will be the special set and effects created especially for this production. Details of the changes have not been made public yet by the Society.

The production of Darkness At Noon by the UNB Drama Society will mark its first appearance in Canada. It will also be the first time that the play will be produced by an amateur group.

## .. NOTICE ..

Don Pyne (CUP) — Those taking part in the forthcoming Red 'N Black Revue are requested to appear in Memorial Hall every Sunday afternoon. Recent attendance at these meetings is indicative of lack of interest. Without student cooperation the Revue cannot be a success... nor can the party.

## PRESENTATION OF KEY EXACT DUPLICATE FOR ARTS BUILDING DOOR



DR. JOHN B. STIRLING

Fredericton (UNB) — Dr. John Bertram Stirling, LL.D., M.E.I.C., M.A.S.C.E., president of E.G.M. Cape and Company, Montreal, and immediate past president of the Engineering Institute of Canada, was special speaker at the University of New Brunswick's annual Founders Day observances on Monday, Feb. 16.

Dr. Stirling's address marked the 100th anniversary, to the day, of engineering instruction at the provincial university. February 16, 1854, was the day on which the first lecture in civil engineering was delivered to a class of 26 students at U.N.B.

Lieut-Governor D. L. MacLaren, visitor to the University on behalf of Her Majesty, presided over the ceremony, which got under way at 8:30 p.m. He accepted the traditional payment of the Quit Rent — one farthing paid to Her Majesty every year by the University — from Mr. Mackay, the president of UNB.

The speaker, Dr. Stirling, has had a distinguished career in Canadian engineering. He was born at Dundas, Ont., and was educated at Dundas High School and Queen's University. He is president of that university's General Alumni Association and is a member of his university's Board of Trustees.

In the engineering construction field, Dr. Stirling's activities have been intimately connected with the construction of harbour works at Halifax, Saint John and Montreal as well as grain elevators in various Canadian ports. During the war, he assisted in the construction of munitions plants, army, navy and airforce bases in Newfoundland and coastal defence batteries on the east coast.

Dr. Stirling has also been active in public life. He is a Director of the Grace Dart Hospital and a Governor of the Montreal General Hospital. He is a member of many professional organizations, including the Association of Professional Engineers of New Brunswick.

Dr. Earle O. Turner, Dean of Engineering, introduced Dr. Stirling. An added feature of this year's ceremonies was the presentation of a key to the speaker by Laurie Coles, president of the UNB Engineering Undergraduate Society. The key is a duplicate of the Arts Building key and was reproduced by members of the Faculty of Engineering.

## NFCUS HOLDS MARITIME MEET IN SACKVILLE

Sackville (CUP) — The main emphasis of the Maritime National Federation of Canadian University Students conference in Sackville centred around the discussion of those problems, unique to the Maritime Universities and methods of solving them. The meetings were held at Acadia University Feb. 5 and 6. Other items included on the agenda were discussions of various National NFCUS projects and recommendations for their betterment; report by the president on National problems and developments of NFCUS and its International Relations; and the election of a Maritime Vice-President. Mr. Jim Kennedy of UNB was elected Vice-President for the Maritime Region.

Plans were also laid at the conference for a "Student Week" which will last from the 8th to the 14th of March. During this week, representatives from each of the Maritime provinces will approach their respective ministers of education urging the implementation of the Massey Commission recommendations for more student scholarships and the establishment of a Canada Council of University Presidents to grant these scholarships. During this time each Maritime University will carry on its own campaign using the medium of radio, newspapers, debates, and discussions for achieving publicity. The general idea of this is to stress the need for increased student aid.

Some motions received by the delegation were that Student Unions press for a 25% reduction in inter-and intra-provincial transportation costs; that the National office support student efforts for reductions in student purchases.

## WANTED ??

Males, to dawn costumes of rather scanty nature and prance in the (MALE CHORUS) for the Red'NBlack.

All those interested see Don Pyne in the Civil Building Thursday afternoon at 2:00 p.m.

FROM UP THE HILL

# BRUNSWICKIAN

CANADA'S OLDEST OFFICIAL STUDENT PUBLICATION

VOL. 74, No. 19      FREDERICTON, N.B., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1954      Price 5 cents per copy

## UNB SPLIT IN TWO DEBATES WIN OVER XAVERIANS; DROPPED BY UNB LAW

Fredericton (UNB) — The University of New Brunswick Debating Society split two debates in Fredericton last Saturday night in two of the regular fixtures of the Maritime Intercollegiate Debating League. Representing UNB were Norman Pert, Hugh Peacock, Ian Mocheson Sandbach and Dick Hale. Pert and Peacock dropped a decision to UNB Law School, while Sandbach and Hale won a split decision over St. Francis Xavier University.

The judges for the evening were Chief Justice J. E. Michaud, Dr. T. J. Watson and Mr. Mark Neville. They were unanimous that the debaters were well matched during the verbal contest.

In the first debate between UNB and the UNB Law School, Peacock and Pert upheld the affirmative of the topic "Resolved that Strikes in Public Utilities Should Be Declared Illegal." The Law School debaters upholding the negative were Alder Gerow and David Kennedy.

UNB stressed that "the disastrous effect that strikes in public utilities have on the national economy." The rebuttal on the Law School's part was based on the futility of laws prohibiting strikes. In a new innovation in debating, Gerow produced two telegrams from Hon. Milton F. Gregg, V.C. and Hon. Arthur Scadding stating the lack of public support and demand for laws prohibiting strikes. The decision that UNB Law School won the debate was unanimous.

The last debate of the evening between UNB and St. F. X. matched Sandbach and Hale against Sean Gahan and Pete McEnery. St. F. X. upheld the affirmative resolution "Resolved that the Maritimes Should Be United, (Not including Newfoundland)".

The audience evoked great amazement from the Debating Society. Norman Pert, President of the organization said that "Radio Station CFNB helped us admirably in publicity and there was a large number of interested Fredericton citizens in the audience." Refreshments were served after the debates.

## URTP VISIT BASE

Chatham (Special) — A full day was spent last Wednesday by the UNB Air Force squadron at the Chatham air base. The trip was made to familiarize the members of the squadron with some of the methods and equipment used by the Air Force Training Command. The squadron left the Gym at 8:30 Wednesday morning by bus for Lincoln airport where they were met by two Dakota aircraft from Central Navigation School at Summerside.

Tours included the repair shop where everything from woodwork to steam fitting is handled. They then moved on to an inspection of T33 jet trainers and other types of aircraft.

At the pilots' and technicians' school, some time was spent watching the working mockups of some of the separate systems found in an F86E Sabre jet aircraft.

A repair hangar filled with half assembled F86's attracted the interest of the mechanically inclined members of the squadron. With the engine removed and the tail section missing, a Sabre presents a very imposing appearance.

The tour concluded with a demonstration of parachute packing.

## ART FESTIVAL HERE SOON

Fredericton (UNB) — The Art Centre is soon to be the scene of the third UNB Festival of Arts. Commencing Feb. 22nd to March 1st, the Festival is to consist of original work solicited from all members of the university body. Exhibits of photography, painting, carving, literature, models, musical accomplishments, art, handicrafts, drawings, discoveries, designs and other mediums will be on display. Programs related to the exhibition will be presented every evening in the Centre and posters will appear on the campus shortly.

## NFCUS BOOKS TO GET AUDIT

Fredericton (UNB) — One of the most important phases of Tony Enriquez' visit to the University of New Brunswick campus will be the audit of the records and books of the National Office of the National Federation of Canadian University Students.

Brunsvician delegates to the National Canadian University Press Conference, Neil Oakley and David Snowball, were closeted with Enriquez for over an hour in Toronto before he would agree to an impartial inspection of the books.

They stressed the fact that no one in Canada had clear cut idea where the smaller items of NFCUS were going.

By verbal agreement after the meeting between the two parties, Enriquez stated that he would bring the complete set of records to UNB provided that the Brunsvician would do a complete and honest audit of the files. A report to be made public on a nation-wide basis will appear in the Brunsvician immediately after the inspection of the NFCUS files.

## UNB ENGINEERS MARK 100TH ANNIVERSARY



Fredericton (UNB) — The University of New Brunswick has the oldest engineering faculty in any university in Canada. It was on February 15, 1854, that Professor McMan Cragen gave the first engineering lecture to a class of 26. A century later a faculty of 14 headed by Dr. Earle O. Turner, dean of engineering, is lecturing to classes with a total enrolment of 319 students — the largest enrolment in any faculty on the UNB campus.

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 Opinions Expressed Not Necessarily Those of the Students' Representative Council  
 Honorary Editor in Chief Rt. Hon. Lord Beaverbrook  
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VOL. 74 FREDERICTON, N.B., FEBRUARY 17th, 1954 No. 19

**Co-ed Week . . .**

"And so begins our hectic day,  
 'Tis likely to go wrong in every way  
 They say a man must work from sun to sun  
 But a co-ed's work is never done."

The turnabout of Co-ed week seems to be developing into a permanent North American custom. Credit (?) for the idea is probably due to the L'I Abner comic strip as well as other undetermined factors. Co-ed Week is a mild counter-part of the annual Sadie Hawkins' day race and (we hope) that it has less drastic consequences. Obviously there are economic, technical and physiological barriers which make this idea of turn-a-bout next to impossible. We get a taste of turn-a-bout during Co-ed week and we can derive some experience from it. The habit of mentally putting ourselves in another's place is one which should be cultivated. The experience of Co-ed week can be of definite assistance in this respect.

Co-ed week is not an old institution on our campus; it's nucleus was probably a Leap Year dance in 1932. Few of those who planned this inauspicious—but highly successful—beginning were aware of the potentialities of the said function, even when it was carried on during the next few years as a Co-ed Dance.

It was not until 1935 that this dance developed into a full week of festivity. Perhaps all of us have a suppressed desire to become mauring females, if only for a week. At any rate the Co-Eds decided that they liked taking the initiative in social affairs and so the Co-ed week was born, with it's greater length, depth and possibilities.

Since women are assuming a role of ever increasing importance in world affairs, the trend was no different on the campus. Since 1935 many important, though less radical changes have been made. The Co-ed Hockey team was a tremendous success, as witnessed by the humiliating defeat of Pacey's Pucksters this year. This year a new feature was added in the form of a sleigh ride (?) and also Wolf-night, when the Co-eds treat their halves to the first show at the Capitol—armed with pop-corn.

The Ladies Society showed high enthusiasm in planning the program for this important week. The Co-Eds though sadly outnumbered fifteen to one by the stronger sex at UNB, nevertheless wield a decided influence in college organizations and functions, and despite popular opinion are not to be lightly dismissed. Seriously, fellas, what would you do without us?

**Spirits Weak . . .**

This evening the President of the National Federation of Canadian University students, Mr. Antonio Enriquez arrives in the fair City of Fredericton. He will be touring the campus for the next three days, visiting faculty and students. His main purpose in visiting the University of New Brunswick campus is the hope that you will make a point of meeting him and that you will make a point of discussing with him the various aspects of his organization.

NFCUS, whether we like it or not, is the union of the Universities in Canada. They have several planks to their platform, among which is the elimination of certain taxes and gratuities, aided the creation of student's one and one half railway fares, student exchanges at home and abroad and several other ideals and conceptions that UNB hasn't the foggiest notion.

NFCUS has been maintaining two definite and solid fronts in international student affairs. Several of the members of the organization are sincerely in favour of joining the Communist dominated International Union of Students. The President, Tony Enriquez, has already forwarded an invitation to the IUS for a round-table discussion. They have not had an answer from the other side of the curtain, which is just as well for the Canadian Student. After all, it is quite obvious that the Communist party has but one thing in mind and it is also quite obvious that it isn't the free world's good health and general well-being.

Meanwhile, quite unheralded among the Canadian student population, NFCUS became a member of the Supervision Committee of the International Conference of Co-Sec help in Istanbul. This organization is a union of the students of the free world and the fact that NFCUS has been placed on the Executive of this organization moots well for the establishment of some students' faith in the organization.

The bare facts of Mr. Enriquez's visit are that we do not know one iota of the foibles and fancies of NFCUS. Here for the first time in the history of UNB, we have the President of the organization that has been causing so much unrest among the students' council and the collegians of this University.

It isn't expected that Mr. Enriquez will have the opportunity to speak before many students, because, as we all know, apathy at UNB is such that everybody will be in bed for at least five days this week. And yet Mr. Enriquez has a vital message for UNB students.

The Council of UNB maintains a very distant attitude towards NFCUS. The annual budget almost became a cropper at the fall budget meeting of the SRC. The Brunswickan maintains a strong editorial front against NFCUS which would change the moment that we felt NFCUS was doing a real and definite job for Canadian Students. Now the student body has a chance to see for themselves. Who is in the right?



**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

The Editor,  
 The Brunswickan.  
 Dear Sir:

As secretary for the Third Atlantic Regional Conference held at UNB on Jan. 30 and 31, 1954, I wish to advise you of the following resolution passed by the delegates: "The Atlantic Regional Conference of World University Service of Canada records its thanks and appreciation to the press—in particular Mr. Neil Oakley of the Brunswickan and Mr. Albert Tunis of UNB—and the radio for their excellent coverage of the Conference."

Having passed along a pleasant item, I wish to add information that should clear up some misunderstanding created by the claim for two weeks ago. The headlines for that issue were "Confab Condemns Treasure Van" and the article went on to state that the conference was "bitterly opposed" to the Indian Handicraft Sale. According to the minutes, these two quotes are totally incorrect. The delegates had criticisms of the sale—that is quite true. Such criticisms were of a constructive nature. However, the major decision of the assembly was that there certainly would be a Handicraft Sale in 1954, but that the goods should come from a source other than India. What we are attempting to point out is that the delegates felt that the Indian handicrafts would not sell another year, but that other countries' handicrafts would.

This misunderstanding has gone as far as Montreal (McGill Daily) and Toronto (WUSC National Office) and it was felt the matter should be made more clear. The resolution passed was as follows: "Be it resolved that we have a general handicraft sale in 1954, and that for this sale we buy no more Indian goods until such time as a greater market is shown."

May I also at this time bring to the attention of the student and faculty body, part of the WUSC report given to the SRC on Feb. 3: "Our main difficulty this year has been in arousing enough interest within the student body to attain a good sized committee. It is not necessary to explain the difficulties of planning and carrying out activities and fund-raising projects when there are only a handful of people in the group. This situation, however, we continue to hope will disappear. We are planning to arouse interest by special speakers and movies, etc. We also hope to gain the support of the faculty through their membership in the organization."

Joanne N. Corbin,  
 Local WUSC Chairman.  
 At no time did the Brunswickan infer that there would be no Treasure Van next year.—Ed.

The Editor,  
 The Co-Ed Brunswickan.  
 Dear Madam:

I wish to take great exception to statement in this issue that "Purity is Obscurity." I must say that after viewing, with mixed emotions and certain apprehension, the total co-ed element of the UNB campus, that their overwhelming good looks and sincere personalities can lead one only to the definite conclusion that the motto of the UNB co-ed is "Obscurity is Purity." And I don't think anything will ever be done about it.

Yours sincerely,  
 Doctor Kinsey.  
 We feel that you have made your statement without due investigation. Why don't you come up and see me sometime?—Ed.

**The Journal of Mistress Johnson**

Feb. 14—I am all the sons of my father and all the daughters too. Thus perhaps it will not be improper that I appear in this virtuous (mehopes) publication. In my journey through the merry town at an early hour this afternoon, I chanced to encounter Smelly Bad, in grievous condition and at that time just arriving home from the previous night's carousing. Seems that his trusty steed had wandered home without his master. Dropped into our burg's most enterprising Pub, the 252 and after greeting many debauched characters who I consider in what manner I might pass the rest of the day.

Feb. 15—Raised my worthy self from my frilly yet sumptuous coverlets around noon. Cleaned two pairs of nylons with Old Green Beer and at the end of that industrious performance, tears appeared in mine eyes when I discovered a ladder in one of those precious articles; at that juncture becoming sadly discouraged with the general state of affairs I decided that such effort was not worth my valuable time and so retired back to bed to consider in what manner I might pass the rest of the day.

Finally aroused myself once more to continue my ramblings of the previous day. Passed the Churris' Smelladence and was strangely attracted by the fragrance of Chanel No. 811 and the pink banners waving in the breeze. Then with the realization of my superior intelligence it came upon me that this is Snatch'im week. Did wander down the street, this time with a definite and deliberate purpose in mind. However at dusk was still pursuing my cause to no avail and so returned to my digs to prepare for the forthcoming day in meditation, thought and an increased ration of slumber.

Feb. 16—Did arouse myself at the preposterous hour of ten minutes past the eighth hour this morning to drag my weary bones to the top of the crag, as some unkind person in the person of Professor Smoggs had ordained that there should be a teaching in the literature of this glorious country at the stroke of nine. After sleeping peacefully for the first half of said teaching I woke with a start to recall once more that this is THE WEEK. Glanced around the room to find that my worthy colleagues were slumbering peacefully and as I could not determine the colour of their eyes in their present state I retired deeper into my comfortable chaise-longue to get down to the business of paying attention to the matter at hand—sleep.

Feb. 17—Did arise today to find the sun high in the sky and the unmistakable air of spring dominating the atmosphere. Wandered down town and finally meandered back home in time for the noon repast. Picked up a copy of The Daily Bleater late in the afternoon and while sauntering home that eve, I was stopped on the street by a portly gentleman, who enquired as to the state of my health when he saw the latest edition of said Bleater reposing under my arm. Was informed by this gentleman that the superior newspaper in this town is the weekly Hellwickan from up the hill. I cleverly snared him for my cause and when he told me his name I was surprised to find he was none other than my own Sam. (Had left my spectacles at home this day).

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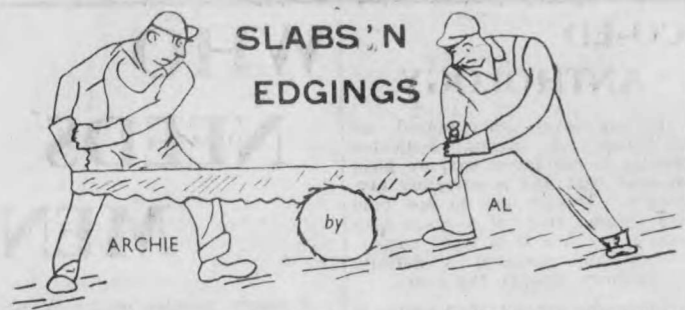


Fuel-wood constituted cut from farms, and fuel-wood used in Canada.  
 Ever been to Las Vegas better plan to come to 26, to get an insight in expanded our Roulette and Anchor, and have up to five odds. It was fun, so bring your but don't miss it.  
 As one-casket to Slabs and Edging and other Literary sou active engineers. Note 15. That means that they had to go and an Engineering Store—the it has not got what you is showing at the Gate a drum and a shrill by the next 100 years. living memory on a  
 "Of course", said be wrong, but it strikes "Well", snapped chicken?"  
 "Oh nothing, no to say that it is evident boiled egg".  
 Have heard that Wasserman, from Red St. John would be di his beverages.  
 The order of the for Marr-ing the Res We were right a Wash-ale. To quote ended with many of it We also thought it v the Engineer's banne for a few days.  
 Our archivist ju Paul had the m altitude that they sp this he loaded his gr



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# THE FEATURES SHEET



Fuel-wood constitutes three quarters of all the wood products cut from farms, and farm woodlots supply three quarters of all fuel-wood used in Canada each year.

### WHEELS OF FORTUNE

Ever been to Las Vegas, Nevada? If you never have, you'd better plan to come to the Forester's Mont Carlo on Friday, Feb. 26, to get an insight into Gambler's Paradise. This year we have expanded our Roulette, Under and Over, Horse Racing, Crown and Anchor, and have a brand new game, Rainbow, paying off up to five odds. It will cost you practically nothing for a night of fun, so bring your girl-friend, wife, family, or just come alone, but don't miss it.

As one-casket to another, "Is that you coffin?"

Slabs and Edgings sends its thanks to the Ubbesey, the Varsity and other Literary sources for coming to the aid of our unimaginative engineers. Note that our engineers are 100 years old on Feb. 15. That means that they have had 36525 thrill-packed days, yet they had to go and swipe confessions from other papers. The Engineering Store—that's where you go when you can be sure that it has not got what you didn't want anyway, because Marilyn Munroe is showing at the Gaiety. Hail thee Engineers, with three bangs on a drum and a shrill bugle blast that you may have more to say in the next 100 years. If not we will be forced to inscribe your living memory on a pin head.

"Of course", said he, as he tackled a bit of chicken, "I may be wrong, but it strikes me that this chicken—" "Well", snapped the landlady, "and what's wrong with the chicken?"

"Oh nothing, nothing", said the student. "I was just going to say that it is evident that this bird is the offspring of a hard-boiled egg".

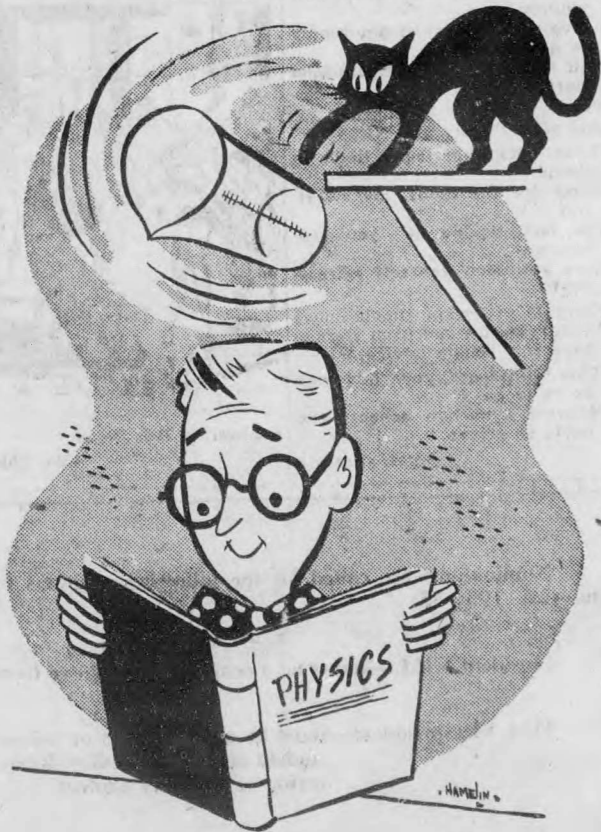
Have heard that several engineers are suffering after the Wasserman, from Red Ball. We would imagine that your host in St. John would be disappointed to see that you weren't drinking his beverages.

The order of the Hazen-nuts is to be awarded to Diogenes for Marr-ing the Residence column with engineering tripe.

We were right about the engineers having a poor time at the Wash-ale. To quote the Engineering Brunswickan, "The Wassail ended with many of the lads exclaiming LET'S HAVE A PARTY. We also thought it very complementary to the Foresters to have the Engineer's banner suspended from a tree (Ulmus americana) for a few days.

Our archivist just turned this over to us.

Paul had the misfortune once of shooting ducks at such high altitude that they spoiled before they hit the ground. To prevent this he loaded his gun with rock salt.



But his Savings Account defies Newton's Law. It just goes up and up



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## Writer's Workshop

Have you ever really looked at a window? Some people use windows only to look through, but it seems to me that the glass and wood deserve something more. From the time we are born until the end of our lives, windows continuously open or shut our minds.

Take, for instance, the father seeing his son or daughter for the first time—through a heavy plate glass barrier. Can that completely isolated feeling ever be recaptured? Before him is a new individual in a strange room of sterile white and hushed attendance. That same child, a few years later, may stretch up to another window, making fascinating dewy blurs on the glass or watching the first snow fall. Still later, a young girl will push open the window and lean outward to breathe in the first delightful whiff of Spring. A housewife, cleaning those same panes, will sigh at the endlessness of her work, yet she won't be able to resist the temptation to glance out and watch the neighbourhood activity. Finally, an old woman will rock silently by the window, unaware of the movements beyond it, but settled complacently in a dream of other days. Surely, the thing that affects our lives so much should receive its due.

All these thoughts occurred to me only the other day. I was lying on my bed, recovering from my annual bout with the flu, when I found myself regarding the window intently. It was a strange sensation, and I looked again to see what had arrested my interest. The familiar view was changed by the twilight. Snow blocked the lower third of the window and behind it, two thick branches of an elm tree leaned to the left under their burdens of twiggy antennae. This much was commonplace and used to me, but the difference came from the shade of the dusk. It was a flimsy yellow-grey backdrop that caused me to hold my breath in expectancy. Yet nothing happened.

It was then that my mind started to wander to the frame of this weird picture, and then to other windows and reactions. I remembered the window at my grandmother's house that was the delight of my child-eyes. It was at the foot of the stairs in the front hall, and consisted of a large pane of clear glass topped by the once-stylish panes of yellow, green and maroon set in a semi-circle. How I used to love it when the sun shone through those colours and made the floor, the steps, and even me speckled with dancing lights.

Yet even as I remembered about that window, the smell of apples filled my room. I knew there were no apples in the house and wondered how that distinctive fragrance came to be so pronounced. Then I realized that in the house next to my grandmother's, there was a similar window opposite the staircase. Everytime we passed through the hall when we were children, we had been given an apple taken from the storage bin which formed the window seat. The scent of the apples had remained in that hall all year. Isn't it odd how the memory of a reality can bring forth such a definite associated scent?

But not only house windows stir the memory. I remember the many store windows I've seen. The village store used to cast an intriguing spell on us as children long before we went inside the old building. What delight to stand outside and peer through the dusty panes at bolts of cloth, mousetraps, coils of rope, candy and Aladdin lamps! It would take a whole summer or more to find out all that those crowded windows displayed. Then there are the very select dress shops in large cities. Disdaining the friendly jumble of a small town display, these sophisticated sisters haughtily reveal a single gown with its splendid aloofness. A contrasting background enforces this unreality. But what dreams of high society life these show windows are able to produce! Such is the range of a mere window!

A thing that has been a constant source of amazement to me has been the rounded windows so often seen in houses and old ships. The new ships don't matter because their portholes are bound in steel, but the old sailing vessels had portholes confined in wood and that is what interests me. How did they get the wood curved for these windows? Perhaps they cut a horizontal slice from a tree trunk and peeled away rings from the outside and poked them out from the centre until they had the right size. But that method would produce difficulties because it is seldom that trees grow in a perfectly symmetrical shape. Perhaps they heated the wood and then bent it into the required ring. But then the wood might scorch and burn, and ashes would be of little use to the builders.

In any case, no matter how the porthole window is made, it has a strange fascination for me. A house with one of those round windows always appears to me to contain friendly sincere people. That impression probably comes from the ring effect of the window, or possibly it is due to the mental association with sailing ships and a sense of freedom.

As all these thoughts scattered through my mind as I lay in bed that day, yet another one formed and took shape. It was an idea for a house—for a house that would appear friendly and welcoming to all people, that would make them happy just to see it. My design was for a two-story house with the long side toward the road. On the front there should be two round windows on the second floor and a tiny one over the door, which should be placed in the centre of the first floor. On either side of this front door would be a picture window—not in the common oblong shape, but in a shape of a half-lip. By that I mean that it should curve from a rounded fullness near the door up to a slender end near the outside wall. Then, when the lights were on inside, the house would appear to be a great face smiling out into the darkness.

But it could be that people would laugh at, not with, my friendly-windowed house.

Joanne Corbin '55

### THE DISCHARGE OF THE NOT-TOO-BRIGHT BRIGADE

Half a line, half a line,  
Half a line onward  
Cribbing quite shamelessly  
Wrote the six hundred.  
"Down with the students'  
marks!"  
Flunk the whole class! he'd said:  
Into the depths of gloom  
Plunged the six hundred.  
"Flunk the whole class!"  
he'd said,  
Were there some faces' red!  
Some of the faculty  
Thought he had blunder'd:  
Not even pass a soul?  
Gad! what a risky role!!  
To every one alike  
Miserly marks to dole!  
Flunk the whole lot of us:  
Flunk the six hundred!

Classmates to right of me,  
Classmates to left of me,  
Classmates in front of me  
Shivered and shudder'd.  
Erring, but caring not,  
Wrote down a pile for 'ot.  
Textbooks we had not bought  
Regular hell we caught!  
All the six hundred!

Splash'd we our ink in air:  
Papers we passed in bare  
Of any writing there.  
Attempting the impossible  
Till our minds smolder'd.  
"What is the tangent law?"  
"Who wrote of 'Hoof and  
Claw?'"  
"How big's a lion's paw?"  
Worse stuff you never saw!  
Oh! how we blunder'd!  
Next year we came back, but  
not —  
Not the six hundred.  
Doctors to right of us,  
Masters to left of us,  
B.A.'s in front of us  
Bellowed and thunder'd:  
Choosing their victims well,  
Answers they would not tell:  
"Why is a lobster's shell?"  
Knocked all the fight from us,  
Showed us the mouth of Hell:  
All that was left of us,  
Left of six hundred.

"When will our torture ends,  
Oh, when can we unbend,"  
All the class wonder'd:  
Please to us flowers send;  
Promises our graves you'll tend;  
Poor old six hundred!

Albert, Lord Tenderloin.

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### 811...

Well, here it is—the week all you red-blooded Canadian men have been waiting for. After an anemic Engineering week we welcome this chance to show you how "a week" should be run. The climax of this most glorious affair will be the Apache Dance, Friday night in the gym. Oh those Parisiennes! Qu'elles sont formidables!

Congratulations to our basketball team for downing Acadia by a 20 point margin.

It seems we have received a complaint from one of our eager Airforce gals. Says she, "We are flight cadets not lowly airwomen". Sorry dear, we did not mean to degrade one from the upper ranks.

Now for complaint No. II. Says one of our irritated male business administrators, "Whereas only Maggie Jeaners are allowed to participate in the intimate affairs of the Maggie Jean, and whereas most of us are not Maggie Jeaners, and whereas this column primarily concerns the intimate affairs of the Maggie Jean, we ordinary laymen CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT." Tough sonny!

So pleased to see that our friends (?) from the other Residence have finally developed an interest in the aesthetic side of life. "Your project" is the ultimate in sculpture.

The Engineers are perfect as usual. Their exact model of a building seems to be lacking a carrying beam.



### Sigma Lambda Beta Rho

BY  
DIOGENES

Again; news and views from the aforementioned den. First, in order to correct an erroneous impression in certain circles, we are not at death's door at all. Why with any luck at all, we will be able to last for the rest of the term. The Wassail and the Residence Formal seem to have had a favourable effect on health and morale in general.

Last Thursday night while the eerie glitter from the Electrical building bathed the campus with ultra violet, a scent of tremendous activity was taking place in the residence. The cause of it all of course was the Residence Formal. In the pool, several residents spent most of the night shuttling between the surface of the water and the bottom, adjusting lights which were located on the bottom of the pool. Others swam around with a hose which was to supply water to the fountain in the middle of the pool. Above water level other types selected for their long legs were strung up the ceiling and arranging the lighting. That last was a very short job. Upstairs, the husky people that could be rounded up, spent an interesting half hour carrying a piano upstairs to the gallery of the dining room. In the dining room itself, another false ceiling was being hung. In a short time the building was almost unrecognizable and looked more like a cross between the Coconut Grove and Purple Grotto. By the time the work was completed, some of the decorators had just time to rush out and pick up their dates. This was the scene Friday night. We hope it lived up to your expectations.

We noticed that the Forestry Association had to get an Electrical Engineer to repair the gambling machinery for Monte Carlo night. Why couldn't a Forester do this job? Is it because they might confuse "repair" with "fix"?

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See Kitten's exciting new fashion shades at good shops everywhere.

Reflections on this wicked world

POOR LONG JOHN

Women's clothes vary greatly from year to year and occasion to occasion, but men's — never!

Through all the changes and variations of petticoats on the female side, the long-johns of the male have remained the same.

Ladies' Society Prexy



Three years ago Jane Bennett came to UNB as a fresher-soph from Dalhousie University.

During this time she has taken part in numerous activities such as the Red and Black Revue, Drama Society, Ladies' Society, S.R.C., University Investment Syndicate and Cheerleading.

CO-EDS BAN SMOKER

At a meeting of the Junior Class, held in the Arts' Building on Wednesday, Feb. 10, a smoker was banned by the mighty majority (i.e. the co-eds).

LADIES AT THE HELM

Because of the insatiable demands made upon me by my professors, I am unable to take part in social activities, hence can be only an interested onlooker during the annual co-ed week.

Women now have equality with men in the political field of social relationships. A woman may vote, sit in parliament, could enlist in the armed services, may have her own bank account, possess property, and in the labour market often commands as large a salary as a man.

I suggest that half of each year, January to June, be the ladies co-ed week on a national and eventually world basis.

I have not yet decided if asking THE question should be included in the woman's prerogative during this period or not.

The other half of the year—July to December—would be the man's period, in which he could act as under the present social organization.

One will note that the man's period includes Christmas. A choice as to which period Christmas would belong had to be made, and I decided it would be better in the man's territory, largely because on the whole his income is larger than the woman's.

STRENGTH

Come wind and come weather, Four furies on me, But you cannot harm me — I'm stronger, you see.

Trends in L'amour ...

The cave-man was inclined to pull her hair and force the weaker sex into his lair! In medieval times there was the knight Who lured the damsel with-out use of might Spake Zarathustra when he gave a tip Go not to women, man, with-out thy whip.

OF MICE (and men)

Mice, what an interesting topic for a conversation! Only the other evening this subject came up when I was chatting with my girl-friend. Her experiences with mice were very similar to my own, but they branched out to include the near relatives of the mouse family — rats.

While on the subject of moles it is only proper to make this distinction. A mole, as well as being a small dark-coloured protuberance on the skin is also a small, soft-furred, burrowing animal with extremely small eyes and ears.

The star-nosed mole (candyfura cristata) has, in my opinion, a very unforgivable vice. When two moles of this species engage in battle, the victor assumes the right to devour his fallen opponent, if he so desires.

Having now arrived at the main thought of my essay, mainly the practicality of mice, I was lying on a warm sandy beach in Guadalupe, doing absolutely nothing, which is what I love to do.

Slowly and cautiously I advanced toward the cupboard. Standing well back, I probed the plastic curtains. With the speed of a jet-plane and a flash of brown he disappeared and suddenly I heard the pitter-patter of little claws in the floor.

CO-ED ANTHOLOGY

Having never encountered an anthology of poems dedicated wholly to the fairer sex, we have decided that one is certainly necessary.

"No woman's heart So big, to hold so much; they lack retention Alas, their love may be called appetite."

"And then the lover, Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad Made to his mistress' eye-brow."

"Time's on the wing and will not stay, In loving youth let's make our hay."

"If I were free at will to choose To be the wealthiest Lowland Lady I'd take young Donald Without TRENDS"

"Green grow the rushes, O Green grow the rushes, O The sweetest hour that'er I spent Are spent among the lasses, O."

"I love you more than a duck can swim, And more than a grapefruit squirts I love you more than gin-rummy is a bore, And more than a tooth-ache hurts."

"Love, deck your lower limbs in pants Yours are the limbs, my sweet- ing You look divine as you advance — Have you seen yourself retreating?"

"This too awaits, your fate may be to teach IN some suburban school the parts of speech."

WHO NEEDS MEN

A recent meeting of the WTCU (World Co-ed Technological Union) arrived at the decision, after due deliberation, that men are unnecessary in the modern era.

1. Banishment of men would leave women free to choose the type of hat style which they liked, with no adverse criticism on the male side.

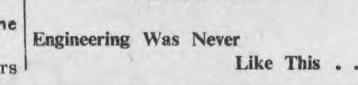
2. The over-all health of the nation would be improved. Just imagine the gay and imaginative salads that one could dress up unhampered by the heavy male appetite.

3. The endless, dreary washings and ironings of male socks and shirts would cease, leaving more leisure time for such intellectual pleasures as bridge clubs, afternoon teas and bingo.

4. The money gained from sale of equipment from pool-rooms, beer parlours, bowling alleys and certain other — er — establishments could be used to erect more useful buildings such as beauty parlours, dress shops and department stores.

And so on. These are only a few of the many decisions arrived at by the WTCU. The decisions were scientifically and carefully attained. — Men Must Go! Oh dear, I nearly forgot. John, dear, who is going to stroke the furnace when you're gone?

HAH!



Engineering Was Never Like This ...

Nominations are called for the following positions for the year 1954-55:

President S.R.C.—must be a senior for the above term.

First Vice-president—must be a senior Arts or Science student or an Intermediate Engineering or Forestry student.

Second Vice-president—must be a Junior Co-ed.

Treasurer—must be a Junior.

Secretary—must be a Sophomore.

Four Class Representatives, one of whom must be a Co-ed for each class.

Nominations for the above positions close Saturday, February 13, 1954.

Nominations may be passed to the Secretary of the S.R.C., or may be left in the S.R.C. office.

Signed, G. M. McAllister, Secretary S.R.C.

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THE CO-ED

PETTING PROBLEMS

During the last few years and women of all ages drawing visibly closer. Holding hands and entering into the fast affectionate contacts he part of everyday scene.

Petting, known as "sparkling," "spooning," "ing" is another of the love.

Some of the reasons young people pet are: One needs assurance she is desirable.

Where else can one get love? The rest of the crowd it's exciting. It's something to do.

It seems to be expected. Most dates without a petting session are a bore. How else can you keep a date?

There seems to be a trend that promiscuous hazards that most avoid. Briefly listed, culities are: Petting often ruins physical aspect of the champion.

It may give feeling and guilt. It leaves them unsatisfied. It leads too often in sexual intercourse with of unwanted pregnancy of regret.

It makes good marriage difficult, especially petting has been too and too deeply established a pattern of behavior.

General opinion is necessary to pet to Sexual promiscuity dates for you but it to keep them. At it hold those who matter easy petting has never to increase a person in an enduring sense, itself lead to mature

An intelligent man who has not been "petted" by every girl he meets intelligent girl feels that about a boy; she tooiveness in his affect chap need ever feel that succeed with a girl does not pet. But he is that he will never girls worth having if promiscuous in his affect

The main danger that the physical intimacy, kissing, fondling forms of caressing v sexual desire to suc that it will be diffic It is easy for "light develop into "heavy easy for "heavy pet velop to the point wh the way" or "petting sion" with result. An ried to this climax, may leave both indiv isfied, tense and unbr

To keep dating wh be, fleeting, casual, a few rules may help.

From the

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PURITY IS OBSCURITY —NASH

## O NEEDS MEN

Meeting of the WTCU (Technological Union) decision, after due that men are unmodern era. This was survey compiled from statistics. We would like of the decisions organization.

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These are only a few decisions arrived at U. The decisions were and carefully attain- Must Go! Oh dear, I t. John, dear, who is ke the furnace when

## AH!



Was Never Like This . . .

wing positions for

or the above term.

or Arts or Science Intermediate Engin-stry student.

unior Co-ed.

whom must be a

as close Saturday,

Secretary of the

Secretary S.R.C.

## PETTING PROBLEM?

During the last few years men and women of all ages have been drawing visibly closer together. Holding hands and entwining arms seems to be the fashion. Light affectionate contacts have become part of everyday scene. Even old married folk go sauntering along the street hand in hand.

Petting, known as "bundling," "sparkling," "spooning," and "necking" is another of the expressions of love.

Some of the reasons given why young people pet are these:

One needs assurance that he or she is desirable.

Where else can one obtain a little lovin'?

The rest of the crowd is doing it. It's exciting.

It's something to do.

It seems to be expected of you. Most dates without petting are a bore.

How else can you know you are compatible?

There seems to be some agreement that promiscuous petting has hazards that most folks like to avoid. Briefly listed, these difficulties are:

Petting often rules out other activities.

It tends to over-emphasize the physical aspect of the relation.

It may limit the chance of a championship.

It may give feelings of shame and guilt.

It arouses sex feelings and then leaves them unsatisfied.

It lends too often into premarital sexual intercourse with the threats of unwanted pregnancy and feeling of regret.

It makes good marriage adjustment difficult, especially when the petting has been too promiscuous and too deeply established as a pattern of behavior.

General opinion is that it is not necessary to pet to be popular. Sexual promiscuity may obtain dates for you but it is not enough to keep them. At least it won't hold those who matter. Free and easy petting has never been known to increase a person's popularity in an enduring sense, nor can it in itself lead to mature relationship.

An intelligent man wants a girl who has not been "pawed over" by every male on the campus. An intelligent girl feels the same way about a boy; she too wants exclusiveness in his affections. Yet, no chap need ever feel that he cannot succeed with a girl because he does not pet. But he should realize that he will never obtain any girls worth having if he is too promiscuous in his affections.

The main danger of petting is that the physical intimacies of embracing, kissing, fondling and other forms of caressing will stimulate sexual desire to such an extent, that it will be difficult to control. It is easy for "light petting" to develop into "heavy petting" and easy for "heavy petting" to develop to the point where "going all the way" or "petting to conclusion" with result. And, if not carried to this climax, such petting may leave both individuals unsatisfied, tense and unhappy.

To keep dating what it should be, fleeting, casual, and friendly a few rules may help.

From the Dal Gazette

## Ladies' Society Active at UNB

Our Ladies Society has had a long and useful life on the campus. The activities are mainly social (though sometimes useful) and our aims of lots of fun and good times for all have been attained countless times down through the years.

This year, with a larger membership, the Ladies Society is really making itself felt on the campus. Activities were opened each term with a meeting followed by an open house at the Maggie Jean. Further meetings are called irregularly whenever we feel that there is something to talk about (no boys, that does not mean every day!) This year we missed out on the Freshette banquet due to a lack of returning sophs, but the Freshettes were nevertheless initiated at a coffee party in their honour (?) Other banquets (we hope) will proceed as usual.

Further activities ranged from selling apples at the foot-ball game and dragging out lucky dates to a real Dog-Patch style Sadie Hawkins Dance in the fall term to tangling with the faculty in a hockey game this term. It turned out that there is one professor up the hill that is brilliant enough to master the wiles of Co-Ed hockey. He shot four goals for us!

Our year is at the moment reaching its peak, since Co-Ed week is the major event sponsored by the Ladies Society. Starting with a card party to get the girls better acquainted, and culminating in an Apache dance, this is the outstanding week of the year (as far as we're concerned, anyway!)

## The Moustache

1. Do you have a moustache? Ans. Yes.
2. Did you grow it yourself? Ans. Certainly.
3. Does your moustache ever bother you? Ans. When I'm eating soup.
4. Why did you grow it? Ans. To save time shaving.
5. Why, then, didn't you grow a beard to save more time? Ans. Because I have to use the razor blades I already have.
6. Do you take your moustache to bed with you? Ans. Only when I sleep alone.
7. Do you believe that everyone should grow a moustache? Ans. No, only men.

SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD  
I think that I shall never see  
A billboard lovely as a tree  
Indeed, unless the billboards fall  
I shall never see a tree at all.

## UNB's WOMAN ENGINEER



UNB's only lady engineer, Baxter the first registered woman engineer and Mary Scribner both married and the latter—Mrs. Donald Gray—works with her husband with the National Research Council. On her graduation this year Miss Donahoe undertakes a job with the Council in Ottawa.

## APACHE DANCE FRIDAY NIGHT FEBRUARY 19TH 1954

### BRUNSWICKAN STAFF

- Editor: Maxine MacDonald  
 Features Editor: Betty Styran  
 Cartoonist: Yes  
 Reporters and Columnists: Helen Brewer, Betty Brown, Beth Cattle, Joanne Corbin, Lyn Doupe, Lois Lange, Pauline Saunders, P. Wetmore, Diane Drew, Pat Ryder.

## Let's Face it Female Style

So the campus is in the hands of the minority for a week. The gals have it. They may be small in number, but they pack a mighty wallop . . . LET'S FACE IT.

It has been noticed the past few weeks that the male students have been polite, pleasant and providing to the Co-eds. Could be they are in the usual panic of being left out of the week's activities. It's a shame they couldn't be kept in such fear all year. This considerate treatment really appeals to the gals — on a year-round basis LET'S FACE IT.

But it could be that those fellows aren't so pleasant after all. Overheard on the campus as a sweet young Co-ed passed two Foresters:

- 1st Forester: (after close scrutiny) Naw — her neck's dirty!
- 2nd Forester: (with eyes gleaming) Her does?

LET'S FACE IT.  
We understand there is to be no basketball game between Varsity and the Co-eds this year. What happened, fellows? Was it last year's game or the sight of the recently defeated, and still limping, faculty hockey team that scared you off?

Our lady engineer tells us a sad story. Seems one of the Co-eds was having trouble with her car, so she consulted a handsome engineering student — from Dalhousie, of course. Her diagnosis was as follows: "It's a strange sort of noise — rather like hair-pins being dropped into a plastic tea-cup."

Aren't women fabulous? LET'S FACE IT.

There was a young maid from Madras,  
Who had a magnificent ass;  
Not rounded and pink,  
As you probably think—  
It was gray, had long ears, and ate grass.

A fly and a flea in a flue  
Were imprisoned, so what did they do?  
Said the fly, "Let us flee!"  
"Let us fly!" said the flea;  
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

There was a young lady from Dorset,  
Had a match and decided to toss it  
In a can of benzine;  
Then out on the green,  
They found a side-comb and a corset.

## FREE LOVE

Free love would eliminate the problems of divorce and illegitimacy, and would end many of the other frustrations experienced by people in courtship and marriage, said Harold Huston, a third year arts student at the University of Alberta, at the organizational meeting of the Society for the Furtherance of Free Love.

In outlining the aims and future policy of the society, it was stated that the time had arrived for an examination of the moral code which today is not really agreed to by the majority of the members of Western society. The meeting would serve to remind all concerned that university students are capable of meeting and discussing any subject, forming intelligent opinions and acting accordingly.

In another speech, the theories of Bertrand Russell on the topic of free love were outlined. Russell proposed ending the problem presented by divorce and unhappy marriages by instituting a system of trial marriage.

In an interview later, Gordon Arnell, a second year Arts student, said future meetings would go into more detail on specific features of free love. He expressed hope that the society would become one of the more active campus clubs.

It was suggested that the club should come under the jurisdiction of the department of physical education, because the University Athletic Board has a large surplus which, members stated, could well be used for financing such a necessary club as the Free Love Society.

## Freshette



Iris Bliss, a first year Science student, comes from Fredericton High School. Iris was already a star when she hit UNB in her favorite sports of tennis and basketball and as well she is outstanding in the academic field. She still plays varsity basketball getting her work out by cheer-leading and kicking in the chorus line.

Iris is holding down the University Womans' Entrance Scholarship which has certainly given her a full schedule. Although she has no special career plans, her past record suggests that she will be successful in anything she undertakes.

I test my bath before I sit  
And I'm always moved to wonderment  
That what chills the finger not a bit  
Is so frigid upon the fundament.  
—Nash

Queen Elizabeth was a virgin Queen. As a Queen she was a success . . .

## LIFE OF THE FAIRER SEX AT UNB

Freshette	Sophomore	Junior	Senior
Blushes at naughty jokes.	Smiles at naughty jokes.	Laughs at naughty jokes.	Tells naughty jokes.
Thinks a college education leads to things social, cultural, and academic.	Thinks a college education leads to things social and cultural.	Thinks a college education leads to things social.	Thinks a college education leads to things.
Thinks midnight is late	Thinks midnight is pretty late.	Thinks midnight isn't so late.	Thinks midnight is midnight.
Reads: "What Every Young Girl Should Know."	"How to Win Friends and Influence People."	"The Art of Love."	"Care and Feeding of Infants."
Won't date a boy who has ever taken a drink	Won't date a boy who just had a drink.	Won't date a boy who has had over one drink.	Won't date a boy unless he drinks.
Tells her mother everything.	Tells her room-mate everything.	Tells her diary everything.	Doesn't tell anybody anything.
Likes to smooch.	Likes to smooch.	Likes to smooch.	Likes to smooch.
Motto: Mother knows best.	Death before Dishonor.	Nothing Ventured Nothing Gained.	Boys Will be Boys.

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## CANADA'S OLDEST OFFICIAL STUDENT PUBLICATION; COPY OF FIRST ISSUE DISCOVERED TEN YEARS AGO

### THE FIRST ISSUE

Fredericton (Special)—With the publication of this year's issues of the Brunswickan, the University of New Brunswick passes another era in the pages of history. The first Brunswickan was published in 1867 during September, just three months after Canada received its Dominion status. With the advent of the September issue of the Brunswickan in 1953 the Provincial University's student newspaper has entered its eighty-fifth year of publication.

The files in the University of New Brunswick Bonar Law-Bennett Library showed for years that the first Brunswickan was published in 1867. This inaugural date was the basis for the series of volume numbers that have been carried on the masthead of the Brunswickan ever since that date, until this present issue.

Just ten years ago, Dr. Alfred G. Bailey was approached by a Mr. Clark of Fredericton. Mr. Clark had an item of interest for the then Professor Bailey. Much to Mr. Bailey's surprise, it was a copy of the first edition of the "University Monthly" dated fifteen years before any other known copy of the paper. Mr. Clark was the printer of the first edition and it had lain in a boarding house for over seventy-five years, in almost perfect condition. The first issue is now in the library, resting in a closed file, coldly listed as Number 653.

#### THE UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

The Editor-in-Chief of the 1867 issue, Sir George E. Foster, stated in his editorial "To The Public" the following:

"In this, our first appearance before the public, we are subject to much the same feelings and tremblings as those that move the orator on the occasion of his maiden speech. We know that in this day, when newspapers of every party, and, we may say, of every grade of moral tone, from the simply ridiculous to the noble and elevated, are scattered broadcast through our Province; when news in the shape of telegrams, and literature, in the form of magazines, abound in our towns and country places, the appearance of another on the stage as an aspirant for public favour and popular patronage will be deemed by some premature and uncalled for, especially when that one comes from a source which has never before given birth to even the semblance of the like."

Advertising — "Gets a Tonsure". In the 1867 issue only four small 1/4 page advertisements appeared, but in subsequent issues advertising usually appeared on the front inside, back inside, and back covers, as well as an extra page of advertising. About fifteen per cent of the paper was advertising in comparison with thirty-five per cent advertising today.

One advertisement that appeared in the 1867 issues stated:

## THE UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

VOL. I.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SEPTEMBER, 1867.

No. 1.

(Extract from a College Poem.)

#### THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF THE STUDENT.

Winter envious Time, with unrelenting hand,  
Dissolves the union of some little band,  
A band connected by those hallowed ties  
That from the birth of eternal friendship rise,  
Each lingering soul, before the parting sigh,  
One moment waits to view the years gone by;  
Memory still loves to hover o'er the past,  
And all our pleasures and our pains retreat,  
The student is the subject of my song:  
Few are his pleasures, yet those few are strong;  
Not the gay, transient moment of delight,  
Not hurried transports felt but in their flight;  
Unlike all else, the student's joys endure,  
Intense, expansive, energetic, pure:  
Whether o'er classic plains he loves to roam,  
Midst Attic bowers, or through the Mantuan grove;  
Whether, with scientific eye, he traces  
The various modes of number, time, and space;  
Whether on wings of heavenly truth he rises,  
And penetrates the secrets of the skies,  
Or downwards tending, with an humble eye,  
Through Nature's laws explores a Deity;  
His are the joys no stranger heart can feel,  
No wit define, no utterance reveal.  
Nor yet, alas! unshared the joys we boast,  
Our pleasures still proportioned labors cost.  
An anxious tear oft fills the student's eye,  
And his broad brow with many a struggling sigh.  
His is the task, the long, long task 't explore,  
Of every age the lumber and the store.  
Need I describe his struggles and his strife,  
The thousand minor miseries of his life;  
How Application, never tiring maid,  
Of mourns an aching, oft a dizzy head?  
How the hard toil but slowly makes its way,  
One moment explains the labor of a day;  
Here forced to explore some labyrinth without end,  
And there some paradox to comprehend!  
Here ten hard words fraught with some meaning small,  
And there ten folio fronts with none at all,  
C'rouching in the cloister's dimly lit  
C'rouching in the cloister's dimly lit

His friendship's self, — what cynic will refuse?  
O, I could tell how oft her joys we've shared,  
When mutual cares those mutual joys endured,  
How arm in arm we've lingered through the vale,  
Listening to many a time-logging tale,  
How oft, relaxing from one common toil,  
We've found repose amid one common smile.  
Yes, I could tell, but O, the task how vain!  
'T would but increase our fast approaching pain;  
The pain so thriving to a student's heart,  
Crouching in that labyrinth of woe, we part.

(From the Rambler.)

#### THE HASTE AND EAGERNESS OF YOUTH.

It has been observed by long experience,  
That late springs produce the greatest plenty.  
The delay of blooms and fragrance, of verdure  
and breeze, is for the most part liberally re-  
compensed by the exuberance and fecundity  
of the ensuing seasons; the blossoms which  
lie concealed till the year is advanced and the  
sun is high, escape those chilling blasts and  
nocturnal frosts which are often fatal to early  
luxuriance, prey upon the first smiles of vernal  
beauty, destroy the first principles of vege-  
table life, intercept the fruit in the germ, and  
beat down the flowers unopened to the ground.  
I am afraid there is little hope of persuading  
the young and sprightly part of my readers,  
upon whom the spring naturally forces its  
attention, to learn from the great process of  
nature the difference between diligence and  
hurry, between speed and precipitation; to  
present their designs with calmness, to  
watch the concurrence of opportunity, and  
endeavour to find the lucky moment which  
they cannot make. Youth is the time of enter-  
prise and hope; having yet no occasion of con-  
sidering our powers with any other than a  
light and untroubled view.

age we must labor to recall the fire and  
impetuosity of youth; in youth we must learn  
to expect, and in age to enjoy.

The torment of expectation is, indeed, not  
easily to be borne at a time when every idea  
of gratification fires the blood, and flashes  
on the fancy; when the heart is vacant to every  
fresh form of delight, and has no rival engage-  
ments to withdraw it from the importunities  
of a new desire. Yet since the fear of missing  
what we seek must always be proportionable  
to the happiness expected from possessing it,  
the passion, even in this tempestuous state,  
might be somewhat moderated by frequent  
inculcation of the mischief of temerity, and  
the hazard of losing that which we endeavor  
to seize before our time.

He that too early aspires to honors, must  
resolve to encounter not only the opposition  
of interest, but the malignity of envy. He  
that is too eager to be rich, generally  
endangers his fortune in wild adventures  
and uncertain projects; and he that has-ten-  
too speedily to reputation, often raises his  
character by artifices and gallies, decks him-  
self in colors which quickly fade, or in plumes  
which accident may shake off, or competition  
pluck away.

The danger of early eminence has been  
extended by some, even to the gift of nature;  
and an opinion has been long conceived, that  
quickness of invention, accuracy of judgment  
or extent of knowledge appearing before the  
usual time, presage a short life. Even those  
who are less inclined to form general conclu-  
sions, from instances which by their own  
nature must be rare, have yet been cautioned  
to be moderate in their attainments.

#### CHARLES SOULIS

Professor of the Tonsorial Art,  
Regent Street

"I am prepared to perform all  
work in his line of business with  
neatness and despatch, and feels  
confident that he will be able to  
give the utmost satisfaction to all  
who may wish a fashionable cut or  
a clean shave. Mr. Soulis also  
keeps constantly on hand a large  
assortment of the most approved  
Hair Oils and Perfumes, as well as  
an unlimited supply of his well  
known and favourite "Spanish Lus-  
tral", which acts like magic in  
preventing the loss of hair, and in  
causing a rapid and luxuriant  
growth on heads prematurely  
bald."

It is immediately apparent that  
the 1867 issue was a great  
undertaking for the times and that  
the editors had set a precedent in  
publishing a newspaper of such  
enormous size. The "University  
Monthly" appeared as a newspaper  
nearly one-half the size of the present  
"Brunswickan", although in  
1883 the "University Monthly" re-  
sembled a magazine more as it  
was dressed in a blue-covered  
jacket. The first addition con-  
tained eight pages but later the  
paper increased to over twenty  
pages an issue. The Library and  
Debating Society, then the most  
important campus society, publish-

ed the "University Monthly" "in  
Nine Numbers during the Session".  
Each session was from the month  
of September to the month of  
June inclusive.

#### Freedom of the Press

In the October, 1892 issue, the  
"Salutatory", written by the Editor-  
in-Chief, Mr. Stephen S. Ritchie,  
showed that the staff had formed  
a definite policy. "The Monthly  
is the students' special property  
therefore we shall speak out fear-  
lessly on all matters connected  
with the students and the college."  
They did, too, in that very issue,  
for there is a stern warning in  
it — quote, "We do not hesitate  
in condemning the action of the  
Senate and especially that of the  
president, with regard to Professor  
Murray. To let so fine and accom-  
plished a lecturer leave us because  
of a mere trifle was sheer foolish-  
ness . . ."

A cover to the paper appeared in  
1883 and on it besides the title  
were the motto, "Sapere Aude",  
an etching of the Arts Building  
showing the stables protruding  
from behind, and either a list of  
the Faculty of the University or  
the Table of Contents.

#### U. N. B. vs. Mt. A.

Even in those periods of the dim  
past the rivalry with Mount All-  
ison University, then Sackville Col-  
lege, was exceedingly great. The

battle went so far at times that it  
would develop into an argument  
regarding the merits of the uni-  
versities, and the requirements at  
Mount Allison and U. N. B. re-  
spectively, where, "at Mount All-  
ison two books of Euclid are re-  
quired, and at U. N. B. four books  
of the same." Ill-feeling was so  
great during this period that one  
of the colleges was about to sue the  
other for libel.

Personals from "Chas. G. D. Rob-  
erts, A. B. '79, is now assistant edi-  
tor of the "Current", a Chicago  
weekly journal devoted chiefly to  
literature" to "J. M. Palmer, A. B.  
'80, principal of the Chatham High  
School, recently visited his friends  
in the Celestial City" were types  
popularly in vogue.

#### Even the Local Police Force and Gleaner

"De Omnibus Rebus" sub-titled  
"Many articles under this head are  
intelligible to Undergraduates  
only" was the students' column.  
Anything could happen here, and  
did, from a discussion on the loss  
of the 'cap and gown'—our last tra-  
dition, to tuition for the year  
\$22.50, prayers, the local police  
force and Gleaner, a row at the  
University, to such humor as  
"Mathematical Professor (to the  
Co-eds of '96). "Young ladies, your  
minds must get to be flexible as  
well as your jaws."



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