

Engine Ears When and Why

It was the same year the unconquered Polecat tribe made their first attempt to recover the United States. In the Fredericton dump there dwelt a powerful tribe of Morons. Aroused by their cousins from South of the border, these dwellers of the wastelands went on the rampage. With wild cries of "Ree by Pop" the brave and ferocious warriors ran berserk through the streets of downtown Fredericton, upsetting garbage cans, ringing doorbells and generally raising hell. A truly brave and terrible demonstration of their might and cunning.

At this precise moment Governor Stat Istie came forward. Cleverly using ice cream cones and dulse he managed to pacify the savages. The reason for this brutal uprising was gradually pieced together by the subtle Istie. The boys all wanted to go to school. (I said they were morons.)

It must be explained, that at this period hairy, gibbering apes were not allowed the privilege of education. Naturally, therefore, the request was quickly vetoed by Commons. However, delicate persuasion was then used by the tribes and the newly-sculpted Governor Istie pushed the bill through the House.

Immediately Stat was diluged with indignant protests from all the great seats of learning. It was quite apparent that these creatures were not equipped, mentally, to study the existing and popular course of that time, Forestry. In fact even the new course called Arts was quite beyond them.

Here, Gov. Istie's imagination ran wild—his radical solution was the introduction of a new and useless course which the Moron tribe would be unable to undergo. Members of the tribe were quite easily distinguished from normal people by a physical defect, which led to the sobriquet "Engine Ears."

Thus this new course in learning was called "Engine Earing."

Special differences between the new Engine Ears and the Foresters were quickly overcome. The foresters solved the problem by merely shunning and kicking the Moronic Engine Ears into any convenient ditch.

At first the Artsmen objected to the Engine Ears grovelling in the

ditches with them, — however, things settled down into a very pleasant and orderly routine—the Foresters in their accustomed position of supremacy.

Engine Ears came and went for several decades, before it was discovered, that in addition to their learning nothing, the Artsmen were being led astray by them. The root of the trouble was the lack of any suggestion of brains by the Engine Ears.

This tricky little difficulty by equipping each Engine Ear with synthetic brains—and to this day they are never seen without them. As time went by and they learned the score they became quite sensitive about their "brains." It was their attempt to hide their lack of grey matter which caused them to refer to their mechanical brains as slip sticks or slide rules—but the truth shall be known.

Thus the now ancient Stat Istie related his story of the origin of Engine Ears. Of course we now call them Engineers—but the truth is known.

The slowest thing in the world is a nudist going through a barbed wire fence!

Little Artemus sat on his father's lap, watching his mother set waves in her hair. He admired the waves tremendously—then reached up and stroked his father's almost completely bald head.

"No waves for you, oh, pop?" he cried. "You're all beach!"

It was Sunday morning. He slipped on his wife's robe and went downstairs to answer the doorbell. As he opened the door the ice man kissed him. After giving due thought to this strange occurrence, he has come to the conclusion that the ice man's wife must have a similar robe.

Salesgirl to customer:—Yes, Mrs. Prissay-Pratt, our girdles come in fixed sizes—small, medium, large, wow and holy mackerel!

A boy in long pants got on a street car for a nickel.

A lad in short pants got on for three cents.

And then a pretty girl got on for nothing—she had a transfer!

Next May

A candle guttered in the vodka bottle on the table while the huge shadow cast by its only occupant, Bronwd Offsky, wavered on the wall. Bronwd was absorbed in making bombs. The door creaked open and in slithered Tehrl. He sidled over to a case of TNT, where he brushed aside the cobwebs, leaned sulkily and picked his teeth with a silletto. The silence was broken only by an occasional scream and the pounding of feet echoing down the corridor.

"Did you get the plans of the new building?" muttered Bronwd, out of the side of his mouth, trying to look up while freeing his RAF moustache from his zipper.

"Aw, give me time, comrade, give me time. I got a couple more guys to bump off yet," whined Tehrl, shaking his time-bomb which had stopped.

Bronwd looked up sharply. "You told Alma you would have them today."

"Now what for would I want to double-cross Alma Maerov for?" pleaded Tehrl, taking off his hat to shake out a rat's nest, adroitly clipping off a tail and proudly adding it to his collection.

"Watch them prepositions," rapped out Bronwd fiercely, beginning to rise but sinking back when he recalled Tehrl was first year.

"You just dropped a capital," observed Tehrl, nervously paring his nails with a scimitar, dragged from beneath his red sash.

Remembering the issue, Bronwd seized a sickle from the stack rose, and advanced on Tehrl, occasionally kicking aside a bat which had succumbed to the vodka fumes.

"There is no reprove. For that you must be punished."

"Punishment C?" asked Tehrl brightly, since he rather enjoyed having his feet tickled with a lighted cigar.

"P?" he tried again, for he was a philosophical soul and since everyone had to die anyway, why not in boiling wine? Then a look of horror penetrated the half hanging from his eyebrows and low brows.

"NOT—NOT!" he whispered in terror. A hoarse scream broke from him as Bronwd tugged on a nearby noose.

From behind the curtains sprang two ogres who dutifully saluted with raised eyebrows. "Punishment A," growled Bronwd.

Tehrl was dragged from the room, kicking and screaming hysterically. "NOT THAT! NOT THAT!" he sobbed between shrieks. "NOT MY GOVERNMENT ALLOWANCE. YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT FROM ME!"

His screams echoed through the halls as Bronwd Offsky slumped into his chair and stared unseeingly at his felt boots.

—IGOR BIEFFER.

All men are born free and equal, but some get married.

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\$50 A HEAD

Yes, that's what Mena (our Sophomore forester) received from the New Brunswick Government for bringing in the heads of two very destructive beasts of our forests. Namely Percepsine. Incidentally this brave and dauntless girl brought death and destruction to these pests of the woods by merely using a good hard wood club.

So Freshmen take note, if you value your head don't let Mena catch you disfiguring or killing trees needlessly when you take to the bush next year.

I guess that's all the dirt for now kids and remember a good column, like a woman's shirt, should be long enough to cover the "subject" but short enough to create interest.

Lovingly yours,
THE WOOD BORE
or
LUMBERJACK...

For Nasty People To Think Over
A dog is loved
By old and young;
He wags his tail,
But not his tongue.

A DITTY

I love you, dear, she told him
And with that removed her dress.
You've everything I'll ever want
I really must confess.
You are so good to me, dear boy
So tender and so sweet.
And as she spoke her dainty slip
Came tumbling to her feet.
She whispered, honey, rest assured
My love you'll never lose.
She slid her hose from dainty legs
And placed them in her shoes.
And, darling, I'm so much in love
I couldn't give you more.
And slipped her brassiere down her arms

And it dropped to the floor.
A burning love ours, sweetheart,
You'll never need to doubt.
She dropped her step-ins from her waist

And from them she stepped out.
Remember, I belong to you
I'm yours and yours alone
Good-night she murmured softly
And then hung up the phone.

Ah! Those were the days. When you could kiss a girl and taste nothing but girl!

ODE TO FORESTERS

Dedicated to the Senior Fire-eaters. (With apologies to Wm. Shakespeare.)

Shall I compare you to a winter's day?

You are more chilly and more miserable

Roaring fires are most acceptable, you say,

And hot tea gives you a feeling comfortable.

Sometimes too cold the wind of winter whines,

And often are your rosey noses nipped,

And every lunch is frozen 'neath the pines

While the off-dying fire makes you curse and grinch,

But your eternal courage shall not fade,

Nor shall you turn your backs to work undone.

And trees shall brag you wondered in their shade.

When by the snowy piles of wood you stouch;

So long as you can breathe, your eyes can see.

So long remember this, for this gives game to thee.

—Chips

A girl in good shape is the reason for many a man being in bad shape!



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