

Barney

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sonal relationship with their teachers, enjoy friendship and acquire conviction in ideas. They then may leave their teachers without turning their backs on their studies." Dozing again. I saw as in a dream McDougall (the S. forester) and he was saying "how true! how true!" and I was inclined to agree with him but that was in my sleep.

The book dropped to the floor and I started awake. The book was open and here was a squib (Do you mind A. B.?) about teachers. Not bad! Not bad!

The teachers of today just go on repeating things in a rigmorle fashion, annoy the students with constant questions and repeat the same things over and over again. They do not try to find out what the student's natural inclinations are, so the students are forced to pretend to like their studies. Nor do they try to bring out the best in their talents. What they give to the

students is wrong in the first place and what they expect of the students is just as wrong. As a result, the students hate their teachers, are exasperated at the difficulty of their studies and do not know what good it does them. Although they go through the course of instruction, they are quick to leave it when they are through. This is the reason for the failure of education today". Me thinks this has a faint familiar ring but maybe it's only the ringing in my ears.

Great Gosh. Four o'clock. Must get to bed. What the devil was it that Pete Johnson asked me to write down for the paper? Something about A and B. Now what was it? Can't have changed any. Oh yes! A is for apples, B is for balls. The long quotes are illegible from all angles. They are said to be from the wisdom of Confucius, but I doubt if it can be the same fellow who was so popular a few years back. Anyhow isn't he a funny man?

B. W. F.

SHOCKS POP

Little is known of the genius of Abney F. M. deSign though many imitations of him, and his expressions exist today. My interest in him started rather suddenly when I came across a few references to him in a musty diary found in an obscure library. As a matter of fact he figured rather prominently in it and my interest was aroused sufficiently to prompt me to uncover more. However, even after years of research I was only able to compile this short biography.

deSign was enrolled in a little known Engineering School of the tender age of 24. Immediately his thrilling personality and his unequalled ability at relating, shady anecdotes drew all and sundry to his side, thus his compelling mastery was soon recognized. When he was told that the local Rat-Race sported many a female, our hero rejoined with a profound yet simple, "Hot Damn!"

It is a great pity that he was an avid alcoholic. Perhaps we may blame this on his Brotherhood, and then again perhaps their bad habits can be traced back to him. He was a great promoter of Drinking-Fests or "Boozins" as he so quaintly called them. In his day these were held as often as possible but with the coming of a weaker generation the interval was extended permanently to a year. At these functions he was the centre of attraction. His moist, limpid, sensuous voice would grasp his listeners with an unyielding hand. The rhythmic flow of beautiful words held them spell-bound.

Viz: "Dere I wuz, headin' on ta tha dains wit one hand and poundin tha guts outa her boyfriem wit tha udger o' o' o'." Here he resorted to cliche descriptions which, though excusable in so great a man are nevertheless unprintable.

As may be expected he was a trifle eccentric, particularly in his choice of sleeping quarters. Wintex he slept indoors when there was someone to help him. Barns and garages did him excellent service, but often after a trying Saturday evening he would be invited to use the jail. In warm weather he could usually be found at sunrise stretched out on the main street sidewalk with a happy glow on his nose.

One morning after an evening, while crossing a rain-drenched campus he unfortunately fell in a rather large puddle. Not in the least perturbed he raised his voice a trifle and shouted "Seve the women

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SUMMER EMPLOYMENT

(Continued from page one)

ings. Students who prefer to remain in town during the summer can keep this in mind.

The labor shortage for men in the woods is still acute, not only in New Brunswick but all over Canada, so boys, try braving the mosquitoes and black flies and earn five dollars a day.

Co-ed employment is a little beyond the forester's scope, however the British lumberjills, awning a mean five pound axe and enjoyed it during the last five years. Do you want to try it?

The faculty student committee is endeavoring to find students employment. How are the students co-operating to the extent of notifying their committee when they have obtained employment?

CANADIAN CAMPUS

(Continued from page one)

course proved extremely successful from its opening in the summer of 1945. When the course commences this year on July 3rd, students who took the course last year will enter the senior class.

Three times a week this group will produce a program over CBC. There will be approximately 60 students in the institute.

Which all goes to show that studying isn't seasonal.

and children, I can swim". Thus demonstrating his gallantry and utter selfishness. This gem, by the way was carefully added to the repertoire of a light sleeper a few miles away.

Another historian states that in his second go at his sophomore year (he spent three years as a Freshman, four as a Sophomore and untallied years as a Junior) another present day Engineering custom he originated. Of these postponements of his graduation he said, "Why should I work for money, my ol' man's got piles." When he was shown a compass for close on to the hundredth time he pushed it aside, and anticipating present day Engineers' attitude by a good many seasons, declared "Never use it! I kin find my way to the Powerhouse widout it."

The world was sadly shocked at his untimely death when he stood in a bath-tub and stuck his finger in an empty light socket. His dying word has been relayed down through the years as a precise and expressive method for demonstrating pain. We will forever be indebted to him for his well-chosen and timely "Guch!"

C. J.

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