Neilson's

The Quality Chocolate

Codiva

The following is the original Engineers' Song from which the well known yell originated

Godiva was a lady, who thro' Coventry did ride,
To show to all the villagers her lovely bare white hide,
The most obscene and man on earth—an Engineer of course,
Was the only one that noticed that Godiva rode a horse.
I've come a long way she said, and the man can go as far,
Who'll take me off this bloody horse and show me to a bar,
The man who took her off the horse and stood her to a beer,
Were a bloodshot-eyed surveyor and a drunken Engineer.
The army and the navy out to have a little fun,
Went down to the place where the finest liquors run,
But all they found were empties—for the Engineers had come,
And traded all their instruments for gallon jugs of rum.
Sir Francis Drake and all his crew, sailed round to Calais Bay,
They'd heard a Spanish rum fleet had headed out that way,
But the Engineers had beat them by a night and half a day,
And tho' they were drunk as hooligans you still could hear them say .....
We are, we are, we are the Engineers,
We can, we can, we can drink forty beers .....ete
So come, so come, so come and drink with us,
We don't give a damn for any old man,
Who don't give a damn for us

A boy who wants to make the news
Aspires to fill his father's shoes.
His sister aims for something better,
She hopes to fill her mother's sweater.

* * * *

Doctor: "Have you led a normal life?"
Engineer: "Yas sir".
Doctor: "Then if you want to get well you'll have to give up women and liquor for a few months."

* * *

Nowadays girls are determined to show their legs or bust.

* * *

He mumbled a few words in church; he was married.
He mumbled a few words in his sleep; he was divorced.

TRANSPORTATION DIFFICULTIES—

The S. M. T. recently received the following letter from a disgruntled rider who lives in Fredericton:

Gentlemen:

I have been riding in your busses for the past two years and the service seems to be getting worse every day. I think the transportation you offer is worse than that enjoyed by the people of 1000 years ago.

Signed: J. R. Snogbottom.

Reply from S. M. T.

Dear Sir:

We received your letter of the first and believe you are somewhat confused in your history. The only transportation of 1000 years ago was a boat.

Signed: S. M. T.

Disgruntled Rider

Gentleman:

I am in receipt of your letter of August 8, and you are the people who are confused in your history. If you will read your Bible, The Book of DAVID, 9th verse, you will find that Aaron rode into town on his ass.

That—gentlemen, is something I haven't been able to do on your cars for the past ten months.

Signed: J. R. Snogbottom.

Northgate, can't you do anything right? Can't you see what you've got your crane hooked on to?

A sensible girl is more sensible than she looks because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.

Every year college deans pop the routine question to their undergraduates: "Why did you come to college?" Traditionally the answers match the question in triteness. But this year one co-ed unexpectedly confided, "I came to be went with—but I ain't yet."

* * * *

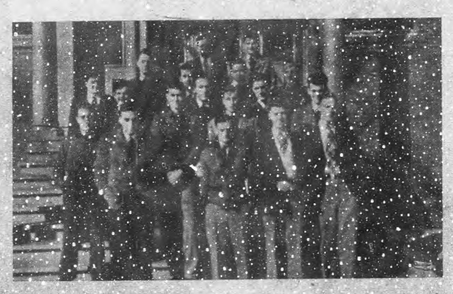
Courtship: The period during which the girl decides whether or not she can do better.

The local spelling bee had finally narrowed down to the finalists, Mr. Jones, the leading stableman, and Mr. Brown, a leading lawyer. They were neck and neck until finally the word "auspice" came up—Mr. Jones lost

* * * *

Doctor: "I can't quite diagnose your case. I think it must be drink."
Fitch: "All right Doc. I'll come back when you're sober."

Senior Electricals



ALVIN COPP—from Newcastle—one of our wide awake early to bed, early to rise power men.

TERRY DALTON—returned this year to finish his course—had commissions in Army and Air Force.

BOB COFFIN—who is to be one of our foremost radio engineers of to-morrow—keen interest in early lectures.

ED GRAHAME—the only member of the class who is an ardent French scholar.

CHARLEY HENRY—brains of the power men,—may always be found talking to Arthur about life.

RALPH MACDOWELL—Charlie's right hand man—believes in marriage at an early age.

GERRY MACKIN—former lieutenant in navy going with General Elect after graduating.

MAC MERSEREAU—Squire, one of the quieter of the Engineers is said to be one of the better jitterbugs.

BERNARD HARGROVE—an Electronics man keenly interested in a certain Young Peoples.

DON HOLYOKE—the Hot Dog king still looking for a way to make bigger and better hot dogs.

BILL INNIS—the man with the family car but no tog duplex sliderule.

RALPH BROOKS—more interested of late in the development of Normalites than in his thesis" The Development of the Shogomoc."

LLOYD HARGROVE—or Wrecker as he is commonly known—a constant inhabitant of the RAT RACE.

CARL ROSS—has a stronger flare for apartments than for electronics. Makes top notch marks.

DON MURRAY—the man about town—yes we will include Fatersboro when we say that.

MORT MARGOLIAN—our chess playing engineer who devotes every spare minutes to designing an Atom Smasher.

CEC. YOUNG—our North Shore Cassanova, spends spare moments thinking of Sudbury and Toronto.

JOHNNIE VAUGHN—another Air Force veteran whose pet aversion is Math.

HOWARD WRIGHT—Quebec—seems to think that an excellent course is not the only attraction we have down here.

WILL GALDWIN—splits his time between Lab. Reports and the Nurses Residence.

To Dr. A. F. Baird and Prof. Dineen, our two guiding lights, we extend our heartiest thanks for the many problems and troubles they have cleared up for us during our association with them.

"Art and George"

Anywhere, anytime, in or around the Electrical and Civil Buildings we are apt to see Art and George scurrying around.

Mr. George Smith came to U. N. B. September 1, 1916 from Beverly, Yorkshire, England. Since the resignation of Dr. Stephens he is the oldest member of the staff "Up the Hill". George still remembers his first years with the college as caretaker of the Arts Building when it was heated by hot air.

Mr. Smith has also many recollections of part "Burning's of Anna" and "Encaenias". He is always on hand when the boys need help and has been a great help to the Engineering Department in all their undertakings.

His favourite hobby is bee-keeping and he is very proud of his "Pleasant View Apiary".

Mr. Arthur Dunham came to U. N. B. in the fall of 1938. He comes to us from that great old village of Nacawic. Arthur started travelling when he was fifteen; first out west on harvesting parties for two summers and then to British Columbia lumbering for three years.

Mr. Dunham went overseas in 1916 with the famous old 65th Battery of Woodstock and then returned to take up his old occupation of lumbering. He worked sixteen years for Fraser Companies at Victoria Mills before coming 'Up the Hill'.

When the Electrical Engineering Faculty moved to its new building, Dr. Baird said they couldn't go without Art so we find him now tending his high and low pressure boilers in the new Electrical Building.

Arthur says now that he has his house built in Fredericton, he expects to stay here the rest of his life. We sure hope he does as the Electrical building wouldn't be the same without him.

Senior Civils

AL CAMERON—laziest man on the campus; never does a thing—(We're kiddink of course).

DAVE BLAIR—addicted to 5 A. M. walks with his daughter (15 months old).

ELMER SCOTT—should be an electrical judging by the type of home-work he does.

BOB DAYE—once missing for three days when he leaned too far over the barrel.

RENO CYR—captain of the hockey team—hated to leave Petawawa.

OTTIS LOGUE—Pres. of Eng. Society—likes to buy fur coats.

GEORGE BOND—ex-bachelor but he loves it.

MURRAY MACLEAN—firm believer in blind dates after that one in Montreal.

FRANK BROOKS—Civil basketball flash, senior class smoothie.

RON GIBSON—stores manager, well known stress analyst.

FRANK HORGAN—Editor of Year Book, Pres. of Newman Club—Busy, Busy.

DUSTY CONLON—Owner of that blue wheeled menace to society. Interested in History Dept.

DOUG CARTER—famed for two reasons, Nova Scotia and wife—Hubba, Hubba.

CHARLIE WEYMAN—half of Logue and Weyman duo, keeps his eye on the bookstore.

ABSENT:—

ED (CHEEPERS) RAMFORD—confines his admiration to women only.

TONY PELLEGRINO—can't make a date without a middleman to do the work.

This article would not be complete without a word of thanks to our C. E. Profs. Dr. Turner and Harry Moore who are always on deck to lend a helping hand.

Picobac
THE PICK OF TOBACCO

100 p. c. PROOF

I had twelve bottles of Whiskey in my cellar and my wife told me to empty each and every one down the kitchen sink "or else"....So I said I would and forthwith proceeded with the unpleasant task.

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second bottle and emptied the good old booze down the sink; except one glass, which I drank. I pulled the cork from the third sink, and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank.

I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it and poured the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next cork, and poured the bottle down the drink. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour.

When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the bottles and corks and glasses with the other, and found I had twenty-nine. To be sure, I counted them again when they came by and I had seventy-four. Then as the house came by, I counted them once more, and finally I had the houses and bottles and corks all counted, with the exception of one house, one cork and one bottle, which I drank.

RELATIVITY—AND HOW!

I'll tell you how it is, said the sad looking young soldier as he finished his drink. "I got a young widow, with a grown-up daughter, and I married that widow. Then my father met our daughter and married her. That made my wife the Mother-in-law of her father-in-law, and made my step daughter my step-mother, and my father became my step son. See. Then my step mother, the daughter of my wife, had a son. See. That boy was of course, my brother because he was my father's son, but he was also the son of my wife's step daughter, and therefore, her grandson. That made me grandfather to my step brother. Then my wife had a son. My mother-in-law, the sister of my son was his grandmother because he is her stepmother's child. My father is the brother-in-law of my child, because his step-sister is his wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is also the child of my step-mother. I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt, my son is my father's nephew, and I am my own grandfather, and I can't stand it."

When God gave out brains, I thought he said trains, and I missed mine.

When He gave out looks, I thought he said books, and I didn't want any.

When He gave out noses, I thought he said rose, and I ordered a Sharon.

When He gave out legs, I thought he said kegs, and I ordered two fat ones.

When He gave our ears I thought he said beers, so I ordered two long ones.

When He gave out chins, I thought he said gins, and I said "Give me a double."

God! Am I a mess.

A bunch of germs were hitting it up
In a bronchial saloon;
Two bugs on the edge of the larynx
Were jazzing a ragtime tune,
While back of the teeth in a solo game,
Sat dangerous Dan Kerchoo,
And watching his pulse was his light of love,
The lucy that's known as Flu.

ARTS WITH ENGINEERING???

What does applied science embody? Is an engineer an illiterate body? Is an engineer an illiterate excuse for a university graduate, as his artsmen friends would have him believe, or can he hold his own among learned students?

While still at college the engineer is told that he has no appreciation for the finer things of life, since instead of spending tedious hours with Chaucer and Milton, he happily spends his time manipulating that triumph of the scientific art, the slide rule. To say that the engineer is illiterate and incapable of expanding from his own particular field is an atrocious lack of constructive thinking, when we consider that the four years the engineer spends at college is but 5.714% of his life, if he is allotted his three score years and ten, leaving him 94.286% in which he may expand his knowledge to include many of the finer arts, that he may have been forced to neglect at this university, as well as complete specialization in any field that he chooses, engineering or otherwise. When the engineer enrols as such at a university, he is filled with the desire to learn engineering as he pictures it, which in most cases does not embody Latin or "The American Customs of 1763". It is considered good academic practice to proceed immediately towards filling the desires of the student, and to pounce upon him at this stage of the game with long (and to the average student of engineering boring) discussions on Alexander's Conquests, or the fall of Rome would completely shatter the outlook of his ambitious young mind.

What the engineering profession desires is, I admit, not simply a handbook-slide rule-carrying mass of protoplasm, but a member who is competent and naturally one who has an appreciation of the social aspects of his work. This can be accomplished without hours of textbook blues on the part of the young engineer, by being introduced during his technical training. The professors should, during their lectures, plant in the minds of their students the desire for further knowledge in the field of the finer arts, and after graduation the student may follow his own wishes along this line.

In considering our own university, we must remember that the graduate has completed only fifteen years of academic work, as compared with the sixteen and seventeen years study required of other university graduates. During this time the student must make himself academically equal in technical knowledge to these other graduates. This would be almost an impossibility if arts courses were introduced into the engineering curriculum.

To sum it all up us engineering engineers on considering previous graduates figure we are getting about the best all round education and introduction to this mixed up planet that any university faculty can offer.

C. W. R. '46.

NEW ENGINEERING PROFS.—

PROF. R. W. SMITH

Prof. R. W. Smith hails from Moncton where he received his high school training. He came to U. N. B. to study Electrical Engineering and received his degree in 1934.

Prof. Smith seems to favour Quebec as a place to work as he occupied several positions in that province. After two years with the Northern Quebec Power Co. as manager of a substation he joined the Sladen-Malartic Gold Mines as assistant chief electrician, and was employed there until his enlistment in the R. C. E. in February of 1943. Upon completion of his course at Brockville he went to the Engineering Training Centre at Petawawa as a Lieutenant. Next came a course in chemical warfare at Luffield, Alberta.

In June 1944 Prof. Smith was called to Ottawa as Electrical Engineer in charge of power supplies for Coastal Artillery. He went back to Brockville as an instructor after a year in Ottawa.

After V-E day Prof. Smith returned to Ottawa as liaison officer between Headquarters and the districts for engineering services.

In October last Lt. Baird obtained his services as assistant professor in Electrical Engineering, and put a stop to his travels which we hope will be lasting.

PROF. E. E. WHEATLEY

Professor Eric E. Wheatly joined the engineering faculty this fall to fill the vacancy created by Dr. Stephens resignation as Professor of Mechanical Engineers.

Prof. Wheatly was born in Montreal (he won't say when); graduated from McGill with a B. Sc. in Mechanical Engineering in 1930, and then took a position with the Dominion Bridge Company.

Since that time he has been employed with the Canada Iron Foundries Ltd. of Three Rivers, Quebec, and also, served for four years on the engineering faculty of McGill University.

Before coming to us, he was assistant division engineer and later engineer in charge of mechanical war work at Consolidated Paper Corporation in Grand Mere Quebec.

At present he is living in Fredericton with his wife and their two children.

If you haven't heard of the gravel job he's doing here, just ask any engineer.

PROFESSOR IRA M. BEATTIE

Professor Beattie came to U. N. B. as Assistant Professor of Civil Engineering last fall, but U. N. B. is not new to him as he graduated from here in 1944—just two years ago.

Ira, as he is better known around the Engineering Building, hails from Nash Creek, Restigouche Co., N. B., and was the only North Shore man in the Civil Engineering Class of 1944.

He is one who has made the very most of the four years spent at U. N. B. As an Undergraduate Ira was an ardent summer employee of the Dept. of Transport working on the Goose Bay Airport while a Soph and in Dartmouth, N. S., while a Junior. In his Senior year at U. N. B. Ira was a Student Instructor for Engineering Camp and on the Sophomore Traverse and Manager of the Engineering Stores.

Upon graduation Prof. Beattie received the Ketchum Silver Medal, awarded to the best all round Civil Engineering student of the senior year. That spring he went to the Structural Steel Department of the Canadian Bridge Co., of Walkerville, Ont., and was there when called to the U. N. B. staff.

Dusty Conlon: "Say, this car you sold me can't climb a hill. You swore up and down it was a good car."

Dealer: "I didn't swear up and down, I said on the level it was a good car."

* * *

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