

Anyone Interested

There are many people on this campus who don't recognize a good opportunity when they see it. A fine example of this is the limited amount of interest in the UNB Radio Club. A good guess is that about fifty percent of those students interested in electronics have no idea of the facilities provided by this organization. If you are one of these people, take a moment and finish reading this article. If not, better try the sports pages.

The Radio Club provides opportunity for practical work in any phase of electronics. The limit of activities is set, not by lack of funds and certainly not through lack of co-operation on the part of the Electrical Department, but entirely by lack of student interest. This is an attempt to outline what facilities, and to give some idea of possible expansion.

Lets start with amateur radio. We have a station, VE1RK, located in club room in the Electrical Building. The transmitter was constructed by members of the club and with it, members have been able to contact most parts of North America and Europe. The receiver is a good communications receiver—a Hammarlund HQ128X. There is also a frequency meter, wavemeter, code oscillator, etc. The only trouble is a scarcity of operators. At present there are five licensed operators in the club and two are expecting to graduate this year. For those who are interested in getting a transmitting license, regular code-practice periods could be arranged. There could well be a series of lectures on radio, theory, elementary or otherwise, if there was sufficient demand. As it is, the club room is open to members at all times during the day, and can be open occasionally in the evenings.

For anyone who likes to tinker with electronic circuits, or to do any construction work on radio apparatus, there is a fair amount of space in the club-room, and a small number of hand tools. We have a large library of past issues of CQ, QST, etc., and current subscriptions to Skywire and CQ.

The club holds meetings about twice a month with a program of films, a demonstration or lecture being the usual events. At the past three meetings, members have had talks and demonstrations on the Cathode Ray Oscilloscope, Teletype and Tape-Recorders. The subjects of these meetings and their frequency is, of course, decided by the club members, and any suggestions for programs are welcomed.

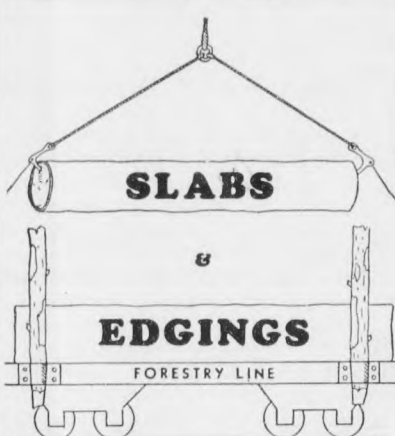
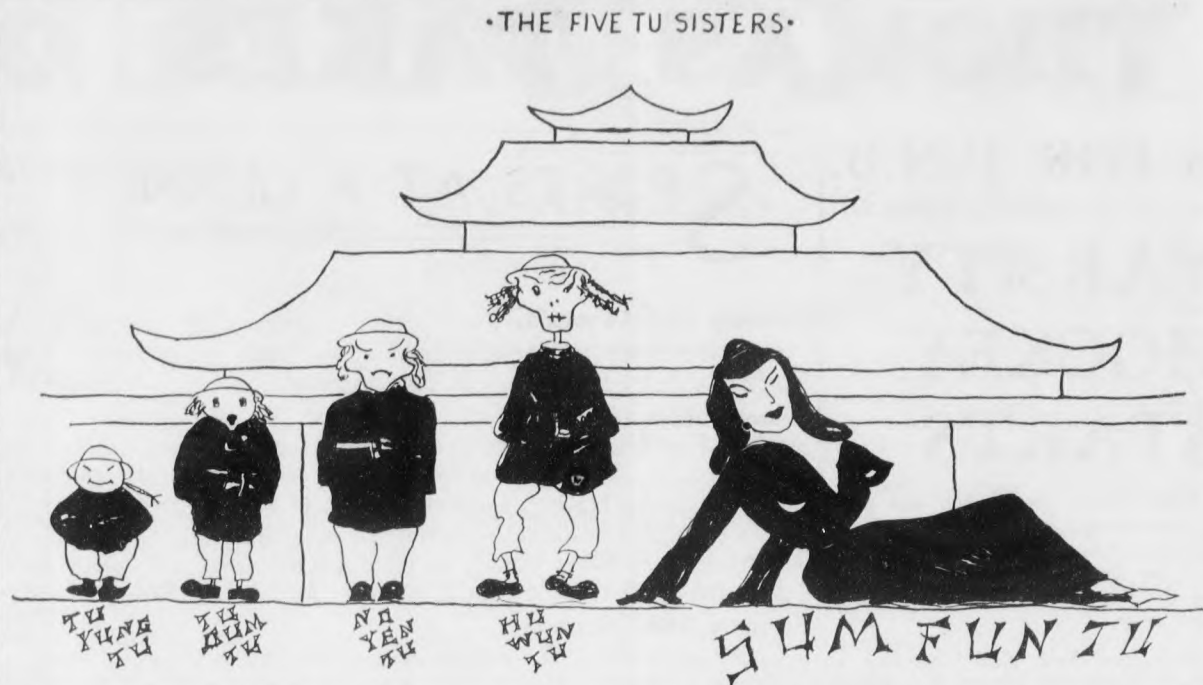
So think about it a bit—you might realize that you are interested in this club after all . . . Could be.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: This column is included in the Engineering Brunswick only as a result of the Engineer's broad minded attitude to such things. It is hoped that none of our readers will be led astray by the babble given below.

As a public service we would like to announce that the past week has been ENGINEERING week. It just sort of sneaked by again and we'd hate for nobody to notice it. Nothing much happens during this week but the main idea is just to make the rest of the campus aware that there are engineers up the hill. By simple deduction, when people hear that this is engineering week they naturally assume that there must be engineers on the campus and that's that for another year. To one and all we wish you a very happy Engineering Week.

It is rumored that the Forestry Association sponsored petition to have sales tax removed on text books has gone through. The petition was approved by the SRC last term and sent on to other New Brunswick universities for their approval. These were all forwarded to the Provincial government for action. If these reports are right, then students can look forward to sales tax free texts next year.



"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE

THE FIVE TU SISTERS

FIELD AND OFFISH FABLES

One day last summer, I was seized by that diabolical urge to go fishing. Since one must satisfy his natural urges where socially possible, or suffer frustration, I strapped my trusty slide-rule to my side, grabbed my rod, tied a leash to Cuthbert, my faithful measuring worm, kissed my transit a fond farewell and headed for a stream where fish might be had.

After extensive stream gauging and water velocity tests, I located a lovely spot—a veritable fisherman's paradise where the water flowed clear, deep and rippled over dirty brown sand. In the water, the trout could be seen playing at their little games such as Black Jack, button, button, who's got he button, shinty and baseball. Dizzy Trout was pitching his finest game of the season. I paused a moment to rest and prepare my tackle. I need not have bothered for the play was around right end and failed to reach the secondary.

After tying a plumb line to my rod, and selecting from my wallet a 4"x4" angle for attachment to the line, I cast around for bait. However, so out of practice was I that my casts were extremely inaccurate, and at last I was forced to secure a young python from a nearby Sikh colony. Then, I dropped my line into the water and waited.

I awoke with a sinking feeling. Indeed, I was sinking rapidly into the water. As I was about to go under, so it seemed, I succeeded in seizing a tree which grew conveniently by the water's edge. Now, great numbers of trout were pulling at my feet and the tree continued to bend until finally I was clinging tenaciously to its very top. But resolutely, I refused to play hide-and-go-seek with them. I have detested the game since infancy. Finally, angered by their frequent illegal use of fins, and obvious offside infractions, I gave a last Herculean twist. At the same instant, the fish released their respective vice like grips and I flew homeward through the air at a speed proportional to the resonant frequency of the tree.

I saw many interesting sights on that last mad flight. I passed through Rangoon at 4:31 a.m., A.S.T., nearly colliding with the Ocean Limited in the station, and arrived in Fredericton at 12:30 p.m. in spite of a heavy gale encountered at N50° 60' 13" W. After a hurried snack of filet mignon and toasted armadillos au gratin, I returned to my home and crawled wearily into my sack. I was asleep before you could say, "Engineers are relatively broad-minded fellows who deserve greater financial remuneration and social prestige for their valuable work."

There once was a girl named Carmen Cohen. Her mother always called her "Carmen", but her father, for some reason only he knew, always called her by her last name. He called her "Cohen".

It got so that by the time she was twelve years old she didn't know whether she was Carmen or Cohen.

DOWN WENT MAGINTY

"I'll take a million shares, Alf said, of—", but that's getting ahead of my story. The U.I.S. had managed to make 36 dollars in a three day transaction so it started to reason the members were keen to get their profits back on the market; all they needed were stocks to invest in. Alf jumped up.

"Now," he said, "I've been following a certain stock that seems to have a good range and—" he drew a graph on the board that looked like a "v" on its side, with the highs getting higher and he lows getting lower for each consecutive year. The topper was that it was at its yearly low and beginning to climb slowly.

"Yes, yes, very good, Alf. It looks like a very good buy", said B.S., in his most businesslike manner. "What do you other chaps think?"

"Oh yes," they cried in unison.

They ordered 1500 shares, at 7c per.

"Did our 1500 shares of Kootney Belle come through yet?" Alf asked when he got to the brokerage office. "Sorry," they said, "but the company has dissolved and we couldn't get them for you. Their value went to zero—nothing."

"I'll take a million shares," Alf said, "of Kootney Belle at nothing." Maginty wasn't as lucky as the U.I.S. He fell but we only tottered.

There was a young man from Quebec Who sat in snow up to his neck, When asked, "Are you friz?" He said, "Yes, I is, But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

GRADS OF 1953

The Year Book Editors are very anxious to have all photos for the 1953 Year Book ready for the engravers by January 20th, 1953 in order to get the book printed and delivered before Encaenia.

We have gowns, hoods, bow ties, etc. for the boys and can photograph at least six or eight graduates daily.

We shall co-operate in every way possible with the Year Book Staff.

THE HARVEY STUDIO

Dial 6461 for appointments.