THE BRUNSWICKAN
FROM UP THE HILL

Established 1867
Semi-weekly Journal of the University of New Brunswick
Member of the Canadian University Press
Office: Memorial Student Centre, U.N.B. Campus. Phone 8424
Subscription $2.50 per year
Opinions expressed not necessarily those of the Students' Representative Council
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Live It Up . . .

ENGINEERS, rise up! Take up thy bot . . . Take up thy frock coats, and let's go! Engineering week is here. It got under way with a bang Saturday night with the annual (sometimes) Wassail, held this year at the Kent Inn. Yesterday the Engineers and Foresters had their traditional hockey game. Tonight there is a social evening starting at 8:30 p.m. at the Student Centre. There'll be food, dancing, cards, T.V., and all that jazz. Come and bring your drag. The boys will be on their best behavior, so she'll probably live through the evening.

Wednesday, at 7:30 p.m. a special event gets under way at the auditorium in the new chemistry building. Featured speaker will be Dr. Heartz, President of the Shawinigan Engineering Company. A Cannes prize-winning movie on Leonardo da Vinci will be shown. Any groups on the campus wishing to borrow this film should get in touch with a member of the Engineering Society executive today.

Friday, February 14, we all go up to cloud nine for the best dance of the year, the Engineering Formal. The old Lord Beaverbrook will be rocking right up until the highlight of the evening, the crowning of the Engineering Queen.

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Are You In The Swim?

Most engineers belong to the Engineering Society, but many wait until their final years before actively participating in its functioning. This is unfortunate, for it is the Society which gives the faculty unity. Engineering dances, wassails, entries in the Winter Carnival, socials, and monthly meetings are all organized by the Society.

A faculty with no strong society, and there are several on this campus, is merely a collection of cliques. The individual who participates in the activities of his society soon becomes "in the know" re goings on of his faculty and the University, and before long finds himself able to contribute as well as to benefit.

We would like to point out that all of Engineering Week has been the work of your Society. Trips to Beechwood, Saint John, etc., the operation of the Engineering Store also comes under the association's sponsorship. Are you part of your association or are you just an onlooker?

FROM OUR DEAN:

(Continued from page 1)

type of training at the undergraduate level.

The natural outgrowth of a strong undergraduate program is that the more promising students will continue into post- graduate study and research. A graduate program benefits not only the students involved, but is a stimulation to the faculty and can result in improvements in the undergraduate program as well. For this to be effective, the staff involved in graduate work must undertake a significant share of undergraduate courses and not become preoccupied solely with higher-level courses or research. In very recent years our faculty has begun to offer graduate courses. The ability to continue and expand this work will depend in large measure upon the staff and space available after our responsibilities to the undergraduate program have been met. Our present faculty would welcome the opportunity to participate in the expansion of graduate studies.

With our space problem solved, for the present at least, the most serious problem faced by the Engineering faculty is that of providing sufficient staff. We are confident that it will be possible to meet our needs for increased staff with well qualified additions. The growth of graduate programs in other departments and other universities has shown that graduate students can be of considerable assistance in releiving the staff problem in many phases of undergraduate work.

In conclusion. I would like to express to all students, and particularly to those in the Engineering faculty, my sincere appreciation for your support and cooperation in this, my freshman year as your dean, and offer in return my continued efforts to promote your welfare in all aspects of student life.

I am happy to report that Dr. and Mrs. Turner are enjoying to the full a winter of relaxation in sunny Florida.

With my best wishes for a highly successful Engineering Week.

J. O. DINEEN

The Doll Says . . .

"Things is tense, ain't they," the doll says to me over our egg rolls,"else what for you so glum?"

"Tis true. The engineering profession is in a recession, if not inclined toward a depression."

"Recession? depression? what gives Daddio?"

"A recession is a withdrawal of fiscal interests, and a depression is synonymous with gloom, sorrow and melancholy . . . except in the case where it means a hole in the ground."

"Like when my English prof says he'll dig me later?"

"If his wife finds out, yes, but principally it means that I may have to ask your old man to let me drive one of his trucks next summer."

"But pater doesn't like you."

"Mutual, I'm sure."

"Especially since you fractured his car."

"Cars, schmars! What's aV8 to a P.C. these days?

"He thinks a young man should work his way up. He started as a rodman."

"Rodman? Surveying is dirty work and . . ."

"Not so, all Al Capone's rodmen lived very comfortable. Besides, if your prospects are so bad, I'm going to start dating that forester who has been trying to climb our fire-escape."

"A reflection of poor taste, my little cumquat."

"Not so, they can be trained, housebroken, and taught to wear shoes. I've seen it done in the movies."

Things is tough!

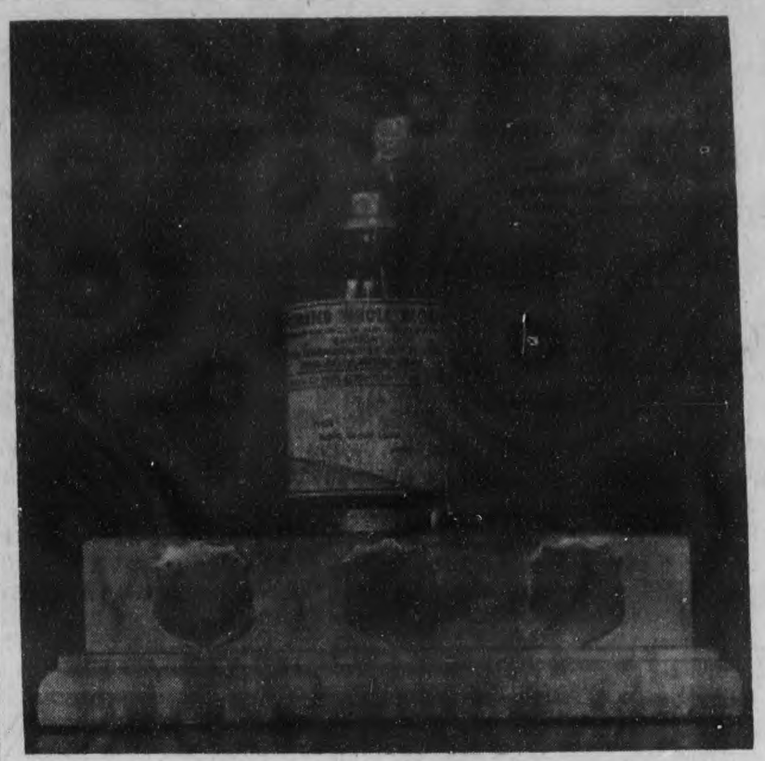
Snap! Crackle! Pop!

These are the most prevalent sounds issuing from the Radio Club these days. Due to a poorly functioning transmitter the Club was slow getting under way this year. After sweat, tears, and bruised knuckles (due to unexpected shocks) the "old rig" began to perk again. Since the beginning of the year a good variety of DX (stations in other countries) has been worked all over Europe and parts of Africa.

The Club was open to the public on Open House Night and many dropped in to see and hear just what a "Ham" talks about.

A determined effort is being made to have the "shack" redecorated and improved. It is hoped that the layout of the equipment will be rearranged to make operating a pleasure.

If anyone wishes to communicate with someone in his hometown the boys at the Club will be glad to try to accomodate. 73's es CUL.



Our Blood Trophy, fabricated by Oudemans and Company, which goes to the branch of engineering having the highest percentage of donors. The Civils took it this time. Its in the new lounge.

Twigs & Tweeds

We have noted with amusement the growing number of Englishmen at U.N.B. who are enrolled in that branch of "science" dealing with the culture of trees, shrubs, and assorted tall grasses. What a forester does n the land of the long wool scarf and the kippered herring is beyond us, for the trees there are eported to be as rare as busbies on Broadway. Be that as it may, the influx of tweedy treecutters has added yet another facet to that cosmopolitan gem, downtown Fredericton. Take for example the chappie from the residence, who, needing a new pair of plus fours, asked his taxi driver to let him off at a haberdashery.

"Yes, sir," said the driver, but when stopping at a red light, asked, "what was that?"

"A haberdashery," repeated our mossy friend.

"Yes, sir," the driver replied.

The taxi proceeded a few more blocks and the cab driver stopped again. "Listen," he said, "quit beating around the bush. What is it you want . . . liquor or women?"

Congratulations!

With a precision known only to engineers, Neil Walker was (we hope) a participant in a masterpiece of organization, timing, and efficiency. Early on the first day of this year he became the proud father of a girl, the first in the Fredericton area. As a reward, this farsighted fourth year civil brought home not only a family, but also $150 worth of loot. If summer employment continues to be as scarce as it now is, rumour has it Neil will go into business as a family consultant.

Maritimes Hurrah!

The Maritimes are booming. You can see it everywhere. Prospectors are converging on New Brunswick from every shady corner of the world, looking for the greatest of all natural resources, the living black gold . . . oil. Why, just the other day we invested in a well that today is turning out a thousand barrels daily . . . no oil, just barrels.

We in Fredericton are blessed with the world's richest landlords, the world's cheapest labor, and . . oh hell, I live here now !

And then there's the dad that said: "Son, who is this wild woman you're running around with?" To which the son replied, "Aw heck Dad, she isn't wild. Anyone can pet her."



Some of the boys make like they can read. This is our new lounge. The modern sectional furniture was provided jointly by the E.I.C and our Engineering Society. Its on the top floor of the building

A Varied Stock of Valentines that are

Vague
Vacuous
Variegated
Vicious
Vulgar
Vast
Vapid
Valid
Valuable
Venomous

View them at

HALL'S BOOKSTORE

Est. 1869