

# THE BOILERMAKERS' BULLETIN

## MEET THE ENGINEERS

### BOB WADE—

President of Dalhousie's greatest society, the Engineer's of course. A Haligonian who got his high school education at Halifax County Academy and Q.E.H.S. Came to Dal in '43 to start his career as an Engineer. Active and able in sports—his main ones being hockey and football. Yes, he's a social man, too. In fact, little Dan Cupid fixed things up a few years back with a lass by the name of Shirley. The bells haven't rung yet, but we expect to hear them soon.

### DICK CURRIE—

We engineers proudly claim Dal's hockey star as the Secretary Treasurer of our Society. Dick arrived in this good country from that "place" Toronto, a few years back. Went to H.C.A., came to Dal, left for service with the R.C.A.F. and returned to us in '45. Started his great (?) hockey career by playing with some "alley gangs" in the "good" city. Received a M.B. degree (Master of Burps) a few years ago from some unrecognized university. Seems good at making punch too, and of course a good cook always tastes his products.

### CHARLIE SMITH—

One of the Dartmouth boys. Vice-President of our Society. Holder of the distinguished business position of President and Managing Director of the Dartmouth Pinball Busting Association. Likes banquets, trips and "wet" seasons. Chief interest is in Geology. Last year he won the only scholarship given for Engineers.

### JOHN KINLEY—

A fair-haired, left-handed specimen of Nova Scotia's manhood from the great metropolis of Lunenburg. Has always been a kind host to the boys when they sojourn near Pine Hill. His sportsmanship, ability and friendly manner were rewarded last Friday at the Banquet, when "Jay-Jay" was presented with the Bob Walters Memorial Award, the highest award from the Engineering Society to a graduating member.

### ZEN GRAVES—

Everyone knows him — he gets around. High School education?—well, he spent some time at H.C.A. and Q.E.H.S. Walks like a monkey but couldn't be one because he fell out of a chestnut tree once—don't worry, he only broke one leg. Quite a business man, but women are his chief business. "Love'em and leave 'em" he says. Made a mint of cash by selling Christmas cards. Became a hero-photographer during the Magazine Explosion. Gets letters from his fans, who call him "Zenophon". Started a transportation line to Bedford recently, but we believe opposition got too tough or else "she" did. Plays a rugged game of hockey

and football. (Yes, he "scabs" too.)

### DOUG SAWYER—

Comes now a guy of Hollywood fame. Yessir, he's Turhan Bey's double on Dal's campus. Gathered up some knowledge at H.C.A. and Q.E. Came to Dal in '43. Took over the job as President of Local Union of Scabbers and Weasellers last year and has ably handled it ever since. Likes Harry James, Oscar Peterson. Indulges in bridge and golf. Has had alcove experience and letter-loves too, so we hear. Made a nuisance of himself by playing (?) a bugle at military training camps.

### LEW BELL—

Our candidate for President of the D.A.A.C. Active in sports—his chief ones being basketball and football. Good track man, too. (Not meaning to be a politician, but how about your vote?) Lew is a New Glasgow native and came to Halifax a few years back, spending some time at Q.E. Likes short pants, gabardine coats, blondes, and above all, long week ends. Likes Amherst too, of all places. Almost became an author while at Truro, writing letters which would put even Milton in the shade.

### DON ISNOR—

A Haligonian of "Falcon" fame. Snatched up some high school education and came to Dal in '44 to become an Engineer. But this was to be only a part-time job. Our jovial "Dubby" has been seriously heart and soul behind the "Falcon" movement. It is an organization formed for athletes who participate in baseball, basketball, hockey and ping pong and even checkers. Latest report is that an orchestra is under consideration now. But he can always make a joke and bring a laugh from the driest of cads.

### HARLOWE FIELDING:

Out of Dartmouth comes one of our freshmen. Small, bespectacled and inclined to be nose. Reports say that his favourite occupation of late has been that of raising H— with ferry operators and tram conductors. Has a hobby of collecting things which include street car numbers. Even left one bit of evidence of such a crime in our "hallowed" drafting room. Started a new fad recently by roller-skating to a high school dance.

### "NAN":

Who's Nan? Why she's a lady among our number of 197 of Canada's future Engineers. She's a friendly soul who is always on hand to meet us every day, rain or shine. We've grown accustomed to her affections to each and every one of us. You think she's a wolverine? Well, maybe there's a connection, because Nan is our mascot, a little white dog.

## ANGELS AND DEVILS

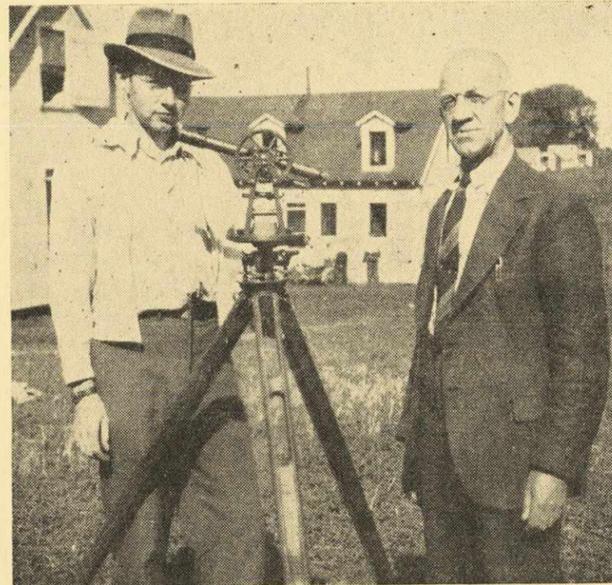


TWO HUNDRED STRONG, they have taken up residence at the low corner of the campus. Crowded in among hundreds of freshmen, new drafting tables, Dal's best common room (equipped with real ash trays, enough tables for a real bridge game, a good Society store, latest copies of Life, Newsweek, Engineering News, Roads and Bridges, New Yorker, Calling All Boys, Mickey Mouse, Esquire, Flash and Fish, etc.) the Engineers classes of '46, '47, and '48.

## EDITORIAL

THE PART PLAYED by Engineers in the disturbances during the recent Glee Club presentation deserves nothing less than a sound spanking for all Engineers who participated in the disgusting affair. That the nucleus of the noisemaking rabble was made up of Arts students who took advantage of their anonymity in the midst of a large body of Engineers offers little excuse to the small group of Engineers who not only did nothing to stop this racket, but added their own noise to it. Such actions are extremely childish, and reflect on the good name of the Engineers as a whole. Action, in the form of a severe reprimand should be taken WITHIN THE SOCIETY, and the student body at large should realize that Engineers were not solely responsible for the disturbances, and that only a small percentage of the Engineers present had any part in the affair.

## SURVEY CAMP . . .



## "HARMONIOUS MADNESS" or It Should Happen to You

TEACH ME HALF THE GLADNESS, that thy brain must know; such harmonious madness from my lips would flow; the world should listen then as I am listening now."

Shelley addressed the above to a skylark. Well might it have been an Engineer. For those who have not had the pleasure of seeing the Engineer on a bright summer's day, blending with the nature of Bible Hill, we will elaborate.

Truro welcomed the Engineers with open arms; they had come to look upon the choice of their fair city as being one step ahead of choosing a site for U.N.O. Three weeks of hard work were ahead—but did the Engineers shirk? No—they set up bench-marks (well-established points for further survey) and turning points (minor flirtations) right into the heart of Truro.

With such vim and vigor did they take to their jobs that after the first two weeks it was decided

## "Good Men and True" Make Merry At Banquet

DINNERS are revealing affairs. They are much in demand as annual functions for society and other organizations, they are also very democratic. Royalty revels in them, the Federation of Water Front Workers has at least one a year and even those proud members of the W.C.T.U. sponsor them as worthy substitutes for more enjoyable ways of wasting time. Dinners fall into two classifications: those without punch and those with punch. The dinners sans punch remain firmly on their foundations of clay and pass into posterity as another dinner. They are, except for the fact that there is no punch, as revealing as a Sunday School picnic and are remembered for the witticisms of the speakers or for the faux pas of the chairman.

But dinners plus punch are the true banquets. Such affairs quickly loose themselves from the binding curves of well worn ruts, and proceed efficiently along that straight line of entertainment so satisfying to the aesthetic sense of a true engineer. The speakers are forgotten, the chairman is forgiven, even the food is complimented. Such was the Engineer's Banquet. The speakers were good; even at a "have not" dinner they would have been acclaimed.

Their brevity was only surpassed by their coordination in being able to rise and sit down so quickly. The eloquence of the chairman, Mr. Wade, was as smooth as the running conversation. Students who had looked at Dalhousie as a lost champion of liberal education, embraced it as a giver of light to depressed and bored souls.

Of course there were serious and memorable moments. We listened with interest to the guest speaker Mr. King; his talk on The Dieppe Raid was both interesting and appropriate. A highlight of the night was the awarding of the Bob Walters Memorial to J. J. Kinley. This award is given to the best all round fellow in the graduating class, and though the task was a difficult one, because of wealth of material from which the committee had to choose, their choice is indeed to be complimented. A memorial silence was held for the late Prof. W. Copp and we remembered with a mixture of pride and grief that it was the first one "The Chief" had missed since the first banquet had been held. He was really the founder of our Society and one of his last acts had been of preparation for the banquet.

### Aftermath

As the banquet broke up with that famous yell of the Engineer's, a strange restlessness crowded to the fore. What to do now? The night is still young. Some men wisely took to their homes, but a goodly number laboring under the impression that the play would now be over and that there would be a dance in the gym, moved to the scene of the crime. What happened then is history. As history it is recorded that "those ignorant engineers" flocked to the gymnasium and spoiled the play. Though this is perhaps a half truth it would be much more just to say that the cat-calls, etc., that spoiled the play for the audience, became noticeable after the engineers moved in. As the inevitable noise of entering ceased, the engineers were quiet. Then, no doubt realizing that their actions would be blamed on the engineers, a small group of Arts men began to give cat calls and hoot that obnoxious horn that was at that time in their possession. After this nothing remained sacred. The engineers entered into the disgraceful performance, and are to be blamed for their support. Nevertheless it should be remembered that not only did the engineers not start the disturbance but that with the exception of intermission the noise was largely supplied by other elements in the audience.

And so the night drew to a weary close. Some independent parties proceeded far into the night, but the banquet is safely over for another year and the engineers are safely back in their doghouse . . .

## So They Were Kicked Out of . . .

SAINT PETER, standing at the Golden Gate, gave a sigh of relief as the last of the latest bunch of Engineers of Dal passed into the peace and quiet of the eternal city. But Saint Peter's sighs were just a bit too premature, for he did not know who this bunch were.

He had been napping on the job of guarding the portals when he was awakened by that old familiar

Yell, Yell, Holy H—!  
Engineers of D.A.L!  
Building bridges, drinking beer,  
Leave it to the Engineers!!  
"Heavens!" says he, "ther're here. I knew the inhabitants of the nether regions would throw them out for causing more heat in their place of abode." And Saint Peter recalled the two lines which start the song he had so often heard: Who was it put the heat in H—? Slammed the door and rang the bell,  
Engineers of Dalhousie.

So Peter had taken the only course open. He admitted the celestial bunch and had just then emitted the sigh of relief.

Half an hour later, he closed up for the night and wended his weary way towards his house, only to find that those Engineers had chosen this place to erect the exact duplicate of the Engineering Building they had known on Studley so many long years ago. Determined to discover the meaning

of this outrage, he opened the door and walked in. A few moments later the door opened and Peter was thrown out by twenty hands. Chief Reakson, of the Engineers, took pity on him and told the boys to lay off. Peter was given a seat with a group of green-looking freshmen, to whom Chief Reakson was lecturing on the true projection of right circular cones.

In the rest room, Hell was reigning and the good man Sows (who was peacefully smoking a cigar) could do nothing about it, for when McLoP and Dumnines began to make love to a twenty-six ounce, then there was nothing to be done. The pious St. Peter gave another long-drawn sigh—"What will become of Heaven?"

Next morning, the Engineers had taken full control, under the leadership of the class of '46. Each was posted to his job, the biggest and most important being that occupied by St. Peter the day before. Lensmore stood on guard: "Who will keep the Golden Gate, And swear at those who come in late—  
Engineers of D-A-L."  
The Engineers ruled supreme. The bad men of Dalhousie, the men who kept the world rotating over into a more exciting place. "Who'll grow wings and learn to fly—  
Engineers of Dalhousie."  
on its axis, the men who had been expelled by Lucifer, made Heaven

## BOB WALTERS AWARD

BOB WALTERS came to Dalhousie from New Brunswick in the fall of '36. During his stay at Dal he was not an outstanding student, but he was a very good average student. He became an Engineering representative on the Students' Council and in his senior year was President of the Engineering Society.

Bob left Dal in the spring of '40 with a B.Sc. and an Engineering Diploma plus great prospects for the future. During the summer, however, these prospects were obliterated forever when he was fatally injured in a hunting accident in his native province.

The following year the Engineering Society decided to present an annual award in his memory, known as the Bob Walters Memorial Award. In choosing the winner it was decided that he must be a member of the graduating class, have an average academic standing, participate in athletics, and have a general all-round likeable personality.

A committee of three or four non-graduating students is elected each year and they, together with

the Engineering faculty, name a winner. The award is presented to the unsuspecting at the Annual Engineers' Banquet.

This year after much serious thought, the committee decided the winner should be John J. Kinley, of Lunenburg. John came to Dal in '43 as a Freshie-Soph and during his three years here, he has become a very popular student. John, or J.J. as he is usually called, has failed exams like every other normal person, which entitles him to enter the ranks of the average. He has participated in interfaculty sports, being a member of the Engineers hockey team for the past two years and at present manager of the softball team. As far as his personality is concerned

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