

Letters to the Editor  
Sir:

For the past few weeks there have been many articles written and much talking done concerning the sudden influx of Hungarian students into Canadian universities. This is possibly more than just a controversial subject. It seems to touch home with many people. I hope that by writing this, I may point out that this is not a personal issue and would not be half so serious if people would tackle the problems involved in a business-like way.

Anything that is done by us or by any body of Canadians which may hinder or retard other Canadians, either in cultural or economic growth, is not a cause that we should adopt. It is no secret to us at U.N.B. that we are overcrowded. The time has come when we are turning away students because we lack space and facilities. This is not peculiar to U.N.B. alone. Overcrowding is the case at every Canadian university. The truth of the matter is, we do not have either the money or the space to give all the Canadians seeking university education a chance.

The recent revolt in Hungary and the subsequent terrorizing of her peoples is indeed a most terrible event in history. I think the people of Canada should well be prepared to open her doors and give these people the freedom our country offers. To open our universities, is however a totally different story. To bring students from a different land into our universities without proper assessment of their previous training is not fair to Canadian students. We are by this depriving Canadians of their birthright, which if it is not, should be against the constitution of our country.

There has been a suggestion that a plebiscite be held at U.N.B. to gain permission to levy each student to provide scholarships for Hungarians. The committee in charge, realized for the first time, that we had never done such a thing for our own people and yet we would sacrifice ourselves for the Hungarians. Thus, in an effort to ease feelings on the matter, further permission is being sought to increase the levy to provide for Canadian scholarships.

This situation should never have been allowed to happen. If the facts are simply that we could not absorb anymore Canadians and hence made no provision for them, then the whole enterprise of Hungarian education in our universities is wrong.

Let us be generous by all means, but do not impoverish or deprive our fellow countrymen with our acts of kindness.

Sincerely, W. R.

Human Engineers

by Dr. R. F. Hooley

Day by day we employ mathematics to investigate the behavior of engineering problems. Many problems in human engineering can be dealt with in a similar manner. It is a rare case when behavior can be expressed in symbols and given a scales of values but this does not prevent us from showing the results on a graph.

As an example I have chosen a problem common to all students. We are all aware that a student makes a sound investment in his education but let us look here at the dividends paid per hour of study during the four-year engineering course. If we plot as ordinates the trouble T a student has at any time with his

Definitions For Dumb Artsmen

In order to aid Artsmen with their new technical courses, the following list of Engineering terms has been prepared.

Airship hull—A whole airship.  
Arctic front—An attitude assumed by an unco-operative co-ed.

Brazier—A garment used to minimize the effects of flutter and vibration.

Die casting—A form of gambling.

Hand forging—An illegal form of penmanship.

Hydrogen—An alcoholic beverage composed of water and gin.

Lockwasher—One who washes locks.

Mating Jig—An animal husbandry accessory.

Ohmmeter—One who eats ohms. (Ohm cooking, Ohm made jam, etc.)

Resisting Moment—A short moment during which an arctic front exists. (Usually occurs prior to mutual inductance).

Skin Drag—A dance done at a nudist colony.

Stress—Force that must be applied to make a body yield (see rape).

Strain—Deformation due to the application of force. (See pregnancy).

Thermite—A small insect that eats houses.

Thermocouple—Newlyweds.

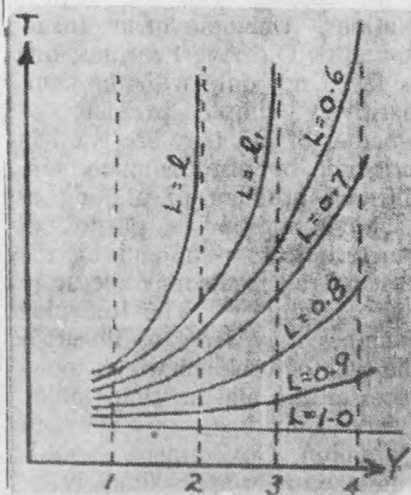
Reprint from The Varsity

WASSAIL

After a years absence the Engineers' Wassail is coming back. A dressed-up version is to be held at the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel in the form of a banquet, followed by a smoker. This event is scheduled for March 2. Tickets may be purchased in the Engineering stores.

studies against Y, the year in which he is studying, a series of curves is obtained as shown. Since T and Y are not the only variables a parameter L is introduced which varies from zero to one. This parameter represents the effectiveness or efficiency of duty. If a study is complete and well done then L equals one. As the time spent studying decreases and lessons are not so well prepared then L will approach zero. Everyone has some trouble but T can be a minimum. Looking at Y equals one we see that a wide variation in L causes but a small variation in T. This is so small because at Y equals one, the basic theories are being presented and not used. As Y increases these theories become the foundation and are used extensively so that as L decreases T will increase at a faster rate. In fact, as I approaches a limited value 1 the curve is such that the student may approach Y equal two as close as he pleases but never get there. In general, if we could deter-

(Continued on page 3)



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Fanny the Variable

Once upon a time on a beautiful starry night, Rube, the compound doctor, and Fanny, the variable resistor, decided to go over to the DC Lab., where they had heard the Delta Wye, a local fraternity, were having a magnetic blowout and the volts were jumping all over the place.

On the way to the Lab, they stopped off for a short circuit at the Centre Tap. The lights were low and there was an electrostatic charge in the air — it was a perfect night for fusing. Rube ordered Gulfpride, 40 weight, while Fanny ordered a double copper oxide. They were having some mutual induction when Fanny screamed, "Ye gad, I've ripped my last pair of insulators," and ran for the "Little Resistors' Room". Rube knew all the time that she was having a surge current and that she had a poor excuse.

At that time, Jake the unloaded Generator, a big time three-phase Delta connected power dispenser, was sitting at the bus-bar getting his bearings oiled. There were whispers all over the room that his efficiency had dropped — poor Jake — he needed his power factor raised. He eyed Fanny very closely as she ambled toward his table. Then he purred very softly, "Hey, honey, did you come out of a hot wire instrument?"

Her quick retort shamed Jake down to his slots. "No, you small time sinewave pusher, don't get your field excited. I'm with a cumulative - compound motor." With that she swished back to Rube and finding him fused out, she glanced frantically around the room. Her gaze came to rest on Jake's big yoke. "My," she thought, "what big pale faces he has". Jake, seeing the glow in her eyes, nearly fell out of synchronism. He regulated his voltage and walked over to her table, and immediately apologized for his pulsating manner.

After taking a few ampereturns around the floor, he decided that she was just the one for him. MAN — she sure has a well shaped hysteresis loop. At Fanny's request to sit the next one out, Jake took the opportunity to tell her how his interpoles were wound. He clasped her end connections, tightly, and whispered, "Fanny, my love, I think I've just the generator for you—I am drum wound, have a rotating field, and can be hand regulated, and have no leakage reactance. Darling, will you be my little variable rheostat?"

Food for Thought

The most distressing emotion—Fear.

The best day—Today.

The biggest fool—The boy who will not go to school.

The best town—Where you succeed.

The most agreeable companion—One who would not have you any different from what you are.

The best friend—One who tells us our faults.

The greatest bore—One who keeps on talking after he has made his point.

The greatest deceiver—One who deceives himself.

The greatest waste—War.

The best work—What you like.

The greatest comfort — The knowledge that you have done your work well.

The greatest mistake—Giving up.

The three most expensive indulgences—Self pity, hate, and anger.

The cheapest, stupidest and easiest thing to do—Finding fault.

The greatest trouble maker—One who talks too much.

The greatest stumbling block—Egotism.

The most ridiculous asset—Pride.

The worst bankrupt—The mind that has lost its enthusiasm.

The cleverest man—One who always does what he thinks is right.

The most dangerous person — The liar.

The best teacher — One who makes you want to learn.

The meanest feeling of which any human is capable—Feeling bad at another's success.

The greatest need — Common sense.

The greatest puzzle—Life.

The greatest mystery—Death.

The greatest happiness—Helping others.

The greatest thing, bar none, in all the world—LOVE.

Party System

Hugh John entered a local dentist's office with an aching tooth.

"I think we'll have to remove those two teeth," said the Dentist.

"Oh, I can't stand that pain," moaned Hugh John, "can't you give me some (of the) 'twilight sleep'?"

"But," said the Dentist, "twilight sleep is only for labor".

"Darn it," roared H. J., "isn't there anything for us conservatives."

"Thermometers," said the professor, "are not the only things to be graduated, have degrees and still have no brain."

Evolution

Three monkeys sat in a coconut tree

Discussing things like you and me.

Said one to the others, now, listen you two:

I hear a rumour that cannot be true.

That man has descended from our noble race.

The very idea is a disgrace.

Why, no monkey ever deserted his wife.

Starved his children and ruined her life.

And who ever heard of a mother monk

Leaving her children with others to bunk,

Pushing them off from one to another

'Til they scarcely know who is their mother?

Another thing you'll never see

Is a monkey-built fence 'round coconut tree,

Letting all the coconuts go to waste,

Forbidding other monkeys to have a taste.

Why, if I built a fence 'round a coconut tree,

Starvation would force you to steal from me.

And another thing a monkey won't do—

Go out at night and get in a stew,

Make a fool of himself, stir up strife,

Or with a gun or club take another monk's life.

Of course man descended, the ornery cuss,

But brother, he didn't descend from us!

BRANDS

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