

WEEK IS HERE . . .

President's Message

ENGINEERS Your Engineers' Song

GET RAW DEAL! CHORUS

First, I would like to thank all those persons responsible for making this year's Engineering Week the success it is. Particular thanks goes to Hank Janson, Engineering Brunswickan Editor and Engineering Week Chairman. Without people like Hank these Faculty Weeks would never go over I am sure.



DAVID BURSTOW

To get away from the usual type Presidents message, I would like to make a few comments on Undergraduate Engineers in general, at U.N.B.

The Engineering Course is a hard and demanding course, which probably brands its students as snobs or non-participants, but not necessarily so. I think this result is partly the fault of our educators. After a few years of this specialized training most Engineering students are not in a position to remedy this situation and resign themselves to their plight. Engineering courses could include more non-engineering subjects . . . but of course this is an old argument.

The Students are also at fault in lying back and not trying to round out their education more fully.

The above leads to much apathy on the part of the Engineering student, particularly Faculty wise.

There is much to be gained, in the non engineering way, from societies such as ours, but too few take advantage of this. A good lesson can be learned from the Foresters in this respect. It does not take too much time to participate in Society affairs and these activities can be made as non-engineering as possible if people will show interest.

In closing I think it is due time for the Engineers to revitalize themselves and show some faculty pride and interest. After all we are Engineers.

According to the 1962-63 calendar there are 37 professors and instructors for 658 students in Engineering whereas 187 science students have 38 faculty members and 777 Arts students, 65 faculty members. Why then are the engineering fees the highest by far?

Some might argue that the Engineering building is loaded with expensive equipment — take a look sometime. Compared to other schools, most of our equipment is antiquated and does not hold a candle to the equipment owned by the other faculties.

Engineers have long awaited the construction of a new building, however, the University seems to feel that many other buildings still have priority. How can professors be expected to give their best when they are forced to work in overcrowded, poorly lighted, heated and ventilated "class rooms"? Its reached the stage where three professors make convenient use of the same telephone by passing it through a hole in the wall. One department occupies seven rooms which have evolved from one drafting room.

We could go on, but is there any sense?

*We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the engineers
We can, we can, we can, demolish forty beers
So come, so come, so come, so come, so come along with us
For we don't give a damn for any damn man who don't give a damn for us*

VERSES

*Godiva was a maiden who through Coventry did ride
To show to all the villagers her lovely lily-white hide,
The most observant man in town, an engineer of course,
Was the only one to notice that Godiva rode a horse*

*She said "I've come a long way and the man who'll go as far
Is the one who'll pull me from this horse and lead me to a bar"
The one who pulled her from her steed and stood her to a beer
Was a bleary-eyed surveyor and a drunken engineer*

*Venus is a statue made entirely of stone
There's not a fig leaf on her she's naked as a bone
On seeing that her arms were gone, an engineer discoursed
"Why the damn thing's made of concrete and is should be reinforced"*

*My father was a miner on the upper Malamute
My mother was a madam in a house of ill-repute
They turned me out of house and home while on my tender years
So I told them all to go to hell and joined the engineers*

*The army and the navy boys were out to have some fun
They were looking for a tavern where the tarry liquors run
But all they found were emptys, for the Engineers had come
And traded in their instruments for gallon jugs of rum*

*An artisan and an Engineer once found a gallon can
Said the artisan "Match you drink for drink and prove that you're a man"
The artisan took three drinks and died, his eyes were turning green
The Engineer drank on and said "It's only gasoline"*

*A maiden and an Engineer were once sitting in the park
The Engineer was busy doing research in the dark
His scientific methods were a wonder to observe
His left hand took the readings while his right hand traced the curve*

*My mother peddles opium, my father's on the dole
My sister used to walk the streets but now she's on parole
My brother runs a barbotte house with bedrooms in the rear
But they won't speak to me because I'm an Engineer*

*That is the words, if you don't know the tune you had better switch to
Arts (ugh!) before somebody finds out.
If there are less than eight verses I've been censored.*

