

Dalhousie Gazette

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ENGINEER'S HEAVEN—OR, CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT

To understand the most collectively individual individuals on the campus, to learn why their "herd instincts" and loyalty to the group are so evident, we must study the Engineer in the place of his choice, his shrine and sweatshop—the draughting-room.

Arts '49, as he drooped wearily (or so it appeared to the virile Engineer) to "Jumbology I", his required Science class, on the crisp morning of Today he would devote himself to a study of the daily life and customs of the Engineer, and thusly further his search for the fundamental truths, to draw infinitely closer to the infinite, or to waste his time like the other Arts students.

He finally reached the dizzy heights of "Copp's Kingdom", and was scanning the room for bridges and beer, when a file of men in navy blue, with rather large notebooks carried uniformly under the left arm, burst from an unnoticed northern door. As each man came into view his head and neck tilted back smartly, his eyes looked heavenward and sparkled (as at Climo's), and his step faltered. "Some naval tradition," muttered McQueen, "but why did their mouths water?"

His interest aroused, he ventured on into the hushless maze of stools, tilted tables, numbered drawers, large flat pieces of wood locked to upright posts, with a few gum wrappers strewn about, but no beer bottles, old or otherwise. The walls are suitably decorated with photos of previous classes and the various trophies offered by Dalhousie for interfaculty sport. To his bewilderment, McQueen finally noted a high concentration of Varga girls pinned next to the ceiling on the western wall, "a psychological problem, no doubt", he mused, as he meditated on a particularly shapely specimen enclosed in a glass case with a note in a scrambled hand, "I consider this a very neat job". He toddles off to "Jumbology I" o

That afternoon, troubled by the mystery of the closed northern door, McQueen returned to find the room beyond occupied by engineers, toiling silently. At the head of the room a slavedriver, whip in hand, stood scowling on a small spidery creature pictured on the blackboard, with "Do Not Erase" as a caption. Thus challenged, he flings the whip aside (striking one Proctor a telling blow), and scrubs vigorously at the tiny figure, but to no avail. Then his fury breaks upon the class, "Gentlemen", he begins, "this is a concentration camp, not just a slave galley. The evil that men do, lives after them; if you copy, in the words of the poet, 'You're a skunk'. Remember, the lost joke will always be on me". At long last, appeared

by thoughts of employing the transit girl held in highest esteem by all Engineers, he left chuckling, "I guess I was born thirty years too late".

McQueen settles himself in a corner and proceeds to take the notes which are reproduced herewith:— Now rid of their tormentor, the engineers rejoice, and pandemonium reigns. Clarke and Nunes fill the room with "noises, sounds and sweet airs, that give anguish and hurt". Proctor whispers, "Tell me Errol, did I really ride up to the gym on the back of a tramcar?" Burgess (the man most likely to be shot for a deer) asks Balcom if he can work out a system of reclaiming the blood of the rabbits killed by "One Shot" Barnett. At the other of the room Saffron squeals "Oh that tickles!", while Clark demands that his thumb tacks be restrained. Payzant practises tones to be built into his organ, and seeks the approval of the class—he doesn't get it. Power, quiet and efficient, is the center of activity for all those not anxious to stay afloat. A delegation of Yeadon, Moulton, and Weiner approach Currie, "Dick boy, why ain't you like you use to was. You ain't gonna let Shorty disgrace you, is you? Come on fella, show us how—" Feanny speaks. "Hey Nunes", Bloomer is memorizing the 1945, '46, '47 calendars. "March 19, 1945 is Mon., March 20, 1945 is Wed." Mike steps into the room, shouts, "I don't like the Gazoot, I can walk 30 miles in 5 hours, and I'm way ahead on my plates"—steps out. Kip Gray, spattered with ink, moans, "Today is my evil hour". Oakley triumphantly bearing a tattered and ancient copy of Life, "Here it is, boys, just a month old; and I made the chief promise to give us enough work to do so we won't have to worry about it any more". A clock in the corner chimes four—What! the place is deserted.

McQueen steals away, a confused and beaten Artsman.

Moral: Stick to your stacks.

Annual Engineering Banquet Features Presentation of Bob Walter Award



Art Burgess (above) receiving the coveted Bob Walter award from Professor Copp, head of the Engineering Department. Occasion: Annual Boilermakers' Banquet in Lord Nelson hotel.

Highlight of the Engineers' banquet on Friday, Feb. 23, was the presentation to Arthur E. Burgess of the Bob Walter award by Prof. W. P. Copp. This award is given each year to a member of the graduating class in Engineering who, in the opinion of his fellow students and his professors, is the most popular boy in his class and best lives up to the qualities of Bob Walter.

This year Arthur E. Burgess was chosen. Art came to Dalhousie four years ago, having graduated from the Halifax Academy. He has become popular with his fellow students by means of his pleasing personality, active participation in campus activities and his interest in his studies. One reason for his popularity is his co-operation with the junior members of the Engineering Society in helping them with their work.

His scholastic record since coming to Dal has left nothing to be desired. Art has led his class in almost everything since his Freshman

year, and last year won a Scholarship in Mathematics.

Art's ability has also been ably demonstrated on the playing fields of Dalhousie. In his first two years at Dal he played interfaculty football and hockey for the Engineers, and for the past two years has gained a berth on the Varsity football squad.

Art graduates this year with a B.Sc. and a diploma in Engineering and we wish to express our best wishes to him on behalf of the Engineering Society in his studies at N. S. Technical College. Hats off to a great scholar, a great athlete and a great prospective Engineer.

WITH OPEN ARMS

Lately the C.O.T.C. has admitted to its ranks the boys of the U.A.T.C. who have been styled, with only grudging justice, fine specimens and well-set-up young fellows. Col. Jones has already welcomed "you specimens" into the corps. He is also currently trying to corral the physical derelicts around the campus, and may yet flash them the same sadistic smile of welcome. This latest move is expected to affect the halt, the lame, the blind in one eye, the M.A.'s and the D.A.A.C.

We in the ranks wish you just as hearty a welcome, and sympathize with you on landing in the C.O.T.C. with clipped wings. In short, we admit you as full-fledged members into the comradeship of the C.O.T.C., with all the rights and privileges (?) appertaining thereto.

"Unfortunately" we in the senior platoon may not be back, before camp, to make good this welcome. If we are back, then we will really be unfortunate, for the Colonel has stated that we will regret it individually if we fail the T.O.E.T. Here again we are in complete accord with our O.C., for we will regret it very sincerely if we land back in the C.O.T.C. before May.

It might be appropriate at this point for an old hand to give you some advice. We have given this matter some thought, but with little to show for our trouble. In fact, we can not even see the point in the whole thing. There are certainly no "positive" results to show for time spent in the C.O.T.C. We can say this about the organization: take it as you find it; take it with a grin; you have to take it anyway.

A Freshman Looks—

Continued from page 1

and with amazingly little difficulty. They cannot, of course, write. A look at the signs on our bulletin board would prove this. I also will admit they seem to have a dislike of culture. It might even be true that one has said "Us Engineers don't need no 'English,'" but then there is no denying the fact that three of them recently sat in on an English II lecture, and while some people believe it was "that cute little thing down in the corner" who attracted them, I prefer to place my trust in their literary tastes.

Another myth I believe it is in my power to explode is the claim that Engineers are wolves. Why, instead of the rude pin-ups that, some reports have it, are hung in the drafting room, I find only calendars. This is an amazing tribute to these stalwart men. Of course there might arise the question—"Why are there so many calendars?" This question is, however, apparent, so I leave it with you.

I have been asked, on numerous occasions, how I know so much about Engineers. The fact is that I spend most of my spare time working in the drafting room. The rea-

The Big Night—

Continued from page 1

are not planning to enter mining. The Hon. member concluded his talk by saying that there is no reason why engineers should not make good public speakers. Soon the hotel shook with a mighty rendering of the engineers yell; the presentation of the Bob Walter's Memorial Award was made, and with the singing of the King, the banquet was officially over. For some, however, it was far from being over. A large group of engineers ventured out to the gym and added some life to an otherwise dull affair. After this ended at 12.00, some of the boys went down to Pine Hill, where a quiet, decorous celebration was taking place. However as the dawn wore on, more and more engineers, charmed by Morpheus or something and feeling that it had been a most wonderful banquet, found their way to their residences, and with few exceptions, slept well into the next afternoon.

son? Well, I guess I'm just an Engineer at heart myself—I love work. It fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours.

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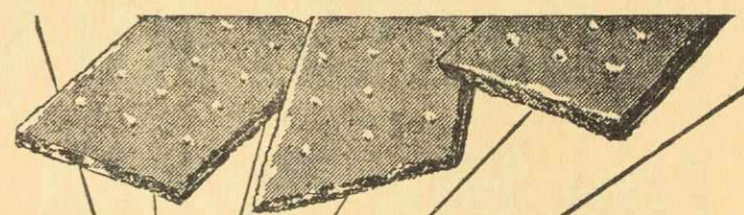
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