

Nelson's
The Quality Chocolate

Codiva

The following is the original...
I have been riding in your...
I am in receipt of your letter...
I hope to fill her mother's...
I hope to fill her mother's...
I hope to fill her mother's...

When God gave out brains...
When He gave out brains...

Senior Electricians

ALVIN COPP—From Newcastle—one of our wide awake early to bed, early to rise power men.
FRANK DAVIDSON—returned this year to finish his course—had commissions in Army and Air Force.
BOB OFFIN—who is to be one of our foremost radio engineers of tomorrow—keen interest in early lectures.
ED GRAHAM—the only member of the class who is an ardent French scholar.
CHARLEY HENRY—brains of the power crew—may always be found talking to Arthur about life.
RALPH MACDOWELL—Charlie's right hand man—believes in marriage at an early age.
GERRY MACDON—former lieutenant in navy going with General Fleet after graduating.
MAC MERREREAL—Dugan, one of the quickest of the Engineer's is said to be one of the better jitters.
BERNARD HARROVE—An Electronics man keenly interested in a certain Youth Peoples.
DON HOLYOKE—the hot dog king still looking for a way to make bigger and better hot dogs.
BILL ILMIS—the man with the family car but 3 top duplexes, older than the Normales than in his thesis "The Development of the Shotgun."
LOYD HARGROVE—of Wexler as he is commonly known—a constant inhabitant of the RAT RACE.
CARL ROSS—has a strong fibre for apartments than for electronics. Makes top notch marks.
DON MURRAY—the man about town—yes we will include Fosterboro when we say that.
MORT MARGOLIAN—our chess playing engineer who devotes every spare minute to designing an Atom Smasher.
C.E. YOUNG—North Shore Cassanova, spends spare moments thinking of Salsbury and Toronto.
JOHNIE VAUGHN—another Air Force veteran whose jet aviation is his hobby.
HOWARD WRIGHT—Quebec—seems to think that an excellent source is not only the attraction we have down here.

Every year college deans open the routine question to their undergraduates: "Why did you come to this school?" Traditionally the answers match the question in triteness. But this year one co-ed answered unexpectedly: "I came to be with you—but I ain't yet."
Cousinship: The period during which the girl decides whether or not she can do better.

NEW ENGINEERING PROFS.—

PROF. R. W. SMITH
Prof. R. W. Smith holds from Montreal where he received his high school training. He came to U. N. B. to study Electrical Engineering and received his degree in 1934.
Prof. Smith seems to favour Quebec as a place to work as he occupied several positions in that province. After two years with the Dominion Quebec Paper Co. as manager of a station he joined the Staden-Motronic Gold Mines as assistant chief electrician, and was employed there until his callment in the R. C. E. in February of 1943. Upon completion of his course at Brockville he went to the Engineering Training Centre at Petawawa as a lieutenant. Next came a course in electrical warfare at Lidfild, Alberta.
In June 1944 Prof. Smith was called to Ottawa as Electrical Engineer in charge of power supplies for Coastal Artillery. He went back to Brockville as an instructor after a year in Ottawa.
After 3 1/2 days Prof. Smith returned to Ottawa as liaison officer between Headquarters and the districts for engineering services.
In October last Dr. Baird obtained his services as assistant professor in Electrical Engineering, and put a stop to his travels which we hope will be lasting.

PROF. L. S. WHEATLEY
Professor Eric E. Wheatley joined the engineering faculty this fall to fill the vacancy created by Dr. Stephens' resignation as Professor of Mechanical Engineering.
Prof. Wheatley was born in Montreal (he won't say when); graduated from McGill with a B. Sc. in Mechanical Engineering in 1930, and then took a position with the Dominion Bridge Company.
Since that time he has been employed with the Canada Iron Foundries Ltd. of Three Rivers, Quebec, and also served for four years on the engineering faculty of McGill University.
Before coming to us he was assistant division engineer and later engineer in charge of mechanical work at Consolidated Paper Corporation in Grand River, Quebec.
At present he is living in Fredericton with his wife and three children.
If you haven't heard of the gravel job he's doing here, just ask any engineer.

PROFESSOR IRA C. BEATTIE
Professor Beattie came to U. N. B. as Assistant Professor of Civil Engineering last fall, but U. N. B. is not now to him as he graduated from here in 1944—just two years ago.
Ira, as he is better known around the Engineering Building, had from West Creek, Westmount, Co. N. B., and was the only North Shore man in the Civil Engineering Class of 1944.
He is one who has made the very most of the four years spent at U. N. B. As an undergraduate he was an ardent summer employee of the Goose Bay Airport with a Soph and in Dartmouth, N. S., while a Junior in his Senior year at U. N. B. Ira was a Physics instructor for Engineering Camp and on the Stoborn, Truro and Manager of the Engineering Shop.
Upon graduation Prof. Beattie received the Ketchum Silver Medal awarded to the best all round Civil Engineering student of the senior year. That spring he went to the Structural Steel Department of the Canadian Bridge Co. of Walkerville, Ont., and was there when called to the U. N. B. staff.
Dusty Conlon: "Say, this car you sold me can't climb a hill. You swore up and down it was a good car."
Dealer: "I didn't swear up and down, I said on the level it was a good car."
Being sophisticated is knowing how to refuse a kiss without being deprived of it.

"Art and George"

Anywhere, anytime, in or around the Electrical and Civil Buildings we are apt to see Art and George scurrying around.
Mr. George Smith came to U. N. B. September 1, 1934 from Severly, Yorkshire, England. Since the resignation of Dr. Stephens he is the oldest member of the staff "Up the Hill". George still remembers his first years with the college as a member of the Arts Building when it was heated by hot air.
Mr. Smith has also many recollections of past "Barings of Anna" and "Excambles". He is always on hand when the boys need help and has been a great help to the Engineering Department in all their undertakings.
His favourite hobby is bee-keeping and he is very proud of his "Pleasant View Apiary".
Mr. Arthur Dunham came to U. N. B. in the fall of 1938. He comes to us from that great old village of Nasaric. Arthur started fevering when he was fifteen; first out west on harvesting periods for two summers, and then to British Columbia harvesting for three years.
Mr. Dunham went overseas in 1916 with the famous old 48th Battery of Woodstock and then returned to take on his old occupation of harvesting. He worked seven years for Fraser Companies at Victoria Mills before coming "Up the Hill".
When the Electrical Engineering faculty moved to its new building, Mr. Dunham said they could get without art so he had him now leading his high and low pressure boiler in the new Electrical Building.
Arthur says that he has his house built in Fredericton, he expects to stay here the rest of his life. We sure hope he does as the Electrical Building wouldn't be the same without him.

Senior Civils

AL CAMERON—laziest man on the campus; never does a thing—(We're kidding of course).
DAVE BLAIR—addicted to 5 A. M. walks with his daughter (15 months old).
ELMER SCOTT—should be an electrical judging by the type of homework he does.
BOB DAVE—once missing for three days when he learned too far over the barrel.
REN OVR—captain of the hockey team—hated to leave Petawawa.
OTTIS LOGUE—Pres. of Eng. Society—likes to buy fur coats.
GEORGE BOND—says he's color but he loves it.
MURRAY MACLEAN—firm believer in blind dates after that one in Montreal.
FRANK BROOKS—Civil basketball player, senior class smoothie.
RON GIBSON—stores manager, well known stress analyst.
FRANK HORGAN—Editor of Year Book, Pres. of Newman Club—Busy, Busy.
DUSTY CONLON—Owner of that blue wheeled machine to society. Interested in History Dept.
DOUG CARTER—famed for two reasons, Nova Scotia and wife—Hubba Hubba.
CHARLEY WEYMAN—half of Logue and Weyman duo, keeps his eye on the bookstore.
ED (CREEPER) RAMFORD—reaffirms his admiration to women only.
TONY PELLEGRINO—can't make a date without a misdeed to do the work.
This article would not be complete without a word of thanks to our C. E. Prof. Dr. Turner and Harry Moore who are always on deck to lend a helping hand.

100 p. c. PROOF

I had twelve bottles of Whiskey in it and poured the rest down the my collar and my wife told me. I pulled the sink out of the next hole, and poured the bottle down the drain. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour.
When I had everything emptied, I studied the house with one hand, counted the bottles and coins and glasses with the other, and found I had twenty-nine. To be sure, I counted them again when they came back by and I had seventy-four. Then I counted the bottles and coins and glasses with the other, and found I had twenty-nine. To be sure, I counted them once more, and finally I had the bottles and coins and glasses all at the bottle down the glass, which I drank.
I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank as sink out.

ARTS WITH ENGINEERING???

What does applied science mean? Is an engineer an intelligent man? Is an engineer a man who is competent and naturally not who has an appreciation of the social aspects of his work. This can be accomplished without hours of textbook blues on the part of the young engineer by being introduced during his technical training. The professor should, during their lectures, point in the direction of the desire for further knowledge in the field of the arts, and after graduation the student may follow his own wishes in this line.
In considering our own university, we must remember that the graduate has completed only fifteen years of academic work as compared with the fifteen or sixteen years of academic work required of other university graduates. During this time the student must make himself academically equal in technical knowledge to these other graduates. This would be an enormous task if it were not for the fact that the student is introduced to the engineering curriculum.
To sum it all up we unengineered engineers on considering previous graduates figure we are getting about the best all round education and introduction to this noble up planet that any Canadian faculty can offer.
C. W. R. '46.



I've taken to pipe smoking like a prof to knowledge since I've discovered it's sweet, cool, mild Probac.

RELATIVITY—AND HOW!

I'll tell you how it is, said the end looking young soldier as he finished his drink. "I met a young widow with a grown-up daughter, and I married that widow. Then my father met our daughter and married her. That made my wife the Mother-in-law of her father-in-law, and made my step daughter my step-mother, and my father became my step-son. See. They may step mother, the daughter of my wife, and a son. See. That boy was of course, my brother because he was my father's son, but he was also the son of my wife's step daughter, and therefore, my grandson. That made me grandfather to my step brother. Then my wife had a son. My mother-in-law, the sister of my son's his grandmother because I is his step-mother's child. My father is the brother-in-law of my child, because his step-sister is his wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is also the child of my step-mother. I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt, my son is my father's nephew, and I am my own grandfather, and my own step-father."

When God gave out brains, I thought he said brains, and I missed mine.
When He gave out looks, I thought he said looks, and I didn't want any.
When He gave out noses, I thought I had nose, and I ordered a size 6.
When He gave out lips, I thought he said lips, and I ordered two fat ones.
When He gave out eyes, I thought he said eyes, and I said "Give me a double."
"Good! Am I a mess."
A bunch of germs were hitting it up in a bronchial calico; two hung on the edge of the larynx. We're jasting a ragtime tune. While back of the teeth in a safe game. See dangerous Dan Kerchoo. And watching his pulse was his light of love.
The lady that's known as Flo.

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