

# ENGINEERING BRUNSWICKAN

The Yearly Literary Journal of the University of New Brunswick.

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**EDITORIAL**

This year the students and Faculty of the Engineering Department, have combined their efforts to give the University a paper on Engineering Week that will be both interesting and instructive.

We have not tried to make it unusual because we feel that with the few Forsters on the campus, we have oddity enough for one University. When producing this edition we decided that if the paper proved interesting to the people directly connected with THIS UNIVERSITY, and especially the engineers, it would be sufficient reward for our efforts.

The "school spirit" of the student body during recent years has been of a hot and cold nature. But then we don't have to be "roh-rh" boys to get the most from University life. Probably "school interest" is a better expression of our desired objective—interest not only in the "mystery hour" at Physics or the "water works" in the Civil Building, but interest in any or all of the many campus activities.

We feel this interest may best be found in the Senior Engineering Class of our school. We will miss these men when they are gone because they have been the nucleus of all engineering activities. The fellows of the classes '49 and '50 are getting along in years and we cannot expect them to neglect their domestic activities for others.

There is a bright side to the picture however. The salutation of a balanced and happy campus life lies with the Freshmen. We are all watching them with keen interest, and expect them to stabilize a high school interest that has been oscillating along the "Y" axis for the last couple of years.

**"WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN"**

Everyone is familiar with the phraseology of the Engineers' Yell and everyone has his opinion of the same. Some probably think it tame and crude and some might even consider it the classic call for some mythical but gallant crusade. However, the vast majority, including the Engineers themselves, are completely indifferent on the subject. In other words, "We don't give a damn."

In a recent issue of "The Brunswickan" Bill Hine gave us a penetrating analysis of student life at UNB. His essay showed considerable thought, diving into the frustrations, maladjustments, interferences, and other facets of psychological study as applied to this campus. It did, however, seem a little inconsistent that he should consider Freud's theories as not having direct bearing on the situation. The greater part of the essay dealt with the social attitude of unscrupulous campus personalities revolving about a "mighty minority" in which the Co-Eds appeared to supply much of the inspiration and driving force. Yes, it must be admitted that student life at Mount A and Acadia, which are truly co-educational universities, reaches high or peaks of organization and enjoyment than it does here under the present circumstances. But there is nothing we can do about the social ratio at the moment, except possibly recommend to the Senate the establishment of a school of household science at the convenience of the good Lord Beaverbrook.

At a social function some time ago, a Freshman Arts student was introduced to a senior Engineer and had no time in proclaiming that he (the Artsman) came to university for an education rather than a mere technical training. Not having conferred with the Muses for some time, the engineer bade his fair escort a hurried "good-night" and dashed home to consult Webster on the meaning of education. Finding no mention of the slide-rule in the definition, he worried lest he were missing some essential feature of college life, until it occurred to him that likewise there was no guarantee of bread and butter attached to education. Reasoning in terms of such basic principles, the engineer represents a far greater cross-section of student ambition in Canadian universities today than does the education-seeking Artsman.

The average veteran student, though not exactly a confirmed cynic, has seen enough of the world and its workings to realize that he can be far happier by simply not thinking too much about it. He is perfectly aware, for instance, that another and more powerful war is as inevitable as the noon-day "soap opera" on CFNB, and he is equally aware of the fact that he, as an individual, can do absolutely nothing to prevent either of these calamities. Neither can he afford to allow his mind to dwell upon his own lot, lest he realize that his only carefree days were spent sipping from a bottle in his cradle, or in later childhood at a Brighton pub. His only solution is to avoid politics, religion, social meetings and newspaper editorials. Philip Gibb weaves his latest novel round the news story of 200,000 deaths in a single bomb blast at Hiroshima; but this startles the UNB campus no more than the British United Press revelation that Princess Elizabeth had bacou and eggs for breakfast after her wedding. Admittedly, some ears did prick up at the mention of D. V. A. training grant increases, which might permit the occasional purchase of a luxury called butter once more. But, all in all, the student today finds any form of thought an extremely unprofitable experience.

In order to shut our minds in merciful oblivion, it behooves us to put the less reluctant portions of our anatomy to extreme exercise. Some of us have our teeth knocked out playing hockey, some get blistered feet on the dance floor, some go down doubled and vulnerable in a haze of smoke and glory, and some wear thin at the elbows, can't find the way home, and are happiest of all. But whatever the diversion, we mustn't think too much lest our "inferiority complex" defect us before it becomes obsolete in the psychology texts. We must carry on undismayed with the eloquent message as our motto at every turn of the road: "We don't give a damn!"

Even though you, dear reader, have been attracted to this article because of the appeal of the title to the sadist in you, no doubt your subconscious mind still demands the happy ending of the fairy-tale. Possessing a latent literary ability which reduces this effort to a virtual sham, you are cognizant of the fact that in this case we can't possibly live happily ever after without flouting all the rules of theme

## Radio Dispatching For Taxicabs

Condensation from an article published in "Electronics."

Two-way radio between dispatcher and cabs in a taxi fleet furnishes an important new market for communications equipment, affects important economy in fleet operation, and provides better and cheaper service for the riding public.

Many installations are now in operation in the United States and in Canada. One company, reports, since installation of the two-way radio system, takes an average of six per cent more for the same fleet, with the number of completed trips per hour correspondingly increased. On the basis of these figures, it is anticipated, in this case, the whole radio installation will pay for itself in 10 months.

"Over the meter" charges on out-of-town calls are eliminated with the installation of radio dispatching. This means that customers who formerly paid a meter charge from the taxi terminal to his place of call, as well as the required home to destination charge, now pays only for the actual mileage from home to destination.

Radio dispatching eliminates the unproductive return mileage formerly run by the cab on such calls.

**Equipment Installation**

Possibly the required equipment can be adopted to existing facilities, a dispatcher's office to cover incoming subscribers telephone calls, radio control unit and microphone. The necessary antenna atop a 60-foot mast conveniently located in a compact transmitter-receiver unit entailing no storage problem plus mobile equipment is all that is called for.

**Fixed Stations**

The fixed station equipment is remotely controlled by the dispatcher. A phase shift transmitting system provides a frequency modulated signal with sufficient deviation to allow voice and allow reasonable audio quality. The receiver is crystal controlled in order to ensure optimum signals from unattended equipment.

**Mobile Stations**

Circuitwise, the mobile equipment is identical with that of that employed in the fixed stations but is differently packaged. A loudspeaker is normally operative in the taxi but the receiver of a telephone hand set can be used for conversations once communication is established. A switch on the handset operates a relay to shift the antenna connection from receiver to transmitter, when the cab operator wishes to talk back. (The mobile trans receiver can be conveniently located in luggage compartment of cab). The antenna itself is a whip mounted through the roof of the cab and works against the metal roof as a ground. Power is taken from the car storage battery.

**EXTRA SERVICE**

Because the majority of users of cabs initiate requests for service from telephones, call box dispatching systems have been in use for many years. These existing telephone systems fall into line with the new radio telephones. Now dispatchers can send the nearest car to the phone last used, and when called upon hang up the forgotten receiver.

## THIRSTY ENGINEERS

The horse and mule live 30 years And nothing know of wine and beers The goat and sheep at 20 die, But never taste of Scotch or Rye. Without the aid of Rum or Gin, The cat in milk and water soaks And then in 12 short years it croaks.

The cow drinks water by the ton And when 18 is almost done, The hog when young is laid to rest And never knows a cocktail zest. The modest, sober, bone dry hen, Lays eggs for nogs and dies at 10. The Lower animals are cursed Because they lack a liquor thirst.

Oh, not for them the lusty song And noisy revel all night long, Oh, not for them the merry quips That freely flow from wine wet lips From birth they play a tragic part A stop before they fairly start. All animals are strictly dry. They sinless live and swiftly die.

But sinful, sinful, run soaked men Survive for 3-score years and 10. The compass and the square they use But wines and beers they most abuse They always reach the very top And pull with main till cork goes pop.

They draft and build and stretch the wire Sing forty beers till they retire.

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## LETTERS To the Editor

Tuesday, Feb. 17th, 1948

The Editor, The Brunswickan.

Dear Sir:— In a recent issue of the Brunswickan, Mr. Hay and Mr. Rice stated that the Brunswickan is a Literary Journal and I have yet to find something in their column which is beyond the mentality of a Grade School student. If we wish to have a paper that even compares with that of other universities, the first thing to do (not only in my opinion—but in the opinion of many others), would be to remove the above mentioned column—and if no other material is available—replace it with advertising—which is much more interesting. If Mr. Rice and Mr. Hay wish to express their childish opinions, let them do so in letters to the Editor.

Another point in my "beef" is that as yet I have not seen enough readable material in the two Brunswickans each week which could be put into one GOOD weekly. The reply of the Brunswickan to this, is that enough material is not handed in. However, what has happened to "The Pipe"—by Murchison and McIntyre, "Little Timber" by Fleming, and several sports write-ups which were handed in?—These were either butchered beyond recognition or were rejected entirely, and columns like "Food for Thought" were printed. The result?—The above writers become disgusted with such treatment and discontinued their efforts. So it is not for lack of material that the Brunswickan has slipped. Also, I am quite sure that the majority of students would appreciate one large issue each week much more than the two very small poor issues we are now receiving.

One suggestion for material would be a few write-ups on inter-collegiate sports, which are rarely mentioned.

One more "beef" which I have heard discussed at great length has to do with campus opinions that have been expressed in the Brunswickan. They are taken from a too small percentage of the students to contain an accurate report. When the students disagreed with the ideas of the Brunswickan, the paper suggested that there must be something wrong with them. Possibly the fault is not with the students as much as it is with the Brunswickan? As yet I have to meet ONE person who thinks that the new title-head is an improvement over the old one. Personally, I agree with Dalhousie University.

There has been many suggestions and criticisms in this column, but by the results, very little has been done—(except by the childish replies of Hay and Rice). Please, if we have to suffer, let it not be entitled—"Food for Thought!"

Yours sincerely, KEN FULTON, St. Engineer.

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A. F. BAIRD Acting President

and consistency. That is because you are uncertain whether or not the writer is as personally morbid as his product might suggest. Let us hope at least that none of you could be so naive to reckon that your favorite faculty has been dealt a foul blow by a mere would-be transmittant.

On the contrary, gather what consolation you may from the assurance that he will be the happiest man on the campus if only he has caused you to pause for a moment and THINK. . . . Then if you still don't give a damn, well, he doesn't either!

ANONYMOUS.

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"Yeah, Joe's shirt . . . Bill's tails . . . and my Sweet Caps!"

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