

Engineering

MAN'S BEST FRIEND HAIL THE ENGINEERS

Every cloud must have its silver lining, and so beneath his rough exterior the Engineer shines forth as a kind, thoughtful, and extremely intelligent gentleman.

He is never boastful and yet the Engineer is responsible for almost every advance of civilization. If Engineers had not developed the modern motor car the human race would still be riding on the backs of Artsmen.

CLOSE-UP

Let us take a closer look at the men of the Faculty of Applied Science. Take away his overalls, his red sweater, his surveying boots, and what have you got? Come to think of it, you better give back the overalls — look what happened to Tobacco Road.

But nevertheless there he stands a keen, alert student, ready to benefit mankind by joining the ranks of Engineers. When a columnist berates him for some frolicsome act, he does not resort to vitriolic exchanges, but rather invites the offending columnist to join him in an afternoon's drive with other members of the Faculty of Applied Science to discuss the matter thoroughly.

It is to the columnist's discredit that he should become so abusive of his hosts that they would be forced to remove him from their company and allow him to make his own way. And as surely as they allow him out of their sight he will get caught up in a mess of chains and require the assistance of the police and other public servants to extricate himself.

FAMILY MEN

Away from their studies a number of Engineers are sober and responsible family men. Many of them are also married. It is a most touching sight to see an Engineer playing with his young son, teaching him how to make a dandy blackjack by filling a section of rubber hose with lead shot. It is natural that these young men who are the future leaders of their communities should be envied by those who are less fortunate. It is rumored that certain unprincipled Artsmen have been frightening the young ladies of their faculty by telling them that the Engineers are savage cannibals and will eat them up. This is a rotten lie. I can assure any young lady that if she does go out with an Engineer, that is one appetite she will not be called upon to satisfy.

SHELLEY

Shelley summed up the glory of Applied Science when he wrote:
Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated Engineering.

Ubbsey

Three old maids lived together and each owned a cat which she kept shut up for fear it would go tom-cattin'. One of the old maids got married and after honeymooning for a few days wired the other old maids as follows:
"You can keep your cats shut up if you want to, but turn mine out."

"That dress looks very well on you."

"Why of course it does. I was just made for this dress."
"You should have held out for a fur coat!"

Johnny hopes to make the news. He wants to fill his father's shoes. Mary hopes to do much better. She hopes to fill her mother's sweater.

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A SURE TEST FOR ENGINEERS

If when you go to wash his face
You end up instead in a passionate embrace,

If when you bring in this 'tasse de the'

He expects you to stay for a sweet 'tete a tete'

If eight glasses of fluid a day is a must

It's doubly sure in Seagram's he'll trust.

If his favorite choice in colours is red

Whether is be in sweater, nose or head,

If a serious book is not to be read

But to prop up his feet when he finds he is dead,

If to the rules you're vainly abiding

And he continually makes them sliding,

If his movements—at times are mechanical

And he talks of things that are chemical,

If he reacts in a way electrical

When something is mentioned that's Physical,

If all these points you have observed

And aren't by now just plain un-nerved,

You can bet your cap without one fear

That patient is an ENGINEER.

UBBSEY.

ENGINEER'S OATH

All the evidence indicates that the engineers need an equivalent to the Hippocratic Oath. Engineering has become a sort of bastard profession. More and more engineers are to be seen wearing shoes. Now is the time to enunciate an oath for engineers that is more ethical and less functional than those we have come to expect of them.

Therefore, I have presumed to draft a rough oath for engineers. Call it the Hydromatic Oath or what you will. However, before getting his degree, the engineer must swear to the following:

"You do solemnly swear, each man by whatsoever he holds, that you will be loyal to your profession, that you will build only bridges that meet in the middle, that you will invent nothing which when it goes on the fritz cannot be fixed with a hairpin, that for every hour you spend thinking up ways to split the atom you will spend two hours thinking up ways to keep the human race intact, that before building dams like that proposed for Butte Lake you will respect the senior plans of the Chief Engineer who put the fish in the rivers and the forest on their banks, that you will perfect nothing more incendiary than nylons or more explosive than home brew. These things do you swear.

"Let each man bow his head in sign of acquiescence. And now, if you will be true to this, your oath, may prosperity and good repute be ever yours; but should you prove yourselves forsworn, may you ever reek of sulphur and may all your children be radioactive."

I suggest a solemn ceremony, by the light of Bunsen burners. Ladies will not wear flowers.

The cross-eyed old painter McNeff
Was color-blind, palsied and deaf
When he asked to be tauted
The critics all shouted
This is art, with a capital "F".

There was a young maid from Ostead
Who swore she's hold out to the end
But alas! Half-way over
Between Calais and Dover
She done what she didn't intend.

There was a young maiden from Multerry
Whose knowledge of life was desultory
She explained like a sage
Adolescence? — the stage
Between puberty and — adultery.

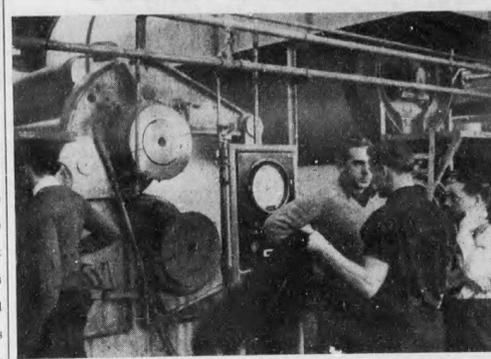
There was a young fellow of Leeds
Who swallowed six packages of seeds
In a somewhat silly act
He was covered with grass
And he couldn't sit down for the weeds.

There was a young man of Australia
Who painted his hind like a dahlia
The drawing was fine
The color divine
The scent — Ah that was a failure.

There was a young girl named Anheuser
Who said that no one could surprise her
But old Overholt
Gave her a jolt,
Now she is Sadder Budwiser.

There was a young lady of Wantage
Of whom the Town Clerk took advantage
Said the County Surveyor,
You really must pay her,
You've altered the line of her frontage.

THE BREW IN THE MAKING



Saint John (Special to the Engineering Brunswickian)—The famous Faculty of Engineers of the University of New Brunswick visited the Moosehead Brewing Company here last Thursday. Those engineers that can be seen through the haze are: Ric Landers, 4th year civil; Tim Bliss, 5th year civil, and one unidentified taster who wishes to remain unidentified, and Burp Dupphy, 4th year and very civil.

Despite the inclement weather about twenty-five student engineers turned up in Saint John on Thursday, Jan. 28. The tours were reduced to two because of a late start, and the very poor road conditions.

Saint John Dry Dock was first on the agenda and although the activities were confined indoors, the tour proved both entertaining and informative. After a slight delay while participants battled the elements, activities were resumed at the Moosehead Breweries. The hospitality of this fine firm was nothing short of intoxicating with free beer the order of the day. The visitors were conducted through the plant and given

a running commentary of the processes.

The festivities were concluded by the Professional Engineers banquet which featured Gageton by Brig. Eric Snow.

The climax of the evening was the presentation of a scholarship to Eric Garland, senior civil Engineering student. The presentation was made by J. M. M. Lamb, President of the Association.

Once on the lake at Dubuque,

A girl took a sail with a duque.

He remarked, "I am sure

You are honest and pure,"

And then leaned far over to puke.



"I knew he was too good to last"

We love the football season. Aside from its many other blessings, it's the only time of the year when a fellow can walk down the street with a blanket on one arm and a girl on the other without having people ask so many damn foul questions.

Voice from parked car: "What were you drinking tonight, rubbing alcohol?"

ENGINEERS — CHEMISTS

Atomic Energy of Canada Limited has openings in its operating divisions for graduates with a good academic standing in one of the following engineering fields: Chemical, Mechanical, Electrical and Engineering Physics. Interesting work on plant operation, pilot plant and development work, instrumentation — both electronic and process, mechanical maintenance, chemical control, chemical plant design, mechanical design and estimating and planning.

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Pleasant living conditions in modern town with excellent facilities for cultural, educational and recreational activities.

We also invite applications for summer employment from third year students and graduates.

Please arrange through your University Employment Office to see our representative who will visit this campus on the 18th and 19th of February, 1954.

NATURE HATES VACUUM MEN FEEL SAME WAY

The advent of high altitude commercial flight has brought with it an entirely unforeseen problem, known as explosive decompression. The phenomenon afflicts only females, and, strangely enough, only those intent on improving on nature.

Realizing that this problem strikes at the very foundations of our civilization, a group of engineers have made extensive, independent research into the nature of explosive decompression. A brief summary of their report follows.

ENGINEER'S PARADISE

Under Transit Mountain, hard by

Level Lake

Lies the Engineers' Paradise,

where nothing is at stake.

From early morn till sunset:—

so I am told

They drink all the liquor they can

hold.

Foaming torrents cascading

down

Leave fiery liquors all around.

Engineers lol in the shade

Drinking the finest whiskey

made.

The lake is filled with rum so

strong

A mere Arts man will not last

long

The thundering cataracts, oh so

clear

Are made of foaming "He-man

beer".

All you heretics may simply

snuff

But they all bathe in "90" proof.

Come! Heed the engineering call

And swim about in alcohol.

See, with your own unbelieving

eyes,

Where the engineer goes when

he dies.

Rum and whiskey are just for

sport

They down tequila by the quart

Then for balance they had the

case!

A keg of beer for a chaser.

Frustrated arts types look on

with envy

Working themselves into a frenzy

For this fair land of rum and

beer

is dedicated to the engineer.

Richard Masuda,

SPS

Toronto.

APPROVED '47 STARTED '57 COMPLETED ?

(From the Brunswickian '47)

The UNB Memorial Student Centre is a step nearer realization as a result of a joint meeting, held last Friday night, of the Associated Alumni and the Alumnae Society. At that time the plans for the conversion of the Memorial Building to the Student Centre were approved with only one provision, "that the Memorial Chapel may be moved to the front of the second floor if the architect so recommends."

Dr. J. R. Petrie, President of the Associated Alumni, acted as chairman of the meeting. Prof. B. W. Fleger, Chairman of the War Memorial Committee, presented the committee report to the meeting and explained with the aid of sketch plans the allocation of space to the many facilities which the proposed Student Centre will include.

Many expressions of appreciation for a thoroughly accomplished committee task followed Chairman Fleger's report. In the discussion which followed several speakers voiced a preference to have the Memorial Chapel at the front of the second floor instead of in the space which used to be the gallery but is now occupied by the Department of Chemistry. It was agreed to leave the decision to the expert knowledge of the architect.

Dr. Petrie explained that the Senate of the University had already approved the War Memorial in principle and would now be asked to approve the details of the plan.

When the final Senate approval was given the next step would be to engage an architect. Campaign literature must then be prepared. Dr. Petrie continued.

Meanwhile, the campaign organization is progressing and it is hoped that the appeal for the graduates' financial support will be launched in February, 1948.

"I like boys who know what they're doing, but I hate to think where they learned it."

"Whom are you taking to the dance?"

"Well, I like Jane's lips, Ann's hair, Grace's eyes and Judy's well er, hub, I guess I'll take Judy."

The conditions necessary for decompression are: high altitude

flight in insufficiently pressurized

aircraft, and women passengers.

The occurrence of explosive decompression is marked by loud

explosive sounds, the disappearance of rounded contours and the

emptying of bulging sweaters. The

secondary psychological effects, especially upon male passengers are

mathematically unpredictable, but

consist usually of disappointment,

disillusionment, and occasionally,

laughter, doubtless hysterical.

Assuming that the expansion is

adiabatic, and that the tensile

strength of rubber is constant, the

commission found that:

1. The present practice of wearing

inflatable rubber falsies con-

tributes to the problem.

2. When the ratio of internal

pressure and the external ambient

pressure reaches the critical value,

decompression occurs.

3. The critical pressure ratio depends

on the construction of the

falsies, and therefore on the brand

worn.

4. The effects depend upon the

initial pressure, P_i, and it was

found that the greater the initial

improvement on nature, the more

devastating are the results of ex-

plosive decompression.

The researchers have also put

forth several recommendations,

based on the results of the survey,

which may be summarized as fol-

lows:

1. Girls planning high altitude

flights should content themselves

with the more conventional, if less

romantic padded types of, uh, cam-

ouflage. Failing this, they should

familiarize themselves with the

critical pressure ratio of their pre-

ferred brand.

2. In the event of decompression,

male passengers should console

themselves with the thought that

nobody is perfect, and that the girl

concerned was only trying to put

up a good front.

3. Afflicted females should re-

tire at once for emergency repairs.

A 35c tire patching kit should

prove of inestimable value at this

time.

(From a report submitted by

Otto C. Cycle, Municipal Engi-

neer, Moose Groin, B.C.

A man ambled into a tennis tour-

namant and sat down on the bench.

"Whose game?" he asked.

A shy young thing answered,

"Not me."

Child: "Dad, tell me a fairy tale."

Parent: "Well, once there was a

good-looking UNB co-ed . . ."

Child: "Gee, Pop, that was a

good one!"

A local professor was raking the

yard a few days ago. Across the

fence the neighbor lady was hoeing

in her garden.

"Nice evening," said the prof.

"Yes indeed," replied the lady,

"what are you doing?"

"I'm raking the yard," replied

the prof., "and I'm the best little

raker you ever saw."

"Well, I'm hoeing the garden,

but I'm not the best —" replied the

lady who quickly turned and went

into the house.



He doesn't look like anyone in the family!!



ENGINEERS ONE OF V

On Thursday, Fe

Engineering buildings o

open to the general pu

and films in commemo

The project is spons

Engineering Society, a

chairmanship of E. J.

faculty members Profess

of the Civil department

Wheatly of the Mechan

ment and Professor Col

Electrical department.