

Engineering Brunswickan

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Dean Addresses Engineers

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past in spite of the requirements for greater mental efforts. We are also very pleased that you are continuing to show appreciation for the new building and its facilities. Your Faculty is genuinely interested in your welfare and progress and is always ready

to assist and advise on academic and personal problems. We extend our congratulations on a well organized program for Engineering Week and our best wishes that your year at the University will terminate successfully and that you will all obtain suitable permanent or summer employment.

"I shall now illustrate what I have on my mind," said the professor as he erased the blackboard.

There are a lot of couples who don't neck in parked cars. The woods are full of them.

Injuners and Aahtsmen

By Hans Foerstel

One striking aspect of Canadian campus life is the blind fervour with which arts and engineering students criticize and ridicule each other. This goes beyond friendly faculty rivalry. The engineer, everybody knows, chose his course because he could never spell correctly; sure, he was a fine fellow in freshman year, but now in his fifth year—why, he has gone backward. Similarly, the arts student chose his course because he could not think of anything else to take. He was a fine chap too once, but after some time at college he is just an idler without a goal, somebody who likes the inessential, academic, or seemingly impractical studies.

While a reasonable, critical attitude is of immeasurable value, I maintain the atmosphere I described is harmful. Therefore I would like to offer a few thoughts to those who at last have benefited from their education and become tired of clinches, others' and their own.

Let me start with a quotation: "Democracy means that each individual should feel an obligation for the whole" (E. Spanger). In other words, whoever you are, you have an obligation to be informed—unless the word democracy is to become a hollow word. There is no room for the creeping snobism which makes it a noble thing for the artsman to boast of his disregard for the sciences and for the engineer to write: "Dear Marg, Six munces ago I could not even spell injuneer, and now I are one."

The historically revolutionary younger generation is now docile (which may be to the better). Where once there were strong opinions and severe criticisms of elders, we students today live happily, with little concern for the future or little interest concerning our part in shaping it, content, say, as long as that generator on our car does not act up again. Serious thinking is banned.

Technology is here to stay—whatever is said to the contrary, we all want some of its products and we clamour for more. In the words of the President of the National Research Council, Dr. E. W. R. Steacie: "Technology is what the public wants to do with science." WE ARE ALL RESPONSIBLE FOR IT. It is here that we have to pull our heads out of the sand and begin to think—where are we going, what is our purpose, and how will we reach our goals?

As Bertrand Russell said: "Science enables us to know the means to a chosen end, but it does not help us to decide what end to pursue." What, I ask, can do this better than a knowledge of history and literature? It is not they who "show the strange resurgent power of what is valuable in human life, defeated time and again by savagery and hate and destruction, but nevertheless at the very first opportunity, emerging again like grass in the desert after rain." (B. Russell)

A broad education, likewise, includes a teaching of the methods and philosophy of science so that our leaders may know how science works. The development of the fine arts depends as much on the availability of talent as on a relatively high standard of living, which is owed, of course, to science and technology.

My feeling is that the attitude of men of arts, if at all militant and lofty, is much more so than that of engineers and scientists. It is for this reason that I chose a letter by Mr. A. T. Stewart, Dalhousie University, to the "Canadian Commentator",

AROUND THE CAMPUS

Correction to Brunswickan: Fund-raising campaign started with the rise in fees in September.
Kennel Craze: One addition to UNB Forestry Faculty.

The latest: R. H. B. McLaughlin challenges forestry Kennel fans.

Tolerant Administration appreciated by Brunswickan Editor.

Heard "Flash" has his master's brakes for rockets . . .

Missed Smiley—nobody likes flunking anymore.

Heard "Flush" has his master's all Sewed up.

R. H. B.'s idea of a tragedy: Theory killed by a fact.

Bridge Building—exercise in faith.

New Fredericton Bridge criticized by President: "like a ramp" (so right)

Suggested reading at opening ceremonies: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Overheard: Engineers forced to make home-brew: like it better than commercial detergents.

Wassail: "That's the way the mop flops."

Gone Days: Rum, fine Jamaica, per I. G. \$2.75 (Victoria, B.C. in 1873)

No international crisis—no demand for engineers.

Disheartened married student: Wife can't keep up payment on new car.

Will Durant: "By submitting to marriage, we can take our minds off sex and become adult."

Playboy Bailey caught reading same magazine: Library staff in a flutter.

Arts Faculty—claims observatory coffee shop too small. Temporary limit to attendance: only those affected may come.

John Erskine: "Give everybody a B.A. degree at birth . . ."

Is Architecture applied Archaeology?

Zsa Zsa Gabor predicts increased enrolment in Mechanical Engineering. "Slacks are for lady plumbers."

Northshore farmer's insurance for daughters: Combination plow-cannon.

Available: Wrecking Crew; apply before the team breaks up.

A FEW LAUGHS

PROF: "If I saw a man beating a donkey and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

VOICE FROM THE BACK: "Brotherly love."

Knock, knock
 St. Peter: "Who's there?"
 Voice outside the gates: "It is I."

St. Peter: "Go to hell. We have enough English teachers in here now."

March, 1958, as my closing remark:

"While men of science are often apologetic about their knowledge of arts and usually endeavour to rectify this, men of arts professions sometimes seem proud of their ignorance of any science! To drop this pride of ignorance and to acquire the facts of life of our civilization is the great challenge which lies before any man of arts who would serve our age."

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