



TITUS DEFEATS KING IN PHOTO FINISH

Building Bridges . . .

Engineering Efforts Through History

By W. P. COPP
Professor of Engineering

For many generations going far back into ancient times the Engineer's work was largely of a military nature. It was his duty to design engines of destruction and to provide the means by which troops and their equipment could be moved from place to place over difficult terrain, rivers and other natural obstacles. It was not until 1818 that the Institute of Civil Engineers of Great Britain was founded, the term "civil" being applied to the engineers engaged in activities that had to do with the civil population in general as opposed to the military engineer whose work was as described above.

Thomas Telford, the first president of the Institute of Civil Engineers, at a council meeting January 4th, 1828, gave his famous definition of civil engineering as "the art of directing the great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man, as the means of production and of traffic in states, both for external and internal trade as applied to the construction of roads, bridges, aqueducts, canals, river navigation and docks for internal intercourse and exchange; in the construction of ports, harbors, moles, breakwaters and lighthouses; and in the art of navigation by artificial power for purposes of commerce, and in the drainage of cities and towns.

Before the year 1825 or thereabouts knowledge had not progressed sufficiently to design the members of bridges according to the stresses they were to carry nor was there any adequate knowledge of the loads the bridges had to support. However with the advent of railways, it became necessary to know and not to guess concerning the stresses and strains, for the loads were much heavier than any previously encountered.

Yet bridges of a kind had been built from the dawn of civilization and it is the purpose of the following paragraphs to bring to the attention of the readers some few of them.

There is no mention of bridges in the Bible and very little in contemporary history. Bridges of course offered an opportunity for an enemy invader to cross natural barriers to attack. Consequently permanent bridges were undesirable often and progress in building them would be slow indeed. It is claimed that the river Euphrates was bridged by a brick arch about 2200 B.C. in the time of Nimrod third, ruler after Noah and one hundred years after the flood. Herodotus gives the earliest record of a wooden bridge, built 783 B.C. during the reign of Nitrochis, Queen of Assyria, over the Euphrates river in Babylon. Its width was 35 feet and length 660 feet. It consisted of wooden platforms resting on stone piers. These platforms were moved at night to prevent thieves from entering the city.

No doubt the Egyptians who could build great pyramids also built bridges but of these few traces remain. Wood of course, which was often used would decay and the ravages of hostile armies, then as now, would destroy the structures of brick and stone. Some remains of early Grecian bridges of unknown date are in existence; one Persian bridge 1250 feet long, having twenty pointed arches 23 feet in length each between piers 29 feet thick remain today in a fair state of preservation. It is believed to date from 350 B.C.

At least twenty Roman bridges remained a few years ago from early times. Not less than eight bridges crossed the Tiber at Rome. For two thousand years many of these bridges have endured floods, earthquakes and the violence of war. One of the reasons for this was the fact that they were well built for it is claimed that the builder was held responsible for their repair for forty

years, the final payment being withheld to that time. It would appear that at long last many of these bridges still remaining are doomed to in these later days they have met foes more remorseless and more powerful than any hitherto met in their long life history, foes who care nothing for antiquity nor have reverence for relics of long past years. The first bridge over the Tiber, Pons Sublicius, was built in the year 621 B.C. of wood. The floor could be removed. It was over this bridge that the Etruscans under Lars Porsena attempted to cross. Macaulay immortalized the defence and every school boy knows, "How Horatius saved the Bridge, in the brave days of old". This bridge was destroyed in the year 500 B.C. and was twice restored by the Chief Priests. In 1877 its reconstructed remains were removed to clear the river channel.

The first London bridge spanning the Thames is believed to have existed prior to 978 A.D. It is referred to in the Laws of Ethelred and William of Malmesbury refers to its destruction in 974 A.D. during one of the encounters with the Danes. The first authentic records refer to one 1014 which was swept by a flood in 1091. Reconstructed in 1097 it was destroyed by fire in 1136. The old London bridge was started in 1176 by Peter of Colechurch, a member of the "Brothers of the Bridge". It was completed in 1209. Peter of Colechurch died in 1205 and his remains were buried in a crypt of the Chapel on the center pier. This bridge was built of stone. The piers were so thick the channel of the river was much curtailed by them. There was a chapel on the center pier and defensive towers, upon which the heads of decapitated traitors often were hung. were part of its construction. The spans were from nine to twenty feet with a single draw span. The total length was 940 feet. Shops and houses of wood were built on it, projecting over the river and leaving a lane for crossing 12 to 14 feet in width only. In 1212 fire broke out among these shops at the south end; a great crowd gathered on the bridge; another fire started among the houses on the north end and three thousand or more of the spectators were drowned or burned to death. The houses were rebuilt for they were an important source of revenue. In 1481 a whole block of these overhanging houses toppled into the

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Election Returns

Students' Council	A. & S.	Eng. Com.	Med.	Law	Dent.	Total
President						
Titus	98	15	0	123	0	15
King	129	51	4	7	22	6
Vice-President						
Saunderson	120	32	2	9	10	6
Sutherland	99	32	2	115	12	13
Glee Club						
President						
Hartling	153	43	1	81	3	12
Sheffman	63	21	3	42	19	7
Vice-President						
Hopewell	102	22	2	42	12	8
Robertson	116	41	2	65	8	7
D.A.A.C.						
President						
Clarke	60	60	1	70	19	15
Fraser	63	6	1	42	3	3
Vice-President						
Hart	81	48	2	66	9	11
Hartling	42	18	0	42	12	5
Arts and Science						
Senior:						
MacQuarrie	103					
Nicholson	106					
Hart	128					
Hartling	87					
Junior:						
Archibald	124					
Robertson	83					
Bell	147					
Pope	67					
Sophomore:						
E. Clarke	62					
Farquhar	149					
Engineering						
Burgess						36
Clarke						43
Oakley						49
Medicine						
D. Smith						80
F. Fraser						67
MacKenzie						58
Commerce						
Churchill-Smith						2
Pike						2
Dentistry						
Burke						9
E. Fraser						12
Law						
Fraser						9
E. Fraser						12

Departure of An Engineer

Our friend, everybody's friend, Yank Bronson, has gone. As he departed for the last time from the Registrar's office, Prof. Bennet gripped his shoulder with a wavering hand and said, "Yank, this is like busting up an old friendship. Our years together in English 2 were the happiest of my life." Yank just stroked his chin and sobbed. He paused for a moment at Sir—statue. Never again would he stick a cigarette butt and an old plug hat on the bard's bronze bust.

For ten minutes he waited for someone to chance along and open the door; despairing of aid, he deftly raised his foot, placed it on the latch, and kicked. The Math 2 building faced him (an involuntary "Gad man!" rumbled off his tongue); he turned his back and walked eastward, a stalwart son of Dal haloed by the sunset glow. His thoughts wandered back to his freshman days, to the first time C. K. had spied him dozing in class. What had the old boy said? "What's the matter with you, Yank? Why ain't you like me? When I wake up at seven a.m. I throw my wife aside, leap out of bed, take a cold shower and a brisk rubdown; and then, I feel osy all over." "That's O.K. for you, sir," Yank had replied, "but we ain't got no Rosy at our house." He sighed, and mused, "I got more 39's that way."

Unerringly his feet guided him up the Science Building stairs—he had so wanted to be there when the elevator would be installed. Now, at last he was home. He entered the drafting room, and gazed at every desk, stool, and Varga girl. A

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Universality . . . Take Note

Possibly a few of the more hardy readers of the "Gazette" still struggle bravely, though painfully, through that column under the heading of "Universality" wherein a would-be imitator of the inimitable Tasman spouts nonsense.

The elite of the campus, (us Engineers to you) while never approving of his mad ravings, have thus far refrained from comment, but when he has the conceit to say that he (with apparent tendencies toward Arts) has something to offer in the education of an engineer, then we must pronounce him a hopeless case.

We extend an invitation to this "great exponent of liberal education" to visit us in the drafting room and see genius at work. Of course he would be exposed to knowledge beneficial to humanity and this might overtax his intellect which is obviously feeble.

If the outward mark of a learned man is babble, as our great (?) journalist (?) stated, then we bow low before him and acclaim him a veritable Solomon.

GOVERN YOURSELF

All members of grad. class who have not had their pictures taken for the year book should do so at once.

Open House, Saturday night, 11/3/44, Sherriff Hall.

Get money in early for year book.

FLASH!

Dal Tigers defeated Army basketballers Wednesday night by a close score of 30-28.

The Munro Day musical comedy will begin at 7.15 p. m.—not at 7.45 as previously announced.

. . . Drinking Beer

The Engineering Banquet

As compiled by H. D. MacNab

"What ho!" called the portly gentleman on the top floor apartment of the Lord Nelson to the bell-boy, as the building trembled and shook. "What manner of disturbance is this?"

"It's the noise of feasting in the main salon," quoth the bell-boy—the Engineers are con congregating below."

Down on the main floor the big front doors swung open and shut as throngs of Dalhousie engineers streamed to the banquet. This was definitely an engineers' night. The momentous occasion had always been regarded as the main event in the engineers' year. It had been carefully planned and arduously planned weeks in advance. Each and every engineer knew what to expect and none could afford to miss it. Seniors, freshmen and second-year men came from all directions to the feast that was for them and their guests only.

The entire company that gathered was completely free from any such individuals that would tend to dilute the quality of personnel in attendance. So important was the stress laid on complete seclusion from the outside world that even women were barred—absolutely.

Before the banquet began in state the great minds discussed the deeper and more complex problems which prevent man's mastery of the universe. They partook of small refreshments and anxiously awaited the great moment when the host would settle to the feast.

Eventually the scheduled hour arrived with clocklike precision the engineers and their honored guests settled to the great occasion. The countenances of all present expressed extreme satisfaction as progress was made through the opening dishes of anthracite mush, dusted with boiler rust, to the main course of galvanized capon. The first course was an especially fine concoction, but no one was able to analyze it completely. (It was stated from reliable quarters that the luscious flavor was due to a special arrangement, and a combination of slag, mortar and asphalt.

It was during the banquet that a few engineers rose to their greatest height in technical discussions. Some occasionally left the banquet hall, doubtless for reference books to further the available information on the subjects in question. The Horizontal Club was in particular difficulties because they had not to date chosen a new president and were without adequate leadership. Their main problem was the solution of a strange phenomenon. At various places in the hall the gravitational forces were so great that members were pulled off their chairs to the floor. This mystery was completely unsolved although integrals were set up and down in vain attempts to secure the answer. It is not known what the final hypotheses were, because no formal record was kept of the meeting—and least, there appears to have been none kept, because members were asking the next day just what went on during the latter part of the affair.

Events moved on swiftly. The noble president of the Engineering Society, W. D. Hagen, rose from his seat and gave the toast to the King. When the King was soundly drunk, other toasts followed: to the University, given by Don MacLeod and replied to by Prof. Adthead. J. R. MacQuarrie offered the toast to the profession which was responded to by Prof. Copp. Professor Macneill gave the toast to the graduating class and G. Lantz responded. Any engineer who was absent felt his regret on the following day when fellow engineers quoted excerpts from the above choice speeches.

It was at this point that the presentation of the Bob Walter award was made by Professor Copp to Gerald Lantz. The history and significance of this award is given elsewhere. Lantz was called on for a speech but the great honor bestowed on him left him speechless and he sat down amid thunderous applause.

The highlight of the evening came as the chairman introduced the guest speaker — H. F. Ryan. Mr. Ryan punctuated his speech, on "The Science of Electronics", not by gestures of his hands, but by experiments. On a long table towards the front of the hall was displayed a very complicated set of apparatus from which wires, switches, plugs, electron tubes,

aerials and bulbs made occasional appearances. As Mr. Ryan spoke the men of Tomorrow gathered around the table and watched with sustained interest and awe the events that took place before them. It is indeed unfortunate that censorship limits the account of this phase of the evening but war is war, and those to whom secrets are revealed must hold them in silence.

At the end of the hall were two doors with glass insets. One could not notice without amusement the activity that prevailed there. It was the only peephole from the outside world, and waitresses struggled to obtain vantage of the position. A smile jerked to several engineers faces as these onlooker's expressions changed from one of perusing interest to one of goggle-eyed amazement as the fiery sparks quivered and cracked over the apparatus.

A certain tenseness gripped the engineers as the word spread around that the Hawkins girls were outside lying in wait for those on whom they had designs. When this was known it became quite evident that those beautiful flowers presented to our president were not from the hotel management. Several engineers left shortly afterward while Mr. Ryan continued, for those that remained, into the depths of his subject. Time hastened on and Mr. Ryan finished his discussion and Prof. Copp expressed on behalf of the engineers their appreciation of his discourse.

The group broke up and dispersed as rapidly as it had gathered. It had been an eventful evening, full of pleasure and full of learning, with a marvelous revelation of the possibilities of the future. As each man departed that night, he realized more deeply than ever the responsibilities that rest on engineers as they go forward to open up new fields for the convenience of man.

Back Up The Team's Attack

Come on Dal—you've always given support to your winning teams, how about giving it to hockey; it's winning too! We hear a rumour that St. Mary's is going to trim the pants off Dal. Of course, that rumour comes from St. Mary's. How about coming out Sunday and just show them who is going to have their pants trimmed. There is also a rumour that St. Mary's turn out a good rooting section, incidentally that's no rumour. So come on Dal—roll out to the game Sunday afternoon and show St. Mary's what real college yells sound like They're just begging to be beaten, and only with your cheering support can we accommodate them. John "Lauchie" and the "Dugger" will be on hand to lead the gang in the cheering, so don't forget, give your team the support it needs and at the same time see a good brand of hockey.

Dalhousie Gazette

Undergraduate Publication of the College by the Sea

Founded 1869—"The Oldest College Paper in America"

The views expressed in any column of THE GAZETTE are those of the author; it cannot be assumed that they represent the opinion of the Student Body.

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 And the boys in the draughting room.

EDITORIAL

For the first time in several years the Engineers have edited and written their own Boilermakers' issue. The Editorial Board has striven to make it a combination of the sublime and the ridiculous; to include matters of general interest as well as those of particular interest to Engineering students.

Needless to say, our issue has been written in a spirit of fun, and we have no apologies to make to anyone. We have received invaluable aid from the regular Gazette staff, a few non-engineers, and members of the Engineering Department. We are especially proud of our own writers and cartoonists who have laboured to make this BOILERMAKERS' ISSUE a success. Take it away.

HAS ARTS AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX?

In the Engineering department we have been aware for some time of the slurs that are continually cast upon us in the columns of this organ of culture.

We are moved, not so much by the sharpness of the attacks, misdirected as they are, as by the feeling that must engender them. These critics feel that Engineering has been given preferment at the expense of Arts. But cannot the artsman defend constructively their studies instead of merely attacking the engineers? Cannot they do anything except make a few vague statements about culture, humanists, and a broad foundation for an education? It is amusing to hear a prospective journalist, who is busy studying English in order that he may be fluent at two cents per line, charge the engineers with being mercenary; or another who is only interested enough in modern progress to study the one compulsory science course, charging that an Engineering course is not sufficiently broad. Do they think that the sciences are pursued with less altruism than the arts?

One of the prize claims of the artsmen is that they are humanitarians. This is so far from the truth that we would really like to see these birds having to live without the benefits they owe those whose interests diverged a bit from pure culture to the practical problems of life.

Engineers have to handle men in the shop, field and mine, and upon the co-operation they achieve depends the success and safety of an enterprise. In this as in other fields engineers are the men who solve the problems, get the job done and face the world as it is.

The times have made this class of self-styled intelligensia a minority. Why cannot they not face reality and admit that it is their own inadequacy and nothing that the engineers have done that has made them so rare as to be a mere curiosity that invites the occasional smile.

DRIPO

Draughting Room Institute of Pulverizing Onslaughts

Q.—What Dalhousian is most in need of squelching?

A.—100%: Rufus!

It appears that Rufus, King of Gymnasium, after all these years as the campus pet, has become rather irksome to the slip-stick brigade. In the Great Storm of not so long ago, our Dartmouth contingent became lost in its search for the ferry, and sought out a haven for the night. They begged admission to Rufus' kingdom; and were they welcomed warmly by him who professes to be the guardian angel of one and all!

No! A stern hand barred the door, and in language fitting his noble demeanour, the king cried. "What-in-hell—dy-a-think this is a bloody rooming-house?" The half-frozen wanderers departed, muttering blasphemies, curses and promises of revenge.

Does Rufus meet his Waterloo? See the 1945 Boilermakers' Edition.

Q.: Are Shirreff Hall meals worth (a) 50c; (b) 45c; (c) a darn?

A summary of opinion indicates that the food is satisfactory (on Sunday, at least), but the surroundings are (censored).

Miss MacKeen Manor, the sweater girl, is giving way to the lumberjack kid, and as a result there is a daily phenomena of three persons, apparently female, dressed in heavy checkered skirts extending to the knees, and slacks which just about meet them. This is undoubtedly the "Slabby Joe" outfit we're been hearing about, our fashion expert states, and, to cure it, he recommends that the boys appear for just one meal in divides.

Q.: How are you impressed by Law's Students' Council campaign?

A.: The first reply was all we could hear. Here it is, word word for word:

"In some aspects Law is a highly respected and honourable profession; in others, the persons who have the greatest respect for it are only lawbreakers and the lawyers themselves. Let's compare it with housebreaking: the housebreaker looks for an open window, the lawyer looks for loopholes through which to bypass the law of the land. Lawyers fight for or against justice depending which side yields the greatest return. This is understandable, however. The engineer leaves a bridge as a monument of his work; scientists of all kinds leave works beneficial to all humanity, but a lawyer can judge his success only

The Bob Walter Award



Meet Gerald Lantz

The Bob Walter Award is the highest honour which the Engineering Society may bestow upon one of its graduates. This award is presented to the graduating engineering student who best exemplifies the qualities of Bob Walter, a former outstanding engineering student who accidentally met death in a hunting accident. Bob Walter possessed those qualities of fellowship, sportsmanship and scholarship.

The winner of this award for 1944 was Gerald Lantz of Fairview. He came from Halifax County Academy to Dal where he started in his chosen profession. Gerald is a great hockey enthusiast and plays on the first line of Dal's 1944 hockey team.

He is the engineering representative of the Students' Council for this year.

Gerald besides graduating in Engineering with his diploma, also receives his B. Sc. and will continue at Nova Scotia Technical College for two more years to receive his degree in Engineering.

Fine Job Mr. Bowes

In 1941 Bill Bowes graduated in Engineering from Dalhousie, and continued his course at the Technical College. Less than three years later the name of Professor William Bowes was added to the Dalhousie Academic staff. Yes, Studley, though few of you are aware of it, one of your fellows is back; this time on the other side of the fence.

Professor Bowes was introduced at surveying camp. To the wonderment of all the boys, he showed them in his own notebook of the 1937 camp accuracy, speed and neatness that few could hope to attain. Though new to the teaching profession, Prof. Bowes has proven his mettle, and has won the respect and friendship both of those who are meeting him for the first time and those who knew him as a student.

On the occasion of the BOILERMAKERS' ISSUE, with which he has kindly assisted, we take the opportunity to wish him many successful years at Dalhousie. Perhaps not too far in the future the chaperones at the Boilermakers' Ball will include Prof. and Mrs. W. H. Bowes.

by money. With money as a god, the path of Law leads to—well, you know."

Maybe I'm slightly prejudiced, but I'm trying to save some of those in pre-Law who are fortunate enough not to be quite lost beyond redemption.

Q. What is the most pressing need of the campus?

A.: (a) A new flag.

The effect of the tattered rag drifting in the breeze these days has aroused the ire of every decent engineer. Professors who, deeply meditating more important matters, walk with eyes cast on the ground; Arts students, surrounded by the high walls of the Law Building classrooms, never seem to notice what is apparent to one who must regard it constantly from the draughting room. By a unanimous vote, the Engineering Society passed a resolution urging all students to contribute one cent of their laboratory deposits towards the purchase of a brand new Union Jack.

(b) Men's Dormitory:

The boys seem to think that the much publicised "college spirit" could be boosted by keeping all non-Haligonians together on the campus. For the present, they would be satisfied with rooms at Shirreff Hall. Some who aren't very discriminate would be contented to share a room. What say, Miss McKeen? For the common good, after all!

The Story Of Bob Walter

In the Autumn of 1940, Bob Walter met with a fatal accident while hunting near his home at Saint John. To perpetuate his memory, his fellow students at Dalhousie established an award to be presented annually to the Engineering Student most like Bob.

During the time Bob was studying Engineering he was active in the social life of the college. He served two years on the Students' Council and was President of the Engineering Society during his last college year. He was a member of the Phi Theat Fraternity and was elected treasurer of the class of '40.

Bob went in for sports to a considerable extent, canoeing, sailing and hunting being favorites. At Dal he played interfaculty football, basketball and hockey.

Bob had an agreeable personality that made him extremely popular, assured him of success in whatever pursuits he chose to follow. Probably the most striking thing about Bob was his personality, cheerful and friendly. Always in a pleasant mood, he treated everyone as a good friend; for that matter you couldn't know Bob for long without being his friend.

The choice of Gerald Lantz as this year's winner of the Bob Walter Memorial Award seems particularly apt. Gerald has the same type of agreeable personality as Bob and although perhaps not so active in social activities as Bob, Gerald is active in sports and is certainly deserving of this high honor. All those who know Gerald are pleased that he has been so honored and heartily congratulate him.

An optimist is a fellow who thinks his wife has given up cigarettes when he see cigar butts around the house.

Doctor: You have acute appendicitis.

:Look, doc, I came here to be examined, not admired.

"Hell!" said Satan as he picked up the telephone.

Diddle, diddle dumbling, my son John Went to bed with his stockings on One shoe off and one shoe on Boy, was he plastered.

Wilson says "An intelligent girl is one who knows how to refuse a kiss without being deprived of it.



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Reading from left to right, front to back, the "We Love Us Boys of 1944." Take a good look—many have only a few short months of college life ahead of them.

For many years these Engineers have borne without reply the sarcastic witticisms of all Studley. But here you have them risen from their lethargy. They've charges laid against them. Determined to reply to their drafted Satan, and hereafter they're pulling no punches.

You've probably seen most of the lads around. They form about 50% of every Varsity sports organization; they're the men behind the scenes at the Glee Club shows; they do their share in keeping Dalhousie a big name at the Blood Donor Clinic. **THEY ARE THE ONLY GROUP TO HAVE BOTH A BANQUET AND A BALL.** And considerate, too: they are responsible for the presence of "Life" Magazine at Pine Hill during the summer. Maybe you're not aware of the fact that these boys are the life of the Campus, for, with the exception of the writer, they are the most modest, unassuming boys you can find.

It is not known for certain when their famed Engineering Society was first organized; its history was washed away when the punch bowl broke. It is suspected that the first president was the famous fellow who built an imaginary bridge over the Red Sea some thousands of years ago. Though these his successors cannot hope to perform like deeds, their feats in mortar and steel will undoubtedly become almost as legendary.

Not long ago they took their minds off post-war reconstruction long enough to draw up a completely new initiation ceremony for freshmen engineers. Kindly pass the word along, for the boys are determined that only the fittest shall survive.

Campus Brain-Trust Presents Blue - Print for Culture

In a discussion held by the Selected Socialist Society of Science Students (Engineering Branch) held at the annual Engineer's banquet, the question came up as to how the Engineers at Dal could best assist his fellow student in attaining an education and at the same time enjoy himself. After a mild discussion, (casualties—2 black eyes and a full bottle) it was generally agreed that this could best be executed by placing the Engineering Society in charge of the Faculty, Board of Governors, Studies Committee, Students' Council, Committee on Library, Sherriff Hall, Delta Gamma and Senatus Academicus.

Several methods of combining culture (in its more illiterate sense) and gaiety were suggested. For instance, it was pointed out that by eliminating morning classes, homework and labs, by having sports for everyone in the afternoon and a dance every night, the private life of the average student would be much improved (from a studies standpoint). This idea was soon abandoned, since the opinion of all was that this life was too rugged for even the most physically adept Art student.

Another method of combining culture and frivolity, literally speak-

ing, was hit upon by the idea of holding dances in the library. In such an atmosphere one would necessarily be imbued with culture, the dances enticing students to the library. To prevent fright and panic among the students, the librarians would be locked up in the basement safeguarding the students from their horrible stares and blasphemous threats of expulsion. Naturally, to prevent lapses into the fourth dimension and descent into the horizontal, and in upholding the engineers' prohibitionist tendency, alcoholic beverages of all kinds would be prohibited from these nightly dances (pooling their rations on week ends proves more effective).

By governing Delta Gamma the Engineering Society could sponsor more Sadie Hawkins' dances, saving the boys a great deal of money and getting dates for the girls, thus working for all-round happiness. Through the work of the Society it could be arranged for the girls of Delta Gamma to teach the male Arts students how to knit so that these inert masses might help the war effort by knitting bundles for Britain (a decided increase over their present effort). If these classes could be made unchaperoned engineers could learn knitting, too.

The Engineers, being the most active and balanced group on the campus, would make an excellent students' council, promoting more social and athletic activities with the aim of bringing back the glory that was Dal's. Naturally, being from Studley, they would take a greater interest in Studley than the presidents from Forrest have taken in the past few years. This probably explains the recent decrease in student activities—these Forrest presidents (seemingly) hold their positions for the money they get out of them, rather than for the organization of an active and effective council. It

is unconstitutional for a man, representing students who probably do not wander up to Studley more than once or twice a year, to govern Studley in all of its more important activities. The Engineering Society, being the most active society on the campus and being interested in Studley as a whole, would be the perfect solution to the problem.

All of these above plans have been temporarily postponed pending the investigation of sabotage by a certain law student who evidently thinks culture is the art of criticizing engineers. Upon this students capture these plans will be put into effect, and the engineers will proceed to make Dal a true seat of culture (in its modern sense) instead of its present position: a conglomeration of dead Arts students, money-mad Commerce students and hibernating Med students.

ORPHEUS

Monday - Tuesday - Wed.
"OH MY DARLING
CLEMENTINE"
"CHEROKEE STRIP"

Thursday - Friday - Saturday
"SUBMARINE BASE"

OXFORD

Mon., Tues.
"LADY TAKES A CHANCE"

Wed., Thurs.
"PARIS AFTER DARK"
also "Adventures of a Rookie"

Fri., Satur.
"DANCING MASTERS"
with Laurel and HHardy
"APACHE TRAIL"

CASINO

ALL WEEK
STARTING SATURDAY



WHAT A WOMAN

WITH
ROLALIND RUSSELL
BRIAN AHERNE

Capitol

Monday - Tuesday - Wed.

FALLING SPARROW

with
JOHN GARFIELD

LOST ANGEL

with
MARGARET O'BRIEN

The Graduates

Don Matheson's cheery face and hearty talk are highly recommended as a tonic for the depressed and decrepit of spirit. "Matty" has been very active in athletics during his stay at Dal, and his spirit is well known to interfaculty hockey and football teams, when he's not in the gym. Don divides his time between the drafting room and the corner drug store. This fellow will overcome all with his friendliness and good nature.

Gerald Lantz is active this year in Senior Hockey and Student Council activities. One of his minor accomplishments is the coaching of engineers interfaculty hockey team thru a thus far undefeated season. At the annual Society Banquet Gerald was named winner of the Bob Walter Award. Such an honor speaks for itself of the high regard of his fellow students.

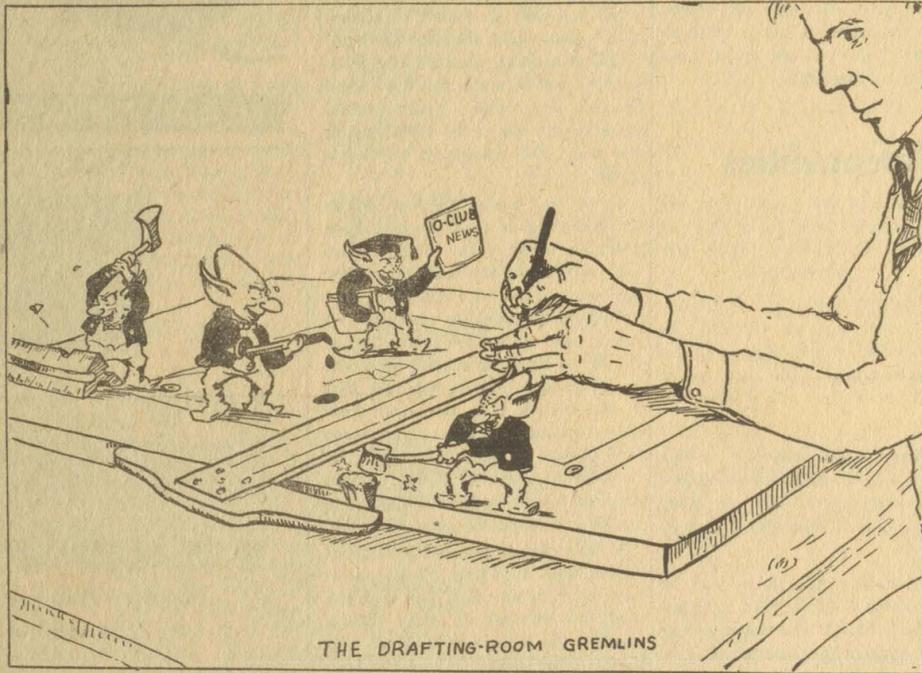
Presented elsewhere in this issue is "Willy" Hagen, President of the Engineering Society and well known campus figure, has won a name for himself in the history of our society. A capable and dependable worker on committees too numerous to mention, Bill has also been active in sports. This year Bill is serving as member-at-large on the Student Council. If college days be the gauge of future fortunes, we know that a road of accomplishment and success lies ahead for our president.

"Honest John, they call 'em," and well deserved is the name. Integrity of John MacQuarrie's calibre commands more than a mere respect. John is vice-president of our society this year and an able representative on Students' Council. The engineering department may well be proud in turning out a man like him.

Jack Winterborne is the efficient secretary-treasurer of our organization this year. "Windy" has in his good-natured way earned a place for himself in the hearts of all-time Campus Engineers. May the best of luck attend you, Jack, as you journey forth from Studley!

And from Somerset, Bermuda, he came to win peace with the engineers of Studley. His easy-going and affable manner was readily acceptable to all engineers. Of late it has been rumored, and not without basis, that "Gildy" has forsaken his bachelor's ideals; but we know that shows will continue to be his chief love and heart's delight. The world (Bermuda to you) has a place for Harvey Gilbert.

A pillar of strength in our struc-



THE DRAFTING-ROOM GREMLINS

ture is Bob Wickwire, whose hovering vigilance has guided the Engineering Society through the delicate problems of dance and banquet this year. A rosy future lies in wait for "Wick". (No, we're not referring to her complexion).

Frank MacKay came to Dal in the fall of '40 from Tatamagouche; his graduation from Studley this spring will be a loss to the society and to the atmosphere of drafting-room life. We would warn lady readers that have not come to know the charms of this lovable personality to beware of the man who has so completely captured the hearts of Engineers. All the best to you, Frank!

George Smith has been an active figure in basketball, badminton, tennis and ping-pong during his three years at Dal, and has played on Interfaculty hockey and football teams. This man is the model of engineering efficiency, getting the most done with the least effort.

The West is represented in this year's graduating class by Dave Burgoyne. Aside from his many social conquests, Dave has been a valued member of Interfaculty hockey and football teams, and has always been an enthusiastic participant in Engineering activities.

DID YOU KNOW . . .

That Sherriff Hall was laid out by our own Professor W. P. Copp?
That the plans are stored just outside the Draughting Room?
That some devilish fellow claims to have found a secret entrance to the maids' quarters?

DEPARTURE OF—

Continued from page 1

breathless hush fell over the room as he went from desk to desk, kissing students on the nearest cheek, professors behind the ear. At one desk he hesitated slightly.

"Gildie," he sobbed, "whatever people say I want you to know you're mah ideal!" Even hard boiled engineers could not refrain from choking at these affectionate words, while a solitary tear rolled down Windy's nose to his drawing board. At the inner draughting room door he collided with Prof. Copp who, grabbing him by the collar, gave him his benediction: "Yank", (the Gazette reporter cocked his head from under the table and scribbled with lipstick on shirt-cuff) you know what we expect of you. Fight for King and Country, fight for our cherished freedom, and above all, fight for a new Campus flag." The lines of Yank's rugged jaw hardened as he earnestly replied, "Sir, you can bet on me." His pent-up emotions could bear the strain no longer. Muttering a curse on the freshman class, he stumbled to the door; there he turned, and with one great fist aloft, he cried, "Good stuff, fellows, g-g-good stuff!" Then he was gone,

never more to slap a back vent over an inked plate.

Epitaph:

The flag stood at quarter mast, Professors lined their doors, As Yank strode his last long strides Across the Studley moors.

He wasn't the best of students He shone in no prof's eye; But he was known to one and all As "Yank, a right grand guy!"

GARRICK

Monday - Tuesday - Wed.
"IS EVERYBODY HAPPY"
Ted Lewis & Orchestra

Saturday to Friday
"PHANTOM OF THE OPERA"
Nelson Eddy—Susanna Foster

Have a "Coke" = Thumbs up



... or how to be at ease in Lancashire

Among the British you hear a friendly greeting when the going is rough. It's *Thumbs up*. The Canadians have introduced another just as cordial: *Have a "Coke."* It means *Let's be friends* to both CWAC and WREN. From Ottawa to the Seven Seas, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes* — is the gracious introduction between kindly-minded folks.

The Coca-Cola Company of Canada, Limited, Halifax



"Coke" = Coca-Cola
It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke."

Fighting Tigers Smear Jeeps, 4-3

Presenting ...



Bill Hagen

One of the most widely known figures on Studley, Bill is what we call an "active member of the student body."

Bill came here from the old Halifax County Academy and started in Science. He switched his course to Engineering and is now president of the Engineering Society. Always a leader and a go-getter, he has been on many social committees, represented Engineers on the D.A.A.C., and is a member of the Students' Council.

His interests in student activities are varied; he has played football and hockey (winning a felt 'D' for the former, and has worked hard for the Glee Club.

This year Bill will get his B.Sc. and diploma of Engineering and plans to take Civil Engineering at Tech, where we're sure he'll carry on his studies and extra curricular ac-

Building Bridges

Continued from page 1

river. In 1666 the houses were again burned probably in the Great London fire. Rebuilt and again destroyed by fire they were all removed in 1756. The maintenance costs were high, about twenty thousand dollars a year, but until 1750 this was the only bridge across the Thames. That the bridge was structurally sound fundamentally is attested to by the fact that it endured for six hundred years until replaced by the present London Bridge started in 1821 and completed in 1830. No doubt it was this old bridge that was responsible for the children's game "London Bridge is falling down".

The present London Bridge to which reference has been made is one of the finest examples of high class stone construction. There are five elliptical arches, the center one being 152 feet long. The entire length is 926 feet. It was designed by John Rennie and construction under the direction of his two sons. Its width was increased during the years 1902 to 1905 by 11 feet under the direction of Sir Benjamin Baker.

Mention only can be made to Blackfriar's Bridge, a third bridge over the Thames, built in the years 1760 to 1768, of stone arches with thirteen spans and replaced by a cast iron bridge of five spans in 1865.

Hastily and inadequately some of the work of early engineers in the construction of bridges has been reviewed. It is doubtful if the bridges of the present day will endure as some of these endured over long centuries.

NEW COURSE FOR 1944-'45

An announcement from the Registrar's office states that beginning next term, and continuing for as many years as is humanly possible, Professor Bronson will offer Chuckling I as a substitute for Physics II.

Jerry Naugler's Orchestra

38 SHORE ROAD
Call 6-4388

Sports thru the Telescope

The familiar "Yell, Yell Holy Hell" is again bringing its victorious strains over the Campus. Inter-faculty sports have been given a back seat by our sport writers, so let's review the score books. Remember football? The Engineers copped the title by victories over Freshmen and Arts and Science. Medicine failed to field a team so the silverware remained in the right place, the draughting room. Early in the New Year the Basketball League began with easy victories over the Freshmen and Arts and Science. The Engineers were stopped in their tracks by the Med. team of which former Mount A. Varsity stars made up most of the powerful line-up. The play-offs will soon be coming up and they promise to be full of excitement, as both teams are quite sure they can win. The Engineers' hockey team is really burning up King's Forum. Three successive wins against no losses shows the schedule to this date. Each game new material is turning out and within the next few games a super team is expected to take the ice. The Engineers are also well represented on all Varsity teams. Just have a look at the football hockey or basketball line-ups and see for yourself. What about other sports, tennis, ping-pong, badminton; everyone has an Engineer close to the top. Girls' basketball seems to be the only sport on the Campus in which the Engineers are not represented.

Have you seen our ladies in action? and I do mean BASKETBALL. Handicapped by size, they make up for it by smooth passing and deadly shooting. Recent victories and more recent losses over Mount 'A' and Acadia, showed the power of our weaker sex. Congratulations, girls, and a very good job coach.

The Tiger Basketball team is having a tough season. The boys are turning in some smart games, but take a look at the names of opponents and you can see why wins aren't so frequent. There are some ranking Canadian players on the different service teams in the city league. These boys do not need much room to split the twines. Our team has plenty of fight but experience counts.

The hockey team is fighting its way along in the college league. After a year without a varsity team it isn't the easiest thing to reorganize. Not having seen the team in action our comments are limited, but according to all reports the University is well represented.

Engineer Sports Personalities

Dick Currie—"Blower" needs no introduction to 'Dal' sport fans. He starred for two seasons on the Varsity football team and is one of the best hockey players on the Campus. In the warmer weather Dick is an ardent yachtsman.

Don Wilson—Don is not very active in college sports, but if the college had a rowing team he would be tops. At the age of seventeen he copped the harbor single shell rowing championship, which he has held for two years. As yet he has not been defeated in competition. Don is also a well known paddler. Sailing, skating and swimming are among his other achievements.

Blair Dunlop—A freshman this year with lots of what this college needs, spirit. With only a couple of weeks in college he stroked his way to runner-up in the men's singles' Tennis Championship. He is a member of the Varsity Basketball team and plays a first class game of badminton. Not a bad record for a Freshmen, eh!

Ken Wilson—Ken has been around in sports at 'Dal'. Last year he played Varsity football and Intermediate basketball. This year he is devoting most of his sports time to hockey. He is also interested in spring tennis, badminton, swimming and—oh, but that's not sport, is it?

Doug. Clarke—The blonde Newfie this year saw the light and changed his course to the chosen profession. Doug. is manager of the hockey team, which is a man-sized job. A former Memorial athlete, he plays a smart game of basketball as well as hockey. He is really a sports enthusiast and gets a great kick out of Inter-faculty games, especially when his opponents are Medicine or some of "de b'ys from de Bay."

Inter-faculty teams:

Football	Basketball	Hockey
Little, C.	Yeadon, D.	Hagen, W.
Yeadon, D.	Duff, P.	Matheson, D.
Waterfield, M.	Clark, D.	Burgoyne, D.
Matheson, D.	Jeffrey, R. E.	Little, C.
Clarke, V.	Matheson, D.	Clark, D.
Barnett, R.	Waterfield, M.	Duff, P.
Lent Smith, G.	Barnett, R.	Burgess, A.
Duff, P.	Burgess, A.	Jeffrey, R. E.
Frost, D.	Oakley, J.	Oakley, J.
Swain, N.	Wilson, K.	Smith, C.
Lantz, G.	Smith, G.	
Burgoyne, D.		

Mount Allison Takes Double Victory

Dal. co-eds and boys teams fell prey to Mount 'A' Hoopsters at the Gym. Saturday night by scores of 24-10 and 40-28 respectively. An unusually large turnout provided lots of spirit which spurred on the players.

The Mount 'A' girls playing a "man to man defense instead of their usual "yore," kept our snipers in check and piled up a 24-10 margin. The game was fast, featured by close checking.

In the second game, the Tigers grabbed an early lead, only to be whittled down to 17-17 by half time. The visitors put on the pressure in the second half and outscored the 'Dal' team.

Following the games an enjoyable dance was held in the small gym.

ATTENTION, UNIVERSITY!

Our photographer from Survey Camp offers you free of charge an ideal illustration for your column. The snap consists wholly of the rear view of a bull.

Man is a worm. He comes, squirms around a lot, and 'hen some hen gets him.

It Does taste good in a pipe

Picobac

The Pick of Tobacco

AS WE SIGH AND GAZE—
Few girls have endeared themselves to Dalhousie as has the talented Dorothy Hamilton, in her few months with us, she has displayed her fine voice and striking personality at all Dal functions. How we are moved by her songs at the annual frolic, the Boilermakers' Ball! Everyone of us thanks you, Dotty; we'll be listening and watching on Munroe Day.

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REGULARLY

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