

Quote of the Week

You know, exams really suck if you aren't buddy-buddy with Einstein or Schrödinger...

Opinion common to the vast majority of Science students

”

“I can't believe it's not humour” for the students of UBC Vol 13, No 13 • 27 March 1995

The 432.

New Engineering Tanking Pond Unveiled!

Innocent Arts students everywhere quaking in their boots!

Gord van McOlundsky
Roving Correspondent
VANCOUVER (AP)

AS PART OF the overall efficiency improvements at the University of British Columbia, the traditional Engineering Tanking Pond was completely overhauled to meet the BC Ministry of Health's 21st Century tanking standards. Representatives of the UBC Engineers were justifiably proud of their accomplishment.

“You see, we used to grab students off the street and toss them in that great big pond in front of the library. Boy, those sure were the glory days. But then some pipes burst or something, and the pond dried up. We felt kinda sorry for the pair we threw in in late October. I guess it's fair to say we were just as surprised as they were to find the water gone,” said Mark Vankleek, Engineering First Vice President.

Engineers were forced to try other locations for their time honoured tradition. Test runs were made at various places, but were discontinued for safety reasons. Vankleek explains:

“Our favourite place was definitely over by Tower Beach. Our EngPhys guys calculated it out, and we figured if we went to the top of the cliff, and got at least six burly Engineers to make the actual throw, our lucky contestant should have landed safely in deep water. I tell you, it really gave us all a sense of unity to send our favourite Science

pals sailing off into the sunset.”

Unfortunately, not one person actually landed safely.

Engineering's response:

“No comment. We have nothing to say. Well, ok, maybe someone made a slight mistake. Who would have thought forgetting to carry the seven would have had such a dramatic effect?”

Alternate locations were tried and then abandoned, including several large puddles out near the B-Lots, and the muddy ditch outside the Law Building.

Members of the First Year Engineering Class quickly identified that this would prove to be a problem and set to work on a solution.

First, a wooden prototype was constructed outside the Cheeze, home of the UBC Engineering Undergrad Society. The prototype was subjected to a rigorous testing schedule, with twice-daily tankings until the designers were certain they had worked out all the bugs.

Then, workers set about constructing the full scale version. Made of concrete, the pool can handle double tankings, needed to ease the backlog of lucky winners on the EUS's list. This is a vast improvement over the prototype, which had a tendency to burst if the participant had a mass in excess of 50 kg.

The implementation of the new Pond was not without controversy.

In an unprecedented move,

the Dean of Applied Science attempted to shut down what was termed “a dangerous violation of personal safety.”

This was in despite of the fact that no University official has ever tried to fill in any of the many potholes on campus, some of which are significantly deeper than the new Pond.

Luckily, Engineers were able to modify the Pond, improving safety. This was done with the addition of safety webbing, and padding on all sides, the addition of a plastic splash guard to keep the spectators dry. Engineers have agreed to limit tanking to the summer months, promising to halt the dangerous practice of using the first participant to “break the ice” for the remainder during the winter.

Engineering has also prepared a waiver for all participants to sign, absolving the University and the EUS from any damages or injuries resulting “from cracking your skull open on the concrete bottom of a foot-deep pond.”

However, the Pond was almost turned into a giant tree planter.

Vankleek went on record to say, “...that would have been a real drag. I mean, call me old fashioned, but throwing someone into a pile of dirt just doesn't seem the same as throwing them into a body of water.”

Many of his fellow Engineers agreed with his statement.

The controversy arose over recent statistics, showing the high probability of death

resulting from the rapid decrease in body temperature caused by the transition from air to water. Understandably, officials were concerned about the safety of students.

Engineering replied with statistics of their own, illustrating the improbability of such an accident.

“Through scientific research, we were able to prove, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that it was far more likely to die from getting your dingo caught in a car door in Australia. In fact, we discovered that three young men died from such a tragic accident last year alone. That really got me thinking about what the heck they're doing

down in Australia...”

Armed with such incontrovertible evidence, Engineering students were able to convince the Dean of Applied Science to put his final seal of approval on the project, paving the way for tankings for years to come.

Officials at the Science and Arts Undergraduate Societies were unavailable for comment, although the new President of the AUS was spotted near the McLeod Building with a hammer and chisel.

No innocent Arts students were harmed in the making of this article.



“Well... it seems that an apple a day does *not* necessarily keep the doctor away...”

The 432.

Volume 8 Number 13
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OTHER STUFF

The 432 is printed every two weeks by the Science Undergrad Society from our offices in CHEM 160. All rights reserved. We're not going to bother telling you how to submit your stuff for publication, since hey, you've had all year and never bothered. You'll just have to live with yourself until September now. Nyaahh!

Lessons of life.



**Blair
McDonald**

HI THERE. Guess what? This is the last issue of the season. Do you know what that means? *Vaaaacccc-aaaaattttt-iioooooonnnnn!!!!* Bye!

Well, maybe not quite so fast. There's still the rest of these columns to fill, and hey... I'm going to allow myself the privilege of babbling a bit. Like a brook, you ask? Nope... like a bloody *river* at the height of the rainy season. And you thought *Holland* had it bad.

Lesson #1: Gravity is a mean and nasty thing.

My theory is this - gravity is actually a malicious, evil, force of nature. Obviously, its ultimate goal is to bring civilization crashing down around our feet. Now, gravity will go out of its way to bring down an unsuspecting victim. Case in point - your average residence bed.

The designers of the medieval torture chambers could have picked up a few pointers from the extra-long, extra-thin, cast-iron, squeaky thing called a residence bed. It's nearly impossible to spend a comfortable night on the damned things. A lot of this has do to with gravity, though. You see, gravity - bane of students that it is - can suck you sideways towards the edge of the mattress, and then *shift direction* to haul you to the floor. Students with high blood alcohol will experience this quite frequently.

Lesson #2: Take dem road signs seriously.

Stop signs are perhaps the most important bit of signage out on our nation's streets. Speed limits are also critical, if only to see exactly how much faster you're travelling. But above all of that, above yield signs, direction/distance signs, above even those gigantic billboards that tell you how much longer you'll have to suffer without your daily dose of McDonald's fries, are the elk signs.

You gotta watch out for dem elks. Let me explain.

Last weekend, I was travelling home from a visit to the Okanagan, via the Hope-Princeton. Out of the corner of my eye, I spotted one of those "Warning Elk Crossing 25 km." No big deal. I thought to myself, "Blair... as if you'll ever see an elk, out here in the middle of nowhere, late at night..." when wham! out leaped an

elk from the side of the road!

I just barely avoided slamming my girlfriend's nice, red car into a stupid, brownish elk.

I think that elk was *waiting* for me.

Lesson #3: Cows have it good.

In fact, when I die, I actually want to come back as a cow. Not one of those prefab cows, though. One of those free-range ones you see wandering along the side of the highways.

They've got everything I want in life. Peace and quiet. Lots of food. And more than one stomach to eat it with.

I guess the only drawback would be the inevitable conversion into quasi-beef McBurgers.

By the way, what would a dyslexic cow say? Oom?

Lesson #4: Being editor is fun.

Kinda, anyways. It's been a real treat to wander into my classes and watch people reading this crazy old rag. It's even better when they actually laugh.

Of course, the best is when something hits them right in the stomach and leaves them gasping for breath. One poor girl in one of my Biology classes was reading along, blissfully ignoring the prof, when she stumbled across something that sent her into hysterics. She tried to hold in the laughter, but that only made it worse. She shook, shuddered, and *finally* exploded into shrieks.

Unfortunately, this was right down in the first row, and the prof did *not* take kindly to the interruption.

I guess there's nothing else to say. I've been shackled to the computer for a second year, so I know I'll be back to waste your time with cynical, pointless, and only sometimes amusing articles. Till then...

Blair



**Matt
Wiggin**

DURING Christmas holidays, it was brought to my attention that there is a new breed of cat on the market: bald cats. Now these aren't cats that one buys before they have had a chance to grow any hair. The little buggers are born bald, and bald they remain, no shaving (or waxing if you don't like your cat,) required.

At first, I was appalled by the idea. For one thing, person who introduced me to the idea described them as looking like Yoda, and she likes cats. For another, a bald cat is still a cat, and that means that it's not really a good pet in my books. After some discussion with my family on the subject, I've come to the conclusion that if I was to get stuck with a cat, I make it bald, if for no other reason than the fun I could have with it. Below are some suggestions for what to do if you have a bald cat. I should give due credit to my parents and younger sister for their help.

First up, it's much easier to train a bald cat not to climb up on your furniture, or do anything you don't want it to, for that matter. This particular method must be used during the winter months, and works better in the interior, or, say the Yukon; than it would in the lower mainland area. After the cat has been bad, give it a good scolding, and then put it outside for two or three days. It will probably beg to come in for a couple of hours, but after that, you shouldn't have a problem. This also makes your cat much more affectionate once you bring it back in. At least it won't scratch you when you try to pet it.

Closely related to the previous idea is using your hairless cat as a thermometer in the winter months. First up, get Fluffy wet. This takes a little

practice, but after a while, you can learn to sneak up on him/her with a bucket full of water. Then, take the cat outside and throw it up against the closest chain link fence (aluminum siding on a house will work if no fences are available.) If Fluffy sticks, it's cold out. You should make sure you keep a bucket of warm water handy when you do this; it makes it a lot easier to get your feline thermometer off the fence.

Ever seen those little sweaters that some people insist dressing their dogs in? Well here's an idea one better than that: tattoos. The best part about a tattoo is that it turns your pet into a work of art. You can get whatever you want put on the sides of it: plaid, a portrait of some famous dead person, a sign ("I love my owner" is a nice one,) or if you want, you can have a picture of fur drawn on your cat. The possibilities are endless. One of the best parts about tattooing a cat is being able to watch the rapport that develops between the cat and the tattooist. I would suggest taking some sort of restraining belt and enough money to offer an extra large tip if you decide to do this.

If tattooing too permanent for your taste, but you wish to change the appearance of a bald cat, it's pretty simple. Just take Fluffy to the beach on a nice sunny day. Baste with baby oil every forty five minutes until the cat is the colour you want it. Any colour from pink to deep red is possible. The evening of the day you do this, your cat would probably really appreciate a nice warm bath, or to perhaps a ride in the clothes dryer.

Finally, if you do decide to buy a bald cat, but subsequently decide you don't like it, you can always have a wallet made out of it. Not having to pluck out the fur keeps the leather nice and soft. So, in conclusion, bald cats aren't that bad when you consider that they're cats. Oh, and by the way, please bear in mind that while these are good things to think about doing, it's really not nice to go out and actually do these things to a cat. Actually, that's just a disclaimer to keep the animal rights activists from lynching me, but it had to be done; they can be cruel when they want to be.

Matt

Next issue
Tuesday
September 5
1995

Rocking out on P Adrenaline.



Leona Adams

I REALLY honestly and truly thought that I would never have to resort to this again, but I've fallen back into the abyss, and I'm ashamed, so ashamed: I left my work for the last minute yet again, so for the last two days, I have been rockin' out on adrenaline (actually, when I thought about this originally, I had the idea of rockin' out on *some p-word* adrenaline, but that was a mere 4 hours into my caffeine feast, so I can't even be sure that this thought ever occurred). Hmm. Pig Adrenaline? Private Adrenaline? Priceless? Personal? I'm sure it'll come to me.

As you may have noticed, my sentences are somewhat more complex, if not outright run-on, than usual, which can be attributed to the fact that "stop" is a word gradually dissolving itself from my personal glossary. A gimmick you say? Hogwash: I've never used a gimmick before in my life, it doesn't suit my character and besides, I've used all the good ones up anyway, so this isn't a gimmick, and ~~Silken Laumann didn't take pseudoephedrine on purpose.~~

Pseudo Adrenaline? No, I don't think so.

I had turned over a new leaf, really I had, but then my birthday came around, and threw a knot into everything - I mean, I couldn't do work Thursday, 'cause it was my birthday, and besides, I was bagged from Storm the Wall practice; Friday, well, how

can you work on St. Patrick's Day; Saturday I couldn't work because my friends threw me a surprise party, and Sunday my roomies wanted to do a small gathering, so I couldn't very well deny them that, now could I? That brings me to ... let's see, Monday night, when I really would have worked if I hadn't already had double passes to the preview of Circle of Friends at SUB, which likewise brought me to later Monday night, all day Tuesday, and reams of caffeine.

Yeah, I had another birthday, and spending some time navel-gazing as I am occasionally given to doing, I realized that birthdays just aren't a big deal anymore. When I was in high school, there was always that hype to turn sixteen, because then I'd be able to drive, like everyone else, and then, when I came here, the new hypeable feast was turning nineteen, so I could go anywhere I wanted, just like everyone else; well, driving has lived up to the hype, but most of the birthdays since my sixteenth have been, well, less than moving. Leave it to my friends: when I finally reach the point of realizing that birthdays are just days, and not being even the slightest twinge upset when people don't do things for my birthday, along they come with the surprise party to end all parties. I generally like to think of myself as having reasonable discerning abilities, but this year, I saw all the warning signs, blinked, and kept on driving: you really got me, guys. Thanks.

One good thing about birthdays is the free food: since then, I have had a free lunch, free supper, and a free

dessert and am looking forward to two more lunches and a supper (phree adrenaline? Not that this misspelling isn't something that I would not be given to given my current state of mind, and I imagine it does make some sort of sense in context, but I don't think so). Whoever it was who said "There are no free lunches" needs to get a higher class of friends.

Pure Adrenaline! That's what it was! Rockin' out on Pure Adrenaline! ROOPA!

As I mentioned some time ago, I saw Circle of Friends on Monday and it was a really cool show, but as much as I'm dying to tell you all about it, I'm not going to, because I really hate it when people tell me how great a movie is and then they give me the whole plot; it's a bummer, because then there's no point in seeing the movie for myself; actually, I usually hate it when people tell me anything about a movie if I was going to see it anyway, because I wait for the movie to get "intense" or whatever adjective is used to describe the flick. As I was saying, Circle of Friends was really cool, in spite of the fact that it was predictable in parts and it had a reasonably happy ending (which, under appropriate circumstances, can really take the edge off an otherwise enjoyable movie), because of the one way in which it was unpredictable: this show was not about the gorgeous guy getting the gorgeous girl (ex. Four Weddings and a Funeral), or the gorgeous girl getting the gorgeous guy (ex. Heathers (actually, this is probably wrong; if I remember correctly, Winona and Christina more or less

got each other in that flick, but since the next best thing I can think of is The Little Mermaid, and this is the last issue of the year, so you can't do anything about it, that's the one I'm going to stick with)), or even the ever-popular misfit gets gorgeous girl (ex. Forrest Gump, Dumb and Dumber (I would imagine this; the Canadian dollar isn't strong enough for there to be enough money in this country for you to pay be to see that show), Edward Scissorhands, The Breakfast Club (now there's a blast from the past if I ever saw one) and likely 95% of all teenaged soft porno films in existence (I have not seen any of these, but imagine that they would fit well into this category: any movies with the words "Private" in the title (ha ha. no Private Benjamin is not included), and anything starring Anthony Michael Hall or either of those guys named Corey). Before I go on, I need to take a brief break, not so much because the concept leaves me breathless, but more because that was one heck of a long sentence. that's much better. The point I was trying to make before I got sidetracked is that this movie has substance, as I like to refer to it, because the female misfit gets the gorgeous guy. Of course, just because that kind of thing starts happening in the movies, doesn't mean that all of a sudden, guys around the world will say, "Well, if fat girls are good enough for Chris O'Donnell, they sure as heck are good enough for me", but a girl can always dream, can't she?

Peterson.



PETERSON : BY: GLEN STOKES

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Dave Khan

Social Coordinator Dregs.

I CAN'T BELIEVE another year has gone by. The older I get, the quicker this seems to happen. But it's been a great (however hectic) year. A brief chronology of events...I took over the esteemed position of SoCo from the legendary John Hallet (who is now making the big bucks) in mid-October. The confusion of this mid-term turnover, combined with the great security (a contradiction in terms...) and hundreds and hundreds of very drunk engineers allowed us to put on a highly successful (OK...socially) Oktoberfest Dance in which we managed to lose most of the Social budget for the year. Undaunted, I went on to stage the Nothing-Happens-in-November Bzzr Garden (which posted another, thankfully much smaller, loss despite the best efforts of the SUS Exec and a good turnout) and the SUS Christmas Party (watch out for the broken glass!@#%^^). The art of running a socially and financially successful event was finally perfected with the Science Week Dance with 54.40 in

January. I think it's safe to say this was the best Concert/Dance/Bzzr Garden of the year, packing the SUB Ballroom way past fire capacity (luckily this time we had real security) and capping off a great Science Week. Unfortunately, after all these bashes, money has run a little low...which brings us up to date. The difficulty in obtaining a liquor license for our office at Chem B160 (see glass reference above) has forced us to indefinitely postpone all events for the rest of the year...but it was fun while it lasted.

I've learned alot this year.

Everything from the "ins and outs" of the AMS (sort of) to the real number of Carvalho sisters there is. Next year I'll be Senator for all you Science students, so I'll be dealing with your academic, rather than drinking, requirements (weird how that works, huh?) Of course, you'll still be able to find me at those Bzzr Garden shindigs. I hope you all come out and get involved next year...it'll make life at UBC much more interesting.

John Gets Lucky.



John Hallett

I'VE BEEN thinking a lot recently. Maybe too much. I don't know, maybe I'll think about it some time.

Now isn't that a delightfully vicious little circle?

Anyway, I was going to tell you what I was thinking about, and that task would be so much easier if I could remember what that point was. Oh yes, I was going to talk about luck.

Luck is a strange thing and, much like Elvis, some people don't believe it exists while others know for a fact it does. I spent several days subjecting myself to extensive pondering that would, if only I wore sandals, put me in a league with Socrates, Plato, and Homer (not Simpson, you ignorant, uncultured, peasant societal leaches).

I then followed up my philosophizing with hours of hard, unfulfilling research. This mostly involved following a wide variety of genetic freeks around town all day just waiting for something bizarre to happen.

Fifteen pages of notes, six restraining orders, and four promises to appear later, I had what I needed to form a theory. And here it is:

John's Theory on Luck

1) Luck is finite. (Oops, wrong issue. Ignore that)

1) Luck affects everyone and everyone affects luck.

Translation: If we picture luck as an ambient energy field surrounding the surface of the earth, it becomes easy to see exactly how people might interact with this field and cause currents and eddies. But, since luck isn't an energy field, this is slightly more difficult. You'll have to figure it out for yourself.

2) Luck comes in many different forms.

Translation: Most people only think that there is good and bad luck. This is not true. There are many kinds of luck, including (but not limited to): Good, mediocre, strange, mauve, and legal. A short guide to the more common kinds of luck appears at the end of this article.

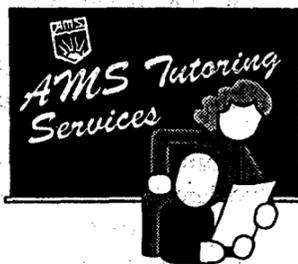
3) There exists luck and anti-luck.

Translation: For every brand of luck (see above... and below. Oh boy, now I'm confused), there exists its opposite. Good has bad, legal has illegal and so on. The only exception to this rule is mauve luck, as we're not exactly sure what that is.

4) Luck comes in quantized amounts.

Translation: Most people believe that you can only experience good luck, and, in a few rare cases, really good luck. This is not so. Everyone is experiencing finite, measurable, luck all the time, and what's more, they are experiencing every kind of luck simultaneously. This is made possible by the fact that each type of luck is absorbed in

John's Luck
continues page 5



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Finals. The Blatant Plug.

This area reserved as an ink-free zone to provide toilet paper in case of an emergency. Aren't you glad we didn't make this spot black instead?

Boy, are we ever glad we've got the summer to think up better ideas to fill little useless spaces like this.

John's Luck

continued from page 5

discrete packets at a finite rate.

Translation of Translation: It's possible to be sorta lucky.

A brief list of common luck varieties.

Good (Anti: Bad) - Good luck is the easiest to perceive. If some one repeatedly wins the lottery jackpot, there is a fair chance that that person is experiencing a good luck. Of course, there is also a fair chance that that person is about to be indicted for fraud.

Mediocre (Anti: Exceptional) - There is a 1/500 chance that you will be struck by a car while crossing the street. Mediocre luck is the kind of luck that lets you do this 500 times a year for six years without getting hit. Its opposite, exceptional luck, is what allows this paper to publish 13 times a year without getting indicted for fraud (1/1 chance).

Mauve (Anti: Unknown) - Although my tests confirm the existence of this kind of luck, it's hard to determine what it does or how exactly it goes about doing whatever that might be. At this point in time, it appears to have something to do with the guy next to you in a restaurant getting a fatal case of food poisoning from a

piece of fish gilet expelled from your throat into his through the timely application of the Heimlich maneuver.

Ironic (Anti: Fitting) - The best way to explain ironic luck is to say that it is the kind of luck that allows you to win the \$15 million lottery and only have to spilt the jackpot with the other 14,999,999 other lucky winners.

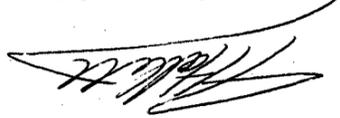
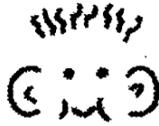
Sexual (Anti: Asexual) - This kind of luck is solely responsible for one night stands. It is essential at this time to make the distinction between sexual luck and bzzr. They often occur simultaneously and are, understandably, easily confused.

Summary

Now you have it. John's exhaustively complete guide to luck. So, whether you've won \$10 in the lottery, or one of your friends met with an untimely demise when a satellite fell on him whilst he was camping on the side of a mountain, you know what caused it.

Oh yeah, just in case you're wondering, I managed to figure out what causes luck. What is it? you ask. My eternally wise answer is:

"Bugger off. How am I supposed to profit off this knowledge if I tell you in a free newspaper? Read my book."

Jay Garcia

FINALS. The mere utterance of this word is often enough to induce a seizure in most undergrads, or, at the very least, send them fleeing and scuttering in terror to Sedgewick, or to their professors (otherwise known as "They Who Must Be Appeased"), or to the top of the clock tower with a high-calibre rifle, all the while keeping a sharp lookout for said professors.

Now, there may be a few intellectual giants out there who can't understand why finals cause a deep, overwhelming fear in the very depths of the innermost core of a student's soul (to these people, I give you a fond "thpppppppt"). Well, it's got something to do with the fact that taking a final forces you to sit down in a really cramped, tiny desk, beneath terrible overhead lighting, all the while pondering on the distilled wit and wisdom of dead (or almost dead) scientists as invigilators prowl the aisles, always on the lookout for the merest hint of an infraction of the Examination Code. But, *mainly*, fear is induced by this single, awful truth: it is usually these exams which can make or break your term. Not to mention your average mark, your GPA, and, eventually, your chance of admission into a prestigious grad school. Or any grad school. Period.

Hyperventilating yet? Don't worry. Relax. After all, if you haven't figured this out by now, on the last week of regulation time, then it's probably too late. You should just bunk off your finals and take a nice, slow, relaxing cruise to the Bahamas, or to Oregon, at the very least. Being an unprepared student living in Vancouver during these Final days can cause undue amounts of stress (for tips on dealing with stress, see issue eleven of this year).

But, for those of you out there who can't — or won't — leave Vancouver for the mindless relaxation to be had on some sunny Caribbean island, due to any number of reasons (such as the lack of cash, or the fact that you've got parents breathing down your back, or an actual desire to put yourself through one month of hell — all of which, coincidentally enough, happen to be my reasons for hanging around), then you have my condolences.

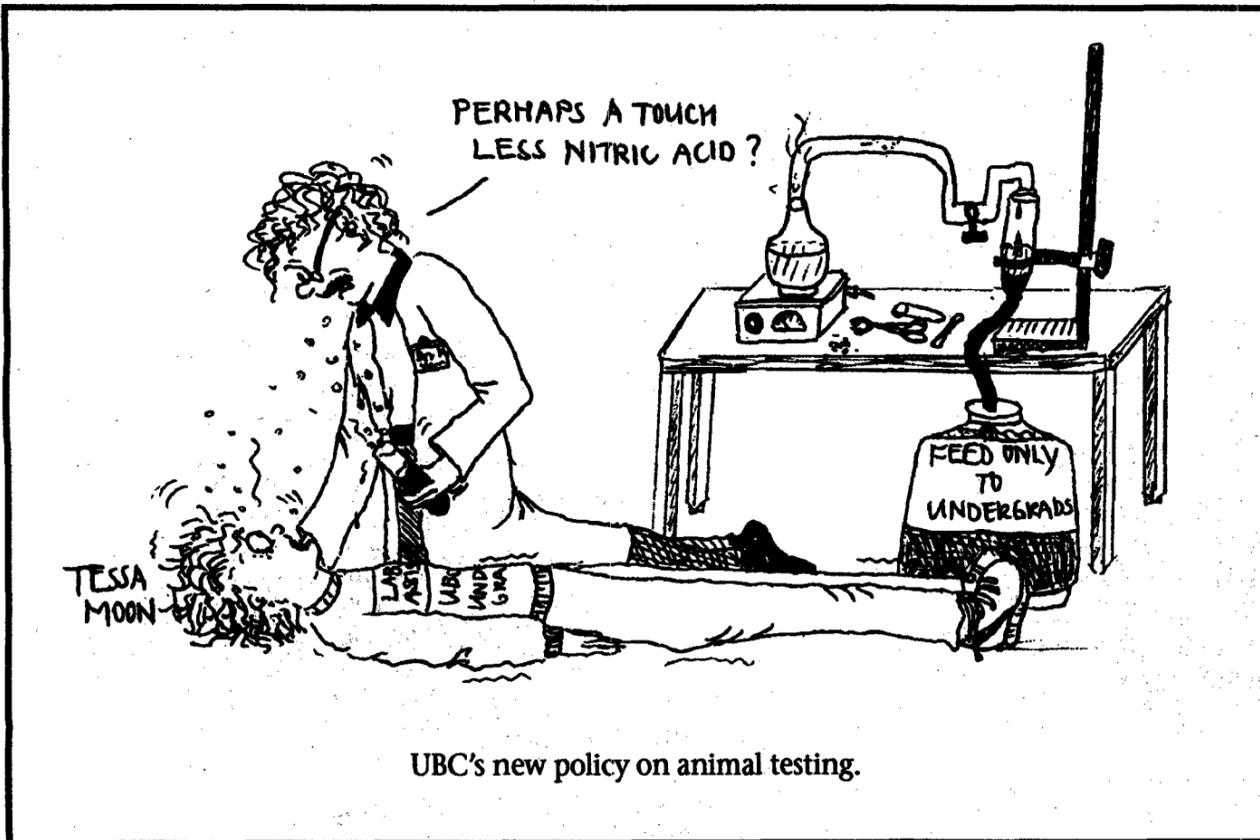
In this case, it would probably be a good idea to start finding ways of dealing with your finals.

Studying like hell (in other words, cramming) for the next two weeks would be the best thing you could do. It may, no, will wreak havoc on your personal life for the next two weeks, but then again, constantly whining about how unprepared you are won't win you any friends, either (and it could very well lose you some). Studying in groups is also helpful for those times you get stuck in a repetitive loop, and you find yourself re-reading that same paragraph over and over again. Keep in mind that group studies are only useful if you've either got tremendous self-discipline or really boring friends, because otherwise you'll just end up spending prodigious amounts of time goofing off (John, Barry, you know what I'm talking about).

Finally, for those of you who have already begun the panicky crash-course

cramming procedure, I tip my hat off to you. I really admire your earnest, dedicated — not to mention last ditch — efforts at attempting to pass your class. (For tips on how to cram, check out issue four). In case you think that cramming isn't really that useful, you should think about it this way: you cram in all that info so that you can spit it out onto the test paper later on, which, if you're really lucky, will result in your having forgotten all of it by the summer, just in time for your brain to atrophy while you're hard at work, earning McMONEY at your McJob, cleaning McCounters and unloading millions of McBuns from the McTruck at five in the morning. Not that I've got anything against McJobs — right now, McJobs look kinda nice, compared to my current state of fiscal irresponsibility in a period of static cash flow.

Still and all, I'd rather be in the Bahamas.

UBC's new policy on animal testing.

The Drawers of SUS

Kevin Douglas

Senate Shorts

I WOULD like to apologize for not writing regularly on the happenings in Senate this year, but I won't because there hasn't been too much business as of late. The February meeting was canceled, so the March meeting will probably be a real barn-burner. We will be voting on recommendations from the Academic Building Needs Committee, which have a rather environmentally friendly tone, which is encouraging. Also on the agenda, we will approve a bunch of new student exchange programs, some new awards, and the enrollment quotas for next year. A curious proposal comes from the Senate Tributes Committee, that "graduation hood colours for MASA graduates consist of a scarlet hood with both a white and grey cord." Unless I am mistaken, there appears to be no such thing as a MASA degree at UBC. It's not in the Calendar.

This year was an eventful one, despite a fairly light agenda. The main effects that students can appreciate are: a week-long reading break starting in February of 1996; a new combined Bachelor-Master's program in Electro-Mechanical Design ('Geers only'); an admissions policy that will look beyond grades when deciding who gets in (initiated by the Faculty of Forestry); the dissolution of the Department of Russian and Slavic Studies in the Faculty of Arts; and sweeping changes in two of the University's biggest degree programs, the M.D. and the M.B.A. There could have been more sweeping changes in the Organization of the University, but a committee of fourteen people with good ideas is just no match for a bunch of deans and that university-wide affliction, apathy. Sigh.

Dave Khan is going to be the Science Senator next year. He will sacrifice close to 200 hours of his busy schedule to see that students are properly represented. He will discover that the Registrar is the sharpest dresser this university has ever seen. He will find out what in sereatum means. He will recycle twice his weight in paper, in all colours from salmon to lilac. He will get sick of political correctness. He will enjoy free meals occasionally. He will find out how it feels to be thick as a brick. Most of all, Dave will vote in the best interests of science students, and inform those students who give a darn.

Bella Carvalho

The year in sports.

WELL... ANOTHER year is over! As far as Intramural sports goes, it was a huge success. Registration was up in almost all events. Science was, yet again, top unit. Congratulations to all those who participated, and thanks!

Results for Storm the Wall weren't in at the time Blair wanted this article, but for the first time in a long time, science had a team going for the Triple Crown! Hoorah! As for the rebates, they'll hopefully all be available by the end of the month.

Next year's sport rep will be Nareeta Lal. (Good luck, girl!) I'll be moving on to External VP-ism. Now, if I may, I'd like to use this space to look back over a year that I think was, all in all, pretty darned good.

As one of the least athletic sport reps to get elected in recent memory, I started off at a bit of a disadvantage.

SUS managed to have one of the worst volley-ball teams in the league - ok, THE worst - but we were often commended on our spirit. Though lacking shirts, we were well remembered by most opponents (even when we played sober!)

The 2 Storm The Wall teams for SUS were also a lot of fun. Hobbling/sprinting around campus on crutches wearing blue antlers certainly gets attention! And when going over the wall, a ladder is the key to success!

I would not, however, recommend attempting to go over the wall 2 days in a row...especially without practice and having never gone over before. Believe me, bruises and pulled muscles will make going over the wall the 2nd time really difficult. And kinda painful

(sorry Ryan!) Oh, yeah. And don't wear sneakers. They're slippery!

Apart from sports, it was also a great year. There were many things I did (and DIDN'T do) throughout the year - I am proud to say there is no incriminating evidence against me (thank God for tide.) Renovating the office, calling first years, painting, constructing, meetings, meetings, meetings...

Despite Jesse's many attempts to get the men in white jackets after me, I have managed to remain relatively sane (relative to others in SUS, that is!) - I'd like to take this opportunity to deny anything Jesse's said about me this past year. It's all lies, I swear!

As you may know, Jesse is leaving UBC this year. Even though it means an end to the constant torture she bestows upon me, I must admit SUS won't be the same without her.

We first met when we ran against each other for 1st year rep. She won. I lost. (ad infinitum). Despite her many efforts to humiliate me, she's one of the main reasons I'm still here. (Thanks!) Even after 2 years, I have yet to come up with something that would truly let me get even. Guess I'm just too sweet and innocent to think that way, eh Jess?

I always figured we'd both be here to the end. I can't imagine graduation day without Jesse there to trip me on the way to the stage. Then again, agile as I am, I'll probably fall anyways...

Have a good time in Victoria, Jess. We'll all miss 'ya!

As for everyone else...good luck on your exams, and I'll see 'ya in September!

Bella

Jesse Burnett

Sad memoirs of a hack...?

I REMEMBER that first week before I classes 1993 when I first stepped into the office of the Science Undergrad Society. I saw a small group of people lounging around a 'slightly cluttered' office and I knew I was home. Since that first day I have advanced from a hack (a title I am proud to have earned within my first week of school) to a first year rep on council, to finally becoming the Internal Vice President of our esteemed society council. For the past two years I have spent much of my time in elections, at dances, beer gardens, parties, sporting events, the grandiose office and, oh yes, meetings. But, alas, I am leaving my beloved SUS and UBC for my home in Victoria to pursue my studies elsewhere. If I could, I would stay at UBC just to stay in SUS, but the registrar's office just doesn't understand and won't allow me to be a student without taking any classes. So this is my final good-bye.

Over the years I have enjoyed many aspects of SUS. I have been given a whip (not whipping), I have made friends, met my first engineer, painted various objects blue, had donuts delivered after borrowing a certain EE president's cardigan, thrown a wine and cheese where I sampled every wine before serving it (hiccup), stormed the wall in blue antlers after riding a tricycle, I have done nothing (FWoS understands), I have accidentally, viciously attacked engineers on tricycles, held colossal power over first year students, run around town looking for alcohol, twister boards and food, convincing many individuals at the Pit (including Bill Dobie) that they owe me a drink, received many new nicknames including Party Whip and Cuffs and finally torturing Bella

I first met Bella when I ran against her for the council position of First Year Rep. I beat her. Soon after I discovered many methods for driving Bella to the brink of insanity.

1. Bella turns extremely red when you claim she likes a guy. She doesn't even have to like the guy for this reaction to occur. Great torture fun.

2. Giving Bella interesting yet accurate nicknames. Bella Blow ...Fish (Bella you know the real name) and

Tracy MacKinnon

The Relationship Report

IN CASE YOU haven't noticed yet, I finally managed to ditch the writing of the IAMS report. This past year has been full - AMS meetings have certainly been a tangible part of my year (meeting after meeting after...). And SUS Council meetings. Executive meetings. AMS committee meetings. First Year Lab Review committee meetings. Faculty of Science meetings. Science Week meetings. It's amazing I had time to go to class. Luckily, Public Relations is the slackest job so I only had one big project for the year which was the Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic. The Blood Donor Clinic featured "Pint for a Pint" - give a pint of blood and get a pint of bzzr at the Science Week Dance with 54-40. We managed to drain 426 pints of blood from you fabulous (albeit slightly paler) people. That's more blood than we've ever collected before. More meetings. Elections meetings. And that takes us to the last week of school. Executive turnover is this week so next year you'll have a brand new (okay... actually moderately new) executive. As ever, come by Chem 160 and say hi. Hope to see you next year!

Scottie is due to Bella's use of their tissues for personal enhancement reasons (she doesn't really do this that I know of, but mention it and she turns red).

3. Following through with constant reminders of the nicknames. Posters with pictures and explaining the nickname to everyone (especially engineers), very effective.

4. Arranging a large group of people to throw Bella in a coffin and nail it shut.

5. Collaborating with someone just as mean, to poke Bella's midriff (when its there) rapidly and from all directions so that she is constantly squealing.

6. Constantly pointing out when Bella's midriff disappears as she is slouching.

7. Pointing out that Bella's shoulders are permanently slanted to the left.

8. Doing imitations of Bella's famous line "I don't know what you mean!"

9. Starting bizarre conversations, encouraging Bella to join in and then watching as she constantly puts both her feet in her mouth.

10. Later quoting all the things Bella said as she put her foot in her mouth.

11. Always ignoring Bella when she says "Don't touch me!" and "Stay six inches away!"

12. Always giving Bella a little shove when she looks off balance and laughing as she completely bails.

13. Giving Bella alcohol and laughing as she claims to be sober while she sits on a guy's lap. Then remind her later of whose lap she was sitting on.

14. Writing articles in which I list all my forms of torture so that others can continue my legacy.

I know I sound horrible, but I hope the honest encouragement I gave Bella is part of the reason she is now External-Vice President. Never give up girl. I'll miss you all, especially you Bella. It was nothing personal I just thought of you like sister and I knew you could take it. I hope that all of you remember me for more than my belches, tickle attacks and strange sense of humor. Bye. (Big TEARS)

I, Presudent Presidint *Putz* in Charge

Or — a thrilling exposé of my year on top.



Ryan McCuaig

THAT EDITOR-GUY who got my old job assures me that everyone out there in readerland would love to hear about all those extracurricular

things I did in my presidency that kept me from accomplishing (a) homework, and (b) the stuff I said I would get done as President (which hopefully most of you have forgotten by now). So here goes:

My Boomerang Gavel Act

As esteemed Chair of the mighty SUS Council, I had the reins and managed to keep a reasonable hold on them about one meeting out of every two. Through the judicious use of purges and of our gulag at UNBC, I also succeeded in keeping the military's planned coup d'état at bay.

Regarding councils, I paraphrase Eugene Spafford: "A Council is like a herd of acrobatic elephants with diarrhoea: awe-inspiring, difficult to direct, and capable of producing mind-boggling amounts of excrement with no warning whatsoever."

Class Act

I served as Chair of Class Act for the class of '95. For those who missed it, Class Act is a graduating class gift campaign wherein science students slated to graduate this year were contacted, and asked if they would pledge \$150 to this year's gift. Kevin Douglas suggested that we create a fund to maintain and replace UBC Libraries' stock of scientific periodicals. This gift suggestion met with enough support that we upped our goal amount from \$15 000 to \$25 000. With the invaluable assistance of the Development Office, we raised over \$29 000 worth of pledges in about ten hours of phoning.

Science Week

Science Week was a success this year due to the efforts of Laurie Yee and her Science Week committee, Tracy MacKinnon and her Blood Drive volunteers, Jesse Burnett and the First Year Committee, Dave Khan, The Chump (now appendix-free!) and the friendly folks at AMS Programs. I got to be a lackey (opened jars, taped

things down, and donated my requisite pint of B-pos) and just tried to make sure we didn't get sued for any of the more provocative things done by the SUS enforcement wing.

Things began to escalate when a rag-tag band of EUS members stole four trike seats from CHEM 160 (needed for Thursday's Trike Race) and demanded a ransom of six bottles of Shaftebury Rainforest Ale per seat. In retaliation, SUS called upon its benevolent sponsor Shaftebury Brewing Co. Not wanting to have their fine brews used in such an underhanded manner, they assisted us in transforming six bottles of Cragmont Ginger Ale into twenty-three very convincing bottles of "Rainforest Ale." The seats were returned without our even having to open the one real bottle for verification.

A trophy had been seized from the Cheeze Pub the night before, and unfortunately this capture combined with the embarrassment of having been duped out of some beer prompted the EUS to take action, which leads us nicely into the next section.

Road Trip

The trophy in question was unfortunately the Frat Rat (a large, ugly wood-carving of a rat in an EUS cardigan) of Sigma Phi Delta, the engineering fraternity and as big a bunch of macho priorities-out-o'-whack assholes one would ever want to meet (I apologize for the language, but the only part of this affair I am bitter about is that I was physically assaulted, five-on-one, by a group of dogmatic fuckers so high on the sanctity of their precious group ego that they're willing to break the law. Grow up and get a fucking life before somebody does decide to press charges. But I digress).

On the Friday of Science Week, I was tackled, handcuffed, and thrown in a van by those cheery beery fellows of Sigma Phi Delta, and spirited away to Bumblefuck, BC by the Association for Engineering Women.

AFEW, obviously familiar with the Geneva Conventions on the treatment of prisoners of war, kept me quite well fed and even made a couple of attempts to make me talk by paying for enough alcohol to supposedly get me completely wasted. I think my

iron will not to reveal SUS secrets surprised AFEW and my metabolic rate surprised their wallets. Hence, I was returned to Vancouver and released early Monday morning. Oh, yeah, and there's something about being used as Brad Pitt's understudy in the AFEW filmEUS entry, but I never actually saw it.

(Note: I did make an attempt to get the denizens of a karaoke bar up in arms by announcing that I had been taken prisoner by these seven young women and asked if someone could kindly call the local RCMP detachment. Everyone had a good chuckle and some yokel at the next table leaned over and asked "What really happened?")

Faculty Teaching Awards

Laurie Yee and I served as the student reps on the Faculty's Teaching Awards committee (Malcolm MacMillan, Barbara Dill, John Coury, Nick Burlinson, John Gosline and Wayne Savigny were the Faculty reps). We just made our decisions on this year's recipients two weeks ago, and it was one of the more interesting committees I've served on at UBC. I had to go and evaluate the teaching styles of the various nominees (I had a little easier time than the faculty members in impersonating a student), and it had the effect of making me a titch envious in certain cases. The cash awards and plaques and handshakes will all be given out at Spring Convocation (31 May). I'd tell ya the results...actually, no, I wouldn't. Never mind.

Netinfo Steering Committee, Campus Advisory Board on Computing & Communications

I recently began sitting as the AMS' rep on these two University committees (which are quite different from AMS committ—uh, planning groups). There's not much to say on them, other than that there is a possibility that responsibility for funding Netinfo may be moved up from the Library to somewhere else in the Vice-President Student & Academic hierarchy (and that apparently ninety minutes once a month is far too frequent a meeting schedule for the Netinfo SC).

AMS Renovations Planning Group
I have served as the student-at-large

member of Reno (pronounced renno) for a year, after serving as a council rep to it for a year and a half. It's a happy fun committee, where nobody gets too ticked off at each other (except in the last few weeks with the new executive, when their political will tends to clash with our administrative won't). The big thing that has occupied most of Reno's time this year are the upcoming salvo of SUB renovations (Summer '95: Main concourse & conversation pit. Summer '96: SUB Cafeteria & the basement. Summer '97: Second floor & courtyard). The new AMS Director of Administration, Am Johal, has some spiffy plans for the whole thing in his office (SUB 254), so why not go by and check 'em out.

Well, that's all there is (da da da da, there ain't no more...). I'm issuing warning that I'm about to get weepy and nostalgic, so go back to taking notes if you don't want to hear it.

I've had a lot of fun since I got roped into SUS back in the first week of first year (yes, almost four long years ago). It has all, however, come to an end. In that space of time in which I went from being resident keener to resident geezer, I've learned at least as much as I did in my degree program, and I've made some friends I'll keep for life (and some enemies that I suppose I hope will someday drop their grudges, hopefully at roughly the same time I drop mine).

Tracy MacKinnon is already embarrassing the hell out of me by being able to answer questions about SUS, etc that I couldn't answer after a year in the presidency; I guess that's as good a sign as any that her SUS is going to be as different from mine as mine was from Sarah's, Carmen's, Gio's, Catherine's, Ari's, Todd's, ... I didn't think I was a stellar prez; there aren't many of those (but that a few people think I'm being too hard on myself for that thought is a small tribute in itself, I suppose). I think in a lot of ways Tracy'll do a better job than I did. And I hope some of you get into SUS and get a closer experience of it.

Thanks.

Ryan McCuaig



Faculty of Science, Science Outreach

Science Outreach is now accepting application from students who wish to volunteer during the summer and/or during the school year. If you wish to volunteer for any of the following activities: Mentoring, Phone Campaign, Beyond First Year, Open House, Highschool Outreach, Science Fair, or other Science Outreach Programs then please complete an application form. Forms are available from the Dean of Science Office in Biological Sciences Room 1505. If you have questions, please contact Carmen at 822-9012 or email at mcknight@unixg.ubc.ca

Tank Guy



Graeme Kennedy

IF I'M HAVING A mid-life crisis already, what does that say about my life expectancy? Not that it matters; I'm already quite senile. For starters, I've completely lost my sense of taste. No, I don't dress like Mr. Furley or anything, I just had to go to my doctor and ask why everything I eat tastes like cardboard. He recommended that I stop eating at McDonald's, and laughed and laughed... I wondered if I was being extra-billed for the jokes, because they weren't worth it.

While the complete loss of a sense is usually not something to look forward to, in my case it's a real boon. This is because my two roommates and I are the unholy trinity of cooking: The Garlic, the Fish and the Vindaloo. Now I can enjoy my roommates' leftovers without worrying about my taste buds packing up their belongings, leaving only a note: "Food lousy. Brain stupid. Forward mail to spleen."

And before you go and laugh at my misfortune, consider the consequences of openly rejoicing in another's misery. Trust me, the guilt will get you later. Take, for example, my friend who sneezes when the sun comes out.

Every time the sun sneaked out from behind a cloud she would be overcome by fits of sneezing. I found it pretty funny and joked about what would happen if the moon came out (yawning) or if the planets lined up (ears wiggle) or - God forbid - she was to wind up in the audience during a production of Hair ("Leeeeeet the sun shiiiiine") Well, I figure we're all pretty much overcome by con-niptions in that situation anyway.

Fact is, after mocking her theory that the sun and sneezing could actually be related, I find out that it's a genetic condition whereby the cranial nerve that causes her iris to contract also triggers a sneeze reflex. Okay, so I apologized a bit. Grovel, grovel.

Essentially, I have to come to terms with a new personal rule of conduct: think first, then open the gob and speak. Sure it's taken me decades to learn this mostly simple rule-of-mouth, but once these strategies are cemented into my brain and lifestyle there's no turning back. Here's some more I've added to the arsenal of how-to-live-without-looking-dumb.

1) Check your teeth, shirt and shoes before you leave the

house. There's nothing more embarrassing than getting to class and realizing that what you had for breakfast has been a well-known fact to passengers for the duration of the bus ride over. You lose respect if you look like a dung beetle who has lost interest in his work and really let himself go.

2) Don't babble. Nobody wants to hear about the fact that two of my great-uncles were captured in World War II, one by falling out of the side-gunning hatch of a RAF bomber, landing in Germany behind enemy lines and eventually being sent from the Eastern regions where he worked in labour camps to the Western areas in The Long March, along with tens of thousands of other prisoners from Britain and the US in an effort to escape the Russians. Or that the other one fell off a runabout in the Pacific, eventually to be captured by a Japanese submarine and... Damn. I'll have to practise this one.

3) Knowing every line from all Monty Python sketches and movies ever made is not a skill that will pick up chicks, like in carloads. Sorry, it's true. Unless your perfect woman is one who knows as many lines as you do. In which case, you're on the right track and keep up the good work. (wink-wink, nudge-nudge) Yeh, right.

4) Do not mock those who are weird, have bad haircuts, can't eat nuts, or can't eat cats because of religious conviction. No matter how tempting.

5) When you get into a relationship with a bright and pretty young lady, and you think it's too good to be true, go out of your way to ensure that her boyfriend approves. And then end it. I know I do. Shame on me.

6) Dishes must be washed before the sink reaches critical mass. This phenomenon takes place when the dishes themselves prohibit the cleaning process. The condition can be predicted when dishes are stacked so high that they are at risk of falling off of the 'event horizon'.

I have seen the light. And I have sneezed.

And there's these astronomers who discovered a new galaxy or two, quite in our backyard. This is the equivalent of finding a Winnebago in your living room, and explaining that while it was there all the time you just had never looked in that direction before.

I have the same problem.

All I Really Need To Know
I Learned in Kindergarten
from the 432.

The 432.

All I really need to know about how to live and what to do and how to be I learned in kindergarten. Wisdom was not at the top of the graduate-school mountain, but there in the sandpile at Sunday School. These are the things I leaned • The big blocks are pretty good weapons. Red crayons taste very much the same as blue ones. It is possible to use Elmer's glue to cement a friend's nostrils shut. People with their nostrils cemented shut sound goofy when singing "Farmer in the dell". Picking your nose after fingerpainting allows you to see many more colours than were originally on your palette. • You have to run pretty fast to escape the mean fifth-graders who want to add your teeth to their charm bracelets. You can rob the teacher blind by putting tons of Dimetapp™ into her grapejuice and waiting for her to nod off. Naptime is the best time to swipe lunch money from colleagues. • It is fair and appropriate to mock the kid who has to carry his underpants home in a paper bag. You have to learn to play with yourself before you can play with others. Everything dies (except for George Burns). Don't stick pencils in your ears. Don't stick pencils up your nose. Don't stick pencils up your... well, just watch where you stick those pencils, okay? • Snitches can't cry if you bludgeon them into a confused stupor with abovementioned block. Bloodstains are easily explained away as red fingerpaint. • And it's still true, no matter how old you are - you're just a little insignificant snot who should obey the bigger kids lest they decide to whack you one upside the head.

Ever since early childhood it was obvious that I wasn't going to hit my head on many doorways. Small stature, combined with a chameleon-like skill to blend into my surroundings earned me the nickname "The Phantom". There is no worse feeling than one of being tripped over, completely unnoticed or unserved at bars because you can't be seen over the counter.

Actually, there is one thing that makes it worse. That's when your girlfriend who is already a half-foot taller dons heels and takes you dancing. That's it! You're doomed! Subsequent photos must be destroyed. And if she makes fun of

you, just look her straight in the clavicle and say: "Heeeeee. Waaaah!" And sob like a woman. Works fer me.

And it's not something you expect to see: the short (but svelte) hero swoops down in his Harrier, jumps into the piranha-infested stream, swims like a bugger to the minefield on the other side to fight off six dozen rabid ninjas and his fifth-grade math teacher to finally rescue the girlfriend who asks if he has an older brother she could date.

But a dwarf can dream, can't he?
See you at the beach.



The Last Word.



I'M NOT normally lone to contradict current conventional wisdom, but life, I'm afraid, is not like a box of chocolates.

Chocolates are relatively sweet and inexpensive, and it's actually quite simple to determine what you're going to get. This is usually accomplished either by merely reading the label (c'mon, Forrest, even you coulda figured that one out), or by sticking your thumb in the bottom of each chocolate and putting the yucky ones back in the box.

Life, on the other hand, is truly unpredictable. Sticking your thumb in the bottom of life is a tough one to grasp (and actually sounds a little disgusting, given the correct figurative context), and life generally tends to come without any kind of labels, instructions or general liability disclaimers whatsoever. To say nothing of the fact that one can take back stale chocolates with relative ease; however, if the life one gets is not to the consumer's satisfaction, the manufacturer's exchange policy is murder, ha ha.

Truth to tell, I'm pretty happy with my particular lot. Granted, it's certainly not what I expected either; it's amazing exactly how far I am now from where I predicted myself at this time five years ago.

When I first came to UBC, I had a Grand Plan. It was simple: do three years of my undergrad in Science, wreak havoc on the Dean's Honours Lists and get into med school at 21. Sure, I'd heard about how much fun university life was, but how much dif-

ferent could it be from high school? I'd managed to have fun there and still get the 98.8% average necessary to get into UBC. Just three more years of the same.

Right?

Well, that was the idea, anyway. In theory, I should have been finishing up second-year med by now. My five-year plan seems to have gone the way of most of Stalin's five-year plans; that is, ending up somewhere very different from the original target. The parallels between my life and the plans of historically unfavourable dictators pretty much end there, though, as the only purges I conducted involved the lives of millions of my own neurons and liver cells, respectively subjected to the gulags of biochemistry and malt beverages.

So as it is, I'm now finishing up my hard-earned degree in General Science and trying like hell to get into law school instead. Not to nay-say a career in Science or anything, though. I rather like Science. I've been doing it ever since I was in Grade 8, and I'm rather proud to receive a B.Sc. degree (knock wood). But I'm also proud to say that University Life has bestowed upon me its most vital and essential gift. And it wasn't to teach me how to titrate acids.

(Incidentally, it wasn't to teach me how to chug a glass of beer in 2.19 seconds, but that happened somewhere along the way, too. Bonus.)

You ever *really* wonder why this place exists? Universities are generally regarded as a benchmark step forward in the evolution of civilization, not only because they represent an arena of higher learning, but also because

they serve to broaden the horizons of the individual. It used to be that you generally had your ideas about things, and if someone didn't like 'em, well, balls to them. But with the advent of the university, ideas and concepts from all walks of life were made available for consideration, although the balls-to-them mentality still makes a decent living for itself here and there.

And that's the point of this whole spiel. In fact, it's the point of this whole paper, and this whole institution for that matter. A lot of people view university as a ticket to a job, no more and no less. Get in, put down your four years and get out with more employability than you had when you started. But while today's world does require a realistic and practical outlook, the best things university have to offer are so often left unexploited.

This place exists in order for you to broaden your mind. This applies not only in terms of knowledge, but also in terms of experiences, social skills and an appreciation of the other minds and bodies that make up the society into which you are about to enter. The reason the brightest young minds come to university is not just to learn job-related techniques and ideas. You're also here to share your knowledge and experience with others, and to benefit from the same of theirs. You're here to explore different avenues of thought and learn about aspects of society and the professional world you never knew existed.

And I'm happy to say that I've benefited greatly from those explorations. When I came here, I thought I wanted to be a doctor, plain and simple. But in five short years, in addition to that

stepping-stone B.Sc. I was after, I've also learned about things like desktop publishing, politics and administrative management. I've learned piles about other peoples and cultures as well, which will surely prove an asset down the road. And I've learned even more about socializing and getting along with your fellow man (or woman - mustn't forget *that* part).

The bottom line of all this is that it opened my eyes to other options, and I'm richer for having known them. I liked some of them so much, I had an entire change of career plans. And that awareness of what surrounds you - and how to use it - is the best gift university can give you. Which explains why my favorite quote comes from Mark Twain: "A good student never lets studying interfere with his education." Words of wisdom. Don't confine your learning to the classroom. That's just the tip of the iceberg.

So that's it. My apologies for being largely unfunny through most of that, but hey, it's my last kick at the cat and I had a few things to say. As of print time, my career in satirical commentary is over - for now - and *The 432* is hiring, so get in here. You learn more than you bargain for in this line of work, trust me.

And with that, thanks and goodbye. To Leah: Hi sweetie (I promised I'd mention her - am I a fop or what?), and to the rest of you, it's been a slice.

Oh yeah... Dr. Strangway: Thanks. Despite what other people may say, I know I got *my* money's worth. And then some.

Our final messages.

Our new number one rule: Don't believe a word we've said all this year, 'cause almost nothing we've ever printed has been the truth.

We can't *believe* any of you bought that Rolling Stones crap.

John thinks there's no point to life if you don't keep score.
Graeme thinks. Sometimes, anyways. No, really!
Roger thinks it's time for dinner. *Deep thought, Rog!*
Blair thinks it's about *bloody* time this volume was completed.

Have a great summer. We'll try not to think of you.

See ya in September.

The 432.

Blair McDonald
Graeme Kennedy

Roger Watts

Ryan McCuaig

John Hallett

Matt Wiggin

Glen Stokes

Jay Garcia

Tessa Moon

Leona Adams

plus all our contributors
over the year

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