IMBIBO ERGO SUM

THUD

A Special Edition Of The 42 cdxxxii

The Newspaper For Science Students **Vol 6 No 2 x 21 Sept '92**

Why is Thud necessary?

In truth, we're not quite sure. It just seemed like a swell idea at the time, and a new, fresh approach to the art of cutting other people down. Nineties thing.

But what really did it was an article on the comics page of Monday's *Financial Post*. Apparently, the Canadian government used a public opinion poll to have the beaver, Canada's national animal, removed from the five-cent coin and replaced with world-famous *Family Circus* character Barfy. One-third of adults surveyed stressed that we should "hang that twit Mulroney from the Commons flagpole by his ying-yang," and at least half said that the poll was "a bloody waste of time, 'cuz now I'm not gonna make it to the drugstore in time to play 6/49. Bigbigbigbigbigbigbig, bigbigbig,bigbigbig..."

But this paper is based on a completely different concept. If you have a rare foot disease, crooked teeth, a column in the *Ubyssey* or anything else that might suggest you don't really think about working on a newspaper, then Thud is for you.

This is just a beginning. (Of course, it may very well be the end as well, but we won't tell if you won't.

Thud is just a idea. A sound effect from a *Batman* comic. It needs you to make it happen.

Not fuckin' likely.

SUS to hold Election with hypothetical candidates

The Science Undergrad is having its 92/93 Year and Department Rep Elections in early October. The nominations for the 33 positions are being accepted now in CHEM 160, the SUS office. The deadline is Wednesday September 23rd, at 5:30pm in the SUS office. We need three 4th year reps, three 3rd years, three 2nd years and last but not least, two 1st years. There are also positions for the departments, which include: Biochemistry, Chemistry, Physics, Psychology etc. In order to be eligible to be a department rep, you have to be in that department's major or honors program. So, sorry to you first year keeners, but you can't go for those positions.

For those wondering, the duties of these "officers of Council" are:

- to regularly attend Council meetings;
- to regualrly attend Academic Coucil meetings;
- to announce, in class, and post banners and posters for upcoming SUS events as requested by council;
- to attend the Faculty of Science meetings as representatives of their year;
- to regularly attend Grad Class meetings if you are a 4th year rep; and
- to submit end of the year recommendations by April 1st, 1993

SUS Council, in addition to being a place of work, is also a great place to meet people. So, if you have some spare time, come into CHEM 160 and grab a nomination form or sign up for a committee. You won't regret it!

OFFICIAL EFFORT AT DRAINING THE LAST BITS OF TONER FROM OUR LASER PRINTER.

SUS/EUS border skirmish raises tension, threatens peace

Kevin Phillips Bong
Roving Correspondent

VANCOUVER (Reuters) - Relations between the Science and Engineering Undergraduate Societies of UBC suffered a blow last week when "limited acts of aggression" were reported to have occurred between the two factions.

According to SUS Executive Secretary Stewart Hung, "an incident took place last week, during which certain sensitive pieces of property were removed" from each faculty by the other. Few other official details were available at press time, other than that the affair "holds serious implications for the future of SUS/EUS relations."

Witnesses to the skirmish claimed that it occurred at the Essentially UBC first-year information function, taking place at Place Vanier Residence. A cement replica of the Engineers' Cairn was removed from the Applied Science display, alledgedly by SUS personnel.

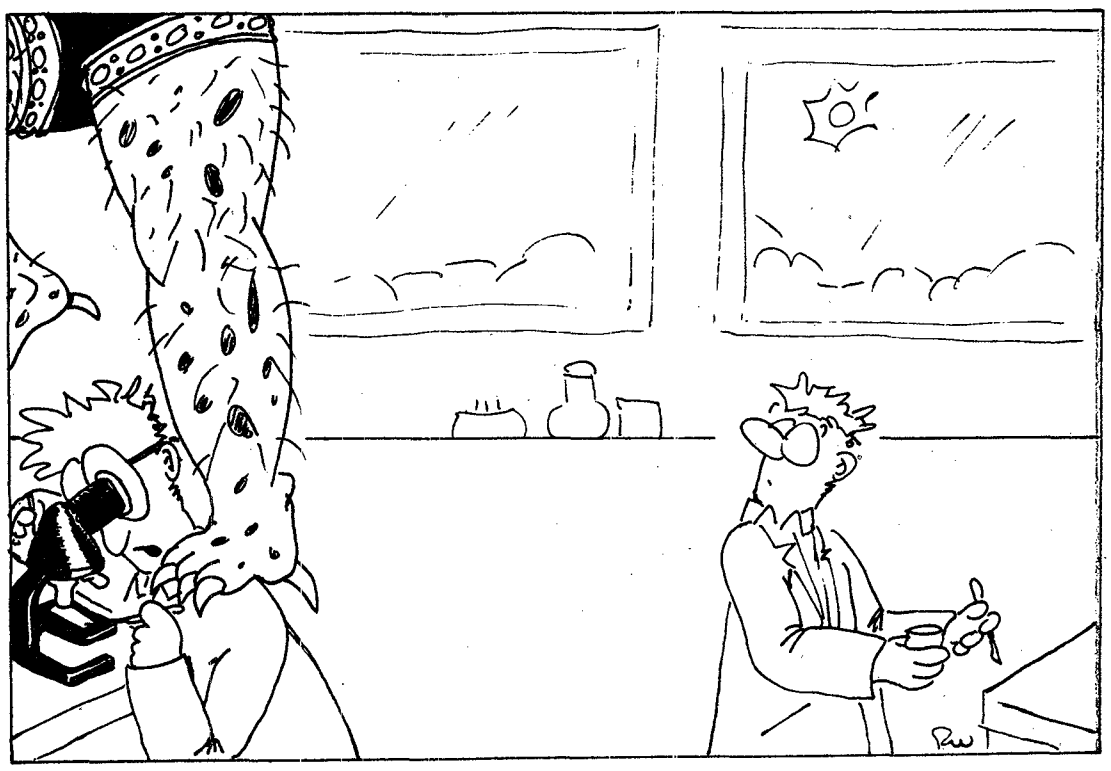
Georox President Mark Montgomery protested fiercely, but promised no further action on the matter if the Cairn was promptly returned.

"Yeah, they brought it back just like the 'geers asked," commented SUS President Carmen McKnight. "I mean, they didn't specify what color it had to be when it came back, but they did give it back. So in my opinion, the thieves lived up to their end of the bargain... I think. Besides, it looks so much prettier in blue..."

However, the official SUS flag was stolen soon after, which has to date not been returned or ransomed. No suspects haveyet been detained by SUS. Investigations continue.

"Yes, things are a bit delicate at the moment," commented SUS External Vice-President Roger Watts. "We hope to achieve a reasonable compromise soon, through civilized and diplomatic means. If not, I guess we'll just have to settle for bloodthirsty war, like in the good ol' days...uh, you aren't gonna print that last bit, are you?"

Electrical Engineering Beer Demi-God Johan Thornton was drunk and in jail at press time, and was consequently unavailable for comment.



"Oo! Man, that's annoying... hey, Bob? Grab a newspaper or somethin'. I can feel something crawling around on my shoulder...just smack it off, will ya?"

INGREDIENTS:

OVER 95% OF CONTENTS CONSIST OF SODIUM HYPOCHLORITE, GRAPHITE, POLYMERIZED HYDROCARBONS, AND TREES. LESS THAN 5% CONSIST OF THE EDITOR TAPPING INTO HIS PRIMAL SELF, THE PREMIERE OF SPACE SPRUCE (PAGE 2), SOCIAL DISEASES, WALK HOME PLUG, SCIENCE WEEK (PAGE 3), ANGRY DUCK, LAB RATS (PAGE 4), DIK MILLER – CAMPUS ENFORCER (PAGE 5), YET ANOTHER SELL-OUT TO THE MAN (PAGE 6), ONE VERY LARGE MUNDANE DUMPSTER (PAGE 7), ROGER WATTS DRIES OUT (PAGE 8).

"YES, WELL. THAT'S THE SORT OF BLINKERED, PHILISTINE PIG IGNORANCE I'VE COME TO EXPECT FROM YOU NON-CREATIVE GARBAGE..."
JOHN CLEESE

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FREE PIZZA & PIZZA
FOR the FIRST PERSON TO
BRING A TONER CARTRIDGE!
(Oh, fine, everyone can have some.)

Satori and the Shrum Bowl

Ryan **McCUAIG**

My life recently took a turn for the peachy. I discovered that my rate of consumption of Half n' Half was exceeding its rate of curdling — in other words, I'm actually drinking enough coffee to have the only fridge on campus in which the Half n' Half *isn't* in a congealed block. *Not* a good sign...

Anyway, it's now time for a few things that I decided you should know. (Don't blame me. Have a chat with the 2% of all Science students who actually voted for me). Here goes:

1) It is actually possible to flush an electric razor down a toilet. Accidentally, even. My roommate succeeded in doing so this morning. We're allegedly getting it fixed tomorrow, but I've begun to suspect that the Housing work orders are actually just bleached and turned into that famous rez single-ply bathroom sandpaper. Fortunately, this whole situation frees up a lot of otherwise committed Purex Pillowy Soft (from our own stash, of course) for the purpose of initiating my quadmate to the joys of a bare Gillette. Funny how things work out. (Girls, you may think you understand that one, what with shaving yer legs n' all. However, as a former competitive swimmer, let me tell you that a calf nick is pretty trivial in comparison to a good throat wound).

2) The most hazardous piece of furniture known to man, at least on first acquaintance, has to be a loft (ie. a bunk bed with no lower bunk). I installed one last weekend. My first night at altitude, I overslept. In my haste, I sat up quickly, forgetting that I was now two full metres closer to my ceiling. Ow. However, those of you with a good memory will recall that SUS ExVP Roger Watts built a similar structure last year. I managed *my* first early-morning plummet without quite as much carnage, so life's pretty okay, I guess.

3) I was at the Shrum Bowl last weekend. I confess: I had someone paint a big yellow thunderbolt down the middle of my face, and I didn't act like a proper UBC student. I think I may have participated in a cheer or two. The horror of it all...

Anyway, I'll try not to steal any of the thunder from Roger's article later in this issue. But, for those of you who've never been to the Shrum Bowl, it's quite an experience. Don't go for the football — it's unlikely that you'll be able to pay attention to the game anyway. Go for the "group dynamics". Imagine the results when you assemble a mob of hosed guys — many of whom are in pituitary overdrive anyway — and let them participate in the good old "male bonding" tradition of going to a football game. Let's just say that it provided a good justification for exploring the idea of "effective versus real IQ".

I'm told that in past years, the RCMP have maintained a 10-metre "No Man's Land" between SFU and UBC fans. The thinking this year was possibly that, were "The Wall" to come down, we'd all become nice and happy and docile, and maybe even negotiate an economic union or two. It worked in Eastern Europe, but the organizers forgot that only in Alberta do football players and politics mix (with results that, well, grunt for themselves).

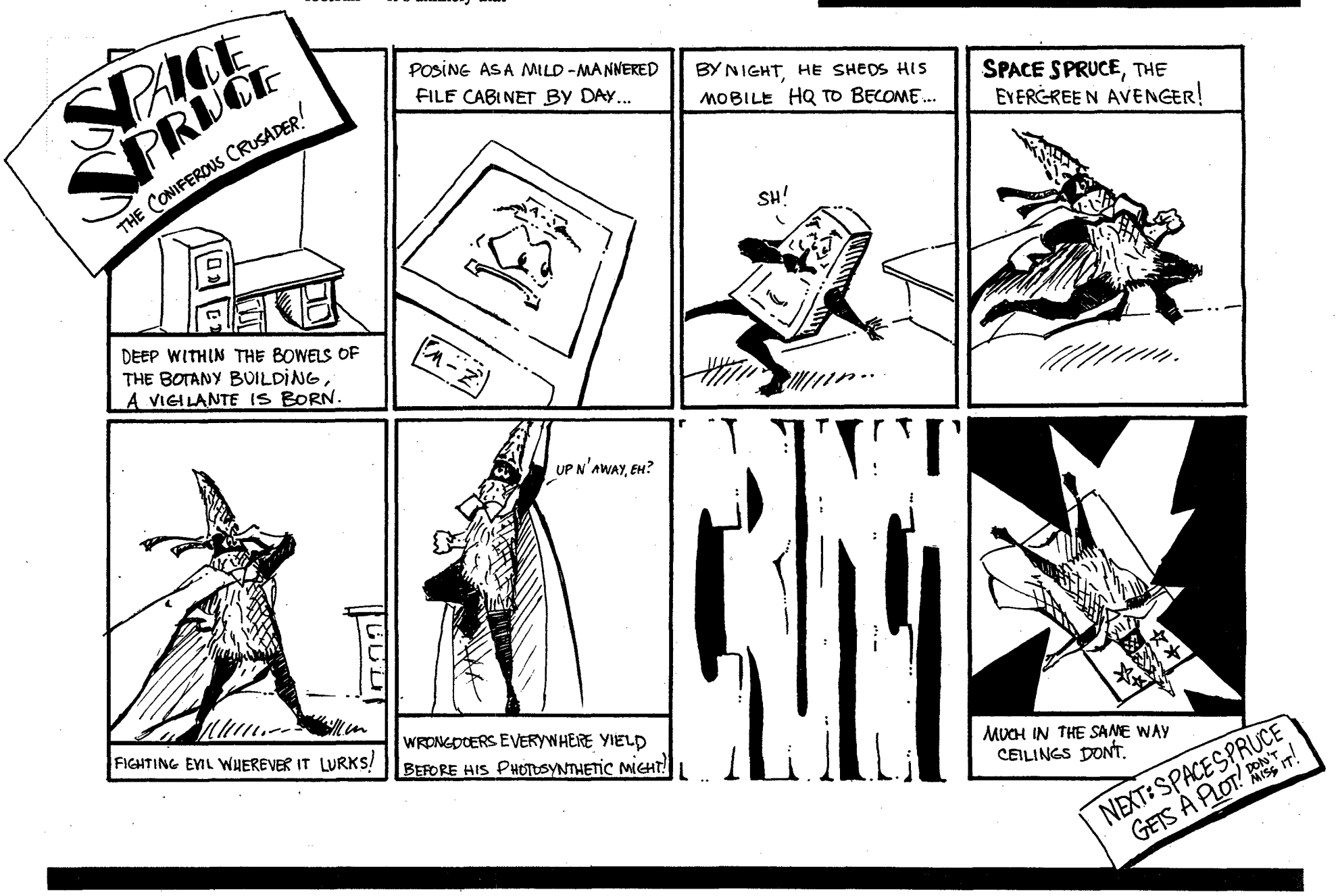
I admit it: I felt the call. You really do get an overriding urge to do something childish and stupid (later, the official excuse for this will be that one's nards merrily produced a *wee* bit too much testosterone). Even with a clear head water balloon bombardment still sounds like a lot of fun, but in the heat of the moment it actually didn't seem at all *stupid*. (I'm not above doing stupid things — but I do take them for what they are.) Must have been one of those impulses arising from the brainstem. I think forebrain functions kicked back in when I watched our ExVP Roger sack some SFU moron in a kilt, and then get face-planted under roughly two dozen similarly non-reasoning "primal man"-type UBC fans. After this particular incident, UBC and SFU fans began to "male bond" with each other vigourously, resulting in several ejections from the stadium.

In the midst of my personal self-discovery at the Shrum Bowl, I think I discovered the essence of the male psyche. And I'd like to end the article on that note. It can be summarized in a few short lines of verse, which are at once poetic and primal, as well as touching ... and sensitive. Here goes:

"I'm an asshole!
I'm an asshole!
And all my friends are assholes too!
But I'd rather be an asshole
Than a butt-fuckin' SFU!"

SUS HOMECOMING FLOAT DECORATING PARTY
7 pm, Tuesday, September 22.
SUS Office (CHEM 160)

Notice To All SUS Hacks!
SUS Council will be meeting at 1:30 pm on Tuesday, September 22 in SUB 206 (the Council Chambers). Just so's ya know when to come in and say "baaaaah!" for us, 'n all.



Social Diseases

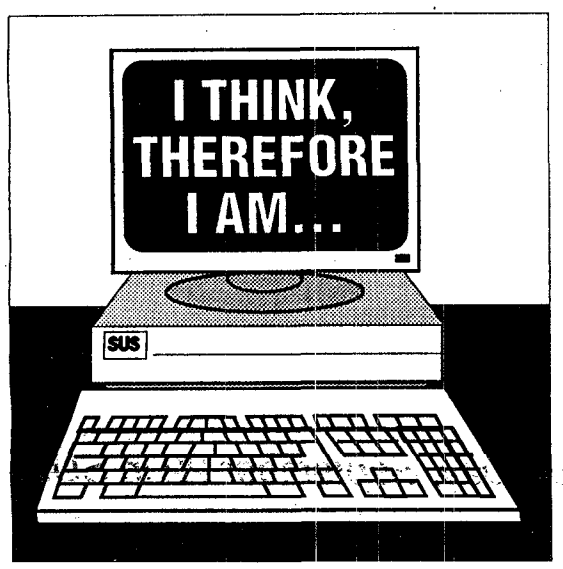
Roger Watts
SUS ExVP and SoCo

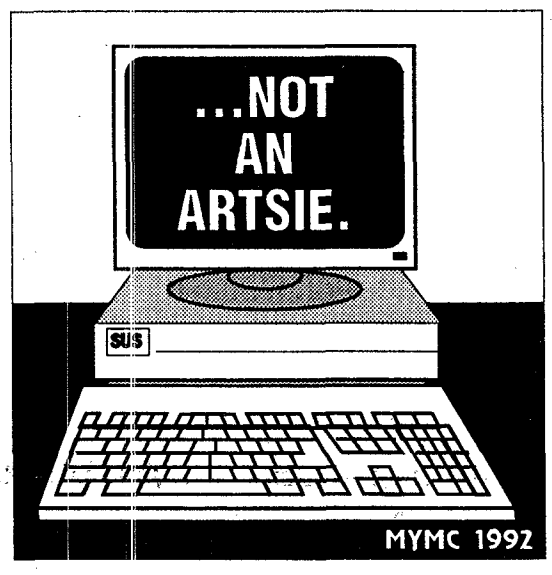
Welcome to the most important part of this newspaper. This is the little bit where I get serious for a minute (yeah, right) and tell you about all the wonderful wonderful events that SUS puts on over the course of the year. In other words, if you're ever really hard up for an excuse not to study Microbi, this is the first place you should look.

I'd just like to begin by saying that no less than *sixteen* people have signed their lives away to the SUS Social Committee in the last week, and believe me, that's an army in this neck of the woods. Way to go, troops! If anyone else out there is interested in helping put on dances and the like, feel free to come by and chat (I'm in MWF 10:30-11:30), or drop a short note (ie. contract signed in blood) in my box, down in the SUS Office. (And it better be your own blood - pinching rat's blood from your Vertebrate Bi lab doesn't count.)

Or, if you want, just show up at SUS at 7:00 on Tuesday, September 22nd. We're having a Decorating Party for the float that we'll be running in the Homecoming Parade on Thursday, and I'm sure there will be ample refreshments (say, pizza n' pop n' maybe even a little bzzr) for all the kind folks that show up and help out. If you can't make it Tuesday, be sure not to miss the parade itself on Thursday. It promises to be a beauty - *trust me.* (Ooo! Look! Foreshadowing! And you thought you took English 100 for nothing!) We'd love to see Science support out there, so show your spirit and come on out. Strength in numbers and all.

And last, but oh so certainly not least, be sure to attend the first Science Bzzr Garden, on Wednesday, September 23rd, in the SUB Partyroom. The amber nectar starts flowing at 4:32 pm sharp (natch!), and for a mere loonie a cup, it's the best buy in town. So come on by and have a few (dozen) on the way to the Pit. And that's about it, really - see you Thursday! (And Tuesday, too.)





The Bogeyman Revisited

Leona **ADAMS**

When you were growing up, did your parents ever tell you that if you didn't behave, some malevolent creature would come and get you? Well, they were only partly right; whether you're angelic or downright awful by society's standards, at some point in your life the bogeyman will get you. You don't grow out of it, you grow into it. When you're a kid, the bogeyman is some variation on the old geezer with three teeth and Swiss army knives for hands who eats kids for breakfast, lunch and dinner. But now you're older and more sophisticated. So is he. For some of us, he's the prof whose approval or lack thereof could make the difference between med school and flipping burgers for the rest of our lives. For others, he's the cop in the rearview mirror or the parents of a prospective boy/girlfriend. However, for an uncomfortably high percentage of us, he's the faceless man who lurks in the bushes as we walk around campus at night.

That last one we can do something about, which is one of the reasons that I am a volunteer coordinator for the AMS Walk Home Program. For those of you who are unfamiliar with it, Walk Home is a two-year-old program whose purpose is to help people (no, it's not just for women) feel more comfortable on campus at night by escorting them from one place to another.

In case you didn't notice, the key word in that paragraph is "volunteer". (We want you! We want you!! We want you as a new recruit!) Why should you volunteer? You mean that the fact that I'm asking you politely (please, pretty please?) isn't enough? How about the FREE T-shirts? How about the fact that it looks pretty darned neat on a resume? Satisfied yet? How about exercise? How about studying (or whatever) between walks? Still not enough? Okay, you've forced me to bring out the heavy artillery: how about meeting new people? If Walk Home isn't one of the best ways in the known universe to meet relatively sane, occasionally available people, I don't know what is. You might even meet me. What more could you ask?

To volunteer, contact Caireen (the D of A) at 822-3961 or drop us a note in SUB 238.

THUD

A special edition of The 432 cdxxxii

Jürgen Thüd — Founder

Ryan McCuaig
Editor and Executive Scapegoat

✗

EDITORIAL

Contributing Writers **Leona Adams, Janice Boyle, Lica Chui, Aaron Drake, Zain Khandwala, Patrick Lum, Carmen McKnight, Derek Miller, Chris Sing, Sarah Thornton, and with me as always is Rog. Party on, Rog.**

✗

ART AND DESIGN

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Contributing Artists **Michael Chow, Aaron Drake, Roger Watts.**

✗

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The Truth about Science Week '93

Sarah Thornton
Science Week Coordinator

Just the other night, (Last Friday, in fact), while standing around at some social function (the AMS BBQ, I think it was), I happened to be talking to this good friend of mine. I noticed he was beginning to show the time-tested signs of inebriation. When I told him that Science Week '93 was in the planning stages and shaping up to be a great time for all, he roundly denied that fact. Let me recount our conversation for you:

Sarah: *Hey Phil, did you know that Science Week '93 is coming in the third week of January (the 18th to the 22nd, actually), and it's going to be great this year?*

Phil: *Say what? No way. There ain't no such thing as Science Week.*

There he went, displaying the first sign of inebriation — he was entering the stage of denial. I tried to make him understand that Science Week really will be a reality, but he would have none of it — in fact, he began to deny its possibility vehemently.

Phil: *I'm telling you, there is no such thing as a Science Week! Now shut up about it already! (Takes bite out of TuffCup™, and growls.)*

Things were getting a little out of hand — the violence was beginning to frighten me. Phil had entered the second classic stage of drunkenness — he was showing massive agression!

But still I persevered. Ducking in under his swatting hands (he was clearing little floating fat people from around his head), I hit him my evidence: timetables, letters of approval, and glowing reports from the clubs organizing the annual event.

Sarah: *Well just look at this: Science Week (duck!) will be held from the 18th to the 22nd of January 1993. There will be lots of fun events to participate in, such as the Microbi (duck!) Home Brew contest, the Chemistry Magic Show, the CompSci Car Rally, the BioSoc Gyotaku (fish printing), and the ever-exciting Trike Race! (duck!) Not only are there these special events from the clubs, but each club will strut its stuff in a poster display on SUB concourse for the week. There will be (duck!) exciting guest lectures, and special science-related movies in SUB Auditorium (like "The Fly II", or "Alien 3" perhaps). And, of course, to top off the week, the SCIENCE WEEK DANCE on the Friday night — just right for getting rid of those January blues. You will come out to it, won't you, Phil?*

Here I stopped because I'd noticed that Phil's countenance had become more and more credulous throughout my barrage. He was no longer aggressively denying the possibility of Science Week. In fact, he was beginning to believe me.

Phil: *You know, Sarah, you might be right. There will be a stupendous Science Week in January if you have anything to do with it!*

And so, Phil had finally entered the stage of acceptance: he finally realized that he was as pissed as a newt, and that Science Week '93 would be the best thing to hit campus this year.

Last came commitment: Phil promised to come out to CHEM 160 (the SUS office) and help with the organization of certain events. I hope you will too! Any questions, call the SUS office at 822-4325 and ask for Carmen or Roger (or Sarah, but I'm rarely around) or better yet, come to our bi-weekly meetings Tuesdays at 1:30 in SUS.

Schroedinger's Fridge

Angry **DUCK**

My freezer bit me.

I'm not kidding. It bit me. Our freezer, presumably built when it was in vogue to build freezers that don't work, grew teeth — big giant fangs of ice — and it bit me when I was going for the Haagen Dazs.

My freezer not only frosted up, but stalagmites and stalactites of ice spontaneously formed, sealing in the contents of the freezer. Whenever we open it up, it's like looking at a grinning Allosaurus with a mouthful of frozen peas.

On top of that, we can't find the neighbour's cat. We figure the freezer got it. Or else it was the Unidentified Container In the Back Of The Fridge, because, every now and then, we hear a chewing sound coming from it.

Perhaps I am exaggerating a little. The fact remains that freezers are strange devices, whose sole function it seems is to thicken with ice until everything in it has been glaciated, like a wooly mammoth eating buttercups.

I understand that I am not the only one with freezer problems. According to the Institute of *They* (as in, "They say that one in a hundred people get colon polyps"), every seven minutes a freezer gets so frosted with ice in this country that the contents can never be recovered.

Furthermore, the Institute of *They* tells us that every twelve minutes, someone defrosts their freezer.

This means that every day, 288 more freezers become clogged up with ice than become defrosted. A chilling statistic. *(ed: Aaron's address is available for those interested in exacting retribution for that last one.)*

What can we do with this ever-increasing glut of ice-clogged freezers? Where can we safely store them, so that they will not harm future generations? After all, eventually, the ice inside will melt, spilling years-old bags of Jolly Green Giant Niblets that have slowly mutated into Niblets Hungry For Human Flesh. Or something like that.

Have you ever attempted to defrost a freezer? It's not fun. The Institute of *They* tells us that the preferred way to defrost a freezer is to

a) unplug it,

b) go to bed,

c) let the melted ice drip all over the mayonnaise, ketchup, lettuce, milk, open bowl of tuna salad, and the Cow Brand Baking Soda, in the fridge beneath,

d) feed the tuna salad to the roommate.

Further study shows that there is a variety of methods employed to defrost a refrigerator freezer.

The experimental physicist, for example, will rectify the situation by attempting to bring the freezer to a rapid thermal equilibrium with the room, generally by pouring in a gallon of hot water. Mind you, while the hot water melts the ice, it also immediately spills out of the freezer and on to the floor, where no absorbent material had been placed (that was beyond the scope of the experiment).

The theoretical physicist, on the other hand, freezes the entire house, reasoning it better to solve the simple problem of defrosting a house rather than the complex problem of defrosting a small, localized freezer.

The engineer chips away at the ice with a knife from the kitchen drawer, until the rough shape of a freezer has been made; after that a red Volkswagen is stuffed inside.

The mathematician would first solve the problem of defrosting an infinite number of freezers, then spend the rest of his or her life on the problem of defrosting a finite number of freezers.

The biologist would develop a strain of ice-eating bacteria that would, unfortunately, also eat the fridge.

The psychiatrist could defrost the freezer, but the freezer would really have to want to be defrosted.

The Arts student would look for some kind of Defrosting Manual, then eventually call the electrician.

The graduate student would defrost the fridge in a quick, original manner, but his advisor would take the credit for it.

The Ubyssey Staffer would simply crawl inside and get steamed about this or that marginalised person of colour.

The Womyn's Center wouldn't have a freezer to begin with, because it represents the phallocentric-white-male-heterosexual-patriarchal-dominant-gender-repressive-power-struture — oh, hell, I don't remember the rest.

Kurt Preinsperg would defrost a freezer by finding a way to have sex inside it.

The philosopher would define the problem of defrosting a freezer in terms of a cow falling down a hill; that is, does the cow understand the concept of falling? Or is it too stupid? Perhaps the cow notices it is falling, then forgets, then re-notices, in an endless recurring loop: hello, what's this! Am I falling? Why yes! I am falling... falling...DOWN! Boy, this cud tastes good. I want some more. I wonder if...hello, what's this! Am I falling?...

The astrophysicist would reason that, relative to the cosmic background radiation temperature (4 Kelvin), the freezer is running damned hot, and reasons anything that hot would defrost itself.

The AMS Council member, of course, would fine the Engineers.

Ever eat somethin' that didn't agree with ya?

Submit your best "I-ate-at-UBC-Food-Services-and-survived" story and you could win one of the new, super-secret *432* T-shirts!

Deadline for entries is September 28.
So bring 'em on down to CHEM 160... soon.

The 432 is proud to say that once again it has prostituted itself for, get this, twenty bucks. So, without further ado, we present:

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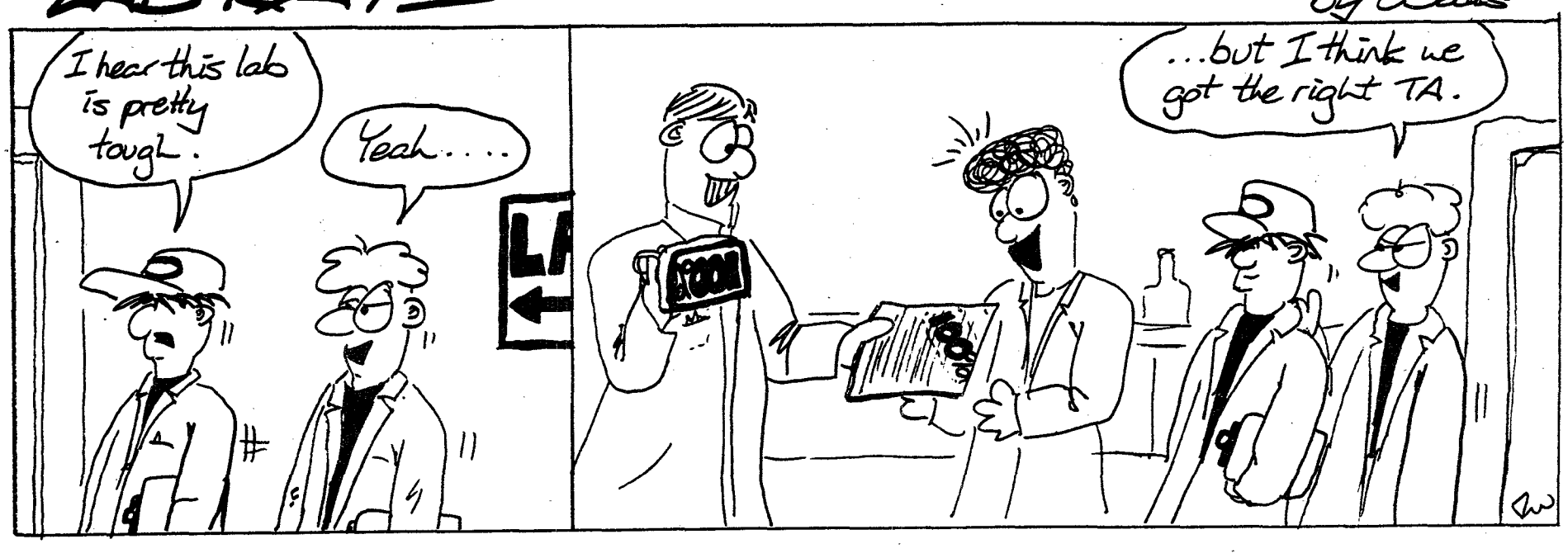
LAB RATS by Watts



SCIENCE
B Z Z R
GARDEN

wednesday **september 23**

4.32pm — 7.30pm

sub party room

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(oh, well, okay... it's a buck)

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Dik Miller, Campus Enforcer

Derek K. **MILLER**

Back to classes. After a long, hot, typically wonderful B.C. summer during which the rest of the country got to rot in cold and rain (ha ha), I was back on the job. I'm Dik Miller, Engineering Political Correctness Enforcer.

The first week of classes had not been typically uneventful. I had already been called in for damage control after the Engineers stole the Mile Zero marker of the Alaska Highway from Dawson Creek, but by the time I had roused myself from bed in East Van, showered, changed, and rode my Dik Miller™ bicycle/potato peeler/dowsing rod out to UBC, the marker had been returned and the whole incident was over.

I was now in my supervisor's office.

"Could you explain to me, Miller," she was saying, "how it could take you two days after I called you to get out to work?"

"Er," I replied, "I got used to a slower schedule during the summer."

"Slower schedule?! You're telling me it took you two days to wake up, shower, change, and ride out here?"

"Uh, yeah."

She glared at me.

"Really," I said, sticking my neck forward like a pigeon to emphasize my point.

"I don't believe you. You must be leaving something out."

"I'm not."

"I'm trying to picture what it would be like to take two days to do that." She looked up at the ceiling, recounting events in her mind. "Hmm, let's see. Phone rings at 7 a.m. I take a few extra minutes to wake up. Say it's 7:15..."

"7:20," I corrected.

"Okay, 7:20. I get up, walk to the shower. Say I take a long shower - what, 15 minutes?"

"Half hour," I said.

She growled. "Half an hour, then. It's now 7:50. I do the usual personal things, which should take another 10 or 15 minutes..."

"Well, more like 25."

She paused. "25 minutes to do what?"

"Well, I do have to sculpt my eyebrows," I said.

She stared. "25 minutes then. It's 8:15. It takes about 10 minutes to get dressed..."

"Twenty," I said.

"For what?"

"It usually takes me at least 10 minutes to get my fedora adjusted to the proper angle."

"But don't you cycle?"

"Yes. What does that have to do with it?"

"You wear a helmet, don't you?"

"Yeah."

"So you have to take off your fedora before you put it on, right?"

"Yeah," I nodded. I couldn't see what she was getting at.

"So why adjust your fedora first, then?"

Some people just don't understand, I thought. "You see," I explained, "if I adjust it right the first time, the hat marks in my hair enable me to do it in half the time once I get to work."

"You're telling me that you spend five minutes every morning adjusting your hat when you come to work?"

"More like six," I suggested. "I was exaggerating a little."

"Never mind. In any case, it's now 8:35. How long does it usually take to cycle from your house to work. What, an hour?"

"Forty-five minutes," I said proudly.

"Okay, then, by these estimates you should have been here at 9:20 on the morning I called you to deal with this stupid EUS prank. That's two hours and twenty minutes from call to arrival."

"Yup," I proclaimed.

"Yet it took you two days."

"Yup," I agreed.

"Where did the extra time come from?"

"I accidentally started going the wrong direction."

"What, you went east instead of west from your house?" she asked.

"Yeah. It was a foggy day. I couldn't see the sun."

"Did you ever think of using ground-level landmarks to tell you which way to go?"

"I always use the sun," I declared. "That way, I know which way I'm traveling no matter where in the world I am."

"Except on foggy days," she added.

"Except on foggy days."

"So," she went on, "how far did you get before you figured out your mistake and turned around?"

"Chilliwack," I answered.

"Chilliwack?!" she bellowed.

"Yes. It's a moderate-sized town in the Fraser Valley with a population of..."

"Shut up!"

"Certainly."

"So you were two days late because you accidentally went the wrong way and ended up in Chilliwack?"

"Yes. I only noticed because the street signs were the wrong colour."

She looked at me for a moment. "Get out of my office, Miller."

"You bet." I turned around. She stopped me before I finally left.

"Miller, why was it I hired you for this job in the first place?"

"Because I'm the best in the business," I said.

"Right."

I only caught the dull thunk of her forehead on her desk as I left the office to get back to work. Another case closed for Dik Miller, Campus Enforcer.

Coming Soon!
Another 432 Special Issue!

FWAPPADAPPADAP-SCHWABING

A Special Tribute to the onomatopœiae of Don Martin.

WATCH FOR IT!

THE GREAT TREKKER AWARD 1992

"CHICK" TURNER?

by Pierre Berton

I never knew Chick Turner at University. He was still in short pants when I worked on *The Ubyssey*. For a while I confused him with John Turner, but quickly put that fancy aside, knowing that no sports editor of *The Ubyssey* would ever climb to such dizzy heights that he would actually dance with a princess.

Later, when *that* John Turner became a politician and even a cabinet minister, *The Ubyssey*, confusing him with Chick Turner, ink-stained scribbler, tried to claim him as its own.

No one believed that, and when John Turner became Prime Minister of Canada, everybody knew that he couldn't be Chick Turner. Whoever heard of a *Ubyssey* sports editor becoming Prime Minister?

I don't really know what became of Chick Turner. Matter of fact, I don't know what became if John Turner. Where are these people? Why haven't they been heard from? Don't they come back on Homecoming?

Somebody ought to give Chick some kind of award. After all, on *The Ubyssey* he was part of an honourable profession. More than that, he was the one Turner who didn't stoop to enter the tawdry world of party politics.

Next time I'm in Winston's I must ask John what happened to his namesake.

From Allan Fotheringham

Aug. 11, 1992

Herewith your required submission for The Ubyssey, re Turner/Berton.

I have been asked to comment on the fact that John Turner, following Pierre Berton and mineownself, is to be given the Great Trekker Award. This is entirely appropriate, since the three of us have much in common — aside from all three being products of The Ubyssey, the infamous vile rag.

I arrived on campus just as Turner was leaving, allegedly being "the most popular student at UBC" — a claim I have never believed, the voters since vindicating my judgment. While I never danced with Princess Margaret, I also wasn't as fast at the 100 yard dash as was "Chick" — the origin of his undergraduate nickname never yet divined by the anthropologists.

As for Berton, while I am vertically-challenged, I have more hair. While Berton is richer, he has never been prime minister. Also, unlike Turner and this author — the two of us being former sports editors of The Ubyssey — Berton knows nothing about sport. Further, neither one of them were born in Saskatchewan. I rest my case.

my regards

Allan Fotheringham

JOHN TURNER, GREAT TREKKER '92

by Derek K. Miller (Student Board of Governors Member and AMS Researcher)

Yes, John Napier Turner was Prime Minister for a while there. He was also a Rhodes Scholar, and studied Law at Oxford and the Sorbonne in Paris. He was Canada's first Minister of Consumer and Corporate Affairs, and the last federal Minister of Finance to table a budget surplus. He gained national fame in 1958 when he danced with Princess Margaret at royal functions - rumours flew that there was a royal romance.

But before all that, way back, "Chick" Turner got his nickname for an unknown reason from a sports teammate. He was a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity, Canadian track and field champion in 100 and 220-yard runs, a UBC debater, a University Radio Society on-air personality, AMS Coordinator of Activities, and associate sports editor of *The Ubyssey*, then the fourth-largest daily paper in B.C.

He graduated from UBC in 1949 with an honours degree in Political Science. His mother, Phyllis G. Ross, also graduated from UBC in Political Science and Economics. She was a federal economist, a co-founder of Carleton University, the first female Chancellor of UBC, and a recipient of the Great Trekker Award herself in 1954. Turner is the first child of a Great Trekker Award recipient to get the prize as well.

He expressed an interest in being Prime Minister as early as 1962, when he was first elected to Parliament. Since then, he has spoken to UBC students at Student-Alumni dinners in the 60's, Liberal events in the 70's, political grilling sessions in the 80's, and now at his own awards ceremony.

John Turner will receive the Great Trekker Award from the AMS on Friday, September 25, 1992 at a reception at 5:30 p.m. in the SUB Party Room. Tickets are $10 and are available at the AMS Box Office. Also speaking at the event will be UBC President David Strangway, Alumni Association Past President Dave Coulson, 1965 Award recipient Evelyn Story Lett, and AMS President Martin Ertl. All are welcome. The Homecoming Dance follows in the Ballroom/Pit. Call Carole Forsythe at 822-3092 for details.

The Great Trekker Award is given annually by the Alma Mater Society to a member of the Alumni of the University of British Columbia who has achieved eminence in his or her field, has made a special contribution to the community and has demonstrated an especially keen and continued interest in his or her Alma Mater.

Recipients of the Great Trekker Award

1950	Joseph F. Brown
1951	John Buchanan
1952	Arthur E. Lord
1953	Walter H. Gage
1954	Phyllis G. Ross
1955	Aubrey F. Roberts
1957	Sherwood Lett
1958	A. Marjorie Agnew
1959	James Sinclair
1960	Harry Logan
1961	John V. Clyne
1962	Norman MacKenzie
1963	Albert E. Richards
1964	George T. Cunningham
1965	Evelyn Story Lett
1966	Blythe A. Eagles
1967	Hugh L. Keenleyside
1968	Harry V. Warren
1969	Nathan T. Nemetz
1971	Ron Pearson
1978	Stan Persky
1982	Nestor N. Korchinsky
1984	Cecil H. & Ida Green
1986	Anne Stevenson
1987	Ray & Ernest Perrault
1988	Allan Fotheringham
1989	Robert F. Osborne
1990	Pierre Berton
1991	Rosemary Brown
1992	John N. Turner

Cartoon courtesy UBC Alumni Association. (Artist: P. Lynde)

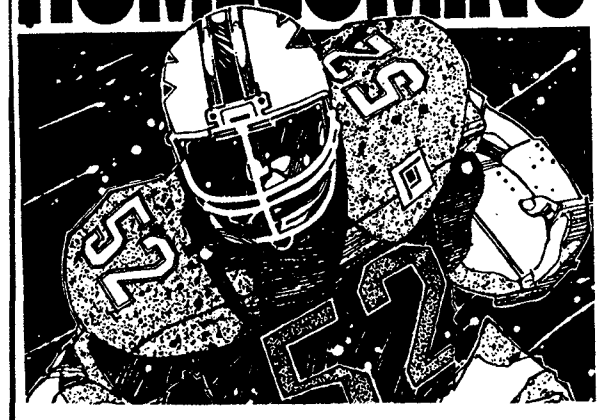
HOMECOMING EVENTS

Sept. 24
Homecoming Parade
12:30-2:30 Main Mall
$20 per constituency entry fee. Prizes for most spirited team. Contact Derek at 822-6868 or Jaret at 822-5336.

Sept. 25
Great Trekker Reception
5:30 SUB Party Room
$10 tickets at AMS Box Office
FREE Blue & Gold Dance
7:30 SUB Ballroom/Pit
Wear blue & gold or UBC paraphernalia. 3 door prizes and 1 grand prize trip to Whistler - but only if you're dressed appropriately. Call Carole Forsythe at 822-3092 for details.

Sept 26. and 27
Homecoming Football
Arts '20 Relay

HOMECOMING



FOOTBALL

UBC Thunderbirds vs. *Saskatchewan Huskies*

BE ON TSN

(Live Nationwide!)
Prizes for best TSN banners

THUNDERBIRD STADIUM
SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 2:00 p.m.

ALL UBC STUDENTS FREE!!

THE ARTS '20 RELAY

Sunday, Sept. 27
Register until Sept. 23

Itinerary

8:30	Opening Ceremonies at Sedgewick
9:00	Buses to relay points
9:30	Race begins at VGH
10:00	Pancake breakfast begins
	Live entertainment until 12:30
10:30	Award ceremonies - draw prizes!
11:00	Cutting of 77th Anniversary cake

Fees for teams of 8 people

	shirts	no shirts	individual	walker
UBC	$ 82	$50	$ 6	$3
Community	$112	$80	$10	
High School	$ 57	$25	$ 3	

Relay race from VGH to UBC, commemorating the Great Trek by Arts '20 students.
8 legs of 0.7-2.0 km in length.

Register at: UBC Intramural Sports
SUB Room 66 • 822-6000

mundane dumpster

CRRC Bikinis

Patrick Lum

Having just returned from a three-hour "Special meeting of the Faculty of Science", my first comment would be that watching your professors debate (argue) over future curriculum changes is a spectacle to be seen. For a summary of the recomendations discussed, see the last issue of the 432 (Vol. 6, No. 1, p.7). Suffice it to say that numbers 3, 4, 8, and 11 caused considerable debate and discussion. In addition, a number of proposals were made to amend these motions, and even amendments to these original amendments. This created considerable confusion among those who were not familiar with the rules of voting; after voting to accept the amendment, many were confused about the necessity of the subsequent vote to accept the "amended motion".

Changes to be made:

1) Faculty-wide requirements for Science students are to be reduced to 3.0 credits each of 100-level Physics and Chemistry for students with the respective Gr. 12 credit. *(ed.:The debate on this motion got everyone pretty heated. Let's just say that the entire delegation from the Chem Dept. stormed out of the hall immediately after the vote. And I thought AMS meetings got nasty...)*
2) Students may defer up to six credits of first-year Chem, English, Physics. 101 for, 92 against, and 10 abstentions.
3) Students are now allowed to take up to any 6 credits outside of the Faculty of Science, in addition to 18 Arts credits; this eliminates the 'list of alternate courses' at the Dean's Office.
4) The B.Sc. degree will require 48 (up from 42) credits of 300 or higher level courses.
5) A major program may specify only up to 57 credits in years 2, 3, and 4.
6) All first year courses are to be split into 3 credit courses.
7) A motion to require all students to take biology and one of earth science or computer science was amended, amended again, and then tabled (delayed until the next Faculty Meeting).
8) Supplemental exams have been abolished; borderline cases are to be decided on an individual basis. The possibility of a 50% grade was suggested, that would provide credit, but would not be accepted as a prerequisite for further courses.

These changes will not affect students currently in the Faculty of Science, and are to be forwarded to Senate for ratification. Finally. The End. But... rest assured that the tabled motion AND the passed motions will continue to generate debate while people try to figure out what these changes will mean...

McNighties

Carmen McKnight

Ryan has asked me if the President's column be done in the traditional method, that is, by someone other than the President. I should hope not. The spirit of the President's column is that the President writes it. It's your opportunity pick apart my spelling and grammar and I thought you'd be bored with another year of a ghost-written President's column. So —for now—I will be writing the President's column.

CHEM 160 has been active for the past two weeks. Its surprising just how many people showed up for the open house. Even Dean McBride wanted his free lunch.

At Thursday's SUS Council meeting we appointed two new executives: Jeff Chen is now the Internal Vice-President and Zain Kwandwala is the new Director of Sports. Our recently deposed double agent, Lica Chui, has made her true colours known by becoming a first year rep with the Pharmacy Undergrad Society. We still do not know the whereabouts of Jon Campbell-Dinkelheimer-Smith, our former Director of Sports. I'm sure he'll turn up when Blackcomb opens.

Another mysterious disappearance has occurred. The SUS flag is missing. If it is safely returned to CHEM 160 in the same state in which it was taken (no need to re-colour, shrink or alter our beloved flag in any way) by Thursday, Sept 24 at 11:30 am, the returner(s) will be rewarded with two cases of Granville Island Lager. If it is returned later than this date and time then only one case of bzzr will be awarded.

The SUS Council meeting for Thursday, Sept 17 was cancelled due to a conflict with the Faculty of Science meeting on curriculum changes. This Thursday's meeting has been changed to Tuesday, Sept 22nd at 1:30pm in CHEM 160. Nominations for Year and Departmental Rep Elections will close on Wednesday, Sept 23 so make sure you get your nomination in soon. Upcoming council business includes: appointing a science week coordinator and an archivist, and approving the 1992/93 SUS budget.

Planning of Science Week 1993 is now underway. If you want to express your ideas then show up at the next meeting. We'll be having a homecoming decoration party sometime before Thursday. There is also an Elections Bzzr Garden in the planning stages. So, if you're planning to get onto SUS Council, why not come out and meet the exec? I'll see you in SUS.

Love,

Your Sweet Innocent Doe-eyed Dictator, Carmen.

AMS Briefs

Janice Boyle

Wow! Two exciting meetings in two weeks! How do I stand the excitement?

The AMS called a special meeting on September 9 to view the film "A Perpetual State of Consent" produced by Coordinator of External Affairs, Marya McVicar. Council members were shown the film, and then taken downstairs for a tour of the new Pit. When it finally came down to the vote about whether or not to approve the film, people had either already made up their minds, or were tired of discussing it. It passed without much comment.

Because the two EUS reps, Christa Greentree and Scott Groves, did not come to council because they were celebrating their anniversary, council members decided that they would have to show their devotion to the AMS by singing "Islands in the Stream" at the next council meeting.

On September 16, we had four loooong presentations, some real food (left over from some other function), and one remotely interesting motion. SAC (the Student Administrative Committee) sent a Publication Distribution Policy for the SUB for council to approve. This policy would ban the distribution of any publication that was not totally operated by students , ie. the Campus Times. It was a touchy issue because a total of eight people on council either had been involved with the paper or are involved with the people that operate it. The comment made by one Ubyssey writer was quite valid that theTimes seemed to have a large representation on council, and the Ubyssey did not. If the Campus Times wants to distribute in *SUB*, they will have to apply to SAC for permission, and if it is passed by 2/3, it will then go to council for approval.

On a lighter note, "Essentially UBC", an orientation program for first year residence students, was on September 10, and was a success. Since it was a new program this year, and jointly organized by yours truly and the AMS Director of Finance, I was glad it went well, and that it is over.

The next AMS meeting is on September 30.

Senate Shorts

Chris Sing

Hi there everybody! My name's Christopher, and I'll be your student senator for the upcoming year. What is Senate? Senate deals with all of the academic affairs of the university. If you want to know more about it, you can come and talk to me in the SUS (Chemistry 160).

Senate met on Wednesday September 16th at 8:00 p.m. It was a fairly good meeting with lots of lively debate. We covered several different areas, including the University's Financial statements, New Conflict of Interest Procedures, and Preliminary Enrollment Figures.

The policy and procedures on Conflict of Interest was circulated for interest. Dr. Resnick put a motion forward to look at in the October meeting. Primarily, it said that Deans and higher level administrators should get permission from the Board of Governors before joining any private company boards to avoid conflict of interest. While this was being discussed, the question came up of what the policy was on students who had been unfairly treated in marking. The answer is that there is a committee of Senate that takes care of this. If you feel that you've been unfairly treated in one of your classes, you can pick up an appeals form inside of the registrar's office.

I talked to Dr. Spencer, the Registrar during the summer and he told me "if any students have any questions, please encourage them to contact my office and we will do our best to help them." (I had heard some interesting rumors about university policy which I found to be false from him.) The registrar is very helpful, and will try to help you if he can. Or you can do the alternative, and go to the Dean's office in the biology building and they'll help you too.

We reviewed the university's financial statements. Your fees for the year ending on March 31, 1992 made up 10.2% of UBC's total revenue, or $69,000,000. There was a high level of debate whether more money was being spent on students, due to the increase in tuition. There was an increase in the amount of money spent on Student Awards and Services which went up from $9,508,000 to $11,265,000.

Did you know that there is over fifty million dollars worth of construction in going on right now including the west parkade, and the longhouse?

The GPA to get into first year from high school was 3.17 for Science, and 3.0 for Arts There are 1136 new 1st year Science students, out of a total 5446 applications received. (As of September 8th, 1992) Wow! The first years are getting smarter! Congratulations on getting in, all you first years!

Circvs Scientificvs

Zain Khandwala

One of the proudest traditions upheld within the Science Undergraduate Society is that of desecrating and humiliating the engineers in everything we do. Intramural sports is no exception to this mandate.

Not only have we defeated the 'geers for two straight years to win the unit points standings competition, but our participation and competition numbers have, over the last half-decade, shown increases far above those of the inferior EUS. What's more, all indications are for this year's results to follow these trends, as we have a strong core of talent in all league sports, an apparently keen group of frosh, and, more importantly, biochem labs stocked with clenbuterol (Intramural Sports has yet to define a clear position on performance-enhancing drug use).

For the above reasons, when Jon Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith was forced to resign as SUS sports rep for this year, I was eager to take over in charge of the Great Science Sports Machine. My name's Zain Khandwala, and some of you may know me as last year's CompSci Rep. Anyway, if you have any sports-type questions, I can usually be found at the Intramurals office in the SUB where I'm the Director of Statistics, or in the SUS office.

Only a week-and -a-bit into this new year, we already have teams registered for all divisions of all league sports, and we're looking to make a strong run at the Arts 20 title in the faculty category.

If you're a science student, drop by the SUS office in CHEM 160 to see what's going on and to get involved.. If you're looking for a team to get involved with, we have sign-up sheets posted for all levels and categories of team sports, as well as sign-up forms for all individual sports.

At SUS we diligently reward all those who make the Science sports program great at the end-of-the-year SUS Sports Banquet, where we recognize people based on the number of participation and competition points they earn under the Science name.

Most importantly, though, the Intramural Sports Program is one of the best means of integrating yourself into UBC life in general, and the Science Undergrad Society in specific. So get involved early and often, and let us know who you are. It's time to get the Machine rolling...

Don't try this at home!

(Go to The Pit where more people will see you...)

Jolly ROGER

Howdy. First of all... jeez, I'm sorry.

What I mean is, my sincere apologies to anyone who tried to take me up on the free parking I wrote about in the last issue. It seems that Parking and Security couldn't make your lives difficult enough without enlisting the expert help of UBC Housing. As a result, all those lovely free spaces along the roads towards the south end of campus have now been appropriated in the name of "Registered Student Resident Parking Only." They're out to get us, I tell you. So, anyway... sorry, guys.

One other little tidbit... sign up for hockey NOW! (That is, if you play. If not, just ignore this little bit and proceed directly to the next paragraph.)

And now, if I may, let me share with you a few very good reasons not to go on a two-week drinking spree. *(Bust Loose holidays to Mexico are, of course, exempt from this line of reasoning.)*

1. **You mutate.** Humans, as we all know, do not possess the ability to regenerate lost limbs and the like. If we did, I imagine that a workman falling into a planer saw wouldn't receive half the press that it does now. However, a continued infusion of ethanol into the body can cause quite a few amazing physical changes.

   For example, your brain begins deciding that you really don't need to walk around on two legs all the time, and that you'd really be much better off either on all fours or flat on your beak. Furthermore, you develop the eyesight of a bat and the sunlight tolerance of a gremlin, and typically spend most of the next day lurking about in sunglasses, bumping into stationary objects, and wondering how it can possibly be so bright out when it's overcast. Another interesting feature is the expansion of the waistline, which forms a suitable surface upon which to place your next beer while sitting down. Or, for that matter, even while standing up. Depends how long you've been at it.

   (Incidentally, in 1973, the CIA reportedly carried out an experiment in which a human ovum was raised solely on ethanol. Turns out they ended up with a 170-pound liver that could chug an entire keg while singing *99 Bottles Of Beer On The Wall* in German.)

2. **Man liveth not on hooch alone.** Let's put it this way: living on beer and averaging two square meals per week will not be on your dietician's Top Ten. So, if you can choke down that bowl of Total in the morning without heaving, more power to you. (Apparently, this is very tough to do even if you *haven't* been drinking. Something that good for you has gotta taste pretty damned awful.)

3. **You occasionally cause trouble here and there.** You know, just general mischief. Nothing like nipping the Engineers' little replica cairn and painting it or anything. Oh no no no, nothing like *that*.

4. **It ends up costing you.** Unless you have access to a large quantity of complimentary, subsidized, or otherwise free beer, big binges like two-week benders will leave you feeling the pinch. Of course, smart shopping (ie. SUS Bzzr Gardens, plugplugplug) will get you more booze for your buck, but for the average Joe, it'd be the alcoholic equivalent of *Heaven's Gate*. Expensive and a major source of headaches for weeks to come.

However, I'd like to point out that I had the sense to know what night not to hit the sauce, that being Saturday last at the Shrum Bowl. As a result, I was able to take notes between water balloons, and put together:

THE 1992 SHRUM BOWL AWARDS
(insert fanfare here)

MVP (Most Valuable Player): UBC running back Brad Yamaoka, who set a new all-time T-Bird record for rushing yards in a single game (230).

MVA (Most Violent Attitude): A security guard identified only as "Scott", who went above and beyond the call of duty to give at least a few people a hard time where they didn't deserve it. (His last job must have been concert security in St. Louis.)

Best Long Bomb: The guys sitting in front of me with the water balloon launchers, who bombarded the SFU fans all night, and landed a couple of really amazing 70-yard head shots.

Bravest SFU Supporter: The guy who walked over into the UBC fan section by himself and started threatening the Best Long Bomb winners in front of a few dozen onlookers.

Smartest SFU Supporter: Same guy. He got out of there pretty quick.

Best Tackle: A UBC security guard picked up an SFU fan and flipped him over his shoulder flat onto his back. What wrestling fans call a "suplex".

Best View From The Bottom Of A Pileup By A Reporter: Moi. A Clansmen supporter grabbed someone's T-Bird hat and tried to run with it. My friend and I tackled him to get it back... just as about thirty other guys got the same idea. Ouch. Never had such an intimate relationship with grass before.

Best Way To Get Someone Not To Listen To You: The security guard who came up to the guys with the balloons, broke one over one guy's head, and said, "Don't shoot these anymore." (Guess where the next one went.)

Best Innocent Victim: The Domino's Pizza guy, who was met with a friendly barrage of water balloons every time he walked past the crowd.

Worst Call On The 10° Weather: The concession people. They weren't sellin' a lot of that ice cream, and they ran out of coffee and hot chocolate at halftime, much to the chagrin of several drenched SFU fans. (Hey, I do have some compassion, you know...)

Best Bottom Line: UBC 39, SFU 20. 'Nuff said.

NOMINATION FORM FOR THE
SCIENCE UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY
YEAR AND DEPARTMENT REP. POSITIONS

NAME OF CANDIDATE: _____
YEAR: _____ DEPARTMENT: _____ STUDENT NO.: _____
ADDRESS: _____
TELEPHONE: _____
I am aware of my nomination and willing to run for the position of _____.

DATE: _____ SIGNED: _____
This form must be returned by 6:00 p.m., Wednesday, September 23, 1992 to CHEM 160.

We, the undersigned, bona fide members of the Science Undergraduate Society, nominate _____ for the position of _____.
(*Note:* 15 is the minimum number of signatures required.)

	DATE	SIGNATURE	NAME	STUDENT NO.
1				
2				
3				
4				
5				
6				
7				
8				
9				
10				
11				
12				
13				
14				
15				
16				
17				

*** ALL CANDIDATES MEETING: Wednesday, September 23, 1992, 5:30 p.m.***
ATTENDANCE IS REQUIRED!