Help. I'm being held prisoner in SUS at four in the f**kin' morning.

The 432

"What?"

432 Editor R. G. "D-Day" McCuaig

Vol 7 No 4 • 18 Oct '93

WOMENSPEAK DECIPHERED!

"Tragic loss of life not for nought! Uh, not for nothing. Um, for something," Says Researcher.

Washington Irving
Not Irving Washington

New York—Countless generations of male confusion, suffering, embarassment and frustration came to an end this afternoon as Dr. Runnig Skeard revealed the findings of his 15 years of research at a teleconference broadcast from his top-secret hideout at #4-320 Target Circle, Groundzero, AZ 90432. (or, 32°42'25.9"N, 99°49'32.3"W for a 40 kiloton or greater yield).

"Nevermore will malekind bear the confusion of trying to decipher those vague hints and codewords. Let unhindered communication between the sexes commence!"

Skeard explains the events which set him about his unusual pursuit: "I knew I was on to something while dating in my freshman year at Harvard. The girls said I was 'understanding' and 'a really very nice guy', yet I never made any progress...never got a second date. Clearly, this was a conspiracy."

Miss Rosetta Stone, instrumental in the compilation of the world's first 'Womenspeak-English Dictionary', and only unshackled from her typewriter early this morning, denies Skeard's interpretation of his own freshman year: "We didn't date him because he looks like a cross between Ed Koch and a rock cod."

Skeard's unorthodox methods were extremely questionable and never approved by an ethics committee, as they employed a controversial technique sometimes referred to as 'unlawful confinement.'.

"The scientific community is of two minds about this. The information is vital, but can we use it knowing how it was obtained?" asks UBC President David Strangway. "Frankly, I'm packin' and heading for Whonnock 'til this whole thing blows over."

Translations are provided for "visitor from out of town," "headache," "fresh," "cute", and that annoying little gesture involving a pinkie finger. There are also an astonishingly large number possible meanings for the answer to "What's wrong?" According to Skeard, in this context "Nothing," has dozens of interpretations, none of which actually correspond to the commonly accepted male definition of "complete and utter lack of something amiss".

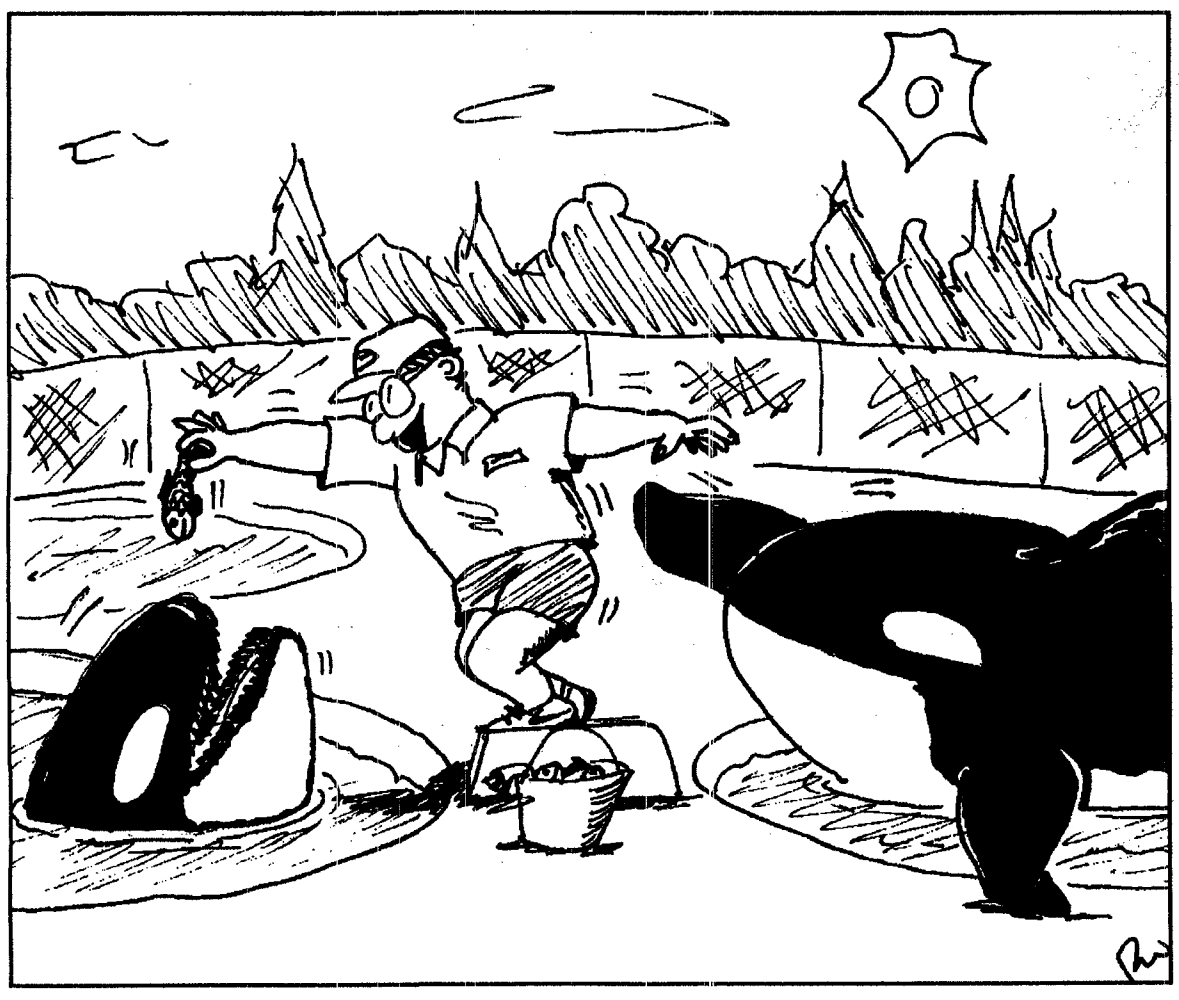
The book not only provides translations, but reveals many facts long suspected—but never proven— that Skeard uncovered in the midst of his research:

- that women actually have everything men ever ask them for right in that portable department store called a purse, but they couldn't really see any reason to lend it out.
- that a typical daily calorie input is is in fact supplemented by up to 30% with foodstuffs hunted and gathered from the plates of males (as per: "I won't order anything; I'll just have a bite of yours.").
- football was actually invented by women to get a little time to themselves as men remain glued in a hypnotic, drooling state to the boob-tube.
- most women's washrooms are actually cleverly-disguised bistros, with Chippendale waiters and a blindfolded string quartet in the corner. This explains the mass migrations.

Skeard describes the repercussions of his amazing discoveries. "All the indications are that we have cracked the code for good. On the flip side this seems to suggest that since discovery took...oh, about six thousand years that just maybe they really are the more intelligent of the sexes."

Skeard must find refuge quickly, as many members of a violent splinter group of the Womenspeak Congress have called for his...um... head on a skewer. They are also urging a temporary switch to Esperanto while their own euphemism researchers work around the clock to drop the curtain of secrecy once more.

Old comrade and fellow writer Salman Rushdie has refused to provide shelter for the Skeard, "I'd be safer if I moved to Mecca and gave the Ayatollah a swift smack upside the head with my latest book," claims the reclusive writer. "I wish him luck. He's gonna need it!"



"Thaaat's it! C'mon...just a *little* closer..."

Man trapped by boulder cuts off leg to free himself

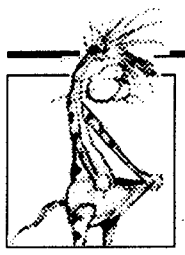
DENVER — A man cut off his leg and crawled to his car to reach help after he was trapped under a boulder in the mountains, hospital officials said Wednesday.

William Jerecki, 33, took the desperate action to save his life and then dragged himself almost a kilometre when disaster struck during a fishing trip.

He lived for a long period of time

Now, why would this guy go fishing after hacking off his own limb? I think I'd consider Emerg a lovely place to be at that point...

Editorial



Ryan McCUAIG

I have decided that, as the publishing magnate that I am, I have a duty to the citizens of this country to form my very own political party. Everyone else has done it, and I apologize for being so lax in leaving it this close to the election.

I mean, Mel Hurtig (of Canadian Encyclopedia fame) has the National Party, and Brian Salmi (of, um, Terminal City fame) has the Gnu Rhinoceros Party.

So, I am, as of last Thursday morning, Chief of the Toga Party of Canada.

Why do I want to be Prime Minister? Well, a dream that I've had since childhood (which can be taken as either the early eighties or last Tuesday, depending on your criteria) is to one day sit in the House of Commons in a Puff the Magic Dragon suit.

For as long as I've actually noticed politics, we haven't had any really flamboyant Prime Ministers. I grow a little misty-eyed when I think back on Trudeau's old trademark "sit-'n-spin" gesture. Now *there* was a Prime Minister. Okay, maybe he didn't do much for Western Canada, and his final days in office can be summed up with the word "Oink!", but *man!* He never hesitated to tell ya exactly where to go and how you could entertain yourself on the way there.

But let's get back to me and my fledgling party.

I guess I need some campaign promises that I'll later pretend I never made. Okay, now everybody listen closely: blah blah blah jobs, ummmmm, blah blah free the weed blah blah senate boat races blah, ummmmm, blah blah 1994 a statutory holiday blah blah and I hope all Canadians will share in this vision, which will result in a brighter and more prosperous future for us all. Thank you all!

I should also introduce you all to the other candidates running under the Toga banner: Vancouver Centre—Steve! Coleman

Vancouver Quadra—Well, me, of course.

Burnaby-Kingsway—Markus Ragnar Hönig

Fraser Valley West—Leona Adams

Mission-Coquitlam—Jason "Walkin' on Sunshine" Holmes

Comox-Alberni—John "What? Be an MP? Oh, okay, sure..." Hallett

Ontario-Maritimes-Saskatchewan-Manitoba—Jon Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith

Now, you may be saying to yourselves, "Ryan, don't you need sixty candidates to actually be a party?". This is true. So, we've decided to run fermented products in 54 other ridings. (You will note that election guidelines are exhaustive as far as citizenship qualifications, but do not discriminate on the "animal, vegetable, mineral" question.) Here's a small sampling of the rest of our candidate list:

Baie Comeau—A keg of warm Moosehead

Vancouver Centre—A 2L bottle of peach Canada Cooler

Shawinigan—A keg of Old Peculier

Yukon—A keg of lite beer. Any lite beer

Calgary North—A keg of Okey-Dokey

Bouchard's Riding—A bushel of hops (Kinda the sour versus the bitter, no?)

So, what I and the rest of the Toga Party hope to do is to get some expensive ad space (y'know, a billboard here, a TV spot there), use it to give a superficial, meaningless treatment of trendy issues, and win on looks. It can be done, you know...

Anyway, I will now take some questions from people around the SUS Office:

Q: What would you do as Prime Minister?

Umm...I'd have to say I'd earn six figures and finally get a corner office.

Q: How would you reform Medicare?

Well, that's a very interesting question, and I'm glad you asked that. You see, Canadians currently enjoy one of the best health-care plans of any nation, and I think that's very important. It's also important that we examine our Medicare system, and ask ourselves some hard questions about what we plan to do about that particular issue.

Q: How would you reform Medicare?

Didn't you just ask me that?

Q: What would you do about the deficit?

You know, that's a *very* important issue. It's one that I hope to make the keystone of my term as Prime Minister. I think there are four stages that we have to go through as far as that goes. First, there's shock. Like, "Omigod! That's a fuckin' huuuuge wad of money!". Then comes denial, as in "Deficit? What deficit?". The next stage is bargaining with it: "Okay, if we buy the meat dress and cut some welfare, will you go away?" I hope to move right on to stage 4: a healthy acceptance of the problem. That, and if we act as if we owe that figure in *pesos*, well, the problem is reduced by three orders of magnitude in one bold stroke.

Q: How do you plan to handle the problem of federal versus provincial jurisdiction?

Boat races.

Q: What about Quebec sovereignty?

When they get a sovereign, we'll talk.

Q: Now, as regards NAFTA, do you feel that the politicosocioeco-philosophical issues involved can be properly addressed in trilateral negotiations of this magnitude and importance?

Umm—(I'll take tails...cool!)—most assuredly.

Q: Would you favour an increase in luxury taxes such as the tobacco and—

Don't even say it.

Q: —liquor tax?

(Scene of wholesale carnage that cannot be adequately represented in print).

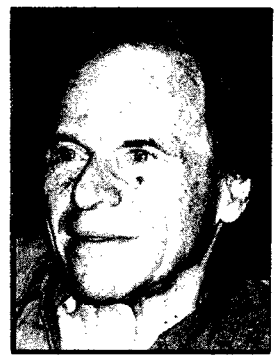
Well, that about wraps up my very first question period.

I'd just like to remind everyone to vote early and vote often, and remember, I think it would be really neat to be Prime Minister (in fact, even neater than trying to make a prof spontaneously combust through force of collective will), so keep me in mind on October 25.

Thanks!

Radiance *without* SHADOWS

DR. PHILIP MORRISON



October 24, 7:30 pm
Vancouver Orpheum Theatre
For free tickets, come to SUS (CHEM 160).
Science students only, while supplies last.

Presented by:
Institute for Science, Engineering, and Public Policy

SCIENCE SPORTS REPS 93-94

Director of Sports	Delwin Yung (263-0728)
SUS Sports Reps	Laila Abulhusn (937-7121)
	Michelle Kim (731-2263)
BioSoc	Bill Collins (221-0344)
BPP	Jen Rogerson (274-1843)
Chemistry	Colin Duong (872-4627)
Geology	Claire Floriet (736-6590)
Computer Science	Richard So (324-1643)
Microbiology	Bryn Coventry (274-2444)
Pre-Dent	Berne Dong (221-0742)
Pre-Med	Nikki Levis (221-0199)
	Winifred Chu (321-1689)
Physics	Darin Elliott (987-1644, 2-3116)
PSA	Liz McMillan (224-6624)

Fill These Rep Positions!

Positoins will be appointed Oct 21.
Pick up form in CHEM 160

3rd Year
4th Year
Biochem
Computer Sciences
Geography
Math
Geology
General Sciences

And now...
Sales Manager!

The 432

Volume 7, No 4
18 October 1993

Ryan the Tired
Editor

Roger the Absent
Graeme the Loopy
Assistant Editors

Contributors
Leona Adams, Matt Brzzr, Morie Chen, Steve Coleman, Peter Cronhelm, Jason Holmes, Graeme Kennedy, Ryan McCuaig, Blair MacDonald, Derek K. Miller, Trevor Presley, , Sarah Thornton, Laurie Yee, Delwin Yung, and Rog something-or-other.

Gracious Informing of the Editor as to his roadkill-like appearance by
Sarah Thornton, Laurie Yee, Tessa Moon, Jesse Burnett et al.

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On Bread, Bad Paint, And Bullets

Graeme
KENNEDY

Some of you who read my last column would think that I live in a weird neighbourhood. You would be right. Actually, the strangest thing about the area where I live is not so much the neighbours or the occasional late night guests. Or the fact that the trash guys refuse to collect our garbage and haven't for about three weeks. (All this despite repeated calls to city hall: "Lemme talk to Gordie...").

No, the strangest aspect of the immediate surroundings is the undeniable fact that the whole place smells like toast.

I really can't explain it, and I don't like it. I mean, it's a nice smell at first, my taste buds used to get jumpin' at the thought of a nice (toasty) warm slice with melting butter or jam, or just (that bachelor's manna) PB slathered on top, but now the ambience has really started to make me ill.

I've actually spent a great deal of time trying to locate the source of this offensive odor, but I don't seem to be able to localize it any more accurately than a four block radius around Zephyr on Broadway. I figure this auto dealership is not the source, so I'm left with a bunch of tiny heritage houses in that little 'planned' neighbourhood on West 10th which are so quaint and cute that they actually used one in the movie Another Stakeout.

In fact, these houses are in a specially-legislated part of town where the owners have to adhere to strict bylaws regarding upkeep or they risk expropriation. I lived in one of these. I don't live there anymore. Apparently I'm not up to code.

I was wondering why the city has such strange legislation, and I figure it like this: the mayor's window faces out this-a-way and he just has to have something nice to look at for a change, lest the fluorescent lighting in his office combined with the view of Raincouver start to get him down. On the other hand, if he is peeking out this way, I still only live a few blocks from him, and in the same direction, so can't he see that my garbage is just never getting picked up? Doesn't exactly fit in with his anally-retentive beautification plan, does it?

Neither does this toast smell.

It's probably just as well that I can't find this twisted bakery. I tend to get a little impulsive at times and who knows, I'd likely just torch the place out of frustration. This wouldn't really change anything, and might even worsen the situation as the neighbourhood would simply smell like burnt toast. So, I figure between this toast farm or whatever it is, the legislated paintjobbies on those decrepit little houses (with the associated evictions) and the whole shameful garbage situation, I'm just going to have to take things into my own hands.

I'm running for mayor.

Seriously! Ooooh, there will be changes! Nothing goofy like changing the municipal language to Esperanto or anything—just some serious fun. My roommate is a pyrotechnician and I think we could get a lot of amusement from his special talent. Currently, he's employed by the Canucks to set off fireworks whenever they score a goal.

Clearly, he could use another source of income, so I'll just modify his current job description: as mayor, I would get him to blow up one of those kindling-stacks-cum-heritage houses every time I sign a bylaw document.

Better yet; every time somebody's garbage gets missed!

Better still, we could blast their own homes! That'll keep those 'sanitary engineers' hoppin'! They'll be scrounging around for garbage better'n raccoons. ("Ooh, look, there's some lovely filth over 'ere!")

There's nothing to stand in my way, except for those few other contenders, serious and otherwise. Mostly otherwise. From what I understand, the NDP's "new and open government" has eliminated the $300 deposit previously required to run for mayor in Vancouver, and this just might attract a few...ah...interesting...ah...okay, a few hundred crackpots from all over the city.

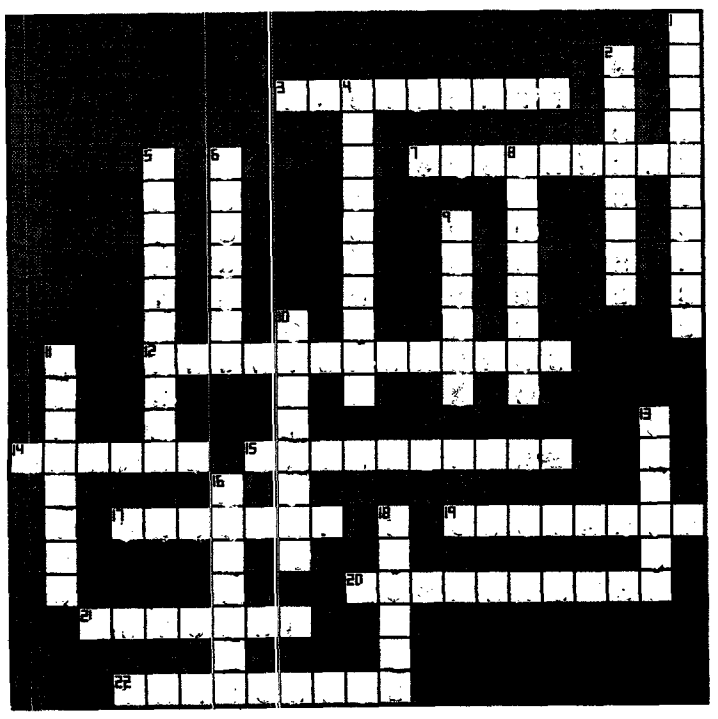
Remember, this is Vancouver: home and haven for freaks, flakes, morons and mimes from across the continent. I'll be running against friends of Brian (Godzilla) Salmi, founder of the Gnu Rhinoceros Party. Yes, it'll be quite the motley crew clambering for that comfy chair on Cambie.

But, I think I have as good or better chance as any. I do, in fact, have a leg up on my opponents: I'm a Kennedy. Now, normally, Kennedies seem to have a 'name association' advantage when running for public office. On the flip side, we seem to attract bullets like Wile E. Coyote's ACME Super-magnet, and so there is also an element of risk. (In fact, the last Kennedy to serve in Vancouver council was Warnett Kennedy, an admirable man, and you can look him up in Canada's Who's Who if you really care about that sort of thing. It seems he made a really big window for the Canada Pavilion in the World's Fair somewhere in Europe sometime in the 60's and it was just too big for the city streets, so they had to cut it in two to install it, lest they slice people or buildings turning corners with this thing on the back of a lorry.)

Anyway, it may be time for a Kennedy to sit in the corner office, with those picture windows, and a view of detonating houses.

I'll just have to arrange for some leaded glass.

The Crossnerd—uh, *word*



THIS WEEK'S THEME:
Amino Acids

ACROSS

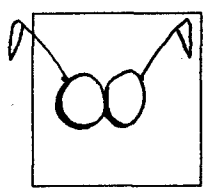
3. CAU.
7. CAG.
12. UUU.
14. GUU.
15. AUG.
17. CCU.
19. GAG.
21. GGU
22. ACU

DOWN

1. AUU.
2. CGU.
4. UGA.
5. UGG.
6. UUG.
8. UAU.
9. UCU.
10. UGU.
11. GAU.
13. AGU.
16. CGU.
18. AAG.

Across: 3. Histidine, 7. Glutamine, 12. Phenylalanine, 14. Valine, 15. Methionine, 17. Proline, 19. Glutamic, 21. Glycine, 22. Threonine.
Down: 1. Isoleucine, 2. Arginine, 4. Stop signal, 5. Tryptophan, 6. Leucine, 8. Tyrosine, 9. Serine, 10. Cysteine, 11. Aspartic, 13. Serine, 16. Alanine, 18. Lysine.

A Field Guide to *Professorius Calculus*



Blair McD

Well, the inevitable has happened. The one course you hate the most is the one course you have to repeat. Not surprisingly, considering my sterling attendance record last year, I have gained yet another all-day ride pass for MATH 101. The only good thing about the entire sorry affair is that I can delay the pain of MATH 221 for a few more months.

I'm hoping this time through will be a little bit easier though. Try, try again and all that. Hopefully, we'll get the same assignments and tests, so the my effort will be limited to correcting my first-try stuff. Unfortunately, this will be just as much work, so I won't be saving any time that I could spend in more enjoyable pursuits such as rollerblading along in the halls of BioSci or scuba diving the depths of that enormous puddle that forms on the roof of Hebb Theatre.

It's a glorious new term, and thankfully involves a different prof. This guy seems more to my liking, 'cause the days I do attend he doesn't. He's a bit more mellow—a mere graduate student, trying to teach a group of math idiots such as ourselves ("integrally-challenged" for those who prefer). This leads me to believe that he'll be a lot more understanding of my frequent absences.

Another bonus of repeating a course is that you can recycle all the old excuses you used on your last prof. Looks like I'll be attending a number of funerals for the second time, too.

So, anyway, with all the classes he skips to do whatever it is that math profs do, we get to see a series of substitute profs. This is good. This is the best thing that ever happened to math courses the world over. What this means is that we do no work. None at all. Each prof proves the same basic rules of integration and we sit there pretending it's all new and wonderfully fascinating information. You also get to explore the entire range of math profs available for your listening pleasure.

Professorius calculus antiquitor. Far and away, the dominant subspecies of professorius calculus. With a stunningly long lifespan, and distinctive white head markings, they can easily be identified from a distance. Other camouflage patterns usually include a brown suit and scuffed loafers. Depending on the time of the year, there may be a red or green tie. (This colour change only happens once or twice a year. Watch carefully for it!) At close range, they are easily confused with professorius philosophicus, but the slow walking speed always gives the true professorius calculus antiquitor away.

There are a number of other features that will be immediately noticeable to interested researchers.

For instance, antiquitor has a deep mating call that sounds suspiciously like the throat clearing of homo sapiens. Careful dissection of the few antiquitor specimens still available to scientific sources has shown this sound can not be associated with the respiratory system. Careful measurements of the phlegm glands have proved that antiquitor has a phlegm percentage not unlike other species of professorius. Therefore, the odd noises emanating from calculus antiquitor at regular intervals must be a mating call of some kind.

Another unique trait is the dependence of antiquitor on chalk. Antiquitor has shown a remarkable resistance to adaptation, avoiding overhead pens and in most cases, all pigmented chalks.

Antiquitor seems to have developed a complex communication method that defies comprehension even in this age of computer-aided analysis. Apart from the aforementioned mating sounds and resistance to change, there also seems to be an attempt at communication. Occasionally, the intent listener can isolate a number of individual words, such as integrate and expand, but for the most part, speech slips into unintelligible mumbling. This concludes the analysis of professorius calculus antiquitor.

Professorius calculus nerdicus This is another subspecies of professorius calculus known to UBC researchers. Nerdicus also has distinctive markings, usually baggy sweaters in the neutral blue or green colour range. It has also shown a remarkable adaptability to its environment. Examples of this include the use of overhead screens with multiple coloured writing implements, and a specially-developed calculation device. This complex piece of machinery, emblazoned with words such as Casio or Hewlett-Packard shows nerdicus' latent intelligence.

It has always been known that nerdicus possesses intelligence. Its vocabulary, for example, is quite extensive, but like antiquitor, has not been able to communicate effectively. In nerdicus' case, this is due to the tendency to deliver lectures at a rate much higher than the human ability to translate pressure waves into electrical brain impulses. The use of words not normally associated with any known language has hampered researchers in the development of a translation program.

Bounced!

Peter Cronhelm
Columnist

Last weekend, I went with a friend to see 54-40 for the first time. Being a big fan, I had been looking forward to this show for weeks. The show started off superbly, the cheap import bzzr was heavenly and the evening was shaping up to be an extraordinary one, until some hulking brute of a bouncer grabbed me by the shoulder and hauled me off the dance floor.

There must be some sort of personality disorder that club owners look for when hiring bouncers. The majority of well-adjusted folks would run in terror from a job which requires one to engage in nightly disputes with drunks. Happy drunks are more or less innocuous, but then happy drunks don't need knuckle-dragging behemoths to forcibly escort them to the nearest exit when they have ingested more liquor than their brain can comfortably cope with. It is the—shall we say—unhappy drunks who routinely make use of the bouncer's services that would make the job so unappealing. They couldn't pay me enough to manhandle two hundred and fifty pounds of sweaty, irate redneck out of a bar before he is ready and willing to depart.

Which brings me to my place in this tale of why I was being unceremoniously ejected from a certain popular American club, very close to Vancouver.

I didn't do anything to warrant my expedient removal, honestly. For the first time in my life I was innocent of any misdeeds. Really! The hired muscle must have mistaken me for one of the renegade stage divers, who was a foot shorter than me and wearing a t-shirt which closely resembled my leather jacket. That must be it.

Once judgment had been passed on me it was time to go, whether I was ready or not. Now, I have enough self-respect and dignity to accept my fate and walk out the front doors without a helping hand. However, several others were dragged kicking and thrashing to the sidewalk. Some people just don't know when to accept the inevitable. Three large roughnecks versus one small mosher has a result that is as certain as the velociraptor pack from Jurassic Park versus Barney. Eventually they hauled out the real stage divers. So, justice was served, even if it was at the expense of a few innocent victims. But hey, it worked fine for Stalin.

However my story doesn't end here with a neat and fairly tidy ending. Remember my companion? Well, he hadn't been kicked out, so we now had a problem. He didn't want to just give up and leave, but I was permanently relegated to the parking lot. The only solution was for him to also get kicked out, at which point we could both leave, satisfied that the evening wasn't a total write-off. At least we would have a good "I got kicked out of a bar" story to tell our friends.

With that thought in mind, my compadre dove back into the pit in a frenzied attempt to get himself forcibly removed. The only explanation that comes to mind for his lack of success is that the bouncers had expended themselves in their original expulsion-o-rama. He tried everything short of brandishing a sawed-off shotgun while wearing pantyhose on his head. The best response he was able to elicit out of security was "Mellow out, buddy." So much for justice.

INFORMAL LUNCH MEETING OF

WOMEN IN SCIENCE

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1993

12:30 PM

(bring your lunch, juice provided)

FAMILY AND NUTRITIONAL SCIENCES
ROOM 50
(please note room change)

"Post-docs in Science at UBC"

This discussion will be of interest to anyone who might be a post-doc in the future, who is a post-doc now, or who works with post-docs. We hope to hear your opinions on a variety of issues relating to this career stage.

Next talk: Thursday, November 25, FNSC 50

Mary Vickers

"Science Communicator of the Year"

Mars or Bust!

Trevor Presley
Columnist

I've always wanted to be the first man to set foot on Mars.

It seemed like a pretty impossible dream, considering I'm not an astronaut and I don't have quite enough money to start my own space program.

I though my impossible dream was going to stay that way, until last weekend. My friends and I were drinking in our rez lounge when the topic of space travel came up. It seems my buddies were equally interested in the concept of space travel, and we began to brainstorm about ways to make our dream come true.

After going through about six beer apiece a "really bitchin" idea hit us. We quickly made a list of items we would need, and proceeded to round them up. After collecting the various items that would make our voyage possible, we proceeded to the roof of Salish house.

Our token rocket scientist calculated that our space vehicle had to have an velocity of 52 000 000 000 m/s. This calculation was based on the fact that a normal human could only hold his breath for 60 seconds and Mars was very far away. In our drunken state, we could only think of one way to overcome this obstacle: one awesome catapult. The first item we got was a spring alder tree and then proceeded to nail one end to the roof and tied the other end down with ropes. We then stole a canopy from the back of a truck and nailed it to the tied-down end of the tree.

The idea was to have someone lie in the canopy as we cut the ropes and send him on his way to Mars. Once we got our catapult set up, we had to select a volunteer. Now, I know I said I wanted to be the first on Mars, but at this point I was sobering up and beginning to realize that our idea might have a tiny flaw or two.

Luckily, everybody else was still roaring drunk, and my good friend Jeff quickly volunteered. Just as we were about to send Jeff on his way into history, we realized two things: it's cold out in space, and there's not very much oxygen up there. Again, we brainstormed and came up with the appropriate equipment, which consisted of a big winter jacket and an almost empty fishbowl (well, hey, it worked for Tintin...). After Jeff donned these items, we said a little prayer, closed our eyes and cut the rope.

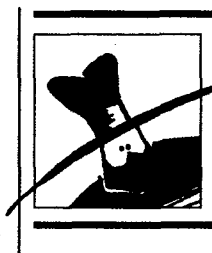
After the screaming had grown faint in the distance, we opened our eyes and Jeff was nowhere to be seen. We starting cheering and screaming in celebration of having sent the first man to Mars. We talked about what we'd do with all the NASA funding, and what we would wear when we were on the cover of TIME. After this moment of celebration, we idly wondered how Jeff would get back after he landed on Mars. We figured that Jeff was a bright boy and he would figure out a way.

It was a great moment in space exploration, and we went back to our lounge to celebrate. After about twenty minutes of boasting of bragging about how smart we were, Jeff walked through the door. He was covered in mud and there were big bruises all over his body, which didn't really seem consistent with a reentry into the atmosphere. He didn't look very happy, either. He then attempted to choke the living shit out of me, and almost succeeded until my friends pulled him off.

Apparently the launch had been only partially successful. The problem had been in the trajectory; while we had all had our eyes closed, Jeff had slammed into the fifty foot clay mound opposite Salish.

We were a little bit dismayed to find out that we weren't going to be famous anytime soon, but hey, these things happen. We managed to calm Jeff down with a few beers and by the end of the night he promised to tear off only one of my limbs. I guess the moral to this story is: Please, don't drink and attempt high velocity interplanetary space travel.

Dik Miller, Tree Hugger



The scene: A forest near Clayoquot Sound. Our intrepid hero, Dik Miller, has just fallen out of a tree. The sounds of approaching logging equipment can be heard through the undergrowth.

I was still somewhat in shock, lying on my back on top of my inflated Dik Miller™ suitcase/emergency life raft/satellite tracking station. Not far away, I could hear the growling and snapping of branches that announced the imminent arrival of large, yellow machines bent on turning the surrounding forest into indistinguishable middle-income row houses and badly-edited university newspapers.

"Ow," I said softly.

"Get up!" cried a tree sitter in the branches from which I had fallen. "They're moving in. We have to get them to stop."

"Ow," I repeated.

"Come on!" he yelled again.

"Ow," I grunted.

I was about to say "Ow" again when a nearby small tree shook and collapsed, trampled under the tread of a fume-belching bulldozer. It squeaked to a stop, squatting ominously on a bed of conifer needles.

The hard-hatted operator looked strangely familiar as he stepped down from the cab. Tall, lanky, and bespectacled, he turned to address a huge crowd of reporters, who were even now emerging from behind the machine like crabs from under a seaside rock.

Hmm, maybe my similes are getting a little out of hand, I thought.

"What you see here," the man began in a smarmy twang, "is a good representation of what we will do to the national deficit."

What?

"Indeed, we will reduce it as this forest will be reduced: cut, cut, cut, until it is totally flat, in three years. You can bet your bippy on that."

Then it dawned on me.

"Hey!" came the surprised call from one of the tree sitters high above. "That's Preston Manning!"

Damn, I thought. *He got to say it before I did.*

Manning turned to look up. He still hadn't noticed me lying nearby, probably because I hadn't said "Ow" since he arrived.

"Well, what have we here?" he wondered, shading his eyes.

The next few moments ran through my mind in the same kind of slow motion car accidents, dropped coffee mugs, and federal all-candidates' meetings do. I saw a large, turgid water balloon fly from the hands of the tree sitter. It traced a graceful, wonderfully Newtonian arc from the high branches of the fir tree, and as I watched I could calculate from its trajectory that Preston's head lay firmly in its path.

He didn't seem to realize what was happening, and the word "here?" was still on his lips as advisers, reporters, and miscellaneous placard-waving hangers-on scattered wildly for cover.

The balloon hit square on the hard hat, deforming grotesquely before it exploded, sending pure, clean, old-growth-filtered (and very cold) water in a chaotic wave across the forest floor.

I was shielded from the blast by the body of one of the reporters, who subsequently landed quite squarely not a foot away from me in a frantic (and quite futile) attempt to escape the splash.

As he lay on the ground, I introduced myself. "Hi," I said. "I'm Dik Miller, Private Eye, and you're standing on my hand."

This, I knew, could not turn out well.

"Oh, brilliant, just bloody brilliant," said the voice of Peter Garrett, lead singer for the Australian band Midnight Oil and Clayoquot protest supporter, from the receiver.

"But..." said one of the protesters, talking to him from the pay phone near the highway.

"I have here today's Province, which has a picture of a sopping wet Preston Manning and the headline, 'Presto Pasted With Projectile!' Do you really think people are going to rally to your cause because of this?!"

"But..."

"I mean, yes, it was a fairly inane stunt on his part, promoting his election platform by equating deficit cutting with tree cutting, but that was no reason for one of you people to drop a water balloon on him..."

"But..."

"...though I do admit," Garrett chuckled, "it was pretty funny."

The protester laughed nervously.

"Nevertheless, you have managed to get him to change his main campaign focus from eliminating the Canadian federal deficit in three years, to cutting down every square inch of timber in British Columbia and then dealing with the deficit whenever he gets around to it. Not exactly a strategically wise move."

"Er..."

"Anyway, I have a concert in five minutes, so I have to go Turtle Wax my head. Bye." Garrett hung up, leaving the protester, his friends, and me standing by the phone.

"Well, he sounded a bit testy," I said.

"I think the footage of Manning grabbing that chainsaw and personally cutting down six trees before his advisers could stop him may have gotten Peter riled up," suggested one bystander.

"Well, you can't win them all," I suggested wanly.

"Shut up," said everyone else in unison.

Will Dik be able to save the forests of Clayoquot Sound from a rampaging Preston Manning? Tune in next issue to find out. Or don't. Whatever.

Influence.
Power.
Caffeine.

Next *432* deadline:
2 November.

Why Be Happy, Anyway?

Leona
ADAMS

One thing that's particularly interesting about being a pessimist is that it also makes you highly egocentric. Instead of believing as the rest of the world apparently does, that anything which happens is pure chance, we believe that things which go wrong are the direct result of the forces of the universe conspiring against us. Well, not all the forces. I don't think gravity has it in for me personally. Not so much as it does for Wile E. Coyote and other characters who always seem to get assorted objects dropped on their heads, at least.

Pessimism has its perks, though, as much as it may seem like a contradiction in terms. If you have no expectations, then you are easily impressed by anything good which happens to you. On the other hand, if something bad happens, you fail to be surprised. For example, I am not even minimally fazed by the fact that I have three finals in four days, in spite of the fact that only four of my courses have exams. It just leaves me all the more time to spend at home watching hockey and basketball.

As half of North America has probably forgotten by now, Michael Jordan retired from professional basketball a couple of weeks ago. It shouldn't really surprise you that I'm a basketball fanatic, because it has been observed by a certain nameless classmate that girls in Science are less feminine than girls in Arts. Since my gut reaction was less than feminine, and more specifically, involved intimate contact between my foot and a sensitive area of his body, I asked him to expand upon this concept. Not content with his current tracheal foot massage, he explained that we (Science girls) are less concerned with our appearance or how others perceive us.

The statement itself is fairly accurate.

I mean, when the success of a whole month of work is dependent upon whether or not something is inserted, pulled out, decanted, vortexed, measured, centrifuged, injected or filtered at exactly the right moment, the concept that your hair may not have quite as much bounce as usual just doesn't cross your mind all that often.

However, there is that problem of connotation. Remember if-then statements? IF girls in Science are less feminine because they don't care about their appearance, THEN an aspect of femininity must be caring about one's appearance. Eventually, an agreement was reached before anyone was accidentally maimed. That would have been a pity.

***

I had my cousin over for the weekend so that I could extol to her (on her?) the virtues of living in residence. It's always nice having her over in spite of the fact that she is a stunningly beautiful 17-year-old model whom acquaintances of mine have been known to hit on. But I'm not upset. I wouldn't even be upset if the guy I was madly in love with asked her out. Of course, that would never happen. Of course not.. But seriously, it was a good excuse for avoiding the lab for the weekend, so she can't be all bad.

One of my friends even showed her how to make Wax Fingers. This is apparently some sort of primitive rite of passage which involves sticking your hand in a pot of hot wax and letting it harden on your fingers. I asked my friend why he insisted upon torturing my poor cousin. His only reply was "It's Wax Fingers!" I think it has some sort of hallucinatory effect.

Not that I'm one to talk about mental coherence anyway. A friend of mine asked me recently if I had worked out a problem I allegedly had with a mutual friend at the end of April. Unfortunately, I don't seem to remember whether or not the problem was resolved or what the problem was. Heck, I'm having trouble remembering the mutual friend. Maybe I should ditch those aluminum pots.

Stupidity seems to be going around. After a second inmate escaped from a minimum-security prison in Burnaby, an inquiry was ordered. Apparently the escape of a man who, while on leave, managed to add a sexual assault to his list of offences, just didn't cut it. They needed that second guy to clue into the fact that the picket fence wasn't quite the security feature they needed. Oh well, this is how we separate the brains from the duds.

A Minute in SUS

October 14, 1993
CALL TO ORDER: 1:35pm
APPROVAL OF MINUTES:
The SUS Council Minutes dated October 7, 1993.
UNFINISHED BUSINESS: none
NEW BUSINESS:
1. Moved Terence Fan, Seconded Tracy MacKinnon
"That council appoint Keith Banerjee as PRO." ...carried
2. Moved Laurie Yee, Seconded Delwin Yung,
"That council accept the Year and Department Election Results as presented:

First Year Rep Election Results:

Jesse Burnett	41 votes
Anna-Bella Carvalho	34 votes
Dianna Kyles	15 votes
Tessa Moon	51 votes

BY ACCLAIMATION:
Second Year Rep: Connie Luk, Tracy MacKinnon, Maggie Yuen
Third Year Reps: Anna-Maria Carvalho, Roderick Ofroneo
Fourth Year Reps: Leona Adams, Andrea Buker
Department Reps:
Biology: Blair McDonald
Microbiology: Mitra Mehin
Pharmacology: Terence Fan
Physiology: Robert Pauly
Geophys-Astro: Kevin Douglas
Oceanography: Sean Galway
Physics: Jessica Douglas
Psychology: Amy Siegenthaler."
...carried
3. Moved Tim Lam, Seconded Kevin Douglas,
"That council open nominations for:

3rd Year Rep(1)	Biochemistry
General Science	Mathematics
4th Year Rep(1)	Chemistry
Geography	
Computer Science	Geology."

...carried
4. Moved Delwin Yung, Seconded Farheen Rawji,
"That council appoint Terence Lai as Sales Bookkeeper."
...carried
5. Moved Laurie Yee, Seconded Colin Duong,
"That council appoint Adrian Azin, Anna-Bella Carvalho, Wendy Chui, Dianna Kyles and Elaine She to the FYC."
...carried
6. Moved Farheen Rawji, Seconded Keith Banerjee
"That council appoint Graeme Kennedy as Archivist." ...carried

DISCUSSION:
1. Physiology 301 Exam Sales (by BPP)
An anonymous group sold incomplete and inaccurate PHYL 301 past exam packets for $7 each in PHYL 301 class on Oct. 13th. The group was not associated with the BPP. If anyone has any information on this matter, please contact David Loewen.
OTHER BUSINESS:
1. Moved Terence Fan, Seconded Blair McDonald,
"That council appoint Jesse Burnett, Anna Carvalho, Terence Fan, Tracy MacKinnon, Blair McDonald, Tessa Moon and Nathan Ng to Science Week Committee." ...carried
2. Moved Kevin Douglas, Seconded Tim Lam,
"That council appoint Jesse Burnett, Anna Carvalho, Jessica Douglas, Kevin Douglas, Sean Galway, Connie Luk, Mitra Mehin, Tessa Moon, Amy Siegenthaler and Maggie Yuen to Social Committee."
...carried
3.Moved Jason Holmes, Seconded Delwin Yung,
"That council appoint Leona Adams, Andrea Buker, Terence Fan, David Loewen, Tracy MacKinnon and Robert Pauly to Budget Committee." ...carried
4. Moved David Loewen, Seconded Colin Duong,
"That council appoint Jesse Burnett to Sales Committee."
...carried
NOTICE OF MOTIONS:
1. Moved _____, Seconded_____,
"That council appoint _____ as Food Drive Coordinator."
2.Moved_____, Seconded_____,
"That council appoint _____ as Academic Committee Coordinator."
3.Moved_____, Seconded_____,
"That council accept the resignation of Angela Kay as Sales Manager."
REMINDERS:
1. Wine and Cheese this Friday at 4:32pm in SUS (Chem 160)
2. Hallowe'en Food Drive for Food Bank
3. Poster Party Oct. 21st at 6:00pm at SUS (Chem 160)
4. All club budgets are due Oct. 24th.
ADJOURNMENT: 2:22pm

Why? 'Cuz *Everyone* Loves a Toga Party.

Toga Party of Canada

The Drawers of SUS

Sarah's Skivvies

Sarah Thornton

The SUS elections went OK, Oct 6-8. There were some minor irregularities that caused the PRO By-election to be invalidated, but the First Year rep election went fine. Almost 10% of the frosh voted — relatively good turn out. So PRO was appointed in council on Thursday, as our constitution dictates. The problem, well... [redacted] but [redacted] whereas [redacted]. There... does that clear things up?

We now have our new Council. There are still a few department rep positions available, so see the ad elsewhere for info. Last Friday, we had a great Wine and Cheese for all the incoming and outgoing council members. Department heads and people from the Dean's office showed up, and we all had fun. See what you miss by not getting involved?

Remember last issue... remember how I said ISEPP had given us tickets for the Cousteau lecture, but probably wouldn't for the rest? Well, thanks to the pleading Jason and I did, we have got tickets for the Morrison lecture on the 24th. Joy!

Here's the schedule:

Oct 24	Dr. Philip Morrison
Nov 14	Howard Rheingold
Dec 1	Dr. Stephen J. Gould
Feb 2	Dr. Linda Schele
Apr 17	Dr. Donald Johanson
May 11	Dr. Frank Tipler

I think it's really great that we finally have something science related for you guys. So Dr. Morrison, of MIT, will be talking about dark matter. While the first lecture appealed more to the marine biology types out there, this one should really turn the crank of you physicists.

Switching topics entirely, we are in need of a Sales Manager (again). Angela Kay has resigned, and so we desperately need someone. This is the one SUS position that actually has monetary compensation. There is a commission of up to 5% of all sales merchandise sold. We're begging. Really.

AMS Briefs

Steve Coleman

"Ich bin ein Guinness tester."

Nothing's happening in the AMS this week. Dull de dull dull dull.

We gave some of your student fees to the United Way (no relation to David). The annual argument on whether or not it is appropriate to give student's fees to charity was raised, but we gave it anyway. The United Way now has $1000 of AMS money, out o' your $39.50.

This does not mean you are off the hook for those buttons. Two dollars apiece, get 'em in SUS.

For all those concerned about where your student fees go, Dean Leung (Finance guy) presented Council with the financial statement for the AMS. Any questions, go see him or Mayleen Ahoy (Finance guy wannabe). On second thought, just go see them and pester them even if you don't have any questions 'cause... hey, they're auditing us, why shouldn't we audit them?

SAC did a very nice thing recently. They constituted the UBC Ultimate Disc Club. (I would say Frisbee, but the term Frisbee is not a part of the Ultimate lingo. Use the term disc, plastic, pizza, pie, etc. but not Frisbee.) The club fee is cheap, the sport is co-ed and simple to learn, so join up. No, it is not Frisbee-football, this is a non-contact sport. I know this club has nothing to do with SUS but I play it, so the more exposure the better.

Congratulations to our new PRO. Keith Banerjee is the second person to be Public Relations Officer in only the first term of the position's existence. The job involves sitting on AMS Council, and coordinating our student employment board, Red Cross Blood Drive, Food Drive, and—wait for it—all other charity events. This means someone new gets to handle those %!*$@ United (not Dave) Way buttons.

Two dollars apiece, get 'em in SUS or we hunt down your family.

We will hunt down the clerk that processed your parents' marriage licence.

We will—*(Mmpth! Leggo!)*

Ballot Boxers

Laurie Yee

Here I am again with news of your new reps on SUS council. This election, that started out so many weeks ago like a spring stroll through the woods has finally come to a resounding ... um... well, something.

All you first-year voters out there (we had 103 come out), thanks a lot and your new first-year reps are... (drum roll please) Jesse Burnett and Tessa Moon. By the way, to whoever that was who was unfortunate enough to congratulate Tessa while she was still in the throes of ecstasy, I hope your ribs heal before exams.

To all those that actually voted for a new PRO, I'm glad to announce that Keith Banerjee is now a member of AMS council.

As for me, with all this election stuff no longer turning me into an absolute basket case around the office, I can start looking for a new excuse to go berserk.

Come out, come out if you still want to get involved with SUS, if you're reading this fine publication (rag), I want you to get up and ... give your butt a rest by becoming an active member of the Science Undergraduate Society.

For my next spiel, I had a fun day last Friday. Our Wine and Cheese was great, and Matt even managed to get me a liquor license. Smile, smile, smile.

Oh, by the way, just to be a little keen (since I don't do so in class) the results of elections are:

Tessa Moon	51
Jesse Burnett	41
Anna-Bella Carvalho	34
Dianna Kyles	15

Social Diseases

Matt Brzzr

In the last issue of The 432 I was misquoted as saying, "Mmmmrumplesteelskinwuzawesomemmmnodonwannagotoschoolwannasleepzzzzz." To set the record straight, I cannot, in fact, recall saying anything resembling the previous quote, nor do I know what a rumplesteelskin is or have any recollection of an Oktoberfest dance allegedly occurring on the first day of this month.

Upon research as to my whereabouts on the day in question, I came up with some startling clues.

1) Upon analysis of the cotton fibers of my T-shirt it was discovered that they were stained with four different varieties of draught bzzr. Upon further analysis it was discovered that these bzzr types corresponded exactly with those allegedly served at the SUS function.

2) It was reported that a bottle of Grand Marnier went missing from the alleged function. I do, in fact, recall waking up on October 2nd with an empty bottle of the orange liqueur stuck to the side of my face. Coincidence?

3) The first thing I remember seeing upon the opening my eyes on the afternoon of October 2nd was the ceiling of the SUB Ballroom, the room in which the event allegedly took place.

Although many would say that these clues act as evidence confirming my attendance at the SUS Oktoberfest, I remain unconvinced. Anyone with further information concerning my whereabouts on October 1st, 1993 is urged to contact me in CHEM 160.

Hic.

Treasurer's Trunks

Jason S Holmes

Does anyone remember that song "Missionary Man" by the Eurythmics, specifically the line "And if I had a dollar bill for all the things I've done / there'd be a mountain of money piled up to my chin. Hey!" (insert cool harmonica solo here)? I've updated it for SUS: "And if we had a dollar bill for all the things we've done / we'd still be in a hole up to our chin. Hey!" (insert pathetic alpenhorn solo here). Yes, I'm harping again about the fact that we still haven't got our money from der AMS.

However, I have been assured by the highest authority in the land (Joan Brookes, AMS Business Office Demi-Goddess and She-Who-Knows-All) that student funding should be arriving in the middle of October. At that point, we'll only be buried up to our hips.

On a cheery note, the annual Hello-Goodbye SUS Wine and Cheese went quite well as there was only one minor case of food poisoning involving some Gorganzola cheese and a member of the Dean's office. We managed to have a good time without getting totally smashed (all of those who normally attend SUS liquor functions, please ignore the preceding comment), and then we invited some (gasp!) engineers to the office to finish off everything that did hadn't already given our original guests botulism. There's just one fact that I must clear up for all of those who know me: I do not skimp when I am selecting a bottle of wine! If I did that, the Dean and the rest of our company would have been drinking Chinese cooking wine, because there's no point in going half-assed about choosing a cheap bottle of booze: if it still has some discernible quality to it, it's too expensive.

Oh, back to business for a sec. For all those club presidents and/or treasurers who are reading this article, a reminder that all club budgets are due on the 24TH OF OCTOBER! Yes, I am aware that the 24th of October is a Sunday, so that would logically mean that they should be submitted on Friday, the 22nd. However, if you are really late and desperate, you could drop it off at my home (I know I am going to pay for this one) at the front desk of the Vancouver School of Theology Iona Building, 6000 Iona Drive. That's the rather old stone building right behind Gage. Make sure MY name appears on the envelope and remember to tell me which club you are. If budgets are NOT submitted by the 24th of October, don't say I didn't warn you, as there will be a cut in your funding.

(Untitled – 1).

Roger WATTS

I was just reminded of an interesting point. Men have this curious propensity to talk in sound effects. No kidding. Listen to one of the guys talk sometime. It's one big Onomatopoeia-O-Rama, interspersed by the occasional (optional) bit of the King's English: "Yeah, man, I was cruisin' along BBRRROMMMMMM and all of a sudden RRRRRRRRRCCCH! had to swerve for this frog goin' PHTHLUMP PHTHLUMP PHTHLUMP just about SPWACK right on the grille. Pass me a brew GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG BUUUUURRRRRP Aaaaaahhhh!"

Really interesting. I think it's something to do with the Y chromosome that allows one to produce the protein needed to make an intelligible, illustrative sound out of something that would, in any other situation or context, sound like a hyena with a serious gastric problem or three.

Speaking of gastric problems, I guess Hallowe'en's coming up again. I gotta say that I'm a little confused about the logic of the guys that cooked this one up. I mean, it originally started out with a couple of poor sods trying to figure out a way to get rid of all the creeps and ghouls that would scare the bejeezus out of them and cast bad omens on them and make off with their Sears Christmas Wish Books in the middle of the night on a perennial basis in the fall. So what do they do? They try to scare them away by dressing up as creepy things!

Rule Number 1: You do not try to get rid of a ghost by trying to outscare it. Not clever. I'm sorry, but this seems about as logical to me as trying to chase Charles Manson out of your house with a butter knife.

Actually, I should qualify that rule: a proven modern solution to scare off the creepy dudes is to stand fast before the ghouls and shout, "LOOK! ROSEANNE ARNOLD NAKED!" If they don't flee screaming, they'll probably at least look around in abject disbelief, allowing you to reach for your handy string of garlic / silver cross / Weed Eater (for those pesky hard-to-reach demons).

So anyhoo, there they are, these two guys dressed up like idiots and thoroughly convinced that the ghost of Whatchamahoozit will now refrain from showing up and wreaking all manner of havoc upon the good little people of Earth. Having accomplished that, they probably got bored and decided to start scaring everyone else while they had the stuff on.

Which, of course, brings me to my latest theory about Hallowe'en. They weren't trying to scare any heebie-jeebies away at all. What happened was a couple of enterprising young guys who were sick of working for a living decided to dress up and scare the rest of the townsfolk out of their wits—and their food. Picture this scenario:

(knock knock knock)

OLD LADY: Yes?

ENTERPRISING YOUNG GUYS: BOO! GRRR! BOOGABOOGA-BOOGA!

(As you can tell, these guys were also pretty proficient with the speaking-in-sound-effects thing.)

OLD LADY: YIPE! Hey... waitest thou just a cottonest-pickinest minute. Thou guys be not ghosts.

GUYS: Uh... sure we art! BOO!

OLD LADY: Oh, comest thou off it... methinks those sheets art off my clothesline. Now givest thou 'em back before I callest the cops.

(uneasy pause)

GUYS: Er... okay... Givest us thou each a pig giblet for 'em?

OLD LADY: Deal. Now scrammest thou.

Of course, Hallowe'en's changed a tad since then, what with Tootsie Rolls being a touch more marketable to the between-2-and-98 crowd than pig giblets. But I do kinda feel sorry for those guys who invented Hallowe'en, though; they must be rollin' in their graves. I mean, here's a couple of crooks workin' their butts off for a few scraps to eat, and their art form has now evolved into kids going out dressed up as such blood-curdling scum as Care Bears and Barney The Testosterone-Deficient Dinosaur, and coming back with a haul o' loot big enough to send their collective pancreas into glucose shock every night for a month.

Ah, those were the days, though. I fondly recall the seemingly endless gorging on goodies that would take place at school through most of November. And anyone who says Hallowe'en's gotten completely campy and doesn't scare anyone anymore obviously never ran into this nifty little post-Hallow's Eve fright:

KID (with impaled cheek): "OW! HEELLLP! SOMEONE PUT A NEEDLE IN A PIECE OF MY CANDY! AAAUUUUUGH!!"

TEACHER (takes a gander at kid's mouth): No, you just ate too fast. In your haste, you tried to choke down your Remembrance Day poppy."

(Okay, that never happened, but don't tell me that it wouldn't have made an incredible story to tell at six years old. "No fake blood or knives, no way. You should have seen it, Mum- Kevin had a real steak knife stuck in his head!")

Personally, I always thought that the biggest paradox about the whole thing was that for all the effort that I would put into making my costumes utterly horrific and depraved, I usually had to wait a while before I'd get the desired response of fear and revulsion. Usually about two months, in fact, until I'd visit the dentist. I must have given that poor guy a couple of big-time aneurysms over the years.

Eventually, he'd get over it, and proceed to dig foundations, fill holes and lay bridgework in my mouth on a scale roughly akin to that of, say, the SkyDome, before sending me on my way, numb from the nose down and drooling all over hell's half acre. And if you thought the dentist was scared... you shoulda seen Mum when she saw the bill.

So there you have it... those two managed to create a holiday where people get scared after all. Guess their efforts weren't wasted.

Happy hauntin'! (Oh... and if you see those two old guys lurking around looking for food on Hallowe'en night... throw a firecracker at 'em. Bet they didn't have those back in the Middle Ages.)

Faculty of Science Call for Nominations

Teaching Awards

The Faculty Of Science will award three Teaching Awards for 1993 / 94 to acknowledge outstanding contributions made in teaching in the Faculty of Science and to promote a greater appreciation of the importance of teaching in the Faculty of Science. Each award carries a cash award of $5,000.

Full-time members of the Faculty of Science appointed on or before July 1, 1993 in any of the Faculty's departments are eligible to be nominated for the awards. Nominations may be made by students, alumni or faculty.

Among the criteria taken into consideration in making the awards will be ability to motivate students and stimulate critical thinking, sustained teaching excellence and development of innovative approaches to teaching methodology and curricula.

The awards will be mad on recommendation by a committee of faculty and students appointed by teh Dean of Science. Members of the committee will attend nominees' teaching sessions and interview nominees' students as well as review all supporting documentation.

Nominations should be made in writing to:

Committee on Teaching
Awards
Dean's Office
Faculty Of Science

The deadline for nominations is Monday, November 8, 1993 for nomnees teaching first term courses and Monday, February 14, 1994 for nominees teaching full term and second term courses.

The awards will be announced and presented by the Dean of Science at Spring Congregation.

UBC

Office Of The Dean
Faculty Of Science
Rm 1507 Biological Sciences Building
6270 University Boulevard
Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z4

Term One Sports Rebate application deadline:

Nov 22nd

No late applications will be accepted.

Don't you hate it when it's four in the morning, you're on the last page, and there's this stupid little space that won't take any of the stuff you have? I mean. you have to use it for say, recruitment, or even just printing something completely gratuitous—

Oo, will you look at the time! Bye.