THE 432

BY THE SCIENCE UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY OF UBC

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"I'm going to try to see if I can remember as much to make it sound like I'm smart on the subject"
- George W. Bush

Facebook Foolishness: Alum?!

Facebook "Privacy": Let's face it, as much as you want to protect yourself on facebook, you aren't going to be. Save yourself some embarassment and get the darn words right!

Don't let the arts students laugh at you any longer!

By Varun Ramraj

I am the last person to suggest that I possess fiery rhetoric or a large vocabulary. Rarely do I catch myself using more than the prescribed two hundred different words per day, and when I do use a rarer word, it is usually a byproduct of happy coincidence coupled with a conversation with a verbal sparring partner who DOES possess said mental dictionary or an eloquent tongue. I like to think that more people having such verbal sparring matches increases the number of word alleles in the language pool, which would ideally be laterally transferred to more friends, family and innocent bystanders (nothing tickles me further than loudly having an interesting conversation and hearing a bystander chuckle).

There is however, an opposite effect that is ridiculously common. People use less words and less interesting sentences, and that, for some reason, is far more contagious and trendy. I fail to understand why this is so, but "why" is the subject for another column. This column seeks to point out one, yes, only one, very irritating phenomenon that is sweeping the world. Yes, you might feel shortchanged since my introduction was deliciously breaded and leaning towards a tasty, meaty article, but it is getting late and I feel the effects of military presses and far too many abdominal exercises. My writing can therefore truly not be any more fiery than the lactic acid burn I currently feel throughout most of my body, and thus I will focus on this one use of vocabulary that irks me more than the thousands of small children who suddenly show up on campus as part of some random field trip (what? They're always in my way. Don't they have something more constructive to do than constantly trying to mingle with the bigger kids?.

Without further ado, sign into your Facebook (don't lie. I know you have one. Come on, I have one too, and I try to stay away from being trendy). Look for two or three of your friends who advertise themselves as "Alumni" (singular: "Alum" or "Alumnus") of the institution they are currently attending. Now, without further ado, find them and slap them.

Alum: a person who has received a degree from a school (high school or college or university) [syn: {alumnus}, {alumna}, {graduate}, {grad}].

Key words in that definition are "has" and "received." If you or someone you know "has" "received" a degree, then you are officially an "Alumnus" of the place where you were institutionalized for the past four years (for that is what it truly feels like for some). If you have not graduated yet, get rid of "Alum," youself-serving *insert inappropriate word of choice here*. Too many times on Facebook, I find people who are advertised as "UBC Alum '09." When these instances occur, I skip the chuckling and proceed straight to blowing a gasket at the absurdity of that statement.

Moral: if you have a Facebook account, are reading this and have advertised yourself as an "Alum" before graduation, please add this keyword to your vocabulary and change your designation so you can voluntarily refrain from looking stupid!

The Strange and Savage Journey Of a Science Undergradrauate

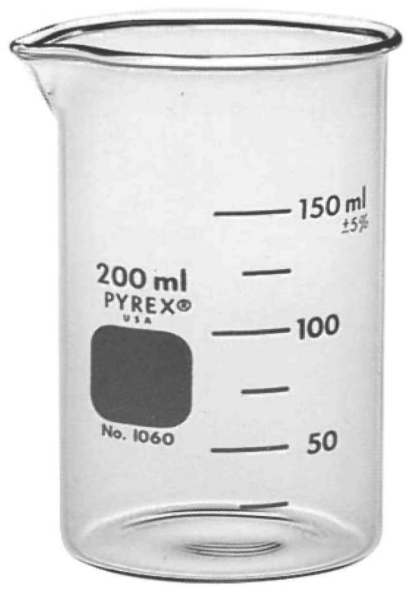
By Paul Duke

At first I thought it was a typo.

It must be, I muttered to myself, it's called Buck a Beaker, some sadist just decided to lay some ugly trip on us and wrote 2 Bucks. There is absolutely no way the price of beer has doubled in the last six months.

Or maybe it has, I'm not one to keep an eye on the "markets." Sure, if I hear of a slimy deal being conducted by some lecherous old man in some back room in Washington I'd get in on it. Money has no morals, and neither do the 19 year olds you can buy with it, but if the price of beer had sky rocketed over night I was in serious trouble. My pocketbook was nearly as empty as my fridge and the vertigo that gripped me whenever I tried to listen to the lecture I was sitting through was a testament to both the amount of beer I drink and how empty my fridge is.

There wasn't much I could do about the beer crisis right now though, it was 8:15 and I knew the nearest liquor store opened at 10:30. Well, no need to get all worked up, I told myself, it's probably just some student society fatcat who's skimming a bit. Some unfortunate bastard who owes money to the wrong people for placing the wrong bets. At any rate the only way to find out for sure would be to attend. Satisfied that a solution had been found I settled down into my rum and a lecture long since forgotten.



Beaker: It may look like an ordinary beaker, but it's not always used for chemicals you know.

The days pass, as they have a habit of doing, and the price of beer stayed at its normal inflated price

It wasn't going to affect me to much right now anyways. I wasn't drinking beer any more. It was starting to become obvious to my prof's that I was not only drinking in class, but drinking heavily. I might be able to drink a can in class if I sat at the back and tried not to

Continued on Page 2 >>

Continued from Page 1 >>

disturb anyone, but cracking open an icy cold three or four times a class will get you dirty looks. I learned some valuable things in that class, like the fact that you're not allowed to shotgun a beer in the back of a class, even if you say it's your birthday.

At any rate the solution was obviously for me to turn to the hard stuff. At first, I would just use it to spice up my coffee, but now I was only adding enough coffee to cover the smell, and judging by the looks I get I'm probably not even adding that much.

So by the time the beaker-beer happened I was already feeling fairly reactive, to use the native lingo.

And it was important that I use the native lingo, I needed to blend in, if I let my guard down these jackals will smell me out. Once that happened things would start to get ugly, and fast. By the time 5pm rolled round I needed my celebratory end-of-the-day-drink but quickly came to the scary realization that I was out of booze. There was now no longer any time to spare, if I wanted beer I was going to have to work for it, it wasn't just going to find it's own way into my liver. But I also realized that the task before me was more than just getting myself a beer, this was about plunging head-on into all parts of the UBC student life, not just the day-in day-out academic hogwash. This was about cutting straight to the fetid swollen underbelly of life as a student. A quest for the university dream of cheap beer, easy women and mandatory STD testing. This was the start of an adventure only for those with true grit. And I was chock full of that. I staggered up to the entrance, paid the jackals for admission and a beaker and they turned me loose inside.

If you've been to a buck-a-beaker you know what happens next. If you've never had the experience it's almost impossible to describe. A cross between a raging night at the bar with some friends and a chem lab without supervision. Some sort of hybrid beast where anything goes and usually does. It is an orderless chaos with the big, strong and dumb pushing the small, timid and meek out of the way to get to the front of the beer line. Made up mostly of chem grads and undergrads with just enough riff-raff around to provide the madcap atmosphere that ensures no one leaves until the cops arrive to break up the party before the air turns sour and the chemists start fighting in the streets. It would be impossible to tell that the drunkards hanging out of windows and climbing up trees are actually educated but for their lab coats and the crunch of broken beaker glass under your feet. And even then you almost refuse to believe that the person pulling off a keg stand in the back actually has a degree in something other than getting drunk in style.

I wasn't there to just get drunk and convince chemists to let me make some... profitable... compounds in their labs. I was there on a mission and I knew I had to get to the heart of the story. I figured if I could just pull a decent story out of this mess I might be able to get the paper to cover the bill for my booze, which would be twice what it normally was because the price had doubled. Apparently The Man had stepped in again. Alcohol, being the drug of choice of today's university students (with performance enhancing uppers and smokable downers following close behind) was under scrutiny from the RCMP. Apparently the buck-a-beaker was going further than providing students relief from the grueling mid-term study-fest, it was whipping them up into a veritable frenzy of drunken violence, crazy stunts and mindless sex. It was getting so bad that the cops were being forced to triple their strength in preparation for the event and were even going so far as to post silent (and possibly mindless) drones outside the event to ensure that some sort of crazed drug infused uprising didn't sweep across campus and overthrow the traditional order of things on campus. Instead of dealing with the issues that push this university's students to search for answers in the bottom of a bottle they decided to double the price of beer in an attempt to limit the consumption of the fiery brews.

This, of course, solved no problems and merely created new ones for the already poverty-stricken students. By the time the end of the month rolls round these students will be struggling to make ends meet and looking to the seedy underworld for a way to make some coin on the side. Some of these students will be forced to sell drugs on the street corner while others will be forced to sell their bodies to the highest bidder simply to ensure that they have somewhere dry to write their master thesis. The unlucky ones will be forced into menial labour at some deep-fried fast-food joint for less than they'd make sewing shoes together for Nike.

Of course, in the long run the only thing that truly matters is the enjoyment of drinking beer out of a beaker. And really, you can't put a price on that.

THE 432 NEEDS YOU!

Can you write something remotely funny? Can you draw up a storm? Or do you simply want to see your name, big and important, in print?

E-mail the432@gmail.com for more information!

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Hit us up at: the432@gmail.com

THE 432

Your Science Undergraduate Society Presents:

ALCHEMY-THE PARTY OF THE CENTURY

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SUS

FREE ADMISSION*

INTO ALCHEMY

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When: Friday, November 26 2007 9pm-1am

Where: Abdul Ladha Science Student Center

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*Valid one per person only. This is a **reimbursement** coupon - a ticket still needs to be bought prior to the event. The Science Undergraduate Society reserves all rights to refute/refuse the use of this coupon at any time without prior notice.

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IT IS THE PARTY OF THE CENTURY!

You've seen countless bzzr gardens and dances thrown in the Abdul Ladha Science Center, but you've never seen a night like this. Your Science Undergraduate Society proudly presents Alchemy - the party of the century. We promise you the biggest, hottest party on campus with cheap drink specials, two crazy bars, a huge dance floor, hot servers, and DJ Swick rocking the house. What are you doing on the last day of classes? Come check out Alchemy and let us show you how science parties!

City Worries Over Increase In Migrant Prostitute Population

By: Craig Mewis

Mayor Sam "I don't give a damn'" Sullivan appeared worried in front of reporters yesterday and it wasn't just because he was having a bad hair day.

He was expressing concern over the recent influx of prostitutes from south of the border. He cited the recent drop in value of the US dollar as one reason for the increase.

"With the currencies trading the way are today it's no wonder they are coming up. They're getting more buck for their bang here."

Indeed, with the recent economic slip it's now 25% more profitable to suck dick in Vancouver than in Seattle. And it's not just the blowjobs that are pulling in more cash. Veteran prostitute Amy "Analgeddon" Anderson says she pulls in almost twice as much as she used to in Portland.

"It's so totally great up here." She testified. "I make so much more money now I not only have enough for the basics but also for some extras for myself, like brand name lube and a 14" Alabama blacksnake dildo."

Meanwhile, local prostitutes are up in arms about the new arrivals from below. Local prostitute activist group, Women Helping Ourselves Receive Equal Standards, believes more restrictions should be placed on the migrants.

The Battle of the Two Dollars: With the Canadian dollar dropping the jaws of people around the world, people are turning their heads to serve Canadians.

"They can't just come up here and start taking our blo-errrr-jobs," WHORES Spokesperson Lottie Head stated. "Some of our members have been pounding the streets for years, day after day, mile after hard mile. These young things need to learn a thing or two about seniority. Look, every other industry uses protection against this sort of thing, why shouldn't we be able to?" She says WHORES members have been working hard around the clock to petition the government for support to no avail, and have thus been forced to appeal to the public for their support. "We're practically on our knees here."

However, there are many members of the public who disagree.

"Bottom line is it costs me less to get my fuck on, that leaves me mo' money fo' hookers and blow. Well, I guess just blow," streetwalker Cletus E. Gooch said. "Them new girls ain't have any idea who I is, they think I'se rich."

While the established protitutical order is being upset the local consumer is definitely the winner as prices are being slashed while supply is reaching an all time high. Which is win-win in this reporters books.

Your Daily Horoscope

Aries

The best thing you can do today is to read and then trust this. Do yourself a favour, trust me and trust what has been said here.

Leo

Don't be emo. School is almost over. Listen to random strangers today at random places - it may be rewarding.

Sagittarius

You and sports usually do not come together, but you may finally realize that your date's head looks similar to a basketball.

Gemini

You should be glad that you picked up a copy of the 432 today - it may be a great stress reliever for you, or not...

Virgo

Don't be afraid to run away from your problems. Sure, they'd catch up eventually, but at least you got some extra to BS something.

Capricorn

You probably do not believe a single word on this columnn anyways, but at least we wasted your time.

Taurus

Go check out Aries. Seriously, don't ask questions and just do it (just like all the other horoscopes).

Libra

You are usually quite patient with things, but not with things predicting your future - it doesn't seem to tell you anything at all.

Aquarius

You may be sleep deprived lately but wake up - even biology finals are not asexual. It does not do itself.

Cancer

This day and week may be a complete waste of your time. When you face your finals, however, you may think otherwise.

Scorpio

Contrary to popular belief, you realize today that avoiding problems is the best tactic. Running into problems may hurt.

Pisces

Looking for your horoscope? Too bad, we ran out of ideas. Join the 432 and help us out!

Credits to http://www.megasoft2000.com for images

Al Gore & IPCC: Not so Noble After All

Global Warming and Greenhouse Gases: Seriously, this sight may look intimidating, but it just might not be as bad as it it looks after all...

By: Craig Mewis

In a surprise announcement made earlier this week the Nobel Prize committee has decided to withdraw Nobel Peace Prize that was awarded earlier this year to Al Gore and the IPCC. Committee chair Ying Tom Chan, reading prepared comments, stated that "we have made a serious mistake. The Nobel Peace Prize was awarded erroneously to Al Gore and the IPCC." Claiming that their judgement was impaired by "a few too many hits of acid" the prize was reclaimed by the committee on Monday. The reasons for withdrawing the prize were laid out in meticulous detail by Chan. Among the reasons listed are the fact that Global Warming is hardly an issue of world peace and the realisation that Al Gore's intelligence level is "somewhere between that of a retarded chipmunk and Britney Spears, in fact, we need to introduce a decimal system for the IQ scale for it to indicate any IQ at all.

"We were all so mesmerized by the big bucks Hollywood presentation that we forgot that he wasn't saying anything relevant to the world at large," Chan confessed. "We didn't believe him when he claimed to have created the internet, I'm not too sure why we chose to believe him now." Referring of course to the infamous Wolf Blitzer interview in 1999 during which, then presidential candidate, Al Gore stated "I took the initiative in creating the Internet."

While Chan acknowledged that it is important to realise that human induced climate change may, in fact, be happening, he did concede that there are more important issues facing humanity today such as whether or not an Arts degree has any actual value outside of using it as really expensive toilet paper.

Indeed, if climate change is a reality it is likely still not the biggest threat facing the planet today. "There are far more important things to worry about in this modern world than some sort of global warming. Heck, I don't even see what the big deal is.

> **"There are far more important things to worry about in this modern world than...global warming."**
> -Chan

All I know is that my marijuana crop in my backyard has never been better and in a few years I'll be able to surf at Tofino without a wetsuit. It looks win-win from my viewpoint."

In fact, in a startling turn of events the prize was awarded Joe T. Schmoe, the lead engineer at General Motors who pioneered the development of a new engine that runs entirely on child tears and brown paper packages tied up in string and emits twice as much greenhouse gas per kilometer as an M1 Abrams tank. More research is currently being conducted to determine if any more 'favorite things' can power this engine.

"If everyone drove one of these everyday my cabin in Alaska will be a major surf touring destination by the end of the decade. And really, why should I care that a few island-nations whose names I can't even pronounce will disappear? It's not like I own property there."

When asked about the possibility that this kind of climate change could cause mass extinction of most, if not all, of the species on the planet Chan was unfazed. "I'm part cockroach, my parents survived the fallout of Chernobyl at ground zero so I'm pretty sure a bit of warm weather won't bother me one bit."

Environmentalists, climatologists and other unclean hippies world-wide were disappointed with the decision. Harvard Enviro-Ethics chairman Moonunit Stardust managed to awaken from his drug induced stupor to state that "It's, like, just not right, ya know? I mean, these poor creatures and stuff have been here, like, longer than us man. It's wrong for us to think that we can, like, kinda ruin everything. This is very undude."

Intelligent people did not return calls by presstime.

Tired of Sudoku? Try a Magic Square!

So you are a math nerd. You figured out the best way to figure out Sudoku and have been sick and tired of squares ever since. Now here's something new! Try to fill in this square using the numbers 1-9 so that each row, column and diagonal add up to the same sum! Each number can only be used ONCE!

Hint: They add up to 15!

Answer on page 7.

LAME SCIENCE JOKE

By: Nobody in Particular

WARNING If you don't like lame jokes, this is not for you.

Face it, it may be lame, it may not really be funny, but hey, we love it. When a professor tells a joke in one of those boring lectures to lighten up the mood, we always appreciate it. This is why we are in all Science! I know that we all love science, from Physics to Biology to Computer Science...the list goes on and on. They are all equally great in their own respective ways. But, out of every single science...

WHICH SCIENCE IS THE BEST TO TRY?

ANSWER:

CHEM**IS**TRY!

Team Delta Force

By: SUS Sports Committee

Swish: Take out your calculators engineers, maybe it'd be easier to do on paper.

Have you ever seen Team Delta Force bump, set, and spike? Well, they're no force at all. To be represented by such a group of "athletes," makes a mockery of all science teams. The game teed off on November 18th against "Team Asia" and the team lost; it was a loss that resounded through War Memorial Gym, over the grassy knoll, and into the Abdul Lahda Science Centre.

The team is stinted by their worst player: an engineer. You would think engineers would be good at sports, as they involve physics. Yet he doesn't seem to understand the simple concept of projectile motion as he can't get a ball into the hoop. You'd think with Michael Jordan, another team member, they'd be able to make a few of these hoops, but is clearly retired for a reason. You would also think that they would volley and score a few goals, but they failed to do so and lost. They never even made a first down.

Captain Daaron's inability to lead the team to victory has trade roomers circulating with team I'd Hit That, but as we know captain Daaron can't hit anything at all because has been held in the penalty box during most of the games.

The second in command, Cameron, by far the clumsiest player, can be seen on his face for half the game. Another player, so ominously know as the Salamander is clearly a fish out of water, maybe it's not so bad that he's endangered. Drew Carry is quite the comedian, he is clearly the team clown.

Like loyal Cannucks fans we shall hide our face in shame until next season, hoping they will impress us, but knowing they won't.

SORRY! WE DO NOT KNOW HOW TO EFFECTIVELY USE THIS SPACE! HELP US OUT BY

E-MAILING SUGGESTIONS TO: THE432@GMAIL.COM

Magic Square Solution!

So let me guess. You gave up and just want to see the answer. What a cheater. It's okay, but believe it or not, you don't need to use the high school guess and check method to do magic squares! All you have to know is that the middle number (5 in this case) is almost always in the middle. Then, you just have to work around it with a calculator and some patience! It's not as hard as it looks!
Note: There may be more than one answer.

2	9	4
7	5	3
6	1	8

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