The cdxxxii

Okay, this "News that's fit to" thing has gone on long enough, dammit!

The Newspaper For Science Students

Vol 6 No 3 x 7 Oct '92

SUS Elections Loom... Again

Lica Chui
Elections Commissioner

What do we do now?!? Can SUS have finally reached the elusive bastions of the university elite? Is SUS.. dare I say... getting popular? I mean ... LOOK! The elections have 2, count 'em ..TWO contested positions. In fact, there was going to be four contested positions but petty politicking and general "cold feet" got in the way (don't they always?). I know, I know... that isn't too much to get madly excited about, but.... this has never happened before! The other positions are all filled and we need someone (hint, hint) for the department of Geophysics & Astronomy.

Reminders: elections are on October 7-9, 1992, from 10:30 AM to 2:30 PM. Get out and VOTE or be totally uncool. P.S. Bring your AMS card.

Now, the names. Drum roll please, they are .....

FIRST YEAR (contested)
Terence Fan
Aarne Hamalainen
Jason Holmes
Gerald Roza

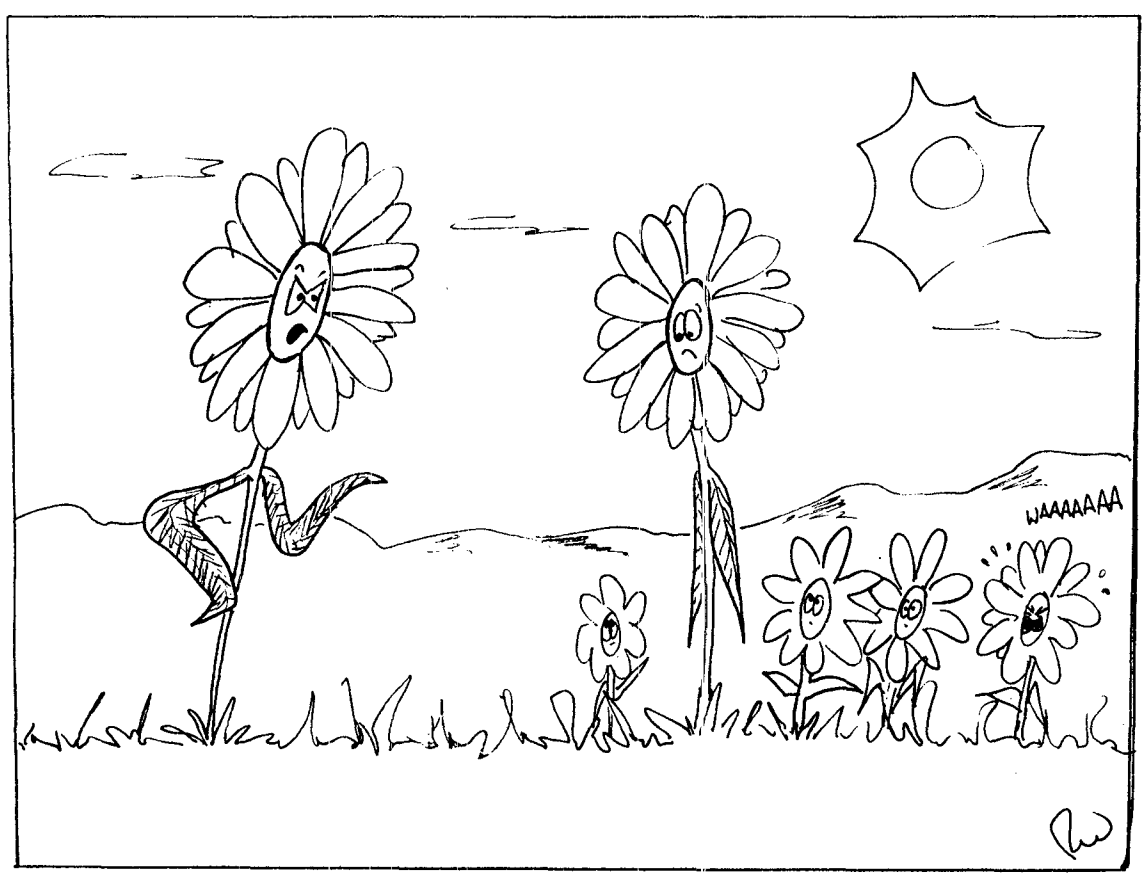
SECOND YEAR (contested)
Keith Banerjee
Matthew Brear
Morie Chen
Marc Morisson

THIRD YEAR
Tricia Choice
Stephen Coleman
Glen David

FOURTH YEAR
Carl Foo
Ed Ronyecz
Nicky Sample

DEPARTMENTS
Biochem — Graeme Kennedy
Biology — Delwin Yung
Chemistry — Colin Duong
CompSci — Anthon Pang
Geography — Polly Stokes
Geology — Julie Gee
Math — Lucy Davies
Microbi — Emel Akkurt
Oceanography — Sarah Thornton
Pharmacology — James Chin
Physics — Kevin Douglas
Physiology — Patrick Kerridge
Psychology — Laurie Yee

And that wraps up the list. On the side, now that I have your attention, I would like to officially disprove all speculations that I am (gasp) a double agent for both SUS and PhUS. I am completely, undisputably....unaware of what you all mean. Any questions about my loyalty to the greatest faculty in the whole wide world can be directed to Jon Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith, the pseudo MIA space alien hostage/ popcorn fluff. Thank you.



"Dammit, Bob! I warned you a thousand times! You go to the bar, get yourself drunk, and stand in a stiff wind... Well, I hope you're happy with yourself."

SUS Saves Engineer!

Valiant, selfless efforts receive universal praise

Kevin Phillips Bong
Roving Correspondent

VANCOUVER (UPI) - It was the kind of thing of which legends are made.

The quick actions of several members of the UBC Faculty of Science are being credited for saving the life of an Applied Science student (informally known as a "'Geer") after a freak incident last Thursday.

The incident occurred during the annual UBC Homecoming Parade. Apparently, a mob of unruly Engineers attacked the Arts float, and attempted to make off with their keg of beer. Unfortunately, in the ensuing melee, the nearly-full keg was brought down squarely on the hapless victim's knee.

At that point, according to witnesses, Science personnel acted. The injured student was helped into the back of the SUS float, which immediately left the parade and rushed him to the University Hospital for treatment.

Though the Science delegation was unable to return and complete the parade, observers are declaring the affair a moral victory for Science.

"Yes, the ol' Science folks should be proud of themselves," said ex-SUS Archivist David Way. "I don't know what that poor 'geer woulda done without 'em. Probably woulda just lurched in to the Pit for some anesthetic."

Letters of praise for the rescuers have been pouring into the SUS mailboxes. Prime Minister Brian Mulroney called it "an important display of harmony and UNITY, plugplugplug".

Meanwhile, American President George Bush hailed their actions as "very prudent. Very, very prudent. Sorry, my speechwriter and press secretary are at lunch."

At press time, Vatican spokesmen had just announced that Pope John Paul II would be travelling to Vancouver within the week, to visit the injured Engineer and "personally congratulate the heroes over a few beers."

Electrical Engineering Beer Demi-God Johan Thornton was *still* drunk and just being arraigned at press time, and was consequently still unavailable for comment.

INGREDIENTS:

OVER 95% OF CONTENTS CONSIST OF SODIUM HYPOCHLORITE, GRAPHITE, POLYMERIZED HYDROCARBONS, AND TREES. LESS THAN 5% CONSIST OF AN EDITORIAL RANT, SOCIAL DISEASES (PAGE 2), OPEN MOUTH, INSERT FOOT (PAGE 3), ANGRY DUCK, MIND GAMES (PAGE 4), DIK MILLER – CAMPUS ENFORCER (PAGE 5), OH NO NOT AGAIN (PAGE 6), MUNDANE DUMPSTER, WHY YOU SHOULDN'T LICK ROCKS (PAGE 7), ROGER WATTS ON 4-COLOR PENS (PAGE 8).

"MR. SPOCK, THE WOMEN ON YOUR PLANET ARE LOGICAL. TO OUR KNOWLEDGE, YOURS IS THE ONLY PLANET IN THE UNIVERSE THAT CAN MAKE THAT CLAIM."

CAPT. JAMES T. KIRK

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Leftists and Fascists and Dweebs... Oh my!

Ryan McCUAIG

Well, 'twould appear that *The 432* is a couple of days late this issue. My apologies. I had a Math 220 midterm last week (yeah, I know. Hardly a rare situation around here...) The exam didn't do much for me, really. For those of you unfamiliar with 220, it's proofs. All proofs, everyday. The only thing I actually succeeded in proving was that heavy reliance on the phrase "it is intuitively obvious that..." only works for profs.

It would seem that things are really heating up on the campus publications scene. Since I seem to be one of the only ones who hasn't already done so, I will now grind my own personal axe on the issue.

For those of you with real lives, and who consequently aren't sure what AMS even stands for, AMS Council decided a couple of weeks ago to institute a new publication distribution policy which, in effect, bans *The Campus Times* from the SUB. So now, the AMS Exec that a whopping thousand of you elected, have decided that you should be protected from this evil, proletariat-oppressing paper, and should read *The Ubyssey* instead.

Then, of course, we have the Young ~~Fascists~~ Conservatives trying very hard to destroy *The Ubyssey* with a petition. Basically, they want a referendum called to evaluate whether or not students want to fund *The Ubyssey*. Hmm. I think Jasons Saunderson and Ford should look at what generally happens with anything that involves voting 'round these hea' parts.

That, in a nutshell, is the situation to date. Fascinating, isn't it?

Anyway, there's very little else that needs to be said as regards this whole mess. Admittedly, some people might disagree with my opinions on the basis of my past association with *The Campus Times*, but that's their problem (and you know who you are. Not too much petty sniping in Paris there, eh?)

Let me put it this way: You pay for *The Ubyssey*. You pay for *The Campus Times*, but only because every advertiser that flees from *The Ubyssey* in terror takes his dollars with him, forcing the AMS to give its hapless protegé more money. *The Ubyssey* occasionally prints something relevant when it can't fill the space with some nice, earthy, politically correct garbage. *The Campus Times* can't afford to do that, because the editors won't be eating if their readership (and hence advertising revenue) drops.

That's the telling point, of course. All these campaigns are unnecessary. *The Ubyssey*'s readership is dropping like a rock. I had no idea to what extent until we printed the last issue of *The 432*. Not all that many people understood why I called it "Thud". That can only mean that the student body has already made its choice of what it's going to read, and it ain't *The Ubyssey*.

So, a big raspberry to the AMS for its little foray into the world of censorship. What's next, book burning? You're not listening to your constituents.

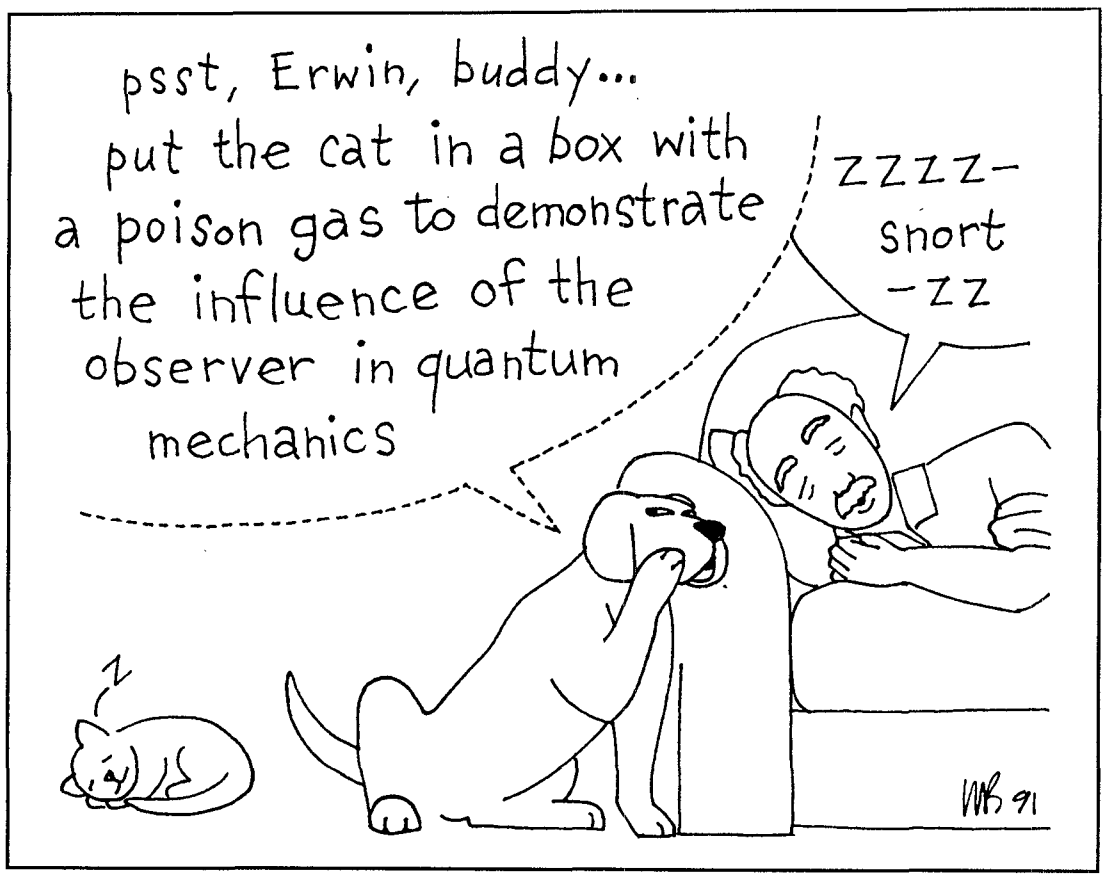
Another big sloppy one to the Young Conservatives. Having only one paper, be it *The Ubyssey* or *The Campus Times*, is not good. Ever heard of *Pravda*? Well, propaganda's not just for leftists, but I'm sure *The Independent* proved that admirably. Let's also put this cost thing in perspective: funding *The Ubyssey* costs each of you less than a dollar a year. When you guys are in power, your expense accounts will be costing us an awful lot more.

Yet another to, you guessed it, *The Ubyssey*. I understand why *The Ubyssey* does what it does, and there is a place for it. But that place isn't in the AMS' newspaper. A good example of what students want to read can be had from a glance at the U of A's *Gateway*. I know there's a subscription coming into *The Ubyssey*'s office.

The last one goes to *The Campus Times*, for being pigheaded and divorcing itself totally from the AMS. I wonder which paper will get some consideration when push comes to shove, as it so recently has? Good concept, but the execution's beginning to lag...

And, to avoid being too hypocritical, I'll tell you exactly what relevance this has to you: AMS Council is deciding what you should read. Naturally, as an editor I find this a little more disconcerting than the average student, but think about that for a minute. I think Council's gotten a little big for its britches. And, since you do have a rep or two on Council, you might want to drag them, kicking and screaming, back to reality, before they decide anything else for you.

Call to question...



Schroedinger's Dog

SUS PR NIGHT
5:30pm—7:30 pm, October 8.
SUS Office (CHEM 160)
We propose a trade... come in and help us paint posters for our upcoming advertising onslaught of the campus, and we'll give you free pizza & bzzr.

Virus Threatens Campus Publications

ATLANTA, Ga. (AP) - In a startling disclosure made earlier today, spokesmen for the National Centre for Disease Control claimed to have identified a new and extremely rare virus that attacks and destroys the ability of newspaper editors to meet deadlines and put forth their publications.

And the virus appears to have established a foothold in the Vancouver area.

CDC Virology Research Director Dr. Ingmar Finlanjensson said that the new virus "acts by localizing itself in the speech and motor centres of the host's brain" and "shutting down those neurons involving writing skills, artistic expression and delegation of authority, resulting in cessation of publication."

Dr. Finlanjensson also noted that while the method of viral transmission is still largely unknown, "it appears to propagate itself by means of carrier organisms that spread the virus to more susceptible individuals."

According to studies conducted earlier this year, the virus has affected several individuals in the Point Grey area. An area of intense present concern is the epidemic afflicting the *Arts Underground*, the production of which has ground to a halt with no issues having been produced yet this year. "I don't get it," said Arts representative Sunshine Hanan. "We shouldn't be having this problem. Dimetapp and cough syrup always work so well for this sort of thing, and we've been drinking buckets of the stuff."

Other case studies currently being researched by the CDC are the infection of staff members of *The 432* last year, and of those of the *Campus Times* over the summer. The Science Undergrad Society publication put forth only three issues in the second term due to the disease, and the independent *Times* has seen a drastic drop in staff numbers. "They're dropping like flies," said editor-in-chief Aaron Drake. "There's not much we can do. But, it beats having whatever it is they've come down with over at *the Ubyssey*. Yecch."

Mr. Drake is currently being researched by the CDC for "possible connections" with the three cases. Dr. Finlanjensson would neither confirm nor deny that he may be considered a carrier, but said only that "investigations into the spread of the disease are underway."

Social Diseases

Roger Watts
SUS ExVP & SoCo

Well, to all you poor suckers out there who missed the inaugural Bzzr Garden 92/93, too bad... we had a roarin' good time! Naturally, there will be another one before you know it, possibly even with a little live entertainment... details to follow when I actually get around to organizing anything.

Other than that, I can't really say that there's much to speak of. There is, of course, the So Much For Science Dance coming up on November 6th, so don't forget about that. Cheap bzzr, cyders and shüters aplenty, and lots of dancing and all that sort of general nonsense, all up in the SUB Ballroom. Keep it in mind.

But, sadly, there's not a lot goin' on at the moment. *(ed: actually, there's a Sports Bzzr Garden on the 23rd. Check the ad on pg. 4).* Midterms 'n' all, y'know. So go check out the new Pit for a while or something. I'll get back to you.

Open Mouth, Insert Boot 2

The Year/Dept Rep candidates attempt to woo the two or three expected voters...

First Year Reps (Contested)

Aarne Hamalainen

What do 'geers and British soccer hooligans have in common? Well, you can figure that one out for yourself. I don't want to get in too deep by answering that. I can't really tell you what my plans are, since I've never done anything like this. But, I can tell you that I will try my best (as long as I have a coffee supply). So come out and vote (ie. stuff the ballot box). Don't forget your student card.

Jason S. Holmes

As First Year Rep, it will be my duty to represent you, the first-year students, on SUS Council. The SUS is an important part of life on campus for science students because it a) provides the best entertainment around when it comes to plotting against 'geers (trust me on this one, it's a fun pastime!), and b) they can provide help arranging study tutors and advice on problem profs. Since I have had four years of experience in Student Council in the position of treasurer, I am experienced in the many facets of being on a political student council. I have the skills necessary to get any job assigned to me done right and I am also responsible to a fault.

Second Year Reps (Contested)

Matthew Brear

Matt likes Science (bzzr). His major is Biology, but he devotes most of his time to studying bzzr. He thinks he'll be a good Second Year Rep, mostly due to the fact that he's in Second Year. His hobbies include breathing and drinking. He plans to graduate, marry a short woman, have eleven children, and earn as much money as Dave Strangway while doing even less work.

Keith Banerjee

Keith loves Science. His major is also Biology, but he prefers to study the insides of his eyelids. He's running for Second Year Rep because he thinks Matt needs the company. His hobbies include sleeping, procrastinating, and yelling at little children. He plans to graduate, marry a much younger woman, have three children to play with, and solve all the world's problems with Matt's income.

Morie Chen

Morie is philosophical:

Very	Me.	Can
Often	Other	Heighten
T.v.	Reviews	sEnsual
Excites	Indicate	Nothingness
	Existence	

Morie is scientific:

Elect = morie c^2hen
E = mc2

No B.S. No CFCs. All woman.

Third Year Reps (Uncontested)

Glen David

I am returning champion of the year reps. The other two Second Year Reps were emotionally scarred due to the demanding nature of this position. I am looking forward to breaking in the new Third Year Reps. What a choice job. My major is Animal Biology. If you have any questions or, heaven forbid, suggestions, put them in my mailbox at the SUS office. Peace, I'll see you at the functions.

Stephen J. Coleman

My major is Ecology. I've always intended to get involved, but procrastination and apathy don't seem to be working, so I thought I'd try something new. I see this as a chance to be more than just a student number. This way, I'll get a little box in SUS for my mail. So now, I'll be a numbered box.

How am I suited for this spot? (a) I'm able to meet deadlines (as I write this, the deadline is over an hour away ... not bad for my first assignment), (b) I have zero experience, so I'm not yet corrupt.

Tricia Choice

Hi, my name is Tricia Choice, and this is my third year here at UBC. I'm presently studying Biology. So, as your Third Year Rep, if you have any questions or comments, please come to SUS and ask for me. I'll try my best to help you.

Fourth Year Reps

Carl Foo

I'm in Fourth Year Microbiology. For those of you in Second Year, don't do it unless you love E. coli, agar, and yes, my favourite, pipeting. My experience in school activities includes having been sports representative for a few clubs, but now I think it's time to move up. Yesiree, vote for meee, vote for meee because I'll be good. (It's not supposed to rhyme).

Ed Ronyecz

Hi there.

My name is Ed Ronyecz (Last name unpronounceable. Don't even try. Just call be Ed.)

I'm running for Fourth Year Representative. There isn't a lot of competition for it, so hopefully I'll get in. I was on SUS Council last year and have an idea how many people vote, so please vote.

Nicky Sample

Why I'm running: My major is Microbi. I thought I'd like to get involved with the SUS for my last undergrad year.
Strength: Sleeping in.
Weakness: Chocolate.
Experience: Not! (Other than that, I feel I am fully qualified for the job.)

Department Reps (Uncontested)

Graeme Kennedy, Biochemistry

First of all, I would like to say hi to all the Biochem students that I haven't met yet. Even if you aren't in Biochem, you might be considering a career in related sciences [read: It's too late for me! Save yourselves!] Remember to vote, run or volunteer for your undergrad society; it's rewarding & fun [read: get your butt in here so I can sucker you into doing my work or hit the Pit].

Delwin Yung, Biology

Aliases: Del, Delwinian, Yelwin Dung...
Area of Study: Last week Ecology, this week Genetics.
Legal Status: Citizen of Canada who *should* have a criminal record.
Religion: Protestant, but willing to convert during Xmas exams to any religion that can guarantee me a 95% average without studying.
Known Superhuman Powers: Despite missing an enzyme in his liver that breaks down alcohol, subject can consume two pints of beer before collapsing.
Quote: "True science teaches, above all, to doubt and to be ignorant." — Miguel De Unamuno.

Colin Duong, Chemistry

To give you some unbiased opinions of myself, I had someone ask the people who nominated me why they did:

JC: Isn't he already a rep? I see him sleeping on the couch all the time.

Some person in WOOD/IRC: Is that what I signed?

WY: Because he paid me $15.00

DL: He's obnoxious, rude, and generally bad-smelling, but he's responsible.

TC: I didn't want him to run against me as third year rep.

Anthon Pang, CompSci

Though my contributions have been limited to T-shirt designs and coordinating the jacket order fo Computer Science students — making me more suitable for a SUS Sales position than one as the CompSci Dept. Rep — I bring to the position the experience of four years within the Department, an active role in the CS^3 and (in spite of this) a cordial relationship with the SUS. And, in closing, I'd like to remark that my C code is much better than my grammar.

Tim Lam, General Science

Since I've been here since before there was a General Science program, I'm fully qualified to represent the interests of and spend money for general science students. General Science is the science of being vague, so please vote for me and my deliberately vague platform. My platform caters to Aryan-philic fundamentalist Christian pro-life abortionists, as well as liberal-leaning, homophilic, Communist, pork-rind-munching vegetarians, crack dealers for a drug-free America, and Californized East-Coast transplants straight from the Nürnburg trial's defendants' box. Any special interest groups not represented, talk to the Bush-Quayle campaign.

Polly Stokes, Geography

This is my first year being on council, and I will do my best to represent Geography. I am in my third-and-a-half year of university. My interests are figure skating, swimming, hiking, and reading.

Julie Gee, Geological Sciences

I plan to promote more bzzr gardens and get pissed at every single one of them. Hopefully, I can convince myself after all these years in the department that there is no difference between soft rock and hard rock, and that there are only two ways to look at rocks. It's either ore or wastes. I spent the last three hours at the Pit trying to figure our how to write this blurb. VOTE FOR ME.

Lucy Davies, Mathematics

After a tight competition (no one else ran), I became your Math Dept. Rep. I am currently in my fourth year of a five-year Math/Physics Honours Co-Op degree. If you have any problems or questions related to the Math Department, or the SUS, feel free to ask me. Please don't expect any logical or correct answers (from me) but I will probably be able to send you to someone who could help.

Emel Akkurt, Microbiology

Hi and peace to all.

Future interests include: creating a non-vaccine-oriented treatment for allergies (I sympathize with all Type IV immunodeficient individuals) and ridding the human population of oral pathogens (potential dentist, perhaps?)

Experience: Uh, well, no comment...

Sarah Thornton, Oceanography

To all twenty-four (or so) Oceanography students out there — the competition wasn't too fierce, so I, a Third Year OCGY/BIOL hack, will be your OCGY dept. rep. Although I've always known what's going on in other people's lives and around campus, I've never been sure about my own life. My other responsibility on Council is as Science Week 93 Coordinator, so come on out and help me organize the best Science Week ever.

James Chin, Pharmacology

I am in Third Year. I want to be a cowboy, with shiny silver spurs and a horse named Bob. Drugs are my life. See me if you have any questions about drugs. Note: Pharmacology is different from Pharmacy (we already know how to count pills and read labels). Helpful hint #137: make sure you get more back from SUS than the ten bucks you paid in. Be kind to your neighbors. Eat cheese. By the way, I got in by acclamation.

Patrick Kerridge, Physiology

Pat is a Fourth Year physiology student who missed the heart-stopping thrills and excitement that being on a council in high school provided. Although steep mountain bike trails and snow-covered couloirs now provide such thrills for him, he hopes that his newly acquired position will bring back some of the excitement. He also hopes it will give him the opportunity to ensure that physiology students are well-represented at council meetings.

Kevin Douglas, Physics

Hi. I'm supposed to blurb about myself so you can get to know your eager and able Physics Dept. Rep. I'm in Second Year Phys, and it's not as bad as they say. I hope to fulfill your expectations of me (whatever they are), and in return, I just want one favour from each of you. Sometime in the next month or so, call 224-9715 and ask for Roper (room 668). When he answers, scream "ARTSIE!!" and hang up. Got that? Thanks.

One more thing, I'm single and very loose with money.

Laurie Yee, Psychology

First of all, I am a psychology major and second, I'm definitely *not* an Artsie. Anyways, since I've introduced myself, I encourage you (anyone) to come out and say "hi" to me. I enjoy meeting people, even though I never seem to remember people's names or recognize faces. Oh, well, not everyone's perfect.

Ryan McCuaig, Exasperation Studies

Hi. I had to painstakingly edit most of these blurbs to add some palatability. So why not go out and vote for a change, so I can at least feel I did it for a reason. Or will giving up three minutes out of your day throw off your efforts to finish the whole term's problem sets early?

The 432 cdxxxii

Ryan McCuaig
Editor and User of the Royal Pronoun

✗

EDITORIAL
Contributing Writers **Leona Adams, Janice Boyle, Michael Chow, Edward Choice, Aaron Drake, Carmen McKnight, Derek Miller, Morgan Phae, Rod Reddekopp, Roger Watts.**

✗

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✗

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7 October 1992, Vol 6, No 3
The 432 is published biweekly by the Science Undergraduate Society of UBC, somewhere close to Main Mall and University Blvd. We generally make cute hats out of our mail, especially the politically correct stuff, so *don't bother sending any.*

"Wabbit season." "Duck season! FIRE!"

Jolly **DUCK**

This is it.

Hunting season has begun. Boy, what a Politically Incorrect thing to mention.

Hunting season means three things to me:

The first thing it means (try and follow my leap of logic, here) is that I will go hunting (!)

I hunted last year with my father, and it involved a lot of standing in the middle of a peaceful glade, leaning against the truck, binoculars in hand. Every now and then, one of us would say "There's a deer over there!" We would gesture triumphantly and eventually open another Diet Coke.

That was how I hunted with my father, anyway. To him, the only type of hunting is done in very flat, empty fields, preferably with lawn chairs. If he had his way, we'd set up a blind at the Laughing Loon Beer and Wine Store.

Last season, I am proud to say that my father and I managed to bag not two, not three, but five Coca-Cola bottles, masterfully brought down in full flight. The sixth, I am ashamed to say, got away, and we had to spend the rest of the day tracking our wounded prey by the cola stains left on its trail.

The second thing hunting season means is that my roommate will Hate Me.

The last time I told her I was going hunting, she reacted as if I *had suddenly sprouted fungus* on my nose.

"Hunting?" she gasped. "You're going to kill something?"

"That's what hunters do," I said slowly.

She folded her arms. "I suppose you'll make a trophy out of the deer's horns."

"They have antlers," I corrected her. She slugged me.

I also have a friend that objects to my hunting, but on more esoteric grounds. He reasons that we should only eat very stupid animals (hence the cow, the turkey, and the chicken). The pig doesn't fit his Sufficiently Stupid Theorem,but it certainly fits his Sufficiently Ugly And Annoying Corollary.

Moose, and Deer, he argues, are not sufficiently stupid, and therefore cannot be eaten.

I say this opens a whole can of worms. What about stupid moose? Can we hunt retarded animals? How do we tell who the slower animals are? Should the hunter administer a battery of intelligence tests to the quarry? And what if the moose is just having an off day?

Examiner: Please tell me what you see in this ink blot.

Moose:...um....um...a pair of daisies?

Examiner: No, I'm sorry, but you fail.

Moose: TULIPS! THEY'RE TULIPS!

It's got to be the stupidest theory I've ever heard of.

At any rate, those are the first two things that happen to me.

The third thing that happens is that I tell the Flitterbick Story once again.

The Flitterbick is a Dreaded Furry Woodlands Creature, according to Barber and Riches' Dictionary of Fabulous Beasts. It was so dreaded that the Flitterbick was cross-referenced in two categories (See Also Fearsome Critters).

Notwithstanding its silly name, it is an animal of stature. The Flitterbick is a rare species of Flying Squirrel. Its claim to fame is the amazing speeds at which it glides. In fact, a Flitterbick can travel so fast that if it struck a moose square between the eyes, it would kill the moose. I assume the Flitterbick also dies as a result of this mid-forest collision.

This begs the question: why would a Flying Squirrel want to attack a moose? Moose, although very large, are very thin. A Flitterbick, wishing to strike a moose between the eyes would have to aim. I don't know why a Flitterbick would choose a moose as its natural enemy.

Moose, on the other hand, must be deathly afraid to walk about the forest, what with Nature's own Patriot Anti-Moose Missiles flying about.

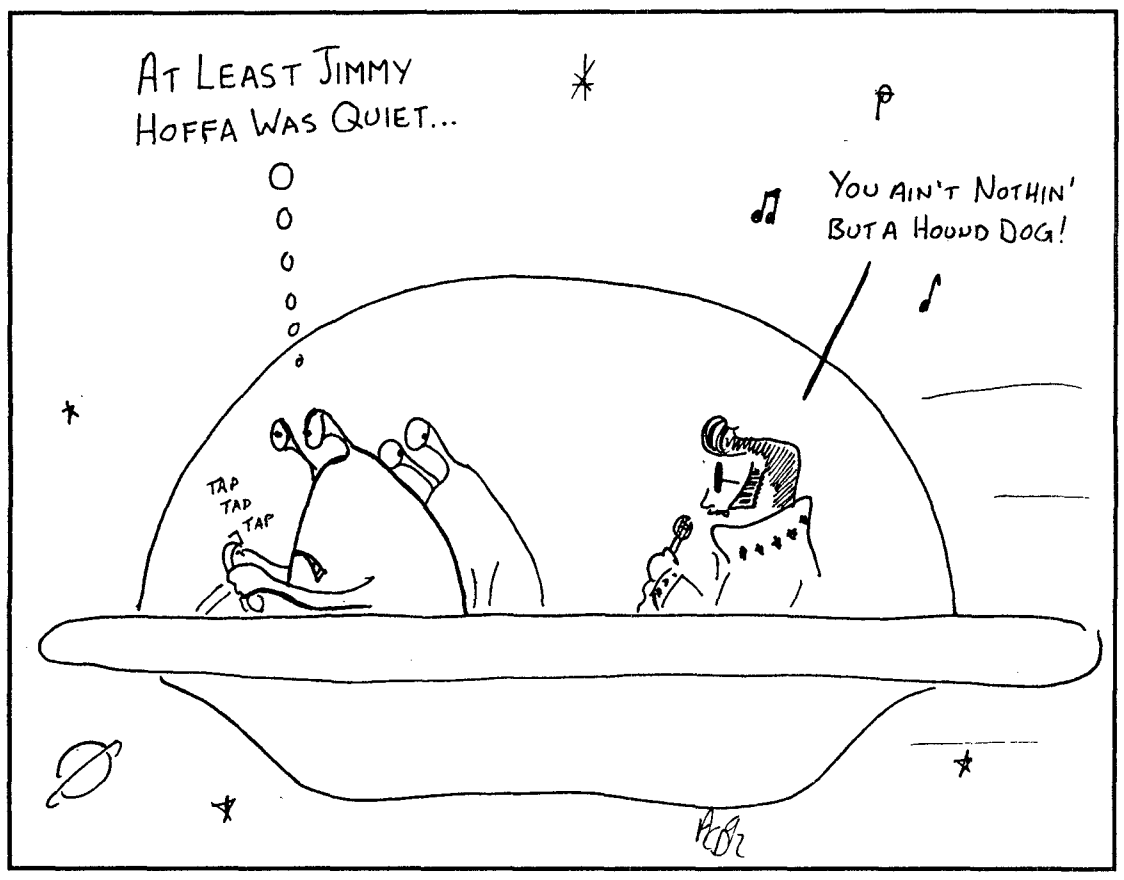
Someone (I sure hope it wasn't me) suggested that if we could domesticate Flitterbicks, we could use them to hunt moose, putting an end to the hunting debate once and for all. It would no longer be Man Hunting Moose, but Flitterbick Hunting Moose, and that is Nature's Way.

On the other hand, who knows how Flitterbicks feel about humans? Maybe they hate us too. Maybe Flitterbicks are naturally spiteful creatures who dive bomb any animal that moves. That would explain why Flitterbicks are rare.

(I mean, take the State of Maine , for instance. Last year, over 240 000 hunting licenses were issued for that state, which has an area about the size of Vancouver Island. Every year, hunters get packed into the forests so tight that 342 people asphyxiate. Not a single one of them ever saw a Flitterbick. Look it up.)

This notion of using nature to hunt nature has a bit of an appeal. Myself, I prefer hunting moose with their other natural enemy, The Elephant Dropped Out Of An Airplane.

Duck Soup



WIN PRIZES!!!

Science Week Logo Contest

Theme ▶ **The Evolution Of Science**

The winning logo will become the official logo of Science Week.

Entries must be:
- **A maximum of two colours**
- **Submitted to CHEM 160 by Nov 30, 1992**

SCIENCE UBC

The "So Much For Science" Dance

Friday, November 7
SUB Ballroom

Be there... please?

Mind Games

Leona **ADAMS**

Before I get started, I'd just like to say that I hate computers. Well, not computers in general, but this one in particular, because the feeling is mutual. Now don't you give me that look: I'm not paranoid. It's just that I've spent many of the past twenty-four hours accomplishing things, and very few on the basics like sleeping and avoiding work. I'm really not a well person because of it, so the last thing I need is some impertinent little computer trying to blind me by hiding the little make-the-print-bigger thingie.

Good intentions are an interesting thing. I mean, I fully intended to start my lab bright and early, but ... well, it's all Trooper's fault. I mean, I'll go into my room dead set on productivity, when they come along: "We're here for a good time, not a long time/ so have a good time, 'cause the sun can't shine everyday." Sitting in my room, I realize that it's a beautiful day out, and I therefore have no right to stay inside. Suddenly, through some weird sort of time-warping activity, it's 9:00, and guess what? I still have five hours' worth of reading left. Five hours of mind-boggling, insomnia-curing reading. I think authors of university textbooks should be obligated to read their work through, from start to finish. Maybe more of them would give up writing and become bean farmers.

I guess I should be a good reporter and tell you all what's happening on campus this week. Well, other than two of my midterms, not a heck of a lot for me, but for the rest of you, who are fortunate enough to have lives, there is DRAAC WEEK. 'What's DRAAC WEEK?', you ask. As if I wasn't about to tell you. It's the one week during the year that the AMS devotes to promoting awareness of how drugs and alcohol affect your life; the rest of the year is spent furthering personal awareness of drugs and alcohol, which is something entirely different (just kidding, guys). I hear that the DRug and Alcohol Awareness Committee will be handing out free T-shirts on Wednesday to the first twenty people who know what DRAAC means. However, it's just a rumour (that I feel quite proud about having started, thank you very much), so keep it under your hat. At any rate, all designated drivers will get a wristband labelling them as such and entitling them to free non-alcoholic beverages all night. Cool, eh? During the day, there'll be a debate, a lot of displays, videos, games and prizes, prizes, prizes all week long, so go: you might actually enjoy yourself.

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Dik Miller, Campus Enforcer

Derek K. **MILLER**

I have to admit, I was feeling pretty damn good about myself. There I was, walking down Main Mall, and there wasn't a disruption in sight. Just a peaceful, sunny fall day with the leaves falling slowly to their deaths on the streets below.

Then I heard a noise.

Well, it was more like a series of noises. Something like this:

Wa-guh, wa-guh, wah-guh na wug-ga wah.

Like that. It was distant, somewhere behind me, and I couldn't quite resolve what it was. I turned and saw, way down at the other end of the Mall, a blobby mass that seemed to be moving my way.

I quickly grabbed for my Dik Miller™ binoculars/leaf blower and brought them to my eyes.

"Ouch!" I yelled. I had mistakenly grabbed my Dik Miller™ turf roller/paper shredder/garlic press. I dropped it and made sure I had the Dik Miller™ binoculars/leaf blower this time.

I saw what seemed to be some sort of demonstration. Just behind a large blue car marched a number of people in lab coats, holding letters.

"P, H, A, R..." I read, but they were moving too much for me to get a good lock on the rest. What could it read? Pharaoh? Pharynx? Pharisee?

Behind that was what looked like a tractor towing a trailer full of hay bales with people atop them. Beyond that was a blue pickup truck which belched some sort of steam from its rear bed. Bringing up the rear were an obnoxiously painted Volkswagen bus, another pickup truck with purple signs all over it, and a huge mob of...

Oh no. Engineers.

The wa-guh, wa-guh noise was becoming more intelligible now as they approached. It was the all-too-familiar chant, "We are, we are, we are the engineers..."

The other groups were chanting too, but they were drowned out by the red mass's sheer volume. I couldn't tell what they were trying to say.

What could this procession be? It looked like an innocent enough parade, but with the engineers involved, and after long periods of brainwa— I mean training with the Campus Enforcer office, I knew there had to be some more sinister plan.

Then I figured it out.

The front sign must have read "Pharaoh," and the procession was the beginning of a process of building a great pyramid in the middle of campus in tribute to the pharaohs of ancient Egypt and the engineers. The hay bales were to be used to start construction, and the blue truck (now visible as a Science vehicle) contained some kind of miraculous chemical compound which would convert the hay bales into impenetrable concrete once poured on them.

The yellow Volkswagen contained reinforcing rods for the hay/concrete and electrical cabling to be used for wiring up the pyramid for beer machines and video games. The "Psi Upsilon" fraternity symbol on its side was a ruse. The dark sedan at the front contained Mafia enforcers who would ensure no one interfered with the plan.

And the mob of engineers at the back was driving the rest of the "parade" in forced labour to perform their bidding at the risk of getting tanked.

Now it all made sense. And it had to be stopped. I immediately made a radio call to my supervisor and reported what I had found.

"What?!" she shouted back. "Don't you know that's the..."

"No time to talk," I barked back, shutting off the radio. "Dik Miller must take action!"

I reached for my Dik Miller™ megaphone/salad spinner/spelling checker and took off at a headlong run for the procession.

I arrived a little over a minute later and stopped between the Science truck and the mob of engineers.

"This is Dik Miller, Engineering Political Correctness Enforcer!" I announced triumphantly. "I have discovered your dastardly plot and am required to put a stop to it at once. Please abandon your hay bales, chemical compounds, reinforcing steel, and electrical cable and disperse before I have to take drastic action!"

There was something of a stunned pause as the entire crowd looked at me. Then I saw the water balloons.

***

When I regained consciousness, I was lying face down in the grass, covered in an ugly mixture of water, flour, hay, and beer. I smelled rather like a collision between a brewery truck and a flying farm. I rolled over.

"Hello," said my supervisor, standing over me.

"Hi," I said.

"You realize that you just about broke up the Homecoming Parade, don't you?"

"Or so you think," I replied. "It was actually a grand conspiracy to..."

"Stuff it, Miller, and get back to work. Someone's been putting eurocentric graffiti on the bathroom walls in the Chemical Engineering building again."

"Oh, do I have to clean the bathroom again?" I whined. "I enjoy chasing conspiracies so much more."

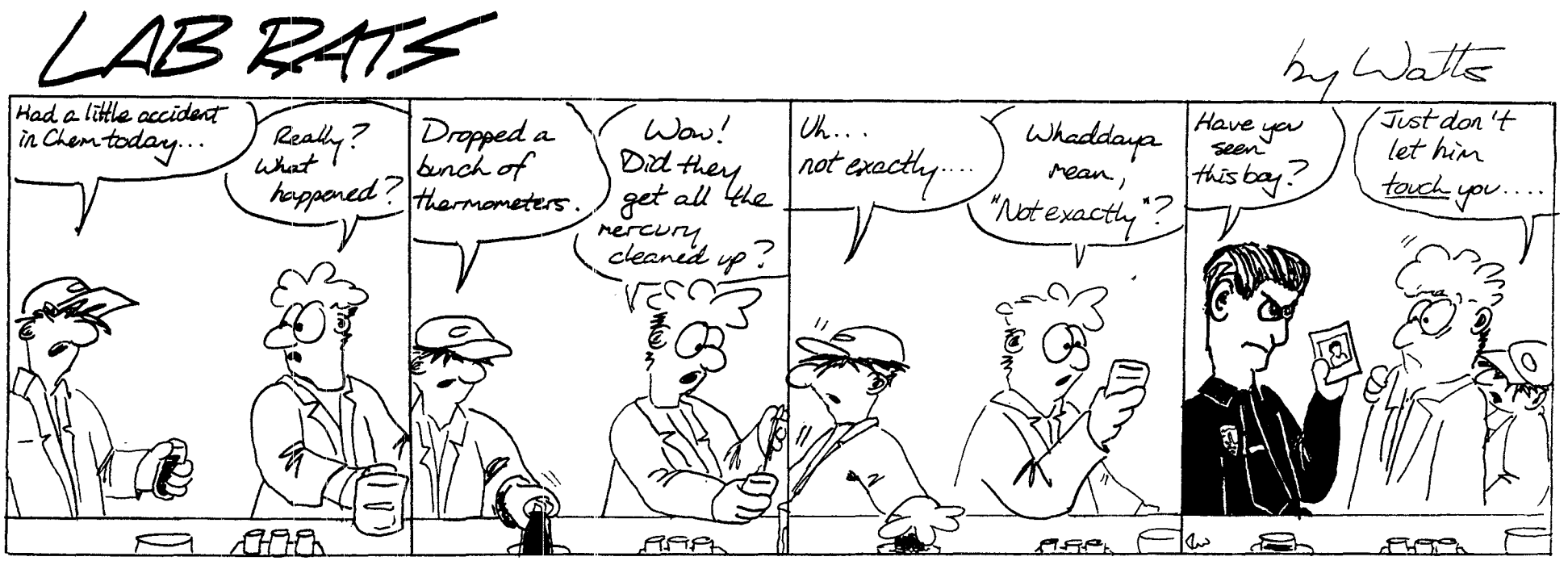
"If there were any, you'd be first on the job." She smirked. "Now get up, clean yourself off, and get out of here."

"Okay. Just one more thing, though. What did the sign say at the beginning of the parade?"

"Pharmacy," she replied. "Why?"

"Oh. Er, never mind."

Another case closed for Dik Miller, Engineering Political Correctness Enforcer.



"Oh, no, not again."

Chapter One — The Beginning

Rod Reddekopp
Columnist

"...TLY SUNNY WITH SCATTERED CLOUD LATER IN THE AFT — TZT!"

The boy slammed the snooze bar and opened his eyes just wide enough to read the time. 7:30. He decided that he was living in a morning-person-dominated society and he'd have to form an organization against night-person repression. School, for instance, could cause serious psychological problems for a nocturnal individual such as himself. Motivating himself with visions of the future lawsuits for this inevitable damage, he forced himself to sit up and swing his legs over the edge of the bed.

Groggily, he surveyed his room. Clothing hung from everything it was possible for clothing to hang from. Books were strewn all over his floor, piled three or four high. Bare spots existed only at strategic points so he could jump from one to the other to get to where he was going. He smiled in recognition of this small victory against anal-retentive neat-freak domination.

Reaching up, he pulled his jeans down from the ceiling light fixture and put them on. He glanced around and found a sock halfway under a Spiderman comic and another over the back of his chair. He pressed them to his face and inhaled. Bearable, he decided, and put them on. After locating and donning a shirt, he picked up his backpack and leaped toward the bare spot in front of his door. While he was in mid-air, a hole opened in the fabric of the spacetime continuum between him and his intended destination. Powerless to stop himself, he sailed right through, landing in an alien landscape with orange mountains and purple trees.

Being the sort of boy to which holes in the spacetime continuum are attracted, he simply muttered to himself, "Oh no, not again."

He looked up. A six-foot bumblebee was dancing toward him, with the Romper Room theme song emanating from some unseen source. The boy was frozen with fear. Even if he could move, the nearest purple tree was too far away for him to reach in time. Besides, bees can climb trees, can't they? Everything seemed to be moving in slow motion. The innocent, child-like grin painted on the approaching bee's plastic face was transfigured into something maniacally twisted, filled with pure evil glee.

The boy's whole life flashed before his eyes. Pulling all of a spider's legs off except for one and watching it try to walk. Making ants smoulder under the heat of the sun focused by a large magnifying glass. Seeing just how many pieces a worm can be *cut* into before it actually dies. Throwing an insect into the toilet bowl and playing target-practice before flushing it to its death. These scenes and others like them convinced him that this was payback time. Mother Nature was getting her revenge. His life was over.

Suddenly, an angry voice boomed like thunder from all around him. "Cut, CUT, *CUT*! What the f**k is that kid doing on the set?! Somebody get him out of there!!!"

Strong hands gripped the boy's petrified body under the armpits and hauled him outside, leaving him on the sidewalk. A small pool formed under him. He was, uh, melting after having been frozen with fear, yeah, that's it. As he began to calm down, he realized that, although the place was not as sinister as he had first believed, he was, in fact, in some sort of parallel universe. The first anomaly he noticed was the subtle difference between the attire of the locals and that of those who lived on his anal-retentive morning-person-dominated world. Although he was no fashion consultant, he was pretty sure that iridescent green with glowing pastel purple spots was not one of the current going fads where he was from. He decided that if he was ever going to get home, he'd have to start with a little exploration. But he would probably have to deal with the group of not-so-friendly-looking large men gathered around him, first.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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The AMS Walk Home Program was created two years ago to help improve nighttime safety on campus. When you call 822-5355 during its hours of operation (Hours: M, T, Th, Su 7:00 - 11:00 pm / W, F, Sa 7:00 pm - 1:00 am), two volunteers (a man and a woman) will pick you up and walk with you to your campus destination. Another volunteer stays to staff the desk which is located on the main concourse of SUB. The program is run from the Walk Home Desk, and could always use more volunteers. For more information, call the Walk Home Desk during its hours of operation, or call the Director of Administration at 822-3961.

To volunteer, fill out the form below and return it to SUB 238.

AMS Walk Home Volunteer Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____

Phone: _____ Faculty: _____

Birthdate: _____ Male/Female

Please circle the best night(s) for you to work:

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Please return completed form to the Student Union Building Room 238.

SCIENCE WEEK
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Sales Slips

Michael Chow & Ed Choice

SUS Sales provides affordable, high-quality Science clothing to fashion-conscious students. This year's Sales Manager is Michael Chow, and our Sales Booth Coordinator is Edward Choice. If you are interested in helping us out, we are accepting nominations for the positions of Special Orders and Bookkeeper. Plus, we are always looking for keen designs for Science clothing, so feel free to submit artwork anytime. If we decide to use your design, you'll receive a free item with your design on it!

We offer more than T-shirts and sweatshirts. If your club or department is looking for items such as mugs, caps, varsity jackets, sweaters, jerseys, etc., don't hesitate to give us a call!

- Is your team or club looking for clothing or uniforms? We deal directly with the manufacturers and wholesalers to get you the best prices around. Most orders require one week. Compare our prices: 2 dozen, 100% cotton Fruit of the Loom standard-weight T-shirts, with a full-front 2-colour logo, and 2-digit 8-inch numbers, all for only $13.50 each (all taxes included!)
- The new Entertainment '93 Coupon Books have arrived! Unlike previous years, these books are valid now! That's right, the sooner you buy one, the sooner you start saving. The books are packed with half-price coupons for restaurants, theatres, sports, attractions, and much more. The Entertainment book also offers 50% off on many hotels throughout the world (in fact, the book pays for itself if you take advantage of this offer). All this for only $42.80.
- We also sell the new Gold C Savings Spree coupon books: $12. Use the coupons to save on merchandise, recreation, movie rentals, and fast food.
- We are now taking orders for Science cardigans. Navy blue, 100% cotton, only $31.50. Have your name embroidered for an additional $5, Science crested for $15. Place your order before October 15, 1992 please.
- Is your paper supply running low? Our Annual Paper Sale is still on! We sell 200 sheets of looseleaf for only $0.75. That's half the price of the bookstore, plus all proceeds will be donated to charity.
- Look for our pre-Christmas sale on the week of November 16, 1992. Pick up some great gifts at unbelievable prices. Throw on a warm pair of sweats this winter!
- Jackets, jackets, jackets. Order your leather melton Science varsity jacket now!!! In fact, there is a strong possibility that Science jackets will have an updated look this year.

Feel free to drop by and check out our UBC Science clothing display. We are in the Chemistry building, room 160.

AMS Briefs

Janice Boyle

At this week's AMS meeting, something akin to a miracle occurred: We all agreed on several important issues and really meant it.

First of all, we approved the budget. Having been on Budget Committee, I can safely say that I am glad to see council accepted it without many problems. It was hard to find any major flaws because this year, there was a heavy spending emphasis on service organizations and student services. To see an overview of the budget, (or a detailed copy if you are into masochistic rituals), see the AMS Director of Finance (he loves talking about the budget).

Then, council heard a presentation from a student on a newly prosed project called the "Trick or Treat Vancouver Food Drive". It started last year as a last-minute effort to collect food for the Food Bank. Because of its success last year, there is a move to have it include all constituencies in a much more coordinated effort. If you want more information about how you can get involved, contact your undergraduate society.

Now for the big issue. I'd first like to give a little background. The AMS and the University have been involved in negotiations regarding the SUB and the Aquatic Center for some time. Presently, the AMS jointly manages the Aquatic Centre, ensuring students have access to free swim time and other Centre facilities. The University wants complete managerial control over the Aquatic Centre, and the AMS has been trying to guarantee students an increase in free access to the Centre in return for this control. This is not unreasonable, considering it was through student initiative, student fund-raising activities, and student money that the Aquatic Centre was built. The negotiations over the SUB are another issue. The SUB was built entirely with student funds, and donated to the University. The University then signed a lease in good faith that obligated the University to pay for the building utilities and maintenance, and in return, the students had to pay a yearly rent of $1. This lease was negotiated under a much more student-oriented administration. Until now, negotiations looked as if they were moving, but after a recent meeting between AMS President Martin Ertl and Vice President K.D. Srivastava, negotiations stalled. The University has stated that they will not enter into any more contractual agreements with the AMS, and will not allow AMS involvement in any capital projects on campus. They are more than willing to accept money from students, but the AMS can only act in an advisory position to any campus project. They want our money to do whatever they want, with no strings attached. They also want the AMS to pay the utilities and maintenance for the SUB, and if the AMS refuses to renegotiate the lease, they will levy a student fee to cover the costs. The university is determined to take as much control away from students as possible. They forget that if it weren't for students, this university wouldn't be here, and neither would they.

McNighties

Carmen McKnight

Well, another exciting two weeks have elapsed. We approved the 1992/93 Budget *(ed: I'm in control of $17 000! Party at Fogg's!)*, and appointed three new people to ex-officio positions. Sarah Thornton is our new Science Week Co-ordinator, Laila Abulhush is our new Sports Rep and Glen David is Charity co-ordinator of the 1992 United Way campaign. In addition, the SUS council passed a motion to support the 1992 United Way campaign.

Homecoming was great, even if we did get a little wet (and pasty). For future parades, we've got a line on getting an armoured personnel carrier with air defense.

What's coming up? Due to the dramatic response to last year's Sports Bzzr Garden, we've decided to hold a first-term Sports Bzzr Garden. Unfortunately, due to inflation the price of bzzr has doubled from last year, and now stands at 50¢. It will be held in BIOSCI 2449 on October 23, at 4:32 pm.

Why not come and help out at one of our public relations nights. No, this doesn't involve public speaking, all you have to do is paint and be merry and... eat some free pizza. The next PR night will be held on Thursday, October 8 at 5:30 to 7:30 in the SUS office.

Also coming up this week are the Year and Dept Rep elections. Vote on Oct. 7, 8, and 9 and get a free cookie. We're still looking for a Dept Rep in Geophys /Astronomy. So, if you're interested, come talk to us in SUS.

Why you shouldn't lick rocks...

Morgan Phae

Columnist

At some time in your life, you have tried to go talk to a professor.

You needn't blush or try to deny it. You are not alone; it happens to the most stable of us.

If you have sought a professor, even once, then you probably already realize how unlikely it is that you will find such a person in his/her appointed office. Perhaps, on occasion, the long hopeless quest (through the endless, curving hallways of the Biology Dungeon that only seem to exist in an alternate reality) has led you into such utter despair that you have dared to gasp a question with your last breath:

"Where," you gurgle, "where has he gone?" And as you pass into oblivion, you hear through the brutal laughter a terrible answer...

"Kamloops! He's in Kamloops! Broohahahahahahahaha!"

***

Have you ever noticed how often a professor's absence is explained that way? Have you noticed, in fact, just how many people seem to be in Kamloops? Most come back. Or so we like to believe in our naiveté.

But how do we know that these returning pilgrims are truly the same as those who left? How do we know that they are not merely clever imitations sent to us by the Space Brotherhood who wait, at this very moment, circling the earth in huge spaceships crammed full of human doubles. The Space Brotherhood who, with the help of the Violet Flame, continually replace our people with their own... If they have a branch office anywhere, it is in Kamloops.

Okay, so you don't quite believe me yet. But there is definitely something bizarre about the place. Kamloops is Different. I know.

This summer I drove along the Coquihalla towards Calgary: a route which, besides costing an abhorrent amount of money, took us straight through Kamloops.

It looked simple enough on a map: follow the thick red line and then switch onto the blue one. No turns necessary, it indicated. Not so in reality!

About twenty minutes before reaching Kamloops, my fellow extradimensional traveller and I decided to switch off at the wheel. We found a turnoff, and, following the natural way of things, turned off. The exit curved a bit and went under a bridge.

Suddenly, we were on a four-lane highway, with traffic blurring past us. You must remember that we had been on the Trans-Canada Highway — the only highway in the area. This road did not exist in theory. Finally, just as I was beginning to believe that my Terrible Purpose had arrived early, we found another turnoff. Still innocently expecting a small village, or at least a gas station, I signalled and cut across to the turnoff.

I drove up the small gravel road. No gas station in sight. An expanse of long grass stretched away on either side of us. Squatting malevolently in the middle of the huge field was a pipe-encrusted factory, the stuff of a Dr. Seuss nightmare. My friend and I traded places somewhat nervously, and returned to the road that was not supposed to exist.

Soon we passed two signs directing us to Vancouver. The signs would have been considerably more comforting had they not pointed in opposite directions.

Then, all at once, we arrived in Kamloops. It seems that all roads lead there, eventually.

A week later we were returning from Calgary. Foolishly, we assumed that we would be safe if we stayed within sight of the highway, so we stopped for gas in The Town. Smugly pleased with ourselves, we escaped, apparently without incident, and continued on our way. It took us twenty-five minutes to notice, as we drove due west towards Vancouver, that the sun was setting spectacularly ... behind us. Our first thought was that the Space Brotherhood, the Violet Flame, the Kamloops Field, or whatever sentient force directs such matters, was trying to fool us by making the sun set on the wrong side of the planet.

After a few quick calculations though, we turned around, and drove boldly back through the Downtown Core and out the other side.

Several hours later we arrived in Vancouver. We were lucky. We consider ourselves among the highly favoured to have escaped Kamloops so easily. But, we must also spare a moment's thought for the less fortunate. Theirs is a terrible fate.

So, the next time your geology prof suggests that you identify a rock by licking it to reveal the grain size, consider carefully. Is this your real prof talking, or is he just another product of Kamloops?

Are We Having Fun Yet? Hm?

Angry ROGER

Apparently, I'm 2-for-2 in the Wrong Information Department this year... it turns out that Brad Yamaoka did not set a new UBC record for rushing yards in a game in the Shrum Bowl; rather, it was a new record for the number of offensive carries by a player in one game. Oops again.

Well, folks, in case you didn't notice, another Homecoming has come and gone. The reason I say so is because not a lot of people did notice. I mean, it's not that I expected the parade route to be jammed with cheering supporters and onlookers, but I think a Stealth bomber would have had a better chance of being detected than we did.

I suppose we should be happy that the parade was on at all, as opposed to last year, when it was scrapped altogether due to — get this — lack of interest. That's the kind of school spirit that just makes you wonder if maybe the Great Trek got lost back in '22 and hoofed it out to a monastery by mistake.

However, the show did go on, and it was still a lot of fun — sure, the hapless Science float got mobbed by several dozen rabid red-coated 'Geers, but hey — at least our float didn't have a flat tire...

But alas, I couldn't help but watch in dismay as the Chariot rolled into SUB Plaza, began their neolithic chants, and were greeted by facial expressions that said *Jeepers-these-bozos-are-making-too-much-noise-and-I-can't-do-November's-homework-assignment-in-peace-and-now-I-have-to-walk-all-the-way-around-them-to-get-to-my-class-because-after-all-they're-Engineers-and-they'll-probably-catch-me-and-hang-me-off-a-bridge-or-something-if-I-get-too-close.* (Also known as general annoyance at people having a good time.)

So, being the naturally inquisitive sort of idiot that I am, I decided to thoroughly investigate this phenomenon. What has led the populace to the conclusion that a student in a concrete box is a happy student? What was responsible for turning this great, fun-loving University into the joyful equivalent of an eight-month insurance seminar? And lo and behold, I actually came up with a few results.

Well, sort of.

First of all, we have a strike against us in the crummy weather that is a time-honoured trademark of Vancouver. (Hey, they don't call it the Lower Rainland for nothing. The locals are even born with webbed feet.) Now, I know that we've been spoiled lately with sunshine and all, but even the reputation alone is enough to depress people. And now, when it does rain, people talk about the weather the same way they do about the Canucks — one lousy day comes along, and that's it, the streak's over. Back to the dark ages. Turns everyone into a glass-half-empty kind of crowd.

Another problem is when it rains, the whole place is suddenly transformed into a sea of black umbrellas. The umbrella is widely under-recognized as the premier tool of social isolation. Have a look round the next time it rains and you'll see what I mean. For starters, everybody has their own — you rarely see people comfortably sharing an umbrella because we all know that the water just drips off the side and down your shirt collar unless you bump the other guy out, in which case he gets wet and then everyone's mad. Then there's the fact that you can never see anyone else's face; everyone just hides underneath that black shroud and becomes Anonymous Bonehead With An Umbrella Not Looking Where He's Going And Knocking You Aside. Very unhealthy for harmony among the ranks.

But the weather is not the only thing to blame. Another major part of sucking the fun out of one's day comes in the form of the Bic 4-color pen, also known as the Keener Special. Now, as a reformed addict, I can tell you without a shred of exaggeration that these things are a deathtrap. They consume you. Not only that, but that make the most annoying little clickety-clickety-click sound you've ever heard. Just go to a biology class once in a while and listen to them. They will drive you barking mad inside of twenty minutes.

Most of all, though, I think it's the general resentment of the keener mentality in general that gets people down. So, naturally, there exists a few free spirits that try to liven up the place a little by throwing a party or stealing the occasional road sign. But what I think happens is that the keeners end up resenting this as much as the partygoers resent them, and then nobody wants to have fun. Everybody just sits about and grumbles about how the other guy's missing out on the important things in life. So cut it out, everyone. Live a little.

But hey, sorry if I'm getting y'all down. After all, this is supposed to be a humor rag, so I'll just close by saying that the main reason I don't study all the time is thanks to the trauma I suffer at the hands of my chem lab prof, who looks like Boris Karloff and talks like Katharine Hepburn doing an impersonation of Elmer Fudd. And though this doesn't really depress me, it does kinda scare the bejeezus out of me....

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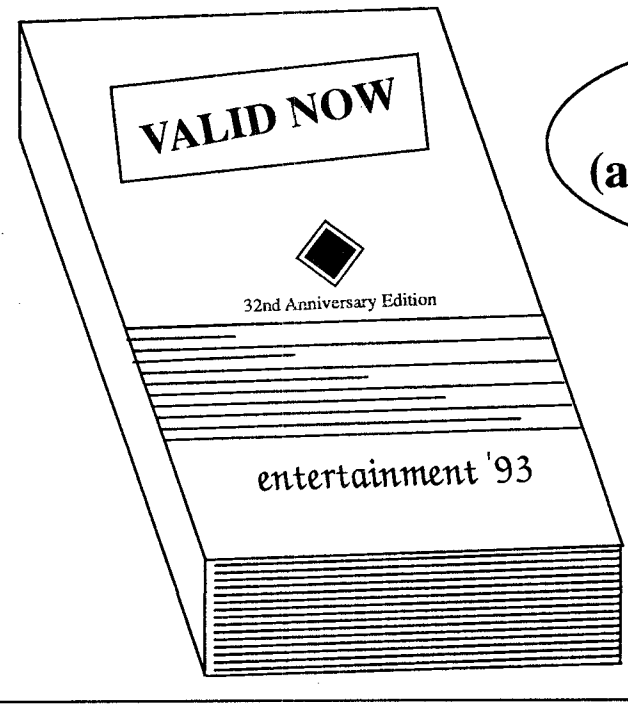

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SUS ELECTIONS

year/department rep elections

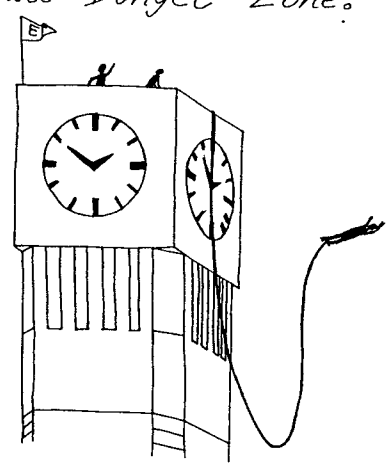
wednesday 7 october — friday 9 october

polling stations

10.30 am — 2.30 pm

chem	7, 8, 9 october
csci	7, 9 october
hebb	7, 8, 9 october
wesb	7, 9 october
wood	7, 9 october

Two Years Ago Today:
UBC Engineers opened their private BungeE Zone.



Four days (and 36 engineers) later they realized their "minor design flaw."

Ted E. Bear