# The 432

*Volume 3, Number 12 THE NEWSPAPER FOR SCIENCE STUDENTS March 14, 1990*


**Farewell to I. N. Stein.**

**An era draws to an end this issue. Ken Otter is graduating and will no longer submit cartoons for the 432. Ken will be missed. For years, he has been one of the cornerstones of The 432 and we will walk many miles before we can fill his shoes. From myself and the past editors of The 432, Ken, thank you.**

## Editor blasts council

### Changes better come, he warns

In a brief but angry report to council, on Thursday, March 8, Director of Publications and *432* Editor Aaron Drake informed council that he "was sick of their apathy."

"I'm tired of banging my head against a wall," said Drake. "This council doesn't care about the paper enough to contribute. I'm disappointed. I told them that I really needed their help for this issue, but they just didn't care."

In an earlier council meeting, Drake blasted the council for its laziness. He pointed out that *The 432* was a part of SUS, and members were expected to contribute in the same way that they would be expected to contribute to any SUS Dance.

"They don't realize that they have a responsibility," Drake complained. "There are a select few who contribute every single issue, come rain or shine. Derek Miller, who was last year's editor, is a perfect example. Most issues, I get two articles from him, which is two more than most of the council has ever put in."

Drake refused to speculate on the future of The 432. " I don't even know if I'll be back as editor in light of what's happened with the (SUS) council. But I can promise that whoever does it next year is going to have a hard time.

"Too much of this council has a 'what's-in-it-for-me' attitude. They want titles for their positions to put on their resumés. They want power. They want to look good. They don't want to help out, though. They only do it if they can gain from it in some way."

In an effort to encourage student contributions, Drake is thinking of reserving money from the budget to pay contributors. In addition, artists would be paid per cartoon or drawing. "This paper is a good one. It has so much potential, with all that talent out there. People enjoy this paper more than any other student newspaper on campus. We've got to uphold a standard and keep quality in this paper. We're not going to do that by begging a sloppy, lazy council for submissions. We have to pay the talented ones out there to make them contribute."

## Election 90 A horse race to the finish?

**by Aaron Drake**

SUS elections begin today, and Elections Commissioner Sandrah Mah thinks that they'll be close to the finish.

"The presidency has been hard-fought. It should be a tight race."

She did express concern with a low voter-turnout. "I'd like to get quorum - even though we don't need it."

There are two positions that are contested: SUS President and Science AMS Rep.

Running for President are Scott Davidson and Catherine Rankel. Davidson, something of a dark horse, has been campaigning vigorously and Catherine Rankel thinks it's going to be close. "I'm glad Scott is running, actually. This is how the elections are supposed to be. I don't think important positions should ever go to someone by acclamation."

Scott Davidson thinks that the hardest so far about the election is running against a friend. 'If you're running against somebody that you don't like or isn't qualified, then it's easy to try and beat them. But with a friend, you want to see then do well."

Both Keith McCall and Trent Hammer are running for AMS Rep.

Many expect that the final vote tally for the AMS Rep will be very close. Trent Hammer said that "it will be a close but fair and honest election."

Alan Price, running unopposed for External Vice-President suprised many people by actively campaigning, although no one was running against him. "I'm disappointed that I'm unnopposed. It reflects student apathy."

Running unopposed are the following: Kelly Guggisberg (Executive Secretary), Caireen Hanert (Internal Vice-President), Aaron Drake (Director of Publications), Alan Price (External Vice-President), and Hugh Leung (Director of Finance).

The position of Sports Director is unfilled.

Voting takes place throughout the next few days. Polling booths can be found in Chem, Compsci, Hebb and Wood.

And what does the current SUS President think? "I'm upset that some of the candidates dropped out earlier," Ari Giligson said. "There are some positions that should be contested but no one will run." Ari hastily added that he considered himself merely a simple iguana and that students should never read anything more into his words.

## Engineering Competition begins

**by Aaron Drake**

UBC-From March 15-17, UBC will be hosting the 6th Annual Canadian Engineering Competition, and UBC hopes to come up big.

Teams from UBC and from SFU have both reached the finals and are confident that they will win the top prize. Of special interest this year is an award by IBM Canada for the project judged to have the most environmental significance.

This year, Jason Brett, the AMS Director of External Affairs will chair the competion.

"There really is another side to geers," says Amy Lam of Engineering. "We get more than our share of bad press. On March 15, other faculties will be able to see it."

All entries will be judged Friday night in the Woodward Building.

**Please recycle this paper**

## The Wall is the last hope

**by Aaron Drake**

As Storm The Wall approaches, Science Men is falling further and further behind Engineering in the Intramurals Sports Points race.

To date, Science Men trails Engineering Men by 1200 points.

Science Women, on the other hand, trails Medicine by 300 points and can easily bridge that gap.

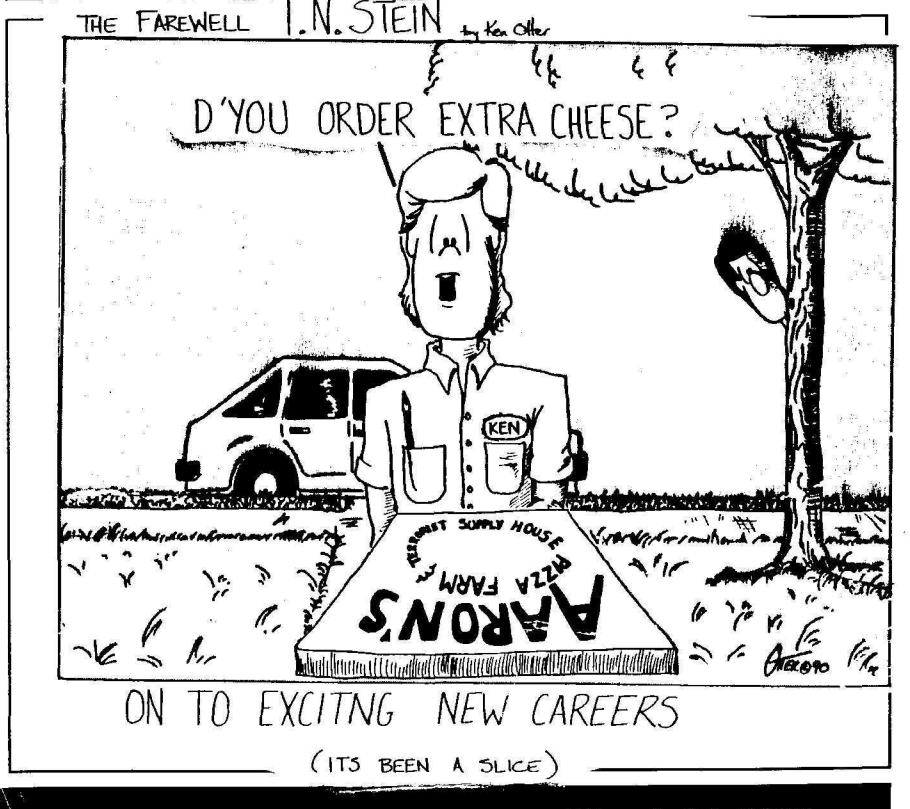
However, a lot of those points can be made up when the points tallies come in for the team sports like volleyball and ball hockey.

But a big showing at Storm The Wall will go a long way to help Science men capture the title. To encourage Science teams, SUS is offering a ten dollar rebate per team (each team costs $40) for Storm The Wall.

Also coming up is the Sports Banquet on Thursday March 29. 1990 from 7 to 9 pm. A sit-down dinner will be served and SUS Sport Awards will be given. The top 30 point getters will be invited and the rest of the 100 seats will be given out on a first come-first serve basis. Please sign up in Chem 160.

Sports points forms will be brought to most large classes, or else you can pick them up at Chem 160.

In related news, the Div II CompSci Ball Hockey team continued its drive to the playoffs by beating the previously undefeated Physsoc in a hard fought 6-4 win. CompSci now leads the division with a record of 6-0. Their record goes on the line against the undefeated Dekes soon.



**The Valentine's issue is next ! The 432 will print your message in the February 14 edition at no charge!**

# *VALENTINE'S ISSUE CELEBRATION*

Okay, so we're copying the Ubyssey. So what?
**Our next issue just happens to come out on Valentine's day, and to celebrate, we'll print your Valentine's message to your sweetie.**

Get in your gooey messages before February 10, and we'll print them up in The 432. But hurry - space is limited, and there's usually a big response to this.

**How much is it? It's free to everyone!** Of course, if you want to go over 40 words, it'll cost you. The first 40 words are free, and every twenty words after that is only a quarter.

You can phone them in if you want (228-4235), or you can drop it off at Chem 160, or mail it to us (Check out the credits for the address).
But hurry! Space is limited.

# Questions For Dan Quayle

Do gods dream? What would they ever dream about?

And Canada Dry - it isn't. It's wet. Come on. Who are they fooling?

What do people who use Right Guard use for their left armpit? Seems kind of discriminatory to me.

And I heard that there's some kind of mouthwash out there that "fights tartar below the gumline." How does that work for the upper teeth?

We have schools of fish and flocks of geese. What are people? Crowds of people? Throngs of people? Or is it a horde? Maybe we're divided up into further subgroups of people. A set of mathematicians. A porkbarrel of politicians. A shitload of engineers.

Ever wonder what a herd of fish would look like?

Is a disk the male and a diskette the female?

Does God sweat?

Did Adam and Eve have navels? Did they have last names? How did we get last names then? What about Cain? Who did he marry, anyway?

Did Noah collect two Kangaroos? How did he ever get two cobras? Or ticks - why in the world did he bother to collect ticks? The poor guy must of had a terrible time with the two grizzly bears.

Why two nostrils? Why not just one big one? Then our noses would only run half as much.

And it doesn't look anything like Alaska, even before it's baked.

Why do they call them Straits, anyway? They're usually pretty crooked.

What bugs me is how, in one comic, Archie is a football star, and in another issue, he couldn't catch a pass if it was delivered to him by Loomis. Why don't they get it right? Is he a football player or not? Is Veronica a snob or isn't she? And why doesn't Betty let her hair down instead of that crummy pony tail. She looks so much better with it down. Is it me, or does Miss Beazly (in the cafeteria) look like she hasn't taken a shower since the second world war?

Or in the Sgt Rock comics or the Unknown soldier comics, they have some pretty sad Germans. I mean, they can't even speak German for the love of Mike. Here and there, they'll spout out a Schweindhut, or a Gott, or even Mein Gott, but that's it. Never once do you here them say Meine Nase liegt in dem Schrank, or something. Just ja Hol, mein Fuehrer this and nein, meine Fraulein that. The strip writers aren't very original. Why do all the Germans have the same name? I mean, Gerry isn't even German. You think they'd call them Hans or Adolf or something.

Hello out there? Why don't a few of you send in some questions for Dan Quayle. We're only getting a few questions each issue. Don't you know how much Dan Quayle needs something to do? Besides, there's a contest going on.

# New Shoots

## Episode Seven: Memoriam

**by David W. New**

A friend of mine died on Wednesday.

We weren't close friends. We weren't, really, all that good friends. We never spoke for very long, although I enjoyed it when we did. I knew little about his life, and he knew little about mine. He probably didn't even know I thought of him as a friend.

He often arrived late to class, clutching a cardboard box with his notes in it, listening to who-knew-what on his Walkman, clad in jeans and a heavy metal T-shirt. I never even asked what tape was playing.

He wasn't the best of students, but he always pulled through. Somehow he'd got to third year of an honours program, and not every doughhead can do that.

He was fun to razz, and fun to be razzed by. Smiles and insulting scraps of paper passed between three of us students frequently, written under pretext of class notes, under cover of the third row.

Once — in reply, I believe, to an accusation of being a stalk of rhubarb — I called him a watershed. (No, not an outhouse. A watershed is a geographical region drained by a specific river.) A yellow $8^1/_2$ by 11 poster to this effect went up in Physsoc immediately, and stayed there for a month.

In late November, I wrote a parody of Bowie's "Space Oddity:" "This is Ground Control to Watershed / You've nearly missed the bus...." The only copy found its way into his box. He waved it about for a good five minutes, grinning enormously, demanding to know who'd written it, before someone told him.

He had a friend somewhere in the Interior, to whom he made everyone he knew write a letter. All we knew was her name. She got the sheaf of papers just before Christmas. Apparently, she liked them all and would be writing replies soon.

He didn't return from summer vacation right away this year. We worried for him, that he had been put on Dean's vacation, that we wouldn't get to see him this year like we'd hoped. After Christmas break, he didn't return right away either, and again we hoped earnestly and anxiously for a week, worrying that he might not be back.

We were glad to be wrong in our fears.

Last Monday, he helped save the Physics display in Science Week. Eight months of preparation had resulted in a single videocassette and no TV, no signs, no posters, no handouts, no displays, no demonstrations, no lectures.... While I tried to man a nonexistent booth, people found paper to make a sign, posters and textbooks, a television (at least for a while), things to make it seem as if something ought to be at this table, even if there wasn't.

From somewhere, he dug up an oscilloscope and network of resistors, and planted a Lissajous figure on the desk. A boring application of Physics, maybe, but something nobody else had thought of. And something which gave us a focus to talk about, so we weren't just a store window.

I remember the first time I had a conversation with him. We'd been through all of Physics 120 together, barely speaking if at all. That April, waiting for the Chemistry final exam to start in Wesbrook 100, he walked up to me and asked if I'd be entering Honours Physics the next year. "Astronomy-Physics," I answered. "I guess you could count that. There are four of us doing it."

"Really?" he replied, and named three other prospective physicists. He started talking about what the courses next year would be like — I hadn't even checked the calendar yet to find out what they were. I earmarked him immediately as the likely chair of the grad class.

Then we went into the exam, and wrote it, and I went home, and I didn't see him again until September.

I remember the last time I had a conversation with him. Last Tuesday, a few third-years sat around and began discussing who would run for what executive position in Physsoc next year. President was grudgingly accepted, Librarian volunteered for. We suggested that he become fourth-year rep, or possibly SUS-Physsoc liaison, in testimony to his efforts the previous day.

"I might not be back next year, you know," he said cautiously. I thought then, and I was probably right, that he was referring to his grades — or if not that, then to his waning enthusiasm for Physics, a problem endemic to the third-year class. New interpretations galore spring up — but I don't know anything about how he died. Maybe it was a drunk driver. Maybe it was a heart attack. Maybe it was a cat scratch. The last thing I ever heard him say was a mild reassurance that he'd try to be back next year, like he always had before, and that he'd probably run for something if he made it.

Then I headed off to SUB for some lunch.

I don't know how Angus McVickar died. I don't know when. I don't know why. He passed away sometime on Wednesday, January 24th, 1989. And that's all I know how to say.

And then I begin to cry.

If thou expect death as a friend, prepare to entertain him; if as an enemy, prepare to overcome him.-Death has no advantage except when he comes as a stranger. -*Quarles*

He Whom the gods love, dies young. -*Menander*

# Science

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## Comme

**by Ari Giligson**

*Until* quite recently I thought of myself as a man. Now reality has set in and I know that I not a man but a reptile.

Thursday night, after the SUS Trike race, I got home and watched the news on CTV. They had a segment on the tuition fee protest. They reported on a protest at SFU and Robson square. They also showed 40-odd people that constituted a "protest" outside the Old Administration Building at UBC. Since they were on campus, they also got shots of our very successful Trike Race. They asked many people why they weren't at the protest. One person, whom they showed on the air, was aware of the protest and said, basically: what protest - we're having fun here.

The spot made us look unconcerned with the issue, ignorant and irresponsible.

In fact, I propose that the UBC protest was a sham, hastily and poorly slopped together by those who want R.J. Moorhouse elected AMS President. The protest was poorly advertised and attended mainly by a a close group of R.J. supporters.

## Suzuki

**by Don Hitchen**
**Literary Correspondent**
**to The 432**

On Wednesday January 24th, Dr. David Suzuki gave a commanding lecture in the SUB auditorium. Suzuki's talk was both one of despair and of inspiration. Suzuki spoke of the state of extreme peril the planet is in; in the face of all this hopelessness which we as a world face, one becomes inspired to act against the deterioration of our planet.

As a third generation Canadian, Dr. Suzuki was stripped oif his rights and incarcerated in 1942. When released, he was given a choice: leave B.C. and go west to the Orient, or go east of the Rockies. The "anti-Jap" politicians of British Columbia wanted no "Japs" in the province. In the view of Canada, he shared the genes as the enemy. In highschool, Suzuki fell in love with genetics and pursued a degree in zoology. When Suzuki began to teach, he found students would ask historical questions. Proud of his chosen field, he researched the history of genetics. He found that it was geneticists who legitimized the racist laws which allowed his imprisonment. He found that it was geneticists who rationalized the death camps of Nazi Germany; furthermore, Josef Mengele (who oversaw Auschwitz) was one of Germany's leading geneticists. Today, Suzuki is frightened by geneticists who revel in their understanding and control of DNA, genetics, and the human race, yet are unaware of the history of genetics.

Although he is not presently practising, Suzuki still keeps in touch with the scientific community. As a broadcaster, he has become critical of his colleagues. Due to the explosion of scientific input in the 20th century, we have gained much knowledge of the world around us: from man walking on the moon to the deterioration of the environment. To study some of the implications of these changes, Suzuki travelled to the Amazon, Australia, Canada, the United States and Great Britain. During these travels, he had many opportunities to talk with scientists; out of these talks came one recurring truth, the planet is dying, and once gone cannot be replaced.

Human population is exploding at a rate of 90 million more people every year. These people need food, clothing, shelter, and air.

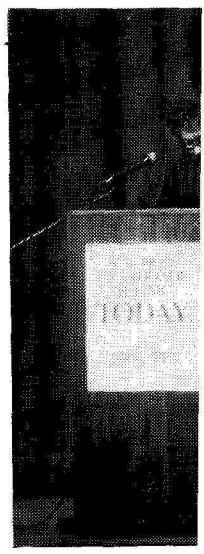
We are presently losing 500 billion tonnes of agricultural soil yearly. Global food production has been decreasing all through the past decade. In the past, many have looked to the ocean as a last reserve of food. We are now learning the oceans do not contain near the amount of food we once thought they did. As global population rises, global food reserves plummet. At this momnent there are 40,000 children worldwide dying of malnutrition. The problem of food scarcity is only going to get worse as global population increases.

The great advances in technology science has produced, comes with many wastes and bi-products. Every five minutes toxic waste crosses over some international border and is dumped in a place where public opposition will be minimal. Last year the United States dumped a billion pounds of toxic chemicals into the air. Much of this waste produces acid rain. These wastes also contribute to the depletion of the ozone layer. Already there is a growing hole in the ozone layer over Antarctica. New Zealand has felt the effects of this hole: food production is down, and the number of skin cancer cases have significantly increased. Thinning areas have now been detected in the ozone layer over the arctic. Will Canada be the next to fall victim to the detrimental effects of a depleting ozone layer? The effects of global warming are endangering our coastlines. As the temperatures increase, the oceans expand making the sea-level rise and the coasts flood.

Forest and wilderness lands are near extinction. Forests are removed from this planet at a rate of one acre per second. Think about that, that is over two and a half million acres since the beginning of this year. With these forests goes the species of animals that inhabit them. Twenty-thousand species of animals a year are becoming extinct, two species every hour, a rate Suzuki claims to be conservative. If the present rate keeps up, there will be no forest or wilderness areas (apart from what we lay aside as nature reserves) remaining after thrity years.

Nature is dynamic; nature cannot have one part of it destroyed and survive without that part. If the forests go, so does the food, and so does the human race. Ours is the last generation that can do anything about the wilderness. If we are to have any hope, the nineties will have to be the "turnaround decade."

Why are we faced with all these problems? At the beginning of the 18th century, global human population reached the one billion mark. It took



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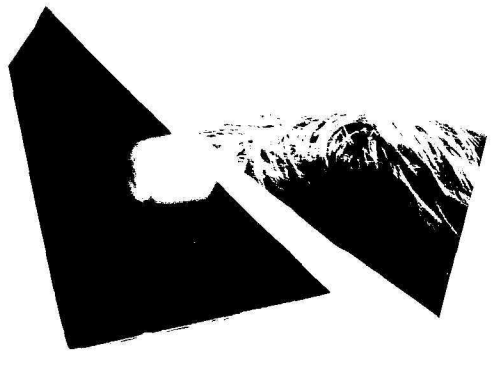

*Very Special Thanks to Anto*

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# Week

## :Ari

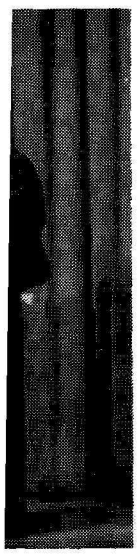
at the newspapers didn't bother to find 'as the the Trike Race date had been set June, that the race helps promote pubic ons between students and faculty, that he race is a non-alcoholic environment dly, honest-to-god fun event, and that (432-get it?) goes to a great cause - the lren's Hospital.

d the organizers of the "protest" been ng together a real protest in fact rather in name, we would have gladly brought le over after the race, if they had asked. someone at CTV been doing their job ad of throwing together a bunch of ɔ images to suit their own perception, they could have had two real stories ad of one hokey one.

/ the way, the Trike Race was a great ess (32 teams). Our thanks to the weather who held off the rain, even though the ls gods were feeling jocular.

Apparently, Ari thinks that he's a reptile. How strange.

## Speaks



*e whales trapped in the arctic imals are disappearing a day.*

between 800,000 and 1,000,000 years to reach this level. In the time since that figure has doubled twice and has now passed the five billion mark. With the population explosion has come an explosion of technology. Most of the technology we have today, has come into being in the last century. This combined explosion of population and technology has created a surplus of waste that is destroying the planet.

The distorted values the news media have created is ludicrous. While the world worries about three whales trapped in the arctic ice, twenty-five entire species of animals are disappearing a day. As the struggle to save a little girl trapped in a well captures the lives of a continent, 40,000 children are dying of malnutrition. One has to ask how significant it is that Ben Johnson took steroids, or that an artist is going to squash a rat. Humans in general base their values on visual images. This visual factor is the root of the problem. We can visualize these trifling problems, but we cannot visualize a hole in the ozone layer, the consequences of the "greenhouse effect," dioxins in our water or PCBs in our food.

As a species, we have thoughts, ideas, and values. We cling tightly to these ideas Suzuki calls "sacred truths" without questioning them. Suzuki gives many examples of these sacred truths.

One sacred truth is that all the countries must become economically connected, yet remain ecologically seperate. The ecology is by far more important. The fundamentals of life on earth are the air, water, soil, and bio-diversity. We must learn to concern ourselves with these and not the economics of the world. Take the Exxon oil spill in Valdez, the benefits of this spill were emphasized: it created many jobs to clean up the spill, favoured the Alaskan economy, and increeased the United States G.N.P. This type of attitude is absurd. World environmental commisions have determined that to achieve an environmental turnaround, 150 billion dollars are needed annually. The United States' government spends one trillion dollars on defence yearly. For every twevle dollars the Canadian government spends on the military, they spend only one dollar on the environment. Dr. Suzuki suggests (to the applause of the audience) that Brian Mulroney reverse this ratio.

Politicians mark success by the progression of steady growth. Nothing on the planet can keep growing exponentially. We just cannot keep growing. In response to the prospect of global warming, the Ministry of Energy announced that we should reduce carbon emmsions by twenty percent before the year 2004. The option of conservation which would require an initial investment of 74 billion dollars by the public, would eventually net a saving of 150 billion dollars. The politicians have sat on this suggestion and insist on the need for growth.

The third world, which contains four billion people, wish to share the benefits of the western world. Unless we as a nation set an example and become environmentally conscience, the third world is going to follow in our footsteps and further pollute the world.

Another sacred truth is that through science we have gained enough knowledge to manage our resources successfully. We cannot reduce nature and then put it back together again. The probabilistic universe in shich we live asserts that a degree of unknowing exists. In no way can we take the world apart and put it back together like a jigsaw puzzle, especially when half the pieces are missing.

There are between ten and thirty million species on earth. Of these species, we have labelled 1.4 million, and understand the basic biology of next to none of them. As scientists, we know nothing about the biological world in which we are part of.

There is a general notion that if society encounters too much difficulty, science will pull us out of it. We must realize the limits of technology. One must remember that we are animals; try going two minutes without breathihng air, a week without water, or a month without food. As animals, wer depend on all of these primary elements for our mere exiostence. If these disruptions to the environment persist, we will not have these essentiaals of life. We cannot take the environment for granted; the world is not a "cess pool for our toxic waste."

Long piece, huh? Super-environment conscious Don Hitchen sleeps on a styrofoam bed, and drinks Chlorofluorocarbons for breakfast. Hah, just kidding. Boy, this three in the morning humour really stinks. Dono is our Frosh-At-Large. Be nice to him, or we'll bite you on the ass..

## :ia Rozario and Phen Huang

# Dik Miller, Physical Plant

I never used to drink coffee. In fact, I still can't stand the stuff, but since I started working for UBC Physical Plant, it's been one of those things I just can't stop consuming. I finally figured out why, a few days ago: the job induces such a condition of torpor that unless one ingests a lot of caffeine one falls into a coma within a few days. Some of my co-workers had not realized this fact, and have been essentially brain dead for the better part of a decade. Needless to say, their conversation is less than enlightening.

My supervisor shambled into the Physical Plant lounge, where I was just finishing my seventeenth cup of java for the day. It was 10:30 in the morning. He looked at me with what was either disinterest or complete lack of cognition and produced an orange piece of paper.

"What's that?" I asked, pointing at the paper. My hand was trembling dangerously from the caffeine. I resolved to find another way to keep myself awake.

"It's a work order. Whaddya think?" he replied listlessly.

I'd been on the job two weeks and had never seen one. All I had been commissioned to do was drive a backhoe across some grass several times, replant the grass, then drive the backhoe across it again. "Oh," I said. "What's it for?"

He scanned it. "Some bunch of yahoos at the...er...Science Undergraduate Something-or-other want their lock changed."

"How come?"

"It doesn't work."

"I see."

"You're on the job," he said, handing me the work order.

"But I've never changed a lock in my life!" I tactfully neglected to mention that as a private eye I had probably picked more locks than there were in all of Switzerland.

"You're on the case." The supervisor left.

I downed the rest of my coffee and grabbed my overalls.

Fifteen minutes later I was walking up to the Chemistry building. I looked down at the work order and noticed that it had been filled out two months before. I shrugged. *Bureaucracy,* I thought.

I passed a mob of students swarming up the stairs and found my way down to room 160. Outside was a harried-looking woman with huge, rolled-up posters under her arms. She looked at me.

"Oh God, I'm glad you're here," she gasped.

"I'm not God," I replied.

"Stop that. Can you get me in?"

"Sorry?" I replied. "What exactly do you mean by that?"

"Are you insane? Are you brain dead? I've locked myself out and I need to get in before my arms fall off from carrying these posters."

I looked at her quizzically. "Who are you anyway?"

"I'm Antonia, the SUS External Vice President. Will you let me in now?"

"Uh...sure." I reached into my toolkit and brought out my Dik Miller™ crow bar/torsion wrench/lock pick/swizzle stick ($59.95 plus applicable sales tax).

"Are you sure you couldn't just use a key?" she said.

"Look, lady. This is my job. I know what I'm doing. Just let me do it."

"Excuse me. I didn't realize you were such a lock wizard."

"That's what I'm paid for," I smirked. *And damn well too,* I thought to myself, *especially considering I have no idea how to fix the lock once I get it open.* I approached the door and with a quick twist and a violent, disturbing, crackling, popping sound from the door frame, the office was open.

"Thank you so much," the woman sighed. "I don't know how I could have done this without you."

She went in, and I bent down to examine the lock. It was pretty well a write-off, which was good since I was supposed to be replacing it anyway.

"What seems to be wrong with it?" I heard a voice ask. I turned around to see a bearded man wearing a Science cardigan and a striped tie which was horribly mismatched to his differently-striped shirt.

"It's broken," I replied.

"What would have broken it?" he asked.

"Probably my crow bar when I used it to get your vice president in here."

He looked blank for a second, then walked into the office. "Antonia, did you lock yourself out again?"

I tuned their conversation out and looked at the lock again. I surmised that replacing it would be the simplest procedure. Fortunately, I had brought along a spare lock. My Dik Miller™ wood auger/lock remover/water pik would do the rest.

Mere minutes later the old lock was a smoldering hunk of slag lying on the floor (and, I was to discover, leaving a nasty black mark on the floor sure to endure for years to come). I picked up the new lock and set it in place. Then I realized something, and I turned to the people inside.

"Would you happen to have a screwdriver?"

Two hours later, the lock was finally installed. I had had to requisition a some steel plating to cover the holes I had left when opening the door and removing the old lock. During the hour it took to deliver the plates, I had taken a coffee break. The new lock sat slightly askew so that the door had to be lifted awkwardly each time it was opened or closed, and whether it was locked or not, if the person on either side of the closed door was not strong enough to lift it he or she was stuck there. But it worked.

Just as I was packing up, a blonde woman (dressed mighty stylishly, I might add) walked in with a similarly-dressed man in tow. She stared at the door.

"Oh my *God*, that is *so* ugly," she groaned.

The bearded man walked up to her. "Catherine, they just finished fixing it, and it works, so don't complain."

She stared at him. "Ari, I can't *believe* that you wore a striped tie with a striped shirt again! *Auuugh!*"

I thought this would be an opportune time to leave, so I did.

"Emergency requisition form."

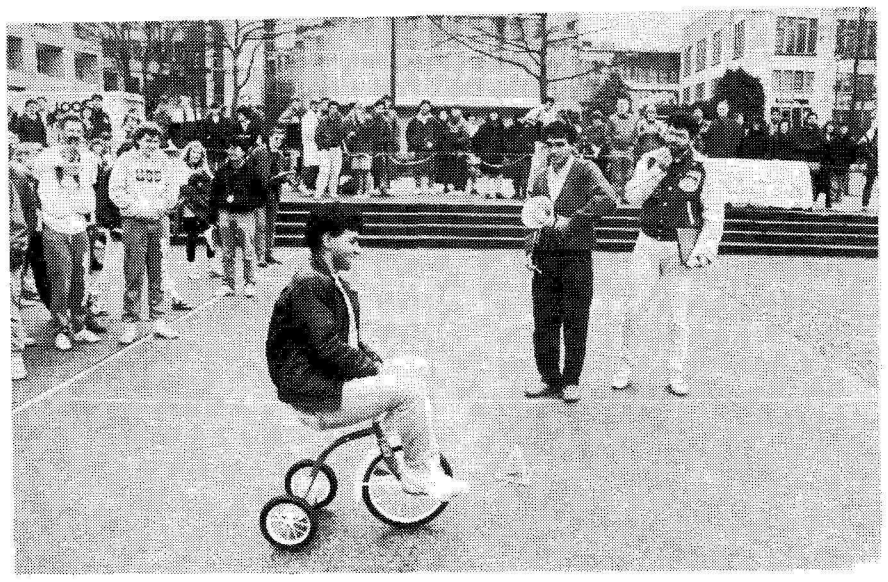
"What for?"

"The Science Undergrad Screwballs again."

"Why?"

"You forgot to give them a key."

Oh well. Another week in the life of Dik Miller, Physical Plant.



# That's Trivial

**by Tanya Rose**

Hello again! Now that That's Trivial has become a regular thing for the 432, it's time to expand into the world of friendly competition. So here it is! **The first annual That's Trivial Contest!**

How does it work? Simple! Just answer the following questions. You get different point value for each question, and the person who submits the most correct answers (and most points) wins a wonderful T-Shirt!

There is also a section for those that are creative: lots of points can be won here if you can come up with an original answer to the last five questions.

**Entries must be received before March 1, 1990. Please drop them off in Chem 160 or mail them:**

**The 432**
**c/o Dean of Science**
**Room 1507, BioSciences Bldg.**
**University of British Columbia**
**Vancouver BC**
**V6T 1W5**

Good Luck!

*1-10: Easy -Worth one point each.*

1. How old is the Map Library?
2. How tall is the Clock Tower?
3. Exactly how many books are in all the libraries of UBC?
4. What is the average weight of a chicken?
5. When was Sedgewick born?
6. Who won the Div II Ball Hockey Championship last term?
7. How many stories are there in the Buchanan Tower?
8. How much does a pound weigh?
9. How many condoms does the Soviet Union go through in a fortnight?
10. How long is a cubit?

*11-15: Medium - Worth two points each.*

11. How wide is the waist of Ari Giligson, in nanocubits.
12. What is the average lung capacity of an African Sparrow?
13. How tall is the Vancouver Planetarium?
14. How many parking spots are there in all the parking lots of UBC?
15. What was the first headline story of The 432?

*16-20: Hard - Worth three points each.*

16. What is the editor's real IQ?
17. Who is Annie?
18. What was the UBC Engineer's first prank?
19. How many bald people are there on campus?
20. How much does Caireen weigh?

*Interpretive Questions: Points given according to originality (max of 5 points per question).*

21. What is the most random number?
22. On average, what time is it?
23. What colour is a fart?
24. Who caused the San Francisco Earthquake?
25. Who is taller: Bigfoot or Yeti?

***Bonus Question: Worth 1-10 points.***

What is the best way to breed rocks?

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## SUB Partyroom, UBC
## 4:32 P.M. - 8:30 P.M.

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