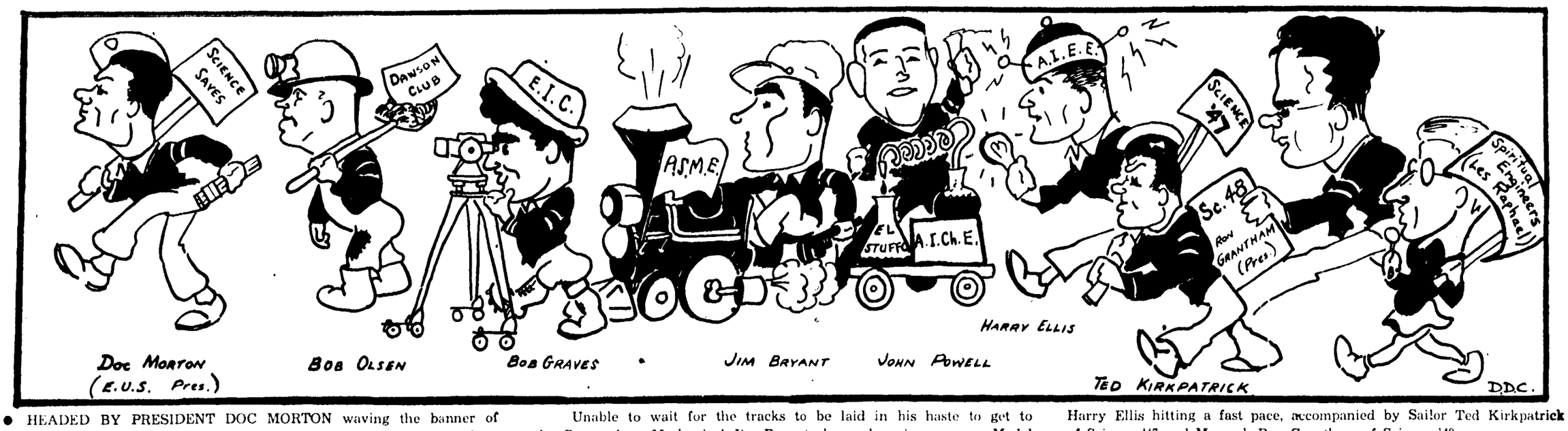


● HEADED BY PRESIDENT DOC MORTON waving the banner of Science, the EUS executive leads the Great Trek to the Commodore. Close behind the leader Miner Bob Olsen hikes along complete with a shovelful of Q and hard-hat. Cautious Civil Bob Graves insists on surveying the route with his patented rolling transit.

Unable to wait for the tracks to be laid in his haste to get to the Commodore, Mechanical Jim Bryant chugs along in a snappy Model T locomotive. The happy little man on the flatcar behind is Chemical John Powell, complete with portable still.

Right behind Powell but gaining fast is not Superman, but Electrical Harry Ellis hitting a fast pace, accompanied by Sailor Ted Kirkpatrick of Science '47 and Mamook Ron Grantham of Science '48.

Bringing up the rear Les "City Slicker" Raphael, prominent member of the "Under 60% in Physics Club," treks along with after his spiritual brothers.

Morton Leads Engineers Trek To Commodore

(Special to The Ubyssey)

● SOMEWHERE IN WEST POINT GREY, Feb. 6—(EUS) —This little settlement is agog at the sight of more than five hundred stalwart Engineers preparing to start a long and arduous trek through the wilds of Vancouver to the Promised land of Commodore.

Led by the president of EUS, Doc "Moses" Morton, the Redshirts plan to start out on the Trek early Thursday evening and expect to assemble at the Commodore at 2100 hours. The festivities will continue until the last Engineer drops in his treks.

SPECIAL MEETING

Assisting Morton with preliminary arrangements such as the propaganda meeting to-day at noon and the collection of stray rations is Bud "The Great" Huff. Huff has arranged this gathering to acquaint the trekkers with the rules and regulations of the expedition.

Down in the depths of Brock Hall Doug "Leonardo" Shadbolt and Doug "Michaelangelo" Campbell are toiling to produce suitable banners to decorate the Commodore after the triumphant arrival of the Engineers.

RULES

The class presidents are whipping their companies into shape and delivering last minute instructions. The following directions were issued at a recent Trek meeting:

1. All members of EUS taking part in the Trek must pay a special Trek licence fee of $3.50. This licence admits the holder to the Commodore and may be obtained from any class president. Don't make the mistake of wearing a blue or yellow sweater when you go to buy one.

2. Dress is optional. If you want to wear a business suit, wear a business suit. If you want to wear a tux, wear a tux. You'll have plenty of company either way. Tuum Est.

3. There will be a mystery (Ha!) prize awarded for the best decorated table. The only clue that has been allowed to leak out was eagerly lapped up by the Redshirts. It seems that the prize is something almost impossible to obtain these days.

4. Bring your own . . . . girl.

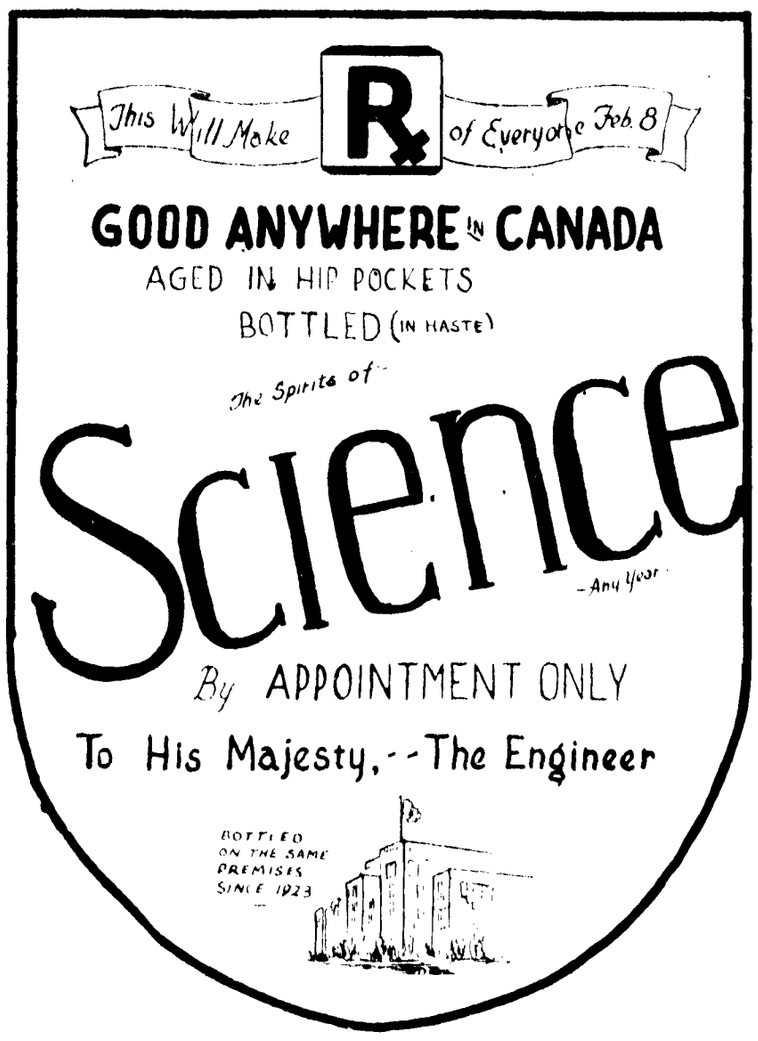
Engineering Club Invites Students To Be Members

● ESTABLISHED by the fourth and fifth year Civil Engineers the student branch of the Engineering Institute of Canada invites students from all branches of Engineering to become members.

Meetings are held every second week and are addressed by prominent practising engineers. In addition student members are eligible to attend the monthly meetings of the Vancouver branch of the Institute.

Any Engineering students interested in joining the Institute as student members may obtain full information and application blanks from Dean Finlayson's office. Annual fee is $2.00 which includes membership and monthly issues of the "Engineering Journal."

PASTE ON YOUR COKE BOTTLES



The SCIENCE Ubyssey

JOKES EL STUFFO JOKES

Vol. XXVII VANCOUVER, B.C., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1945 No. 45

Brains, Brawn And Nurses at Big Trek Meet

● TODAY, NOON, the Sciencemen are doing what only Sciencemen can do. That is — put on THE one and only Pep Meet of the year to advertise THE one and only Science Trek to the Commodore next Thursday night.

Hurry over to the auditorium today at 12:30 and sit in on the Skit House Melodrama, the melodies of the Draughting Room Quartet, and the infamous ad libs of Mickey (Once upon a time, long long ago, in a land far far away) Burrows as Master of Ceremonies.

AIR FORCE BAND

The Air Force Band will be there to give with the jive, and Joe Micelli has promised to bring Pat Kirkpatric, the little songstress who stole the show at the Red Cross pep meet.

Already the Auditorium has been invaded by the Red Shirts who are strengthening the walls and installing automatic crowd controllers, for this year there is an all-star, out-of-control script and the Discipline Committee must be kept out at all costs.

Portraying the cultural side of life the Science members of the Glee Club have arranged a song or two on the classic side just to prove that brain, brawn, and culture are all talents characteristic of the "Little Red Devils."

GIRLS YET!

The girls of the Nursing Faculty have consented to appear in behalf of education; and will present a scientific version of "the care and feeding of infants." This should prove beneficial to all Sciencemen in their future relations with the Arts Faculty.

The curtain goes up sharp at 12:30 noon so don't be late. Front seats have a premium but everyone is welcome while there is a seat in the house. Even the Fire Marshall will be there in case the conflagration spreads from the stage to the audience or verse vica. At dress rehearsals all scientific tempertures were broken when the stage became crowded with what the Sciencemen termed a local feminine attraction. However, by curtain time things should be under control sufficiently to keep high temperature cases in the audience at a minimum.

ARTSMEN WARNED

Artsmen are warned not to sit too close to the stage since it is reported that they are highly inflammable, at any rate, highly excitable and the Engineers don't want the show interrupted by any extinguished-looking personnel of the Arts Faculty.

Tickets for the Ball are going fast and Engineers who have not already purchased their tickets are urged to see their class representatives as soon as possible.

McLeod Runs . . .

. . . For President

Civils Survey Class of '45

● NINETEEN stalwart slide-rule operators, the largest Civil Engineering Class in UBC history, have hopes of graduating in 1945. The practise of their profession will take them to bars and wet canteens throughout the world; they will be found leading the way wherever there is a tough job or some hard drinking to be done.

Collectively they are a hard-working team and individually their personalities are worthy of investigation. Doug Anderson leads the list with a quiet, efficient manner; a surveyor of procurves. Bob Binnie is secretary of the Civils' Student Chapter of the Engineering Institute of Canada; a good fraternity man and true to his gal.

Frankie Bunnell is the class honours boy; a whirlwind mind and a personality to match it. Gordie Calderhead is an unknown variable; one of a long line of probably continuous "Betas." John "Tie-Camp" Confortin is construction chief on the class' Science Ball exhibit; a diamond in the

(Continued On Page 2)

McLEOD ENTERS AMS PRESIDENTIAL RACE

● HUGH McLEOD, third year Arts honours student, has entered the race for president of the AMS for 1945-46.

McLeod has been active in campus clubs since arriving at the university two years ago after spending one year at Victoria College. He has served on the executive of the Parliamentary Forum and has been active in the Musical Society and the Psychology Club. He is also a member of the University Students Co-Operative Association.

"Living in such an environment I feel that I am constantly in touch with a cross-section of student opinion. I believe that I am capable of understanding the specific problems of the individual faculties after living and working with members of Science, Arts, Commerce, and Aggie."

His platform centers around the idea that the next president will have to govern a larger student body than in the past and that any plans formed must have this in mind.

"As president of the Alma Mater Society, my platform would include the following:

1. To regard the Students' Council as a government and attempt to run it as a democratic government should be run.

2. To realize the necessity for closer co-operation of Council and the student body no matter what particular form council takes.

3. To take definite steps to aid in the adjustment of the returned men to the campus.

4. To support to the utmost any move to establish new faculties: e.g., law and medicine.

5. To promote any move to construct new buildings to house our present as well as future faculties.

6. To promote the building of student residences on the campus.

7. To favour a wider control of athletics by the Men's athletic Directorate rather than Council.

Science Has UBC Spirit Says Morton

By ROY MORTON, EUS President

● THIS IS not Applied Science Week. To the Engineers such a pep period is not necessary. The Artsmen, however, had one week to call their own. Then it happened. The Russians began their offensive, the B.C. Electric employees went on strike, and Gordie Campbell joined the Navy. The University returned to normal.

In all seriousness I believe that the Engineers were almost as disappointed as the Arts Executive must have been. We take this opportunity to wish Gordie the best of luck. He was a man the Artsmen needed.

Let us return to the more interesting topic of Engineering: Each year the engineers are accused of being over-endowed with faculty spirit and being apathetic towards the university as a whole. Granted we have faculty spirit, plenty of it, but our interest in university affairs should be apparent.

It cannot be claimed that the Engineers do not attend AMS meetings. Furthermore, if it were not for the Engineers no one would have attended Arts class elections in years past. When it comes to keeping an eagle eye on Council, the redshirts are second to none.

Don't Forget The Gigantic Trek Meet

NOTICE

There will be a meeting of Delta Sigma Pi on Thursday, February 10, at 3:30 in the Mildred Brock Room.

NON-VOTER MEETS SAD AND HORRIBLE FATE

● STANISLAUS Studo, a scholar in the Gods of Olympus Universitas at Athens, Greece, had reached his twenty-first year with very little to trouble him. He wasn't an Engineer.

He was twenty-one and three-quarters when elections were held for officers of the Greek Republic in the year 945 B. C. Stanislaus was entitled to a vote.

But on election day, Stanislaus dropped into the Thor Throwt Refreshment Parlour. He sat there all day, and forgot to cast his vote. He cast his vote away.

When the next meeting of the Democratic Council of the Republic of Greece was held Stanislaus attended.

The Democratic Council passed a resolution that declared the Thor Throwt Refreshment Parlour "Out of bounds for all scholars in the Gods of Olympus Universitas, especially if they are called Stanislaus."

Stanislaus stood up to object.

"Friends, Greeks, Countrymen," he began.

But the Democratic Council arose with a roar.

"He didn't vote," they roared.

Stanislaus leaped to a pedestal to make himself heard.

The members kicked him off his pedestal.

The Thor Throwt Refreshment Parlour was closed.

Stanislaus died several days later of a Thor Throwt.

His last words were, "Tell the students of the University of British Columbia to vote on the Seventh of February, 1945."

So vote. Don't make Stanislaus turn over in his grave. Remember, he had a Thor Throwt and all because he didn't vote.

The Prophet

Too many people in British Columbia are holding the opinion that a person cannot possibly be considered well educated unless he holds a degree from some eastern Canadian or American university. They are blissfully oblivious to the fact that degrees granted by their own university are respected by educators throughout North America, but instead prefer to believe that eastern education is the ultimate. It is the old story of the prophet being without honour in his own land.

Granted, it is now necessary to travel east to take law, medicine, or advanced post-graduate work, but have we any reason to assume that it should always be that way? New faculties are being planned. At first they will have enough of the trials and tribulations of a new venture without running up against the apathy of those who should be staunch supporters.

The Engineers have never acknowledged this so-called superiority of eastern graduates. While admitting that facilities for research are better at some other institutions, they claim that UBC graduates in Applied Science are second to none. This claim is backed by the knowledge that our grads are eagerly sought throughout the world. From the mines of South Africa and Peru to the oil-wells of Arabia UBC men can be found keeping production rolling.

In recent years the Faculty of Applied Science has grown steadily until it is now filled to overflowing. The lecture rooms are crowded, but it is in the laboratories that the lack of space is most apparent. There are many students on the campus who have vivid recollections of "swing shift" physics labs running from 4:30 to 7:30. The famed Christmas graduations are not a sadistic whim of the professors but rather a grim necessity.

Plans have been laid for great expansion in the post-war period and "reliable sources" lead us to hope that some of the more essential expansion will come before the end of hostilities. Some individuals and organizations have seen fit to make substantial gifts towards the establishment of new faculties and departments. This is the spirit we need, and with its growth the prophet may yet be honoured in his home province.

We've Done it Again

For the seventh consecutive year the Engineers have invaded the Pub to produce the annual SCIENCE UBYSSEY. Our amateur journalists and columnists have attempted to present a representative cross-section of the activities of the undergraduates of the Faculty of Applied Science. We have described the redshirts at work and play with only the principles of English 3 and 4 to guide us.

One of the great things that a Scienceman develops in his five years at UBC is the ability to laugh at himself. We therefore take this opportunity to let others see us as we see ourselves and hope that they can appreciate the situations as we do.

The opinions expressed in the SCIENCE UBYSSEY are our own, and in no way represent the editorial policy of the regular staff. We accept full responsibility for them.

We give you the SCIENCE UBYSSEY for 1945.

DEAN FINLAYSON PLANS EXPANSION

The University of British Columbia is preparing for a large increase in the student body in the near future, according to Prof. J. N. Finlayson, Dean of the Faculty of Applied Science. Dean Finlayson is the chairman of a committee which has been engaged for some time in planning the expansion of the university.

From surveys made in the a med services, it is evident that many such men intend to continue their education at university after discharge, with the aid of government grants. Already some 100 ex-servicemen are at UBC taking first and second year mork. Many more ex-servicemen are expected to enrol later, and the increased number of students will place a heavy burden on the already overcrowded classrooms and laboratories.

The committee under Dean Finlayson has already drawn up preliminary block plans for additions to the Library, the Science building, and the Arts building; and has considered the construction of two new buildings, a women's dormitory, and an Applied Science building. These plans will be limited only by the amount granted for the purpose by the Legislature.

At present, the block plans for the new Library wing are completed, but this does not necessarily mean that the library wing will be constructed first. The wing will provide much more room for stacks and study tables. The addition to the science building will extend back from the present structure to form a side of the hollow square building originally planned.

The two new buildings will follow the university architects' plans as closely as possible. The women's dormitory will be erected in the space allotted at the north end of the mall, while the applied science building will occupy the power house block possibly necessitating the removal of the bus stop from its present site.

The applied science building will probably be divided into sections housing the mechanical, electrical, civil, and chemical departments. The present power house would form an integral part of the mechanical engineering section. If it is not possible to start work on the applied science building soon, a second floor will be added to the present electrical engineering building to provide room for radio and electronic equipment.

It is hoped that construction of the additions or the buildings will start this summer.

• chemicals try anything - except work

• AT 10:30 on a bright Vancouver morning we approach the Chemical Engineering lab in the basement of the Science building. It is just opposite the Janitor's cubby hole but you can't confuse them. The Janitor has a radio.

After loosening our ties and rolling up our sleeves we enter the lab thumbing avidly through some book, desperately hoping to create the impression that we have been there since 8:30 but have been over to the library to get some technical volume.

Grouped around a table in a deep technical discussion we see Stusiak. Out of the huddle we can sometimes hear such highly technical phrases as, "Raise three red ones," "I'll stay," and "Flush takes it," which are quite meaningless to the uninitiated.

100% DANGEROUS

In another part of the lab Cooke, Dawson, Coleopy, and Clarke are working on a tertiary column. This is a very dangerous piece of apparatus, and frequently students who volunteer to work on it all night are found stretched out on the floor beside it in the morning. We don't know why they keep it around. The only thing it will make is 100% alcohol.

We now notice Richard M. Bibbs and Dr. W. F. Seyer sitting opposite each other at a small table. Neither of them is speaking but we can see that they are working on some abstruse problem. Here, doubtless, is engineering at its finest. As we approach Dr. Seyer's lips move and we lean forward to catch the words. "Your move."

We pass on reverently to Mr. Dunell who is doing some research work. It is very secret and none of us knows what he is doing. In fact it is so secret that Mr. Dunell has frequently said that even he did not know what he was doing.

Off to one corner is our prize student taking the Steam Engineering option. Mr. Cochrane looks after all the steam pipes and valves in the lab. He is so thorough that his method of fixing a valve is to start in the power plant and crawl down the line to it.

XXX POWELL

This leaves only "Honest John" Powell who really wanted to take Janitation. However, the fellow he button-holed to fill out his registration booklet made a mistake somewhere and he wound up in Chemical Engineering. Or maybe it was because he signed the book "XXX."

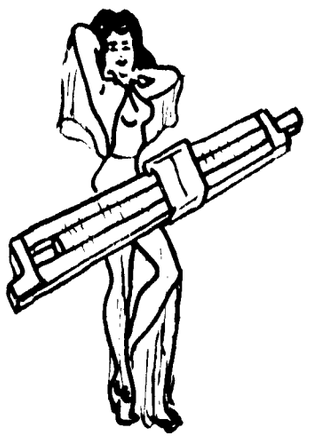
Feeling that our absence has not been detected we head for the door again. The instructor beats us to it.

"Where were you from 8:30 to 10:30 this morning?" he asks, almost tenderly.

"We were studying in our carrell," we chortle triumphantly, waving our book carelessly.

"Well," said he, "that clears up a lot. I just came from your carrell and I was wondering why it was so crowded."

Oh hell. You can't win.



He rounded a bend at close to forty. A sudden skid and the car overturned. They found themselves sitting together unhurt, alongside the completely wrecked car. He put his arm around her waist, but she drew away.

"It's all very nice," she sighed, "but wouldn't it have been easier to run out of gas?"

Sorely Beset Nurse Becomes Museumpiece

By IMA NURSE

• CAREENING merrily homeward on the palatial UBC bus last Monday I had a serious talk with myself.

"The noble profession of nursing with all its glorious tenets calls for your help. Florence Nightingale herself beckons you on. You must put your shoulder to the wheel and dig up some old clothes for the blitzed shivering citizens of Britain."

So I dug. I plowed through old trunks, closets, and bureau drawers for an hour and a half and I emerged with a wonderful collection exceeding my wildest dreams. Dresses, shoes, hats, sweaters, socks, and a pair of rather ancient trousers. I piled my loot on the chesterfield and proceeded to sort it out for wrapping. I could hear the joyous shouts and happy congratulations of my fellow nurses as I trundled into the Science Building in the a.m. laden with treasure.

Lost in this rosy dream I failed to note the approach of one of my near relatives until he bore down on me and howled in his customary manner:

"Hey, whathehellsamatter witcha? Watcha doin' with my sweatshirt and football socks, hey? Ain't a fellow got no right? Lay off my stuff, see?"

"Oh, well," I philosophized, "I still have plenty left." But then in swished Mother.

"Why honey," she said, "You've found my lost housecoat, aren't you sweet." Swish. It was gone. Also two of my sister's old dresses which would make good housedresses for her, she was sure; two sweaters (to hang out the washing in) and a pair of old slippers that I didn't like but she did.

Need I go on? Shall I tell with tears and lamentations how two more sisters sighted stuff and snatched same. I was left with father's trousers and a hat which nobody noticed because I was sitting on it all the time. Just at this moment in walked dear old sympathetic Dad. I turned my tear-dimmed eyes towards him.

"What," he screamed sympathetically, "are my million dollar pants doing here? Is your mother trying to throw them out again? She knows that they are the only pants I can work around here in."

That did it. I really broke loose and told my poor excuse for a family precisely what I thought of them. I described the horrors of V-bombs and withered them (my so-called family, that is) with scorn.

It hit Father at any rate but not hard enough to make him part with his pants. Oh, no. He gallopped up to the attic and came thundering down with a world shaking donation. It looked like a bale of black hair, dust, moths, bobby pins, buttons, green felt and glass eyes to say nothing of a bad smell.

"Here, little girl," he said sacrificially, "give them the Bear Rug."

When I left home this morning the upstairs window opened and the million dollar pants fluttered down aided by mother's gentle hand. So I put on the pants, set the crushed hat jauntily on my head and draped the Bear Rug over the works.

That's how I got in this case in the Library Museum, but when I get out I'll always be able to say I supported the old clothes drive.

Bad men want their women to be like cigarettes slender and trim, all in a row, to be selected at will, set aflame and when the flame has subsided, discarded only to select another.

The fastidious man wants his women to be like cigars—they last longer, for after all, if the brand is good, they are seldom discarded but used to the end.

The good man wants his women to be like his pipe—something he becomes attached to, knocks gently but lovingly, takes good care of always.

A man will give you a cigarette, offer you a cigar, but he never shares his pipe! ! ! !

—*Ohio State Sundial*

Dawson Club Perfects Mk. II El Stuffo Trap

• MINERS, METALLURGISTS, and Geologists have released information of the secret building of "El Stuffo Trap Mark II," (hereinafter referred to as "EST MkII.")

Similar to EST Mk 1, which was highly successful at last year's Science Ball with a net yield of 52 oz., the Mk II model is the culmination of the united efforts of the three Departments.

Research was sparked by that Irish genius, Jim Donnan. Structural details were worked out by miners Olie Olson, Doc Morton, City Boy Carver, and Flash Seraphim. They guarantee that their truss, designed entirely during CE 9 periods, will collapse on all available El Stuffo.

Transportation will be handled by that well-known coal miner, Farmer MacKinnon. Mac's ability in this line, due no doubt to his early agrarian training, was demonstrated during the recent Vancouver Island bus tie-up, when he commandeered a chicken-truck to transport the Club on its coal-mining field trip.

EL STUFFO PROOF

A new El Stuffo-proof alloy, known as Alky X, was developed by Metallurgists Dave Berryman and Sgt. Romeo Ralph Earer. The entire interior of EST Mk II will be lined with Alky X. Though still on the "hush-hush" list, Alky X is known to be superior to platinum, monel, chrome-moly, or any known alloy. Corrosion rate has been reduced to 0.91 pounds per quart per hour at room temperature.

EQUIPMENT

Favourable El Stuffo locations have been thoroughly scouted by geologists. Equipped with a copy of Dana (unabridged), a Ouija board MkVII, and the latest geophysical apparatus, Rocky Mountain Roots and G-2 Jones narrowed the field to central down-town Vancouver. Several siliceous concretions, pseudomorphous after UDL 3 Crown, were found by Sinatra Sharp and Cariboo Parliament in the Commodore beds of the Granville formation.

A strict application of the principles of the strain ellipsoid, "Q and V", Scrap Iron II, and "take and put," convinced Dawsonites that this would be an ideal place to try out EST MkII.

Stock in EST Mk II may be bought from any Fourth Year Dawsonite. Current price on the curb market is one February ration per share, but it is rumoured that this offer expires February 27.

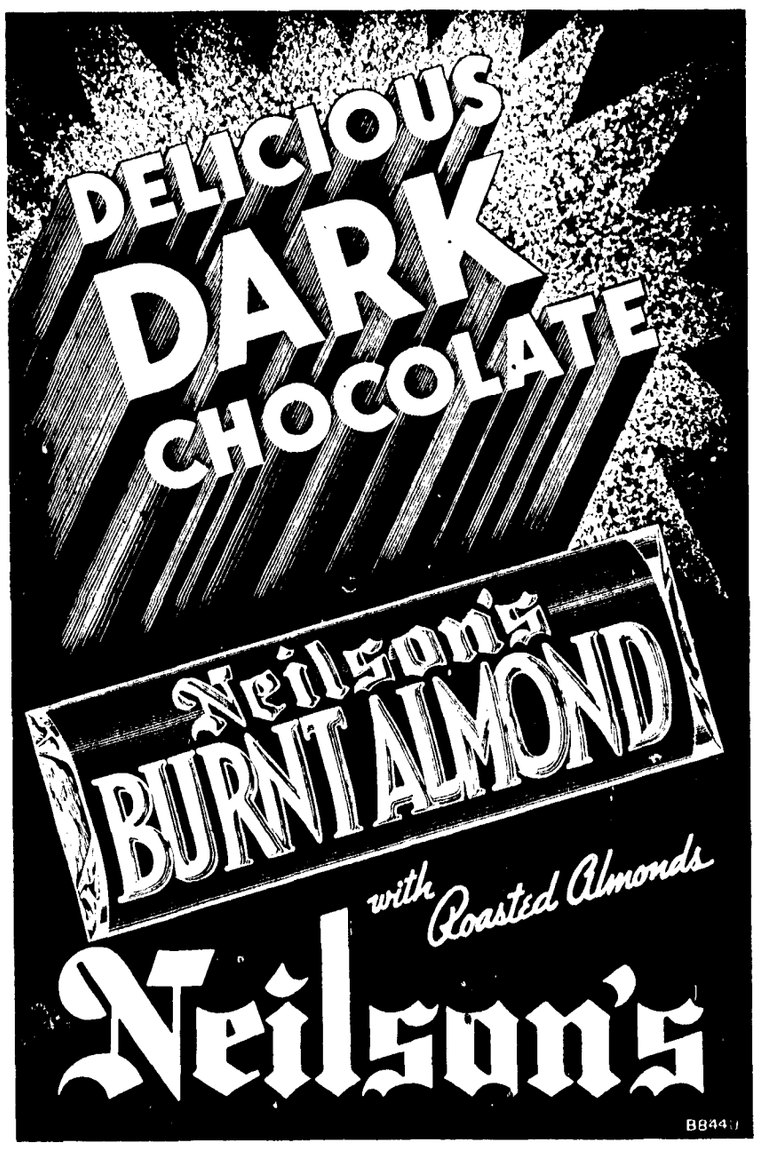
(Continued From Page 1)

rough. The class "wacky hacky" is Jim Dennison—also class nominee for the Purity League Presidency.

Big-time operator Al Eyre is the most publicized member of the class as he is the most active in student activities. Art Fraser is champion tippler and foolish-question-asker—a woman hater. Harold Graves is class president and all-round good egg; also class nominee for position of most likely to succeed. Wilf Grimble is a B.A.; he leads the class in matrimonial endeavours.

John Hicks and Fred Hole are the outstanding rugby and soccer stars of the class; also hard workers. Joe Kent is front-row man—has not missed a professor's word in five year. Alan Kerr is the class dapper boy—red headed and even tempered. Stu Lefeaux is a genial globe-trotting trumpet player who really seems to get places; he rivals Fraser for tippling honors. Bruce Scott is champion bridge player, coffee drinker and after-breakfast speaker. Gordon Stamford occupies a quiet corner and disapproves of Petty. cartoons adorning the class walls. Frank Turley is the hard-working mystery boy; brought up on Nanaimo malt. Sidney Wigen is champion chess player; a quiet music lover of intellectual fibre.

Such a motley crew gathered together for so many hours a week for so long—how they will hate to leave the Alma Mater; sad, but time rolls on.



Offices: Brock Hall

The Ubyssey

Phone: ALma 1624

Member British United Press, Canadian University Press

Issued every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday by the Publications Board of the Alma Mater Society of the University of British Columbia.

SCIENCE EDITOR BRUCE BEWELL

SCIENCE STAFF

Associate Editors

Roy Morton, Harry Ellis, Bud Haff, John Powell

Assistant Editors

Bob Lister, Fraser McLean, Ian Hart, Earl Peterson

Copyboy

Denis Blunden

General Staff

News Editor: Marian Ball
CUP Editor: Ron Haggart
Photography Director: Art Jones
Pub Secretary: Betty Anderson
Sci 'Q' Correspondent: Buzz Walker

Sports Editor

Luke Moyls

Associate Sports Editor

Lonnie Dyer

Sports Reporters — Shelagh Wrecker, Fred Crombie, Cy Appelby, Fred Morrow

Sports Photographers: Fred Grover, Brian Jackson.

For Advertising: Standard Publishing Co. Ltd., 2182 West 41st Ave., KErrisdale 1811.

Science Make Success Certain for 'Gondoliers'

• "WE ARE, WE are, we are The Gondoliers," will be the theme as eight husky Engineers take to the stage on Wednesday, February 14. On stage, backstage, and in the pit Sciencemen are again making possible a successful Musical Society production.

Bob McLellan's resounding baritone and the lusty voices of Bob Hill, Bob McKay, and Roy Tinney will ring out. With such veterans as Al Day, Ronny White, and Len Cox to depend on, the men's chorus will be right in there pitching. A new addition to the chorus, George Ward, can warble with the best of them.

REMEMBER?

Remember the Thursday night the curtain went up and a certain professor was seen scampering off the stage? Remember how the Pirate King and his jolly band of cut-throats one after another jumped into position and grabbed a mug of grog?

Well, nothing like that will happen this year. Under the direction of Frank Haney and his crew of Electrical and Mechanical Engineers the curtain will rise at just the right moment, at just the right time, and at just the right speed (afer taking into account air resistance, friction in the pulleys, and expansion in the rope. That Haney boy thinks of everything).

With four electrical engineers on the job the lighting will be perfection itself. Lights will be of every hue from red to violet and will shoot out from as many angles as Bragg would have to turn his crystal through to compete with the powder spectograph.

IN THE PIT

Hardly working up a sweat, Nels Glover will whirl up and down scales and arpeggios in A flat, G sharp, B melodic minor, and other equally horrible keys while another engineering fiddler, Wilf Evans, grinds out the old um pah pah, um pah pah that makes every opera a success. The addition of Kurt York's flute and Don Lloyd's trombone gives every section of the orchestra its Science support.

Sadly missed this year will be the golden clarinet of Arvid Rekston, Science '46, which has faithfully given its support for several years—now silent because of the death of its owner.

She: You remind me of the ocean.

Artsman: Because I'm wild, daring, and romantic?

She: No. Because you make me sick.

• • • •

He: Where can I get hold of you?

She: I don't know, I'm awful ticklish.

• • • •

Joe: Why does a farmer look for a needle in a haystack.

Gish: Because that's where his daughter usually does her fancywork.

• • • •

Guest (to host in new house)—Hello, old pal! How do you find it here?

Host—Right upstairs, second door on the left, and I'm not responsible for any wet paint.

• • • •

ODE TO AN OYSTER

Happy is the oyster!
He stays in bed for good
And if he ever does come out
He generally gets stewed.

• stop - in

by Dirty Dan

• HAVE your picture taken at Fang's Foto Forum. After they have messed around with your profile, you just wouldn't believe it could be you. Because of the recent fire, they are offering rock-bottom prices on stylish, slightly-charred negatives. Don't miss this bargain . . . . During the car strike, it was our fortune to meet a Fiji soph who had set himself up as Vice Chairman on the campus. His opinion was that transportation could be handled and university students made happy by supplying more Biblical donkeys . . . . One of the customers to Fang's wrote back an encouraging letter recently. He said he had taken the Fang portrait home to his mother. She had said, and we quote; "My Gawd?!!!"

• • • •

• WANT to do away with the local yokel who is horning in on your moll? Contact Joe at the Local No. 179 and get in on his patented extermination—Ice-O-Tene and Death Ray Blasts, used with permission of Mandrake. Joe's prices will suit the pocket book of the average Scienceman too . . . . And then comes the prospect of the Great Trek. El Stuffo will flow freely—slipsticks will only be used for beating women over the head—the committee of the Technical Aspects of Intimate Loving Council will present a new arrangement of "No More Swing" by J. Strap and his Elastic Band. . . . . Joe's boys are all in the fight on the home-front too. Since 1939, they have delivered all surplus blood that flowed into the ditch to the Red Cross. That is patriotism!

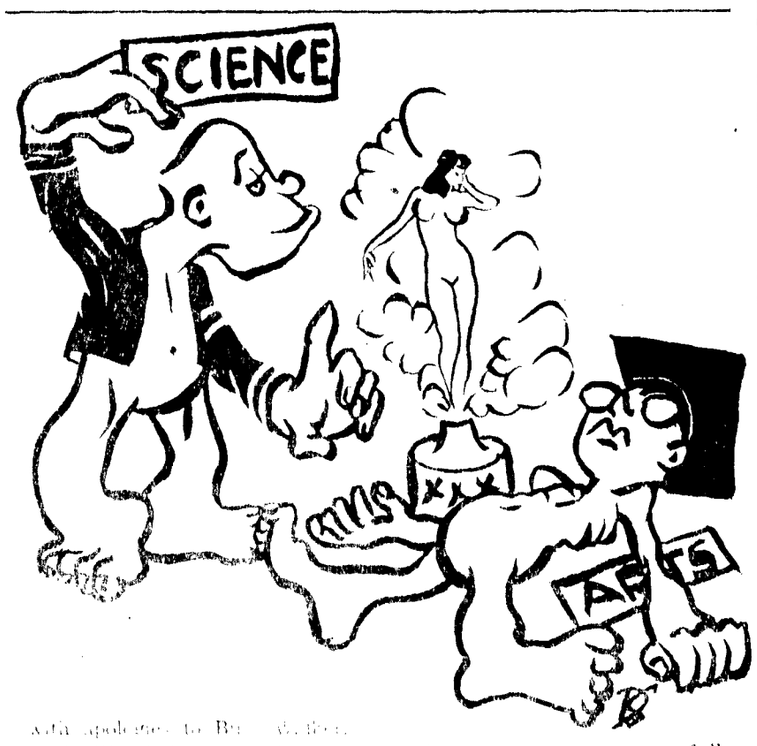
• • • •

• DO YOUR friends complain of the blinding glare from your bald dome? Try a toupee from Willy's Wigs for Women and For Those Other Characters Without Bumpy Sweaters. You may like our Artsman Model—a powder puff garnished with three bristly goat hairs. Or maybe you prefer the Scienceman type—blonde, brunette and auburn, laid side by side . . . . The very latest dirt concerns two well-known Sigma Foo bachelors who went down to give their blood last week. Unfortunately, they were turned down. However, authorities there asked them to donate their carcasses to medical science for experimentation—never had they seen bodies so well preserved in alcohol . . . . Willy's Wigs also feature peach-fuzz lined patches for those people with holes in their heads. Guaranteed results for all head treatments or your choice of any of the five dollar burials free of charge.

Beneath this sod a Miner lies,
They brought him here today.
He led the life of Riley
When Riley was away.

• • • •

May I kiss you?
I should say not.



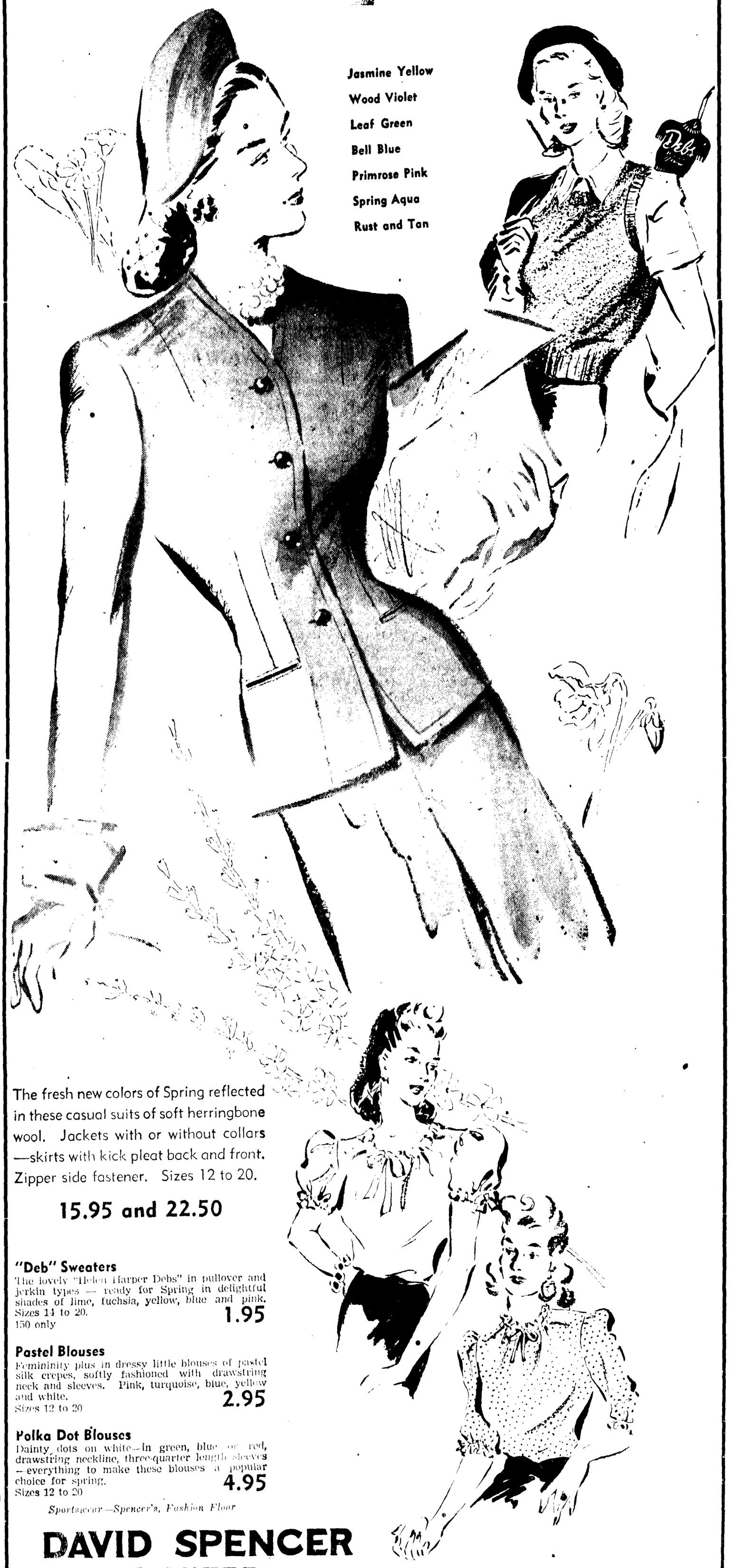
with apologies to Br. Buffer.

• PITHECANTHROPUS FLOSHIRTUS here turns his eyes scornfully away from the lump of clay which he created, and looks toward his beautiful goddess standing in serene beauty on her pedestal. He is happy because he has saved her inviolate beauty from the lustfull, non appreciating glums of the sadistic Artsmen.

Pastel Suits

have stolen the colors of Spring!

Spencer's



The fresh new colors of Spring reflected in these casual suits of soft herringbone wool. Jackets with or without collars —skirts with kick pleat back and front. Zipper side fastener. Sizes 12 to 20.

15.95 and 22.50

"Deb" Sweaters
The lovely "Helen Harper Debs" in pullover and jerkin types — ready for Spring in delightful shades of lime, fuchsia, yellow, blue and pink. Sizes 14 to 20. 150 only **1.95**

Pastel Blouses
Femininity plus in dressy little blouses of pastel silk crepes, softly fashioned with drawstring neck and sleeves. Pink, turquoise, blue, yellow and white. Sizes 12 to 20 **2.95**

Polka Dot Blouses
Dainty dots on white—in green, blue or red, drawstring neckline, three-quarter length sleeves —everything to make these blouses a popular choice for spring. Sizes 12 to 20 **4.95**

Sportswear—Spencer's, Fashion Floor

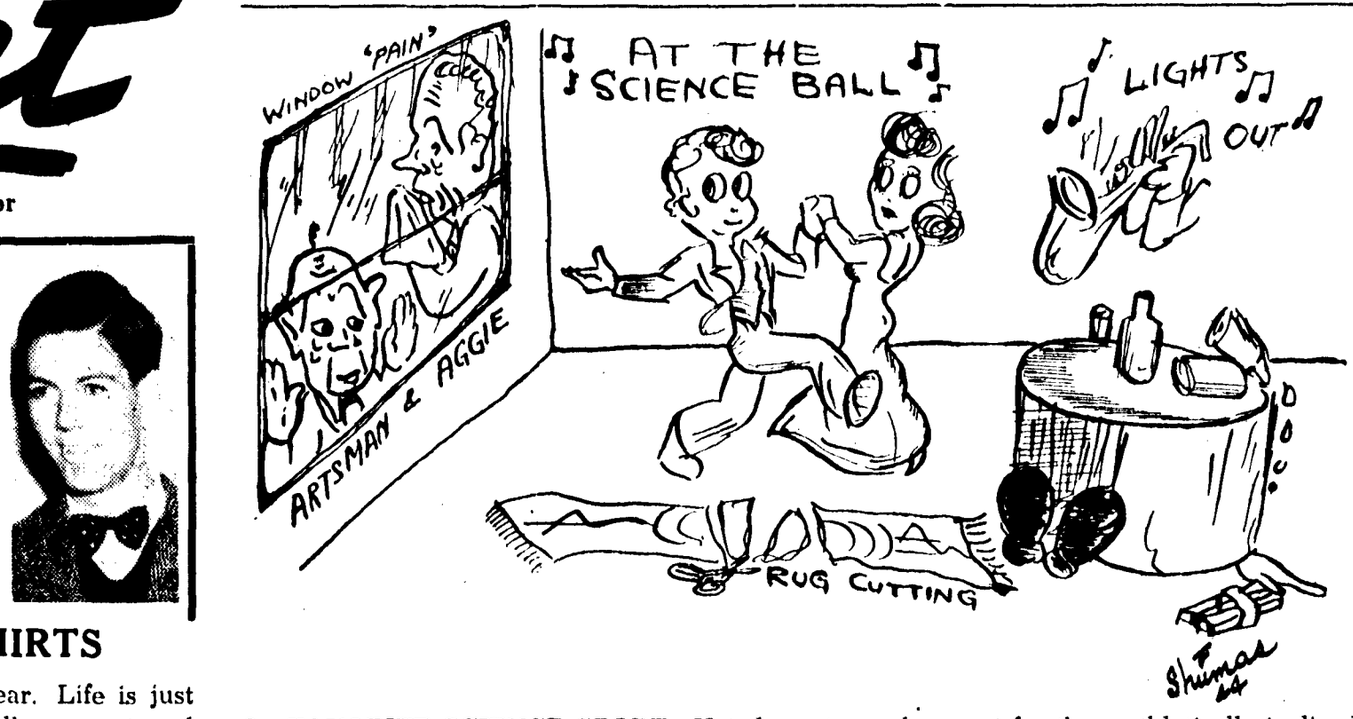
DAVID SPENCER LIMITED

Sport

LUKE MOYLS, Sports Editor

the gospel . . .

according to LUKE MOYLS



THOSE RUDDY REDSHIRTS

● IT HAPPENS about this time every year. Life is just beginning to settle comfortably into a well-worn rut, and things are running rather smoothly, when all of a sudden, along come those red-shirted engineers.

Not that I have anything against engineers. Sciencemen have plenty on the ball. In fact, some of them even take time out to enjoy the finer things in life . . . sports, I mean.

Sciencemen have no time to themselves, what with long hours every day of the week . . . and long hours every night of the week. But, in spite of this, the Redshirts rule with a firm hand in athletics on this campus.

To Name But A Few . . .

Take, for instance, those two Redshirt hoopers, Sandy Robertson and Art Stilwell, who star with the UBC Thunderbirds. Robertson barely finds time to practise with his teammates, but still paces the team with his accurate sharpshooting.

Stilwell is known as a "brain" among his fellow engineers, but he's not the long-haired type that hibernates in the library. Another sharp-shooter that's hard to stop when he's hot, Art is a steady ball-handler—a valuable asset to any hoop club.

But there are rugger stars among the Redshirts, too. Len Mitten, Harry Kabush, Al Jones, Gerry Lockhart and Jim Hughes are among Varsity's leading punters.

It Ain't Hoop Or Grid

But there are plenty more of them. Those Redshirts permeate every sport on the campus. In fact, they seem to permeate every sport, period.

The one night of the year that they really go to town, however, is the night of the Science Ball. You might even call the Science Ball a sport, but that would be stretching the point.

On this occasion, the engineers congregate at the Commodore to do battle on the maple courts. However, this sport is much different from basketball, for, as the women know, substitution is unlimited.

One might also compare it to Canadian Football, for I have seen many brilliant broken field runs at these Science Balls. But when you get down to it, the Science Ball is a sport by itself, so maybe we better leave it like that.

● **FAVORITE SCIENCE SPORT**—Voted most popular sport for those athletically-inclined red-shirted engineers, Science Balls are fast becoming the major sport on the campus. Unlike the other games such as Base Ball, Basket Ball and Volley Ball, the Science Ball was invented by a red-shirted genius name of Ichabod Q. Sliderule who was inspired by the liquid refreshment occasionally served at half time in ordinary sports. According to the inventor, the Science Ball has the advantage of an unlimited half time.

Defeat Varsity, 9-6

COMBINES NIP PUCKSTERS

● UBC's ice hockey team lost their first game of the year by a score of 9-6 when they played the senior Combines Sunday night. The Combines, who represent players from the three commercial teams, proved too much for the Varsity sextet.

Varsity did not show any results until the third frame, although they missed a countless number of chances right on top of the goal. Not until the count was 4-0 did Varsity ring the bell to open the scoring session that followed.

It was Bill Butler and Ernie Cooper who assisted Rowledge for the first counter and did the same for Wiggins on the goal that followed shortly. The campus skaters kept pace with the Combines, goal for goal. But towards the end of the match, the seniors netted the puck three times to win out, 9-6.

Jack Vareoe had put the team through a light one-hour practice before the game so that he could work out some fancy tactics in order to conpensate for the Combines' superior stick handling. Dick Hadlon assisted Ken Devlin and Ted Taylor for two goals apiece.

Reg Clarkson and Joe Moyls, having been warmed up by the hour long practice, showed up well in goal, considering the calibre of the pucksters with which they were confronted.

Manager Chuck McClellan is arranging a game with either B. C. Electric or Kirks for next Sunday evening.

* * * *

Professor: I won't start this lecture until the room settles down.

Voice from class: Better go home and sleep it off.

* * * *

Webster says that "taut" means "tight." I guess I've been taut quite a bit in this university after all.

Fraternity and Sorority
Printing and Engraving
Our Specialty
INVITATIONS, 'AT HOME' LETTERHEADS and CHRISTMAS CARDS
★
GEHRKE'S
566 Seymour St.

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE
Hrs.: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Saturdays 9 a.m. to noon
LOOSE LEAF NOTE BOOKS, EXERCISE BOOKS AND SCRIBBLERS
AT REDUCED PRICES
Graphic Engineering Paper, Biology Paper
Loose Leaf Refills, Fountain Pens and Ink
and Drawing Instruments

CHIEFS, HIGBIES START CASABA FINAL TONIGHT

● **TONIGHT IS the night for all hoopla fans to get out to King Ed gym to help out the UBC Chiefs in their first game of the Inter A finals against Higbies. The Chiefs have a good chance of taking the contest, but vocal support will help a great deal.**

Wednesday night, the regular league games will be going on when the 'Birds meet Higbies in the opener and Lauries meet the Chiefs again for the second game in a week against the Piemen.

Again on Thursday night, the Chiefs meet Higbies in the second game of the finals for the Inter A championship. Casaba fans are in for a great week of ball so there should be lots of support for the Blue and Gold's clubs.

Varsity Soccer XI Loses To Sailors; UBC Beaten, Too

By ED ZAHAR

● UNDER intermittent drizzles by Jupe Pluvius and his aqua clouds, 200 soccer fans down at Cambie Street Grounds watched Navy prove themselves better mudders by coming out on top of a close 3-1 score over Varsity's roundballers.

The lighter Varsity team was not able to last as long in the sluggish mud as the heavier Navy soccer eleven.

During the first 15 minutes of play a foul was awarded Varsity when a Navy back made an illegal charge on Varsity's Earl Woods as he moved into scoring position. Don Petrie converted the penalty kick to put Varsity one up.

During the latter part of the first half the Varsity backs had trouble clearing the ball from their goal area as they were on the muddy side of the field and were wallowing in four inches of good brown mud.

This proved the deciding factor in the game and Navy scored twice before half time.

Varsity put on the pressure in the second half but after many close attempts, they could not get the ball over their opponents' goal line. Navy's left half scored on a long shot that missed the attention of one of Varsity's ace goalies, Herb Smith, to end the scoring at 3-1.

The UBC eleven ran into tough opposition on Saturday on meeting the rough Coquitlam Farmers from the country and lost 3-1. The Blue and Gold scored the first by Chuck Dowding on an assist by goalie Bob Wilson.

The visitors had a penalty shot but couldn't put it past Wilson in the goal and the half ended with UBC leading 1-0. In the second half the Coquitlam team came on with a vengeance and roughhoused their way to three goals to win 3-1.

* * * *

No doubt the saying "Come across" was originated shortly after the invention of twin beds.

* * * *

And then there was the Engineer who entered the Georgia optimistically and left misty optically.

VARSITY NICKS UBC; VIC REPS DROP OUT

● JIM HUGHES played the hero role Saturday as Varsity's rugged rugby experts edged out their UBC brothers, 7-3, at Brockton Oval. In the McKenchnie Cup match that followed, Vancouver Reps turned back the Crimson Tide of Victoria 12-8 to eliminate the Islanders in the Cup series.

With barely two minutes to go in the first game and the score tied at 3-3, Jim Hughes took the ball on a pass from scrum half Johnny Wheeler on UBC's 25 yard line and kicked a perfect field goal to give the favorites the decision.

Playing on a very muddy pitch, the three-lines on both sides were greatly hampered, although Varsity's threes did much of their ground-gaining.

Varsity scored first when Bob Lawson fell on the ball after he and his fellow forwards dribbled the ball over from the 10.

Soon after commencement of the second half, UBC started to threaten Varsity's slim three-point lead. With Keith MacDonald and Harry Kabush doing most of the work, the scrum managed to get the ball out often enough for Maury Moyls and Don Ralston to run the ball deep into Varsity's half.

MacDonald plunged over from close range after taking a pass from Moyls to tie the score midway through the half.

After this score, play went from one end of the field to the other with the winners having a great margin in the territorial play. Varsity came near to scoring on many occasions but UBC's defence held up under the sustained pressure.

In desperation, Hughes took a long pass and, deftly moving into position, won the game with his well-kicked field goal.

Due to the heartbreaking loss of Victoria to Vancouver Reps, the Crimson Tide is out of the running for the McKechnie Cup for the first time in seven years. During this lengthy period, they have warded off all attempts on the part of Varsity and Vancouver to cop the prize trophy.

Detroit Surges On; Top Bruins Twice

● MONTREAL Canadiens stretched their lead to eleven points over the weekend by downing Detroit Red Wings 5-2 and 3-1. The fourth-place Boston Bruins have a firm hold on their position after beating Toronto 4-2 on Saturday night and tying Rangers 3-3 on Sunday. Meanwhile Chicago Black Hawks suffered a defeat at the hands of the Maple Leafs, losing to the Toronto crew 3-4.

Teeter Kennedy, young Toronto wingman, stole the spotlight from the usual high scorers, pounding home four of the Leafs six goals and assisting on another.

With Canadiens, Detroit, and Toronto assured of playoff spots, only one berth is left to the three remaining teams. As the league enters the final quarter of the current schedule, hockey fans will see some hotly-contested battles between the Boston, Chicago, and New York teams.

Badminton Playoff Slated Wednesday

● FINALS of the intra-murals badminton tournament will be played off tomorrow night when the student shuttle-swatters gather for the second evening of play.

The results so far leave the Mu Phi boys in a position to take the honors in both singles and doubles. Engineers, Delta Upsilons, and Kappa Sigma's lead the others in the fight.

Engineer Picks Up Art Of Bowling In One Lesson

By DENIS DONOVAN

● THE OTHER night a friend(?) of mine induced me to go bowling. He assured me it was a great sport: healthful, invigorating, etc. He even said the pure air would help clear the pool hall smoke from my lungs. Oh, what a fool I was! I believed him.

So after putting on my nice new Jute sack zoot slack I went to the Commodore Recreations. What a misleading title! I thought it was a liquor store from the milling, nasty tempered crowd.

One fellow even offered me $3.-50 for a bottle of hair tonic I happened to be carrying. Of course I wouldn't sell. I held out for $5.00.

We pushed and shoved and stepped on people's toes. My elbow got sore from digging people in the ribs. One big fellow, at least 6'2" tall and weighing 205.1633 pounds (slide rule computation), tried to push ahead of me. I taught that lug a thing or two. The nurse says I can take my bandages off next week.

At last we got to the alley. But somewhere we had made a mistake. This was the back alley! We were out with the trash (Artsmen note). We finally did get back into the Commodore.

My friend, Jim, started to explain the game to me. The object is to knock down a group of pins with a little ball. The trouble was that a little boy kept putting the darned things back up again. I couldn't get ahead of the guy.

Jim told me it was simple to throw the ball. All you did was hold your ball in one hand, take three steps—left, right, left—then let go of the ball. Swell! I started.

The first thing I did was drop the ball. Oh, well, I had six toes anyhow! I threw the first ball and Jim yelled "Strike." I promptly kicked the fellow bowling on the next alley.

Jim explained later that I shouldn't have done that. Later on in the game Jim asked me if I had got a spare. I replied, "No. What with the rubber shortage and - - - Oh! You mean my score. No. I got a strike."

At the end of the game, Jim started to gnash his teeth for some reason or other. He refused to speak to me. Tell me, is 450 a good score for five pins?

LAURIES PIE-RATES EDGE CHIEFS

Time Runs Out On UBC Squad; Lose Tilt 37-38

● UBC LOST a hoop thriller the hard way Saturday night when they ended up on the short end of a 38-37 count in a Senior A contest against Lauries Pirates. The Chiefs now find themselves firmly entrenched in third place in the senior division.

It was not the fault of the Chiefs that they lost—they merely didn't have enough time to outlast the fast-fading Laurie crew. Play was very even throughout the first half with the Pie-Rates managing to take a 7-6 count in each quarter.

However, in the third canto the Chiefs seemed to run out of shooting power. At one point, Lauries held a 23-14 lead over the Students who managed to come back slow but sure to end the third canto 29-24.

In the last quarter however, the Chiefs came to life in earnest to outscore the Pie-Rates 13-9. They were just a little too late in their efforts however, as time ran out before they had completed their job.

With seconds to go, Bruce Yorke was fouled and given two free shots. After missing the first, he decided there must be still enough time, and so in preference to taking the ball off the side, swished his second shot. That was the last chance the Chiefs had.

Big Herb Capozzi played another great game in the pivot spot for the Blue and Gold, scoring 16 points. Bruce Yorke followed with nine. Playing one of his best games of the season was Lorne Swanson. His beautiful one-handed push shot from way out started the scoring for the Chiefs.

LAURIES — Anderson 13, McDonald 2, Scarr 3, Lawn 18, Freeman, Swift, Morlock, Samson 2. Total 38.

UBC CHIEFS — Yorke 9, Swanson 5, Stevenson, Bossons 4, Capozzi 16, Fenn, McDowell 2, Blake 1. Total 37.

Ex-Kitsies Defeat Grass Hockey Gals

● VARSITY'S Senior Grass hockey squad dropped into second place in league standing Saturday when they lost a close 2-0 tilt to a strong Ex-Kits aggregation. Although greatly hampered by a muddy pitch and pouring rain, Varsity girls put forth a good game of hockey to seriously threaten the now first place Kitsies.

Both goals were scored in the first half when Faye Burnham capitalized on mud-bound defense players to score for the winners. During the second half, Varsity forwards threatened the Kitsies' goal many times, but lacked the neccessary final push to score.

* * * *

"Aren't these chimes beautiful, such harmony, so enchanting."

"You'll have to speak louder. Those damned bells are making such a racket I can't hear you."

For your
PRINTING
or
ENGRAVING
Stationery Supplies
Fountain Pens
Slide Rules
Scales, etc.,
for the present term
The Clarke & Stuart
CO. LIMITED
550 Seymour St.
Vancouver, B.C.
Phone PAcific 7311