PEP MEET
THURSDAY NOON

The Ubyssey

Published Twice Weekly by The Publications Board of The University of British Columbia

SCIENCE BALL
THURSDAY NIGHT

SCIENCE ISSUE

Vol. XXI. VANCOUVER, B.C., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1939 No. 32

PEPSTERS TO SPONSOR BIG DANCE FEB. 23

PEPSTERS TO BE CALLED "MAMOOKS"

The Pep Club is no more. MAMOOKS is the new official name for the former Pep Clubbers. To celebrate their new organization, a monster Varsity Potlatch is being held on February 23, in the Palomar Ballroom.

Fifteen hundred tickets will be sold, at only 25 cents each, for the affair. Proceeds for the dance will go to swell the coffers of the Union Building Fund. This profit is possible because of the generosity of Mr. Hy Singer, owner and manager of the Palomar, who is very kindly giving the hall and the orchestra of Dal Richards to the University students.

POTLATCH MOTIF.

Bus Ryan, whose witty ad libbing has been shown already in the Pep Meets, will act as M.C. thus ensuring a lively and wonderful time for all. Decorations, in the Potlatch motif, will sponsor striking novelties and streamers, according to Ken Shaw.

It is expected that the Potlatch will provide a real impetus to the Union Building Fund, as the price is within the reach of all. Tickets will be on sale at the end of this week, at only 25 cents each. Outsiders will be charged 50 cents at the door.

At a meeting of the society, on Monday noon, the club was completely reorganized on a highly competitive basis, following the system suggested by the President, Ken Shaw. Under this system, only those really meriting promotion will get it.

In the new Executive, Yell Leader is Ken Shaw; Secretary-Treasurer is Bob Kincade, and Master of Ceremonies, Bus Ryan. J. Allen Harris, Professor of Analytical Chemistry, is Honorary President.

Increased interest is being shown by the fraternities, seven of which have representatives in the Mamooks.

EVEN THE AGGIES HAVE THEIR NIGHT TO HOWL !x?$

Aggie Students . . . get the mothballs out of last summer's tattered togs and prepare to enjoy yourselves at the event of the year, the Aggie Barn Dance, on February 17, at the Marine Drive Golf and Country Club. A hilarious time is promised by Stan Weston and Jack Campbell, who are arranging this hayseed frolic.

There will be modern music as well as a little old-fashioned, and there will be stunts and games and extra-special refreshments for all. The only condition is that you come in old clothes, and that you come prepared for fun.

P.S.: Artsmen will be able to get a few tickets this week.

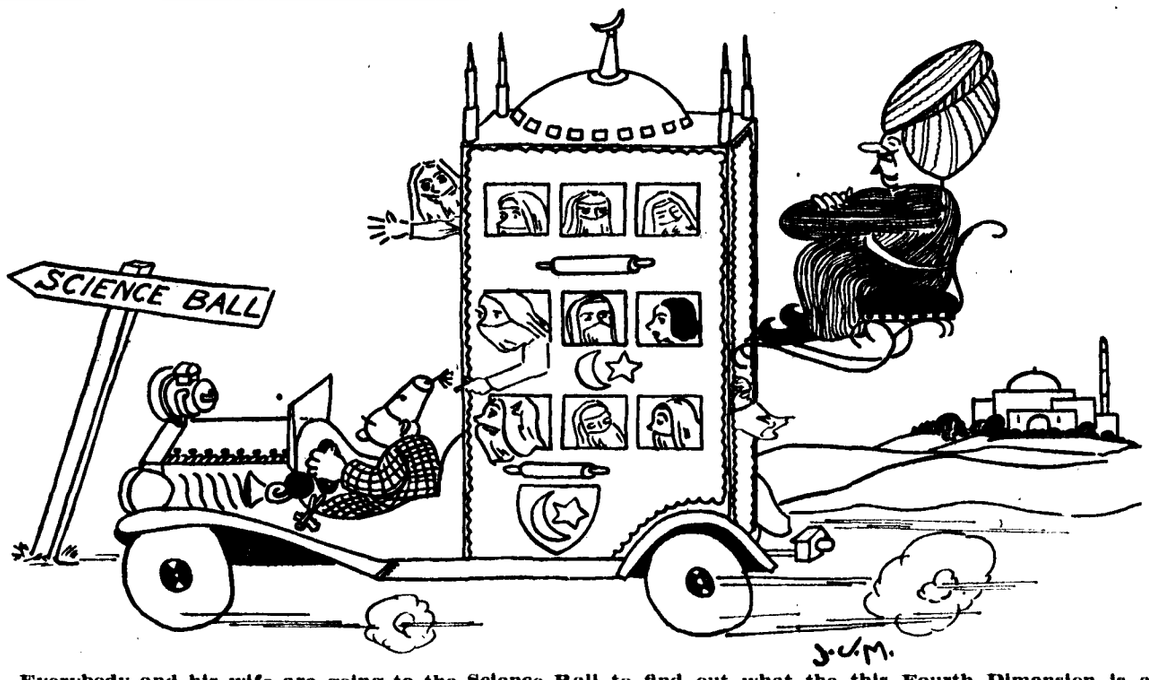
UKRAINE PROBLEM AT FORUM THURSDAY

Shall Hitler be allowed to swallow up the Ukraine in his march to the East? This is one of the many questions relevant to the prominent Germano-Ukraine situation that will be discussed by Forum members at their next meeting Thursday night, Feb. 16 at 7.30 p.m. in Arts 100.

Bob Morris, one of the more promising of the newer members will lead the government forces in support of the resolution "That the acquisition of the Ukraine by the German Reich is justifiable."

Miss Elspeth Munro, who enjoys the distinction of being the only woman member in the Forum, will lead the opposition. Everybody is welcome.

COMING THROUGH THE FOO!



Everybody and his wife are going to the Science Ball to find out what the this Fourth Dimension is all about. According to some astronomically-minded Sciencemen on the Campus, the Fourth Dimension is defined as time—and time is stuff that the Sultan and all his girls are going to have a.

(Any of you men of Science who are still looking for a date for the Ball are asked to see the Sultan about it . . . he doesn't know what to do about that unbeliever up there without the veil.)

20th Annual Science Ball Promises to Outshine Former Science Successes

Why do the eyes of an older Science professor mist a bit and assume that far away look when he refers to the mighty men of the early Science '20's? Why can he expound so freely upon the merits of those wonder boys? "They were the best students Varsity ever had,"—they didn't give a damn for any damn man,—they were first class athletes, most of them played several major sports as well as class games,—oh yes—they were super, super artsmen baters, and (here it is folks) they were the originators of the Science Ball.

FIRST BALL.

'Way back in 1920 the engineers held their first Science Ball. It was at Lester Court on Feb. 11, and the boys were gracious enough to take a few of the choicer Co-eds, originally dated by artsmen who found it impossible to acquire tickets (for any amount of filthy lucre). Patrons included President and Mrs. Klinck and Professor and Mrs. J. M. Turnbull (our own Rossland Jack). Dr. C. O. Swanson (now the wonder of the geological department) was president of Sc. 21 and took an active part in the arrangements for the Ball.

The second Science Ball in 1921 was graced with the presence of fifteen Artsmen, but in 1922 the Artsmen were bounced and the affair was a colossal success, even if the music was supplied by a pipe band.

In 1923 the Student Campaign for a Point Grey Campus was in full swing. The Engineers, displaying their usual famous fighting form and university spirit, came thru' with a donation of $100, the profit from a Science Ball that was acclaimed the No. 1 party of the year.

PUNCH.

The following year the idea of using a decoration theme was accepted, and Lester Court was disguised as a moonlight night in June, with silver stars hanging from above and a large electrically lighted sign, called The Moon of Many Faces, supplying the light.

In 1928 each department of Engineering was represented by an electric sign. In addition the word SCIENCE was displayed in glass tubing with punch flowing through it. Reliable sources report that the punch was 100 per cent. fruit juice and H2O.

When the "Bigger" became as apparent as the "Better" in the slogan for the Science, the affair was held in the Hotel Vancouver. Before many years had passed the Artsmen caught on, and held the Arts Ball there too, and it was at once of these affairs that pandemonium and stuff ensued when the lights went out, and stayed

(Continued on Page 2)
See 20TH ANNUAL BALL

FAMOUS GIRL TRIO HERE THURSDAY NOON

Under the auspices of the National Council of Education of Canada, the Canadian Trio will be presented in the University Auditorium February 17.

The members of this Trio are the three Nelson sisters, Ida, Zara and Anna. They are accomplished musicians, both in solo and ensemble work, and have long been world famous.

The three sisters were born in Winnipeg during the war, and spent their childhood in Canada. Inheriting a musical tradition from their father and grandfather, the three children learned to play their instruments at the ages of four, six and seven. Their father adapted trios to their varying technical capacities thus they played together from their early childhood and laid the foundation for the fine ensemble they have achieved today.

So great was her inherent desire for musical expression, that Zara, the youngest, learned to play on a viola converted into a 'cello at the age of four. Of her today they mark her remarkably rich and searching tone, her interpretative, full spirit as well as technical grace and facility which justifies her inclusion in the list of the ten greatest soloists now before the public.

Ida was given her first violin at six and since then has studied under Sascha Lasserson and Miss Editha Knocker. In spite of her youth, her appealing tone, accuracy of intonation, and fresh expertness at her instrument reveal that she is a musician to her fingertips.

Anna, the eldest and pianist of the group, at an early age, learned the rudiments of music from her father and she has ever since been a distinguished member of the Trio. Her rhythm and legato nimbleness have won her acclaim from the critics.

The separate musicianship of this group is above question and because of their unique upbringing they have solved the difficult problem of ensemble.

Another Seance with Yorgenssen at Pep Meet

WHAT?? ANOTHER SCIENCE PEP MEETING?? Yes, bigger and better than ever!

Ole Olsen and his Red-Sweatered Band, complete with the red bowlers, will be "giving" in the approved Science style.

Bus Ryan, the old rug-cutter, will M.C., in his usual inimitable manner. It's all right girls, Bus still refuses to lead the gang in "Caviar"—in spite of numerous inducements from the boys in the Industrial Chem. Lab.

KEE POUT.

The front section of the auditorium will be roped off for Redshirts and Redskirts only. Artsmen are hereby warned not to try and crash past His Satanic Majesty's Red Sweatered Guards.

It has been rumoured that the original Earl Kelly will again regail the assembled multitudes with his cherce but censored tid-bits of campus news.

THAT MAN IS HERE AGAIN.

Yogi Yorgenssen, the Hindu Mistake from Stockholm, India, has again been asked to take a couple of "sqverming sqveamish sqvints" at the Crystal Ball to see what is in store for poor ignorant Artsmen. Yogi is a bit shy about putting in an appearance since making so many caustic comments last year, but he has promised to gild the future as much as possible in order to save the blushes of innocent freshettes.

COME ONE - COME ALL TO THE SCIENCE BRAWL

NEW MUSIC, NEW FUN, NEW THRILLS WITH OLE MAESTRO OLSEN

The Executive of the Sciencemen's Undergraduates take great pleausre in presenting for your enjoyment the annual Science Ball. This year's edition of the "Greatest Dance on earth" will be held this Thursday in the Commodore Cabaret.

Lending their Patronage are Chancellor and Mrs. McKechnie, President and Mrs. Klinck, Dean and Mrs. Finlayson, Colonel Wilkin and Miss Mabel Gray.

We should like to extend to every one in the University a cordial invitatio nto attend. We can't do that. We can extend that invitation to every Scienceman, and we know that the Ball will be attended by every Scienceman who can beg, borrow, or otherwise obtain the price of a ticket.

ARTS TICKETS LIMITED.

This leaves only a very limited number of tickets for Artsmen and Aggies. The exact number will depend on how many Sciencemen can find the elusive three bucks. These extra tickets will be on sale on Wednesday and Thursday, February 15th and 16th, as previously announced.

Elsewhere in this issue you may read of previous Science Balls. In every case an effort has been made to surpass the Ball of the previous year. These efforts may not all have been successful, but in the course of years they have raised the standards until it seems almost impossible to continue to make each one better than the last.

In preparing for this year's Science Ball we have realized this seeming impossibility — and put forth every effort, until gradually we have seen the impossible becoming the probable, and out of the chaos of preliminary preparation is emerging a Science Ball that will surpass everything that has gone before.

Only those Sciencemen who have been working on this project can realize the tremendous efforts that have been put forth. Alfie Allen and his executive have given up nearly every noon-hour for a month to work on programs and decorations. The results reflect the enthusiasm that has gone to bring them about.

This Science Ball is expected to break all previous records in a lot of ways. Those fortunate enough to obtain tickets will see something entirely new in decorations; they'll see and feel the greatest revival of good red Science Spirit since old eggs plastered the walls of Arts 100; and after the Ball is over—well—Sciencemen always behave like gentlemen, and usually take their partners home before dawn.

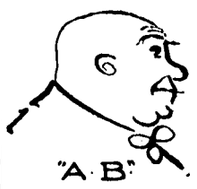
The Science Executive under the leadership of the man with the Irish grin, Alfie Allen, are seen above discussing finances, decorations and who and how many are receiving invitations for the Ball. Cam King and Ray Jones are arguing across Alfie's bow while in the background may be seen Laurence Garvie, Charlie Nash, Charles Lighthall, Bud Burden, Bus Ryan, Jack Maxwell and Rex Parker.

The above group were caught in the Pub office worrying on how to spevy "Clens" for the Red issue.

Varied Careers Of Engineering Faculty Staff

PROFESSOR A. LIGHTHALL

"Abe" as he is more commonly known to students and faculty, graduated from McGill in '08. Never one to waste time, he started working on construction of C. P. R. without waiting for the graduation ceremony. He spent his younger years working for the Dominion Government as Dominion Land Surveyor and Hydrographer, and in 1920 joined the Civil Engineering Department.



The Outdoor Club had Abe as its first Hon. President. He even walked up the hill every week-end to superintend construction of their first cabin.

Sciencemen do not meet Abe until their third year but when they do!—No more smoking during three-hour problem labs.

COLONEL WILKIN

Colonel Wilkin, as everyone knows, is primarily a railroad man. That worthy Godfather of Scienceman has been so thoroughly impregnated with railroading that it can't help but leak out at the least provocation.

He graduated in mining engineering at McGill and turned westward to follow his profession. He soon became involved in railroad work in B.C. His first work was in the mining camps of Rossland, and later he joined the B.C. land survey. He left the survey and started working for the C.P.R. on construction, right-of-way, and finally on location reconnaissance. He is the man responsible for the location of about 90 per cent. of the Western C.P.R., including the difficult Coquihalla, and Rocky Mountain pass routes.

He tried consulting work for two years in Rossland and one in Vancouver, but finally returned to the more profitable railroad work with the C.P.R.

At the outbreak of the war he went overseas with the first contingent. He left Canada in 1914 as lieutenant in the machine gun corps. Two years later he had risen to lieutenant-commander. At the Somme the men were mowed down so fast that he rose six steps in three weeks. In May 1918 he was transferred to the railway troops.

After the war he returned to Canada and worked for the C.P.R. again. In 1922 he joined the teaching staff at U.B.C. as part time instructor, and in 1925 was appointed to the permanent staff.

PROFESSOR TURNBULL

Because of his many stories of the early days of the Rossland mining camp, Professor Turnbull is familiarly known as "Rossland Jack." After graduating from McGill University in the dim and remote days of '97, Mr. Turnbull proceeded to round out his education the hard way. He served his time as engineer, surveyor,

(Continued on Page Two)
See PROFESSORS

THE UBYSSEY

Issued twice weekly by the Students' Publication Board of the Alma Mater Society of the University of British Columbia.

Office: 206 Auditorium Building - - - Phone Point Grey 206

Campus Subscriptions, $1.50 Mail Subscriptions, $2.00

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Dorothy Cummings

SCIENCE EDITORIAL BOARD

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Jack Mair, Chem. '40

SENIOR EDITOR
Alfie Allen, Geol. '39

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Cam King, Civil '39; Chuck Lighthall, Civil '40; Bud Burden, Geol. '40; Ray Jones, Mining '39; Ron Renshaw, Sc. '41; Laurence Garvie, Elec. '39; Rex Parker, Sc. '42; Charlie Nash, Sc. '42.

CARTOONIST
Jack Maxwell

COLUMNISTS
Bus Ryan, Sc. '41; Ray Jones, Min. '39; Rex Parker, Sc. '42; Cam King, Civil '39.

Advertising Office

Standard Publishing Co., 1037 Pender Street West, Vancouver, B.C.

Telephone: **SEYMOUR 4484**

All advertising handled exclusively by Standard Publishing Co.

Editorials

A SCIENCE ISSUE IS BORN

At this time of the year all good Groundhogs and Sciencemen crawl out of their respective burrows—the former to inspect their shadows, the latter to have their annual fling—the Science Ball. Here, however the analogy ends. The groundhogs have been sleeping all winter, the Sciencemen . . . oh well . . .

This yar the Redshirts have bestirred themselves a little earlier than usual—why?—to take over this issue of the Ubyssey. All day yesterday, while flasks of weird chemicals bubbled over in deserted labs, while draughting instruments rusted in dust covered desks, hundreds of assorted Sciencemen swarmed into the peaceful precincts of the Pub Office, and began manhindling the typewriters, getting their beards into the glue pots and generally raising the roof.

With high spirits and bright, well scrubbed faces they surged into the Pub early yesterday morning and soon some were hunched over the unfamiliar typewriters grinding out the doings of the various organizations on the campus while others busied themselves fitting the elusive words of the English language into the numerous heads and decks (those things you see over the stories).

As the day wore on and the novelty wore off, the spirits of the now subdued Engineers began to droop, but a pep talk by ertswhile Editor Alfie Allen revived them and soon—lo and behold—the last bit of copy was finished.

The future builders of civilization then trouped gleefully down to the local printery and here covered themselves with assorted glory and printer's ink as they read proof, made up the pages and performed the various other tasks necessary in getting a paper out—while grim but determined printers plowed hither and yon through the crimson horde and managed to bring a little order out of the chaos.

AT LAST—the great moment arrived—the "pulling" of the proofs of the completed pages. A hush fell over the assembled multitude while the printers performed their mystic rites. As the proofs came off and were held up to the crowd of now bleary-eyed spectators, even the fifth year actegenarians forgot their dignity and a general cheer went up from the mob. SCIENCE HAD DONE IT AGAIN! . . .

In the interest of truth, however, it must be reported that the day was not without its minor mishaps. After the furore had died down it was found that five Sciencemen had been injured. Three had dislocated their shoulders patting themselves on the back and the other two had been killed in the rush over to the Georgia to recuperate from the ordeal of the day.

DULCE ET DECORUM EST . . .

Seriously though, this Science issue is being brought out to acquaint one and all with THE function of the year—the Science Ball. The Engineers are promising not only to uphold the tradition of former years but to throw a Ball that will put every previous one in the shade. So we'll be seein' you!

20th ANNUAL BALL

(Continued from Page 1)

out for twenty long minutes. A well known Scienceman was pursued out the side entrance of the hotel along Granville Street by the fleet-footed house detective.

DIFFICULTIES.

The young Engineer had a rather embarrassing time explaining how it came to pass that he was in possession of certain special fuses that were absolutely necessary for the successful operation of the lighting syste min certain parts of the hotel, including the Crystal Ballroom. Needless to say the Sciencemen were prepared the following year for a return compliment, but as usual none was forthcoming.

In 1932 the Ball was held at the Commodore Cabaret. Shortly after the Science one of the sororities held a charity dance at the Commodore and engaged as entertainers a certain group of artistic dancers. The dancers were too too artistic and The Powers That Be ordered "no more University functions at the Commodore."

Hence, for the next two years the Science Ball was held at the Hotel Vancouver. In 1935 all was forgiven, and all large University functions were held at the Commodore, including the Science.

Since that time, dear readers, most of you have seen or heard tell of the wonders of the Science Ball—two years back the theme was Satan's Open House, and last year it was the mechanical age of Robots.

This year the 20th Science Ball will, without doubt, overshadow those of the past, our decorations, our music, our food, our Science spirit, and (so sorry) our price of tickets are planned on a grand scale—we hope you enjoy it.

FILM SOCIETY SHOWS NEW FILM TECHNIQUE

On Friday, February 17, the Film Society will have as their guests the National Film Society and at which time one of Emil Jannings' pictures "The Last Laugh" will be presented.

"The Last Laugh," together with E. A. Dupont's not widely dissimilar "Variety" (1925) brought the German cinema universal acclaim, led to the rather complete Germanization of the Hollywood studios for a time, and introduced a wide-spread though not always intelligent use of travelling cameras and strante photographic tricks.

Several shorts will accompany this feature and the showing will start at 8:15. Extra bus service will be provided. Tickets will be on sale in the quad box office Friday noon.

AROUND

THE HALLS

By ROXY

A COLUMN

Somebody suggested that we write a column. Hurrah! We thought, here's a chance to take a crack at somebody. That blighter from up country with the spurious English accent. That Clean-cut Youth with his tweeds and iron-shod brouges. That dissipated-looking athlete with his high waist and his swagger. That prof. who sneers at sciencemen. That Complete Scienceman who smokes a pipe, wears no tie, and deliberately says "ain't." That slimy Pepster with his slimy jokes. That red-haired woman who told me to pipe down in the periodical room. All the snobs in a certain corner of the caf. All Artsmen. And oh, lots of others. Now the time has come. And what have we to say about these people? Nothing, because 1. It would take too much time. 2. It would take too much space. 3. Nobody cares what wet think of them anyway.

What does one put in a column anyway? The Editor says we should lampoon somebody or something. Or did he just say we should lampoon generally. What does lampoon mean? Nobody but a pubster would know anyway. I hate these people in the pub. They are almost all Artsmen. They hang around making remarks about people's typing. People say they drink. They do. They accept complimentaries to parties and then complain about them. And that knowing air! That bragging about the number of lectures they cut and the high marks they get anyway! Why don't they come right out and say they're brain? No wonder some of them grow up to be English Professors.

And now to lampoon (?) a few Aggies. I know a miner who is an Aggie and a streetcar conductor who is an Aggie and an Aggie who isn't anything at all. Why are they Aggies? Well, you say, some day they are going to be formers or gardeners or bug-hunters. No, you're wrong again. The real reason is this: they haven't the brains to be Sciencemen and yet they aren't quite low enough to be Artsmen.

FUN

We're still gloating over the way the Frosh President made his debut last month. $t was arranged in the traditional Science fashion, under the capable leadership of . . . well we'd better not say who, but he is tall, dark, and distinguished looking, never wears a tie and shaved off a repulsive-looking moustache sometime last year. Why haven't the Artsmen done something about it? We know why. Oh boy! If Sykes were only here!

Science Ball "Don'ts for Beginners"

Don't drink. (much)
Don't smoke. (other people's cigarettes)
Don't sing. (off key)
Don't dance. (unless you can)
Don't swing. (on the chandeliers)
Don't pet. (somebody else's partner)

HAVE A GOOD TIME!

Diary of a Scienceman's Stomach

By SKOOKUM SLIM

7 A.M.—Migawd what a night! Wonder if I'll be abused as I was yesterday? Just disposed of a bromo-seltzer and a barrel of tomato juice. We ran for a bus (missed it) which meant that I took an awful beating.

9.00 A.M. A cup of caf coffee. Ugh!

10.30 A.M. A glass of water.

11.30 A.M. Another glass of water.

12.30 A.M. Tomato juice, grapefruit juice, caf coffee, three glasses of water and twelve aspirins. I'm doing somersaults but I can take it.

1.30 P.M. A glass of water.

2.30 P.M. Small portion of Chem. Lab alcohol and a Coke. I feel much better, but I still sound like a babbling brook.

3.30 P.M.—Nothing for an hour. I hope his throat isn't cut.

4.30 P.M. An extra large helping of alcohol and hydrochloric acid, I'll soon be up to par.

5.30 P.M. A glass of water. Gawd, I hate the stuff.

6.00 P.M. A bottle of flat beer. Boy, could I go for something solid.

6.30 P.M. Dinner at last. Clam chowder, oysters on the half-shell (I don't know which half I got), seven pork chops, french-fried potatoes, green peas, carrots, four cuts of pie and ten cups of coffee. It makes me feel like a new man. O.K. boss, already for the night.

8.00 P.M. At the Georgia. Four quick ones. Here we go again.

8.30 P.M. Over to the Devinshire for a couple.

9.00 P.M. Down to the Arctic Club for four of those smooth gin fizzes. I'm right in the groove.

9.30 P.M. Back to the Georgia. Four more.

10.00 P.M. Two quickies in the Vancouver.

10.15 P.M. Picked up two in the Castle. I'm just about ready to get started.

10.45 P.M. At last, three supercolossal Tom Collins at the Railwaymen's Club. Whoops—keep it up, boss!

11.15 P.M. Back to Sloppy Joe's after an absence of almost eighteen hours. Come on, let's beat it, boss, this stuff is lousy.

12.00 P.M. Over at Louie the Lug's on Keefer Street. Nice place. Bum beer.

1.00 A.M. Moved to Nigger Jean's. Oops, here comes a chicken tamale. Lord, it's hot! Whew! Wish the boss would keep still, he's making me burble.

2.00 A.M. Just bounced past the door of Marie's. Nice girl but I wish she'd keep her hands off me. Hey, quit tickling my watch-pocket.

2.30 A.M. Still at Marie's. Here comes the hot rum. Ymmm, they're good. Keep 'em coming, chief. I'm doing all right, only one hundred and sixty nine burps since dinner.

3.30 A.M. At the local dog-wagon. One hamburger smothered with onions and mustard. Damn! Why doesn't the boss put cream and sugar in his coffee.

4.15 A.M. Home again, and so to bed. I feel fine. I f-e-e-l f-i-n-e. I f-e-e-e-l f-i--i-i--- Ughhhhhhh!

ED. NOTE:

Great imagination these Sciencemen, what?

YOUTH MARCHES ON

This is a scene from the film "Youth Marches On" which is to be shown at the Capitol Theatre starting Thusray. Three U.B.C. students hav—e parts in the film, one of whom is seen above second from the left, in the person of Dave Carey, last year's President of the Students' Council.

"Let me serve your car and your car will serve you"
"Frank" Ficke
U.B.C. SERVICE STATION
24-Hour Emergency Service. Complete Repair Facilities.
SOUTH END OF McGILL ROAD PT. GREY 53

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.
XMAS CARDS NOW ON SALE

U. B. C. ROOST
SALISBURY LODGE ANNEX
"Where The Gang Meets"
LUNCH 25c DINNER 35c

SPECIAL UNIVERSITY RATE
Saturday Night—$1.00 per person
PRESENT YOUR STUDENT PASS
Commodore Cabaret
872 Granville Street Sey. 41 for Reservations

PROFESSORS

(Continued from Page One)

property examiner, and even spent some time coal mining. It was his service in these many capacities that makes him so well able to pass on to the younger crop of mining engineers the knowledge that will enable them to enter the tough field of mining perhaps a little better equipped than the old-timers were.

Mr. Turnbull entered the mining life of British Columbia at a time when university graduates were looked upon as something a little bit foreign, and entirely unnecessary to mining. It is due to the efforts of such men as he that the university-trained man occupies the place he does today in the mining life of the province.

One of the big reasons for Professor Turnbull's popularity among his students is that away from the lecture-room he is very much "one of the boys."

DEAN J. N. FINLAYSON

We have no details of his life prior to his graduation from McGill in Civil Engineering in 1908. He took his M.Sc. the following year. He then started work with the Halifax and Eastern Railway, later moving to the Canadian Pacific Railway. Deciding that bridges were more his line he became a Draughtsman for Waddell & Harrington, Kansas City. His next move was as Erection Engineer for the same company, working largely in British Columbia.

The Classroom then called him and he became Head of the Department of Civil Engineering at Dalhousie University, Halifax, acting as a Consulting Engineer in his spare time. The University of Manitoba was the next scene of his labours where he was Head of the Department of Civil Engineering.

In 1936 he came West as the Dean of the Faculty of Applied Science at U.B.C. He is a member of the Engineering Institute of Canada and the American Society of Civil Engineers. He is also a Council Member of the Association of Professional Engineers in British Columbia.

THE CHARGE OF THE TIGHT BRIGADE

By Hugh Taylor, Science '42

Half a step, half a step,
Half a step onward,
All in the Commodore
Danced the three hundred
"Forward the Tight Brigade!
Charge it to dad!" they said:
Into the Commodore
Marched the three hundred.

Forward, the Tight Brigade!
Was it the women who paid?
No! the Sciencemen said.
Someone had blundered:
Their not to make reply,
Theirs but to do or try:
Down at the Commodore
Danced the three hundred.
Patron to right of them,

Patron to left of them,
Patron in front of them
Looked on and wondered,
Ole supplied the swing,
Sciencemen began to sing
The verses of Cam King,
Down at the Commodore
All the three hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Who knows the price they paid?
Everyone wondered.
Honour the girls who stayed
And danced with the Tight Brigade,
Noble three hundred!

VALENTINE DANCE FOR UNIVERSITY B. C. T. A.

The University Branch of the B. C. T. F. are holding a Valentine Dance on Tuesday, Feb. 14 at Killarney Hall. Tickets for this event may be obtained from any member of the B. C. T. F. executive at only 50 cents each.

TRINITY 3377
MACK A. STARK
LIFE INSURANCE

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

75c and $1.00 CORSAGES Call . . . "AS NEAR AS YOUR PHONE" SEYMOUR 2405
Free Delivery Anywhere in City Limits
RITCHIE'S . . . 840 GRANVILLE

Pioneer Laundry & Dry Cleaners
Seymour 8334
A complete Laundry and Dry Cleaning Service
Licensed Sanitone Dry Cleaner

CHOP SUEY SEES RED

OR

"The Case Of The Wily Nurse"

You can lead a Scienceman to water, but . . . .
—Chop Suey p. 359 chp. viixx.

A pale yellow glow bobbled and weaved over the shouded quad, moving through the low-hanging mist with a queer gurgling sound. On nearing the library, the glow disintegrated into two terribly jaundiced masks, more or less attached to the bodies of Jack Stank and Ned Maggotts, who were slowly recovering from a sea voyage.

The wavering rays, penetrating the walls of the library, disclosed the queenly figure of Melon Pann, shuffling on padded feet through the solemn labryinths of the stacks. She had just reached shelf P-87, Sc. 40 when she tripped over a slip-stick, murdered horribly at the hands of an unitiated Artsman, while trying to prove that two times three was not 5.97 repeater. Uursing her toe meditatively, a maidenly curse escaped her lips, but suddenly hope dawned within her. "Ah! Sciencemen, at last." She renewed her quest with eager pantings as she realized that nothing could Harm'er.

THE PLOT THICKENS

At the mention of the magic word "Sciencemen," the mist slowly began to clear from the Applied Science Building, revealing one lone light guttering from the Red-Sweated Boys' paradise. Propped up around a table were eight members of the SMUT executive, reading by the rays emanating from four light-headed members of the Arts Faculty who were chanting "Shine Little Glow-worm" as they hung from the ceiling by their feet.

Peering over the table-top, Oaf Allen banged his hands on the chair legs and screamed—"Order! Order." The clamoring silence was interrupted by a muffled squeak from the far corner of the room. "Make mine a short beer." In the corner, sans pince-nez and pants, was Mr. Hedgequick, who had become ensconced and padlocked inside two forty-ounce bottles of the best.

With a quick motion, which was duly seconded and passed, Still Bacon jumped to the corner and burbled, "Let's roll him over to the Distilling Committee." For this nasty suggestion, Still Bacon was given a season's pass to all functions held by the Rectangle Club.

THE HAND OF FATE

Just as Porous Pepper, representing the Nertses, prepared to lend a hand, there was a quivering and shaking of the building, accompanied by a tumultuous roar, Mr. Hedgequick popped his casket and with a vanilla extract-flavored hiccup wheezed, "I was mistook for a Frosh." He slowly subsided when he was allowed to sit beside Ethyl Alcohol, daughter of a very close acquaintance.

As Oaf Allen announced the number of remaining tickets, now in the hands of Porous Pepper, six figures slithered out from between the pages of the log-book, and with a deft interpolation there appeared through a blue fog Chop Suey and five fluttering wing-jings. With a fiendish cackle, Chop caused the floor to collapse hurling all the executive, save Porous, into a pit of Cocoa-Cola, and not even a straw to clutch. Wrapping herself in a haze of El-Stuffo, Porous headed for the nearest exit through the Geology Lab.

A quick application of soda-water revived Hedgequick, and with a screaching of gears, Chop-Chop and Hedgequick gave chase, followed by the five fluttering wing-jings. Entering the Geology Lab., a quick flick of the wrist and a muttered oath were enough to change forty Palaeozoic fossils into Artsmen, ready for the chase. Out onto the quad went Porous, with the cursing mob in hot pursuit. Smirking ruefully, and with malice aforethought, Porous tossed over her shoulder one of the few remaining Science-Ball tickets and chuckled fiendishly as the ticket turned into an immobile weed-pulling gardener, thus causing all the Artsmen to commit Hari-Kari.

With a gesture of despair, as she saw Hedgequick and Chop-chop gaining on her, Poor Porous drew out from her hip-pocket a glass container and let it smash at the feet of Mr. Hedgequick, showing a pickled kidney. A cry of anguish escaped Hedgequick's lips and he rolled on the ground clasping the pickled kidney to him and crying "Alas, my poor Brother."

Five Wing-jings and Chop-Suey! Will Poor Porous Pepper escape? Don't guess, just read on. The war was on. Ten million asthma germs were massed on the border ready for attack.

WHAT—NO ZETES?

Down into certain Sanctuary, the Caf, dashed Porous. Right past Prof. What-a-Wage and four yo-yos she fled, not even heeding the eminent mathematician as he grinned into a cup of Caf Coffee and murmured "You're not mud, are you?"

Will Porous be able to hide in the Caf debris?

Will Chop-Suey get a ticket to the Science Ball?

Will . . . well, read next issue and see.

Scienceman: "I just brought home a skunk."

Artsman Roommate: "Where ya gonna keep him?"

Scienceman: "I'm going to tie him under your bed."

Artsman Roommate: "What about the smell?"

Scienceman: "He'll have to get used to it like I did."

* * *

Science Reporter: "I've got a perfect news story."

Editor: "How come? Did a man bite a dog?"

Science Reporter: "No, a hydrant sprinkled one."

* * *

Artsman: "When I was in England I saw a bed twenty feet long."

Scienceman: "That sounds like a lot of bunk to me."

* * *

Artsmen are blue,
Aggies are pink,
After a Scienceman's
Thirteenth drink.

* * *

Caller: "Is your mother engaged?"

Artsman: "I think she's married."

* * *

Artsman: "Yep, I had a beard like yours once, but when I realized how it made me look I cut it off."

Scienceman: "Well, I had a face like yours once, and when I realized that I couldn't cut it off, I grew this beard."

* * *

Artsman: "Are you troubled with improper thoughts?"

Scienceman: "Naw, I enjoy them."

* * *

SCIENCEMAN'S LULLABYE

Rockabye baby in the treetop,
Don't fall out,
It's a hell of a drop.

* * *

STORY

Once upon a time there were two Sciencemen. There are lots of them now.

PAPERHANGER PAINTER

Neat, Clean Workmanship
Minimum of Muss and Upset

JOHN ADAMSON

FRASER 1878-L

New Season's Wallpapers

Artona STUDIO

Exclusive Camera PORTRAITS
At Popular Prices

GET VALUE
IN PRINTING
for the activities
of your—
SORORITIES
FRATERNITIES
SOCIAL
and
CLUB FUNCTIONS

THE
CLARKE & STUART
CO. LIMITED
Stationers and Printers
550 SEYMOUR STREET
VANCOUVER, B.C.

Shopping WITH Mary Ann

To Chang Suey . . .
Roses are red
Love is hooey
I pity the girl
Who marries Chang Suey!
Mary Ann iiii

Time is an essential element for the purchasing of footwear, and now is the time to participate in the removal sale at Raeson's Mezzanine Floor, 644 Granville Street, before they move to their new quarters . . . evening sandals . . . high-gore pumps . . . afternoon slippers . . . and all other types of shoes for all occasions. . . .

A car certainly has its uses, especially when it comes to smuggling passengers on board . . . when the car was carefully guided onto the invasion boat at Victoria a passenger was smuggled in . . . and was camoflaged as a car rug, suitcases and other paraphenalia . . .

These shoes are being sold at the one price $3.75 and the sooner you visit Raeson's Mezzanine Floor Shoe Store, the greater will be your choice. . . . so visit 644 Granville Street before exams claim all your time. . . .

Before the ball a suptuous dinner of chicken a la king at the Dolphin will start the evening right . . . for pre-dance dinner parties all reservations should be made by phoning Point Grey 103 and planning the menu with Mr. Harwood. . . .

A lizzy load of outdoor clubbers had a series of strange accidents . . . seven flats in one day . . . and then to take up a little more time in hunting . . . the screw driver was conveniently left in between the tire and tube of the spare, and just as conveniently forgotten . . . certainly a progression from the out-of-gas days. . . .

A word to the wise Sciencemen . . . before your annual ball—start the evening festivities at the Dolphin in their French-Canadian dining room . . . reservations are limited so make yours early . . . for smaller groups the Dolphin on Marine Drive has special evening reservation rates . . . combined with a delicious bill of fare. . . .

Japonica, the exotic new shade for spring hosiery will blend with navy or black shoes as well as the new japonica shoes. . . . For this new shade of hosiery go to Phoebe Hosiery Shop, 713 Dunsmuir Street . . . for the brown outfit crepes and chiffons in red wine, the sister color of red clay, burgundy and the flattering wine crush tone are harmonizing colors. . . .

The dark haired third year student mentioned last week who had his seat changed so that he could sit next to a girl and thereby increase his feminine acquaintances has been unsuccessful so far, in starting a conversation with the girl in question. However, we have learned that the girl slavishly copies his lecture notes word for word. We advise him to write a proposal and answer into his notes . . . maybe she'll copy that too. . . .

Gay violets and spring flowers add the colorful element to the suit or woollen frock. . . . You will find spring at 713 Dunsmuir Street . . . Phoebe's.

Mary Ann

And Slopping A Bit With Harry Mann

Oh you Sciencemen!—We've found just the thing for these Arts-Science fights. It's at Red Phoam's—and it's the ultra-smart crawl-down shirt-tail. It's guaranteed to keep crawling. And for the Artsmen there are the crawl-up trousers. Which reminds us of Sophomore Sam, the Artsman, who was feeling very low, so he began to crawl down the gutter—trying to get as low as he felt—lower than anybody else—only he forgot it was the day after the Science ball, and he couldn't get very low because the gutter was full of Sciencemen just crawling up.

CO-EDS! Have you been asked to the Science Ball? If not don't you think it's because you lack that certain something? And that something is down at Mrs. Paton's Store for Things. Being of a shy and retiring nature, we couldn't mention just what it is, but just go down this very afternoon and buy one, or perhaps one and a spare one, and go straight home and sit beside the telephone.

It is reported that a Second Year Artsman got so enthused with an Alpha's Gam (s) at the hockey game last Friday night that he crashed into the House of Dixon afterwards, dolled up in a fur coat and bakuksha. This report has been checked and re-checked. We didn't think a Second Year Artsman had it in him.

Red Phoam's this week are featuring the famous Tarzan Chest Wigs. We expect all Artsmen to be interested. The new upswept style is recommended for those who favor zippr-fastened vests.

And let this be a warning to the rest of you kids:

Fraternity Fred and Sorority Sue
Gurgled so many they didn't know what to do.
When Sue saw how pickled was poor little Fred
"Come out in the car and get sober," she said.
He didn't, we guess, for he cut quite a caper
When they announced his engagement
Next day in the paper.

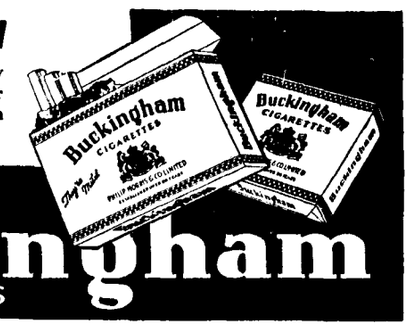
This is no rumor. Dora Dee's Dress Shop is featuring the following: Pink-edged and lace-tipped nighties for freshmen, silk-lined comfort-padded pyjamas for upper classmen, and the very latest self-scratching red flannels for Sciencemen.

HARRY MANN

Just about all you could ask for . . .
ARISTOCRATIC HAMBURGERS
Limited
10th and Alma
TAKE SOME HOME

H. JESSIE HOW, B.A.
Public Stenographer
4451 West 10th Ave.
Essays and Theses Typed

● Now Offered
In the familiar pouch or new slide packages. A tastier, milder cigarette made from much better tobaccos. Try them.
Buckingham CIGARETTES



Letters to the Editor

Dear Madam Editor:

The time has come when I must ask you a question concerning a question concerning a thing the contemplation of which has caused me many sleepless night, with corresponding days of anxiety.

This is the subject about which I hesitate to speak to you until I am positive of how I feel. Many happy times have been broken up from this same cause and yet I must know the worst. I dare not even communicate my state of mind to my father of whom I think a great deal; for he is old-fashioned about these things and I know there would be only one thing he would advise me to do.

This will undoubtedly surprise you very much, although I try to think otherwise, but I feel you know me better than any one else. I know I am asking a great favour and while you are considering this, I beg you to put aside all sorts of joys and for a time devote all your consideration to my question. I hate to ask you this, but do you think it is time for me to put my winter underwear on?

A worried Artsman.

ED. NOTE—I have changed mine. . .

Dear Sir:—I feel duty bound to bring to your attention a deplorable state of social disintegration existing under our very eyes on the University Campus. My information is from a most reliable source having been overheard on the streetcars on several occasions.

By far the greatest evil stalking our campus and threatening the very fibres of our religious existence is the "Calf." This is all very confusing in my mind but no doubt is a throwback to the Golden Calf of Baal. Connected with this mysticism is a place of worship where the devotees of this strange cult are wont to gather at all hours to perform their strange rites. These are strongly tinged with Epicureanism and entail a mysterious function of "Cocalizing."

Another disrupting influence is the formation of a hide-bound caste system outdoing even India. At the top of this caste system enthroned in a sanctified aura all their own are the Sciencemen. Far down the scale from these are a quiet domesticated type, the Aggies. At the very foot of the ladder, and ranking slightly lower than the animal life, comes a lowly type, the Artsmen or untouchables. Their existence is brightened only by the condescending glances of the Upper Strata. Still a fourth caste consists of the "Profs". Where they fit in is difficult to ascertain but for the most part they seem to have little or no following.

Still another derogatory effect on today's civilization is the unchecked terrorism on the campus. A partially successful attempt to bomb one of the buildings and burn it to the ground has gone unpunished.

In bringing these matters to your attention I feel I am but doing my duty as a law-abiding citizen, and perhaps saving the youth of tomorrow from an awful fate. We must act now to stamp out these evils.

Yours sincerely,
ALARMED TAXPAYER.

Dear Editor:—I have a daughter, Mary, going to the Science Ball, her first formal. I have never met the young man. What do you advise?

MOTHER OF EIGHT.

Dear Eight Time Loser:—I regret to say that I'm no Neville but I may be able to assist you in your moment of anguish. Rest assured, madam, that your daughter is in capable hands—and I do mean hands.

Although the general opinion is that a Scienceman is a direct throwback of the Cro-Magnon, this is merely hearsay, as he is the gentleman of the campus.

The best way for us to take care of the case is for us to consult our pocket edition of Emily Post laid bare by Sally Rand.

However, if you have no Emily Post, may we give the following suggestions:

1. Do not expect Mary home in time for her 11.30 lecture.

2. Do not invite Johnny Scienceman inside after the dance—or alternatively empty the refrigerator and defrost.

YE EDITOR.

The Hotel Vancouver
presents
MART KENNY
at the Spanish Grill

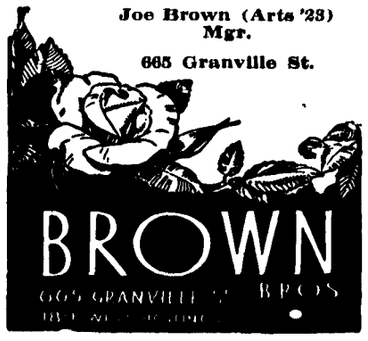
SCIENCE ?
FROSH ?
AGGIE ?

Whichever ball you are going to this week, your "date" will be happier—and so will you—if you present a tasteful corsage from Brown Bros. It will cost less than you think.

Call in or—

FLOWERFONE Sey. 1484

Joe Brown (Arts '23)
Mgr.
665 Granville St.



BROWN
665 GRANVILLE ST. BROS

POEMS . . . and STUFF

Compiled by LEWIS ROBINSON

Valentine's day is the one day a fellow can put it in writing without being sued.

* * *

THE SHOOTING OF DANGEROUS DAN McCUPID

They kicked him out of paradise,
And he came down to earth.
And now he wrecks all peace of mind
And shoots for all he's worth.

Dan Cupid is a snivelling brat,
And so instead of lauded,
He should be placed across the knee
And heartily applauded.

And so if hit by Cupid's dart,
Or in the demon's power,
Just hold your breath, turn on the tap,
And take a good cold shower.

* * *

MY VALENTINE

A single flower he sent me, since we met,
All tenderly his messenger he chose;
Deep-hearted, pure, with scented dew still wet:
One perfect rose.

I knew the language of the floweret;
"My fragile leaves," it said, "her heart enclose."
Love long has taken for its amulet:
One perfect rose.

R. H. Marlow, society photographer, for fine portraits, phone Trin. 2157.

New
Spring Samples
of Distinctive
TIP TOP CLOTHING
at
Esquire Men's Apparel
2664 Granville Bay. 9680

Desperate 'Bird Hoopsters On Brink

MURAL MUSINGS

By AUSTIN FRITH

Well, folks, it's just about time you got the low-down on the big doings in Maury's office every Monday noon, the organization headquarters of the intramural program.

When does it start? Well, that's up to Maury. The class reps are scattered around the room—lie on the tables, sit in the corners or just lean on the walls and yawn.

Suddenly Maury is on the alert. He sits up rigidly in his chair, extends his left arm . . . it is the zero hour. The Chief grabs his lunch off the shelf.

Instinctively the boys know what is up: the session is on.

SO WHAT?

"Well, there are no two ways about it," Mr. Van Vliet firmly announces. "That rugby schedule starts off Tuesday noon, and it will go rain or shine!!° . . . unless the ground freezes!"

There is a low wailing noise in the distance; it gets louder and shriller; a hurricane maybe. The office door flies open and in it comes. . . . Nope, it's Ward de Beck, plodding theolog. rep., who makes a dive for the empty desk space, kneels on the floor, and briskly writes down the news for his fellow classmen.

Maury is unperturbed . . . he calmly taps a hard boiled egg on his arm chair, and continues with the rugby news. Behold, before you stop for breath, the egg is shelled.

"The first game is between Arts '39 and Aggies. Every class that fields a full team will get ten points and the winning squad will chalk up twenty . . . gulp. . . . About fifty points will go to the champs, who will be named in two weeks!"

TIDBITS.

Doug Taylor was snoring in the corner, but was up with a leap when he learned that he had to field a team of 15 Aggies for the first game.

"Wednesday Anglicans will meet Science '40," continued Maury. But he never finished the sentence.

'Hurricane' De Beck was off in a flurry of papers, determined ta round up his flock of meek little theologs for Wednesday's battle.

"On Thursday Arts '42 play Science '42 and. . . ." That's as far as Maury got

The genial David Ritchie was all for his Arts '41 class, and wanted to know whether the Frosh could use their regular league men. But it seems the super-frosh rugby team can use but five of their stars, and those registered in Arts '41, must play for "David's Duds."

By this time Maury had completely devoured his hen's fruit, a sure sign that the climax had passed.

"In the basketball, Science '42 plays Science '39, and . . ."

"Yeah," interrupted a tall science rep., "what about this science brawl on Thursday? Friday noon our boys will need a siesta after the big night."

Maury downed his last quart of milk and everybody knew the meeting was adjourned automatically.

NOTICE

Beginners may receive weightlifting instruction at the Stadium every Monday and Wednesday from 12 to 1:30. You are advised to attend if possible.

THE VARSITY CHRISTIAN UNION

The annual Chinese Supper will be held this year at the Mandarin Gardens, corner of Columbia and Pender, on Tuesday, February 14, at 6.30 p.m.

The speaker will be Rev. Robert H. Glover, M.D., Home Secretary in North America for the China Inland Mission. Dr. Glover and Mr. Schoerner have just returned from China.

On Tuesday at 12.45 p.m., in Arts 206, Mr. Otto F. Schoerner will address an Open Meeting. He is an explorer and missionary from the Chinese Turkestan.

Everybody welcome.

LAST PERIOD RALLY FAILS AS MAURYMEN LOSE 42-37

By BASIL ROBINSON

With the slimmest mathematical chance of making the playoffs, Varsity Thunderbirds have been sitting with crossed fingers since Saturday after dropping their crucial league game with Tookes by a 42-37 margin at the V.A.C. Gym.

Contrary to general opinion, the collegians still have a chance to make the playoffs if Munros lose their two remaining games with Westerns and Tookes. The Maurymen have tiffs with Westerns and Adanacs outstanding, and the due of victories would bring them level with Munros and necessitate a playoff for possession of third place.

Varsity flashed their best form in weeks during the first two periods of the Saturday night engagement with Tookes. Keeping in front by virtue of an ability to capitalize on the breaks, and to stall off the Tookes' offensive with a newly-fashioned zone defense, the Collegians were ahead 19-15 at the breather.

OFFSIDE

The third quarter spelled defeat for Van Vliet's proteges as Osborne and Purves combined to sink 12 points without reply. For 10 minutes the Blue and Gold team could do nothing right, and during this time saw their lead vanish and suddenly become a 10 point deficit.

Even the rebound-snagging efforts of Don Livingstone and the brilliant shooting of Brud Matheson failed to plug up the gap between hte teams as Tookes stalled on every possible occasion.

Matheson ended up the evening as top scorer for the students with 16 points and continued the dizzy pace he has been hitting in recent games.

WIN WON!

In a warm-up game on the campus Friday afternoon, Thunderbirds defeated the late-arriving Seattle College quintette 40-36. In winning this exhibition tilt, Maury Van Vliet's ball-bouncers snapped a long streak of losses and gave supporters hope for the Saturday game.

The smart-looking Seattle outfit were behind all through as the collegians flashed an efficient defense and improved shooting ability. Brud Matheson, hitting his best clip, led the Varsity snipers with 15 points almost all on long shots.

Rann Matthison was not in uniform for the collegians and took Maury Van Vliet's place on the master-minding bench.

FORECASTS

By RONNIE RENSHAW

The team to win the English Rugby Series. The classy bunch of miners and geologists from Sc. '40. The only unbeaten, unscored-on team in the league, defeated Sc. '42 by 3-0.

The championship basketball team. Sc. '42. This bunch of Red Shirts are expected to take Sc. '39 on Wednesday, Feb. 15, and finally to defeat Arts '39 for the championship. Go to it boys. Salute to Bill Sharpe, Sc. '42 who placed first in the Downhill race at Mount Rainer Sunday. Also to Mickey Pogue Forestry (40) for placing so well in the open slalom at Revelstoke.

U. B. C. SKIERS DOWN C. P. S. ON WEEK-END

Varsity's crack skiers travelled to the snowy wastes of Mount Ranier were they met and conquered a flashy Puget Sound squad 302-278. The Blue and Gold captured all points in the downhill event over a tricky three-mile course as Bill Sharpe, Phil Thomas, Gerry Harkley and Cliff Ware crossed the finish line in that order.

In the slalom event Bob Kemp, star Puget Sound man, flashed to a thrilling win over Varsity's own pick of the crop and also toted home winning points in the Cross Country race, nosing out Al Fraser, husky Scienceman, by a mere five seconds.

The janitor is disgusted! There are far too many boy's gym baskets still in the crowded tsore room. These must be checked out immediately, so don't forget!

CO-ED SPORTS

By MYRNE NEVISON

Even the Chilliwack high school girls proved too much for our Senior B basketballers (reinforced by three senior A players) and took the students 36-16 at the campus gym last Friday night.

The valley lasses stepped from cars after a sixty-five mile drive through the snow onto a floor twice as large as they are used to, and with but two spares as opposed to the seven co-ed substitutes, proceeded to overwhelm our girls on their home floor. Quarter time score was a mere 14-0 for the visitors.

Then Adie Collins, senior A player, was injected into the fray and by scoring 10 points managed to keep the students from complete disaster. Mona Asselstone, another senior A'er, tallied 4 points and Grace Cuthbert, with 2 markers, was the lone member of the B team to break into the scoring column at all.

MORE MASTER MINDING

The Moore-Maury combination of mixed teams for intramurals seems to be clicking. In the first official day of play Arts '40 swamped their Aggie opponents in volleyball by an overwhelming but so far unknown margin.

FEMININE SHINNY STARS

With the U.B.C. hockey girls headed straight for the finals of the Lower Mainland League we would like to present the team. This eleven, rated as the best ever to represent the university is coached by Mr. White, well-known for his ability at the game. This is the first year the girls have had a coach and they are certainly going to town under his tutoring.

The student's forward line, let loose on unsuspecting defenses, proves practically invincible because of their fast, quick-passing attacks that leave the opposing backs far behind. When they finally learn to shoot, the co-eds should never lose another game. Wing Sheila Wilson and Gerry Armstrong are the spearheads of the students' attack and take the ball down the field easily passing their checks on almost every offensive. Then when they centre the ball our hard-shooting centre players, Anne Carter and Faye Burnham and A. N. Orner generally deliver the goods in the approved style.

Ably backing up the forwards are Elizabeth Norie, left half, Pauline Scott in the key spot, centre half, and Ora Wright. They are no easy obstacles to pass as their own forwards well know from practice—and other forwards know from bitter experience.

But it is the fullback line that the real headaches are in store for the opposing players. Here Betty Cole and Hortense Warne combine to make the outstanding defense due of the league. Marjorie Lean, expert net-tender completes the team. These girls represent the main hope of the co-eds for athletic laurels this year. We predict they'll take the Lower Mainland and inter-city cups.

BULLDOGS IN 2-0 VICTORY OVER 'BIRDS

U.B.C. pucksters received their second setback at the hands of the powerful Gonzaga quintette, on Friday night at the Forum, but the 2-0 score eked out by the be-decked American entry was a far cry from the 10-3 pasting administered to the Blue and Gold on the last meeting of the two clubs.

For one period the Bulldogs completely dominated the play with their long rink-wide passes working to perfection and a bomb-proof defence wrecking the best efforts of the local boys. Both enemy counters were registered in the initial period as a result of their smooth combination, aided to a certain degree by poor defensive work on Varsity's part.

The second period saw a much different scene however as the Thunderbirds began to swoop hither and yon over the polished surface, bewildering their faster and heavier opponents by close checking and never say die methods. Only on rare occasions were the Gonzagans at all dangerous and their breaks were easily handled by either the Varsity defense or spectacular saves by goaler Ed Benson.

At the other end, McCool was turning aside the best efforts of the smoothly working 'Bird forwards, particularly the Guiguets, Gill, Frith, and MacArthur. Varsity missed the services of center Orme Dier and Angie Provenzano although both Jim Ussher and Maurice Lambert turned in fine performances in relief roles.

The last canto was a repetition of the second with the U.B.C. squad holding the puck in the opposition's territory most of the time, but lack of finish and superb netminding held held the 'Birds from scoring.

A few breaks for the local lads might easily have seen the final outcome reversed on the tally sheet although there was no doubt that the Spokane team boasts a better-balanced squad.

Varsity's next opposition will be the Dumont aggregation when the two teams tangle in playoff encounters, probably starting in New Westminster Tuesday night.

FROSH BASKETBALLERS MEET SHORES FOR CITY CHAMPIONSHIP

The Frosh Inter. A. once again proved their superiority as cagers last Friday night in the campus gym by trouncing a classy Chilliwack aggregation to the tune of 42 to 26.

The Frosh uncovered the new pet four-man box defense of Coach "By" Straight and this proved the deciding factor in piling up a commanding lead of 23 to 7 at the half marker.

This, combined with the fine showing made by the second stringers who successfully held this lead in the second canto, was sufficient to delight the heart of any Coach. Coach "By" was highly elated with the teams' progress and should they remain at this peak, sees reason enough to win the City championship from Shores.

To-night at Y.W.C.A. gym they tackle Shores in the first game of a best-of-five series for the League and City championship. As the Frosh are the only winning team of cagers remaining on the campus, they should have the whole-hearted support of everyone. Remember the time, to-night at 8:00; and the place, Y.W.C.A. gym.

Teams and scores:

Chilliwack: Henderson 12, Edmunds 4, McFarlane 3, R. Ballam 5, Taylor 2, Ferguson 0, Ballam—26.

Varsity—Elefthery 13, Stewart 8, Rees 8, Ryan 4, Rodden 3, Young 2, Roussell 2, Physick 2, James, Townsend—42.

—R.B.

When you've missed your LUNCH try Neilson's CRISPY CRUNCH it's delicious... Neilson's THE BEST CHOCOLATE MADE
C.377

offside

— orme dier

BASKETBALL

"Hello Maw! It was a great fight, but we lost."

And that Alphonse, if you would be good enough to disregard the static caused by a scienceman trying to work a typewriter with a slide-rule, is the chorus of Maury Van Vliet's gallant little short-trousered laddies of the basketball floor calling their Alma Mater after the game on Saturday night.

The men who follow the bouncing ball for the honor and glory (or should we say onus and worry?) of the blue and gold were not just pulling a man-in-the-street gag either, because they put up a valiant struggle against overwhelming odds and are still in the running for the play-offs.

But fate in the guise of too many baskets for the opposition was against the striving students, and now they are nearly finished a long and arduous campaign on the maple court.

YEA TEAH!

And if you continue to talk that way about the boys, Al ole sock, I will be forced to inform you that they have shown no cause for the criticism they have been subjected to the last couple of weeks. Not only did they have one of the toughest schedules in history, but old man Ineligibility and his partner Crockery kicked the team around a bit.

It was bad enough losing Ted Pallas and Doug. Gross by the way of all students, but when Alex Lucas was laid up for two weeks it was enough to break the spirit of any team. But if you saw the Varsity fight in the last quarter of that game Saturday, you are no doubt wondering why we are trying to vindicate a team that never says quit, and needs vindication in the eyes of only a few droops around the campus such as our man Alphonse.

QUESTION

We would like to know though (1) why Harvey Rees is not playing Senior A and (2) why basketball players know more about running a sport page than an editor does, We thought that would keep you quiet for a while Alphonse.

HOCKEY HEROES

Now if no one is looking we would like to hand our hockey team (yes we have one, and a darn good one) a little bouquet. It takes plenty of fight and courage to go out against a picked bunch of all-stars that outweigh you, outskate you and out-practice you; to tackle a bunch of semi-pros that are playing for their jobs (or athletic scholarships if you wish to be precise) and to hold them to a 2-0 win that is, as they say about the Spanish War, no indication of the play.

GRRRR!

Anyway, nice goin' gang and let's take those Cubs.

And just in case somebody gets the idea that we are becoming a lover of mankind with all these drooling eulogies, we wish to state that we don't like the lack of student support at Varsity games, the way the rugby coaching is handled, the weather, sciencemen, professors, Mary Ann, Chang Fooey, lack of interest in intramurals, and typewriters.

Speed... Quality... Service...
Seymour 4484
MITCHELL PRINTING and PUBLISHING CO. LTD.
1037 WEST PENDER STREET

TRANSLATIONS
We can supply any English Translations published for all languages. Send for our free catalogue, listing helps, outlines, and translations for all courses.
THE BOOK EXCHANGE
"Canada's Book-Clearing House"
370 Bloor St. W., Toronto, Ontario

HOW'S YOUR GOLF GAME?
To be accurate you must learn the Fundamentals of the Golf Swing. The winter season is the time to iron out your difficulties and learn how to enjoy Golf.

Hal Rhodes Golf School
1155 W. Pender Street Seymour 5233