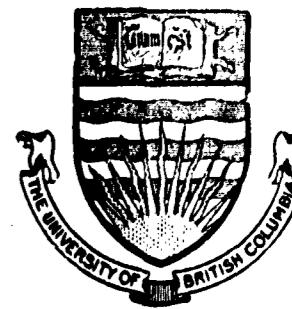




The Ubyssey



Issued Twice Weekly by the Students' Publications Board of The University of British Columbia

VOL. XVII.

VANCOUVER, B. C., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1935

No. 35

Institute Hears Munday Account Of Waddington Tour

Lantern Lecture Given By Mr. and Mrs. Munday Saturday

Waddington—the "Mystery Mountin'"! With this as the object and Mr. and Mrs. Don Munday as guides, the large audience at the Vancouver Institute experienced new thrills on being taken to new heights on Saturday night, from a large collection of lantern-slides shown by two of Canada's greatest Alpinists.

In introducing the two pioneers of B.C. climbing, Mr. Martin of the Alpine Club, stated that climbing was as safe as taking one's car down the highway to the States. Moreover, having several Switzerlands within the one province of B.C., we have a great field for further exploration.

Inland Tour Described

Mrs. Munday graphically described the various methods of travelling inland. The trip commenced at Squamish by means of the P.G.E., which took the party through some of the province's most picturesque country to William Lake. From here, the alpinists were conveyed by open truck to Tatha Lake, their "jumping off" place. At this point, the party met with their pack train of 17 horses.

The trials of travelling by pack horses are many, stated Mrs. Munday. The hazardous crossing of rushing torrents with water up to the saddle was as uneasy for the riders as it was insecure for the horses. However these various troubles were compensated by the cheerful presence of the packers themselves. "Pete" and "Vellou" proved to be the most useful and entertaining of men to have on such a trip. Another benefit of travelling on horseback was the ability one had of viewing at leisure the beautiful mountain flowers. In this manner, fording rushing streams, crossing dangerous swamps and picking their way through precarious rock-slides the pack train reached Scimitar Lake, the base camp.

Scimitar Lake Base Camp

At Scimitar Lake, the base camp party entrenched themselves, while the climbing party rested a few days. With three pack horses the climbing party moved up to high camp on the glacier. Here food was cached and from this camp the party travelled lightly carrying only the absolute necessities.

Since the Main Tower of Waddington appeared impossible and the N.E. peak had already been climbed in 1928, the party climbed one of the adjoining peaks. This peak was so precipitous that in roping up, the climbers could only move one at a time. On finally reaching the top, 12,400 feet, the alpinists decided to stay for the night.

View From Peak

So scarce was the space that Mr. and Mrs. Munday had to hang their legs over the edge of the crag. Although one of the most hazardous and uncomfortable nights she had spent, Mrs. Munday declared that this experience was inexchangeable. From their wonderful vantage point, they saw the sun go down in a clear sky behind the mountains, gilding the tops and suddenly dropping below the horizon, only to be replaced by the pale even light of the moon, then the dawn.

The climbers left their crag soon after dawn and "roped down" until they regained the glacier. Now they decided to explore the glacier and climb further peaks. However, weather conditions being foreboding, they were forced back to their high camp. Here a much-relieved fellow member of the party awaited them, who was on the point of taking last messages back to civilization. A fearful blizzard raged all night, ripping their tents to shreds. Very little climbing was now possible, so within a day or two, the climbing party made their way back to the base camp.

Map Work Done

Together with climbing, the alpinists did valuable work in mapping. It is from this source we have some of our own knowledge of these mountains.

In closing, Mrs. Munday stated that Mt. Waddington, 13,260 feet, the highest mountain in B.C., was still the goal of her husband and herself. "It is a tremendous challenge."

Professor Larsen



THORLIEF LARSEN

Professor Thorlief Larsen, Honorary President of the Players' Club and of the illustrious freshman class, Arts '38, is much in demand at this busy season of the spring term. He acted as patron for the class party last Friday and will take a prominent part in preparations for "Hedda Gabler."

Hoopers And Queen Share Pep Honours

Pep Meeting Friday

The Queen! On Friday, she will be seen in all her glory. The noon hour pep meeting will feature, in addition to the Queen of the Junior Prom, Len Chamberlain and his Trianon Orchestra, and the basketball team. With this all star aggregation of talent, the meet promises to be one of the best yet presented.

All ballots for the queen must be in the box at the foot of the caf stairs by Thursday night. Candidates for the honor are: The Carson twins, Gwen Pym, Dolly Elliot, Margaret Buchanan, Donna Moorehouse, Mary Young, Masala Cosgrave, Vivian McKenzie, Lois Farris, Mollie Winckler.

At the request of the stage committee, the show will immediately stop if any lunches or lunch papers are thrown on the stage.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

Miss Laura Holland will speak on Wednesday noon in Arts 100 on "Social Service." This lecture will be of interest to both men and women.

NOTICE

Information concerning the research scholarships offered by the Galileo Galilei Foundation at the Royal University of Pisa may be obtained from the Registrar.

U. B. C. FACES EPIDEMIC OF MEASLES

The students of the University have been exposed to infection from measles during the past week, according to the University Medical Authorities, which means that all students who have not yet had measles are liable to come down with it and should report at once to the University Health Service.

A man in Third Year Applied Science developed the infection on February 20.

Any person, therefore, who has been in contact with the student and who has not had measles previously will possibly come down with the disease.

In this case, the student was attending lectures at the University and thoroughly exposed everyone he entered.

It is the duty, therefore, of all students to report to the Health Service at once in order that they may be thoroughly examined. In this way we will be able to avoid any epidemic outbreak on the Campus.

In the meantime any student feeling in any way indisposed is requested to remain at home and inform the Health Service over the telephone.

Frosh Hop At Embassy

'38 Stages First Party Friday

Streamers, whistles, French pastries, Cam Smith and orchestra, and cheerful paper bonnets were some of the attractive features of the Freshman class party Friday night. Embassy Ballroom was the scene of festivities, and an effervescent crowd of dancers displayed great pleasure in being present.

The spirit of carefree abandon and general enthusiasm shown was noteworthy. William Whimster, president of A.M.U.S., said, with dignity, "You may quote me as saying that this is a dam fine party." James Ferris, ex-Junior Member and ex-president of Arts '38, exclaimed, "I'm having a helluvaswell time." Tommy Lea remarked, "I'm having a glorious time, and aren't the girls cute!" while J. Gordon Hilker stated, after some thought, "Colossal!"

Honorary President Speaks

Supper was served downstairs, and was featured by a few words from Professor Larsen, Honorary President of the class of '38, who remarked, "This is the first class in fifteen years that has had the good sense to elect me to this office." The supper tables were attractive with hats and favors.

Clubs Present

Later in the evening, the Players Club and Musical Society dropped in, further enlivening the scene. Most striking costume of the evening was

Facial Fungus For Beacon Contest



"This is the result of nine days' growth, following the edict of the M. U. S. banning the use of Gillettes on the campus. Some of the male students are packing these hairy appendages around the campus so that the students will be Stadium conscious all day."

With this explanation the above cut was run in the Ubyssey on February 3, 1931, at the time of the great stadium campaign, and is an indication of the virility of student beards in that golden age.

Ambitious male students will now have an opportunity to measure up to the achievements of their predecessors and make a little money by so doing. For the Beacon Theatre is offering a first prize of \$7.50 and a second prize of \$2.50 to the two best beards grown by undergraduates between now and March 18.

This contest is being run in con-

Phrateres Plans Social Affairs

Although the social affairs of Phrateres will, of necessity, be planned on a limited budget the Council of the local organization is making plans for a Faculty tea to be held on Saturday, March 11. Mrs. R. Killam, 1895 Laurier, has offered her home for the occasion.

A large number of co-eds have decided to be initiated into Phrateres, and are looking forward enthusiastically to the ceremony. Initiation is not compulsory, but it entitles the co-ed to active membership in the organization, to the privilege of wearing the Phrateres pin, a gold replica of the Greek letter Phi, and to hold office.

Sub-chapter meetings which have been held in the past week, took the form of social gatherings, thereby enabling the members to become better acquainted. The Council meetings, to which each sub-chapter president is a delegate, will take place every two weeks, alternating with the executive meetings.

A council meeting will be held on Tuesday, Feb. 26, in Arts 108 at noon, followed by an important all-Phrateres meeting on Thursday, Feb. 28, in Arts 100, at 12:10 sharp.

worn by Janet Davidson, Frosh class secretary. It consisted largely of seven strands of orange streamer, confetti, a double lei of ivy, and accessories from several paper hats.

Plans Co-ed Ball



CLARE BROWN

The Co-Ed Ball on Friday will be a climax to Clare Brown's brilliant term as president of the Women's Undergraduate Society. This year has been a busy and fruitful one for Clare, she has proved a most efficient and enterprising president and has succeeded among other things in bringing Phrateres to the campus, long her ambition.

Co-Ed Pepsters Advertise Ball

Emerson and Co-eds Stage Show

Grand opera, a fashion parade, popular dance music, and a pair of female pep leaders were only a few features of the Co-Ed Pep Meet Monday noon. Jean Meredith and Leon Nelson opened the program with a Varsity rock, and Jack Emerson provided the music, introducing three new artists. A star was created when ancestral portraits on the wall entered into the spirit of the meeting with terpsichorean writhings, which however, were not appreciated by Emerson.

Dean Bollert was "flattered to find herself the heroine of such a clever opera".

"No Thanks, My Dear," a song by Clair Green, was sung for the first time by Jack Worthington, with enthusiastic acclaim.

After a brief sermon on etiquette at pep meetings, in which he denounced the audience as an assembly of "baboons," Emerson presented his opera "Garnet and the Princess." Due to the presence in the audience of Dean Bollert, the second and third acts were omitted. The meeting closed with a fashion parade suggesting costumes suitable for the Co-Ed, and an invasion of Scincemen disguised as co-eds, or was it vice versa?

Student League Will Sponsor Lecturer

Pete Munro of the Street Railwaymen's Union will give an address under the auspices of the Student League of Canada in Arts 100 on Thursday noon. Mr. Munro was one of a trade union delegation which recently returned from the Soviet Union. He will address the meeting on his experiences in that country.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OPEN FOR MEMBERSHIP

Applications for membership in the Historical Society will be received until Monday, March 11. Membership is open to students interested in History, who will be entering their third year next fall.

The purpose of the Society is to stimulate interest in History through discussion of historical problems. Meetings are held fortnightly throughout the year, at which papers are read and discussed. Applications should be addressed to Rose Whelan, via the Arts Letter Rack. The Society will meet Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8 p.m. at the home of Mrs. F. H. Soward, 1475 Tolmie street.

STOP PRESS

Nominations for President of the Alma Mater Society must be in before March 6, elections to be held March 12.

Social Service Worker Will Speak Here

MISS LAURA HOLLAND IN VOCATIONAL SERIES

Miss Laura Holland, who will give an address on Social Work on Wednesday in the Vocational Series sponsored by the Alumni Association, is a prominent member of the profession to which she belongs. Her training and experience, coupled with a vivid personality, have made her one of the outstanding women in Social Work in Canada.

She was born in Montreal, spent her childhood in Nova Scotia, and went to school at St. Mildred's College, Toronto. She devoted many years of her early life to the study of music, and a notable concert career was being predicted for her, when she suddenly decided to train as a nurse. She graduated from the Montreal General Hospital and after a year of private nursing went overseas in 1915 with the C.A.M.C.

Awarded Royal Red Cross
Until the signing of the Armistice she served in England, France, Lemnos and Salonika, and was awarded the Royal Red Cross in recognition of her work. At the conclusion of the War she returned to Canada, and proceeded to Boston to enter the School of Social Work at Simmons College, one of the finest institutions of its kind on the continent. She graduated from there in 1920 and went immediately into the Social Work Department of the Montreal General Hospital. From there she was called by the Ontario Red Cross to initiate outpost work. She held this position with the greatest success for the next two years, and it was for the service she rendered here that in 1934 she was awarded the decoration of Commander of the British Empire in the King's New Year Honours.

Welfare Director in Toronto
When she left the Red Cross she was made Director of the Division of Social Welfare in Toronto, and held this position until in August, 1927, she was called by the Children's Aid Society of Vancouver to become Manager. In August, 1931, she entered the Provincial Welfare Service as Deputy Superintendent of Neglected Children, a position in which she has done much valuable work.

Lectures at U. B. C.
Besides her official position, Miss Holland lectures in Child Welfare at the University, is President of the Canadian Association of Overseas Nurses, and is generally recognized as an authority on child welfare.

She will speak on opportunities in the social work field, not only as to the women students, but also to the men, as it is being demonstrated today that both men and women can find opportunities in this field.

Junior Queen Will Appear This Week

Polls Will Close Thursday 3 p.m.
Voting for the Junior Prom Queen has begun — witness green-labelled ballot box at the foot of the caf stairs. Each and every student attending the University of British Columbia is entitled to one vote. The honour system is to be employed with regard to ballots. The polls will be closed at 3 p.m. Thursday. The queen will appear at the Arts Men's Pep Meet on Friday. Competition will be close.

There will be a police force on hand to prevent violence in the vicinity of the ballot box, and candidates will be protected during the week by picked body-guards.

COMING EVENTS

- Tuesday, Feb. 26
12 noon, Arts 105, Literary Forum.
- 12:10 p.m., Arts 108, Phrateres Council Meeting.
- 12 noon, Arts 100, Mrs. Don Munday "Mountain Climbing."
- 9:30 p.m., Swimming Club Party, Crystal Pool
- Wednesday, Feb. 27
12 noon, Arts 204, V.C.U., Rev. Elbert Paul, "Communism and Christianity."
- 12 noon, Arts 100, Vocational Guidance.
- 9 p.m., Adanacs vs. Varsity, Senior A Basketball, U.B.C. Gym, Senior B Preliminary.
- Thursday, Feb. 28
12:10 noon, Arts 100, Phrateres General Meeting.

My Choice For

JUNIOR PROM QUEEN

Is

Library Number.....

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1935

THE READING HABIT

The reading habit is the most valuable asset to be gained from a university education, and pathetically few students ever acquire it. Too many people blame the inadequacy of the university courses for a narrowness which is really due to their own lack of curiosity.

The U.B.C. library is one of the best in Canada, and the librarians are very trusting. Some students shun the loan desk as though there were some stigma attached to those who avail themselves of library privileges, others peer cautiously into the stacks as into a deep and horrible well, inhabited by evil spirits. Freshmen have been known to boast that they have never borrowed a library book, in tones which indicated a mine of knowledge under the gay green exterior.

There is no need to become a book worm, weaving scholastically in and out of dusty volumes, to enjoy the individual part of an education. It is more or less essential to attend all one's lectures if one wishes to pass, whether they be interesting or as dry as peanut butter sandwiches in July (which too many of them are). But it is not at all necessary to read uninteresting books, and it doesn't take America's Brightest Boy to find something, even on the top floor of the stacks, interesting enough to take home. Half an hour with a book is enough to prevent the blank stare and open mouth when it is discussed. Such brief examination of books utilizes the lazy periods —before lunch, after dinner, at three o'clock, and on Saturday mornings. Worth-while occupation of the few slack moments in college may lead to fuller appreciation in later life of what is known as "spare time".

CHOOSING COURSES

The majority of the students at this university are probably still undecided as to the vocation which they will take up after graduation. This is particularly true of the freshmen and sophomores. It is true that attendance at a university should make it easier to find the career to which one is best suited, but at the same time it is also true that a student can make a more intelligent selection of courses if he knows what his life work is to be.

Thus the undergraduate's problem is a difficult one. For in his first two years he is not in any position to know what the relative value of the various courses which he can take will be to him in his particular circumstances; and if in his final years he does make a decision he may find that he is studying the wrong subjects at university and that owing to the requirement of certain prerequisites in the first or second year he cannot study the courses which he wants without remaining at the university for a longer time than he can afford to remain.

It is impossible to solve this question if one has not yet set himself a goal in life, but if one is in doubt the best plan is to obtain advice from different older students and alumni on the subject, and then on the basis of this

"THE TALE WAS ONE"



THE WALRUS

SAID

By Nancy Miles

A propos of absolutely nothing, unless it is to show the inconsistency of the feminine mind, today we give you a couple of theatrical notes. According to our informant, who so obligingly told them to us, they are, in creditable as it may seem, bona fide.

They both concern companies which were presenting the well-known opus, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." And right here we promise not to mention reviews which talk about the support the dogs got from the rest of the caste.

Both stories concern that stupendous scene, wherein Little Eva is trapezed up to heaven. The first has a Russian background.

Perhaps you know that the Russian faith is no longer orthodox. They don't admit of any heaven except ideal community employment.

So little Eva went through her scene of tear jerking, pathos, and she had been such a good girl that she just had to go somewhere as a reward for virtue, so down came the rope, and off went little Eva like the daring young man on the flying trapeze.

Where to?

Ah, look at the program notes.

Yes, sir, she went off to a job in the cement factory.

The other story happened in the great democracy to the south. It was a very naive company. Came Eva's big scene, and off she was rushed to heaven, via the stage drops overhead.

The audience was wildly enthusiastic, applauded, stamped and whistled. Called for Eva. And what happened?

A stage manager, anxious to please, personally took over the ropes which were responsible for little Eva's ascent, and lowered her half way, gave the rope a little fillip, so that a consternated Eva jerked spasmodically, then off she zoomed to heaven again, and to get a few remarks off to the stage manager.

Also there was the reviewer who, of a mediocre musical revue said, "I seem to have knocked everything but the chorus girls' knees, and nature beat me there."

Useless Information

Today is the anniversary of the birth of Victor Hugo, who was born in 1802. More topically, it is also the birthday of yours with love and kisses, who wasn't born quite so far back. Intellectual Obscurations Solved, Dept.

About the bananas, do you remember that far back?

An answer has been forthcoming. The lab instructor did not eat them, nor did anyone else. They were very over-ripe bananas and are being used to feed a lot of flies which are being raised in one of the labs for experimental purposes.

I. Q. Dept.

Here is a problem which takes some grey matter to figure out. It seems to have been bandied about the campus recently, nevertheless, we give it to you:

An employer had a job to give out. There were three very intelligent applicants, but he wanted the most intelligent, so he tested them.

He showed them five discs, three whites and two blacks. Then he pinned a disc onto each man's back. When a man figured what color the disk on his back was, without looking at his own or questioning, he was to leave the room. After ten minutes, one of them walked out, said he had on a white one, and got the job.

For your own information, all three had on white discs. Any one could look at the backs of the other two, and the matter is worked out by pure rationalization.

We, Arthur John and I, have the answer by the tail at present, and unless we lose it, we'll let you know next week.

And we hope you see black spots before the eyes all week, just as we did.

to select as many as possible of the prerequisite courses, which he may later need, in his first and second years.

And at the same time he should try to form a definite idea of the type of training which he whether it is to be broad and general, or merely expects to obtain from his college career —ly academic.

CLASS & CLUB

LA CANADIENNE

The last meeting of the year will be held tonight at the home of Dr. A. F. B. Clark, 5037 Maple street. Dr. Clark will speak on the history of French music. Elections will be held for the offices of president and secretary.

V. C. U.

Wednesday at noon. Rev. Elbert Paul will speak on "Communism and Christianity, a Contrast."

MATHEMATICS CLUB

The regular meeting of the Mathematics Club was held Thursday evening at the home of Myles Ritchie.

Three very interesting talks were given by Dave Mitchell, Jack Parrott, and Bob Houston, who spoke on "Theory of Least Squares," "Binary Stars," and "Comets" respectively.

CLASSICS CLUB

The Classics Club will meet tomorrow, Wednesday, Feb. 27, at the home of Prof. L. Robertson, 1650 West brook Crescent.

An illustrated address on "Greek Sculpture" will be given by Miss Marjorie Wilson.

Ex-members of the club are invited to this meeting.

LA CAUSERIE

A combined meeting of La Causerie and L'Alouette will be held on Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8 p.m. at the home of Marion Paton, 1865 West Thirteenth avenue. Get off car at Cypress, walk up to 13th and turn east.

S. C. M.

Mrs. Don Munday, illustrated lecture on Mountain Climbing, Arts 100, Tuesday noon.

ART CLUB

The Art Club meets Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 611 Nicola street. Miss Margaret Palmer will speak on "Art in the Theatre."

OUTDOOR CLUB

There will be a meeting of the Outdoor Club in the Ap. Sc. 237 at noon, Wednesday, Feb. 27.



TO WHOM IT IS DUE

We are very pleased to quote the following:

"The executive of the SMUS is to be complimented on the fine way in which they conducted the Science affair this year. The banquet, Class party, and Ball all went over in traditional Science style.

The executive has maintained a unity of purpose and a working coordination that has made these Science events more than successful. Good going, Brynneisen and the rest, we're for you!"

J. L. Witbeck.

SCIENCE PEP MEET

From rumors that are prevalent the Science pep meet is going to be good, in fact it should raise the roof—the audi needs a new roof anyway.

All fellows interested in putting this over are asked to get in touch with their executive and give them every co-operation.

This is going to be the last pep meet of the year and it is up to us to put it over in old time Science style. "LET'S GO SCIENCE!"

E. I. C. NEWS

Dr. Victor Dolmage delivered a very interesting talk on "The Gold Boom" at last week's meeting. He described conditions from the point of view of a professional Geologist and made many worthwhile remarks about the relation of gold to the mining profession.

On March 7 the annual meeting will be held and prominent practising engineers will be invited to hear student engineers deliver papers that will undoubtedly be of considerable interest to everyone. Keep this date open Fellows!

SCIENCE SCORES AGAIN

Fine work Science '35! You showed the old Science fight in pulling up and placing in the winners in the classic Arts '30 relay.

Although other Science class teams were not so successful every credit

Made in the TIME-HONOURED WAY

Many experiments have been attempted in making cigarettes, but nothing has yet been found to equal the time-honoured Sweet Caporal method. It calls for the choicest tobaccos, aged and mellowed like vintage wine for at least thirty months, then firmly rolled in the finest papers. It requires a large amount of money, and complete facilities, but it's the only way to make a good cigarette. This is why more and more smokers are saying every day that "Sweet Caporals are milder—and they taste better".



"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

Lancet

SAVE THE POKER HANDS

PHILOSOPHY CLUB

There will be a meeting of the Philosophy Club this evening at the home of Miss Mildred Orr, 4889 McKenzie street, at 8 o'clock. Dr. Topping will read a paper on Walter Litmann's Preface to *Morals*. McDonald street but leaves Broadway at the half-hour

GERMAN CLUB

The next meeting of the German Club will be held Thursday, Feb. 28, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. F. B. Clark, 5037 Maple street. The meeting will take the form of a recital of German songs. Everybody out, 8 p.m. BE PROMPT! 8 p.m.

CHEMISTRY SOCIETY

A closed meeting of the Chemistry Society will be held Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8 p.m. at the home of R. J. Donald, 3869 W. 34th. The speakers are J. A. Sprague, M. Ritchie, R. H. B. French. All members are cordially invited to attend.

Hear

CHERNIAVSKY

Brilliant Russian Pianist

With

Vancouver Symphony Society

Allard de Ridder, conductor

STRAND THEATRE

Sunday, March 3

3 p.m.

Get tickets early at J. W. Kelly Piano Co. Telephone Trinity 1638 or Seymour 7066.

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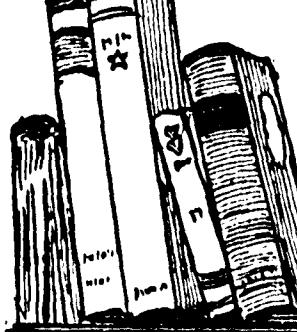
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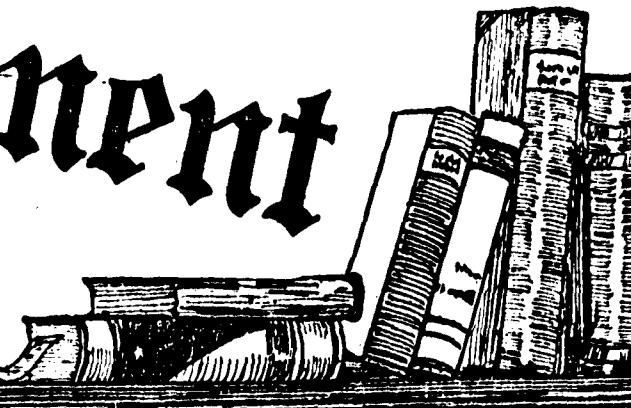


Literary Supplement

OF THE

"Ulysses"

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA



Saroyanesque

I am sitting in the library, wondering what to write about... Perhaps I can write about the other people here. Across from me are three girls. They are doing accountancy, I think... no, only two of them. They are a red dress and black hair; they have a red dress and brown hair; they have a brown dress and red lipstick... she has brown hair too... she wears glasses, but is the prettiest of the three. They are doing more giggling than accounting... I have stopped giggling and is looking hopefully out the window... the others are working... I am standing behind the other two—why seem to be discussing their work, but not seriously... I am gone. They are leaving her—but not for long—they are working again, seriously. They are taking down figures in the same chart, looking up alternately and moving restlessly now and then... A tall man just came in... turned to look at him. 2 didn't sit back, looks at her work, then at pen... 2 has a perpetual look of surprise. 3 looks pale... 2 reaches for another paper with figures in it. She takes her purse, hesitates, opens it, takes out a pencil... They sit back—with sigh of relief. She holds up the chart, puts it down, works again... 2 starts talking. They turn the chart over, settle themselves, begin to work... They must be tired of working both look faintly disgusted. They put away the chart and take out books, talk in whispers... 3's lips need retouching; she has been licking her lips and the inside of her mouth white by contrast... I think they are getting suspicious—I keep looking at them as I write. (One of the fans has just been turned off), I must look funny—for a long time I was brooding, then suddenly began to write rapidly... The accountants are still talking and writing desultorily... I am getting bored... I will go and show someone what I have written...

4

He said it sounded like hell... Another friend of mine made up a poem:

I like the Letters Club

And they like me.

The food they serve

Is quite superb.

And that's why I go, you see.

Would the club think that was funny? Or would it annoy them? The accountants are still working. I wish I could get some work done. I guess I could if I wanted to. Not here though. It's too hot.

5

I had some interesting thoughts coming home. But I couldn't write them down. It was snowing. And I was walking... All about me and Saroyan, Kublai Khan and Marco Polo, and Donn Bryne... I showed it to someone. He said it was interesting, but he probably thought it was rotten, but didn't want to offend me. He couldn't. I advised him to try it sometime—it's very interesting. He said this was unusual and it doesn't pay to be unusual. He offered me a short story, he wrote (he wrote the poem too). But I like to be honest... I think this is good. I plagiarized the title. But then I haven't read it. Maybe that's why Saroyan likes his stuff. Maybe we're right...

—Robert Clark.

I couldn't find him... I am now in the basement, talking and smoking a cigarette. We agree that the buildings are too hot—especially the Science building—I couldn't keep awake in a lecture there the other day... He has gone now. The other people here annoy me...

3

I am back again, after a trip outside to finish my cigarette. I came in soon—it is snowing hard... The accountants are still here... I am sitting

—Robert Clark.

With Geraniums For The Blind Man

iron steel, bits
of cast iron
tearing
at frantic flesh,
steam
caterizing broken skin...

cool white nurses,
young doctors
coming
to prod the
blue scars over
awn-off bone...

"This is good; the scars
as they should be,
he lives...
But this clutching
at life... It would be better
that he die."

Only four white walls,
no further. At first
bitter, but becoming
reconciled...

Not the deception
of faith, nor growing
resigned, but
slowly the peace
of being alone; thinking
of himself, and not
fearing sleep... But
only four white walls,
no further.

And ther. Tanyusha,
Tanyusha
of the golden
limbs,
and the clear
eyes,
came
with her sudden smile,
and the remembrance
of summer nights
yet about her...
But
her gaiety all frightened,

and only terrible pity
in her eyes...

"my love, O
my love forgive me."

and her grieving...

The pain at his heart,
and the coldness...

The four white walls
receding...

"Tanyusha
before you go
you will kiss me,
nor shall we ever...
not again..."

Her arm
about his head, and
her cold lips
on his...
and afterwards
sweating there,

staring...

a long time
the thin sheet
and wooden
corpses...
only a shadow
in a sepia shroud...
a cold ledge
the last support...

"somewhere, but not
here, must be life
and loveliness"

"Tanyusha
Tanyusha"

no bitterness, no anger
nor was there any love.

—Reg. J.

IN MEMORIAM

As one who loved fine things and rare,
And spared us neither hand nor eye;
But gave us all that we could share,
And more than we could buy . . .

So we, we may have learnt to seek
For things beyond the graceless day;
To see them shine and hear them speak,
Because he showed the way . . .

Because his wit was friendliness . . .
Because the man himself was true:
He gave us of himself, no less,
And more no man can do.

—Anonymous.

The Genesis A Comedy

Prologue.

The gods so loved the world
That—
They filled it full of Apes.
Big Apes, medium-sized Apes,
and little Apes.
Now these Apes
dearly beloved Apes.
Squabbled, hated, loved
and multiplied.
Then one day

They all ran down the Hill,
away from their gods
So that they could join
Charlie Darwin's Circus

The curtain rises to reveal a large
well-furnished private office, such as
Sinclair Lewis' Babitt might have
known. In the middle of the back
wall a sign bearing the word 'Heaven'
is hanging. Through tall windows at
the side planets, stars, etc., are visible.

In the centre of the stage two polished
mahogany desks are placed. Beside
each desk is a chair; two ice-buckets
are also in evidence.

At the desks, back to back, two
angels (denoted as such by halos,
etc.) are sitting. On the right desk,
reading the audience, is a placard
reading 'Secretary of Amusements',
and the left desk carries a similar
one on which the words 'Under Secy
of Amusement' appear. As
the play commences, both secretaries
are industriously writing. Suddenly
the Secretary speaks to the Under-Secretary,
both still scribbling and
back to back.

Act I Scene I
Secretary: My boy, Heaven is dull.
Under Secy: Yes, very dull. (Goes on writing).

Secretary: In fact, somewhat boring.
Under Secy: Yes, very boring. (Continues as before).

Secretary: Something must be done.
Under Secy: And very quickly.
Only yesterday I heard the Junior
God bemoan the fact that he had not
been born Mohanetan—their Heaven,
you know...

Secretary: Yes. I know. But what
can we do? We have tried every
possible form of entertainment. The
gods are interested for a while, and
then they demand something new. At
present they sit and stare in the
Judgment Hall. Harp music, endless
harp music, is so monotonous.

Under Secy: And golden seats are
so hard.

Secretary: (Swinging around in his
seat) Something must be done.

Under Secy: (Turning also) I have
it. Remember that piece of matter
that flew off the sun the other year?

Secretary: That little thing.

Under Secy: Well, it has cooled
down now. We will use it for a
sort of a stage.

Secretary: But the gods are no
longer amused by plays.

Under Secy: Wait a minute. This
won't, in that manner, be a play.
We shall create a people, and put
them on this new little planet. They
will, naturally, evolve, and so pro-
vide an ever changing source of am-
usement. Not realizing the comedy
of their situation they will say their
little speeches, and go through their
pitiful motion with all the gravity of
the Junior God's stepfather at a
special meeting of the Higher Court.

Secretary: I see your idea. But
your actors will soon become discon-
tent with their parts. They will

refuse to conform when they see
through it all.

Under Secy: No. We will make
their minds such as to early conceive
a belief in their own immortality. We
must also give them a faith in a
benevolent power. They will alternately
curse pray and cower before
this power; much to the amusement
of the weary gods.

Secretary: To keep them from re-
beling they'll have to have some
hope after death.

Under Secy: Their own egotism will
take care of that. And they will
have, to help them to be contented
with life, a queer ability to cling to
the hope that no matter how bad it is
in today, tomorrow will be all right.

Secretary: Let's divide this Man-

kind of yours up into different races,

each having its own color, religion
and customs. Every race will im-

agine themselves to have been made

in god's image. Thus will they squab-

ble among themselves, calling upon

their own gods for aid. All will use

their religions as an excuse for war.

The territory of temporal princes

shall be furthered under the banner of

a Prince of Peace. Multitudes

shall be murdered in holy wars. The

weak shall be exploited in the inter-

ests of civilization. All of which will

mighty amuse the gods.

Under Secy: We shall commence

this scheme at once.

Secretary: My dear fellow, not so

fast. I am under the impression that

I am head of this department.

Under Secy: I beg your pardon.

Secretary: Yes. Remember that in

the future I shall give the orders.

Now what were we talking about—oh yes, those people of yours. Sev-

eral types will be required; there must

be some variety to the prayers of

offered up to the gods. Of course, each

one of these people will believe that

he is wholly individual. They will

point, with great superiority, to types

among their companions, but no one

shall ever stop to do a little self-

analysis.

Under Secy: In short, a people com-

placent and patronizing. Everyone

shall be in his own estimation, a self-made

monument to the glory of his

god. They shall always think of

each other—"The poor fool"; but they

will all be poor fools, though they

can never realize it. Fools—because

they are born, and because they must

die.

Secretary: Good Lord, there is only

half an hour before lunch, and the

correspondence for the Junior God

is not nearly finished. We'll have

to let that other thing go till to-

morrow.

Secretary: That little thing.

Under Secy: Well, it has cooled

down now. We will use it for a

sort of a stage.

Secretary: But the gods are no

longer amused by plays.

Under Secy: Wait a minute. This

won't, in that manner, be a play.

We shall create a people, and put

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Good Clean Sport

When I was a boy I loved good, clean sport, and I take you back now to the place of my birth and the time when I was ten...

The autumn rains change the river from green to grey and then to turbid yellow. Up the muddy current sink dim, grey shapes—the dog salmon, outcast of fish. They spawn and die. The sea-gull's peck their eyes out.

They come in by thousands, both the fish and the birds. And in the upper waters the salmon lay their eggs, and grow stiff from exhaustion, and slimy with green mucus, and lie like rotten logs under the bank, and die. And the sea-gulls scream in triumph. The freshness of the sea drops away from them. Their trim feathers grow ragged and yellow; they become fat, obscene beasts of birds.

But little we care for this. The birds and the fish are our signal for fun. Every normal little boy and a great many tomboyish little girls hurry to get ready for "dogger-speaking." Some of us have spears; the rest steal the garden pitchfork. We nearly all manage to get gum-boots, and I wear my father's canvas fishing waders, which reach to my arm-pits.

Thus armed and accoutred, we sail forth to the shallow streams and sloughs created by the river's overflow upon the bars. And there dorsal fins rippling through the water show where fish fight their way up the rapids. Out we Wade to meet them, two or three of us together, trying to surround a salmon and force him to run the gauntlet of our spears. The downstream man has the place of honour, for usually the cornered "dogger" puts the speed of the current behind him.

The rocks are slippery and the water swift. We poise our spears and wade out with beating hearts, not just sure how brave we'll be when thirty pounds of desperate energy comes torpedoing towards us. The fish fights the current like a grey ghost, his belly brushing the boulders, his back almost above the surface. He knows we're after him, but he still hopes to get into deep water above. No! Watch out! He's coming!

A pause, a drifting sideways, then a swirl, and he shoots downstream

Wigwam, 1934

"You've got just five minutes before your act Joe."

"I shall be ready presently," the Indian chief replied in his usual correct English. "Won't you come in and wait?" He opened the door and I entered the temporary living quarters of our "Show's" Indian tribe.

The one room was very large but nevertheless hardly large enough for the seventeen people who lived in it. I immediately became aware of the characteristic, sweaty smell of the Redskin. Its source was apparently in the dirty straw mattresses which were strewn haphazardly on the floor. On each mattress, rolled in a bundle, was either an old worn-out overcoat or a tattered blanket.

A great black pot filled with a stew of some sort was simmering on two rusty gas rings whose base was a rather unsteady apple-box. This whole very romantic campfire threatened to collapse at any moment. Sitting cross-legged beside it and watching the pot as if it contained some horrible charm, old Chitish muttered away to herself, every little while glancing furtively in my direction.

Elaborate feathered costumes hung on nails about the walls. Huge masks and ceremonial headgears littered an unpainted table at one end of the room. Directly opposite an immense bear's head with big glass eyes stared at me from its precarious position over the window.

Suddenly little Toketic, the chief's four-year-old daughter, unrolled herself from one of the blanket bundles, tossing back her thick black hair from her eyes and lifted her pretty face and smiled at me.

"Hello," she said. Then with a laugh she turned and scrambled into her father's arms, kissing him as he bent to bid her goodbye.

—Frank Miller

FINALE

The ash-tree stands
On the faded lawn,
Its empty hands
Fingering the strands
Of dove-grey rain
Spun out of the dawn.

Are the birds fled
That it stands alone
And deserted?
Where are the wings sped
Into the rain?

For the tree makes moan.

—E. Garrett.

like a slippery, wriggling submarine. We step back; there is something too terrible in that lightning rush. But all he wants is to get past, and as he goes we strike.

"Got him! Hey, kids, quick; help me pull him ashore. He's nearly tearing the spear out of my hands. Ouf, look at the brute splash! Quick."

But they are not quick enough. Suddenly there is nothing on the spear. A ripple goes downstream too fast to follow. The fish is gone.

Well, we decide it's no fun spearfishing in the rapids, anyway. Too many get away. Better try the banks, where we can get a fair shot.

Taking cover behind some bushes, we sneak up to a shallow cut bank. A sonnolent, hump-backed monster is lying there. An easy shot. We can't miss, unless we scare him. He's half dead anyway.

But he's still got fight in him. Yes, siree. He writhes and splashes and splashes, churns the river to foam with his tail, dyes it red with his blood. But the barbs of the spear hold good and we drag him to shore. We place our foot on him and wrench out the spear, but we don't dare put our hand close to that snapping, hooked mouth. We are afraid of him, so we kick his incinerated side to show we are not, and we shout and go away. And the snapping of his jaw grows slower, and his gasps grow louder, and the sea-gulls gather round...

When I was a boy I loved good, clean sport.

CLIFF MOONLIGHT

The moon smiles kindly from his full round face.
The air hangs still, steeped with a summer fragrance.

Warm. No sound breaks the night, save the night-hawk's wings, Whirling in check of sudden swoop; he spies

A fly swarm, tender morsel for his guile.

Above the fir tower, silent sentinels Against the stars. Away below the sea,

Quiet and dark swells gently, laving the shore With wavelets, glistening crystals in the moon's

Pale beams. But look out there upon the bosom Of the deep; a myriad dancing lights are ranged

In artless symmetry: the fishermen Await their prey with cruel lowered nets.

Through their small craft a stately liner picks

Her way, her decks and portholes all alight—

But nature still surpasses. At the cliff's edge, Behold that crooked maple, hanging, clinging

To the sandy scarp; its twisted shadows play

Fantastic on the white cliff face; glimpsed through

Its boughs a tongue of silver foam translucent,

Darting from the ocean dark to feel The beach again and pebbles grating there.

The warm air stirs, a cool breeze quickens off

The water; my face it wakens; I am roused

By its soft caresses to sweet ecstasy: How wonderful it is to be alive

And breathe: how vast yet fine the works of God.

—E. M.

TOIL

The sun whose glad rays shone all day

In burning splendour, Now sinks to rest, a flaring ray Of rosy grandeur.

Twilight falls, and o'er the earth Peace gently hovers; While to the south a new day's birth Awakes our brothers.

For them a task is not begun: From north to south Toil never ceases; one sleeps, and one Presses on to truth.

—Clare Brown

In the vein of the Reverend Herrick, With due obeisance to his shade,

"To Julia on first seeing her in 'pants'!"

Wheneas in slacks my Julia goes, Then, then, methinks she surely shows No great discretion in her clothes.

(For, darling, sore it grieveth me That one so fair and shapely Be clad with such grotesquerie).

Not even Hebe's hips were fair, If she, despite of Jove, should dare To hang such graceless garments there.

—G. K.

AFTER RENUNCIATION

... breathless you were, and your eyes lovely; with your hands at your throat...

dream then... dream of loveliness.

But never yours, never the fulfilment, the reality.

I must go apart now and build my house; a small house, with heavy walls.

Taking with me such things—violets, and forgotten moonlight—for remembering their death

There I shall be alone... But there are flowers growing, and a quiet time...

dream then... dream of loveliness. But never yours, never the fulfilment, the reality.

—Reg. J.

The Prairies

To one who has lived for the greater part of his life on the Pacific Coast surrounded by friendly mountains, the prairies seem like an empty house stripped of familiar furnishings—a vast mansion unoccupied by human kind.

It was very early in May, when all life seems to have fled; when not even the song of a bird is heard, that I arrived at my destination. The icy chill of winter still lingered in the air. The grey, sullen sky seemed heavy overhead.

Extending in every direction lay rolling fields between the clumps of brush. Some of the fields were black, others were covered with stubble. In the distance could be seen the lakes, bleak and threatening, reflecting the mood of earth and sky.

—R. T. W.

PRINCESS LOUISA INLET

We lay on the deck and laughed. The night was done, that awful night Of flame and terror in the dark. The scorched pillow at your feet Remembered it more than you, For your eyes were full of sunrise And your ears heard the gurgling tide. Your heart was in the mountains And you were the sea-king's bride. You smiled a little and said: "When I am rich and have my way, 'Tis here that I'll abide, Here where the rushing streamlets Spring from the glacier's side, Here where the calm blue waters Mirror the sea-gull's glide."

I laughed at you first, but then The sun shone on the mountainside. The mists rose up, the vision came. I saw it all, your house of pride, The cabin of logs and bark, The path that boulders divide, The waterfall behind it, The wild rose climbing beside. It was sweet, it was simple; Though a prince might deride, I had seen, I had felt, And I was satisfied.

"Let me live here with you," I cried.

—Gerald Prevost.

THE ELIZABETHANS

Like a strong flame New-lit and fiercely burning, Not without smoke Yet clear and leaping swiftly Shines their work in this dull age of ours.

Even he who cried to maids To gather rose-buds while they might, And sang the flight of time— The brevity of life, Felt not those buds to be The shadow of an unrelity And sighed not bitterly That life was very long.

Strong was the urge For men to live then strongly And wider the scope Of life to all men offered To men undulled by life's satiety.

—P. C.

Challenge the birds to fly beyond the dawn, To flush their wing-tips with its mystic hues, To grope where thought and fancy swiftly borne Awake the shimmer of a distant sea.

Dare with the fish the farthest depths to find, Where light lies dead among the oozy dales— Drive forth your fancies from the fold of wind, To pasture on the downs of other worlds!

Gourmand

The old fat lady sat at the head of the table. Her sleek yellowish-white hair was piled high on the top of her head. Her small pig-eyes looked blankly in front of her. A large fleshy nose with a hook curve thrust itself out from her face. The ruptured veins of her nose and upper lip stood out purple against the grey pitted skin of her face.

The thick lower lip hung loose, disclosing a row of stump teeth. The fat of her body drooped heavily onto the chair.

She gazed down at the demolished bowl before her, then smiled and, taking her crutches, attempted to rise.

—Frank Miller.

A BALLAD

The storm is fierce and the night is long, But Mabel is faithful and true, Though witches sing their strange, weird song, "Go home, lest the goblins get you!" Through the wind and the hail, through the teeth of the gale, Through the scream of the night and the tree-tops' wail.

"Why stand you here in the rain and snow, Fair maid, with your hair like gold?" "Good sir, I stand that none may go O'er this bridge so frail and old." But the wind's blast is chill, and the night darkens still, When brave Mabel sees a light on the top of a hill.

"No one will come on a night so ill To cross the old bridge, fair maid: Then come with me to yon sunlit hill— A crown on your head will be laid!"

"In the wind and the hail, in the teeth of the gale, In this place will I stay, though the tree-tops' wail."

The witches and goblins good Mabel to scare Are threatening with death or worse. But Mabel well knows that her duty is there.

Though witches and goblins may curse— Far away in the night, horses' hoof-beats alight!

And two noble riders now gallop in sight.

The prince has reined his steed and seen Who stopped his wild death ride; He has posted his man where Mabel had been.

Now he carries her off as his bride, Through the wind and the hail, through the teeth of the gale, Through the scream of the night, and the tree-tops' wail.

—Hugh Herbison.

DREAM

and you laughing and smiling and fading and fading

and you turning and waving me farewell

waving me

and you seeking and clasping another hand and seeing all this and the remembrance of it freezing within me

and one bitter cry

and no more . . .

and peace coming with

the warm ocean that

rose and carried me away

and all my weariness

falling from me

and the gentle and the lovely

depth folding about me

—Reg. J.

Church Scene

The stern-faced cleric climbed decisively up the steps into the pulpit. He had an announcement to make. The hasty departures from church before the end of the service were becoming too numerous. They were both unmannerly and unseemly. The matter was serious. If they continued, something would have to be done about it. He himself would do it.

The faces of the congregation were non-committal, as faces are in church. A few expressed sympathy. Several younger members openly grinned.

Toward the close of the hour, there was the usual clatter and scraping of those endeavouring to make an unobtrusive exit. But they encountered an obstacle. In the centre of the middle aisle stood the rector. The crowd milled about uncertainly. He regarded his flock with marked coldness.

One little man detached himself from the rest and ambled hurriedly forward. "Anti-freeze," he whispered anxiously, "I have no anti-freeze in my car. It might freeze."

"You may go," his pastor said distantly.

Another man hustled toward him. He was one of the heaviest contributors in the community, and if that other little man could get out, then he . . . But he felt slightly ridiculous. It had been a long time since he had made excuses to teacher.

He bent to the clerical ear: "Err—I have an appointment. I—that is—my wife is having breakfast downtown with me, and . . ."

"Very well," said his spiritual advisor. The man walked off importantly.

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Zoo Student Likes Snakes

Do you like rattlesnakes for pets? Or would you rather keep a harmless Crotalus Oregonus? Stop before you answer, because George Holland, who should know, tells us that they are both the same thing.

George is a Zoology student, and has a small collection of interesting "pets." Among them is Alexander, the Crotalus Oregonus, or just plain Pacific Rattlesnake. Personally we saw nothing pacific about Alexander, particularly when we tried to take a picture of him. The picture isn't reproduced here because the camera was shaking too much to do the job properly. Alex posed beautifully, and looked the camera in the eye, but the cameraman was busy elsewhere, looking at Margaret.

Margaret is another of George Holland's pets. Her fancy name is Testudo Iberia, but we call her an African Land-tortoise—George was very emphatic on the point that Margaret was a tortoise, not a turtle. She spends her time in the Zoo lab, hidden away in a drawer of test tubes, along with another of the same breed.

We took the tortoise outside for some air. She demonstrated her remarkable speed by covering ten feet in fifteen minutes flat. It was animals like Margaret that inspired the legend of the "hare and the tortoise."

Both the snake and the tortoise are pets of George. He keeps them "just for fun." The snake was given to him by Professor Spencer, and is at present very young. It eats at intervals of several weeks, and is growing very slowly. According to George it will some day be two or three feet in length. In the meantime Alex rests in a glass box and rattles all day.—D. R. B.

Your Nearest Bank is

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A general banking business is transacted, and accounts of the Faculty and Students of The University of British Columbia are welcomed.

BANKERS TO THE ALMA MATER SOCIETY

C. R. Myers, Manager

? JOKES ?

'Member when corn plaster ads just showed the foot?

Country road, the car faltered and then stopped.
He: "Outta gas."
She: "Oh, yeah?" (produces flask from somewhere).
He: "Ah-ha, what's in that flask?"
She: "Gasoline."

Winter is a season when you keep the home as hot as it was in summer when you kicked about it.

The minister had just married an elderly and rather dour Scot to a woman considerably younger, and after the ceremony he remarked to the bridegroom, "Well, McPherson, you'll be going on a honeymoon now?"
"Honeymoon?" echoed Mac. What's that?"

"Oh, you know," laughed the clergyman. "A little trip somewhere together before you settle down in married life."

The bridegroom shook his head morosely. "A na!" he said, "I dinna hold w' gallivantin' about w' a strange wumman."

A fresh argument for nudism is that it narrows the field of investigation for a lost railway ticket.

Science '35—Do you object to kissing?

Bright Young Thing—That's something I've never done.

S. '35—Kissed?

E. Y. T.: Objected.

Here are a few perplexing questions that are being asked now that the co-ed is approaching:

1. How should I accept an invitation when a girl asks me to go to the co-ed with her?

2. What should I say when a co-ed asks me for a dance?

3. What should I say when a co-ed cuts in on a dance?

4. What should I say if a co-ed asks me to sit out a dance with her?

5. Should I let her hold my hand?

6. Should I ask her in when she takes me home?

7. Should I let her kiss me when she says good-bye?

And so on, far, far into the night.

Epitaph

Little Alice now is dead,
To her a toast we quaffed,
Someone slugged her on the head
Because she laughed, and laughed,
and laughed.

NOTICE

There will be a meeting of the Literary Forum today (Tuesday) noon, at 12:15 sharp, in Arts 105. Will all members please attend—without lunches!

F. L. ANSCOMBE

TAILOR

Dry Cleaning and Pressing
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FEATURES

PLAYERS' TOUR MAY BE REVIVED

Club Member Tells of Adventures on Past Tours

The Players' Club tour! The acme of desire for all members of the club, the envy of all non-members, the closest link between the University and the outlying parts of British Columbia! The Players' Club tour!

The tour began in the club's first year, 1915-16, with visits to Victoria and New Westminster at the request of the late President Wesbrook. In 1920 the club ventured into the Okanagan, in 1922 into the Kootenays. In 1931 the tour reached its zenith with 25 performances.

Altogether, 28 towns in British Columbia have enjoyed the University players, and local charitable organizations have benefited by the profits made in sponsoring them.

It was a great event for the players to come to town, and royal entertainments were planned for them. The 1920 cast, for instance, will never forget their first arrival at Penticton. Disembarking from the lake steamer, they found the front of the Incola Hotel a fairyland of coloured lights, the lobby gay with university colours, and all the town come to do them honour at a dance.

And later casts will not forget a different approach to the same hotel—the launch trip down from Sumnerland about 1 a.m., with the scenery piled on the cabin roof, a moon beaming down, a guitar tinkling, laughter and song. What romance! It's a pity statistics have never been kept on the marriages resulting from tour.

Late Hours

Well, it is the greatest fun on earth and also the hardest work. Weary, sooty hours on the train, an afternoon spent struggling with recalcitrant scenery and lights while the girls iron endless costumes, a hurried supper, then back to the theatre for make-up, then the performance, then the thankless job of repacking, then a crowded reception at somebody's home, and then bed, anywhere between 1 and 2 a.m. Try that for two weeks!

Friendships Formed

Altogether, the casts get to know one another pretty well—especially in the numerous theatres that have only one dressing room for both sexes! 'Tis an honest saying that no one ever came back from tour a prude.

The grandest thing about tour is the friendships that it makes—friends of the University all over the province, and friends among the cast who will be held together for ever by memories of what will very likely be the happiest time of their lives.

The tour makes troupers too; it takes ordinary actors and turns them into troupers. A troupe's a pal you can count on; he'll take the bumps with you and keep on smiling; he knows the theatre back-stage and front; and he's infected with that crazy virus that makes people dream and scheme and work themselves to death for the Player's Club.

And that is why the Players' Club wants to renew its tour this year.

GERALD PREVOST

Echoes Of Education

Now that the nightmarish Arts '20 road race and the second practice teaching week in the high schools are off the books, we can sit back, perhaps close our eyes, and dream of what we've heard in recent lectures.

Was it not our Jennie who said: "Believe me, Franzen was a man with a technique."

And did not the inimitable Sedgewick admit that his "name's not only middle class—it's of extremely low class," but that he didn't "care a ***&!!".

Ustinks, too, it was he (St. Peter wouldn't let US in, children) who confided that He knew "some potent women teachers," and told us the story of the Cockney nurse who always "took out the baby for an airing in the morning."

Sure, sure.

And one day he was so crabby he offered this mother of pearl: "The winds and the waves obeyed him, and, lo, there was a great clam."

Then we seem to remember also a certain non-biblical David waking up in the lecture room, and whispering ghost-like to his neighbor: "Gosh, I dreamt I was teaching then."

Why, we can even picture how the bright specimen commonly called Saul meekly venturing in a methods class: "In 1741 Behring sailed through a strait now Behring his name."

JUNIOR PROM

MAR. 7, SPANISH GRILL

depends on private enterprise, particularly of public utility companies. The B. C. Electric has invested scores of millions in this province, which has helped develop it as a home for its present citizens.

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HIRAM HITS TOWN

Dear Anny:

I hope you see as how I'm calling you by your new name. I landed up in Vancouver about a week back and imediately went to see that there smart alick who put your letter in the paper. He was so god darned nice to me and told me so many nice lies about how your letter came to be printed that I've went and got me a job working for him. It looks like a soft job to me, all I've got to do is to watch what people are doing here and write and tell you about it. What he gets out of it I don't know, but he said for me to give him the letters to give you and I get a meal in a elegant restaurant (the Cafeteria, maybe you've heard about it.)

Anyway we went down and drunk a couple of cups of brown stuff from a big silver tank and in a few minutes all the lights went out. When they came on again I was all alone and I found that all the doors were locked. I heard singing coming from up above so after a while I found a door that was open and I went upstairs to see who was making all the noise. I opened a door and saw a big room full of people so I snuck in soft like and set in a cheer like in a theayter and ahure enough there was a show going on. The people on the platform must of been strangers on account of they had on funny clothes like I ain't seen before, but they sure could sing. I aint never heard nothing like it before.

I was skeered for one young feller in a green coat that was arguin a ghost into being alive again and as I aint one for digging up the passed, I felt sort of uneasy for a while. It was a good show alright alright but theys two things Id like to know. 1. Whose diory was Miss Rose Maybud reading out all them orders from cause they sure must have been around. 2. There was a fellow standing up in front of the band shaking a little stick at them, and I noted lots of times when they started a new song that the band and the singers and the fellow all started together, what beats me is, how does he know when theyre goin to start? It beats me.

Love from your own

Hiram.

KNIGHTHOOD IN FLOWER

Prominent Pepster Trapped In Tin

Knighthood flowered again Friday morning when Pepster DePoe persuaded three cronies to help him into the suit of armour used in "Ruddigore." But knighthood went quickly to seed again when Sir Norman's esquires basely deserted him and he found he could not raise his arms higher than his shoulders. "What felony is this!" roared the knight from the tiny depths of his burgonet, as he struggled vainly to reach the visor which had been rammed down into battle position. "Come back, ye scurvy varlets! Poltroons! By the stomach of the Pope I trow I will make your empty costards ring till Michaelmas, an ye do not release me forthwith!" But his cries were answered only by the slamming of distant doors, and while the knight would fain have pursued the rogues, he feared the disturbance that would be aroused by the appearance of an armed man in the quad. Therefore he retired to the darkest corner back stage to meditate.

It was here that a band of pubsters discovered him ten minutes later, minus helmet and shield, but still struggling vainly to reach the buckles of his corselet, vaunt-braces, and cuisses.—K. G.

BOOK REVIEW

By T. Murray Hunter

A land of light and shadows—where the beauty of the pastoral countryside is contrasted with the squalor of the industrial city—is the picture drawn by the celebrated author, J. B. Priestley, in his latest work entitled: English Journey. It is a book that is undoubtedly best summarized by the writer himself—as "a rambling but truthful account of what one man saw and heard and felt and thought during a journey through England during the autumn of the year 1933."

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the book is Priestley's conversational style—a style that, for better or for worse, is intensely personal. Thus, there is a never ending stream of anecdotes, character sketches and observations that sweeps the reader along with the current of the author's thoughts and feelings.

But English Journey must not be taken as merely the autobiography of a gifted author. Through his eyes we catch the vision of a new England—the modern England of the twentieth century. And there is much good and much evil in this land, as depicted by an impartial writer.

From the Cotswolds to the Black Country, and from there to the West Riding of Yorkshire and the north-east coast, Priestley gathers a succession of strangely incongruous impressions. He frequently gives vent to a harshly critical and even cynical expression of feeling, and he has a keen sense of the ridiculous—so that a district in the Cotswolds receives a notable tribute from the author when he remarks: "There is no Ye Olde Chipping Campden nonsense about it."

Yet it is only when viewing the deplorable living conditions of the unemployed in the northern industrial areas near Newcastle that he breathes words of fire. His gloomy reflections are crystallized in one solemn sentence: "If T. S. Eliot ever wants to write a poem about a real wasteland instead of a metaphysical one, he should come here."

Behind all of Priestley's description there is a rather cold, analytical intellect striving to fathom the great problems of life in modern England. And there is a predominant element of contempt present in his work when, in his most austere manner, he observes: "Behind all the new movements of this age, nationalistic, fascistic, communistic, has been more than a suspicion of the mental attitude of a gang of small town louts ready to throw a brick at the nearest stranger."

But it would be a mistake to dismiss English Journey as a sombre and pessimistic treatise on contemporary life in England. The book is much too personal for that. It sparkles. The Priestley who comments so humorously upon hotels, buses, fox-hunting, saxophone-players and pubs is no pedant—he is a man among men. His book has a wide appeal, and it will always be treasured by those whose interests are centred in the three Englands that he has seen: the Old, the Nineteenth Century and the New.

English Journey, by J. B. Priestley, London, Heinemann-Gollancz, 1934.

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CAMPUS SPORT

Adanacs Take Lead In Title Race

Soccerites Defeat Chinese Students

Close Tilt Goes To Thunderbirds 4-3

By a score of 4-3 Varsity ousted Chinese Students from the Mainland Cup competition Saturday in a rugged contest at the Cambie Street Grounds.

The game produced only flashes of good football. The Orientals adopted spilling tactics and their kick-and-rush type of play prevented the Thunderbirds from settling down. Outside of a few flashes of combination play by the forward line, the Colligians merely took advantage of the breaks to pile up their total.

MacDougall Scores First

Varsity took the lead before the game was five minutes old, MacDougall heading through on a concerted Thunderbird raid. This completed the scoring for the half, and indicated the margin between respective Students.

The Blue and Gold were much superior in the second half, although below their usual standard. They went into a 3-0 lead when Bill Wolfe developed sharp-shooting tendencies to tally twice. The first came when Kozolin headed into the goal-mouth and the second from Laurie Todd's pass.

Chinese Rush Scores

With half an hour gone a Chinese rush confused the Varsity defence, and the inside-right snapped a shot into the corner. Archie MacDougall regained the lost advantage when he took the ball on a poor goal-kick to coolly drive it into the net.

Ten minutes from time another misunderstanding permitted Quene Yip to tally with a hard drive. In the last minute the same player jumped up to head a pretty goal from a corner. The game ended as Varsity kicked off.

Paul Kozolin was again the outstanding player, Munday, MacDougall and Thurber being the pick of the rest. Bill Wolfe was still hampered by the "flu" and was forced out of the game fifteen minutes from time, his place being taken by Will Irish.

The Team:

Greenwood, Quayle, Sutherland, Thurber, Kozolin, Stewart, Laurie Todd, Irish, Munday, MacDougall (2), Wolfe (2), and Dave Todd.

Huskies Win In Deciding Battle

VARSITY LOSES 8-4

A squad of very discouraged and weary hockey players returned to the campus yesterday with a disheartening tale to tell. They suffered an 8-4 set-back on Friday night at the hands of a strong University of Washington team. The win was the deciding game of the series and by it the Huskies gained possession of a trophy which Varsity has held since hockey as an inter-collegiate sport was dropped in 1924.

The Thunderbirds sadly missed the services of Clarence Taylor. This classy left-winger, who is just about the whole team, had to remain in Vancouver to help the Vics in a play-off game. Without him, the team never looked good for a win except perhaps for a short time in the first period.

Varsity Starts Well

Varsity was off to a good start on goals by Hager and Livingstone but the Huskies soon began to click to even it up 2 all at the end of the period. The Huskies were never headed after that.

Led by their stars Harold Smith and Doug Mavor the Maroon and White team made it 4-2 at the end of the second and coasted in to wind up the night's work at 8-4.

Ronnie Andrews in goal turned in a commendable performance. Lambert and Livingstone were the best of the others.

Lineups and Summary:

U. B. C.	Washington
Andrews	G..... Reed
Burnett	D..... Holland
Lee	D..... Carter
Livingstone	F..... Remphier
Little	F..... Mavor
Lambert	F..... Smith
Sanderson	S..... Houston
Cudmore	S..... Collier
Trussel	S..... Litsey
Hager	S..... Robertson
Winkler	S..... Black

First Period — (1) U.B.C., Hager (Burnett), 2:55; (2) U.B.C., Livingstone 9:36; (3) U.W., Smith (Mavor), 17:25; (4) U.W., Collier (Houston), 17:45. Penalties: None.

Second Period — (5) U.W., Litsey (Mavor), 11:13; (6) Mavor (Smith) 15:56; (7) U.W., Houston, 19:41. Penalties: Livingstone, Cudmore.

Third Period — (8) U.W., Smith (Mavor), 1:29; (9) U.B.C., Lambert, 4:39; (10) U.W., Smith, 16:43; (11) U.W., Mavor (Litsey), 7:53; (12) U.B.C., Livingstone, 18:53. Penalties: None.

Madeley

Ruggers To Play Van. Rep

Can Varsity pull a tie out of the McKechnie Cup race?

It all depends on the Vancouver Rep team, which was chosen after last Saturday's game between the All-Blacks and The Rest.

There is little doubt that the Blue and Gold can take the Rep. Saturday's game was ragged and showed a deteriorated North Shore aggregation, and the game was a tie. At the same time, it will be no walk-over when the Thunderbirds pile into them next week-end.

But can Vancouver down Victoria? A field goal is no guarantee of good rugby, and Victoria could not pass Varsity's line, even before they got up to their present form. It was a lucky break for them when they took the Blue. It is doubtful if they will make much of an impression on the Rep.

The game between Varsity and the Rep. will be played Saturday at Brockton Point.

Next Saturday's game promises to be only second to the great All-Black contest two weeks ago.

Get out and watch it!

Varsity Walks Over Marpole

LINE-UP CHANGES WORK

Varsity ruggers continued their march towards winning the Miller Cup by defeating Marpole 37-6 on Saturday. This leaves two games to play, one against Rowing Club, the other against Nanaimo.

The score is not indicative of the game. In the first half the Blue and Gold line was threatened time and again, and they were lucky when at half time the score stood 11-3. During the second half the student plays began to click better. This may have been due to change in the back-field line-up. Carey came up to scrub half with Birr back to take his place. Robson moved to five eights, and Roxborough to centre three. Roberts took Bird's place on the wing. With these changes Varsity started scoring runs and for the linesman it was one continual march from the side-line to the goal line.

Madeley

Inter-Class Basketball Reaches Semi-Finals

Arts '37 handed Science '37 a 34-8 drubbing last Thursday to eliminate the first Science team since the start of the series.

Last year's champions played flashy basketball all the way and proved that they are going to be the team to beat again this year.

Baskets by Idyll, McKee and Mac-
hin started the Artsmen off on the right foot and they kept piling up their lead until at the half the score was 20-4.

The Science men played better ball in the second half, holding their opposition down for about 10 minutes of this period, while scoring 4 points themselves. With the score 24-8 the Artsmen again went on a scoring rampage, making the final score 34-8.

Idyll, McLachlan and McKee were the pick of the Artsmen, while Ross and Obada starred for Science.

Arts '37 now meet the winner of the Science '38-Science '36 game. The winner of this Arts-Science classic will play Science '35 for the championship.

is expected to retain the women's singles crown.

There are also handicap events billed.

The club hopes to be able to stage the finals in the gym Wednesday noon.

Rhodes

Thunderbirds Win And Lose In League Playoff Games

SATURDAY'S GAME

The Thunderbirds proved conclusively that they are still very much in the running for the Lower Mainland Basketball Championship when they handed Adanacs a sound trouncing before a near-capacity crowd in the University Gym Saturday night. The issue was never doubtful. Varsity led the Yellow-shirts through out the game, and controlled the play. They took the lead in the first minutes, held it throughout, and finally triumphed by a 34-22 score.

The first half was just about a repetition of the first halves of all the games played by Varsity in the last month or so. The Thunderbirds showed marked superiority over the other team, checking, dribbling, shooting and blocking in brilliant style.

Varsity Leads 21-13

In consequence they found themselves with a substantial eight point lead at half time, the score standing at 21-13. No one was particularly surprised at that, but a lot of people expected that they would wilt in the second half as they have been all too apt to do lately.

But the Thunderbirds seemed to have no intention of losing, whether by fourteen points or by one point, as they returned for the second half. Instead, they gradually increased their lead, and nothing Mayers or Fraser or Mathison or any of the Adanacs could do had any effect on Varsity's purpose to come out on top.

Mayers Stars

They continued to set the pace, rushing the ball up and down the floor at a fast clip, but not so fast as in the first stanza. George Pringle and Ralph Henderson showed nice long shooting form for Varsity, getting two long heaves apiece, while Mayers showed the Adanacs how they should do it by popping long ones over Tommy Mansfield's head. The big Adanac forward had a very definite on night, and was the only Yellow Shirt to show any real class.

Both Adanacs and Varsity were inclined to be careless as the game drew to a close. Mayers dribbled the length of the floor through the Varsity defence for the last basket of the game, and it was just as well for both their reputations that the game ended there.

However, although the team played good basketball in the second half, and out-scored the Westminster boys by four points in that period, they revealed some disorganization, criticism beginning to fly among the players, so that they were not as effective as in the first half.

Blocking Illegal?

Bardsley was again banished on four fouls, as was Mathison of the Adanac team. Two of Jimmie's fouls were called when he was using the new blocking play, and the legality of the blocking was questioned.

The four regulars on the Varsity team scored all of U.B.C.'s points, while Mayers got by far the greater number of Adanac's. Willoughby led the Thunderbirds with eleven points. Bardsley scored nine, Henderson eight and Pringle six. Mayers scored thirteen of Adanac's twenty-two markers, the next highest score on the Westminster team being Mathison's three.

Teams:

Varsity — Pringle 6, Bardsley 9, Wright, Mansfield, Henderson 8, Willoughby 11, Swan, Osborne, Ross 34.

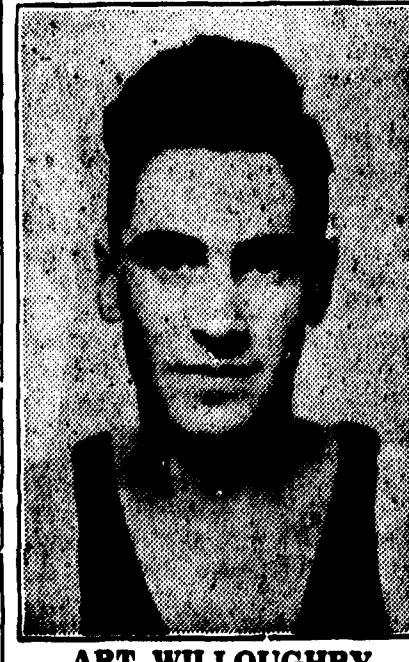
Adanacs — Mathison 3, Meehan, Fraser 2, Mayers 13, Smith 2, McEwan 2, McDonald, Holmes 22.

Idyll

SPORT NOTICE

There will be a track practice Wednesday and Friday at 3:15. Percy Williams will be out.

Going Good



ART WILLOUGHBY

Art has been playing a great game in the playoffs, and has proved a real thorn in the Adanac sides so far. The burden of the attack has often been on his shoulders due to Bardsley's frequent absences from the floor on personals. Art, with twelve points, was high man for Varsity Saturday.

LAST NIGHT'S GAME

In a spiritless contest last night Adanacs on the large arena floor in New Westminster, registered a one-sided 39-21 victory over Varsity to take the lead in the struggle for the League Title. Score at half time was 28-10, and although the Thunderbirds held them even for the rest of the game they were unable to close the break.

Willoughby's shooting during the whole game was terrible, and they missed numerous free shots that would have meant a lot. Mathison and Douglas, both Adanac players, were banished on personals. The former, along with Mayers and Fraser, were outstanding for the Royalites, while Willoughby and Henderson were the best of the Students.

Varsity: Willoughby (4), Bardsley (4), Henderson (6), Pringle (3), Mansfield (3), Osborne (1). Total—21.

Adanacs: Mayers (8), Mathison (9), Wright (8), Fraser (8), Holmes (4), McEwan (2). Total—39.

Varsity Defeats Yakima College

SECOND STRING HOLDS VISITORS

With the second string of their first team and the better players of their Senior "B" squad on the floor for the greater part of the time, Varsity defeated Yakima College in a slow basketball tilt Friday noon. Though Ellensburg Normal fell before this Washington team in the south, Yakima did not measure up to expectations. And after Bardsley, Willoughby et al had given the locals a fair lead the second team had little trouble in holding it.

The game opened with rather suitable play when Willoughby secured the ball from the tipoff, started the wrong way, and recovered himself to dribble the length of the floor and score. Larabee countered with a shot from the side and the Yakima captain, six-foot three "Slim" Fewell gave his team the lead by sinking a rebound. Art Willoughby came in from the side unchecked to even the count, and two blocking plays allowed Henderson and Pringle baskets.

Half-time 17-13

Three more quick baskets by Fewell gave the Junior College boys the lead for the last time 10-8. In spite of the fact that the second string were on the floor for the rest of the half, Varsity finished on top 17-13.

Before going to the showers the first team took the floor to register six points as the final canto began. Sherer found the hoop for a basket and a free shot, and Smith's long shot all the way from center, along with Nelsen's foul throw, completed the visitor's scoring for the day. Cy Phillips swished a long one through as the bell rang.

Teams and Scores:

Varsity — Bardsley, Willoughby 8, Henderson 2, Pringle 4, Osborne 2, Swan 2, Mansfield, Ross 4, McEwan 2, Patmore 1, Phillips 2, Stockvis, Hardwick. Total—27.

Yakima — Fewell 8, Larabee 2, McGordon 2, Smith 4, Nelsen 1, Sherer 3. Total—20.

Edmonds

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Seymour 481

Varsity Wins on the Grass

Varsity hockey men defeated Vancouver Club in a friendly match Saturday by the score 3-1. Knight and O'Neil scored for Varsity while Coney got Vancouver's lone tally. Next Saturday Varsity meets Cricketers at Brockton Point.

LOST

Three grey tweed overcoats on the day of the Arts '30 relay—near "Eternity Where?" Please return to Cyril Chave, P.G. 430.

Thunderbirds-Adanacs Wed. At Varsity