

RED DEVILS DRAFT SATAN

There'll Be A Hot Time . .

Invade Commodore Tomorrow For Annual Frolic At 9 p.m.

Special to the SCIENCE Ubyssy

By IMALILREDEVIL

HADES, FEB. 9, 1943—SNOWED under by old Father Neptune, harassed by conflicting regulations and rumours of rumours, haunted by shortages of ale and beer, and shelled by beauty and glamor for the past three days, Satan's little red devils gleefully tossed their slipsticks and CE30 paper onto the floor and prepared to celebrate for the event of the year—THE SCIENCE BALL AT THE COMMODORE CABARET TOMORROW NIGHT. The hard-working, fast-tinking, and smooth-talking EUS brain trust of Roy Deane, Gordon Rogers, Stan Beaton, Bob Davidson, Jawn Creighton, Sandy Buckland, Brick Elliot, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Moore, Mr. Norton, Mr. Narod, and Mr. Bannerman have broken their clam-like silence to issue the following Order-in-Council:

1. SATAN'S FROLIC, otherwise known as the SCIENCE BALL, will be held at the Commodore Cabaret Wednesday night.
2. Lil red devils will be admitted for \$3.25.
3. Tickets are on sale from any member of the brain trust.
4. Dress optional.
5. Corsages banned.
6. Pep meet, today noon. Ap. Sc. 100.
7. Watch for the Science Issue today.
8. Mystery prize will be awarded for the best decorated table.
9. Be respectful to the Discipline Committee.
10. Bring your own . . . girl, that is.

Tickets

In an exclusive to the SCIENCE UBYSSY, genial John Creighton—little red devil in charge of propaganda—stated that a few tickets would be sold to Artsmen and Agricultural students. Preference, of course, goes to the redshirts; but if any tickets remain unsold or not spoken for by tomorrow morning at 11:26 hours these may be bought by other students from the EUS executive.

With the usual confidence of a forestry engineer, Jack said, "I know that every Scienceman who can beg, borrow, or otherwise obtain the price of a ticket (\$3.25) will attend. This frolic, he revealed, "will be the most memorable one in the lives of the slipstick brigade."

Tall and Cool

Those of you who danced and whatnotted at the Science Ball last year will recall with envy the mystery prize awarded for the best decorated table. According to Gordie Rogers, president of the Engineer's Undergraduate Society a similar prize will be offered this year. All senior students intending to decorate are encouraged to be down early tomorrow afternoon labs and lectures notwithstanding.

According to the Grapex no anything may happen, but the line-up of decorations is something like this. The Chemicals are going to the Devil with a new heating system, the Stoker are on strike, the Civils are inventing a new road, and the release of military power.

will; the Mechanicals are perfecting a pipeline to transmit heat from Hell to Vancouver next winter; the Electricals are still thinking; the Foresters won't talk; and the others (including the junior years) haven't started.

Dress Optional

All engineers are reminded that formal dress is not essential. Many little red devils have indicated that they intend to wear business suits. This year's policy is thus no different from that of previous years. Your EUS executive wishes to make it clear that SATAN'S FROLIC formally the SCIENCE BALL (price \$3.25) is your party; and it's going to be a democratic party.

So wear what you want with-in reason, of course. Get in touch with your best girl friend—or if she is not in town, someone else. This Ball is expected to be the BEST yet. It, too, shall pass, but when you look back on it you will recall the greatest revival of Science Spirit since the campaign of—well—the less said the better.

A. R.

Patrons

The honorary patrons of the Science Ball are: Dean and Mrs. J. N. Emlyson, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Melloy, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Finlay, Dr. and Mrs. H. O. Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Peckle.

Buck Begets Blushes At Red Pep Meet

THE CO-EDS on the campus shed a tear or two when they heard that the much-discussed, long-anticipated Science Pep Meet could not be held in the Auditorium as in the past. Don't blame the Red Shirts for they worked hard to put on a Pep Meet just a little better, yes, and just a little livelier (or maybe spicier) than usual. Blame it on that unpredictable and fickle weatherman, and the coal miners who are working everywhere but in the coal mines.

We're sorry Co-eds but we too are disappointed, for we have been looking forward to a comely blush or two, starting in the vicinity of the neck and slowly migrating to cast a ruddy glow over those dimpled cheeks.

However the Red Devils can't be stopped that easily, and the Pep meet still goes on. It will be held in Applied Science 100 at 12:30 today, noon, and as the space is limited and the Little Red Devils will be there first, well that doesn't leave much room for Co-eds. For those who want to come early, the line will form four deep, and will stretch out along the West Mall.

Roy Deane is capably running the show, ably assisted by one John Zabinski who is rapidly earning himself a reputation as a playwright. Doing the honors as MC will be the perennial Q. Buck (Remember that one about the little snake without a pit.)

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INNOCENCE

- AN INNOCENT pre-med student (whoever heard of an innocent pre-med student?) would like a date with another innocent for the Science Ball. Teetotalers, "D.P.'s, Kappas and triflers need not apply. Object—matrimony, if necessary. References and incidentals on request. Is there some girl who is willing to take a chance? "Nothing ventured, nothing gained". Phone KErr 0000—i faccepte! nickel will be refunded. * Doo Pushers.

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ROCKIES"
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Faculties On Parade

Forestry Engineering

• SINCE THE START of the War, 16 of the 29 forestry graduates of the last three years have enlisted in some branch of the fighting forces. The largest number have joined the Air Force and the R.C.E., but other services include Artillery, Signal Corps and the Navy.

The remaining graduates are engaged in many of the various phases of the production and fabrication of the essential war material—wood. Their activities range from logging of spruce and fir to inspection of spruce wing-beams prior to assembly in

a fighter plane.

Earlier graduates have also joined many branches of the Active Service or are doing essential work in Industry or Government Service in the protection, management, production and utilization of forests and forest products. The Government has stressed the immediate importance of wood material for the war effort and UBC foresters are ably assisting in producing these materials, but are also planning for a continuation of wood supplies which will be urgently needed in the post-war period.

Chemical Engineering

• GRADUATES FROM the Honour Course in Chemistry and from Chemical Engineering are serving in the war in many capacities. Some are engaged in research on war problems in the laboratories of Canadian Universities, the National Research Council of Canada, the Ontario Research Foundation or in industrial research laboratories. Fifty are employed as chemists in oil refineries, five of whom are at Bahrain Island, in the Gulf of Persia.

Forty are serving Defence Industries, Limited; thirty are in the copper-zinc-nickel and magnesium production industries, four others are employed by the Aluminium Company of Canada. Twelve are employed in the production of hydrogen-ammonia-nitric acid and ammonium nitrate and two in sulphuric

acid plants. Five are employed in the production of potash, sodium carbonate, sodium sulphate and borax. Twenty-seven are serving in the paper industries, fifteen of whom are producing rayon pulp for the manufacture of cellulose nitrate. Nineteen are chemists in food producing industries. Five are employed in the production of synthetic rubber and ten in various plastic industries. Six are employed by Government Inspection Boards or Government Purchasing Departments.

Sixteen are in the Armed Services, including two in the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps.

In addition, many other graduates, who major in chemistry, are serving in a wide assortment of chemical industries.

Mining Engineering

• METALLURGICAL research in the University, prior to and in the early war years, proved so important in relation to War production, and to metal plants, that in 1942, it was organized by grants from Dominion and Provincials Governments under a Board known as the British Columbia War Metals Research Board, which is now in busy operation.

Practical results of these research activities include development of treatment methods for certain ores which can be mined in quantity in British Columbia from known tonnages. As a result, assured,

probable and possible productions of such metals, or metal products, as cobalt, tungsten, Nickel and arsenic, promise to run into large figures. And a large tungsten plant is already under construction.

An interesting phase of the work is the investigation of metal treatment problems, arising in local engineering works, in connection with steel and alloy metals. Many of these problems have already been solved with much benefit to local manufacture. This work is rapidly growing. While not spectacular it will be of great and increasing economic importance.

Mechanical and Electrical Engineering

• IN THE PRESENT war Mechanical and Electrical Engineers are chiefly concerned with the design, construction, and operation of endless types of equipment. The solution of the problems confronted is generally beyond the scope of University work. But some twenty students in this department have been assisting an industrial firm of Vancouver in making drawings and plans connected with the manufacture of war equipment.

About a year ago the need for technical officers in the Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps and in the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals was emphasized. Quite a number of fifth year students enlisted at that time and arrangements were made whereby

fourth year students might enlist, attend special courses for four months during the summer and return to the University to complete their final year. Seventeen of the fourth year students who volunteered were accepted. They all received their commissions and after completion of their final year in the spring will return as officers to active service.

The authorities are quite definite in stating that Engineering students should complete their University work but this plan for saving time has proved so successful that they intend to use it this coming year and possibly extend it to other services. In accepting it any student is making his finest contribution to the war effort.

The Perfect Acknowledgement

EDITOR'S NOTE—The following gem was submitted as the PERFECT acknowledgement to be used for annual theses. Drooling with love, it could well be studied by those who pass not by merit alone.

• IN PREPARING this report, the author wishes to thank particularly Dr. Serganovitch Smith, B.A., B.A.Sc., M.A.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.C.S., Fellow of the G.S.A. and Hero of the Georgian Days for the assistance rendered to this grateful and respecting student who would like specially to stress the kindly spirit of cooperation and the thoughtful consideration shown to him during the cold snap when this so noble professor shared his warm office with the undeserving author.

Deeply I recall the never-failing enthusiasm which he displayed during those long, trying and I may say intimate hours when the author struggling along with his limited facilities was inspired and stimulated by the brilliant imagination and endless ingenuity displayed by this so splendid and resourceful geologist, without whom, I may say, the geological department would be at a loss.

I feel that it is my duty, and it certainly is an honor, to acknowledge his assistance, nay more than assistance—say rather direction—which this great scientist, this great intellect, this mental marvel has been pleased to so generously endow my efforts. Such a man comes only once in his generation, perhaps once in a century.

UNDERSTATEMENT

He was obviously cast in the same mold as such eminent, and in my opinion, less brilliant geologists as Sir Archibald Fleeceme, G. K. Brawlsen, et al. Lest I be accused of dealing rather hastily with this tribute, for I have taken care to err—if I err at all—in the conservative direction, I shall try to sum the character and genius of this keen philosopher and intrepid scientist by quoting that prominent Icelandic poetess, Olga Ojijkapoo:

"Brown thumb does not from smoking come,
Nor bronzed probiscus
From the sun . . ."
How true this is.

Urge United Engineering Council

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In Publishing this review of Mr. Freeland's address to the Association of Professional Engineers in December, 1942 we sincerely hope that the undergraduates will realize that to attain a singleness of purpose all engineers in every branch of engineering must unite to form a strongly co-ordinated body—A FEDERAL CONGRESS OF ENGINEERS. Once united, the engineers—and not, the politicians and the financiers—can direct the sane utilization of our rapidly diminishing natural resources such as minerals, power, and forests. Mr. Freeland's timely plea is one that should be thoughtfully read and discussed by all engineers—retired, practising, and undergraduate.

• **IF THE** Engineering profession wishes to direct post-war policies of rehabilitation and reconstruction to obtain the sound utilization of the nation's resources, all student and practising engineers across Canada must organize a strongly co-ordinated Dominion Council to act as their voice in post-war politics.

Such was the keynote of the address of P. B. Freeland, retiring president of the engineering profession in British Columbia at the annual meeting of the Association of Professional Engineers last December. In his short spicy talk Mr. Freeland discussed the motion of past-president, McNeill, that the present Dominion Council and members of Voluntary Engineering societies should unite to form a joint Dominion Council of Engineers.

In describing the Associations of Professional Engineers as the 'civil

servants of the engineering profession' he stated, "They are the only engineering groups that have legal Provincial rights which enable them to regulate the entry of alien engineers into Canada, to set high standards for students and those entering the profession, and to prevent possible abuse of privilege by some practising engineers."

"Though the voluntary engineering societies do not have these powers they are commendable in many ways. They permit the ex-

change of ideas between members of similar professions. But since they are disunited they are unable to meet our present abnormal requirements in full."

UNION NOW

Only if thoroughly united can the engineers put up a united front, "especially in the post-war period when those returning from fighting our battles for us may be strongly represented."

"I hope to see the day when engineers no longer have to go hat in hand begging for jobs."

Condemning the tendency of most engineers to subordinate the welfare of their profession to their own particular job he stated, "we woke up suddenly to find that other groups who have taken the precaution of amalgamating are in a vastly superior condition to ours."

Mother (entering room unexpectedly): "Well I never..."

Modern daughter: "Oh, mother, you must have."

Dean Finlayson Looks Ahead

• **DURING** the post-war reconstruction period well-trained and efficient engineers especially those with a broad knowledge and sympathetic understanding of the requirements of humanity will be vitally needed to ensure a sane administration of the nation's unexploited resources prophesied J. Norrison Finlayson,

Dean of the Faculty of Applied Science, and Head of the Civil Engineering Department, in a recent interview.

THINKING ESSENTIAL

Confidently viewing the future and with calm deliberation the Dean stated that the main purpose of any university training was to teach a man to think—sensibly, logically, and coolly.

"The present war-time demand for civil, mechanical, and electrical engineers may be expected to continue indefinitely, and the analytical training that all engineers have received will enable them to transfer from one branch of engineering to another, if necessary, with little loss of time."

To achieve their position in aiding the federal government to utilize and conserve our resources most wisely Dean Finlayson inti-

ated that engineers should form voice in national affairs.

Displaying a keen interest in the education and training of young engineers, particularly those whose financial status prevents them from attending college or University, the Dean looked ahead to the day when the engineers, the state and industry would make definite plans to enable any qualified student of promise to obtain technical training.

The Presidents of all major and minor L.S.E. clubs are requested to meet in the Brock, Thursday, February 11. A representative of each club must attend.

BILL MERCER, President L.S.E.

Gone Is The Day When Joe Was Young And Gay

"He feared neither man nor beast, women nor artsmen. He left this world unsullied by the unavoidable association of those inance descendants of Homer Artsmen. He died of a broken heart—but he was a MAN."

• **NOW** I will tell you younger SCIENCEMEN and any Artsmen who can drag themselves from their toys of Joseph Blotz, Sr. My tale is not about the present Joe Blotz (may his soul roast in Hell) but about Joseph Blotz, Sr., his father. You notice. I cursed Junior, for he partly caused the death of his father—my friend.

The first time I met Joe, Sr., was quite a meek lad in second-year science. But I'd been brought up right, so after the fall mid-term I staggered down to the then-science hang-out on Georgia St. Feeling rather low, having been had on most of my exams, I walked in. Quietly I sneaked to a small table in the corner, set well apart from those of husky red-sweatered carousers who calmly ignored me.

I placed a dollar on the table, and said, "Walter, bring me ten of your best ale—one at a time."

His eyebrows raised an inch. I wondered at the time, but a minute later I realized he'd been serving these red-shirts by the trayful.

SOCIAL OUTCAST

Lonely and silent I sat there, and slowly sipped my beer. I looked neither to right nor left, I was an outcast, for I wore no red sweater to bind me to the others. As I sipped my ninth, still gloomy and unhappy, I felt a touch on my arm. I turned. I jumped. On the chair next to me perched a little MAN who wore a red sweater.

"How the hell did you get here?" I cried in a frenzy.

"Take it easy, son," he said, "I'm your friend. How about a beer?"

Since I had been brought up right, I ordered a big one for him. He gazed at it a minute, with a look of profound emotion in his eyes, then with one word—SCIENCE—he raised it to his lips, and downed it.

At that I turned to him and said, "Sir, who are you, and what are you?" By the way he took that drink I knew he was MAN.

"Well, son," he said, "I'm Joe Blotz; and I'm to the Engineering Faculty what malt is to beer, what Napoleon was to Josephine, and what those other red-shirts will be to you in less than fifteen minutes."

At these last words I sobbed a little and he looked at me with surprise. "Cheer up," he said, "those lads don't notice you because they don't know you're a budding engineer. You've no red sweater, you know."

With these kind words I perked up a little. Then he went on. "You must do something to show them you are an engineer."

"How about buying them a round?" I asked hopefully.

"Lad," he said, "you can buy them gallons of beer (if you can get it). They'd drink it all right, but they wouldn't take you to their hearts as a fellow engineer. You must do something spectacular that's in keeping with the honourable profession you have chosen as your own."

As I gazed around the well-packed tavern, I noticed an insipid-looking specimen several

tables away. Casually I regarded him. Then not so casually. Then ferociously—the word ARTSMAN careened around in my mind.

turned to Joe. He said, "Go, son, and God be with you."

DOWN TO EARTH

With that I leaped out of the chair. Wildly yelling "SCIENCE", I dove at him. A heap on the floor, we thrashed madly about. Then suddenly he was up and away, with me executing a pincer movement at his heels. He was a good runner, I was tanked. In several minutes I came panting back, bloody and proud. As I reached the door, one of the most powerful red-shirts yelled, "Hey pal, come on over." I went introduced myself, and started to live as a MAN. Suddenly I remembered Joe. I looked for him, but he was gone.

After that first time I saw him often. After ten beers he'd appear, and then we'd talk as usual about Wine, WOMEN, Song, and SCIENCE. Sometimes there would be only the two of us; other times there would be a crowd of the trusty red-shirts, and we'd revel till dawn.

Those were the good old days, and memories still linger of:

ALFIE ALLEN—the SMUS prexy in '28, and a signpost outside the pub on a beautiful evening at 11:35. J. CAMERON KING—his capacity and his love life. GEORGIE MINNS—a logger, his capacity, and his love life. BILL CRAIGHEAD—a big and beautiful blond whose vices were similar to Minn's. THE MACINTOSH TWINS—the inseparable Don and John of rugger fame, and a Science Smoker in '38. CHUCK LIGHTHALL—one-time SMUS

prexy, singing in the Georgia BUZZ RYAN—the best song leader we ever had.

And later: THE MIGHTY MITE himself (still pure), and a game of ten-pins when his thumb got stuck and he followed the ball NASH—from the Yukon—and his wild tales of dark meat. HOWIE BENNET—a miner who knew how to enjoy himself. BILL SMITH, WATSON, VIC THORSON—a banquet, a beer, Ah Fuey's, and then? Also a story of a mosquito.

Then there was the second year Science class in '38 and a frosh president whose pants flew from the top of the Science flagpole.

And lately: A reunion party—the remnants of Sc. '42, and friends, and a game of "Who could hit the yellow line from ten stories up." SHORTY DEAN won (with a bottle).

THE GHOST RIDES

Enough of memories. They make me rue the night I met Joe's son in '42. I was astounded when I saw him. Could this be Joe's son? Where were the old man's sterling qualities? His thirst, his spirit, his love of a good spiley joke? I was choked when Junior had one beer and then left. I'm afraid Joe, Sr., was watching my face, for when I looked at him he sighed.

It was then I began to notice that Joe was not as perky as he used to be, and there were worried lines on his forehead. He didn't drink as heartily, didn't chuckle quite so readily. Suddenly I realized that Joe was failing, and my heart sickened within me.

In the fall of '42, Joe only appeared a couple of times. One notable night when I told him

what MacKenzie King was doing to our medicine supply, he collapsed, and it took me several minutes and a bottle of rum to bring him around. One more shock would kill him.

Then, on the afternoon of January 9th, Joe and I were sitting having a few schooners together. Having finished the suds on the table, I called for a couple more. The waiter smiled sickly, and said, "THERE ISN'T ANY MORE."

I looked at Joe. "No more?" he gasped. With those words he slumped slowly to the floor. I knelt over him. He was dead.

I sat back in my chair and let my mind wander over the experiences I had had with Joe. They were by far the best times I've ever had. Then I thought of Joe's son, Joe Blotz, Jr., and I cursed. It was he that hastened the death of my best friend. He it was who broke his father's heart. Had he been other than a chicken-hearted nincompoop, Joe Sr., would be alive today. But when a man's heart is broken and his only love denied him by the government, what is there to live for?

NO MORE FORTY SORTIES

And so I say, "Damn Joe Blotz, Jr.—the coming spirit of Science. Would to God the old days were back, when Engineers worried more about departing artsmen and putting on pep meets than they did about exams and crumb, and when Engineers could gather around the tap down town and not worry about where their next beer was coming from."

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new —"

Will Joe Blotz, Jr. inherit any of his father's qualities?

Will Joe, Sr., go to hell? See the Science issue in 1944

Presidential Nominations Are Due

SCIENCE TRANSFORMS SOVIET

Engineers Lead Russia To New Power And Prosperity

• THAT ENGINEERS can also write successfully is proven by Dyson Carter, a Canadian chemical engineer and author of such controversial, mature, and challenging books as *Night of Flame*, *If You Want to Invent*, *Sea of Destiny*, and *Russia's Secret Weapon*. A former research worker in physical-chemistry and an invention consultant, he is now a widely read journalist having contributed to such publications as *Esquire*, *Magazine Digest*, *MacLeans*, and others.

In *Russia's Secret Weapon* (published by Contemporary Publishers, 165 Selkirk Avenue, Winnipeg) Carter explains the amazing transition of the Soviet Union from a land of primitive peasantry to one of the world's mightiest powers. In an explanation that will appeal to all engineers he says that the leaders of the Soviet Union have completely and thoroughly applied Science to create a social, political, economic and military organization of a type hitherto believed impossible. Carter writes with a simple yet powerful style—not with the detachment of an observer or of a student but as a militant believer, an ardent devotee who has seen the wonders of the Soviet and is bursting with enthusiasm.

Russia's secret weapon is Science. This Soviet SCIENCE has brought about an industrial revolution within 25 years, has given the Soviet people a new way of life and the incentive to defend that new way of life with all the power and resources of a new industrial nation.

SCIENCE GROWS WHEAT

Clearly and concisely, Carter describes the Yefremov system of growing wheat which has resulted in yields of 200 bushels per acre. (A Canadian farmer considers 40 bushels per acre a heavy crop). Yefremov was a peasant farmer who studied agriculture in a collective farm school. Overcoming the objections of pedants and experts he conducted experiments to utilize the maximum growing power of sunshine and eventually found a way to increase the amount of sunshine available to each plant.

Briefly, the Yefremov system is as follows: Grain is planted according to the way the sun's rays fall in each particular farming region. "Sowing does not follow fences or roads or rivers, as in the old system, but is laid out by special surveyors who have been trained to know the sun's direction throughout the season . . . Before, it was not economical to fertilize grain fields. Now it has become

practical to do so; for Yefremov's system makes five times more wheat grow on each acre at little extra cost in machines and labor."

CONQUEST OF COAL

In the Soviet, low grade coal is not mined. It is burned underground to produce enormous quantities of coal gas. "To set a coal mine on fire you need two shafts leading down to the coal, and a horizontal shaft joining the two shafts. The coal is lighted. Surface fans blow air down one shaft. The quantity of air controls the amount of coal burned and the heat produced . . . This inferno of heat turns the mine into a gas-works of monstrous output."

The coal gas produced is used in three ways. It may be burned in regular industrial furnaces. It may be used in the new super-hot gas turbines, directly coupled to electric generators which have reduced the cost of electricity to one-fifth of that of hydro and steam plants. Finally, the flaming mines may be used "as vast automatic chemical factories."

Carter also mentions the recent work of the Russian physicist, Dr. Kapitza, winner of the Faraday Medal. Dr. Kapitza has developed a turbine which spins at the rate of 60,000 revolutions per minute and blows air at the rate of 1200 miles per hour. With it he was able to make liquid air and liquid helium much quicker and cheaper than by the standard methods. With this turbine and the enormous amounts of coal gas from their burning mines, the Russian chemists were able to make the highest quality motor fuel, explosives, synthetic rubber, plastics, and a host of other products.

STATE MEDICINE

In the thirty nine pages of this book, Carter also describes the Soviet system of state medicine which makes the finest medical services available to everyone, free of charge. Moscow has become the recognized leading centre in blood research and is now far ahead of other countries. He graphically analyzes the effects of Science on the Red Army; the Civil Defence Organization, which has transformed every citizen (man or woman) into a trained fighter; marriage and the equality of women; and the opportunities everyone has to enjoy music, art, the theatre, the libraries, and sports and recreation centres.

EDUCATION

How did the Russians develop technicians so quickly? "The Russian Academy of Science was changed from a society of gray-beards into a body running the research for 180,000,000 people. Second, science students were admitted to universities only if they showed special ability; no fees were charged; all students were paid while they studied. Third, science students had to work part time in industry, or on farms. Fourth, instead of a few research

centres the Soviet plan for controlling Science called for a laboratory in every factory and field. Fifth, research problems were to come from industry, agriculture, and the State Planning Commission."

A DETERMINED NATION

In his conclusion, Carter compares the Soviet attitude to the war and the post-war world with ours. Armed with their weapon of Science and steered by fierce belief in the justice of their system, the Soviet peoples fight as one great heroic army. Though our leaders avow the cause of progress and draw up plans for the millenium, we are unmoved by visions of this Utopia; for though famous speakers proclaim freedom from hunger and want, freedom born of security for all, freedom for the oppressed races, freedom of conscience and thought . . . we are uncertain."

"That is the difference between us and the people of the Soviet. However desperately we reach out to feel the shape of the new world promised us, we cannot touch its vague outlines. But the Soviet people have built a new world with their own hands! While we guess and hope for a new way of life, they know it—they have it—they LIVE IT!"

—John Hood,
Science '44.

• CAMPUS politicians remain silent—too silent as the deadline for presidential nominations draws to a close. So far nobody—man, woman or child wishes to become President of the Students' Council for the session 1943-1944.

Students are equally disinterested in the other positions. The Grapevine says that Bob Whyte of the Unemployment Bureau will run for Treasurer, Murdo MacKenzie of the Mamooks for LSE, and Richard Bibbs of the Parliamentary Forum for Junior Member or President of MUS, and Marry Franklin for president of MAA.

Victoria Co-eds Defeat UBC

• FEMININE debaters from Victoria College defeated UBC team in a debate held Friday in Arts 100.

Pamela Mitchel and Isabel Clay from Victoria College arguing the negative of "Resolved that Canadian National unity can best be achieved by increasing the scope of Dominion jurisdiction," defeated Pamela Seivewright and Betty Tapp of the Women's Public Speaking Club.

LOST—One black loose-leaf—name on inside cover—Walley Marsh. Return to AMS office.

Shopping with Mary Ann

• SMOOTH is the word for a new idea in clothes in which we are specializing this spring. The two-piece frock, made to be worn as a suit as well, the jacket lined with summer weight silk, and as clever a sheer blouse as one could imagine with tiny tucks and lace insertions, replicas of the good old days. These suits are most effective in light weight wools and special colors and off shades, and are the most wearable garment one would want. Why not stop at LAWRENCE studio on the third floor of the ARTS AND CRAFTS BUILDING 578 SEYMOUR ST., and talk over the matter with Lydia?

• CASUAL shoes for casual times is the answer to your spring-time shoe problem. You are probably conserving your last few gas coupons for very special occasions and so want a pair of walking shoes that are not the usual prosaic oxfords. Your answer can be found on the MEZZANINE FLOOR OF RAE-SON. There you will find all styles and types of sport shoes in ghillie ties, moccasins, loafers, and all priced at \$7.95. They come mostly in tan—very smart to wear either with your new spring suit or for more informal wear on the campus.

• HOW TO impress your girl in one easy lesson—take her a box

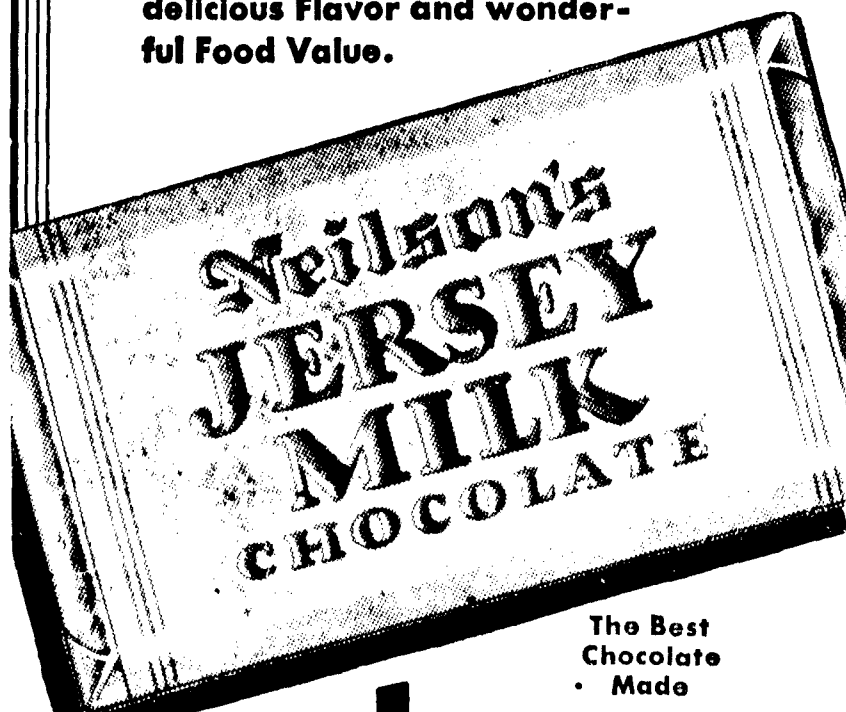
of Purdy's luscious chocolates on February 14—Valentine's Day. Or if you want the girl back home to know you are still thinking of her, and that the girls in the big bad city haven't made any difference, this is an ideal way. What girl wouldn't be thrilled when these chocolates are tops for variety and flavor—they really melt in your mouth. A dark Phi Kap Pi wanted to buy his girl a box of Purdy's candy, but he couldn't get it himself, so he asked one of his married Sciencemen friends to pick it up for him. When the married pal took it home his wife spied it and thought it was for her. He had quite a time not only explaining that it wasn't for any other girl friend of his.

• THERE'S a new shipment of Gothic brassiere at B. M. Clarke's, 2517 Granville Street, South. They are tea-rose and white and come in junior and medium sizes—32, 34, and 36. They are reasonably priced at \$1.25. CLARKE'S also specialize in smartly fitting slips and all types of lingerie in all styles and sizes and priced for all pocketbooks.

The N.U.S. will meet in the recreation room of the V.G.H. at 7:30 p.m. Friday, February 12. It is important that all members attend and bring with them some article for the family.

Wonderful!

Most Canadians prefer Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate for its delicious Flavor and wonderful Food Value.



Neilson's

\$11.98

\$15.95

\$25.00 set

\$12.98

\$17.95

\$17.95

\$3.99

Lanseae

Britain's Finest Knitwear

Headline News! A shipment of famous Lanseae sweaters, skirts and sox has arrived in our Sportswear Department. Made in Hoswick, Shetland Islands, the home of the rugged Shetland sheep, these garments are hand fashioned from the celebrated Shetland yarns. Downy angoras, super-soft pure Indian cashmeres and the two combined make Lanseae's the finest in exquisite knitwear. The exclusive colorings defy description, the result of the Islanders own vegetable dye. Lanseae sweaters are of course well known, but we draw particular attention to the Lanseae skirts—gored and pleated types in plain shades and Lanseae tweeds in a combination of rare shades.

Angora Pullovers	11.98	Angora Cardigans	17.95
Angora and Cashmere Twin Sets	25.00	Pure Wool Lanseae Tweed Skirts	17.95
Real Shetland Wool Skirts	12.98	Sox—per pair	3.98
Pure Indian Cashmere Pullovers	15.95		

Sportswear, Spencer's, Fashion Floor.

**DAVID SPENCER
LIMITED**

ENGINEERING KALEIDOSCOPE

Science Poems, Jokes and Personalities

Little Red Devils . . .

ROY DEANE—who says his favorite vice is drinking, doesn't talk so boldly when his better seven-eighths is around. He's a geologist, but has to steer clear of their famous standards and confine all his prospecting to ham and eggs for the kids. But hang around if you want to hear the latest about—

EDNA CLARKE—the envy of all the girls on the campus, she works in the machine shop with twenty MEN. She has to file more than her finger nails there, but we hear she can turn a neat ankle on the lathe. Her ambition is aeronautics, but our Science Queen keeps her head on the ground.

BILL ANGLE—who graduated last year by the grace of God and Doc Seyer (the chemicals' personal God), can still fling a neat pen, as you can see by the cartoons in this paper. We thought going to Trail would make him want to change to drinking water, at least, but we guess he's still sticking to El Stuflo. After all, he was the first to sketch the El Stuflo machine; and it was he who suggested adding more anti-freeze to the formula.

JOHN ZABINSKI—our strong man of the football field. They say that Zabu can press half a ton with the bell-bars, but he never presses his army pants. We don't know why the knees get creased though—perhaps it's from sticking them under a poker table, and perhaps—

CAMPBELL WILLIAMS—the flash from Nanaimo. He used to be able to do the hundred in ten seconds flat, but since dissipation set in we're surprised when we see him not flat. And talking about lying on the Chem 16 lab floor—that smell from a nearby flask is sure familiar. But we won't say much about Cam so he won't get in wrong with his gal friends, plural.

VERN THOMPSON—as one of the editors, he's reticent about being talked about, but we always wonder about those cousins of his across town. Taking a course in civil does more than teach you how to hold your own around bridges—you find out how to hold your own in lots of other places we know of.

JOHNNY BRYNELSON—when he's sober he can argue with the best of them at AMS meetings—even with our Educated Bill, but just let him smell a cork, and he'll sell Snake Oil in a Swedish accent to the nearest victim. They haven't had to burn electricity at the Science Balls for the last ten years, because he's always been lit high enough.

AL NAROD—the rugby field isn't the only place he does his running around. We hear he throws two kinds of a neat pass. As athletic rep of EUS he probably thinks he's meant to do all the playing.

BILL BACKMAN—they call him the educated Engineer, but the height of his accomplishments is

opening a beer bottle with his teeth. We guarantee he can't even read on a non-alcoholic stomach; and we are wondering where he got the money to buy a second beer the other day. Surely the Alma Mammy Society hasn't put him in a position to stop drinking water.

GORDY ROGERS—that tall, blonde, good-looking prexy of EUS is, unfortunately civil in both manner and profession. We wish we didn't have to draw on our imagination and all those things we hear about him to give you the real truth. But we won't say any more—cause he's pretty big.

BILL SMITH—one of the big boys of the old Joe Blotz era. He learned plenty in the mines, and doesn't confine his prospecting to rocks. He didn't pick up that Swedish accent at a smorgasbord, and you can be sure he learned that Scotch talk from the real thing. (And you can include XXX in that.)

MACK "SHORTY" BUCK—he's not taking part in any extra-curricular activities this year—says he has too much work to do. We wonder who he is working on.

STAN BEATON—one of the few fellows who is both a brain and a d--n (darn) good fellow. He says he is deaf, but he always seems to be able to hear those sweet nothings being whispered in his ear.

JOHN SLATER—tall, dark and? In the summer he spends his time chasing squaws along the Yukon, and in the winter he concentrates on the Kappas. He has an infinite capacity.

GEORGE "SOUP" CAMPBELL-SKONK—runty, blonde and beautiful. A Chemical who jits like a real jitterbug. His ankle-length Zoot-suit chain (stolen from the chem. lab. and complete with bottle opener) really wowed the girls.

BOB "PINKY" DAVIDSON—(careful on the spelling of Pinky) our star cross-country runner who gets paid for tapping telephone wires and who pays for trapping telephone girls when his girlfriend finds out.

GEORGE BRYANT RAMSBOTTOM FRASER—started to get kidded by Walter (our own W. Gage) about five years ago, and has never quite lived it down. But he's a good sport, and he'll do a bayonet charge in German anytime if his fellow electricals need amusement. GBR is a high-voltage man and we wonder if he stays insulated, or if he sparks with his Dream in Blue. We have an idea he's a good picker, and now he dances the wee hours away, he's probably quite an oscillator. (No, Joe, I didn't say osculator).

DON BANNERMAN—is a mechanical that we've heard about. Behind that quiet camouflage he can really get steam up in the old boiler; and when he does get around, he does it in circles, but

Protection

• O GOD it is a wondrous thing
Joe Scilenceman's first mus-
tache,
Its bristles big are just the rig
For sifting hot caf hash.
Its rugged glory is displayed
So freshette gape with awe,
He matches strikes upon the spikes
That fringes his upmost jaw,
He sleeps with his head in a buc-
ket
To protect the pillowslips,
Lest he turn at night from left to
right
And rip them all to bits.
And, chaining in the survey school,
Should it be they're short a stake,
They yank a hair from Joe's lip-
wear,
And promptly all is jake.

Fog

• BEHIND an acrid cloud of blue
He puffs, and contemplates the
view
Of all his colleagues smirking
features,
And scorns such low sub-adult
creatures.
Behind his newly-muscled back
Some bonehead fool essays a
crack,
And though their quips are un-
abated
His dignity is not deflated.
For he is of the stauncher few
who loom above the jabbering
crew.
He sits serene and unconcerning
Amid a stench like rubber burn-
ing.

in the shortest distance between
two points.

BRICK ELLIOT—is an electrical who lives with more than electron-ics. Last summer he gave out rivets to the passerboys; but he can't give out passes to the rivetter girls now because of a tie that sets in on most Scilencemen after they have had their fling or two. He's a brick, so we won't throw too many rocks at him.

JACK HAMMOND—is one of this year's artists of no mean ability. The devils on the wall that you'll see at the ball (and I don't mean the ones peering out of the water jug) will all be his chillun. And we hear that he drew them from personal experience. He's not a sailor, but he sure manages to keep a string of gals at every table in the Caf. We sometimes wonder if he drew any of those attractions that the walls of the mechanical draughting room are plastered with.

SANDY BUCKLAND—he gets around OK, but has been working so hard lately that he doesn't have to clean up these mornings after getting out of the Georgia gutter. We have an idea who he's working on, but we herewith put forth a public warning that he's been very conscientious on that triple still in the Science basement. We have an idea the profs know what's going on, or why would the janitors be sweeping him into the waste basket every night?

KEN McTAGGART—is another of those hard-rock guys who does

. . . That We Know

"I've been misbehaving and my
conscience is troubling me."
"I see, and since I am a psych-
iatrist, you want something to
strengthen your willpower?"
"N. Something to weaken my
conscience."

At a dinner party in New York
a South American visitor was tell-
ing about his country and himself.
He concluded: "And I have a most
charming and sympathetic wife,
but, alas, no children." Then as his
companions seemed to expect
further enlightenment, he continu-
ed hesitantly, "You see, my wife
is unbearable."

This was greeted by puzzled
glances, so he sought to clear the
matter up: "I mean that my wife
is inconceivable." Seeing that this,
too, was not understood, and
floundering in the intricacies of
English, he finally explained tri-
umphantly: "That is, my wife is
impregnable." —Reader's Digest.

When the co-ed graduates, she
reaches the age when her voice is
changing from yes to no.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star.
He took me riding in his car.
What he did I ain't admittin'
But what I'm knittin' ain't for
Britain.

Evolution of the automobile, ac-
cording to the Pittsburgh Press:
1940—No running boards
1941—No gear shift
1942—No tires
1943—No car

He: "How about a little ride in
the country?"

She: "Not tonight . . . I'm too
tired. Let's run out of gas in
town."

Redshirt: "Say, honey, what have
you got on for tonight?"
Co-ed: "Nothing that I couldn't
get out of for you dear."

Mechanical Engineer: "Do you
know what knee action is?"

College Widow: "Yes, and don't
you try it!"

As soon as gentlemen engineers
enter a girl's room, they take off
their hats and coax.

his best to live up to the reputa-
tions set up by every Swede who
ventured below the three-hundred-
foot level. McT. lives happily, high
and low, and we understand he
has a season pass to the Alex
which you can borrow for a short
or two.

ROD MORRIS—the biggest little
man ever to come out of Applied
Science. "Five-foot two, eyes of
blue" and all that junk, notwith-
standing Rod has done a marvelous
job as leadhand in our Hallowed
Halls. Rod is a geologist, but don't
hold that against him. Geologists
may have a place in the sun al-
though they are a trifle shady.

Roughneck at boarding house:
"Brigham Young married four
wives in one day, two in the morn-
ing and two in the afternoon."

Refined swget young freshette:
"Good nght!!!!!"
Roughneck: "It must have been!"

Kate: "So Harry is teaching you
bow to play ball?"

Sue: "That's right; and when I
asked him what a squeeze play
was, I think he put one over on
me"

A thing of beauty is annoyed
forever.

They call her 'Checkers' because
she jumps when you make a wrong
move.

Then there was the freshman
who thought that a neckerchief
was the head of a sorority.

He (philosophically) "Why is it
that you have so many boy
friends?"

She: "I give up."

The main difference between a
popular gal and an unpopular one
is yes and no.

An American applied at the Can-
adian recruiting office to enlist.
"I suppose you want a commis-
sion," asked the officer.

"No thanks," was the reply, "I'm
such a poor shot I'd rather work
on a straight salary."

And then there's the one about
the Follies queen who woke up the
morning after the raid to find her-
self fully clothed.

"My God," she screamed, "I've
been draped."

He came over to see her until
he knew what they were saying
about her.

She was trying to work her way
through college by selling sub-
scriptions to the Saturday Evening
Post. But most of the little red
devils wanted to take Liberties.

Notice

• NEW dates have been
set for the pictures of the
executives of the Engineers
and Aggie Undergraduate
Societies. These will be
final and unless executives
turn up, their pictures will
not be in the graduation is-
sue of the Ubyssy. Follow-
ing are the dates: Engineers,
Thursday; Aggie, Wednes-
day. All are at 12:30 in the
Pub.

• THE EXECUTIVE of the Arts
Undergraduate Society will
meet in Arts 104 at 12:45 Friday,
February 12. The central executive
and the executive of each class are
requested to turn out. This meeting
is important. Please be prompt.

Pringle Drive Starts This Week

Sport

Nimmons Play For "Taxi-Tea-Dance" Fri. At Brock; Tag-Day To Be Thursday

• AT THE FIRST meeting of the newly organized UBC sub-committee to raise funds for the Pringle Bursary, plans were made for a concerted drive to reach and surpass the \$500 dollar quota assigned to the University.

At first, it was planned to use the proceeds from the Science Pep Meet, which you are probably just going to attend or have just attended, for the Pringle Bursary fund. However, because the Auditorium is remaining closed, it was felt that such a move would not be practical since Applied Science 100, the new scene of the Pep Meet, holds only 250. There was a game scheduled for next Friday noon in the gymnasium, but that has been shelved because the gym won't be available till next week.

TAXI-TEA DANCE

HOWEVER, THERE WILL BE A TAXI-TEA DANCE AND A TAG DAY FOR THIS WEEK.

You probably don't know what a taxi-tea dance is and probably haven't been to one, but you may rest assured that it really is something.

The admission is 10c for girls and 5c for boys (sounds good already, eh fellows). When you enter the doors to the ballroom, you will be greeted by the strains of music as provided by Phil Nimmons and his Varsity Orchestra. Phil will keep up his solid sending for two and a half hours, the duration of the dance.

10c PER DANCE

For each dance, (composed of three numbers, two sweet and one hot), you will pay 10c and lead the girl of your choice onto the floor. For the girl of your choice, you may choose from, in general, any one of the girls present and, in particular, from fifty-odd choice morsels taken from the ranks of the Sororities and Phrateres, who will be present to provide a nucleus for the dance.

TAG DAY THURSDAY

Next THURSDAY, there will be a TAG DAY to collect money for the Pringle Bursary Fund. You will buy your tag from a pair of students, composed of one glamorous co-ed and one handsome Big Block member. Large donations will be acknowledged in next Friday's UBYSSY.

Inter A Playoffs For Thurs.

By MAURY SOWARD

• SINCE THE University gymnasium will be closed for the remainder of this week, thus cancelling the scheduled Senior A basketball game next Wednesday as well as the Intra-Mural program for this week, and since our Miss Eileen McKillop neglected to hand in her write-up of the Co-ed basketball game played last week, then Inter A basketball will have to assume the sports spotlight for this issue.

PLAYOFFS THURSDAY

Fortunately, there is quite a bit of news about the Inter A boys. Both UBC teams, Varsity and Frosh have made the playoffs, and said playoffs are due to start Thursday night at the King Ed gym.

Before their last game against Sparlings, Frosh were tied with Varsity for third place behind the unbeaten Higbies and the second-place Gregory-Price team from New Westminster.

Frosh were not quite certain whether a win over Sparlings would be to their advantage or not, because it would shoot them into third place and mean that they would have to play the mighty Higbies in the semi-final round of the playoffs.

FROSH MAKE THIRD

Sparlings solved the Frosh problem for them by defaulting the game. This boosted the first year boys into undisputed possession of third place and everything seemed hot-sy-totsy, especially for Varsity (not to be confused with Frosh).

PLAYER MIX-UP

One more cloud has arrived on the horizon, however. It seems that three of the four ex-Calder boys who attend UBC (remember the saga of Don, Pat, Marty and George) are not eligible to play for either Varsity or Frosh. Don Petrie and Marty Martin had been signed by Frosh while Varsity had snaffled the services of Pat Campbell.

The necessary forms had been sent in to Inter A officials and everything was humming smoothly when word arrived that the Lower Mainland Basketball Association had refused to honour the signed forms sent in by the Inter A league.

President Joe Hall of the Inter A league is working on the problem now and he hopes to have the matter cleared up by next Thursday.

F. O. George Robert Pringle

... "One of the most outstanding men in the University from the view-point of character. No man was more looked up to." ... Dr. Frank Dickson



... "He was a scholarship student, a truly great athlete, an excellent minister, and as far as we are able to judge from these here on earth, the perfect man." ... Mr. M. L. Van Vliet

George Pringle ... A Short Biography

The following article was written by M. L. Van Vliet, Athletic Instructor of the University of British Columbia, as George Pringle's Basketball Coach and personal friend. Mr. Van Vliet probably knew him at least as well as anyone on the campus. The UBYSSY wishes to thank Mr. Van Vliet for his exceptionally fine article on George Pringle, which we think you will agree, sheds a most illuminating light on the life and character of this very fine man.

• A NATIVE SON, George Pringle was born in Vancouver in 1913, from where he went to Texada Island and spent his early youth. His father, Rev. George Pringle, D.D., was at the time serving the coast of British Columbia as the Captain of a mission boat. Magee High School had the honour of seeing George prepare himself for entrance to the University of British Columbia and Union Theological College.

CHAMPION

While attending the University, he won his "big block" five times in basketball and was considered one of the finest guards in Canada. In 1937 he was an outstanding member of the Varsity Dominion Championship Team. Also in the same year he was winner of the Bobby Gaul Memorial Trophy. As a student at Union College he was awarded the Robert H. Morrison

Memorial Fellowship in 1938.

A part of his training for the ministry was spent in a mission field at Robsart, Saskatchewan during the summer of 1936, and the summer of 1937 at Williams Lake in the Caribou. Previous to this time, as a means of paying for his education, George spent five summers in the Campbell River logging camps where he graduated as a high rigger. Rev. George Robert Pringle was ordained on the 13th of May, 1938.

FIRST PARISH

The Bridge River area (Bralorne and Pioneer) was his first parish, where one ten-year-old boy told his father that Rev. Pringle did not seem like a minister because he was such a good "guy". In 1940 he was called to Peachland and Westbank and remained there until going into active service.

The untimely death of this illustrious graduate occurred while on operational manoeuvres in the south of England on January 24, 1943.

HIS CHARACTER

George Pringle so nearly approached perfection in all of his endeavors that all who knew him made the same remark, "The finest young man I have ever known." A shy smile, a determined jaw, a keen and fertile brain, a vigorous co-ordinated body, and a heart big enough for any who needed or wanted the love and care of a true Christian—that was George.

He had a personality that sparkled with wit and friendliness and a character patterned after our Creator, Himself.

He was never heard to say an unkind word about anyone, never

boisterous, yet always enthusiastic, full of patience, yet quick in thought and movement, gentle in nature, and firm in his beliefs which were so soundly based on Christian Ideals.

The Bible suggests a way of righteous living and George followed these suggestions to the very letter.

He was a scholarship student, a truly great athlete, an excellent minister, and as far as we are able to judge from those here on earth, the perfect man.

Stop Press

The UBC Students Council has vetoed (meaning last night) the proposal of the UBC sub-Committee on raising funds for the Pringle Bursary to raise a portion of these funds by means of a "Taxi-Tea Dance." The motion to veto the sub-Committee's proposal was passed by Council, BILL BACKMAN, treasurer of the Council, dissenting.

This action on the part of Council came as a great surprise and shock to those students who were arranging the Science Issue down at the Point Grey News-Gazette. The general comment was that this move by Council was high-handed and arbitrary to the nth degree.

Bill Backman, dissenting member of Council by proxy on the issue was quoted as saying, "If Students' Council wishes to make an out-and-out contribution to the George Pringle Bursary Fund, instead of transferring money allocated to the purchase

of war bonds (Bill said this on hearing that the rumour that Council may make a donation to the Pringle fund in the form of war bonds), I personally am in favour of contributing as much as \$100 to the fund. I disagree with Council's decision that the dance should be disallowed. I feel that the Alma Mater Society should support this drive whole-hearted."

The reaction of Lionel Salt, former senior editor of the prize-winning UBC Totem, and a close personal friend of Pringle's, was, that he, for one, had seen George Pringle at UNIVERSITY DANCES before he was ordained as a minister, and although he (Pringle) did not dance, he made the rounds with Myrne Nevison, with whom he used to go around, talking to his friends, and generally enjoying himself.

Saskatchewan Takes McGoun Cup

The Science Ubyssy

(MEMBER C.U.P.)

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• Editorial . . .

Sticking to Tradition

• FOR THE fifth consecutive year the engineers have edited and written their own annual SCIENCE ISSUE. This year the Science Editorial Board have decided to experiment with shape, make-up and style; hence we give you the first tabloid to be printed by the Publications Board. We have no apologies to make to anyone for the issue. We are proud of our writers, poets, journalists, and cartoonists who have skipped labs and lectures and ignored late lab reports to give you your ANNUAL SCIENCE ISSUE. Take it away.

Guess Who?

If she calls you to her bedroom in the wee hours of the nite
An thru her half-closed eyes you detect a tell-tale light.
If her bosom heaves tumultuously, like the tide upon the ocean
And her voice is soft and tremulous, betraying her emotion.
If her nostrils dilate widely with each gasping, panting breath
And her shapely body trembles as might one approaching death,
If she beseeches and implores you as she grasps your trembling hand
To alleviate her suffering — the tortures of the damned—

BOY, OH BOY! THAT'S ASTHMA AND YOU KNOW IT!

• Slopping With Hairy Mann

• GIRLS, is your last pair of nylons nixed, your rayons wrecked, your silks scrapped? Don't cry. Use a bottle of Hunnigan's liquid Goo and thrill your Science man Lover. Remember— "Hunnigan's for cunning gams."

• FOR these chilly mornings wear a pair of the latest red flannel "Thermoseal" panties. All sizes from one hatchet-handle to three axe-handles. Also Arts-men's sizes for evening parades.

• Tired of beer-parlors? Then visit the Slip Shod Inn, the home of the pentagonal do-nut and the hypocloid cruller. Their coffee will cure that tired feeling (or other feeling)—also valuable for removing serial number from boot-legged slide rules.

• A TALL, peroxidized Galfa Me was out with her cute bald Squeegie boy-friend's room-mate

the other night. As he shifted gears he remarked that he liked taking experienced girls home. When she shyly said that she wasn't experienced, he said that she wasn't home yet. And don't forget those cute shoes. And don't forget those cute shoes I saw in Say-Son's today. Combination wedgies and skis — and so darling chic—complete with wheels for summer wear.

• THE NEXT TIME you relax with a highball or Scotch and soda with ice cubes from your frig drink a toast to that practical Swiss, Pictet. He invented the first ice-making machine, and thus freed man from depending on natural ice sources.

Mus Soc Stage "Pirates" Tomorrow At 6:15 p.m.

One-and-twenty Redshirts
"Sing a song of slide-rules,
Of lager and of bock,
In the Mus Soc."

• THIS YEAR, as in former years, the Musical Society membership roster includes a solid chunk of engineers, twenty of them, and one Science woman from the Nursing course. (O Boy!) Science is represented in every branch, except make-up and costumes, of the work which has gone into the production of the current opera, Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance," or "The Slave of Duty."

RED PIRATES

Holmes Gardiner, Electrical '43, has his gang of stage hands banging away like mad with their hammers on floors, flats, thumbs, and anything else handy, even the odd nail. Rumour, unverified, has it that the A-Men in the Armoury were deeply shocked by the profanity audible at that distance.

Working with Gardiner are Walt Goodwin, Mechanical '43, Perry Hooper and Orville Ontkean, Chemical '44, Frank Haney, Science '45, and Don Wales, Campbell Warrender, Alec McGinn, and Roy Jolly, Science '46.

Science has also crept into the white collar or executive class in the person of Ron White, Chemical '43, vice-president, who is still looking for the push-button he thought went with the job.

SCIENTIFIC ARTISTS

Numbered among the Artists (sounds good, don't it?) are the following pillars of Applied Science: Bob McLellan, Science '46, who has a leading role as the Pirate King, chorus members Al Day, Ron White, Chemical '43, Pat O'Dynsky, Science '45, Len Cox, Mechanical '43, and Gloria Murphy, Nursing '47; orchestra members Ted Spaetgens, Mechanical '43, who is concert master, Chris McGregor, Science '46, 2nd violin, Bill Sinclair, Mining '43, 1st bassoon, (you're wrong fellas, it's a musical instrument) Leo Foster, Science '46, double-bass, John Carrothers, Science '44, trombone, and Arvid Reckston, Science '46, clarinet.

Here's The Dope

• FIRST nighters can see the "Pirates of Penzance" Wednesday night at 6:15, which is exclusively Students' night. The ticket office in the Quad will be open the first part of the week and tickets can be obtained on presentation of the student pass.

Tickets for the performance on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights can be obtained at Kelly's on Seymour for 50c, 75c, and \$1.00. The Musical Society has announced that special bus and street car service has been arranged for on these nights.

The production will last for a little over two hours and if the preview which was presented over CJOR last Sunday night is any indication, the opera will be one of the best ever presented.

Female Devils Announce Ball

• TOXIC mixtures of ether and Hsley's best revenue producer will permeate the air at the Georgia on Thursday, February 18 at 9:00 p.m. when the NUS hold their annual dance. The nurses and escorts will dance to the music of Fred Hollingsworth until 1:00 a.m.

Dress is optional and corsages have been banned. In their place boutonnières will be on sale at the door for fifty cents a piece. The proceeds will go to the British Nurses Relief Fund.

The patrons are: President and Mrs. Klinck, Dean and Mrs. Finlayson, Miss Fairley, Dr. and Mrs. Dolman, Dean Mawdsley, Mrs. Kerr.

MURRAY PICKARD

• MURRAY was a red-headed hell raiser of Science '43. He may know something about some of the minor explosions which occurred in the Science building way back in '40-'41. Murray is now a FO. in the RCAF. Huns beware.

UBC Wins One; Loses One

• UNIVERSITY of Saskatchewan regained the much-travelled McGoun Cup from the defending champions, the University of British Columbia in the annual McGoun debates last Friday night. Obtaining seven points of a possible eight the Saskatchewan orators defeated UBC's travelling team of Dave Williams and Jack Hetherington and a Manitoba team in Winnipeg.

UBC's home team of Les Carbert and Dick Bibbs, third year Science men, won the decision over Manitoba's travelling team of Morley Kare and Bert Hamilton.

The McGoun Cup has been won twice by UBC debaters; first in 1938 by the Big Four of Morris Belkin, Struan Robertson, Alex Rome, and Alec MacDonald, and last year by veteran speakers Robert Morris, Arvid Backman, Bob Bonner, and Arthur Fouks, who obtained eight points out of eight to take the cup from Saskatchewan.

Corsages Will Be Taken At Door

• INTERVIEWED in his asbestos-lined Inferno last night, Satan—proud sire of all the little red devils—regally decreed that Corsages are banned for his Frolic at the Commodore Cabaret tomorrow night.

Interrupted by the reserved yet implish Stan Beaton, Secretary-treasurer of the Engineers Undergraduate Society who reported that the coal stokers had gone on strike because they were refused the right to organize, His Highness stated that he intended to make his frolic the most democratic of all dances—no corsages, dress optional, price, three and one-quarter bucks.

Flowers will NOT be sold at the door. A. B.

Deane Elected Grad Prexy

• SUPPORTED by a well-organized brigade of little red devils, Roy Deane, President of Science '43, was elected president of the Graduating Class of 1943. Other persons elected are vice-president, Bill Smith; treasurer, Brick Elliott; secretary, Margaret Buller; Valedictorian, Mac Buck; prophet, Lucy Berton; class poet, Len Cox; and class willer, Buddy Graham.

Legality of the elections was questioned by William Mercer who bounced in when the elections were being completed.

LOST—Book in Bluebird Library folder. Finder please return to M. Wingate, Gamma Phi table.

• THE MOST EFFECTIVE pre-civilization arm was the bow and arrow used by pre-historic savages to hunt their prey. Nowadays we often gaze on little Dan! Cupid—a little red devil in his own right—who scores bullseyes with his bow and arrow and one masculine arm. For further details read Mary Ann.

• THE SURETE and Scotland Yard beamed when Lombroso proudly told the world that he had isolated the CRIMINAL type. But, alas, he has a psychologist; and hence, very, very fallible. For he did not realize that criminals are made; not born. Today all proven criminals and some innocents are catalogued by fingerprinting—a system invented by an Englishman in 1823. His name was Purkinje.