



# The Whyssey



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Volume VIII.

VANCOUVER, B. C., NOVEMBER 17th, 1925

No. 14.

## Arts' Cavaliers Prance Around Lester's Lists

"O, Memory, bring back to me That wonderful night in June." November 13th, night of the Art's Dance, was hardly romantic, that is from the point of view of the true romance of park-meandering and shady groves which the poets rave about. Rain, Vancouver rain, and the bleak winds. But once inside Lester Court—the cue is given, the curtain drawn, and the inner stage revealed. Streamers produced a shattered rainbow effect over each and every light—or to drive it to the limit, over each and every miniature sun. Balloons more richly colored than the bottom of a South Sea lagoon, bubbled against each other in mid air. Yes, and there were many other things—but who goes to a dance in such a cold critical state of mind as to analyze the elements and details which, as a whole, give that feeling of a perfect atmosphere?

The setting was right; therefore, the dance was, too. It couldn't be anything else, for isn't everything a product of its surroundings? The formal edge of the evening was soon dulled by the starch beginning to wilt in the "boiled shirts." Only about half the men appeared in Tuxedos. And what portion of that half ever appeared before, or will ever appear again, in that same Tuxedo is an abstract matter for Probability to decide.

The sit-down supper was as welcome, especially to poor boarding house students as if a feast of the gods had been tilted off the airy tray of winged Mercury. The tooting of tin trumpets (not like the golden ones the angels honk) shattered the mellow atmosphere hanging over the feast. It makes me wonder if the gentleman was right who mentioned in a recent editorial that the students of the U. B. C. had attained their heart's desire—seclusion and tranquility from the rattle of our Iron Age. At least the trumpets gave the men a chance to talk. The party only needed that little touch of Bacchus to give it the complete absence of self-consciousness so necessary for pure pleasure.

After supper the balloons floated down, and many a gallant Lancelot or Cervantes nearly broke his crown spearing one of the right color to match the dress or complexion of his lady love. The Peter Orchestra began to hit its swing touched perhaps by the fumes so cruelly denied to us. The feature dance of the evening was "Flag that Train," and the orchestra was especially decked out for it in railroad caps, and smutted faces.

There were very nearly as many present at the dance as there had been at the Frosh Reception. Many of the faculty were there, some of whom, one could not help but notice, seemed to be musing on what a much pleasanter thing it would be to teach aesthetic dancing rather than the more intellectual gymnastics.

Much credit is due to the Executive Committee and all others connected with making the dance a success.

## BOXING

At last the Varsity has a gymnasium. One of the construction cabins, across the road from the oval, has been fitted up, and it makes ideal training quarters close at hand. This gives the boxing club the opportunity, which, it has been complained, has never been given them, and thus they have not been as successful in the past as they believe they can be. The gymnasium is ready and all it needs now is a large number of ambitious youths, not necessarily Tarzans or Jack Donaghyes. If you don't know anything about the manly art of self defense so much the better; now is the time to learn under one of the best coaches that has ever offered his services to the Varsity. He is offering his assistance gratis and at his own expense, expecting in return a little interest on the part of the students. How about it? The first meeting will be on Tuesday, November 17th, in the new quarters.

## FIRST SOCCER MEN WIN SATURDAY'S LEAGUE GAME

St. Saviour's defeated 4-1. Varsity has now won three out of six games.

Varsity's first soccer team boosted their league average at the expense of the fast stopping Saint Saviour's squad when they emerged on the long end of a four—one count at Bob Brown's enclosure last Saturday. The students were seen to better advantage than at any time this year, and it was a clean cut win.

The churchmen were seldom in the picture, although Mosher had several close shaves. The losers drew first blood when Moffat scored from close in after about ten minutes of play. Later, Crute equalized with a well placed kick after obtaining the ball from a scrimmage resulting from a corner kick. Roots had no chance to save. With the first stanza about half over, Crees sent in a shot which the Saints' custodian would have got, but one of the losers defenders deflected the sphere into the opposite corner in attempting to clear. The students led by the odd goal in three at the interval.

After the oranges, play opened briskly, and green shirted soccer men staged a come back, but could not break the collegians' defence. Manning at center half cleared well and fed his forwards nicely, so that Crute and Mosher were particularly safe.

Newcombe increased the Varsity lead after Manning had passed to Wilkinson, and Roots had no chance to save. About five minutes later Butler took a right wing cross and completely fooled the Saints custodian who ran out of his goal. This was the last score of the game, and from then on it slowed up somewhat. But the game was packed full of thrills as both teams played a fast brand of soccer, and adopted the same kick and rush style of game. Line-up:—Mosher; Crute and Baker; Gibbard; Manning and Ledingham; T. Wilkinson; Newcombe; Berto; Butler and J Wilkinson

## Varsity to Watch Freshman To-night

Come on, Frosh! Let's lead the whole Varsity, including faculty, to see the most widely advertised "Freshman" in the world.

Everybody intends seeing Harold Lloyd in "The Freshman." Let's all go together tonight at 7 p.m.; a special section is being reserved for Varsity students.

This will be a real night of fun. Something to write home and tell Paw about.

Special Varsity music is being supplied by the famous Capitol Theatre Orchestra.

A song sheet is being printed for the occasion, and with the assistance of the Orchestra students should be able to show the downtown people what real Varsity "pep" is.

The Rooters Club is handling the sale of tickets for the big night. They will be on sale in the Auditorium building tonight from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. The price is only 55c, two for \$1.10.

Students want to see all the faculty present; just drift back to the days when you were freshmen, and join the students in one night of hectic fun before you start composing exams for "The Freshmen."

All meet in front of the Capitol at 6.15. The only time the section can be procured is for the 7 to 9.15 show. Come early or seats will be lacking.

## Musical Society

Members of the Musical Society are asked to note that in future, practices will begin at 12:05 sharp, and continue until 12:45. Time will thus be provided for eating lunches between 12:15 and 1, without encroaching on the rehearsal period. A business meeting will be held on Friday, November 20, and all members are requested to be present, as several important announcements will be made.

## Frosh Given Tips On Xmas Plays

It seems that some of the Frosh are still ignorant as to the nature of the Christmas plays. Most of them have heard rumours, however, as to their quality. The four one-act plays have been chosen to keep the audience intensely interested every minute of the evening, and such variety has been shown in the choice that everyone is certain to be satisfied. Beauty, drama, comedy, and the "thrills" which the Victoria College debating team so vehemently denounced, are all offered.

### The Second Shepherd's Play

The first article on the programme will be the miracle play, "The Second Shepherd's Play," which deals with events occurring at the time of the birth of Christ. There is a good deal of comedy intermingled with more serious acting. The whole piece is brilliant in costuming, scenery and lighting, and will be seen to advantage upon the new stage.

### The Dumb Wife.

The second play shown will be Anatole France's hilarious comedy, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." This tells of the trials of a judge of the seventeenth century, whose wife, like many of our newly-acquainted Freshettes, is beautiful but dumb. Through the skill of a surgeon she finally regains her speech, but only to produce the most laughable scenes imaginable. Milla Allhan and J. Jacob take the part of the wife Catherine and the judge, Leonard, respectively. Doris Clarke makes a great deal of the small part of Alison, the maid. It is worth a trip from New Westminster to see her lively battles with the servant, Giles, played by the Murphy twin.

### The Luck Piece.

"The Luck Piece," by Percival Wythe, is a thrilling story of murders, drunkards, and old hags which is intended to keep the audience tense with emotion from start to finish. Albert, a dissolute young bartender, played by Leslie Brown, kills a man in a violent quarrel when the two are alone in the bar-room. He and his old mother Annie (Joseph Barton) plan that Albert shall lure some drunkard into the room and, after a sufficient number of drinks have dulled his memory, convince him that he has committed the murder. In the meantime Annie will be bringing the police to the scene. Leslie Howlett takes the part of the drunken gentleman who "might murder someone, but would never steal." The word lighting effect in "The Luck Piece" adds to its horror, making a suitable background for the play, which gradually works up to a bloodcurdling climax.

### The Fatal Rubber

"The Fatal Rubber," lost on the list, is a short comedy by Maurice Bayard, which serves to relax the taut nerves of the audience after "The Luck Piece," and send it home in a good humour. The play is of Henry VIII, his wife, Catherine Parr, and their son, Toddy, and daughter, Elizabeth. The four are indulging in a game of bridge, and break into the wildest quarrelling which royalty will permit. The play becomes faster and funnier minute by minute, closing in the highest pitch of excitement and action.

## Battle Waged Over Balloons

Science and Arts have first fracas in recent years

By Gus Madoley

Plot reigned supreme on the afternoon of Friday the thirteenth, when the Arts men endeavoured to regain the twenty-five inch corduroy bags of the "college humorist."

At about a quarter past two on that afternoon, when Gus Madoley "who is a leading and specially provocative member of the Arts '28 class" went over to the Applied Science building, he was seized by two of the Science men, but managed to escape, only to be recaptured on leaving the other end of the building by some dozen or so Science men. They then bore him upstairs to one of the drafting rooms where they unceremoniously removed the "offending bags," and mercifully lent him a pair of overalls.

Then they hastened to the notice-board near the women's entrance and posted them with the caption "MAD-ELEY'S BAGS? WHERE IS MAD-ELEY? Gus tore them off the board and again endeavored to escape. The small army of Science men who had mustered by this time seized him and paraded him around the Arts building. At the end of the parade they pinned the bags to the window of one of the drafting rooms.

### Bags at half mast

The Science men, not thinking the position sufficiently conspicuous proceeded to the roof of the Science building, and, with due and reverent ceremony, raised the bags to "half mast."

Meanwhile in the Arts men's common room the "provocative member" flared to his fellow Arts men with wrathful indignation, and, led by Frank O. Adams, a small band valiantly stormed the citadel, succeeded in lowering the bags, and made a temporary escape with them. The incident was a maximum "causus belli" for a long overdue Arts vs. Science scrap.

By this time, the whole faculty of Applied Science had mustered, and met the handful of defenders on their way out. Long and vociferous was the fight which ensued, during the course of which the "offending bags" were irreparably torn asunder.

The Science men, dressed in overalls, and far superior in numbers, succeeded in wresting the remains from the gallant band of Arts men, and ironically raised what was left of one leg of the bags to half mast on the flag pole again.

The next morning, a number of the Science men were seen selling small portions of the "trouserage" as souvenirs in order to raise sufficient funds to re-instate the unfortunate Gus Madoley.

### "The fair, the chaste, the Unexpressive Bags."

At noon a delegation of Science men accompanied him down town where they went from shop to store and from store to shop, endeavouring to find a pair of bags equalling the damaged ones in magnificence, splendour and expanse. After a long and fruitless search they found that they had destroyed a pair of bags which were unique in their expanse, so, falling for the trickery of salesmen, they were forced to be satisfied with the "next best," which they were told, equalled the "gone but not forgotten," but in truth were a mere twenty-two inches in circumference.

All agreed that the incident was a good joke up to a point, but that it possibly carried too far. It is rumoured that the new bags will be presented at the Theatre Party tonight.

## GRILL NOTICE

Miss Hansford would like to call the attention of the students to some new services the Cafeteria now has to offer. Afternoon tea is served, not collected in instalments at the Grill, every afternoon from 3 to 5 at prices of 20 and 25 cents. After tea, light suppers will be sold, hot lunch prices, till late in the afternoon. Arctic cakes, chocolate bars, cigarettes and hot drinks are on sale at all times.

## Second Team In Brilliant Form Last Saturday

Defeat Colliers 3-2. Evans turns hat trick

U. B. C. second division soccer team won their third straight game, thereby advancing to the third round of the Allen Cup. Their victims were the Collingwood team of first division. Varsity won by playing hard every minute.

There was fierce fighting on both sides. Collingwood attacked but Dynes the centurion drove back their line. Sutherland, who is wont to be the last defender, thinking that a goal ought not to be scored, cast himself upon the ball and hurled it once more into the middle of the fray. The U. B. C. forwards, believing the barbarians' goal a fit object for plunder, pushed off with a great shout and made for that part of the field in which was the enemy's camp. Now the battle had raged for but fifteen minutes when Evans, running with the utmost swiftness, threw the ranks of the enemy into confusion. The Varsity, encouraging each other because the omens had shown the gods propitious, followed Evans fiercely and fell upon his neck from every quarter when he drove the ball with destruction into the enemy's citadel.

### Varsity Scores

Bill Gray and Stevenson, combining well on the right wing, soon worked the ball down. Evans snapped up a difficult cross and kicked it high into the upper right hand corner of the net. The large crowd of Collingwood supporters was amazed while the few Varsity followers yelled themselves hoarse. Collingwood, however, renewed their vigour. Bob Lundie Cross, who shot first time, made his second brilliant save when he fell full length and turned the ball away. Soon again Flea saved. This time, being charged, he waited until the Collingwood players were on top of him and then threw the ball over their heads. Swanson got Bill Gray away who centered to Tom Warden. The latter's hard shot was deflected from a back and Evans, racing in, slammed through his third goal. Spillsbury put in a fast shot which the goalie saved spectacularly.

### Collingwood Comes Back Strong

With the wind in their favor in the second half, Collingwood played a very dangerous game. In a few minutes they tallied, when Dave Warden missed a centre which Nestman immediately lodged past Sutherland. Charlie Zeek sent the Varsity forwards away more than once, but corners, not goals, resulted. Shillingford, Collier's inside light, scored their second from a close shot.

This closed the scoring although Bob Lundie tried hard to increase Collingwood's count. Frank Robertson, however, held him well in check, ably assisted by "Fat" George Dynes. For Collingwood the outside right, right half, and left back played consistently. The entire Varsity team fought hard. Lineup: Sutherland; D. Warden and Dynes; Swanson, Leek and Robertson; Gray, Stevenson, T. Warden, Evans and Spillsbury.

## CHRISTMAS PLAYS

Thursday and Saturday are student nights for the Christmas plays. Yellow tickets will be accepted only on Saturday night, and only students will be admitted on student tickets. The doors will open at 7.45 and the performance will begin at 8.15. Thanks to a larger auditorium, there will be seats for everybody, and no need to choose between standing outside the doors before the performance or around the walls while it is in progress.

Arrangements have been made for special busses after the performances.

# The Ubyssy

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## THE CRACKLING OF THORNS

There were in ancient times some who had their own pet theories, fancies, and philosophies, and who considered themselves vicariously selected to regulate the thought of the communities in which they lived. All who disagreed with these persons, were regarded with suspicion, if not with contempt. Each guiding genius, moreover, took certain precautionary measures to secure his theories for posterity. These methods were simple. Regularly he banished the dissident, often he impressed him, and occasionally he beheaded him. In those days the ordinary person who had an opinion or a whim cherished it at his own personal risk.

In the twentieth century, however, a much different method is employed. If anyone in authority who is a member of parliament has an enemy, he gives that enemy such a severe castigation before the law-makers of the country, that the object of his attack is completely humiliated. If he is not a parliamentarian, he rushes the enemy's name into front page headline,—advertising or cartooning the unfortunate's depravity; and one is inclined to think that after all, the ancient way had its advantages. Persons nowadays, are much too ready to criticize, and most often they do so on unjust grounds, because they do not thoroughly understand the object of their attack, and for that reason are prejudiced. Retaliation, in the majority of cases, is unwise, inasmuch as it gratifies the accuser, who is much more effectively dealt with if ignored. Moreover, public opinion, in the end, judging the question on its merits, settles it for all time and in twelve months scarcely a murmur is heard of the once feverish controversy.

## THE ANNUAL

This year the "Annual" is undergoing several rather radical changes. In the first place, its appearance is to be quite different; we are to have a hard-covered book, about eight inches by ten in size—a much more convenient shape to handle than that to which we have hitherto been accustomed. The absence of advertising matter, too, should add considerably to the beauty of the volume, besides making it still more definitely a souvenir of their college days for the graduating classes to carry away with them.

Another matter has come up for discussion, but has not yet been decided upon—indeed it is a thing for student opinion to settle. It is this: Should our "Annual" continue to be called the "Annual," and nothing else, or should we give it a name of its very own? Other Universities have given to their publications of this sort some characteristic name—shall we do the same? The "Annual" editor would be very glad to receive expressions of student opinion on this subject, and suggestions for a suitable title. So keep it in mind, and be on the look-out for ideas.

## Examination Schedule Posted In Arts

A temporary time table of the Christmas examinations in the Faculty of Arts and Science has been placed on the notice boards in the Arts Building.

Owing to the freedom of the choice of opinions in the Arts course it is difficult to avoid "clashes" in the examination time-table, but it is hoped that these may be entirely eliminated. If any student finds a conflict in his examinations as set down in the temporary draft of the time-table he should report the matter at once to the Registrar's Office, with a statement, if possible, of the number of students affected and any suggestion as to how the difficulty may be overcome.

### Notice

If the person who borrowed the kalsomine brush from the bucket outside the stage entrance to the auditorium has finished whitewashing his cellar, the Players' Club would appreciate it if he would return this brush, which was lent to the Club by the person whose name is burnt on the handle.

### Notice To Debaters

Will the following please meet to-day (Tuesday) in L. S. D. office at 12:15 sharp: Misses Jean Tolmie, Greta Mather, Sadie Murphy; Messrs. Kobe, Murphy, Craig, Dunn, Hunter, Purdy.

### Correction

The tickets for Varsity Theatre night are 55c and not 50c, as was reported in last week's Ubyssy.

## Eat More Arctic Cakes and Help Building

Save your Arctic Cake Tickets! Drop them in the boxes placed at the entrances to the Grill and other convenient places! Help lay the corner stone of the Women's Union Building at Point Grey by winning the prize!

In other words, the Women's Union Building Committee has seized upon a new idea with a view to raising the necessary \$16,000 for the fund. It is this: to win the prize that is being awarded to the person or person saving the greatest number of Arctic Cake tickets.

Now after figuring this out: with approximately 1,500 students, each student eating at least two Arctic cakes a day, six working days a week, and eighteen weeks until the contest closes, what could be easier? If each and every student does his bit, the chances are a hundred to one that the committee will win. Another argument—waste is the great social evil! Even a little Arctic Cake has a purpose in society. Remember this and destroy not one.

N.B.—For those saving for a brick, make up your set, get your ice cream, and then turn in your cards.

## Correspondence

November 11th, 1925.

Editor Ubyssy.

Dear Sir:

We have all seen some of our fellow students wearing beautifully painted oilskins, during this wet spell. Some of us have seen other fellow students wearing heavy, loud check skirts, presumably the type that loggers are wont to wear. These two innovations have come to us from Varsity below the line and rather than wait for any more ideas from that quarter, I would suggest that we forestall them with some of our own.

We have many different costumes to choose from: Trapper, Indian, Logger, Eskimo, Cowboy, Pirate and Scout, and a host of others. Any of these outfits can be made by any tailor at trifling cost.

Of course, to carry out the full effect of any one costume, it may readily be seen that the accoutrements, which go with the costume, should be carried along. As, for example, should a student be wearing a cowboy outfit, it would be necessary that he carry a brace of six shooters and ride a horse. For those desiring to appear in Eskimo garb, it would be quite the thing to paddle out to Varsity in a tyak and then walk up from the beach with a harpoon in one hand and a piece of blubber in the other.

Hoping my suggestions are not in vain, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

S. GIBSON.

## S. C. M.

Several subjects of national importance which should appeal to students of the University have been suggested as special topics for intensive study to be conducted by the S. C. M.

Chief among them deals with the Chinese situation. Students of this institution ought to be interested in obtaining information and exchanging opinions on this topic, the importance of which is international.

Comparative religions have also been suggested as a topic for discussion which will probably be considered in great detail after Christmas. All students are urged to attend in Room Agriculture 200 at noon today, at which further suggestions may be received.

"The Student," official organ of the S. C. M. in Canada, is a comprehensive journal of Student christian activities. Subscriptions (\$1.00 per year) may be filed with Miss Clare McQuarrie, '27.

For further information see Mrs. M. Gordon, who will be in the S. C. M. Room W from 9 till 11 every morning of the week.

## PEP MEETING

The Freshman Class is putting on a Pep meeting on Friday, November 20th, at 12:15 in the Auditorium, to arouse enthusiasm for the McKechnie Cup game to be played on November 21st.

A committee of five has been chosen to arrange the programme. They have some good ideas and have promised something different and unusually good.

Everybody out, both for the Pep meeting and the game.

Tickets for the Freshman Class like on Saturday, November 21st, to the game and dance can be obtained from the monitors next week.

FOUND—Pearl Necklace near Lester Court, apply Students Council Office.

## Class and Club Notes

### ARTS '27

Tickets to the number of 253 were sold by Arts '27 in their drive in connection with the recent Alberta-Varsity English Rugby Game. The energetic and business-like members of the Junior Year netted \$126.50 in their whirlwind campaign. Some members even permitted a lapse of their academic dignity to the extent of soliciting sales before the game, Saturday. A booth, run in both halls in the Arts Building during the early part of the week, also helped increase the proceeds. The members of this year deserve great credit for the whole-hearted way in which they threw themselves into this campaign, and, it is hoped, have established a precedent which other years in the Varsity will follow.

### A. U. S.

A general meeting of the Agricultural Undergraduate Society was held on Thursday, November 12th. At this meeting it was decided to hold the Agriculture dance on January 15th, at Lester Court. Sid Bowman was elected the Aggie yell leader.

### AGGIE CLASS PARTY

The two upper years of Agriculture held a most enjoyable class party on Wednesday, November 11th, at Killarney. The patronesses were: Mrs. P. A. Bovling, Mrs. H. M. King and Mrs. G. G. Moe.

### SCIENCE CLASS PARTY

Under the patronage of Prof. and Mrs. Duckering, Dr. and Mrs. Buchanan, and Dr. and Mrs. Hebb an enjoyable class party was held by Science '28 and '29, at the Winter Garden, last Wednesday evening. The executives of the two years acted on the committee. Lee's orchestra supplied the music, and, as is the custom at such function everybody had a very good time. The party, moreover, was somewhat unique in that no class draw was necessary.

### ENGINEERING DISCUSSION CLUB

Prof. W. E. Duckering will address the Engineering Discussion Club in Room 202 Ap. Sc. on Wednesday, November 18th, at 12:15. This is not a lecture, so come one, come all.

### THE MATHEMATICS CLUB

The last meeting of the term will be held in Room A 202 next Thursday at 3 p.m., when Dr. Dederick will speak on the subject "Methods of Computing Logarithms."

### SENIORS—ATTENTION!

Members of the graduating classes and of executives must have their photographs for the "Annual" taken as soon as possible. This year the photographic work is being done by special appointment with Bridgman's Studio. Do it now, and get it over—all the individual pictures, or at least as many as possible must be taken before Christmas.

### S. M. U. S.

All Science men take notice. The Science Smoker will be held in Dominion Hall on Saturday, November 31st, at 8 p.m. Please come early and avoid the crush.

### WOMEN'S UNDERGRAD.

The Women's Undergraduate Society held their second meeting in the Auditorium, on Friday, November 13th. Miss Lenora Irwin occupied the chair.

Miss Bollert explained that it was proposed to formulate a system to advise students regarding part time and summer employment. In order to get information on the subject, Miss Bollert wishes any girls who have been successful in obtaining employment to submit reports on how they have earned money, on or before the 16th.

In connection with the Women's Building, two plans for raising money were discussed. The proposal that the women students should give their caution money was passed unanimously. It was also suggested that if students would hand in their Arctic Cake coupons to the W. U. S., it would be possible to win the one hundred and twenty dollar first prize offered for a complete series of coupons, and in this way increase the funds. The meeting then adjourned.

### THE LETTERS CLUB

A very pleasant meeting of the Letters Club was held on November 12th, at the home of Dr. F. C. Walker, when George Vincent read a paper on "Rudyard Kipling." Mr. Vincent outlined the chief works of the author, dwelling longest on his short stories and on the poetry which Mr. Vincent endeavored to justify on the grounds of its appeal to the most uneducated men.



Damon— "Hey, there! Aren't you a friend of mine?"

Pythias— "I certainly am. I'd do anything in the world for you. Yes, anything!"

Damon— "All right—prove it! Give me back that Eldorado pencil you borrowed last night."

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## DON'T FORGET THE DANCE

King Edward Old Boys  
LESTER COURT

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20th

9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lee's Orchestra  
Novelties — Entertainment  
Couples, \$3.00 Tickets, Bay. 2446-R

DON'T MISS THIS ONE.



\*\*\*\*\*  
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 \*\*\*\*\*

**ADVENTURES OF FLINTLOCK BONES**  
 By P. I. P.

Chapter III.—(Cont.)  
 A tall bearded man was sitting in a corner of the room. "Aha, another mystery," he said to himself. "Why does a 25c meal cost 30c?" His keen penetrating eyes roved over the room, scanning intently the faces of all newcomers. "Was I right?" he murmured. "I thought he must be connected with the University to have such an interest in this contest."  
 A short, burly man entered and took a vacant place. The bearded man rose and took a seat at an adjacent table. Ten slow minutes passed, and then a red-faced individual appeared, recognized the burly one and sat down beside him. "Hello, Frankel," he said, "How goes it?" The other man bent forward and whispered, "Got him safe. Money now three to one. Sure thing."  
 And not a word escaped the intent ears of the tall man with the black beard.  
 The bearded man rose and approached Frankel. "Will you please pass the sugar?" he asked. "The patent-automatic doofunny on my table is out of order."  
 Frankel reached over the table and proffered the sugar caster. The bearded man shot a glance of satisfaction at the man's wrist, for there was revealed a small indentation about one mm. deep and 2 mm. long, evidently caused by some blunt instrument.  
 The tall bearded man returned, finished his caviar, then rose and left the brilliant gathering.  
 "Excellent my dear Watson, said Flintlock Bones, taking off his beard when he came to where I was waiting. "You follow the red faced man and I will shadow the burly one."  
 Another move toward the solution of the mystery of Sammy Gewiski was about to be made!

Chapter IV. Pursuit.  
 We had not long to wait. The two men came out together and made their way across the grassy lawn of the Campus. We followed closely behind, keeping well in the shadow of the shade-trees.  
 At last they made their way to a large and apparently deserted house, as lonely and forbidding as the Administration Building. They unlocked the door and stepped inside.  
 We paused and looked up and down the street. It was deserted, except for a walking edition of "College Humor," who was busily occupied in searching for fragments of corduroy cloth. "Come," said Flintlock Bones, darting up the steps.  
 Tiptoeing along the passage we halted outside a door through which the sound of Frankel's voice rent the air. "That is final, Blinks," we heard. "Five hundred dollars isn't much for a job like that," came the voice of his companion. "That is what we agreed on." "The betting is better than ever," rejoined Blinks. You will make a pile, now we have the champion out of it, thanks to me."  
 "Well, come with me to Kamchatka and place your bets with mine. The boat leaves today."  
 Flintlock Bones swung the door wide and stepped into the room. At the sight of his revolver their hands shot skyward. "Blinks and Frankel, I arrest you for the abduction of Sammy Gewiski," snapped the detective. "And for gambling contrary to the law of 3 Coates, 1920."  
 "Where's your proof," snarled Frankel.  
 "Sammy Gewiski himself," said Flintlock Bones. "Look for him, Watson."  
 I searched over the house high and low, but it was empty. All I could find were some chestnuts and a Vancouver directory. I returned and confessed my failure.  
 "Can't find him!" exclaimed the detective. "I was sure he was here." A look of triumph shone on the sallow visage of Frankel. "And the monthly boat for Kamchatka sails today at four without Sammy Gewiski."  
 "Great heavens!" shouted Flintlock Bones as he glanced at his watch. "It is half past one now!"  
 (To be continued)

**Thanksgiving Day Nymph Enjoys Aqua**  
 By the Littlest Editor

"Thanksgiving Day! What a farce! Personally I felt thankful for nothing, I was in the depths of despair. We were all fools—worse than fools. Why, oh why had we undertaken to do this terrible thing? Our future seemed nothing but coldness, blackness and horror."  
 And yet, with brave faces and a smile on our lips, we marched down the road. The charge of the light brigade was a cowardly thing in comparison with what we were doing. Their act was in response to duty—ours the following of an ideal. In the distance, down the road, now only a few blocks away we saw our fate beckoning to us. And what a cold gray fate it was. It lay there still and stern DARING us to enter into combat with it.  
 One block more, and the Literary Editor turned to me with a sickly smile and said, "It's— it's nice and warm today, isn't it?"  
 I was past reply, but one of the others beamed happily, "It's going to be great."  
 From this time on my memories of Thanksgiving Day are confused, and my next clear impression is of standing on the brink of what seemed to be an icy grave. One ghastly moment in which the cold sand cut into my frozen feet, and then one of the others cried jubilantly, "Come on, gang, let's go."  
 They went, and I followed. Splash, splash, splash, and then icy oblivion. At first I felt nothing and my one thought was, "If this is Nervana, give me H . . ."  
 The ghastly moment passed and I emerged gasping and frozen into the warm air of a November day. Queer, I must have been under a long time, for it was pouring rain, and I had not felt it before. But it was too cold to work out that problem then, and in desperation I struck out for the shore. Oh the blessed relief of the warm sand on my feet. At last I had found something for which to be thankful.  
 Oh! well, it was worth it. At least I can boast of having been in for a swim on Thanksgiving Day, only as a rule I don't admit that it was cold.  
 "Oh, yes," I say to my friends, "Of course it was cold at first, but I liked it after a while."  
 I don't add that by after a while I mean the next day.

Version No. 1234567  
 Believe me, sister,  
 From now on  
 I'm through with men.  
 At the Frosh "Stroll"  
 I was introduced to a blond young Adonis;  
 Merry blue eyes; a dazzling smile;  
 Was very favorably impressed  
 Until I discovered that he giggled  
 Like a freshette;  
 And that he was like  
 Mary's Little Lamb;  
 Everywhere that I went  
 He was sure to go.  
 And I spent the rest of the day  
 Trying to ditch him.  
 So, believe me, sister,  
 From now on  
 I'm through with men.

Cream of the Jest  
 Last night he came  
 I felt his hand upon my cool shoulder  
 I quivered under his rough caress  
 I felt an ecstasy  
 Of savage mockery  
 He picked me up . . .  
 Tonight I stand on the steps in the moonlight  
 I hear his footsteps on the concrete walk  
 With rhythmic stride he is coming  
 He will pick me up again . . .  
 Yah. Who said a milk bottle hasn't got a soul.  
 —California Pelican.

**UNCENSORED LETTERS THEY NEVER SENT**  
 Editor "Ubyssy."  
 Dear Sir:  
 Through the medium of your valuable column we would like to offer our humble regrets for our part in the Madeley incident. We trust that this sincere apology for our crude and barbarous actions will be accepted by the Arts men.  
 Humbly yours,  
 Science '28.

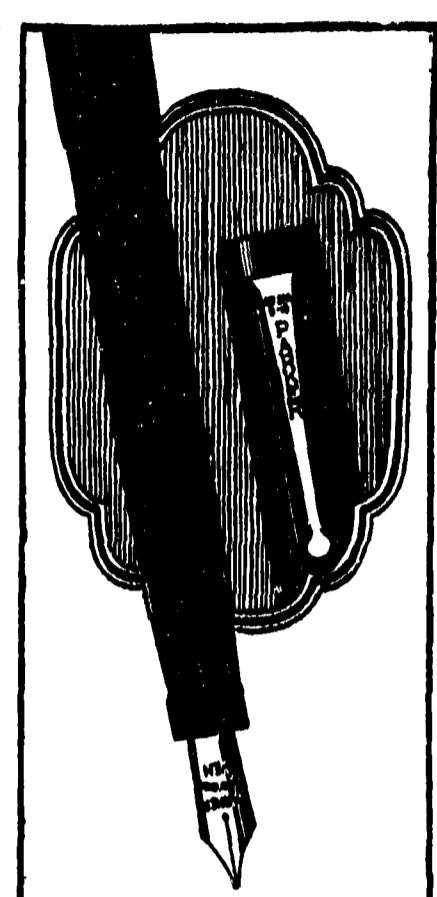
**Gaston Takes Five Freshettes to the Annual Arts Dance**

Dear Earle:—  
 In putting pen to paper I am so agitated that I have difficulty in becoming articulate, and if my words are rather incoherent, it is only partly because emotion dims my eyes, and weariness clings to my aching limbs. There are other reasons far deeper than mere weariness. I have an injured soul! But nevertheless, I am determined to make a protest against the lying rumours which all these jealous sub-editors are spreading round about me. Why can't they let me conduct my little column in peace without trying to ruin my reputation? Here and now I will nail the lie! I DID NOT TAKE FIVE FRESHETTES TO THE ARTS DANCE. At least, not intentionally. Was it my fault that they all asked me to take them? Was it my fault that I accepted them? It was my bounden duty as a senior, and they were all darn pretty. And another thing, Earle, even if I did take all five in one taxi, what would you have done? How could I discriminate in favour of the few to the exclusion of the many? I dare say we did lock a bit queer as we sailed up the steps into Lester Court, but it was damn rude of the doorkeepers to laugh! I hate undue publicity, Earle, but I wish to insist that I did not take them down to supper one at a time, and hence have five suppers myself. My dear fellow, it simply isn't done! By the way, old boy, did you ever see such a glorious aggregation of youthful beauty and gaiety as that which tempted ancient seniors like me to terpsichorean exercises?—Why, that little girl from Victoria.  
 But I digress. What I want to know is, WHAT BECAME OF MY FIVE FRESHETTES DURING THE HOME WALTZ? They completely disappeared! I was actually forced to dance it with a sophomore! It is quite true that I asked if I might take her home; but an extra girl or two would have made mighty little difference to me, and six could have crowded in easily enough I'm sure. But the others failed to turn up! I waited and waited in the fog; but all to no avail. Some blighter had the cheek to say that he had seen 'em all drive off in a car along with a couple of graduates. I admit I got fed up. I admit I went home. I admit I held that girl's hand in the taxi. I admit I am a perfect devil. But I refuse to admit that I left five freshettes stranded on the steps of Lester Court!  
 Yours more in anger than in sorrow,  
 GASTON.  
This is the seventh of a series of articles based on the "Mistakes." The next will never appear.

**INTERMEDIATE "A" MEN WIN**  
 The Intermediate "A" team won a hard fought victory over the Meralomas on Saturday evening. Varsity started off weak and at half time the score was 8-1 in the Meraloma's favour. Jack Legg scored for Varsity on a foul. The varsity started the fireworks in the second half, however. Meralomas started off with a basket, but Varsity settled down and ran in a number of them. The final count was, Varsity 18; Meralomas 14.  
 Varsity—Legg, 1; Rees, 8; Stewart (C), 7; Crawford, 1; Ingledew, McLean, Gillespie.  
 Meraloma—Pollock, 4; Lange, 4; Phillips, 2; Dolby, 2; Cummings, 2.

**BUT THEY'RE TRYING HARD.**  
 Tommy Wilkinson (freshmen note) is the Chancellor of the University; nor is (freshette note) Don Lamont, Dean of Women.

"Love thy brother as thyself."  
 "Aw, he'd get a swelled head!"  
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If dancing and late nights interfere with one's scholastic standing at college; one is advised to stop going to college.  
 —EXCHANGE.

