

The Ubyssy

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A Student Union

The suggestion that the classes of '32 give their valedictory money to a fund for a Student Union is the most promising that has been made this fall for their graduating gift. This would mean that the plans for a Women's Building would be changed to provide accommodation for all students, and the whole undergraduate body would work for the project. The classes of '32, and any succeeding years that contributed their valedictory money to the general fund, could be fittingly commemorated in some feature of the construction or appointments of the building.

Splendid progress has been made in the Women's Building undertaking, but it will be a long time before the structure can be erected. If the men of the university and the graduating classes were to assist in the collecting of funds, the object could be achieved much sooner.

Discussion on the idea discloses considerable support as well as some opposition. It is difficult to see any real objections. If a building is constructed for the women, the men will be allowed to use most of its facilities. A Union to meet the needs of all students would be more satisfactory. Accommodation for men, for women, and for general purposes is badly needed. The Arts men lost a common room last year, and this term the Publications Board is losing its Business Office. The Student Union would contain common rooms for men and for women, club and conference rooms, offices for student organizations, and a dining hall.

If '32 adopts this suggestion, it will be taking a very progressive step. After making its decision, the proposition to extend the Women's Building project to provide for a Student Union could be made to those in charge of the women's campaign and to the men's undergraduate executive. The money so obtained would bring nearer the day when students and their organizations will be adequately accommodated, and the precedent would, in all probability, be followed by other classes.

"Never Say Die . . ."

This term the "Ubyssy" has given full support to the Students' Council in its energetic efforts to secure adequate facilities for staging university athletic events on the campus. The Alma Mater Society has endorsed the plans of the Council at two meetings. Having been with some difficulty made aware of the importance that students attach to the matter, the Board of Governors has expressed sympathy and a willingness to co-operate. As a result, negotiations are under way between the Board and the government with regard to financing the scheme. Since it is illegal to collect five dollars with each student's fees after Christmas, it seems that the A. M. S. resolution to this effect must be revoked.

The above is an incomplete outline of the hectic history of the stadium project—a history that is by no means concluded. It is important that student interest and support should continue to encourage the Council in the further efforts it is undertaking to make the plan materialize. Progress has been both checked and promoted, but the difficulties that have been met should serve to strengthen the general determination that final success must be achieved.

Begging The Question

Two weeks ago it was thought that at last the question of student self-government was going to be faced and put upon a definite basis. It seemed that the Alma Mater Society had a spirited and progressive executive that would secure this desirable result. When the Board of Governors failed to consult with the Council's representative on the plan for the five dollar stadium levy, a resolution was made in which the Council revealed itself as resentful at the inconsiderate and arbitrary treatment given to the student body in a number of matters in recent years. The time appeared to be ripe for an understanding with the authorities.

A joint consultation was asked, with the alternative of an Alma Mater meeting to discuss the advisability of continuing student government. The conference was held, the student delegation was kindly treated, and the Council, rather flattered, and somewhat abashed at its own temerity, has apparently decided that it would be ungrateful and importunate to pursue an investigation into the question of self-government.

It is still timely, however, to attempt a clarification of the relations between the undergraduate executive and the university authorities. If the Students' Council fails to do this, it will be remembered as "The Council That Begged The Question."

The Term Essay

Once again the impending dread of examinations is upon us, but is dimmed by the more immediate curse of the term essay—a factor which results in little appreciation and less credit.

The idea of the term essay has become contagious at U. B. C. during the last few years. History started the epidemic and gradually the disease has spread to English, Philosophy, and nearly every other course of importance on the curriculum. So that this year, students, especially in the Senior years, find themselves facing four or five term essays a few weeks before the Christmas exams.

Besides the difficulty of time spent from regular class work, there are several factors regarding the term essay which dishearten the student in his work.

Often the essay subject is not assigned until several weeks after the term opens, and the student faced with the task of composing several essays finds himself pressed for time towards the end of the term. This evil could be remedied if the assignment were made earlier in the term thus giving the essayist the opportunity of apportioning his time.

Another factor which hinders the student in his composition is that many of the library books required for the essay are not found on the reserve shelves; and valuable time is wasted waiting for the negligent loaner to return them to the open shelves.

But the most disheartening factor that faces the essayist is the meagre credit given for his hours of time and effort spent gathering material and composing the actual essay. In most courses from ten to twenty marks of the total 150 are allowed for the term essay; this is certainly not in proportion to the amount of time and energy spent on the composition.

The student might receive more value from his university education if less time were spent on work in one specialized subject—one which often has little bearing on the actual course, and for which insufficient credit is given.

Correspondence

NEWS FROM PARIS

An interesting letter from Geoffrey B. Riddehough who is now studying in Paris on a Nichol Scholarship has been received. Mr. Riddehough is a brilliant graduate of the University of British Columbia. While an undergraduate he was a member of the "Ubyssy" staff and president of the Letters Club. Before going to Paris a year ago, he was a member of the Classics department of the faculty here.

Mr. Riddehough writes: "I think I shall take work in paleography again with M. Samaran of the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, for during this past summer I found I had profited a great deal by his instruction when I had to decipher medieval manuscripts in London and Oxford. I shall probably take some more work under the medieval-Latin specialist, M. Faral, but above all I mean to attend lectures given by the man under whose direction I have been working on my thesis—Professor Emile Legouis . . . So far as my thesis goes, I have now to arrange the material I collected in England; there is, as I discovered last winter, but little material in Paris libraries on the English Christmas Carol . . . So far as I know, I have laid my hands on more than a dozen carols that have never been printed before; they range from late 14th century to early 17th century. Two I found in the Public Record Office in London through the courtesy of my friend Miss Sylvia Thrupp; I have sent them off for publication to 'Modern Language Notes.' The others I discovered for myself. It is never easy in such cases to call any old poem 'hitherto unpublished,' for one sometimes finds to one's disappointment that they have already appeared in an obscure periodical like 'Notes and Queries,' but at any rate my thesis is more likely to be original than if I had had to rely on the libraries of an American graduate school."

Student Christian Movement

Mr. T. M. Cummings, Canadian Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, will be on the U.B.C. campus this coming week-end.

This Movement is an organization of students who expect to be interested in mission service. Mr. Cummings himself has recently been ordained a minister of the United Church in the Maritimes, and is devoting a year to the Movement before leaving for the foreign field.

Mr. Cummings would like to get in touch with all students interested in mission work. Such students are asked to leave notes in the Men's Letter Rack by Friday and arrange for an interview at Union College.

Mr. Cumming will also preach at the evening service at Crosby United Church, corner of Second and Larch. Monday evening he will discuss the mission situation with interested students at the home of Miss M. Ricketts, 3149-3rd Avenue West.

La Canadienne

A meeting of "La Canadienne" will be held this evening (Tuesday), at the home of Evelyn Lewis, 6088 Adera St. Several members will act three scenes from "Les Deux Sourd's." Graduate members are welcome. (Take No. 7 car to 41st and Adera and walk two blocks south to 45th.)

Agriculture Classes

A meeting of the Aggies at noon, November 17, decided to have a pep meeting. Tentative date, January 23. Committee are L. Godfrey, Chairman, Taylor, Lee and Winram. The committee will receive suggestions as soon as possible.

A Kick From The Caf.

A common sight in the cafeteria this term has been that of a great wave of debris rolling down the aisles before the dogged pressure of a broom propelled by a tolling waitress. It seems that the "Caf" would be more appropriately named the "Sty." The manager has at last made a protest, and we think he is justified in objecting to the custom of strewing rubbish on the floor. We suggest to him, however, that a few more waste paper baskets placed here and there would help the situation.

Casualties among cafeteria tables have been heavy this fall, complains the food factotum—and the worst of it is that those who do the damage will not report it. The tables are not of fragile material and will stand ordinary treatment without cracking, but one is not supposed to sit on them. Chairs are provided for this purpose. Having thus briefly indicated the usage to which cafeteria equipment should be put, we feel sure that patrons will govern themselves accordingly. If they do not, some disciplinary measures will probably have to be instituted.

C. O. T. C.

A smoker for all members of the corps will be held on Saturday, November 22, at 8.15 p.m., at the University Club, Robson and Howe Sts. Major Colquhoun, M.C., P.P.C.L.L., will give a lecture with slides on "Mechanization."

Grass Hockey

There will be no grass-hockey practice tomorrow, and no league matches on Saturday, since that day has been reserved for the inter-city game, Vancouver vs Victoria. The final practice of the term will be held on Wednesday, November 26.

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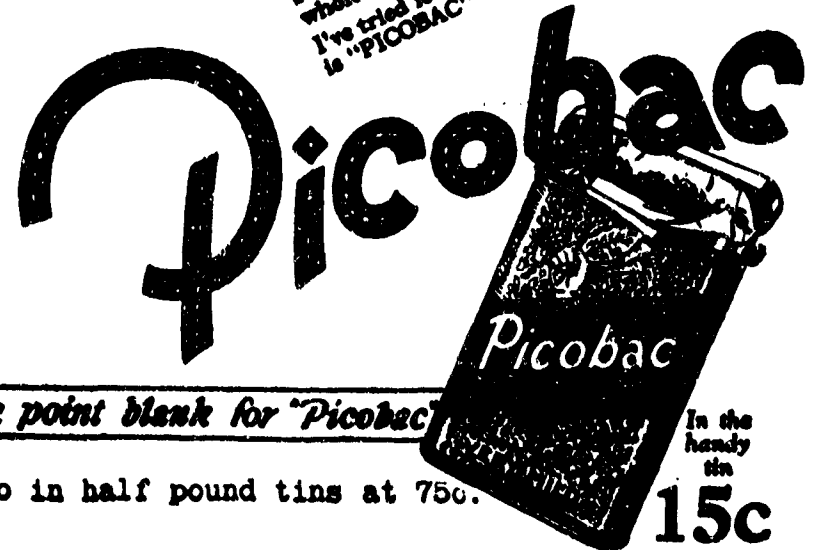
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SPIRIT RAPPINGS

The peculiar educational arrangement whereby English 2 students stifle together in Arts 100 has produced some interesting outgrowths. One of these is the assembling of students at 12.30, in order to secure seats for a one o'clock lecture. Another, more striking still, is the stimulation of business enterprise among sundry Freshmen. These opportunistic worthies, learning of the custom among Sophomores of carrying chairs from the Common Room to the scene of their tribulation, have hit upon the plan of occupying the available seats during noon-hour and of selling them at ten cents to second year students, who do not wish to stand while the English department ladles out its version of higher education. While admiring the acumen of the Frosh, I think it is rather unnecessary that Sophomores should be compelled to pay additional fees for the benefit of hearing the beauties of the language expounded, when they all could be housed cheaply and comfortably in the unoccupied auditorium. Personally I should consider myself gyped if I had to pay ten cents to hear an English 2 lecture.

Duty forces me to reveal an over-size skeleton in the Pub Board closet. Despite the impassioned ramblings of my friend, the editor, he gives tacit approval to that bloodthirsty band of incipient homicides and "unemployed beaters," even now receiving training for the destruction of our so-beautiful civilization. Believe it or not, he has allowed the Totem office to be placed next to the C.O.T.C. Orderly Room, in the underworld of the Arts Building. Think of the horrible effect that such surroundings will have on the Totem, that influential volume, which is destined to be taken into the very homes of the susceptible younger generation! I can imagine the typical write-up of a student of this year's graduating class.

"R. G.," known to his friends as "Hindenburg," has won many admirers by his homicidal personality and bloodthirsty smile. Coming to this university from far off Ontario, he soon manifested his prowess in unemployed beating and won his Big Block in this sport. A double honor course in Bayonet-fighting and Bomb-heaving has no terrors for Hindie, who may be found at all hours toying with a Lewis gun in the Arts quadrangle. Favorite sport, collecting notches on his rifle butt. Favorite saying, "Shoot to kill."—R.A.P.

Dear R.A.P.:

I think it was horrid of you to say all those things about Mac. He is a dear boy and took me to tea in the caf. He is crazy about soccer and told me that it was quite different from rugby because there are more men on a rugby team. He had quite a long talk with the manager of the caf. when he went to settle the bill, and he told me afterwards that the manager is a soccer fan, and that the argument was about the last game. So don't you dare say any more of those things about Mac, so there.

Clementina.
P.S.—And I lent him another bus ticket, so there.

What People Are Saying:

Prof. W. B. Coulthard: "Now then, now then, now then . . ." (92 per hour).

Edgar (to Doris): "Your attitude verges on the disrespectful."

Bertie Barratt: "I'm remarkably clever. If this goes in there'll be one dead woman."

Dr. Topping: "I've been a Bolshevik since early times."

Dr. Walker: "Why, no! Wordsworth, you damned idiot, why should there be!"

Schultz: "I think we should have more culture on this campus."

Frank McKenzie: "I know I have good ideas."

Ev. King: "Now biologically speaking . . ."

Ernie Roberts: "I've been horsing around here for an hour."

Ernie Gilbert: "I was watching your ears prick up."

Ernie Akerly: "And who are you?"

The Cherubic Costain: "Don't introduce me to one girl, introduce me to a bevy."

The Return --- of --- Chang Suey

Chapter 13.

A second wing-jing whistled past in the darkness and thudded against the door. Anderson forced me to my knees and I crouched against the wall. It was only a matter of time before Chang Suey destroyed us.

But I had forgotten the transcendental ingenuity of Arnold Anderson. I heard him groping about among the flying wing-jings which whizzed in ever decreasing circles about him.

Suddenly he heaved the door open and dragged me behind it. With a triumphant yell the infuriated Snards dashed into the corridor and rushed full tilt into the sinister Chang Suey and his desperate henchmen.

Then began a struggle, equalled only by the fight for coats after the Frosh Reception. Wing-jings whistled, knives flickered and shrill cries of agony arose from the battling Orientals. It was like an editor's conception of an O.T.C. lecture.

Concealed behind the door Anderson and I watched the death struggle. Slowly Chang Suey's hatchet men were eliminating the tong men of Bunt.

"I think we had better make ourselves scarce," remarked the imperturbable Anderson.

After due consideration, I agreed. "There is a door across the passage. Let's go," Arnold observed.

Seizing our chance we dived across and through the door.

A bellow of rage told that we had been observed.

"It won't be long now," said my companion. "Chang Suey has only two more Snards to finish off and will be after us with his remaining three followers."

Together we glanced about the room. There were no doors or windows. It was lighted by a mercury arc that formed part of a strange apparatus, placed in the middle of the room.

"Read that," cried Arnold, pointing to a metal plate, fastened on the side of the contraption.

I looked closer. "The Eveready Crime Machine. Patent applied for," I read.

"Why, it must be the Crime Machine!"

"I believe so," answered Anderson. "How does it work?"

He fingered the controls, his eyes glued to a series of dials ranged along the dashboard.

"I've got it," he suddenly uttered. "It is really simple. It is worked like a combination of an Electric Hand-drier, Fisher's ford and a Stat 1 computing machine. Stand over there and see if I can focus it."

"Nothing doing," I specified. "I don't want to be a Scientist."

A shower of blows on the door signified the demise of the last Snard of Bunt. The door splintered and fell.

"One more crack like that and I'll . . ." grated Anderson and swung the Crime Machine till it pointed at the door.

The chinamen shrank back. "Beat it or I'll fire," shouted the great detective.

The orientals fled. "Look out," I screeched, as Chang Suey himself appeared in the doorway.

"Aha, Anderson and my friend Scribblewell," the master criminal cooed. "So my followers fled from the Crime Machine? Silly fellows. Go on, my dear Arnold, turn it on me. I don't mind."

Anderson groaned and staggered back from the machine. Chang Suey drew his wing-jing and smiled, slowly and horribly.

"I will kill you first, Mr. Anderson," he beamed. "Oscar will take a little time to expire and I would not keep you waiting on any account."

I groaned and covered my eyes. Then, suddenly an idea struck me. I sprang to the Crime Machine, pushed down the starter and threw the gears into reverse.

Chang Suey started and rubbed his eyes. His benevolent gaze lost its sinister aspect and honest good-nature shone in his countenance. The reverse ray had made him a honest man.

"Dear me," he simpered. "What a wicked creature I have been!"

Conclusion

His character completely changed by the ray, Chang Suey devoted his entire fortune to rebuilding the university, and was elected president of the V.C.U. However, he retired to a monastery, bowed down with grief that the erstwhile crime machine had

Sigh-Low

Yo-Ho! Aggies! This is a voice from the past. 'Twas nigh a score of years ago, when we of Agriculture, were the campus hellions. We were the mighty Husbandmen from the wilds; the tainers of the Co-eds; and now we let the animated mechanics' apprentices put their scarlet streamer across the University Crest in the Auditorium. That thing must come down. Arts are too decadent to do anything, so the Aggies must see to it.

Rumors have been going around about a pep meeting sponsored by the Aggiea. That is an idea; even the ladies have had one.

Suggested Program
Recitation from Vergilius. "Bucolica" by P.A. B summed up in two words. "Another little course would not do us any harm" by the Staff. A Chorus.

"Feed Flavors in the Caf." A Sensation. By the Dairy Dept.

"Calf Judging on the Campus." A Lab.

"The answer to the Home Ec. Maiden's prayer." An individual demonstration.

Silo Seepages
(Not displayed by the Council or the UBY SSEY Staff.)

(1) There have been discussions from time to time on the subject of Self-Government. The summary of one of these in our Common Room was that Self-Government was the out-come of assuming all the responsibilities of citizenship, including that of defense of the State.

(2) Certain letters to the paper suggest that the Council go ahead and collect the \$5.00 levy that "the Student body of the University of B. C. pledged itself to raise." Even the Council now realizes that no matter how many votes it gets, the resolution is "Ultra Vires" according to law. I would advise the writers of that letter to study the "Societies Act." The voting at that meeting was a disgrace, especially in an institution like the U. B. C.

As ever

Sy. Hayseed, B. E.

How to be Popular--- Sing This in the Caf.

*Cramming days are here again,
Noel exams appear again,
Those nights of toil are near again,
Cramming days are here again.
All together slog it now,
There's no one who can slack it
now,
So let's set to work about it now,
Cramming days are here again.
All our dates and parties are gone,
There should be no more from now on,
Cause cramming days are here again.
Noel exams appear again,
Those nights of toil are near again,
Cramming days are here again.* —R.B.

been wrecked by being thrown into reverse so that the reverse ray could not save the Golden Lotus and others from their awful doom. Anderson and I were rewarded with Big Blocks and became the heroes of the hour. The terrible menace of Chang Suey had been ended at last.

Epilogue

As I read the last paragraph written in what I considered a moment of triumph, a nausea fills me. How little I guessed what the future held!

About a month after Chang Suey's retirement, Anderson awakened me in the stacks. He was actually agitated.

"Have you heard the news?" he whispered, looking round to make sure no librarians were near.

"No. Has the Soccer team won?"

"Of course not," he gasped. "But the Golden Lotus has recovered and will enter the university next year. In fact they have all recovered. The effect of the Crime Machine is wearing off."

"Whoopee," I whispered.

"There is no occasion to rejoice, Scribblewell," replied Anderson, solemnly. "What about Chang Suey? Read this."

He thrust a paper before my eyes. "Great heavens," I cried, as I read the headlines.

MONASTERY DYNAMITED, NO SURVIVORS.

Chang Suey had also recovered and was about his sinister schemes again!

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