

The Ubydney

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Totem Pep Meet Thursday

Poulcats, Singers To Assist Contest

• ALL STOPS ARE OUT for the Totem Pep Meet. The day: Thursday; the time: noon hour; the band: Sid Poulton's.

No use being cryptic—its the biggest rally to hit the campus since Mart Kenney came out three years ago.

Your All-American Totem, picked by candid, skilled observers as the best yearbook produced at a Canadian University, is all set to show the students just what can be done with University talent.

Too often, the Totem feels, is emphasis placed on off-the-campus entertainment. Too little attention is paid to campus talent, just as too little attention is paid to student effort, such as the Totem.

Thus, Thursday's pep meet. Coincident with this pep meet, the Totem is staging a sales slogan contest. As in former years, a free copy of the 1942 Totem will be offered to the student, or club, entering a winning slogan. The deadline for the contest is set at Wednesday noon, and the winner will be announced at the pep meet.

Along with the Varsity orchestra, the staff is lining up the band's charming vocalists, Connie Dierson and Jean Foulkard, and is angling for the services of the mystery trio who recently sang with Dal Richards.

In line with the policy of playing up University talent, plans are also being made to introduce to the students their own 1942 basketball team.

Last year's hoop squad, which won the Dominion championship, has been shorn of many familiar faces—the team that played last Saturday were strangers to most.

The Totem plans to introduce you to your team.

The Totem also plans to introduce you to your yearbook.

And incidentally, without being in the least subtle, the Totem hopes to sell you a copy of this year's book.

Thursday, then, is Totem Pep Meet Day, Wednesday is Totem Slogan Day. Any day is Totem Day—you can buy one in the Pub.

New Radio Show Starts This Week

The Radio Society will present a new sports program over CJOR at 8:30 Wednesday, the time formerly occupied by ace commentator, Leo Nicholson.

Taking part in Friday's production will be Albert Miller and Don McMillan. Sports news and features will highlight the program.

A novel newsroom show entitled "University News Room," made its initial appearance on CKWX Saturday, at 8:15. Both programs will be weekly features. Taking part in the Saturday show were Albert Miller, Don McMillan, Lou Monasch, Sheila McKay, Bill Webber, and Phyllis NeMetz, Radio Society director.

Scripts were handled by Bill Wilbur and Peggy Reid.

Bloodhounds Called Off; Kidnapped Palm Home

• "THE MYSTERY of the Potted Plant" was solved Monday to the satisfaction of all persons intrigued by the recent kidnapping of the plant, from the D.U. table last week.

Early Monday the plant was found sitting placidly on the table with a note from the Alph Deltas around the stalk. "Plant for sale—\$100" it read.

Dave Robinson, pledge who brought the allegedly valuable

Chicagoites Rush to Pay Totem Fees

• FAME MOVES—but quick.

Just as Totem salesmen were expanding chests, expounding to dubious students on the merits of buying a copy of the All-American Totem, came a letter.

From Chicago, Illinois.

It was from the Jahn and Ollier Engraving Company of Chicago (nationally famous in the trade) who were desirous of purchasing a copy (they wanted to pay \$3.00) of last year's prize-winning Totem.

From Chicago.

That guy, Totie, really travels.

New Army Letter Style Seen Here

• COLONEL SHRUM has received his first airgraph letter. Bill English, who is now doing special submarine and aircraft detection work aboard the H.M.S. Ajax, sent it to him from somewhere in the Middle East.

English was an honours student in physics at this university and enlisted while studying for his Ph. D. at the University of California.

As explained by Dr. Shrum, the men on Active Service write their letters on an ordinary letter form and this is then photographed with a special film called microfilm. Two or three hundred letters are contained in one film.

The microfilm, enclosed in a small tin, is flown to Britain, enlarged on a special Airgraph form, and forwarded to the person to whom it is addressed.

Committee Gives Up; No Advice

• FURTHER EVIDENCE of declining student spirit at U.B.C. is revealed in the two successive failures of the meetings called by the committee investigating elections.

The meetings, called for last Thursday and Monday, were both called off because of insufficient support from the student body.

The Dirty Nine Undone . . .



. . . by Pubster Lancelots

Above is shown a bit of fast action in a previous Publications-Council battle. Usually taking the form of a basketball game, these historic annual scenes of strife may—and usually do—end up in a catch-as-catch-can conflict. This season's struggle will be held next Friday noon.

Pubsters Promise Council's Defeat

• THE GREATEST athletic event of the year—the pub-council basketball game, threatens to turn into another classic rout for the mighty men of the publications board next Friday at noon.

Pub Fighters . . .



. . . of Yesteryear

SPC's Mix Worlds Grief Dances Songs

SONG, DANCING, PLAY and incidentally dancing discussion on social problems marked the week end camp of the Social Problems Club. The camp, overlooking the waters of Horseshoe Bay, was visited by twenty-five club members.

Students arrived at different times during the afternoon and night of Saturday. After supper clubbers threw themselves into a wild dance; at midnight, all were forced to retire to hastily-constructed beds.

Real purpose of the camp came to the fore when a discussion of current problems took place. Under the chairmanship of Frank Bertram four members outlined problems. Archie Bain talked on "Events leading to the War," Harold Burks on "The Position of Canada in the War," Elspeth Munroe on "Soviet Union" and Gordon Bertram on "Post War Reconstruction."

The whole group took part in these discussions and many brought forward problems of their own. Work was resumed after lunch.

AMS Office Charges Council Accepts McKim Resignation

• FOLLOWING a thorough investigation into the administration of the Alma Mater office by Student Council, that body accepted the resignation of Accountant Arthur McKim at a special meeting Saturday.

Council To Fete A.M.S. Secretary

• STUDENT COUNCIL will entertain Miss Hilda Fox, A.M.S. secretary who leaves the campus for a new position this month, at a dinner tonight in the Dolphin Tea-Rooms before the regular weekly meeting.

Miss Tess Rader, at present a stenographer in the A.M.S. office, will assume the duties of the popular secretary.

Meantime, she is coaching Miss Betty Clugston, newly appointed stenographer, in the office routine. Betty was a student here last year, and is therefore familiar with the undergraduate activities.

Tea Dance Wednesday In Brock

• WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON from 3:30 to 6, the Women's War Work Committee will sponsor an informal tea-dance in Brock Hall.

Admission will be 15c for men and 10c for Women. Everyone is urged to come "Dutch", and to mix "in a more friendly manner than at the previous affair."

The convener, Brenda Phillips, declares that there will be very little expense and points out that practically all the proceeds will be available for donation to the Red Cross.

Book Market Pays Up Today In A.M. Office

• WELCOME NEWS to all holders of Book Exchange credit slips is that today is pay-off day. From 2 p.m. on, the A.M.S. office will be prepared to meet the influx of creditors.

It will be necessary to present all credit cards before payment can be made.

At present it is believed that Tuesday is the only day to obtain payment, but there is a possibility that the time limit will be extended.

Mayhew Essay Prize Contest Held Nov. 8

• ATTENTION is called to the Mayhew Prize Essay Contest. The subject of the essay will be POST WAR RECONSTRUCTION POLICIES IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA. Contestants will write their essays under examination conditions on Saturday, November 8. All those intending to enter this contest should leave their names in the Registrar's Office not later than Thursday, November 6.

U.B.C. Woman Composer Of "All I Do Is Dream"

• WEDNESDAY NIGHT at 9:00 p.m., a fourth year Arts student is going to have the thrill of hearing her first published composition played over CBR.

The student, Dorothy Hamilton, is well known to many of the students. Interviewed regarding the composition, Dorothy said that she has been composing since the age of twelve, but had never bothered to write any of her tunes down, being content to store them in her head. However, some friends heard this last one and urged her to write it down. Phyllis Dilworth, niece of our former English professor, and a former Varsity stu-

dent, composed words for the piece and together they called it "All I Do Is Dream."

"It was a great surprise to me," recalls Dorothy, "when I heard that arrangements had been made to broadcast it." Dorothy has been studying piano and voice for a great many years. She intends, after this year, to go down to Boston to continue her studies.

Mr. McKim was appointed to the position by last year's Council after Sutherland Horne had retired from the office last February.

Council Statement

After studying conditions in the Alma Mater Society office, the Council has decided that some re-organization is definitely necessary.

For some time now, the efficiency and co-operation which is so necessary for the proper administration of student affairs has been lacking.

Since our first responsibility lies with the Student Body, the Council felt obligated to take immediate steps to remedy the situation.

TED McBRIDE,
A.M.S. President.

COTC Men Will March Nov. 11th

• SELECTION OF 100 MEN between the heights of 5 feet 11 inches and six feet one inch to represent the Basic and COTC at the Armistice Day Observance, November 11, will make the unit one of the smartest in the parade.

The representative Unit will be under command of Mr. Hutchinson with Mr. Fraser Jamieson 2 I. C. and will include two N.C. O's, Sergeant D. Mitten and C.Q. M.S. W. T. Mann.

The Air Force Training Plan got under way last week with its first lecture until Christmas men taking the Air Force Training course will continue their military training on Saturdays with the Basic group, while taking their Air Force lectures during the week.

Misdeamours of COTC men will in future if of a serious nature or such that the men thereby display their lack of interest, be punished by reversion to the Basic group. Already some men have returned to the Basic, a few of their own request and others as a result of skipping lectures or showing their disinterestedness.

• From The Editor's Pen • • •

A Prodigal Returns

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We take great pleasure today in presenting an editorial by one who used to grace these columns every issue two years back. He is none other than John Garrett, now Second-Lieutenant Garrett of the P.P.C.L.I., who was the "great god" of the Pub during the 1939-40 term.

He is renewing acquaintances on the campus this week prior to leaving for his unit in the East.)

Guest editorials are rather like after dinner speeches but the unfortunate part about them is they are not preceded by a reasonably satisfying repast. After all, one can always produce an appropriate remark or so, provided that the dinner has been of an inspirational or, at the very least, of a stimulating character! In consequence, I commence these few lines with no adequate fortification, either material or spiritual, and my one sincere hope is that some will voluntarily read to the end, rather than doing so from an exaggerated sense of duty.

To exclaim at the outset that everything appears to have changed since I last was here would be sacrilegious falsification of the true state of affairs; in fact, I personally detest 'alums' who delight in such misrepresentation of the facts. Those features of our Campus which have remained uppermost in my mind during the past year and a half have not been buried by the dust of eighteen months, and I do not feel like an outsider, nor an old man!

My feelings, on the contrary, were more like an offspring returning to roost. Without becoming submerged in sentimentality, I might mention that the sight of the Cam-

pus in Autumn raiment, harassed students changing lecture rooms, of the Caf with wire chairs and coffee tippers, of the gracious Brock Hall Lounge and of the seething Publications Office filled me with slightly nostalgic ecstasy.

But let it not be judged from the foregoing that I failed to notice an embryonic structure on our parking lot of 'old' or that I accepted the new 'professionalism' in student administration with but a shrug of my shoulders. I offer congratulations to those responsible for each of the 'innovations'—if a building can be so termed!

It is now quite apparent that I have written enough if not too much, and I intend without more ado to conclude, but, as is well known, leave-taking can be extraordinarily difficult. To close with apt quotations from the literary masters is formality itself, and merely to cease writing is 'poor composition'. There is but one alternative and that, I think, to wish all the very best of luck as we each proceed along our respective paths.

And one more word . . . never forget to blow about the University of B.C.

Irrespective of what locality you may be in, there is the inevitable grad. from Point Grey; there is always some poor soul who will gladly drink to the health of the Thunderbird. In the short time I have been 'in life' I have repeatedly run across the products of these halls in every part of Canada.

University life and Campus memories seem to live on and prosper as time toddles merrily by, constantly nourishing the desire to return to books and faces left behind.

• The Mummery . . . by Jabes

• I HAD ALWAYS thought of the Library as a sort of sanctuary, a place to win friends and infuriate librarians. If you were in a whimsical mood, you could even try to study there.

The other day, however, it was the scene for the first of a series of ugly episodes that reduced me to slinking furtively about the campus like a refugee from a Vancouver Liberal Committee.

I was no sooner through the revolving doors than I had a feeling that all was not right. Then, peering into the semi-gloom, I made out a figure standing grimly at the bottom of the left stair-case. It was a woman. She had a tin-can in her hand, and a belligerent glint in her eye. Instinctively I felt that here was an enemy.

So, humming quietly as I admired my fingernails, I sidled over towards the other stairs. For a moment I thought I was going to make it, but then I heard that deadly rattle behind me, and the next instant she was blocking my path, with her chin stuck out about an inch from my eyes (she was bigger than I).

"Self-denial!" she barked, shoving the can into my stomach.

"I've already denied myself in four different buildings!" I protested, backing away.

"Well, deny yourself here," she snapped sarcastically, "and make it a nickel even."

I didn't like the way her right hand bulged in her coat pocket, and I had a quick vision of sinking to the floor, riddled with lead. I fumbled nervously with my purse, mentally judging my chances of making a dash for it.

"Take your time, playboy," snarled the fiend. "We wouldn't want you to do anything you might regret."

Taking a deep breath, I babbled: "I have some tokens here if you would care to take them down to the Foreign Exchange Board . . ."

She shook her head slowly, from side to side, at the same time rattling the tin, to give the effect of a copperhead about to strike.

"If you've got any Roman money in there, you can forget about that, too," she said.

I finally found a coin and dropped it into the can with a cheap chink.

"You'd better go and rest somewhere now," advised the extortionist, and, catching me by the arm, added in a hoarse whisper: "Promise you won't write Hsley about this?"

I was still fuming when I went down to the Caf for lunch, only to be stopped at the door by another female, every bit as rugged and uninhibited as the first.

"I want your blood," she stated quite simply.

"You must be thinking of three other chaps," I laughed. "I've never even seen you before."

"Oh there's nothing personal in it," she retorted.

"There's nothing personal in YOU wanting MY blood?" I demanded incredulously. "Sister, I'd hate to see you get intimate!"

I tried to get through the door again, but a beefy arm shot out to catch me just under the Adam's apple.

"The Red Cross needs your blood—now," insisted this vampire in ankle sox.

"Shall I pull into a pit, or will you drain me here?" I roared furiously.

"What's your name, please?" she enquired calmly. "I'll put you down for a pint."

"A pint!" I screeched. "Why I've got red corpuscles that have never even seen other red corpuscles! I've got veins I've never even used. I have to give two weeks' notice before I can blush! My hemoglobin . . ."

"Name, please?"

"Look, sister," I pleaded softly, "I don't want to set the world on fire, all I want is a piece of pie and a cup of coffee. Surely that's not too much to ask?"

There was a low, ominous murmur behind me, and I realized that a crowd had gathered. There were cries of "Gwan, give her your blood!", and I thought I heard somebody mention lynching, or it might have been leeching.

Faced with the prospect of losing my blood the hard way, I was now obliged to beat a hasty retreat, pushing out through a hostile mob, and even in the quad I had a feeling people were pointing at me and whispering:

"He's the guy who wouldn't give his blood. Let's hiss!"

I've been eating my lunch in the U.B.C. Forest lately. Me and the other rats.

The Abyssary

(MEMBER C.U.P.)

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On The • OUTSIDE

BY PIERRE BERTON

It is always dangerous to write a column about fraternities because the Greeks are a touchy bunch who are so used to having cracks hurled at them that when anybody writes anything at all about them they think he is being nasty.

Two Types

This is a column about two types of people:

• 1. The guy who goes to Varsity for a couple of years or more, pans fraternities right and left, then suddenly gets rushed by one, joins it, and becomes a dyed-in-the-wool fraternity man.

• 2. The guy who gets rushed by a fraternity, joins it, then goes around telling non-Greeks how lousy fraternities are.

I have met both these types and I classify them under the general title of Hypocrite.

Specimen No. 1 only kicked about fraternities in his pre-Greek years because he wasn't in one himself. It was a case of sour grapes and once he had the little gold badge firmly embedded on his vest (or his girl friend's) he became strictly a clam as far as the anti-frat feeling is concerned.

Specimen No. 2 felt he has to be a jolly good fellow with the boys who hated fraternities so in their company he became a fraternity hater too. He was something of a hero—the black sheep of the Sigma Pi Foo's for example.

On The Outside

Well, you meet these fellows on the Outside, too.

Here's a rabid Socialist who hates the Capitalistic System with a burning hate. He has no dough, this socialist, and he spends most of his time in stuffy little halls yelling about Big Business or in an equally stuffy little attic writing left-wing pamphlets.

One day this miniature Trotsky tears off a 300 page novel—all about the Little Guy getting stepped on by the Big Guy—full of the sordid details that the public eats up.

Before he knows it, our seedy friend is rolling in royalties and being feted as the Find of the Literary Year. Presto! Desperate Ambrose becomes a pillar of society, joins the Rotary Club and votes Conservative at the next election.

Little Rollo

Here's another earnest young fellow. He's a scion of a wealthy capitalist but he's turned his well-

WEAR A POPPY
Help Our Needy Veterans
Remembrance Day,
November 11th.



"Knew where I'm taking you?"
"To have a Sweet Cap - I hope!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES
"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."

• LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

I happened to see an article in the Vancouver Daily Province concerning free tuition and subsistence allowances to be given to those students who have entered Active Service upon their demobilization.

Following the establishment of peace there is bound to be a period of adjustment and unrest. This assistance will be just what is needed for those trying to get a new start in civil life.

I am sure that all those now in the three services or contemplating entering the services will join me in expressing their appreciation.

Yours very truly,
Cadet W. K. WARDROPER.

ED. NOTE: Cadet Wardroper was an undergraduate at U.B.C. who left last year to join the army. He is at present at O.T.C. camp at Gordon Head.

tailored back on the class that nurtured him. Little Rollo's decided to be a Communist and he's getting a hell of a bang out of hob-nobbing with what he still terms the riff-raff.

Well, our 20th century Young Prince Hal goes out on tears with the Falstaffs and Pistols of the day, marches proudly in the workers' parades, bleats about the revolution in the family circle, shocks his family and awes his left-wing friends.

Then Papa takes him aside on his 21st birthday and says now listen son do you or don't you want that vice-president's job down at the plant, because if you do you better stop sowing those wild oats. Whereupon Sonny Boy answers a dutiful yes and the game is over. There's one in every fraternity.

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"Navy Blues"
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Mickey Rooney, Judy
Garland in
"Life Begins for Andy
Hardy"
also "Bullets for O'Hara"
DOMINION

Joseph Joseph

• JOSIE WAS in the hospital last week having her tonsils out — the big baby — so I thought it would be kinda nice to take her something. After racking my brains for about an hour I finally decided on a bed jacket from B. M. Clarke's, 2517 Granville Street. Its a rose satin one — elderdown type — Josie was really thrilled, in fact she was going to give me a big kiss for it, only the nurse kept beetling around. But I'll collect when Josie's better. I'm glad that tonsils don't last long. Dear Dirty Don: Thanks for the information about the handsome Newmarite Science man who was told by a prominent Varaity boxer to "leave off" his Kappa girl friend, but next time please leave me names. Love, Joseph Joseph. Clarke's have snuggle-gown bed jackets too, and soft fluffy bed socks, but Josie already has some of them.

• DID YOU EVER see a dream walking? Well I did — two of them in fact, one blonde and one brunette. The blonde was wearing a white crepe evening dress, long sleeves, with gold embroidery on the belt, and the brunette was wearing a taffeta one in varied shades of rose — the skirt was made in panels varying from deep wine to pink. It was really something different. And they both came from the Rose Marie Dress Shoppe 2158 West 41st Ave. Boy, what a couple of honeys! A dark Gamma Phi pledge isn't wearing her Fiji pin any more — it seems he went to a Co-ed with some other girl and she got mad — he was at his pledge party with a short dark freshette from Magee . . . Rose Marie has lots of really mazy evening dresses. Just phone Kerrisdale 2574.

• THESE TALL GIRLS who wear spike-heeled shoes should not be allowed out with a medium-tall guy like me. I was awful mad at a girl I took out on Saturday — she's really quite nice — but she's on the tall side, and she wore high heels. I told her that if she ever wanted to go out with me again, she'd better get a pair of Rae-son's low-heeled dress shoes, from Rae's Clever floor, 623 Granville St. They really are wonderful. Black suede is especially popular, with different sorts of ornament on the toes — and only \$4.95 and \$5.95. A cute, Screwballish Phi Kap Sig was having a wonderful time at the pledge party on Saturday. In fact he was having such a wonderful time that he doesn't remember spending a good part of the evening in someone else's car. When the car was cleaned out the next morning

U.B.C. Student Survives Atlantic Wreck

Ship Sinks Under Artsman; —But Still Loves the Sea

• TWENTY HOURS in an open boat tossing about on the gale-swept waters of the North Atlantic, six hundred miles from land, was the harrowing experience of George Schuthe, fourth year Arts student, whose ship went down on the way to England last November.

George shipped out of Vancouver on the boat as chief wireless officer. He had previously been to sea several times to pay his way through college.

The ship had been with a convoy, which broke up off the Newfoundland coast. Just one week previously the now famous Jervis Bay convoy had been attacked and the tense atmosphere of an Atlantic crossing had been increased by the news of that attack.

A day after leaving the convoy the boat ran into very heavy seas, and the following night it began to leak badly. Then began an all-night vigil at the pumps.

It proved to be a losing struggle. When the water reached the cargo of paper, the pumps were rendered useless and the ship slowly filled with water.

At 7 a.m. the next morning it was evident that the struggle was becoming useless and George sat down at his key to send out the dread call of shipping, S.O.S.

By 8 a.m. the situation was desperate, and the order to abandon ship was given. Then the real battle with the sea commenced.

The small boats were little protection from the raging seas, shipping water rapidly. The men were soaked. For twenty hours the battle with the cold and wet went on; and so acute was the suffering that two men in George's boat died.

Finally a Norwegian boat that

there were seven hairpins in the back seat. Gee, Josie never wears hair pins.

• YOU KNOW, I was figuring it out on the calendar last night, and discovered that there's only 43 more shopping days to Christmas. So I've been looking around, and I discovered that George S. Straith's Ltd., 905 Georgia St., have some awfully nice things, and not only for Christmas — for example Liberty silk scarves, handwoven belts and slippers, hunting and skiing outfits for men, purses, gloves hankies — just simply everything for smart men and women. A red-haired Phi Kap Sigma locked a dark D. G. pledge in the back seat of his car one day, and went tooting all over town, called for a dark curly haired Theta, stayed and talked to her for about half an hour, and then took her for a drive, with the D. G. still locked in the back seat.

Engineering Film Show To-morrow

In former days, promoters used to drill for oil and trust to luck, but today with the advance of scientific technique, the petroleum engineer can accurately determine the location of oil bonanzas.

In a special showing of engineering films tomorrow noon in the Auditorium the University Engineering Society and the Film Society bring for the first all-university showing the story of oil in a three-reel sound film entitled "Petroleum Geology."

General non-technical principles underlying television, the new science which will replace radio and bring the world to the living room are depicted in a one reel film "Television."

The North American Campus

Culled from publications which arrive daily in our office from Universities all over the Continent, the Ubyssy reprints the following items, which may interest the student body as a whole.

SEATTLE, WASH: University of Washington fraternity men are co-operating with the campus Defense Chest drive by donating the money usually spent on orchids for coeds attending their formals to this drive. The girls, therefore, will be presented instead with red feathers, emblems of Defense Chest donations.

TUSCALOOSA, ALA. University of Alabama students recently had the pleasure of hearing Gladys Swarthout, first guest of their Artist-Lecture series. A novel idea instituted by one of the fraternities was to charge two packs of cigarettes as admission fee to their

recent informal. These cigarettes will be sent to former students now in the army.

TORONTO, ONT. C.U.P. Queen's University are including coeds in their blood donation drive.

MONTREAL, P.Q., C.U.P. Students at McGill University have started a campaign for a mile of pennies to go to the purchase of Bren Guns. Red ribbons will be awarded students contributing thirty pennies or more.

MUSIC APPRECIATION—Tuesday noon Dr. Sedgwick will be the commentator at the Carnegie recording hour. He will illustrate his talk on Elizabethan music from the Carnegie collection.

Put your dollar down on 1942 Totem now—in Pub. Office.

U.B.C. Grad Eastern Air Head



Shown on tour of duty is Flight-Lieut. Howard C. Cotterell (right) accompanying H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, inspecting airmen at Halifax. Flt.-Lt. Cotterell is a graduate of this university. Now second in command at an eastern station, he was a member of the first R.C.A.F. squadron to go to England.

You College Girls
Three Answers
to Your Wardrobe
Question!



Shirts

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Jerkins

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3.98

Sportswear, Spencer's, Fashion Floor

Country Club Loafer Tie

Put your feet in these and forget about them! They're comfort plus—and right smart looking, too. Made of tan calf with light tan moccasin trim—walled toe for plenty of room and low heel for campus tramping. All sizes and fittings from AAA to B.

5.75

Shoes, Spencer's, Fashion Floor



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