Clinton Licks Bush in US Presidential Race

Washington (CUP) — By an impressive margin, Democratic Party candidate Bill Clinton swept into the White House Tuesday. Though the popular vote was close, there was a wide margin in the vote in the Electoral College.

Republican candidate George Bush, the incumbent, conceded to Clinton after the Democratic candidate attained the 270 College seats necessary for a victory. Major television stations declared Clinton the unofficial winner shortly after his victory in the key (albeit somewhat mediocre to look at) battleground state of Ohio.

"The people have spoken," said Bush. "We respect that democratic system, doing whatever that thing is that there.' We'll respect that in the future — or, more specifically, happen again sooner or later, as it is. However, it's bound to be a very distinct possibility, as it is. However, it's bound to happen again sooner or later, so keep your eyes peeled."

Bill Clinton was swept into the White House Tuesday. Clinton thanked his running mate, archaic Admiral John Stockdale. "See, see, this is just sad," said Perot, as he and his supporters watched Stockdale walk into a wall, bounce off and fall muttering into the hotel pool. "I thought. I had a winner in an admiral for Veep. What the hay-ell wars was he an admiral in, anyhow? The Napoleonic Wars!"

At this point, it remains to be seen how this shift of power to the south will affect US-Canada relations. Brian Mulroney called the outcome a "pleasant surprise," and added that Clinton "has a chin that I can really relate to a lot better."

Johan Thornton, a contender in the Radical Beer Faction leadership race, and Erik Jensen, the spokesman for the Faction, were both incensed, incarcerated, and awaiting arrangement at press time, and were hence unavailable for comment.

"Actually, I was just kidding, but hey, I'll take it..."
(define canadian 'eh?)

Ryan McCuaig

The US Marine Corps, never the most culturally sensitive of organizations, managed to pull a real coup de grace (or coop duh grace if you're from the States) during Game Two of the World Series. (And by the way, did you know that the Georgian Legislative Charter defines coup de grace as "to mow the lawn"? No Bradley...) For those who've been in hiding due to midterms, let me summarize: In a show of international brotherhood, the RCMP Color Guard carried Old Glory during the pregame fly by of the national anthems, while a Marine in full dress blues carried the Maple Leaf. Too bad the only botany you tend to learn in boot camp pertains to defoliation. Ode to the Jeetah tail, the leaf's supposed to be pointy end up, stem down. We were, in typically Canadian fashion, enraged... but not really. Reflecting on it, I can't say that's a bad reaction. I mean, think about what would have happened had the RCMP flown the American flag upside-down. Parliament Hill would have been giving a big, warm "howdy" to a couple of cruise missiles. And, of course, we'd get to watch it all on CNN: "This is Peter Arnett, reporting live from the House of Commons in Ottawa. The big news right now is that the USNписm seems to be having some trouble getting up the St. Lawrence. However, it is within Tomahawk missile range, and we expect one to come in the door any moment now. Ah yes, here it comes—(followed by a HUSE - Horrendous Unspellable Sound Effect)"

This show of Canadian spirit couldn't have come at a worse time for the Yes-men in the government. Think how you'd feel: you've just spent three months telling Canadians that they have no national identity, and then, just thinking about voting "No" will prompt the breakup of the country. Then, horror of horrors, the entire country rallies behind a baseball team from (shudder) Toronto. Kind of ironic, in a Stephen Leacockish sense (see, Canadian content!), considering that Toronto is the most widely reviled city in Canada. Then, the Americans give us an inadvertent slap in the national face, prompting a show of (another shudder) patriotism. Well, such as it was, I guess. Toronto fans bought an awful lot of American flags, and were planning to fly them upside down in retaliation. The rest of us chatted it up, the same 'American' attitude that results in such questions as "How many states are there in Canada, again?" and "Do your igloos stay frozen in the summer, or do you have to make a new one every summer?" (I wish I was joking about the latter question. Edmonston's cold, but really...). I believe out beloved and brilliant leader, whatchis-chin, called the boo-boo "grace". Had enough yet, you oppressive war-mongering hums?

Anyway, since I'm feeling so proud of my (non-American) Canadianness today, I'm going to pull an Air Canada and show our Quebec countrymen that there's no hard feelings. I'll summarize my article in that most wondrous of languages, le francais quebecois. Anyone wishing to have a complete translation should come by the SUS office. So, here we go...

Oh, by the way, I spent a fair bit of the summer speaking France's French, so I might as well give this a shot. Bear with me. Anyway, without further ado:


Well, I've done my part towards keeping Quebec's language in its present pure state. Vive le Quebec bec!

(Nota: just to save my own skin, let me say that this is not meant as an insult to Canadian francophones. It is intended to reflect reality. I'd be happy to discuss it in either language if you are offended.)

Oh, yeah, and to avoid any more mis-sings of our national anthem (for shame, Tom!), I'd like to reproduce the Official Language-Independent Version of O Canada! I know, it's a pain remembering the "we stand on guard" bit when you're hosed, like Tom Co— Wait, my lawyers are saying something. Cut out that last bit? Oh, okay. And if you've just watched a game at the Forum in Montreal, well, that'll screw you up even more. A lot of you hockey fans may already know these, so come on & sing along:

O Canada! Mumble mumble mumble mumble chack! back!, Dah dah dah dah dah. Da-ah-ah-ah Do-oO-Do-oO, Mumble mumble mumble mumble mumur mumble. Da mumble da da, O Canada, Abh-du-dass-duh-de-da de dAAA! (dumdumdum...)


Thanks/Merci.
RABIES

Is UBC truly committed to teaching? Depending on who you ask, there are two different answers that you can get. Those answers are not unlike the ones preached in the recent Canadian Constitutional Commissions: there are those who will answer "yes", and those who will answer "no".

People who say "yes" have some valid points. Last year, after reviewing the way teaching evaluations were conducted, the UBC Senate approved a report which strengthened them. Sometime in the next three years, the Senate will revisit the issue to see what has been the result. Yea-sayers also point to the Faculty Development Program, whose goal it is to provide faculty with programs and resources so that they can improve their teaching. Having received new funding from the President's Office, they are now in the process of establishing a centre for faculty development.

Nevertheless, one cannot deny what the nay-sayers point out. While new research facilities are being built, there is a shortage of classrooms on campus. What classrooms do exist are in poor condition, with burnt-out lights, poor ventilation... What the nay-sayers point out is that the problem is not only in the classroom but also in the environment for teaching. The Senate has to address both academic and financial aspects (which are the jurisdiction of the Senate and financial committees which are the jurisdiction of the UBC Board of Governors), and these aspects cannot be separated.

So what can be done about this issue of teaching quality? That has been something that I have been looking into for the past year, after the Senate Committee on Teaching Evaluation that I co-chaired was discharged. In doing so, I have found that the problems which affect teaching quality originate from outside the course and the instructor, in what I have coined "the environment for teaching". All the points of people who say "no" fit into this category. Consequently, I developed a proposal that invited the UBC Board of Governors to join with the Senate in doing some further work.

The results of the last committee I co-chaired were very satisfactory, and I believe that good results can be achieved again in studying the environment for teaching. However, I felt that the task should not be carried out by another committee of the Senate alone. The environment for teaching has both academic aspects (which are the jurisdiction of the Senate) and financial aspects (which are the jurisdiction of the UBC Board of Governors), and these aspects cannot be separated.

Therefore my proposal was to create a joint committee of the Board and Senate to investigate the environment for teaching at UBC. However, the Senate did not agree with me in all aspects. When I presented the proposal, a number of senators spoke against the aspect of having a joint committee. As a result, the committee was created, but amended so that it would be a "Senate only" committee. As to the reasons why, I can only guess. Many people would like the virtues of having a bicameral system of governance, despite the fact that the University Act provides for joint committees. It is possible to speculate that a more sinister, hidden motive may have been at play: that a joint committee would remove the ability of the UBC administration to filter the information going to the Board of Governors.

Regardless of the motive, the committee is much weaker, and has the same task before it.

So what is the true answer to the question we started off with? That remains to be seen. For those who want the answer to be "yes", a great struggle lies ahead, since a number of events will have to occur. First, the newly created committee will have to work hard to produce good recommendations, despite the fact it has been weakened.

Second, the Senate will have to approve those recommendations. Third, those recommendations will most likely have financial implications, and thus the Board of Governors will have to approve those recommendations as well.

And last, the administration will have to implement those recommendations faithfully. Each and every one of these conditions must occur. Otherwise, the only answer to our question will be a profound "no".

Orvin Lau
Student Senator

Win a free T-shirt!

Contest Design Contest T-shirt Design Contest T-shirt Design Contest T-shirt Design Contest T-shirt Design Contest T-shirt Design Contest

Friday the 13th Geo-Pit

(Geography's Bzzz Garden)

Featuring Jason!

Friday, October 30
3:30 - 6:30
Geography Lounge

New Science fleece shorts!

13-1/2 ounce Fleece
Ash, 50% cotton/50% polyester
2 Pockets & Elastic Waistband

Available only in the UBC Science Undergraduate Society office, Chemistry building, room 160.
The Four Thirty-Two Vol 6 No 5 4 Nov '92

Math? A Science? Yeah, right...

Little Sparrow
Retribution-Feeder

Have you ever wondered why there are so many high school teachers out there who have a double major in Math and English? Or Math and Physics? What does it (+13 x (r)4 + Zr) have in common with "Vodoleous coucher with ma cherie ce op? Easy. It's as obvious as the fact that the Engines stole the E's out of tee for their cardiograms. They're both completely foreign to about 95% of the general population. (Note: since this is in italics, this can be considered the entire point of this article; there will be a quiet at the end of the class.)

How many of us (excluding the aforementioned red-coat-wearing Volkswagen-vandalizing maniacs) will ever pull out our old Ideal Math 100 text to calculate thirteenth decimals (just like good old Mr. Spock) exactly how much water is being lost per minute (cause some damn idiot dive into the wrong end of the pool?)

For that matter, how often would any of us use that marvellous well-worn sentence above in casual conversation? (Try saying it to your chem lab instructor. "Paradoxes-noon, monsieur, ma rien..."

After all, since Quebec seems hell-bent on closing its borders to anyone who can't tell their 'Rs, the only real reason any of us will have to learn French will be so we can read the other side of the cereal box. (Don't deny it. At one time or another, all of us have struggled to focus on that tiny little print while attempting to get that spoonful of Cheerios anywhere remotely close to our mouth. Either that or you don't pondering exactly what diphosphoric monochloride sodium trigluatical acid is really doing to your large intestine.)

French may also be still be conceivably useful for those days, when you're at home, sick as a dog, during that time slot just between the games and the shows. Nine times out of ten, I end up watching some French movie about a woman in a tiny bathing suit and the problems she's having with her various lovers.

Back to the devil's creation — Mathematics. How many people can honestly say that being able to integrate complex equations ranks in their top ten achievements in life? Do you ever see it listed on anyone's resume right after "can use a cash register"? If it does, then there are a lot of people who spend far too much time locked away with their HP Super Calculators. Maybe someone should form a support group to help those poor souls over their addiction. We could call it "People Like You Who Ought to Occasionally Do Something Useful "Cause Calculators Stink," or P.L.Y.W.O.O.D. S.U.C.K.S., for short.

Another item. All Math teachers were first trained in the Faculty of Arts. How else can you explain their incrediblly ability to say the most obvious things in the longest time possible? (Just don't a bit o' Artsie bashin there...) Personaly, I'm not too interested in seeing exactly why the derivative of sin x is cos x. When I see that formula in my text book, enclosed by a box, I just accept it as the Word of God and leave it as that. Proof by divine right.

As in all Arts courses, you never seem to learn anything in the actual lecture. Only after hours of work (usually at about one in the morning, over your twintwist cup of coffee) do you ever understand what's going on. People tend to shift during lectures. For instance, on the rare occasion I manage to make my 12:30 class, I use most of the time to compose such elegant prose such as this. I see a couple others reading the 432 (plug), but the majority are leaving puddles of drool on those tiny little desks...

The sooner Math is sent back to the Faculty in which it belongs, the better.
Dik Miller Gets Fishy

You aren't wearing your button yet?

Available in Chem 160.

NEW SCIENCE JACKETS!!!

Completely redesigned! Melton and Leather Jacket Navy Blue Melton Body Navy Blue & White Leather Split Sleeves $150 plus cresting, taxes not included

Deadline for Christmas Orders: November 18, 1992

Order now at the UBC Science Undergraduate Society office, Chemistry building, room 160.

Darwin discovers the Arts student...

This chair, but from above, and then some sort of tunnel with a wonderful light at the end.

"That does sound an awful lot like a near-death experience," she agreed.

Of course, he postulated, "it could be a strange combination of my memory of the last time I drove through the tunnel from Richmond and seeing my reflection in my ceiling mirror."

She looked up. "Why do you have a mirror on the ceiling of your office?"

"I refuse to answer that question on the grounds that I may incriminate myself," I replied.

"Lock," she said, "I don't mind if my employees are having sex in their offices, as long as they're discrete about it and clean up after themselves."

What an interesting idea, I thought. Having sex in an office. I had been sure she would have guessed my actual purpose — testing of my new Dik Miller™ super-duper hand-held laser deathbeam/dry cleaner/ice bucket

"You're right," he said. "I should ask for it.""What sort of problem?"

"Ah yes, the Cheeze Factory. An old building, formerly used (not surprisingly) for making cheese, which was now the headquarters of my primary targets as Engineering Political Correctness Enforcer: the Engineering Undergraduate Society.


"Of course not," I replied. "That's all perfectly normal. I mean something literally fishy. The EUS has complained that the entire Cheeze Factory has smelled like fish for several days."

"What kind of fish? I wondered.

"How should I know?"

"Hmm," I said. "I'll check it out."

A few minutes later, after a quick shake and some time to wipe the encrusted drool from my coat, I was walking towards the Cheeze Factory. I arrived at one of the doors and barged in on it.

It opened a few seconds later. "What?" asked the opener.

"I'm Dik Miller, Engineering Political Correctness Enforcer," he finished for me. "Yeah, what?"

"Here I come to investigate the fish smell."

"Oh, right. Come on in." As soon as I walked in, there it was. A distinct, lingering, pungent odour of several different fish.

"Hmm...could be halibut," I proposed.

"No, no," disagreed one of the present engineers, "too woody."

"How do you know that? I asked."

It's fairly rare to encounter someone who can identify a fish by its smell. I had been aware that after a bit of ability years of work at private eye training school. (You'd be surprised what they teach you.)

"Bioresource Engineering 355: Physical Properties of Plant and Animal Materials," the engineer replied. "Look it up in the University Calendar."

"Ah, but that's only introductory! I declared. "You were probably taught to deal with ideal fish smells — you know, like frictionless pulleys and inclined planes — and don't know that halibut smells woodier and woodier as it gets woodier and woodier as it ages."

"Bioresource Engineering 355: Physical Properties of Plant and Animal Materials," the engineer replied. "Look it up in the University Calendar."

"I brought out my Dik Miller™ croquet mallet/snake snakefish smell identifier and switched it on. And along with some nifty "beep byoop" noises (which served no purpose other than to make it sound cool), the display finely pointed me to the smell's source.

"It's downstairs, in the basement," I said. "But there isn't any basement," someone revealed.

"Well, it's down there somewhere. I paused for dramatic effect. "And I'm going to go in and find out what it is."

Oooh, scary stuff, eh? Watch for the exciting continuation of this story in the next thrilling issue of The 432, everyone's favourite waste-time-in-class when you should be taking notes-newspaper!
“Oh, No, Not again...”

Chapter 3 – How not to go grocery shopping

Rod Reddekopp
Columnist

In the last fun-filled episode, one young hero was ring-around-the-rosie by a group of pests from the pit (Hill’s Hamsters) and realized that the dimension he fell into is lacking into his. And now, we continue.

Oh, so this universe was looking into the boy’s home-sweet-home. What was he going to do about it? Contact the local authorities? Conduct a search for items in the fabric of the spacetime continuum? Maybe he should run around in circles, screaming like a lunatic. Or maybe he should sit down and read something. Yeah, he should sit down and read something.

So the boy plopped his butt down on the sidewalk and opened up his knapsack. Since falling through holes in the fabric of the spacetime continuum was a fairly common occurrence for the boy, he was always well-prepared. The first item he came across in his search for some reading material was a screwdriver. Now, don’t get the wrong impression here, but the boy was generally not a violent individual. The screwdriver was only for purposes of self-defense.

Next, he found the Zap-O-Kill-Em-Dead™ ray gun he had picked up in a technologically advanced dimension. Naturally, though, since he picked up in a technologically purposes of self-defense. The screwdriver was only for some reading material was he came across in his search for some reading material was he came across in his search for some reading material was he came across in his search for something to read.

“ALL RIGHT! Everybody, kiss the GROUND!” he shouted, waving his Zap-O-Kill-Em-Dead™ ray gun menacingly. Everyone turned and looked at the boy as if celery stalks were growing out of his head. He checked.

“Mean it! Drop or I’ll zap all of you!” It was times like this that the boy wished his voice didn’t crack all the time. Everybody was just ignoring him now, going about their business.

The boy put the ray gun back in his backpack, and drew his screwdriver.

A nearby woman screamed and dropped to the ground, hands over her head, thinking like a leaf. A wave of panic swept quickly over the crowd. Some ran, some cowered, some stood frozen in place.

“ALL right, that’s more LIKE it! I want a bag of Doritos, a six-pack of Coke, and some—”

THUNK!

That last bit was the sound of a silly club connecting with a pre-adolescent cranium. Hmm, probably store security, he thought. Then everything went black.

SON OF A! That’s what his mother and father had been saying. He was always getting into trouble. How did that get in there? He was always getting into trouble. How did that get in there?

The boy referring to a copy of The Ubyssey that had somehow found its way into his backpack. He looked around to make sure no one was watching, and took a look. Headings such as “Sex with Your Pets made Interesting”, “Help! Help! We’re Being Repressed!” “Everybody Hates Me”, “I Hate Everybody”, and “You’re Being Repressed and You Don’t Even Know It” filled the paper. One article in particular caught his eye. It was a contest to write a Halloween story. The winner got — oh, dream-come-true — his (or her) story published in The Ubyssey! Oh wow! A chance to be published in The Ubyssey! The boy was excited beyond description.

But then something good happened, the boy felt refreshed and ready to save the universe as we know it. But he was hungry, and had to keep his priorities in order. So food first, universe later. He squelched a sudden urge to shoot some pool. The problem with his hunger was that he had just spent his entire allowance on Silly Putty the day before he fell through the wormhole. Besides, he had a feeling that his currency wouldn’t be accepted here anyway.

Naturally, he decided to hold up a grocery store.

The Four Thirty-Two Vol 6 No 4 Nov ’92

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Leona Adams

Strove: A New Beginning

So, I hope we were all good boys and girls and made an informed vote in the referendum. I could tell you what I voted, but there are good number of reasons why I won’t: 1) I don’t imagine that you care, 2) it’s none of your business, 3) no matter what I actually voted, I’m going to get mobbed by people saying “How could you possibly vote that way? Don’t you care about Canada?”

Subconsciously, I think we all know that it wasn’t going to pass because it ignored the most important distinct society of them all. Of course, I’m talking about Stroves, as the more astute among you who actually read the title may have discerned. We have our own style, our own culture, a elaborate history and a language unique to Stroves. I think that if this catches on well enough, I’ll try hitting up the University for tenure.

Don’t laugh! I can probably pass it off as an easy Arts credit for desperate students on the brink of graduation. Most people, Strovedom cannot be taught: you either have it intrinsically or you don’t. Should be good for filling out your bank account though.

Now would probably be as good a time as any to recognize my personal choice for Strove of the month: Stuart. Stuart is an arse, but he actually likes my writing (go figure). So, Stu, I salute you.

I know there are a few of you out there who are familiar with my not-so-cute style of writing. Although I don’t pretend to attempt, however unsuccessfully, to prevent us from screwing up our little brains, but it’s nice to rant on occasion.

I’ve never been really good at doing footnotes, but I’m not really sure why. Maybe it’s because I’m not really good at holding onto my train of thought. For as long as I can remember, I’ve had the attention span of a hyperactive kid. However, if you are really familiar with the way I write, you would realize that there doesn’t always have to be a point. It’s nice for the sake of writing a conclusion and all that jazz, but you can get by without one. Out of the kindness of my heart (and don’t pretend you didn’t know I had one), for the benefit of the structure-starved among you, I will try to prove some relevance.

One of the neat things about being Strove is that we are not prejudiced against anyone, no matter how Strove(s) he is. Seriously though, one of my pet peeves (which you would have no problem understanding if you had ever met me) is discrimination. Because I intend to stay in a somewhat pleasant mood, I’m going to stick to the kind that I encounter most frequently on campus, that being age-based discrimination. I mean, it’s hard enough when you want to watch your money buy cheap Sanfrargas for someone else at the AMS Barbeque when you weren’t even allowed inside, but when your own undergrad society, the place where you hang your hat, starts to turn you away... , well that’s really sad. I could come up with all sorts of neat platitudes about understanding each other and working together to reconcile our differences, but I’m not that st grove. I do realize that the “No Minors” rules are there to attempt, however unsuccessfully, to prevent us from screwing up our little brains, but it’s nice to rant on occasion.

Do-it-yourself US Election-night Speech

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The four thirty-two vol. 6 no. 4 Nov ’92

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Strovedom 100 (6): An Introduction to the Lifestyle

Principles covered include indulgence as a method of dealing with chocomaniacs, mastering your Strove potential and inventing expressions for every occasion.

P.S. Everyone at the AMS Barbeque when you weren’t even allowed inside, but when your own undergrad society, the place where you hang your hat, starts to turn you away... , well that’s really sad. I could come up with all sorts of neat platitudes about understanding each other and working together to reconcile our differences, but I’m not that st grove. I do realize that the “No Minors” rules are there to attempt, however unsuccessfully, to prevent us from screwing up our little brains, but it’s nice to rant on occasion.

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On October 21, AMS Council met to discuss what approach it could take to fight the declining tuition increase this year. The Board of Governors had passed a tuition increase and two years ago setting the tuition increase at Consumer Price Index (CPI) plus 4.5% each year for three years.

Last year's tuition freeze is now proposed for the University to propose an 18% increase for 1993-94. The topic was discussed ad nauseam for two and a half hours. There were several points that all council members agreed upon. (ed. Wow, really?)

1) An 18% tuition increase in one year is unreasonable.
2) A continued freeze on tuition levels is unrealistic.
3) The Provincial government is responsible for putting us in this position. If they had not forced us to impose a freeze last year, the University would not be trying to propose this freeze.
4) The majority of students can afford a moderate increase, but our main concern is for the small group of students who cannot.
5) On October 28, a motion was put forward which tried to address all of these concerns. The AMS final position was:

1) That it was unreasonable to ask students to pay for more than the CPI.
2) That the provincial government should be giving the University the amount they lost because of the tuition freeze, and
3) That the Government should also provide direct student financial assistance in the amount of the tuition increase.

As a note of interest, Yuri Fulmer, the new ombudsper, has been in office two weeks, and at the last Council meeting there was a notice of a motion asking for his resignation. Next meeting should be a long one.

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**McNighties**

*Carmen McKnight*

So you want to know what's happening in the basement of the main building:
1) There's a line up for our photocopy and our computer.
2) There are not enough chairs in the room for the number of people.

To sum it up, SUS is packed between 11:30 and 1:30 pm daily.

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**Fruit of the Lumps**

*Patrick Loom*

Welcome to the wonderful world of SUS finances, where money is found and lost in the most interesting places...

For those of you familiar with the workings of the SUS, our annual proceeds come out of the $5000 "deficit loan" that the Student Union has used to improve the photocopier, or our improved photocopier, or our likely haven't noticed our new, 5-cent, reductions and pop machine. Photocopies are cheaper (and if we're lucky, free) and if we still don't know how we'll get home... and our 50% sport entertainment coupons for restaurants, the movies, sports, attractions, and, let's just say that the copier hasn't broken down yet. Pop is 72 cents (the cheapest) and if we're lucky, we just might pay off the machine this year. Until next time...

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**Senate Shorts**

*Chris Sing*

Senate met on October 21, 1992. There was a long discussion on Dr. Renick's motion of conflict of interest, and Dr. Loom's motion for the formation of a Senate-BoG Committee. Dr. Renick's motion failed by a large margin, partly because there was at least a conflict of interest motion in place, and also because the vote was not held by secret ballot.

Dr. Curot took Dr. Strangeway to enlighten Senate about the general price increase affecting the AMS and the Administration. These prices are certainly to end AMS involvement in "University" affairs, such as the administration's Aquatic Centre. Dr. Strangeway said he would be pleased to do so, and acknowledged Carol Forsey's invitation to Martin Birl to express the AMS point of view.

Now that that "hardship" has been rectified, I can get on with what I promised to do all along: to play accountant and embezzle all the money!! If you're wondering where some of the money goes, well, you're reading some of it. Add upcoming seminars (don't miss the Jon Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith Memorial dinner this Friday). Jon will be there, thanks to generous donations, but we still don't know how he'll get home... and our 50% sport rebates, and there's a big chunk of it. By the way, depending on my generosity and that of the rest of the council, the sports rebate may be up to two-thirds in second term. If you haven't dropped by SUS yet this term, you probably haven't noticed our new, improved photocopier, or our machine. Photocopiers are 5 cents, reductions and enlargements are available, and, let's just say that the copier hasn't broken down yet. Pop is 72 cents (the cheapest) and if we're lucky, we just might pay off the machine this year. Until next time.

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**Sales Slips**

*Michael Chow*

Science Sales has been very busy here at AMS. Of our new Special Orders Sales Coordinator is Eric Seewald. If you need some cool-looking clothing for your club or team, just ask for Eric or myself.

**BIG NEWS:** Science leather jackets now have a totally different look! You've got to see it to believe it! Navy blue melton, with navy and white split-sleeves, all for only $50/Dozen (plus shipping). Taxes not included. Orders must be placed by November 15 to bring in the jacket before Christmas.

**Brand new Science fleece sheers:** Ash, 13-1/2 ounce fleece, 2 pockets, elastic waistband, 100% cotton, only $13.50 (taxes included)

**Winner** Where can you get one of those big 3-inch cool-looking United Way buttons? Pick one up for us for only $0.25, all of which goes to the United Way.

**Is your team or club looking for clothing or uniforms? Most orders require one week. Compare our prices: 1 dozen, 100% cotton Fruit of the Loom standard-weight T-shirts, with a full-color, recreation, movie rentals, entertainment.

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**Revenue:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Actual 1992-93</th>
<th>Budget 1992-93</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1) Student Fees</td>
<td>2833.40</td>
<td>2833.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2) Telephone</td>
<td>760.00</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>3) Pop Machine</td>
<td>330.00</td>
<td>330.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4) Pop Machine/paper</td>
<td>350.00</td>
<td>350.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5) Futs Soccer</td>
<td>500.00</td>
<td>500.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>6) Academic</td>
<td>125.00</td>
<td>125.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7) Office of Dean of Science</td>
<td>500.00</td>
<td>500.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8) Academic</td>
<td>1000.00</td>
<td>1000.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9) Computer/Computer print</td>
<td>500.00</td>
<td>500.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10) Interdepartment relations</td>
<td>500.00</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>11) Computer/CPU</td>
<td>500.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>12) IT System</td>
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<td>500.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>13) Social Net</td>
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<tr>
<td>14) Science Web</td>
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<tr>
<td>15) AMS Loan Repayment</td>
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<td>16) Loans to constituent clubs</td>
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<td>17) Special projects</td>
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<td>18) Sports</td>
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<td>19) Publications (net)</td>
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<tr>
<td>20) Summer Guides</td>
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<td>451.28</td>
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<td>21) Social Debate Overpayment</td>
<td>500.00</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>TOTAL EXPENSES</strong></td>
<td>17264.21</td>
<td>17264.21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>NET SURPLUS</strong></td>
<td>12892.39</td>
<td>12892.39</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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For more information on the running of the Aquatic Centre, you can read Orvin's motion, you can read his letter in this paper. People expressed concern about the loss of funding for the library's serials, possibly resulting in up to 25% of the library's present serial subscriptions not being renewed. Dr. Cooke asked Dr. Strangeway to enlighten Senate about the general price increase affecting the AMS and the Administration. These prices are certainly to end AMS involvement in "University" affairs, such as the administration's Aquatic Centre. Dr. Strangeway said he would be pleased to do so, and acknowledged Carol Forsey's invitation to Martin Birl to express the AMS point of view.

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For those of you familiar with the workings of the SUS, our annual proceeds come out of the $5000 "deficit loan" that the Student Union has used to improve the photocopier, or our improved photocopier, or our likely haven't noticed our new, 5-cent, reductions and pop machine. Photocopies are cheaper (and if we're lucky, free) and if we still don't know how he'll get home... and our 50% sport rebates, and there's a big chunk of it. By the way, depending on my generosity and that of the rest of the council, the sports rebate may be up to two-thirds in second term. If you haven't dropped by SUS yet this term, you probably haven't noticed our new, improved photocopier, or our pop machine. Photocopiers are 5 cents, reductions and enlargements are available, and, let's just say that the copier hasn't broken down yet. Pop is 72 cents (the cheapest) and if we're lucky, we just might pay off the machine this year. Until next time.

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Venison à la Corvette and other tasty dishes to go

Maybe you guys out there in Readerland can help me out with something here... last week, I got all ambitious and decided to really treat myself to a fancy dinner. Enough bare-bones student fare for the time being, I said. This cat is steppin' out.

Well, relatively speaking, anyway; it wasn't Il Giardino, but I tell ya, considering how I'd been eating prior to that, it was indubitably the best damned can of ravioli I've yet had the pleasure to savour.

That is to say, right up until the part I got a little... sidetracked. While happily gulping down my feast, I was doing as much highway driving as I do, I find the term mechanically separated, especially when used in reference to a recently deceased animal that I've just consumed, a tad disturbing to say the least. It almost reminds me of one of those Orwellian doublespeak terms that politicians like to spend hours on end conjuring up. I can just see ol' George Bush putting this one to good use.

"Barbara? Honey? Bad news... not good... bad... had a little accident with the limo... sorts mechanically separated Millie... didn't see her lying in the driveway... a tragic, tragic event."

"Oh dear. Well, send Fitzwater down to the pet store to get a new dog right away, before Dan notices."

"You're right, dear... that's a prudent move... poor lil' rascal'd be heartbroken if he found out..."

Of course, by the time you read this, Curious George may or may not even have a job anymore. The way things are looking now, at time of writing, I'm thinking he oughta get together with Gorbachev and Thatcher and open a Burger King franchise somewhere in northern Wyoming. (Well, why not? Open spaces, fresh air, no lives for them to screw up for miles around except their own... sounds great. And so what if they don't pull down much business? If they can't run a business at a deficit, then by God, nobody can.)

But enough about those guys... I wanna get back to this mechanically separated beef thing for a sec. I mean, it makes sense from a logical point of view, doesn't it? I don't know if you've ever laid eyes on an animal just mechanically separated by, say, a nice heavy Mack truck, but hey oh boy, no other meat product ever invented would lend itself so well to being pored into little individual pouches of pasta. No time or money spent on slicing, dicing, chopping or even making sauce. One good solid broadside, and that's about it, really... of course, you might want to tie a few green peppers and onions to the grille, or throw in some fresh garlic, just to spice things up a bit. Maybe even feed the thing some oregano and red wine about twenty minutes beforehand. This last one would, of course, help in soothing the animal's perfectly natural reservations about stepping out in front of a rapidly approaching semi-trailer. (Just a quick note to all you PC watchdogs out there... no, this is not a senseless promotion of wholesale slaughter of perfectly innocent cute little fuzzy animals...)

"Are you aware of the fact that this is the 382nd such accident, especially considering that our experts have never been able to find any trace of animal tissue on the vehicles in question."

"Si, si, datsa right."

"So, Mr. Boyardee, you're claiming $7500 in body damage due to collision with an animal?"

"Si, si, datsa right."

"Mr. Boyardee, our company, quite frankly, has a big problem with your accounts of these accidents, especially considering that our experts have never been able to find any trace of animal tissue on the vehicles in question."

"Well, waste not, wants not..."

Anyhoo, I suppose you've heard quite enough of that, but just thank your lucky stars I didn't tell you where those little cans of chocolate pudding come from. I don't think the world's ready.

The Jon Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith Semi-Memorial Dance

Friday, November 6
SUB Ballroom

Free tix available at SUS

A Buck a bzzr... 'cuz Jon woulda wanted it that way.