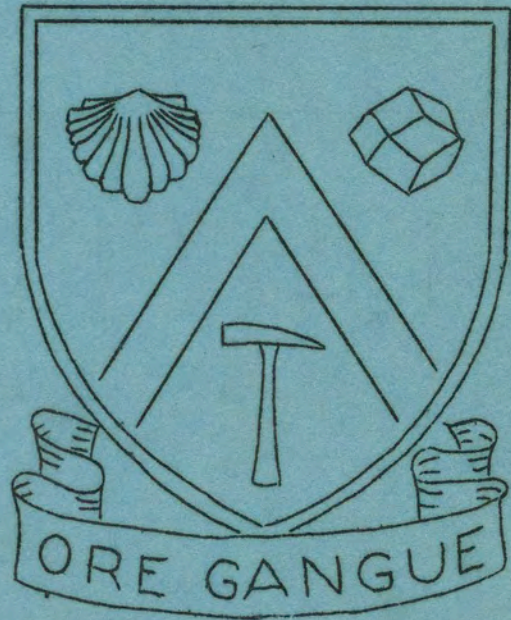


J. B. Meadows



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# CONCENTRATES

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1943-44

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# THE CONCENTRATES

Annual publication of the Ore Gange, Geological Society, of  
the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, Sask.

Editor: John L. Usher  
Sub-Ed: Robert Kirkland  
Cover Design: R. M. Coons

December, 1943.

Number 13.

## EDITORIAL

The Concentrates, eager to take advantage of the jinx accompanying edition 13, and weary of half hearted support, succumbed quietly last spring to a severe case of insufficient funds. To those who donated admirably and waited patiently for their spring edition, we offer our apologies, but under the financial circumstances, a Concentrates worthy of tradition was impossible. Thus, rather than publish a ghost of what always has been a proud review, it was reluctantly agreed upon to curtail editions to one a year.

We present this, our effort, for the 1943-44 term and will try to include in it a bit of news, a bit of humour, a bit of seriousness.

The list of grads are men whose change of address has become known to us since the last edition. If there are any further changes that you know of, please inform us. Ours is the same old address and though the Ore Gangue is not the one you personally knew, we are trying to keep it the one you helped to make.

Membership in the Gangue has sunk to a present fifteen individuals--quite a drop from what the first years of organization claimed. This decrease corresponds accordingly with the decrease in the number of students studying geology and for both declines there are probably a number of reasons. The main one is, as everyone knows, that our country is at war. University enrollment throughout has become depleted and the vast new restrictions only emphasize smaller classes. These restrictions consequently tend towards higher standards of education and those who are unable to compete in such levels turn to lesser, easier vocational trainings or otherwise find themselves in the ranks of sailing, marching and flying men.

Despite the war minded environment, the Gangue is fundamentally unchanged and it is this fact that we can be justly proud of. From the first year of its organization in 1934 the Ore Gangue has had uninterrupted activity. Few organizations of a similar nature have ever survived very long on this campus. They usually begin with a burst of enthusiasm and then die a natural death. The Ore Gangue, on the contrary, is still very much alive and if the enthusiasm of present and honorary members continues in the future as it has in the past--and such are the indications--the society will keep on being "very much alive".

Few societies can boast of such continuous activity and loyal support as ours has had. It is gratifying to us to know that the Grads are still interested enough to keep in contact and it must be gratifying to them to know that the efforts they put forth in keeping the Gangue going are being carried on with the same vim and zeal.

Many of the Ganguesters are now with the armed forces and though news of them is infrequent, the grapevine keeps us fairly well informed. To them especially and to all other Ganguesters we wish good luck and extend a sincere welcome back to the ranks of the geologist when the job they are now intent upon finishing is finished.

## HONOUR ROLL

Pilot Officer L.S.(Happy) Hill  
Pilot Officer E.H.(Bud) Hill

Flying Officer Olaf A. Ness  
Lieutenant R.A.Scott

## LOGGING THE GRADS

- Ben Allen, B.Sc. Hon. '36--Now overseas in the navy.  
Address:Lieut. R.B.Allen, R.C.N. Admiralty, Whitehall.
- Denny Badenock - latest news is that he is married.  
Address: R.C.A. Officer's Mess, A4, R.C.A.T.C., Brandon, Man.
- Wilfred Baillie - B.A. '40--returned from South America in May,1943,  
now in the army.  
Address: L67880, Cadet W. Baillie, A3 C.A.T.C., Shilo  
Camp Manitoba.
- Gordon Beard - B.A. '40--is now with Imperial Oil,  
Address: Box 330, Moose Jaw, Sask.
- George Bernebom - B.Sc. '38-- now married.  
Address: 4507 St. Urbain Apt. 10, Montreal, Quebec.
- John Browning - B.A. '39--came back from South America in May 1943,  
now in the army. He and Baillie are home at the present  
time on Christmas furlough.  
Address: L67883, Cadet J.M. Browning, B.Bty., A3, C.A.T.C.,  
Shilo Camp, Manitoba.
- Jeff Caverly - B.Sc. '41--Still at Britannia as chief geologist.  
Address: Britannia, B. C.
- Barney Clare - B.Sc. '40-- Latest address: B115440, Sapper F. B.  
Clare, #1 Coy., #3 Ptl., R.C.E., Petawawa, Ontario.
- W. J. G. Clarke - B.Sc. '37--a Flying Officer at #2 F.I.S.  
Pearce, Alberta.
- Tom Connick - Visitor in the lab for a couple of weeks this fall  
during which time he successfully wrote off a sup.  
Present Address: Imperial Oil, Moose Jaw, Sask.
- Erle Crull - B.Sc. '39--Recently obtained a new position as geo-  
logist at Delmite.
- William Denton - B.A. '38--Address: Tropical Oil Co., Departamento  
de Geologia', Barranquilla, Colombia, South America.
- Byron Elsley - B.Sc. '36--Honors - Latest reports from repatriated  
friends are thathe and his wife are alive and safe in Baguio  
internment camp.

## LOGGING THE GRADS (CONT'D.)

- Hank Fast, B.Sc. '40--Now Married.  
Address # 7 - 118 Center St., St. Thomas, Ontario.
- Jim Forrest - married this fall after returning from Alaska Highway where he was prospecting with Consolidated.  
Address: Anglia, Sask.
- Fred Hamilton, B.A. '42--Now working with Imperial Oil at McMurray.  
Address: Imperail Oil, Box 330, Moose Jaw, Sask.
- Stan Harding, B.A. '42, Honors, M.A. '43, McGill--Now back in Sask. with Imperial Oil.  
Address: Amulet, Sask.
- Edward Hart, B.Sc. '36 M.Sc. McGill '39--Is now married,  
Address: Unknown.
- Reginald Harvey - Address as far as is known, Bladworth, Sask.
- Victor Henry, B.Sc. '40--Now in the airforce.  
Address: Sgt. V. D. Henry, R-163729, R.C.A.F. Station,  
Alliford Bay, B. C.
- Harlo Jones - Now overseas in the Coastal Command of the R.C.A.F.  
Address: P.O. H.L. Jones, J-25886, R.C.A.F., Overseas.
- Stewart Keddy - B.A. '41.  
Address: Lieut. S. Keddy, (S.S.R.), 2C I.D.R.U., (C.A.O.)
- Allan Keevil - B.A. '41--Left recently to work for six months in the California oil fields.  
Address: Standard Oil of B.C., 700 Lancaster Bldg.,  
Calgary, Alta.
- Lionel Laberge - B.A. '39--Recent visitor to the lab. Now with Imperial, Box 330, Moose Jaw.
- Robert Landes - B.Sc. '33 Honors, PhD. Princeton, '37--Married in Calgary this past summer, now back in South America.
- D. G. Markland - 2nd Lieut. Special Army, R.C.E., O.T.C., Brockville, Ontario. Doug is going to Petawawa soon but the address given will reach him.
- Merle Marshall - B.Sc. '43--Now working on the Engineering staff for Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Co., at Flin Flon.
- George Mihm - B.Sc. '37 Gr. Distinction--Now in R.C.A.F. at Scouduc, N. B.
- Frank Mooney - on his way to the altar, in the meantime you can write to him % Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Co., Flin Flon.
- Harold Morrow - B.Sc. '37 Geol. Eng.-- Address: Lieut. (S.B.) R.C.N.V.R., N.P.O. #11 C/O F.M.O. St. Johns, N.F.L.

## LOGGING THE GRADS (CONT'D)

- Albert Moss - B.Sc. '36--"Ab" is on the Hollinger Staff prospecting iron deposits on the Quebec-Labrador boundary. He was married in Labrador this summer.
- Gordon McDougall - B.Sc. '38--Lieut. in the army. Now at the chemical warfare school at Suffield, Alberta.
- Geoff Nanson - Lieut. in the army.  
Address: A3, R. C. A. T. C., Shilo Camp. Manitoba.
- Steve Ostapovitch - Address: Theodore, Sask.
- Jim Parres - B. Sc. '36--Now at home convalescing after a lengthy illness. Address: 613 Eastlake Ave., Saskatoon, Sask.
- Lew Parres - Just joined the airforce.  
Address: B266859, # 2 Manning Depot, R.C.A.F., Brandon, Man.
- Robert Pettigrew - B.Sc. '39--Lieutenant in the R.C.E. Finished his advanced training. Just became father of a baby girl. His wife is in Winnipeg. Address: A5 C.E.T.C., Petawawa, Ont.
- Doug Pounder - Lieut. in the R.C.E. Home at present on leave. Will be returning to the following address: A5 C.E.T.C., Officers Mess, Petawawa, Ontario.
- Bob Pulley - Keeps in close contact with the Ganguer, now overseas. Address: Lieut. R. G. Pulley, (S.S.R.) 2C. I.R.U., C.A.O.
- Leslie Redford - B.Sc. '37--Lieutenant in the army. Married and is now a father. Address: Officers Mess A5C.E.T.C., Petawawa.
- Harold Robinson - B.A. '41 Honors, M.Sc. McGill '42. Now in the army. Address: C.I.T.C., A12, Farnham Quebec.
- Bill Robinson - B.Sc. '36 PhD. McGill '41--Flight Lieutenant at # 8 A.O.S., Ancienne Lorette, P.Q.
- William Sanderson - B.Sc. '39--Now with Imperial Oil, Box 330, Moose Jaw, Sask.
- James Scott - B.Sc. '35--Jim was working in B.C. but is now in Quebec working for the Ciscoe Gold Mines, Ciscoe (P.Q.)
- Gordon Stewart - B.Sc. Honors '36--With the R.C.A.F. as a Flight Lieutenant, London, Ontario.
- Eric Swanson - B.Sc. '38 - Spent the last two summers with the Hans Lundberg geophysics.
- Bert Taylor - B.Sc. '41 - Address CAP J27484 - P.O. Taylor B. R.C.A.F., Overseas.

## LOGGING THE GRADS (CONT'D)

John Thomson - B.Sc. '36 Honors - Is now in the R.C.A.F. An F/O at Rivers, Manitoba.

Larry Trenholm - B.Sc. '36 M.Sc. McGill '39, a Pilot Officer in the R.C.A.F. Married in May 1943.  
Address: Apt. 4, 294, Dufferin Ave. London, Ontario.

Dick Urton - B.Sc. '43 - Lieut. in the R.C.E. Home at the present time. Address A5 C.E.T.C., Officers Mess, Petawawa, Ont.

John Watley - B.A. '39 B.Sc. '40 - Pilot Officer in the R.C.A.F.  
Address: 2047 Union Ave., Montreal, Quebec.

## BLUE ROOM PARTY

R. KIRKLAND

On February 10, 1943, the highly esteemed Ore Ganguer met at the Elite for its annual Blue Room Party. Conservatism was perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of the evening, but the dull, satisfied look on all the boys' faces at next morning's classes would indicate that they had an enjoyable time. As is the usual custom, the party was a contest as to who could bring the most popular and most ravishing "broad" (lady, to the more refined); Mr. Latour managed to maintain a high glamour standard but as to popularity the evening resulted in a photo finish. The only married couple in the group (the Cy Bell's) had a busy time keeping their eye on each other and at the same time achieving conquest of new fields. Mr. Coons and Mr. Ostapovitch arrived A.W.O.L.-- (a wolf on the loose) in time for refreshments and as reinforcement to the now tiring other members but served only as a stimulus for the latter to keep a more watchful eye on their gracious partners.

G.I. -- "Is that ice cream pure?"

Waitress -- "As pure as the girl of your dreams, Solcier."

G.I. -- "Give me a ham sandwich."

Welshman: "I say, what are those friends of yours doing?"

Soldier: "Jitterbugging."

Welshman: "They get married later, don't they?"

Absent minded Prof: "Madam what are you doing in my bed?"

She: "I like your bed, I like your house, and I like your neighbors. Furthermore, I'm your wife."

## GRADUANDS SPRING BANQUET

The annual highlight of the year took place on March 13, 1943 at the King George Hotel, when the Ore Gangue and faculty, along with several distinguished guests, met to pay tribute to the graduating class of '43. This latter group of eight men, of inestimable and unquestionable character consisted of D. A. Pounder, G. D. Markland, G. M. Marshall, R. M. Coons, R. E. Urton, J. W. Forrest, S. R. Ostapovitch and B. A. Latour.

The supper, scheduled for 6:30 was precluded by the appetizer interval with one thought in mind. "First there, most served." At the appointed hour, the entire assembly tripped (and I do mean tripped) up two flights of stairs from the banquet saloon to the banquet salon.

After a fine and filling dinner (filling at least to those who were not already full) toastmaster D.A. Pounder gave the toast to the King and introduced Dr. Mawdsley who, in turn, gave the toast to the graduands. Dr. Mawdsley commented on the variety of personalities of those who were graduating and how the more reserved and subdued members maintained a balance with the gusto of others. Mel Coons responded to this toast with a most remarkable and surprising ability.

Dick Urton then presented the toast to the faculty with accent on the close co-operation and comradeship of the students and faculty in all lines of work and pleasure, scholastic and military.

In his response to the latter toast, Professor Spencer agreed with Dick on the fact of close association between the student geologists and the geological faculty. He remarked how extremely necessary such an association was and how he had never observed such a fine one as existed in this department.

The address of the evening was given by Dr. Byers. His subject was "Seeing Things to Scale" and he demonstrated most clearly how one never really grasps the immensity of time and space. The analogies and comparisons which he described were not only easily comprehended but showed vividly the awesome sizes of the universe and former time ages. Dr. Byers concluded by indicating how necessary it was for geologists to understand and visualize to scale the tremendous amount of material they had to work with.

Upon conclusion of Dr. Byers' address, Doug Pounder indicated that the evening would not be complete without a work from Professor Edmunds, at which the latter, in his characteristic and entertaining way, ended the evening by telling a gay anecdote.

Guests present were former Ore Ganguesters, including P.O. Don Douglas, ex-presidents of the society; Lieut. R. J. Pulley, and P.O. John Whatley.



## FACULTIES' SUMMER ACTIVITIES

R. KIRKLAND

Dr. Mawdsley---The man at the helm, now a Lieut. Commander and C.O. of the University Naval Training Division, spent six weeks at Victoria where he was training to acquaint himself with the Navy and the type of men they want from the University. The remainder of the summer was passed by further extensive work on his Quebec Report.

Dr. Byers---Revising and preparing the new Geology 2 laboratory manual took up most of Dr. B's summer. He also did the preliminary work on his Surf Inlet research which he is carrying on this winter.

Prof. Edmunds---While in Saskatchewan, the man of fossils was doing reaseach for the Department of Natural Resources both at the lab. and in the northern part of the province. He spent three interesting weeks in Colorado, investigating drilling methods in that state's oil fields.

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"Could I see the Lieutenant Commander?"

"He's forward, Miss."

"Oh, I'm not afraid, I've been out with sea cadets."

## UNDERGRAD'S SUMMER ACTIVITIES

R. KIRKLAND

Helen Asselstine: A new member of the Ganguer, Helen spent the summer on the staff of the Horticultural department, but is now logging well samples.

Eugene Bolstad: Logged well samples and got in the prof's hair.

Mel Coons: According to Dr. Byers he didn't do anything; according to the secretaries, he howled all summer.

Zeke Campbell: Trained as a second Lieutenant at the engineering school, Chilliwack, B. C.

Peter Eastwood: Pete acquired valuable information as an assistant to the engineer in the engineering office at Garson Mines, Ontario.

Bob Kirkland: Exercised and developed some terrific muscles heaving lead bricks at Trail, B. C.

Hal Lacey: In between getting married and stuff, Hal did experimental work in the metallurgical research department at Flin Flon. Congrats on the former!

## UNDERGRADS SUMMER ACTIVITIES (CONT'D)

### R. KIRKLAND

B. A. Latour: "Turk" was senior assistant on Con Hage's survey party. They were doing a quick reconnaissance oil survey along the Alaska highway, north of Fort St. John.

Henry Lepp: "Hank" was on an oil reconnaissance survey along the Peace River, downstream from Fort St. John.

Gordon Matthews: "Matt" was working in the Athabasca area and later at McMurray--chief interest being the tar sands.

J. W. Porter: Jack was a student assistant on a survey party in the foothills region near Jasper, Alberta.

Ken Robertson: Ken is back after a year's absence from classes. He was working in the geological department at Frood Mines.

Ray Thorsteinson: Ray spent the summer working at his home in Wynyard.

J. L. Usher: Jack was on the same survey party as Porter, near Jasper.

H. Watson: After four years' absence and ill health Howie is back to finish his graduating year. His former classmates will be as glad to hear this as his present ones are to have him with us.

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Private: "Here, hold my gun a minute, will you?"  
Officer: "Hey, I'm a Lieutenant."  
Private: "That's alright. I'll trust you."

## THE CASE OF THE EMPTY STEIN

The Annual Fall Banquet held on November 5, was not traditional. This was so, due to various shortages. The prime shortage was that of the beautiful brown, white collared liquid sold behind the "bat-winged" doors. The secondary shortage was that of members. With this in mind it was decided to dispense with the usual preliminaries and to increase attendance by inviting the weaker sex.

Despite this new take off the evening was thoroughly enjoyed and above the howling of the wolves it was possible to hear Prof. Edmunds able talk on his trip to the U.S.A. Dr. Mawdsley spoke a few words on the traditions of the past Ore Gangue and the ability of the present Gangue to carry on.

## THE CASE OF THE EMPTY STEIN (CONT'D)

Each member then gave an account of his past summers work. Hank Lepp literally tickled the ladies with his description of mince pie as served by the G.S.C.

The repast ended with the members and their "Woooo-ooo" dispersing to further fields of enjoyment. To some, this enjoyment consisted of a movie or dancing, but to Coons and Latour it meant being trampled on the floor, or should it be said 'into the floor', by the so-called weaker sex. It is promising to note though, that Latour has graduated from clothes closets out onto the open floor, for there we find him much less dangerous.

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Father was reading the paper and mother was scanning a letter from her son. She interrupted father's reading:

"Bill says Camp Shilo is wonderful. He likes his buddies fine and he needs more money for ammunition."

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## DIRT IN THE LAB

Seminars are going as strong as ever. So far they have dealt mainly with oil--Latour and Usher giving detailed accounts of their summers activities. Watson lectured on geophysical methods of oil finding. Since most of the boys were on oil surveys this summer, we expect to get a fairly good picture of the section along the Alaska highway.

The S. R. C. has decided to put the Ore Gangue in its place. It seems that we had our fall banquet on the same night as the Social Directorate had a dance and the 12 members that were present at the banquet detracted too much from the features of the brawl, so we were promptly reprimanded by the President of the S.D. or was the real reason that he was too late in phoning for his date?? Certainly not the latter, since personal prejudices never enter into anything so democratic as Social Directorate. At any rate, the Ore Gangue has at last been officially recognized.

It appears that Latours power to drive men, which he learned when he was the 'little corporal' in the C.O.T.C., has not lessened any since he took over the job of full time instructing. Coons on the other hand, with tears in his eyes, walks into the lab and advises his students quite fatherly-like, that they've got to do better or else he will loose his job. He still has it so they must love him.

The engineering graduands are wallowing up to their hips in thesis'. Between Lepp continually grinding sections, Matthews cooking bromoform and Peter memorizing nine syllable words, the lab

## DIRT IN THE LAB (CONT'D)

is in a more uproarious state than ever. Mr. Eastwood has also turned to more nostalgic occupations and has recently acquired quite a knowledge of how to log well samples?? Mr. Watson, that quiet man of profound knowledge, has shown some remarkable new abilities. Apparently he uncovers his light from beneath the bushel when old grads come back to town.

We don't see much of Mr. Porter--Maefair district and a 4:30 Wednesday class seem to be taking up most of his time--Boo Boo Johnnikins.

Dr. Byers, in one of his Dagwood moods, welcomed Dr. Mawdsley back from the navy this summer by decorating the latter's office with a model mule representing Lieut. Commander Jenks of the Horse Marines and an elephant wearing two pips. Possibly it may have been Professor Edmunds who was the guilty party demonstrating American politics.

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Teacher to kindergarten class: "Who made you?"  
Little boy in front seat: "God did".  
Teacher: "That's right."

A week later when the school supervisor came visiting, the teacher seeking to impress him, again asked: "Who made you?"  
There was no answer, so the teacher repeated the question several times. At last a small boy in the rear answered: "The boy that God made is absent today."

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When a department clerk found a tax return wherein a bachelor listed one dependent son, he turned it over to the examiner with the pencil notation:  
"This must have been a stenographic error."  
The bachelor returned the form, unchanged with a similar note:  
"You're telling me."

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