

**CONCENTRATES**



**1966 | 1967**



ORE GANGUE EXECUTIVE

1966 - 1967

President .....	Ken Statham
Treasurer .....	Ron Brown
Secretary .....	Barb Battiste
Social Director .....	Don Hersak
Sports Director .....	Ray Olsen
Concentrates Staff:	
Co-Editors .....	Edna Mason Barry Finlayson
Cartoons .....	Edna Mason Barry Finlayson
Photography .....	Barry Finlayson Ron MacIntosh

ORE GANGUE EXECUTIVE

1967 - 1968

President .....	Eric Andersen
Treasurer .....	Joe Negrych
Secretary .....	Gary Staples

EDITORIAL

February 1937 witnessed the birth of the Concentrates, the official publications of the Ore Gangue. The first number, with L. S. Hill as Editor-in-Chief, was published that spring, and with the exception of 1952, 1953, and 1965, has appeared regularly each year. The desire of the founders was to provide "a link by which the graduates can keep in touch with the Ore Gangue, and with one another". Unfortunately, because of the ever increasing number of graduates and the lack of funds, the distribution of the Concentrates had to be curtailed in 1945, and since then the publications has been sent to those graduates who are paid up subscribers.

This is the 1966-1967 edition of the Concentrates and IT darn near did not get published! But, since it did, we, the editors, would like to take this opportunity to express our views of the past years activities. As a social organ the club was adequate, as an educational device it left something to be desired.

The social events were well planned but on occasion the turn out of members was poor. This we cannot understand. A university education is a double edged sword. The academic training one receives should go hand in hand with a well rounded social life. The old excuse of not having any time to join in club activities is, in our opinion, a poor one. To become a well functioning person in society one must couple work with play.

On the point of education we go back to the Constitution which states: "Each member in his graduating year will be expected to give a seminar upon a topic of interest in geology, mining or metallurgy. The topic to be chosen by the member himself." From the 1959 edition of the Concentrates we quote: "The holding of these seminars has become a tradition." We were not aware of such seminars this year or in the past few years. These seminars not only give experience in public speaking, but also provide an opportunity to present the wide range of activities that are open to the students of geology. We feel that these seminars should again be conducted in the manner set out in the constitution.

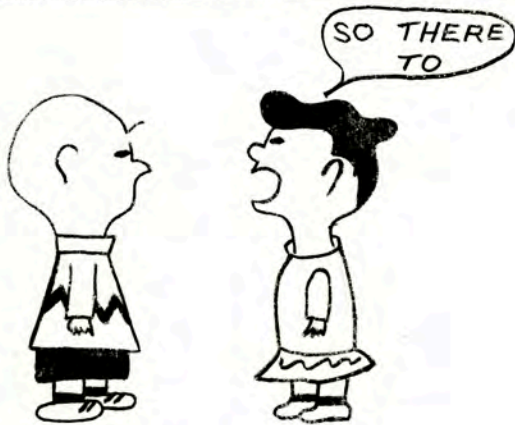
And what of the Ore Gangue general meetings? It is said they are, in general, dull, uninteresting, and a waste of time. Well, believe it or not, this is all a function of the attitudes of the students who attend these meetings. If one goes to the meetings void of ideas, and is unwilling to express his opinions, quite naturally he would find it dull and uninteresting! The remedy is obvious. Take an active interest in the club. Be constructive, and above all, do not be afraid to voice your opinions.



All in all this past year has been a good one and we hope most of the good memories are captured in this book. It has been all done in fun as all good things should be. You will notice there are more pictures than in previous years. We think that this is the best way to retain certain aspects of the funny and serious things that have happened. Also we have eliminated the staff reports on the assumption that they should be put out on a bi-yearly basis.

Another innovation has been the conscription of a co-editor who is not a member of the Ore Gangue -- namely Edna Mason. Without her help this yearbook would probably never have been published.

We've had fun and we hope you have fun reading this.



1.



2



3.



4.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dear Fellow Ore Ganguers:

The 1966-67 term has been completed and must now be committed to memory. Looking back I feel that the Ore Gangue has had a successful year and I would like to take this opportunity to wish continued success to the incoming executive.

The Speakers Committee did a fine job in procuring a number of speakers to talk to the membership on subjects of geological interest. Once again the Ore Gangue sent a strong delegation from it's ranks to the Third Western Inter-University Geological Conference in Winnipeg. Our student representative, Don Hersak, deserves congratulations for his creditable paper presented at the conference entitled "The Dilema of the Graduating Student". I am hopeful that the Ore Gangue will make every effort to be well represented at the 1967 conference to be held at the University of British Columbia. A good example of the wholehearted cooperation displayed by the Ore Gangue members this year was the showing of the Geological Sciences Department in the 1967 Centennial Engineering Show.

The social agenda of the Ore Gangue included the annual Spring and Fall Banquets, a fall get-acquainted party, two brewery tours (to the same brewery), and a curling party. Perhaps the 1967-68 Ore Gangue hockey team will manage a win, however, I know the players and spectators enjoyed the fourth period sessions at the Sutherland Oasis. For the first year the Ore Gangue entered a team in the inter-mural Water Polo League. Although their efforts were not too successful they did have fun.

I would like to thank my fellows (and gals) on the executive for their sincere cooperation. I would also like to thank the Ore Gangue as a whole for giving me the opportunity to have served as their president. Thanks is also due to Dr. Stauffer, our staff advisor, and the whole faculty and staff of the Geological Department for their support.

I hope the future members of the Ore Gangue enjoy their association with the club as much as I have enjoyed mine. Best of luck in future endeavours everyone!

Ken Statham

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On behalf of the Ore Gangue I would like to congratulate Ken Statham and the whole 1966-67 Executive on their leadership, enthusiasm and ingenuity in controlling and operating the various Ore Gangue activities for the past year. Upon reflection on the year one realizes the responsibilities and honour in being elected next year's president. There could never exist in any other discipline on campus a group of students and faculty as concerned about their work and littering it so well with fun.

The next Ore Gangue will not sit by and watch all life become extinct either -- it will speed up Geological Time so that the next million years will occur in one. There will be major orogenic activity emanating from the Geology Wing. The trip to the WIUG Conference in Vancouver should cause several thousand years wear and tear on the Rockies alone. The famous geologist, Egor Quartz, may even stir happily in his grave, as the Ore Gangue, armed with facts from Dr. Stuaffer's structure class, proves his theory of the earth being flat indeed correct. (Next year's Ore Gangue will be conducting a field trip to the end of the world.)

I am looking forward, as is the rest of the future executive, to a year of serious geological studies and fun propogated in the continuing Ore Gangue tradition.

May all undergraduates return .....  
Congratulations to the graduates ..

Erik Andersen

\* \* \* \* \*

CLASS OF 1966 - 1967



GRADUATES 1966 - 1967

Gerald E. Bidwell  
Bernard A. Bintner  
Ronald H. Brown  
Michael J. Frey  
Donald W. Hersak  
Joseph R. Korol  
Don R. MacTavish  
Daryll W. Myhr  
Dale H. Rask  
Ken F. Stathan  
Allyn J. Steward  
Marilyn Truscott

S O C I A L

E V E N T S



MARIGOLD \* 1ST ORGANIZED PARTY

The first social event of the year was held at the Marigold Cafe. Amid crisp October winds and falling leaves old friendships were renewed and new ones were made. Under the influence of alcohol professors and students loosened up and mingled freely.

The bar was operated by two staunch Ore Ganguesters - Barry Finlayson and Dale Rask, who gave FREELY of their time and talents to perform this "arduous" task. At approximately 11:00 the drink sales had fallen to a disasterously low level -- drinking had almost ceased. To remind people that the bar WAS still open an Optimist gong and gavel was comman-deered to help the slumping sales. This, coupled with personnel service from the bar, helped to keep sales on an even keel. It was noted that the profs were the true supporters of this undertaking and we hereby acknowledge their support (gracious thanks).

Chicken, french fries and coleslaw were served at approximately 12:30 -- a nice respite from the gruelling festivities. While we were eating the bartenders abandoned their post and refused to return. As a result people found it necessary to pour themselves free drinks (now you know why the profits were'nt too large).

The party broke up shortly after the lunch but, the general feeling was that the gong and gavel should be kept as momentos. However, upon leaving, some people developed cold feet and, in a panic the gong was abandoned. The gavel and Optimist crest did, however, make it to the outside world.

The more fun seeking members of the clan traversed to the president's pad to continue various social activities.

\* \* \* \* \*

Did you know that Christopher Colombus is considered to be the greatest socialist of all time. This is based on the following facts -- he started out not knowing where he was going, and upon arrival did not know where he was, and on returning, did not know where he had been, and he did it all on borrowed money.



FALL BANQUET

The fall banquet was held at the Saskatoon Golf and Country Club in early December. A rather subdued atmosphere prevailed over the proceedings. This was the result of two dominant forces. First there was the poor attendance of the Ore Gangue members. Second we had a perhaps too sedate or NSSH# band. This band consisted of a honky tonk pianist, a jazzy(?) drummer, a swinging guitarist, and the hit of the evening, the man with the electric violin. But, true to the spirit of the Ore Gangue we overcame the obstacles and had the best time possible.

The high point of the evening was a surprisingly fiery speech by Dr. R. Byers. He pointed out the lack of support given by certain sections of the membership to the Ore Gangue functions. The need for continuing unity amongst geological engineers, arts geologists, geophysicists and mining engineers was stressed. This is a point which the editors feel is an absolute necessity for the continuing "prosperity" of the Ore Gangue (get with it guys).

This was followed by a jovially interesting performance given by our own "Wally Kupsch". He gave an illustrated talk dealing with his tour of Eskimo settlements during the summer of 1965 and winter of 1966. The trip was taken in connection with his duties as head of The Institute of Northern Studies. The mode of life in the north was portrayed in a vivid fashion.

The "floor show" was followed by the reopening of the bar and the entrance of the "swinging" (?) quartet. At first people found it difficult to dance to the music. (It didn't seem to fit into any one type). However, after a bit of liquid refreshment everybody's sense of rhythm improved and things began to rock.

Again, following the conclusion of this "happy occasion", a few night owls ended up at the president's abode. Thanks to the delicious "home remedy" provided by Len Cherneski, the lad from Ukrainian country, a good time was had by all.

# - Consult editors for translation.

\* \* \* \* \*



I WONDER WHERE MOMMY  
PUT THE SOOTHER?



10  
FALL  
BANQUET

C'MON BABY,  
LET'S  
DANCE!



DON'T  
PANIC  
FOLKS,  
BUT MY  
PANTS ARE  
ON  
FIRE!



GUESSWHAT! GEORGE  
WANTS ME TO WORK  
THIS SUNDAY!

I  
PAID  
FOR THIS  
DRINK!!



WOULD YOU BELIEVE HE'S HANDSOME, SMART AND  
WELL-VERSED IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS?



WHADYA MEAN?  
IT'S A 7¢ CIGAR.



HAHA!  
ROD FORGOT  
HIS WAKE-  
UP PILLS  
AGAIN!



DON I WISH YOU WOULDN'T  
SMOKE THOSE SMELLY 5¢ CIGARS.

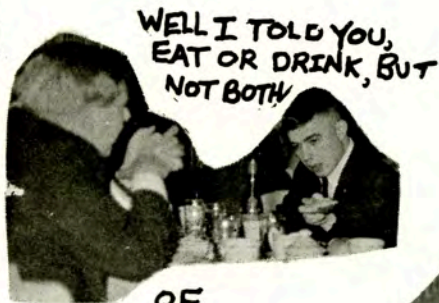
YES, THAT KUPSCH  
THINKS HE'S PRETTY  
FUNNY!!





ME SATURATED?

YES!



WELL I TOLD YOU, EAT OR DRINK, BUT NOT BOTH



AW MAC, I'M SHY!?



THE STAR OF THE SHOW

WHO PEED IN MY COFFEE?



DANCE???



WHAT! YOU LISTEN TO YOUR MOTHER



MY MOMMY SAID I COULD COME



WOULD YOU MIND SHARING THE BOTTLES?



DON'T LOOK NOW GEORGE, BUT YOUR FLY IS OPEN AGAIN!

THE MAN WITH THE ELECTRIC VIOLIN.





12

(SMILE) DARLING,  
DR. BYERS IS LOOKING  
THIS WAY.



AND NOW JACK  
WILL SAY GRACE



DON'T GET  
FRESH WITH  
ME  
BUSTER



HA!

WHEN BILL GETS  
GASSED HE TAKES  
A BIT OF  
TIME TO  
FIND THE  
CHICK!



YOUR TELLING  
ME!

SURE DALE,  
GO AHEAD.  
\*#\*#



CONTINUATION FROM  
PREVIOUS PAGE -  
GULP!



CAN I CRY  
ON YOUR  
SHOULDER BILL?



AW, CAROLE WON'T  
MIND IF I'M A  
BUNNY!!



I TOLD YOU KEN - "DON'T BE A BUNNY!",  
THERE IS TOO MUCH PUBLICITY INVOLVED.



XMAS PARTY

Perhaps one of the merriest occasions of the season was our Christmas "goof off". It was scheduled for the completion of Christmas exams. Everyone was certainly in the partying spirit.

To save money, the social director, Don Hersak, kindly consented to throw open the doors of his "luxurious penthouse apartment." Thank you Don -- aren't you lucky you weren't kicked out?

The evening started off as a stag affair at four o'clock in the afternoon (in other words no girls). By seven o'clock everyone was in the right frame of mind (i.e. hammered) to pick up their dates.

It was a pleasure to welcome back that famous and well known personality . . . . . Batman McLean. He "flew" in unexpectedly from his cave at the University of Illinois. His headaches were numerous but he assured us that he enjoyed himself immensely.

By eleven o'clock things were really roaring. The only complaint of the evening was that on several occasions the festivities were interrupted by the obnoxious neighbour's presence at the door . . . . he wasn't in the Christmas Spirit?

Let it just be said that the lack of prepared agenda seemed to fruther the enjoyment of the participants. The food came in handy -- drinks came in handier, the music was loud and the gaiety was unsurpassed. A truly memorable occasion. A fitting beginning to the festive season. Santa Claus would have been pleased.

\* \* \* \* \*

HISTORY THROUGHOUT THE AGES

Five thousand years ago, Moses said to the children of Israel, "Pick up your shovels, mount your asses and camels, and I will lead you to the promised land." Nearly five thousand years later J.F.K. said, "Lay down your shovels, sit on your asses, light a camel, this is the promised land." And now L.B.J. is stealing your shovels, kicking your asses, raising the price of camels, and taking over the promised land.





THE HOST



4:00 PM.



10:00 PM.



FIGHT IT  
BOY-FIGHT  
IT.



EVERY TIME I COME  
BACK I GET SUCH A  
HEADACHE!



THIS IS THE WAY  
WE DRINK OUR BEER

MIDNIGHT !!!



HEY WHERE'S  
THE  
BAR!



WILL YOU MARRY ME?

WHY SHOULD  
I TELL YOU



PEEK-A-BOO!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN  
YOUR IN NO SHAPE TO  
DRIVE ME TO THE  
TRAIN!!







WHEE XXXX WHAT A FANTASTICALLY GROOVY PARTY  
H I C



OH COME ON SYLV, YUK IT UP!!!??



SERIOUSLY THOUGH, I DON'T DRINK MUCH.



COME ON, UP OFF THAT FLOOR.



YEAH I GO OUT WITH HIM.



Aw, SUCH A TINY BOTTLE



I JUST CAN'T GET HER TO COMB HER HAIR!



HEY EDNA!  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER  
WITH  
DALE?



EAT LITTLE BOYS WHILE YOU CAN,  
SOON YOU WILL GROW INTO A MAN.



I THINK THIS IS GOING TO BE  
A DISGUSTING PARTY



- NYUK! HE SAYS HE'S THIRSTY. -



IT WAS DISGUSTING



CURLING PARTY

January saw the burning desire of the Ore Gangsters to display their GREAT physical talents -- so the curling party was "organized". (?) The University curling rink was gracious enough to rent us three sheets of their "swingy" (curling term) ice. The roar of the skips resounded through the rink as they spurred their inept teammates towards greater goals. After the comedians left the ice, they dispersed and assembled later in the evening at Barry "Finkelstein" Finlayson's cubby hole. The apartment may not have been as swank as Hearse's, but at least there were no obnoxious neighbours hammering at the door.

Chinese food was ordered by the hungrier members, (i.e. the few that attempted sweeping during the curling comedy. Eric Anderson and his peace pipe made a brief, but definitely noticed (smelly) appearance, as did the famous boyageur Killer Kennedy, (he practised his sleeping technique during the latter stages of the party).

Madman Perry, the conversation piece of the evening, attempted his vodka burning act which, unfortunately, was a complete and utter failure. Our comment to John is: "your failure did not marr the enjoyment we received from your performance - - keep up the good work lad".

EDITOR'S PHILOSOPHY

"Yay team -- it was a tremendous effort. Try again next year".

\* \* \* \* \*

L. B. J. MEMORIAL COMMITTEE,  
WASHINGTON, D.C.

---

We have the distinguished honour of being members of the committee to raise Ten Million Dollars to place a statue of L. B. J. in front of the House of Congress.

This committee was in quite a quandary about selecting the proper location for the statue. It was thought not wise to place it beside the statue of George Washington, who never told a lie, nor beside F. D. R., who never told the truth, since L. B. J. could never tell the difference.

\* \* \* \* \*



**\*\* SPRING BANQUET \*\***

The Saskatoon Golf and Country Club was the scene of the Spring Banquet, a very gay affair. The proceedings began with a cocktail hour, running from 6:30 to 7:30; the majority of the people arriving at 6:30. At 7:30 everyone, bottle of wine in hand, took their assigned seats at the tables. Dr. Byers said grace and the feast began.

Following the meal Erik Andersen gave a toast to the grads with Al Steward replying. This was followed by Daryll Myhr's toast to the faculty and Dr. N. Wardlaw's reply (i.e. a five minute narrative joke concerning an absent minded professor). Dr. R. Byers then announced the results of the photography contest. Emmmitte Horne was the student organizer for the contest, while Dr. Byers and Dr. Kupsch did the judging. Jack Wyder, the Returning Officer, then announced the results of the elections.

For the past few years we have been having guest speakers at our banquets -- this year, at the Spring Banquet, we did not. Instead the students assembled what was called "The Dramatic Half". Barry Finlayson, the master of ceremonies, introduced a skit depicting the Ore Gangues shinannigans in the local pubs. Don Hersak, Dale Rask and John Perry were the leading men in the dramatic presentation.

After this "Shakespearean" interlude, sundry articles, which the students thought would enhance the careers of their illustrious professors, were presented. The narration was done by Barry Finlayson and the lovely Jeanne Gonnason presented the gifts to the overjoyed professors.

The first gift was presented to Dr. Wardlaw. We felt that there was one field in which research had been sadly lacking. To help him on the pathway to fame and fortune, Dr. Wardlaw was given a bag of recent sedimentary deposit (i.e. manure). We hope he is progressing in his research.

This year the graduate seminar class was run under a new system. It became known as the "Brownie Point" system of conducting seminar classes. The technique employed was to record the presence of a student, the number of questions asked by the student, the merit of the questions, and the participation of the student during open discussions. Since Dr. Langford was the "KEEPER OF THE BOOK" we presented him with a Brownie Book specially adapted for seminars. Accompanying this was a big brown pencil to record the little check marks.

Everyone noticed Dr. Burke's strange language which he used regularly around the department. Upon further investigation we discovered that he was using quaint English expressions. To help him communicate more easily with his co-workers, the Ore Gangu bestowd upon Dr. Burke an Anglo-Canadian dictionary. Has he been using it faithfully?

\* \* \* \* \*



There was absolutely no doubt in our minds as to what to give Dr. Stauffer. He, being a structural geologist, would certainly appreciate a package of fun type coloured tricoloured plasticene. Dr. Stauffer did seem to be overcome with joy (?) when he received the irreplaceable gift.

At several of the seminars this year Dr. Byers was caught NAPPING (naughty word). That's right! The head of our department napping at a seminar. We thought that this was quite a poor precedent for the younger members of the Ore Gangue (the older members being beyond hope). To prevent this outrageous act from happening in the future we presented Dr. Byers with an economy size package of stay awake pills.

The last couple of years have seen Professor Palmer acting in the capacity of "FURNITURE KEEPER". Some of the graduate students have found his furniture allocating methods quite amusing. So that Professor Palmer could practise in his spare time we thought a small piece of furniture would serve the purpose. We assume that the doll's chair which he received has helped him in his official acts.

An electron probe was installed in the department this year through the auspices of the N.R.C.. Of all the professors we felt that Dr. Coleman would receive the greatest benefit from it, however, due to his hair falling in his eyes, he was unable to see the equipment. Obviously his wife would not part with her hairpins, so we took the initiative and presented him with a personal pearl-laden hairclip.

Professor Crocker, a new engineer for our mining department, caused us a few minor difficulties. We really didn't know too much about him. The final decision was to present him with a Second-in-Command badge which could serve as his identification tag.

The final presentation of the evening went to Dr. Braun, the micro-paleontologist of the department. To help him separate his tiny beasties we gave him a jumbo size brush. We are sure that this brush has been a tremendous boon to Dr. Braun in his many happy hours of separating microfossils.

It was unfortunate that Dr. King, a new member of the staff, and Dr. Caldwell were unable to attend the banquet. Next year we hope they will be able to attend.

Following the presentations the band made a triumphal entrance -- only to find the piano inoperable. However, after thirty minutes of hasty repairs we were able to assault the dance floor. The very pleasant music, supplied by The Coins, continued until the early hours of the morning.

\* \* \* \* \*



# THE SPRING<sup>20</sup> BANQUET



HOPE THESE  
STAY AWAKE  
PILLS HELP

GEE, I WONDER  
WHAT I'M  
GONNA GET?



THEN  
POOH SAID  
"OH, OH!"



OH THANK YOU!  
THANK YOU,  
THANK YOU!

OH, I WASN'T  
THAT GOOD -  
STOP THE  
APPLAUSE

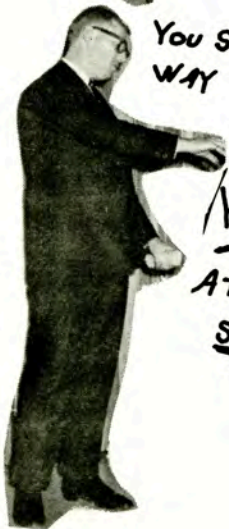


WOWEE!!  
A  
BROWNEE  
BOOK!

HAPPINESS IS - AN ORE GANGUE  
BANQUET



PANDORA'S  
BOX



YOU SEE - ON THE  
WAY TO SHIRLEY'S  
FRANK STOPPED  
TO MAKE A  
HASTY PURCHASE  
AT THE DRUG  
STORE!.....



THREE JOLLY COACHMEN,





AND THE MASSES CONGREGATED

REINSON YOU OLD DEVIL YOU



A WARM WELCOME TO THE CROCKER FAMILY



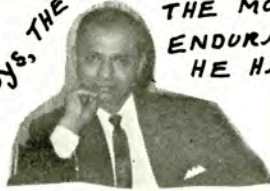
WELL DWIGHT, I SEE YOUR UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS AGAIN.



NOW LOOK DWIGHT, THIS IS THE WAY TO MAKE PAPER DOLLS.



BOYS, THE LESS ONE DRINKS THE MORE ENDURANCE HE HAS (?)



SAINT (?) NICK.



COME ON CAROL, WE HAVE TO LOOK SOPHISTICATED, AFTER ALL I AM THE PRESIDENT!



MUCH BETTER THAN THAT DISGUSTING XMASS PARTY



WHOT! YOU WANT TO DANCE WITH MY WIFE?





DRINKING ON OUR TIME?



SINNERS REPENT!



No DALE No!

AND THEN MY KAYAK TIPPED OVER....



YOU KNOW, I THINK WE'RE THE ONLY SANE ONES HERE



PITYFUL, JUST PITIFUL



HOLLYWOOD SAYS "HELLO"

HELL, I DON'T NEED A HAIRCUT



I DON'T THINK IT'S THAT BAD.



AND I TELL YOU NO LIES.



OUCH! SHE BITES



LOOK FELLA, JUST ONE MORE DRINK, OKAY?



WHERE'S THE BATHROOM?

END OF BANQUET



WIUG CONFERENCE

The Third Inter-University Geological Conference was held at Winnipeg sometime during November. I think it was Winnipeg and I think it was November but, what the heck, details are awfully boring aren't they? This is why I intend to say little, if anything, of the proceedings of the conference. I thought it best to state this right at the beginning so that you, the reader, wouldn't think I didn't attend any of the talks. Anyway the official proceedings of the conference will soon be out, so why should I take the thunder from the publishers of that booklet. I thought my purpose would best be served if I gave a brief account of the social side of the trip, as I saw it. Now again I feel it necessary to state that even though I may have been blurry eyed on a few occasions I am still quite qualified to tell this tale.

It seems to me that twenty-five or so of us gathered at the Saskatoon train station on a chilly Thursday night. I'm not too certain about the time but I know it was at least eight, since the bars in downtown Saskatoon had opened, and it was before eleven, because we could still order beer. For argument sake then let's say we departed sometime between 9:30 and 10:30 P.M.

The first thing we did, after finding seats, was to adjourn to the lounge car. There we met numerous comrades from the Edmonton campus. The service here was slow and the prices high, but we managed to last until cut-off time. Fortunately we all came prepared for such an emergency and the fun-making was continued back at our seats.

After a few hours of this, things were starting to get a bit blurry for me. One thing I do remember was walking up the aisle to see Don Hersak. When I got there I leaned on his seat and, would you believe, the darn thing fell apart in my hands. Being a good sport and all, Don sluffed off the little inconvenience and his seat was soon put right. It was probably here that I started to get a bit cheezed off with the railway company.

As time rolled on into the wee hours of the morning I noticed that more and more people were dropping off to sleep. Can you imagine! Well I sure wasn't one of them, no-sir-ree. For what reason I don't know, I again traversed up the aisle to see Don. When I got there and leaned on his chair it again fell apart and Don went flying into the lap of the woman sitting beside him. You can imagine how badly I felt about the whole affair. However, once the initial shock had passed I really got peeved with the train company. It seemed to me that everything was their fault.

This anger culminated shortly after this when I got to the snack car to get a bite to eat. Here I had bobbed and weaved my way through six or seven shaky cars to be confronted by a nasty little sign saying, "closed till 7:00 A.M.". I was blind with rage. Then, in a moment of passion, I ripped the sign off the wall -- tucked it under my arm, and sauntered back to my seat. Just as I got there a conductor ran up and apprehended me. He was, to say the least, in a sour mood. Apparently the train company doesn't follow the motto "the customer is always right". After a stimulating discussion on the merits of keeping the food counter open all night, he grabbed



his idiot sign and stomped back to replace it.

I must say I was feeling rather dejected after that. Why there was hardly a soul up. I do recall that Emmittie Horne was still up and going (as were a few others). I would have gone to get Don, but gosh, I didn't dare take the chance. I'm sure his heart couldn't have taken another of my collapsing chair acts. Then, to make things even more depressing, some big lug up at the front of the car started making a rukus. I think he was saying "quiet up there -- we want to sleep", or something stupid like that. Gee - I wanted to sing, so I did! Why I'll bet that big lug kept more people awake with his yelling than I did with my singing.

Before we knew it the sun was up and Winnipeg was all around us. One thing that really surprised me was the bad dispositions of some of the people in our car (it was such a lovely morning!) Why here they were, after a good night's sleep, cranky and miserable, while I who had gotten absolutely no sleep, was in the best of humor. The Winnipeg people were there to meet us and we were quickly transported to the Champs Motor Hotel where we were to spend the next two nights. Things were quite caotic for a while because, due to our early arrival, only one room was ready for occupancy. Can you imagine eighteen or so of us crammed into one room, each of us trying to wash, shave, and change? Why, you know, Dale Rask took a picture of this scene and when I looked at it I didn't even recognize myself. I attribute this not to the previous night's activities, but rather to the crowded conditions in the room. Somehow we managed to spruce up before going to the University grounds to register.

I believe there were some introductory talks following the registration but their content is unknown to me. The next thing I remember is having lunch at the "FIREPLACE" where we had pizza. About this time, I must admit, I was beginning to tire, but after a bit of liquid refreshment, which I had fortuitously brought with me, I was up and rolling again. Why I even took some notes at the afternoon session of the conference. It sure is too bad I can't read them, I bet they're really interesting!

By 6:30 P.M. we were down in the ballroom of the Champs Motor Inn, having an informal get together. At approximately 7:30 a lovely Smorgasbord Supper was served. I feel I should apologize to you here because the rest of the evening is a bit blurry to me. All I can give you are a few bits and pieces of information. I recall being with Daryll Myhr and a few other people at some GO-GO club in downtown Winnipeg. Other people took advantage of the numerous parties which were going on at various spots in the hotel. It was about 4:00 A.M. when things quieted down and people started to sack out.

Waking up at 7:00 A.M., refreshed and raring to go, we had a hasty breakfast before boarding the buses, which took us back to the University. It wasn't too long before I realized that I had made a horrible oversight; the inside pocket of my overcoat was empty! Well, as the morning drew on I got wearier and wearier. Finally I had to pack up and return to my hotel room. After three hours sleep I felt like a new man.



At six o'clock it was back to the bar, a brief warm up for the banquet and dance. The meal was terrific and the speaker, Mr. I. Evans, was excellent. I believe after the meal he played the piano and sang. I say, I believe, because after the meal I adjourned to the Champs cocktail lounge where a very good three piece group was performing.

Somehow most of us managed to go through the night non-stop. On occasion the night clerk thought we should have been a bit quieter but, after a while he decided to join us instead of fighting us. This was a very prudent move on his part, I must say.

Perhaps one of the funniest occasions of the trip was check out time on Sunday morning. You see, a few of us found ourselves financially embarrassed. This led to a great deal of borrowing which caused some problems. It turned out that people who had lent had been over-generous and the borrowers had been too greedy. This meant that lenders were borrowing and borrowers were lending. Now how is that for a crazy situation! Luckily everyone managed to pay their bill and get to the train station on time. Being geologists we were not ill prepared for the return journey, so, many of us adjourned to the mens washroom at the train station where refreshments were passed around.

The train was boarded and we bid our farewells to Winnipeg and the Third Annual Student Geological Conference. Now, many of you may think that the trip home would be dull and uninteresting. On the contrary it was full of excitement and stimulating conversation. The conference, still being fresh in our minds, prompted us to hold another right there on the train. The theme was "BAT SHIT vs. LOON SHIT AS POSSIBLE SOURCES OF FERTILIZER". I do hope you're not embarrassed by this theme, since the participants in the "conference" were quite sincere. Why the discussions were very boisterous and informative. I mention the embarrassment part only because of the reactions of some of the customers in the snack bar. I can still see the shocked look on some of their faces when we stormed in; the discussions still going on at a fever pitch. I was really dismayed when the waiter asked us to calm down. Obviously he didn't grasp the gravity of the discussions. No concrete conclusions were reached, so perhaps the conference goes in the coming years could have the problem over and decide which IS best.

The booze ran out, everyone settled down, and finally Saskatoon was reached. We left the train, entered cabs, and found our separate ways home -- everyone was certainly ready for a good night's sleep!

So there it is, the conference as I saw it. If given another chance I wouldn't change a minute of it, nor I believe, would any of the others who attended.

\* \* \* \* \*



SPORTS

As is usually the case, the Ore Gangue members attacked the intramural sports scene with great vigor and enthusiasm. Such sports as hockey, curling, and water-polo were attempted. Three tries were made at having a broomball game, but, on each occasion the weather turned sour and a cancellation was deemed necessary.

The boys seemed to have great difficulty this winter in finding their legs on the ice. They did, however, manage to tie one hockey game. This is a drop from last year when, somehow, they managed three ties. Perhaps the reason for this decline was the addition of a new sport to the Ore Gangue Roster -- water polo. Again, in this sport, only one tie was gained. This is understandable though, since most of the participants had never played the game before; therefore leaving lots of room for improvement which, I'm sure, will come as more experience is gained by the players.

It was too bad the annual undergrad vs. grads and profs broomball game was not held. For the second year in a row bad weather forced the cancellation of the event. Why, a beer drinking session wasn't even held. What a rotten shame!

On the surface it seems as though the years sports activities were a failure, but on the contrary, success was won on every outing. The fellowship displayed by the Ganguesters is unique on campus and every sports event served to enhance this kinship. A lot of fun was had by both the participants and the spectators, so what the heck, nobody lost a thing (except perhaps a few extra pounds).

That about does it for the sports activities for this year, except; GOOD LUCK GUYS. Get out there and give them hell next year.

\* \* \* \* \*

During your geological studies many of you may encounter the word Arthropods. Here is a definition of them taken from a Geol. 101 lab.

ARTHROPODS: they live in the water, in the air and on land.  
They fly, swim, hop, crawl, and just sit still.



ENGINEERING SHOW - 1967

It was said that the Department of Geological Sciences would never be the same after the 1967 Engineering Show. This was an indication of the enthusiasm and cooperation given by all members. All phases of geology, geophysics and mining were well represented, along with the Institute for Northern Studies. The many displays, which occupied almost all classrooms and laboratories, were organized under the theme of Saskatchewan's Natural Resources -- their formation, exploration, development and exploitation.

Geological displays included various types of rock formations, fossils, and mineralization. An operating model of a geyser and an oil well proved to be major attractions. Geophysics, with the aid of diagrams and operating equipment, illustrated the seismic method of mineral exploration. The "Miner's" life-size gold mine and operating drill, with the exception of scaring a few ladies, indicated the roll of the mining engineer in the field of mineral exploitation. Other mining displays included miniature mine and open pit models, an operating model of a hoist, as well as shaft and non-operating hoist models. The groundwater section of the department displayed various pieces of equipment as well as an operating model of an artesian well.

The Institute for Northern Studies, new department at this University, took this opportunity to hold their official opening ceremonies. Pictures and handicraft displays showed some of the ways and traditions of our northern people.

In addition to student displays, outside displays including one from the Department of Natural Resources, assisted in indicating the importance of Saskatchewan's natural resources.

A special thanks should be given to all Professors, Engineers, Arts Geologists, the Ore Gangue as a whole and the Institute for Northern Studies for the time and effort put into making the show a tremendous success.

Jim Popowich

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ELECTIONS <sup>28</sup> ie JOKE SESSION



PAST PRESIDENT

KEN STATHAM



PRESIDENT

ERIC ANDERSEN



TREASURER  
JOE Negrych



SECRETARY  
GARY STAPLES



JOHN CLINE



LEONARD CHERNESKI



ALLAN JOHNSON



HAPPINESS IS  
A WARM PUPPY  
(GULP)



During the past weeks we have been delving diligently into the past records of the Ore Gangue. To our surprise and delight we discovered that the Ore Gangue has an official song. So from the yellowed pages of 1939 we give you:

THE ORE GANGUE SONG

Melody: "Home on The Range" . . .

1.

Oh give me a pack and a smooth portage track,  
Where the moose and the caribou play,  
Where seldom is heard a respectable word,  
And the sandflies are sleeping all day.

2.

Oh give me a true little stream-lined canoe,  
And the rapids all foaming white,  
With never a rock the channel to block,  
Or a portage far into the night.

3.

Oh give me a moth with it's wings made of cloth,  
And it's pontoons all shiny and new,  
And I'll glide through the air with never a care,  
And to hell with your lousy canoe.

4.

Oh give me a crate all loaded with freight  
Up high in the ethereal blue,  
Where only is heard the scream of a bird,  
And to H - - - with your portage and you.

5.

Oh you with your crate all loaded with freight  
Up high in the ethereal blue,  
When your fine motor stalls over White Eagle Falls,  
I'll be glad that I'm not up there with you.

6.

Oh give me a true little streamed lined canoe,  
And the lake as smooth as glass,  
God gave a home all embroidered with stone,  
Where only the voyageurs pass.



Here is an article sent to us by a recent graduate. Perhaps it will be of help to those students who plan to work in the petroleum industry.

FIRST EPISTLE TO THE JUNIOR PETROLEUM GEOLOGIST

Lo, all ye miserable sinners entering through the Gate of the training program into the land of the Oil Derricks, harken unto my words; for I have dwelt in this land for many months and mine eyes have witnessed all manner of folly and woe.

Verily have I tasted of the bitter fruit of poor samples and drained the dregs of the cup of packer failures.

Gird up your loins, my son, and take up the strip log; but act slowly and with exceeding care and harken first to the council of a wiser and sadder man than thou.

Beware thou the Geologist called District; he hath a pleased and foolish look but he concealeth a serpent in his heart.

Avoid him when he speaketh low and his lips smileth, he smileth not for three; his heart rejoiceth at the sight of they youth and thine ignorance.

He will smile and smile and work all manner of evil against thee. A wise man shuns the District Office, but the fool shall dwell in the Oil Field forever.

Unto all things there cometh a time; there cometh a time to speak and a time to be silent; be thou like unto a stone in the presence of thy superiors, and keep thy tongue still when they shall call for volunteers.

The wiseman searcheth out the easy wells, but only a fool sticketh out his neck.

Telleth not the Drilling Engineer of your calculations, for he believeth not.

Learneth well the phone number of they Area Geologists flunfie for he is exceedingly hard to find when the work starteth and loveth his afternoon nap.

Latcheth thou onto a new junior geologist for he is innocent and eager and will handle many nasty details.

Look thou with disfavor upon the log expert; he prizeth much his graphs and is proud and foolish; he laugheth and joketh much with the District Geologist and looketh upon the trainee with a frown. He would fain go to research but he is not qualified.

Know thou that the Pusher of Tools is a man of many moods; when he looketh pleased and his words are like honey, the wise Geologist seeketh him out and praiseth his rig and laughs much at his jests.

But when he moveth with great haste and the sweat standeth upon his brow and he curseth under his breath, make thyself scarce; for he will fall like a whirlwind upon the driller and the roughneck shall know his wrath.

Expect not assistance from the Geophysicist for the rustle of paper groweth loud in his office and he is known as the eight-to-five desk jockey.

The District Clerk is a lazy man and worketh not, but he is the keeper of many good things; make him thy friend lest he short-stopeth they expence account.



He careth not for praise or flattery, but lend him they liquor and he will loveth thee.

Damned be the Geologist called Wellsite; he taketh the gift certificates with a heavy hand and leaveth thee the calendars.

He is thrice cursed, and all people, even unto trainees, will revile him and spit upon him; for he is an abomination.

Beware thou the smiling face of the Broker, for he dresseth in sharp clothing and will pick thy brains to locate the oil for himself.

Imbibeth thou of his liquor and steaks, but keepth thy tongue from thy information disconnected, for his township plat and pencil are ever at hand.

Speaketh not to the Geologist Division unless spoken to for he hath a caustic tongue and will ask many foolish questions that thou cannot answer.

Beware thou of the District Superintendent, for he will make thee sweat; when he approacheth look thou on the ball; he loveth to chew upon thy posterior.

Keep thou out of his sight and let him know thee by name; for he who arouseth the wrath of the Superintendent will go many times unto the sample house.



PLEA FOR MONEY

Upon completion of this year's Concentrates there will be an estimated \$80-\$90 in the Concentrates Fund. This will not be enough to support the publication of next year's booklet. Somehow then, money must be raised.

To accomplish this we have decided to sell subscriptions of the Concentrates to those graduates who desire them. Such a scheme was tried some years ago but, problems have resulted. It seems life time memberships were sold at very nominal rates. This we can no longer afford! At the present time it costs up to two dollars per copy for publication of the Concentrates.

We are then going to sell three year subscriptions to the club magazine, at a rate of five dollars (\$5.00). At the end of the three year period the subscriber will be given the opportunity to buy another three year membership or to cancel.

At the completion of this year all previous subscriptions will be cancelled. We hope those former graduates who receive this year's Concentrates will resubscribe. Also we hope all the members of the 1966-67 graduating class will subscribe for a three year period.

To subscribe please fill out the form at the bottom of this page. Send the money by cheque or money order, payable to The Ore Gangue Concentrates Fund, to

The Editor of The Concentrates,  
Department of Geological Sciences,  
University of Saskatchewan,  
SASKATOON, Saskatchewan

If during your three year subscription period you have a change of address, please send it to the Editor at the above address.

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