

I NEARLY WENT BUGS

It was just a month ago today that I was seated in the Physics lab. pondering over an intricate piece of electrical apparatus and trying to figure out just what I was supposed to be doing with it. You see, it was rather late in the evening, and I was determined to make up the lab work that I had missed so that I would be once again caught up with the class. I found that it was only with the greatest mental exertion that I could keep my mind on the task before me because it was still the fall of the year, and with the Indian-Summer weather that we had been having, well, there were just too many other things that I would rather be doing. Most of the rest of the campus was on permission and I had the stillness pretty well to myself, all except for the swarm of bugs that kept flitting through the open window in front of me to while away the time dancing around the light bulb over my head. It was at this time that it happened—history was made. In a fit of desperation, I had just finished what I considered to be the last possible wiring hook-up on the apparatus before me, and as I flicked the power on, I was resolved to close up shop and go to bed if this attempt didn't work. With that flick of the power switch, I became immediately aware of a change in the activity over my head. Like so many loaded and laboring bombers, a drove of the little pests plummeted towards my apparatus with urgency whining in the hum of their flight. As each little straffer approached the nest of equipment, he suddenly stopped as though his little engine had stalled and then dropped stone dead into the maze of tubes and wiring. I quickly reached for the switch and shut off the apparatus and sat back to evaluate the situation. My first observation was that apparently the bugs that had staged this little demonstration were all of the same variety, for although their wings had been scorched a little by the hot tubes, I managed to lift several of the specimens from the equipment. As I puzzled this odd situation over, it suddenly occurred to me that since all the bugs that responded were of the same species, they must have all had the same length antennae on their heads. The next bit of logic was readily forthcoming. My apparatus had somehow generated a radio-frequency signal, and was in fact acting as a small transmitter. This signal must have been of such a frequency that the antennae of this particular type of bug was naturally tuned to it. When the insects received the signal, it buzzed through their little brains with such a maddening intensity that it drove them to a frenzied attack on the source of the disturbance, my equipment. As they neared the scene, of course the signal became stronger until the point was reached where they just couldn't endure any more and the current racing through their little brains blew their little fuses. I had hit it! Why couldn't this little bit of circuitry be duplicated commercially?

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Just think of the market from tourist resorts, fish markets, and drive-in theatres! Why, it was simply fantastic — a simple and citizen-proof bug exterminator. All the average housewife would have to do would be to plug it in, grab a broom, and sweep. The jumble of dollar-signs and wiring that raced through my mind was suddenly dispelled by a most disconcerting fact — this would work on only one type of bug. Then I began to wonder whether a change in the operating frequency could tune the set in on other types of pesky insects. If this were true, then units could be made that would specialize, or a number of them could be combined to combat the types of bugs that thrived in a particular area. But these were details that could be worked out later, I had to know if the principle was sound. With my interest and vitality considerably revived by this happy change in events, I threw myself whole-heartedly into the work of making what I thought would be the necessary corrections in the circuit and then sat back and confidently threw the switch. I must have been dead set on the choicest frequency of the dominant bug in this area, because no sooner had I thrown the switch when a cloud of angry insects gathered at the window and fought their way toward my equipment. Immediately the dollar-signs began blinking in my eyes anew and I shoved my seat back and began to mentally compose an appropriate letter to the Secretary of the Interior. This moment of relishing in my achievement proved to be my undoing, for when I glanced again at the humble bit of equipment that was to make my fortune, it was completely hidden by the pile of stone-dead insects that continued to fall over it, and as I couldn't even see the window by that time, the drama showed no signs of stopping until every specimen on the continent had played his part. Greatly alarmed at this new aspect, I began feverishly to grope through the pile of dead insects for the power switch. The delicate little bodies crackled under my feet, and I was squashing large masses of them with my hands as I fought for possession of my little monster. I was still wriggling knee-deep in the pesky little rascals when the whine of the cloud of late arrivals that were still streaming through the open window blended into the clamor of my alarm clock.

I still haven't given up hope of reclaiming my idea and ultimately selling it to the government or some concern large enough to adequately handle its many potentialities, and for this reason, I now go to bed with a note-pad at my side. But I must confess that the period of waiting is quite tiring. It isn't easy to sleep with a large piece of mosquito netting wrapped around your face.

CHOYA

Who comforts me in moments of despair?
Who runs fingers lightly through my hair?
Who cooks my meals and darns my hose?
Squeezes nose drops in my nose?
Who always has a word of praise?
Sets out my rubbers on rainy days?
Who scrubs my back when 'ere I shower?
And wakes me up at the proper hour?
Who helps keep me on the beam?
And figures in my every dream?
I do.

— THE SONG OF AN S. D. U. BACHELOR.

A CAREER IN PHARMACY

Pharmacy is not a new profession. It's origin is lost in the mists of time. Scientists have collected evidence from excavations to show that pharmacy of a sort was practised at least 4500 years ago. The Old Testament has references of pharmacy. Exodus XXX, 34, "—and thou shall make it a perfume, a confection after the art of the apothecary."

About six hundred years ago, the apothecaries established stores or shops selling herbs, love potions, poisons, dried beetles, etc. With the changes brought about by the progress of civilization this shop was slowly transformed into the drug stores we know today. We must remember that while pharmacy has its roots deep in antiquity, it has kept pace with, and in some cases is responsible for, the scientific development of the human race. The first Canadian pharmacist was Louis Hebert of Quebec who grew herbs at Port Royal, N. S., in 1605.

The majority of graduates in pharmacy return to retail stores where they receive, interpret and dispense the physician's prescriptions. Here your druggist is very accurate and skillfull. He must procure the correct drug in the proper form and quantity and be skillfull in mixing it with other ingredients. If a pharmacist makes a mistake he, unlike most people, cannot erase it, but can send flowers to the proper cemetery. Some graduates of pharmacy go to a pharmaceutical laboratory, and may do analytical work or they may be assigned to a position in the manufacturing end of the profession.

Or, if they want to see the world they will join one of the branches of the armed forces with a commission or become drug travelers. Last but not least, the graduate may decide to become a hospital pharmacist. The conditions under which the pharmacist works are classified among those known as preferred, that is, rela-

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