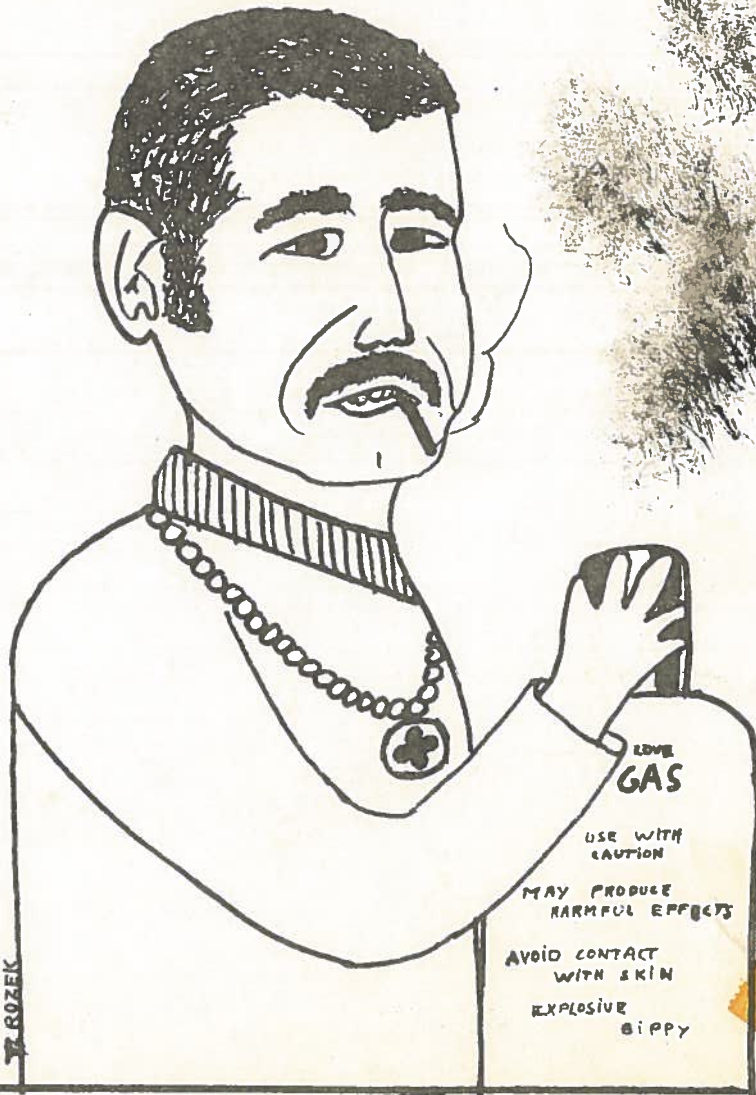


# THE ALCHEMIST



LOVE  
GAS  
USE WITH  
CAUTION  
MAY PRODUCE  
HARMFUL EFFECTS  
AVOID CONTACT  
WITH SKIN  
EXPLOSIVE  
BIPPY

T. ROZEK

## A BRIEF LOOK AT SUMMER RESEARCH '68

It's a strange thing jumping into the summer research program. Sometimes it's like plunging into ice cold ocean water...you just can't wait to get out! And yet at other times you stick it out for a 15 hour day because you just know that things are really going for you now. And then of course, things don't break the right way and you blow your mind!

The name of the game is research. The sub-title is "Learn." But the "by-word" is FRUSTRATION. All summer long you work to synthesize a simple compound, and then you try another method, then something else, and then something else again.

On the other hand, you might swing into the organic lab and hear the cheery voice of Pete Nowakowski or, if you get by Pete, you see Greg Krawczyk with his miracle cures. "And in this bottle I've got a cure for cancer, and in this one I've got rat poison, and in this one I've got a cure for ricketts..." and on he goes. As can be seen one must have at least an average sense of humor for a job like this.

As you leave the organic lab you see Bill Mruk hard (hardly?) at work with the TLC set up. Bill just sits back and watches the TLC do all the work.

Swing upstairs into the P. Chem lab and we see poor Copy Casey crying her eyes out (and pulling her hair) as she finds that two pages of her titration figures carried out to the sixth decimal place are all wrong. Best move to make is to run like hell out of there and head for the pride and joy of Captain Herman's IR lab, Terri the Italian pirate. Walk into the IR lab and you'll find some little Italian kid, either knee deep in soap suds or neck deep in GC paper. You decide it's time to leave as she drops a set of freshly polished

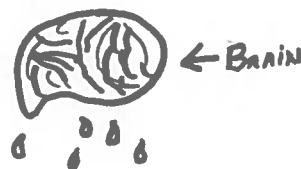
salt plates on the floor.

Finally, shocked to see someone actually working, you run down and see a very interesting synthesis of a double pinocle and a run in spades. "This is more like it!" you think.

Well, for all the frustrations that we did undergo, it must be admitted that it really was a good summer. There was the picnic at Ellicott Creek, the Eat at Joe's party, the "lunch at the Lake View..." These were but a few of the many incidents that made the summer a true experience never to be forgotten.

-- Jim Cimato

P - CHEM  
BRAIN DRAIN  
SUNDAYS IN THE  
CHEM LIBRARY  
BRING YOUR OWN  
SLIDERULE & SIX PACK



— TIME TO BE ARRANGED  
BY PARTICIPANTS

Buffalo is a large metropolitan area, a difficult job for any police force. My name's Joe Friday, my partner's Bill. We're police officers. It was a Tuesday afternoon, 1:27 P.M. We received a call from Canisius College. Petty theft. We proceeded north on Main Street and arrived at our destination at 1:31 P.M. We went immediately to the office of Dr. Leone, an assistant chemistry professor at the school. My partner and I questioned Dr. Leone and found out that just after his coffee break, as he was returning to his office, a short man of average build threatened the professor and ordered him to sit down as the suspect made off with his glass blowing equipment.

Friday: Dr. Leone, we're police officers from downtown. Like to ask you a few questions about the robbery this afternoon?

Dr. Leone: Sure, fire away!

Bill: We understand that the man was somewhat short, average build, and of a slightly dark complexion. Is that right?

Dr. Leone: Yes, that's right.

Friday: Would you describe the incident to us, please?

Dr. Leone: Sure. As I told your chief at the station, I was just coming back from my lunch break when suddenly this fellow, with a red shroud over his face, and two holes for his eyes, came up to me with a spark coil which was plugged into a wall socket with an extension cord, which this fellow had wound over his shoulder. Anyway, I could tell he had it turned up full blast because it was humming. He told me to sit over at my desk and not make a move. He then ripped out my phone and made off with an oxygen tank, my multi-port gas jet, and some other glass blowing equipment. He also took the key to the machine shop where we usually cut the glass. He propped boards against both door knobs so I had to yell through a window to get out.

Bill: Would you describe the weapon to us please.

Dr. Leone: Sure. The spark coil is a cylindrically shaped object which sets up a high potential at its pointed end. If turned up high enough it could give you a nasty shock, and a burn with it.

Friday: Any peculiar traits or marks about this suspect?

Dr. Leone: No, can't say anything more than what I've already told you.

Bill: Thanks, Doctor. That'll be all.

Dr. Leone: Officers, there's just one other thing the fellow forgot.

Friday: And what's that?

Dr. Leone: Well, I have a whole case of glass tubing right outside my door. He didn't take any of it.

Thursday, July 11, 9:47 A.M. We received another call from headquarters of a petty theft at the college. At 9:48 we arrived and went to the office of Dr. Dinan, an organic chemistry professor. The description and M.O. matched that given to us by Dr. Leone, exactly. Again, the victim was threatened with a spark coil after returning from a morning coffee break. The suspect made off with some glassware, a radio transmitter, and some vacuum tubing.

Friday: Anything unusual you can tell us about the suspect, Doctor?

Dr. Dinan: Well, no, except that he sounded a little like one of the students who's working on a research project for me this summer. But that's impossible.

Bill: Why's that?

Dr. Dinan: He's on a fishing trip with his parents-right now he's quite a ways from here.

Friday: Okay, thanks very much for your cooperation, Doctor.

Dr. Dinan: Officers?

Bill: Yes?

Dr. Dinan: There seems to be only one way to put an end to these escapades, doesn't there?

Friday: And what's that, Doctor?

Dr. Dinan: Longer coffee breaks.

Monday, July 15, 9:46 A.M. My partner and I received a call that the victim was apprehended in the IR room of the college. We got to the scene of the incident at 9:49

Friday: Which one of you fellas is Dennis Pitta?

Dennis: I am, and he's John Linowski.

Bill: Just how did you two catch the criminal?

John: It was nothing, really. He came in and plugged in the extension cord. Then he ordered us to sit off in the corner while he tried to remove the NMR.

Bill: What's the NMR?

John: Oh, it's that contraption over there. Anyway, Dennis happened to have some steel wire gauze for a fractional distillation. I grabbed the wire from Dennis, threw it at the culprit, and shorted him out. Nothing to it, really.

Friday to Cimato: Alright, son, do you want to talk here or downtown?

Cimato: I know my rights. I demand a lawyer.

Friday: Okay, sergeant, book him on a 301, a 206, and a 407. Thanks, fellas, the people of this city owe you a lot- helping to put criminals like this behind bars.

Back at the station we questioned the youth:

Bill: Why did you do it, son?

Friday: What makes any good boy turn bad?

Cimato: I just wanted to do better on my summer project for Dr. Dinan, and learn glass blowing on the side during the vacation- and with the equipment I stole, I could do this at home.

Friday: What about the NMR, son? Wasn't that going a little too far?

Cimato: Well, I didn't get too much out of the Institute on the NMR, so I thought I could pick that up on my own, also.

Bill: A mighty project for such a short time!

Cimato: Yes, sergeant, and a costly one, too.

On Aug. 1, 1968, in the greater county of Erie, a trial was held and following are the results of that trial:

James M. Cimato was proven guilty on two counts of petty theft, three counts of a deadly weapon, and one count of attempted grand larceny. The defendant was sentenced to 8 months in the state penitentiary.

The facts you have just witnessed were true, not even the names were changed-there were no innocent.

## FOR SELF-IMPROVEMENT...

In keeping with the traditional aims of the Chemistry Department, of forming the student and improving his nubile mind, there is to be offered a new course this year which goes by the code name of PS 107.

The course was established upon noting the fact that the typical science major was too involved with his science courses and was not developing into the fully rounded student. The idea took definite shape while two young, forward-looking thinkers were deep in conference, considering all the metaphysical implications of the I-Thou relationship. Thus the idea grew, took immense proportions and was established into the curriculum.

To get at the bare essential facts--the course consists of three lectures (all occurring during the hours of discreet darkness) complete

with demonstrations, and many labs to encourage student participation. As of now, there are only two Instructors who also serve as co-chairmen. Thus, due to the tremendous amount of responsibility taken on by these two hard-working, neo-natal professors, there is now offered PS 107, a very basic course.

Next year, after more interest has been generated, it is hoped that professors will leave their other departments to enter this new(?) field. After a few years, it is certain that Canisius College will gain world renown due to the incorporation of the reality of existence into the usual ideality of academic curricula.

-- Barb Sauer

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### JOKE OF THE MONTH

-- J.B.

#### Baby Chick

Am I a people?  
Are chickens born?  
Do people come from eggs?  
Are eggs born?  
Are people laid?

#### Mother Hen

No, you are a chicken.  
No, chickens come from eggs.  
No, people are born.  
No, eggs are laid.  
Some are, others are chickens.

PLAN TO ATTEND THE  
A.C.S. MIXER  
NOV 15<sup>th</sup>  
THE MAGNIFICENT MEN

Spiro T. Agnew



A.C.S. Coroner/Coroner?

Please try to pay your dues early as possible. Any of the members will be more than happy to accept any money they can get.

## The Blup

Once upon a once lived there a mean in a distant land far away from home. He was named Harold and was indeed, one night when he was starrng at the stars, alas! behold! he spotted an bride light flash across the sky.

What is this light bright, first streaking light i sea tonight? thought Harold to hisself? Whad can this flash bee?

Is it an U. F. O.?

Est id spaceship from mars?

Ist es eim miraculous, perhaps? Maybe the parakete which were truly promised by the Lard in bays of yore? Can it be the bird with an tongue of fire?

Is it an metioride this very night?

On the contrary nevertheless but however although, it were indeed an metiorite that had shut across the sky of dark blue in colour, bespekled with many scars on this foggy night. This thig that fell to Harry's feed. And blow and behelld! an creepy substance appeared to crawl out of this rock upon which i will build my story.

Barry picked it up but finds that it is stuck to his hands. Shake Shake goes his, but the blup, as he calleth the crature, will nod fall out. "Help" he thinks "Help". What can i do to get this off my? But alas and behold what can he do?

Fortunately there lived nearby an vetinarian, whom was called Doctor Spot. "Perchance" thought the doktor deep in thinking. And so it was. Harry would half to half his arm cut off away. But wed Doctor Spot reburned from getting the saw, anass! berolled! Harry was disappeared. the doktor spitted the blup, bigger now, and

screaned for help, but it alas, were much to laid, the jelly like amoebatype creapture crept surround the doktor and enveloped him.

How can this be?

The monster rolled on in his massive mass defloeing many people, fat and slime alike, he cant not be stoped. Woe to the world! One end on he travels raising from one city to another town to village to harlet to house eading peobly, detovering thik fad and smell.

Oh unhappy day.... day of infamy. Who will stop the blu Who will salve the whirled?

But them i have an idea. If it works only, the lobe will be safed. Pudding this plan into action, i risks mei own neck, but it is worse it. Fore i did safe the world although disassturd struck. Realizing that the blup had been much, i give he she or it an overly large doze of exlan and now i am an truly here.

A minute passeth; slowly hurries time; and then an noise- a crapping sound, a grade disturbance reeks the wot (The blup were constipated.) The blup were now no longer an large sprawlink amoebalike creapture. He were now only an smell problem.

John Raymond Pollard

PATRONIZE FEMALE  
CHEM. MAJORS

## FOOTBALL FOLLY

On Saturday, October 5, 1968, the American Chemical Society took the field against Strohaber in football. The result was one of the worst drubbings ever taken from Strohaber by an A.C.S. team. Interceptions and fumbles were the direct cause of three touchdowns as the Physicists short circuited the Chemists to a tune of 27 to two.

Poor organization and the lack of coordinated practices were very evident, especially on offense. The A.C.S. offensive team managed only two first downs in the first half. It never even penetrated Strohaber territory until the third period.

However, very little was wrong with the defense. Tom Mroziak dumped Strohaber's Q.B. in the endzone and provided the only A.C.S. score. The defensive line constantly forced desperation passes and the sharp pass defense did not allow the "long bomb" or much else.

After a very lackluster first half, Dr. Leone realized his self-appointment as quarterback was a poor choice. As a matter of fact, the good Doctor moved himself off of the offensive team altogether and took up a cornerback position. He was replaced by Tony Zupa, a junior, whose only prior distinction was ripping Dr. Leone's sweatshirt in an intrateam scrimmage. Ernie Fernandez was also removed from the defense to make room for Leone. The move was hailed as a stroke of managerial genius, especially by Zupa.

When the A.C.S. took the field in the second half, the offense quickly took charge of the game. Throwing from a moving pocket, Zupa hit for two quick first downs to Frank Rager and Fernandez. However with two successive incompletes, Zupa found himself in a crucial 3rd and long situation. Deciding on his call, Zupa took the snap and lofted

a perfect pass into the left hand corner of the endzone. So sure was he that the ball would strike its mark, that he proceeded to walk from the field. However, a certain Math major of Latin American origin, who was the intended receiver, allowed the ball to writhe from his grasp and slip harmlessly to the turf. Zupa, understandably agitated, commenced to run around the field and scream out epithets in no way complimentary to the above-mentioned flanker. So disturbed was he that only the firm hand of his mentor, Dr. Leone, was able to calm him. Leone proceeded to do this by kicking said Math major in the ribs and muttering a few epithets of his own. Zupa was then taken to the bench where he was given a fix.

On the next series of downs, the Chemistry quarterback was understandably upset. However he gamely attempted to overcome his traumatic experience. The Chemists moved sharply downfield with a long Super-Rager down and out high-lighting the drive. However, disaster seemingly followed the A.C.S. and quickly struck. Zupa, still upset over the afore-mentioned "incompletion" called for a screen pass to slot-back Jim Schmidt. However he failed to notice a certain 4ft. 3in. Strohaber linebacker who had crept into the ranks. (An underthrown pass and the presence of this linebacker combined for an interception which was returned the length of the field. Strohaber 14--A.C.S. 2.)

This time, the wrath of his teammates fell upon Zupa. This valiant competitor was subjected to such a torrent of verbal abuse that would even make a co-ed blush.

After the kickoff, another A.C.S. drive was. Two complete passes seemed to put new hope back into the Chemists. However, when Zupa ran one way and the pocket another, his pass-bage pass resulted in another inter-

## FOOTBALL FOLLY (cont.)

ception. Like its predecessor, this one was returned for a touchdown.

Zupa was again chastized (with reason) when he reached the bench. A heated exchange took place between him and the coaching staff. Several threats were made. When Zupa was questioned about it, he mentioned something about "its only being done in Korea" and that he had "no intention of becoming a soprano."\*\* By the way, the score was now twenty to two.

The A.C.S. then received the ball and proceeded to move upfield. However the fates would not smile. On an end around play, Zupa placed the handoff between Rager's legs instead of his arms. The resulting fumble ended in a Strohaber touchdown. With only two minutes left to play, A.C.S. hopes were just about dashed. They trailed 27 - 2.

One last spark was ignited when shortly before the final gun, the player-coach, Dr. Leone, intercepted a Strohaber pass. However, the end was not to be so kind. In typical A.C.S. fashion, Zupa failed to field a high snap and ended the game buried beneath a pile of Strohaber linesmen. The final score read twenty-seven to two. The ending, somehow, seemed fitting.

In spite of the tally, there were many bright spots in the A.C.S. picture. The brightest was the play of A.C.S. receivers. Frank Rager and Ernie Fernandez were outstanding.

Their presence made the "bomb" a constant threat as well as giving the team a precision short attack.

Another highlight was the play of the team's only freshman, Jim Schmidt. Schmidt's performance at the slot spot was outstanding and his receiving, running and passing made him an authentic triple threat.

The outstanding lineman had to be Tom Mroziak. After scoring a first-half safety, Mroziak was shifted to offensive-center for the second half. His quickness and size lent mobility to the offensive line.

Perhaps the most spectacular defensive player was Tom "Mad Dog" Rozek. His consistently strong pass rush and his break neck pursuit on rollouts led one of the observers to comment, "Now there's a sick man."

One of the disappointments was the lack of freshmen and sophomores who went out for the team. President Ernie Czaplá said he couldn't understand it. Dr. Leone said that he couldn't understand Czaplá. Zupa said that he couldn't understand anything. Dr. Stanton said that he didn't care. Rozek was too drunk for comment.

\*\* For further explanation, contact Zupa.

-- Tony Zupa

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## AD ALTARE HOMINE

First go and capture a child's smile,  
Not one of ice-cream but of bread;  
Then go and seek a black veiled church  
And bring me a poet who mourns the dead.  
First show me a clasp that is yellow and brown  
And one that is brown and white;  
Show me a city of fair sparkling emerald  
That can conquer the pains of the night.

Look first to this, and to this give your soul,  
Not split with another but entire and whole,  
And when you can look at the globe and be glad,  
Then come to me bravely and speak of your God.

-- John Rager



## HIM

out of the night  
he once held my hand  
out of my mind  
he once drew my plan  
out of his life  
i continued to find  
that he was my hope  
and all i could find

he held the cards  
he called the moves  
he hated science,  
most people and rules

the only hope there was  
was found in his thought  
the only life there is  
is found in his work

out of the night  
he once held my hand  
out of his mind i now have a plan  
out of his life  
my joy remains  
love peace joy  
were ee's refrain  
nature is all and all is mine  
i'll remember him well  
he spoke not blind

he showed the way  
he knew the truth  
don't worry now  
"let's live life without thinking"  
is always the truth

-- Bert Rizzo

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COVER: Doc Szymanski is probably best remembered for his wide usage of nicknames in referring to students. His well-balanced sense of humor has also left us with such famed expressions as TEE HEE, TEE HEE. Whatever course Doc Szymanski may be teaching, one might expect to find interesting stories and lab experiments that fail to work.

-- The Editor

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## QUESTIONS OF THE MONTH

--- Will the federal water pollution committee ever adopt Mr. Signeur's method of water distillation?

--- Is J. Lenowski a humectant or is that really sweat?

--- Is it true that Dr. Stanton flunked freshman calculus?

--- Is Dr. Zapisek really a hitherto unidentified straight chain polymer?

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