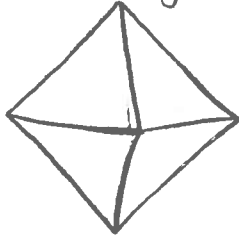


# ALL CHEMISTS

See "Smiling Chet"



$$\chi = mc_3(z^n - 1)t + \chi_0$$

Life

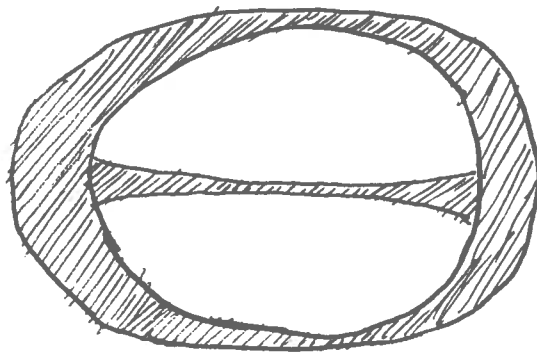


"See me, hear me..."  
(Tommy)  
You are under my  
power...



"I've got  
so much  
to tell  
you..."

April  
22



environment

$$\infty = \int \int x dx dt$$

infinity

UPON REACHING A BETTER UNDERSTANDING  
OF VICE-PRESIDENT SPIRO T. KRAWCZYK

Over the last seven months, the American Chemical Society has witnessed (or, been entertained by) the antics of its Vice President. Gregory Krawczyk has given the office of Vice President a shot in the arm with his suave charm, physical vigor, and straight-shooting rhetoric. Krawczyk has left no stone unturned in his efforts to make the ACS a smooth functioning, well organized, militantly fascist organization.

The controversies started when the Honorable Vice President was running for office. When asked to comment on the character of a certain Physical Chemistry teacher, he was heard to mutter something about "dumb Wopps" and "Fat Japs". Where he got the latter, I'll never know. Similarly, when asked if he wanted to have a look at Jim Cimato's research lab, he remarked, "If you've seen one slum, you've seen them all".

At this point, however, Krawczyk was just getting warmed up! Upon election to office, he did his best to gain the public eye. Not wanting to be just another faceless vice president, he was out to leave his mark on society. But, try as he might, he failed, and, in the words of certain newspaper editors: "Krawczyk was a has been before he even was an is, which must make him a will have been."

However, the summer vacation seemed to put new vehemence in the Veen's efforts. When asked about the poor attendance at an ACS picnic, he replied that it was a clear case of "a national masochistic feeling which is choking the country". Asked if he expected something special from this year's freshmen, he only said that if he had a daughter, "she wouldn't wear one of those black arm bands".

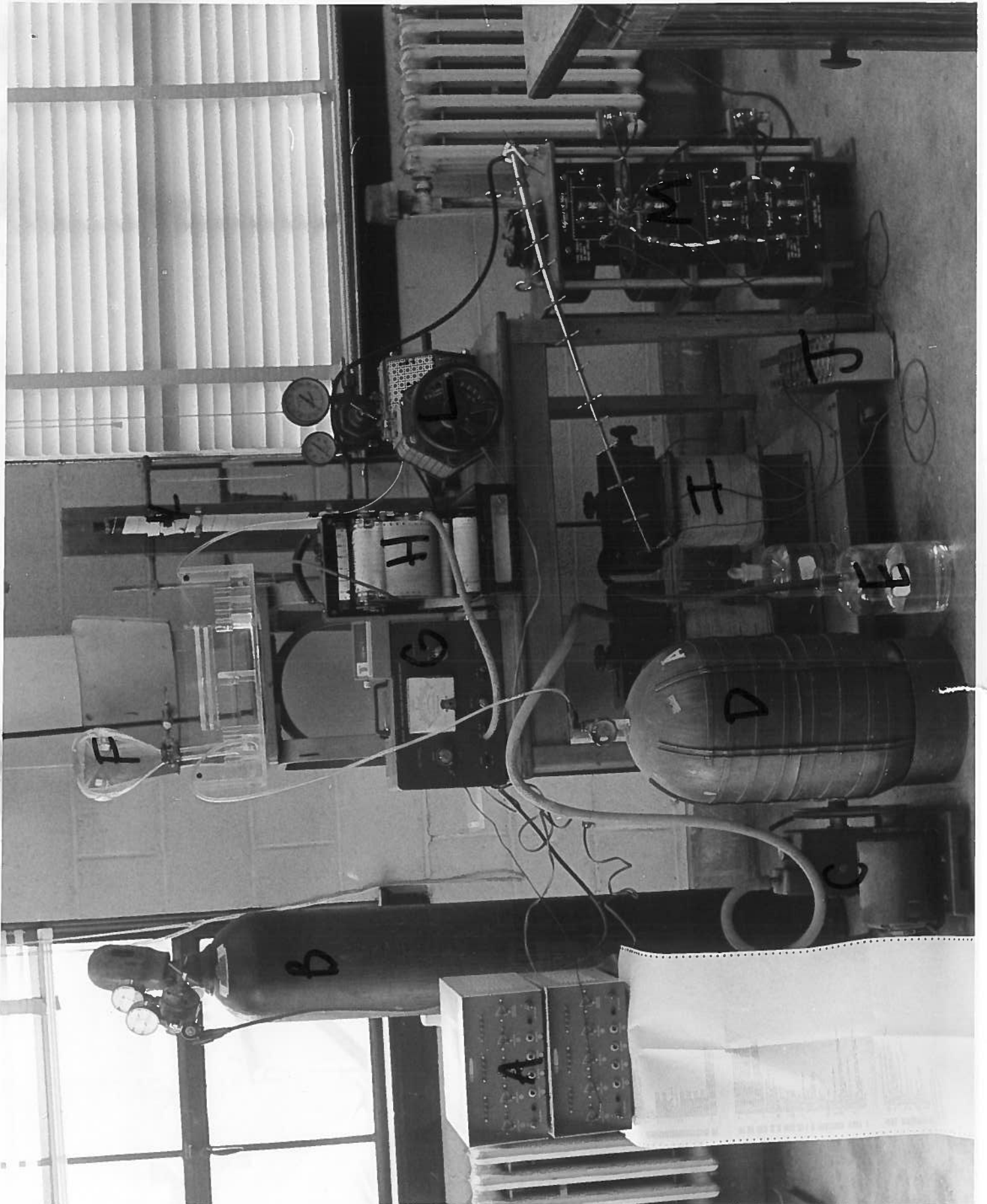
The fall saw Krawczyk's first attack on an established ACS institution, the Football Team. When asked about the team's record, he said it was disgraceful and that the ACS football team "was run by an effete corps of intellectual snobs whose sole purpose of existence was to drop passes and bring shame to the name of the ACS". This attack was met by a stern rebuke from Dr. Leone, who said, "Greg Who?"

Finally, Krawczyk launched an attack on the mass media, The Alchemist. He accused The Alchemist of giving unfair coverage to Presidential addresses and slanting its commentary. The editors of The Alchemist, somewhat taken aback at such a vicious, unmitigated instance of slander, were quick to point out that the literary work had only come out once and that Miss Hardy had not even made any addresses. Krawczyk's counterattack was a vicious and all-encompassing, "Oh!" The editors of The Alchemist then accused Krawczyk of being a vicious, fascist bigot and a narrow minded dolt. To this, Krawczyk could only reply smugly, "This proves how hopelessly slanted and misinformed they are... Imagine, them accusing me of bigotry. I'm not even married."

I

EXPERIMENTAL APPARATUS FOR MEASURING ELECTRONEGATIVITIES  
(SEMPERICAL-GLOCK METHOD)

- A. PRINT-OUT Data automatically translated into orthogonal Fortran 44 by compiler beneath.
- B. GAS TANK Used to surround system with inert nitrogen atmosphere (and simultaneously scrubs electrical system clean).
- C. VACUUM PUMP Used to surround system with vacuum. Removes harmful excess nitrogen from delicate moving parts.
- D. TANK Provides constant liquid level in F, especially if imbibing grad students are near.
- E.  $\text{HNO}_3$  TRAP Placed between vacuum and electrical system  
(Self explanatory)
- F. EXPERIMENTAL FOCUS Contains in particular the famous Drop Bomb (Trademark) in which electronegativities are measured by means of Glock'ssempirical omicron matrix stored in the computer.
- G. VARIABLE VOLTAGE SUPPLY Powers chart and computer. Has timer which automatically corrects relativity.
- H. CHART Measures liquid flow continuously on graph paper. (Built-in dryer provided)
- I. MAGNETIC COIL APPARATUS Contains handy rechargeable unit.
- J. SAFEGUARD Provides 12-volt uniformity. (Formerly a key A.B.M. component)
- K. VERTICAL STABILIZER Rubber stopper boundary conditions damp simple harmonic motion in system.
- L. VOLTAGE VALVES Meter monitors flow from generator to experimental system. Courtesy Moneywell Corp.
- M. GENERATOR Has built-in antenna to insure good reception and dissipate all harmful radiation. (BUT if you know what's good for you, stay at least two furlongs away to reduce the dreaded Angstrom effect.)



J.M.: Good evening, sir, my name is Jimmy Molson, cub reporter for the Alchemist, and I'd like a statement from you. Your name is.....

P.I.: Insanian, boy, Plus Insanian and my father was a very religious man!

J.M.: You don't say! That's very interesting.

P.I.: Did I ever tell you he was baptized in the very same spot in the Jordan River where Christ was baptized?

J.M.: Really! How do you know?

P.I.: That's easy. Their world lines intersect...but that's another story.

J.M.: Yes, I imagine it is. Well, tell me, what are you going to speak on this evening?

P.I.: I'm glad you asked that. You know, I had a three hour drive to get here... and that's from the backwoods of Pennsylvania.

J.M.: Sir, what are you going to speak on.....

P.I.: Oh yes, well to make a long story short, I plan to take my audience from creation to the end of the world, stopping off along the way only when necessary to talk about my quadrant mechanical hypothesis.

J.M.: Could you tell me what that is, sir?

P.I.: Wouldn't you like to hear about the time I fought off a bear with only a club?

J.M.: Sir, is it true that you think life exists elsewhere in the universe?

P.I.: Well, to make a long story short, I think the Russians already realize this and are trying to secure foreign aid.

J.M.: Sir, I'm told you have a volcanic explosive shocker comparable to the discovery of non-Euclidean geometry.

P.I.: Oh yes. You've got to have courage in the world today, and, keeping that in mind, I developed the equation for life.

J.M.: Very interesting...it looks like a wave function.

P.I.: Yes, I borrowed that from Dr. Stanton; by the way, when do you serve refreshments at this thing? I've got a long ride home, you know.

J.M.: I was beginning to wonder the same thing.

P.I.: Well, at least I've managed to keep my sanity.

J.M.: That's interesting, where do you keep it?

P.I.: By the way, can I interest you in a blueprint of your body?

J.M.: But what would I do with it, sir?

P.I.: Well, you could store it in three quarters of the moon, son. You know, it's a funny thing - I have so much to tell you, but so little time that I've become confused myself. Just let me think for a moment.

J.M.: That's a novel idea.

P.I.: Oh yes, my life equation. I happened upon it while sawing wood. It's a long story so I'll try to summarize by talking about something else.

J.M.: Yes, well I see that the lecture is about to begin, so I'll let you go. Thank you, sir.

P.I.: Yes, my boy, and don't forget that we chemists have been chosen by the almighty to carry the burden of mankind on our shoulders and we should therefore conduct ourselves with pride and dignity.

J.M.: So be it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Editor's note:

I polled the senior class and it turned out to be a near unanimous decision that they receive an award for being the best class to graduate from Canisius (in 1970). The one dissenting vote was cast by someone who would only let us use his initials, 'TZ', and insisted that we have been made to suffer intolerably and despicably for almost four years so we might as well finish the year out and become full fledged martyrs. Besides that, he mumbled something about the establishment being doomed and who the hell needs glory anyway... So excluding TZ who will henceforth remain the "Martyr of '70" hats off to the senior class who from here will go on to bigger and better things. Kathy Hamm mentioned she was going to be a bank teller when she grows up. Another who wishes to remain anonymous, just wanted to work on growing up. The Cincinnati Kid figured that since he did such a fine job for Dr. Van Verth he was just going to sit tight and wait until he received his Nobel prize for his work. Elmer figures he'll work on growing his mustache. The rest of the non-descript bunch of bums won't give me any half-truths to print and I've come to the end of the page so I'll drop it here!

A CONVERSATION

Papa Bear: Well, its gotta stop, I tell you. The guy's a nut - a real whacko

Mama Bear: Now, Papa, he's only been here a little while. Besides... he's a human and we all know that humans are a little strange.

Papa Bear: A little strange she says. A little strange. He comes running down the hill, waving two copper bars, yelling and screaming, "Eureka! I've done it! I've done it!", nearly scares junior out of two years' growth, tramples all of the acorn patches and then impales himself on the moose's antlers. And I'd like to know where he got that copper from; the pack rat said he's missing 200 pennies and three feet of wire.

Mama: But, dear, think of it. He's a scientist. How many people can say they live right down the hill from a scientist?

Papa: How many scientists live in a log cabin on a hill in the woods? He's a human, isn't he? He's bound to bring the property values down. Besides, the guy's a nut. Once, he chased me around that damned cabin for three hours and he kept yelling, "Stop, I want to see how efficiently you change matter into entropy." I told him I'd urinate in a jelly jar if he wanted, but he said that wasn't ood enough. It's enough to make a bear stop hibernating. What about when we do? Can you imagine him creeping around here when we're half asleep? Remember that stupid blonde broad who kept crawling in and out of our beds! She nearly ate us out of house and home, too! Humans are nothing but trouble.

Mama: But he's a scientist, a real scientist. Who knows?, some day he may invent something that may change the world.

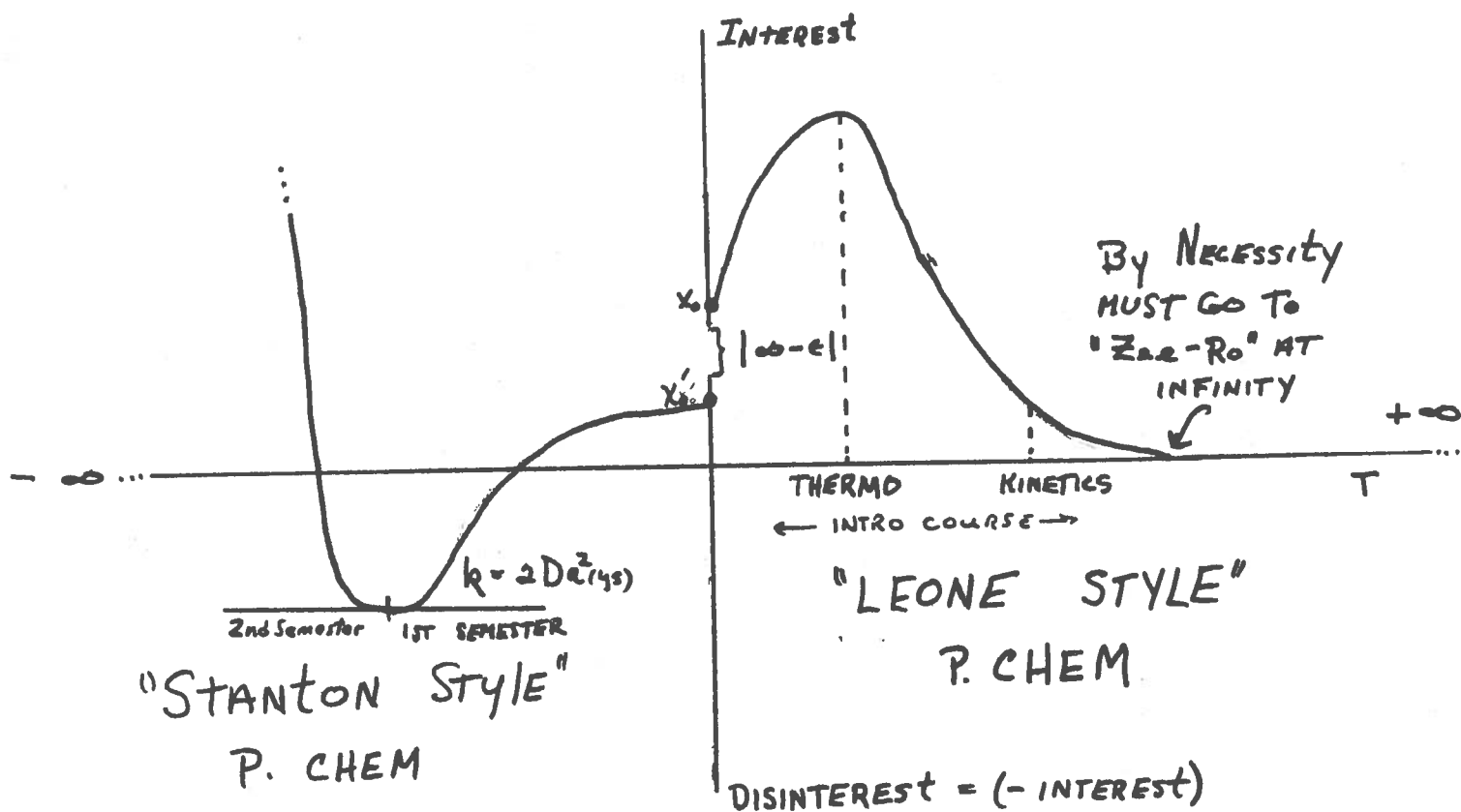
Papa: Will you listen? The guy's a nut; he probably spends all his time making instant water. Ya know, just add the water and shake..... Everytime I see him, he asks, "How's your information content coming?" Can't he just say hello? I'm telling you, the sooner we get out of here, the better. A scientist indeed; he probably cures colds with beads and rattles.

Mama: But I still think a scientist in the vicinity is great. A real plus for the neighborhood.

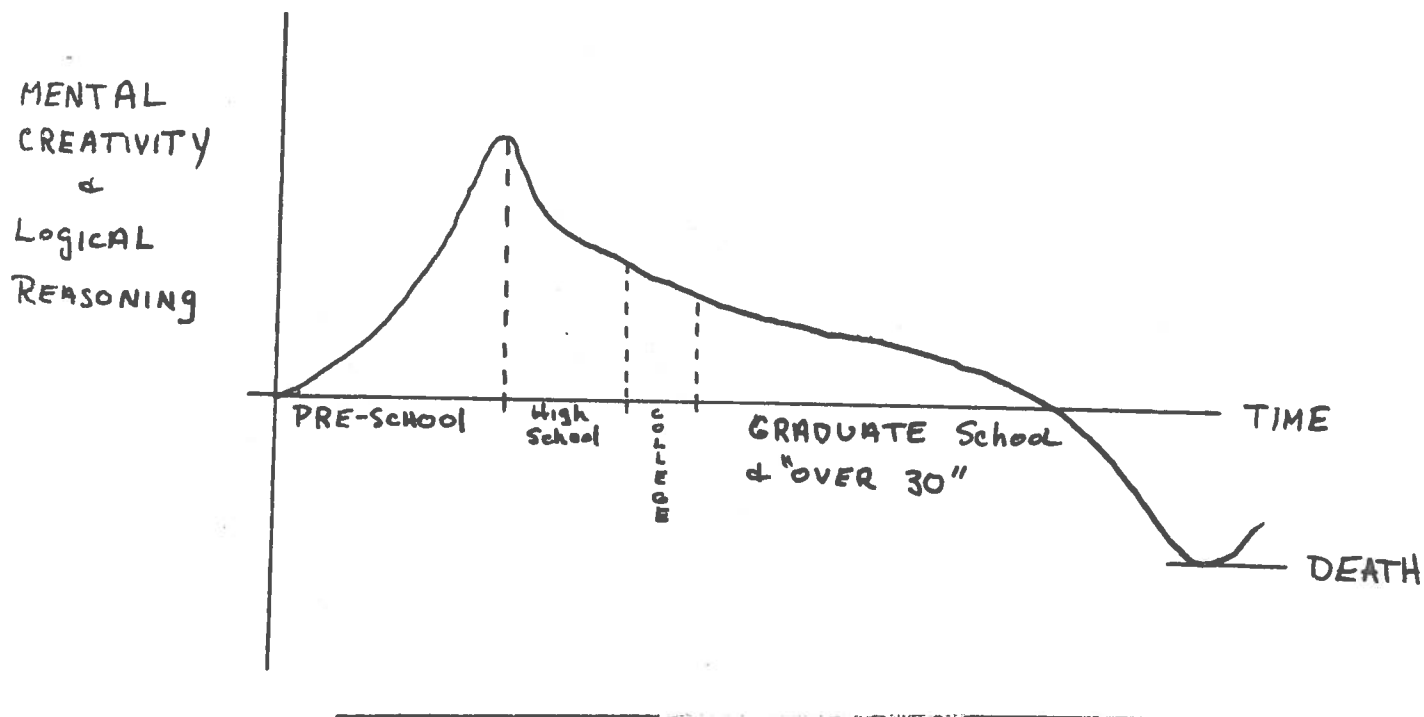
Papa: A real plus.....If you ask me, the guy's a real minus.

# "GRAPHICALLY SPEAKING"

One student was overheard evaluating the merits of P.Chem in the above manner. "It seems," he said, "one starts out in a favorable disposition at  $x_0$  and for the preliminary course interest increases parabolically but as everyone knows the course is must go to ZEE-RO!... In the second semester as one becomes more involved in the inner thoughts of the instructor, one becomes both frightened and snowed to the point of negative interest (ie- a desire to get the hell out!) After being intimidated into staying in another semester the truly bright student manages to understand (sort of) what is going on and if he is a genius he will actually develop an interest in this style P.Chem and hence the graphic rise into positive values. There is more than a casual connection to the similarity of the left curve to a Morse potential. Somehow though, the equilibrium position is not the best place in the world to be. The apparent discontinuity between 1st and 2nd semesters as graphed is real and cannot be gotten rid of!"







Now See Here !

We've been thinking about this idea for a long time now...might as well bring it out into the open. I don't mean <sup>to</sup> sound like the typical student vs. teacher debate. If it does, try to look in between the lines for something more.

The second graph in "Graphically Speaking" was at first meant as a humorous little space filler. In reality it is somewhat more than that. From about third grade we all are taught essentially to answer questions as someone else (the teacher) would answer them. Our creativity and originality does indeed decline! It for the most part continues to do the same through both high school and college.

Now however we have a chance to do something about it. I'm especially concerned about the chemistry courses - and there should be no question in anyone's mind that there is room for improvement! There has, I think, been improvement in the organic lab. The special experiments performed last year were good. The repetition of experiments from literature in Bio-Chem. seems like a good idea also.

The idea to be seized is that of imagination. Why can't experiments in analytical chemistry be made more interesting? The same goes for every lab course. It requires some hard imaginative thinking, and it should be done.

The courses, too, should receive a long hard look. Every course, from General Chemistry up to the advanced courses could definitely use a going over. If the equations, etc. are covered well in the text, why beat it to the ground in class?

I look at my own classes and see that on the whole there is little exchange of ideas between teacher and student. Conceivably the students haven't been stimulated to the point where they will participate. If this is the case both student and teacher should work at it.

When was the last time you simply had a bull session with a buddy or a teacher about an interesting topic in chemistry? Have you ever? Maybe advanced courses should lean this way, too: Have some straight lectures but then swing over to the informal "rap" sessions. I think students might feel more confidence in their knowledge.

I've discussed these ideas and others with Dr. Leone and Dr. Bieron and as a result we'll try to get some sort of an informal panel discussion together for students to air any ideas for improvement and just plain complaints. Watch the bulletin board across from the Chemistry Office for the time/date. We'll try to have it in conjunction with an ACS meeting.

J.C.

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### A C S    S H O R T    S U B J E C T S

*This paper will have gone to press before the World Champion Tennis Tournament gets under way... but it looks like a record turn out with contestants coming from all fields. The Alchemist Sports Dept. predicts the tournament will not be won by a prof! etc.*

\* \* \*

Dear Miss Hardy:

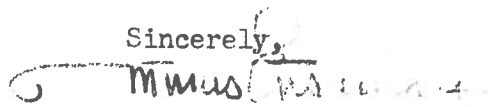
I was pleased to learn that you and your fellow students would like to visit my laboratory. However, may I suggest that you visit during the summer late May or early June.

This has been a very difficult winter and we still have three feet of snow and ice all around our building and we have destroyed several autos trying to move around. Down below the problem is now compounded with heavy mud and we can only bring in supplies with a Jeep with chains on all four tires.

I deeply regret that I cannot encourage you to visit us at this time and I am sure that you will enjoy your visit more when the weather conditions are more pleasant.

Please do not hesitate to contact me at a later date and I am sure that we will all have a good time. You will all be our guests and we can make it an all day affair. There are many things to do here.

Sincerely,



Minas Ensanian  
Director

## THE TRUE STORY CONCERNING HEAT

While I was unthawing my frozen body one morning with a delicious mixture of tea (mostly tannic acid) and polluted Buffalo water, I was amazed to find that heat existed in the sub-zero weather I had recently braved.

"You're crazy," I shouted, "it's freezing out there!"  
"Nonsense", said my friend. "All molecules move since there's no such thing as absolute zero. Ergo, heat is always present".  
"Monocules!" I screamed. "They went out years ago".  
"No - no", he said calmly. "Molecules, they are things which are made of atoms."

I stumbled off to class, my myths shattered. Later, I found condolence in researching the library for more information. The true story of heat slowly unfolded.

In 1378 heat was discovered by a monk, who lived on the southern tip of Italy. His name was Giovanni Batista Heatini. He originated his theory after burning his finger on a hot loaf of bread.

"Ouch!" he cried, "I think I'm on to something".

Heatini was summarily convicted of heresy and burned at the stake.

Around 1850 or so, Harry Homogenized, half brother to Louis Pasteur, suspected that the presence of heat caused germs to die. His half brother scoffed at the idea, claiming that fire caused the germs to be cooked, thereby making them taste better and safe for human consumption. Harry, now a broken man, spent his remaining days developing a chocolate mix for milk.

People went around setting fires, giving hot foots, burning bread and fingers. And it wasn't until 1937 that the reason beyond the fire was realized. Tom Bunsen and Paul; Propane were fooling around in their 43rd Street laboratory in New York City. Paul, not known for his dexterity, was sent down to the corner for coffee. Upon his return, he tripped over an 8000 ml flask and spilled the coffee over Tom's chest and lap. Tom jumped around for a few minutes and an idea dawned on Paul. Experiments were thought up and carried out. Tom dumped hot tea on Paul - he jumped. Paul threw hot milk on Tom - he ran around the room. Tom tossed hot egg on Paul - he sprinted up the wall. After weeks of theories, experiments, and failures, THE REALIZATION overcame Paul on the way back from the diner.

"I've got it!" hollered Paul.

"Bactine, I hope", groaned Tom.

"No, listen," said Paul. "We both jump or move upon contact with hot things, right?"

"Uh-huh", said Tom.

"We are made of molecules, right?" said Paul.

"Arrroqghh," murmured Tom.

"Wake up, you idiot," shouted Paul. "The hot things are made of molecules".

"So", scoffed Tom, "Scoff, scoff, scoff".

"Ergo", shouted Paul, "Since we move, our molecules move, our molecules are moved by the movement of the moving molecules of hot things. So, heat is moving molecules!"

"Say that three times, fast," said Tom.

Paul and Tom were enshrined in the Science Hall of Fame and

Americans everywhere were a little prouder at the latest discovery.

*Smo*

An Endless sea of Limitless Strain  
Darkened Walls covered with Dead Man's Thoughts  
An empty mind talking at me  
Turn me on, dead man, I want to be free.

Turn you off man, why don't you see  
how your dead thoughts are sickening me.  
The dead can see as far as their nose  
and then they come back and look for some more.

Talk at me, dead man, and laugh for me, too.  
I'll really try to listen to you  
But I can't guarantee that I'll hear what you say  
But if I can't hear it all, I won't stand in the way.

'Cause it just isn't fair to remove your prize  
from all my colleagues' eyes.  
But you tell me how you're concerned for me, too  
Well, forgive me if I don't listen to you.

Breathe for me, dead man, let me see how you live.  
Preach at me, dead man, about all you will give  
If I sit in my seat and hear all that you know  
for that is all there can be; All is just so.

The End is near, Dead man, for all of your kind  
For I'm coming back now to take over command  
And run it my way and take a new stand  
And pray to to the Gods that I'm not a Dead Man.

*E*

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*Contributions to the Alchemist by:*

<i>R. Hardy</i>	<i>T. Zupa</i>	<i>G. Sroez</i>
<i>G. Krawczyk</i>	<i>R. Bronstein</i>	<i>"B. R."</i>
<i>D. Bieksza</i>	<i>"Smo"</i>	

*Thrown together by:*

*J. Cimato*