

LET'S BEAT
"(&!*#&!)"
OUT OF CAL.

The Kickapoo

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VANCOUVER, B.C., TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1950

MONSTER RIOT

Cheerleaders Ask Students For Support

Petition to Be On Short Skirt Problem

UBC's oppressed cheerleaders want your support!

Ever since the inauguration of the group three years ago, complaints have been pouring in, regarding the length of the skirts that they have been wearing.

Students have reported that they have had trouble concentrating on their cheering because they are bothered by the yards of material which envelop the girls from ankle to waist.

The girls themselves, eager to please, are anxious to remedy the situation but so far their efforts have been thwarted at every point by the dictatorial hierarchy of the Pep Club.

APPEALING

At last in desperation the girls are appealing to the students themselves.

A petition asking for shorter skirts will be circulated in the near future around the campus and every red blooded undergraduate is asked to vote a stirring yes to the question "Are you in favor of shorter skirts for our cheerleaders?"

Proponents of the abbreviated lengths point out that in Eastern Canadian Colleges and American universities where cheerleaders are the toast of the campus their costumes are much briefer.

ACCEPTED

Shortened skirts for the girls have been accepted at these schools for many years without a murmur of disapproval but here at UBC the lengths have been continually held down.

Because of this such names as "old fashioned," "backward" and "mid-Victorian" are continually being applied to our campus.

The girls themselves claim that curtailed costumes give them greater freedom of action for their strenuous work and feel that they would add interest to their activities.

Thrifty advocates point out the obvious saving of material which would be passed on to the student body.

DO NOT CARE

When questioned on the subject UBC athletes were wholeheartedly in favor of the idea, declaring they wouldn't care whether the girls wore any skirts at all and that shorter ones would certainly be a step in the right direction.

As one wag put it "Shorter skirts are the vogue and no campus should be without them."

Get out and support the cheerleaders.



Picture by Lenare Photographers

BLONDE and beautiful CBR songstress Julliette will appear at a special pep meet of Kickapoos to be given in the Armories tomorrow.

Startling Expose

Campus Spirits Mostly Liquid

Does campus spirit come from the bottle?

During the last five months one of our most trusted reporters has occupied himself by searching this campus from end to end, seeking the answer to that very pertinent question.

He scoured the darkest dives, the dankest sewers and cesspools of vice; in a moment of ill-considered frenzy he went so far as to enter that ultimate of corruption, Walt Ewing's office.

Attacking the problem from another angle our reporter scaled the highest pinnacles of truth and wisdom, he invaded the sanctity of the Brock Lounge.

His arduous task completed, our reporter could reach only one conclusion: nine of ten sorority girls prefer Rye to Scotch.

Line-up Looks Good

'Birds To Give Cal Good Fight

Thursday's game against the University of California's Golden Bears will bring to the campus some of the best rigger skill that has been seen for a long time.

In their fight for the World Cup, emblematic of West Coast Rigger supremacy, UBC's Thunderbirds will be out fighting to regain the silverware.

In their first game against the Golden Bears, UBC's fifteen took a narrow 8-6 lead to win the first of the four game series.

Their second rigger match against California proved to be fatal as UC Golden Bears won 8-3.

This puts the American rigger squad ahead as far as total points are concerned.

Last year, the tale was a little different. The Golden Bears won two, lost one and tied one.

Thursday's game will see the best UBC has to offer in rigger power when the Thunderbird fifteen come running out onto the

Anything Goes As 'Poos Plan Pepfest

Heralding the approach of the California-UBC rigger game this Thursday and Saturday, Kickapoos will sponsor a special pep meet at 12:30 p.m. in the Armories tomorrow.

Master of Ceremonies for the occasion is Johnny Emerson, who has entertained veterans through St. John's canteen for more than five years. A former member of Mart Kenny's Western Gentlemen, Emerson is now one of Vancouver's leading pianists.

UBC Alumni

Aside from being a UBC and Players Club alum, he was also cast in Theatre Under the Stars productions. He will be remembered for his CBC work with Barney Potts, who will also appear on the campus tomorrow.

Potts has achieved some fame with Narrows Supper Club and TUTS.

Julliette to Handle Song Chores

Scheduled to handle song chores is Julliette, now doing twice weekly shows with CBR. She sang for one year on the Alan Young program, and has since received numerous offers from the United States.

Backing her are a trio, featuring Leo Foster on Bass, Harry Nockolson on drums, and Johnny Emerson on piano.

An all-star cast, it includes swedish imitator Ole Olson, who contributes harmonica as well as singing talents to the performance.

UBC talents are represented by the Aggie quartet, UBC band, and cheer leaders. It has also been rumoured that Amos 'n Andy will appear.

PRAGUE, Czechoslovakia — (UPRESS) — The International Organization of Journalists will hold an International Congress in Paris on March 24 to March 26.

Economic and social standing of journalists will be included in discussions.

BRUSSELS, Belgium — (UPRESS) — Professor Francois Brouers has been dismissed from the Royal Athenee of Herstal. Brouers was a professor of history.

The vice-president of the Belgian Union for the Defence of Peace was dismissed from his post after he quoted certain American politicians. "The Prefect of Athenee congratulated me at the end of the talk,"

said Brouers. "There was not any indication of attack until this week." The speech was October 1949.

PEKING, China — (UPRESS) — Two Chinese youth federations have demanded the immediate end of war in Indonesia.

The All-China Federation of Democratic Youth and the China youth league have pledged full support to a Dutch Youth League demanding end of the war in Indonesia.

In a letter to the Dutch league the Chinese groups said that they had sent a letter of protest to the Dutch government demanding immediate end of the war.

field.

Bill Salinas, the boy who did such a good job in the backfield at the Stanford game will be back playing on Thursday. Bill, one of UBC's top American football players, has won his big block three times.

Stan Clarke, one of the team's faster members, will be playing right wing along with speed artist George Pail at left wing.

Russ Latham, the 'Bird riggermen's ace kicker will not be able to play due to a stiff and

swollen knee injury. Hilary Wotherspoon, who will be filling the fullback slot, will take on the kicking chores.

Frank Watt, and another of the team's speed merchants, will be playing his usual position at five-eighths.

Import from the University of Queensland, Australia, is wingman, Keith Turnbull.

UBC's star scrum half who is in their after every ball is John

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See RUGGER

LET'S KICKAPOO OUT OF CAL

The Kickapoo

This paper was produced by the publicity committee of the Kickapoos, a club constituted under the Student Council of the University of British Columbia. The editorial Board of the Ubysey accepts no responsibility for the editorial matter or pictures appearing herein or any inferences derived therefrom.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF — Our pet Elvant
MANAGING EDITOR — Elvant's Papoose
General Staff: All those who wrote stories

To The Students of UBC

What's wrong with you? Why don't you get out and support your teams whether you win or lose? There seems to be a general apathy at the University and although a handful of students have tried to do something about it, they have been unsuccessful because they could not get enough support.

Why is it the other universities have that keen interest in their campus activities? Queen's, McGill, Toronto, even Alberta and Saskatchewan put you all to shame. You should be proud of your University.

University is not all work and most of you know it. Get out and support your teams. Better still, enter into competition for your faculty or university team. Show the other universities that you have just as much of that so-called spirit as they have.

Once a group of enthusiastic people get a good dose of that spirit it can spread like

wild-fire. There are a group of these people on your very own campus. They supported Thunral to the very last, they haven't given up hope yet. They are workers and they are proud of their University.

Enthusiasm for inter-faculty competition is sadly lacking especially in women's sports. This is a good opportunity to meet other people instead of your own tight little circle of friends who you went all through high school with. Why should Physical Ed be victorious time and time again? Get your back up and show a little fight.

The reason we don't hear more about minor sports is because they have not got enough support. They are struggling for existence — give them half a chance and they will fill your trophy case. You have to participate as well as be a spectator, both jobs require an over dose of spirit.

In This Corner by jim banham

Everybody worked for Willie Stark; Adam Stanton, the idealistic doctor, Jack Burden, hatchetman, who idealized Willie, Sadie, who loved Willie and saw him spurn her for another woman, even Ann Stanton, who betrayed her uncle to Willie for his favors. They all worked for Willie — at whatever the current wages of sin were.

Hollywood has bought Robert Penn Warren's "All the King's Men", a Pulitzer Prize-winning novel to the screen and have managed to capture all of the atmosphere of back room political campaigning, stumping in the back country, torch light parades and the myriad other eccentricities of American politics.

Broderick Crawford, as Willie Stark begins as an honest man with courage — a rare thing in Konoma County where he starts his political career. Duped by politicians into running for governor so he can split the vote and insure the election of an another candidate, Willie turns into a table-pounding, peoples-rights politician. Defeated in his first try he comes back with a vengeance at the next election and is swept into office.

Willie keeps his campaign promises. He builds roads, bridges, plans free medical attention, provides free text books for school children. But behind the scenes Willie keeps a gun-toting body guard, and a hatchman to dig up information about troublesome opponents for use whenever needed.

When Willie threatens to expose Attorney-General Stanton over some small bribe years before, Stanton commits suicide. The attorney-general's nephew, fed up with Willie's reg-

ime, assassinates him the night he browbeats his legislature into abandoning impeachment charges against him.

Hero of Warren's novel is obviously Huey Long, late corrupt governor of Louisiana. In the novel author Warren believes the Long, or Willie Stark as the case may be, was an honest man gone wrong.

The same holds true for the picture. Willie does not think he is corrupt. There is merely a rationalization on his part — a rationalization that concludes that any method is right as long as the end is achieved. To achieve his end Willie controls everything in the state from political appointments to political gatherings.

Perhaps the most graphic portrayal in the picture is that of Willie himself. Broderick Crawford twists his face and grimaces like any power politician.

As his hatchetman Jack Burden is convinced that Willie is good until he sees the awful moral wreckage that Willie makes of his associates.

Mercedes McCambridge, as Stark's secretary seems intent on stealing every scene she has a line in, and manages to do it when Crawford doesn't force his big-boned portrayal firmly into the frame of the audience's attention.

The film has been nominated for several academy awards. It will take a pretty powerful actor to overshadow the performance of Broderick Crawford, a man who seems to have finally found his niche after stumbling around in the dark of "B" pictures for so many years.

Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor:

My first year on the campus is now drawing to a close. As I look back over this time, I am able to recall many happy moments. But I feel that it is my duty, for the benefit of the incoming Frosh class next year, to give a report concerning my observations of some of the types that we would like to kill.

There is the character, which I am sure is familiar to all of us, who rushes into the library promptly at 8:30 in the morning! He plunks his books down and speedily rushes out for coffee and the odd lecture. He returns at 11:30 to get his lunch, disappears for half an hour, and then returns to read the UBC. At 1:30 he leaves for the Brook and bridge. At 5, he returns to collect his books and dashes home.

I sincerely wish that anyone who falls into this category would stop to consider the other students go into the crowded library to get some work done and are frustrated in their purpose because of the lack of seats.

And while we're on the subject of the Library, I would also like to express my beef against the Library socialites. Those types who

giggle, natter, and clomp about with heavy feet. I have often thought that such individuals might be frightened into a silence if they were conscious of the numerous 'looks to kill' that are aimed in their direction. I wish too, that the laboratory Poet Laureate would find a more suitable place to publish his compositions than on the twillie walls.

When I was a walter, I was taught to yell a loud 'behind you' if I was lugging a heavy tray and some character was about to bump into me. I have since found it necessary to use this same policy in the Caf. Many are the times when a hot coffee has been spilled all down my front while on route from the cashier to my seat. All I ask is that the people who are in a mad dash to please keep a wary eye before and aft.

I guess that these are the only outstanding complaints that I have to make. But please, those of you who find themselves guilty of these things, do not think that I bear a grudge against you. As a faithful student of the University, I have learned to bear the good with the bad.

R.R.

The Kickapoos wish to express their sincere appreciation to all those members of the Ubysey staff who by their help and assistance made the publication of this issue possible.

Special thanks are due to Harold Berson, Chuck Marshall and Ray Frost.

(Signed) Bill St. John,
President.

RUGGER

(Continued from Page 4)

"Junior" Tennant. He is also a two letterman.

Austin Taylor is playing for the first year with UBC. Austin learned his rugby from St. George's school where he wore his first team colors.

On the scrum line is Bill Blake, ex-Vancouver Reps player. Playing his third year for the University McKechnie Cup team is Les Hemsall, star front row man.

Another new comer to the 'Birds is Bob Dunlop, who used to play for Victoria Reps.

Playing his third year with the 'Bird rugger squad is Marshall Smith. His ability and height as a basketball player make him an excellent man for the line-outs.

Ex-Britania players who are now playing for the 'Birds are Bill Allard and Chris Dalin.

The team's star sprinter, Jack Armour, who sprinted across the Golden Bear line to score the first points of the World Cup series will be ready for California when they come up on Thursday.

Two ex-skiers who are now with UBC's rugger squad are Dick Ellis and Hugh Greenwood.

Third year at Varsity rugger is Don Warner. Learning his rugby at Brentwood, Dick Buxton has proved invaluable.

Playing his first year with the 'Birds, Jack Smith has played an unusually brilliant game as wing.

First and second row scrum for UBC is Ralph Martinson while Ernie McMinn plays breakaway.

California is rated quite high as far as rugger skill is concerned. Despite this fact, UBC's impressive collection of McKechnie Cups certainly is not to be laughed at.

The fight that the Thunderbird have displayed this season is bound to be the deciding factor in Thursday and Saturday games.

Support?



THIS YOUNG LADY obviously doesn't need your support but the Thunderbird Rugby team does. Get out and cheer for the 'Birds Thursday and Saturday during the California series.

Oop-A-Kick

By **Best** by **John Graham**

Spend An Afternoon at Game And Save Money

HOW TO SPEND AN AFTERNOON AT THE GAME AND SAVE MONEY

I thumbed through my empty wallet, lifted the receiver and called a number.

"Hello," I said, "do you remember me."

"Yes—you beast," she said sweetly. "I also remember that you owe me eight bucks from last weekend."

"I am sorry about that," I said, "but I'm still broke. I'll tell you how I'll even it up though."

"How's that," she said.

"We can spend an afternoon at the GAME on Saturday and it will only cost me a dollar to get us in," I said.

"That's a fine plan," she said, "and I can even stay out at the Library from 12:30 to 2:00 and study and we will save cost of transportation. I will meet you in front of the Library at 1:45."

GAME TIME

We seated ourselves in the student section and watched our team come on the field amidst much yelling and cheering.

My girl asked, "Is that our team?"

Shaking my head, I asked, "have you ever been to a Varsity game before?"

To my surprise she said, "Yes", and she continued, "but I have never heard such spirit before at a game and I thought that California might have brought a few supporters along."

I told her what I thought was the reason for it. "There is a new group on the campus who are attempting to promote campus spirit—(you know the old thing!) but what they need is a little help from the average student, you—or me. If each one of us gave a little time and effort and really tried to help this group—not necessarily by joining but by taking an interest in "what goes" at our university—our tendency to apathy would disappear. What you just heard was half a dozen KICKAPOOS and that one outstanding scream was probably Doug Franklin knocking over his milk bottle again. Oh! Listen! There goes the starting whistle—

Game Time."

GAME

"Who are those worn-out grey maidens jumping around all over the place out there," she asked.

Of course she was referring to our cheerleaders so I enlightened her. "Those are our cheerleaders and you'd be worn out and grey too if you had to worry about getting a bunch of fellow students to read a sheet of yells and make them understand that they are supposed to yell yell one when they say yell yell one instead of yelling Sit-down—I'm watchin, de game or ah nuts-I hold dat one before

What we don't seem to realize is that we are not yelling to hear ourselves yell, but for our athletes. By showing them our feelings we give them the spirit to die easy, to die hard, or to win."

She asked me, "Is this what you mean." She picked up a yell sheet and joined in with the cheerleaders. I followed suit.

GAME OVER

Two hours later the whistle went and there was a mad scramble for the gates. The GAME was over. What to do now? Broke and one Saturday night to fill. Wait!

That man who spoke over the mike during the game, he said there was a FREE DANCE tonight. I turned to my girl and hoarsely said, "Let's go to the Library and get an hours studying in before it closes and then we can go down to the Brock and have a game of bridge before the dance tonight.

That hot-dog we had at half time should hold us till we get home." She agreed whole heartedly and we were on our way. (Wish I was!!)

DANCE

Best dance I was ever at. We were so hoarse we couldn't speak to each other and maybe if some of you tried the same routine you would have a good time too! It's really amazing how easy it is to say good-night when she can't talk!

What's Safe About Safeway

With a view to starting up a shopping column, I recklessly wandered into a food market late Saturday afternoon.

I jumped back out through the door again, real quick, as a runaway push-cart thundered past me, missing me by inches. "Should have got in training for this," I muttered and re-entered with more caution and less composure.

"Wonder where they stack the mixers," I mused. The place was hardly crowded at all. I got into the slip stream of a porty old girl and we really moved. Sailed past brightly colored stands for all the world like a battleship with a destroyer in tow.

I spied a bottle of the desired mixer atop a pile of artichokes and asparagus. I grabbed it.

"Stop thief!" Shriill voice from behind the artichokes and asparagus.

"Sorry, thought you were a pile of vegetables with a misplaced bottle of ginger ale," I said clumsily. The Artichokes and asparagus moved on.

I was abruptly confronted with a stand holding nothing but coffee. Coffee, there was tons of it. I've never seen so much coffee.

"Guess I'll get some coffee."

There was a man stacking tins of pineapple juice and he kept giving me a fishy eye. I was obviously up to no good. A shop lifter if he had ever seen one.

I approached the man.

"We don't have a men's room," he said to me.

"How many cups to a pound of coffee?" I asked him.

"Quite a few."

"I believe you," I said for which he looked not at all relieved, "but how many. I want to know how many pounds of coffee to buy."

"How many cups of coffee do you want," he asked as he threw an empty carton into the crowd and grabbed another crate of pineapple juice.

"I'll decide that when I know how many there are to a pound."

He stopped stacking long enough to shout "Hey Mike, how many cups to a pound of coffee?" Mike was stacking tins of peas about a mile and a half down the row with an enviable show of disregard for the customers milling around him.

Mike shrugged his shoulders and dropped a can of beans on a large woman standing behind him. The

woman retaliated by popping the peas inside her bosom and walking off.

I looked back to my first friends. He shrugged his shoulders and went to get some more pineapple and went to get some more pineapple juice.

Mad, I headed for the coffee display. "Oops!" A little man with a big push cart steamed around the corner, making a left turn without signalling.

I backed into a neat stack of crates that had been put there for the convenience of shoppers.

By now of course you have guessed it. Yes, the boxes came down. You couldn't see anything for falling crates. I felt like Chopstok Joe in Terry and the Pirates.

"Well, now I have made an ass of myself," thought I. I was scared to look up knowing that everyone in the store would be staring.

Well I was wrong. The incident went unnoticed. There were faint cries from the bottom of the pile of boxes, but I decided to leave that victim for the next stock taking.

I stumbled blindly toward the coffee stand, upsetting a push cart and putting my fist through a grapefruit. I grabbed the pound of coffee and got in the line up for the cashier.

I was the only person in the line-up that did not own a chain of restaurants.

It was dark outside and streets were deserted when I finally reached the end of the line. "Would you put your purchases on the counter please," said the cashier.

"That's it," I said pointing to the coffee.

"What grind" she said.

I looked at the bag to see what grind it was. It didn't say. I looked inside thinking that perhaps I could determine it.

"Hell, this isn't coffee," I shouted, "they've sold me Brazil nuts or something."

"I guess you want it regular," she said, and grabbed the bag and proceeded to dump it out.

"What are you throwing my Brazil nuts away for?"

She held the bag under a shoot and out came coffee, filled the bag and it was handed back.

"Thanks," I said, relieved, paid my bill and stumbled out.

Moral: Any beverages that you can't buy in a liquor store ain't worth the risk.



THIS IS A TASTE of what is in store for UBC rigger fans when Thunderbirds meet University of California Golden Bears in UBC Stadium Thursday and Saturday of this week.

A SPOONERISM By DOUG FRANKLIN

Once upon a long time ago a fold grey ox fell into a fap. Thow nis disgreatly turbed him. He had a diffey verluent time exing to tryleate himself and finally when he sid do the poor puy had tost his tail. He figured that he could never dive it lown unless he could perfox the other snades to tut off their eales.

So with hate greast he malled a ceefing of the fther oxes, Gen they whathered he said, "Menllegen why do you tear your wales? They are very thugly ings and they dather the gust."

But one of the folder oxes said,

"My frier dend if you hadn't tost your one tail you woudn't kee so been on getting us to toose our's too." With wese thords he rew into a flage and began elting and bawing the fold ox. Before lon the meeting was a shad mambles with the whole pack indulging in illatry maeties.

While the fur few and the ryes crang in their ears mistery was meing ltrade. Sor foon the younger foxs vicrose atorios and among much meeping the folder oxes comparted depletely tallless. departedand his thittle children his ow the canx mats mistf fade pear athearence.

