NO FEAR . . . NO FAVOR . . . NO SUBSCRIBERS

FLESH

AMS Member — Free to All

Vol. 20, No. 11 — Vancouver, B.C. March 23, 1956

THUG BETRAYS AMS SECY.

Unwed Councillor Left By Leering, Bestial Bray

Curvaceous, blonde AMS Secretary Helen McLean in Student Court wept bitterly as she told how she had been wooed and betrayed by gaunt, leering AMS President Ron Bray!!!

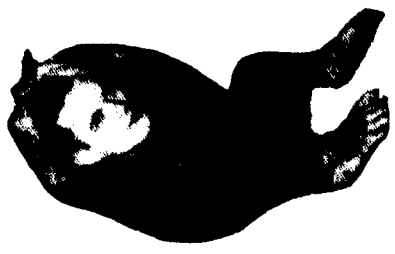
A FLESH reporter was present in Student Court Thursday, when Miss McLean appeared, and took down all the grimy, sordid details. It was the story of a woman wronged by a souless lecherous monster!!! **Page 2**

Seen nightly at Anglican College's "Weekend on Salt Spring" Floor Show is Fifi LaGrab straight from an engagement at the Union Club, Victoria. Watch this one men if you want to encourage the power of positive thinking.

FLESH EXPOSES ASUS FAIRIES

Alade Akesode, Jim MacFarlan, and Tom Wilson, top officials of the Arts and Science Undergraduate Society, are nightly engaging in horrid, perverted rites, an alert Flesh reporter recently discovered!!! **Page 6**

MONSTER STALKS CAMPUS



(See Page 12)

BETRAYED!!

BEAST

(Continued From Page 1)

Bearing her two-month old child in her arms, the pretty young Councillor revealed how she had been won by the wiles of the oily AMS President, and how he had suddenly left her without a cent!!!

Miss McLean is suing Bray for Non-Support and Breach of Promise.

The young Councillor presented a pitiful picture when she appeared in Students' Court today, attired in a flimsy Councillor's robe, with the child of her tragic alliance in her arms.

"He wooed me with false promises of trips to Edmonton and free meals every Monday night," she sobbed. "But then he simply up and left me."

Miss McLean told how she was forced to leave her position as Don at Mary Bollert Hall when her plight became apparent. "The Dean of Women wouldn't have me corrupting the young girls," she explained tearfully.

Outraged felow - councillor Ron Longestaffe, who appeared in Miss McLean's behalf, lashed out verbally at Bray: "He should be horsewhipped publicly," he said.

President Bray did not appear in Court. His lawyer, Angelo Jabour, explained that he was "home baby-sitting."

Speaking for Bray, Jabour said, "My client is innocent. This scheming, conniving woman is trying to foist the fruits of her own folly onto an innocent man."

At this, Miss McLean's sobs grew even more piteous.

Judge Stanley Beck, stoic and impassive throughout the whole sordid proceedings, at last commented: "This is not the first time this prancing, leering beast Bray has been the subject of complaints by wronged women."

"I will not rest until justice has been done," Beck said.

A Special Message for Young Lovers!!

Thinking About That Engagement?

Now you can become engaged and save money, too. All you have to do is join the DIAMOND CLUB at Point Grey Jewellers, and you can SAVE 20 PER CENT on the Diamond Ring of your choice. This is a bonafide offer, available for a limited time only. Enquire today, there is no obligation.

POINT GREY JEWELLERS
4408 West 10th Ave.

Refresh without filling

Bray Weds Monster

As used as your FLESH reporter is to human depravity in his quest for truth, he was shocked to learn the truth about the pillar of UBC Students' Council President Ron Bray. He is deserting his wife to take up with a horrible monster created by the perverted genetic experiments of the Medical Students!!

As shocking as the news that maniacal Medical Students have grafted an ape's head on to the body of the Totem Queen is, it is even more shocking to lern that Ron Bray is deserting his wife to marry her!!!

Your FLESH reporter was reduced to tears at the pitiful scene of Bray's wife weeping amidst the happy scene of his three curly - haired children playing on the tattered front room rug of Bray's False Creek boathouse.

"I hope he will be happy," sobbed Bray's beautiful red-haired wife. "I will never stand in the way of his happiness."

Although your FLESH reporter knows the the depravity of such men as Bray will never lessen, he will continue to crusade in hope of a better world for our children.

Sexes Switched By Meds

MUTILATED!

Gnup, Gates Innocent Prey Of "Experiments"

Under the respectable guise of scientific research, UBC's medical school has been performing wierd, perverted genetic experiments under the very noses of the authorities!!!

FLESH uncovered the shocking details in an exclusive interview this week with two of the pitful victims of the school's insane "mix-master medicine" experiments!!!

UBC football coach Frank Gnup and Women's Undergraduate Society president Lynda Gates have been forced to undergo vicious, horrendous, sex-switching hormone "experiments," which have transfered Gnup's head to Gates' body, and Gates' head to Gnup's body!!!

Gnup, speaking in a high-pitched woman's voice, sobbed his pitiful tale to a flesh reporter last week.

"All they told me was that they had a scheme to make it easier for me to attract new talent to the football team," Gnup sobbed.

"Now the football players are calling me 'Gneumatic Gnup'," he cried. "They won't even let me in the locker room, and want to date me on weekends."

Miss Gates, interviewed in the weightlifting room of the War Memorial Gymnasium, recounted her tale of woe in a low, croaky voice.

"Dey said I'd get a chance to meet some of dem cute medical students," she croaked. "Now I'm just building up my body so's I can tear dem dirty rats limb from limb," she said.

Gnup and Gates aren't the only victims of the soulless mad scientists.

These heartless ghouls have also grafted the head a leering ape onto the fetching body of Sally Grimmett, this year's Totem Queen.

Sally's mother has suffered a nervous breakdown as a result of her daughter's bizarre mutation, and the cost of converting her bedroom into a cage and buying bananas is threatening the family with bankruptcy.

"We may have to donate her to Stanley Park zoo," Mr. Grimmett said.

COTC FOUND SUBVERSIVE

Burly RCMP officers broke up the last meeting of the subersive COTC Tuesday night, after Flesh reporter Abe Snell tipped them off to actual underground passages from the Armoury to the president's office.

Snell's first suspicion of corruption came several weeks ago when he discovered Colonel R. E. D. McLean passing out "Party Lines" in the men's washroom.

Further indication came when, in the same washroom, several young officers adjusted their red hairshirts concealed under navy blue jackets.

Another alert Flesh reporter whose modesty prevents the disclosure of his name managed to sneak into the COTC cocktail party, and swears on his copy of "I, the Jury" that young officers were barefacedly consuming quarts of vodka. When questioned on the veracity of the report, the subersive little sneaks boldly admitted to it.

"Vodka is the drink of proletariats everywhere" they cried.

Flesh reporter Snell luckily stumbled upon a movement afoot in the COTC barracks to raise Jim MacFarlan to the position of drummer in the pipe band next year. Were it not for the timely intervention of Abe "On the Spot" Snell, the pipe band, the most influential group on campus would be completely open for filthy communistic infiltration.

(Continued on Page 8)

FREAK!

THIS POOR PERSON who was once classed as a woman is the latest victim of the vile experiments that the vicious Medical School is carrying on while the police look the other way.

FLESH

Editor Stanley Beck Advt. Mgr. Harry Yuill

An utterly scurrilous tri-weekly newspaper published by the Publications oBard of the University of British Columbia. Everything we print is absolutely true.

The editor is morbidly interested in all unsolicited material.

PHONE AL. 1624

We're For Lydia

If poor old grandma were alive today she'd thank God that there was at least one person in the B. C. Legislature with some plain old-fashioned good sense.

We mean Lydia Arsens.

There's one woman who isn't scared by the high priced robbers in the Canadian medical association. All those bedside bandits want is to keep on cutting up the poor ordinary working stiff so they can get enough money to run their fat cadillacs and keep their mistresses and girl friends.

She's not scared by these overfed underworked dog-dissecters. They can't fool her with their mumbo-jumbo.

Mrs. Arsens knows that there's only one thing that causes disease and she didn't have to spend eight years in university to find it out. And that thing is bad food.

Bad food causes everything from pimples to pregnancy. All those cadaver carving doctors would have to do to cure any disease is get their patient eating berries and roots but of course that would cure the patient and cut them off from the easy money. Their fat wives might have to do some honest work for a change instead of worrying poor old age pensioners with their snooping welfare work.

But the people know that Lydia Arsens is right. They know that those slick talking doctors who tell them they have peezie-weezies of the egg bag and have to undergo an expensive operation are wetter than a basement suite in a false creek boathouse.

The people of B. C. will be munching roots and berries when those fat doctors are back where they belong: pumping stomachs for alcoholics anonymous. And the people of B. C. will be strong and healthy.

And when it comes to cancer Lydia Arsens has all the answers. SHE knows what causes cancer; it's too much potasium .And the way to cure it? Well what could be more common-sense Grandma would be proud of a remedy like this: Just cut out the potassium and eat lots of sodium.

Of course the doctors won't tell you that. They want to keep on wringing the dough out of the littleman's hide. Lydia Arsense would like to see every doctor in B. C. stuffed so full of potassium that he had cancers from his fibula to his fingernails.

And FLESH is with her!

LETTERS *to the* EDITOR

Sir: I have never written a letter to an editor, and I'm not going to start now.

M. SMITH

Sir: Why do you keep printing this filthy trashy magazine! Why don't you smarten up and be like the Ubyssey? What a lousy vile rag.

Rev. E. C. PAPPERT,
(Canada's Vilest Cleric.)

Sir: Just a short note from a grateful mother of five small children for the fine work FLESH is doing in exposing sex perverts. The streets aren't hardly safe for women and children any more, and it's a good thing FLESH is exposing these perverts and thugs and keeping the public alert. I read your newspaper every week.

MOTHER OF FIVE

Sir: There is a matter which I want to bring to your attention, I think it demands an immediate expose. The hitchhiking situation is in a terrible mess. When you are standing first in line, there is sure to be some goof who comes along and stands in front of you.

You will be doing the public a great service if you will publish a Code of the Road.

N. MacTAVISH

Sir: I just thought I'd let you know how much I like all the pictures you have in your good paper.

But I think when you show pictures of call girls and nudists and all that you shouldn't cover up their faces and figures with little black patches, because we really should know who these people are, because we the public and the mothers and fathers of our children have got to protect our innocent little ones from people like them.

But all in all I think your paper is darn good, so I thought I'd just write and tell you that I think your paper is good. I particularly liked your expose of the nudists but I sure wish you'd get rid of those patches.

Your long reader.

John Typicalworkman

Sir: I just want to express my appreciation to you for publishing such a nice inspiring paper as FLASH. I read it to my little boy before he goes to bed, and he's getting more like his father every day.

MRS. RAY MUNROE

Sir: I am a complaint wishing to make! I am answering one of your Lonely Hearts ads from Friendly Hypnotist wanting co-operative female partner, mat. if suit. He is taking me back to when I am a mermaid and is leaving me there. Is no fun!

Help!

FRUSTRATED

Sir: I know that FLESH is protecting the working man, so I thought I'd let you know how I got stung by the seed serpents.

I bought some seeds for my wife's garden from a man who said he was selling rare oriental roses, native of the mountain slopes of high Tibet.

But because I didn't read the fine print, I found, when I got my rare oriental roses, that they were adulterated!!! Yes, adulterated with brambles. But, it said on the package that the roses were excellent for fencing in livestock, so I bought a few yaks and find them very satisfactory.

But I think that other people, who might not be as imaginative as I am, or might not be able to keep yaks, because they eat lots and have lots of babies, should be told about the wool these dishonest men are pulling over people's eyes.

I think FLESH could certainly do something about it, because I have been reading FLESH for a long time, and I think it is one of the best newspapers in Canada. Liberty Magazine is pretty good too.

DR. TAYLOR

UBC Botany Department.

Editor's Comment:

The seed serpents will soon be writhing in agony when FLESH gets on their tails.

Sir: If Communist Vassily McOverthrow doesn't like our free country, why doesn't he go to Russia?

We don't want people like him in Canada anyway. I think they should never have let him leave Scotland in the first place, because after all, they're just passing the buck.

I think FLESH is doing a great job in exposing him as a subversive, and a sex pervert too!! Keep up the good work.

FREE ENTERPRISE

Editor's Note: --- --- --- --

We are glad there are some alert readers of FLESH who appreciate our efforts to prove that all Canadian Communists are mentally deficient and homosexual. We thank reader FREE ENTERPRISE for his appreciation of our efforts to prove that all Canadian Communists are mentally deficient and homosexual. Don't worry, FREE ENTERPRISE, FLESH will keep up its good work as long as there are alert readers like you, who appreciate our efforts to prove that all Canadian Communists are mentally deficient and homosexual.

Archie McAnarchist

Secretary-treasurer of the Neighbor Suppressive Party.

Editor's note:

FLESH, as our loyal readers like Comrade McAnarchist know, is all for the little man, and is glad that our struggles against beasts like MacMillion are appreciated.

Sir: As a representative of the downtrodden working class of this corrupt country, I just thought I'd thank FLESH for the great work it's doing in overthrowing the selfish bourgeosie.

In your recent expose of that cotton-pickin' H. R. MacMillion you did the proletariat a great service. This filthy enemy of the working class should be liquidated at the soonest possible opportunity, and FLESH's work in throwing light into the dark, rat-infested corners of his small-man-suppressing soul is a great step in the right direction.

Keep up the good work, and strive for the day when the little man is no longer suppressed, but glories in the paradise of a dictatorship of the ever-lovin' proletariat.

Sir:

I am a Vancouver reader of your paper, and I just thought I'd write and tell you what I think about the college they have out here.

Do you know, those kids at that UBC are just awful. They're just a bunch of little ruffians, and most of them don't even believe in God, and I think that FLESH is doing a good job when they write stories about the awful things they do in those fraternity houses.

And the college girls are always flaunting around town, and seducing clean, pure-thinking boys of the working class. You'd think there were enough boys of their own kind on that campus, but no, those girls just come out and take boys who are just starting out in the world, like truck drivers and ditch diggers, and take them away from their mothers and their little clean minded store clerk girl friends, and just dangle them on a string until they're tired of them, and I think thats just awful, because these girls haven't got much of a choice when it comes to getting a husband, and when some tight-sweatered sorority girl comes along and steals their boys, its enough to break anybody's heart.

So I just hope that FLESH keeps up the good work by exposing those filthy fraternities, and also exposes those low minded girls too.

I am a bit of a newspaper woman myself, and I always try to get just the same homey philosophy and pure thoughts into my writing as FLESH does.

JEAN HOWLER

Vancouver Son

Beck's Had It!

LONELY?

Need a companion for the days ahead? Downhearted? Why not write to FLESH'S lonely hearts consultant, Atrophilia Slutchkept (pictured above) in hopes of finding the answer to your dreams . . .

All correspondece Miss Slutchkept receives is treated as a strictly confidential. Just enclose one dollar with every enquiry (to cover costs of handling and mailing) and you will receive a suitable companion by return mail. Write today!

GENTLEMEN

Young man with page 69 of the Kinsey Report—"Sex Habits of the American Female," wishes to meet young woman with rest of the pages and the rest of the habits.

Apply: Montmorency Moriarty,
Moose Tonsil, Manitoba.

* * *

Lonely young goat-herder (15 years old) desires wife, (female), preferably with no sense of smell.

Apply: I. Bittertitzoff,
Box 78463902,
Yahk, B.C.

* * *

Young man with future in stock market wishes to meet woman with money to invest. Age no objection. No one with under $50,000 need answer.

Apply: Geoff Conway,
11 Water St.,
Vancouver, B.C.

* * *

Young gentleman, whose hobby is collecting French postcards, would like to meet young lady with knowledge of French.

Apply: Len Davis,
c/o Raven.

* * *

Young man with extensive collection of washroom verse, wishes to meet young woman with same from Women's toilet. Object: anthology.

Apply: Weiner F. Schnitzel,
Dept. of English,
University of B.C.

* * *

NO MORE FUSSES WITH TRUSSES

Rupture? Throw away your truss and be free again!" How? It's simple with "SHRUM'S TWO-IN-FOUR RUPTURE REMEDY!" Just five drops of Dr. Shrum's patented elixir, and your rupture won't disrupture daily activities.

You don't need to send a penny to take advantage of this amazing offer. Just send a cheque for $3.98 to Dept. E-6, Flesh Magazine.

Plagued by Pimples?

Restore your face to baby-like loveliness. Be popular. Have dates. Become AMS President. Drive a big car.

All takes is just three applications of POCK-OUT acne cure. Simply smear POCK-OUT on a sheet of coarse sandpaper, and apply. In three applications, PIMPLES ARE GONE!" So is face, unfortunately.

Just send $2.98 to Dept. E-W2, Flesh Magazine, for trial sample.

UP IN ARMS over the alleged mistreatment Dean Geoffrey C. Andrew (above) is giving his pet yak are various members of various animal kindness groups. The yak was given to Dean Andrew by the Government of Outer Mongolia for his outstanding work for the Institute of Pacific Affairs.

LADIES

I am a lonely divorcee with thirteen children. I wish to meet a gentleman with a Greyhound bus. My hobby is collecting pictures of pigs.

Apply:
Apply: Mrs. John Bossons,
6008 Gleneagles Drive,
West Vancouver, B.C.

* * *

Cultured lady, 45, enjoys a little bit of old hellery on Saturday night, wishes to meet pool-shooting gentleman 25-65.

Apply: Angela Anemone,
c/o University Library.

* * *

Companiable middle-aged woman, tired of present job as bearded lady in circus, wishes position with Hair Specialist posing for "after" pictures.

Apply: Gerry Gilbert,
c/o Alade Akesode.

* * *

Attractive bachelor lady, 84, hobby is shooting craps, wishes to meet gerontophile with collection of pennies.

Apply: Miss C. Black,
c/o UBC Home Ec. Dept.

Young lady 7', 10", 65 lbs., wishes to meet young gentleman with ladder.

Apply: Clementine Carburetor,
Horsefly, B.C.

* * *

Young lady interested in getting away from it all would like to meet gentleman interested in hynosis.

Apply: Bridey Murpie,
Bogview on Sod,
Irish Free State.

* * *

Husky young lady, strong, lots of life left yet, wishes to meet young gentleman interested in Russian records, Russian dancing, Russian literature, and drinking cokes in the arts building before classes.

Apply: Sirena M. Gnarlsen,
UBC Russian Dept.

* * *

Pornography - loving middle-aged lady would like to meet gentleman interested in trading postcards.

Apply: Maybelline MacDermott,
Warm Mattress, B. C.,
(just north of Hot Springs)

Flesh Reveals Con Men Using SCM As Front

That vile gambling den laughingly called the SCM room (come to be saved—stay to be taken) has finally been raided by police and its ringleaders arrested and charged with keeping a gaming house.

Our readers will remember that it was exposed in these pages several weeks ago, when a daring FLESH reporter spent an evening in their "clubroom" in the upper recesses of the Auditorium. Brains of the mob, Rhodes Scholar John Sandys-Wunsch protested he was only performing an essential service in giving students a chance to gain a little extra spending money. Quite a service, Mr. Wunsch! The fan tan table was being cared for by the notorious Donna "Queenie" Sunschel. Third member charged, "Secretary" Sandy Mills, had a profitable bookie concession on the side. A hidden telephone provided a direct wire to California.

Inmates caught red-handed included a leading light of the English Department. Your reporter has discovered he was after some quick cash to publish yet another volume of his filthy poetry. His last novel was banned on this continent but FLESH can officially confirm that an edition has been secretly printed in France and copies smuggled into this country. Several have turned up in the stacks.

HAILED into student court Thursday for conduct unbecoming a University student, was rosey-cheeked Economics honors student John Bossons. John had been accused of conspiring with pinko members of ASUS to overthrow student government. FLESH is pretty damn sure he's guilty. He's always looked suspicious to us.

Out of the Cess-Pool

FORT CAMP SCANDAL, involving ping-pong bats and leopard skin panties has been ignored by local papers up to the time of this writing, but reliable sources have it that lolloping engineers have been using said garments on the gaming tables WITHOUT REMOVING THE FEMALE OCCUPANTS . . .

We are also told that Fort Camp proctor, A. P. McFlashlight, is supplying womens dorms with ladders. Is this a commission deal, A.P.?

Players club femme fatale, Danica D'Hont takes beauty baths in milk, we hear . . . She was one up on Cleopatra when she had a strawberry shake with the milk man. . . .

Contrary to all reports in the world of cash and marry, Don Jabour is not going to marry Christine Jorgenson. While she sings for her supper at Chilliwack's plush Horn Inn, the Pep Club's gift to the Students' Council is busy reading the rules on how to conduct a mass meeting.

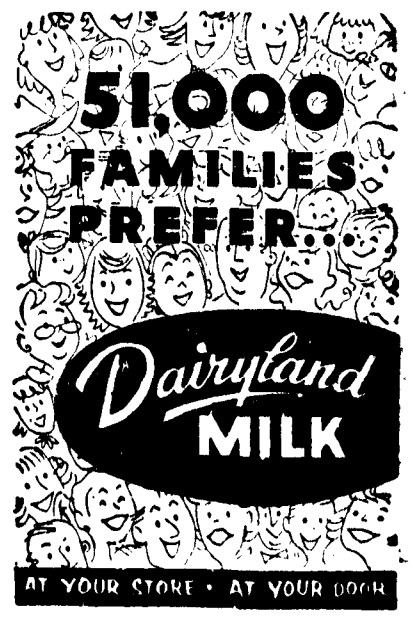
This vicious rumour, says Old Toothful, is just another publicity stunt of Miss Jorgenson's starving public relations department.

But don't be fooled, Jabour's projected fact-finding trip to Denmark is not for statistics on bacon-curing.

The biggest thing in the Aggie Barns these days is the evening course in race-horse doping. Get in on this one—graduation ceremonies on the track after the opening day at Landsdowne . . . if you'd like to get in on the Rainer-Kelly nuptials see ex - coordinator McCallum for tickets . . . dropped in on the Conservative Convention the other week and saw some not so conservative calamities—particularly President O'Brien's boudoir party that turned into a campus wingding . . . watch for Jeannie and Al to end it all when she finds that he is becoming a Good Humour Man this summer. . . Autherine Lucy will be judging the IFC Stag's boat race if all goes well . . . also the Betas will take the event—they intend to drain their chugulug by intravenous injection.

Ever see that cream Corvette around campus? The one with the small stocky French prof. hunched over the wheel? Ever noticed the intent look in his eye? Look, Mac, you'd be intent if the Washington, Oregon, Montana, Idaho, North Carolina and California State Patrols were after you.

Those aren't paint splashes but gobs of splattered blood that decorate his fenders. In four hit and run cases he has racked up a record of two deaths, one severe maiming and a missing presumed dead. Anybody for McGill?



ASUS "PERVERTS"

(Continued from Page 1)

Caught in the act last week by a Flesh reporter-photographer team were the three sickening perverts, attired in scanty women's costumes, performing lewd dances at an ASUS meeting ! ! !

Horribly embarassed after their discovery, the mincing trio loudly protested their innocence. "We were only doing a skit," cried Alade Akesode in a high-pitched voice.

Wilson and McFarlan, wiggling their hips and giggling, said they were only trying to overthrow the government.

The Flesh reporter noticed that the Fort Camp "fairy-dell" was littered with women's undergarments, and empty deodorant tins.

"We're saving them for the Bundles - for - Nigeria fund," Akesode whined. McFarlan and Wilson only looked sheepish.

A sickly-sweet smell pervaded the Fort Camp pleasure palace when the reporter and photographer burst into the room, but a thorough search failed to reveal any contraband narcotics. FLESH is still suspicious, though.

FLESH is going to put a stop to this sort of thing; it's high time the mincing, simpering ASUS executive are exposed for what they are. They've fooled the public long enough ! ! !

Entertainment at the ASUS stag reached a new sordid low when Executive Members Akesode, Wilson and MacFarlan performed the sacred Mau Mau Fertility Dance. In this weird rite Akesode demonstrated his knowledge of knife-handling (picked up on East Hastings last Saturday night). So you didn't think this could happen on our campus? Well, stay away from ASUS unless you're really desparate for friends.

THIS IS TRUE!

Fairly extensive damage was done to UBC School of Commerce huts Wednesday night, and a tear gas bomb ignited during the night made it difficult for Commerce students to attend lectures.

The raid was in retaliation on the part of EUS for recent Commerce raids of the Engineering Building.

Redshirts retrieved the valuables stolen earlier this week by the Commercinaries, including the treasured likeness of Lady Godiva that hung atop the Brock totem pole Wednesday.

Finding a belligerent Commerceman blocking their way, the army of 200 engineers doused the offender in the pool.

"We redshirts are willing to call a halt to all the proceedings," EUS official Peter Shields said Thursday.

"Engineers won," he added.

EYES EXAMINED
J. J. Abramson
I. F. Hollenberg
Optometrists
Vancouver Block
MA. 0928 MA. 2948

BCE Plans Here Shot All To Hell

If the LPP is right and the B.C. Electric is the key to our economic future in British Columbia, then grab your provisions, we're on the rocks!

Today Dal Grauer flew to his Spring retreat in Hong Kong with a full guard of twelve bus conductors. Why? The truth is Mr. Grauer has had a nervous breakdown—even to the extent of offering to throw a million into the UBC scholarship fund. Yes, that's right, the President of the Golden Horde (that is, when the buses are painted) knows that his company is bankrupt.

With the Americans rerouting the Fraser, the Columbia, and the Okanagan, and the Russians diverting all the rest the B.C. Electric doesn't even have a twong pouch full of water to make hydro-electric power out of.

BLACKMAILS McKINSEY

Physics Monster Rises By Graft

Dr. Gordon Scrum, balding baspectacled Head of the UBC Physics Department is a wily black-mailing serpent in disguise a daring FLESH reporter has discovered!!!

Suspicious of the many honours, degrees, and positions awarded to this seemingly inefficient, irritating little man, FLESH reporter, Roy Munro, did some undercover investigating and found conclusive evidence that a file exists in Scrum's palatial residence in fashionable Shaughnessy Heights containing lurid details of the past histories of the UBC Board of Governors.

The file is reported to contain letters and documents proving that UBC President Mormon McKinsey, as a senior in Pugwash junior high school, slugged and robbed a helpless aged Chinese laundress of 32! Details of this spring's wild escapade with a Chilean tenderloin aboard degenerate lumber tycoon H. R. Makemillion's vice-ridden yacht are carefully recorded in their shocking entirety!

BLACKMAILER

This is just one of the many documents of perversion and vice manipulated by serpentine Scrum in his graft-ridden, oily rise to undeserved prominence!

Only last month Grasping Gord came back from a leisurely Ottawa holiday with a $38,000 liquid air machine for his pampered and preened Physics boys!

Meanwhile the Zoology Department is pleading with the Board of Governors for a mere $18,000 to cover next year's expenditures and expect to get only $6,600! There can only be one reason for this rotten state of affairs and the UBC Board of Governors knows the reason.

FLESH says this greasy reptile must be stopped, and demands that the skulking, cowardly Board of Governors come forward, swallow their untimely pride and give the cops the proof they need to put this whispering, gloating gossip-monger behind bars.

FLESH REVEALS TRUTH

MacFRENZY IDIOT ON BROCK STAFF

A shocking tale of graft, malfeasance, corruption and nepotism in high places unfolded yesterday, when FLESH learned that UBC President N. A. M. McFrenzy is keeping an idiot son on a fat sinecure in the Buildings and Grounds Department!!!.

"Employed" as a hedge-trimmer in Brock Hall is vacant-eyed, 44-year-old George McFrenzy.

McFrenzy Junior, who has been secretly on the Buildings and Grounds payroll since 1927, has only put in 14 hours work in the 29-year period, a check by a FLESH reporter revealed.

Psychological tests given to the boy when he was hired show the "lad" has an IQ of only 44. Minimum IQ for Buildings and Grounds employees is 75..

The fact of McFrenzy Jr's. birth has been kept a secret from the world since 1912. He was reared in secret in an institution in Switzerland, and upon graduation, took the sinecure at Buildings and Grounds.

University authorities, shocked when told of the fiscal disgrace, were loath to comment. Dr. Gordon M. Scrum, whose sor is rumored to be employed polishing the windows in the Law Library, promised he would investigate the matter, and re-enroll his son Gordon in Agriculture.

It's time this shocking case of flagrant nepotism was cleared up. FLESH demands a complete investigation of the Buildings and Grounds department by the proper authorities. This newspaper will not rest until, the mess is cleared up.

Caught in the midst of his infrequent labors by the ever-present FLESH cameraman is Nordstrool McPhrenzy, absorbed in his duties with Building and Grounds. McPhrenzy is the 44-year-old son of Norman A. M. McPhrenzy, UBC President. He has been employed since 1927 as hedge-trimmer in the Buildings and Grounds Department, but practically never does a tap of work. FLESH suspects flagrant nepotism in the B and G Department.

Proudly displaying the marks on their arms resulting from "main line" injections of heroin are these four depraved members of Phi Delta Beta. Caught in the act at one of their regular all night orgies, the four confessed to your alert FLESH reporter-photographer team that as pledges, it was their duty to consume as much as possible. This is not a discriminatory fraternity.

SOBBING GIRL TELLS OF SORDID FRATS

UBC fraternities that supposedly stress "Brotherhood," have been laying the emphasis on "sisterhood" and indulging in sex-crazed, all-night orgies on fashionable Greek Row, FLESH learned today!!!

Full nauseating details of diabolical initiation rites were drawn from the lips of severely frightened sorority pledge as she lay sobbing in a hushed ward of the General Hospital.

Having gone innocently and trustingly with her sisters to peek through the windows of the Phi Delta Beta fraternity house during their initiation, she returned a nervous wreck, to gasp out details of the sordid rite to your ever alert FLESH reporter.

She told a tale of a murky, candle-lit basement where black-robed, drug ispired men swayed rythmically as they chanted:

Hubba Hubba,

Goodrich Rubba,

throwing grotesque shadows flickering against the crimson curtains.

Suddenly the caconophy stopped. The men sank down on their haunches, facing their priest, who stodd rigidly behind a black velvet draped altar.

Then from the far end of the room a white-robed virgin came toward the priest, bearing a young ram. She deposited her burden in his lap, as he chanted:

"Ram Ram,

Thank you, mam"

The chant swelled and the priest slaughtered the ram and began a pagan dance, giving the sign for a mass indulgence in debauchery, lasting late into the morning.

The girl, totally unbalanced by witnessing these proceedings, was rushed to a hospital, where her condition is still critical. She was unable to give further details, but a full inquiry is being held by FLESH invesigators.

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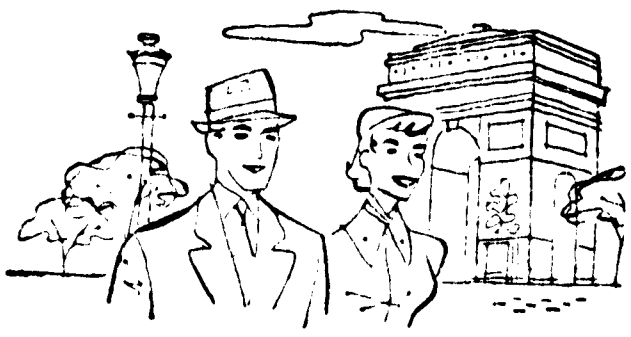

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Coed Slave Ring Exposed

VICTIMS of the Home Ec. Department WHITE SLAVERY SCANDAL are these three innocent co-eds, now completely lost to SIN and DEGRADATION, leering out of their den of iniquity in search of purchasers of their unwholesome wares.

Home Ec Head Behind Racket

Voluptuous ex-burlesque, starlet Charlotte Black, now masquerading as head of Home Economics Dept., was arrested today on charges of master-minding a white-slave racket involving hundreds of innocent young university co-eds.

Miss Black was apprehended in a cooking lab, Thursday, by a daring Flesh photographer who reported "I smelled foul play the moment I squeezed through the key-hole—and it wasn't just the burning beans! I saw about 50 creamy-skinned co-eds staked and tied in sprawling bundles, ready for shipping, STARK NAKED!"

Suspicions of under-cover goings on in the department were first aroused when two dazed home-ec students reported that pre-requisite to the Interior Design lab was a mysterious injection which the girls were told would increase their aesthetic appreciation.

Further incriminating information came from a worried mother who reported that her Esmerelda was coming home from class "unusually exhausted and with no appetite for dinner! I think they're piling too many assignments on those girls," the mother said, "My Esmerelda's just a nervous wreck!"

Another worried mother frantically told Dean Mawdsley, "My daughter's taste in clothes has changed radically since she started taking Home Ec., she keeps unravelling the neckline of her cashmere sweaters. She never buttons up her blouses anymore, and she refuses to wear a brassiere'.'

Matters came to a head when one mother received a post-card from Shanghai saying "Dear Mother, the weather's fine but the bed-bugs keep me awake nights, love Effie." "My daughter didn't even tell me she was leaving town," the woman said, "It isn't like Effie to just run off like that."

Miss Black broke into tears when confronted with the evidence. "I was only trying to make enough money to pay my daughter's way through a nudist colony," she said. "I didn't mean any harm to the girls."

COYLY beckoning is the former Miss Canada as she performs ancient Hindustani rites before an ogling mass of daring fraternity boys at the notorious Pink House. This is just practice for Miss Archibuild who will give a more finished performance in Germany this summer when she goes on tour.

Dirty Communist

(Continued From Page 3)

Colonel McLean wept when Flesh confronted him with the facts.

"I only instigated the communistic movement for the good of my boys," he sobbed. "When I visited the collective farms last year in Russia and saw the happy, hearty peasants clapping each other on the backs, and singing rousing folk songs, I was impressed. I wanted to bring the good fellowship to Canada."

McLean is now in Sing Sing where he is serving a term of not more than 100 years and not less than 90 years.

Another example of the daring and intrepidness of Flesh reporters in their fight to get the news.

Lewd Profs Peddling Obscenity

Officials of UBC's French Department have been trafficking in pornographic French postcards, Flesh discovered otday.

Distribution of the lewd picture-postcards has been under the direction of Dr. Beerly, the famous "La Grisette" of Vancouver's French Quarter, who was found to have copious quantities of the filthy cards hidden in her office.

Assisted by Doctors Pandersen and Jeffels, loose-moraled Madam Beerly has been doing a land-office business with the vile cards during the past few months. Extorting exorbitant prices from gullible students, the postcard-peddlers then would slip the pornography to the buyers hidden between the pages of exam papers.

Newly-appointed member of Student Court Stanley Beck stated that he would do his utmost to bring the offenders to justice. "Pornography is the exclusive field of the Publications Board," he said.

Needless to say, Student Councillors have confiscated the postcards.

There's this about Coke...

"You can't beat the real thing"

When you have a yen for refreshment, look for the familiar red cooler that invites you to stop and enjoy the real thing—Coca-Cola. Nothing else tastes so right and restores you so pleasantly as ice-cold Coke. Wherever you go, pause . . . have a Coke . . . and drive safely, refreshed.

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SPCA Uncovers Mistreated Yak In Dean's Back Yard

Charges were laid against presidential assistant Dean Geoffery Andrew by the SPCA today.

Andrew was charged with extreme misdemeanors in the treatment of his pet yak.

DEAN'S YAK

The yak, who wishes to remain anonymous, has been a member of the Andrew household since last September when a gathering of refugee Tibetian Llamas held a seance in Andrew's back yard. "I liked it so much I decided to stay on here, but I'm sorry now," the yak confessed to FLESH reporter yesterday. "People warned me that Andrew was a bit of an old animal lover, but I wouldn't listen."

SPCA reported the yak to be in a condition of extreme mental anguish. "He treated it worse that he treats his wife," an official announced. "Six days a week the poor beast had to trample grapes for the Saturday Night orgies, and on Sunday he wasn't even allowed to go to confessional."

The incident has touched off considerable concern over the level of Faculty morality. "I've often wondered about the Kangaroos they keep in the Faculty Club," a member of the University Advisory Board stated this morning. "If this is the sort of example the staff are setting, what can we expect of the students?" "What of the hamsters in the biology building?"

"Andrew will pay dearly for this," screeched a red-faced SPCA member, "ten years goat-tending in the Himalayas is too good for him!"

The dean was unavailable for comment at press time. "He told me he had to make a quick trip to Los Angeles," his wife said. "But he said he'd be back in time for dinner."

COLLEGE FRONTS GIRLY SHOWS

Don't let the name fool you!!! Anglican College is the biggest, brightest scene that a girly show has ever appeared on. Competing with Union College for the crowds cramming "strip row," this house with a bill of repute hires and fires while the customer calls the tune. Nothing and nobody is too expensive if the strip job has eye appeal—in fact the motto of the house is, "What Aly Khan Khan, Anglican."

A Kappa Kappa Gamma knitted into an angora tee shirt, will meet you at the door. Just don't step inside if you don't have at least 200 fish—inflation has hit this establishment.

Drinks are on the house and after a couple the house will be on you. Natch, you're allowed to see the floorshow. In fact you're part of it until a member of the sex-ridden chorus line channels you into . . . well, from here on it's cash on the line and the rest on the bed.

Just one reminder, better leave this sin-bin before breakfast. That's right . . . day rates. Girls want compensation for the bright light and the birds whistling.

Attention Jaycee Conventions—this is one you can't afford to miss so book well ahead so your times don't clash with those of the Rotary.

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You'll Never Believe Your Eyes

When You See the Tremendous Bargains In the Lost and Found SALE at the COLLEGE SHOP

Everything accumulated over the past year must go. This is your chance to pick up some lovely stuff at rock bottom prices. **Don't Delay**—Be at **The College Shop**, Monday noon. This is the final week of business at your campus store, support it, and you support your Alma Mater Society.

Lost and Found Sale Continues All Week, from Monday at 11.30 until Thursday at 1.30.

BUT REMEMBER—
The Best Bargains Go Early!!

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College Shop

South Brock — Opposite Coffee Shop

Open Monday to Friday—11:30 to 1:30

THIS IS THE FINAL WEEK

TOTEM SHOES
Men's and Women's Casuals
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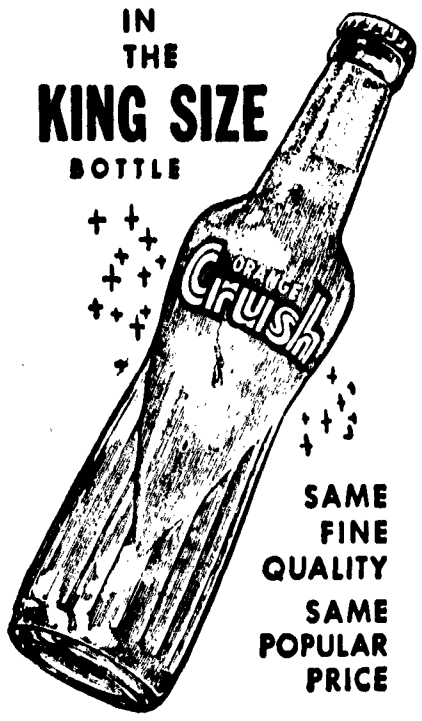
ENJOY
ORANGE Crush
IN THE KING SIZE BOTTLE



SAME FINE QUALITY
SAME POPULAR PRICE

HORRIFYING MALNUTRITION

FORT CAMP LIFE ONE OF TERRIBLE SLAVERY

Existing today on the most beautiful campus in North America is the most vicious peace-time Belsen since Shawnigan Lake Girls' School closed down. Starvation is standard and misery more plentiful than in the life of Mary Worth!!!

Money-mad financial barons are squeezing every blood-stained cent out of students living at—yes, you've guessed it, FORT CAMP. Big U.S. interests intent on forcing Canadians into grovelling slavery have kicked off their evil plans on our campus.

Sitting in her luxurious office, Eva Braun, the diabolical dietician imported straight from Dachau, draws up filth-filled menus guaranteed to disgust even the Lowest Slobovian. Used lab specimens, refuse from the Aggie Barns, the remains from AMS dinners and rotting caviar (care of the Russian Embassy in Moosejaw) all provide the raw materials for Eva's specialties.

But malnutrition is only one rotten stinking, lousy part of the Fort Camper's rotten, stinking, lousy life. Crouching in his truck-cab size room, hunched over a filthy seal oil lamp, chewing on a wad of whale blubber (last night's dessert) the typical student struggles through his Home Ec studies. Crowded 400 to a hut these poor devils dream of the quiet life back in Baboon Gulch.

Then to top this the frustrated female frosh run back and forth across the dormitory roofs, nude except for the Band-aids the oDn allows all inmates. But then, as one student said, that's another tale.

Hudson's Bay Company
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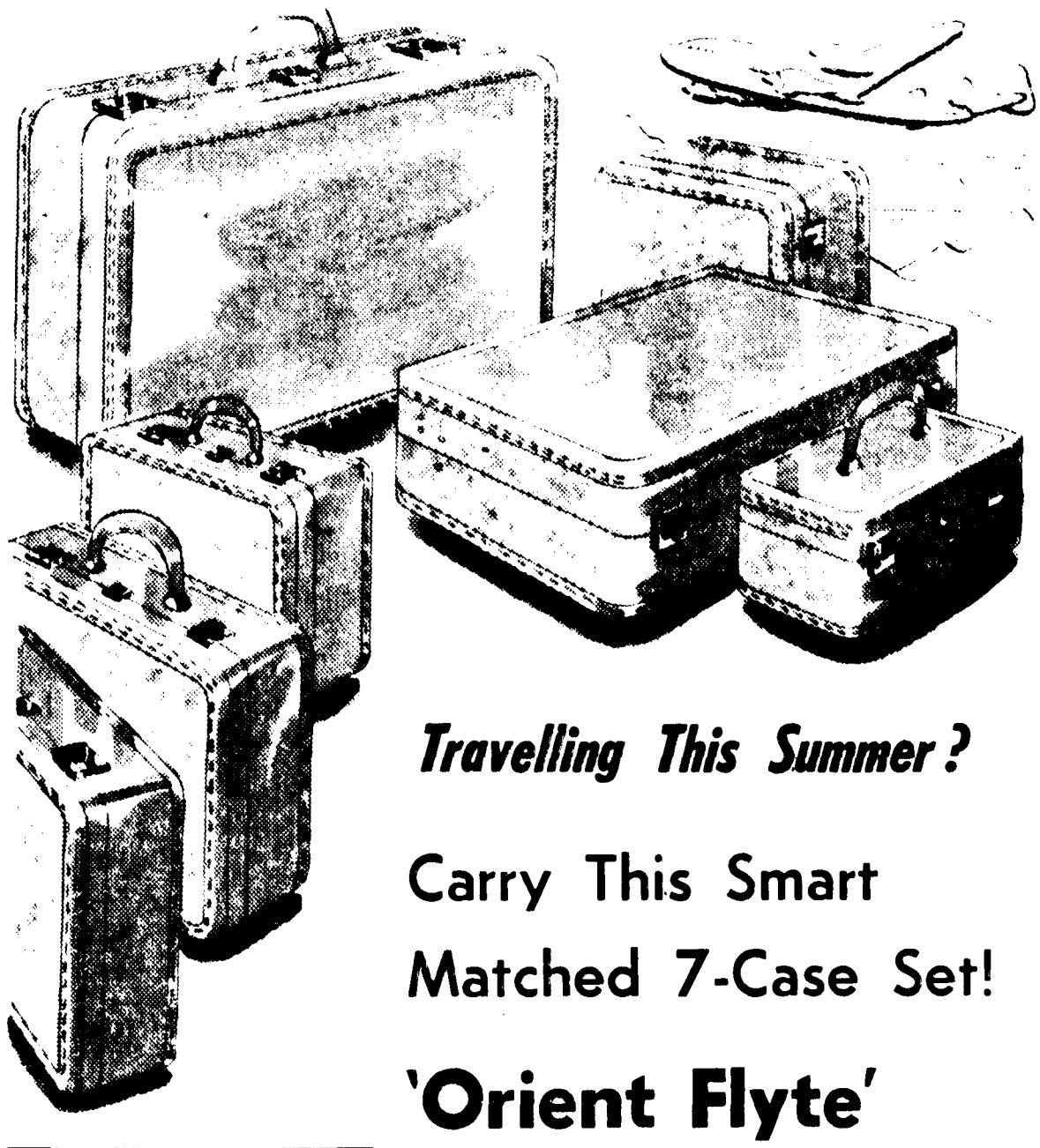

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Carry This Smart Matched 7-Case Set!

'Orient Flyte'

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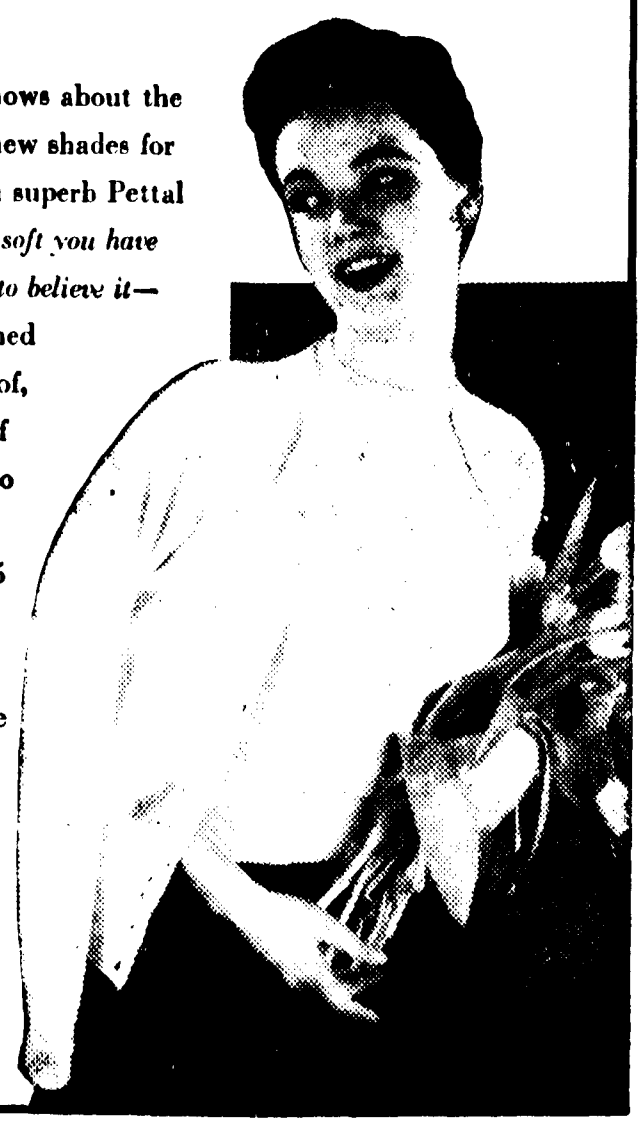


Look for the name "Kitten"

IW52

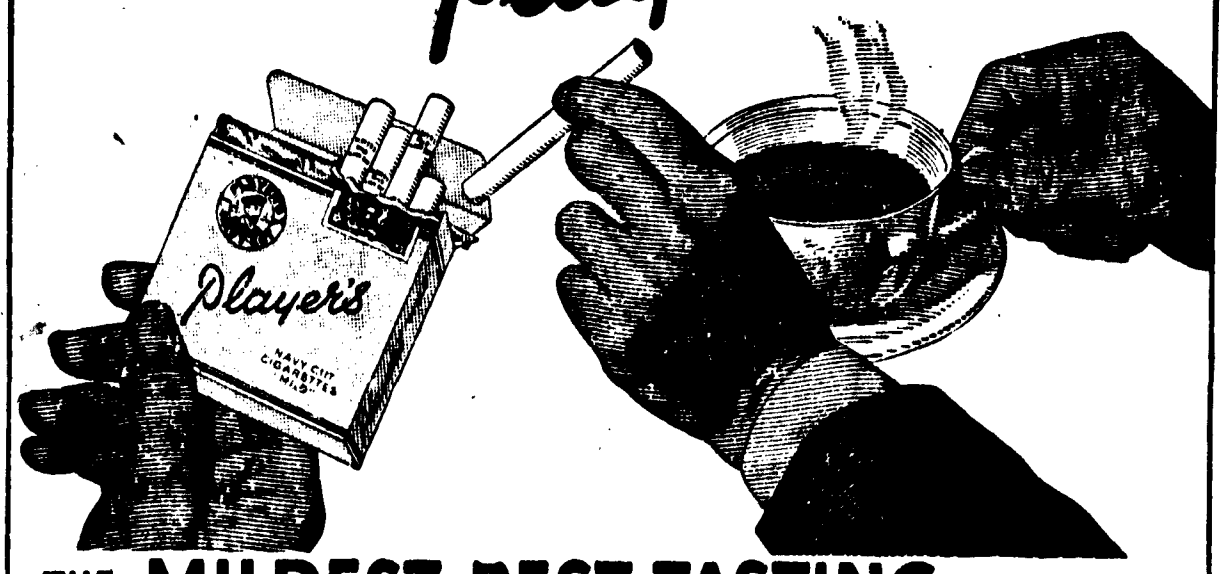
Filthy Monsters Infest Greenroom

Every fall a fresh batch of innocent co-eds are lured into a life of degradation by the foul monsters who run the infamous "Greenroom" brothel.

FLESH asks when is the law going to close this vile sinbin which masquerades under the guise of a dramatic group. The standard practice is to invite a few of the innocents to a quiet get acquainted party. Their resistance weakened with unfamiliar liquor, they are made the victims of filthy and unnatural practices by their hosts. Threatened with exposure they gladly comply to anything asked of them. The customers, which includes more than one faculty member, pay good prices to see or take part in the "skits" which go on at these Greenroom parties.

FLESH can verify that many so-called "actresses" are receiving plenty of money from their extracurricular activities. More than one poor co-ed has parlayed the horizontal talents taught her by her masters, Gilbert and Currie, into a new convertible by spring.

HAVE A Player's "MILD"



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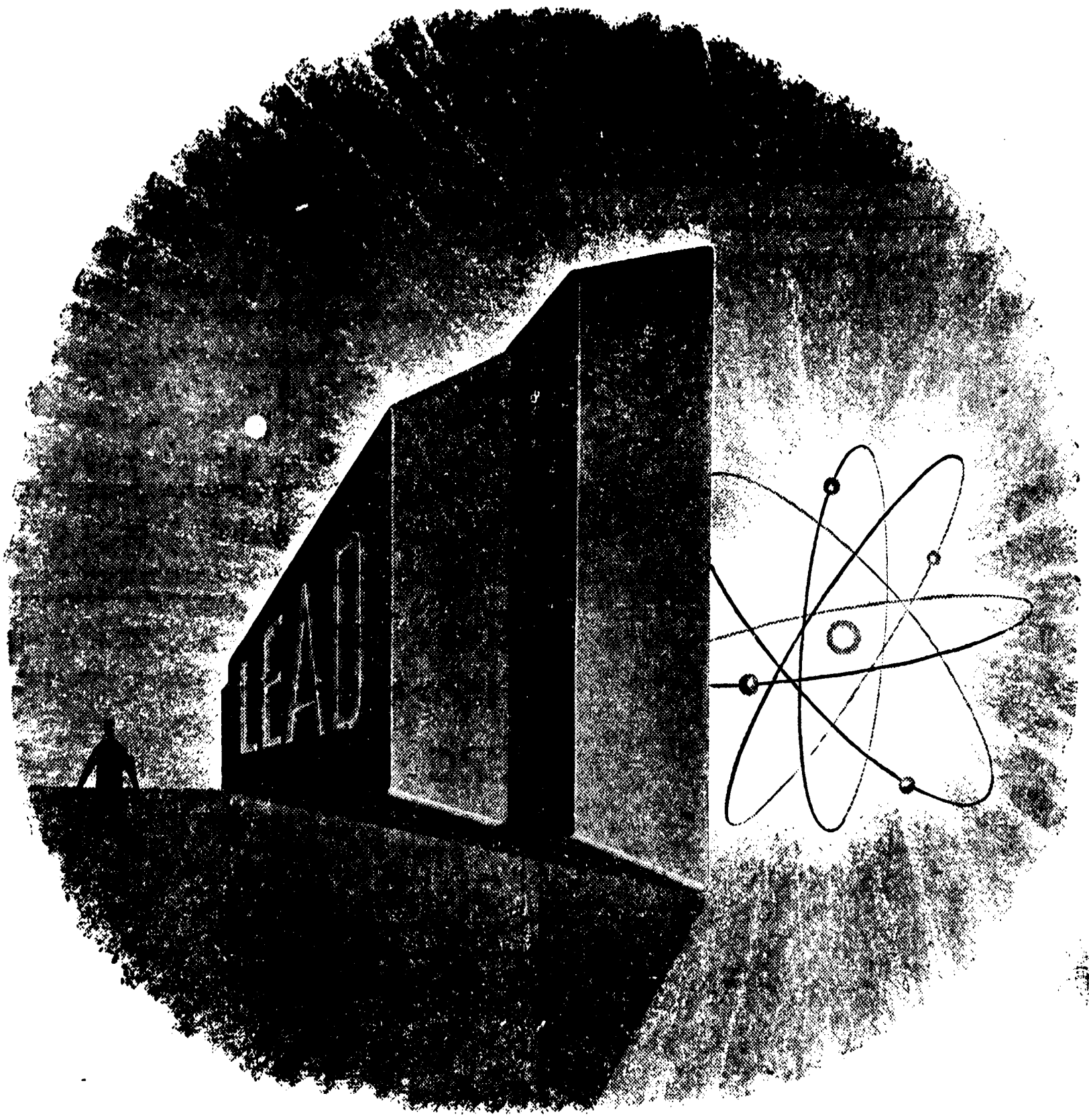
Mr. Longscarfe

"My worries are over!" says user Ronald Longscarfe in a letter to Dr. MacSnarlan. "I couldn't sleep, I couldn't eat, I couldn't agitate because of intestinal difficulties. But after just three tasty doses of Dr. MacSnarlan's Red Purge I feel like a boy again."



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HAIRY MONSTER STALKS CAMPUS!

A disgusting, hairy monster, with the wizened body of a great ape and the leering, lecherous face of AMS President Ron Bray is stalking the campus, and terrorizing women and children!

The monstrous mutant has already been responsible for the nervous breakdowns of several sensitive co-eds, and no one knows where the monster will strike next!

Terror-stricken co-ed Beverly Kemp, visibly shaken from her brief brush with the hirsute mutant, tearfully recalled her harrowing experience for a FLESH reporter.

"It was awful," sobbed Miss Kemp. "He came up close to me, scratched his armpits, and grunted."

An alert FLESH cameraman snapped a picture of the roving beast, in a vain attempt to sheild his face from the photographer.

Bray, once a normal Canadian boy, acquired his simian aspect as a result of his attending the dedication of the Van De Graaf atomic cyclotron in the Physics Building last year.

Due to a careless workman pressing the control button, Bray was exposed to the deadly rays which the machine generates.

The "treatment" evidently affected his character, friends have said. Once a law student of blamless reputation, he has been involved in several escapades of umonths.

His Law Professors hope he will recover, but advised all women, children and unarmed men to stay indoors at night.

Especially the women.

TANNED and HEALTHY after a three-week vacation fishing trip off the coast of Peru is UBC President N. A. M. McPhrenzy. A good time was had by all, the President said. H. R. Makemillions, host on the fishing cruise, looks even better, FLESH is reliably informed.

This Really Happened In UBC Sports

UBC rugger squad failed in their attempt to cut the seventeen point lead that University of California built up at Berkley in the first two World Cup games, as the Birds settled for a 6-6 tie yesterday afternoon in UBC's stadium.

Bird's took a three point lead late in the first half on a penalty kick by Hugh Barker about 25 yards in from the sideline on the 30 yard line.

Cal evened the score early in the second half with a penalty kick coming from the golden toes of Noel Bowden and midway in the last half, he put the Berkeley squad ahead three points with another penalty kick.

The Birds made it a perfect afternoon late in the final half as Dave Morley placed a penalty kick between the uprights for three points, leving the game tied up at the final whistle.

Birds get their last chance to regain the World Cup on Saturday at 2 p.m. in Varsity Stadium.

Also in sports, Peter Mullins will introduce his 1956 edition of the UBC track team on Saturday when they meet a local Vancouver squad.

He says he does it by Steady Saving at the Bank of Montreal*

U4-56

*The Bank where Students' accounts are warmly welcomed.

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