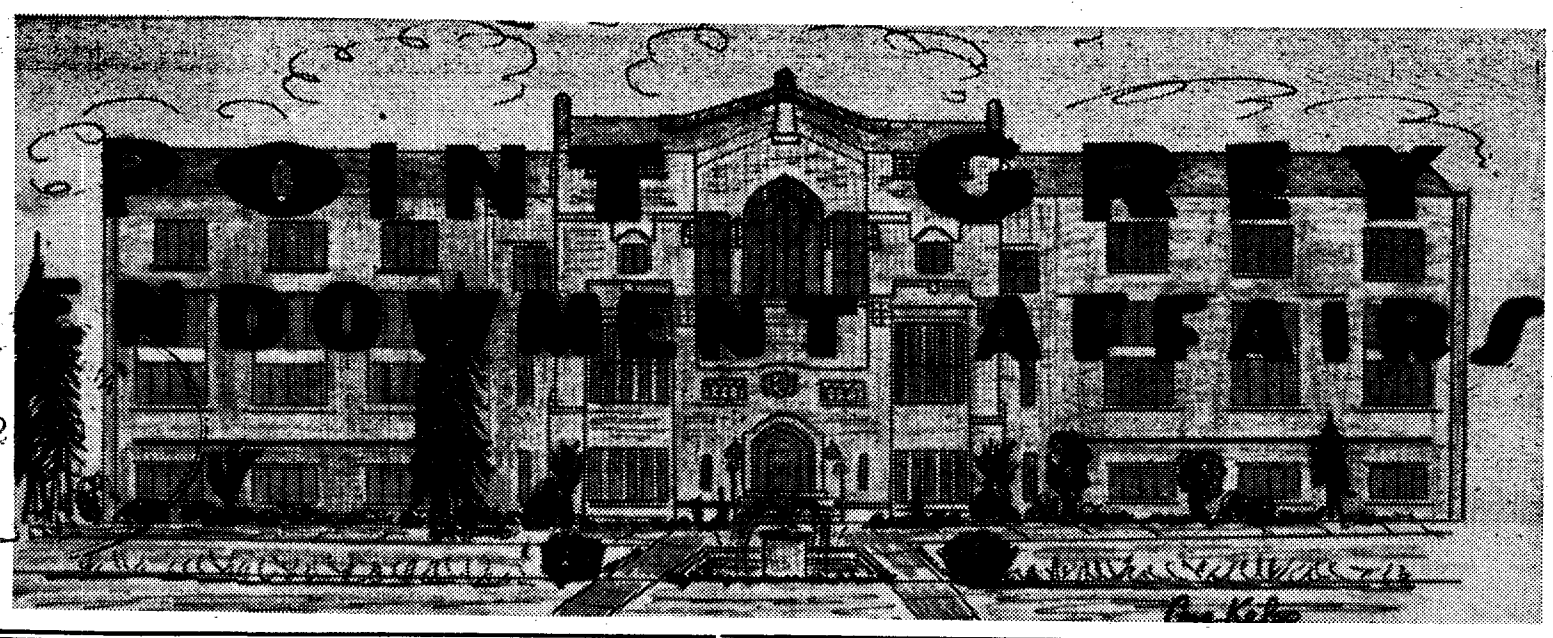
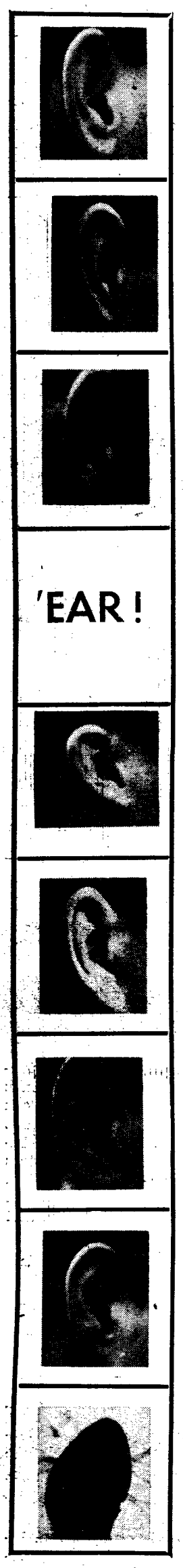
bon
gag
dief
ben




russ
grau
gren
wics

MAR 22

VOL. LXVII VANCOUVER, B.C., TUESDAY, MARCH 22, 1960 No. 63



## SPEECH PREVIEW

# Bandit Proclaims Socially Increditables A Coming Thing!

Mr. Hardware "Archer" Bandit, Premium of B.C., recently stated to the press that he and his gang, the Socially Increditables, would soon have a majority in Canada.

Continuing this train of thought on the same track (no doubt the PGE) Mr. H. A. Bandit gave this news reporter a sample of the campaign speech he will be using for mobs everywhere should he ever be asked to run for Priminister.

"My friends, and you are my friends (hands waving wildly in the air, canines voraciously flashing through a tight grin), we, the peoples of this great noble province are living at the mouth of the horn of plenty in drenched prosperity under kind sun rays.

"Look at our farms producing such bountiful harvests: gee whiz, look at our industries producing such bountiful quantities of good; whilikers, look at our retail general stores selling bountiful amounts of food, clothing and **hardware.** Golly-

'Heh, heh, Hardware reminds me of the beautiful Ogopogo Vale which I proudly call home. Home sweet home. Lovely words, eh? er—I wish all of you WONDERFUL people would make a point of visiting this constituency. Heh, heh, when there, by all means kind friends and neighbours, don't miss one of THE great tourist attractions of this fair land (of course you realize I refer to BANDIT'S BIG BARGIN BIN OF BANKRUP . . . no I shouldn't say that because my personal debts disappeared just before those of the province's at last midsummer's dream, the BIG Shoo, the BIG BIG "bond-fire" at O'K-Lowna. That was when, ahem, you all so affectionately dubbed me "Archer."

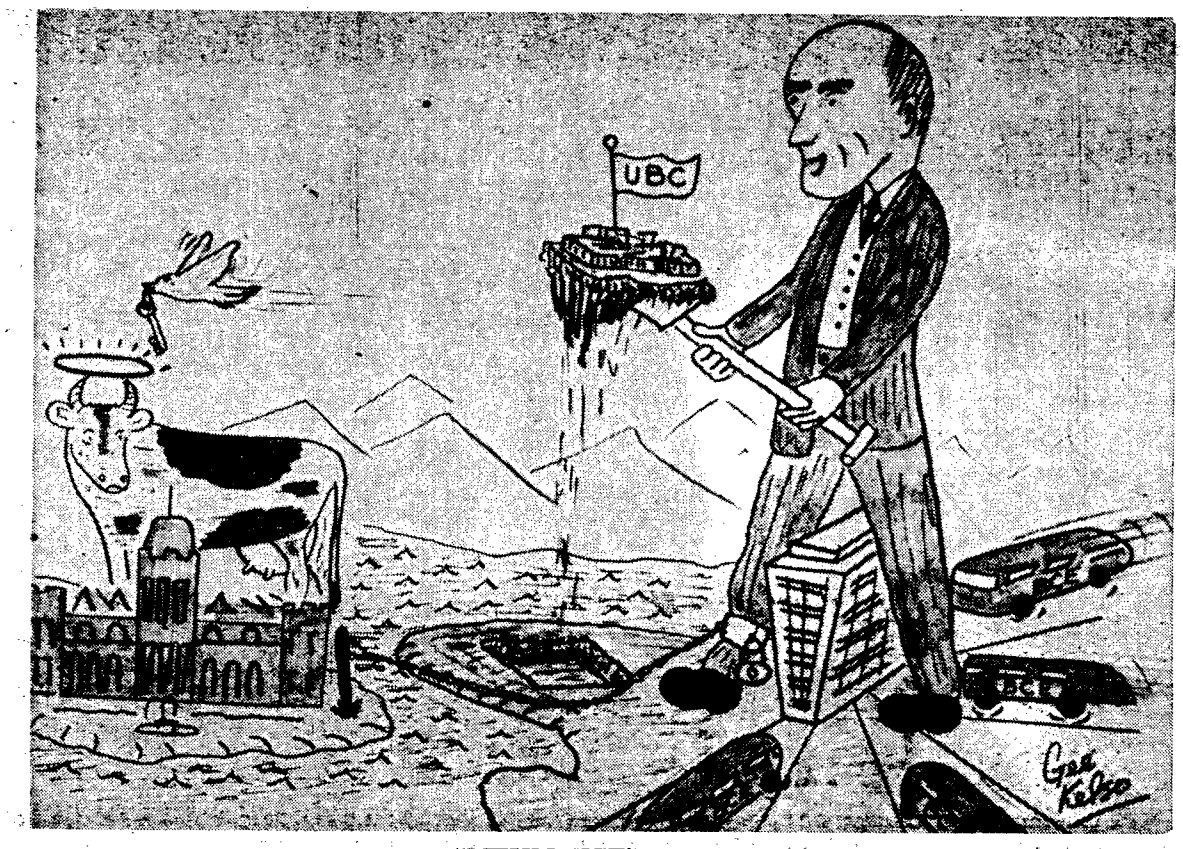
"Yes, neighbour, we are really debt free. A big hand for this. (Space for applause). We have SO much on our hands that we are giving every home-owner a FREE grant; I can afford to travel to the UK and please note, neighbours, I am giving Point Grey Endowment less financial assistance than ever. Don't like these rash young youngsters going over their parents' heads. Must keep our big happy families together. This will also keep them home working and therefore contributing to the familial and provincial funds. Things have never been SO jolly!

"Progress you ask?" You're darn hammering. Why, look what I did to promote and advertise B.C. beauties and natural resources to the world. I actually issued a flag. What do you think of THAT? (space for applause). Obviously you like it. I'm GLAD!

"From the rave notices that we have received I recommend that a similar flag be adopted for our nation. Think of the reactions, why the response would be fatalistic—I mean fantastic.

"The famous symbols of our Socially Increditables will be portrayed against a green background of Funny-Money, like grass to the cow; Sorry for the Inconvenience signs; 100 yards of track from the proposed Prince George-Yukon railway that has been promised surrounding that; pictures of the new Sydney-Twassen Beach luxury liners foaming at the stern; rows of two-bit pieces collected from fares of the toll bridges will be piled sky-high; and last but never least as the old saying goes, heh, heh, a big shining portrait of YOURS TRULY beaming out from the center.

"That is all I will reveal at this press release, but wait for election time for more happy happy news.




"MEUM EST"

**PREMIUM BANDIT,** provincial bird-brain, can slyly accomplish any task—simply by not using his head.

# PARK PARADISE

The latest government plans for the development of Gagbaldi Park include a multi-billion dollar hotel, a heated swimming pool on the summit of Diamond Head and an aerial tramway to and from the Parliament Buildings. The development is being urged by the Nymphic Games Committee.

The hotel will take conservative designs with 5,000 rooms, 5,000 baths and one washroom (outside).

It will be called the Queen Elizabeth Hotel.

The Premium Rooms, main suite, will contain ten rooms, ten baths and a high powered telescope focused upon the nearest hydro electric plant.

The main lobby will be finished in Westwood, carpets will be donated by Beaver Timber Co. and the hotel will give free accommodation to all relations to MLAs.

An automatic slush machine will be installed around the hotel to dispersuade skiers from the slopes.

For an extra fee the skiers may obtain anti-gravitation belts to free them from the necessity of using the chairlifts, soma lift and rope tows.

The airial tramway will run on the hour every hour to aid in the development of the parks.

Aside from passenger service the airway will handle all supplies and equipment for the project.

Because of the attention the project is getting O&P Lines is including the port of Squamish on its regular-'round the Pacific run.

From the hotel will leave three chairlifts, leading to the summits of the neighborhood mountains, Bennett, Patulla and Newman.

There is one draw back to the project said Melvin Fumbled Fjior III, the cabineth chief janitor; "The province is liable to go into debt again."

# NEW PARTY

A new political party has been formed to contest the forthcoming provincial elections, according to a usually reliable source.

It has been tentatively named the "Surprise" party, and will be led by a mysterious individual known as "Mr. K."

Nothing is as yet known about "Mr.K.," except that he comes from Poccua, a small, remote island north-west of Vancouver Island.

However, in an interview, official party spokesman Mr. Tom Dollar promised that "Mr. K." would be visiting the lower mainland quite soon.

It is understood that an extensive welcoming program has been drawn up; this will include a fly-past and a gigantic display of fireworks.

Asked about the party's chances in the expected election, Mr. Dollar was extremely confident.

"We will bury them," he said.

# CREED

I believe in Social Incredibility, the movement almighty, builder of roads and bridges, and maker of policies forward looking and enlightened.

And in our glorious leader, the movement's strongest supporter, elected by the riding of South Okanagan, chosen premier at the overthrow of the coalition, premier of premiers, leader of leaders, outstanding above all other citizens, a statesman not a politician, being of one character with goodness, who for the people of B.C. accepted the premiership, and led a minority government, and was harrassed and was hindered and was defeated by a non-confidence motion, the sixtieth day he returned to office in triumph, and returned to parliament, and he shall ever be returned to assess the needs of our province, whose office shall have no end.

And I believe in our most brilliant attorney general, the right hand and support of our glorious leader, who was chosen specially by the premier for this great office, the honour which attends it, and the expediting of justice, who with the movement and the premier is sincere and without fault, who acted decisively in the Sommer's case.

And I believe in the cabinet's perfect rule. I see the solution of all the problems of B.C. under Socially Incredibility, and I look for the spread of the movement across Canada.

# REVOLT

UBC students are planning a rebellion, an **Endowment Affairs** reporter was told today.

The students are planning a march on Victoria, a spokesman (who must remain anonymous) announced.

They are prepared to replace the present **oligarchy** with the blue-blazered one that now presides over the campus.

Edgar Bergen will head the **new oligarchy.** His program will be key-noted by a get-tough policy designed to produce efficiency.

He plans to spend $7 million on improving the university and $3.69 on road building.

Second-in-command of the **new oligarchy** will be one R. Prink, who is known for his tight-lipped efficiency and his hatred of the Okanagan.

Minister in charge of bond burnings and other parties will be Al Cornball. His unique experience with animals makes him the ideal man to replace the Socred Cow.

Speaker of the house for the **new oligarchy** will be Erk Bicker, the thin man from Fort. He is known for his dislike of arguments and his hatred of dormitory food. His first official act will be to move Fort Camp, lock, stock and barrel into government house.

The most controversial man in the group is Ross Crazy, the new editor of Point Grey Endowment Affairs. Crazy is known to be a definite red sympathizer. It is rumored that he plans to leave the red organization next year.

At any rate, his red should go well with Cornball's blue and Bicker's white (slow starvation) to make the **new oligarchy** a very colorful group.

**THE HONOURABLE MR. BONER** seems to like Vodka, what does he think of Communism?

***BE A MOLE!***

# Love Blossoms in Sympathetic B.C.

Do you love our provincial government? If you do then you will be glad to hear this; and on the other hand if you do not, then you will also be glad to hear this.

The reason I ask this is because our government is proposing that they build a tunnel from Vancouver to Victoria; now do you love our government—well, no I'm not going to commit myself! We could name this tunnel—The Tunnel of Love. After all we should love our government and therefore the name is fitting. For those of you who do not love our government I will outline the plans proposed by the honorable minister of Path Ways and Culvert Makers Inc., for short, P.W.&C.M. Inc.

This gentleman spoke to the few Emelays present at the last general meeting for all of 2 minutes. In his lengthy oration, honest thats what they call it, he outlined all the details. Anyone who can in the space of 2 minutes give a detailed explanation of all complex plans for this endeavor must be **smart.**

The speech:—Editor's notes in brackets).

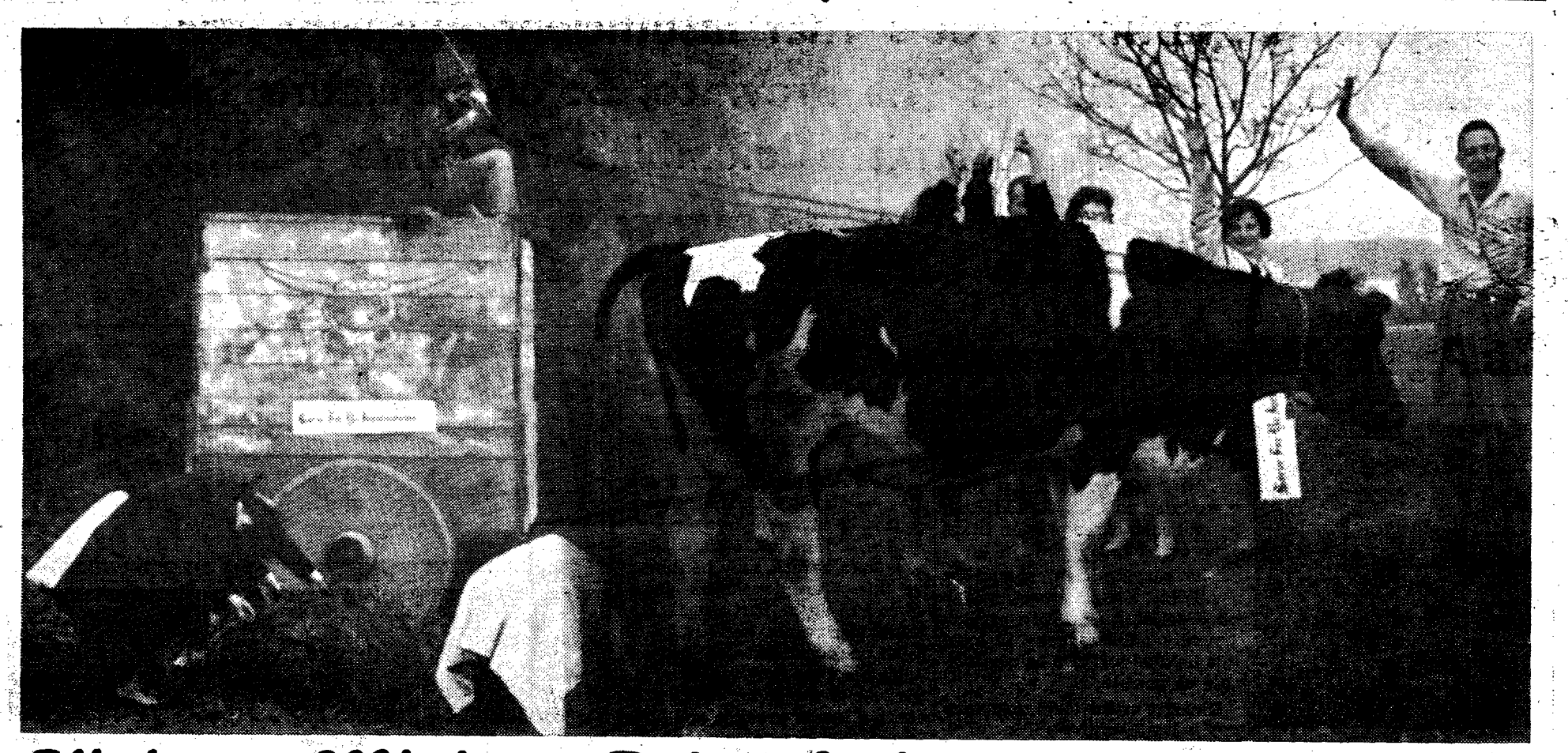
Ladies and gentlemen, and others, I propose that we build a tunnel from Vancouver to Victoria. It will start in the basement of the "G". (Cloverleafs-well we need to beautify our city). It will end at the motel right beside the Parlyment Shacks. (More cloverleafs, maybe to hide the ugly Shacks). The tunnel will cost about (he's not committing himself here) $90 million (well we were debt free for a while), and will take 10 years to build (allowing of course for law suits arguing Bill 43).

The honorable minister of P.W.&C.M. Inc. went on to expound on the destruction, sorry I mean construction of the tunnel. He said that all his friends would be given a chance to work in the making of this project. Also they would be able to become trading stamp collectors when the tunnel is completed. I forgot to mention that the cost of going through the tunnel will be 10 trading stamps.

Follow the bull to Victoria.

# *YOU, TOO, CAN PROSPECT*

You too can be a gold-digger in the B.C. Bedlislature. All you need is a small personal fortune to invest in our campaign funds. We promise you your initial investment will be paid back 100 fold after the next election. Invest now and help give our province away.



# Highwae Minister Takes Endowmente Tour

It being a pleasant day, I to the stable to procure a large holstein species of the bovine and so upon her to begin my tour of the instrtution. Remembering my funds forsaken, I did retrace my steps slowly, for I did fear of apprehension upon the roadway without preparation, for I did notice upon many an occasion that the blue coated fiends that do prey upon the adventuresome vehicled spirits are prone to bribery.

**TOUR TROUBLES**

I then did proceed a long and winding road upon which I did perceive many several dozen small foreign type cars creating great confusion and obstructing traffic and so up to the sidewalk and raced ahead upon my bovine.

**COUNCILE MOOT**

Up and at last then to the institution itself which I did perceive was of many buildings of no one shape colour or size, I did proceed to my appointed observation of the councile meeting, and I did perceive many similarities, it being confused and lacking in discipline and couth, with the institution over which the special Premium did preside. Page boys did vaccilate, being of great disturbance, carrying their wares of cigarettes, candy and vodka, generally did add to the lin. Of this, I did hardly approve. The choice of volumes was of an absence of pertinent material and great profusions of MAD and TRUE LOVE literatures. I, shocked, to see Premium Junior, brandishing wildly a goblet of vodka whilst shrieking "Meum Est" with great gusto. This I did disprove, remembering the subtelty of Premium Senior in such matters.

**LIBRARY**

On then to the library where I did notice many carpenters and gardeners with hammer and sickle. I did shiver. Up then past a musky lobby into a great banquet hall where the student body did recline with much chattering. Upon this spectacle, custodians did appear in short notice and did suddenly subdue with long sticks and knuckle nails the unruly assembly. Much distressed I did sneak out the back door through the unfinished columns ignoring the chagrin of my guides and on to the Brock.

**BROCK VISIT**

I did then have the pleasure to visit a gathering place for food and solace named the Brock; to wit, this visit much troubled me. Entering the North entrance, I did make my way among many small tables and chairs whereupon sat the student body and did take an urn of tea and two small buns from the service counter, and so back to seek a place upon which to sit and put my acquisitions, a task proving of some difficulty to contrive, and so, till thirty minutes past the hour I did stand apart and dide see what I know discribe.

**ONE SIDE**

And so viewed many young men, some bearded and some clean-shaven, and in tweed or corduroy or flannel jackets and breeches, in cropped or waved hair, but did notice all were of a great propensity to discussion. Which did raise a din in that room. I did perceive a quantity of maids who did bear the same countenance of contemplation and appreception which did appear on their betters, the aforesaid male students.

So I did cock one ear to hear a portion of the knowledgeable discourse which did pass and so did hear of alchemy, of missiles of philosophy and of law. Then my heart did fill with cheer to see that such intellectualism was abundant and was happy to see I could alleviate my poor wife of her misapprehensions concerning institutions of higher learning.

**OTHER SIDE**

Up then to leave, and did percieve another exit by which I entered the second portion of the Brock. Here my eyes did meet with a sight different than the first room. Foor around tables sat young men, all of one kind of hair, of breeches, and of general bearing, and did notice that these young men in groups did wear each a pin to signify their distinctiveness. So did the maids divide themselves and acting, talking, and looking as units at the various tables, and were of great notice to the young men present, and I did percieve sporting many pins which did resemble those of the young men.

Here did flourish a great din, and I did hear of anatomies, carousings, orgies, and the banned literatures of the day, and many other expressions about which I knew nothing and I did perceive that the speakers were of the same mind.

I was merry at last to leave the Brock and so did with great consternation to think of how to recount to my dear wife this episode.

**RED RAID**

And so to the upper hall in the Brock building and there did see a great horde of red jerkins rushing upon me and I did ensconce my self behind a post to avoid being trampled. At these persons approaching I did hear the several clicks of the locks of the doors of the AMS offices which being approached by the horde did break asunder and did exhibit many young men attacked and being carried out, bodily, past me. I did wonder at this and so up and followed the red horde and their victims and did witness in a pretty wood guarded by a great wooden god, a sacrifice to the murky depths of a filth pond of these several victims. I did greatly wonder at such a thing but soon did see the victims arise dripping and unseemly in their undergarments and secure revenge upon their accosters, and so did proceed from the wood seeing full well that justice and equality reigned supreme in this institution.

**RETURN**

And so home to my poor wife and parish to recount my adventures of the day.

---

**BANDIT'S GREED**

Who's the man in the knickerbockers,
Gracing it with rotund—?
'Tis the premium livestock inspector of the amalgamated parliment Motel Ass.'es.
Hark, I think he be from C'lowna where
The debt-eating Ogopogo doth the voters charm!
A hardware he doth kingly rule
Of hammers, sickles and cigars he deals
To win the next provincial rounds
Week in, week out, he infallibly chemes
To heartlessly soak us
Till next baby-kissing season's
Riches be slyly begot, but how?
While Sundays he doth worship the Socred cow;

## DIARY OF A BACKBENCHER

Today was pretty well like most other days, nothing happened.

Some people think I never make any speeches, but that isn't true. Two weeks ago I talked for thirty minutes, all about how the government is right, and the opposition wrong, and about how fine a man the Premium is, and how my constituents were well-treated by the government.

Since then most of my time has been spent writing letters to the good people of Point Green. Some of them used to be troublesome, but the mimeographing machine cured them. Mr. Vodka writes the letter, and all I have to do is sign on the bottom line.

Actually, things are getting a bit boring. Yesterday, I slept through most of the evening session. The only thing I remember is the Premium standing up and shouting at Mr. Straichen. He always calls him a wild man.

Mr. Straichen is really a mean fellow. He always criticizese what the good government does. Like when Premium said that nice man Mr. Gren-Wenner was going to come all the way down here just to build us a fine monorail, Mr. Strachen cried that Mr. Gren-Wenner was doing it to make money out of it. He's a real pessimist, he is.

Well that's all folks.

The Backbencher.


**College Shop**

**Year-End Clearance Sale**

**Prices Slashed on a Few Items:**

**UP TO ½ OFF ON:**

PENCILS
DECALS
BABY PINS
BOWLING PINS
GAGLARDI FAN CLUB PINS

**UP TO 1⅓ OFF ON:**

BLAZERS
JACKETS
T-SHIRTS
NOVELTY ITEMS
CRESTS
FACULTY PINS

This Week Only
Closing Wednesday, April 6

Open Daily (except on civil servant strike days and when Mr. Bennett makes a hole-in-one) in the Brock Extension
11:30 - 2:30

**Owned and Operated by the A.M.S.**
**(Association for Mouth Strachan)**

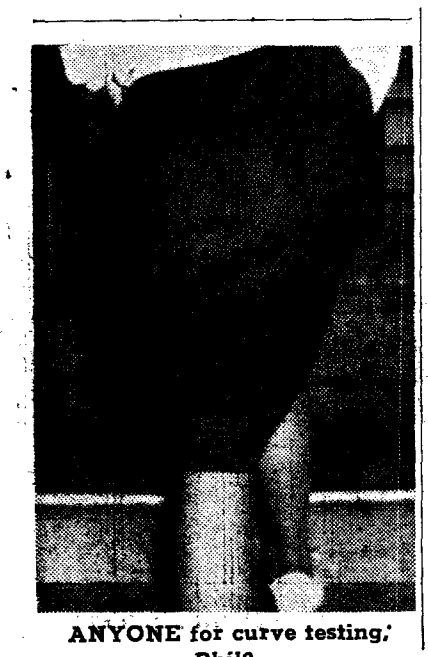
This advertisement is not published or displayed by the Liquor Control Board or by the Government of British Columbia.

We do not accept responsibility for errors made by the printers in quoting prices.

## The Sports Department Feels That Insufficient Publicity Has Been Given Recreation In The Province, So We Feature Today An Exclusive Report On British Columbia's Favourite Pastime,

# BOUDOIR ATHLETICS!

## *This Page Is Dedicated To Conventional Sinners*



**ANYONE for curve testing, Phil?**

## Sports Shorts

**SPORTS CAR CLUB**

Internationally infamous drag racer Flip Gaglardi was the guest of honour at the Radar Wreckers annual banquet Sunday.

During the post-dinner question period, someone suggested raising the Boulevard speed limit to 60, but all Phylin Phil could do was say he was sorry for the inconvenience. After dinner Phil was seen in Westbrook "testing the curves." (see photo above)

**TRACK**

Hehman J. Brocktype, a handsome, muscular frequenter of the Eastern campus, won the Cordova Cup, emblematic of broad jumping supremacy, Saturday.

Brocktype won easily, clearing 32 feet, 32 arms, and 16 waists. His nearest opponent was professor M.A. Crabtree, who was too temperamental for the job—90 percent temper and 10 per cent mental.

**SWIMMING**

First year student Melvin Fresh ran away with first-place honours in the annual breaststroke competition held Saturday.

**Disappointed? Sorry!**

Yes! This is it! The first complete, comprehensive report on that famous B.C. activity—Boudoir Athletics. The name may not be familiar, as it has been prostituted to Chesterfield Rugby and such other plebian titles. Now on ! ! !

The playing field should be small, but should allow uninhibited activity. It is also psychologically advantageous to have this field as soft and as comfortable as posible.

The size of the team may vary but it has been found, by careful experimentation and observation that two is the ideal number. If a larger team is desired, it is advisable that it be increased by even-numbered odd factors. The object of the game is, naturally, to score. One score usually results in the end of the game.

In order to compete in this type of contest, the participant must be in good physical shape. Otherwise the indulgee might find himself in the embarrassing position of not being able to complete the inaugural play. This leads not only to embarrassment but also to frustration.

Running pass: this type of play makes the completion of the game very difficult, but if carried out correctly, the participant may go on to more advanced plays with more confidence.

The Fake Reverse: This is the play to watch for! The participant without adequate experience or lacking in the knowledge of human nature, may be fooled by this. The play takes place when one of the participants decides to reverse her decision. Don't be fooled! She dosn't mean it. To back out now would mean the loss of the game, and worst of all, a loss of prestige and honour.

The End Sweep: If the sportsman has successfully executed the preceeding plays, he is then ready for the final play—the one directly preceding the score and ultimate victory.

The object of this play is to sweep away the last raiment of resistance.

Precautions should be taken to assure that injuries do not result. Such injuries have been known to result in some very permanent relationships.

Whether you are an experienced sportsman, or a freshman in the field, you might find the following motto very handy. It has been adopted by many Boudoir Athletes—"safety first, last, and always."

## SPORTSMAN'S DIARY . . .

2:17 a.m.—just swallowed two anti-sleep pills and went back to work (sleep), too much work! 2:25'—telephone call from my boss, she too was busy and therefore asked me to cover the Baby Doll Finals. Put on pyjamas, topcoat, and rubber overcoat, grabbed my press card and left (her) at 2:27. Hurried to No. 10 Park Place Mansion and knocked. While waiting for my entrance I added some inspiration to my already inspired self. 3:13, the door opened and I went in—(general amusement) — this was the first time the baby doll finalists were being covered by a strong (vigorous) male reporter (again general amusement).

4:01, after the cordial introductions, I felt, of course, obliged to make a speech. It was easy to express admiration for them because not many had the oomph left after their active season to partake in the finals.

4'15, start to run into difficulties. Fearing a Royal Commission on the Prevention of Excessive Strain for Participating Athletes, it was softly put to me by the officials that I leave before the Double Knockout finals began. My inspired spirits in me revolted and I asked to be excused (general rejoicing); 4:20, returned with new life and determination to stick it out and follow my assignment faithfully. (After all, I'm not covering government expenditures.)

The play official realized that I meant to stay and promptly to began to apply ye ole payola. Because I was a bit of an athlete myself they could not, of course, corrupt me with wine, women and more women. ("Gettaway I wanna watch" . . . "away, I wanna.")

As you can guess the officials were able to use only Psych 100 and sent a spare semi-finalist over to me "to explain the unwritten rules" as she put it. She put it away and made me comfortable in one of the cozy, homelike corners. "I hope you'll give us a decent scoop on this," she said and her breath came in hot pangs, clouding my glasses. I took them off, but she still clouded me.

"Love this athletic life," she hushed, "it brings out so much team spirit." "I don't mind it neither," I brought forth hoarsly trying to maintain my cool Ivy League disposition, while the hair on my chest bristled. My unusual moral strength ruined her self-confidence (she was only a semi-finalist).

12:30 p.m. (next day) . . . back in the office writing copies again. I picked up the Baby Doll public relations man's press release and read: "Finals played yesterday on rough field. Both teams struggled. Believed to be a tie but actual scores not available for press."

I knew it would again be a mediocre column.

"P.G.E. AFFAIRS"
"SPORTS"
Editor: I. M. WOLF

## ? Poem ?

When one looks from
Bottom to top
One's mind may do
A quick flip flop
What is
The pitch
This sure
Is a Switch

This picture is
Just too obscene.
I thought that
this paper was clean
Some will hesitate
Then give the negation
But look over there
It's only your
Underfed imagination

Marten promised mixed wards.

Published by the Alma Mater Society of U.B.C.

Authorized as second class mail by Post Office Dep't., Ottawa