

# THE ODYSSEY

★ ★ ★

VANCOUVER B.C., MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1964

★ ★ ★

## AXE TO FALL IN '64

# FROSH HEADS TO BE SEVERED



NOW THAT CASSIUS MARCELLUS CLAY is the new King of the World . . . Oops, wrong picture damn it . . . Oh well, same idea anyway.

## FREDDY HAS A BRAIN TOO!

Through a conscientious analysis of the past six months of the year, I have discovered certain astounding facts about the opinions held by the upper-classmen, about the Frosh.

Fact number one is that we, the Frosh, are considered to be nonentities by the fourth, third, and yes, even the second year students. Why nonentities? Well, according to them, it is impossible for a Frosh to express him or herself on any matter intelligibly or intelligently. This, of course, is pure, unadulterated horse manure. I'm sure every Frosh on Campus fully understands me when I say that the Engineers and Scienemen STINK. And I'm equally sure the Frosh fully sympathize with them because they understand that their (Scienemen and Engineers) odorous condition is due to a lack of parental interest in their personal hygiene.

The second fact that I discovered was that an upper-

classman can say as many and more unintelligent and ridiculous things as we Frosh supposedly do. Or didn't anyone hear the recent A.M.S. campaign speeches?

The only pertinent fact of the whole matter is the last one. Take this one as Gospel. The size of a student's oral cavity (mouth, for the convenience of the students who aren't Frosh), in no way determines the amount of grey matter harboured in his skull. This you will no doubt have discovered by reading the various "rags" passed off as newspapers around Campus.

In order to treat the above matter with the scorn it deserves and dispel any doubts.

This is a picture of the new Frosh Executioner.

He was elected, though, so he must have something. Not once throughout the entire two weeks of the A.M.S. Campaign did he try to avoid the issue of the FROSH on COUNCIL. Mind you, not once throughout the entire two weeks did he go out of his way to mention the issue of FROSH on the A.M.S. Council.

However, he was fair.

Exactly 16 hours before the opening of the polls, our beloved Roger openly stated to a select crowd of approximately 17 people that he was firmly against Frosh and that he felt they should not be represented on Council.

True, out of 3,500 Frosh, only six heard this statement, but as the President-elect said later, "I tried."

Good luck, Roger. We won't give a damn about Frosh next year either.

(Editors note: The size of the article and the picture is not comparable because the staff felt that the important thing was for everyone to have a beautifully appointed photograph of Roger to revel ecstatically over in spare hours.)

## PRESIDENT-ELECT TO WIELD BLADE

## COLLEGE LIBRARY - STUDY HALL OR PLAYPEN?

by JACK SHAFFER

With study facilities at a complete minimum, and the proposal of a new student union building already passed, I believe it is high time that we considered scrapping SUB.

The reason: we can amalgamate the planned SUB and College Library with no hardship or inconvenience to the students.

We can do this because the activities that supposedly will be held in SUB are already being held in the College Library. If you don't believe it can be done take a statistical look at the way College is being used.

Most studying takes place in the Collage Library foyer. As a result of its informal atmosphere and co-educational surroundings we have this breakdown:

Studying	63.2%
Lunch Eating	23.2%
Love Making	10.3%
Rain and	
Fallout Shelter	3.3%
N.B. since smoking occurs	
100% of the time, it seems	
futile to list it.	

The book area of college library is the favourite visiting ground of all Aggies, Scienemen, and Engineers, Here, they can seek their rare books Sexual Behaviour of Savages, the Kinsey Report (the male edition is often frequented by scienemen), and Patterns of Sexual Deviation and Perversion.

No studying occurs in the stacks, because the staff allows nothing but browsing. But the staff's best game is pelvis cracking; they fail to release the revolving bars which allow one to make a safe, speedy, painless exit.

Next, the main area in question - the study floors, or STUD ROOMS. One can meet most any type of pastime (academic, social, athletic, or erotic) by visiting the stud rooms.

The percentages show exactly how these rooms are used.

### LOWER FLOOR:

There are 89.6% more people on the lower floor than on the upper floor, since the washrooms are down there. The breakdown is otherwise the same as for the upper floor.

### UPPER FLOOR:

Studying	41.3%
Locker Room	30.9%
Card Room	19.4%
Love Lounge	7.4%
*Miscellaneous	1.0%

\*Miscellaneous includes everything from flutophone tuning (have you ever tried to tune a flutophone?) to umbrella drying.

### MIDDLE SECTION:

Meeting place for friends, pick-up for car pool, etc.	37.8%
Leg watching (for males)	27.4%
Studying	19.3%
Husband catching for girls and scienemen)	14.5%

### UPPER FLOOR OR CRIB ROOM

Bean bag, book & other hard object tossing	59.4%
Love making	22.5%
Leg showing	10.4%
Leg watching	6.6%
Studying	1.1%

Some proof is necessary to show these figures are correct. On an average day one desk was seen to contain three briefcases, six lunches, five text books, 13 notebooks, three pens, a ruler, and no humans. Also the same day: three bridge games, two poker games, and one crib game (if you are in education that makes six) were in progress simultaneously.

I believe College Library ranks among the other great play areas of UBC: Ridington

Room, Education Lounge, and the scienemen's Men's Wash-room.

Why should we spend millions of dollars on a SUB when all the activities to be held there are already carried out in such completely enjoyable and academic surroundings.

## Ron COYOTE

All year I have been dying to express my views in my VERY OWN COLUMN. I don't know if I can distort the facts as well as the experts in the Ubysses, but I'll do my damndest.

I've heard by way of the grape vine that Engineer enrolment is dropping while all the others are rising.

Where have all the big boys gone?

Seriously, I urge all of you who are as yet undecided on your second year courses to brave the Engineering display. I hear it's a really big shoe.

Speaking of our buddies on the Lower Mall, I can't help pondering the outcome of the upcoming court case. My, haven't they changed since their lily-white testimony at the beginning of the year when they slandered last year's Frosh president.

Oh, well. Who cares? That reminds me, I have to pick up a loaf of bread on the way home.

Now where was I? Oh, yes, back to campus in justices. How 'Bout that DELICIOUS (?) cafeteria food?

For years the government of Canada has been sending CARE packages overseas chocker-block-full of GOOD

(continued on page 2) see COYOTE

# Frosh Be Consoled

By BRIAN FRASER

It has been a big six months for the Frosh.

The experience of coming out to University was interesting, for the most part, for none of us knew what was going to happen.

We had vague premonitions and doubts running through our minds that made us conspicuously pie-eyed, but when it came to concrete foresight, we were as innocent as the A.M.S. campaigns are long.

Conditioned in high school to learning things that were no more controversial than the outcome of the world series, we came to these hallowed halls able only to discuss and write about our world on only its aseptic, bleached - white side.

We took everything at face value, unless of course the face happened to be ugly — then we didn't take it at all. We were convinced by our Senior year that it was all right to know the complete picture, but it was acceptable universally to give only the watered-down version.

Then we hit our first lectures.

We took D. H. Lawrence to the decomposition plant in English 100. We found that there was no necessity to decompose the workings of Lawrence's mind, for he was already in the final stages of dissolution.

After years of the "just isn't talked about" theory, we went to Zoology and found that it was perfectly acceptable to discuss the mechanics of life, marvel at the wonder of birth, and maturely delve into the origin of everything from microbe to Man.

In Psychology, we found that Lawrence wasn't actually perverted, he merely had an Oedipus complex, and Freud agreed with him, only more so.

After three weeks, every veil that had been meticulously tied around the "taboos" by our well-meaning teachers, had been torn away.

There were other things.

There were the Engineers' raids and the acceptance of "Frosh" as a dirty word, rather than an identification label. There was the temptation to take coffee breaks instead of classes.

Finally, there were the exams and the sudden realization that studying was more than a myth or a legend sanctimoniously handed down to us by veteran students.

Now we know what a hard course is like. Now we know what independence is, and its pitfalls.

Now we know that there is a lot more to University life than choosing the right courses and scraping up the money every summer to pay for tuition and keep for a year.

We know now, but in high school we knew nothing.

There is but one consolation: the people coming next year will know as little as we did, and it will be our turn to scorn and sneer, "Eeeeeeeaacchhk! Frosh."



What do you mean "didn't get a chair," Mr. Ward? There was exactly the right number before the meeting.

## BRAIN

(Continued from Page 1)

whatsoever, in the minds (what minds?) of the upper-classmen, I, Freddy Frosh, have liberally sprinkled this tabloid with samples of "Words of Wisdom."

None of said words are plagiarized. They are all original, which just goes to show that Frosh can and do make intelligent statements. We can also discuss many matters intelligibly on or off Campus. However, many Frosh do not wish to do so. Why? Because some dull-witted upper-classman might overhear them whilst skulking around for some original ideas on some diverse essay topic.

This, of course, would never do. The dolt would probably rush over to the library, then rush back because he forgot his books in Brock, then rush back, find a seat (this of course is an optimistic upper-classman) and dash off some plagiarized ideas. Result: 35 percent on the essay.

The ideas were fab, but the spelling and punctuation was the sh(Ed. Censored)ts.

Frosh, I leave the decision in your hands. Are these bigoted opinions on the part of the upper-classmen right?

I hope my "Words of Wisdom" will meet your approval.

On Friday morning last, Giant George Railton, the Ubysssey strong-man, invaded the relative privacy of the Frosh Undergraduate Society office. "I want to see the proofs of your newspaper, because I am, or rather the Ubysssey is responsible for all material printed on Campus." No please, thank you or kiss my hand.

On the previous Monday, Railton told yours truly that he had divorced himself and the Ubysssey from the Frosh Newspaper, the Odyssey.

This all started on the precedent of the Leask, Birnie feud, in which Mr. Birnie was relieved of his position as Newsletter Editor.

If they do, please let the Frosh Council know.

I feel, thus far, that I have expressed myself in an intelligent and superlative manner. Because I, like the rest of the Frosh, am the GREATEST.

Yours,  
FREDERICK CASSIUS MARCELLUS FROSH.

## EDITORIAL

### UBYSSEY THREATENS TO CENSOR

Jason Leask had refused to comment to the Ubysssey reporters about the matter, so as Mike Vaux said, "I had to slant the article."

The article that Mr. Vaux said he slanted was the one entitled "Fire the publisher, says editor."

Since Jason Leask wouldn't contribute an opinion or comment, George Railton seems to have taken the matter seriously.

It sure is funny how scared the Managing Editor of the Ubysssey can get over what the Frosh are going to say. Really George, we don't tread that heavily.

## Staff

- Editor ----- Pete Johnson
- Assistant ----- Brian Fraser
- Managing ----- Jack Shaffer
- Ex-Editor ----- Al Birnie
- Consulting ----- Jason Leask
- Publisher ----- F.U.S.

## RON COYOTE

(continued from page 1)

food. What about the poor peasants on the home front?

Then... I was thinking... but... naw, you wouldn't be interested.

I just bought a Physics Lab-book the other day. Over a buck-and-a-half is a little steep for a glorified exercise book, me thinks. Especially when everything I've been taught in Economics is contrary to the monopoly held by the...uh... book store.

What else is sick on campus? Hmmm, that's a stupid question. Let's look into something that people think about. I know, forget that too.

SAY! I got it The College Library.

Socializing was great for the first six months, but things are getting a little stiff around here now that there are only six weeks left. If I wasn't such a mild type, I'd make the broad suggestion that a few of the loud mouths in there shut up or get out.

Bye, see you next year.

# High School Conference

Dear Mommy:

The conference executive has given us a few hours to run wild so I thought I would write and tell you what has happened.

It was real mint! First thing they made us do was sit in a big room with glass all around and smile at the university students. Gee, they're mature, Mom. You should see all the officials running around madly making sure every little detail is just right. They must have run around for over an hour

before they were sure that everybody knew what they were doing. Then we heard speeches from all these keen people that were milling around.

After we finished we were shown around to all the nooks and crannies of the campus. Gosh, it was terrific but my feet are sure darn sore. They took us to lunch but that did not bother me much. You know I'm not much for food anyway.

See HIGH SCHOOL (Continued on Page 4)

## THREE TIMES A QUEEN

Our girl won again.

As Musa Lincke said, "To do justice to the Waterloo Winter Carnival would certainly take more than my infant-essimal ability." For this reason I will merely give you a brief summary and leave the application of praise to you.

After a stimulating flight on which our Queen met the former Lieut. Governor Ross, Musa landed at the Toronto International Airport and was greeted by the Dean of Women from the University of Waterloo.

Unfortunately, there was some difficulty with the plane and there was a delay in the proceedings. After a breathtaking coverage of 75 miles of highway, she barely arrived in time for the welcome.

Friday was the day of the Pageant. There was a rehearsal before the actual announce-

ment of the Queen in which Musa ironically took the part of royalty. We know of at least one person who believes in good omens.

Awed by the pace of the festivities, Musa said she understood why Waterloans say: "We spend the first term preparing for our Winter Carnival and the second term recuperating from it"

"Waterloo was wonderful, but it felt good to come home to Vancouver and UBC again." said the smiling and pretty Queen.

# FREDDY'S WORDS OF WISDOM

The proposed Fee increase: "Never have so many, paid so much, for so little."

## Critics

### A READERS GUIDE TO T. S. ELIOT

Since it is probably a fore-gone conclusion that all you English 100 fiends have been having considerable difficulty in the selected poems of T. S. Eliot, the editors have decided to help you out and print this helpful article that will make everyone an Eliot expert.

The title is usually the most important part of Eliot's poem. If there is anything to do with the in-explicable scientific phenomenon of sexual inversion and deviation of the Dryophila fly, disregard the title and come back to it when you have finished the rest of the poem.

The first stanza is the key to the poem. Here Eliot expresses himself fully as to where he will be driving during the remainder of the poem. This is very important to remember and will usually get you started on a first class essay.

The second stanza is usually concerned with a recap of the first stanza. It is here that Eliot will express his total beliefs on the existence of a supreme being other than those

mentioned in the title or the foot-note of the previous poem. It is important to remember that in this respect that Eliot was not a Sino-Japanese otherwise the whole of the poem will seem like a bunch of hooley to you.

If your English Professor seems to be in some way or another Russian to you, make sure that you mention in any essay that Eliot was a dogmatic supporter of the Bolshevik Revolution and it will do wonders for your final standing at the end of the year.

The third stanza is very important. Not only does it separate the second and fourth stanzas, but it usually helps to contribute something to your understanding of the love of time-gods and religious ceremonies such as the total annihilation of Buddhist Monks through the use of TCP. However, if you are not registered in Auto Mechanics, this interpretation will be of little use to you.

Now we come to the fourth stanza. It is very important to

remember that this stanza will seem very vague to you. This is because Eliot always took his coffee break at this point and perpetually forgot what the hell he was writing about.

Any idiot, however, can always add his own interpretations to the poem. This we call Poetic Licence. You can always use the most general interpretations of the stanza. "I am the king." "Justice will triumph," or since Eliot was a deep Christian . . . "It is the will of almighty God, et al.

In conclusion, just remember that Eliot is a human being, just like you or Roger McAfee. Not everyone is a literary genius. Birnie included (Ed Birnie, that is, of course). Eliot's themes usually run in this general direction.

Ed.—The staff of the Odyssey would like to thank the English 100 Profs. for once again managing to give a conflicting interpretation, of every poem and story, to each of the 100 classes.

# FROSH

## MEET THE GREEKS

Thursday, March 12

Freshmen will be able to learn more about the different Fraternities on March 12 at noon. There will be a touch football game between Frosh and a team of representatives from each Fraternity, on the Gymnasium field starting at 12:30. After the game, Frosh are invited to tour the Fraternity Houses and meet the Greeks.

# The Invasion of The Sigh! Ants

By FULLER FROSHBULL

Let me tell you something about ants.

There are many different species of ants in the world. In colour, they range from black to various shades of yellow and, though they have an obviously horny skin, they have no backbone. For this reason, they rarely stand on their own two feet, but prefer to crawl around in groups.

Though I have been on this Campus for six months, it was only last week that the presence of a nest of ants was brought to my attention.

I was sitting in English, paying close attention to the palm of my hand, when I overheard the tail-end of a conversation between two of my fellow students.

"... sigh! ants," the voice said.

Dropping my all-important morning eye-lid exercises, I brought myself into full contact with the physical world and tuned in on the discussion. The second person seemed to be as astonished as I.

"Are you sure it wasn't the fellows in red?" he asked.

Red ants! I thought immediately. But soon I was to be proven wrong. I listened for the reply.

"Positive," he said angrily, "It was definitely, sigh! ants."

"Ah, it was only a joke," the insect lover insisted.

"Joke!" came the tortured, half-screaming whisper. "You wouldn't think it was much of a (Censored—Ed.) joke if you had been trapped out on that (Censored—Ed.) Marine Drive behind a solid wall of fire when you (Censored—Ed.) well had a (Censored—Ed.) class at eight-thirty, I'll tell ya'."

So it was established.

Not only did I find that there is a colony of dirty (I am forced to accept the testimony of my irate classmate, for he seemed to be quite an authority on ants) red ants nested in a large building near the Lower Mall, but that there is

a particularly vicious, destructive and nomadic branch of the southern fire-ant infesting the Campus, at large.

Well, I was deeply shocked. It was almost enough to make old Froshbull jump up on a chair for fear of touching one of the greasy little creatures.

But that wasn't all.

They must indeed be some strange breed of hybrids, for according to my informant, they were not only colored black and blue, but had a distinct streak of yellow where their spines should be.

In the words of my friend: "(Censored—Ed.) sigh! ants. The little things think they're pretty big until they face something red. They have to travel in groups for protection, they are spineless, and they've got a streak of yellow down their backs this long. They sure know how to run on those stubby little legs of theirs."

Where is all this leading? Well, something should be done.

But by whom? There are thousands of Freshmen on Campus who are eager to take the job, but they are so loaded down with other goodwill ventures by this time of year that they can't spare the time to step on these so-called sigh! ants.

Perhaps, with luck, the stronger, but weaker-minded red ants will dispose of the sigh! ants and the Freshmen will be able to spare a few hours to annihilate the reds.

THIS I KNOW: something must be done about this terrible blight.

Any volunteers?

## VERTICAL OR HORIZONTAL

One of the questions which the present Student Revisions Committee is pondering is whether Frosh should be integrated into Undergraduate Societies vertically or horizontally.

Vertical integration would mean that students planning to go into Commerce, Engineering, etc., would become active in these U.S. even though they were registered in Arts I or Science I. Horizontal integration is the system which Frosh have now, with the Council composed of representatives from the 100-odd English 100 classes.

Advocates of the vertical integration contend that Frosh would receive experienced leadership from senior students. Under the system Freshmen would also be associated with students who had similar academic interests. Some U.S.'s such as Agriculture, Home Ec., and Education are operating under such a system.

The opposition to vertical integration is that the bulk of first-year students are registered in Arts or Science, large faculties which have a hard time reaching their own mem-

bers, as was emphasized by the turnouts at recent elections. Science polled a total of 170 votes or 10 percent of their membership, a poorer turnout than was registered at the Frosh Elections. Many students have not decided on goals in their first year, and therefore would receive no benefit from vertical integration.

The present system of Frosh government has proved unsuccessful because it has failed to get Frosh active. This could be rectified by making greater use of the English representatives. By electing them at the beginning of the term and organizing them into various committees, the present Frosh Undergraduate Society would be strengthened. The Frosh executive would also become more effective by having a senior student appointed as an executive secretary. This senior member would indoctrinate the council with the workings of the A.M.S.

Both these systems have their drawbacks but the vertical integration has certain features which seem unworkable.

# Frosh Debaters Make Semi-final

The frosh debating team, consisting of Ken Hiebert and Evert Hoogers climaxed a fine string of victories by reaching the semi-finals in the inter-faculty debating competition. Before losing to Agriculture,

the frosh team defeated Science and Grad studies. Agriculture went on to lose in the final debate to Law.

Congratulations, Ken and Evert, on a job well done.



MAN, WHO WAS HERE FIRST— ME OR THE BEATLES ?

## WANT ADS

LOST: One Hertz Rent-a-car. If you have any information see AMS office.

WANTED: Ubysey editor. No experience or knowledge of English necessary. Apply Ubysey office for interview.

LOST: Two pages of stories and informative articles. Apply Frosh office.

FOR SALE: 12 dozen second hand photos of Musa Lincke. Apply Frosh office.

LOST: One student from high school conference. If you have any information please write to Sidney Potavinichov, Nelson, B.C.

LOST: One text on "The Projection or the Farther Image." Contact R. McAfee, if found.

FOR SALE: One second hand rough copy of The Odyssey. Apply Al Birnie, Ubysey office.

FOUND: One Hertz Rent-a-car stub with greasy fingerprints. Apply Jason Leask.

WANTED: Seventy-two strong men needed to remove Engineer stickers from various areas around Campus. Apply B & G office.

WANTED: One distinctive fountain for Frosh office.

WANTED: One little Bo-Peep to keep Peter Shepard company while he flocks around.

LOST: Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Janie's desk please contact Chuck Rennie.

LOST: Twenty-six status symbols complete with crests. See Jim Ward if found.

WANTED: Steve Whitelaw, alone. Dammit.

## HIGH SCHOOL

(Continued from Page 3)

They took us to dinner, too, but I didn't bother to eat then. Last night we all congregated in the glass room again and we listened to another fellow talk. One of the kids asked him why there was so much animosity between the faculties and we spent the rest of the time discussing it. We didn't decide anything definite but we sure thrashed it out.

There's only one thing that is troubling me, Mom. Now that I know what university life is all about, what in heck am I going to do when I get out of high school?

See you in a coupla days, Mom. Love,

— HARRY

Ed.—Harry Highschool, that is.

## Contributors

- Tom Bullock
- Harry Highschool
- Fuller Froshbull
- Steve Whitelaw
- Dan Cumming
- Al Birnie
- John Kelsey
- Helen Gurley Brown
- Randy Glover

## FREDDY'S WORDS OF WISDOM

A synopsis of the present A.M.S. Council:  
 "Never have so many done so much, for so few."

# NAX ON BRIDGE

By TOM BULLOCK

It is doubtless that the majority of the Frosh have found as they have progressed (progressed? Who ever heard of the Frosh progressing?) through the year, that the major occupation at UBC is bridge playing.

In the following weeks I hope to give you some of the knowledge that has made me what I now am... (choose your own word). Among the topics which I hope to bring you, I hope to include the following priceless gems:

1. When and how to open 4 no-trump with "yarborough."
2. a) How to place the Ace and King of Clubs at the head of your Queen, Three and Deuce of Spades, and then win the bid in Spades.  
 b) How to act nonchalant and unperturbed when you discover your mistake.  
 c) How to very casually move the King and Ace back to their proper place unnoticed.
3. a) How to bid 1 no-trump when you're vulnerable and need only 1 club for game.  
 b) How to go down 11 tricks when in the same 7 no-trump hand, doubled and redoubled.
4. How to sit back with 26 points in your hand and pass because you'd rather play on defense.
5. How to bid Clubs when you meant Spades and win the bid.
6. How to spend 15 minutes trying to decide whether or not to play the 5 or 3 of the suit that's being led, after being trumped.
7. How to trump when you have 5 or 6 cards of the suit that's been led.
8. How to spend 15 minutes trying to decide whether to play your Queen, King or Ace to beat your opponent's Jack.
9. How to take out trump (lead to your opponent's void).
10. How to bid your void with 13 points and win the bid because your partner has 3 points. (For a void in the suit bid.)
11. a) How to lead from your hand when you won the last trick from the dummy.  
 b) How to lead from your hand when you didn't even win the last trick.  
 c) How to lead before the bidding even starts.
12. a) How to trump your partner's winner.  
 b) How to over-trump your partner.
13. How to yell at the top of your lungs, Oh Mint! when your partner lays down the dummy and then proceed to lose 12 tricks.
14. (And Finally.) How to pick up the tricks you've already won and place them in your hand for extra tricks at the end of the game.