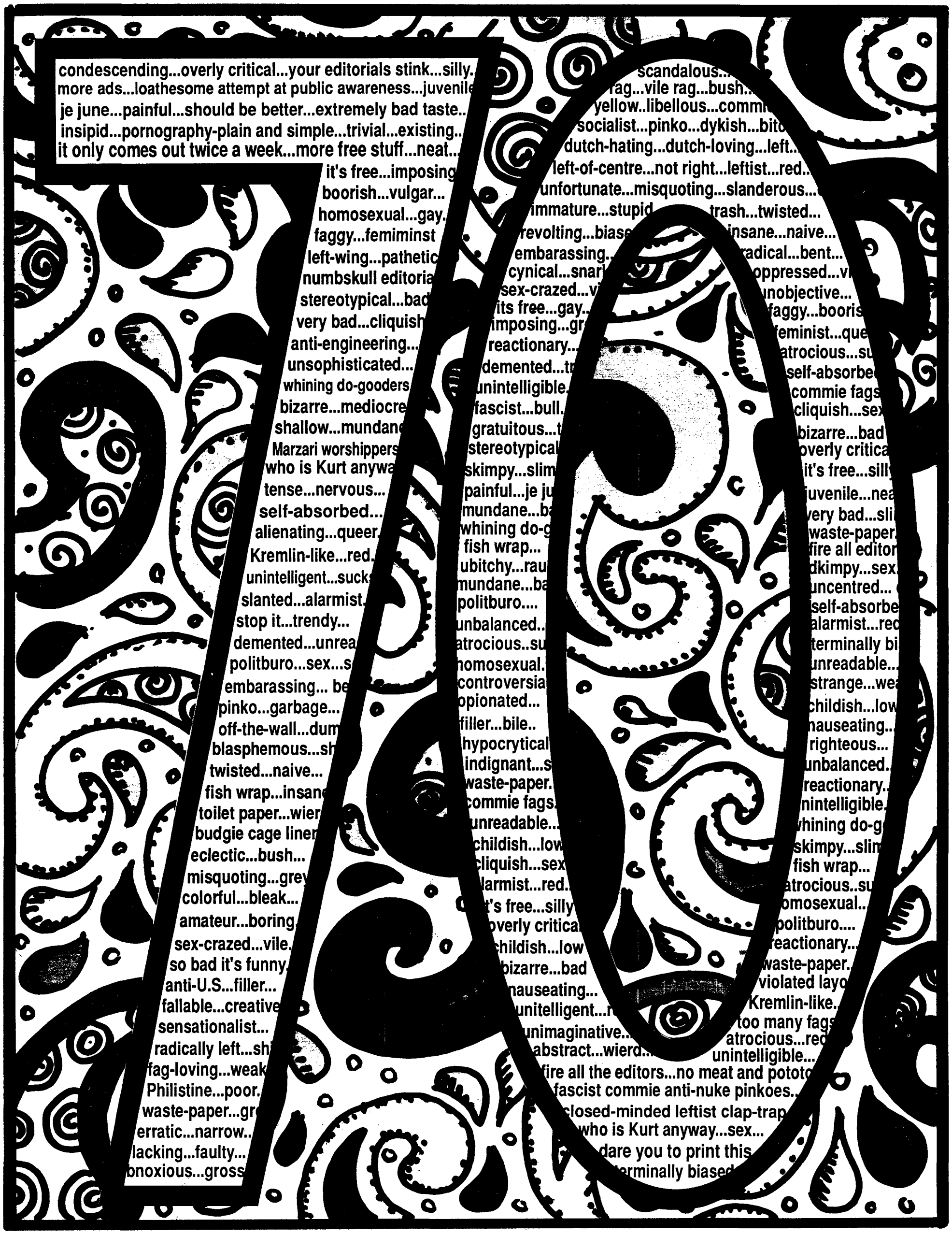
THE UBYSSEY



VOLUME 71, Number 7 Vancouver, B.C. Wednesday, October 5, 1988

Classifieds

Rates: AMS Card Holders - 3 lines, $3.00, additional lines 60 cents, commercial -3 lines, 75 cents. (10% Discount on 25 issues or more) Classified ads payable in advance. Deadline 4:00 p.m,. two days before publicalton. Room 266, SUB, UBC, Van., B.C. V6T 2A7

05 - COMING EVENTS

UNIVERSITY HILL
CONGREGATION

United and Presbyterian

invites you to join us in worship at

10:30 a.m. on SUNDAY in the
CHAPEL OF THE EPIPHANY
6050 Chancellor Boulevard

THANKSGIVING:
WHAT DO YOU GIVE THANKS FOR?
WHO DO YOU GIVE THANKS TO?

Minister: The Rev. Dr. Alan Reynolds
Church Office: 224-7011

11 - FOR SALE - PRIVATE

DOUBLE SIZE FUTON w. cover, Gusdorf study table. Both new, moving and must sell. Call 669-0505 eve.

AIRFARE FOR SALE Van.-Toronto, for male on November 4. $150. Call David F. 222-4683 (lv. msg.).

MEN'S RALEIGH 10-speed bike, good condition, 20" frame, black, no fenders, $60 o.b.o., ph. 738-0467.

1974 MAVERICK, 80,000 miles. I fixed it, you drive it. After 9 p.m., 738-9169. $1500.

SANYO COMPUTER (IBM XT Turbo Compatible), 640K, 8.00 clock, 20 MByte HD, keyboard, monitor, Roland 1250 printer (240 CPS), 732-3799 321-4484.

75 PEUGEOT 504 Automatic Burgundy AM/FM $1300 o.b.o. Runs well. 228-0605.

72 BMW 2002, new battery, snows, AM/FM cassette, some rust. Runs well. $975 o.b.o. 261-5442.

QUEEN SIZE WATERBED with bookcase, headboard, dark wood, very good condition, everything incl. $140.00 obo. 731-2483.

NORCO MAGNUM ST 18SPO touring bike, full Suntour group, fenders and Kevlar tires. 21" exc. cond. 420-1595. $350 Stephen.

BMW 2002 1970 excellent cond. 4 spd. red w. black int. Gd. student car. Must sell $2500 o.b.o. 737-2072.

15 - FOUND

FOUND - Gold ring with jewelled letters. Call 222-1333 Agnes.

20 - HOUSING

CLEAN, BRIGHT, PRIVATE S.C. suite, mostly furnished, Spanish Banks (Blanca). Free in exchange for light housework and P/T care of 2 children, 1 & 4. Apply in writing, giving qualifications, availability, and where and when you can be contacted to Box #P100, Rm. 266 in SUB.

WANTED: Third person to share furnished house in Marpole, $300 a month, util. inc. Female preferred, N/S. 261-5804.

25 - INSTRUCTION

MONTESSORI ELEMENTARY training for further info contact Montessori Elementary Foundation, c/o 6330 Sophia St., Van., BC, V5W 2W6.

30 - JOBS

PART-TIME SALES

STACY'S FURNITURE is expanding again! We have several positions available for students or grads interested in beginning a career in sales. Applicants should have a professional attitude, an aptitude for sales, and excellent communications skills. We offer above-average earnings, flexible hours, and comprehensive sales training. Please forward a resume to:

Attn.: Sales
STACY'S FURNITURE
7731 Alderbridge Way
Richmond, B.C.
V6X 1Z9

(No phone calls please)

WEEKEND EMPLOYMENT for student with good sales ability. Resumes to Community Sports, 3355 W. Broadway.

WANTED: STUDENT to distribute flyers for the AMS. Call 228-3978 9:30-4:30.

We are seeking employees for Host/Hostess jobs in Japan. Native speakers of English. Min. age 21. Outgoing, well dressed, adventurous people are needed. 30 hr. work wk., 6 month contract, return airfare, free housing. Min. salary $20/hr. Only serious applications which include resume and recent photo will be answered.

Two employees are required immediately, with more to follow in future. Please reply to Box P200, Rm. 266 in SUB before October 14th/88.

40 - MESSAGES

TO ALL THE SPIRIT RAISERS of the AMS Homecoming Committee: Sharon Bailey, Tim Bird, Klaus Breslauer, Mark Brown, Lisa Eckman, Carolyn Egan, Joanna Harrington, Dave Hill, Leanne Jacobs, Ronit Levy, Jeff Lyster, Kirsten Mawle, Julie Memory, Janine Payne, Lornell Ridley, Dave Rieder, and Iolanda Weisz ... Thank you ...

LADIES SOCCER CLUB requires a goalie. If interested contact George at 435-0978.

LOST: BACKBONE
He's genuinely nice, but wishy-washy and easily manipulated. Please help. Contact Parm Sandhu, Gage East 10.

ROMANCE IS ONLY a letter away. Are you looking for a date, romance, or correspondence? Write for free forms. No cost to join. No obligatión. Everyone welcome. Write: University & College Contact Service, P.O. Box 36, Nanaimo, B.C. V9R 5K4.

SPEAKEASY: A friendly voice and an attentive ear. Open M-F, 9:30-9:30. 228-3700 or drop-in SUB 100B.

50 - RENTALS

5 HRS. IN SUB: $190

MUSIC MASTER D.J. SERVICE
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For any occasion
5 hours in SUB! Only $189
732-9503

60 - RIDES

LOOKING FOR STUDENTS needing lifts from N. Van-UBC daily for 8:30 class. Rm. for 3 to share expenses. 985-4801.

70 - SERVICES

G. TE HENNEPE
Barrister & Solicitor
#203 - 4545 W. 10th Ave., 228-1433.

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RETURN AIRFARES

Vancouver to:

Toronto	$429 plus tax
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80 - TUTORING

TUTOR NEEDED - Grade 11 Chemistry & Physics for a U. Hill student. 943-1245.

85 - TYPING

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YOUR WORDS professionally typed, fast & reliable. Judith Filtness, 3206 W. 38th Ave., 263-0351.

WORD PROCESSING, $2.00/dbl. sp. page, MLA, APA, CMS, editing. ComputerSmiths, 3724 West Broadway at Alma, 224-5242.

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ACCURATE REPORTS word processing, Word Perfect, laser printer, dictation, student rates avail. #16-1490 W. Broadway at Granville 732-4426.

85 - TYPING

WORD WEAVERS - still on 41st bus line. New location #101 - 2258 W. 41st Ave. at Yew St. Excellent student rates for quality, custom word processing, aussi en francais. Tel. 266-6814.

EXPERIENCED, fast, accurate, IBM Electric. Situated close to UBC. Reasonable rates. Phone 732-1745.

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TYPING QUICK by UBC, all kinds. Call Rob 228-8989, $1.25 page dbl. space, notice preferred.

Between Classes

Note: Noon = 12:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

UBC Personal Computer Club
ATARI Meeting. Noon, SUB 211.

Psychology Students Association
Content Lecture on "Drugs In Sports." Noon, Kenny Lounge (Psychology Bldg.).

Gays & Lesbians of UBCSpeakers Program Meeting. Noon, SUB 215.

Family & Nutritional Sciences Undergrad Society
Public Speaking Seminar: Jeremy Ball, professional of speaker training. Noon, IRC 4.

Medical Students
Report on IPPNW Peace Congress. All welcome. Noon, IRC 3.

UBC Snipers Club
Biweekly meeting. Noon, roof of SUB.

AMS Women's Centre
Committee Meeting - newcomers welcome. Noon, SUB 130.

AMS Women's Centre
Wen-Do Women's Self Defense - classes begin; open to all. 6-8 p.m., SUB 205.

THURSDAY

UBC Personal Computer Club
IBM Meeting. Noon, SUB 211. MacIntosh Meeting, Noon, SUB 215. New members still welcome - come to one of our meetings or to our office in SUB 216B.

Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship
Speaker, 12:30 noon. Food & Nutritional Sciences Bldg. Rm. 30.

University Christian Ministries
"Overcoming Loneliness" - Noon, Brock 302.

UBC Pacific Rim Club
Lecture: "B.C.'s Role in the Pacific Economy" - Harold Middleton, Director of Asia Pacific, Ministry of International Business. Noon, Asian Centre Auditorium.

UBC Stamp Club
Trading session. Noon at UBC, Angus 221.

Earth Tones AMS Choir
Practice. Noon, Scarfe 100.

Amnesty International
Lecture on Human Rights in China by Reni Goldman. Noon, Buch B313.

University Christian Ministries
Join us as our leader Rob Powell speaks about overcoming loneliness. Noon, Brock Hall 302.

University Christian Ministires
Bible Study & Fellowship. 7 p.m., Lutheran Campus Centre.

FRIDAY

UBC Libertarians
Public Meeting/Speech by federal candidate for Vancouver Cente Duane Pye. Noon, SUB 211.

Chinese Collegiate Society
Gym night. 8:30-10:30, Osborne A.

AMS Cycling Club
Day Trip to Salt Spring Island. Contact 241E.

SATURDAY

Women in Focus Arts & Media Centre.
Fall '88 video workshop, continues Sunday and Monday. Contact Women in Focus #204-456 West Broadway, Van., 872-2250.

Skya Tsechen Thubten Ling
Free lecture on Buddhism by H.E. Luding Khen Rinpoche. Topic: "Parting from the Four Attachments." Free admission. 7:30 p.m., Asian Centre Auditorium, UBC.

Gays & Lesbians of UBC
"Just Be Yourself" dance. 8 p.m., SUB PartyRoom.

SUNDAY

Lutheran Student Movement
Communion Service. 10 a.m., Lutheran Campus Centre.

TUESDAY

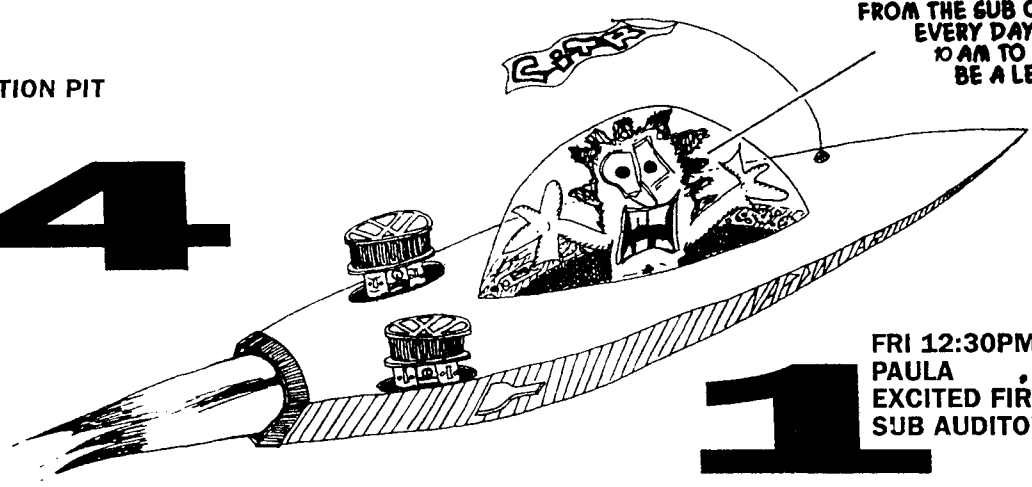
The Pre-Medical Society
Lectures on various aspects of Medicine. Noon, IRC Lecture Theater #1.

CiTR WEEK
OCT 11—14

5 TUE 12:30PM
STATION 56
SUB CONVERSATION PIT

TUE 12:30PM
UBC POETS
BUCHANAN PENTHOUSE **4**

3 WED 12:30PM
JUDY RADUL
49 MOTHERS
BUCHANAN
LOUNGE



2 THUR 12:30PM
NICOLA CAVENDISH
& DAVID KING
ANDY HILLHOUSE TRIO
SUB AUDITORIUM

1 FRI 12:30PM
PAULA
EXCITED FIRST DAUGHTER
SUB AUDITORIUM

BLASTOFF!

FRI 730 PM • THE SCRAMBLERS • FRANK FRINK 5 • TARTAN HAGGIS
THE EVAPORATORS • THE SMUGGLERS • SUB BALLROOM
$6 ADVANCE • $7 DOOR • ALL AGES • REFRESHMENTS IN SUB 207

The Ubyssey

Advice from the Golden Age

Malcolm F. McGregor (above) is a Professor Emeritus of Classics at UBC and was sports editor of The Ubyssey in 1930-31.

Mos Maiorum, or, as Cicero might put it: "What Father Did"

When we celebrate a birthday, we tend to look back. When we look back a long distance, as is the case now, we tend to exaggerate the glories of the past and to believe that what we accomplished and the methods we used were superior to those of the present. My own memories are of The Ubyssey in the '20s and early '30s; so I am far too wise to commit the crimes that I have implied. I merely summarise my views: The Ubyssey of the Golden Age (that is, when I was a student) surpassed the often embarrassing sheet of the last twenty years, in its content and coverage, its use of the English language, in its editing, and in its standards of good taste. As one of the elite (that is, those who slaved for The Ubyssey before the War) I venture to offer advice to the current editorial board.

1. The Ubyssey represents the Alma Mater Society. It should concern itself primarily with the activities of the members of the University. A report of a lecture by a visiting professor in Philosophy, History, or Classics (I ought to list this first, but I am too modest) is of more concern to the members of the University than is an ill-informed and biased account of the latest revolution in Central or South America.

2. The Ubyssey likes to consider itself a member of the press. Yet no respected newspaper published the obscenities that I find in The Ubyssey, which are characteristic of the puerile antics of uneducated adolescents. I hoped that we should see some improvement this year; the three issues that I have so far read show that the disease of the 1960s, although less intense, has not been cured.

3. It is possible that by now I have won a few critics. I challenge those critics to pick up a copy of The Ubyssey of Long Ago and to deny that its respect for grammar and syntax, its spelling, and its proof-reading are unmatched by today's shoddy publication. Decline in the standards of English has become a major flaw in our educational system. We look to a university for leadership. I suggest that on our campus (our ambition is to be Second to None) that leadership might well come from The Ubyssey, which could begin with its own columns. The editors should impose linguistic discipline, as indeed they did in the 1920s.

4. I have heard some talk about the staff of The Ubyssey operating as a democracy, that is, dispensing with an Editor-in-Chief. This, of course, would be a guarantee of mediocrity and I hope that my information is wrong. The paper needs a "Boss," a dictator, one who will make the final decision, one who will insist that The Ubyssey's function is to lead, not to follow with bovine predictability.

5. By all means let The Ubyssey be critical, of the Students' Council, of the University's stated policy when that policy seems wrong, of the Board of Governors, of the Senate. But the criticism must be based upon evidence and must never arise from vulgar hostility to the so-called "establishment."

6. I offer The Ubyssey a worthy subject for discussion (and editorial comment). Last week the afternoon's newspaper presented two stories about sport, especially football, at the universities of the mainland, especially UBC. The local writers are not pleased with us: we do not have a large band, we do not have a marching band (compare the gladiatorial arenas to the south, where players draw salaries and bands offer scholarships), we do not have sponsors. Success clearly is measured by the number of professionals we supply to the Canadian Football League. I suggest to The Ubyssey that athletes at the universities should be amateurs, as they have been until fairly recently at UBC. Here is a pertinent subject, one that gives the opportunity for independent thought, editorial courage, and resultant unpopularity; in other words, Leadership.

Many years ago, a wise Athenian named Solon associated wisdom with the attainment of the age of seventy. Personally, I did learn one thing from the 1960s: never trust a man under seventy.

Finally, I pass on with my blessing a line from one of the Pub's drinking songs of the 1920s:

Vive le Ubyssey!
(masculin, of course)

Ode to typewriters

Dear Editors

I am distressed to learn from your letter inviting comment on the 70th anniversary of The Ubyssey that the paper now uses word processors instead of typewriters. This explains why the quality of student journalism has sunk so low since I wrote for the paper in the thirties.

I did all my best work on a typewriter. (I also did all my worst work on it, but no machine is perfect.) I still write on a typewriter because to me using a word processor is like writing on water: it's quieter, maybe, but what have you got to show for it? Ripples, at best.

In contrast, a typewriter is splendidly noisy. Ubyssey writers like Earle Birney, Pierre Berton and Allan Fotheringham didn't need rock music. They could make a very satisfying row by banging the keys with their fingers, or feet, or just sitting on the Underwood when a good-looking freshette entered the Pub.

My advice to The Ubyssey, after the three score and ten: scrap the computer. Back to the floss on the mill. Get ribbon ink on your hands. How else can you tell you're a writer?

Sincerely
Eric Nicol

Eric Nicol, a writer and journalist in Vancouver, wrote for The Ubyssey from 1937 to 1941 and from 1945 to 1948.

Memories of a newshound

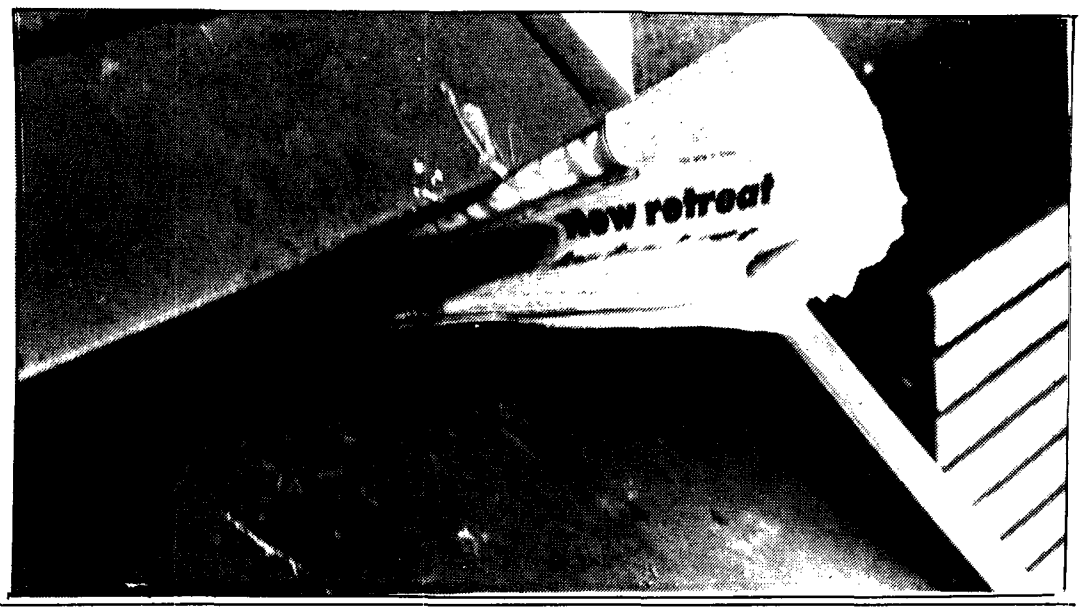
There was a brief period in 1931 when I was a non-bylined reporter for The Ubyssey, which printed my copy word for word.

Ronald Grantham, Editor (I sat next to him in History 10 and a year later in History 19) had been supplanted as Editor-in-Chief for refusing to retract a critical editorial and had been, briefly, suspended from the University. (The criticism which had brought fire upon his head in editorials was conveniently resumed by the device of his moving one column to the right as columnist.)

In the event there were meetings/noontime protest rallies. With only minor prompting I reported the proceedings, straight, through the week until tempers cooled, emotions moderated and honour was, symbolically, satisfied.

The best sequel was at the granting of degrees when a robust round of applause greeted Ronald Grantham when he crossed the stage to become B.A.

James Gibson is President Emeritus of Brock University in St. Catharines, Ontario. He was a member of The Ubyssey staff in 1931.



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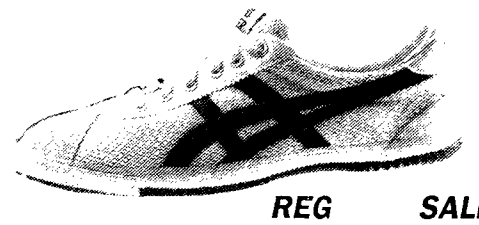

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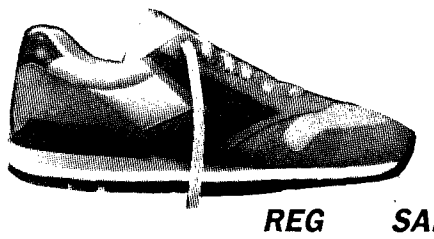

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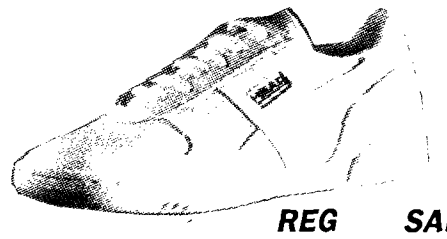
HEAD



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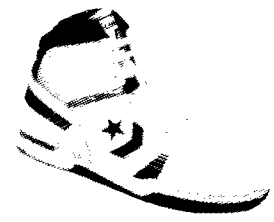
CONVERSE



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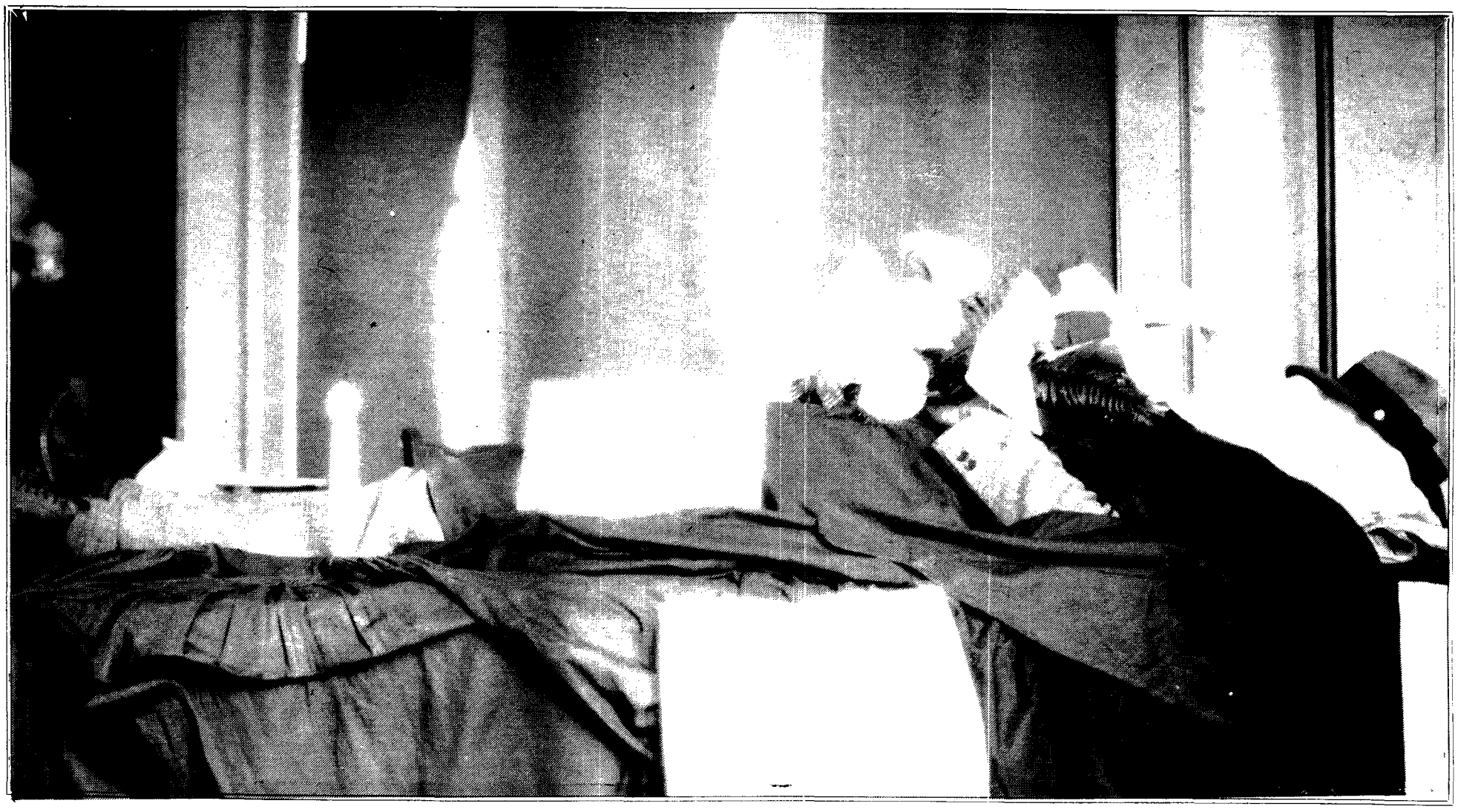
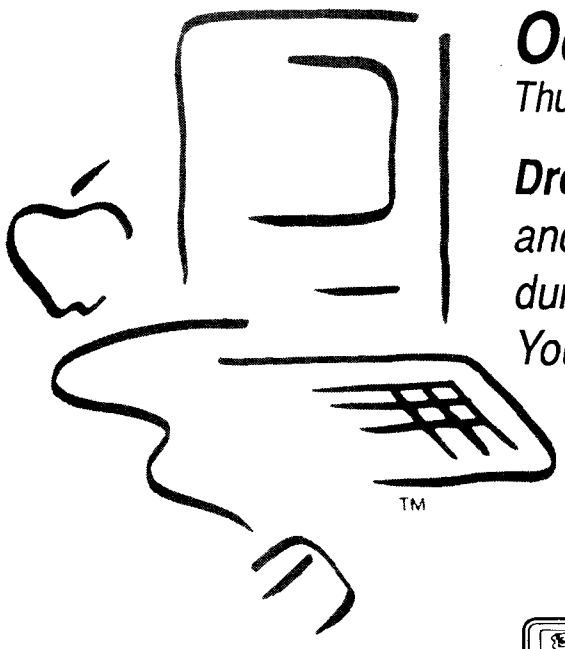


Corpse in Pub

In 1931, the Pub office (a.k.a. The Ubyssey office), witnessed the death of a loved one. The deceased was free speech. Ronald Grantham, Ubyssey editor-in-chief, was suspended for two weeks because he spoke out against government underfunding. The wake lasted, but the paper continued under the direction of Himie Koshevoy, Bessie Robertson, and Edgar Brown.

UBC BOOKSTORE PRESENTS

Applefest



October 6th & 7th

Thursday & Friday • 10 am - 4 pm

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street	it's	clean	duck	proof
kitchen	Molson	cold	spot	stand
down	Canadian	taste	music	sport
empty	it's	of	hot	coin
over	gonna	genuine	photo	mugs
food	taste	Canadian	light	party
jump	great	beer	second	hour

READING COMPREHENSION Read each column of words to yourself. Then close your eyes and repeat each column out loud. Score 5 points for each column you recite correctly. Score 10 points if you scream the words out at the top of your lungs during a psychology lecture.

MOLSON CANADIAN. WHAT BEER'S ALL ABOUT.

The Ubyssey

Our democratic generation

The role of the media in the legal system

The Hon. Nathan T. Nemetz at a recent Robson Media Centre appearance

Excerpts from an address given by The Honourable Chief Justice N.T. Nemetz at the University of Saskatchewan, November 10, 1987.

I have now spent 24 years as one of Her Majesty's justices. During this period I have also served in various offices relating to public schools and university governance. Before entering law school, I served as an editor of the university paper and later worked as a freelance journalist. In my practice of law I acted for the American Newspaper Guild, from which body I hold an honorary card. For these reasons, I believe that I have some qualifications to speak to you on the subject of the role of the media in the legal system.

It is to England that we must go to examine the establishment of the foundations of our independent judiciary and our independent press were not readily achieved. It was in 1701 that the Act of Settlement determined that judges would hold office *quam diu se bene gesserint*, i.e., during good behavior and not at the king's pleasure. Before that time the power of judges was tenuous. They depended on the monarch both for their appointments and, what is more important, their remuneration.

The struggle for the independence of the judiciary has proceeded in tandem with the struggle for a free press. The invention of movable type created a problem for autocratic rulers. In Europe the printing press became a ready ally of propaganda, especially for religious dissenters. The temporal rulers were concerned with sedition - the spiritual with heresy. In 1538, in England, licenses for printing became a requirement. Mary Tudor, a strong Catholic, was doubly concerned both as to sedition and heresy. She forbade the printing of any book without her special license. In 1586, the Star Chamber directed that apart from one in each Oxford and Cambridge, no printing press could be installed except in London, and all three presses were to operate under license. but these enactments could not stop the flow of underground anti-establishment tracts.

Again, in 1643, parliament decided that no book be printed unless licensed. It was John Milton who, in 1644, attacked this infamous decree in his famous speech to the House of Commons entitled "Areopagitica - A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing to the Parliament of England." It may be of interest when I remind you of the order of Parliament against which "Areopagitica" was directed. The preamble recounts that "Many false ... scandalous, seditious and libellous" works have lately been published, "to the great defamation of religion and government." The order then provided inter alia that no book "shall from henceforth be printed or put to sale, unless the same be first approved and licensed."

Milton's eloquent appeal went unheeded for almost 200 years. But finally, in 1955, the last relevant restriction on the press in England was abolished. In the very first of their amendments to the American Constitution, it was exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press ..." There can be no doubt the wording of that famous document was influenced by the great English advocates of free speech and a free press. It was John Stuart Mill, whose father James had influenced American thought, that put it best in his essay, "On Liberty." "We have now," he said, "recognized the necessity to the mental well-being of mankind ... of freedom of opinion, and freedom of expression of opinion."

Manifestly, Mill - a product of 18th century Enlightenment - wrote in an era when intellectuals in the west honestly believed that the world was progressing towards a tolerant and humane society. All this was before the Nazi depredations and the Soviet gulag and the destruction under those regimes of dissenting opinion. Of course, the press in democratic countries is subject, as is the ordinary citizen, to the law of libel and sedition and in wartime to temporary censorship. Since the spread of totalitarian race propaganda, it has also become necessary to afford some protection to easy targets of group libel. In 1965 the Canadian government established a Special Committee on Hate Propaganda and, following recommendations of the report, preventative measures were enacted in our Criminal Code. The Court of Appeal of Alberta has declared part of this legislation unconstitutional.

Let me say a word about radio and television. In Canada, these outlets are licensed. There has, in my opinion, been little if any governmental interference despite the fact that our governmentally-owned Canada Broadcasting Corporation's news reporting has often been attacked. Of course, licensing presents an ever-present opportunity for governmental Radio system are privately owned, the complaints are generally directed against private owners and not government.

Manifestly, the media has an important role to play in our legal system. For example, there is very little use in judges writing about general deterrence in crime if in fact the media does not bring to public attention the judicial decisions involved. Personally, I have always looked upon the press as an important ally of the courts in helping the public understand the workings and decisions of the judiciary. I only wish that the press owners would be able to attract to their staff better trained reporters to report all the important decisions of our courts. Obviously, to do so requires additional staff and thus more money, but, in my view, it would be money well spent. We have in Canada a few legal scholarships available for interested members of the press. I hope that more will be established.

In Canada, with the advent of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms, it is especially important for the public to know the import of complex decision affecting their liberties. Our press does a workmanlike job, but here again, extra learning, extra remuneration and closer liaison with the courts can redound to the public interest.

Do the press make mistakes? Of course they do. But error is not a private preserve of the press. We all contribute to the error agenda of the world. However, the relevant questions to be asked are these: do we realize that we have made a mistake? Do we have in place a means of remedying the effect of such mistakes? And finally, is the press willing to assume some responsibility, not only for exposing evil but considering the effect of exposure which may affect adversely the individual citisions in the abstract without considering the effect of their decision on the public mores. Likewise, I am not one who believes that journalists should merely report without considering the effect of their reporting on the welfare of the public at large. It is often said that the responsibility of the press relates only to the public's right to know. May I suggest that the responsibility goes further, namely, to report fair and impartial accounts in the interest of public welfare. I note with a degree of concern that television reporting in Canada and the United States appears to have created a new class of byline opinion reporter to the virtual exclusion of straight factual reporting. In North America more and more people are getting their news from television - the lazy way of avoiding the more difficult art of reading. Whether this television approach to news reporting will ultimately subsume press reportage is hard to determine.

Manifestly, there exist some singularly literate and fine newspapers. It is difficult to find fault with the reporting found in some of the leading newspapers in the democratic world. The difficulties arise when newspapers try to compete with television by employing shrieking headlines and controversial pictures and thus pander to growing illiteracy. Investigate reporting has become popular in the western world. But as recent judicial decisions have shown, the financial rewards obtained by overemphasis on this type of reporting can be greatly diminished by the awarding of damages in libel actions. I have only to recount a recent libel case in British Columbia brought against the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation where the plaintiff was awarded $125,000. This award has now been overshadowed in the Archer award age or high calibre staff employed by, say, the New York Times. But many newspapers in the English-speaking world manage to emulate excellence on a modest budget. It is these papers that assist the judiciary in fulfilling their responsibility for administering justice under the rule of law.

We live in a time of technological revolution. The essence of the dispute in the recent press strike in England was the introduction of machines that made the majority of the staff redundant. Automation, the grave problem of the modern industrial state, continues unabated. In the near future, the inexpensive printing presses made possible by computers and laser machines may reopen an era of small independent publishing. If that occurs, then new problems will arise.

Our system can only survive with the dissemination of unimpeachable information. Let us, therefore, both journalists and judges, fulfill our duty of responsibility to our fellow citizens in order to preserve our democratic heritage.

Nathan Nemetz is a retired Chief Justice of B.C. and a UBC Great Trekker. He was both exchange editor and advertising manager in 1930-32.

High-Tech Investment Corporation

Investing in UBC

High-Tech Investment Corporation would like to take this opportunity to congratulate the UBYSSEY on its 70th anniversary. We wish the Ubyssey the best of Luck with it's controversial editorials and high standards in the years to come.

High-Tech has been providing games and maintenance to the AMS Games Room for the past 7 years. During this time we have significantly expanded the size of the Games Room to create the largest arcade in western Canada. A clean atmosphere and the latest video and pinball games make the Games Room a premier entertainment facility on campus. The AMS receives more than half of the revenue from the High-Tech games. This money benefits students directly by providing money for bursaries. High-Tech contributes to the U.B.C. job market by providing part-time employment throughout the year. We are interested in increasing our contribution to UBC in the years to come with the establishment of our own bursary fund. Look for promotions and special events in the Games Room this year. For further information or suggestions you can contact High-Tech Investment Corporation at 222-3031.

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The Ubyssey

DePoe: Last of the news hound commandos

In the late Thirties on the UBC campus, Norman DePoe was the classic controversialist, thorn in the flesh, bane and affliction to the establishment. Norman was the heavy duty kicker against pricks, stooges and cads of the era. Many a stuffed shirt wilted and bit the dust when faced with a verbal volley from Norman DePoe.

Norman had an amazing taste for language. He loved the smell of words, their size and shape, textures, sounds, the rough and smooth. He embraced them all: blasphemies, profanity, expletives, imprecations. He never tailored or trimmed. Tender souls were often terrified and yet Norman, when he wanted, could summon up simple and generous words of good will that rang true and clear as a striking bell.

Norman helped me around many hurdles. I came from sturdy puritanical stock. A true blue Presbyterian from away back. Norm was devil's advocate. An intellectual and religious anarchist. When I was tied in knots, crippled with doubts, Norman encouraged rebellion, a stiff backbone, the full frontal attack.

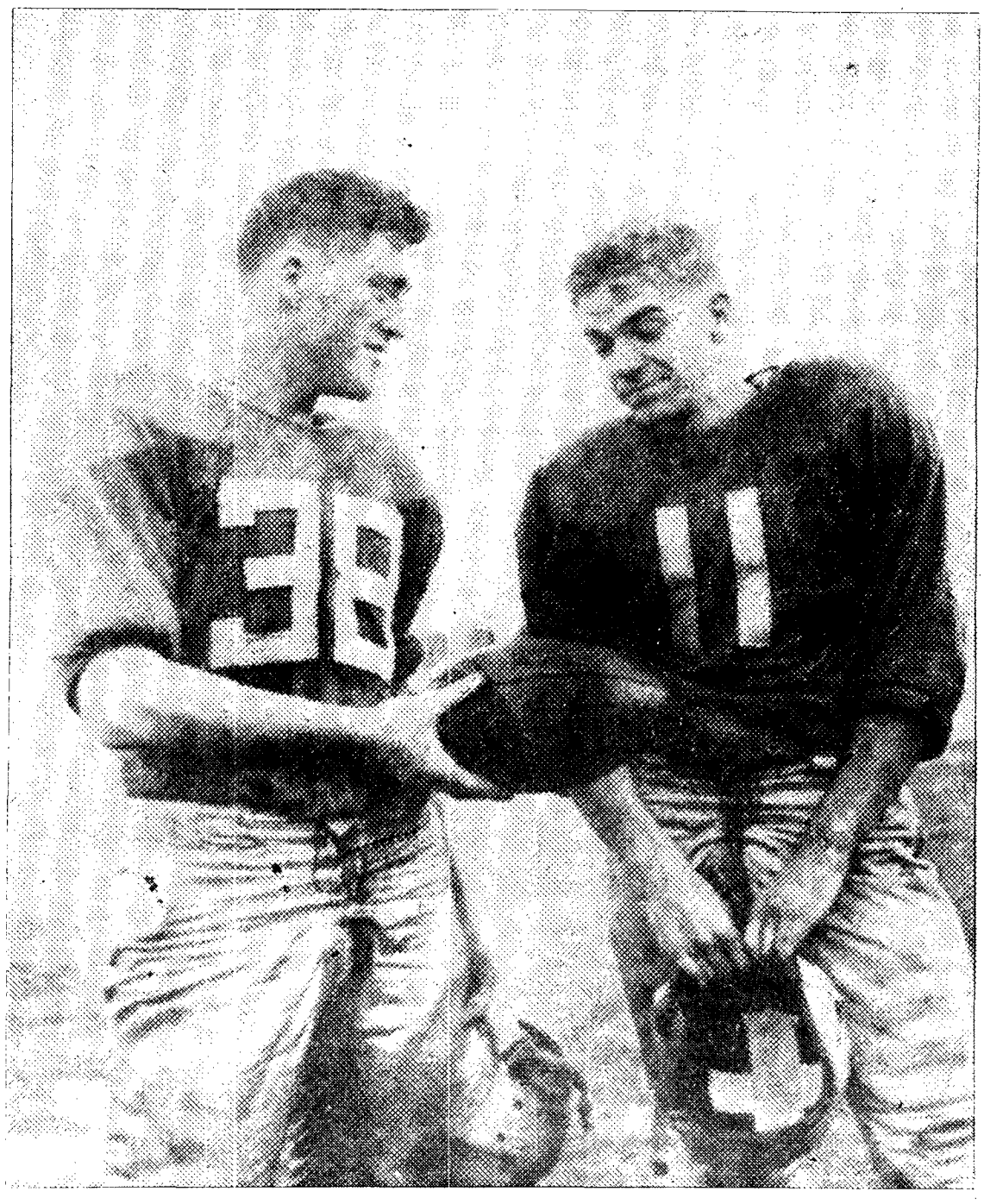
During his professional career, Norman was essentially a microphone and television man. At the CBC in the early Fifties, he was acknowledged as the brightest, sharpest and best communicator in the organization. Dennis Braithwaite once wrote: "When DePoe comes on in his rumpled seersucker suit and five o'clock shadow, hoarse of voice, short of wind, he has the smell of news on him."

Norman did not leave any notable body of memorable prose. Before he died in 1980 he was working on his biography, which he never finished. In his last years he wrote frequent letters to the Globe. Taught a few classes in broadcast journalism.

On a couple of occasions when he was working on his book, he phoned me, always late at night, to check on some detail of life on the campus or the East End of Vancouver. Things like, Who was that head waiter in the Georgia pub back in '39? Or the name of the chap who ran the shoeshine in the Georgia basement? All details very important to Norman.

Norman was a "poor caretaker" of his talent. He died "from self inflicted wounds" brought on by his own lifestyle, was the way Knowlton Nash put it. Over the years, myths have grown and flourished around his life. I knew Norman as a man steeped in the drama of everyday life: politics, love, war, song, mirth, sorrow. All the very essence of his trade, and humanity.

A retired teacher, Sam Roddan is also an author and screenwriter and has documented the history of the United Church. He was a reporter for The Ubyssey in 1933-37.



Rugged heroes of age gone by put brave face on another T-Bird loss.

Heroes of the golden age

My involvement with The Ubyssey and the Publications Board doesn't go back 70 years. But it does go back half a century. Exactly 50 years ago I was named editor of the 1938 Totem, at that time the UBC student Year Book.

When I look at the photographs in the Ubyssey section of my falling-apart copy of that ancient volume, I realize how deceptive they are. We all, men and women, look so serious, so conventional. Almost without exception, the men are wearing jackets and ties, even three-piece suits. The women appear equally formal, equally buttoned-up.

It isn't that we had dressed up to have our pictures taken. That's how we dressed, every day. Without a second thought, we conformed to the dress code of the period. But that's just about the only manner in which we did conform. And most of us were less than serious about our studies or our futures.

What we did find important was The Ubyssey and its tireless effort to deflate pomposity and authority. With an unquenchable sense of humor, the paper's columnists parodied B.C. Government officials, Vancouver dignitaries, and corporate benefactors (of whom there were very few!).

The attacks, however, were not very dangerous. Our idea of humor was derived from the Marx Brothers. We relished yarns about strangely hooded figures resembling leading officials of the UBC administration caught rifling the cafeteria cashbox. Thinly-disguised villains, bearing names suggestive of prominent deans, were the material for innumerable columns.

Today's young people, inured to Eddie Murphy and Robin Williams, would label our attempts at satire hopelessly childish. But in those Vancouver was far from the mainstream. We were a distant, simple culture, just recovering from the trauma of the Great Depression. The excitement and economic hype of World War II was yet to come. The social revolution of the '60s was not only unthinkable, but more than a generation in the future.

In an environment dominated by uncertainty, bleak economics, unemployment, and depression-level wages, The Ubyssey's columns were a message from another, less somber world. These were not times of investment bankers, corporate lawyers, superstars, or front-page athletes. Careers after graduation were as dubious as they had been for our fathers before us. But at least around The Pub (as The Ubyssey office was known) there was room for fantasy and time for play.

It was a crazy way to prepare for life, but amazingly, it seemed to work out. So powerful were The Ubyssey's subtle teachings that most who graduated from those pages stayed successfully in journalism, making full use of the questioning irreverence they learned on campus.

Some became national figures in Canadian communications - Norman DePoe, for example, in TV, Jim Beveridge in film, Zoe Browne-Clayton in print. Many others stayed in or near the business: Reg Jessup, Dick Elson, Norman Hacking, Frank Perry, Jim Macfarlane, and, I am sure, others of whom I have lost track.

Three whose lives were cut short I would like to especially recall. Dorwin Baird, the consummate professional (in the 1938 Totem he is the only one in shirtsleeves, cigarette in hand, bent over a typewriter), Ken Grant, with his uncanny insight into the psyche of B.C.'s loggers and fishermen, and Norman DePoe. Dorwin made an immense contribution to the evolution of radio news, and Ken, had his life taken a different turn, might have been a Canadian Studs Terkel. These two need to be remembered; Norman cannot be forgotten, his life burned out at the culmination of a spectacular career. I am glad I had a chance to know and work with all three.

David Crawley edited the Totem, UBC's annual. He is now the president of David Crawley and Associates, Public Relations/ Communications in Los Angeles.

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1940's

1949: The year before The Rot!

Deep in the heart of every UBC graduate there lurks the suspicion that, from the moment he or she left the campus, intellectual rot set in with the result than ensuing generations of students have emerged unable to read, write, think or perform any useful social task.

All of this is nonsense, of course, except for the progressive decay that has afflicted that once-great enterprise known as the Student Publications Board (universally known as the Pub in my day), which I had the honor to serve as editor-in-chief in 1949-50.

Consider ... the editor-in-chief, before the rot set in, was responsible for production of:

*The Ubyssey, which appeared three times a week and contained an incredible range of scurrilous news stories, columns and editorials designed to induce foaming at the mouth in at least half the campus population;

*Bird Calls, the student telephone directory, an absolutely indispensable aid to a decent campus social life as well as a gold mine of information on where to go and what to do after the pubs closed;

*The Thunderbird, a twice-yearly creative writing magazine, filled with stream-of-consciousness short stories and poetry certain to raise a chorus of disapproval at the pervasive and ill-disguised sexuality; and

*The Totem, the University-wide yearbook, which contained the photographs of every graduating student as well as writeups on the activities of every club, fraternity and sorority, sports team and faculty of the University.

There were, of course, compensations to being married to the Pub. First, as editor-in-chief you got your fees paid by the AMS, which in 1949-50 amounted to a grand total of $205. And then there were the parties ... but they are better not described in a family newspaper.

If there was an apogee (or a nadir) to 1949-50 for me as editor-in-chief it came as winter waned. The engineers, bent on their annual week of mischief, kidnapped me and the editor of The Totem (one Hugh Cameron) and took over the offices of The Ubyssey for a day to produce the infamous Red Rag.

Cameron and I spent the day in a motel on Kingsway (where we had a passable meal of fish and chips) before being rescued about midnight by a group of friendly law students who ransomed us for two bottles of beer.

The Ubyssey staff, of course, wanted to do a hatchet job on the Redshirts by devoting the entire contents of the next issue to the kidnapping. I pulled rank and decreed that not a single word would be written about the incident.

The crestfallen looks on the faces of the Redshirts who shuffled into The Ubyssey's offices when the next issue appeared was almost enough revenge for the indignity of being kidnapped.

We put the final touch on the affair later that week by kidnapping the president of the EUS as he was preparing to leave for the Engineer's Ball at the Commodore. He was, of course, safely delivered to that downtown watering hole later in the evening and it was generally agreed, over a few drinks, that we were even up.

The engineers, in subsequent years, went on kidnapping or inflicting atrocities on editors-in-chief, most of whom couldn't resist striking back in print.

But by then, of course, I'd left and the rot had set in.

Jim Banham was information officer for UBC for thirty years. He is now in fifth year unclassified Arts, attempting to expiate the deep-seated sense of guilt he acquired with his B.A. in 1951

Totem 1945 Yearbook staff

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The Ubyssey

Alcohol haze brings forth ruminations

DIARY

The following entries are from the diary of a pubster who was a freshman in '42-'43 and again after WWII. The following entries, extracted at random, were obviously written in an alcoholic haze and are not only undated but are unreliable and untruthful.

LATE OCTOBER
Great Saturday. One more like it and I'll fail English (my first language, which I don't yet speak fluently). We lost at rugby, but J. was there, which makes up for one bad score with (I hoped) a better one. No luck. I lost too. But why did I let Sears entice us to the Georgia? I hate beer. Drove car up on lawn at three a.m., in typical fog (mine and the city's); awakened at six to move car before family arose. Wooden steering wheel of '28 Buick came apart in my hand. Heard brother's voice, "Some drunk drove up on the lawn last night." Covered head with pillows cursing Sears, Haggart, Ferguson, MacDonald, Haati, etc. Missed English. Again.

TUESDAY
Meet Harlow who insists we go to some obscure dance hall across the line to hear Les Brown. Hate big bands but respect Harlow's sax and DFC. Plays in mixer band with mellow whine. I get to dance with a chubby cheerleader. Predict Harlow will join band at Commodore and die of excess weed. Don't dare tell him this, he known uncanny accuracy of my predictions.

WEDNESDAY
Terrible blow-out with Ferry, violent and corrupt editor of our rag, because I goofed interviewing famous old poet and radio genius Lister Sinclair, who turns out to be my age but can't stop calling him sir. Am unprepared for interview, get nothing. Later learn he writes one-liners in Sanskrit, composes symphonies over breakfast cereal, recites the bible in Greek. Ferry fires me. Am sure he got his job thru influence and bribery.

NOVEMBER
Miss women in pub. Humbly apologize. Apology accepted. Always felt Ferry superior journalist, gentleman and scholar. Allowed to write column, beaten badly by Jabez, who is really a French major and will of course spend the rest of his life teaching children to speak the language when he ought to be writing humour for a living. Bewley of course will end up writing a daily column for the Province, despite his lie that he intends to practice law. I'm never wrong.

LATE WEDNESDAY
Write article for high-toned quarterly dominated by Wardroper and esoteric poet Duke. Am convinced latter will end his days teaching Greek at a southern university. It would be real funny to see him in some practical occupation, say, running a radio station or making movies in Hollywood. Must stop this prognostication and pass Chem.

MONDAY
Set out to date Wardroper's friend. Ended up in the Haggart/Sears room on Davie, with its single bare bulb hanging from ceiling. Brought mickey of Jockey Club with which to wine and dine Wardroper's friend, but ended sharing it with those bums on Davie. Worse, in this bad state I inherit Harlow's '28 Willys coupe. Wasserman demands I sell it to him. I do, first extracting his written acknowledgment of the car's legion faults. He signs. Six months later he writes column in Sun accusing me of selling damaged goods. Predict he will never become one the city's best loved columnist. Genuinely sorry to have accurate foresight.

DECEMBER
The Bastards Club meets in Brock cafe. Norah Clarke, the Hardfeet sisters, Grimmett, Marigold. Can't recall the men. Hilarious waste of time. I fail Maths.

JANUARY
Ferguson tells bad joke about middle class immigrant family from England, in which ten year old daughter announces in crisp voice, Mothaw, come quickly, William has had a bowel movement on the pavement. Convinced Ferguson will end up doctor; his former female friends say he has extraordinary bedside manner. I never guess wrong. Am certain Haggart will go into law, Sears into sales with his family department store, the Mungalls into germ warfare. Berton, famous ex-pubster, will teach history. Paul Wright will become a diplomat. George Robertson repair radios.

FRIDAY
MacFarlane and MacDonald labouring to get out Tuesday edition of Ubyssey. A typical issue with misspellings, bad grammar, lazy and inaccurate reporting, ill-disguised pornography. Abandoning own column and intend to teach school. UBC students continue to get brighter, better morally, highly intelligent, and will soon refuse to put up with this rag. AMS will quit funding it. It won't last five years more, let alone become seventy. Everyone knows my predictions are uncannily accurate.

Before aspiring filmmaking, screenwriting and media mogul-dom, Norman Klenman was a columnist for The Ubyssey in 1946-48.

The Wassail Bowl

By NORM KLENMAN

WHAT PRICE BEAUTY

When a university has something that it likes, it defends it with the kind of mad passion that is beautiful to behold. So it is with the Universities of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. Our relations with those campus have always been rather pleasant—if somewhat distant—and might have continued so, had not pride reared its ugly head. But now the die is cast, to quote an appropriate cliche, and it's a battle to the death.

Somewhere on the campus, there are seven traitorous men, who, in a letter to the U of S paper, declared that UBC pulchritude wasn't a patch on the scruff back home. Coeds at the other western universities took up the cry; and by Monday, the Challenges flying back and forth had burned out a Western Union cable.

BLAME IT ON MOIR

Reg Moir, one of the editors at the Daily Province, liked the whole story. It sort of broke the monotony of beating his cub reporters over the head with his bushy eyebrows. With a Dr. Faustus gleam in his eye, he got his paper to sponsor the first Western Canadian University Beauty Contest in its history.

After UBC knocks the stuffing out of those prairie chickens November 16, it will probably be the last one in history.

THE WINNIPEG BLONDES

There is something to be said, we admit, for the beauties of the spirited Winnipeg campus. We were privileged to see a copy of the **Manitoban**, their excellent newspaper, when it ran pictures of some of the loveliest blondes we've ever seen. Bob Mungall, our CUP editor, hasn't got his eyeballs back into their sockets yet.

The University of Saskatchewan may also have some supercharged feminity. We're sure, and venture to suggest that they enter that instead. They also have a wonderful telescope, one of their stellar attractions. (We just added that in case you're interested in astronomy.)

THE GOLDEN POLAR BEARS

The University of Alberta seems to be the dark horse in this race. Speaking of beauties, they used to have a darned good football team, called the "Golden Bears". But Province Sports Editor Ken McConnell, a rank individualist if we've ever met one, insists on calling them the Polar Bears. Whether or not Alberta has adopted Mr. McConnell's more appropriate name, we're not sure. Oh, yes . . . the beauties. We'll tell you on November 16.

If it weren't for the gym drive getting all the wonderful publicity, as well as the proceeds, we'd suggest the Province sponsor a Kayak race in Baffin Bay, or something. Because if the truth be known, those poor prairie universities haven't a hope! One look around our library, (where we try vainly to study now and then), would convince them that to challenge UBC to a beauty contest is just mad, gay abandon.

ABOUT CHALLENGES

Challenges seem to be all the rage this week, so we've decided to issue a few ourselves:

WE challenge (1) Jack ("Our Town") Scott to a contest to see who can say the nicest things about UBC. (2) Mario Prizek to a poetry-criticism contest in 1980. (No holds barred, Mario). (3) Ted Kirkpatrick to a debate; "RESOLVED: Aunt Betsy, late of the CK—Children's Hour, should not be allowed to address the Social Problems Club." You can have the affirmative, Ted.

Reprinted from The Ubyssey, 1947

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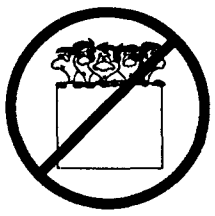

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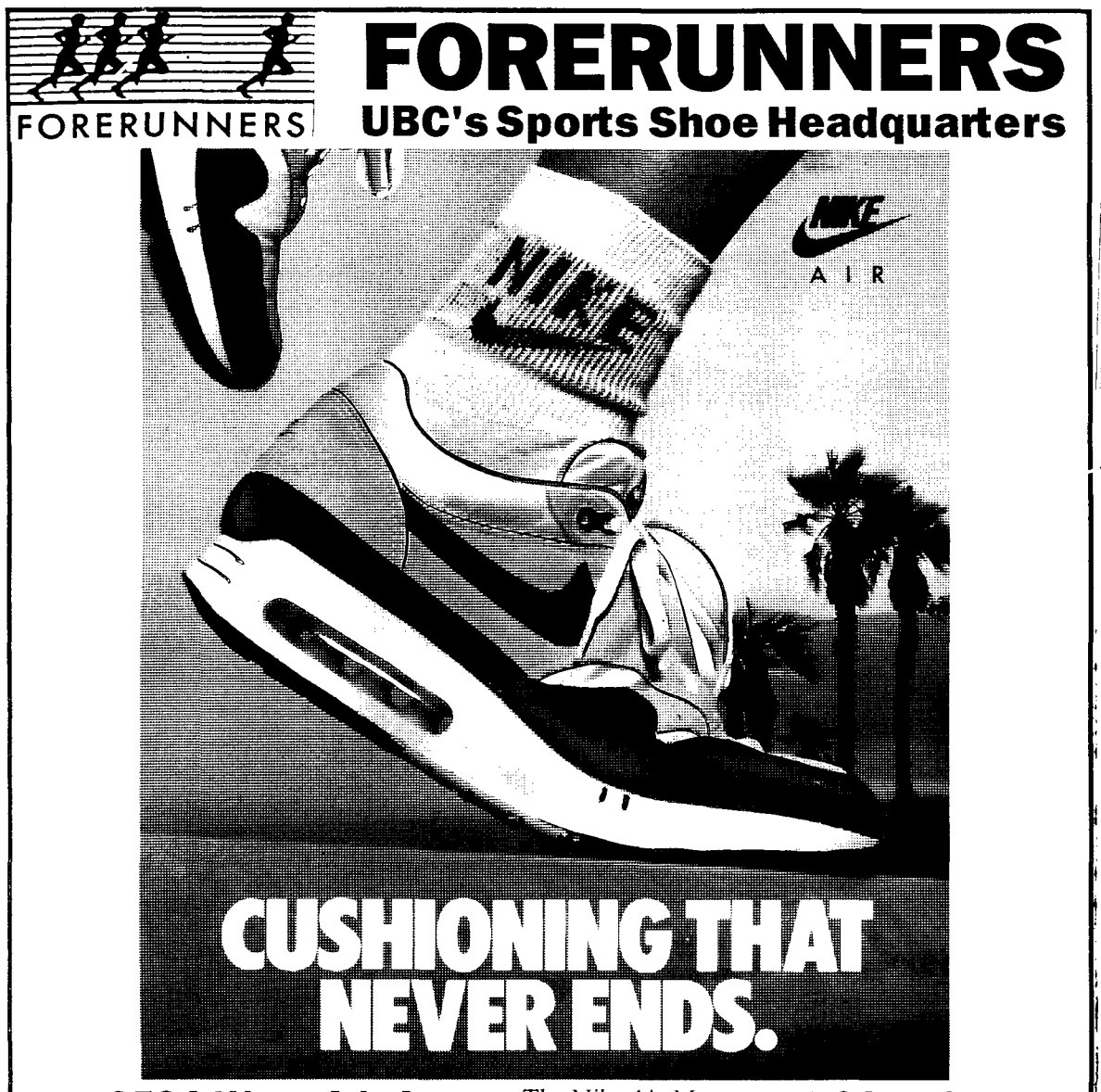

1940's

The Ubyssey

An office, a brothel, a lower-class club

Little did Ron Haggert know what he was starting when he memo'ed Val Sears in the Fall of 1948 that "a string bean with a wisp of a moustache came by today ... we should try him out on a couple of stories. He seems to have had some experience."

That string-bean was Art Welsh.

It led to some of the memorable stories of the '48-'50 times and trials of the "thriving kindergarten in the depths of old Brock Hall" ... a plane ride piloted by one of Canada's early jet jockeys ... the famous blank picture that began and ended an administration attempt to censor The Ubyssey ... a colossal horseshoe city desk abandoned by The Province and donated to The Pub (and it didn't fit).

It is hard to believe that it was 40 years ago that it was the 30th Anniversary Edition. And it was a memorable year because Ubyssey staffers infiltrated the Radio Society (an out-of-bounds no-no in the other basement of Brock Hall) to broadcast a news and variety programme. It was to the great disgust of 1948-49 News Editor Novia Hebert.

The longest continuing assignment from a "string-bean" to a slightly overweight retired high school administrator was punctuated with many pauses — cook at the pubster's hangout, Gould's Grill, printer, advertising salesman, radio news editor, television writer/producer, freelance writer, publisher, lecturer, semi-professional politician.

Lack of money and the encouragement of Dean Walter Gage ("too much Ubyssey and too few marks" were his words) brought the abandonment of a medical career to the onslaught of 34 years teaching all the way from Grade Three to the postgraduate level with about a dozen textbooks thrown in for good measure. Much to Dean Gage's amazement, there were a couple of degrees as well.

Early retirement (so called) came in 1984 and a new career in financial planning. More important, it was back to the beginning, not with an old Underwood but a modern word processor, deep into printer's ink with a syndicated financial column, "Mutually Yours," and a long association with the Scouts Canada as a Director of Communication.

Art Welsh was the first Pre-med student to crawl through the doors of the "old" Pub. He was News Editor in 1949-50.)

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The Ubyssey

Ex-jock recalls pub crawls

Dear Friends,

It is a great pleasure to again turn my hand to meeting a Ubyssey deadline. As you may guess, things have changed a great deal since I toiled as a sportswriter under the nickname "Chick Turner".

Over the years The Ubyssey has been the training ground for many illustrious journalists. Unfortunately, my talents did not match those of other alumni and I was reduced to reading the press rather than writing it. I do, however, have an ongoing interest in the printed word - although I find myself empathizing with President Kennedy who once said of the press that he was "reading it more and enjoying it less."

A thriving democracy demands a vigilant press. So too a university requires an active student press, ready to take up issues as diverse as funding for post-secondary education and pub crawls. In an environment where ideas and opinions should find their fullest expression, it is the role of a university newspaper to challenge the accepted and question the orthodox.

For 70 years, The Ubyssey has been doing just that. I congratulate you on your distinguished past and wish you the very best for an exciting future.

John "Chick" Turner's political career blossomed at UBC. He was sports editor and a columnist for The Ubyssey in 1947-48 and co-ordinator of external affairs for the Alma Mater Society in 1948-49.

Jack Ferry, clad in his robes of state, teaches incoming editor Don Ferguson the power of the printed word with a copy of The Ubyssey.
Reprinted from The Ubyssey March 28, 1947

Fired by the zeal of youth

It had been a good year. We went daily (Tuesday through Friday) and accordingly changed the masthead to read "DAILY UBYSSEY"; we had a great staff and, miraculously, the hard core stayed together right up to the final edition in the Spring; we had a record circulation; and I failed my finals as a result. In fact, by now, more than 40 years later and after a long career in journalism around the world and finding myself now ready to retire my battered Underwood and begin an ill-deserved retirement myself, I have to confess that the profession offers no rewards nor sense of eminence to be compared with the power and glory that goes with the office of editor-in-chief of The Ubyssey.

We were deadly serious about our reportorial responsibilities in those tumultuous postwar years, a moment of great upheaval in campus life. Campus population had doubled and doubled again with hundreds of returning servicemen (of whom I was one myself) and the demographics had widened to include the fresh-faced high school intake side-by-side with mature students returning to their studies after years of wartime service. Our task, as we saw it, was to reflect the two sides of the student community each to the other in the hope that we could maintain a unity of understanding. So we were very inward-looking, concentrating our attention on the events of the university, and leaving the world outside for others. (Indeed, the need to change the world, which was later to become once more a legitimate concern of student journalism, was at that time set aside, no doubt because many of us felt we had so recently succeeded by the victory of 1945 in changing the world adequately well for the time being.)

The staff over those years included some outstanding people - many of whom stayed in journalism and made significant careers for themselves. Names that come to mind are Val Sears, Ron Haggart, the late Jack Waserman, Jim Banham, Allan Fotheringham, and many others. My sports editor was John (then Chick) Turner, a straight-arrow young man with a good ear for the Damon Runyan prose then fashionable among sports writers. I remember that Turner wrote, upon achieving the office of editor, that he had finally "got to the top of the slippery pole," little guessing what slippery poles awaited him in federal politics.

The training and experience we gained in those years cannot nowadays be equalled. The paper was printed at the Point Grey News Gazette, a small flat-bed shop out in Kerrisdale that lacked union disciplines of any kind. We were all soon able to hand-set heads, punch a slug on a linotype and handle our own page make-up on the stone. Who in journalism nowadays even knows what those words mean!

So all this evidence of greatness was more than enough to bring our sense of accomplishment to something approaching psychotic mental disease. It held us together through many ragged days on the desk, many long nights in the composing room and many, many pub parties, fired by the zeal of youth and a certain amount of gin and endless stretches of bad doggerel as new verses were added to the pub song - something about illegitimate children.

D.C. Ferguson is the Director for the Manitoba Region of CBC. He was editor-in-chief to "Chick" Turner in 1947-48.

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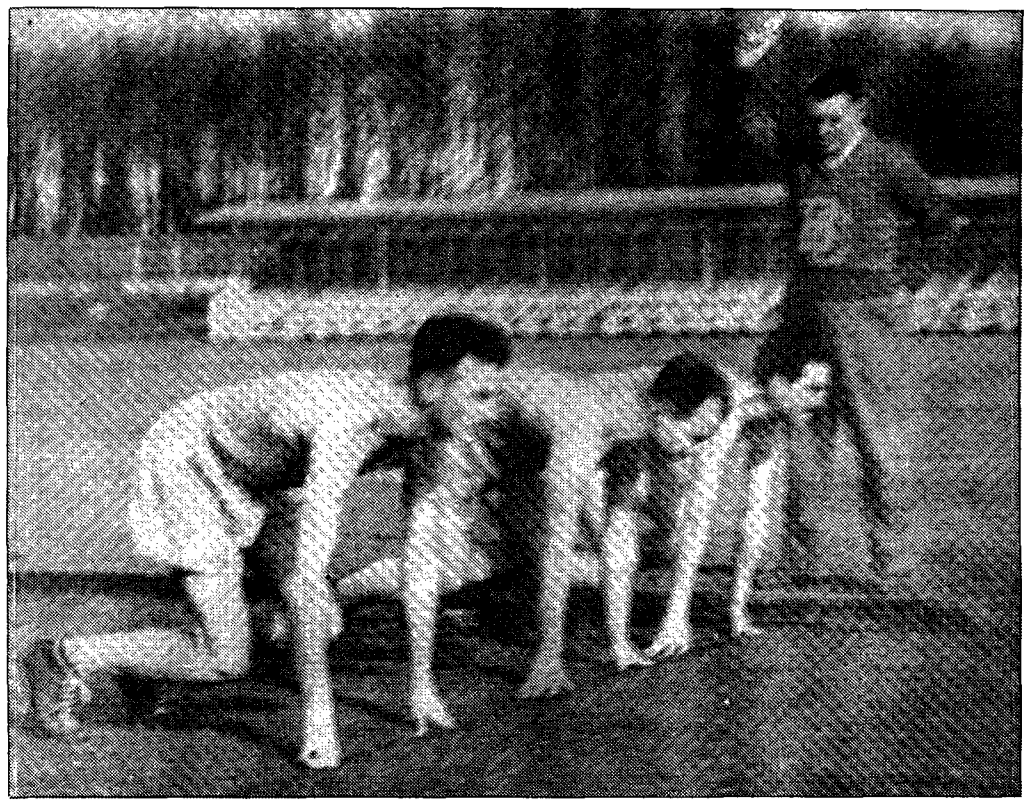

Chariots of Fire ... the 40's away from the War

Retract or enlist: Margeson

Every editor of a newspaper, even of a college newspaper, faces dilemmas of responsibility and ethics from time to time. As editor of the Ubyssey in 1940-41, I remember one such problem that seemed agonizing enough at the time, though it is now a small hill on a distant horizon. Since the episode has not been recorded, I thought I would set it down as part of our collective history.

University men were being given temporary exemption from military call-up until they had completed their degrees, no matter what faculty they were in, a singularly broad-minded attitude. However, they were required to take part in weekend training and a two-week summer camp at the end of term.

A large church parade to the Anglican cathedral was planned to demonstrate our marching skills, such as they were, and to show the university's commitment to the war effort since there were grumblings abroad about our 'privileges'. As preparations went forward, with much emphasis on spit and polish and short haircuts, the company sergeants, army veterans all, shouted themselves hoarse as they berated us as numbskulls and idiots and much worse. I was used to oaths and obscenities from my summer work in the Trail smelter, but I was repelled by the constant blasphemy concerning the ostensible religious purpose of the church parade. Still less did I like their identification of church and state, of God and military power.

Youthful idealism carried me away, and I wrote an editorial objecting to church parades in general and to the way this one was being prepared. When my senior editor saw it, he warned me: "I wouldn't print that if I were you," which surprised me since he was Pierre Berton, the boldest on the news staff and the originator of many a commotion on campus. In spite of his warning, I went ahead, though not without secret misgivings.

There was silence from the authorities for a few days. Students I didn't know would shake my hand in passing or give me an encouraging pat on the shoulder. Then suddenly I was summoned to Colonel Shrum's office. He frowned in his most bullish manner and did not allow me to stand at ease. "Western Command has discussed your editorial," he told me, "and want to shut the paper down. I can, of course, cancel your exemption and have you drafted into the army immediately. Unless you publish an apology in your next issue, that's exactly what I'll do. In the meantime the paper can continue, under sufferance. Dismissed." And I marched out with what dignity I could muster.

At this distance, I can't recall the colonel's words verbatim, but the substance of it is true. The interview was brief and brutal, so it seemed to me; as an army private, I was not allowed to explain or talk back.

Certainly the dilemma was real enough! It was a public issue, the tradition of freedom of the press on all matters of opinion, even in wartime. It was also personal, involving my own beliefs as well as my university career. With imagination working overtime, I could envisage a college newspaper suppressed and a campus-wide protest, a glorious defence of freedom against stupid censorship. But I could also envisage great harm to the university's reputation at a particularly difficult time in the country's history.

In the end, I did not take the heroic course. I composed an apology with an ironic sub-text, not being a pupil of G.G. Sedgewick for nothing. It was directed to Major Macleod, who was in charge of arrangements for the parade, and whom many of us admired as a fair and just man and a democratically minded officer. I said that I had not intended to impugn him or his senior staff and apologized for any distress I might have caused him. However, it was obvious that I was retracting nothing, and I hoped that my choice of phrase would indicate that I did not cherish similar apologetic feelings toward Colonel Shrum.

No further action was taken against me, and The Ubyssey continued to flourish. I even attended the church parade, under compulsion. When I'd completed my degree work, having little love for the army, I joined the air force and began to learn rather more about the world outside.

Jack Margeson is now a Professor Emeritus in English at the University of Toronto and a writer and editor.

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1940's

The Ubyssey

Harvard Signs-up Moyls With Yo-yo Scholarship

By HAIRY PENITENT

Another UBC graduate joined the ranks of the famous last night with the announcement that Francis David "Luke" Moyls has been awarded the Harvard Scholarship for Outhouse standing Achievement in the Field of Yo-yos.

Commenting on the latest honor to be bestowed upon the most popular Graduate Manager of Athletics at UBC, Moyls said, "UBC may well be proud of me outstandin' record."

"I unnerstan' dat dere's no strings attached to dis here yo-yo scholartchip. Dat's why I might not take da offer."

Moyls was boarding an eastern plane during the interview.

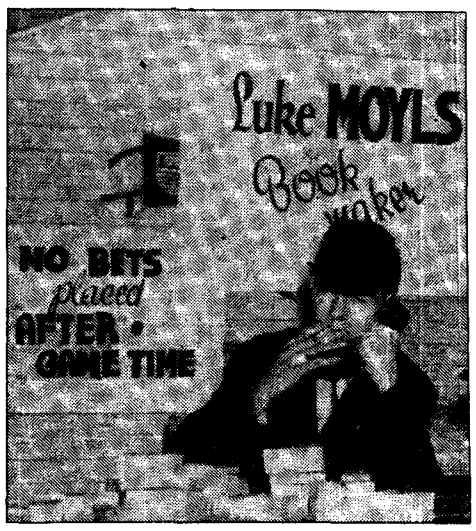
"Ya, yuh gotta hand it tuh me," Moyls continued, "Dis yo-yo racket sure has its ups and downs."

A graduate of Shurpass School of Yo-yo's, Moyls came to UBC "just tuh study collitch life." Encouraged when he received a diploma, he stayed until the announcement of his scholarship award.

President N. A. M. MacKenzie, expressing his pleasure at Moyl's success, said, "I hope they know what they're doing at Harvard. Oh well, their loss is our gain."

Moyls expressed hopes of stopping over at Pittsburgh for a few days to visit his parents who are engaged in the iron and steel business there.

"Me mudder irons an' me fadder steals," Moyls explained



Luke Moyls...

Breaking Moyls Code

I don't want to make it sound like Berlin, but we were, after all, the last flight out of Toronto that day more than 20 years ago. A great ice storm had descended on New Year's Day (the sort of storm Vancouverites believe freezedries Toronto every second Thursday) and I had convinced The Toronto Star it would be a jolly time to go out to Vancouver to rediscover John Turner as a student sportswriter.

It was a good time to leave: the icicles hung everywhere, from the power lines, the trees, the eaves, and from the trailing edge of every Air Canada wing, a too-bring holiday display from the pages of some garish mail order catalogue. Toronto overdone, as usual.

And then Vancouver, where the rain wasn't falling, it hung in the air. It glistened the pavement without touching it; it was that warm, heavy, delicious spray from the giant atomizer they hide behind Grouse Mountain. I should have worn my topcoat, but I purposely left it off, just so I could tell them back in Toronto that I had done so. After all the years, I was still that much of a British Columbia chauvinist.

At the Library of the University of British Columbia, I heaved onto the familiar long table the huge, and carefully-preserved, bound volume of The Ubyssey of my day. I had forgotten that broadsheet newspapers of that era were so big. I already knew that newspaper accountants spend their entire careers trying to get rid of margins. I had worked for two newspapers that turned to profitability by shaving off their margins. But we were purists still on The Ubyssey and we preserved the pretty margins that framed the page.

Actually, it was The Daily Ubyssey I laid upon the table, and that was an absolutely accurate statement of fact, providing you realize that the week starts on Tuesday and ends on Friday; it was the least of our pretensions.

I knew why I was holding back from opening that great bound volume. I was afraid of what I would find. The words formed in hot metal and so carefully put in the chase by Dave Nelson, our printer, were the evidence of that sure wisdom we possessed only as adolescents.

Before turning to the sports pages, which was what I was here to do, I had time to reflect. It is fairly widely known that during the Second World War a group of British mathematicians, working at a country estate called Bletchley Park, finally broke the German Enigma code, and so made a significant contribution to victory. While the story is true so far as it goes, historians have perversely overlooked the facts I have been able to confirm from countless applications under the Access to Information Act: Bletchley Park was actually founded in order to decipher the sports pages of The Daily Ubyssey.

Talent in that era was measured in direct proportion to the number of paragraphs a sports writer could manufacture before revealing the sport he was actu-

see Code page 26

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THE UBYSSEY...

THE UBYSSEY got its name from Homer's Odyssey—the epic poem that, at one time, all first-year UBC students had to read. Since then, it's been called a lot of names—"budgie-cage liner," (in last year's readers' survey), "immature" (by just about everyone), "the best journalism school in the country," (Allan Fotheringham), and our favorite, "the vilest rag west of Blanca."

This is not the place to debate the accuracy of such names. But the idea of Odyssey has proved to be apt for THE UBYSSEY. THE UBYSSEY has taken countless student journalists on a personal odyssey, through the basics of news style to the spirited parries of editorial writing, through the intricacies of student politics to the heady analysis of social issues. And the paper itself has had a rich enough history to be worthy of an epic name.

THE UBYSSEY was born in December, 1916, as the child of the Fairview-site newspaper called the Anon. It grew, like most young sprites, out of its short form, and became the Anonymous.

Anonymous didn't remain anonymous for long—it soon burgeoned into The Ubicee. This was a bastard publication brought into the world with a brain, but no body text: it published essays and literary pieces, but no news.

The Ubicee appeared monthly, funded entirely by voluntary student subscriptions, so it could never be sure of its budget. This system didn't provide the nourishment the youngster needed; soon there was no money to continue publishing.

A foster parent showed itself to the emaciated press. The UBC publications board suggested, in March 1917, that the paper receive funding from students, and raised student fees from two to four dollars.

With love and patronage the paper matured. And on October 18, 1918, THE UBYSSEY was re-born as a weekly publication.

THE UBYSSEY had aspirations of being a real newspaper, and looked for real news stories.

It looked high and low for news around the tiny Fairview campus. The early years saw many stories about the administration and the Alma Mater Society. The Player's Club, Musical Society, Literary Society, and Canadian Officers' Training Corps also provided copious amounts of copy.

But in this young stage of life, THE UBYSSEY had not yet grappled with an issue.

That soon changed with the problem of overcrowding. In the fall of 1921, the 1,176 students complained they had no room to study, let alone grow.

THE UBYSSEY helped lobby for the Point Grey campus, and printed regular updates on the campaign to move the campus here, to the so-scenic-that-you-can't-study-Point-Grey-campus.

November 8, 1922, the Provincial Government gave the University of British Columbia at Point Grey a hefty allowance of $1,500,000 to start the physical development.

THE UBYSSEY, too, grew. It matured into a twice weekly paper.

With Earle Birney in the hot seat, as the editor-in-chief, THE UBYSSEY printed big bold editorials; an identity was slowly forming in the column inches of the yellow rag.

A memorable innovation appeared in November, 1921: the first Muck-a-Muck page. This humor and literary page continued for over 20 years. A year after the Muck Page appeared, THE UBYSSEY was banned from local high schools because of its questionable "quality of humor."

THE UBYSSEY finally let go the apron strings completely in 1926, thanks to a change in the relationship between the publications board and students' council. Previously the editor-in-chief had been a students' council member, but as the paper grew, people had realized that one of its functions is to advance constructive criticism of council policy and campus groups (so there, Bob Seeman!). That mission can only be fulfilled if the editor and staff are entirely independent from the campus governing body.

New issues raised their hidden heads from beneath the sand, and in 1926, THE UBYSSEY printed an editorial on women's rights. "Women are crying out for equality. Give it to them by all means, we say. They have taken over what were regarded as men's privileges; they drink and smoke and swear."

Despite this editorial, in the spring of 1927, Jean Tolmie became the first woman editor of THE UBYSSEY.

In the depth of old Brock Hall; They feed the kids on bottles From the time that they are small.

The beginning of the depression, and the dawn of a new decade brought an added spark to the malcontents on staff. Imagine—they had the nerve to complain about government underfunding.

A scorching editorial on unmonied education burned the

SEVENTY YEARS ON

hands of the administration, and THE UBYSSEY had its first taste of martyrdom. UBC President Leonard S. Klinck ordered the paper to cease publishing, because it was embarrassing to him in his negotiations with Victoria.

But THE UBYSSEY did not back down, and editor-in-chief Ron Grantham was suspended for two weeks. Even that did not stop publication. THE UBYSSEY continued with the guidance of Bessie Robertson, Himie Koshevoy, and Edgar Brown.

In the Pub office, a corpse was found. It bore the name "Free Speech." A funeral was held. Words were uttered. Photographs were taken.

With love and patronage the paper matured. And on October 18, 1918, THE UBYSSEY was reborn as a weekly publication.

Given the chance to do it all again, Himie Koshevoy says he would not have been so kind as to keep the paper going—he would have quit.

Malcolm McGregor, "Mac", athlete, aesthete, and all-around man-about-town, brought a charismatic spin to the paper. After initiating a movement for all students to wear gowns to class, he also organized dramatizations of Greek tragedy under the cryptic title "the society of Troth."

But the women staffers who returned home with a black mark on their foreheads were soon forbidden to take part in the underworld life of THE UBYSSEY night.

Although Nathan Nemetz held the position of exchange editor and advertising manager, he never really thought of himself as a real reporter. He says THE UBYSSEY made him think about things, and perhaps fueled his interest in justice—although everyone at the paper was socially conscious.

A long-term resident of the pub but an atypical pubster was Eric Nicol, first as an undergraduate and after the war as a graduate student in French. He started by reviving the old Chang Suey Columns, and then in November 1940 switched to what he calls a "somewhat more sedate column called The Mummery" which he wrote under a nome de plume, Jabez, a Hebrew word meaning "he will give pain."

Pierre Berton won't tell us whether or not he felt the student journalist's role was to "give pain," but he does say the main reason he enrolled at UBC was the student paper.

"I gave little thought to lectures or curriculum but instead went straight to the offices of the Publication Board," he says.

In 1940-1941 Berton and Janet Walker were senior editors with Jack Margeson as editor-in-chief. That year they wrote the official song: "The Illegitimate Children of the Publications Board":

"There's a thriving kindergarten,
In the depth of old Brock Hall;
They feed the kids on bottles
From the time that they are small.
They sleep on beer-soaked Ubysseys,
And Margeson is lord,
Of the illegitimate children,
Of the Publication Board."

In the forties, the world grew increasingly complex for students. Failing a Christmas exam was no longer the worst thing that could happen. The Second World War had broken out. And in true UBYSSEY style, the paper took a strong stance against military training in universities.

Besides the military presence on campus, the fraternities also suffered the wrath of THE UBYSSEY's cutting pen.

The "pub," as it was then called, was the home of the conscientious idlers, the community telephone, and bridge contests.... (bridge contests?)

Pubsters were the focal point of the English department, and some say the handbook of cafeteria intellectuals.

Amid the turmoil of campus campaigns against overcrowding, delegations to Victoria, technocracy lectures, forbidden political clubs, basketball disasters, and theatrical productions, forty issues of THE UBYSSEY were ground out by three veteran typewriters in the bowels of the Pub office.

The rest was ground out in parties held at La Fonda Inn, on Fourth Avenue.

In the fifties, THE UBYSSEY had grown up, and was generating some talented offspring. Lots of famous people were born from the loins of the fifties UBYSSEY: Pierre Berton, Dean Marchak, Dean Lusztig, Allan Fotheringham, Joe Schlesinger, Pat Carney, Helen Hutchinson, Norman Depoe, Lister Sinclair, and Mamie Maloney.

The history of THE UBYSSEY as it now exists began in the fall of 1959, following the Great purge in the Spring of '59. That spring the staff published a lampoon on some of the aspects of Christianity, and Easter in particular.

Campus reaction was not an outburst of Christian charity. The then existing faculty council suspended editors Al Forrest and Rupert Buchanan from UBC and also suspended the remainder of the editorial board and three senior staffers from participating on THE UBYSSEY.

And we're still eccentric, and we still look for a view other than the accepted norm.

When the paper reappeared the next year it was a bad paper.

It was at this time Sun reporter Bill Rayner began regular visits to the paper, offering tips on publishing a paper. The Sun paid Rayner overtime for these weekly jaunts, and THE UBYSSEY became a Sun farm team.

Technically, THE UBYSSEY became a good paper. Starting in 1961-62 the paper won the now defunct Southam trophy as the best student paper in Canada for seven years in a row. (CUP trophies were dicontinued in 1968, a move instigated by THE UBYSSEY).

The Rayner dynasty continued at THE UBYSSEY until 1965 when Tom Wayman became editor. Without sacrificing technical excellence, Wayman moved the paper towards a medium of comment, analysis, and opinion.

During the following years THE UBYSSEY increasingly became a paper bent on analyzing the roots of society's problems rather than merely scandal-mongering. Editor John Kelsey was fired from a part-time job at The Sun after he wrote a position paper emphasizing the need for The Ubyssey to become an analytical paper and avoid being merely a scandal-monger like The Sun.

The paper also became increasingly concerned with staff democracy. From 1969 to 1972 the paper's operations became increasingly collectivized, and formal editorships were abolished. Staffers ran the different departments.

In 1971 Rayner broke entirely with THE UBYSSEY, but as the paper had a large number of experienced staff, its quality remained high.

In 1972-73 the paper tried a novel experiment: dual editorship. Jan O'Brian and John Andersen ploughed the fecund fields together, and reaped countless fine issues.

Dual editors continued with now Sun columnist Vaughn Palmer and Michael Sasges, but in following years, only one person was elected as editor.

During this period, news reporting and technical quality became priorities at the expense of comment and analysis.

The two-headed monster returned with Heather Conn and Tom Hawthorne in 79-80.

The following year, Verne McDonald, longtime poofta and cartoonist, squeaked in as editor, receiving almost as many no-votes as yes-votes. But he was the only candidate, and there was no one else.

The collective editorial board was resurrected in the eighties, with such up-and-comers as Muriel Draaisma, Chris Wong, Craig Brooks, Brian Jones, Shaffin Sharriff, Sarah Cox (although she left half way through the year), Patti Flather, Robert Beynon, Charlie Fidelman, and Robert Cappa wannabe Neil Lucente.

Young hopefuls such as Stephen Wisenthal, Debbie Lo, David Ferman, Evelyn Jacob, Svetozar Kontic, Michael Groberman have descended into the old hacks cellar.

And last year, the paper changed its format. We became modular, blocky, and tidy. Editors Corinne Bjorge, Victor Chew Wong, Ross McLaren, Laura Busheikin, and Jennifer Lyall were not.

Seventy years later we still make mistakes. And we're still eccentric, and we still look for a view other than the accepted norm. Education, we feel, takes courage.

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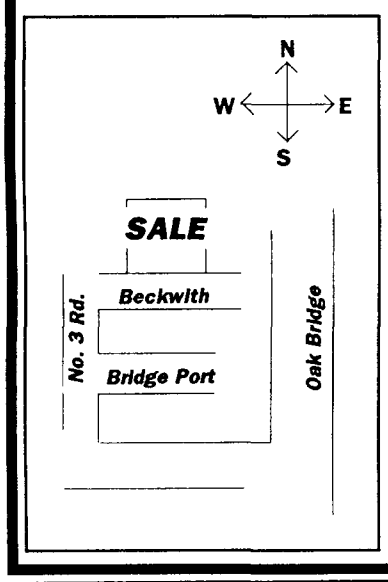

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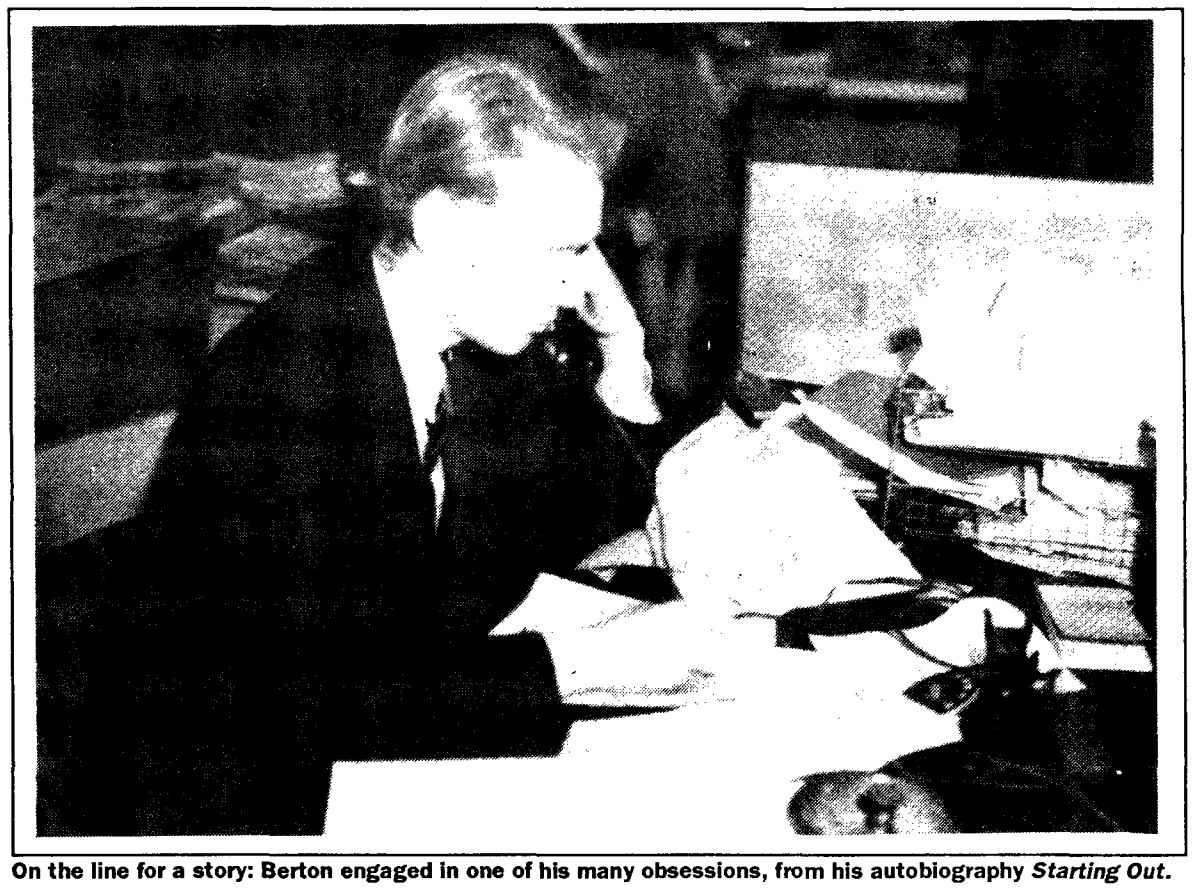

On the line for a story: Berton engaged in one of his many obsessions, from his autobiography *Starting Out*.

Scoop Berton: absent

By Catherine Lu

When Pierre Berton told his mother he was going to be a journalist, she lamented, "You'll live all your life with frayed shirts and worn trousers." But as she knew, and as many others would later find out, the will of this son of the Yukon would not bend to such threats.

> "I think you've got to say what you want and not worry about the consequences."

Berton's chosen profession came naturally to him. Writing was, and is, very much his obsession. "Always has been," he said in a recent telephone conversation. "It was, long before I went to UBC."

As a child growing up in Dawson, the city of gold, Berton started newspapers in the Boy Scouts, high school, and the mining camps where he worked. In fact, Berton's decision to enrol at UBC in the fall of 1939 had little to do with a desire for higher education.

"I didn't go to many classes at university. I thought they were a waste of time," he says. "I really went to university to work on the university paper so I could get a job in journalism."

In his autobiography, Starting Out: 1920-1947, Berton cited a factor of journalism, aside from the writing, which appealed to him: "I was heavily influenced by Hollywood movies in which lone reporters solved crimes single-handed and rushed through the city room shouting, 'Stop those giant presses!' I saw myself as Scoop Berton, a hard-drinking, hard-driving reporter with a hat on the back of his head in the band of which was inserted a large white card bearing the magic Open Sesame: PRESS."

Berton was greeted at the offices of the Publications Board by Janet Walker, an Associate Editor of The Ubyssey, and his future wife. "A lot of people that year got married to each other," Berton recalls. "I didn't marry Janet for some years after [in 1946] but we kept in touch. Everybody knew everybody else. We'd phone each socially a lot. She wasn't a girlfriend of mine really at that time—I just knew her, but knew her very well."

Soon The Ubyssey became a family operation: in the autumn of 1940 Berton ascended to the rank of Senior Editor, along with Janet Walker, and his sister Lucy joined up as a reporter. Berton was also the campus news announcer at the Radio Society that graduation year. It was the fulfilment of a childhood dream when, he remembers, "Around the campfire I would pretend to be a radio announcer and do news reports about what was going on in the Scouts, usually scurrilous."

The academic aspect of university life escaped Berton, who often skipped lectures or fell asleep in his classes after long production nights. "On press day I never went to any classes, and some classes I didn't go to either because I thought I could do better reading the books. In fact, I got my best marks in those classes I never went near," he says with a chortle.

Berton would be the first to tell you, somewhat proudly, that he is "not an academic," which in his view has made him write more interesting books. "If I had been trained as a historian, my books might have been a lot duller," he says. "But I had to train myself. I had to learn all the disciplines of history and use exactly the same techniques that the academics do. But having been a journalist and a writer, I think I know a little bit more about putting a narrative together, not necessarily more about analyzing history, but certainly about telling a story."

The books would come after a long, brilliant and diverse career as a journalist for The Vancouver Sun, writer and editor for Maclean's, and columnist for The Toronto Star. Working on The Ubyssey gave Berton valuable experience in the newspaper business, "but I had to claw my own way up," he says.

His break came when the Vancouver News-Herald hired a dozen new staff. "They said they would give us two weeks tryout, and keep two of us...and I was one of them."

"I had a wonderful time on The Ubyssey, and it was nice to be paid a little bit for doing what I was doing for nothing in university," says Berton.

The secret of his success perhaps lies mainly in his trust of his own instincts and his strength of will. "I learned it as I went along. I wasn't very good when I started," Berton says. "The only thing I had which I think you've got to have was the desire to do it...and to like doing it. I think you've got to have that obsession."

In his diverse career, which included hosting Canada's longest running television program, the "Pierre Berton Show," Berton's principles have landed him in trouble on several occasions. He lost his job at Maclean's for writing an article titled "Let's Stop Hoaxing Our Kids About Sex." Later, his programs were excluded from several radio and television stations because he attacked the Canadian Television Network for not being Canadian enough.

"I've always bounced back," he says. "I think you've got to say what you want and not worry about the consequences."

For this reason, Berton prefers writing books to working in the media. "It's the one time you're totally in control—you don't have a committee leaning over your shoulder telling you what you should do," says Berton. "I control my books from jacket to jacket. That's what I like—I'm in charge."

Berton denies having any "moral or crusading purpose" for writing his books. "I just like to tell a good story, but if that gives [Canadians] a sense of identity, and I think it has, I'm happy that there's been a secondary reason for the books to be published," he says.

"I'm a professional writer and I write, first, because I have to and second, because it pays the bills," Berton adds.

He advises those who are inspired by his life story and wish to embark on similar journeys to "write and read a lot. Learn by doing it," he stresses. "Dissect the way other people write, not only to get a knowledge of writing...but to learn how others did it and then try yourself over and over again until you succeed."

It has been a long way from the "frayed shirts and worn trousers," which characterized his time at UBC. Forever devoted to seeking good stories, this storyteller's obsession is life itself.

Ubyssey

"We all knew we would be famous"

We all knew we were going to be famous. After all, wasn't everyone—Pierre Berton, Hal Straight, Eric Nicol, to name some—who inhabited the lunch-littered, grungy offices of The Ubyssey before us?

So Great Trekker Allan Fotheringham, Joe Schlesinger, Helen Hutchinson, Stan Beck and twin brother Jim Carney and myself, to name some of our Ubyssey colleagues, all knew without question we were destined to read our names in the papers at some future date, making news or reporting it.

This meant we rarely had to go to class, since fame rendered an academic record unnecessary. Traces show up in our work; Allan Fotheringham's frequent Biblical illusions in his columns reflect the English course he took on the subject.

Mostly, we scorned the Greeks: why join a sorority or fraternity when we had our own society, The Ubyssey? We hated the engineers; I have a picture of Fotheringham chained to Birk's clock by the boys in red.

My first city editor was Schlesinger. We heard about Stalin's death sitting around the copy desk in the basement of Brock Hall. I wrote a column on campus politics called "The Gripe Vine". Both my twin and I were stringers for the Province newspaper, Jim on the sports side and myself on the city side, for 25 cents a column inch. The Province didn't hire siblings, so I stayed with the paper and my twin went on to a career in television and radio.

Hon. Pat Carney, M.P.
President Treasury Board, Canada

I don't think any of us became rich, but most of us remained friends for life. And when we think of UBC, we think first of The Ubyssey and the slogan on The Ubyssey's masthead shaped our lives.

The Hon. Pat Carney was a Ubyssey reporter and editor in the 1950's. She is retiring from her post as Member of Parliament for Vancouver Centre this year.

He wrote for the "Great Unwashed"

Washington—What can one say about, how can one explain, a college rag that produces a poet such as Earle Birney, such an author as Pierre Berton, a politician such as John Turner, a jurist such as Sonny Nemetz - not to mention those of us, blushing, who encompass all of those talents?

... the best journalism school in Canada - all the better because it has no perfessors, no agenda, no curriculum and nothing but freedom.

It is quite simple. All of the above, the Illegitimate Children of the Publications Board, otherwise known as products of The Ubyssey, owe their success to what they learned in the basement of Brock Hall.

The sparse, lean lines of Birney - the long-distance runner of Canadian letters - obviously were honed in those early days when pioneers of the paper were destined for literary fame.

Berton, an outrageous exemplar of sophomoric shock, learned how to grab an audience and went quickly to the Vancouver News-Herald, Vancouver Sun, Maclean's, Toronto Star and now disgusts every faculty club in the land by making Canadian history not only interesting but actually readable for the Great Unwashed.

Turner, the only politician extant who speaks in telegrams, apparently learned his bit-sized chunks of oratory while emoting as a sportswriter on the above sheet. As a jocular jock, his gifts have never left him - and still puzzle televiewers.

As for Brother Nemetz, raised to the heights of Benchdom, the obfuscation and muddification endemic to any high personage of the Law were obviously practiced and perfected while writing editorials for said journal back in the paleolithic age.

Different gifts, different people, all attracted by what is still the best journalism school in Canada - all the better because it has no perfessors, no agenda, no curriculum and nothing but freedom.

A shy and thin reporter was Patricia Carney, born in Shanghai ...

It works, somehow. The editor, in 1953, who shoe-horned me into the role was one Joe Schlesinger, recently escaped from Czechoslovakian barbwire, and now the wise CBC correspondent in Washington who makes most of his American equivalents on the tube appear monosyllabic.

The chap behind me in the sports department was Stanley Beck, now chairman of the Ontario Securities Commission, in charge of chasing all the baddies on Bay Street, of which there is a surfeit. A shy and thin reporter was Patricia Carney, born in Shanghai, whose twin brother Jim was the finest saxophonist in the Pub Board band that decorated our parties to the extent that mere frippery ex-

continued on page 26

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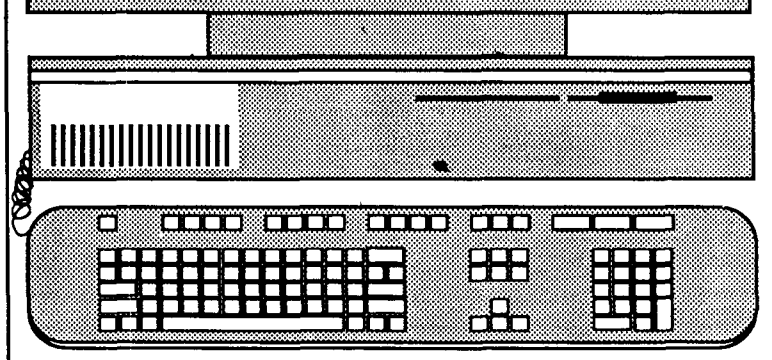

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1960's

In the field of experience...

Like almost all former Ubyssey staffers I have many fond memories of my years there, as well as a few memories of juvenile incidents I'd rather forget.

Generally, though, The Ubyssey proved to be an excellent training ground for the real world of journalism, if not for life itself.

It was praxis journalism, learning by doing. There were no profs to steer us, thankfully, so we made do with tips passed on by graduating students and with excellent critiques by The Sun's Bill Rayner. We were free to learn from our own mistakes and successes, and in retrospect I wouldn't have had it any other way.

That independence of The Ubyssey left its staffers free to innovate at an early stage in their development, which helps explain why so many of its staffers have gone on to illustrious careers. Tonight (i.e., Oct. 6) we are, for example, honouring Allan Fotheringham, who certainly is one of our most illustrious alumni. The Foth has many talents, but perhaps the one that has given him longevity at the top of his profession is his ingrained inclination to challenge the status quo. (Growing up in Saskatchewan probably helped a lot, too.)

Among my own modest innovations, I count the introduction of a vertical logo for The Ubyssey around 1969, which freed the paper's layout from its constrained vertical format.

That same time saw what was arguably The Ubyssey's finest hour, when virtually every staffer available was involved in blanket coverage of the Faculty Club occupation led by Jerry Rubin. The issue we produced the next morning (which on the front page featured Dirk Visser's gripping full-size photo of Rubin) was easily the best single issue of the period, and perhaps much longer.

Those indeed were interesting times (remember the SFU 114?) but in retrospect the important thing was that The Ubyssey gave its volunteer staffers many great opportunities to cut their teeth on real journalism, not on some hokey story ideas cooked up by a jaded prof. We learned more practical professional and life skills there than we could have in any classroom.

Which gets around to the point of this diatribe, which is to add to the debate about what a journalism school should be like if and when one is established at UBC.

As one who came close to enrolling in journalism at the University of Washington, I've since thought many times about the pros and cons. That is, journalism schools that teach mainly wordsmithing and knob-turning are doing a grave disservice to the journalism profession and to society at large.

Obviously, some writing techniques have to be taught, especially since the high schools do such a poor job of teaching grammar, but it would be far better to emphasize professional techniques. A prime example is the interviewing techniques being developed and taught now in Ottawa by one of our cousins, John Sawatsky, the award-winning journalist and author who was the first reporter from SFU's student paper, The Peak, to enter The Sun's intern program for student journalists. We all know that different types of questions elicit different answers, but Sawatsky is beginning to catalogue which types of questions consistently produce the best responses. We should look to do the same, and more, at UBC.

But furthermore, a UBC journalism school should REQUIRE that its students take and pass a very broad mix of electives, such as physical science courses, forestry and/or agriculture, definitely business and law or economics and accounting, mathematics and statistical methods, a second or even

see Experience page 21

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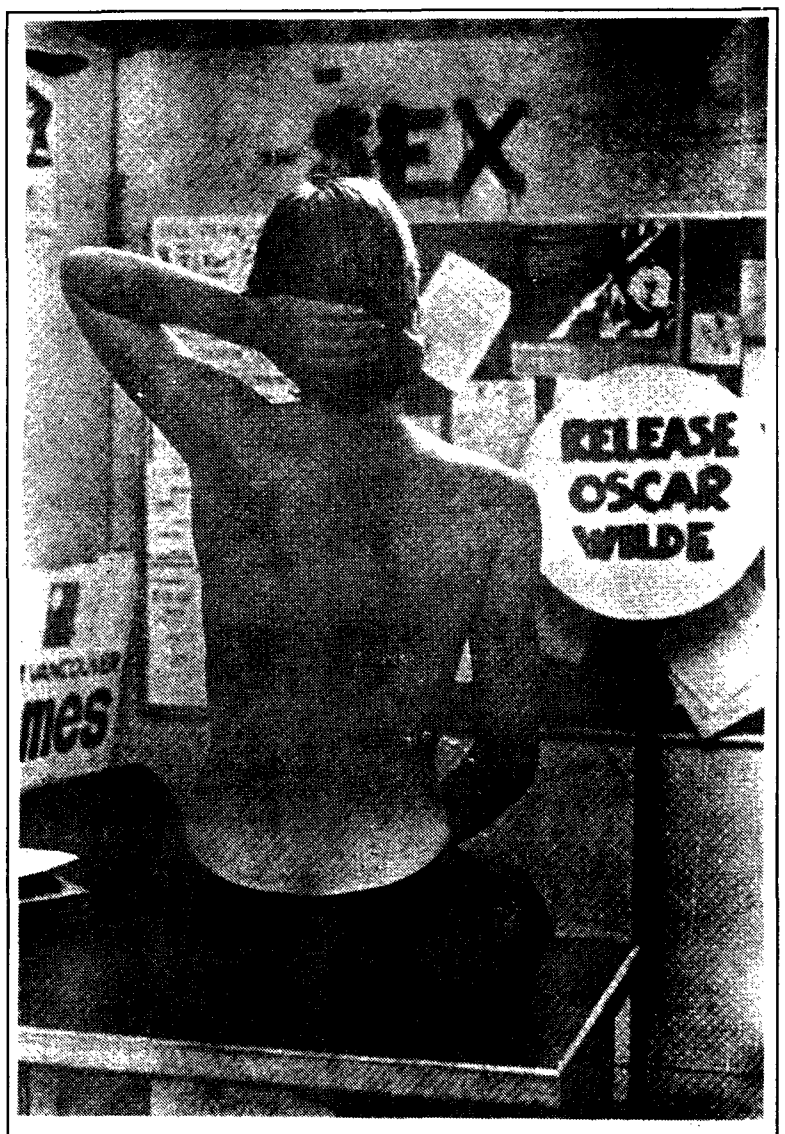

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"Up against the wall, you mothers."

Experience

continued from page 20

third language, some social sciences and perhaps even some athletics. And of course English composition - as REQUIREMENTS before a student enters the school, and during too.

I feel strongly about that because by a fluke I ended up taking that kind of mix and now feel much richer for it. In my search for "mickey-mouse" classes that would produce three easy credits and leave lots of time for The Ubyssey, I stumbled upon things like Urban Geography and film studies where I was exposed to concepts and ways of thinking that I still draw upon today.

Ditto for seemingly innocuous courses like first-year chemistry and math; my grades weren't great, but to this day I retain knowledge that is frequently useful in my business journalism (for example, Moli Energy's concatenation, or urban development considerations in the Expo site). So long live generalism in journalism education, and long live a truly independent Ubyssey. Tuum est! And non-illegitimus carborundum too.

John Twigg was The Ubyssey's senior editor in 1969-70. He now publishes a monthly newspaper: "John Twigg's Report on B.C.", covering business, economics, politics and government.

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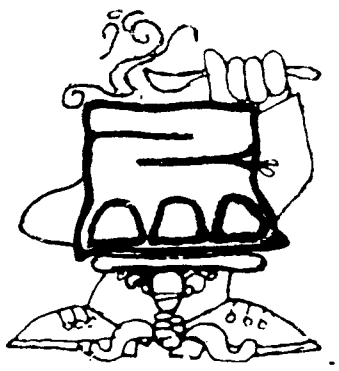

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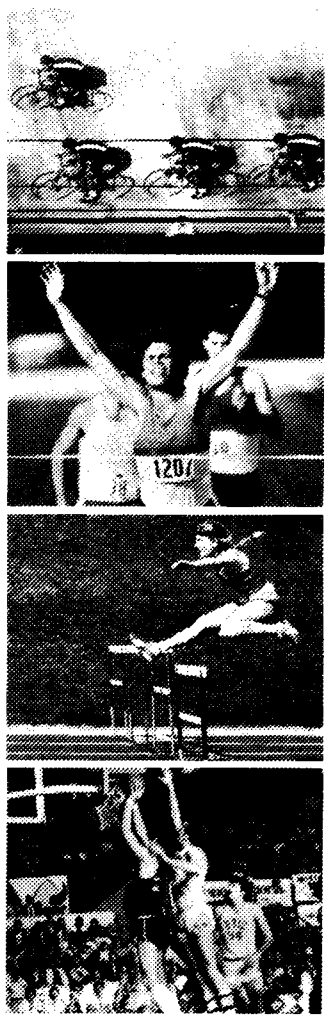

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1960's

It happened

Shards of Ubyssey recollections surface after lying undisturbed for 20 years.

Working out of the wondrously decrepit north basement of Brock Hall: puke-green walls, beat-up typewriters, broken furniture, those wonderful posters: "Support the People's Liberation Struggle in East Kalimantan."

Legendary hoaxes: in the late 1960s, they still talked about the great ones early in the decade, like The Ubyssey expedition to deepest Burnaby to find SFU. Or the engineers setting up homemade sculptures during the summer, then with The Ubyssey in the know and recording anguished profs and onlookers, as the 'geers demolished them with sledgehammers during frosh week. The concave-chested statue of a prospector with goldpan in the Buchanan plaza (still there?) was an unfortunate casualty of excessive enthusiasm for modern art.

And there were some really dumb and insensitive ones, like the exploits of the Midnight Rapist, supposedly seen around campus after dark in just a bowler hat. Christmas pinups: a naked lady cut up into pieces and scattered through the paper, with some extra pieces of anatomy thrown in: Were we that stupid?

Arnold Saba's Hopeful Geranium Club, his anarchic rearrangement of type, headlines, news photos and drawings into a kind of Far Side mated with Monty Python out of DC Comics. Saba's strip on the Blorgs gave voice and form to those perennial shmoo-like creatures from Pango Pango who populated Ubyssey column-bottom fillers. Are they still alive?

At a CUP conference in Winnipeg, arguing late into the night with other delegates in the corridors of the Fort Garry Hotel in Winnipeg about United Fruit's exploitation of Central America. That was the year that CUP abolished "elitist" awards too. I guess there's a connection there.

Coming to UBC one Monday morning and finding the trees on Main Boulevard festooned with Uncle Ben's beer cans and toilet paper streamers. The engineers, natch. Less amusing: the time they kidnapped Ubyssey columnist Gabor Mate to cut his long hair and he escaped by jumping from a second-floor window.

Editor Stuart Gray upchucking his carefully-sipped beer in the annual suds swill against foresters, engineers, and others. But Pubsters always won in the next-day story.

Freedom of the press: we reprinted some (pretty horrible) photos from Playboy magazine banned from Vancouver by Mayor Tom "Terrific" Campbell as pornographic. The words "tinpot dictator" got thrown around in large type.

Rats discovered at St. Mark's College. So we found an empty rye bottle and laid it reverently next to the deceased rodent. Big picture on the front page next day.

Student power at UBC: yippie Jerry Rubin (yeah, the same guy that sells self-awareness seminars or life insurance or "the power of networking" these days, without the ragged beard or beret) comes to campus for a lunchtime speech in front of the library. "Where on campus can't students go?" asks Rubin. The faculty club, yell a few students. So off go 2,000 students to occupy the club, smoke a few professors' cigars, and leave next day, much to the amusement of another illustrious visitor, Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore, who was staying next door. He seems to have aged better than Jerry.

Reprinting "The Student as Nigger" by Jerry Farber, a flaming tract first printed in an obscure U.S. student paper (wonder how Jesse Jackson would like the metaphor these days?), and thanks to The Ubyssey, picked up by just about every Canadian university paper. For shock value, it couldn't be topped.

John Kelsey, editor in 1966/67, delicately munching fish (he had bad teeth) at the Modern Cafe on Broadway, where we went on production nights, ads swapped for dinner.

Production nights at College Printers at 12th and Maple, still using hot metal methods, hanging around until midnight or later to get it right.

Poet Tom Wayman, who accomplished the incredible by editing The Ubyssey and winning a Woodrow Wilson scholarship the same year. Academically, my time at UBC was not as illustrious. The Ubyssey led me astray for three wonderful years, culminating in a "required to withdraw" notice from the registrar. When I found out that some news organizations paid real money and could care less about a B.A., I stopped complaining. Love that 96-point Balloon caps masthead.

The Ubyssey's 50th anniversary in 1968, studiously ignored by the staff, wondering about the identity of all those fogies. Now I am one.

Now editor of Victoria's Business Report, a monthly magazine, Norman Gidney is married, has two children and is settled in Victoria "like a barnacle on a rock."

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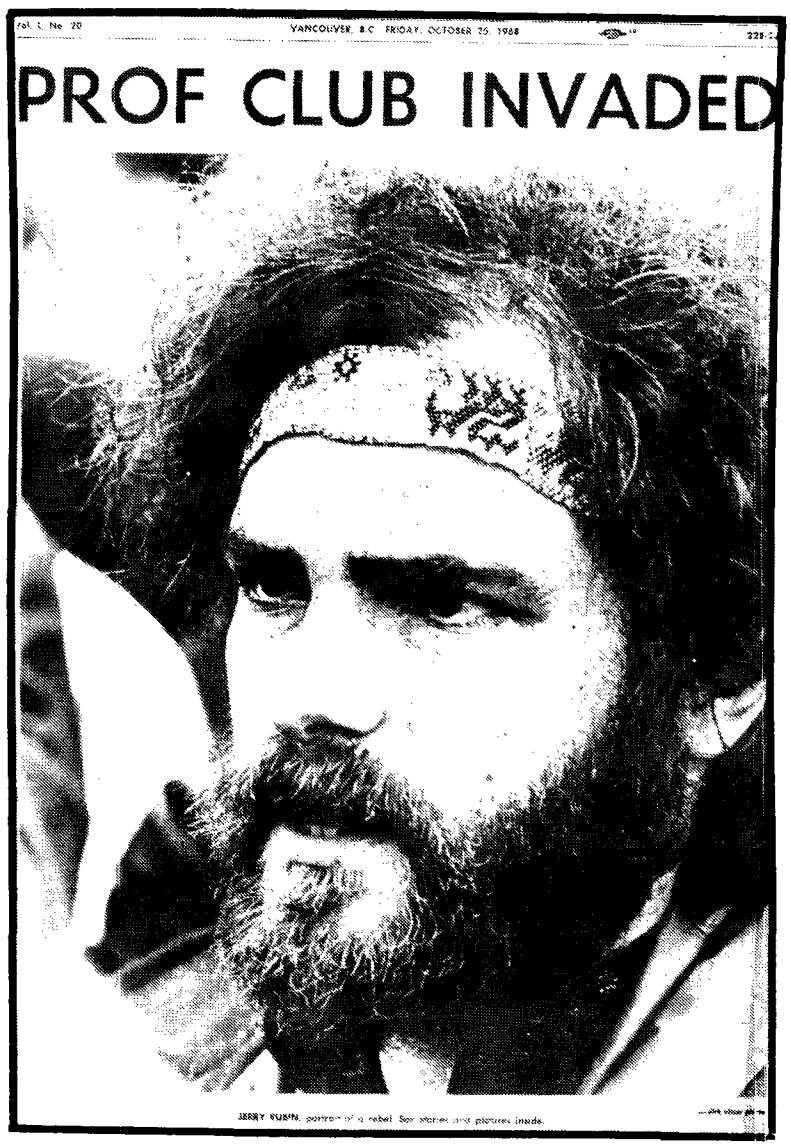

"Times They Are – A Changing"

ROGER'S RULES

Twenty-one years ago, I departed this illustrious institution equipped with a BA and the necessary requisites to educate future generations of Canadian citizens. What have I learned after two decades as a teacher and administrator in a large public educational system? By developing my observations and experiences, I have formulated a series of laws about public education which I call Roger's Rules of Educational Reality. Here are presented but three examples and their corollaries:

ROGER'S RULE #1. In a public educational system, policies, practices, and procedures tend to become the antithesis of reason, requisite, and relevance.

Support for this contention is beyond the spatial limitations of this article, but is found in other writings. For now some examples of its effect will suffice:

Example #1: Grade twelve students have an 8-9% shorter school year than do students in grade one.

Example #2: The government recently prescribed a new Reading program that utilized a levels approach, but made only three of the eight components available to schools through the purchasing services of the Ministry of Education.

ROGER'S RULE #2: Educational systems best serve those who wish not to be or cannot be educated.

If you are a parent, the one thing you must definitely avoid is having a child who falls into that 70% of students who are categorized as 'average' in ability. Their circumstance is to be placed in a class of some thirty to thirty-five students of similar competence and left to succeed or fail on their own merits as their motives and interests dictate.

But to gain maximum benefit from your tax investment in the school system it behooves you to screw up your child's upbringing to where he/she can be placed in an 'alternate class' setting. The advantages to be gained are numerous:

- The pupil-teacher ratio is reduced for your child to about three to one.
- Programs specific to your child are made available.
- A separate department at the School Board head office exists to oversee your child's education.
- Transportation to and from school is often made available.

COROLLARIES TO ROGER'S RULE #2:

- Incompetent parents tend to breed children who become incompetent students.
- Parental demands on the educational system are in inverse proportion to their competence as parents.
- Parental criticisms of the educational system are in inverse proportion to their competence as parents.
- Increases in educational programming are in direct proportion to student incompetence.
- Allocation of increases in educational programming and funding are in inverse proportion to the normal distribution curve of a student population.

ROGER'S RULE #3: An educator's influence and income are in direct proportion to the distance he/she is removed from the students.

The one caveat a young teacher aspiring to the apex of his profession must avoid is remaining in the classroom. The superior classroom teacher is just too occupied teaching and supervising student activities to have the time to undertake extracurricular professional pursuits. Only by becoming a coordinator, consultant, supervisor of instruction, counsellor, or administrator can one have any meaningful influence on policy issues and thus contribute to the perpetuation of Roger's Rule #1.

Although for the sake of brevity and clarity I have presented Roger's Rules with sequential organization, the intent is not for anyone to be considered a necessary prerequisite for those that follow. Rather, in total they introduce a number of concerns that impact forcefully on public education and reveal some serious shortcomings about its effectiveness as a human enterprise. While some may dismiss my thoughts as misguided ramblings of a burnt-out satirical cynic, I rely on the serious reader to measure their value against the yardstick of current realities and gauge how they truly affect the present generation of students.

Roger Burkhart

From prose to ad sales

Demolishing highschool dreams of glory, of shaking the world with scintillating prose, the 1968 Ubyssey editors ruthlessly showed that I couldn't even write a worthwhile lead sentence no matter how long I pounded on those darn Underwood keys.

Concerning my attempt to clip and file news articles for the morgue, perhaps the less said the better. Years of subsequent reporters may have had research attempts blocked by that very disaster.

Okay, so I couldn't write, I couldn't file, what could I do?

Al Vince, the business manager, grudgingly (girls did not sell advertising at that time) allowed me to try selling advertising space for the newspaper. Time has proven for me and others that women are excellent marketers. Thanks, Al, for giving me a chance and giving me a career.

Judy Reiman is the authorand publisher of a non-fiction book called Scarf Tying, a best-seller in department stores.

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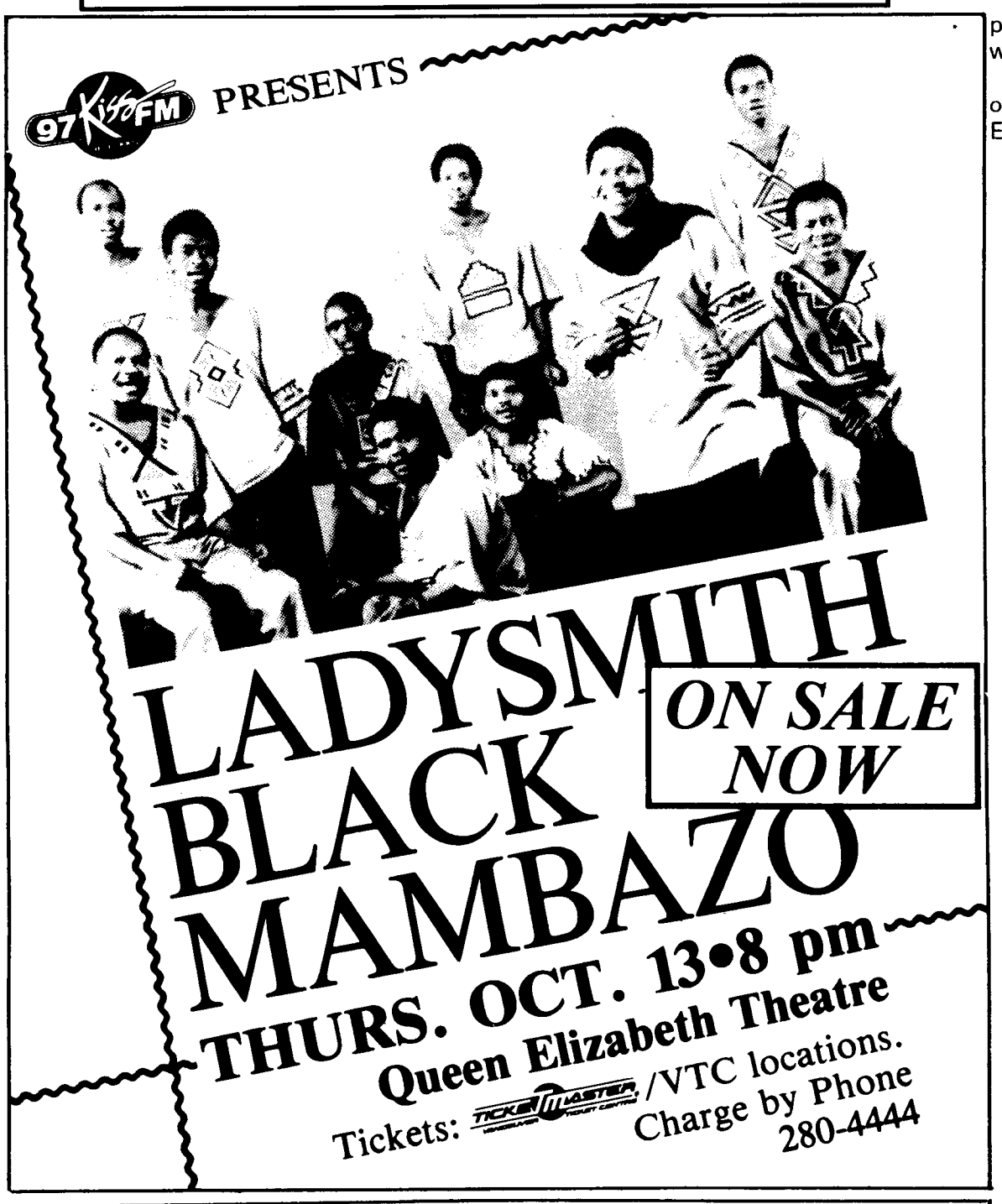
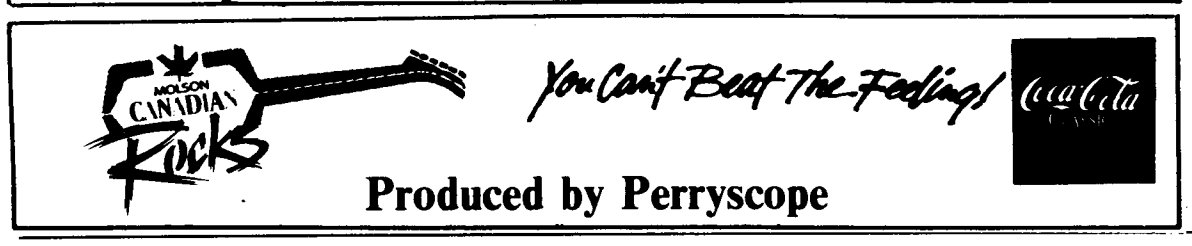




1970's

Education is political

Some of Doug Tim Kenny's comments at his installation ceremony Wednesday are, to be blunt, narrow-minded.

Kenny's little chat to the gathered throng was a philosophical treatise on higher education which, presumably, will be used to rule UBC for the next five years.

In short, Doug Kenny wants UBC to be apolitical, to be the source of "unbiased critical inquiry." The university is an intellectual marketplace which must be both internally and externally free from partisan interference.

For Kenny, the purpose of university is "to conceive and attain a higher quality of life and to maintain the 'possibility of civilization.' "

Doug, who are you trying to kid?

The university equips people with the tools to run society — lawyers, doctors, accountants, nurses, teachers, etc. When they get out into the real world, they run it.

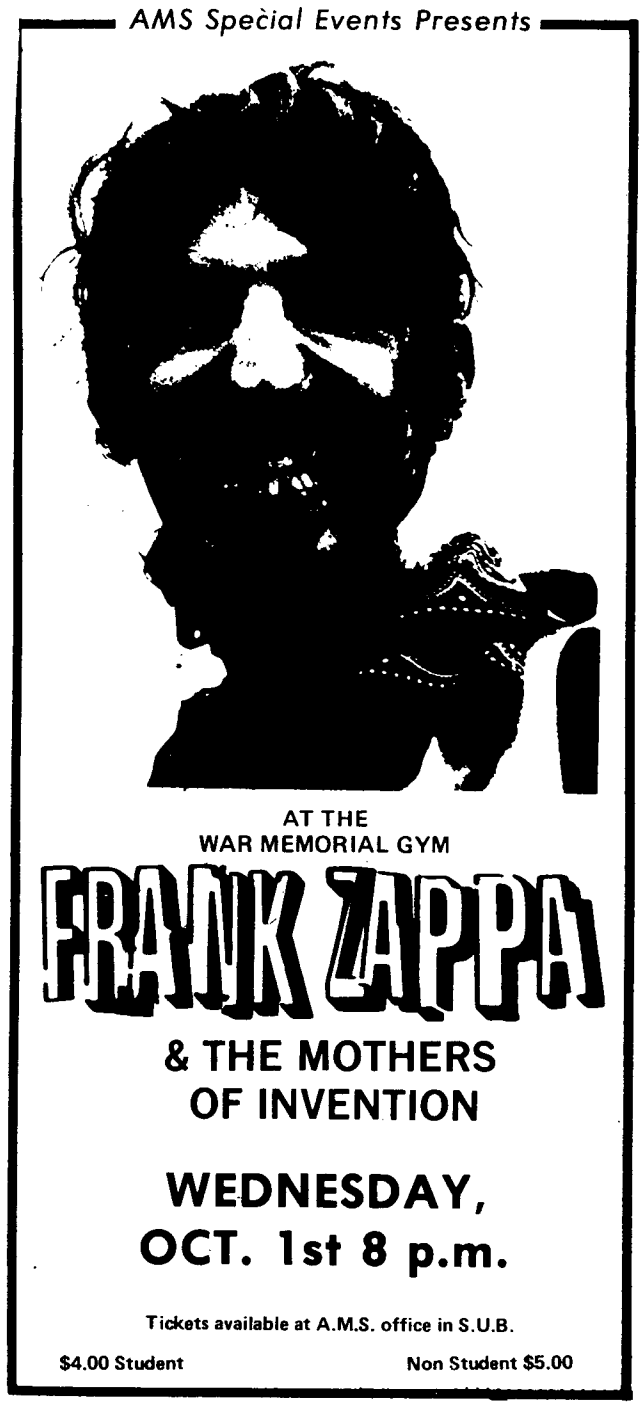
But the attempt at the "higher quality of life" is not an objective thought which suddenly hits you while immersed in academia at UBC.

It is a political thought, analyzing the current system and planning a road to a better end. Whether your perspective falls within the realm of conservatives, liberals, socialists or whatever, the questions Kenny talks about are essentially political and definitely not solely intellectual.

This is not to suggest that UBC adopt a strict political doctrine and refuse to teach any conflicting ideology. But it does mean that the university must admit that equipping students with the most objective "academic tools" such as physics will later on involve political decisions.

An example: train two physicists to understand nuclear physics and watch one devote his time to harmful weapons while the other researches for peaceful uses.

Is it not the university's place to introduce some type of ethnic element into education to encourage the latter? Education is political — and the university has to admit it.



THE UBYSSEY
Vol. LV, No. 47 VANCOUVER, B.C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1974 48 228-2301

The 70's: punk music and bad Marx

Don't believe the popular conception of the 1970s as simply the dreary hangover from the 1960s. The fact is, the activism associated with the '60s was still very much a driving force in the first few years of the '70s. It was only in the second half of the decade that the reaction to the earlier turbulent years arrived in the forms of the "me generation" and neoconservatism.

When I joined The Ubyssey in 1974, the NDP was in power in Victoria, Vancouver city politics was being opened up by reformers, and the first students were sitting on the UBC Board of Governors and Senate. Leftist students were often, but not always, in the majority on Student Council.

Like other students who came to campus in the middle of the '70s, I had watched and occasionally participated in the turbulent events of the previous few years as a high school student, and hoped to participate more fully once I got to university. After the then-obligatory year off to travel, I joined The Ubyssey because it seemed to be the best way to be a student activist. I was given the impression from reading the paper that I would have fun working on it, an impression which proved to be correct. Although some people joined The Ubyssey simply because they wanted a career in journalism, most joined for the same reason I did.

The staff of The Ubyssey was large and fractious. Among those on the staff were liberals who have since followed the neoconservative trend of the '80s, while others were dedicated leftists who remain so today. Especially in my first year on the paper, our nights at College Printers were punctuated by long discussions on many political topics fueled by liquid refreshments from the nearby liquor store. Just months before I came on board, the paper had resisted a takeover bid by members of a Maoist sect which was trying, with some success, to take over student newspapers around Canada. Although many people applied tags to The Ubyssey, it never really fit into a political mold other than being generally leftist and loudly in favor of what it saw as the students' interests.

Feminism really came to the fore during the 1970s. At the beginning of the decade, women on the staff kicked all the men out of the office one day and produced an issue on their own. Women have played key roles in all staffs since then, some of them going on to staff positions in Canadian University Press (CUP). We had many staff discussions on whether the power relationships on the paper discouraged all but the most assertive women from working on the paper. These discussions were still going on when I left.

I could go on at great length about some of our adventures. Many of them concerned agitation for various causes, notably democratization of the faculties and resistance to the now annual increases in tuition fees. We had a sometimes uneasy relationship with the NDP government, and the return of the Socreds meant The Ubyssey returned to being openly hostile to the provincial government. The '70s cultural rebellion, punk music, was enthusiastically documented by The Ubyssey. Our annual fake stories and goon issues are the stuff of many legends. But I'm particularly proud of the time The Ubyssey spoiled Engineering Week in 1975 by putting out a Maoist Red Rag before the gears could distribute their racist and sexist Red Rag.

Ubyssey staffers played a leading role in CUP, and we hosted its 39th annual convention in 1976. Through a long struggle, we successfully pushed for an expansion of services that would allow student papers outside of Ontario to quickly get and disseminate the news from around Canada. The Ubyssey had an informal alliance with the McGill Daily at the time, and years of haughtiness toward our crosstown colleagues at The Peak came to an end.

By the time I left The Ubyssey in 1978, things were beginning to deteriorate. While the paper was still attracting excellent people, there were fewer of them. Those who simply wanted to be journalists had gone off to community college programs or east to the big J-schools. Fewer people seemed to be interested in being activists. More students at UBC were either more serious about getting good marks (rarely a good thing for someone actively involved in The Ubyssey) or were engaged in other, more traditional extracurricular activities that weren't as popular in the '60s and early '70s, such as fraternities and sports. And it seemed that fewer students agreed with the stands taken by their student newspaper.

Most members of the Ubyssey staff are drawn from the arts faculty, a faculty which has been under steady attack by the Social Credit governments of the last 13 years. Importance has been placed on the professional and business faculties, which are deemed by the powers that be to be more "practical". Many arts students are encouraged to think about our social system, how it got where it is, and what is wrong with it - clearly subversive activities. Tuition increases and the attack on student grants have closed UBC's gates to many potential students, most of them less well off and not likely to be friendly to the Socreds and their conservative bedfellows.

Like other student newspapers, The Ubyssey has been a school of sorts where staffers learn the craft of journalism. Politically active student newspapers are unique in that those who work for them also learn to think about the role they as journalists play in the world around them. In my opinion, the education they provide is far superior to the education received by students who pass, unthinking, through professional faculties and journalism schools before entering the "job market" and becoming part of the technocracy. Even though intellectual pursuits such as questioning authority aren't as popular as they were 15 or 20 years ago, I trust that they will come back into vogue. And The Ubyssey will enter another golden era.

A Ubyssey editor in 1977-78, Chris Gainor now lives in Montreal and is a staff writer for The Medical Post, a weekly newspaper for doctors. He is single and is active in the Peace Movement.

The Reverend Jim Jones, disguised as Chris Gainor, toasts J.C. Verne McDonald with strawberry kool aid

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TURNS

Moyls code broken

continued from Code page 15

ally writing about. The master of this craft was a lovely man named Luke Moyles. He was everybody's hero. One of his great sentences has remained with me for 40 years: some chaps had apparently "copped the gonfalon on the maple boards", and in time, word flashed through from Bletchley Park: the UBC basketball team had won a trophy.

This turned out to be a useful insight only a few years later when I was put to the test while riding the Queen streetcar in Toronto. It is a long route, crossing the city at its widest dimension, and I was journeying to my first job interview after The Vancouver Sun. That was terrifying enough, and made more so by the headline (all caps in those distant days) that screamed across the full width of the front page of the Toronto Star. At every corner, the headline leapt from the boxes:

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What does it mean? At every stop of the streetcar, this headline tormented me. My God, I thought, I'll never work in this town, they speak Lukemoyles here.

(Because Bletchley Park has long since been disbanded, I usually offer a small prize to anyone who can decipher that headline from The Toronto Star. And I am also pleased to report that The Toronto Star of today uses in its headlines neither all-caps nor the Enigma code.)

I knew there was one story I would not search out: the vivid prose of a neophyte reporter on her first assignment who wrote lovingly of that March years before when each student had carried a boulder from Fairview to West Point Grey, the stones that became The Cairn or, as she put it, the first student erection on the campus.

Humour, I must confess, came to our pages mainly by accident, except, of course, for the endless repeats of Jabez and the semantical slingshots of Les Bewley; we all thought he was the most sophisticated man we had ever met.

I had by this time already served my apprenticeship on The Vancouver Sun, and my first and favourite city editor, Himie Koshovoy, had criticized The Ubyssey of my day for lacking the humour of his (THE MISSING KLINK, his headline screamed when the reporters couldn't find the university president). The Ubyssey, he lamented, had become "but a pale reflection of the downtown press" - and somehow that seemed just fine to me.

That's what it was all about: pale reflection today, a job in Valhalla tomorrow. The serious drudges went to The Province, the paper with the prestige; those who could manipulate a snappy lead got taken on at The Sun. The best stylists, I always thought, made it to The News-Herald. Such standards are plainly irrelevant in the survival or success of newspapers; it is the margin-cutters who decide thumbs up or thumbs down for newspapers.

Finally I opened the great bound volume. I tried to avoid finding the front page that I had made up backwards (with the lead story on the lefthand side), but there it was. It found me, I think. The pages were filled with vigour and earnestness, matters that were important in our lives, plainly said. I was not at all embarrassed: here was a gritty record of the issues that had consumed us.

I was supposed to be in the Library looking for the cutesy things John Turner had written for the sports pages, and I did that eventually, but I spent the whole half-day going through that volume, mentally editing and remaking the pages. There was not much I would have bounced back to Rewrite. Just as it is said that a child experiences every human emotion by the age of six, so, too, the reporters and editors of The Ubyssey will experience all the perils and pitfalls of journalism and, what's more important, will face the test of responsibility. As I turned through the pages, all the triumphs and the tribulations behind the stories came flooding back to me. The day reconfirmed my antediluvian view that The Ubyssey is the best school of journalism in the country.

Ron Haggart has written for the Globe and Mail, Toronto Star and Vancouver Sun. He is now senior producer of CBC's The Fifth Estate. He was editor-in-chief of The Ubyssey in 1948-49.

"The Great Unwashed"

continued from page 19

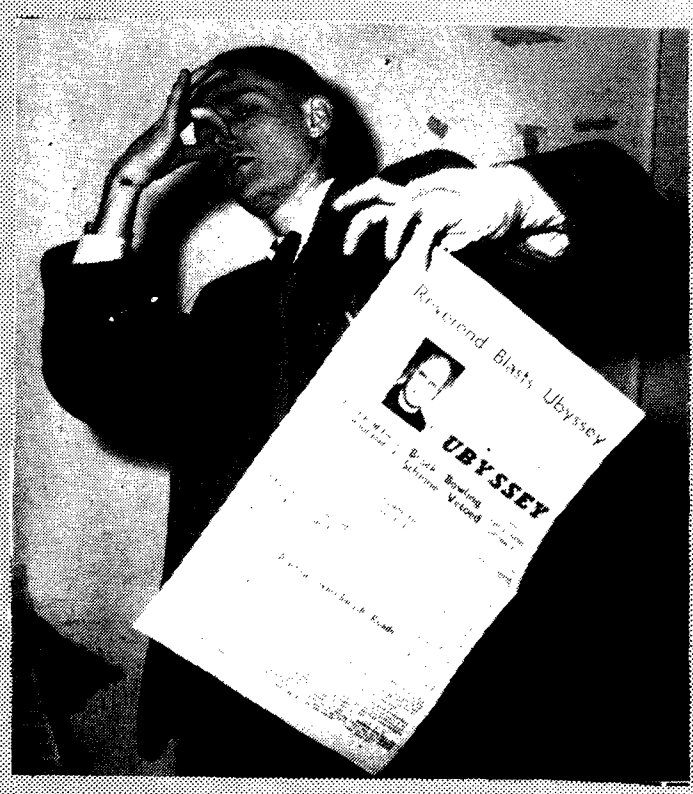
tensions, such as the despised frat boys, offered bribes if only they could attend. No hope.

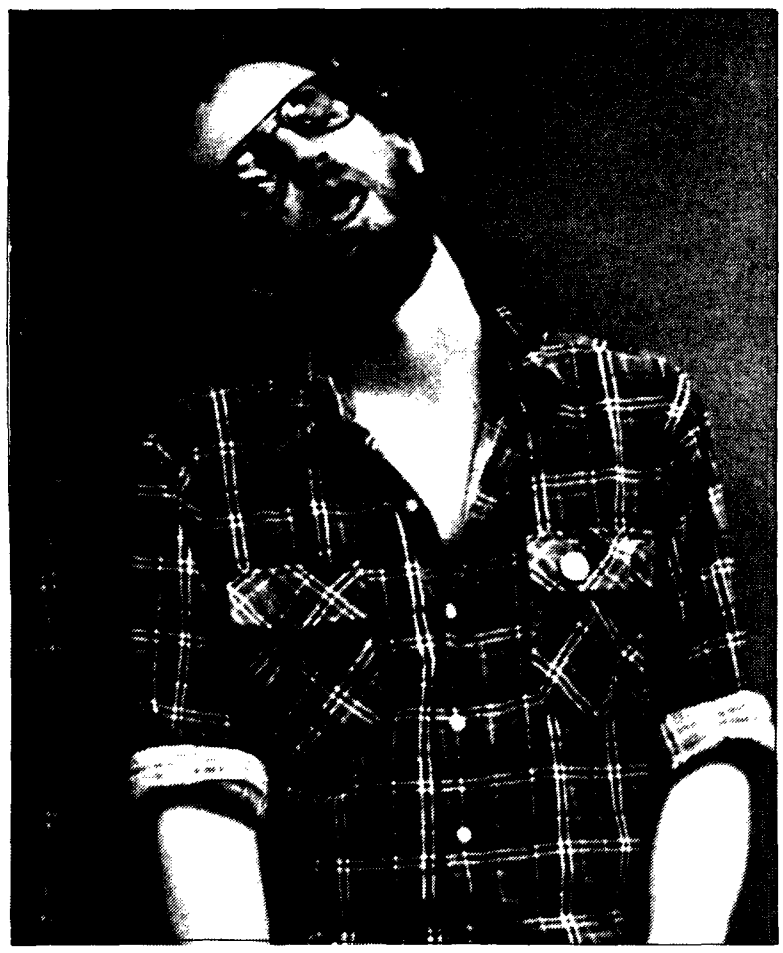
My personal hero, during high school acne days, was Eric Nicol, successor to Leacock, who was so funny he should have been licensed.

There is a line - stretching from Birney through Berton to Nicol and lesser others who have always been accused of the com-simp-limp-wrist description - that has not varied. It has always disturbed those who travel a different route: the blue-blazer brigade marching through Student Councils to fraternity respectability to law firms and accountancy oblivion to the suburban retreats and a dog and a lawn-mower. Earle Birney, we suspect, owns neither.

I know at least 100, if not 200, frowzled refugees from The Ubyssey - from federal cabinet ministers to once and future prime ministers to hopeful, still-optimistic failures. I still don't know a dull one.

Allan Fotheringham is this year's recipient of the UBC Great Trekker Award. He was Ubyssey editor-in-chief in 1953-54 and, since then, has written for the Vancouver Sun, Financial Post, and Maclean's among others.





Bill Tielman changes history by looking at it sideways

Bill's CUP overfloweth

More than 35 years ago, a decision was taken that changed both The Ubyssey and the history of Canadian student newspapers.

That was when the staff of The Ubyssey decided to become a member of the Canadian University Press, the national cooperative of university and college student newspapers.

And as The Ubyssey celebrates its 70th year of publication, Canadian University Press is completing its 50th year of existence, making it the oldest national student press organization in the world, according to several sources.

Since joining CUP, The Ubyssey has been one of the most respected and influential members of the organization. And in turn, CUP has benefitted from The Ubyssey's journalistic contributions to the progress and growth of the student press.

CUP offers many services to its member papers, including a national news and features service, a student-owned national advertising network that brings in revenues of $1 million annually, and regular seminars and workshops.

But for me, the most exciting and rewarding benefit of belonging to CUP has been the participation of Ubyssey staff in national and regional conferences of the member papers.

I attended my first national CUP conference in 1977 in Halifax, after working as a Ubyssey reporter for two and a half years. Arriving at the Lord Nelson Hotel, I was thrilled to meet so many different people from one end of the country to the other all doing the same thing as me — staying up till 2 a.m. putting out a student newspaper.

I was fascinated by the gathering of about 60 papers, from community colleges that only published twice a month to others like the McGill Daily, University of Toronto Varsity, and The Ubyssey that published several times a week.

Despite these differences, a strong camaraderie quickly developed amongst delegates. Some of my closest friends today I met at that conference and subsequent ones.

My enthusiasm must have rubbed off on other delegates, as to my amazement I ran for the vacant position of Western Regional President, despite my lack of CUP experience, and won. It was the first of seven consecutive national conferences I would attend, and the start of a long association with CUP.

My enjoyment at working with, and eventually for, CUP was shared by several of my Ubyssey contemporaries. Before I travelled to Halifax, Ubyssey news editor Doug Rushton had been a B.C. Bureau Chief and that year Sue Vohanka had moved from Ubyssey co-editor to CUP National Vice-President/Features Writer in Ottawa.

I served as CUP National Bureau Chief in 1979-80, while The Ubyssey's Tom Hawthorn became B.C. Bureau Chief the next year. In following years, Ubyssey editor Julie Wheelwright became CUP president, while Glen Sanford covered the B.C. Bureau and then National Bureau, and Muriel Draaisma also became National Bureau Chief. (CUP's recognition of Ubyssey staffers' skills was matched by the Vancouver Sun, which also hired all of the above as reporters.)

The Ubyssey has regularly run, and contributed to the CUP network, articles on an enormous variety of subjects — Canadian involvement in the Vietnam war, corporate influence over university governing boards, the dangers of nuclear power, gay and lesbian rights, analysis of Central American politics and coverage of labour disputes — that would not find space in other Vancouver media.

As we celebrate 70 years of Ubyssey journalism, it's good to know that Ubyssey staff members have also made significant contributions to the development and strength of Canada's student press.

Bill Tieleman is Fundraising Coordinator of the Canadian Peace Alliance and a fundraising consultant in Toronto. He was a reporter, city editor and news editor at The Ubyssey from 1975-1979 and in 1980-1981.

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Left - Right: Brian Elgood, Albert Kokuryo, Chris Samis, Sherri Howard, Tony Markin, Mark Heywood, Patrice Watson, Ivano Cristante, missing: Kirsten Schwarz

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Money ≠ Education

Every few months, B.C. public schoolteachers plea bargain: give them more money, and they will solve the education problem. Just who do they think they are, attributing their failure to educate our children to lack of funding? It is a cop-out plain and simple! Furthermore, it is the worst kind of cop-out: teachers are not only negating their responsibility and blaming the innocent; they are demanding compensation from them. What shameful audacity!

University professors will testify that students graduating from B.C. public schools today are far less prepared than they were ten years ago. However, the inconsistency is not a result of student/teacher ratios, per student levels of funding, or teacher salaries, as teachers are so wont to claim. The equation $ = Quality Education is unbalanced; money cannot guarantee quality education. Insurance lies with the teacher. Obviously, the equation should read: Quality Teaching = Quality Education.

Many public school teachers today are solving for the wrong but more profitable variable and cheating our children out of a decent education. Yet, teachers have undergone extensive specialized training to do what they do, whatever that is. How is it that some can lack quality?

University offered student-teacher training programs go to great lengths to convince would-be teachers that certain techniques are indispensable and productive. Oh, and by the way, practising said techniques is a prerequisite to passing the program. Thus, hundreds of student teachers in B.C. each year submit, unwillingly or unknowingly, to be molded into bad teachers.

As a certified high school English teacher, who recently underwent the UBC Education Transfer Program, at first unknowingly and later unwillingly, I recall only too well the methodology classes I endured. I was instructed that the attention span of high school children was limited (15 to 20 minutes per activity), and that the best way to spoon-feed them an education was via guessing games and group diversions - the old "medicine in the sugar-cube" trick. If I happened to slip in a bit of knowledge, more power to me.

Call me a devotee of the Old School if you like, but, observation, personal experience, and, excuse me, just plain common sense have taught me that learning takes place thorough memorization (a four-letter word in the UBC Education Faculty), modelling practice, study (reading and research), and exploration of personal talents. These are required skills at the university level (except in the Education Faculty) because they are tried fundamental skills of proven success.

My argument that games merely reinforce a narrow scope of knowledge while they consume vast amounts of instruction time did not faze my UBC Education Faculty instructors. They replied that a thorough study of a subject is boring and unnecessary. Armed with answers like that, it is no wonder high school grads have difficulties in university.

Enough experimentation at the expense of our children! Clearly, the trial "theory" has been disproved. The fact of the matter is that this skimming of the surface allows teachers to grow lazy; they maintain only a superficial understanding of their subject to pass on to their students - which is incongruent with university expectations.

Certainly, there are a few teachers in the public school system who have learnt on the job the fundamental lesson and self-fulfilling prophecy: expect little from your students, and so you will receive; challenge them, and they will rise to meet the challenge. However, there are many teachers who blindly adhere to their erroneous training.

Dollars will not remedy the education problem. If public school teachers truly wish to improve the current education system, they must learn to concentrate their time and energies on upgrading their own skills to pass on to their students. All teachers should undergo annual testing and be held accountable for their teaching ability. Furthermore, university education programs must be revamped. There must be a return to the teaching of essential skills - quality teaching. The future of the world depends upon our children; therefore, it is crucial that they receive the best education we can provide. After all, some of them are liable to become teachers.

Money can't buy me knowledge.

THE UBYSSEY

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Editing at UBC – a wrestler's delight

In Genesis, Jacob wrestles with an angel all night, and in the end is blessed with a new name because he strove with both men and god and prevailed.

Editing The Ubyssey for a year is similar. Though not really.

Editing The Ubyssey is like wrestling a ravenous bull crocodile on a pile of manure in the Coliseum in front of 20,000 drunk, lecherous Romans and still wanting to be there. And nobody changes your name in the end.

Maybe that's the image that applies: early Christian martyrs fed to the Roman crowds. But not really.

I edited the paper in 1984-85 and can remember only one ideologue, and we all hated that person. We lacked a defined sense of political mission. Cheap moralism was closer to our style.

Aspirations to artistry, gut felt injustice, a dislike of large administrations, loneliness, caffeine overdoses, pride, desire for a unionized Pacific Press job, loathing, hormones and a sense of fun drove us.

Big government and big media told us we were the generation where the dream ended. The recession had hit in '81 and things just weren't going to keep getting better. In fact, we were expected to accept unemployment and reduced student loans, unless, of course, we entered commerce.

Cynicism and hard thinking were the style. Opportunism became vogue. A sense of fear for the future enveloped a generation in very different ways.

In retrospect, my own flailing at The Ubyssey was largely a reaction to that fear, to the messages we were told. We did deserve a decent future. We didn't have to become cynical and callous to achieve it.

At the time, the paper remained a daily struggle against lack of sleep, assorted jerks in assorted sizes, personality conflicts and the pounding questions: "What am I doing? and is this worth it?" It was.

Maybe god did change my name after the year but forgot to tell me. I don't know.

But in that very struggle to awaken a generation to the fact that events were moving around them, that other people lived around them, and that conventionality remained a cancerous growth hamstringing Vancouver society ... in that very struggle remained an intrinsic value. In a cheap intellectual way, there was an existentialist meaning there. Struggling to find meaning made life come alive in a thousand varied shades.

And though I have disliked The Ubyssey, and continue to abhor The Ubyssey at times, I have learned to love it.

Maybe you can compare Ubyssey editors who surrender their soul to the paper with Jacob. While most people continue to herd their sheep, kill their enemies and dig wells, Ubyssey editors struggle with their own angels, whatever they are.

That's why the paper survives despite little remuneration and poor job prospects, despite ridicule and self-doubt. Sometimes you want to wrestle both men and god and the powers that be and hope to prevail.

Robert Beynon is graduate student in History at UBC and is also the president of the Graduate Students' Society. He and Patti Flather co-edited The Ubyssey in 1984-85.

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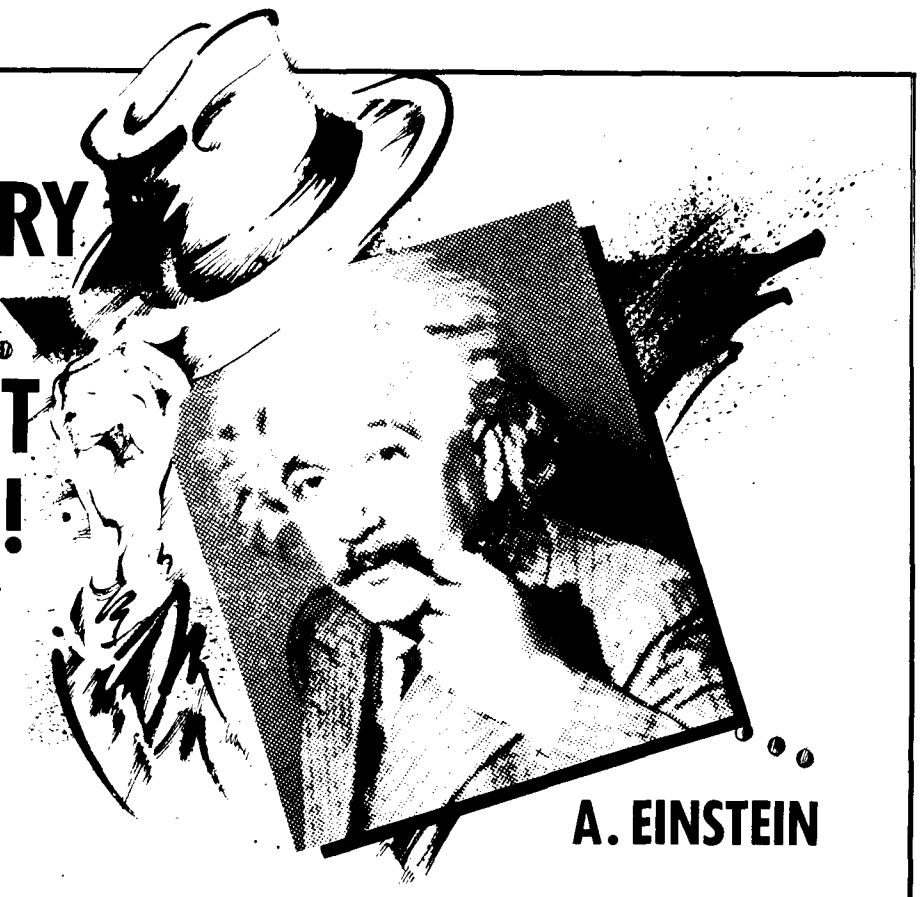

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Dr. Foth treks off with award

—Photo by Bob Steiner

THIS IS THE ARM that was twisted by Engineers Friday night when they captured Ubyssey Columnist Al Fotheringham. They left him without any money at Horseshoe Bay.

"Everyone reads him. A lot of people who would like to see him in hell read him," said Walter Stewart of Saturday Night magazine in 1981. Stewart also called him "the best-connected, highest-paid, most admired and detested political columnist in the country".

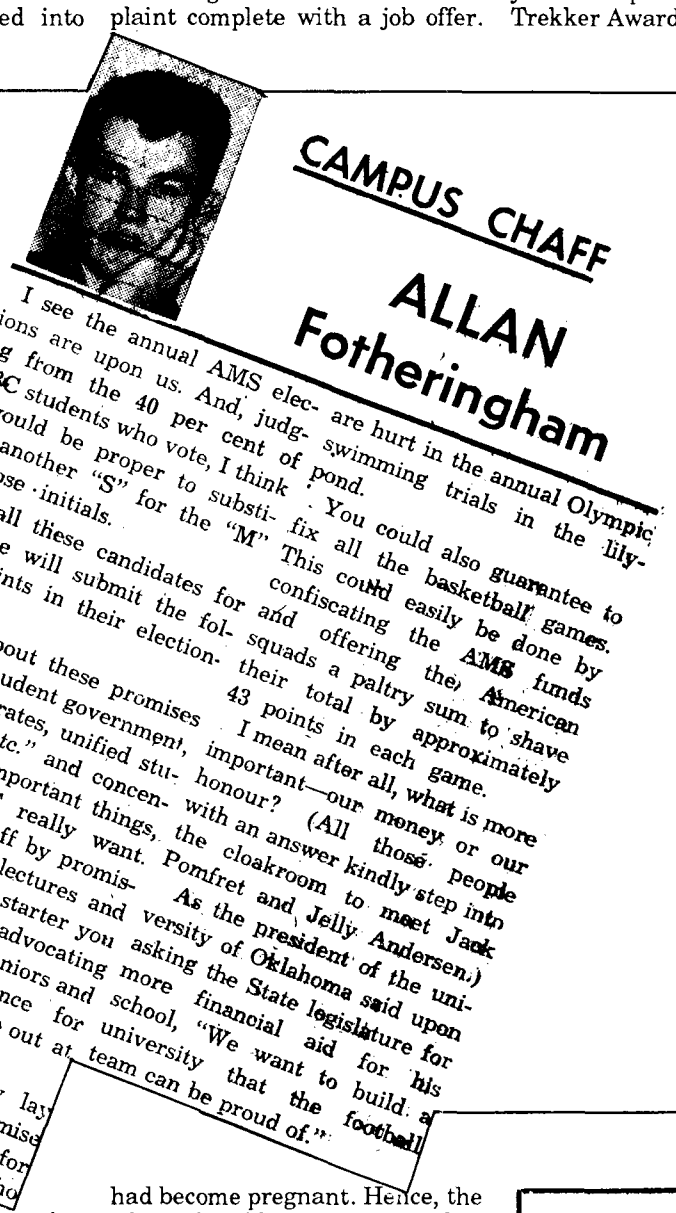
"Him" is Allan Fotheringham and he inspires a kind of love-hate reaction in many of his readers. Considering The Ubyssey's comparable history of fluctuating and often negligible public support, it seemed appropriate to nominate someone as cantankerous as Fotheringham for the Great Trekker Award of 1988. He's abrasive and arrogant, just like us.

Fotheringham waltzed into The Ubyssey in 1952 and somehow weaseled his way into a column. He has been weaseling his words onto the pages of the Vancouver Sun, Maclean's magazine and his own books ever since.

While at The Ubyssey, Fotheringham was a champion basher of Frats, the AMS and 'Geers. In February, Fotheringham's "Campus Chaff" told the AMS candidates to "lay the voters low with a promise of free hospital insurance for all the dainty Engineers who are hurt in the annual Olympic swimming trials in the lily-pond."

A satire of the Vancouver Sun's sports editor later landed Fotheringham a letter of complaint complete with a job offer. And from sports editor and columnist at the Sun, he went on to bark at the world through such venues as Maclean's, Front Page Challenge and the Financial Post. Fotheringham continues to attribute his success to The Ubyssey and his support is certainly appreciated in this age of journalism school worship.

He is what all of us aspire to be: well-read, well-hated and well-paid. Keeping in mind the long history of cynicism that has pervaded the pages of The Ubyssey, we are delighted that someone as obstreperous as "Dr. Foth" is this year's recipient of UBC's Great Trekker Award.



CAMPUS CHAFF

ALLAN Fotheringham

I see the annual AMS elec- are hurt in the annual Olympic
tions are upon us. And, judg- swimming trials in the lily-
ing from the 40 per cent of pond.
UBC students who vote, I think . You could also guarantee to
it would be proper to substi- fix all the basketball games.
tute another "S" for the "M" This could easily be done by
in those initials. confiscating the AMS funds
For all these candidates for and offering the American
office we will submit the fol- squads a paltry sum to shave
lowing hints in their election- their total by approximately
eering: 43 points in each game.
Forget about these promises I mean after all, what is more
for "sound student government, important—our money or our
reduced bus rates, unified stu- honour? (All those people
dent council etc." and concen- with an answer kindly step into
trate on the important things, the cloakroom to meet Jack
the things UBC really want. Pomfret and Jelly Andersen.)
You could start off by promis- As the president of the uni-
ing to abolish all lectures and versity of Oklahoma said upon
fees. With this as a starter you asking the State legislature for
could move on to advocating more financial aid for his
pension benefits for seniors and school, "We want to build a
unemployment insurance for university that the football
all freshmen who flunk out at team can be proud of."
Christmas.
Then you could really lay
the voters low with a promise
of free hospital insurance for
all the dainty Engineers who

Fishing for lunch

As senior executive of the Continental Service of the United Press, there was an annual meeting of the United Press for executives from Europe, South America and other continents and countries which I attended.

It was a matter of special interest to me when Roy Howard, former United Press President but by then head of the Scripps Howard Newspapers, who owned the United Press, asked me to lunch with our important Australian client Sir Rupert Murdoch, father of Rupert Murdoch now the owner of the Times of London and newspapers in the USA and Australia. The New York newspaper of the Scripps Howard chain in New York, the World Telegram, had been on strike for some time.

For me as a junior executive, it was a special occasion to get to know two of the greats in my profession and garner some of their wisdom and professional experience. This was shortly after I had been summoned to a Paris conference by the then-president of the United Press, Hugh Baillie, to participate in a planning session on how we would cover an impending conflict between Italy and Abyssinia, the simmering unrest in Spain before the outbreak of the Civil War, which I had sensed on my recent trip to Barcelona and Madrid, and the shock waves of the Japanese aggression in Manchuria. So I prepared myself by refreshing my memory on those and other major world problems, in case the formidable gentlemen, Murdoch and Howard, would fire questions at me.

Imagine my relief and surprised amusement when, after a preliminary discussion on the best type of fly to use for trout fishing - a subject on which I was a complete ignoramus, having lost my amateur fisherman on the British Columbia coast as a professional fisherman in my undergraduate days - but which led to heated argument between the two newspaper tycoons.

To bring the conversation back to a more familiar subject to me, namely newspapers, I turned to Howard with a technical query: "Roy, it would interest me to know in what way do you bridge the gap of weeks on running stories for your readers of the World Telegram when the present strike is eventually settled?" He brought me down to earth from my cogitations on world-shaking occurrences by switching to his problem. One of his paper's leading features was no less than the immensely popular daily cartoon by Al Capp, Li'l Abner. When the strike broke out, Li'l Abner was on the point of marrying May. Then the readers lost track of his romance and new developments were that in the meantime May had become pregnant. Hence, the editorial problem was not to splice Abyssinian or Spanish events, but how to bring the readers up to date with May's pregnancy. Al Capp would be commissioned to draw a bridge sequence to satisfy the readers so that they could again resume their daily pursuit of Li'l Abner, May and the expected new progeny. So fiction, not reality, was the oustanding event. Disappointed in learning more on professional intricacies, I took comfort in the culinary achievement of this private luncheon.

Robert W. Keyserlingk was International Forum Review editor for The Ubyssey in 1926. He was a foreign correspondent for United Press and managing director of British United Press.

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