

A few relevant quotes:

- "If I had some place to go, I'd go there!" - Michael Quigley
- "M.J.Q. is a hated masochist, a perfume prevert, and a crucifier."
- Shameless Nightingale
- "DUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUuh!" - Jim Topping
- "Oh, Quigley!" - Betty-Lou Edwards
- "Ba-ba-de-do-do!" "Bo-boo-de-scoobie-doo-de-de-da-de-da! Do! Do!"
- Arnold Saba
- "Quigley, you pseudo-hippie...in other words, ASSHOLE!" - Paul Barnett

This issue is respectfully dedicated to Charlie Frosh.

EDITOR HONOURED

"Fort Camp Students' Council Award for Meritorious Service presented to Michael Quigley for distinguished participation and achievement as Fort Camp News Editor in the events and activities sponsored in the interest of Fort Camp during the Winter Session of 1967-1968." So read the certificate presented to the F.C. News Editor by Men's Council President Jens Pedersen after the Spring Dinner last Thursday night.

Interviewed in his office shortly after, Quigley was indifferent. "I'm personally not in favour of this kind of award," he commented. "Working on the paper is its own reward. If an award had to be given, it should have been given to the paper itself. There are several other people who worked on the paper also worthy of awards - Shameless Nightingale, Peter Victor, Bill Anderson, Steve Scotton and the men of LIAHO, to name a few." Quigley refused to comment on a rumour that the award was a bribe from the Council to deter him from writing condemning articles about the Council in the paper's last issue.

LIAHO

The usually boisterous LIAHO boys have begun to reap the fruits of their follies as the first twinges of exam pressure are felt. Of course, this refers to their behaviour since the Spring Dance. Porter poured, Bible imbibed, Curt carroused and they all danced - with each other. Not that the band wasn't good, but those that caught the show that those three put on really got their money's worth. All except Room 24 - they lost a window.

Who was expounding their theories on the universe until 3 Tuesday morning?

Can you identify these LIAHO men by their sayings??

- Gyrate
- A half of a quarter of a third of nothing.
- Blow your mind.
- Sock it to me!
- There is no way.
- SEX
- Do you like oranges?
- It's not really nothing.
- It's colder than a well-digger's ass out here.
- Oo-E Oo-E.
- God isn't dead, I'm alive.
- Well, you know...

Thus Speaks Jens Pedersen:

As this is the final issue of the Fort Camp News, I would like to take this opportunity to express my gratitude to those who have helped in Council activities and those who have helped me personally.

Also I would like to wish each and every one of you the very best in years to come, and in particular, good luck on the forthcoming exams.

The Truth Behind the Tankings - by Jim Wiggins

After the mass "tanking" of the girls two weeks ago, a superb performance, what do you do with the girls next year? Burn them at the stake, maybe?

As you know, the aforementioned phenomena of burning first came into vogue in the Middle Ages. In certain circles, it is known that one of the underlying causes of the phenomena was that the sexual mores of the time were only slightly less enlightened than those of today. This hypocrisy had its effects. Witchcraft and sorcery and all their related orgies became a public institution. However, the men and society became annoyed and vindictive, and the result was a solution only slightly less sophisticated than Dachau and Auschwitz, but effective nevertheless: the stake (a phallic symbol, no doubt).

How does this tie in with the happenings of two Sundays ago? You draw the parallels - the intensity of the occasion was less, but the basic emotions were still there.

And next year, girls, when it happens again, as your blood temperature rises from anger or from the flames, you can coolly dismiss the phenomena as a result of the sexual hypocrisy of society.

ALARMING NEWS!!

During the recent throbbing and pulsating Fort Camp Spring Dance, much excitement took place. At about one o'clock in the morning, those people partaking in the dance heard a drone-like noise, which was at first thought to be one of the guitarists raving his instrument. However, when the band stopped playing for a moment, the noise was discovered to actually be the famous Fort Camp Fire Siren, which broadcast its message of hope to the world. Hoardes of Fort Camp poured out of their huts as fire bells resounded universally.

Soon the speedy U.B.C. fire engine was met at the gates by a collection of various Fort Camp officials, both drunk and sober, plus a few exasperated F.C. News reporters. A thorough search by the trusty firemen revealed that the bells and siren had been activated by the smashing of an alarm device in Hut Five. Rumours established the perpetrators of this deed as two hippie-looking intruders not from Fort Camp.

After some time, order was restored, and Fort Camp finally returned to its humdrum activities.

Some LUAF0 Gossip

(LUAF0 is in the basement of Hut 5)

- overheard from a certain girl friend of a certain bearded young sea captain in the basement: "Does anybody know where I can get some saltpetre?"
- rumour has it that a certain ex-president will next year hold the position of "Resident Hoser"?
- is it true that the girl friend of our Powell River cohort has phoned everybody else in the basement?
- a certain editor's roommate was overheard saying "What? Me drink?"

Desperation Dept. (in which the editors interview each other out of sheer boredom)

S.N. - Quagglue, what do you think about Viet-Nam?

M.Q. - I haven't thought about it for three years. Noightingale, you caulque, what do you think about the Fort Camp News?

S.N. - I haven't thought about it for three years.

M.Q. - Noightingale, you conform to every thirteen-year old bourgeois kid's version of a hippie.

S.N. - Quagglue, you conform to every thirteen-year old hippie's version of a teeny-bopper.

M.Q. - What do you think about this article?

S.N. - I think it's one of the best things we've ever written.