

- FITZ BITZ -

Vol. 1B No. 8

Fitzgerald House O.U.

July 9, 1965

DORM COUNCIL PROTESTS PRYALE

As you probably know Pryale House is to be the home of the "Charter College". If interest in the college is high all of Pryale will house freshmen.

The Dorm Council has passed a letter to be sent to Mr. Appleton proposing that all three of the small dorms be made co-educational for the fall trimester. The reasons for the proposal are (1) the need to present to the Oakland dormitory student as many alternatives in housing is of prime concern; (2) in previous semesters the extent of co-ed housing being a single dormitory has limited the opportunities for other students desiring such a situation; and (3) the smaller dorms are structurally ideal for co-ed living.

The council is also discussing a men's judiciary board. As things stand now male offenders go directly to the dean. It is hoped that such a board could unite in the future with the women's board and expand their influence over academic life as well as dorm life.

An ammendment to the Constitution is in the formative stages which will establish a House Council in every dormitory. It's duties would be to discuss and legislate on problems arising in each individual dorm.

Also in the books is a suggestion for Junior and Senior women to have key privileges. That is, instead of late permissions each girl would sign out a key to the front door of the dorm and return it the next day. The program would be entirely on the honor system.

Lectures are being planned for the fall where professors or administrators would informally tell the story of his life, its goals, dissapointments and rewards. The series would go under the title "Last Lectures".

-EDITORIAL-

LOST IDEAL

I would like to express my disapproval of the move to make Pryale House just for select freshmen. I think it is a step to destroying a long established and worthy tradition of Oakland - the classless society.

I have always been proud of the fact that while other universities were hazing freshmen and screaming yea Alpha Beta Gamma, we at Oakland lived in harmony with no distinction of rank or privilege. When I first enrolled last September I was quite impressed with the readability with which other students accepted me. Many of the friends I made in my first few weeks, I found out later, were "upper classmen".

I was surprised when many of the upper classmen offered to help me with some of my studies and problems of adjusting. When I couldn't do a chemistry problem I picked up my book and found somebody who had taken the course. They were always willing to help me. A system like this is too good to tamper with.

The best way to destroy the sort of friendship is to start cliques such as Pryale. The authorities were concerned about the cliques that had developed in Pryale in the past, so they abolished them and set up one of their own. We do have small cliques on campus, but the major "clique" on campus is the "student body". Let's keep it that way.

C.E.

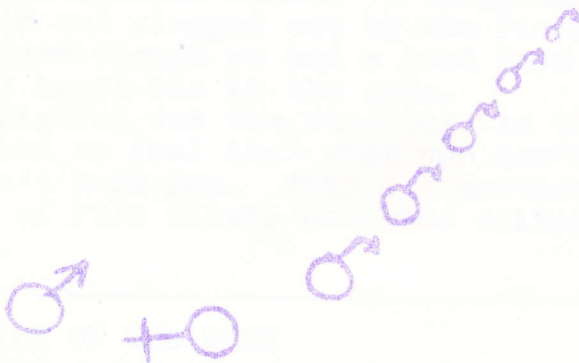
Some flour beetles produce a gas potentially lethal to their own larvae. As the beetle population increases, so does the effect of the gas, eventually bringing population growth to a halt.

Star Gazing

Rick Krogsrud reported to us that about a week and a half ago he and Winnie Yothers were looking at the stars behind the science building where they saw a strange phenomenon. A glowing object in the sky was moving to and fro while it traversed a path across the horizon.

Immediately fearing an invasion from outer space Rick left Winnie and rushed to find Doug Thorp for help and guidance. Unable to locate the peerless Thorp, Rick rushed up to our office hoping that through our connections with AP and UP we could give this invasion the coverage that it deserved and notify the authorities. We calmly reassured Rick and pointed out that the only thing he had to fear was Winnie.

May we suggest Rick that you either learn more about refractive optics or spend more time looking at Winnie and less time looking to the heavens.



Et Tu Brute!

Guest Editorial

We have noticed that the Music students are not getting the same grade of treatment that the orientation students got. We felt that these students work as hard and as diligently as did the orientation students. Yet we do not find the jug of lemonade and tray of cookies in the lobby of the science building as a reward for these students fruitful labors. We would like to submit a protest and urge that the adminies restore these goodies in the lobby of the science building.

Students from:

Physics, Engineering, and Chemistry
Departments

N DINKLEBERRY T ADVICE

Dear Mita,

I'm in my fourth year of college and am madly in love with a graduate student. This is no crush. I have been laying with him for four years. We plan to be married in a year and a half but only his family knows and approves.

My parents are still trying to change my mind. Oh, they include Hercus in family gatherings — how could they do anything else? I haven't actually told them that I'm hot for Herc's bod, but they know.

However, he is of a different religion and they are afraid I will go and change mine. They're right, I will. I have been attending his church for two years and feeling very strong in it.

My parents think I am strong in my religion, but I am strong in my belief in Allah. They say they are strong believers, but they give only their time, talent and money.

They say I have enough personality to marry a wealthy person (my complexion is one of well worn leather). Herc and I have wealth if we only get our dreams — a sampan on the Detroit River with ten children. We want to be active in the church, Girl Scouts, Little League, the local Mafia, etc. We know what we want.

Mita, I'm infatuated with Herc. I'm a good friend to my parents. How can I change religions and marry Herc without losing my allowance?

Lost with Lust

Dear Hots,

You can't. For the life of me, I can't see how you and Herc got this far through college and still retain your religion you speak of. I'd think you would both be atheists by now or at least agnostics. However, wishful thinking will get us nowhere so let me suggest two alternative

WITA DINKLEBERRY con't from page 2

First, both of you could keep going to graduate school until you lose your religions and the marry (ugh). Second, you could tell Here to take a powder and take your parents' advice — marry some rich bastard who will obviously be attracted to your fabulous personality. The second solution neatly absolves the trite religious question (with enough bread you can buy yourself a diety).

Wita

P.S. Give my regards to the family ,Sis.

FITZ ON SHORT END OF TWO

The long drought for the Faculty - Staff finally ended last week. The faculty-staff team came to life and nipped Fitz 11-8. The game was close all the way and proved to be one of the more interesting games of the season.

Yesterday was one of those days you prefer not to talk about. A sluggish Fitz team was slugged out by the Pickwick Club. Ever though we had a good turn out nobody's heart was in the game.

We figured out the standings in the league but we feel that what you don't know can't hurt you. This is another example of Fitz Bitz's notorious editorial freedom.

SUGGESTION OF THE WEEK

We suggest that any one in Social Psychology class that has an extra dictionary donate it to the Fitz Bitz staff. We need one.

FITZ BITZ STAFF

Ken Silver	Editor Emeritus
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John Howard	Assistant Editor
Pete Gates	Artist
Dave Smith	Writer

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FITZ TO PRINT

ODE FOR A HUNGRY STUDENT

- Nezzie Kicapow

With a little toot here
And a little plink there,
We can just about hear
The music school students everywhere.

You can't tell 'em by age
They cover too many years
Sixteen to sixty, more or less,
So that none of them are peers.

They're a different breed,
Different from us, that's for sure,
I don't think they dance
Nor do they swill and guzzle beer.

Except for their instruments
They don't make much noise.
They pretty much keep to themselves
And steer away from all our joys.

There is only one real way
That they seem to annoy us —
It's quite unconscious to them
But it's enough to make a student cuss.

These infringing music students
Have all but taken possession
Of our precious resident cafeteria
As though it was just some damn food concession.

No longer will we be able
To take our ol' sweet unleavened time
Through uncrowded food lines
And spacious areas at ease to dine.

But alas, with deep regret and utter
disgust

I guess we must resign ourselves
To the soaring plans of adminies and
profs.

Damn! They don't do much suffering
themselves.



A stitch

in time

may save

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