

WEATHER FORECAST:
A dense fog will descend on the College next week, brought about by high pressure. The cloud will move to the Empress on the 20th and will disperse. Students are warned not to get soaked.

The Martlet

CHRISTMAS DANCE
Students will have an opportunity to celebrate the end of exams at the Christmas dance, to be held in the Empress Hotel. (See story this page.)

Victoria College, Victoria, B.C., December 3, 1948.

This text copy is the only specimen available at the time of microfilming (June, 1981)

Profs Polled; Some Sold, Others Cold

In order to get some stable opinions, straight from the horses' mouths, a team of Martlet staffers poised trembling pencils and invaded the inner sanctums of the Mighty. Here is what members of the faculty said when asked: "What do you think of the paper's new name, 'The Martlet?'"

Dr. Ewing—Splendid! Splendid! Splendid! Splendid!

Mr. Cunningham—Martlet! Martlet! Martlet! What was wrong with the Microscope?

Mr. Clark—I prefer the name Martlet to Tuum Estian which sounds rather like the name of a girl's grammar school paper.

Miss MacFarlane—I think its historical association makes Martlet very interesting although its significance should be explained. Martlet, however, does seem hard to say. The Microscope reminded me of a science paper.

Dr. Wells—Coats of arms were the first trade marks. The device used was often an identification besides a character sketch. On traditional grounds your idea is a good one and would appeal to me. Since, among other things, the swallow or martin represented fidelity the name might give you something to aim at. Correction: at which to aim.

Mr. Kirk—I think the name Martlet is no improvement over the Microscope. The Microscope sounds like a professional name as well as the name of a college paper.

Miss Salamandick—I'm trying to figure out what it means! (After explanation) I think it's very interesting.

Mr. McOrmond—It was time for a change, and I think the choice was preferable to Tuum Estian. I had thought of deriving something from the name of the yearbook, but that might cause confusion.

Mr. Gadder—I like the title because it has some meaning. It is better than Tuum Estian which is rather biological sounding—like a disease.

Mr. Black—The Martlet is quite satisfactory. The name is derived from the Roman god of war, Mars. The little bird, however, is not pugnacious.

Miss Cruickshank—There's no reason for the change. It is meaningless to most.

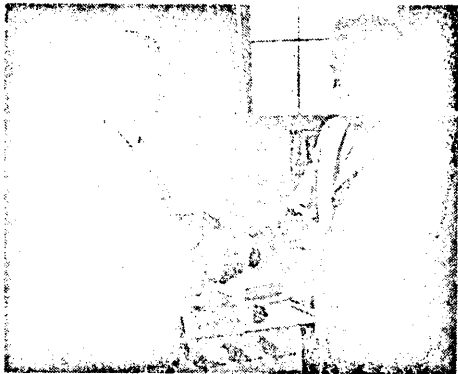
Mr. Wallace—I think it's more meaningful than The Microscope. The freshmen will now know what the birds stand for. It also gives an excellent connection with the early history of the College.

Miss Mathews—I think it's a good idea because of its connection with the crest, but I think the Microscope had more significance. The Martlet lacks connections with what the paper actually is. The Martlet doesn't tell you anything.

Miss Sullivan—I think it's a good idea if only to identify the birds on the crest. Unlike them I hope it will have its feet on the ground.

Mr. Hughes—Whatever the students say is all right with me.

Miss Shaw—We didn't think there was anything wrong with the name Microscope when we made it up way back when.



—Photo by Michael Wall.

A.M.S. President Bill Levis presents prize money to Donn Carmichael, second-year student who suggested The Martlet as the paper's name.

Martlet Replaces Microscope; Donn Carmichael Wins Contest

The College paper's name is officially "The Martlet."

Members of the Students' Council and the editorial board of the paper voted 8-5 in favor of the name at a special meeting in the Council office last week. Final vote was between "The Martlet" and "The Viking."

Why Martlet?

Rampant on the campus is the burning question, "Why Martlet?" To bring you the answer we have delved into a back issue of the Microscope to find an article on "Your College Crest." To quote R.H.R., "On the top of the shield are three birds called martlets . . ." the medieval term for martin, a variety of small, alert bird with a great gaping mouth. The martin only thrives in friendly colonies, characterized by friendly congregations at which their clattering may be loud enough to rouse the interest of passers-by.

The martin also suggests freedom in flight, happiness in outlook, and in addition, an unerring return to the same location year after year.

On the open book are the Latin words, "Ars, Scientia, Litterae"—Art, Science and Letters—adapted to represent the faculties of the university.

The name seems pretty all-embracing, as the three birds have also been associated with the three faculties.

Dr. Hickman—I think that once the name is explained it is very good. I like its historical connection—it will give it some tradition.

Miss McKay—I prefer Microscope! And upon further consideration I prefer Microscope.

Mr. Pettit—I'm a reactionary and high Tory. I hate any break with the past. I believe in continuity. I like a static society.

Mr. Savanah—It is strictly for the birds. You should have called it The Parrot.

Miss Baxendale—It should arouse intellectual curiosity as to why it is called The Martlet.

Donn Carmichael, second-year student, submitted the winning name and won the \$5 prize offered by the Council.

Carmichael said he "just happened to think of the name" on the morning of the special A.M.S. meeting on November 19.

"I was sitting in the publicity office downstairs and saw the large school crest on the wall," he said. "I've studied a certain amount of heraldry and I knew the name of the birds. We were talking about the paper's name, and I suggested Martlet."

He said he would split the prize money with Valerie Hamilton, who came into the room a few minutes later and suggested the same name.

He had studied heraldry while working in his father's silverware business.

Selection of the name climaxed two months of discussion. Students at the A.M.S. meeting approved a change of name and voted down "Tuum Estian," the name suggested by the paper's staff. Students at the meeting did not make up a quartet, but their vote was taken as indicative.

The meeting also voted on a new name, but none of the names suggested got a majority. Students present cast more votes for "The Viking" than for "The Martlet."

The old name "The Microscope" was established several years ago when students started posting periodical bulletins on the board.

In Memoriam

Gordon Payne, 1st year commerce student was killed instantly November 17th when his motorcycle collided with a car near his home in Sidney.

Gordon was born at Vancouver and spent his childhood in Nova Scotia. For the last three years he attended North Saanich High School and was a popular student with all. We extend our deepest sympathies to all his friends.

FACULTY BANS THEATRE; ROBIN TERRY CLAIMS ACTION NOT NECESSARY

Robin Terry termed "pointless" the faculty's ban of the Victoria College Theatre when he heard the news on Wednesday.

The theatre president, who had just returned to school after an absence of more than a week, said he did not believe a formal ban was necessary. He suggested that the theatre group should have been consulted before the ruling was made, and a different arrangement might have been worked out.

"If some people were too far behind in their studies they could have been told individually," Terry said.

The faculty, last week, prohibited theatre performances in the 1948-49 year, by unanimous vote, because of "all too serious interference with the work of most of the members."

Terry said he felt that, if members could bear down and pull up their marks, the theatre should be allowed to carry on.

V.C.T. Players Score Success

Victorians saw a high calibre of entertainment when the V.C.T. presented four one-act plays in its fall production. Excellent direction reduced hearing difficulties to a minimum.

Jean Heeley, as Henrietta in "Suppressed Desires," had a particularly good voice and played her part with a realistic touch. Nigel Martin as her husband, and Sylvia Lash in the sister role, contributed many comic remarks.

In "Shadow of the Glen," Brian Burns proved to be a lively corpse, and Pamela Terry as the dissatisfied "widow," aroused the sympathies of the audience.

"By Their Words Ye Shall Know Them" starred Pat Atkinson in the role of Manolita. From the moment of her appearance on stage, she captured and held the attention of the audience with her litting voice. Dale Kilshaw was completely at ease on stage and moved with deliberateness.

Robin Terry, as Zerote, kept up the comic action with his sly remarks.

The favourite of the program was "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," directed by Audrey St. Denys Johnson. Percia Wilkinson as the old char-woman and David Moffet as the Private, played their parts so convincingly that the audience soon established itself with the plot.

Dorothy Fox, Diane Sawyer, and Marcia Western, as the three old ladies, gave comic relief to some serious scenes.—L.H.

Little Reaction From Students As Faculty Forbids Card Playing

There's a new order in the caf. The language in the corner booths is no longer in terms of snafus and slams, and the building quickly becomes deserted when the lunch hour is over.

The general reaction among students to the faculty ban of card playing seemed to be a shrug. No violations of the ruling have yet been reported in any part of the College.

Dr. Ewing told The Martlet that members of the faculty dis-

liked curbing student freedom, and only prohibited cards when all other efforts to alleviate the situation had failed. The faculty after consulting the Students' Council, wanted students in a bulletin on October 12 that card playing would be banned if abuse of cafeteria privileges continued.

"The first penalty for violation of the ruling would be to take away the privileges of the cafeteria from the offender," Dr. Ewing said. "I hope we don't have to do that."

Christmas Dance Set For Empress

The Christmas Dance will be held in the Crystal Ballroom at the Empress Hotel on December 20, giving everyone two days to get rid of dark circles and nervous breakdowns.

After overcoming some opposition from the management, the College will preserve a two-year tradition by having the dance at the Empress. After last year's dance the manufacture of crystal chandeliers in Canada went up 50 per cent and members of the local glass and upholstery unions received a ten cent a week raise. We are implored not to give them another since it would put them in a higher income tax bracket.

Len Acres' Orchestra will play from 9 p.m. to midnight, and the Glee Club will arrange for carols to be sung during intermission.

Margaret Mawer is in charge of arrangements, and John Gault will M.C. with the P.A.

The dance is semi-formal. Ties are compulsory. Tickets are \$2 per couple.

CHILDREN, BOOTLEGGERS REJOICE IN XMAS SPIRIT

By BRUCE BYRNES

There was a time, still within the memory of some of the oldest and hardest pioneers, when December 25 was Christmas. It was from that crude old tradition that we, in the wisdom of our modern streamlined civilization, developed that boon to small children and bootleggers—Xmas.

Oldsters like to tell of the quaint old customs that people used to perform on the old-fashioned Christmas. They used to go to church, read from the Gospel according to St. Luke, and gather in little groups to go around the streets singing Christmas carols.

These customs were just a fad, of course, and are now completely anachronistic. A few old die-hards still practise them, but they are reactionaries who refuse to recognize the march of modern progress and the new Spirit of Xmas. These same people are likely to be found wearing long red flannels and insisting that the world is square.

Most people, more enlightened than these ridiculous few, now realize that the only three reasons for going inside a church are to get baptised, to get married and to prepare for getting buried.

The little mobs that used to gather to sing carols—a dangerous source of juvenile delinquency and pneumonia epidemics—have been replaced by warm and well-fed groups which gather before a microphone and trill be-bop versions of "The First Noel." Millions of housewives scrub their floors on the downbeat, and their listening pleasure is enhanced by occasional hints from a honey-voiced announcer about "Flusho, the perfect Xmas gift."

Reading of the Gospel according to St. Luke is almost too outdated to be considered. True,

one group still thinks a little religious reading is in keeping with the season—but its members read from the Gospel according to St. Marx.

Xmas vs. Christmas

The modern Xmas makes the old-fashioned Christmas look sickly by comparison. It's like comparing a technicolor extravaganza produced by Cecil B. De Mille, complete with bathtub scenes, to an early Theda Bari thriller. We have replaced the discordant "sleighbells in the snow" with delicately-tuned musical horns on our automobiles. The flickering candle in the window has given way to multi-colored Xmas tree lights, and the simple pleasure of wine on Christmas Eve has given way to big rollicking parties at which the happy celebrants take turns throwing empties at each other.

Children take until about their third birthday to figure out that the old fool behind the phoney white whiskers is their male parent. After that they play along with the gag because it would be such a shame to shatter his innocent delusion that his raucous rasp sounds like the booming voice of the mythical polar philanthropist.

Father feels that he personifies the true benevolent Spirit of Xmas as he helps his fellow townsmen select their Xmas presents. He owns a clothing store and gives away the shiny new goods on his shelves for a profit of only 150 per cent. Watching the gullible customer leave the store, frilly lace present carefully wrapped and clutched with both hands, Father beams with the expansiveness of Xmas good will as he rings up another \$19.98.

Ned Spreads Cheer

Father's brother, Uncle Ned, is even more self-satisfied than Father about his Xmas benevolence. Spreading the Spirit of Xmas is Uncle Ned's business. He has become known and respected as the best bootlegger in town, and takes particular pleasure in serving his patrons during the Xmas rush. Anyone who may wonder if the Xmas season really stimulates happiness has never seen Uncle Ned's back room on Xmas morning, with satisfied patrons sprawled blissfully across the furniture. Uncle Ned, over in a corner, is serene with inner joy as he counts the bills in the cash drawer.

For Mother, Xmas doesn't have the beautiful significance it has for the other members of the family. For her it means cooking a big dinner and having her three brats underfoot more than usual, just as on any other holiday. She takes the present-giving part of Xmas seriously, but doesn't have to worry about that any more. She had given Father the choice, after their fifth successive fight, of giving her a new coat for Xmas or paying alimony for the rest of his life. Father, after a few minutes of mental calculation, had agreed to buy the coat.

Sucker Season

The three youngsters, ages 15, 11 and 5, look forward to Xmas with wide-eyed anticipation and try to out-do each other in playing their parents for suckers. They all found early in life that at Xmas their parents seem more soft in the head than usual. (Father calls this soft-heartedness.) For two weeks before Xmas Day they practise their routines, and when the time comes they use just the right expressions of surprise and wonderment as they open the presents. They had already rummaged through the gifts several times when they were hidden in Mother's closet, and had been down to the stores to decide what to exchange them for.

For days after Xmas they celebrate by yowling and yelping, with the assistance of several



—Photo Courtesy The Daily Colonist

SANTA CLAUS . . . No Unemployment at Christmas

Pseudo Santas Saturate City, Spread Strep

By JOHN NAPIER-HEMY

Christmas is coming and something has to be done about it. We are in danger of being blown up and overrun with bearded men in red suits. Relax, I don't mean the Bolsheviks. I'm talking about Santa Claus and Junior.

Each year some emaciated down-and-out is hired to play Santa in the department stores. Al Capp's Slobovians have nothing on this character. Why is his beard invariably a trap for nicotine and streptococci? Why does Santa Claus look like a case history in malnutrition? If he wasn't he'd be out digging ditches for a dollar an hour.

Don't feel sorry for him. What

did he ever do for you? A coupon for a free comic book with every five bottles of Belinda Blathers Bottled Bilge, maybe? This sort of thing isn't good enough.

You should never force a child to talk to one of these ogres. It might get epileptic fits. Just imagine if you had to go out on a dark night and tell Frankenstein what you wanted for Christmas. When Santa shifts his bacy and says "Whawawafacissimus," he really means "Spill it quick, kid, there's a whole string of brats waiting. I'm feeling like hell, and I want to get a drink before the beer parlors close."

Now think of the fellow on the receiving end. Ever had to

play nursemaid to fifty steaming, sniffling infants who look as though they just came down from Chemainus in a coal truck? What if one of them takes a tug at the foliage? Presto, fifty confirmed cynics! This isn't good enough either.

Toy Geniuses

What kind designed the toys this year? The dolls can do everything their owners can do and with more consistency. Finch them and they yelp; spank them and they scream. They will even become neurotic with mistreatment. These marvellous creatures will burp, belch, and undergo other functions to appeal to a four-year-old's vulgarity. Dolly will even digest so don't be surprised if you find the milk you left out for the cat absorbed in its diapers.

Chemistry sets have been done over. No more harmless chemicals for making glue or turning rose petals blue. Junior will be able to re-create Bikini in the bath-tub this year. Watch out for radio-active soap!

In the line of toys, there is a tank which rumbles across the living-room at 30 knots and is guaranteed to send Grandma sprawling. It even has a flame-thrower which will burn down Christmas trees and undermine furniture admirably.

Yours truly isn't taking any chances though; I'm giving my kid sister candy!

Club Activities

V.C.F.

The V.C.F. is very active this year. Prayer meetings are held on Sunday afternoons when hymns are sung and the group is addressed by a guest speaker. This club also presents lecturers at College on school days during lunch time. Last week the V.C.F. brought Mr. Harris of Kingston, Jamaica, to the College. Mr. Harris gave a series of three lectures.

Musical Appreciation

The Musical Appreciation went modern last week with some work by contemporary composers. Camarata's "Rumbalero," Ravel's "La Valse" and Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" were presented by Joan Churchill in anticipation of the up-and-coming Jazz Club. This week they presented Franck's symphony in D Minor with comments by Dr. Wells.

Psychology Club

The Psychology Club made rather a late start this year but hopes to make up for it in the new year, when it will incorporate films into its program. Two of the films which will be shown are "Neurosis and Alcohol" and "Diary of a Sergeant."

"The Feeling of Rejection," presented on Nov. 26, was seen by over 200 students.

quarrelsome and vocal friends they invited in to "play." They throw electric trains and hockey sticks at each other while Mother and Father try to sleep off the effects of the Xmas party and get in shape for the New Year's party.

Xmas comes but once a year. It's probably just as well.

Want Directory To Be Reprinted

The recent publishing of the Directory produced some interesting reactions among the students.

The most violent of these came from Lu Ann Armstrong who suggested the Directory be reprinted. It seems that Lu is missing those Saturday night calls since her phone number got into the little book as G-1826 instead of G-1876.

Mary Lou Fraser was even harder done by, and made the same request. She was left out entirely and wants it known that she lives at 1111 Colinson Street, phone E-3873.

Bhaget Basi's phone number should be G-6780. Dave Moillet is another student who is suffering from delusions. He has just learned from the Directory that he is in first year.

Geraldine Paterson lives at 1902 Carberry Gardens and Joan Baird lives on Marne Street. It almost seems a shame to shatter the blessed calm they have been living in since their other addresses were published.

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Your Clubs . . .

Literary Arts Features Varied Program

The Literary Arts Society this year has one of the most popular and interesting clubs in the college.

One reason for this club's appeal is that evening meetings have been introduced in place of the routine noon meetings. These "soirees" are held every two weeks at the home of one of the members.

At each meeting the members welcome a guest speaker who has offered to come and talk about his profession or avocation. These discussions give the members an insight into a phase of life with which they are not very well acquainted.

The society has held three evening meetings to date. At the first meeting Dr. Austin Wells, sponsor of the society, described the society's activities and then discussed his very interesting travels in South America. Constable Arthur Deeks of the Victoria Police told the society of his work in England during the war and of his more recent adventures with bootleggers in Victoria. Captain D. J. Proudfoot held an interesting discussion on the possibility of a trip to the moon in the near future.

After each address the speakers hold a question free-for-all which continues during the serving of refreshments. In fact after the last meeting a small group of members were seen arguing under a lamp post on their way home.

For education and entertainment combined nothing compares with the Literary Arts Society, according to the club's progressive and able president, Peter Paterson. He has been mainly responsible for the unique development of the club this year.

Quiggley P. Sluffthru Finds Glorious Freedom at College

By JOAN CHURCHILL

No serious, red-blooded, conscientious, card-playing all-Canadian student needs to be at College long before he finds out the glorious freedom that this institution of higher learning offers.

The realization comes upon Quiggley P. Sluffthru early in the term, when he finds himself comfortably seated in the cat in a free hour. Anxious to be a real Collegian, he gets involved in a bridge game. Time passes quickly and soon the bell goes.

"Crimminy!" quips Quiggley quickly. Just when he is about to make a grand slam. Why not just cut this class—it's only an English lecture, thinks Quiggley. "Just this once," he tells himself.

However, as the days go by this procedure becomes rather habitual. But Quiggley's bridge game improves immensely.

Besides English, Quiggley occasionally skips Psych, which comes at one-thirty. By that time he has got himself involved in another bridge game. Everyone says Psych is a snap, so Quiggley isn't worrying too much about it. And his bridge is improving immensely.

Every so often Quiggley and his pals have a gala day and skip all their lectures. It gives bridge continuity—any student will tell you that a bridge game interrupted by lectures is no game at all.

Well, no matter how smart Quiggley is (and he must be smart, the way he shuffles those cards) English will present a problem. For one thing, a student can only skip one-eighth of the total lectures. This is drawn to Quiggley's attention.

"Crimminy!" quips Quiggley, "I thought it said seven-eighths!"

Ideal Courses Installed

It is clear that something must be done.

For people like Quiggley there is only one possible solution: to bring the curriculum up-to-date. This is effected by the addition of two courses, Bridge 101 and Lecture-Skipping 100.

Now as Quiggley surveys the calendar, quickly singling out his major, he sees himself as the great scholar of the age. He is especially interested in L.S. 100 because it is such a practical subject. And for serious, red-blooded, conscientious, card-playing all-Canadian students, this is essential. He can go right through for his L.S.M.F.T. (Lecture-Skipping Means Fine Times.)

The principle of L.S. 100 is rationalization. It teaches method, system, and organization, in that most practical of all fields—skipping lectures. Three hours a week are devoted to this progressive course, and all—well, nearly all—the lectures are attended faithfully. On Monday Discretion is taught. On Wed-



nesday eager students learn the Analysis and Construction of Alibis, while on Friday Conscience Squelching is dealt with.

Quiggley is keen during the first two Lecture-Skipping lectures of the week but becomes noticeably bored in Friday's lecture. He often skips it. This is very practical because he feels that he is putting what he has already learned into practice. You see, Quiggley really is a serious, red-blooded, conscientious, card-playing all-Canadian student.

Math helps Quiggley figure out the difficulties in L.S. 100 and the score in Bridge 101. He is taking only four subjects, as he feels it would be better not to overload himself.

He skipped more lectures in L.S. 100 than his other courses. This is proof of the practical value of the course, and also shows that he doesn't intend to let his keen interest in one subject over-shadow his interest in others.

Assignments in Discretion consist in the making of elaborate graphs of general and personal trends in lecture-skipping. This is very practical, as it shows what courses are most popular.

The second lecture of the week on Analysis and Construction of Alibis, is most important of all, and is always well attended. In fact students often skip other lectures to attend this class. Quiggley learns first a list of basic alibis: (to be rehearsed by the class in unison.)

1. I couldn't make it because:
1. Bus broke down.
2. Ingrown toenail needed attention.
3. Raining.
4. Diamond fell out of sock.
5. Lunch fell in puddle.
6. Tripped going down stairs.
7. Cat had kittens

Beneficial Discussions

There are lively class discussions in which students express their views, and bring their problems to light. Quiggley feels he benefits greatly by these friendly intercourses, and is encouraged to find others have the same difficulties as he.

There is one written assignment in the term: an essay of 10

word or less (including topic) on "A good excuse for skipping lectures is . . ."

Quiggley feels he can dispense with Conscience Squelching—any struggles he has with his conscience are dealt with in the following manner:

Conscience: But you were going to study your math in the library.

Quiggley: I can do that this afternoon.

Conscience: Oh, all right.

Sees True Value

Soon, he is submerged hopefully in the jovial atmosphere of the caf, and he feels that, after all, this learning to get along with others is the best thing college teaches one.

Our Quiggley is a man of action. He decides early that morning, as he is lying in bed gazing thoughtfully down at his foot which extends beyond the bed-covers, that he will skip French 101 to make up for that L.S. 100 lecture. Contentedly Quiggley rolls over for another half-hour of sleep, sinking into delightful dreams as to how to improve his bridge game.

However, the Mid-Term exams bring Quiggley to his feet. He finds that due to an error in calculation he has skipped almost one third of his Lecture-Skipping lectures, unbeknownst to him. He feels that this would have been avoided if he had done better in Math. Not that he skipped too many Math lectures (no more than the exact maximum)—but he sometimes dozed, or copied out French assignments.

It was French that came as a blow to Quiggley. No one had told him he was supposed to learn the vocabularies, as well as have a reading knowledge of the play. As he'd been careful to skip lectures in which tests were given, he was not familiar with

Unfortunately for Quiggley, the new ruling discrediting Bridge 101 was not made in time to save him from academic ruin. He feels that perhaps he did throw himself a little too wholeheartedly into it, but such enthusiasm is, after all, the mark of a serious, red-blooded, conscientious, card-playing all-Canadian student, and therefore the blame does not lie with him.

them, and when confronted with the mid-term exam, he was faced with the blinding realization that he did not know any French.

Of course, he honored in Bridge, but this isn't high school so he can't compensate.

Is Realistic

After learning of his mid-term results, Quiggley has a serious talk with himself in the caf.

"After this I must be more discreet in selecting the lectures I skip," he chastized himself.

He emphasized his mood by butting his cigaret in his coffee cup with a sudden jerky motion. Mrs. Norris damned him with a glance.

So, the mid-terms had a good effect on Quiggley, though he failed 2 out of the 3 subjects he wrote. He feels that he now knows what he doesn't know. That certainly is a comfort. He soon convinces himself that he really does know what he doesn't know, and thus sallies on blissfully. . . .

(Note from the Registrar's office: We regret that Quiggley will not be with us for the remainder of the year.)

U. B. C. Newsletter

By VIC HAY

"Oh where, oh where, are the flames of yesteryear?" mused Bloodgood, absently pinching a passing cutie.

While ruminating on the foregoing bit of whimsy, culled from a 1926 Microscope, I was seized by the thought that some of you may be interested in what has happened, or what is happening to recent graduates from Victoria College. Naturally, the printing of some details would bring about immediate banning of my material from the mails, so, somewhat regretfully, I shall eschew the lurid and promulgate the prosaic.

Ray Baines, (46) is Features Editor of the Ubyssy. He is distinguished by a pipe, and owl-like look, and a revolting habit of gingerly seizing his nose 'twixt thumb and forefinger when he scans my efforts.

Terry Garner (46) ex-president A.M.S., is now chief announcer for the U.B.C. Radio Society. Those who miss him will be glad to know that his voice may be heard each Saturday afternoon on the CKWX Swing Show.

The Cavalier Poets' stentorian tones rocked Victoria College last year. This year, lost in the crush of 8500 milling students, their voices emerge, if at all, as protesting squeaks, but their courage remains undiminished.

Last year's Students' Council roams the campus, as disembodied as the ghost of Hamlet's pa, wistfully thinking of the old and happy days, before the end of the term poured the henlock in their composite ear.

From time to time, as space allows, I'll pass on more news of Victoria College alumni to you by way of advice and warn-

ing. Because once you leave the benevolent and protective shadow of Dr. Ewing believe me, the damndest things can happen to you.

To all of you who have reached this point in my column, I offer congratulations. I also offer the following suggestion. You have a good paper this year and you can make it better, more representative of yourselves, by contributing material to it. Your paper is your voice, and its clarity and integrity depends upon you.

Next time I'll tell you about white slavery and narcotics and other useful and innocent pastimes.

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REMARKS:

Peter:
Bob Wallace gave me then photocopy
of the first Merit year ago. It
is the initial copy under the new
name. It was a newsy paper
then. Thought you might be interested
Jim

The MARTLET

Editor-in-Chief Connie Armstrong
 News Editor Bruce Byrnes
 Features Editor Joan Churchill
 Sports Editor Don Smyth
 Business Manager Anne Henderson
 Reporters Barbara Cameron, Marg Fitzgerald,
 Mary Lou Fraser, Pat Fuller, John Henry, Pat Henderson
 Lyndy Hendsbee, Dale Kilshaw, Doug McDougall, Evan
 Oakley, Dave Price, Letty Watson, Anne Williams.

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Apathy Paralyzes Clubs.

The club system at Victoria College seems to be slowly disintegrating. The general student apathy so apparent in other aspects of the life of the College, seems also to be paralyzing these activities.

A number of what were the most active clubs of previous years are being affected.

The Camera Club is in one of the most severe plights. The last few members are about to disband. In previous years the main difficulty with this club has always been an excess of members which made equipment scarce. What has happened?

Another club which has yet to prove it is alive is the C.I.C. An extremely prominent club last year, it seems to be bogged down in executive difficulties. With the large number of science students at Vic College, it is certainly not difficult to attract a membership if varied and interesting meetings were arranged. When will the first meeting be held?

The Forum, which was also very successful last year, has not been re-formed at all this year. This club was organized to give a voice to student opinions. Must the College be dumb?

The straits of the V.C.T. are only too well known to bear repeating here. The near catastrophe recently overcome by this club only seems to emphasize the trend.

Others could also be added to the list. When was the I.R.C. heard from last?

While the general failure of these clubs is most noticeable, there are others which have so far been extremely successful. Among these are the Literary Arts Club, the V.C.F., the Promed Society, and the Music Appreciation Club. The question is, why are these successful and not the others? Surely there are as many students interested in the other activities.

No club need languish for lack of organization. Staff direction is available, and Shirley Johnson, Director of Literary and Scientific on the Students' Council, can supply information and help on activities and publicity.

When over a third of the clubs of the College are in some kind of difficulty—financial or otherwise—is seems time to ask a few questions.—C.E.A.

Wanderers Edge College Thirds; First Defeat in Seven Games

The third division rugby team suffered its first defeat at the hands of the Oak Bay Wanderers by the score of 3-0.

This setback marks the first time in seven starts that this team has come out on the wrong end of the score. The loss might

be blamed on lack of conditioning, or maybe the fact that a few of them had been on starvation diets for a few days, in order to make the weight limit, had something to do with this.

The only score came when the Wanderers drove deep into Vikings territory, and eventually staggered across the line for the score. College came close on many occasions, but just seemed to fade away when a little energy would have done a world of good.

Basketball
 College hoopsters walked over the Elks 47-13. They must be afraid to lose; this make it four straight. Playing the Elks in basketball is somewhat like matching Joe Louis against Robin Terry for a fight. The score was not an indication of the play and some of the Elks even thought that the Vikings were homesteading on their end of the floor. All in all our boys put on a fairly good show for the few (spelt two) loyal supporters.

Team scores: Oakley 10, McKinnon 9, Loutit 12, Basi 4, Grundison 5, Cory 4, Robinson, Canova, Lamont 3.

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Letters to the Editor

Mrs. Norris Outlines The Cafeteria Story

Dear Editor:
 My thoughts today turn back to November 18, 1946, when we opened the door of the caf for the first time.

It was a very cold morning, with snow on the ground, and a nasty cold wind was blowing, to help make things colder. It was a sight never to be forgotten by those of us who were there at the beginning.

We had no stoves, only high parlor heating that we had to struggle to make coffee, cocoa and soup on. Needless to say, the coffee was so bad that more of it was thrown out than was used.

What a nightmare that was. We had no sinks or water for cooking or dishes, we packed water from the engine room to wash the dishes, and then had to take the dirty water out to be thrown away. We had tables and counters set up on trestles, and we also had a large number of students anxious to try out the new cafeteria.

Well, we eventually got through to the Christmas holidays, and while the College was closed, the sinks were installed. Following the closing of the College for the summer holidays, money was available for the remodeling of the Cafeteria. Some of the students assisted in drawing up plans, which, to my idea, proved very good.

Consequently, when we started operating the Cafeteria in September 1947, it was like moving from a shed to a palace. The beautiful chairs and tables, linoleum on the floor, and a marvellous counter, also a stove to work with, began making things worthwhile.

This term has opened with a fine new range being installed, making our Cafeteria modern throughout. Steam heat has also been installed for the students' comfort. I have installed all dishes and cooking equipment, and have thoroughly enjoyed operating the College Cafeteria.

But I do feel that maybe some of our Students do not fully appreciate what has been done to help make their term at the College brighter with the use of a nice Cafeteria, and I would like to bring to their notice a few things.

Not for Cards

In the first place a Cafeteria is definitely not the place for card playing.

Other bad habits are leaving dirty dishes lying around, throwing salt and pepper over the seats, lunch papers thrown on the floor instead of in the containers placed in the Cafeteria for that purpose. And the idea of throwing milk bottles in the grounds and garbage cans is far beyond my apprehension.

These bottles cost money and I have to pay two cents for shortage of each bottle.

Now, what about it, students. A little co-operation and appreciation on your part, will surely help us carry on our part. In so doing, it will show to Dr. Fwing and members of the Faculty that we are all appreciative of what has been done to give us that pleasure of operating and enjoying the use of a modern Cafeteria.

Wishing you all every success in your studies, on behalf of my staff and myself.

Mrs. A. Norris.

Council Briefs

Dale Kilshaw is in charge of a committee to look to better arrangements for the Men's Common Room. No results have been forthcoming from a letter to the Victoria College Council written by Barton Howes. The Council has deferred the matter to the Greater Victoria School Board.

Robin's Report?

Dear Editor,

Is the Victoria College Theatre the Victoria College or are there other activities taking place here? The Nov. 12 edition was full of the Theatre which was crammed down our throat, and we would like to see a little more about other activities.

May we suggest you call the paper The Victoria College Theatre Review, or Robin's Report.

Yours sincerely,

Roger Ross
 Don Smyth
 Evan Oakley
 Jim Loutit
 Macgregor Macintosh
 Doug MacDougal

Somebody Loves Us

Dear Editor:

Considering the size of the college, I think the paper has done exceptionally well. In the range of articles especially, there is certainly something to interest everyone.

The last issue was a little theatre-ish but that was unavoidable with our College plays and "Hamlet" coming in the same week. John Napier-Henry certainly did a fine write-up for "Hamlet."

About the caf I've picked up bits of gossip concerning some students' antagonism toward the V.C.T. After seeing the plays I can't imagine why. In my old high school their efforts would have been backed enthusiastically.

I would like to offer a couple of suggestions for the paper. I am an out-of-town student, and still not acquainted with a lot of those milling faces in the caf. I think a column which would include a lot of names would go over well—I for one would like to get to know some.

I'd like to see more of the humorous type of writing too. Two of this type appeared, quite different and entertaining. I hope their efforts continue. But names like "L. F. Froubles" are a bit high-schoolish. "General Speaking" is out of the ordinary to say the least. I enjoyed that column too.

Keep up the good work!
 M. W.

Messages of condolence have been sent to Robin and Pamela Terry on the loss of their mother.

A wreath from the students of Victoria College will be sent to the funeral of Gordon Payne, who before his death was in first year.

Roger Ross was given a grant of \$1.50 to buy a new soccer ball. As there was no enthusiasm at the beginning of the year for a soccer team the money which would have been used to purchase the ball was used by the Men's Athletics for other purposes.

A grant of \$15.00 has been given to the V.C.F. to send delegates to a conference at Bellingham.

Conservative Clarion?

To the Editor,

Yesterday, quite by accident, I discovered that the college has a newspaper. By investigating further I was able to ascertain the following somewhat nebulous facts:

This paper has a name, or rather it has not a name; whereupon further consideration it seems to have two names and by now it probably has three, but my guess is that it will remain "The Mike" to 90% of the students just as the would-be V.C.T. is still called the "Player's Club" by one and all!

With the exception of 18 inches in the lower left of page three the paper reads more like a report from a congressional bureau than the lusty chronicle of youthful feats that it should be.

Now that the V.C.T. has closed shop for the term and the Vikings have no more games, copy for the next issue must be practically non-existent! What about filling the gap with a column on what's happening to the little fishes in the big pond? And some cartoons (seemingly non-existent in the College Conservative Clarion) would help roll back the almost impenetrable clouds of staidness.

However, I personally enjoy the paper and think that you are doing a fine job. Keep it up and make every issue better than the last and the College will soon have a paper that is unsurpassed. Till we meet again,
 A.K.

Editors Note: Will A.K. please report to the Rookery. We need the services of the likes of you.

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