

Arc
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Exams will be held commencing Dec. 10. This is a student participation programme. Scholarships will be awarded next year for the best exam papers.

The Martlet

COME TO THE
CHRISTMAS DANCE
AT THE EMPRESS
DEC. 20.

Victoria, College, Victoria, B.C., December 8, 1949.



Bumps Rocks College

—Photo by Connla Wood.

See Story Page 4.

SIDNEY FOSTER DELIGHTS STUDENTS

American Pianist Gives Classical Programme

Sidney Foster delighted students of Victoria High School and Victoria College on Monday. The gifted young American pianist presented two concerts, one at the high school and the other at the college, giving the students a chance to hear a truly great pianist.

In his concert at the high school Mr. Foster played fairly well-known selections together with other works which emphasized the skill of the pianist. The audience was very pleased when Mr. Foster played the well-known Claire de Lune by Debussy and the Polonaise by Chopin.

A programme of a more serious nature was presented to the students of the college. The main work was a Chopin sonata which moved the audience to a great applause. Mr. Foster concluded the programme with several shorter selections which he played at the request of the audience.

Although Mr. Foster was handicapped by a strict schedule, his manner was cool, and he pre-

sented both programmes with a feeling of ease which infected the audiences.

After the recital at the college Mr. Foster remarked on the enthusiasm which the students displayed. He felt pleased to be able to play before a gathering which showed so much enthusiasm and interest.

Among those present in the audience were members of the college faculty and Mr. Hans Gruber.

Vikings Finish In League Lead; Only One Loss

As the curtain fell on the first half the local rugby league, our valiant senior 15 had won 1st half laurels in spite of a single 13-11 defeat at the hands of Oak Bay Wanderers. Vikings won a total of six wins, one by default, and 1 loss.

Half a Team

Things look very bad indeed for our Intermediate "A" basketball team. Not only have they lost all three of their league games, but they are losing their best players at an alarming rate. First of all Art Olsen quit, then centreman Elmer Mathews, and, at last report, guard Bob McConachie had signified his intentions of leaving the team.

The team is still operating without the guiding hand of a coach and one can hardly blame the players for getting discontented under such circumstances.

Any one of the three games could have been won by the College with a little luck. The first game of the season, against St. Louis College, was lost in overtime and the second game, this one with Eight Aces, was lost by the scanty margin of two points. In the third game, Vic High Totems beat the College by 10 points. One week previously, in the annual exhibition game between these two schools, the College had their full team out and easily won the game. However, this game had no bearing on the Inter "A" standings and our team remains with three losses, no wins, half a team, and no coach.—D.W.B.

Martlet Literary Contest

Can you write? If you can, there's a five-dollar prize waiting for you.

In order to stimulate creative writing in the College, the Martlet is sponsoring a literary contest.

Here are the rules:

1. Any poem or short, essay-type feature by a student of Victoria College is eligible.
2. There are no limitations as to subject matter.
3. Contributions will be judged with consideration to originality, imaginativeness, style and suitability for publication.
4. Contributions will be limited to a maximum of 650 words, and should be type-written (double-spacing).
5. Contributions should be marked "Literary Contest" and left at the Martlet office before Monday, January 9, 1950.
6. All material will be judged by A. Gilchrist and the editorial board of the Martlet; the decision of the editorial board shall be final.
7. A prize of five dollars will be awarded for the best contribution.
8. The prize-winning poem or feature will be published by the Martlet, and all contributions will be considered for publication.

Tim Buckeroo Tried, Sentenced Faculty's Hot Air Proves Explosive

On Tuesday, the 29th of November, Peter Henslowe, otherwise known as Tim Buckeroo, was tried for various charges of a violent nature. The prosecutor, Tom Rhodes, in spite of the defence presented by Wayne Thompson, managed to convince the jury of Buckeroo's guilt.

The first witness was a certain Miss Flaxenvalley (Gordon Cox) who tearfully asserted that her lecture had been disrupted by the accused who persisted in winking at her. Lawyer Thompson then had Buckeroo demonstrate that he was unable to wink and therefore not guilty.

Pat Carstens, as Lady Cramalot, then testified that she had seen the accused deposit Epsom Salts in one of the Caf's coffee urns. John Hemy, known in the underworld as Sam Levontchi the College bag collector, created additional confusion by telling the court that he had found a bag marked "Bath salts" in the vicinity of the urns shortly after.

Horatio Dimbulb, played by Pat Thomas stated that Buckeroo had sought his aid in setting off a bomb in the women's commons. A drunken Scotsman, Angus McTavish, told the lawyer for the defence that Buckeroo was not the rebellious type as he had approached him the day before in order to obtain his help in a plan to overthrow the Students' Council.

oo was not the rebellious type as he had approached him the day before in order to obtain his help in a plan to overthrow the Students' Council.

Sets Off Bomb

Sir Sydney Regrettit alias Gerry Coultas, gave a dramatic description of how he had saved the College from a horrible destruction when he accosted the accused in the act of setting off a bomb in the Women's Commons. To emphasize the harmless nature of the bomb, Mr. Thompson then asked Aluin Gilchrist—one of the policemen—to set off the bomb. Triumphant, he explained that the bomb contained only hot air generated by the Faculty. This, however, proved to be mildly explosive and the case for the defence broke down.

The jury, to avoid asphyxiation hastily departed and soon returned with a verdict, pronounced rather hesitantly by foreman Ray Wehner, of "Guilty."

Lord Justice Levy, the judge, sentenced the unfortunate Buckeroo to "ten tongue lashings from Mr. Bishop" and for additional contempt of court "four complete courses of Latin 101."

Council Disbands College Committee On Student Rates

The College Transportation Committee has been disbanded. The three-man committee, headed by Dan Levy, had been formed to investigate the possibilities of obtaining student rates on Victoria buses for persons attending Victoria College.

Letters were written by the Committee to all Canadian universities asking for advice. All replies stated that, although Senior Matriculation students attending high schools were entitled to student rates, none of the university students were entitled to special privileges.

Letters were written to the Greater Victoria Transportation Commission, The Public Utilities Commission and the B.C. Electric. All replies were discouraging in content. At an interview between the Transportation

(Cont. on page 3)

Jazz, Music Appreciation Clubs Combine to Present Symposium

By Carol Potter

The Jazz Club and the Music Appreciation Club joined forces to present their first Symposium on November 30.

The classical society presented the first item on the programme "Rhapsody in Blue." This popular American classic was executed by the exponent of Gershwin, Oscar Levant. Levant, against the solid classical setting supplied by the Philadelphia Philharmonic, Eugene Ormandy conducting, played with the technique of a maestro and the beat of a jazz-man.

Switching from the realm of the dominant 7th to the suburb of the flatted 5th, Denny Boyd introduced "Wow" by Lennie Tristano. This artist is said to have changed the whole picture of jazz. Whereas jazz used to be "hot," it is now "cool," relaxed, and has broken away from the two-beat Dixieland type. Tristano's group showed neat coordination of the dominating instruments, refreshing after the megalomaniac artistry heard from lesser groups on record. The tempo of this piece was unfamiliar, rambling and relaxed, artistic and altogether delightful.

"Summer Sequence"

The next treat, also presented by the Jazz Club, was two sides from "Summer Sequence" by Woody Herman. The first, a really memorable side, had a definite and melodic theme, and the whole composition showed careful planning and processing. The instrument work was good and not too dominating, providing a smooth and dramatic piece with sentimental value. The second side amalgamated fragments of different themes into a feverish and brilliant tone-poem, illustrating all the heat and clarity of a summer storm. The beat was somewhat erratic, fitting the moods of the various themes.

High the Moon" was an excellent sample of Sonny Burke's remarkable and unusual String Orchestra. The melody hue was held by a warm, fond trombone with a classical and sentimental backing by dozens of violins. The beat is dominating and thundering while the original theme is trimmed with meandering and variations. This record is even danceable but is more definitely connoisseur's fare, and deserves full concentration.

French Recordings

M. Treil introduced the next two records. The first was "La Mer," sung by Charles Trenet. The singing, sentimental, intimate, Gallic and gallant, was backed by a competent but uninspired orchestra, playing just a bit too fast to give the potential impact.

"La Gavotte des Batons Blanch" was a humorous piece, designed to be sung in the cabaret. Lily Fayol, a nasal and spirited Frenchwoman, vocalized on the annoyance of the Bourgeoise when the troublesome gendarmes interfere with their harmless low bending.

No jazz concert could exclude Stan Kenton. "Concerto to End All Concertos" with its "ethereal" trombone was selected. This composition begins like a dirge, then resolves into sophisticated harmony and tempo. The record, dramatic, raucous, and typically Kenton, generated such vibrations during the playing that the player rattled against the table.

The last presentation of the Jazz Club was "Early Autumn," another side from "Summer Sequence." The Herman group, led this time by three tenor and one baritone sax, took a rather ordinary composition and turned it into a high-level example of contemporary jazz.

The last classical record was a piano, the third movement from Schumann's A Minor Concerto.

A bigger and better "How

The MARTLET

Editor-in-Chief John Napier-Hemy
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 Business Managers Tania Hermuses, Doreen Collie
 Sports Editor Denny Boyd
 Clubs Ray Wehner
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 Pat Thomas, Pat Carstens, Gerry Coultas, Johnny
 Symonds, Wayne Thompson, David Moilliet.
 Advertising.....Mary Lou Fraser, Eve Harvey, Sylvia Lash,
 Jennifer Munday, Dudley Coddington, Diane Bevan.

THE ACME PRESS LTD.

King George Victimized

Great atrocities have been perpetrated in Ottawa and the victim is none other than His Majesty, King George VI.

The new Canadian set of stamps, supposedly depicting the monarch, is an insult to King George and a disgrace to Canada.

Is the weak-chinned youth who appears on the one cent stamp the same individual as the tired, greying old man on the three cent stamp?

The two cent stamps give our king pronouncedly high cheek-bones. Surely he is not lapsing into mongolian idiocy?

The gentleman with the elongated proboscis on the five cent stamp has become the victim of a skillfully executed axe-murder on the four-cent stamp.

Were these abortions the work of a fully-qualified engraver or a bureaucrat hired for political reasons?

Glad as we are to see His Majesty finally out of uniform, it is a horrifying spectacle to see him so cruelly misrepresented.

Canada has always taken honors in stamp exhibitions all over the world for originality of design, good taste and accuracy of representation. The latest issue might take a prize for imagination.

* * *

What Shall We Censor?

The question of banning certain comic books, which has been the subject of so many heated debates in the House of Commons, is vital in that it touches on the issue of personal liberties.

Are we to have complete freedom of the press or must the state intervene and establish certain limitations.

At the adult level, censorship is highly undesirable. No one who truly appreciates fine literature would desecrate Dickens or Shakespeare for the sake of removing a passage dealing with sex or crime. As a result of arbitrary action by the Federal government, Canada has lost such fine works as James Joyce's "Ulysses."

With children, however, we are not dealing with mature, reasoning beings. Psychologists and sociologists will tell you that a person's personality is largely determined by what he experiences during the early years of his life.

Normal children have groping, inquisitive minds and naturally turn to literature as a means of information. Their two chief sources of reading material are children's books and the glittering comics, the latter having the edge in popularity.

Comic books which portray crime as glamorous, and hoodlums as heroes, tend to form this same attitude in the young reader. It is erroneous to say that comics depicting females in a state of semi-nudity have no effect on children. Although puberty does not set in until the age of thirteen or fourteen, sexual desire can be stimulated in children from the age of five on.

Obviously, in the case of children, some form of censorship is necessary, but where are we going to establish a boundary? It is not for the politicians, the bureaucrats, the preachers or the P.-T.A. officials to decide. The government should appoint a board of trained sociologists and psychologists to determine that which is desirable and that which is harmful.

If this problem is handled scientifically, an adequate solution will be found. The main danger lies in the possible appointment of a board of bureaucrats, whose arbitrary decisions might carry censorship beyond reasonable limits.

—J.N.-H.

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BIRKS

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Letters to the Editor

Martlet Boners, Errors, Exposed by Student Delivers Criticisms: Valid and Otherwise

Dear Editor:

Before the reader goes any further, I would like him to realize that the following remarks are intended as impersonal and constructive criticism from a student who is sincerely interested in both the progress and the standard of the College paper. Now allow me to continue.

The greatest offence which a paper can commit, is inaccuracy of reporting. The MARTLET in the following instances, is guilty of this in an unjustifiable degree. Firstly, directly below the editorial column appear three inaccuracies which, with a little investigation on the part of the writer, could easily have been avoided. May I point out that the names of both the Martlet staff and the Tower staff were not included in last year's Directory and furthermore, no one suggested that they be included this year. With regard to the "omission" of Miss Henderson's name from the list of the Directory's editors, I would inform you that Anne was not appointed by the Student's Council as an editor. We all appreciate the amount of work which she did in helping to compile the lists; but the facts remain: the Directory has two editors.

The names of the Night School students were deliberately omitted this year, and for a very good reason; they do not pay A.M.S. fees and are therefore not considered members of the Society. So much for the Directory.

Martlet Falls Down?

The MARTLET has fallen down in its reporting with respect to club activities as well. In the editorial column under the caption "Club Vegetate" it is stated that, and I quote, "The Forensic Society and the Newman Club have apparently ceased to exist." A week prior to the distribution of the paper the Forensic Society, after unavoidable delay, elected its executive. This is evidenced by the fact that in column four, page four, of the very same issue there appears under the heading "College Notes" the following: "The Forensic Society organized last week with . . ." The Newman club has been held up by the inertia of the Chaplain on whom Mr. Gubbels had been relying. This too has been remedied as the Club is now well under way. The Psychology Club whose last year president could suggest no one to reorganize it this year, has not been able to get on its feet this term. However, efforts will be made next term to revive it. The Psychology 100 course may stimulate a few students to take an interest in the Club's reformation.

The Directory: How Many Editors?

Dear Editor:

It was with interest and amazement that we read your editorial criticism of the Students' Directory in the last issue of the Martlet. To avoid misunderstanding we would like to call to your attention two errors which appeared in your editorial.

Firstly, the list of Night School Students was omitted because they no longer pay Alma Mater Society fees; therefore, they are not entitled to privileges financed by Student Council funds.

Secondly, had you read the minutes of the Student Council meeting dated Wednesday, September 28, 1949, which were posted on two notice boards, you would have noticed the following:

"The appointment of Geoff d'Easum and John Goult as Editors of the Student Directory was moved by Anne Henderson, seconded by Dan Levy, and carried."

As for the omissions of the Tower and Martlet staffs, we

Reporters Sit Back?

May I point out further that it is a newspapers job to collect and edit the news, not to sit back and wait for it to trickle in. Club executives, until the first edition at least, are for the most part scarcely aware of the paper's existence. The MARTLET has a news editor, a clubs editor, and eleven reporters. Where were they when they were needed?

On the same page as these above-mentioned errors appear two apologies for mistakes in the previous issue. Would it not be more economical to be more careful? I realize that "to err is human" etc., but that doesn't justify such obvious mistakes as these.

Lest I appear hypercritical, I would like to mention by way of commendation, the report of Dr. Homer Thompson's visit and lecture in this city some weeks ago. This was accurate reporting indeed. Possibly to avoid embarrassing his fellow students, the reporter omits to mention that about one point five percent of the College students attended. This in spite of the fact that the meeting was well publicized. Oh, Mr. Gaddes, what sort of population do we have that this should be the intellectual level of the top five percent?

Plagiarism?

No doubt I have, by now, said enough, possibly too much, although I would be the first to regret the latter. Nevertheless, I have not mentioned the blunder in the picture appearing on the first page of the last issue, nor have I commented on the lack of acknowledgment, amounting to virtual plagiarism, of material culled from other publications. Nor on the other side of the fence have I mentioned the MARTLET'S healthy attitude toward the U.B.C. dispute over the editorial in the UBYSSSEY concerning Mr. Nehru's visit. There is infinite room for criticism of the last issue, both good and bad.

Allow me to repeat, my object is not vitriolic or unwarranted attack. Rather it is an attempt to help our College paper rise to a more worthy level. I hope that those who read this far will agree with me that the above-mentioned criticisms constitute such an attempt. With sincere hopes for the future development and improvement of the MARTLET, I remain,

Respectfully,

Daniel C. B. Levy

A reply to the criticisms made on the editorial entitled "Directory Omits Essentials" will be found directly following the letter written by Anne Henderson, John Goult and Geoff d'Easum. We much regret the appearance of the statement that the Foren-

sic Society and Newman Club had ceased to exist. The editors were fully aware that the Forensic Society had reorganized, and this whole statement was erased from the page proofs at the printers. Through some error on the part of the printers this statement was not deleted at the time of publication.

The writer, who pleads for accuracy, might do well to investigate the accuracy of his own statements. We do not sit back and wait for the news to trickle in. The writer will please recall the first meeting of club executives, at which one representative of each club was made responsible for keeping the Martlet informed of their activities. We have printed two editorials urging club executives to hand in accounts of their activities. We have appointed a clubs editor, who has made every effort to see that assignments on club write-ups are handed in on the deadline.

We are still shame-faced at the prize boner which appeared on the front page.

Plagiarizing? "Varsity News" was culled from back editions of the Daily Ubysssey, but we did not quote verbatim. The rhymes and witticisms on the back page are certainly not our own work, but the culling material of this sort from other publications is a perfectly legitimate practice, and we are no way obliged to acknowledge their sources.

—Ed.

Thanks Extended

Dear Editor:

On behalf of the Jazz Club, I'd like to express my deepest thanks for the wonderful co-operation extended by the faculty and students regarding the recent appearance of "Bumps" Blackwell and his "Harlem on Parade" review.

Your attendance was very gratifying and from the warm reception you afforded the musicians, I feel quite safe to believe that the greater majority of you really enjoyed it. This being so, I am satisfied that the venture had accomplished its two-fold purpose of helping to further the appreciation of jazz, and secondly of encouraging other performers of varied fields to appear at the College.

I'd like to thank Neil Neufeld, for his assistance, by volunteering his organizing ability, and Bill Bartlett, for doing such a fine job of looking after the ticket sales. Without their diligent work, the show could not have been the success it was.

Sincerely,

Johnny Symonds.

Where Were You?

Dear Girls:

You haven't heard much from us this year, have you? But it is not from lack of trying, it is more through lack of interest. You remember our Caf Capers, it was a terrific success, but where were you? Poppy Day gave some inspiration to the executives because of the energy and enthusiasm shown by the girls. At the last meeting, plans were discussed for the forthcoming year and already a tentative programme has been outlined. There are speakers and affairs that should appeal to all of you.

See you after Christmas and good luck with your exams!
 W.U.G.S.

Those who go to college and never get out are called professors.

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Your Inquiring Reporter

By Johnny Symonds

After starting much controversy and stirring up innumerable arguments, your inquiring reporter finally emerged with a suitable collection of opinions regarding the very controversial topic of whether comic books dealing with crimes and salacious literature should or should not be banned. Below are the comments that were salvaged out of the thick of the battle and the haze that hangs low in the Caf at all times.

Grant Williamson: Even if comic books are banned kids will find the same ideas from other books that are classed as good literature.

Patte George: I think that salacious literature should be banned but that the Bugs Bunny type are perfectly harmless.

John Egan: Yes, they should be. Look what they did to me!

Dudley Coddington: The crime books should be banned, but the publishing of truly "comic" comic books should be encouraged.

Anne Henderson: If they do start censoring who knows where it will stop? This could be the thin edge of the wedge. If a non-

responsible arbitration board is set up we may end up having very little literature left to read.

Alfred Foxgord: I feel that comics and books that show more of the female anatomy than is advisable should be banned. This could be accomplished by making both publishing and selling of such literature punishable by a severe fine.

Margaret Taylor: I think that crime comics should be banned because they influence the children's minds and encourage juvenile delinquency.

Glen Guest: If a kid is going to get into trouble he is going to get into trouble. I don't think that comic books are to blame. The trouble arises from his upbringing.

Jack Wellburn: Certainly not! I'd have to start studying.

Thirell Lipsey: Why blame the trouble that children get into on comic books? Why not blame their home-life?

Jim Darling: Certainly they should be banned. Young minds are very receptive.

Sylvia Lash: There is no need to ban them. Children are too young to understand and when they are older they should know better.

Bob McFarlane: Some of the more lurid ones should be banned through an approval board run by the publishers.

Irene Gillingham: Children who have the inclination to commit crime will do it regardless of whether or not they read about it in salacious literature.

Phil Wilkinson: The percentage of kids that get into trouble through home conditions is far greater than the percentage who get into trouble through ideas they have accumulated from reading comic books.

Committee Disbands

(Cont. from page 1)

Committee and the P.U.C., our appeal was flatly rejected.

The Committee, which was officially disbanded by Dan Levy at a Council meeting, will be reorganized if developments warrant it.

It has been the policy of the Committee to hold a Forum meeting to determine the opinion of the students should their activities prove unsuccessful. This Forum meeting will probably be held in the near future.

Porter's Hobby Builds Tourist Trade Craft Shop Boon to B.C. Indians

By Bruce Young

During the war Edmonton was a busy place. Thousands of Americans were working on the Alaska highway. A boom had hit the northern city. For W. Kelly Porter, however, business was at a stand-still. He was a piano salesman, but had no pianos to sell as the war had halted their manufacture. He had, however, a hobby of Indian craftsmanship. Ever since his boyhood days in Brant, Ontario, he had taken an interest in Indians and their culture. Locally, he was regarded as an authority on Indian folklore. His friends urged him to start a business selling Indian goods to the Americans, who were anxious to take home something Canadian to remind them of the days they had spent building the great highway. The Americans left with the War's end and Kelly Porter decided to move to Victoria, where thousands of Americans came every year to see Canada's famous "little bit of old England."

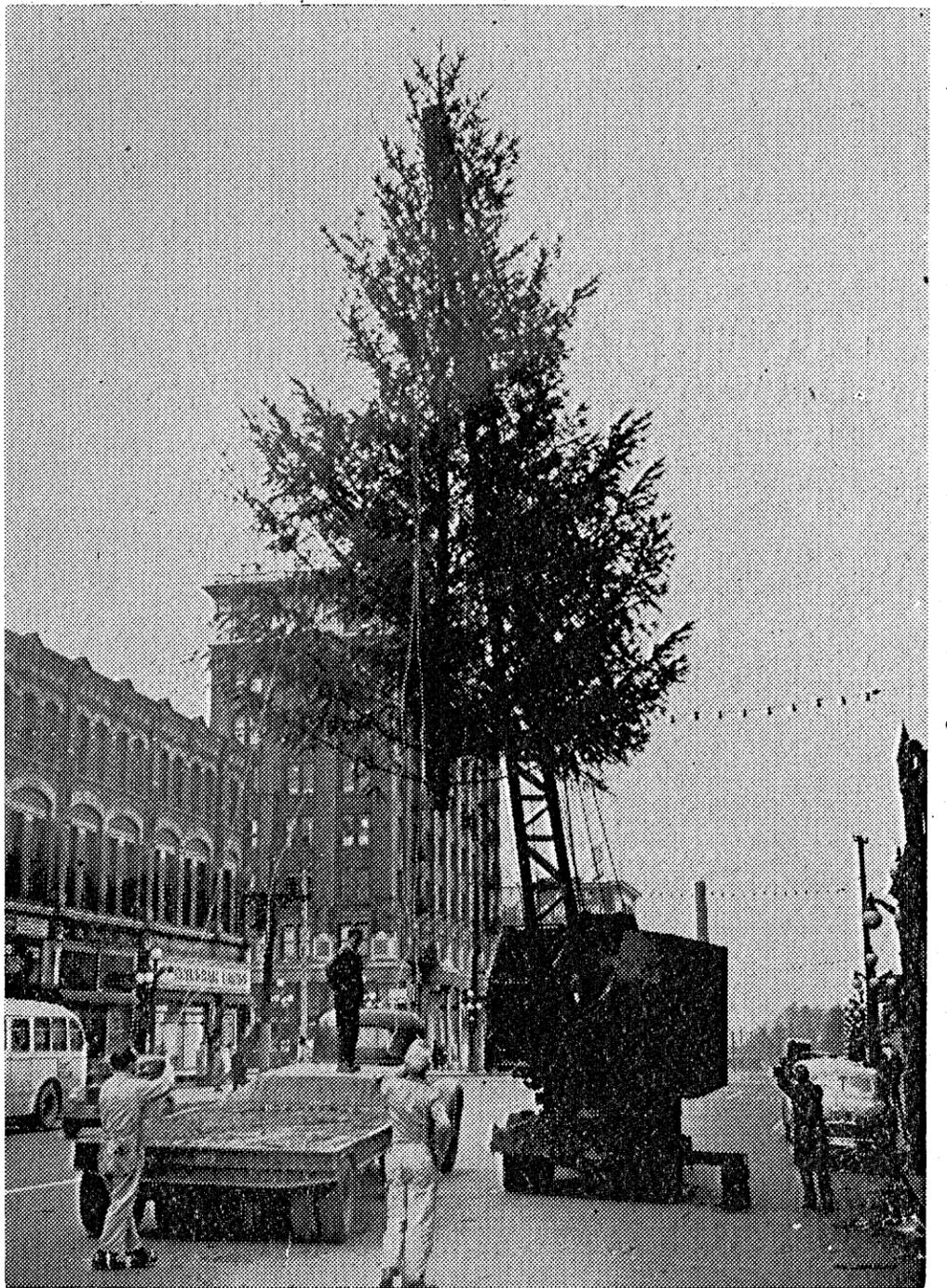
Most of the goods in Mr. Porter's store come from B.C. The reason for this, Mr. Porter explained, was that the B.C. Indians were by far the most skilled at this kind of work. I was surprised by the amazing variety of goods in Mr. Porter's store. These ranged from the ornamental to the useful. There were, for instance, thick woollen sweaters

that would stand one in good stead during the winter.

The little stone statues made on the Queen Charlotte Islands were worth their weight in gold, Mr. Porter informed me. There is only one man alive today who has the skill to make these little totem poles. Made from a type of clay called naphrite, which can be carved with a knife when wet, and is harder than stone when dry, they make a fine prize for a collector.

Mr. Porter has won the admiration and the respect of the four hundred Indians who spend their spare time making goods for him. He showed me a shipment of Indian goods which had arrived that morning and a cheque which he had already written out to pay for them. Not only is he the Indians' retailer but he also provides them with some of the raw materials that they would otherwise be unable to obtain. The tiny colored beads, with which some Indian woman adorns her wares, come from Czechoslovakia and are provided by Mr. Porter.

The Indian Craft Shop is proving to be a boon to the Indian. Living far away from civilization, he finds it difficult to market the numerous articles that he makes in order to supplement his meagre income. Now many of them have found new prosperity, thanks to Mr. Porter's hobby.



—Photo Courtesy the Daily Colonist.

A Christmas Tree Grows in Victoria

UNIVERSITY NEWS

The Bohemians of the U.B.C. campus, have united under the auspices of the Visual Art Club with the intention of eventually establishing a Fine Arts Department on the campus. The club will be associated with the University Art Gallery and Art Work Shop. On the programme are lectures by local artists, conducted tours of the Gallery, and exhibitions of student work in the U.B.C. Art Gallery.

The University Radio Society is pondering over their lack of a recorder. Every Saturday at 8:30 p.m. Radio Society presents "University Round Table," a very fine programme. President Don Cunliff says that the downtown stations would take a series of programmes only on the condition that there be a programme every week. This would include exam times and holidays. If the students had a recorder, they could build up a backlog of programmes to carry them over these periods. The recorder would also be used to train announcers and programme writers.

The University Psychology Department has received a federal grant of \$28,600 to provide salaries for a director, two visiting lecturers, and six to ten graduate student assistants. The grant will also pay for books, journals, films and testing materials for post-graduate study. "The University of British Columbia

is excellently qualified in terms of staff and community resources to train clinical psychologists," said Hon. Paul Martin, Minister of National Health and Welfare.

The new Pharmacy building is now two-thirds completed. It is, according to reports, a fabulous combination of radiant-heating, temperature tanks, acoustic-tiled lecture theatres, photographic darkrooms and electrical switchboards. This building combines beauty with utility and has the most up-to-date equipment and research facilities.

Because a number of university athletes have persisted in playing for outside teams without release from the Men's Athletic Directorship, M.A.D. has recommended that the Students' Council suspend the offending students from the university for the current year. The directorship sees this as the only feasible way of seeing that students give preference to university athletics.

Late Note: The Students' Council have refused to take any action on this matter.

A baby duck walks softly because it can't walk hardly?

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U.N.T.D. Activities

By David Moilliet

Since my last report, much has been accomplished by the U.N.T.D. Parades began on the 26th of September and have been held every Monday night. The 20 first-year men, who struggled into their "round rig" at the beginning of the year, are preparing to

don the Cadet uniform after Christmas, provided that they all pass their Selection Boards.

Instruction has been extensive, with the first-year men receiving their drill at the Reserve Training Establishment in H.M.C. Dockyard, and the second-year Cadets doing Navigation in Sault Ste. Marie under Lieut. Commander Brown. It has been heard from responsible sources that all U.N.T.D.'s will be in Khaki uniforms next Summer; no more suffocation in "5b's," me hearties!

On the evening of Friday, the 19th of November, the Division was inspected by Capt. H. L. Quinn, D.S.O., R.C.N., who watched while the Cadets went through their flashing (morse) exercises.

Parades will continue until the first week in December, with the usual drill commencing again in January.

On Thursday, November 24th, a team of 8 from the ship went down to the Bay Street Armouries to play badminton against the Army. The result was in favour of the Navy, who won the majority of the evenly-contested matches.

Last Monday night's parade supplied a surprise with the arrival of Commander Little, head of U.N.T.D.'s from Ottawa, who made an unofficial inspection of the Division, praising their early achievements.

Local Arts Centre Known to Few

On a side street of Victoria, known to all too few, stands the building which houses the Art Centre of Victoria, a building which is symbolic of the long work and ideals of a group of artistically-minded citizens of this city.

For many years those few strove to establish an institution which would be a credit to a city sadly lacking in such cultural advantages. The Art Centre opened and has been a valuable asset to the city as a whole. Its purpose is to encourage young local talent to continue in their work and to exhibit their creations to the public. There have been some excellent exhibitions of Canadian, British and American artists. There are weekly musical recitals at noon-times and also there are lectures by whatever distinguished artists happen to be in the city.

The aim of the Art Centre is to encourage young people to enjoy and to help others to enjoy art. Its membership is at present not great, but the centre is flourishing and its members wish to eventually have a gallery; such an undertaking can only be realized if the young of the city will interest themselves in the work being done and help in every way possible. For many years the citizen body of Victoria has been clamouring for such an endeavour and it is only fair that those who have made this wish come true should be rewarded with the support of the community.

It is up to you to give this support. Go now — this week there is a most unusual exhibition of painting by a French Canadian artist.

The centre is located on Broughton Street, just up from the Royal Theatre. Students are usually admitted free and there is always someone there who will help you in every way he can.

Introducing . . .

Anne Henderson

Anne is the efficient girl with the gold-rimmed glasses who is the able secretary of the Alma Mater Society. If you want to see her, Anne is usually hard at work in the council office.

Anne's favorite sport is anything to do with water. She likes fishing and boating, as well as swimming. Besides keeping up with her studies, duties as secretary, and social activities, she attends most of the meetings of the I.R.C. and the Literary Arts Society.

Anne is a second-year Commerce student who always seems to get high marks. When she is finished with her university course, Anne would like to go in for retail merchandising. In spite of her gloomy prediction that she will probably end up in the Provincial Government, we are sure that Anne will be a great success in her chosen field.

Rugby Dance Record Affair

The recently-held Rugby Dance was a record affair—due largely to the salesmanship of the members of the Rugby Club, and the support given by the College population.

As well as the College students who attended the dance, there were many non-students present. The Faculty was well represented by Professors Wallace and McOrmond, and their wives.

The auditorium was decorated with streamers and a row of balloons, each bearing the name of a team member. There was also a special, large-size balloon for "Bob" Wallace.

The band ("Suds" Sutherland and His Record Al-Bums) gave a fine and untiring performance. With Spike Jones and "Mule Train" mixed in with the dance tunes, the record player had a real workout—and so did "Suds."

About eleven o'clock everyone took time out to eat the appetizing box lunches provided by the girls and drink the liquid refreshment supplied by the boys.

Excitement was added when the balloons, four of which had "dollar" bills in them, were released. After the dust had settled, the four lucky people were allowed to contribute their wind-falls to the Rugby Fund. The fact that the bills were of the Monopoly variety made it easier to part with them, and added to the humor of the occasion.

Overheard in an Automobile:
He: "But darling, don't you trust me?"

She: "I'd go to the end of the earth with you. But I absolutely refuse to park on the way."

Heligoland is so named because of the hell of a dispute it created at the Paris Peace Conference?

The Rockies mountains are not really high; it is just that the surrounding land is so low?

"No Christmas for Little Gretta" A Soul-Searing Saga

By Uncle John

Last year your Uncle John's vitriolic attack on Department Store Santas brought forth cries of atheism and communism from one worthy student.

An atheist is one who denies the existence of God. I have never denied the existence of God; not even after exams. Communism entails the state ownership of property. As I am now the proud owner of a typewriter, I am very much against this sort of thing.

Another writer, protesting my treatment of Santa Claus, explained that the bearded philanthropist was a representative of Christ himself. If this were true, the mere appearance of these degraded specimens who infest department stores at this time of year would be sacrilege.

Others condemned my articles as the senile raving of an embittered old man.

In order to avoid similar streams of abuse, I will forget Santa Claus this year and leave him to stew in his own nicotine juices and streptococci.

Instead, I will tell you the story of Gretta Kartoffelkopf, the little girl who had no Christmas.

"Ach, I am all alone!" Little Gretta lived all alone in the Black Forest of Germany. She had no mother and no father. In fact, it was something of a mystery how she even got there.

The old Hausfrau would gather around her and snarl malignantly. They said she was a manifestation. This made her feel very uncomfortable.

"Ach," she said, spitting gently onto the snow, "I am all alone."

Yes, she was all alone. Her elder sister, Emma (who also had no mother), had gone to France and was lost in a "mauvais proces." Fritz, her eldest brother, had been slapped on the back of the neck with a weiner during a tavern brawl, and had died of concussion. Adolf had been the victim of an unrequited love and had gone off to die gloriously at the front. And Fritz, little Fritz, had been caught trying to overthrow the Nazis.

The Gestapo had buried him alive in the public library at Munich. And now it was Christmas and all were making merry. There was a light in the tavern; the screams of the maids mingled with the guttural cries of "Bier."

The snow was falling again. Soon the rich brown soil and the dark green conifers would be covered with a glistening mantle of white. The cruel, icy wind pressed her tattered clothing against her wraith-like body. Long icicles hung from her nose. She was blue all over. She was even blue under her bloomers.

She turned to her books: Kant's "Critique of Reason," Schilling's "Getting Goethe's Girdle," and Goethe's famous reply "The Devaluation of Schilling."

"Ach," she said, spitting onto the snow, "no pictures."

The Pangs of Adolescence
Little Gretta was thirsty now, and was beginning to feel the pangs of adolescence. Some day she wanted to become a Hausfrau. But now—

It was Christmas. The soft chanting of "Heilige Nacht" wafted through the sombre German forests. The light from the cottage shone like stars in the darkness. She knew that inside little children were playing. But there would be no Christmas for little Gretta.

Suddenly a form appeared from out of the forest. It was a large rollicking man with snowy-white beard. He was wearing a red felt suit with white fur trim, large knee boots and a red cap. His booming laugh reverberated through the trees.

"Ho, ho, little child, come with me!"

Little Gretta wiped the icicles off her nose and clapped her hands for joy. She followed him.

So, Santa Claus had come to give little Gretta a happy Christmas?

No, dear reader, it was really a commissar from the Soviet zone who had come to take her away to the uranium mines. Merry Christmas!

BUMPS BLACKWELL ROCKS COLLEGE

By Denny Boyd

Bumps Blackwell and his band took over the College on November 18, for one of the most remarkable hours since the great library flood of '48.

The show, the best thing in entertainment that has happened to the College in years, lasted nearly an hour, and provided the packed auditorium with enough kicks to last until he returns, which he assured me he would.

The all-colored band, which was formed from members of the 41st Division of the Washington Guard two years ago, is probably one of the happiest musical groups ever assembled. As Bumps said: "There are no jealousies in this group. When one of the boys takes a solo, the rest of the band listens to him and sets him up. They all get a great boot out of each other."

This element was very noticeable when tenor-man, Charlie Taylor, fell flat on his fanny laughing at the antics of "Chicken" and "Giblets," the two loose-limbed dancers. Another indication of their amiability was their admiration of our own Johnny Lester, who filled in for Van

Lear Douglas, the regular pianist. Again quoting Bumps: "That Lester plays a lot of piano."

The show opened with Jazz Club prexy, Johnny Symonds, introducing Mr. Blackwell, and Bumps introducing the band. The group consisted of George Catlett on alto sax; Charlie Taylor, tenor sax; Quincy Jones, trumpet; Billy Johnson, bass; Harold Redman, drums; Ernestine Anderson, femme vocalist; Jimmy Adams, male vocalist; "Chicken" Johnson and "Giblets" Gilbert, mad-cap dancers, and, of course, Bumps himself, who sprayed personality like buckshot over the whole affair. Major Pickford, trombone; Van Lear Douglas, piano; and Booker Martin, guitar; were unable to appear because of transportation difficulties in Seattle.

Torrid Tenor Solo

The first number played was the inevitable "Hucklebuck" and the boys gave it a back room session treatment with Charlie Taylor blowing a torrid tenor solo. Ernestine Anderson's beautiful vocal on "The Man I Love" made the music-wise think of Sara Vaughn coupled with a slight taste of Ella Fitzgerald.

From here to the end of the show the band knocked themselves out on every number with George Catlett and Quincy Jones delighting the audience with their imaginistic bebop solos.

It came as rather a surprise to find this band so modernistic, but in talking to the boys I discovered that they are definitely all for bop. Every number had roots of bop and every solo was almost exclusively bop. This was the same type of music that Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Miles Davis and many others are playing, but Bumps has a secret. He,

like George Shearing and Charlie Ventura, believes in commercializing his bop so that one does not have to be a musician or a very avid jazz fan to understand it.

The Middle of the Aisle

Bumps told me that he is happier staying in the middle of the modernistic aisle. He believes that he will be able to untangle much of the confusion that mars modern music today because of the lack of proper explanation and interpretation of this new idiom.

Bumps himself says: "After every war you find that there are social, economic and political changes; music changes too. I believe that the discoveries in atonalism and the rhythmic advances made by Parker, Gillespie and Tristano are as comparable an advance in music as the atom bomb was in science. It will take time, perhaps a generation, before bop takes hold, but it is definitely the phase that is shaping the musical horizons that lie ahead. After all, most musicians will admit that bop is the music of 1960 or '70."

Bumps' future plans include a European tour. The people in Europe are just as jazz-starved as we Victorians and many bands are crossing the ocean for the tremendous welcome afforded them in Europe. Wherever Bumps and the band goes they will carry the good wishes of Victoria College.

We all hope to see you in the future, Bumps!

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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

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The Awakening

The Music Appreciation Club has awakened to a new sense of being. The activities of the club last year, for the most part, were passive. This year, however, the club has become aggressive and has grown to be one of the more active organizations of the college.

A new spirit has been added. While it was formerly the policy of the club to limit its scope to informal noon-hour programmes of recordings, the club now features guest speakers, recitalists and evening programmes.

The club attempts to stimulate individual performance and experiments with new ideas in an effort to maintain a high standard of varied and interesting programmes.

The Music Appreciation Club looks for new members, people that are not necessarily familiar with every phase of music, but people who have some taste for music whether it be the works of the old masters or the compositions of our most ultra-modern composers.—R.W.

Cowie to Lead Mission at College

The Varsity Christian Fellowship is composed of a group of Christians whose motto is, "To know Christ and to make Him known." The purpose of the meetings is to present the Lord Jesus Christ to the students.

The V.C.F. has had a very active programme this year. Speakers have been Mr. Harold Petersons of Los Angeles, Mr. Herb Butt, B.A., of Portland, formerly a professor at Multnomah School of the Bible, Wing Commander Gregson, formerly Chief Padre of the R.A.F., and Dr. David Cowie, D.D., L.I.D., of Seattle, present pastor of the University Presbyterian Church.

Coleman Leaves S.C.M.

At a hastily arranged meeting on Nov. 15, a small group of S.C.M. members heard the secretary for the S.C.M. in Canada, the Rev. H. L. Puxley, speak on the international and national branches. The question of affiliation of the College group with the national S.C.M. is going to be seriously considered.

Rev. Conkie of Victoria is taking the last three meetings this term. Rev. Conkie has recently arrived from Ireland and has not yet lost his pleasant Irish accent.

On the afternoon of Nov. 20, the Dean and Mrs. Calvert entertained some of the members at the Deanery. After excellent refreshments, the group went to an evensong at Christ Church Cathedral.

Dr. Cowie will be coming again to Victoria after Christmas when he will conduct a two-day mission at Victoria College. The V.C.F. expects large attendances of those who are acquainted with Dr. Cowie's work.

M. Treil was the guest speaker at an evening get-together on Nov. 28, at the home of Helen Piddington. This meeting and a noon-hour discussion led by Canon Coleman on Dec. 1, concluded the club's activities for this term.

All students are welcome to the weekly discussions which will commence at the beginning of the second term. The subject will be "Messianic Psalms."

Club officials reported that the headline, "Coleman leads S.C.M.," given to the item in the last edition of the Martlet, was erroneous, and that M. Treil, Mr. Jones and Rev. E. Hulford have played equally significant parts in the guidance of the club.

Canon Coleman will be leaving for up-island in the new year and the S.C.M. will lose his active participation in the discussions.

Newmans Elect Roberge

After getting off to a late start this year, the College Newman Club finally got things organized. Nominations were held on Nov. 20 for executive positions and Ed Roberge was elected as president, Cleo Gubbels as vice-president, Madelyn Coltis as secretary and Gerry Martin as treasurer. Bishop Hill is honorary president and Father MacLellan is chaplain.

The main object of the Newman Club is to promote social activity among the Catholic students attending the College and Normal School. The meetings, which are held in private homes, have proven to be very popular. Dancing and refreshments provide added interest to the usual business of the club.

Camera Club to Hold Photo Contest W.U.G.S. Donate \$10 and Other Prizes

The College Camera Club has announced a photography contest to be held next term. A cash prize of \$10.00 is offered for the best roll of candid camera shots taken around the College. The judges of this contest are Mr. Clark and Mr. Savannah. The W.U.G.S. have offered to sponsor this contest. There will be several consolation prizes for simply entering with your film.

You do not have to be a good photographer; simply use your imagination, as any picture is acceptable. If you have any fur-

ther questions see Connla Wood in the Tower Office. The club wants this contest to be a success which it can only be through your co-operation.

Badminton Players Obtain New Hall

This year's edition of the Vic. College Badminton Club is now in action, and promises to be a very fine club for anyone interested in the game. At the beginning of the year play took place on Friday evenings at Sir James Douglas School, but due to a misunderstanding, the hall was suddenly given to another organization.

The shortage and expense of good badminton halls in Victoria forced the club to transfer its activities to the Fraser Street Hall in Esquimalt in Tuesday evenings. Tuesday is certainly not the most convenient night for college badminton, but the hall is one of the best in the city, it is very easy to reach, and the price is cheaper than that of the School Board halls. An effort is being made to secure a better day.

This year's executives are John Moffat and Art Rumsby. Anyone interested in playing should see one of these people.

WANTED—Two people interested in photo developing and printing for the Tower Staff. A darkroom has been secured and applicants are requested to contact Connla Wood.



Profile of BRUCE YOUNG

That wild Scotsman with the hair is Bruce. The president of the Forum, he rules it with a hand of iron. His colleagues report that, when Mr. Young makes a motion, the other members violently disagree, and then the motion goes into effect.

His voice is often heard from the back of meetings or lectures, raising some side point that is in danger of being overlooked. According to Bruce, he is often misunderstood by the College. Whenever he says something, everyone begins to laugh—they actually think he is trying to be funny!

Bruce says that he dislikes dogs and cats, but is fond of pigs and horses. He never eats porridge and has no opinion to offer on haggis. However, a few old Scottish traditions still cling to this refugee from the tyranny of English rule in the land of the heather. He loves bargains, and is reported to buy his shoes at one cent sales.

2nd Division Bogs Down in Mud Drops 11-30 Decision to Oak Bay

Victoria College lost its mathematical chance to win the 2nd Division rugby title when they were defeated 11-3 by Oak Bay Wanderers last Saturday. The game was played on a muddy field in the rain, but this fact did not prevent the sure-fingered Oak Bay backfield from function-

ing smoothly. The college three quarter line, plagued by injuries, was unable to get going at any time in the game. Oak Bay had the edge in the first half, scoring two unconverted tries. Shortly after the intermission College forced the play into Oak Bay territory, persisting until Ray Orchard crashed over for 3 points. The attempted convert was wide.

Wanderers put the game on ice midway through the half when Johnson scored on a beautiful run, planting the ball directly between the posts. Burns made the convert, completing the scoring of the game. Although the College lost the game, their scrum continued to show improvement and will be a match for any team in the league during the second half schedule.

Magistrate Hall Speaks

A meeting of the Forensic Club was held at the home of John Goult on November 18. The following members were present: D. Levy, T. A. T. Rhodes, J. Goult, W. C. Thompson, P. I. S. Henslowe, J. Wood and A. Gilchrist.

The speaker was Magistrate Hall, who gave an interesting and informative talk on the history of law and its present day status in Canada. Magistrate Hall stressed the fact that his subject was an enormous one, and that there are so many books on law that they could fill Victoria's library eight times.

President Daniel Levy thanked the speaker, and after refreshments a more informal discussion took place. The meeting ended at 10:45 p.m., when embryo lawyers remembered Professor Pettit and his telescope.

I.R.C. Features Tobin

Have you attended the I.R.C. meetings this term? If you have not you have missed M. Treil's informative talk on France, its people's culture, and the resultant attitude to the crisis of the German invasion; Natalie Bergstraesse's first-hand description of the work of U.N.R.R.A. and the I.R.O. in debilitated Europe; and Mr. Elliot's lucid explanation of the implications of the dollar crisis in Britain. At the last meeting, on November 21, Mr. Tobin, the foreign news editor of the "Times," gave us an up-to-the-minute look at Russia and its satellites, at the developing oriental movement for independence, and at Canada's independent position in international affairs.

Whether you are a Red or a reactionary (or even a member of a local underground movement), you should enjoy next term's International Relations Club meetings. There will be movies showing the effect of changing political relationships on the people. There will also be speakers to explain and comment on our modern problems in international affairs. But don't forget that these can be interesting and helpful for you only if you bring some of your opinions to the meetings.

Mrs. Adele Goult Trains Glee Club

The Victoria College Glee Club is in action again this year under the guidance of Mrs. Adele Goult. Members have held practices since the beginning of No-

vember and have rehearsed such songs as "Dry Bones," and "One Enchanted Evening."

As they did last year, members of the club will lead students in singing carols during the intermission of the Christmas Dance.

Dr. Hickman has asked the Glee Club to sing several songs during the presentation of a French Evening at the College some time in the spring term. The Glee Club also plans to present a musical programme in conjunction with some other College organization after Christmas.

Anyone wishing to join the club should contact John Goult, the president, or Madelyn Coltis. The group is especially anxious to obtain sopranos and altos for the expanded post-Christmas programme.

Literary Arts Society

On Monday evening, November 14, the Literary Arts Society gathered at the home of Miss Anne Shepherd to hear an address by Mr. H. S. Hurn of the Department of Education. Mr. Hurn, who is the Director of School and Community Drama, based his talk on current plays of the more serious type. To illustrate what Drama in its various forms seeks to achieve, the speaker and several club members read selections from Death of a Salesman, The Corn is Green, Journey's End and The Pigeon by Galsworthy. At the conclusion of this most interesting and educational address, an informal discussion on modern Drama was held.

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dirty dick says . . .

Do You Know That . . .

One or two girls have found out what the Naval Approach is? Three out of four rugby players prefer the bottom of Estevan Road to the top of Mount Tolmie on Saturday nights? When Geoff was at the Sirocco to hear Bumps Blackwell, he was really logging? My little French peasant is really English? Jean is finding all her unknowns these days? How does she do this? Cory, after a practical demonstration of Mount Tolmie, knows how alternating current works?

You can get tight on one bottle of beer? Ask Jim how. Connlia's new diet consists of a steak and a salad every day? Reggie goes to French class equipped with a towel? Jack and Jill went up the hill and haven't come tumbling down yet? This, evidently, is quite tender. Pat and Rosalie probably came to the Rugby Dance to watch "processes at work in the modern world"? Socialism or sociability? Trudie investigated the evils of alcohol before the same dance?

Introducing . . . THE ROOKERY

"Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame."—Milton.

For those of you who have raised eye-brows at the sub-human rumblings emitted from the Rookery at noon-hour and wondered what goes on inside, we present character sketches of the inhabitants, the people who produce your Martlet. They are:

John Napier-Hemy, editor-in-chief, who can be seen weeping gently onto his typewriter as the deadline approaches.

Dick Baker, Rookery strongman, who enforces disciplinary measures. As news editor, Dick does a good deal of the dirty work: copy-reading, proofreading and make up.

"Terrible Tania" Hurmuses, who drives our advertisers to distraction by an artful knack of wiggling.

Dodie Collie can be seen down town tracking down some hapless advertiser. As co-business manager with Tania, she keeps the Martlet books juggled.

Denny Boyd is the little chap who keeps the Martlet supplied with news of doings in the sports world. An ardent bop fan, Denny has also been responsible for the Jazz Club write-ups.

Ray Wehner spends his time relentlessly chasing club executives. A first-class student and president of the Music Appreciation Society, Ray is a valuable fellow to have around.

Connlia "Tweedy" Wood, blusters into the Rookery at all hours, always with a big grin. Connlia and his colleagues of the Camera Club are responsible for the photos appearing in this issue.

Dave "Suds" Sutherland, who came to us from King Ed High, has been carrying on Connie Armstrong's work in the Profile department. He's also creator of the choicest of the Rookery pin-ups (the one in the raw).

Carol Potter, ex-U.B.C., has taken over the Varsity News.

Tom Ballard injects a colorful, imaginative streak into the Senior "A" Rugby write-ups.

Walt MacDonald, who keeps us briefed on the welfare of the Second Division rugby team, is renowned for his experiments on the "creation of life" and his attempts to blow up his French book.

Phyllis Wakelyn and **Ady Taylor** supply the Martlet with items on women's sports.

Nora Wolfe, tall red-head, is at present trying to locate Rosamund Marshall, authoress of "Kitty" and "Duchess Hotspur," who is reported to be living on the Gulf Islands.

Bruce "Bathless" Young has taken time out from Forum Activities, haranguing Mr. Pettit and fighting with the Students'

Council, to turn out two excellent features for the Martlet.

Pat Thomas, news reporter and Forum stalwart, likes to confound Mr. Pettit with his economic theories.

Pat Carstens is the girl responsible for the write-ups accompanying "Suds" profiles in this issue.

Gerry Coultas is the corpulent aristocrat who enjoys rehearsing "British Colonel from India" routines with Dave Moilliet.

David "Moose" Moilliet, rookery giant and U.N.T.D. reporter, can be seen dashing off his "inspirations" on the Martlet typewriter.

Dudley "Laughing Boy" Coddington is Dodie's right-hand man in the perpetual quest for advertising.

Mary Lou Fraser, another of the advertising sleuths, helped make the first issue of the Martlet break even.

Eve Harvey, the efficient gal with glasses, who keeps bringing in those necessary shekels.

John Moffat amazes us all with those bumper-sized lunches. He has even been known to eat the wrappers when hungry enough.

Wayne Thompson procured an "exclusive scoop" for the Martlet when he encountered Mr. Gibson, aviation pioneer, on the campus.

Johnny Symonds, Inquiring Reporter and Jazz Club president, was largely responsible for the work done in obtaining Bumps Blackwell for a College performance.

An Embattled Student

Every specialist in letters,
Who is keen upon his theme,
Tries to bind my mind in fetters
Never gives me time to dream.

French is NOT my only study
There are other things to do,
Physics, History, "Piers and
Cuddie,"

Life and ways of the Dobu.

Yet I fancy each Professor
Thinks HIS subject is the one.
I must know, not be a guesser,
Of the answers, made to stun.

Each demands assignments finished

On the dot and handed in,
Nicely typed, but not diminished,
Pressured work becomes a sin.

Every pedagogue announces
"Do MY work and you will rise,"
Blood I sweat in liquid ounces,
Striving for that worthy prize.

If my teachers, academic,
All are truthful in their way.
I must stop this verse polemic
And work hard both night and day.

—C. Nile de Kay



Uncle John's Corner

By Uncle John

"Well," pronounced my favorite professor, gazing at me with a soul-devouring eye, "exams are coming."

Staggered by the immensity and profundity of this utterance, I reeled backward, clutching my collar in terror.

"Yeah," I replied, wiping the sweat from my brow, "so what?"

"So," said my tutor, piercing my inner being with a malignant glance, "you had better study." At last, the heretic brought grovelling before the Inquisition; the spy cringing in terror before the N.K.V.D. This would mean a visit to the torture chamber, the library.

In a fit of desperation I dashed to the Rookery where the editor

was brutally mutilating a hapless copy boy.

"Whutllido?" The editor growled, grunted and slaved, jabbing the rump of his copy boy by way of emphasis.

"Get down to the library and study."

No sympathy here. A group of grubby, unwashed Sciencemen in Mickey Mouse sweat shirts were jammed into a booth, sweating and swilling.

"Hey fellas, whutllido?" Frightened by the resultant obscenities and blasphemies, I ran up to the Council Office. The Director of Literary and Scientific Activities gazed askance at me through horn-rimmed spectacles, smashed my right hand with a gavel and declaimed for fifteen minutes on the merits of study.

Beaten, I wended my way to the main building, dragging my apathetic student body with me.

Suddenly, I was confronted by a problem. Where was the library? I had heard much of this subterranean den of learning, but was unaware of its location.

I soon found a room containing books, but it was not until a dungareed inhabitant commenced munching a large blade of grass, that I realized that I had blundered into the Normal School.

The next door opened into a spacious, tastefully decorated room, which contained droves of females in extremely interesting postures. Some militant Amazon grabbed me by the ears and dumped me unceremoniously onto the library steps.

Verse

In an earlier issue of this paper
The headlines went for quite a
caper,
They shed bad light upon the
Forum,
Said of the debate, that it did
bore 'em.

At this did the Forum
Much deplore 'em.

So that this they could redress
In the edition of the press,
The secretary of the Forum
Wrote a letter to the editor-um
Backed by a quorum
Of the Forum.

But despite such tricks infernal,
The Martlet is not such a bad
journal.

And if all meetings of the Forum
The Martlet states with due decorum

He who's against 'em
Will not be for 'em.

By Peter Henslowe

Solomon and David
Led very sporty lives:
Had many, many concubines
And many, many wives.

But when old age came upon
them
And their consciences gave them
qualms,

Solomon wrote the Proverbs
And David wrote the Psalms.

"There's your library!"

I opened the door and furrowed, furtive faces popped up from behind books, spectacles and other academic paraphernalia.

The Christian entered the Arena. The lions crouched behind loose-leaves, waiting to devour me. The Empress trained her gimlet eyes on me as I stumbled on, trembling to the bottom of my toga.

Here I was, separated from my colleagues, and placed with this crew of introverts. Bleary-eyed, anaemic individuals wormed their way through stodgy volumes. Frustrated females, blotchy and bespectacled, scratched away in their note-books.

What to do? Peruse my notes? They were illegible. Read some learned book? They were incomprehensible. Finally my eyes lighted on a copy of the Post. Soon I was immersed in the Post Scripts, oblivious of the introverts and examinations. I was happy!

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