

RIGHTS OF PRESS ARE DENIED

Coming Soon

Although the Martlet will not be printed in three dimensions this year, we do suggest you read a recent copy after a College dance for a "double focus" effect. Since, however, we can see the potentialities of Marilyn Monroe in 3-D, we will devote endless hours of scientific research in trying to produce this optical phenomena.

The Martlet plans to set up an Investigation Committee in order to weed out "undesirable influences" in Victoria College. The Students Council, the professors, and all likely suspects will be asked to appear. The hearings will be broadcast, televised and relayed by shortwave (thanks to Al Pratt) to Senator McCarthy's home in Fungus, Wis. The Martlet sincerely promises to rid the faculty of its "pink fringe" and we don't mean their (yak, yak) long underwear.

Another problem the Martlet will tackle is that of the Kinsey Report in the university. Unfortunately, no in-

timite questions will be asked, no statistics tabulated and no conclusions will be drawn. In fact, if our report assures us that people (excluding Christine Jorgenson) are of two sexes, then our task will have been completed.

As an extra service to the students, the Martlet will be printing a guaranteed selection of English, French and History essays for sale. Since essays on Champlain are not being accepted this year in Canadian History, the general essay prices in this course will be slightly higher. As a special offer the life and times of Gypsy Rose Lee will be available.

Later in the year the Martlet recipe for home brew will be published. At the present time our scientists are working feverishly behind the Biology laboratory. The official taster, of course, will be Mike Rose and, if there is any of the sample left, the Martlet will hold a cocktail party in the Women's Commons room.

Council Vacancies

Eight nominations for the two vacant positions on the Students' Council have been received by Council Secretary, Kay Burnett.

The positions open are those of men's and women's junior representative. Those students nominated for the former are: Don Cox, Bill Gelling, Roland Gilbert and Harold Robinson, while the latter nominees are Myrtle Bratvold, Heather Clark, Margaret Gildea and Sheila Hardie.

The dates of the campaign speeches and the election will be announced shortly. Both the campaigning and the voting will take place in the auditorium.

ELECTION RULES

Only freshmen may vote for the junior representatives. Men will vote only for the male representative and women, for the female representative.

Previously elected to the Council were: President, Bill O'Brien; Secretary, Kay Burnett; Director of Clubs, Bill Sturrock; Treasurer, Anne Pomeroy; President of WUGS, Frances Fredette; Director of Women's Athletics, Marlene Vance; Director of Men's Athletics, Brian Smith; Director of Pubs, Anne Skelton; President of MUGS, Cecil Branson.

It is urged that all freshmen take an active part in the election by attending election preliminaries and exercising their vote with careful consideration. This last point is of vital importance as the students elected are representative of the whole first year student body. Therefore all eligible students are urged to vote and to vote intelligently.

Council Meetings Closed to Martlet Reporter

The Students' Council reaffirmed its decision to ban a Martlet reporter from its meetings and is preparing an amendment by which a Council member becomes editor in chief of all student publications:

Editorial Policy

To draw attention to and forward in the best interest of the student body, issues pertaining to student affairs.

To cooperate with the Student Council in promoting and supporting student activity.

To explain, without bias, matters of student interest and to provide opportunity for all discussion of such matters.

To act as a forum for exchange of ideas and arguments of topical interest.

To report on the social, cultural and athletic activities of the College.

To provide an outlet for the literary endeavours of the student body.

To try to catch a little of the atmosphere of campus life at Victoria College.

COME TO THE
BADMINTON
DANCE

This latter move strengthens the Council's position since already by clause 5, section (d), sub-section 2, of the Constitution of the Alma Mater Society of Victoria College, the Students' Council "shall have control of all affiliated student activities." The Martlet, an affiliated student publication, is officially under Council control.

In a near-future A.M.S. meeting, the Students' Council will ask the students to accept this important amendment which will clarify the position of the Director of Publicity and Publications. If this amendment is passed the Director will have the right to censor all material for student publications.

Still, however, the Students' Council refuses to allow a representative of the official College newspaper to be present at its meetings.

DETRIMENTAL PUBLICITY

Mr. Grant McOrmond, last year's Martlet staff sponsor and new Council staff adviser, in supporting the Student Council's action, said the move was merely to prevent further publicity detrimental to the College reaching the general public and to avoid unnecessary controversy between the College and the Normal School.

The Martlet stands firm in its demand to be able to officially report the meetings of the Students' Council as a service to the students. Since the responsibility for the actions of the College newspaper lie with the Students' Council, the Martlet is perfectly willing to accept reasonable censorship as proposed through the forthcoming amendment. The Martlet accepts the obligations that a university newspaper is under and, as an organ of publicity, recognizes its own duty to the students.

A Rainy Night In Paris

by An Old Master

We had built up considerable self confidence in the week we had been there. True, our French was not good, but we could—with patient repetition—make the Parisians understand what we wanted. Then, one day when we were coming out of the Comedie Française, it started to rain. We had no raincoats, no umbrellas. That pause in which we stopped to consider what to do was fatal. For, knowing how long a Paris rain can last, the active French around us had commandeered all the ranks of taxis, and we were left alone.

"A summer shower," we said. "Let's sit it out." With minor wetting we ran across the street to a Brasserie. There wasn't a seat! We waited, feeling very self conscious. Nobody got up. They had our idea before us. We decided to be brave. We would take a bus. We had done that before, and the operations had seemed fairly simple. All one had to say was "deux billets pour La Rue Madame" and money did the rest. The buses were usually half empty anyway.

THE SYSTEM

We had a lesson yet to learn. Beside every bus stop in Paris there is a little box which contains numbered slips of paper. When you wish to board a bus you must have a slip. When there is a crowd, everyone runs to the door of the bus as it slows to take on passengers, each individual screaming the number on his slip. The lowest number is supposed to board first. Not in Paris! If, in such an emergency, your thick foreign tongue could stumble mille neuf cent soixante-deux so that the bus driver could understand you, it wouldn't matter. The bus driver wouldn't hear you. Only pretty girls get heard in Paris during rainstorms. After all, the French are "gallant."

What did we do? We walked home. Did we get wet? Don't ask silly questions.

U.N.T.D.

With the impending uncertainties of the current cold war, and the aggressive tactics displayed by the U.S.S.R., it is extremely important that the western allies be prepared to put up a successful defense or be able to carry out a strong offensive action. In order to be in a state of readiness, we need to have a large number of qualified officers and men in our forces, and above all to have strong reserve outfits, trained and prepared to spring into action at short notice.

It is due to these necessities that the R.C.N. offers to university students the opportunity to obtain officer training while attending university.

This is the scheme called the University Naval Training Division, or more commonly referred to as U.N.T.D.'s. Under this system students enter as cadets, attend parades one night a week during the winter session, and go on one or two training cruises. In the summer they train for fourteen weeks for the first summer at Hamilton, Ontario, and at Victoria for the second, and after successfully completing three winters and two summers training, they receive the rank of sublieutenant R.C.N. (R).

The summer training periods are extremely interesting. From the start, cadets are trained to become leaders of men by a capable and an experienced staff; they lead a healthy, interesting life; the cruises take them to visit many foreign places, and they "earn while they learn."

This is obviously an opportunity of a lifetime, and should seriously be considered by every college man as the beginning of a career.

Censorship

This is to certify that this issue has been censored by the Director of Publications and Publicity and has acquired a four star rating for morality, decency and civility.

Words of Wisdom From One Who Knows -- and How!

I suppose that in accordance with the policy of the faculty I should encourage you to work hard and exceed your "norms" by at least 500%; but since there is quite enough of that sort of stuff clinging to the hallowed walls, I won't.

At this point in the term I think it appropriate to begin a series of articles on the various types of students you may meet in your wanderings to and from the Caf.

First, there is the first year keen type who is always doing one of three things: (1) Sitting in the Library with his nose buried in an obscure volume which the librarian has gone to some trouble to obtain for him and will, in all probability, prove completely useless. (2) Sitting in the library copying out his already perfectly legible notes. (3) Talking to an obviously bored professor about whether he should get 96% before Xmas and 97% after, or vice versa. The professor is undoubtedly hoping that the student will choke himself on his own notes.

Next there is the first year student who hasn't realized yet that the term has started and is still mooning around the main building talking about his (or her) graduation.

CUNNING FEMALE

The third type is usually female and therefore cunning. She has decided that the number of lectures compared with the number of dances is grossly disproportionate to the true state of things as represented in her scheming little mind. She has therefore decided to rectify this as best she

can. There is plenty of time to get down to work later in the year so she devotes all her waking hours to doing what every woman does to get men to ask her out. To the average hard working male this type of virago is a distinct pest but not to a potential Mike Rose.

The fourth type is the Sophomore who has seen the light and is devoting himself solely to academic pursuits. He'll soon give it up as a bad job, however, and start to give the opposite sex a break now and then.

The fifth type, and here we start to roll (about time, Ed!) is the sophomore who has had a reasonably successful first year and doesn't see the reason for exerting himself unduly this time. Oh boy, have I got news for him!

RARE BIRD

Our last student is a very rare bird indeed and not often found in these parts. He is the type who has been over the hurdles of the first year course twice and knows all the tricks of the trade. His (its hardly ever a her—they usually give up in disgust or get married) mission in life is to guide the erring feet of the Freshettes into the paths of righteousness, usually represented by the inside of his car on Saturday night (or any other night for that matter!)

That is all for to-night children, your friendly philosopher will be back next time this wretched rag comes out with more words of comfort and cheer.

Smoker Planned In Future

The Men's Undergraduate Society plan a bigger and better Smoker this year. Happily prepared with a one hundred dollar grant from the Students' Council, an enthusiastic committee under the able leadership of MUGS President Cec Branson are filing a two-hour program with a varied slate of entertainment. President Branson has hinted that a special surprise feature will top the bill—and he promises something big. The date set for the event is Thursday evening, October 15th, and a big turnout of the male sex is expected... naturally it is stag!

Last year's Smoker featured some of that superlative playing of the popular Continental Jazz Quartet with a few of their clever imitations and modern jazz arrangements. Other attractions were the traditional singing, free eats and cigarettes.

Comments on last year's smoker included: "Gosh I wish my mother could have seen me." "If Dad only knew I smoked." "Which fool burst the balloons—on the wall."



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Spillane Shoots the Works

by Mert Edelman

A bell awoke me. I smashed the alarm clock and put three slugs in the front door before I realized it was the phone. I lit a cigarette and made my way to the next room, cursing every ring that shot through my throbbing head in rhythmic reminder of the night before. I picked up the receiver. "It's 10 a.m. Good morning," a feminine voice purred.

I cursed her and hung up. A cat meowed. I picked it up by the tail, walked to the window and watched it spiral to the ground eight floors below. A rat behind me sighed with relief, and I crushed it with my heel. Then I put my shoes and socks on.

Just like the cluttered streets outside. Rancid with the smell of too many people, this room, too, was a stinking jungle. It would ask no quarter, give none.

"What are you gonna do with me?" she said.

I spun around. She was smiling, her unpainted lips full and moist, parted just enough to reveal the even pearls beneath. Her eyes were not eyes at all as they grabbed my soul and begged me to become a wild panting beast, an animal to shout to all the forest that here was my mate, and he that doubted would soon be roasting over a spit. Her flawless hips, her ankles and her throat! If she had less on she'd have been under ether.

I rolled my lips back over my teeth. Most people shuddered when I did that. I was ugly. There were no mirrors in the room. I hated the sight of me.

"You're cute," she said.

I took a swig from the office bottle. It was flat. I cursed and brushed the ink from my teeth, still looking at her.

"Barry de Korpses, detective, aren't you?" she cooed.

I slapped her across the face and threw my coat around her. She laughed and lit up a Spud, then blew smoke in my face. I coughed and spit blood on the floor still looking at her.

"Someone's following me," she said.

"I want you to kill him."

I slapped her again and she giggled. I wasn't a murderex, I told myself.

Council President

From last year's unknown man to this year's council president was an easy jump for Bill O'Brien, who has since proven himself a master of administrative hurdles. Last spring, the unknown candidate was elected by acclamation; this fall, he took over his duties like a veteran.

An essentially quiet man, Bill is an efficient worker, and has already won council respect with his quick grasp of detail. Background for Bill's important position is confined to two years teaching grades one to eight in Transpina, which he describes as "just back of beyond." Others know it as a small settlement on the outskirts of Fort St. John.

His leadership quality is also evident in athletics. For some time he was director of the men's pro-rec in Victoria.

Bill started life as a "Halegonian Bluenose." At the age of three, he took stock of himself and moved to Victoria, where he has remained ever since. Now twenty years later, Bill is a second year student, taking English, Chemistry, Math, Geography and German.

As for his private life, he is at present squiring a lovely brunette, who is on a two month holiday from Alberta.

In approximately two years Bill will resume teaching, this time at high school.

And that's Bill O'Brien, no longer the unknown man, now a major figure in Victoria College student life. He's doing a great job.

THE MARTLETT—1953-54

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But I knew I'd do it. I knew that once I saw the guy I'd get the urge and then . . . I told her to beat it but she knew she had me. She gave me a cheque. There was a sound in the hall. The door opened. He was slimy from head to foot, fat and sneering. He had a gun and he had a look on his face that said it was too bad that an innocent sucker like me had to die along with her, but he'd enjoy it anyhow. He laughed.

Before he realized I'd ever seen a gun, my .38, was in my hand. His trigger finger moved, but it was ten feet away from him and heavy. He looked down at it. I shot off his kneecaps so he could have a better look, gave him just enough time to know he'd figured me wrong and blew his face off.

"You slob," she chided.

"Shut up," I told her. "You walk in and I kill a guy." I grabbed her by the throat.

"Who was he?" I demanded.

"What did he want?"

"Don't think too harshly of brother Phil. He's really quite mild. It's just that he found out I murdered mother and stole his share of the inheritance." I crushed the shot glass in my fist.

"My name's Laura Morris," she said in a suddenly small voice.

She was too fine a woman for me. Defending a scheming rat who'd soon seen her dead, just because he was her brother.

"That mess on the floor has a twin," she said. "He's the brains. I have a date with him tonight. It was the only way I could think of to put him where you could take care of things."

"At your apartment?" I asked, taking down her address and sensing the kill.

"Yes," she sighed, knowing I'd be there and it would soon be over. Then she left.

(To Be Continued)

Shattered Shakespeare

Eighty-thirty—"What, thou speakest drowsily?" (Julius Caesar).

French—"I cannot tell vat is dat." (Henry V).

English—"Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?" (Twelfth Night).

Philosophy—"There is never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently."

Geography—"Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads." (Merchant of Venice).

Latin—"O, I smell false Latin." (Love's Labours Lost).

Cafeteria—"Heres money for my meat." (Cymbeline).

Council Office—"In little room confining might men." (Henry V).

Chem. Lab—"When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames must render up myself." (Hamlet).

Biology Lab—"Eye of newt and toe of frog." (Macbeth).

Maths—"In such a place, such sum or sums as are expressed." (Merchant of Venice).

Frosh—"So wild in their attire, that look not like the inhabitants of the earth." (Macbeth).

Sophs—"I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student." (Hamlet).

COTC's—"Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich." (Timon of Athens).

UNTD'S—"The mariners all under hatches stowed." (The Tempest).

Arts—"Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singled from the barbarous." (The Tempest).

Commerce—"Go, presently inquire, and so will I, where money is." (Merchant of Venice).

Badminton Dance—"I stay too long; but here my father comes." (Hamlet).

Mr. McOrmond—"What a mental power this eye shoots forth!" (Hamlet).

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Predictions in the Sports Field

By Martlet Sports Editor

As a predictor I am certainly well qualified. After all, I bet my shirt that the Dodgers would win the World Series.

Prediction No. 1—Basketball

I fearlessly predict that this year's team will be an improvement on last year's. (Ed. note—anything would be). With players such as Len Anderson, Al Snowsell, Ron Lou Poy, Pete Winter, Christi Smith and many

Women's Athletics

Basketball and grass hockey will be our two major "claims to fame" this year as well as badminton and table tennis.

Pete Winter and Dave Price will be coaching the basketball team. (Girls, please keep your eyes on the ball). Anne Snowsell, former Mount View star, and Louise Heal, from Vic High, will be right out in front when we renew our rivalry with the Normal School. The team hopes to play a preliminary when the boys challenge one of the city high school teams. Practices get under way on Thursday, October 8. Hocking Cup, here we come!

Grass hockey, beginning next week, needs everyone's support; also in need of two girls to act as managers. We are looking forward to a very good season ending, of course, with the Bridgeman Cup in our hot little hands.

Wednesday afternoons is the time for all badminton fans. The Victoria Lawn Tennis and Badminton Club will offer a limited number of memberships reduced to ten dollars with full court privileges from 3:30 p.m. until 1:00 p.m., every night except Saturday. Ron Birch hopes to arrange a tournament in Vancouver and it is assumed that everybody will be seeing a lot of Geoff Conway!

More people read the Martlet than all other Victoria College newspapers combined.

Campus Fashions

Now that Frosh week has left us and burlap has returned to its proper place in the basement, the classic picture of a college co-ed in the fall months hasn't changed a bit.

Some of the nicest costumes seen around the College are composed of the traditional plaid skirt and sweater, plus gleaming leather belts and shoes, tiny vivid scarves and striking pieces of jewelry.

Three of the smartest skirts seen last week were cut in three totally different styles—a full softly gathered gold tweed, a pleated tartan with predominant tones of aqua and rust, and a straight skirt of grey flannel with a deep box pleat in front and back.

Sweaters of every conceivable color of the rainbow are being worn, the most popular being those in neutral and pastel shades. Important details such as pixie-pointed, deeply slashed, and turtle-neck collars, angora trim, and fancy buttons are revamping the conventionally plain college pullover or cardigan.

A certain style of belts is becoming popular at College, and four were spotted last week in red, tan, chocolate and navy. They are 2½ inches wide, double buckled in silver or gold colored metal, and can be made to order according to your personal choice of color and leather right here in town.

Shoes worn on the campus have to be comfortable as well as good-looking these days. Three outstanding pairs were noticed last week—a caramel brown walking shoes with a high unstitched flare in front, a beautiful pair of English pigskin flats, and a smart crimson pump with the fashionable Louis heel.

Freshmen, don't forget to vote for your Council representative.

others, no coach could go wrong. Also, for the first year, Vikings boast adequate bench strength. So I predict the team will lose only two of their exhibition games against the high schools and will go on to cop a first at the Inter-Scholastic Tourney.

Prediction No. 2—Rugby

The new edition of college Viking rugby team dropped its first game against University School, 8-0. Despite excellent play by Sedge Richardson, Malcolm Anderson and Stuart Wright, the college showed a definite lack of cohesion and scoring punch. Even though both tries were scored when shorthanded, the scrum was consistently out-looked and out-played. I predict that until the scrum troubles are ironed out, the Viking will fail to win consistently. However, they will undoubtedly finish

strongly and should be a good bet by play-off time. ((Bet on them next, you Dodger fan).

Prediction No. 3—Soccer

Without a doubt, the new soccer team will win more games than last year. If they don't, we'll enter them in the Elementary School League (Ed. note—last year's record—one win over Wilkinson Road—15 defeats). With Jim Sherrat, Dunc Smith, Pete Winter, Dave Price and several other experienced boosters, soccer may be slated for a comeback.

Prediction No. 4—Bowling

The bowling club is proving very popular with a good membership turning out to bowl Tuesday at Gibson's Bowladrome. Since teams have not been selected as yet, there can be no predictions. (Elementary, wot?) However, Ellis Achiten will be up near the top in the high averages, with Marlene Vance giving him close competition.

Culture Comes to College

VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY TENNYSON

Comrades leave me here a little, while yet 'tis early morn
 For my aching head is telling me it wished I'd ne'er been born.

O mirror speak and tell me is this the man you saw
 Dressing with consummate care just one short night before.

Is this the good clean man you saw—this bleary Scotchophile
 Blinking at the morning sun and groaning loud the while.

The lowered brow, the eagle eye, the disapproving gaze
 All serve to make me conscious of an alcoholic haze.

Last night the fatal Hippochrene winked its eye at me
 And lured me, unsuspecting, on with well concealed glee.

So I triumphed ere the spirit sweeping thro' me left me dry
 Left me with a palsied hand and with a jaundiced eye.

It swept me to the mountain peaks and to the valley floor
 And it will sweep you too, if you continue as before.

M.F.R.

GREAT COMPOSERS

In this first of a series of intellecto-cultural articles I wish to enlighten the reader with a few discriminately chosen chapters out of the lives of great composers. They all had one thing in common (besides being composers) and that is that they all led such interesting lives. But first I wish to point out that I can think of no reason why you should want to widen your knowledge of great musicians. Neither can I think of any reason why I wrote this. You might say I was just cleaning my typewriter and it went off. (This article may seem a little silly at first, but further study will prove it to be utterly ridiculous. Ed.)

Now let us start off with a study of that famous, renown, and celebrated artist and composer, that great . . . er . . . the great . . . uh . . . oh well, his name escapes me for a moment, but he wasn't important anyway, so let's start with Tchaikovsky. Tchaikovsky was born at a very early age in Kamsko-Votinsk. For his mother, who never made the same mistake twice, he was the only son.

He had an unhappy childhood. As a boy he never used to play in the streets of Kamsko-Votinsk, because when he was only two months old, his parents moved to Leningrad.

He then proceeded to become a great composer, and his timely death occurred right in the middle of his writing of the Unfinished Symphony which he so named precisely for that reason. He died at an early age according to the long established custom and was thus proclaimed a great composer.

The next musician we study is Bach. Not much is known about this famous man except that he was born (he carried a birth certificate to prove it). He was a slight man, who inherited his blue eyes after his mother, and his curly brown hair after a friend of his father's. He was an extremely active man, and we know that he had 13 children, although nothing has yet been heard of Mrs. Bach. (Wait'll Dr. Kinsey gets a hold of that one. Ed.)

Bach broke the ancient traditions of musicians by refusing to die at an early age, thus the current Guild of Composers and Band Leaders Inc., headed by Al Capone, the greatest band leader of them all, decided to put an end to this foolishness.

They held a conference in which they charged Bach with attempting to write Rachmaninoff's Second Concerto (later written by Rachmaninoff) under the assumed name of Bachmaninoff, and so they abruptly terminated Bach's career, unfortunately at a late age, which was the only thing that prevented him from being recognized as a great composer.

And so this sad incident ends our cultural interlude for the day.

(If you wish to obtain the original of this article, please phone G-3329, or call personally at the Saanich Garbage Disposal and Sewage Unit, Esquimalt, and I'm sure they'll be only too happy to let you rummage through their archives. Ed.)