

The Marquette



Volume 1

VICTORIA COLLEGE, VICTORIA, B.C., JANUARY 16, 1962

Number 8

SOD-TURNING SATURDAY

★ SITE OF THE FIRST PERMANENT BUILDINGS ON THIS CAMPUS

SOD-TURNING CEREMONY

Saturday - January 20th - 2:30 P.M.

PUBLIC WELCOME

Historic Event

The Sod Turning Ceremony to be held next Saturday, January 20 will mark the beginning of construction on the new 285-acre Gordon Head Campus. The ceremony will commence at 2:30 Saturday afternoon with an academic procession after which College Council Chairman Judge Clearihue will turn the sod. Following this Dr. W. H. Hickman, Principal of the College and Mr. Les Petersen, Provincial Minister of Education, will each give an address.

Among dignitaries in attendance will be members of the College Council and Senate and Government officials. The general public is invited to attend and special invitations have been mailed to parents of college students.

BUS TRANSPORTATION

Buses will begin leaving the front of the Paul Building on the Lansdowne Campus at 2:00 Saturday afternoon and will continue a shuttle service as long as necessary. Return bus service will be provided. All guests are invited to use this service along with the students.

DISPLAYS AND REFRESHMENTS

At the completion of the ceremony, refreshments will be served in the Gym where there will be a number of displays and demonstrations. Included in the exhibits will be models of the new Student Union Building, the Classroom Block and the new Library. The Students' Council will have displays depicting the extracurricular and academic activities of the students.

The Chemistry Department will demonstrate the extraction of lycopene from tomatoes and will perform a potentiometry experiment. The Physics Department will have on exhibit a number of equipment models including a Van de Graaff generator, Cathode Ray Oscilloscope, a Geiger-Muller Counter and a number of various molecular models. The Biology Department will have an invertebrate exhibit while the Psychology Department will show their highly prized trained rats. The Fine Arts Committee will show a number of valuable paintings and the library will display a number of books and a manuscript. The Faculty of Education will also have a number of exhibits showing various phases of their work.

Proceedings are expected to conclude about 5:00 p.m.

Hoopsters Rake Rivals

After a season and a half of rough going, the Vikings have really arrived. Playing better each time out, they downed arch-rivals U.B.C. Jayvees twice last weekend in the mainland city 62-59 and 57-51, in a pair of exhibition basketball games.

Friday's game went right down to the wire, with the Vikings' Willie Wong sinking a long set shot with thirty seconds remaining to put the college one point up. U.B.C. missed on their only try seconds later, and Darrell Lorimer sewed the game up with two free shots in the last five seconds. Lorimer had another great night for V.C., hitting thirty points for the second time this season.

On Saturday night, with Lorimer heavily guarded, other Vikings stepped in and made the baskets ring. George Brice and Bill Hobbs turned in their best

games so far this season, hitting for 15 and 10 points respectively. Brice snagged almost half of Victoria's rebounds, and Hobbs time and again forced U.B.C. into making foolish errors. At one point in the game, the Vikings led by 11 points, but U.B.C. came on strong in the dying seconds to come within six. Lorimer, who had Jayvees down his neck all night, still managed to toss in 17 points, eleven of them on free throws.

The Vikings have won five out of their last six games, dumping Lower Columbia twice, Kerrisdale once and U.B.C. twice. Next weekend the Vikings travel to Bellingham to tackle the powerful Western Washington squad, who will return the favour with a pair of games here on the 26th and 27th of January. The following weekend, the U.B.C. Jayvees will be here to try and even up the score.

U.B.C. Takes C.U.P. Trophy

The U.B.C. newspaper was recently awarded the Southam Trophy for general newspaper excellence at the annual Canadian University Press Conference.

This is the first time in the Ubysey's 43-year history that it has won the award for "general excellence" in English language papers publishing two or more issues a week. (The Ubysey publishes three). The Ubysey reports, however, that it came close in 1953 but lost due to a judging mix-up.

Judging was done by B. T. Richardson of the Toronto

Telegram and Andrew Snaddon of the Calgary Herald.

Judges gave the Ubysey top marks in the layout and sports reporting departments while one judge awarded top honours in the news division.

Ubysey Editor-in-Chief, Roger McAfee said when asked to comment on the trophy. "Despite the interference we have had on occasion from governmental bodies, we have been able to formulate a sound newspaper policy." McAfee was undoubtedly referring to an increasing amount of abuse from the Students' Council which so far has had little or no effect on the policy of the paper.

Other trophies awarded over the holidays were the Jacques Bureau Trophy for papers publishing less than two issues a

Students to Bleed Shortly

Blood.

That's what the Red Cross wants from you this February 8 and 9 as they launch their Canada-wide university blood-donating contest this year.

The university which donates the most blood—with the number of students at each college taken into account—wins the "Corpuscle Cup".

The contest is a chance to get U. Victoria pasted on the top of the list of Red Blooded Canadian Universities.

Where do you go to give blood? How do you know if you can?

The blood centre will be right here on campus, in the study hall of the Ewing Building. There, some 20 beds will be moved in place of the study tables—and some nurses will be there too.

To give blood, you must be over 100 pounds and over 18 years of age.

You haven't paid any money, or done any work. But—as a volunteer blood donor—you have supported the project of your university.

And, at the same time, you have been helping to save a life.

week, the Le Droit Trophy for French language newspapers and the Brocken Trophy for editorial excellence.

The Jacques Bureau Trophy was taken by the Silhouette of McMaster U. and the Georgian of Sir George Williams U. Both the Le Droit Trophy and the Brocken Trophy were awarded to Le Carbin published by Laval University.

TOP MARKS

In the last exams, results of which have already been published in downtown newspapers, Rick Rough, a Science man, and Janice Hickman, a Languages student, topped first and second years. Judy Baines was a close second in first year, while Carolyn McCammon copped runner-up place in second.

Geraldine Yee was the one and only first-class student in first year Education. In second year of the faculty, Anne Kemp beat out last year's top Education student, Katherine Bergbusch.

The good wishes of the faculty have already reached those mentioned, and in fact, all first-class students.

"Oh wind, if winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

GRAD CLASS

The members of the graduating class may now pick up their 5x7 prints from Filion's Studio, 780 Fort Street. All graduates are asked to pick up their prints as soon as possible and please return the four proofs to the photographer at the same time. Additional prints may be ordered from the studio.

NEW EXECS

A few changes have been effected in the executive body of the WUGS since Christmas. The new editor of The Wugs World is Margaret McGregor, an enthusiastic lass with an eye for copy. The work of secretary has been divided into two sections. Recording secretary is Sharon Rayner; Sharon McKay is the newly-chosen corresponding secretary. The enlarged executive is deep in plans for the Twirp Week presently—details of which are not yet available even to this reporter.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 19 . . .

RADIO VICTORIA COLLEGE on CFAV

● NEWS ● MUSIC ● INTERVIEWS

8:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. . . . 810 on Your Dial

THE MARTLET

Published twice monthly throughout the University year in Victoria by the Publications Department of the Alma Mater Society, Victoria College. Editorial opinions expressed are those of the Editorial Board of The Martlet and not necessarily those of the Alma Mater Society of Victoria College.

Faculty Advisor: Prof. Tony Emery Editor-in-Chief: Don Shea

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Editorial

OPTIMISTIC EVALUATION

THE ACADIA ATHENAEUM

These days when we take our uneasy rest beneath a blanket of radio-activity with the thought in mind that perhaps tomorrow not a creature will stir, we are hard-pressed to divine any good in our present age. Is there any ground for optimism in a world that holds a gun to its forehead?

Perhaps for some men there is a hope. The feeling that it is very well possible we may be dead tomorrow can generate some good results. For those who would speculate or rebel, it is a further incentive. If you feel that you may not be here to see the next sun rise it is naturally easier to follow your immediate inclinations. The creative person who previously had to fight the exhausting battle between his will to create and the lure of a more stable materialistic life now finds the conflict resolved for him. He may as well have his fling; he may as well follow his creative irrationality and attempt to write, for tomorrow he may no longer have a chance to do anything further.

The young graduates in the past have often cast aside their nobler aspirations and settled for a money-making career: "I'm going to make \$10,000 a year before I'm thirty." For many, this type of ambition is no longer valid. It becomes harder to peer through the mushroom clouds into the future.

What, then, will be the results of adopting a "live today" philosophy?

We may very well develop many more younger writers, artists, and other creative people. For these are the ones who would feel their time is limited and they must begin as soon as possible. Moreover, they may produce better creations, for they will try to do their best in a limited time. But not only the creative ones will be affected; those who would make their careers in business and industry will excel too. The time factor will drive them on to great ambition and accomplishment.

The overt effects of this growing philosophy are beginning to be seen. People may leave college in the middle of the year. The majority of people seeing this will condemn these adventurers as "quitters or fools". But we who remain have no right to judge them. Such actions are personal and individual and cannot be evaluated by others. Those who would see as much of life as they can, while they can, should not be debunked. And whether they succeed or fail in their adventure is of no consequence. For in themselves they have succeeded, at least for a time, because they followed their inclinations and did what they felt they must.

The same is true for the graduate engineer who decides to become a farmer, or the Arts graduate who comes back and starts a science course, or the artist who just suddenly leaves college for parts unknown. Those who would judge such people by their narrow materialistic standards or conventions are out of order.

From just such rebels, just such seekers after the world of experience, after their life of truth, may come the value of our future—if we have one. This is the optimistic evaluation of our present situation, herein lies a hope for those who would do rather than wish.

REPORT FROM EUROPE

By MIKE HORN

Amsterdam, Jan. 2, 1962.

The place of this report is determined by the season. Since I was born in Holland, it is only natural that I should come here for the holidays, which are progressing entirely to satisfaction. Before I got here, however, I passed through more than the usual travel frustrations.

Well before my departure I had my journey arranged, including a reservation for a berth in a "Liegewagen" in the Italian-Holland Express. When at 12:30 a.m. on December 17 I left a party which was just beginning to get lively, I knew no better than that a reasonably restful night's journey lay ahead. But the gods—or the Deutsche Bundesbahn—had determined differently.

The train came in at 1:00, and after I ran around nervously a uniformed chap told me that this was only the "Vorzug"; my Liegewagen, quoth he, was in the "Hauptzug" which would follow in five minutes. In five minutes another conductor expressed his condolences; the Liegewagen, it seemed, was in the Vorzug after all, and he certainly hoped that I would find a place to sit somewhere.

I shall spare the sensitive reader my thoughts. After arguing with a further couple of uniformed friends I found the only partially empty compartment and wedged myself among two Englishwomen, an Italian grandmother and mountains of luggage. I decided to adopt the philosophic view; people have been known to sleep while sitting up, even in cold compartments, I reasoned, and I almost managed it myself. At Mannheim these hopes were finally dashed when an overweight German couple repeated my wedging tactics, and all further efforts to ignore mob and cold were fruitless. Some friendly conductor had turned off the heat while it was freezing about fifteen degrees outside and six travellers cursed their luck in three languages.

However, as some clod once observed, every cloud has its silver lining, and this grade A cloud had one in the form of the overweight German couple. The description is actually unnecessary; all German couples seem to be overweight; no doubt it's the beer and "Wurstchen" that do it.

But to the point. This couple came from Heidelberg and soon smiled with favor on a freezing student. The rest of the mob had hardly left the train at Dusseldorf when they uncorked a large bottle of Schnaps to combat the cold. We had a couple of shots and a definite thaw set in. I impressed them with my "Beautiful B.C." magazines; they regaled me with cookies; in short, the milk of human kindness—read "Schnaps" flowed

(Continued on page 3, column 5)

Ed-libbing

Phe Phi Phoe Phum

By ED POMEROY

When the first and probably last courteously phrased edition of the Centurion appeared in the college garbage cans last week I was slightly apprehensive. I am always suspicious that when the writers of that particular type of smear sheet (as opposed to this particular type of smear sheet) start using five letter words instead of the obscure half-dozen ten letter words they have learned. They may have found something to say.

For those of you who weren't in any garbage cans last week and thus missed the Centurion, Mr. Nixon launched an almost coherent attack upon the curriculum of the faculty of education and claims that he sat in on an education lecture to gather empirical support for his charges.

I also sat in on an educational lecture last week. I didn't really intend to but I was lured inside the auditorium by enthusiastic chants of Phe Phi Phoe Phum and the ringing of a most pleasantly toned cymbal. Thinking that I might be on the verge of discovering the Greek underground I set aside a much more pressing task (I was on my way to the washroom) and slipped into the packed auditorium. I found an enraptured group of second year education students learning about this guy called Jack Beanstalk and a friend of his who suffered from Giantism. They were learning different ways to pretend they were Jack and his friend. It can be done by saying the magic formula, you know the pephiphoe bit, or by clapping your hands—loud for the giant type and not so loud for Jack. I imagine their are other ways of imitating the two of them but I liked the pephiphophum one best and I think that most of the students will agree with me that it was most fun because then you got to hear them ring the cymbal. I don't think this is prejudice on my part because I observed that almost everybody chanted pephiphoe, etc., but only about half the kids clapped their hands to be like Jack.

Now some of the more sophisticated members of the faculty of Arts and Science are probably feeling very superior and looking down your noses but with this type of training the members of the faculty of education could probably out cheer the artsmen at a basketball game. Furthermore I haven't had so much fun at one of my arts lectures in the last couple of years.

As further evidence contradicting Mr. Nixon's claims I should mention that the lecture closed with a film—a good one.



POMEROY

SEAL OF APPROVAL

By ROY DUGGAN

I would like to thank Mr. Nixon for giving us the pleasure of very nearly seeing the "Seventh Seal". A pleasant thought, but as we well know, even "the best laid plans", and Mr. Nixon's, often go astray. It was a commendable effort, however, inasmuch as the opportunity for film entertainment at a bearable level is a rare thing in our little world, which is dominated by the American concept of movie-making.

That we are so dominated would be all well and good, except that the American concept normally does not produce films of viewable calibre. I realize that generalization of this sort should be avoided, because good films have come out of Hollywood. But considering the facilities and talent available, it seems hard to believe that such a highly developed industry could produce such a consistently poor product.

Is the viewing public to blame for this, in that they willingly contribute financially for the dubious pleasure of sitting through innumerable situation comedies and Biblical epics set in Hollywood and Vine anti-quey? Or is this perhaps a case of creeping paralysis or mass hypnosis; anything will do, as long as it requires no intellectual activity and the screen is wide enough? The answer is really of little importance in any case; the situation is unlikely to change for the better.

Where hope does lie, however, is in the European film industry. Agreed, their poor efforts, from which we are mercifully spared, are wretched things, more ill-conceived than any Hollywood endeavour. But to offset this failing are the many brilliant artistic successes, produced in an obvious attempt to utilize the medium as it should be utilized—as a stimulating visual art form.

Anyone who has seen such masterpieces as "Wild Strawberries", "Hiroshima", "Mon Amour", "Forbidden Games" or "Ashes and Diamonds" cannot help but be aware that inherent in these productions is something out of reach of the American movie-maker. Here the European director has not lost sight of his objectives, which must be both to portray a visual reality and to employ the means at his disposal as effectively as possible, uniting the two into an unique perceptual experience. The stress must be laid on the visual aspect, and of necessity, dialogue becomes of secondary importance, serving primarily as a uniting force, which increases the visual communication between screen and viewer.

This basic concept seems to be lost or well obscured in the majority of films. Perhaps the advent of the sound track spelled the beginning of the end. Without it, the perceptual content would have developed, instead of acquiring an ever increasing limp, supported by the crutch of dialogue.

Let it be hoped that in the near future more of the few really worthwhile films will be made available to us. They are something that should be more widely seen and appreciated. Perhaps a Film Society?

McAfee Elected

Roger McAfee, editor-in-chief of the Ubyssy, was elected national president of Canadian University Press. The election was held during a conference of C.U.P. members in Toronto, Dec. 26-29.

Booze Nooze

By ART AFFLECK

I have just finished reading a copy of the Victoria College Martlet sent to me by Brian Wallace of the staff of this paper.

I could not help noticing an article entitled "Report from Germany" written by a former Victoria College student, Mike Horn. This prompted me to think, if the Martlet is to become a truly international publication why not include along with reports from Victoria, Oak Bay and Germany a report from Jamaica written by a former Victoria College student with

assistance and technical advice from another former student. Unlike Mike Horn, who has won a great many scholarships, John Kendrew and myself (Art Affleck) are like most students, neither brilliant nor diligent enough to earn scholarships, but this has not prevented us from travelling.

I have no literary ability, a fact to which I am sure my former professors will attest but nevertheless I will try to convey to you my impressions of Jamaica.

First of all let me state that

we are no longer students but are now teachers at a secondary school in Mandeville, the fourth largest city in Jamaica. We did not take any education courses while at Victoria College, but because the Jamaican school system is based on the British system there is no need for these courses and in fact they are of no advantage in pay or seniority.

We arrived in Jamaica for the beginning of the fall term, John teaching Games and Science and I teaching Mathematics. The school system is basically similar to the British system in that they write exams set by Cambridge and Oxford universities at the end of Grade XI which gives

them the equivalent of our junior matriculation.

That is enough about the school, let me now tell you a little about the country.

Jamaica, as everyone knows, is an island located in the Caribbean Sea about 100 miles south of Cuba. The island is not as big as Vancouver Island but is much more heavily populated. About 85 per cent of the population are colored, varying in shade from tan to ebony. The principal products of Jamaica are bananas and sugar, the latter being the main ingredient in something which probably has given Jamaica its fame: it's rum.

(Continued on page 3, column 4)

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Prudish or Prudent

Dear Sir:

When I saw my last article in *The Martlet* (Nov. 28), I was surprised to read: "I know of no student who has left the caf because his English professor was there," or words to that effect. I blush to think that this inane sentence might be ascribed to me, and wish to inform all your readers that the passage, before censorship, read: "I know of no student who stopped drinking at a college dance because his English professor was there."

The question remains: Why was this remark censored? Because of the "English" professor, perhaps? Really, I did not wish to imply that English professors are more puritanical than any other kind. All kidding aside, I know, and everybody else presumably knows, that drinking at college functions is expressly forbidden by college regulation and more generally by provincial law. It is probably equally well known that considerable drinking takes place, and that only when this has become extremely obvious, as at an Engineers' ball a couple of years ago, has anything been done about it. Drinking in moderation at dances seems to be more or less accepted; why, then, the censorship?

Is it possible that an unofficial conspiracy of silence exists, that students are permitted to drink, law and regulation notwithstanding, as long as nothing is said about it? I should hate, of course, to suggest that this is so, but it would explain why the offending remark was deleted. Perhaps you, Mr. Editor, have a better explanation. In any event you will hardly disagree that the whole situation smacks of rank hypocrisy. If drinking takes place let's admit it, and should someone try, under the existing rules, to stop it, let's try to work towards an arrangement which will make it legal. B.C.'s liquor legislation is idiotic, representative of an attitude which, convinced that drinking is wrong and sinful, nevertheless is resolved to make profit out of another's wish for it. I would describe it as a corrupted version of the same misplaced idealism which produced the pitiful debacle known as prohibition.

As parting shot: if German students can buy their beer and wine on the floor at university dances, why should B.C. students not at least be allowed to bring their own without having to lie about it?

Yours truly,
MICHIEL S. HORN.

P.S.—To show I lack bias of one kind, let it be known that I have never broken this particular set of rules—yet. Horn.

Beauty Skin Deep

Dear Sir:

With the Campus Queen "beauty" contest about a month away, the question of choosing candidates for the event is getting closer. This consideration brings to mind a mildly contro-

versial point, namely, the type of clothing the contestants are to wear. Last year the type of dress was not particularly encouraging, in fact it was prudish and dull. The time has come, I think, to reconsider what the aims of the contest are. Is it really a beauty contest, or is it a personality contest, or a fashion show? If it is a personality contest the primary things to seek are grace, charm and poise. If it is a fashion show the aim would be beautiful clothes. Now, if it is a beauty contest as we assume, it necessarily follows that the object is to elect a beautiful woman. This poses the problem of what we mean by beauty.

What do we call beauty? Is it a combination of such qualities as shape, size, proportion, and colour of the human face or form, or both, that is pleasing and delightful to look upon? Is it just the face or just the form alone, or a combination of both? Does it rest in a smile? Is beauty the result of a very small, or not so small, difference of face or figure between contestants? If these elements constitute the bases on which we evaluate beauty, then we mean that our contest is really a competition of beauty. If we evaluate beauty on other bases, such as: grace, charm, poise, clothing, then we really mean a personality contest, or a fashion show. Let us clear up the ambiguous term of "beauty" contest. If it is such call it such; if it's not, call it by its right name. If we decide that the object is to elect a beautiful woman, let's elect her on the basis of her beauty, not the art of her tailor. This is the problem of clothes.

I don't argue that clothes carefully designed and selected do not enhance a beautiful girl's appearance. Certainly, clothing does add to appearances, but the question is whether we are judging her beauty or that of her clothes. If we base our judgment on what she wears we may resolve only that she has beautiful clothes. If we mean to base our judgment on her beauty, we must see her to judge her. We cannot admire her beauty through admiring her dress. Or is it what we don't see that we admire? I think not. Certainly, leaving something to our imagination may enhance beauty, but let's not leave 70 per cent for us to imagine. The shape of a beautiful woman's face and figure is a delight to behold. Let us behold her then. Put her in a bathing suit, or shorts. Then we can judge her on her merits. Do not misunderstand my suggestion as advocating a striptease contest. I merely say, let us judge her by her form, her proportion of face and figure, her colour—complexion—and her smile, and any other bases that we agree are of primary importance in making her beautiful to behold. To do this we must not be mistaken by a shape hidden away, disguised or otherwise, by artful clothing.

In what we assume is a beauty contest, are we judging beauty in an abstract sense, as we would

(Continued on page 4, column 5)

Radio Club Plans Takeover

Big news from the Radio Club this week is the planned takeover of local radio station CFAV. On January 19 from 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. all facets of this radio outlet will be under the control of operators Bruce Kingham, Mel Dear and Gordon Fearn. This includes all engineering, reception and broadcasting of news and advertisements. The members of the radio society are undertaking this project in the hopes that the weekend of the 20th will be drawn to the attention of the public as the first step in the construction of our university. It is hoped to stress the appreciation felt for those people who have worked so hard to see this initial action. Through the co-operation of the Victoria College Development Board and the Faculty, the day's programming will be centred around the new university, and the sod turning ceremony which takes place the following day at Gordon Head. Representing the Faculty in this production will be Dr. Hickman, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Bishop, Mr. Fields and Mr. Gilliland.

Although students plan on following the regular broadcast pattern, interviews with Mr. W. A. C. Bennett, Hon. George Pearkes, Mr. L. Petersen (Minister of Education), Mr. R. B. Wilson, Judge Clearihue and Mr. Fairclough, will be inserted throughout the day. George Lamont will be in charge of the taping and newscasts, while announcers on this project include Allan Haythorne, Guy Stanley, John MacConnachie, Brian Wilson, Bob Seymour and Bill Collier. It is hoped also that some representation will be heard from campus pianist Alan Radcliffe and the College Chorale.

A follow up in conjunction with this Radio Club project and the sod turning ceremony is a half-hour special planned for the following day. On Sunday, January 21, at 3:30, there will be a programme concerned with the activities at Gordon Head on Saturday afternoon.

BOOZE NOOZE . . .

(Continued from page 2, column 4)

It seems to me that whenever college students are talking in the cafeteria, the conversation usually revolves around, or degenerates to, two main topics: the opposite sex and liquor. Being basically shy I will refrain from talking about the first, but of the second I feel that my training in the various Victoria pubs and cocktail lounges as well as college dances deem me an authority on alcohol.

The principal liquor in Jamaica is of course rum. It comes in many different colors, proofs and bottles but it has one common characteristic, it is dirt cheap. For example, a 26-ounce bottle of the best rum Jamaica produces costs 11/6 which is equivalent to \$1.50 in Canadian money.

This rum is 20 overproof or in other words 60 per cent alcohol. It can be mixed in any proportion with water, fruit juice, ginger ale, etc., and it is so smooth that it is difficult to tell how much of the drink is rum. It is really potent and one has to be careful not to drink too much too quickly because it packs a wallop equalled by few other drinks.

In Mike Horn's article he discussed the liquor regulations in Germany and I must say that they are basically similar in Jamaica—none. Sixteen years of age is the legal age to drink intoxicants but this is not strictly enforced and it is not uncommon to see a seven-year-old walking down the main street carrying a bottle of rum home to his parents.

Liquor is sold at the corner grocery store and there is no puritanical attitude toward liquor and its consumption. We have attended a couple of dances at the University College of the West Indies and my eyes nearly popped out of my head when I saw as large as life, a bar, serving all forms of liquor, run by the students' council no less.

All this talk of drinking must lead you to think that the major occupation of the people is the consumption of alcohol. This is not true and I believe it is due

to the fact that over the years moderation has been achieved through experience.

(Continued on page 4, column 3)

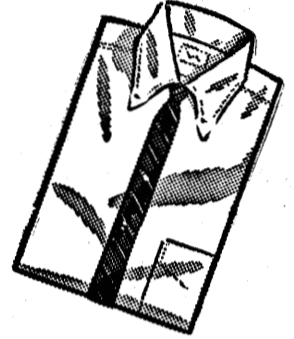
REPORT FROM EUROPE . . .

(Continued from page 2, column 3)

freely. We parted at Utrecht, feeling no cold, and I hope they had a pleasant holiday as well. There are worse ways of spending eight hours on a train.

Which leads me—don't ask me how, but I've got to end this—to commiserate with all those who wrote exams and to wish all a happy 1962. Here's hoping you got through!

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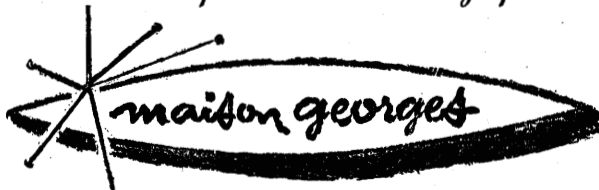
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PUCKSTERS SLIP TO SECOND
Split 4 Points With Sailors

Against Navy the Vikings lacked some of their pre-Christmas sharpness, as they had to come from behind to salvage a 4-4 tie. However the Sailors have greatly improved since the start of the season and are better than their record indicates.

The College took a 2-1 lead in the first period of the close-checking contest as Keith Nelligan fired a beautiful goal from just inside the blue line, set up by Sandy George, and Jack Blair scored from close in on passes from Len Dunsford and Ken Lutz. John Morris scored late in the period for Navy.

In the second period, Stu Macfarland, a standout all night, drove in a hard shot for the third Viking goal, with Ken Lutz again assisting. But the college were forced on the defensive from then until the end of the frame, as they withstood penalties to Barry Hodgkin, Glenn Forrester and Tom Krail, who got two, one coming after he was dumped hard and forced to leave the game with a back injury. Navy carried the play and scored two goals, to draw even at 3-3.

The Vikings looked better in the third period, but Navy took a 4-3 lead against the run of the play. But a Sailor penalty gave the College their chance, and with three minutes left, Lorne Waller lofted a shot from the blue line that somehow went in to give the Vikings their tie.

Veteran defenceman Doug Bamborough returned to action after a two-month lay-off and missed a fine chance to win the game after being set-up by Cliff Russell in the last minute of play.

Jack Blair also missed the open net as he and Macfarland were in alone on the last rush of the game; as the Vikings were at the same time lucky to tie and unlucky not to win.

SECOND LOSS

Out-maneuvred by Army Friday night the Vikings went down to their second defeat of the year, losing a tough 2-1 decision

to a firmed up Army Club, to lose temporarily possession of first place in the Esquimalt Hockey League. It was a hard-hitting exciting game and one which the college didn't deserve to lose.

Vikings took a 1-0 lead in the first period as Doug Bamborough drove in a long shot after a pass-out from behind the net by Ross Grenier.

In the second period, Army scored two goals, both against the run of the play, and despite continual pressure the college couldn't pull even.

The third period was scoreless, despite the fact that Keith Nelligan hit the post twice, and Cliff Russell missed on a breakaway. For the college Doug Bamborough played an outstanding game, blocking shots from all angles as well as handing out some heavy checks. Russell and Grenier, along with Bamborough, logged 30 minutes of ice time apiece, as Coach John Oster went with his big men in an attempt to pull out a tie.

The next College game is against Esquimalt this Friday at 7:30 p.m. After this game they will play three games for four points apiece, to make up time lost at Christmas.

U.B.C. Wins Swim Meet

The College swim team went down to defeat last Saturday night at U.B.C. The final scores were 106 for U.B.C. and 60 for V.C. Sue Morgan won the breast stroke, Bruce Warburton the free style and Bob Wheaton the butterfly. Wheaton suffered his first loss in the backstroke event in a long time.

BOOZE NOOZE . . .

(Continued from page 3)

All this talk of drinking rum may revolt our many friends who believe that beer is the only drink. Do not despair—beer—equal to anything produced in Canada, is sold for 14 cents a bottle.

I must conclude now, good wishes to all our friends at Victoria College from the land where you can't remember what you came to forget.

RUGGAH MAKES WAR

Victoria College Vikings extended their win streak to six games Saturday by edging the James Bay Squad 3-0 in a hard-fought contest at Macdonald Park.

The game was off to a fast start when, after only 10 minutes of play, College prop John Hogg and Sonny Vickery of the Bays were thrown from the game for almost coming to blows.

It was hoped that the dismissal of Vickery would quiet the animals, but the remainder of the team filled the breach admirably, forcing the Vikings to beat them at their own game.

The only points of the game came near the end of the first half when Forre Angus cut through the Bay line before passing to Ian Appleton who then passed out to Pat Floyd for a try in the corner. Gay Tuttle narrowly missed on the conversion attempt but demonstrated nevertheless that he is the kicker the Vikings have been looking for.

The rest of the game was scoreless but interesting as Appleton and Al Foster, making his first start at inside centre, made some very hard tackles on the hapless James Bay backs.

The scrum also played well, with John Wenman a stand-out in the hustle and tackle departments.

The College completed its two game coup when the Norsemen, coming from behind, defeated N.T.S. 6-3 on a penalty goal by Tim Price and a try by Mike Bassett.

The Norse really had to fight to defeat the vastly improved Navy squad and were aided in their cause by the addition of Gray Eaton, now recovered from last term's knee injury.

In last week's action, the Vikings played to conditions perfectly as they bumped the Oak Bay Reds 9-3 in the mire at Royal Roads. The Norse meantime went under 19-0 at the hands of the as yet undefeated Oak Bay Whites in an equally muddy contest at Windsor Park.

Both teams return to action this Saturday but there is no sweep on sight as the Norsemen take on the Vikings at Gordon Head. It is to be hoped that the Greater Gordon Head green grass group grants permission for the use of their verdant pasture. If it does, game time is 2:30 at Gordon Head, if not, one

Males Invade Women's Realm

Menth Grathhockey ith ever thutch a nithe game! Oh, yeth!

But, as yet, it is technically not played on campus. This is due for a change, thanks to the new ruling on Sunday sports as handed down by the College Council. So—next term—the team in the city league, now known as the Outlaws, will be known as the Victoria College team—legally.

This men's game is not to be confused with the women's game. It is much faster and rougher than the feminine version, thus requiring a certain amount of fitness.

Also of necessity, is a certain amount of co-ordination, so that one can hit a rapidly moving ball—while on the run—and only using one side of the stick, and so on.

In any case, watch out next term for the College Men's Grass-hockey Team to be one of the most eager and enthusiastic—and we hope winning—teams on campus.

of the clubs that is allowed to use its own field will probably let us use it and place will be announced.

In any event, make an effort to attend, it's free and it's a darn awfully, frightfully, good sport!

LEAGUE STANDINGS

(At conclusion of Saturday's play):

	P	W	L	T	Pts.
Oak Bay Whites	11	10	0	1	21
V.C. Vikings	11	8	3	0	16
Oak Bay Reds	11	7	4	0	14
J.B.A.A.	8	4	3	1	8
Royal Roads	9	3	6	0	6
V.V. Norsemen	10	2	8	0	4
N.T.S.	10	0	10	0	0

BEAUTY SKIN DEEP . . .

(Continued from page 3)

judge the beauty of truth, or of friendship? I should venture that we are concerned with a more concrete form of beauty, something more readily visible to our senses. Let us not fuddle ourselves with idealized Victorian sentiment. We pretend to be an enlightened body of people here at the college. Let us prove it by not being prudes in this matter of dress. Let's have our college beauty contestants in bathing suits for all to see and to judge. Contestants do appear in such dress on television for the country to see in national beauty contests. Perhaps that is too daring; perhaps it will produce bad thoughts in the minds of spectators and reduce respect for the contestants. We do not dress our girls in bathing suits, no, for we know better; after all, the public are merely common people, and we are enlightened.

R. JOHN MEYER
Pre-Law Club.



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Critics' Page

SIMPLE REALITY

By DAVID JAMES

The Russian movie, "Ballad of a Soldier", is a striking film, although it contains almost every conventional sentimental situation devised.

Tacked on to the basic plot of a young soldier travelling on special leave from the front are all the standard inconveniences of a corrupt sentry, a lone girl who just happens to get in the same box-car with him, a sympathetic officer, missed trains, and blown-out bridge.

Also included is a joyous reunion of a disabled soldier and his wife, plus an episode with an unfaithful wife and an old father gladdened by news of his son.

However, rather than being a string of pictorial cliches, the show has the impact of being a graphic and realistic panorama of the pathos war engenders in the lives of ordinary people. One feels from this, that this is the way life is.

Few—if any—artificial sets are used, and if the extras and bit players were professional actors the Russians have nothing to learn about accurate and realistic costuming. Nor are the actors particularly handsome or beautiful. They look like people.

The sub-titles were probably written by someone not entirely familiar with the English idiom, for some of the slang expressions didn't seem to fit. The last subtitle—"We remember him as... a soldier"—is not quite accurately translated.

The narrator says, "A Russian soldier."

In spite of its excellent handling and treatment, it is a propaganda film.

Guild Opens Season

Last Saturday night the Victoria Theatre Guild opened its 1962 season with a seven-night run of George Bernard Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell".

"Don Juan" is described by many as one of Shaw's best. It is a play of ideas which embodies Shaw's life philosophy and is, in fact, the second act of Shaw's "Man and Superman".

In the Guild's production of this play which involves only four characters, Robert Price plays Don Juan, Bruce Banyard is Mephistopheles (the Devil), Helen Smith is Donna Ana and Ken Bostock is the Commander. The play is directed by Bruce Williams.

The Guild's performance is being staged at Langham Court Theatre (just off Rockland Ave.) until the end of this week. Tickets are available at Eaton's ticket office. Students will be admitted for 75c if they show a student card when purchasing their tickets.

*Mid-Term
Holiday
Feb. 16 and 17*

TV Review

CBC—Ecchhhh!

By GEORGE LAMONT

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation thinks us extremely naive, I know, but this time they've gone too far. In a recent half-hour fiasco called, "Sir Francis Drake", a rather promiscuous, haughty Spanish Countess contrives to blow up the "Golden Hind", by means of a fuse from a candle to the ship's powder magazine. This in the name of glorious Spain (and her pride which had been hurt).

Now Drake is completely at a loss as to how she plans to demolish his ship. He orders the ship searched from stem to stern, to no avail. They were anchored off an uninhabited island, and the countess (complete with retinue—properly including the chaste eunuch guarding a young niece and nephew of hers) is a prisoner of Drake's, as a result of a battle.

Now I ask you, use whatever simple logic you may know, on the premises as set forth by the intellectual authors of this gripping drama: **first premise:** she gave him plenty of warning that she was going to send the ship and all the occupants to the bottom. **Second premise:** She putingly asked to be moved from the comfort and privacy of Drake's personal cabin to a more public spot (with the rest of her outfit) **directly over the powder magazine.** (Are you starting to get the picture?). **Third premise:** She had her personal goldsmith brought over from another ship, "to fix her necklace." Naturally he fixed the fuse in the process.

Fourth premise: On the day when the fuse was installed, she asked ever so sweetly that the two children be removed to the other ship. Once again, Sir Francis complies, with a low bow from the waist. By now, we are convinced that the cunning pirate adventurer is really a simpleton who was just lucky.

Swinging into action, finally, he orders the ship cleared of all bodies except hers and his. She valiantly holds off—(ah, telling him about the fuse, that is)—until the last minute. His entreaties are in vain. It is for Spain that she will die. "What a waste," he muses, flicking a guarded glance at her carefully exposed bosom in the first light of fateful dawn.

Things move quickly now. The children had hidden themselves aboard the ship and they appear at this, the crucial moment, a moment in which the fuse is starting its deadly, hissing speed toward the powder kegs below. A neat camera trick shows the fuse racing along what seems like miles of fuse, towards its lethal destination. For the children's sake, she spills the dastardly plot; Drake plunges into the bowels of the ship, intent on saving all, and with no thought for his own safety.

(For a moment I thought he was going to gallantly swallow the fuse and sackful of gunpowder attached to the end of it for a detonator). Rushing into the cabin, he had to trace with agonizing slowness the path of the fuse which at this very moment was already burning through the decking, and was within inches of the powder kegs below. He rips out the loose board—(o-o-o, fingernails!)—and gropes blindly, frantically for the sizzling fuse. Now he's got it! He

PAN — PAN

By D.R.

"HELL"

"Don Juan in Hell" is a play of ideas. It is an intellectual play—the intellect being that of George Bernard Shaw.

There is virtually no action; in fact, Shaw's players are permitted to do little except recite the playwright's philosophy, and it is a philosophy which encompasses every conceivable subject. The play is actually only the third act of "Man and Superman" and is usually committed from productions of the major work—which says little for its essentiality.

Consequently the Victoria Theatre Guild is somewhat justified in its Reading of Don Juan.

However, reading a play demands at least as much of the actors as acting it does. Here the four players fell short, with the possible exception of Ken Bostock, who added a measure of verity to his small role as the commander.

Robert Price and Bruce Banyard were often guilty of monotonous and stumbling monologues.

Helen Smith improved as the play progressed but her role as Donna Ana is subordinate and so it was left to the Devil and Don Juan to rescue the play from the depths of mediocrity. They both failed.

In a reading, the scripts must remain inconspicuous, or at least forgotten by the audience. But often, as on Saturday night, more attention could not have been drawn to the little booklets had each actor followed his lines with an index finger.

There were highlights, however.

Shaw's biting humour often came through clearly, usually from Ken Bostock and once—quite accidentally—from Helen Smith who confused the nature of her chastity.

But most striking of all was

tries to stomp it out on the deck. Stomp, stomp, stomp! Still it burns. Hiss, hiss, hiss! Only one thing left to do. He does it. He darts outside, yells, "Down everybody" and flings it over the side. As it hits the water one instant later, it explodes with H-bomb violence, and the only damage done is everybody gets a light sprinkling of salt spray; notwithstanding the possibility, that what with the rough planking of the deck, the countess may have endured a sliver or two, she having instinctively obeyed his last order like a trained soldier.

Regressive Jazz

A hodge podge of noise—masquerading as the Al Neil Quintet—took the form of Tuesday's jazz concert.

It was a mess.

There was no appreciation for dynamics, mood, or form. Largely the fault of alto saxophonist P. J. Perry, the opening number "Autumn Leaves" reminded one more of nuclear fallout than fluttering Liriodendron tuilipifera.

"Soulsville" started well but once again the solo breaks really had nothing to do with the piece in particular. The vibraphonist showed excellent technique—a rarity among B.C. vibraphonists—but again Perry seemed to writhe agonizingly through a torrent of notes which were loud but little else.

Al Neil announced a change of mood and tempo for "witchcraft" but the prediction failed to materialize.

A realization on the part of the quintet that on-stage jazz requires more thorough preparation than background cellar music, would certainly have improved the centre portions of each number.

A brief intermission precipitated a mass exodus of listeners.

The quintet's next number—"So What!"

Ad lib item: Could the Centurion inspiration for criticizing Education come from his lack of qualifications for admission to the faculty?

the backdrop designed by Brian Padden. When the theatre was dark—save for a red glow on his sur-realistic setting—the atmosphere of "hell" was very convincing.

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