

The Timely Colonial

THE WEATHER:
Cloudy With Miserable
Periods

SHOP SOON!
Only 17 More L.C.B.
Days 'Till Christmas!

Volume 2

VICTORIA COLLEGE, VICTORIA, B.C., DECEMBER 5, 1962

Number 2

Chamber Says to Council:

"Let's Pull Together"

Victoria will be a festive fairyland for the 1962 Christmas season it was announced today.

The Chamber of Commerce, in keeping with their slogan "Buy More!—Christmas Giving is Christian Living", has planned a comprehensive decoration plan for the downtown area.

City Council has been asked for financial aid, the funds to be made available by closing down the Free Food Stall, cancelling all city welfare obligations, and imposing taxes on Goodwill Enterprises, the Salvation Army, and all churches.

SHARE THE WEALTH

"We feel that the money spent in this manner will be enjoyed by everyone, not just a favoured few," said a merchant. "It will also be a major step towards revitalizing the downtown area."

"After all," he pointed out, "the whole purpose of the Giftmas . . . er . . . Christmas Season is to set up decorations to draw customers, isn't it?"

CHAMBER PROPOSES TO COUNCIL

The merchants have proposed that:

1. The parking meters be disguised as Christmas trees.
2. The Commissionaires dress as Santa Claus and bellow "Ho, ho, ho!" when giving tickets.
3. The City Hall colour scheme be changed to red and green.
4. The Aldermen be disguised as angels and wear sprigs of holly in their hair.
5. The Tally-ho wagons be converted to sleighs with suitably antlered horses, the horses to be fed with green and red laxatives.
6. A city-wide loudspeaker system be set up to carry Christmas carols and advertising jingles.
7. A giant-sized plastic nativity scene be set up in front of the Parliament Buildings, with Premier Bennett playing the starring role.

Topics of the Day

Victoria police report a purse snatching which occurred on Yates Street last night. Miss Molly Toogood, Rm. 3, YMCA, a poverty-stricken old age pensioner, was robbed of her purse which contained personal effects and \$43,785.28.

Eighty-six-year-old Miss Esculent Catarrh was fined \$2.50 and costs in police court today for driving a team of horses the wrong way around Fountain Circle, killing 40 and injuring 76 others.

Nineteen-year-old seaman, Jock Strapp, was sentenced to 15 to 20 months imprisonment and six dunkings in the Centennial fountain for operating a motor vehicle while inebriated.

Witnesses said his car was proceeding down Douglas Street at a high rate of speed when it suddenly swerved across the road, collided with a bulldozer, careened through a house, rolled over 34 times and came to rest in a vacant lot on Cook Street.

Strapp was unhurt. "I was doing about twenty," he said.

Remember, cars are dangerous, so drive into Money's body shop this weekend. The SPCA (Society for the Preservation of Chastity at All costs) is continuing its free installation of safety belts.

If you haven't got a car, walk in.



Adding a frost-like touch of winter, parks department employee Alwyn Yeates lightly sprays aluminum paint on one of the six million holly and cedar baskets that workmen began hanging yesterday from every standing object in Greater Victoria.

BOLD BANDITS BAMBOOZLE BANK

Funsters Foil Fuzz

In a daring noon-time robbery yesterday, four masked bandits held up the Yates Street branch of the Bank of Montreal, escaping with over \$150,000 in cash, cheques, and trading stamps.

The getaway car, a battered 1936 Austin, was nearly captured by the pursuing constabulary when it lost half an hour trying to make a right turn from Yates onto Douglas, but it soon outdistanced the police bicycles and lost them in the Roundabout.

"It all happened so fast!" said teller Wharton Crotchbottom. "Things were very quiet when suddenly these four fellows, about twenty years old, came up to my wicket and said, 'This is a college prank. Give us all your money.'"

"Well, I fancy myself to be a good sport, so I found what I could and gift-wrapped it for them. They thanked me for my trouble and left. A very polite group of young men they were."

POLICE SWING INTO ACTION

City police voiced doubt that the robbery was the work of college pranksters.

"We have been reassured by Student Council President Alf Pettersen that the Council knows nothing about it," said Chief Blackstock.

"I'm afraid it's rough nuggets for the bank."

Bank manager, Mr. Quincy Quagmire, was rather upset over the chief's attitude. "After all, \$150,000 is a rather fair sum. I would like to know just what Chief Blackstock is going to do."

"Buy faster bicycles," replied the Chief, easing his bulk into an easy chair, "and give the men more exercise. They're in pretty poor shape."

Ol' Wac Says...

Cuba's bin cut off. Uncle Zeke calls that Castro-ation.

B.C. Government ain't got no direct debt—only contingent liabilities. Like a man sayin' he's debt-free but his three-year-old daughter owes 'bout a billion dollars.

Wal, as the Freedomite feller said to his gal, "Lovely night fer arson."



YANKS FOR THE MEMORY

At the last meeting of the Victoria Junior Chamber of Money, director Jim 'Awkins of the Treasure Island Publicity Bureau presented the results of a tourist survey made this summer. Visitors were asked what impressed them most about Our Fair City.

Some typical comments:

C.P.R.M.PITS

Said Mrs. B. O. Rollon of Underarm, Arizona: "We were fortunate in being able to get one of the 3,500 tickets on the CPR day cruise from Seattle. After spending 14 hours on the boat I can really appreciate your little town, but I'm afraid we won't be able to go ashore—the boat leaves in two minutes. Can't stay overnight—we've got to be in Miami by noon tomorrow—but at least we can say we've been here."

LEWD TOTEMS

Miss D. Liteful of Gimmeah, Col.: "Lucky an me jest luuved that plastic totem pole you got sayin' 'Welcome to Victoria'. Y' know, the one at the Ground-round. I never realized the Indians made plastic ones. Lucky likes totems. He says they're lewd, whatever that means."

TALLY-HO POO-POOED

Mr. Pete Reyott of Spangled Banner, Iowa: "We didn't have much time here. Like the town real fine except for one thing—the whole damn waterfront smelled like horse dung. Had a neat tour—followed the brown line in my Caddie."

SIGNS OF CHANGE

Mr. Beaton Putrid of Stench, New Mexico: "Well, by the foot of a pee-potted satyr, the wife and I had figgered The Empress would be a stuffy old place, but we're glad to see it ain't so. That plastic sign adds jest the right touch of the commonplace."

ENTHUSIASTIC CITIZENS

Winston Camel of Salem, Ore.: "Both my wife and I enjoyed our visit to uh . . . to uh . . . We were highly amazed at the enthusiasm of the people of uh . . . uh . . . for the attractions of their own city. There are 364 cars parked in the vicinity of the big tall totem pole. We were very intrigued by the figures piled on top of one another. Amazing primitive art!"

CRANK REGISTERS VIEW

Miss Dottie Chankshaft of Virginia City, Nevada: "My friend and I think you've got a great little town here. Could go places, do things, but I don't think you can do it. You have too many other things on your record. You can't do anything I tell you you can't do. You need more shopping centres, split-level suburbs, smoke. Beautiful. Need more warmth—glass, concrete, aluminum and other naturalistic architecture. Must adhere to traditionalism. Must. Now get out of my sight. I'm just here to help me plan your course for the future."

S.O.B. Says Repress Free Press!!

Speaking at the Oddtype's banquet last night, Mr. Sydney O. Bisley accused the Timely Colonial of sensationalism, particularly in its headlines, and suggested a tight security system of censorship!

Speaking on "Begonias and their Psychological Health," Mr. Bisley mentioned a slightly erroneous statement which had occurred in the gardening column, and proceeded to make the following vicious attack.

RASH RABBLE-ROUSER

"I feel that some facts here are incorrect or exaggerated. The headline is also somewhat misleading. I do wish the Timely Colonial would be a little more careful and check everything which they print."

Timely Colonial Editor-in-Chief, "Scoop" Sherbet, called the charge "nonsense". He said that Bisley was "an irresponsible rabble-rouser making rash, foolhardy accusations."

"I feel that a glance at our paper will prove that we are a responsible, conservative, mature newspaper!" he said.

Stuffed Nutbook

By SHED STAGGERFORTH

Pres. to Study Abroad?

ALFALFA

We learn from an unreliable source that College President Alf Pettersen is planning a trip to Japan in the near future. "I just wanted to see the Gardens of Versailles and the Colosseum, then take a ferry across the inland sea to Dublin to kiss the Giant's Causeway," said the smiling president. "I'm majoring in psychology, you know."

INSUBORDINATE ROYALTY

We've noticed an increase in the number of emperors, kings, etc., who refer to themselves as "we", and we feel this has to be stopped! Since when has royalty had the same privileges as columnists?

PLASHION FATE?

Garry Nixon, man about the Fox and stylish bon vivant, plans to reveal his winter ward-

robe early in January. "This year," rumbled the phantom of the Quadra St. Opera House, "I hope to wear an exciting combination of red Stanfield's (flap down), peuce peddle-pushers, mauve thigh socks, and a fluorescent earring." Garry's first show will be held in the College cafeteria. "I know the college will welcome me back because I plan to criticize the world in the next issue of my thirty-fourth paper, The Groin," said Garry.

CONVERSATION PIECE

The nine-year-old girl with the 64-inch bust who was to appear in Playboy dropped in on me yesterday, and we had a pleasant chat from opposite sides of the room. She said she was still going through with the picture, but they were having difficulty finding a wide enough lens. "It'll probably be a ten-page pullout—a laugh-sized pin-up," she said.

The Timely Colonial

"A Neutral Newspaper:
We Hate Everybody Equally."

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STAFF: Jim Bigsby, Ellery Littleton, Mike McNeely, Dennis Gornall.

PAGE TWO

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1962

SAAANICH TO COAGULATE?

With the voters deciding the issue of coagulation next Thursday, we feel that this news article of 1906 will be appropriate as our editorial today.

1906

The municipality of Saaanich will be holding a referendum shortly to consider coagulating with the city of Victoria. There is reported to be considerable opposition to this move.

Reeve S. T. O. P. Gormless addressed a meeting of 32 Saaanich ratepayers recently, and brought out the following points:

1. The by-law to install sewers at his home has been unanimously rejected by his family.
2. The petition to remove the spruce grove from the middle of Shelbourne Street has been rejected.
3. The three remaining Qkatillmnz Indians will be allowed to continue buying "Stomukpump" over the objections of Reverend Hump and the Women's Society for the Prevention.
4. Automobile licenses will not be granted as it is felt this fad would soon die.
5. Development of housing districts will be stopped because Saaanich has reached its peak of 380 people, and should remain a wooded wonderland.
6. Esquimalt hussies will not be tolerated as they are in Victoria.
7. The Saaanich Underground will continue to drop bombs in Victoria mail-boxes in the constant struggle for independence.

The reeve felt that since these "distressing" prospects had been faced down, there would be no need to coagulate with Victoria. "It is difficult to see why we should bother," he said. "The advantages are easily outweighed by the disadvantages of uh . . . uh . . . uh . . . As you can see, we are firm in our stand. We will never get up! We will fight on the beaches! We will fight in the fields! We will fight in the streets (if we had any)! As my wife said, "We can't coagulate, you clot!"

MAY WE CLEAR THINGS UP?

Recently, various things have combined to create a problem of varying complexity. It has been somewhat difficult for those responsible to develop a suitable plan to adopt for the removal. Nevertheless it proceeds and will probably never be thought of until something very drastic occurs.

With this in mind may we suggest that further steps be taken to provide a distinct, clear-cut and simple mode of determination. We must remember that tendencies are present which will. Thus complications set in, which would not normally enter into the problem but do because they are there and will because of it. We again emphasize the need for:

1. A more logical approach.
3. Better organization.
2. Greater clarity.
5. More distinct thought.
6. Careful cheking.

If this is done we know that the problem will soon disappear because it will.

Some Impassioned Prose

For Christ's Sake, Let's Have Xmas!

I fought my way through the foliage, tripped over a log covered with snow, fell sobbing in a heap of berries, and lay there, freezing. The northern lights glittered and shimmered; the wind whistled through the frosted trees.

"Hello there!" said a smiling young man who stepped out from behind a beautiful green holly tree, carrying an armload of socks. I smiled weakly back, and rolled over in the snow. "Welcome to our Christmas Sale," the faceless voice continued. "You are in Men's Furnishings."

"I am in what?" I gasped, visualizing a hot rum just three inches from my numbed fingers. "Men's Furnishings," he repeated, with all forty-three teeth exposed to the bitter air. "How do you like our Christmas decorations this year?"

"I chuckled to myself at this grim joke, but the young man seemed in deadly earnest. Lifting my head from the snow, I said, "I just came in the front

door, and for an hour I've been wandering around this frozen forest—what is this?"

The voice, like warm glucose, trickled down my spine, saying, "My dear fellow, these are merely our annual Christmas decorations. If you look carefully behind each tree and bush, you will see racks of suits, ties, shirts and socks."

"I did see them," I gasped, "but I thought it was an illusion." Struggling to my feet, I gaped around at the frozen landscape.

"Well," said the young man, "how do you like it? It's beautiful, isn't it?"

I sank to my knees. "It's lovely, simply lovely, but I only wanted to buy a Christmas tree. Which way to . . ."

"We have them here, sir," he purred. "Which type would you prefer: aluminum, silver, or gold?"

"Haven't you just a plain old green one?" I pleaded.

"Well, yes. We do have a less expensive model here . . ."

NEWS ITEM: Victoria College Faculty Holds Annual Booze Cruise To Jimmy Chicken Island



"Pettersen will never find us out here!"

Letters to the Editors

Dear Sirs:

I note with interest that although City Council will not continue to illuminate Craigdarroch Castle at night, it has nevertheless budgeted sufficient money to spotlight the water tower and keep the neon "flame" burning.

As a college student who has passed Psychology 100, I feel immensely qualified to analyze this situation. Sexual depravity is upon us!

The Freudian symbology of the water tower is readily apparent (censored) without the aid of such illumination. Do the city fathers think Victorians are so lethargic that they need such inspiration before retiring each evening? Is this their only solution for Victoria's lack of night life?

True, Paris has its Eiffel Tower and Seattle its Space Needle, but those at least have beauty and utility. No such excuses can be found to explain the pride we hold for the water tower, or for that matter, the Tallest Totem.

And what about that slogan our city uses: "A little bit of . . . etc." For shame, sirs!

And what about the new symbol of B.C. Hydro which will soon grace our buses, that highly stylized "H"? Note the suggestive extremities, the subtle merging of the two halves at mid-point. Such moral decay must be stamped out before Victorians all become sex fiends!

By M. R. E. PHONEY

I must put down my pen and cease writing now, for my girlfriend has just arrived and I haven't seen her for almost half an hour.

JACK O'FINNIGAN.

LETTER TO SANTA

Dear Santa:

I want the following things from you this Christmas:

1. A handy-dandy lip chapper. I like to make Daddy laugh when his lips are chapped.
2. A big jar of corn-syrup for the toilet bowl seats.
3. An electric whip for Johnny's dog.
4. A plastic barf for the breakfast table.
5. Ten Nazi armbands for the gang.
6. A Jew.
7. A sterilizer for I can sterilize my sister's fiance.
8. Ten pounds of heroin (and don't sugar it this time!)
9. A woompee cushion for my teacher.

Thank you fattie,
JIMMY (age 9).
P.S.—What happened to the fur-lined thunder mug I ordered last year.

The Sad State Of the Fourth Estate

By JUGGIN' HESS

While wrapping the garbage the other day, I paused to read *The Victoria Observer*, the latest creation of Mr. Hairy Gregson. The poorly written and frequently incorrect daily newspapers have certainly been outdone by the sheet Mr. Gregson prints. Written by local people about local events, it appears weakly.

"Campus Activities" by Gordon Pollard particularly fascinated me, for much of it corresponded word-for-word with articles in last Tuesday's edition of the College newspaper, *The Martlet*. This happens every week: Amazing coincidence, what?

Speaking of the College publications, I understand that *The Scenturine* will no longer add to the College atmosphere, but will go the way of the dodo bird and *The Style-Less*. The editors of the two publications, Daniel O'Brien and Mike Stephen, are combining their talents in order to create a literary landmark which smells and is never published. It will be called *The Washroom Wall*.

Aside from *The Critic*, which is too intellectual for anyone to comprehend and too formidable for anyone to care, the big red schoolhouse now has only one publication fluttering through its halls—*The Martlet*. (The martlet is a bird of myth, which seems to figure).

Next week we will take the measure of *The Oak Bay Litre*, and discuss why the UBC Engineers' "Newsletter" is red despite modern miracle drugs.

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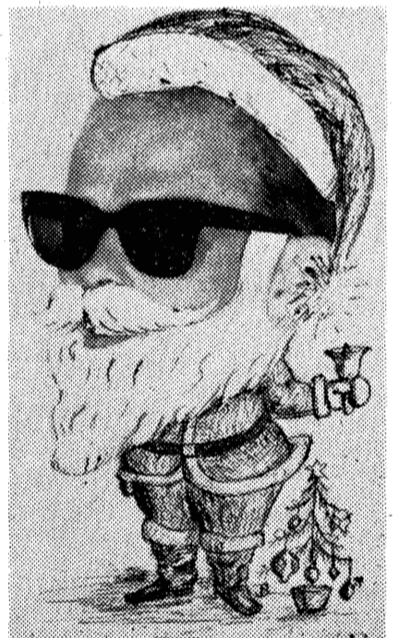
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MOULDY ROBERTS

I was talking to my sea-monster friend Cadoborosaurus the other day, trying to get some material for my column.

"Like, what do you need material for, Mouldy old boy?" he snorted, soaking my nice suit with brine.

"You seem to have done all right up to now without any substantial subject matter."

"I agree," I agreed. "In fact I'll even go along with you and concur, but I've run out of jokes about My Favourite Wife, I've not received any letters from my pussy-type friend Miss Muffet, and the boys in the minesweepers, those brave lads who . . ."

"Pardon my interruption," he interrupted, "but how about an old shaggy dog story or a nauseating pun, spreading it out by making a new paragraph every sentence?"

"You could point out the funny lines by making them darker."

"Ho-ho," I ho-hoed. "Very funny. But perhaps I could start another of my famous Save-Something crusades, the ones that are always unsuccessful."

"Always unsuccessful," he repeated, deep in reptilian thought. "I have it!" he announced triumphantly. "Begin a 'Save The Smoke Problem' crusade."

"And may it be your most unsuccessful crusade ever!"

Kulture Korner

A sample of
"OUR TOWN"

A new play
by Thorny Wildone

"Well folks, guess that's about it. End of another day in the city of Oxford, Yoknapatawpha County, Mississippi. Nothin' much happened. Couple of people got raped, couple more got their teeth kicked in, but way up there those far-away old stars are still doing their old cosmic criss-cross, and there ain't a thing we can do about it. It's pretty quiet now. Folks hereabouts get to bed early, those that can still walk. Down behind the university a few of the young people are roasting a nigger over an open fire, but I guess every town has its night-owls, and afore long they'll be tucked up asleep like anybody else. Nothin' stirring down at the big old governor's mansion—you can't even hear the hummin' of that electrified barbed-wire fence, 'cause last night some drunk ran slap into it and fused the whole works. That's where Mr. Barnett lives.

Medieval Song:

Ballad of a Gordon Head
Bus Stop

Winter is icumen in,
Lhude sing Goddamm,
Raineth drop and straineth slop,
And how the wind doth ramm!
Sing: Goddamm.
Skiddeth bus and sloppeth us,
An ague hath my ham.
Freezeth river, turneth liver,
Damm you, sing: Goddamm.

(E. Pound).

COUNCIL BANS PANS! —Milk Sour

Another Marvelously Accurate
Story

By ELSIE MELONS
Timely Colonial College
Correspondent

Milk Pans, a student at Victoria College, has been banned from all future AMS activities for throwing himself over the balcony at a recent rally in the auditorium.

There was a strip-tease going on at the time on the stage.

"It wasn't the girl on the stage that interested me at all," said Mr. Pans. "I merely leaned over too far in an attempt to pour a crock of month-old camel urine on the peasants below, and I lost my balance."

The Students' Council apparently didn't believe the story, because the crock, labelled "apple juice", was found drained near a spectator, Rotundo Baloney.

"It was just an impulse," said the 26-year-old Pans, "but I'm not sorry I did it."

All that happened in fact is that Mr. Pans received a bruise on his left buttock and a piece of lemon pie was squashed.

Mr. Pans is not planning to appeal. "I don't want to cause any trouble for anyone—my fans will handle it man, my fans will handle it."

Mr. and Mrs. Sheenan Pashin wish to announce the recent engagement and marriage of their daughter, Miss Lolita Pashin, to Mr. Claude Caerlez. The bride terminated her studies at Victoria College after two months to bear the full weight of her new life.

★ ★ ★

A delightful wake was held yesterday afternoon in the home of Mrs. Rumsby-Tear, in honor of Colonel X. Lacks (very ret.). The colonel looked charming in his dark suit and rouged cheeks—many of the guests agreed that he had never looked so healthy.

★ ★ ★

A farewell party was held last night for young Mr. Jock Strapp who leaves this morning for Okalla prison. Many of his friends were on hand to bid Mr. Strapp farewell and to wish him luck. An enjoyable evening was spent telling humorous anecdotes of prison life. Before leaving, the guests presented Mr. Strapp with a fifteen to twenty month subscription to "Time".

Filmland Hero Here

By ROTCH CROT

We were talking to Boulders Stone, the Hollywood TV idol yesterday, and it was a fascinating experience. We bumped into Mr. Stone in the Men's (lower floor, CJVI) adjusting his hairline.

"Hello Boulders," I said.

"Greetings, Rotch," he replied. "How do I look?"

I smiled at him, adjusting his shoulder pads and straightening his wedgie, and said, "Great, Boulders, great!"

I asked him how his new TV show "Bananaza" was doing.

"Oh just fine, Rotch. We have a new sponsor now—Cookie Crumbles, the cereal with a free sheriff in every box. We're very pleased with the whole production. We're managing to do thirteen shows a day, and in the last two weeks we've filmed enough shows for twenty-two seasons. I slowed it down to thirteen shows a day deliberately,

Social Notes



The morning after the night before the Oak Bay Old Bore's Dance at the Club Tangle. In the foreground are dance sponsors Bony Else and Loin Beastly; the white background is that socially prominent figure, R. Cacchioni.

Rotch. That way we get good acting and everything."

When I questioned Boulders on his latest show, he replied enthusiastically "Yeah!"

"As you know, Rotch, I co-starred with Jayne Mansfield. I thought the whole show would be a bust, but it wasn't. The teamwork was tremendous and we produced a real great effort. It's name won't be decided on until it comes out several months from now.

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Whatever became of:

G. Fawkes,

CLASS OF '08?



Voted the student likely to rise highest in his class, Guy will be remembered for his major thesis "The Raising and Lowering of Buildings by a Revolutionary Method". Cognizance was taken of this project by Parliament. Always keenly interested in problems of rapid movement of mass, Mr. Fawkes became attached to an early space programme which failed due to non-ignition of the propellant. Results of some of his earlier experimental space work are clouded due to excessive blast-off. However—who knows?—due to good old Guy, this college might well have been the first to put a man on the moon. Conclusive evidence must await more sophisticated lunar exploration.

Whether you are aiming for the moon or some less ambitious objective, your chances of success will be enhanced by a Savings Account at "MY BANK".



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Richmond Avenue & Fort Street Branch, 1 mile south of the Campus:
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Laws Cause Clause Pause

Victoria's 374 registered Santa Clauses walked off the job today in protest of low wages, difficult working conditions, and long hours.

Local 286 president, Nicholas Yule (McCall Bros. Santa Claus) elaborated on the various grievances.

"Today (Ho, Ho, Ho) the average Claus can only clean . . . er . . . earn about twenty-two hundred a season. (Ho, Ho) That's not bad on a daily basis, but what's a fella going to do for the other 10½ months? They don't want us as Easter bunnies, and playing the Great Pumpkin is a drag. I hope the public realizes that our "Great Leader" hasn't had a raise in nearly 750 years."

ARDUOUS WORKING CONDITIONS

"Listen! Do you realize how many kids pull your beard, punch your stomach, and call you a slob, and how many more need to have their pants changed? The pain of it all is that not one of them really believes that you're Santa Claus. Why should they? They've probably seen at least a score already

that day.

"Sure, we're allowed to have coffee breaks, but have you ever tried straining Instant Sanka through a hairy white mat? Furthermore, do you realize that one of the boys, Noel Kringle, had to jump out of an aeroplane last month? It's things like this that make us want a change.

SARTORIAL SANTAS

"We want to get rid of these ridiculous, itchy, red uniforms. From now on it's corduroy without cuffs. If we can't get rid of these stringy white beards entirely, we'll at least change them to something more casual, like a goatee."

To further their pleas, the Santas are threatening to stage a mass de-bearding at the Protestant Orphanage, picket all stores employing "scab" Santas, and become converted to Judaism.

As a climax, their "Great Leader" will arrive on Christmas Eve to loot houses and carry away the women in his sleigh.

HERE TONIGHT



Speaking tonight on her recent award-winning thesis, "Aves and the Hymenoptera", Dr. Marion Kind today arrived at Victoria International Airport aboard a TCA Heliotrope Dragonfly, three weeks behind schedule.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF ALEXANDER McGLUE

The death-angel smote Alexander McGlue,
And gave him protracted repose;
He wore a checked shirt and a number nine shoe
And he had a pink wart on his nose.
Oh! bury dear Alex way out in the woods,
In a beautiful hole in the ground,
Where the bumble-bees buzz and the woodpeckers sing,
And the straddle-bugs tumble around.
No doubt he is happier dwelling in space
Over there on the evergreen shore.
His friends are informed that his funeral takes place
Precisely at quarter-past four.
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COURTESY IS CONTAGIOUS—DRIVE WITH A

SMILE!

Life in British Columbia is Wonderful!



City Improvements Planned

The City Planning Board yesterday considered motions to:

- Fill the Inner Harbour with concrete, thus providing a tourist mall of great benefit to merchants. (This motion defeated on the grounds that \$25,000,000 could be saved by waiting a few

years until the harbour filled itself in).

- Widen the sidewalk along Government Street so that two Americans can walk side by side.

- Petition the police force to wear bobbie helmets, the PPCLI to wear chain mail, the Wharf Street Killers to wear Teddie Boy outfits, and the aldermen to wear tights, doublets, and powdered wigs.

- Attempt the wonderful and most original plan of hanging large colorful balloons in the downtown area.

Hired by Council



Chosen by Victoria College Student Council as proctor for their new Student Union Building, Mr. Putsy Svindhndt arrived in Victoria today aboard a submarine from Argentina, where he has been retired for some time. Previous experience includes running a country for twelve years.

Now It's Pepsi

For Those Who Think Young!



In the CAFETERIA

Be sociable, have a . . .

Pepsi!

New Civil Defence Plan

CANADA LEAPS FORWARD

Civil Defence expert, Karl Boom, today announced that Canada is to provide the ultimate deterrent in avoiding total nuclear war.

"For years," he said, "we have relied on the presence of armed forces to prevent any attack. This policy is now obsolete. We have decided that the most effective method of preventing any nuclear attack is the removal of any reasons for such attack.

"In short, we are removing all possible Canadian targets."

Mr. Boom outlined the new master defence plan, which he termed "the newest concept in civil defence since the fallout tomb . . . er . . . shelter: the offensive passive deterrent."

MASTER PLAN

- Evacuation of Toronto, Vancouver, Montreal and other major cities and towns which would then be razed to the ground.

- The removal of any concentration of people by dispersing the population over all of Canada, one person per square mile. The surplus will be "otherwise disposed of," possibly

through the export of slaves, dog food, or fertilizer.

- Military bases to be dismantled and sold to Cuba on long-term credit. All equipment and personnel to be included in the deal.

- A request to be made to the U.S. Government to move Seattle and all Puget Sound military installations south into Oregon, thus removing the danger of fallout or stray missiles. Similar moves to be made in the east.

NO OBJECTIONS

Asked if the U.S. might object to sending our armed forces to Cuba, Mr. Boom replied that there was some question as to whether or not the Canadian armed forces were, in fact, "strategic military items." He believed they likely came under "national artifacts" or "antiques."

Mr. Boom stressed that this plan would solve many current Canadian problems besides defence. It would settle the undeveloped northlands, distribute the Separatists and the Freedomites evenly across the country, eliminate urban crowding, equalize our balance of trade, and remove the touchy question of nuclear armaments.

APPROVED BY ALL

Observers in Ottawa believe this move to be the wisest piece of legislation put forward this year. All parties approved the measure.

"It is a major blow to Communism!" orated Prime Minister Diefenbaker.

"It is the first decisive action we've seen!" declared Opposition Leader Pearson.

"It divides the land equally among the people!" said Tommy Douglas.

"We're crazy enough to do anything!" screamed Real Caouette.

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We say

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You say

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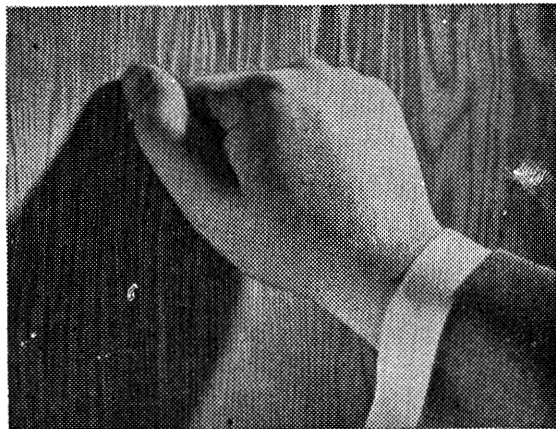
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