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two days before the play was scheduled for broadcast and of course this accounts for the fact that the station did not give earlier notice that the play would not be acceptable for air presentation. In making this statement I should also mention that a copy of the script was furnished to our technical department some time ago for the purpose of handling technical arrangements during rehearsals, but as this involved purely technical operations the script did not at this time come to the attention of either our production manager, Mr. Fenety or myself.

Both Mr. Fenety and I reviewed and studied the script very carefully on both Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning knowing that in its present form it would not be acceptable for air presentation, but hoping that some way could be found to revise it so as to meet broadcasting standards. Unfortunately, however, this could not be accomplished without completely ruining the story and I, therefore, reluctantly advised U.R.P. that the broadcast could not take place.

As to objections to the script they were: (1) It contained profanity and blasphemy. (2) It was on a subject not suitable for presentation during Brotherhood Week. (3) The writer dealt with an unsuitable subject in a poor unprofessional manner or to sum up, the subject was ill chosen and poorly handled, the script was just not up to broadcasting standards.

Radio programs, unlike other forms of entertainment, enter the unguarded atmosphere of the home and are heard by old and young alike. This factor places a heavy responsibility on radio station owners and managers. This responsibility will not be ignored. This station as well as others across Canada will always make every effort to see that all programs under our control meet what are generally accepted as the standards of good taste in the area served. If in applying this policy hardship or inconvenience is occasioned, we are sorry as we recognize that there is always more than one point of view. However, as our responsibility is to serve all branches of society at one and the same time the standards of the community as a whole must apply."

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★
By
Jackie
Webster
★

When the winter is heavy upon us and the snow is ankle deep and the sky continually threatening, it is pleasant to think of spring. It is pleasant to remember the song of birds, above the quick, fresh gusts of wind, the caressing warmth of the sun, the marble on the sunny side of the streets. I like to think of these things, but I have another more particular memory that never fails to bring a lift to the heart and a high gay excitement.

It is spring in Greenwich Village. Springtime in the Village is the time for flowers to bloom in the pushcarts, defrosted poets to write about violets, and artists to come swarming like armies of warriors to its antique streets. For every spring there is an art show. Every year hundreds of butchers, bakers, soda jerks and an occasional art student have an opportunity of displaying their wares for sale and admiration. The ratio of sales to admiration inclines heavily away from the side of the sales. I remember one of my friends in a state of great excitement one night when I met her for dinner. She had almost made a sale. A man had stopped by and said he was going to buy a picture and he admired one of hers very much, but he had to check with his wife. This had happened early in the morning and he had not come back, but in the spring in the Village it is easy to believe that he will.

Officially the show is held on a street called MacDougal Alley, but as time has gone on the show has become bigger and bigger so that now it is almost impossible to wan-

der down a street anywhere near MacDougal without bumping into an embryo Picasso, Winslow Homer or Augustus Johns. The enthusiasm is wonderful and very infectious. There have been times when, wandering through the crowded streets in the bright sunshine, I believed that I could paint a picture for the show. The conviction has been so strong that I have found myself in an art shop with all the curious and exciting tools of the artist. But always once out of the crowds and the sunshine, sanity has returned and instead of the brilliant pigments and the fine brushes I have bought some postcards: "At the Art show in the Village today; having a wonderful time".

One year MacDougal Alley had an unusual experience, even for a street where the unusual is the rule. An oil man, in town from Texas, found himself in the Village as part of his grand tour. The atmosphere of the Alley with its women in short haircuts and its men in long, with women in slacks and men in smocks, was too much for him. Smitten with art fever, he was overcome with the urge not to paint, but to buy, and he bought. He bought half the wares in the Alley before he decided he had had enough. He hired a van to move all the art to his hotel prior to moving it to Texas to establish an art gallery. That night the Alley could scarcely contain itself, so great was the joy. At last its works were going to be in an art gallery. The byways of the Village were filled with swaggering artists, most of whom had sold their first picture. I heard later that the joy

did not last; the next morning on arising the oil man examined his purchases and decided not to honour his native state.

The show started back before the first war when some artists lacked the money to rent a hall to hold an art show. They hung their paintings along the street to be gaped at and perhaps bought. The idea caught on and soon anyone who painted at home or did a little Sunday pastel work was beginning to bring their works down to hang along with the artists. In no time at all the Sunday painters outnumbered the professionals.

Most of the participants are not full time artists at all but rather people who just like to paint for relaxation. It is a fine example of democracy in action. One day I had lunch with two of the artists who were very good friends; one was Mrs. Walters, the wife of a New York banker, who specialized in rugged seascapes and her companion was a garbage collector with an unpronounceable name, who likes to paint rabbits and squirrels.

Regularly as clockwork every year a hidden genius is discovered. For a brief fleeting moment he is shrouded in fame and then he slips back into obscurity.

To add to the general confusion poets have begun to make their appearance. Having no real show of their own some of them erect small stands and sit waiting for the passerby to give them small coins or soft dollar bills to recite some of their wares. I joined this group on one occasion, but no one asked me to recite or even looked at me so I gave it up. I found out too that in spite of their brotherhood in the arts, not a few of the artists condemn these sidewalk pundits. As one dauber remarked to me, "A man comes down to buy a picture. He sees a poet and he gives him some money to recite his poetry and then when he wants to buy a picture he finds he hasn't enough money to pay for it. A bas all poets and a curse of their heads". I felt better then about my failure in the arts.

The vending is done without the benefit of shouting as would be the case if the boys and girls were peddling hot dogs. However, the ethics leave something to be desired. Should a brother artist notice a prospective buyer admiring a painting of a type he has himself he is not remiss about approaching the buyer with the offer of his own work at a lower price.

It has been a long time since I stood on a street corner with my typewritten rhymes tacked on a board, and I have seen many galleries and the paintings of the great, but somehow when I think of art, I think of the enthusiasm and the colour and the strong sense of achievement that one feels in the Alley in the Village in the spring.

For final authority we turn to Webster's Unabridged. Webster's calls an Irish bull "a grotesque blunder in language," and gives us this almost perfect example: "He remarked in all seriousness that it was hereditary in his family to have no children."

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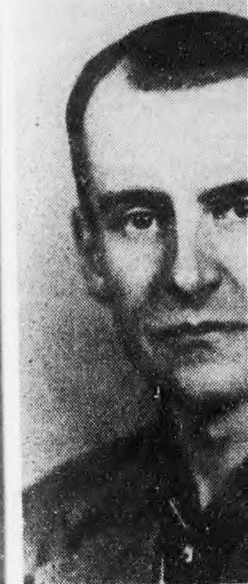
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VOL. 71, No. 16

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BOB SPUR

Bob Spurway, Interester has been elected President. With 70% of the vote, Bob Spurway defeated three opponents with a majority. Of the 400 votes he racked up 304, with his closest competitor David Vine and Bill Ran close behind with 200 and 100 respectively. It was to use the preference the presidency race Noel Gaspar became S.R.C. Treasurer by defeating Al Bailey. In the Senior C Sheperd was elected a comfortable major Monkhouse won by a margin over Burridge for treasurer. Who vote was tallied, Bejority. Pete Murphy and Bob Hatch as S.R.C. reps, and was defeated. Bill Spriggs defeated Gunter for President Intermediate Class. No Dick Ballance and won seats on the Laurie Coles and B face re-election by Mike Hassell and were defeated. Maxine MacDon election for Vice-P Junior Class from Vic Stewart, Bill M Frank Walton defeated and Carl Tompkins.

Another tie resulted in the Junior Class when Pete Collis and another elected. Vic Hatheway lost to Joe Whitley, and Betty Stran. Those elected Trueman, Bill Bar and Barb Fisher. The executive for classes are as follows: Senior: President: Stirling Vice-Pres: Marg Sect'y-Treas: Ben Intermediate: President: Bill Sp Junior: Vice-Pres.: Maxin Sophomore: President (to be r Vice-Pres.: Marg Sect'y-Treas.: Bill