

# Biology

Dedicated to Dr. Bell

I fear that I shall never see,  
The things they say are in a tree.  
According to the book I should  
See tubes and cells inside the wood.  
But I'm so dull and so moronic  
I've yet to see the embryonic  
Besides, I much prefer my leaves  
When waving gently in the breeze.

Waken Science; heed my call,  
Justice stand or Justice fall.  
All must restored I vow  
Plants to soil and leaves to bough  
The uses of oil are for lubrication,  
And organs for Sabbath day  
exaltation  
Just how did starch get into  
leaves?  
It used to be in cuffs and sleeves.  
And although I am young? I am  
not so naive  
As Dr. Bell would seem to believe  
I know that vessels are really  
ships

And couldn't fit under those cover-  
slips.  
The study of breathing and trans-  
piration  
Is driving me slowly to despera-  
tion  
And when I'm near a microscope,  
It seems as though there's not  
much hope  
I wish that cells would stay in jail  
And stop this business of helping  
me fail!  
Perhaps you are clever at drawing  
a dot;  
I've reached this conclusion; I am  
not.  
But my genius sadly Bio. needs  
To justify man's ways to weeds.  
And since they serve who stand  
and wait  
Miss Bailey won't you serve me 8  
There's something I think I should  
have added,  
The cells I'm looking for are  
padded!

# The Critic Says

By KEN STUBBINGTON

Last week the Nova Scotia Opera Association presented Emmerich Kalman's light-hearted operetta, "Countess Maritza." I must admit that I am slightly bewildered by their choice. The "Countess" is tuneful and to some people it may be funny, but I don't think it is in the same class with any of the operettas of Lehár or Johann Strauss.

Frankly, I was bored. I'm sure I was in a minority as all those around me seemed to be enjoying themselves, but to me the show never quite came to life. In places it looked as if it might, but it never did. The singers, as such, were quite competent; the acting was something else again. Earl Doucette had two stances and he stuck to them consistently. Norma Marriott was at least natural but

showed little emotion at any time. I was very favourably impressed by Raymond Simpson and James Robertson, who had little to do vocally but were first-rate actors.

The dancing was excellent and to this reviewer the interpolated dance specialties were the chief merits of the show.

Operetta, particularly Viennese operetta, is a highly specialized field and requires singing actors to the manner born. Sparkle and speed are an essential ingredient and these were sadly absent from this production. All in all, it was a rather heavy handed affair.

A commendable but rather ill-advised effort on the part of the Nova Scotia Opera Association. Let us hope that their future productions will be better suited to the talent available.

# I, The Undertaker

by J. Spirnham

McGILL DAILY  
Relative of Mickey Spittoon

Note: Last week we published a satire on Mickey Spillane, which proved very popular with the Student Body. Another has come our way this week which is neither as long, nor as clever, but which we think interesting also.

I found it wasn't hard. She oozed there, three and a half stone of blonde. She was a real corpse, all dead.

I began to get mad. She had been a nice kid. She . . . I turned around quietly, breaking his elbow. He grunted and fell. This boy knew all the tricks. I reached out and my fist felt his kidneys. It was my friend Chuck, the cop. He was a dead cop. I got real mad.

"Somewhere," I swore, "Somewhere there's a guy whose backbone can be reached, facing frontwards." I lit a butt and walked out.

When I got back to my office the blood had dried on my face. Bella, my secretary, was surprised to see me. She kicked me in the shin and asked to sit down. That girl could handle herself in any situation.

Right away she wet her hanky and wiped the blood off my face. That was Bella. She always seemed to know what to do.

She was a good kid, Bella. She'd love me if ever I gave her the chance.

I didn't give her the chance. "Kid," I looked down her throat. "I'll bet you a bagel to a death warrant that the cops will want the killer. "Kid," I snarled, "it's either you or me."

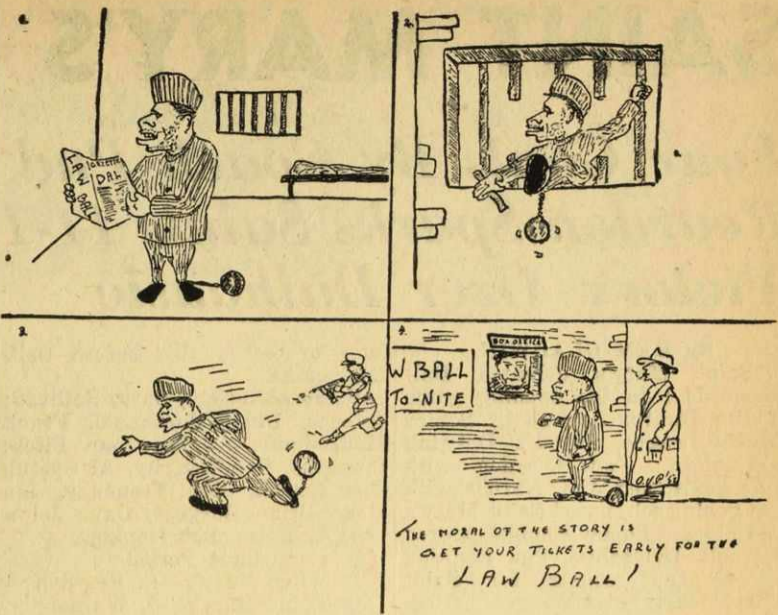
I was mad — mad enough to force the issue.

She stammered, undressed completely, and produced a gun. (So it was her.)

I began to talk fast. "Bella girl, I'm the baliff and I'm the mayor. I am the undertaker."

She sat there and pulled the trigger. Come to think of it, I was going to be the corpse too.

I got real mad.



# The Lost Generation

(From the McGill Daily)  
by Mortimer L. Curran

You see him, everywhere, across America,  
In the corner tavern discussing art, religion, sex, and politics over a glass of beer.  
In the PX's of the military posts, in the country clubs, at concerts, at jam sessions, at drive-in movies.  
You see him in the libraries, in the cocktail lounges.  
And he searches and does not find, the answers to his questions.  
He likes to escape from the world.  
That is, to hide his fears in liquor, to assert himself over women.  
He is the fellow you see parked late at night on the side road, in the park, or sitting on the river bank.  
Sometimes he's with a girl, A girl he wishes he could trust, but he knows he can't.  
Then at times he's with others like himself.  
Trying to find a way to solve the problems of life, but he doesn't.  
And you see him alone too

Along the street at night wander-  
ing,  
Wandering around the town with his mind in deep concentra-  
tion  
Or driving aimlessly at night, going nowhere, caring not,  
Just thinking.  
And he finds no peace;  
He finds nothing though he searches.  
For he is a product of the Twen-  
tieth Century,  
For he is typical of the Atomic Age  
For he is the lost generation . . .

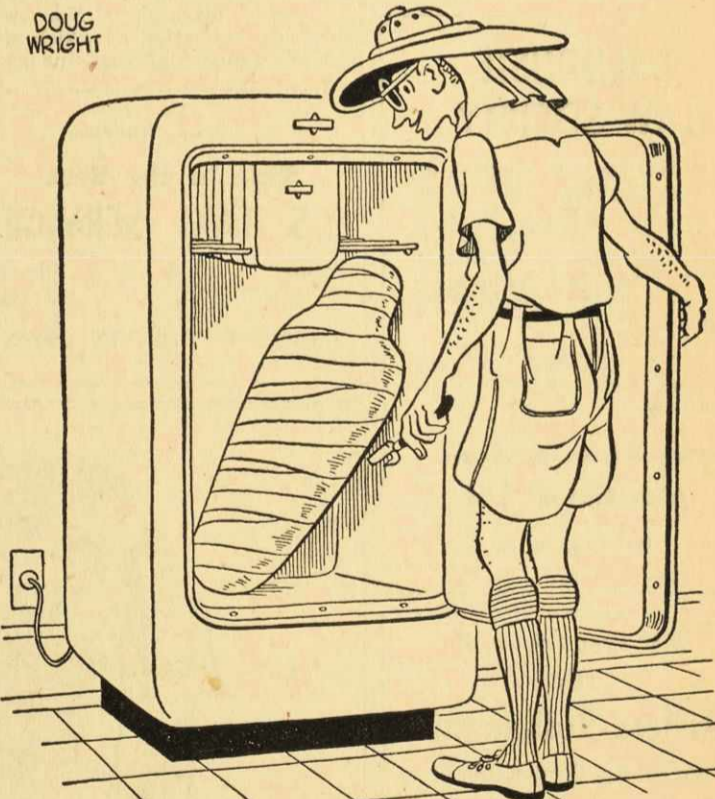
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