



STUDENTS  
UNION  
SPECIAL  
EVENTS

## dinwoodie

Cabaret Sat. Mar. 26

**TACOY RYDE**

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## ratt

Thurs. Mar. 24, 7:30 p.m.

**Karl Erikson**  
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Fri., Mar. 25 Lunch Special  
11:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m.

**Gary Bowman - Piano**  
Free

Sat. Mar. 26

**Gordon Campbell - banjoman**  
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# PRO

by Lydia Torrance

Here we were, finally at a truckstop in Veedersberg, both starving, and before we can go in this gentleman comes bustling over to us. We got out of the car, the gentleman looking at us closely. "Excuse me folks, but might you of gone through Thresher this morning?"

"Can't say we did," Portleigh answers calmly. "Why?"

"You sure? Your car matches the description —"

"Description?"

"Well — my wife's vanished. See, she left a note saying the pursuit of knowledge was more important than polishing silver, and this here salesman had opened her eyes to the wonders of the intellect —"

"Fraid I don't know any book salesmen, mister. I'm sure she'll turn up. We've got to get us some food now, gotta long drive ahead." He grabbed my arm and then we were walking calmly away from the man into the diner.

"Well — your car is the color my boy said he saw, same make too! I thought you might —" he was following us but haltingly, making feeble gestures. Finally he stopped. We were inside the brightly lit, noisy cafe; he was in the parking lot in a faint pool of light, deciding what to do next.

We sat down. I was trembling. Portleigh looked like he was thinking hard. "Oh Portleigh," I began, but he silenced me with a glance. "Lyddie, I don't want to hear it." And, somehow, looking into his dark, glaring eyes I couldn't say it anymore. I unfolded my napkin.

"What's the next town?" I asked, reaching for a menu.

"Gaunton. We'll be there in three hours' drive. Spend the night."

"Fine, I said softly. The chicken pot pie was home-made: I thought I'd try it.

What is love? Who can define it? The poets have tried, but when you feel it, when you suddenly realize the state you are in, you know that nobody has made it seem believable, something that could happen to you. It was more a nagging worry, something hanging over me like a threat than it was an ecstasy, or flowers, and birds singing. No matter how bad things got with Portleigh, how appalling he was, or how we disagreed, at least I knew where he was and what he was thinking, even if I was seething. Because worse was 'giving him up' — and then not knowing what he was doing, and feeling my whole life was an emptiness.

But it wasn't always like that. Even love has a pleasant side. There were moments of tenderness and patience, and even of laughter, as Portleigh was ticklish.

So by the time we were married we'd known each other for twelve years, so that the little differences fell away, and

only what we meant to each other remained. I enrolled at Hecuba Normal but left after two years to work in a flower and candy store in the city. It was the nicest place I'd ever worked, and you met a good class of people. It wasn't like having to sell something with bad associations like beer, or girdles, or crutches, or bathroom fixtures. Except for funerals, that is, by Gladys handled funerals. So I just met people who wanted to surprise a loved one, or bring bountiful Nature into their homes. Spreading happiness is a wonderful job and the store was so sparkling and clean with mirrors, and string music playing. Who could have a care in the world?

There were the fat people of course. There were three or four you got to know, because they came in a lot to buy candy and their eyes got so intense and excited as they'd choose very seriously between black walnut buttercreams and pecan logs. One day I started to wonder about them: was the candy making up for a lonely, miserable existence? And then I started imagining them going to small, dusty apartments, just as Gladys answered the phone.

"Of course. Yellow roses are lovely. They'll remind the family she's in Heaven now. Everything will be yellow and white and pure. Well roses are more expensive this time of year, but believe me it's worth it, for the sake of the others." For a minute the string music sounded thin and pointless, like at a skating rink when everyone's gone home; it's playing so people can have a good time, but no one's there, it's dark and deserted. *Why doesn't it stop?*

But I've always been one to brood. And living in the city was really so much fun, there were so many distraction. I took recorder lessons at the YWCA that year, and a Cantonese cooking course, and finished twelve tea towels. My roommate Reena worked for a publisher and she sometimes heard stories about Portleigh—how he'd become a director of his book company. Portleigh had such good ideas about packaging, and adding new classic titles, and putting in prefaces by famous scholars, so that instead of ignorant farmers buying them it was people in the suburbs who wanted to better themselves so they could understand the talk shows better, and they had the money and leisure to improve themselves plenty. They could afford to become perfect.

So one evening when I was especially blue, he burst into the apartment and said "We've waited long enough—I want to get married!" He thrust some yellow roses at me. I burst into tears.

"Is that because you're happy, Lyddie?"

I threw myself into his arms, getting his grey pinstripe tear-soaked. "Oh shut up, you big lug. Can't you see I love you?"



STUDENTS' UNION

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## Pot rules evict tenants

SACKVILLE (CUP) — Two Mount Allison University students were forced out of a university residence Feb. 23 for alleged possession and use of marijuana.

The administration removed the students from residence by applying one of the rules of residence life which states "Any student who, in the opinion of the Office of Student Affairs, commits an offence under the Criminal Code of Canada or Narcotics Control Act and amendment thereto in any residence shall be subject to immediate expulsion from residence."

University Representative Dr. Rainer Hempel told students at the beginning of the school year that the residence would be "drug free" and that if any students were suspect of possession of narcotics they would be "kicked out without warning."