

"PETER"

(Continued from page 3)

heavenly stuff—and after one mouthful he kicked and tore at the containing box until the stuff poured out in a stream. He went wild and rolled in it and ate it and tracked it over the Place in his excitement.

When the two things came in that evening he was lying stupefied in a corner surrounded by catnip, and they laughed and laughed. Peter was not interested in food or play, and he slept. Later he came to life to find the male-thing dragging long strips of the rustling stuff across the floor. Entranced, he made a dive. Finally he was shut-up in the place of water and smells and when he came out there was no more rustling stuff on the floor. He did see, however, shadows that waved on the walls near the top of the Place, and they had not been there before.

That was a wonderful time for Peter because of the lovely food. Fish—the long silver kind that can be eaten whole, starting at the head and working down, wonderful meat (liver), and bird that the things gave him from the other food room. The only events that he did not like were the coming of other things who teased him when he was full of food and the Place was hot. Then he would flick his tail and sometimes bite. Then there was the change in the piece of outdoors, which now smelled different and glittered and shone in a fascinating way. He soon discovered that he must not touch this strange thing and was once slapped for dabbing at the bright round things that came within reach.

Then came the happenings that changed everything. His policy of daring the other person had paid off and Peter came back more and more with scratches and his ear badly torn. The woman-thing gave out sounds of woe and the male-thing looked at him in a funny way. Peter did not understand and licked his wounds. One day a strange man-thing came to the door, and Peter looked up from his couch and smelled him, and smelled a strange smell that he did not know. To his surprise the man-thing of the Place, gave him over to the stranger, who soothed him. The stranger carried Peter to one of those noisy smelly things that he had often seen on the road. Peter was surprised, for it was warm and soft inside! The car started and his nose was assailed with strange and choking smells, but the man-thing soothed him and he quieted in the warmth and softness. After a long time they stopped and Peter was carried into a strange Place of a thousand smells. Smells of other persons, of the strange rough big persons that Peter hated, and smells strange and terrifying that he had never smelled before. He was put in a little place that he could not get out of, though he could see out. Food was given and unexpectedly, he droused. He awoke to find himself in a different place, with lots of light and a cold hard glittering surface that scared him. The man-thing holding him felt kind and its hands had the re-assuring feel of those that knew and loved persons. He cried out in surprise and pain as he felt the sudden sharp sting in his back and when he awoke he was back in the little place from which he could not get out.

He did not know what had happened. Back at his own Place things were different and yet the same. He felt stiff and sore at first, but that soon passed. Other things were different. He had a box now, in the place of water and smells, and his window was kept closed. It was much colder outside and he found he could not see out the window. They—the men and woman things of the Place—would not let him out at night and when he did go out in the daytime he did not stay long. He didn't want to. Even when it became winter, things were different. He didn't care about teasing the other person and he lost some of his interest in garbage. He was content to stay near his own Place and did not roam over the town as he had once before. He liked to sleep a lot and he played with the things in the Place. His food did not attract him quite so much and he got lonesome for the man and woman-things when they were out. He put on weight and was more interested in the mouse he smelled in the place of food and heat.

Yes, he could not understand it and did not much care. That trip in the thing of noise and smells seemed to have made a big difference, but life was good. He was warm and cosy, and he prepared to roll over and over in welcome as he heard the woman-thing coming to the door that led to the outside.

Canadian Universities

A CUP FEATURE

THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

There are three topics on which a U. o M'er is never reluctant to sound off—politics, sports, and the bus service. At a drop of ye olde beanie, he will give you his detailed opinions, as a rule far from flattering, on the university, national and international situation. He has a chance to go at it in a more or less conventional manner in the weekly assemblage of the two Mock Parliaments. The more unorthodox parties such as the Anti-Energetic Anthropolites, Anarchists of severally finely defined types, Opportunists and a few Technocrats, find seats in the Junior Division House; the Senior House confines itself to the well-known party divisions. These have their campus clubs which conduct discussions on various controversial topics, and a non-partisan Politics Club has been successful in securing many leading political figures to address the students.

Right now there is a controversy on whether or not we should go in for big-time inter-faculty sports so that more students may participate in the various activities. The coming student elections may decide its fate.

But the Buses, ah the Buses! No one has such a magnificent bus service as the University of Manitoba's. No waiting for half an hour in a 40 below and 30-mile an hour gale, no standing up packed too tight for a self-respecting sardine, no gassy smelling or broken down crates—No, not much! We certainly have a better transportation service than the Lower Slobovians.

Our symphony makes repeat performances, our operettas and choral concerts play to packed houses, and our dramatic efforts receive rousing

write-ups by the critics of the local press. Our debating achievements speak for themselves. Twice winner of the McGoun Cup testifies to no mean record, and although we did not take the coveted prize this time, we came a close second. The more frequent inter-faculty debates are also followed with interest.

Informal campus life centres around the canteens common-rooms and halls. Between-class coffee, and lunches at noon, draw students to the canteen at least once a day. A 10-minute refreshment break is apt to stretch into an hour. People you know keep coming in and out, and it's as good a time as any to discuss your last lecture or make that Prona date. The halls between the classes are also good gauges of campus activities. The group huddled over there in front of the bulletin board is probably discussing the new magazine, "Creative Campus," sponsored by the student Literary Group, or some other recent campus doing.


The common-rooms, better known as Bridge Academies, are to the average student what his club is to the Englishman. A few spare minutes? As good a time as any to polish up your game of bridge. In the meantime you get the latest dope about the guys and gals you know, as well as a few choice morsels about your favourite professors.

One phase of campus life must not be omitted—the "Meet your Profs" parties. These are informal gatherings in which the students and their professors become better acquainted. Due to the huge expansion of the campus in the last three years an instructor cannot possibly get to know each individual student in his large classes. The Student-Prof parties give both sides a better chance to know each other.

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NEW

Business Manager  
This is to call your attention to the fact that no applications have been received for the position of Business Manager of the Brunswick for the college year 1948-49. Applications must be submitted to the Editor-in-Chief or Business Manager before 12 midnight, March 12, 1948.

No Bonus  
Veterans Minister Milton Cross told a student veteran at the University of Toronto that the cost-of-living index entered into government grants of the recent raise in grants. The bonus, he said, is merely to aid wives.

Another Father  
Cameron Johnson, a student at the University of Toronto, recently became the father of a seven pound baby.

U-Y Projects  
The first meeting of the U-Y Council was held recently under the leadership of the President, Cooke. Gregg Chapter was given permission to check clothing.

(Continued)  
Investigators have added conditions to our vast research only by the combination depends on some fore. I contend here that thesis and before some must resort to a preliminary principle in the basis of my argument.

The university is such carries a responsibility of its professional free thought only if the truth that is known armed let us delve in so wisely said:—"The deliberation."

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