



poet's corner

EXIT
*the end of life's show
 is unspectacular — no
 curtain calls needed.*

ERIC THOMPSON

ESCAPE
*I have found a house
 in the old dawn, a hearth, a
 burning fire, embers.
 I know I shall sleep
 a choked cry, a green stillness
 after my journey.*

IN A GREEN RAGE
*I cast
 the polished stones at the sea,
 cursing.*

*In a green rage
 I leap among the buckled waves,
 churning.*

*Beneath,
 I see the jewelled stones of the sky,
 coursing.*

DANIEL LINGEMAN

MURDER
*The New York streets are dark and bare
 A living monument to fear.
 The hush that falls o'er everything,
 in the alcoves of the night,
 Raindrops dripping melancholy;
 Footsteps tip-tap-tapping busily,
 Echo tip-tap-tapping too.
 Now the hush of night is broken
 By the scream that rends the air
 Short, sudden, choked off in an instant
 By the leathery hands of Death.
 Comes the morning sun that gladdens
 Every heart save one alone—maniac's
 Whose lonely twisted mind
 Committed murder late last night.*

ANONYMOUS

NATIVE BEHAVIOR

My most recent study of the customs of primitive peoples, brought me to live in a distinctly strange and very interesting colony near Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada. The social habits of these people, among whom I have lived for a short time, are at a very peculiar stage of development.

The colony is all male and the inhabitants live on top of a hill in six big red houses. Many members of the colony wear red jackets with names written on their backs. This red uniform distinguishes them from other peoples living nearby and aids greatly in instant identification.

Certain instances of behaviour are so strange and interesting that not alone have they never before been recorded but, so far as I can ascertain, have never before been witnessed by any outsider.

On the evening preceeding All Hallow's Evening, a group of males left the sleeping quarters and foregathered at the eating house. They chanted strangely melodic songs, and blew bugles and whistled. After a short time some of them began to jump up and down. All the while the numbers in the group were swelled by males who ran bellowing from the sleeping houses. The shouting and gesticulating continued until many of the males had worked themselves into a frenzy.

Apparently they were looking for mates. They continually called on what I presume to be one of their local gods, Maggie Jean, by name, to come and satisfy them. When she would not come they began to look for her. This

Maggie Jean was undoubtedly a great god because she had many forms and would apparently satiate the appetites of the by now randy males.

When they could not find their god near the eating house they set off to look for her. The custom of a large herd of males hunting together for females is something I have never before encountered even amongst the most lascivious of males.

As the hunt progressed it was sufficient to mention the god's name to hear bellowing, roaring, and mating calls from the natives.

Eventually they reached a big green house and they searched thoroughly the environs for their god. They did not find her. Immediately they surrounded the green-house and began to chant even louder.

Apparently it was owned by a retired seaman or sailor who maintained an extensive harem at the house. The females within, were obviously incarcerated against their wills, for they encouraged the males, from the upper windows, by cooing to them, twittering their eye-lashes and in some cases even waving with uncovered arms.

The males then attacked the building and managed to break open a door. With that the natives swarmed forward and occupied the building.

But now I record one of the strangest customs I have ever encountered. The males, instead of carrying off the females whom they had captured, undressed them, and raided their drawers both top to bottom. Then they ran out of the house waving the captured clothes in the air and

bellowing and laughing and jumping up and down with obvious glee and a tremendous sense of achievement.

I can not postulate any reason for this strange and peculiar behaviour. I had expected that the natives from the hill would have been delighted to capture the females as mates. Undoubtedly the sailor was very much relieved by this strange act and rejoiced that his harem if a little less clothed than previously was still intact.

The males then brought the clothes back to the reserve and sorted them out amid roars of joy and boisterous play. The most highly prized garments were of two types. In keeping with the previous strange behaviour these garments were those of least use to the males. However they took extreme and tremendous pleasure in looking at and handling them and eventually they were hung, as spoils of war, in the males living quarters.

PROFESSOR FINN AGAIN

SOLUTION TO BRIDGE HAND, PAGE 2

At trick one South must play the Queen of Hearts. If at trick two he attacks the Clubs he will win if West hold the Ace, a singleton 10 or if the Clubs split 3-2. If, however, East holds four Clubs to the Ace then the contract will go down one, two Aces and three Hearts. If he leads Spades from his hand at trick two he makes the contract if Spades split 3-3 or if West holds the Ace of Spades. Thus both of these lines of play involve luck and guess work. Luck in the sense that they involve a favourable split in the suit attacked or barring that guessing which Ace if either of them West holds.

The third line of play is one that involves neither luck or guessing. The proper play is at trick two lead a small Diamond to Dummy's King, then lead a small Spade towards your own hand. If West has the Ace this play is unnecessary, if however East has the Ace he has two options, he can duck in which case you win with the Queen and attack Clubs, if he goes up with the Act you have three Spade tricks and don't need the Clubs.

This is a safety play to assure your contract. Such plays should be a part of every bridge players repertoire. They exist in many different forms and are usually difficult to see; by watching for them and taking advantage of them you can improve your bridge considerably.

Dave Whitworth

1. Rules for handling women electronically:

If she talks too much—*interrupter*.

If she wants to be an angel—*transformer*.

If she meets you half way—*receiver*.

If she gets too excited —*controller*.

If she is too controlled—*exiter*.

If she gets up in the air —*condenser*.

If she is hungry—*feeder*.

If she sings inharmoniously—*tuner*.

If she is wrong—*rectifier*.

If she is too fat—*reducer*.

If she gossips too much—*regulator*.

If she wants to marry you—*RESISTOR*.

A Career in Iron Ore!

IRON ORE COMPANY OF CANADA QUEBEC NORTH SHORE & LABRADOR RAILWAY COMPANY

and Associates

SEPT-ILES, P. Q. • SCHEFFERVILLE, P. Q. • LABRADOR CITY, N.F.L.D.

Career opportunities are offered in

GEOLOGY
ENGINEERING: Civil—
 Electrical—Mechanical—
 Mining—Metallurgy—
 Chemical

For a satisfying career in the Iron Ore Industry, address all inquiries to:

PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT,
 IRON ORE COMPANY OF CANADA,
 SEPT-ILES, P. Q.

or our representatives will be pleased to meet with you when they visit your campus on November 21, 22 and 23

