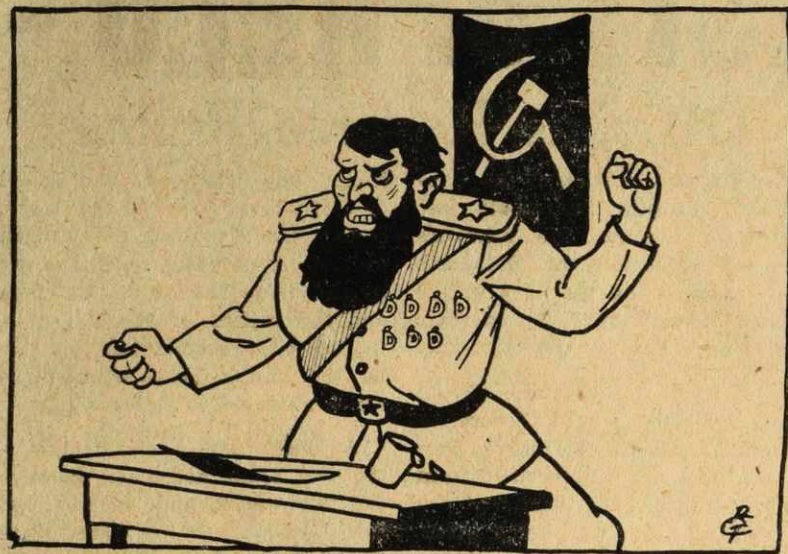


Seabiscuit Sums Up



THE RED PERIL

"Alarming reports from Lower Studley indicate that there is a Red, possibly two Reds, in the vicinity of the Men's Residence. . . ." BLURB despatch, Sunday Mar. 15.

Seabiscuit spent the last weekend on the Campus in an effort to discover the source of Communist Activity which has been seen on the Campus several times. He was ejected from a meeting in the Men's Residence, but took several snaps before he went, which are being held as evidence. Living on the reactionary sandwiches purveyed at the Gym Store, he wintered at the Gazette offices in the night, and proceeded forth carefully. He met O'Toole, that paragon of philosophers, ruminating about the disgraceful condition of undergraduates; he had seen no perils, red or otherwise.

"Lot of nonsense, this Communism business," he snorted. "What do undergraduates know about politics? Their underdeveloped brains should be protected against such stuff. Have they read Hegel? Do they understand dialectical materialism? Undergraduates, Sir, should. . ."

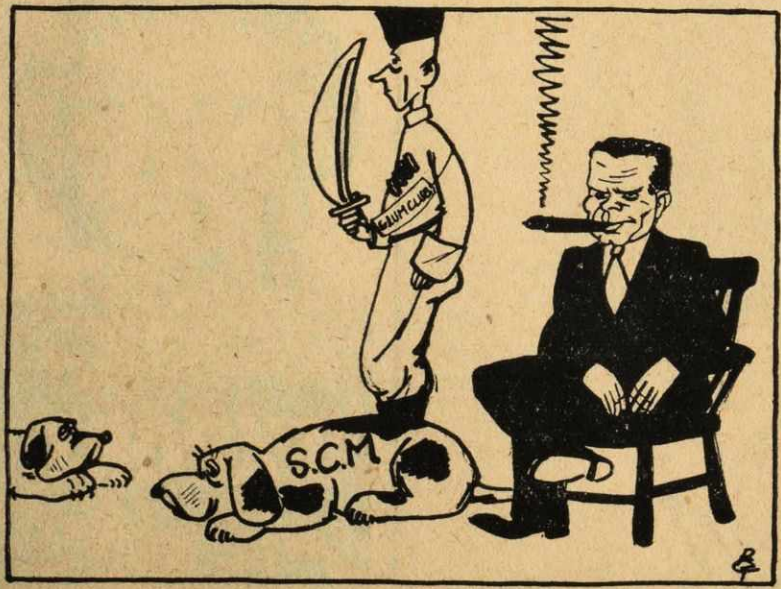
Seabiscuit slipped away, and was considerably heartened by the sight of one X, of the Gazette Clique, attempting to sneak off the campus after dark. This was not long after the Council Gestapo had clamped down on the Gazette's attempted coup d'etat, and X was indistinctly bad odour. By threatening to expose him to the Undergraduate Body (a thing which haunts most Campi) Seabiscuit elicited the information that there was a meeting of Subversive Elements in Room 2. X left, throwing several bombs at the flagpole as he did so, and Seabiscuit entered the Arts Building by a side entrance. Guarding the entrance to Room 2, their halberds gleaming in the murk, were three of the McSharp Volksturm, lured from their eternal vigil over the alcoves by heavy bribes. Flashing his Gold D. Seabiscuit was allowed to enter the room. Inside were at least fifty subversive elements, and over the door hung a sign: "Beneath these portals pass the damndest subversive elements in the country."

The sign bore no idle boast; across the way he saw Prieix Hamilar Barkoff smoking a large, subversive and offensive stogie, and arguing with Muller of Belgrade, who was considered a Kautskyite renegade, but admitted on the strength of his permit. There were others, all facing a raised dais, on which sat Chairman Schwartz, in full dress; his breast glittered with Gold D's, indicating his long service with the Glum Club's Cossack Chorus, being Assistant Undertaker to the Audience "for at least two and three-quarters shows." Other dignitaries also bore much of the same burden in 10 carat:

The chairman rose, cleared his throat in the customary manner, glanced at his customary Gold D's, and opened his mouth. Seabiscuit thinks that he was going to say something, but at that moment something entered. It turned out to be some "Hall Girls" (according to authoritative information, who had lost one of their number in the Bear Trap region surrounding the Hall. Several St. Bernards from the S. C. M., were sent out and the meeting was resumed. The Chairman finally spoke.

"Our year has been a successful one," he began. "We have lost six comrades by way of duty; there will be three minutes' silence in their memory. (Three minutes silence) We have, by infiltration and other means, obtained a total of thirty-six Gold D's; we are opening a mint shortly."

The rest of the meeting was largely occupied by an address by one of the leading agitators in the country. Describing the general state of things in Russia, the speaker emphasized the desirability of bringing about the same general state of things here. Apparently there's something in this general state of things. After that Seabiscuit decided that a visit to the Gazette office was in order; he accordingly left.



My Friend Stone

In the village of Hatert, a small suburb of Nijmegen in Holland, there is a large cathedral. Behind it there is an orchard, and in the orchard there are (or at least there were) five little shacks. Right in front of one of these shacks there is a hole, the farmer's root cellar, eight or nine feet deep and traversed at a depth of 5 feet by a stout pole. On a cold and dark night in December of 1944 I, together with a load of gear, including blankets, big pack, small pack and haversack fell into this hole, straddled the pole, turned over and ended up in a welter of web equipment, mud and icy water. As I lay there, swearing and roaring in blind rage, a flashlight beam picked me out, and a voice calculated to anger an insurance salesman said "what are you doing down in the hole?" This was my first introduction to Fred "Rocky" Stone.

Finally I got settled in the hut and as the weeks passed the animosity between Stone and I died. But I waited my chance, and on New Year's Eve when I saw Stone clamber out of his bunk and put on his boots, inspiration came. As the clock nudged twelve, Rocky grabbed his rifle and with a wild hoot dashed out into the night in his long underwear to fire a welcoming shot for the New Year. He didn't make it. With an almighty roar he fell into the treacherous hole. Johnny-on-the-spot, I was there with the flashlight. I looked down at him in the mud and, choking back the laughter, I said "what are you doing down in the hole?" —I still bear the mark where the bullet creased my forearm.

I shall never forget the time we went on leave to England together. We went the usual round, seeing shows, pub-crawling, dancing at Covent Garden and the Palais de Dance at Hammersmith and generally helling around. One night we had occasion to see a movie in which there was a certain element of horror. Throughout the whole performance a dainty old lady seated in front of us had displayed considerable agitation at the more frightening scenes. As the movie drew to a close, the heroine was shown standing in a dark and dreary basement—suddenly a huge pair of hands came out through a secret panel behind her back and started to reach for the girl's throat. The old woman strained forward in her seat. Suddenly Stone's hands shot out and gripped the poor old lady's neck. With an ear-piercing shriek she leaped to her feet. Stone and I were escorted to the exit by an usher. As Stone afterwards stated, "It wasn't a good show anyway".

We made our way to the "Queen's Head" and after a few rounds Stone got up to go to the gentlemen's room. Imagining that this pub was no different than the others we had visited, Stone went out the door and down the alley beside the Inn and coming to a

door which he thought to be appropriate one, he opened it and stepped in. He fell twenty feet and broke both ankles. Hearing his yell we followed a bobby down the alley and came to a door in the remaining wall of a bombed out house. Stone had fallen into the cellar. The policeman shone his flashlight down on Stone and said "I say, Canada, are you hurt?" In a strained voice Stone replied "No, I'm just down here gathering mushrooms".

OF ALL PLACES

(From a story by Stanley Altman, in Swank).

When he was in Italy sometimes George Armstrong would draw a mental picture of that lake. He could look straight down to the bottom, and it was cool there and a fine place to write.

(New Yorker comment; Well fair place, perhaps.)

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