

# SOUTH OF THE BORDER

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## Is the Honor System Workable?

The Brigham Young Universe (Utah) had decided that the honor system can work—but not with present student attitudes.

"Ask yourself if you would report a cheater," the newspaper tells its readers. "An honest answer should convince most of us that a problem exists . . ."

The editorial continues: "The failure (of the honor system) seems to be the result of a group of problems. People here do not feel the honor system is important to them personally. As always, the pressure of the group dominates; and here the group is indifferent to the system.

"The majority of the students still place the grade-school term of 'tattling' at the head of their list of unforgivables. Or they feel that it is 'none of my business', and consequently will not call attention to cheating while in classes."

The paper pointed out to the University of Virginia as an example of how well the honor system can work. "At Virginia, tests are passed out to the student, and, after waiting long enough to answer questions, the teacher leaves the room. It is considered an insult if the teacher feels it is necessary to watch for cheating.

"In long tests . . . a student may leave the room and forget the test for a few minutes. There is no irritation from ever-watching proctors or long hours in forced silence on hard benches. A per-

son is relaxed and can do his best on a test."

Continues the editorial, "A student can leave textbooks, coat or wallet any place on the campus, and know they will be there when he comes back for them. Any (local) merchant will cash any student's check. Students have a hundred times more freedom in activities and with each other than is possible at other schools."

On Feb. 25, 1948, the old and highly venerated Charles University was taken over by the Communists in Prague, Czechoslovakia. The purge came after students there held a mass demonstration in protest of Communist attempts to seize the country.

Several students were shot and killed, many more were expelled and "dissenting" professors were fired. Czech refugee students, in a report to Harvard University, describe the incident:

"All dismissed students were handed over to the Labor office . . . for work in mines, foundries, building industry, agriculture and forestry." Students who refused to work were imprisoned.

Continued the report: "The Communist party considers the students, 80 per cent of whom were anti-Communist . . . its most bitter enemies."

A superlative not from the Annapolis Log: "They marked the exam so strictly, they flunked him for having a period upside down."

## WIND KILLER

He looked at her again in that strange, cautious way, as if he was holding back something sinister. The sun was setting fast and evening soon would have descended. "How often have you seen your husband in the past year?" he asked.

Mrs. Kane hesitated—a strange question, but they had settled the question of his authority to ask personal questions, so she said: "Five or six times, Inspector."

"And always at night," he ventured. "Tell me if this is correct." He read from a piece of paper. "In October he wired you from Cuba saying he had a big job and wouldn't be back for a month. In November you saw him for a night. He was gone before you were up that morning. The next time you saw him was February. Then August. Each time for a night only. Why, Mrs. Kane?"

"He said he was busy. That he couldn't stay. He had big jobs."

"How did he appear? Did you notice any changes in him?"

"He was—different. I don't know how but he seemed different. Why?"

The Inspector ignored her query. "Seemed? Didn't you see his face?"

Mrs. Kane reflected. "Why no; not in the light. It was dark each time. We just talked in the dark."

The Inspector smiled wryly. "I thought as much. And you didn't think this strange?"

"No."

"Mrs. Kane, do you remember October of that year? Was there any trouble? I mean—did your husband seem worried?"

She thought a minute and muttered some vague negative.

The Inspector cleared his throat. Here is comes she thought. "Mrs. Kane, one night last October a man met his death probably on Raven Head Point. His body was washed up a week later of storm tides. That man was murdered. There was a hurricane that night. There is no trace of the murderer."

The Inspector paused. There was no sign of suspicion or fear on her face. "Did Mr. Kane have a brother?" he asked suddenly.

"Not that I know of. What's this got to with—"

"Just routine," he muttered. Well, he thought, it's done—all we can do is tail her now and wait.

It was September 15 and all day there had been a quiet calm. Not a breeze to stir the insufferable heat, not a cloud to spot the burning haze of the sky. Mrs. Kane sat on her balcony smoking, watching the sea, listening to the repetitive storm warnings. Across the street the Inspector sat out his endless vigil nursing his theory and going over every possibility again and again.

The barometer was plunging steadily and in the gathering dusk, a voice—his voice—spoke to her: "Jeannie, I'm back."

She tensed, startled, and whirled from her suspicions to her husband's shadow-enveloped face. Forgive me, she heard him say. He placed his arms around her, kissed her lips. "I've been away too long. It's business trouble."

There was something wrong, different and strange. Why didn't he say more. Why couldn't she see his face in the light. Why hadn't he remembered this was

her birthday. A thousand questions—doubt—and that Inspector.

He held out a bracelet. "For your birthday" he said. It both startled her and filled her with gladness. She reached for the light.

"No Jean". He placed his hand on her outstretched arm. "Let's sit out here."

The words stunned her. Why? she thought, swallowing a protest. "A hurricane's coming", she said bluntly. Not knowing why she added: "It must be wild on Raven-head Point tonight."

There was silence. He didn't move. Was that a muscle in his face that twitched? That was when the wind began—and rain.

"Raven Head? Why Raven Head?"

Uncomprehending she felt a flush of satisfaction, of cruelty. She pressed it further, sadistically. "They say a man was killed there last October."

"Who?" His voice was thick, guarded.

"They don't know", she said.

It was 4 a.m. The Inspector put on his coat excitedly. Things were happening fast. The man had come out and got into his car. It drove away slowly. Then a second figure, that of Mrs. Kane. He watched her car disappear through the rain and by a different road headed for Raven Head.

The Point was a bedlam of water. Huge waves battered the shore and drenched the trees. The wind increased in violence and screamed at the pounding surf. In a lightning flash the Inspector saw Mrs. Kane standing with stick in hand. The man's face was bleeding as he stood with his hands tied behind the tree. She must have knocked him out, he thought, then tied him.

"Who are you?" she screamed at him. "You aren't my husband. Who died here a year ago—who killed him?"

She steadied herself against the wind. Surf spray drenched the scene in stinging bursts.

"For God's sake", he cried.

"Untie me, Jeannie. I love you.

Untie me before it gets worse. I'll drown. Untie me!"

"Drown? Like that other one?"

"Alright!" He gasped, choking for air. The wind was suffocating in its force. "Alright—I killed him—like this. Last year—but I loved you—you never knew it but I loved you. I killed your husband—my twin brother—"

She fell beneath a water-fall of surf, staggered to her feet, cried something that was lost in the wind, and ran from the scene into the Inspector's arms.

"Get back to the car. I'll get him" he yelled. She obeyed blindly. The bracelet gift dropped into a furious brook that raced toward the sea.

Over hot coffee the Inspector lit a cigarette. "Feel better?" he asked.

"Where is he?" Mrs. Kane said.

"Locked up—for murder."

"It's hard to believe," she muttered.

"I knew it was murder that night last year. We found this rope. Your husband had been tied there to drown. When we found the body there was a knife cut. He'd been thrown to the surf when the wind had gone down. 'But we had no suspects. Only the man who called himself your husband, yet who rarely saw you. The body was never identified of course. We checked up and found that your husband had a brother, a twin. We further discovered he had one great obsession—a woman—whom he idolized. He had countless pictures of her on the walls of his rooms. You were that woman."

"And he wanted to take my husband's place", she said vaguely.

On her way home that morning she suddenly thought how for a and in it a note ready for use. band's place, revolted at the memory of an unwarranted kiss. She found the murderer's coat there and in it a not ready for use. Jeannie, it read, have had to leave again on business. Will let you know when I'll return. I love you. Your husband.

Mrs. Kane felt a bitter tear roll down her cheek as she crumpled up the note and threw it to the floor.

## The Cloak I Left Behind

Oscar Wilde, noted English wit and writer, writing in an essay on the meaning of art and its ingredients, referred to a Sir H. Rider Haggard as being an unexcelled liar and by this quality a true artist. Mr. Wilde's theory of art in brief was this: Art must be beautiful and too often beauty had to be false inasmuch as realism was not lovely and that only by a wide romancing of words could beauty be created. Though a lie, this beauty was justified in its existence and the media of fiction and illusion and masquerade were most acceptable.

Sir Rider Haggard fulfilled this position well. Turning out his prolific works prior to the turn of the century, a wide-spread experience, profound intellect and an excellent education produced the philosophical tales of wild adventure, all of which were historically authentic in appearance. Lately a niece has written a biography of this man entitled "The Cloak I Left Behind", which shows to the literary world what a wealth of human understanding lay behind the "outer story" and in the mouths of his characters.

Perhaps no other literary work has ever been so endowed with a double purpose, so completely masked, unless it be the classical Gullivar's Travels. And yet the reading public had cause to stop and ask: what is a man of his intellect doing writing childish romances? Beneath this guise of hair-raising adventure, the romance, the gross fiction, there lay an ulterior motive. The master story teller often found his characters speaking with a sudden wisdom and learning that would not be out of place in textbook of philosophy. Some of his stories admittedly sound, even on analysis like ones written for the pleasure of writing alone, such as King Solomon's Mines, or Black Heart and White Heart. Others seem to have no other purpose than to depict the life and times of a dis-

tant people, a travelogue in fiction, like Nad The Lily, Alan Quartermain or The People of the Mist; but old chief Umslopogas was a Zulu was a tongue of wisdom and uncommon knowledge. These three books also served the purpose of showing Imperial England just what this land of Africa, that the Boers had just lost, was really like.

In other stories a page of History has been brought to life and never has so much historical research or understanding or understanding backed up a 'mere romante'. We could cite here Moon of Israel and Montezuma's Daughter.

It is odd that his best known work was neither historical or educational but rather, a treatment in fiction of that proverbial desire of men: to know the secret of Life and immortality. To dress this answerless question in fiction offered tremendous possibilities. He chose a lost city called Kor. In it he placed a fountain of Fire. In the Fire he bathed the woman Ayesha, or She, whose face was so beautiful it was veiled from the eyes of man lest it blind them. Then out of England went the explorers in search of Kor and She, the motive being an old Egyptian parchment which told of the flight of the Goddess Isis (She) and her murdered lover (one of the explorers) to Kor. This remarkable conquest of Time utilized the theory of reincarnation. But on finding She, the latter lost her immortality, the explorer his ancient love, and the world, its Fountain of Youth—too much beauty was bad for all concerned.

It has always been felt by the writer that Sir H. R. Haggard has never truly come into his own and it is hoped that The Cloak I Left Behind will, as Wilde anticipated, be the catalyst that will precipitate his talent to the appreciation of the literary world.

# THE WORLD'S FINEST TOBACCOS

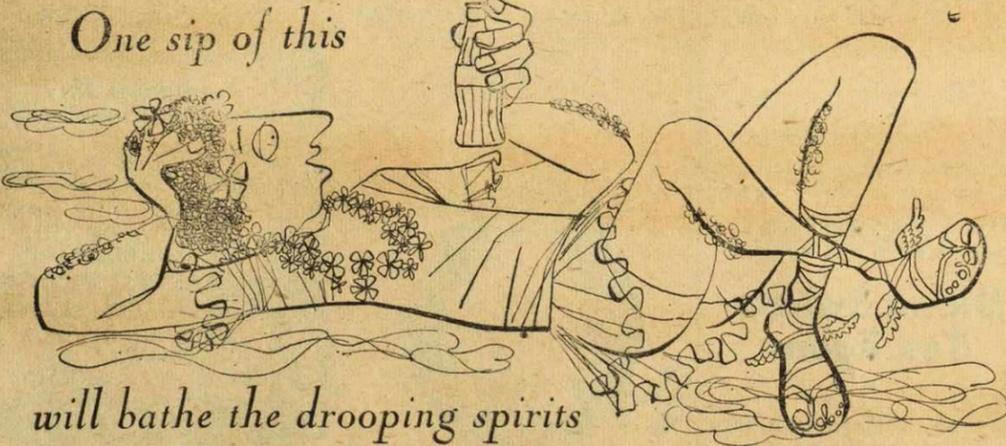
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