

The Quarrel Continued

A NEW PROTAGONIST

by TOM SCOTT

The efficacious, but calumnious, article entitled, "Blue-Suited Boobs Bungle Justice," found in last week's sordid edition of Canada's pristinest campus rag was a reward to those less lustful undergrads not satisfied with simply admiring the lucid and vivacious photos of shapely firey-eyed females.

Contained therein was an abortive, but jocular account of, "the blue-suited, brief-cased jutting jawed" law student, written by an anonymous rabel-rousing reprobate known to the legal profession as, "The Obsessor," but who so superciliously calls himself, "The Observer."

This little man, as his descriptive cognomen indicates, spends his treasured moments surreptitiously wriggling through the precincts of the local canteen gathering tidbits of information to bring to his scandal-starving editor.

He is observant, this little man. Exercising the super-sentient powers with which all cub-reporters are blessed, he quickly observes that there are some around him who are not draped with the acceptable black jacket covered in the back with a bright yellow, vicious looking, Asiatic striped feline quadruped tiger.

Worse still, none of these lawyers have a duck-tail haircut or blue

swade shoes. And their clean white cuffs are showing! How disdainful! I will give this gem to "The Chief." I will call these vagabonds the "blue-suited boobs." That's alliteration. "The Chief" likes alliteration and will be happy. Bob and Jim will be happy too. So will Spot and Fluff.

But wait! Some of them have brought brief-cases. Their notes are not scattered on the tables soaking up yesterday morning's coffee, nor are their books branded with the burn from a lip-stick stained filter tip butt. What snobbs! I will say their brief cases are of a quality so lavish they would grace the crown jewels. I will call these men a squad of "virile giants." Maybe these are metaphors. "The Chief" likes metaphores and so does Peter. Peter used them all the time and he has a funny column.

Now, arosed more than ever, and contemplating a few condescending, but ever precious utterances of acceptance from "The Chief," the little man wormed his eager way across to the south-east end of the

canteen, and shielded by a screen of cigarette smoke dangling in the misty air, listened as this dexterous group resolved the plight of one Mrs. Carlyll and her twelve orphan children, who, for over ten years, have been struggling to arrive at justice in their case against the depraved directors of the Carbolic Smoke Ball Company.

Unaccustomed to diliberations in the local coffee-house outside the realm of Ally-Opp, marathon bed-chasing, and Peter's column, he was satisfied there was no group around him who entertained quite so much pseudo-maturity with so little reason as the law students. He watched them leave. I will say it was, "like watching snakes wriggling into a cave." That's a similie. "The Chief" will be very happy.

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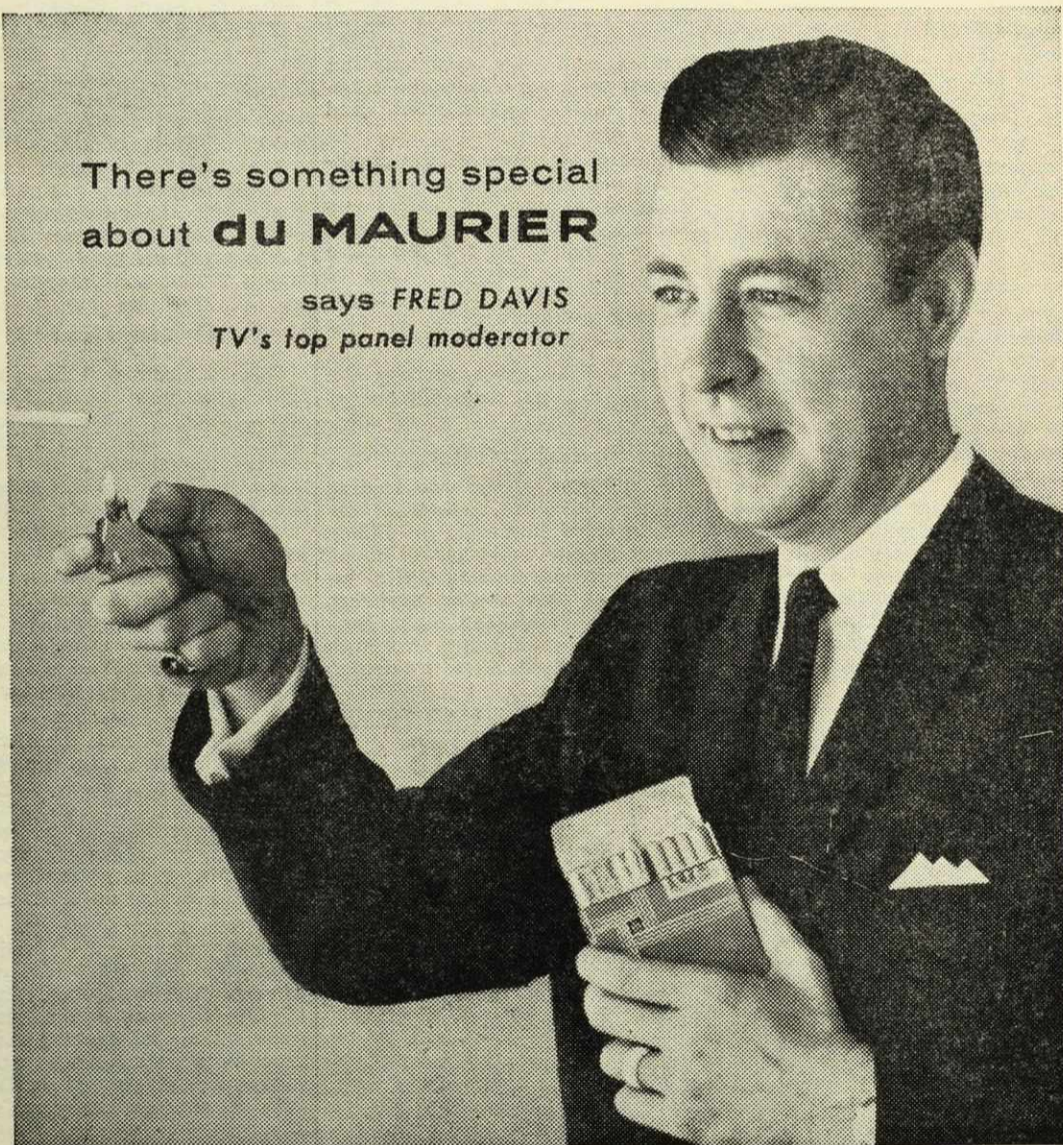
A Study

Swirling, ghostly and eery grey  
The phantom-like haze of the sodden night,  
Stealth and silence and furtive gloom  
In the murk of the mystery mist.  
And the lamps of the street  
All glowing like ghouls  
In the Fog  
In London  
At Night

A Man all alone  
In the gloom of the Fog  
His trench coat and stetson a screen against Life,  
His face hard and lined, his stature of strength.  
The butt in his hand tossed into the gutter  
To sizzle and eddy in gurgling water  
In the Fog  
In London  
At Night

The steps of a Woman  
Through the swirl of the mist  
Rapping and tapping and clicking the walk,  
She stops near the man and murmurs a query  
His lighter snaps open, its flame bares her face  
Haggard and sunken, with written appeal  
In the Fog  
In London  
At Night

The face of the Man  
Veils contempt with its grimace  
While nodding his head as she leads him away  
Through the dark of the night and the misty murk.  
The rapping and tapping and clicking grow fainter  
Leave only the sound of the trickling water  
In the Fog  
In London  
At Night



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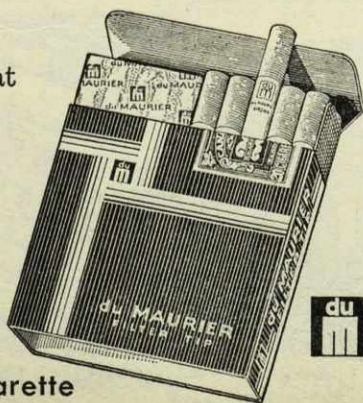
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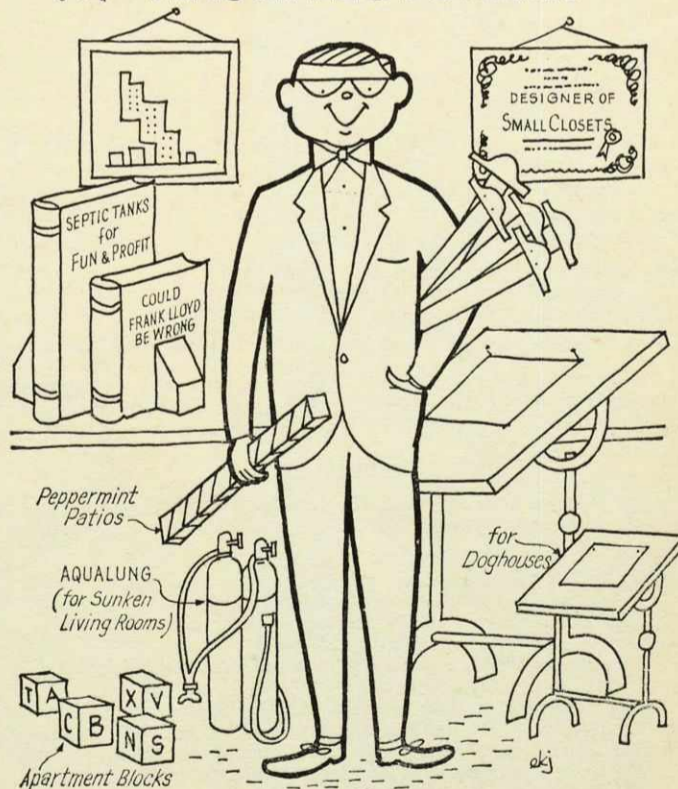
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