

## S. S. Elite Guard

D. S.

"Ersatz! Damned ersatz!" cursed Wilhelm. He spat the mouthful of coffee at the wall, and knocked over the tin cup, its muddy contents seeping into the earth. "When will we taste real food again?" he muttered. There was no answer. Frederick, tired and filthy, his tunic almost in shreds, sat opposite him in their concrete blockhouse staring motionlessly at the small tin cup. Wilhelm looked out through the narrow slit in the wall at the heaps of rubble, the burnt hulks of the once glorious Reich. He felt a sudden urge to scream out, to kick over the machine gun, to tear his hair; then the limp misery of despair flowed through him. He had never felt like this before; the desolation had never bothered him. Now, he could think of nothing else. This was not Smolensk, where his artillery group has devastated entire blocks—nor was it Sebastopol, nor Dunkirk, nor Salonika. It was Berlin. The thought of this terrible destruction of the city he loved made him feel nauseous. Even his blind faith and loyalty were now shattered—he knew that the war was lost.

But Wilhelm was fighting for his life. When that crazy fool, Corporal Steiner, had walked into the street waving a white flag, the Russians shot him down like a dog. Who could blame them? For the first time human emotions were penetrating his disciplined mind—he began to realize how those damned Russians at Smolensk must have felt. But he knew it was too late. Now these Slavs had become machines too, with only one thought—to destroy the Nazi in revenge. "Prisoner of war" was merely a hollow joke to the Red; there was no such thing. Wilhelm had even heard that the Americans, also, were taking no prisoners on the other front.

In a burst of rage Wilhelm ripped the little bronze eagle from his tunic and ground it into the earth with his heel. What fools, what fools! Germany against the whole world and he had believed it. All through those freezing months in the Ukraine without leave and with meagre food rations, and even when he had lost an eye, he had never lost faith—one day he would be rewarded. And now he was getting his reward. Their sector couldn't last more than another thirty-six hours and they had orders not to retreat. What had he done to deserve this? He had always obeyed orders, had been a good soldier and had fought bravely. Why should he die? He picked the little bronze eagle out of the dirt and hurled it into the corner.

Frederick got up and stretched. He walked over to the food pack and dug out a small tin. "Let's eat the last can of beef now," he suggested, "our feast," and he managed a half smile. Wilhelm nodded. Frederick jabbed his knife into the top. There was a slight hiss. He lifted the can to his nose, then with a loud curse hurled the can cleanly through the slit, into the street. Immediately a rifle cracked the silence and a machine gun sputtered. "Damned fools, they shoot at anything." Frederick sat down again and resumed his relentless gaze at the tin cup.

For a long moment there was perfect silence. Then Wilhelm tensed; his hand moved for his pistol. Slowly he edged toward the slit—he heard a faint sound outside. Another long pause. It must have been some falling rubble. Wilhelm relaxed slightly and was about to turn back to his position. Then, in a flash a figure darted across the slit—Wilhelm fired twice, but it was too late. The grenade lay on the ground at the back of the blockhouse. The body of the Red was slumped against the opening. Wilhelm froze, then screamed in terror. Frederick, who had been sitting dazed, covered against the wall. Then in peculiar revelation he seemed to admit death. A faint, bitter smile came to his lips, his face was a sickly white. He leaped up and fell upon the grenade to smother it. There was a blinding flash.

An eternity later Wilhelm regained consciousness. After a few minutes the cloud slowly lifted. With an effort he raised his head from the ground and shook it, to clear the haze. He felt his hands, his legs—no shattered limbs. The blockhouse was filled with smoke and dust. He could not see anything. Shakily he rose to his feet, staggering and coughing toward the slit for air. Wilhelm couldn't think—he couldn't remember just what had happened. After a few minutes his thoughts regained some coherence, and the jumbled puzzle formed the picture of Frederick's face. Then he looked down at his hands. They were spattered with blood, Frederick's blood. This time Wilhelm felt as though he wanted to weep—if he knew how.

He shook his head and began to think of his situation. He realized what would happen if he remained in the blockhouse: the Russians would soon be there, for they had carried the section. Yet to leave the blockhouse was almost sheer suicide. . . . Wilhelm groped around on the earth for his Luger, his fingers finally touching the still warm barrel. The shuffling of approaching feet broke the silence. Wilhelm stood listlessly in the dusty shaft of light, and gaped at the gun. The air cleared slowly and the footsteps were very near. "To die gloriously for the Reich!" Wilhelm half laughed under his breath, and raised the Luger to his eyes. It was not pointed at the slit.

## T-Square

The cold weather these days isn't preventing the boys from keeping hot on the basketball floor, at least not if the last two games are any indication. Dents were downed 31-21 and the Meds fared no better in their second game this season with the Engineers, losing out 23-17. So far the hoopsters have chalked up the commendable record of four wins in five starts, with the powerful A. and S. team the only stumbling block.

The hockey squad, which has been hampered lately by lack of reasonable practice time, will go into action next Tuesday against Meds.

For those who feel the urge to wield the pen to some other purpose than calculating formulas and equations, a golden opportunity is on the way. The "Gazette" is planning an Engineer's issue sometime after Munro Day, along with issues put out by other faculties, and contributions are needed to make things hum.

This venture has been a success in the past, so all would-be cartoonists, writers, poets and gagmen are asked to whip out pen and paper, and get their offerings either to Managing Editor Charlie MacIntosh, or to Bill Adamson. Undeterred by the fate of the University of Alberta "Gateway", which got itself banned after a somewhat over-ripe issue put out by the Engineers there, the "Gazette" is looking for some really good material this year. So if it's some free publicity we're after, opportunity knocks!

We note a Blood Donor Clinic is soon to be held here on the campus. Only thing is as far as Engineers are concerned is that it will come immediately after the Banquet, and we suspect something more potent than mere plasma will be piped out of any Shackster's veins!

## LAW NOTES

The Poor Man's Law Ball was a great success. What with a good orchestra, a good hall, and a capable committee the affair was probably one of the outstanding parties of the year. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. T. Feeney, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Lederman, and Profs. H. G. Batt and J. H. Hendry.

The co-operation from the families out at Mulgrave Park in lending chairs, etc., to the organizers of the party is to be commended and the School extends its thanks.

Congratulations for the success of the event goes to Bob Gunz Grant, who worked all week publicising and preparing the many little things. To Clarence MacKinnon who kindly lent his time to standing behind the counter, serving cokes and other necessities. To George Loukes for helping to arrange the hall and for collecting tickets at the door.

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In the sports field we came up with one victory and one defeat. The Law Hockey Team defeated Shearwater in a fast, highly competitive game last Thursday, by a score of 9-8. The score was only 9-5 until five minutes before the end, when our boys got careless and almost let Shearwater catch up. The stars of the games were Paul Lee, Ron Downee, and Al Smith. Eric Kinsman and goaler Bill Jordan played a good game.

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In basketball Law went down before Arts & Science. The score was only 10-4 at half time, our boys then kept the game virtually scoreless until the end. Final score was 30-11.

## The Story of The Pirates of Penzance

It is discovered soon after the rising of the curtain that the festivities in progress in the pirate's camp are in honour of the termination of the apprenticeship of one of their number, Frederic. What is the general consternation when the youth announces that he is among them through an error and that now he is of age and free, he must leave them. Thereupon the remorseful Ruth, his one-time nurse, confesses her responsibility in the matter; having mistaken her instructions through being hard of hearing, she had apprenticed her charge to a pirate instead of a

point Frederic is surprised by the vindictive Ruth and the Pirate King, who inform him that they have discovered that he was born in leap year on the 29th of February, which makes him a little over five years old and so not out of his apprenticeship to piracy. They do not mean to hold him to anything but merely to leave it to his sense of duty. Conscience compels Frederic to rejoin the band, duty also forcing from him the confession that the father of his beloved Mabel escaped on the false plea that he was an orphan. The Pirate King, disgusted at this deceit, determines to attack the General's castle that night. When he and Ruth are gone, Mabel enters and Frederic explains to her his dilemma, swearing to return and claim her when, according to leap year reckoning, he comes of age—some sixty years later! The police now gather, concealing themselves at the approach of the pirates. The latter in turn hide as the General enters in his dressing-gown, soon followed by his daughters. The pirates seize the General, who, seizing Frederic, bids him summon his men and capture his assailants. The policemen now spring up but are easily overpowered by the pirates. But when the Sergeant charges the pirates to yield in Queen Victoria's name, they do so, their loyalty transcending all other considerations. Ruth then enters to reveal a last secret, and discloses that the pirates are all "Noblemen who have gone wrong." This brings about a remarkable change in the General's attitude; says he, "No Englishman unmoved that statement hears, because with all our faults we love our House of Peters. . . . Resume your ranks and legislative duties, and take my daughters, all of whom are beauties." And so all ends happily.

The second act discloses the General sitting in a draughty old ruin he has purchased, with all the illustrious old ancestors thrown in. He is a prey to remorse over his prevarication about being an orphan and confesses as much to Frederic, who is assembling his trembling police to march against the pirates. The Sergeant shows considerable reluctance to expose himself and his men to the risks of battle, but is eventually persuaded to set out on his mission. At this

## Sam Peeps...

that she could not refrain from displaying him before all her friends and to this end caused no little disturbance upon her arrival at Marmalade Hovel.

'Tis said that the Marmalade Hovel Serenade did transpire in an unexpected fashion. Miss Wasabelle Bustle did inform everybody at the Beef Trust that it was called off, when to the delight of all a message was received from the Oak Mountain Boys to come over and sing for them. In response to this appeal they did proceed from the college on the Hill in a herd and make a mooring sound like a group of ill cattle.

Miss Bustle and Morgue Metal-town did cause great confusion when they did give to the chaperons some weird concoction in lieu of coffee. It doth seem that they did overlook to make use if that marvellous new invention, the strainer, and did prepare the liquid as if it were tea, to the great lessening of its quality.

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DAILY DOUBLE

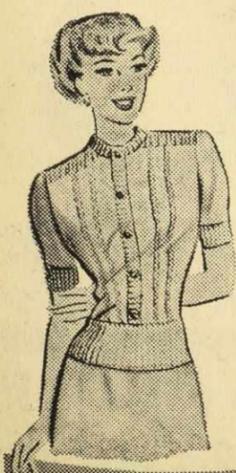
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