

GRISLY TALE TOLD OF STENO SLAYING

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

• ASSOCIATED COLLEGIATE PRESS •



Here's a challenging letter to the Syracuse Daily Orange from a couple of local coeds:

Dear Editor: Before entering college we had great expectations concerning the college man. Needless to say we were gravely disappointed.

What has happened to the rugged, outdoor man? He is no longer rugged. He eats soft food, sleeps too much, and considers the slightest physical exertion too much for him. He is never outdoors, his social life being centred the parlor.

An energetic game of chess or a snappy bull session is all the exercise he gets. One glance at his apparel would make you doubt whether he is even a man.

Masculine individuality has become a mirage. It seems that everything he does is inspired by the group to which he belongs. His aims in life are determined by what others have decided to be

worthwhile goals. He no longer has the power to think and decide for himself.

As an example, when he is on a date, the girl must be prepared to decide what movie they will see, what they will do afterwards, and she must even plan to spend the evening entertaining the man, who has lost the power to take an active part in conversation.

Obviously something has to be done. Here is a challenge to the men of Syracuse University. A few months ago you denounced us girls for wearing slacks and jeans, etc. We would be only too glad to give them back to you, if you'd begin to earn your pants.

The Davidsonian, Davidson College (N.C.) thinks students are intellectually lazy. It declares:

"In the realm of social relationships with each other, the student falls down intellectually. In most conversations in the fraternity and

the dormitory, the cultural and intelligence level is below college standards.

"We seldom say significant things to each other, and when someone does say something important, the recipient usually doesn't recognize it. Now this doesn't mean we have to go around with sour faces attempting to solve the world's problems all the time, but when a more enlightened individual brings up such a topic, we should at least know what he's talking about—and few of us do."

The University of North Carolina may have a law suit on its hands, if it continues its policy of all-white dances on campus. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People says it hopes student pressure will force the administration to reverse its policy; otherwise, the association will go to court.

"It is the policy of NAACP to see that Negro students enjoy the full privileges of being a student," said the NAACP attorney. The dispute arose when the law school association announced its plans to hold an unsegregated spring dance. Five Negro students are members of the law school association.

A similar case occurred there last fall when Negro students were given segregated seats at the football stadium. Student pressure later forced the administration to allow unrestricted seating.

The law school association voted 82 to 63 in favor of the non-segregated dance. Said the Daily Tar Heel in its news story: "Law school students yesterday decided that a student is still a student, regardless of the color of his skin, and opened the door for a possible bi-racial dance."

Man Hits Girl, Hits Road—Panic Grips City As Killer Escapes

Inspector Ferret Meathead of The Force, has been assigned to the startling slaying of Mr. Q. Q. Whizbang's secretary at his downtown offices that yesterday shocked the city. Further to earlier editions a Mr. X and an unknown plumber have been implicated by the janitor, who is the star witness for the authorities. Meatball suspects the body was dismembered and carried away by the killer. All efforts are being made to safeguard the nervous populous in case the maniac strikes again.

By special release we bring the certified evidence of Inspector Meatball's unusual interrogation of the janitor.

I: You were watching X, right? X was watching through the keyhole, right? Inside were a man and girl, right? What was X doing? J: Kneeling there. Something from inside makes him shudder. Then X: we hears, Baby (me and X I mean) Baby, I'm going to find out what makes you tick yet. When they hire me to do a job—I do a job. I: The girl hadn't spoken yet, right? J: Right. There's a sound like the released main spring of Big Ben, a gasp and hiccough. I: who hiccoughed? J: I did. I: No lip! Go on. J: Honey, the guy says, I bet you weight 300 pounds to the ounce but you sure are streamlined. What curves — and so smooth and polished. Outside X is in a trance and a faint smile lingers on his lips and a leer in his eye. I: Leer? Eye?

J: Yeh, eye. Then I hears between gasps and groans by X: here, let me take you by the leg—gotta lift you up—easy now—there, ow—\$!xx!—hit me with that arm of yours, will you? Take that—. There's a kick and a slap and another sound like a spring—boing-g-g-g—X's hair's on end.

I: Never mind! J: Next we hears her sweet voice: This is Mr. Whizbang's office. X drops his jaw. Me too. Quite a girl, I think, able to answer phones through all this—we hears a receiver replaced on the cradle. Then the guy—baby, I'm going to get down to fundamentals now. Lift your lid—that's a girl—what we got here for brains now? H-m-m-m, dark, isn't it? and your main spring's rusty! There's a sharp crack — the guy inside screams: honey, you sure give out sparks sometimes. You got your wires crossed, haven't you. You're as hot as the hinges of Haiti. Thank you sings her sweet voice drooling with pleasantries. X has loosened his collar and is munching a sandwich from a lunch tin now. What a dame, I think.

I: Yeh, yeh, then? J: Don't rush me. Yeh. Then the man's voice. I think we better take off your outer layer—wanta see your back anyway. Then all I hear for a minute is X crunching celery at a furious pace. Now we hears: Wow, have you got trouble. Where's the pliers. I'll get this out of there yet. (Crash, curses and falling objects)—there—didn't hurt a bit. How'm I doin', Inspector?

I: Keep going. J: The phone again. Hello, sings the sweet voice—(silence)—thank you. The guy's voice says, wait till I get your lid back on and we'll go down below. There's a ring of hammer on steel. More mutterings. With each blow X gulps and

winces. Poor fellow's digestion is taking a beating.

I: How'd you know? J: Stomach rumbles. Then: Now we lift up again—and get your back leg off. Back leg! off!, cries X all loud. From inside: whoops—scuse me. A thud. Thank you, sings the sweet voice. Sweat is running off X's brow—but he's got rubbers on. Then the guy says: Honey, your sure heavy. Say, you're getting warm. In fact, your hot! Wires crossed again? Where's the back—now—I'll fix that. There. You'll cool off now. Boy, I'd sure get razzed if I ever took you out—we'd need a truck. There's a thud. Thank you, she says. He says: I wish you'd say something else. All you do is—another thud. Number please sings the girls' voice peacefully. Don't be funny, sez the guy. I wouldn't give you my number if you were the last machine on earth.

I: What's X doin'. J: Picking his teeth. I: Finished lunch, eh? Murphy, take that down! J: Aha, I thinks, another insult. He burps and bangs shut the lunch box, just as if he thought that's all the poor girl will possibly take. There's a series of ringing blows on metal. The man's voice curses: I'll get this bracket on you yet. I: Tying her up? J: Why, sure! More blows. Where's your leg says the guy. Ah yes. Let's get it back on. More blows—and your back—where's your outside layer. More blows when he found it. There's like a grinding of gears, a hiss and the boing-g-g-g of that spring again. Then silence. He's killed her, yells X. Throwing discretion to the winds he rushes in. There on the floor wiping his brow is a workman, wrench in hand. What's going on here, says X. She was a tough fight, the workman draws and walks out. I: What's X do? J: Runs out another door and calls the bulls—er—police.

At the close of the hearing Inspector Meathead gave this statement: "The Force has always got its man. Already we got several suspects—we'll lay a charge tomorrow."

At press time there is still no word from the Force and the killer is still at large.

FLASH

It has just been released from authoritative sources that the mysterious killing of the stenographer in a downtown office has been solved. In fact there was nothing to solve as there was no killing. Mr. Whizbang who just got back in town reports he has no stenographer to kill other than one of the new automatic-electric machines that answers phones by a recording device. It stands in a metal case on four legs. It is reported also that Inspector Meathead's position is seriously jeopardized by this discovery.

The NOVA SCOTIAN
"DANCING SATURDAY NIGHT"
HALIFAX

The Hermits Shame

Boys, if you've ever seen how a girl who's green
Is as fresh as a summer flower;
And how in the bloom of October's moon
Your dreams of love will tower
You'll know what I mean when I say I seem
To have watched my life go sour.

For fickle was she and driven to be
Unfaithful as one is able,
So in great dismay I left the ways
Of Society's well-stocked table
And here in the hills they'll find me still
With my dog and a girl named Mable.

She was quite a belle 'till the day that Hell
Broke loose in her tangled brain,
The night that Sam the lumberman
Tossed her bleeding out in the rain,
So she came to me and two outcasts we
Created our contract of shame.

Ah, boys, don't berate my unkind fate
Just pity and don't indict,
For once was a day when a diamond stay
Held my cravate at night.
And into the lives of men without wives
Dusk rarely gives way to light.

Just the howl of the dog and the curse of God
And Mable, the fallen maid,
And the icy blast of a blizzard's gat
That howls as the fire fades.
We long for the breath of elusive death
In the cesspool where all is shade.

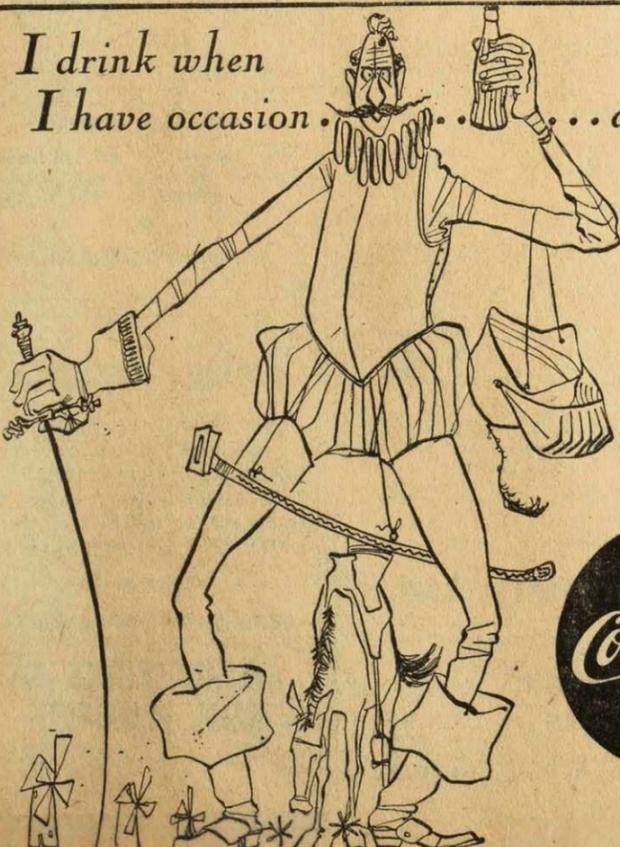
Yeh, it's lonely here and this will sear
The heart of the strongest man.
With no bread to eat and no 'bottled heat'
A brain will soon go mad,
And Yesterday's lost and Tomorrow, tossed
To the Devil's sadistic plan.

So, boys, on the morn when some hunter's horn
Falls empty on my ear
You'll know that I've gone where even the wrong
Find pardon and He will cheer.
Without request and with no bequest
I leave as I lived — in tears.

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