

# Nerves

by Ross Hamilton

The night air was pierced with the shafts of light from a hundred searching beams which swung in eery cones and patterns across the darkened heavens. From a flaming plane there opened a white parachute which slowly descended and lighted in a clearing outside Mannheim. Quickly the chute and harness were released and away scrambled Johnny.

There was no chance for escape, for keen-eyed guards suddenly appeared, fastened upon him and whisked the flyer away to a station, where he was searched, and where he gave his name and number; One couldn't give more. Some ersatz coffee revived Johnny a little and the rest of the night was spent slumped uncomfortably on a bench, while a stolid sentry watched. The morning came slowly, and soon officious officers swept Johnny away to the camp. Here followed the usual attempt to cunningly collect information-concealed microphones, cross-examinations, planted prisoners. With the other restless captives Johnny soon took up interest in the many escape schemes,—long, tedious, often ingenious projects most of which were doomed to fail, but all inspired by the hope of 'escape'...

Six months later saw Johnny in on a tunnel plan, a tedious and painstaking work. The Germans were clever. Meters planted underneath the ground could detect this work: it had to be slow; it had to be so secret; the earth had to be stealthily secreted away. Progress was made in what seemed an infinity of time. At moments nerves wore thin. . . . The night came; the camp was electric; six would try it; Lucky?—most thought so. . . .

The clear night air felt good in

September. Wind from the spaces felt refreshing. It was dark: no stars, no moon. The six had split up. Some headed for the south; some for France; Johnny north to Holland, the home of an efficient underground system. He knew where to go: he had been well briefed in England. He wondered if these friends still lived. He had to chance it. Lucky if their escape would not be noticed until morning. Now about 2:30: five hours to travel? Twenty miles? On and on he pressed—careful—but edging away nervous, tense, with the courage that comes from facing odds. . .

It was a couple of days later and evening had come. From long, brown grass in a ditch beside a lonely hedge Johnny peeked. Looked o.k. In a half-hour he was away North and some to the West. He knew pretty well his situation; a railroad ran away to his right through a deep cut. He beat his way along a bush and later dropped down to the cut for a short rest against some stones. He was tired; food hadn't been too good in the camp; he had a little tobacco left. He looked around and listened: no sound and no one in sight. He slipped down and hid himself more among some weeds; he carefully lit a cigarette. It felt good. He lay low. . . .

What was that? Voices, footsteps, probing? In a flash they were upon him. He struggled—in vain. They were rough, these shaven-heads. He was whisked away to a Gestapo headquarters. Endless questions; nothing came but name and number. Perhaps a little torture would do it. What were these infernal things? Hot electric needles underneath his nails. His nerves jumped. The pain was intense. How long could he stand it? He wouldn't give in at this; but more would come. The needles drove in a little further. Johnny yelled "For God's sake!!"

He jumped. The cigarette flew from his fingers.

# President



JANET SINCLAIR

The second election this year for Delta Gamma president was held on Monday, March 7. Jan Sinclair, a third year Arts student, was elected. In addition to being an active member of Delta Gamma and Pi Beta Phi, Miss Sinclair is graduate, editor of Pharos, and took part in the comedy, "George Washington Slept Here".

In the first election, the girls of Delta Gamma could not reach a decision on their choice of a president. Both candidates, Jan Sinclair and Rennie Fisher polled 68 votes.

## Glee Club Notice

All persons who have articles in the custody of the Properties Department of the Glee Club should see that they are claimed at once. All superfluous props must be cleared before inventory. Please contact David Hess at the DGDS office, or phone 2-3023.

## OXFORD THEATRE

Monday and Tuesday  
"TOBACCO ROAD"  
"GRAPES OF WRATH"

Wednesday and Thursday  
"Golden Earrings"  
"BLONDIE'S ANNIVERSARY"

Friday and Saturday  
"BERLIN EXPRESS"  
"EACH DAWN I DIE"

# EDUCATE FOR PEACE

The following editorial is reprinted from "I.S.S. News", publication of International Student Service of Canada:

Archibald MacLeish, in an address at Queen's University, offered three suggestions for averting war, the last of which was cultural understanding. This he left to the Universities. While we are not too optimistic about averting war we still feel the importance of the task.

The ISS thinks of itself as an instrument for this purpose. Unfortunately our kindness of heart has boomeranged and our function is not always understood. After the war, the need for physical relief was so great we devoted all our energy to charity. As a result, we were considered a relief organization. But our primary function is cultural. We want to keep the university community aware of the real meaning of education and to encourage students not to confuse education with professional efficiency. We want to free our country from self-centred interests and to

enrich it by contact with the cultures of other countries.

The ISS is well-suited for this task. It is a group of autonomous national committees supporting an international administrative staff. Each country is free to develop its own program. We receive no direction or program from any source outside Canada. Our interests are Canadian. We engage in international activities for the stimulation of contact with other cultures and to tell other countries what Canadians are doing in the realm of ideas.

Canada is now a world power. With this new status comes new responsibilities. We must develop a culture in keeping with our position, we must meet the intellectual needs of students in Europe and Asia and, in the battle for the minds of men, we must fight for intellectual freedom.

Only through the co-operation of all people interested in truth and freedom, within the Canadian universities, can this job be done.

# Letter To The Editor

March 7, 1949

The Editor The GAZETTE,

It is regrettable, for the sake of the President-elect of the Students' Council, that he numbers among his front-line advocates the gentleman whose "Campus Roundup" of March 4 so clearly illustrates that he himself is a stray from the corral of reason. His own 'school of thought' should, as soon as possible, relegate Mr. O'Neill to the position of "liability emeritus", where he could do no more to make more difficulty Mr. Moreira's already difficult job.

In his comments on the recent election Mr. O'Neill makes statements based on dubious fact and draws from them wholly erroneous conclusions. For instance, it is by no means clear that, because Mr. Moreira received 9% more votes

than Mr. Sawyer, the so-called "minority" went down to defeat. Mr. O'Neill has wrongly assumed, with many others on the campus, that the entire importance of the election rests in the presidential candidates. In fact, a scrutiny of the election results would indicate that Mr. O'Neill is whistling in the dark.

It is interesting to note that, in his remarks about the "two schools of thought", Mr. O'Neill first appears to be quoting from campaign literature in which some have detected his own light touch and yet, shortly thereafter, makes an about-face and appropriates to himself references to "co-operation" that might well have come from campaign literature most certainly conceived without benefit of his assistance. I suspect that Mr. O'Neill is now trying to rationalize his pre-election stand into line with what is obviously—regardless of who won what election—the only sane and practical approach to student relations with University authorities. I should like to see Mr. O'Neill's attempts to reconcile "an aggressive, independent approach" with "co-operation with firmness".

DEREK S. GRIFFIN

## CASINO THEATRE

NOW PLAYING

## TAP ROOTS

VAN HEFLIN

SUSAN HAYWARD



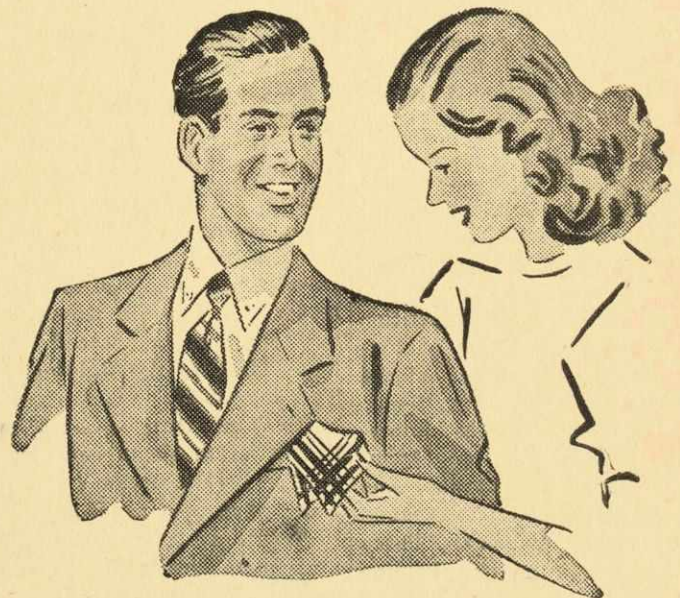
### COLLEGE BEAUTY CONTESTS—

May they continue until the Judgment Day! Everyone likes to look at co-eds who have a little more of this and a little less of that. And in Canada's colleges, it's natural to look to Player's Cigarettes for fresh, cool smoking.

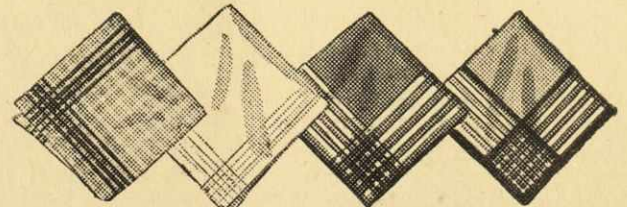
CORK TIP and PLAIN

REMEMBER—PLAYER'S "MILD" WITH "WETPROOF" PAPER DO NOT STICK TO YOUR LIPS.

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