

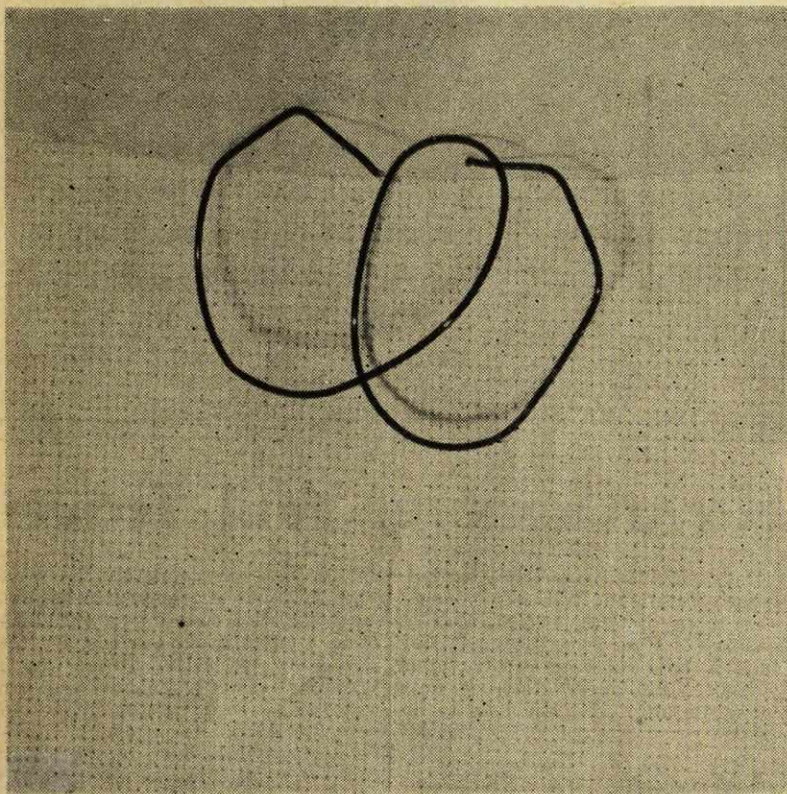
BIG NEW CONTEST

I Spy continued—

lection of old sneaker laces is kept sacred and secure in that mysterious safe in the men's locker room), from the city dump. The expense was incurred when an Africville inhabitant saw it first, and our fellow, whose presence on the dump has not been explained to anyone, himself included, was forced to bribe his competitor out of it. Eight ounces did the trick, but the sacrifice was unquestionably great.

Well, that's all for now kiddies, so cherrio and good luck with the sups.

Wire Photo



THINK

(translated: KMIHT)

I hate study. This may come as quite a shock to many, but the truth will out, it seems. During the long, largely wasted periods when I barricade myself in a back room with hitherto untouched textbooks, I dwell considerably upon the merits of study. This is quite easy.

Sutdy has no merits.

Study has no merits.

But, by the same rule, it is fascinating. Tiny habits develop in the studier, in the still, small hours of the night, quite unconsciously, and grow into a mechanical system that is enjoyed and anticipated. I shall explain. Perhaps the greatest boon of the studier is his watch. Time means everything, and a favorite game of mine is to guess how much time is passing, knowing that while I contemplate, it IS passing. Sometimes I hide my clock, but this works only for a small time, for I soon discover I am staring unseeing at the page and trying, straining to hear the tick . . . tick . . . tick of the oncoming exams.

Studiers (I use the term advisedly) both male and female, will work from almost any position. Feet on the radiator, feet on the desk, lying on the stomach, lying on the back, sitting bolt upright, buried in the book or hanging out the window—it doesn't matter. Any new shift in position brings a sense of satisfaction and well-being somewhat akin to the addict in his junk.

And so I leave you to the mossy banks with but a word of advice: Do not think about a girl or boy friend when studying. Avoid windows; shut your eyes when one passes. Stuff cotton in your ears unless you are expecting telephone calls. Or better still, read a good book.

Thousands of prizes!. Easy! Win a brand new model "T" Ford or a safety pin. Here's how:

1. Obtain a copy of the January 14 issue of De Lousy Gazoo.
2. Observe the front page, moving eyes to top far left column.
3. Examine closely the portrait of the man of distinction.
4. Observe the growth on his chin.
5. Estimate the number of hairs that enter into the composition of that growth.
6. Send your estimate with a self-addressed stamped envelope to De Lousy Gazoo.

If your estimate is, or is closest to, the real figure, then you will receive a brand new Model "T" Ford. The first thousand contestants will likewise receive fitting rewards. In case of duplication, the earliest postmark will be the deciding factor. All estimates become the property of De Lousy Gazoo and cannot be returned.

I FOLLOWED SAM PEEPS

It was summer and it was hot. The sun beat down mercifully on the city, so that black, shining bubbles formed on the street paving. I was sitting at the desk in my east side office. The desk was empty. I had nothing to do. I dragged on my cigarette and studied the words on the glazed window of the office door. "Johnny Proud, Private Investigator," they said. I shrugged woefully, stubbed my cigarette in an already overflowing ash tray, and reached for the bottle in my desk.

Then it happened. It was only a faint knock, but urgent. I paused, said "come in." She did. She was blond, slim and walked with the grace of a cat. But she was nervous. I told her to sit down, and thought how I would like to have changed places with the chair. I waited.

"I want you to follow my husband," she said, bluntly.

This was an old one, and I knew all the answers, but she expected me to be surprised. I raised my eyebrows, and asked, "Why?"

"Because he . . . he . . ."

"Yeah, I know," I interrupted. "Let's have the details."

Her name was Gloria, Gloria Peeps, and she figured her husband, Sam, was chasing around. She wanted him followed. If no results, then that was all to the good, but if I found something, then she wanted the goods.

"OK," I said. "A hundred a day and a retainer of half a grand." She reached for her purse.

* * *

I picked him up in the afternoon. He was in a Fleet Street bar, nearly soused, but still in motion. I dished out a fiver to the bartender for which I was told that he came in regularly, had three double ryes, and left. He must have just had his third. He left.

I followed. He navigated, sideways, down Fleet Street for six blocks, turned into an alley, and, after furtively casing the joint, strolled into a dive. I followed. It was smoky. There was a girlie in the corner; she was yowling something about love. I wondered how she knew about that.

Sam knew the place. He had a couple at the bar and moved across the room, gingerly circling the

tables. He pushed open a door and disappeared. I followed, bent down to the key hole. There was nothing on the other side but an empty room and another door I tried the knob. It was locked, so I used my pass key. Thirty seconds. I'm getting old.

Once inside I could hear voices through the other door.

"This week's mess ready, Fat Stuff?"

"Don't call me that. Yeah. All here. Had it a bit tough, though. They got suspicious of Dumpy over at the British Museum and fired him, and we had to bribe the new guard. We . . . convinced him in the end."

"I'll bet."

"Yeah. A little cigarette burn here, a brass knuckle there. He was easy. Just like a baby." The voice was cold, evil. But it didn't bother me. I was tough.

But I didn't wait. I had all I needed. I'd read about the thefts of old English literature in the papers. It was all pretty clear. He was a psycho, only instead of Napoleon, it was Sam Peeps. He was even stealing the old boy's diary.

I headed for the Department of Births and Deaths. It was all there Jack Coldwell had had his name changed legally to Samuel Peeps on May 8, 1954.

I called up the doll. She took the story like a brick. There was a pause. "Johnny," she murmured, "I've got to see you."

"Yeah," I said, "I know. When is it going to be?"

"Soon, Johnny, soon," she pleaded. "Only, what about Sam?"

I felt the comforting bulge of my Police Special under my arm. "I'll take care of him," I said. "Real soon."

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