

CONTEST WINNERS

Poetry

First Prize

Vernon Provencal
for 'Daphne' and
'Creon Addresses
the Chorus'

Second Prize

**Alexina Scott-
Savage**
for 'Your tattoos'
and 'I'm ready'

Third Prize

Wanda Waterman
for 'Question'
and 'Marianne'

Honourable mention

Michael McCarthy

Prose

First Prize

Michael Connor
for 'Edmonton
to Calgary
to Edmonton'

Second Prize

Peter Williams
for 'A dream
Come True'

The following is an excerpt from Edmonton to Calgary to Edmonton by Michael Connor, First Prize in the Dal Arts Society Contest.

Sharing the back seat with me was this big beefy looking blond guy. He had a crew cut and a baseball cap, his Levis jacket looked like it had been ironed. If someone had told me that this guy was a recent graduate of the Charles Manson Reverend Moon School for Executioners, I wouldn't have been in the least bit surprised. It was probably the buck knife on the guy's belt that gave me that impression.

Up against the passenger side front door was a punk of about eighteen. He was wearing a cheap brown leather jacket. Dark, clean hair curled out from under his blue baseball hat and framed a slimily good looking face. His left arm was wrapped around a scuzzy looking chick. She had acne, teeth pointing in seven directions and needed about eight inches of split ends cut off. She couldn't have been more than sixteen.

Black filth was engrained in the driver's neck. He sat perched over the wheel driving like we were in the gumball rally. Every so often he'd take a sip from the beer he held between his legs. He reminded me of a guy I went to high school with. I remember thinking that I couldn't really trust Colin, and I'm a friend of his.

That truck had one positively huge engine. We were just sailing down that highway.

"Where ye goin'?" Slimey face asked.

"Just up to Edmonton."

"Oh yeah—You Swedish or somethin'?"

"No. I'm a Canadian." I told him.

"But ye're not from 'round here. Are ye?"

"No. I'm a Nova Scotian."

"A Noveeee Scohteeean eh!"

"YEAH—There somethin' wrong with that?"

I was beginning to get uneasy, this wasn't a nice situation.

"No, no, not a thing," said Slimey. "Ye wanta beer?" Slimey was all smiles. I didn't like the guy at all.

"Sure, I'd love a brew." (I'll drink anybody's beer.)

"Where are you guys from anyway?" I asked.

"Red Deer", said the guy in the back with me. I figured it couldn't hurt so I flashed the guy a smile. Slimey had pulled a bottle from a case at his feet and was popping the cap off with a seat belt buckle. I looked over at the manson gook's feet. My eye caught on a brown leather holster with a belt wrapped around it and what looked an awful lot like a twenty-two revolver in it.

GINGER'S TAVERN

1268 HOLLIS ST., HALIFAX



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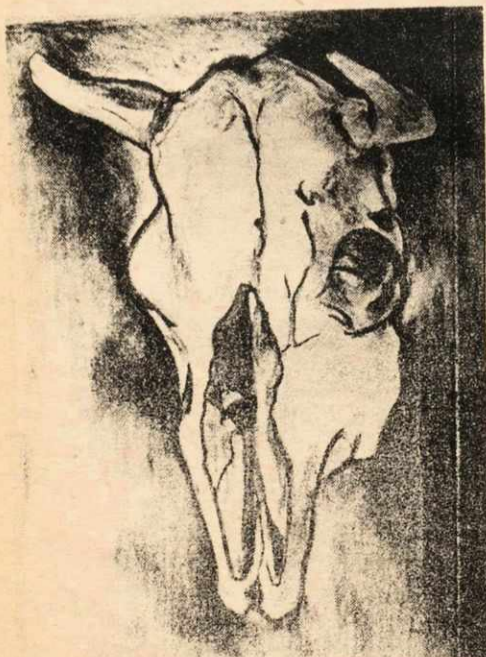
April 20, 23, 25

"Night on the Town"

Atlantic Symphony Orchestra
Players Association

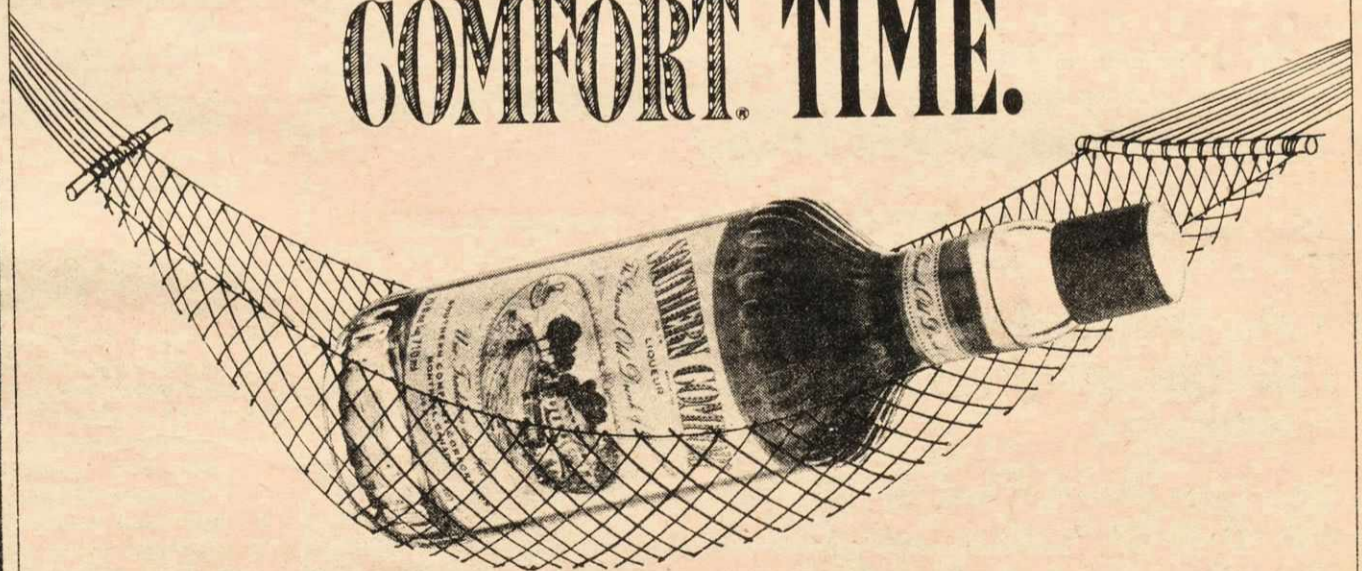
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1981 Symphony Fund Raising Drive



1st prize drawing by Leslie MacNab

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