

BUSINESS QUEEN CANDIDATES



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CAMPUS COMMENTS CONCLUDED

nuts after the karate chop session but I didn't. Thought this would be the best thing to do." Ringing Thought this would be the best thing to do.

"It was. You can lay an assault charge against him."

"Well, that's what I want to do now."

"How old was this guy?"

"About thirty... no, forty, forty-five."

PAUSE

"He was drinking?"

"I don't know really."

PAUSE

"Excuse me for a second"

The officer rises from his chair and sprints out of the room...

I hear a telephone...

You want to report him missing? Ya...

Ya... Well couldn't you wait an hour, pause, it's only ten to one now. If he's not back in an hour's time you can call back. Ya. O.K. Bye...

Jesus Christ! God damn nagging mothers." The same voice volleys into the room where I sit.

"You the hit and run suspect?" I jolt a desperate look to his face. Come on you can't tag that one on me. I'm not IT this time. "No. I am not." He leaves as the other officer reappears and sits down at his typing desk.

"Still want to lay that charge?"

"Ya. I'm sick of all these bang ups."

"Well you got to look at it this way. Perhaps this Winston is having booze parties. Making all kinds of racket and this MacDonald thought you were another party maker and got mad."

"But that's no reason to hit a fellow."

"He might have been angry and you were the first person he met up with. Your friend works. You know yourself that anyone that works has parties on the weekend. Those two fellows sitting outside there as you came in. They went to a party and were ganged up on. Once they were down another fellow took a barging run and came boot down on the big one's head. It happens every weekend. That's neither here nor there. But MacDonald I suppose was sick of the parties and the fights, you can't have a party without fights, or at least anyway lots of noise to keep everyone awake. Or he might

have thought you were trying to break into the place. Ringing the doorbell. That's what these guys do to see if anyone is home and if not they make a break."

"I don't know. It's all but pretty speculation. I mean you're giving me his motives. As far as the breaking into the place is concerned there was first the master door which was locked, then WINSTON's door. It doesn't make sense. He hit me and I wasn't bothering him. So...?"

"That may be true. But here are the facts. If you lay a charge against him you'll have to come down from Fredericton and miss a day or so from university..."

"That's O.K. with me. Like I want to do something about these people bugging me..."

"And this MacDonald will get a lawyer and beat it. It's only your word against his. And in court he'll more than likely win."

"There's nothing I can do? Why didn't you tell me that when I came in?" I pause for the answer. There is none. "Is there anything else I can do? Man, perhaps kicking him in the nuts wasn't such a bad idea anyway. Some justice."

"You can lay a complaint. I'll talk to him myself. Warn him he can be taken to court on assault. Do you want to do that?"

"But how? I can't charge him with assault now. How can he be taken to court if it does happen again?" Ignoring the question the officer turns again to his typewriter and poses his one finger. "How old are you Eddie?"

He continues to type. I'm smoking. One cigarette. Two cigarettes. Three cigarettes. I try to contact Winston twice. But there is no answer. Getting up the officer comes to the phone his fingers scramble through the telephone book MacDonald's. Dials, BUZZ... BUZZ... BUZZ... BUZZ... BUZZ... BUZZ... BUZZ... Four buzzes, I'm counting them. "No one there." He puts the receiver down. "I'll send someone in the morning to talk with him." He smiles. A reluctant smile builds upon my lips to meet his. "I'll wait a couple of minutes to make another telephone call to

Winston, o.k.?"

"Sure." There is silence for a time.

"It must be rough being a cop in a city like this. It is a port city."

"There's not much difference between this city and any other. But after being on the force for 13 years you don't trust anyone anymore. It's all in the job."

"Ya, I suppose." I make another call to Winston. Still no answer.

"Well I'll see you. Got to find a place to stay. Thanks."

He stamps to his typewriter as I pass out the door.

It's a weary alone walk through King Street at 2:00 o'clock. The black night tight against my dead eyes. Leaves cartwheeling and the wind forking down my open collar. Down an empty King Street with a dime clenched in my fist, my eyes gather in a telephone. One last call Winston, one last call then what? Then from the mask of darkness a figure swells into

the light, appearing from the door of the Little Classics Book Store. I know there's going to be a question. "What's your name?" I feel like cement. I look at the cop and hesitate with the answer. His lips are like ledges. I could stand on them. "Eddie Clinton." "You had to think what you're name was?" "What do you mean?" "You didn't answer me too quick."

"I was wondering why you should ask." "Where do you stay?" I toss my shoulders as a reply. "You've got no place to stay? Where are you going then?" I point to the phone booth. "There. I'm going to make a phone call." He leaves following his route of checking doors.

The sun plays with my eyes and I awake. Outside there is yelling and voices riding the

distance. Going to the window to see what breaks the silence of a sleepy Saturday 10:00 o'clock morning I press my face against the glass. It's the kids. The kids playing tag you're it.

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OOOOO
GAIETY
STARTS MONDAY NOV. 10
THE
"LOVE BUG"
MATINEE 2:30
EVENINGS 7:00 & 9:00
☆☆☆
☆☆☆
CAPITOL
STARTS SUNDAY
AT 8:30 P.M.
CAROLE WHITE
TERRENCE STAMP
in
"POOR COW"
OOOOO