

BETWEEN THE LINES: DAVID DAY

Time Writer Reaches Gateway

Displaying its incredulously factual, though irreverent approach to the world's problems, TIME magazine, last week, found its way into The Gateway, bi-weekly newspaper at the University of Alberta.

Apparently ignored by the Edmonton press corps, TIME's man in Alberta, Ron Hayter, wrote in The Gateway that he had been debarred from future press conferences staged by Premier E.C. Manning, because of a Jan. 22 story, which explored the political realignment proposal advocated by Manning and National Social Credit leader, Robert Thompson.

Correspondent Hayter, who also contributes regularly to the Toronto Star and UPI, assisted in compiling data for the Time story which began: "On his Sunday radio program, Canada's National Back to the Bible Hour, Alberta's Social Credit Premier Ernest C. Manning has lately been evangelizing for a 'national revival' to mark Canada's 1967 Centennial. To lead one himself, the silver-tongued Manning, a radio bible-basher for 34 years, would only have to carry out his long-standing threat to give up politics and - as he tells his friends - join the Billy Graham Crusade for Christ as a fulltime evangelist. But Manning is also evading with the notion of leading a political revival - by 'saving Edmonton to head a new national political movement of the right. So far, the thought is no more than a toy, though Manning's junior colleague, Social Credit's National Leader Robert Thompson, is having a fine time playing with it."

Ten days later, Manning's press secretary informed Hayter the TIME story represented a "scurrilous attack" and added "I would not be permitted to attend Manning's press conferences until TIME had apologized or issued a retraction."

Replied Hayter to the premier's ultimatum: "In effect, the premier is holding a club over the heads of other newsmen..." However, Hayter just last week, announced in The Gateway that "freedom of the press had triumphed again." Shortly after his first letter to the student newspaper, he was reinstated and once again attending Premier Manning's press conferences.

Harvard University has viewed, frowningly, deputations made by trainers of boxing's pretender to the heavyweight boxing throne Cassius Clay, alias Muhammad Ali to set up a training camp on the campus. Reports the Harvard Crimson the daily, university newspaper: "A training camp is like a carnival grounds, and is hardly conducive to an educational environment."

In last weekend's edition of The New York Times, the Committee for a Negotiated Settlement in Southeast Asia bought six columns to advertise a reply of the U.S. State Department's White Paper on Viet-Nam. The article was a re-print from I.F. Stone's controversial Weekly which is published in Washington. The advertisement asked for financial contributions to help finance publication of the reply in other newspapers across the country.

Last Friday, the Gazette decided to help publicize the reply by offering the Committee a full page advertisement in Dalhousie's student weekly at a reduction of the usual \$160 rate for an eight-column promotion. But according to the Committee's treasurer, Dr. H.A. Crosby, the six Times columns cost \$5,000 - and the Committee was attempting to finance the Time's advertisement with private contributions. However, he gave the Gazette publishing rights to the 5,000-word reply.

IN FRANCE STUDENTS ASK GOVERNMENT FOR SALARIES PARIS (CUP-CPS) - French college students have begun a drive to gain adoption of a national system of salaries for all persons pursuing regular university studies.

The National Union of Students, France's largest student organization, is calling for a monthly salary of 450 francs (about \$90) to be paid to every student taking courses toward a degree.

The drive is expected to cumulate in a debate this spring when a Socialist-supported bill will be brought before the National Assembly.

The National union thinks students should be paid to continue their education because their studies constitute "an apprenticeship of the country's social and economic life." It contends student work represents an investment by the nation. The salary system, it argues, would help to democratize French higher education, where sons of industrial workers and farmers seldom continue their studies.

The cost of the proposed system is estimated at \$345 million a year, but the national union says that half this sum could be raised by eliminating scholarships, tax emptions and family allowances for parents of college students, and subsidies for student restaurants and dormitories.

At the moment officials are thinking in terms of improving the scholarship system and the parliamentary debate this spring is expected to result in a clash between supporters of scholarships and advocates of salaries.

Nova Scotia Lawyer suggest constitution...

PEACE, ORDER, AND GOOD GOVERNMENT - A NEW CONSTITUTION FOR CANADA, by Peter J. T. O'Hearn; MacMillan; \$6.50.

Mr. O'Hearn, a prominent Nova Scotia lawyer, undertakes the dangerous task of writing and defending according to his tastes and principles a new constitution for Canada.

Unfortunately his legal erudition is not equalled by his understanding of political processes. This is best illustrated in his justification for his Article on Impeachment. After pointing out that the last successful impeachment in Great Britain took place in 1806, he explains the disadvantages of that process but notes that it is used (with singular lack of success) in the United States and concludes that we should follow the American model because of our "federal form of government".

He ignores the fact that the best form of control over the wrongdoings of public officers is political and judicial. It was the possibility of a non-confidence vote that forced the recent resignations of the Liberal ministers' assistants, not any threat of impeachment.

He also seems to be under the impression that we have some sort of "independent legislative, executive, and judicial branches of... government". While there are some political scientists who would argue that the legislature is the basic control on the executive and others who maintain that the executive completely dominates the legislature, there are very few who would assert that they are independent of each other.

The whole format of his book virtually dooms it to failure from the beginning. He frankly admits that his is not a legal treatise but "propaganda in favour of certain specific reforms". But he forgets the first rule of the propagandist, namely to pick out a few serious problems and concentrate on

A Prosaic sun glittered heatlessly upon the scattered iceflows swirling noiselessly within the jagged inlet. From beneath the gently swelling waters the 550 ton bulk of Her Majesty's Royal Sub-marine "Barnacle" forced its way to the surface.

The thickly knitted crystals of salty seawater rushed down her sides as she settled into the crisp morning air, with only her smooth streamlined lines to identify her as the pride of Her Majesty's Nuclear Fleet.

An officer accompanied the agent to the exterior bridge that soared jaggedly from the hull. He stood watching from the conning tower as the other climbed into the waiting launch. He acknowledged the agent's farewell glance with a disciplined salute and a brisk click of his heel upon the freshly oiled deck. He murmured silent good wishes as he lost his balance, falling smartly through the open hatch to the radar room below.

As he took his first look at the barren Canadian landscape James Annuity, agent on Her Majesty's Secret Service, recalled W's last words to him delivered with the calm deliberation that always punctuated his superior's speech. "Barren landscape, that Canada, 006 3/4" W had said. Now Annuity looked out upon it and was forced to concede that the Canadian landscape was indeed barren. His escort, the strong, rugged-looking Canadian piloting the craft seemed to read his thoughts.

"Canada's landscape must seem barren," he commented without emotion. "Yes," Annuity returned profoundly. "The barren Canadian does seem landscape."

Berthing the Peterborough-built Martyn at the St. Joseph detachment, the two men paused to exchange credentials. The colonial, one Sterling Stalwart, identified himself as a member of Her Majesty's Royal Canadian Mounted Police, affirming his loyalty to the British Crown. Annuity felt somewhat uneasy about the other's unsolicited profession but filed the information in the back of his mind, preferring for the time to make clear his needs to the craggy-featured constable. Within the hour the two had set off across the barren Canadian landscape.

The aurora borealis had already begun flickering above them when the silent policeman brought the vehicle, a maltese-designed Lobb snowmobile, to a halt.

"I'm sorry sir, I'm not permitted to proceed beyond this point. This is the border sir, Foreign territory y'know."

"What?" Annuity started suddenly. "Russia already?" "No Sir," the other responded, reaching into his parka to withdraw a map. "An American radar installation."

Before the chart was fully opened Annuity's Berretta, .25 had leapt to his hand. The Mountie's face clouded, "Sir?"

The pistol barked twice as Annuity skillfully severed Stalwart's aortic arch at its point of connection with the right and left carotid arteries.

"You boys will have to be more subtle than that," he said with quiet self-satisfaction, smoothing the lapels on his dinner parka. "wearing that red tunic under there was a dead giveaway," he added smiling at his own pun.

Kicking the Communist out of the vehicle he slipped into his place, looked out masterfully over the foreshortened bonnet and threw the machine into high gear.

The crystal night had faded again into daylight as Annuity abandoned the erudite Lobb so that he might proceed to his objective on foot. With the sure timing of the experienced hero he realized that it was high time for him to find a naked girl.

Silently he cursed the frigid wind that chilled him to his very bone marrow. Confidently he pushed on across the tundra, seeking her, she blonde, brunette or redhead. Climbing to the top of a sparkling snowdrift he suddenly felt the familiar closeness.

Sure enough, she was naked. She lay on her stomach taking the noonday sun through a plastic bubble dome. No, not quite naked, Annuity corrected, for although her clothes were piled neatly to one side, she still wore her stockings. Extraordinarily erotic, he thought.

Straightening his tie he admitted himself to the transparent compartment. Startled the girl half rose, then regaining her composure settled back onto an elbow, suddenly pleased with his presence.

"Drink?" she offered, making no effort to conceal her abundant charms.

"A medium Vanilla thick Milkshake," he ordered, "... with a slice of gingerbread, Shaken not stirred. I would prefer Guernsey or jersey homogenized." As he spoke he calmly removed his parka...

"By the way," Annuity asked in the manner of second thoughts. "What's your name?" "Why! I'm your bunny for the evening, sir!" she answered, kissing him with somewhat subdued passion. "Bunny Hare, Why don't you know my name, huh mister?" she nuzzled. "I know your name. It's James Annuity!"

Her sudden harshness stung him like the feel of a cold gun barrel in his side. In point of fact there was a cold gun barrel in his side.

A lurid tale of violence, gunplay, sadism as Secret Service agent, James Annuity faces his toughest test on Canada's far-flung tundra ADAPTED FROM TORONTO VARSITY REVIEW

"Let's go see the chief, huh mister?" she teased forcing her advantage. Remembering their intimacy of a moment before Annuity narrowed his eyes.

"Bitch!" "Bunny," she grinned, wrinkling her nose at him girlishly as she reached for her clothes.

A lift had carried them deep below the Arctic ice and a rubber-tired cart transported them to what was obviously a control area. From the booth Annuity could see the pressurized hangers which were designed to accommodate the enemy submarines entering for servicing, stores and cargoes of contraband.

SCRAM's stock in trade was weapons, and a certain foreign power seemed regularly disposed to act in a transport capacity for the old Revolutionary Armaments Manufacturer. SCRAM's products had turned up at one time or another in every major world trouble spot.

Annuity calmly surveyed the scene before him. It was a cold synthetic world of plastic and metal, constructed in grander proportions than anything he could have imagined from looking at the barren Canadian landscape. Stealthily he committed to memory the position of every rivet as he heard the measured steps of a jack-booted foot approach behind him.

"Onderneath der lamplight, by der garten vall," the older man sang softly to himself, momentarily oblivious to Annuity's presence. He wore a bright red uniform similar to that the man Annuity had killed earlier, but more ostentatious, being completely trimmed in white mink.

Suddenly he became aware of the Englishman. "Ach, Herr Annuity of Herr W's office, Welcome to our liddle Valhalla. You are already acquainted via Fraulein Hare, yah?"

Recognition glimmered in Annuity's eyes as he sensed something familiar beyond the white beard, something in the manner. "You? he ventured tentatively.

"Yah," the other returned in the same high-pitched voice. "Always I send der burseday greetings to Herr Churchill."

"Santa Clays!" Annuity spat out with sudden revulsion. They had sealed him in an airtight Volkscell, a measured square of twelve feet constructed of indestructible polysaturates. Annuity sat back, contemplative, realizing that it was not humanly possible

for him to escape. It was not in his nature to despair, however, for his heroic experience told him that Bunny Hare, as a matter of course, had fallen madly in love with him and would go to her destruction in order to save him.

He consulted the page number beneath him, and satisfied that he had gauged properly, rose to prevent the loss of the crease from his trousers. A change in the tone of the ventilation system told him that the door was slowly being opened.

A shadow appeared in the opening. In a moment Annuity had swept it into his arms and had crushed their mouths together. "Ach du lieber," the shadow shouted. "I'm not carrying vat you vant for Christmas! You ain't getting it!"

Annuity jumped back, cursing the unexpected turn of events. In the brief interval his quick mind considered and rejected thirty-seven alternate plans. As he began to postulate the thirty-eighth there was a flash of metal in the passage which he instantaneously recognized as fifth degree temper Sheffield stainless steel.

"It's about time you got here, you little elf," he said brushing his hair into place as the furor died down. "I'm sorry James," the scantily-clad female replied. "I was undressing."

The odds were heavily in favour of the enemy, for they were playing on his own ground, but Annuity had never been one to be awed by odds.

With lungs bursting and screaming for air they had swum the length of the ice cold underground river.

With the stench of their scorched flesh in their nostrils they had crawled through the scalding pipes of the heating system.

In spite of everything they had managed to send off the vital communique to Her Majesty's Royal Submarine Caribuncle, sister ship to the "Barnacle". Annuity knew that it was merely a matter of pages before Caribuncle's medium yield tactical nuclear tipped torpedoes ended forever SCRAM's illicit traffic. There still remained time for he and Bunny to undergo another sadistic trial to their pain thresholds. So...

As the long arctic night fell the heavens in all their electric splendour suddenly faded dim before the mantle below. The polar cap resounded with a staccato series of detonations. Beneath the column of atomic fire an evil empire was forever cleansed from the face of the earth, and the eternal sea settled back from its momentary feverpitch of boiling agitation.

Within the plastic bubble James Annuity and Bunny Hare were too preoccupied to notice the arrival of a third party. "Whoa King! Whoa you huskies!" A broad shouldered, serious-looking man stepped from the runners of His Eaton's of Canada sled. Unfolding an official document he stepped into the dome. "James Annuity?"

"Ge'lost!" Annuity ventured over his shoulder. "G'way!" "James Annuity," the deep voice persisted. "I arrest you in the name of the Crown."

"Hah?" Annuity said, stunned. "Wassassabawh? What are you, illiterate? Aincha never heard of the double-0?"

"James Annuity," the other went on. "You are charged under the Lord's Day Alliance with indecent exposure in a public place, to wit, a territory of the Dominion. Further you are charged under the criminal code with contributing to the delinquency of a minor, to wit, one Miss Bunny Hare."

In bored affirmation of his double-0 status he reached for his Berretta, only to find it under the firm heel of the officer. "... charged with carnal knowledge of a minor, and finally with defamation of character."

"Whose character?" Annuity exploded, defensively. "Her Majesty's Royal Canadian landscape, sir."

"Kill this comic will you Bunny?" "Shut-up beetle-brain," the girl snapped. "I think the Sergeant is cute. What's your name Sergeant?"

"Preston, Miss."

"Do call me Bunney, Sergeant. My what a lovely dog!"

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