

Revenge

By Bruce Irwin



Joan MacCurdy. — Representating the Commerce Society for the Campus Queen, Joan is well known around the campus for her work on the Publicity Committee. Joan has also been very active in girls' sports. For two years she has played on the hockey team as well as the Intermediate Basketball Team. She was a cheer-leader and drum majorette of the band.

Portrait of Life

Out of the then, into the now,
It is a clear cold night.
The full moon stands in the midnight sky
Silhouetted against the blue
Ringed with an arc of white.
Small yet larger sums are numberless
Seen here, present there, sometime, onetime
Dotted about the air.

A flash of light and all is come,
Then and now,
We are not and we are.
A flash of time and all is gone,
Here and there,
We are and we are not.
From and into eternity,
Come and gone,
We have lived.

Fred Neal.



Moyra Seeger.—The Law candidate for Campus Queen, Moyra is in second year Law. As well as being near the head of her class she is active in many extra-curricular activities, having appeared in the Glee Club Chorus, written for the Gazette, and announced on D-Day. She was Secretary of the Law Society this year and co-manager of the Rink Canteen.

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The throbbing of the liner's giant engines seemed to soothe his restless nerves as he lay there in the darkened stateroom. The luminous hands of his little bedside clock showed the hour as just eleven-thirty, which meant he still had an hour and a half to wait.

Outside, the starlit western sky was reflected in the deep-blue of the rolling Pacific, and in the east the faint outline of California seemed to be slipping swiftly by as the liner cruised steadily southward. The swish of the waves against the side of the ship intensified the thoughts which insisted on rushing through his tortured brain.

Why couldn't he forget? Must the memory of that day three years ago when he had first seen her strolling up the beach always return to haunt him. But how could he ever forget her, and how beautiful she had looked with her dark tan and the sunlight dancing in her golden hair? She had spread her towel close to where he lay soaking up the sunshine, smiled pleasantly at him, and almost before either of them realized it, they had become friends.

The memories pained him, but they insisted on flooding through his mind, and he still had an hour to spend in the stateroom. Once again thought drifted back into the past. He had been on vacation from the stuffy office of the People's Bank and she had come out from the middle west to spend her holidays in California. They had been very happy together, and the vacation had passed too quickly, but when the time came to say goodbye they both realized that their friendship had grown into something more than just the usual vacation romance.

There has been the letters, of course, and he had flown up to her home town to spend Christmas. Then the next summer they were together again for two short weeks. They had parted very much in love and full of plans for the future. But after Christmas she hadn't written as often as before, and her letters were short and cool. Then in the spring her final letter had arrived.

He had known that something was wrong, but he had not been prepared for the shock this last letter had brought. It was short and to the point; another man, successful in business; they were to be married in June. There were also the usual regrets and the usual best wishes for his future. His brain had been stunned at first, but the dullness had soon turned to blinding rage.

He shudder involuntarily as he recalled his terrible mental state in the days that followed. The long sleepless nights, his loss of appetite, the awful loneliness, and always that reoccurring desire for revenge. He had tried to smother this obsession for revenge and push it from his tormented brain, but it had persisted and almost without his realizing it, a plan had been born had gradually taken shape in his mind.

The engines brought him back to the present and he checked the time again — 12:15 — only forty-five minutes left . . . At first he had been almost crazy, but this insanity had been replaced by a cruel and cautious cunning. It was obvious that she and this man must die, but to be successful he must commit the perfect crime.

If only he could divert suspicion from himself . . . and then he had the answer. If to all intents and purposes he were dead before the crime . . . that was it . . . a simulated suicide . . . a suicide at sea with no corpse and only an empty stateroom and a suicide note to tell the sad story. The note had been carefully written and he smiled as he glanced toward the bureau on which it lay. He had quit his job a week ago, saying that he needed the rest and he was thinking about changing to some other type of work. The fellows at the bank knew of his broken romance and their

stories would supply the motive for his suicide.

This weekly cruise down the coast of California was ideal for his plan. At approximately 1 a.m. they would be passing within five miles of a deserted stretch of the coast, and on shore a second-hand car, purchased under an assumed name, fresh clothes, and his newly acquired wealth were safely hidden. Under his bed lay the little Air Force emergency raft which would carry him safely to shore and into his new identity. Tomorrow the papers would carry the story of the friendless bank accountant who had taken his own life by jumping unnoticed from the cruising liner.

The money had been a problem, but the factory payroll made up each week by the bank and the old messenger's habit of taking a short-cut through an alley on his return trip to the factory had solved that. It had been almost too easy. The old man never knew what hit him and the police were still without a clue as to the bandits identity.

In two days he would be in the little town in Nevada where she and her husband lived. His nerves tingled as he visualized the surprised look that would be on their faces in that brief moment before he pulled the trigger. He would have to wait until they had gone to bed before he broke in, but then he would be well on his way to Florida by the time their bodies were discovered. With all this pay-

roll money he could live there in some small city for a long time. Perhaps then his sick mind would adjust itself and he could become a normal human being again. But now the time had come.

Hastily he tied the collapsed raft to a long piece of rope, the other end of which he fastened around his waist. He couldn't take the chance of losing it when he hit the water as he wasn't a strong swimmer and would never make it without the raft. The corridor was deserted and so was the after-deck. Moving quickly he approached the rail, threw himself over, and fell through space . . .

The water was warm, and he floated there watching the ship steam off into the darkness. It seemed so lonely, but he must wait until the boat was further away, it wouldn't do for anyone strolling on the deck to see him after he pulled up the raft and inflated it. He was getting tired but he must wait awhile longer. The blood was pounding in his brain and his arms were aching. At last the liner was just a blob in the distance. His excitement mounted as he began to pull up the rope and its precious cargo. He was so tired, he must hurry! The rope seemed so light! Then the flash of a horrible thought. Faster and faster he pulled up the rope, and then there was the end, but Oo! !No! !No! No! the knot had come undone and the raft was gone!

His shrieking pierced the silence of the night, but there was no one to hear, and soon all was quiet again and the stars shone down on the lonely sea.



Audrey Powell. — King's candidate for Campus Queen is Audrey Powell, second year Music student. Audrey has been active in student activities on both campi; she was Freshman representative on King's Student Council last year and also acted in the King's Capers. Glee Club productions have seen her in lead roles in both The Pirates of Penzance and The Mikado.

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