

Les Cultes des Mortes

Do your parties begin to drag at 3 a.m. appears and the liquor appears? Well, here we have a handy little attraction guaranteed to liven up the deadeast party. The requirements?—one goddess, one interpreter, and one newly dead body. Although the best "Do It Yourself" kits are available on certain tropical islands, any local cemetery should supply you with the lead character for an interesting irama. With the aid of bongo drums and a co-operative girlfriend willing to play Nemo, a Hermaphrodite god, by donning one of your shirts over her dress you are set.

A steady drum rhythm, aided by previous imbibing, should place any conscious guests in a numb trance whereupon questions such as "Who murdered my grandfather?", "Will I pass spring exams?", and "Who stole the last bottle of gin?" may be addressed to your deceased visitor. The solution to your problems are usually presented through the medium of "Nemo" in the unintelligible language of the dead. In turn, your interpreter — any drugged and believing friend — will render this into the language of the present bourgeoisie.

If performed carefully and sincerely this "party pep'er" guarantees good results and reliable answers. e.g., "Place a red and white cross on your uncle's grave, hang your clothes on a tree, and return home. Your subsequent dream will answer your question, and your offering appease the spirits of the dead."

Formally known as "les cultes des mortes" this midnight revelry is illegal in some districts and thus should appeal to many varsity students. (Disposal of the corpse is your own concern although reburial is advised.)

Rebel - Minded Females Cast Doubtful Shadows on Gentlemen

Once upon a time there were three lovely sisters who lived in a stately house. Coming from a rich and conservative family they had lived sheltered lives. They were closely watched, well-disciplined and taught the ways of young ladies. Their parents had done a fine job and the family was a happy one. All the young men of the neighborhood were "want to win their hearts", but none were fine enough. Every fall, however, they were given a chance to prove themselves. The girls held a ball; it was a formal affair — or so it was said to be.

Every year the sisters would plan weeks ahead for the big occasion. Indeed it seemed their school lessons had no sooner begun then it was time for the formal, and so, many a night's study was lost in planning for the big affair. They hadn't quite become used to the idea of studying, so the planning proved a pleasant diversion. After much indecision, they picked their escorts, and those of the young men not selected were sorely disappointed.

Eager for a night out, the girls wanted to dine in the city, so in order to assure themselves of a fine meals, they offered to pay the bill for not only the meal but transportation too. Not all the young men had gigs. Even though the men were being entertained free of cost at the ball, the girls were sure they'd not offer to pay for dinner; you see there were few gentlemen in the neighborhood.

Each year their escorts allowed them to foot the bill for the evening, and had not even the courtesy to attend the dance in tuxedos, even though the girls were beautifully decked in evening gowns. Although the ball was an annual affair and the social life of the community fast, the boys just could not afford to buy formal attire.

Despite the young men's un-

willingness to conform to vogue, the household could not change the type of affair, for they too had to conform to the vogue of society. After all every neighboring house held a formal party that time of year and they could not be the first to change.

This year things were no different; the girls were a bit older perhaps, but just as sweet and desirable as years before. As they were dressing for the ball that night they were happy, but not too excited because it had become the same thing year after year, and it was obvious that the young men of the community were taking advantage of their hospitality.

They had also had trouble in finding escorts this year because a group of new families had moved in before school started and the young people had had no time to really become acquainted. Things weren't looking any too cheerful (the girls being sure of a dull, and expensive evening — after all, girls liked to be treated like girls!) when suddenly a little pink lady appeared out of a cloud of smoke (the girls happened to like cigarette.) The girls were speechless. And the little lady spoke ("I am your fairy god-mother, sweeties. I've had enough of this jazz, and I say you gals should rebel! Don't go out to dinner, serve'em hot dogs at home; eat on the floor; wear

slacks ---", but the girls started crying, for this was their big formal affair of the year.

"You dont like my idea?" she said. "Well, we'll have to think of something else, because if you plan to be young ladies, then you got to expect to be treated like young ladies, not a meal ticket.

Okay, so I'll tell you what I'll do. At the stroke of twelve tonight I'll change with my wand every young man into that which he is. Don't look so worried, after all the days of man versus the beasts are way out. Just you wait and see; we'll show'em!" and puff! she was gone.

That evening things progressed as usual; the clock neared twelve and the girls became nervous. The boys knew not the fate that awaited them.

Only one of the young men had insisted on paying for the dinner, brought at corsage, and wore a tuxedo. The dance was to end at twelve—and suddenly the chimes rang out.

When they had stopped ringing, the gentleman remained the man were changed into little boys and that he was, and the other two ran away.

Moral: Beware of nosey god-mothers!

Recollections of a childhood experience

I was prepared to enjoy myself that afternoon. At long last I had a Saturday with nothing to do but to relax, to wallow, in leisurely comfort. For this express purpose I made my way to the neighbourhood theatre. I didn't know what was playing and I didn't really care. It didn't mater. I was going with the sole idea of having two or three hours of delightful, cool solitude.

"The Entrance"

As I entered the theatre, I felt the coolness surround me. I stood there for a moment, eyes closed a silly grin on my face, and I breathed deeply. What a refuge from the hot, dusty air of the city. I made my way to the refreshment bar, and after loading up with the usual gear, I proceeded to the theatre area.

As I entered the auditorium it was as though I stood on the

brink of a new and wonderful world. Comfort abounded. Each dark corner held the promise of hidden delights. It was like an exotic scene from some romantic adventure. Slowly I descended the sloping aisle, waiting for my eyes to become accustomed to the pleasant, fresh, and limitless darkness.

I breathed a sigh of relief as I spotted an unoccupied seat in the side row. I made my way to it, hesitated, draining all strength from my wearied limbs, I allowed myself to fall heavily on to the seat. I heard a soft crunch and squash. I go up. As I looked around, I saw it.

"The Experience"

There, on the upholstered seat lay an utterly crushed pastry box. It looked like it was dead. I bent over and examined it. It gave one little tremor with its broken front flap, and then it lay still. A thick syrupy ooze filled the crack in the box, and slowly began to dribble down the front of the carton. I, of course, stood there, somewhat dismayed; yet, calm and unruffled.

At that moment, from somewhere behind me came the whispered command, "Sit down!" I perred into the darkness and saw nothing. "Sit down," someone said. I tenderly picked up the body, and sat down. Cautiously glancing to my right I knew I was safe. A fat lady, a pastry eater, if I ever saw one, dozed there. I carefully placed the box on her lap. No use waking her up. I cautiously surmised. I sat back and ate a Super Crunch Bar.

"That Itchy Feeling"

All went well for a while. That is, until the itch began. Slowly minutely, maddeningly general it started. There was no particular place it itched. It was somewhere on the instep of my right foot. I slipped my shoe off, scratched the foot and then placed it on the cool pavement. Ahh! It felt soothing. I playfully wiggled my toes, all five of them, in gay abandon. Abandoning all caution I moved my foot to and fro over the smooth concrete floor.

Just as suddenly as it had begun, the screeching noise my shoe made as it slid along in the darkness, faded into silence. I had kicked my shoe some where. The around in the darkness. It couldn't be far away, I thought. Slowly

but steadily, a flush drew across my face. The darkness closed in on me.

Where was my shoe? Above and beyond me the sound of approaching horses drew my attention. "Hey Sundown, they got the school—marm- - ." The horses withdrew. I was alone again, and I was scared. Slowly, I moved my hot, perspiring hand forward. It came in electrifying contact with a cold ankle. A scream pierced the air.

"The school marm, "I thought. But no: It was the lady in the seat in front. She whirled around, and glared at me. "M-my shoe." I whispered sheepishly. "You worm," she roared. "Usher! Usher!" "Shh," I whispered, the darkness cascading about my flame sweet ears. All eyes were on us. A whimper came from my right. "Murder," cried the pastry-eater.

"The Exit"

Before I knew it, I was being hurried up the aisle by a disgustingly muscular usher who paid no attention to my insane babblings about a shoe. I found myself out in the street, alone.

I walked home, sadly. Not much a fellow can do, if all that he has is one left shoe.

THEN WORRY

THE WORLD IS RUSHING past me, leaving me to swirl in the eddy of pain. The end. The loss.

Sleep pulls one lower. There is no great animation of mind. Tiredness Yes, then worry. Little quiet angers I have had all day. Worry and doubt and tossing in bed. Small hopes shattered. Worries change, move about, shrink. New worries appear, old ones fade. Small things. Love. Grief. Change. Work. Loss. Pain. Broken. Cracked. Torn. Twisted. Smashed.

TAG BARGAIN

HAMPTON, Va. —Police say it looks like Alabama at the gates of Langley Air Force Base. They estimate that 600 vehicles owned by military personnel carry Alabama license tags which cost less than a third the cost of Virginia tags. Unless a service man was stationed in Alabama before coming here, or is a legal resident there, he is required to purchase Virginia tags.

A Strip Of Sand

I CAN REMEMBER . . . I had the hot sun on my burning back and the cold lake water splashing the shore . . . I have this memory clearly, myself, bushy-bearded, lying on the sand along the Swiss lake-shore and Fran, the factory girl of Esson, bikinied, tanned, lissome as her sixteen years, stretched beside me on the towels with the splashing and the sun prickling in our backs. We are trying to talk in English, and in my new German (which is the numerals from one to ten and the simple politenesses of conversation). My leg is stretched over her ankle. My toes quiver in the sand. Swiss folk music comes from the refreshment stand loudspeaker and the beach is a strip of sand and pebbles and only a few people are using it. Mostly there are Fran and I. Ringed around the mountaintops are fences and sheep and specks of men. In my heart I am murmuring the soft words of love. I swim as deeply within her liquid blue eyes as

in the vastness of this still lake. She will be leaving tomorrow for the mountains, and I will be leaving here, for Lucerne and then Basle.

. . . Each day has twenty-four hours. I should feel lucky when I have one hour to spend freely. to remember.

BIG EATERS

Buffalo, N.Y. — How would you like to put together this grocery list every week:

- Horsemeat — 1,600 pounds
 - Smelt and mackerel — 200 pounds
 - Eggs — 30 dozen.
 - Apples — 7 bushels
 - Carrots and spinach—6 bushels
 - Oranges — 1 crate
 - Grapes — 50 pounds
 - Green peppers — 18
 - Sweet potatoes — 250 pounds
 - Bananas — 80 pounds
- That's the weekly grocery list for the Buffalo Zoo. The tab: about \$1,000.

An Engineer student named Newty,
Constructed a bridge of great beauty,
But a reckless young man
Drove his car on the span,
Down came car,
down came bridge,
down came Newty.

Penny-wise and dollar-wise,
The student, who would like to rise,
Will use this saving stratagem—
A bit each week in the B of M!



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