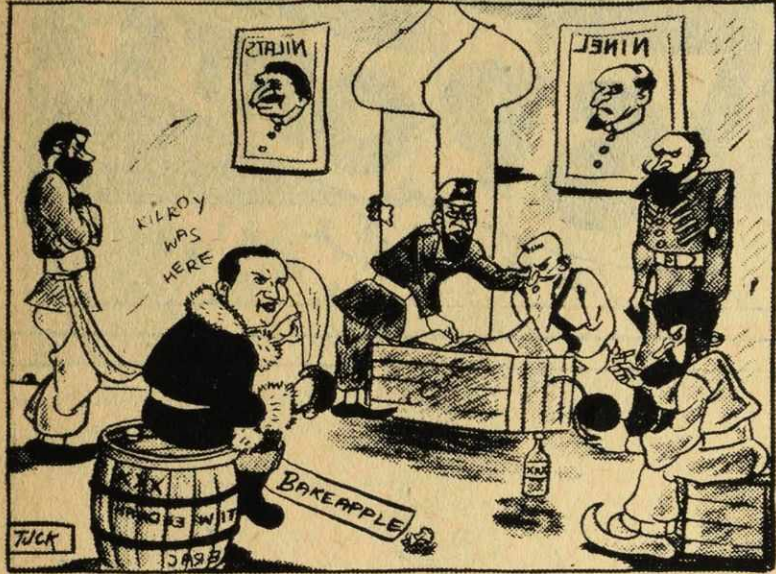


# L I T E R A R Y . . .

## RED PERIL HITS DAL.



"Suspicious glances cast in my direction. . . ."

## Putsch Organized In Room 2

By OSWALD S. SEABISCUIT

Early in the month I received word from a reliable source that the dread C. C. C. C. intended to establish a branch of that society at Dalhousie. Although awed by the risk, I decided to attend that society's first meeting, and record their resolutions for posterity's sake. Accordingly, I allowed my beard to grow in the accepted Bolshevik manner.

This explains why, early last week, I cautiously made my way through the dark corridors of the Arts Bldg., looking for Room 2. Vulgar songs and coarse laughter echoed through the halls, and guided me to the concealed entrance of the room. I entered and found myself in the midst of a bevy of bulging Bolsheviki which would have alarmed Lenin himself.

Some of them I recognized. There was Luke Muller of the Frankfurt Putschists, and Gart D. Schwartz was the chairman. The room was full of them, most with beards. All were fondling various lethal weapons—bombs, sabres of the Cossack type, penknives—and they were making the very devil of a noise.

As I took in this scene I felt a tap on my shoulder, and turned to find myself looking down the barre of a fountain-pen, with a suspicious face behind it who wanted my name, address and party affiliations. I gave him these and a party card won in a Residence poker game. The latter seemed to pacify him.

At this point Chairman Schwartz arose and announced the speaker: Comrade Ollie Bakeapple, for years leader of the insidious Bilgeriver Anarchists, who for so long have terrorized the Forrest district. Bakeapple stood up. He was short, plump and had an evil leer.

"Comrades," he began. "Capitalists must go." He paused to let this statement sink in. "They pour milk on the ground. They burn firewood. They have depressions wrung from the lips of the starving poor. They cultivate stomach ulcers. They support the reactionary system under which exams are set. They must go."

Here there were loud cheers, and someone in the rear with a surfeit of vodka muttered: "If they gotta go, they gotta go." and was promptly purged. Bakeapple coughed.

"Have a cough drop?" the chairman asked solicitously.

"Thanks." Bakeapple took three. He went on: "These capitalists have too much money. We need more. The wealth of a nation should not be placed in a few 'ands. . . I mean hands. As Lord Bacon put it, money is like muck, not good unless it be spread."

"Wot's muck?" a beetle-browed conspirator whispered to his neighbour.

"S English for 'bull,'" the other answered. "We gotta spread it."

Bakeapple was reaching his peroration. . . "and, furthermore, the C.C.C.C. program was placed before the Politburo for approval." He sat down amid loud cheers.

"Did they approve of it?" I asked incautiously. A dead silence followed my words. Even Lon Clakoff, the Residence rabble-rouser, stopped hiccupping. Menacing glances were cast in my direction, and I heard whispers of: "kill de bum," "scrag the blighter," "bloody reactionary," and so forth. The chairman hastily rose to thank the speakers. I shrunk slightly, and sat still.

"And who may you be," said a Volga boatman sitting beside me: "who do not know that no one know what the Politburo think. Not even the Politburo know that."

The chairman had announced the election of a President for the coming year and a man in the back of the room, whom I recognised to be the infamous Livonstak of Belgrade was speaking: ". . . and in nominating Gart Dmitrioff Schwartz I know that in him we have not only a real Canadian with the college interests at heart, but also a good party member."

"I move nomination cease," said Schwartz. "I wish to announce two popular events; our annual banquet on January 12th., and our annual Purge on January 11th. I now wish to discuss our aims and purposes. (With a leer). "Two weeks from now Clakoff will rouse the Residence rabble and sack the Gym store. Simultaneously Bakeapple will burn down the flag-pole, and I myself will massacre the worst reactionary group on the Campus: the Capitalist Committee on Studies and Attendance."

Loud cheers rang out, and someone shouted: "What about the right-wing Gazette?"

"On November 29th., "Schwartz answered. "When everyone is at the Gazette Gambol, we will have a Putsch at the front door and a Coup d'etat at the back door, and seize the press-room, whence we

can issue our own paper, the Red Blood. Meeting adjourned."

The meeting broke up, and I beetled off, knowing that I would be followed. In the Men's Residence I shaved off my beard, and reversed my raincoat. Thus escaping notice I fled to the Gazette office, where I lay low for three days and tried to sell my story to the Editors. Big Hans Herz was to busy with Bigger and Better Layouts, and I then approached one Jackson of the Comic Strips, but he was worried about some kind of breakfast food. In despair I went to Dumb Herod, Sports Tycoon.

"Sorry, fella," quoth he. "I got three obituaries this week, and the Hall Knitting Club want publicity on their dish-rag con-

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## THE EXILE

Next day he returned to Coimbra, with his friend's mad scheme still in his mind. It wasn't the madness of youth; Wanowski, who had played the violin in the Warsaw Philharmonic orchestra, was at least fifty, and so were some of the others. The more he thought of the venture, the more he liked it.

The venerable Chancellor of Coimbra must have been rather astonished when their new lecturer suddenly resigned. Gerstein gave family reasons, but there were rumors, and he had a sneaking suspicion that the old man had guessed his purpose. There was an odd expression in his voice when he wished Gerstein luck with his family affairs, and shook hands with him.

When he reached Lisbon, he went to the little hotel where the others were, and offered to join them. They seemed pleased, and had quite a little celebration. Their vessel was supposed to be coming up from Setubal in a few days. Ostensibly they would be going out fishing, and would not take much with them. They expected to make the northern coast of Palestine in three days.

They waited for two weeks until the boat finally arrived. He remembered that period too well. The hunger, the lack of money, the anxiety and the waiting, day after day, for the boat. The journey itself seemed rather insignificant, even when Kahn fell asleep at the rudder, and they went far off their course. Four days later they hove in sight of the coast, and found a British gunboat waiting for them. They were too tired and hungry to resist or run, and they were taken ashore and put in guarded camps, where they found others who had tried the same thing.

Then Cyprus . . . he sighed and kicked another stone down the hill. Standing up he looked across the water to where he thought Palestine should be. He had read both the Old and New Testaments and remembered the Revelation.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven. . ."

"It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely . . . I will be his God . . ."

A bugle blew somewhere, and he got up, turned and walked down the hill.

—Septimus.

## Nova Scotia . . .

### Third Possibility

The Cooperative Economy, in spirit, is in sharp contrast to the existing attitude. Competitive capitalism encourages selfishness, fear and conflict. The cooperative, in theory at least, stands for communal interest, confidence, and amity.

A cooperative society depends on the voluntary pooling of Land, Capital, and Labor. It thus works on a limited company basis, but with the vital difference that each member, no matter what his interest, has but one vote.

In agriculture, cooperative credit, marketing, buying, use of machinery, stock sires, and the like have proved of value to the depressed producers of this province. Community labor projects are less developed.

The Fisheries seem even more suitable for united endeavour. For fishing requires ships and expensive tackle beyond the reach of ordinary individuals. Moreover the crew of a ship must act as an organic whole it must cooperate. Similar factors apply to processing fish.

In theory, nothing prevents the application of cooperation to forestry. In fact little effort has

been made to date.

It is in Mining and Manufacturing that the cooperative meets its big difficulties. Because of the technical and business skills involved, the body of common members must go beyond its own ranks to hire managers, engineers, salesmen, solicitors, and accountants. Again, the numbers involved in modern production makes the democratic procedure of the cooperative unwieldy.

Benefits to be expected are the wider distribution of wealth and the assurance of mutual aid in time of adversity. Cooperation is the dynamic application of the insurance principle.

Labor-management cooperation on price and wage policy boards is a special feature which may supercede class conflict. But that depends on good will, as does all cooperation.

The great danger of the cooperative movement lies in the tendency to create a mature corporate society by legislative force. This replaces organic growth by a political formula: that is, voluntary association gives way to regimentation.

(To be continued.)

## THE GRAVE DIGGER

"Ah, work is scarce, and I will take  
Whatever I can get;  
At diggin' graves, then, I will make  
Enough to feed me yet."

Unto the gloomy churchyard now  
He goes and digs a grave.  
"I've picked me right hard work, I vow—  
I am to Death a slave!"

Now home he comes, receives his fee,  
For which he worked full well.  
"Come now, my love, we'll married be;  
Church-warden, ring the bell."

That night, while at a public house,  
A-drinking to his bride,  
Heard a word against his spouse  
And fists were laid to hide.

"They're bringin' out the corp so grave,  
Was killed the night before."  
"Who put they in that new dug grave?"  
"Why, him that digged it, sure!"

T. B.



## "I'm Your Long Distance Operator"

"Here is a suggestion that if followed will speed up your Long Distance service and at the same time help me immeasurably:

**First:** Give the name of the town or city you are calling.

**Second:** Give the number of the distant telephone, or if you do not know the number, give the name and address of the distant subscriber.

**Third:** Wait until the operator asks your number, then give it to her along with your name.

Thank you."

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