

(Continued from Col. 5, Page 3)

S.C.C.—Well, not that I remember. But I've heard you sing just about everything else. So why not a spiritual?

Robbie—It's kind of hard to explain.

Lower 12—I'm still curious.

Robbie—You've never been down in my part of the world, have you ma'am.

Lower 12—If you mean the South—no.

Robbie—That's why it's hard to explain, partly. Somehow, for me, it's all tied up with Jim Crow. I just can't make it very clear.

Lower 12—Well, I can't make much sense of it—but if you say "no spirituals", then all right, no spirituals. But let's have a song anyway.

Robbie—You don't have to coax me ma'am. What about some Gershwin?

Lower 12—Gershwin it is—just so long as I hear it before Regina.

S.C.C.—Got the lady's bags ready, Robbie?

Robbie—All set, con.

S.C.C.—Well, sorry I can't stay for the concert—Oh, Robbie, before we hit Regina, you might drop back and give Burke a hand. He's got a couple of berths that don't go up very easily—two of your heaves should fix it.

Robbie—Sure thing, con.

Lower 12—How about my song?

Robbie—(Fading) Just let me get my mop, ma'am.

Lower 12—Lots of work in that job.

Lower 11—You said it.

Robbie—(Coming on mike)—Sings "I Got Plenty of Nothing".

Sound—Train rumble fades with song.

Music—Theme—Fades under.

S.C.C.—We got our inspector all right, from Regina to Broadview. But that was all in a day's work too. He poked about just as they always do, checking the towels in the washrooms, eyeing the berths to make sure they'd been pushed right up to the second catch—the usual sort of thing. They're on and off the train all the time, without much fuss. The fuss comes later—where the travelling public can't see it. The sorehead in lower ten kept out of our hair. Most of the time he rode up in the day coach, and things ran without a hitch in Robbie's car. But late in the afternoon he came back, still full of dirty looks for Robbie. And then, at Portage la Prairie, our last stop, not much more than an hour from Winnipeg—he decided to hop out and send a telegram. That's what touched off the final blast.

Sound—Vestibule Door.

S.C.C.—Hey Robbie! Platform eight at Winnipeg.

Robbie—(Off Mike) What side do I open up, con?

S.C.C.—Right side.

Sound—Train starting—Grows to a loud rumble under the dialogue.

S.C.C.—Here we go, boy. Close

up.

Robbie—(Off mike) But con, my passenger—lower ten—he's in there sending a wire.

S.C.C.—He'll have to catch the tail end, if it's open.—Damn it all, Robbie, there's no time here for wires.

Sound—Footsteps coming up into vestibule, under

Robbie—(Coming on mike) That's what I told him, con, but he knew better.

S.C.C.—Well, close up.

Sound—Platform slammed down. Then sound of frunning footsteps outside—under

Lower 10—(Off mike) Open up! —Open up, you lousy nigger!

Robbie—(With intensity) Go way con.

S.C.C.—Let him go, Robbie.

Robbie—Go 'way con!

Sound—Platforms slams up.

Lower 10—Out of the way porter!

Sound—Running footsteps out, under

Lower 10—Let go, damn you! —(Panicky) Hey!

Sound—Train rumble muted with sound of vestibule door closing—then rumble fades out under

S.C.C.—I got out of there fast. I'd seen all I wanted to see—and more. Big Robbie, hoisting lower ten up the steps like a sack of linen with one hand—and cocking the other black fist, ready to let fly—I raced up through the car, into the day coach.—There was one thing to be thankful for anyway. Bill Rafferty was conductor that day—and Bill knows when to ask questions—and when it pays to be ignorant.

Sound—Muted train rumble, 3 seconds, then continues under dialogue

Rafferty—Hi there, Jack. I was beginning to think you didn't want these tickets.

S.C.C.—(Breathlessly) Hi Bill. —I've been taking it easy.—Just going to check my turn-over now.

(Pause) Tell me, Bill—did you ever hit a passenger?

Rafferty—I couldn't even count how many times. Sometimes I think every crazy drunk in the country rides my train.

S.C.C.—I don't mean that, Bill. I mean did you ever get so damned mad at a passenger that you couldn't help yourself?

Rafferty—Take it easy Jack. You know better than to ask questions like that. And if you're thinking of hitting someone—forget it.

S.C.C.—Don't worry. I'm not thinking of it.

Rafferty—Well don't even think of thinking of it.

S.C.C.—But strictly between us, Bill—have you?

Rafferty—All I'll say is—nobody ever saw me hit a passenger.

S.C.C.—Okay. I don't blame you for playing it close.

Rafferty—In a way, Jack, you've got your answer. I've heard of train crews being caught lashing out—and every time they got the axe. If you're on this job, it means nobody ever saw you hit a

passenger in anger. And if nobody ever saw you, then as far as the world's concerned, you never did.

S.C.C.—All right, so nobody sees you. But supposing somebody says you hit him. And supposing he's got marks to show he's been hit? What happens then?

Rafferty—Well, as a matter of fact, I've heard of cases like that. But nothing ever happens—except a lot of shouting "you did! I didn't!" And after all the arguing, everybody's got a bad taste in their.—One thing sure, the Company doesn't like it to happen.

S.C.C.—Uh huh. So all you've got to do is persuade the other guy that he got hurt in an accident.

Rafferty—Look here, Jack, you are pushing this kind of hard. Like I said before, don't go getting ideas.

Sound—Train rumble up, then muted again with sound of vestibule door closing—continues muted under dialogue.

S.C.C.—Okay, Bill. Forget it.

Rafferty—And you forget it.—Here comes one of your boys.

S.C.C.—Who?—Oh, hello Robbie.

Robbie—I think you better come back con. Looks like I got trouble.

S.C.C.—Sure, Robbie.

Rafferty—What sort of trouble, porter?

Robbie—Well, sir, I couldn't rightly say.

Rafferty—Passenger trouble?

Robbie—Sort of.

Rafferty—Well, what sort?—something lost?—somebody sick?

Robbie—Somebody hurt. I guess you'd say.

Rafferty—Wait a minute, Jack. Are you holding out on me? Anything to do with this long chat we've been having?

S.C.C.—Who's asking questions now, Bill?

Rafferty—Play it your own way. I just like to know what's happening on my train. And if anybody's hurt, remember I've got to have a report.

S.C.C.—If anybody is, you will.—And Bill, on the level, I wasn't trying to get you to cover anything up.

Rafferty—Okay, Jack.

S.C.C.—For that matter, I haven't got anything to cover up. And that's on the level too.—Let's go Robbie.—Where is this trouble of yours?

Sound—Vestibule door opening —Train rumble up for 2 seconds, then muted again with sound of vestibule door closing, continues under dialogue.

Robbie—Smoking room, con.

S.C.C.—Badly hurt?

Robbie—Broken jaw, I think.

S.C.C.—Okay. Now let me handle it. Remember, I don't want a word out of you.

Robbie—(After a pause) In here con.

S.C.C.—Still out cold, eh? You brought him in here by yourself did you, Robbie?

Robbie—That's right. After I saw what . . .

S.C.C.—Okay Robbie. The point is, nobody else was there when you brought him in.

Robbie—Nobody.—But, con. You know what happened. I'm not going to tell any lies about it.

S.C.C.—Look, Robbie. I don't know anything. I didn't see what happened. And I'm not asking you to tell any lies. I'm just asking you not to say anything.—Now,

let's take a look at him.

Lower 10—(Moans slightly)

S.C.C.—He's coming around.—The jaw's broken all right. We'd better put it in a sling until we reach Winnipeg. Go get the first aid box, will you Robbie.

Robbie—(Fades) All right con.

Lower 10—(Moans more loudly)

S.C.C.—Taking notice again, eh? That jaw of yours is sure one hell of a mess.—I don't suppose you feel like talking?

Lower 10—(Moaning) Oh, God.

S.C.C.—That makes it a little hard for me to write a report. Maybe we can manage though. I'll tell the story the way it might have happened and you tell me whether I'm right or wrong.—The trouble is, of course, it could have happened so many ways. It could even be that somebody hit you.

Lower 10—(Starts to moan)

S.C.C.—(Hurriedly) But that would make a heck of a report. Just suppose, since there's just the two of us here—just suppose I had to say that Robbie hit you. But I didn't see it, and there doesn't seem to be anyone who did. I might ask Robbie, of course, and he'd probably give me a straight answer. But I can't go around accusing people of slugging you. And as for Robbie—he's one of the best porters we've got, and as nice a guy as I ever met. I would n't want to make trouble for him.

Lower 10—(Indistinctly) I'm going to make lots . . . (Moans)

S.C.C.—Wait a minute. Look at it from your own angle. If somebody hit you it's going to be an unholly mess. There's always some investigator who asks why. And sometimes it turns out that the guy who got hit was asking for it. That's what you'd be in for—lots of questions, lots of argument, lots of publicity, maybe even a court case. And the Company might decide they're not responsible. So on top of everything, you've got a lot of doctor's bills. Mind you, I'm just saying it might happen that way. I've got no way of knowing.—On the other hand, if it turns out it was an accident—say you fell off balance when the train started. I've known that sort of thing to happen lots of times—all broken bones, cracked ribs, all sorts of crazy things. Then there's no question about damages. Everything's taken care of. So suppose we just . . .

Lower 11—(Coming on mike) What goes on . . . Say, what's the matter with you, chum?

Lower 10—(Moans)

Lower 11—Boy, you sure got in the way of something. What happened?

S.C.C.—I'm just trying to find out now.

Lower 11—Anything I can do?

S.C.C.—Nothing I can think of. You don't know anything about it?

Lower 11—Afraid not. The last I saw of him was when we stopped at Portage. He said something about sending off a wire.

S.C.C.—Let's start from there, then. The trouble is, with that broken jaw it hurts him to talk, so I'm just sort of putting two and two together.—He must have got out to send a wire, and then got caught short when we started up. Jumped on in a hurry . . .

Robbie—(Coming on mike) Here's the first aid box, con.

S.C.C.—Thanks, Robbie.—Now to get this darn thing open.

Sound—Snapping sound as wire seal breaks—creak of box opening.

S.C.C.—Bandage is all we need, I guess.

Lower 11—Let me give you a hand.—So he missed his footing when he jumped on.

S.C.C.—Something like that, it looks like.—That way, he was off balance and got thrown hard against something in the vestibule . . . There, that should do until he gets to a doctor.—Anyway, he was out cold with his jaw smashed when Robbie, the porter here, picked him up in the vestibule and brought him in here. That's right, isn't it Robbie?

Robbie—(Slowly) Well, the last part's right, con, but . . .

S.C.C.—And we're just guessing about the rest.—How about it, mister? Can you vouch for the rest?

Lower 10—(After a pause—) Oh. All right.

S.C.C.—So that's all there is to it.—Well, I've got to go write this up. Robbie, maybe you and this other gentleman could fix him up for the rest of the trip. You might even dig out the heel of that bottle he had last night.

(Fades) I'll look in again.

Lower 11—Tough luck chum. Want me to get that bottle?

Sound—Wheel rumble fades out

S.C.C.—I wasn't worried about lower ten changing his story later. Once the claims agents take over, the whole Company seems to go to work on an accident report, building it up in no time into half a dozen thick files. Changing your story takes a lot of nerve then.—For a while, though, I was a little worried about Robbie. He just didn't like the whole set-up. But in the end he kept his mouth shut, maybe to save my neck.—He's a queer one, though. —I saw him again just before we pulled in. In all the fuss I was almost forgetting the odds and ends of the trip that had to be tidied up.

Sound—Muted wheel rumble—Continues under dialogue.

S.C.C.—Let me have your call card, Robbie. I almost forgot it.

Sound—Rattle of keys, cupboard door opening.

Robbie—Right here, con. Already signed.

Sound—Cupboard door closing with a sharp click

S.C.C.—All set, then. So long for now. See you next trip maybe.

Robbie—I don't know, con. Maybe this is my last trip.

S.C.C.—Don't be so gloomy, boy. There's not going to be any trouble. I'll sick that bird onto the claims agent at Winnipeg with a nice simple accident report. That's all there is to it—no names, no packdrill.

Robbie—Maybe so, con. But blowing up that way and hitting passengers just don't fit my notions. I'm figuring to go home.

S.C.C.—Snap out of it, Robbie. You're not the first one to flatten a passenger—and God knows none of them has needed it more than that one did.—He knows he had it coming too.

Robbie—I'm sort of mixed up, I guess. I've wanted to do it often enough—back home more than up here. But back home where it would have cost me plenty, I never did. Up here I do it for almost no reason, and get away with it.

S.C.C.—What do you mean, "back home"? We're talking about portering, Robbie—up here. And you're as good a porter as there is.

Robbie—Maybe con.—And maybe I'm not talking about portering. I don't know.—Anyway, thanks for what you did for me.

S.C.C.—Forget it, Robbie. And good luck.

Robbie—Thanks for that too.—S.C.C.—(Fades) G'bye for now, Robbie.

Robbie—(After a pause) Sings "Goin' Home"—Fades under.

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CO-EDS VS SATURDAY 8.30 P.

VOL. 71, No. 17

Year Books Show Deficit, Price To \$5.00

Monday night's brought a three year procrastination to motion to abolish as a varsity sport was carried (9-4) council in view of meeting this week. This would perhaps former budget statements have occurred because commitments. The dent did not vote.

A major item of old council, previous ment, was the Year of \$2,487.99. This accumulating over years, but Dick Book Business Manager has been the cause balance the books. A statement of view of increased he also submitted budget of \$1,200, the deficits of former.

The fact that has a deficit of \$500 council from past upon this budget carried, however, price of the Year and limit the number printed to the number subscriptions received, plus fifty a year.

Another motion for the Con, in a deficit, was defeated.

The Finance Committee new council plan the business man's university to discuss confronting them.

The new council all its meetings nights, both for of this term as well. This move will wickan a better S.R.C. activities, students informed representatives and

Dr. D. A. MacLennan To Address

Dr. David A. MacLennan planning to speak body on Wednesday between 12-1 P. Hall. Lectures will this purpose.

Dr. MacLennan, Fredericton as the in the Evangelist is the co-operative United and the churches of this country is the professor and Pastoral Care University Divinity of Boston, Massachusetts and Canada minister of churches. Since with Timothy Church in Toronto largest and best in Canada. He duties in July 1951.

The author of articles, he has of religious publication States and Canada sermons No Coward published in 1949; a preacher's task primer in books were religious lectures.