

# THE FEATURES SHEET

## I'M NOT LICKED YET!

The boy was obviously displeased with the way things were going. His youthful face registered complete disgust. He had been standing in the same spot, in front of the same store, for two hours. Several times he had started to cross the street to where a theatre marquee blazed the title, Love Is My Bread and Butter, but each time he had halted half way across and returned to his original position. He thought that if he waited just a few more minutes someone would come along and give him a lift to the dance being held at Lakeview Pavilion four miles away. Each time, however, he had been disappointed, and now he was thinking idly of going to his room and turning in. "Besides," he said aloud, "it's been a tough day."

He was a stinky boy, about nineteen years of age, who was working in the town during his summer vacation from school. His thin lips and shifty eyes gave him a rather dissipated appearance, but his tanned face and light blond hair suggested many long hours in the sun. He walked with that sort of self-conscious listlessness peculiar to adolescents.

"Jeez, what a way to spend a life, cooped up in the deadeast town in the world; nothing to do and no place to go," he remarked vehemently. Then, realizing that he had been talking out loud, he checked himself lest people think him crazy. "Two weeks and I'm talking to myself already," he thought.

He approached Al's Diner and decided to stop in for a cup of coffee. The big, many colored jukebox at the far end of the diner was being stuffed full of nickels by one of the local "hot-shots" who was in turning towards him, "Hi Eben; what's new and startling?" He was a tall, well-built boy, some years Eben's senior, whose manner bespoke easy living and late hours.

"Oh, hello, Tim. It's sure good to find someone who isn't out dancing, or neckin' with some babe. Those lucky sons o'guns with cars! Jeez, but I wish I could find some excitement."

"You mean you can't find excitement in this town. Why man, this place is loaded with talent. If you know where to go. Say, are you going anywhere in particular right now?"

"None, just heading back to the room for some sleep. I'm a working man you know."

"I know where we might rustle up a babe or two, if you want to be bothered. Of course, I realize that you need your beauty sleep," said Tim, giving him a knowing wink as he rose to pay his check.

Eben rose and followed him out the door. The two walked across the street and got into a flashy, Ford convertible, which Tim indicated as his.

"I didn't know you had your own car," said Eben, "some buggy. Well, now that that's out of here, where to?"

"Wait and see, Ebby, old boy. Tonight you live!" said his newfound friend with an air of gusto. After a five minute ride they stopped before a dilapidated apartment house. Tim led the way into the building and up two flights of well-worn stairs. Eben began to feel a little excited. After all, it wasn't every night that he met a guy with "connections" and "connections" are what Tim apparently had.

"Apartment 4C," said Tim. "Here we are." He knocked once and entered without waiting for an answer from within. As they stepped into a large, crowded room Eben noticed that the condition of the furniture left much to be desired, but the occupants certainly did not. Several couples were dancing to a scratchy rendition of June, while others were seated in various romantic positions, apparently oblivious to the entrance of the two boys.

"You haven't seen anything yet, pal. Just wait until they break out the 'reefers'. You'll get a lift. Ever smoke one Ebby?"

"Reefers!" Eben had heard of them, but he had never had any. He guessed he would try one when the time came. It wasn't often that he got a chance to go to a swanky party like this, and besides, he would be a poor sport if he didn't take one.

"Nope, never have Tim. Gives you quite a kick I understand."

"Yeah, and how! Their's nothing like it," Tim replied triumphantly. As the evening wore on, Eben became quite familiar with Kay and also with her abundant, apparently inexhaustible, liquor supply. Soon he was afloat in a sea of wild excitement, and joined the swirl of things. He danced with Kay several times, and they eventually retired to another room.

When they reappeared, the party had reached its climax, and the guests were looking for other means of excitement. All agreed that it was much too early to go home. Then someone produced a cigarette and lit it up, and soon everyone did the same. They did not look like ordinary cigarettes but were longer and thinner than any Eben had ever seen. Kay brought for the others and gave him one. He looked around for Tim, but he was nowhere in sight. "He must have found a babe and taken off. Anyway, I'll see him tomorrow."

The cigarettes seemed to produce the desired effects for the party grew livelier. Eben's head felt light, and he had the strange feeling that he was taking part in a colossal dream. Key, who was perched on his lap, seemed to be a long way off... farther than he could reach. He was as though he were looking at her through the wrong end of a telescope. He began to laugh... loudly. He rose, oblivious to Kay's protests at being thrown on the floor, and started for the door. He stumbled and fell to his knees, his hands groped wildly in front of him, and the lights went out. Went out, that is, as far as Eben was concerned....

Eben hurried home from work. It was Saturday, and he and Tim were going to another party that night. A party which, Tim had assured him, would be "terrific!" He thought of all the good times he and Tim had had together in the past few weeks. Yes sir, Tim was a real buddy all right. He had even shown Eben where to buy his own "reefers". One of which, he now lighted and inhaled deeply, feeling the rancid smoke grab at his lungs.

At eight-thirty sharp the flashy convertible roared to a stop in front of Eben's boarding house. Tim shouted at an open window for him to hurry up.

"Hold your fire, I'm comin'" was the reply from within. One half hour later they arrived at the now familiar apartment house. People had gathered and the party was already under way. Tonight, however, was to be a special one for Eben. He was to get his first "jolt". A shot of heroin which, when injected in his arm, was guaranteed to produce effects foreign to anything he had known. Tonight he would graduate from a "teashed" to a full-fledged "burner."

He knew of the consequences which could result from the use of too much heroin, but he felt that he would not be in town long enough to develop a habit. It was just something exciting to do, and besides, it would give him some things to tell the boys back at school.

When the evening had grown into early morning, and the party was beginning to drag, Tim produced the "stuff". He handed Eben how to tie his arm and search for the vein, and then push the needle home. The effect was almost instantaneous. Eben's head was cleared of the effects of the liquor he had drunk previously. His eyes became glazed, and he seemed to be a living dummy. He no longer had control of his conscious mind. He was wildly elated and did not know what he was doing. He stood up and began to take off his shirt....

The next day he could not remember all he had done at the party, but Tim assured him that he had acted just like an old "pro". "Oh, by the way Eben. That stuff costs money. If you want any more you will have to shell out."

"Fair enough," said Eben, "but I don't reckon I'll be taking the stuff any more for a while. It does things to you...."

It was a barely recognizable, thin, unshaven wreck of a man which presented itself in Tim's door-way one afternoon several weeks later begging for a shot of "H". "Aw, come on Tim ol' boy. For old times' sake, I need a 'jolt' something desperate. Now don't get the idea I can't lay off, 'cause I can. It's just my nerves that need quieting down... honest."

"Got any money Ebby?" said Tim unsympathetically.

## Writer's Workshop

Over the beach hung a silence like a clear conscience — undisturbed, but for the gentle tapping of the wavelets on the door of sand. A sailboat bobbed on the water, fearful of disturbing the peacefulness. The winds were hushed and overhead, the sky, broken only by a few wisps of cloud, enclosed the picture in a sapphire border.

This was the scene Peter was trying to put on his canvas as he sat at the bottom of a sand dune, hurrying with his strokes in order to catch the very breathlessness of the moment. This would be the painting he would send home; this would be the one with which to prove that his year at Art School had not been a "whim" as his father was wont to say. His parents must be shown that he could paint — that it was there, that it must be recorded, and that he must do the recording. Hurry, hurry, hurry.

A seagull skimmed over his head and perched on the dune. The stillness — that was it. That is what he must capture. Where else in the world is there such a stillness as near the ocean?

Peter's brush flew with sure strokes on the canvas. If only the light would hold. It must hold! This was his one chance and he must make all he could of it. Today he was capable of anything. Hurry, hurry, hurry.

Two more sea-gulls winged by, dipping and gliding with complete assurance. His parents were always nagging at him to "settle down" to some dry, ordinary occupation. But his wasn't the business temperament. How could they understand the moments on such a day as this, when his very body seemed to soar high above the everyday being and his soul virtually took wings. He had to be able to keep up with that soul, and his painting was the way to put all the emotions he experienced on something solid, something that perhaps his parents could understand and approve. Why couldn't they approve of him as he was? He couldn't be like his brother and sisters, cream-puffs of success. Didn't they know what they were

missing in those "model" lives they had created? Henry, his dear brother, his father's pride, was deep in the glorious business of hardware. The fool — has he no sense of beauty in his soul? Amy and Emily, his sisters, were content in their homes and families, feeling no urge to create something unusual, something fascinating. How he hated them all — with their smug self-righteousness. In his own way, he would do as well as they had. He'd show them.

Peter's hands paused a moment, then stopped, as his eyes scanned the sky. The light was changing. He must hurry to finish the painting. Hurry, hurry, hurry. He shut out all thoughts and concentrated on the canvas.

More birds flew by and settled to the ground, until soon the beach was speckled with crouching white bodies. The dune grass began to whisper and sigh as the breeze flirted with it and caressed it, gently at first, then with a more demanding hand. The wavelets broke over their meanderings and started to march on the beach, the van-guard beckoning to the white caps to bring up their artillery. All the while, the sun was retreating as the clouds gathered reinforcements.

Peter worked furiously. There is so much to be done. Please wait — can't you see that I have to finish? Dear God, are even you against me? Hurry, hurry, hurry.

The sand spat in his face as the wind howled derisively about him. The sun bade its last farewell and the dark clouds rolled menacingly onward.

I can't stop now! They'll think they were right. I must finish, I must show them that I can do things too. By now, the fury of the storm was almost upon him. Suddenly, the heavens opened and the rain came down, beating on the boy, whipping his face and numbing something solid, something that perhaps his parents could understand and approve. Why couldn't they approve of him as he was? He couldn't be like his brother and sisters, cream-puffs of success. Didn't they know what they were

the direction from which it came. Eben stared vacantly after it. He wondered how long he had been there. It seemed like eternity since he had had a decent meal. He sat up and looked about him, wondering how he had gotten there. Then he remembered how he had sat in Tim's apartment and waited, and thought. He remembered also how he had left the apartment and started to run down the street, blindly, in any direction, in an effort to elude and shake off the dreadful thing that had taken hold of him in the last few weeks. He had run until his legs would function no more, and then he had turned into the alley to rest.

"I'm not licked yet... I'm not," he wailed, taking his head in his hands. "I'm not. I'll beat this thing if it kills me." He regained some of his old confidence. Then a paralyzing thought occurred to him. What if he could not fight off the terrible desire to have a jolt? What if he had to go back to Tim's and get more stuff? Already he was showing signs of having been too long without a shot. Tim, Tim, Tim, if he ever went back he would be licked. He would never be able to redeem himself again. Yes, the separation would have to be complete.

His desperation led him to his feet and made him run again. Run Eben! Run, Run, Run, and don't stop until you are too far away to find your way back. Run, from Tim, from the frantic world of hypo-needles and pills. Run from all the dirty people who had gotten you into this mess. Run Eben. Run, Run, Run.

His mind was confusion. Every muscle in his body shook until it threatened to come loose. His eyes were wild and he was shouting, "I'm not licked, I'm not..."

There was a great pounding in his ears. A pounding which resolved itself into the sound of his own fists beating frantically against a door panel. "I won't. I won't!" he shouted. "I'm not licked yet."

The door opened and Tim stood before him smiling. "J. D. MacDonald (55)

## Sigma Lambda Beta Rho

BY  
DIOGENES

After a week of deafening silence, we have returned, in case anyone noticed that we had gone. We have noticed that Mount A has conceded that our "letter" was constructed with "discouraging accuracy". Our occasional travelers may accept this as a compliment. Long live "Snowflake" lime.

Dave Jefferson is muttering foul imprecations in his soup these days... Seems he came home late one night and was confronted with a room newly possessed of the following peculiarities: The door fell off at a touch, there was no furniture to be seen, the closet door had vanished, a trail of odds and ends reached from his room to the nearest lavatory where the greater part of his furniture and unmentionables were stored. The perpetrators of this deed were not available at press time and no motives were discovered.

There is still a certain amount of mystery surrounding the incident in the rear wing of the residence. Who are these people? Whoever they are, they must be avid LIFE readers. The bell tower is now pretty definitely out of bounds. The recently installed booby trap is reputedly guaranteed to slay a man at forty paces. Foresters will have to go back to hollow logs.

Dick Hobart had a party for himself last Tuesday. The occasion was a birthday. He lubricated the third floor so well that when the time came, there was no one left to throw him into the pool. Our Marilyn (of Rm. 201) is now sojourning at Rm. 302. She is protected by a windshield of broom-proof glass and we hope continued close scrutiny will determine whether it's lipstick or just one of those things.

## Portrait Personalities



**DESMOND PACEY**  
Fredericton (UNB) — Professor Desmond Pacey, Head of the English Department at the University of New Brunswick, halls from Dunedin, New Zealand where he was born on May 1st, 1917. His father, an engineer, was killed in action with the New Zealand Expeditionary force in France in 1918. Dr. Pacey spent the years 1924-1931 at school in England before coming to Canada to live on a farm in Ontario. In Canada he attended Caledonia High School for three years, and in 1934 entered

Victoria College in Toronto. While at Victoria he took part in debating, dramatics and soccer-football, and was also editor of the college magazine. Upon graduation in 1938, he was awarded three gold medals and a Massey Traveling Fellowship, by the aid of which he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1941 he was awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Turning to teaching, he was professor of English in Brandon College for four years and since 1944 has been head of the Department of English at the University of New Brunswick. He is the author of a critical biography of the Canadian novelist, Frederick Philip Grove, and the editor of "A Book of Canadian Short Stories." Recently he has achieved some fame through the publication of two books of children's tales, "The Cow With The Musical Moo," and its companion volume, "Hippity Hobo and the Bee," the latter appearing at the time of Children's Book Week in Canada. On the more serious side again, Dr. Pacey is also the author of "Creative Writing in Canada," one of the few comprehensive studies of its kind to appear in Canada in recent years.

FOR YOUR  
*Kitten Collection*

Soft cashmere-treated Lambswool... full-fashioned... hand-finished... shrink-proof... moth-proof. \$6.95, \$7.95, \$8.95. Jewelled and others higher. At good shops everywhere.

**IMPERIAL RESTAURANT**  
Fine Food  
Courteous Service  
Phone 7381 — 73 Carleton St.

**ROSS DRUG Co., Ltd.**  
Operating  
ROSS DRUG—UNITED STORES  
402 Queen St. Phone 4451  
602 Queen St. Phone 3142  
361 Regent St. Phone 4311  
**RELIABLE**  
**PRESCRIPTIONS**

**EDS**  
**ION**  
**Week**  
**School**

Tuesday evening the production, The Chiltern School Auditorium.

medy, which was both about three years Ford Lister, who "takes only son turns from er gives up domestic seat on a conservative

cean's "The Internal at Acadia University. nnn, Mrs. Williams, and son-Sandbach are new-stage.

was designed this sum-actor Shaw, who made le model and blueprints. crew, who are Luke andra Wilson, Knobby uiline Saunders, Bill da Mair and Beth Cat-George Watson as Stage have been sawing and and painting in the workshop for the last is constructing a 12 foot 5 foot long copy of the

actor Shaw says that are going well, and the be one of the best the s staged.

arr and Greg Hater are to lighting problems, dene moonlight on an rden.

w will be staged in the school auditorium, and the first play ever pre. The fifty-foot stage ut to a more suitable feet, and the seating ed accordingly.

are selling for 50 cents 75 cents reserved. The seats are all in the bal-

the first act features, in ene, June Farrell (Oneta in SHORTS, an un-ow of the stage should demand by UNB types.

spring's major production old friends but virtue orge Watson. This year Hundreds".

COLATE