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DALHOUSIE Gazette

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE PAPER

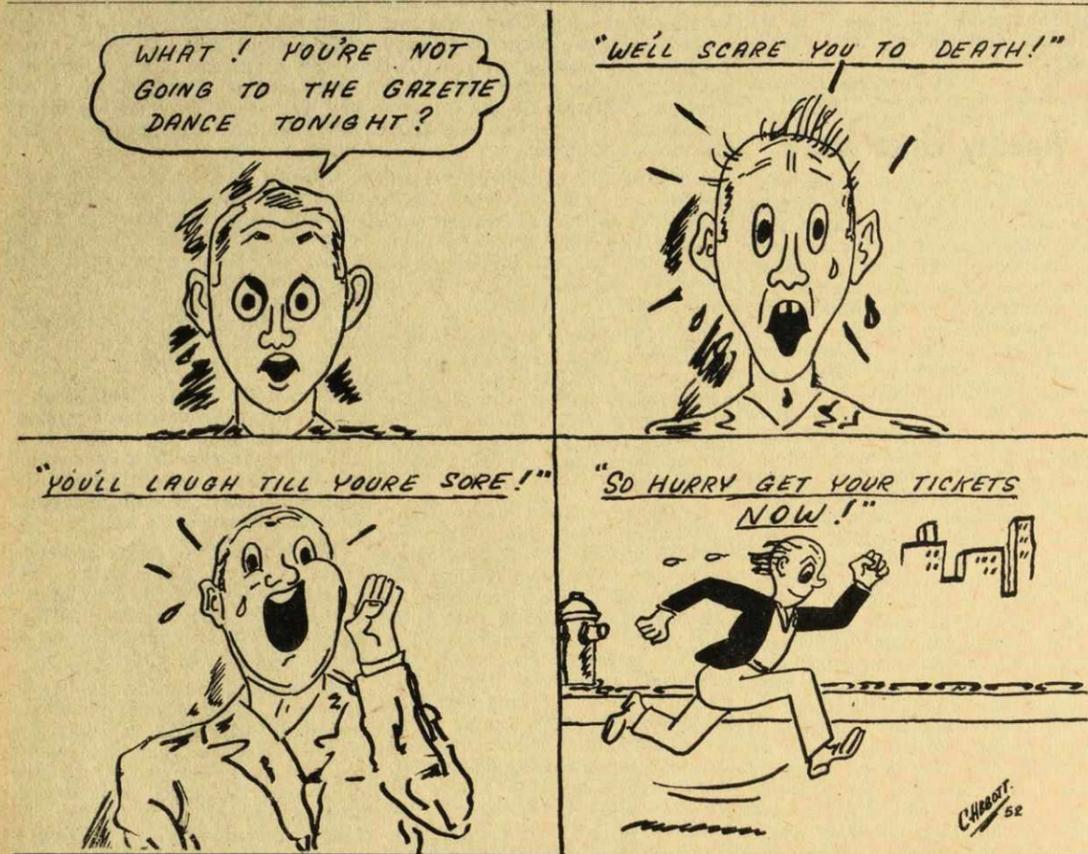
HEAP BIG
FUN AT
THE
GAZETTE
MASQUERADE

Vol. LXXXV

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1952

No. 10

FORUM REVEALS LAVALS METHODS



N.F.C.U.S. Delegates Explain Position At Student Forum

The first Student Forum of the session ended Tuesday after a two-hour discussion on the NFCUS question, in what proved to be the most heated Forum seen in recent meetings.

Inter-Varsity Drama Dates

The chairman of the Inter-University Drama Festival Committee, Mr. J. F. Farmer, president of the King's College Glee and Dramatic Society announced today the final dates of this year's Inter-University Drama Festival. The four universities participating will begin their tour before a Mt. A. audience in Sackville, Thursday, November 6, Friday, November 7 the group will perform in Wolfville, and Saturday night, November 8 they will bring the curtain down on their concluding performance here in Halifax, at the Dalhousie gym.

This year's 'evening of University Drama' will bring to the local audience a wide variety of above average entertainment. The Dal group will stage 'Fantasy on an Empty Stage' by Edwin Peeples, an effective fantasy revealing the inner workings of a playwright's mind. The King's Society, running true to form will present Percival Wilde's 'The Finger of God.' A tense, dramatic incident of probably the most critical hour of a man's life. The Mount Allison Players will perform in Susan Glaspell's light comedy, 'Suppressed Desire'. Acadia's Dramatic Fraternity will present Shaw's 'How He Lied to Her Husband', a satiric dialogue over a thrilling affair of the heart.

There will be no broadcast sponsored by the Dalhousie Radio Committee over any of the local radio stations this week-end, it was announced this morning.

George Kerr, President of the Student Council, opened the meeting by introducing Dave Snow, the NFCUS Chairman. After telling of the good reception which the delegates received at Quebec and Laval University, Mr. Snow stated that the "Dalhousie stand was misinterpreted by the Press" as they did not stress the fact that Dalhousie was forced to choose between the unity of NFCUS and the Russian Exchange question.

Previous to the Exchange issue the delegates attended two committees on Mandates and International Affairs Commission. Following this NFCUS decided that they would concentrate their time and effort on a few important projects.

Throughout Dr. Sidney Wax's discussion in which he pointed out the pros and cons of the Student Exchange, the Dalhousie representatives were continually supporting the Russian issue as was voted by the students in the referendum last spring. It was then that the University of Manitoba put the resolution before plenary session that "this conference approves of the Russian Exchange question provided that the unity of NFCUS is not threatened", and Laval and Ottawa threatened to leave the organization. The various representatives were then given only five minutes to think over their position and when the session was resumed seven universities which had previously been in favor of the Exchange returned with a revised opinion. Dalhousie voted in favor of unity.

At the Forum Jack Fairweather, a medical student, put forth the motion that Dalhousie should withdraw its support from NFCUS and a referendum to this effect will be held on the Campus within the next two weeks.

Osgoode Hall Announces New Regulations for Grads

The Law Society of Upper Canada has announced great changes in the regulations governing the transfer of lawyers from one province to another.

Simultaneously it was announced by the society that graduates of law schools anywhere in Canada will be called to the Bar in Ontario after completing the third and fourth years of the Osgoode Hall Law School course. This move was taken at the request of Dean Horace Read of Dalhousie Law School at Halifax, who suggested that graduates of the Halifax school receive these privileges, which are the same as those given graduates of the Toronto law school. The Ontario body urged the law societies of the other Canadian Provinces to meet immediately to approve these proposals:

1. The abolition of the special call fee required when a member of the bar of one Province wishes to practice in another province. This fee reaches \$1,500.00 in some provinces.

2. That lawyers wishing to plead a case in another province may do so without paying a call fee.

In referring to this Dr. Park Jamieson of Sarnia, Ontario, chairman of the Law Society's committee on uniform standards of admission to the Bar, recalled the case of John Diefenbaker, required to pay a fee of \$1,500 in British Columbia to plead a case there.

3. That a lawyer, having practised for three years or more in one province, should be admitted to the Bar in any other province provided he passes an examination in statutes and court procedure in that province and pays a fee of \$250 plus the normal call fee charged graduating students.

Previously graduates of law schools outside Ontario had to be called to the Bar in their home provinces before they could be called to the Ontario Bar. Now this requirement has been abolished.

The society also announced that

Dal Night School Rates Highest

Students attending night school courses, given by the Society of Industrial and Cost Accountants of Canada in co-operation with Dalhousie University during the academic year 1951-52 obtained the highest percentage of passes in Canada, Dalhousie's Commerce Department has been advised. This was the second successive year in which the Halifax group attained the highest percentage.

In a letter to Professor R. Stanley Cumming, Head of the Commerce Department, J. N. Allan, Secretary-Manager of the society, reports that 78 percent of the examinations written by students who received their instruction at Dalhousie received a pass mark. This represents the highest percent of all papers written at any of the 19 universities giving lecture classes for the society.

The society's courses were instituted at Dalhousie two years ago when instruction was offered in the first-year course; second-year instruction was added last year; and third year courses are included in the instruction now underway at Dalhousie for the current fall and winter term.

Professor Wilfred Berman of Dalhousie is lecturer in first and third year Accounting. W. L. Child, treasurer, Nova Scotia Light and Power Company, is lecturer in second year Accounting. Gordon S. Cowan, Q.C., lectures in Industrial Legislation for second-year students. August DeBard, City Manager, lectures in Industrial Organization and Management for third year students, and Professor H. H. Heaps in Business Mathematics for the first year.

The examinations are prepared and marked by the society. Thus students from all parts of Canada compete on a common basis.

Sodales Sponsor Forum Debate

There is to be a student forum on the subject of the forthcoming referendum on the question of Dalhousie's participation in N.F.C.U.S. It will take the form of a debate, sponsored by Sodales, on the resolution: "Resolved that Dalhousie should withdraw from N.F.C.U.S." Two speakers will debate each side of the question, and there will be an opportunity for questions and discussion. The forum is to be held on Thursday, November 6th, at 12.00 noon in the gym. The debate is called

Cyr Lauds Meds And Dents

Dear Sir,
Three cheers for the Meds and Dents. If their interest shown in last Tuesday's Student Forum is symbolic of a new trend in students affairs on the Dal campus may their enthusiasm never wane. May they turn out in even greater numbers to assist in solving the problems that confront the Dal Student body. For it is with spirit such as they have exemplified that student apathy will be a thing of the past and the four blocks separating Forrest and Studley will be just what it is and not a division between hostile camps.

However, Mr. Editor, along with congratulations the writer feels obliged to issue a note of caution. I sincerely hope that Dalhousie will not withdraw from the National Federation of Canadian University Students for the following reasons:

1. If we do withdraw it will be a tacit acceptance of the views expressed by two NFCUS delegations (Laval and Ottawa) at the recent conference held in Quebec. The threatened disunity caused by the dangerous methods that these two delegations used to sway the vote at the conference will have become a reality or at least the

greater understanding of the points of view of other universities, establishment of a Canadian University Press, a recognized student representative organization to the Federal Government.

3. The chance of success of the Federation's future projects such as Government assistance for worthy students, reduction of the price of text books and many others will be greatly diminished by the withdrawal of the leading Maritime University.

Yours sincerely,
Roger Cyr.

Pre-Meds Hold First Meet

The first meeting of the Pre-Med Society for the 1952-53 term was held on Monday, October 20. The meeting was purely for the purpose of organization. Bill MacPherson, last year's president, was re-elected and the election of the other officers resulted as follows: Vice-President, Laura Simon; Secretary, Joan Cahill; Treasurer, Don Louder; Publicity Commit-

"Fantasy On An Empty Stage"

The Dalhousie Glee and Dramatic Society will present "Fantasy on an Empty Stage" by Edwin Peeples in the Maritime Inter-University Drama Festival. The play is something new as far as previous performances of the Glee Club are concerned. It is a fantasy showing how the mind of the playwright works, and it is this sort of a play that demands the most of the actors and the director. The lighting is an intricate part of the production, and the special effects produced by the electric eye on the stage add greatly to the play.

Dr. Guy, assisted by Pat Fownes, is directing David Peel and Nancy Wickwire in the lead parts. The competent actors who are supporting them are John Nichols, Ed Rubin, Hugh Latimer, and John Sinclair. The play is progressing favourably, and when the Glee Club takes to the road next Thursday, we feel that Dalhousie will be well represented.

S. M. C.

Dr. W. L. Archibald will open a new series of S.C.M. talks on

DALHOUSIE Gazette

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE NEWSPAPER

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A Coincidence

Was it just a coincidence that the Russians wired their willingness to participate in the exchange of university tours, just when the discussion was at its peak? Was there some sympathetic observer in this country who had the power to persuade the Russian student organization to send their telegram with such perfect timing? It seems rather strange that after a full year of refusing to reply to NFCUS correspondence regarding the now defunct tour, the Russians should submit their reply during the recent Canadian students' conference.

Russian-Canadian Student Exchange

From Montreal Star

The National Federation of Canadian University Students did the sober, prudent thing when it rejected a proposal for a Soviet-Canadian student exchange program. A majority of the delegates decided the scheme was not worth a threatened walk-out by such institutions as Laval, Dalhousie and Ottawa, and moderate views prevailed. The typical, sensible Canadian spirit of compromise was in action.

We can understand the eagerness of many students to try and find out for themselves what the Russian student was like, and what life in the Soviet Union was like. Some of them might regard this a good gesture of friendship. We can appreciate any campus feeling which regards advice from elders as being of the rather fuddy-duddy variety. If students were not like that, college life would be pretty dull. But we can't help feeling too that the supporters of the exchange hardly took into full account the way in which Soviet propaganda agencies, domestic and foreign, would use the occasion.

To begin with, the Canadians returning from Russia would have full liberty to tell all in this country. As the Russians would see to it that all the visitors saw and heard was favorable and good, the accounts of their experiences would be of valuable propaganda for the Russians. The Russian students, on their return, would not have this freedom. They would either be mute or they would be given a line to peddle, or, alternately, the Russian authorities would see to it that the students they sent here would be "regular".

In other words, we would be opening a new door to Russian propaganda here, while the avenues into the minds of the Russians would be kept closed. There would be just the old one-way street.

As to the gesture of good-will, we should draw a clear line between being men of good will and mere suckers. The day may come when there will be real Soviet-Canadian friendship. In our free society that friendship can start at the bottom. In Russia it must start only from the top. There is no sign yet that top Russian circles want friendship at all. They do, however, welcome help given by suckers.

The phrase of Mr. Duplessis on the subject contains the wisdom needed. "I would never trade a Canadian for a Russian," he remarked. This, under present circumstances, sums it up.

Why Not Read the Rag

At the recent student forum a reference was made to the "trash" on pages two and three of the Gazette. We sincerely hope that the speaker accused in a misguided moment.

Maybe "trash" is published on the Feature pages. But isn't that a result of the very student apathy that was deplored? We advertise for reporters, for stories, for articles—but the response is almost negligible. The work falls on the shoulders of the editors and a few reporters. How can they be expected to fill sixty-four inches of space twice weekly?

Also was the speaker sure of what he said? Does he even bother to read the Feature pages? Often there is good material published, which is never even scanned by the average reader, who devours pages one and four, then throws the paper away.

If the student body wants to brighten up the feature page, by all means let them contribute some material. But please do not criticize destructively and ignorantly!!

Features Editors.

Apathy Once More

It is a known fact around the Dalhousie campus this fall that the students are not supporting the Gymnasium dances on Friday nights. There have been several complaints about this matter but the attendance at the dances has not changed.

Last year there were many complaints about not having dances on Friday night. This year the various organizations have each arranged to sponsor a Friday night dance. Are we so encumbered with homework that we can not find time for social activities? We do not think so. Are the male students socially inclined to be somewhat bashful about such delicate matters as asking a girl to a dance or are these dances a financial burden on their purses.

Many complaints have been heard around the campus concerning this matter and I would like to say that the greatest complaint of all is that the girls are not being asked to the dances. Some boys seem to think it is a burden on them to dance with one girl for a whole night. Others feel they do not know enough girls and still others feel that the dances should be a Social Gathering where they can dance with different girls. Some girls feel too proud to come to a dance stag, but a great many say they would go stag if it were an accepted practise of the girls on the campus.

The committees of the various organizations are using their time, talents and efforts to make these DALHOUSIE dances enjoyable for ALL, so we hope the students on this campus will appreciate this fact and come to the dances where you will have a wonderful time whether you come STAG or DRAG.

CLIPPINGS

From Coast to Coast

Football teams and NFCUS (running poor second) have left little space for articles of interest (sic) in university papers lately. Now that every student on every Canadian campus has blown his top because he wanted to be visited by a group of Russian students, or did not, or wanted to visit Russia himself, things will once more return to their normal complacent pre-blow-up state. Attention will again in college papers be focused on the torture of freshmen, involved inquiries into the sex-life of the gnu (not to be confused with a Nue, which is not an extinct animal, but a very live one found in a place termed by Americans Pig-Alley) and such incursions in the realm of fantasy. I spare you what I read in CUP about Ye Olde Schule Spirite or Charles Mattress being elected president of the local Alcoholics Unanimous Chapter.

Let's get it over with: Again the only news we have of Acadia University is that it is still there.

University of Manitoba celebrates now its 75th birthday. St. Michael's College of Toronto, its centenary.

The Georgian, of Sir George Williams in Montreal says in reference to NFCUS that the tail has been wagging the dog for some time. Bill informs me the dog refers to Canadian students and the appendage to their representatives.

Le Quartier Latin quotes Maurice Sauve, the man who put NFCUS on its feet a good many years ago: "I have the firm conviction that NFCUS has been all together on the wrong path these last years." The Montreal paper has not repeated its savage and unethical attack on Laval's Le Carabin. It is difficult to understand the Quartier Latin. They are one minute violently abusive, the next exceptionally childish. To them everything is a joke: their university, president, city. To me, Le Quartier Latin is a big joke.

New regulations at Manitoba U. now outlaw hitch-hiking on the campus. What with crops this year, we thought students out West all sported new roadsters.

While Queen's in Kingston boasts television in its Union building, Carleton College of Ottawa proudly displays a university

charter granted recently by Ontario Provincial legislature.

The Argosy of Mt. A. in Sackville published recently the list and addresses of all (female) undergraduates. Copies may be purchased from Robert Coates of Law II.

The McGill Daily refers to unity within NFCUS as "paper unity". No doubt a sound bit of observation.

In London, Rawhide, alias Max Ferguson and onetime resident of Halifax, now with CBC Toronto, was featured as m.c. on Western's latest show. Also in London, The Gazette welcomed Toronto students in town for a football game: "We'll fight them in the streets, in the trash cans, in the incinerators and on the grid-iron. All hail Toronto." Give me my black-jack, mother, I'm going to the game.

Queen's apart from television, owns and operates its own radio station. Also way down in Kingston there are tears of lament, because the Boyd gang, invited to attend a formal dance, has regrettably declined. Alonzo is said to have stated: "There is no other place I would rather be on the evening of the 15th!"

The McGill Daily published a guide reviewing campus organizations. Sample: The COTC is a philanthropic organization devoted to the cause of relieving the misery of South Korean and other oriental peasants.

The laugh of the week however, comes from Alabama where the (male) students of the Polytechnic Institute of Auburn were getting a new insight into the make-up of the female of the species.

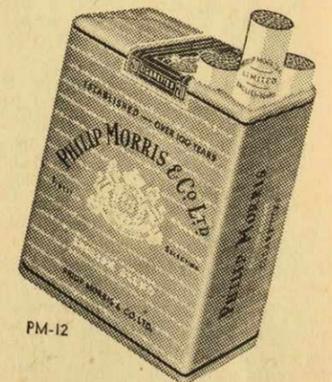
One-way vision windows in the five new girls' dormitories were installed backwards so that the co-eds couldn't see out, but anyone outside could see in. Until the discovery, the girls had bathed, dressed and gossiped behind the fancy frosted windows, assuming that no one could see them.

Well, since Bill threatens to shoot me if I say any more, I think that will close our glimpse at Canadian campi for this week.

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Saturday Night Small Town

By A. R. D.

Avoiding his own eyes in the small, spotted mirror, the boy slicked back his hair with a wet comb, jerked the cuffs of a too-bright blue suit down over bony wrists, and stepped out into the night. Although the truck stood waiting, the boy paused to drink in a heavy draught of the chill, autumn air with its message of approaching frost. It was like taking a big bite from a crisp, green apple, sharp and intoxicating. Climbing into the driver's seat beside his mother and small, excited sister, Junie, he backed down the rutted lane to the highway.

The town was lighted by a gaiety it revealed only once a week. Passing the square which contained the memorial to World War I's dead, the boy drew into the curb behind a wagon, where a small, coloured boy sat swinging his legs reflectively. His mother and Junie hurried happily off in search of dress goods, groceries, and gossip. After gazing disinterestedly in the window of Hogan's Dress Shoppe, where amid musty crepe flowers, flat, two-dimensional dummies, smiled with bright, painted indifference, the boy dodged across to the dingy bus station, where a group of young men his own age lounged carelessly about the entrance. They greeted him with enthusiasm, trading news and jokes, and postling one another good-humouredly.

A trio of girls approached, skirts high on their legs, lipstick, a crimson smear across their aware young faces. Their voices were raised in loud, self-conscious conversation as they passed their silent and grinning audience. A long, appreciative whistle drew a high giggle and a backward glance from the tallest of the three, a big-boned, freckled blonde, whose bright hair escaped from her bandanna.

Snickering, one of the youths nudged his nearest companion. "Daddy, buy me one of those!", he remarked loudly and not very originally, and the boy's laugh was boisterous and awkward. Ears burning, he moved away from the group with a muttered farewell.

A stocky, pimpled youth called after him, "Hey, Bill, going over to the dance?", in reply to which he flung back over his shoulder a noncommittal, "I dunno. Maybe."

Hands thrust deep in his pockets and head down, he strolled past the town's only theatre, the Bijou, which everyone pronounced "Bye Joe", and Davidson's Hardware, where a hand-printed sign proclaimed in slightly shaky red letters a plowing match. From a

partly opened door drifted the low, melancholy voice of a woman in the ageless, haunting words of an old song. His steps slowed and a poignant yet indefinable longing rose within him.

The winds of March that made my heart a dancer,
A telephone that rings but who's to answer?
O how the ghost of you clings.

With an eager reluctance, he crossed to the next block and entered the dance hall to join the crowd of pushing onlookers, composed mainly of the same young men who had been there last week and would be there next, who came to dance and remained to watch. This to the secret irritation of the girls, who wooed them with quick, sly glances or open, inviting smiles.

Over shoulders, he saw HER, head back, eyes smiling into those of her partner. Then the piece was over and she was alone. Thrusting down the familiar panic which threatened to engulf him, he made his way through the throng until she stood before her, and with a face suddenly stern, asked "Dance?" The welcoming smile she turned to him slipped a bit as she saw Bill and explained that Jed would be "back in a sec with cokes." With a foolish grin and a stuttered, "Uh—thanks. Uh—", the boy backed away, colliding violently with a chair. Her laugh followed him all the way back along the main street through the gay shoppers, and into the truck.

"Look Bill, my new dolly. Isn't she pretty? Look Bill!", piped Junie's childish voice as she held out the toy insistently for her big brother's inspection. Violently he turned and shouted, "Shut up! Can't you see I'm driving. Shut up!" In sudden fright, Junie began to cry.

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My End Is Run

Editor's Note: A very clever satire reached our desk this week which we thought would be of interest to our readers. This re-printed take-off on Mickey Spillane appeared in the Wisconsin "Octopus" and was written by Merl Edelman.

A bell woke me. I smashed the alarm clock and put three slugs in the front door before I realized it was the phone. I lit a cigarette and made my way to the next room, cursing every ring that shot through my throbbing head in rhythmic reminder of the night before. I picked up the receiver.

"It's 10 a.m. Good morning," a feminine voice purred. I cursed her and hung up. A cat meowed. I picked it up by the tail, walked to the window and watched it spiral to the ground eight floors below. A rat behind me sighed with relief, and I crushed it with my heel. Then I put my shoes and socks on.

Just like the cluttered streets outside. Rancid with the smell of too many people, this room, too, was a stinking jungle. It would ask no quarter, give none.

"What are you gonna do with me?" she said.

She Was There

I spun around. She was smiling, her unpainted lips full and moist, parted just enough to reveal the even pearls beneath. Her eyes were not eyes at all as they grabbed my soul and begged me to become a wild panting beast, an animal to shout to all the forest that here was my mate, and he that doubted would soon be roasting over a spit. Her flawless hips, her ankles and her throat! If she had less on she'd have been under ether.

I rolled my lips back over my teeth. Most people shuddered when I did that. I was ugly. There were no mirrors in the room. I hated the sight of me.

"You're cute," she said. I took a swig from the office bottle. It was flat. I cursed and brushed the ink from my teeth, still looking at her.

"Barry de Korpses, detective, aren't you?" she cooed.

I slapped her across the face and threw my coat around her. She laughed and lit up a spud, then blew smoke in my face. I coughed and spit blood on the floor, still looking at her.

"Someone's following me," she said. I want you to kill him."

I slapped her again and she giggled. I wasn't a murderer, I told myself. But I knew I'd do it. I knew that once I saw the guy I'd get the urge and then... I told her to beat it but she knew she had me. She gave me a check. There was a sound in the hall. The door opened. He was slimy from head to foot, fat and sneering. He had a gun and he had a look on his face that said it was

too bad that an innocent sucker like me had to die along with her, but he'd enjoy it anyhow. He laughed.

Before he realized I'd ever seen a gun, my .38 was in my hand. His trigger finger moved, but it was ten feet away from him and heavy. He looked down at it. I shot off his kneecaps so he could have a better look, gave him just enough time to know he'd figured me wrong and blew his face off.

She Lit a Spud

The woman took a long drag on her Spud.

"You slob," she chided. "Shut up," I told her. "You walk in and I kill a guy." I grabbed her by the throat.

"Who was he?" I demanded. "What did he want?"

"Don't think too harshly of brother Phil. He's really quite mild. It's just that he found out I murdered mother and stole his share of the inheritance." I crushed the shot glass in my fist. "My name's Laura Morris," she said in a suddenly small voice.

She was too fine a woman for me. Defending a scheming rat who'dav soon see her dead, just because he was her brother.

"That mess on the floor has a twin," she said. "He's the brains, I have a date with him tonight. It was the only way I could think of to put him where you could take care of things."

"At your apartment?" I asked, taking down her address and sensing the kill.

"Yes," she sighed, knowing I'd be there and it would soon be over. Then she left.

It was my last 50 cents, but I threw it on the bar and gulped down the jigger of Scotch. I threw the glass through the bar mirror and left. I was loaded and I loved it. I wanted to kill him. I wanted to bare his guts and play a tune on them with a knife. I leaned against a street lamp.

Right know he was probably running his filthy hands over Laura. I wanted to cut holes in his soles with a can opener and put hook worm larvae in the wounds. A blind woman sang "Rock of Ages" as she waved her tin cup. I slapped her across the face and pocketed the coins.

I couldn't stand it. I had no business letting Laura go through with it. I hailed a cab, told the driver an address a block from her apartment.

"Let you go for five bucks," the hack said when we stopped.

I grabbed him by the throat and, swaying to the irregular sound of the idling motor, I dragged him outside, opened the hood and fed him into the fan until his shoes crashed through a nearby window.

I went up the fire escape to the

roof of her apartment building. The skylight led to her kitchen. I quietly lowered myself in. Through the crack in the closed door I could see him slobbering his greasy lips over her as she calmly puffed a Spud, waiting for me.

She Puffed a Spud

I took a Thompson sub from the broom closet and walked in behind them. He heard me and spun around. I took his head off just above the collar.

She blew a smoke ring. "Must you always be so sloppy?" she laughed. "C'mere."

I threw the Thompson down and pulled her to me. There was a scream. It was me. The Spud was still in her mouth when I kissed her.

Then a guy walked in. It was her kid brother from Apesite U. He was young and big and had a small strip of tape on one cheek. He was wearing a dark blue sport coat, gray pants, white shirt, and maroon bow tie, a Tartan jerkin and white bucks. Around his neck he wore a yellow ribbon.

"Who are you?" I asked him anyway.

"Zeta Beta Tau," he said with a sneer as he chewed his pipe and ran a hand casually along his blond crew cut.

"So what?" I snarled, uninterested in the gambling feats of his ancestors. But not wishing to disturb the already messy floor, I restrained myself.

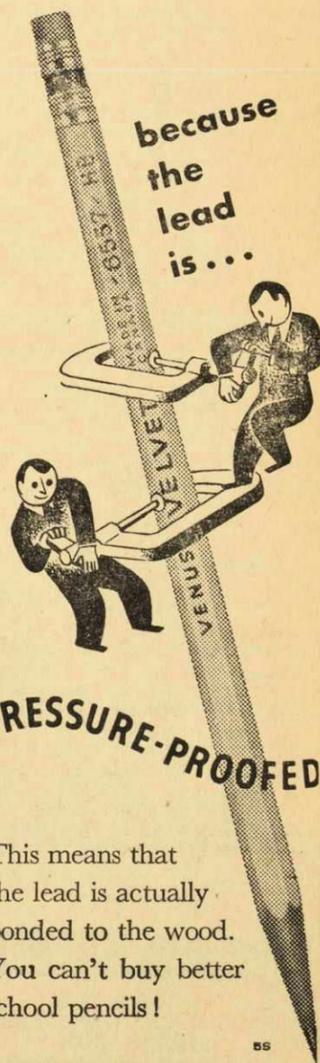
"See that tower over there, Bud?" I said, pointing out the window.

He walked over and leaned out. One swift kick did it.

Before I went home I gave Laura back the check and promised myself to see more of her.

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