

DAY P. M.



A BALCH

...hails from Fred-
School where she
ing part in all activi-
the ski club has
undertaking. Cyn-
by acclamation as
surer.

REFERENCE

(from page one)
Committee of Queens
the convention and
for much of its suc-
gates and observers
h the hospitality ex-
by Queens and King-
entertained at af-
Principal Wallace on
of the convention.
y were guests at a
Owens Alma Mater
Canadian Legion.
g all delegates were
ny Officer's Mss.
ts of the Conference
the next meeting of
by the local de-
to hoped to inform
rans of pertinent
ut at the conference
imms of the Bruns-

ervative government
one on the campus
ind out more about
ment or desires to sit
or any party can get
ormation from Harold
ident of the debating



Friday, January 14, 1949

By LAURIE SOLOMON

The Student's Tragedy

There is a wierd looking character around town just now. He only appears at night, and then only during the small wee hours. In fact, just to look at him you would think the police would put him in jail. Oh no he's not disreputable at all, though his hat is usually a little floppy, and he may or may not wear a tie - both good qualifications for a cool clean comfortable bed at the government's expense - what marks him out from the ordinary is that he seems to dance along, his feet shimmering in a funny sort of way and he is usually bowed down under a pretty heavy load. Occasionally he mutters in a conspiratory tone of voice.

"Aha!" I hear you explain, "a Red! I have always been suspicious of them. Perhaps they are not red, but they are pink, and what is a difference of shade? We all know that politicians are crooked, so though they seem straightforward, we know that there must be something behind it, and I bet it is Moscow! This chap here is a spy!"

Well, you may be right. Personally, I didn't ask him. Hate to be rude, you know. Anyway, I kept an eye on him, because I knew that while our stalwart handsome police look very pretty, are very good at hauling in girls who ride their bicycles two abreast on the street, and perhaps, with great effort, can catch the dangerous Milk Bottle Thieves, it would be simply a shame to ask them to risk their beautiful complexions in catching real robbers or spies.

So I took my wife along for protection and did a little tracking one night. We watched him stroll past the house about two o'clock one fine morning and hurriedly got on our coats and slipped out. It proved an exciting chase. He walked down Brunswick and up St. John. Dangerous area this. We shrank into the nearest doorway and our hearts sank when we heard the spine chilling sound of chink! as our feet jostled the milk bottles on the door step. They had money in them, too, and that is what made them so dangerous. Quickly we stepped out and slipped around the corner into George, glancing fearfully over our shoulders. No police yet. We felt sure that that magic sound would bring them running. Must be sleeping again.

Our quarry was just crossing Regent, and he turned toward the tracks. As he crossed under the lamp we thought we saw his mouth moving, and a faint breeze brought a whisper down the silent night.

As he disappeared up Regent and the gathering shadows closed him in, his feet began to twinkle in that weird dance. Eagerly we passed on, and forgetting to take precautions at the corner, rounded it in full tilt.

There were two loud gasps and one feminine shriek. All three sat down heavily on the sidewalk and our Spy's load uttered an alarming 'clank' as it struck. Then the spy from Moscow broke down and cried.

There was an awkward silence. I was already to say "Dreadfully sorry, Old Man," and stroll off to let him get over it, but my wife decided to become even more feminine. I stood and watched the spectacle disapprovingly until the Spy's eyes were dried with my best linen handkerchief. Then I broke in.

"I say, I say, you know what? That's hardly the thing, really! Hasn't he got his own handkerchief."

My wife ignored me. I must say, I did sound rather plaintive. She scented tragedy, and was on the trail like a greyhound after a rabbit.

I sat on the nearest doorstep, disregarding the outraged cries of the milk bottles. My wife and the Spy dragged themselves off the ground and sat beside me. His feet emitted a faint radiance.

I looked at his haggard face. "What you need is a good stiff drink," I said practically, "let's all go home."

The Spy looked at his wrist watch. "Oh no," he said, "I can't. I really can't. Only ten minutes left. Oh, my goodness, I must get home. My wife will be worried stiff. Oh, my goodness." He sounded exactly like the White Rabbit in Alice in Wonderland.

"Then well go with you" said my wife.

"Oh, I say, it might be a trap what?" I murmured in alarm.

She looked at me. "You d-umb fool!" she said, and I gaped.

"Come on" said the Spy, "we can just make it." He got up and walked rapidly up the street and turned across town. We followed, and all three of us were panting by the time he stopped. Opening the door, he went in, us two at his heels. Stairs and more stairs, and finally we reached a small apartment on the top floor. A tousled blonde head opened the door. Our Spy tramped in and without ceremony dumped his load on the floor. A metal rod gleamed in the light and a similar arrangement stood on a table in the corner. A pair of earphones were hung over a chair.

"You are just in time," said the blonde, and looked at us. I introduced myself and my wife. "This is Mary," said the Spy, mechanically. He took off his coat and a red blazer showed underneath. His face looked vaguely familiar. "Well I'll be damed" I said. "You are." "That is right," he said. We shook hands.

We sank into the couch and my wife said, "We ran into your husband round a corner down town."

"And the set broke" he said.

"Just a moment, I'll get coffee," Mary disappeared. "How embarrassing!" floated from the next room.

We drank coffee and talked of nothing in particular for a while. Then there was a little silence. I looked at my wife, and she looked at me. "Well..." we said together.

"I know what you mean," said Mary, the Spy's wife. "Here goes."

You see, after that business at the end of last term, I decided to do something." She looked quite fierce, and I was glad that I was not the cause. I should hate her to be fierce at me. The thought gave me the shivers. The Spy looked fondly at her.

"Jack here, often goes out at night for a breath of air after studying and if you think that I am going to stay here and worry myself stiff." I hastened to assure her that I thought nothing of the kind. She glared at me. Quite a person, quite.

"Well you see," she looked embarrassed, "I took precautions - I know they are going to sound silly." she giggled, "I painted the soles of his shoes with luminous paint."

"Oh, I said, 'We were wondering -'"

"I do wish you would stop interrupting! Oh, I'm sorry! It must be the hour. Please excuse me for being rude!"

"Will you please keep quiet?" said my wife, and I shut up.

"Surely they couldn't accuse a man of bad intent if he was so obvious as that, could they? Having his shoes painted, I mean? They are visible, aren't they? I thought so. Well, in addition, we got a walky-talky, and I made Jack report to me every fifteen minutes so that I would know that he was alright." My wife and I exchanged glances. Moscow Spy! Huh!

"You see," continued Mary rather apologetically, "first of all I wouldn't let him out at all, unless I went with him, but it was too late and too cold, so I had to let him out. Just in case anything else goes wrong, I put this placard in his coat where they are sure to see it." She handed a card from the table to my wife. "I made this up first to see how it looked. Jack did not want to wear it - he said it was like putting a collar on a dog, but I persuaded him." They looked lovingly at one another. My wife handed the card over. She looked thoughtful.

It was nicely made out, in the best engineering printing, centered, and all that. Here it is:

IF FOUND WANDERING LATE AT NIGHT, DO NOT ARREST PROPERTY OF MRS. HE IS NOT: (1) Stealing milk bottle change. (2) Planning a robbery.

He is only taking a little air after studying late. The name and address were neatly filled in. I handed it back without comment and glanced at Jack, who was sitting back in an easy chair looking shamefaced. My wife took Mary into another room and there was the murmur of low voices. I glanced around uneasily. I hoped she wasn't thinking of the same thing.

So now if you see two miserable figures wandering around late at night bowed under a heavy load and muttering miserably at intervals, you will know what happened. Especially if their feet flash.

Al Brown sure loused up our lives.

College Quiz

(Freshmen should take note: they are eligible for special prizes concerning the College Quiz. The first 238 Frosh who answer the following questions correctly will get copies of the famed Dr. K'nsey Report.)

1. Frosh, if you go to your first lecture, and the classroom is crowded and there are no seats vacant, you should:

(a) Gently but firmly throw the nearest co-ed out of her seat (thus giving yourself a squaw deal);

(b) Tell them you are General Custer, and this is your last stand;

(c) Ask the professor for a piece of toast, explaining that you're a poached egg and need something to sit on.

2. The Arts Building is so called because:

(a) No one could think of anything to call it;

(b) Everyone thought it was a work of Art;

(c) It was; the architect's name was Art.

3. If you want to go to the Freshman Mixer Dance, you should:

(a) If you are a squaw, take your bow and quiver;

(b) If you are a brave, take Chief Running Water and his two daughters, Hot and Cold.

(c) If you are low man on a totem pole, watch out for dogs.

4. If you are a brave, and are taking a girl, when you call for her, you should:

(a) Stare at her old man and ask him: where in hell's the beer;

(b) Stare at her dress and remark on the wonderful things they are doing with burlap;

(c) Stare at her mother and remark on the things they are doing with plastic surgery.

5. If you are at the dance stag and pick up a girl and she says you can take her home, you should:

(a) Take her home;

(b) Take her home;

(c) Take her home.

6. If you want to stand out on the campus, you should:

(a) Make it a point not to take a bath during the year;

(b) Go stand out on the campus;

(c) Shoot at each of your professors when they come in the door with a Buck Rogers water pistol.

7. This site was chosen for UNP campus because:

(a) A Fredericton man was premier at the time the University was built and he didn't want it to be built in Saint John;

(b) An Indian was cured of rheumatism by a trapper who knocked his teeth out in a fight over a quart of saskatoon - or was that the University of New Brunswick?

(c) The contractor who was hauling the bricks by wagon team lost all his horses in a poker game at this spot and so had to dump the bricks here.

9. Squaws, if an upperclassman tries to take your loincloth away from you, you should:

(a) Sioux;

(b) Cree;

(c) Let him take it.

10. Which of the following yells is correct:

(a) Barber college:

Nick his neck,

Cut his jaw,

Leave his face

Rah, rah, rah.

(b) Oxford University:

Rickety.

Rawlly.

Oh, how jolly.

Rah.

-The Gateway

THE TRIAL

The noise of shuffling feet and the shifting of positions for a better view of 1948 became so loud that the Judge rapped for order, the clerk repeating it with the end of his ruler.

A lean, cadaverous, painfully thin old man in answer to his name rose to his feet and edged his way through the crowd to the witness-stand. As he sat down, drawing his long legs toward his chair, his knee-bones under the strain, seemed to be on the point of coming through his trousers. His shoulders were bowed, the in-curve of his thin stomach following the line of his back. His shriveled features, his bleak, glassy eyes seemed to reflect a future of nothingness - a nothingness that made us realize "our man" had failed. The old man's whole appearance clearly indicated one thing: in one year he had lived a lifetime.

As he settled back in his chair passed his hand nervously over his mouth, as if his lips were dry. He peered into the unforgettable, accusing eyes of the jury. Then he hung his head in shame casting his eyes toward the knotty, rough hardwood floor.

Among the juniors sat Jack Grayson. Jack was a kid with braces on his teeth when he joined the army. He remembered the Canuck victory at Carpiquet, then Caen. During this battle two shell fragments caught Jack without a fox-hole for protection. Jack has been nicknamed the Nose because he lacks one.

And now? In the vernacular of the wounded Jack is a plastics case. Sitting next to Jack Grayson was young Jim. Jim was class valedictorian last year. He remembered the quotation from Hardy which he meant to repeat in his valedictory but had somehow omitted at the last minute.

"Peace upon earth!" was said. We sing it. And pay a million priests to bring it.

After two thousand years of mass, We've got as far as poison-gas

Jim didn't think the priests were responsible for 1948. No, they had done their best. He thought the last line was no longer appropriate, too. Now we had the atomic bomb.

There was still that minority who exploited class warfare, that intolerance of races, creeds, colors, and freedom of thought. There were some greedy inhuman characters who played the world for a stage where the pawns could be moved at random according to selfish interests. There

Continued on Page Seven.