

CABIN 55

"But it's true, they are still alive!"

"Oh, come now; these four could never live in one cabin amidst harmony and good will."

But, dear readers, up to the time of writing that is exactly what these four characters have done.

Who, you ask, are these four ambassadors of good will? First we have Alastair Ranald Macdonald, a Victoria "native," whose chief claim to fame is his ability to dish out slack party with abundant generosity. In his spare time Al assumes the position of a Dorothy Dix, giving information and encouragement (for a nominal fee) to his lovesick cabin mates. Next we have Wild Bill Higginson, a native of "Trois Rivieres," Quebec, who is the unlucky recipient of the majority of Al Macdonald's slack party awards. "Wild Bill" takes his punishment like a man, but finds it hard to bear that smug expression and obnoxious attitude that seems to say, "He brought it on himself," from the third member of the cabin, Richard (is sometimes referred to as Madame Fid) Alan Stikeman. Madame Fid hails from the village of Montreal, where she cut quite an important figure as head of the I.O.D.E. and as Grande Dame of the Ancient Order of Discarded Fids. The "last but not least" member of the cabin is Jacques Arture Treffe Joseph Bleau, from Quebec City, who adds the French-Canadian element to this distinguished group. Jimmy is the baby of the cabin in age only, and although he arrived with lofty ideals, it is reported that he has progressed somewhat along the downward path.

ADDED FLASH

It has been reported that "The Higg" was discovered yesterday wearing his own underwear, Hasselfield's shoes, Macdonald's cap, and flashing large sums of Bleau's money.

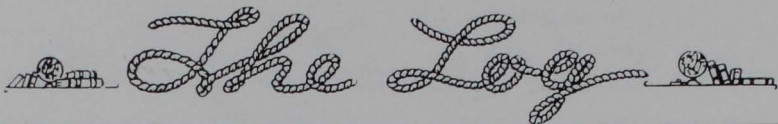
Quod Erat Demonstrandum

CABIN 72

Annett, Arnsdorf, Boyle. That's us. When you want someone to read the French commercials on corn flake boxes, you get Boyle. When you want someone to murmur of blonde charmers, you get Arnsdorf. When you want someone to take out a colour guard and ball up the orders, you get Annett. An unbeatable combination. Probably the best all-round cabin in the castle today.

There we were, at the first of the year, a small cabin; God-fearing, peace-loving; respecting the feelings and property of others. We had no yen for territorial aggrandisement. We had a cosy little community here—we were content to stay in it.

But—came the vandals: came the hordes, from the sabre-rattling cabins down the hall, with the lust for physical combat in their eyes, and an unquenchable zest for dumping beds in their hearts.



They changed us. They made us like themselves. [Soon we, too, seized pillow in hand at the first mention of a raid and each attack found one of us in the van.] No more were we boys—but hard, ruthless cadets.

Each week we come to blood or tears over the trivial matter of who is going to clean the closet. Each one of us swears he did "the confounded thing just last week." Finally, just when the Inspection Tour approaches along our hallway, the weak-willed one gives in, and with a three-second margin emerges triumphant from the closet, to spring to attention with heaving chest and ruffled hair, just as the Captain enters the door. But the closet—"very neat!"

Here we have the East—represented by Boyle—versus the West—from whence hail Annett and Arnsdorf. This seems to be a lop-sided balance: but if you knew Boyle's power of argument; and the hesitation of Annett and Arnsdorf to boast about their wonderful homeland, you might admit that the fight was a draw. But though neither faction has the upper hand, the West is expected to win.

CABIN 73

The first chartered member we will deal with is that "acey" gentleman from Vancouver, Ron L. Carlile. The "life (and usually the death) of the party" type, Ron is outstanding for his athletic prowess, abundant life, amazing ability for escaping labours, and his skill with the ivories (and we are not referring to piano keys). As a Cadet Captain, Ron shouts commands loud and long, hands out slack party infrequently, and is not disliked more than a Cadet Captain should be.

The cabin's only Eastern member is next before the bar—Donald R. Chasels, a Toronto boy not yet convinced that the West has beauties that can match those of the East. A plunging, charging scrum man of "B" team. Donald's long, flinging arms and legs are a familiar sight on the playing field as well as in the gym, where he both enjoys and excels at sports (?) such as rope climbing. We will leave Donald pining for "lamb chop" and pass to another member.

Dealing next with another inland sailor, we meet a member from the North—A. B. Torrie, of Westlock, Alberta. We are blessed with this kindly and generous personage—"Mother" Torrie, whose presence has been a boon in more than one way. However, contributions have not been of a purely abstract nature: Bruce's Reader's Digest is never disposed of in anything but a well-thumbed state. But (oh bliss!) when the bi-monthly parcels arrive from Westlock Bruce's friends (ersatz and otherwise) close in and are drawn like soft iron particles to a magnet. All who have shared in these festive occasions will be glad of the opportunity to pay tribute and thanks to the real Mother Torrie.

The native son, W. E. Clayards, of Victoria, is next. Many laughs have been gained at Teddy's expense, for he commits innumerable "faux pas" on the parade square, in the lecture rooms, everywhere he goes. But does this discourage him? No. He good-naturedly shrugs his shoulders and continues on his way. It is suggested we leave Ted now, expecting to hear of his tearing away the gangway of H.M.S. "Nelson" with his first picket-boat command.