

Outpost In China

By Val Gielgud

Continued
Sheila put down the nap-pollsher abruptly, and felt physically cold.

For the first time she thought of him altogether personally. She made a picture in her mind of his lean tanned face; of the thinning grizzled hair at his temples; of his keen rather hard eyes which missed so little; of his big firm hands; of the unconscious grace with which he sat on his pony; of a dozen little things. And she valued them so!

He was going away within a couple of hours, and she was wasting the last opportunity she might ever have of seeing him alone.

And, as if to point the irony of her situation, she heard the distant hoop of a ship's siren from the river below: the river-steamers that would so soon be carrying Leslie Dale out of her life for good.

She could hardly believe it, when the door of his room opened, and he stood there smiling at her.

"Gerald gone?" he asked abruptly. She nodded. He turned back into the room, carrying a couple of suitcases and a brief-case, which he dumped easily into the nearest chair.

"I suppose," he said, "that in that case I may come out of the corner?" "I wish you wouldn't quarrel with Gerald," Leslie Dale shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I shan't have another opportunity—sorry, Sheila, I shall talk like a cad, if you look so horribly sympathetic. I think I'd rather not discuss it, if you don't mind."

Sheila moved away impatiently. "Good heavens," she said, "you don't think I want to talk about Gerald, do you?"

"I wish," murmured Leslie whimsically, "that you wouldn't quarrel with Gerald."

"You mean that I shall have plenty of other opportunities? You needn't rub it in, you know."

"ARE YOU SORRY TO GO?" Leslie took a pipe out of his pocket and began to polish it against his sleeve.

"I'm sorry," he repeated. "If you're so sorrowful, you're not going to be a amusing company. Are you really sorry to go?"

Leslie's lips tightened. "I am," he said. "But why? I know that you made Tan Fu a station, and that you've

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Gives Recital Tonight



Hear Margaret Ann Ireland, distinguished young Canadian pianist, Prince of Wales College Auditorium tonight, at 8.30 p.m. Tickets at Hughes, 50 cents; students 25 cents.

Y. M. C. A. News

Santa Claus came three weeks late to the "Y" this year. At least so I thought last week when I heard someone crawling down the air vent to the bowling alleys. But when the smoke that had been coming into the alleys cleared, there I saw Mr. Albert Cudmore, who happily announced that he had found the trouble, and that there would be no more smoke in the air conditioning system. Thereafter, my bowling game improved considerably.

Further excitement had been aroused by the announcement last Wednesday night by the Delta Girls Hi-Y that the club was planning to spend a week end in the winterized lodge at Holland Cove. The more hardy types were gloating over their plans while the indoor sports were wondering if the combination of insulation, fireplace, heater, coal oil, cook stove and double doors and windows were enough to dispel the fears of parents about the cold. Such an outing would provide an excellent opportunity for the club to become a close knit unit, and to enjoy fully the fellowship of Hi-Y. Perhaps a bit more snow would assist those who have visions of skiing over from the ferry.

The Grand Council of Hi-Y heard a report on Monday night of the dances held on Saturday nights with Don Messer's orchestra. Council also considered the advisability of holding a joint meeting of the Hi-Y clubs in the near future to discuss the findings of the Older Boys' Parliament, to which the Council sent Ian McNeven as Hi-Y representative. The joint meeting might also be the setting for the induction of new Hi-Y members regardless of the club which they might be joining. Regular meeting time was set for Saturday afternoons at 4.30.

The So-Ed Committee of the "Y" is once again in action, and they already have plans underway for a series of Monday night programs. This is for young adults ages 18 to 30 and consists of a variety of skill, educational and social activities. You will hear more of this program at a later date.

We are pleased to announce that the woodwork shop is now set up and classes in this craft are Friday night at 7.00. Something new in the way of a weaving group has also been formed. This is now assisted by leadership from the Delta Hi-Y Club and for the uniformed it consists of making placemats and teapot stands out of raffia. Oh yes—the time is Tuesday afternoon, and the group is for girls from 9 to 12 years old.

East German Reds Start Party Purge

BERLIN, Jan. 17 — (AP) — The East German Communist leadership started a long-awaited party purge Tuesday.

Throughout the Russian zone and East Berlin, five-man commissions were called into session to test the loyalty of the 1,200,000 Socialist Unity (Communist) Party members who form the elite of East German politics.

Secretary-General Walter Ulbricht, a devout disciple of the Kremlin, ordered the purge months ago. The 4,300 commissions assigned to the task will wind up their work in June. Many thousands of undesirable members will be thrown out of favor, Western observers believe.

huh it jolly well. But it is a hole, isn't it?"

"Even Tan Fu has its points, when you've lived in it as long as I have, and been happy in it."

"But you're going back to people and civilization!" Sheila had strayed restlessly back to the window, and was looking out to the river—that winding ribbon which bound Tan Fu so tenuously to civilization at its latter end. "You'll forget all about this place in a month—and I shan't blame you. Why, you're due for home leave, if you care to take it, aren't you?"

Leslie grinned uneasily at her. "And just what good is that to me?" he asked. "How many people in England care whether I'm alive or dead? I've no family. I've not had a letter from home for a year. I shall be far more of a stranger in Piccadilly than I ever could be here!"

"You could—get married," said Sheila. She spoke lightly, but without looking round, so that she did not see Leslie Dale wince.

"Some woman with a tennis eye, and a suburban accent?" he asked bitterly.

"There are other kinds, Leslie."

"Not for the likes of me. What on earth have I to offer a woman? This sort of place isn't much to bring a wife to. And in England I should be just a fish out of water. I've lost any social tricks I ever had."

"That's something at any rate," said Sheila lightly. "But you might find just the girl to come out to China with you—the right sort."

"I don't think it would be fair to ask it of any woman. I've been happy here—but what the deuce is there for a woman to do?"

Sheila turned and faced him squarely. "I'd hoped," she said "that you might be able to tell me that."

There was an awkward uncomfortable silence. Leslie broke it.

"I'm sorry, Sheila. I was forgetting about you for the moment—you made me talk about myself. You know I think you were splendid to come up here with Gerald. But there couldn't be two of that kind!"

"Splendid! Please don't be funny!"

"Well," said Leslie awkwardly, "plucky at least."

Sheila's reply was a queer, mocking laugh.

"My dear Leslie, I came to China because I was romantic and just married—the gorgeous East in fee! and all that tosh! I came up to Tan Fu because I had no idea what it was like, and because Gerald carefully told me nothing about it. The only pluck I have is the pluck to admit that I'm so bored and so lonely and so uncomfortable, that I'm as near desperate as doesn't matter!"

(To be continued)

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