

body or with those of the soul) I felt my Saviour near me and I saw that it was He who spoke to me."

Included in the third division or imaginative ghosts are all the ghostly heroes of our popular ghost stories, as well as many of the mysterious noises heard in so-called haunted houses. It can be readily seen that this is the only class of ghosts that the secular authorities have considered.

Thus we may conclude that, of the three types of ghosts, only two are real; intellectual and corporeal. And it would seem that those who experience or see these ghosts are persons who are themselves greatly pleasing to God, if not already Saints, and those who claim to see any other type of ghosts must necessarily possess a very vivid imagination.

—ARTHUR SEAMAN '56

THE VICTORY

It was half time. The locker room was silent save for the clackety clack of cleats and the occasional slam of the steel door of a locker. The dank smell of sweat filled the room. Bill Donelli sat in a corner staring at the laces of his cleats. Usually he enjoyed the noise and the smell and the players' banter about the game. Today there was none of this. The atmosphere only served to drive home the fact that he was not one of them. Not that he had ever thought so really. You see Bill Donelli was a specialist, a passer with a .627 average the previous season, the highest in pro football. Bill was a star, a player who could thread the eye of a needle with a football, behind air tight blocking. He was also the highest paid player in the league; but he earned this only with his right arm, "Running the ball a guy can get hurt."

It had not always been this way, however. Donelli had been an All-American from little San Jose State, and he didn't become that with just his right arm. But that was when he loved to play football. Now Donelli was playing for money and it was a different story. The money would come just as big without carrying the ball, and besides, he'd last longer this way.

Things had been different this season. Bill Collins, a glue fingered pass receiver, had broken his wrist in their first game. The injury jinx continued and by mid season several key linemen were sidelined. Thus the Tigers' airtight blocking disappeared.

It happened against the Bears. The Bears were a good club, but they lacked a first class passer. It was because of this that they hated the Tigers, and chiefly Donelli. For the past three seasons the Bears, with their massive line, had rolled over the opposition, that is, until they met the Tigers. Donelli's passing was the difference.

The first half had been scoreless, but in the second half the weakened Tiger line began to fade, and with it the Tiger running attack ground to a halt. From here on in it was up to Donelli. It was the Tigers' ball on the Bears' forty two, first and ten. Donelli called eighty-eight, a button hook pass to the right end. He crouched behind the center and on the signal felt the pigskin smack into his hands. He turned, trotted back a few yards, and then looked for the end. It was too late. A big Bear tackle had broken through. He caught Donelli in the mouth with an elbow and then shoved his face into the ground. Donelli got up slowly. He knew he wasn't hurt, but he felt a knot of fear in his chest. He called another pass. He faded back, turned, and it was then that the knot of fear raged out of control. The Bear linemen seemed to be a mass of red converging on him. He fell on the ball. In the huddle his team-mates gave him a few peculiar looks, but said nothing. Another pass play was mandatory in this situation, so he called it. Fear possessed him as soon as he touched the ball. He hesitated, took a few faltering steps, and then "panicked". He cut into the line and was smeared. The loudspeaker blared. "McCall for Donelli." Bill Donelli realized he was through. Bill Donelli was "chicken".

He watched the remaining games from the bench. The Tigers, after losing to the Bears, were winning again, but they were only breathers, and they were close. He looked with scorn at the new quarterback. He was no Houdini with the ball, that was for sure, and he looked like a shot putter compared with Donelli when he passed. He had guts though.

Here it was half time. The Bears and the Tigers had tied for the league lead, and now the Bears were leading fourteen to nothing in the playoff game.

The Tiger coach entered the dressing room. He had the assistant coaches' various notes, and he outlined the defenses to be used in the second half. Then he turned to offense. "We've got to open up the Bears' defense." He looked scornfully at Donelli. "McCall, try a series of short passes, and then try to run the ends." Donelli knew it wouldn't work, so did the rest of them. The ten minute bell rang. The players got up slowly, walked out of the dressing room onto the runway, and trotted out into the stadium.

It was a crisp day. The sun was out, and the turf was a brilliant green. An expectant murmuring greeted the players from the stands. Donelli surveyed the scene, and began to feel sorry for himself; He knew he would miss it. Suddenly he became angry, angry at himself. He cursed; he had nothing to lose. Donelli ran over to the coach. The coach greeted his request with a contemptuous look, but decided to risk it. "What the hell, go ahead."

The Tigers received. The ball carrier picked up eight yards behind listless blocking. They went into the huddle. Donelli called sixty-eight, a play they never used because the quarterback was supposed to carry it off tackle from the single wing. Donelli got the ball. The knot of fear rose up again in his chest; but he shoved it down. He ran low and hard, but the blocking was poor. He exploded into the line, and was hit. "Second and six," the loudspeaker blared. The Tigers came out of the huddle and shifted into the single wing. It was sixty-eight again. "Third and two", echoed throughout the stadium. This time Donelli sent Stevens around end on reverse. The Bears were caught flatfooted and it was good for fifteen. Donelli's spirit caught. He went off tackle on sixty-eight again. The hole opened quickly, and the secondary went down like shocks of wheat. He cut to his right and sprinted down the sidelines. The safety caught him on the fifteen. Stevens scored on the next play, and Donelli split the uprights for the extra point. The crowd went wild, the Tigers were back in the ball game.

The Bears failed to gain against the inspired Tigers, and punted out of bounds on the Tiger thirty-five. Donelli called eighty-eight. He got the ball off the "T" and dropped back. The right end broke into the clear on the Bears' forty-five and Donelli rifled it to him. The big Bear tackle hit Donelli after the pass and split his lip with a forearm chop. Donelli laughed at him. An end sweep netted ten, and a screen pass brought the ball down to the Bears' five. The

Tigers shifted into the single wing, with the Bears using a tight six, five defense. Donelli called a spinner play. He crashed through the line, and from the roar of the crowd he knew he had scored. At this point the game ceased to be a contest. The Tigers ran wild.

The players were a screaming mob on the way to the dressing room. Donelli was dead tired, but it was a satisfying feeling. He surveyed the scene and knew he would be back, not as Bill Donelli, specialist, but as Bill Donelli, All-American.

—JACK REARDON

RUGBY VS. CANADIAN FOOTBALL

Today, Rugby at Saint Dunstan's, is at the crossroads. Canadian football, the Autumn pastime in Central Canada, is now making serious inroads in regard to Rugby on the East and West Coasts. In the Maritime Provinces, only four colleges are left where Rugby is played. At least two of the aforementioned are contemplating the change to Canadian Football next Autumn. If these two colleges make the change, intercollegiate Rugby has heard it's death knell. The questions now pose themselves, Can Saint Dunstan's change to Canadian football? and should she change?

First of all, the change to Canadian football would entail the expenditure of a large amount of money. A conservative estimate would be that it would cost at least fifteen hundred dollars to equip twenty four players with equipment, the number necessary to conduct scrimmages. Can the college afford this?

Secondly, Saint Dunstan's, compared with the other Maritime Colleges, with whom she will be competing, is a David against a string of Goliaths. In Rugby this sizable difference in numerical strength was a handicap; but as the records show, she more than held her own in this sport. Canadian football, however, differs in many respects from Rugby. It is a more complex game, and it takes a great deal of practice. One must have mastered the fundamentals of the game before he can become a good player. Many of the other Maritime colleges have a large number of students from Central Canada, and the U. S., many of whom have played a great deal of football in high school under expert