

What studies would now appeal most to you?"

"I was always fond of the classics. There's a discipline in them that nothing else can replace. There's a lifetime of study in them, but only after you are introduced to them by others during your school days."

"What about sports?" I had that question ready much earlier than this for I wanted to know what the man who introduced English Rugby to our campus in 1875 thought of it now.

Again the answer was ready: "Ah, football. There's the game for boys. Before our great old Bishop MacIntyre took me off the train at Mount Stewart in 1875 and sent me to St. Dunstan's. I had been going to Ottawa University, and when he met me I was on my way there for another year. But it was a lucky day, for St. Dunstan's has been dear to me ever since. At Ottawa I played on a Dominion Championship Rugby squad. It was a great game, so I worked hard to get it organized at St. Dunstan's. And we had some great games there too. If I were to go back, if I were young again, I wouldn't want to miss football."

"What about other sports?"

"What other sport is there?" he asked.

Right Reverend A. A. MacAulay, D.P., our oldest priest-alumnus is still at heart a student. His eyes are dim; he can read no longer; but he's still a student. And isn't it interesting to know that the seventy-five years that have passed since he first carried the colors for S.D.U. have failed to tarnish the enthusiasm of our first rugbyist?

—CONTRIBUTED.

SYLVESTER'S DISCOVERY

Sylvester J. Gloop looked again. He blinked. The strange thing was definitely standing on its head. He leaned over as inquisitive as Sylvester, and leaned upwards to study him. Leaned upwards? Sylvester moved to the right. The thing also moved to the right. No, that is a lie. The thing was on its head, so it must of necessity have moved to the left. At any rate it seemed to anticipate the man's every movement. Sylvester, of course, was confused.

Sylvester, it could almost be said, was no fool. As one of the earth's earliest pioneers he had the distinction of being voted by his fellow cave dwellers as the "man most likely to survive." He lived in one of the more fashionable caves; the one whose entrance faced the sun, roomy, almost comfortable and covered with his own inimitable illustrations of the hunt. Sylvester was the possessor of the shaggiest physique, the sharpest stone hatchet, the mangiest dinosaur skin, the most colourful grunt and the ugliest face, east of what one day would be San Francisco. He was the envy of the other young cave dwellers, the pride of the elders. Many a member of what even you would call the fairer sex (if you were a caveman) cast wistful eyes in his direction hoping against hope that he would return the glance. The very thought of being dragged over rocky terrain by this gentleman would make their scalps tingle with anticipation.

But here he was found in the first paragraph with a very admirable reason for scratching his head. Who or what was this strange creature? It looked very much like one of his own people except that it was bigger in stature. He gazed intently at the creature again: The head was small and it appeared as if it could not hold an entire brain. The eyes, black and piercing through a fringe of heavy eyebrows, were sunken far into their parent sockets and were staring at him with apparent curiosity. This whole huge expansion of creature, tapered along the lines of colossal pear, was covered almost entirely with short matted hair. This, thought Sylvester, was no doubt the ugliest version of a monster that he had ever seen. He was almost tempted to laugh, but on watching the other creature's expression he found out that it too appeared exceedingly amused. Sylvester blushed. So this was the Evil Spirit of the pool?

An hour dragged by. Sylvester was down on his hands and knees. He was endeavouring to think. This feat, of course, was extremely difficult for a cave man. He first tried to make his mind a perfect blank. This required little practice for him. He then inserted the topic about which he was to think: This, too, was comparatively simple. But when he tried to arrive at a solution, his mind quickly hurried back to its original state. He stood up as erect as his angular vertebrae would permit and walked around the pool twice, still staring suspiciously at that aquatic wonder as it began to match his steps. It was no use; Sylvester resigned himself to defeat. He could not fathom out the mystery himself. He would need the help of someone more

intelligent than he. He snorted for a moment at the absurdity of the thought. But, yes, there was one person who could help him; a man who had distinguished himself in the past by his amazing presence of mind. (In those days the person who could ascribe to himself the presence of a mind without crossing his fingers was considered a man of unquestionable prestige). He cast a last sidelong glance into the pool as the name of Phinias Q. Punk came to his mind. Phinias was his only solution. He turned his back on the Spirit and plodded along the path towards the cave community, entirely disgusted with his futile endeavour to solve the mystery.

It was the night of the big dance. Every six moons the cave dwellers would amuse themselves by putting on a glorious evening of entertainment. Sylvester had not been informed about it or he would not have adventured near the pool that night. When Sylvester arrived upon the clearing the dance was in its central stages. He stood off from the scene of entertainment and watched the proceedings for a moment. The spectacle greatly relieved his tortured mind. He had apparently missed the preliminary ritual where the two factions, male and female, would stand on either side of a huge fire and stare at each other for approximately half an hour. They did this because, being simple cavemen, they were too ignorant to realize the social significance of the affair. Sylvester came upon the scene in time to observe one brave young man, apparently a newcomer to the community, who emerged from the ranks, straightened his dinosaur skin, and proceeded with all intentions in the general direction of the ladies. No sooner had he taken two steps when four of his best friends stepped forward and rudely dragged him back. If he attempted such bravado again he would most certainly be clubbed to death. The master of ceremonies, or referee, announced an event called the Ladies Drag, upon which the whole assemblage of girls acting as one, crossed the separating space and literally dragged their beaus to the center of the clearing. This marked the real beginning of the dance.

Sylvester approached the cave, the din of revelry still ringing in his ears, and listened a moment for signs of life. The grinding together of two stones gave him the cue that the elder was at home. Sylvester's hulking form drooped even further as it entered the narrow opening of the cave. In the darkness he could faintly see the old man shaping a flint axe, humming over and over to himself in a pitiful monotone. Sylvester wondered what an old man like Punk

would ever do with such a big hatchet. Phinias, a little blind and more than a little deaf, finally recognized the form of the young man, and laying aside his work, strained his ears in the manner of a public sympathizer. The young man related the whole story of his daring escapade with the Evil Spirit, his voice rising from a low guttural growl to an excited squeal every time he thought of the Spirit's ridiculous appearance. When he came towards the end of his tale he shrieked with such animated vigour that Phinias was forced to cover his ears with his hand despite the fact that he was almost as deaf as the axe he had made. Sylvester's story finally trailed an octave above high C to a conclusion.

By this time the old man's attentiveness had changed to a curiosity which was definitely more than anthropoid in character. The two sat in silence each with his own little thoughts. Sylvester's mind was of course clouded in a thick fog. Having traced his steps back over the whole mystery he was more confused than ever. Punk on the other hand was so deaf that he couldn't hear himself think. Having finally decided that neither had been enlightened by meditation they both determined, a little against their wills, to examine the pool on the assumption that two heads were equal to one. Phinias Q. groped about for his axe and, holding on to the tail of Sylvester's garment he emerged with his friend from the mouth of the cave.

Above them the moon, their only spectator, had just appeared from behind a cloud and was smiling down on the odd caravan. Sylvester ambled along with a demure grace that marked him as a man of distinction. His arms hung limply by his sides to approximately two inches above the ankles (it was considered taboo in the better circles to drag one's knuckles on the ground). Before they knew it they were upon the pool. Sylvester stopped abruptly. Phinias stopped too, as soon as he had bumped into Sylvester. The pool lay before them like a petrified dream. Sylvester looked at his companion. Even though Phinias could not see him, his experienced instinct told him that they had reached their destination. The time for mere conjecture had passed. They had come to solve the mystery. But Sylvester did not relish the thought of greeting the Evil Spirit again, and his determination was beginning to sway. The possibility of solving the mystery however, suddenly dawned upon him, and, with a renewed burst of courage, he stepped forward and leaned over the brink.

He gasped. There it was, suspended in the water weeds, its huge arms hanging upwards, or downwards, until they nearly touched the surface of the pool; its ugly face staring at him through the ripples. Sylvester turned and dragged the brave Phinias to the edge, forcing his head downwards until he was compelled to look. Together they strained their eyes in an effort to pierce the shadowy depths. Phinias squinted: He could see nothing. For that matter he could not even see the pool. The young man's vision, however, was much sharper. His eyes widened, standing out of their sockets like misplaced cueballs. He drew a sharp breath and what he saw now nearly upset his balance. What he saw was not one Evil Spirit but two of them! It couldn't be another one! How could there be two of them in the one pool? How could they stand one another? He looked at the other Spirit, closely scrutinizing its every feature. The darkness obstructed his vision considerably but he could see that it was much smaller than the first; in fact it appeared pathetically docile. In desperation Sylvester cast an agonizing glance at Phinias and turned his eyes again to the second Spirit. He looked at Phinias; then at the other Spirit. There was something about it that he seemed to recognize. Slowly the rusted wheels in his brain began to grind into action. Slowly his mind began to take on the form of lucid thought. The solution suddenly struck him as if someone had clubbed him over the head with a boulder: For there in the pool, its edges gleaming against the moss-covered bottom, was the replica of Phinias Q's hatchet—in the hand of the new Evil Spirit! Sylvester was for a moment enlightened until another question entered his mind. How could Phinias be standing upside down in the pool and yet standing right side up behind him? Did Phinias have a split personality? If that were Phinias then this ugly creature directly below him would of necessity have to be himself. Sylvester shuddered for there was only one way of proving it: He grabbed the poor old gentleman, lifting him high over his head, and at the expense of contaminating a century's supply of drinking water, hurled him into the pool. The old man let a roar out of him which certainly spited his age and he hit the water with a terrific splash. Sylvester waited impatiently until the water cleared: There was only one Spirit now! He smiled for at last he understood everything: The mystery that had spread terror into the hearts of his people was unfolded before him like a panorama. That ugly loathsome, lumbering, thing was no Evil Spirit at all—it was Sylvester J. Gloop.

It was not until he had dragged the blubbering Phinias Q. from the pond and started along the path for home that he realized the painful significance of the fact.

—ROY GRANT '52.

"TAKE THE BALL . . ."

"Take the ball, take the ball, take the ball through. . . ." These are words with which all of us at S. D. U. are familiar. For it is but a few weeks since we sat on the chilly grandstand yelling this college-cheer for the encouragement of our football players engaged in what might be called a smearing combat; we were getting what we call 'that old college spirit' into the game. We often talk vaguely and loosely about 'college spirit'. So, it might benefit us at this time to ponder over the true meaning of this airy expression, discover its implications, and discuss the various ways by which it can find expression in our college life.

College spirit does not essentially consist in cheering madly at a football game, or any other game for that matter. As we see it, college spirit is something more all-inclusive and dynamic. True, it is rather difficult to explain it—it is almost intangible; but we nevertheless feel it. It could be described as a certain atmosphere which pervades the entire campus; it is electric. It is that which makes an otherwise bleak colony of brick buildings a living organism; a buzzing honeycomb. It is that mysterious magnet which draws us back year after year to 'dear old S.D.U.', to the old familiar surroundings.

Our college spirit is first and foremost a Christian one. Its essence is in its Christianity. For while many colleges in our day tend towards secularism and agnosticism and even paganism in their attitudes on life, learning, and society, our little institution clings tenaciously to the traditional Christian standards and attitudes. It is an exponent of those very values from which many factions in our society are blindly attempting to 'free' themselves; it favours a way of life of which Justice and Charity are the keynotes as contrasted with the purposed aimlessness, pessimism, and materialism of many of our intellectual centers. And this spirit moves constantly over the campus, pervades our courses and daily routine, and gradually becomes assimilated into our very fibre. This, then, is the essence of our college spirit and the source of the many characteristics which we sometimes mistake for the spirit itself.