

# ATHLETICS

"In the Spring a young man's fancy turns to," among other things thoughts of outdoor sports. It feels great to get out and regain some of the last year's skill at baseball, softball, handball and tennis, to hear the crack of the bat and to see the new white pellet become "a speck against the distant sky." Soft hands swell at the impact of a swiftly thrown ball but soon become leathery as they get used to it.

This Spring came upon us before we were fully aware of its approach. As we mentioned in the last issue softball was started on an unusually early date. What a series this year's was!

The handball alleys were cleared of snow and the players renewed the enjoyment of that game. Tennis rackets were brought out and the courts became a scene of intense activity.

## SOFTBALL

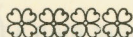
The league was composed of six teams, four of which entered the playoffs. In the first sudden-death game the Dormitory took the measure of 3rd D. H.; in the second game 2nd D. H. managed to trim 1st D. H. The finals produced some of the best games that were seen around here in many a year.

The first game was taken by the Dormitory "Gangsters," but the Seniors managed to make it a deadlock by taking the second. As the series went into the third game interest ran high and it is said that the "bookies" did a flourishing business. It was a great game. A glorious victory for the Dormitory and a not inglorious defeat for the Seniors. The better team won.

## BASEBALL

Baseball next takes the fore. An Intramural League was established, composed of four teams, the Jews, Gentiles, Hindus and Arabs. At present the Gentiles hold the lead while the Arabs are defending their basement position against all comers.

Thus endeth our labor for the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty-six. Any faint murmurs of "Deo Gratias" will be happily received and will remain gratefully unacknowledged.



I have no spur  
To prick the side of my intent; but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,  
And falls on the other.

—*Shakespeare.*

War, war is still the cry,—“war even to the knife!”

—*Byron.*

A prince can make a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke and a' that;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that.

—*Burns.*

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.—*Burke.*

