

Goodnight Sweet Princess

(from Tales of the Lost Century)

And when the wind came screaming to the land
My heart stood mutely by with withered hands
Dripping my own blood
For I

Am guilty. I have done a thing
That is but murder. Only the lonely know
How cold the pain of unanswered love
Can be; and yet tonight my soul
Is lonelier
Far.

For when I took the laughter from her eyes
And flung it at the face of God
I did not know that it
Would twist the knife that in my heart
Has lain these many years.

Oh, I have heard the curse of God sound in my brain,
Reached for the sun and grasped but empty air
And through the Halls of Beauty
Called in vain.

In tombs of buried loves I walk—
My sightless soul to living ghosts has talked
And there is no retreat.

And
Every lip we press in greeting and farewell
Becomes the thief that sweeps out joy
To leave a vacuum

Of despair. While every tear
Can not wash out a link
Of that chain that men call life.
Beyond the grave our song will not
Be less, than what

It is.
All this I know; and how men meet and love

Only to part, with an emptier soul than
When the lips of love first burned
Its brand. For I have watched
Young love soon turn to hate.
And walked along the barren sand
That is my soul:
A wind that screams of loss—a withered hand
That drips its tears of blood
Upon the land.

Caution Deposits and I. S. S.

During the course of its campaign, the International Student Service Committee has found that some students have misunderstood the use of the term "caution deposits."

"Caution deposits" do not include the laboratory deposits required of all Science students. They do consist of a \$2.00 fee collected from all students to cover the cost

of damage done throughout the year to various student facilities. At the end of each year the unexpended portion of this amounts to about \$1.00.

Therefore, when the I.S.S. requests that students donate the unexpended portion of their caution deposits, the amount involved is about \$1.00, not \$30.00, as a few people have mistakenly believed.

Red Moon to the South

A ball of dullest flame it rose from out the sea
And climbed the breathless sky,
Its rosed hue bedimmed the evening star
As with slow steps it walked beyond still trees—
So ominous, so bad, so beautiful,
As if all the tears of man were her's to hold.

But then tomorrow
today will be yesterday . . .

Inshore Breeze

And when the wind screamed madly to the land
My heart stood mutely by with withered hands,
Dripping my own blood.

His spirit was terrified of loneliness, of solitude, of despair. Like every man upon this earth, his soul was restless, unknown and without home. And this was the agony, the fear and all the bitterness of existence.

Along the cliff they walked. On their left a turbulent ocean rose and fell and mounted majestically up the cliffs in lazy bursts of spray . . . restless ocean, beneath the shatter cloud-legions of the sky. He felt the touch of her hand, knew what she wanted to say, and knew also that behind those smiling tears she did not and could not understand. In those gray eyes he saw the futility, and felt a surging in his insatiate soul like the chaos of that wind-whipped sea.

He thought of his life, then. How brief and utterly sordid it had become. He smiled bitterly as he thought of this girl of his and how inane she was. With naive innocence she spoke of days to come, of her hopes and of her dreams she laughed at tomorrow and waved good-bye to yesterday with a careless disregard of complexity and an amazing simplicity that intrigued him. These are the happiest, he thought, the ones who do not think. They are gods in themselves. They hold destiny in their hands and see beauty where no beauty is. To kiss her lips, to read the love that smouldered in her eyes, to see her dance gayly in the wind, was, to him, nothing.

For in her eyes he saw the shadows and a lost panorama of unforgotten friends; of people he'd never known, of cities he'd never see. He saw the great vacuum of strangeness, of empty understanding, and suddenly he would realize with a sickening shock, that love has left him lonelier than he had ever been before. This candle-flame of life too soon flickers out and dies after its brief but furious flight from its beginning to its end. Beneath that lifeless and impotent sky and those forboding clouds, he walked alone and knew how soon he himself would die.

In the wet wind he saw a leaf fleeing to the edge of the cliff, jump off, and disappear, and thought of his own bleeding heart

as it sought vainly for some place to rest. And this was the pathos, this the tragedy, this the cruel joke of hollow humour: there was no rest. His was a mad race through all the corners of the world, seeking always for some goal he could not define, pursued by some ghost from which he could not escape.

So on he went, living and loving, and kissing silent lips; wondered if there was an answer, wondered why he fled, and what he sought. Encased in a shield of pride that covered the twisted scar-tissue of a broken soul, he saw the majesty of earth and sky and sea; admired the greatness of man's works; and knew the pain of every victim of man's violence, while every cry of grief that mankind gasped echoed through the endless corridors of his brain. He heard the long lament of a whistle in the night and saw the faceless friends he'd had and lost, of the ones he'd never seen, and it seemed to him that this great pain of loss, of emptiness and despair, would wring from his heart the last drop of his blood.

"Don't shut yourself out of my life," she pleaded. "I feel alone even when I'm with you."

He turned on her abruptly, read the quiet surprise in her eyes. "It is the way you were when I found you — you're no lonelier now."

"You wouldn't know". She was bitter. The wind was howling around a shattered tree that clung to the edge of the cliff. "I was a fool to love you. You were never mine."

"I told you in the beginning to expect nothing. That way you could not be disappointed."

"I didn't ask to love you."

"They say that's life", he laughed emptily, "that Now can never mean Forever".

Tears mounted in her eyes. "To think I could have died for you", she said.

He took her in her arms. For a moment their lips clung together in the wind, against the sky, on that high cliff.

It's only that I cannot love you", he muttered. "Life is too short, too insecure. There's nothing certain any more. That's why I'm going to leave."

The Bulletin Board

Basketball — In the City A league the girls A team will play the Tartans, Tuesday, Feb. 6 in the Dal gym. Time is 7.00 p.m.

In the same league the A team will play Thursday at 6.00 p.m. in St. Andrew's Hall.

Girls Hockey — The girls Varsity hockey team will play the Maritime Tel. and Tel. Wednesday, 6.00 p.m. in the Dal rink.

Variety Show — Tuesday, Feb. 12 in the Dal Rink, sponsored by the Dal Rink Rats Committee. 25c for students, 50c for outsiders. The time is 8 p.m.

Swimming — More girls are urgently needed to try out for the girls swimming team. The water is heated and it is lots of fun. Come out Tuesday's and Thursday's at 4.30 at the Stad pool. If you have a class at Dal till 4.25, the taxi leaves the gym at 4.30 p.m.

Notices

The Dal Varsity hockey team will tangle with Steves Market tonight in the Memorial rink at 7 o'clock. Steves will be reinforced by several players from the South Shore league including Pud Rear-don and Haddie Morash.

Inter-Class night at D.G.A.C. will not be held this week, but will be held on Feb. 18th.

She was stunned — looked with indescribable sorrow at him, left his arms, walked to the edge of the cliff, and turned. "The line between life and death is vague", she laughed, "You're right. Life is short and empty—and in vain— (. . . hair blowing in the wind— clouds racing across the sky . . .)" —suppose this ledge should break. Then I'd leave you first! What would you call that, Fate?"

He moved toward her. "Come her. Don't be a fool!"

Then there was silence. The wind suddenly died taking away her support. She wavered for a moment and a wild look of disbelief spread across her face as, too late, the wind began again. She descended like a falling leaf—with his kiss still burning on her lips—with no good-bye to yesterday—only the inshore breeze sweeping her screams away.

S. T. T. S.

What Does it Mean??

The R.C.A.F. wants University Undergraduates for its SUMMER TECHNICAL TRAINING SCHEME

You will be trained in your summer months with the R.C.A.F. over a three year period, with formal and practical training for a maximum of twenty-two weeks for each summer.

Candidates accepted are appointed as Flight Cadets in the R.C.A.F. Supplementary reserve "Class F" special list, University Branch with basic pay of \$163.00 a month.

ELIGIBLE? Check the following qualifications

- (1) Citizenship—Canadian citizens or British subjects resident in Canada.
- (2) Medical—Must meet existing groundcrew medical standards laid down for the R.C.A.F. (Regular).
- (3) Age—Must have reached their eighteenth but not thirty-fifth birthday.
- (4) Applicants must be in their first year of a four year course or first or second of a five year course and produce evidence of a satisfactory academic standing.

Medical — Medical Officer — Medical Associate.
Technical — Aeronautical — Engineering
Armament
Construction — Engineering
Telecommunications.

On graduation—Flight Cadets who completed three years Summer Training and are in good academic standing at their University are eligible for appointment as Pilot Officers of the R.C.A.F. Supplementary Reserve "Class F" or on graduation from University are eligible for promotion to Flying Officer. Pilot Officers in their academic year prior to graduation may apply for appointment to the appropriate officer list of the R.C.A.F. (Regular).

A scale of issue of UNIFORMS will be provided on acceptance.
N.B.—Summer Training is available in the following officer branches of the R.C.A.F.

These Points Again

- (a) You get practical training in citizenship at a level commensurate with your academic attainments.
- (b) You get invaluable training in a Technical field and are being paid while you learn.
- (c) You are fitting yourself for a career in the R.C.A.F. if you so desire

or taking your place on the Reserve and helping Canada to do her part by doing your part.

For further information see the R.C.A.F. U.L.O., Mr. H. R. Theakston at Dalhousie University or write or phone the R.C.A.F. Recruiting Unit, Barrington and South Streets, in Halifax.

Telephone 3-6945 or 3-9171-22