

ATHLETIC D's

During the college year seven students earned athletic D's for participation in either basketball or football. Those winning their letter in basketball are: Fred Coyle, Joseph Mullally, Cyril MacIsaac and Clarence MacDonald. In football, John Cash, George Cameron and Peter Dunphy, receive their letter.

In addition, three students will receive a bronze D pin. John Cash and Dunstan Murphy will receive theirs for winning letters in football and track. Peter Dunphy wins his for his efforts in basketball and football.

RED and WHITE congratulates these athletes for their achievements.

Nonsense Avenue

YE OLDE SADD AND LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE
OF THE HUMOUR EDITORS

Act the last

The closet of the Editor of REDDE AND WHITIE.
Flourish. Enter the editor, assistant editor and attendants.

¹
Ed: This is indeed, my friend, the foulest mess,
We need their jokes that we may go to press;
Alas! methinks that strange is their delay;
They should have had their scroll here yesterday.

²
Ass: 'Tis rumoured 'bout that vilest fiends there be,
(Their names in REDDE AND WHITIE want not
to see)
Who to this end the foulest means will take,
—The laughing ones, I trust, are wide awake?

(Voices within. Enter a messenger)

Ed: Ho, sirrah—speak thee now—what brings thee here?

1. Editor (abbreviated)

2. Assistant Editor (characterized)

- Ass: What news hast thou?—speak out—(aside) 'tis ill,
I fear.
- ³
Mess: Your noble men of humour have been splain,
Most fiendishly, by methods filled with pain;
But with their dying breath they bade me: "Fly
To our bold master's castle, ere you die."
Ed: Come then—bring out mine armor—file mine
lance,
Break out our colors—make ready to advance.
(Alarums)
- Mess: My liege, ere thou depart, I beg thee hear,
What more I have to say, for (gasp) I fear
That when you shall return with lances red,
You'll find, to your dismay, that I'm quite dead;
For as I ran, those villians at me rushed,
And with their maces my poor head they crushed.
- Ed: Then speak out, man before your life is spent,
Tell all to me of them from whom you're sent,
Who even now lie dead—two martyrs brave;
Say if we may the humour section save.
- Mess: This day's dire deeds will never ever die,
In hell their authors will forever fry;
But their foul murder brought them no reward,
My masters here their humour did record;
(Holds up scroll)
And hid it in a most secluded spot,
From whence I took it while my masters fought,
And then returned, the laughing ones to aid,
But found—Oh horrid deed—(cough, gasp) that
they'd
Been wounded and lay dying on the floor.
Then did they charge me: "To the editor
And give to him our scroll." Then did I fly;
And now, with your permission, sir, I die.
(Dies)
- Ed: And dead he is—all arm—I'll to my steed,
(More alarums)
But hold—before we go the scroll we'll read;
(No more alarums)
That we may see what they did hereon write,
Then riding out we'll vengeance take tonight.
(Opens scroll)
They've writ in prose few stately meters bold.
- Ass: To write it thus, my lord, they had been told.
- Ed: 'Tis so, 'tis so! Be silent while I read,
That I may see if vengeance they do need.
(Reads from scroll)

Here begineth the humour section for REDDE AND WHITIE. Our editor's pardon we do crave for what here does follow; for we have taken the liberty to write it in the vulgar dialect of those who read it.

Signed: The Humour Editors.

Nelson Perry was being given a ride to town by the Rector whose mood was, to say the least, not the gayest. As the car lunged towards the city, the following conversation took place:

Nelson: Looks very much like we're in for a heavy rain.

Rector (acidly): On the contrary, I don't think it's going to rain at all.

Nelson (trying again): I'm just dropping into town to have my glasses changed so that I can do a lot of hard studying this term.

Rector (sulphuricly): Waal . . . in that case it may rain . . . Anything may happen!

Ass: Well said—my lord, what thinkest thou of that jest?

Ed: I'll hold my peace until I've read the rest.
(Reads again from scroll)

What follows was overheard in Dalton Hall during the mad preparations that always preceed a night in town.

Big Tom: I've got to be at the corner of Queen and Richmond Street at seven o'clock, to pick up my girl for the dance.

Curley: Who is it this time?

Big Tom: How should I know who'll be at the corner of Queen and Richmond street at seven o'clock?

At a party at the nurses' home, Ann Campbell said to Dave Kennedy: "You were superb in DEEP ARE THE ROOTS." To which St. Dunstan's John Barrymore retorted: "Oh Ann, I'll bet you tell that to everyone who's superb."

At a local drug store John Mullally was inquiring about the prices of perfumes. "It's my girl friend's birthday and I want to get her something real nice," he told the clerk. The clerk showed John a number of different brands but he could not be satisfied. In exasperation the clerk went in back and when he returned he had a small vial. "Now here's something that'll make a real gift," he beamed as John examined the vial, "It's called 'Perhaps'. It's thirty-five dollars an ounce."

"Thirty-five dollars an ounce," exclaimed John, "For thirty-five dollars I don't want 'Perhaps'. I want 'Sure'.

Ass: Those anecdotes are surely not their best?

Ed: Ask not my judgment 'till I've read the rest.

(Continues to read from scroll)

Not long ago Bob Croken, the intellectual giant of the Sophomore class, appeared in court as a witness in a civil suit. "You live at St. Dunstan's College?" queried the judge.

Bob: Yes, your honor.

Judge: What is your occupation?

Bob: I'm a student.

Judge: How good a student?

Bob squirmed in his chair, then in confident tones admitted: "Sir, I'm the best student that ever went to St. Dunstan's."

Bob's room-mate, who was in the courtroom, was surprised because his friend had always been modest and unassuming. When proceedings were adjourned, his astonished room-mate asked Bob why he had made such a statement. "I hated to do it, Pete," he explained, "but, after all, I was under oath."

The poem that follows, though out of season, we feel deserves publication if for no other reason than that it tells of an event which, when it occurred, plunged the whole campus into a state of chaos.

THE FALL OF 'THE FLASH'

The Juniors were bewildered as they iced their team that day,

They'd lost their best defenceman and the coach was heard to say:

"We'll never beat the Freshman squad unless we can acquire

A competent defenseman, one whose talent is for hire."

At this the Junior manager stood up and thus spoke he:

"I know the man who's needd and he'll play without a fee, He's pedagogue of Latin and displays all virtues manly,

There is no brighter star extant—his name is 'Flash' O'Hanley."

They asked him. He consented, then he donned the athlete's mail,

He chose his lance of hickory and heard the Freshman's wail;

Their wails gave birth to screams of fear as down the icy list

He glided on his dusty blades while Freshman rooters hissed.

The whistle blew, the puck was dropped, the game had then begun;

He met the Freshman forwards and dispatched them one
by one;
The ice was thick with splintered sticks, with gore 'twas
flaming red,
He waded deep in Freshman blood, and some report he
said:
"Delendus est Freshmano" as he knelt (his skate to lace);
'Twas then that Captain Joe appeared and down the ice
did race;
He treacherously hit the 'Flash', then smiled, for he had
rid
The Frenchmen of their only threat—the 'Flash'—who
muttered: "Quid?"
Then Captain Joe turned 'round and grinned, but soon he
wore a frown,
For now he knew that with the 'Flash' his Latin mark
went down.

L'envoi:

These deeds will live forever in the annuals of the brave,
For "Fama semper vivit"—even when we're in our grave;
And Joe now knows the prices paid—(and these are bitter
fees),
When lowly undergraduates go hunting Ph.D.'s.

Ass: That poem I did like—what does thou thinketh?

Ed: Rotten—rotten—so rotten that it stinketh!
(Reads further from scroll)

The eighth Duke of Devonshire once told some friends:
"The other night I dreamed I was addressing the House
of Lords. Then I woke up and, by George, I was."

Commencing a discussion having to do with the
Atomic Theory, Father Cass wrote an equation on the
board and stated that a certain number of electrons were
involved. From this he developed an entire board full of
equations, winding up at the bottom with: "So you see we
have five less electrons than at the start. What has be-
come of them?"

Not a sound was heard from the class. Imperiously
Father Cass asked again: "Gentlemen, where are those
electrons?" It was time for action and from a rear seat
came Shanna's voice in gruff command: "Don't nobody
leave dis room!"

We go to press long before the Prom, none the less,
we do venture the following predictions concerning cer-
tain students and their dates:

Joe Mullally will take Betty Peters

John Mullally will take Clair Burge

'Sigh' MacIsaac will take Ellen Mullally

J. J. Dunphy will take Maggie Mulligan
 Jim Larkin will take Maureen Murphy
 Cyril MacDonald will take "one of the co-eds"

Concluding we would like to remind all of the one
 about the Australian who bought a new boomerang be-
 cause he got tired throwing the old one away.

Here Endeth The Humour Section.

Ass: Their humour's not the best I've ever read.

Ed: 'Tis pitiful; give thanks that they are dead!

(Tears up scroll)

We'll not ride out tonight—'twould folly be;

Their death was much too merciful for me;

In justice strict the authors of such rot

Deserve a direr end than either got.

Ass: What of the future? Humour must be writ—

Ed: And 'twill be done, but hence by men of wit.

Come now my friend—ho, there, good man, my
 staff!

We start our search for two who'll make men
 laugh;

And finding these we'll take them in our pay,

And truly laugh at all they write or say.

(Flourish. Exeunt omnes.)

