

Goal— J. Cash

Defence— G. MacInnis

B. Ready

C. Callaghan

Forwards—L. Murphy

J. O'Connor

E. MacDonald

R. Doucette

G. Cameron

D. MacCarville

E. MacPhee

D. Murphy

Coach— Father Butler

### ATHLETIC D's

The Athletic Association announced recently that a number of D's are to be awarded this year to athletes who have fulfilled the requirements for the award. Following is a list of those who will be presented with the testimonials of their athletic prowess:

**In Hockey**—Cart MacDonald, Frank "Shorty" MacKinnon, William Ledwell, Jacques Thibeault, Claude D'Amours, Desmond Burge, Bertrand Methot.

**In Football**—Owen Mullin, Leonard MacDonald, John Eldon Green, John Dalziel.

**In Basketball**—Clarence Roche.

**Silver Pin**—Desmond Burge. Des won his "D" in basketball hockey and football.

**Bronze Pin**—Owen Mullin. Owen won his "D" in Basketball and Football.

## NONENSE AVENUE

Preston: "Carmichael is just bashful. Why don't you give him some encouragement?"

Barbara: "Encouragement! He needs a cheering section."



Prof: "Didn't you have a brother in this course last year?"

Student: "No sir, it was I. I'm taking it over again."

Prof: "Extraordinary resemblance, though—extraordinary!"

---

Sullivan: "Wait, Shorty, are you sure you have forgotten everything?"

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"What brand of soap do you want?"

Howlett: "Palmolive for me, and Lux for Barkis and Burge."

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Carrigan: "What kinda guy is Art McInnis?"

Alex: "Well, last night he barked his shins on a chair, and said, "Oh, the perversity of inanimate objects!"

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Three men and a dog were playing poker. An onlooker was continually praising the cleverness of the dog. One of the men turned jealously and said, "Nyah, he's not so smart. Everytime he gets a good hand he wags his tail."

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Salesman to lady in a shoe store: "Why not try on your correct size? You're under no obligation to buy."

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Noah had packed the last pair of animals in the Ark. There wasn't room for another insect. In the commotion a field-mouse crowded against the elephant's toe.

"Look out!" trumpeted the elephant. "Whom do you think you're pushing!"

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## MINUTES OF GRADE XII DEBATING CLASS

The weekly meeting of the Grade XII Debating team came to order, on the request of the Chairman, Mr. Cyril Callaghan, on March 22, 1947. The minutes of the previous meeting were read by Mr. Adrian Smith. Mr. Joseph Kelly moved that the minutes of future debates be written in the past tense and the English Language (preferably the King's). This was seconded by Mr. C. McKenna after some discussion, in the course of which Mr. Kelly was accused of being a Monarchist. Mr. Ralston Carrigan moved that the Roll Call be deleted. That was seconded by the class but was vetoed by the Moderator. Roll was then called, Martin Mac-Millan dissenting. The capable Mr. Callaghan then called on Mr.



Ralston Carrigan to open the debate for the affirmative. Mr. Carrigan presented his argument in a clear, short, concise style, which did not detract from his protestations that he came wholly unprepared, (having intended to skip until rounded up by the Prefect of Discipline). Mr. C. McKenna followed by a speech that was, at least, longer. Mr. Leonard O'Hanley was then called upon to continue the argument for the negative. He objected to Mr. Callaghan's request on the grounds that he had prepared an affirmative speech, which claim was somewhat exaggerated, as was borne out when he was invited to give the speech at any rate. Last, but by no means least, Mr. Emmett Griffin took the floor and derided the conditions, both physical and spiritual, that exist in the U. S. He gave everyone adequate warning of what would happen if this class should be instrumental in annexing the Maritime provinces to the U. S. The leaders of both sides were then called in rebuttal. Mr. McKenna protested on the grounds that there was nothing about rebuttal on the notice. Mr. Carrigan unfortunately was the victim of a nose bleed as he took the floor and had to be carried out of the room. The judges, due to the political importance of the subject, had to leave the room, presumably for deliberation. The Moderator then gave his views, and also the English papers to the class. After what seemed like a minute, and what actually was, judges Ernie MacDonald, Gerard McInnis, and Wilbert Rooney, who came late, returned and gave the decision "in favor of Carrigan". Then Mr. Callaghan, who was eager to get home, sang God Save the King and, as a concession to the French-speaking members of the class, O Canada, to end the meeting.

Respectfully submitted.

---

Ernie to Headwaiter: "By the way did that fellow who took my order leave any family?"

---

Cart was having refreshments at a bar when Kiker joined him. "Hello, Cart," he said, "What have you there, tea or coffee?" "They didn't say," replied Cart sadly.

---

### Lines in Imitation of Ogden Nash

#### "The Horse Trader"

There's nothing degrading  
About horse trading.  
In fact, if I ever have a mania,  
Such as maybe schizophrenia,  
And go into lapses and swoons



(Like in the Madonna of the Seven Moons),  
I hope I'm a horse trader.  
In my new life, or phrenia,  
Don't let me be The Duke of Albania,  
Surrounded by wives and serving wenches:  
I'd rather be something unpretentious.  
I'd waive the throne of Bader-Bader  
Just to be a simple horse trader.  
And don't let me bother with the atom,  
Just give me ragged nags, and let me fat 'em—  
Ambling pad, percheron or pony,  
Just so they're thin any bony.  
I love to get some old caballo,  
Without a bit of fat or tallyo  
And stuff him with oats sweetened with molasses—  
That's what he mostly needs, Pa says.  
And I even have extension courses  
On emaciated horses:  
I find politics and social justice  
Just about as dry as summer dust is—  
Honestly, through my soul's window  
Shines no pity for the Pole and the struggling Hindu,  
Or even the battling Greek—  
When I'm trying to get my horses fat and sleek.  
But some of them you could no more fatten  
Than you could teach Bun to talk in Latin.  
When they don't respond to feed you're  
To use another procedure:  
By skilful lacquering and limbering  
Of stock, gall and confusion  
You must create an equine illusion.  
In the treating of spavin and numbness.  
I'm practically an alumnus:  
Just slap him till he's green  
With kerosene.  
There's nothing stymies a trader like horse with heaves.  
You've no notion—  
No common liniment or potion  
Relieves the heaves.  
But for a day and night  
I can make his breathing just as light as light  
And smoothe as McAulay's car,  
Just by feeding him eggs and vinegar.  
That'll make him look as healthy as an apple,  
And sound as a back-bencher asleep in the chapel.  
He won't be as good as God made him,  
But you'll be able to trade him.  
It may seem sort of sardonic  
That with all our troubles, slavic and teutonic,  
When everyone is trying to see if he can't  
Do something socially significant,



Or take up things, especially radar,  
All I want to be is a horse trader.

Anon.

Some day we hope to see a waiter with enough of what it takes  
to lay the check face-up on the table.

Prefect: "Can you explain why it is, Hammil, that every  
time I pass this room your radio is playing?"

Hammill: "It must be those rubber heels, Father."

It seems that Grant, Barkis and Shorty left St. Dunstan's and  
entered another college. On arrival they asked: "Have you a  
Students' Union here?"

"Why, yes, of course." was the reply.

"Well then we are against it", said Grant.

Accidents will happen you know—that's why we have those  
Thursday dinners.

Alex: "May I kiss you?"  
(Nothing but silence)

Alex: "May I please kiss you?"  
(More silence.)

Alex: "Say, are you deaf?"

Joyce: "No! Are you paralyzed?"

### THE SMOKER'S LAMENT

Curses on you, little weed.  
From your lures I can't be freed,  
From the little dancing folk  
In your azure, curling smoke.  
From the dying, smold'ring ash,  
All yourimps you quickly lash  
With frenzied fury to my brain,  
Working with all might and main.  
Then my being you cease to nag,  
Till I light another fag.  
Then at me you lear and rave,



"I'm your master, you're my slave."  
 Since you have me in your grasp,  
 "Tween my lips do you I clasp,  
 Thinking of some other need,—  
 Curses on you little weed.

A. B. '49

### Again We Page Winchell

Ah indeed, our loss is immeasurable, our woes are unsurpassed, our tribulations are without parallel. Due to a tradition at St. Dunstan's, the Seniors can not be mentioned in the final issue of the Humor Section. But then there are the Juniors . . . Preston Hammill, who is a Junior from every angle (physically and mentally) has been pushed further down the ranks. As a reward to Ruth's "ole Man", Goldie has to replenish the coal hod each night before he takes her out . . . window shopping.

Those two men of song, Blaquiere and Barkis, are leaving no note unturned in their efforts to louse up the Choir. With what Barkis soloing and Ronnie's monologue . . . It's still Ethyl and Moose McInnis. "Moose" seems to think that "No!" means "Why, gladly!" . . . We have a long delayed report that Marj. went to Sackville last fall to see Joe Mahar make a play, for her. But Joe waited till he got home to make a play for her. Joe also makes plays for Rayona.

Dum-Dum Morrissey isn't bull-headed. He asked us to tell that to the students of First. On our own hook we are also telling it to the Marines; Ernie Gallant and Babe are like two cords on a rope, they are so wrapped up in one another.

Poor Fred has tough luck with women. Now its Gavin. Justin swept a fair damsel off Fred's arm during the holidays—and that's not speaking figuratively . . . Ledwell was complaining about his low English mark. "But, Sir, the punctuation was all right." . . . Slugger: "Now that Lent's over I can start eating candy again." . . . Night of the dance for the Hockey team at the "Charlottetown" we were reading the handwriting on the wall, or rather, on the steamed window. We saw a finger printing out, under the fond tutelage of a fair Co-ed, "R. C. and M. MacP". On the end of the finger was, of all people, Carrigan . . . The Prefect was heard walking around murmuring, "I can't figure it out, I can't figure it out." On questioning him we learned that his problem centered around Kiker's early return after a date "wif Efful" . . . Some one asked Reg whom he took home from the last game with the Legion. "No one," he said, "she took me home." We saw her, and we'd say she just took him. That was, of course, B. R. (Before Rossiter) . . . We have been trying to decide whether the Prefect in the O. B. was whistling in an effort to entertain the telephone operator, or was he the butt of an April-



fool joke . . . . Pete Sullivan got a new pair of diamond socks for his birthday. At long last he can send the other pair to the laundry. Shorty says all he has to do is show them the road . . . . The Texas disaster was nothing in Gracie's opinion—after Shorty set her hair on fire at the "Charlottetown" . . . . Bun has been officially christened "Sir Callahad" after his recent endeavor to save a female from having a set of molars kicked around . . . .

Well fellows, its been horrible.

Then the earth swallowed up both of us.

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