

INTRAMURAL HOCKEY

The league was one of the most hotly contested in years with numerous thrills and upsets. The freshmen team, led by their high-scoring line of O'Connor, Cameron and Murphy, was favored to cop the title; but the finals saw a hard-fighting Grade XI team win the trophy by taking a two game, total-goal series 7-2. Johnny O'Connor was the leading scorer of the league with 14 points, followed closely by his linemate George Cameron with 13.

The following is a line-up of the Grade XI team, the intramural champions: D. Sullivan, G. Kelly, A. O'Brien, S. Deighan (Captain), J. Dorsey, J. MacDonald, P. Sinnott, J. Rossiter, W. MacAdam.

ATHLETIC D'S

The St. Dunstan's A.A.A. has awarded athletic D's in football to Elmer Blanchard, Joe Mahar, Cart MacDonald, Johnny Bradley and Allister MacIsaac; in hockey to Elmer Blanchard and Allison Farmer; in basketball to Johnny O'Connor and Leo Murphy.

Bronze Pins, signifying the winning of two athletic D's, have also be awarded to Elmer Blanchard, Joe Mahar, Cart MacDonald, "Kiker" MacIsaac and Johnny Bradley.

NONSENSE AVENUE

Well here we are for the last edition. The end of the college year is near at hand and everyone begins to wonder where the time really went. We wouldn't advise you to spend too much time thinking about that lest you come to the conclusion that you have wasted most of your time. We know that you did spend considerable time pondering over philosophy and chemistry, but just think of all the time you have spent idly talking to your friends. We have in mind now a particular Saturday night that permission was not granted to town. A few of the boys took a belligerent attitude toward the situation and decided to go and study, but many of the others, the easy to get along with type, decided that they would have a bull-session. It wasn't so bad after all—at least it wasn't as bad as the time of the famine. Slugger said it was so bad in Iona that they had to tie knots on the end of the pigs' tails to keep them from crawling through the knot holes. Deacon

who was gazing romantically at the moon, decided that it must be the beams that keep it in place. Big Willie, who was unusually short that night, (probably because he couldn't see Ruth) expressed his intention to start a bakery if he could raise the dough. Finally sounds coming from Tommy O'Connor resembling "he, he, he", attracted the attention of the prefect who inquired if this was an old maids' gathering, and another night was brought to an abrupt close.

Grunt: "Have I done him any damage?"

Fox (at ringside): "No, but keep swinging, the draft might give him a cold."

Sigs: "What is your worst fault?"

Shannah Francis: "My vanity. I spend hours before the mirror admiring my beauty."

Sigs: "That's not vanity—that's imagination."

Two men who had been bachelor-cronies met for the first time in five years.

"Tell me, Tom", said one, "did you marry that girl, or do you still darn your own socks and do your own cooking?"

"Yes", was Tom's reply.

On Monday, April 12, the Student Union elections were held. On this day the president and vice-president were elected. The candidate who ran first in the voting for the office of Secretary-Treasurer failed to gain a clear majority so it was decided to call another election for this important post.

The campaign-managers began working energetically, and many lies and distortions of the truth were spread around with the result that the forces of corruption and reaction were successful in gaining a clear and resounding majority.

At one stage in the campaign it seemed as if open conflict were inevitable, but by some work of fate we were spared this horrible experience. The Dalton Clique threatened open violence if their man was not elected. At this time all leaves were cancelled for the cadet corps, which was put on an active basis. They patrolled the campus and kept order remarkably well. Pilot Officer "Crab" McDonald, Chief of the Air Staff had his planes

patrolling the skies over St. Dunstan's to spot violence and nip it in the bud. The home fleet under the command of Leading Sig. Solomon Kelly patrolled the coast in order to make sure that no arms were landed for the reactionaries.

The only violence reported occurred when an unidentified person attacked Art McInnis. Art suffered only minor cuts and shock. Police fired some shots into the mob and two persons suffered flesh wounds.

Leo F. Bonkers sees this victory of the Dalton Clique as the greatest blow at the democracies since Munich. Robert Kelly called April 14th the darkest day for freedom since the day that France capitulated. Slugger McCarthy could not be reached for comment because of a serious case of sleeping sickness. Everything seems peaceful now but one can never tell when open violence may break out again.

(Found in a collection of old papers in the possession of a member of the faculty, and entitled, "Tribute To My Model A".)

MY TRIP IN ELIZABETH

At last the great day did arrive,
When I was going for a drive
In Father O'Hanley's famous car.
We were not going to travel far,
Just long enough to make me see
There was no car as fine as she.
Father O'Hanley, with a grin,
Drove up and said to me, "Hop in."
Now when I first did sit in Lizzie,
The height of her sure made me dizzy;
But soon I liked sitting so high,
'Twas just like riding in the sky.
A smile was on Elizabeth's face,
As we drove on at funeral pace.
"She really goes quite smooth," says I,
"Let's see if we can make her fly."
Father O'Hanley turned to me,
"I'm afraid I can't do that," says he,
"Elizabeth goes at her own speed;
Advice to fly she will not heed."
But as soon as these words were said,
Elizabeth flushed a fiery red,
And right then she resolved to show
That she was not so very slow.
Her speed increased, we raced along;

And as she went, she sang this song:

"Rattle, rattle, rattle, squeak, chug, chug,

I'm just like the famous flying rug."

I hit the roof when she hit bumps,

And on my head arose three lumps.

The people all stared at this car,

They heard her coming from afar,

And ran outside and looked to see

Elizabeth, Father, and frightened me.

I cried: "Elizabeth, please slow down,

My head is going round and round.

I admit that you can go quite fast."

These words of truth calmed her at last.

Once more a smile was on her face,

And we drove on at funeral pace.

She sang another little song

To cheer us as we crawled along:

"I can go fast, I can go slow;

I'm quite a car, as you must know;

And never, never will there be

Another car as fine as me."

K. McN.

Fisher: "Your dog seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

Barber: "It isn't that; sometimes I snip off a bit of a customer's ear."

Clifford Murphy: "It was nice of you to give me this dance."

She (sweetly): "Not at all—this is a charity ball."

THE BIRDS' EYE REVIEW

The election is past and gone for another year and everyone is happy once more but some more so than others. Although Bill Ledwell didn't win he is still happy since—as we were told by the officials that his first vote was in girl's handwriting—that wouldn't be Anita's vote, would it, Bill? Arbing rejoiced after his election because he felt that he was no longer obliged to supply "Gnat" Frazer with cigarettes. Although "Moose" McInnis almost had the occasion to feel the noose tighter about his neck, he is still as active as ever, especially at the dances—better watch your girl, Jack. Oh! by the way, Jack, when is that important announcement coming? Doc is still waiting. Justin Gavin has expressed his intention to play the field again this year. Why not try a few

rebounds off the back boards, Justy. John Cash has warned us not to say anything about his affair with Pat, he says he is still pretty well established there—tain't the way we heard it, Johnnie. Rumors are abroad again concerning Margaret and Danny. Would that be spring fever or is it an extreme case of puppy love?—just the same, Danny, you're not the only pebble on the beach. We were told that Deacon and Atkins are going to start a movement to have batmen supplied for C. O. T. C. students here—better get someone who makes a lot of noise in the morning, boys. Wilf Driscoll has been seen entering the Beautyland on several occasions; "Shanks" says he is getting a wave installed but we know better than that. Did you ever tell her about the time you killed the coyote with a stone when you were out in the Rockies, Wilf? Allan MacLellan is still patiently waiting for that sweater that Kay promised—rumors have it that one of the seniors was seen wearing it—tough luck, Gus. Was Bun really cold the night he was caught going to the wash room with his overcoat on?—a little excuse is better than none, Bun. Then there is a report that Dunstan and Ernie may at any time be heard singing "Sentimental Journey." It's going to be a big job renewing old acquaintances, boys. We wonder was Rufus tiring of Hilda or was he just trying to sneak a date with Little Alice. It's none of our business but you're going to miss the car rides Derrill. Warning to Paul Landrigan: make sure there's no one watching before you go down on your knees to express your sentiments to your girl friend.

Economics Prof.: What do you think of our present taxation system?"

Reg: "I don't know"

Cart: "I haven't prepared the lesson, Sir."

Gerry: "It slips my mind for the moment."

Joe: "I can't add anything further to what has been said."

(Now you surely see why we go to College)

Lorraine: "Why do you always carry a bottle of coke in your purse."

Peggy: "For protection."

Lorraine: "Protection?"

Peggy: "Sure. That's my pop."

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

We have been reminded of two choice tidbits about two affable, influential, and weighty gentlemen on our campus. We don't like to mention names but in this case we will have to suspend with our normal principles.

A letter, received by Paul Landrigan from Gracie and read by at least twenty members of the student-corpus, revealed this startling fact and we quote, "Your affectionate nature reminds me of only one other man—my father," unquote. We have here the rough outline of a great lover. Did he show his affection on bended knee as he did to Teresa?

Recently Bun sallied forth in quest of some fair maidens but instead of the usual, "We'll be ready in a minute," he was spurned and rebuffed to the strains of that modern and sentimental ballad "He's too fat for me".

WARNING

Lieut. (?) Leo F. Atkins reserve officer in the Underground Balloon Corps, and Pugilistic Owenie Mullin, (pugilist in aspiration but not in fact) are warned that any future attempt at larceny will ensure severe retaliation by the humor editors. (Perhaps Hen would endorse any proceedings that might be taken against them). We might sic Donna on you Grunt, or even Maggie. As for you Atkins, you are such a sweet little fellow when you don't try to be hard that we will try to overlook you; let it be known however, that we will not be so lenient next time.