

"Oh, I see ... I wonder, could I see her for a moment?" I asked.

"Well, I cain't see any harm in that" he said as he opened the door and called,

"Hey Susy!"

Immediately she bounded excitedly out the door and once more I touched her flawless head. This time the old technique worked.

"Susy, Susy girl", I crooned, as she looked adoringly up at me.

"Oh mister please, won't you please reconsider? I'll give you anything."

"No," he said decisively, "cain't do it."

"Well listen Mister", I said, glancing at my watch, "I have to catch a bus in ten minutes; would it be all right if Susy walked down to it with me?"

"I reckon it'd be all right," he answered, looking at me suspiciously; "I'm going that way anyways".

And so the two of them escorted me back to the bus stop. Just before I clambered aboard I stroked Susy's firm back and even took the liberty of caressing a pointed ear.

"Blast that stubborn fool", I muttered as the bus picked up speed; "I could have made a mint with that dog in Santa Anita."

THOMAS V. GRANT, '57.

### On Speaking of RED AND WHITE to a Coed

I was intrigued a few days ago as I was glancing over a few of the back issues of **Red and White** to find that few, if any, of the coeds have written articles for our most illustrious magazine. I noticed also that the same trend is present this year, so, having learned from philosophy (and this is one of the few facts which I have acquired from St. Thomas) that there must be a reason for everything, I jumped out of bed (where I spend most of my time), determined to find the cause of this natural phenomenon. I grabbed my room-mate's pencil and a piece of his paper and hurried down the stairs and out onto the campus grounds. Just then, who should come walking by but the object of my hurry, one of the coeds. I tried my utmost to put on the mien which I though an editor should have, and with



my mouth full of a multitude of big words with which to impress this fair lady, I hurried up to her.

"Hi", I said.

"Hi".

I determined to broach the subject immediately so without further ado I placed the problem before her.

"Why is it", I asked, "that so few of you coeds write for the **Red and White**?"

"**Red and White**?"

"Yeah, **Red and White**. It is the students' magazine and the coeds form an important part of..." Just then a football player ran out on the football field and the fair lady to whom I was talking turned and watched him. Needless to say, I was somewhat taken aback but was determined to continue the conversation when she turned, took a step forward and bumped into me.

"Oh! hi," she said. "Nice day, isn't it?"

"Yes, great day. But to get back to what we were talking about..."

"Talking about What were we talking about?"

"**Red and White**".

"Red and white?"

"Yeah, the **Red and White**. You know. Our college magazine. Why is it that the coeds don't submit articles to be published in it?"

The eternal answer came then: "What are we going to write about?" Ah, I thought to myself, maybe those coeds don't know what to write about. Maybe that's the answer to the whole problem. Determination flooded my mind. Now I would tell her just what should be written in **Red and White**.

"To begin with", I said in a most serious tone, "articles should not deal with dull topics. Choose something within your own sphere of living—not a topic dealing with a subject such as communism. **Red and White** is a..."

"Speaking of **Red and White**, wasn't that a most exquisite dance the **Red and White** sponsored about a month ago?"

"Yes, it was. Now, to get back to our conversation. The articles should be written in fairly good English. After all, we should be able to bring the standard of our magazine up to the standard of those published by the other Universities in the Maritimes such as Mount A. and Acadia. Those..."



"Acadia", the fair lady said with sorrow in her voice.  
"Too bad they won the football championship this year."

"Yes. Now, as I was saying, **Red and White** is a magazine which..."

"I wonder why they don't get red and white jackets or sweaters or something for the coeds? After all, the boys have them."

"Yes", I said, with a tired note in my voice.

"Well, I guess I'll hurry along", she said.

"Be seeing you".

— O'FLAHERTY.

### JUDO — WHAT IS IT?

Judo is primarily a sport, secondly a form of self defence. Most people have the idea that judo is some sort of oriental mayhem usually committed in a den liberally strewn with bent and broken bones. Any **judoka** (person who practices Kodohan judo) will point out that judo is about the only body-contact sport that hardly ever sees an injury, much less a serious accident. The word "judo" comes from two Japanese words, "jud" meaning gentleness and "do", the way or principle. Literally, "The way of gentleness."

The false idea entertained by the average person about this fast growing sport arises from the confusion between the words judo and jujitsu. In our lazy western manner of speech we shorten the word jujitsu to judo. For example, Army or Combat judo, should be Army or Combat jujitsu. There is a big but not too well known difference between the two. In judo you use your opponent's movements to your own advantage, and throw him to the mat with a sudden push or pull of the hands and or feet. Judo differs from boxing and wrestling in that no blows are struck and no great muscular strength is required.

In jujitsu the object is not necessarily to kill but to incapacitate your opponent momentarily, with bone breaking or by paralysis-inducing holds or chops. There is a counter movement for every twist, wrench, pull, push or bend. The expert **does not** oppose such movements. He yields to them. He even aids them to a point, and then with an artful move he causes his adversary to put out his own shoulder or break his arm, neck or back.