

NONSENSE AVENUE

Your editors may dig and dig,
Till their finger-tips are sore;
But there'll be always some who say,
I've heard that one before.

Voice on phone: "Mike Hennessey is sick to-day and won't be able to keep that date. He asked me to notify you."

Gwen: "All right. Who is this speaking?"

Voice: "This is my room-mate."

The new student dusted his desk, wiped off his chair, arranged his books, and tidied up generally—everything was tidied up except the floor.

"Sir," remarked the prefect, "wasn't this floor swept?"

"No," replied Bissonnette.

"No, WHAT?" exclaimed the irritated prefect.

"No broom," said the student meekly.

Griffin asked Bishop why he forever sang one tune, Breathless.

"Because it haunts me," replied Corcoran.

"No wonder," said Griffin, "you certainly murder it."

Dunphy: "Jim, I smell something burning. Are you sure you turned off that electric toaster?"

Jim: "Yes, I turned the switch, and then to make sure, I turned it again."

Girls, when they went out to swim,
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard.
But now they have a bolder whim
And dress more like her cupboard.

Justin Kelly: "I find it hard to learn the names of all the freshmen out here."

Allan Noonan: "Why don't you do what I do? Listen when the professor calls the roll."

Kelly: "I tried that and found out one fellow was named 'Burge Kane Reid McCarthy.'"

Freshman: "Is this dance formal or may I wear my own clothes?"

Pat, (with two companions, fearing their boat would swamp during a storm): "Can you pray?"

Companions (to-gether,): "No."

Pat: "Can you sing?"

Companion: "No."

Pat: "Then Oi'll pass the hat 'cos we gotta do something religious."

One night after lights were out there was still some skylarking going on in Slugger's room on fourth. The prefect, investigating the cause of the noise rapped on his door and called out, "Order, order."

"Two beers," roared Slugger.

Her: "Kiss me again, you brute."

Him: "Yeth, darling. Thertainly."

Photographer: "Do you want a large picture or a small one?"

Reggie Phelan: "A small one please."

Photographer: "Well, close your mouth."

The sergeant was drilling Squad Four in the use of the rifle. Everything went smoothly until blank cartridges were distributed. The cadets were told to load their rifles and stand at "ready". Then the sergeant gave the command, "Fire at will!"

Bun Callaghan lowered his rifle. "Which one is Will?" he asked

Morris says a fly in the soup is better than no meat at all.

The conductor on the Murray Harbor train was collecting tickets. One lady presented a half-fare ticket for the boy with her.

"But lady, this lad isn't young enough to travel half-fare."

"Maybe not now, but he was when we left Charlottetown."

"Why did they separate?"

"Nobody knows."

"Oh, how terrible!"

Doctor, (after examining patient): "I don't like the looks of your husband, Mrs. Kuster."

Mrs. Kuster: "Neither do I, but he's good to our children."

Two admirers of 'Bombast' O'Keefe were talking about him.

McIvor: "You have to hand it to him for what he has accomplished, for he is a self-made man."

MacLellan: "I know he is, and he certainly adores his maker."

TO A JOE J.

I wouldn't go to socials,
I wouldn't court the dames,
Though I was the main attraction
At all the football games.

I did go to the movies,
But I only took the 'Duck.'
For some girls 'twas misfortune,
For the rest beginner's luck.

I wouldn't get my hair cut,
I wouldn't even shave.
I swore I'd shun the women
Till one foot touched the grave.

But now that I've met MARY,
I fear, I really do,
That my misogyny
Is very, very, through.

Bombast, (after forty minutes of the usual blah): "... and so, at twenty, I faced the stormy world with fifty cents and a clear conscience."

Bored voice from bottom tier on bed: "At least you held on to the fifty cents."

First Freshman: "Is it cold enough outside for a coat?"

Second ditto: "Yeah, and boots too."

A policeman, making his rounds in the early hours of the morning, found an inebriated individual thrashing madly in a horse trough and waving his handkerchief over his head.

"What are you doing there?" he asked.

"Save the women and children first, I can swim," was the reply.

Duck MacDonald's idea of perpetual motion: one Scotchman chasing another to collect a debt.

The malancholy days have come,
The saddest in our annals,
It's far too cold for B.V.D.'s
And far too hot for flannels.

To climax a bull-session, Joe J. was relating the story of his heroism on a particular occasion.

"There was a fire in Mt. Stewart one night, and an old man was caught in the fourth story of a burning building. It looked as if he were a goner. None of the ladders were long enough to reach him. The crowd stared at one another, nobody could think of anything to do.

"Then, all of a sudden, boys, an idea occurred to me. 'Fetch a rope,' I yelled, 'somebody fetch a rope,' and with great presence of mind, I flung the end of it up to the old man; 'tie it around your waist,' I yelled. The old man did so, and I pulled him down."

Duck: "Am I the only boy you ever kissed?"

Frances: "Yes, and by far the best looking."

Carrigan: "Do you waltz?"

Blondie: "It's all the same to me."

Carrigan: "Yes, I've noticed that."

Two psychoanalysts met. One said, "You feel fine, How do I feel?"

From 'Ralston' Smith's Economics paper: 'Politics is the art of obtaining money from the rich and votes from the poor on the pretext of protecting each from the other.'

Porky: Darling, how can I ever leave you?"

'Big Jim' (shouting downstairs): "Bus, train, or taxicab."

"You are charged with being drunk," said the judge to the prisoner, "what is your name?"

"Angus MacPherson MacNabb." was the reply.

"And who bought you the drink?" asked the judge.

Some people love their homes the best,
The rest prefer their car.
Which shows I'm not like others,
Cos I like best Joe Mahar.
'To Joe, with love, from Joyce.'

Charlie MacDonald: "I don't see how you can afford to take so many pretty girls to expensive restaurants."

Bolger: "That's easy. I always ask each girl, before we go in, if she hasn't been putting on weight, even if she's so thin she could close one eye and pass for a needle."
(O.K., don't laugh.)

Nicholson was relating an incident in his room.

"Great big hulking fellow he was," he went on tediously.
"must have been over six feet, said he was determined to fight someone. So I just pushed my way through the crowd and"

"Ran all the way here, I suppose?" put in MacIsaac.

SALT AND PEPPER

Vince Murnaghan doesn't want any mention made of his associating with Ida Brede of Montreal this summer, O.K., Fred, it's our secret.

M'sieu Bassinette complains that, at our socials, we do a different jive from what is done in Montreal. We suggest that he take a few lessons from St. Dunstan's Arthur Murray,—Claude Shea.

C.Q.M.S. McKenna, the one-time stand-in for Duranty, complains of heart trouble. Caused, no doubt, by so much foot-work to and from 77 McGill Avenue.

'Termite' Hammill is at the aggravating stage of childhood—too young to kick and too old to spank.

"Off-side" Callaghan came to grief on the occasion of his first water fight at St. Dunstan's. Was his face red, especially one side of it, for the next week.

One of the means Charlie McIvor uses to combat the high cost of living is to put both his and Phyllis' coats in back of the stage at the Saturday night dances.

Jim Morris asked us to publicly thank Eileen, er—Miss McPhee, for that 'light-switch land-mark' she gave him. Thanks, Eileen. He certainly shows it off. He also tells us he feels naked without that 'D'. You should give it back.

What we said about Hammill goes double for 'Grem-lin' Corcoran.

Quite a few students still don't know why Billie Murphy had to sing 'Wait For Me MARY', at the initiation. Someone please tell them.

One of the students saw Howard Shea dancing with Jean Ramsay and angrily exclaimed, "What's he got that we haven't got?" Every dance, chum, every dance.

Before we forget . . . don't worry, A.J., we'll mention YOUR name with Phyllis' in the next issue. In the meantime, try regaining lost ground.

In case the football team is wondering, there IS a football manager. His name is Austin McKenna. After all, he DID mark off the field and that's work.

Solomon is looking for a return engagement with the 'Shadow'. He claims that the judges were biased in their decisions the night of initiation.

And Slugger McCarthy wants another crack at the famous lie-detector. He says that no machine can make a fool out of him and get away with it. We don't know what his arguments are but we're afraid . . . Slugger, as you know, tried to escape initiation but was foiled in his attempt by 'Little Jim' Smith and 'Bombs'.

Wonnie Blacquiere has aspirations of becoming head-waiter next year. At present he is looking for a stand-in at breakfast.

For the first time in the history of St. Dunstan's a freshman is being looked up to. He's no other than 'Six - six' Charlie MacDonald.

'Flat-top' Dorsey reports that, since the first of the year, his room-mate, Junior Dalziel, has received sixty-three letters from Geraldine——of Albany. We're sure he got ONE for we rea——oh, skip it.

For Bob Carmichael, Don MacDonald, Ivan Farmer,
and the others who have been forgotten in this issue, we have
the glad news that there will be another Red and White in
March. We will see you boys then. Until then,

we snoop.
The Shakers.

COLD FACTS

We stood around the tables,
Each student had a place.
We stood there calmly waiting
Till the Rector said the Grace.

We quickly pulled our chairs out
And sat down to our meal;
The soup was cream-of-mushroom,
The meat was roasted veal.

We helped ourselves to carrots,
Potatoes, peas, and chow;
Then capped it with brown gravy
As only we knew how.

They set some pie before us,
Some ice-cream and champagne.
And cakes like those they gave us
I'll never taste again.

Then someone shook me gently,
Each one was like a flash
The waiters moved like lightning,
"Wake up! It's time for hash."

Eddie Gillis: "Did you kiss that beautiful girl you had out last night?"

Ivan Farmer: "No. I took her to the show, then we bowled a game, and then I took her to a restaurant, so I thought I did enough for her."

Vince Murnaghan: "There is a large number of girls in Charlotetown who never seem to want dates."

"Pluto" Cameron: "How do you know?"

Murnaghan: "I asked them."

S. D. U. student's doctrine:—If the hat fits, borrow it.

She: "I was outspoken at the Woman's Club today, dear."

He: "Who outspoken you?"

He never knew what real happiness was until he was married, and then it was too late.

FLASH! FLASH!

Word has just reached the editors that the "Silver-Tip" Burges have been successful and unsuccessful in love. Since the night of the Athletic Dance, the popular young "Dessie" has been seen quite often with a certain Priscilla. Rumor has it that an "Ashes of Roses" perfume set is nestling prettily in the corner of Dessie's trunk. A present for his mother, no doubt. On the other side of the fence. To fulfil his ambition of having three hours of good solid entertainment, (if you know what we mean) "Tiger". Burge arranged a date with,———well, anyway, he arranged a date. However, he took cold feet on the eve of his big night and as a result got a calling down from Gertie for standing her up.

For readers who have come this far, we thank you. And now rejoice with us as we give you

THE END!