

## ☼ NONSENSE AVENUE ☼

*A little nonsense  
Now and then,  
Is relshed by  
The wisest men.*

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McEntee (dreamily)—“Isn’t a fireplace romantic? See the pretty figures the flames make. What do you suppose they are saying, dear?”

Joan:—“Sixteen dollars a ton.”

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J. Smith:—“Why is that black crepe on your door?”

P. McInnis:—“That’s not crepe, that’s my room-mate’s towel.”

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Baby Snooks (sarcastically in restaurant):—“I hope you don’t mind my eating while you smoke.”

Strauss:—“Certainly not, dear, so long as I can hear the orchestra.”

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Mort:—“Why are you making Leo eat yeast?”

Linus:—“He swallowed my quarter and I’m trying to raise the dough.”

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“You look just sweet enough to eat,”

Said Pee Wee soft and low.

“I am,” said Kit, quite hungrily,

“Where do you wish to go?”



Sweet Young Thing:—"Why are you running the harrow over that grain field?"

Young Farmer:—"Oh, I am raising shredded wheat this year."

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J. Morris:—"With feet like yours you should get a job with the government."

A. Gillis:—"Doing what?"

J. Morris:—"Stamping out forest fires."

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Salesman:—"Yes sir, that's the smartest hat we have."

O'Keefe:—"It doesn't have to be smart, I'll put the brains in it myself."

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Jack:—"Dearest, if you could only cook like my grandmother could. One of my fondest memories is the cooking of my grandmother."

Eileen:—"Oh dear, you cannibal."

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Major:—"Have you ever been up before me?"

Private Roche:—"I don't know; what time do you get up?"

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Bishop:—"Say Verret, when you get through with that cigarette, wipe the ashes off your teeth."

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#### LEO'S LAMENT

"In the gloaming, dearest Katherine,  
When the lights are dim and low,  
When your face is powdered plenty  
How am I, sweetheart to know?  
Every week I have to bundle  
Every coat that I possess  
To the cleaner. Won't you darling,  
Love me more and powder less?"



O'Keefe was talking to a group of boys when he suddenly began to cough. With a relieved look, Roche remarked, "Well, at least he coughs in English."

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"How kind of you," said Snooks, "to bring those lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I believe there is some dew on them yet." "Yes", stammered Strauss in embarrassment, "but I'm going to pay it off tomorrow."

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Sullivan:—"What's the big idea, wearing my rain-coat?"

Pete Rossiter:—"You wouldn't want your suit to get wet, would you?"

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A Chinese cook was walking through the woods. He turned around to see a grizzly bear following him, sniffing his tracks. "Hm," said the Chinese, "You like my tracks, velly good, I makee some more."

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"If you refuse me," he swore, "I shall die."

She refused him.

Sixty years later he died.

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Sergeant:—"Hey, you! Why haven't you shaved?"

Corporal Sharkey:—"There were six others using the mirror, and I think I shaved somebody else."

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#### "HERE AND THERE"

Most of the boys regard "Suspicion" as a recent best seller; but the Co-eds regard it as the number of Father George's Telephone.

Roche has the tobacco, O'Keefe has the papers, Corcoran the matches, and Verret the habit.



Pearl's pipe is so strong that it can stand up and sing "I Don't Want to Walk Without You, Baby."

Seabiscuit pulled the biggest surprise of the year. He shaved twice on the same day, locked himself in the Prefect's room, and kept the phone busy for an hour. Most of the fellows thought he had a date. It turned out to be a false alarm. Now the boys are wondering what procedure he will follow when he really goes after a date.

As yet we have no Sadie Hawkin's day at St. Dunstan's, but "Baby Snooks" used her tactics to capture her man. But even "Snooks" had to give way to pressing War Conditions. Her heart-throb was caught in a draft. However the draft wasn't strong enough, and he has blown back in.

There is still a bit of Scotch at S. D. U. Pee Wee demonstrated it this year by asking Kit to meet him at the rink. He felt so badly over it that he would not ask her for a skate until the sixth band.

MacAdam says that when he does not look at girls he feels blue, and when he looks at girls he gets red because he is so green.

It is an old book but its still a best seller at the College. It was written over three years ago by O. McGuigan. Its title, "How To Make a—— out of Strauss in Five Easy Lessons."

Pete Rossiter tells the boys that he thinks the best type of davenport cushion is "I-lean" on the shoulder (To verify this statement ask J. Murray);

If someone loved Verret as much as he loves himself it would be one of the great romances of history.

Leo Rossiter had a great system the other Thursday afternoon. Rather than escort from the social his lady-love in broad daylight he hit upon the ingenious plan of stating that his services were required in the preparation of the hall for Bingo. But we have to pass the corn to Strauss who gloatingly offered to bear the whole burden, thus leaving Leo, The Heart Destroyer, open for convoy duty.

Three feet make a yard. Two of Jim Smith's would make a back-yard. If you don't believe it, just ask Preston Hammill, it takes him three days to walk around Smith.



Jack Dalziel is keeping the boys awake in the old building by pacing up and down the corridor singing "When my Phyllis Comes Back to Me." Jack thinks that Eileen could take her place but he's not the only "Jack in the box."

When P. Sharkey said he could not follow Mac-Isaac's joke, Joe replied "I can furnish you with a jest but I can't endow you with an understanding."

Pete Rossiter wishes to return to the good Commercial Class.

"Romeo" Roche recently took a girl to a college dance but for some reason took her only half-way home.

The boys think that Kaye and Jim must have spent several years in the cavalry because each of them has a well-developed hoarse laugh.

In the Chemistry Lab the professor remarked that it was difficult to find things that were under one's nose. The students thought he was referring to Kenny's moustache.

Joan thinks that McEntee will make a better coal clerk than Pee Wee; at least she thinks that he will not lose his hat on Water Street along with his head.

Some fellows see girls home from dances because they took them there; others do it because they love them; many do it because they like them; a few do it out of a sense of honor and duty; a smaller number do it because they were hooked into doing it; a still smaller number do it because they do not know the last waltz when they hear it; but only Jim Murphy, to our knowledge, ever did it because he was afraid to lose a bet to his roommate.

The "Frog" thinks he has made the leap from adolescence to manhood. But Father George thinks otherwise. Result: one green suit with tie to match hangs dejectedly in the closet. If he doesn't see Blondie very soon, we're afraid more than the green suit will be hanging in the closet.

Waitress:—"How did you find the steak, sir?"

Chesty:—"I just looked under two peas, and there it was."



Brennan:—"Take your mask off."  
 Cactus Pete:—"Mask off? That ain't a mask I got on, that's my face."  
 Brennan:—"Then for heaven's sake, get a mask."

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Puppy love has put many a man in the dog house.  
 Be careful, Leo.

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J. Wood:—"Nobody would be the wiser if I kissed you."  
 Ferne:—"Then don't kiss me. I'm after an education."

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Sarah:—"Jim Murphy is a pain in the neck ordinarily, but not on the dance floor."  
 Liza:—"You're right. On the dance floor he's a pain in the feet."

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Gendron (to barber) "Haircut, singe, shampoo, moustache trimmed, beard clipped and—er—er—where is it that I can put this cigar?"  
 Barber:—"Would you mind keeping it in your mouth M'sieur? It'll be a sort of landmark."

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#### FRESHMAN YEAR'S CONCLUSION

We've looked the seniors over,  
 And we find them not so hot.  
 We've watched the Juniors closely,  
 And we've got them on the spot.  
 Oh! we know the Sophy Sophomores,  
 And we followed all their dope.  
 And we've modestly concluded,  
 We're our Alma Mater's hope.

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Pete Rossiter:—"Count me out of that date, I never associate with my inferiors."  
 Bishop:—"I didn't know you had any."



Mike Hennessey:—"When I was abroad I slept on a three season bed?"

J. Martin:—"What do you mean a three season bed?"

M. Hennessey:—"It had no spring."

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Kate says that she has been seeing so many boy-friends off to camp that she has a permanent wave.

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Landlord:—(to prospective tenant) "You know we keep it very quiet and orderly here. Do you have any children?"

"No."

"A piano, radio or victrola?"

"No."

"Do you play any musical instrument? Do you have a dog, cat or parrot?"

"No, but my fountain pen scratches a little sometimes."

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Mary:—"What do you think of my new fur coat? I'm putting on the dog, eh?"

Kaye:—"Well, it looks more like cat to me."

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Fr. Sullivan (In philosophy class):—"Give me an example of a syllogism."

Brennan:—"Women like famous composers. One famous composer was Strauss. Strauss is a type of beer. A type of beer is stout. But if you tell a woman she's stout, you won't composer."

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Pluto:—"Looks like rain today."

Dalziel:—"Yeah, but it still smells a bit like coffee."

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Suzelle:—"Does dancing with Howard tire you?"

Mary:—"Gosh, yes, sometimes I can hardly drag his feet around."



Child:—"Mummy, sing me to sleep with a lullaby."

Modern Mother:—"Hold this cocktail and cigarette for me, and I'll try to get one on the radio."

Waitress:—"Order please."

Inez:—"A goose dinner with all the trimmings."

Waitress:—"And you, sir?"

Gerry:—(feeling his wallet), "I'll just take the trimming."

Railroad Agent:—"Here's another farmer who is suing us on account of cows."

Official:—"Well, I suppose the Murray Harbor Train has killed them."

Agent:—"No, he claims that the passengers lean out the windows and milk his cows as it goes by."

Mary:—"I'm so glad you like it, dearest. Mother says chicken salad and strawberry tarts are the only things I make correctly."

Howard Shea:—"Which is this, darling?"

### THE CO-EDS

During the Summer, one bright day,  
All the people were heard to say,  
A dreadful thing has come to pass,  
Three girls are entering Freshmen Class.  
Two girls are taking Junior, too,  
Now what on earth will the fellows do?  
They'll have to wash behind their ears,  
Because the dirt might shock the "dears,"  
They'll have to dress real nice, and shave,  
And in their hair they'll press a wave.  
But surely this cannot be true,  
That girls will be at S. D. U.  
Who can they be? What are their names?  
I'd like to meet these Co-ed dames.  
You asked for it so here they come,



I'll introduce them, one by one.  
 Gertie Butler, a Junior lass,  
 She's the brightest in her class,  
 She has blonde hair, and big blue eyes.  
 She studies hard, and is she wise!  
 A girl from Riviere-du-Loup,  
 You know her, she's a Junior too.  
 Her name is Miss Suzelle Thibault  
 How smart she is, I do not know.  
 The three Freshettes, not least, are last,  
 They once were shy but that is past.  
 They cheer the boys at all the games,  
 By now, I guess you know their names.  
 Now first we meet Eileen MacPhee,  
 She sure has oomph, as you can see.  
 The boys all loved her from the start,  
 For she did things to every heart.  
 The next is Mary Hennessey,  
 The boys laugh when her blush they see.  
 She really does get very red,  
 At every nicety that's said.  
 The last's a poet of much fame,  
 And Kaye McNeely is her name.  
 She lives down by the deep blue sea,  
 I know, because that girl is me.  
 Now that you know us Co-ed gals,  
 We hope that you will be our pals.  
 Please welcome us into your class,  
 For Co-ed days are here at last.

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### THE WATER FIGHT

The corridor was busily preparing for a fray.  
 Oh! what a night for a water fight,  
 The prefect was away.

We heard the boys preparing for the great aquatic clash,  
 The stage was set, though slightly wet,  
 And then we heard the splash.

The victim was Stork Gorman, who had fluttered down to  
 third,



To chirp advice, not quite so nice  
For a self-respecting bird.

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A pitcher full of water cascaded down his beak,  
This worthy fowl, let out a howl  
That vengeance he would wreak.

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He sought the regions higher up to organize a crew,  
Who'd aid his cause, by breaking jaws,  
And throwing water too.  
A leader was appointed, one Cactus Pete by name,  
Whose sleeping in and sheepish grin  
Had won for him great fame.

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Brave Cactus bid his warriors to come and follow him  
He said, "we'll fight with all our might,  
Though some of us can't swim."

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The force advanced in single file, the jugs began to swirl  
While in the rear with trembling fear,  
Strolled sweet and dainty Pearl.

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Her glossy hair was tied in rags, a stray wisp could be seen,  
A seasoned eye might well descry  
The use of brilliantine.

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Sea Biscuit startled by the noise began to neigh, of course,  
His pond'rous hooves he quickly moves  
And nickers with great force.

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And from his bed the Sleeping Slob arises in great fright,  
He sings a song with air all wrong  
Entitled "MIGHT IS RIGHT."

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His high false notes and mournful wails quite soon pervade  
the air,  
This horrid noise annoys the boys,  
And fills them with despair.

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Said Cactus to his followers, "I'll tell you what, me boys,  
This ain't the night for a water fight;  
Just listen to that noise."



If I should go to heaven and see Slob in the choir,  
I'd fain descend end over end  
Into eternal fire.

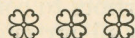
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The boys agreed that this was true, and scattered there and  
then,  
Retired to rest, Stork to his nest,  
And Cactus to his den.

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Back to his stall Seabiscuit went, calmed down by Pete's  
request,  
The Sleeping Slob had done his job,  
And earned a good night's rest.

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### A NIGHT IN TOWN

(Acts 1 and 11 may be found in the Easter and May Editions of 1942.)

#### ACT 111

Scene—A small chamber, filled with smoke and dirt, and more Juniors. An odd Senior lies prostrate upon his couch while a diminutive Freshman avidly peruses a faded copy of Jesse James' *Fight with Life*. Others recline luxuriously on trunks, desks, and on the dreamy Senior. (*Flourish of trumpets ending in a rancid note as Cactus Pete, abjected and dishevelled, stumbles into the room.*)

Pete:

Gee what a mess I'm in  
I love a lass, alas it cannot last;  
My days of ecstasy are well nigh  
past.  
Sweet Iris loves me; see it in my eye  
The outward raiment of a tender  
sigh.  
Tonight a joyful, thrilling pleasure  
ride  
Brought us to nearby Summerside.  
There in a Russian tavern we did



sit,  
Chuckling o'er my caustic wit.  
The cokes ran high, and merriment  
did reign;  
I filled her glass time and time  
again.  
A nickel in the Juke-Box did pro-  
duce  
The heated strains of *Rhythm on  
the Loose*.  
And as we left I smiled at that  
blond pip  
Who served our drinks and earned  
my ten cent tip.  
But out upon the street my heart  
did sink.  
I tell you lads I sure raised quite a  
noise;  
For what I saw did kindle burning  
fires,  
Some crazy fool had stolen all my  
tires!  
Zounds-but I'm tired and disgusted.  
I know not which end of me is up.  
(*Gets very red at this statement, and  
with considerable distress wriggles  
himself onto the window sill.*)

Strauss (*from bed*)

So you and Fate have once more  
met,  
Old Cactus Pet' ("e" dropped for  
sake of rhyme.)  
Consider that in knowledge I a-  
bound  
From what I learned in good old  
Parry Sound.  
And think of women just as college  
tests,  
Permitted evils and necessary pests.

Verret:

Is someone calling me?"

Chorus:

No, why should anyone?



O'Keefe (*to Strauss*) Magnificent counsel, O talented descendant of the great gods Messrs. Morpheus and Orpheus. Your Pansophism radiates as a paradigm for all rational animals to emulate. The tergiversation of our thorny friend to abstruse deduction is incapable of harmonious subsistence. It reminds me of a story—

Chorus:

Please!

(A dead silence hovers over the room, a silence so intense that the sound of Callaghan's cigarette butt striking the floor sounds like a clap of thunder. The effect is broken, however, by Verret, who dives avidly after the burning fag, and by Thibault, who hauls out a small whisk and methodically begins to sweep up the ash left by the horrible butt.)

Strauss (*from bed*) Ahem! To get back to the conversation; Regard my love affair, O Cactus Pete,  
I wooed a lassie, lovely, kind and sweet.  
And I maintain that nowhere in the books  
Do poets call up anything like Snooks.  
A girl, a dream—an angel here below,  
Who calls Olestes her most cherished beau!  
I sang to her, my flute did charm her ear.  
And even when I rest upon my bier  
She will remember that it was my part



To play upon the harp-strings of her heart.

Verret (*loudly*): I am the cause from which doth spring  
The love of every little thing  
Within the walls of Charlottetown;  
I am the lover loved by loving maids;  
I am the target which withstands the raids  
Of Cupid's darts.  
I it is of whom around 'tis said,  
Can make a date with any Co-ed.  
Deny my past achievements if you can;  
Where love's concerned Verret's a Superman.  
Aye. I with my eye doth proudly eye Verret,  
The wonder boy, the college girls' best bet.  
I who—

Chorus:

(Sigh).<sup>15</sup>

*(Suddenly horrible sounds are heard from the bed. Words pour forth from the lips of the Senior who has fallen asleep.)*

Strauss:

I got spurs that JINGLE, JANGLE  
JINGLE.

Pete:

O my gosh! He is starting to sing  
—I mean O hang it all! My visit  
is at an end.  
Goodbye!

O'Keefe:

Due to exigent demands upon my



most munificent nature, I am forced though in a perspicacious manner, to withdraw from this suite. Farewell.

Thibault: Where are my rubbers? I also must depart.

Verret: E go also. Out of my way!

Callaghan: Don't get the point! Don't get the point!  
(The curtain closes slowly o'er the contented scenior as strains of sweet melody are heard from above. Persistent Orpheus is descending to teach his pupil another lesson, Lesson 54756).

Note:—To appease our musical friend I *might* state that what has been written concerning him is false—but then again I might *not*.

—F. A. Brennan

