

Gerald MacDonald, while Ledwell did some very nice booting for his team as he succeeded in converting MacDonald's try and also dropped a penalty kick between the bars, Joe Mallette, the Saints fullback, and Eugene Pendergast, hard-hitting S.D.U. forward, also showed up well in the game.

### INTRAMURAL FOOTBALL

Both Junior and Senior intramural football leagues are operating this year again, and at present both leagues are bustling with activity as the teams are into the play-offs fighting for possession of the trophy of each league. In the Junior Intramural league P.R. Sinnott's Roughriders have gained possession of the Ellsworth trophy by eliminating Reg MacLellan's tigers in the final. In the Senior circuit the final stage of eliminations have been reached. In this series Ebbie Devine's Rockets and Frank Ledwell's Argos are locked in a deathly struggle. The Rockets are sparked by their Captain Ebbie "The Gippy" Devine and by the pride of Greenfield, P. E. I., Earl Sullivan. Devine claims he will not go to town until his team has captured the Veteran's trophy, which is to be presented to the champions of the senior intramural league. So don't say we didn't warn you Frank!

### BASKETBALL AND HOCKEY

Basketball and hockey are just beginning to get underway. The various basketball leagues are about to start and a few hockey practices have been held for first team in the Charlottetown Forum. Both our Senior Basketball and hockey teams are entered in City leagues this winter in Charlottetown. This year basketball is under the management of Reg Doucette, and hockey is managed by Hugh McPhee.

## NONSENSE AVENUE

Nobody knows if these are postwar or prewar days, and the consensus of opinions seem to be that the world's greatest need is a transparent 8-ball for those who want to look ahead. Yes, these are jittery times; for instance, did you know that as late as Nov. 2nd a Soviet Spy named Wjjokloskoviski was discovered in the St. Dunstan's backfield stealing signals. Lately there is a rumor



afoot that Molotov has opened a laundry to do nothing but iron curtains and ruffle diplomats. As for the newspapers, did you ever read such headlines as;

"R.C.A. develops machine to send million words a minute.

Henpecked husband claims infringement on wife's patent."

"Two can now live as cheaply as Three."

"Hunting season opens. 44 wolves shot in Charlottetown."

"Morticians Glee Club ostracised for singing "I love life. I want to live."

"Bride Gets Atom Shower."

"Girl's jaw fractured by auto in Sandwich."

But according to Prof. H. Unger, education pays, as long as you don't try to make a living at it. College is like a washing machine; you get out of it exactly what you put into it, but you'd never recognize it.

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Prof: "Who split the atom?"

Ebby: "Don't blame me. I didn't even touch it."

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A certain automobile manufacturer claimed to have put a car together in seven minutes. A few weeks after this event was heralded in the newspapers a voice on the telephone asked: "Is it true that your factory put a car together in seven minutes?"

"Yes, Fr. Cass. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. But I believe I have the car."

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Alice: "How can a girl keep her youth?"

Kay: "Never introduce him to another girl."



## IN MEMORIAM

"Elizabeth" was only a car, and to those who were not acquainted with her our sadness may seem to be a desecration of real sentiment. But to us, who have had the privilege of growing up with her, she was an institution. Not only was she a car, she was a mature auto of stately stature, and very fussy how she was handled. She has travelled extensively, even making the Prom!—eh, Shorty?

Good-bye (snif!) Elizabeth!

We herewith present this ode in expression of our deep sorrow!

O, how my lonely heart doth beat  
The rhythm of thy name.  
Alas, I hear a ghost-like wail  
From whence thy noise once came.

With thee . . . there was my happiness,  
O Age-old heroine.  
I pay my tribute to this arc,  
This noble beast of tin.

No more that old familiar wheeze  
Will fright the birds away.  
No more we'll hear a cranking sound  
To mark the new-born day.

If I could hear thy rattle now,  
Thy scraping and thy roar.  
But all is drab since thou hast gone,  
Come back, I thee implore!

But no, a fine old friend departs,  
Ne'er more to come in view,  
She's had the course and now is passed,  
A grad of S.D.U.

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Dalziel: "I wear the trousers in my home."

Shorty: "Yea, but right after supper I notice you wear an apron over them."

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Three old men were discussing the ideal way of dying. The first, aged 75, said he'd like to crash in a car going 80 mph. The second, 85, said he'd take his finish in a 400 mph. plane. "I've got a better idea," said the third, aged 95; "I'd like to be shot by a jealous husband."



Are you planning a trip to Hashville? Is it a business trip? Is it for pleasure? Is it a honeymoon? Is it any of our business? A visitors first question is where is a good place to eat?

Mr. Belchen N. Burpin, the chief cafe expert of Hashville, recommends the use of this restaurant guide:

The Ship Cafe—Between Welfare Island and Sandlot Avenue. For luxurious eating, this place has no pier. That's why they keep it anchored to a busy buoy. Prices are reasonable but the waiters aren't.

The T. N. Tea Room—Hogan's Alley, between Aches and Pains. Two persons can have a good meal and come out on \$3.00, if they went in with \$50.00. All drinks are aged in wood—that is, wood alcohol.

The Pickled Herring—Squatters Row, between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea. Nothing is pickled here except the patrons. Specializes in Armenian dishes which chip just as easily as Woolworth's. The management boasts of the clean kitchen, but nobody will explain the constant presence of a doctor and two nurses. When you taste their egg soup, you'll just die, as the undertaker will affirm.

Dunn Inn—in the heart of the Polar Swamps. Here's the place to go for a good 50c plate, but it will cost \$2.00 if they put food on it. Come and bring your fire hose. The meat dishes are so hot that they serve Chili Can Carne for ice cream. If you like family style, this is the place. You are treated so much like the family that you have to help wash the dishes.

Joe's Knife & Fork Club—Corner of Chills and Fever. The place is well named. They put a knife in your ribs and tell you to fork over your dough. Here you can get a meal to fit your purse if you don't mind getting your purse greasy. It is recommended that you bring a waterproof purse so the gravy won't leak through. Prices range from 50 cents to 55 cents depending on whether you use a napkin.

Any similarity between this and any other restaurant guide is preposterous.

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Roy: "Art, you have caused a new discovery."

McInnis (at the piano): "What's that?"

Roy: "For the first time you have proved that sound has a definite odor."



John S.: "Does Anita dance well?"

Bill: "She can't dance so well, but boy, how she can intermission."

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Jim Trainor: "I'm going over to see the intelligence officer."  
Lorne MacDonald: "Don't be so silly. There's no such a thing as an intelligent officer."

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### THE MIDNIGHT RECEPTION

Scene: Large dormitory in main building.

Time: 1.30 A.M.

1.32 A.M. according to Father McGuigan, a restless sleeper.

Twas the night after field-day, and midnight was past  
Not a creature was stirring, not even Pendergast.  
The dorm-keeper, Falstaff, who was out for the night  
Had just settled down for his nightly respite.  
When onto the campus a noisy Ford churned  
Which Landrigan's sharp ears quickly discerned.  
He sprang to the window, looking down in the night,  
"By the look of that Ford I'm in for a fight".  
Noisily sneaking, up crept the pair,  
Said Cactus to Morris "We'll wreck the Slob's lair"  
But the big boy had heard them, and before they could knock,  
He went to the door and fastened the lock.  
A traitorous knave named Trainor was found  
Who opened the door and let his mate down.  
But cagy old Falstaff was up to their tricks  
Said he to himself, "This I can fix."  
He turned out the lights and slipped into the dorm,  
While the treacherous pair, his room they did storm.  
They pulled at the bedclothes in search of him there  
But big boy had gone and left the bed bare.  
By now he had roused the Pendergast two;  
Said big Tom to Gene "We've manhandling to do".  
The ex-king of the campus first fell by the way  
One heave from big Tom and he was through for the day;  
With a clatter of feet he made for the door,  
And all Trainor saw was a flash and a roar.  
Cried Slim Jim to Cesspool "I fear we are through,  
If I ever survive, no more harm will I do"  
But Pete didn't easily end in defeat  
As he laid on his back and kicked with his feet.



But this further irked those Kensington boys;  
They rattled him out like a baby with toys.  
He jumped to his feet, fear showed in his eye  
Said he "If Mary were here, she wouldn't stand by.  
Or maybe Inez, Teresa, Leah, or Claire  
Would come to my rescue, if they were aware."  
But they were no help to Cactus Pete then  
For the Pendergast twins were on him again.  
As Pete begged for mercy, Landrigan scoffed;  
But finally, relenting, he called his boys off.  
Like a pigeon released, down the stairway he flew  
And into the Ford the couple withdrew.  
With a roar and a bang they rushed out of sight  
Said Falstaff to his guards, "Well done for tonight."

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"This pen leaks", said the convict, as the rain came through the roof.

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She—"I won't marry until I find a man with the courage of a lion but the meekness of a lamb, the wisdom of Socrates but the cleverness of Noel Coward; he must be as handsome as a movie star but never conceited; he must be as gallant as Sir Walter Raleigh, but . . ."

Joe Mahar—"How fortunate we met."

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Spic (waiting on table): "Can I help you."

Pendergast: "Do you think I need help to eat my soup."

Spic: "No, but I thought maybe you'd like for me to stick around and haul you ashore."

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Chem. Prof.: "Come, come, give me the answer."

Fish: "I can't say it but it's on the tip of my tongue."

Chem. Prof.: "Well don't swallow it 'bozo', it's arsenic."



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RAMBLING AT RANDOM

It has been rumored that the St. Dunstan's magnate, A. C. "Shanks" MacDonald has been in contact with some of the most famous jewelry firms in London, Paris, and Cairo trying to locate a suitable set of earrings for his erstwhile beloved, Phyllis Hessian. Miss Keefe, a confidant of Phyllis, told a very close friend about Shanks removing Phyllis's earrings on the night of the Senior Ball and returning them via herself with a note to the effect that he would get her the best in the world and that, in itself, would not be good enough for her. We expect that when Alban hears this, the market in gold, silver, platinum, and rare gems will rise about 34% and all sales on the North American Market will be frozen as the Burge Millions take their hold. But Phyllis needn't worry; she has many admirers on the campus. Even Punchboard Justy was heard to say "By darn, she's nice; I like her."

When Chuck "Rocket" Kelly told his mother that he wouldn't wear those old short pants again, he never knew that he would ever play football, and he never knew that he would invent the "Kelly Shift". The Sports writer in the Afghanistan yearly wrote of the great success of the "Kelly" Shift in a game of marbles between the Madagascar grannies and the Spitzbergen high school girls. The grannies, by this shift, got 14 marbles in scoring position in a fortnight. There are many who advocate a change of the St. Dunstan's football uniform to something similar to Kelly's short brown pants and gownless evening strap.

We hear that at the football dance, Emmet Braham made the longest speech of his career. When asked by Donna, "Do you love me?" Braham cleared his throat, drank half a glass of water, and said, "Yah, yes, I guess I do"; that Jerry Robertson is getting letters from Sailor Jim Campbell so it would seem that her trip to the Experimental Farm with Jim Trainor was merely to practise her new painting effects (\$2.50 is a lot to pay for removing red stains. Isn't it Jim); that Hugie MacPhee is contemplating another trip to Boston this Christmas; that Stew Driscoll goes alone to Sydney St. now; that June hopes, hopes, hopes (three hopes) that Tommy is faithful and that he works every night. Rumor has it that Rufus won't lend his curling irons; that Steve Murnaghan was heard by his roommate mumbling sweet nothings about Mac-Millan; that Billy O'Hanley is taking over Ern Rossiter's business; that Deacon takes an odd trip to Marion Hall now since Bill Murphy left the Island; that Lorne Trainor has a finger-printing machine; that Bill Ledwell wants to develop T.B.; That Dom and the Sparrow Mk. 3 quit going to shows and started to dance; that



Skinny MacPhee loves Donna, Helen, Eleanor, Doris, Gloria (he hasn't an enemy in the fair sex), and that lately Skinny has been heard reciting Poe's sad poem "Lenore"; that Shana is telling the boys all about hockey and that Spic would make a good waiter in a one-man logging camp in the Sahara Desert.

But poor Shorty MacKinnon loves two girls, both of whom love dances and like shows. So, Shorty, a clever manipulator, takes Ann to a show on a certain night and Alice to a dance shortly thereafter. This would have been a wonderful solution if Alice were to stay home but Alice went to the show all by herself and who did she see?—well, your guess is as good as mine. And if you are an average looking girl, I'd advise you to jump on the gravy-train, too—Shorty always was a sucker for a smile.

And 'tis here we say, as Private Loey says—Arrh!