

BASKETBALL

The senior basketball team is coached this year by Rev. Walter McGuigan, who is being assisted by the manager of basketball, Elmer Murnaghan. Father McGuigan is working out his team daily, but as yet the squad has not engaged in any outside competition. St. Dunstan's is sending an entry to the Intermediate Intercollegiate basketball league this year, and we feel sure it will give a good account of itself.

An Intramural basketball league has also been formed, consisting of senior and junior teams playing in separate divisions.

NONENSE AVENUE

Comes the Fall of the year, or the year of the Fall, and the corn stands high in the Gagman's garden, ready for the harvesting by the humor editors who return to the scene. As leaves turn every color but Red, lest they be investigated by the faculty, autumn activates the scene. Footballs, orator's lungs, and prices are inflated for the season, while scientists are working on a plan to pipe election oratorical wind directly into the football bladder itself, thus at last finding a use for the gassy stuff.

Soon the air will be filled with leaves and robins too weak to fly south, while only prices continue to rise. Meat will probably get so high people will accept dinner invitations with anyone who calls up and says, "I've a bone to pick with you."

So as we light our fires with dollar bills which are now useful only as legal tinder, let others contemplate the speed at which we're hurtling to destruction and leave us be gay. Leave us remember that youth is beautiful and it's a shame to waste it on the young. Take for instance: College is described as a place where you can get an education i.e., something that enables you to get into more intelligent trouble. After all, what is a college boy except a young man who is getting along fine in everything except school, while a professor is nothing but a college boy who never got out of school. Remember, experience, the best teacher, is what you get while you're busy looking for something else; and many a college grad right now is busy running an elevator by degrees.

Toots: "This butter is so strong it walks over to the cup of coffee and says 'How do you do?'"

Dunstan Murphy: "Yes, but the coffee is too weak to answer."

You can fool some people all of the time, you can fool all the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time.

This statement was clearly brought to light recently when our friend, Loyola MacCarthy, under the influence of a full moon and the gentle touch of a member of the weaker sex was caught bidding his girl friend good-night in his own little way under cover of a large elm tree. But his parting was interrupted by that plague of secret lovers (the one man Spic McKenna) who recently could be found at any time hiding in the mighty Slugger's shadow.

Slugger, being very much annoyed, returned with the intention of bribing Spic, but again the finger of fate had been turned against him—Spic had already spread the good word.

Now Slugger has been taken down from his perch. His old boast, "I am too cagey for you guys," has lost all its weight. Once again Spic takes the head of the class.

Kitty: "Are you a college man?"

Leo Murphy: "No, a horse just stepped on my hat."

Dick Bourget: "Oh Delma, je t'adore."

Delma: "Shut it yourself, you opened it."

"Does Danny Morrison, a student, live here?"

Landlady: "Well, Mr. Morrison lives here but I thought he was a night watchman."

INITIATION

On Tuesday evening, October 7, the initiation ceremonies were held at St. Dunstan's. The master of ceremonies welcomed the freshman class representative and expressed the wish that the members of the freshman class would remember that night as the most horrible night of their careers.

That noble gentleman, Cyril "Bun" Callaghan, was called to the stage and he gave the audience an insight into his early life. He donned his cap and bib and was nursed by Mr. Dunstan Murphy. As he was getting out of hand, i. e., he was starting to throw things around, it was found necessary to have Mr. Ernie Smith croon him to sleep. He gave a wonderful performance; and it must be admitted that Bun must have been a beautiful baby—just look at him now (so round, so firm and so fully packed).

Mr. Robert Noble and Mr. Don MacPhee were given the thirty-third royal arck (Scottish rite) degree by Cart MacDonald and Wilfred Driscoll.

The stage having become quite dirty, Spike MacKenna and Elmer MacPhee, two old masters of the art of swabbing decks, were called upon to put their art into play. Twenty minutes intermission had to be granted when the two old salts took off their shoes.

The stage having been cleaned of all debris, Mr. Wilbur Rooney was called upon to give a demonstration of his tonsorial art on Mr. Alban Gallant. As he was about to cut those beautiful waves he was stopped by the pitiful cries of woe ensuing from Miss Gerry Robertson who rushed to the stage to save her beloved.

That popular young star of stage, screen and radio, Lawrence McKenna, entertained the audience by singing the first two lines of that popular ballad, **The Martins and the Coys**. Many flattering comments were heard from the audience, and the opinion that this young man would go far in his chosen profession was almost unanimously expressed by the audience, the only dissenting voice heard being that of Father Landrigan. If a more detailed account is desired, we suggest that those interested consult any member of the freshman class.

Marie: "How's Deacon in the high jump? any good?"

Pat: "Naw, he can hardly clear his throat."

Gen: "You would be a marvellous dancer but for two things."

Navy Len: "What are they, dear?"

Gen: "Your feet."

"Do you want gas?" asked the dentist as he placed Shorty in the chair.

Shorty: "Yes, about five gallons—and take a look at the oil."

Allan's Ragtime Band

Come, all ye lovers of mirth and joy,
And harken to my call,
For I've a little story to tell
Of some boys in Memorial Hall.
From room eighteen each evening
As soon as supper is o'er,
Come such waves of groans and screeches
As I never heard before.
The din attracts admirers, sure
There's scarcely room to stand,
For all are captured by the strains
Of Allan's ragtime band.
See Happy Al MacLellan
The leader of this band,
His skill on the harmonica
Is a wonder in all the land.
And now our spotlight shines upon
Two boys fresh from the hills,
Whose gauntly gaze and music sweet
Fill all with thrills and chills.
These are the fabulous Scragg boys,
Two brothers, Arnold and Ed,
Whose soft—twanged mellow strains
Raised Slugger from his bed.
Crooner McCarthy takes the floor
Greeted by cheers from the crew;
The band swings out as Slugger
Sings "Red Wing" or "Mountain Dew."
This is the story of Allan's band—
But the ending is touched with pain,
For the Scraggs have gone back to the mountains,
And Allan broods alone on the plain.

Economics Professor: "There is direct and indirect taxation.
Give me an example of indirect taxation."

Fido: "The dog tax, sir."

Prof: "How is that?"

Fido: "The dog doesn't have to pay it."

Arbing: "Shall I take this little rug out and beat it?"

Grunt: "That's no rug, that's my towel."

Jim Morris (to a girl at information desk): "Well, kid, whadya know?"

The boys had just returned from U. N. B. football trip and Kiker rushed madly to the phone and frantically dialed a number.

What one of our spotters heard on the extension line:

"Hello, Ethel," (pause, little laugh) "We're back."

Ethel: (munching an apple) "Are you?"

Kiker: "What are you doing tonight? and for heaven's sake put that apple away." (big snort)

Ethel: "I'm tired. I just served supper to seven."

Kiker: "What are you doing tonight?"

Ethel: "Nothing."

Kiker: "Then I'll be in at 8 o'clock."

Ethel: "No, you'll be in at 8.30."

Kiker: "Yes dear."

Both together. "Bye now!"

Kiker as he walks away: "These women!" (snort) (snort) (snort)

Tommy O'Connor: "My but Big Willie is getting round shouldered."

Louis Mac: "Too much study I guess."

Tommy: "Study nothing! The trouble with him is that he's kissing too many short girls."

Barkis: "I was out with a nurse last night."

Burge: "Cheer up. Maybe you will be allowed to go out without one sometime."

WE WONDER

We wonder as we go to press
Did Phyllis answer no or yes?
Was Slugger acting very nice
When he asked for another slice
before he would consent to go
And say how Ronnie loved her so,
And then decided to stay no more
While Ronnie waited at the door.
How punchboard Justin had a chance
To get a bid for the nurses' dance?
From where did Happy Al obtain
The entrance key to Kay's domain?
How Ledwell's car went all the way
To Stanhope on Thanksgiving day?
What Parson saw one wedding night
When he applied the car's headlight
On Barkis, who in frenzied haste
Withdrew his arms from Hazel's waist.
"A rotten trick" was what he said.
'Tis Parson who swears his lips were red!
Are Cash and Goldy in it deep?
He raves about her in his sleep.
Is little Alice stuck on Joe?
On field-day night where did they go?
On whom did Al and Hitler call
When they were locked in Marian hall?
Before we end this little verse
We quote what Derril told a nurse:
"I wonder can you follow me;
I dance the Yankee way, you see."
And now we needs must say adieu
See you all in our next issue.