

NONSENSE AVENUE

If on this page you cast your eyes,
Surely you will see no lies.
If these words do cause you pain,
You only have yourself to blame.

THE DREAM DESTROYER

Ill-fated was the year, the day, the hour,
When he, who had a grudge 'gainst college boys,
Did with his warped and envious mind conceive
The 'lectric bell—fell fount of din and noise.

Noise is the word, the only word that fits
These rasping, jangling bursts, discordant all:
Which, somehow or another, I believe
Are more pronounced, by far, in Dalton Hall.

I'm sure all doctors will agree with me,
That rudely shattered dreams are not the best
Way for the young and growing college boy
To be awakened from his peaceful rest.

Give me that mellow bell that now is still,
That hangs upon the college wall forlorn;
A bell whose voice was music to the ear,
Whose note ne'er killed a dream at early morn.

Its gentle tones throbbed in the sleeper's ear,
And softly, sweetly stole the dreams away.
The dreamer slowly waked and then arose—
His mien did please: his heart was light and gay.

So here is a toast to that old college bell,
Moss-covered now outside the college wall.
For me, I'm sure I'd love your peaceful sound
In place of that harsh noise in Dalton Hall.

FOR SALE

A one act comedy, "Poaching A Lobster"

The cast includes:—

Pilot.....	P. Wood
Boatswain.....	R. B. McCormack
Oiler and Greaser.....	W. McAulay
Pontiac, a passenger.....	P. Gill
Aggie Bradley (cook).....	F. MacAree
The Lobster (Hero).....	C. Redmond
Radio Operator.....	Shadow Green
Traps.....	Higgins and McKinnon

E. Roach and V. McGuigan collaborated in producing this masterpiece.

Time of play—42½ minutes.

Price—13½ cts.

Comment: C. Redmond, who took the part of the lobster, looked and acted the part perfectly. He brought down the house on his shell-back, "brick by brick."

Math. Professor: "Can anyone here trisect an angle?"

O'Brien (cool and calm): "I used to be able to do it."

Math. Prof.: "Mr. O'Brien, you are the miracle man of the century. Why, they have been looking for that very thing for centuries and no one has been able to do it yet."

English Prof.: "Morrison, can you tell me the derivation of the word 'automobile'?"

Jerry: "Er—from the English 'ought to' and the Latin 'moveo.' It ought to move but often cannot."

Disciplinarian: "Mr. Trainor, were you skipping?"

Cowboy: "Er—no, I was closing this door which, in passing, I found open."

Prefect: "That's a pretty good substitute for the truth."

Cowboy: "It's the best I could think of at such short notice."

Ayers: "McCarthy is sure one tough gent."

Sock: "How's that?"

Giraffe: "Well, when four giants from first corridor tried to shave off his moustache, he laid them low."

Sandy (at Old Spain): "Is this an incubator chicken?"

Waitress: "I'm sure I don't know, sir."

Sandy: "It must be. Anything with a mother could never get as tough as this."

Jerome: "Don't you think my moustache becoming?"

Impertinent Frosh: "Yes, but it hasn't arrived yet."

Notice (Avis)

Strayed from my camp. One hunting pony. Answers to the name of "white." Finder please return to Pontiac Gill. Reward—one tomahawk, suitable for carving skulls.

Brazel: "Are you fond of nuts?"

Minnie: "Why, Emmett! Is this a Proposal?"

J. Sullivan: "Did you ever hear an enjoyable after-dinner speech?"

Shadow: "Just once. Bill Hibbitts and I had dinner at the Old Spain. When it was over he said, 'Waiter, bring me the bill.'"

CRUEL JUDGE

We have two great debaters,
They hail from Kings and Queens;
They speak well on the Mounties
And several other things.

They are not so parliamentary,
And they are not shy at all;
And when those two are speaking,
There's an uproar in the hall.

The debate was on the Mounties,
And R. B. took the pro;
Our lobster took the other side,
Supported by Shadow.

The crowd was in a furor,
As rebuttals, they began;
Then the Lobster made the statement
That the Mountie gets his man.

"Oh, no," said Ronnie Bernard,
"Your proof's of no avail;
I know a man they failed to get
In the woods of Elliotvale."

The debate was lost for Ronald
He had made a fatal slip;
For Pontiac was judging
And he madly bit his lip.

Next came the judges' verdict,
Poor Ronnie's heart did thump;
The "con" did win by seven points—
So McCormack's in a slump.

Now R. B. swears he'll get his man,
And his wigwam he'll besiege;
Till he gets some satisfaction
For the loss of his prestige.

Now don't jump at conclusions,
There's a moral to my song;
If you are judging a debate,
Take care not to judge wrong.

Things that could be dispensed with, much to the
delight of the students:

- 1—Landry's mouth organ.
- 2—R. B.'s canned music.
- 3—Cairns' pipe.
- 4—Lissajous Figures.
- 5—Morrison's appetite.
- 6—Simpson's snoring.
- 7—Roache's ceaseless and useless chatter.
- 8—Ayers' sneezing.
- 9—The pungent odours from the "Lab."
- 10—Browning's "Saul."

Wallace: "Did you ever keep a diary, Joe?"

Tanglefoot: "What's that?"

Wallace: "Just a record of what you do."

Tang.: "What's the sense of my keeping one, when the Prefect will give me it anytime."

Physicist: "Define a bolt and nut. Explain the difference, if any, Mr. Kelly."

Gus: "A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal, such as iron, with a square bunch on one end and a lot of scratching, wound around the other end. A nut is similar to a bolt only just the opposite; being a hole in a little junk of iron sawed off short, with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."

Mr. MacAree intends to start business as an agent in the demonstration of the Bradley-Lannigan Paint Products. We have one word of advice for him:—experience is necessary for success.

Prefect: "Young man, the law sentences you to the Dormitory."

Dixie: "Well, by the Morrison, I'll be ducked and blackened."

B. Mooney: "H-h-ow did you come out in t-t-the exams, Joe?"

Francis: "5—2, in favor of the faculty."

U. McQuaid: "May I accompany you across the street, madam?"

Glas-Eye: "Yes, how long have you been waiting for someone to take you across?"

R. B. (eating buns): "Only a christian can bake like that."

Sandy (angrily): "I don't care who mixes the pastry. You can't bake them without a furnace."

THE HEN PARTY

Scene—Room No. 15. Time—The present and future.

Dramatis Personae

Willa O'Brien.....a widow
 Gruntina Hennessey.....an American spouse
 Lornilla Landrigan.....a spinster
 Sandy McCloskey.....a travelling salesman
 Lona Driscoll.....Lornilla's aunt

Willa—"Oh my dear ! I wonder what will happen next ?
 I just heard the Seniors saying that they were
 going to town tonight."

Gruntina—"Now, listen dear, don't let those things worry
 you, 'cause you are an old woman like myself.
 But say, did you hear about the union they are
 going to spring on us ?"

Willa—"No, I can't believe it. Well what is it anyway ?"

Gruntina—"Well I don't know either. But do you
 remember the evening I had my ear to the
 crack in Kenny's door ? Well"—(whispers).

Willa—"Oh yes, I see now. That reminds me of the
 documents I saw in Butler's room. Of course he
 wasn't home. I was really puzzled at the time,
 but since they said nothing to me about anything,
 I figured it would not amount to much. Oh,
 (looking out window) here comes Lornilla. Now
 we shall hear all the news. A fine old person that;
 won fame by writing for the Red and White; a
 lovely tenor voice, and—oh, what am I saying ?
 I could talk like this for hours about everybody.
 Show Lornilla in."

Lornilla—"Oh, I just heard the choicest bit of news. I
 got it from Smithy, and that's direct enough.
 That supposed amalgamation is out of the
 question. Isn't that great ? That'll show
 those Seniors they can't run this place, not
 when we're here anyhow."

Gruntina—"Is that so? It's certainly a good thing; why the way they were talking was positively dictatorial."

Sandy—"Hello everybody. I just got back from the States. That's a horrible place—jumping Hoover! I stood on a street corner for forty minutes while thousands of cars passed and not one of them offered me a lift."

Lona—"It's cruel the way the world is going today. Why when I was young, a horse and buggy was——"

Lornilla—"Act your age, Aunty. This is nineteen thirty-six, not eighteen fifty. I think I'll have to be going to see my patients now. That little Smithy boy is very low, and Lynsky is down with the sniffles. Bye-bye."

Sandy—(gallantly) Are you going my way Lornilla? I'd love to see you home."

Lornilla—"Well, you need the exercise." (Lornilla exits, alone).

Gruntina—(at window) "Isn't that the way? But, look out here. R. B. is coming from town—a parcel in his hand too."

Lona—"Oh, he was in to see the Eastern train pulling out. That bundle is a package of razor blades, and a bun from McInnis' Bakery."

Sandy—"By gar, the Americans don't shave at all—just paint."

Willa—"And I suppose it was you that gave MacAree the "Bradley and Lannigan" receipt for painting his finger nails."

Gruntina—"There goes the "Cowboy" leading the "Kangaroo." Perhaps they're going to get a general permission."

Lona—"Naw, he'll never lead the "Kangaroo" there again. The "Cowboy" is going to town to buy a whistle for Balbo, that wont blow."

Gruntina—"You're right. He tried the other day to penalize "Stilts" when the game was over."

Willa—"Oh, hockey my eye; let's change the subject. What do you think of Henneberry, that fellow who throws Connolly and Howatt around when he happens to get in their way?"

Lona—"I know he is powerful, but you can't say that just because he throws those American guys around. Say, those fellows are as yellow as Landry. I'll tell you what they tried to do. These two "white-hopes," together with "Moon" Mullins and the rink-rat Paoli, caught a Senior with the intention of disfiguring him. But they were too scared to do it. Can you imagine that! Connolly, with that red face, and Howatt, with the Turkish mouth-piece!

Gruntina—(as bell rings) "Listen to that! I must go and finish reading the "Old Women's Home Companion."

(exeunt)

(CURTAIN)

SONG HITS

Lights Out.....	Prefect of D. H.
Jingle Bells.....	H. Fraser
Asleep in the Deep.....	R. Paoli
On a Bicycle Built for Two.....	Boudreau & Briand
I'm Just a Lonely Hobo	G. McCloskey

Telegram from college: "I HAVE FAILED. PREPARE MY FATHER.

Answer: FATHER PREPARED. PREPARE THY-SELF.



'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

—Swift.