

NONSENSE AVENUE

Give them a sense of humor, Lord,
Give them the grace to see a joke,
To get some pleasure out of life,
And pass it on to other folk.

Doctor "What sort of night did Slugger spend?"

Solomon: "He seemed a little peevish, Doctor,—he asked for water several times."

Doctor: "Hmmm! Still delirious."

Seeking a deferment, Bombast O'Keefe gave as his reason; "Convalescing from a traumatic peritenositis of the flexor digitorum sublinis et profundus muscles at the met-acarpophalangeal joint." The Army said NO, a sore finger wasn't a good enough excuse.

"Big Charlie" MacDonald had just heard of a fishing accident in which four Irishmen and a Scotchman were drowned. He related the story to an old Scotch lady.

"Och!" she said, with a deep sigh, "the poor man."

Laughlin, Griffin, Joe J., and Jim Smith were playing contract bridge in Big Jim's room.

"Three diamonds." said Laughlin.

"No bid." said Griffin.

"Five clubs." said Joe J.

"One club." said Big Jim.

"Pass."

"Pass."

"Pass."

Justin MacDonald: "Why does Solomon smoke only cigarette butts?"

Paddy McInnis: "People don't throw away whole cigarettes."

MR HENPECK

"Excuse me, constable," said Porky MacDougall to the cop, "but I've been standing here waiting for my girl-friend for over half-an-hour. Would you be good enough to order me to move on?"

Reggie Phelan: "Do you wish me to open my mouth any wider?"

Doc Corrigan: "Oh, no—I've decided to pull your tooth while standing outside."

Paul Schroeder and about six other bar-flies were recently summoned to serve on a jury. After the usual preliminaries the judge instructed the jury,

"Gentlemen, you will please take your accustomed place in this court."

Schroeder and three others were badly bruised trying to get into the prisoner's docket.

Scared-to-death-Rastus: "Owwah! Owwah! Dis am Rastus, Mose! Lemme in, quick, Ah's done seen a ghos' eight feet tall!"

Mose (opening door): "Go long wid you, white man! Yo ain't Rastus."

First Hobo ("Fish" Wallace): "Are you a college man?"

Second Hobo ("Spic" McKenna): "Another insult."

KANE'S LIFE AT ITS BEST

Last night I heid a lovely hand,
A hand so soft and neat,
I thought my heart would burst with joy,
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand unto my heart
Could greater solace bring
Than the dear hand I held last night—
Four aces and a king.

After a very thorough examination, the army doctor eyed the very tall and thin recruit in silence.

"Well, Doctor," said the recruit at last, "how do I stand?"

"Goodness knows," replied the M.O., "it's a miracle."

The difference between a Scotsman and a canoe: a canoe tips.

The sweet young thing, Miss Elizabeth Buote, was trying to impress the visiting writer, Thomas MacLellan.

"I just dote on literature. I think Sir Walter Scott is simply grand."

"I suppose you've read his Kenilworth?"

"Oh, yes. I've read it a dozen times."

"Do you like Scott's 'Peveril of the Peak'?"

"It's been a favorite of mine since childhood."

How could he suspect, looking into those sweet innocent eyes? But he did.

"What do you think of Scott's Emulsion?"

She gave a gasp of rapture. "I think it is his greatest work."

Joe McKenna: "Let's get married."

Sheila Callaghan: "It's all right with me but whom will you marry?"

"And who brought me?" asked the baby stork.

All ladies are advised to skip this paragraph. It is really unfit for publication. It got into the manuscript by some mistake, and we asked the printer to destroy it or print it wrong side up.

If there's anything bothers a woman,
It's something she ought not to know;
You can bet that she'll find it out somehow
If you give her the least kind of a show.
Now, we'll wager a buck to a nickel
This poem she already has read
We knew she'd get at it somehow
If she had to stand on her head.

Duck: "Do you love me?"

Frances: "Un-uh."

Duck: "Why?"

Frances: "Well-l-l-l, you're the only Duck I can kiss without getting down in the mouth."

"Marineau, you're getting nicer and nicer every day."

Marianne: "You exaggerate, Jean-Jacques."

Marineau: "Well, every other day, if you want it."

Austin McKenna: "What happened to Eddie Gillis?"

Griffin: "Shea rubbed his back with rubbing alcohol and he broke his neck trying to lick it off."

"Sparrow MacAulay hadn't been out of his hotel room for three days and the manager began to be worried. The desk clerk was sent up to investigate. The Sparrow was found sitting on top of his suitcase, his brow wrinkled in concentration, in front of a sign that read: "Think! Have you left anything?"

The Island farmer was introducing his family to a visiting Member.

"Yes, sir, seventeen boys. Seventeen boys, and all Liberals except John, the little rascal. He got to readin'."

Modern version: give a taxicab rider an inch and he'll take a seat.

At a restaurant recently, Rooney was sitting next to a lady, and was, to say the least, inebriate. He leered at her and commented: "Shay, you're the homeliest woman I ever saw"

With a show of spirit she replied: "Well, you're the drunkenest man I ever saw."

"I know, madam," replied Rooney, "but I'll get over that in the morning."

Sergeant Murnaghan: "Now men, line up in alphabetical order! Hey you! What's your name?"

Cadet: "Cass."

Sergeant: "Well, don't just stand there! Get back into the K's where you belong."

KURU TABLETS

After prolonged and arduous research, my colleague and I, we believe, have at last arrived at our goal, and have succeeded in our efforts to ascertain at all costs the composition of that well-known family remedy for many minor, major, and otherwise unimportant illnesses. The name of this concoction is, of course, Kuru Tablets, from the Greek word "kxzyokl" meaning "kuru."

We wish to thank Mr. J.L.F. Burge, L.S.M.F.T., Laboratory Instructor in the field of Analytical Chemistry at St Dunstan's University, for his unstinted efforts and undying zeal and fervour in our behalf and in that of the human race, in participating in the analysis of that well-known family remedy.

In the course of our research we utilized the contents of two boxes of Kuru Tablets, the boxtops of which were sent to Kuru Pharmaceutical Co. in the hope that our entry might be the one, in an estimated 7.02 1028 entries which
k(a-b)

correctly unscrambled the letters "snafu", to win the prize. The prize, incidentally, is a half year subscription to Kuru Weekly, published by Kuru Pharmaceutical Co. in the interests of the Arctic Eskimos. This magazine, by the way, is published once a week.

With the exception of 86 elusive compounds, the composition of the Typical Kuru Tablet is as follows. The results were checked, rechecked, and gone over twice.

Vitamin B'6.743268	International Units
Iron Filings3	grams (net weight)
KCN4	grams
(NH ₄) ₃ PO ₄ (Moo ₃)	12..00008	lb. (avoirdupois)
Fe (C ₂ O ₄) 3150	esu.
NaMg (Uo 2) 3(C ₂ H ₃ O ₂)		
9 (H 20) 92:12½	(Trot and Pace)
K ₂ Na(Ca(No 2) 6)	Trace
KNH ₄ Mg(Fe(CNO)6)	None
BaK ₂ (C n)6(H ₂ O) ₃	None

Exceeding sorrow was felt by all on the untimely demise (5 minutes too early) of Mr Burge, L.S.M.F.T., who was killed fatally in a fool-hardy but courageous and foolish experiment in which he confirmed the presence of KCN. However we have learned through various reliable channels of information (the underground, neutral parties, etc.) that where Mr Burge is at present, they wear asbestos-lined suits (against the extreme cold?), so, as a token of our humble and near-sighted gratitude, we have ordered one of these suits for him and are sending it C.O.D.

We might add that if it were not for the untimely, awe-inspiring, precocious, prevaricating, and propitious presence of Mount Stewart's last and only hope, Mr Joseph J. MacDonald, D.T. (Delirium tremens), our experiments might have failed miserably and been successful.

We thank you, ladies and gentlemen.

Signed, sealed, delivered,

and sent C.O.D. before me

this rainy day before yesterday about that date.

J. J. MacDonald, D.T.

Notary Public

D. MacDonald

Collaborators.

I. Farmer

SALT AND PEPPER

The most ridiculous thing we have ever seen took place during a broadcast of a recent St F.X.—Pictou hockey game. We strolled into Jim Morris' room, and there was Jim with his ear glued to the loudspeaker trying to pick one special voice out of the hubub coming from the spectators. It might be disastrous to keep that up, Jim, for you would likely hear Fraser Mooney's voice right next to hers . . . A hypocrite is among us. Misogynist No. 5, Charlie Holland, has been secretly escorting a Souris lass around town away from the public eye. We can't tell her name but if someone should guess Noreen Dunlop we would be unable to say they were wrong . . . Kane had a Sadie Hawkins date with Tena McMillan and not knowing the nature of the date decided he had better raise some money. He sold two pools on a hockey game and netted himself enough money to pay her way to a game at the Forum, a lunch at the Old Spain, and a whirl at the dance hall. He hasn't yet found out that the girls pay on a Sadie Hawkins date . . . Solomon has his stormy nights too. On one of them he escorted Tena Callaghan home from a dance at the B.I.S. He then returned to the hall and made a fruitless effort to take her sister home. Bad water, you know . . . We aren't saying that Sport MacDonald wants to get his name in the Humor Section but why else would he show the Editors all the letters he gets from Joan Taylor. She calls him "My Dar.." but that's none of our business. . . Familiar Scenes:—The place:—Anybody's room but Slugger's. The time:—any time during the day. Prefect (in

door) "McCarthy, get up off that bed"....Current Hits:—Carrigan and Frances Jenkins; Dunphy and Tena McIvor; Frank Burge and THE Wren; Bruce MacCormac and Patsy; "Duck" and the Chem Lab.; "Kiker" MacIsaac and Joan McInnis and Preston Kelly; "Parson" Howlett and Madeline McMurrer.... Dunphy must have that little bit of extra special. He escorted Tena McIvor, the popular nurse from the City Hospital, home the night of the Nurses' dance; Paul Landrigan reports from the hospital that he listens to a discourse on Mike two or three times a day, every day..... Des Burge also proved an attraction for one of the nurses at the same hospital. Miss Kay O'Connor thinks he's awfully cute. Now if they could only meet, and without Pricilla Johnston in the background. Is't possible... And still more heart cases at the hospital. There is Duck MacDonald and Frances Steele, Charles McIvor and Carrie Kenny, and we all love Miss O'Donnell..... Art McInnis says he turned down three Sadie Hawkins dates. We hope he has learned his lesson. Poor Art went stag that week... To those who didn't get Sadie Hawkins dates we recommend "Life-buoy". (We found it great.) For Preston Hammill and Janie we have no recommendation... It's a three-cornered fight for Molly now, with about a dozen in each corner. Joe J. and Farmer have the odds in favor of them. Joe A. is hanging on by one of the strings left over from last year.. Clark MacAulay and Ann are at it again. What they find to fight about all the time we'll never know.... We didn't think anyone had the nerve to backslap himself in print but Jim Morris showed us. He did him good in his "Week at S.D.U." column... Lab. Instructor Burge complains that the Lab. is always full of gas, caused either by H_2S or "Bombs"... Bolger and McKenna, radical proposers of preposterous and impractical ideas, were recently rebuked by a very influential person in Holy Name circles for their latest notion of limiting people's right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Anyway, they didn't set a limit on the number who would be allowed in to the Football Dance.. We have learned from the undergorund that Mr Leo Rossiter ex '44 is doing a mail order business on groceries to his sweetheart Anna in Montreal. Leo is also known as the X-man, judging from letters we read.... It was not Ida Brede that Vince Murnaghan didn't want his name mentioned in connection with, but Lilian McKenna. Well, it's still our secret... Lothario Carmichael has really been going to town lately. First we hear

rumors connecting him with Georgie O'Brien and now he's hitched on to Susie Strain. He seems to be in good with the rest of the family, having been invited down to supper several times. Keep pitchin', Bob, we're cheerin'.... In view of the fact that Barkis Smith volunteered so much information for this column, more especially on his classmates, his name will not be mentioned in this section... The management of the Forum reports a noticeable decline in the number of female patrons at the Collegians' hockey games since the star defenceman, A.J. MacAdam, has been off the lineup because of illness.....

Good-bye all, back in May.

Your friends,
The Shakers

If you do not enjoy this section, call around to our rooms sometime and we'll show you the rejects. You would surely enjoy them.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

Four men have been guilty of spreading scandal on the Junior Humor Editor. They have been warned, but persist in their dangerous activity. They are "Speedy" Morris, "Dinps" Dunphy, "Champ" Carrigan, and "Pretty-Boy" MacIsaac. We are led to believe that they want a bit of publicity; so we will tell anyone anything they want to know about these four. Like about "Speedy" giving McPhee a box of chocolates for Christmas which was later seen gracing the desk of Fraser Mooney at St F.X. by a former student of this college. We checked to make sure it was the same box. Or about "Dinps" and "Queenie" Shea of St. John. It seems that she is the queen of his heart or something and "Queenie" is his pet name for her. Or about the "Champ's" love affair with Terry Lyons of Mount St Bernard. She fell for him when she saw him during the height of 59 straight ring victories against opponents in his class.. Watta man! If there's anything you wish to know about Lothario (or "Pretty-Boy") we would advise you to see Frances Hennessey, Joan Sherren, Mary McPhee, Joan McInnis, Priscilla Johnstone, Maureen Brown, and others.

This is a promise we, the humor editors, will stick by when the next edition goes to press.

As a parting warning—F. L. Murnaghan is getting too inquisitive!

Woman's philosophy of life: if the shoe fits, buy a size smaller.

A cowboy strolled into a bar-room and ordered two beers and a hooker of rum. He gulped down the two beers and proceeded to pour the rum into his vest pocket. He then ordered another rum and also poured it into his vest pocket. When he ordered a third and did the same thing with it, the bartender's curiosity got the better of him. He asked the cowboy, in a scoffing tone of voice, what he was trying to do.

"Pull yer neck in, bar-baby, or ya'll come to finding it shoved in fer ya," bellowed the cowboy.

A mouse stuck his head out of the vest pocket. "Yeah, and that goes for yer cat too."

Howard Shea (in class): "How do the miners get into the floating mines, Doctor Croteau?"

"Is syntax a new form of amusement tax, Doctor?"

They were dancing. He held her tight, his eyes closed, and danced as though he was floating on a cloud. Then the music stopped. "Let's go outside," he said.

Outside, he held her close and whispered in her ear. "Darling, I love you very much. I may not be rich like Jim Morris, I may not be good-looking like Jim Morris, I may not be funny like Jim Morris, I may not have a car like Jim Morris, or anything like that, but I love you so much that I'd do anything in the world for you."

She cuddled closer and stroked his hair, and two ruby red lips whispered in his ear, "Darling, introduce me to Jim Morris."

R. Phelan: "I had trouble with a lady taxi driver on the way out last night. She wanted me to sit in the back seat."