

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association, the following Officers were elected for next year: President, Jim Morris; Vice-President, J. E. Green; Secretary, Charles Holland; Manager of Track, Owen Mullin; Manager of Football, Harold Dunphy; Manager of Hockey, Claude Shea; Manager of Basketball, Brighton MacDougall; Manager of Baseball, Desmond Burge; Manager of Volleyball and Tennis, Francis Corcoran; Manager of Rink, George Smith; High School Representative, Fred Whalen.

NONSENSE AVENUE

Vernie MacDonald was up for a drive with a test pilot. The plane went into a tailspin and it was not until the plane was about to hit the ground that the pilot was able to bring it out. He turned to "Tusk" and said: "I'll bet that 50% of the people down there thought we were going to be killed that time."

"Yes sir!" replied Tusk, "and 50% of the people up here thought so too."

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One skeleton to another, in a BI. Lab.: "Say, if we had any nerve at all we'd get outa this joint."

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The Murray Harbour train is sporting a cow-catcher at both ends these days. One is to protect the cows in case they should be struck by the speeding train and the other is to protect the train in case it should be struck by a speeding cow.

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For the last couple of weeks, ever since the executive of the Athletic Association was appointed, Porky has been singing this little ditty.

I've held no few big honors
But this one tops them all,—
Since I have been elected
As Mr Basketball.

The other lads all brag about
The sport they supervise,
But Manager of Basketball
Is the A-1 Special prize.

A teacher was calling the roll and, although the full quota of students was obviously not present, there was a reply to each name. Toward the end of the roll, however, there

was a strange silence after the calling of one name. The teacher waited a moment and then plaintively asked, "Has this poor boy no friends?"

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A colored lad rushed up to the ticket office and puffed,—"I wants a ticket to de end ob re lin' on yo fates' train."

"Our fast train just pulled out," he was told.

"Den jas gimme de ticket an' point out de track. De draf' board am after me."

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"Pardon me, ma'am," said the young man to the fat woman in the theatre lobby, "my rib,—it is crushing your elbow?"

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Isn't Nature wonderful? A million years ago she didn't know we were going to be wearing glasses. yet look where she placed our ears!

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While snooping the other day we found a pile of letters all done up in a pink ribbon. While we wouldn't think of reading them we could see nothing wrong with comparing the headings and signatures of the lot. Here is how they lined up:

SALUTATIONS

Dear Mr. MacDonald
Dear Charlie
Charlie Dear
Dearest Charlie
You Wonderful Guy
My Own Own Sweetheart
You Wonderful Guy
Dearest Charlie
Charlie Dear
Dear Charlie
Dear Mr. MacDonald

SIGNATURES

Miss M. Lillian Clark
Lillian Clark
Lil
Lillums
Lillums, Your Honeybunch
Your Own Darling Lil
Lillums, Your Honeybunch
Lillums
Lil
Lillian Clark
Miss M. Lillian Clark

If anyone is interested in the address, now unused, it is 34 Stewart St., Ottawa, Ontario.

"Sport" MacDonald says it is easy to tell a well-bred College student,—he always steps on his cigarette so it won't burn a hole in the rug.

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Farmer was telling us of the shortage of men for the Army. He said that when he was at Halifax being examined the sytem they had was,—one doctor looks in your left ear and another doctor looks in your right ear and unless their glances meet you're in.

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Joe J. had heard a very forceful sermon on the Ten Commandments and for a while was in a very reflective mood. He eventually brightened up. "Anyway," he said, "I have never made a graven image."

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At a roll call in a Russian regiment an officer sneezed and four soldiers promptly answered, "Here."

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"Pluto" and Bourget were dining in a restaurant. "Ugh," grunted the latter, "this wartime coffee is certainly terrible."

"Coffee! Don't be silly man," replied the old dog, "this is tea we're drinking."

Just then the waitress appeared. "Would you gentlemen like some more hot chocolate?" she asked.

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Movie actress, coming from a divorce court: "I feel like a new man."

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Bride (after ceremony): "Where is Sandy?"

Best Man: "He's around behind the car trying on the old shoes."

Bride: "Yes, but whatever's keeping him so long?"

Best Man: "Twas his brother tied them on."

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Slugger is getting to be a pest at the Blood Donor clinic. He keeps going down to get his eyes drained.

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Inspecting officer: "Ha, ha, no shave!"

Private Howlet: "Tee hee, no razor."

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This was contributed by Frank Bolger.

The boys were waiting for a taxi. Someone remarked,—
I wish that taxi would hurry up since Dunphy's been ready

for a change ever since I knew him."

Which goes to show what Editors will do to encourage contributions.

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"I'm a smash hit," boasted MacLellan to Corcoran after the showing of The Masterful Monk. "Why, at Kinkora during the last act, I had the audience glued to their seats!"

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" exclaimed "Bishop". "Clever of you to think of it."

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Doc Croteau: "You in the back of the room, where does the State get its authority?"

Answer: "I dunno."

Doc Croteau: "Well then, can you tell me what is meant by public welfare?"

Answer: "Dunno that either."

Doc Croteau: "You don't! I assigned this stuff last day. Where were you last night?"

Answer: "I was out drinking beer with my friends."

Doc Croteau: "You were! What audacity, sir, to stand there and tell me a thing like that. How do you expect to pass this course?"

Answer: "I don't, mister, I'm the janitor, and I came in to fix the radiator."

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DAFFYNITIONS:

Hotel guest a person who leaves his room only because he can't get it into his club-bags.

Mayflower a small ship on which several million Pilgrims came to America in 1620.

Super Salesman a guy who can sell a double breasted suit to a student with a gold Athletic 'D'.

Prohibition Province a place where people live on nothing but food and water.

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The Chemistry professor was explaining to the Chemistry students a simple method for cleaning silverware in acid. Solomon raised the objection that the silver, for example, a spoon, might dissolve if the acid were strong enough. The professor asked Solomon what he would do in such a case. Solomon thought for a while and then replied: "Well, I sup-

pose if you reversed the reaction you would get the spoon out of solution."

The matter was then dropped.

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A primrose by the river's brim

Primora vulgaris dicotyledonous exogen was to him,
And nothing more.

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It seems that two big turtles and one little turtle went into a saloon and ordered some beer. It began to rain and one big turtle said to the other big turtle, "We should have brought our umbrellas. How about asking the little turtle to run home and get our umbrellas?" But the little turtle said, "I'll not go get your umbrellas because when I'm gone you'll drink my beer." The big turtles promised they wouldn't, so the little turtle started off. Two months later one big turtle said to the other big turtle, "If that little turtle doesn't come back soon I'm going to drink his beer." And just then at the other end of the bar, a tiny voice said, "If you do, I won't go get your umbrellas."

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SALT AND PEPPER

In this, our persons to persons column, we would like first to advance our apologies to all those whose feelings were hurt in the last issue and to those whose feelings are going to be hurt in this one This is normally the time for Prom. dates, but Phalen should have tried a few weeks earlier. He tried his charms on Velma Carmody but they didn't work, and unconfirmed rumors have it that he tried other quarters unsuccessfully. Best of luck yet, Reg. "Buns" Kelly and Billie Murphy had a steeplechase for Shirley MacDonald. Kelly won by virtue of assistance from Clark MacAulay. Murphy then put in application to Kitty Keefe. Accepted "Barkis" Smith wrote to Hazel Hughes. If she proves unwilling he will try Noreen Noonan. It's great to have an ace up the sleeve. Joe J. isn't sure, as we go to press, whether it will be Fran, Bernie, or Mary. A letter went to Mary lately. It looks like it's all up to her. Frank Bolger fooled everybody. He really got a date. It's Kay (that's Kathleen) Reid from the home town. He was trying to keep it a secret but as soon

as he passed in the name for an invitation the boys opened the box and his was the only one in it. A'etha Feehan is getting a break. "Pretty-Boy" MacIsaac has consented to take a woman and she is it. "Locks" Noonan has finally succumbed to the love-bug. He has been seen with the girl of his dreams, Phyllis Hessian. They will be at the Prom. to-gether. Billy Ledwell has been receiving nice letters from Helena Rossiter. (This is confidential, of course) In her latest she said, referring to the big night, "I will." Dessie Burge will be taking Priscilla if Blacquiere can get up courage to ask her for him. And look for these. Frank Kelly and Lorraine McNeeley, Joe A. and Jean West, Dalziel and Jean Ramsay, Bob Kelly and Florence MacAulay, "Flat-Top" Dorsey and Velma Gardener, Joe McKenna and perhaps Helen Campbell.

Now for more general stuff. Dunphy has been trying hard for Amelda Vauteur. Called her three times the night of the St John hockey game and came in from Mt Stewart Easter Monday night. No luck yet. He's calling her his little A-1 card, the reason being that he can't get anywhere with her. Faustina McIvor has been the object of a lot of admiring gazes lately. Claude Shea hopes to get the rail. We don't expect Faustina will hold out for Dunphy for someone has opened her eyes about him. Pluto has not broken down about his crush on Doreen Grant yet but word gets around. He has reached the date-making stage but, according to reports from those dear to him, not the date-keeping stage. He's a sly dog, that one. Kane has broken off with Tena McMillan. Seems she was getting serious. (Our sympathies to Frank Burge on the marriage of his heartthrob, The WREN. Why didn't you tell her you like her, Frank?...) Tom MacLellan: You've no idea what a low opinion I have of myself, nor how little I deserve it. Bob Carmichael was peeved about something in the last edition. It seems we had him connected with Susie Strain and it should have been Joan Strain. The Sparrow has been suffering from chronic bed-fever. If he would make an effort to leave the bed an occasional morning he might recover. Which brings us to our Familiar Scenes Dept.: The time—7.20, any morning, the place—Sparrow's room, the characters—Perfect (in door), the Sparrow (in bed), Joe A. (in closet).

That is all..... Hughie McPhee and Dunstan Murphy have been seen down by the railroad track in Cardigan. There are two little maids, etc., etc. Russel Arbing is having an affair with Edna Reid. They had quite a time playig tag around the station stove at Bedford and then they played "Roll, Roll, Roll Your Boat" on the train coming in. That signifies puppy love, but something might develop. Quoting Pris Johnstone: "He's perfect. I call him Des." Now isn't that something. (It's the truth too) One sunny Saturday after-noon Kane decided he would catch up on his sleep. He slept Saturday after-noon, went to bed again at 8.00 and slept through till 9.00 Sunday morning. Back to bed after dinner and slept all after-noon. Back to bed at 8.00 Sunday night and slept through til 8.00 Monday. Back to bed Monday at noon and woke up at about 5.50. His first words on awakening were, "I must be caught up on my sleep, I woke up myself." And that's the truth. "Grunt" Mullins and Theresa Rossiter are moving in the same circle at the same time. He and his brother Charlie have been seen in Mount Stewart more than at home. Charlie likes Jean MacAdam, the great A.J.'s sister Jimmy Kelly just told us of his date with Kay O'Connor. He wouldn't loosen out any more than to say (ha ha ha) "It's just another date." We've seen that kind before.

Well, we're all out of gossip. Why don't you guys do something? For the luvva Mike and the sake of our successors get into the social whirl. We want to print only the truth so if this column isn't up to par don't blame us, it's all your fault.

Our year's work is now finished and we end it with the sincere trust that you have taken everything in the spirit with which it was given. Thanks for snickering.

Your friends,

—THE SHAKERS.