

Nonsense Avenue

We would like at the beginning to express our regret that due to the pressure of other duties most of us on the Staff of Red and White, except the Editor, have not had the opportunity of being confronted with the culture and language of the Orientals. You, the readers, will, nevertheless, find this most convenient since the language used herein will be, for the most part, in your own vulgar dialect.

Shortly after college begins the Executive of each society on the campus holds a meeting to discuss plans for the year. The Red and White, keeping in stride with the other societies does likewise.

The First Meeting

Time: Sept. 30th.

Location: Red and White Office

Present: The Editor, and others whom he calls his Staff.

After a mild stampede the Editor begins.

Ed. (Opens meeting with a prayer from the Koran)

"Welcome, welcome to our Societia
For to discuss some litteria!"

(Ed. continues as he holds in his hand an old copy of Red and White)

"This magazine which you behold,
Must be produced before it's sold.
And so to make up the theme
I have devised a cunning sceheme:
To encourage the students to write
With the desire of improving their might.
'Though the plan seems cynical,
It might produce something finical.
Our scheme, to some, will be senile.
Our plan for those; beguile.

To some, the thought of increasing their know-
ledge

While they are students at college,
Will not be considered, as serious
While they consider us, as delirious."

At this point the Editor relaxes with feet on a near-by table and the Ass. Editor regains consciousness.

Ass. Ed.—“Wheres't did done you come upon such a cruelle animalle?”

Ed.— “It was while wandering in the East
That I first met this literary beast.”

Chronic. Ed (coughing)

“For East is East and West is West
And never Mark Twain shall meet.
This zounds purtly good, eh! I larned that inside
or outside of tree weeks when I was in Fresh-
mans.”

Ed.— “Now that we have planned our booty,
Can any of you report his duty?”

One by one each member of the staff gives a short talk on his work for the year.

(Editor reclines back in chair rather drowsily).

Ass. Ed. (With an insoluble stare)—“Since joining the staff of the most extinguished magazeen ever put out I have never anytimes failed to borne the Editor hither and thither in college axshuns. I have sharpened his glasses, tested his underwater pen and chequed his head for holes in a manner infishent only to the shortness of my arms. I have founded out by my sperience that a staf cannot operate unless thar is people in it.”

(By this time, the Editor, unnoticed by the rest, is snoring quite loudly)

Bus Mgr. (in a whirring tone)—“I'll be after reeding the institution and have decided in no small way that when the papper is wrotten, the vehicle shall be driven most dispersively leafin me insorbed in the fragrance of yer toil (Terminal)”

Chronic Ed. (strumming his catarrah)—“Beans as this is is my first year and I is unfammilyer with my job, I can—must—assur you littereights that I will tempt best how to see that all who are in contract with inflewlanza will get paid.”

Contribs: (playing de game of d'auktion) (one rises)—“I think dat de werk of we here man is to gadder scraps pappers, see dat the words is near to da page, and to see everyting whan assimbled is in

one big bunch as in case of fire we can trow it on."

(other Contribs. nod assent in intellectual union)

Sport Ed. (running on the spot)—"Somebody telled me that I were to carry milk to the football tables, open packages of gum, measure the length of the life of footballs, and last but not least to write commentarys on the ping-pong and hand-ball turnaments."

Humor Ed. (telling himself a joke he never heard before)—"Undubiously my compartment consists of funny possibles as of the like; save some korn for the kernel, or with such risibles as I will repeat a furinstance: The man who went slack of green feed in mid-winter gave his horses sun-glasses and began to feed them straw."

(After forty-five minutes of gales of laughter by the rest of the staff, the Editor wakes up.)

Ed.— "Now that you know your duty,
Speed to extract your booty."

Sept. 30 to Nov. 7

During this interval very little consideration is given to the magazine. However, many events have taken place and these, if recorded, would provide interesting material for volumes of essays, stories, poetry, and the like. But maybe some of these have been recorded—oh! hold everything, Marie Burge has scored a K.O. early in the first round, or was it for sure, well anyway, the belligerence has ended. What have we here. The game is on, the Ass. Ed. has fainted into the phone booth. Is he going to throw a pass? He shouts out the signals with a voice that has the refineness and softness of youth. And theer it goes, a long Grace-ful spiral. What has happened? Did he score? Wait now, there seems to be a substitution. Did he call his signals wrongly? Did he get a score—a Grace, or was he, to use a slang, sucked in at the end zone? Oh well, what does it matter—but fair Dominia Vanitatis says that Car-amels are just as sweet to the taste. Hostilities have broken out, recruits requested, the Anne-Slowey War is on,—stop the music, hold your horses, Lorne Murphy has Miss Cued and has gone to Summerside during the long examination of his conscience. There goes the bell for meeting number two, so we must hurry back to the Red and White Office.

Time: Eve of Publication of Red and White

Place: Red and White Office

Present: Editor, and Staff with manuscript, Bus. Mgr. absent.

Ed (smiles and looks about)—

“And now that you have ended your struggle,

“What have you found for this literary bubble?”

Staff (together)—“Them students thar has come up with some grate literatcher.”

Ed.— “Read your scripts that I might see

The contents of which contained to be.”

Chronic Ed. (still strumming his catarrah, reads his script)

Essay: On College Innovations.

The ability of the Glue Club to stick to-gether has brung growths of long hair to the campuss keeping the barbers busy. The Glue Club has certainly distilled into the students a desire for music. When they return to there rooms, they turn on there radios and listen to the music of such native talons as: Schubert Brahms, Strauss Beethoven, and Showpan of Warsaw. And it has - - - (At this point the reader is forced to stop when the Editor in a fit of rage reaches over and breaks a string of the catarrah.)

The Editor is now red with rage.

Ass. Ed. (now with a dissoluble stare)

Editorial: On Politicians

Since politishens is people composed of fragmints of dissenting material, (aside to the rest of the staff); “This phrase I likes gentlemens, ‘fragmints of dissenting material.’) and when some debree is tossed at there sarahbellums, they don’t have to have any edukshun to be an un-honest politishen.

Suppose a politishen has a platform, then he must have a plank face. But a plank face must be nailed and - - - (the Editor, blue with rage, tares some planks out of the floor, throws them at the reader rendering him unconscious.)

Sport Ed. (standing on the prostrated form of the Chronic

Ed. while reading an essay submitted by the Coeds)

On Walking

We are living in an aira when we hafta avoid walking on our feet in the march of time. Since we hafta walk, we

advise everyone and each to resort too hands. Years ago horses were stepped off in hands. Nevertheless - - - (the essay is permanently interrupted when the speaker gets his tongue caught in his eye tooth and is unable to see what he is saying)

Ed. (colorless with rage)

"This is nothing but bunk
Which we must throw in the junk.
Even our greatest beguile
Could not bring forth a sensible style."
(the Editor with handkerchief to his eyes continues)
"This is surely a terrible mess
Just at the time we are to go to press
Oh! What can be done to save our name?
Or is it the end of this literary game?"

Sport Ed.—"Wherest the Humidity Editor? What about his werk?"

Ed.— "Fie upon him, foe about his humorous brain;
He would expressest nothing that would be sane."

Just as the Editor is about to dismiss the meeting in despair, the Business Manager of Red and White barges into the room carrying an armful of contributions which he has received from the students for the magazine.

Bus Mgr.—I have here some of the work which I has pick up from some of the most littereight stood-ents and I will read you a few of there bestest storys which was writ by some Seenyers (terminal)"

(The Editor at first refuses to listen and the Business Mgr. prevails upon him to listen as he reads the two best stories. The Business Mgr. finally wins out.)

Bus Mgr.—"Ajax's Department Store
Mottoe: Servess with a smile
Apples, too for five sents, but sense we don't have any of this kind, they will be five sents for won (terminal)"

(The Editor now begins to listen quite attentively.)

"Whing Ling's Laundry
Mottoe: Close black in ate weaks with buttons
off Shure reliable servess (terminal)"

(Having heard these, the Editor's facial expression changes to a smile as he quite gently takes the papers from the Business Mgr. and begins to read with avidity. The Editor, after thinking over these stories (?) submitted by the Business Mgr., and after coming to the conclusion that such material would suit the materialistic mind at least, decides that with such material he can fill the space between the covers of the magazine. The Editor decides to make the story on Ajax's Department Store more in accordance with our present age by inserting the adjective 'pecuniary' before the word 'smile'.)

Editor:—"Now that we have solved this dreadful mess, We'll take our advertisements to the press."

We are sorry that we must leave you, dear readers, but before we go, we extend to the rest of the Staff, to the students, and to all readers our heartless apologies; and now we salaam thee frewell.

"The cause of civilization lacks a solid foundation if it does not rest on the eternal principles of truth and in the unchangeable laws of right justice"—"Evils of Society" by Pope Leo XIII.

Our dignity arises from the praises of truth, not of our blood.—"Abolition of African Slavery" by Pope Leo XIII.

The one only reason which men have for not obeying is when anything is demanded of them which is openly repugnant to the natural or the divine law.—"Civil Government" by Pope Leo XIII.

Liberty belongs only to those who have the gift of reason or intelligence.—"Human Liberty" by Pope Leo XIII.

Governments should be administered for the well-being of the citizens, because they who govern others possess authority solely for the welfare of the State.—"Christian Constitution of States" by Pope Leo XIII.