

iod when they hit for two goals against the hard working Saints. The Saints' lack of previous competition showed up in the final period of the game when the Mounties scored four unanswered goals. Wilfred Gillis played a strong game in the nets for the Saints making 25 stops against only 9 by McGowan for Mount A.

INTRAMURAL HOCKEY

The Intramural Hockey League is now under way and promises plenty of keen competition throughout the season. As yet only a few games have been played and it is hard to predict the outcome of the league. However, the Seniors and Grade XII look very good. Due to weather conditions, the rink committee are having trouble getting a good ice surface.

JUVENILE HOCKEY

As we go to press, the Juvenile leagues are just beginning to swing into action. There will be two leagues in juvenile competition, a High School league and a College league. The teams seem to be pretty well balanced and should provide good competition for those amateurs. We expect they should have a very successful season.

NONSENSE AVENUE

A joke is not a thing but a process, a trick you play on the reader's mind. You start him off towards a plausible goal, and then by a sudden twist you land him nowhere at all—or just where he didn't expect to go.

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"When I first came to this country I didn't have a nickel in my pocket—now I have a nickel in my pocket."

That is one of the briefest jokes we can think of, yet shows the two parts of which all jokes are composed: the dispatch and wreckage of a train of thought.

A guy is wandering around with amnesia, trying to find out who he is. He meets a pretty girl who says:

"I don't know who I am either—I was left on a door-step."

"Maybe you're a bottle of milk."

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Then there is the story of the professor who dreamed he was lecturing to his class, and woke up to find that it was true.

* * * *

A lawyer upon reaching his office one morning found his faithful janitor sprawled over the door-step dead. He ran to the inner office and there found his secretary bound to a chair. The office showed signs of a desperate search; his precious files were strewn about the room, and a bottle of ink was spilled on the floor.

"What on earth has happened?" exclaimed the lawyer.

"It was Sam. He has shot the janitor and he's looting the vault right now."

The lawyer rushed into his vault and there, sure enough, was his friend Sam from Czechoslovakia.

"Why, Sam," he cries, almost bursting into tears, "how could you do this to me? Didn't I furnish you passage from Europe? Didn't I rescue you from the clutches of Adolph Hitler? And now you repay me by coming to my office and spilling ink over my linoleum."

You laugh at this because your expectations were tense and dramatic, and the collapse is complete. The joke is on you. All jokes—no matter whom else they are on, are on the person who laughs.

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As we ping pong along subtle as an avalanche, we hope that our verbal incisions, cauterized with some wit, will produce a mirthquake of laughter rather than a face starched with disapproval.

Should it happen that as you read along and find a queer taste in your mouth, shall we say, a bitter taste, rub your tongue with ice because then your taste buds will not function so well.

At this point we remind you, dear readers, that any resemblance between what you get out of this and what you hope to get is purely coincidental.

During the past summer a history professor visited Jasper, Alberta. As he checked the register of the hotel, he noticed this signature:

Baron Munchausen and valet. Immediately below the professor signed: Rev. ——— and valise.

* * * *

The optimist fell ten stories,
At each window bar
He shouted to his friends,
"All right so far."

* * * *

PARDON ME, BUT YOUR SHOW IS SLIPPING

In a recent inter-class drama festival at a Catholic University, the Sophomore class put on an outdated melodrama, and one of the more foolhardy members of the class undertook to direct it. The play, to say the least, was a failure, and the Rector, ill-pleased with the performance, decided to use some of his caustic wit on the director. One day he chanced to see the culprit crossing the campus and beckoned him. The director, knowing that something was in the wind, approached with the slow dignity of a ferry boat coming into dock and with an apologetic smile said:

"Yes Father?"

"Waal, ah, how did you get along with your play Wednesday night?"

"Oh," was the lofty response, "the play was a howling success, but the audience was a failure."

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TROUBLE OR NOTHING

I am a girl. I stand three deep in men.

I skate for hours on end.

I am only a build in a girdled cage.

I, R - - -, am bounded on the north, south, east and west by R - - -, WHO AM I?

The lucky contestant will have as his prize a date with her for the Prom. All entries must be mailed to Box EMU 999.

* * * *

"Flo" was fond of Ebenezer.

"Eb", for short she called her beau,

Talk of tides of love, great Caesar!

You should see them, Eb and Flo.

A COTC and a UNTD cadet met after a summer's training:

"How's the second largest service in Canada?" asked the soldier.

"Not too bad. How's the second best?" was the tart reply.

* * * *

The Philosophy Professor defined an **enthymeme** and then asked a student for a practical example.

"A tall thin man", was the reply.

"Why?"

"Because he is all extremes and no middle."

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It is rumoured that the cast of **The Hasty Heart** will receive a trip to Boston for their wonderful character betrayals.

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A Latin professor once told his class this story to show them Cicero's delicate taste for humor:

Cicero called on his friend Marius and was told by the maid that Marius was not at home. Later, when Marius returned the visit, Cicero stuck his head out of an upstairs window and said: "I am not at home."

"Go on," said Marius. "Don't I see you and hear your voice?"

"Why, look here," answered Cicero, "I believed your maid when she told me you weren't at home, and you won't believe me even when I tell you myself."

* * * *

A mathematics professor asked a Freshman Co-ed to define a line.

"A good line," said the Co-ed, "is the shortest distance between two dates."

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The Leningrad Free Press Daily has just announced that the United Nations Headquarters has been moved to LAKE PARTIAL SUCCESS.

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"What color costume are you going to wear to the Mid-Term Formal?" said one chaperon to the other.

"I'm going to wear black since we're supposed to wear something to match our husband's hair," said the other.

"Gracious! that means I can't go," was the hasty reply from the former.

"ATTENTION ALL COTC RECRUITS"

The new army rifle weighs 8.69 lbs. but you will find that after carrying it on a short route march of twenty-two miles or so the decimal point drops off.

* * * *

During a bi-service parade in which members of the COTC and the UNTD participated, the army officer in charge shouted to the UNTD boys: "Stand at attention!"

"We are at attention, Sir," was the murmur, "it's our uniforms that are at ease."

* * * *

An inquisitive faculty member who liked to play on the foibles of students, overheard the following scraps of conversation outside the door of a sorority meeting:

- - - I have plenty of will power but more won't power
- - - he hasn't proposed yet but his voice has an engagement ring in it - - - I knew her fifty pounds ago - - - of course there are a lot of things to be said in her favour but they are not nearly so interesting - - - her performance belongs rather in a sandwich than on a stage - - - when I tell my age I don't know whether to make it five years younger on account of my looks or five years older on account of my brains - - - if she were twice as cute as she tries to be, she still wouldn't be half as cute as she thinks she is - - -

Evidently someone was absent.

* * * *

An English Professor, an apostle of the "Return to the land Movement", was lecturing to his class.

"A lot of people," he said, "talk about returning to the land, but not many of them ever do. Now, I not only advocate it but I intend to do just that. Why, even now I know what the farmers do. The other day I saw a man building a horse. He had the horse almost finished; he was just nailing on the back feet as I came in."

* * * *

A Freshman thinks seated,
A Sophomore thinks standing.
A Junior thinks all the time.
And a Senior thinks afterward.

The reason why our work is brittle,
And shatters at the slightest touch,
We think so much about so little,
And think so little of so much.

* * * *

If you didn't get everything you want, think of the
things you didn't get that you didn't want.

* * * *

Scorn not this section though its strength be sapped;
Nor say malignantly its inventor blundered.
The corpse that's here in these few pages wrapped
Had previously been covered with a hundred.

* * * *

If you think our section - - -, then as one angry
skunk says to another: "So do you."

* * * *

AU RESERVOIR.

