

During the month of October two most successful handball tournaments were held under the supervision of manager Charles Duffy. Tournaments were held on successive Sundays in mid-October. Father Simpson and Leonard O'Hanley won the first while Jerry McQuaid and Charlie Morrissey won the second. It is safe to say that these tournaments aroused an enthusiasm for handball that is rarely noticed around St. Dunstan's in the Autumn.

NONSENSE AVENUE

A pessimist once said that there are only seven jokes in the world; and five of them can't be printed. However by diligent research, avid listening and soul-searching cogitation, we have at long last come forth with something that is positively not guaranteed to reduce your waist, restore your hair or make your teeth pearly. But, then again, it might. Who knows? Homer used to roll them in the aisles with most of these back about 800 B.C. . . . but he probably snatched them from the Egyptians. You remember that old one about the roof? . . . oh, well it'd probably be over your head.

Don't scorn us if our jokes are corny,
Please don't make a fuss;
Remember that the mighty oaks
Were once just nuts like us.

When we are dead, we hope it may be said:
Their sins were scarlet, but their section read.

Incidents of world-shattering impact have been the key-note of the past few months. . . .

"... Donnelly's shoes cremated! ! . . .

"... Kelly ousted from Intramural basketball! ! . . .

"... MacIntyre doubles for prefect . . . while prefect hides under bed! ! . . .

"... Art McInnis swears! ! . . .

"... Lt. Callaghan highlights Remembrance Day in Charlotte-town! !... .

"... 'Fido' McCarville falls in Love! !... .

"... Martin MacMillan to sue co-eds over business deal! !... .

And so it goes!

In virtue of the fact that a sticker was found on the door of a faculty member's office, we publish the following ode entitled:

CONTAMINATED

"Whence cometh that sticker?" the faculty asked.

The result was a verbal duel.

The orthodox said: "From a humourous cad."

The heretic said: "From a fool!" (Utter fool, that is.)

Roy Grant: (To Bethany) You're really a very pretty girl.

Bethany: (Screaming) oh, sta- -awp! ! You'd say so even if you didn't think so.

Roy: Sure, but you'd think so, even if I didn't say so.

Joe Mallette: (Coyly, to girl) Say something soft to me.

Gert: Cream Puff!

Houde: (To druggist in Charlottetown) I want a tablet.

Druggist: What kind?

Houde: A white one.

Druggist: What for?

Houde: I want to write a letter.

Fr. Sullivan: (To Gus MacLellan who is coming into class five minutes late) Yaaass! ! Mr. Mac Lellan! You should have been here five minutes ago.

Gus: (Quietly) Kaff! Kaff! Why? What happened?

Wilbert Rooney, in contributing to our section the following little ditty, shows us that his poetic genius is beginning to blossom forth.

I sneezed a sneeze into the air;
It fell to ground I know not where.
But hard and cold were the looks of those
In whose vicinity I snoze.

During the Drama Festival, Big Willie sat directly in front of Paddy McKenna. Thus, Paddy couldn't see at all.

Paddy: (Touching Willy on the shoulder) I can't see anything, Willy.

Big Willy: Can't see anything, hey?

Paddy: No, I can't see a thing.

Big Willy: Well, then, I'll fix you up. Just keep your eye on me and laugh when I do.

Every day for months John Q. Mothball came into the corner grocery store with a carrot tied to his right ear. But one day he came in and, instead of the usual carrot, he had a turnip tied to the ear.

"Why have you a turnip instead of a carrot today?" asked the inquisitive grocer.

"Oh," replied John Q., "I ran out of carrots." (Silly! Isn't it?)

The following are excerpts from our recently compiled catalogue of college definitions:

Cinch course: a course in which your room-mate gets an honor.

Public Speaking: the art of diluting a two-minute idea with a two-hour vocabulary.

Good head: one who has the same enemies you have.

Love: that feeling that makes a co-ed make a guy make a fool of himself.

The Laundry: Place where clothes are mangled.

'Moose': that which knows more about your affairs than you do.

Prune: a plum that has seen better days.

Repartee: an insult with its dress-suit on.

Window Screen: An arrangement for keeping flies in the room.

Drawing up the basketball league this year, the A.A.A. had to overcome many difficulties. A suggestion that two teams from Senior year be entered in the Juvenile League was condemned by the Camerontinian school of thought. The very integrity of basketball was questioned by Footballists, etc. Charles Amadius Kelly, unable to win a berth on Fisher's intramural team, condemned Intramural Basketball outright. In order to reestablish the integrity of basketball, we herewith set forth the following article:

ARTICLE XVII

Statement of the Question:

A juvenile basketball league exists at St. Dunstan's, i.e., after the manner of a substance; the Senior Class, it is agreed, has entered two teams in the League, viz., Juvenile Basketball League, a.v., according to schedule. Therefore the two Senior teams in the Juvenile League must play against each other.

Opinions:

Footballists state that basketball is a non-entity, and, therefore, cannot be played except by non-entities.

Scotus states that basketball exists in the third degree of abstraction, and therefore it can be played only in the mind.

Amadius states that intramural basketball exists for the ignorant, whereas Juvenile basketball exists for the wise, i.e., learned in the ways of basketball.

Fisherarius holds the opinion of Amadius to be 'acidulae uvae' (Sour grapes).

Camerontes states that it is impossible for two Senior teams to play against one another, because two things cannot be the same thing at the same time, and therefore two teams cannot be Senior teams at the same time. (NEGO).

All basketballists, in opposition to these opinions, hold that basketball really exists, and that it can (and will) be played in a Juvenile Basketball League even by two Senior teams, and indeed, these two teams can (and will) play against each other.

1st. Part: Basketball, as a game, can be played by two Senior teams.

Proof: For permission has been granted by the amateur athletic association for the admission of two Senior teams in the league, and two Senior teams have been registered with the league commissioner, Reginald Doucette.

2nd. Part: And these two teams, i.e., Senior teams in the Juvenile basketball league, will play against each other.

Proof: Games which are scheduled will be played. But these games, i.e., between two Senior teams, are games which are scheduled. Therefore, these games will be played.

Major: known from experience.

Minor: obvious from what has gone before.

Scholia:

As all basketball games in Universitate Sancti Dunstani, are played in the rink, these basketball games will be played in the rink.

A difficulty:

Some athletes play basketball*
But Charlie Kelly is some athlete
Therefore Charlie Kelly plays basketball.

Major: Evident from metaphysics; we concede.

Minor: "... is some athlete"; we deny.

We deny the conclusion. That Charlie Kelly is some athlete is absolutely and metaphysically repugnant:

Points for Review

Define: Athlete; Charlie Kelly; repugnant.

"Now, Kenneth," said Mr. O'Grady, "give me a sentence using the word 'archaic'.

"Archaic" ... repeated Dom. ... "We can't have archaic and eat it too."

*Summa Athletica, II-I, Q (6 $\frac{1}{4}$ x7 $\frac{1}{2}$)3x a 34 c.

John Sinnott: (during cadet instruction) Sir, were you in the war?

Gene MacDonald: Was I in the war? . . . Sit down kid! Why, I had so many bullet holes through me, the boys behind me complained of the draft.

Sinnott: Yes, I can see through you myself.

"Why didn't you deliver that message as instructed?" Mr. O'Grady asked Frank Ledwell.

"I did the best I could, sir."

"The best you could! Why, if I had known I was going to send a jackass, I would have gone myself."

"Oh, tell me Mother, what is that
That looks like strawberry jam?"

"Hush, hush, my child, its only Pa
Run over by a tram."

And then there's the one about the Freshman who went to the infirmary with a temperature of 108. The burser put him in the cellar to heat the building.

LOVE AND LIFE AT S. D. U.

Weir, the man of mystery, has at last been exposed. He's not so hard as he might have us believe . . . Pauline LeClair has softened him up somewhat in these last few months . . . Miss Chem 3 of 1949 (Weight: 129 lbs.) . . . we're expecting reactions. Pete Dunphy, noted football hero of our present decade, is another of the silent type who is currently coming to the fore. On the occasion of the game between S. D. U. & U. N. B. at Fredericton, young Peter received a telegram from one who calls herself 'Bunnie' which read . . . (and we quote) . . . "Get one for me, Love!" David Kennedy asked that his name be mentioned in connection with Sheila Praught; coincidentally, so did Ebby Devine . . . A

little woman is a dangerous thing . . . Be advised accordingly! But that's the world . . . men are like worms . . . they come along . . . wiggle a bit . . . and then some chicken catches them in the end. Space does not permit us to elucidate . . . but the following gentlemen wish us to publish and make legal their claims to the affections of certain parties:

Conrad Kennedy	to	Maureen Murphy
Earl MacKinnon	to	Maureen Murphy
Reg Whalen	to	Maureen Murphy
Clair Callaghan	to	Helen McInnis
Phil Murphy	to	Helen McInnis
Pete Sullivan	to	Helen McInnis
Charlie Cheverie	to	Mary Creighan
John Mullally	to	Mary Creighan
"Scrappy" O'Brien	to	Marie Rooney
John Clarkin	to	Marie Rooney

"No? . . . Well, how about this one?"

Danny Driscoll (professional "sleeper-inner") was mailing a letter in the old building when he chanced to meet the Rector. The following conversation ensued:

Rector: Waal, Mr. Driscoll!! Mailing a letter, eh?

Danny: (Figuring he was right in there) Yes, Father!

Rector: Writing to Santa Claus, I suppose!

Danny: (Still figuring he was right in) Heh! Heh! No, Father Heh! Heh!

Rector: Waall—better write to Santa soon—Heh-heh . . . and —ah—tell him to bring you an **alarm clock**.

And that accounts for the milk in the coconut!