

## NONSENSE AVENUE

### SAME OLD THING

(With apologies to Harry B. Smith)

History, and Nature too, repeat themselves, they say;  
Men are only habit's slaves; we see it every day.  
Life has done it's best for me—I find it tiresome still;  
For nothing's everything at all, and everything is nil.

Same old get-up, dress and tub,  
Same old breakfast, same old club,  
Same old feeling, same old blue;  
Same old Nonsense Avenue!

It always seemed to us that this verse of Harry's embraced a weight of wisdom. Anyway, it came to pass that Moses fell into an apple tree from a third corridor window. Speaking of things falling reminds us that there was once an American named Colonel D. Streamer who always liked to make poems about people falling into something—

Here, for example, are two—

#### No. 1—Aunt Eliza

In the drinking well  
(Which a plumber built her)  
Aunt Eliza fell—  
We must buy a filter.

#### No. 2—Baby

Baby in caldron fell—  
See the grief on Mother's brow;  
Mother loves her darling well—  
Darling's quite hard-boiled by now.

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During Religion class, Father Roche asked Duncan MacDonald to quote a verse from Scripture.

**Duncan:** (Pensively). "Ah . . . a . . . Judas went out into the garden and hanged himself."

**Fr. Roche:** "Yes . . . yes . . . Now quote another."

**Duncan:** "Go ye and do likewise."

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EPITAPH

Here lies an Atheist  
All dressed up and no place to go.

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**Fr. Landrigan:** (At Glee Club practice): "Now, lads . . . let's try that song again . . . 'Little Drops of Water' . . . and put some spirit into it!"

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**Bun:** "You're a liar! Say that again and I'll bust your jaw!"

**Rooney:** "Consider it said!"

**Bun:** "Consider your jaw busted!"

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## THE ROMAN PREFECT

The Roman Prefect was quite gay,  
He erat was, you bettum;  
He ran his automobilus  
And smoked his cigarettum,  
He wore a diamond studibus,  
And elegant cravatium,  
A maxima cum laude shirt,  
And such a stylish hattum!  
He loved to rhyme the hic-haec-hoc,  
And liked the games and equi;  
But if at times his humour changed,  
Some got it in the nequi;  
He rolled in mirth for all his worth  
At Cyril Callanorum  
And shook upon his shoulders broad,  
His toga Romanorum.

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John Clarkin was trying to have his little joke at the expense of Jesse Griffin:

"Where were you born?" he asked Jesse.

"Bloomfield!"

"Whatever for?" Clarkin asked wittily.

"At such a time," Jesse answered, "It was my dutiful wish to be with my mother!"



"Mrs. Clancy, your child is spoiled!"

"Mrs. O'Brien, don't you dare say a thing like that about my child!"

"Mrs. Clancy, it's the truth. With my own eyes, I just saw a big truck run over him and he's entirely spoiled!"

"Niver fear, Pat; shure, yez have an upright judge to thry ye."

"Ah, Biddy darlin', the devil an upright judge I want. 'Tis wan that'll lane a little."

### LOGICAL ENGLISH

I said "This horse sir, will you shoe?"

And soon the horse was shod.

I said "This deed sir, will you do?"

And soon the deed was dod!

I said "This stick, sir, will you break?"

At once the stick he broke,

I said "This coat, sir, will you make?"

And soon a coat he moke.

Freshette Rooney on the telephone:

"Hello!"

"Hello, is that you Marie?"

"Yes!"

"Will you go to the prom with me?"

"Sure will, kid. Who's this on the phone?"

There is a new weighing scale in Charlottetown that has a loudspeaker attachment which will speak your weight. St. Clair Quinn thought he'd try the thing out. The man ahead of him got on the scales and the speaker blared out "One hundred and sixty-five!" Then St. Clair stepped on. Nothing happened for a minute. . . and then the speaker shouted:

"One at a time, please!"

During the depression years, a little girl was born in Charlottetown and her folks went down to the registration office to get her a birth certificate. The clerk asked the child's name.

"Stephanie Wilema Lelila MacDonald."

Clerk: "More paper, please!"

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On the Antiquity of Microbes (World's shortest poem)

Adam  
Had 'em.

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Gabby Hayes walked into a saloon, ordered milk and by mistake was served a milk punch. After drinking it, the holy man lifted his eyes to Heaven and was heard to say:

"O Lord, what a cow! My la-and!"

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"Has Pat been taking the medicine I prescribed?" the doctor asked,—"a tablet before each meal and a small whiskey after?"

"Well, Doctor, maybe he's a few tablets behind; but he's months ahead on the whiskey!"

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## PADDY AND HIS DATE

(Contributed by his dorm-mates)

Now let us speculate together,  
And find out whether  
A feather  
Will only bend or really break a certain Campbell's back.

For here is Reginald (the Moose)  
He's rather loose,  
And quite a goose,  
But here dear friends is what this rumour-monger has as fact.

A character named Rossiter,  
Was courting Helen—as it were,  
—Or was it her ? ? . . .  
(At least her name's MacDonald and her father is a baker).

He asked her to the promenade,  
Alas—there came an omen bad,  
Her Mom n' Dad,  
Their child was far too young as yet for Rossiter to take her.

P.S. Alf still hasn't got a date.

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**Ann Campbell:** (dancing with Red Ed at a social): "Ed, you remind me for all the world of brown sugar!"

**Ed:** (giggling and blushing) . . . "Heh . . . heh . . . is that right now? Why?"

**Ann:** "You're so sweet and unrefined!"



## DORMITORY DIDACTICS (A Fragment)

(Much was contributed by the dormitory students, but we regret that due to space restrictions, we were unable to print it all).

We saw a Mount Stewart lover-boy—  
His name was 'Hand-ball' Jay,  
One wink at young nurse Mallard,  
And the prom was set for May.

Now Vern Gallant felt rather sad,  
(And we feel it's a shame)  
His only love is locked within  
The walls of Notre Dame.

Let's not forget Carl Molyneaux,  
(he's got a good approach)  
He likes to pass the time of day  
With young Anita Roche.

Carl asked us not to mention this,  
" 'Twould hit me like a bomb!  
I wouldn't dare take home with me  
This magazine to Mom."

Young Fitz came in from Tracadie  
(His whole career he junked)  
To play ping-pong at S.D.U.,  
But boy, does he get skunked!

Now Billy, take a tip, my boy,  
Yes take this tip for free;  
Give up your ping-pong efforts, son,  
Go back to Tracadie.

—*Iambus Q. Trimeter.*

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And this, dear reader, concludes the story of how they came to call Skinny, 'Cabbage-head' MacPhee.