

## ❁ NONSENSE AVENUE ❁

*The humour men are back again  
With jokes and stories bold,  
If they're not true, too bad for you,  
They were to us thus told.*

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(Kenny Mooney is replacing as associate editor Wilson Shea, who has returned home due to illness).

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Marcotte:—"Say ! There are ten in this taxi !"  
Cliche:—"No ! Eleven ! I have my girl in my heart."

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Chem. Prof. (In Grade XI):—"The properties of water, Frank ?"

Corcoran:—"Water may be made hard by freezing and the hardness removed by boiling."

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Fr. Gavan:—"Why did you kick Jack in the stomach?"  
Vince:—"It was his fault; he turned around."

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Dr. Croteau:—"What position did you play on the corridor hockey team ?"

Dr. Johnston (sadly):—"A horizontal position."

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### DICKIE HOWATT'S MISTAKE

His face was long, had signs of woe,  
When towards my room wee Dick did go.  
"On Friday next the game will be,  
Have sister Frances get a date for me.  
See Frances, Jim, and if she can  
Fix Mable for a little man.

There's money, too, that Fran must get,  
Which I will spend all on my pet.  
Breathe not a word of this to one,  
You know how fast all rumours run."  
But in his chair he did not see  
This humour writer now in glee.



## HERE AND THERE

Bert Steele wished to know if they had supernatural ice in Fredericton . . . Ed Roach is now in Hollywood playing Lena Pry. The outline of his Adam's apple has been insured for \$100,000 . . . And there is the red-headed senior, who fills his olive oil bottle from the faculty table . . . Larry has been here six years, but he doesn't know which is the hot tap in the showers . . . If you have the "flu" you get a ride to the hospital in an ambulance. Gorman has heart trouble and has to walk there every Thursday . . . Corcoran's banjo playing reminds us of the song — "He can play music the like of which you never heard before" . . . Says Porky McKenna: "When I feel like studying, I just lie down and all feeling goes away." . . . Gendron did not make the first hockey team as he expected. So far in the intramural league he has scored two goals — against his own team . . . Said of the short, stocky faculty member of the 2nd and 3rd corridor team — "A cross between exhaustion and laziness" . . . Murnaghan says he doesn't like girls. What about the "Kay" little thing who appeared very friendly to you in the rink, Pius ? . . . All the jokes we don't use are buried by undertakers "Casket" Coffin and "Deadpan" McQuaid . . . The Information Bureau has been moved from third Dalton to the Dorm . . . "Sark was so scared he turned white." Is it possible ? . . . Anyone know the dimensions of J. McInnis's stomach ? . . . Sympathy to Cagy on the loss of Josephine. A nasty, ten page letter to her, Gus ? My ! My ! Congratulations Walsh ! Sympathy Walsh ! Congratulations O'Donnell ! Sympathy O'Donnell ! Good luck newcomers ! . . . Danny says "Sugar" is expensive. Yes ! Especially when you get stuck with her cafe check, eh Danny ? Flash ! Cagy sues Josephine for heart balm . . . Rossiter is now a "Con—E" man . . . We advise Bert Steele to return Matilda's vanity case at once . . . "Long" Campbell stole an invention from the Nut Brothers. It is a wooden platform that hangs from his neck and rests at his knees. Miss Gordon stands on this to talk to him. Callaghan is looking for an axe. "Chesty" Devereaux: "It is a very embarrassing thing to be seen with your arm around a girl by the Vice-Rector, especially in broad daylight" . . . SCOOP ! Who was the little man who tried to date Miss Ryan for Smitty on St. Patrick's ? — Bridge players are easier to get, eh Father ?



Friday morn. Irene awakes and notices a cold sore.

Friday night. Coady goes to town.

Saturday morn. Coady awakes and notices two cold sores.

Rector:—"Tell McKenna I want him."

McLeod:—"I'm sorry, Father, but he is buried up to his neck in work at present."

Rector:—"You mean in bed-clothes, go get him."

Miss Glover:—"May I take your picture ?"

Smith:—"Do you want me to smile and look pretty ?"

Miss Glover:—"No ! Just wear your usual expression."

Joe Dooley:—"A relative pronoun is a family pronoun such as mother, brother, father, aunt."

Pudge (singing on hockey trip):—"Oh dig my grave both wide and deep."

She:—"More wide than deep."

Alex:—"Higgins sure jumps when he puts alcohol on his face after shaving."

Jack:—"He'd jump more if he had it in him."

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PETER PRONKO

(Dedicated to Wilson Shea)

From Sydney where the east begins, I came  
To this our college dear to gather fame,  
To educate myself, all doubts to shed,  
And lose that dreadful name of "Puddin-head."  
I played football, it is a rough old game;  
In many sports I made the Hall of Fame;  
In dancing I progressed the best of all  
With pretty girls who line the K. C. Hall.  
There's Connie, Gladys, Rita, Bertha, Joan,  
All friends of mine, but I picked for my own  
The prettiest lass in all of Charlottetown,  
A charming brunette, it's sweet Joey Br—n  
And best of all no one will ever know  
How much I'm thought of by my darling Jo."  
How clever has he been to fool the boys,  
And make the ardent girls finance their joys.  
Although he often took this Joey hame,  
She never cost him for a hockey game.



Porky:—"And what did you say when her six-foot father walked into the darkened parlour at 11 P.M. and found you kissing her ?"

Ernie McCarey (5'3"):—"Scram buddy ! Three's a crowd !"

Fr. McKenzie:—"And the best way to humour your wife if she ever gets cross is to go shopping."

Dr. Croteau:—"What is the second best way ?"

Hist. Prof.:—"What was the Frankfurt assembly, Mr. McAulay ?"

The Sparrow:—"I don't know, but I think it was a sausage banquet."

Larry (Raising glass):—"Here's to Doc Landrigan, first, last, and always."

Jack:—"Where ?"

Higgins:—"At the dinner table."

Dillinger:—"And why do the Leafs feed whiskey to Horner and Chamberlain between periods ?"

Chisholm:—"To tighten the defense of course."

On returning from Economic class the first day of college someone asked McGaughey how he liked it. "Fine," was the answer, "only there was a big fellow up front who spoiled all the fun."

#### REXTON DUPE

To Sherlock Holmes of *Red and White*,  
Came this missive short and trite:

"I, Horace Tahill, your troubled pal,

Ran up against a pretty gal,

So someone sent a heart to her,

And on it wrote my moniker:

A few days later I received

Replying note which me has grieved,

Which made my feelings low as worms,

And said in no uncertain terms:

(You do not even know me, brat,

You show yourself a low down rat,

And if you seek to come to town,

And by debating win renown,



My pa and I will both be there,  
And we will not at all you spare;  
But if you dare rise to your feet,  
My dad will you most surely beat,  
For he was once a fighter great  
And you could not retaliate).  
I then to bed did quickly go,  
And awful illness tried to show,  
So when debating day drew near,  
I thought that I had naught to fear:  
But vexed and angered I did send,  
A note which said I would not bend,  
And that I could her dad defeat  
On stage or floor in public meet.  
To end my hash came that debate,  
And then how I did grieve my fate,  
For I was scared that I should see,  
The two who would my ruin be.  
But they, O Holmes, came not along,  
So I suspected something wrong.  
So please, O friend, O sleuth, O aid,  
Investigate the plot here laid."

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"O Horace Tahill, my stupid pal,  
I got in contact with that gal,  
And I have found that she was told,  
Not to mind your missive bold:  
And you have worthless worry spent,  
For ne'er a Valentine was sent.  
And I have found that six masked men  
Had gone within their darkened den,  
And in that murky, awful gloom,  
They plotted evilly your doom.  
So now I tell you these men wrote  
The note which made of you a goat.  
And on that note to you, Chief Tahill,  
They forged the name of your dear gal,  
And just before they had it mailed  
It was in "Aqua Velva" sailed.  
But when you had this note received,  
The smell was perfume, you believed.  
For this small service will I charge,  
Five jokes to make my column large."



Ivy (Solving cross-word puzzle):—"Darling girl, what is the meaning of tact ? "

Josephine (Sweetly sarcastic):—"Tact, my romantic Romeo, is what I use to make you, a slow man, think you're a fast worker."

Emmett:—"For what 'hill' in Ch'town does McCarey's car always stop ? "

Guy:—"Oh ! I'd say for Margie."

Ronnie:—"What makes you think that McIntyre was working at the hospital ? "

Geo. Sullivan:—"Oh ! I heard that he was discharged from there last night."

French Prof.:—"It gives me great pleasure to give you 85 on your test."

Gene:—"Why don't you make it 100 and get a real thrill out of it."

Burke:—"Did you have a good time with Annie C. ? "

Wight:—"No ! She kept her mouth shut tight all night."

Burke:—"Did you expect to kiss her with her mouth open ? "

Dr. Johnston (At hospital):—"My goodness ! I now have a *daughter*."

Nurse O'Hanley:—"You needn't get excited. That's a daily occurrence."

Dr. Johnston:—"Is it a *boy* ? "

Nurse:—"No ! "

Doctor:—"Gee ! Then it *must* be a girl."

White (Getting his English paper back with a very low mark):—"The Doctor must have wanted a boy very badly."

McGrath:—"Why did you move to fourth Dalton when the boys got sick ? "

Big Aylward:—"I had to. The sickness was advantageous."

McCarthy:—"Did Emmett McInnis ever take a girl to a show ? "



Art:—"No! Poor fellow! He did not get up courage yet."

MURNAGHAN'S DILEMMA

A girl ('twas Kay from Street Lachine)  
Took Pi to fly in her machine,  
And when they were a mile from ground  
She said, "Now neck or jump you hound."  
This into Pius threw a scare  
So that he did take up her dare,  
Around her neck his arms were bent,  
Clung tightly there, an ornament.

Polly:—"Those darn Frenchmen get in my hair."

Pronko:—(Sarcastically) "Yes! They get into Leightizer's house too."

Chris:—"Women just can't resist me. I wonder what I have that captures their fancy?"

Danny:—"I wonder!"

Hist. Prof:—"Who was the first king of England?"

Big Aylward:—"Egbert."

Prof:—"Which Egbert?"

Frank:—"Egbert the fourth."

ROMANCES OF THE MONTH

While strolling down Nonsense Avenue, the Editors turned into Lover's Lane, which leads in an amusing semi-circle back to the Avenue. Although it should be a peaceful lane, the first sight on it was Gendron and DesChamps fighting over the relative sweetness of Margaret and Sugar. Next was Jack O'Donnell carrying a violin case full of eggs, marching to the tune (violin) of "When It's egg-laying time in the Valley." (Her father is an egg inspector). Marcotte, disGUSTed, strewed his path with poison IVY and tried to trip Jack with a pole, but the GIRL GUIDEd him safely through, while little Frances stood horror-stricken at the honks of Brunelle. Howatt happened? Just one nose. Farther on Bouchard and Michaud were teaching letter-writing to a group of fourteen-year-old kids. Leclerc stood lonely on the bank of a river, the FLOOD having receded. Polly, incessantly asked the moon why anyone has an appendix. I Betty knows now. Entering Nonsense Avenue again we saw Beaupre congratulating Miss Charlottetown on her skating ability. Were we glad to get back!



J. Sullivan:—"Why don't you come out and play in the hockey finals, Father ?"

Fr. Cass:—"I have no wind."

Jack:—"You should have saved it the first of the year when you did so much blowing about your playing and your team."

"Cow" Kelly:—"Has the Editor got my joke yet ?"

Kennedy:—"No ! But he's trying hard."—*Kensington Oracle*.

Mahar:—"Did Pronko sweep her off her feet ?"

Hal:—"No ! They had to stand up for two acts of St. Patrick's play last night."

Coady:—" (Taking seat in theatre):—I didn't do bad, but I think she has a ring on."

P. F.:—"I think she has a mask on."

Fr. McGuigan (Holding box of pills, big ones, small ones, pink ones, white ones):—"Take one of these for your headache."

Rossiter:—"Which kind ?"

Father:—"Any kind. They're all good."

Casgrain (in dorm):—"Thank you for the milk, Sister. The cows up her don't drink as much water as the cows in the Refectory."

Bursar:—"What are you doing with my shovel ?"

Porky:—"I am going to clean out my pen."

And now the Editors must close with a note of sadness. Although their sorrow is nothing compared to Gorman's WHELAN, yet it is great. We received an unconfirmed report that a senior had taken up dishwashing. Although a very honourable job in itself, it is not suitable for a senior. Our correspondent states our big 235 lb. friend is employed at the "Girl's Dorm," and may be seen there with his sleeves rolled up, an apron hanging from his neck, his glasses steamed up making it impossible to see Pat and Jean, who dirty the dishes over again, thus increasing our friend's labour. Even sadder are the Editors now that they hear that Georgine may fire him. Poor dear fellow ! A senior washing dishes !!!