

NONSENSE AVENUE

Dominic: "What model is Fr. O'Hanley's car?"
 Peggy: "It's not a model it's a horrible example."

* * * * *

"Which was the greater of the two, Caesar or Hannibal?" asked the history professor.

Frank Costello: "If we consider who Caesar and Hannibal were and ask ourselves which of them was the greater, we must decidedly answer in the affirmative".

* * * * *

Dean: "And where have you been for the past week?"

Ernie: "Stop me if you've heard this one". (He had.)

* * * * *

Definitions: Co-ed — a girl who also goes to college.

Athlete — A dignified bunch of muscles, unable to split the wood or sift the ashes, e.g.: Pop Pendergast.

* * * * *

Adolphus: "How do you get along without a speedometer?"

Frank: "Well, when I get to driving fifteen miles per hour my fender starts to rattle, at twenty-five the windows rattle, at thirty the motor starts knocking, and that's as fast as she'll go".

* * * * *

HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

"Oh I wish I was a Freshman",
 Sighs the little High School lad.
 "A college course is just a fad.
 Those lucky guys in Dalton Hall,
 They never go to class at all."

"They must get up for morning meals
 But that don't bother college men,
 They're back in bed again at ten.
 They don't neglect their rest you see,
 'Cos they have peace and liberty."

"But we, unlucky High School boys,
 We spend the whole long day in class.
 We get no beauty sleep, alas!
 But we work hard, we really do,
 Perhaps next year, we'll be Freshmen too."

(W. L.)

Definition: Illegibility — a doctor's prescription, written with a post office pen in the rumble seat of a second-hand car.

* * * * *

Betty: "You can take me to the prom if you like — unless — (coily) — you meet someone more attractive in the meantime.

Reg. Rodgers: "Okay. We'll leave it at that, shall we?" (Which he did).

* * * * *

Her Father: "Say, its two o'clock. Do you think you can stay here all night?"

Kiker: "I'll have to telephone my prefect first."

* * * * *

Moose: "You say you never quarrel with Ann?"

Clark: "Never! She goes her way — and I go her's".

* * * * *

Joe: "Bolger is so conceited!"

Reg: "Yes. On his last birthday he sent a telegram of congratulations to his mother."

* * * * *

Porky: "I'll have you know I'm a self made man."

Green: "So I've noticed — but who interrupted you?"

* * * * *

THE AFTERMATH

Thou cursed, amber-tinted, whiskey tot,
Remembrance of a happy, reckless night;
Thou danceth like an evil hellish blot,
A grim reminder of my sorry plight.
My memories of frolic slow return,
As fiery devils stamp my fevered brain;
Beneath the belt volcanic forces churn.
I doubt this morn if ever I were sane.
The objects of the room about me twirl;
In vain I try to still the beating sledge,
But yet the walls keep up their constant whirl.
I'm off! I'm through! I'll take the blinking pledge.
But when cool even deadens all my fears,
How sweetly rings that joyous greeting, "Cheers".

—(O.M.)

* * * * *

Bun: "I made a will leaving my brains to the hospital and just got the acknowledgement from the authorities."

Fr. Butler: "Were they pleased?"

Bun: "They said that every little bit helps."

* * * * *

Allan: "Why does Bourget wear his hair so long?"

Bragoli: "So he can create the impression that his mind is fertile.

* * * * *

A college education never hurt anyone who was willing to learn something afterwards.

A modest girl never pursues a man, nor does a mouse trap pursue a mouse.

The worlds best after dinner speech: "Waiter! Give me both cheques."

* * * * *

The English language is a strange thing. Tell her that time stands still when you look into her eyes, and she'll adore you, but just try telling her that her face would stop a clock!

* * * * *

HOCKEY NIGHT

Eight girls chatter and laugh and call
Till they reach the dorm of Marion Hall.
To me half-asleep its as plain as plain
The girls of the Hall have returned from the game.

I hadn't gone for I hate the cold;
Till rinks are warm, our fort I'll hold.
But don't judge my interest in our team's fate
By that. For the score I can hardly wait!

They gather round, they hem me in.
All talk at once in a subdued din.
"The score?" I ask. "Oh well," cries Pat,
"We'll lead the league, I'm sure of that."

From one Freshette, "Wasn't Des just sweet?"
And a Sophomore sighs "If 'twere only Pete!"
"Was Shorty good! Hardly missed a shot."
"But the referee was mean, I thought."

"What was for lunch? — All gone, I see,"
Anita laments, "None saved for me."
"Did we win?" I repeat in a louder voice.
But a classy play's being described by Joyce.

"I couldn't see that from where I sat —
But our English prof. Did you see his hat?"
Then MacIsaac extolled a Scottish friend,
Saying, "Cart took the puck from end to end."

"The faculty craned its collective neck
As Kitty and Billy appeared on deck."
"The game! "I croak, "Did we win or lose?"
But Peggy's loud laugh drowns out the news.

All ramble on till in despair
I seize McCloskey by the hair.

"The match — you know — the hockey game.
Could you tell me now, if it's all the same?"

Eight outraged pairs of co-eds' eyes
Turn to me now in stark surprise.

"We won of course, by the count 8-4;

If you'd only listen, you'd know the score."

—(M. O'S.)

* * * * *

It has been rumored that Lannan has been threatened
with expulsion, because he was caught counting his ribs in
a biology examination.

* * * * *

Frank McAulay: (Arrested for speeding)—"But, your
Honor, I am a college boy."

Judge: "Ignorance is no excuse!"

* * * * *

Phalen: "You look like a nice, sensible girl. Let's get
married."

Mabel: "No, I'm just as nice and sensible as I look."

* * * * *

Des: "Why is it impossible for a woman ever to be
president of the United States?"

Rod: "Because to be president a person must be at
least thirty-five years of age."

* * * * *

Francois (Le Roi) Francoeur was dancing with a gor-
geous blonde. "You dance wonderfully well, dear," he
whispered in her ear."

"I'd like to be able to say the same about you," replied
the lass.

"Well," said Le Roi, "if you were half the liar I am,
you could."

* * * * *

Things are tough all over! The U.N.O. is deadlocked.
You think that's bad. Well just listen while we elucidate
on some of the pressing problems of the day. All solutions
to these problems should be forwarded directly to the
parties concerned.

K'ker has been attending numerous meetings at the
head of the stairs, with about as much veto power over the
decisions as the representative from Iceland at the United
Nations Assembly. In this case the eternal triangle has
been found to be the shortest distance between two points,
(are you listening Gene?) so that now Ethel has decided to
keep everything on the up and up by making all the dates
herself. She even tells him when to go home.

Barkis has had his troubles too — and they have been
extended over a period of time. You remember that King

in the story, the fellow whose touch turned everything to gold; well everything Barkis touches turns. First there was a Miss Smith! Barkis said, "Send her one dozen roses." Miss Smith said, "I'll wear my calico gown." The Prefect said, "Stay outa town." Barkis said, "What's buzzin' cousin?" Cousin said, "The Con is on." Barkis said, "Send her one . . ." Then a Miss Noonan got Barkis Swoonin': Barkis said, "Give me five minutes more." Miss Noonan said, "Let's hear the score." The Prefect said, "Open that door . . . Richard".

Willie and Fred were friends in youth . . . We hate to see such a beautiful friendship go on the rocks. Lately though both boys have been seeing Red (Inez). Fred seems to be the favorite from where we sit; after all, three calendars from Rogers Agencies with every Saturday night circled in Red pencil . . . But Willie is still giving it the old college try. Anyway he always seems to have a Gaye time of it.

Ebby has been smitten' by Gippy Mitton. If you'd seen the clippin', you'd not blame him for slippin'. Gippy won a beauty contest (we hear she just turned fifteen in time to enter) and sent Ebby a box of chocolates with the prize money — along with the press notices. He, and we have this on very good authority, has been seen taking the picture to bed with him.

Ernie: The man-about-town, E. J. Hemphill, certainly gets around. This summer when he and Der Bingle were at Jasper there was no time lost. Ernie sings of "The Things We Did Last Summer" with tears in his eyes. Betty of Montreal, the steel magnate's daughter, swept him clean off his pins, and "Bing" wasn't even in it. Now he is back in Charlottetown where he and Moose McInnis are fighting for top bidding with one Ethyl. Ernie seems to be best man to date. There must be a shortage of young ladies when the boys will dissolve a fast friendship over one girl. We wish Dick Ledwell were back. He'd settle it fast, we think.

* * * * *

A Scotchman recently sued a baseball team because he was hurt while watching a game. He fell off a tree.

* * * * *

A cynic states that a collegiate moustache must have inspired the installment plan. You know, a little down and then a little more each week.

* * * * *

Frustration: A woman in a valley of echoes.

—(Georgian.)

Sullivan: "These flowers are for your waiters."

Head-waiter: "Thank you, sir. You compliment our service."

Sullivan: "Compliment! You mean they're not dead?"

* * * * *

Waitress: "What kind of potatoes would you like, sir?"

Howlett: "Irish Cobblers."

* * * * *

Sinnott: "I see you have your arm in a sling. Broken?"

Dalziel: "Yeah."

Sinnott: "Accident?"

Dalziel: "No. I tried to pat myself on the back."

Sinnott: "What for?"

Dalziel: "For minding my own business."

* * * * *

DIAMOND SOCKS

For days I searched the whole town through
For yarns of bright and different hues
To knit some socks for a guy I knew.

At last I had enough to start,
And then, brave me, with dauntless heart
Began working on this piece of art.

A million threads, it seemed, or more,
Kept getting tangled. What a chore!
I could get a pair at a men's wear store!

But I continued, with spirits brave,
Until at friends one sock I waved.
Then of my talents they did rave.

At last I held the finished pair,
And looked at them with prideful air.
What lovely diamonds I saw there!

My heart beat fast. With joy I thought —
"At last my handsome man I've caught."
Could he resist a diamond sock?

He couldn't, and his eyes now shine
Into the eyes of Adeline, . . .
Whose socks were prettier than mine.

—(L. M.)

PAGING MR. WINCHELL!

In response to the pleas of Reg Rogers, Frank Bolger, Gene MacDonald, Reggie Phelan, Al Bragoli, Joe McKenna, and others, we have decided to revive your favorite column. But just to be nasty we intend giving the above-mentioned lady killers only passing mention.

As a warning to those who would tread on forbidden territory . . . One Wilbur Rooney had his ardour dampened, and we mean dampened, the other night as he serenaded Miss X of the domestic department . . . Pete Sullivan is going steady now, having given the matter two years' consideration . . . Heard from a prominent member of the Junior class, "I'm just coming off a three week's sober." . . . By the time you read this the Valentine Dance at the Charlottetown will be a memory, and Joe McKenna will have skipped to town again. Joe received a snapshot of Mona for a birthday gift; it was promptly locked in his pocketbook along with his last summer's wages . . . Notice that wistful look in Cart's eyes when he sees Velma and Mike walk into a dance hall. But, much like the old dog, Cart has his nights too . . . It has been said of Raymie Grant that he's just too lazy to talk. We wish the same could be said of his namesake in the Old Building . . . Who said the Senior intramural hockey team couldn't take a licking? They just want to win, that's all. Perhaps they do get sore because they can't, but that's a different matter . . . Gene MacDonald, who seems to have all the answers, can't even find one for a simple question like, "Why aren't you back on time?" . . . We wish Bragoli and MacDougall would stop arguing. Who cares whether it was the Marines or the Air Corps that won the war? Frankly, boys, it was the Canadian Navy . . . Advice to new student Tommy O'Connor: Steer clear of Triple-threat Fred Whelan. Why, that man has been known to escort three women home on the same night . . . First Art McInnis and then Danny Driscoll. Poor Gloria . . . Danny Morrison and Derrill McGuigan have one thing in common, a room. And that, says next-door neighbor Dalziel, only at times . . . Digger says that he doesn't want a high-paying job after graduation. Just so long as he gets a job he will be happy at. He even mentions the janitorship at the San, but we can see through that. If we knew a nurse like . . . darn! now we've let it out . . . Howlett, Carmichael, and Hammill have put their mattresses on the floor so their daily hockey games won't re-inflame the massive tenant below them . . . Joe seems to have a peeve against the people upstairs, and their means of taking recreation . . . Call for D. D. T., call for D. D. T. One Gnat (Gerard Fraser) to be exterminated . . . The Bursar thought to install troughs at the waiters' table, but decided that a plastic table-cloth would look neater and still make the mess easier to clean up . . . Attention Messrs. W. Murphy and McNeil! Cards are things you don't play during classes . . . Overheard in a conversation between two maples: "We'd better leave now."

Yours for bigger and better . . .
THE EDITORS.