

## NONSENSE AVENUE

*Well, my dear readers, and how do you do ?  
It seems like a year since we last spoke to you.  
If your name on these pages you see written down  
Please take it with laughter, and not with a frown.*

Tarzan (J. Tremblay): "Good day Mr. Roach. What ? not playing basketball today ?"

Mr. Roach:—"Well, you see, I was late for the practice, so they decided to put Dr. Croteau in my place."

We hear that Belloc (J. O'Brien) is issuing Kathleen Mavourneen loans to some of the boys. "It may be for years and it may be forever."

English Prof: "In what way does Dickens differ from Thackeray ?"

Sheep McGuigan: "It is his wonderful insight into human nature that Dickens gets the better of Thackeray; but, on the other hand, it is the brilliant shafts of satire that Dickeray gets the pull over Thackens. Thickeray is a humorist and Dackens is a satirist. After all it is absurd to institute any comparison between Dackeray and Thickens.—World's Best Humour."

We congratulate Mr. K. L. Green on his promotion to Honorary President of the Canadian Radio Commission.

### THE ART OF SKIPPING ROOMS

This is a subject of vast importance to a student. The ability to skip and not be caught is acquired only after long and assiduous practice. It is a wonderful thrill to skip and not be caught; but, alas ! what a price one pays if caught !

Now if you must skip rooms, you should bear in mind a few general principles. The first step of the beginner is to take one of his class-books, leave his room and, with an unconcerned air, (I would suggest to him "Sweet Adeline") stroll down the corridor—do not rush, that shows nervousness. When he has arrived at the desired



door, let him not hesitate, but knock briskly. Suppose he is invited in. His next step is to look carefully both ways, up and down the corridor. This is essential. I have known many clever skippers who failed to observe this fundamental law, and as a result were caught cold.

The big moment has arrived. To skip or not to skip; that is the question. Whether it is better in the would-be skipper's mind to suffer a week in the dormitory if caught, or to go back to his room and not be caught. At this point the potential skipper invariably applies an important law of Economics. "Present wants are more important than future things." So he steps into the room. At last his ambition is realized. He has placed himself in the category of "skippers." However he has not yet mastered the art of skipping. A good skipper would next clear out all debris from under the most convenient bed, open the closet door, and then settle down to skipping. The "Under-the-bed" system is slowly dying out for it is too humiliating if one is caught. I would say to keep from under the bed and stick to the "closet" system, for it is just as safe.

Now, after you have mastered the fundamentals, you will in time, instinctively add a few peculiar polishing-off tricks of the trade. Thus, no two professionals have exactly the same systems. If you are caught once that means your system has a flaw in it. But immediately correct this and proceed as before and your chances are great to escape the dormitory and to become the greatest skipper in the college.

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#### FAVORITE BOOKS

The Crusading Host.....by Ayers and McCarthy

The Life of a Pigmy.....by H. Fraser

The Three Musketeers.....Darwin, Newton and  
Aristotle

Much Talk about Nothing ..by Leo Callaghan

General Knowledge on Everything.....  
by Ronald J. McKinnon, K.C. M.G.

My Educated Toe by James "Pendergast" Higgins



Giraffe Ayers (ten minutes after bell) "Sockfoot is coming, Sir."

Professor of Sociology: "I guess the Prima Donna is waiting to make a sensational entrance. Everybody should applaud."

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Percheron Wight walked over to Snodgrass MacDonald the first night he came, and said: "I am sure I have met you somewhere."

"I would not be surprised," said Snodgrass. "I have been there often."

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Landrigan was boasting that the echo down around St. Mary's Road was very fine, so McCloskey went down to try it out. He shouted "Good-Day" at the top of his voice. "Good-Day and God bless it," said the echo with a fine brogue. "Will you have a drink," said McCloskey? "Begorra I will," cried the echo.

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#### SONG OF SOMERLED

Oh where, oh where is my big brother gone?  
Oh where, oh where, can he be?  
Gone up to the dorm. among all the toughs—  
Will he ever return home to me?

With his chin all covered with a curly black beard—  
And that horrible glare in his eyes,  
The dormitory boys will sure be afeared  
When such a visitor arrives.

Oh, sad is McGuigan, our poor old sheep.  
To see poor Charley go;  
For 'twas in his room the lad was caught,  
And he doesn't deny it's so.

It was you, O Biggar, who did the harm  
While you hid behind the door;  
You tried to escape the Prefect's eye  
But the harm you caused was more.



They tell me that Ayers has his ticket bought  
For a trip to the same old clink,  
Yet he is a Crusader, and knows the ropes  
And I BETTY'll like it; I think.

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Robin, on a visit to the country last summer, was alarmed at the approach of a cow. He was too frightened to run, so shaking his parasol at the animal he said in a stern voice: "Lie down, Sir; lie down."

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MacAulay (at a football game): "Brace up, Sandy! Stop some of the blows."

Sandy: "By the Hoover, you don't see many of them getting by me, do you?"

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Howatt: "How is everything with you?"

Paoli: "Oh, everything is lovely and the goose hangs high."

Howatt: "You shouldn't talk like that. You should say that all things have assumed an extrinsic rosy cast and the fowl, whose cackling was the salvation of Rome, is suspended at an altitude hitherto unknown in my experience.—World's Best Humour."

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By Gosh, Landrigan is getting fat. The other day I saw him fall down on the campus and he rocked himself to sleep in trying to get up.

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#### MCCLOSKEY'S SOLILOQUY

Sweet Morell, loveliest village of the plain,  
Where I shall go next summer and remain;  
For there lives Agnes, rose without a thorn,  
On yonder hill, whose top first greets the morn.



Sweet Morell, loveliest village of the lawn,  
Thy life is fled and all thy charms withdrawn:  
For Agnes, who on me did never frown  
Has left that spot; has gone to Charlottetown.

If to the city sped, what waits her there ?  
Who but myself, I with the raven hair.  
For every Thursday I would have you know,  
I gladly took sweet Agnes to the show.  
But now I'm sad, and all my days seem long,  
For she, alas ! back to Morell has gone.  
But, never mind, at Christmas I will call  
At sweet Morell loveliest village of them all.

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#### HITCH HIKING

"Non tam barbarus sum ut non haec sciam."

Hitch-hiking is a subject on which much can be said. Hitch-hiking in general may be divided into two classes: those who hitch and those who hike. Those who wish at the beginning to hitch usually end up by hiking; and vice versa. Hitching has been defined by professionals as an exercise of the arm and thumb and especially of facial expression. Hiking, on the other hand, has been referred to as a waste of shoe-leather. The reader may now say that he knows something about hitch-hiking.

Hitch-hiking, I presume, has an object or a hidden ideal.

At first it appears that it is quite asinine; but on a second thought it looms up before your imagination as a deep and ponderous vision. Because of this, hitch-hiking has not lost its general appeal and does not, as some think, belong to the class of uninteresting sports such as ping-pong, chess, marbles and tiddly-winks.

The hitch-hikers must have wind. If you are in the habit of becoming "winded" while playing checkers; then I think that you might find trouble on the long, long road to your destination. Of course, when you have hitched successfully and are getting into a car for a lift,



you must pant much and long to create the impression that the motorist has picked you up just before you were about to collapse. This usually makes him kind-hearted and he may give you a longer lift than he would if you were looking fresh and untired.

I must tell you of the equipment that a hitch-hiker carries on his back, in a knapsac, (a sack which is good to nap on). In number one compartment in the left-hand corner after you turn to your right from the third buckle, you place your toothbrush and paste, soap, shaving equipment, towel and mirror. In the next cubby-hole you place a dozen candles, many matches, a little paper and a book, giving directions on how to light a fire, and boil an egg without burning it. In the next section you place a little Roman meal (for bulk), a small can of tomatoes (for vitamin G), and some bread, butter, jam, eggs and cheese to satisfy your hunger. Several hitch-hikers have told me that they would nearly always feel hungry after a twenty-five mile walk. It is strange, but true.

And now the reader knows all about hitch-hiking. He may at any time go on a hitch-hike and feel perfectly safe and sound, if only he follows the above directions. If he does not do this—then fire and corruption shall gnaw at his feet and his ears will be filled with the sounds of weeping and gnashing of teeth.

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Oh, Pontiac, Pontiac, where have you been ?  
For two long days you have never been seen;  
Your face is all tanned by the tropical sun,  
And your jaw is all stretched from the cracking of gum.

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#### CAN YOU IMAGINE ?

Hennessey sleeping in.

Henneberry, a Boy Scout.

A Saint kissing a "Nomad."

McGrath on a diet.

Steve Larkin as a "slick-headed" youth from the city.



Ganeau: "Why is the Freshman class like a Model  
T Ford?"

Kenny: "A bunch of nuts with a crank in front of 'em."

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WHO ?

Who slips around with a sly smile of guile ?  
Who every Thursday is dressed up in style ?  
Who did Thanksgiving in Charlottetown spend ?  
Who down to Runnaghan's each evening did wend ?  
Who limped into the city that night with the team ?  
Who the next day went round in a dream ?  
None but a Senior, my lads, I declare;  
With his Irish eyes dancing, and a curl in his hair.



I hold it truth with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

—Tennyson

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Expression is the dress of thought, and still  
Appears more decent as more suitable;  
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed,  
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed.

—Pope

