

NONSENSE AVENUE

Be not solicitous of your reputation,
Or envious of your brothers:
But try to make a joke of it
Just as do all the others.

Wight (at restaurant): "This soup isn't fit for a horse."

Waitress: "No. Then I'll take it away and get some that is."

John T.: "This balance sheet is erroneous. You have put the liabilities under the assets."

Belloc (O'Brien): "Yes sir, but gosh-dang it anyway I'm left-handed."

St. John: "Why are you making faces at that bulldog?"

J. McInnis: "Well, he started it."

THE LOBSTER'S MISTAKE

The twilight moon shone brightly down
Through the gathering dusk of Charlottetown,
As a smock frocked figure staggered along,
By the Woolworth humming a tavern song.

From the opposite way stepped the Lobster bold,
With a pleasing air and a heart of gold.
They met on the street without a word—
Both stopped, and this is what I heard.

Said the man in the smock to the Lobster red:—
"You look like a Pug from your heels to your head,
Your chest is so big and your muscles look strong,
So you'll now with me just step along.

"Down the street apace lives the present champ
Perhaps you can in his style put a cramp;
I doubt it, but then I would like to know
How many rounds with the champ you could go."

Now the erstwhile smile on the Lobster's face
 Was replaced by a look, a sour grimace;
 Then he quickly put up his dukes and said:
 "Just show me the champ and I will strike him dead."

Soon heated words were slung like darts
 By the man in the smock and our ace of hearts
 Till smack ! slam ! bang ! The fight was on,
 As around the two there gathered a throng.

When the man in the smock with a satisfied grin
 Hung a beautiful right on the Lobster's chin;
 Our hero sat down on the street with a jolt,
 Then sprung to his feet and away he did bolt.

—AND HE NEVER WAS SEEN SINCE.

Pontiac Gill, R. B., Wight, Tarbush, Shadow, Paoli,
 and Dillinger were in a big game of poker and here is the
 way the betting went:

Pontiac—"I'll bet a tomahawk on this hand."

R. B.—"I'll raise you a Bun."

Wight—"I'll bet you a horse on this spread."

Tarbush—"I'll raise you a suit of clothes."

Shadow—"This hand is worth two crystal sets."

Paoli—"I'll throw in my mouth-organ on the strength
 of this."

Dillinger—"I'll put Eleanor against the whole pot."

As soon as the betting was done, Dillinger pulled in the
 whole pot. He took a great risk, but, when he threw down
 his hand, it showed a run of five aces.

Prefect—"Did you take a shower, Redmond ?"

Biggar—"Gosh no ! Is there one missing ?"

Howatt—"Yep, I was struck on the head by a revolving
 crane."

Roach—"My, the birds down in Boston must be
 fierce."

R. B.—"Limbo would be an ideal place for Joe
 Francis !"

Sandy—"Good gor, how is that ?"

R. B.—"It's a place of rest, isn't it ?"

"JOE MAHAR'S SONG"

(air, Annie Laurie)

It was a chilly evening,
The air was filled with sleet
My heart it beat like sixty
When Marion I did meet.

I walked with her an hour
The time sped swiftly by;
Now for bonnie, bonnie Marion
I'd lay me down and die.

I, now am growing bigger
I'll tell you the reason why,
For this fair and bonnie creature
Gives me extra cake and pie.

Gives me extra cake and pie.
Gives me extra cake and pie,
And for my dear little Marion
I'd lay me down and die.

ON THE AIR

Wave length: sin x.

A. M.:

- 6.30—Revielle—Pete Pronko.
- 6.31—Daily Dozen—Joe O'Hanley.
- 8.00—Education (its beauties, and how to attach)—
Joe Francis.
- 12.00—The dangers of overeating—Gerry Morrison.

P. M.:

- 1.15—Get together—Faculty and Students.
- 3.45—May I go to town?—Hennessey.
- 3.45½—No!—Prefect.
- 5.00—Skipping Hints—Students of Dalton Hall.
- 7.30—Bedtime Stories—Sarah Fraser.
- 8.00—Cowboy Days with Songs—Mike Trainor.
- 8.30—Your Health and Mine—F. Dunn, M. D.
- 9.30—How to bake buns—R. B. McCormac.
- 9.35—The care of animals—Elliot Kenny and Ted Butler.
- 9.40—How to throw a curve—Reg. Paoli.
- 9.41—Woodcraft—Chief Pontiac Gill (Sub chief, W.
Ganeau).

10.00—On Study—By all the students.

10.30—Musical chimes—Prefect.

12.00—Evil results of snoring—Simpson, Cote, et al.

A COW-BOY'S LOVE SONG

I say my name is Michael,
And I want you to get it right;
I met a girl named *Howall*
At the dance last Saturday night.

I will admit she was the first
That ever liked my smile,
But now I say I sure do thirst
For love which knows no guile.

I used to be a lonely ranger
O'er the fields of sweet Bed-ford,
All day I'd ride for many a mile
When the time I could afford.

But now my days are wasted
In musing of my dove,
I wish I had not tasted
That enticing cup of love.

I say my name is Mickie,
And I want you all to know
I met a girl named Florrie
At the dance at the K. C. oh !

There is a girl she lives in town
I think her name, perchance, is Brown;
She has a mailman named J. T.
A member of the Faculty.
He delivers mail to room 37 (O. b.)
He's there each day at ten to eleven;
Manuel 'waits him anxiously
And ope's the letter vigorously.
What he reads no man can tell
But, ah, he smiles—ALL MUST BE WELL.

McLoskey: "For the love of mike pass me the pie."

Hibbitts: "Sandy you'll burst if you take another piece."

Sandy: "Then pass the pie and get out of range."

WARNING! Motorists and pedestrians who pass the college campus during the baseball season are in danger of sudden and unavoidable death; for (Sam) Kelly is on the mound and his speed and control are unlimited.

SONG HITS OF '36

"Pining Away"—Harold Hennessey.

"The Fish Peddler"—Lobster Redmond.

"The same old Song"—Prefect of D. H.

"Yankee Doodle"—G. Connolly and F. Howatt.

"My Cowboy and I"—Balbo Trainor.

"I'm a Sheik"—Romeo Fraser.

"Exam, Where is Thy Sting?"—Tangle-foot Francis.

"Me and My Shadow"—Prefect of O. B.

What! are we finished? Beshrew the hour

That separates us from the College bower.

What other means could add to our joys

Than writing about you College boys?

No more shall the jokes and jibes so true

Be blamed on the authors of this Avenue.

These Jokes your character are for others to tell,

And so now we bid you a fond: FAREWELL.

