

NONSENSE AVENUE

Billy Murphy: "I want your daughter for my wife."
Mr. Keefe: "What does your wife want Kitty for?"

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Hubert "The Brain" O'Hanley says, after making out his income tax form, that a much simpler form could be used, and get the same results. He suggests that it consist of four lines:

- (1) Income for the year?\$.....
- (2) What were your expenses?.....\$.....
- (3) How much have you left?\$.....
- (4) Send it in.

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C. S. M. MacIntyre: "You must be very fond of your mother, Slugger. You are so considerate of her son."

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Bun Callaghan: "I have studied my Chemistry so much I know it backwards."

Chemistry Professor: "Very well, Bun, but don't write it backwards in the exam!"

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"Yankee Bob" MacDougall was holding the floor in Green's room. "I fought", he said, "with the R. C. A. F., the R. A. F., Monty, Georgie Patton, and —

"Quarrelsome, aren't you"? interrupted Green.

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Football Coach: "You're on sides, Pendergast; pick up the ball."

Pop: "I didn't drop it!"

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A spiteful producer refused to send Winchell a pass to an opening night. "O.K." said Winchell. "I'll wait three days, and then go to the closing."

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Louise (cuddling closer): "You are getting corpulent, Joe."

McKenna: "Corpulent? I'll have you know I'm a Quartermaster Sergeant."

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One difference between a king and a president is that a king has no vice.

Frank Costello, late for History class as usual, was asked a question immediately upon his arrival. "What was the age of Pericles?"

Frank, after much thought, blushing replied: "I'm not sure, but I think he was about forty."

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The story is told about a little shaver who was crying his eyes out on the street. Both of his parents, he informed the good samaritan who stopped to console him, were dead, and his only living relative, a brother, was up in Harvard. "That's mighty fine," said his comforter. "What is he studying there?"

"Oh he ain't studying anything", sobbed the boy, "They are studying him."

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The bus for Summerside was unusually crowded last Thanksgiving. Justin Gavin, sitting near a window, suddenly buried his head in his hands.

"What's the matter?" asked Pluto. "Are you sick?"

"It's not that," the other assured him. "I just hate to see old ladies standing."

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Curley received a big cheque for services rendered, but discovered that he was one cent short. A stickler for detail, he insisted that the discrepancy be repaired, and, in due course, received a cheque for one penny. When he presented it at the bank, the teller examined it closely and asked him, "how do you want it, sir? Heads or tails?"

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Alimony:—the high cost of leaving.

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Author: "What do you pay for blank verse?"

Publisher: "Blank Cheques."

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Father Cass was asked how he finds room for the Freshmen in the Chem. Lab.: "Well," he said, "I just open the door, and jump out of the way."

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Thibault: "Do you remember studying in History about the Taxicab Army of Paris in World War I?"

Parent: "Oh, yes."

Thibault: "Well where is it that Father O'Hanley got one of those taxicabs?"

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Ernie: "I can't work these Math. problems. They don't give you enough data."

Joe J.: "Wait until you get to Math. II. where the problems are really vague. For instance, a problem reads: "Find the area of a field."

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The student shook his head wonderingly. "Just look at this suit I'm wearing. The wool was grown in Australia, the cloth was woven in New England, and the thread came from India. The suit was made in Baltimore, and I bought it in Charlottetown."

"What's so remarkable about that?" asked his friend.

"Isn't it wonderful how so many people can make a living out of something I haven't even paid for?"

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A mother lost her little daughter in the weekend confusion at Charlottetown Station. After a frantic search, she found her in the midst of a group of nuns. The little girl and the nuns seemed to be having a good time. "I hope my daughter has not been giving you too much trouble," said the relieved parent.

"On the contrary," chuckled the good sisters, "Your little girl seems to have the notion that we are penguins."

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Solomon: "What kind of a cat is that?"

Gremlin: "That's a Siamese cat."

Solomon: "Where's it's twin?"

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Sparrow (Mk. II): was driving his girl through the park one summer night, when they passed a popcorn stand.

"Yum-yum", said Mary McIsaac, "That popcorn sure smells good."

"Wait a minute", said Sparrow generously, "and I'll drive up closer so you can get a better whiff of it."

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A local man, in his cups and in a hurry to get home to his bride, spied the ferry about fifteen feet from the pier at Tormentine.

He made a magnificent running broad jump and landed on the deck. Pulling himself together, he hiccupped and said: "Hot diggety, I made it."

"You certainly did," agreed a bystander, "but why didn't you wait until the ferry pulled up to the dock?"

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Digger: "I joined the Navy because I admired the way the ships were kept so clean and tidy. I jolly well found out before long who kept them so clean and tidy."

God made women without a sense of humor so they would love men instead of laughing at them.

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Warning to Reg. Rogers:

He kissed her on her ruby lips—

It was a harmless frolic.

But, though he kissed her only once,

He died of painter's colic.

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COINCIDENCE?

Scene — Religion 1 Class.

Enter Cactus Pete.

Pete:—"Uh, Father, uh Celia Rooney's parents are down stairs, and they would like to speak to her."

Professor: "Very well. (Exit Pete) Miss Rooney, you may go."

Reenter Pete, some two minutes later.

Pete: "I, Father, that is, uh, Jack Dalziel's parents are down stairs and want to see him."

Professor: "Very well (Exit Pete) (to class) False alarm." (Laughter from class)

Reenter Pete, one minute later, blushing and sputtering.

Pete: "But, Father, that was not, that is, I really, they want to see him."

Professor: "I thought you were attempting to play a practical joke, Mr. Pete. (Exit Pete). You may go, Mr. Dalziel." (Exit Dalziel, very red of face, straightening his tie).

Professor (to class): "Merely a coincidence."

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Jim Morris: "I think—

Iver: "Don't break the habit of a lifetime."

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Consult:—To seek another's advice on a course already decided upon.

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Canoe:—A floating conveyance which should be treated like a mischievous boy; it behaves better when paddled from the rear.

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Old Neil was quite a Shylock. When asked about his profit on any transaction, he would invariably say: "I lost." Finally he died, and his relatives erected a tombstone in his memory. His epitaph reads: **To die is to gain.**

A young banker picked up the telephone. His end of the conversation ran as follows: "No. No. No. Yes. No. No. No. No." Finally, with a last explosive "No", he hung up the phone. The vice-president of the bank overheard him and grumbled: "What do you mean by saying "Yes" to that fellow?" "I had to", he explained, "he asked if I could hear him."

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Don MacDonald has an answer to the housing shortage: Do away with the W. P. T. B. This will leave a lot of ceilings unused. Then build walls under these ceilings.

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Father McGuigan (looking at the thermometer): "It's going to rain today".

Jim Morris: "How do you know, Father?"

Father McGuigan: "My corns hurt."

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An astronomer is a man who looks at the moon when he is not in love.

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A lawyer who journeyed to California to plead an important case, promised to wise his partner the moment a decision was given. At a long last the wire came, and it read: "Justice has triumphed." The partner in New York wired back: "Appeal at once."

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Passenger (on Murray Harbour train): "What time is this train due at Charlottetown?"

Conductor: "Around eleven o'clock."

Passenger (looking at his watch): "It will probably be the second or third time around."

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Question: "What does Sport MacDonald do every Tuesday and Friday?"

Answer: "He writes a letter."

Q. "To whom does he write?"

A. "Gloria "Dolly" Schroeder
350 Branch Street
New Glasgow."

Q. "Has he any other girl friends?"

A. "I don't know."

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"Waiter," said the testy patron Alban Burge, "I must say I don't like all the flies in this dining room."

"Tell me which ones you don't like," said the conciliatory waiter, "and I'll chase them out for you."

JOTTING IT DOWN

Most fellows hate to be handed the mitten, but not John Bradley. He certainly made a play for Jaqueline Mitten this past summer, and with success, too. She calls him "Johnnie Brown Eyes." You can't hide from Bob Carmichael under a couch, though, Johnnie . . . Figuring the time element from their alibis, it took Barkis, Billy, and Owen thirteen minutes to walk across the road to the college the night of the Athletic dance . . . Joe J. is no fool. When he gives away a ring, he gets one in return. Invariably the last initial on each is R . . . Joe McKenna tells us that he even went so far as to look Ethel's number up in the phone book, but failed to ask for a date. Cold feet! . . . It seems that Billy Murphy spends long hours playing bridge with "Her" father; during vacation, of course . . . Des and Fred Whelan claim that they will not go to any afternoon teas this year . . . Blaquiere told us about the girls in his past life. There were Mary, Marie, Dorothy, Billie, etc. The current flame is Doris Lawlor. Thanks, Slugger . . . When Charlie phones for a taxi, the desk man says to the driver, "Pick up the Great Lover at 35 Bayfield." . . . When Porky phones Audrey, he asks for long distance. It is quite a distance to the Belvedere . . . Mike Dunphy still remembers the little knitted suits he used to wear, and the bribes he got for not wearing them . . . What has Doris MacPherson that appeals to East Point Joe? Blonde hair? It is reported that Joe told her this summer that she was the nicest girl he had ever met. Doris is now in Labrador . . . Will Sparrow (Mk I) be as persistent in taking Ursula Malone out, now that the Red and White is off the press? . . . And now some things about the Weinie Fry at Noonan's cottage. Des, Allan tells us, took Philly's home in a car. Des flatly denies this . . . Bolger acted rather strangely in the back of the truck on the way home . . . Maurice Smith has his troubles too, Jim. He took Eileen to a dance last summer, but she danced with, and was taken home by another sailor . . . Best Man Arsenault claims that the only thing he learned at St. Dunstan's was that he knew everything. Incidentally, Claude would like Best Man to fix his radio . . . Jim has retired from active social life, but that doesn't explain the letters from St. John. We would write too, if we had a nice girl like Betty to write to . . . Digger is reported to have a crush on Philly's. Remembering his feet, she says "He certainly has when we dance". Watch out for Flynn, Dig, and don't forget Des . . . We wonder what happened to our misogynists this past summer. Kelly gallantly escorted Bernie to a dance at Bedford. "I think you are wild" said he. "Yes", said she "Wild about you." How about the flashlight, Jim? . . . Tommy MacLellan has also fallen. A

sincere woman-hater, yet he took Bernie home from the social. So did Art McInnis . . . But now our eyes fill with tears, our heads shake, and the whole College waits anxiously. For two years, one man has held sway over the Humor section. John Eldon Green is that man's name. But this all-powerful personage has fallen from two high positions, one as misogynist, the other as Humor Editor. As Humor Editor, he acquired many friends (?), as a misogynist, many admirers. But now the great man has fallen for the smile of a pretty Co-Ed. Digger and Porky claim he talks about her in his sleep. Notice the press in his pants, the dreamy look in his eye, the shine on his shoes, the part in his hair, the softness in his voice when he speaks of her. Add this up, and you have a man in love. But, we might add, Green isn't the only fellow in love with Claire. There are about thirty more students here in that state about the same girl . . . And now, in closing, we have a parting word for Barkus: Although Ernestine threw you over, don't be downcast. There are other fish in the sea.

See you all next issue,

BISHOP.

FLASH ! ! !

Most of our readers remember the "flash" boys of former years James Morris and "Dimps" Dunphy. Well, they've done it again. Morris, the "I can get 'em all" lad, and "Dimps", the "I can too" boy, were caught by a backfire of their own weapon, the doublecross. The story goes: Jim and Mike harangued the two co-eds, Joyce Jay and Catherine Smith, for a date on a certain Saturday night. (Since no one had previously approached them the girls concurred). "Barkis" and John Bradley then tried the same trick and the two girls readily agreed to break the first date and to go with the less objectionable pair. The outcome of the whole thing — "Dimps" and Jim borrowed a Plymouth coupe from a member of the faculty for the night, drove to the boarding house, waited there half an hour for the girls to appear, (in which time Dimps fought with a little girl who tried to persuade them to leave), and then accepted the fact that the girls had evacuated. Overconfidence in themselves also cost the boys \$2.00, for, after making the date, they made a bet with Joe J., with odds of three to one, that they would make a date for the Saturday night. Naturally, they paid with a smile. We wish you could have seen the smile. Quote James: "I'm slipping!" Quote "Dimps": "I'm slipping!"