

NONSENSE AVENUE

Pee-Wee: "I suppose you know that I am on the football team."

Big Frank: "Yeah, you do the aerial work?"

Pee-Wee: "What's that?"

Big Frank: "You blow up the footballs."

Reckless-driving Bull Gillis was helping his extremely fat victim to rise. "Couldn't you have gone around me?" growled the victim. "Sorry," said Gillis sadly. "I wasn't sure whether I had enough gas."

History Professor: "Mr. Kelly in how many wars was the United States during the last two hundred years?"

Kelly: "Six."

History Professor: "Enumerate them."

Kelly: "One, two, three, four, five, six."

John McInnis: "Darling, will you love me when I grow old and ugly?"

Joan: "Dearest, you may grow older, but you will never grow uglier."

And then there was the farm boy who moved to the city because he heard the country was at war.

Porky: "I hope you'll pardon my dancing on your feet—I'm a little out of practice."

Audrey: "I don't mind your dancing on them—It's the continual jumping on and off that gets me."

Joan Gillis: "I thought I told you to come after supper."

Dunphy: "That's what I came after."

And then there was the Scotchman who was run over by a steam-roller. He turned on his side so his pants would be pressed for the funeral.

"Boy, call me a taxi."

"All right, you're a taxi."

Joe J: (About to board a train at Charlottetown):
"Where does this train go?"

Conductor: "This train goes to Souris in ten minutes."

Joe J: "Goodness, that's going some."

Burge (in restaurant): "Where is that chicken I asked for half an hour ago?"

Waitress: "It will be along soon, sir—the cook hasn't killed it yet, but he's getting in some nasty blows."

Mary: "Oh, I simply adore that funny step. Where did you pick it up?"

Wood: "Funny step be darned, I'm losing my garter."

Snooks: "Doctor, what do you recommend for a tired, fagged-out brain?"

Doctor: "Fish is a great brain food."

Snooks: "What kind of fish, doctor?"

Doctor: "For you a couple of whales might be about right to start with."

O'Keefe: "Is this the Salvation Army?"

"Yes."

O'Keefe: "Do you save bad women?"

"Yes."

O'Keefe: "Well save a couple for me for Saturday night."

Landrigan: "Waitress, there's a fly in my soup."

Waitress: "Leave him be, he won't drink much."

LIQUOR AND LONGEVITY

The horse and mule live thirty years
And nothing know of wines and beers;
The goat and sheep at twenty die
And never taste of scotch and rye;
The cow drinks water by the ton,
And at eighteen is mostly done;
The dog at fifteen cashes in
Without the aid of rum or gin;
The cat in milk and water soaks,
And then in twelve short years it croaks;
The modest, sober, bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten.
All animals are strictly dry;
They sinless live and swiftly die;
But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men
Survive for three score years and ten,
And some of us, the mighty few,
Stay pickled till we're ninety-two.

First Rookie: "Was that mulligan we had for dinner?"

Second Rookie: "It couldn't have been. I saw him
on the parade ground before dinner."

June: "My dad takes things apart to see why they
don't go."

Jim Morris: "So what?"

June: "You'd better go."

MY LUCK

How is it every time I chance
To get a girl to have a dance
I pick a lass with monstrous feet;
Or one as graceful as a jeep;

Or one with make-up double layer;
Or one whose teeth got in my hair;
Or one whose nose is ugly-pug;
Or one who wants to jitterbug;
Or one who talks of folks at home;
Or one who went there all alone;
Or one who asks me "Why?" and "Who?"
Or one with dress size forty-two;
Or one ?—I could name more and more,
But, lest the girls I know get sore
I'll end with this: I'm not mistook;
The nicest girls have all been took.

DUNPHY'S SOLILOQUY

If all the girls in all the world
Were gathered in one pile,
If all the sweets in all the world
Were laid out mile on mile,
If someone gave me all of these
To keep for me alone,
I'd still think that the nicest gift
Is you, my darling Joan.

HERE AND THERE

We regret to announce that the butt of our previous scoop sections, Mr. Leo Rossiter, has left our midst to win back from his brother Cactus the affections of his one-time sweetheart.

Jack Dalziel informs us that he is joining the Navy because he would like to become Chief Petting Officer.

It is brought to our attention that Len Macdonald has been seen hanging around Douglas Street lately. "Did you tell her that you were a boxer, Len?"

Each night Green eats a mixture of toast, coffee, cucumbers, honey, Dutch pickles, molasses, and bacon; and then wonders why he doesn't sleep.

We wonder if that urbane urchin, Jim Morris, better known as the "Dark-eyed Youth," is still looking for a place to check his coat in the dance hall at St. Peter's Bay.

The way to Landrigan's heart is through his stomach. "Isn't that true, Kaye?"

We advise Slugger McCarthy that if he wishes to retain the affections of Dorothy he had better remember her phone number.

This year MacEntee seems to have lost all interest in the coal business. "Better stick around McGinty. It might be a cold, cold winter."

Our snoop reporter tells us that he caught Big Frank in the act of mailing a letter to Dorothy Dix. A marriage proposal, no doubt.

All are requested to read the new best seller of Bombast O'Keefe entitled "The Cremation of the Quadrupedal Pubescent Member of the Genus Peromyscus in the Refuse Repository;" or, "How Joe A. Burned the Mouse in the Waste-paper Basket."

Traffic cop: "Watcher name?"

Red light-passer: "Aloysius Sebastian Cyprian Sclyopsus."

Traffic cop (putting away his book): "Well, don't let it happen again."

Murphy: "Why were you expelled from class today?"

Murray: "Professor told us to write an essay on **The Results of Laziness** and I turned in a blank sheet."

MORRIS'S SOLILOQUY

I took her to the socials,
I took her to cafes,
I took her to the movies,
Had chocolate milk at Ray's.
But something came between us
And did her features mar.
I'll never find another
Like that old Buick car.

Stenographer: "There is a salesman outside with a
moustache. . . ."

Boss: "Tell him I have a moustache."

EARLY RISING

At seven o'clock in the morning,
We hear the awakening gong.
It rings for what seems like an hour
To the tune of an out-of-date song.
I wrap my bedclothes around me
While young Porky washes his mug.
He roars, "Get up or I'll wet you"
And his hand makes a grab for the jug.
I plead with him not to disturb me
And tell him how badly I slept
He says, "Your pleadings are wasted
For at sleeping I know you're adept."
I tell him I'll rise in a minute;
He dresses and goes off to pray
(While I curse the man who discovered
The first seven hours of the day).
Too soon my eyelids start drooping

I decide to enlarge on my rest.
I allow my framework to settle
In the middle of my feathered nest.
I get a moment's extension,
Then a shadow appears at the door
"Arise sir, and run off to chapel,
And let this happen no more."
Now boys, you all know what happens
Each time I try to skip class.
If not this, then some fellow-student
Thinks it too good a chance to let pass.
Then as soon as breakfast is over
Bed and I are dumped out on the floor.
So I take the advice of the Prefect
And it ain't gonna happen no more.

