

## NONSENSE AVENUE

Oh ! Frank and Jim are back again,  
To try to make you grin,  
And if on you there is a joke,  
Just take it on the chin.

### PROLOGUE TO "MELANCHOLY"

Dedicated to F. J. "Peg" McNeill

You came to me—ah many moons ago,  
My heart was young, you filled me with delight,  
In secret rapture I beheld you grow  
More beautiful each day, and wondrous bright,  
But now my love has faded in its bloom,  
And now I know my hopes were all in vain;  
This is the end, I swear 'till Day of Doom  
I'll never let this moustache grow again.

### MELANCHOLY

And why so sad,—is this the time to weep ?  
—Yes maybe so, . . . but lull yourself to sleep,  
And dream of Mexican with beeg moustache,  
Who sends them parcel post . . just five cents cash.

Prefect—"What are you skipping rooms for, you rascal ?"

Calf McCarthy—"I was just looking for a broom to sweep my room."

Prefect—"I think a shovel would be more useful than a broom."

### WILLIAM'S WISHES

I'd like to be like Jimmy H.  
And be a little pig,  
But no I guess I can't be that  
I am by far too big.

Or could be like lean Long Tom,  
Who looks so like a cod;  
But no it cannot be, because,  
I am by far too broad.

Perhaps I'd be as Petit Sock,  
And be a little villain,  
Or grow a little neat moustache,  
Like my friend, S. J. McMillan.

I guess I'll be just what I am,  
The wild old kangaroo;  
At least with this long handsome nose,  
To that I can be true.

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#### LESTER O'DONNELL

Come all you fellow Seniors,  
And sympathize with me,  
I know that I've been in the wrong,  
My faults I plainly see;  
I once was wild and reckless,  
My money flew like chaff,  
The ladies used me like a prince,  
Now that I'm broke they laugh.  
When all my chink was squandered,  
I went to see a dame;  
But tho' I was sure she wasn't home,  
The boys laughed me to shame.  
Once when I was homeward bound,  
A stranger crossed my path  
He saluted me in Dempsey style,  
Then left me in my wrath.  
My mind since then is settled,  
So take a tip from me,  
For tho' I've played the game and lost,  
I'm glad that I am free.

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Chemistry Professor—"What's a molecule?"

Dillinger—"It's one of them things that Englishmen  
wear on their eye. He-e-em."



McNeill—"Once, while going through a Chinese City  
I saw a woman hanging to a gibbet."

Ram Ready—"Shanghai?"

McNeill—"Oh! about seven feet"

Rasputin McMillan—Recounting tedious story—  
"and then the big brute threatened to blow my brains  
out."

Hiltz—"And did he?"

### BUTLER BOY

Did I ever tell you about Tommy,  
That funny little friend o'mine,  
Who always stuffs his big tummy,  
Whenever he goes to dine.  
Now one day he went to a party,  
At which there were eats galore,  
And his appetite surely was hearty,  
Till he could not eat any more  
And as he was leaving the house,  
He was heard to remark with a sigh,  
That he wished he could have been twins,  
So he could eat more ice-cream and pie.

O listen dear students,  
And please lend an ear,  
Of a story so true,  
That you'll all like to hear.

It's about our young Lester,  
From fair Souris Town,  
And our Stephen MacMillan,  
From old Charlottetown.

Now Lester had dated,  
His Dottie so fair,  
For the play on St. Patrick's,  
He sure would be there.

But Steve got two tickets,  
For this Irish show,  
Then right down to Dottie's,  
Our Stephen did go.

But Miss Dottie refused,  
And Steve had to go,  
And fall back, on Lily,  
To take to the show,

Now Lester was sore,  
And he told me to write,  
Of this strange little story,  
For he swore it was right.

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For a Proper Procedure in House-Renting,  
consult Dillinger and Nuts . . . . .

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She was the Skipper's Daughter,  
Of Buddy she seemed fond;  
But she left him near the water,  
By the side of the Government Pond.

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Jos. St. Lavrent—"Did you see me in Town Thurs-  
day? I saw you twice."

Annette—"I never recognize people in that condition."

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Physics' Professor:—"O'Hanley, give me an every-  
day example of a siphon."

Sockfoot—"Ayers bending over drinking water."

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After reading our current essays, the English Professor  
has decided that there are two "Hams" to every "Bacon"  
in the class.

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### CAUGHT

With his brave heart all sad and foreboding,  
For his lesson was not half-prepared;  
Poor Sandy trudged up to the class-room,  
And his face looked as if he was scared.

He prayed to the Saints up in Heaven,  
That he would not be called on this time;  
And he promised to study his lessons,  
If they'd shield him on just this one crime.



But alas ! the big, six foot professor,  
With a frown that was awful to see;  
Called on Sandy to give out the lesson,  
A lesson as hard as could be.

In despair Sandy thought of a new trick,  
A trick that would surely succeed;  
So he covered his nose with his hanky,  
And complained of a violent nose-bleed.

The professor then jumped from his high throne,  
And yanked Sandy's hanky away;  
But too bad—there was no sign of blood,  
And McCloskey was filled with dismay.

Now the professor was as wild as a madman,  
And closed his huge fist with a snap;  
Then shouted at poor luckless Sandy;  
"I am tempted to give you a tap."

But his temper abated a little,  
And Sandy was saved from a smack;  
But he now has to write out ten pages,  
Of French that would make your brain crack,

Now studes, if you don't know your lessons,  
Just sit there and don' try to bluff;  
For if you attempt to deceive him,  
This teacher will surely get rough.

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Lobster—"In what terms do you give the value of an angle."

Professor—"In degrees and minutes."

Lobster—"I don't see where the time element enters into the question."

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You are the Professor of Chemistry,  
Who passed but two or three;  
By thy long test and slashing hand,  
Now wherefore pluck'st thou me !"

I am a mighty elephant,  
 My dignity is grand,  
 And people surely must admire,  
 My imprints on the sand.

—Larry Landrigan.

So hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may  
 For strife comes with manhood and may reach thee some  
 day.

—Sockfoot.

Now with my little chum I crawl,  
 All in the dark along the wall,  
 Then under the bed we both do lie,  
 To avoid the Prefect's scanning eye.

—Ronald B.

A visitor called on Hennessey one day but found  
 was not home.

"Where is Mr. Hennessey, Oliver?"

Oliver—"He be over yonder in de pig sty, sur. You  
 can easily recognize him 'cos he be wearing a hat, shure.

Snozzle Ganeau—"Your room-mate is suffering from  
 overwork."

Ayers—"Dear, dear, I do hope it's not contagious."

Do you know that it was Shadow Green who threw  
 a hammer out of the third storey window and forgot to  
 let go of the handle.

#### "IN TWENTY-YEARS FROM NOW"

I wonder what S. D. U. will be,  
 In twenty-years from now,  
 I wonder what changes one will see,  
 In twenty-years from now.  
 Will Willie Simpson hold the rule,  
 Will Johnnie Tremblay act the fool,  
 Will Redmond still be in High-School,  
 In twenty-years from now?



Will Linskey's plays be on the screen,  
In twenty-years from now,  
Or will he have become a dean  
In twenty-years from now ?  
Will Willie D., be teaching Greek,  
Will Ready still remain a shiek,  
Will Frank Dunn's hard-earned rattle squeak,  
In twenty-years from now ?

Will D. J. be a married man,  
In twenty-years from now,  
Or will he still the women ban,  
In twenty-years from now ?  
Will MacMillan teach Philosophy,  
Forgetting Ranunculaceae,  
Or Croteau's hospital bills be free,  
In twenty-years from now ?  
Will S. D. U. possess a gym  
In twenty-years from now,

Fraternities with lights kept dim  
In twenty-years from now ?  
Will co-eds here receive degrees  
Will lady profs help issue these,  
And kitchen-maids get their release  
In twenty-years from now ?

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The Lobster was reported ill and the Prefect just thought it an excuse.

He visited him, found him with a high temperature and a red rash.

Prefect—"I thought you were making an idle excuse but I am pleased to see you are seriously ill."

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### SONG OF SOMERLED

My name is Michael Trainor,  
I came to S. D. U.,  
To get an education,  
And to be a sportsman too,  
I know I have succeeded,  
If what they say be true,  
I think I'll go to Hollywood,  
To be a Fu Manchu.

Alban—"I haven't come to any ham in this sandwich yet!"

Pretty Waitress—"Try another bite."

Alban (taking a big mouthful)—"Nope—None yet."

Waitress—"Doggone it—You must have gone past it."

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History Professor—"Mr Butler, give a very brief account of the reign of William III of Holland."

Butler (in doubt)—"Well, er—the people forced a constitution out of him."

Professor—"Now, just what part of his anatomy would that be?"

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Taylor—"What seems to be the trouble with Steve, Doctor?"

Doctor Johnson—"Wall, he must have mistaken an ivy for a Lily; he has a slight case of poison-ivy."

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The boys were having an exciting pillow fight in the Dormitory, when suddenly heavy footsteps were heard on the stairs. The door opened, the light was switched on, and Kelly was seen standing beside his bed.

Dormitory Prefect—"What are you doing out of bed, Kelly?"

Kelly—"Te-he-he-he, please, Sir, I got to tuck "myself" in."

