

☼ NONSENSE AVENUE ☼

When an Englishman is told a joke, he laughs three times; first, to be polite; second, when the joke is explained; and third, when he catches on.

When a German is told a joke, he laughs twice; first, to be polite, and second, when the joke is explained. He doesn't catch on.

When a Frenchman is told a joke, he laughs once; he catches on immediately.

When a S. D. U. student is told a joke, he doesn't laugh at all; he has heard it before.

Student:—"I'll flip a coin. Heads—we go to a movie; tails—we'll see the girls; if it stands on edge—we study."

PERRY'S DISILLUSION

Before I heard the doctors tell
The dangers of a kiss,
I had considered kissing you
The nearest thing to bliss.
But now I know Biology,
And sit and sigh and moan,
Six million mad bacteria—
And I thought we were alone.

Here is one about a bow-legged cowboy who had an awful time keeping his calves together.

If ignorance is bliss, we have a happy Freshman Class.

Murray:—"Was it very crowded at the cabaret last night?"

MacEntee:—"Not under my table."

Joe:—"I want to change my name, your honour."

Judge:—"What is your name?"

Joe:—"Joe Stinks."

Judge:—"I don't blame you. What do you want to change it to?"

Joe:—"Charlie."

Boarder:—"What has four legs and flies?"

Landlady:—"I don't know."

Boarder:—"Your dinner table."

Another idea of an easy job. Garbage collector in Scotland.

Bombast, newly arrived at the College, complained bitterly of the lack of excitement in his new home.

"You fellows," he said, "don't do anything but sit around, especially in winter. The girls sit around and hug the radiator, and the fellows smoke."

"How is it in Gowan Brae, Bomby?" asked one of his listeners.

"In Gowan Brae it is different," replied Bombast. "The men sit around and hug the girls and let the stove smoke."

Parson (visiting prison):—"Am I right in presuming that it was your passion for strong drink that brought you here?"

Prisoner:—"I don't think you can know this place, guv'nor. It's the last place on earth I'd come to if I was looking for something to drink."

WE WONDER

We wonder as the days go by
If Duck will ever learn to fly;
Will Gillis ever have more gas,
Will Smith still fall asleep in class,
Will Porky's Blossom bloom again,
Will Tiger ever sweep his den;
If Morris really lost his ring
Or did he give Eileen the thing.
Will Biscuit beat 2.23,
Does Bombast run the O. T. C.;
Who stole the lock off the henhouse door
Does Mike love Tisha anymore.
Why Pee Wee doesn't get a date,
(We would suggest he change his bait).
If Kane will always peddle pills,
To cure old Slugger's fancied ills;
What time the Prefect goes to bed,
Is Speedy Soy alive or dead.
Why our McGinty cut the hose,
And whence the colour in his nose;
Is Howard Shea a chaperone,
Is Rainbird doomed to live alone.
All this and more we'd like to know,
There goes the bell, we'd better go.
But we'll be back once more in May,
And now, to you, we say "good-day."

Dougie (playfully):—"Let me chew your gum."

J. McKenna (also playfully):—"Which one, upper or lower?"

It was on a sleigh ride. The cuddly, sweet young thing heaved a deep sigh, for the benefit of the eligible young man at her side.

"What's the matter, Snooks?" he said.

She managed an artistic catch in her throat. "Nobody loves me; and my hands are cold."

"Oh, that's all right," he comforted her. "Your mother loves you—and you can sit on your hands." (End of joke). This joke³ was submitted by Big Frank.

'Twas Landrigan the silence broke:

"Dear Kay, why are you like a tree?"

"Because, because I'm bored," she spoke.

"Oh, no, because you're woo'd, you see!"

"Why are *you* like a tree?" she said.

"I have a—heart?" he queried low.

Her answer made the young man red.

"Because you're sappy, don't you know."

"Once more," she asked, "Why are you now

A tree?" He couldn't quite perceive.

"Trees leave sometimes, and make a bow,

And you may also bow,—and leave."

"Well, my son, what did you learn in Sunday School today?"

"We learned all about a cross-eyed bear."

"About a what?"

"Yes, sir, named Gladly. We learned a song about him: all about 'Gladly, the cross I'd bear.' "

Smith (Complacently):—"You cough more easily this morning."

Farmer (querulously):—"I should. I've been practicing all night."

Tiger Burge:—"That chicken we had in the lunch-room today was hatched by an incubator all right."

O. Sharkey:—"How do you know?"

Tiger Burge:—"No chicken that ever knew a mother's love could grow up to be as tough as that."

"I'm boss of the house" said Bill Brown;

"What's that?" said his wife with a frown;

At him she did swing,

Then he cried with a ring,

"I refer to the dog-house. Calm down!"

"We got a remarkable brand o' pigs down our way" the Ozark said. "Razorbacks, we call 'em. One day one of 'em found three or four sticks o' dynamite an' et 'em. A mean mule came along an' kicked the pig agin the barn. The dynamite went off, the barn blowed up, pieces o' the mule came down all over the country, and windows broken in houses fer miles around. And let me tell you, fer a coupla days we had a mighty sick pig on our hands."

On a streetcar a man gave a woman a seat. She fainted. On recovering she thanked him. He fainted.

Art MacInnis was out on his first date, and after having accompanied his girl to a movie, he took her around

to an armchair lunch for dinner. As they sat down he patted her arm affectionately and said: "Now don't go and eat yourself sick just 'cause it ain't costing you anything."

Out Murray Harbour way the train runs slowly. On one occasion it came to a complete standstill far out in the country. Slugger asked the conductor the reason for the delay.

"There's a cow on the track, sir," replied the conductor.

In a short while the train resumed its journey, and after travelling some distance, it again stopped. Slugger again asked the conductor the reason for the delay.

"There's a cow on the line, sir," replied the conductor.

"What! another cow?"

"No, sir, the same cow."

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW— — —

Why Landrigan doesn't get home before "Midnight."

What Wood and Gillis will talk about after the gas ration is lifted.

What turned MacEntee away from women, or vice-versa.

Who stole Aggie's powder-puff.

When Jack Murray is going to give up his love affair.

What Jim Morris puts in his notes to Eileen in Religion Class.

If the Parson is ever going to stop growing.

HERE AND THERE

The telephone rings. It rings again and it continues ringing insistently until Andrew is awakened from his pleasant dreams.

He gulps, groans, and arises, then rushes madly as a snail to answer the phone.

"St. Dunstan's College," he grunts into the phone.

"May I speak to Andrew MacDonald please?" asks a feminine voice over the wire.

"Hold the line, I'll get him," says Andy, as he places the receiver on the hook.

When he reaches the door he thoughtfully slows down, stops, and exclaims, "Oh! My Gosh! I'm Andrew MacDonald—and that's Rita." Then rushes back, only to remember he doesn't know her number.

Joe A. has again moved into his winter quarters, namely, the rink.

Laughlin came out of his shell the night of the Athletic Club dance. Most amateur ladies' men start with one girl, but our brother Ed, throwing discretion to the winds, danced the last waltz with a girl and then took her twin sister home. Was it an accident Ed?

In days gone by, hunters used to return home with trophies of the chase. Our modern Galahad, Mike Dunphy, also a hunter (or should we say chaser) has returned from his last excursion into the city, with a banana in his possession. He has not divulged any information regarding whence he got this rare trophy. To those who might be interested, we suggest that all they have to do is to remember the Athletic dance.

First Love, the theme of many poems by poets of

all nationalities, has crept into our Sophomore class. The victim? That smiling, debonair, dark-eyed self-styled, female hater, Jim Morris.

We need not wonder why our star defence man, A. J. MacAdam, is in such good physical condition. He has been doing a very great deal of walking lately, and may be seen walking along McGill Avenue most any night the Juniors are in town.

Our Canteen manager, C. Murphy, has become nautical minded. Did you find that number on Water Street, Cletus?

The only reason we did not mention Cousin John and Janie before this is that it would please them.

