

Grade XII and Juniors. There are many who hold that the Juniors had the strongest team. The manager himself expressed the opinion that Seniors were the team to win. Our bet is that Grade XII would have walked away with it.

The Intramural Hockey League has been organized by the hockey manager, Claude Shea, and the first half of the schedule has already been completed. Six teams are entered this year, three from Dalton and three from High School. As we go to press the Thunderbolts are in sole possession of first place one point ahead of the Ramblers followed closely by the Cyclones. Some bang-up hockey games are expected during the remainder of the season and the playoffs should furnish some real thrills.

The Teams

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|--------------------|----------------------------|
| Cyclones | 4th Corridor Dalton |
| Thunderbolts | 2nd Corridor Dalton |
| Rockets | 1st., 3rd. Corridor Dalton |
| Ramblers | Grade XII |
| Tornadoes | Grade XI |
| Whirlwinds | Grade X and Comm. |

NONSENSE AVENUE

Tina: "Why do people say 'Dame Gossip'?"

Sock: "Because they are too polite to leave off the 'e'."

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"Your grandfather is a little deaf, isn't he?"

"A little? Why last night he said his prayers kneeling on the cat!"

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"I'm glad to meet you," said the Hindu.

"Charmed, I'm sure", said the snake.

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Bellhop: "Did you ring, sir?"

Lamarche: "No, I was tolling. I thought you were dead."

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Burge: "The flies are thick around here."

Waiter: "What do you want for a quarter? Educated ones?"

Passer-by (to motorist at side of road)—“Have a puncture?”

Motorist: “No, thanks, I just had one.

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“You’ve read my last book, haven’t you?” asked the author.
“I hope so!” groaned the critic.

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Iver (listening to singer) “Coloratura.”

Duck (also listening) “Off-coloratura.”

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Gremlin: “That’s a camel’s hair brush.”

Solomon: “It must take a camel a long time to brush his hair!”

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Freshman: “May I kiss you?”

Co-ed: “Jeepers! Another amateur!”

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Said the bumble bee to the little flea:

“Don’t touch that stuff, it’s D. D. T.”

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Sayings by Joe J.:—

A little woman is a dangerous thing.

The class yell of the School of Experience is “Ouch!”

Love is the delusion that one girl differs from another.

What the girls say: A thing of beauty is a boy forever.

Nowadays, whatever is not worth saying is sung.

When a woman says “You flatter me”—do so!

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Ticket seller: “All the seats are taken, but I can let you have standing room for \$1.60.

MacIntosh: “Could nae ye make it 80 cents? I hae only one leg.”

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Justin Gavin sadly walked out of the booth after a fruitless half hour on the phone.

“Cheer up!” said a friend. “A woman’s ‘no’ may often turn out to mean ‘yes’.”

“I know that”. said Justin. “But they didn’t say ‘no’. They said: ‘Aw, phooey!’.”

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Husband: “You accuse me of reckless extravagance. When did I ever make a useless purchase?”

Wife: “Why, there’s that fire extinguisher you bought a year ago. We’ve never used it once!”

Waitress, bring me a ham sandwich."

"With pleasure."

"No, with mustard."

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Professor: "What kept you late?"

Clark: "The walking is so bad that every step I took, I slipped back two."

Professor: "How did you get here at all?"

Clark: "I turned around and started walking home."

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Shorty: "There's a bug in your sugar."

Carthew: "Pick it out before it eats it all."

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The patient with lockjaw turned over and died.
For he couldn't say sulfanilimide.

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Claire: "Art McInnis is not very amusing."

Mary: "No, he couldn't even entertain a doubt."

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Digger: "What do you mean by saying I'm deaf and dumb?"

Porky: "That's not true. I never said you were deaf."

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Ah Sing: "Whattée for?"

Boatman: "That's a fog bell."

Ah Sing: "No goodee. Lighthouse shine, whistle blow,
bell ling, fog come allee samee!"

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Claude (stopping car). "Do you wish to go to Tignish?"

Pedestrian: "No, I have to."

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George: "Howard has a head like a doorknob."

Jean: "How come?"

George: "Any girl can turn it."

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Ethel: "What a manly chest you have!"

Kiker: "I'll hold you to that."

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Nature's compensation: The circumference of a girl's waist measures the same as the length of a man's arm.

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Green (at basketball game): "See that big centre down there? I think he'll be our best man next year."

Claire: "This is so sudden!"

"I promise you, "said Ronnie with mock severity, the next time you contradict me, I'm going to kiss you."

"Oh, no, you're not!" cried Patricia.

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"Suicide", says Solomon, "is not habit-forming."

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The difference between an Englishman and an American in a restaurant is that an Englishman acts as if he owned the place, and an American acts as if he didn't care who owned the place.

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Father George: "Are you a mechanic, Pat?"

Pat: "No, I'm a McInnis.

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Father Cass (to Freshmen): I will draw your attention to the fact that this is a LABORatory, not a laborATORY.

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New York Shopkeeper: "Pat, did you take any money out of the till last night?"

Pat: "Only my carfare home."

Shopkeeper: "And when did you move to Los Angeles?"

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Recent Publications

The Ring or the Bounce "Yankee Bob" MacDougall

Baker's Daughter Joe J. MacDonald

Life In the Science Building W. Rooney

Nuisance (autobiography) Bruce McCormac

Lord of the North E. Hemphill

Ambition R. Grant

Charles Atlas J. Sarasin

The Treat's on Me A. Curley

Everlasting Ink Marjorie Power

Le Chef de la Cuisine M. Genest

Deacon Jones M. Smith

Women I Haved Loved H. M. Dumphy

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"Why did they hang that picture?"

"Because they couldn't find the painter."

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"I understand she is studying for her M.A.

"No, all she wants is her M.R.S.

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Kitty: "What are you doing?"

Lorraine: "I'm writing a story."

Kitty: "Long or short?"

Lorraine: "Tall."

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George: "Sock has a singular voice."

Smitty: "Lucky it isn't plural!"

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Duck: "Fourth for bridge?"

Joe: "Okay."

Duck: "Now all we need is a third."

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Theme Song of George Smith and Maurice, Barkis, and Charlie Mullins:

Oh, I am worried 'till I'm weary
O'er this problem grave and deep,
Shall I sleep and lose my breakfast,
Or shall I rise and lose my sleep?

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The city man was assured by the local folks that the fish were really biting at a special spot up the river.

He went there, spent hours of vain waiting without a catch, and walked back to his hotel.

"Fish biting?" mine host asked him.

"If they are," said the fisherman bitterly, "they're biting each other."

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"For goodness sake, use both hands," shrilled Betty in the auto.

"I can't," said Claude. "I have to steer with one."

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Roche (standing at station while Murray Harbour train flew past): "Why didn't the train stop?"

Station agent: "That is yesterday's train making up time."

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JOTTING IT DOWN

Barkus said that there would be three moons in the sky the next time he had a date with a co-ed. The two extra moons turned out to be the two tail lights on the maroon Chev. coupe. . . Mike Dunphy's trips to Mt. Stewart have ceased. It is reported that the reason for those trips has got married . . . Alban Burge spoke for two tickets to the first hockey game a week ahead. On the

day they were sold, he sadly came up and said: "Just one of those, please". . . . Parent and Thibault took two girls home from a hockey game. They arrived at the College late. Quoting Parent: "What a walk!" "Next time I'll ask where she lives!" . . . Here is what we heard. Shorty Bolger says to Noreen at the social: "Let's get married, and go to Florida for our honeymoon!" He said the same thing to Shirley. . . . The Blond Bombshell from Brooklyn has quite a crush on Sport. He tries to pretend that it is one-sided. . . . One of our classes drew lots to see who would date the co-eds. Caesar won the one they all wanted. Art McInnis, another winner, offered a trade with boot, but it was turned down. The boys were turned down also, when the co-eds heard of the scheme. It seems that they have a "No gambling" rule . . . Ronnie says that this year he has been taking girls out only once, but that he is going to take Alvere out for the rest of the year. Don't leave your glasses on the end table by the chesterfield this time, Ronnie . . . Joe McKenna took the cellophane off the car to give Mona a drive. This is getting to be a habit. . . . John Eldon has regained his form, and is again turning in a 2:04 performance with clocklike regularity. It was thought that he had slipped since Christmas, but he showed us by going back for more. . . . Digger showed Burge who could cut out whom with Phyllis. He states that he attributes his overwhelming success to his Navy training. . . . Dalziel, another Navy man, gives no one else a chance. It has reached a point now that some fellows ask Jack if they may dance with Celia . . . This brings us to a third Navy man, Leonard Alexis MacDonald. Apparently Len meant every word of the line he strung Jean of Halifax, for he sent her an expensive silver compact. In return he got a lovely pair of gloves and a long letter, in which was enclosed the following poem:—

Why should the night-time be such a dream,
With moon that blows, and stars that gleam,
To wind itself about my heart
When you and I are far apart.

She also invited him over, but at the time he had other fish to fry. . . . Our apologies to Mr. F. A. MacAulay for untrue statements printed about him in the last issue. . . . What happened between you and Betty, Claude? Why didn't you send back the Christmas gift (travelling set) along with her picture? . . . John Bradley flatly denied that he got letters from 27 Arden Street, until he inadvertently left one in the pocket of the pants that he was having pressed. He spent one long, quarrelsome night with

Bernice. He also made several trips to Mooney's, ostensibly to skate on the dam, actually to visit Roberta . . . They say that Barkus had several dates with Ernestine. . . . Deacon hooked a jar of strawberry jam and drank it. Unfortunately, the jam had fermented, and Deacon was very, very sick. . . . Iver and Elaine had a swell time. They went to dances in Summerside and Kinkora, and spent long nights at home. . . . He is a brave soul who will venture down to the track on Monday afternoon. . . . Rough, tough Joe Mahar still has a very, very soft spot in his heart for Joyce. "Nicky" he calls her. . . . Why did Edith and Sinnott break up after three long years of courtship? Our informant says that she was giving Cy the run around . . . Did Eddie Gillis really pay as much as they say he did for the ring he gave the little school teacher? . . . What happened between Bill Ledwell and Freda. . . . Dick Bourget had Paula to the restaurant. . . . Jim Kelly played an interesting game with Zoe one night . . . Shorty and Owen are sharing the smiles of one of our co-eds. . . . Last but not least we would like to mention the phone calls Tom MacLellan received from the three little girls he met at the rink.

Yours lovingly,

Bishop.

FLASH !

Joe J. has had it! Dunphy, Sinnott, and Len have sucked him in. Here's how: They interpolated spurious "page twos" into letters which Len received from Halifax. These pages, written by Sinnott with gleeful suggestions by Dunphy, thanked Len for the invitation to the Junior Prom, and asked him to pick up an escort for a friend she would bring. Joe snapped at the chance to take "Beverley" to the Prom. When Joe was ripe for slaughter, "Bev", alias Sinnott, wrote an ice-breaking letter to Joe, who lost no time in answering it. Joe's letter soon found it's way into the hands of the Three Musketeers. His letter contained, among other things, a flattering picture of himself on the back of which was written: "Eventually yours". The letter is now on file. Anyone interested in reading the correspondence should get in touch with one of the above-mentioned gentlemen.