

S. D. U. twenty-five yard stripe, but Gormley booted the oval out of the danger zone. The scene of battle quickly changed to the P. W. C. end, as the Saints pushed to the ten-yard marker, but a penalty kick relieved the pressure. Then from a scrum in mid-field, Gormley slipped a pass to Reid, who raced forty yards to score the first touchdown of the game. The attempted convert was unsuccessful. For the remainder of the half, both teams came close to scoring without success.

From the opening whistle of the second half, the Welshmen pushed to within three yards of the line; and, as the Saints attempted to get the ball out of danger, the kick was blocked and McRae fell on the loose ball to make it three-all. The try was not converted. Play was fairly even for the next few minutes until Quigley booted a penalty kick over the bar to give P. W. C. a 5-3 lead. For the next few minutes the Saints staged a savage onslaught in an attempt to salvage the game; but the breaks were against them. Proude succeeded in getting away a kick; and, as the ball hit the ground, it took a crazy hop and eluded the fullback. Robertson picked up the loose ball and easily went the forty-five yards to put the game in the bag. The Saints tore right back, and on three occasions the Welshmen were forced to battle it out in the very shadow of their goal-posts; but the Saints were unable to break through for the try that might have earned them a draw. The game ended with the Saints on the P. W. C. ten-yard line; and the score remained at 8-3.

NONSENSE AVENUE

Our Jokes are not the rarest gems
That come from witty guys,
But try your hand at one yourself,
Before you criticize.

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Here lies the body of our dear Anna
Done to death by a banana
It wasn't the fruit that laid her low
But the skin of the thing that made her go.

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Hemphill is quoted as saying that he would like to

have the S. D. U. Choir sing at his funeral so that everybody would be sorry he died.

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Gene: "Once while I was having a meal in the Jungle, a lion came so close to me that I could feel his breath on the back of my neck. What did I do?"

Pete: (very bored) "Turned your collar up?"

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A neat "Last Word" story concerns a professor who, always anxious to improve his course, added as the last question on final exams: "What have you thought of this course?"

The following notation was found on one of the worst papers: "I think that this was a very well-rounded course. Everything not given during the semester has been included in the final examination."

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Phelan: "Accustomed as I am to public speaking, I know the futility of it." . . .

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Alban and Phylis were sitting together in the living room one evening. The phone rang, and Alban answered. He said on the phone: "How on earth should I know? Why don't you call the Navy?" Then he hung up and returned to the chesterfield.

Phylis asked: "Who was that, dear?"

Alban said: "I haven't the faintest idea." "Some silly dope wanted to know if the coast was clear."

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Mission in Life

A mental patient who had been certified cured, was saying goodbye to the director of the institution. "And what are you going to do when you go out into the world?" asked the director.

"Well", said the patient, I have passed my bar examinations, so I may practice law. I have also had quite a bit of experience in college dramatics, so, I may try acting."

He paused for a moment, deep in thought. "On the other hand" he continued, "I may be a teakettle."

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The disciplinarian was lecturing to Grant who likes to sleep late: "When I was your age, I got up at six every

morning, walked ten miles with my dog, and thought nothing of it."

"Well, Father, yawned Ray, "I don't think much of it, either."

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Derrill MacGuigan claims he can play two instruments at the same time. With the left side of his mouth, he plays: "Life is just a Bowl of Cherries." With the right side he plays: "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree." And with the middle of his mouth, he blows out the seeds.

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"I must say, old man," put in the comforting professor to the football coach after a terrible season, "your boys were always good losers."

"Good!" growled the coach. "They were perfect."

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Notice, Digger, that a woman's final decision is not always the same as the one she makes later.

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A young man dashed breathlessly into the office at 9.05 in the morning. "Sorry I'm late," he told the boss. "I just met my old commanding officer and he let me off at the wrong floor!"

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The Editor was busy at his desk doing nothing. When the phone rang. On the other end was an irate subscriber! "Notice in your paper" the reader shouted, "that you printed I was dead!"

"Zatso?" was the indifferent reply. "Where are you speaking from now?"

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Porky was telling a story: "A new student was so shy that he usually came to meals after every one else had finished, so he wouldn't have to talk. Gradually he got used to me as I waited on him and cleared the table.

One morning the coffee was full of grounds, and I apologized. His tactful reply would have done credit to Emily Post herself. "This ain't bad," he assured me. "One time in Davisville I got coffee I had to chew."

* * * * *

The question arises now and again
 What ever happened poor old Hen?
 Will Clarence Roche e'er sing and shout,
 Or ever take a woman out?
 Is Gus's head a solid rock?
 If Sark can swing the tomahawk?
 Did Saint Dunstan's ever see before

A bed like that in fifty four?
 Does Kiker really love the "Mouse"?
 What Alban does at Phylie's house?
 If Ralston will spend one year more
 To find a co-ed who knows the score?
 Why Joe McKenna got stage fright?
 Where Grant and Ronnie go each night?
 If Jack Dalziel will ever flirt?
 How soon will Wallace bite the dirt?
 Has Biscuit II got any speed?
 What kind of books does Mildred read?
 How Hockey'll do without Big Shea?
 Does Deacon go down to the cellar to pray?

* * * * *

Cart: "Kiker must be going into athletics again."

Sport: "How do you make that out?"

Cart: "I see he has his "Trainor" back with him again."

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A Silent Tragedy

Keys rattle, skippers hide,
 Doors open very wide,
 Prefect enters, looks around,
 Wardrobe creaks, skippers found.

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Atomic School Days

I would like to see a student,
 A hundred years from now.
 When the atom tells the farmer
 He can throw away the plow.
 Then we'll take the helicopter
 And fly to lands afar;
 Just as now we go a-driving
 In our broken down old car.

Will the student be as happy
 When the atom has been tamed.
 As he is now, with his studies,
 His bull sessions and his games.
 I can picture his complaining
 When he cannot eat his fill
 For they say that we'll be nourished
 By a tasteless atom pill.

I can see what I'd be doing
 In that great atomic age,
 If I were still a student

Pond'ring o'er the printed page.
 I would speak thus to my room-mate;
 "At this class I won't be seen
 Cause I think I'll watch my history
 On this television screen."
 And in case some explanation
 Of a problem I might need,
 I'll just use my walkie-talkie
 And I'll learn it with all speed.

But if he in charge of history
 Is like history profs I know
 He all too soon will miss me
 As he scans the tail end row;
 Then with little hesitation
 He'll send Harry, Tom, or Dick,—
 "Tell him not to mind his talkie
 But to walkie mighty quick."

Right now I think we're happier
 Although the work seems tough
 For to study 'bout the atoms
 I feel, is quite enough.

* * * * *

Flattery is nothing but soft soap and soft soap is 90%
 lye.

* * * * *

If the manufacturers of women's apparel aren't careful,
 they'll work themselves out of a job.

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Juvenile delinquency — Children trying to do the
 things their parents do.

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Ambiguity — McGuigan was sitting with his feet
 sprawled over the aisle and a chew of gum in his mouth —
 when the Professor ordered him to take the gum out and
 put his feet in.

* * * * *

Sullivan: You are a bigger fool than I thought you
 were.

Sinnott: Is that so! You too have taken on flesh lately.

* * * * *

Referee at basketball game: "Double foul on Des Burge
 for holding."

Joyce (from among spectators): "Oh, isn't that just
 like Des."

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Humor Editor: Reviewing old "Red and Whites." "They

weren't so darn funny in those days."

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O'Flaherty: "Mr. President, I move that we have pork chops, ham and eggs and pigs knuckles for the next annual dinner of this society."

Finkelstein: "Second der motion, Mr. Bresident, ant I move you that we have der dinner on der first Friday of next month."

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Temperance Advocate: (Concluding a forceful speech on temperance). "If I had all the liquor and other forms of alcoholic drink, I would take them and throw them into the river. We will now have a hymn from the choir."

Choir: "Let's All Go Down to the River."

* * * * *

This one happened in the guest room:

After much coaxing by Shana Francis, Cody Myers finally consented to sing and play his guitar.

Strangely enough, after playing a short while, one couldn't get him to stop. As a consequence Shana went asleep.

Seeing this, Ebby Devine, who had been present right along, took off a shoe and threw it at Shana, making the following remark: "Wake up and take your share of this"

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Persons writing the editor of this column that they heard these jokes before, will receive damages.

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