

Nonsense Avenue

"SOCIAL EVENT ENDS IN WATERY CALAMITY"

On the evening of Oct. 25, 1955, there took place one of those rare social events when a number of very talented people find themselves thrown together by circumstances and in a position to exercise their talents for their own enjoyment and pleasure instead of performing before one of those audiences, so prevalent today, which does not appreciate their talent nor does it know that it does not appreciate it.

On this particular occasion the fine group was composed of five of the most beautiful male singing voices that one could find in a group of five senior students (there is one senior student in the choir — "Crooner Mooner" Mooney). The distinguished persons at this gathering were: "Romeo" Cameron, "Irish" Lemieux, Kay, rather St'e, Trainor, the "Great" Hasdrubal, and "_____" Seaman. It goes without saying that this group of men represented a level of maturity which is rarely attained among students. It was a great misfortune for the Red and White that their competent, dab, proficient, adept, exemplar of pulchritude, that expert, efficient, and dabster producer - of - images - by-exposing-a-sensitized-film-to-the - action - of - light, Tom Ford, was not on hand for the occasion due (it is rumored), to a too concentrated effort to attract the attention of a certain theatrical star as a prospective companion for the immediae future and who knows, perhaps for "the" future. However, as would be expected, after a considerable period of "talking shop" these artists decided to turn to the ever-lastingly enjoyable diversion of singing the "old favourites". After about an hour at this vocal-chort-vibrating pastime, calamity struck. In the middle of the second verse of "April Showers" the door opened and in came a deluge of cool, clear water, making a direct hit on these "pillars" of the mature senior class.

The resulting scene was (I hesitate to attempt to describe it), pathetic—wet hair, wet shirts, wet trousers, wet beds, wet spirits and wet silence disturbed only the dripping water and the mumbled threats to take revenge at all costs.

Nevertheless these distinguished gentlemen decided to postpone revenge until a more opportune time and the distinguished guests who had dropped in for the evening departed dripping to their respective homes.

John F. poured with the assistance of Rodney & O'Flaherty.

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Worry is like a rocking-chair — it keeps you busy but gets you nowhere.

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There are 67 steps from the ground to the fourth floor of Main Building.

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G. Gillis: Is there going to be Benediction during the month of November?

Fr. Cameron: No.

G. Gillis: Well, I guess I can take the scabs off my knees now!

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"To Whom It Does Concern"

Sir: Due to the fact that it is now nigh unto a month since I have had the joyful experience of greeting my countenance in the morning with a splash of clear water, cool or otherwise. I am now taking advantage of these precious pages to draw it to the attention of the one responsible for the pump, well, spring, brook or wherever the water comes from, that on the highest floor of the oldest building, where the most exemplary students and staff members reside, there is a drouth every morning.

Now, I feel certain that the person responsible will do his utmost as soon as possible to remedy this situation as he always does when any resident of the College is inconvenienced (and of course with a song in his heart but not on his lips). But perhaps I could expedite things a bit by making a few suggestions as to how the situation might be remedied.

- (1) The person responsible might carry water up the 67 steps in suitable containers every day at 7.05 a.m.
- (2) A rain pipe might be diverted in from the roof to a tub and in times of rain shortage the person responsible might go outside and direct a fire hose to the roof.
- (3) A St. Bernard dog might be imported which would carry the necessary water up the 67 steps every morning. Of course the person responsible could take care of this animal and also fill the container each morning.

- (4) Then of course if the person responsible did not wish to have the water carried up at all he could arrange to have a supply of oxygen and hydrogen placed on this highest floor with which to produce the required water. It is understood of course that the person responsible would be on hand each morning to manufacture the water.

I have no doubt that immediate action will be taken to alleviate this situation. I am sure that any one of the above suggestions, if carried out, would be very suitable to those of us who reside on the highest floor of the oldest building.

I am sir, etc.,

"THE UNCLEAN ONE".

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"SCHOOL MA'RM WON'T WED PROCTOR"

Unsuspecting ears on the campus were startled quite recently when the news leaked out that big Pat McGinn, after nearly a half-decade of romance, had turned down little Russ McInnis. Ears were unsuspecting because this romance from all outward appearances had been running most smoothly through the years. In public appearances, which were quite frequent, the couple always seemed most content and happy and the general public was of the opinion that this was true love, that is all except one voice on the campus who steadfastly maintained that "campus romances never last."

It was a day of triumph for the latter when this startling news was released.

The public received the news with mixed emotions. After the "I-don't-believe-it's" were convinced of its truth some sympathized with Pat, saying she deserved credit for coming to the conclusion that she could "do better", and others said that she was a foolish girl who didn't know when she was well off. The attitude towards the proctor for the most part was that he had missed the chance of his life time.

On seeing these two defeated lovers setting out anew in search of mates into a world which is quite changed from the good old days when they started out first, a person thinks of the adage "You can't teach an old dog new tricks".

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It is very interesting to note in another seemingly solid romance, though not nearly so lengthy a one, by outward signs that there has been some inward trouble. At this time the evidence is not sufficient to determine what the trouble actually is, but many think that after Pat's startling action Marie is assessing her property. Of course this is pure speculation and who knows, perhaps it's Rodney who is doing the assessing!

PING-PONG AND VOLLEYBALL BOOMING

Every year it seems that one or two of the many sports activities on the campus show up above the rest. Sometimes this is due to efficient management and at other times it is due to the fact that there are many proficient athletes on the campus. This year we find that both Ping-Pong and Volleyball are "the" sports on the campus and it would seem that this is a result of a combination of both the usual causes. Haz, the manager of these sports, is evidently taking great interest and pride in his work and he is often seen stepping lively across the campus loaded down with ping-pong balls, rule-books, uniforms, correspondence from other clubs, bats, nets and occasionally followed by autograph seekers. Some of the star ping-pong players include: Ian Gillies, who is an accomplished weight-lifter; Eddie Baird who deserves credit for taking such an active part in this sport in spite of the fact that he is a classical music addict; Tom Beagan, who makes an excellent job of impressing the members of the weaker sex with his fine style while in action; Bill Trainor, whose only bad point is that he boasts so much about the game that he plays; and also there is Buck Davey who is one of the finest ping-pong players on the Island. It has been unofficially reported that Buck sleeps on a board in order to preserve his fine posture. One would think that with all this material ping-pong would develop into a great sport itself. But that is not the case because much credit for its success goes to Kimble Jay who is the playing coach.

With regard to Volleyball, which is being very capably coached by Des Connolly, it is a similar story. It is a real pleasure to see such stars as Mort McCloskey, John Walsh, Toni Spencely and Leo McGinn in action. The results of the recent exams indicate that Mort was neglecting his studies, (he had the scandalous average of 93%), but we

sincerely hope that this will not deprive the many sport fans of this great star.

Many persons on the campus are quite anxious to see these sports continued and the staff, by means of publicity, hope to foster interest in such important athletic activities.

"PLAGUE OF UNSOCIABILITY STRIKES DALTON"

For the past few years the inhabitants of Dalton Hall have been noted especially for the high degree of sociability which they maintain. This sociability has been evidenced for the most part in the frequent visits that the residents make to town. However, of late there has been a great change taken place. For instance George Keays, Bastien Simard, Basil Gillan, Gerry Gallant, Pete Green and John Carragher have gone as long as a whole month without bothering to go in town in the evenings, (more business for head-shearers Ed Morrison and Bunnie Gillis). Naturally outsiders are speculating about what the cause of this strange situation might be. The most popular opinion seems to be that Fr. Murnaghan has delivered some very convincing talks on vocations. We wonder if this really is the cause, and if it is, Fr. Murnaghan should certainly go places as a preacher since he has achieved such success in Dalton. Who can tell, perhaps Dalton Hall will some day be a famous monastery!

"JUNIOR VICTORY SHORT-LIVED"

The annual college drama festival was held on Saturday, Nov. 12, with the Rector and Father Francis again occupying the leather-covered chairs at the front of the auditorium. It is now traditional around here for the Rector to sit near the stage so that he might be a source of assurance to the players. Needless to say most students find that it gives them great confidence in themselves when they glance at the audience and see him sitting there.

However the plays went off this year, without any great mishaps except probably for the fact that Frank Gillis failed to look towards the audience and consequently became so rattled that he forgot his lines. The silence which ensued very nearly had the audience persuaded that a member of the cast had died and that the wake was already in progress.

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As the last play of the evening came to an end with a delayed curtain, as did all the other plays, the audience anxiously awaited the decisions of the judges. This part of the program turned out to be a complicated ceremony. First, the curtain was raised and the president of the Dramatic Society, Mr. Urban MacLellan (a former math. 1 student) appeared on the stage. And after he looked appealingly toward the audience three gentlemen made their way up to the stage, apparently carrying with them the judges' decisions. But before they reached the stage the secretary-treasurer, Mr. Edward Baird (at present a math. 1 student) appeared on the stage. This appearance was applauded by the audience who seemed to think that another play was in progress. By this time the others, Phil Pineau, Tom Swift and Pat Riley had arrived on the stage. Incidentally Tom Swift is a graduate of math. 1 and the other two are at present math. 1 students. These fine young gentlemen, having arrived safely on the stage, then went into a huddle over the decisions as though they were carrying out some mysterious ritual. This part of the ceremony went on for an unusually long time which of course aroused much curiosity in the audience. Nevertheless the president finally emerged from the huddle and announced that the Juniors had won the contest.

For the Juniors this was undoubtedly an occasion for celebration and accordingly they went to the home of one of their better actors, Kayo Mullins, for a little "shindy". (This is not the end of the story yet.)

Within an hour after the winners had been announced the Sophomores, following their spirite leader Kenny MacDonald, protested the judges' decisions and hired the Rev. Edmond J. Roche, M.Sc. (Notre Dame), of the mathematics department at St. Dunstan's University, to audit the addition of the points which were awarded to each play by the judges. It seems that the addition of these points took place during the huddle on the stage. After the investigation Fr. Roche declared that an error in addition had been made and that winning honors should go to the Sophomores instead of to the Juniors. This was a great victory for Kenny MacDonald and his cast.

Now as this issue is dying out, one wonders who this great mathematical error will reflect upon, the mathematics students or the professor.