

## NONSENSE AVENUE

Bombast was taking an unusually long time for his speech. He bellowed forth over his hearers' weary heads. "I'm speaking for the benefit of posterity." Joe A. promptly shouted from the back of the room: "Yes, and if you don't be quick about it they'll be along to hear you."

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"How's Landrigan's heart action this morning, nurse?" asked the doctor as he entered the room.

"Oh, splendid, doctor," replied the nurse, "He has tried to kiss me twice already."

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First Rooster: "What's that old hen looking so glum about?"

Second Rooster: "Oh, she's brooding over her chickens."

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Prefect: "So you confess that Laughlin was carried to the tub and drenched? What part did you take in this disgraceful affair?"

Jim Smith: "The right leg."

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Gillis: "You have a pretty pug nose, Duck. Do pug noses run in your family?"

Duck: "Only in cold weather."

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Claude: "All extremely bright men are conceited."

Phelan: "Oh, I don't know; I'm not."

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### Short story

Two old maids went for a tramp.

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Derrill: "I suppose you think I'm a perfect idiot."

O'Shea: "Oh, no, none of us is perfect."



Mahar: "That's a funny pair of socks you have on, Slugger. One is green and the other is white."

Slugger: "Yeah, I've another pair in the room just like them."

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Women's hair, beautiful hair,  
What words of praise I utter,  
But, Oh! how sick it makes me feel  
To find it in the butter.

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Big Frank (at C. O. T. C. Camp): "We found a mouse in the kitchen today."

Dr. Johnston: "Did you kill him?"

Big Frank: "No, he's such a big, fat fellow we're watching to see where he eats."

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Then there's the one about the Scotchman's wife who was taken to the hospital. When her husband learned that an X-Ray picture was to be taken, he wanted to make it a family group.

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George Smith: "If I'd known that blackout was going to last so long, I'd have given you a kiss."

Blondie: "Gracious, wasn't that you?"

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"I guess I'll cut in on this dance," said the surgeon as the St. Vitus patient went under the ether.

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A Mexican and an American who worked on the night shift of a Kansas salt plant ate their midnight lunch together. On several occasions the Mexican had rabbit meat in his pail and he shared his supply with his comrade.

"Where do you get rabbits, Jose?" the American asked one night. "I can't find any."

"My wife, she get 'um," Jose replied. "She say ever' night they come 'round the house and make noise. She shoot 'em."

"Noise? Rabbits don't make noise."

"Sure," Jose asserted positively "Go meow meow!"



Burge (in restaurant) What is this, waitress?

Waitress: "That's your soup, sir."

Burge: "What kind of soup?"

Waitress: "It's bean soup, sir."

Burge: "I don't care what it's been; what is it now?"

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The room was dark. It was 2 A. M. Her father came to the top of the stairs and called. There was no answer. He came to the bottom of the stairs and called. There was no answer. Angrily striding into the parlor, he switched on the light. There was no one there.

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The scene: A cemetery at midnight.

The characters: Frankenstein and Dracula.

Frankenstein: "Say, it's lonely around here. Why don't we dig up a couple of girls?"

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### Here and There

Jim Morris requested that if his name should be mentioned in this issue, it be in connection with Eileen's.

Phelan insists that he always speaks his mind. This is a frank confession from a person whose main topic of conversation is women.

Len MacDonald and A. J. MacAdam have become intimate pals of late, due, no doubt, to their constant association on that long walk out to McGill Avenue.

Our First team goalie, Henry O'Shea, made another sensational save one night not long ago when he saved Kaye from a date with Derrill McGuigan.

"I have to meet my aunt" is the excuse offered by Mike Dunphy any night he takes a girl out. Introduce us to Aunt Inez sometime, will you Mike?

Burge hopes that his Wren won't float in on fur-lough until June.

Howard Shea on phone while a lineup of ten other fellows is impatiently waiting for a chance to use same: "Yes dear—Aw, please fellows—I'd like to make—Please



leave me alone—a date for—Shut up—not you dear, Saturday night. This monologue, dialogue, or what have you, may be heard with slight variations every period Howard Shea has free.

Landrigan, newly returned from the hospital, is back in his usual form. Perhaps the fudge he received from “Kid Sister” on Water Street has helped to speed his recovery.

“Professor” Ivan Farmer has issued a pamphlet entitled THE CAUSES AND EFFECTS OF THE ECCENTRICITIES OF THE FEMALE SPECIES. Did you send one to Elaine, Iver?

If you hadn't blushed so much the night of the Mount A. game, no one would have caught on that you were out on your first date, Tommy.

The following have requested that they be made the butt of a joke in this issue; but owing to the fact that the editors have exhausted their stock of jokes, (2) we are unable to comply with their request. However, here are their names: Cousin John, Preston Hammill, Leo Corcoran, Art MacInnis, and the members of Senior class.

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#### WE WONDER

Where Jim Morris goes on Sunday afternoons.

What Bombast O'Keefe did in Halifax.

Why Porky MacDougall takes such an interest in politics.

What McGinty did with the hockey equipment the night he escorted Claire to the rink.

If Green is ever in his room.

Which one of the ten is Landrigan taking to the Prom.

Why Kane fainted in French class.

Who is going to win Rita—Peter or Big Willie.