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 \* **NONSENSE AVENUE** \*  
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Once upon a time there was a magazine called Red and White.

Once upon a time it contained a humour section, which had a reputation for being exceedingly huorous.

That was once upon a time—

It is the year 1952. When we looked in on the humour editors three days ago, we were "greeted" by two gaunt creatures, devoid of laughter, devoid of hair, pouring over volumes of Plato, Spinoza, Milton and Freude in an effort to extract from these a lighter vein for the amusement of their thoughtless readers. Oh! The irony of it.

That was three days ago—

They are now, the two of them, quite dead.

Respectfully we have gathered the fruits of their toil. Respectfully we submit them to you. And while pondering over these few pages, we cannot help but call to mind, with some sadness, the price they paid that we might laugh.

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History and nature, too, reepat themselves, they say; Men are only habit's slaves; we see this every day— Life has nothing strange for us, we meet no new conditions: Keep this in mind, then, if you find the same old repetitions.

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Father Ellsworth peered over his glasses at his students and said, "The time has come to dissect a frog. I have one in my pocket for the experiment." He took a crumbled paper bag out of his pocket and extracted from it a very tired-looking cheese sandwich. Trembling visibly, Father Ellsworth ejaculated, "Good Heavens, I distinctly remember eating my lunch."

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A few days ago Jerry Clinton was struck with a terrible partner in one of the so-called friendly bridge games the boys are want to indulge in. After butchering a hand that should have meant rubber, the bewildered amateur



asked Clinton, "How would you have played that last hand of mind?" Clinton answered bitterly, "Under an assumed name."

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Gus Blacquiere's explanation for his success in college: "When I play, I play easy. When I sit, I sit loose. And when I study—I sleep."

\* \* \* \*

Martin MacMillan, while compiling information for his thesis, was not in any way enlightened until he conducted a survey among the farm animals. We relay his information in the following verse:

"When did the world begin and how?"  
I asked a lamb, a horse, a cow:

"What's it all about and why?"  
I asked a hog as he went by:

"Where will the whole thing end and when?"  
I asked a duck, a goose, a hen:

And I copied all the answers too,  
A quack, a honk, an oink, a moo.

\* \* \* \*

Billy MacNeely, while going into Memorial Hall one afternoon, noticed a truck driver struggling unsuccessfully with a heavy case of books. "I'll give you a hand," volunteered Billy. The two seized opposite ends of the case and huffed and puffed for several minutes to no avail.

"I'm afraid it is hopeless," said the despairing Bill. "We'll never get it on the truck."

"On," screamed the driver, "I'm trying to get it off."

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### **PUTRID PRODUCTIONS**

presents

CODEO and PINIET

Starring:

Mr. Gerald Coady as Codeo

Mlle. Georges Pineau as Piniet



Produced by Mr. Lorne Selznick Murphy.

Directed by Mr. Gerald Cecil B. Kilbride

Adapted for Nonsense Avenue by the late editors.

Scene—Garden of the House of Piniet.

Codeo standing beneath the balcony speaks:

Codeo (to himself) See how she leans her hand upon her hair!

Oh that I were a curl upon that head.

That I might touch the hand of blessed Piniet.

Piniet (yawning) Ah gee whiz!

Codeo She speaks and her voice resounds as doth an echo in the hills of 65.

Fain would I renounce my kith and kin

For such a damsel as thou art;

But hush, she speaks again.

Piniet O Codeo, Codeo why for are thou Codeo?

Deny thy father, Walter, and refuse thy name,

Or if thy wilt not I will be wedded

To Count Louisiana McGinn.

Codeo Shall I hear more or shall I speak at this?

Piniet 'Tis but thy name that is mine enemy,

For Codeo is the name of rogues and clowns.

Codeo I take thee at thy word.

Thou mayest call me "Mo",

Henceforth I'll despise the name

Geraldo Leo Franco Codeo.

Piniet (Noticing Codeo) Pray! Who is yonder there? Art thou a peeping Tom who listens to my private soliloquy?

How comest thou hither?

Codeo With these big feet did I betake the

Fire escape from Dalton Halle,

With Friar Landrigan breathing close upon my neck.

And even now my name may be inscribed

Upon that book of those on a month's furlough—

But come my love, let me impress a kiss

Upon thy brow

To heal my cole sores.

Arttho u not pleased?



Piniet Sure, sure,  
But waste not such precious time on idle words,  
For methinks I see Jovin the herald of the dawn  
Cross yon campus to speak his morning prayer.  
Quickly a kiss. (pause for effect)  
Farewell my love.

Codeo—I'll away, and in consistency  
I'll reach the chapel 'fore the end.  
Farewell till next we meet.  
(Curtain).

\* \* \* \*

Back to more serious topics. The other day Ed. MacDonald (our College Laundry Man) posted this sign on the bulletin board:

Get your laundry in Friday;  
We'll have it black Saturday.

\* \* \* \*

Charlie Sexton, approaching Fr. MacLellan in the study hall:

"Father, how does electricity go through wires?"

Fr. Tom—"I don't know Charlie, electricity's always been a puzzle to me."

Charlie—"Then, father, can you tell me what makes thunder and lighting?"

Fr. Tom—"To tell the truth, Charlie, I never did exactly understand the thing myself."

"Father, uh—" said Charlie, after a little thought,

"Oh well, never mind."

"Go ahead Charlie," cried Father Tom, "ask questions; ask lots of questions. How else are you going to learn?"

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Myra Murphy (answering telephone) "Ena isn't in just now. This is her one hundred and eleven pounds, five-foot-three, brown-haired, blue-eyed sister."

\* \* \* \*

Remember the idle moment when Max Callaghan composed this touching couplet: Said a cigarette to the tray on the shelf,

"I just go on making an ash of myself."



## IF

By Mudyard Stripling

If you could find that promised land  
 Where wit and nonsense grows;  
 Where puns are found strewn on the ground,  
 Where satire sprouts in rows,  
 Where repartee grows on a tree—  
 Where poems bloom like flowers,  
 Where limericks all hang from sticks,  
 Where laughter falls in showers;  
 If you could find that promised land  
 There wouldn't be any need of a **humour** section,  
 would there?

\* \* \* \*

The other day, the two of us went for a stroll down Nonsense Avenue. It's an odd place to go for anyone in his right mind; perhaps that's how we happened along. Anyway we dropped in on a little bookstore and purchased the 1952 winter edition of the Red and White. It always hits this newsstand two years in advance. Sipping a cup of sweetened water, we thoroughly digested the literary contents of the magazine (which took about two minutes), and turned to the humour section, which gave us access to such rare gems as:

\* \* \* \*

The time that Cy MacDonald was advised to check the back seat before bidding his girl friend good night. It seems that Cy was unaware of an occupant in the rear of the car till informed by an S.D.U. Alumnus the next day. Nice going Cy.

\* \* \* \*

Margaret Roche's passing comment on another co-ed, "She's so stupid that even the other girls notice it."

\* \* \* \*

Arnold Allen's favorite parable concerning the Biblical character who "loafs and fishes."

\* \* \* \*

The night that Arnold Hickey went to the P. W. C. Formal and found himself stormstayed. He had to hire the C.N.R. the next morning to return to the College. How to plow through, Arnie Boy.



The afternoon that the bursar approached Elisee Crete with a bill for broken dishes. Elisee paid for them from the money he earned while dancing for the senior class.

\* \* \* \*

David Kennedy's disgusted outlook on life: "This is a woman's world. When a man is born people ask, 'How is the mother?' When he marries, they exclaim, 'What a lovely bride!' And when he dies, they inquire, 'How much did he leave her?'"

\* \* \* \*

And when Emile Juneau described Maurice Guenette's singing voice as a "frog with a man in his throat", we closed the book, paid for the sweetened water, and trudged wearily back to the world of reality.

\* \* \* \*

Just recently Don McCarron was enjoying the wonders of Tignish as pointed out by Leonard Shea, a native of the place:

"What beautiful turnips!" exclaimed Don as he passed a large garden.

"Turnips" came the startled answer, "Those are just small potatoes."

"And what are those enormous blossoms in the field?"

"Oh, just dandelions," replied Len with a bored yawn.

A few moments later they were driving along the shore-line overlooking Northumberland Strait.

"Ah," noted Don smoothly, "I see someone's radiator is leaking."

\* \* \* \*

John Clarkin, the poet-laureate of third corridor memorial hall coined this masterpiece,

Roses are Red,  
Violets are blue  
I wanted some milk  
And the cow came through.



And that's why Niagara falls.

\* \* \* \*

The other evening Fr. George caught some of the students raising a rumpus in one of the rooms. He proceeded to lay down the following restrictions: "No more card playing. No more radios. No more shouting in the corridors. No more loud talk during study, etc. etc. etc." After he had finished, an imposing silence fell across the room. It was broken by a timid voice belonging to Conrad Kennedy who ventured, "Father, - - - uh - - -, if you don't mind my pen scratches a little."

\* \* \* \*

Urbie dropped in a few moments ago to thank everybody for the lovely Christmas Cards.

\* \* \* \*

The time has come, dear readers, we've penned our final laugh,  
Like bloodhounds true, we've bled for you, and now our epitaph:

Beneath this silent stone there snores  
Two shiftless, smiling, smelling bores,  
Who from their cradles laughed 'till death,  
And ne'er before were out of breath.  
Whither they're gone we cannot tell  
But if they laugh not, they're in - - -!  
If they're in - - - they're there unblest  
For they did not earn it by their jest.

\* \* \* \*

Reader, what cheer!  
Do you feel queer?  
The end is  
here.

\* \* \* \*

Quid Hoc ad Aeternitatem?

