

NONSENSE AVENUE

It is only logical— isn't it—that the first and last aim of a humor section is to make everybody laugh. If a person were to read a joke without giving it the benefit of a guffaw or a giggle or at least a gargle—or at the very least a gurgle, then the end of that joke would not be realized, would it? That person would be deceived— wouldn't he?

Unfortunately for us, we do not feel funny. We never laugh at all. We are not supposed to. And now that the labor of gathering, sifting, admiring, deploring, accepting, rejecting, regretting, arranging, reconsidering, re-arranging and re-admiring the thousands of jokes that student life has afforded us, your depleted editors are at last convinced of only one thing: We are out to deceive you.

So, while Thackeray would say, "Up swords and have at 'em" we, in turn, will render this phrase into more modern English with—"Tickle your sides, and enter at your own risk."

(Please note. The characters used in this section are purely ludicrous. Any similarity to the names of persons living or nearly dead is absolutely preconceived.)

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Last summer John J. Dunphy, while working in Hamilton, was invited to attend a banquet and became slightly irked as speaker after speaker told tall tales of Ontario's fishing industry.

Finally the visitor from Canada's "Garden of the Gulf" was asked for a few remarks, "Well we don't have any fish on P.E.I. worth bragging about," he began humbly, then holding his hands about twelve inches apart, "I never saw any bigger than that."

He stopped briefly, surveyed the gathering, and concluded: "Of course, you'll have to remember that we always measure our fish between the eyes."

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And to quote the immortal words of Stanislaus Mooney: "Whenever you hear it said that there is a beautiful tie between father and son,—the son is probably wearing it."

Father Cass (to Phil Murphy in Chem. class): "Phil lad, tell us all you know about Ethyl Bromide."

Phil (slightly embarrassed): "Well to tell the truth Father, the only girl I know anything about is Pauline LeClair."

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In a survey conducted recently by Mr. Arnold Hickey on the "Complexities of a Female Woman," Arnie writes:

Two things make women slow, I find,
In going any place,
For first she must make up her mind,
And then make up her face.

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While our U.N.T.D. boys were enroute to England this summer, they were given an oral examination in which each man was required to answer several questions. When the examining officer approached Mark McQuaid and asked "What steps should be taken in case of a leaky tube in a boiler?" Mark pondered briefly before replying brightly, "The boiler room steps sir, two at a time."

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Webster defines a limerick (among other things) as a "jingling verse". However, among all the limericks which we have received we could not find one which jingled. We offer these two as examples, so read them carefully please, and listen for that elusive noise:

A fickle young freshette named Farmer
Has been having three suitors to charm her.
She says "I must choose,
For two I must lose."

Ah! Their envy must surely alarm her!
(Contributed eagerly by Jack Reardon, Wimpy Reid and Tom McGaugh).

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As a beauty I am not a star.
There are others more handsome by far.
But my face—I don't mind it
For I am behind it

It's the people in front that I jar.
(Contributed, even more eagerly, by Eugene Kenny)
With apologies to Edward Lear.

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A man named MacDonald warned his teen-age daughter, a co-ed at St. Dunstan's, that she was getting too many telephone calls from her boy friend. She instructed her swain that if her father answered, he was to ask for some fictitious person and pretend he had the wrong number.

After a few such calls the father decided to have a

bit of fun with the next caller. The conversation went something like this.

Voice on the phone—"Ah - - - Mr. Mitchell?"

Mr. MacDonald—"That's right."

A silence, then the voice a little puzzled inquired:

"Is this Mr. A. J. Mitchell?"

Mr. MacDonald—"That's right."

Another second of silence, then,

"Is this the A. J. Mitchell of the law firm?"

Mr. MacDonald—"That's right."

A full minute of silence, then,

"Sorry, Mr. MacDonald, but you're not the Mitchell I wanted to talk to."

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Cy. McIsaac: "My father and mother were first cousins. That's why I look so much alike."

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ODE TO A FROG.

What a wonderful bird the frog are—

When he stand he sit almost;

When he hop, he fly almost.

He ain't got no sense hardly;

He ain't got no tail hardly either.

When he sit, he sit on what he ain't got almost.

—Anonymous.

* * * * *

Whoops! Detour ahead! And as we travel along the bumps through the next few lines, we are jarred by this information:

It appears that Jack Reardon is being supplied with energy filling fudge for the coming basketball season by Miss Darlene Gurney. Watch your cavities, "Goo-Goo."

We heard that Wally Reid has given up all hope of marriage because he's getting a Bachelor's degree.

Jack Weir was informed after taking a carload of student to Mt. A. that the most dangerous part of a car is the nut that holds the wheel.

It seems that Patty MacKenna is on his way up since he started eating at the waiters' table.

We discovered that since Nelson Perry has been going day-student there are a number of hungry seniors on the campus.

The romance of the first term is that between Jimmy
 "I'd go to Summerside for you" Johnston and Mary
 "You're just a little too small" Huestis.

* * * *

This little poem was dedicated to Father Roche this
 summer during his illness:

O I C

I'm in a 10 der mood today
 & feel poetic, 2;
 4 fun I'll just — off a line
 & send it off 2 U.

I'm sorry you've been 6 so long;
 Don't B disconsol 8
 But bear you ills with 42de
 & they won't seem so gr 8.

—Contributed by a Math. 1 student.

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On a recent journey to Montreal, the rector entered a
 restaurant when an orchestra struck up a particularly
 noisy tune. Without any intermission it followed with an-
 other. The rector called the headwaiter and asked.

"Does this orchestra play anything on request?"

"Certainly," the man replied, "Is there something
 you would like them to play?"

"There is," said the rector, "Ask them to play dom-
 inos until I have finished eating."

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Joe Coffin (before leaving for town): "McInnis, for
 the last time, are you ready to go?"

Rod.—"Oh, for heaven's sake be quiet Joe, I've been
 telling you for the last hour I'll be ready in a minute."

* * * *

We wish at this moment to dedicate another poem to
 the most unforgettable character we've met.

As I was going up the stair
 I met a man who wasn't there!
 He wasn't there again today!
 I wish, I wish he'd stay away!

* * * *

And while we're at it we mustn't forget the thought-
 ful old man who willed his floating kidney to the aquarium.

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Recently during a basketball practice held in the new
 gymnasium, one enchanted co-ed, noting the six foot frame
 of Fred Coyle, his he-man rudiness and curly hair, burst
 out—"Gosh, he's dreamy!"

"That's right," quipped Bev. Fitzgerald, Fred's girl
 friend, "but I dreamed first."

Kenny Arsenault (to sweet young thing at social):
 "If you give me your telephone number, I'll call you up
 sometime."

She—"It's in the book."

Ken—"Fine. What's your name?"

She—(Just as sweetly): "That's in the book too."

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Girls like a strong silent boy friend because they
 think he is listening.

* * * * *

The other afternoon in Biology Lab. Edward Dalton
 encountered a human skeleton and in a fit of poetic pas-
 sion composed this cadaverous verse:

It's hard to think
 Albert true
 That without flesh
 I'd be like you.

And harder still
 To think ol' pal
 That one of these
 Fine days I shall.

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Wanted: One cave man with a club. Apply Miss
 Maureen Murphy, Junior Class.

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Father George—(Pointing to a cigarette butt on
 floor): "Hmff!!!—Cameron is this yours?"

George. (Pleasantly): "Not at all Father, you saw it
 first."

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And when Noreen Connolly described a cow followed
 by two ducks as—milk and quackers—we decided it was
 time to sign off.

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So we dedicate our closing poem to Urbie; J. E. (Jan-
 itor Extraordinary):

Urbie, pass on!—don't waste your time
 On worthless jokes and bitter rhyme;
 Alas! the humor section, then,
 Is sadly in need of humorous men.

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In closing, it is only fitting that we close.