



## NONSENSE AVENUE

Well, spring is here, summer is almost here, the exams are almost here, the prom is also almost here, and the - - -

Speaking of the prom, it had been announced:

"Ray Delage is taking Marion MacPhee to the prom, and Walter Sonier is taking Marion MacPhee to the prom, and Dick Wedge is taking Marion MacPhee to the prom, and Les Rogerson is taking Marion MacPhee to the prom."

But just recently they agreed by mutual consent that someone else should have the honour and St. Clair Coyle has been unanimously chosen. At least that's the way we heard it.

And speaking of humour (since we are supposed to),  
Too often have our readers found,  
When interest has lagged:  
Although this section has been bound,  
It also should be gagged.

Cliff Keefe, assistant editor of the High School paper, was captured by a band of cannibals and interviewed by the cannibal chief, who happened to be an Oxford graduate:

"And what is your occupation?" inquired the chief hungrily.

"I'm on the staff of a High School paper," Cliff answered.

"Are you an editor?" he drooled.

"No, but I'm an assistant editor."

"Let me be the first to congratulate you on your impending promotion. After dinner you'll be an editor-in-chief."

Flash !!! Cuthbert Kilbride, the bell ringer, got tangled up in the rope and tolled himself off!



Clarence MacDonald (after a basketball practice)—  
"Earl, you can't go to town with that broken nose!"

Earl MacKinnon—"Well, I can't very well go to town without it."

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Said one co-ed of another: "She has a slight impediment in her speech; every once in a while she stops to breathe."

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#### ELECTION DAY BLUES

Upon this theme

I'll briefly touch:

Too far

To go

To talk

Too much.

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Howard Waite was eating breakfast in the refectory one morning when he noticed a commotion at the rear of the hall. Turning to Bruce Harrigan, he exclaimed:

"Hey, Bruce, there's a cat running around in the refectory!"

Bruce: (without looking up) "Serves it right. Let it starve."

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Father MacGuigan was telling the story of the flood to the Religion 2 class for the first time and he concluded, "It rained more than it ever did before, so Noah and his wife and family went into the ark and were saved."

Lou McGinn digested this information briefly and then asked, "And what did you do, Father?"

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And we're sure you know the one about the termite who boasted, "This'll bring the house down!"

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#### THE PEA LITTLE THRIGS

A Condensed Spoonerism

In the happy days when there was no haircity of scam there lived pea little thrigs. One day, amid towring



fleers and sevvv hobs, they gave their hother a big mug and set out on their weperate saize.

Lets follow Turly-Kale the purst fig, shall we? He met a can malled Jig-Hearted Bo, who gave him a strundle of baw to cot a pretty biltage.

And now who should come along but the werrible too!f!

"Pittle lig, pittle lig! May I come in and hee your sittv proam?" (Numb serve, believe me!)

"Thoa, Thoa, a nowzand times thoa! Not by the chair of my hinny-hin-hin!" pied the crig.

"Then I'll bluff and I'll duff and I'll hoe your blouse pown!"

And with that, he chuffed up his peeks, blew the smith to housareens and sat down to a dine finner of roast sow and piggerkraut. What a pignominious end for such a peet little swig!

Recently, the telephone in the Rector's office rang at 4 a.m. The Rector, who is always noted for his tact, picked up the receiver and was greeted by an angry feminine voice, "Your dog is barking and keeping me awake!" He thanked her courteously and hung up.

The following morning at four, the woman's telephone rang. "Ah dear, Madam," a voice said, "I have no dog."

Jack Weir, who has been given so many jobs this year that "he feared his studies might be neglected", was recently appointed chairman of the prom committee. In desperation he poured his heart out to the humour editors. Deeply moved by this display, we express his sentiments in the following verse:

This fact about talk I've no doubt of,  
Because of the troubles I've been to:  
I seldom can talk my way out of  
The things I'm so often talked into.

#### TILTING TIDBITS FROM THE COLLEGE CAMPUS:

Rumour has it that John Joe O'Brien had trouble sleeping through the French Revolution in history class.



Merlin MacAulay, the college barber, has the slogan: "If the pot fits, wear it."

Is it true that Wimpy Reid put his nose to the grindstone and Mary Farmer thinks the change is favourable?

It is said that after her role as a nurse in *The Hound of Heaven*, Bernadette Burge was called the Lady with the Lamp. It seems the torch that she carries belongs to a member of the senior class.

Kenny MacDonald had occasion to remark that a particular "Donut" does not agree with a particular blonde.

And that Charlie MacDonald has a great fondness for gingersnaps especially when they are baked by Eleanor, whereas Floyd McGaugh finds the service at Tweel's to his liking.

How is Joseph "Goo Goo" Roberts coming with his plans for Rural Beautification? It certainly is a step in the right direction.

The time "Smokey" MacLellan called Aquinas Ryan his "pest friend".

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After an intensive study of the co-ed situation at St. Dunstan's, Dave MacCormack summed up his discovery thusly:

The co-eds here  
Are of two strata:  
Those with dates,  
And those with data.

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However, we still find it hard to believe that Father Francis read his Office one day sitting on one of the Bursar's cats.

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"What's the matter?" we asked the Editor in Chief. "These are good jokes, aren't they?"

"Oh, yes, they're very good jokes", he replied. "The first time I heard them I laughed until the tears rolled down my bib."

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Eddy Baird was on his way home during the Easter holidays and the conductor came down the aisle collecting tickets:



Conductor: Could I have your ticket, young fellow?

Eddy: (making a vain attempt at humor) Will my face do?

Conductor: (failing to appreciate this) All right, but I'll have to punch it.

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Ed Kelly calls his father's car Shasta,—because shasta have gas, shasta have oil, shasta have something all the time.

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To find a poem for this space,  
Alas; we've slaved all day.  
Our hair is all that shows our toil:  
It's prematurely grey.

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"I got up at dawn to see the sun rise," boasted Jim Murphy.

"Well," commented Chick Morrison, "you couldn't have chosen a better time!"

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Lawrence Jovin was overhead saying one night:

"Today my heart beat 103,389 times, my blood travelled 168,000,000 miles, I breathed 23,040 times, I inhaled 438 cubic feet of air, I spoke 4800 words, moved 750 major muscles, and I exercised 7,000,000 brain cells. I'm tired."

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And before closing, we mustn't pass up this big chance to congratulate Urbie on his poly-annual birthday which this month, falls on the 23rd.

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#### WELL

Another year has come and gone;  
Your editors are through;  
And though it seems quite sad to us,  
We know it's fine by you.

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So always bear this in mind:

When down in the mouth, remember Jonah:  
He came out all right.