

NONSENSE AVENUE

WHO IS THE HUMOR EDITOR? WHO IS HE
THAT EVERY MAN IN COLLEGE SHOULD WISH
TO BE?

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The Editor sat in his sanctum,
His countenance furrowed with care,
His mind on the bottom of business,
His feet at the top of a chair.
His chair arm and elbow supporting
And his right upholding his head,
His eyes on a dusty, old table
With different documents spread.
There were thirty long pages on Moses,
Quotations from Louie McGinn,
A treatise on Tommy Riley
And barrels of dope on "Moe" Flynn.
The Editor turned from his parchment
And cast his eyes on the wall;
The hand-writing there spelled doom
For the Co-eds of Marion Hall.
Then into the sanctum stepped Chaucer;
On his face was a nasty smirk;
The Editors tingled with laughter,
Digesting his latest work.

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HERE FOLLOWS THE TALE OF CYRIL, THE MERCHAUNT

Ther was a merchaunt Cyril, and that a worthy man
That from the tyme that he first bigane
To rydenout he loved a femeny,
Trouthe and honour, freedom and curtesye;
Than longer Cy to goon on a pilgrimage,
To Toronto, a yonge femeny to corage;
And dancing all the night with open ye,
To sweet music maken melodye.

Then came a knight in greet prosperitee,
 And twenty yeer a wyflee man was he;
 Came he to swoon the same yonge femeny,
 For Sir Cyril, this was too much rivalrye.
 Weeping and wayling, care, and other sorwe,
 "I know y nogh, on even and a norwe,"
 Quod the Merchaunt; "and to the other go,
 And wedded be, if you will that be so;
 Myself, forthwith, to my monasterie
 And pass my life without a femeny."
 Here endeth the tale of Cyril the Merchaunt.

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And as one eyeball says to the other, we must get rolling along.

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As Leo "Lujack" Clarkin was tip-toeing into his bedroom in the wee hours of the morning, he was accosted by his father who was getting up to begin his day's work.

"You're getting in pretty late, aren't you, son?" said his father.

"You're getting up pretty early!" retorted Lujack.

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Scouts: I'd go through fire for you, honey.
 Marge: What a silly ash you'd be.

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Joe Mullally (to his brother) Where have you been, John?

John: I was in the phone booth talking to Claire but Des McNeill wanted to used the phone, so we both had to get out.

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When "Pic" McCormac approached an employee in Hamilton this summer the employer asked, "Do you have a character reference?"

"Yes," Urbie McInnis," replied Pic.

"Do you think he's a good reference?" inquired the employer.

"Well he's a character," replied Pic.

"Sanka" Gaudet (Mark III), in one of his lighter moments, defined a smoked herring as a salmon with high blood pressure.

THE POETS' CORNER

Recently in high school the students participated in a lyric competition and Joseph Mullally capably acted as judge. After much deliberation Joe named Lee Shea the winner, with the following lyric:

There was a young man from Tignish,
Who ate nothing but potatoes and herring,
He said with a grin
As he wiped off his face,
"My! what a wonderful plate!"

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Judging by her dancing it looks as if "Bunny" is getting "Rusty".

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In the first mathematics class this year, Fr. Roche thought he would impress his class with the following question:

"If one fox terrier two feet long with a tail an inch and one half high can dig a hole thirty cubic feet in ten minutes, how many fox terriers would be required to dig the Panama Canal in a single year?"

Basil Campbell, completely unruffled by the question, came up with the following solution: One fox terrier fifteen miles long with a tail one and a half miles long.

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Eugene "Drapes" Kenny walked up to a girl at the social:

"Are you dancing?" says he.

"Are you asking?" says she.

"I'm asking," says he.

"I'm dancing," says she.

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As a truck passed by him, Officer Cadet Coady saluted.

"What did you salute that truck for?" asked O. C. "Copy" Callaghan.

"Because on it," explained Moses, "it said—General Hauling."

Len. Shea and Max. Callaghan were in their room at the same time, which seldom happens. Suddenly Max called to Shea, "Catch me. I'm dizzy."

What makes you dizzy?" asked Shea.

"Well, Sir, I was reading a circular letter," gasped Max.

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A young priest who had been disciplinarian but a few months was turning a bit tyrannical and legislated to his brood via the bulletin board. One day he was surprised to see the following sign placed on the bulletin board by a prankish student:

"Tomorrow is Tuesday. Is that all right with you, Father?"

Signed, The Rector.

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The Bursar entered a barber shop.

"How much do you charge for a haircut?" he asked.

"Fifty cents," answered the barber.

"How much do you charge for a shave?"

"Fifteen cents."

"All right," said the Bursar, "shave my head."

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Eugene Mooney describing a Freshman Co-ed:—"sh-she weighs a hundred and ple-ple-plenty."

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In Sociology class Doc Murphy asked John Joe O'Brien to explain the difference between bigamy and monogamy.

"Well, bigamy is having one wife too many and monogamy is the same," replied John Joe.

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We notice that John MacAdam always goes walking with his Kane.

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Ernie Larkin's definition of a shroud: "A windbreaker for a ghost."

Robert MacDonald asked Lawrence Hickey to what did he attribute his success with the fairer sex.

Hickey (Mark III) replied, "I've got a way of looking into a girl's eyes that makes her forget completely what I look like."

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We would continue, dear readers, but when Freddy Driscoll entered our sanctum and excused himself by saying, "All family trees have a few nuts on them," we broke the typewriter, threw Moses out of the room and went to bed.

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(From the foregoing we have come to the following conclusion.)

The Humor Editor it is he
Who deals in jokes, and puns and repartee.
'Tis he whose law is wit, and who depends
Upon this law as on the best of friends.
He labors with his section and he owes
To laughter every triumph that he knows.

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THIS IS THE HUMOR EDITOR. THIS IS HE
WHOM EVERY MAN IN COLLEGE SHOULD
WISH TO BE.

* * * *

And as the two lunatics said as they cut the hedge with a set of finger nail clippers, "That's all we have, there just isn't any mower."

