

☼ NONSENSE AVENUE ☼

You're looking for something called humor, I take it;
Well, search if you like; but, believe me, its true,
There's no humor here; like yourself, I can't make it;
Its something found not on the page but in you.

Definitions:

An ancient Orator: One of those old fellows who talked so much they were cursed and either *bust* or turned into stone.

Algebra: The wife of Euclid.

Slander: Flattery turned wrong side out.

Man: The only creature endowed with a face and soul and having the option of saving whichever he likes.

Nightwatchman: A man employed to sleep in the open air.

Rossiter (in tragic tone, reciting poetry; prompted by Powers):

"As I strode the moss-grown streets
Of once all-mighty Rome,—
I-ah-I-aw ! wake up Powers ! What was
I doing in mossy Rome"?

Most people give good advice when they are no longer able to give a bad example.

History Prof: "What happened to Louis XIV?"

Bloodthirsty Andy: "He was gelantined during the French Revolution".

Cure for Baldness:

Rub on brandy until hair starts, then take inwardly to clinch the roots.

Fan (Listening to Smith's alibis after game): "Say, did anyone help you lose that game?"

Dentist: "We must kill the nerve of that tooth".

P. Sharkey: "Very well, sir, I'll wait outside. I am too tenderhearted to watch you killing it".

Owen Sharkey: "What are you doing here?"

MacIsaac: "Minding my own business".

Prank Players: "What can we do to Rossiter's bed?"

Disgusted Roommate: "You could dress it".

High Pressure Salesman: "I am selling the map that gives a complete geographical, topographical, cosmographical conception of all the necessary elements, constituents, and relations of the belligerent nations now in the juxta-position of prodigious contention in the war-swept European continent".

Old farmer (aside to wife): "Tell Jack to ram a load of buskshot into the old "Queen Anne".

O'Neil (soliloquizing by his Greek translation): "Thank heaven! I fought *two hundred hour-battles* just to see you, Cyrus, win two wars. Now you are dead. Well, it was either you or I".

The Sgt.: "If the enemy were strongly entrenched in front of you, what would you do?"

Joe McLeod: "I'd feint retreat and fool 'em".

Sgt: "What then?"

Joe M.: "Fool 'em again. Keep on retreating".

Old Man: (at his first hockey game, shouts at goalie): "How the heck can they get that ball into the cage and you there batting it away?"

Coady: (in Biology exam, comparing the Dog-fish and Cat): "The dog-fish has no meow,—"

Malachias: "Were you second base in the choir, Sheep?"

O'Neil: "Don't you know he never got to first base?"

A few hints to A Military Officer

1. Always expect the unexpected.
 2. Always advance towards the enemy.
 3. Never fix bayonets till you break them.
 4. Never order arms while you have some on hand.
 5. The enemy always expects you. Try to surprise him.
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The Sergeant: "If you were a sentry and were accosted by two armed men, what steps would you take?"

Aylward: "Long, fast ones".

Lavoie: "Pius, please pass plump porky plenty pumkin pie".

Scoop: "Circumstances carefully considered, chum, certainly can't, 'cause Clarence Coady consistently commandeers chef's choicest cooking".

Roughhouse: "Videtis, viri: veni, vidi, vici".

We would like to know:

Who made the date for Smitty.

If Stork Gorman got his wings yet.

When John O'Connor learned to dress beds.

What Government job MacMillan expects to get in N. B.

Who first told Powers he was funny.

How much Wrigley pays Maurice O'Brien.

If McKenna gets his basket balls duty free.

Would no one pass to Roche at the last S. D. U.—P. W. C. hockey game.

If Fr. MacGuigan has a Ouija Board.

Red Soap: "Give me your palm, Olive".

Green Soap: "Not on your life, boy".

Said the Calf to the Silo: "Is my fodder in there?"

Chisholm: "What are you thinking of?"

Wimpy: "Nothing".

Chisholm: "Well, take your mind off yourself".

Gillis: "I hear Rastus was expelled from college for calling the dean a fish."

Morris: "Yes, he persisted in saying, 'Yes-sah-dean, yes-sah-dean'".

Hemphill: "I heard Jim Morris kicked the bucket; is it true?"

Bernard: "No, he only turned a little pale".

Chesty's watch is just like a river. It won't go long without winding.

Murphy: "Would he make a good pitcher?"

Mooney: "He ought to. He holds a quart".

Anxious: "Dear Editor:—what should I take when I'm run down?"

Editor:—"Dear anxious, 'Take the license number'."

Rossiter (on the telephone): "Hello, darling, would you like to have dinner with me this evening?"

She: "I'd love to, dear".

Rossiter: "Well, tell your mother I'll be over at 7 o'clock."

Doctor: "Has the patient had any lucid intervals since I was here last?"

Poirier: "He had only what you prescribed, Doc".

MORE about that Intramural Series. Some classical scholar with a weakness for C's has summed up the whole as follows:—Quote

"CONVENIMUS ! CONSPEXIMUS ! CONVICIMUS !

"Clarissimi captatores congressi, certamine coorto, causa caprae Callaghanae capiendae comparandique carissimi calyculi, clare clamabant, contente cautimque constrictos contententes circumiebant. Ceterum consobrinis comitibus capacioribus citissime cassisse certe constat."

(CONSILIUM: Cicero, Caesar, Cato, Catullus, Caccilius, certerique clarissimi: caute cavete).

Can't complete crazy classical chatter. Continues:—"Cagy coach Callaghan certainly can complain concerning cackling cohorts' catastrophic collapse. Cocksureness concerning capturing coveted championship cup caused ceaseless constructive criticism, contaminating confusion, simultaneous consternation connoting contrary complications.

"Correct, cheering, cap-covered cleric,—College-corridors' careful custodian,—cannot calmly calculate culprits' complete capitulation.

"Comical, conversational Chemistry Chief concludes confident Callaghan cannot coach capably.

"Cheering crowds chastizingly criticize clergy's coffee carrier,—'cause cannot curtail candid Clarence Coady's cynical comments.

"Campus compassionates Callaghan's cocky cronies; cordially congratulates celebrated conquerors".
Unquot—Whee-ooo !

JINGLE OF THE JINX

Verbal Geometry

Old Euclid loved to bisect lines,
Or make a long one equal two;
But I see more fun stringing them
As most professors like to do.

(Reference here to anyone living or dead is purely coincidental).

THE WAITERS

Like most of all my fellow men at twelve o'clock I eat
My mid-day meal, made up in part of seafood or some meat.
I like my dinner right on time, and sad I am for those
Who have to wait for half an hour while hunger greater
grows.

I say it isn't just to them, but then this motley crew
Refuse to let them eat in peace until they all are through.
This means that they have half an hour to wait and stand
around,

While others though not hungry will refuse to give their
ground.

They even dare to hint to those poor fellows who must wait,
That they would like some extra tea or more bread on the
plate.

And talk of boldness ! sin of sins ! the worst I ever knew;
Most selfish sure he was of all that thoughtless noisy crew,
Who dares to ask a waiter to forego his cosy seat,
And march up full four tables to procure a piece of meat.
He little recked that gallant man who weakly left his side
While gnawing pangs of hunger gripped him more at every
stride.

He took the meat the waiter brought, ignored the longing
eye:

But with a flippant "thanks" began his knife and fork to ply.
This picture I have colored none, I wish to make you heed,
Ans see the plight the waiter's in because of student's
greed,

That you may be more thoughtful of the waiters, brothers
all,

And let them sit and talk at will or gather by the wall.

BESS

Her eyes are limpid pools of love;
Her lips are soft and warm;
Her hair lies on her forehead,
Like the blossom on the corn.
Her ears are soft and shapely,
I guess you know her now;
She's Bess, the brownish heifer;
And the Bursar's favorite cow.

INTRODUCTIONS

In days of old a column bold
Went jingling down this page,
It told the truth and yet, forsooth,
It made some students rage.

But all that play some day must pay
And that is why I bring,
From olden times, the Jungled rhymes
That once did sorely sting.

In this I plan, as best I can,
To introduce to you
Some types we know, 'mong those who go
To school at S. D. U.

On first approach you meet with Roche,
You'll know his business mien;
A senior he, whose going to be
All that he has not been.

Against your will you see Goon Bill
Act like a puppet trim;
He'll laugh all day, what'er you say,
If you but smile for him.

To Owen's new plan pay heed who can;
Some day he may suggest
A plan that may, some future day,
Be worthy of a test.

Well ! here comes Fred, just out of bed
And pleasing to the eye,
He's off to town without the frown
I always knew him by.

That's Trainor, "Red", who nods his head
And mumbles something wise,
At which he'll smile, alone the while,
And tightly shut his eyes.

It is a fluke if our false duke
As yet you didn't meet;
A careless eye won't fail to spy
At least one of his feet.

F. P. there takes his time and makes
His toilet with great care.
He's in no fuss; he'll call the bus;
He minds no taxi fare.

Be sure that all both great and small
Have met our talking jay,
Who talks so fast, he has the last,
And first, and every say.

His roommate too, whose face is blue,
With trying to hold his own
By singing words of screen-star birds
To airs as yet unknown.

Romancing, John, from dark till dawn,
Will tell his stories o'er;
They're out of joint, and have no point,
But magnitude galore.

For wearing gear just question Cyr;
The prices are not high;
He sells no boots, no ties or suits;
But tells you where to buy.

Still Linus says: "Convention days
Were no success,"—but mind—
He missed his date; again too late;
He's always one behind.

Bold Doc maintains the social gains
Alone were worth the cost.
In cash, no doubt, but what about
The friend he might have lost?

Freethinkers are generally those who never think at all.

—*Sterne*

I have always been a quarter of an hour before my time.
and it has made a man of me.

—*Lord Nelson*

THE TRAGEDY

A little bee crawled through the classroom door,
Scraped his wee feet on the mat on the floor,
Reached for the broom to brush off his toes,
Fished for his hanky to blow his red nose,
Put his hand in his pocket and drew out a file,
To sharpen his stinger and make it worth while,
Cast a glance round the room in search of a spot
To sink home that stinger while it was red hot.
He spied Murphy's leg so hairy and bare,
Four flaps of his gauzes and he was right there;
Searched out the spot he knew had the most feeling,
One jab of his sting and poor Jim hit the ceiling.
Murphy got better when he got outside,
But the poor little honey-bee took sick and died.