

NONSENSE AVENUE

Why don't you read one of the other articles first, for a change? Why not start off with one of the items of value instead of thumbing madly to this nonsense as soon as you get your **Red and White**? Because you read our section first, we are rushed off our feet to get it done on time, while those who make the more intelligent contributions have all the time they want, because you don't read them until the end anyway. It's just like Sam Cynic once said: "If it weren't for people, the world would be a better place to live in."

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"What perplexes me most", lamented Gerry Robertson on her way to a Metaphysics lecture, "When an elephant gets drunk, does it see pink Frank Buck's?"

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Mark MacGuigan (gazing pensively out the window): "My good man, what are those majestic, swaying objects by those trees, rivalling the latter themselves in grace and beauty of outline; making such a pleasing variety in the landscape and seeming to hang 'twix earth and sky?"

Duncan (gruffly): "Shirts."

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A travelling salesman, having missed his train, found himself with two hours to spend in a small village. He approached an ancient resident:

Traveller: "Got a theatre here?"

Resident: "Nope."

Traveller: "A pool-room or library?"

Resident: "Nope."

Traveller: "Well how on earth do you amuse yourselves?"

Resident: "We go down to the general store in the evenings—they have a new bacon-slicer there."

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Said one cannibal to the other: "Who was that lady I saw with you at the picnic?"

"That was no lady" replied the other, "that was my lunch."

In the Biology Lab, Father Ellsworth explained to the class the constant change in body tissues. "You understand, Miss Mulligan, that in seven years you will have a completely new body but you will still be Miss Mulligan?"

Maggie (with a coy glance at Bun) "I have no intention of being Miss Mulligan in seven years."

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In the Physics Lab, in answer to a question from Pauline LeClair, concerning relativity, Father George proceeded to elucidate the all-absorbing scientific theory. He explained, propounded, and expatiated the subject for an hour. When he had finished, from sheer exhaustion, Carl Pineau spoke up: "Father George," he said, "I think you are really greater than Einstein himself on his own subject. According to statistics, only twelve men in the world understand Einstein—but NOBODY understands you."

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Inez (to her brother): "When I'm out with McGaugh (the Waiter) he really makes me feel that I'm a woman."

Brother: "He does? How's that?"

Inez: "We spend the whole night talking about how to make strawberry jam."

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Molyneaux: "Is it true that there is a tobacco trust?"

Smoky (The Progressive Merchant): "Yes sir! That's right!"

Molyneaux: "Then I'd like to be trusted for a package please."

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Ready (in Chem. lab.): "Is Father Cass around?"

Don MacPhee (without raising his head): "I haven't got a clue . . . (then looking up sheepishly as the full significance of his statement dawned on him) . . . and besides that . . . He! He! . . . I don't know where he is."

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Kay Roach: "I wonder if Hickey really loves me?"

Irene: "Of course he does, why should he make you an exception."

Miss Maureen Murphy, a student of English 2, rather than bear, as she terms it, "the embarrassment" of reading a section of Chaucer's **Canterbury Tales** in class, adopted this rather ingenious plan. Just before her turn to read approached, with all the polish of a true actress, she feigned sickness and was all but carried from the class. To commemorate this wiley piece of feminine ingenuity, the following poem has been written:

OUTWITTED?

In Sophomore, Chaucer's Tales are read
In English accents long since dead;
Each student's bound to read a tale
In dialect—or else he'll fail.

Miss Maureen Murphy (short and fat),
Through these dreary lectures sat,
Knowing well that soon she'd hear:
"Miss Murphy—you read on from here."

This wretched slave to girlish pride,
Obsessed by fears that all would chide
Her ignorance of Chaucer's style,
Turned, on the nonce, to female guile.

"My turn to read's at hand I fear",
She sobbed—and shed a phoney tear;
"But I'll not read—I'll use my wit,"
And all at once she threw a fit.

ENVOY

The whole class stared as they carried her out;
Four co-eds strong and her lover devout;
And all were duped by her coup de grace
Save Brendon, she, and the English class.

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Duncan and Murphy were becoming abusive in a quarrel concerning the affections of Marion. "Duncan," said Murphy, "There's just one thing that saves you from being a bare-faced liar."

"What's that?" asked Duncan belligerently.

"You need a shave", replied Murphy.

The doctor was examining Jessy Griffin for the U. N. T. D.

Doctor: "Say ah."

Jessy: AH."

Doctor: "Now breathe deeply."

Jessy: "NOW BREATHE DEEPLY."

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Biron (summing up his fight for the press): "I dazzled him with my footwork, but he dazzled me with his punches."

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WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT

Rooney, the self-termed "hard guy", is in love again! He skips off to the socials every Thursday afternoon singing: "We're off to see the wizard. . ."

Jim Ayers was overheard saying: "She loves me! She just can't help it! Poor kid!"

Entering the Philosophy room, Charlie Gorman and Noreen walked right under a table without touching it. For a minute Charlie thought she was in the tunnel of love!

And of course it's none of our business if Tommy Flynn makes four or five seven dollar telephone calls to Charlottetown from Montreal during the summer.

Nelson (Fingers) Perry has just completed an exhaustive study of the blueprints of the new refectory. Says Nelson: "It'll be a cinch. Not as much excitement as the old one, but just as easy."

Wallie Reid gets so excited while getting ready for a date that he brushes his teeth with shaving cream.

Scrap O'Brien has given up the horses. They were becoming an obsession with him. His new life began following the first history class. When asked: "Who was the ruler of Denmark at this time?" Scrap immediately replied: "Prince Budlong."

And in concluding we wish to congratulate Urbie on his monthly birthday, and thank the unknown author of the warning to Humor Editors which follows:

THE HUMOR EDITORS

They must not laugh at their own wit,
A cuspidor's no right to spit.

As you may well imagine, we encounter no difficulties in complying with this admonition.