

NONSENSE AVENUE

Everywhere we go on the campus we meet people who are puzzled. They are haunted by questions for which they can find no answers. They vainly ask such questions as: "What is 'The Thing'?" "Who pushes up the second Kleenx?" and "Why do some call it 'the humor section'?" We do not propose to set these searching minds at rest. One thing we can do, however, is attempt to answer the above questions.

We think "The Thing" is a notice granting an eleven-thirty permission on Saturday nights and Paddy McKenna is the little man who pushes up the second Kleenx. When asked why some refer to this as "the humor section" we join the ranks of the puzzled. For example, here are just a few of the myriad of good sound arguments that uphold the theory that the application of the term "humor" to this particular section of **RED AND WHITE** is a base misnomer:

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Austin Bradley, the social tyrant of the Senior Class, was engaged in conversation with a sweet young thing at the social one Thursday when she asked: "Why don't you get more late permissions?"

Austin: "It's the Rector. He just can't seem to understand that we should spend more time in town. He's become very difficult as of late and he doesn't seem to want to do anything about it. He's unreasonable and completely devoid of any sympathetic feelings towards the socialites of the college. He's just heartless.

Sweet Young Thing: "Do you know who I am?"

Austin: "Well?"

Sweet Young Thing: "I'm the Rector's niece."

Austin: (after a painful silence of several seconds, summing up all the indignation he could): "Do YOU know who I am?"

Sweet Young Thing: "No, I don't."

"Thank heaven!" said Austin and took the next taxi to the college.

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Dunstan Murphy and his lady fair were sitting at the dance one night having a heart to heart talk. "Suppose you

had money", Donna cooed, "what would you do?" Murph drew himself up to his full height and, to impress her with his masculinity, he boasted: "I'd give in to the wanderlust. I'd live the rugged life of an adventurous soldier of fortune, leaving home never to return again." He felt her warm hand slide into his. He paused for a moment, looked up and found she was gone . . . and in his hand was a dime.

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What follows is our unbiased opinion of **Nonsense Avenue.**

We like to quote the witty line of Nash,
And we're amused by Parker's laughing drawl;
But when, in flight, we turn from all this trash,
We find our humor section's best of all.

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It was a beautiful moonlight night as Maggie began to advance on Mark MacGuigan in the porch of Marian Hall. "I had a wonderful time", she purred as she backed him into the corner; "I never dreamed that a lecture on "The Thomistic Opinion Concerning the Origin of the Intelligible Species" could be so romantic. And I'll bet you have something just as interesting planned for us for tomorrow night", she invitingly added as she snuggled up to her prey who now had his back against the wall. With all the fury of a caged animal Mark suddenly pushed her aside and with the vehemence of one whose anger was a just one he shouted: "Please, Miss Mulligan, you're steaming my glasses."

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The following poetic confession was found in the personal diary of a past president of a Women's Temperance Federation:

My husband's stomach is, I think,
Made to hold most any drink;
Rum . . . ? he drinks it by the pail,
Whiskey too and vats of ale;
Alas! his Waterloo is 'shine',
And, by the way, it's also mine.

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The boys on second Memorial decided to conduct a "Who Am I?" contest. In order to completely baffle the contestants, they choose as their mystery man one of the most inconspicuous and unassuming members of the Senior Class. Confident that their riddle would be solved only with great difficulty they triumphantly presented the following clues to his identity:

Most every morn you'll find me in my bed,
I've skipped Chem. 3 so oft some think I'm dead.

Who Am I?

The first contestant, to the consternation of the Seniors, won the grand prize. The three month submarine cruise went to Father Cass for the following answer: "It's either Rip Van Winkle or Wilbert McInnis, and Rip Van Winkle doesn't take Chem. 3."

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One of the residents of Memorial Hall has, as a room-mate, one of those literary savages who spends endless hours attempting to fill a page with those poetic solecisms which some unscrupulous individuals are wont to call "verse". That he may be ever ready to hear the babblings of the muse of modern "poetry", this literary Vandal insists that his room-mate, a surprisingly normal soul despite his environment, remain perfectly silent in the room at all times. Noting that his room-mate seemed to be experiencing a period of literary sterility on one occasion, the more normal of the two, assuming that this would be the end of his room-mate's poetic butchery, gave vent to his feelings in joyous cheers for which he was carpingly castigated by that Genseric of poetry with whom he shares his room. Our normal friend, who speaks with a strange twang, sat remorsefully at his desk and wrote the following stanzas:

Now my room-mate, George, implies,
That I'm making too much noise,
As he hammers out his strange poetic style;

But, in truth, this is a lie,
For my cries are shouts of joy,
When I see he profits little from his toil.

—B. Webster Corner '51.

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The C.O.T.C. instructor was leading his class through the maze of Military Science and Officer Cadet Rooney was becoming, to say the very least, extremely bored. As he gazed out the open door the figure of Lieutenant C. G. Callaghan caught his eye. As Bun hurried by he yawned mightily. Suddenly O. C. Rooney raised his hand and spoke: "Sir, I think you're being overheard on the corridor."

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What follows was submitted by a professional punster, who, of late, has been confined to an insane asylum with an incurable occupational neurosis. It is dedicated to all

those who, with Mr. O'Grady, hold that the pun is the most sparkling form of wit.

A professor of Greek tore his suit and took it to a tailor named Acidopolus, from Athens. Mr. Acidopolus examined the suit, and asked, "Euripides?"

"Yes," said the professor, "Eumendes?"

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Two French boys from the Commercial classes were thumbing a ride to town one Thursday when they were picked up by one of the local priests. During the course of their conversation their transportational benefactor queried: "You boys are Art students?" to which one of the novices of spoken English promptly replied: "Oh, no, Father. We're both French Canadians."

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Tom McGaugh and Pat Sullivan visited a museum during the summer vacation. The two students of High School History were puzzled by a card, affixed to a mummy, which read: "B.C. 1500". They argued for a few moments and finally Pat dogmatically stated: "Don't show your ignorance, McGaugh; it's obviously the number of the car that ran him down."

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The French students report that one of the biggest difficulties that they encounter in their attempt to become fluent in English is the task of finding a conversation opener. Andre Lambert, however, overcame this difficulty with ease. Shortly after his arrival at S. D. U., on being introduced to a young lady in Charlottetown, Andre took a long draw on his cigarette and anticipatigly asked the young lady: "How do you like living in Canada?" The result was miraculous.

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Of late the Creative Writing Club lost one of its most prolific poets. Miss Roche, a paragon of humility, sent to the remaining members of that literary tribune, on her departure, the following lament:

ON MY EXODUS

I have come to the conclusion,
That I suffered a delusion,
When I thought I might succeed at writing verse.

I've tried to use my wit,
But the doggerel that I've writ,
As you can plainly see is getting worse.

—KATHERN '51.

Broken hearted at the thought of losing this budding poetess, and desirous of paying her a fitting tribute, the Creative Writing Club submitted the following verses for publication.

TO KATHERN ON HER EXODUS

Having read your artless verse,
We agree—it's getting worse,
Though we didn't have much time to scrutinize;

But your logical conclusion,
Should drive you to seclusion,
Why not turn your mystic mind to swatting flies?
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Following the example of the seniors, the boys of second Dalton conduct a "Who Am I" contest weekly. The following are the clues to three of their mystery men.

I come from the hills of Sixty-five,
I attend all the dances to learn to jive;
I have feet like a horse but can hop like a toad,
I'm in love with a co-ed from Souris Line Road.
Who Am I?

I'm a blond-haired lover from Cardigan Bay,
I'm a talented goalie the hockey fans say;
I've given my ring to some charming young skate,
Whose name might be Helen or Ellen or Kate.
Who Am I?

Of conceit or of pride I haven't a taint,
Some think I'm a barber—but really I ain't;
I have long wavy hair and an aquiline nose,
And I live for a damsel—by name—Margaret Rose.
Who Am I?

The contestants who named Moses Coady as the mystery man of the first set of clues won a ten years supply of sealing wax. On naming Eugene Sullivan as the mystery man of the second riddle a lucky contestant won for himself the controlling share in Amalgamated Garbage Can Inc. and the lucky contestant who named 'Bugs' Kilbride as the man of mystery corresponding to the third set of clues won the keys to the Canadian mint.
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In closing we would like to leave you with a thought which Shakespeare beautifully expressed in his **Paradise Lost**: "A man's a man for a' that."
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Prince of Wales College "Times" please copy.