

NONSENSE AVENUE

Another effort we make here to please
Our readers with some humour old and new.
Some are the gems we've gleaned from other sources,
And liking these we pass them on to you.

Murnaghan: "I have been trying to think of a word
for two weeks."

MacKenna: "How about 'fortnight'?"

Hessian (bawling out Pearl): "Why don't you turn
yourself in for rubber salvage, you heel?"

Prof. (after explaining problem at the black-board):
"Now, watch the board closely, and I'll go through it again."

Sergeant: "Where is the point of balance of your
rifle?"

MacTague: "This is all they gave me, sir."

Martin: "You know it is the law of gravity that keeps
us on the earth."

Hennessey: "What kept us here before they passed
the law?"

A dark lady's reply to Pete's flattery

It's mighty, mighty sweet of you
To say that I'm a saint
A timid violet drenched with dew.
'Cause, honeychile—I ain't.

MacAdam: "May I have some lard?"

Grocer: "Pail?"

MacAdam: "Mother didn't say what color."

Steele had just returned from the country and was relating his experiences to Hessian. ". and I saw a man making a horse."

Hessian: "You're crazy."

Steele: "I did too. When I saw him, he was nearly finished; he was just nailing on the hind feet."

"Laugh that one off," said the fat man's wife, as she wired a button on his vest.

Officer: "So you're complaining of finding soil in your soup?"

Private Cyr: "Yes, sir."

Officer: "Did you join the army to serve your country or to complain about the soup?"

Private Cyr: "To serve my country sir, not to eat it."

—*Argosy*

English Prof: "What is the meaning of the word 'equinox'?"

Steele: "Half horse and half ox."

Dinner Guest: "Will you pass the nuts, professor?"

Absent-minded Prof: "I suppose I shall, but I really should flunk most of them."

Usher: "Seat in the Orchestra, sir?"

Sheep MacG: "No, I don't play an instrument."

Prof: "I am dismissing the class ten minutes early today. Please go out quietly so as not to waken the other classes."

Cry had been trying in vain to hit the target. He was given five more rounds and told to try again. The result was the same. The O. C. who was standing by said, "Why don't you fix bayonet and charge?"

Prof. (angrily): "Well, why don't you answer, 'yes' or 'no'?"

O'Shea: "I shook my head, Sir."

Prof: "Do you expect me to hear the rattle from the back of the room?"

"The garbage man is here, sir."

Absent-minded Prof: "My ! My ! Tell him we don't want any today."

—*Aquinian*

Two golfers, strangers to each other, met while playing on the golf links.

"See the girl over there wearing slacks?" said one. "Imagine her parents allowing her to appear in clothes like that. Just copying men's clothing."

"That, sir, is my daughter," replied the other."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you were her father."

"I'm not. I'm her mother."

—*Challenger*

Doctor: "What would you do if you had no ears."

Kent MacD: "I wouldn't be able to see."

Doctor: "How's that?"

Kent: "My hat would drop down over my eyes."

Up to sixteen Pee-Wee was a boy scout. Now he is a girl scout.

Patient: "There seems to be something wrong with my brain. I don't seem to be able to concentrate."

Doctor: "Here is a prescription. Call back in a week for an examination."

Three weeks later the patient had not returned.

Doctor (phoning): "Why did you not call back as directed?"

Patient: "I don't need a brain now. I am a lieutenant in the C. O. T. C."

Mrs Easley: "I am going to enter my dog in the show this year."

Mrs Harder: "Do you think he'll win?"

Mrs Easley: "No, but he'll meet a lot of nice dogs."

Owen Sharkey (to waitress): "Do you serve crabs here?"

Waitress: "Yes, we serve anyone; order please?"

MacIvor: "Are you the waitress who took my order?"

Waitress: "Yes, sir."

MacIvor: "H'm, still looking well I see. How are your grandchildren?"

He: "Will you marry me?"

She: "Yes."

Long silence.

She: "Well, why don't you say something?"

He: "I've said too much already."

Strauss MacGuigan is looking forward to owning a summer resort which he intends to call "Sleeping Inn."

Pluto: "So that's your new suit! Isn't it a bit loud?"

Pete Rossiter: "Yes, but I intend to wear a muffler with it."

A man was passing a speakesay when a figure hurtled out of the door and landed in the gutter.

A small fellow picked himself up and said angrily to the passer-by: "They think they can get away with that! I'll throw everyone of them out! You stay here and count."

In went the little man.

A moment later a body landed in the gutter.

"One," counted the passerby.

"No, it's me again," said the little man.

Definitions

Flirtation—Paying attention without intention.

Detour—The roughest distance between two points.

Genius—One who can do almost anything except make a living.

Love Letters—The stocks and bonds of a gold-digger.

Echo—The only thing that can cheat a woman out of a last word.

Monologue—A conversation between a man and his wife.

Intelligibility—A doctor's prescription written in the rumble seat of a second-hand Ford.

Modern Man—One who is a wonder to himself, a Romeo to some other woman, and a sap to his wife.

O'Neil (stopping a young lady in the street and looking into her eyes): "Pardon me, Miss, but are you a school teacher?"

"No, Sir," replied the young lady.

"I'm sorry," said O'Neil, "I merely wanted to see your pupils."

Hemphill: "You must feel badly about your best friend running off with your girl?"

Dalziel: "Yes, I'll sure miss him."

Bill had fallen in love with a professor's daughter and asked her to marry him.

"Circumstances," she said, "compel me to decline a marital arrangement with a man of no pecuniary resources."

"Heck!" said Bill, "I don't get you."

She: "That's exactly what I'm trying to explain."

Jean: "They say Jim Murphy is very alert on the dance floor."

Mary: "You said it, he was on my toes all night."

Kent: "Is that your new girl?"

Jim Morris: "No, just the old one painted over."

Patient: "Doc, is there no hope? Am I really going to die?"

Doctor: "I'm afraid so, old fellow."

Patient: "Gosh! that's the last thing I expected to do."

Joe Pitre is so short that if he wore garters, they would choke him.

Butler: "Are you musically minded?"

Strauss MacG: "Well, I don't play second fiddle, if that's what you mean."

I often wonder, as I work,
Will Pee-Wee be a good coal-clerk?
Will Sparrow ever grow a beard?
Will Griffin ever be more weird?
Is Hiawatha Crow or Cree?
If Mamma ever thinks of me.
If 'Frog' and 'She' will ever meet.
Has Roche or Will the bigger feet?
How long will 'Alice' room on third?
What makes the boys give Alf. the bird?
Why Ernie gave up hopes for law?
Has Lannigan a cast-iron-jaw?
If Mort. and Morris will be kin.
Why Murph persists in sleeping in?
If Aylward bought some new Old Chum.
Will Green and Sexton always bum?
Why 'Sheep' is seated in a sty?
Will Burge come back next year, and why?
Some other things I'd like to know,
Such as: Will 'Mabel' get a beau?
But when I learn what I have here,
I'll be to old for more I fear.

—Green

Morris (coming out of Forum): "Cold, dear?"

Elaine: "About to freeze."

Morris: "Want my coat dear?"

Elaine: "No, just one sleeve."

NIGHT IN TOWN

ACT 2

Scene—A Ballroom the next Thursday afternoon

Couples merrily dance and good fellowship glows everywhere

Enter Strauss.

How sweet the sound of gentle prattling feet
Doth fill mine ear, and make me wish that Pete
Were here in all his splendour.
Perchance his sweet ethereal amours of the heart
Bedewed with Time and shot with Cupid's dart
Have overwhelmed him, and left him shaken and
dismay'd.
O love! O bliss! A more pleasant thing could
scarce
Be wished—O love! O bliss!
Ah! Ah! Is that a mirage I see over there,
Or is it Baby Snooks, my damsel fair?
Gee whiz! It's she, all right.
(*Walks toward young lady*)
Good evening little dandelion,
I have not got a dandy line,
When asking you to dance.
I simply say as peasants did of old,
"Let's roll up the carpet and shake the dust off
our feet."

(*Grabs the damsel, waves to the orchestra, and to the strains of The Blue Danube goes bounding wildly over the floor*).

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter Cactus Pete leaning heavily on blonde's arm. (Amazement on faces of couples as they notice the absence of attendants, viz., Hazel, Eileen, Jean, Camilla, and school girls).

Pete: O woe is me, I'm sick and sore of heart
And though 'tis said the best of friends must part,
I cannot leave the sweet loves of my youth
Without a tear.
Gone is the dove I met on Market Square,
Eileen, Camilla, Jean, and Hazel fair.
E'en so it is in nature;
The gentle rose that sits amid the thorns
Forsakes its pointed chair and leaves a growth
Akin to lowly cactus.
(*To Blonde*) O golden daughter of a son of Mars
Look out at yonder glittering stars
And tell me if they hold a note of promise.

Blonde (*gazing through window at constellations*):
You have quite an end in view, I see.

Pete: Please!!

Blonde (*turning from window*):
Come dear old Pete, and let your poise and grace
Be manifest to all.

(*Holds out hand to Peter who bows almost to the floor. Suddenly a dreadful, sickening sound is heard as of the tearing of cloth. Terror spreads over the face of Cactus Pete*)

Pete: O, m' gosh!

Blonde: What bothers you, my sweet?

Pete: Let us sit down and watch the dancers swing.
I have no wish for any other thing—
If I could leave 'twould please me.

I'm torn 'tween duty to you, gentle love, and honour,

And torn in other places too.

(*Aside*) Could I bring suit against the man who made this suit,

'Twould suit me fine. (*Sits carefully down*)

(*To blonde*): Ah! This is better.

Look at those whirling figures on the floor;

Regard the idle throng at yonder door;

Look up, look down, look anywhere, but PLEASE

Don't look at me.

See yonder Strauss and lady as they leap;

Methinks Bo-Peep has found her long lost sheep;

And is he sheepish!

Oh! There goes someone holding fast to Fran,

And, by my troth, as sure as I am Pete

'Tis dear old Duke, the owner of those feet

Which spell defeat for every two step.

Shift not thy gaze from yonder crowd,

For there goes cunning Gyp MacLeod,

Master of weights and measures far too short,

A merchant of the dubious sort

Who'll sell at an outrageous sum

Sweet lime and lemon—e'en bubble gum

Upon the Sabbath.

Behold the Rain-Bird, and her he has in tether;

Birds of a feather surely flock together.

His wing is clipped, he finds it hard to dance,

Yet, moves so softly as though in a trance,

Befixed by limped eyes of love.

But hark! What's this?

(*Wailing sounds are heard—enter attendants of Cactus Pete, viz., Hazel, Eileen, Jean, Camilla, all dressed in mourning*)

Chorus: O cursed be our lot this day,
Dear Cactus Pete has gone his way;
O woe, O woe, O woe, woe, woe, (Whoa, this is
getting monotonous).

Pete (*desperately to blonde*):

O sweet, dear, tender bud so fair and true,
Please promise me at once that you
Will be my partner at the Prom.
I bet two dollars last week with a friend
That you and I together would attend.
And in the name of all the good I've met
I SURE DON'T WANT TO LOSE THAT
BET.

—CURTAIN—

NOTE— The names and characters used in this play are
fictitious, and similarity to persons alive or dead is purely
coincidental.

—F. A. Brennan

