

## Nonsense Avenue

Oh Muse,  
Give us wit to please the throng.  
Oh Muse,  
Hath ever any editor done Thee wrong?  
Gentle breath of yours our sails  
Must fill, or else our project fails.  
We are in bondage, corny we.  
Let your indulgence set us free.  
Oh Muse, reply.

\* \* \* \*

As time, the careless laundryman, shrinks many happenings of the year into the past, little lantern slides of memory flashing across our mental screens bring back many of these happenings. Of course by the time this issue reaches you, (if indeed it ever does), Moses will have asked his usual number of girls for a date for the Prom. Speaking of Prom dates, here's how two of our creative masterminds thought to help Dick Wedge get a date.

(We overheard Dick practising this created work with his echo.)

Presenting:  
FLOPERETTA  
Written by (?)  
and (?)

Comedy-Romance ending in tragedy

(Air - - - SADDLE BOIL BLUES)

Dick—Patricia, mysterious nymph, declare  
Of what you're made and what you are - - -  
Echo ..... "Air!"

Dick—My sweet fairy queen enthroned so high,  
Come, tell me where it is you lie - - -  
Echo ..... "You lie!"

Dick—How can I Wynne you honey  
Into the bonds of matrimony?  
Echo ..... "Money!"

Dick—Answer me if it be so,  
Tell me, for I want to know - - -

Echo ..... "No!"

Dick—For queens are far between and few,  
And soon it will be my debo - - -

Echo ..... "Boo!"

Dick—I entreat you, fairy queen to the Prom with me,  
For I am woe begone - - -

Echo ..... "Begone!"

Dick—Have I not a manly brow?  
Are my teeth not white as pearl—as snow?

Echo ..... "Ass no!"

Dick—But come, you saucy pert romancer,  
Whom shall Max take? well sir, answer.

Echo ..... "Ann, sir!"

Dick—Patricia, you lie but cannot deceive me.  
Your eyes eclipse the stars believe me - - -

Echo ..... "Leave me!"

Dick—Say to me if you will go,  
come, answer me more apropos - - -

Echo ..... "Poh! Poh!"

Finis endus terminus finalus stoppus curtainus.

\* \* \* \*

We heard that Bill McIsaac failed Accounting (I) because he defined assets as little donkeys.

\* \* \* \*

While Father Arsenault was arranging material in the reading room for an art display, Moses Coady walked up to him and pointing to a picture said, "And this, I suppose, is one of those hideous caricatures you call modern art?"

"No," replied Fr. Arsenault, "that's a mirror."

\* \* \* \*

Junior McCarron and his roommate were discussing the merits of the speeches after the election rally:

Paddy:—How long did John Trainor speak?

Junior:—About an hour and a half.

Paddy:—And what was it all about?

Junior (icily):—He didn't say.



Basil Campbell always puts about six spoonfuls of sugar in his tea and then drinks the tea without stirring it. Noticing this, Earl Handrahan asked, "Why don't you stir it?" Regarding him coldly, Basil replied, "Who likes it sweet?"

\* \* \* \*

The Rector and the Bursar were discussing what they would like to do in their old age.

Rector: "I would like to be superintendent of an orphanage. Then I wouldn't get any letters from parents."

Bursar: "I have a much higher ambition. I want to be warden of a penitentiary, because the alumni never come back to visit."

\* \* \* \*

A senior student got himself into hot water at a dance shortly after Easter while the Teachers' Convention was being held in town. That's all right "Whistler"; the appearance of an old flame has caused many an explosion.

\* \* \* \*

Gene Kenny (at social): "I love to dance—dancing is in my blood."

Anne: "You must have poor circulation; it hasn't got down to your feet yet."

\* \* \* \*

Fr. McGuigan: "What was the former ruler of Russia called Mr. Shea?"

Len Shea—"Tsar".

Fr. McG.—"Correct. And what was his wife called?"

Len—"Tsarina."

Fr. McG.—(Smugly closing in for the kill)—"What were their children called?"

Len—"Tsardines".

Fr. McG.—? ? ?

\* \* \* \*

Someone has said that silence is golden. If this is true, Eugene Mooney will never be arrested for hoarding.

\* \* \* \*

A wise old owl lived in an oak;  
The more he saw the less he spoke;  
The less he spoke the more he heard:  
Why can't we all be like that bird?

Unknown.

\* \* \* \*

Aquinas Ryan smokes impromptu cigarettes; he picks them up as he goes along.

Bill McIsaac let us in on the secret of 'Chuck' Monaghan's success with the fairer sex:

Chuck:—I'd go to the ends of the world if you asked me, babe.

Elsie:—Yes, but would you stay there?

Don't worry 'Chuck'; love beats its tattoo on every lover's pocketbook.

\* \* \* \*

Patricia McGinn came home fifteen minutes late one night to find that she was locked out. Her chivalrous Freshman lover lifted her up to a second storey window. As a result of this, Pat lost a few permissions. Don't feel too badly; you might get out for the Prom.

Hi diddle diddle

Cat and the fiddle,

Co-eds take warning from she.

Let love and its tide

Never keep you outside;

So always remember to take the door key.

\* \* \* \*

Kay:—What shape is the earth?

Stella:—I dunno.

Kay:—What kind of earrings do you wear?

Stella:—Square ones.

Kay:—No I mean the ones you wear on Sunday.

Stella:—Round.

Kay:—Then, what shape is the earth?

Stella:—Square on week-days and round on Sundays.

\* \* \* \*

Lee Shea (at cadet training)—Shall I mark time with my feet father?

Fr. Cass:—Look here laddie. Did you ever hear of marking time with your hands?

Shea:—Yes, father, clocks do it.

\* \* \* \*

At the begininng of the year Allan MacDonald seemed to be rather slow in throwing himself into his studies. During an interview the Rector asked him: "Ah, dear MacDonald, just what is your attitude towards St. Dunstan's?"

"Well, father," replied Al, "I like it pretty well; but isn't there a little too much fussing around between meals?"

\* \* \* \*

Mr. O'Grady to Dave Kinch): This essay on THE DOG is exactly the same as your brother's.

Dave:—Yes, sir; same dog.



EASY ESSAY  
by  
URBIE  
**COLLEGE BRED**

Wad of dough  
Plenty of crust  
A lot of crumbs  
Gathered together  
For a good loaf.

\* \* \* \*

Adelbert:—I have a pet pig. I call him Waterman.

'Porky':—Is that his real name?

Adelbert:—No, that's his pen name.

\* \* \* \*

The canteen manager wished to have a Spring Clearance Sale, so he posted the following sign:

**MAMMOTH ONE CENT SALE**  
**COAT HANGER AND CIGARETTE LIGHTER**

Given away for **ONLY ONE CENT**

With each five-dollar purchase.

Fr. Roche was the only one who bit and when he made the required five-dollar purchase, he was presented with a nail and a match.

\* \* \* \*

When Simeon Farmer wrote his 'M' test for entrance to the C.O.T.C., one of the questions was: Are you joining to get a commission? No, answered, Sim, I just want the reg'lar pay.

\* \* \* \*

In letters large upon this frame,  
That visitors may see,  
Are placed the Editors humble names,  
That they may homaged be.

And we hope across the campus wide,  
The critics with a yell  
Will say: "These writing Irishmen  
Have done their duty well."

\* \* \* \*

(Muse's reply) Here lie the Humor Editors  
Here let them lie.  
Now they're at rest.  
And so am I.