

❀ NONSENSE AVENUE ❀

To a dear friend, who wielded last year's pen,
We dedicate this wit however poor;
We cannot hope to reach the heights of Ken,
But smile at least and we'll not ask for more.

"The most common and destructive ISM in the world today," claims Cameron, "is criticism."

Freshman: "Have you got 'An Idea of a University'?"
Seabiscuit (looking at wrecked room): "I certainly have."

Jean: "How did Linus do in his exams?"
Eileen: "He made 100 per cent."
Jean: "My! How did he make such high marks?"
Eileen: "He made 50% in history and 50% in commercial."

J. E. Green (at his first foot-ball game): "Who is this Rah they are all cheering for?"

By the time the average college boy of today succeeds accumulating the horsehide, the pigskin, the minkskin and finally the sheepskin, poor father hasn't much hide left.

Chem. Prof.: "What takes place when water becomes ice?"

Cyr: "The price changes."

Prefect: "How long have you and Allan roomed together?"

Rain Bird: "Two years."

Prefect: "Well, its about time you swept the floor."

Definition from Latin exam.

"Patres Conscripti was a name given to old men who used to write the scriptures long ago. This is used in Cicero."

Epitaph

In memory of our father: "Gone to join his appendix, his tonsils, his olfactory nerve, his kidneys, his eardrum, and a leg prematurely removed by a hospital surgeon who craved experience."

McIsaac: "What part did Pee-Wee play on the football team?"

Aylward: "He was back."

McIsaac: "Back?"

Aylward: "Yeah, the drawback."

Snodgrass: "Do you like babies."

Smitty: "Yes, especially those born fourteen years ago."

Chesty (staring at plate): "Waitress, this plate is wet."

Waitress: "That's your soup."

Everytime Landrigan hears a clap of thunder he runs to the window to take a bow.

He was so hen-pecked he cackled in his sleep.

Hotel Proprietor: "Did you enjoy your sleep?"

Muzzy Delano: "Yes, except for a dead bed-bug."

H. Prop: "How could a dead bed-bug disturb you?"

Muzzy: "He couldn't, but his friends surely gave him a rough funeral."

Lady (at a Seance): "I want to speak to my departed husband."

Spiritualist: "Why?"

Lady: "He died before I finished telling him what I thought of him."

Prowse: "How could S. D. U. help the war effort?"

MacLeod: "Send Jim Murphy to Germany to devour the food supply."

Mortimer (to newsboy): "Give me a 'Sun'."

Newsboy: "Whaddya think I am, the Stork?"

LaFrance: "I think Brennan is silly."

Rah Cyr: "Why?"

LaFrance: "He thinks a football coach has four wheels."

Rah: "Isn't that stupid! By the way how many has it?"

A fellow in College named Breeze,
Was weighed down by B. A.'s and M. D's.
He collapsed with the strain,
Said the doctor, "Tis plain,
Your killing yourself by degrees."

Linus: "She has a beautiful pair of eyes, her skin has the glow of a peach, her cheeks are like apples, and her lips like cherries—that's my girl!"

Sock: "That ain't no girl. That's a fruit salad."

We're one big happy family,
In the study hall we dwell
With Father Dick upon the throne
And O'Brien at the bell.

Two sparrows nest within our midst;
A stork, a frog, a crow;
And little Hiawatha,
With a pool cue for a bow.

Romeo Roache, the ladies man,
Who never breaks a date;
And every night he goes to town,
He comes in one hour late.

And yet another, James the Less.
Is quite a Lochinvar
He falls for every girl in town,
And loves them from afar.

Our good French friend, Monsieur Boulay,
Perhaps you've never met.
He's the guy that paid six bucks
For a darned old crystal set.

Our lofty friend, Big Willie,
Is six foot two or more;
He has to travel on his knees
When he goes through a door.

These are just a few of us;
The rest are just as bad,
I hope that no one takes a slam
The wrong way, and gets mad.

We would like to know:

How MacKenna teaches chauffering in three easy lessons.

How Pee-Wee came to be waiting on the faculty table.

How Pearl happened to get two tries in football this Fall.

Why O'Brien isn't given a table by himself in the refectory.

How Casgrain got a date.

Why the Rain-bird gets sore playing basket-ball.

Why K. Murphy can't mind his own business.

When Landrigan will take over the English class.

When Muzzy intends to take charge of C. O. T. C.

What makes Joe J. so shy.

Why Bill MacGuigan gets so much fun out of the Joy of the Town.

If Whalen is still under the door step.

Why Strauss wears the martyred look at table.

Why Bragoli doesn't use a shovel to eat.

If H. Gaudet carries a vanity case.

How Smith came to know Simpson.

If Don is still doing Fairley well.

Which got the biggest scare, Father Cass or the duck.

If Allan still holds on to that Bee.

If Cork-leg Morris will become a Porter again next summer.

When Hemphill became a student of Law.

Why Steele doesn't enjoy his Religion classes.

If O'Shea said, "roomy or Rooney."

Why there are no cracks on Malachias in this issue.

M. O'Brien: "This mathematics should be explained in such a way that the most stupid student can understand it."

Prof: "What part is not clear to you Mr. O'Brien?"

Butler: "Jerry's moustache made me laugh."

Fran: "It tickled me too."

The Duke: "I say-er- are you dancing this one?"

Maggie, a wall-flower (hopefully): "Why, no!"

The Duke: "Then would you mind holding my cigarette while I dance? I can't find a place to put the beastly thing."

The absent-minded professor and his wife had been invited out to lucheon. As usual he was making his share of blunders. Finally, when they were seated together she nudged him and whispered: "James, where are your manners?"

He: "Why, Martha, they must be in the wash, I'm sure I changed them this week."

Dalziel: "Sir, er-that is- I would like to-er-, that is, I mean, I have been going with Phyllis for two years. . . .

Her Father: "Well, whaddya want, a pension?"

Hemphill: "I would like to marry your daughter."

Father: "Well sir, you can leave your name and address, and if nothing better turns up, we can notify you."

Smithy: "Casgrain is a marvelous conversationalist."

Nancy: "Yes, he uses more meaningless words to say less about nothing."

Daddy long-legs all alone,
Luring flies into your home;
Little flies that do no wrong,
But buzz around the whole day long.
Mamma fly is worried sad,
Waiting for her little lad.
Her little lad whose name is Eb,
Lies tangled in a spider's web.

Flies have feelings, and they cry
For their children when they die.
So daddy long-legs think of this
And you will never go amiss.
Would you like it if some beast
Used you for a royal feast?
"No, I wouldn't, you may say,
Then let the poor fly go his way.

Another News Flash—

It's thought that Pete Rossiter may give up his studies in order to take up a steady position with a local farmer.



Alas ! by some degree of woe, we every bliss must gain,
The heart can ne'er a transport know, that never feels a
pain.

—Lord Lyttleton

He that loveth a book will never want a faithful
friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, and
effectual comforter.

—Isaac Barrow

Without a purpose what were life?
Eating, sleeping, toil and strife.

Patriotism calls for the faithful and conscientious
performance of all the duties of citizenship in matters
small as well as great at home as well as upon the tented
field.

—W. J. Bryan