

❁ NONSENSE AVENUE ❁

We editors may dig and toil,
Till our finger tips are sore,
But some poor fish is sure to say—
I've heard that joke before.

And those we serve make us so mad
We sometimes wish they'd croak;
Not one will stop to realize
He is the world's best joke.

McInnis — "A hypocrite is a guy who goes to class with a smile on his face."

Farmer — "I never saw such a season. My corn wasn't an inch high!

Count — "An inch? Why the sparrows had to kneel down to eat my uncle's."

"That last little thing was charming," said the gushing Murnaghan. "I loved its wild abandon. Was it your own composition?"

"No, my dear Mr. Murnaghan," scowled Bucking Sam, "I was putting a new string on my fiddle."

Hessian — "I can't go to class today, Sir."

Prof. — "Why?"

Hessian — "I don't feel well."

Prof. — "Where don't you feel well?"

Hessian — "In class."

A scientist declares that many animals laugh. They could hardly help it if they observed people closely.

Griffith had a little lamb,
A lobster and some prunes,
A glass of milk, a piece of pie,
And then some macaroons;
It made the haughty waiters grin
To see him order so;
And when they carried Griffith out
His face was white as snow.

Rector — "How do you know the fellows who stole your car were professionals?"

Fr. Oz. — "Because no amateur could have started it."

A High School student translated "Pax in Bello," as Freedom from indigestion.

Porky — "If I serve my country, I'll join the air force and fight sitting down."

Coady, unable to find bacteria under the microscope, removes the slide to see what they look like.

Dopey — "Will the anesthetic make me sick?"

Doctor — "No, I think not."

Dopey — "How long will it be before I know anything?"

Doctor — "Aren't you expecting too much of an anesthetic?"

The end of one of Horgan's stories:

"And," continued John Horgan, "when he would not give me the money, I hollered so loud that the False Count who was standing near me began to blink.— and he has been blinking ever since."

For latest wrestling holds apply to Len Burke— McCarey will soon be ineligible for junior hockey. He is almost a man now— "It pays to keep smiling," says Leo Rossiter, "for it is likely to mean my bread and butter."

They say the False Count wears his hockey shin-pads to town. Dogs teeth are sharp and so are the toes of girls' shoes— Tarzan lived with the apes, yet Squirt left first corridor—They say Polly grew an inch this winter. Sweeping is good exercise eh?—Joe Maher is teaching ballet dancing to Pete to improve his physique.— “Too late now,” says Billy Biceps, “I have her.” —The mice have left Porky's clothes closet and are seeking nest material in O'Shea's hair— The Forum management has not yet received payment for the boards broken by a wild red steer,— First Corridor Goon has hibernated for the winter to live on his fat.— Why go to a show when you can ask Sock or Malachias about it? —Any man who can eat twelve pancakes is not sick. What did you say McGrath? —Big Aylward wants to know how he can be funny.

History Prof.— “Tell me, why did Hannibal cross the Alps?”

Big Aylward — (maliciously grinning at his neighbor)
“For the same reason that the hen crossed the road.
You can't catch me with any of those riddles.”

At a poker game Burke showed four aces.
McCarey (reaching for a water pitcher) “That ain't the hand I dealt you.”

You can tell a civilized country. It's one where people kill the birds and then spend millions to fight insects.

“Father, what is a rare volume?” asked Horgan. It's a book that comes back within two weeks,” replied the librarian.

D. Gorman — “When is a joke not a joke?”
Cameron — “Usually”

Some men wake up and find themselves famous, but
most of us just wake up and find ourselves late.

Regan — "Waiter, take this coffee away. It's like mud."
Waiter — "Well, it was ground this morning."

The alarm clock went off with a ring. The False Count woke up with a start and sprang out of bed with a bound.

"My, it's a foggy morning," he exclaimed. But he discovered to his delight that he had set his clock wrong and had still two hours of blessed sleep.

He did not return to bed at once. He slipped on his shoes and dressing jacket, crept out of his room and tip-toed along the corridor. He stopped before door number 10 and banged it lustily with his knuckles.

"Confound it," groaned a voice smothered in sheets. "Time to get up?" "No, you've two hours," replied the Count. "Two hours!" exclaimed the smothered voice angrily. "Then why on earth have you wakened me?" "Why, to warn you," observed the False One as he retreated: "for I made the same mistake myself."

My, soul, be on thy guard.
Ten thousand foes arise,
Including sinkers boiled in lard
And many kinds of pies.
Oh watch and fight each day
Around the dinner hour.
A second helping paves the way
For Satan's awful power.
Wouldst thou be free from sin?
Thine eager lips avert
From over much of protein
And any rich dessert.

Or worthy lives restored
And they that have the will
To quit the wicked festal board
A little hungry still.

One of Corcoran's brain waves:

If you do not hear any noise and see someone, it's
Fr. MacGuigan. If you hear a lot of noise and do not see
anyone, it's Polly Landry.

History Prof — "Who was Charlemagne?"
Powers — "A has-been"

THE GRACEFUL DOCTOR

You've all heard of figure skating, I know;
One moment its fast, and the next its quite slow,
Well, till I had seen it I thought it was nice,
And that it was done with skates on the ice.

Last evening however, I happened to see
Dr. Cyr starting out on a figuring spree,
His intentions at first were not known to me, so
I can picture only but part of the show.

As zero (0) he drew the attention of all
Of some, as he showed figure one (1) by the wall,
When he on his knees soon alarmed quite a few,
'Twas plain to be seen he was acting a two (2).

Then up he got calmly, rose up on one knee,
And set us to gaze in amazement at three (3)
Yet he came back to normal, and cool as the floor,
Redoubled our laughter by forming a four (4).

The next one was famous, and though he's alive,
He was for a minute an actual five (5);
Yet hard as it was he was (6) six in a trice
With his feet in the air, and himself on the ice.

And now to our sorrow, the show was all o'er
We wish he had counted to (50) or more,
'Twas hard acrobatics, so he's not to blame
That he sits on a chair with some plush on the same.

THE HUMOR EDITOR

If you see a humor editor, who pleases everybody,
there will be a glass plate over his face and he will not be
standing up.

