

NONSENSE AVENUE

We want you all to read this chaff
Which happily seems unkempt
If no joke really makes you laugh
Then . . . don't laugh.

Pat Poirier: "Is there no succor for me."

Vince MacIntyre: "Wait, I'm coming."

Mr. Arsenault: "What is a vacuum?"

Patsy: "Er . . . er . . . I can't express it, but I've got it in my head."

L. Hickey: "Thinking of me dearest?"

Jackie C.: "Was I laughing? I'm sorry."

Daly: (looking at Giraffe) "Some neck."

Mary C.: "I don't."

O'Brien: "Did you hear the Scotch football yell?"

Harris: "No, what is it?"

O'Brien: "Get that quarterback, get that quarterback."

Roberts: "Why does Lorne MacGuigan smoke only cigarette butts."

Kane: "People don't throw away whole cigarettes."

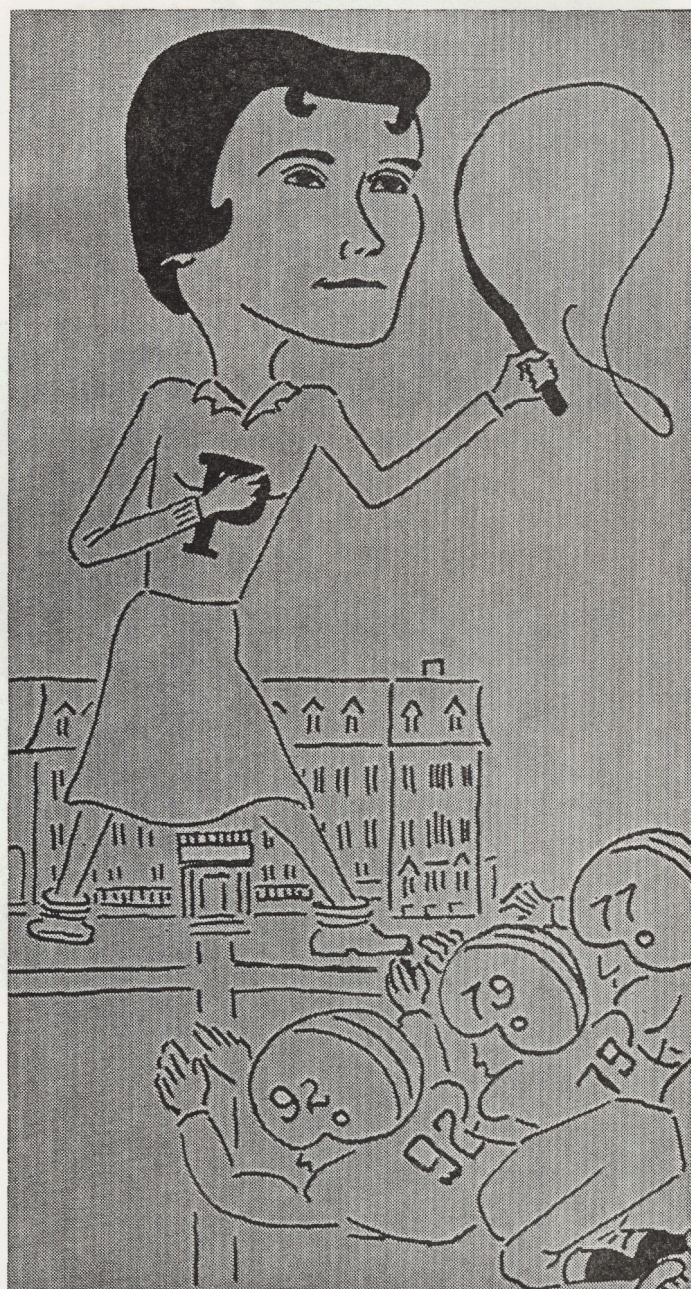
Oscar: "Did you make these biscuits with your own little hands?"

Arlene: (happily) "Why, yes dear."

Oscar: "Well, who in blazes helped you lift them out of the oven."

Father Sullivan: (Talking to Father Ellsworth in Biology I lab.) "How many are working in this lab Father?"

Father Ellsworth: (coldly) "None of them."



THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR
(— BUT I WON'T RUN FOR PRES.)

Tingley pulls off something big every night—his shoes

Ambiguity—MacGuigan was sitting with his feet sprawled over the aisle chewing gum, when the professor asked him to take the gum out and put his feet in—possibility.

Ron: "Are you fond of dogs?"

Maggie: "If you mean that as a proposal you had better ask Dad."

Dick: "May I kiss you?"
(Nothing but silence)

Dick: "May I please kiss you?"
(More silence)

Dick: "Say, are you deaf?"

Marian: "No, are you paralyzed?"

After a very thorough examination the army doctor eyed the very tall and thin recruit in silence.

"Well, doctor" said Bushey, "how do I stand?"

"God knows," replied the M.O., "It's a miracle."

Ozon: "Do you want me to open my mouth any wider?"

Dentist: "Oh-no—I've decided to work on your teeth while standing outside."

Bob King: "What's the big idea, wearing my new raincoat?"

Creamer: "Well, you wouldn't want your new suit to get wet, would you?"

Father Kelly was calling the roll and, although the full quota of students was obviously not present, there was a reply to each name. Toward the end of the roll, however, there was a strange silence after the calling of one name. Father Kelly waited patiently then asked, "Has this poor boy no friends?"

Bob Fearon says that he will wear the pants in their home—he may, but 'tis thought by some that he will wear an apron over them.

Carl: "Does Catherine dance well?"

Bob Doyle: "She can't dance so well, but boy, how she can intermission."

Father MacLellan: (to Frank Gillis coming into class 5 minutes late.) "Frank, dear, you should have been here five minutes ago."

Frank: "Why? What happened?"

Mullally: "I don't like all these flies."

Louie: "You just pick out the ones that you like and I'll kill all the rest."

Aisle—Alter—Hymn. The thoughts in the mind of every coed who hooks a man.

Considering recent events on the campus—if actions mean anything then the person who stated that the sophomores have the mentality of lawnmowers was probably right.

Engineers Meet The Faculty:

Fr. George: You get that . . . eh . . . get that.

Fr. Roche: I think you'd better try another course.

Mr. Kawaja: Leave us get together on this.

Fr. Cass: I've been here for twenty-two years chappies . . .

Mr. Arsenault: Damn it.

Fr. MacGuigan: Well, anyway . . .

Dr. Murphy: To put it in another way; to say again . .

Mr. Campbell: Where's the party tonight?

Fr. Arsenault: Got a cigarette?

Fr. Cameron: Whaddya know for sure?

Fr. Kelly: All right, punctuality is important.

Fr. Pineau: Want a chocolate?

McGinn: "What did you do with that shirt I left on the desk?"

Barlow: "I sent it to the laundry."

McGinn: "Ye gods, all the philosophy was on the cuffs."