

## NONSENSE AVENUE

Gelatin's a very dangerous substance—so says Professor Tea 'n Tea. It's being used in photography to shoot stars in Hollywood; also to make blood jello; and there's a rumour that it's helpful in dyeing. Oh! Oh! so you think that's a poor way to start this do you? Maybe you'd like to start it yourself. That should give you a headache—it alway's gives us one. By the way, did you know that if it weren't for half the people in the U.S.A. the other half would be all of them. Yes, and furthermore, we were informed the other day by our seekret ehgents that if it weren't for trees there'd be no shade under them! Eiyeee! In conclusion here's our beef about putting out the Humor Section:

If we print jokes, people say we're silly.

If we don't, we're not on the job.

If we print original matter, we're trying to show off.

If we copy from other sources, we're too lazy to be original.

If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.

If we do print them, they say we don't to any work of our own on the section.

Like as not some fellow will say we swiped this from some magazine.—We did.

And so it goes. For a little X-ER-SIGHS, try this for size:

Since this our final is to be,  
We leave for you the year's quiz bee.  
Just join together the big black caps,  
Our sentiments, fellow chaps!\*

\*We tried to work in "chumps", but decided not to steal the word that so rightfully belongs to Art "Moose" MacInnis.



Reg: (sitting in dentist's chair) "Pull my tooth."

Dentist: "Which tooth is it?"

Reg: "Find it yourself—I'm no stool pigeon."

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Mark: "Do you file your nails?"

Jerry: "No, I cut them off and throw them away."

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### CUSS NOAH, ANYWAY

We mortals have to swat and shoo  
The flies from dawn to dark,  
Cause Noah didn't swat the two,  
That roosted in the ark.

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Kelly: "I certainly don't like all those flies."

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

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One hot day last summer Shanna lay down on the sunny side of a tree and fell asleep. Presently a fly lit upon his nose but Shanna did not move. Soon more and more flies joined the first but still our hero slept on. Finally a wasp, seeing the cluster of flies decided to join them on the great Plain below and settled down in their midst. All went well until the wasp, in a sudden vicious mood, stung poor Shanna. Then in a rage he sprang to life and roared. "All right you guys, just for that you'll have all to get off."

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Joe: "Who is that man over there snapping his fingers?"

Moe: "That's a deaf-mute with the hiccoughs."

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### NOW IT CAN BE KNOWN

For the past eight months there have been secret meetings on the campus that have caused a lot of concern to the students. In short this secret can now be told to the public. A group of energetic students have carefully gathered and compiled the following astounding information. Through hard work and ceaseless difficulties they struggled on—we wonder why!



This is the result:

A synonym is a word you use when you can't spell the word you thought you'd use instead of the one you have already used.

An optimist is a man who does a crossword puzzle with a fountain pen.

The sweetest memories in life are the recollections of things forgotten.

A clay pipe has been found to be the handiest for all around use. One convenient feature is that when you drop it, you never have to pick it up.

It is said that everything comes to him that waits. But in the refectory we notice that he who doesn't wait gets his first.

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Kay: "You really ought to come to Georgetown with me next summer. I had a wonderful time there last year. I won a beauty competition."

Peggy: "No, I think I'd rather go to a more crowded place."

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Mother uses cold cream,  
Father uses lather,  
My girl uses powder—  
At least, that's what I gather.

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Professor: "What do you call the little rivers that run into the Nile?"

Moses: "Juveniles."

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"Your car is at the door Father."

Fr. Simpson: "Yes, I hear it knocking."

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Greetinks:—

You heard uf dot 'Bird's-eye view'?? Vell, bubs, I om dot bird. Iss some fonny tings I see wot I tell you here. Ve vill begin to



commence our tail mit dot foolish 'Moses' McInnis. He iss wan queer dock! Last mont' he ates some dot I.S.S. fudge und it has ex-lacks inside. (Hyar—hyar!!) Did dot boy travellate! He also swallowed a dime, but ve don't see no change in heem yet. Und dot Barkis Smitch . . . Kelly pulled wan fonny Aprils fool yoke on heem. Dot Charlie iss some cards trick. Kelly goes in Daltons hall und phones dor Barkis in Memorial. Kelly say into mouths-piece—"Hullo dar! Is dis Smitch?" . . . Barkis say in Father George's mouths-piece . . . "Yaah!" . . . "Vell, diss is dot naval de-pots; answer dese questions if you vant to be a U.N.T.D. . . .". Barkis . . . (Hyar—hyar!) . . . say to heem, "Yaah! I do dot," . . . Den Kelly say "On vat side vould you yump off dat tower in Pisa if de vind she vass blowin' Nor-East??" Smitch—he grunt. Den Kelly shout into dot mouths-piece some more . . . "Hulla dar, vot iss de name of de biggest diamond efer gott?? . . . Dot Barkis vass pretty scairt! "De ace!!" he say. Den dot Kelly say . . . "Boy . . . you iss clueless . . . you hass flunked cold?"

Mine goodness! Dot Kelly iss wan fonny man!

I see some more tings too. Dot 'Aces' Farmer vass doin' some quere stuff. Pete Sullivan hass fell in ice ven he vass vorkin' for dot bursar. Pete vass comin' up for second time ven 'Aces' shouted, "Pete, can I haf your vatch if you don't come up again?" . . . Pete shakes hiss head in the negatiff so 'Aces' feeshes heem oudt but mitoudt no feeshing license! Den dot "Aces" gets put in studies hall for skeepin' rooms. Dot iss wan bad rascals . . . dot 'Aces'. Spiking uf feeshing, I vass oudt last mont' but I didn't get no feesh; I don't belief dot vorm vass efen trying.

Den dere iss dot history book dot dey gave Vally Reids to do for some outsides reading after dot nurses dances . . . 'All afloat' vass de name uf it. Dot must haf been fonny, because eferybody laffed! Dis bird's-eye hass seed some more tings yet! Dot young Josef McIsaac hass been oudt mit dot Marie Kelly . . . Mmmmm! Dere might be a 'go' dere!

Now dis Moses boy iss wan queer nott! (Hyar—hyar!) Wan night dot fella hass no blankets on hiss bed . . . so he sits dere until somebuddy on dot faculty comes und looks for dose dam tings! He gets cold, but he yust sits dere mitoudt no blankets. Dot boy iss a stubborn mule. Dot reminds me uf dot song 'Or vould you like to be a mule' . . . I must tie a knot in mine hand-erchiefs so dot I vill remember dis tune ven I gott home. Und



spiking uf queer notts . . . here iss dot Sanka . . . he say in dot rinks wan time . . . "I em sixteen today mitoudt to be kissed!" Und den wan uf dose co-eds brokes hiss records!! Tch! Tch! Dis vass an outrageness! Dot Sanka! (Hyar—hyar) Und den dere iss wan more fella dot hass been broking hiss record. Dot Cardinal Cameron. He iss wan bod wan! Dot storm—dot beeg snows storm—he tak some beeg pile uf dose nurses home in dot sleigh uf bursars. Spiking uf bursar, I see dot he iss raisin' dose peeys so dot he can make both ends meat. He had some uf dot spring lamb for dinner day behind yesterday; I tink dot I vass chewing on vun uf dose springs! Ah, vell, like I explanationed to mine vife . . . it vill all be same ting in hundred years! Au resevoir!

LOU NATIQUE '81

Bill: "Perhaps I was a little cruel."

Anne: "Yes, you were!"

Bill (surprised): "I wasn't! (pause) Well, look here, I'll sav I was cruel if you'll say I wasn't."

Anne: "Very well, peach blossom, you weren't."

Bill: "Then I'm sorry if I was."

Dom: "Call me a taxi."

Wendell: "O.K. You're a taxi."

Cliff: "You are a druggist?"

Druggist: "Yes."

Cliff: "You have been in business for several years?"

Druggist: "Yes."

Cliff: "It that your diploma?"

Druggist: "Yes."

Cliff: "Then give me a can of tooth powder."

### FACTS FIGURES AND DATES

If you are not aware of the fact that the ball season has begun, then take a look at Charlie Kelly's fingers. Poor Chuck As usual, he is sporting nine badly bruised and deformed digits. Settling the argument over which part of the body Charlie plays with, (his fingers or his head), we have practical proof now that he plays with his fingers. Shanna Francis, who is known to exaggerate the truth on suitable occasions, informs us that although Sadie Hawkins week is still in its early stages, Tom "Hercules" Pendergast has eleven dates up to the present, and Hickey (the elder) is runner-up with nine points. You had better get cracking there Hickey.



Although Vince MacDonald's socks were always something to be avoided, still no one ever suspected that they were dangerous. This is the case however. Only recently did these vile little socks cause such combustion and flame that the boys of Dalton Hall were moving out the furniture and their personal belongings in expectancy of an enormous fire. Billy O'Hanley (Kampus Kid) and "Ace" Farmer, who were recently released from a study hall sentence, have resumed their cribbage competition. Although Farmer hasn't won a game all year he still believes he is the better player, and even today challenges Bill to the best out of 99 games. Billy is not expected to accept the challenge, however, as it is Sadie Hawkins Week, and his engagements with "Sunflower" will occupy most of his time.

Smoky Gallant who was always a sucker for a female, was caught in the act of making a phone call to Montague recently, which sounded like this: "Happy birthday Lorina"—"Oh thank you." "I am sending you a present this evening." "Well, if you are I will have to send it back." "Well, I bought it for you dear and I want you to have it, etc., etc.,—" But Smoky is not one to be discouraged so easily, so he decided to try greener pastures and sought to beat the time of Fox and several others, but flunked in all attempts. You live to learn, I guess, Smoky. "Hoot" Driscoll who was usually thought of as being very punctual in the morning is losing his reputation. Since a recent visit to Cardigan the prefect in M.H. has had much difficulty waking the Old Hoot in the morning. You had better ask him why, Josephine! Yes, things surely can change. Who would ever think that a gentleman of Art McInnis's calibre would have to be reprimanded in religion class for reading a Western Magazine. And Art isn't the only one who is changing. Just today it was found necessary by the Chem. Prof. to give Spic MacKenna, (the Woman Hater), a seat in the back of the class so that he wouldn't have to turn around to look at the co-eds!

The scandal wouldn't be complete without one right off the press. It has been known of late that one "Bun" Callaghan noted Romeo in Ch'town circles and potential Army Officer has been concerning himself with neither Social nor Army interests, but to be diverting his interests to the testing of certain invigorating medicines which are enclosed in "trick" bottles—we have it from first grade sources that this is a secret part of Bun's pre-medical course. We wonder if it is necessary for Chemistry Credit?