

❀ NONSENSE AVENUE ❀

P. F.:—"Where are you going to live when you settle down ?"

Coady:—"Hazelbrook."

P. F.:—"Have you no ambition ?"

Augustine:—"But, sir, my name is not McNeill."

English Prof.:—"By Jove, henceforth when I say McNeill, I mean you, understand ?"

Sixteen stone and two yards round,
 His questions endless he'd propound,
 And weary students sitting round
 Scarce dared to breathe as oft he frowned.
 When he began the desk to pound
 They blanched and cowered at the sound.
 The thump of quaking hearts was drowned
 As those fatal words resound:—
 "Pencil marks there will abound
 When final papers come around.
 But twenty points will not be found
 If lazy Juniors don't expound
 Problems complex and profound."
 And that threat the lecture crowned.

We wonder—

Where was the English Prof, when the lights went out ?

If Polly eats to live or vice versa ?

If Ed Roche still thinks the "Big Apple" is something to eat ?

Where Hazelbrook is ?

Saleslady:—"What sort of a toothbrush do you want?"

Gorman:—"Lemme have a big one—there's a dozen guys on our corridor."

Ronnie MacD.—"Is it true that Florence was upset in a party struggle ?"

History Prof.:—"Mr. Roche, please tell Mr. MacDonald, whether Florence was upset in a party struggle or by a struggle in a party."

TO A SPARROW

The Sparrow sat up in his lowly bed
 To feel fists flying at his head:
 Over him stood the prefect bold,
 The shepherd of that unruly fold.

Said Sparrow in a sleepy voice,
 "Keep on swinging, I have no choice."
 From the brawny prefect, who had smelt some blood,
 "Shut your trap or your name is mud!"

Out of his bed the Sparrow jumped,
 And over towards the prefect stumped:
 Came one hard blow from the prefect bold
 And the Sparrow hit the floor—out cold!

Then the prefect turned without a fear
 And faced the rest with a terrible sneer:
 "If any other dares break the law
 This fist of iron shall test his jaw."

Then a deathly silence filled the place
 And a cringing look spread o'er each face;
 For none so brave in all that bunch
 Dared cross the man with the mighty punch.

A blotter is something you spend your time looking for
 while the ink is drying.

Chief Gill:—"Have you seen my latest literary composition?"

Sap:—"What's it on?"

Sage:—"What's it out of?"

Well-informed sources state that Hogan has galloped
 to the fore in the Derby. It is rumored that Trainor has
 withdrawn.

Books of the Month—

Getting Along With People.....	Prof. of Economics
Assignment in Utopia.....	Jim McCarthy
Parliamentary Procedure.....	Chisholm and Gorman
The Gold Dust Twins.....	Bedard and Gagnon
Political Science.....	The Freshmen

P. F.:—"Hey, Roche, pull in your ears and let me see the ball game."

Jerry:—"You oughta wipe the mud off your shoes before you come in here."

Jack:—"What shoes?"

Abe:—"Yes, the bullet struck my head and went careening off into space."

Jim:—"That's terrible—did they get it out?"

Fran:—"My Scotch boy friend sent me his graduation picture the other day."

Mary:—"That's nice. How does he look?"

Fran:—"I don't know, I haven't had it developed yet."

One sophomore:—"What's wrong with Joe Mahar lately?"

Another sophomore:—"Looks as if he had an overdose of QUININE!"

On-looker:—"Why don't you put out a decent magazine while your at it?"

Editor:—"Have you any ideas or suggestions?"

On-looker:—"Who? Me? Heck no, I don't go in for that sort of thing."

