

Scotch College Lad— And Mary, since we are busted up, please mail my picture to Miss Sally O'Reilly, 1422 Coumbus St., Center, Ohio.

You went to a girl's school didn't you?

Yes.

Why were you kicked out?

For waisting my time.

Under—Why do you always sit and think?

Wood—Oh, I'm just sitting.

Why in hell are you running up and down that curb with that tape measure?

Just to make certain I'm more that twenty-five feet from that fire hydrant.



"And please tell me, Prometheus; what is a city-slicker?"

"A fellow who can tell you where to buy your liquor and how much to pay for it and then tells you how to dispose of it, Allister."



"Hello, what's your name?"

"Watt."

EPITAPHY

Here lies the body of Julius Jay
Who died defending his right of
way.

He was undoubtedly right as he
sped along,
But he's just as dead as if he'd
been wrong.

This is the story of Jimmy La
Rue,
Who was flunked for defending
his point of view.

He was undoubtedly right; his
argument strong.
But he flunked just the same
As if he'd been wrong.

—M. J. Block, '31.