

GUSTY ROMEOS

I read your verse, you lads who
moan,
For ladies sweet, and wan, and
fair.

I hear your lusty sighs for love
Entangled in your darlings hair.
I think you're full of tuneful pap,
Jingling rhymes and prune juice
too,
A bunch of slop for a female sap,
A sap who'd care for you.

Come give us a poem of honest
love,
Of sounding kisses and a healthy
hug,
Of a girl who can squeeze and
crack a rib,
Of a girl with a homely, honest
"mug."

A girl that walks and talks and
is.
A girl we can see and feel and
hear.

Go bury your "fairy lands for-
lorn"

Dig up a girl that smells of beer
Garlic and cabbage, that's life
as we know it.

Come, be honest and let love
show it.

Heard the latest on Chicago?
Dump it.

The children are playing tid-
dlewinks with manhole covers
and flies are using Flit for per-
fume.

Sailor—I'd like to take you
away with me.

Jane—For good?

Sailor—Don't be silly.

—Rice Owl.

My boy, my boy, why the de-
pressed appearance?

I'm just trying to think up
a nice clean joke for our college
comic.



First chorine—Poor Bill. I knew he should never
have married Irene. They've been married less
than a year and now she's made him a pauper.

Second chisler—Really? Is it a boy or a girl?

And then there was the beau-
tiful co-ed who was so dumb she
thought the Royal Gorge was
a place to eat; and complained
that she didn't hear the Grand
Canyon fire a single shot while
she was there.

Orange—What's park love?
Dry—Bushes and a bench.

—Mountain Goat.

Know what the drowning man
said of the one tumbling him a
life preserver?

What of it.

Atta buoy!... Atta buoy!

A man of leisure is a man who
eats his beans from cans, bread
from the bakery, and gets his
babies from the foundling asy-
lum.