

It is understood that it didn't take the Corps a century to make progress in Fort Worth.

Boss: "No, I'm afraid you won't do."

Steno: "Did I say I wouldn't?"

—Rammer Jammer

"Does your boy friend have ambitions?"

"Yeah, ever since he has been knee high."

—Rammer Jammer

"Can you row a boat?"

"Yeah, Canoe?"

—Rammer Jammer

There was a young lady named

Ransom

She was loved three times in a

Hansom

But when she asked for more

Came a weak voice from the floor

"My name's Hanson, not Samson."

—Rammer Jammer

One little pig went to market,

One little pig went to town,

One little pig was caught and now

They're kicking the football around.

—Temple Owl

A general and a colonel were walking down the street. They met many privates, and each time the colonel saluted he would mutter, "The same to you."

The general's curiosity was aroused, and he asked: "Why do you always say that?"

The colonel answered: "I was a private once myself, and I know what they are thinking."

—Reserve Red Cat

What's worse than raining cats and dogs?

Hailing taxi cabs.

—Skipper

## "CO-EDS! AM I MORTIFIED?"

BY J. M. SHEPHERD

Were the spirits of days gone by a-foot on the eerie e'en of October 31, or did some freshman merely play some idle prank in the supernatural melee which comes to the campus each Hallowe'en? Whichever it was, the inscription on the monumental statue of Lawrence Sullivan Ross, which stands in front of the old Administration Building, was found to be somewhat extended after the mystic haze of the ghoulish gloom of the night had cleared away. Perhaps the addition was not as well as the original, nor was it as artistically inscribed. Nevertheless, the whitewashed "Co-eds! Am I mortified?" presented a thoughtful question to cadets ambling to morning classes.

Suppose Lawrence Sullivan Ross were granted the power to return to the school which for 8 years he gave so unsparingly his time and energy. Suppose he should see dainty co-eds attending the jealously guarded masculine classes characteristic of his time. Suppose, too, he should hear prevalent talk that more females will probably swarm his beloved campus later.

Would he relinquish his supernatural power in disgust and return to his everlasting sleep, or would he begin a fight to keep the female atmosphere not only off but away from the campus? The oldtimers say that "Sully" would fight to the last ditch to keep from mixing boots with high heel slippers. He would keep a man's school for men.

But it cannot be. "Sully" cannot come back to head the fight; time has decreed that he leave the destinies of the school to others. But, watching from somewhere, he must be alarmed at the impending catastrophe, and pangs of regret must be caused by the indifferent attitude taken by his cadets.

Perhaps, the freshman who besmeared the question was merely a medium for a psychic phenomena, and it was "Sully" after all, trying to do his part to make the student body realize the seriousness of the danger, who guided the hand to "Co-eds! Am I mortified?"