

# LONG DISTANCE LOVE



—Borrowed From Rammer-Jammer

Preacher—Dat's a fine goose you got ther, Bruddah Jones. Whar did you git such a beauty?

Jones—Well, now, pahson, when you preaches a sermon I never axes yo' whar yo' got it. I hope yo' will show me de same considerations.

—Lehigh Burr

And then there was the Alpha Chi who was so dumb she thought a buttress was a female goat.

—Bored Walk

"What happened to the girl with the cotton stockings?"

"She made out like she didn't see the mouse!"

—Rice Owl

"Your grandfather seems to be a little hard of hearing."

"A little! Why once he conducted family prayers kneeling on a cat."

—Exchange

Woman (telephoning to desk clerk): "There's a rat in my room."

Hotel Clerk: "Make him come down and register."

—White Muir

Chem. Prof: "Come, come, give me the answer, please."

Student: "I can't say it, but it's on the tip of my tongue."

Another Student: "My God, don't swallow it; it's arsenic!"

—MIT Voo Doo

# SENIOR PROM AS TOLD IN MAGAZINES

A soft silver moonlight spread over the campus. A gentle breeze wafted the sweet odors of spring through the trees. The sweet melodic strains of a waltz floated out of the hall.

Inside the hall the young couples presented a pretty picture. Girls in charming evening gowns of delicate hues and boys in smart well-pressed tuxedos moved gracefully to the rhythm of the waltz.

Douglas Grey was dancing with Mary Sedgewick. He was happy, very happy for Mary was his one and only. Mary looked at Doug with adoring eyes. As the music ended, they strolled outside. Beneath the sheltering trees, Douglas took Mary in his arms.

"I love you, Mary," he whispered.

"I love you, too, Douglas."

And their lips met in a kiss.

# SENIOR PROM-- AS IT REALLY IS

It was raining. It was pouring. It was the night of that annual brawl known as Senior Prom.

From inside the gym there came the wail of the trombone, the moan of a saxophone, and the screech of the trumpet from the hottest orchestra playing the hottest piece ever written.

Inside the gym couples presented a hideous picture. Girls in evening gowns of the most ungodly hues, every now and then stopping to yank up a shoulder strap, boys in tuxedos, either too large or too small, borrowed piece by piece from worthy brothers who were either too poor or too smart to come.

Douglas Grey was dancing with Mary Sedgewick. He was anything but happy for he was

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