

CAMPUS COLIC

Mother: What did Father say when you told him you wrecked his car?

Son: Shall I leave out the swear words?

Mother: Yes.

Son: Well, he didn't say anything.

—Pointer

She: What's your name?

He: Tom Swift.

She: You can't fool me. Where's your electric rifle?

—Cornell Widow

Guide (in museum): This is the famous "Angelus" by Millet.

Visitor: Well I never! The man had the nerve to copy that calendar picture that's been hanging in our kitchen for the last dozen years.

—Kitty Kat

"What sort of tooth brush do you want?"

"Lemme have a big one; there's thirty men in our fraternity."

—Wampus

Precocious child: Father, is it correct to say that ours is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people?

Weary father: Hardly, my boy. Correctly speaking, it's of the people, by the office-holders, and for the politicians.

—Exchange

"Bridget, didn't I hear you quarreling with the milkman?"

"Nope, I just inquired after the health of his sweetie."

"Yes, and how—"

"I says—'How's the milkmaid?' An' he got in a temper and said, 'That's a trade secret!'"

—The Oil Weekly



"Well, isn't this a biology lab?"

MY LOST LOVE

So beautiful you are, my winsome miss
So beautiful, and to the nth degree,
But for all your grace and shapeliness
You're not the gal for me.

So tightly, firmly I did clasp you in my arms
As we danced that slow sweet tune
My heart was lost to your seductive charms
Alas, you spoke too soon.

For wondrous plans of mine were smashed to bits
That night when you did harshly tell
That you desired to leave—to call it quits:
"Let's scam—my corns, they hurt like hell!"

Doc: "When did you first suspect that your husband was not all right mentally?"

Mrs. Jones: "When he shook the hall tree and began feeling around on the floor for apples."

—Ollapod