



History Prof.: What was Louis XIV chiefly responsible for?

Fish: Louis XV, sir.

She doesn't drink,  
She doesn't pet,  
She doesn't go  
To college yet.

—Spartan

Doesn't the soprano have a large repertoire?  
Yes, and that dress makes it look worse.

—Wampus

This may be the machine age, but love is still being made by hand.

—Jester

They call her "Muzzey Lena" 'cause she's the Fascist girl in town.

—Sour Owl

Conductor: I'll have to charge full fare for your little brother—he's wearing long pants.

Young Brother: Gosh, Sis, you ride free!

—Exchange

Roses aren't red yet,  
Violet's aren't blue yet,  
Spring isn't here yet,  
But I can wait.

—Spartan

Two gangsters were escorting a member of a rival gang across a lonely field on a dark rainy night. "What rats you are," grumbled the doomed man, "making me walk through the rain like this."

"How about us?" growled one of the escorts. "We've got to walk back."

FEBRUARY

What? Typewriter won't work?  
Don't worry.  
The coffee won't perk?  
Don't worry.  
Can't finish that theme?  
Don't worry.  
Your math is a scream?  
Don't worry.  
Your chems in a mess?  
Don't worry.  
Your pants need a press?  
Don't worry.  
What am I about?  
I'm packing your stuff.  
You've just flunked out.

—Spartan

A pastor in a New Jersey village, he said, devoted half an hour one prayer meeting night to a loan appeal. His appeal was forcible. It even touched the rich old deacon (who had not subscribed to the loan hitherto on the ground that he could get a better rate of interest elsewhere.

"I'll take \$50," he announced from his pew.

Then he sat down, a piece of plaster fell from the ceiling, striking a pretty hard blow on the head. He rose again hurriedly. He had a scared awed look.

"I mean \$500," he said.

Then a brother shouted lustily from the Amen corner:

"Oh Lord, hit him again!"

—Quip

"I say, Pete, your girl looked quite tempting in that sort of Biblical gown she was wearing last night."

"What do you mean, Biblical gown?"

"Oh, you know. Sort of low and behold."

—Red Owl

Peas porridge hot,  
peas porridge cold,  
peas porridge in the pot  
nine days old.  
PEW.

—Spartan

