



Technique
Supplement

RK



Elissa Landi in "That Lady Has a Heart," Plymouth Theatre, beginning April 10 (two weeks)

TECHNIQUE

Supplement

APRIL, 1939

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Volume XX11

APRIL, 1939

No. 3

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FACULTY



THE FACULTY

Front row: Left to right — T. P. (Uncle-Tom) Pitre, D. L. (Touch) Rhind, R. G. (Open-circuit) Hudson. Back Row: F. A. (Dorothy Dix) Magoun, R. E. (Emma) Rogers, K. T. (Sell-em-Karl) Compton, Erwin H. (The-Man-with-the-Hoe) Schell, H. E. (Square-deal) Lobdell, Ringer.

INSTITUTE COMMITTEE



INSTITUTE COMMITTEE

“Hold Tight” Wingard, Chairman of the Institute Committee, has been the most competent man to hold this position in several years. Brought up in Boston during the Curley oligarchy, he is well acquainted with elusive political methods. This is a characteristic political pose, showing him with his ear to the ground.

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THE POISON APPLE

"Snow White had a baby."

"How come?"

"Do you think that all the dwarfs were dopey?"

•

Before the last dwarf was born they gave his mother golden rod — that's how she got Sneazy.

•

Nudist colony theme song: "The Thrill Is Gone."

•

No matter how bad times are, the Siamese twins can always make ends meet.

•

Today the zipper is the undoing of the modern girl.

Man (in restaurant to waiter): I like weak coffee, but this is helpless.

•

Look at me—I can't write and I was convicted of forgery—did I have a lousy lawyer.

•

I once met a man who owned a baby tiger that he said would eat off your hand—and he did.

•

Actress Celebrating Silver Anniversary.—*News item.*

•

Married twenty-fifth time, eh?

•

New traffic rules: If you're hit on the white side of the line, it doesn't count.

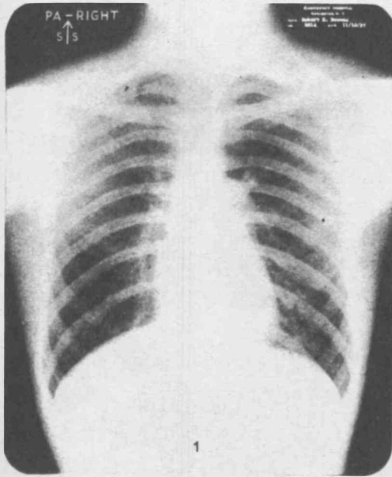
THE ARTIST

He lived in an attic of an old, shabby building in the poorest section of town. There was no steam heat, and the little fire he had built was out. He was very cold, and as he sat by the window, he shivered. His eyes kept wandering; he was hungry. It seemed like years since he had last tasted food. There wasn't a crumb in the house. The broken-down ice box was empty. There wasn't even any ice in it. Must he starve like this—alone and friendless in this cheerless little attic room? Hunger gnawed and gnawed. He looked again. This time he made a complete search of every shelf, the ice-box, and everywhere else. Not a crust. So he went out to a restaurant and ate a big meal.

REINCARNATION

Washington came back as a bridge; Lincoln as an auto; Bismarck was a herring, and *You* as a pain in the neck.

GRADUATING CLASS

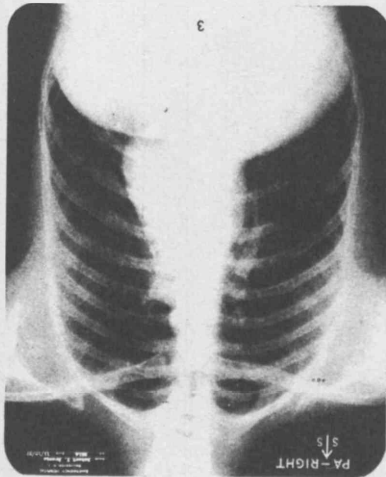
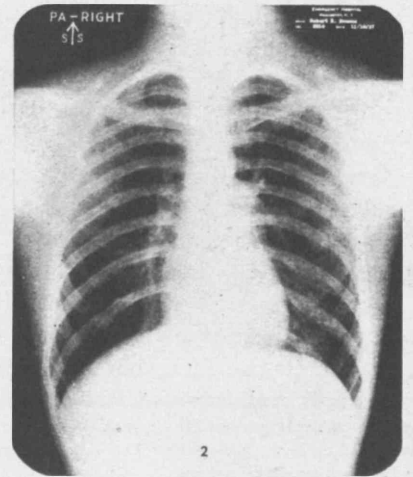


Fetlock Whinney
Henscratch, Montana

"Fet." Feb. 30, 1872. Died (Almost). Sweeny's School for Young Gents. General Engineering. 5.15 Club, Pres. Entered, Sept. 1924.

P. Macshenobaum
Whiffletree, Kansas

"Macshenobaum." Feb. 30, 1872. P.S. 172 General Engineering. 5.15 Club, V-Pres.



Alcibiades Foom
(Address Unknown)

"Al." Feb. 30, 1872. Booneville State Reformatory for Recalcitrant Young Gents. General Engineering. 5.15 Club, Secy-Treas.

President's Message

The last four years comprising the final stage in our preparation may be likened to the boring of a tunnel through solid rock. This is one of the reasons advanced for Dean Bush's acceptance of a minor position with the Carnegie Foundation, well-known research outfit.

As the end is neared, a shaft of light filters through, then more and still more until the daylight reveals to them, stretching from the East to the West, a panorama filled with deep valleys, gentle slopes and steep mountains.

As graduates, the class of 1939 will have many trails open to it. We may proceed down-hill to the valleys, there to be lost in the shuffle like so many others. We may proceed along the gentle slopes, there merely holding our own among the throng, or we may proceed along the precipitous mountain trail, there to discover hard-earned success.

Now the brunt of the attack falls upon us. It is our turn to climb the mountain trail to higher heights, to carry on where our predecessors have left off, and in our footsteps follow those eyes, his horrible green eyes, day and night, never a moment of rest, I killed him, I had to! He was driving me mad, do you hear, MAD, MAD, MAD. . . .

ATHLETICS

CHECKERS

Badly handicapped by the loss of last year's captain, New England Open Amateur Champion, Foom, the Varsity Checkers Team finished the '39 season with a perfect record. The first game of the season was with St. Josephine's School for the Mentally Inept which Tech won 6-4, 4-6, 9-7. Playing without their first-string forward, Bulge '40, on April 1, they eked out a win over Sweeny's School for Young Gents, and later completed a perfect season with a close victory over Madame Magruder's Day Nursery in which Caspar Crunch, '41, starred. The season was climaxed by a game between the Varsity and Scrubs which the Scrubs won handily, 6-0, 6-0, 6-0.

The Javees also played an undefeated schedule, owing to the fact that all games were cancelled at the last minute on account of wet grounds.



*Chief checker Creamer.
Said H. P. "Skip and Jump" Mc-
Carthy, "My boys are always on the
move."*



The Team

ATHLETICS

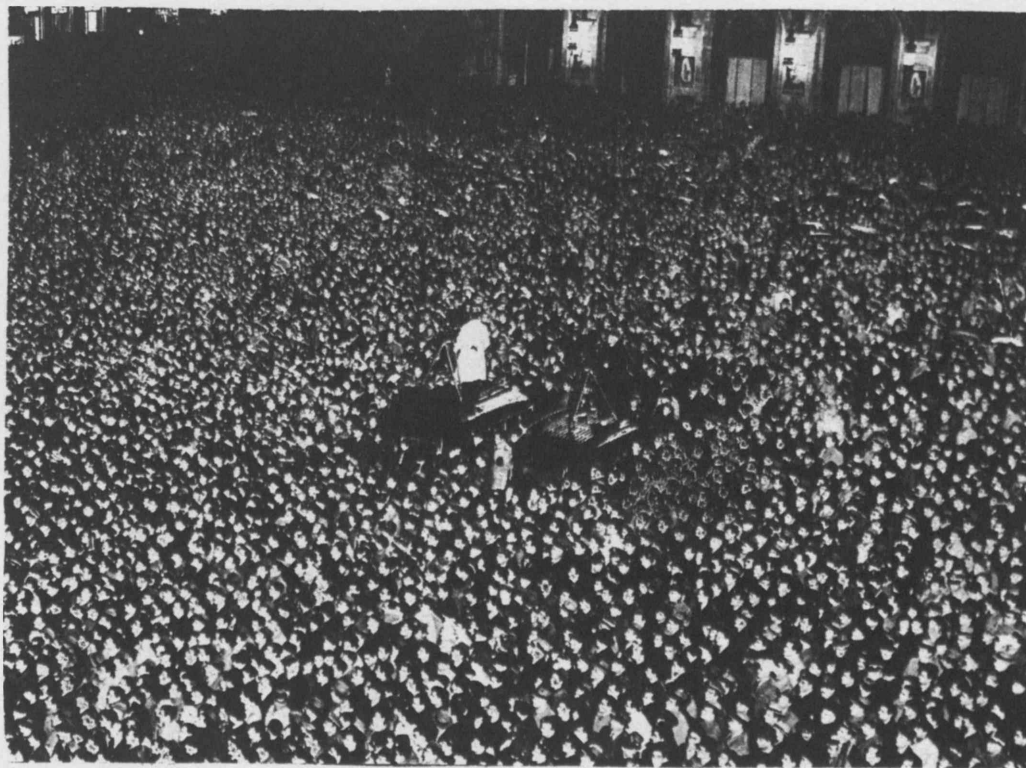
FIELD HOCKEY

Owing to last minute cancellations on account of wet grounds, the Field Hockey Team this year completed only one game, a thriller which they dropped to Wellesley. The closeness of the game was not reflected by the final score, 49-6, since the Engineers put up a stiff battle up to and including the final whistle.

Oscar Hedlund, *The Tech's* crack sports commentator, blamed the defeat on the unusual weather conditions under which the game was played. The Engineers' style of play was greatly influenced by the north wind which prevails at the practice field, and throughout the Wellesley game, a south wind, which at times reached galelike proportions, swept the playing area.



Coach Hedlund receiving field day results. Said Oscar, "It never rains, but it pours."



The Team

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The Tech is also an Institute publication.

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MARGE



JANE



ZANI



STEELE



NONIE



VEE



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DOT



GWEN



SHOTSY



BOBBIE



LOU



DOT



HAZEY



Alpha Beta Gamma Delta Sis Boom Bah . . .

A. B. G. D. S. B. B., child of destiny, was founded in 1492 by a gallant little band of expatriates, fleeing before the wrath of the North Wind. Proudly singing their campfire song and planting appropriate time capsules, the little band broke ground for their first chapter house at No. 2 Mulchmere Lane. . . . Since that date, the members of the chapter have been happily engaged in the process of decorating their little nest with lovely, lovely walls, and the cutest little roof that simply deefies the elements. A. B. G. D. S. B. B. is better known about the campus as No. 2 Club.

No. 2 Club encourages its members to lead happy, spontaneous lives, never forgetting the obligations owed to mother, father, Uncle Wiggley, and the Bobbsey Twins. Throughout its long history, the fraternity has been active in reforms of one kind and mostly of the other. The Alpha Bahs boast of 46,000 living members, only one of whom regrets it, and many of whom are able to be up and around.

FRATERNITIES

Rho Damit Rho . . .

Rho D Rho was founded on the shores of Gitchee-goomee by the smiling big sea water two years before the mast. Rho D is represented nationally by chapters in Sour Mash, Tenn. and Tombstone, Ariz. It also boasts a large residual alumni group now permanently located in Leavenworth, Kan.

The Maude E. Flush Chapter, once known as Local 27, Amalgamated Fur-Trappers, originally occupied a beautiful warehouse at 19 Atlantic Avenue in the heart of a pleasant residential section. At the request of the Commissioner of Public Health and Highways, the Chapter recently moved to a location at 355 Beacon Street, two flights up and the second door past the men's room.

The genuine feeling of good fellowship which prevails among the brothers is reflected in the sharp drop in the suicide rate for the house (now one of the lowest on the campus) a record of which RDR is justly proud.



FRATERNITIES

RUSH WEEK



Lead pipe system

"Lay on Macduff and cursed be he that first cries, 'Maybe next year.'"



What are the dues?

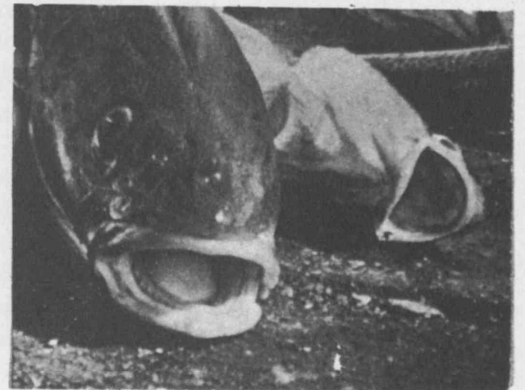


Freshmen ran smaller, upperclassmen ran faster.




Tea dance


In the bag





Good Beta material

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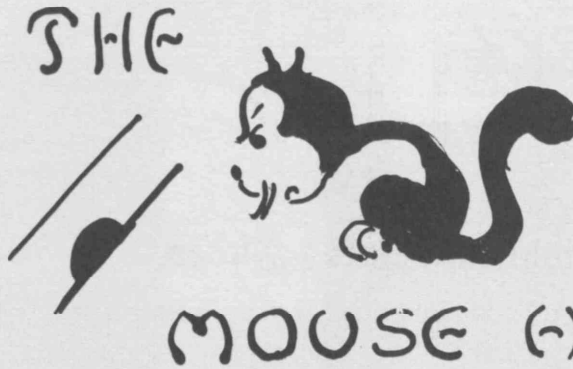
MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
NEAR STATE THEATRE
NOW UNDER MANAGEMENT OF
WM. J. GAFFNEY ARNOLD B. DAVIS

The saddest story of the month was about the too observant fellow who remarked to his girl: "Your stockings seem rather wrinkled."

"You brute!" exclaimed the girl, "I have no stockings on."

Then there's the girl who ruined her health because she misunderstood the doctor's orders. She thought he recommended three hearty males a day.

—Bee.



BY HOO DUNNIT

The disappearance of the *Simmons News*' dolly is history now, but it needs a passing comment before being relegated to oblivion. The *Simmons* girlies must be as hard up for publicity as *The Tech* staff. If the editresses must have publicity they should at least make it a little more subtle. The kidnapping smells to high heaven and two-thirds of the way back of thick collusion. As for *The Tech*, goldfish swallowing became a farce a week before Mr. Hayes brought the somewhat questionable title of champion to the Institute.

Arnie Wight wrote two letters recently: one to *the* girl back home and another to *the* girl here in town. They were both very nice letters, we're sure; and, from the status of the recipients, were probably quite chummy. The trouble occurred when he unknowingly switched envelopes. We didn't hear how it came out. Just hope neither of the letters were too friendly.

The gentlemen residing at the Student House have a custom which is quite disconcerting to guests in search of relaxation. Dancing is confined to three rooms, one of which is kept in the familiar dark. The joy-killers sneak in here with their cameras and flash bulbs and perch on a table. At a propitious moment, they snap a picture of a relaxed guest. This is incipient blackmail and we recommend that it cease.

We heard Professor Jones state that the Institute was run on steam. You learn something new every day. We always thought it was run on hot air.

Somebody must be setting up housekeeping in the Institute. Witness the milk bottles always outside 4-137.

One would go a long way before encountering another spittoon as fancy as that in the Walker lobby.

Apologies to Dave Bartlett for saying he indulged in gambling. He was sucked in by a city slicker and got a "high-priced" fur for a ten-spot.

Mr. R. Lundberg had a surprise the night of the Junior Prom. While he was bidding his light in the night farewell on the stoop, a pair of prowling cars drew up at the curb. The occupants descended from their chariots and proceeded to let the air out of the tires on Mr. Lundberg's car, before he realized what was occurring. The cure is supposed to be applied to all-night parkers; that's what it often becomes when some people say good night to a date.

There was a box of cigars passing around the Dynamo Lab about the middle of the month. Behind it was J. S. Brewster. Cause: a nine-pound son. Congratulations, POP!

ESTABLISHED 1818

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Paul Brown '12

Far be it from us to mention names in this case, for the facts are amusing enough. The characters: two of our coeds. The place: the late Junior Prom. The subject: fire water. The pair were evidently trying to prove they could take it, but they succeeded only in over-running their respective capacities. One of them had to retire to the Ladies' Room and, even after a long siege, emerged hysterical. The other retained her composure, but had a glassy stare and a muscular time lag most of the evening. Such are the rewards of attempting too much masculinity.

The honorable and righteous gentlemen on the staff of that effete organ known as *The Tech* seem to have taken it upon their broad and experienced shoulders to set a standard of humor at Technology. We appreciate the effort to which they have gone in trying to guide the wandering steps of Phos with their immensely superior powers of perception, but we cannot find any foundation for an agreement as to the worldliness of their editorial staff. Due to their own inability to practice what they would preach, we recommend that they stick their collective heads in a bucket of very filthy dishwater.

The gentlemen who came up to the office and bawled out Tarz should be ashamed of themselves. First, for picking on Tarz; second, for accusing her, without proof, of writing the paragraphs in question; and, third, for making Mousehole copy of themselves in the first place. Once something becomes public, we're going to keep it that way.

I hate to indulge in personalities, but I say Joe Paine is an A. K.

He held her very close and whispered passionately sweet nothings in her ear.

"Ah darling, I love everything about you so much, so awfully much. I love your pretty head that's covered with radiant golden hair. I love your lovely face that's always covered with your cute adorable smile."

Then glancing down at her luscious lips, he began to murmur the grand finale, "But darling, what I love most about you is covered with ——"

"Silk," she chirped.

Sailor: "You aren't getting seasick are you, buddy?"

Recruit: "Not exactly, but I'd sure hate to yawn."

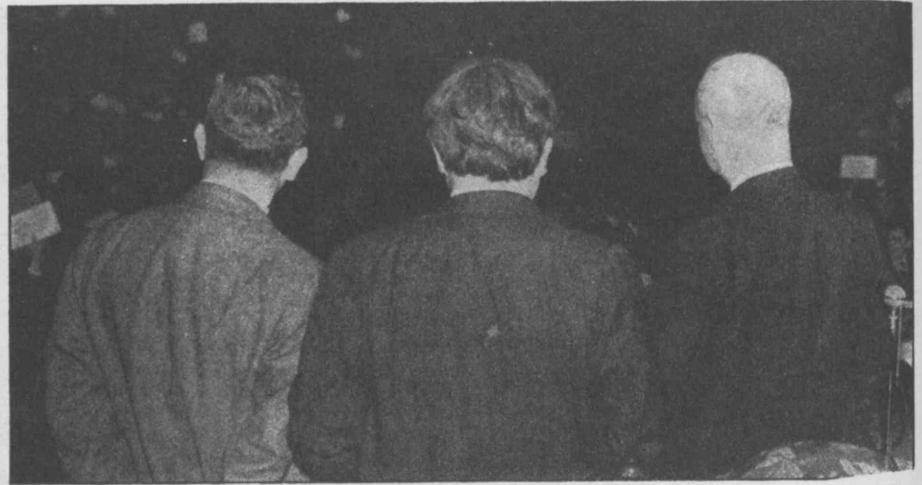
—Old Line.

"I like to explore a girl's mind."
 "Well, you have a funny idea where a girl's mind is."

—Urchin.



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Between, before, after



Snap quiz



TDC rushee and chairman



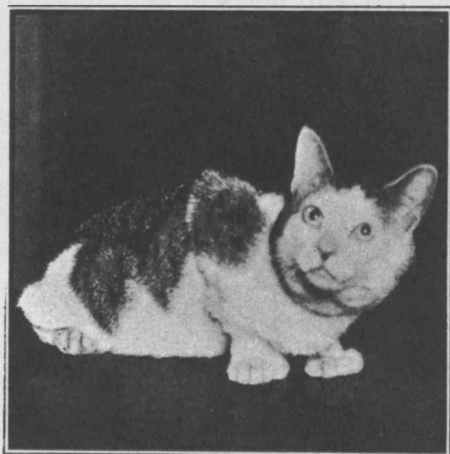
5 P.M. Friday



Goldfish has nightmare.



Davey Bartlett snapped in the hydraulics lab canal. Quipped "Pudgy," "Brrrrrrrackasacki, want some sea-fooooood, mamma!!"



Then we pour in the acid . . .

INFORMALS

Roosevelt:
"I hate war!"



RECORDS

Most popular number this month is, without a doubt, that fishy little bit called by those who know "Hold Tight" and by those unfortunates who fail to appreciate its more subtle points "that silly thing about sea food." Fats Waller, currently recording for Bluebird, has made a waxing of this piece that has more than a little on the ball. Besides having a typical Waller vocalization, two unknowns take off with two rather fine trumpet and sax solos. Tommy Dorsey's "Hold Tight," while it may please the jitterbugs, fails to capture the mood of the piece as well as Mr. Waller's. Benny Goodman has started what we hope is a comeback with two waxings that ought to boost his popularity. The first has on side one an adaptation of Ziggy Elman's "Frahlich in Swing," retitled by Johnny Mercer "And The Angels Sing," with a fine vocal by Martha Tilton, and a trumpet solo on the ending by Ziggy Elman that is reminiscent of his "Bei Mir Bist Du Schon" days. Benny's second is a recording of an old favorite "Estrelita" which features a swell clarinet solo. On the reverse of "Angels" is a number Goodman is pushing as a killer diller entitled "Sent for You Yesterday and Here You Come Today." It features very fine trumpet and clarinet work with a ride ending that is bound to give every theatre manager gray hair.

Harry James, popular Goodman alumnus who is doing his waxwork for Brunswick, has made a pair of waxings this month that ought to put him right up with the leaders. The first features Harry and his Boogie Woogie trio in a pair of real swing pieces "Boo Woo" and "Woo Woo." Both sides are replete with plenty of Harry's trumpet, blues and otherwise. His second waxing features the band on "Two O'Clock Jump" with Harry and the rest of the trumpeters riding down the chromatic scale on the ending which is the ending featured by B. G. on his stage appearances. Side two of the same dish is "Taint What You Do, It's the Way That You Do It" with lots of trumpet and fine rhythm work.

Vocalion has repressed an old swing waxing of Red Nichol's and his five pennies that is Dixieland at its best. One side features Red on "Ida" with a fine trumpet solo that has a lot on the ball. Side two, "Feelin' No Pain," tends to go to pieces. Those Onyx Club boys John Kirby and his bunch have waxed one that has something. Side one, "The Turf," features Buster Bailey with a fine clarinet solo, side two, "Dawn On the Desert" features Mr. Kirby's excellent bass.

Recording the Classics . . .

Columbia and Victor . . .

Aaron Copland has done an unusual thing. He has created music that is distinctly Mexican in flavor but which betrays the earmarks of the composer's American birthright. Copland's "El Salon Mexico," recently pressed by Victor as an addition to the Musical Masterpiece Series, is indeed "modern," but despite its dissonance the music is straightforward, thoroughly enjoyable, highly descriptive, and worthy of the adjectives "exotic" and "exciting" that were bestowed upon it by the *Boston Herald*. "Salon Mexico" is Mexico's Roseland Ballroom, a hot spot of the tourist center, and it is here that Copland finds the complete synthesis of Mexican color. "Where else," he asks, "could you find a sign on the dance hall wall which says: 'Please don't throw lighted butts on the floor so the ladies don't burn their feet?'" But the music goes far beyond the confines of the dance hall to record the charm of the whole country. The popularity of this interesting recording should be heightened by the fact that it is presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In this same series, Victor presents the consistently soul-filling Vienna Choir boys in "Stabat Mater."

Columbia Masterworks comes forward with Mozart's Concerto No. 24 in C Minor, played by Robert Casadesus and the Orchestre Symphonique of Paris. Mozart composed seventeen Piano Concertos during the period 1782-91, and his C minor appeared in the same year as the opera Figaro. Even while Mozartian standards are a by-word for classicism, no composer ever adhered to rigid standards with more spontaneity, melody, and grace of form. The movements are in the sonata form, but there is a certain freedom and the proportions are on a larger scale. The atmosphere of the Concerto is generally gay, full of song and romance, and endowed with an occasional touch of humor. This recording is highly enjoyable and understandable listening for novice or connoisseur. We also highly recommend further exploration of Mozart's genius, with Victor's recording of *The Magic Flute* or *Die Zauberflote*. Any weaknesses of this opera as music-drama need not be mentioned here, because the recordings bring the listener the classic humor and sprightliness of the composer in his most imaginative mood.

An attractive library addition would be the spirited performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto for piano and orchestra (London Symphony): Columbia, X-24.

Stranger: "Can I get a room for three?"

Clerk: "Have you got a reservation?"

Stranger: "What do you think I am, an Indian?"

—*Augwan.*

She: "Where do all the flies go in winter?"

He: "Search me, sister."

She: "No, thanks, I just wanted to know."

—*Medley.*

Indignant Father: "Do you think it fair, Bobby, after I told you there was no Santa Claus, to go and tell the neighbors I laid your Easter eggs, too?"

—*Cheer-Up.*

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PHI PHI

The Double F Club is a local honorary fraternity whose foundation is loaf, flunk, and repeat. It has a restricted membership, as pledges must have a recommendation from at least one professor.

There are no dues, nor does the fraternity maintain a house. Meetings, nee "gripe sessions," are held irregularly in any comfortable setting.

Although the club is not on the Institute Committee's list of approved activities, it has the whole-hearted support of the faculty.

Initiation is held twice a year, and membership is open to all classes.

The fraternity emblem, a bunch of sour grapes pendant, epitomizes the fraternal spirit.



Stu, "Dewpoint" Paige, charter member

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A colored preacher at the close of his sermon discovered one of his deacons asleep. He said, "We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, will you lead?"

Deacon Brown sleepily replied, "Like hell, I just dealt."

—Filched.

"I'm losing my punch," she said, as she left the party in a hurry.

—Caveman.

"Sweetheart, I'm going to give you a kiss you won't forget."

"That's what you said the last time you kissed me."

"Well, I see you haven't forgotten it."

Phi Delt: "Your roommate was shocked at the way I kissed you last night."

Tri Delt: "How did she see us?"

Phi Delt: "She didn't. I showed her."

—The Gargoyle.

Mother: "Do you know where naughty girls go?"

Daughter: "Yes, everywhere."

—A. T. O.

"Daddy, what do you call a man who drives a car?"

"It depends on how close to you he comes."

Frosh to Co-ed: "I wouldn't take a back seat for any woman."

Co-ed: "You don't know what you are missing."

—Froth.



Learn to Dance.

LEARN TO DANCE "THE SHAG"

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FREE! A box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

The joke:

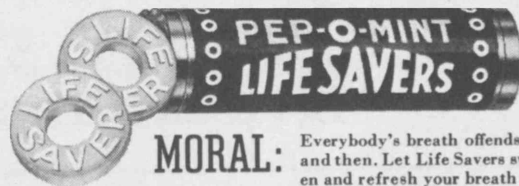
"What's worse than being a bachelor?"

"Being a bachelor's son."

Submitted by Al Reihl, Dorms.



In the Spring, no young man's fancy
Lightly turned to thoughts of Nancy.
But now they pester her to death,
Since Pep-O-Mints improved her breath.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and refresh your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

JOURNEY'S END

They sat alone in the moonlight;
She soothed his troubled brow.
"Dearest, I know my life's been fast,
But I'm on my last lap now!"
—Ezchange.

She: "Do you think you're Santa Claus?"
He: "No; why?"
She: "Then leave my stockings alone."
—Jester

There once was a girl named Mabel.
Who was ready, willing and able.
Although she was nice,
She named her own price
And now she's all wrapped up in sable.
—Leonard Key.

Joe College: "Something seems to be wrong with this motor."
His Flame of the Moment: "Don't be foolish. Wait until we get off this main road."
—Carnegie Tech Scottie.

"My son's home from college."
"How do you know?"
"I haven't had a letter from him for three weeks."
—Red Cat.

SPORT SHOES



WHITE WITH
BLACK OR BROWN
SADDLE

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ALSO

Plain White and White with Wing Tip



TECHNOLOGY STORE
DIVIDEND TOO

The cashier went riding with the usher. They hadn't gone far before she got kissed.

"Oh, how can I face the public tomorrow with my dress all mussed?" she moaned.

"I didn't muss your dress," retorted the usher.

"But, darling, you're going to, aren't you?" she begged.

—Yellow Jacket.

A salesman taking his bride South on their honeymoon, visited a hotel where they boasted of their fine honey.

"Sambo," he asked the colored waiter, "where's my honey?"

"Ah don' know, boss," replied Sambo, eyeing the lady cautiously, "she don' work here no mo'."

Scene: in a classroom just after the teacher had tripped over the waste basket and fallen to the floor.

Teacher: "Well, why do you all look so dumbfounded?"

Billy: "Oh, teacher, I saw your knee."

Teacher: "You stand in the corner, Billy!"

Tommy: "I saw your garter."

Teacher: "Go to the washroom and don't come out till I tell you to!"

"Johnny, where are you going?"

Johnny: "I'm expelled, teacher."

"And what kind of officer does your uniform signify?" asked the inquisitive old lady.

"I am a naval surgeon, lady."

"Goodness me, how you doctors do specialize in these modern times."



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A LOVER'S LAMENT

I lost my love
 Ah cruel fate!
 A turtle dove
 Without his mate.
 She was divine,
 Her bright eyes shone,
 And she was mine—
 Ah me! She's gone.
 Like corn-stalks her hair,
 Like Venus' her figure—
 Tho' not quite so bare,
 'Twas a lot bigger.
 Like barges her feet,
 A waddle, her walk,
 But still she was sweet—
 When she did not talk.
 They say love is blind,
 It certainly is,
 For I used my mind
 Whene're we did kiss.
 But now she is gone.
 And I'm all alone—
 To the phone I'll run,
 And call up Joan!

Did you hear the story of what the
 Southern eskimo said to the northern
 eskimo?

North. Esk.: Glub, Glub, Glub,
 So. Esk.: Glub, Glub, Glub, you all.

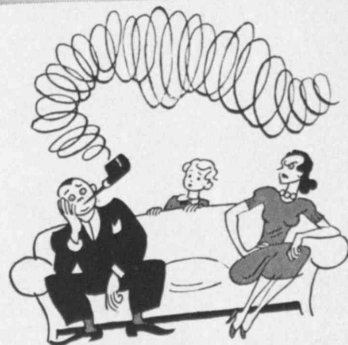
New Deal suit—blue purge.

Splendid bargain — Slightly used
 tombstone for sale. Swell bargain for
 family named Duffy.

They give tests under the honor sys-
 tem. The school has the honor and
 the students have the system.



"PHEW... AND
 FAR BETWEEN!"



"MY SISTER IS NUTS about this
 guy. But that stinko pipe of his
 doesn't help any. Think I'll swipe
 it... clean it... and refill it with
 some of Dad's Sir Walter Raleigh."



JUNIOR GOT HIS REWARD, and
 Romeo got his dame! And they
 pledged their love with a ring—a
 ring of Sir Walter Raleigh smoke
 —that mild, fragrant burley blend.

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent
 survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative
 universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh
 first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos
 at a majority of these colleges.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every
 Wednesday, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.



WHO GOES THERE?

17,000,000 dead—17,000,000 soldiers and sailors killed in the last war!

Who are they? Statesmen? Politicians? Big-navy advocates? Munitions manufacturers? Business leaders whose factories hummed during war times? Editors whose papers love to stir up international bad feeling, because it helps circulation?

No—not one!

Just average citizens. Young men with their lives before them.

They were told it was glory, and look what they got. Look what *all* of us got! Back-breaking taxes. Economic disorders that have not yet been righted. A bitter defeat for one side, a bitter victory for the other.

Yet the world is drifting toward another war right now. And those who *profit* by war will encourage that drift unless we who *suffer* by war fight them!

Today with talk of a coming war

heard everywhere, Americans must stand firm in their determination that the folly of 1914-1918 shall not occur again. World Peaceways, an organization for public enlightenment on international affairs, feels that intelligent efforts can and must be made toward a secure peace. To this end you can do your share to build up a strong public opinion against war. Write today to World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

He: "Do you believe in free love?"

She: "Have I ever sent you a bill?"

—Green Gander.

Teacher: "Johnnie, did you want to leave the room?"

Johnnie: "Say, teacher, you don't think I'm standing here hitch-hikin', do yuh?"

—Gargoyle.

The plumber's face flushed, but he being a good plumber it flushed silently.

—Sagehen.

Silas Clam

Lies on the floor —

He tried to slam

A swinging door.

—Quip.

"Hello, pal, my name's Shmith," the first drunk said.

"'Sfunny, my name's Smith, too," the second ditto countered.

"Yeah? Well, I'm Ed Shmith."

"'Sremarkable! My name's Ed, too."

"What'sh your middle initial? Mine'sh N."

"Mine'sh B."

"Whew! For a minit I thought I wash lookin' in a mirror!"

—Punch Bowl.

Joe College (during final): "Are you sure the question is in the text?"

Professor: "Why certainly."

Joe: "Well, I can't find it."

—Bat.



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Pint size . . . 1.44
Half pint77



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Rastus and Liza were married but a short time when he came home with a big washtub, a washboard and a handsome three-foot mirror.

Liza: "Whut's all de truck you brung?"

Rastus: "You-all kin take yo pick. Yo kin take de tub and washboard and go to work, or you kin take de mirror and set down and watch yo'self starve."

—Medley.

A dumb girl is a dope. A dope is a drug. Doctors give drugs to relieve pain. Therefore a dumb girl is just what the doctor ordered.

—Mountain Goat.

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Napoleon was right

Get a Walker steak under your belt and Tackle that Triple E

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Mrs. Gene Markey



The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken
away; blessed be the name of the Lord.
—Job i. 21.

—Carolina Buccaneer



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