

Don—"Whose Geometry is that, Hector?"  
Hector, (innocently)—"Euclid, sir."

Jack (in Geometry class—"Is the point parralell to the straight line sir?")

"Say, did you hear the lecture?"

"No."

"Well 'twas posponded."

Reddy—"Why do I appear to be 'on the rocks'?"

Nosey—"That's a hard one."

Reddy—"Don't I sit between two Craggs?"

Do—"What's the meaning of woe?"

McG.—"It is a command."

Don—"Give example."

McG.—"Whoa, Bill."

Nosey—"Why is it dangerous to play against our team?"

Reddy—"Give it up."

Nosey—" 'Cause every man has an X you chump."

Harry got a hair-cut,  
The parting gives him pain,  
He feels rather bad, but  
'Tis sure to grow again.

Reddy—"Did you hear the problem of the chair?"

Nosey—"Nope, let's have it."

Reddy—"Well its rather easy."

There is a poet in the wing  
He writes some black-board verse  
He tries to better everything  
But always makes it worse.

"And in his paws, he holds the taws,  
Which none but he can wield."