

Prof. (on election day): "Where is U-ly?"

Student: "He's working at the poil."

Prof.: "He should be working at his own poll!"

Sm-th (in Philosophy): "That's enough to make your hair stand on end."

Bu-ke: "Still, it stands to reason."

You can't beat the drum with a drummer,

You can't do sums with a summer;

But it's perfectly plain,

Though I say it with pain,

You can always bum with a bumper.

J. K. went out the other day.

Sporting a brand new Prince;

He placed his heel on a banana peel,

And he hasn't *banana* where since!

G. W-bs says that during a thunderstorm he always rides with a brakeman, because the latter is a *non-conductor*, while he himself is a *sparker*, to use a *current* term!

Fl-g: "H-t, however can you get into that small bed?"

H-t: "Oh, I always add a couple of feet to it, when retiring."

There's a new song entitled, "The Dairy Lunch Duct."
Words by Gr-f-n, music by Du-b-s.

Junior Department

Have you seen Reggie Sr. and Willie M. in their great act on the single trapeze?

What do they feed you on at Kingston? Watermelon?

Ne—ne—never mind, M-t-n, you like chicken.

Jim is of the opinion that tooth paste is a poor substitute for massage cream.