

Chip has a wonderful imagination. He is a great thinker. Yes, that's true; he thinks he can sing.

Bob, what book have you got the most out of this year?

Bob B., '17—My bank book.

Dal. '19—I wish Charlie would come around after supper.

Hal '19—That's all he does come after.

Military man in Arties—I'm starving, bring me a little of everything you've got.

Waitress—All right, I'll bring you hash.

R. Car, '15—How much for a marriage license?

Town Clerk—One dollar.

Car—I've only got fifty cents.

Town Clerk—You're lucky.

Lewis, '17 (discussing debate)—I could feel my face Blanche when I realized the absence of my (M)cleod, but I argued right along. Stack didn't mind the Stears he got from the audience one bit, but poor Gregg took to the Woods the minute the debate was over, and it wasn't Bernie Woods either, because he made for Washington's restaurant.

Wright (after hearing Titus argue pros and cons of enlisting) There is a fallacy in your analysis, Titus.

McLean, '19—Is it a pathetic fallacy?

Richardson Eng. (in Chemistry Lab.)—Professor, I can't seem to get any consecrated hydrochloric acid in this participation.

Sergeant (at drill)—Pr. Reid. get over into the awkward squad where you belong.

Reid, '19—What! Put a qualified lieutenant in the awkward squad?

Coleman—Are you going down to Church?

Parker—No, I am going down after Church though.

Coleman—Why not go down after a skirt?

Parker—You're wise! O-Old-d-d La-a-a-d-d-y!