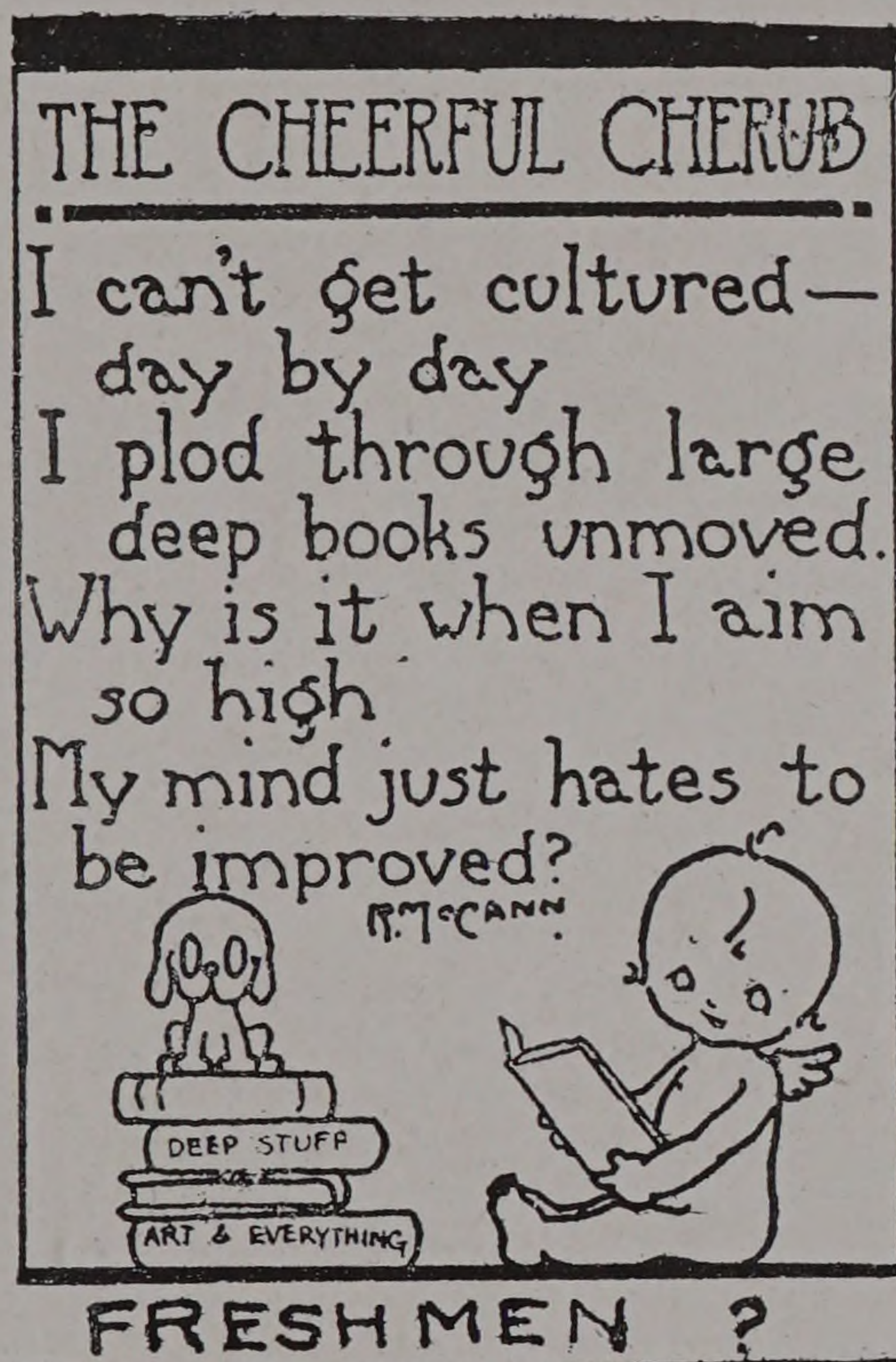


H U M O R

The end of the tour was the acme of all,
 Call it beer garden or dining hall.
 We sampled the brew and found it O. K.
 So they refilled our glasses with little to say,
 Sandwiches of ham and egg and cheese,
 Quartered dill pickels—as much as you please,
 Then came cigars of aroma rare—
 Some took then “home,” some smoked them there,
 Enough to say this trip was the best,
 Will long be remembered by me and the rest.

HANKAN, '17.



The “Notes”

(Apologies to R-y-d K-l-g.)

“Oo is it makes that bloomin’ noise?”
 Asked Files-on-parade.
 “It’s counsel’s openin’ argument,”
 The color sergeant said.
 “Oo ’as to ’ear the bloomin’ stuff?”
 Asked Files-on-parade.
 “The chief and his two hired men.”
 The color sergeant said.

“For he doesn’t know his law, he misrepresents the facts;
 His reason is so faulty you can see through all the cracks.
 And he’s pretty sure to get it where the chicken got the axe,
 When the court pronounces sentence in the morning.”