

HUMOR



Pat: Hey Mike, the leak's at this end.

First Sheik: "I notice Staybrush's hair is a trifle mussed."

Second Sheik: "Yes, the poor chap broke his chisel last night and he couldn't part his hair this morning."

THE NEW THING

Begone ye former gods of midnight hours.

Your rule is done, your sway is o'er.

Not even you, Oh, radio with all your powers

Can win men back. They're through forevermore.

There is a thing more potent now than all of you,

Oh, things that made men burn the midnight oil.

Men have forgot, they give no longer thought of you,

For some new fancy has them in its coil.

They play with numbered squares of black and white,

And place strange words within the patterns formed.

They ponder long and thoughtfully throughout the night,

And mutter of two-letter words until the morn.

Doctor: "Professor, a new girl has arrived."

Professor: "But, my dear sir, this isn't a co-educational institution."

Some Iowa legislator proposed changing the value of pi from 3.1416 to 3. That he didn't succeed is probably due to Keufel and Esser propaganda.

An old Irishman and wife lived in very humble environment, the former making a living with a pick and shovel. But fate tipped the balance his way and he struck it rich. They at once moved to more pretentious quarters, with furniture suited to their station. Time laid its weight lightly on their shoulders and their social status was greatly improved, but the old lady resented anything that suggested Pat's former occupation.

Suddenly Pat was taken ill and died; very elaborate arrangements were made for the funeral and services held at the residence, many floral offerings were sent by friends and neighbors. The old lady was escorted down to the parlor where the remains laid in state; as she glanced about the room, she commented as follows:

"What a foine bunch of lilies, just loike the white soul of me Pat, and the illigant wreath tellin' how he was always goin' aboot doin' good;" and so on from one offering to another, until her eyes rested upon a large anchor. Then with a scornful voice; "Now who in hell, sint the pick?"

THE FIRST CRACK

He: "Are you fond of nuts?"

She: "Is this a proposal?"

Jake: "Please let me hold your hand a minute."

Dot: "All right, but how are you going to know when the minute is up?"

Jake: "Oh, I'll have to have your second hand for that."