

**The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University**  
**Ohio State Engineer**

**Title:** Cranks and Countershafts

**Issue Date:** Nov-1933

**Publisher:** Ohio State University, College of Engineering

**Citation:** Ohio State Engineer, vol. 17, no. 2 (November, 1933), 20.

**URI:** <http://hdl.handle.net/1811/35090>

**Appears in Collections:** [Ohio State Engineer: Volume 17, no. 2 \(November, 1933\)](#)

# Cranks and Countershafts

King Solomon had occupied the royal box on the opening night of the musical comedy, and naturally the producer was anxious for his approbation.

"What did you think of the chorus, Your Majesty?" he asked nervously.

"Great!" ejaculated the potentate, "I'd like to date up the first three rows some evening." —Selected.

Policeman (to motorist who nearly collided: "Don't you know that you should always give half of the road to a woman driver?"

Motorist: "I always do when I find out which half of the road she wants."

Mater: "Father, what are you opening that can with?"

Pater: "Why, with the can opener, of course. Why?"

Mater: "From the remarks you were making I thought perhaps you were opening it with prayer."

"Abie O'Cohen," thundered the judge, "this is your eighth appearance in this court. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Vell, jodge," says Abie, "vhen I like a man I gif it to him all my bizness."

"Caught in the act of window-peeping, eh?" asked the judge. "That's pretty serious. Are you married?"

"No, your honor," explained the defendant serenely, "and that's the trouble. I'm looking for a wife and I went window shopping." —Selected.

A bricklayer said to a foreman on a new job: "I'd like to work here, but I can't find a place to park my car."

The foreman replied: "I guess you won't do. This is a high-class job and we want only bricklayers who have chauffers."

Pat: "Say, Mike, did yez hear about that big fiddler dying? He thought so much of his violin he had it buried with him."

Mike: "No, yez don't mane it? It's a blame good thing he didn't play the piano."

"What I want," shouted the orator, "is reform! I want rent reform. I want drink reform. I want marriage reform. I want, I want—"

"What you want," came a voice from the crowd, "is chloroform."

Bathing girls: "Hello, there, grandpa. How old are you?"

Grandpa: "Eighty, dammit." —Selected.

A much inebriated individual flopped into a seat in the lobby beside a clergyman.

"Nysh day," he began.

"Yes, it is," said the clergyman, exercising forbearance.

"Nysh hotel."

"Yes, I find it very comfortable."

"Will you have a drink?"

This was too much. The clergyman's face set severely and he intoned sternly: "No, thank you. I don't indulge."

"Shay, whattaya givin' us, feller? You're drunk now. You gotsha collar on backwards."

"Oh, gosh!" the girl exclaimed. "It's started to rain. You'll have to take me home."

"Why, I'd love to," her bashful escort stammered, "but, you know, I live at the 'Y'!"

Mother: "Did you see Santa Claus last night, Betty?"

Betty: "No, mother. But I heard what he said when he fell over my doll buggy."

"Be sure," said J. A., "to look up my friend, Mr. Lummack, while in the city."

"Mr. Lummack?" asked his friend, absentmindedly.

"Yes, Mr. Lummack. You can remember his name because it rhymes with stomach."

A few weeks later his friend returned and encountered J. A. on the street. "Do you know," he said, "I tried and tried, but never could I find your friend, Mr. Kelly."

"George, dear, why do you shut your eyes so tight when you kiss me?"

"I'm trying to make believe you're Clara Bow."

If the Nation's plumbers are wide awake they'll get together and hire Chic Sale to write a book that will do for their profession what his first volume did for the small-town lumber business. —Selected.

Fat Man (in show, to little boy behind him): "Can't you see anything, sonny?"

Little Boy: "Not a thing."

Fat Man: "Then laugh when I do."