

The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University
Ohio State Engineer

Title: Through the Transit with Doc and Pete

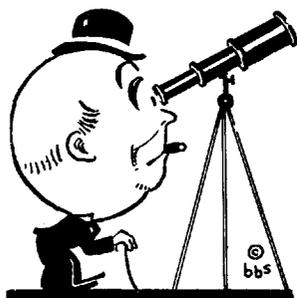
Issue Date: Nov-1935

Publisher: Ohio State University, College of Engineering

Citation: Ohio State Engineer, vol. 19, no. 2 (November, 1935), 18.

URI: <http://hdl.handle.net/1811/35244>

Appears in Collections: [Ohio State Engineer: Volume 19, no. 2 \(November, 1935\)](#)



THROUGH THE TRANSIT

With DOC and PETE

JUST because Figley was pushing around a sweeper all summer is no sign that he has turned domestic. He was a "Hell Driver" for the Hoover Co.

"Doc" Tang drove his antique Hudson into a service station and told the attendant to "fill her up." After a long, long flow of gasoline into the tank, the attendant asked if his motor was running. He replied that it was. "Well," said the attendant, "shut her off, we can't gain on it."

"My heart is in the ocean," cried the poet.
"You've gone me one better," said his seasick friend, as he took a firmer grip on the rail.—*Pointer*.

"I shall now illustrate what I have on my mind," said the Engineering professor as he erased the blackboard.

Modern (to fortune teller): "Shall I marry a girl who can take a joke?"

Fortune Teller: "That's the only kind you'll get."
—*Kansas Eng.*

Overheard in the locker room:
"Stinson should have been with Mr. Coddington when the latter experienced those hair-raising events during his voyage to Europe."

Many of the Juniors were wondering why the Seniors were wearing long faces the other day—all we can say is "Wait until you take E. E."

For advice to the "love-lorn" see "Snow-shoe" Aue who has mastered his situation by having his heart-trouble (a luffy brunette) residing directly across the street—This is not meant for "Spanky" Horning and our other married men.

Many of us were amazed at the amount of cider and do-nuts that were available to serve at the A. S. M. E. Smoker, especially since Daberko, Hamilton and Jenkins were in the kitchen. (You wanted your name in the paper Daberko—well here it is.)

This new column wishes to go on record by establishing what is probably a precedent by not panning Gov. Davey.

No, boys, the Domestic Science department has not moved over on the Engineers Quadrangle. The odor of ham you smell is just the Quadrangle Jesters getting under way for the season.

She: "Are you cool in time of danger?"

He: "Sure, but at the wrong end."

A certain professor in our College of Engineering, wanting to quiet the class, rapped on the desk and yelled: "Gentlemen, order!" The entire class shouted, "Beer!"
Note: We wonder if that isn't digressing.

Act. I. Their eyes met.
Act. II. Their lips met.
Act. III. Their souls met.
Act. IV. Their attorneys met.

Prof. Jones' secretary, hearing a rustling sound in the office, asked without turning around:

"Is that you, Jonesy?"

A student answered: "No, just one of his stooges."

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Held their noses—
He was a bad egg.

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man could make him sore
By saying when he told a joke,
"I've heard that one before."

After giving the mid-term results back the other day Professor Ott proceeded to go through the debris for the boys. Sending the class to the board, he said:

"Now, fellows, let's start at the right end of this structure, designating each member in some manner. Use the A, B, C's if you happen to know them."

Poet: "Stripped of their beautiful leaves, the trees are bare."

Second Idiot: "No wonder the corn is shocked."

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co.,
Pittsburgh, Penn.

Gentlemen:

Why is it that your blasted switch engine has to ding and dong and fizz and spit and pant and grate and grind and puff and bump and chug and hoot and toot and whistle and wheeze and howl and clang and growl and thump and clash and boom and jolt and screech and snarl and snort and slam and throb and roar and rattle and hiss and yell and smoke and smell and shriek like heck all night long when I come home from a hard day at the boiler works and have to keep the dog quiet and the baby quiet so my wife can squawk at me about how I snore?

Yours

Oswald Schmergeldurgle.

—*Panther*.