

The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University

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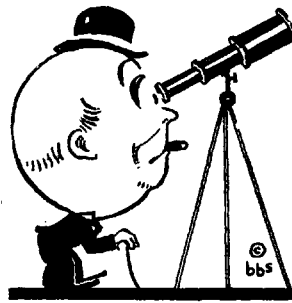
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THROUGH THE TRANSIT

With Nick



Said the friend to the proud father of a college graduate who had just been awarded an M.A. degree:

"I suppose Robert will be looking for a Ph.D. next?"

"No; he will be looking for a J.O.B."

Lady in a butcher shop—"Is that the headcheese over there?"

Attendant—"No, ma'am; the boss ain't in."

"That is a pretty dress you have on."

"Yes, I only wear it to teas."

"Whom?"

A Scot applied for a position as patrolman on the London police force. Here is a question they put to him in Scotland Yard and here is his answer.

"Suppose, MacFarland, you saw a crowd congregating at a certain point on your beat, how would you disperse it quickly with the least trouble?"

"I would pass the hat."

She (ardently): "When will you promise to share my lot, dear?"

Archie the Architect (sweetly): "Just as soon as you build a house on it, sweetheart."

Hitch Hiker—Hey, mister, I'm going your way.

Motorist—So I notice; but I'll bet I get there first.

Then the story of little Dan Druff trying to get ahead.

Billy (dancing)—Did I hurt your foot when I stepped on it?

Muriel—I won't know until the feeling comes back.

Lady Passenger: "Could I see the captain?"

First Mate: "He's forward, Miss."

Lady Passenger: "I'm not afraid, I've been out with college boys."

A pledge in the hand is worth two on probation.

Texas Highway sign: "This is God's country. Don't drive like hell."

Doctor—I find that you have acute appendicitis.

Betty Coed—Oh, doctor, you are such a flatterer.

In reminiscent mood, credulous Tillie opines that coffee isn't the only thing that's fresh when dated.

Mrs. Jones was spending a day in bed with a severe cough, and her husband was working in the back yard, hammering nails into some boards. Presently his neighbor came over.

"How's the wife?" he asked.

"Not very well," said Jones.

"Is that her coughin'?"

"No, you fathead," replied Jones, "it's a hen house."

A fellow has to be a contortionist to get by these days. First he has to keep his back to the wall and his ear to the ground. Then he must put his shoulder to the wheel, his nose to the grindstone, keep a level head and have both feet on the ground.

W.P.A. Foreman—What kind of work can you do?

Applicant—Nothing.

Foreman—Good! Now I won't have to lose any time breaking you in.

She—Now, Freddie, don't scold because I was too tired to sew a button on your trousers. I hope you don't think your pants are more important than your wife.

Fred—Well, there's lots of places a man can go without his wife, you know.

Adam was the first man to take a good ribbing.

Freshie (reading a newspaper): I see a doctor out West has found vitamins in hash.

Second Freshie: Yea, the next thing you know someone will find meat.

Chief (to a graduating senior): "Well Paul, you'll soon be leaving. Free to marry if you wish."

Hoenie (the senior): "No, chief, just free."

Pledge: "They tell me you are the most popular person in the fraternity. How do you do it?"

Active: "It's easy. When I moved in I started a rumor that I played the saxophone when I got lonesome."

As the Indian said when his third wife died, "This is the last squaw."



**While
'17 waited,
'37 talks**

WHEN the class of 1917 was at college, a long distance telephone call took (on the average) more than ten minutes to be put through. ¶ This time has been whittled down gradually, so that now the connection is made in an average of 1.4 minutes—nine out of ten of them while you hold the line. ¶ But this is only one phase of the relentless effort to improve. Your service is better today because voice transmission is clearer—interruptions and errors less frequent than ever before. ¶ America demands fast but sure telephone service—and gets it.

College men and women find after 7 P. M. a convenient time for long distance calling. Moreover, most rates are lowest then.

BELL



TELEPHONE SYSTEM