

The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University

Ohio State Engineer

Title: Through the Transit with Doc and Mick

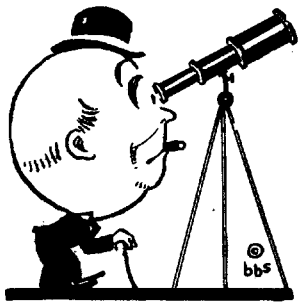
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THROUGH THE TRANSIT

With Doc and Mick

The lights in the crowded bus had failed and the passengers were thrown into confusion.

"Can I find you a strap?" the tall young man asked a young lady at his side.

"Thank you," she replied, "but I have just found one."

"Good," he replied, "then perhaps you wouldn't mind letting go of my tie."

The orator, mounted upon the usual little platform was trying to convince a small and unenthusiastic audience of many amazing facts. "What would you say," he demanded, "if I told you the rivers of the world were drying up?"

Voice from the back of the room: "Go thou and do likewise."

We can be thankful, not because we can't pay our bills, but because we aren't one of our creditors.

Hostess: "You know, I've heard a great deal about you."

Politician (absently): "Possibly, but you can't prove anything."

Ain't nature grand. She gives us all faces but we can pick our own teeth.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,
As he bumped his toe against the bed,
GLXMDRMP!!!

"Why has a bishop got such a booming, deep voice?"
"Probably because he was once a canon."

"Who was the last man to box John L. Sullivan?"
"The Undertaker."—*Banter.*

Movie Actress: I'll endorse your cigarettes for no less than \$50,000."

Cigarette Magnate: "I'll see you inhale first."

Butler: "The doctor is here, sir."

Master: "I can't see him. Tell him I'm sick."

Getting out this magazine is no picnic.
If we print jokes, people say we are silly.
If we don't, they say we are too serious.
If we clip things from other magazines, we are too lazy to write them ourselves.

If we don't we are stuck on our own stuff.
If we stick close to the job all day, we ought to be out hunting news.

If we do go out and hustle, we ought to be on the job in the office.

If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate true genius; and if we print them the magazine is filled with junk.

If we make a change in the other fellow's write-up, we are too critical.

If we don't we are asleep.

Now, like as not, some guy will say we swiped this from some other magazine.

WE DID.

She isn't my best girl—just necks best.

Two guys on a telephone:

"Are you there?"

"Who are you, please?"

"Watt!"

"What is your name?"

"Watt's my name."

"Yes, what's your name?"

"My name is John—John Watt."

"John what?"

"Yes."

"I'll be around to see you this afternoon."

"All right. Are you Jones?"

"No, I'm Knott."

"Will you tell me your name then?"

"Will Knott."

"Why not?"

"Not what?"

"No, Knott Watt, William Knott!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

"Will you be home this afternoon?"

"Certainly, Knott."

"What?"

"Yes—"

"Aw, shut up!"

—*Minnesota Techno-Log.*

Mrs. Mack—"I'm bothered with a little wart that I'd like to have removed."

Dr. Williams—"The divorce lawyer is at the second door to your left."
—*Kitty Kat.*

The idea of girls now a days is to marry a thrifty man, but not be engaged to one.

The piece of coal passionately sang to the fire:
"Fuel that I am, I'm yours."