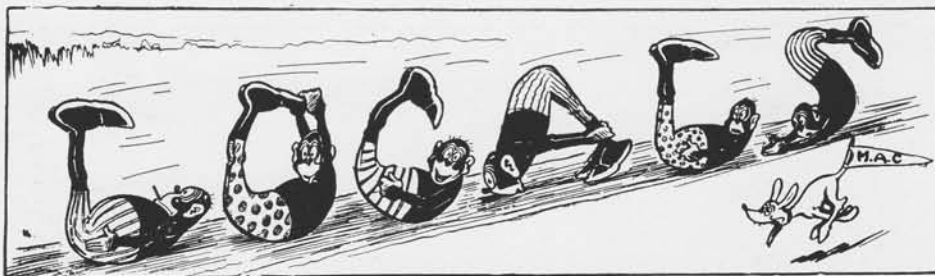


## The Red River Aggie



Once on a stormy winter night,  
So the story's told,  
Two men were struggling with a  
Ford;  
Preceptors, wise and bold.

For an hour or so they cranked that  
car,  
Their hands were stiff and sore,  
And yet fair Lizzie stirred not  
And so they cranked some more.

Then finally came a Hudson  
That pulled them round the square;  
But yet the Ford was stubborn.  
(They say those men don't swear.)

Then came a bright idea  
For it the coach did fall;  
The motors man looked in the tank  
There was no gas at all.

### TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

Mr. Larson is my teacher  
I will not pass  
He maketh me explain hard theorems  
And exposeth my ignorance to the  
class.

He restoreth my sorrows  
And causeth me much misery  
For my class's sake.  
Yea, tho I study till midnight  
I shall gain no knowledge  
For exams bother me  
He rendereth a scolding  
In the presence of the class.  
I receiveth a low mark.

Surely distress and sadness shall fol-  
low me all the days of my course, and  
I shall stay in the geometry class  
forever.

There was a young fellow named  
Confer  
Not a girl in school would he  
runfer  
But when Peaches came round  
And Harry she found  
We all thot Harry was dunfer.

Aslaug Satre—Shall I take these  
rugs out and shake them?

Esther Hanson — NO! They're  
my roommate's bath towels.

Paul D — What's that funny stuff  
on the sheep?

Mr. Kiser — That's wool.

Paul D. — I'll bet it's half cotton.

Harry C. — Yes, I had a girl once  
and she made a fool of me.

Lawrence S. — My, what a lasting  
impression some girls make.

Art Sandal was entering the house  
of one of the faculty, he encountered  
an Airedale dog, and was very  
frightened.

"Come in", said Dorothy. "He  
will not bite".

Sandal still hung back and finally  
asked, "Will he swallow?"