

Lester T.: "Why is Hoiland like a Persian rug?"

Lawrence Peterson: "The longer the nap the better."

Confer: "There is something eating on my mind."

Miss Simley: "Never mind, it will starve."

Mr. LaVoi (entering late to Sociology class): "I just knew that it was my class that was making all the noise."

Williamine Cenfield: "I never said anything."

Mr. LaVoi: "I don't suppose you did say anything but you did an awful lot of talking."

Miss Brown: "Hey, can't you get in tune?"

Chester T.: "What! do you think I'll sacrifice my individuality." —Exchange

Isabelle D.: "I wish I could test Roy's love for me."

Sophie Hoper: "Why not show him your family album, my dear?"

—Exchange

Conrad Peterson: "I used to work in a watch factory."

Elida Erickson: "What did you do?"  
Conrad: "Oh, I made faces."

Sanna H. (waiting on table): "Will you have some pie?"

Chester T.: "Is it compulsory?"  
Sanna H.: "No, it's apple."

—Exchange

Gunda Gullingsrud: "I put my whole mind into this poem."

John Covlin: "Oh, I see, it is blank verse."

Miss Gerber (in Textiles class): "What is virgin wool?"

Evelyn Bierbaum: "That's the kind that comes from sheep."

Miss Bede: "This steak tastes queer."

Williamine Cenfield: "I can't understand it, I did burn it a little but I rubbed vaseline on it right away."

Teacher in English class: "What tense is this: 'I am beautiful?'"

Class: "Past."

Cordes: "I see you're reading the dictionary. Do you find it interesting?"

Gandrud: "No, amusing. You see the dictionary and I spell words so differently."

Bob Gleason: "Our romance consisted of two scenes."

Roy Fisher: "Do tell."

Bob: "She seen me and I seen her."

Roy N. (at soda fountain): "Give me an egg phosphate. What'll you have Ricc?"

Kenneth R.: "Wa'al, I just believe I'll have mine scrambled."

—Exchange

Don't try to drive a nail with a sponge. It won't work no matter how many times you soak it.

Copied from Fosston newspaper: (high school item) "At the A. C. Dance in Crookston Saturday night "Gil" and "Phil" got a case on a couple of girls down there. "Phil" is expecting a couple of letters almost any time and "Gil" doesn't know what his girl's name is, so he is asking "Phil" to find out. We hope he succeeds." N. B. He did. How? Ask Iris Gibbons and Molly De Pochee.

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime

And departing leave behind us

Zeroes gotten all the time.

In order to save the expense of a long telegram Harold Cordes sent this message to his father: "No mon, no fun. Your son." To which his father answered in this manner, "So sad, too bad. Your Dad."

Crookston, Minn.

Dec. 12, '28.

Dear Skoolmaster Clark,

Plees excuse my Johnny. He haint been able to attend skool on account of being sick with cramps. He tol me to write this here excuse becuz he don't want to be after gettin any of them there unexcused absences.

Yours respectively,

Mrs. Joshua, Amando, Petunia, Hagstead.

P. S. Johnny sure is a big eater when it comes Tanksgivin.