

Collegiate Clippings

By EDMUND J. KELLY

WE DOFF OUR DERBY to the *Junior Collegian* of Los Angeles Junior College for the following "Lesson in English": You see a beautiful girl walking down the street. You walk across the street, changing to verbal, and then become dative. If she is not objective, you become plural, and you walk home together. Her brother is an indefinite article, is accusative, and then becomes imperative. You talk about the future, and then she changes the subject. Her father becomes present and you become past tense . . . Also from the *Collegian*: Freshman: "What would you do if the girl on whom you were calling said that she never wanted to see you again?" . . . Senior: "I'd jump to my feet and leave." . . . Freshman: "And let her fall to the floor?" . . . Poet: "Are you the man that cut my hair last time?" . . . Barber: "I don't think so, sir, I've only been here six months."

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Collegiate poets seem to be working overtime, as the following from *The Bulldog* and the *Alabama Rammer-Jammer*, respectively, prove:

He thought he'd surely made a hit
When for his photograph she prayed.
"Out, when this calls," she wrote on it,
And gave it to the maid.

"I draw the line at kissing,"
She said in accents fine;
But he was a football hero,
And so he crossed the line.

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Quotes *The Bee* of the University of Buffalo: "When dormitory authorities at Columbia University conducted a spectacular 'forbidden pet hunt', they took alive three alligators, seven white mice, three turtles, and several cats and dogs." . . . The prize freshman at Southern California filled out the church preference on the registration blank as "red brick" . . . The following trio of witticisms is with the best wishes of *The Record* of State Teachers College, Buffalo: "The latest definition of a teacher is one who talks in some one else's sleep." . . . He may be the apple of his mother's eye, but he's not even appealing to me. . . . Chemistry Prof.: "What's HN02?" . . . Freshie: "Well-ah, er-it's on the tip of my tongue." . . . Prof.: "Well, spit it out; it's nitric acid."