One of the Freshmen was wearing up rather nobly under a particularly weary R. O. T. C. grill when he very inadvertently passed by the captain without saluting.

"Say, buddy," said the captain, with characteristic sweetness, "do you see the uniform I'm wearing?"

"Yeh," said the rookie, looking enviously at the captain's almost immaculate uniform, "look at the damn thing they gave me." —Dean Pot.

"The game is called Mississippi. How you play the game called Mississippi?"

Well, first you take a long, tall glass, and fill it up with some delightful mixture, like brandy or whiskey. Then you get a partner. This partner is your opponent. How can a partner be an opponent? A partner can be an opponent in this game because I invented it myself, and I made my own rules as I went along.

Then you and your partner-opponent start playing the game called 'Mississippi'. First you take a sip. Then your partner takes a sip. Then you take a sip. And so on. And the first one to Mississippi is a sissy." —Exchange.

"Who in the hell told you to plant those damn petunias?"

"Your wife, sir."

"Pretty, aren't they?"

—Scripts "n" Pranks.

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