

OUTRAGE

CARDIFF INTER-COLLEGE RAG MAG

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor : CHRIS LEEK

Secretary : HEH ! HEH !

Cartoonists : "ELI" HIGGINSON ; BRIAN J. FORD ; "HAIRY" HARRY CRINT
(with many thanks to the National Museum); MARGARET GWYLYM, and "CRIS."

HOT DOG ?

Daschund and Dalmatian walking in deep snow :
Dalmatian, looking down at his mate, "Gee, my feet are cold."
Daschund, looking up uncomfortably, "D-d-d-dont talk to m-m-me,
I've g-g-got-t-troubles of my o-o-o-own."

The boxing promoter said "You can't enter such a novice in a long fight. He'll have to do a six-round contest first." After three or four seconds the boxer was lying on the canvas, out for the count. "See?" shouted the aggrieved manager, "I said he was no good in short fights."

* * * * *

OH ! TIS FOWL !

In an effort to impress the farmer, the young salesman mentioned the laboratory service run by his firm. "Ar, thur be summat Oi be innerested in, then, youngman" said the farmer, and explained that his young turkeys were ill. The young man took one, wrung its neck, and assured the farmer that a report would soon reach him.

When the report came, it read "Diagnosis : The specimen died of a broken neck."

So then I saw this Monk frying a lot of chips
in a vat for the monastery dinner that night.

"Hello," I asked, "are you a Friar ?" * * * *

(see Page 15)

* * * "No," he said, "I'm a chipmunk."

(You'll have heard this)

"I don't care who the hell you are, fatso; get those bloody reindeer off my roof before I call a cop."

* * * * *

A staid girl (I hope she doesn't read this) went into a bookshop for literature she needed to study for the Intermediate exam. that year. "Excuse me," she said to the assistant, "Have you a book on the Inter. Course?"

* * * * *

COOL FOR CATS

A man was quietly digging his garden when he happened to notice that in the next garden his neighbour was washing his cat in a large tub.

"What on earth are you doing?" he asked.

"Just washing the cat," replied the other, carefully soaping behind the ears.

"Don't be daft, it'll die. Cats can wash themselves."

"It was dirty," retorted the neighbour, "so I'm washing it."

The man shrugged his shoulders and went back to his digging. A few minutes later he returned.

"Look here," he said, "It ain't natural to wash a cat. I tell you it'll die."

"Rubbish," was the reply, "a good bit of soap and water never hurt anything. You wash dogs don't you?"

Again the man retreated, and continued with his gardening. However, when he had finished he looked over the fence, and saw the poor pussy lying in the middle of the yard with its feet in the air.

"There," he said, "I told you washing would kill it."

"Nuts ! It was all right until I wrung it out."

The young man was convulsed with hysterical laughter.

"You'd a larfed yer 'ead orf!" he exclaimed, between gurgles, 'Ole Bill, 'Iggin's 'ouse were burnin.' 'E lives hon the third floor, and there 'e were 'ollerin' and 'leapin' abaht on the windsill. We ollers up to 'im 'Jump, Bill. We got a tarpaulin.' But 'e 'adn't got ther pluck ter jump, see, so 'e goes up to the roof, like. There 'e be, leapin' and yellin', so we yells, 'Come on, Bill, we got a sheet ter catch yer!' But 'e alway were one for a larf, were Bill. So we yells again, an' 'e jumps!' At this point the speaker was convulsed and overcome temporarily but was able to gurgle, "An' the funny thing were, we adn't got no tarpaulin."

* * * * *

Did you hear of the dumb blonde who thought a thimble was a thort of thigh ?

* * * * *

Have you any pliers ?

Nah. But you kin 'ave one'o these Woodies.