

H U M O R

The Broken Fountain Pen

The race is run; my mission o're,
The virgin page I'll mar no more.
With winged point no more I'll trace
The fleeting words that leap apace,
Nor jumble ciphers at his will
On paper block, or better still,
On handy cuff, no more for me,
Save sweet and soothing memory.
It seems as yesterday, the ink
Again I feel within me shrink
And trickle through my slender throat,
As, guided by his hand, I wrote
His themes and exercises all.
Then came that memorable fall
When, plunging headlong to the floor,
My labors ceased; I write no more.
Alas! My sun of joy has set.
But, be it so, I'll ne'er forget
How oft I trembled at the touch
Of fevered fingers as he'd clutch
My frame, and nervously confide
That I must help him stem the tide
Of work undone. I say no more.
The race is run; my mission done.

Some Editor

Mac to Janitress: What became of that paper that was on my desk last night?

Janitress: Why, I threw it away.

Mac: You know it was not waste paper, I hadn't written anything on it yet.

ON CIRCUS DAY



"THE BAND"