



H U M O R

A MO(U)RNING IN ENGLISH

Time: Any Monday or Wednesday at 9:30.

Place: Professor Cooper's English class room A.

Enter herald announcing arrival of prexy. "Nix on the rough stuff, bunch, here comes his 'nibs.'"

Enter Professor Cooper, who proceeds at once to calling the roll, after which the real plot begins.

Prof. Cooper: "And now, Mr. Jones, what is the theme of Beowulf?"

Mr. J. looks blankly into space for some minutes, shifts uneasily in his seat and finally a brilliant idea arrives. "Well, Professor, I turned that theme in, but I did not get it back for correction."

Business of registering vivid expressions of merriments by the rest of the class.

Prof. C.: "Very unfortunate, Mr. Jones, very unfortunate. I must have filed that masterpiece away with my collection of Shakespeare's manuscripts, mistaking it for one of the 'Bard's.' And now, gentlemen, we will turn to our study of poetry. As you young gentlemen all know well, the Greek trochee is derived from the African version of the dactylic pentameter of the early Hindu. And now, Mr. Jones, perhaps you are better acquainted with the art of rhyme. What is the difference between the 'end stop' as distinguished from the 'run on' type of poetry?"

Mr. Jones mumbled something to the effect that the question was a little twisted and that an "end run" wasn't good football on a muddy field, but that the "end stop" was a new one on him and he'd fall for the joke. Business of more laughing and more study of the art of expressing one's self in type.

THE ABUSE OF POWER

(*A la Shakespeare.*)

O, it is excellent
To have a Prof.'s strength:
But tyrannous
To use it as a Prof.

Be merry, friend, and take not hard to mind,
Nor fill thy heart with wretched quiz's sorrow;
To Profs. be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbor gladly lend and borrow—
He "crammed" last night—it may be you tomorrow.

"Pa" Phillips: "Now, Newman, you may go to the board."

"Buck," with a heavy heart and lagging spirit, accomplishes this fateful journey, expecting at every step to be met by "Pa's" broadside: "Given earth at a uniform slope behind a retaining wall, to determine, well, to determine everything, from the latest message from Mars to the equation of the fourth dimension." Meekly and pleadingly, like an unshorn lamb about to be converted into mutton, Newman looks up at the executioner, who, beneath a cold exterior, has a really warm interior (no, he does not drink bugjuice, he wears flannels). Seeing the despair of the poor vassal, he takes pity and decides to end the misery at once by ordering the culprit to "construct the auxiliary figure of the ellipse of stress for earth. Enough, mild reader, this is no place for merriment! Bow your head and bend your knee! Even now they are removing the last earthly semblages of this once promising student.

P. S.—Title: "A Tragedy in 'Earthworks.'"