

H U M O R

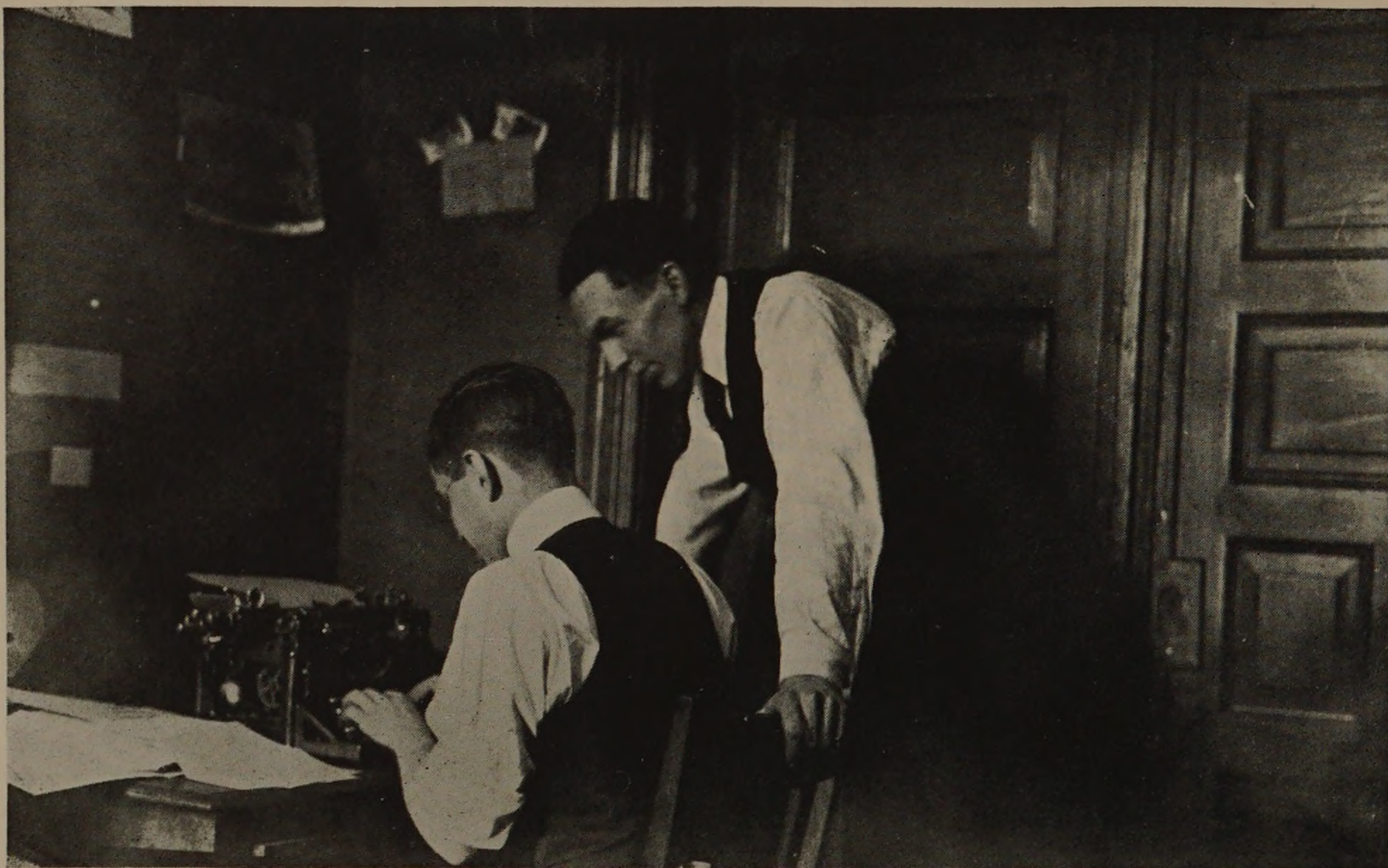
OR DOC COOK

Does the college correspondent study Euclid?  
 Does he ponder Aristotle's heavy stuff?  
 Does he read the jocund Horace, which he orter, ain't it, Mawruss?  
 Does he tote his martial Homer up his cuff?  
 Does he fall for Aristophanes, I ask you?  
 And for Virgil does he have a yearning yen?  
 Well, to analyze the batches of collegiate dispatches,  
 He pursues Ananias now and then.

Does the college correspondent rush his Ovid?  
 Does he slant Ancreontic stuff the while?  
 Does he suffer base compunctions dodging trigonometric functions?  
 Doe he fauna-flora foolishness compile?  
 Are his cranial convolutions crammed to muchness?  
 Is his onion ribbed with academic junk?  
 Does he court the foresaid geekses through the gray autumnal weekses?  
 NO, he follows up Munchausen's line of bunk!

DREARY DREAMINGS

Carnegie has a fine estate,  
 His horse and his car;  
 His comforts are beyond debate,  
 His life a joy by far.  
 But would I change my life for his?  
 You bet I would.



THE POWERS THAT BE