

HUMOR

Hully's Nut Shop



I really shouldn't take the time
To write this nutty stuff;
I cannot move, I cannot look
But what I see enough
To keep me busy forty days
And forty nights as well,
Writing reports and studying:
Ere long I must "mach schnell".
But since they've wished the job on
me—

It's wrong, I say, all wrong—
Old Satan I command of thee
Behind! and push me along.

Schommer's Advice to a Ball player—(Censored)

Notice!!!!

All alumni of the ARMOUR DESTITUTE OF KNOWLEDGE are invited with untion to attend a meeting of the ALUMINUM ASSOCIATION to be held on FEBRUARY 30th, 1976, at 33rd. an de tracks; the following speelers will be there if they come—R. U. Silly, I. M. Ded, Seppul Kerr, Ann Teek, Ima Gufe, Ura Phule, Sheza Lemmun, Iona Ford, and Kismegood Knight.

Visitors are expected to bring their own programs and peanuts.

Hotel Rules

To prevent guests from carrying fruit from the table, there will be no fruit.
If you become hungry during the night, take a roll in bed.
Feeble old gentlemen should not be found playing in the halls.
Biscuits found riveted together can be opened by a chisel furnished by the waiter.

If you have a nightmare and find the bed to be a little buggy, hitch the mare to the buggy and drive off.

Those dining cars are where everyone should eat, especially if one is dieting. I went into one last year, being able to do so as the school played the liabilities incurred for the same, it being a baseball trip. The waiter, an Ethiopian gentleman, brought me a list of casualties of some of the victuals which wandered too near the car. My first selection, strangely, was a dish of soup, surnamed tomato, which was brought to me in the course of a few miles. I immediately investigated it, and was much chagrined to find that tomato was not a coefficient of this soup equation, and protested the use of submarines in soup-fare to the waiter. He consoled me by explaining that I could not expect to find cottages in cottage cheese, or porters in a porter house steak. He brought my steak in next and at first I thought it was a crack in the plate. It was so tough I couldn't stick a fork in the gravy so I told him to take it back and bring me some spaghetti or something I could eat. He said he couldn't do that as I had bent it all up. When he poured my coffee he said, "It looks like rain." "Yes," I replied, "but it has a faint odor of coffee."

IT WON'T BE
LONG, BEFORE

