

Athletics

The Book of Revelations.
(Not Humor but a Plea)

And I fell asleep and dreamed a dream.
And in my dream I returned to old Armour
from where I had been gone these many
years. And behold, I found no school at
Thirty-third and Federal streets, but a
mighty edifice far from the dirt and grime
of the city, paid for by the four score and
tens of mighty engineers.

And behold what revelations appeared be-
fore my sight for there was a building for
each department. There was a great ath-
letic field, a huge Ogden stadium, and a
gymnasium mightier than all others. And
again there were men of valor gath-
ered together on Ogden Field, and they were
great athletes who humbled the hosts of the
Illinois, Iowa, and Chicago.

And there was a great football team. And
there was an A man at the conference once
called the Big Ten but now called the
Mighty Eleven. And our representative was
not a politician who bent before the wind
of the Mighty Stagg or Zuppke, but they
bowed their heads to him.

And the curriculum of forty hours had
passed, the students were through at noon
enabling the athletes to gambol on the green
throughout the afternoon.

Behold, the greatest of them all, Schom-
mer, director of athletics, a mighty man
turning out teams with glorious victories.
No longer did the pros get them each an
athlete, but softening with age allowed them
to pass without a flunk test.

The whole school turned out for the con-
tests, for now it was a mighty Institute.
Our mighty men went forth, returning with
trophies of silver and gold, banners of silk,
glory and renown for dear old Armour.

Cooper—And then I got the scissors on
his head and—

Mac (sarcastically)—You cut his hair?

Cooper—Naw, gave him a trimming.

Girl (at football game)—Hold him
George; I know you can."

"I see the end approaching," said the full-
back as he prepared to receive the punt.

She—Jack would make a poor varsity
catcher.

He—Why so?

She—He couldn't even hold me last night.

A Winner.

Father (reading a letter from his son at
college)—Tom says he's got a beautiful lamp
from boxing.

Mother—I just knew he'd win something
in his athletics.

A Football Hero.

He made a run around the end,
Was tackled from the rear,
The right guard sat upon his neck
The fullback on his ear.

The center sat upon his legs,
Two ends upon his chest,
The quarter and the halfback then
Sat down on him to rest.

The left guard sat upon his head
The tackle on his face,
The coroner was then called in
To sit upon his case.

Mrs. Peck: "John says he's going to take
up Greek mythology."

Mr. Peck: "Tell him to let them fool
games alone and attend to his studies."

Reggie: "Late hours are not good for
one."

Beth: "But fine for two."