

HUMOR

WIFE SINGS, SLAYS SPOUSE

Summer brought a new tragedy early today with the slaying of Elliptic Integral by his wife, Cycloid, with a well placed shot in the infinitesimal increment.

Elliptic had been mingling with differential equations, and consequently was in a bad humor when he got home last night. In order to try to make her husband forget his evil companions, Cycloid arose early this morning and fried a half dozen rectangular subtangents, which her husband loved so well. Having finished preparing the breakfast she carelessly shook Elliptic's eleventh derivative to awaken him.

Enraged he cried, "That's a h——l of a way to wake a guy up," took careful aim with his reversible involute, and touched off the fuse. It reversed.

The State's Attorney places the blame directly on Mrs. Integral, because she should have let Elliptic get his own breakfast.

MELODIOUS MUTILATION

By Matilda Taffyapple

This bit of descriptive efflorescence is intended primarily to be applied to the old Scandinavian folk song "Budweiser," but I feel sure that it may be used with equal success on any other low grade musical score.

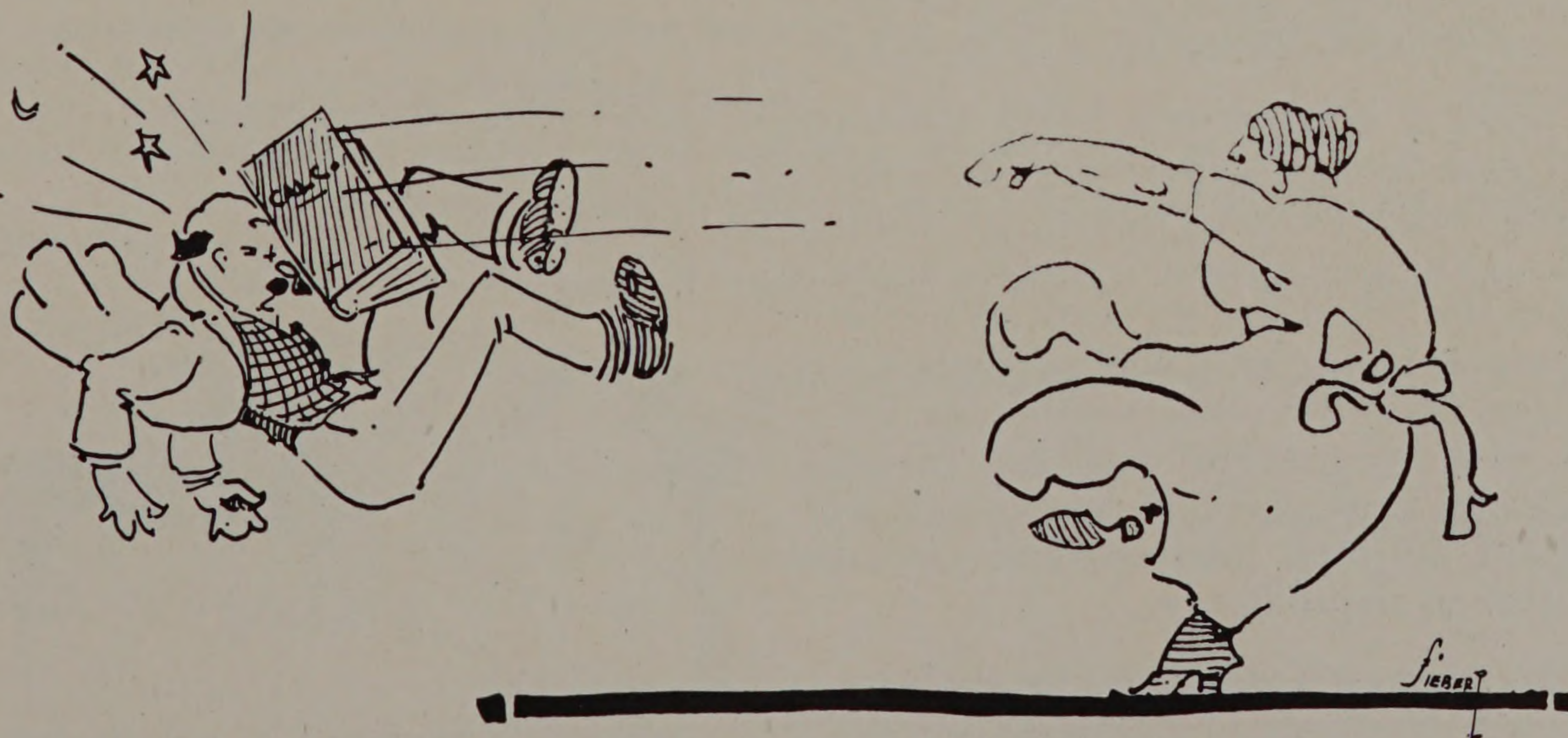
As the overture opens the faint wailing of a sublimated Jews-harp drifts in on the eerie wings of night. As a mother wampus croons a simple lul-

laby to all the little wampii, as the silver moon delicately sheds its azure rays, so the heartstrings of the audience play a lilting counter melody, which blends in increasing ecstasy with the instrumental splendor.

It is dawn. As it slinks in on an elongated chirping of the trombone we feel the rising throb of hatred. It is a slow passion burning almost unseen in an oppressed people. Now it gathers strength, gathers inertia, gathers momentum, gathers anything else that happens to be handy, and leaps fearlessly to a climax as an innocent pianissimo is captured by a bold, bad fort-sundo, and dragged pitilessly to his lair, inhabited by dragons and dusky, dehydrated decrescendos.

Lying bruised and broken on the cold stone floor, poor Pianissimo dreams of the home of her childhood, lilting light, lissome lyrics of its naive beauty, like the odor of earthworms come up to die after a heavy rain. But not yet is Pianissimo lost. A forgotten lover, Allegro Absurdi, stands beneath her window, and with the voice of an unhappy flute sings of his devotion. Pianissimo awakes in a veritable pistaschio of tone, only to find her lover dead.

Slowly from the air she draws a palpitating virtuoso, with which she stabs herself. As the climax mounts to exotic heights we hear the roaring harp, and the scintillating, tintinnabulating tympani, predicting a few more deaths if the thing doesn't stop pretty soon.



"Well placed shot in the infinitesimal increment."

Two Hundred Twenty-nine