Thongue Thwister

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thoughtlessly thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb.

Now if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thoughtlessly thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb:

See thou that in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles thou thrustest not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb.

Success to the successful thistle-sifter.

Spot Blushes

Subject of discussion in one of Professor Fuller's E22 drama classes the other day was the recent production in 2-190 of Moliere's "Physician in Spite of Himself," presented by Professor Greene's section.

One bright young member of the class, when asked for an opinion, explained that he thought that the play had been a bit risque - especially so, he added, "as it had caused even a Tech coed to blush in spots."

Little Miss Muffet

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet, eating curds and whey - very good at only fifty cents a plate at Technology's D.S. - along came a cockroach and sat down beside her, and she had some meat with her dinner - cockroaches cooked free if you catch them yourself.

* * *

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey;

Little Jack Horner
Sat in his corner —
The sap.

Ode to G. Richard Young

The night was dark and turbid,
Low-lying clouds raced o'erhead,
When a sobbing cry pierced the stillness,
In which a note of distress could be read.

Retreating to a convenient shadow,
To wait for the mystery to unfurl,
Through the swirling mist I discerned
The figure of a dishevelled girl!

Through a rent in the gloomy heavens,
The moon cast an eerie light;
Looking at the distressed maid, I thought,
"Good Lord, she's been through hell tonight!"

Her clothes were all torn and tattered;
Her gown was ripped to shreds;
Oh who to such a dire catastrophe
Could this maid have led?

Whether the look in her eyes was fear or anger,
I had not time to divine.
But she cried, as she passed on into the darkness,
"Oh Dick, wait for me. I've changed my mind!"