

SPECIALTY NUMBER (ECONOMICS 9-HOUR EXAM.)

The following question is optional, and need not be answered. No credit will be given for a correct answer, but lots of discredit will be given for an incorrect one.

Multiple choice:

1. There is an (old lady, young man, St. Bernard) living in the state of New (Jersey, York, England) who has the only outstanding shares in the (Ford, Cord, wheel-chair) (family, gang). (She, Him, It) (refuses, chooses, amuses) to sell these (hairs, shares, chairs) back to the corporation. The corporation has offered (her, him, it) a (great deal of, small amount of, peanuts) (honey, money, baloney) for (it, them). I think (he, she, it) is being (dumb, numb, fun, shrewd).

Defend your answer to this question in not less than 3000 words.

Prof: "Mr, Jones, I hate to tell you, but your son is a moron."
Jones: "Where is he? I'll teach that young pup to join a fraternity without consulting me."

An American enginuer was being shown through the Moscow subway by his official Red Army guide.

"This is a remarkably well-designed subway," he said, "but why aren't there any trains running?"

"Replied the Russian, "And what about the lynching in the South?"

Soon after the newlyweds came back from their honeymoon, the bride decided to cook her first chicken. When the husband began to carve it, he asked, "What did you stuff it with, dear?"

"I didn't have to stuff it," she replied. "It wasn't hollow."

Two professors were strolling through an exhibit of fine arts.

"Say," said one, "that's a fine bust of Robert Burns, over there."

"That's not Robert Burns," snapped the other, "that's William Shakespeare."

"Well," sighed the first, "that's one or me. Just goes to show you how little I know about the Bible."

A sexton cleaning up the pulpit after Sunday service took a peek at the preacher's manuscript. Along the left margin were instructions such as: "Pause here," "Wipe brow here," "use angry fist gesture," "Look upward."

Near the end was a long paragraph of texts,, o pposite which the preacher had marked in large capital letters: Argument weak here, yell like hell!"

A priest saw one of his parishioners hanging drunkenly on a lamp post.

"For shame young man, What's gotten into you?"

"Three Fathers,, feather."

And then one day she turned and saw that he was smiling at her! She smiled back at him! No, he didn't turn away, he disappeared- he looked at her more intent than before!

"Smile like that again," he said.

She blushed and dimpled. And he laughed and laughed. "Just as I thought," he said "You look like a chipmunk."