

Reader's Digest Pieces

The Ratt (Paul-oooh baby!!), Scotto's, the dance in Philly, Jim, the bright yellow skirt, all the fun we had in Acct., California Coolers(Orange), "her nose is so big, she'd lose her fist in it if she went to pick it!", my button flew off!, I have to go to the bathroom(walking into locked doors!).

-Remember?-

H

Pol: Surus Dekhai chay! Patloon Kadh! Inchu Kur, undhur ghal, bhar kadh. lookin' and feelin' good! GLWE -H

eanne,

I'm really glad that we became such good friends. You are a wild woman! Never forget the notes, coffee, eraser, coping, and all the studying we accomplished.

Your Apple Cider Pal

Hetal,

Kampsha! Hope you get back to your normal crazy self soon. Prepare yourself for Garba and New York. Try not to kiss me. Here's to new beginnings and an end to old flames. By the way, if you don't give me a piece of gum I'll say something to thaaro chokaaro.

Karali

olleen,

Remember our winning streak in bowling and the rack you kicked. Tell Chief I said HOW!

Luchee

ilam,

"Does anybody want a piece of gum?" Hetal

You can staccato music up your chinato!!!

and T,

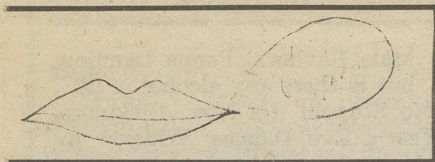
Have you finished all of Penn State yet?

Dave, Can you make swans too?

Andy, What's your stick for?

Mario,

Can we please have your eraser?



A Classmate at Penn State offered to drive a group of us to the movies in his mini-car. I don't remember exactly how many of us there were, but the smallest fellow squeezed up against the back window. Another guy lay across the laps of the back-seat passengers. I sat next to the driver, with someone on my knees.

Halfway to the theater, we were stopped by a police officer, who ordered us all to get out. We untangled ourselves and lined up beside our friend's car. Looking us over, the officer growled, "Now get back in." We returned to our seats, only to hear, "Everybody out again!"

Once more the officer scrutinized us, scratching his head in puzzlement. "All right," he said, "get in and get out of here. I still don't know how you do it!"

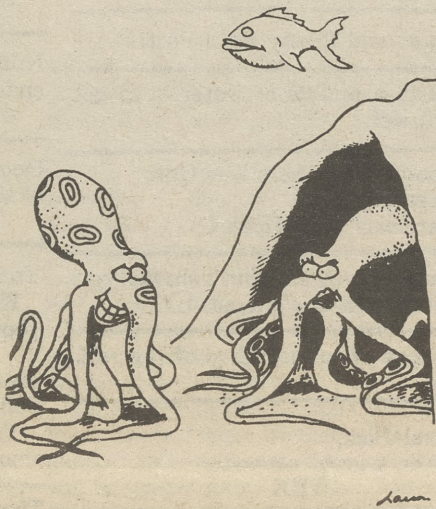
Contributed by Ralph Peter

During a psychology class our instructor admitted she felt as if she were in "an ocean of knowledge" with only a spoon to consume it. "But Mrs. Doolin," a forlorn voice piped up, "I feel like I have a fork!"

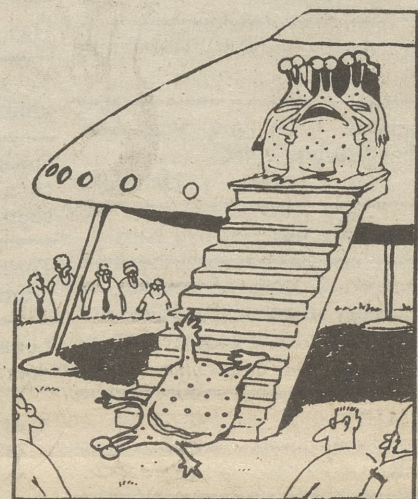
Contributed by Kirt Cockerham



"Anthropologists! Anthropologists!"



"Oh yeah? . . . And I suppose you got those suction marks at the meeting too!"



"Wonderful! Just wonderful! . . . So much for instilling them with a sense of awe."

When my 16-year-old son passed his written test and was given a learner's permit, I suppressed my panic and allowed him to drive the six miles home. He did very well. I was about to give him a compliment, but he beat me to it. "Gee, Mom, I'm so proud of you," he said cheerfully as we pulled into our driveway. "You know, you only screamed twice."

Contributed by Norma Runcie

My tenth-grade English students had spent several weeks on their research papers, and the moment of truth had arrived - the papers were due. I knew that Gene had not been working very hard on the assignment and that it probably would not be up to standard. When I went to collect it from him, he said, "My dog ate it."

I heard that excuse dozens of times, so I gave him my best intimidating-teacher glare.

"It's true," he insisted. "I had to force him, but he ate it."

Contributed by Jim De Filippi

At a high-school football game, I noticed that many parents were wearing matching T-shirts with their team's symbol on the front. On the back of the shirts were printed sons' and daughters' names. There was "Cheryl's Mom," "Bill's Dad," and so on. Then I saw two shirts that reflected the growing number of single and dating parents. The woman's T-shirt identified her as "Kathy's Mom." Next to her, cheering enthusiastically, was a man whose matching shirt proudly proclaimed: "Kathy's Mom's Friend!"

Contributed by Wanda Gregory

Question: "What did the jealous computer bug sing to his girlfriend?"

Answer: "Don't sit under the Apple IIe with anyone else but me!"

Contributed by John R. Hanson

The Far Side of Gary Larson

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