

Another Parody of
The Night Before Christmas

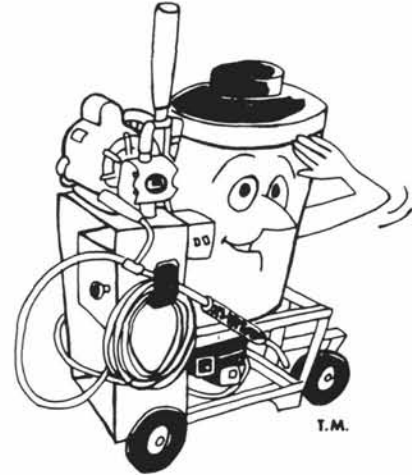
"Twas the night before a tournament, when all through the shed,
Not a creature was stirring, except the hungry seed mouse, Fred.
The mowers aligned by the door with care,
In hopes that St. Do Work, soon would be there.
The players were home all snug in a bed,
While visions of one-putts danced in their heads.
And out on the course the water a whirl,
Grass blades began to happily unfurl.
When out in the pump house there arose such a clatter,
The night watchman drove over to see what was the matter.
Away to the course I flew like a flash,
For the watchman had called and said, "Sir, your pumps are
trash."

As I wondered and pondered the calamity in store,
I was about to open the malevolent door.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature cushman and eight tiny crew deer.
With the driver in coveralls, a hat on his head,
I knew in a minute it must be Big Red.
More rapid than phythium takes course they came,
And he whistled, spit seeds, and called them by name:
"Now Musser! Now Grau! Now, Noer and Sherman!
On Butler! On, King! On Vargas and Nixon!
To the top of the lab! To the front of the class!
Now, dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!
As dry grass leaves before a storm do fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.
So up to the pump house the researchers they flew,
With the cushman full of ideas, and St. Do Work, too.
And then, in a sprinkling, I heard on the roof,
The wrenching and groaning of ideas gone poof.
But as I stuck my head and was looking around,
Down the air vent, St. Do Work came with a bound.
He was dressed all in denim, from his hat to his foot
And his clothes were mud covered with a dangling grass rot.
A bundle of parts he had flung in his pack
And he looked like a griddler enjoying a sack.
His eyes — how they glistened! His demeanor intense!
His cheeks full of chew, with spitting, a sixth sense.
Yellowish-white beard did hang from his chin,
Up northward the red hear did gradually thin.
A stump of a pencil behind his right ear,
With a battered old notebook stored in the rear.
He had an amative face, with a specimen beer belly,
That was properly conditioned watching sports on the Telly.
He was a paradoxical sort, with his disheveled appearance,
But a magical mind borne true by experience.
A wink of an eye and a nod of his head,
Soon gave me to know I would be returning to bed.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And righted the pumps; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the air vent he rose.
He sprang to his cushman, to his team gave a cheer,
And away they all flew like the foam of a beer.
But I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight
"Good tournament to all, and to all a Good Night."

**Credit: Doug Jones, Western Slope Correspondent
Rocky Mountain Reporter 10/85**

hotsy®

**The Hot Water Cleaner
For Heavy Duty Jobs**



© 1976
THE HOTSY CORPORATION

Hotsy will save you time and money:

Dirt can cripple equipment performance. Hotsy removes industrial grime faster and more economically than steam cleaners can.

Hand-cleaning is a tedious time-waster. Hotsy saves employee time and reduces down time on heavy machinery.

**Clean Equipment Runs Better Longer
Let us Clean Something Dirty For You**

● CALL FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION ●

hotsy of Chicago, Inc.

SALES/SERVICE/RENTALS

90 Models • 200 to 15,000 PSI

893-0777

**25 SOUTH PARK STREET
ROSELLE, ILLINOIS**