

## I LOVE MY DENTIST

Sex is a wonderful thing, but my dentist is in a class by himself. Diabolically tearing at my second bicuspid with a cold chisel and a tire iron, he amuses me with the anecdote about the time he gave a patient laughing gas and pulled out all his teeth, only to find when the man recovered consciousness that he had wandered into the wrong office, and really wanted to buy a dog license.

When he gets my jaws spread apart, he inserts a full kit of plumber's tools in my mouth and leaves them there while he goes to answer the telephone. Having talked for a half-hour he dashes back, all smiles and bubbling enthusiasm, to watch me in the last paroxysms of strangulation. Then he stuffs a wad of cotton in my cheek, tosses in a mirror and a shaving brush and a volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica, hauls out his drill and starts playing the "Ride of the Valkyries" on my sensitive left molar.

Rising to his full height, he plunges a hypodermic needle into my gum with a single stroke of his mighty arm—only to remember that he forgot to load it. Laughing gaily over this cute little joke, he assures me that he can always produce a profound anaesthesia by a sharp tap on the back of the head with a hammer.

He then washes his hands carefully and lays out a game of solitaire. A short while later, he folds up the deck, approaches my quivering form and playfully taps the side of my jaw with a harpoon to see if the feeling has left. This little operation always breaks off a couple of perfectly good teeth, which gives him an opportunity to probe for their roots.

He calms his nerves for this delicate job by ripping the pictures from the walls and stamping on them, and proceeds to sterilize a couple of horrifying gadgets which

look like efficient weapons for a hand-to-hand Malayan bushman.

As he approaches my oral cavity with these fiendish instruments, I try feebly to remain whimsical, but succeed only in realizing acutely that the subject has gotten out of the realm of light humor.

—Yale Record

An engineering student walked up to his professor the other day and handed in a large bundle of assignments. Noticing a sheepish look on the face of the student, the professor asked somewhat suspiciously, "What's all this?"

"These are my Mae West problems," explained the student.

"Mae West?"

"Yeah, I done 'em wrong."

—Pelican

Society Sal: "What do you think of that bust of my dead husband that I had made as a fountain head?"

Gene: "I should say that it's the spittin' image of him."

—Punch Bowl

Lady: "Why so excited little boy? Can't you stand still?"

Little Boy: "Lady, is that any question to ask a gentleman?"

—Punch Bowl

They told me that back slapping ended with a rush week, but it doesn't. It just moves farther down.

—Sour Owl

He: "I dreamed about you last night."

She: "How did you make out?"

—Lafayette Lyre

## HOW THE PROBLEMS ARE WORKED

Calculation,  
Consternation,  
Concentration,  
Bad!

Cancellation,  
Realization,  
Exclamation,  
Sad!

Continuation,  
Meditation,  
Degradation,  
Cad (prof).

Determination,  
Deliberation,  
Demonstration,  
Gad!

Degeneration,  
Irritation,  
Intoxication,  
Mad!

Celebration,  
Consolation,  
Pronunciation,  
Shush!

Revelation,  
Consultation,  
Conversation,  
Glad!

Expianation,  
Cooperation,  
Corporation,  
Had!

Destination,  
Dedication,  
To the engineering  
Lad!

—Yellow Jacket