

"Gawd, Fred, ain't it hot?"

"Jeez, Cal, it sure is. Jeez, I'm roasting. Guess I'll whip down a choke and see if I can cool off."

"Aw, y'don't wanta do that. Doctors've proved that'll only make ya hotter."

"Aw, gawan."

"Yeah."

"Yeah? Well, whadda yo do to keep cool?"

Well, I usually come in out of the sun. Heh, heh. But seriously, I allus drinka cuppa hot coffee. Draws the blood to the stomach and away from the skin. Makes ya collar.

"O keh, I'll try anything in this heat. Say, there's Jack. Boy, he looks plenty hot. Say, izzit hot-nough for you?"

"Yeah, I guess so. Hot'nough for you?"

"Boy, I'll say. Too hot. Jus' goin' over t'fet some coffee t'cool off. Wanta comalong?"

"Aw, why do that? Come over to my place. 'S' cool over there. I shut all the windows and pulled all the shades this morning. Keeps the heat out."

"Tha's funn, my mother always opens every door and window in our place when it gets hot. Says it sets up a cool draft."

"Say, there's Bud. Gawd, how can he stand it with that heavy suit on? H'lo, Bul, izzit hot 'nough for you today?"

"Ih, I don't know. It's not so bad."

"Jeez, how can you stand to wear that suit?"

"Oh, I allus put on more clothes when it gets hit. Clothes keep the heat out. Oughtta try it sometime."

"'S'funny, it never gets hot until school starts."

"Yeah, that's right. Can't last forever, though."

"No, that's right. Seems as though there's usually three days in a row. Runs the same with cold and rain. Three days and then its usually back to normal."

"Yeah, tha's right. Unusual weather runs for three days."

"Hey, fellas, there's Dick. Jeez, lookit 'im sweat. Hiya, Dick? Hat 'nough for ya? . . ."

BAD POLICY

Bert: "So that insurance agent wouldn't give you a policy because you're a bad risk."

Bill: "Yep, I'm running around with his wife."

Nurse: "I think that D. K. E. is regaining consciousness, Doctor. He just tried to blow foam off his medicine." -Scope



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HERE'S HOW TO NICKNAME PROFS

This article is mainly for the purpose of familiarizing the Freshmen with the accepted system for giving nicknames to the profs, so that they will know who the upperclassmen are talking about when they use the various pet names with which we are all so familiar.

First—Examine the professor's appearance and physique minutely. Surely there must be some little eccentricity about his bearing or his clothes which will give you a honey of an idea. Do his pants bag at the seat? Think of the marvelous opportunities presented by such a peculiarity as this. If he is a Math prof, perhaps his marvelous crop of bushy hair would lead to such charming names as "Hairbreadth Harry," "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and various others. Perhaps his general appearance would suggest "Fossil Face," "Beagle Beak," "Toothless Joe" or some other such choice title. Even "Jo-Jo the Dog-Faced Boy," might seem to fit.

If you can't think up a name for the guy by just looking at him, there are several other methods. For instance, observe his mannerisms and actions in classes. Many astoundingly proper names have been given by this method. How does he walk? Would "Joe the Flit" fit him? Perhaps the manner with which he approaches the blackboard would suggest "Fearless Freddie," or "Shuffle Sam."

If neither of these systems bring results, the only standby is the way the fellow marks. It is easily seen that some profs could be "Screwey Dick," "Jack the Zipper," "Santa Claus," and even "Cousin Henry."

Well, frosh, now you know how it's done. Let's see what you can do with the several unnamed profs floating around this school. You can call them anything you wan, but you had better refrain from calling them anything profane to their faces.

—Urchin

PLEASE, MR. FREUD

Reflexes, complexes, and muddling of sexes
Are driving me rapidly mad.
Perversions, aversions, and morbid excursions
Are becoming the medical fad.
Delusions, illusions, and genetic confusions
Are the gist of the Freudian schools;
Dreaming, scheming and analyzed screaming
Are all psychological tools.
Neurosis, psychosis, and other large doses
Of mental disorders incline me
To symbolize, tantalize, and otherwise analyze
My behavior as a gonadial spree.

Now I can't convex everything upon sex,
But it sounds like a darn lot of fun.
So if there is an evtra Mania, which I can obtainia
Mr. Freud, can I have one?

—Purple Cow

"Hurry over to our fraternity house, Doctor, a fellow here has something the matter with his eyes."

"It must be serious if you wake me up at this time of the night. What's the trouble? Does he see elephants and snakes and things?"

"No, sir, that's why we called. The room is full of them and he can't see any."

THE BATTALION