

# Ask the Professor

If you have a problem write to Professor K. K. Kindheart, c/o the Department of Ethics, West Point Military Academy. He probably doesn't give a damn, but he might be persuaded to sell you one.

Dear Professor Kindheart:

I am failing all of my courses, my girlfriend is pregnant and I am NOT the father, the student loans officer found out that my dad makes \$150,000 a year and I am to pay back \$8423 plus interest immediately. Also, I have three books overdue at the library. Please help me.

sincerely, Screwed

Dear Sincerely Screwed,

It is time to take control of your situation. Offer to repay the loan only if the loans officer will pay your library fine and marry your girlfriend. Tough luck about the courses. Have you tried blackmailing your professors with a paternity suit by your girlfriend?

as always,  
Professor KKK

Dear Professor Kindheart,

My professors have accused me of being a keener. All I do is try my best to please them. What should I do?

your truly,  
Suspected Brown Noser

Dear Brown Noser,

Wipe your nose and take a more positive approach. Steal your classmates' notes, rip relevant journal articles off the library bulletin board, put flu virus and Anthrax cultures in the taco sauce at the cafeteria (no one will every suspect). It's survival of the fittest. Shape up and be a man.

love, Kindheart

Dear Professor Kindheart:

Mummy and Daddy have decided to cancel my holidays in Firenze and Roma, and have submitted my qualifications as a D E W line inspector to Daddy's friends at N O R A D. I feel that I may not qualify as I have nothing suitable to wear. Please assist me.

respectfully yours,  
Chuck

P.S. What do D E W line inspectors wear?

Dear Chuck,

Sorry I can't help. I guess you will just have to make D E W.

Adieu,  
Professor KKK



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Dear Profesor Kindheart,

Life is a bitch. My folks have got me down, my girlfriend has got me down, my job has got me down, my exams have got me down, and my friends have got me down. I am going to kill myself.

Good-bye forever,  
Suicide Sam

Dear Sam,

Good luck in your new location. Don't forget to write, see ya later,  
Professor KKK

P.S. Death is also a bitch.

Dear Professor Kindheart,

My problem is that the Government of Canada intends to build a nuclear bomb shelter on the university campus of which I am president. I thought this was a good idea until I found out that I was not considered important enough to stay there during a nuclear attack, or any other time for that matter (can you imagine their audacity to consider me unimportant?). As it obvious, I was shocked and deeply hurt. What should I do?

yours truly,  
President  
P. M. Mouse

Dear Mousey,

I find that the best way to deal with such matters is to get away from the source of the problem. Quit your job as President, move far away (maybe try Greece), and build your own little bomb shelter. Show them that them can't push you around and get away with it. Be strong and don't give in to these thugs.

Faithfully yours,  
Professor KKK

P.S. Would you be so kind as to forward a job application form to me from your university please?

# Psycho

HEE HEE HEE! (Bang, bang!)Aaaaaaah! Ha ha ha!

I give my hospitable greetings to you in my final column this year.

"No, no! No, Skits (schitz), you don't have to be courteous ..."

"Oh yes I do. It's my final column before the big jump ..."

"Hmmmmm, talking to myself again.

Anyway, I was going to talk to you about webbed feet and how quickly they move, but on request I will talk to you about suicide.

As everyone on campus knows, final exams are fast approaching and it's at this time of year that panic and anxiety become primary emotions. And you want to know how the be ... be ... Beavers handle the situation.

Well ... they don't. Som go skitzoid, as you may have read, until they die of exhaustion from a lack of running shoe rubber (the smelly stuff).

Beware, professors who wear running shoes during exams!

Some use their counter-balance weight on their tails; they forget about the hook and line and just use it as a

sinker right to the bottom of the pond.

Others simply prop themselves against a brick wall (wood makes them hungry), place their heads close to it, and butt themselves to death with their tails.

More go on wodd binges and eat every bit of wood in sight — desks, chairs, tables, their own notebooks, and papers.

Beware, professors with paper exams!

One sunny day last week I saw ... hehee ... some strange looking craetures on top of Memorial Building.

"Admiring Professor Wonnacott's Dome," I thought. They were stretched out on the roof and yawning a lot.

"They're just out of hibernation," I thought again, "from the bowels of Duffy."

As I looked more closely, I could see them using binoculars to look down on campus from their tree-top vantage point.

Every time a campus female strolled across the grounds between Memorial and the library, a roar of hooting and hollering showered down on her un-

suspecting head.

My, how spring blood flows so quickly.

I happened to hear a half-intellectual conversation between a creature on top of Memorial and its own kind on the ground:

"Hey, how did you get up there?"

"By the stairway."

What ya doing up there anyways?"

"Tail huntin!"

Suddenly all binoculars focussed on an EPA jet coming in for a landing. I know what they were looking at!

Forget it, boys, she's not your type. Or maybe she is. "You better Jump! Go ahead and jump!"

Thank you very much for your captivated attention. Maybe I will see you next year in this no-nonsense newspaper.

Ha! Ha! As you can tell, I didn't have a fi ... fi ... (sigh) ... fit.

Almost, but not quite.

Yours unethically,

*Dr. Schitz*

Dr. Schitz

