

It Ain't the Heat

Frederick Howatt, '39

When Satan fell from grace,
He was hurled from his high place
And cast into the pit with great rapidity;
And oft-times down in hell
The devils hear him yell,
"It ain't the heat I mind, it's the humidity."

Now martyrs by the score
Were slain in days of yore,
For refusing to deny their Faith's validity.
Each maintained, immersed in oil,
As he felt it start to boil,
"It ain't the heat I mind, it's the humidity."

A hoary tradition comes down through the ages
Which has the support both of fools and of sages,
And is firmly believed 'mongst the low and the lofty,
That he who complains of the heat is a softy.
"Moisture's the source of discomfort," 's the cry.
From which we deduce, if the mercury's high
It matters but little, providing it's dry.
An historic example — consider the pleasure
Of the lads in the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar,
Who took up positions at east, west, and north,
And called down an angel to act as a fourth.
So, 'neath midsummer suns when the heat waves are shim-
mering,

When the kine are half cooked and the fishes are simmering,
Take pains, gentle reader, to shun the thermometer
And direct your attention upon the hygrometer.
Unless of course, you don't mind being thought
A weakling who groans and complains when it's hot.

If you're sliding on your seat
And the friction causes heat,
Try to cultivate a measure of solidity.
Just say with air superior
As you cool your scorched posterior,
"It ain't the heat I mind, it's the humidity."