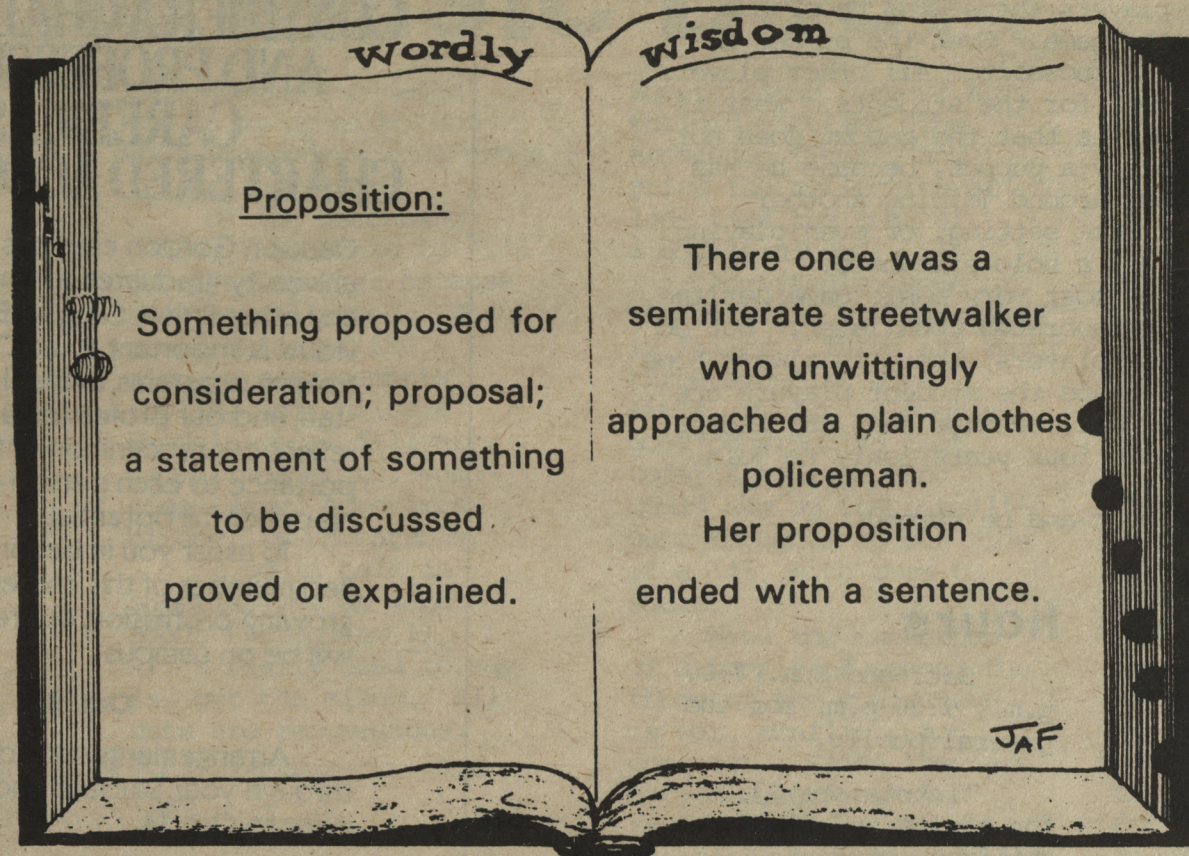


Wordly Wisdom

by Jay Firestone



Proposition:

Something proposed for consideration; proposal; a statement of something to be discussed. proved or explained.

There once was a semiliterate streetwalker who unwittingly approached a plain clothes policeman. Her proposition ended with a sentence.

JAF



Definition of a wanton; A Chinese girl with loose morals.

Have you heard of the new fertilizer spreader? It's called the electioneer.

Dressing like a nun can be habit forming.

Life is like a typewriter: the problem with most people is that they can only use one finger.

BEN WICKS



French doggie joke:

AB, CD puppies?
LMNO puppies!
SAR puppies!
CMP?

The Professor's Diary

Monday: Took my accustomed seat this morning for coffee with the good old boys in the Faculty Lounge. As usual, the discussion was on a fairly lofty plane. One benefit of these coffee hours, apart from their being a delightful reason to while away a good part of the morning, is that the cut and thrust of intellectual debate hones one's wits to razor sharpness. Today the search for beauty and truth took us to the question of whether it is correct to say "the space between three points." I understand the English Department is devoting its next meeting to this thorny question.

Tuesday: Went to see my Chairman today about my application for promotion. He looked at my file carefully. He looked at me sadly. "Publish," he said gently. "Or what?" I said belligerently. "Or perish", he said dramatically. Publish or perish! The phrase was new to me, but it had an energizing ring. I went back to my office and put up my feet to think about it. Dozed off until it was time for coffee.

Wednesday: Parking Committee again. This time we discussed whether the outer ring road should have one-way traffic only. There was not much dispute on the principle of the thing, since other universities do this, but the committee divided on which way the traffic should go. The closet Marxists and their fellow travellers wanted it to go counter-clockwise, that is, to the left. The old St. Dunstan's crowd naturally spoke for the reverse. Fortunately I managed to get the question referred to one of our subcommittees for consideration and a full report later.

Thursday: My lecture today was positively brilliant. I played on the class as upon a stringed instrument. I talked very fast, used a lot of technical terminology, and covered the board repeatedly with complex diagrams which I rubbed off as soon as I was finished with them. As I told the class, it was all obvious, really. At the end I distributed a detailed reading list for next time, leaving out, of course, the book from which I had taken my lecture. The MacDonald girl, by the way, commented afterwards on how neat my handwriting is.

Friday: Department meeting today. We discussed ways of getting more students to enrol in our courses, lest we receive some Presidential Bull on the topic of "redundancy." The question is really how to emulate Business Administration and start firm rumours among the students along the lines of (a) "We have here one of the best departments for this subject you could possibly find," and (b) "Without an education in this subject you will never work." It does not matter whether either of these rumours is true. Warm bodies in the classroom are all that matter nowadays.