

# The Professor's Diary



Monday: A thousand apologies, Dear Diary, for last week's unwonted hiatus. A trifling indisposition kept me to my bed and away from the office. Fortunately, no one seems to have noticed. I had nothing in the house to read except some Pogo books and my collected Senate minutes. Sometimes, being a little light-headed, I found it difficult to tell one from the other.

Tuesday: Now that the SUN has turned into a Poetry Weekly, I see an opportunity to fatten my c.v. with a publication. Many colleagues in my subject or in this building would be surprised to learn that I am a secret versifier. Admittedly, however, the standards set by the SUN are rather tricky. I wonder what they would think of my "Song of the Strife", conceived in a somewhat bilious mood after a walk across the field for lunch:

Land of the Burger King,  
Home of the Whopper,  
Where still the Mighty Mac  
Burgeons at will:  
Oh, A and W,  
Why do I trouble you?  
Boom ditty boom boom boom,  
Boom ditty boom boom barf.

That last line strikes the right note I believe.

Wednesday: I have discovered that other poems are circulating orally in this campus of singing birds. I have heard versions of the following intriguing fragment from three different professors! It is said to originate in a certain social science department, but this is hardly credible. (One must walk before one can run.) It reads more like a press release from the Information Office:

The Island U. with sinking funds  
A costly leisure-dome has bought,  
Where past the rink the sidewalk runs  
Down to the parking lot.

Like my salary, it stops just when you're getting interested.

Thursday: One of my younger colleagues attempted to argue today that there is a more intellectual atmosphere in the student cafeteria than in the Faculty Lounge. Preposterous! Why, in the cafeteria, as I gather, students spend much of the time talking about their homework. Whereas in the Faculty Lounge we range far beyond, to last night's hockey game, our latest salary settlement, the dullness of students, etc., etc. In my view, professors who frequent the cafeteria lower the whole tone of the university.

Friday: A disturbing turn of events with the MacDonald girl. She came to my office yesterday ostensibly to talk about her mid-term, on which she received 35, a gift. She began by questioning my correction of technical terminology. In answer, I pulled down a standard reference book to show her. "My", she said, and leaned in closer, "That's a big reference book, isn't it?" "The bigger the better!" I quipped, with ready wit. "That's not necessarily so, is it?" she said huskily. I terminated the interview as soon as decently possible.

## Bio Barks Back

Recently, in my quiet, unassuming way, (biologically speaking), I have noticed certain.. how shall I say it... unfriendly?... uncomplimentary?... disparaging? ... all-in-all NOT NICE.. (yes, that shall do) remarks and/or innuendos regarding a particular body of students.

These opinions appear to dribble from the pencil of an engineering student, being directed towards everybody, but seeming to zero in on biology students.

Ahem.

I am a biology student.

Me.

Moi.

It causes me some concern that the engineering section of our otherwise noble institution is still intact.

(An aside - it is surely unfortunate that some engineering students can skate - I understand that engineering students were foreign to the red soil of this fair isle, until one black day when a pack of them were playing ice hockey on an iceberg near Cow Head and one of them got a breakaway...)

It is truly an unfortunate situation wherein he who jabbars loudest is heard - for the strident cacophony of the engineering ensemble is not music to the ears.

It is, however, to laugh.

I laugh - haha - I laugh.

In my bewilderment at the existence of this unfortunate species, I can but marvel at the mysteries of the universe.

I do believe (although I must confess this new phenomena has shaken me somewhat) that ... "... to everything

there is a season..."; but now I find myself anxiously inquiring, "Why, God; Why? Is inflation really so bad that we must be tormented with this horrendous plague of engineering students?"

(An aside - while idly leafing through my biology text the other day, I chanced upon a discussion on mutations, and found myself ruefully agreeing that all mutations certainly aren't beneficial to the species as a whole. I pondered briefly upon the remarkable endurance of Homo Engineerus, and concluded there must be some genetic equivalence with the pesky, DDT-adaptable mosquito.)

I feel an urge to digress (which is unfortunate, since the typewriter has indicated forcefully that if I type that E - word again she will take an extended oil break).

(Ahhhh, he gently burps, having digressed a six-pack from a frosted glass).

Let us not mince words, my semi-literate friends from engineering. Disembark from your cracked-glass castle on your mount of misfortune, and allow your wit and imagination (such as they are) free rein on a field of combat of your own choosing. Pit the cold lead of a drafting pencil 'gainst the cold steel of a dissecting scalpel. Test the pathos of the ruins of a once mighty bridge with the eternal triumph of a budding rose in spring; and last but not least put your electrodes in the frying pan of reality and watch 'em sizzle.

(signed)

Gene Pituitary

## Rumor Hath It...

- that Cynthia K. is a goer!
- that Patti B. got a buzz on and couldn't get him off.
- that the C.P. chief had a date last Saturday night, about time, eh Vic?!
- that Education students are nearly done classes for the semester.
- that P.B. went on it last weekend!
- that 6:00 am comes early on Sunday morning.