

the thin man

By Tom G. Killorn

Why would a...

I WAS leafing through a splendid edition of "People" magazine the other day when my shallow thinking was disturbed by an event one can only describe as hideous. While reading, I came upon an ad with the key message, "Why would a model like Nancy Toner use a feminine napkin?" Do you think I really care how Nancy Toner sets her table for that special dinner party? I am fed up with people like Nancy Toner telling me what to do.

Over the past five years I have made a number of concessions towards the equality of the sexes. I'll put up with blow dryers, pastel sport shirts, and "Jouan Sports Scent For Men", but I'll be damned if I'm going to start using feminine napkins.

When I have the boys over for poker and a few beers I'm going to use macho napkins whether Miss Toner likes it or not. The napkins I use will have John Deere symbols plastered all over them.

All this talk about how to entertain properly has got me very upset. My friends tell me that I seem to be a lot more irritable lately. They say I seem to be getting sick a lot more than I used to. Most of them reassure me that I'm only going through a phase and it will pass. I surely hope so.

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Rumor Hath It...

- that Dr. Edgar MacDonald had to be treated for a severe case of dish pan hands following the outdoor ed. weekend.
- that the Panther Lounge was invaded by a group of education students last Friday night.
- that the Don on 4th floor Bernadine is looking for It the night of the Co-ed.
- that there is a yearbook workshop this Saturday at 9:00 a.m.
- that Kay at Security has a pet mouse. Right Kay?
- that the girls from 301 Blanchard get claustrophobia when penny-jammed in their room but certainly enjoy making a general mess.
- that the 4th floor Don had it but lost it again.
- that Expos are number one!
- that if the SUN wants to do a full page spread on the Soccer team, then they better take their cameras to the van.
- that G. is going to get what she is looking for.
- that the silent revolution has been completed.
- that Webster finally gave an interesting class.
- that a certain Prez is not acting.
- that the Freshman pub was a smash.
- that the Barn robbery was an inside job. Watch out Terry.
- that CIMN is in for a big change.
- that a certain vice-prez and Secretary are in for a higher position. Watch out Robyn.
- that the window was already cracked.
- that Twinkle Toes doesn't have bad fingers either..
- that engineers are led by none other than Anus Orifice.
- that Lady Godiva day was a smash.
- that the engineer vitamin E session will be cancelled this week. (hope you can keep it up boys!!!).

The Professor's Diary

Monday: My scheme to poison Professor X received added impetus today. He wandered into my office as usual with out knocking, and found me relieving the tedium between classes with Robertson Davies' latest book. "Ah yes," he said, "Of course I don't know Rob Davies that well -- whenever I'm in Toronto we have a drink together, that's all really, I wouldn't say we're close, but I was surprised when I read that novel how many sides of him I didn't know..." and on and on and on.

Tuesday: The MacDonald girl came to my office today, by appointment. She was in a pretty sort of confusion, and she said she was having trouble with the next assignment. She wanted to talk about some of the answers. After she had shut the door, she pulled up a chair beside mine and we worked on the difficult questions together. The poor dear needed quite a bit of masterly help.

Wednesday: I started making definite plans for my upcoming sabbatical today. In rapid succession I fired off inquiring letters to the Universities of Hawaii, Tahiti, the Canary Islands, and Acapulco. I also put a large scale map of the Greek Islands on my wall and studied it a good while. I could perhaps work up some sort of scholarly monograph on the effects of solar radiation on exposed flesh.

Thursday: Long meeting of the Parking Committee yesterday evening -- almost three hours. Chairing this committee is certainly time-consuming, but it should count heavily for my promotion. Today the sticking point was, as it were, the sticking point, Should UPEI parking permits for 1982-83 be displayed on the left hand side of the parked car as at present, or switched to the right? The usual tiresome faction arose, with a certain Political Science Professor arguing left, and obstinate Business student holding right, and the representation from Senate coming down four-square for yearly vacillation.

Friday: Today, towards the end of my Freshmen lecture, I started to tell the students something about the relevant holdings in the library. (Some of the students have actually found the library, I gather.) However, my first sentence on the subject -- intended to be quite arresting-- was unfortunate: "Yesterday, heavily covered with dust," I began, "I found an interesting document in the library." The smart-ass who lounges in the back row reading the SUN, -Gallant, his name is -- immediately lifted his head to say, "Please, sir,, that's a dangling participle, isn't it sir? Did you mean you were heavily covered with dust, sir, or the document was? What did you mean, sir?" This query rather put me off my stride. Not only was it a non sequitur, but I didn't know the answer. I made some feeble reference to the universal need for good grammar and dismissed the class early.