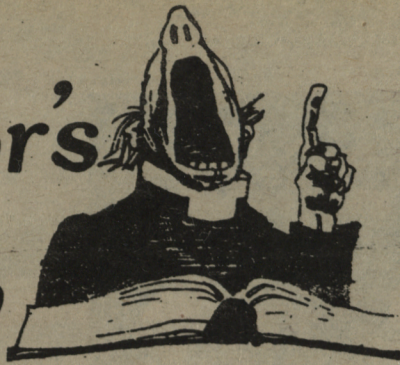


The Professor's Diary



Monday: Today in class I chanced to use the word preposition. It turned out that none of the students knew what one was. I illustrated the term thus. Suppose (I said) I taught Business Administration. Would people say I was of the Business School? Or would I be, in their opinion, merely in the Business School? The answer could be crucial for my image. How much more terrible to be found among the Business School! I could quickly counter, perhaps, by claiming to be at the Business School. I then concluded, "But who is really for the Business School?" Dashed clever, I thought.

Tuesday: The university seems more than usually like a ski resort today. Hot sun, clean air, white snow that squeaks underfoot. As I walk across the campus I expect any minute the Dean or President to bark at me like some Austrian ski-instructor: "Straighten your back! Bend your knees! Dunkopg!"

Wednesday: A student pointed out to me today that some faculty with Doctorates are called "Professor," while others are always firmly "Dr." Why is this? Another image question. Those who insist on the "Dr." are teetering on their pedestals. Those who almost deliberately hide the degree are embarrassed, embarrassed to have one eye in this faculty country of the blind. A special case, of course, is my arch-rival, Professor X. He is a Professor and only a Professor, but it is amazing how many people he had induced, without actually lying about it, to bestow that delicious accolade upon him.

Thursday: "Thinking the unthinkable" was the theme of the latest Parking Committee meeting today, in light of the M.P.H.E.C. recommendation to award only 12.9 % when we need 20. Is it really in the cards that the Parking Committee will be one of the cutbacks? There was a lot of hand-wringing, which, as Chairman, I tried to dispel, quoting a statesman whose name escapes me, "When the going gets tough, the tough gets going."

Friday: My smart-ass of last semester -- the Gallant Boy -- is taking another course from me. Why, I'm not sure. Although he proved to be the only student in the last fifteen years who knew what a post hoc ergo propter hoc was, I can't quite figure him out. For example, today in class he asked me playfully how you keep a turkey in suspense. Of course, I saw it was a riddle, so I said in good fun, "I give up, how?" He just sat there, saying nothing. What did he mean?

the thin man

By Tom G. Killorn
"TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES"

I was at our local Lebanese corner store to pick up the Gazette when I spotted, in the entertainment section, cultural news that would gladden the heart of any man, woman, or child. It seems that in this weak literary season that the jet sets principle squeeze Margaret Trudeau has written another book. Her book is called "Consequences" and in extending her fornication trilogy she has unwittingly brought out a major issue. In the book Maggie describes how she jumps over a fence to get at Jack Nicholson and how she leaped over a washroom stall to do it with Ryan O'Neal.

Margaret, through her activities, appears not only to be properly satisfying her libido but is also trying to overtake Debbie Brill as Canada's finest female high jumper. Through her exploits she has brought once again to the forefront the question of whether sex or exercise is better for maintaining proper physical health. Most in the world of athletics would say that if you run, play squash, or shoot some hoops then you will be in proper physical condition. Other individuals such as Bob Guccione or Good Ole

Boys in Arkansas or Alabama would argue that you must do it 12 hours a day in order to retain that sweet glow of youth. Ms. Trudeau in her tradition of wearing mini skirts to formal dinner parties or describing certain parts of her anatomy in national magazines has shown herself to again be a true social innovator.

Her newest literary smash will also serve for rampant speculation on the part of society page columnists about which celebrities Ms. Turdeau has not been intimate with. Just for fun here's a list of celebs that the first lady probably never made it with (this is obviously a very short list).

- Billy Graham
- Red Skelton
- Angus MacLean
- Bjorn Borg and Herve Villechaize (same time)
- Johnny UnitAs
- Ayatollah Khomeini
- Flipper
- Rod Carew
- Harold Ballard
- Joey Smallwood
- Eddie Rabbit

Author's note:
The Johnny Unitas selection is very controversial, since it is rumoured that Ms. Trudeau is a Baltimore Colts fan from a way back.

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