

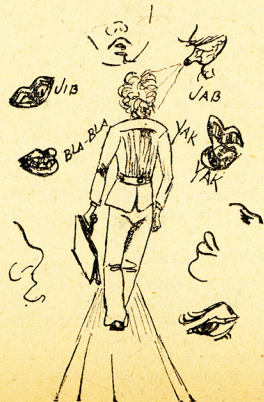
# CONFESSIONS OF A FACULTY SQUEALER . . . . .

By Erma Fiste

"Every morning I walk down this small hall amidst a herd of jostling, jabbering people. I come to this room, and drag myself over to the lectern . . . the lectern, the guiding light, the salvation, the support of all professors. Here, I'll casually toss this clothbound edition of some 1560 classic on the table for atmosphere. Oh, well, another 38 years and I retire. Call the roll . . . that's it . . . the roll.

"Adams, Arrow, Babbitt, Barnes, Buvinger. (Now there's an embryonic brain if I ever saw one. I wonder what color eyes he's got. When I think of my ever being able to penetrate that piece of stuporous protoplasm, I wish I were back on the farm loading fertilizer and canning hominy grits. I wonder if they'd march in two columns down to the dean again if I gave 'em a small quiz. Guess I'll chance it.)

"O. K., I thought I'd give a little quiz this morning and . . . "(Get that, would you? . . . They're looking at me like I just bargained to meet a Communist-filled submarine at pier 3 in N. Y. Whatya do in a case like this? Now, what did that 400 education course say:) I got it.



"By the way, while I'm passing out these sheets I'm reminded of a very funny story. (That comedian in the second row telling his friend I was reminded of the same funny story Wednesday. He takes all the kick out of everything.) Never mind, you'd better get started on these questions." (Dare I ask that whole back row what they're doing with carbon all over their hands. I thought I burnt the master copy in the mimeograph room. Smart alecs . . . they're trying to raise the average to a C and then I'll get my walking papers.) ,

"Say, Harris, don't forget you owe me a book report." (That's it, nod your head at me like a mute. If I ever get a paper from you, it'll be a note I confiscated enroute to that redhead on the end.) "Hay, wait a minute, you fellas . . . this isn't open book. I know I didn't say it wasn't but I didn't say it was . . . all right I JUST DIDN'T SAY." (They'd saw off their arms to the elbow if they thought they could trick me into believing they couldn't hold a fountain pen. Now, what's Reid want. He's waving his arms like an octopus who just sat on a sword fish.)

"What's the trouble, Reid? You don't understand what question?" (When I think of the times he's pulled this



fake I could strangle him with my Phi Beta Kappa key. If he thinks he's going to pull a hint to the answer out of me, he's nuts.)

"You have five minutes to finish up." (That girl staring out of the window all the time . . . she'll never finish. Probably she's getting signals from the chapel steeple. What's the matter with me . . . I never used to be this suspicious. Funny, I formerly could laugh . . . be gay, witty. Guess I've lost a lot of the old punch. I might as well face it. I'll be the talking stock of every student by noon.

What is it they call me in the Cafe . . . old . . . Oh, well, what does it matter? I'm in a respectable job. I can get a loan without co-signers, that's more than my brother-in-law could do. Glad I didn't have to blap my lungs out today. The little woman can help me grade these things . . . Whew . . . what a long period! Be glad to go home so I can sack in.)

"All right . . . there's the bell. Oh, by the way . . . would one of you get a text book for this course and let the other 40 look on it with you. It makes it sorta homey that way."