Last Prose of Summers

Prof Rating Turns Into Prof-Baiting

By Ed Summers

And a wonderful gentleman whom we had for Math 100 who was as good a showman as he was a professor spent one hilarious lecture endeavoring to his utmost to achieve the level of conduct we had set for him in those rating sheets. Only let him mumble, and he caught and castigator himself severely. If he started to tell a joke, he quickly stopper and with a show of professorly dignity which reduced his class to breathless heehaws of laughter, resumed his lecture.

White Faced And Nervous

And we have heard of a certain highly unpopular fellow who handed out the sheets as a matter of course, took them up, and apparently read them, for he appeared at his lecture the following period white-faced, nervous, and with two mountainous graduate students hovering protectively nearby.

Fan Mail

Some professors do not get rating sheets; they get fan mail. How would you rate a prof who, on the first day of class in hallowed old Lovett Hall, entered the room and sat with his back leaning against the desk, and, glancing about mildly, announced that "It might interest the more tradition-minded among you to know that I now sit in the same chair once occupied by the cold, correct bottom of Edgar Odell Lovett?"

They Won't Change

And other professors won't change no matter what you do: they are oblivious to criticism—at least, on the surface. One prof who lived in a student dormitory was observed to open his door early one morning and shout a cat. As the cat meandered down the hall, the prof, standing in his alcove in a hall he believed to be empty, pointed his finger at the cat and uttered these words: "Cat, if you are a female of your species, and if you were aware of the opinion held by my students of my moral behaviour you would not consider yourself so free to enter my living-quarters?"

Oh, well, it takes all kinds to make a university—or an Institute.