

Comment

by Dave McCurdy

It would appear that a fortnight of ogling for campus engineers is finally over, thank God.

For the past two weeks the entire campus, and particularly the Engineering Building, has been plastered with posters and banners proclaiming such-and-such a pretty face as queen or princess or whatever of such-and-such a group of randy engineers. But with Saturday night's annual Engineering Queen Ball, activity seems to have temporarily ceased; so perhaps a few words of reflection would be appropriate.

It's never a particularly good idea to generalize, but engineers seem to beg for it. Consequently, it's fairly easy to categorize engineers as a bunch of tasteless louts who insist on subjecting women to constant degradation by holding annual inanities like selections of queens, princesses and the like.

Take for example your average engineering '71-'72 queen or princess (there are certainly enough of them around). What is she in the eyes of most students? The choice of a bunch of engineers as their darling, yes; a pretty face, yes; but a PERSON, no. In all the posters which advertise these queens, only one quality of the girls is demonstrated: the fact that they are all physically attractive. There is nothing wrong with beauty, but when it is taken by itself without reference to the other characteristics of a person, it becomes pretty shallow. Yet the engineers insist on degrading females by concentrating only on their outward appearances, and in doing so, treating them like objects rather than like human beings.

Don't forget, lads, male chauvinism is a two-way street. In degrading women by regarding them as objects, you are also degrading men by implying that men are base enough to derive huge pleasure out of ogling.

So maybe you'd be well advised to reconsider your whole attitude regarding the female sex. You'd be surprised how much more satisfactory your relations with women would become.

Certainly, if something doesn't change pretty quickly, there is ample justification for the following humble submission of a revised "Engineers' Drinking Song":

"We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the engineers;
We can, we can, we can we can demolish forty beers;
We do, we do, we do, we do, we do treat women just like steers."

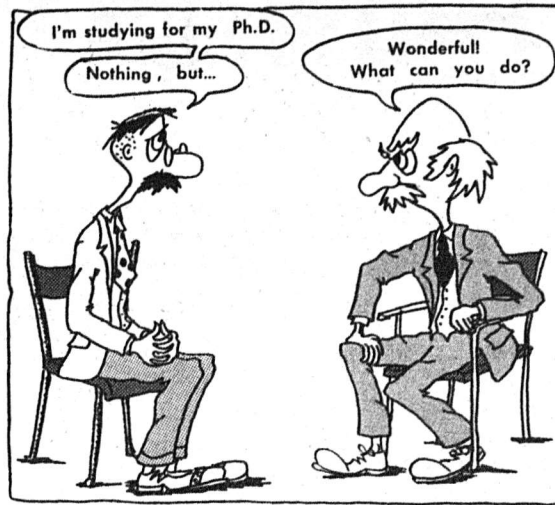
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Having quaffed all the ale yet again before Fiona got a guzzle, the Gateway staff this issue blearily staggered on with the work of burying the paper, and admiring the scintillating suggestion of genuine hair on the massive pectoral muscles rippling across the chest of our new Feature Editor, Rick Grant. All three were peeping from the zippered neckline of his sexy ribbed sweater (new). Other less suggestively garbed members this issue included the incomparable Ross Harvey, (and still muttering;) the comparable Ron Ternoway, (gently blithering;) the incomparable comparable Doug Kellough, (about whom nothing else need be said); the uncomparable Bob Blair, (and you said it, sport,) Beth Nilsen-(and you have GOT to be kidding.); Henri Pallard (who?) that nefarious agent from down the hall, known as Malanchuk, the driveling narc; Dave McCurdy, Elke Siebels, Jim Selby, Barbara Preece, Irene X, Bud Joberg (for flavor); Elsie Ross, who passed out sharpening pencils at 6:30, BB Blair in the dappled yellow shirt, and yours without further ado, F' T' Campbell, who discovered her personality adding to the graffiti in the last cubicle of the S.U. ladies bog.

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HOW DO YOU TEACH A PROF HOW TO TEACH?

It recently came to my attention that in order to teach a class at university, a professor does not have to know how to teach. That strikes me as being very odd, to say the least.

In order to teach at any public school in this province, a teacher is now required to have a minimum of three years of university, with certain required educational courses, yet this sagacious institution, supposedly a place of higher learning requires none. To put it another way, all a prof. has to do to be considered qualified to take over a class it seems, is to have studied "X" number of years of History or Zoology or whatever, but he never has to study how to teach it. How come? If he wants to become a plumber he must study plumbing, if he wants to become a surgeon he must study surgery, if he wants to become a geologist he must study geology, but how can he learn how to teach by studying geology? How can he learn how to construct and mark tests by studying mechanical engineering? How can he learn how to lead a lab or seminar by studying Plant Physiology and Biochemistry? I do not see the connection, and if there isn't one, then what in the world is that prof doing up in front of the classroom claiming to be teaching?

Of course, it is possible that teaching skills are not necessary, or that they can be learned anyway, but then why do we have a Faculty of Education? If people feel that teaching skills either are not necessary or can not be learned, I suggest that they tell Dr. Coutts with his associate deans and all the various profs that they can all go home, they are not necessary, and the building and its secretaries, janitors, etc. can be used by some other faculty. If however these skills are necessary, and can be learned, why is it that most profs. do not have to study them?

At this point I would like to say that in my opinion teaching ability is to a certain extent innate. People have it naturally in varying degrees. I also feel though that it stands to reason that no matter how much natural ability a person has, it can be improved on by studying teaching methods courses, and the result will be better teaching.

In one of the private conversations with one of my profs about this, he mentioned that there were no courses in how to teach his particular subject area. This is true but there might be if there was a demand for them, and in any case there are

courses in such things as test construction and basic Educational Psychology. How many of your profs have taken them in order to improve their handling of the class you are in?

I talked to the head of a department to request a transfer into another section of the course in protest against a prof who had never studied how to teach me. I asked this department head how a prof could learn how to teach by studying this particular subject area, and if he did not know how to teach it, what was he doing here?

This department head replied that there are probably relatively few profs who have studied how to teach. I considered that a very good reply except for one thing, it answered the wrong question. I did not ask him for his opinion on the number of profs who had taken educational courses, and I left his office still wondering about the answer to a question I consider basic to my education.

If a prof is hired to write informative papers, fine; let him write informative papers. If he is hired to do research, that's okay too, let him do research. I am under the impression though that a major function of the university is to teach students, and if a prof is hired to teach students, I suggest he study how to do it! There may be profs who do this voluntarily because they want to improve the quality of education for us their students but how many are they, and what about the profs who do not?

I suggest, that if part of the qualifications of every "teacher" in this university would be that he has to take certain required teaching courses, that we as students may be afflicted by fewer of these people who may know their subject area perfectly but do not have one blooming clue as to how to get it across.

To sum up, there are probably few people who would blame me if I was reluctant to entrust my body to a doctor who had never studied medicine, yet this university seems to expect me to entrust my mind, (not to mention my hard earned tuition fees) to a doctor who may not have even had one day of how to teach, and I am not sure I buy that. Do?

Wes Stickel
Ed. III

Berry WES GATEWAY



For the last three weeks, I have been inundated with requests by all sorts of people. "Please, Mr. WesGateway", they say, "won't you please print a dirty word in your column?" Now you know, and I know the censorship laws around this fair campus, but I was never one to deny the smallest request of those who worship me (and rightly so, I might add), so just for you little people out there in Apathyland, this week's filthy word—SHIT. Stay tune for next week's word, DAMN.

The engineers had another of their infamous stags last weekend, but for about half a dozen of them, it turned out to be a very bad scene indeed. Seems the morality squad pulled a raid around midnite, and six engineers were arrested. All are being held without bail, pending trial and have been charged with watching Bambi films without parental consent.

Had a rather frightening experience last week. Seems there's a writer with the Journal who calls himself Barry Westgate, and who, in a true example of blatant audacity, is publishing a column in said paper using that name. And what's worse, is the

fact that he's stealing my format. Oh well. As they say, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. And I was never one to take offense to being flattered. Anyway, I happened to run into this Westgate at a very swinging bar downtown, and attempted to engage him in some sort of Meaningful Conversation. No such luck, though. All he kept saying was something about "dirty goddam unwashed hippies". Alas and alack! Is this the new breed of journalist??

I think I'm getting another rush. That, of course, is a signal that the Fraternities are active again. The Social Plague returneth, so to speak. Feeling their muscle after electing the Student Council Executive, the fraternities believe they have returned to the good old days of Bobby Socks and BMOC's.

Was down at the SPCA the other day looking for a pet. All they had, though, was a second-hand hippopotamus. Seemed like a nice quiet sort of pet so I took it home. Found out why it was second-hand, though. It's not housebroken. Which could prove to be embarrassing should an "accident" happen when you have guests over. Tried to take it back—apparently, there's a few lines of fine print in the SPCA Handbook to the effect that there's no refund/no return on hippopotamuses. Oh, well. At least he doesn't wake me up at four in the morning with his barking, and none of my friends are allergic to him. And if I can train him to sic engineers, he may prove to be an asset.