

UNBSJ ONE UPMANSHIP

Editor:
I recently had the displeasure to read in the *Telegraph-Journal* that UNBSJ intends to hold a Winter Carnival in the name of the city. Dear friends, its time to act! This little league, the Farm Team of our university, the little house on the hill in Saint John, has resorted to unfair tactics in their never-ceasing struggle to show us up! By lobbying at City Hall they have persuaded the city to finance their Winter Carnival. Why can we not have a People's Democratic Winter Carnival? Boy will we get a sponsor!

In their eternal quest for ways to disseminate hatred and to discredit us, they have managed to dig up "Simon and Garfunkel" to overshadow our own meagre "Lovin' Spoonful." Fortunately for us though, Simon and friend head the list of an otherwise inane program. If they must resort to such activities as atrocities inflicted upon the Dory races, and hold torchlight parades reminiscent of the KKK (I refer to their plan of holding dory races on the ice of the Saint John River where the poor helpless wretches will freeze), then this is sad business. (Actually, with the pollution problem, we wonder if the river there freezes or if it congeals.)

They intend to dream up some sort of pamphlet with a high-flown name, printed exclusively in Saint John sweat shops. I might add, and sell them at prices that we can only call exorbitant! To add insult to injury, they intend to dream up some sort of "fund" into which they will dump their ill-gotten gain. The project has received the official endorsement of their weatherman. Due to the lovely weather we've been having recently, I shall purchase a ticket to this farce as an expression of gratitude.
Stephen MacFarlane
AI

POOR TASTE IN PUBLIC RELATIONS

Editor:
We were shocked by the appearance of the *Treasure Van* advertisements on the Student Centre napkins. This method is very unsanitary. This brash commercialism was not confined to only one side of the napkin but appeared on both sides leaving very little space on them for their proper purpose.

It was in poor taste for the public relations officer to use this unsanitary means of advertising. Not only was this found in the Student Centre but in several restaurants throughout town.

We should hope, gentlemen, that in future more conventional means of advertising will be employed.

Remember, cleanliness is next to Godliness.

- Signed
- John Shannon,**
Sc. 2
 - John A. Limerick,**
Sc. 2
 - Marilyn Gangerdeen,**
Sc. 2

HANK - AT UNB

UNB has its own Hank. For the past four years, an unusually interested Fredericton resident has slipped unnoticed into lectures on campus. This fellow will have to remain unidentified so that he will be able to continue his unorthodox education.

He quite school in grade 7 to work and later joined the navy. His marks had only been average and he had no interest in his school work. Leaving school was the biggest mistake of his life.

Now to further his education he is slipping unnoticed into lectures. Sometimes professors notice him and comment that they have not seen him before. This is one of his greatest problems. He has to change his disguise for each lecture or withdraw from the class. His disguises consist of glasses and different ways of parting his hair. Sometimes he dresses in scruffy old clothes, and at other times he wears a sports jacket and ascot.

He has written tests under an assumed name and received second and first division

marks, but never to his own credit. He has never written a test under someone else's name. His usual method is to leave the paper unsigned. This results in complications occasionally and he has to drop out of the lecture.

UNB's Hank is extremely well versed but can, if the occasion demands, change his speech to illiterate garblings. He has worked his way up to third year in some subjects and is in second and first year in others. He has never written any final examinations and passes himself in the courses he attends. There are a few students on campus who know his identity, but the majority think that he is merely a regular student. He mingles freely in the cafeteria and talks about women, parties and assignments just as other students do.

Our Hank will be 21 shortly and will be able to apply to the university next year, on a maturity exam. Until that time he will have to remain anonymous so that he can continue his education unnoticed.

Student - Professor Relations

COURSE EVALUATION

by **SHARON WYMAN**

Student-professor relations may be on the upswing at UNB after the course evaluation program scheduled by the SRC for next term.

The SRC was mandated by the 30th CUS Congress in Halifax last fall to objectively evaluate courses at UNB. During the past term, a chairman for a committee to look into the feasibility of such a program was selected.

Contrary to a previous outline of the program published in the *Brunswickan* several weeks ago, there have been several major changes in the procedure.

The program, to be presented to the SRC at its next meeting, will be student-professor orientated. The Arts

faculty will be the subject of the study which will take place the week before Winter Carnival. A sample of students in a number of classes selected on the basis of their large enrolments will have objective and tested evaluation forms mailed to them.

The results will be compiled by a specially selected committee of students and sent to the professors and lecturers concerned. The results will not be made public or sent to department heads or to the administration.

Six weeks after the professors have received the results, the same sample will be taken of the classes previously tested and the results will be compared to the first results.

The comparison of these results will be sent to the professors without being made public but for the professors' own benefit.

It is hoped by taking this approach to course evaluation, professors will respect the opinion of their students on the subject of the value of their courses. This program is seen by the committee as an attempt to put the professors and students on the basis of accomplices in the process of education.

tirely resolved.

The final say over any material is "mine and strictly mine," he said. "If I think something should be published, it gets published, but I have to appear before the newly-established publishing board later to justify it if it draws criticism."

Hewer will also select a new masthead to replace the editors who resigned in sympathy with Coates.

Coates says he will assist the new editors and work on the paper one night a week as re-

RYERSON EDITOR REMAINS OUT

TORONTO (CUP) — The former editor of *Ryerson Polytechnical Institute's* student newspaper says he will stay resigned.

Len Coates, who resigned as editor-in-chief of *The Daily Ryersonian* after leading a walkout of 18 *Ryersonian* editors last weekend (Nov. 6), says he will put in his one evening a week on the paper — just like any other journalism student.

Coates and his 18 editors walked out in protest of the administration's move to give the paper's professional managing editor final say "in matters of taste".

The third-year journalism student said although his resignation achieved "something that should have been done years ago", it would clear the air if I stayed resigned".

Newly appointed editor John Hewer said the question of editorial control has been en-



by
**Ed
Ball**

"WHO CARES..."

I suppose that this is the time of year when everyone gets that jaded, vaguely unsettled feeling... and the weather hasn't been helping much either... dark and dank and misty. Then too, this is the season when people begin to run around with worried, purposeful looks on their faces... and I sit back, a glum spectator to events which cannot raise a passion in me anymore. Non-involved, non-motivated, lonely in the crowd, a solitary island envying even the sluggish flotsam which eddies past it in the mainstream... and yet with no particular reason to even care.

This is a sort of a Neo-Blues mood... unsettled, uncaring unease... with no reason to be moody... but with none to be happy either. It will pass, but that's little consolation for this somewhat desolate moment in eternity. It's past three in the morning, and I sit here in my insular little cubicle... which is home sometimes, but tonight seems just a hole in the cotton-batten void. Around me are the jumbled artifacts of a busy if not frantic life... pipes and books and clothes and papers and pillows... none with much purpose except to promote the active and frantic life... a treadmill to nowhere.

A day spent in observing unimportant people performing meaningless ritual acts. You get sometimes a weird sensation when you see how intense some of the younger ones are about their inter-relationships with others... how preened by a compliment, how pained by a rebuff. You realize now that you are no longer anguished by such things, that most of the pleasure is gone too... and you feel very tired.

Every once in a while you get a feeling that the doors open and you can see life as it really is... divorced from the way you usually see it through your own eyes and feelings. Such insights do little to lift one from lethargy and pathos to magnificent peaks of inspiration. When the Muses sleep, even humour turns bittersweet... and neither the languid delights of woman and bottle nor the tranquil sensations of violins and fireplaces offer much solace. All one can do is lock himself away from the world and wait for the curse to pass. Always waiting, and for what...

When I read this Friday, I'll probably wonder who wrote it... and if they were sane at the time. To the reader, I suggest that it makes about as much sense read from bottom to top, Japanese style, as it does from side to side... and I don't give a damn anyway... tonight. You can't put such a mood into words anyway... perhaps mercifully. And if you do understand it... you have a problem... perhaps the problem of not having any problems... or of not knowing what they are. The best possibility is that I just need a good kick from behind... but that is just one of the many therapies man cannot administer to himself.

DISTINGUISHED FACULTY AWARD CONSIDERED

This May, the students of the University of Maine will nominate the person they feel should receive the largest and the most important award that the University offers — the Distinguished Faculty Award.

This award which originated in 1963, consists of one thousand dollars in cash, and a special blazer with a crest. In the first year of the presentation, the money was donated by two anonymous Alumni. Since then the Alumni Association of that University has decided to contribute the sum annually. The blazer is supplied by the student body.

quired by *Ryerson's* journalism department.

Meanwhile, *Ryerson* president Dr. F. C. Jorgenson has received at least one letter criticizing the board of governors' decision to assume full editorial control of the paper.

University of Manitoba's students' union president Dave Sanders told Dr. Jorgenson in a letter he is "most dismayed" to hear of the *Ryerson* incident. Sanders went on to suggest steps the administration should take to remedy the situation.

The Distinguished Faculty Award is given to reward the outstanding faculty member for his excellence in teaching, his fairness in classes, his genuine interest in furthering student-faculty relations, and his overall contribution to the University. Those faculty members who have won in the three previous years are not eligible for the award.

The nominations received from the entire student body (by means of a vote) will guide the Distinguished Faculty Award Committee that makes the annual selection. This committee consists of a non-voting chairman, an advisor, and a student from each of faculties. The advisor is the Vice-President for Academic Affairs; the student will all have a B average or better.

In this way, the University of Maine does much to promote good relations between faculty and student, and certainly promotes better instruction from the faculty members. Such a project on this campus should definitely be considered by the people concerned, and the *Brunswickan* invites comments from their readers on such an undertaking.