

IT'S TOUGH WORK GRADING THOSE PROFS

by Gary Lautens

College students are being asked by university officials to carry an even heavier workload, and I wonder if they can handle it.

'You look as if you haven't slept in a week,' I said to a student named Marvin.

'I haven't,' he admitted, 'I've been up every night grading professors.'

'I thought they graded you.'

'Not any more,' Marvin revealed. 'The university has followed Harvard's lead and asked students to mark their professors.'

'How are your professors doing?' I wanted to know.

'I've had to flunk four of them,' Marvin admitted. 'I don't know what's wrong with the faculty these days. They don't seem to want to buckle down and get to work.'

'What do you mean?'

'They get involved in outside activities--writing, the peace movement, research. Some just spend too much time watching TV and going out with their wives.'

'I guess it is a problem,' I conceded.

'It certainly shows up in class,' Marvin said. 'They get inattentive and restless. Some even skip classes. I tell them it will cost them marks but some of them just don't seem to care.'

'How much does classroom work count?'

'Fifty per cent. I also give them a short test in April to see what they've learned over the year and how well they express themselves.'

'I'm surprised the exam doesn't count for more,' I said.

'I've tried that,' Marvin admitted. 'But some profs give sloppy lectures all year, develop bad speaking habits and come to class on Mondays, hung over, poorly prepared and in a filthy mood. Then they cram in the last couple of weeks of the semester and try to get by. So I've put a stop to that.'

'Do they ever fool you?' I asked.

'A history professor almost did,' Marvin admitted. 'He had an English accent, terrible handwriting and bad breath. Naturally he was a scholar.'

'Of course.'

'But we found out later he was from Moose Jaw, cribbed another professor's lecture notes and that the oldest thing on his bookshelf was an 8-year-old bottle of scotch.'

'I didn't read about it in the papers,' I remarked.

'Fortunately, we were able to keep it quiet and save the good name of the student body. It would have ruined us if word got out that we had been taken in by such a professor.'

'Do you give the professors an actual mark?'

'I used to,' Marvin admitted. 'But I found it created too much rivalry and pressure, especially among the younger professors. An older prof could handle the shock of getting a 48 or 49 but a failure like that could destroy a lecturer or an associate professor.'

'So what do you do now?'

'I give them a B-minus or a D-plus--and then I always try to add a personal bit of encouragement like, 'shows promise' or 'can do better'.'

'It would soften the blow,' I admitted.

All you need to know...

The Girl-Watcher Guide

'Standing on the corner watching all the girls go by' might be considered a rewarding occupation by some.

But to four officers of the American Society of Girl Watchers, it's like taking candy from a baby.

'There's no challenge in just standing and staring,' agree Ray Baur, president; Don Sauers, founder; Copp Collins, vice-president; and Bill Garland, director of field development and operations.

Mr. Sauers and Mr. Baur both gave up careers in advertising to devote all their time and energy to forming the society, now 20,000 strong.

The Girl Watcher's guide, written by Mr. Sauers, is a priceless manual for the would-be expert.

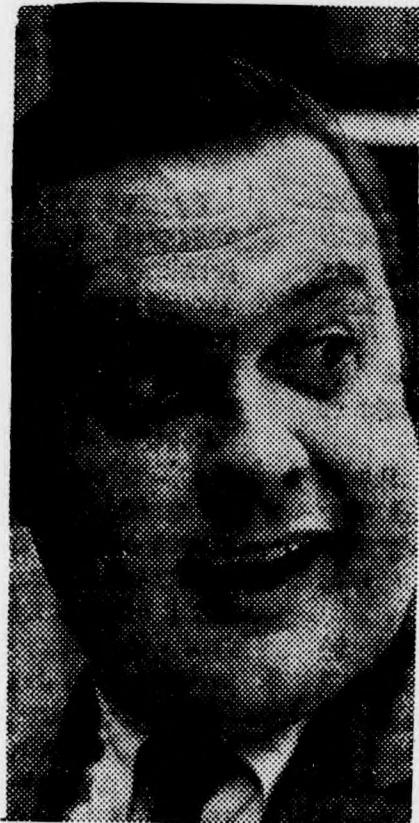
The 92-page book contains all the information a man needs to graduate from amateur to connoisseur.

'Who's Beautiful'

Before joining the society the prospective member must first agree to the constitution, which states that 'a girl doesn't have to be between 18 and 26, single, able to tap dance, sing, make her own clothes or to count to ten to be beautiful.'

As article eight points out 'all a girl needs is to be beautiful, as she is.'

The society's officers recognize that beauty is a matter of personal taste, and they range from 'soul' man Mr. Baur to 'all-round' man Mr. Sauers.



RAY BAUR
Chief Girl - Watcher

'Yes, by showing a personal interest in the faculty, we've been able to keep our dropout rate among professors to a minimum.'

'By the way, what are you going to do when you graduate?' I asked Marvin.

'Become a professor,' he said. 'At least that way I won't have to mark papers for a living.'

Yes, that's right, it's Gary Lautens. The Toronto Daily Star graciously let us reprint this timely article.



The Connoisseur: "Eyeball dexterity" demonstrated by Don Sauers

'Yes, I'm a soul man,' sighed Mr. Baur, whose favorite girl to watch is Sophia Loren, with Raquel Welch running a close second.

'Real soul,' echoed Mr. Collins.

However, both admit to cherishing a fondness for a good pair of legs, and they recently debated picketing the French Embassy after Paris designers threatened to drop hems.

For the beginner 'a field trip accompanied by an expert' is recommended.

Both Mr. Sauers and Mr. Baur are quick to point out the subtle technique of 'eye ball dexterity' which distinguishes a beginner from an old hand.

Sign of the Amateur

'One of the signs of the amateur is the craning of the neck and the turning of the head' scowled Mr. Baur, watching two 'impetuous youths' ogle a passing beauty.

'A girl should be aware she is being watched but never, never give her the 'once over'. Mr. Collins shuddered at the thought.

Girls are graded from one to ten, and the expert can tell a 'Horn Rimmed Bookstacker' from 'A Late Rising Pubthrust' at a second's glance.

Discreet nudges at the sight of a watchable girl are permissible in emergencies, but exclamations of joy are frowned upon.

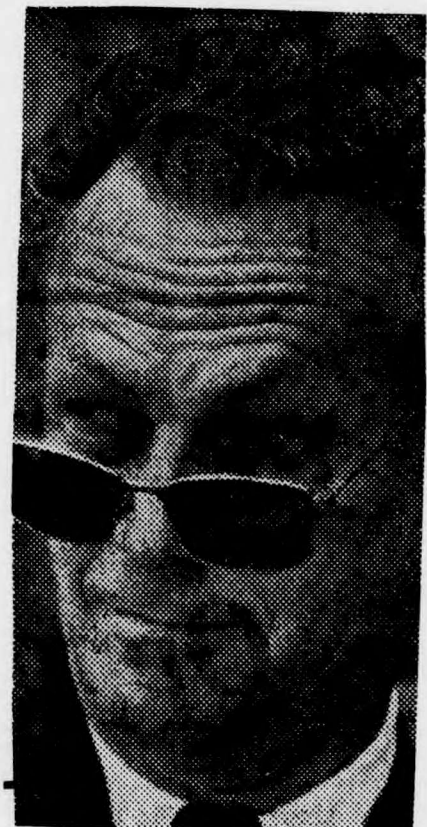
So is girl watching while pouring hot coffee, drilling teeth or driving, but even the experts have lapses.

Experts Err

'Today we saw a girl who rated about 9.8 (a rare phenomenon, they agreed) and we all shouted 'wow' and I even turned my head,' Mr. Baur abashedly disclosed.

One of the rules of the game is that girls being watched must be 'real'. Girlie magazines, centre page foldouts and bunnies are excluded from this category.

'Watching a bunny can be likened to a bird-watcher watching a stuffed owl,' said Mr. Sauers 'or (horror of horrors) watching a rare bird in a zoo.'



COPP COLLINS
Assistant Chief