

## ... While we sit humming

Most students noted the recent civic election with something less than passing interest, if at all. Some will argue that such a reaction is understandable for a number of reasons: many students are ineligible to vote, many come from points outside Edmonton, and the majority of students do not intend to settle here permanently.

However, the central issue is not the civic election in and of itself. The concern is with basic student attitudes. The student reaction to the recent civic election is merely an evincement of these attitudes.

Students are wont to consider themselves fleeting shadows across the permanent background of the institution of the university. Students are temporary. University life is a relatively brief and transient experience. That is in fact the case for most students and their attitude in this respect is perfectly sound.

Unfortunately, however, this feeling of transitoriness evokes other attitudes in students which might well be questioned. The university experience becomes regarded "solely" as preparation, preparation for more real things ahead.

Consequently, the few years here become a game. Students play at mock life on a somewhat sophisticated, grand scale: play doctor, play lawyer, play scientist, play government. Everyone enjoys a good game, but the extended perspective of and practice at mud pies and dolls for our entire university could conceivably leave us playing house for the rest of our lives, isolated from reality. Someone forever playing house does not involve himself in matters of genuine concern.

The civic election merely serves as one ex-

ample. The University of Alberta is a large and growing segment of Edmonton—materially and ideally. Yet how many student discussions centered around the election? How many knew the issues? How many knew the men? How many of those eligible voted, or if not able to vote, supported in some other manner significant measures that were defeated, such as the proposed library? How many were involved in any way? How many of us will know the issues or the men or be involved in any way five to ten years from now, when in our minds, we will consider ourselves a more real part of the community in which we live, be it town, province or nation?

However temporary we might feel, we should realize that while we are here, we constitute the university; that we are already playing for keeps.

There will be transitoriness in our lives when we leave this institution. The need for preparation will not cease, nor will basic responsibilities suddenly present themselves plain and apparent. A B.Sc. or B.A. or M.D. or Ph.D. or LL.B. will not make life more real for us than it is presently. At some point students, as well as other people, must do "more" than consider life and play at it. In a word to poets, W. H. Auden expresses a thought which all those playing house should betimes consider:

"The present state of the world is so miserable and degraded that if anyone were to say to the poet: 'For God's sake, stop humming and put the kettle on or fetch bandages. The patient's dying,' I don't know how he could justifiably refuse."

## An end to biased marking

The use of numerical pseudonyms on final examination papers should be initiated in all faculties at this university.

Under such a system, each student would be assigned a number by the registrar. The number would be written on all examination papers by the student. Thus, the marker would be able to assign a mark to a paper without knowing the identity of the writer. The list of numbers and corresponding marks would be sent to the registrar, who would then link the proper names to the marks.

The benefits of the use of numerical pseudonyms heavily outweigh any disadvantages. The student who feels his paper has not been fairly marked will no longer have an argument. Instances of deliberate unfairness must be extremely few, yet many students complain bitterly of professors who marked them down due to "personal dislike." The morale of these suspicious souls would be greatly improved.

Numerical pseudonyms would also assist the marker. It is inescapable that a marker will be sub-consciously or even consciously influenced by his opinion of a student. Questioning by students, personal acquaintance,

past marks on examinations and essays, and even punctuality and dress can affect the marker.

Professors would save hours they waste on syrupy students who trap unwary faculty members in classes, offices, and even the halls—in a disgusting attempt to prove their intelligence by asking clever little questions. The time saved could be spent with students who have genuine problems and questions, as the image-builders would silently slither back into sulky anonymity. Such types, who are alarmingly common, would realize the futility of apple-polishing if they knew the marker did not know which paper was theirs.

These and other benefits are recognized at other universities. The University of British Columbia uses a numerical pseudonym system. Indeed, the school of nursing at our own university uses this system, with very happy results.

If written examinations are a valid criterion of academic achievement, then it follows that the results will be even more valid if they are as objective and fair as possible. The use of numerical pseudonyms would ensure such objectivity.

## With the mice and bats

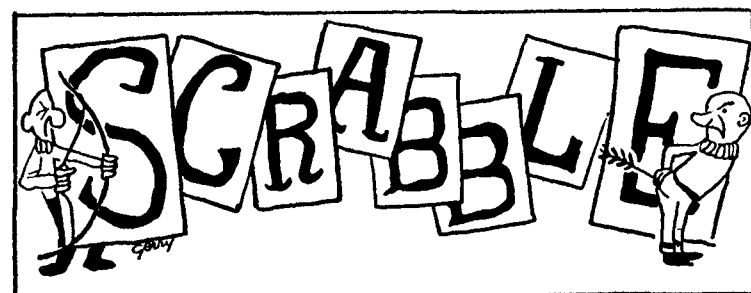
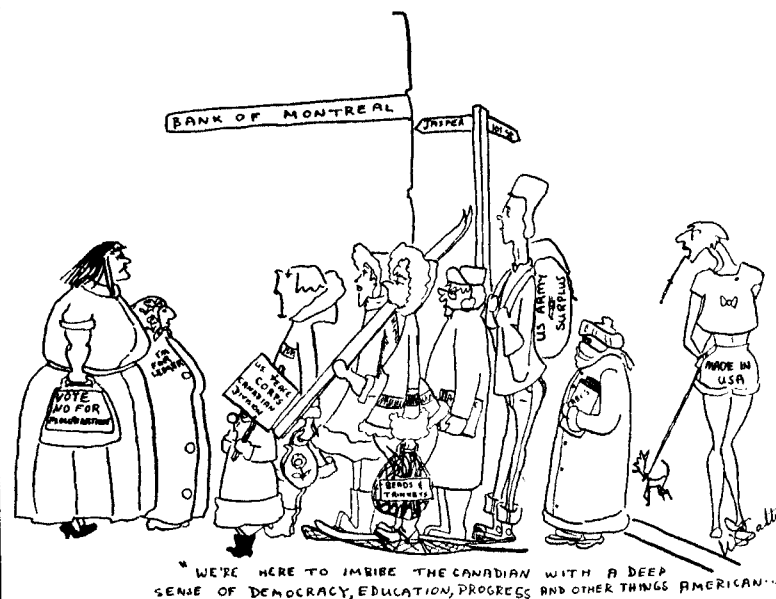
Campus leaders and the guests they were appreciating were impressed at last year's Appreciation banquet by a splendiferous three dimensional map.

Skilful shadowing, life-like lines of perspective and expert back lighting portrayed the campus—complete with the hypothetical education building and high-rise residences.

Substantial and up-to-date, the mural is a relatively lasting symbol of the expanding campus, hodge-podge though this expansion

be. At the time, it was indicated the money and student effort expended on the map would be justified by subsequent use of it. But it has vanished.

The Students' Union Building no doubt is cluttered, but there should be a corner where the mural could be appreciated by students and visitors. For the map to be rolled up like last year's Homecoming banners and thrust in with storeroom mice and bats is neither very flattering to the artist nor a very efficient use of student money.



By Chris Evans

Witch Hunting Dept.: Today I pan the Hell out of Panhel ... and with good reason. Friday last was Acceptance Friday ... the day for the new Freda Frats to take their rightful and deserved place in the lukewarm bath of ethnic smugness. For some of the starry-eyes, it was Jubilee Day, for others it was Doomsday.

Don't get me wrong. I was assured by the highest authority (an informed source) that all the girls were ... what was that term? ... oh, yes ... placed. Yes, a bracket, a niche, a hole of sorts was found for each and every rushee. Democracy for all, for the little girl as well as the big. Wonderful! It was regrettable, of course, that some of the girls did not get their first choice. Extremely regrettable, but what can one do? It is also damned regrettable that the applicants (prospects? trainees?) are forced to line up in the rotunda of the Students' Union Building under the critical and cruel eyes of their contemporaries while waiting for that little white card that spells acceptance or also-ran. I've seen happier faces waiting for the guillotine.

This thoughtless system is stupid, stupid, stupid; There must be some better way of informing the recruits than by making them run the gauntlet. Why don't they write them a letter? Nine out of ten also-rans will agree that this is a milder, more easily digested method. Letters are better.

Lost in the Engineering Building: one beard, one tooth, portion of one fingernail, one pound of flesh, much dignity. ESS pray return same to Dudley Dictator c/o Amalgamated Revolutionary Proletariat, office of

The Gateway.

All this nervous news about that gap-toothed fool Krushchev's fifty-megaton block buster prompts a new WUS slogan everybody might rally round. How about RR ... Radiation for Russia? Talk about little fat kids playing with dangerous fire crackers.

Late Flash: The world's greatest debaters, Evans and Hyndman, take sadistic pleasure in announcing their recent return as a terrifying team to the Huggill Cup debating trials.



WHERE WERE THE PEASANTS?

To The Editor:

Once again this sour excuse for a university has demonstrated its consistent lack of spirit. The primary feature of WUS's valiant attempt to garner cash for this year's charity drive by staging a mock invasion of the campus, was the overwhelming absence of an interested student body. This can be primarily attributed to the "Let's Get A Degree and Get-The-Hell-Out" school of thought so prevalent in our moss-backed faculties. Education being a prime example.

All the little First-Year-Freddies figuring they are above such immature doings had better take a hard and fast look at themselves with an

eye to re-evaluation of their ivory-towered ideals.

The University of Manitoba in a similar attempt easily drew 3,000 spirited souls resulting in nearly \$500 for the SHARE coffers. This, on a campus not generally known for spirited behavior.

A humble suggestion: those who shamefully failed to show up Tuesday might redeem themselves by coming forth with cash when approached by a WUS representative. Ken Rentiers

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No Gateway Tuesday. Staff in Saskatoon at CUP Conference.