

Brunswickan

Honorary Editor: Rt. Hon. Lord Beaverbrook



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Faculty Failure

Editor's Note: This editorial was written by Charles Wheeler, assistant professor of English at Ohio State University.

(UPS) — Wynken, Blyken and Nod are the names I shall give to the three professors on this campus whose portraits are briefly sketched here. The men are fictitious, but not imaginary.

By a long-standing tacit agreement, every student who enrolls in one of Professor Wynken's courses is spotted a 'C' to begin with, and only in cases of flagrant absence or failure to turn in assigned written work is there any danger of a lower grade. 'A's' and 'B's' are common. Professor Wynken is not a fool; he knows that his students, by and large, are nothing to get excited about, but he is a kindly man who believes in live-and-let-live. He is also a great sports fan and is unsparing in his criticism of sloppy playing on the football field. Luckily for his peace of mind, our athletic department enforces the highest standards of performance.

Professor Blynken is not the drooling petty sadist portrayed in 'Little Man on Campus', but he manages to harass his students quite effectively by simply being obtuse to their feelings. He never stops to make sure that his assignments have been understood after he gives them. When he lectures, he goes so rapidly that note-takers are left hopelessly behind, and when he holds a class discussion it usually turns out to be a tete-a-tete between himself and some favored student. He adheres to his office hours so literally that he is almost inaccessible. Though he insists that papers be turned in on time, he never returns them when he promised. He habitually comes to class late and then holds it with his glittering eye until thirty seconds before the final bell for the next hour. He is a very prominent man in his field.

Professor Nod is not a boring lecturer, droning over dog-eared lecture notes compiled twenty years ago. His method is entirely different. It may be called "teaching the text", that is, sitting in front of the class and reciting the text out loud, with interpolated comments, while the students slump, numb and disgusted, working on their arithmetic under pretense of reading the Lantern. He never assigns papers that require more than a sentence or two of consecutive, original writing and the papers are returned bearing grades but no marks or comments on their faults. He will pass illiterate writing if the technical content is satisfactory. He is very fond of multiple-choice tests, though now and then he will extend himself by giving short-answer tests to see how well the students have memorized "Facts" (and that he would never dream of putting quotation marks). He believes that his courses are intellectually demanding.

These men are faculty failures. They are not localized in any one department or college; they can be found all over the campus. Perhaps we faculty members might turn, for a change, from criticizing the shortcomings of our students to considering how far short we fall of meeting the challenge that they present.

PRE - and RE - VIEWS

Pre-Medical Club

On Monday, Feb. 27, the UNB Pre-Medical Club met in the nursing building at 6:30 p.m. with approximately 25 members in attendance. Among topics discussed were the Blood Donor Clinic, scheduled for March 7, 8 and 9, and a party to be held sometime in the near future. A movie on glaucoma and hereditary cross-eyedness were shown after the business meeting. The next meeting on March 13 will include a talk by Dr. Paivio and the elections of next year's officers.

Drawing of TV

The UNB Flying Club will sponsor a ball tomorrow night, March 4, at 9:00 p.m. in the Lord Beaverbrook Ballroom. Robin Roberts and his orchestra will supply the music in a cabaret style setting, featuring the drawing of the portable TV set by the Winter Carnival Queen. Dress will be of a semi-formal nature and tickets at \$1.25 per couple can be purchased at the door.

Aitken House Formal

Tonight from 10:00 until 2:00 in the morning the Men of Aitken will waltz to the music of Jimmy Foster and his orchestra during the annual Aitken House Formal. In a setting of Old Cape Cod all the Men and their guests will listen to Randi Marsters and the Aitken Trio, two special attractions of the Variety Show which will be seen during the intermission at about midnight.

Canterbury Executive Elected

At a recent meeting held in the Cathedral Hall in Fredericton, (Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)

LEARNING ANYTHING?

The Brunswickan in an effort to revitalize the pages of its paper has conducted a cross-campus survey so that you can see your name and views in print. Here you are answering the perplexing query, "WHAT ARE YOU LEARNING AT UNB?"

Doug Baggs: How to be a zero.

Mac Harris: That I'm in last year law.

Doug McKinley: I've learned how to SINCERELY hate people, and also how rotten and degrading a girl can be.

Anonymous coward: How damned easy it is to get a B. A. without doing a bit of work.

Doody Armstrong: Many things! Many things!

Nancy Ellis: Not a d--- thing!

Jock Coleson: That bootleggers don't exist just in dime novels.

Hap Oidham: . . .

Marg Howie: I plead the fifth amendment.

Mike McMaster: Through participating in three colleges, UNB I've learned has unique co-eds . . . unique in respect to beauty. (Henceforth the Brunswickan will be sold at 5c a copy — to raise funds for an oculist appointment for Mike).

Cathy Rattray: I'm learning that it is extremely difficult to come down here and learn anything. There are too many less important things to learn first before one has time to learn anything else . . . so before I learn anything I'll have to spend a couple of years here.

Fred Pauley: Forestry!
Donny McLellan: What clothes not to wear when getting your picture taken.

John Champ: Grass cutting 200 and . . . never mind.

Marg Clogs: Nothing!

Di Johnston: Diagrams, diagrams, diagrams.

Gordon Conley: That there is no such thing as morality.

Barb Taylor: How to smoke a toothbrush.

Brian Ross: That the economic development of Canada depends on the future growth of population. As a business man I plan . . .

Nancy Baird: That I shouldn't ask gentlemen to dance.

Joe Mulder: I don't know what I'm doing here really.

Doris Wright: Do you have some more paper before I start?

Terry O'Neil: Pre-Med . . . changing to law . . . enjoying very liberal arts at present.

Judy Bowman: I'm learning how to become a young adult preparing for "womanhood" . . . You want more?

Jack Oliver: How to get along without women.

Ed Bell: That career women are not necessarily evil (just smart, eh Ed?), but a woman's place is in the home.

Carol MacPherson: I agree. I don't think girls should go to UNB. This place should be an engineer's college.

Andy Cote: Nothing, and least of all from the girls.

Alan Chandler: UNB is very broadening . . . a lot about elections last week.

Libby Newroth: More of the social graces than the academic, but Dr. Mackay said that academic training is no good unless you have something to back it up . . . like the social graces!

Roy Davis: How to pass a buck and how to cheat on exams though I've never done it yet.

Doris Sutherland: We're all learnin' about anatomy.

(Editor's note: There were other more serious answers but they were too long and not a bit funny and most of them ended in disillusionment).

USELESS INFORMATION

A film kiss in the United States is limited to 16 seconds.

Women's feet now average a full size larger than they did 25 years ago.

4% of American nurses are men.

(Courtesy Dal Gazette)

M.M.'s Break Bank

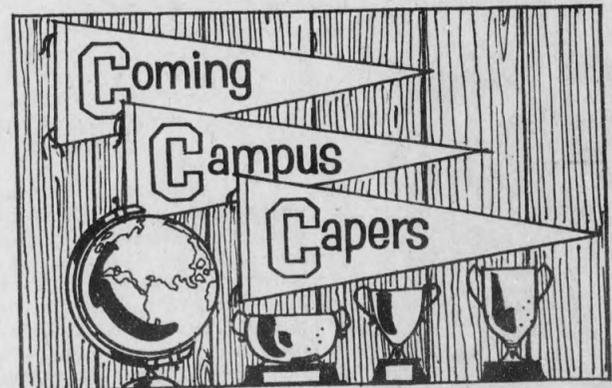
Illustrating the worth of their illustrious platform of economic prosperity for the Maritimes with recreationally directed activities (e.g. legalized gambling) for an ever-increasing tourist trade, the Maritime Monarchist Party leaders made a clean sweep in the Monte Carlo casino last Saturday night.

If the Maritimes are to depend on this new outlook of trade, the leaders of the Government must be proficient in all phases of gambling and associated activities, and in this the Party big wigs have proven themselves most capable.

Entering the casino, they paid the customary cover charge and proceeded directly to the roulette wheel. Following shrewd observation, the odds were calculated and in no time \$200,000 had been parlayed. Not wishing to seem over-anxious, the party leader then proceeded to 'drop' a hundred and fifty thousand at crown and anchor and other non-inspiring games.

Having had enough of this foolishness, the bigger games were tackled and by utilizing the house rule of one side bet per dealt hand, the Black Jack table was cleaned out. At this point (\$600,000), the Banker of the casino found himself financially embarrassed and was forced to issue a note.

The grand total of 2.4 million bills was achieved, again secured by a note from the frustrated banker. Not wishing to purchase the casino at this time, the MM's graciously accepted a small token payment of their efforts and departed into the night.



Friday:

7:00 Arts Banquet, Lord Beaverbrook Hotel.

9:00 Arts Ball, Lord Beaverbrook Hotel.

9:30 Aitken House Formal.

Saturday:

9:00 Flying Club Ball, Lord Beaverbrook Hotel.

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