

Editorial

Was it ever... 32.4% of the vote... proclaimed an end to it Wednesday in the election of the SRC president. There wasn't much of a choice, but the best men won.

There may be a chance for council. MacFarlane mentioned that on every ballot for any council position, there will be an automatic referendum on voluntary student unionism.

The last council under Mike Start has left a great deal to be desired, and has left MacFarlane with a long road ahead of him if he plans to salvage anything, if indeed anything is salvageable. May be war is over if we all want it.



CSDS & NBS - a classic case of the Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde complex.

feedback

WARNING TO GRADUATING STUDENTS: IS BED YOUR BAG?

High in the lofty heights of Tilley Hall are found several persons known as professors of the Education Department. Contrary to the opinion of a good many people, these educators are not old demented men who spout foppery from their garbled and hideously vain minds. In fact there are several young men;

the faculty as a whole renders a profound if not meaningless intellectual stimulus, which can be observed in the superior recognition given anyone who holds a Bachelor of Education degree. Indeed it seems absurd that the education department should degrade itself by remaining on a campus which falls so short of its academic standards.

It is a boon to the heart of the industrious student to see these educators scurrying

about the corridors of their secluded domain with such frenzied intensity, most anxious to create educators in their own image, unvaried, generation after generation. Certain very misled individuals have insinuated that the energy of this faculty is due to the frustration produced by their unlivelihood, and aggravated by the pretence of purpose. Even the noble dean, they say, extends hands that shake from the onset of senility. Still others attribute this twitching to post-middle age palsy. But o unwary ones, do not despair - you have not heard the truth in your innocence. The noble dean trembles, it is true, but from the fervour of a dignified and uplifting pursuit. The other members of the faculty are no less filled with zeal, for it is their single purpose to smother the individuality and creativity of all who enter their sanctified program. You must understand the logic behind this. What would happen to the New Brunswick school system if it contained someone who could think and function for himself? The noble dean might lose some of his purported significance and no longer be able to suffer his children to come unto him, parroting indulgent praises.

For those who have achieved elucidation concerning the education department and are considering embarking on the rewarding voyage it offers, it only seems proper to illustrate a few of the

more remarkable highlights of that experience in order that your anticipation be devoid of any misgivings.

In one course you will thrill to the profundity of a Snoopy record, barking out the fact that book reports are fun to do. For those who have a leaning towards the law, the book of school regulations will be to you in a sonorous and comforting voice. You will approach more pragmatic endeavours in the programme, such as learning to operate a movie projector. The machine threads the film, turns itself on and even tells you when you err, but the education department wishes to make sure you know what it is saying. For the artistically inclined, there is a rejuvenation of poster-making. With one degree, you are qualified for these intricate and demanding tasks.

It would not be fitting to overlook the class of the illustrious dean. His kindly gaze touches everyone as he takes attendance, a duty from which he and his faculty never

desist. The ensuing lecture is crammed with indescribably material. For all but the discriminating education student, there is a tendency to hear only a nonsensical babble. However, the personal likes and dislikes, whims and caprices, of the dean keep the education class mute and agape. This is the groundwork for the teaching of the next generation.

Surely you are at last convinced of the reverence with which the Education Department is to be esteemed. Entering it may be a changing point in your life. If you are convinced you have no talent worth developing, if you wish to be in a position where others will direct your every move, if you want to teach in a system that will stifle any glimmer of originality, and above all, if you desire to see masses of others led to think in exactly the same way, then the Education Department is the haven of your calling, the Mecca of your life.

With a disgust that is only overcome by pity ---

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It's all over for Ferguson (sigh) but Jonah will take over as head cook and bottle washer next week. A special thanks to all those who worked extra hard this year for Ferguson: Stewart Cameron, and Steve Wonder MacFarlane. It has been a year of extra added attractions. The big bust is coming, coming, coming, and so you had all better re-habilitate yourselves. It's strange but after a year, on a clear day you can see forever.

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staff meeting
monday 7pm
in the bruns office