

# UPEI professor wins Worst Professor of the Year Award

by Adam Gallant

Stanley Patterson is a sit-down guy.

Twice a week, the UPEI associate professor goes to Tim Horton's to socialize instead of teaching the fundamentals of business administration to his students.

However, it's not how often but how Patterson teaches that recently landed him the loathed Worst Canadian Professor of the Year Award and the humiliation that it implies. Administered by a committee of fellow professors, the award honours undergraduate faculty for their underwhelming contributions to students and to the institutions in which they teach.

"Well, I can't say that it

was the proudest day of my life," says Patterson of the day he found out he won the award.

"I mean it wasn't like I was trying for it," he adds as he takes a



Macaulay Culkin

sip of delicious, warm, Tim Horton's coffee.

And not trying is what got

him the award.

In his past fifteen years at UPEI, Patterson was unable to leave a positive impression with any one of his students. On the days he shows up for class, Patterson comes unprepared and often fumbles his way through a lecture, often letting the students out a half-hour early.

"I don't think many people realize how hard teaching is," says Patterson in his defense. "You have to know what you're talking about, which is really hard."

Indeed, teaching is so hard that one wonders why Patterson would choose to be a university professor.

"I sort of fell into it," says Patterson. "I never planned on teaching, but I had to support myself while I was writing my

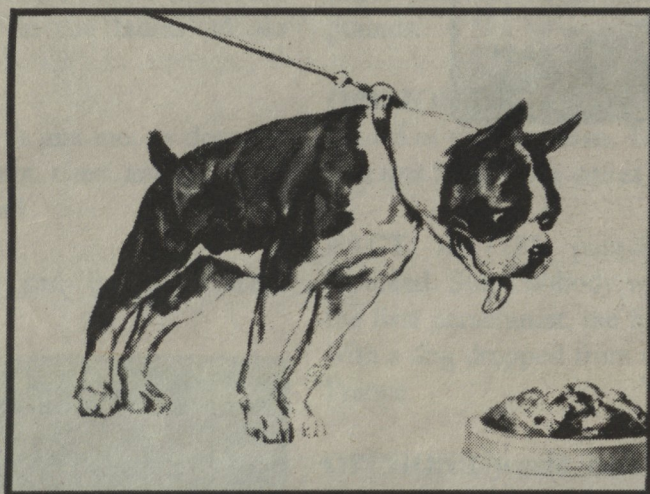
symphony, so I applied for a maintenance job at UPEI and instead they gave me a job teaching marketing."

The reason he has kept his job for so long, even after UPEI achieved its distinction as the 14th best university in Canada, is simple says Patterson. "The other professors really like me here... I think they like to keep me around just to feel superior to someone."

Patterson, 46, is single. He weighs 167 pounds and is 5'9" tall. He likes dogs, yoga and going to dance clubs. His idea of the perfect date would be an intimate dinner, a walk on the beach and cuddling by the fire.

There is an old saying that those who can do, and those who can't teach. Patterson can't. And he can't teach either.

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### Opinion by Frank W. Peterson

It sure does boil my porridge the way candidates for the Prime Minister of The Dominion of Canada are haranguing the Maritime provinces. Being a fourth generation Islander all my life, I have yet to encounter a more respectable race of people (except maybe in Germany) than Islanders.

Yet some dandy from Lower Canada, who is running for Prime Minister, has the gumption to try and sell our island to the Japanese. I am referring to Mordecai "I'll sure get" Richler "after selling PEP" and his recently announced election platform.

I read about his comments in Charlottetown's only decent newspaper, *The Guardian*, and how it inflamed our premier Pat Binns. Binns bravely took a

stand at a bake sale this weekend, and defended us all by proclaiming, "I want to tell Mordecai Richler that Prince Edward Island is not for sale."

He added, while holding a cookie, "But these delicious sweets are!"

This Island is so distinct that our way of life will surely be lost if the Japanese start swarming us. They will surely exploit and commercialize the heart of Prince Edward Island: Cavendish. They will try to turn Anne of Green Gables into a third rate geisha. I imagine they will use Souris to film their giant lizard movies (lord knows what effect their films and video machines will have on our culture). And to make things worse, I've already noticed that they've infiltrated our local businesses. If you don't believe me, go to the Charlottetown Mall and try to get photographs developed...at *Japan Camera!* The invasion has already begun, and it is all Mordecai Richler's fault.

If only Pat Binns could back up his strong words and stop the sale of Prince Edward Island. But alas we've been bought and sold like some twenty-five cent whore on Richmond Street. Well I can assure Mr Richler that I'll eat a raw fish before letting anybody take my property. Put that on your ballot and vote for it, Michael Ondaatje!