

“Great Brain Robbery”

The Great Brain Robbery: The Aftermath
By Alix Kreap

Once upon a time, in the staffroom of the *Mental Institute of Technology* [MIT], three people were having a coffeekick.

They were Dr. Prunesquallor, Dr. Fluke, and Dr. Goodfellow -- full, half, and quarter professors respectively.

Dr. Prunesquallor taught Quasiparapsi-cology. His greatest contribution to his science was the proof that one doesn't have to be awake to have a quasiparanormal experience.

Dr. Fluke, on the other hand, was trained in Pseudoscientific UFO Investigation. He had not contributed significantly to his science. In fact, he made it a policy never to contribute anything of worth.

Dr. Goodfellow, the only quarter professor on the entire staff of MIT, was a PhD -- A Doctorate of Philology. (Don't confuse that with philosophy -- they have nothing in common.) He had already contributed greatly to his science by quantifying right and wrong. His argument went like this:

“If two wrongs don't make a right and what's right for one person may be wrong for another, then only one wrong make a right -- or three left turns.”

Anyway, they were reading *The Great Brain Robbery* and believed every work of it by their faith in the infallibility of the book. So, they decided to have a series of covert meetings to solve the problems plaguing universities, especially the *Ivy League*.

To help prevent a “great brain robbery”, they decided to have a contest to determine who was the best teacher at MIT. They would be judged in three categories:

1. Most reports and assignments per week.
2. Most surprise tests and most trick questions.
3. Greatest traumatic influence on the students of MIT.

Dr. Prunesquallor gave an average of 40 term papers and 200 assignments per week. When correcting them, he reveled in every mistake that was made. He preferred to mark on an all-or-nothing basis because he enjoyed it. He was so strict that he

would declare the whole thing wrong if a single comma was missing or an “i” wasn't dotted.

Dr. Fluke, on the other hand, gave only 20 term papers and 100 assignments per week, much to the relief of the students at MIT. He would give a surprise test every few minutes or so. Often, he would put in a riddle, for which even he didn't know the answer to, for the trick question. He marked everything in the time-honoured method at MIT -- throwing the papers as far as one could and giving the highest mark to the paper that went the farthest. Most of the time, the stack was so heavy that it would land on his toes.

Dr. Goodfellow was the easiest of the three. He gave only 19 term papers and 99 assignments per week. Having long ago determined that right is wrong, he didn't bother to mark them. Instead, he brought them home and burned them in his woodstove. The students were left in mystery as to how they performed.

As a result of this contest, the students of MIT had to study until

8:00 AM every day, including weekends. So, half of them decided to party all day and all night because if you're going to stay awake for months at

a time, you might as well enjoy it.

In the end, Dr. Prunesquallor was unanimously declared to be the best teacher at MIT. He was

then promoted to the rank of double professor. However, he had gone insane because he had corrected

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The Ombuds-column

by Jacinta Gallant

I spent a depressing Saturday afternoon in our library listening to irate students complain that “four hours just isn't enough time to do all the necessary week-end” “catch-up and cram” work. Sunday hours aren't much more popular; so I decided to play the role of ombudsman and make an appointment to see University Librarian, Merrill Crockett.

First off, I decided that UPEI probably doesn't choose library hours to hurt as many students as possible. I've never been one with beliefs that all administrations see students as targets for their frustrations in society!

So, on the assumption that they really are trying to do was very open and cooperative.

The Budget Committee meets in the Fall to allocate funding for the following year (may 1 to April).

To give you an idea of cut-backs: The library in 1974-75, was allocated 33,311 total available hours for 21 support staff positions. For the year 1983-84, funding was available for 21,755

hours with 14 support staff positions. This does not take into account sick, emergency, or bereavement leave.

Mr. Crockett must then find the most equitable way to serve on-campus, off-campus, mature, and summer session students. It's quite a job when, compared to Mt. Allison (approximately equal number of students and faculty) who have a staff of 32 in the library, UPEI's library functions with a staff of 23.

There are only so many ways to allocate library hours and, if we think it's bad during fall and winter session, summer session is even worse!

Luckily, the budget for acquisition of books and resources materials has been kept up. Our professional library staff are very experienced; our facilities have improved greatly; but we all agree that we need more time to use the facility, so what

are we going to do about it? The Senate Library Committee is made up of four faculty members, two students, and the head librarian, Mr. Crockett. If students have complaints or ideas, here is where to voice them. Simply prepare your presentation, contact Mr. Crockett and ask to be put on the

agenda. Even come to see me, your ombudsman, and we can work on something together.

If we really want to move on this library hours issue, we need to get moving now. It is the Budget Committee who allocates the funding for the library. **Increased hours means increased costs.**

We need to look realistically at what must be “given-up” to gain more in library hours. Remember, there is only one “pie” to cut from.

Over the next week, instead of complaining, why not try and DO SOMETHING. If increasing library hours means something to you, think about some alternatives:

- rescheduling of existing hours?
- working through the student rep, Kenny Mutter, and the Deans on the Budget Committee?
- arranging for a volunteer service for those interested in a library career?
- complaining until April and hoping “someone else” will fix things.

OMBUDSMAN HOURS —
in the barn
Tuesday 9-10
Thursday 2:30-3:30
or make appointment
892-4121 ext. 395



Dialogue on drinking
Think about it. Talk about it.
Take action.

TAKE ACTION ON OVER-DRINKING.

“I like the taste of a cold beer on a hot day, but I certainly don't think you have to get the gang together with a couple of cases of beer just to celebrate the fact you've had a bit of exercise.”

JOHN WOOD
OLYMPIC SILVER MEDALLIST

Canada



Health and Welfare Canada / Sante et Bien-être social Canada

“Fresh” point of view

By Kaberi Dasgupta

Last week being “career week”, I decided to go against my nature and take a *decisive* step in choosing a career. Before drawing my career choice out of a hat, I felt that I should make an attempt to analyse my talents (0) and feelings so as to make the proper choice.

In fact, I have been trying to come to this decision for a long time. In Grade 1, I had to write an essay on “What I wanted to be when I grew up” (sound familiar?). What was my ambition all those years ago? Well, like many of the other people in the class, I wanted to be a doctor. (The only career that beat a doctor was being a fireman.)

Yes, we were humanitarians back then. We all wanted to cure “kanser” (our teacher suggested that we learn to spell it before we tried to cure it).

Actually, the prospect of “going into medicine” still has its charms, though my enthusiasm was slightly dampened in grade 4 when one of my contemporaries

told me, in sordid detail, how doctors must cut the... (forget it).

For another rather prolonged period in my life, I was intent on becoming an astronaut. I would one day announce to the world that the people on Mars are *not* green (they are turquoise).

However, I eventually came to the realization that in order to travel in space, I would have to leave the ground.

Since my digestive system goes into reverse on an *airplane*, I decided to forget about rockets.

A couple of my English teachers were determined to make everyone in the class writers. They had most of us nearly convinced until they told us the story of the heroic, wise author who lived for his art but died a lonely pauper. (It's amazing how practical children are.)

Perhaps, (you guessed it), I could become a journalist. Yes, I would go into war-torn, poverty-stricken areas of the earth, inspiring readers with my words of wisdom.

Of course then I would have to write about serious subjects (Oh no!). You see, by writing this column, I give rest to my frustrations and traumas...

That's it! I could become a psychologist. (Stop laughing.) Well, maybe I would have too much empathy for any patients. Maybe I'll become a musician.

Unfortunately what most people seem to appreciate the most nowadays fits more appropriately under the category of noise rather than music.

Then again, it's all just a matter of taste. Just because I don't enjoy watching a bunch of fools demonstrating how obscene they can be doesn't mean that it's wrong, does it?

I could become a critic. (As you can see, I am rather good at criticizing.) Maybe not. As they say, those who give it out...

Now that I have narrowed my choices down significantly, (I've decided that I'm not going to become an olympic athlete) I think I'll purchase a...
by Kaberi Dasgupta