

## Course Evaluation Needed Here

Is it tenable for a student to expect an opportunity to evaluate his professors or, at least, his courses? Does a student have enough critical and factual equipment to evaluate men and women who have been in the business for years? Can an individual who may still be suffering from the after effects of adolescence step out of his role as a pupil for long enough to give an objective evaluation of a professor who may have given him a "C" or a "D"?

Our answer to each of these questions is a qualified "yes." We do not mean to say that every student here would do justice to a serious attempt at course evaluation; there are always a few "wise guys" who do not know when to be serious and when not to be serious. However, we feel that the majority of the students here will be able to put things in their proper perspective and treat an opportunity to evaluate courses as the serious matter that it should be.

### Is It Important?

But why is course evaluation important? The answer here is not so obvious as one might think. A common reply to the issue of not-so-expert students "passing judgment" on wise professors has been that students do not usually possess the knowledge of subject matter that is necessary if one is to be able to comment on the proficiency of an instructor. This is not a valid criticism of teacher evaluation. A student's knowledge of a particular subject is usually that knowledge which has been conveyed to him by his teacher. A particular professor may be in possession of a vast store of academic knowledge. He may be a scholar in the course that he is teaching, but if he is not conveying his knowledge to his students with some degree of regularity, then he is not a good teacher. One may study a teacher's credentials and references for days and discover what his colleagues think of him, but only a student who has attended his classes can say whether or not the prof is getting across the material. On the other hand, a particular professor may be an efficient instructor at one institution where the students are from a certain ethnic, religious, or intellectual background, and he may still be a failure at another institution where the students differ in these respects. In short, a professor's lecture style and content may soar over the heads of students at one school, underestimate the capabilities of students at another school, and be particularly fitted to the learning capacities of students at still another school.

### The Test of Excellence

The ultimate test of "teaching excellence" might consist of the following questions:

- (1) Does the teacher cover his material in a manner that is interesting, yet to the point?
- (2) Does the teacher motivate his students in such a way that some of them might delve further into the subject than the course requirements stipulate?
- (3) Do the students attend the professor's classes regularly?
- (4) How do the students in the teacher's course compare with students who have had a similar course under another instructor in knowledge of underlying principles, retention of specifics, and ability to relate the course material to the general scope of the subject in which the course is given?
- (5) Are the people in the class really learning something new?

Course evaluation should not be taken as an attempt by the students to "keep the faculty on their respective toes" or as a factor that students think they can use to help their grades. Professional pride should be enough to produce the former effect. As for the latter, since course evaluations should not be signed, this could not even be a factor in the issue.

#### By The End of The Semester?

It would be nice, indeed if the faculty would initiate some procedure for course evaluation, but it may not be their place to do this. In the absence of a teacher-initiated system the Academic Affairs Committee (under the executive branch of SGA) should take the initiative and compile a list of questions for a course evaluation form. We would hope to see some form of course evaluation by next winter.

Once we get beyond this initial communication barrier, there are infinite possibilities for a more enlightened relationship among students, faculty, and administrators. Perhaps a committee of students could be allowed to meet prospective hirelings and further allowed to present some formal opinion of them. At any rate, their evaluation can be a bridge between the students and classroom teachers if it is done and done well.

# Santa Comes

I was just driving down Tryon Street, minding my own business when I saw the first one. It flashed by me and was gone. I said to myself, "I must be losing my mind. I thought I saw a ... Another one! And another! They are everywhere. I couldn't believe my eyes, but, sure enough there they were—Christmas decorations. I looked at my watch, then realized that what I really needed was a calendar. I extracted one from my glove compartment. It was buried under twenty-seven assorted gloves. Just as I had suspected—it was the third week of October.

Incredible? No, just Charlotte. That budding metropolis that is located on the outskirts of The University of North Carolina at Charlotte (hee hee, hee hee). That's the way things are done here. All this commotion about something that's going to happen whether we do anything about it or not. New York makes Christmas conform to New York. New Orleans has a holiday of their own; those people don't really need Christmas. New Bedford can take Christmas or leave it. But Old Charlotte, well, those cats have to make such a big thing of it. Why can't the citizens of Old Charlotte follow the lead of those obviously enlightened scholars and modern remnants of the "intelligensia" at UNC-C (Undeniably non-Charismatic Celibants?) and ignore Christmas until it gets here. Those bright kids know that they can't rush time. Just wait around for the main event. To hell with all this foreplay!

"Christmas comes but once a year." You bet your life it does. The reason for this is that there are not enough months to absorb two Christmases. Things have proceeded to the state where we have five seasons in a year—Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall, and CHRISTMAS. And Christmas is the longest of the five! "Better hurry folks. Just three-hundred-and-twelve shopping days left til Christmas." What we got here is a failure to put things in their proper perspective. O.K. I would go along with this ridiculous game if the United States—Old Charlotte in particular—happened to be particularly religious in character. But this is not the case. (Thank God.) A secular society secularizes a religious holiday and then exhausts it.

Santa Claus is not coming to town. Santa Claus IS town! "It came upon a midnight clear." Sure it was clear. It was the middle of the summer. It is unbelievable—the amount of people who do not realize that Christmas is making a power play. It's taking over. Beware! Call out the guard...Whew! Saved by Easter.

All this evoked by a few Christmas lights, you say. Fools! We can cure this dis-ease if we catch it now. If we allow Christmas to flourish, it will ravish the countryside, take over the department stores, bend the shepherds beneath the yoke of urbanization, take over the churches, and abolish religious holidays. No, wait a minute. Mustn't get carried away. It's probably just another minor movement like the one that what's-his-name (what is his

All the choir of heaven and furniture of earth — in a word, all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world — have not substance without mind.

—George Berkeley

name?) started. Besides, it'll never sell if the poor people don't pick it up.

Or has it already gone too far to be stopped? Has it already caught on in the underground? Are they trying to subtly regulate our activities by the timbre of jingle bells? Trapped! Worse. CONDITIONED! What do the colors red and green mean to you? I thought so. What do you associate with horny deers? Next thing you know they'll have us hanging socks in the fireplaces (just as an experiment, of course,

to see how far they can get us to go).  
"Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house not a preacher was stirring; they had all been they had all been wiped out. Actually, they were all out cutting down cone-shaped trees."

Let this serve as a warning to those of you who are so bold as to fight back. Do not allow Christmas to rear its ugly head this year before the Thanksgiving Parade is over!

## Faculty Buys "Treasures"

By H. C. Earwicker

(Hope that this article will be received in the spirit of fun in which it was written and the auction was held. By the way, the auction netted over \$100, which will go to acquire a live band for the faculty Christmas dance at the Ramada Inn.)

Last Friday night I was working pretty late on some homework. As I headed for the parking lot with intentions of going home to get a "long winter's nap," I observed (due to my well-developed sense of ocular perception) that the Union parking lot was pregnant with automobiles of all shapes. Most of them bore the famous "C" parking stickers that designate faculty-owned vehicles. I entered the Union cautiously, remembering that the faculty had just recently ruled that students could not attend their meetings. As I peeked into the Parquet Room, "what to my wondering eyes did appear but a jolly 'ole elf" — Dr. Morrill by name — on the stage in his shirt sleeves in front of a large audience of more or less enthusiastic onlookers. He was holding aloft a rather unusually shaped cake and calling,

"What am I bid for this fine, sweet fruit cake?" I had stumbled upon the Distaff Club's first annual White Elephant Sale. (For those who don't know what the Distaff Club is — I had to ask — it is an organization made up of faculty wives and faculty women, who are willing to give up a little of their own time and effort to make UNC-C a better place to make money.)

A cute little Distaffer made a decreet exit from the auditorium carrying an armload of curtainrods. She cast a puzzled look in my direction and answered my hello with, "Good will ... (a long pause) ... dumb husband."

I turned my attentions to the spirited bidding just in time to observe Dr. McEniry in the act of

"winning" an ungodly looking lamp for the price of only sixty cents. Dr. Gibson purchased some popsicle trays to go with the tricycle he had bought earlier. Perry (how-the-heck-did-he-get-to-be-on-the-faculty) Moser bid on a fork and spoon, but lost out in the finals. Another interesting item on the program was a cream pitcher from Herlocker's. I think it went for sixty cents. A bearded helper-elf won a half-dozen golf balls. He'll use them for counting imaginary "A's" with imaginary numbers. Dr. Perzel made a blushing exit with two "mini-shirts" and a pair of white cowboy boots. He quipped that he could wear a shirt on each arm. The price of a ticket to get out of the place seemed to be some sort of witty remark and flimsy excuse that could last just long enough to get the individual out the door for the purchases. Dr. McEniry tried to avoid the subject, but closed with the remark, "I bought more stuff that I don't need....I'll bring it back and sell it next year." Dr. Simono was hiding something under a white bedspread, as he bolted from the room. Other "finds" leaving under the arms of faculty members were a table tennis net (probably to go with the coffee table), a highchair, one half of a set of end tables, a gallon of anti-freeze, and a Leadbelly record.

Comments recorded as the auction broke up were as follows: "Did Bob Gibson buy that tricycle? I thought I saw him bring it in."

"That Morrill! He makes a perfect auctioneer."

"What will I ever do with this, this, this, ohhhh!"

"He's in there auctioning off the donuts we brought for refreshments now."

Other faculty members lingered behind, hoping to escape notice and make away with their "treasures" without having to offer an explanation. No, nothing is sacred these days. Not even the mentors.

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