



BRANDON UNIVERSITY

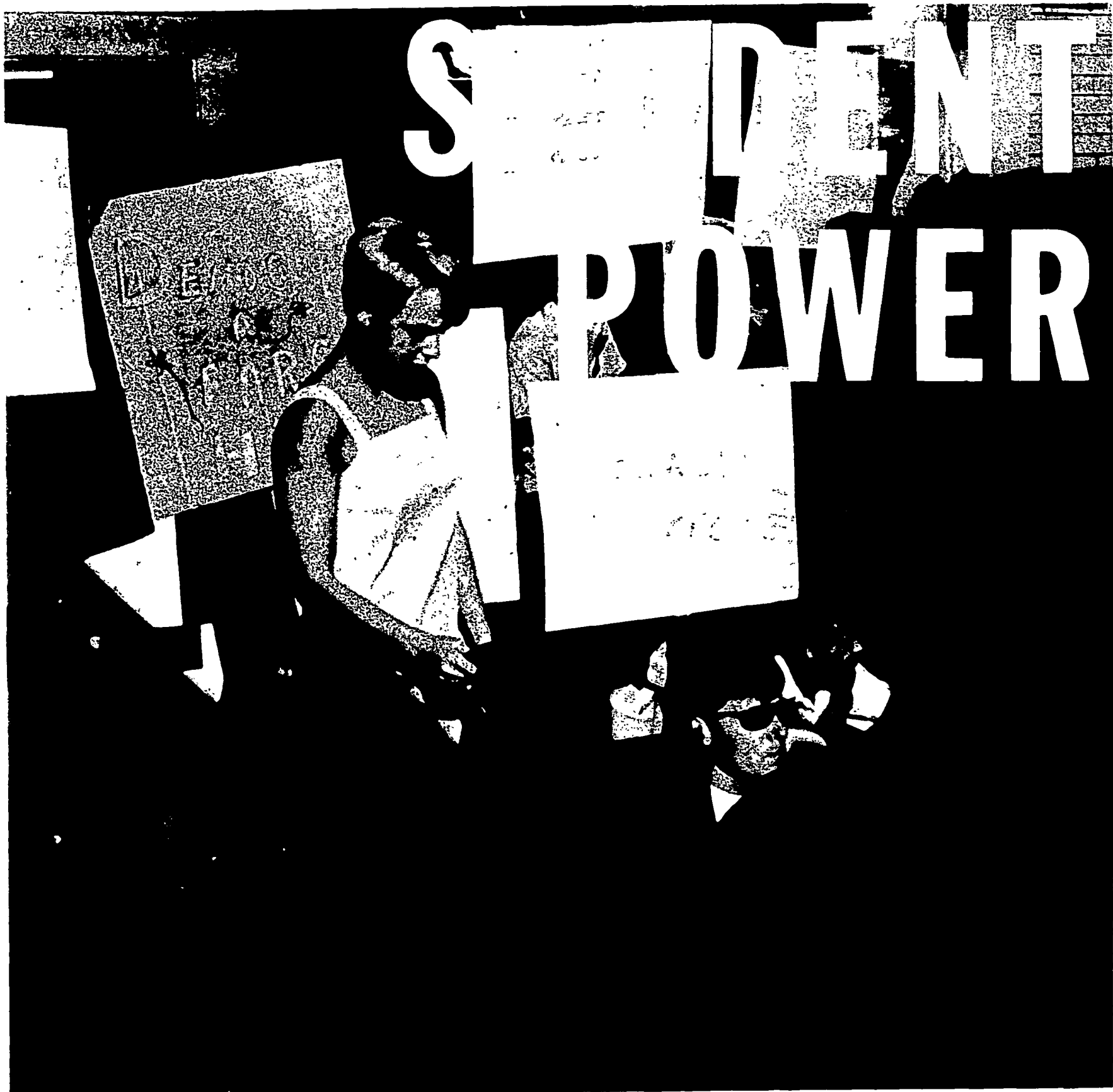
ALUMNI NEWS

Published Quarterly by Brandon University Alumni Association

No. 3

BRANDON, MANITOBA

OCTOBER, 1968



STUDENT POWER

Friday, September 13th

Brandon University students have labelled today "Black Friday". Surprising for them to have felt the mood of such an epitaph. For many, their very actions of this day have brought a feeling of hope and enthusiasm, a new sign of the spirit we have seen growing in young people the last few years.

Youth has been disillusioned and heart-sick about the values of our society. They have reacted in two ways — with-drawing and active objection either with persistent refusal to accept or with violence. The kids at Brandon University saw something today which repelled their senses of justice and fair play. They neither withdrew nor did they blindly reek havoc. They met and in a democratic way decided that the injustice they saw could not be tolerated. They formed their goals and their plan of action for carrying them out, communicating their decisions to the proper channels and to the press in a way that left no doubt as to the depth of their feeling or the stead-fastness of their resolve.

It is difficult to pinpoint the beginning of the incident which now splits Brandon University into solidly opposed factions and indeed divides the feelings and loyalties of many individuals. Ten years ago it wouldn't have happened; three years ago it would have been highly unlikely. Today, it had to happen and some of the immediate events leading up to our "students' revolt" must be combined with the effects of fast changing attitudes of independent questioning which now exists among most people under twenty-three years of age.

Perhaps the first immediate source of today's action is the result of last spring's B.U.S.U. elections. Third year Arts student, Dave Rinn became student president elect. The conference of the Canadian Union of Students at Guelph to which Mr. Rinn was a delegate may have been the next building block. Student leaders met and discussed the "student power" question among other topics of internal frictions in the organization. The new student President had already framed a new constitution or 'Directory' for the Student Union. This, he proclaims to cover all matter of student government organization and structure. He feels that he has

built in to this new document, an 86 page publication, a place for every kind of student activity and activism.

The more immediate founts of the emotion which later drove the students began to flow on Wednesday afternoon. (Today is Friday). Dr. Laurier LaPierre (late of "This Hour Has Seven Days" fame), Honorary President of the Brandon University Student Union spoke to a gathering of students, faculty, administration — those who could find a seat or place to stand in the overflow crowd. Dr. LaPierre's address is covered in a separate article; it is impossible to "cover" the kind of feelings he gave us — hope, indignation, shame, and to many young people, a fiery resolve to track down and stamp out injustice with all the vehemence they could command.

The opportunity came breathtakingly soon.

That evening a student, was seen apparently about to throw a bomb into a group of students assembled. The bomb, later proved a fake, was never thrown; the police were called in. The next evening, the student who had been brandishing the "weapon" received by personal delivery the following letter.

"You will recall that you were admitted last September on an Adult Student Status and as such you were on a probationary status.

The Committee on Adult Admissions has been reviewing records of the year and had not arrived at a final decision in your case until the "bomb scare" incident of yesterday, September 11th, was reported. This incident, coupled with similar abnormal reactions of the last session, has forced us to the unanimous conclusion that you are not to be permitted to continue studies at Brandon University. You are hereby officially informed that you will not be permitted to register as a student and further that you are not to visit the campus for any reason whatsoever.

We mutually regret this action and would point out to you that your abnormal tendencies will make it very difficult for you to be a normal member of any group if your unusual actions continue. We, therefore, strongly advise you to seek psychiatric counselling as soon as possible."

black
day
or
sunny
morn?

If an individual was indeed possessed of the stated attributes would the receipt of such a message not be expected to bring these tendencies quickly to the surface? There is no doubt that the Admissions Committee acted with the future safety of the other students foremost in their consideration. In their haste to avoid a subsequent incident (again assuming their belief in the man's instability), took the risk of triggering an immediate one.

The upshot of the situation is that today Brandon students have challenged the right of the University's Administration to dismiss a student on circumstantial evidence with no "trial" or right to defend himself.

In addition they have framed a resolution demanding that the Admissions Committee be made up in future of one third each of administration, faculty and students. They have threatened to back up their demands with a boycott of classes beginning Monday morning.

A talk with the student involved revealed his defense to be based on the explanation that the whole "bomb scene" was a set up for a symbolic picture for the Quill. Other considerations prompted the expulsion as well however, and the students recognize the truth that the personality or intentions of this one young man have nothing to do with the principle involved — whether or not the decision to expel a student should be made arbitrarily. The Editorial Board of the Quill has gone so far as to proclaim that "It is the student's right to decide what the spirit and purpose of the university is to be". They do not go on to explain how this right evolved or what the students have contributed to earn them this "right". The University has surely been constituted by the Government of Manitoba in order to give present students the opportunity for greater and more fulfilling lives and to make a better society for them and everyman (those common folk who finance the university with their taxes) for the future. It has to be explained how those who are on the receiving end of this scheme become invested with the right to control the operation. Indeed they should have a voice in it and surely they will.

One cannot say whether an appeal was granted because of the action of the stu-

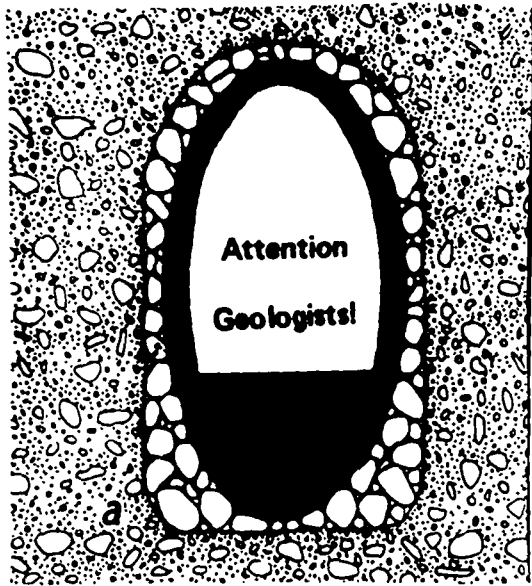
dents or as a matter of course; the appeal took place this morning. As a result, the defendant was charged with proving himself eligible to attend Brandon University by supplying a doctor's report assuring that he is psychiatrically fit for university entrance. Impossible, you say? That is what the student in question maintains. Dr. Robbins submitting himself to a brief interview in order that you might be helped to understand the situation in spite of the coming and going of Board members and officials and the jangling of the phone. His thoughtful concern was very evident but he maintained that the Administration would not clear itself by making public information gained in professional confidence. He later told a Brandon Sun reporter — —

" — we certainly cannot reveal this confidential evidence. We'll just have to take the beating — I told Mr. Rinn that if he didn't think the Administration as honest and as intelligent as the student administration, he was very wrong. — — I don't know what you can do about this, other than act as fairly and intelligently as you know how". He agreed that one could question the procedure of the Adult Admissions Committee on Thursday evening.

As this is written (the thing will be settled or further complicated by the time you receive this) this day seems plaintively sad, rather than "Black" because of any gross misdeed. Both of disputants (Students and Administration) are sincere; both are "right". Both are dedicated to the exact same purpose — the good of this University ("the University is its students and faculty") — justice, while preserving individual rights and safety — the traditions behind their respective endeavors, one venerable and revered, the other fresh and fighting for its new life.

A graduate is on the middle ground. He knows what the old ways have given him that is true and everlasting; yet he sees frustration that comes of being ever told what is right for one, and wonders why he and his cohorts were never bright and seeking enough to question. Some, well settled in a comfortable groove now, will shush any admiration they feel in themselves for the struggle of today's youth against what they see as injustice here, false values everywhere

Our only hope must be that both parties in making their decisions, do so on the basis of reason and a reaching across of the age gap (barrier?) rather than through any dictates of pride or fear of backing down. We must hope as does Dr. Strand, new President of Simon Fraser University for his "combatants", that they may confront each other with their ideas rather than with their respective forces of power.



Brandon University's Geology Department has greatly expanded both in course offerings and physical facilities in the last few years. To keep pace with this growth it has of course become necessary to expand our mineral rock and fossil collections. One way that this can be done with as little as possible strain on the departmental budget is through gifts from interested geology graduates.

Henry Klassen '66 has sent a suite of rocks from Cape Breton Island and Keith Gardiner '55 has donated minerals from the Twin Buttes Mine near Tucson, Arizona.

Dr. Christopher Riley '21, now of Vancouver, who provides an annual scholarship in Geology, has sent us minerals over the years from many parts of the world.

If any of you have rock minerals or fossil samples that you would care to send along (postage will be paid here) we would be most happy to receive them. If possible the location of the samples' sources and any other pertinent data should be included.

It has occurred to Dr. Perdue that some of our graduates will now be in positions of some influence with oil and mining companies who hold or are looking for a place to dispose of such samples. These could come to us either as gifts or on a permanent loan basis.

Your gifts of samples could prove very useful to us for purposes of both study and research.

filmsfilmsfilmsfilms

Film buffs on campus are excelling themselves this year by running an almost constant slate of screen entertainment and education this term.

The Monday evening Screen 16 series will be very exciting with a line-up of exceptionally fine films promised for those who take out a six dollar membership in Screen 16 Film Society. This covers the full season and is transferable. The schedule includes:

On **October 7th**, *The War Game* (Great Britain, 1967). Peter Watkins (who also made the brilliant "Culloden" for B.B.C. television) caused a sensation with this shattering account of how World War 11 might start. From Vietnam to H-bombs in London it is not a fantasy; he makes it all seem horribly easy and inevitable.

November 4th will bring *The Man Who Came to Dinner* (U.S.A., 1943) Monty Wooley is the irascible old dragon in this witty comedy. An excellent example of Hollywood comedy of the 'Forties.

December 3rd's contribution is *Monsieur Vincent*, one of the most distinguished films ever to have been released by the French motion picture industry. The film deals with St. Vincent de Paul's life of sacrifice for the poor.

On **January 6th** Louis Bunuel's acid comment on human existence in Franco's Spain, *Viridiana* (Spain 1962). A group of beggars gobble food at a banquet and lust after one another to the blaring of the "Hallelujah Chorus" of Handel's "Messiah", a bitter parody of the last supper. Banned by Spanish authorities, it was nevertheless Grand Prix winner at Cannes in 1963.

La Terra Trema (Italy, 1963) will be shown on **February 3rd**. Firmly set in the "new realism" period of the Italian cinema this is Luchino Visconti's harsh, unrelenting picture of life among the Sicilian poor. Winner of the Grand Prix at Venice in 1948 it brought him immediate recognition as a leader in the Italian renaissance alongside De Sica and Rossellini.

From Czechoslovakia on **March 3rd** comes *Knell for the Barefoot*, (1966), a

fine example of the "liberal" Czech cinema which blossomed forth before the Russian occupation. War is hell. An old adage, but in this simple film it is told with force and humanity.

Buster Keaton is revived on **April 7th** for *The Navigator*, (U.S.A., 1923), certainly with "The General", his finest comedy and an excellent example of the golden age of American screen comedy.

The Screen Society's final presentation is *The Fiances*, (Italy, 1963), for **May 3rd**. Director Ermanno Olmi has taken a simple story — a worker is separated by distance from his sweetheart, and made a bitter-sweet love story out of it. An Italian "Marty". "A cinema classic!" says Time Magazine; "One of the year's ten best" say Brosley Brothers.

Campus 16 is the weekly Sunday evening film event (7:30 p.m.) when fine quality American films such as "Blow-Up", "Morgan", "The Silencers", will be viewed in the Evans Lecture Theatre. The admission is thirty-five cents.

The Thursday evening weekly educational series is to be held in the Little Theatre, lower floor, Education Building. Beginning at 7:00 p.m. its main offering will be intellectual and aesthetically stimulating short films with occasional full length features such as "The War Game", "Four Days of Naples", "The Browning Version". No charge is made for admission.

A sparkling new innovation for this year — **children's films on Saturday mornings**. Such old favorites as "Alice in Wonderland", "Peter Pan", "Pinocchio" to enthrall the young folk. The group's established attitude of not considering the brutal and senseless cat and mouse type of "cartoon" as children's entertainment still holds. Admission is twenty-five cents per person.

Congratulations to **Professor Skinner** and **David Eaton** and their cohorts in the film movement at Brandon for bringing to the campus and the public fine entertainment and educational activity at token prices.

C.U.S.

CONFERENCE

September 1, 1968

In a brief article entitled "Education?", our last issue mentioned some of the ideas brought forth in May at a Seminar of the Canadian Union of Students. Mr. Don Adams, Laboratory Instructor in Chemistry at Brandon University was a delegate. Here are some of his views as he reflects on the student power movement.

What happens at a C.U.S. Seminar? It's hard to put down on paper the experience of spending ten days in dissecting our educational system and society surrounded by young, active minds that ranged from mild reformers to revolutionaries.

There was a general agreement that changes are necessary in both the educational system and society as a whole. But differences arose in deciding how best to bring about the change necessary.

One of the principal targets of the radicals is the university bureaucracy and power structure. Although many people find it easy to sympathize with those who protest against the red tape and dehumanization of Communist bureaucracies, few seem to realize that many students in the West feel they, too, are victims of indifferent and unresponsive organizations.

Universities in Canada are headed by boards of governors. Major decisions are made by those at the top of the ladder. The governors decide how money is to be spent (for a new gymnasium or library, high faculty salaries or a student union building), and the way in which the university is to be run.

The faculty may play some role in making these decisions, but in most cases the faculty is relegated to a secondary role while the students have practically no say at all.

On the whole, as Jerry Farber pointed out recently in the "Student as Nigger", the student is treated like a "Nigger". He is not whipped or beaten, for just as there were kind slave owners in the South who treated their slaves with consideration and sympathy, so there are kind governors and administrations who try to look after the best interests of their students.

But like the field "nigger" and house "nigger" of the old South, students and

faculty members in most universities are kept in a state of dependence by those who run the universities. The fact that faculty members are fairly quiet while, thus far, only a minority of students have begun to agitate for a change, is no argument for the justice of the status quo. There were plenty of Uncle Toms in the South whose worst fear was that other "niggers" would get restless and try to upset the system.

The fact remains that in most universities in Canada, neither the faculty nor the students have the authority or power to participate in making the major decisions that shape the future of the university.

How can this situation be changed? What are the alternatives? Is it a choice between playing according to the traditional democratic rules of the game and hoping to achieve one's goals by peaceful legal means, or of engaging in direct action, demonstrating, occupying buildings and confronting—every time any minority feels its demands must be met? The radicals claim the alternative now is either to play according to the rules of the game, in which case absolutely nothing vital will change — and they point to the small progress the blacks have made in the last 100 years as an example — or to break the rules on occasion, forcing those in authority to make the necessary changes.

Of course, this is a dangerous prescription for democracy since the student activists must assume the changes they provoke will be for the better and that the injustices they see will be eliminated. But they are willing to risk the possibility that the results of their activities might be greater and harsher repression and a gradual movement away from democracy.

The implications of the student revolt are that wherever injustice is found, it must immediately be rooted out; wherever there are organizations where there is an unequal distribution of power and authority, democratization of that organization must begin; wherever a man's fate is dependent on the authority of another, no matter how well-intentioned that other may be, the individual must be freed and allowed to choose his own fate.

The kind of situation we have been talking about has existed for a long time, and no doubt it will continue to exist for a long time to come. Most students and faculty have been able to work within it with little difficulty. But the murmurings of student revolt are being heard every where, and neither the constant turnover of students, nor long summer vacations, nor token student or faculty representation on various university committees will avert the coming storm.

CLASS '45

Margaret (Tait) Watt, '45 married that dashing young R.C.A.F. pilot in June '45. Following their marriage they moved to Toronto where Marg worked in the Toronto Public Library and the Victoria College library while her husband attended Emmanuel College. In 1948 her husband graduated and became an ordained minister in the United Church. They then served in the Saskatchewan mission field for 3 years, followed by Dungannon, Ontario for six years and for the last 10 years have been in Oakville, Ontario. In this last charge they have developed a congregation and built a church.

The Watts visited "Expo" in 1967 as well as Brandon. Marg reports that the time since graduation seems both long and short in different ways but the grey hairs are for real.

Their family consists of Wendy 19, in her 1st year of Arts at Victoria University, Don, in grade 12 and president of the student's council, Valerie in grade 9 honours course, Virginia in grade 8, Heather age 7, and Melanie, 5.

Glen Tillotson, B.Sc. '45, M.Sc. '47 (U. of Western Ontario). Following graduation Glen worked in the research department of the Hudson's Bay Mining and Smelting Co. in Flin Flon during the summers. During the winters he studied for his M.Sc. degree at U.W.O. in London. Upon completion of his M.Sc. degree he joined the D.N.D. for a brief period. In the fall of 1947, he joined the Physics staff of the University of New Brunswick. In 1948 he married Doreen Bolstad '43, a social worker. In 1953 he moved to Quebec City to work for the D.N.D. once more. In 1955 they moved to Wolfville, Nova Scotia where Glen had joined the Physics Department of Acadia University.

The Tillotson's enjoy camping and travelling, making periodic forays into the larger cities, on the whole they favor small town living. Some of the Brandon College visitors in recent years have been Dr. Johns and Dr. Cragg. Jean Brad (Mrs. Dalton Vernon) is a neighbor.

Nettie (Weselowski) Schurko, B.A. '45. After graduation Nettie worked in the Custom Woolen Mills in Sifton for two years. In 1947 she was married to Nick Schurko in Sudbury. Nick is a second class Stationary Engineer for the International Nickel Co. of Canada. Ill health has prevented Nettie from pursuing an active career outside of her home. She tells us that Sudbury is not really a barren landscape but has parks, lakes, a university and now a Centennial museum. The city itself has an international character. Nettie's pursuits are gardening, Bible study, writing letters to the editor and acting as an assistant to her husband in his efforts as an upholsterer.

Their son Robert, age 19, is now in first year engineering studies at Laurentian University.

DR. LAURIER LAPIERRE

On Wednesday afternoon, September 11th Dr. Laurier LaPierre addressed the Brandon University Student Union and others on campus in the Dining Hall. He began with a few jokes at his own expense which served their purpose of making him appear as a modest and likeable person to the overflow crowd assembled.

His first attack was aimed at Canadian politics which he styled as "dull, insignificant and irrelevant. ""Two-thirds of the people of Lachine, having the choice between marvellous me and idiotic Rod, chose idiotic Rod."

LaPierre pleaded ignorance of the worlds of his audience and spoke of the world with which he is familiar — that of his own generation, of the time of the late '30s and early '40s, of men who lived through the depression of the '30s and then the depressingly boring '50s. "The men of my generation only came alive at the beginning of the '60s." It was then that they discovered deep within themselves a kind of hope and desire that the kind of tragedies they had known — breadlines, the suffering and death of war — need not be. They came to realize the emptiness of the man of the '50s, the impossibility of his fulfilling the dream of promised peace and justice as imperialists pushed their war machines ahead while millions of starving people reflected on man's inhumanity to man.

To Dr. LaPierre with this frame of reference, today's young generation seems "turned on by some mystical force." Pointing out the difficulty for a middle aged man to forecast the kind of lives

these students will have, he points out the contrast between them and his own peers with a striking compliment to the students (and this was his repeated theme) — "You have the capacity for spontaneity of action and the mastery of technology."

Dr. LaPierre is now on the faculty of McGill where he has participated in the struggle for various freedoms for professors and students at McGill; professors are no longer required to give examinations there.

He describes "the University" as meaning more than the individuals who make it up, as the sum total of all of them. "It is an independent society; it is part of both the small and the large society. Because of technology and science there has been the possibility of creating a neighborhood. Where the forces that control it demand this, it can be turned into a brotherhood."

Looking at the University as a community of people thought by many to have the aim of pursuing truth, acquiring knowledge, preparing for the onslaught of the world, he denied these aims. To the students — "Some say you will be the elite, trained to over impress and oppress others." This also, he challenged. "It really has nothing to do with all this — — it is a place where the individual, with himself and within himself, grapples with himself and attempts to become what he was meant to become i.e. himself. Therefore, the University must always be a community of men who pursue diverse interests but have in common the overwhelming desire to become what they were meant to be."

After a short attack on History as a study for itself (he, himself, is a Historian — — "History is the most useless thing there is") he described the entire process of modern society as one of making man

into an image of security — "don't rock the boat." This, the University has been particularly guilty of fostering.

The two aims he gave the University were 1) that of producing men and women with open minds. The world's truths are not encompassed only between the covers of books. Nor merely by questioning does one display this open mindedness. To Jean Paul Sartre he credited the statement that no element of knowledge which is not consistently contested can constitute a part of the body of knowledge of man. That Columbus discovered America on a certain date has no importance whatsoever; knowing the factors of the social climate which enabled him to do so at that time is the value of that long past event for us today.

BRANDON UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' UNION

The former T.V. personality recalled professors whose lectures revealed the exact point in time they had stopped reading and wondered if perhaps we are all falling into this rut. (This has a special significance it seems when aimed at Alumni. Does your conversation along with grey hairs betray the year of your graduation?) "You have to challenge, confront, and provoke. You cannot get away from it.

2) The University must make its communicants participants. You may have all the degrees in the world but if you do not care what is happening in Viet Nam, if

HONORARY PRESIDENT

you do not care what is happening in Czechoslovakia, in the United States Civil rights struggle, to the Indians and Eskimos of this country (Dr. LaPierre's order of concern is open to question for us when the latter situation lives out its tragically slow struggle not thirty miles from the stage from which he spoke.) — "then it is all completely useless and you have wasted your time — — If you are incapable of knowing that man has thoughts in his heart as well as in his mind then you have wasted your time."

There are forces in the society wanting change. Dr. LaPierre wants change quickly; he sees around him some who are content to see it happen slowly and quietly others

impatient enough to want revolution. Canadians, he says, have a tendency to discount what happens elsewhere as being impossible in their own land. Our immigration laws provide an example of our shutting our eyes to our own racial discrimination by justifying the limited quotas of certain races with the rationale that the selection is on the basis of skill.

All the elements of a University are a part of the community which determines the quality of our society. The kind of atmosphere where a man can write a thesis and then spend the rest of his life teaching from it is no longer capable of existence. The teachers in a University should concern themselves entirely with building

questioning minds and social activists. "It will not be the men of my generation who change the world but those of yours."

In the kind of world to which Dr. LaPierre aspires there would be no elites, not of rich, powerful, intellectual or any other kind. The idea that each man should receive according to the degree in which he can give would be stamped out and all people would be equal in the esteem of society.

Laurier LaPierre's definition of freedom is "the pursuit of gentility" for all men. Whether or not this will come to pass he places squarely on the shoulders of our youth.

(Cont. from page 12)

Snowdrift Indian band, has a catalogue of available films but there are no descriptions — so the films were chosen on the strength of their titles alone. Result: films like "The Misfits" and "Sweet Smell of Success" which are a complete loss; so few of the people understand English well enough to follow a dialogue plot. Much better received were: "The Ride Back", "The Kentuckian" and "Indian Fighter".

Meanwhile I'm at home writing. Father Gamache comes by. He's a little old gentleman with a ready chuckle in his throat and a tale on his tongue. Father Gamache established the church here 42 years ago and has many a story of colorful events and characters. This evening he has come to borrow some of our books to supplement his week's reading. Lucky there is someone with enough time to read the pile of books we brought up, we haven't had the opportunity to look at more than two or three. Colin also comes in to wait for the second showing of the film. Shortly the film is over and the adults start coming. I usually run the projector for them but this evening I want to finish this letter so I give one of the young men a briefing on the use of the projector and leave them to it. Back home at 8:00 Mary and I eat supper, clean up the dishes, do a little letter writing, clean up the house. Usually Mary does the washing on Friday evening but it is too late to start now so put it off until tomorrow. By 10:30 the film is finished and I go over to check that the school has been properly cleaned up, desks rearranged and gate receipts counted. Nearly \$36 tonight, a better than usual take — there are about

three or four families back from their trap lines today and there's more money than usual in town.

Lock up the school, lock up the warehouse, chase the dogs away from the garbage cans, pick up the scattered garbage, try to get the back door locked, hot cup of cocoa. Then we clean up all edibles and store them in mouse-safe places. We have a pair of 'pet' mice who live behind the kitchen cupboard and often surprise our guests (one ran up the leg of a young fellow who was in about a month ago). I couldn't find any mouse traps or rat poison around and besides—they amused me. Then they discovered a way into the back pantry where we keep all our food — that was the last straw when they gnawed into our only Christmas cake. I asked Father Gamache if he had a mouse trap — "Yes, indeed". About two evenings later Father brought over a trap. However, a few days earlier I had read a book ("A Mouse is Miracle Enough" by Myna Lockwood) about a lonely woman's experience with a mouse who was first a nuisance and then turned out to be a blessing. Consequently by the time Father had brought over the trap my heart had softened again. The trap remains unused (I vow to set it about twice a day, but then I see the little chaps, especially the one with the brownish spots and white stomach, and my resolution fails).

To bed, to bed; sleep in tomorrow, glory, glory, hallelujah. One thing is sure — tomorrow will be a busy day, more ailments to treat, forms to be filled out, perhaps a mail plane in, full of thrills and

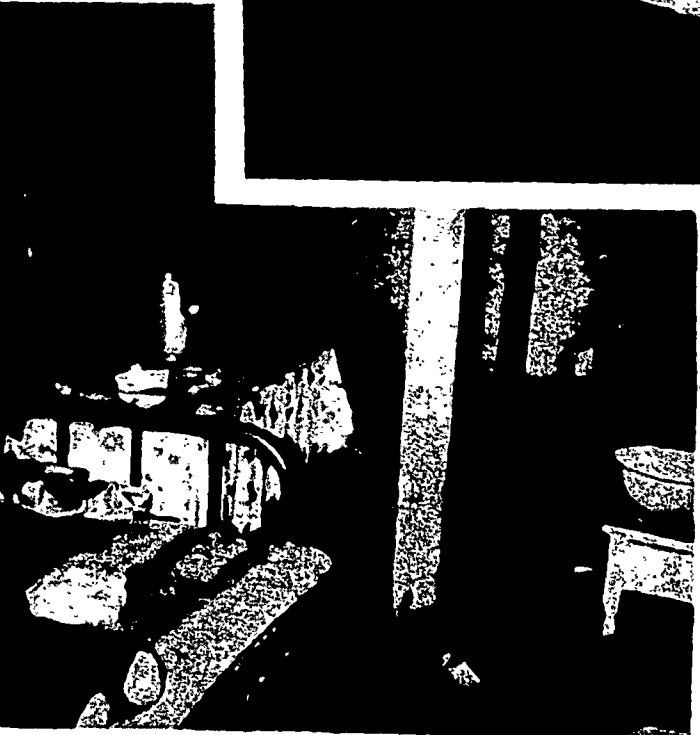
chills, completely unpredictable.

STUDENT REPRESENTATION IN THE BRANDON UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATIVE STRUCTURE

Members of the Brandon University Student Union are presently represented on several Senate and Administrative committees. The Senate has invited students to sit on three of its committees, these being Planning, Councelling, and Student Affairs. The Board of Governors has provided for three students to act on the Athletic Directorate, and a joint Board - B.U.S.U. committee for administration of the Student Union Building fund combines three each of Board members and students.

In addition, various members of the Faculty and Administration have made themselves available to "bear-pit" question and answer sessions; among the topics recently discussed have been student representation in university government and plans for future expansion.





Two of the resolutions put forth by the high school students attending the United Nations Seminar on "human rights" on campus this summer should be read and considered by every Canadian.

Moved by G. Allan Skrumeda, Middlebro, Man. (Ross L. Gray High School), seconded by Roland M. Vodon, Elgin, Man. (Hartney Collegiate):

WHEREAS Canadian Indians and Eskimos suffer from lack of self-respect and dignity

WHEREAS their rights have been ruthlessly abrogated by treaties imposed by the white man

WHEREAS the Canadian Indian and Eskimo cultures have been rapidly diminishing because of the white man's exploitation of the Indian and Eskimo

WE URGE THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA

to involve the native people in decisions concerning themselves

do more to assist Canada's native people by recognizing the urgency of the situation

by immediate implementation of massive education programmes toward practical employment,

promoting and encouraging Canadian native participation in government employment especially as relating to the welfare of the native people

and having guaranteed their basic and inalienable rights to life, health, liberty and employment,

to reduce the number of crown reservations to the extent that the inhabitants so desire

abolish the Queen's Ward, and consequently,

to be in a position to be able to reduce the number of Indians receiving relief payments and

increase the Canadian native's feelings of self-respect and dignity.

Moved by William Schlossman, Fargo, N.D., (Fargo South High School), seconded by Mary-Ellen Tyler, Brandon, Man. (Vincent Massey High School):

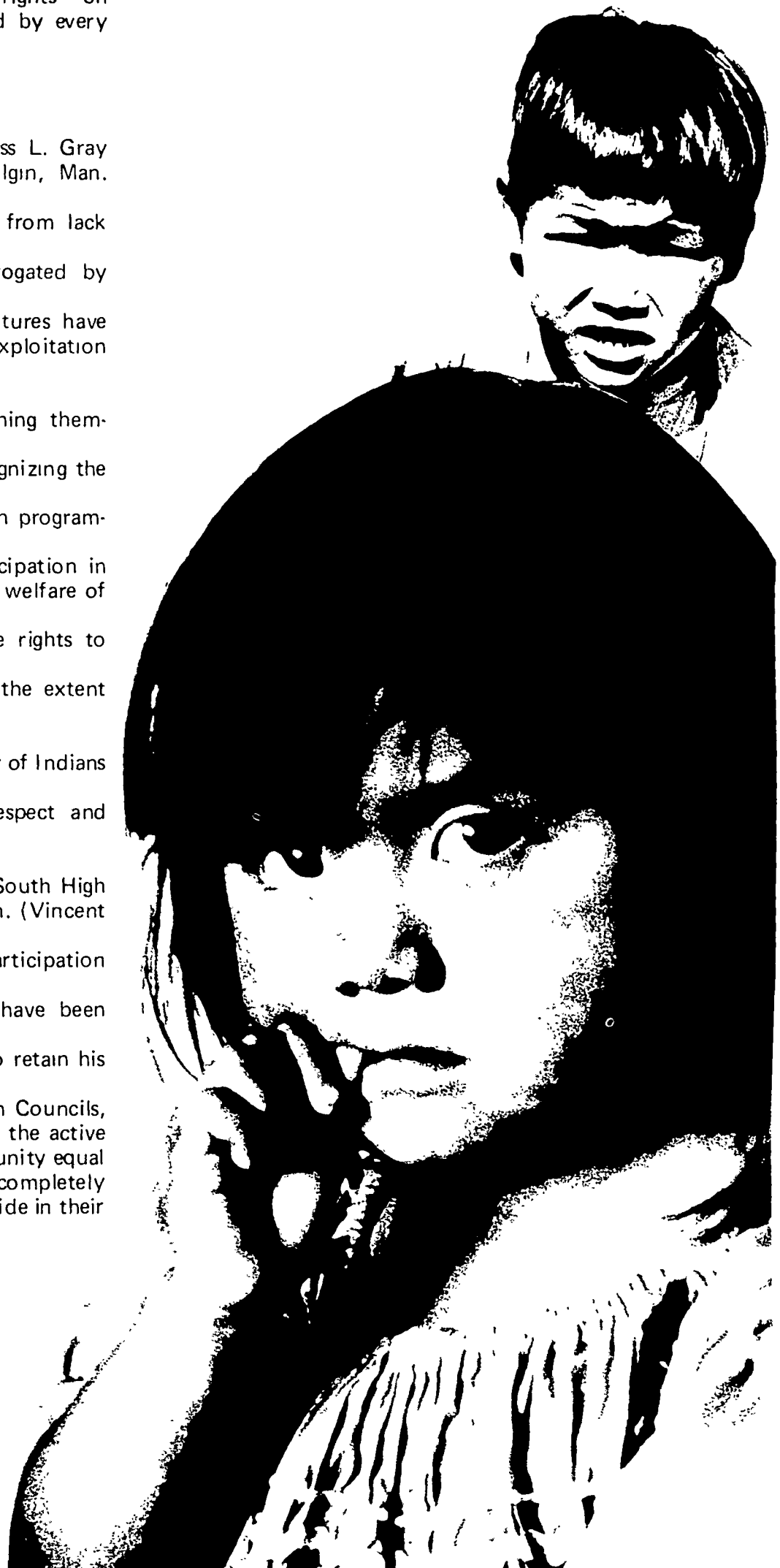
WHEREAS Canadian Indians have no sense of participation in the Canadian nation

WHEREAS their dignity and feelings of worth have been trampled upon

WHEREAS the Canadian Indian has been unable to retain his pride in his cultural heritage

BE IT RESOLVED that we call on the various Indian Councils, Bands and Associations to make an effort to provide the active leadership that will gain the Indian a place and opportunity equal to that of other citizens and in this way bring sooner a completely integrated Indian-White society where all may take pride in their present potential and past heritage.

INDIAN RIGHTS



GODOLPHIN GOES NORTH

Bill Godolphin '62

It is a source of amazement to me that this is the first letter I have written since arriving in Snowdrift. That is, the first personal letter - I've waded my way through dozens and dozens of business letters; and Mary manages to get the odd personal letter out but they have been few and far between. There is one thing we haven't suffered from since we left home to come North and that's BOREDOM! I don't believe we've ever been so UN-bored! In many ways a day seems to have about 48 hours in it and last week is a long time ago. Our average day is absolutely filled, crammed, stuffed, burned up! We are both healthy, happy, having a ball, and overworked as hell. Nothing that happens to us can really be called personal news - everything is so much involved with the school, the town, and the people here. Perhaps I can give a better idea of our life here by describing a couple of untypical days - that means any day - for, NO day here could be called typical.

Here goes: Two Days in the life of the Mayor and First Lady of Snowdrift. At 7:30 AM the alarms go off - one beside the bed (the short, pleasant, tinkling kind) the other across the room (a loud, raucous beast that threatens to rattle its way across the table top and finish life as junk on the floor). Mary gets up and puts on the coffee. She also takes the partly deluted powdered milk out of the fridge, puts it in a big pot on the stove and adds the chocolate syrup and more water. (Cocoa for the school children.) After a good deal of patient coddling on her part I get up and dress for school. "Let me see, -- is this the morning to shave, or did I shave yesterday?" Sit down, eat my breakfast, listen to the news and weather on the radio from Yellowknife. The janitor knocks on the door and wants the keys to the warehouse -- (Typical government operation: they send locks out from Yellowknife but always keep one key, so we have one key for every lock and if we lose that we get the hacksaw out and cut off the lock).

It's 9:00 now and the assistant teacher comes down the path. She is a young girl who helps Mary in the classroom, and

get paid about \$100 a month for doing this. They are being used quite widely in the North in small schools; they're local girls who speak the language, usually have about Grade 8 or 9 education, and have taken a short course during the summer on helping teachers with lower Primary and Basic English work. The girl here is Emerence Drygeese. Emerence and Mary take the cocoa over to the school, ring the bell, and get the pupils in. Emerence gives out the cocoa, biscuits and vitamin pills in Mary's room and Mary gives them out in my room. I'm at home trying to get through on the short-wave radio transmitter. We haven't had a plane in for a month now. The weather hasn't been cold and calm enough for the lake to freeze up. Yesterday the janitor, Bruno, and I went out chopping holes in the ice to see if it was thick enough to land on - it's been 10 degrees below for a few days now and we have ice in the bay out in front of our house. Most of it is only 4 inches thick, not enough; but there is a stretch about half a mile down which is 9 inches -- enough. So, now I'm calling Yellowknife to tell them they can get a plane in. "XLJ214 Yellowknife, XLJ214 Yellowknife, this is XMP208 Snowdrift, How do you copy, over." Finally I am able to make contact and I tell them I've got a strip of ice next to the shore in the east arm of the lake which is 500 yards long, 50 to 100 yards wide and 9 inches thick. From Yellowknife: "Roger, Roger, all OK, have checked with Ptarmigan Airways and they will have a plane in to Snowdrift in 2 or 3 days, over."

I scam out the door, check the thermometer, eighteen below, nice day, and over to the school 20 yards away. It's now 9:30 and the red rim of the sun is starting to peep over the South hills, flash off the ¾ of a mile of ice and snow on the bay and stab me in the eyes as I stand in front of the class and call the roll. Only fourteen here this morning out of a class of twenty-two. Quite a few of them away with their families - gone off to bush trapping or hunting - they'll be back about Christmas. I get the class sorted out so everyone is more or less busy

and then start teaching. I've got to spread myself pretty thinly with four grades in the class. My highest grade is Six and there is only one of those - he is away hauling wood for the family this morning so things are a little easier. At noon a few of my boys push some extra desks and chairs into the other classroom and Emerence - who is also the school cook brings the noon lunch in, in three great pots. We get the bowls, cups, and spoons sorted out. What's for lunch today? Diced dehydrated potatoes cooked in white sauce, scrambled dehydrated eggs and tinned bacon, and dehydrated chicken soup. Mary is over at the house making our lunch while Emerence and I dish out the food. 12:30, lunch finished - "All right you people, OUTSIDE!" A couple of boys clean off the desks and gather up the eating utensils. Two girls are appointed dishwashers and they head off to our house with Emerence.

After I have chased everyone out of school I come over, eat a quick lunch to the clatter of dishes being washed in the kitchen, and have time for a cup of tea and a cigarette. By 1:00 PM classes are going again. Mary comes in and tells me one of her kids went home at noon and stayed home. We call Bruno (who is also the truant officer) and tell him to go up to the boy's house and tell the parents to send the little fellow to school. Bruno comes back shortly - says the parents refuse to send him - they say it's too cold -- I splutter and fume about this for a while, but, what are you gonna do? At 3:00 I see Mary and Emerence going by; they're out half an hour early because this is the day Father Gamache comes over to give religious instruction to the little ones. Mary goes home to wash up lunch dishes (in the rush to get the school lunch dishes done, ours get missed out) and attend to the burned babies. We look after the medical supplies and all the various medical problems of the community. Recently we've had a number of mothers bringing their children in with severe arm burns from falling against hot stoves. The dressings on these have to be changed once a day and Mary does it. As well there will be cases of impetigo and

other skin infections to attend to. One little girl about age 8 or 9 comes in with her baby brother, two younger sisters, and younger brother. The baby has a face infection and the youngest sister has a burned arm. The girl, **Bertha**, looks after the whole lot of them - her father is away trapping and her mother is in Yellowknife to have a baby. Mary and I keep harping at Bertha to keep the kids clean - even to giving her a bar of soap (which lasted for two days). Mary, being a bit soft hearted (or perhaps a little soft-headed) has asked her to bring over the washing for the children. The first time one of her father's shirts got brought over as well as the children's clothes. That was a bit much; but the final tragedy was not to appear till later. When the washing arrived, it was so filthy Mary just threw it all in the machine, filled 'er up and turned 'er on. Later, when the wash was done everything had bits of fuzz stuck to it. Wondering why this should be so, we found what used to be a woolen sweater. All that remained of it were two ragged sleeves and a hand full of rotten wool shreds. Ah well - we've ordered the boy, to whom the sweater belonged, a new one from the Christmas catalogue.

I spend about an hour after school filling out the month end Foster-Home Forms, Time Sheets for the janitor, Attendance Records, Statements of Account for the Teacher Assistant and School Cook, Statements of Account for the Power House Operator, Monthly Report on Fuel Consumption, and a few other community or school reports. Many more forms to be filled out but they'll just have to wait another day or two.

Returning home I'm greeted by a mother who wants me to come and look at her baby, - he has an infected eye. I tell her to bring the kid down. At the same time another mother shows up and tries desperately to open the door -- the house seems to be shifting and the back door is jamming. I pull on the inside, she pushes on the outside - uh! and it flies open. I'll whittle a little more off the door sill tonight but the door will have sunk some more by tomorrow. This mother has another burned baby. Inviting her in, I then go to the old crank type telephone and ring the school for Mary (who has meanwhile returned to do school work after the first batch of patients). The telephone is a real closed circuit network - the Hudson's Bay Store, Hudson's Bay Manager's house, our house, and the school - and has proven extremely useful. No operators to swear at and no

telephone bills to pay. Mary fixes up the dressing on the burned arm and the one with the infected eye arrives. The eye is badly swollen and red. The baby fell yesterday and hit his eye on a box - last night the eye closed up, now it's so swollen we can't even open the eyelids to inspect. Apply cold compresses to get the swelling down. Not very successful. Now what? Get dressed and out into the night - it's 6:00 but the sun went down two and a half hours ago. I'm headed for the HBC store and on the way I stop at Pierre Petit Pot's house. Pierre has had some peculiar sickness the last week or so and I've been trying different combinations of drugs on him - seems to be better tonight. Also check his young boy's eye, he had an infection in the corner of it for which I prescribed some fancy antibiotic oint-



ment - seems to have cleared up. Carry on the trail to the store. Try to contact the Health Nurse in Yellowknife on the Canadian National Telecommunications radio in the store. Not much luck - when the sun goes down and in bad weather radio communication is nearly impossible. They can hear me but I can't hear them. I relay the symptoms of the baby with the swollen eye through the operator and after three-quarters of an hour of trying still only manage to receive snatches of the nurse's message back. Give it up for a lost cause and go back to the house. Still unable to open eyelid. Tell the mother to keep warm compresses on eye all night and apply some ophthalmic ointment I give her.

Now Mary and I sit down to supper. Just about the time we've finished, Colin, the young HBC manager comes by. He finishes supper early these days - he's trying to fast and lose weight - just soup once a day. He often comes over in the evenings to pass the time. It becomes a bit of a drag in this place for a single man with a nine to five job. He comes breezing

in the door saying, "My but it's a chilly one out there." The temperature is -12F there is a strong east wind and it's snowing and blustering - Colin is wearing a pair of summer slacks, a hip length coat and Hush-Puppies on his feet. No hat, no scarf, no earmuffs, no overshoes -- and he has the nerve to say it's cold out!

After supper and a cup of tea Mary and I both got on our down-filled parkas, muk-luks and heavy mitts. I've got to get the heating coils on the septic tank and sewer pipes working. They are plugged into an outdoor socket but the plug is broken. Mary holds the flashlight and I try to repair it with a screwdriver, pliers and paring knife. We eventually got it partly repaired and working. Then Mary goes over to the school to prepare lessons and I finish shoveling snow against the side of the house to close in the air space under it. I finally get over to the school, work for a while on the supply orders for next school year (everything has to be classified and typed out in sixuplicate to be sent to the government suppliers before Christmas). Have to remember everything - it just isn't possible to go down to the corner hardware store to buy a coat-hook if I forget to requisition it. Colin goes home, Emerence has been helping with some preparation for tomorrow's classes but is now finished and goes home. Mary and I finally leave the school about 11:30. A hot cup of cocoa, a biscuit, clean up the kitchen and to bed.

Next morning: Thank God, It's Friday! At morning recess the swollen-eye baby and its mother are at the house. I have another look - getting worse. Prescribe Penicillin and Aspirin to bring the fever down, then I'm off to the store again to try another radio contact with the Nurse. I see the janitor first and ask him to go into my classroom and keep the children from tearing the walls down until I get back. This call to the Nurse is more successful and they consider the possibility of evacuating the child by plane. We arrange to make radio contact again at 1:00. About noon I get a phone call from Colin at the store saying that the nurse has just called, that they're leaving Yellowknife shortly, and that I'm to get an airstrip laid out. I leave the problem of the student's lunch to Emerence and Mary (oat-meal porridge, lots of powdered milk, and vegetable beef soup today). After rushing to the house, changing into my warmer duds, and finding an axe I call Bruno and tell him to get an axe and find Joe, the Power-House Operator. Bruno and I walk out to the area where the thick ice is and

Joe comes out shortly on his Ski-Doo. After a cold hour of cutting short spruce trees and sticking them in holes in the ice we have a long strip of strong ice outlined. It's not very wide and it's pretty close to the trees but these bush pilots up here are good. By 1:15 I'm back to the school and expecting the plane to appear any moment. There not being much hope of doing any teaching this afternoon I dismiss my class for the day; get my mail straightened out and walk up to the store with the mail; stopping on the way to tell the mother of little 'swollen-eye' to get him ready to be taken out. Bruno gets his little toboggan and goes back out to the airstrip. I start to go out but notice it's snowing harder now and visibility is down to about half a mile or less. I make one last-ditch try to contact Yellowknife on my little radio at the house but there is nobody around. Thought I could have given the pilot more exact information on the location of the airstrip. I go out to the airstrip and meet Bruno. He suddenly remembers that he should have pumped out our septic tank today - so heads back to do this. I settle down in the snow for a cold wait till the plane comes.

You can hear it now -- a faint buzz above the noise of the gustling wind. Search, and search. Can't see him -- no wonder with all this snow blowing. There he is! - run out onto the ice (my parka is bright orange and very visible). He comes in pretty low and has a look, makes one... two...circles of the settlement, disappears over the big hill and next appears coming down the hillside, over the treetops, down to the shore line and then a quick turn so

he's parallel to the shoreline; over the ice now -- flying about 15 feet off the ice for a hundred yards until he hits the first of my tree markers showing strong ice--and down.

By now the people of the settlement have heard the plane and there is a mob headed down the ice - dog teams coming from all directions. I think everyone feels a pang of disappointment when they see it is a North-West Airways plane (a little red Cessna 185) and not the Ptarmigan Airways, Stinson (Ptarmigan carry the mail). After exchanging greetings and bantering one another about the weather, the nurse, pilot and I start the walk back to the settlement. Have to be quick about it. Sunset is at 3:30 and it is illegal for them to fly within half an hour or so after sunset; it is an hour and fifteen minutes flying time to Yellowknife from Snowdrift.

We get to the house, Mary is there now, and soon the baby is brought in. Everybody talking, house full of people, going out, coming in, rush, rush, rush. The nurse and I try to get a volume of information passed in the shortest possible time, drugs and medicines change hands, Colin comes down with the mail to go out, last-minute letters are sent over by one and all to be taken out and mailed in Yellowknife by the Nurse. The baby isn't warmly wrapped so I've got to go scratching in the warehouse for some blankets. In short order we're all off again. Mary comes with us and gets a little frost-bitten, the nurse wants to write a note and her pen freezes up, I keep remembering things I want to tell or ask

her - no more time. Get the plane started, a few minutes to warm up, and off they go in a cloud of snow. WHEW!

Mary and I have a leisurely walk back and suddenly I feel hungry; no lunch today. Mary starts to prepare some lunch for me when a woman whose boy has a scalp infection comes in. I treat that and go over to the school to issue her with a welfare payment for the month. Her husband drowned about two months ago. Another woman comes in to sign a foster-home care account form; a tubercular man comes in for a welfare payment. In each of these cases a form has to be signed by the recipient but I do all the hard work because they only make an X - I have to scrawl out a witness signature. A young widow comes in for her welfare payment (this one is easy, she writes). I also have to help her fill out a questionnaire about family allowance. Meanwhile my lunch is getting cold for the second time today. After lunch we have a few beautiful, blissful moments to stretch out and relax. This only happens a couple of times a week so we do appreciate them. Bang, bang on the door! Woe is us, another patient. This time a small boy with a septic wound on his knee. It is absolutely amazing how a small wound can develop into a case of severe infection so quickly among these people. Treat the child, shoo them away and time to get dressed and go to Mass -- we try to make it every Friday afternoon. It is in a little white church, sitting on a point of land, looking toward the westerly islands, from whence we get our most beautiful, brilliant red sunsets. There are no stained glass windows and no fancy furnishings but it is warm and cozy (when Father remembers to put the wood stove on at least half an hour before Mass). The pews are old and worn, and a collapsible pool table leans against one wall; here and there on the floor are empty tin cans with the tops partially cut out of them (these serve as portable cuspidors for the old ladies -- they bring their own and sometimes forget them).

After Mass we walk back home, I sit down and begin this letter, Mary goes over to the school. Friday evening is movie evening in Snowdrift. The Community Club order 16mm films from a company in Edmonton and show them in the school on the school's 16mm projector. Emergence and Mary go over for the first film (the kiddies' show). Unfortunately the choosing of this batch of films was not done very well. The Community Club President, who is also the Chief of the

(Cont. on page 7)



Bill Goldolphin '62 Clair Davies '62 Dr. Robbins Marsh Kennedy '63

Students, once held by Mr. George Keller to be polite practical jokers interested mainly in the opposite sex, fun and games, friendships and getting a good job, are now seen more as truculent, self-pitying critics turned on by the opposite sex, politics, finding themselves, and doing something useful in life. Mr. Keller is Editor of "Columbia College Today". Addressing the 1968 American Alumni Council Conference he describes certain changes and power shifts in university structure as adding up to new fragmentation and confusion of authority and direction in our colleges and universities.

"Power now lies like broken glass in the gutter. It is conducive to more freedom for the individual, they say. But it is also conducive to greater chaos and more clashes. If power is quite fragmented, so is responsibility. And so is purpose".

Unless new structural forms are created by the modern college or university for itself, Mr. Keller forecasts a period of prolonged abrasiveness and confrontations on the campus, leading to a decline in intellect, art, and mortality, along with peace harmony, trust, and objectivity.

The answer? A corporation of expert builders - - - "persons of blazing imagination, daring openness, and audacious realism".

"In some ways, the greatest problem facing American higher education today is the almost total absence on our campuses of daring but wise institutional innovators. There is appallingly little accurate knowledge about how our universities work - - and where and why they don't. Worse, there seems to be little desire to correct this ignorance. I'm talking about institutional innovations, not educational ones. There are a pleasing number of people who are trying our new classroom techniques, new curricula, and the like. But where are the analysts and proponents of new structural forms at our colleges?"

---As I see it, we urgently need a whole new breed of "radical conservatives" in higher education. That is, concerned, scholarly persons who are able to come up with radical new schemes to help conserve what is best at our educational institutions. The radicalism is required because we live in times of incredibly swift changes. The conservatism must be underneath because independent, fact-gathering, truth-seeking academies are one of the noblest, socially useful institutions mankind has ever devised, and such institutions are very difficult to establish (as Latin America has shown) and rather easy to destroy (as the Nazis and the Communist Chinese have demonstrated); they therefore need to be honored and preserved, even at very high costs."

Questioning the harm of giving students voting positions on administrative committees, Keller admits that many of them are irresponsible but feels that lack of savvy in financial matters is well balanced in their favour by delightful inventiveness. Perhaps resentment of authority and bucking of compromise are set off by an invaluable lack of commitment to existing practises which can so effectively stifle change. With the present transiency of professors, undergraduate seniors have spent as many years on the campus as a good portion of the faculty, many of whom "tend to be conservative about university changes".

Columbia University has of course been brought forcefully and violently to serious consideration of the place of the student in university government. The question of how long we have to wait (or to act) before being beset with student unrest and rebellion here concerns many who are loyal to Brandon. That we must ultimately confront these problems is in no way inevitable. With intelligent student government which provides outlets for all the various types of activism, and with two way channels between students and administrative governing structures bolstered by an attitude both absorbent and resilient on the part of those who hold the decision-making power, the institution may adjust itself to the contradictions which make up a campus population - differences in values, manners, intellectual equipment, influences, social position, relationships, and moral concerns - and reconcile these in enlightened forms of venerable organizations.

concerned and active hands and we wish the Student Union success with the new constitution, by-laws and structure so painstakingly developed this summer and so thoroughly laid down in the newly published "Brandon University Student Union Directory." (We have been assured that this is the first of many new student publications which will put the Alumni News to shame.)

Members of the Administration, we believe will show themselves "absorbent" in a watchful and attentive concern for student problems and opinions (certain structures are indeed now operant with this function, notably the Faculty Committee on Councillings and the Student Personal Office), and "resilient" in tossing topics of concern back to their source. At present students occupy voting positions in five administrative committees (largely composed of Faculty). They will almost certainly be requesting representation on the Senate this term.

The Alumni of Brandon University must watch hopefully and with every wish for the understanding which brings success in any facet of human relations for the participants in our schools growth and development. Your opinions have been and are more actively being sought and respected here. Will they be heard?

A TIP FROM COLUMBIA

With the . . .

GRADUATES

Brandon graduates honoured at the University of Manitoba this year are **Lyle Poole '65** who was awarded the gold medal with his Honors degree in Commerce and **Ken Bell '63** who received his Masters degree in Structured Geology. Other Masters graduates were **Yuen Cheng '65, M.Sc. (Chemistry)** and **Gordon McKinnon '63, M.Sc. (Zoology)**. **Jim Parrott '64** received the B.Sc. in Medicine.

In Education, **Dennis Holmlund '62** achieved the Bachelor of Education degree; Certificates in Education were granted to **Cathy Craig '65, Bob Hyatt '67, James Wallace Seipp '67,** and **John Sushelnitsky '64.**

Penny Taylor '68 was married to **Don Pratt '66** in Virden on August 24th. Among the wedding party were **Bob Turner '66, Bob Wilkins '65, Rodney Mykle '66,** and **Ken Penton '68.**

Lana Kunyckyj '68 was married to **Mr. William Elliott Myers** in Winnipeg this spring.

Dorothy Vinthers '68 was employed this summer as tourist information guide by the Brandon Jaycees in their Highways One and Ten booth.

Rae Thompson '68 after topping Brandon beauties this spring, travelled to Winnipeg to become runner-up in the Miss Manitoba /68 contest.

Judy Dunlop '68 was married July 6th to **Barry Danard '67** at Killarney.

Adriaan de Hoog '67 has been awarded a National Research Council research scholarship to assist in his Masters program in Physics at the University of Saskatchewan. His being the student graduating with the best record in Physics there has also earned him the E. L. Harrington prize. His research project will be in the field of free plasma.

Helen Sexton '67 and **James Wallace Seipp '67** were married in Regent on May 18th.

Rae Tapley '68 was married to **Andy Harris '67** in Brandon. Andy is social worker at the Children's Aid Society of Western Manitoba in Brandon and serves as Alumni Association third vice-president.

Lorne '67 and **Dawn (Dandridge) '67 Lindenberg** have moved to Edmonton where he will take graduate Mathematics and she will teach high school.

Jack Spalding '66 was married on July 20th to **Diane Turpin**, a graduate of the Winnipeg General Hospital School of Nursing.

Gordon Williams '65, was ordained as a minister in the Presbyterian Church on May 9th. He and his wife, the former **Maureen Watkins**, also a past student of Brandon University and a graduate of the University of Manitoba in Social Work, have accepted an appointment to a missionary post in Formosa.

Warren Veale '65, has received his Masters degree in Psychology at LaFayette University, Indiana. Due to the experience acquired in his work as lab instructor here, no pre-masters year was required. Warren's work in alcoholism of rats has received wide recognition.

Verna (Moore) '63 and **Ron Keeler '62** announce the arrival of their first child, a daughter, **Michelle Denise**, on May 7, 1968. The Keelers are beginning their second year with C.U.S.O. in Kenya.

Members of the Manitoba Baseball Association for 1968 are **Murray Zuk '60** and **Don Summer '50.**

Jean Downing '41, former Head of the Land Use Division of the Saskatchewan Water Resources Commission, is now an Associate in **Gordon Arnott and Associates, Architects, Engineers and Planning Consultants, Regina.**

Lloyd Bell '37, a Brandon visitor this summer, is teaching at the Lakehead Collegiate.

Molly Vance Class of '35, gold medal winner in Education, travelled to Alaska and the west coast this summer.

Liahna Klenman Whitman, College senior and daughter of **Philip H. Klenman '33** has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa, American national scholastic honorary. She is also recipient of a National Honor Scholarship to the University of Chicago Law School and a Chancellor's Doctoral Fellowship from the University of California. The Klenmans are residents of Seattle, Washington.

Former Brandon student **Robert C. Rolston** has been appointed to the Board of Governors of Simon Fraser University of British Columbia, he is Managing Director of insurance consultants Dale and Company of Burnaby, B.C.

We are very sorry to report the deaths of two very young, former students. **David Hall '65**, died in Winnipeg on July 8, 1968 after a lengthy illness. The esteem in which he was held by his fellows has been strikingly indicated by the number of members who have written and called the University to express regret.

Robert (R.J.) Swanston, Class of '65, has been killed in a fly-past over Germany. R.J. was an Honors Science graduate at the University of Alberta, receiving the gold medal in Geology. He had achieved the rank of Captain in the Canadian Air Force.

Treasure Van is Coming
To Brandon University

Basement of Arts and Library Building
Opening October 21st, 2:00 p.m.

Guest Speaker
October 22nd - 10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.
October 23rd - 7:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m.

Everyone Welcome

Visiting Lecture Series

The first lecturer of your series for the 1968-1969 is Dr. Desmond Pacey, Dean of Graduate Studies and Head of the English Department of the University of New Brunswick. Dr. Pacey was Professor of English at Brandon College from 1940-1944. A group of his former students will be reunited with him in a social evening during his stay here October 17th to 19th. On leaving Brandon College his editorial services were given briefly to the Wartime Information Board after which he travelled to his present "home" the University of New Brunswick.

Born in New Zealand, raised for the most part in England, his education before coming to Brandon included receiving his B.A. with First Class Honours in Philosophy and English from Victoria College, Toronto. He was awarded three gold medals and the Massey Travelling Fellowship on his graduation from there. Next stop was Trinity College, Cambridge for research in English Literature.

His first book, and one which holds tremendous interest for those who have lived and studied in this area, was a critique on **Frederick Philip Grove** rated as one of Canada's five leading novelists. The fact that Grove roamed the prairies during the '20s riding the rails and working with harvest gangs, masquerading his education in the guise of common farm hand while sneaking off to abandoned shacks as frequently as possible to compile millions of words in manuscripts about the very kinds of characters who formed his daily contacts, makes him a highly romantic figure for present prairie dwellers. That his later days were filled with pain and self-sacrifice in small prairie schools where his genius was unrecognized and misunderstood also stirs our curiosity about this European bred, and educated gentleman. His own ineptness in matters practical in its sharp contrast with keen insight into characters and the human situation adds to the dilemma that is Grove.

Several Brandon and district students and professors of literature are earnest devotees of Grove's work. They are most anxious to take advantage of the opportunity offered by Dr. Pacey's coming

visit to share what they know and learn more about the prairie school teacher. Therefore an informal panel discussion is to be held on campus on Friday evening October 18th. Panel members will include Dr. R.F.B. King, Mrs. Kay Rowe, Prof. R.B. Inch, Miss E. McFadden, along with Dr. Pacey. Over coffee, you may wish to make this purely a learning experience, or (we hope) take an active part in the discussion. The books available in the University Library are:

By Dr. Desmond Pacey:

Creative Writing in Canada
A Book of Canadian Stories
Frederick Philip Grove

By Frederick Philip Grove:

The Yoke of Life
Two Generations
The Turn of the Year
Settlers of the Marsh
A Search for America
Over Prairie Trails
Our Daily Bread
The Master of the Mill
In Search of Myself
Fruits of the Earth
Consider Her Ways

Dr. Pacey's visit will include two other lecture appearances both in the Evans Theatre. On Thursday, October 17th at 2:30 he will speak in defense of the Older Poets. On Friday afternoon at 1:30 his topic will be the new confidence in Canadian Literature.

Dr. Pacey's writings include:

Creative Writing in Canada (Tyerson 1952)
The Cow with the Musical Moo (Brunswick 1952)
Hippity Hobot and the Bee (Brunswick 1953)
The Canadian Poets (Ryerson 1957)
The Picnic and Other Stories (Ryerson 1958)

His contributions to literary publications and legion and include articles to Times Literary Supplement, Modern Language Review, New York Times Book Review, Saturday Review, — — etc., etc.

The Lecture Series is, of course, your own project, set up as your gift to present students, but also for your own advantage and enjoyment. We encourage you to take the education and pleasure offered by

these distinguished visits.

A very great thrill to men and women of science and the humanities is promised in the person of our Visiting Lecturer for November (12th, 13th, and 14th).

Dr. Hans Selye, brilliant head of the Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery at the University of Montreal and eminent authority on stress will be the third lecturer in the current series. Dr. Selye was first scientist to equate stress with illness and to isolate the factors acting. In the first days of his research very few of his fellows agreed with his views. His greatest strength and confidence in the difficult times lay in the interest and encouragement of Sir Frederick Banting, a frequent visitor in Selye's cramped laboratory where he listened attentively to the young scientist's new idea of a "syndrome of just being sick". Dr. Banting was also the first financial contributor to Selye's research. His modest grant of five hundred dollars was however a distant second in importance to the young scientist, as compared to the great moral support given by being seriously considered by the discoverer of insulin.

The first evidence for the stress theory had been discovered in 1936 when Dr. Selye found that after injecting ovarian and placental extracts into his laboratory animals, their organs changed significantly — always in the same way. His painstaking perseverance finally showed the way to medical evidence of his general adaptation syndrome. He proved that the bodies defence mechanism reacts to any noxious (harmful) agent with 1. alarm 2. adaptation 3. exhaustion leading to collapse if not relieved.

His work and interest have extended from the chemical aspects of stress to the humanitarian and he has concerned himself with the stress of various life situations.

We hope to involve Dr. Selye in three colloquiums (under the direction of Dr. Tyler and the Department of Psychology), two class-time campus lectures (one technical in orientation; the other geared to general interest, and a public lecture on The Stress of Life.

Brochures will be mailed as plans are firmed and times and dates set.

Sports Report

BASKETBALL COACHING CLINIC

Brandon University will be hosting its first annual Fall Basketball Coaching Clinic, Saturday, October 26, 1968. This year's featured instructor will be Mr. Dwane "Cloddy" Clodfelter, from the University of South Dakota, Vermillion, South Dakota.

"Cloddy" has had a long string of winning basketball teams at the U of South Dakota, including several North Central College championships and an N.C.A.A. small College Championship in 1958. In addition, he has served for many years in the N.C.A.A. Rules Making Committee with such basketball personalities as Adolph Rupp, of Kentucky and John Wooden, of U.C.L.A.

All basketball Coaches in the area are strongly urged to attend as they will find the clinic very stimulating and rewarding.

CLINIC TIME TABLE OCTOBER 26, 1968.

9:00 -- 10:00Late Registration
10:00 -- 12:00Session
12:00 -- 1:30Lunch
1:30 -- 3:30Session
3:30 -- 4:00Coffee
4:00 -- 6:00Dinner
7:00 -- 9:00Session

Registration fee of \$5.00. Mail applications to Gary L. Howard, Basketball Coach, Brandon University.

BRANDON UNIVERSITY SOCCER AND FOOTBALL SCHEDULE 1968

SOCCER

Saturday, September 28
Brandon at the University of Winnipeg 2:00 P.M.
Friday, October 4
Manitoba Institute of Technology at Brandon University 7:00 P.M.
Saturday, October 12
The University of Winnipeg at Brandon University 2:00 P.M.
October 18 - 19
WCIAA Soccer Tourney at Regina
Saturday, October 26
Brandon University at Manitoba Institute of Technology 2:00 P.M.

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FOOTBALL

Sunday, September 22
1:00 P.M. Yorktown Away
Monday, September 30
7:30 P.M. Minot State Home
Saturday, October 5
2:00 P.M. Fort Garry Lions Home
Tuesday, October 8
4:00 P.M. Jamestown Home
Saturday, October 19
2:00 P.M. Notre Dame Away
Wednesday, October 23
8:00 P.M. St. Vital Mustangs Home
Monday, October 28
4:00 P.M. Minot State Away
Saturday, November 2
2:00 P.M. Notre Dame Home

BRANDON UNIVERSITY ALUMNI NEWS BRANDON, MANITOBA

Mrs. George W. Rocen BA'61
Box 222
Esterhazy, Sask.

If address change, notify
EILEEN BROWNRIDGE
Brandon University Alumni Assoc.
Brandon, Manitoba
Annual Membership \$3.00
Life Membership \$50.00