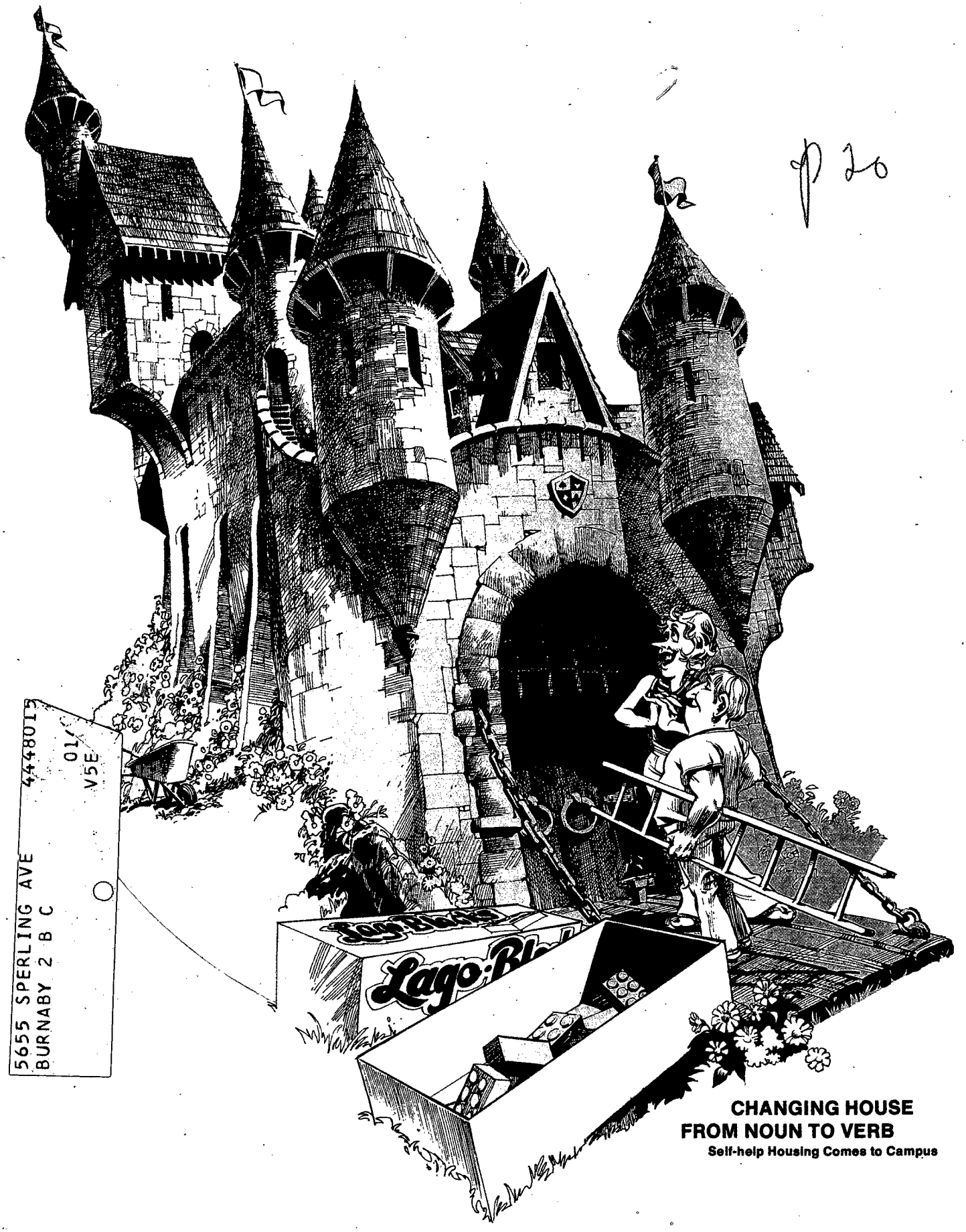
SUMMER 1975

UBC ALUMNI Chronicle



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Chronicle
VOLUME 30, NO. 2, SUMMER 1975

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President's Message

This is a very special year for the University of British Columbia. This year is the sixtieth anniversary of UBC and also the year of retirement of Dr. Walter H. Gage as president of the university.

President Gage has been a skilled university administrator — for years a resourceful dispenser of scholarships, bursaries and loans — but it is as a superb teacher of mathematics that many of us remember him most fondly and gratefully. We are all pleased that he will continue to teach at UBC in the future.

In addition, Chief Justice Nathan Nemetz's term as chancellor comes to an end. He has given outstanding service to the university in many capacities, including a term as president of the alumni association. The new chancellor, Donovan Miller, and the new president, Dr. Douglas Kenny, are eminently qualified for their tasks and we wish them well in their terms of office.

Over the years your alumni association has played an increasingly larger role in promoting and assisting in the well-being of UBC and generally advancing the cause of higher education in British Columbia. The alumni have direct representation on the board of governors and senate as constituted under the new Universities Act. This year close to $100,000 will be provided for scholarships and bursaries by the Alumni Fund.

As each newly elected alumni president and board of management take office, new issues must be faced and new challenges met. This year your association proposes to work towards the establishment of a UBC Speakers Bureau through which community organizations will be able to call upon members of the faculty and administration to speak on various topics. Your board of management also plans to explore the feasibility of an alumni vacation centre. Such centres have been in operation, with marked success, in several parts of the United States. The purpose would be to provide an inexpensive family vacation opportunity for alumni and their families to stay on campus during the summer months for a period of approximately a week to ten days and to take part in a wide variety of activities.

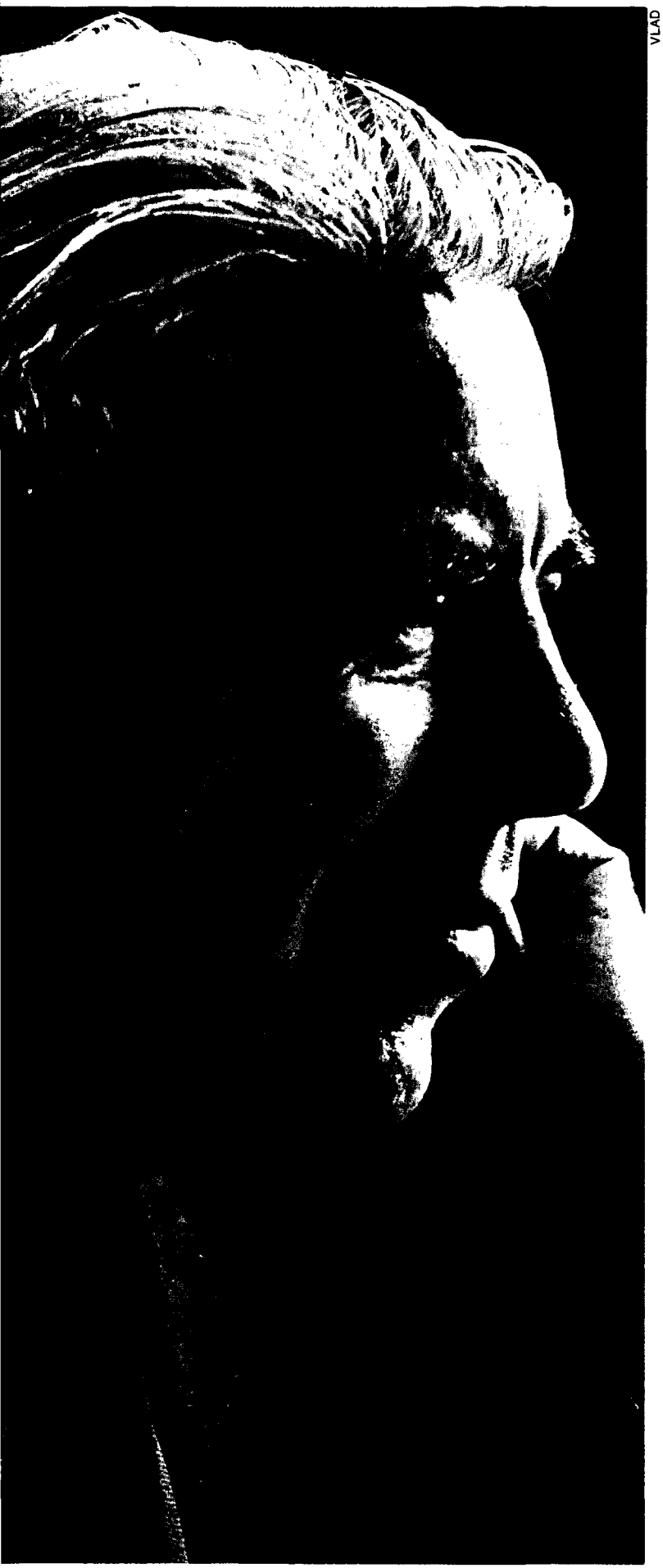
Another area for examination by your board of management may well be the level of academic standards of the B.C. public school system. The Academic Board of B.C., an advisory body under the old Universities Act, now replaced by the Universities Council, in its final report expressed grave concern over the lack of uniformity in academic standards and curricula in British Columbia. According to the Academic Board, students are entering the colleges and universities unprepared in certain areas of the traditional curriculum of each discipline. The problem is compounded in first year courses because students from different school districts have different gaps in their background knowledge.

Many of our association members are becoming alarmed at the academic standards within the public school system and the time seems to be at hand when our association should strive to give all the support it can to improving them.

I would like to congratulate those members of the board of management who have won re-election as well as those candidates elected for the first time. We are all proud of our university and we hope to serve it well.

K. Brawner

Kenneth L. Brawner
President



VLAD

From: Chancellors To: Presidents

Walter H. Gage

We feel we can speak for all alumni when we express our profound gratitude to our retiring president. Walter Gage has served the University of British Columbia as a distinguished professor of mathematics, dean, acting president and president. Generations of students have crowded his classrooms and many have good reason to feel that his kindness and consideration prepared them for the world they were to face. He stands as one of our university's most beloved presidents and we are delighted that he will remain as a professor of mathematics where his teaching will continue to benefit the students who attend his classes, freshly demonstrating every year why he received the first Master Teacher award at UBC.

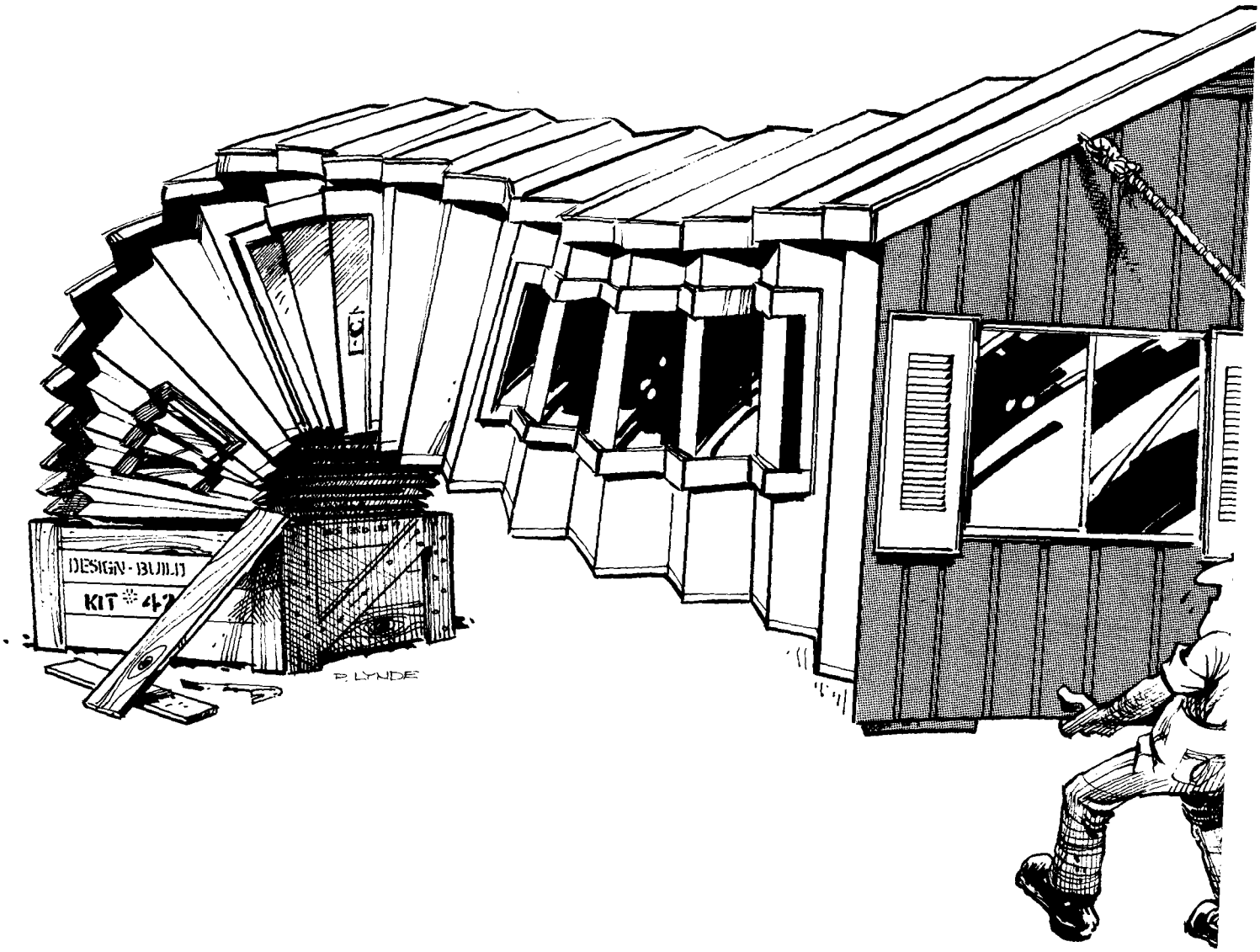
Dr. Douglas Kenny takes office as our new president on July 1st, 1975. He has been a distinguished professor of psychology and a very able dean of arts. He has served as president of the Faculty Association and now he will serve as president for all segments of our university community. His commitment to justice is profound and in these difficult and complex times he will need that commitment and all his experience and great abilities to expand our university's future role. We are confident that in this great task he will have the support of everyone at the University of British Columbia.

NATHAN T. NEMETZ, CHANCELLOR, 1972-75

DONOVAN MILLER, CHANCELLOR, 1975-

Ulli Steltzer

Douglas T. Kenny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Changing House From Noun to Verb

Self-help Housing Comes to Campus

Clive Cocking

Thomas Crapper has a lot to answer for. Undoubtedly he thought himself a clever fellow on that day back in the late 19th century when he heaved a sigh of relief and pulled the plunger on the world's first really successful flush toilet. But look where that development has got us, consider the costs and complexities it has imposed on us. The miles and miles of sewage lines, the septic tanks, the water pollution, the treatment plants, the taxes, the *plumbers* — and, for God's sake, that horrendous *whoooshing* noise. It is, perhaps, only natural justice that a truncated form of his name has become synonymous with things shoddy, tacky and vile.

The flush toilet today is an absurdity. Worse than that, it is an absurdity within an absurdity — the (so-called) modern house. Both are glaring examples of misdirected, inadequate, *outdated* technology. Our houses are wasteful of land, materials and energy resources — not to mention financial resources. In construction, they're both unbelievably primitive and maddeningly complex. And they are rigid, inflexible boxes, not amenable to change to suit the changing life-styles of the people who live in them.

The flush toilet is to the house, what the automobile is to the city. Increasingly an anachronism and a liability. If we are ever to improve our cities as livable environments, we must use better technology.

It's not as though the technology isn't there: it is, but the difficulty has been in mustering the means and the will to use it effectively. But three recent UBC grads — community planner, Bruce Fairbairn, MA'74, Charles Haynes, BArch'74 and Robbie Smith, BASc'75 — have at least come up with an impressive proposal for breaking out of the bonds of conventionality in housing — a proposal that may not only have significant impact on our style of housing, but also on our style of university education.

An outgrowth of Charles Haynes' graduating thesis, it's called the Design-Build System (or self-help housing) and it's an amazingly simple construction system, using existing manufactured components, which will enable ordinary people, *themselves*, to design and build their own cheap, flexible, ecologically-sensitive housing.

Significantly, the legacy of Thomas Crapper has no place in this new style of housing. But that doesn't mean the outhouse is due for a comeback: the plans call for use of a Swedish-designed, locally-manufactured, waterless toilet

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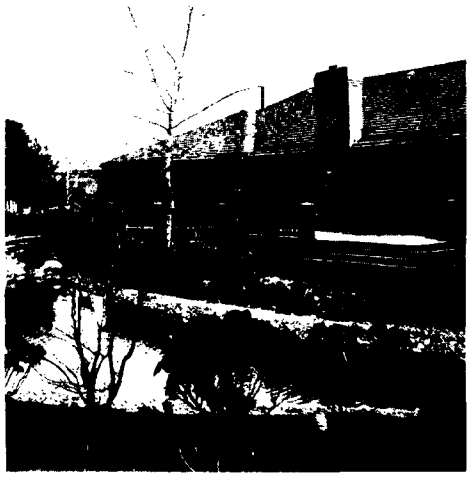

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The housing is to be of post-and-beam construction using manufactured, insulated plywood panels for floors and walls. No nails are used: it's held together with bolts and other fasteners and so is easily erected, modified and dismantled. The system calls for components to be light enough for two people to handle them. The result is, according to Haynes, that two relatively handy people could build a two bedroom, 1,000 square foot house in a week, at a cost of $15,000 (that's $15 a square foot compared to $30 to $40 for conventional houses) including basic appliances.

"The house in our society is a consumer item and it's an investment, it's something people buy for profit," said Charles Haynes. "But outside the industrialized world most people build their own homes out of local materials — and we believe the technology is there to allow us to do the same. What we're doing is bringing those pre-industrial values back into our industrialized society."

"We're changing the house from a noun to a verb — the house as process," said Bruce Fairbairn. "What happens now when you buy a house is that when you move in all you can do is hang pictures on the walls, maybe paint them a different colour and stick your furniture around. Here, we're saying that one of the basic functions of human beings should be to build their own dwellings, to get involved with what it means to have a shelter. If you do, it becomes something you created, it becomes a *home*."

The group has submitted an official UBC student request to the $100 million Canadian Urban Demonstration Project fund for financial support to build a pilot project of 40 units for UBC students, faculty and staff on four acres of land near Acadia Camp. The projects to be approved by the fund are intended to provide the foundation for Canada's participation in the United Nations Conference on Human Settlements (Habitat'76) to be held in Vancouver in the spring of 1976 — an international conference for discussion and demonstration of new answers to urban problems.

Significantly, the topic of self-help housing is already on the official program of the non-governmental organizations conference to be held in conjunction with Habitat '76. A large number of experts in the field are already planning to attend. The UBC project could provide something of an on-site field laboratory for the visitors.

The UBC request, after a recent revision of costs, is for $495,000 in support. Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation is being asked to underwrite the bulk of this — $420,000 in construction costs — in mortgage funds which will be paid back out of rents. The federal Ministry of State for Urban Affairs, according to Haynes, has been asked to assume responsibility for the remaining $75,000 (for site preparation, design-build workshop, evaluation report and contingencies) — although the group has also suggested that the B.C. government share in this cost. The request is now in the hands of top-level officials in Ottawa.

The proposal has gone into the bureaucratic mill with wide university support. It is, in fact, an official proposal of the Alma Mater Society, which underwrote its preparation, and it has the approval of the UBC board of governors as a UBC urban demonstration project — as well as the backing of key architecture faculty.

Dr. Robert Macleod, director of the school of architecture, believes it's "well worth pursuing" and sees particular merit in the learning potential for architecture students in self-help housing. "I think the value will be more in the lessons to be learned and in the reactions of the people involved, rather than in any magic with the system itself."

Assistant professor of architecture Dino Rapanos, who will conduct a tutorial in self-help housing for the participants if the project goes ahead, finds the most exciting potential to lie in the possibility that people could design and build their own homes — a direction architecture may increasingly take in future.

"There's a mystique about building homes," he said. "On the one hand, there's the artsy-fartsy thing where the architect goes off somewhere and creates wonders and, on the other, you have the speculator-builder who grinds out jerry-built boxes. This proposal gives you an opportunity to say what kind of living space you want."

While it's an idea that is likely to appeal to many frustrated homeowners today, it already appears to have elicited enthusiasm from students chafing at the restrictions of existing campus residences. A self-help housing concept display in the Student Union Building last fall attracted favourable comments from about 100 students who evidently want to create their own life-styles rather than have them imposed.

While believing in university people living together, I have found that conventional residences have a tendency to inhibit individuality, David Martin of Totem Park wrote on a card.

I'm looking for a more adult, less structured, more socially-comfortable type of residence, wrote Lorne Chernochan of the Gage residence.

After two years of living in Place Vanier, I would prefer a residence environment that encourages responsibility on the part of its residents, said Michael Gibbs.

It would be fine to live in a quiet place that your hands helped build, said Kurt and Alton Cehak of Gage residence.

Under the self-help housing proposal, a mix of about 100 students, faculty and staff would be able to develop housing for their own life styles. One person might like to live alone in his or her own 350-square foot house; a group of five might like to live together; a couple might like a house with no interior walls

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and be mad about skylights. But, to begin, all participants will be required to first make a scale model, working with Prof. Rapanos' design tutorial where expert advice will be available to ensure structural soundness. This process is also expected to serve as a weeding-out of the less strongly committed.

Although each unit will be designed differently, they will all use the same system and components, with the basic cutting to size being done in a campus design-build workshop. The post-and-beam structure is to be bolted on cement foundation blocks or 10-by-eight-inch "treated" beams, eliminating the need for expensive basement excavations. Variations of uniform four-by-eight-foot insulated plywood panels are to be used for floors, walls and roof, covered with special plywood shingles.

The services for each unit will only be water, electricity, media (cable TV, telephone) and waste water. There will only be cold water pipes in the house as hot water will be provided near the faucets by instant electric hot water dispensers (now in use in Europe). Heating will be by individual electric wall panels, eliminating costly duct systems, and wiring will be in convenient wall cavities. The waterless electric toilet will eliminate the need for sewage lines and waste water from sinks and baths will be cleaned in an accumulator and allowed to drain naturally. Windows, doors, skylights, and stair units will be locally available industrialized items.

If the project receives government financial support, it's planned that the first 20 units would be completed in time for the opening of Habitat'76 next spring, with the other 20 units to be built during the conference. In this way, Haynes believes they will be able to dramatically demonstrate the possibility of ordinary people using industrialized components to create — and change — their own housing. Industrialized housing does not have to be uniform or inflexible, he maintains.

"Standardization and uniformity of design are not the result of industrialization, they're the result of the elimination of the individual from the process," said Haynes. "Housing that you build yourself becomes an externalization of your own consciousness, like your clothing. It could be that, as you change, a time will come when your house is intolerable. This system allows you to change your house very simply and do it yourself."

On completion, it would be a cooperatively-managed, pedestrian-oriented, ecologically-sensitive community set off in the trees by Acadia Camp, on land made available by the university. There would be no roads, parking would be on the fringe, and the units (housing one to five people each) would be linked by walkways, saving 35 per cent on land use. Each resident would separate his or her own garbage (paper, organic, glass, plastics, metals) for recycling and bring it to a central pick-up. Students would pay about $100 a month rent (which includes utilities, administration, amortization), while faculty and staff would pay a (to-be-established) higher figure. Ideally, said Haynes, the entire complex (or individual units if, as seems possible, a rent-to-buy arrangement was established) should be able to be dismantled and removed without leaving massive scars on the land.

While the proposal is directed initially at providing university housing, Haynes believes that, with modification of building regulations, the system could ultimately be used for single family houses, condominiums and cooperative apartments in the community. Already, the UBC group, on invitation, has outlined the concept to a Hare Krishna community near Osoyoos and to two housing workshops of the Union of B.C. Indian Chiefs. Haynes and Fairbairn are, in addition, making a model of a traditional Nootka longhouse to illustrate how the Indian people could use the system to build their own style of housing. The system seems particularly adapted for housing for isolated regions, or for cooperative groups.

But on campus, if the project receives the awaited financing, it could eventually become the base for a continuing

interdisciplinary research and living-learning experiment. At a minimum it could be an important educational facility for architecture students, preparing them for what appears to be their emerging new role as advisers and coordinators. Haynes and Fairbairn argue that it could be a centre where faculty and students could combine theory and practice in a wide-ranging assault on urban problems.

Engineers and architects, they suggest, could use the continually-evolving self-help housing centre to test, for example, new structural designs, the effectiveness of lightweight sulphur blocks for walls and various types of solar heat panels. Architecture, engineering, resource ecology, and planning faculty and students could combine to design an "energy regenerative eco-house". Living conditions in housing of different designs and densities could be studied by environmental psychology, planning and sociology students and faculty. It's an open system, said Haynes, and over time it can change with new ideas from the university community and new technology from industry.

"But the essence of the project," he said, "is that UBC would become the hub of research, development and experimentation in self-help housing using the resources of the university. And the results of that work would be made available to the community."

It is at this stage — now that the Urban Demonstration Project has already funded some proposals — a big question whether the UBC proposal has high enough priority to receive federal financing. The possibility is there, and it worries the UBC self-help housing group, that the proposal may not be considered to have enough national application. And so as a kind of hedge on their bets, they have approached the provincial department of housing for possible support, since that department has shown great interest in low-cost housing and in cooperative housing. But so far the response from senior officials has not been encouraging.

"With this first pilot project at UBC," said Fairbairn, "we're offering the provincial government a great chance to take the product of university academics and put it into practice out in the community. This is what they've been bitching about for a couple of years now — and here's a chance to do it."

By no means all the new ideas generated at the university should be consigned to gather dust in theses, reports and books on library shelves. Self-help housing, or some version of it, is one that needs to be tried out in real life.□

Former Chronicle *editor, Clive Cocking, is a free-lance writer and broadcaster in Vancouver.*

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... Not to Mention a Gigantic Siberian Tiger

David Brock is Yell Leader for the celebration of UBC's 60th birthday

I see that the word "jubilee" gets about 22 inches in the big Oxford dictionary. Related words such as "jubilary" get another 15 inches, so here we have over three feet to confuse the issue during our current junketings. (Or about one metre, if you honestly believe this kind of talk will sharpen your thoughts and make them internationally respected.)

Several of the definitions require me to halloo and huzza, two words and deeds that have dwindled out. When UBC was born in Fairview in 1915, nobody yelled "Huzza!", except possibly some daft old geriatrics, crammed with halloocinations, in the Vancouver General Hospital, which was very adjacent and contiguous. In the course of a long busy life between my two trained ears, I have never heard anyone say "Huzza!" From my earliest youth, rooters were taught by cheer-leaders to cry "Allah Kazee, Allah Kazam!" and "Mucka-mucka zip!" and "Hic Dominica Conkty Zaw!" and much else with a Z in it. But we'd sooner have yelled "Banzai!" than "Huzza!", for to brand yourself and your lingo as outmoded is the worst doom of all, until you grow up, which hardly anyone manages to do.

On consulting really old UBC annuals (such as the 1922 number, over four years out of date before I reached the campus), I find to my amazement that cheer-leaders at UBC were not called that anyhow. They were Yell Leaders, with capital letters, and these three upper-case, upper-crust, upper-classmen served under the Yell King, Sid Anderson, who was also UBC's first Marshal. As Marshal, he organized the annual Victoria Invasion, the street parade on the freshmen's initiation night, the pep rallies before the annual Stanford game, Varsity Week, and so on. The Marshal sat on the Students' Council. I'm sorry to learn the three Yell Leaders did not. But they won block letters or crests or both for their specially designed "sweater coats". And speaking of blocks, one Yell Leader of that year has asked me to keep his name and picture out of this. He has a mental block about it. As a mental Brock myself I knew he would. I'm happy to indulge my Yell Leader's winsome new hunger for silence.

The freshmen's initiation! Can you have forgotten (you fickle monsters) that in 1921 this savage rite ended in a fancy-dress parade to the False Creek flats, where by the light of a gigantic bonfire the student body was inflamed by suitable harangues, delivered by those rabble-rousers, Professor Freddie Wood and Professor "Physics"

Davidson? In those days professors turned up everywhere, and were heartily welcome. They coached several athletic teams, debating teams, learned societies, dramatic societies (plural) ....Freddie practically owned the Players' Club, luckily for any actors who wanted to learn something. But the profs turned out for amusement and companionship too. No doubt their presence at the incredibly huge bonfire kept the police and fire wardens from growing restive and overheated, but that was only a fringe benefit.

The real benefit was that everybody knew everybody, and everybody went everywhere, not only when UBC had about 300 students and a tiny faculty, in the earliest makeshift days, but certainly until the end of the 10 Fairview years in 1925, and in a diminished way, the earlier Point Grey years as well. When I graduated in 1930, I think the student body was still under 2000, and most of us were aware of each other. Professors still ate in the cafeteria, or some did. Through sitting in the Caf. with one of them, by pure chance on my part but not (I now see) on his, I talked myself out of automatic expulsion from UBC. This would have been impossible at a formal meeting in his office or in the dean's. It is easy by selective evidence to prove those primitive old days were intolerably strict and formal, starchy and unfair. But this kind of memory is, like the poet's mistress, not wholly kind, nor altogether true. For all our canting parrot-talk of neo-humanism today, I can easily find you 10 current examples of campus dehumanization, now routine, for every example that you can dredge up, and misclass as typical, from UBC's first 15 years.

Further, the very crowding of the 10 Fairview years made the physical air mighty stuffy all right, as it was recycled from lung to lung, but it had the opposite effect on the minds and personalities, the amusements and careers and friendships and values, of students and faculty alike. During what we now call the Great Trek of 1922, and what the students of the day called the Campaign, their banners and floats said 1100 humans were being squashed lifeless in quarters meant for 300. Yet this also made it impossible for the stuffy secretary of a stuffy dean to claim he couldn't see you, to salvage your career.... very possibly your stuffy career, but he (and she) never told you to stuff it up your nose. As a comic strip of the time used to say, "them days is gone for ever".

Those students and professors who made the big move to Point Grey exactly half a century ago are by no means unanimous in remembering that this happy affair was pure gain, as we who came later assumed it was, if only because we had heard the legitimate grumbles from Fairview, and the distress signals. And of course the real gains were many and obvious. Also, some of the Fairview Fun, and something better than mere fun, may have been partly subjective. I once asked a gunner from the Kaiser's War what sort of time he'd had in France and Flanders, and he thought this over for a while and then said "Pretty good." I asked him why, and this time he replied at once: "Because my standards were very low." He said he was able to coast for a week afterwards, reliving a hot meal, a warm bath, or a dry bed he'd had behind the lines. To some important extent, this relativity may have been true of Fairview days also. And after all, Fairview had a wonderful leaven of "returned men" for most of its decade, what with the slightly disabled arriving long before the war was over, and some badly wounded men long after it.

Yes, but Fairview not only seemed great after the Great War, it seemed great on looking back to it from Point Grey. Exiled at the Point, only the undergraduate classes of '26, '27, '28, and Science '29 were able to compute at first hand how many barrels of monkeys they had more fun than, at both places, and how many barrels of things both better and worse than fun. I am not here to tell them what to think. Neither am I here to make objective fun of subjective fun. These are tasks for professors who have lost touch with real life. Their profession is *to know*.

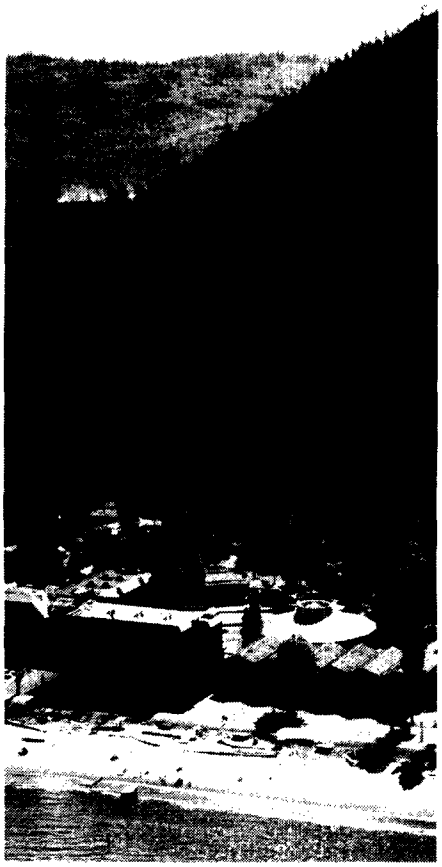
Certainly I am not here to give a complete history of 60 years in 15 minutes, which could not fail to mislead the good guys and the bad guys too. Perhaps at a jubilee one should forget the bad guys? An amnesty! But it is never amiss to remind oneself that every saint has faults, and many on the wrong side of any historical affair did not always behave badly and foolishly, while some of those on the right side were ghastly creeps. St. Francis de Sales says that to forget this, as we all do from time to time, and historians do most of the time, is to wrong the saints and posterity alike. If you find this convincing, do not let your sudden conversion impel you to mail me back your degrees. Send them to the Registrar.

No, I am only here to utter a few jubilant huzzas, most of them fully adjustable for perfect fit or double your money back. For instance, I can give three huzzas and a gigantic Siberian tiger for the Campaign, or I can give it one small ghostly huzza and a tiny hellcat, depending on what good company I have no wish to disconcert. I mentioned the word "jubilary" away back yonder in para. 1. Now obsolete, it originally meant anyone who has been in the same state for 50 years. For most of the living, this grows harder all the time, and that is why I don't mind dying. Yet I know several alumni who can huzza in the same state for 50 years, off and on, and I have heard of oil-rich dervishes, the Yell Kings of the Oil Kings, who can howl like malamutes for 50 years without stopping for breath. (I shall now pause a moment....I have just thought of something. Did Doc Sedgewick christen the Yell King? As some have forgotten (or never even known), Doc was warmly addicted to Franz Schubert, and owned (and sang secretly) many hundreds of the 600 songs. The Goethe & Schubert smash-hit "The Erl-King" could seldom have been absent from Doc's mind. This pleasing conjecture is my contribution to UBC's sixtieth year, and pray remind me to check it out with Doc when we all get to heaven. Especially soothing to me is my notion that when the father in the song says "Be quiet, kid," ("Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind") he is addressing not his own son but some pesky Yell King. One huzza for him, my hearties, and one for me, and three for Poppa Doc.)

Where was I? O yes....jubilaries remaining in the same state for 50 years, according to the medieval Latin from which the word turned English. Well, ghosts can do this stunt in their sleep and on their heads, if any. To them it is no trick at all. At the moment I am very conscious of ghosts. I have delved so deep in the graveyards of old UBC memories, I have become a kind of ghost myself. Though never, I hope, a skeleton at your feast, or one of those Prussian Death's Head Huzzas, the Uhlans. I should hate to see a skeleton being tarred and feathered by wild-eyed alumni. Most unseemly.

Here's proof of my turning into a spook. After I had spent several days at UBC, poking through old annuals and photographs, a friend asked me what I did about lunch on those days. I told him "Oh well, when I'm working I usually forget to eat. But if I want to eat, I have long-standing invitations to lunch any time with about twenty of the faculty and staff." Out of curiosity he asked for their names, and I mentioned two or three and then stopped in a way that made him far more curious. "What about the rest?" he said. And with what was probably a rueful and bewildered look I had to admit the one little thing I had completely forgotten: "They're all dead."

At about this stage of ghostliness I toyed with the idea of my playing a Scrooge to the ghosts of UBC Past, UBC Present and UBC Future, plus a warning to me from some Marley, probably a decayed Rhodes Scholar who had snapped his twig on finding Evelyn Waugh was quite right in saying Oxford came to an end in 1938. (Waugh forgot to name the exact day.) But when I remembered what four ghosts had done to confuse poor old Scrooge, turning him



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and Bob and Tiny Tim into three good-time Charlies and wastrels, I decided to stick to the past.

The past, I take it, is what any anniversary is about, with a heavy or even a single emphasis on the earliest days. When the Americans celebrate 1776 next year, they'll be toasting the Founding Fathers almost exclusively, with hardly a peep about Lindbergh, Mae West, Al Capone, Richard Nixon, Buffalo Bill, Jack Dempsey, and Walt Whitman, who spelled Canada with a K for a cheap ethnic thrill. And I honestly don't see how even a full-time professional Yank-hater can fault them here. He'll have to try something else. It will be the same in 1992....we'll want to know what Columbus thought he was doing, and not have Jane Fonda explaining the 500-year after-effects of what he did, for all the world as if she knew. By the way, about 40 years ago I had a letter from Ted Clark (Arts & Commerce 32) headed simply:

1492
At sea.

For forty years this has warmed my heart and lightened my load. But do not ask me why. Just take my word for it.

If the present age wants to hear only about itself, which I somehow doubt, I will quote Charles Lamb, born 200 years ago last February 10 and now more readable than ever: "Damn the age, I will write for antiquity."

Accordingly, I made several hundred notes about some old highlights well worth a huzza if only somebody remembered them, and 15 of them I now print here as samples. The rest I can huzza privately. We spooks often stay home and curl up with a good wad of nostalgia. Or, I can pack a briefcase and meet you under the Lumbermen's Arch some midnight. Midnight! That's when Miss Bollert, Dean of Women, told the girls they should all be home, because after 12 p.m. (standard time?) a woman's resistance melts away like a snowflake in the river. Or so Doc Sedgewick told me, she said. It would be more picturesque if the girl turned into a pumpkin or a mouse, like Cinderella's coach and horses.

You can win bets about Miss Bollert. It is true that she joined UBC in 1921, but not as Dean of Women. Or, as we might say now, Dean of Certain Persons. No, she was appointed Adviser to Women, with the other title and her exact role to be worked out later. A friend of mine was made Dean of Women elsewhere, and after being introduced to the student body, she didn't know what came next, so she marched downstage and cried "Where do we go from here, boys?" (the title and chorus of a 1917 song). I feel my old friend Mary Bollert opened fire on us in the same firm, vague, sensible manner. Huzza!

At UBC's very first congregation in the spring of 1916, degrees were ready for 17 women and 17 men. But one man refused to accept his degree from the chancellor (Mr. Carter Cotton, was it?). He wouldn't kneel, he wouldn't have His Nibs muttering "Admitto te!", he neither knew nor cared that vellum degrees would vanish in the 1930s and they make nice lamp shades. "May God's curse light on you all," quoth he, or words to this effect. Can we not discover his name and send him a huzza and maybe an LLD in absentia?

Ballroom floors were polished with 1 lb. paraffin, 7 lbs. borax, and 60 minims oil of lavender, a heady mix after midnight (huzza) but chaperons were everywhere (huzza), usually spelled wrong as chaperones (boo). So were some student bootleggers everywhere, but one of them always set up a bar in the men's cloakroom (huzza) until the Alma Mater Discipline Committee slapped $25 fines on anyone who even smelled of shaving lotion (faugh). The women's party named High Jinks was spelled sensibly. Today it would be Hi Jinx. Our adman age thinx this paks more kiks. (Hek.)

Parties! In 1924 the alumni association held a Christmas dinner (when everyone flocked to town, though today everyone flocks out). The men dined at the University Club and were addressed by President Klinck, so the women dined at the Grosvenor Hotel around the corner and were addressed by Mrs. Klinck. This is possibly the most dated item I discovered, huzza.

John Ridington ordered professors to remove their hats in the library. (All stand. Off caps. Huzza.) A 1918 graduate was a veteran of the Riel Rebellion, but not of the Crimea. In 1921-22 the alumni had an employment office. About 50 years ago *The Ubyssey* had a special edition called "The Hellusay". Very daring! In November 1918 exactly six students used the library. Yes, I know, there was the great Flu Epidemic, and Armistice Day, but huzza anyway. Another flu item makes a fitting wrap-up. In the 1919 annual, the Science Undergraduate Society refused to use the epidemic as an excuse for anything. Everyone else wrote or said "Had it not been for the flu..." but in UBC's first four years a strong tradition already existed of getting through in spite of everything. The engineers (many of them soldiers) felt a reminder was now due. Perhaps it often is, in a 60-year journey.

I too am through, for now. Did you ever read of the ghost who "vanished with a most musical twang"? The twang is my ukulele.□

David Brock, BA'30, a writer and commentator, is well-known for his contributions on CBC radio and television.

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Necessity Has Its Own Virtue

Kay Alsop

Vancouver's West End is still muttering in its sleep when Phyllis Ross, having wound her 26 clocks, begins her day.

Six a.m., to some people, is still the middle of the night, but not to her. It's her best chance to get a head start on notes, letters, reading and chores before the phone begins to clamour.

This morning, as always, she checks her appointment book. Saturday. Mmm. Hair appointment at nine. Then shopping — fresh prawns on Robson Street. An interviewer's coming at two.

Sometime before then she's got to look up some reference material, but that's no problem. As usual, she's able to put her hand on things at a moment's notice.

"Miss Serene Efficiency", they'd tagged her once. "The Lady with the Facts." When was that? Oh, yes, 1935 or '36. She'd been out here as chief research economist with the Canadian Tariff Board which was conducting hearings across the country.

"Mrs. Phyllis Turner, most interesting personality of the group, here to sound B.C.'s views on automobile and petroleum duties," ran a newspaper story. "She's earned the admiration of those coming before the board because of the speed with which, out of a pile of papers, she extracts for the chairman's reference the right set of facts to enable him to follow the discussion."

She smiles, remembering. Her friends had kidded her, but they hadn't been surprised. She'd always been orderly.

Always been ambitious, too, though she doesn't often admit to it. But it's true. She had always aimed for the top, unlike her two older sisters. She didn't really know what had spurred her on. Her mother, maybe — always into something. Sunday School plays, for instance. Phyllis remembers her mother directing, making costumes, producing every Sunday School play put on in Rossland, B.C. where the Gregory girls grew up.

Phyllis took piano from the time she was ten. Sundays she played almost non-stop — Sunday School, church, morning and evening. Lord, those Sundays. But she loved the piano. Got her A.T.C.M. the year she graduated from UBC. Funny, now she hardly ever plays, and hasn't for years. There was just no time there for so long. There was always so much that had to be done.

Only half a dozen other Rossland girls went away to college when she did. It wasn't really a sacrifice for her family, but she remembers that she didn't have too much money to spend. No frills.

But there were fun times. She and Helen MacGill were on the university debating team. Helen was the only other woman taking economics and political science at that time. Helen's mother, Elsie, was a great feminist then, and went on to become the first woman judge in Canada.

Phillis Gregory admired her, but never wanted to emulate her feminism — "heavens, no," and just laughs it off when her son, current federal finance minister John Turner, calls her one of the country's first "women's libbers". She only did what had to be done when she was left widowed, with two small children to support. It was necessity, not idealism nor any attempt to break down any discriminatory barriers, that spurred her on.

But she wasn't thinking that far ahead when she registered for an honours course in economics and political science, and got her BA, with first class honours, in 1925. Then, determined to do graduate work but too proud to ask her family to help her, she won the Susan B. Anthony Fellowship which made it possible for her to attend Bryn Mawr, where she earned her Master's in 1927.

With a European Fellowship and the travelling fellowship of the Canadian Federation of University Women, she was able to study at the London School of Economics, and really took advantage of it. Mornings she spent at the British Museum Library researching for her thesis on communal sects. Afternoons she attended seminars, evenings she sat in on lectures. She did further work on her thesis at the University of Marburg, Germany.

It was during this period abroad that she met and married Leonard Turner, a freelance writer, and their two children, John and Brenda, were born. Leonard died, very suddenly, and in 1932 she was back in Canada, job-hunting.

Funny, she hadn't thought of that for a long time. Here, in this elegant two-storey penthouse overlooking Stanley Park's Lost Lagoon, surrounded by the

John Mahler

beautiful things she and Frank had collected over the years, it's hard to think that back in the '30s she'd been really desperate, wondering whether or not anybody would reply to the letters of application she'd sent out. Even for a woman with her qualifications it wasn't easy.

But finally she got a call from the head of the Tariff Board. At the moment they were making do in temporary quarters, but they'd be moving in a couple of months. If she could, perhaps, wait?

The job, when finally she got it in 1934, was fascinating. Actually she got two jobs — chief research economist for both the Tariff Board and the Dominion Trade and Industry Commission — and held both until 1945 when she resigned. But during that time she became the only woman administrator of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board when she was seconded from the Tariff Board at the beginning of the war.

At the *very* beginning. She remembers the funny feeling she had, the morning of September 3, 1939, when she got the news. She was out in an Alberta sugar beet field talking to a farmer about his crop yield when someone handed her a telegram:

"Report back at once to Ottawa as economic adviser to the Wartime Prices and Trade Board."

Maybe she'd better dig out those reference books now. So much happened during those war years, and she kept track of it all in these green looseleafs. Thumbing through them now, she shakes her head thinking about the 15-hour days, the meetings, the endless homework, the reams of reports she waded through.

What she did, as administrator of oils and fats, was assume responsibility for everything from soap to starch, paint to printing ink:

"The essentiality of all uses is authorized by the administrator."

Here, written out on these looseleaf pages, it sounds so cut-and-dried: "Crude petroleum and its derivatives, Reference 84." Profits and losses of all Canadian oil companies. Production of fish oils....

Oh, that reminds her of Donald Gordon's first meeting after he'd been yanked out of the Bank of Canada to take over as head of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. She'd made out the agenda for the meeting. He'd looked down at it, then looked up at her, puzzled:

"Dogfish livers? I didn't even know that dogfish *had* livers!"

She'd laughed, then explained. Great Britain had sent out an S.O.S. for supplies of vitamin A to supplement the margarine they were making out of whale oil. Phyllis Turner had scouted every possibility, found that West Coast dogfish livers rated very high as sources of this vitamin. What she wanted from the board was backing in her request to the fishermen to start saving these fish livers which always before they'd discarded.

The need for additional oils was one of the priorities during the war years — (remember it was this lack which helped defeat Germany in the First World War) — so it was her job, as administrator, to uncover new sources. She spent countless hours, in slicker and old boots, talking up the need for East Coast fishermen to go after cod livers for the oil which had always been imported before that. She likes to think that as a result of her work, Canada ended up supplying 100 countries with codliver oil, and that 125,000 gallons a year were sold right in this country, a new and lucrative industry.

She didn't mind trekking around like that. Matter of fact she must have been in every packing plant, every industrial establishment, right across the country, at one time or another. And the only time she ever flinched was once she happened to be in a glue factory just at the moment they were about to kill a horse on the floor. She tried to grit her teeth and watch but she just couldn't, and had to ask to be excused. See here? This report lists Bone and Hide Glue, 1939-41. Straightforward enough. It's only when you can read between the lines, as she can, that you see that horse as she did. But it was all part of her job.

Like the lineups outside her office door the morning after war was declared. Housewives wanted sugar for canning. Confectioners wanted sugar for manufacturing. And there wasn't a pound on the grocers' shelves. Supplies were temporarily tied up at Jamaica by the British Admiralty until suitable defences could be prepared.

Phyllis Turner was on the phone four or five hours every day, trying to commandeer what stocks she could. A lot of people were unreasonable, but not J.W. McConnell, head of St. Lawrence Sugar. She hadn't known him until they'd been involved in the revision of the West Indies Trade Agreement, and he'd been a tough person to bargain with then. But the minute war was declared he was on the phone to her: "Madam Turner, whatever stocks we have are yours."

George McIvor, head of the Canadian Wheat Board, was mighty decent too. She'd called him to Ottawa, asked him to help get rapeseed established as a prairie crop. He'd gone back to Winnipeg, told his colleagues, and met with complete rejection of the idea. "Okay," McIvor told them, "you go to Ottawa and tell Mrs. Turner yourselves." The men went. They saw, and she conquered. They returned to face the rest of their Wheat Board colleagues: "Guess what, gentlemen?" they said jubilantly. "We're in the rapeseed business."

But not everybody was that accommodating.

Once she'd gone home to have dinner with the children when the phone rang. The minister of labour (why in Heaven's name did they put the WPTB under him?) wanted a press release sent out immediately. She was dead on her feet, but she went back to the office, got the job done, and took it over to him.

"This is no damned good," he stormed.

"Listen," she said, near to tears, "what I don't know about press releases would fill a book, but this is the best I can do — and at least it's factual."

If she'd been Frank, now. He had such a way with words, with people. She remembered the night she met him. It was a dinner party, held for those who were going to attend George VI's coronation. Frank MacKenzie Ross? The name didn't mean a thing to her. But he was interesting to talk to, and he told her about his work as director-general of naval arms and equipment in the department of munitions and supplies.

It was all very pleasant. He said he'd like to take her to dinner some time. She said she'd like that. Then, just as they were leaving the table he said:

"You're going to think this is really extraordinary, but I'm going to marry you."

"But I'm not going to quit my job," she said.

"Well, I won't marry a woman who works," he answered.

Just the same, he started courting her. Came calling in his chauffeur-driven, block-long LaSalle with the top down. The children adored him. As soon as the war was over she resigned and they were married.

A smile drifts over her mouth as memories of the years with Frank pile one upon another. Happy years. Busy years, while they played host to famous and royal people, as the lieutenant-governor and chatelaine of B.C.'s Government House, from 1955-60.

Two years, in particular, she'll never forget — the two years she spent supervising the reconstruction of Government House after the disastrous fire of April 15, 1957. They'd lost everything in that fire — jewelry, pictures of the children, all their personal records. She'd felt, at first, as though all her life had gone up in smoke.

Immediately after the fire she got dozens of phone calls from interior decorators wanting to be commissioned, but she decided to do the job herself. She also kept tabs on the construction of the new mansion, because none of the architects working on it had ever been inside the old Government House, and they had no conception of exactly what was required.

For two years she practically lived in

a hard hat, checking and double-checking each day's progress. She scoured antique dealers' shops, home and abroad, to find exactly the right furnishings and accessories. Every yard of carpet, every foot of wallpaper, was selected by her.

She remembered a Mrs. Smith, head of Bryn Mawr's department of economics, who had said: "You know, Miss Gregory, the main purpose of preparing for a PhD is that it teaches you how to find things."

Oh, there was a little controversy when the house was finished. Some critics thought that it had cost too much — $2,000,000 — and others felt it was too staid and traditional. But most people felt, as she did, that it was a gracious, stately and charming residence of which British Columbians could be proud.

She was especially delighted when, after touring the newly-completed Government House, "Chunky" Woodward, who should know what he's talking about, said to her: "Well, I happen to know, Mrs. Ross, that you've saved the government at least $500,000 that I know of."

Yes, that was a feather in her cap — mmm, that brings up a subject she'd just as soon forget, that awful situation about the aigrette hat. She was accused of breaking the law when she appeared at the opening of the legislature in January, 1956, in a white feather hat. What a fuss — and how embarrassing. They claimed the feathers in her hat were used in defiance of the Federal Migratory Birds' Act. Of course it turned out that the feathers weren't Canadian, they were Hungarian. But it really was so disagreeable at the time. Frank was furious about it. He couldn't stand to see her hurt.

Dear Frank. He was so proud of the honours given her — the C.B.E., the Great Trekker Award, the Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, the Order of Malta, the Human Relations Award from the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews, the Woman of the Century Award for B.C. from the National Council of Jewish Women, the honours she was given for her work with the Canadian Cancer Society, and others.

But he was most pleased of all when she was the first woman to be elected chancellor of the University of British Columbia in 1961, then re-elected in 1963. She was pleased, too. She doesn't mind admitting it. After all, it was at UBC it all started, so many years ago.

"But the clocks start chiming. Time's a'wasting. The interviewer will be here, first thing you know, and there's still a lot to be done before that. Let's see, now. Where's that list? First things first...." □

Kay Alsop is a writer for the Province.

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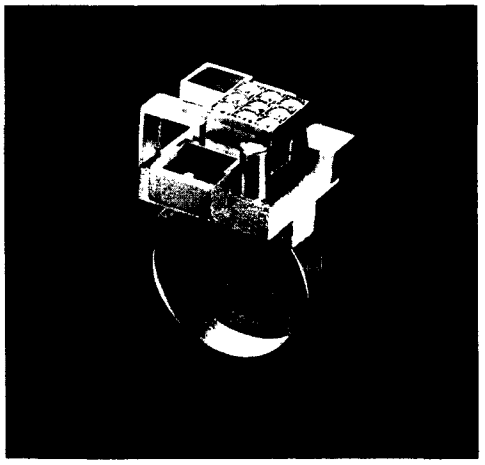

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The Heart of the Matter

Walter Gage's University

Donald Stainsby

It was 30 years ago – January 1945, the war still thundering on, Norman A.M. MacKenzie still a freshman president – that I got that examination paper back, the only 100 per cent I ever received at university. And I remember sitting in Brock Hall coffee shop in stunned bemusement, flipping through the pages, frankly gloating over the checkmark beside the answer to every question. And on the final page, the final checkmark so much heavier, more emphatic, than the others – looking at it you could see the marker's delight. Under it was written: "Good boy!"

It was initialled "WHG".

That exam and that mark tell virtually nothing about me. But I think that they tell a lot about Walter H. Gage.

Already I can sense that he thinks I'm writing an obituary, and he's going to have me up for that. And so he should.

What is it then? Goodbye, Walter Gage?

Not bloody likely.

Because — quite simply — he is not going anywhere.

He is not retiring or standing down. He is not even "going back" to the classroom, because he never left it. He is merely shucking off the trappings of administration.

Walter Gage has been at various times president, acting president, deputy president, head of uncounted committees, long-time dean of everything. But always, through everything, he has remained in the classroom.

"I couldn't see myself being in the university and not teaching," he explained recently. "It was my first love, my first enthusiasm. And I found it was a good thing — it was my way of relaxing from administrative problems."

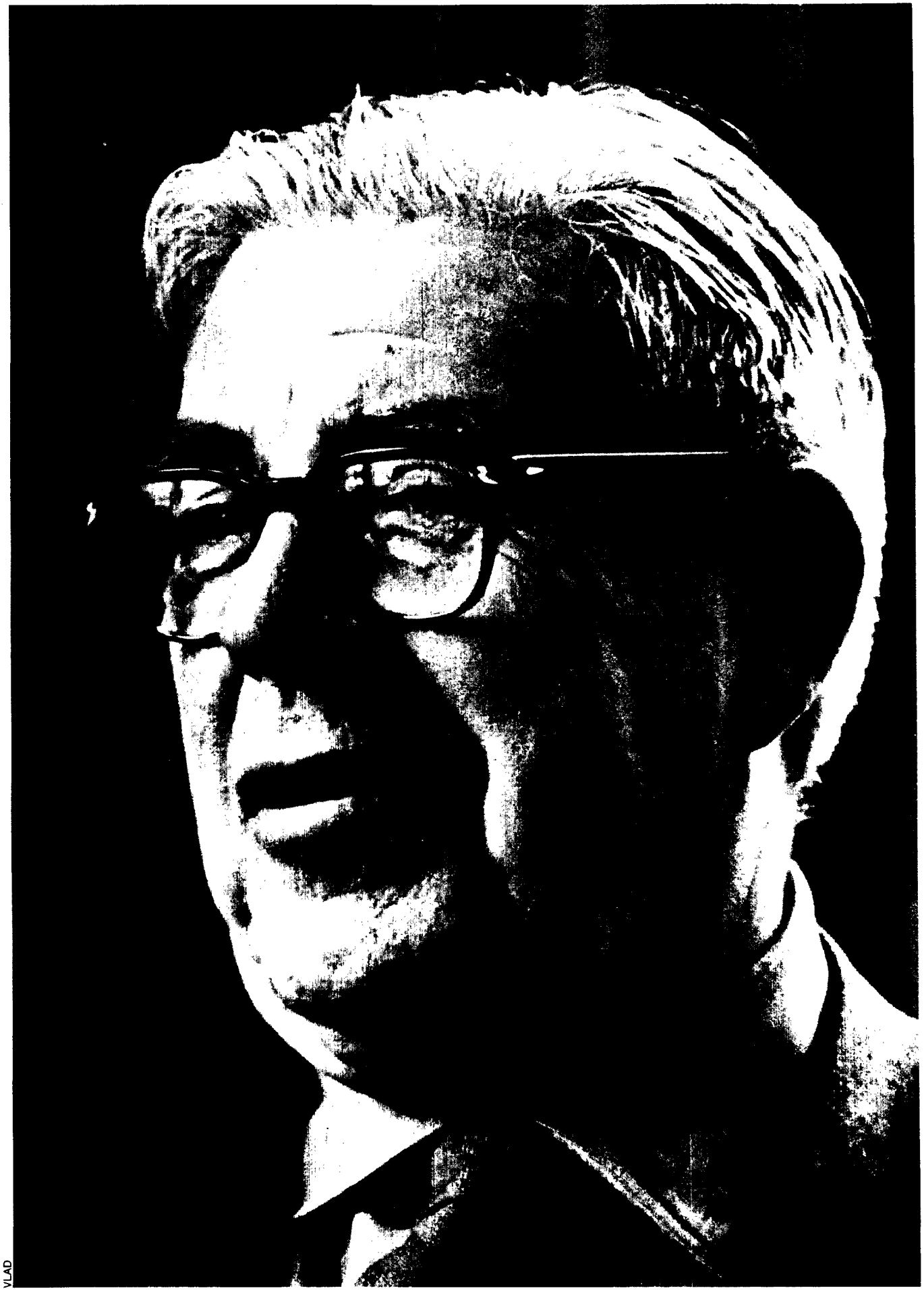
As he spoke, he was sitting behind his desk in the rather plain room in the old administration building that serves as an office for the president of the University of British Columbia. He would not be sitting there many weeks longer, and he had granted an interview with considerable reluctance — "nothing much out of the ordinary has happened" since the *Chronicle* last wrote about him.

Nothing much, except the passing of time. Now he is 70 years old. He has been associated with the university and its former affiliate, Victoria College, for 54 of those years. And he is soon to emerge once again as Prof Gage, teacher of mathematics. "I expect to be teaching next year and I expect to be teaching a full load," he said.

So it is quite impossible, at this time, in this place, to use all the handy cliches about the end of an era, or the passing of the Age of Gage. They are just not true. Equally out of place would be a recital of his honours and awards — they are all listed in many other places anyway. Except, perhaps for one — the caption under his picture in the 1945 issue of the Totem: "Prof Gage, freshman's friend."

"I like the first year students," he says still, "because I think when they come into the university they're looking forward to a new experience. They have a freshness about them that probably the student who has been here a year or two doesn't have. It's rather nice to be at the beginning of a student's career and to be able to see what he has done by the time he graduates. There's an extra thrill in that sort of relationship."

That perfect mark of mine was Math 1, naturally. Christmas exam. One paper written by one callow freshman, among how many hundred others in how many



VLAD

sections crowding in turn into Arts 100? (It remains unlikely, even for him, but it seems at times as though he must have taught all 800 of us in that biggest-ever, till then, freshman class.)

The university even then was a large and baffling place for the freshmen spewing out of rickety buses into the blackness for 8:10 lectures, an unknown land fraught with taunting upper-classmen, with arrogant scholars who resented the frosh classes foisted upon them and let the frosh know it, with timid junior academics who did not seem to understand the function of a classroom. It was, too, a land apart from and at constant odds with a seemingly hostile, uncomprehending "downtown".

And there was Arts 100 at Math 1 time, immediately warm and happy amidst the jostle of students struggling for seats – not all of them by any means enrolled in the class. After class, casually, any day, there was that man with the jerky walk, bobbing across the Quad, one arm clutched around books and papers, the other invariably waving cheery greetings, head nodding, face smiling – if anyone could be the symbol of the university, it was he; he knew what it was all about.

From his own freshman days in 1921, Walter Gage has been involved with the University of British Columbia night and day as student, instructor, committee member and administrator. He speaks with a unique authority and potential for insight into its development, for who has helped to shape it more than he as it has mushroomed from the cosy collection of characters in the Fairview Shacks to one of the largest universities in Canada.

He sees two threads running through UBC's development, helping to create the special character of the institution. Characteristically, he finds one involves the students, the other the faculty. "I think that the students here have always been very independent and are anxious to remain independent so that their own student affairs will continue to be taken care of by themselves," he said. "And I think that's been respected by every administration."

It is this established tradition of student autonomy, he feels, that has worked, as much as anything else, to keep UBC relatively free of the student activism and violence that swept so many North American campuses in the late '60s. What students in many institutions were fighting for had been part of UBC from the beginning, he feels.

On the other hand, unrest has not been absent from UBC in another form: "There has been a great deal of discussion and many different points of view in the university; it is not conservative in that respect."

The faculty for its part, he believes, has always maintained a special sense of identity with the university itself. Although he fears that this attitude has been weakened of late, in some respects, he believes "there is still a desire on the part of members of the university faculty not to restrict themselves to their own faculties — that is, they feel that they are a part of the university and not just a part of an institution within the university."

But, quite apart from the threads that go into the university, what about the thing itself? How does Walter Gage look at this institution he has played so large a part in shaping?

First, he considers a university's function: "To preserve the learning of the past, to explore new avenues in the field of learning, to make certain that these are conveyed to as many students as are qualified." There is, therefore, always a place for both the classics and the social sciences, the old and the new. The application of the learning is best left to the graduates themselves when they take their place in society.

To fulfill its function, the university, naturally, needs money: "We've always felt its financial needs were being met in a minimal way. That's still true, because even though our grants have gone up, our costs have gone up."

(Similarly with the students — though they have more money than formerly, relative to society they are no better off. And, as "Dean of Bursaries" these many years, he ought to know: "Got a money problem? Go see Dean Gage.")

On another plane, what the university needs, perhaps even more than money, is stability.

"Not a stability that means a conservative, unchanging organization or point of view, but one that gives people an opportunity to do what they need to do in terms of learning, so that they will not be hampered by physical or financial restraints," he said. "It needs to be free of restraints to give the scholar and the scholar students the opportunity for the fullest participation without being extravagant."

A greater understanding has grown up between the university and "downtown" — even though "the two things are different" — because more university people are involved with business and government, more and more people are attending university and because the university itself has matured.

"It is a relationship that one must not expect to develop beyond a certain point," he said. "I think that the university will always do things that probably aren't on a day-to-day relationship with the city."

He sees size as being only a limited factor in a university's effectiveness. "Physical size is always a problem," he said, "but it doesn't have to be a problem that's insurmountable in terms of the deficiencies that are created." There is a balance, he feels: "If we were smaller it's quite possible that there would be certain disciplines that we wouldn't offer; if we were too large they might be here and the student couldn't be made aware of them.

"I don't think size itself is the problem. I think that sometimes we understress the fact that the larger institution has advantages that it wouldn't have if it were smaller."

Class size, he thinks, has to be a function of the individual instructor and the particular subject. He would not like to set any limits on class size, because some instructors like big classes.

He referred to Dr. Garnet G. Sedgewick, "one of the real figures of history in this university," whose Shakespeare courses remain a legend. "Dr. Sedgewick was an actor," Gage said, "as well as a very learned scholar. Dr. Sedgewick loved a large class, and I always had the feeling that the larger the class the more he reacted and the more fun, if you like, the class became. Because it was fun, people learned — they had an appreciation of what he was trying to do."

Honestly, Walter Gage was not talking about himself.

I was not interested in math. I took it only because I had to, and quit taking notes – when we began calculus, I believe – though naturally I didn't quit going, as soon as I was sure of a second class.

Yet I learned math.

I don't remember learning it. I do remember my fellows in that Arts 100 herd being twitted about exploits of their parents as students. I remember being regaled with tales of the sophisticated delights of beautiful downtown Horsefly, or Ladysmith, or Castlegar, while the expatriate of the place squirmed in hilarious discomfort: how can anyone make the phrase "Stainsby – from Ladner, I believe" so damned funny?

I recall games like guzinta – remember? Six guzinta 18 three times... I remember the nervous tick of chalky thumb flipping across grinning lips and being bemused that there was never a chalk-smudge on his face, though there so often was on his sports jacket.

What I do not remember is any agony in learning math.

Always, inevitably, we come back to the heart of the matter — Walter Gage, teacher: "I can never separate anything at the university from the teaching I do."

"I'd made up my mind I was going to teach early in high school," said Walter Gage, winner of the first Master Teacher Award given by UBC, "and

anything I did was directed toward teaching. So in a way my ambitions were fulfilled."

In a way.

It was emeritus dean of arts and science, Sperrin Chant, who after working alongside Gage for 25 years suggested (with apologies to Mark Hopkins) the university was a log with a student sitting on one end and Walter Gage on the other.

There have been a lot of us sitting on that log. Gage has not kept track, but "I've been teaching, say, 400 or 500 students for quite a number of years". Taking that as a dubious average over his half-century in the UBC lecture halls gives something like 20,000 or 25,000 of us rattling around, each with our own memories of Prof Gage.

He has his memories too, of "many very exciting moments", though he finds it hard to isolate them: "Certainly, there have been things that have been particularly thrilling — when a class has obviously enjoyed what you were doing and you feel that the class has learned something that you were trying to put over."

He has never tired of mathematics. He has never stopped trying to do problems that are unsolved: "I've not succeeded very well," he grinned, "but I do keep my interest by trying original problems in mathematics. Not that I think I'm going to make any contribution that way — except that I think if you are continually interested in your own subject, your enthusiasm surely brushes off on your students."

Enthusiasm — the word keeps recurring in Prof Gage's speech. It is one of the things that he hopes the student will bring with him to the university — "an enthusiasm for the subject whether or not the student sees that what he is learning is going to have application."

And tolerance: "The student and the instructor each has to have tolerance, at least till the course is well on its way. The student must be willing to grant that there may be applications that can't be made clear in the earlier stages or that the subject itself is worth something because of the inner feeling that it gives to the student."

Primarily, of course, the student must have the fundamentals on which the course is based and a willingness to make up any deficiencies that do exist. This is not always the case today.

"I think there are fewer students who come in with prior knowledge of a subject than you had before," he said, "but this is probably counterbalanced by a broader point of view."

He wishes that this broader point of view could be achieved without sacrificing drill in the basics, but he feels that any lack can be made up by a good student in a year or two and that true scholarship opportunities still exist.

Knowing the students is important for a teacher — knowing their names (an aspect of his myth that he thinks is perhaps over-emphasized, though I have yet to meet anyone who would agree with him) and keeping your office door open to the students.

"Knowing them is a part of successful teaching," he said. "Knowing them is achieved by knowing their names, but it's also knowing something about their circumstances. You'll only find out about their circumstances if you see them or they see you. So the so-called open door is merely one of those things that follows naturally if you're going to do good teaching."

As Walter Gage sat behind the president's desk talking to me, eyeing the tape-recorder with considerable suspicion, he seemed almost eagerly tense, as though waiting for the bell to ring that would free him to return full time to his classroom, to let him stroll again around the campus as he used to do.

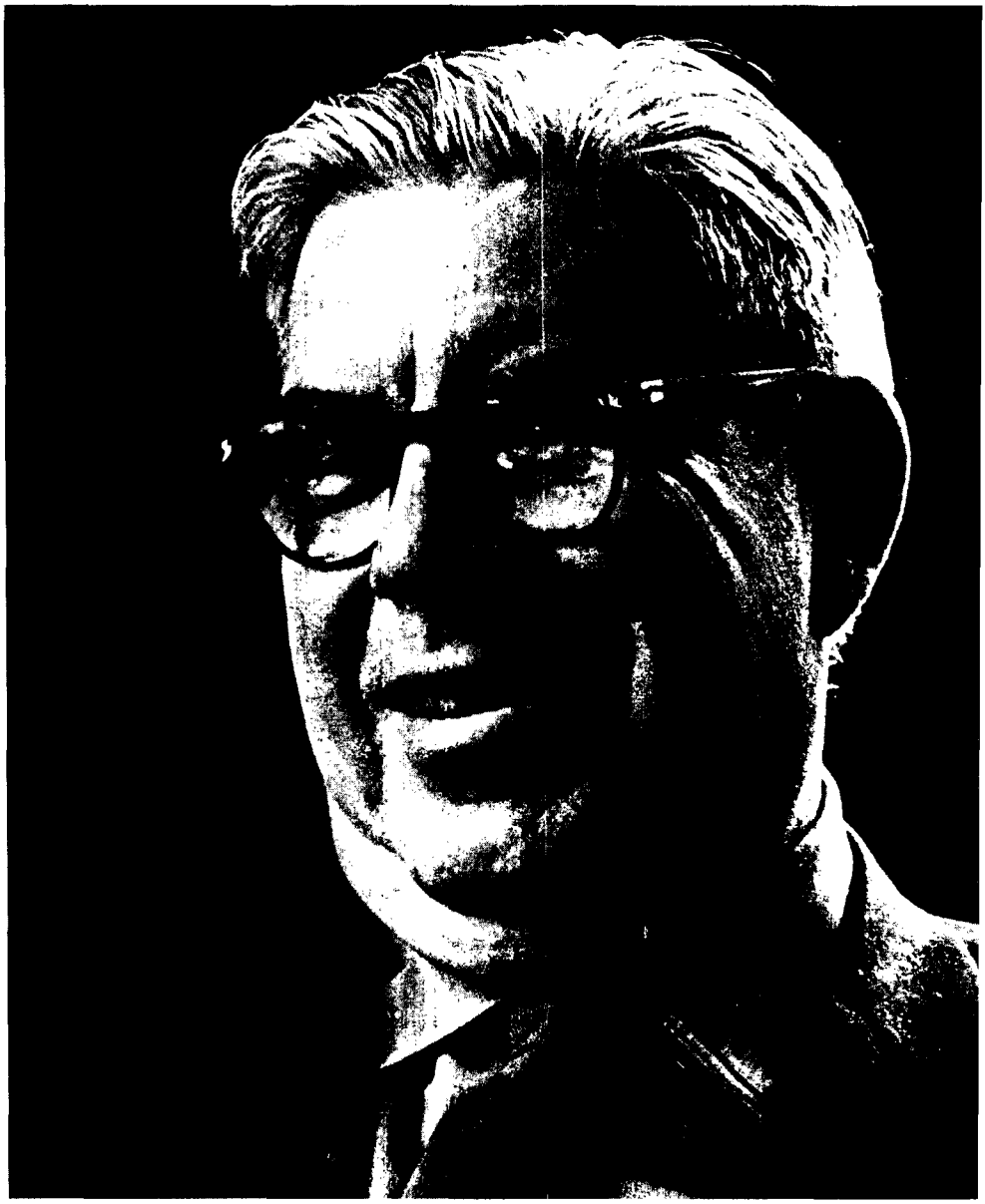
"I don't think what I've done as president is remarkable in any way at all," he said finally. "It's just one of those things that has happened.

"I don't think I've done any remarkable teaching. The only thing I can say is that I have been enthusiastic about teaching and want to continue doing it."

I remember Prof Gage telling us that he never marked papers, just threw them down the stairs with those going the farthest getting the highest marks. And I remember the situation on that distant post-Christmas day when I, the fervent non-student of math, riffled happily through the perfect paper, marked with such obvious pleasure by The Man himself.

And I remember one more of his clarion-calls: "Cheer up – the worst is yet to come." It is, indeed. One day, surely – it's the lot of man – Walter H. Gage will announce his retirement. □

Donald Stainsby, BA'53, is a Vancouver free-lance writer.



A PAINFUL CASE

H. Richard Weiner

On August 31, Harold Singleton decided that he needed money. A number of economies suggested themselves. He could move back onto campus or take a roommate. Neither alternative was at all satisfactory. Even modest retrenchments, switching to a party line telephone and reading his magazines off the library shelves, were repellant. With a way of life, it is not so much death or dishonour, as dishonour followed by a species of death. He could take the University into his confidence and apply for a student loan: no better than the others. He could take a part-time job, something menial and loathsome, probably among the bestial. The plan had the virtues of not compromising his privacy, either at home or on campus. In purest practicality, then, he decided to seek the least filthy occupation, among the best educated workers, available.

The following Monday, the Campus Work Office sent him to the main dining hall kitchen. Steaming dish water burned his hands and chlorine fumes burned his eyes. After his third day, he was led into an unlit freezer compartment and locked in for five minutes; then he was given a white sweatshirt with a crossed knife and fork on the front. He washed the shirt twice, with bleach, and returned to the Campus Work Office.

On Thursday, therefore, Harold went to work where he often had gone for pleasure, the main computer facility in the basement of Math Sciences Hall. Computer labs are air-conditioned, furnished in soft pastels and chrome steel furniture. They are quiet. Harold had his own key and, except for exam weeks, he often stayed the night, using Buckingham's pinochle program to play the computer endless games of chance. It wasn't the absolute fairness of the dealer that he enjoyed, he could do as well playing both hands at once. Nor was it the chance that he might, through application and luck, beat the odds, since the odds for beating the odds can be figured up, and Harold was not interested in testing the validity of probability theory. Of course the computer played a very sharp game — but no sharper than the man who taught it to play. Harold simply enjoyed the company of the unit. When two pieces of equipment are capable of working together, they are said to be compatible. That was the sensation Harold enjoyed: he was proving his compatibility.

But this was not recreation, it was gainful employment in the Institute for Computer Services. The first week he spent bringing the main library's loan record under control, which is to say, part of an evening reprogramming the computer and several days keeping the library staff out of trouble. It was a good job; most of it was conducted on the telephone.

Over the weekend Harold calculated that he was near solvency with the world and nearly $30,000 in debt to the computer for his nightly gambling. He installed a credit limit in the pinochle program. Whenever he lost too heavily the computer would remind him: *The management requests that you exercise moderation this evening. Please enjoy yourself. Thank you.* He played on into the night, approaching economic equilibrium on all fronts.

Since he spent Sunday night there. Harold was the first senior programmer at the Institute Monday morning. The secretary sat down beside him. Harold told her to put out her cigarette. "The computers are very sensitive to heat. You'll set off the fire alarm."

She offered to get some coffee: Harold declined it. The secretary began telling Harold how strange physicists like himself were.

"I'm not a physicist. I'm an electrical engineer, a computer scientist."

She continued. There was a story on television about a young physicist, a genius like Harold, who theorized a way to extinguish the sun. The physicist felt so guilty about his work that he never left a small room in the laboratory. His friends brought flowers and fresh bread, but he only thought of the long darkness to come. They pulled him to the windows and showed him the sea, but he saw only ice ruins. He was bitter for a while, then he was silent. One night he dreamed he was left alone on the planet he killed. The next day he pushed a pencil through the arteries in his left wrist.

Harold said nothing.

Someone was at the reception desk. The secretary left, saying, "You had to be there, I guess."

That was one of the specific failings of human beings. Anything one machine could know could be taught to any other machine. But for all Harold could tell, there was nothing one man could communicate to another. There was no common programming language, so everyone was generating an exclusive output. It was easy enough for Harold to agree that the story seemed sad, but a silence opened between what he intended by that and what the secretary understood. It's the Tower of Babel all over again, Harold thought. But this time we all imagine ourselves to be speaking the same language.

Harold didn't feel superior because of his insight. He felt baffled and frustrated, like a computer guessing at the world through crippled software, and lonely, like the only unit of a discontinued series.

The secretary sent Harold a psychology grad student named Mortimer. Mortimer wanted a "computer terminal bank" in his laboratory.

"I'm a computer analyst, not a technician. I can't install a terminal in your lab."

"Maybe I'd better explain. We've just gotten a bundle of government research money to conduct ESP experiments. Our prospectus called for computer-generated and recorded testing."

"Does anyone in your group have experience with computers?"

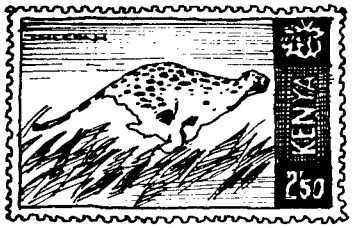
"No. But some people at Stanford got a grant last year because they used a computer to eliminate the human element."

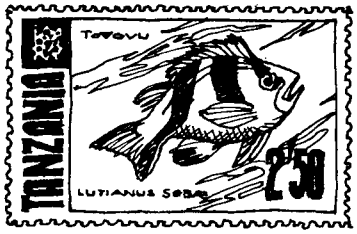
The pseudo-sciences exploit the hard sciences, Harold thought, to make their fishing expeditions legitimate. "Tell me all about it," Harold said.

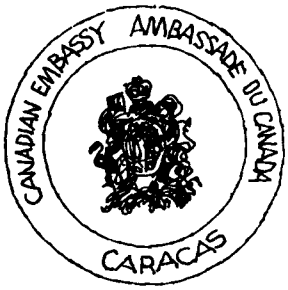
Mortimer's experiment was a minor refinement of the classic tests for clairvoyance and telepathy. The computer would dream up a deck of 25 cards, each card marked with one of five symbols. In some decks, the computer would insert five of each symbol; the other decks would be filled completely by chance. To test for clairvoyance, the computer would "think" of one card at a time, and the subject try to call it correctly. In the telepathy test, the computer would show Mortimer the card; he would concentrate feebly on it, and the subject would try to call what Mortimer saw. Use of a computer did have the virtue of perfect unpredictability. And, Harold suspected, the computer was expected to handle all the bookkeeping.

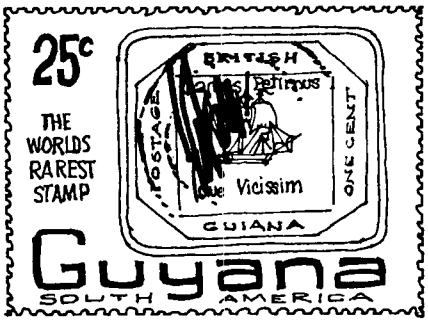
"The program can be written to score each run for significant deviation," he told Mortimer. "That's the one you want, isn't it?"

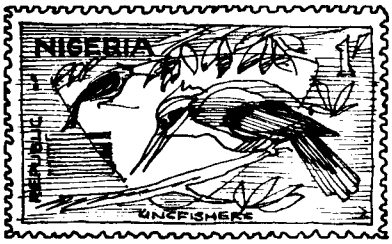
"That would be great." Freedom from the drudgery of calculating how much accuracy was plain luck made



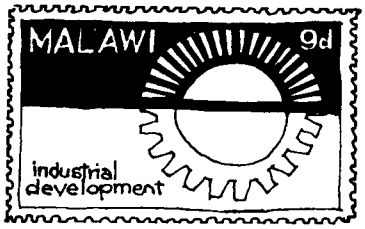








Stamps Aren't All We Collect



Everyday our stamp collection grows a little here at the *UBC Alumni Fund* as letters arrive from far-flung alumni. And we love it . . . it's developing into a brilliantly-colored montage on the wall . . . But that isn't all we like about our mail. We kind of like those donations to the Alumni Fund best of all . . . So we hope you'll keep those brightly-stamped letters rolling in . . . Remember stamps aren't all we collect.

UBC Alumni Fund

Mortimer generous. "Listen, we're running preliminary tests later this week. The department pays subjects $2.50 an hour. The least you can get is three hours for sitting and pushing buttons. Why don't you drop by?"

Harold planned to sit and push on Thursday, when his class load was light. Mortimer was less than completely conscientious in playing with his new toy, however, and needed help on Wednesday. The first test results were so far below normal chance that Mortimer was convinced he had discovered a new kind of negative ESP ability. "Every subject so far has tested better than 100-to-1 below random selection. I'm sure nobody's had anything like this happen before."

Harold looked up at the fluorescent lighting panels on the ceiling. It would be impossible to trouble shoot the problem over the phone with Mortimer on the other end. His quiet afternoon of study was done for. Harold walked over to Behavioural Sciences.

By the time Harold found Mortimer's egregious error, the subjects had gone home, baffled and anxious at their newfound abilities. Mortimer had created a half dozen psychic phenomena and the afternoon was still young. Harold noticed that Mortimer was the only person on the floor wearing a white lab jacket. Best to run through the tests once and get a reliable result, he figured, and have done with this folly.

The first tests, for clairvoyance, went smoothly. Mortimer went to great lengths to orient Harold to the apparatus. He conferred with Harold after each deck was run through. Results were within regular tolerances. Mortimer became a trifle disappointed.

The tests for telepathy had Mortimer all excited again, if a little wary. Harold was sent into a small closet-room off the laboratory proper. Symbols flashed on the display board where Mortimer could see them. Harold punched his prediction of what Mortimer saw into another terminal. After each deck was finished, Mortimer came into the little room shaking his head.

"It's like the other tests this morning, only the results are running the other way." Then he shook his head and asked Harold to run through another deck.

After the eighth deck, Mortimer entered the room with an older man in a herringbone jacket. Harold noticed leather elbow patches. Tenured faculty, he thought.

"This is Doctor Morton. He's supervisor for the project," Mortimer announced.

"Mortimer tells me you helped with the computer end of this show." Morton sat down. "Is there any possibility that these results could be as unreliable as the ones we got this morning?"

Harold played it straightface. "Mortimer and I have sorted it out."

"Mortimer and you. I was afraid of that. Would you get me some cards, Mortimer?"

"This computer terminal bank is better."

"Please get me some cards"

"Open or closed deck?" Mortimer asked.

"Cards, man." While Mortimer was out, Morton took a medical history. There was nothing significant on either side of Harold's family. He had no serious illnesses, no previous experiences of this nature. Mortimer returned with two decks of cards. The two psychologists returned to the larger room. Mortimer was asked to cut both decks. Morton asked Harold to signal when he was ready to begin. Harold recorded his fifty responses, Morton noted the cards.

Morton entered the little room alone. "I'm going into my office on the other side of this building, and I'm going to write down five numbers between one and ten. I can use any number as often as I want. Concentrate on those numbers and try to copy them. When you're finished, give your list to Mortimer. Do you have any questions?"

"Doctor, how did Mortimer get into your graduate school?"

Ten minutes later Harold was summoned into the lab. Morton was looking down at his clipboard. Harold had been right 56 per cent of the time on the telepathy test, and two times on the number list. Morton asked him to return. The experiments would not interfere with his studies — and he would be handsomely recompensed for time away from his job at Computer Services. Harold agreed, but not happily.

Morton quickly established that Harold had no influence over dice, either how or where they would fall. He had no insight into future events or control over current events. The tests that satisfied Morton, Harold noted, did not require a computer.

Harold stayed even with the computer that weekend: he spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday in University Medical Centre as a guest of the Psychology Department. Nothing, internal or external, distinguished Harold from other university students. Before all the test results were concluded, Morton drew Harold aside. Morton seemed troubled and Harold thought suddenly of cancer. The doctor brought two coffees from a machine in the hall.

"I can't drink anything until six o'clock."

"I'm not interested in how much albumen you pass in your urine. Sit down, I have a favour to ask."

The tone was so familiar Harold didn't have to listen to the words. He turned to Morton. "What do you want, Doctor?"

"A classmate of mine from graduate school has a subject, same scores on the ESP tests as you. No other psychic abilities, just uncanny at reading cards. We want you to try to find each other, as it were, without ever meeting physically, and see how much experience you can share."

"I don't understand that last part."

"This is the new part. We want to put you into another person's head." Morton's thumb punched through the side of the cup. "Your body is a prison cell, a cave. It's all you know. Everything you've ever experienced has been expressed within parameters of perception defined by your own body. It's possible that we can get you out of that prison."

"And into another?"

"You would be free of your body, something unprecedented in human experience. The prospect is as exhilarating as it is," Morton groped for the word, "awesome."

"Awesome?"

"We can only guess how different the complex of associations one person uses in his private, unspoken language are from another's, but we're sure the far side of the moon could not be more foreign. And that is awesome because no one can predict your reaction to the great wash of strangeness another mind contains. Some people fear it might drive you crazy."

Harold stood up. "I'll think about it." When Harold opened his apartment door that night, he realized that if Morton's experiment worked at all, it implied an end to any privacy. He tried to ignore the problem. He read a science fiction novel about war between men and computers. Men won. The book was imbecilic but the premise had been on Harold's mind for years.

Cellular evolution had played itself out in man. Two billion years of research and development produced the first prototype and a million more years were required for minor systems modifications. The comparison to mechanical evolution was simple. In fifty years, technology had progressed to the point where a new generation, a palpable improvement on the species, arrived every ten years, every five. It might happen, that machines would challenge men for control. And in that case, Harold knew, his loyalty would be decided. He would follow the higher form of intelligence.

Harold awoke with a comparison which excited him as much as the project did Morton: a telepathic connection would effect a computer interface in human terms. For once, there would be genuine communication of information, language with all the verbiage stripped away. Attractive as Harold found complete openness, he was reassured by another aspect of the analogy. Any interface depends on closed circuitry: open one switch and the whole exchange is terminated. His privacy was

secure.

Morton was pleased but cautious. He scheduled more tests, which made Harold's temples sore and gave him a tension headache. Pressure built as the time for first contact approached, and Harold found himself irritable. He began losing concentration and hearing things. Morton offered to postpone or cancel the experiment. Harold asked him to continue.

So one afternoon in early October, Mortimer looked up from his watch, switched on a video tape recorder and signalled Harold to begin receiving signals from someone he had never seen or heard. Nothing occurred to Harold. He shrugged. There were some rapid adjustments. All electrical equipment was disconnected. Researchers were pressed into another room. Harold was comfortable, but he wasn't aware of anything suggesting that he select from the standard symbols.

Not much later, Morton realized that Mortimer had failed to allow for time zone differences with the other school. Harold wasn't aware of any signals because none were being sent. He was relieved. After all the mounting anxiety, the anticlimax cast the whole project in a comic light. Mortimer was banished to the rat laboratory and they waited for the prearranged time.

Morton sat down next to him. "I suppose it's unscientific to tell you this," he said, "but the other subject is female."

There was no way to apply the information. Harold nodded.

When contact was made, it was quite direct and plain. Instead of strong intuitions guiding his choices, Harold was positive about the symbols the other subject was viewing. Harold became half a transmission line as accurate as a telegraph.

Are thoughts directional, Harold wondered. If so, their strength would diminish off axis. Otherwise, what form of radiation would travel this far? But those questions depended on the location of the other subject. As he wondered, the other subject looked out the window of the test room.

He could see the campus clearly — as if the paint was not yet dry on the canvas of creation. It was late fall somewhere. On the street, people wore light jackets. Unfamiliar trees kept their green. Then Harold was certain he was looking at the University of Wisconsin campus. He began to recognize people as they walked by. The mind creates its own threshold limiting device, he thought. That's why the information is released in discrete packets. And yet he couldn't detect the impulses: he simply became aware of details. The other subject turned her attention back to the test room.

The new perception of familiar things startled most. She was more sensitive to heat and pressure than he was, so textures were new. Corduroy, wool, fur were all novel experiences.

Morton took his result sheet. Harold sat quietly and learned about Wisconsin and how it feels to be a woman. Wisconsin was cold and fairly dry; being a woman was utterly foreign and yet naggingly familiar.

Morton had verified results with Wisconsin. The preliminary contact was a great success. Harold was asked to recount his experience. He explained the clear assurance he had in choosing the cards, how it differed from other experiments. Morton started prying: was there anything else? Harold excused himself as very fatigued and repaired to the computer lab.

He brooded at the console. Being inside a woman's skin was so consistent, so sensible, the first contact couldn't account for the sensation.

He summoned up his creditor, the pinochle program. Harold slouched in his chair, relaxed already. Before the game was properly started, however, Harold realized the girl was copying the console colour scheme onto a canvas. He moved his chair back so she could judge the shadow. He turned off a light.

Later in the afternoon, Harold worked through some low level calculus for the girl. Everything was understood the first time he explained it. We have interface, he thought. I feel like my machine is functioning properly for the first time. She thought an image of them hugging; he thought of them kissing. They both withdrew, embarrassed and moved. The rest of the afternoon he couldn't work. He went to the library, checked out a book she had been reading.

Before he shut down for the night Harold indulged himself with some gin. Lying in bed with the light off, lascivious thoughts occurred to him. The girl was alone in her dorm room. Every night thereafter until semester break, they joined. During the day they were patient with the experimenters; at night they were unique lovers. Nothing was forbidden them.

Morton watched his subject change during the next days. Harold paid less attention to the experiments, often seemed preoccupied. Occasionally he smiled for no apparent reason. Morton did not object to Harold's attitude. He couldn't interfere, anyway.

Physics Department personnel entered the project. More equipment was carted into the large room, Harold was attached to, inspected by, compared with, machinery and other subjects. Theories were propagated to account for his performance — entertained, discounted, revised. Harold remained calm. The girl showed him a poem:

We dance around in a ring and suppose,
But the Secret sits in the middle and knows.

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Address .....

..... Class Year .....

This led to further mysterious smiles. The life of a guinea pig isn't hard, Harold thought. He's in love, Morton thought, and that complicates everything.

Morton decided to recess direct testing at semester break. There was already more material than had been expected and not enough ways to explain it. The physicists laboured into the night demonstrating how certain phenomena could not be obtained, given the structure of modern physics; then they wondered if the results did not topple the structure. Several of the psychologists were preparing articles on the tests so far. Harold was pleasant but distant. Morton inquired after Harold's personal life. The girl invited herself to the University for vacation. Harold did not object.

There was no reason to meet her at the terminal. Harold paced his room. He put on his kitchen staff sweatshirt; he threw it off. He put on the IBM shirt that technicians from the firm were handing out. He waited. He turned the lights off. He switched them back on.

When she arrived Harold was screwing the gin bottle closed. He looked at her and it was not the same. Before he had looked through her eyes; now he had to look into them. There was no way to ignore her. She reached to touch him. He thought a volcano at her, then a pouring acid rain and then a decomposing face in a featureless waste. He thought silence and non-sensation and finally he generated a gray mist so dense he actually did not notice her leaving.

Harold opened the book she had admired. He read:

> *Naked and alone we came into exile. In her dark womb we did not know our mother's face; from the prison of her flesh we came into the unspeakable and incommunicable prison of this earth. Which of us has known his brother? Which of us has looked into his father's heart? Which of us has not remained a stranger and alone? O waste of loss, in the hot mazes, lost, among bright stars on this most weary unbright cinder, lost! Remembering speechlessly we seek the great unforgotten language, the lost lane-end into heaven, a stone, a leaf, an unfound door. Where? When?*

When a computer or other electrical device ceases to function, it is said to go down. Harold ingested a methylated solution prepared from extract of juniper berries. The result was reduced autonomic functions, aphasia, and finally, sleep. Harold went down as far as he could go.□

Richard Weiner is a graduate student in creative writing at UBC. "A Painful Case" was his winning entry in this year's Chronicle *Creative Writing Competition.*

John Mahler

A shower of streamers and confetti greeted Walter Gage as he left the War Memorial gym after his final congregation ceremony as university president (above). Leading the procession is President Gage, followed by (right) the newly-installed chancellor of the university, Donovan Miller and chief justice of the B.C. supreme court, Nathan Nemetz, (left). Mr. Nemetz, who stepped down as chancellor during the afternoon's ceremonies, was awarded an honorary doctorate of laws. (Below, left) President Gage helped him don his new robes while Chancellor Miller (left) supervised.

NEWS

Special By-election: Convocation to Meet September 10

A meeting of convocation has been called as a result of the university senate's decision to increase the number of convocation senators. The May meeting of senate authorized the holding of a meeting of convocation so that it may elect seven of its members to senate.

The election will be held in the university auditorium on Wednesday, September 10, 1975 at 7 p.m. The names and biographical information of the candidates for election may be obtained from the university registrar's office by those members of convocation who plan to attend the meeting. (All alumni are members of convocation, the meetings of which are chaired by the chancellor of the university.)

The official call for nominations appeared in the April 30 issue of *UBC Reports* and closed June 11.

In the past convocation members of senate have been elected every three years by mail ballot. This procedure has already been undertaken once this year — at considerable expense — to elect the four convocation senators designated by the Universities Act. This same act allows senate to increase its own membership, which it did at its April meeting. This decision, which was welcomed by the alumni association, will bring the total number of convocation senators to 11.

For further details on the election, contact the university registrar at 228-3159 or the executive director of the alumni association at 228-3313.

Summer Session for Very Senior Students

You say that your trailing philodendron is looking rather peaked and that you have always hankered to have a go at playing the triangle or timpani. If you are 65 or over, you are in luck as UBC is once again rolling out the red carpet for you this summer. It's the second session of the senior citizens summer program that began last year as a result of a special provincial government grant.

A brochure, "Be Our Guests at UBC This Summer" has been mailed to alumni in the classes of '16 to '32 (as well as those in the late '50s who might have eligible relatives). Full details of the one-week courses — writing for pleasure, personal fitness, music for fun and relaxation, indoor and outdoor gardening, geography and even the metric system ("all students guaranteed to *metric*ulate") are just samples — are included in the pamphlet with a registration form. Regular university credit courses are open to the senior scholars (for credit or general interest), on the basis of space available and subject to faculty regulations. There are no compulsory exams or essays, unless you choose to write them.

All courses, credit and non-credit are free to B.C. residents,65 and over and spouses of students who are under 65. There is even limited free accommodation available on campus — first come, first-served.

Again this year the alumni association's liaison with the program was dean emerita of women, Helen McCrae, a member of the board of management. She will be convening the Senior Summer Session tea at Cecil Green Park on July 24 for all the participants in the program. Last year it was a most pleasant event. This year we hope to see you there.

Early registration is advised. The first series of classes starts on June 30, credit courses the following week. For copies of the program or further information contact Dr. Norman S. Watt, director, Summer Session, UBC, 2075 Wesbrook Place, Vancouver, B.C., V6T 1W5.

Alumni gathered at the Bayshore Inn for a dinner/dance to celebrate UBC's 60 years on May 30. It was also the association's awards night. Dr. Nathan Nemetz, was named to receive the alumni award of distinction for 1975. Honorary life memberships were awarded to Dr. Elsie Gregory MacGill, an aeronautical engineer who attended UBC with the class of '25 before graduating from the University of Toronto, and the former head of the UBC geography department, Dr. J. Lewis Robinson. (Top) Alumni past president, Chuck Campbell, (left), presented the awards, which included an argillite carving by Haida, Ron Wilson, for President Gage who retires on June 30. (Centre) David Dale-Johnson, (left), who headed the planning committee for the event, chats with Dr. Robinson. (Bottom) The evening's guest speaker, David Brock (left), swapped a few stories with Gerry Nairn and President Gage.

John Mahler

Golden Anniversary For Class of '25

Fifty years ago the class of '25 said good-bye to its undergraduate days — the last class to complete its studies in the "Fairview Shacks", on the grounds of the Vancouver General Hospital.

They will be celebrating the event for four days in late June, with 50 graduates and their spouses expected to attend. The planning committee, headed by Bert Smith, has arranged a program that includes a reception at the home of Phyllis Gregory Ross, a lunch at the University Women's Club, the Golden Anniversary dinner at the Faculty Club, an afternoon at the Ocean Park home of Zoe and Murray Brink, a visit to Cecil Green Park and a tour of the campus.

Guest of honour throughout the reunion will be UBC's retiring president, Walter H. Gage, "a most distinguished graduate of '25." And it is a class that has produced more than its share of distinguished graduates — including three university chancellors, Phyllis Ross and the late Dal Grauer of UBC and Kenneth Caple of SFU, and a whole roster of outstanding educators, lawyers, theologians, scientists, authors, public servants and business people.

Chronicle Creative Writing Has Its Own Rewards

Bleary eyed and suffering slightly from adjective overload, the judges have debated, deliberated and made a decision — on the winner of the 1975 *Chronicle* Creative Writing Competition.

The winner's prize of $250 was won by H. Richard Weiner, a graduate student in creative writing. His story, "A Painful Case", can be found on page 24 of this issue. At an awards reception in April four recognition awards of $25 book tokens were presented by I.C. (Scotty) Malcolm, director of the UBC Alumni Fund to Evelyn Fox, arts 4, Margaret Hollingsworth, a graduate student in creative writing and fine arts, Deborah Ashford, a fourth year student in creative writing and fine arts and Ian Slater, a graduate student in political science. (An allocation from the Alumni Fund, for prizes and administration costs, makes the competition possible.) This was a repeat win for Slater in the *Chronicle* contest. Last year he won second prize for a radio play.

In accepting the winner's prize for the vacationing Richard Weiner, associate professor Jake Zilber expressed the appreciation of the creative writing department for the encouragement that the contest gives to student writers all over the campus. For the first time the contest, which had 33 short story entries, was open to full and part time students.

This year's panel of judges was made up of Herb Rosengarten, assistant professor of English at UBC, Nick Omelusik, a Chronicle contributor and head of the reading rooms division of the UBC library and Trevor Lautens, a columnist and editor with the Vancouver Sun.

Brief CASE Meeting Scheduled

At the end of June the University of Victoria Alumni Association is hosting a one day conference for alumni administrators from western Canada and the Pacific northwest states.

The conference, which has been organized by Paul Sutherland, executive director of the UVic alumni and Florence Lehman, of Reed College, is expecting participants from many of the nearly 50 members of District 8 of the Council for the Advancement and Support of Education. Harry Franklin, UBC alumni executive director and a member of the CASE international alumni committee and I.C. (Scotty) Malcolm, director of the UBC Alumni Fund and treasurer of District 8 executive, will be active participants in the conference.

Architecture at UBC: A Scrapbook History

Everything you ever wanted to know about UBC's school of architecture is now in one place for all to see — in the form of a 250 page, four inch-thick scrapbook.

The book, which will eventually be housed in the special collections division of the library, is the result of the efforts of Charles Haynes, BArch'74 and Barbara Peacock, the school's secretary since 1949. They have collected newspaper clippings, magazine articles, original manuscripts, designs, over 500 photographs and even school notices and affixed them all to "300 year acid free paper."

Funds for the project came from the school and from the Architectural Institute of B.C.

"Gears" Salute Gage In Classic Bunfeed Style

It was pretty much a stag affair at the Hyatt Regency Hotel on May 10. Five hundred engineers (surprisingly, with only a few red sweaters and jackets in evidence) had gathered to dine on roast beef, sip B.C. wine, and kick up their heels in that peculiar way which only the red horde seems able to achieve. (For the sake of all concerned, some details shall go unrecorded.)

They also came to honour a man who over his years at UBC has developed a special relationship with students in the Faculty of Applied Science. His name: Walter Gage.

The evening was billed as a testimonial dinner for Walter Gage, and it was organized by members of the Engineering Undergraduate Society. One notable exception to those unrecorded details is the more than $15,000 fund raised by the engineers — students and alumni — that will be used for a student aid project honouring Walter Gage.

Throughout a reception before the dinner he wandered through the crowd, extending his hand for the familiar firm shake, and greeting graduates young and old with a jolly, "Well, how are you?" He listened while a long line-up of after-dinner speakers told Gage stories and talked about his special qualities.

Perhaps former dean of the faculty, Henry Gunning, summed it up best: "Walter Gage always exhibited an intuitive understanding of the motivations and the goals of the Engineering Undergraduate Society. No other person during 50 years has so endeared himself to people through his skill, generosity and kindness."

The guest of honour's reply was short and gracious. And as the crowd sang Godiva Was a Lady, the men of the iron ring filed to the head table to shake the man's hand. It was perhaps the most moving tribute. □

An attentive audience of 500 UBC engineers gathered to salute their favourite math prof, Walter Gage (left) at a testimonial dinner in early May.

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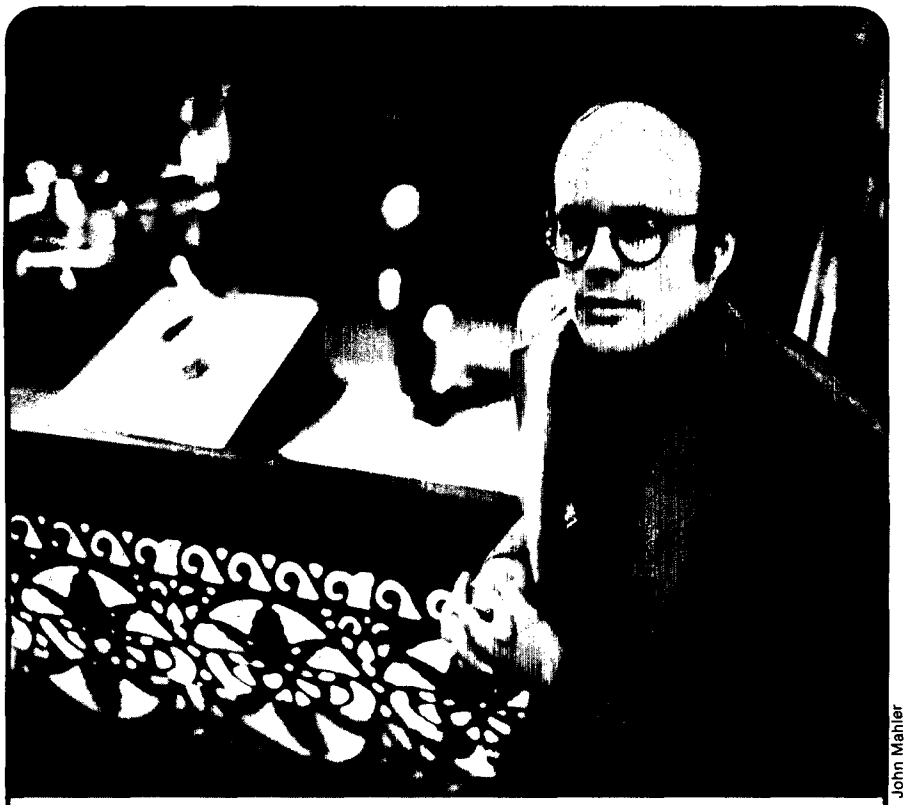
SPOTLIGHT

30s

The 'father of modern science teaching in B.C.', **Arthur G. Creelman,** BA'31, MA'64, was awarded the B.C. Teachers' Federation's Fergusson Memorial Award this year. The award, recognized Creelman's many years as an innovator in science teaching in B.C.... The *Psychotherapy and Social Science Review* "Book of the Year" award has been won by **John Elderkin Bell,** BA'33 (MA, EdD, Columbia),for *Family Therapy.* An originator of family group therapy, he is currently consulting psychologist, a senior investigator at the Palo Alto Medical Research Foundation and teacher at Stanford and U.C.L.A.... Newly appointed as federal deputy minister of finance is **Tommy K. Shoyama,** BA'38, BCom'38, formerly deputy minister of the department of energy, mines and resources and head of the interdepartmental task force for last year's Western Economic Opportunities Conference... In his new position as vice-president for Glenbrook Hospital, Glenview, Illinois, **John A. McLaren,** BA'39 (MD, McGill), is responsible for departmental planning, staffing and policy implementation.

40s

John Cyril MacLean, BASc'40, president and chief executive officer of Cominco American, has been elected to the Fertilizer Institute board of directors. MacLean has been with Cominco in Spokane since 1965... Canada's Number One author, **Pierre Berton,** BA'41, was one of 64 people inducted into the Order of Canada this spring, the highest honour the country can bestow... The board of governors of Shawnigan Lake School has appointed **Hugh C. Wilkinson,** BCom'46, as deputy chairman. Since 1972 he has been headmaster and will continue to exercise overall direction, with special emphasis on educational policy, financial planning and long-range development... In recognition of his services to the real estate vocation, **Colin C. Gourlay,** BCom'47, (MCom, Toronto), assistant dean of commerce and business administration at UBC, has been named an honorary life member of the Real Estate Institute of B.C.



John Mahler

Christopher Wootten

A church whose attendance skidded on skeptical times, seems to be making its second debut with amazing grace.

Under the resourceful management of Christopher Wootten, BA'65, what was once a United Church, then briefly offices for several social action groups, has undergone the now socially desirable process of recycling and emerged as a community theatre centre.

Located far from Vancouver's other cultural hot spots, it has been attracting considerable attention and a devoted following. Grants, mainly from the city and province, have provided the financial basis of the Vancouver East Cultural Centre since the spring of 1973, enabling the presentation of a broad range of quality entertainment at modest rates. (The average ticket price is $2.) Films, dance companies, drama, children's programs, concerts, craft festivals and ethnic evenings are the fare.

The well-worn stone building, still owned by the United Church, is leased by the V.E.C.C. on a rent-free basis. It pays only taxes and insurance on the church. Thus as a subsidized, non-union facility with low overhead, V.E.C.C. can charge performers a rent considerably below the commercial rate, yet still maintain low ticket prices. The scarcity of performing space the past few years and the surge in local theatrical activity have proven to be a fortunate combination of factors in ensuring the V.E.C.C. success.

"There is something about the cultural centre that is distinct from normal theatre operations," says Wootten. "We have social objectives. We want to make the place seem like a large old house and give it an air of charm and familiarity."

He feels he has successfully broken the social barrier of long skirts and dark suits associated with many of Canada's theatres in attracting the mixed audience which has been turning up from all over Vancouver.

While attending UBC Wootten worked on the AMS special events committee, booking entertainment groups. He took his MBA at Harvard, then studied stage management and accounting procedures for a year at one of the top regional theatres in the U.S., the Guthrie Theatre, Minneapolis, on a Ford Foundation grant.

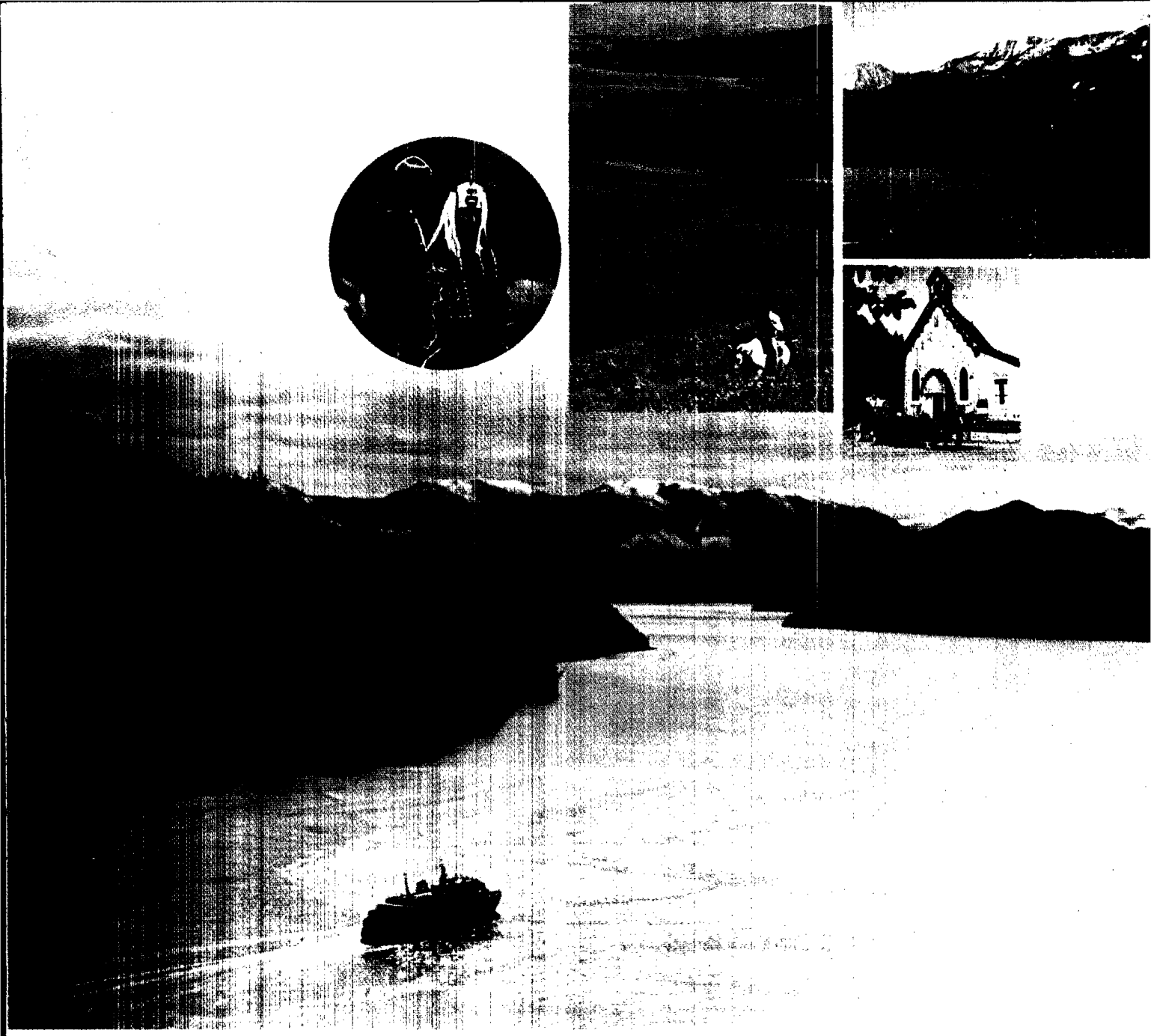
With another graduate of the special events committee, he managed the Nikolais Dance Company, the Murray Louis Dance Company and a theatre company in New York for two years before heading home.

Back in Vancouver, Wootten kept his eye out for some place in which to stage theatrical productions and was finally tipped off about the vacant church. The initial challenge was to have the church rezoned for use as a community-oriented cultural centre. A $32,000 local initiative project grant provided the spark for the venture and the respectability of his MBA ensured its stability.

"We feel we've done well," says Wootten. "We originally pinpointed the high quality performing groups in Vancouver that we hoped to attract, and now they do perform here." The centre is particularly interested in promoting Canadian performers and has become well known for this, says Wootten.

He feels the centre can offer performers and spectators a sense of intimacy and close involvement which other Vancouver theatres cannot match. And then, too, the church has seen a lot of souls in its day and a little soul goes a long way.

– Barbara Smith



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Pierre Berton

Colin C. Gourlay

50s

George R. Mills, BASc'50, heads the board of governors of Lambton College of Applied Arts and Technology, Sarnia, Ontario... The former chief of the department of cytobiology at the Public Health Research Institute of New York City, and research professor at New York University, **Samuel Dales,** BA'51, MA'53, (PhD, Toronto), has been appointed to chair the department of bacteriology and immunology at the University of Western Ontario for a five year term... The new vice-president, coal operations of Denison Mines, is **Richard C. Hermann,** BASc'52, who will be operating out of the Calgary office. He was formerly president of Manalta Coal Ltd ...**Margaret Maier Guest Hoehn,** (BA, Sask.), MD'54, has been elected a fellow of the American College of Physicians. She is currently assistant professor of neurology at the University of Colorado medical school... Nelson's Notre Dame University has conferred an honorary doctor of laws degree on B.C. supreme court judge, **Thomas R. Berger,** BA'55, LLB'56, the now nationally known commissioner of the Mackenzie Valley pipeline inquiry.

Raymond M. Paris, BA'57, LLB'60, has been invested as one of Her Majesty's judges of the county court of Vancouver... It's not only the heat that keeps the pot boiling in Manila, according to **James K. Jackson,** BSF'57, president of Boise Cascade Philippines, Inc. His operation is located in the thick of the Muslim rebellion in the Zamboanga area... An associate professor of oceanography at the Naval Postgraduate School, **Noel Boston,** BASc'59, PhD'71, has been appointed for a three year term to the U.S. national committee on interaction of the sea and atmosphere of the American Meteorological Society. For the past two summers he has conducted research in atmospheric turbulence with the Danish Atomic Energy Commission at Roskilde, Denmark... After five years on the B.C. Teachers' Federation executive, retiring president **James David MacFarlan,** BA'59, continues to be a strong advocate of teacher militancy... **Murray J. Roblin,** BASc'59, (PhD, Rensselaer Polytechnic), has been appointed director of technology and marketing at the Chromizing Co., a division of Chromalloy American Corporation, and will operate out of Los Angeles... At one time with the Adult Occupational Centre in Edgar, Ontario, **Ian D. Wallis,** BSW'59, MSW'60 (MEd, Toronto), has now joined the Simcoe County Children's Aid Society.

60s

The sword of command of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders of Canada has been passed to **Lt. Col. Robert Gibson Darling,** BA'62, who is currently assistant vice-president and manager at the National Trust Co. in Hamilton... At Notre Dame University, Nelson, **Darshan Singh Sahri,** MSc'62, PhD'66, is now professor of physics... An environmental studies program at Campbell River Senior Secondary has received the $1,500 Hilroy Fellowship for 1975. **David Ross Brown,** BEd'63, MEd'66, and **Richard Dale Kelly,** BEd '65, who are involved in the program, say it combines biology, geography and social studies, concentrating on the personal/inter-personal and global environments... Appointed to head a provincial justice development commission division of public legal education programs, **Barry Slutsky,** BA'64, LLB'66, of UBC's law faculty, will consider improvements in high school law curriculums, a speakers' bureau, law courses for the public, and assistance to persons wishing published legal information... Former Vancouver *Province* writer **Olivia M. Ward,** BA'64, is now with the Toronto *Star*... It's not a good idea to throw your weight around **Glen Stuart Campbell,** BASc'65. He has just been appointed adult judo instructor at the Recreation Association in Ottawa.

Robert D. Godfrey, BASc'65, has recently joined the staff of Amoco Production Co. as a senior geologist in its Denver division office... *Selected Poems,* by **Rona Jean Murray Haddon,** (BA, Victoria), MA'65, has just been published by Sono Nis Press... Women can be their own worst enemies by not setting their goals soon enough or high enough, according to **Janet Smith,** BCom'65, (PhD, Berkeley), who was keynote speaker in a workshop on Women in Management at UBC's Centre for Continuing Education. A program analyst with the Treasury Board in Ottawa, she was formerly co-ordinator of Equal Opportunities for Women, Public Service Commission... B.C. Forest Products has promoted **C. Trevor James,** BCom'66, to industrial relations manager at its Crofton operation... The only member of the bar practising in the Queen Charlotte Islands, **William Carey Linde,** BA'67, LLB'70, had little opposition when he elected himself

Murray J. Roblin

president of the Queen Charlotte Bar, popularly known as the Q.C. Bar and not the Q.C. Bar Association, according to the *Advocate*, because it is housed in the Q.C. Hotel. It has decided to grant its own letters patent to Q.C., and so far one member of the B.C. Bar has been made a Q.C., or member of the Queen Charlotte Bar... **Sally Cameron Pipes,** BA'67, is the first woman president of the Association of Professional Economists of B.C. She works for the recently formed Fraser Institute, an independent federally-chartered organization whose research is oriented toward the use of competitive markets as the best mechanism for responding to change and providing for national well-being.

North Sea oil is being put to many uses these days. **Diana Claire Smith,** BSA'67, MSc'70, is using it in her job with I.C.I. in Berkshire, England in an attempt to artificially produce a single celled protein for eventual application as animal feed... **Mark C. Alexander,** BA'68, (MA, Western Ontario) is out to get the norm, a hairy beast that hampers company efficiency and retards change. In a study for the business administration department of St. Francis Xavier University, he is attempting to identify company norms and thus create avenues for change through broader understanding of established office behaviour patterns... The first director of the newly-formed information and education branch, B.C. department of recreation and conservation, is **Roderick L. Cameron,** BSc'68, MSc'74, formerly coordinator of information and education services for the fish and wildlife branch... **Marvin O. Svingen,** BA'68, is now a Lutheran minister in Whitemouth, Manitoba... Hopefully a fruitful promotion for **W. David Lane,** BSA'69, PhD'75, who is taking over as tree fruit breeder at Agriculture Canada's Summerland research station and will be developing new fruit varieties as well as improving established ones.

70s

While studying at Peking University with 13 other Canadian students last winter, **Pat Horrobin,** BA'70, spent some time with a nut and bolt machine in a locomotive factory. Chinese university life emphasizes learning by experience with the peasants and workers... Some grads are hard to keep up with. **Mohammed Rafi Mustafa,** PhD'70, was a postdoctorate fellow at the University of

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The alumni association's special hosts on the cruise will be the internationally known UBC anthropologist, *Dr. Harry Hawthorn* and *Mrs. Audrey Hawthorn,* curator of UBC's Museum of Anthropology — a treasure house of Westcoast Indian artifacts.

And for all those Sun-Seeking Golfers....

Next January *Frank Gnup,* that well known "tour-de-force" on the UBC athletic scene (long-time football coach and now golf team coach) is leading an expedition to the Hawaiian Islands in search of smooth greens, long drives and short putts. Birdies and eagles will also be watched for... So if you'd like two weeks of sun, golf on some of the islands' finest courses, deluxe accommodations and a Frank Gnup Patented Golf Lesson, collect up your clubs and join the group.

For full information on the alumni travel program *or early registration for the Christmas travel program to Hawaii, Mexico and California please contact the alumni office, 6251 N.W. Marine Dr., Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1A6, 228-3313.**

***Government regulations have delayed announcement of the winter travel program.**

Martha Powell

Leicester, England in 1970, taught at the University of Sind, Pakistan in 1971-2, held a postdoctoral position at the University of Toronto in 1972 and is currently with the University of Windsor... **Sam Travers,** (BPhil, North Dakota), MSW'70, has left his position as administrator of the Terrace Mental Health Centre to become manager of the Dunbar-West Point Grey-Southlands Community Resources Board... Now head of the Western Canada section, history division of the National Museum of Man in Ottawa, **Alan F.J. Artibise,** PhD'72, has just published *Winnipeg A Social History of Urban Growth, 1874-1914*... **Martha Powell,** MA'72, has been appointed assistant director, daytime programs, at UBC's Centre for Continuing Education... Second year law student, **Mark Steven,** BA'73, at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge competed in the semi-final round of the Philip C. Jessup Law Moot court competition in Washington, D.C. against the Argentine, France, India, New Guinea, Canada, the Phillippines, Singapore and Zambia. His brother **Michael Steven,** BA'73, also a second year law student at the college, was to have been competing as well, but had to be left behind when limited funds excluded a full team participation... One of three Oxford men selected to the British universities team to compete in an international university tournament in Germany this spring, **Alan Hobkirk,** BA'74, was given his "Full Blue" for field hockey this year when he played against Cambridge in the inter-varsity match. He has been elected to captain Oxford at field hockey for the coming season.

WEDDINGS

Reiman - Young. Gerry Reiman, LLB'72, to Judy Young, BA'72, March 29, 1975 in Calgary.

BIRTHS

B. Kirsten Emmott MD'73, and her husband **Michael Graham,** a son, Angus, March 21, 1975 in Victoria ... **Rev. and Mrs. Donald Grayston,** BA'60, a daughter, Rebecca Shaw, March 22, 1975 in Toronto... **Mr. and Mrs. D. Keith Lanphear,** BPE'70, a girl, Lisa Anne, January 4, 1975 in Princeton, B.C... **Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moon,** (Margaret E. Graham, BA'65), a son, Theo, February 19, 1975 in Woodacre, California... **Dr. and Mrs. James A. Watt,** BSc'62, MD'67, (Martha E. Shergold, BEd'65, MEd'66) a son, Stanley Alexander, March 12, 1975 in Salisbury, Rhodesia.

DEATHS

Charles William Argue, CBE, BSA'25, BA'27, (MS, Iowa), (DSc, New Brunswick), (LLD, St. Thomas), February 1975 in Fredericton, N.B. A faculty member at the University of New Brunswick from 1930 to 1969, he served as dean of science from 1945 to his retirement, when he was named professor emeritus. He was awarded a Coronation Medal for wartime services which involved the establishment of a blood transfusion service for New Brunswick. He was a former member of the Fisheries Research Board of Canada and the National Research Council and an honorary life member of the Canadian Red Cross Society. Survived by his nephew, Alexander W. Argue, BSc'64, MSc'70.

Ruth M. Blair, BHE'48, (MA, Cornell), March, 1975 in Vancouver. She was associate professor in UBC's home economics school and campus food services director since 1954. In the war she served in the RCAF. She is survived by two sisters.

May Dwyer McCrimmon Bolduc, BA'17,

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April, 1975 in Vancouver. She was in UBC's first graduating class from Fairview campus and was an active member of the University I.O.D.E. and the University Women's Club. She is survived by two generations of UBC graduates: her daughter, Betty Bolduc Taylor, BA'41, and four grandchildren, (John Taylor, BSc'70, and Richard Taylor, BA'72).

John Murdoch Buchanan, BA'17, LLD'70, April, 1975 aboard ship in the Atlantic. He was retired chairman and president of B.C. Packers Ltd., and chancellor emeritus of UBC. He served as president of the alumni association, 1949-50, a member of senate, 1951-60, and a member of the board of governors, 1951-57. In 1951 he was named the second recipient of the Alma Mater Society's annual Great Trekker Award. He was a former head of the Fisheries Association of B.C., a past president of the Fisheries Council of Canada and served on the International North Pacific Fisheries Commission. He is survived by his wife, son, daughter, Audrey Buchanan Hetherington, BA'46, and 10 grandchildren.

Godfrey Lewis Hearn, BA'50, (PhD, London), March 1975 in Bangkok, Thailand. He joined the Canadian external affairs department in 1954 and served in Peru, Ghana, Moscow and the United Nations in New York. For the past year he was Canadian ambassador to Thailand. He is survived by his wife, Joan Powell Hearn, BA'50, MA'51, and three children.

Ellen Hart, BA'25, October, 1974 in Victoria. She taught school for some years and was active in social projects of various clubs as well as home hospitality for servicemen during the second world war. She is survived by her brother Edward Graves Hart, BA'34, and sister, Josephine F.L. Hart Carl, BA'29, MA'31.

John G. McCandless, BA'48, February, 1975 in Whitehorse, Yukon. For the past 23 years he was in business in Whitehorse and was active in the C.N.I.B., Lions Club, Yukon Order of Pioneers and Royal Canadian Legion. He is survived by his wife, two brothers and a nephew, Robert G. McCandless, BSc'69.

John Edward Mulhern, BA'16, April, 1975 in Tucson, Arizona. He was the first president of the alumni association and worked with Sterling Drug Inc., New York, for over 30 years. In 1961 he retired as treasurer of the company and moved to Tucson, Arizona. He is survived by his wife.

Henry Leslie Purdy, BA'26, (MA, Washington), (PhD, Chicago), October, 1974 in Vancouver. He was employed in an executive capacity at B.C. Electric from 1947 until 1961 when he was appointed president. After the takeover of the company by the provincial government in August 1961 he joined UBC's commerce faculty where he stayed until he retired, a professor emeritus, in 1973. He was president of the alumni association, 1957-58. In recognition of his work with the Greater Vancouver Regional Hospital District the new extended care hospital under construction on UBC campus is to be named for him. He is survived by his wife and two sons.

Paul N. Whitley, BA'22, January, 1975 in Vancouver. He was editor of the Ubyssey, 1920-21, AMS president, 1922 and president of the alumni association in 1929-30. He retired as principal of John Oliver high school in 1961.□

It's sooner (or later)
than you think ...
A special weekend, October 17 and 18
The Classes of 1930, '55, '60 and '65 will be celebrating
with a dinner and dance on campus
The Classes of 1935, '40, '45 and '50 will be living it up
to big band music at the Commodore
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we'd like to hear from you.

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UBC Alumni Branches

It's amazing what you find hanging around in branches these days — everything from slumbering sloths to chirping birds.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Campbell River: Jim Boulding (Box 216). **Castlegar:** Bruce Fraser (365-7292). **Cranbrook:** David Shunter (426-5241). **Courtenay:** William Dale (338-5159). **Dawson Creek:** Roger Pryke (782-5407). **Duncan:** David Williams (746-7121). **Kamloops:** Bud Aubrey (372-8845). **Kelowna:** Don Jabour (762-2011). **Kimberley:** Larry Garstin (427-2600). **Nanaimo:** James Slater (753-1211). **Nelson:** Judge Leo Gansner (352-3742); Judith Bussinger (352-7277). **Penticton:** Dick Brooke (492-6100). **Powell River:** Randy Yip (485-6309). **Prince George:** Neil McPherson (563-0161). **Salmon Arm:** W.H. Letham (832-2264). **Victoria:** Kirk Davis (656-3966). **Williams Lake:** Anne Stevenson (392-4365).

EASTERN CANADA

Calgary: Frank Garnett (262-7906). **Edmonton:** John Haar (425-8810). **Halifax:** Carol MacLean (324-2444). **Montreal:** Lyn Hobden (866-2055). **Ottawa:** Robert Yip (997-2023). **St. John's:** Barbara Draskoy (726-2576). **Toronto:** David Papau (488-9819). **Winnipeg:** Cary Coopland (453-3918).

UNITED STATES

California North: Stewart & Joann Dickson (981-4577). **California South:** Dr. Bill Patrick (879-1700). **Colorado:** Harold Wright (892-6556). **New Mexico:** Martin Goodwin (763-3493). **New York:** Rosemary Brough (688-2656). **Spokane, Washington:** Gerald Marra (274-6182).

OTHER FOREIGN

Australia: Christopher Bangwin, 12 Watkins Street, Bondi, Sydney. **Bermuda:** John Keefe, P.O. Box 1007, Hamilton. **England:** Alice Hemming, 35 Elsworthy Road, London NW3. **Ethiopa:** Taddesse Ebba, College of Agriculture, Dire Dawa, Box 138, Addis Ababa. **Hong Kong:** Dr. Thomas Chung-Wai Mak, Science Centre, Chinese University, Shatin. **Japan:** Paul Richardson, 2-1-15 Minami Azabu, Minato-Ku, Tokyo.
Malaysia - Singapore - Indonesia: Kwong-Hiong Sim, 51 Wayang St., Kuching, Sarawak, Malaysia (East). **Scotland:** Jean Aitchison, 32 Bentfield Drive, Prestwick. **South Africa:** Kathleen Lombardi, Applethwaite Farm, Elgin, C.P.

LETTERS

A fishy defence

Professor Peter Moogk's interesting article in the Winter '74 *Chronicle*, "The Long Watch for the War That Never Came", missed — whether intentionally or not, I don't know — two great steps in British Columbia's preparations for war in August 1914. I feel that these are too memorable to be overlooked.

We were suddenly at war and, with four or more enemy ships of war cruising the Pacific, — their signalling to each other having been detected at the Bamfield wireless station — the people and officialdom of B.C. were quite worried about their own safety. Since the federal authorities seemed altogether disinclined to take any action, it devolved on Victoria to do something. This local effort included fitting up fishing-smacks with a pair of torpedo tubes, one suspended on each side just above the water; these small boats patrolled local waters with instructions to close to point-blank range with any enemy ship and fire the torpedoes. Further action was taken by the premier who, with help from various men including Lloyd's Pacific Coast agent, obtained (at an enormous price paid by B.C.) from a Seattle shipyard two submarines, the "Antofogasta" and the "Iquique", that had been built for Chile, which had defaulted on its contract. These vessels were brought out into the Straits of Juan de Fuca by American crews; they were taken over at the international boundary on the high seas by two Canadian crews (both combinations of naval men and amateur volunteers) and brought on into Esquimalt.

I wonder what ever ultimately happened to them. My remarkable source of inside information was cut off about then, and I never heard. My only legacy of the whole thing is a fascinating story of a narrowly escaped mix-up over their arrival in the Royal Roads, where not everyone expected them or knew they weren't enemies.

Dr. Colin Crickmay, BA'22
Calgary, Alberta

War artist credited

As historian of the 15th Field Artillery Regiment R.C.A., I wish to commend you for printing the interesting article on the Vancouver Defences by Peter Moogk, Winter '74. The story is but a short glimpse of a regiment which has served Vancouver for over 50 years.

I do feel that credit should be given to Capt. Orville Fisher who was the artist responsible for the drawing accompanying the article. Capt. Fisher was one of the official Canadian Army war artists during World War II and drew the picture used in March 1943. Capt. Fisher is a native of B.C. and presently on the staff of the Vancouver School of Art.

R.V. Stevenson
Major
Regimental Historian

The last straw?

Please remove my name from your mailing lists and subscription rolls of the *Chronicle*.

The article by Robin Matthews, (No Canadians Need Apply, Autumn '74), seems to constitute the last bit of "ignorance" that I can tolerate. This ignorance seems to prevail in the erroneous illogical thinking that permeates the so-called intelligentsia in their efforts to "Canadianize" Canada including its universities.

This type of paranoid feeling actually defies logic and deserves little or no further comment.

Frank S. Mesher, MD'55
Guadalajara 2, Jalisco
Mexico

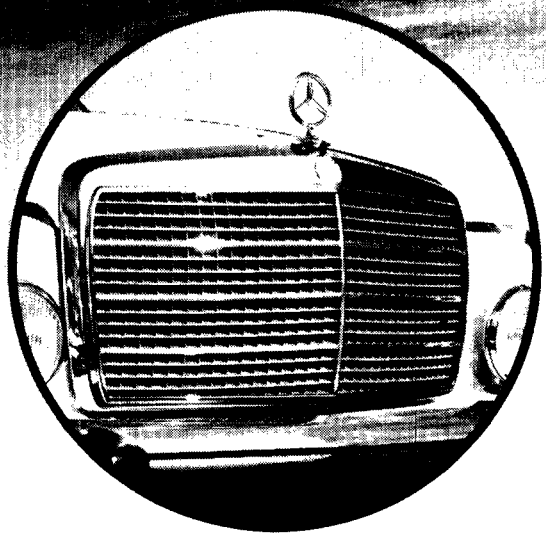
Greedy, self-seeking cowards

Robin Mathews, in the article "No Canadians Need Apply" in your Autumn '74 issue, continues his good work of horrifying Canadians with the truth about themselves. But he omits one truth which must be admitted.

Mathews says that Canadians are afraid to take "a public stand on Americanization of Canadian Universities." Yes; but they are also aware of what they stand to gain if no changes are made. Some jobs, albeit few, actually require applicants who have been born, educated, and further trained in Canada. Experienced and highly trained Canadians may be eager to perpetuate a system which limits their competitors by discouraging Canadians who might seek training and experience.

Mathews does well to call us cowards, but he does not go far enough. We're greedy and self-seeking too.

Ronald W. Miles, BA'66, MA'68
Cariboo College
Kamloops, B.C.



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