

DALHOUSIE

A L U M N I M A G A Z I N E



"My Garden," by Aileen Meagher (BA '33)

Fall 1985



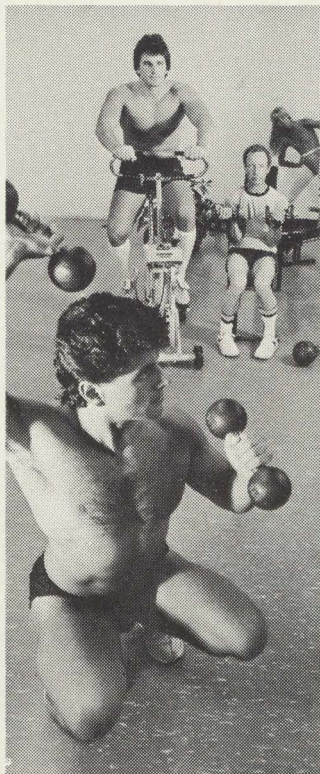
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I live in a second-storey apartment on LeMarchant Street, and all that separates the house from the Weldon Law Building is a parking lot and the Arts Centre. Since my wife and I have had a full house in recent months, we sleep on a fold-out chesterfield in our elegant, 19th-century living room, and this means we need no alarm clock. Buses, trucks, motorcycles, and Dal tractors and mowers are all rumbling and roaring outside our windows by 8 a.m. each weekday morning. Hundreds of students stream south to the campus, and we can hear their cheerful chatter only a few feet from where we're lying under the covers.

One morning last summer, however, this crazy din began an hour earlier than usual. How irritating it was. I'm no farmer. Why should I get up when roosters crow? Grumpily and groggily, I complained to my wife that Dal was getting too damned noisy, and we'd have to move soon, and then I somehow forced myself back to sleep. That is how I, a journalist for 30 years, missed the most dramatic Dalhousie story of the year. For the cause of the noise in that wee hour was fire engines, diverted traffic, and the arrival of hundreds of spectators. If Nero fiddled while Rome burned, I slept while the Weldon Law Building burned. See page 9.

The Editor

OUR COVER features *My Garden* (1974), watercolor and pastel on paper, by Aileen Meagher, a Halifax alumna who was once an Olympic runner, schoolteacher, and world traveler. For more on the remarkable Meagher, see page 24. We've reproduced *My Garden* with the kind permission of Carol and John Fraser.

**W Dal
Women**
CELEBRATING 100 YEARS

DALHOUSIE

A L U M N I M A G A Z I N E

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“Seeing machines” may change the world

Working in a computer-cluttered basement lab in the Life Sciences Building, Max Cynader and colleagues are trying not only to develop a robot “seeing machine,” but also to find a cure for the visual afflictions of millions, and to prolong useful life for victims of Alzheimer’s disease

When neuroscientist Max Cynader talks about the way your eyes and brain work together, his own eyes light up, a smile flashes beneath his generous mustache, and he says, “If somebody pitches a ball at my head, I can duck. I’m great! So we’d like to build a seeing machine that duplicates the functions of the cortex and eye. We want a system that’s like us, because we’re terrific.” If science ever does come up with such a seeing machine, he says, “It’ll change the world as we know it.”

It would enable robots to pick up parts, fit them together, become factory workers. It might turn into reality the old fantasy of the robot as a domestic servant. As the “eyes” of a robot system, it would prevent collisions of automobiles, trains, and vessels. Moreover, such a system might even drive a car. “You know,” Cynader says, “General Motors has bought three computer-vision companies in the last two or three years.” One of four Maritimers who made the short list for the spot Marc Garneau finally won on the U.S. space shuttle Challenger last year, Cynader, 38, says the space applications of the seeing machine would be limitless, and it’s not surprising that the Canadian firm, Spar Aerospace Ltd., has computer-vision systems.

Nor is it surprising that Spar Aerospace is one of the seven

corporations that — along with three foundations, the Medical Research Council of Canada, the Ontario government, and a bank — support the unabashedly elitist Canadian Institute for Advanced Research. Incorporated in 1981, the institute calls itself “a private non-profit corporation established to focus resources, both financial and intellectual, on new areas of research that are important to Canada’s future but difficult to carry out within other institutions.” One of these new areas is Artificial Intelligence and Robotics, and that’s where Cynader fits into the institute.

Cynader is one of only five Associates of its program of Artificial Intelligence and Robotics, and this distinction is a measure of his reputation as an authority on the visual systems of humans and animals. “In one sense we’re already there,” he says with respect to the seeing machine. “If the goal is simply to duplicate the rods and cones in the eye, well, we can do that.” Scientists could make an eye, “But it’s a long way from registering light to actually seeing.” Seeing is a matter of the brain’s recognizing objects in the messages from the eye, and distinguishing what’s interesting.

“We’re trying to devise computer systems to do this,” he explains. “We study the workings of the human and animal visual systems. We learn from the brain, and we feed this

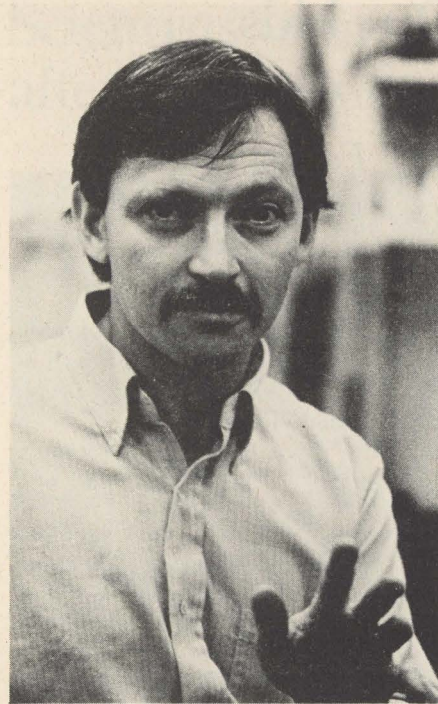
information into our computer-vision system. That's our strategy, and the unique contribution of this laboratory." But our own brains, Cynader adds, still process visual messages far better than "any other computer." The coming of the "fifth generation" of computers, perhaps as early as 1990 in Japan, excites scientists the world over, "but the visual systems of our brains are the product of *thousands* of generations."

Fascinating though all this may be, it is not Cynader's major research obsession. He is one of four scientists — three of them at Dal — to whom the Medical Research Council of Canada awarded a grant of no less than \$1.1 million to spend several years studying "neural mechanisms underlying strabismus and amblyopia." In laymen's terms, someone with strabismus is "cross-eyed," and someone with amblyopia has "lazy eye." Together, they afflict five million North Americans, some of whom suffer from both conditions. Cynader's senior colleagues in the investigation are Donald E. Mitchell of the psychology department; Michael Wilkinson, physiology and biophysics; and Franco Laporé, of the psychology department at the University of Montreal. At Dalhousie, the project also employs graduate students and postdoctoral fellows as research assistants.

Born in Berlin, Cynader earned his BSc at McGill and his PhD at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was a postdoctoral fellow in the department of neuroanatomy at the Max Planck Institute for Psychiatry, Munich, in 1972-73, and then joined Dalhousie's psychology department. He's been described as both a neuroscientist and a neurophysiologist, and in the popular press simply as a "brain scientist."

"Psychology has changed a lot," he says. "We're strong in the basic sciences now. It started out as a study of the mind, but to understand the workings of the mind we must understand the workings of the brain." Neuroscience therefore involves biochemistry, molecular biology, physiology, pharmacology, and anatomy; and Cynader's research engages chemists, engineers, anatomists and, among others, computer scientists.

The research, he says, "mostly consists of developmental studies of reduced vision To understand how visual mechanisms fail, we've been



So far as seeing goes, "We're terrific" (David Nichols photo)

studying how they work. In terms of development, it's a matter of knowing what happens when an organism has visual problems early in life Working with animals, mostly kittens, the research team has found that "if you have a visual problem early in life, it can stay with you all your life."

You cannot see unless your eyes and brain are working together. Light the eye receives activates the optic nerve, which sends a signal to the appropriate section of the brain. The carrier of the message is a kind of biological telegraph system, a series of bio-chemical shunts and relays that conveys the information across the gaps between cells to the part of the brain that processes it. But a loose connection between the eye and the brain at an early age can permanently damage the telegraph system.

If, for instance, a child is born with one far-sighted eye, and if this condition remains uncorrected for a year or two, the eye loses its "connections" to the central nervous system of the brain. "It's talking," Cynader says, "but no one's listening." In time, the eye wanders. The child becomes cross-eyed or wall eyed, often for life.

The problem is no longer in the eye itself. Even if the eye were optically perfect, Cynader explains, "You still couldn't see properly, because the trou-

ble is in the *brain*. The other eye has taken over those connections, and one thing we're working on is how to get the connections back." If Cynader and his colleagues can discover ways to re-establish these lost neural pathways in the brains of adults, the benefits for millions of visually impaired people will be incalculable.

Central to the search is the study of the brains of living animals. "We can record directly from the brains of animals," he says. "We can go into the brain and measure the electrical responses of a single cell in the visual cortex. We have found out how a part of the visual cortex is connected to the eye, and we can actually hear a cell in the brain. We could amplify it, and you could hear it on a home stereo, if you like."

But Cynader is exploring not only the neural mechanisms that underlie reduced vision but also the chemistry of Alzheimer's disease, which claims as many as 120,000 lives a year in the United States and close to 10,000 in Canada. The affliction stems from a breakdown in the brain's communications network.

"The brain runs on electricity," Cynader says, "but chemicals also play a role." The brain contains up to 30 neurotransmitters, chemicals that carry messages across the gaps between nerve cells. When a message arrives at a cell, other chemicals receive it, firing an electrical reaction. Messages skip from neuron to neuron till they reach the appropriate part of the brain. But victims of Alzheimer's disease suffer a critical shortage of one neurotransmitter. It's called acetylcholine.

"Attempts to increase the level of acetylcholine in the brain haven't met with much success," *Dal News* recently reported. "Cynader's research team is attempting the opposite approach, reorganizing the brain to increase the level of acetylcholine receptors. It's the equivalent of hooking a larger antenna to a television set to haul in a weak broadcast signal." The research is sufficiently promising that Suncor Inc. of Toronto, a major oil company, recently contributed \$10,000 to support it.

It won't lead to a cure for Alzheimer's disease but it might prolong for several years the normal functioning of its victims' brains. If it does, then they, too, along with millions of sufferers of strabismus and amblyopia, will owe a lot to a Dalhousie "brain scientist" named Max Cynader. □

Enough of *Dallas*! Our kids need shows to call their own

And Doug Myers of Continuing Education has joined a national movement to see that they get it

When Canadian youngsters get home from school, Douglas Myers insists, they deserve better television than *Dallas* re-runs. Myers is a personable 49-year-old who heads policy development in Continuing Education at Dal, and he recently joined the crusade for Young Canada Television. That's a proposal for a new national channel with programs aimed at two-year-olds, 24-year-olds, and everyone in between. Myers is on its board.

He says the arrival of cable TV has meant plenty of channels but little variety. All those channels only bring us more of the same, old fare: power, guns, cars. What the young people of Canada need, he feels, is a first-rate TV service with an assortment of prime-time programs and plenty of Canadian content. He knows it's easy to sound preachy about what kids *should* watch, but thinks Young Canada Television (YCT) will squelch any such tendency in itself. For one thing, its board

includes people in the very age group the network would serve.

He believes YCT is "the most interesting idea in public broadcasting. The whole notion is quite brilliant." It was the National Film Board that dreamed it up but now, commendably, the board "has severed its control of this child it parented." If YCT gets the go-ahead from the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission, to which it applied last April, here's how it would work:

It would be a non-profit service, offering programs in English and French. It would have its own board, and would serve as a clearing house for Canadian talent. In this respect, Myers says, "It would shift entrepreneurial spirit to the creative side." Start-up financing would include a \$5-million bank loan. Consumers would foot the rest of the bill by paying an extra dollar on top of their regular cable-TV fee. Youth Canada Television would simply be a new

channel on cable, and its promoters say it would be self-sustaining.

But Roger Price is skeptical on this point. A respected producer of children's television shows, he says, "The CBC already costs \$1.6 million to run. TV for youth and children isn't going to cost substantially less."

YCT would offer about 15 hours of programming a day, though Myers argues that "four hours of terrific programming" would be better than 18 hours of sludge. The network might offer stuff for preschoolers; a magazine-style show with a young man and woman as hosts; an information program covering everything from nature to the arts; and an itinerant, late-night talk-show, coming from different parts of Canada. The network would buy not only Canadian shows but also good foreign programs.

Myers concedes that some young people may be skeptical about the network. His own three children are grown up, but he's been through the Saturday-morning cartoon rut. He admits to liking some "schlock" himself, and to an addiction for pro basketball coverage. "It's easy to say kids should be coming home to watch *National Geographic*," he says. But most won't. They'd rather see *The A-Team*, despite its "pathetically thin characterizations." So a YCT drama should combine the fast-paced action that young people want with some depth in characters. Cassie Hallett agrees that everyone "wants to be entertained. Young people should have good-quality — but glitzy — programming."

Hallett, a Halifax high-school student, is one of eight young people on the YCT board, and she says the service listens to them. In June, the board had acknowledged that they'd come up with "the best ideas of the meeting." With respect to the contributions of youth to the programming proposals of YCT, Myers says, "This was not just designed in some sociologist's head."

Roger Price, however, is not sure YCT is really thinking about its audience. He's made children's shows for CTV, BBC, and the successful U.S. youth network, Nickelodeon. Indeed, he produces Nickelodeon's top show, *You Can't Do That on Television*. The trick, he says, is "to make children's programs that children will choose to watch . . . You can't just make shows with pie-in-the-sky ideals about Cana-



Directors Myers, Hallett discuss "brilliant notion" (Carlos photo)

dian unity, or indoctrinating kids with culture. You have to be on the side of the child."

Price, who works out of Toronto and Ottawa, doubts whether YCT is getting sincere answers from the youngsters it consults: "They've talked to upwardly motivated children who tend to give the answers adults want them to give." To learn what children really think about programming, Price gets psychologists to interview them.

Nickelodeon has made successful use of "pro-social programming." Myers dislike the phrase, likes the idea. Pro-social programming is an attempt to eliminate stereotypes on TV, reflect the realities of both ethnic diversity and gender distribution, and offer solutions to social problems. Nickelodeon comes up with pro-social programs that entertain, stimulate, teach; and Myers says they're a good example for Young Canada Television.

YCT now has an office in Ottawa, the singer Ann Mortifee as president, and former federal cabinet minister Francis Fox as chairman. In September, however, Myers said it still faced "a real fight on three fronts." First, it had not yet got a licence from the CRTC. Second, it had not yet won the support of the Tories' task force on broadcasting. Third, it had not yet sold the YCT idea to Anglophone cable-TV operators. Francophone operators appeared willing, but the Anglophone ones felt they'd make little money on it, and that they can't add a new channel without dropping an old one. Myers says they can.

It's been nearly two years since the CRTC asked for applications for a youth network. Several groups responded, including the CBC and the National Film Board. Last February, the NFB asked Myers to help organize a symposium to discuss the creation of a youth channel. It seemed the right sort of preoccupation for Continuing Education. As Myers says, "This is the place to raise issues." If he first got involved in YCT simply as an interested academic, he soon became a crusader.

"I'm now in it in a much more partisan way," he says. "I've lost my purity." A youth network, he adds, may not be "the savior of our civilization." But when you're talking about cultural independence, the idea behind Young Canada Television is certainly at the heart of the matter. —Roma Senn

Scientists name huge volcano after Dalhousie geologist



Dr. Marcos Zentilli, chairman of geology, recently learned that down in his homeland, Chile, scientists have named a huge, sleeping volcano "Mount Zentilli." They were thinking of him (Carlos photo)

Geologically speaking, it's a young volcano. It's fewer than a million years old, and it's been quiet for a long time. But roughly 900,000 years ago, this 6,000-metre-high giant was spewing and shaking, belching streams of lava, spitting out the earth's fiery insides. It's in the southern Andes, on the border between Chile and Argentina; and until recently the world knew it only by measures of latitude and longitude. Now, however, it is "Volcan Zentilli," a title that guarantees the name of the chairman of Dalhousie's geology department will survive indefinitely on maps of the Andes mountains.

It was almost by accident that Marcos Zentilli discovered his name would go down in history as a volcano. He was glancing through the *Journal of Tectonophysics* when "Volcan Zentilli" jumped out at him.

Sitting in his sunlit office under poster-sized photos of volcanoes, the Chilean-born geologist is modest about his new-found distinction. "It was a

complete surprise to me," he says quietly, a smile sneaking across his tanned face. "I opened the journal and said, 'This is a mistake. It must be a typographical error. I'll have to correct it.'"

But the name was no mistake. More than a decade ago, while earning his PhD at Queen's University, Zentilli had studied the area of the mountain; and now a group of British and Chilean geologists chose to honor him in a way more lasting than any banquet, plaque or trophy.

Knowing that in the country of his birth his name will outlast his life, Zentilli discusses "Volcan Zentilli" with just a hint of pride in his voice. The truth is, however, he'd far rather talk about the intriguing riddles of the entire southern Andes range.

The Zentilli volcano is part of a chain that stretches along much of South America's west coast. It boasts at least 40 active volcanoes. What fascinates geologists is that — just at *Ojos del Salado*,

which Zentilli says is the world's highest active volcano — there's a mystifying break in the range. The mountains cease for 500 kilometres, then start again, and run right down to the tip of Chile.

Zentilli has long been trying to test a geological connection between that gap and volcanic islands that pop out of the Pacific thousands of kilometres due west of Chile. He believes shifting plates on the earth's crust, both underwater and continental, have helped determine the topography of that part of the world. Since the shifting and sliding continue, so does Zentilli's research.

It was that same chain of volcanoes that the researchers who named "Volcan Zentilli" were examining. "They're all trying to put together a credible story of what's been going on there for the last ten million years," Zentilli says. For him, volcanoes are more than an academic adventure. They are a magnificent obsession. They lure him back to Chile again and again. He was there last year, and he'll be back this November. Loaded with scientific gear, water, food, fuel and tents, Zentilli and his colleagues trudge upward to a territory of little oxygen and extreme cold.

"You're short of breath, and you can't sleep," he says. "You get headaches, too. The lack of oxygen has funny effects on your ability to think. It seems the brain slows down." Smiling, he adds, "I think we're a little bit crazy. But there's a fascination. You often climb an area that no one has ever climbed before. It gives you a feeling of elation just to be there. Everything you see is worth recording. It's so clear that the earth is *alive*."

Zentilli's quest to discover what rumbled and rolled beneath the earth's surface millions of years ago, and what still shakes and simmers beneath our feet, continues to thrill him. But he does not forget the dark side of volcanoes. "They're beautiful," he says, "but so dangerous and so monstrous. They put us in our place. There's nothing we can do to stop them. They command respect." — June Davidson

Report on funds ready

Alumni and friends who have not received the 1984 *Development Funds Report* may do so by phoning or writing to Dalhousie Development, Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia B3H 3J5. (902) 424-8801



MacDonald takes over PR

Journalist-broadcaster Marilyn (Davies) MacDonald (MA '65) has succeeded Richard Bowman as Dalhousie's director of public relations. Bowman left in late August to accept a post at Queen's University. "She knows Dalhousie well," President W. Andrew MacKay said with respect to MacDonald's appointment. "She is highly regarded in the province for her contributions to the media and the wider community."

MacDonald was the first managing editor of *Atlantic Insight*, and for four years its editor. After resigning from the magazine in the Spring of '84 she joined Dal's Development Office, where she helped co-ordinate the launching of the Campaign for Dalhousie.

Born in New Waterford, MacDonald moved to Halifax with her family in her childhood. She attended Tower Road and Queen Elizabeth High schools, and earned her first-class honors BA in English at Dal, winning the University Medal in English. Her MA was also in English.

She worked briefly for the Halifax Herald Ltd. as a staff reporter, then joined the CBC as a researcher for public affairs and documentary programs. She was later host of CBC TV's evening talk-show, *Gazette*, and host-interviewer on her own daytime TV program about current affairs. MacDonald has appeared on countless radio and television shows on the CBC's regional and national networks, and has written and edited radio and TV documentaries.

She was the first woman president of the Dalhousie Alumni Association.

She's a governor of the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia; a lay member of the Bar Council of the Nova Scotia Barristers' Society; and a director of the Waterfront Development Corporation and Halifax, Maritime Broadcasting Co. Ltd. □

Four women get LLDs

As a highlight of the year-long celebrations of the 100th anniversary of Dalhousie's first granting a degree to a woman, the university awarded honorary degrees to four women during the Centennial Day Convocation, October 19. They were ophthalmologist Anna Creighton Laing; diplomat Jean Caselman Wadds, novelist and professor Margaret A. Doody; and astronaut Kathryn D. Sullivan. All but Wadds had graduated from Dalhousie.

She earned her BA from the University of Toronto, served as MP for Grenville-Dundas in eastern Ontario following the elections of 1958, '62, and '65, and as national secretary of the Progressive Conservatives from 1971 to 1975. Canada named her High Commissioner to the United Kingdom in 1979, and in 1982 she became an officer in the Order of Canada.

Sullivan, a Californian by birth, received her PhD in Geology from Dalhousie in 1978, shortly after the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration chose her as an astronaut candidate. In the fall of 1984, during a flight of the space shuttle Challenger, she became the first American woman ever to walk in space.

Margaret Doody, a New Brunswicker, got her BA at Dalhousie in 1960, and graduate degrees at Oxford in the 1960s. In 1980, she became the first woman Princeton University had ever named a full professor of English. She also wrote the successful novels *The Alchemist* and *Aristotle Detective*.

Laing earned her MD, CM from Dalhousie in 1922. She served as ophthalmologist at New York hospitals; worked for several years in the eye department of Eastman Kodak, Rochester, N.Y.; taught clinical ophthalmology at Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester; and was later on the staff of the Brunswick Hospital Medical Centre, Amityville, N.Y. □

The "railroader's son" has come a long way

Dr. J. Donald Hatcher recently quit as dean of the medical school, but he's not leaving Dal. He says, "I look forward to a shift in career," and in his new capacity he may profoundly influence Dalhousie's links with private industry

The dean of medicine at the University of Western Ontario felt first-year medical student James Donald Hatcher should quit wasting the school's time. Hatcher had skipped classes, and bungled his Christmas exams. The dean handed him a blue slip, Western's way of asking him to get out of medicine. Hatcher, however, knew something about himself that Western didn't. Throughout his adolescence and young manhood he'd endured a rare disease called "Stevens-Johnson syndrome." It had afflicted him with septic lesions and high fevers, and he had sat one exam at Western with a temperature of 104.

Knowing the cause of his academic crisis was neither indolence nor inability, young Hatcher stoutly informed the dean, "I'll not leave medical school until I fail my final exams." He not only won his point but miraculously shed the disease. It had killed some of its victims, but Hatcher never again suffered an attack of Stevens-Johnson syndrome. He'd probably outgrown it. But more than 40 years later — long after he'd reached a pinnacle of academic medicine as head of Dalhousie Medical School — Hatcher still liked to suggest that "the dean shocked me out of it."

He also enjoyed telling how his affliction had helped launch a friend's career as a specialist in otolaryngology (the study of diseases of the ear and larynx). During hospital rounds by young residents, an intimidating professor asked for an opinion about an unusual case. The friend, having witnessed one of Hatcher's attacks, astonished the professor by confidently asserting, "Clearly, a case of Stevens-Johnson syndrome. I recommend you include Vitamine B complex with the usual treatment."

Hatcher's nine-year term as Dal's dean of medicine ended last summer.



He had fought for the medical school and for medical research with the same grit and zeal that, a generation earlier, had enabled him to refuse to take "no" for an answer from an authoritarian dean at Western.

There's a story about this toughness. Hatcher's health took a sharp turn downwards about three years ago. Perhaps too many years of smoking had taken their toll. He had emphysema. Then pneumonia struck. Meanwhile, a shortage of government funds had led to increasingly hot discussions among faculty members and Dalhousie's senior administrators. During one argument, a colleague of Hatcher's turned to another, and said, "Man, the dean's in hospital, but he's fighting harder for you on his back than anyone else on his feet."

It was his character as much as his ability that Queen's University recognized last May when it awarded him an honorary degree. The citation called him a tireless champion of quality in research and teaching, a loyal and cha-

ismatic colleague, a builder of excellence. Reporting to Dalhousie's governors as he turned over the deanship of the medical school to one of his own faculty, Dr. T.J. Murray, Hatcher himself revealed both his priorities and his loyalties:

"The faculty of medicine is a vital organism with special ethical and moral mandates, now enshrined in social legislation Many of our academic policies . . . must be made in the light of patients and their needs. For academic decisions must always be second to the needs of the sick and injured. But more than this, the faculty is a vital organism because it has a reasoned vision of what it is and can be, bred into it by those who have preceded us and with whom there is an unrelenting will to keep faith."

Hatcher, 62, was born in the railway town of St. Thomas, Ont., and raised in what he calls "the era of the lively whistle of the steam engine and the romantic beat of well-timed pistons. I was a railroader's son. At first, my father was a fireman, and he shoveled tons of coal on runs to Windsor and Buffalo. He said no son of his was going to shovel all that coal, and he'd tell me to get upstairs and study."

But Hatcher says the strongest influence on his career — apart from Helen, his wife for 39 years — was his mother. She had high standards of behavior and achievement. She was musical, artistic, and a lover of books who remembered almost everything she ever read. "Then there were my teachers in St. Thomas, a fine group of human beings who had no other ambition but to do their best for us. There was a remarkable outpouring of scholarships from that working town. In my graduating class of 30 or 40 students in 1941, there were several future doctors, lawyers, professors of music, pharmacology and mathematics, a vice-president of Standard Oil

and another of IBM, a dean of medicine, and teachers. We call ourselves 'The St. Thomas Mafia.'"

Hatcher, whose first term at Western was so dismal, earned both his MD and entry into the Medical Honor Society in 1946. Five years later he got his PhD in physiology. His career has always veered toward research. He won a string of scholarships and associateships to study the physiology of the circulatory system, and as early as 1952, when he was still only 29, won a Markle Scholarship in Medical Science. He was then an instructor at Boston University School of Medicine, but promptly returned to Canada to become assistant professor of physiology and a researcher at Queen's. By 1959 he was a full professor of physiology; by 1962 he was head of the department; by 1968 he was also associate dean of medicine.

When he arrived at Dalhousie in '76 he soon discovered that no medical school in Canada faced more formidable administrative challenges. For this medical school serves three provinces, and that means dealing not just with three governments but also with three sets of bureaucracies to run education, health and social services. "Serving three provinces is a rare responsibility," Hatcher says. "It multiplies at least threefold the complexity of the administrative problems with government. Therein lies the potential for frustration. That's also where the work lies."

Government funding was a particularly knotty problem. Dalhousie trains about 350 residents and interns each year, and it costs as much to train each one of them as it does to teach a medical student. But government grants covered only half the cost of training the residents and interns. This drained a purse that was already thin. In a trenchant submission to Nova Scotia's Royal Commission on Post Secondary Education last year, Hatcher urged a solution to the school's crippling shortage of funds (a situation that has since been somewhat corrected), and he spoke dramatically: "There is no substitute for the truth. There is no defence against the truth. The truth is disarming."

Asked recently if he'd applied this belief as dean of medicine, he said, "As far as I know, yes. If you put patients first, students next, and then academic matters, and tell the truth, you don't get into a lot of trouble A problem

with that is, truth can be relative, and it depends on information. Sometimes the information is imperfect."

The pursuit of new knowledge has governed Hatcher's life, and in his job at the medical school he stressed research as the key to better medicine and better medical education. Where he'd come from southern Ontario, "regional disparity" had little real meaning; but he quickly recognized its insidious effect on research at the Maritimes' only medical school. Money, experts and equipment tend to attract more money, experts and equipment, and Dalhousie lacked drawing cards. When Hatcher arrived in '76, the medical school's research grants totaled only about \$2 million a year. It's a measure of his effectiveness that that figure has now risen to nearly \$9 million.

Moreover, he launched a foundation to raise funds for medical research at Dalhousie. "Mine was not a unique idea," he says. "It was an idea whose time had come. It wasn't hard to get enthusiastic support from others. I enjoyed giving them the right nutrition to get them started, and they carried on." Indeed they did. The medical-research foundation, headed by William Sobey of the Sobey business dynasty in Pictou County, has raised \$7.4 million of its \$10-million target.

Though Hatcher has left the medical school, he has not left Dalhousie. In August the school announced, "He now embarks enthusiastically on another venture He hopes to steer into industry some of the inventions and developments made at Dalhousie, and to this end he proposes to work with Dr. Robert Fournier, associate vice-president, research, in the area of Research and Technology Transfer Scientists and the university will be enabled to play profitable roles in a technological age They will be helped through the legal labyrinths of patent rights to put their inventions on the production line and in the market place."

Meanwhile, Hatcher's colleagues on the medical faculty have set up a fund to provide an annual award to the medical student who completes the best research project. For a doctor whose heart has never been far from research, there could hardly be a more suitable tribute than the J.D. Hatcher Research Prize.

— Research by Barbara Hinds

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Fire scalps law building. Life goes on. Classes, too

Little more than two weeks after a spectacular early-morning fire wrecked the entire fifth floor of the 19-year-old Weldon Law Building, the law school was back in action. The fire broke out around 7 a.m. on August 16, and it not only destroyed the library on the top floor but also caused severe water and smoke damage to lower floors.

By early September, however, administrative staff and most faculty had moved to the fourth floor of the Killam Library. It was also serving as a temporary home for the books rescued from the rubble, and for those that publishers rushed to Dal-housie so the law school could maintain a core collection.

Classes normally held in the Weldon Law Building met at the Student Union Building, Institute of Public Affairs, and other spots on campus. The Weldon building, now four storeys high rather than five, was expected to reopen for business around Christmas.

The university's speedy adjustment to the mess inspired Innis Christie, the new dean of the 102-year-old law school, to predict that although the fire had certainly caused inconvenience, "We're going to have a very satisfactory year." University librarian Bill Birdsall, he said, had treated the law school generously, and "hasn't made us feel like unwanted tenants."

Cause of the fire was apparently a lightning strike, followed by an electrical malfunction. Cleaning staff called the fire department, which took only about two minutes to reach the building. The flames were out within 90 minutes, but the

building smoldered for hours. Airborne debris floated as far south as Hollis Street.

Roughly 300 volunteers, working in darkness, smoke, and ankle-deep water, moved 90,000 books from the fourth and third floors of the Weldon building to the Studley Gym, Howe Hall, and the basement of St. Andrew's church. Perhaps 20,000 of the books suffered severe water damage, and to prevent mold the university quickly shipped them to Associated Freezers in Dartmouth where they were frozen. Staff and volunteers aired out tens of thousands of books on tables, and as the fall term began the cleaning, cataloguing and reshelving of books was well under way. The school's collection of 3,000 rare and ancient books, housed on the fourth floor, escaped serious damage; and although the library's card catalogue was lost, the salvaging of the shelf list meant staff could make a new one.

Meanwhile, Dal called in Document Reprocessors of San Francisco to begin the professional restoration of the frozen books. Run by an enthusiastic, husband-and-wife team Eric and Muriel Lundquist, the firm boasts a unique drying chamber, mounted on a 45-foot-long truck. Since 1979, when Eric Lundquist perfected his drying method, they've dried more than 200,000 books and 100 million documents. The 17-day process leaves books drier than when they were first published. To assist the Lundquists a crew of 45 from Kelly Services Ltd., Halifax, started work only a few days after the smoke had dispersed. Eric Lundquist said the job was the

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biggest North American library-restoration project in several years.

Dr. Fred Matthews, a retired library-school professor acted as restoration coordinator, working with the Lundquists. To sort and reshelve the books they planned to use a hand-held computer (donated by a Dartmouth Radio Shack), connected to Dal's Cyber computer. The system would help reshelve the books in order, by call number, and would determine the placement of books even to the inch.

Dean Christie said that if it hadn't been for the devotion and quick thinking of law librarian Christian Wiktor, the school might well have lost many more books than it did. Wiktor, he said "had physical-plant staff cover books and faculty desks with plastic sheets before the water came through the ceiling." Wiktor was grateful to Halifax firemen for having covered as much as they could, but there just hadn't been enough tarpaulins to cover everything that needed to be covered.

Christie praised everyone who helped

the law school during its crisis, but said, "My heroes are the law library staff and the phone company." He'd never seen phones installed so fast. Early in September Wiktor was still putting in 14-hour days, and talking proudly about his staff. They, too, had put in long hours and weekend work to get a core library established in time for classes.

But despite all these efforts, some professors lost irreplaceable research, and six or seven students lost thesis material. Moreover, generous offers of books and money, and insurance, won't cover the entire cost of rebuilding. By mid-September John Graham, assistant vice-president for university services, still could not put a price tag on the damage.

Almost before the fire was out, the fact that the building had no sprinkler, heat or smoke detection systems aroused controversy. "That fire was heating and cooking for hours before we got there," fire chief Donald Swan complained. "There was no sprinkler system. Even if they had heat or smoke detectors, that

would have tipped us off. But there was nothing . . ." Many librarians suspect a sprinkler system poses a greater threat to a book collection than fires do, but Christie and Wiktor now say they'll consider one. Moreover, President W. Andrew MacKay says the university will review all its fire-protection systems.

Christie sees the fire as "a mixed tragedy," and Wiktor agrees. They lament the destruction but feel the law library will be better off in the long run. Before the fire, shelves were so overburdened they required special reinforcements. Aisles were narrow, study space cramped. Shredded curtains and worn carpets made the place shabby. Built for 300 students, the law school now coped with 450, and their requirements were pushing the library well beyond its limits.

Now the school will get the library it needs. The books will stay in the Killam while the university builds a new annex-library for the Weldon building. That'll take about two years.

—Research by Stuart Watson

Forrest Building gets new look, new life

Ninety-eight years after the ailing Sir William Young placed his silver trowel upon the gray, granite cornerstone of the Forrest Building and pronounced the stone "well and truly laid," another ceremony occurred on the site. This time, on Oct. 18, 1985, the university rededicated the historic structure as the new home for the Schools of Nursing, Occupational Therapy, and Physiotherapy. Renovations to the building, which cost \$3,250,000 million, deftly meet some of the needs of the schools for the health professions in the Computer Age while, at the same time, they preserve some of the architectural character that excited students and faculty in the Victorian Age.

For the Forrest Building once housed the entire university. All by itself, it was that beloved cliché, "the little red, brick college by the sea." In 1887, when Young laid the cornerstone, Dalhousie had only about 250 alumni. (It now boasts more than 50,000.) Students in the only faculties there were, Arts and Law, amounted to fewer than 300. But on April 27, 1887, more than 2,000 peo-



The restoration marries function to tradition (Carlos photo)

ple showed up to watch Young wield his trowel. It pleased the *Gazette* that, "The fair sex of the City of Halifax were not wanting to contribute by their presence, grace and dignity, to an occasion so illustrious. Seldom indeed, has it

been our privilege to behold such an interesting assemblage, representing so fully the beautiful, the wealthy, and the cultured of our country."

The ceremony went swimmingly. Tuesday, the 26th, had been stormy but, the *Gazette* exulted, "Wednesday dawned as lovely a day as one could possibly desire." Inside the stone, in "an airtight leaden box," were copies of local newspapers and "a complete set of the copper coinage of Nova Scotia, including all the thistle and mayflower issues, the broken half-penny, etc." The box contained a whole lot of other coins, "a card of invitation to the alumni dinner," and postage stamps "collected by Master Forrest (son of Principal Forrest)." Sometimes known as "Lord John," the Rev. John Forrest was the third president of Dalhousie. He ran the place from 1885 to 1911.

On the day of the laying of the cornerstone for the building that would bear his name, benefactor Sir William Young was so ill that Forrest had to deliver his speech. It concluded, "I regret that my advanced years and failing strength prevent my doing justice to

UP FRONT ON CAMPUS

a theme which fills my heart." The theme was the future of Dalhousie. Young died 11 days later.

Among those who attended the ceremony were three geezers who'd actually witnessed the laying of the cornerstone for the first Dalhousie building, 67 years earlier. In 1820, when Queen Victoria had been a babe of one, Dalhousie had arisen on the site of what's now Halifax City Hall in the Grand Parade. By 1887, however, the original building was not only too cramped for Dalhousie but also too smelly. "Ugh! those musty old walls that left a stain on the clothes of the followers of Minerva," the *Gazette* complained. "The strong savour of ancient days that pervaded the entire building."

The university gave the Grand Parade property to the city in exchange for \$25,000, plus the site on Carleton Street for the new Dalhousie. By contrast with the old Dalhousie, the Forrest Building was paradise. "An air of comfort breathes through each handsome room of our new home," the *Gazette* said, "and might inspire with some degree of ambition the most unwilling student With regard to the new site, we understand that even its most bitter opposers are reconciled to the selection by the superior advantage of its central position."

Almost a century later, however, the university felt about the Forrest Building the way the *Gazette* had once felt about the building on the Grand Parade. It was a house of ghosts, memories, dust and decrepitude. It was a campus joke. Restoration work began two summers ago, and even before it was finished the schools for the health professions were moving in. In September, 1984, Barbara O'Shea, director of the School of Occupational Therapy laughed nervously over the phone, "I can only talk to you for a second because I'm told a rock could come crashing through the ceiling." A crane outside her window was lowering concrete blocks from the building's tower. The sounds of hammering and sawing still echoed in the corridors, and the smell of varnish and fresh paint was everywhere.

O'Shea arrived at Dalhousie from Queen's University in 1981 to start the School of Occupational Therapy. "Initially, it was just me and a secretary on the tenth floor of the Tupper Build-



All by itself, it was once "the little red brick college by the sea" (Carlos photo)

ing. Then when the students came we got some former storage space in the Dental Building. We were the first school to move in here. That was in July of '84, and we had full classes all last winter." The school, with six full-time faculty, accepts 25 students per year.

O'Shea feels having the health professions in one building encourages "a bit of collaboration. The students can interact with their colleagues in other fields. You get some informal networking." Physiotherapy is just glad to have a permanent home at long last. The school opened in 1963, with two faculty, a part-time director, and 16 students in a two-year diploma program. In those days, it was in a small, gray building where the provincial archives now stand, but some classes were at Camp Hill Hospital, others in the increasingly seedy Forrest Building, and still others in the Medical Research Building. Throughout the '70s and early '80s, Physiotherapy was in the Tupper Building, but as it grew it also took over space in the Central Services Building.

"This then is something we've wanted for many, many years," says Kenneth Hill of Physiotherapy's faculty. "It's designed for our needs, and puts all our components in one place. We've finally got to the position where we should be, with teaching and research together." The school now accepts 36 students a year, and has seven full-time faculty.

With a student body of 550 "full-time equivalents" (a term that includes full-time and part-time students) and staff of 31 full-time equivalents, Nursing is by far the biggest of the three schools. It, too, has a history of bouncing around the campus. It moved out of the Forrest Building in the '70s, and for years occupied "the green house" and the old Philae Temple on College Street. "I was stuck in the green house," says director Phyllis Stern, "and unless I put on my snowboots I never got to see a student."

She says it's good to have the whole school in one building, the new labs are excellent, and full-time faculty now have individual offices. Still, the Forrest Building is not perfect. Faculty in all three schools complain that their offices are puny, and Stern says, "We had two classrooms in the Philae Temple, but we have none here. We've got to go through the university to get classroom space. Classrooms, for us, are a real problem."

O'Shea feels that architects — notably R.W. Willwerth of Duffus, Romans, Kundzins, Rounsefell Ltd. — did an excellent job of "maintaining as much of the older atmosphere as they could without sacrificing function." Corridors, stairs and walls are a pleasing blend of brick and wood, and gray, pink and rose paint. Brass fittings, original wainscot, and ornate bannisters and newel posts complete an effect that would doubtless please "Lord John" Forrest himself. □



What does Dal owe to Castine, Maine?

Its birth, that's all. When the British grabbed Castine in The War of 1812 they sucked enough money out of it to enable Lord Dalhousie to give Dal its first government grant. Now, 170 years later, this charming seaside village, drenched in bloody history, might welcome a gesture on our part

By Douglas How

Photos, courtesy of the Castine Patriot

Castine, Maine, is a monument to the flexibilities of time: a beautiful, tranquil and tiny community with a complex history of violence brooding among its stately homes and stately elms. During two centuries it changed hands nine times. It has flown the French, British, Dutch and American flags. It has resounded frequently to the butcheries of force, successful and unsuccessful, at least once to the murderous cries of marauding Mohawk Indians. It saw, in the American Revolution, what has been called the greatest naval debacle up to Pearl Harbor, 162 years later. It has built probably 16 fortifications, and the remnants of five of them still stand.

Moreover, Castine has more than its share of links with Canada's own history. Names familiar to any student of the Maritimes' past, from Samuel de Champlain on, are relevant here too. It was for many years at the fringe of what was considered Acadia, in an area between the St. Croix and Kennebec rivers long contested between Britain and France, later between Britain and New England. "For a century and a half," D.C. Harvey wrote in a 1929 issue of *The Dalhousie Review*, "this area knew less of peace and more of concentrated commercial (British-French) rivalry than any other part of New England or Acadia."

That was after New Brunswick's St. Andrews was founded by Loyalists who left here in 1783 when it became obvious that Castine, where they had taken refuge during the Revolution, would be American, not British. And in 1815, just 170 years ago this year, a British force sailed away with the spoils of yet another war, spoils that launched what is now Dalhousie University.

That is Dal's own curious Castine connection. It stems from the fact that the British, again at war with the United States, occupied Castine for nearly eight months in 1814-15; and, while there, took in some £11,500 in customs duties. When the War of 1812 ended, they took the money back to Halifax. In due course, a far-sighted Scot, the Rt. Hon. George Ramsay, Ninth Earl of Dalhousie, proposed to London, as Lieutenant-Governor, that the money be used to establish "a seminary similar to that of the University of Edinburgh." On May 20, 1820, amidst splendid ceremony on the site of today's city hall, he laid the cornerstone for the first building of a college that bore his name.

There was just one college in Nova Scotia then — King's at Windsor — and it educated only Anglicans. Lord Dalhousie dedicated this new institution to "all who profess the Christian

religion," and he said it promised "incalculable advantages." He also urged that "no jealousy disturb its peace . . . no lukewarm indifference check its growth." As things turned out, jealousy and indifference did both. It would be 1838 before Dal held its first classes and even then there were more troubles ahead.

But the Castine connection remains. It was those customs duties, or most of them, that got Dal off the ground.

Phil Perkins knows this and other Castine history as few people do. When I ask for a guide steeped in local history, he is the one suggested. There have been Perkins' here for a long time. The house built by Phil's ancestor John more than two centuries ago is now a showplace, beautifully restored, next to one of two museums. Phil himself taught school in Connecticut for 20 years, then came home to renew and cherish these ties. A genial bachelor in his 70s, he looks after the cemetery on a quiet knoll, rummages through the past like a boy through the present. When we meet, he grins a warning that "I'll talk your ears off," and for more than five hours he does. Then he hustles off to talk to a tourist who says he is a descendant of the French Baron de St. Castine, who dominated the Castine scene for years and gave it the last of its four names. Things like this, Perkins chuckles, happen all the time.

It is a trim, clean, fascinating town he introduces me to. Mary McCarthy, the novelist, critic and essayist, has summered here for years, and she once called it "perfect and unreal." To be here, she added, "isn't like being in America." To walk the streets is to sense what she meant. You begin to suspect that Currier and Ives are around somewhere, sketching, and when you are told that the whole community is on the national register of historic places you are not surprised.

It perches on a peninsula 36 miles south of Bangor, along a serrated Maine coast that looks out on 3,000 islands. Its military past is explained by its strategic position: at the place where the Penobscot and Bagaduce rivers join Penobscot Bay, an inlet of the Atlantic. Castine has a stunning number of handsome white houses with black shutters. In the last century, when it built ships, traded widely, and was a salt depot for fishing schooners, scores, even hundreds, of vessels often sat in the harbor at the foot of Castine's modest hill. In this heyday

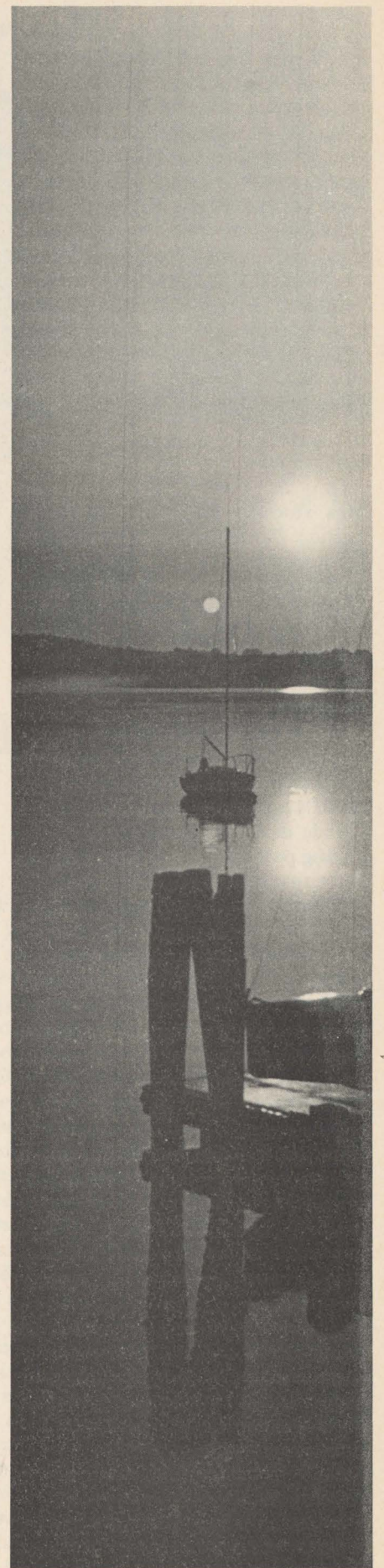
it ranked second among American communities in per-capita wealth, and there is still a lot of wealth around.

People come here to retire; the last time Phil Pekins counted there were 57 people living alone in big houses, most of them widows. The town has a graceful common a nine-hole golf course, a yacht club, a hospital, four churches, one of which, the Unitarian, occupies a striking edifice built in 1790 as a town meeting house. In summer, Castine is a mecca for tourists and sailing boats. In its imposing serenity, the closest approach to the conflicts that dogged its past was a controversy over whether faculty at its economic pillar, the Maine Maritime Academy, should be allowed to wear beards. The beards won. If you add the 600 odd students, in training to become seagoing officers, to the local population it comes to perhaps 1,300. Not a very big place to be what Phil Perkins calls, in one of his more lofty moments, "a microcosm of world history."

By chance, my wife and I put up at the Pentaget Inn, as comfortable as an old shoe, during one of those enacted murder mysteries. Several people are "slain" before the culprit is identified. Jean and I are busy with our own activities but we do get involved with the participants, and a surprising number of associations with Dal emerge among both the actors and the guests who are paying to try to unravel what they are up to.

Ayme Ames, director of the local theatre group called Cold Comfort Productions, Inc., introduces her son Matthew who hopes to enroll for post-graduate studies at Dal this fall. John Cook who has come down from Saint John, N.B., finds it strange that, only recently — while in Halifax for his son's graduation and the 30th anniversary of his own — he saw a campus marker commemorating the Castine link. Marjorie Babcock, president of Cold Comfort — and, as it turns out, the "murderer" — says her husband had two cousins who went to Dal. And on their waterfront property stands the sign which identifies it as the site of the customs house where the British gathered the funds that got Dal off the ground.

This large marker is one of more than 100 scattered about Castine. They were erected by an amateur historian named Charles Noyes, and they are like wooden pages out of history, telling where battle was waged, where build-





"It is a trim, clean, fascinating town," loved by author Mary McCarthy

ings stood, where defence points loomed. There's also an interloper: a sly, irreverent placard identifying Petty's Pizza emporium as an "historic site: on May 9, 1768, this was declared the first condemned building in North America." Tourists take pictures of it anyway, then go on to more authentic memorials.

The history unfolded by the authentic ones is too complex to tell in its entirety. But Champlain was here on his 1604 explorations, and a decade later Claude de la Tour established a fur-trading post and a fort called Pentagoet as the first permanent white settlement in what is now New England. In the next century and a half the place was at times French, at times British, with numerous hostilities along the way. In 1662 Mohawk Indians came east to plunder it, 300 of them. Five years or so later there emerged the most memorable figure of all: Jean Vincent d'Abbadie, Baron de St. Castine, who upon discharge from the French army in New France came down to inspect a land grant, stayed, adopted Indian ways, married the daughter of a chief, and made attacks on British possessions.

In the 1670s his rule was interrupted by a Dutch frigate that landed 110 seamen. After what a Noyes marker calls "one of the most desperately contested of the many engagements fought on this peninsula," they took over for the House of Orange and proclaimed a Nova Hollandia (New Holland). But Castine soon drove them out, and remained in charge till he departed for France in 1701. One report says his sons carried on till 1745, another that Castine was largely, if not completely, abandoned after a 1704 raid by Col. Ben-

jamin Church. At any rate, by 1759, the year Quebec fell and French power died on the continent, English-speaking settlers were moving in.

Twenty years later, during the American Revolution, the British came again in force, this time to a village of some 20 houses. They wanted Castine as a base for fighting privateers, as a haven for Loyalists, and to secure the Penobscot valley as a source of trees for ships' masts. Their 650-700 soldiers hadn't been here long before Massachusetts dispatched 18 armed vessels and enough transports to carry 1,000 troops and 400 marines to drive them out of a half-built fort. The expedition was a disaster for the revolutionary force, and destroyed the career of its leader, Commodore Dudley Saltonstall.

He kept a prudent distance, failed to destroy the three British sloops in the harbor, failed to reinforce a landing. When another five or six British warships showed up, the Americans fled in panic up the Penobscot River. Their ships were captured or sunk, most of them destroyed by their own crews. When Saltonstall was asked, at a court martial, why he hadn't taken the offensive when the British captured a transport under his very stern, he replied, "If I'd fired, the enemy would have fired back."

Nor was his the only reputation besmirched. That figure of revolutionary legend, Paul Revere, was on hand, too, as a lieutenant-colonel in charge of land ordnance. It was charged, during his own court martial for cowardice, that when called upon to help the evacuation he refused because he "had all his private baggage at stake and was fearful that no one would pay him if it were lost." He was acquitted, and went back to casting cannon, his military career "blighted."

The British — and the Loyalists — left when the Revolution ended, but on September 1, 1814, they came back one last time, just two centuries after Claude de la Tour built that first fort. This time the expedition sailed from Halifax with 3,000 to 4,000 soldiers and various ships of war. Its aim was to forestall privateering, exploit New England's distaste for the War of 1812, perhaps even to lure this part back into the British fold, and to guard communications to the interior where the main battles were fought.

The small American garrison fled after modest resistance. The British



Once, hundreds of vessels sat in the harbor at the foot of a modest hill

went on to subdue the whole long-contested region. In Castine itself, in Phil Perkins words, they became "very popular," so popular that marriages ensued. When they sailed away the region reverted to U.S. control, and there it has remained ever since.

Phil Perkins talks about all this as though it were yesterday. He takes me to the cemetery, and shows me, the gravestone of an Argyle Highlander named Charles Stewart. He was laid to rest in 1783 and the inscription identifies him as "the oldest occupant of this Mansion of the Dead." Phil thinks he may have committed suicide after a fight over a woman, but he's not sure.

I ask him if Dalhousie has ever paid tribute, here, to what Castine means to it. He says no, it hasn't, and when I ask if some gesture would be well received he says he's sure it would. "Dalhousie really should, you know," he muses. "It owes a debt to Castine."

If 1983 is any indication, any such gesture would be warmly welcomed. That was the 200th anniversary of the departure of the Loyalists who packed up their belongings, even dismantled some houses, and embarked with the lot to found St. Andrews, N.B. The anniversary stimulated an exchange of visits that turned into a virtual love feast. Castine even staged a reproduction of the 1783 departure, replete with music, costumes and uniforms.

So who knows what would happen if an expedition from Halifax came to town? It might even lead to one more of those murder weekends with the plot rooted in the Dalhousie connection. It would certainly inspire a friendly and appreciative greeting. Castine is that sort of place. □



Do you remember '68?

By Harry Bruce

It was the year assassins gunned down Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy, and the Student Union Building opened its doors for the first time. The big movies were *2001: A Space Odyssey* and *The Odd Couple*, and people couldn't stop humming "Hey Jude," and Paul Simon's "Mrs. Robinson" from *The Graduate*. It was a good year for The Mamas and The Papas, Led Zeppelin, the Bee Gees, Joni Mitchell and *The Whole Earth Catalogue*. The Soviets squelched an outburst of freedom in Czechoslovakia, and the *Dalhousie Gazette* just couldn't make up its mind about the SUB.

It predicted the launching party would be "nothing but a weekend orgy" while the building itself would turn out to be little more than "a four-million dollar canteen." But the paper's front page on Nov. 7 happily declared, "Well, folks, here it is at last, the fabulous, expensive SUB. The grand opening, Nov. 8, 9, 10, comes as a source of great pride to the long-suffering leaders of the student union, and as a great relief to the student body . . . Do your own thing in it."

That sounded like approval, but the editorial page in the same edition grumbled, "Our first impression of the SUB is one of frustration: with \$3.7 million being sunk into it, we expected much more. Not that we doubt its 'usefulness': the SUB will be functional. It will also be sterile and uninspiring." Only a week later, however, page one trumpeted, "The *Gazette* can only say that praise cannot be lavish enough for those who have, through the years, guided this building from first plans to completion."

Meanwhile, the Halifax *Herald* papers dumped on the SUB. It was just too good for grubby little students: "It has a foyer that would make Halifax's leading hotel managers envious. Its boardroom makes the majority of executive meeting places plebian and depressing. Its counselling suites would delight any group of prosperous doctors. Its multi-purpose divisible auditorium, equipped with stage, wide-screen projection equipment, seating 1,000 people, would more than satisfy the management of the Neptune. Its brightly and thickly carpeted lounges would be the envy of the most discriminating of country clubs. This, then, is the atmosphere in which Dalhousie students can relax, entertain each other, play, eat . . ."

Fashionably and frequently, the *Gazette* was a leftist student organ, and whatever its own position on the SUB, it would not tolerate such talk from what it saw as a mouthpiece for evil capitalists. The *Herald's* "off-the-cuff, poorly researched, first impressions disgusted students, faculty and administration at Dalhousie. And with good reason." After all, the students themselves had put up a million of the \$3.7 million, and the SUB would serve not only them but also the community.

But the opening ceremonies infuriated *Gazette* writer Charlie Boylen: "It was a circus of self-promotion and self-congratulation performed by 200 bureaucrats, millionaires, 'bright young men on their way up,' lackeys and prigs . . . The only ones who didn't even get so much as honorable mention were the workers who built the (bleep-bleep) place, or the 30 or so black men and white women who served them dinner at 90 cents an hour, slightly below the poverty line."

Gazettes from the fall of '68 offer wonderful insight into the schizophrenia and contradictions of student attitudes in that turbulent year for universities in Europe and across North America. At Dalhousie, the year was not specially turbulent, and the *Gazette* radicals seemed to regret student docility. "UNB is alive," it declared. "Is Dal? At the University of New Brunswick, every student is caught up in issues — academic freedom, students' right to protest, preservation of administrative authority, the status quo. At Dal, there are few issues, fewer protests. Are we an isolated, fortunate case, or can it happen here. SHOULD it happen here?"

Every edition carried news of campus insurrections. Student violence shuts down universities in France, and Dal student Bruce Archibald returns from Europe with a story the *Gazette* heads, "The French revolt has only begun." Students take over five buildings at Columbia, during a week-long sit-in and orgy of destruction. Police arrest 628. Columbia closes. Students in Madrid go on a rampage. Student strikes close San Francisco State College.

In Ontario, students at Queen's camp in tents on the president's lawn to dramatize their housing problems, and students at the University of Windsor paint "American fascists" on the bridge that brings visitors from Detroit. Montreal police train an anti-riot squad to cope with anticipated campus violence. The sit-in at UNB enters its 48th day. A *Gazette* story calls Simon Fraser "the Bethlehem of student revolt," and the editors headline other pieces, "200 McGill Students Break Up Board Meeting," and "Behind the Barricades: Université de Moncton."

It was "The Year of the Barricade." Bum, baby, burn!

But the most conspicuous fires at Dalhousie were merely those lit in September for the pleasure of 800 frosh, one for the "steer roast" in the quad at Howe Hall, the other a bonfire during "an evening of Bacchanalia" at Point Pleasant Park. (The *Gazette* relaxed its leftist guard long enough to say, "Welcome Frosh. My god, you're lucky . . . It's a really groovy place here.") Bombs? Well, someone did set one off, but that had nothing to do with Student Power. The explosion occurred in the chemistry building on Halloween, and the damage was slight.

The best Dalhousie students could manage by way of a protest was a brief



picket line at the campus book store. "Picket Dal CROOKSTORE — Students seek Admin action," a front-page headline read. An editorial tried to sound ominous: "As Student Union President Randy Smith made clear to Dr. Hicks last week, student demands for lower book prices are of such importance that if they are not met 'mobilization' of the student body might be necessary. If this were to come about, it would mark the beginning of a new era in the relationship between the student body and the administration: that of STUDENT POWER . . . We can stop or slow down any function of the university when we feel that it is not operating to our benefit." (The annual congress of the Canadian Union of Students had just declared, "The fundamental demand of student unions must be for control over the learning process and the university decision-making process at all levels.")

But the Dalhousie book store continued to say in its *Gazette* ads, "The nicest people buy their university supplies at the Book Store," and after a while the issue blew over. Meanwhile, the *Gazette* decided it was an outrage that student representatives on the Senate numbered only three out of about 100: "How can we continue to insult ourselves in so enormously mean a manner? . . . Let us insist that we be given a louder voice in our education than our Kindergarten brothers."

But David Smith, an engineering student, felt the real outrage was the curfew system at Shirreff Hall: "The situation is about as sad as that in

Selma, Watts, or Chicago. The only wonder to me is that we have managed to escape the bloody riots thus far. The situation to which I am referring is . . . the Shirreff Hall Outrage System (also known as the Leave System)." Smith wanted action: "Bomb the Hall! Hold a Love-In in Miss Irvine's apartment! Petition! Strike! Rent apartments and starve them into submission! Camp on the lawn! Take the wire gratings off your windows! Get pregnant before your leave is up! Wear your birthday suit to dinner! Surely we can do something to bring Shirreff Hall into the Twentieth Century."

The *Gazette* carried so many reprints about far-away events — the California grape boycott, the adventures of Black Power leaders Eldrige Cleaver and Stokely Carmichael, the brutality of Chicago cops during student demonstrations at the Democrats' leadership convention, the publication in China of a new edition of Mao Tse-tung's works—that student Doug Hill complained, "Hey, guys, what about Dalhousie?" Randy Smith, president of the student council, had said, "The *Gazette* stinks." Hill thought that was "a gross understatement . . . It STINKS because it is GARBAGE."

The *Gazette's* political stance could be seen in the fact that one of its editors had ordered stationery that boasted "Canada's Socialist College Newspaper." Not surprisingly, it was the Commerce Society that sought "to rectify this situation" by founding a rival paper. While announcing the birth of *Commerce News*, Tom Carter denounced the *Gazette* as "the spokesman for a tiny radical minority . . . Many intelligent students are disgusted with this filthy little rag."

But if the *Gazette* was too far left for most students, it was no more anti-American than the student council. On the eve of the U.S. presidential elections the council resolved to send a telegram to the U.S. consul in Halifax. Since "machine politics" had destroyed U.S. democracy, the telegram read, "We, the Student Council of Dalhousie University, wish to extend our most sincere condolences to the American people. Get well soon."

This caused a storm of abuse from students who agreed with Wendall MacKay of the law school. He felt that those who'd approved the telegram were "emotionally immature, flaccidly credulous and gullibly dogmatic, and hence totally unfit for the offices they

hold." With regard to the location of the council offices in the new SUB, MacKay said they should be in the basement, "as close to the sewage disposal room as possible." The Great Telegram Affair was just settling down when Randy Smith, president of the student council, confessed that he'd never gotten around to sending the message anyway. This raised a whole new round of recriminations. Dal students of '68 may have found it tough to find issues that justified big demonstrations but some of them had fun verbally kicking one another in the teeth.

In the tradition of the capitalist press, the *Gazette* did not let its politics interfere with advertising revenue. It was jammed with ads from such decidedly non-socialist institutions as the chartered banks, savings and mortgage companies, Imperial Oil, Coca Cola Ltd., and Eaton's. Eaton's was touting thigh-high leather coats for women that fall, "for the bold pulled-together look of now." Other ads announced the arrival of recruiters offering jobs in the federal civil service, the Alberta oil industry, Royal Trust, The Bay, the Steel Company of Canada, Great West Life Assurance, London Life Insurance, and H.R. Doane, chartered accountants.

While the campus leftists thought they were up-to-the-minute, and possibly riding a wave of history, much of Dalhousie life was still the old Dalhousie life. At initiation time, hazing had given way to "orientation" because, as council president Smith put it, "It is difficult, if not impossible, to control the natural sadistic tendencies which some persons unfortunately seem to have"; but here at what student Dave Gooding called "this somewhat ivy-beleaguered campus," women still invited men on dates during "the Sadie Hawkins Event," students still elected beauty queens and princesses, the sports pages still referred to "our girls" and "Tigerettes," and the university still had a varsity football squad. It won two games, and lost four in '68.

The *Gazette* may have upset readers, but it would be a gutless student paper indeed that never riled anybody. It came out twice a week in the fall of '68, and some editions ran to 20 pages. Its masthead boasted 50 names, including those of the editor, Ken Clare (BA '68) and his successor, Stephen Kimber. Clare now works in the library at St. Mary's University, and lives on one of the better streets in south-end Halifax.

The *Gazette* infected Kimber with

such a lust for journalism that he skipped all his classes and never got his degree. He became a freelance journalist, and in time wrote not for leftist journals, which rarely pay much, but for national periodicals aimed at Middle Canada: *The Canadian*, *Maclean's* and — glory be to free enterprise! — *The Financial Post Magazine*. Steve teaches journalism at King's now, and sometimes writes for *Dalhousie Alumni Magazine*. Moreover, he and his wife

Jean produce *Commercial News* for no less conservative an institution than the Halifax Board of Trade.

The Kimbers have three children, and they live on Beech Street. Their house is a dozen blocks from the SUB, which exactly 17 years ago was described by an anonymous commerce student as "the most positive form of 'student power' imaginable." The times, if you'll remember, they were a-changing. □

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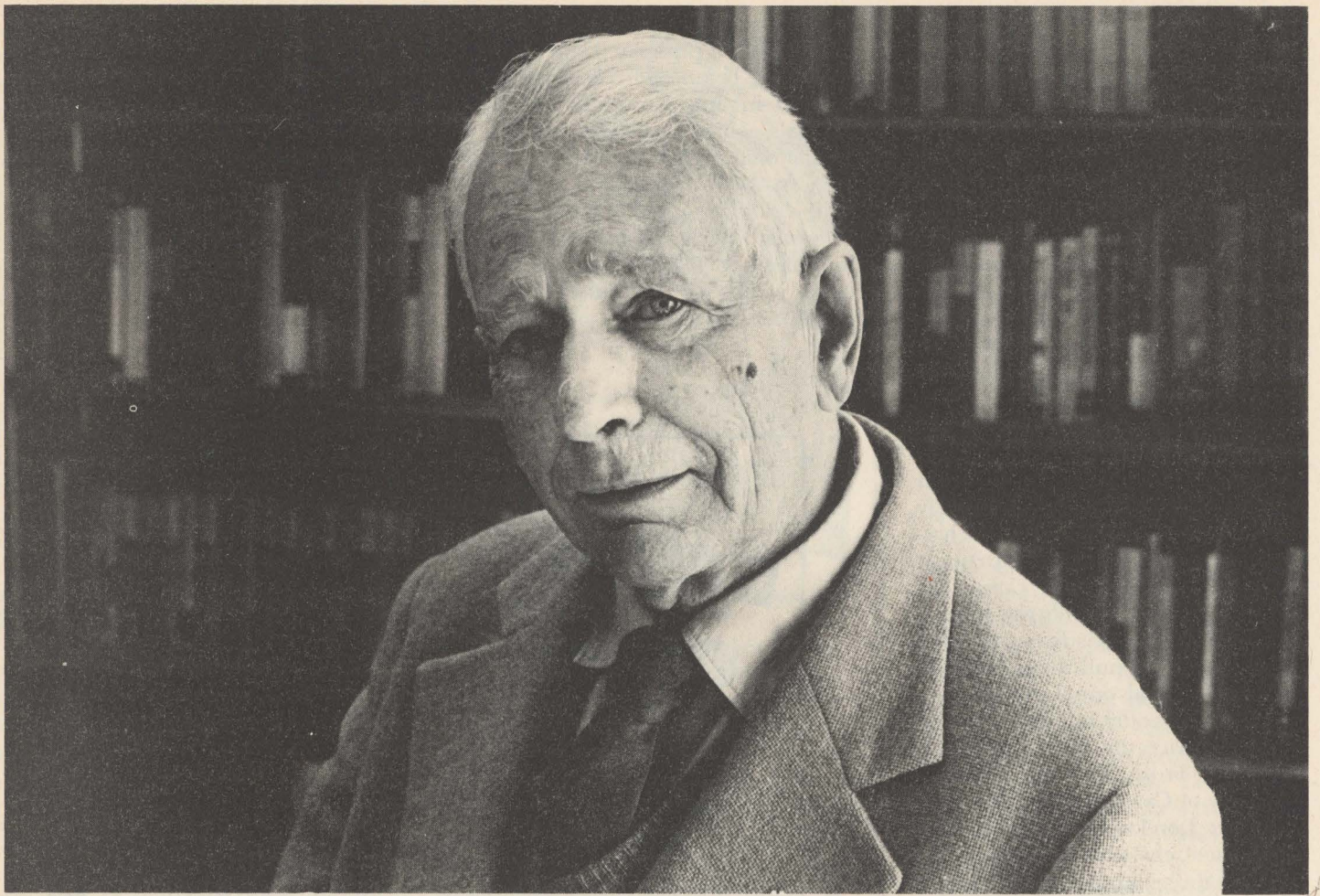
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**HEWLETT
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When Malcolm Ross talks, CanLit students listen

If anyone deserves the title "Father of CanLit," it's Dalhousie's Malcolm Ross, and that's why he recently pocketed the Northern Telecom International Canadian Studies Award. It's worth a cool \$10,000, plus a gold medal. It was Ross, now a professor emeritus of English, who inspired publisher Jack McClelland to start the New Canadian Library, a series of paperback reprints of Canada's finest fiction and poetry. It was also Ross who served as the NCL's general editor from its birth in 1957 till his retirement in 1982. Thanks to the NCL, nearly 200 volumes of classic Canadian literature are now available to students at prices they can afford. Ross chose 175 of these works, and also rounded up the right scholars to write the introductions.

"The series had its origins in 1946 when Jack McClelland, home from the war, was finishing up his credits at the University of Toronto and preparing to go into the family publishing company (McClelland & Stewart)," Beverley Slopen recently wrote in *The Toronto Star*. "Malcolm Ross was his professor of English (for a summer-school course). 'I was so impressed

with him we became friends,' says McClelland, 'and he kept bugging me (about reprinting Canadian works).' When the series finally got under way in the 1950s, there was still no Canadian Studies industry — national or international. It was Ross's enthusiasm and vision that helped make it possible."

Ross is a ruddy, compact man with unkempt gray hair and piercing blue eyes. He is somehow gruff and amiable at the same time, blunt yet courteous. His conversational style is that of a man who likes to talk straight to the point, and at 74 he's lost little of his enthusiasm for Canadian literature. When he received the Northern Telecom award during the Learned Societies Conference in Montreal last summer, he described the lust for CanLit that he'd discovered among Scottish students.

In 1982-83, he'd taught the first course in modern Canadian literature at the University of Edinburgh. "The response to Canadian writing was immediate and vivid," he said. "My students ransacked the library for other Canadian books, and some even ordered additional books from Canadian publishers. They found Canadian creative writing fresh and provo-

cative — North American without being American.”

Born in Fredericton, Ross began to teach in 1938, at the University of Alberta. He went from there to Cornell, where he earned his PhD in 1941, and then to the University of Indiana. He worked for the National Film Board during the war, and resumed teaching in 1945, this time at the University of Manitoba. He was at Queen's all through the '50s, and by the mid-'60s was Dean of Arts and Acting Provost of Trinity College in the University of Toronto. By the time he reached Dalhousie in 1968, he'd not only read just about all the Canadian literature worth reading, he'd also travelled throughout the country that had inspired its creation.

His extracurricular contribution to Canada's cultural life began in the '50s when, in addition to launching the NCL reprints, he was editor of the *Queen's Quarterly*, president of the Humanities Association of Canada, and a founding member of the Association of Canadian University Teachers of English. He's the author or editor of several books, including *Our Sense of Identity*. Since no one understands our sense of identity better than Malcolm Ross, the journal *Studies in Canadian Literature* recently chose to begin a series on "contemporary cultural history" by publishing an interview in which he discusses his long life and big country. The interviewer was Kathryn Chitick of Queen's University, and some of his replies follow.

First memories:

My memories of Christ Church Cathedral in Fredericton go back to a New Year's Eve when I was three or four years old. We had gone down to a New Year's Eve gathering at my uncle's who lived not far from the cathedral. I had never been out at night before, and, as we started for home very late, I saw a cluster of stars hanging in the sky between the cathedral and the legislative buildings. The cathedral was laced with snow and seemed to shine in the starlight. I have never forgotten this sight. A few years ago I happened to be in Fredericton on New Year's Eve and I walked down to the spot where my uncle's house had been. There were the stars and there was the cathedral, shining still. Time had turned backward for me! . . .

In my own home there were well-stocked bookcases. We had many of the

major British and American classics. I remember when I was still in Smythe Street School selling lettuce from our garden to buy new books — Carman, Roberts (both Charles and Theodore). We had in the house Scott, Dickens, Stevenson, Tennyson and Longfellow — and I devoured them — whereas I never studied much of anything in school. I learned to read at home and I was reading before I went to school; actually I had a grandmother who taught me to read when I was crawling on the floor and I was reading novels in grade one, not Dostoevsky but stories — Zane Grey, for instance, things like that — I read everything. So I think I probably read more in a town that had no public library than a lot of people do now who have excellent public libraries. But there wasn't anything else to do. We didn't have radio then, certainly no television.

I remember when we got the telephone in. I think I was in grade one. I do remember what a thrill it was — like going to the moon! I used to call all sorts of numbers as they came into my head. It was a game and I kept score of the "Hellos!" — one hit and four misses was a pretty fair batting average. What a pest I was.

Journalism, the road not taken:

Well, the only thing I had in mind was to go to university and I couldn't afford to go outside the city. I lived at home and I worked in the summers. I got a job as a reporter on The Daily Mail, which no longer exists. It was away up on Queen Street and I started out at eight dollars a week, which was pretty good money in those days, and I saved most of it. I was about 17 — just out of high school. When I went up to UNB I became the campus correspondent for the Saint John Telegraph-Journal and earned enough for movies, dances and so on. My family was not very well off at this time. My father had been manager of the men's clothing department in Edgcombe's store . . . It burned down when I was in my last year in high school. My father began to sell insurance, but it was tough going for some years. The summer job and the stint for the Telegraph-Journal certainly helped. In my last year at UNB I got free tuition for tutoring in the English department. And that was a help . . . The more I bought and read, the less tempted I was to become a newspaper man. With The Daily News I covered

two murder trials, and both a federal and provincial election. It was exciting. But my reading was taking me in a different direction.

Toronto the terrifying:

I felt much more of a foreigner in Toronto, when I first went up, coming from Fredericton. I felt really like a fish out of water up there at first. I was scared to death — homesick until about Christmas. Concerts kept me going — and plays at the Royal Alex. But it did take me some time to feel that I "belonged" at the University of Toronto. My student colleagues — people like Norrie Frye and Arthur Barker — had the intensive Toronto honors degree behind them and, while I had a broader undergraduate training than the Toronto students, I was far behind in knowledge of the main periods of English literature. But I worked — often until 3 a.m. And I managed to complete my MA in one year. I collapsed at the end of it and spent ten days in bed.

The move West:

In the late '30s, after earning degrees at UNB and the University of Toronto, Ross taught at the University of Alberta, which he recalls, was still quite small — with fewer than 1,000 students. It's up to something like 25,000 now. The campus then had a few handsome brick Palladian buildings — now lost in a clutter of high-rise structures. In my day there were great open spaces and walks along the river. The city, then, was about 80,000, and now it is over 600,000. But the contours of the place have survived, and Edmonton, keeping to an original city plan, is much more shapely than Calgary, I should think . . .

I came to Ottawa to enlist. I was turned down on medical grounds by each of the three services. A senior colleague of mine at Alberta had asked me to look up his old classmate from Glasgow — John Grierson of the National Film Board. I did.

We began talking. I had just finished a book on Milton, and he was interested in that and the seventeenth century. We began talking about the Leveller movement and everything else. He was a learned fellow. Then he said, "When can you start work?" and I said, "What do you mean?" "Well," he said, "come up to my office tomorrow — be there at ten, I never get there before ten — and we will see what we can do." So I went

up and he said, "What's your salary?" I told him and he said, "I'll double it." It wasn't very much, but it was a lot in those days. So I started working at the Film Board. He put me into distribution and by the end of the war I was head of non-theatrical distribution. We organized circuits of volunteer film projectionists all over Canada in cities and factories as well as in rural areas, and I traveled over most of Canada setting up volunteer groups. We also had offices in New York, Washington and Chicago — which I visited from time to time. It was a tremendous experience for me

My Film Board travels gave me a sense of the country I had never had before and I wasn't going to leave

I taught at the University of Manitoba for five years. I loved the sense of space — the wide Winnipeg streets. And Winnipeg, far from other centres, created its own cultural life. The symphony was just beginning when I was there, but the ballet was already well established and very exciting

I don't think I have ever had such an exciting run of students as I had in those years. Among them were Margaret Laurence, Adele Wiseman, Jack Ludwig, Patricia Blondal, the actor Douglas Rain, the painter William Kurelek, Roland Penner (now Attorney-General of Manitoba). Sidney Warhaft was to become head of the English department at Manitoba. Allan Bevan was to become head of the English department at Dalhousie. Ross Woodman is a professor at Western Ontario, Hugo McPherson at McGill. There are others. Others have flourished in government and in business. An amazing company of talents. Many of them had just come back from the war. They were mature, but maturity is not the whole story. There was a strain of brilliance in the blood, I feel sure. And peace had broken out with the promise of a new world. They were all excited about their studies — they were thirsty for ideas. We would meet after class and talk and argue into the night. I have never known anything like it — before or since.

Back east again:

Canadian universities were on the hunt for PhDs. The influx of American faculty was, therefore, I suppose, inevitable. In some institutions a kind of civil war broke out between the American "Army of Occupation" and the native Canadian guerrillas. "Yankee Go Home" was scrawled on many a black-

board, I am told.

But it worked the other way, too. Canadian academics were still taking up posts in the United States. I had several American offers myself but did not seriously consider leaving Canada again. So I went from Manitoba to Queen's. After I had been there for a few years the Principal, William Mackintosh, invited me to take on the editorship of the Queen's Quarterly. Subscriptions had dwindled and the Principal wondered if the university should continue to publish the QQ "Would you," he asked, "be willing to take on the Quarterly for one year to see if it can be rejuvenated?"

So I went to work with a will. It seemed to me that our magazine should depend very little on the chance of volunteer submissions. I decided that, if at all possible, from one half to two thirds of each issue should be solicited with some design in mind. Accordingly I attended meetings, national and local, of economists, political scientists, historians and so on, and at the same time went after poets, fiction writers and literary critics. We ran articles on foreign policy, labor relations, the political parties. Writers like Margaret Laurence, Alice Munro, Sheila Watson, and Alden Nowlan published their first work with me then. It was an exciting time. And circulation went up. I pestered the alumni, went after news-stands and bookstores and, by some miracle, got a subscription for 1,000 copies of the Quarterly — a yearly subscription — from the Education Office of the Royal Canadian Air Force. I think our subscription in two and a half years rose from less than 300 to something more than 2,500.

The fine '50s:

The country began to have a new sense of itself — partly, I think, because of the war. Prairie boys trained in Nova Scotia for the navy; Maritimers trained for the air force in Manitoba. We were all shaken out of our nests. I know I got the feel of the country with my travels back and forth for the Film Board. And Ottawa was full of people from every part of Canada. Then, too, in the years after the war the economy boomed. Canada began to think of herself as chief of the middle powers. With Mike Pearson and others, we began to play a significant part at the UN. Then, too, people like myself were getting to know French Canada — the people and the arts of Quebec.

For a while there was lively interplay between the two Canadian cultures. I hope and pray that this creative relationship will be restored. In those days, French Canadian painters were well represented in the Toronto art galleries — and painters from English Canada were certainly visible in Montreal. This was well before the promising developments in all the arts in the West and in the Maritimes. But in the '50s these developments, however regional in origin, were coming together in a Canadian pattern. We were at last sharing with each other!

It's hard to know how to write a cultural history, but it would be interesting just to try to work out the strange network of relationships that developed after a period of intense national effort and then the sudden upsurge of something like prosperity and the sense of national importance which we didn't have before: how this was reflected in the arts as well as in everything else.

How the NCL was born:

The New Canadian Library came about when I was head of the department at Queen's. We had a North American literature course — which allowed about two weeks for Canadian literature, taught from one of the anthologies. I thought there should be a full course on Canadian literature The problem was texts. You can't teach novels from an anthology. Old novels were out of print, new novels too expensive for class use. It seemed the only solution was a paperback series of novels at a reasonable price. One day I had lunch with John Gray of Macmillan, and proposed a Canadian paperback series. He liked the idea but said there was no market for it. "We'd lose our shirt!"

I pondered this and a few weeks later, on a trip to Toronto, looked up Jack McClelland, who had been a student of mine in summer school at the University of Toronto in 1946. Jack used to come up and chat with me after class. He was about to enter his father's firm, and we talked about the need to put more emphasis on Canadian books. When I went to see him in Toronto, I made a case for a paperback series. Like John Gray, he said, "There's no market." I seemed to convince him that such a series would create a market in the universities and schools of the country, and he agreed to gamble on the idea. "Let's put out two books, announce the series and see what happens." The first

two were Callaghan's *Such Is My Beloved* and Grove's *Over Prairie Trails*.

A rather haphazard choice, I suppose, I did want to begin with a Callaghan. So a series called *New Canadian Library* was announced and, after some delay, the first two books appeared. The idea of the series was applauded in newspaper reviews. But the sale at first was light. We had agreed it would take several years and many more books before the idea caught on in the universities, and Jack was prepared to take an initial loss. The next two were Sinclair Ross's *As For Me* and My House and Leacock's *Literary Lapses*. The Leacock sold like hotcakes, and Jack decided to put a Leacock in each new batch of books to help carry the cost of the others. Leacock carried us over the first four or five years until the university sales began. Courses in Canadian literature opened up in one university after another. We were away!

To further our hopes of getting books adopted for Canadian courses, I got introductions written by people in universities from Newfoundland to British Columbia. Soon we were putting out at least ten titles a year. At first other Canadian publishers sold rights to then out-of-print books without a murmur. But as NCL began to show a substantial profit, Macmillan and the others began to put out their own paperbacks and our selection, except for very old titles, was narrowed to M & S books. Then Jack began putting his best new titles and some of the best NCL titles in Seal Books, and for nearly three years no new titles were added to NCL. I gave up the General Editorship in 1982 before going to Edinburgh as a visiting professor.

Down to Dal:

I have always come back to the Maritimes whenever I could. While a devout Frederictonian, I have always liked Halifax, and I have strong family connections in Nova Scotia. . . . The sense of being a Maritimer is evident here in many ways. They had the Canada Games here a few years ago, and I went to all the baseball games. When Nova Scotia played New Brunswick, the crowd, of course, rooted for Nova Scotia. But when New Brunswick or P.E.I. played Ontario or Manitoba the crowd rooted vociferously for the Maritime team. A loyalty to the region is always there — just under the skin.

What next?

There has been an enormous creative explosion in all the arts in Canada in the last 25 years, thanks in large part to the work of the Canada Council. But of course what artists do and what scholars do is bound to be affected by changes in the economy, in technology, in the whole world environment. Our cultural life is not lived out in a cocoon. Or within a nation. We have our corner in the global village and we cannot ignore what happens around the corner on the next street. Humanists and social scientists must start thinking seriously about the global context within which they try to function. They must think about the pollution of the planet, the nuclear arms race, the awful plight of the Third World, the impending revolution in the means of production and the means of communication. We must get out of our comfortable cubby holes

Every culture has its rhythm — and we are on the down-side, perhaps, at the moment. But this is not a specifically Canadian phenomenon — it is part of that larger global crisis It has something to do with fear of the future, and of our position in relation to pow-

ers and superpowers beyond our borders and seemingly beyond our reach. The time has come to think not just as regionalists or nationalists (although we hold to our love of region and nation) but as civilized human beings entering a time of crisis which embraces the whole planet. We have to be more than Canadians now. I think we have tended to fall back with some nostalgia on a moment we felt good about ourselves, and I don't think we can continue to do that

If there is going to be an elite few, it is in the high tech field. The universities may be forced into "practical" work at the expense of the humane disciplines. There is much worry about this now in Britain. People in the humanities can't just take a negative position on this and simply fight the drift to high tech. I think we have to discover how the central humane values and arts can be brought to bear on what is happening in the world. We must learn the new language of the electronic order. We must speak out before it is too late. . . . How are we to humanize the computer and all its brood? How many humanists have dared to address this issue? □



Malcolm Ross:

"The time has come to think as civilized human beings entering a time of crisis which embraces the whole planet. We have to be more than Canadians now"

Universities woo industry

By Stephen Strauss, in *The Globe and Mail, Toronto*

At a hotel meeting room near Toronto's Pearson International Airport, a love affair recently began between some of Canada's top universities and big business. Chemical companies, drug companies, computer companies, oil companies were strongly represented among the nearly 60 Canadian and U.S. firms that gathered to be wooed. These are the big industries for whom the words "technological change" and "future profits" are judged synonymous.

Doing the wooing was a troupe of deans, research officers and industrial liaison officers from 11 Canadian universities — eight in Ontario, three in Quebec. The universities' traditional shyness about commercial liaisons was abandoned as they flaunted their research facilities, their discoveries, their university-industry institutes.

Universities say they were at the airport meeting — the first of its kind in Canada — because of new economic realities. "It is clear that 10 or 15 years ago there weren't the funding pressures to go out and link up with industry. There probably weren't more than two or three universities which were actively involved in it," says Ronald Kocela, office manager of research services at the University of Windsor. "Now, however, I hope we don't get into a situation where two universities are at each other's throats to get an industrial grant."

He adds that, "Government seems to be saying you have to be out there hustling industry because we aren't going to be funding you." While industry-university research has a long history in Canada — McGill in particular was active early on — most of Canada's universities were born and continued to function with the sense they were above the push and shove of the marketplace. They might provide students who would go out into industry, but they were not the handmaidens of industry.

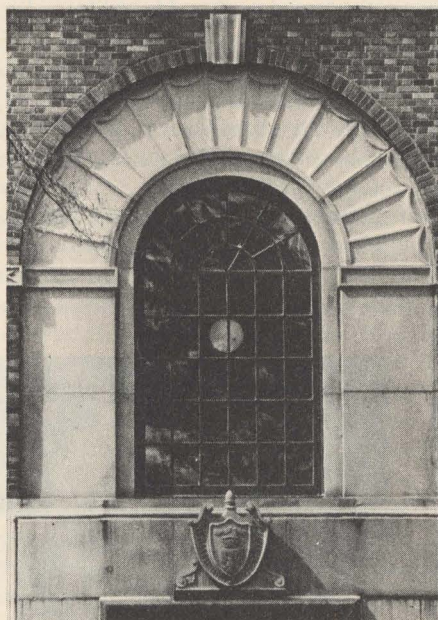
"Perhaps the major barrier to the adoption of industrial research by the universities is the idea that academic science must be somehow pure and above utilitarian considerations," James MacAulay and Paul Dufour have

written in a recent Science Council study of the relationship of industrial research and the universities.

For the industries involved, the Toronto gathering was just part of an international academic bush-beating. They also met in July in Cincinnati to listen to 11 universities and research institutes from three states. In September they will fly to England for similar get-togethers.

There is increasing pressure from society to translate science into economy, into jobs. "Technology transfer" and "knowledge-based industries" have become the most sacred of sacred cows. Since the late 1960s, university patent lawyers, technology-transfer programs and centres of advanced technology have sprung up all over the country.

What is different today is that trends



to make the university produce in an economic sense are no longer confined to the ghetto of applied engineering. Work in theoretical mathematics forms much of the base on which the computer stands. Cell-level biology has become the root of the new biotechnology. Analyses of how cats see may someday make better robots. (See page 2.)

How far this trend will go is still unclear. The Dufour-MacAulay report says that "we do not know of a traditional university with an arts and science core that is willingly evolving into a technical university." To which Kocela responds: "I can't help thinking universities will have to change their priorities."

To the extent that they change in response to the pressures around them, a tantalizing question of how university scientists are judged is bound to arise. If university research — brainpower — is important because it is supposed to be a significant source of wealth and job-creation, then shouldn't we start to measure its results (or lack of them) the way we do any other economic process?

Consider the following:

■ Ten or 20 years from now, if unemployment is still surging, shouldn't society's accusing eye fall on the profs and the boffins? If businesses fail to provide jobs, they can blame the people in the white coats. They weren't creative enough. They took too many sabbaticals. They cared about research that didn't create employment.

One can imagine the reverse of Ludditism. The unemployed will storm the laboratories and demand to know where are the new developments to create the new knowledge-based industries and jobs.

■ Conversely, the marriage of research and economy implies new ways of assessing scientists. If it is their purpose to create wealth, then the researchers who create the most wealth deserve bigger rewards. Maybe successful scientists will ask for those juicy performance bonuses that now flop into the laps of captains of industry.

■ In addition, aren't published papers and scholarly acclaim the yardsticks of a pre-industrialized university of scholars and researchers? In the universe of "R & D equals Wealth" will patents count more than . . . anything?

■ And researchers who don't think about patents, who publish before they consult their university industrial liaison officers, aren't they traitors to the nation? (There is some of this feeling evident in the continued grumbling in Britain over the failure of researchers to patent principles basic to recombinant DNA biotechnology. Little does it matter that they won the Nobel Prize for their efforts.)

■ Finally, if researchers don't provide the engine for the economy, doesn't it follow that their jobs should be in jeopardy? Aren't their sputters and failures no longer the stuff of personal success or failure, but knives that stab the hopes and aspirations of us all?

These are uncomfortable questions, but ones that naturally follow if the groves of academe have become something which no longer can be differentiated from economics. □

But what next for Dalhousie?

By Robert Fournier,
Assistant Vice-President
(Research)

Many Canadians believe accelerated technological change is essential to Canada's survival as an advanced industrial society, and that universities must serve as instruments of this change. Government, industry, the academic community and, indeed, all sectors of society repeatedly voice expectations about the coming role of university research in a national economic renewal. At the same time, Stephen Strauss (see opposite page) is far from alone when he worries about what these pressures may do to the traditional values and roles of the universities.

The pressures are primarily the result of two forces: first, the current financial plight of the universities; and second, the escalating need for new ideas and products in Canadian industry. For various reasons, the rapid growth of the universities in the '60s and '70s has produced serious operating deficits in the '80s; and the universities, to maintain both the quality and variety of the programs they offer, now seek to identify such additional sources of income as industry.

The paradox is that it's the more important research institutions that suffer the most from the financial crunch. This is because most of the grants from government agencies and councils provide insufficient operating funds to cover research expenses. Thus, the more successful Dalhousie becomes in its research programs, the worse its financial burden. Many hope that the federal government will eventually solve this problem, but for now it remains a real concern.

The second force for change, the need to bolster the economy by increasing high technology, arises from the realization that Canada can no longer rely on a resource-based economy for its economic well-being. The competition from developing countries is stiffening. The dearth of in-house research in Canadian industry and the widespread conviction that Canada must undergo massive industrial restructuring have inevitably put spotlights on the

research resources of the universities.

It's not surprising then that universities and industry, which have long ignored and sometimes feared each other, are suddenly aware that collaboration might benefit not only themselves but also the whole country.

In government circles some argue that Canada can avoid the slow and expensive business of encouraging basic research in the universities by importing technology from such research-intensive countries as Japan or the United States. They spend 2.5 to three percent of their Gross National Product on research and development, while Canada spends only 1.25 percent. Surely, we could escape the huge cost of catching up simply by buying their technology.

The flaw in this argument is that only scientists who are at the cutting edge of a research activity — particle physics, fiber optics, or lasers, to take only three examples — have any access to the newest ideas and innovations in their field. Everyone else is excluded. When it comes to advanced research, only experts can judge new ideas. Without them, Canada would not even know how to begin buying foreign technologies; and the experts work in laboratories that pursue basic research. No nation can be industrially viable simply by buying its technology from foreigners.

Since the Middle Ages, universities have dedicated themselves to learning, the exploration of ideas, and the subsequent transmission of knowledge to those who would soon be helping to shape society. The challenge facing the universities now is this: how can they serve as instruments of change without sacrificing their integrity, autonomy, and unique role in society? How can they fulfill a new mandate and traditional responsibilities at the same time?

Some feel the traditional role, the so-called ivory tower, is an anachronism. "Relevance" is the latest buzz word to summarize revised ideas about what the universities should be doing. For the sake of immediate economic returns and the quick creation of jobs, federal cabinet ministers talk about replacing basic research with "targeted research." Such proposals, which many academics see as part of an excessive swing of the pendulum, threaten the universities with changes that could turn them into the servant of two masters. It is to this point that Strauss addresses himself in

The Globe and Mail. If he exaggerates, he probably does so to draw attention to the dangers that lurk in ill-considered change.

My own view is that if society is changing, so must its organizations. To resist change is to fall behind, and Canadian universities are no strangers to change. After World War II, they successfully met the challenges of providing both good education for tens of thousands more students than they'd ever taught before, and unprecedented research capability. This was a period of unparalleled growth at Canadian universities. Out of it came a few institutions which are now among the best in North America, and several university departments that rank among the best in the world.

But as Dalhousie moves toward the next millenium, how should it meet the challenge of change? One possibility is the founding of spin-off companies to exploit on-campus research. Another is research that university scientists would do under contract to industry. Still another is the two-way transfer of manpower between the university and industry. Educational programs might include periods of work in industry. Some have suggested the founding of institutes to concentrate expertise in a particular discipline, and to establish targets for research, training, or consultation. But the greatest difficulty of all may lie in the need to alter the university's infrastructure and management to accommodate the necessary changes. Moreover, as Strauss suggests, it might be essential to re-evaluate the system of rewards and incentives for faculty.

Whether or not Dalhousie will change in the next decade or two is not in question. What we should ask is, "How should it change?" Since we see the modern university as an instrument of change and, at the same time, extol its ability to resist change, we must come to grips with a paradox. Finding the answer will not be easy. It should come not from any individual but from the deliberations of committees, task forces and, ultimately, Senate. It is only in that way that, during the process of change, we can accommodate the forces that shape Dalhousie and make it unique.

Finally, Strauss generalizes in the extreme. Dalhousie need not fit the picture he describes. If we plan for a future that's consistent with both our history and our philosophical orientation, we will find a Dalhousie solution. □

Congratulations Aileen Meagher. Once again

She was an Olympic medalist. Now, decades later, she's so skilled an artist that the Dalhousie Art Gallery mounted an exhibition of the finest works of her long life. They include scenes from around the world - and right in her own back yard

By Ed MacLellan

Montreal sportswriter Elmer Ferguson meant his comment as a tribute to Aileen Meagher's devastating speed but now, half a century later, she jokingly says she's never really forgiven him. "He said I had legs like a man," the Olympic medalist recalls. But old photos show that the runner the press could not resist labeling "The Flying Schoolmarm" never looked anything but feminine on the track.

"I just liked to run," she says. That passion, competitive drive, and natural ability earned her a bronze medal at the Olympic Games in 1936. While it was the farthest thing from her mind at the time, her path would also lead to the Dalhousie Art Gallery in 1985.

Meagher's trips to the Olympic Games, first at Los Angeles in 1932 and then at Berlin in '36, and to the British Empire Games in Australia and London, aroused in her an interest in world travel that never died. The beauty of such places as Ceylon (now Sri Lanka) inspired her to keep a diary-sketchbook of her excursions. When she began to paint seriously in the '50s, she expanded many of the sketches and put them on canvas. This fall, as part of the women's centenary celebrations, the art gallery showed 57 of her works in an exhibition entitled "Aileen Meagher, A Retrospective."

"She has produced a substantial body of work which includes paintings, drawings, prints, collages and travel sketches," the gallery's Gemey Kelly writes. "... (Her work) has always centred on the same concerns; not the psychological or emotional state of the artist, but on the external world of color, form, and movement. Meagher's art is extroverted and

outward-looking, a means of celebrating the perceptible beauties of the physical world."

Meagher won a bronze medal for her leg of the 400-metre relay at the '36 Olympics in Berlin. That was the year Jesse Owens, a 22-year-old black American, won four gold medals. He set new world records for the 200-metre sprint, and the running broad jump. He ran anchor for the 400-metre relay team that broke the world record, and he tied the Olympic record for the 100-metre sprint. Hitler was not amused to see a black whip Germany's "master race" of Aryan athletes, and Meagher says it's no myth that at the medal celebrations he refused to shake Owens' hand. Indeed, the Fuehrer walked out of the stadium, and let an underling give Owens his medals.



"The Flying Schoolmarm" breaks the tape

Meagher was not a keen student of international politics. Hitler was front and centre at the stadium, but when she and her fellow athletes thought of him at all, they saw him as just another politician trying to grab the limelight. "We were there to compete, and your team more or less clung together," she says. "My biggest impression was that everything was so well organized. We were quite strictly controlled. We had to have passes to go anywhere, and it was very difficult to get out of our residence until the games were over . . ."

"I remember the conflict between the German girls and the French girls. The Germans wouldn't wear lipstick because their Fuehrer didn't like it. I guess they thought the French girls were decadent because they used lipstick." One night after her events were over, she found herself at a party at an estate, and the opulence dazzled her. "We were dancing outside on a marble floor under a tree," she recalls. "Then we drank wine with peaches floating in it. I don't think I'll ever forget that."

She was still a "very shy" young Haligonian when she went to the Los Angeles Olympics in 1932. The team had a chaperone. Moreover, not only Meagher's mother but also the wife of Dal's track coach went along for the ride. A charley horse prevented Meagher from competing but the experience of simply being at an Olympiad prepared her so she'd not be awe-struck at Berlin.

She first tasted international success in 1934, when her 660-yard relay team struck gold in the British Empire Games, London. In 1935, she won not only the Velma Springstead Award as the Canadian woman athlete of the year but also the Norton H. Crowe



"I had a choice of spending seven cents on the tramway or seven cents for a couple of doughnuts. So I'd run to school, and have the doughnuts." Later her running took her round the world (Carlos Photo)

Award as the Canadian athlete (period) of the year. Her last major meet was the 1938 British Empire Games in Sydney, Australia. After winning a silver medal in the 440-yard relay, and a bronze in the 660, she and a friend took the long way home.

"I asked the team manager for the return fare," she recalls, "and it amounted to four hundred and some dollars. So I bought an around-the-world ticket from Canadian Pacific. It took us from December to May to come back. I remember we stopped at Ceylon, Bombay, Aden and Port Said." The two young women made it to Paris before wiring home for money, and Meagher has been travelling ever since.

On the streets of Halifax in the '30s, female runners were as rare as pineapple trees, but that didn't faze Meagher. As a young teacher, she'd run from her home on Seymour Street, across Camp Hill, and down to her classroom at St. Patrick's Boys' School on Brunswick Street. "I had a choice of spending seven cents on the tramway or seven cents for couple of doughnuts," she says. "So I'd run, and have the doughnuts." In the '30s, many people felt women were too delicate to endure fierce athletic competition and urged Olympic authorities to ban them from the games.

Some believed it just wasn't proper

for an aspiring schoolteacher to compete in track: "'Oh Aileen,' they'd say, 'you shouldn't be running.' And some thought I was just doing it because I was an exhibitionist." (The women's tracksuits of the time, incidentally, were made of much more material than any woman athlete of today would tolerate.)

When she first tried out for the Dal track team, the coach was so impressed he suggested she attend the Canadian Olympic trials. She didn't know what the Olympics were. She had to ask him. "But the travel opportunities that came with athletics were fantastic," she says. "That's probably why I kept it up for so long. And we didn't have to train as hard as they do now."

It wasn't till she was 28, in 1938, that she retired from track to become a full-time teacher. She took night classes at the Nova Scotia College of Art in the late '40s, and attended the Ontario department of education's classes for art teachers in the early '50s. As early as 1952, Zwicker's Gallery in Halifax mounted an exhibition of her watercolors, and an art show at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto also displayed her work. Later, she attended American painter Hans Hofmann's summer school in Provincetown, Mass., and, working with Montreal painter Gentile Tondino, more summer

classes in Tatamagouche, N.S.

Meanwhile, sometimes alone and sometimes with artist friends Ruth Wainwright or Olga Douglas she kept right on traveling—to Sri Lanka, Western Samoa, Africa, Spain, Mexico, India, Greece, the West Indies. "On all her trips," writes Gemey Kelly of the Dal art gallery, "Meagher keeps small black diaries, which she fills with sketches and notes, later used to create larger sketches or paintings in her studio. These works reveal Meagher's interest is in people and events as much as in the natural beauty of the landscape." Meagher has recently turned more and more to her own garden for inspiration and, Kelly says, "These current works, with their directness and spontaneity, continue to have their genesis in Meagher's responsiveness to her environment."

Decades after their running days were over, Meagher and Jesse Owens were guests at a dinner in Halifax featuring sports celebrities. "He said he remembered me," Meagher says, "but I think he was just being polite." That's a typically self-effacing remark. Meagher is invariably modest about her accomplishments, and during her teaching years she used her track medals as paperweights. They gradually disappeared. Her paintings won't. □

DER REICHSMINISTER
FÜR VOLKSAUFKLÄRUNG UND PROPAGANDA
DR. GOEBBELS
BITTET IM NAMEN DER REICHSREGIERUNG
ANLÄSSLICH DER
XI. OLYMPISCHEN SPIELE BERLIN 1936

Fräulein Meagher

ZUM

S O M M E R F E S T

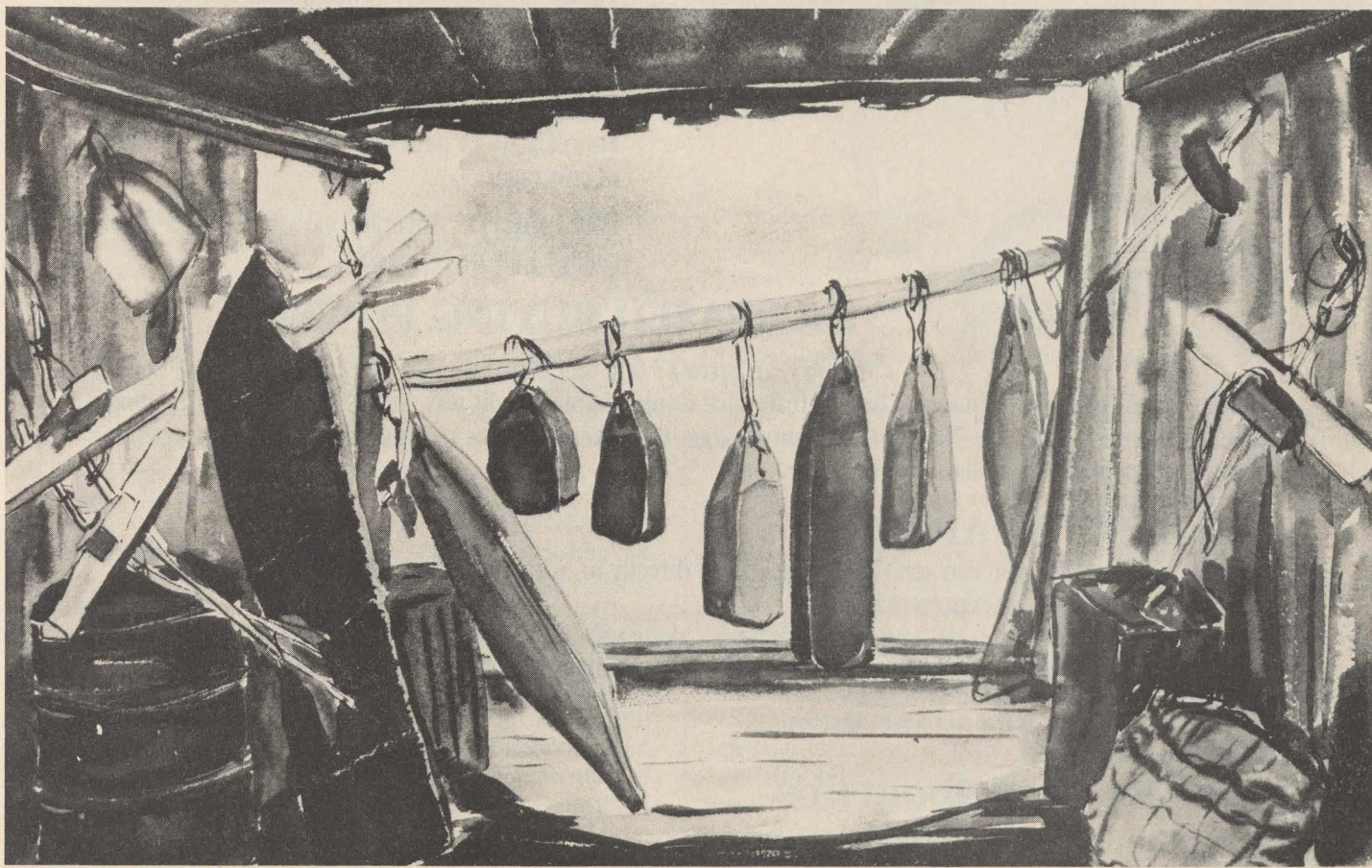
AUF DER PFAUENINSEL AM 15. AUGUST 1936 · 19 UHR

No less infamous a figure than Dr. Goebbels asked Olympic athletes, including Aileen Meagher of Halifax, to a mid-summer bash almost half a century ago. Here's a rough translation of the invitation: "The Reichsminister for the Enlightenment of the People, and Propaganda, Dr. Goebbels, invites in the name of the Reichs government, on the occasion of the 11th Olympic Games, Berlin, 1936, Fraeulein Meagher, to the Summer Party on Peacock Island on the 15th of August, 1936 at 7 p.m." As it happened, Meagher had other plans

The art of Aileen Meagher, from down home to Spain



Black-and-white photography fails to do justice to the explosions of color in Meagher's One Night in Madrid (oil on masonite, 1958). She painted the watercolor Glory Hole, below, in 1952



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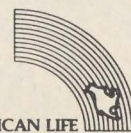
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Matt Maxwell puts the fun into French

On a warm spring afternoon two musicians tune their instruments onstage and 250 children fidget on the floor of the combination gymnasium-auditorium. Mixed with tidbits of French and many shushes come several choruses of "Which one is Matt?" Matt, it turns out, is dressed as casually as the children, with his worn grey pants, spatter-paint shirt, and open sandals. He radiates comfort, relaxation, good times, and within 10 minutes of the start of his performance every child reacts as though he or she is Matt Maxwell's best friend. Who ever said learning can't be fun?

Maxwell, 32, uses music to teach French to kids. Gaetane Archibald, a French teacher at Broadacres Public School in Etobicoke, Ont., first encountered his work at a workshop last March. Now, her grade 3-5 students in a core French program are sitting at Matt's feet, singing nearly all the words to his first record, *Comment ça va?* — and that after listening to the songs for just a few minutes a day for only a few weeks.

This speed is typical of Maxwell's recent career. Only a year ago last June he was still teaching at the Institute of Child Study at the University of Toronto. But since November he and Jack Grunsky, his accompanist, have performed more than 40 concerts a month, playing for schools, libraries, education workshops, and at benefits. Some may be asking who Matt is, but they won't be asking for long. His career is skyrocketing.

Born in Vancouver, he grew up in Halifax. His mother taught French, and he began to learn the language when he was nine. After finishing high school at 16 he spent a year in France, where he began to write songs. Writing in French, he says, is much easier for him than writing in English.

After graduating with an honors degree in French from Dalhousie (BA'77) and later receiving an education degree from St. Mary's, he began to teach grade school. That was in 1979. The last three years of his teaching career were at the Institute of Child Study, and while there he recorded *Comment ça va?*, a pleasing mixture of traditional and original French songs for kindergarten through grade 6. The record did so well (more than 10,000 copies sold to date) that he left classroom teaching to do "what I wanted to do in my heart": use music to teach French to immersion and core-program students.

At the Broadacres School concert, one youngster, Jean-Philip Kossaritis, eagerly jumps up to be a part of a song. Each child chosen has to tumble over dozens of others to scramble onto the stage. Jack Grunsky, who plays synthesizer and percussion to accompany Maxwell's guitar, has brought lots of percussion instruments, many home-made, for the children to use. The kids are part of both the writing and the performing of the music. After a few bars of "Rock and Roll *Frère Jacques*," they are hopping about, playing imaginary guitars and pro-

nouncing each word of the traditional but Maxwell-updated tune. Echo songs, sign-language songs, and jumping songs cure audience restlessness, and encourage teachers to dance about with the children. All the while Maxwell grins his amiable, mustached grin. The older girls obviously have a crush on him.

Maxwell says the kids are his inspiration and, "It is more difficult to perform for them than for adults because of their honesty." In an accent he describes as "*français international* with an Acadian edge," he sings about a wide range of everyday topics (the days of the week, colors, the rooms of a house). Unless the audience's command of the language is very limited, he speaks entirely in French during the concerts.

"He's young and relates well to kids and teachers, and that's a key to his success," says Anthony Mollica, associate professor of education at Brock University. That's where Maxwell recently conducted a workshop for teachers of French as a second language. "In the classroom," Mollica continues, "he stresses both language and music, and he combines language suitable for children with a contemporary sound they find engaging."

Brenda Linton of the Scarborough chapter of Canadian Parents for French emphasizes that Maxwell "gives children an opportunity to use French skills outside the classroom, something they have few chances to do." Many educators praise his pronunciation and grammar, as well as his workshop demonstrations for teachers. Maxwell says he employs the standard approach to teaching French, "the direct method, *la méthode directe*, rather than French immersion."

"His choice of traditional and modern tunes demonstrates good humor and a fine use of often mispronounced everyday expressions," says Diane Woody, a French instructor at the University of Toronto. "His song about body parts, for instance, is a welcome change from '*Alouette*.' He also correctly places the stresses on the words, at the same time matching the stresses in the music."

At the end of the Broadacres concert — during which Maxwell sings songs, encourages breakdancing, and produces sound effects — he plays a special request, then switches roles and becomes the audience. He gives his total

attention to some children performing a dance routine to one of his songs. They have perfected the number at a local mall during Education Week, and now they want to perform it for its creator. Two fifth-graders then shyly do floor and balance-beam exercises to yet another of his songs. All this, after just a few weeks of listening to *Comment ça va?*

While Matt and his Muffin Record Company (whose distributor is A&M and address is Unit 348, 238 Davenport Rd., Toronto, M4R 1J6) have yet to break into the Quebec market, Ontario has provided what he calls "a most receptive audience." His second album, *Quand Tu Seras Grand*, had already sold 3,000 copies shortly after its release last December. He received a Canadian Independent Record Producers Association award for new talent in 1984.

Air Canada has used his songs on in-flight headphone programs for children, and Linda Scott of Copp Clark Pitman Ltd. reports that Maxwell is writing the songs and preparing the

tape for *Aventure en français*, a three-level, elementary-school program. A Matt Maxwell songbook for piano and guitar will appear soon, along with teacher workbooks to accompany the recordings. Then there's the record for Ethiopia.

Before the Northern Lights' "Tears Are Not Enough" was recorded, Maxwell thought children could help other children through music. Muffin Records approached A&M and UNICEF with a proposal that Canadian children's artists agree to the production of a double album to be launched with a concert in Ottawa this fall. All proceeds would go to Ethiopia.

Maxwell sees his future as more songwriting, more albums and, as a long-range goal, an alternative school to implement his techniques. "*Tu chantes très, très, très, très bien*," he tells his audience, giving them his reassuring thumbs-up sign for the umpteenth time. *Après Matt, Frère Jacques* may never be the same.

—Linda Granfield, in *Quill & Quire*

If these be do-gooders let's have more of them

Cynics doubtless dismiss the Women's Division of the Dalhousie Alumni Association as a flock of middle-class do-gooders with nothing better to do than sponsor tea parties, coffee parties, September corn-boil parties, Christmas dessert parties, Winter raffle parties, and Spring fashion-show parties. For the division does indeed do all these things, and it is indeed middle-class.

"We're not a feminist group by any stretch of the imagination," says the current president, Jamie DeWolf (BCom'78). She's a senior consultant with Price Waterhouse Associates, and as *Dalhousie Alumni Magazine's* mid-September deadlines approached she was about to give birth to her first child. "The Women's Division is more like the women's auxiliary of a hospital," she explained. "We think of this as working for the community." And so it is.

You won't hear Brenda Ann Mac-

Bournie of Halifax knocking the Women's Division for sponsoring frivolous parties. Those social events raise hard cash for students, and she saw nothing frivolous in the \$200-bursary she got from the division a year ago last September. Brenda Ann is now in her fourth year of studying for a BSc (Honors Geology), and she says "that money bought most of my books. We're not exactly a high-income family."

Brenda Ann has a talent for understatement. She lives with her parents in public housing. Both parents are blind, and last summer her father was in hospital, undergoing treatment for cancer. "We've done without a lot of things to send her through college," Brenda Ann's mother said. But to dispell any notion that her daughter had not done her part, she quickly explained that Brenda Ann had worked in the Student Union Building — at the information desk, as a security guard, in bar service. Brenda Ann has also done a lot of baby-

DALUMNI

sitting in her time.

Since she had a full-time job last summer, working in her own field with the curator of geology at the Nova Scotia Museum, she decided that this year she'd not compete against other needy students for a bursary from the Women's Division. The point is, she got money from the division when she needed it most.

So did Lisa Panayotidis, now in her second year of Costume Studies. Last year the Theatre Department helped the Women's Division stage the most successful fashion show in the division's history. One century earlier Dalhousie had first granted a degree to a woman — Margaret Florence Newcombe — and to celebrate the centenary, the division decided the show's theme would be "Reflections on Fashion, 1885-1985." Students in the Costume Studies program sewed the clothing for this parade of fashions from Newcombe's time to our own, and the show netted \$2,000. Grateful for the help, the division paid Lisa \$500 to spend much of the summer holed up in the Dalhousie Archives while repairing its costume collection.

The archives are custodians of Neptune Theatre costumes. "They're merely glued together," archivist Charles Armour explained. "They come here, dry out, and fall apart. It was essential that some work be done on them, but the repairs required more than the skills of just a seamstress." The costume-doctor had to know something about costumes, exactly Lisa's field. She repaired 90, and to protect them from light and dust, also made cotton bags for them.

"We'd like to do more of that sort of thing," Jamie DeWolf says. "Instead of just handing out cash, we'd like to see the students work for the money, especially if the work's in their own field."

But speaking of handing out cash, she added, "We get some pretty desperate cases." This year, the division is awarding \$4,000 in scholarships and bursaries, and four medals for top students among graduates in Physical Education, Recreation, Health Education, and Occupational Therapy. The \$4,000 breaks down like this: \$1,000 for the new Margaret Florence Newcombe entrance scholarship; two more entrance scholarships of \$750 each; \$500 for the Isabel Brown scholarship for a student entering the final undergraduate year; and \$1,000 for bursaries for four or five



Lisa rescues costume (Carlos photo)

students like Brenda Ann, who apply to the division in writing.

The purpose of both the fashion show and such events as the annual raffle — it earned \$1,000 last February — is to feed the divisions' capital fund, which now stands at \$25,000. The interest pays for scholarships and bursaries, and the university Awards Office handles both the investment of the fund and the selection of scholarship winners.

In addition to helping students directly, the Women's Division helps them indirectly — by improving life at Shirreff Hall. It recently spent \$3,000 on drapes for the library in the residence, replaced some books, had others rebound, donated china, had furniture reupholstered and refinished, and paid to have a wrought-iron lamp designed, fashioned and installed.

"We want to make the lounge and library nice places for the girls to take their parents and visitors," DeWolf says. "We'd like to provide gracious surroundings for entertaining. These two rooms have virtually been revamped from a modern decor back to a more traditional style."

Dalhousie alumnae have been helping to keep the lounge spiffy and the library informative since the dawn of the flapper era. Shirreff Hall opened in 1922 — the year James Joyce's *Ulysses* appeared, and T.S. Eliot's *The Waste-*

land, not to mention "I'll See You in My Dreams" — and the following year, W.E. Thompson, honorary secretary of the Dalhousie Board of Governors, offered the board's effusive thanks to the Dalhousie Alumnae Association for contributing to the furnishing of Shirreff Hall:

"The Board desires to convey their deepest enthusiasm for the great care, enthusiasm, co-operation and continuous energy and labor your Society has given to this matter, only to be compared with the wonderful results obtained, both intrinsically and artistically. It is a further great pleasure to the Board to know that you have still a small reserve fund from which you propose to draw for further gifts and thus place the University under greater obligations to your grand Society."

Women graduates had founded the Dalhousie Alumnae Association in 1909, and in 1914 the Nova Scotia legislature passed "an act to incorporate the Alumnae Association of Dalhousie College and University." Two world wars later, the association voted unanimously to amalgamate with the rest of the alumni. Thus, in 1946, the Dalhousie Alumnae Association became the Women's Division of the Dalhousie Alumni Association.

Though the division's chief purpose is to raise money for students and Shirreff Hall, it takes on other responsibilities as well. For instance, members helped round up historic photographs for the recent exhibition in the university art gallery, "Pioneer Women at Dalhousie."

Moreover, the university recently gave the division a new, permanent assignment. The Dalhousie Memorial Bursary Fund is a pool of money donated in memory of various students, alumni, faculty and administrative staff. In time, investment income from the fund will provide bursaries for hard-up students. Meanwhile, the university has asked the Women's Division to serve as the fund's trustees. (Contributions of \$25 or more, in memory of Dalhousie people, should be sent to The Dalhousie Memorial Bursary Fund, c/o Ms. Jennifer March, Development Office, Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S., B3H 3J5.)

The Women's Division gets some administrative help from staff at the alumni office, but it's mostly self-sufficient and proud to be so. Techni-

cally, every alumna is a member, but the "active list" consists of about 500. These members, DeWolf says, range in age from 22 to 90. The division can always use active members, especially if they're women who know not only that there's nothing wrong with doing good but also that there's nothing boring about it. President DeWolf's numbers are 469-6835 (home) and 422-7427 (office). The number at the alumni office is 424-2071. □

Memorial fund honors Dal's Denton Hurdle



Friends and family wish to honor the late Denton Gordon Hurdle (BPhysEd '80) by establishing a fund in his memory. He was only 28 when he died last May 8. Denton was a varsity soccer player at Dalhousie, and an active, popular student. He helped run the women's volleyball program. At home in Bermuda, he taught physical education, and was captain and fullback for the Teachers rugby team. He was five-foot-eleven, weighed 210 pounds and seemed fit when heart trouble afflicted him near Christmas of 1984. The purpose of the fund is to help a student from Denton's school (Warwick Academy, Bermuda) who wants to study in the School of Recreation, Physical and Health Education at Dalhousie. Please make contributions payable to Dalhousie University, Denton Hurdle Memorial Fund, and send them to the Development Office, Dalhousie University, N.S., B3H 3J5. □

Dean Read was wrong about Bertha Wilson

He didn't want her to study law in 1954. She took it anyway, and now she's on the Supreme Court of Canada. Here, from an article by Sandra Gwyn (BA'55) in Saturday Night, is the story of Wilson at Dal

The conversation that nearly ended Bertha Wilson's legal career before it started took place in the office of Horace E. Read, the dean of Dalhousie Law School. In the early autumn of 1954, Wilson was 31. She was five years removed from her native Scotland, married to a naval chaplain recently posted to Halifax. She had no children and no parish affairs to look after, and she didn't enjoy being idle. "I really had no intention of becoming a practising lawyer," she remembers. "Law seemed a good way of picking up a liberal education where I'd left off." Horace Read, renowned as a teacher but also renowned as a crusty, choleric figure on campus, was unimpressed. "Madam," he barked, "we have no room here for dilettantes. Why don't you just go home and take up crocheting?"

But eventually Wilson persuaded him to give her a chance, and her life quickly began to change. "From my very first day of classes," she recalls, "I knew the law was my thing. I just sopped it up like a sponge." At Christmas, as was his custom, Read set an exam for his first-year class in contracts, a dinky little problem intended, as he put it, "to separate the wheat from the chaff." Wilson's memory for detail is flawless. "We had to prepare an opinion for a client. This particular client was a woman who was furious at the Singer sewing machine people for putting an ad in the paper advertising machines on special, and then informing her, when she got to the store, that there weren't any left." For Wilson, practical wife of the manse, "this was a real human problem that I could identify with." The opinion practically wrote itself, and Read read it out to the class. No legal grounds for complaint existed, Wilson told the mythical client.

The newspaper was "a mere puff," not an offer. Then she added a word of advice. "Why not, next time, be first in the queue?" . . .

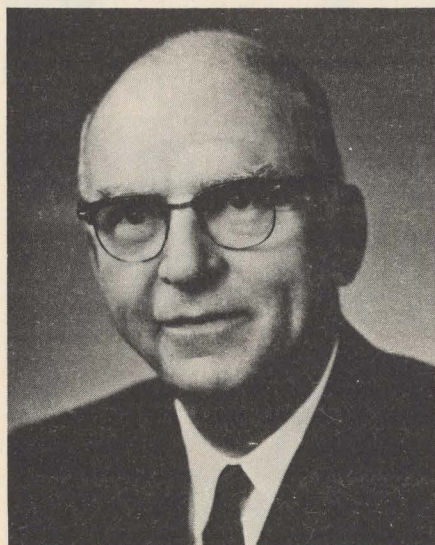
In 1949, the Wilsons immigrated to Canada, from Scotland, prompted by glowing letters from John Wilson's brother James. For three years, John was minister at the Presbyterian church in Renfrew, in the Ottawa Valley. Their lives were transformed by the war in Korea. The chaplain of the fleet, who'd become a close friend, urged John to enlist as a seagoing padre. "It meant we would be separated for over a year," Wilson recalls. "But I knew how much John wanted to go, and after forty-eight hours we said yes." She moved to Ottawa, took a tiny flat in a mostly working-class, mostly French-speaking district, and got her first paying job — as receptionist for two dentists. She made appointments, developed x-rays, sent out bills, and kept the books. She learned to type and to drive a car. "I was often very lonely, but in a strange way it felt good and exhilarating to be my own centre of reference." When John Wilson sailed home in 1954, they moved to Halifax, where he took up a shore appointment. When time began to hang heavy on her hands, she made an appointment to see the dean at Dalhousie Law School.

Thirty years ago Dalhousie was a small, cosy campus, and the law school was the jewel in the university's crown (as it still is). Dal was a folksy kind of place where one professor, a yachting enthusiast, taught marine law with model boats in a tub full of water. In those days Dal Law was not yet imprisoned in a stone-and-glass box. It occupied the most handsome of the old stone buildings on the campus, the one that's now Dalhousie's faculty club, with graceful Corinthian columns and a

wide, welcoming portico.

Though a decade older than most of her classmates — five others, out of fifty, were women — Wilson fit in. "She was a very attractive girl who wore black sweaters," recalls one former classmate, now an Ontario judge. "She was very nice about lending me her notes." She was one of the superachievers who got together on Friday nights to chew over cases. "She had a wonderful capacity for analysis, tempered with kindness," recalls another member of this group, Ron Pugsley, now a leading Halifax lawyer. She graduated in 1957 with a couple of prizes, near though not quite at the top of her class, and was offered a Harvard scholarship that could have led to teaching. Dean Read dissuaded her. "He said, 'Oh my dear! A woman on faculty! Not in *your* time!'" Nor was it easy to find a place to article. Eventually, a crusty Halifax intellectual named Fred Bissett (father of the poet, bill bissett), took her on. "From the dizzy heights of academia," recalls Wilson, "I was plunged into the stark reality of the police court, with its daily roster of drunks and prostitutes . . . And when I became too insufferable in my new-found legal knowledge . . . Fred would say to me, innocent-like, 'How would you like to work up a defence on this buggery charge?'"

But lady lawyers of the 1950s did not often go to court to defend buggers or anyone else. Instead, they searched titles and wrote up mortgages — the "clerkish scutwork" of the law, as the Newfoundland lawyer-novelist William



Dean Horace Read felt a housewife's place was anywhere but a courtroom

Rowe has called it. Early in 1958, when John Wilson's short-service naval appointment came to an end, the Wilsons moved to Toronto. Bertha deliberately applied to a large firm, Osler, Hoskin & Harcourt, "because, in a small firm, they could always fob you off with excuses about not having a ladies' washroom." Osler Hoskin, a corporate-commercial giant with roots in Victorian Toronto, almost didn't hire her. "There was an incredibly long and solemn debate as to whether a woman could really be suited to the practice of law," recalls Allan Beattie, now a senior partner . . . □

Women scientists and engineers form chapter

Women in Science and Engineering, with membership across Canada and international members at large, now boasts a Halifax chapter. The organization encourages women to pursue careers in engineering, mathematical and natural science, and to reach high levels of achievement in these fields. It also serves as an information centre for, and about, women scientists and engineers; as a forum for the discussion of subjects that interest them; and as a voice for all members. Fees vary from \$10 a year for those who want only the newsletter to \$30 for a full, participating membership. For further information, call Connie Carruthers at 835-6005 (home) or 835-9686 (office). □

UPEI alumni plan N.S. branch

Graduates of the University of Prince Edward Island, and of two of its founding institutions — Prince of Wales College and St. Dunstan's University — are welcome at a reception in the Halifax Sheraton Hotel at 7:30 p.m. on Nov. 14. The purpose is to discuss the establishment of a Nova Scotia chapter of the UPEI Alumni Association. The new president of UPEI, Dr. C.W.J. "Willie" Eliot, will be there, and also alumni president Scott MacKenzie. □

New York notes

New York alumni will meet for their annual dinner on Sunday, Nov. 10 at the Inwood Manor, Teaneck, N.J. For details call 201-836-0454, or 718-739-5969. On Saturday, June 15, Howard and Bea Glube were hosts to alumni at a cook-out at their country home in the Hudson Valley. Dr. Doris Marshall Harris was elected president of the New York alumni at the annual meeting last Feb. 3. The death on Sept. 16 of long-time secretary-treasurer Ralph MacLean saddened alumni. His loss — to family, alumni and his community — is inestimable. His family deeply appreciated the flowers and expressions of sympathy that the Dalhousie Alumni Association and President W. Andrew MacKay sent. □

St. Joseph's plans centenary

St. Joseph's Convent, Mabou, Cape Breton, plans to celebrate its centennial in the summer of 1987. It asks all former students to notify the Centennial Committee of the years they attended St. Joseph's, their names (maiden), and current addresses. Write to The Centennial Committee, St. Joseph's Convent, Mabou, N.S.; BOE 10X. □

Word from Georgia about I.W. Killam

I enjoyed your article on Mrs. I.W. Killam (Summer, '85). Your readers may wonder how I.W. Killam became so wealthy. My mother, once a classmate of his in Yarmouth, tells this story: Young Isaac bought candy at the store on his way to school, six pieces for five cents. During recess he sold them to his classmates for one cent each. A busybody remarked, "How can you get rich doing that?" Ike replied, "Tell me where else I can get 20 percent on my money."

Robert M. Webster (MD'52)
Marietta, Georgia

Nursing alumni getting their act together



Dr. Phyllis Stern (front row, left), Director of the School of Nursing, and other members of a nursing-school steering committee are working with alumni to organize the Dalhousie University School of Nursing Alumni. The new association will meet for lunch and business on Jan. 25, 1986, in the Student Union Building. The program will include the election of officers, ratification of the constitution and, less formally, the renewal of auld acquaintance that should not be forgot. For more information, phone the School of Nursing (424-2535), or the Alumni Office (424-2071)

Most of the School of Nursing's class of '75 came to the Faculty Club for a reunion in September, and judging by the photo (right), they had a merry, old time. Meanwhile, three quarters of the Bachelor of Nursing Class of 1980 (bottom right) showed up for a reunion. They came from all over the Maritimes, from Ontario, and from as far away as Vancouver. They enjoyed a dinner-dance, champagne-breakfast with professors, and steak barbecue. For a memorable weekend, the class was grateful to planning committee members Mary Lou MacIntyre, Dawn Miller, Mary Thibeau, Cathy Turner, and Kate Connors, who has agreed to run the class newsletter this fall. The class discussed a donation to the Dalhousie Nursing Fund, and decided to hold a ten-year reunion in 1990



Dentistry reunions lure grads from around world



Dentistry classes of 1955 and 1965 held reunions during the Faculty of Dentistry's Post College Assembly and the Atlantic Provinces Dental Convention late last May, and attracted alumni from as far away as Australia and Germany. The class of '55 (upper left) was proud to note that it was the first to graduate under the tenure of Dr. James D. McLean. Left to right, front row, are Donald Williams, Moncton; Doug Eisner, Dalhousie; Kira Obrazcova, Ottawa; Ivor Hamilton, Germany; Hymen Sable, Dartmouth. In the back row are Robert Pentz, Halifax; Aldred Cluett, London, Ont.; Bruce Ross, Toronto. The class of '65 named Leonard Perry, long-time administrator in the dentistry faculty, an honorary member, and also announced the establishment of a scholarship in Dr. McLean's name. Left to right, front row, in the class of '65 (lower left), are Getty Jocys, Halifax; Max Sullivan, Australia; George Nye, Red Deer, Alta.; Jim McLean, Dalhousie; Danny Macintosh, Dalhousie; Emmett Foley, Ottawa; Bob Cooper, Ottawa. In the back row are Bob Furlong, St. John's; George Zwicker, Dalhousie; Fred Ross, Ottawa; Len Perry, Halifax; Jack Thompson, Rothesay, N.B.; Harold Wood, Winnipeg

Students found periodical

International Insights, a semi-annual Dalhousie journal on international affairs, recently made its first appearance, with a foreword by William H. Charles, former dean of the law school and articles on subjects ranging from acid rain to free trade, from Canadian defence policy to jurisdiction of the Continental Shelf off Newfoundland.

While published under the auspices of the John E. Read International Society at the law school and run by law and political-science students, the journal hopes students from other departments will soon become part of the operation.



Dalhousie Alumni Association
presents

CHILI ON ICE
Saturday, February 1

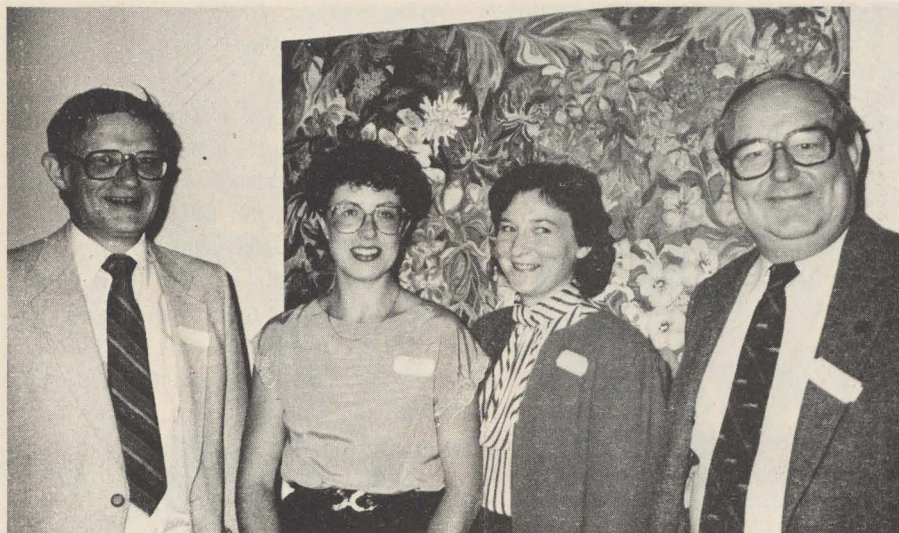
5-6 p.m. Family Skate, Dal Arena
6-7:30 p.m. Chili Supper, Faculty Club
7:30 p.m. Mt. A vs. Dal Tigers, Dal Arena

All Dal Alumni Welcome

Tickets Available at the Alumni Office:

6250 South Street
424-2071/2072

Library alumni hold party for students



At the annual student orientation reception of the Library alumni are, left to right, A.M. Sinclair, vice-president (academic and research); Tracey Leger-Hornby, chairwoman, library alumni; Penny Logan, program co-ordinator, library alumni; and Norman Horrocks, director, School of Library Service

Reception for Dal Alumni employees



The Dalhousie Alumni Association held a reception earlier this year for the hundreds of men and women who are both employees of the university and alumni. Among the guests were, left to right, Randy Barkhouse, Lynette Mensah, alumni past president Peter Doig, and the former president of the student union, Alex Gigeroff



Dalhousie Alumni SUNDAY SKATE

Dalhousie Memorial Arena

**Oct. 20 to March 30
3:00 - 4:00 p.m.**

\$1.50/single \$3.00/family
(with Dalhousie Alumni Association Membership Card)

MBA Xmas Lunch

12 noon, Dec. 6
Halifax Salon,
Halifax Sheraton
Halifax, N.S.

For tickets,
Phone Eileen MacDougall
at the School of Business

424-7080

Class Notes

31 Raeburn F. McCunn, Q.C., LLB, and his wife, Wilma, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary at their home in River Philip, N.S. on August 14, 1985.

32 Dr. Lilius M. Toward, Q.C., BA, LLB'57, LLM'58, LLD'85, was recently presented with the Evelyn Richardson award for her book, *Mabel Bell: Alexander's Silent Partner*.

33 Rev. W. Charles Anderson, BA, was honored by St. Andrew's Church, Halifax, where he ministered from 1950 until his retirement in 1974, on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of his ordination.

38 David Maclellan, Arts, Law'48, is now retired and continuing to live in Ottawa after many years as editor and general manager of the national magazine, *Canadian Geographic*, during which time he also served as executive secretary of the Royal Canadian Geographical Society.

George C. Piercey, Q.C., BA, BCom'39, LLB'41, was appointed vice-chairman of the board of governors of Dalhousie University on July 1, 1985.

49 Mr. Justice Lorne O. Clarke, BA, LLB'51, has been appointed chief justice of Nova Scotia and becomes chief of the Supreme Court's appeal division.

J. Douglas Rosborough, DipEng, and his sons, Kevin, Science'77, and Robert, operate a boat building firm, Rosborough Boats, in Melville Cove, North West Arm, Halifax.

53 W. Struan Robertson, LLB, BCom'55, became chairman of the board of governors of Dalhousie University on July 1, 1985.

54 A. Martin Smith, Q.C., BCom, LLB'58, has been appointed prothonotary of the Nova Scotia Supreme Court and clerk of the Crown for Halifax County.

Peggy Weld, BA, BEd'55, has been appointed vice-chairman of Dalhousie's board of governors.

55 John E. Cook, BCom, returned to campus not only for his 30th class reunion, but also to attend the graduation of his son, Paul, BA'85.

E. Jean Harrington, BA, was one of three recipients of the Halifax YWCA women's recognition award.

56 Gary C. Bardon, Q.C., LLB, was appointed to the CN Marine board of directors.

57 Max E. Croucher, C.A., BCom, has moved to New York City to assume duties as vice-president/chief financial officer of International Thomson Books.

58 John L. Brean, LLB, has been appointed vice-president of law and corporate secretary with CN Marine.

Stewart D. McInnes, BA, LLB'61, was sworn in as minister of supply and services in the Federal cabinet in August.

60 Carl E. Heggelin, BCom, is vice-president, Finance, of Acadian Lines, Halifax.

62 Dr. Donna M. Curry, BSc, MD'67, has been appointed honorary secretary of the Dalhousie board of governors.

Judith Maier Glover, DipPharm, BSc'65, has recently opened a pharmacy in Harvey Station, N.B. after working in various Fredericton pharmacies during the last seven years.

63 Dr. Gerald C. Cullen, MD, of Newport Beach, California, has been appointed to a part-time position as diplomate associate ophthalmologist at Jules Stein Eye Institute, University of California, Los Angeles.

64 Allan C. Shaw, BSc, MBA'71, has been named honorary treasurer of the board of governors at Dalhousie.

65 Shirley Hodder DeBow, BA, moved from Edmonton to Lethbridge, Alta. when her husband, Gerald, was appointed a provincial court judge, Criminal Division, in July 1984. Shirley is presently teaching at the Lethbridge Community College in its human resources programs. They have three children, Jeremy, 10, Suzanne, 7, and Adrienne, 3.

66 Dr. Michael R. Graham, MD, received the Naval Medal of Vasco da Gama from Admiral Leitao, MD, chief of staff of the Portuguese Navy, at a naval ceremony on board the Portuguese School Ship *Sagres* in Lisbon harbour on April 9, 1985. Present at the ceremony were all the senior officers of the Portuguese Navy, Canadian Ambassador Lloyd Francis, the commanding officer of *Sagres* as well as the entire ship's company. It was the first time the decoration has ever been presented to a Canadian.

67 W. Dwight Grant, BCom, has been appointed director of group purchasing services of the Nova Scotia Association of Health Organizations.

Dr. Kenneth M. McLaughlin, MA, chairman of history at the University of St. Jerome's College, Waterloo, Ont., has won many heritage awards for his academic and volunteer work in Ontario.

In May he received a Province of Ontario Ministry of Citizenship and Culture Ontario Volunteer Service Award pin.

68 Armand F. Pinard, MA, has become Nova Scotia's deputy minister of tourism.

69 Robert B. Hyslop, BA(K), LLB'73, has been appointed to the position of associate deputy attorney general and director of public prosecutions for the province of Newfoundland.

William D. Kerr, BA, BEd'72, has recently been appointed operations manager of Kerr Steamships (Canada) Limited.

70 A. Paulette Whitman, BEd, has been named a member of the whole language committee of the International Reading Association, a worldwide organization devoted to the improvement of reading.

71 Donald Cherry, BCom, is the new director of the Centre for Development Projects at Dalhousie. For the past two years he had been teaching accounting at the University of Zimbabwe in Harare.

W. Wayne Harbin, BA, has been appointed manager of the Westville, N.S. branch of the Royal Bank.

John S. McVicar, LLB, has recently been appointed to the position of director of Agency Development for the Maritimes for Transamerica Life.

Christine E. Moore, BA, BEd'72, MED'77(U of Ottawa), has recently left a position with the Co-operative Education Program at Mount Saint Vincent University to take up a new challenge with the N.S. Department of Labor & Manpower, Youth Initiatives Office.

Phyllis M. Morrison, Arts, has been appointed manager of Uniglobe C.C. Travel in Halifax.

72 Errol R. Jansz, PhD, has been appointed director of the Ceylon Institute of Scientific and Industrial Research. The CISIR is the premier applied research institute in Sri Lanka.

Dr. Karl Pfeifer, MA, is now an assistant professor of philosophy at the University of Saskatchewan.

73 Christine M. Lutley, Grad Studies, has been appointed mall manager, Bedford Place Mall.

Margaret M. Power, BA(K), is now development officer with Edgcombe Investment Services Ltd. in Halifax.

74 Allan M. Wayne, BA, has been named head coach of the men's basketball team at Saint Mary's University. He will continue to hold his full-time position as

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executive assistant to the mayor of the City of Halifax.

75 Alan R. Coles, BSc, recently became president of Keith R. Coles & Associates Ltd. in Halifax.

Dr. Melissa H. Furrow, BA, an assistant professor of English at Dalhousie, is the new assistant dean (student matters) for the Faculty of Arts and Science.

Richard F. Gilbert, BPhysEd, of Tantallon, N.S., is Nova Scotia's chef de mission for the 1987 Canada Winter Games to be held in Cape Breton.

Linda M. McCain, BCom, is vice-president and media director of Hayhurst Advertising Limited in Toronto.

76 The Janet Gwendolyn Coade-Dessauer Memorial Prize has been awarded to **Heather Ann Smith**, BA'85, of Halifax. Heather, an honors graduate in German and French, is the first recipient of this annual prize.

Mary E. MacGillivray, BA, has been named acting registrar at Dalhousie.

W. M. (Bill) Mahoney, BSc, BCom'78, is manager, Customer Services for SHL (Systemhouse) Business Systems in Calgary. Bill and Marilyn have a daughter, Melissa, born January 12, 1980 in Yarmouth, N.S. and a son, Derek, born November 19, 1982 in Calgary.

Carl R. Makarewicz, MD, was recently awarded certification by the American Board of Radiology and by the American Board of Nuclear Medicine. His new appointment will be at the community hospital in Glens Falls, N.Y.

Roy F. Redgrave, BCom, MBA'80, LLB'80, has been appointed manager, of the Estate, Trust and Agency Department of Atlantic Trust Company of Canada.

Peter K. Russell, BCom, has been employed with the Royal Bank of Canada for the past nine years. In February he was promoted to the position of manager, Services & Operations of the West Retail Centre in Edmonton.

77 Leslie A. Birdsall, MBA, has been appointed director of advertising and promotion of Capitol Stores Ltd. and Valu-Fair Drug Mart, Halifax.

Dr. Melanie J. Dobson, BSc, has been awarded a Medical Research Council Senior Fellowship and is now setting up her own research laboratory in the department of botany at the University of Nottingham, England.

Dr. Denis Falvey, MD, Post Grad Med'77, of Bridgewater, N.S., has developed a computerized system to aid members of the medical profession in their billing, MSI submissions, record-keeping on patients and drugs prescribed.

Norma B. Saltzberg, BA, has held the position of B.C. regional director for the Muscular Dystrophy Association of Canada since 1983. Previously she was B.C. campaigns coordinator for the Kinsman Mothers' March (March of Dimes in other provinces) for the Kinsmen Rehabilitation Foundation.

78 Anthea D. Bellemare, MSc, fitness coordinator at Dalplex and lecturer in the School of Recreation, Physical and Health Education, was a winner in the Masters Division (40 and over) in the national Fitness Challenge in August.

R. Mark Rodger, BSc, MD'82, discontinued his practice in Saint John, N.B. at the end of June 1985. He and his wife, Janet, have moved to Toronto where Mark has entered the residency program in orthopaedic surgery at the University of Toronto.

79 Ray F. Kelly, BSc, was appointed product development technologist in the food technology section of Agriculture Canada's Kentville Research Station.

Craig J. Winsor, BSc(Pharm), has been appointed claims manager of Maritime Medical Care Inc.

80 Glen A. Gibson, BA, BDesComm'84 (NSCAD), has been elected by the Nova Scotia Badminton Association as the technical representative for the Canada Winter Games in Cape Breton in 1987. He has a provincial certification for umpiring badminton in Canada and is the officiating development officer on the Nova Scotia Badminton Association Executive Committee for 1985-86.

Earl R. Jessiman, BPhysEd, has accepted a one-year contract as head coach and director of hockey operations of the New Westminster Bruins of the Western Hockey League.

Paul J. Lathigee, BA, has been appointed vice-president, Product Development of Shearson Securities Limited.

Marian L. Staple, BA, BEd, a schoolteacher in Dartmouth, recently had the first exhibition of her art work on display at the Dartmouth Heritage Museum.

81 Andrew P. Beckett, C.A., BCom, is now the general manager of Dalhousie's Student Union Building.

Thomas C. DeWolf, BEd, is a second secretary at the Commission For Canada in Hong Kong.

Christopher S. McKee, C.A., BCom, joined the Halifax office of Clarkson Gordon in May 1985.

Dr. Peta J. Mudie, PhD, a research scientist at Dalhousie, is participating in a scientific cruise aboard the **Joides Resolution**, the drillship for the Ocean Drilling Program. She is part of an international team of scientists who are investigating the structural and geologic history of Norway's Continental margin to learn more about the ways in which ocean margins evolve through time.

Dr. R. Bruce Murphy, BSc(K), DDS, has joined the staff of the Tridont Dental Centre in Bedford, N.S.

Nancy (Carrigan) Stabenow, BA, has recently joined Industrial Marine Products Ltd. as a human resources officer.

Nadine L. Wentzell, BSc(Pharm), has been appointed pharmacist consultant with Maritime Medical Care Inc.

Darrell Young, BRec, has been named head coach of the Dalhousie men's ice hockey team.

82 Susan (Mason) MacLeod, BSc(Physio), was inducted into the Nova Scotia Sport Heritage Centre Sport Hall of Fame in September for her achievements in swimming.

Susan McIntyre, BA, BA(HonCert)'83, was appointed executive assistant to the dean of Student Services at Dalhousie.

83 Philip J. Ellwood, BSc, DipEng, graduated from the Technical University of Nova Scotia in mechanical engineering with distinction. He has accepted employment with General Motors of Canada Ltd. in Oshawa, Ont.

84 Keith R. Jollymore, BSc, **Barry Timmins**, BCom, and **Bert Percy** are co-owners of Surf Tech Atlantic Ltd., a surf, sailboard and skateboard shop newly opened in Halifax.

Peter R. Rans, PhD, is assistant director of the Transition Year Program at Dalhousie.

85 Peter A. Doig, BCom, claimed first prize on a paper he submitted to the 1984-85 MIO Awards competition on the International Options Market, a division of the Montreal Exchange. The paper was published in The International Options Journal.

Brian G. Fitzpatrick, MBA, has joined Corporate Research Associates Limited as research consultant.

Kathleen A. Gorman, BA, ARCT'83(U of Toronto), is pursuing a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree at Concordia University.

Births

Judith A. (Peacocke) Adelberg, BA'70, and **Peter Adelberg**, Nepean, Ont., on March 6, 1985, a son, **David Douglas**, a brother for Karen. Judy is a classification and organization specialist with National Revenue, Taxation.

Allan J. Bezanson, BCom'77, a boy, **Joshua Thomas**. Allan is general manager, NOWSCO, The Hague, Netherlands and assistant treasurer, NOWSCO, Barbados.

Julie L. (Mackintosh) Carruthers, BSc(Pharm)'79, and **R. Murray Carruthers**, Digby, N.S., on January 21, 1985, a second daughter, **Lindsay Ruth**, a sister for **Ashley Kathryn**.

Daphne (Cook) Dykhuizen, BSc'82, and **Henk Dykhuizen**, of Orleans, Ont., on March 5, 1985, a daughter, **Jessica Joanne**, in Wolfville, N.S.

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Colleen Khattar Ernest, BEd'77, and **Gary P. Ernest**, MD'80, Liverpool, N.S., on May 4, 1985, a daughter.

Kenneth R. Grant, BA'72, and **Kim (Holland)**, MSc'82, on July 6, 1985, their third child, a son, Bryan Robert.

Sharon B. (Himmelman) Heighton, BSc'78, MSc'80, and **W. Andrew Heighton**, Hampton, N.B., on August 21, 1985, their first child, a daughter, Katherine Jean (Kate).

Dr. Jane M. (Coade) Hicks, BN'71, DDS'77, and **Michael B. Hicks**, BCom'71, LLB'74, Vancouver, B.C., on June 7, 1985, a son, Robert Bruce Coade, a brother for Neal. Jane is practicing dentistry and Michael is practicing law.

Sarah R. Jardine, BA'83, and **Lt.(N) Fred Jardine**, Halifax, June 1985, a son, Thomas Michael, a brother for Emily Catherine, May 1983.

Pamela (Beairsto) MacDonald, BN'79, and **Robert MacDonald** have two sets of twins, boy and girl (each set). The oldest were three in August, the youngest were born May 1, 1985. Pamela is a nurse at the Grace Maternity in Calgary.

Dawn (Hastings) MacKay, BSc'80, and **Dale MacKay**, Halifax, on June 2, 1985, a son, Alexander James, a brother for Josh.

Vesta J. (Adamson) Mason, BSc(Pharm)'82, and **Cst. J. Kevin Mason**, Cranbrook, B.C., on May 1, 1985, their first child, a son, Adam.

Patricia M. Nicoll, LLB'82, and **Barry G. Sullivan**, BEd'80, Ottawa, Ont., on July 16, 1985, a daughter, Bridgette Caroline, a sister for Robert Ward, April 14, 1984. Patricia has joined the Department of External Affairs as a foreign service officer and Barry is studying towards a Masters degree in Education at the University of Ottawa.

Ruth (Prentice) Norton, BMusicEd'78, and **Stuart O. Norton**, BA'78, BA(HonCert)'79, DDS'85, Amherst, N.S., on June 22, 1985, a daughter, Jillian Elizabeth.

Dr. Michael G. Quigley, BSc'75, MD'79, and **Dr. Janet Wilson**, Montreal, on July 9, 1985, a daughter, Elizabeth Anne.

Margo (Dunsworth) Scott, BSc'70, BSc(Pharm)'71, and **Alfred G. Scott**, Edmonton, Alta., on May 3, 1985, a daughter, Megan Eleanor, a sister for Ian.

Jim E. Simpson, BSc'73, BA'74, MBA'80, and **Judy (Hood)**, BN'74, on July 20, 1985, their second son, Eric William, a brother for Peter, June 13, 1981. Jim is a business consultant with Business Advisory Services, N.S. Department of Development, and Judy is teaching medical surgical nursing at the Halifax Infirmary School of Nursing.

Wade Simpson, BSc(Pharm)'80, and **Gail (Parker)**, BSc(Pharm)'80, Bathurst, N.B., on April 6, 1985, a daughter, Alyssa Joan.

Marilyn Stanford-Zinck, BSc(Pharm)'76, and **Andrew Zinck**, Blandford, N.S., on June 10, 1985, their first child, a son, Nicholas James. Marilyn is employed by Kinley Drug Co. Ltd., a community pharmacy in Lunenburg, N.S.

Karen (Smith) Taylor, BSc(Physio)'81, and **Gary Taylor** of Dartmouth, on December 16, 1984, a daughter, Tabitha Noelle in Thunder Bay, Ont.

Brian P. Walker, DDS'84, and **Debbie Walker**, Oromocto, N.B., February 1985, a son, Shane.

Dr. Robert L. White, BSc'74, and **Dr. Mary Anne White**, assistant professor (research), Chemistry at Dalhousie University, July 2, 1985, a daughter, Alice Patricia.

Michael E. Williamson, C.A., BCom'78, and **Lorraine Williamson**, BCom'78(SMU), Halifax, on September 21, 1984, a son, David Michael.

Jane (MacIntyre) Workman, BSc(HonCert)'81, and **David Workman**, Virginia Beach, Va., on November 20, 1983, a daughter, Rebecca Louise. Jane is working with the State of Virginia in pollution control.

Marriages

Sandy R. Anthony, BA'85, to **Peter D. Chiasson** in Truro, N.S., September 28, 1985.

Anne M. Appleby, DDH'76, BSc'81, to **Stephen D. Ryan**, BSc'83(UNB). They are living in Saint John, N.B.

Michael D. Bailey, BA'82, BEd'83, to **Arlene F. MacDonald** in Truro, N.S., August 17, 1985.

Robert J. Blackwell, BA'82, to **Diane I. Kverme** recently in Halifax.

Lorraine L. Booth, BCom'81, to **John M. Neville** in Halifax, July 6, 1985.

Sharon E. Clark, BA'72, to **Ian S. Youle**, BSc'76, in Toronto, August 19, 1985.

Nancy L. Coffill, BSc'82, to **W. Kent Monteith**, BSc'81, MD'85, recently in Dartmouth.

Stephen A. Corkum, BCom'84, to **Frances T. Pearson** recently in Dartmouth.

Pamela M. Currie, BSc'80, BEd'81, to **Alan D. Yarr** recently in Dartmouth.

Glenn A. Daurie, BSc'84, to **Trudi F. Beharrell** recently in Northamptonshire, England.

Susan M. Delahunt, BSc'77, BA'78, to **Paul W. Wigginton** in Halifax, September 1985.

Denise A. D'Eon, BSc(Pharm)'84, to **Harvey M. McPhee**, BSc'80, BEd'81, LLB'84, in Middle West Pubnico, N.S., August 31, 1985.

Shobha T. Deonaraine, Science'80, to **Stefan M. Gashus** recently in Halifax.

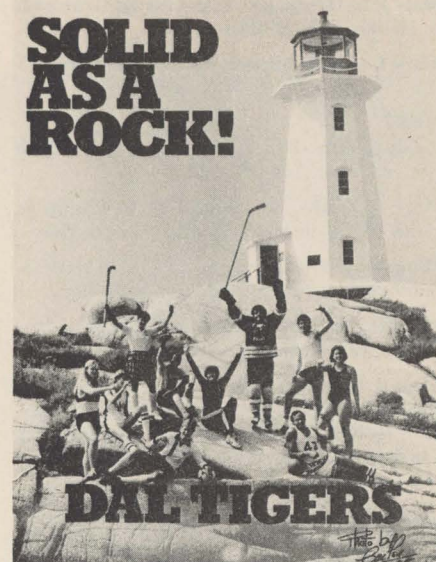
Bernard D. Derible, BSc'83, to **Dawn M. Suto** in Dartmouth, August 23, 1985.

Sheila L. Douglas, BSc'80, MBA'84, LLB'84, to **Gary A. Clark**, BSc'80, MSc'82, MBA'84, in Dartmouth, July 12, 1985. The couple reside in Toronto.

Foster L. Doyle, BA'74, BA(HonCert)'75, MA'83, to **Lori L. MacLeod** in Bedford, N.S., July 20, 1985.

Susan C. Drysdale, BA'81, LLB'84, to **Paul A. Brousseau**, BPhysEd'81, in Halifax, July 19, 1985.

Julian M. Dust, MSc'82, BSc'78(Waterloo), to **Mary D. Secord**, BSc'82(Mt.A.), MSc'84(Queen's),



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in Apohaqui, N.B., May 20, 1985. Julian is pursuing a PhD in chemistry at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont. where the couple now reside.

Brenda Dyer, MBA'85, to **Dr. David K.C. Langille**, MD'84, in Halifax, June 29, 1985. In October the Langilles moved to Cedar Bluff, Alabama where David has set up a general practice.

Denise L. Edgar, BSc(Physio)'83, to **Gordon J. Hollway**, BSc'80, MD'85, in Dartmouth, September 14, 1985.

Leity P. Erickson, BSc'77, DDS'81, MSc(ClinDent-orthodontics)'84(UWO), to **Deborah R. Adarus**, BSc(Physio)'80(UWO), in September 1985. Lee is practicing in Dartmouth and Bedford, N.S.

Dr. Peter J. Ferguson, BSc'79, to **Susan J. Goble** recently in New Glasgow, N.S. The couple now reside in North Carolina.

Paul D. Finlay, BCom'75, BEd'76, to **Deanna Skinner** in Sydney River, N.S., October 12, 1985.

Pamela L. Griffin, BA'83(K), to **William G. Hody**, BA'83(K), in Halifax, September 1985.

Jerry D. Harding, BCom'84, to **Susan E. Saunders** recently in Dartmouth.

Barbara A. Hare, BSc(Physio)'84, to **John C. Lavioie** recently in London, Ont.

Debra A. Harrison, BSc(Pharm)'84, to **Timothy M. Moffatt** in Halifax, September 1, 1985.

David Haverstock, BPhysEd'78, to **Kathryn Hodgson** in Halifax, July 13, 1985.

Kathy J. Henderson, BSc'83, to **Tony M. Tam**, BCom'82, LLB'85, in New Glasgow, N.S., July 6, 1985. They reside in Halifax.

Patricia R. Hinch, BSc'74, to **William B. Campbell**, MBA'78, in Halifax, September 7, 1985.

Charles V. Hofley, LLB'85, to **Lynnell L. Shears** recently in Halifax.

James N. Horwich, BCom'79, to **Debra L. Bradley** in Halifax, September 28, 1985.

DALUMNI

Mary Jane Hyson, BA'77, to Thomas G. Morash in Halifax, July 20, 1985.

Marie Louise Kalbfleisch, BA'78, MBA'80, to William J. Macdonald in New Glasgow, N.S., summer of 1985.

Linda J. King, BSW'83, to Robert M. Purdy in Amherst, N.S., August 24, 1985.

Mary K. Kirkby, BSc(HlthEd)'84, to Phillip R. Fisher in Middle Stewiacke, N.S., July 6, 1985.

Margaret J. Knickle, Commerce'78, to David S. Smith in Lunenburg, N.S., August 26, 1985.

Brian C. Lane, BRecreation'80, MBA'82, to Barbara L. McGibbon in Halifax, August 24, 1985.

Shawn E. MacDiarmid, BSc(Pharm)'81, to Andrew E. Clark, BSc'80, MD'84, in Halifax, June 15, 1985. They are living in St. John's, Nfld. where Andrew is in residency in orthopaedics at Memorial University.

Joan F. MacDonald, DDH'85, to Terry W. Hupman, DDS'84, in Sydney, N.S., August 31, 1985.

Heather E. Mack, BSc(OT)'85, to David B. Reid, BSc'82, BA'84, in Halifax, June 22, 1985. Heather is practicing at the N.S. Rehabilitation Centre and David is studying medicine at Dalhousie.

Marion G. MacKay, BCom'81, to Robert MacInnis in New Glasgow, N.S., June 8, 1985. They are residing in Calgary.

Mary Beth MacKenzie, BRecreation'81, to George S. Clark, BCom'81, in Halifax, August 3, 1985.

Carol L. MacLennan, BN'82, to Richard A. Young, BSc'77, MBA'80, on May 18, 1985. They are now residing in Sydney, N.S.

M. Kinnon MacLeod, BN'78, to Michael E. Sutherland, BCom'79, in Sydney, N.S., October 12, 1985.

Janet R. MacMichael, BN'81, to Gareth D. Luke recently in Wolfville, N.S.

Heather A. MacMillan, BA'78, BEd'79, MBA'81, to Brian N. Craig, BSc'76, MD'84, in Saint John, N.B., September 21, 1985.

Sarah-Maria March, BSc'84, to David C. Gough, BSc'78, in Halifax, July 19, 1985.

Paul A. Martin, BSc'85, to Susan E. Walker recently in Lunenburg, N.S.

Peter J. McCain, BA'81, to Joyce O'Brien in Florenceville, N.B., August 30, 1985. Peter is studying towards an MBA at Dalhousie.

Christena M. McGean, BPhysEd'81, to Gary D. Organ in Halifax, July 20, 1985.

Robert G. Patten, BCom'73, to Elizabeth N. Pushie in Charlottetown, P.E.I., August 10, 1985.

Lorraine E. Patterson, BA'80, to Patrick J. Daly in Dartmouth, June 22, 1985.

Kenneth J. Peacocke, BA'78, to Deborah A. Galinger in Cornwall, Ont., August 10, 1985.

Bruce G. Pulsifer, PEng, DipEng'78, to Barbara Whalley, July 12, 1985, in Calgary, Alta. where Bruce is employed with Mobil Oil.

Shelley J. Ramey, BCom'82, to Ralph G. Wilson in Dartmouth, August 9, 1985.

L. Heather Roseveare, BA'83, to Leo J. Dion in Halifax, July 13, 1985.

Robert J. Selig, CertPubAdmin'82, to Frances H. Flinn in Halifax, July 6, 1985.

Francis C. Smyth, BSc'84, to Nancy E. MacDermid in New Glasgow, N.S., June 29, 1985.

Sandra E. Sweet, BA'82, to Randy M. Ryan, BSc'82, recently in Pictou, N.S.

Carol C. Tufts, BN'79, to Robert W. Pierlot recently in Wolfville, N.S.

Elizabeth A. Wedlake, BSc'75, MBA'80, to Robert S. Ferguson, BCom'78, MBA'80, in Halifax, September 1985.

George A. Weir, BSc'83, to Lillian A. Milosevich recently in Dartmouth.

Katherine J. Whitaker, BSc'82, to Alain J. LeBlanc in Halifax, August 17, 1985.

Ann M. Whynacht, BA'80, to Patrick A. Mills recently in Lunenburg, N.S.

Deaths

Thomas P. Slaven, DipPharm'15, in Sydney Mines, N.S., on July 17, 1985. Mr. Slaven owned and operated two drugs stores in Sydney Mines and North Sydney, N.S.

Jean N. (Foot) Baker, BA'22, in Hartford, Conn., on July 24, 1985. Mrs. Baker taught for a number of years in Korea, after which she lived in the Philippines and United States.

Dr. Jessie Irene MacKnight, DipPharm'22, LLD'61, in Halifax, on June 16, 1985. Dr. MacKnight was honored by Dalhousie in 1961 in recognition of 40 years of service to the College of Pharmacy.

Maurice Ward Cunningham, Arts'23, in Halifax, on August 3, 1985.

Florence Curry Holland, BA'23, in Halifax, on August 26, 1985.

Dr. Donald Olding Hebb, BA'25, LLD'65, of Marriott's Cove, N.S., on August 20, 1985. Dr. Hebb, a former chancellor of McGill University and psychologist, was appointed an honorary professor at Dalhousie in 1978.

Dr. Archibald Donald MacKinnon, DD, BA'25, LLD'75, in Halifax, on August 2, 1985. Dr. MacKinnon, a Gaelic scholar, was minister of the Little Narrows Church in the Presbytery of Cape Breton until his retirement in 1967.

Ewan Somerville Clark, BA'27, of Baddeck, N.S., formerly of Halifax, on July 12, 1985. Mr. Clark taught in Nova Scotia schools for over forty years and was a part-time professor at Dalhousie University.

Mary J. Scouler, BA'28, in Halifax, on April 17, 1985.

Donald Douglas Gunn, Q.C., LLB'32, in Toronto, Ont., on April 17, 1985.

Alexander J. Mills, Arts'34, in Halifax, on July 1, 1985. Mr. Mills taught school in Nova Scotia and Quebec and spent 26 years with the Halifax Police Department.

Dr. John Sinclair Robertson, MD'34, of Halifax, on July 4, 1985, in London, Ont. Dr. Robertson was a former deputy minister of public health of Nova Scotia.

Irving A. Feuerstein, BSc'35, in Englishtown, N.J., on April 30, 1985.

Catherine (Finlayson) Brunke, BA'37, in Toronto, Ont., on May 19, 1985.

Ruth (Skaling) Murray, Arts'37, of Port Williams, N.S., formerly of Halifax, on August 16, 1985. Mrs. Murray taught for a number of years at Queen Elizabeth High School in Halifax. She was a member of the Dalhousie board of governors and past president and active member of the Women's Division of the Dalhousie Alumni Association.

Cyril Aubrey Scott Anderson, DipPharm'40, in Belleisle, N.S., on August 19, 1985. He owned and operated a pharmacy in Annapolis Royal, N.S.

Mary Helen (Connor) Crease, Arts'40, in Halifax, on July 7, 1985.

William MacKay Creelman, BSc'40, MSc'42, in Ottawa, Ont., on April 14, 1985.

Lawrence (Laurie) W. Smith, Education'44, in Halifax, on August 15, 1985.

Christine I. Irvine, C.A., BCom'47, in Halifax, on July 19, 1985, was dean of women at Dalhousie since 1962. She was the third woman in Nova Scotia to receive a C.A. and the first woman to be elected to the council of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Nova Scotia.

Vincent S. Mancini, BCom'48, in North Sydney, N.S., on June 24, 1985.

John Alfred Wood, BA'50, in Edmonton, Alta., on January 14, 1985.

Andrew John Ross, BA'71, in Dartmouth, on September 19, 1985. Mr. Ross was a systems analyst with Administrative Computing Services at Dalhousie University.

Chin-Liong Lim, MBA'72, in Singapore, on May 3, 1984. He had served the Singapore Association for the Deaf, specially in the educational aspects of its work, until his recent illness. He was the association's vice-president in 1976, chairman of the education committee in 1977-78, and Council member since 1977. Family and friends have founded a memorial fund for scholarships for hearing-impaired students.

T. Lorraine (Savoy) Green, C.A., BCom'78, and her husband, Bruce Fraser Green, BA'78, in Calgary, Alta., on June 29, 1985.

David Martin Jones, BA'81, LLB'85, of Dartmouth, on July 15, 1985, in Toronto, Ont. David was class valedictorian at the Faculty of Law convocation in May. He was an articulated clerk with the law firm of Anderson, Huestis, and Jones.

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A reunion for former staff members of the Chateau Lake Louise is being organized for the weekend of April 4, 5, and 6, 1986. If you would like to renew old acquaintances, write to Ms. Debbie Williamson, Sales Manager, Chateau Lake Louise, Lake Louise, Alberta, T0L 1E0, or call (403) 522-3511.

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