NEWSLETTER

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT Lakehead College

VOL. 1, NO. 8 NOVEMBER 20, 1963

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Dr. ROTHNEY ON BICULTURALISM

This Wednesday's S.C.M. lecture raises the question of Canadian biculturalism. This matter has been the object of considerable concern in recent months; at the present a government Royal Commission, composed of some 27 members, is engaged in research in order to seek a solution to the problem. Today, in Roon # 7 at 12:15, Dr. Gordon O. Rothney, Dean of Arts, will speak on biculturalism from a contemporary viewpoint.

* * * * * * * * *

HOW TO SUCCEED IN INDUSTRY WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

For four months last summer in Toronto, I packed chocolates. All day. From 8 o'clock until quarter to five. Half-pound boxes. Then pound boxes. And sometimes, as a specially-reserved treat, twenty-five cent boxes of gum drops. For this we were herded up to the next floor, through the popular and finely-sugared atmosphere of the Smartie department. We all lived in fear of the floorladies, who were arranged in a hierarchy according to the shade of their uniforms - yellow was at the top of the pile, then pink, then blue; we all mistrusted the shop steward, a loud, buxom girl called Betty; and we all revered the chic young ladies who were Smart Enough To Work In The Office. My partner in this intimate exploration of industry was a tall, effervescent redhead from Edmonton who usually broke into a soft-shoe routine, while she was servicing the belt, and always managed to get the whole line involved in a sing-song, which, mercifully, could never be heard above the noise of the belt.

Neither of us were allowed to reveal ourselves as students, something for which I remain eternally grateful, for if they had known that the girl who was slowest on the belt was actually a university student (though she's pretty slow there, too), it would have shot to pieces all their working-class respect for higher education, and class barriers would have come tumbling down.

But to explain: this redhead and I were members of an industrial work camp. An S.C.M. industrial work camp. We lived at 10 Trinity Square, just off Yongue Street, in a tall and tidy Anglican rectory, that was surrounded on three sides by Timothy Eaton's warehouses. There were seventeen of us, eight girls, seven fellows, and a young married couple as directors. We were of varied backgrounds and beliefs - everything from agnostic to Roman Catholic to Mennonite, and from universities ranging from UNB to UBC. It was a totally new, and very strange experience - that of sharing your life for a summer with 16 people whom you had never seen before, and would never see, altogether, at least, again. What we all shared in common was a concern for the problems of industrial society - and for the people in it; and we tried to study this within the context of Christianity, and discover what the Church is doing and what it is not doing, and what it should do.

All of us tramped the streets of Toronto and waited interminably in Employment Offices, and by the end of the first week we were all employed, packing everything from Christmas cards to wheel weights to cigars. When one girl worked for Reliable Toy at 66¢ an hour, and one fellow got a job at Dow for $2.08 an hour, we discovered the equal injustice of assembly line wages, and to counteract this injustice, we practised a Wage Conservation Plan, where we voted ourselves a flat four-dollar-a-week allowance (with the exception of the long weekend in Montreal, when we blew $6), and at the end of the summer, set up a Wage Pool, where we combined our money and divided it up, communist fashion, according to need, and not income.

It was an intensely hectic and weary summer; after your 8 hour day, you came home to your welcome supper, with fags following (jumping, dish-washing, lunch-making), then worship, and then the main event. Two nights a week it would be Bible Study and Industrial Study, the third was for guest speakers - everybody from visiting bishops to a union organizer who, with memorable anecdotes, expounded until midnight on Reluctant Foremen and Scabs and other people he had known and loved. The weekends came, and then were gone, in a rush of parties (Christmas in July), hitchhiking trips (Stratford, Montreal, Niagara), camping up "north", and in picnics, and in closer friendships.

Though you may never have gotten used to your formidable floorladies, or to the ubiquitous suppers of macaroni, and the powdered outrage we called milk, or to the uncertain plaster in the kitchen ceiling, or to the fagmaster who put you on dishes three nights in a row, at least you could bring your complaints to the regular evaluation meetings - which after a while became known by the richer work-camp expression of "bitch-sessions" - where you could discuss the hazards as well as the joys of community living and factory working.

I cannot boast that we found any neat

solutions to the problems we studied; we talked from May until September; we wrote letters to reactionary politicians and clergymen; we campaigned for the Socialist cause, and we embraced Robinson's "holy worldliness", and we observed and we learned.
Maybe the experience was not dramatically life-changing. Maybe it was. Maybe, in the words of one of the work-campers, "it could not but force us to take more of a responsible place in our industrial society and make our dealings with our fellows deeper and more loving". And if anybody is still reading down this far and is intrigued enough to want to learn more of the art of work-campmanship, you can always read our camp log which I've put in the S.C.M. book room - for all to see and none to censor; or you can watch in a month or so, for the publicity posters about summer '64 camps across Canada - in industry, mental hospitals and white-collar work plus a special bicultural camp in Quebec and a peace project in Vancouver; and if you're still curious just ask me anytime.

.....Marilyn Spidell

* * * * * * * * *

FAILURES OF MODERN RELIGION

An American philosopher, John Dewey, has said that with the development of organized religion "the ideal factors in experience that may be called religious take on....a load of current beliefs and institutional practices that are irrelevant to them." Has modern Christianity, with its dogmas and organizations, failed in its attempt to develop a 'religious attitude' in its adherents? Is Christian teaching irrelevant to modern man? These and other pertinent questions will be dealt with tonight (7:00-9:45) at the S.C.M. Evening Seminar on "THE FAILURES OF MODERN RELIGION".
The seminar will consist of a student panel discussion; a brief address by Dr. F. M. Doan, associate professor of philosophy; a group discussion period; and a question period with a United Church minister and a Roman Catholic priest. All interested students are welcome.

* * * * * *

THE GREY CUP FORECAST

The depression is over! Indeed, all the forecasts that I had made this year resulted in my being depressed; in fact, I was about to heed the Editor's advice about returning to my stamp collection. However, the tremendous success of my hockey predictions thus far (I was one of the few men in this hemisphere to predict a runaway by the Chicago Blackhawks) has forced me to abandon my plans for retirement from the world of forecasting. Those of you who know me, know that I rarely blow my own horn but the success of the Hawks thus far, has encouraged me to utter those glorious words of General MacArthur after being routed in the Philippines, "I shall return". General MacArthur did return and so I return.
Now, let us proceed to the business of this column. After viewing last Saturday's games, it would appear to me that the Hamilton Tigercats and the British Columbia Lions will meet in the final. In the actual game itself, it will be obvious to a staunch Easterner that the drought is over and that Hamilton will dispose of B.C. by at least two touchdowns. Hamilton has been nosed out in the last two seasons by those nobodies "the Winnipeg Bluebonbers". However, this is Hamilton's year.
In the "Miss Grey Cup" beauty contest, I predict the West will win. In fact, I would say that Miss Calgary will win but Miss Saskatchewan and Miss B.C. should give her a good struggle. (You will notice I prefer the tall, dark-haired Slav girls).
My final prediction which is probably the only one that will come true is one that pleases the temperance union. That is, that in B.C. next week, where the game is being held, the L.C.B.B.C. (Liquor Control Board of British Columbia) will set a new record for total dollar sales for any given week of the year and that includes Christmas, Easter and Pentecost.

.....Ken Mucha

* * * * * * * * *

CAN YOU IMAGINE THIS?

A boy lies dying on the street... and an empty ambulance pulls away. The boy's hysterical mother begs vainly to be allowed to put her son in the ambulance but her neighbours hold her back. The boy was white. The ambulance was for blacks. The place is South Africa. This is just one of the incredible scenes from the movie, Let My People Go, which the S.C.M. Film Society will present a week from today, November 27th, at 8:30 pm in Room 16. This film was made by a group of Britons who secretly filmed scenes as they happened in South Africa, and then smuggled their film out of that country. Many of you might remember the diplomatic stink South Africa raised when it found out that this film had been made and was out of the country. You might also remember the Sharpeville tragedy when the ground was covered with wounded and dying Africans. (The camera pans over this very scene only a few moments later). Although most of the film is composed of film shot on-the-spot and newsreels that had never before been shown, some of the film had to be re-enacted in London. (Of course, all these scenes are properly documented). The movie was directed and narrated by John Kirsh. It won prizes at documentary festivals in Mannheim, Leipzig and San Francisco. This shocking film , only 23 minutes long, will be followed by a second short entitled Le Ballon Rouge, a widely acclaimed French art film.