

The Alumni Magazine of Lakehead University

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THE ALUMNI MAGAZINE
OF LAKEHEAD UNIVERSITY

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This edition of the ALUMNI
MAGAZINE is dedicated to the
memory of Jack Haggerty, July
16, 1915 — August 22, 1971.



A CANADIAN IN ADELAIDE:

By Harvey Clue

Editor's Note: Harvey Clue, a recent graduate of Lakehead University, is currently teaching in Australia. He expects to return to Canada within the next year or two. Anyone wishing to renew old acquaintances may get in touch with Harvey c/o Trinity Gardens Primary

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When first a member of the alumni asked me to write an article on "teaching in Australia", I hesitated. Why you may ask? I had been in Australia (Adelaide, South Australia to be exact) for only six months. I had only begun to get acquainted with the "system". I use system within quotation marks because basically educational organizations throughout the world operate along the same lines - bureaucracy.

Nonetheless, what is really important is the situation and atmosphere that the teacher establishes in his own classroom. I intend not to preach, but rather to give you a few general, initial impressions, which after all, is about the best I can do at this time.

I arrived in Australia (on May 27th, 1971) with a fairly realistic and optimistic attitude, knowing well enough that the situation in another country would not necessarily be the veritable bowl of peaches and cream with the red cherry (excuse the mundane expression) but I cannot over-emphasize the point that many Canadians come to Australia with the idea that teaching here will be more ideal than in Canada. Do not fool yourselves. Children are children anywhere in the world. Australian children are no more self-disciplined than Canadians.

As I stated previously, the atmosphere that the teacher establishes in the classroom will determine his success or failure. One must persevere.

This I am doing. I came to Adelaide, not knowing where I would be placed. It was not until the first Tuesday in June that I found out that I was to teach a Grade VII class at the Trinity Gardens Primary School. Do not let the name mislead you. The school is old; it has problems in that it is in a transition period; the present headmaster, Mr. Jack Salter, is trying hard to improve the school's image by encouraging more enlightened, better teaching techniques, by requesting renovations (which are at present taking place), by acquiring audio-visual equipment, books and other needed materials, and by asking teachers to re-examine their positions and aims within the classroom. Naturally any change requires time.

Moreover, the school is not an easy one in which to teach. The children who in the past have had their lives strictly regulated, find

the transition to where they are expected to act responsibly and in groups, difficult. Optimistically speaking, the transition eventually will succeed.

The school lacks a general purpose or activity room, a science room, although it does have a cinema or T.V. room. Few schools in Australia have a gymnasium since sport can be held outside the year round - weather permitting.

Many things which teachers back home take for granted cannot be done so here. There are milk and soup orders to take, a class cash book must be kept, the teacher must do his own roll, or attendance book, and the services of a secretary are not so readily available. It seems that the teacher in Australia is expected to do more non-teaching work than his counterpart in Canada.

But please don't think that I am complaining. I am simply trying to point out some differences. Your mind must be open, clear as to what you want to do. You come to Australia, not to impose your views, but to add to the educational development. You come not to condemn, but to see, to observe, and possibly to make contributions. You come as well with your own ideas. You must be willing to compromise; you cannot afford to be stubborn; you are in Australia, not in Canada.

Nevertheless, I know that if you act genuinely, the Australian will accept you. Generally he is friendly, honest, helpful. He is also direct; he will tell you what he thinks - to your face. There are no false pretenses.

Naturally Australia is different than Canada; if countries were not different, life would be boring. I can always remember what one of my Grade 12 algebra teachers said: "If we were all good in mathematics, there would be too many sputniks flying in the heavens." Therefore, we all have different capabilities and traits. Does not this also apply to countries?

Views and expressions differ. And so they should.

I know myself that many articles have appeared in Canadian newspapers condemning the Australian System of Education. But what criteria do the critics use? The systems, a term used loosely, differ; there are strengths and weaknesses in both. Bureaucracy is perhaps one of the worst faults. However, I think that I better stray away from this path.

The wages here are lower, the cost of living is not as cheap as many Canadian believe, but if you wish a tremendous experience, a chance to meet other people and an opportunity to contribute within education, then by all means, apply for a teaching position in Australia - and there are plenty of positions available. But unless you arrive with a realistic attitude (and not the Pacific aura), it is possible to become disillusioned quickly.

THE NIGHT WE PUT THE MOON TO BED

Grey night clouds
were skimming rapidly, easily,
over the immovable, global, eternally-distant
ceiling of stars beyond.

The clouds seemed thick, dark, fierce,
because the moon's light could not quite penetrate them.

The flimsy ethereal edges,
in their peculiarly strong faint light,
made the centres of the cloud blankets (by contrast)
into trembling, running blobs beyond which
a fearful mystery had dashed and hidden itself.

It was the night when we put the moon to bed:
we pulled a long wide grey blanket
over the little round moon,
and then we crawled into bed ourselves.

It was quiet then:
the unclear faint-yellow voice was silent.

We closed our eyes and for a while talked softly
in the grey obscurity of our room.

We were just leaving one day
and entering the nonsense prologue to the next
when suddenly, without opening our eyes,

we saw a shadow creep through our window,
and we thought we heard the soft patter of cautious feet
as the moon came timidly, dimly, in a pattern
across the floor and onto our bed.

Mary Liljestrom

LAKEHEAD UNIVERSITY - THEN (1955-56) AND NOW (1971-72)
A LOOK FROM THE INSIDE (1955-56)
AND FROM THE OUTSIDE (1971-72)
by JIM FOULDS, MPP, PORT ARTHUR

Editor's Note: Jim Foulds is at present the N.D.P. member for Port Arthur Ward in the Ontario Legislature. He is also an alumnus of the old Lakehead College on Cumberland Street.

"Stay in School, The Graduates Get the Jobs".

That mischievous slogan coined some eight to ten years ago by an unidentified slick PR man for the Department of Education marks a watershed of sorts in Ontario Education. It also co-incides with a time that appears to mark a watershed in the history of Lakehead University.

I would like to take this opportunity to take an affectionate and highly personal look at the old Lakehead University in 1955-56 when I was a first year Arts student. I would also like to take a more objective outsider's view of Lakehead University today. I would like to emphasize that what I am recording here are a set of contrasting personal im-

pressions, not a set of highly documented facts. I would also like to make it clear that I put forward these thoughts in the hope that whatever discussion ensues will help improve the quality of education at Lakehead University, especially for the people, be they young or old, of Northwestern Ontario itself.

So much for the apology.

In 1955-56, the physical plant of Lakehead University was a disaster area. The building itself was a u-shaped amalgam of war-time huts on North Cumberland Street where the present L.C.B.O. outlet now stands. If memory serves correctly there were eight classrooms which included what could only, by a wild stretch of imagination, be termed two laboratories. There were, I think, three offices, a couple of washrooms. Whatever physical education or recreation program there was took place in a smoke-filled back room which contained a ping-pong table and a coke machine. Whatever academic research took place, it was conducted in an over-crowded, stuffy and over-heated library of some 2,500 books, presided over by a friendly giant called Douglas Fisher who was paid through a grant by the Department of Lands and Forests. His budget, as I recall, was some \$1,200.00.

The hallway on the south side of the "U" leaked in the Spring when the snow from the roof melted and seeped through the ceiling. Frank Dyer, the sole caretaker of the time, resorted to placing buckets in the hallway to catch the drips. The buckets filled at an alarming rate.

In these most unlikely circumstances, the most academically stimulating year of my life took place.

Why?

In spite of the physical limitations, there was a genuine quest for knowledge on the part of the students and a genuine quest on the part of the faculty of the time, to stimulate students to academic pursuits in a variety of disciplines. This was especially true of one Tom Miller, the first man to be resident in the Lakehead who actually had a doctorate in something other than medicine. In those days, before student grants, formula financing, etc., the student body was largely made up of people who could save money by taking their first year of university locally, of students who did unexpectedly well in the grade 13 departmental examinations, and had not applied elsewhere for admission, and by the students in the technology courses of Forestry, Mining and Engineering. It was an amazingly fertile mixture.

The sons and daughters of the Board of Governors of the institution were still sent, as a matter of almost religious principle, to the Mecca and Medina of Eastern Ontario Education, the University of Toronto and Queen's. The occasional heretic slid off to Western or McMaster. Only one, as far as I know, took courses at Lakehead.

What has happened since?

The contrast in the physical plant is unbelievable. The university has become a local industry as many in the Chamber of Commerce are overly fond of telling us. But, the disturbing fact remains that warm, waterproof (more or less) brick buildings, by themselves, do not make a university. The institution now has degree-granting powers, but that by itself does not make a university in any meaningful sense of the word. The present library makes the stuffy room on N. Cumberland Street look like Mother Hubbard's cupboard. But, unless that library is used in a dynamic way for academic investigation, it is still not the centre of a true university. And, although the physical education facilities are commensurate with the ideal of a community that has a long history of commitment to sports, in what way do they contribute to creating a genuine university atmosphere?

And, what about the student body? Do the sons and daughters of the Board of Governors and the faculty now still go elsewhere? Isn't the current student body more concerned with the contents of the cafeteria, the parking lots, and the games room, than with investigating the contents of the library? Isn't the university itself more concerned with its plant than with its courses, or its people?

I have the uneasy feeling that along with most other Ontario universities, it has lost its identity during the 1960's, if in fact, it ever managed to achieve one. Ever since the 1960's, formula financing of the then University Affairs Minister, William Davis, has forced Lakehead, along with the rest of Ontario's universities, into dragooning students onto its campus so it could get the bucks for the buildings it so badly needed. Coincidentally, the students were sold the slogan "Stay in School, The Graduates Get the Jobs". Now, they are finding there are no jobs. As a result, the universities, Lakehead included, are finding rather suddenly, there are dramatically fewer students. And, the solution that seems to be immediately grasped is that courses with "low" enrollment are to be cut back. Popularity, rather than excellence, seems to be the criteria for maintaining a discipline. A so-called "relevance" has become the 'watchword' of the jargonists. In my own humble opinion, no university that does not aspire to a Classics Department is worthy of the name. And, remember, this comes from a person whose main personal interests are those two most transient phenomena - live drama and politics. In these eyes, at least, Lakehead seems to have lost its way. The embryo of a soul that it had in those days down on Cumberland Street, seems to have flown in the move up to Oliver Road.

In spite of the efforts of many of the faculty, in spite of the intentions of at least some of the students, the university has not had, as far as one can tell from the outside, long-range goals in terms of achievement in the humanities, the sciences, the technologies, or community involvement. There seems to be a strange "ad hocery" prevalent.

One has a sense that there are individual programmes and individual

efforts of excellence. But, one does not have an over-all impression of striving for excellence. Because of this, as a citizen who has viewed Lakehead University over the last ten years, I have had a profound sense of loss. Perhaps it was just that I did not maintain contacts with the University. Perhaps it was that the University did not maintain contacts with me, or the rest of the community. But, in spite of the fact that many personal friends are at Lakehead as students, faculty and staff, I find the place impersonalized. I find it like most of Ontario's Universities in the last ten years, lacking a sense of direction and purpose, and distressingly mediocre.

While I feel this with a great deal of concern, I do not feel hopeless, or defeatist about it. I feel there is still a chance, albeit a slim one, for Lakehead to fulfill those early idealistic and perhaps romantic dreams.

And, if the current financial crisis can persuade the administrators, the faculty, the students, the staff, to choose carefully those priorities that will give Lakehead a unique, worthy and excellent representation, we may yet be proud of Lakehead University rather than merely pleased by it.

It is my fervent hope that the provincial Government's guidelines will be sufficiently flexible and generous to allow the local people the right to choose those necessary priorities.

As I threaded my way

As I threaded my way
through the squatting pine bushes

I waited for the piercing cry
of the giddy seagulls.

No sound penetrated
my darkened world,
save the turquoise waves
rhythmically lashing
on withering rocks.

I was so alone:

I grew frightened of the lake

and its cold spray

edging closer,

nearly surrounding me.

I had become a peninsula

defiantly jutting out into the water--

my softly eroded earth

the only contact with life.

But I could not retreat

to the sheltered mainland:

I had come to see the gulls.

I sought their company

as if they were counsellors

deciding my destiny.

I nervously awaited

their first plaintive cry.

The comforting sun (now covered

by bleak gray clouds)

inhibited my vision.

And waves began to roll quickly,

beating faster on the rocks,

sending their silver spray closer and closer

to cut me off from the land.

I fought with myself to remain

inwardly I feared...that

the gulls had forgotten our reunion.

Then darkness unveiled its sheet,

I knew I must leave,

and yet, I wished I had the courage to stay.

Elizabeth Thériault

THE STORY OF THREE

Eleanor Zaroski Pentick
B.A. 1970

Once upon a time there were three little girls, Thing 1, Thing 2 and Thing 3. These 3 Things lived in suburbia with Mom-the-Housewife and Dad-the-Breadwinner. They were taught to clean the floors, to make the beds and to do the dishes as all good little mother's helpers do. They enjoyed a varied assortment of Baby-go-By-By's, Squeeze-Me's and Cuddlies. On her eighth birthday, each received a Barbie Doll set, complete with carrying case, make-up and wigs. Their minds went wild with fantasies of winning the love of Ken and living happily everafter in Suburban Paradise just like Mom-the-Housewife and Dad-the-Breadwinner.

Now Thing 1 met a good clean grade twelve graduate apprentice-carpenter at the tender age of fifteen. She knew "this was it" by the way he depended on her to laugh at his jokes, dress for him and build up his ego in an assortment of ways. Only True Love would ask these things of her. And so, she worked at the local bank as a typist for six months and then they married. While he was completing his apprenticeship, the money she had made helped pay for the washer, dryer, fridge, stove, and coloured T.V. Baby No. 1 was perfectly timed to arrive the day after the

last payment was made on the boat (he loved fishing). And so they had everything. She gets to go to Church with the children (he golfs) and he finally came to accept her monthly Bingo game, providing she arranges for the babysitter. He doesn't beat her, chase other women or collect beer bottles in the back porch. He sings in the shower and she is happy because he is happy. She loves her husband and two children and if there are times when she feels depressed she quickly regains her spirits by remembering her mother's wise words of advice:

"To a woman, love is her whole life,
To a man, love is but a part."

Now Thing 2 did not meet Mr. Right in high school and she failed typing way back in grade 9. She had no alternative but to go to Lakehead University, if for no other reason than to get her Man. Her first two months in the Cafeteria were traumatic. Institutions she revered, the church, the home, government, virginity and marriage, were torn apart before her ears. After much floundering in an intellectual darkness she came to her senses. She had been brainwashed since birth! How relieved she was to have had her eyes opened before it was too late. She gave up her church, left home, took part in student protest movements, lost her virginity and vowed never to marry. Her two years' of new-found freedom were wonderful. She was coming alive at last. Towards the end of her last year, however, she met a young rebel at a meeting of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mankind." He was good. He cared about people, didn't believe in all the things she didn't believe in and treated her as an equal. He never opened doors for her, nor told her she was beautiful. He never took her out but spent all his time with her. It seemed he was Mr. Right. And so they too married and started out on that long road together. They did not plan to buy a house, a car, washer dryer, fridge and stove but they did. Neither of them wanted "security" but they had it. The children of course required consideration. You have to provide the necessities of life for them. She loves her husband and two children but there are times when she wonders what happened to their dreams of unconventional "no rat race" type of life they had planned. Her husband does not seem to mind his life, he still whistles or sings while he is preparing his lessons, so she assumes it must be right. As her mother had told her long ago,

"To a woman, love is her whole life,
To a man, love is but a part."

Now Thing 3 followed the same road as Thing 2. In fact Thing 2 and Thing 3 were so similar that people often mistook one for the other. Thing 3 also met a dashing young man in her third year at Lakehead U. and she too married. She taught Grade 11 Penmanship, English, History and French for two years; acquired all the "necessities" of life and retired two months previous to the arrival of their first child. The same pattern, of course, followed. The dishes, diapers and dust took over and for three years she religiously repeated the platitudes "This is my job" and "I am so lucky to have a man who loves me". However, between year 4 and year 5, a strange thing happened. One morning Thing 3 woke up. She stood for a full five minutes (a luxury) squinting at

the face in the mirror. "Who am I?", she said. "Where am I going with my one husband, two children, washer, dryer, fridge, stove, vacuum cleaner and dust mop? Am I destined to mop up, wash-up and pick-up for the rest of my life? Is this really it???" The first time this heretical questioning crossed her mind she laughed at her silliness for the rest of the day. The second time, she laughed less. The third time she cried. She loved her husband and children but knew that until she found her long lost self she had nothing more to give to them. And so her search began. At first it was loud. Demands, ultimatums, walk-outs and sit-down-strikes prevailed for the next six months. After being a prisoner of a society-made role for five years it was difficult to convince those dear to her that she still loved them but needed to be herself as well. As she explained to her husband, "How can there be a 'we' without a 'me'?" And so the negotiations began. She was granted her freedom and her husband was certain that one day he would return from work to find her and the children gone and a note by the telephone telling him "you will hear from my lawyer." But a strange thing happened. No one can explain it, but once granted her freedom Thing 3 became a better wife, mother and housekeeper. Most people assume that she has come to her senses and realizes how lucky she is to have a man to take care of her. Only she and her husband know the truth. Love is now the whole of both their lives. And now they sing together.

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT PINBALL MACHINES
BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK

John McCutcheon, B.Comm.71

Dennis Wallace, B.A.70

Editor's Note: Pinball machines at Lakehead University are a recent phenomenon. They were first installed by the Student Athletic Society in the winter of 1970-71 and the Alma Mater Society, soon seeing the profit potential, followed suit. Initially there was a furor over their very existence at Lakehead University and petitions demanding their removal were circulated to no avail. The complaints have since lessened and now some of those who advocated the demise of pinball machines at Lakehead are in the forefront in advocating their presence.

The writers canvassed various pundits for their opinions on pinball machines and the users of them. The results of the survey, liberally interpreted, are intended to act as a guide to Lakehead University alumni who might stray into the campus games room.

The reader should take note that pinball players are practical people not given to philosophical reflection about their addiction; the sheer mechanics of playing preclude lengthy mulling over the theoretical problems involved. Despite this, the writers were interested in plumbing the depths of the art and recently went to the pinball emporium at Lakehead University. Although the writers had visions of investing ten cents and five minutes of their time they emerged two hours, ten minutes, and \$4.25 later wishing there was more time and change. What happened?

It was felt that the answer lay in the modern philosophy of Resistentialism. Simply stated, Resistentialism proposes that things are out to get us. Why won't your car start in the morning when you are late for work -- Resistentialism that's why.

The first philosopher to perceive that Resistentialism could be applied to pinballing was George "Digits" Gottlieb. After waiting forty-five minutes for a pinball game to become free, George proposed the formula now known as Gottlieb's Law. It states: "a watched pinball machine never becomes open". Gottlieb's Law formed the basis of some heavy thought by "Four Aces" Jones, famed sportsman and resident of the games room. He came up with Jones' Corollary to Gottlieb's Law: "The longer you wait, the longer you are going to wait".

Although brilliant insights, neither of these principles formed the basis of a complete scientific guide to pinballing. The gap has been filled by "Tilt" Zablatni, now on a expense paid holiday in an institution bordering on North Algoma and Boulevard Lake. "Tilt" currently has much time to consider such matters. He has come up with the complete Scientific Principles of Pinball. They are of course by no means complete but do reflect the most advanced thinking on the subject. In the future, other philosophers will modify the aforementioned laws but

for the present, they are the best available. They are as follows:

1. The more you play, the more you are going to play.
2. (Married Players Only) The divorce rate is directly proportional to the time spent playing.
3. When finally obtaining a machine after a 45 minute wait:
 - a) the machine takes your money but doesn't work
 - b) there is a power failure
 - c) the service man comes to clean the machine
4. When on your last ball and within spitting distance of a "free game":
 - a) you "tilt" the game in your excitement
 - b) your standard of "flippermanship" fails and you miss the "free game"
5. A "free game" actually costs 75¢.
6. When your score is equal to that required to win a "free game":
 - a) the machine doesn't register the game
 - b) you break the glass in your joy.
7. (Advanced Players Only) After being thwarted in attempts to play during the day (see Gottlieb's Law and Jones' Corollary) the sportsman will seek less crowded times to play. The time periods usually selected are:
 - a) weeknights 10 p.m. to 2 a.m.
 - b) weekdays 5:30 a.m. to 7 a.m.
 - c) anytime Saturday or Sunday

But why all the bother? Well, it must be considered that the level of flippermanship is relative to the level of male potency. (*ed. note - It is to be understood that pinball playing is a chauvenistic sport*) One can always tell when a player possessing much "machismo" is "at the flippers". A hush inevitably draws over the followers and waiting players of pinball as the exalted caresses his machine into the heights of ecstasy. Bells ring, lights flash, and Ka Knock ... a game is won. Shouts and huzzahs erupt from the surging crowd as the heavily breathing, and perspiring champion reaps the spoils of his investment of but one or two dollars in silver - the free game.

Dublin: 1971

In the street, where news-sellers croak
Great bull-froggings of Londonderry riot
And gunfire in Belfast, an aenemic dog
Barks with more of a belch than a cry.
A foul wind from the Liffey drives gulls
Up the hill over Dublin Castle to feed
On garbage-fatted vermin in stone-strewn yards.
Grey-toned clouds tower over the Victorian
Roofs, and a voice rappels lyrically down
From a fourth-storey flat, turning
A string of curses to a midsummer melody.

And the women here are fair and lithe,
Or very like Grendels's dam -- either way,
They'll stare you straight in the eye, and . . .
It means nothing.

For a priest stands

In the phone booth with a purple penitential
Stole at hand, or a nun is in the Arcade
Waiting, or a black-suited Garda ambles by.
It's all the same; they are all clerics
Under the skin. And Dublin's fine,
Lovely women see fashion in stockings
With seams and brassieres with straps
That show. The men avert their eyes.

Still, Dublin is a poet's city, where

Her bards command St. Stephen's Green:

They've been known to sing of hill and vale,

Cuchulain, gardens, and Crazy Jane,

Or the enigma of nine-and-fifty swans.

Nevertheless and in spite of it all,

Though the Quais by night,

As the shore lamps gleam and banners

Of green and orange lift in the breeze,

Are beautiful, the Liffey stinks: here

Stanyhurst sang in his ancient mannerist metre,

Swift went mad, Wilde fag, Behan drunk,

Joyce UP'd at an angle and left,

And Yeats had a craving for monkey glands

. . . The hint of a suggestion lingers

On my tongue, that something, something

Indefinable, is loose in Dublin's air:

A lament for the lack of "venemous wormes"?

Jan Michael Dyroff

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News from the North

A familiar fear is in the air, and the news

On the radio sounds like I've heard it before --

Predawn arrests, brutalities, riots, snipers,

Elected leaders urging a mollifying peace:

Only this time the places are Belfast,

Londonderry, Rosemont, Kerry -- not Watts,

Kent, Harvard Yard, Harlem or Montreal.

There is no ready platitude to such a

Catalogue; there is no clear way, even,

To react.

This morning my laundryman

Asked; "An' have ya heard the news from the North?"

I shook my head. "It's a civil war they're bloody

Havin' there."

Ipse dixit, I thought:

And more accurate and honest than most.

The blood-fire tinged his voice, proudly:

I understand, and do not understand

His words . . . words.

Here they're the Six Counties, and

It's the Sinn Fein while there it's the I.R.A.,

Ulster Constabulary, Apprentice Boys. Somehow,

It's all the same -- fine distinctions blur.

There is fear (yes) fear in the words,

And the pubs will be busy as bullets

Fly like so many syllables through

The broadcasters' air.

Words, I do not think,

Matter to the dead -- the old widow, the rite-

Giving priest, or the driver of a backfiring lorry.

Words and phrases, songs, bills, laments,

And magnificent exhortations:

Come all ye young rebels, and list while I sing:

This country of ours has too long been half-free --

Six Counties lie under. . . .

Words. Funereal tolling, knelling vocatives

And declaratives grumbling from public houses

That the fruits of glory, after all, are death.

And there's no turning or returning from

That ultimate of familiar fears.

Jan Michael Dyroff

THE ALUMNI MAGAZINE INTERVIEWS DR. TAMBLYN

Editor's Note: Dr. William Gordon Tamblyn was born in the city of Toronto on April 9th, 1923. He achieved secondary training at Upper Canada College, and from the University of Toronto, earned the degrees of Honours Bachelor of Applied Science and Master of Commerce. In 1966, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by Laurentian University.

In 1945, Dr. Tamblyn married Miss Marguerite McCavour of Fort William. After their marriage they lived for a year in Honan Province, China, where Dr. Tamblyn served as an administrator for the missions in that country of the Church of England in Canada.

From 1947 to 1952, Dr. Tamblyn was employed as a Design Engineer and Assistant Chief Engineer for the Great Lakes Paper Company Limited, Fort William. In 1955, he was employed as Chief Engineer by Mills Steel Construction Company, where he became President and principal shareholder of this and four subsidiary companies in 1962.

During these years he took an active part in the affairs of the community. He was Chairman of the Fort William Board of Education, Director of the Port Arthur Chamber of Commerce and President of the Lakehead Builders Exchange. However, his main interest has always been post-secondary education.

He was appointed to the Advisory Committee of the Lakehead Technical Institute in 1953 and, after continuous service as a director, was elected Chairman of the Board of Governors of Lakehead College of Arts, Science and Technology in 1963.

With the coming into force of the Lakehead University Act on July 1st, 1965, Dr. Tamblyn assumed office as the first President and Vice-Chancellor. He will retire as President this year.

The following is an interview held recently between Dr. Tamblyn and the Alumni Magazine, touching on his years as President of Lakehead University.

Dr. Tamblyn, you've been president since July 1, 1965 and you'll be resigning next June. That will be close to seven years. What aspect of University life has satisfied you most during this time?

Contact with students more than anything else, I think. This might sound odd, but my one big thrill every year is Convocation. That's what we're here for, really, and I've enjoyed contact with the students more than anything else. Now everybody says that I prefer the buildings and the physical aspects of the University but this isn't true. I've seen enough buildings in my life and I don't think they're that important. Mind you I'm proud of the campus that we have. I think that it's an attractive one.

I'd like to change the subject a bit. At one A.M.S. event a few years ago you related certain instances of failure you had in trying to set up the University. In light of this, how difficult was it to get something here? What were you up against in the late 50's and early 60's in your attempt to get this University going?

Well, whether it's students or whether it's people in the business world, there is a built-in lethargy. Unless people can get really excited about something, they are basically disinterested in relation to what lies outside their own field of operation. It was sometimes doubtful whether this city, or cities in those days, could afford, maintain and justify a University. You just had to keep pushing and get a little mad at times.

When did the idea of a university, rather than that of a technical college, first start entering people's minds?

I don't know if I could put a specific date on that. My memory's pretty terrible but it would be about 1960. I guess that at that time we started talking about getting a private bill through the Provincial Legislature, which would establish Lakehead University. It didn't actually come to fruition until about '65.

Was the Government eager to establish an institution here? Could they see the need, or did they have to be educated?

There really wasn't too much trouble with the Government as long as you could indicate to them that you had the support of the local population. Of course we weren't spending very much in those days. It wasn't a big operation, and there was only one requirement - the support of the local community. Capital costs were split on a matching dollar basis. You would get a dollar from the community and the Government would match you. The very first campaign was conducted on the basis of matching dollars. It seems so different from the way it is now.

How much of a gap is there now between the original conception of the University and what we currently have? In 1963 or '4, you first knew that there would be a University here. You must have had certain ideals, certain plans, for the future University of '65. Is there much differ-

ence between what you wanted then and what you have now?

Well, in '65, we brought in a group of consultants and we drew up plans up to the year 2001. I can never recall why it was 2001, but the University was pretty well planned out in respect to both the physical and academic aspects to that period. Now the farther you went ahead the more nebulous you got, but as far as the growth has been concerned, we're far ahead of the projections made in '65.

What I'm trying to get at, Dr. Tamblyn, are your own personal feelings, what you wanted. You must have had ideals of what you wanted in a University environment. If I had a chance to be University President, perhaps I would like to see it going in one direction as opposed to another. Did you have any feelings like that?

Well, I've always had the idea that, basically, Lakehead University should be serving the region primarily of Northwestern Ontario, then Ontario, then Canada. We should keep this regional aspect in mind; in other words, we should be providing courses in Forestry rather than in Agriculture. The big difficulty and the disappointment, I think, has been in bringing in staff from all over the world. It has taken longer than expected for faculty members to become as interested in the Region as we would like them to be. I don't want to pick on any one, but, for instance, anthropologists or sociologists who have been doing research on the Indians of Arizona, haven't changed their interests from the Arizona Indians to those of Northwestern Ontario. But this is coming, more I think in Science than in Arts.

You are then attempting to develop a spirit for Northwestern Ontario within the University itself.

Yes, but you can't do this quickly. I guess we were a little too optimistic about how quickly this would happen. You can't take a person from England and expect him within a few months to change his whole orientation.

Did you have any thoughts that perhaps the University would become a cultural centre for Northwestern Ontario?

Oh, very definitely. I think it has succeeded fairly well in doing this. There have been tremendous advances in cultural achievements and interests in the Lakehead area. I'm not saying that the University is responsible for all of this, but I don't think it would have reached the same level without the University. There are some specific examples. The Lakehead Symphony Orchestra has been greatly supported, encouraged, and, even to a limited extent, financed by Lakehead University. Our support of Cambrian Players, by providing them with a decent theatre, has meant that they can do a lot more. Of course, the University faculty and students have contributed a great deal to Cambrian Players. So these are just a few areas I think where the University has had an effect on the cultural life of the community.

What difficulties, other than those of a financial nature which everyone is aware of at present, do you see in today's Lakehead University? Do you have any ideas how the University could improve itself in the next ten years? I'm not looking for a specific answer but rather an overall view.

Well, I still think that the University, here and elsewhere, is a very conservative, reactionary body. Now, this might sound very odd because the individuals in it would never accept that definition, but by that I mean that the University is slow to change.

Are you referring to the institution of the University?

Well, those that make up that Institution. I think this is one of the big problems faced by all universities and I agree with the students when they say things aren't relevant. Now, why aren't they relevant? It's been suggested that there isn't an ivory tower anymore as far as the university is concerned and perhaps there isn't in one sense, but I still think that many people within the University are still within their ivory towers as far as courses and programs are concerned. It's a great challenge to the universities to change, and they have to.

How can you achieve something like that? Will it require a strong force from above or will there have to be a program of education, or self-education amongst the faculty?

You can't achieve it by force from above. The University is far too much of a democratic institution for that. I think you can only do it through education and from the realization on the part of the faculty that this is what is important today. We tried it from above and it didn't work worth a damn.

Well, this sort of leads me to my next question. At the present time you have the dubious honour of being one of those members of the elite who have been the president of a university during the years of growth of the student movement, perhaps the most exciting years for any university community in the twentieth century. What I'd like to ask you, with that in mind, is what do you think of the goals of the student movement? What do you think that the almost militant actions of students from '68 to '70 have achieved? What do you think the student activists have contributed to the growth of a university?

I think they've achieved a great deal. There were certainly specific cases where they got away from basics and maybe impeded some progress by certain actions, but overall, I think that they have achieved a great deal. In a sense, I am sorry that it has died out, because the sort of thing we're talking about, such as relevance, can be brought out much more quickly by good pressure from the students than from any other source. If they wanted relevance they should never have given up the fight for that relevance. They can make the university what they want more than any Board of Governors or any administration.

What do you think of their actions, the type of pressure tactics they used in certain instances to get an idea across?

You mean here, or generally?

Well, we'll limit it to here because I'm sure they differ from university to university. I don't think we had any bombings here.

No. Things like bombings, of course, antagonize public opinion. Those sorts of action are the ones where I think they've impeded progress and have turned public sympathy away from the university. I don't think that those specific kinds of action which get beyond normally accepted standards have been helpful.

And here at the University? I missed the uprisings of the past two years but they seem to have been quite sensational.

Well, the only uprising, quotation marks, was the sit-in of last year. Now, there was nothing wrong with having a sit-in, except that I personally don't think that particular cause was one which was widely accepted by students. I could think of a lot better causes in which I'd rather see sit-ins. As it wasn't a good cause, I don't think it was particularly successful.

Then you agree that at times a militant sort of resistance can be a good way to gain an end.

Well, when you say militant, I don't know how militant, but I think you can get a passive resistance movement that can be effective.

Moving into the realms of the hypothetical, if you were a student today, how could you see yourself in the university community?

That's certainly hypothetical. You know it's so hypothetical that I don't know how to answer it. I would love to be a student again. But if I were, there are particular areas which I would love to study. I don't think at this particular stage of my life I would get involved in the Movement, however.

Well, I'm specifically thinking of a young William Tamblin, say 20 years old, the one who went to the University of Toronto.

Well, I was pretty actively involved in student affairs in those days so I guess I would be if I could change the scene again. Student affairs in those days were so different. I don't think I ever met the president of our university and you saw the dean about twice a year at social functions. No one had any thoughts of ever marching to his door and demanding changes. It just wasn't thought of.

What role do you think students will play in the life of a university in the future?

Well, they can play a very active role. I think what they should do is to concern themselves with overall policy. One of the problems of today is that students and faculty are getting away from their main purpose, by getting involved in too much committee work that involves administrative detail. Now, this is because they don't have confidence in anybody, either here or anywhere else, who is connected with administration. And yet, administration takes just as much training and experience as any other discipline. It always amazes me how people can look at it and say "well, that's a pretty simple sort of task. I can do this by just attending a committee one hour a week". I think if we could ever get the committee structure, in which students and faculty are involved, simplified, then they could make a very valuable input.

Can you foresee any radical change in the University?

I can't see it because as I said before things do move so slowly within the University because there are so many checks and balances.

What role will the university have in the future with respect to society?

Well, I think more by being the conscience of society, and the critic of society, than anything else. We'll have to be careful that the universities don't become technological institutes. The university will have to criticize in a constructive manner and through research, offer new alternatives.

Well, I won't keep you much longer Dr. Tamblyn. You've been associated with the university and college one way or the other for pretty close to twenty years. You'll be leaving next June. Twenty years is a long time in one person's life. Can you see yourself divorcing yourself completely from the University?

Well, there won't be any official ties that I know of and I'll only be associated with the University if somebody wants me to be associated with it. I have no idea what I'm going to do.

Is that an honest answer?

Yes, that's completely honest. I have no idea. I have spent 20 years here and it has become a large part of my life. There is no question that I'm going to be vitally interested in the University and it's going to be difficult to divorce my own life from it, but...

When you were twenty were there certain things you wanted to gain from life? Have you adopted a definite plan and a step by step procedure?

No...

Just falling into something from time to time?

Yes, the only definite plan that I've ever followed is to have different

experiences about every seven or eight years. There's so much that's fascinating going on that I don't think that by nature I could stick in one job much more than seven or eight years. You sort of get the feeling that you're going around and you've been there before and when you get to that feeling, you'd like a change.

Is there any other area that's perhaps interesting you, that you haven't stepped into yet?

I think there are dozens.

Would you mind naming one or two of the dozens? You've been associated with engineering jobs, you've been associated with Missions and you've been associated with the University.

I think I'd be interested in being associated with some sort of government work. Now, whether this is possible or not, I don't know. But, I think that's probably where I will look first.

Finally, Dr. Tamblin, would you care to give a critical evaluation of what you've done here in the past seven years?

No, I can't.

Too close to it?

Yes, it's not for me to judge what I've done.

Is there anything you would have done differently? That's a good stock question.

Well, there are lots of things that I would have done differently if I'd had many options. At the time of the greatest growth here, there weren't too many choices. That doesn't mean that I didn't make lots of mistakes, because I did.

What would you like to be remembered as having achieved during your stay here at the University?

I'm not very sentimental, so I'm not interested in what I'm remembered as having done. The University's here and if I helped it, being here, then, I'm pretty happy about it.

Okay, what advice would you give to the next president?

I don't think I could put that in a single sentence. The University's pretty complex and I could give advice on all sorts of different areas. The first thing I would suggest however, is that he remember that the University should consider itself a part of this community and this Region primarily.

A Farewell

Tomorrow when the snow falls
 you will leave me--
 when the decaying summer
 without bidding me good-bye
 slowly shrivels into white drifts.
 Such words are seeds:
 once sifted into fertile soil,
 they mysteriously sprout into ideas
 and thoughts which kindle unwanted fires.

*

I carefully attended
 the flight of the geese,
 begging them to surrender
 and revert to their southward course.
 But they flew over my head,
 unfolding their path to you,
 never to consider my requests
 as wholly just.

*

You are my majestic bird
 governed by an unfeeling season
 and its continuous turmoil.
 It is not my privilege
 to change you as I

rearrange the feathers in my pillow.

Nor can I command you

to lie placidly on my bureau

caged in my scent.

*

Fly away my only child:

your mothers' breasts have hardened

and cannot nourish your wants.

You have grown too brave

for my soul to handle alone.

But return with the flowers

and liven my spring bouquet

with your thoughts.

Elizabeth Thériault