

# No loan—just a letter

## Father told HE owes daughter \$1,250

By BRIAN MacDONALD

Most students in Alberta would agree that the financial lifeline they survive on comes from the Students Assistance Board, through the Queen Elizabeth Scholarship Fund and Canada Student Loans.

Some students are possibly being screwed by the board, perhaps only a small number but to them it makes the difference between living decently and independently.

Take this case for example. Twenty-year-old Sharon, arts 3, applies in September for a loan of \$900. She received nothing. Instead her father received a form letter stating that he owes her \$1,250. During the summer Sharon worked and earned approximately \$1,000. She said; "I decided not to starve and live in poverty for the entire summer, so I bought some summer and winter clothes, paid my parents about \$150 for rent, ate, and went to Vancouver which cost me about \$50. My biggest mistake was filling out the form honestly."

Three years ago Sharon applied and received a \$250 grant and a \$90 loan. In her second year she didn't apply, and paid everything by herself. This year she applied hoping for money in loans only, which, she said, I would have been able to pay back starting next year, because I have been guaranteed a job and will be leaving university after this term."

Sharon's parents both work. They landed in Canada, broke, 11 years ago and started again from scratch. Her parents are in their middle fifties and the youngest of four children is a boy aged seven. Sharon cannot understand why the S.A.B. insists her parents pay the university expenses of

four children until they are in their late sixties.

After months of waiting for results from the S.A.B. Sharon has finally given up hope of ever getting a loan. She has acquired instead a loan for \$500 from a bank, and is surviving on this and donations from fellow students who have heard about her problem. She has written Ombudsman George McClellan in the hope of getting a reprisal.

When the Ombudsman's office was asked to comment on this and other complaints from students they said; "Complaints of this type do fall under the jurisdiction of the office, but actual statistics will not be released until the



GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA  
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

REFER TO FILE NO.

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING  
10820 - 98 AVENUE  
EDMONTON, ALBERTA  
Zone 6

November 5, 1968

Re: Students Assistance Act  
(The Queen Elizabeth Education Scholarship Fund)  
and Canada Student Loans Plan

A recent assessment of your daughter's application for financial assistance has indicated that we would expect your contribution to be approximately \$1250.00 and we have had to anticipate this figure when arriving at the amount of Government funds required.

As your daughter will be living at home, this would mean a cash contribution by you of \$830.00 in addition to supplying room and board which is valued at \$420.00 for the academic year.

Your contribution has not been arbitrarily arrived at but has been determined from graduated tables related to your stated income. It is admitted that this assessment does not take into account special extenuating circumstances and if such do exist, they should be submitted to the Chairman of the Students Assistance Board for consideration.

We are hopeful that by fulfilling this obligation, you may take pleasure in the eventual success of your daughter.

Yours truly,

J. E. Freebairn  
Administrative Officer  
Students Assistance Board

**A PRESENT TO YOU FROM DAD**  
... courtesy of the S.A.B.

next sitting of the legislature. Any statistics released will be under the heading of the Dept. of Education. There were no complaints last year but some have been received this year."

Last year the students' union published a booklet outlining the suggested amount of money each student should budget for each faculty. The booklet was supposedly confiscated by the S.A.B.

The following excerpt is taken from the booklet: "Maximum grants and loans are awarded only when a suitable contribution towards his expenses is made by the student. The S.A.B. also expects that parents of students who are not independent will make a contribution commensurate with their financial standing, income, and earnings. A student is considered independent if the student;

- has attended university for four years, or
- has worked for twelve consecutive months, or
- is married.

Students under 21 who live in Edmonton are expected to reside at home or provide an adequate explanation signed by parents."

The Faculty of Arts budget 1968-69 (from the S.U. booklet):

Tuition and Fees	\$ 435
Books and Supplies	\$ 150
Board and Room	\$ 830
Transportation	\$ 100
Clothing, laundry and Misc.	\$ 300
Hospital and Med.	\$ 50
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$1,865</b>



**BORROWED FRYING PANS, BORROWED OVEN MITTS**  
... even borrowed garbage

## Films

I trust a healthy majority of my faithful readership have tastes crude and violent enough to have sent them long ago off to *The Boston Strangler* at the Capitol.

The only task remaining for me is to persuade those more sensitive, tasteful souls who have an irrational prejudice against exploitation movies about mass-murders that the *Strangler* is bona fide Art, worthy of their interest and patronage.

To begin with, it's the first film really to use the new resources opened up by split-screen technique.

Up to now, the glorified travelogues which were such a drag at Expo represented the net achievement of the technique. Instead of showing us one plastic view of Ontario, *A Place to Stand* allowed us to revel in a dozen unrelated plastic views at once.

Likewise, the most that could be said for split-screen in *The Thomas Crowne Affair* was that its slickness and emptiness matched the slickness and emptiness of Steve McQueen. (Which, mind you, was enough to make the movie good decadent fun.)

But split-screen is used quite differently in *The Boston Strangler*, and its use is integrated smoothly into the overall design of the film.

Rather than showing us scenes widely separate in space, the screen here generally splits to show the same scene from two or three slightly different perspectives, putting us in fact in much the same position as is a film editor when he comes to select from the shooting footage the camera angle which has produced the most expressive result.

The effect is to ironize the stock responses each individual shot might have set up.

Or we are shown simultaneously the still, silent corpse and the room or hallway from which the discovery of the corpse will come. The typical shock-effect, whereby we participate in the horror-surprise of the discovery, is bypassed in favor of a quiet, matter-of-fact effect which is cumulatively a good deal more grim.

The most amazing thing is that all this expert and original "filmic" material doesn't get in the way of what is basically a solid actor's picture.

A huge cast of bit-players, faultlessly handled, backs up the central performances: Henry Fonda as the head of the investigation, and Tony Curtis as the Strangler himself.

Fonda does his usual good job as Mr. Decent America (how appropriate, one thinks once again, that he should be the father of those beautifully degenerate mutants Peter and Jane), a bit more subdued perhaps this time around, caught in the usual endless liberal self-questioning but not allowing this to get in his way.

The big surprise is Curtis.

I've always had an admiration for Curtis I've hardly dared confess, the general opinion apparently being he's a tub of grease, or at best a Body a good director can use despite its inability to act.

Well, I expect signed apologies from all scoffers once they've seen him as the Strangler; Curtis underplays flawlessly, relying on the slightly chalky, slightly immobile nature of his fact to convey what needs to be conveyed of the sinister, and concentrating on the Strangler's "normalcy".

The result is a performance which succeeds, against all odds, in evoking an unpatronizing compassion.

About the shape of the film as a whole I'm also enthusiastic, but it's harder to speak of.

The film falls into two parts. For the first two-thirds of it, we see the elaborate machinery of the Investigation, interwoven with the continuing series of crimes. We move into more and more squalid urban half-worlds; even the investigating procedures get progressively loonier.

But when we finally get to the Strangler himself, he turns out to have none of the obvious kinky disabilities of the previous suspects.

Instead, he is the sort of man for whom the Kennedy assassination defines tragedy as it televises itself into his loving-family lower-middle-class living-room; he is a kind man; he is (and inescapably we think of his kind, terrifying country) totally dangerous because he has been taught to cut himself off from any recognition of that in him which kills.

—John Thompson