

Inherit the Wind

The events upon which this play modeled, the Scopes "Monkey" Trial, were inherently dramatic; the play which resulted is a dramatic confrontation of ideas and persons.

The King's Glee and Dramatic Society realized this drama on the stage of the King's gym last week in an intense and rewarding production of INHERIT THE WIND, a production that left little to be desired. Major credit for this success must go to the show's director, Blair Dixon. Mr. Dixon somehow coerced his large group of actors into a coherent and unified conception, and the result was a production where everyone acted at least competently, and most people acted extremely well indeed.

The intelligent and witty use of "it ain't necessarily so" and numerous spirituals as background music during these changes, however, largely nullified this problem. The two scenes themselves were ad-

equated, the courtroom especially being just about bare and ugly enough to fit the image that the play demanded. Lighting, although not spectacular, was also adequate to the demands of the play, and there was a very intelligent use of colour towards the ends of some scenes; the dimout at the end of the play was timed perfectly. In other words, although certain technical problems must have plagued the producers, they were all overcome satisfactorily.

As I have already mentioned, the acting was of a very high calibre. Approximately twenty roles are small but necessary; all were handled well. In contrast to many student productions, all the speaking parts were very good. The leads were also very good, in some cases of an almost professional tone. Ronald Pattison, as the beleaguered teacher Bertram Cates, and Mark DeWolf, as the crusading defence attorney Henry Drummond, were the stars of the show.

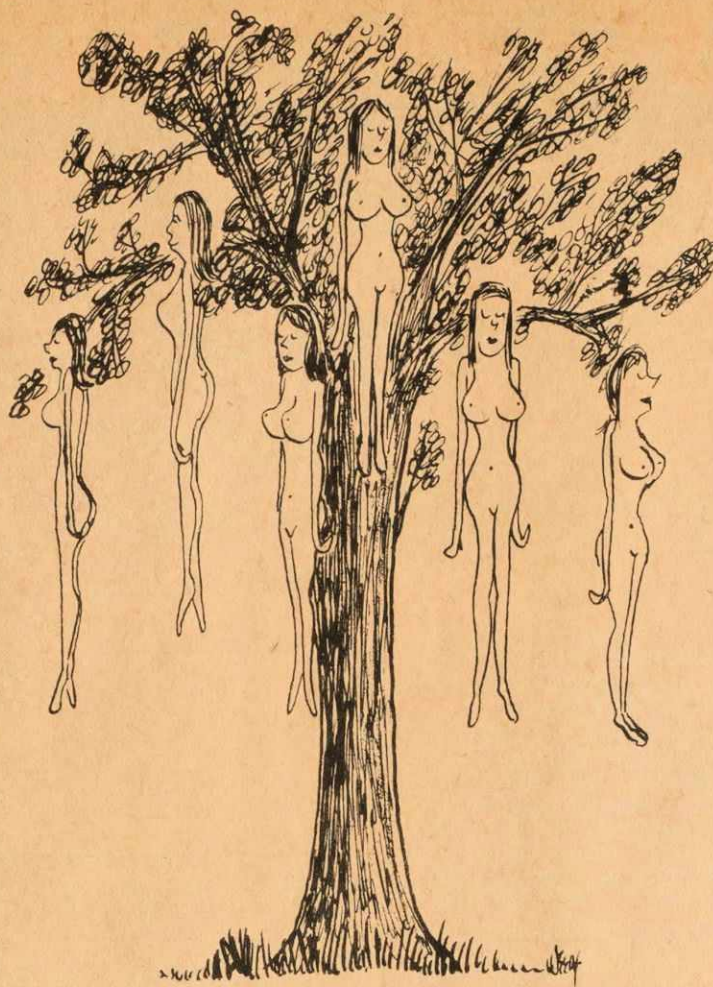
Pattison presented just the right balance of nervousness and uncertainty vs. a sense of having somehow done the right thing. DeWolf was the angry fighting lawyer, and it was especially gratifying to watch him slouch about the stage; his movements

were perfect for the character. John Stone was a very cynical Hornback, and if he had only spoken a bit slower at some points, could have stolen the show, especially as he was given so many good lines. Winthrop Fish did a good job. Matthew Harrison Brady, but he failed to suggest the man's egoism fully enough; late in the play it began to come through, but some of the paths of the final scene was lacking.

David Mercer was a very unprepossessing Reverend Brown, but he took fire during the mad sermon scene, and it was an exciting few minutes, indeed. Michelle Rippon was at her best in the trial scene, but she managed her quite difficult role with some aplomb throughout.

If I don't detail the acting of the minor lead roles it is only because they are too many, and they were all well done. Nobody failed the production.

Apparently a lot of people put in a lot of work both on the stage and off to make this production a success. That they succeeded admirably is the burden of this review. This was perhaps the best student production, taken all for all, that I have seen on this campus in the past three years.



"THE YUM-YUM TREE"

Under the Yum-Yum Tree

BY DOUGLAS BARBOUR

The Neptune is not to be blamed for having chosen this play; but it is not an important play; it supplies no new insights. It is a piece of Broadway froth, and, although, enjoyable, it could provide a rashly boring evening at the theatre if ineptly performed. Mr. Major has seen to it that our evening is anything but boring. His lively direction and the fine performances of the four major players, have injected vitality and blood into what can almost be called a ghost of a play.

As the program notes state, this play asks the question: Can two young people very much in love with each other, move into the same apartment, and, with the purest intentions, in the world, make their platonic pre-marital work? It proposes the answer, yes, sort of. A great deal of humor of the play derives from the fact that the two lovers (?) Robin and Daniel know their psychology and discuss, discuss, discuss what they're doing and what it's doing to them. Daniel is smart, he wants to marry Robin and put the frustration aside, Robin is smarter she thinks, and wants to prove that they're intellectually and emotionally compatible before, not after, the ceremony. All might go well, but for Hogan, and about Hogan I can say nothing except that he makes the play go.

There is one other character: Irene, Robin's aunt, divorced and involved with Hogan. Robin has her apartment for the summer, and Hogan, sly lecher, lives across the hall. Hogan interferes, naturally, and this perhaps keeps the play alive.

Joan Evans as a cool Irene Wilson. Miss Evans carries herself well on stage, and although her part is not very large, she does a good job. She is at her best in the final angry scene with Hogan.

David Brown plays David the young lawyer-lover, and capably fills the role. Mr. Brown is at his best when he is given a put-upon character. David is put-upon, and his complaints ring true. He is at his best in the long scene with Hogan, when he wants to get to sleep.

Milo Ringham is another performer who has grown with the Neptune company. She has learned to be at ease on a stage, and generally handles herself as naturally as could be imagined. She took the role of Robin, a sort of minor image of her role in Oh Dad, and filled out kookiness inherent in it with charm. This girl, Robin, is a bit of a talkative nut, and Miss Ringham has the voice and gestures to make her very real.

The real gem of the play is the part of Hogan. Ted Follows takes this role and makes it a concentrated study in the arts

of comic acting. Personally, even if a play be terrible, and this one is not, I can derive greatest enjoyment from watching a true professional showing of his skills. Mr. Follows is a professional, and he is a fine comic actor. Every small gesture, the way he staggers, the manner in which he pitches his voice, all of these traits slowly cohere to construct a complete picture of the complete comic leech. It is difficult to pick out his best movement of the evening, for he is so good every time he appears, but his timing and movements are absolute perfection the last scene of the play, where he staggers, totally hug, about the apartment searching for the remnants of the night before.

The direction, as I said before, is lively and taut. Mr. Major has allowed but once a slack movement. For the most part the stage is continually alive with movement. The setting is not only functional, but enjoyable to look at. The little hall with Hogan's door is fine, and one finds that to catch all, one must keep looking about the stage. The movements of the players utilize the whole playing area.

This production, then, is well worth seeing. The reason is not the play, but the five performers, especially the scintillating performance of Ted Follows, of the players. Anyone interested in fine comic acting should not miss it.

growing dilemma of the canadian indian

Over 16% of Indian families in Canada live in one-room shacks against .8% of non-Indian families in similar communities. Over 50% of Indian families live in a house of three rooms or LESS. Only 43.9% of Indian families in Canada have electricity in their homes against the non-Indian 98.6%. Only 13.3% of Indian homes have running water against the non-Indian 92.4%.

The housing situation is becoming worse year by year since the home-building program is not kept pace with the growing population. What chance has the average Indian youngster to advance in education when in all likelihood he will have no quiet place to study — only lamp light to work by — no table or desk, and no means of keeping himself clean, etc.?

There has been no significant attempt over the years to help our native communities to develop new industries to take up the slack from the declining traditional industry of hunting and trapping. For instance, even today, only 6% of the Federal Government's expenditure on Indian work is development-oriented while over 25% of their budget is consumed on straight relief. It has been easier to give Indians relief than to help them adjust to modern life economically and socially. Over 47% of Indian families on Reserves

beyond minimal standards of living raises a threat to the Canadian government and non-Indian population that is fast becoming our major domestic problem.

The problem, growing steadily under the noses of both government and citizen, is essentially one of numbers. If there is no decline in the rate of natural increase of the Canadian Indian in the near future (which statistics prove unlikely), the Indian population of Canada could reach 1,000,000 within the next 35 years.

This would be a rate of growth in excess of the Colonial American rate that Malottus called "almost without parallel in history."

The rate of natural increase for the whole of Canada, now apparently stabilized at around 18 per 1,000, is one of the highest natural rates in the world. The Indian rate, however, rose faster and higher and seems now to have stabilized at about 46 per 1,000 population — among the highest ever recorded for any group.

In 1941, the Canadian Indian population began to increase with unprecedented speed so that within a 20-year period it fell only just short of doubling itself.

This remarkable growth took place without the aid of immigration and despite the loss of some people who disappeared into the general ("white") population. It is to be accounted for in part by the reduction of mortality resulting from much improved health services and better diet, and is partly a manifestation of the rapid rise in the rate of natural increase that began in most segments of the population of Canada and the United States in 1941.

On our arrival, we entered (blissfully penniless and seeking quarters — or maybe half-dollars) a King's dorm, which looked rich and stately compared to our slab-like 19-story dorms (with escalators), and made ourselves known to a group of liberal students with empty rooms.

We had been in the aforementioned stately-type building (with pipes showing in the cellar and the rooms) about a half-hour when we were offered, with good cheer, hearty bottles of ale. Oh incredible! Oh, eighth wonder of the academic world! No American morals-mongers in sight, we swigged the ambrosia in glee (in Boston U. dorms, every floor has its own unique bulldog, who snarls at liquor, liasons, and tape on the walls!).

We were delighted to learn that contrary to the dogma parroted by our own university mouthpieces, academic excellence and a non-oppressive atmosphere are not irreconcilable. We heard Dal undergrads voice their enthusiasm for their Alma Mater's courses, and we sauntered through Dal's library, peering excitedly at certain graphic fictional works which Boston U. does not bother to shelve and pondering how nicely the Dal library could replace the one we use, which ill-serves over 20,000 students.

The Halifax glow stayed with us upon our return to Boston; indeed, it radiated throughout the university when we produced for the NEWS its first "university review" — a highly laudatory one, topped off with the name of Dal's registrar as a special service for potential transfer applicants, of which we surmise there may be literally thousands.

Be warned, then, Dalhousie; after us, the deluge!

It is the effect of such rapid growth on the age structure of the Indian population that heightens fears of how the social impact of the hit Canadian bombshell.

In January of 1963, 55.8 per cent of the total Indian population was under the age of 20, while 45.7 per cent (90,621) was under the age of 15. At the present, too, large numbers of females are moving into the reproductive period.

The point to note is that the Indian population is a young one. The Indian is not young, but being born to parents (or an unwed mother) in a reservation already backward in economic and educational facilities. He is taking a lead from elders who often have little to offer, at least as compared with "white" values.

The question we should now ask—or will soon be forced to ask—is what extent we, the "white" population and government, have a duty to help the Indian on his terms? To what extent do we, paying the shot, have a right to help the Indian on our terms? How far can help go before, to be successful, it becomes assimilation, or interference to which the skeptical Indian will become hostile?

The scope of the Indian problem is too big for the Indian, in his present economic and educational condition, to handle alone. Standards of housing, nutrition, sanitation and medical care are low, although efforts are being made (from within and without) to improve them. Very few Indians have any profession, trade or skill and the vast majority have sporadic incomes derived from construction labour, seasonal work in fruit and tobacco and trapping and fishing.

Few reserves possess any exploitable resources other

than the soil, and even in the agricultural areas of Ontario, many of the reserves have grown up in scrub thorn and

A Canadian Indian model recently upset a few students at Dalhousie when she exposed statistics of sub-standard living conditions of most Canadian Indians.

She warned her listeners that the Indian population is growing fast, and that it will soon be in a position to demand extended government action to help the long-ignored Indian improve his lot. A Toronto varsity writer sends this report to the Gazette.

There is at the present no reason to believe that more than perhaps two reserves in Ontario can give an adequate resource base for any kind of industrial or agricultural industry capable of supporting people now living on reserves, although some others are close enough to industrial centres that plants might be located on them.

On three Ontario reserves, there are some 20 men who could be called farmers, and aside from a little basket and axe-handle making, there is no other industry. The Indian Affairs Branch provide some employment for unskilled labor, mechanics, clerks and drivers, but not nearly sufficient. Most of the men and women work in the nearby cities and towns as agricultural laborers when they have employment.

Perhaps it is a consequence of their marginal position in Canadian society, lack of employment, deep feelings of hostility to the "white man" who they believe stole their heritage, and a very general feeling of frustration that the standard indices of deviation are very high on the reserves.

Delinquency both adult and juvenile is dishearteningly common. Desertion, common law unions and illegitimacy are rife. Drunkenness is a common vice of both sexes, and child neglect as a consequence is widespread. Most Indian

communities show a condition bordering on demoralization. In many Indian units, traditional values

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educational level of the Indian people.

Education will allow the Indian to become competitive in the labor market, and improve his knowledge of our modern urban-industrial society. Such policy, now developing, shows a recognition that there is an increasing disparity between Indian and white standards of living; it shows a realization that few reserves can now support their existing populations, let alone vastly increased ones.

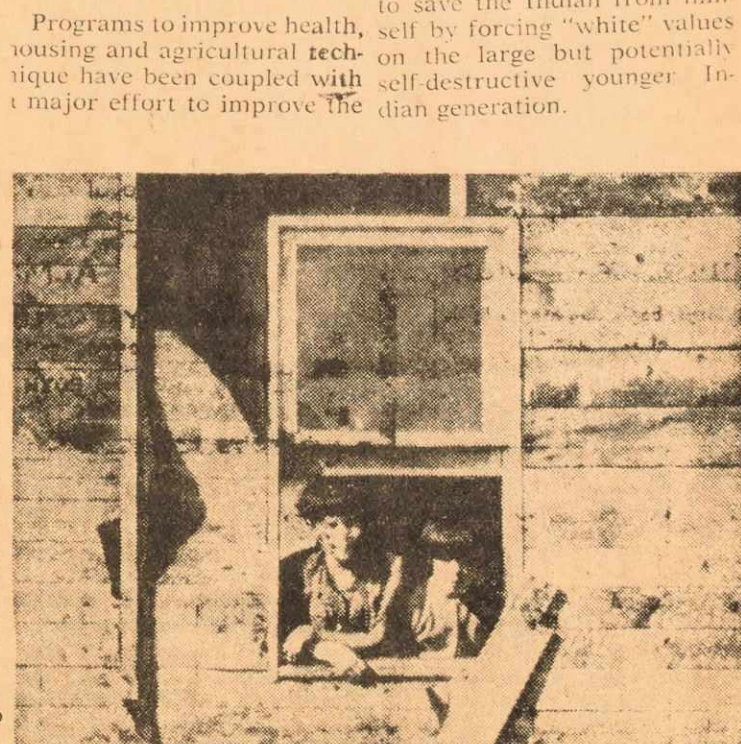
Indian response to white efforts to improve and extend reserve education, however, has been less than enthusiastic. The word or sense of assimilation evokes hostility in almost all. Even those Ontario existing populations; the Indian people as a whole have few marketable skills and have such low educational levels that training or retraining of adults is hardly possible (among widespread illiteracy and an average educational level not above grade four).

Most communities show signs of demoralization; most Indians are bound to the reserve by emotional ties and psychological dependence upon the ultimate security they provide. Given the present very high rate of natural increase, all of these problems will be greatly exacerbated in the future.

Of the possible policies for treatment of a native population, Canadian policy as it developed contained elements of three: assimilation and disappearance, equal co-existence with white society through children, in comparison to cultural pluralism, and per capita-type exploitation of the Indian who is kept in a position of economic and social subservience.

There are relatively few high-school graduates. In 1961-62, only 48 Indians were enrolled in Canadian universities.

Given the situation of the Indian as sketched above, and the seeming inability of the Indian people as a whole to take advantage of the educational opportunities now increasingly made available to them, it is time the "white" Canadian asked himself why the Indian has not improved his lot. The answer to this question — probably one of the sure environment — should prompt us to ask further what duty or right, if any, we have to save the Indian from himself by forcing "white" values on the large but potentially self-destructive younger Indian generation.



What about them?

Gazette:

What happens north of the border and along Boston's historical harbor are two different stories — at least so far as education is concerned.

As diligent workers on the Boston University NEWS, a weekly of enormous circulation in Boston, Mass., U.S.A., we were attracted to the wonders of Dalhousie by exchange issues of the Gazette which came our way last winter.

The Gazette was particularly seductive since it exhibits — whether or not Dal students are aware of it — a strident independence and flippancy which is rare in American college newspapers. Any paper so cool, we averred, must represent the world's coolest college.

Not that we ourselves do not have independent press and plenty of off-station bickering has been so loud that the University President attempted, without success, to subject us to censorship in the form of prior reading of articles and forcible insertion of Administration-written puff.

As any New England student would know by now, the NEWS fought the dear old man — through the television, radio, popular press, and nationwide articles. And so peace reigns again except when virulent editorials reappear.

However, the Gazette seemed to be getting away, so to speak, with murder — in short, with complete and justifiable autonomy. We couldn't resist visiting the Dal campus (travelling via car, boat, and feet through the pitch black Nova Scotia night, with nary a subway system in sight) last January.

The differences in American and Canadian education and

strident independence, world's coolest college.

"permissive" policies are many and startling.

Upon our arrival, we entered (blissfully penniless and seeking quarters — or maybe half-dollars) a King's dorm, which looked rich and stately compared to our slab-like 19-story dorms (with escalators), and made ourselves known to a group of liberal students with empty rooms.

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Sault Ste. Marie to rustic revulsion

Part Two... By ROGER FIELD

6.30 Sunday 13 September and I'm in gas station-motel country, hoofing it out of Sault when #26 slides to stop in a cloud of dust — he's an off duty trucker in his souped up '56 Meteor. Having nothing to do, he decides to find me a truck for Hamilton. Several dusty roads later, he shows me a corner on the highway where his friend drove a rig into the river last week and a long hill where he lost a trailer doing 70. Then to demonstrate the poor suspension in his car, he shows how it vibrates at 95. About 80 miles later we're in a trucker's stop and I splurge by buying a meal. 8.30 and I get my lucky break. It's a big Mack train (2 trailers) with a danger load — 36 tons of steel — Sorry son, no rides with a danger load*, but my trucker friend knows him and soon we're in fifteenth gear and flying down the hills in neutral — (That steel really pushes you along.) midnight at a trucker's stop and I switch to #28 — same kind of truck — lighter load and he's heading for Brantford. This ride is good — several truck stops for coffee, but between stops the gremlins plague me. Walking, highway signs, etc. until the sun comes up and we're balling down Highway 400 then west on 401 — end of ride.

Good-bye to trucker at Highway 6. A ride down 6 and another on 403 and I'm in downtown Hamilton at 8.00 Monday morning. . . Tuesday morning, 15 September, breakfast at Constellation Hotel unnoticed among dark-suited young executives — 8.00 and 3.50 and it's 2 miles along Dixon road to 401 — on 401 it's windy and the traffic is heavy; my sign won't stand up and dust keeps blowing when the big rigs pass — finally a Monza from Manitoba containing a student from Western takes me to interchange 54 and out of the heavy traffic. #32 about 10 miles later is a red Chev pickup called "The Big Bopper" and a fat driver from Charlottetown leaves me at interchange 71 #33 in a little Renault wagon from Toronto — likes to talk — expresses the hope that I will not be a bum all my life and a drag on the taxpayers (somehow bitter about his own \$5000 income tax.) interchange 92 and I'm by the road again — day is clear and warm and the Ontario Highway Department clover provides a tasty snack — #34 is an IH truck which is driven by Harry who is about 55 and a truckercum-gambler; bets on anything his bookmakers will handle. His favorite expression "Lightning struck the shithouse". #35 lumber

to a halt at interchange 116 and soon I'm rolling toward Montreal in a '54 Cadillac with Prof. Russell Ward of the University of Melbourne. He bought the car when he landed in New York in February for \$300 and has since done 17,000 miles in it, travelling and lecturing on a Canada Council grant at Prescott lunch (on the Canada Council) and he heads for Carleton leaving me 120 miles from Montreal waiting for #36. 3.00 and I'm heading for Montreal in the company of a Torontonain WASP — unexciting trip except for the spectacle of one school bus with its front fender entangled with the rear of another school bus and about a million excited kids. Montreal, 6.00 — I have missed the by-pass and a bus takes me to St. Lambert. At 8.00 back into hitchhiking territory — #37 is a truck filled with empty bags and voluble French Canadian can understand me (unfortunately) the reverse is not true). 9.30 in St. Hubert #38 is a Mack transport from New Brunswick on its way from Philadelphia this morning — stops at Drummondville to sleep — #39 provides three cups of coffee and a ride to the Chaudiere bridge which is not exactly stable when a big rig crosses it. Street lights shake. I shake, and the whole bridge shakes. #40 soon removes me from the middle of the bridge (I was walking across) — Dave, in a big Olds full of buttons to push offers me a beer — a case of Dow on the back seat. He is just returning from a fishing trip with his general manager — he is also 32 fat and stoned. He lets me out at 2 A.M. in St. Michel — I, full of beer don't notice how cold it is. 2.30 I'm not so full of beer and I notice my predicament — the Etoile Rouge restaurant is closed. The motel-Sur-Mer is dark and the only place open is a lonely phone booth by the road. 4.30; I'm still in the phone booth, running out to stick out my thumb every time I hear a vehicle approaching — gremlins and the robbers set in — my hands are too cold to write and I hear trucks where no trucks are. 5.00 — the sun beginning to rise. I have been passed by twenty-three trucks and 11 cars in the three hours that I've been stuck here. Finally I'm saved by #41. I watch the sun rise from an elderly Pontiac driven by a young fellow from Bathurst (going home from Toronto) who has no front teeth and little English — doze amid patches of delightful conversation. Breakfast at a gas station is a doughnut, a Joe E. Louis, a half-

moan, and a special treat from my driver — a 7-UP — at last my stomach doesn't hurt anymore — I discover that Edmunston stinks, the car burns oil, and the trees are becoming beautiful, and it's 500 miles to Halifax — the ride ends in St. Leonard and it's 10.30; I'm on the outside of the Mountie depot. Soon #42 shuttles me to Grand Falls where I spend an hour and a half getting nowhere — two local rides finally get me to Aroostook Junction so I while away an hour watching SAC bombers going down to land just across the border at Loring — #45 is a '53 Chev from Ontario driven by a young (22) tobacco picker going home from Tillsonburg in the Ontario tobacco region — he is travelling with two friends behind in a '53 Pontiac and has a baby rabbit on the rear seat — a tobacco field rabbit! Outside Hartland we take a wrong turn — his friends are far behind and take the right turn — we come back to the right turn and try to catch them — meanwhile they are far ahead trying to catch us — the suspension on the car is shot and the road is under construction — dust comes up through the seat as we bounce and scrape along the Trans-Canada — just as we come over a hill we catch a glimpse of the others but there's also a Mountie parked next to them and we slow down the trunk lid opens. I fix it and we're off again — finally catch them outside of Fredericton and the ride ends across the river from Ormoco — only 300 miles to Halifax and it's 7.00 P.M. #46 comes and 9.00 finds me outside Sussex eating raisins and beginning to feel cold and there are no truck stops — I walk to keep warm hoping for a truck stop — traffic is light and there is forest all around, 17 cars and 8 trucks pass before #48 stops at 11.30 — a guy and his girl driving from Pres Qu'ile to Shubenacadie. I sleep, in the back seat — 2.05 A.M. it's the junction of Route 14 and 39 miles to Halifax and I'm walking — it's cold and there are no lights — 3.00 A.M. — a big Mack transport with a load of toilet paper from Saint John stops — he passed me outside Moncton — when he saw me again in Shubenacadie he picked me up — 4.00 A.M. — the corner of Lady Hammond road and Robie and the dismal prospect of walking home — no traffic, no hitchhiking — after stop on the side of Preston Street, I'm home — 157 1/2 hours, about \$10.00, and 10 lb. of weight lost from Vancouver.