



A man called Fred

by Satya Das

Grim day. Downtown Edmonton, noon. Scurrying people. All want a quick bite of lunch. All want some shopping at sale. Paranoia over missed buses and nonexistent "daily specials." I asked for the time. Suspicious glance, quickened step.

Old man nursing coffee, Ask to sit down. Permission granted. Offer to buy coffee. No suspicion, glad to talk. Alberta pioneer. Homesteaded near Thorsby. First world war came, enlisted.

Returned with honours, left the farm, went to work for the railways. Served in the second world was as a captain. Retired from the railways with forty five years service. Pension allows him enough for a good apartment and a good living, but it can't buy companionship.

Children married, scattered

over Canada. Been to four funerals in the past year, some of his closest friends. Early eighties now, wouldn't identify self beyond "Fred". Spends much of his time with surviving friends, at the movies. Saw Last Tango. Couldn't understand why it upset people. "When I first came to Edmonton, there was much worse going on right down Jasper Avenue."

Optimistic about the future of the world. People too soft now. He saw the real hardships. If you didn't have enough fuel, you suffered in the winter. Now with central heating people worried about gas prices for cars. People have never had it so good.

Sees the world becoming a better place to live in with the coming years, "unless some damnfool politicians blow each other up." Not really frightened at the changes in the world, sometimes he feels world going too fast, but says he's been able to cope. Saddest time of the year Remembranceday. Happiest at Christmas, family reunion.

Showed me pictures of grandchildren. Railwayman's watch on gold chain. Remembers days as engineer driving train through Rogers Pass in winter. "Scared hell out of me every time, and I don't know how many times I went through that place."

Favorite moments watching the sun set over the prairies, "feeling of deep inner peace, immense satisfaction, overwhelming sense of smallness," as his trains steadily steamed their way through.

He had to go visit a friend. We agreed to meet again next week. I'll show him the story, don't know how he'll react. It'll be a fascinating lesson on the development of the pioneer.

advanced registration

4000 have registered for the next winter session

have you?

The adventures of Johnny Canuck

(EN) - The con job of the year award may have to go to a 36-year-old Canadian who escaped from jail in Crittenden, Askansas by convincing the county's chief of detectives that he was an undercover agent working to "test the jail's security measures."

To add insult to injury, he then persuaded a woman deputy-who he had earlier charged with supplying drugs

to prisoners--to go with him to Memphis "to tell her story to the attorney general." Once in Memphis they registered at a Holiday Inn where they were to wait for "another FBI agent". After the prisoner flew the coop, a red-faced deputy explained that to signal the other "agent", the Canadian persuaded her she must strip to her underclothes and "bounce up and down on the bed."

polls for the uab fee referendum will be located in the following buildings:

9am -5pm friday, march 29, 1974

phys. ed. cab tory law rutherford education lister eng. ph. 2 clin. sci.(1-5) med. sci.(9-1) by mens locker room
by cameron
main lobby
2nd floor, by library
2nd floor mall
by elevators
by cafeteria
main lobby
2nd floor, by elevators
2nd floor, ll2 street entrance

advance poll - phys. ed. building by mens locker room between 10 am & 6 pm thursday, march 28, 1974

all people who have paid their uab fees are eligible to vote. bring your id card - you can't vote without it