

University of New Brunswick
Thirty-third Convocation



Sunday, October 18, 1987
The Playhouse, Fredericton

Commemorative Booklet

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Although Latin has long ceased to be the language of instruction for all university courses, as it once was at Oxford and Cambridge, at Paris and Bologna, we have retained it at UNB for limited use on occasions of great academic solemnity, such as university convocations. The use of Latin today is a symbol of our academic descent from those earliest universities of medieval Europe and a humble reminder that the search for truth is both ancient and new.

Convocation for students in Engineering, Computer Science, Forestry, Forest Engineering, Business Administration, Physical Education, Secretarial Studies and the one-year Bachelor of Education program

2:30 p.m.

ORDER OF PROCEEDINGS

2:30 p.m.

PROCESSIONAL MARCH

Chair taken by The Honourable Gilbert Finn, O.C., Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick and Visitor to the University on behalf of Her Majesty The Queen

VICEREGAL SALUTE

INVOCATION

John Valk, B.A., M.A., M.Phil.
Member of UNB Campus Ministry Team

WELCOME BY THE PRESIDENT AND VICE-CHANCELLOR

James Downey, B.A., B.Ed., M.A., Ph.D.

REMARKS BY THE CHANCELLOR

Lady Aitken

UNB BICENTENNIAL CHOIR

Honour and Glory

J. S. Bach

Three Hungarian Folk Songs

M. Seiber

Steven Peacock, Director
Hilary Veen, Accompanist

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES

Presentation by Gordon R. Mason, B.Sc., M.Sc., Ph.D.,
Assistant Vice-President (Academic)

CONFERRING OF HONORARY RANK OF PROFESSOR EMERITUS

Candidates will be presented by the Assistant Vice-President (Academic)

Angus C. Hamilton (Surveying Engineering)

Robert H. B. McLaughlin (Civil Engineering)

CONFERRING OF HONORARY DEGREES

Candidates will be presented by Donald F. Rowan, B.A., M.A., Ph.D., University Orator

To be Doctor of Laws

Richard J. Currie

To be Doctor of Letters

L. Marguerite Vaughan Eller

CONVOCATION ADDRESS

Dr. Richard J. Currie

CONFERRING OF DEGREES OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN COURSE

Candidates will be presented by William D. Seabrook, B.Sc., M.Sc., Ph.D., D.I.C., F.E.S.C., Dean of the School of Graduate Studies and Research

CONFERRING OF MASTERS' DEGREES IN COURSE

Candidates will be presented by the Dean of the School of Graduate Studies and Research

CONFERRING OF POSTGRADUATE BACHELORS' DEGREES IN COURSE

Candidates will be presented by the University Orator and the Assistant Vice-President (Academic)

CONFERRING OF BACHELORS' DEGREES IN COURSE

Candidates will be presented by the University Orator and the Assistant Vice-President (Academic)

O CANADA

RECESSIONAL MARCH

Parade Marshal: George R. DeMille, B.Sc., M.Sc., Ph.D.

WELCOME BY THE PRESIDENT AND VICE-CHANCELLOR

Dr. James Downey

Your Honour, Madame Chancellor, Your Worship, Mr. President Emeritus, Graduands and Prizewinners, Family and Friends of the University of New Brunswick:

On behalf of the Senate and the Board of Governors I am pleased to welcome everyone to this our Thirty-Third Fall Convocation.

A very special welcome is extended to the Honourable Gilbert Finn, the twenty-sixth Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of New Brunswick since Confederation, who is attending his first UNB Convocation in his Viceregal capacity. It is fitting, Sir, that so distinguished a New Brunswicker should assume so distinguished a role. *A vous et son Honneur, Madame Finn, nous accordons nos félicitations, et l'expression de nos sentiments les meilleurs.*

As always, it is a privilege to have with us our Chancellor, Lady Aitken, whose special grace adds both warmth and lustre to these occasions. It is with pleasure that I now call upon her to address Convocation.

REMARKS BY THE CHANCELLOR

Lady Aitken

Your Honour, Mr. President, Your Worship, Honorary Degree Recipients, Distinguished Guests, Graduates, Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends:

Once more it is a great pleasure to me to be here this afternoon for this graduation ceremony on this special day for the graduates. For it is a very special and important day for you, one that you and your families will look back on all your lives and remember with affectionate nostalgia.

I have by now taken part in a good many convocations, but each one as it comes along engenders its own feeling and atmosphere of excitement at the triumphant and heady achievement of a goal for which you have studied hard and long; the successful conclusion of one part of your career and the dawn of another — the opportunities all out there for you to make what you will of them. And I am sure that you will seize those opportunities and make a success of them, just as you did with your studies.

Since my last visit to Fredericton there have been some changes which, although they only indirectly affect UNB, I cannot let this occasion go by without referring to them.

First of all may I join in a warm welcome to our new Lieutenant-Governor, the Honourable Gilbert Finn, who today attends our Convocation. As you all are aware, he is no stranger to university life and we are proud to welcome him here at the University of New Brunswick. I think that you will find, Your Honour, that we are a friendly and moderately well-behaved lot, and there should be no trouble in collecting the rent. We have paid up pretty promptly for two hundred years. We welcome you, Your Honour, and wish you an interesting and happy term of office.

Now university chancellors are supposed to be non-political. In fact they are supposed to be non a lot of things, like interfering in university life and making long, boring speeches. I try to avoid both of these pitfalls. But I feel that I must say a few words about our outgoing Premier, Richard Hatfield, who has served this Province devotedly for seventeen years. And I would like to thank him on behalf of UNB for his unfailing support and help to us at the university during that time. Richard Hatfield was always ready to listen to our problems, to give shrewd advice, to help whenever he could towards our interests and aspirations. As Premier he was a loyal friend to UNB in good times and bad and genuinely had our interests at heart. Also I cannot let this opportunity go by without adding my own personal thanks to Richard Hatfield for his constant encouragement and support of the Beaverbrook Art Gallery and the Playhouse here in Fredericton, and indeed for

his enormous contribution to the cultural life of the province. We will be continually grateful for the many occasions when he smoothed our path and gave us his loyal support.

Again in a totally non-political way (I can feel my Vice-Chancellor eyeing me like laser-beams. He will say, "She's meddling again!"), on behalf of the University I would like to welcome Mr. McKenna, our Premier-elect. This University was his University, and he was also a Beaverbrook Scholar. We feel very proud that he was a graduate of UNB and wish him all possible good luck and success in his new office.

It remains only for me to congratulate the honorary degree recipients and, most important of all, the graduates. This is your day — your special day — and we positively glow with pride at your achievements to date, in the certain knowledge that, armed with your degrees, you will tackle the mountains and valleys of life with confidence and courage. I wish you all success and happiness as you go on your way.

HONORARY DEGREE CITATIONS

Dr. Donald F. Rowan, University Orator

Richard James Currie To Be Doctor Of Laws

"Convocation" is the formal calling together of all members of the University. It is both a solemn and festive occasion during which we mark the achievements of those who have won distinction within our walls by the granting of "degrees in course" and the conferring of the high rank of "Professor Emeritus." It is also right and proper that at such a time we should look outside our walls for those who have done great things in the larger world, or those whose high spirits have been matched only by their generosity to this University.

Just as the University must always look "outwards", as well as inwards, Richard Currie is a man who has always looked "outwards." Born in Saint John some fifty years ago he has said that to him one special importance of his birthplace has been the fact that it is a seaport and "that kept me always looking outwards. Never feeling outwardly constrained I believe keeps one not feeling inwardly constrained."

A recent photograph of Mr. Currie identifies him as an "engineering businessman" and his early training as an engineer was begun at this University as a Lord Beaverbrook Scholar. Following the call of the sea he moved across the Bay of Fundy and graduated in 1960 with a Bachelor's degree in Chemical Engineering from the Technical University of Nova Scotia.

He spent the next six years as an engineer, particularly expert in food processing plant design and operation, before moving outwards once again through a Master's degree in Business Administration from Harvard University. Fifteen short years ago he entered the business world as a Vice-President of Loblaw's, and five years later in 1976 he was appointed President of a company which then found itself destitute — in fact, unable to raise funds from any commercial source. Today it is the largest and most profitable food distribution business in Canada, employing over 30,000 people, and with a "world-class" reputation for its stores, its products and its computer systems for merchandising and control. In short the raising of this company from near-bankruptcy to pre-eminence in its field is the achievement of which Mr. Currie is, justly and rightly, most proud.

Still looking outwards this man is now the Vice-Chairman of the Food Marketing Institute based in Washington — he is thus the first non-American to be an officer of the largest food association of the world. He is as well a Governor of the Olympic Trust of Canada and a member of the Advisory Board of the University of Western Ontario's outstanding School of Business Administration.

In 1986 he was selected by the Financial Times as one of the top ten executives in Canada.

Such extraordinary and remarkable successes mark a man who has not been afraid to face seemingly overwhelming challenges, and I believe today he is going to urge his fellow graduates to look outwards with the same confidence and determination.

*Insignissime Praeses, amplissima Cancellaria, tota Universitas, praesento vobis **Ricardum Jacobum Currie** ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Utrouque Jure in hac Universitate.*

Marguerite Vaughan Eller To Be Doctor Of Letters

Although something of a citizen of the world in the best sense of that term, Marguerite Vaughan Eller is honoured today for her generosity and service to this, our University. Nevertheless, it would be remiss to pass over in silence her very real and very many accomplishments. One whose pen is far more skillful and informed than mine has written that

Her knowledge of Mexican artefacts and of Eskimo prints and drawings is as impressive as the collections of each she has built up. That knowledge is the result, not of some academic or professional need to be expert, but of her prodigious curiosity about the world she lives in and the worlds other people have lived in. It also springs from a genuine and sophisticated appreciation of the finest, most beautiful artefacts a civilization produces.

But it is not for these things that we wish to make her our own this afternoon, to make her one of us in reality, as well as in spirit. Her life has been marked by the great generosity with which she has shared her many gifts with the people of New Brunswick. She has given much to her adopted province: to the town of St. Andrews where she has spent nearly every summer since she was a small child visiting from Montreal with her remarkable mother, Lucille Pillow; to the city of Fredericton, through her splendid gifts to the Beaverbrook Art Gallery which owes its present expanded and resplendent state to the generosity of the Vaughan and Aitken families; and, above all, to the University of New Brunswick. "For us, her commitment to the University of New Brunswick is manifest in the Vaughan Graduate Fellowships, the many works of art and priceless books she has donated, in a major contribution to the Third Century Fund campaign, and in her membership on our Board of Governors."

For these gifts it is only fitting that we should publicly signal our gratitude to and admiration for this generous woman. A Doctor of Letters is most appropriate for one whose life's interests have reflected all that is best in the culture and civilization of a people, and it is in that spirit that we offer her today our highest honour. In that spirit too we extend to her our best wishes on her recent marriage to Dr. Joseph Eller.

*Insignissime Praeses, amplissima Cancellaria, tota Universitas, praesento vobis **Margaritum Vaughan Eller** ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Utrouque Jure in hac Universitate.*

CONVOCATION ADDRESS

Richard J. Currie

Lady Aitken, Ladies and Gentlemen:

On hearing the very kind and flattering comments of the University Orator, Professor Rowan, I was reminded of the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Runcie, in response to a similarly glowing introduction. He replied that he would pray for the souls of the persons that evening — for the soul of the introducer for being such a flatterer — and for his own soul for enjoying it so much.

I thought also of a man who wanted to express his gratitude for an honour given to him and to do so with proper humility. But he — like me today — was nervous and he got his lines mixed. So he began by saying —

“I certainly don’t appreciate the honour, but I sure do deserve it.”

Whether I deserve it or not, I want you to know how happy I am to receive it and to realize that you, through me, are paying honour to all my business colleagues and associates and to commercial activities in this country in general.

Back in September 1955, when I came to UNB, I did so on a Lord Beaverbrook Undergraduate Scholarship. It is therefore both gratifying and heartwarming to me today to meet Lady Aitken, Your Chancellor, and to see Mr. Robert Tweedie being awarded an honorary doctorate later on. On a hot August morning in 1955 when we first met, I as a sweating seventeen-year-old sitting at the end of a table surrounded by distinguished New Brunswickers, Bob Tweedie sat at the other end of the table as the Chairman of the Beaverbrook Scholarship Selection Committee.

Perhaps Canada’s greatest Prime Minister, the Liberal Sir Wilfred Laurier, once said that “the second half of the twentieth century belongs to Canada.” Well, here we are, well into the second half of the second half and I should think any impartial observer of our progress both economically and nationally — Laurier himself — would believe we have fallen short of those lofty expectations.

Canada’s profligate ways in the last twenty years have reached epic proportions. Canada now has a foreign debt of \$225 billion (U.S.) and ranks second only to the United States as the largest foreign borrower in the world. We read of Latin American debt but Canada’s foreign debt approximates that of Argentina, Mexico and Brazil combined. Growth in debt so far this decade parallels the developing world — up fifty per cent for Canada, up fifty-eight per cent for the ten largest developing nations. As a businessman, I can tell you that money is borrowed on assets, not pro-

mises. And assets take generations to build — and only a short period of time to spend or to encumber with debt.

I have always believed that the purpose of an education was to train people to think. And one of my observations on life is that thinking is a painful process — that is why so few people engage in its practice. It would be my suggestion to you today that we Canadians have not done much thinking for some time. We are simply living beyond our means and borrowing from the efforts of our forebears and against the efforts of our children to support our present comfort. By placing comfort ahead of productivity, we have deluded ourselves into thinking that we are not part of McLuhan’s “Global Village” and that by some happenstance or divine intervention we will be excluded from the economic winds of change that blow unceasingly round the planet.

Economics and capitalism and business are important even if one does not like their practitioners as individuals or as a group. Business is important because economic progress precedes social progress. Show me a nation that is economically backward and socially progressive and I would change my view. Since no example exists, I can safely postulate that all our social progress and programs have come from an economically sound nation — or in Canada’s case, a country that once was economically sound and is now living by borrowing against that previously earned asset base.

While Canada is now reaching the limits of its profligacy and creditworthiness, we now have the opportunity to restore both our standards and our assets by endorsing the free trade agreement with the United States.

In my opinion, free trade or freer trade is the most important decision facing Canadians of this and future generations. It is so important to Canada that while the organization I represent has substantial interests in milling, bread making, chocolate and candy making and in consumer tissue products — all of which would suffer the severest competition from the U.S. in free trade — we have been and are totally committed to supporting free trade. After all, what’s a little competition?

In explaining why we take that position, I should initially point out that Canada is the only major world trader which doesn’t have ready domestic access to a market of at least 100 million people. Past Canadian leaders recognized this deficiency and have actively developed trade with the United States, so much so that total trade between Canada and the United States is now approaching nearly \$200 billion per year and the Canadian surplus is over \$22 billion. The United States does more trade with Canada than it does with Japan: more with Ontario alone than with the entire European economic community. Today some three million jobs out of our total labour force of 12 million are dependent on ex-

ports. The harsh reality is that we really can't send high labour content products to EEC countries or Japan because of either tariffs or high cost. The only major market in which we are both allowed and competitive is the United States. For us to shut off the opportunity for freer trade with that country would quite simply be madness.

In the past three decades, the proportion of manufactured goods in our exports has increased from eight to forty-two per cent, largely as a result of our one major free trade agreement — the automobile agreement with the United States. Ever larger access to the U.S. market can do wonders for our productivity and economic structure and thereby our social progress if further tariff and non-tariff barriers are removed.

Trade barriers of any kind weaken a nation's ability to offer competitively priced goods and services, both at home and abroad. And anyone who wants to hide behind a barrier wants to do so because he is afraid to compete. And if I know Canadians, I know we love a good scrap — anyone watching the recent Canada-Russia hockey series could see that.

A number of people are concerned about our identity as a nation if we develop the freer trade option. That is simply empty rhetoric. To them I would only ask: are the French less French, the Italians less Italian, or the British less British since joining the European Economic Community?

It is very easy to find arguments against any form of risk or change. And on the free trade issue these arguments, usually by special interest groups, are at the moment constantly being put before us. But it is our obligation as educated people to think and think clearly, and as present and future leaders in the community, to face reality squarely. Having done so, I believe the inescapable conclusion is that of Donald Macdonald, the former Liberal finance minister. "I don't see Canada as a sort of sheltered workshop for the inefficient, the incompetent, or the less than capable." The way for us to afford higher wages is to be more productive. And if we learn to specialize and use modern technology, get larger scale and serve the larger market, we will be a richer country. Then we can afford better social programs and afford more cultural development.

We Canadians have the education — we have the energy. What we need now is the same market opportunities as our American neighbours. With free trade, the dislocations for a number of sectors of the economy will be great. This generation will have to sacrifice short term. But surely sacrifice is nothing new to Canadians once they have been presented with the real facts and consequences — previous generations did it twice in this century — and we performed magnificently as a nation in both world wars. War is competition at its keenest. You know we're good competitors.

Now we should direct our competitive energies to the outside world and not to misguided squabbling inside Canada. Today it is an issue of our economic survival. If we are to avoid turning our country into an economic and ultimately a social backwater there is no turning back from free trade. We must have the courage to go forward.

I suppose any Commencement speaker cannot resist the temptation to do a little moralizing and dispense some gratuitous advice. And I must confess I fall into that category. I hope you will find something worthwhile in it. It is directed to each of you as individuals.

First, have courage. In a collective sense the kind of thing we have to find as Canadians at this time with regard to free trade. You as graduates of UNB have the ability to analyze. But so do thousands of others. What will distinguish you from them will be the courage to act on your own analysis. President John Kennedy, who was given an honorary degree by this university exactly thirty years ago once said that "change is the law of life." In my view, you must either create change or act on change or be content to live your life in what Beaverbrook called "the dull grey mass of mediocrity." And if you act, and it doesn't work out, try to remember that it is your plan which is a failure: you are not a failure.

Secondly, have integrity. We all make mistakes, infallibility is beyond any of us. But integrity, the ability to decide between right and wrong, is always within us. It is simply a question of our own choice. A quote to remember is Emerson: "The Essence of greatness is the belief that virtue is enough." Have integrity in your work. Your work is your most important activity in life. Again Emerson: "Tell me what you do, that I may know you." In Ecclesiastes, the poet, after sampling all life styles concluded, in essence, "Follow God's laws and do your work well." And my late father told me to "bury him one day and go back to work the next."

My third and final admonition (mercifully you might say) is to have a positive attitude and develop a sense of humour. Nothing is as indomitable as the human spirit as long as it is given a chance. Your attitude largely determines what you can do. And humour helps relieve the tension in any situation. Most important of all, it keeps us away from feelings of self-importance. It punctures our pretensions and saves us from becoming pompous and self-righteous. If you want to be able to cope with tension, if you want to get along with people, if you want to be successful and at the same time able to enjoy life, then learn to laugh at yourself. Every now and then a popular song comes along that has great words. One perhaps encapsulates better than I ever could the feeling of a positive attitude and a sense of humour. I remember

it being quoted by Colin B. Mackay at a graduation exercise many years ago:

*Fairy tales can come true
It can happen to you
If you're young at heart
For as rich as you are
It's much better by far
To be young at heart
You can go to extremes
With impossible schemes
You can laugh when your dreams
Fall apart at the seams
And if you should survive
To a hundred and five
Look at all you'll derive
Out of being alive
And here is the best part
You have a head start
If you are among the very
Young at heart.*

When I was a student here, one of the great "pop" favourites was Elvis Presley. And one thing I learned at UNB and have retained to this day, is that ability many times comes in strange and unpredictable packages. Although he was seen by many to be what my daughters today would call an "airhead", in fact, Elvis had acute observations on people and expressed them succinctly. One day he was asked the question, "What is important in life?" After a brief reflection, that supposedly ill-educated swivel-hipped offspring of what was known then as "white trash" replied: "Someone to love, something to do, something to look forward to" Think about that: "Someone to love, something to do, something to look forward to"

That, ladies and gentlemen, friends and graduates, is the essence of life. I hope each of you finds all three.

***Convocation for students in Arts, Science, Law,
Nursing, the Master of Education program and the
four-year Bachelor of Education program***

7:30 p.m.

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PROCESSIONAL MARCH

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VICEREGAL SALUTE

INVOCATION

The Reverend Monte Peters, B.A., B.Ed., B.Th.
Member of the UNB Campus Ministry Team

WELCOMING REMARKS BY THE PRESIDENT AND VICE-CHANCELLOR

James Downey, B.A., B.Ed., M.A., Ph.D.

PAYMENT OF THE QUIT RENT

UNB BICENTENNIAL CHOIR

Honour and Glory
Three Hungarian Folk Songs
Steven Peacock, Director
Hilary Veen, Accompanist

*J.S. Bach
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Presentation by Gordon R. Mason, B.Sc., M.Sc., Ph.D.
Assistant Vice-President (Academic)

CONFERRING OF THE HONORARY RANK OF PROFESSOR EMERITUS

Candidates will be presented by the Assistant Vice-President (Academic)
Leonard C. Smith (Classics) *in absentia*
A. Ronald A. Taylor (Biology)

CONFERRING OF HONORARY DEGREES

Candidates will be presented by Donald F. Rowan, B.A., M.A., Ph.D., University Orator

To be Doctor of Laws
John Williston Bird
Robert Allison Tweedie

CONVOCATION ADDRESS

Dr. Robert A. Tweedie

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O CANADA

RECESSIONAL MARCH

Parade Marshal: George R. DeMille, B.Sc., M.Sc., Ph.D.

WELCOME BY THE PRESIDENT AND VICE-CHANCELLOR

Dr. James Downey

Your Honour, Madame Chancellor, Your Worship, Mr. President Emeritus, Graduands and Prizewinners, Family and Friends of UNB:

An interesting feature of life at a university with a history as long and as rich as UNB's is that almost every year brings round an anniversary of some significant event. Last year, for example, we celebrated the admission to UNB of the first woman undergraduate, Mary Tibbits. The year before we celebrated the bicentenary of the establishment of UNB.

October 1987 marks the anniversaries of the awarding of honorary degrees to two very exceptional brothers: John Fitzgerald Kennedy in October 1957 and Robert Francis Kennedy in October 1967. At the time their degrees were conferred each man was a U.S. Senator. In introducing John Kennedy, the then Chancellor, Lord Beaverbrook, referred to him as "the next President of the United States."

In their addresses to Convocation both men spoke eloquently and with sensitivity about relations between Canada and the U.S. — relations which, as the recent Free Trade Agreement indicates, continue to preoccupy us.

Robert Kennedy, with his own articulate passion and in the compassionate spirit of the time, spoke of youth which he described not as a time of life, "but a state of mind; a temper of the will; a quality of imagination; the predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease." Then, movingly, he spoke of his assassinated brother and what he had stood for:

... But if there was one thing that President Kennedy stood for that touched the most profound feelings of young people all over the globe, it was the belief that idealism, high aspirations and deep convictions are not incompatible with the most practical and efficient of programs — that there is no basic inconsistency between ideals and realistic possibilities — no separation between the deepest desires of heart and mind and the rational application of human effort to human problems. It is not realistic or hard-headed to solve problems and to take action unguided by ultimate moral aims and moral values. It is thoughtless folly. For it ignores the realities of human faith and passion and belief: forces ultimately more powerful than all the calculation of economists and of generals. Of course to adhere to standards, to idealism, to vision, in the face of immediate dangers takes courage and self-con-

fidence. But we also know that only those who dare to fail greatly, can achieve greatly.

Then he concluded with a quotation from Albert Camus and a challenge to the fall graduates of 1967:

Perhaps we cannot prevent this world from being a world in which children suffer. But we can lessen the number of suffering children. And if you do not help us do this, who will?

John Kennedy chose as his topic a line from Robert Frost, a fellow New Englander: "Good fences make good neighbours," but he spoke less about good fences than good bridges and the causes that bind us together. There is throughout his address that blend of reason and conviction and wit that set him apart:

But it is here, I repeat, that the foundation for future Canadian-American relations must be laid, here in this citadel of learning, from which you can take with you upon graduation all the accumulated knowledge and inspiration you may need to face the future. I am assuming, of course, that you are taking something with you, that you do not look upon this university as Dean Swift regarded Oxford. Oxford, he said, was truly a great seat of learning; for all freshmen who entered were required to bring some learning with them in order to meet the standards of admission — but no senior, when he left the university, ever took any learning away; and thus it steadily accumulated.

We want from you not the sneers of the cynics or the despair of the faint-hearted. Of that we already have an abundance. We ask that you bring enlightenment, vision, and illumination to a troubled world, where the rock of our two nations' friendship must always stand firm.

In his book, "One Man's America," Alistair Cooke tells the story which well illustrates this point. On the 19th of May, 1780, as he describes it, in Hartford, Connecticut, the skies at noon turned from blue to gray and by mid-afternoon had blackened over so densely that, in the religious age, men fell on their knees and begged a final blessing before the end came. The Connecticut House of Representatives was in session. And as some men fell down in the darkened chamber and others clamored for an immediate adjournment, the Speaker of the House, one Colonel Davenport, came to his feet. And he silenced the din with these words: "The Day of Judgment is either approaching — or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment. If it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore that candles may be brought."

Students of the University of New Brunswick, we who are here today concerned with the dark and difficult task ahead ask once again that you bring candles to illuminate our way.

Anniversaries are only worth celebrating if they remind us of something meaningful. The twentieth and thirtieth anniversaries of the awarding of honorary degrees to John Fitzgerald Kennedy and Robert Francis Kennedy remind us of the great academic and humanitarian tradition of which we are a part at the University of New Brunswick. It is in that tradition that we will confer degrees this evening.

HONORARY DEGREE CITATIONS

Dr. Donald F. Rowan, University Orator

John Williston Bird To Be Doctor Of Laws

This man whom I have just introduced to you so formally is better known to us all as "Bud," and it is as Bud Bird that we recognize in him tonight a man of dedication and determination, a doer of great deeds in our City and Province.

His roots are in New Brunswick, and he wrote to me a few weeks ago that "my wife and I have raised seven children, and so far have seven grand children. Not bad for a young man of my age." In his spare time, he founded his own business some thirty years ago — now one of the largest and most successful building supply concerns in Atlantic Canada — and new companies continue to spring up like "midnight mushrumps."

In addition to a wry sense of humour, perhaps his outstanding qualities have been reflected most clearly in his political achievements. In 1967, he began his seven years service as Councillor and Mayor of the City of Fredericton. (Seven does seem to be an auspicious number for Mr. Bird.) He served the City with the energy and vision which have been and are his hallmark, and during his terms as magistrate he presided over the amalgamation of Greater Fredericton, initiated urban renewal with the King's Place Development, finalized the planning for the new Fredericton Bridge and Riverfront Drive, obtained a commitment for our new hospital and worked with the University of New Brunswick on arrangements for the Aitken Centre.

He entered provincial politics in 1978 as the MLA for Fredericton South and was immediately appointed Minister of Natural Resources where he played a leading role in the creation and implementation of New Brunswick's Crown Lands and Forests Act — now regarded as one of the best pieces of forest management legislation in Canada. This was, indeed, a major accomplishment which he cheerfully shares with Gordon Baskerville — now our own Dean of Forestry. This same energy and vision was the key to the realization of the Hugh John Flemming Forestry Centre — about which another has written that "he picked up the cudgel when most others had tired of what appeared to be a lost cause." The Centre is of great importance to our City and our University, and it is clear that Bud Bird has long been a friend of UNB. Indeed, he has written that one of the best things about being Mayor of Fredericton was that it gave him a seat on the Board of Governors.

He has also written with engaging candour and honesty that "one of the worst omissions in my life was the poor judgment to forego a university education, and while circumstances of later

years brought me into close contact with UNB, I have always regretted that I did not have a legitimate affiliation with the University."

It is our pleasant and rewarding task tonight to remedy that omission, and to make him a graduate of the "Class of 87." In doing so we honour him as a man of outstanding achievements and a close and constant friend of our University.

*Insignissime Praeses, amplissima Cancellaria, tota Universitas, praesento vobis **Johannen Williston Bird** ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Utroque Jure in hac Universitate.*

Robert Allison Tweedie To Be Doctor Of Laws

University Orators, when gravelled for matter of substance, have been known to stoop to such trivial things as playing with the alliteration of "Bud" and "Bob" or to facetious remarks about a "bird of a different feather." You will notice that I do not do this, nor do I attempt a feeble transition by means of "last but not least" or "the last shall be first." Nevertheless, I am all too aware of the high charge which has been placed on me, the well nigh impossible task of catching in my own poor words the grace and spirit of this "gentle" man.

I must be one of the very few people here tonight who did not know Bob Tweedie until a few weeks ago. Over the years — and particularly in the later years when he began to take courses at UNB as "a mature student" — I had heard much about him, and all of it "good." This was remarkable enough in itself, and perhaps hard to believe of one who served for over thirty years as a public servant until his retirement in 1968. For details of these years I must ask you to turn to his recently published and refreshingly delightful memoirs, a book which he had originally intended to entitle *Three Premiers, One Lord and Me*. With characteristic modesty he places himself last in his account of his service to New Brunswick with Premiers Dysart, McNair and Flemming, and with our late Chancellor, Lord Beaverbrook who, I am certain, would approve our doings tonight. Mr. Tweedie continues to serve his Province and Country as Canada's "oldest" representative on the Roosevelt Campobello Park Commission, a man who exemplifies the highest standards of public life — and when we honour such men as Bob Tweedie, we honour all the other dedicated public servants without whose knowledge, skills, continuity and professionalism our system of government would not be possible.

It is not surprising that when he began to take courses at UNB, his major interest was in the history of some part of the world from the Maritimes to Europe. A few years ago he told us why he came "up the hill" when he admitted that:

I wanted to see if I could do it. I had never gone to University and I just wanted to be sure in my own mind that if I had gone I could handle the stuff. I'm not after degrees or certificates. It just keeps the rust off and extends one's knowledge.

Of course, he has done just that and when I first met him, I met a man of great enthusiasm with a keen and lively mind fired by dedication and gratitude to New Brunswick and its people. He has a fine sense of humour, an acute sense of proportion, a generous helping of humility and compassion, and a great deal of

common sense. His address to his fellow graduates tonight will bear out these remarks, and you will be as convinced as I that here is a remarkable man with all "the right stuff." We are honoured to make him one of our own tonight, or as he himself would say: On With the Dance!

Insignissime Praeses, amplissima Cancellaria, tota Universitas, praesento vobis Robertum Allison Tweedie ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Utroque Jure in hac Universitate.

CONVOCATION ADDRESS

Dr. Robert A. Tweedie

Madam Chancellor, President Downey, Members of the Board of Governors, Graduates, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am deeply conscious of the great honour that is mine tonight, and I am deeply grateful for it — more so than I can readily express. I am equally conscious of the fact that I am not entirely worthy of your consideration, a condition that I shall try to remedy as time goes on.

The University of New Brunswick has played a major role in the life of my family. It is approaching one hundred years since my father earned a Bachelor of Arts degree at UNB. There were sixteen members in his class, and the Old Arts Building was the only teaching facility on campus. My brother is a graduate of the law school, and our two sons were prepared by UNB to tackle the world, and have done so with a reasonable degree of success. At the age of seventy, on a part-time basis, I had a go at university life myself. I will say nothing about the results achieved, except this: the experience convinced me that I didn't know it all. I did, however, learn something about professors. I had the good fortune to have been instructed by eight of them. These people were experts in their disciplines; they were impressive and patient teachers, and I thank them all with great sincerity for everything they did to improve this aging student, and for giving him one of the most enjoyable and unforgettable experiences of his life.

Those of you who have not yet been initiated into the dangers of speech-making may be interested in hearing about my own difficulties in preparing for this assignment. First, a subject had to be chosen. Almost immediately I decided to discuss the free trade issue and some of the constitutional questions arising from the Meech Lake Agreement. With great enthusiasm I set about to prepare what I thought were sound and appropriate observations on those matters. With respect to free trade, I went back seventy-five years and reviewed the famous election of 1911 when Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of Canada, was defeated by Sir Robert Borden, whose Conservative Party came to power on the slogan, "No truck nor trade with the Yankees."

On the constitutional question, I refreshed my memory by reviewing the Philadelphia meeting of 1787 which resulted in the birth of the American Constitution. I also made the point that the past often had relevancy to the present — even though the free trade or reciprocity election occurred seventy-five years ago, and the framing of the American constitution had taken place two hundred years ago, they were still valuable guides in assessing present day matters, or so I thought.

Along with the value of relating the past to the present, I pointed out that this could only be done by reading, by becoming knowledgeable of past events. I therefore had intended to urge you to devote as much time as you possibly could to that pursuit. Not to do so, I suggested, was the same thing as operating without a memory. And for good measure I borrowed a quotation from a book by Michael Foot. Here it is: "Men of power have no time to read; yet men who do not read are unfit for power." And to bolster the thesis further, I went back 2,300 years and resurrected both Aristotle and Plato whose testimony would, I was certain, make the case immune to doubt or challenge.

After having done all that I decided to show a draft of my intended remarks to a friend in whose judgment I had great confidence. I admit that I expected his approval. I didn't get it. Instead, he said: "Why don't you speak on a subject you know something about?" I protested that just because I knew very little about a subject had never before stopped me from speaking on it. My friend stood firm. "You were a civil servant", he said, "for thirty-two years, sixteen of which were spent in the Premier's Office. Tell your audience something about those early days." And by those early days he meant the period 1935-1939.

I accepted my friend's advice and for the next few minutes, with your permission, I will touch on my days in the public service. I do so, not because I regard that experience as a particularly distinguished performance, but rather because it afforded me a ringside seat during a period of poverty and distress in New Brunswick — a period that today many people find difficulty in accepting as reality. And that is understandable, because the province as you know it is relatively prosperous — almost a Utopia — compared to fifty years ago. All things come to an end and those trying days did pass, to be succeeded by better times brought about by an energetic Government, aided by hardy and brave citizens who were determined that New Brunswick would not always deserve the description once given it by an American magazine — *mouse poor New Brunswick* — was the term used.

I came to Fredericton from Woodstock in 1935 as Secretary to the Premier, Hon. Allison Dysart. I was the first Premier's Secretary to be paid from public funds. I can't make up my mind whether that is something of historical interest or whether — if I had any sense at all — I would keep quiet about it.

My first view of the Premier's Office did not inspire confidence. My most vivid recollection is that of the carpet. It was old — probably as old as the building itself which was built in the 1880s. It was threadbare, and in those places where traffic was heaviest, the carpet was worn through to the floor-boards, disclosing old newspapers placed there when the carpet was laid, and now shredded as thoroughly as any modern shredder could do the job.

Colonel Oliver North would have approved. The carpet was dust-colored, emitting a musty odour that only great age can produce, and fresh air can't eliminate.

The furniture was old — some pieces very fine, but no two items matched. The lighting was poor. I suppose the whole setup was not conducive to good work when measured by modern office standards. But no one gave that a thought. Anyone who had a job was thankful for it, including those politicians who had been successful at the polls and whose sessional indemnity amounted to \$1,000 a year. I assure you that most New Brunswickers in the '30s were inclined to tip their hats when a thousand dollars was mentioned.

Premier Dysart was a big man — more than six feet tall with a thick crop of grey hair that gave him an air of distinction. He often greeted friends and acquaintances with, "Behold the monarch of the wood." The monarch referred to was a moose. It didn't seem to make any difference to Mr. Dysart whether the one he was greeting resembled a moose or not. And many of them didn't, but they got the same greeting anyway.

The province in 1935 was still fighting the depression. There were many areas in New Brunswick that could have fairly been compared to Tobacco Road. Hunger and destitution were not hard to find. Revenues were about \$5 million yearly and the provincial debt was around \$45 or \$50 million.

Social services, such as old age and other pension schemes, did not exist, Deputy ministers were paid \$3,000 a year, and all of them were exceptionally able men. As late as 1948 the Premier's salary was \$5,900 a year. Ministers earned \$3,500 and with sessional indemnity brought their income to \$5,000 a year. I won't tell you what I was earning. Were I to do so somebody, I am sure, would begin passing the hat.

There were no paved roads beyond town or city limits. Winter travel was almost non-existent, there being no snow removal program. When winter storms arrived one really "settled" in for the winter. Farmers, with horse and sled, had some mobility — but the motorist had none. Early snow removal equipment was primitive, but once the great advantages of winter travel became apparent, generating revenue from the gasoline tax, and giving impetus to shopping and business generally, both equipment and the scope of operations, improved dramatically. In my judgment the paving of highways, and snow removal which keeps them passable 12 months of the year, may well be the single most important development in this province during the last half-century. I believe that a case can be made for that assertion.

The dozens of letters that daily reached the Premier's Office in 1935 were, for the most part, cries for help. Mothers unable to feed their children properly; fathers unable to find work of any

kind at any price. Many homes were without electric lights. That was the reality. But slowly things began to change. A thousand miles of highway were paved. Payrolls were created, pension schemes were put in place. Free school books were made available and other helpful programs adopted. Succeeding governments, Conservative and Liberal, would extend and enlarge upon many of those programs that had their beginnings in 1935.

Perhaps some of you may have noticed how easily I step back half a century to describe some situation or event. By doing so, you may gain the impression that I might well have been a witness to the Charge of the Light Brigade. Let me say that I was not, although I don't readily recall what I was doing on that day.

Those difficult years left their mark on those who lived through them, but it was not all gloom — spirits were sometimes lifted by incidents that produced a laugh and relieved tensions. One such involved the Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Austin C. Taylor. Taylor, a fine looking and genial man, almost always wore an expression of youthful innocence that bordered on the angelic.

In December 1935, I was to see Canada's capital for the first time. A Dominion-Provincial Conference had been convened by Prime Minister Mackenzie King, and was attended by representatives from all the provinces. In a secretarial capacity I accompanied the New Brunswick delegation to Ottawa. Among the events scheduled was a reception at Rideau Hall given by the Governor General and wife, Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir. Mr. Taylor and I made our way to Government House together. This was a new experience for both of us. Finally, we joined the line with dozens of others to be presented to Their Excellencies. That accomplished, we decided to take seats to watch the proceedings until we felt sufficiently at ease to take a more active part. Accordingly, we made our way to a number of dainty-looking chairs lined up around the Ballroom. When Taylor sat down the chair collapsed. Austin, a big fellow weighing about two hundred pounds, was mortified. And so was I. As the incident didn't go unnoticed, I was happy to seek refuge behind Mr. Taylor's expression of perpetual innocence.

Despite the hazards of public life, I urge you not to turn your backs on public service. Do not shy away from participation. Involvement and interest are both necessary if society is to move forward in an orderly and progressive way. Politics is a fascinating pursuit — an honourable calling — just as honourable as the practitioner cares to make it. Mark Twain once said: "Always do right. This will gratify some people and astonish the rest."

You live in perhaps the most exciting period in the world's history. Everything, it seems, is still to be settled. The possibilities in every facet of human endeavour are simply breathtaking. The

marvel of instant communication takes us into the streets, the alleys, into the homes of the great and the poor. We may attend the daily session of the House of Commons and never leave our easy chair. Allow yourselves, I urge, to be caught up in the magic of all this. You who are soon to help manage the world — perhaps only your own small part of it — can help to reinvigorate the lively art of politics and public affairs. Our wellbeing as citizens may well depend upon your doing so.

Before taking my seat, let me wish for all of you a glorious future. You are to be congratulated — and congratulated warmly — for the degrees you have earned — for the solid foundation you have laid on which to build great lives. You will find that in the business of living, learning and earning a living, there are many ups and downs. Reverses are part of it all — and you will encounter them. But keep in mind what William Hazlitt, a critic and essayist, whose mortality straddled both the 18th and 19th centuries, had to say about that: "A man's life," he wrote, "is his whole life, not the last glimmering snuff of the candle."

All of us will be judged on our entire record — not the last glimmering snuff of the candle. I am confident that with the knowledge already gained, and the information, experience and wisdom you will acquire as you go on, you will meet every challenge — victoriously. From my heart I wish each and every one of you — good luck!