



The Story

University of Saskatchewan **Faculty Club**

Celebrating
50
Years
University of Saskatchewan
FACULTY CLUB
Creating New Traditions



UNIVERSITY OF
SASKATCHEWAN

www.usask.ca/facclub



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History of the University of Saskatchewan Faculty Club

➤ 1. 1911-12

The story of the Faculty Club begins with the building of the Dean of Agriculture's Residence. Originally, the building was to be a wooden one constructed by Professor Greig of the University. Then one of the great good fortunes for the university was discovered. According to the Governor's Agenda of May 9, 1911, "Shortly after it occurred to friends of the University outside of the Board that the stone found near the University, being of such excellent quality and cheaper than high class brick, should be used both in the Dean's house and in the President's."

By April 8, 1911, Brown and Vallance, the university architects based in Montreal, sent to President Murray the blue prints of the two houses, and by May they sent "two schemes for Dean



Dean of Agriculture's Residence under construction, November 1, 1911. The Residence was sited by the architects. It's close to the College Building, on the left, in which President Murray had his office. He and Rutherford were the key men at the University. To the right is the great barn, symbol of Agriculture. There was no road between the two as there is now. The house was also a prominent face of the University on College Drive.



Rutherford's house, in stone." The Board of Governors decided on stone for Dean Rutherford to cost between \$11,000 and \$13,000, the architects choosing the location. Ultimately the Dean's house cost over \$20,000 but the University, with the blessing of the provincial government, went ahead with the building. The greystone walls remained after the fire of 1972 as the great feature of that building.

➤ 2. Faculty Club, 1927-1965

The first recorded meeting of the Faculty Club was held December 9, 1927, in 143 College Building. "The meeting adjourned with the usual refreshments." The 1929 budget included \$57 for refreshments so they weren't tea and coffee. By 1933 on April 28 a motion was passed "to omit refreshments at the conclusion of the club." Perhaps the Depression made retrenchment likely. The refreshments returned in 1944.

A faculty club building was first discussed on November 2, 1928. Members thought of accommodation in the new Arts Building (already designed but postponed by the Depression). Then by a motion of Dr. Murray (president) seconded by Dr. Thompson "That the club president was authorized to appoint a committee with himself as chairman, such committee to consider the possibility of erecting a Club Building at an early date and to report definite proposals before the end of the winter." By February 8, 1929 the committee was told to secure further information "before the Governors can be approached." That was that. 1929 was not a good year for any building plans to go forward. It would be 15 years, and after the war, before increased accommodation became an issue again.

The club meetings were usually addressed by faculty members, for instance Professor Swanson spoke on "Some Impression of Russia" on February 17, 1928. In 1933 Dr. Spinks talked of his experiences in Germany, B. W. Currie on his experiences in the north with the meteorological expedition. On October 29, 1941, Professor Johns

spoke of the Betatron in Cancer Research, while on February 13, 1948, Hilda Neatby spoke "On the Abuses of History". The last lecture I found was Professor MacAuley presenting a history of Pharmacy on January 20, 1960. By that year the Club membership was at work to develop a faculty centre, and by 1961 the Dean of Agriculture's Residence was offered to the Club and it changed its nature from one form to another.

There were visiting speakers too, usually held in concert with another body, like the Canadian Club. On March 19, 1945, A. S. P. Woodhouse of the University of Toronto spoke on the newly formed Humanities Research Council. On December 13, 1946, W. B. Lewes, Director of Atomic Energy for the National Research Council, spoke on the Chalk River Atomic Energy Program. On November 15, 1958, at an open meeting, Stephen Spender, noted British poet, on a Canadian tour sponsored by Canada Council, spoke on "The Poetic Imagination in the World of Today."

There were other club features, an annual open lecture, attended by members, wives and friends, and including faculty women. There were 100 people present January 10, 1929 and that was typical of that annual event. In 1943 the open meeting was addressed by President Thomson on serving with the CBC, while in 1947 Ed McCourt spoke on fiction in the Canadian West to 200 people. On October 21, 1955, Carlyle King spoke on "Saskatchewan in Literature". There were also special events celebrating members who were retiring, for instance on December 20, 1938 the banquet was for the retirement of Dean Ling, first Dean of Arts and Science, while in 1940 retirees included Professor Morton, the historian and university archivist, Mr. Greig who had been the person most involved from the university in the building of the campus, and Dr. Wilson, an important member of the English Department and whose book on language was praised by George Bernard Shaw. There was the annual welcoming of new members as well.

A controversial issue of the 1940s was to admit women members of faculty to the club. At a November 19, 1943, meeting J. R. Fraser



moved, seconded by J. B. Harrington that women members of staff be admitted to the Faculty Club." There was an amendment, moved by J. F. Leddy, seconded by A. P. Arnason "That the name of the club be changed to the Men's Faculty Club." The amendment carried. So the club was called the Men's Faculty Club for four years, until March 21, 1947 when on a motion of A. Anstenson, seconded by J. P. Harrington "that the name of the club be changed to the University of Saskatchewan Faculty Club and that women members of the faculty be admitted." Carried.

The other major issue of the 1940s, besides a billiard committee, was renewed hope for a Faculty Club House. The January 16, 1948 meeting received a report on "The progress of the Executive on negotiations for a Faculty Club House," and the meeting decided a questionnaire be circulated to faculty on the project, which would be accommodation in the new Memorial Union Building (MUB). A small dining room, seating 24, was to be made available. A motion of an April 16, 1950 meeting moved that about 1000 square feet be set aside for faculty. The concluding offer was still only the dining room sitting 24 as well as two rooms in Saskatchewan Hall. When the questionnaire was received, at a meeting of March 20, 1953, the respondents showed no interest in accommodation in the MUB.

I was a student from 1954-58, and first taught in the English Department from 1960-62, so by these years I knew most of the new appointments. In 1954 the new people included Richard Blum of Mathematics, J. M. Naylor of Biology, J. W. Paul and Keith Sutherland of Education, all of whom had long careers at the university, while the new people in 1955 included Robert Chambers of English who later in the 7th floor lounge of the Arts Building would explain to us rookies how the university worked from the committees he served on. He became president of the University of Trent. When an Australian, A. D. Hope, spoke to the club on October 24, 1957, he also read poetry on campus which three of us honors English students attended. The 1959

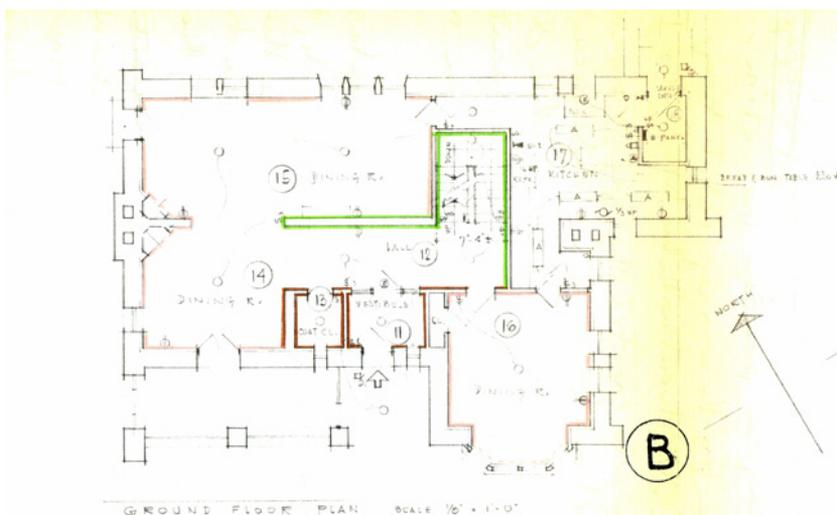
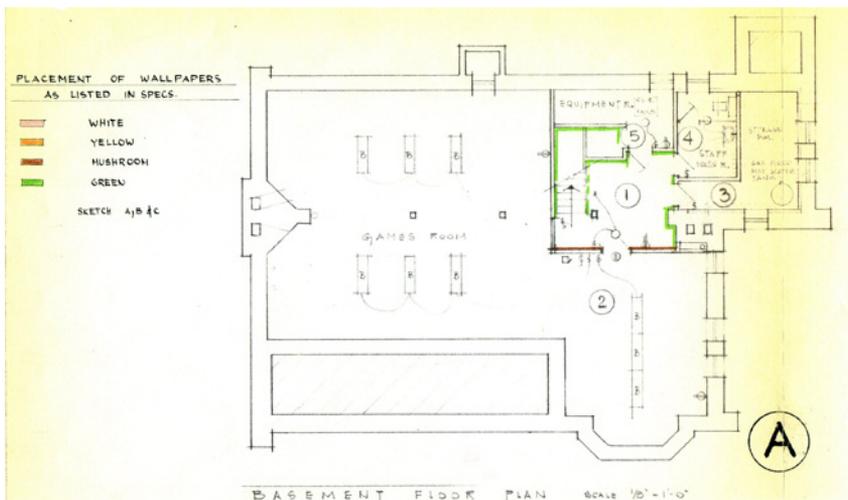
retirement dinner included Mabel Timlin of Economics and Political Science and Frank Holroyd, the first designer in the Drama Department.

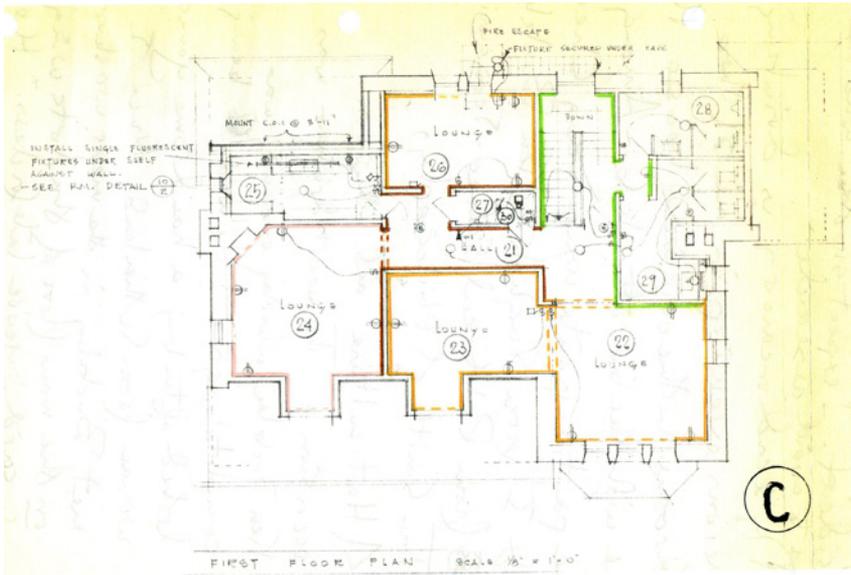
On October 23, 1959, 443 people were present honouring the retiring president, W. P. Thompson and his wife. The meeting with that information, October 28, 1959 also learned that "The room which serves as the Faculty Lounge will be taken over by the Registrar by the fall of 1960." What was left was a small lounge in what was now called the Administration Building and a new lounge on the seventh floor of the new Arts Building (planned for 1929, built 30 years later).

By January 7, 1960 the Executive "Agreed that the Executive favors the establishment of a faculty centre" and by April 6, 1960 the committee on the faculty centre had written 15 universities on a faculty centre and 11 had replied. A letter to potential members asking 35 to 50 dollars a year was agreed to by 170 members. The first hope was for furnished quarters in the proposed Food Services Building, "but that came to nothing." One more dead end. Then on July 6, 1961, "The meeting was called to discuss the suggestion that the official residence of the Dean of Agriculture would be made available as permanent quarter for the Faculty Club." A committee was to meet with representatives of the Board of Governors and with the Maintenance Department. By September 11, 1961 Mr. Wedgwood gave an estimate of costs for taking over the Residence. There was 3,600 square feet of usable space. The cost of furniture - \$10,000, with replacement at \$1000 a year. The original value of the house was \$33,000, depreciated to \$22,000 (replacement value estimated at \$96,000). At 4½% on \$22,000 annual interest charges were another \$1,000. Utilities were estimated at \$795, while a salary for a man and wife to run the kitchen and bar was estimated at 1200 dollars. The annual cost of \$4,800 a year could be covered by an annual fee of 32 dollars a year.



A major requirement study was undertaken to make the Dean's Residence suitable for a Faculty Club, dated November, 1961, and which included three illustrations of the three floor building, with a games room in the basement (A), the small dining room on the main floor (B), and the bedrooms of the original house on the top floor (C). My memory is that the bar was off room 26.





Various administrative matters were entertained. Dr. Otto Lang wrote a constitution, accepted on November 4, 1960. The membership was extended to eight separate research bodies, as well as to the library staff, while sessional lecturers could pay a four dollar monthly fee and later short term people on campus could pay a weekly fee.

Then came the details of kitchen equipment, furnishings and the like. In 1962 Mr. and Mrs. J. (Jack) Oliver were hired as steward and cook and were clearly a success since their wages were annually increased. Jack Oliver was the ideal steward, an English cockney, from the Saskatoon Officer's Mess, who knew how to serve so well he was always our equal. On October 11, 1962 there was a motion "That the minute books of the Faculty Club be placed in the archives." The membership stood at 292. All financial statements showed the bar bringing in far more than the dining room. The Club today is in many ways in debt to those faculty members who made it work. On September 27, 1963 it was moved "the club

form an art committee to contact artists for displaying their work.” The billiard table, long at Saskatchewan Hall, was brought to the Club. At least one faculty member was banned from the Club for drunkenness. On March 4, 1964 the club had 69 members paying two dollars a month, 178 members at three dollars a month and 95 members paying four dollars a month, for a total of \$1,036 a month from a total of 338 members. On September, 1964 it was “agreed that T. Smith make arrangements for a cocktail party early in the term”. I was back from London by then and that may have been the famous, or infamous, martini party that devastated many of us. By September 8, 1965 the staff was listed, the Olivers, at \$280 a month each, a full-time waitress at \$200, bar help at \$125, a cleaning lady at \$100, a part-time waitress at \$92 and a bookkeeper at \$150 a month, or a staff of seven. The dining room was relatively small. Indeed Doug Cherry of the Executive was to meet with administrative staff, Pringle, McEown, and Wedgwood “Concerning the possible acquisition of the MUB as a future site for the Club,” which came to nothing until the fire of 1973 destroyed the pleasure of the original upstairs at the Club but led to the dining room being much expanded.

➤ 3. The Fire

A cataclysmic event for the Faculty Club was the fire of September 18, 1973. It was reported next day in the *Saskatoon Star Phoenix*, “Fire hits faculty club.” The cause was said to be a plumber “whose cutting torch was the alleged cause of the six-hour blaze which started about 3 p.m. in the interior of the east roof.” The plumber “was welding some pipes about 10 a.m. Monday and removed a panel to gain better access to the pipes. Sparks from his torch settled into the wood shavings insulating the building.” The sparks smoldered before “bursting into flames.” A fire official said a wood frame roof structure and shavings “provided an ideal place for the fire to spread.” It was apparently a stubborn fire, “the most stubborn I have seen in twenty years,” Fire Chief Duncan Farmer said. It moved from the inside of the east roof and spread across the roof. Eventually two fire engines were joined by more and



The Fire, photo by Don Hrytzek

hundreds “of students and faculty watched the action.” A few things were saved, paintings from the basement, some furniture, while a fireman brought out a tub of liquor.

Smoke could be seen for miles. “The roof was destroyed and the interior ripped apart. What wasn’t destroyed by fire was destroyed by water – “plush carpeting, hardwood floors, and classic staircases.”



Don Hrytzek was present at the fire, as a Sheaf photographer. He was standing next to the Student Union President who told a Fire Inspector, "You can't go in there. You're not a faculty member."

The Association met the next day. The "building, except for the walls, is a complete write-off." That meeting began the process of renewal, with a general agreement on enlarging the structure, and choosing a committee, under Professor Dooley, on the needs of the Club. The building was insured for the \$92,000 to rebuild the original structure. The Board of Governors (BOG) chose four principles for rebuilding the extended club, as related on October 18, 1973 by Professor Gerrard. The club will remain the property of the University; it will be rebuilt to better serve the needs of the faculty and the University; it will therefore be expanded; the faculty will pay an increased rental but not pay for the extension. There were various discussions on increased dues and eventually an increased fee of two dollars a month was recommended, modest compared with earlier estimates.

The Club chose temporary quarters in Marquis Hall, in the small dining room on the second floor, west end, and held special events in Convocation Hall.

Although the fire forced the University and Faculty Club to make a decision to increase the size of the building, earlier on an extension was seen as necessary. When the Club opened the new club house in 1962 there were 292 members. Within six years that was 561, and in particular the dining room was too small for luncheons and receptions. Plans for an extension were underway by 1969. After the fire, building code requirements "for sanitation and fire prevention" would reduce space in the original structure ("A Report to the Facility Building Committee, November 15, 1973"). SGIO insurance carried by the University was adequate for rebuilding the original residence. The Faculty Club directors "reviewed the requirement study drawn up by Professor Dooley", decided to preserve the external greystone building and accepted a number

of changes, a new front entrance, a new dining room, and so on. The old club had a dining room for 60, the facilities in Marquis Hall facilities for 67. The new building will seat close to 100.

By April 18, 1974, J. A. Wedgwood told the Executive the government “has given clearance for the Board and Faculty Club to enter into an agreement to expand the Faculty Club building.” The Executive suggested on June 6, 1974 small changes, including sliding panels to close off alcoves and moving the fireplace to the north wall.

There had been a decline in members after the fire, 601 in October 1973, 580 in January 1974, 523 paying member by October 1974. And there the minutes stop, no longer submitted to the archives so the story will be carried on by reminiscences.



In the Beginning...



C.M. Williams, Professor Emeritus, and
First Secretary, Current Faculty Club

The current Faculty Club came to be from three historic streams of University history. The first of course was that it was the residence of the Deans of Agriculture, namely Rutherford, Shaw, Kirk and Graham. However, by the time Dean Graham retired the position of the Dean being essentially the “Country Squire” of the University lands had passed, and so the need for the Dean’s residence ended.

The next stream was that Saskatoon and therefore the University as well were strictly temperance based. Students were expected to attend classes in shirt and tie and be of high moral character and attend church every Sunday. The change in the temperance aspect at least occurred at the retirement dinner for President W.P. Thompson, held in the Bessborough Hotel. The dinner was the traditional chicken pot pie, but at each table setting was a 10 ounce bottle of Chateau Gai red wine, a fact that startled those in attendance but also led the University to a more open policy with respect of alcohol.

The third stream was the Faculty Club itself, which was essentially a “gentlemen’s club”, the men availing themselves of the pool table and pool in Qu’Appelle Hall and hosting learned lectures on occasion. Following the end of WWII, however, the sudden explosion in the number of new faculty made the “comfortable” Faculty Club somewhat irrelevant. To the great surprise and pleasure of the Club executive, the University administration offered the Dean’s residence to the Club, with certain stipulations, and loans to acquire things for the kitchen.

We were all concerned about taking on all the debt. All we were was a debating society. We wondered whether we were of any value to campus. And could we afford the building? I remember when we came to look at the building. We walked around it. The basement was a clutter of stuff. Someone moved some detritus and there were the same stone walls in the basement and that was it. We had to keep this beautiful structure. I expect Jack Pringle was behind it all, he liked the club.

Then the decision to accept the offer was a relatively easy one, with the exception that the Chairman of the executive had to apply for a liquor licence even though his mother was Chairperson of the Women's Temperance Society. There was considerable debate about how the students would react to faculty having bar privileges on campus, and how they might be barred as guests if their parents were faculty members: all heavy items.



The University of Saskatchewan
Faculty Club Reminisces

✦ Iain McLean

✦ **The Beginnings**

On a blustery, rainy day in September, 1970, I approached the Faculty Club to attend the new members' reception. I had begun my career at the University a scant two months previous, having been hired by Dr. Douglas R. Cherry, Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, as administrative assistant effective July 1, 1970.

I was to meet my wife, Joyce, at the reception, and as I walked up the steps, it occurred to me that I had been in this building before. Then I remembered that around 1950 I had attended the birthday party of a school friend, Neil Graham. The Club had at that time been the residence of the Dean of Agriculture, who was Neil's father.

It was with this memory in mind that I entered the Club and BEDLAM. The Club was absolutely jam-packed with people and the attendant noise of voices lifted in conversation in attempts to be heard above the general din. I tried to find a place to hang my raincoat but the cloakrooms were full and the portable hangers overflowing. I finally folded my coat and tucked it at the bottom of one of the portable contrivances.

A member of the Club executive motioned me to a reception table where name-tags for potential "new members" were displayed. He found my name-tag, affixed it to the lapel of my suit jacket and with the words "One bar upstairs; one down. You're on your own", he left me to my own devices.

In retrospect, I do not think I have ever seen that many people in the Club. Any respectable fire marshal would have closed the

Club down in a heartbeat. It took me a full ten minutes to reach the downstairs bar in a crush of those either trying to get to, or away from, the bar. I had just received a bottle of beer which I clutched to my chest, when who should turn to me but T.D.R. (Bobs) Cadwell, the Agent for the Attorney General who I knew as a neighborhood friend from University Drive. I glanced at his name tag on which was written G. ENTERITIS and I asked him, "What are you doing Bobs, disguising yourself as a disease?" to which he replied, "Very good, Iain, you're the first one who's got it." His name-tag, and accompanying frivolous gaiety it epitomized, seemed to me to capture the essence of the reception.

Later in the evening in the crush of humanity which never seemed to dwindle, I would find and then lose my wife. In the process of trying to locate her, I would encounter several people whom I knew (I had met a few faculty and staff in July and August). They included Barry Bates, Director of Personnel, who had a hand in my hiring and who suggested that I seriously consider joining the Club, and two of my father's friends, Jack Pringle and Norman Cram. Little did I anticipate the sometimes adversarial relationship Jack and I would have in subsequent years, or that thirteen years later I would succeed Norm as University Secretary. And there was, of course, Doug Cherry, who went out of his way to introduce me to people and ease my way into University society.

In retrospect, that reception was one of the best I experienced at the Club in terms of sheer fun. Not surprisingly, I became a member of the Club, a membership I am proud to have to this day.

➤ **Fire at the Club**

On September 18, 1973, I was in my office in the Arts Building when a friend from the Administration Building phoned to tell me that the Club had burned down, a fact to which I reacted with absolute incredulity. "How could this happen", I asked. But, alas, it was true. Apparently electricians working in the attic had caused



a spark which, had led to a fire in the drapes which quickly spread throughout the building.

While the Club was being renovated, temporary quarters were established in the north-west corner of Marquis Hall until the Club reopened. A memory I have at that time in Marquis Hall was a reception to honour Vera Pezer, then a member of the Psychology Department who had recently won the Canadian Ladies' Curling Championship. This was one of many receptions the Club held over the years to honour outstanding achievements of faculty and staff, a practice I thought an excellent one.

➤ **The Front Deck/Patio**

In the late '70's, I served on the Executive of the Club, first as secretary, then as treasurer. The Club had undergone some difficult financial times during that period, and the year I served as treasurer I was happy to report a modest surplus for the Club, certainly too modest to entertain any major renovations. However,



The Patio

the membership of the Club was devoted to its welfare as was the University, and the idea of constructing a deck for the Club with University materials and Club labour was brought before the Board. It was embraced enthusiastically and in the spring a volunteer “deck crew” under the supervision of Barry Bates began. I was assigned to be in charge of the “staining crew” and for several evenings, half a dozen of us would assemble in the workshop in the Drama Department located in the Hanger Building. The ventilation was almost non-existent and even with the windows open we could only work for 15 minute stretches before escaping outside from the pungent fumes of the resin.

The biggest obstacle the Club faced with respect to the deck was objections from the Saskatchewan Liquor Board who feared that not only students, but the public at large passing on College Drive might be able to see Club members imbibing! This objection could only be satisfied by the construction of a gate at the west end of the Club which had to be closed and locked whenever the Club was open. How times have changed!

The grand opening of the new deck established the casual ritual of the Club’s “patio opening party” which continues to this day.

➤ **Christmas Parties at the Club**

Our children tell us they will never forget the joy they experienced at the Club’s Christmas parties. With Santa and his elves entertaining the children with gifts and amusements downstairs, adults were free to enjoy eggnog and Christmas cheer upstairs. It was an event our family enjoyed for many years.

➤ **Special Events**

The Club has always been innovative in its approach to special events. Theme dinners, dinner and a play and dinner and the Amati instruments, were events Joyce and I enjoyed over the



years. One particular event I found memorable was the murder mystery dinner, at which guests dressed up for the parts they were playing in the mystery. I remember this evening for two reasons. One is a picture Donna Cram still has of Joyce and Marsha Ivany dressed in their elaborate costumes. The other is that I, a detective fiction aficionado, was bound and determined to discover, by a careful examination of the clues, the identity of the murderer. I was seated to the right of President George Ivany, who was paying more attention to the woman on his left than he was to the mystery. I upbraided George for his lack of attention to the mystery and told him to “get in the game”, to which he replied, “Who cares who done it?” A short time later when I complained to Joyce about George’s lack of interest in the mystery, she suggested that I lose my obsessive compulsive nature for once and enjoy the evening. Which I did.

❖ **Friday Nights at the Club**

By far the busiest day for the Club was Fridays, when members, after a hard week’s work in the grooves of the academy, would gather in a truly convivial atmosphere. From 4:30 to 7:00 or so there was always a buzz of easy conversation punctuated by occasionally raucous laughter. It was a fun place to be and I admit to being an inveterate Friday regular.

As our children grew older, Joyce would join me at the Club on Fridays. She marveled at how Lyle, the bartender, knew what every person in the crowded lounge was drinking and the only instructions he needed was “Another, please, Lyle”.

Many other wives joined their husbands on Fridays; it was an enjoyable way to start the weekend. Among the other “regulars” on Fridays were Duff Spafford, Professor of Political Science and Don Kerr, Professor of English. For some reason, Joyce would mistake one for the other. One Friday Joyce apologized to the two of them for being confused about their identities, Don said, “Don’t

worry, lots of people confuse us”, to which Duff added, “Sometimes we even confuse ourselves”.

Hugh Arscott was a Friday regular. He was always looking for a new joke to add to his vast repertoire. One Friday I told him a naughty joke about two English poets. The next Friday he sought me out and said, “I told your joke at the Saskatoon Club this week, Iain. They loved it.”

My last memory of Hugh occurred some months before he died. Vice-President Patrick Brown and I were having a search committee post-mortem when I walked Hugh. “How are you today, Hugh?”, I asked. Hugh replied, “I’m dying.” In the flip manner Hugh engendered in conversation I responded, “We’re all dying, Hugh.” “No”, he said, “I saw my doctor last week and he’s given me less than six months to live.” I apologized profusely for my glibness but Hugh shook it off, saying that he had lived his life, would not change one whit between then and the time he died. We then began a discussion of the possible re-emergence of the Rhinoceros Party, of which Hugh had been Saskatchewan president years ago. It was the last time I saw Hugh alive.

❖ **Management of the Club**

I would be remiss if I did not comment on the management of the Club. In the seventies and early eighties, when I served on the Club’s Board of Directors we had a series of Club managers, none of who seemed to quite work out. However, once Donna Cram was hired as manager, the Club has achieved a level of stability and success unmatched by other faculty clubs across Canada, some of which have been forced to close.

Donna’s unflagging enthusiasm for, and dedication to, the Club has been truly commendable. I know from my time as Honourary President how much the Board of Directors appreciates her efforts



and the high level of services the Club provides its members. She deserves our heartfelt congratulations for the job she has done and is doing. The University and the Club are fortunate to have her.

➤ Retirement Parties

The Club was a place where many faculty and staff celebrated their retirements. I recall that many asked to speak at Emily Farnham's retirement. Emily and I had worked together in the College of Arts and Science before the Registrar's office "stole" her to become the Admissions Officer for the University. Emily had won both the Canadian Ladies' Curling Championships (she was undefeated) and the Canadian Senior Ladies' Curling Championships, the only skip to have won both titles.

Other memorable retirement parties included one for Tom Kerr, Head of the Drama Department, who was not retiring but leaving to take up another position. I was impressed by the humour and wit exhibited by Doug Cherry and Henry Woolf.

➤ Lyle's Place

The Administration Rustics were a hockey team that competed in the faculty/staff league. The team was composed of some faculty but mostly administration staff. I wore the number 0 as well as a lower case "c" on the front of my jersey to indicate I might be the team captain, if one were indeed necessary. Our games were played on Monday and Thursday evenings and Saturday mornings. When he became President, George Ivany joined our team. He also joined our practice of visiting the Club after games. Indeed it was George who christened the upstairs bar "Lyle's Place" as a tribute to its bartender. I remember vividly the first time George came to the Club after a late-night game. Don Fischer, Jim Cheesman, both professors of Psychiatry, and I were drinking rusty nails

George had never tried and so we introduced him to this Scottish delight.

After games, a large percentage of the team would heed George's suggestion that we go to "Lyle's Place" where upon entering George would ask for his standard "A nail followed by a pint please, Lyle".

After meetings of the Board of Governors, George, the Vice-Presidents and I would go to "Lyle's Place" for a Board post-mortem. I recall one particular Friday, after a Thursday evening Rustics game when George and I had closed the Club. We arrived at the Club a little early, at 4:15 PM for our meeting with the vice-presidents. Lyle commented, "Gentlemen, I think this is a first. You two closed the Club last night and here you are opening it today!"

❖ **Memorial Service**

One of the traditions of the University was to hold memorial services for the most distinguished faculty. I was somewhat involved in the memorial services for Norman Ward, Professor of Political Science, and for Jim Naylor, Professor of Biology at Convocation Hall. I was much more intimately involved in the memorial service for Doug Cherry, my mentor, friend and golfing companion. I still cherish the anecdotes we would send each other (including some from Yogi Berra) after his Deanship ended and he was serving as Acting Head of the Drama Department. Four people spoke at his service; Ian Wilson as a friend; Don Kerr on behalf of the English Department; Michael Swan on behalf of the College of Arts and Science; and me on behalf of the University. In preparing my remarks, I consulted Glen Caldwell, former Head of Geological Sciences and then Vice-President Research at the University of Western Ontario. He, Doug Cherry, Michael Swan and I had formed a golfing foursome years earlier. We usually managed to play three or four times a year. Indeed one year we ventured to Waskesiu Lake for a most memorable round.



At the reception at the Club, which followed the memorial at Convocation Hall, I was taken aside by a senior faculty member for whom I had the greatest respect but with whom I had not always gotten along. He said to me, "Iain, I knew Doug Cherry would have approved of that service." It is remarkable how a compliment from an unexpected source has a lasting impact.

❖ **Wakes**

Although I have been at several wakes in my life, the most memorable was one I attended for Patrick McKenzie, Professor of Philosophy. It was held at the Club and featured friends and colleagues recalling anecdotes about Patrick's life. The atmosphere was exactly what I thought a post-funeral gathering should be. In fact, I was so impressed that I have told my children (in the highly-unlikely event that I survive their mother) that they are to hold a wake for me at the Club. I cannot think of a better place for family and friends to share memories and a drink in a place that has been an important part of my life.

❖ **Conclusions**

The writing of this reminiscence has caused me to reflect on my life at the University of Saskatchewan and the part the Club played in it. I have found this opportunity for reflection extremely rewarding.

Club Memories

✚ Don Kerr

My first memory of the Club may be false. There was a room at the back of the main floor of the MUB where I think we sat and drank. That would have been about 1961. When I read the faculty club minutes, I learned the members had turned down that option. Before Marquis Hall opened, the University dining room was on the main floor of the MUB.

When I came back from two years in London, I joined the Club and enjoyed different kinds of pleasure. On late afternoons, Duff Spafford of Economics and Political Science, Jim Sandison, who was in English for half a dozen years, and myself would play snooker. I expect it was one of my devices to hide from scholarship. If Sandison snookered us he'd say, "Safe as houses." We had one spectator, Leo Kristjanson, long before he became university president.

My second pleasure was drinking in one of those bedrooms from the original house –the one with the bar attached. Jack Oliver, the steward, would keep serving after closing time if we "gentlemen" wished to keep drinking. Regulars included Doug Cherry and myself from English, Ken Buckley from Economics and Political Science, Tom Smith of Philosophy, Stu Nelson of Horticulture and others in and out. By evening Buckley had descended into alcoholism and could hardly talk. He was looked after by a handsome young woman from Sutherland. Once I met Buckley in a washroom on the main floor of the Arts Building Wing. I said, "You're late for class." He said, "I always am." I thought I should take an elder's advice and became late for class, an important pedagogical innovation. Tom Smith was reputed to keep the Club



solvent with his monthly bar bill. It was he who hosted the fall event for new and old members. It was the martini event. There maybe have been other drinks but after half a dozen martinis, your power of observation is pretty lousy.

Then there were the lunches at the regulars table, the first you see when entering the dining room. I ate there two or three times a week. Among the regulars were Bill Sarjeant of Geology, who had a full meal, Stan Hanson, University Archivist, who ate plates of chips. There was Thurston Lacalli of Biology, who when he retired to the coast provided a bottle of wine for those present that day. There were Arne Paus Jenson and Peter Dooley of Economics and Political Science, Larry Stewart of History, Andy Hubbertz of the Library, Ron Sutherland of Chemistry, Henry Caplan of Physics, Lois Jaecks of Languages and sometimes Don Hamilton of Vet Med and Richard Stoneman of Engineering, especially on roast beef and Yorkshire pudding day. If I've missed anyone I apologize. The table was a talking table. Peter Dooley took pleasure in my NDP membership to blame me for many provincial ills. There were many discussions on the faculty association. With Sarjeant I could talk of heritage, while Stan Hanson and I wrote a book of Saskatoon history together and became particularly good friends.

Indeed I was part of organizing a special celebration for Stan, though the idea came out of the archives. Stan had already attended the usual tea for retiring members of administration so he thought that was that. The Club event was to be a surprise. His kids were back in town, as were archivists from other provinces, all keeping a low profile. Stan's wife said, "Let's go out for supper but I need to get something at the Club." Stan did his hrumph, hrumph, went in and saw his son in the corridor, entered the dining room and there was a roomful of his friends. I had the pleasure of chairing the event. His children roasted him, he them in their turn. It was a joyful event. I chaired one other retirement dinner, that of my friend Roger Servranks of Mathematics. His wife Genevieve had funded her own retirement party from the Saskatoon Community Clinic. So Roger did the same, paying for the meal, and celebrated

by his colleagues. There were other such events in English for Peter Millard, even for me, and for Bob Calder. Our longevity was being celebrated as was an event for Nik Thomson.

Were there no Club, in its extended form, none of these important milestones would likely be celebrated. And one more party coming up April 2, 2012 to celebrate the Club itself and the marvellous building.



Memories

➤ **Robin Morrall**

One of my more amusing memories of the Club occurred in the late 1960s when a group of us from Biology used to curl on Monday nights in the Campus League. We were a very poor team, but that has nothing to do with the story! When we were scheduled to curl from 7:00 to 9:00 p.m. we generally paid a visit to the Club afterwards to quench our thirst, alleviate our disappointment and shoot some pool, if the table was available. One evening we arrived in the bar, which in those days had a more complex structure with several little nooks and crannies. The place appeared to be deserted with no sign of the barman or of customers. One of our team said in a loud voice: "God, the place is like a mausoleum." A tiny voice replied from one of the crannies: "No, I'm still alive!" The voice was that of a campus dean, well known for his support of the Club through consumption of its fares.

➤ **Michael Stoneman**

On joining the U of S from the University of Manchester in 1968, and I trust registering for the Faculty Club virtually the same day, my wife and I have attended and supported the Club on as many occasions and events as possible. Frankly it helped save our sanity in those early days against the shock of adjusting to the otherwise somewhat limited prospects of Saskatoon at that time. Together with the ultimate irony of arriving from a maritime nation, the U.K., to central Canada, there were two ways to meet friends, by immersing oneself seriously in surprisingly good sailing, and in the Club, with both features' together offering opportunities to quickly meet and get to know so

many locals, like spirits, and thus in due time friends. The Faculty Club provided the atmosphere for many intellectual, inter-disciplinary discussions and debates, not only over lunch but especially on the memorable Friday night gatherings that were so popular, so active and social. Yes, of course, the debating at some times was delightfully wild or even woolly but always an alternative topic was available in the next (bed)room. The latter feature was never unfortunately, successfully recaptured after the fire. Such a pity as it carried with it the loss too of the numerous individual anecdotes, often an outcome as the Friday night episodes developed somewhat later in the evening.

The Faculty Club, so valuable to the University's development through the free exchange of views, discussion of problems and especially of on-going and prospective research interests, could not be allowed to fail. At some time on returning "home" after the fire and the Club's repair and extension, nevertheless a potential crisis, primarily centred on membership and consequent financial order, was perceived to be solvable. Though our Club has been apparently well managed, Donna called and arranged for a trouble-shooting meeting over one weekend. Whatever the final decisions and recommendations the think-tank efforts of 12 or so members thankfully appear to have been successful.

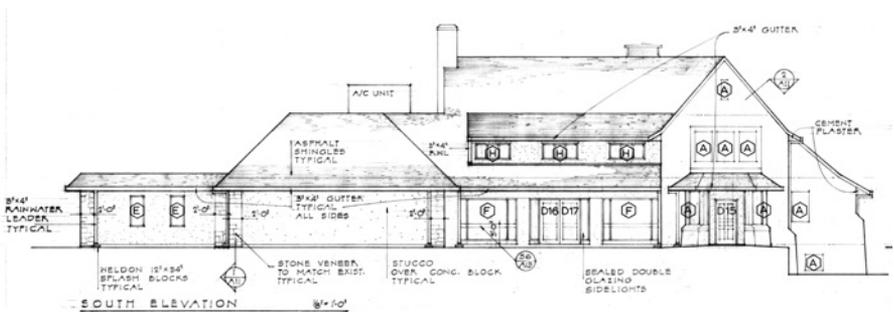
May the latest generation of Faculty appointees awake to the singular benefits of social and intellectual exchanges across campus and bear the Club ever onward (and this plea includes the Engineers).



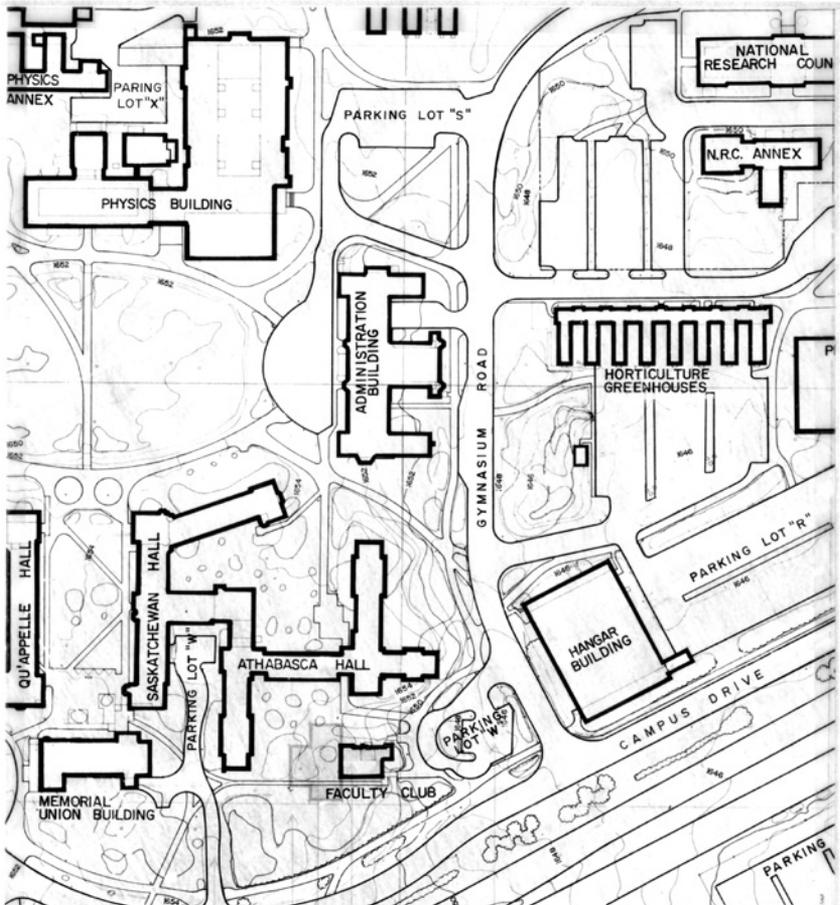
The Architect

Mel Malkin

Mel Malkin, architect for the new building after the fire, said he worked through Buildings and Grounds, primarily with Gord Smith, and with Ian Innes, university architect. Everything had to be vetted by B and G, and Innes responded in detail on all aspects of the works. "We had to clear out the building completely – you had to get rid of the charred wood smell and get to the masonry [stone walls] to see if the mortar had been damaged." The biggest problem, says Malkin, was to retain the original building. "Without the floor structure the walls might fall in. We braced them, or the contractor did." A second problem was steel frame for the roof. "The stone walls were neither square nor level. The steel trusses had to meet the stone, which was tricky." Fire regulations were important, "The fire marshal made us coat the roof with a fire retardant and varnish, which was not our preferred visual finish." Malkin did not meet with the Faculty Club executive though with the president. The building took time to complete, six months for architectural drawings. The tender's closing date was February



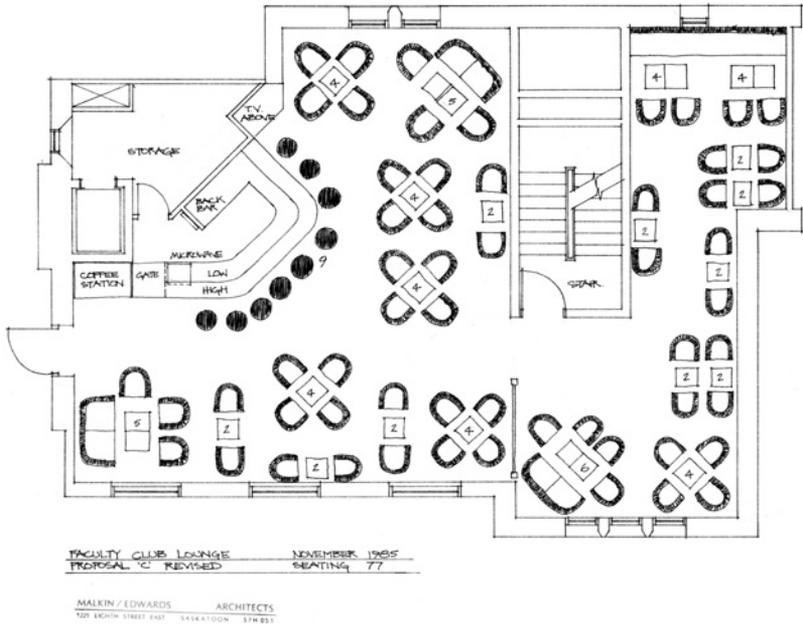
Architects drawing of the new club.



The Faculty Club no longer has relationships to earlier buildings, but it is now a campus-wide destination.

21, 1975. To give a sense of the complexity of construction there were 12 phases for the contractor or subcontractors, including demolition, concrete piles, other concrete for floors, etc., work on masonry, structural steel, woodwork, moisture protection, glazing, finishes like dry wall, tiles and painting, then hardware, carpet, mechanical like plumbing and heating, finally electrical. We walk, eat, drink in a finished and elegant building that was once a concept.





One of Mel Malkin's concepts for the new bar and seating.

Conversation Club

1971 - 2003

✦ Gene Porter

The university gets its name from the medieval practice of naming a guild or corporation a “university.” The idea was that a proper guild had one language and a uniting purpose, as implied by the etymology of the word. The academic university, too, is supposedly united by a common purpose: the search for truth. It is a great and noble purpose, to be sure, but the practice is a tad different. As everyone knows, the members of the university often experience disunity rather than unity. We seem to be encased in our independent silos and to speak quite different languages.

The Conversation Club was started as one opportunity to bridge our separate existences. We did not have an agenda nor did we as a group take a position on anything. The first meeting of the Conversation Club was held on a Tuesday, December 7, 1971. There were 12 members: Glen Beck (Economics), Herb Berry (English), Keith Johnstone (English), David Crossley (Philosophy), Don Heasman (Political Science), Michael Swan (History), Dick Eager (Chemistry) Glen Caldwell (Geological Science), Stan Rowe (Plant Ecology), Claude Thompson (English), Garth Thomas (Mathematics), and myself (Political Science.) All attended. The main course was a steak, T-Bone, and the cost was \$6.00; the wine was a mere \$3.55. We met once a month on a Thursday and over the years had several chefs. Most of them were first rate too. Our numbers increased to thirty-three. Most of the members were from the university, but we did have a few members who were not within the university. Since a significant number would be away on any given Thursday, our dinners would be attended by around fifteen members.



We had many splendid meals and good conversations. All agreed that this monthly meeting provided at least one opportunity for members to meet for conversation with a variety of interesting people outside our own individual department or college and that the setting of food, drink, and conviviality was in principle good for body and mind. No doubt we were not Plato's Symposium nor Dr. Johnson's London Club nor John Adams' Sodalitas Society, but we did have many splendid conversations that would otherwise rarely occur in the university. The practice was to have a copy of the proposed menu sent over to my office for comments, and then I would choose the wines. Often too the chef of the day would suggest a menu for the coming dinner. We would, with very few exceptions, ask the chef and staff to come out of the kitchen after the meal. We would hand them a glass of port and toast them. This was a practice that Donna Cram continued. It was quite obvious that the staff and the chef took great pride in their presentations, and the Conversation Club members were most appreciative of their efforts.

It was not all serious. There were also moments of considerable merriment. At one time, the chef was a German Swiss and a fine cook too. Every year Glen Caldwell would invariably ask for a proper Burns night, and this was always met by considerable derision from his colleagues. After Glen had made this suggestion one evening, the chef looked puzzled. However, at our next meal the chef came out to receive our toast, and he explained in his thick German accent: "Gentlemen, I looked up ze haggis, and I now know how to make ze haggis. But vat I vant to know is: vhy would you vant to eat it?"

The institution of the Faculty Club with its wonderful staff and managers has played over the years an essential role in helping to add a sense of community to the University. More importantly, the opportunity to have conversation across discipline and collegial lines is very difficult to encourage, and the Faculty Club has provided an atmosphere of conviviality that nourishes conversation. May it long flourish.

April 7, 1998

Dear Gene,

I should have responded before this to your plea for advice about the future of the Conversation Club. I agree that it does look as if Dear Donna, whom I love and admire, is looking for a gentle way out of the relationship. I agree that the Faculty Club is a most appropriate venue for our group's activities.

I hope that there exists among the members a hard core of support for the continuation of the C.C., although I realize that some may find that, after listening to their own lectures all month, they may find that the C.C., gilds (or leadens) the lily. As an odd man out, I find that the C.C. provides entertainment and good fellowship which I should miss with regret.

Perhaps we could talk about this at the April 16 gathering (early in the evening). Having assumed that we would attempt to continue, perhaps we could consider a more modest menu, with 5 instead of 7 courses, and drop the port after dinner, unless ordered by individuals. Perhaps we could have a few people designated to assist you in phoning members before a dinner, to get a verbal commitment about attending the next function. I don't think we can increase the price of the meal; if we are extending the hours of the kitchen and serving staff, by the leisurely serving of the courses, this could be speeded up a bit, and then we could be left with our beverages to depart when we wished; possibly we could rise promptly for dinner and retire to the upstairs lounge for cash bar drinks, tea, coffee, etc.

I think that I have recovered from my dispute with the evil bacterium, so I look forward to seeing you on April 16. (Alcohol has not passed my lips since New Year's Eve.)

**Best wishes,
Ian Wilson**



The Faculty Club

✚ Robert Calder

I first set foot in the Faculty Club about sixty years ago, though it was not then the Faculty Club. Because Agriculture was considered so important when the University was established, the Dean of its College was given a residence on campus, though not as large and well-situated as that of the President. When I was a student in Brunskill School in the mid-1950s a good friend of mine was Neil Graham, the younger son of the last Dean to occupy the residence, and I spent many happy hours in the house. Growing up in the upper floor of a small house across from St Andrew's College, on College Drive, I marveled at what seemed like a palatial home. And I was struck by the fossils that one could see in the greystone facing of the outer walls.

A decade or so later, I enjoyed many happy hours of a different sort when I became a young member of the University faculty and the residence became the Faculty Club. Then I would spend an hour or so there in the late afternoon after work, awestruck by the fascinating stories and conversation of such campus characters as Doug Cherry, Pharmacy's Dean MacCauley, and Jack Pringle, the University Controller, Second World War veteran and Brigadier of the local Canadian Militia. A lifelong socialist, Doug would talk about the devastation of the Great Depression and of his own unease at being an officer - the ruling class - in wartime Britain and seeing the living conditions of so much of the British factory workers. Equally fascinating was Jack Pringle's stories of finding caches of Scotch whiskey during the Allies' long and difficult march up the boot of Italy. Another regular was the Head of the Department of Drama, Emrys Jones, who was notorious

for standing up in Arts and Science meetings at five o'clock and saying: "Please excuse me, Mr. Chairman, I must go and sign some documents." Only the most inexperienced young faculty member didn't know that the "documents" that awaited his pen were Faculty Club bar chits.

Then, one day in the 1970s I looked out of my office window in the Arts Building and saw clouds of ominous black smoke in the direction of College Drive: the Faculty Club was burning down. Shock waves went through the campus but some Club members put a brave face on the disaster and said: "Well, at least our monthly bills will have gone up in flames." A few weeks later, however, every member received his or her bill in an envelope filled with brown and smoky bar chits charred around the edges but with the numbers intact. Some loyal Club employee had rescued them from the conflagration, and seldom has an act of heroism been so little celebrated.

For several years, the Faculty Club was situated in Marquis Hall, a serviceable site but without the character and history of the Dean of Agriculture's residence. It was there that the Club and its members endured a strike of Saskatchewan Liquor Board employees, a hardship that led to them consuming the strangest sort of liqueurs and boozes – those that had sat for years dust-covered on the shelves – when the supplies of gin, rye, vodka, scotch, and rum ran out.

The Club had a rebirth when it moved back to the Dean's Residence, rebuilt and expanded into its current form. The fossils – those on the walls, not the geriatric regulars or professors emeriti – are still on the walls, now part of an inner corridor, but the personality of the Club has changed somewhat. Sadly, the modern university leaves its faculty little time to spend a leisurely hour at the end of the day making contact and exchanging stories with their colleagues and fellow workers. The Club is now a centre for dining, for meeting and entertaining guests over lunch or for



having evening celebratory dinners. In this respect life has come nearly full circle for me because the current Executive Chef of the Faculty Club is my own son Kevin. I wouldn't say that he's had as much fun there as I have over the years, but when he was married a few years ago, he chose to have the ceremony and reception at the Club. When I retired in 2010 from teaching at the University for forty-five-and-a-half years, my farewell dinner was at the Club, and I cannot imagine a more fitting place for me to have been seen off.



50th Anniversary
University of Saskatchewan
🌿 **Faculty Club** 🌿

100th Anniversary
University of Saskatchewan
🌿 **Building** 🌿