

Trent

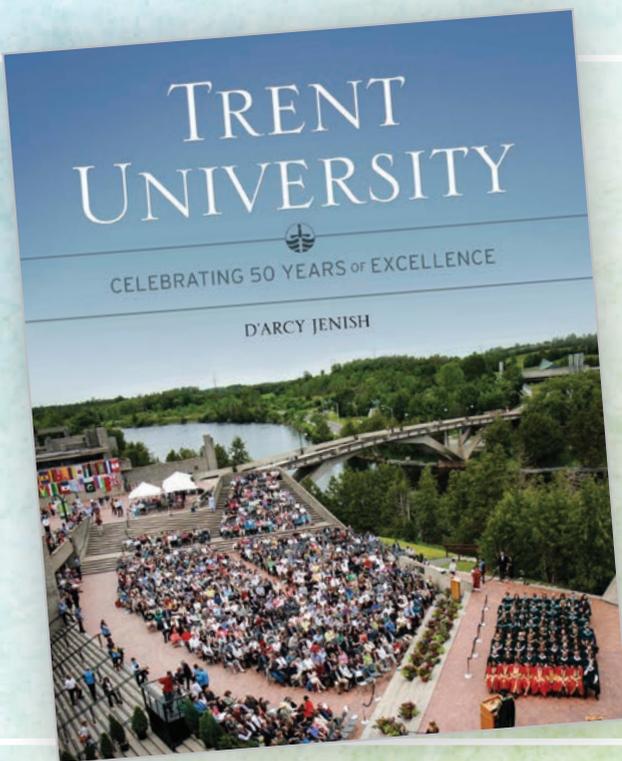


Fall 2014 45.3 Published by the Trent University Alumni Association



A CELEBRATION *of* 50 YEARS *of* TRENT

Town & Gown: A Peterborough Love Story
50 Years of Music at Trent University
Milestones & Alumni Memories



“It was a delight for me to read this wonderful book and to reflect on the great accomplishment that is Trent University.”

Dr. Don Tapscott '66,
Chancellor

1964 – 2014

TRENT UNIVERSITY

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D'Arcy Jenish



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Alumni Memories & Milestones

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Richard Sadleir (l), Nora Michener, and T.H.B. Symons lead Governor General Roland Michener on a tour of Trent in 1969. Source: Brian Parsons, Trent University Archives



A changing of the guards: Founding president, T.H.B. Symons, incoming president, Leo Groarke; and outgoing president, Steven Franklin, at a reception for Groarke and Franklin on June 19, 2014.

This special 50th anniversary edition has been designed as a flip-issue with *Trent today and future* at the front, a special retrospective on philanthropy in the middle and an *alumni memories and milestones* throwback section on the flip-side. Paying proper tribute to a 50-year history in one short magazine was an impossible endeavor, so the editorial board opted to provide some highlights, from alumni perspectives, to whet your appetite and leave you wanting more.

When *Trent University: Celebrating 50 Years of Excellence* was being written, many alumni and friends submitted memory stories. These stories were an excellent source for the author, D'Arcy Jenish, though not all could fit in the celebration book. We have shared some of those stories in the pages that follow and are also in the process of creating an online resource for alumni memories, along with photos and videos from the 50th anniversary reunion weekend.

ON THE COVER:

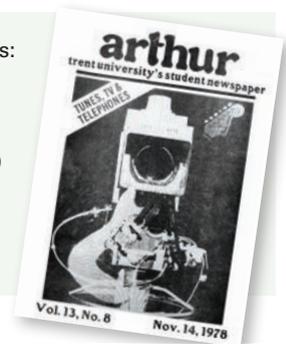
University opening parade.

Photo: Nick Yunge-Bateman
Source: Trent University Archives



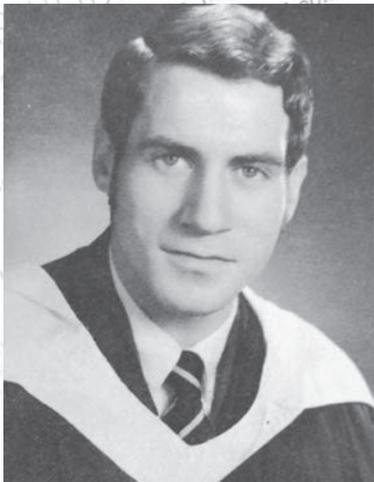
- Excellent resources for historical events, news, and photos:
- Trent University Archives www.trentu.ca/library/archive
- Arthur Archives <http://arthurarchives.trentu.ca>
- Trent Radio Archives <http://lcmp.trentradio.ca:17080>
- TRENT magazine online www.trentu.ca/trentmagazine

Special thanks to Arthur Virtual Archives and *Arthur* newspaper for their generous donation of archival news pages.



“Back in the Day...”

BY JIM REDDITT '67



What a “trip” to remember, those first few days in Peterborough that September of 1967. It felt so good to be away from home. Like, this was university man! My new friends and I had already discovered Merv Pass’ Confectionery on Rubidge and had scoped out the Crypt, where some older Trent students were playing cards and looking pretty sophisticated. Having picked up our new schedules at the Registrar’s Office, we needed to figure out where all of these lectures were going to be held. Some were at the church across from Rubidge and others at Traill, Peter Robinson and Champlain. This meant there would be plenty of time spent on those ancient buses getting to know each other. Before long, we would become “sophisticated” too, hanging around the Crypt, the book store, the library, using the card index, maybe trying to drink coffee or just grabbing a popsicle at Merv’s before the bus came.

Trent only had about 650 students in 1967, so it wasn’t long before we got to know pretty well everybody. Most of us had come because of the size, the residential colleges, the closeness to your profs, the tutorial system, access to sports and activities, the smaller lecture halls. It seemed like the place was so young, still discovering itself, literally still filling in the blanks. In those times, we were all required to purchase green academic gowns and wear them to lectures and seminars, as well as to the evening meals in the colleges. “Oxford on the Otonabee.” At Champlain, we had to gather on the steps of the Great Hall until the faculty had come out of the Senior Common Room and had taken their places at Head Table. We were then permitted to stream in and

stand at our table places and thence (yes, thence) be seated, whereupon a fellow student filling a part-time job brought out our dinners, prepared lovingly by Fritz the chef. Going to Scott House at Traill for Sunday dinner was a great way to see the who’s who in the zoo, but you had to be out of there by curfew—or else! No clandestine trysts nor slap and tickle in the dorms. Word got out pretty fast at Traill about guys who were catching the first bus back to Champlain.



In 1967, Champlain College was a strictly men’s-only college, sitting out all by itself on the banks of the Otonabee. That first grey winter seemed a bit monastic. It got so Mondays were a good thing—going into town, attending classes, and especially chancing upon a heart-stopping conversation with a pretty girl on a bus. Activities like “L’Ordre de Bon Temps” and the Commoner pub across the river helped break up the winter. Playing the guitar endlessly and jamming with friends was better than books. “Hootenannies” at Peter Robinson were the scene. Experimenting with liquor meant doling out drinks like gin and Orange Crush.



Some Memories of My Time at Trent

There were no smart phones, laptops, or computers. No TV. Just newspapers, letters, radios, record players and black telephones. Rotary dial. And professors. These amazing, learned, engaging, sometimes eccentric fonts of knowledge who actually cared about what you thought and why you thought it.

It is said that we are shaped by our times, and those of us who went to Trent in the 1960s certainly were. We had the joy of living in a kind of bubble back then. We made great friends and learned at close range from eminent and energetic scholars. It all felt like a new venture. Somewhere out there in the not-too-distant future, we would be growing up (yikes) and taking our places. But we didn't want that to happen right away.

The '60s were marked by changing forces that oscillated through our times, sometimes as undercurrents—sliding around just below our adolescent consciousness—and sometimes as “overcurrents,” grabbing us by the throats. Prominent were the Cold War, the Cuban Missile Crisis, nuclear arms build-ups, the war in Vietnam, civil rights, assassinations of the Kennedys, and Martin Luther King. These awakened us to a world of extremes. We worried about that real world, the one beyond the bubble. Distrust of the Establishment seemed the mantra for young people. The music, the hair, the anger, the protests, the drugs, the pill, the free love—they saturated the images of those times. And yet for most of us,

we thought there had to be a more sane way to grow up, while still pushing for what was right if it appeared to be missing. And the great thing was, so did our professors! So did our President THB!

As I reflect on those times, I come away feeling that Trent did represent a kind of bastion of sanity. On some level we knew we were there to discover where and how we could make a difference. An above-average difference. The place just seemed to expect that of you. Trent was unique in a changing world. It's values were self-evident as the right stuff—about learning, challenging, enabling, and justice. By implication, we understood as we progressed through those years, that to benefit from all this meant an obligation to give back to some greater good.

But in that first year of 1967, I confess to being only somewhat mindful of that stuff. You mostly wanted to get on with figuring out who you were, where it was all going to land. We came to understand that to be in it, at it, and of it at Trent was the thing. Those nascent influences, “back in the day,” fostered a desire to make our worlds a little better,



in whatever fields we have chosen. I'd wager that something similar is still happening at Trent. We Alumni exhort today's Trent students to also be in it, at it, and of it.

Life has been a wonderful journey. Trent was a helluva trip. ■



Source: Trent Annual

Leave the record alone ... They still think it's us playing.
L'Ordre de Bon Temps

Arthur
October 20, 1966
FEDERAL GOVERNMENT
FOR TRENT
Establishment of a central student
beginning

REMARKS FROM OUR FOUNDING PRESIDENT

THOMAS H.B. SYMONS, C.C., O.ONT, FRSC, LL.D., D.LITT., D.U., D.CN.L., F.R.G.S., KSS.,
FOUNDING PRESIDENT AND VANIER PROFESSOR EMERITUS, TRENT UNIVERSITY, CHAIR, THE ONTARIO HERITAGE TRUST

*Remarks from Professor Thomas H.B. Symons on the occasion of
Trent's 50th Anniversary Kick-Off Weekend, Thursday, August 7, 2014, Great Hall of Champlain College*



Photograph by Michael Cullen on the occasion of the Installation of Professor Symons as an Elder of the Indigenous Studies Program at Trent University, May 14, 2013.

Bienvenue à cette occasion si riche d'histoire! It is a great pleasure to be here to join in this celebration.

Moreover, to have been here at Trent's beginning and now to be here for the University's 50th anniversary—without actually being embalmed—is a wonderful experience!

This is, in fact, my 53rd year with Trent. It was the 12th of April, 1961, when the Committee of Citizens from Peterborough invited me to join with them in starting a new University, as its Founding President. It was an unusual invitation—as there was then no campus, no buildings, no books or laboratories, no money, no faculty and staff, and no charter. Altogether, one might say that the invitation was slightly ambiguous—somewhat like an invitation to leap off a cliff.

I was surprised, noting that, as far as I could recall, I had never been to Peterborough in my life, and I knew no one there—which they seemed to think was a strong point in my favour. But I was greatly intrigued, requested a week or two to consider things, and then replied: Yes. I have always been happy that I did so.

The next three years were a period of intense planning and preparation for the arrival of the first year of students in 1964—followed by eight more years as president of a very lively university, which went by quickly and very happily.

These have been followed by another four decades in which I pursued many other interests in Canada and around the world. But Trent was always at the heart of my interests, and Peterborough was always home: the place where Christine and I raised our family and lived our lives.

I must, Your Worship, take this occasion to thank the community of Peterborough, and its citizens, for the wonderful and unfailing support that they have always given to the University—as have many people and communities from across Canada and far beyond.

There is truly much to be proud of in the Trent story, starting with the vision and the master planning—then the true magnificence of so much of the architecture. How indebted we all are to the extraordinary genius of Ron Thom and, also, to the faculty, staff, students, and Board Members who informed and worked with him.

Throughout it all, I have always found renewed strength and commitment from the pleasure and inspiration I found with and from students, and with and from my colleagues; and in the pursuit of knowledge—this mission upon which we are all engaged.

But the note on which I would like to conclude this welcome is one expressing my admiration, affection, and appreciation for our Alumni—ranging from the 103 students who enrolled in Trent's first year—to the some 43,000 plus graduates who now girdle Canada and the globe. You are what Trent is all about. You are the University's crowning achievement.

In saying this, may I acknowledge the immensely valuable work of our Alumni Association and its outstanding president, Robert Taylor-Vaisey.

Mr. Chancellor, may I salute you—and congratulate and thank you and all our fellow members of the Trent University community upon this half-century anniversary. ■



Source: Trent University Archives



TOWN & GOWN: A Peterborough Love Story

By Pauline Harder

had The Beatles on the brain, with a post-Labour Day concert at Maple Leaf Gardens causing 36 girls to faint as the Fab Four exited their plane (with a further 55 fainting outside their hotel, and a whopping 109 at the concert itself).

Back on main street, concerns were more pedestrian: as local businessmen stood outside their shops that September, they peered down George and wondered what they could do to attract more customers. The most promising scheme seemed to be shuttling in visitors from the plowing match

on the outskirts of town. Few seemed to look to the students, whose presence would admittedly have a small impact compared to the farmers and factory workers who made up the bulk of their clientele. As a token offering, Tip Top Tailors advertised cable-stitch turtleneck dickies for just \$2.95, to complete the latest campus look. But for the most part, these first students were a mere curiosity.

On October 17, the 105 new Trent students and about 1,900 spectators and officials gathered at Rubidge Hall on the corner of

Sherbrooke and Rubidge Streets to mark the official opening of the University, with students and officials parading through the downtown in their academic gowns. For many locals this was their first real sense of the changes that were to come. A feeling of cosmopolitanism was in the air, and Peterboronians looked on with a sense of burgeoning pride.

Then nothing changed... or, not at first. For several years Peterborough's downtown stayed much the same as it was before that momentous day. Young people looking for something to do could go bowling at the George Street alley, play billiards at Pappas's, or grab a bite at one of the three Chinese restaurants in the downtown core. The city's two cinemas drew in big crowds on a Friday night, and if you wanted a drink or some live music you had a choice of the Orange Hall or the half-dozen hotels that served up cold beer and country music on every night of the week except Sundays.

Continued on the next page.



While 2014 may mark the birth of Trent, it can also be seen to mark a sort of marriage—the golden anniversary, if you will, of the union between town and gown. Early courtship between Peterborough and the fledgling institution was enthusiastic: prominent local citizens advocated the formation of Trent, with the city donating land and much-needed tax dollars to make the dream a reality. Trent planners reciprocated by locating the first residences and administration building in the city's core, and on opening day it was observed that “no new university has received a greater measure of support from its home community.” Trent, declared new president and visionary T.H.B. Symons, was to be grounded and defined by a sense of its place, within the city itself and the surrounding landscape.

Like most young couples, it is fair to say that neither had any idea of what they were in for, but also like most young couples, they jumped in with both feet.

As a cool, wet summer closed on a lacklustre tourism season, locals gathered at agricultural fairs around the livestock pens, on shop floors, in factory lunch rooms, and at the local pool hall and downtown cafés to weigh in on the great flag debate that was to preoccupy Peterboronians, like many Canadians, throughout that fall and winter. Area youths

But it was in these hotel bars that Trent students began to carve out their own space. By the early '70s, almost half of Trent students were living off campus, with a room in a shared house costing about \$64 a month, utilities included. Students were increasingly drawn to the downtown hotels, where the country music scene began to take on a country-rock feel, and kissing cousins bluegrass and folk music made their way into side rooms and eventually main stages, slowly easing out their older kin. The Trent Inn's "Hayloft" stuck to its (country) guns, but folk music (including singer Ian Tamblyn) could be heard in a wing of the Queen's Hotel known as the "Wagon Wheel," and at the Tudor Lounge the music sounded suspiciously like rock.

In 1978, however, Ray McGregor, owner of the Red Dog Tavern (formerly the American House), cut with tradition and became the first of these bar owners to really open his arms to the student community, with the wild antics of the Red Dog Howl and the Church of the Open Bottle, hosted every Wednesday night by Reverend Ken (Ramsden) and his Lost Followers and, later, Washboard Hank and the Honkers.

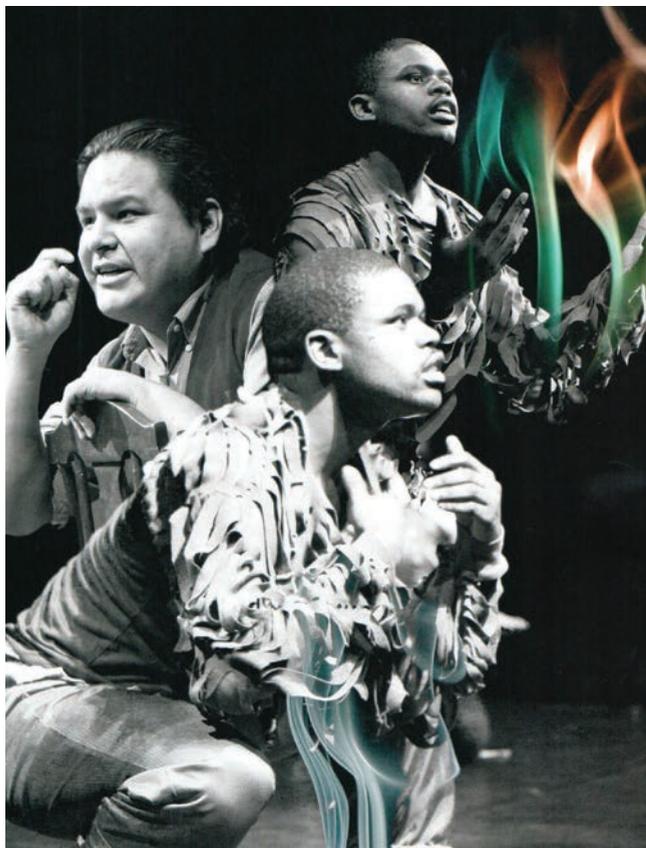
The Red Dog didn't change much in terms of décor, but it quickly became a place where locals and students lived and drank cheek by jowl, often with a local (read country) band playing upstairs. In later years, queer dances and drag shows featuring the elegant David Bateman packed the Underdog on the lower level.

And then there was Artspace. In 1974, Kenner art teacher David Bierk had formed this artist-run gallery with poet and friend Dennis Tourbin. The following year they welcomed new Trent student Bill Kimball into the fold. By 1983 the trio had received \$1 million in government funding and moved Artspace to Market Hall—a space saved from the wrecking ball by heritage advocate Martha Kidd (wife of Prof. Kenneth Kidd). Their vision created a dedicated space where students and locals could create and enjoy art, theatre, and music in the heart of the downtown. The creation of Artspace was to change the landscape and the culture irreversibly.

As students were increasingly drawn downtown for the music and arts, they began to find more shops that catered to them, whether they were looking for Birkenstocks in the mountains of teetering boxes that packed Mrs. Puky's Health Food Store, or getting textbooks—and perhaps an alternative education—at Sandy (Stewart)'s bookstore and later Marginal Distribution, which specialized in censored texts, queer lit, and political tracts. The students had arrived; and in 1990, Jerome Ackhurst and his wife Charon (both artists) decided the town was ripe for a bar that catered specifically to this population, and so the Only Café was born.

Sticky, smokey, cluttered with artwork and crowded by patrons, the Only Café was a hit. It was a place where hippies and rednecks, students and business people could drink side by side. Moreover, it became one of the few places the LGBT community genuinely felt safe and welcomed. Whether over cinnamon-flavoured coffee or pints of draft, belly up to the bar or in the corner playing pinball, artists and patrons and hangers-on alike came for the conversation and the atmosphere of creative energy.

Just behind the Only, at 188½ Hunter St., a group of performance artists, including 4th Line Theatre's Robert Winslow and Trent professor Ian McLachlan, had banded together to form an alternative performance space they dubbed The Union. Run by collective, the small black box of a room became a place to see some of the more experimental and innovative theatre in town. With a door that rarely was locked, the space became a type of drop-in centre where



Source: Trent Annual

at any time night or day you could wander in to watch a rehearsal, join in a song-writing workshop, sit in on a planning session for the latest episode of the popular Improv Soaps, or even be co-opted into performing yourself. Part mosh pit and part theatre in the round, sometime soup kitchen and late-night coffeehouse, The Union became a space for community and university collaboration on an intimate level.

And in all of these gathering places, idealistic young students joined locals and the increasing number of alumni to tackle global issues on a local level. Down the street at 219 Hunter was one such initiative known as Projects for Change, where anarchists, hippies and passionate politicians worked on everything from prisoner rights to tenant advocacy. Bridgehead coffee and political buttons comprised the bulk of the merchandise, and operations included the printing of political tracts and zines such as *The Screaming Mouse*, on an old Gestetner. In 1985, Projects for Change opened what was to become the Peterborough Food Bank, where political idealism became practical reality, leaving a lasting community legacy.



Alhamdu Lillah (All praises to god) TMSA is in its sixth year of operation. Over the last four years, with the grace of Allah (s.w.t) TMSA has grown in size and recognition with the support and strength of the Trent and Peterborough community. TMSA is still evolving and will continue to grow as more and more students join the peaceful and enjoyable environment of Trent University.

Source: Trent Annual

The late '80s and early '90s saw a proliferation of social agencies and non-profit organizations emerging from Trent student and community collaborations. In 1989, the Kawartha World Issues Centre was created as a global education centre to promote awareness of hunger, economic and social injustice, militarism, and environmental destruction. The house at 106 Murray Street was known as "The

Hub" and became a gathering place for like-minded thinkers who could engage in project planning, research, or simply debate issues in a welcoming environment. Funded by a Trent levy, and peopled in part by Trent student volunteers and alumni, its aims were lofty, but it specialized in making an impact locally.

One of the group's most notable offspring was Peterborough Green-Up, begun in 1992 following a report from KWIC's Task Force for Sustainable Development in the Peterborough Area. Here, and in just about every non-profit organization in the downtown, you will find Trent students and alumni, as staff and volunteers, maintaining an energy and enthusiasm for the ideals that they brought to Trent decades ago.

Since 1964, generations of Trent students have come and gone and returned—or simply stayed, becoming locals themselves. As with many old couples it is no longer easy to tell them apart—Trent students and locals have collaborated, celebrated, worked and played together for 50 years, and both have been changed by the experience. The early offspring of the union between town and gown have now matured and produced their own progeny in the form of social agencies, cultural organizations, and the many small businesses that dot the downtown streets. Whereas once farm and factory formed the backbone of this small town, now former-students-turned-locals thread their presence through almost every aspect of community life. They are our small business owners, artists, directors, musicians, city councillors, philanthropists, volunteers, and local history makers alike. So here's to 50 years together and a union that changed us all. ■



Source: Trent Annual



50 YEARS of Music at Trent

By Christina Vasilevski '03

Trent University may not have an official music department, but that doesn't mean that Trent's musical community is any less vibrant, dedicated, and creative. Whether it's the choirs on campus, the jazz band, or any one of the many groups and independent performers that have made their mark in Peterborough's pubs and festivals, the history of music at Trent is worth a much closer look. Here's a decade-by-decade look at the greatest hits of Trent's music scene.

1964-69

Music became a part of the fabric of life at Trent almost immediately after the university was founded, as famous musicians such as **Stan Rogers '68**, **Kit Johnson '69**, and **Ian Tamblyn '67** studied here. These were the heady years when the Trent Folk Club was founded, when the Commoner Pub opened, and when Trent Radio first started broadcasting.

The Trent Folk Club fostered voices like Rogers, Tamblyn, **Stephen Stohn '66**, **Christopher Ward '67**, and **Bryan Davies '69**. Some gained particular musical acclaim after finishing their studies, like Tamblyn, who, in addition to recording 36 albums and CDs and producing music for dozens of other artists, is also a noted essayist, photographer, and playwright.

Kit Johnson also went on to musical fame, becoming a producer and songwriter. A well-respected bassist, he's now active in Calgary's music scene and acts as a backup musician for roots, country, and rock artists, including the likes of Sarah Harmer, Wild Strawberries, and Alannah Myles, with whom he won the SOCAN Song of the Year Award in 1991.

Other notable musical alumni of this period include current **Chancellor Don Tapscott '66**, who performed in the group Boys in the Band during his campus days. Now, in addition to being an incredibly influential management advisor, Tapscott helps raise money for charity with his group Men in Suits, whose other members are fellow Bay Street Rollers.

Source: Trent University Archives



Above: Stephen Stohn, one of the founders of Trent Radio Service, 1968

Left: Popular local group Peter's Half Dozen in concert at Trent

Below: Visiting artist, Miss Cunliffe



Source: Trent Annual



Source: Trent Annual

Socialist radio comes to Peter
 MCFEE: the ever de-
 CRC radio's
 take Buckley's cough medicine.
 Arthur: Most great sters have
 their own particular way of
 on after the show. What's
 stray chickens. kin
 gees. I suppose,
 grew up. One day a
 my door and I let t
 studio. Eventual
 rived. They live
 they squa

1970s

This was the decade when Trent's music scene grew into full flower—when the Jazz Club was founded and held regular events at the Commoner Pub. However, many bands and individual musicians made their mark on Peterborough during this period,

such as Dandy Rat, 100 Proof, fiddler **Ken Brown '78**, and **John Muir '75**, the current manager of Trent Radio.

As the Jazz Club's profile grew, its performance venue moved to Sadleir House in 1976, and it even played host to visiting

JAZZ GOES TO COLLEGE
1990/1991

T	NOV. 22	N.O.M.A.
H	DEC. 6	Billy Cole Trio
U	JAN. 17	Brian Hughes Group
R	FEB. 13	Space Trio
S.	MAR. 14	Frayne McCann Duo

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, 1000 COLLEGE ST. (at the corner of the main entrance)
JAZZ GOES TO COLLEGE. A series of 10 concerts in the historic Sadleir House at the corner of the main entrance of the main entrance of the main entrance.

March 14, 1975

Born to boogie

don mike
paul JOHN BULL'S
OTHER ISLAND

performers from outside Peterborough as part of a concert series called "Jazz Goes to College." The perfect cap to this decade's litany of musical achievements, however, was Trent's decision to give Gordon Lightfoot an honorary degree in 1979.

Peterborough (93.5 FM)

Mr. McFee can be heard at midnight at 93.5 FM. This

Mounted Choir and have them sing old hymns, especially "Bringing in the Sheaves", and in this manner I will spare the religious people.

Arthur: Thank you. It's been delightful.

McFee: Yes, it has.



Stan Rogers

1980s

During the 1980s, the Jazz Club continued to grow, and it expanded to accept performers from a variety of genres, including folk, rock, funk, spoken-word pieces, and performance art. The Peter Robinson Cabinet fostered such variety by continuing to invite musical performers from outside of Peterborough, including Jane Siberry and Spirit of the West. Notable musical alumni of this period include **Walter Quinlan '81** and **Jeremy Ward '89**, now a curator with the Canadian Canoe Museum.

Trent's 25th anniversary celebration, including the amazing coup of a performance from Blue Rodeo, was undoubtedly the high point of the decade's musical achievements. That year was also when the Peterborough Folk Festival was founded. However, the '80s weren't always a time of growth and development within Trent's musical community—in 1982, the world had to bid farewell to alumnus and noted folk musician Stan Rogers, who died in a fire aboard a plane during his return from the Kerrville Folk Festival in Texas.

1990s



Music at Trent flourished during the alternative era and new bands formed, including The Spleen Bishops, Boot Factor 5, and Muddy Children, the latter of which experimented with the fringes of folk music. Other bands from this time included the Born Again Pagans, Hot Piss, and Zero Conspiracy, which was formed in 1991 by members of Peter Robinson College. Some of the members of Zero Conspiracy formed a follow-up band called More Nasty Reds that played until 1994.

Alumnus **David Tough '91** was a member of many 1990's bands and an exceptional solo performer. He was often found on stages across Peterborough, including The Hangman, Market Hall, and the Union Theatre. He and fellow alumna **Kirsten Addis '93** also played with Dub Trinity. *Continued on the next page.*



Dave Tough reclines in Sadleir House for a 7th Fire Records promotional photo.



The Burning Hell open for Blue Rodeo on the 50th Anniversary Kick-Off Weekend.

2000s

A discussion of this decade in Trent’s musical history wouldn’t be complete without Peterborough darlings the Silver Hearts, who dominated the decade from their home at the much-beloved, dearly-departed Montreal House on Alymer Street. Originally a duo, the Silver Hearts expanded to become a huge and varied ensemble that included instruments like the sousaphone and theramin, and their album *No Place* was voted Best Album of the Year by CBC’s *Bandwidth*.

This decade also saw the renewal of the Peterborough Folk Festival, as Trent alumna **Candace Shaw ’98** became Executive and Artistic Director and oversaw efforts to rebrand the festival and increase its funding. Shaw, in addition to being a former juror for the Juno Awards and the Canadian Folk Music Awards, is now an events coordinator with the Distillery Historic District in Toronto and runs Secret Frequency, a project to promote independent roots musicians.

However, the variety doesn’t end there; a new set of voices emerged on the scene at this time—the Unity Singers, an a cappella group of students and staff members from Trent’s Indigenous Studies department. In addition to performing original songs, Unity also sing traditional Aboriginal songs and work with elders of various First Nations.

The second half of the 2000s saw the germination of yet another wildly successful musical collective, as **Mathias Kom, Ariel Sharratt** and **Nick Ferrio** started the Burning Hell. The Hell have gone on to achieve massive cult status with audiences around the world.

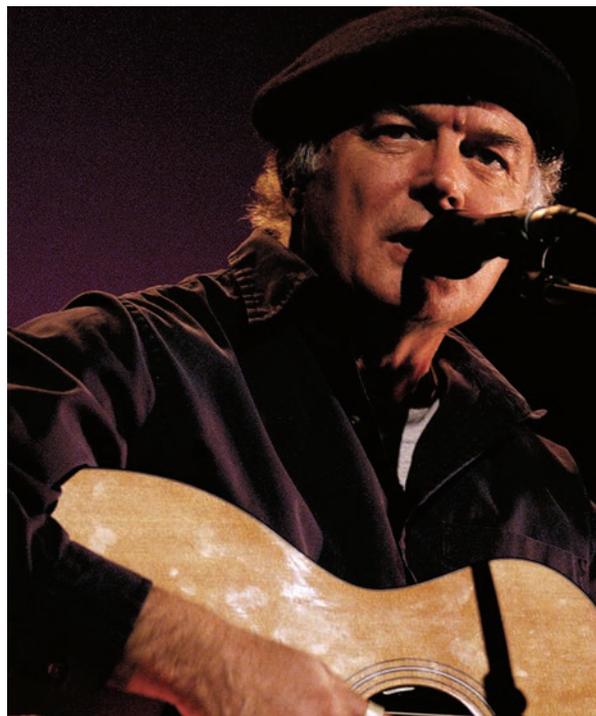
MUSIC AT TRENT *continued*

Trent’s focus on community involvement and engagement also found a new form of expression in Canned Tunes, a food drive founded by **Brendan Benson ’03**, former president of the Trent University Music Society.

2010-Present

Trent’s music community is thriving today, as new forms of expression and new bands form to keep the scene going. The Trent University Music Society now holds a Battle of the Bands competition, recent winners of which include bands such as Tienamen Square Dance; I, the Mountain; Television Rd; and Watershed Hour. The music just keeps on coming, too, as the Jammers Club and Concert Band have joined TUMS’s other groups, the Jazz Band, Madrigal Choir, and Concert Choir.

As Trent reaches its 50th year, it’s plain to see that music is an integral part of the community, connecting past and present together—how fitting that Blue Rodeo returned to Trent in August 2014 to do a reprise of its 25th-anniversary concert to celebrate another quarter century of music, community, and innovation. ■



Acoustic Waves, Ian Tamblyn ’67

THE COLLEGES *of* TRENT UNIVERSITY



Source: Trent University Archives

Above: October, 1965: The Champlain College Cornerstone is placed. From left: T.B.H. Symons, John Robarts, Premier of Ontario, and Jean Lesage, Premier of Quebec.



Peter Robinson House (now Sadleir House) was one of the first two University buildings (the other being Scott House at Trill) and the centerpiece to the male-only Peter Robinson College. It, too, opened for classes in 1964.



Above: Trill College was founded in 1964 as one of the two original colleges in the university—each named for one of the founders of the city and original settlers in the area. In the early years, Trill was a women's-only campus. Kerr House, pictured here, was opened in 1971.



Left: Lady Eaton College is the second oldest college on the Symons Campus of Trent University. It was established in 1968 and is named in honour of Flora McCrea Eaton, who helped support the University during its founding. The cornerstone laying ceremony featured, from left, Marjory Seeley, first Principal of L.E.C., Florence E. McEachren, daughter of Lady Eaton, and T.H.B. Symons.



Roy Nicholls Photography

Above: Otonabee College expanded Trent over to the East Bank in 1973. This co-ed facility offered residences for 340 students, a dining hall and common rooms, plenty of new academic space, and the brand new Wenjack Theatre.

Left: The opening of Peter Gzowski College took place as part of a week of celebrations highlighting Trent's 40th anniversary in 2004. The event concluded with a tree planting ceremony organized by the Peter Gzowski College student cabinet.



Left: Trent Psychology Professor Julian Blackburn subscribed to the novel idea that age shouldn't define a university student. In 1975, when a part-time college was formed, it was named after this early advocate. In 2001, Julian Blackburn College dissolved, becoming the Trent Part-Time Student Association.

ALUMNI *memories*

MURRAY HENDERSON '66

Green Gowns

It was September 1966. The good citizens of Peterborough and the first class of Champlain found themselves thrust together while we awaited completion of our residences on campus. We students were billeted all over the city. We had to make our way to various seminar rooms, lecture halls, libraries, labs and the dining hall at All Saints Anglican Church. To make travel easier, I bought a used Raleigh three-speed bicycle. The students wore green gowns that tended to billow out behind us if we had any speed. Now, imagine yourself to be looking out your windshield at the corner of Sherbrooke and Rubidge as I come hurtling along, books anchored to the luggage rack, gown streaming behind, in the effort to be on time for a class at Rubidge Hall. Around the corner I start under full power. Everything is in perfect balance. Suddenly, the inside pedal hits the pavement and lifts the back tire off the pavement. My bicycle, books, gown and I all end up safely in a heap against the far curb. I still imagine the laughter of the spectators. ■



Illustration: David Lasenby '64

MICHAEL LEVENSTON '70

Trent University Seeds Martial Art

The Great Hall in Champlain College has a place in the story of a modern martial art that today boasts thousands of members around the world.

Back in 1970, young men and women dressed in white karate gis would enter the Great Hall after supper and lift the heavy wooden tables to one end of the hall to make a makeshift gymnasium. They then did their best to sweep up leftover food and other refuse that students had spilled from their plates onto the cold, hard tiles. The class was always conducted barefoot, so the fewer squishes underfoot, the more pleasant the experience.

Our instructor was a muscular, long-haired enthusiast of seventeen named **Yuwa Hedrick-Wong '71**, who had arrived via San Francisco from Hawaii with his black belt in Goju-ryu karate. He had attended Punahou School in Honolulu, the same school that Barack Obama attended a few years later.

Yuwa became friends with his fellow students, laughed to encourage them as he taught, and led a gruelling workout long before the days of "boot camps." He was also a brilliant scholar and helped students after class with their studies.

In the dark winter evenings you could see Trent students in their whites running along the unlit road next to the Otonabee River, snow piled up around them, their breath crystallizing as they struggled back to their college. After the energetic class, some participants would socialize naked in the co-ed saunas in Lady Eaton and Champlain until late into the night! A great bond of friendship developed amongst them.



Photo courtesy of Michael Levenston

Yuwa Hedrick-Wong is a global economist and business strategist. He is the HSBC Distinguished Visiting Professor of International Business at the University of British Columbia in Canada, as well as being the global economic advisor to MasterCard, ICICI and Southern Capital Group.

Michael Levenston is the Executive Director of City Farmer Society, an urban agriculture group and education centre he helped start in 1978.

Sparring was mandatory, and students got their first experience of blows to the gut or head. Yuwa was a huge supporter of women in karate, encouraging them to participate and cautioning men to be respectful and helpful in training. This was the era when Bruce Lee was making his classic films, Chuck Norris was a fighting star, and stories about Japanese master Mas Oyama fighting bulls bare-handed circulated. We were caught up in the mythology of supermen with secret powers.

By 1974 we'd finished our studies and had gone our separate ways. Trent's first martial arts school was no more. Yuwa moved to Vancouver in 1976 and began training in his basement. I moved out West as well and resumed my training there. Soon he opened a formal school in the West End Community

Continued on the next page.

Centre, a hub of activity in the heart of one of Canada's densest populations. New students flocked to the energetic karate classes to learn Yuwa's "Nisei Karate-do." Trevor Davies, another old Trent student, became the senior black belt in the West Coast class, which trained many exceptional black belts, men and women. There I met Joan, who became my wife.

In the early 1980s, Yuwa, myself, and another senior student, a police officer named Al Arsenault, began to study with Master Shou-yu Liang, a world famous Chinese martial arts instructor who had just moved to Vancouver to take up the unique position of "Chairman of Wushu, Taiji, Qigong Instruction" at the University of BC Physical Education and Recreation Department. As we began to train with him, a close friendship grew, as did our respect for his skills and encyclopedic knowledge of the whole breadth of Chinese "wushu" (popularly called "kung fu" in the West). When we sparred, we used both our karate skills and his Chinese traditional techniques.

Out of this practice emerged the concept of a new martial art, which we formed in 1987 and named "Sanshou Dao." It would "transcend the boundaries between styles to allow for the integration of a highly practical and versatile system of martial skills," wrote Yuwa in the *Member Handbook*. "It functions as a bridge for martial artists all over the world to learn and share their knowledge, and to develop greater camaraderie between martial artists."

Today, International Wushu Sanshou Dao (IWSD) has become a global association of martial artists

encompassing thousands of students in over 150 different branch schools, in China, Russia, Singapore, Poland, Italy, Germany, France, England, Canada, and the USA. Over 100 teachers in the association hold 6th degree black belts and above. Many illustrious Chinese masters are on the advisory board, having joined out of respect for Master Liang's accomplishments. The IWSD has published three large-format pictorial books titled *Extraordinary Martial Artists of the World*. It also holds numerous competitions and an International Wushu Cultural Tour and Festival each year in cities across China.

Yuwa and I, two of the "founders" of this international martial art, are proud of their Trent heritage and remember with great happiness their days practising in the Great Hall at Champlain College. We continue to practise martial arts into our sixth decades. ■

ROBIN QUANTICK '78

In 1980, the most popular course on the Trent campus was Canadian Studies 300. It began every Friday morning at 9 a.m. with a film, followed by a lecture, followed by a discussion. There were spaces in the course for 50 people, hereafter known as the *favoured 50*. Each week 200 students packed the Bata Library lecture hall for the movie and lecture, after which they were ushered from the room.

While some were there to quench an academic thirst, my motives were more basic. Among the favoured fifty was a goddess; she had an IQ of 203 and a smile that made me weak in the knees. In short, she was way out of my league. I attended the Friday sessions in the hopes I would be noticed. To my credit I paid attention and found ways to work in what I had heard in class in those spontaneous moments when we "ran into" one another. This sounds much lamer than it actually was.



President Donald Theall, Chancellor Margaret Laurence, Honorary degree recipient David Suzuki and Board Chair Erica Cherney, 1981.

Trent University Archives

At regular intervals authors visited the course and did a two-hour Q&A with students. These sessions were held in the Champlain College Senior Common Room, and students enrolled in the course could bring a guest. In a moment of lapsed judgment the woman of my dreams invited me to attend the Margaret Laurence Q&A as her guest. In preparation I read and reread each of the books in Laurence's trilogy in the hopes I would impress.

On the morning of the talk, Prof. Wadland explained that Ms. Laurence was really quite shy, that we were to ask short understandable questions, and that this was one of those moments we would remember for the rest of our lives. His overview did not do the experience justice.

Ms. Laurence was a short, stout woman, the kind of person who enjoyed a good joke and did not suffer fools. She half walked, half shuffled into the middle of the room and sat in the chair provided. In her hands were two-extra large Country Style coffees; from her voluminous coat she produced two packages of cigarettes. The message was clear: "I'm doing this as a favor to Professor Wadland; when the coffee and cigarettes are gone so am I." And so it began, a series of focused questions and responses that illuminated and inspired. After 20 minutes it was clear to me that this was a woman whose intelligence and wit were beyond anything I had ever encountered. As the process unraveled, she continued to drink coffee and smoke, lighting each new cigarette from the one just consumed. Laurence was a whole body smoker in the tradition of Bette Davis. She would inhale as a question was asked, and from where I sat the more foolish

or clichéd the question, the longer she seemed to drag on the cigarette.

And then it happened: the stupid question of the day, a question so pretentious and full of itself that most students looked at the floor in embarrassment. It came from a young man in the corner, a tall drink of water whose head seemed too large for the rest of him. His question began with the long preamble of one who aspires to big words and rarified air. It involved metaphors and pathos, adjectives and social commentary, and Ms. Laurence loved it. She recognized the young man as the kind of person who mastered other people's ideas but had none of his own. For an instant there was the flicker of a grin and then she lit a new cigarette. In the next moment she inhaled, the ash at the end of the cigarette seemed to grow in a moment of time-lapse photography... and then she exhaled a cloud of smoke that enveloped her face...she paused and everybody leaned forward as if to catch her response, and then from inside the cloud it came...it was precise, understated and transcendent...she said,

"And here I thought it was just a helluva good story..." ■

BRENDA SMITH-CHANT '90

I came to Trent in the fall of 1990. I had recently become a single mom (of two small children). In order to escape a life on welfare, I decided to apply to every university in Eastern/Central Ontario. Getting in was a bit of a trick, as I did not have the qualifications to get into university (I was a pathetic student in high school), and I was applying as a "mature student." Fortunately, Trent accepted me as a mature student, although on academic probation. I came



to Peterborough not knowing another person in the community. At Trent, I found the support and intellectual stimulation to thrive. I took advantage of all the services—counselling, academic skills, professional office hours—the works. Each year, I did better; the probation was removed, and I managed to make the Dean's list. My professors started suggesting that I consider graduate school.

Until my graduation in 1994, Trent allowed me to balance being a mother, a student, and a contributor to the community.

I was well set up to make it into graduate school, where the mentorship I received in my research foundations meant that I was eventually able to qualify for a national scholarship. I eventually earned my Ph.D. and came back to Trent—this time as a professor in the Department of Psychology. Now, I have the joy of giving back. I teach our largest course (Intro to Psychology), where I am able to mentor our wonderful new students. I collaborate with the community on research projects in the area of learning. I contribute to service. I am thrilled to be at Trent. Over the years, I have become totally immersed in the Trent community. My children have both graduated from Trent (biochemistry and psychology/German). I got married in the Champlain Great Hall in 2005. In fact, the circle is truly complete for me, because Trent and I will turn 50 together. Congratulations, Trent—thank you for being there over the years. Happy birthday to us! ■

KATY WHITFIELD '97

June 1st, 2001 was the first time in Trent's history that it had ever rained on the outdoor convocation. Our class met in the afternoon on the field outside Otonabee College to assemble for the procession, crowding under umbrellas and hoping not to get our gowns too wet or ruin our hair-dos. We were all given an "emergency poncho," and as we walked, it was obvious that everyone in the audience had been given one too. But despite the rain, our spirits were certainly not dampened. My dad and sister wore green-and-white umbrella hats, which I had initially forbidden them from wearing, but in the excitement of the day, I was happy they were staying dry and sporting Trent's colours to celebrate with me!



Top left, clockwise: Board Chair Gary Wolff '67, President Bonnie Patterson, Honorary degree recipient Ernie Coombs, Professor Stephen Brown, 2001.

This was a convocation that I will always remember as a day of recognizing great Canadians. Peter Gzowski was our Chancellor and the honorary degree was conferred upon Ernie Coombs, better known as "Mr. Dressup." We all chuckled and applauded as the theme song to the Mr. Dressup show was played and as

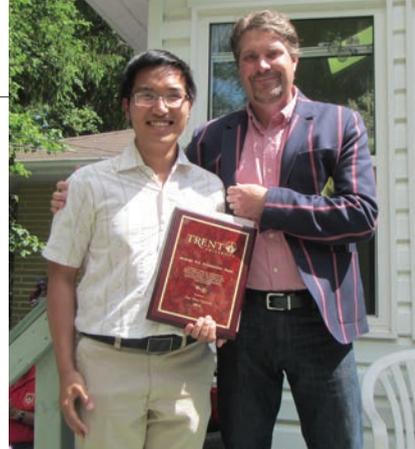
Coombs' hood was removed from the tickle-trunk. Ernie Coombs' words to the graduating class were particularly appropriate. He told us, "Always keep an open mind and an open heart. Don't take life too seriously—it doesn't last forever you know. And for the last time, keep your crayons sharp, your sticky tape untangled, and always put the top back on your markers." I didn't realize the significance of these words until sadly Coombs died that fall, followed by Gzowski in early 2002. As I sat at my desk in the Faculty of Education office at the University of Ottawa, I realized the truth to his words as life lessons. Coombs and Gzowski were two great Canadians who shared the stage with all Trent graduates on that rainy day in June. They shared their experiences with us, imparted wisdom, and left a lasting impact on Trent and its graduates, especially the graduates of 2001. ■

DUC HIEN NGUYEN '12

R.W.F. Stephenson Prize for Student Governance Recipient

I came to Trent three years ago under a scholarship from Trent International Program (TIP) that is worth more than 20 times the annual income of my whole family. And it is really difficult to exaggerate the life-changing impact that generosity has had upon me. If you knew me three years ago, you will recall meeting a reserved and quiet boy, hesitant to speak, and deferential. True to the stereotype, all I wanted was to be a good student, and I had little use for things like democracy and social justice. My culture trained me to listen and follow, not to question or to lead.

Three years on and now I am here, with some small success in both my



Duc Hien Nguyen receives his award from Lady Eaton College Head Michael Eamon.

academic and political pursuit. I am rooted in my Asian culture, but I have comfortably assumed the fluid identity of a global citizen. I have learned to think critically, to be confident in my own reasoning, to speak up for what I deeply care about. My transformative experience is nothing short of magical, and I doubt that kind of transformation could have happened anywhere else other than Trent. The reason is because right from its inception, Trent was architecturally infused with social values and democratic principles, which gave it a capacity to bring out and amplify the best in its members. For instance, we have one of the longest-standing international programs in the region and an amazing global network of students and alumni, but this success is only possible because of Trent's deep commitment to diversity and an unshakeable faith in the richness of global values.

Another highlight of Trent is an engaging and dynamic student body, but it begins with the trust that was put in us by faculty and administrators. Here, our thoughts, concerns and beliefs are valued more than any artificial hierarchy. That simple recognition, once discovered, cannot be erased. It emboldens us to challenge the norms, to engage in the way we were engaged, and to become who we are capable of, even long after we leave this institution. ■