

"We do not make science into a sort of fetish or idol, whose infallible oracles may only be received on bended knee. We see it merely as a grade of knowledge, but it is the highest grade and there is nothing else beyond it. It is distinguished from the humbler forms of knowledge only by greater clarity and distinctness; but that is sufficient for it to be the ideal to which all self-critical thought aspires" – *Emile Durkheim* (1895).

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Stephen Harold Riggins

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Life as a Trudeau Fellow

By Barb Neis

In November I will have completed one half of my three-year tenure as a Fellow of the Trudeau Foundation. The Trudeau Foundation is an independent and non-partisan Foundation established in 2002 to "promote outstanding research in the humanities and social sciences and foster a fruitful dialogue between scholars and policy makers." [Read more...](#)

A Wonderful Grand Discipline...

By Ivan Emke

Oftentimes, I've wished I could say that I fell in love with sociology on my first encounter. That I walked into a classroom as a raw college student, heard the first strains of classical sociological theory, and my life was changed forever. I wish I could say that I instantly recognized the webs of meaning and structure that made up my own experience. [Read more...](#)

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MUN in the early 1960s was an interesting mix of formal and informal modes of conduct. All instructors were expected to wear gowns to every class, a "tradition" that was already slipping when I arrived. [Read more...](#)



Sociology Society Executive. Back row: Myles Power (President), Matt Higdon (Social Chair), Norton Tseung (Vice-President). Front row: Danielle Moore (Treasurer), Janet Lucas (Social Chair), Alix Lynk-Johnson (Secretary), Ashley Britten (Social Chair). [More photos...](#)

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This is the first issue of the newsletter published by the MUN sociology department. Our title is a variation on a proposal made by Robert Hill, *Sociology on the Rock(s)*. I thought readers were smart enough to imagine the missing letter, although optimists may not get the point. The runner-up was *Screech: The Spirit of Sociology*. Another suggestion was *The Blueberry*, but we concluded that the reference to the wireless handheld device called the Blackberry might quickly date us. Volker Meja thought we should have a title referring to Newfoundland and Labrador's official flower, the Pitcher Plant, because it is flesh-eating.

Stephen Collington proposed a series of titles incorporating the university's acronym: *MUNdungus* (a word meaning "foul-smelling tobacco"); *Societas MUNdi*; and best of all, *Screech MUNdungus: Spirited Debate, Infumative Research*.

&

Sociology major Rachael Lasu, who came to St. John's in 2003 from Sudan, was featured in a front-page article in the July 2nd issue of *The Telegram*. Rachael and her twin sister were among 17 families throughout Canada who were sworn in as Canadian citizens at Rideau Hall in Ottawa at a special ceremony hosted by Governor General Mich elle Jean. "I've been other places before," she told *The Telegram* reporter, "but nothing compares to Newfoundland."

&

Ailsa Craig was interviewed in the July "Pride" issue of *The Scope*. She is quoted as saying: "Assimilation is not the only way to get your rights. Human beings come in all different sorts of ways and make all sorts of different choices. ...You can respect a choice that's different from your own, and you can respect a choice that you would never make for yourself. That is a more productive and joyful way to move through the world than to think that you're only going to get respect if you can fit in. Because then it's not actually about inclusion, it's about occlusion. It's about not being seen."

In September Dr. Craig was a guest lecturer in Rouen, France, where she spoke about the globalization of culture and international publishing.

&

Meagan Collins, who completed her M.A. in sociology this summer, has begun work as a Researcher with the Aboriginal Research and Litigation Support Unit of the Newfoundland Department of Justice.

&

Shawn Meyers, who completed an M.A. in 2006, has recently accepted a position with the federal government in St. John's in the Employment Insurance office as a Citizen Service Agent. The work includes helping members of the public process claims for employment insurance benefits.

&

On behalf of the undergraduate Sociology Society I would like to thank New York Fries for making a financial contribution to our student mixers. Thanks also to Janet Lucas for facilitating this contribution.

&

Karen Stanbridge was awarded an SSHRC grant for a project titled Children and the Nationalist Project in Finland, 1809-1939. "Children are often presented as the 'future of the nation' in nationalist rhetoric," she told a reporter for *The Gazette*. "Nationalist policies pertaining to children – education, welfare, etc. – can thus say a lot about how nationalist leaders envision their 'ideal' citizens and society. But for their visions to gain the support of the population, nationalist leaders have to shape their policies to complement prevailing understandings of children. These understandings have their foundations in the society's culture and institutions."

&

Congratulations to students who completed MA degrees in sociology this summer and autumn: Chad Somerton, whose extended research paper was titled "The Relevance of Social Capital to Small Business Owners in Rural Newfoundland" (Larry Felt, supervisor); Katherine Piercey, "Debunking Major Shoplifting Myths" (Anthony Micucci, supervisor); Malin Enstron, "The Social Construction of Honour-related Violence in Sweden" (Scott Kenney, supervisor); Leah Fusco "The Invisible Movement: The Response of the Newfoundland Environmental Movement to the Offshore Oil Industry" (Peter Sinclair and Bob Hill, supervisors).

&

Dr. Reeta Tremblay, Dean of Arts, organized a reception in November for campus authors. Five members of the department were honoured: Peter Sinclair (co-editor) for *Power and Restructuring: Canada's Coastal Society and Environment*; Barb Neis (co-editor)

for *Fishers' Knowledge in Fisheries Science Management*; and Linda Cullum, Carmelita McGrath, and Marilyn Porter (co-editors) for *Weather's Edge: A Compendium of Women's Lives in Newfoundland and Labrador*.

&

Prior to entering our Ph.D. program in September, Masoud Kianpour translated Erving Goffman's book *Stigma: Notes on a Spoiled Identity* into Farsi. His translation was published this autumn by the Markarz Publishing Company in Tehran. For The Clipboard he explained his interest in Goffman in these words:

"I first became interested in Goffman's work when I read a Farsi translation of Ritzer's *Contemporary Sociological Theory*. The short section on Goffman in that book was attractive enough for me to have the motivation to look for his original publications even though getting access to Goffman's books in Iran is not an easy task. I could obtain only one of his books, *Stigma*. When I began to read it, I was impressed by Goffman's personality as an objective, intellectual pessimist."

"I found him to be a sociologist with an acute eye and a powerful imagination. In *Stigma* he investigates people's misfortunes, weirdness, and even humiliation. He was interested in scrutinizing the shortcomings of people with delicate attention to the intimate details in their lives. His intentions were profoundly moral, easily distinguishable by a passionate defense of the self against society. His moral sensibility, the compassion he had for those whose selves are attacked, whose identities are spoiled, impressed me so intensely that I decided to translate *Stigma*, introducing Goffman to Iranian sociologists. Since none of his books are translated into Farsi, little of Goffman's research is available to Iranian students and professors."

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A Wonderful Grand Discipline...

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Sir Wilfred Grenfell College

"An advantage of sociology is that we live in our labs; although that can mean we feel like we're always at work"

Ofentimes, I've wished I could say that I fell in love with sociology on my first encounter. That I walked into a classroom as a raw college student, heard the first strains of classical sociological theory, and my life was changed forever. I wish I could say that I instantly recognized the webs of meaning and structure that made up my own experience. I wish I could say all of that. But I can't. You see, I came late to sociology. The only course I took in sociology as an undergraduate was from a wry, aging gentleman, muted in his approach to the topic until the very last class, when he showed us his research passion – advertisements.

Right from the beginning, I learned my sociology outside the discipline. All my sociological theory came from anthropology classes. My cultural studies insights, and all of those twisted trajectories of Marxian critical theory, from a communication studies degree. My early exposure to the study of human behaviour from a minor in public relations (at least I didn't learn it in psych class...).

However, despite appearances, sociology hasn't been an academic afterthought. Rather, it has become the box to collect all of my various interests. Like an intellectual gabion basket, those large nets of wires that somehow keep rocks of various shapes and sizes in place on stream walls – they make a foundation of diversity stronger. So I have long thought of sociology as doing the same, as providing freedom within a structure.

This view of sociology has certainly continued to be true in my experience in this province at Memorial University. Here at Grenfell College, MUN's west coast campus, I get to appreciate the intricate joys of working at a small college while still part of a larger entity with its qualities (such as our fine library system). I have a great deal of freedom to pursue research threads. In general, there is a lack of internecine warfare, maybe because we are too small to tear each other apart. Or, the room is too small to throw mud at each other (of course, we make up for it by throwing mud back and forth between the campuses... but that is another story for another time!). In this rather self-indulgent essay, I get to reflect on how being here in Newfoundland has affected how I do sociology.

I have heard it said (and I concur) that we do not choose our research topics; rather, our research topics choose us. The best we can hope for is an institutional setting in which we are allowed to follow through on the research that beckons. (As I write this, I recall that old image of Althusser's Ideological State Apparatus that "hails" subjects – as grad students, we'd sit in our offices and occasionally mutter, "is that an ISA I hear hailing me...?!"). I think that both of my current major areas of research were ones that hailed me, rather than the other way around.

First, the rural research. I grew up a farm boy, complete with all of the stereotypes. Naïve, field-smart but street-dumb, limited in exposure to the world outside – a country boy who felt like an outsider in an increasingly-urbanized world. Heck, I even went to one of the last one-room schools in rural Ontario! (And I use words like "heck!") In grade eight I was shipped to a big city school (well, it was a town of about 1,500 people, but things are relative aren't they?). Before the move, I had been the only one in my grade for almost five years. Now there were more people in my grade than there had been in my entire school! Of course I adapted and survived. But I remember the outsider feeling – that first recognition that being "rural" was different than being from "town."

Like so many others, one of my adaptations to growing up rural was to reject it for a time, to escape to the big cities. Throughout my university career (and for a couple of years before I entered university), I developed a taste for large cities. I liked the buzz, the energy, the anonymity. My research interests related more to big city topics. Rural was a part of my past, my own personal history, but not the kind of fodder for building a career. That changed when I moved to Newfoundland. I applied for a one-year job. "It'll be an adventure," I thought. It has been more than a dozen years now, and all of a sudden I'm in mid-career and I'm still here.

What started the shift in my research interests (and later my personal views on where I want to live) was the connection with rural. Technically, Corner Brook is a city, with its own Act under the Provincial government. But the real advantage of this place is its proximity to open spaces, to wilderness. In the time it takes those of you in St. John's to navigate Kenmount Road down to the harbour on a Saturday afternoon, I can go from the Valley Mall to well away from the sights and sounds of human habitation. The issues that pepper our daily paper (the one with the logo that states "something new every day!") are often rural issues. Many of the students I interact with regularly are from small rural communities, going through their own culture shock at having moved to the big city with two Mary Brown's and five Tim Horton's and a 10-story building. And, not to put too fine a point on it, coming from outside of St. John's means that, in the eyes of many, we have a certain "outport credibility."

It was in this context that rural research questions found me again, and beckoned. It was not necessarily an astute career move. In fact, being interested in rural matters still seems like being on the outside. In a discipline which often seems largely focussed on the lives and experiences of urban subjects, I can sometimes feel like a throwback, not included in mainstream concerns. Living and working here in a relatively isolated region contributes to that. But the key is to bloom where you are planted, and I'm in a rural area, so it simply makes sense to study that.

However, I have seen an evolution in my approach to rural research. I was once more meek and almost apologetic about (still) being interested in rural issues, but I have become more strident. I assert the value of rural. I deride cities as being selfish and unsustainable, in the long term. I have often thought that rural communities, rural citizens, need to be more assertive in demanding treatment equal to their value in our society (or equal pay for work of equal value?). I found a contradiction between my own

encouragement of rural folks to speak out and my own reticence to take a stronger line in academic fora. So, to reduce the cognitive dissonance, I am more comfortable in speaking out as well.

Of course, that opens me to a new range of criticism – the loss of “objectivity” when one is engaging in advocacy, the charge of “going native” (whatever that is), the naïve romanticism that may emerge, to choose a few. We have a responsibility to those we watch, learn from, and study. That was drilled into me in graduate and post-graduate work, when I was researching media constructions of HIV/AIDS and the rise of treatment activism around HIV/AIDS. In those contexts, the position of a detached and uninterested observer from outside wouldn’t get one very far. That does not mean, in any sense, that I celebrate every view and action of rural citizens. There are clear problems in some rural communities that stem from the actions of the communities themselves – e.g., a lack of cooperative abilities, unrealistic expectations, the replacement of the traditional entrepreneurial spirit with a sense of entitlement. But I begin by affirming the value of rural communities and rural citizens, and go from there. It strikes me that the drive for separation from the interests of our subjects is, at base, as much a form of pride or elitism as it is a legitimate methodological concern.

Whatever our motivation, the first steps in any research direction are often rather tentative. We walk lightly, off-balance, and ready to quickly retreat if we find the terrain too unfriendly. I first started doing rural research through existing interests of my own. Having been trained in Communication, and with an enduring interest in media issues, I was fascinated by the existence of a couple of small cable TV stations on the southwest coast (Burgeo and Ramea). These were community-owned and locally-controlled organizations that not only provided standard cable to the subscribers in the community, but they also sponsored a public access channel that broadcast local programs. Burgeo Broadcasting System, for example, was able to support two full-time employees, one focussed on technical issues and one producing local content (including a weekly news show for the community). All of this was possible with only just over 600 subscribers, who each paid about \$20 a month for a cable package.

Naturally, spending time in those communities, watching their programming, asking them about the vision that went into setting up these television entities (both were formed in the 1980s), I began to be drawn into the larger rural issues which surrounded the communities. I saw that when rural people were talking about their lives and hopes and challenges, or even singing about them, they were increasing their community capacity and social cohesion. They were increasing their confidence and their abilities to act as a community – their collective entrepreneurship. I spread out to other communication technologies, developing an interest in community newspapers and newsletters, and low-power FM radio. I participated in community radio events – short-term broadcasts licensed through Industry Canada, where the community provided the content and the talent and worked the mobile equipment.

While to me this was “research,” very broadly defined, for the community it was a process which served their needs as well. In an odd way, we were replicating what MUN Extension had done so many years earlier, during their phase of innovative experiments with community-based communication technologies. And the communities certainly remember MUN Extension, even though the university itself sold off the rights to the spirit of Extension (in the form of the Donald Snowden Centre) to the University of Guelph in the mid-1990s. This year, while doing some consultations about possibly setting up a rural research centre at Grenfell, I continually encountered rural residents who ruminate fondly on MUN Extension.

Driving around in rural Newfoundland, stopping to chat, spending time in research endeavours at the “end” of the road, I realize my privilege to be doing this as a part of my job. But there is a feeling of powerlessness as well sometimes. Is our job to understand the world of the rural resident, or to also advocate on behalf of that world? Is our job to understand the workings of power and leave it at that? Or is advocacy a part of our role?

I do feel that both MUN and SWGC are supportive of the rural research work that is going on in this province, if only as a way to show their engagement in the life of rural Newfoundland. Indeed, one of the strategic directions of our university is to help strengthen rural Newfoundland. In many ways, this may be an attempt to go back to a position it used to enjoy, or an attempt to catch up to where it could have been. Whatever the motivation, it is a guiding principle, and one rarely looks a good strategic direction in the mouth.

The second major research garden that I currently putter about in also chose me, and has also been fertilized by doing sociology here in this province. Members of my family have been involved in the Funeral Home business as long as I can remember. The local funeral establishment around where I grew up was the Emke Funeral Home. (It is now McFadden and Emke, and will soon be just McFadden, which shows how my family has chosen to avoid the “dismal occupation.”) My father had considered a life in Funeral Services, but chose farming instead. I didn’t think much about funerals and death customs when I was growing up, but I was not shielded from those matters either.

However, it was when I was an anthropology student that I started to wonder more about the role of the Funeral Director in our culture. There we were, learning about the death customs of all manner of other cultures, reading their values from the ways that they treated their dead or affirmed their grief-stricken. When it came to our own culture, there was almost nothing written about how our death customs had changed so radically, especially after the rise of funeral professionals (sometimes called “deathcare” workers).

The watershed event to call me to this area of research was still to occur. In the early 1990s, my partner and I had a child who had a serious heart defect. While he lived for about nine months, and we brought him home (along with lots of medical technology), he nevertheless died after a surgery. We all grieve in our own unique ways. I, ever the academic I guess, delved into the literature on grief and death and dying with fervour. Part of this was motivated by my own need to gain some perspective on what had happened and on how I was “doing.” I began to realize the importance in my own experience of being able to engage in rituals around the death of our son – including those which were assisted by a very helpful funeral director. In the end, that experience opened a research door. Having now attended a number of conferences focussing on death and dying and/or funeral customs, I have found that my own journey to that research topic is not unique.

Many folks within death studies have had their own “watershed” experiences which brought them to the field. Do I think that their own personal experiences have limited the value of their research findings or somehow constrained their findings? Not for a minute. In fact, death conferences are the most invigorating ones I attend – folks engage in all of the usual serious discussions, but there is an underlying richness to much of the research which is flavoured by the knowledge that what we are studying *matters*, and the conviction that there is a link between personal experience and public expectations. The sociological imagination is the centrepiece on every table at such a conference.

While a research topic can “hail” us, how it is actually pursued varies depending on our social context. In terms of my research on

DDD (“death, dying and disposal,” a UK term which may seem a touch jarring at first), it was initiated by personal experience, but its shape was determined by research gaps here in the province. I noticed that it was largely folklorists (bless them all) who were the ones who had collected information on death customs in Newfoundland and Labrador. However, their studies were generally well and truly out of date. The stories of house wakes and wake amusements are delightful and provide insight into a particular time. But since the 1960s, Funeral Homes have blossomed across the province. When they arrived in a community, even what we might consider a very “traditional” area like Burgeo or Ramea, people quickly abandoned the old customs and gave their business to the new Funeral Directors.

I was convinced that this affected the nature of the funeral rituals, and the ways that we mourned and said goodbye to those who death claimed. Research trajectories remind me of the pesky “mile-a-minute” plants in my back yard. They pop up and branch out in unexpected directions, but always with some connection to the parent plant. After working on the implications of the rise of Funeral professionals, I turned to the occupational socialization of funeral directors and embalmers, to the relationship between clergy and funeral directors, and other related topics (like the issue of winter burial vaults in this province).

Newfoundland has been a very fruitful area for me in regard to this research. For one, the changes in funeral customs are rather recent in this province, and we are still going through some of the shifts that happened many years ago in parts of Central Canada and the US. The province is thus a useful field site. And in terms of my institutional setting, doing the sociology of DDD here on the Rock, I have always found acceptance and interest. Sure, there is the ribbing, the regular reference to me in the hall as “Dr. Death,” but that has faded over the years.

What remains is a legitimate collegial (and media) interest – occasionally even a “fascination,” which I don’t know how to handle – in this area of research. In some ways, folklore set the ground for me in this topic area. I have less trouble convincing colleagues that this is a valid research area. And the institutional setting has offered freedom to continue to research this area, as well as to regularly teach a course in social and cultural aspects of death (which many of my students say is the best course they’ve ever taken – not due to my teaching, I’m sure, but due to the richness of the topic).

These two research threads, rural and death, rarely come together. Oh, I make the occasional reference to certain economic development strategies as being “palliative care for communities” – we take away the pain, but don’t address the underlying causes. Both are examples of research that fit with my background, but which have been affected and strengthened by the context in which I work and live.

Achieving some kind of balance is a goal for all. Some kind of a balance between work and life, between interests and demands, between personal passions and institutional expectations. A balance between responsibility to the communities in which we work and responsibility to the disciplines that we help to build (the interests of the two may not always be totally compatible). Living in Newfoundland, and working at MUN’s Corner Brook campus, has offered that chance at balance for me. I do not always achieve it, nor recognize its presence, but given this chance at self-reflection I see it as a persistent quality of my career here at Grenfell/MUN. I look forward to reading about other people’s journeys in *Sociology on the Rock(s)*!

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Sociology at Memorial University in the 1960s

By Noel Iverson

MUN in the early 1960s was an interesting mix of formal and informal modes of conduct. All instructors were expected to wear gowns to every class, a "tradition" that was already slipping when I arrived. By 1963-64, most of the faculty had quietly discontinued the practice – a relief to Ian Whittaker, whose English gown was trimmed in rabbit fur, which had caught numerous times on the banisters of the stairs (Ian was always rushing to class), leaving him trailing several feet of soiled rabbit fur as he launched himself in and out of the classroom.

Some of the "old guard" in the well-established disciplines – English, philosophy, classics – refused to abandon the gown, regarding us "newcomers" as unmannerly in speech and dress. Interestingly, we smoked everywhere, even in classrooms and seminars. Many smoked pipes; I preferred cigars, and students smoked as they wished throughout lectures. One, the son of a notable family (his father had been a Senator), routinely puffed away on a large Cuban cigar, sometimes forcing students seated next to him to move to the back of the class. No one complained, and I never thought to.

There was considerable "fraternization" across departmental lines, a reflection of how few of us there were; I got to know instructors in most of the departments, all of whom gathered over coffee and tea in the Arts Commons Room at noon time. Already a "multicultural" bunch, the faculty engaged in conversations that were often lively. Life at MUN in those days was in general a pretty easy-going, informal experience. We had parties at each other's digs every other week, some lasting until dawn on Sunday, our incipient sobriety soon to be welcomed by the ringing of church bells throughout the city.

The word that best describes my experiences during my two years at Memorial University is "whimsical." I suppose my students saw me, in turn, as a bit of an odd duck. I learned some years after leaving MUN that my students had a devil of a time deciphering my Midwestern accent and paid close attention to my (to them) impressive wardrobe of suits and ties. Unfailingly polite and on time, my students accepted all classroom assignments without complaint, never objected to a poor grade, and were rarely late in handing in their written work. Never since have I taught such courteous and industrious students.

Lacking a proper library and short on textbooks, Ian Whittaker, Roger Krohn and I routinely assigned several paperbacks, often monographs, for each course. The bookstore consisted of a large closet on the ground floor of the Arts Building, too small to enter, where students and faculty picked up books for their courses. I remember assigning for Sociology 100 Margaret Mead's *Coming of Age in Samoa*, Ruth Benedict's *Patterns of Culture*, Erving Goffman's *Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*, Clyde Kluckhohn's *Mirror For Man*, Freud's *Future of an Illusion*, and Edward Sapir's *Language, Culture, and Personality*. My students took all this in stride, never indicating (to me at least) that such a required reading list might be burdensome.

Far more deferential than today's run of university students (I was always addressed as "Sir" and never had to compete with classroom chatter), they were not without a sense of humor and playfulness: One day I arrived at my afternoon class in social problems to discover that my desk was turned upside-down, wastepaper basket on top, and all my students were sitting on top of their desks pushed to the back of the classroom, grinning broadly. It was April 1st. They invited me to my first hockey game that same evening (one student was captain of the university team).

These were the same students who, in 1963, the university authorities saw fit to cast in a more somber light. In October of that year the faculty and students received a small pamphlet of barely 19 pages and measuring 4" by 6" with the ominous word "discipline" in capital letters on its cover. Soon thereafter known as the "Little Yellow Book," and nefariously compared to Mao's "Little Red Book," this inauspicious manual created an immediate stir and led to a showdown between many members of the faculty and the university administration. Its brief Preface, signed by President Ray Gushue, set the tone:

Only four or five years ago, almost everyone in the University knew everyone else and such few disciplinary problems as there were could be solved almost informally.

Today conditions have changed. No longer do members of the Faculty know all their students in the way they once did.

As Memorial continues to grow, it would seem inevitable that the number of the irresponsible and unruly among us will rise, just as the number of those who will bring credit to us will also rise. In order, then, to maintain that high standard of behaviour of which we are justly proud, to curb those few who might lower that standard, and to regulate conduct in different parts of the University, the Senate has framed the following Rules – many old, some new – so that all our members will know their responsibilities.

The Preface then notes that the Disciplinary Code states a number of offenses and a range of penalties – "to make the punishment fit the crime" – to which is attached a schedule of fines. The President concludes that while the Disciplinary Code is not meant to cast "any reflection on the behaviour or high sense of responsibility of almost all our students," there should be no doubt as to its intention: to provide a means of reminding delinquents that, while they are members of Memorial, they will not disregard the pledge they made on their admission to the University – "to abide by the statutes and regulations governing the University and to uphold its dignity and fair reputation" – at their peril."

Whew! What's intriguing about this panoptical scheme (in Foucault's fevered imagination but further confirmation of capitalism's inexorable caging of minds and bodies) is that, as we soon learned, it all began quite innocently in the summer of 1963 as an attempt to put together a manual regulating parking! One thing led to another, it seems, and by summer's end the enthusiastic framers of MUN's first set of parking regulations had expanded their terms of reference to include the surveillance, regulation, and punishment of all bipedal units of locomotion exclusive of staff and faculty units.

This ambitious scheme called upon the members of the faculty, the officers of the University, and the Council of the Students' Union to control the general conduct of students and report all offences to the proper authorities. Reportable offences included: residing in off-campus accommodations not approved by the University; failure to wear jackets and ties (male students) and wearing slacks or "spike" heels within University buildings (female students); behaving in an "improper or unbecoming manner" (both sexes); displaying "insubordination," loitering "without authority," and failing to carry one's identification card at all times. Penalties for a wide range of offences varied from extreme (expulsion) to moderate (exclusion from an examination) to mild (fines of \$2 to \$25). For the average student, a \$25 fine in 1963 would have been a hardship, equivalent to \$250 to \$300 in today's dollar. Technically, a student who had committed a third offense (such as swearing at an instructor) could be fined the maximum, and would not receive credit for his or her course work during the session until a fine was paid. All members of the faculty were expected to report any infraction of the rules by a student to the Head of their department. Any student who failed to produce an identification card on demand could be reported to the authorities.

No sooner had the LYB hit our desks than we began to consider a way to thwart it. Ian Whittaker led the revolt. He persuaded his colleagues to press for an emergency meeting of the entire faculty, which was called soon thereafter. Gushue presided, flanked by the Deans and officials of campus security. Just about everyone was there, in the Arts Building's auditorium, Little Yellow Book in hand. Its drafters lamely admitted that what had begun as an exercise in regulating vehicles on campus soon grew into something more. One, a Dean of Physical Education, explained the need for a code book that might help curb the libidinous impulses of some students, namely, those seen "smooching" (his word) after hours in the long tunnel to the lone student residence. He recommended locking the tunnel doors after 6 p.m.

After several minutes of sometimes heated discussion, Ian rose to state his general objection to the entire scheme, comparing the issuing of student identity cards to South Africa's notorious internal passport system, and finishing his rhetorical denunciation of the LYB by declaring that there is no place for an apartheid system at Memorial University! It was his finest moment. A quick vote resulted in a landslide defeat for MUN's ill-conceived foray into student management. President Gushue issued a gracious apology to the entire faculty, and no more was heard of the LYB. It has been conveniently forgotten, unregistered in the University's annual report.

Noel Iverson (Ph.D. University of Minnesota) taught sociology at Memorial University from 1962 to 1964. He retired as a professor of sociology at the University of New Brunswick. He now resides in Hamilton, Ontario.

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Life as a Trudeau Fellow

By Barb Neis

In November I will have completed one half of my three-year tenure as a Fellow of the Trudeau Foundation. The Trudeau Foundation is an independent and non-partisan Foundation established in 2002 to "promote outstanding research in the humanities and social sciences and foster a fruitful dialogue between scholars and policy makers." Every year, the Foundation selects up to five fellows and awards them a Trudeau Fellowship prize and approved travel and networking expenses for a three-year period. Fellows work in one or more of the following areas: Human Rights and Social Justice, Responsible Citizenship, Canada and the World, or Humans and their Natural Environment.

Nominations for Trudeau Fellows are unsolicited which means you don't know you have been nominated until you get a call from the President of the Foundation indicating you have won the prize. I remember my own call like it was yesterday. Prior to talking to Stephen Toope I had only a vague awareness of the Foundation's program for outstanding doctoral students. I knew nothing about the programs for Fellows and for Mentors.

I have very much enjoyed my tenure as a Trudeau Fellow. The prize has helped me fund many activities including: the development of a web-based and searchable annotated bibliography on gender and fisheries; background research on the history of occupational asthma and allergy to snow crab in Newfoundland and Labrador; a partial fellowship for a graduate student in sociology working on rights-based management of fisheries; partial funding for a postdoctoral fellow who will do a comparative analysis of four different community-university research alliances (two in the field of health and two in the social sciences) to see what worked, when and why in these case studies.

We will use the results of this research to guide the development of a new Community-University Research Alliance (CURA) I am heading up that was recently funded by the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council. This CURA brings together a new interdisciplinary team of researchers and multiple community partners to explore ways to promote the recovery of Newfoundland's fish resources and fishery communities. My Trudeau Fellowship will also partially fund a second postdoctoral fellow who will work on the vital issue of governance of fish resources and fishery communities within this CURA.

I have used my travel and networking funds to pay the costs associated with participating in two Trudeau Foundation Summer Institutes where I have had the opportunity to network with other Fellows, Mentors and Trudeau Scholars and to mentor some scholars working on environmental issues. Last year I attended the annual Trudeau Foundation conference entitled Muslims in Western Society and this fall I will be attending their conference entitled A Climate of Reconciliation: Economy, Social Justice and the Environment. The Muslims in Western Society conference was completely outside of my field of expertise and competence but is obviously of great relevance to our larger society. It was a real privilege to have the opportunity to step outside of my day-to-day work and explore some of the complex issues related to this other field.

Within my own work on seafood processing occupational health, Trudeau Foundation funds have partially funded an information and policy workshop in this field in Battle Harbour, Labrador, and a meeting of experts in Participatory Ergonomics in Boston. Finally, Foundation travel funds have permitted me to visit colleagues in Norway and Iceland and to nurture collaboration with these researchers including collaboration on new research proposals. The funds have allowed me to participate in a range of conferences related to migration and fisheries, gender and fisheries, the epidemiology of occupational health and critical realism.

A prize like the Trudeau Fellowship brings with it responsibilities as well as opportunities, challenges as well as new freedoms. I can think of many scholars who, in my opinion, are at least as much, if not more deserving of this award than I am. All I can do is hope that they will have equal opportunities to have their work recognized. Another challenge comes from the collaborative nature of the research which I do. Much of the research I have done over the past fifteen years has been accomplished through interdisciplinary teams. When you work like this, there are no clear boundaries between your own contribution and that of others and I have learned a great deal from colleagues and students.

I hope that the goals I have sought to achieve with the Fellowship are goals which they would value as part of a shared, collective project to find ways to restore degraded marine ecosystems, rebuild devastated communities, and establish safer and more humane work environments. Last but certainly not least, almost all of the work I have done over the past thirty years has taken place in Newfoundland and Labrador's fishery communities. Social science research cannot happen if people and communities are not willing to engage with that research and bring their knowledge, observations and experiences to it. It requires their trust, time, commitment, and a willingness to share.

Over my career I have been invited into hundreds of Newfoundland and Labrador kitchens in many parts of the province. In those kitchens I have often found pain, anger and frustration. But more often, and even where there was pain, anger and frustration, I have also found pride, a tremendous generosity of spirit, as well as humor and wisdom. I have had the privilege of teaching and supervising students from many of these communities and taken joy in their accomplishments. From the beginning I have thought of the Trudeau Fellowship as belonging as much or more to these people and places as to myself and can only hope that I have been an effective steward of this shared resource.

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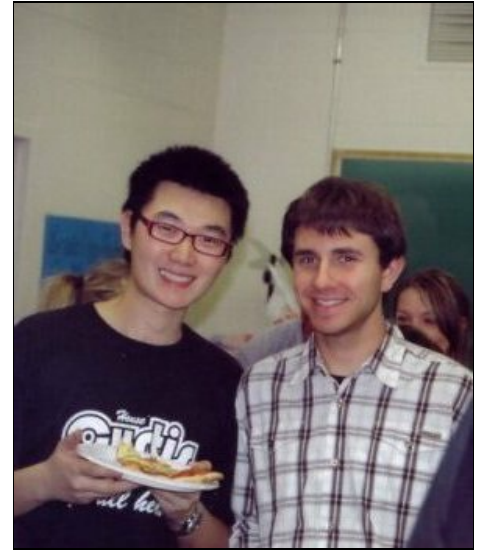
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Sociology Society Mixer, October 2007



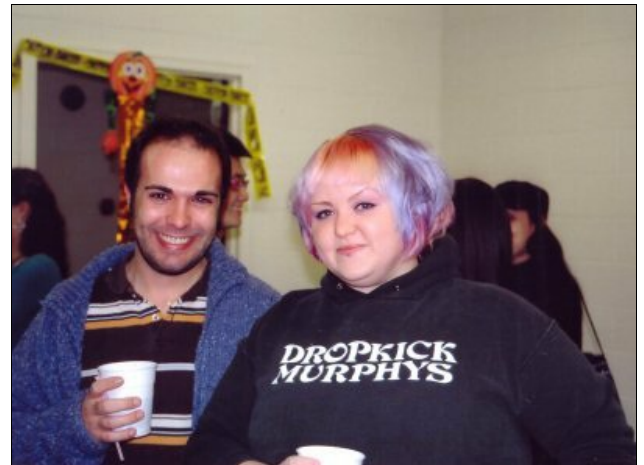
Sociology Society Executive. Back row: Miles Power (President), Matt Higdon (Social Chair), Norton Tseung (Vice-President). Front row: Danielle Moore (Treasurer), Janet Lucas (Social Chair), Alix Lynk-Johnson (Secretary), Ashley Britten (Social Chair).



Norton Tseung and Kevin Forney.



Miles Power.



Gerald Clancey and Jennifer MacPherson.



Allyson Stokes, John McLevey, and Kelly Greenfield.



Peter Little, Sharmene Allen, and Janice Kennedy.



Monique Bourgeois and Kelly Greenfield.



Masoud Kianpour and Kate Hickey.



John McLevey, Miles Power, Matt Higdon.



Alix Lynk-Johnson and Amy Hanrahan.