

# Surprise!

## Inuit arrive in Addidas

By Joanne Baker

Metcalfe residents have never considered their village part of the sunny south, but it was positively balmy to 23 Inuit students, aged 13 to 15, from Coral Harbour, Northwest Territories, about 2,800 miles (4500 km) north of Ottawa.

The students arrived last May 7 for a week of touring and exchanging ideas with grade eight students from Metcalfe Public School. And by week's end it was obvious that both Coral Harbour and Metcalfe students had learned a lot about each other and themselves.

Their trip, and a return visit north by their Metcalfe hosts May 29 - June 4, was sponsored by a \$30,000 grant from the federal Secretary of State's Open House Canada program. The spade work for the trip was done by Metcalfe teacher Rick Chataway, and Tom Thompson, teacher at Coral Harbour, organized at that end. Metcalfe's Vice-Principal, Ethelwyn Carkner acted as Exchange Co-ordinator.

At first most of the Metcalfe kids were apprehensive and more than a little shy about receiving their Inuit guests. The suggestive powers of the unknown had gone to work beforehand, and some probably expected their Inuit boarders to arrive fur-clad, with harpoons clutched at-the-ready. But when the Inuit poured off the DC-3 in tee-shirts, blue jeans and Addidas runners - mirror images of their hosts - it was obvious that the so-called cultural exchange would be successful.

Most of the work was spent visiting the various Ottawa museums and institutions that tourists usually take in. On Parliament Hill the northern visitors were welcomed by Wally Firth, MP for the Territories, who spent some time discussing points of interest with them and

answering their questions about Government and the House. A mid-week excursion to Upper Canada Village at Morrisburg, opened just for them by St. Lawrence Parks management, was a highspot. Visits to area farms, with opportunities to try a very inexpert hand at milking and choring, were also a big hit, and a lunch stop at the farm of Ethelwyn Carkner proved a popular event. An old donkey well past retirement got a real workout from children who had never seen common farm livestock in their lives.

For most of the Coral Harbour students it was a first exposure to all the "amenities" of the down-south, big-city lifestyle - T.V., the ever present auto (there are only three cars in Coral), fast-food chains and sprawling shopping plazas. Predictably, their reactions were mixed. Some were baffled and downright bewildered that people could really live our way, while others were delighted at each new twist of the Big Mac society. Their response to the film Close Encounters, for example, showed a 50-50 split between thumbs-down and thumbs-up camps. Is it wise to thrust the consumer society with its push-pull shopping centre mentality on kids from a tiny, isolated community where hunting is still the mainstay of life? They seemed resilient enough to take it all with barely a raised eyebrow, like most kids anywhere would. And, like most other kids their age, it was get-togethers and parties with other kids that really got them excited.

Like most tourists who escape to sunnier climates the Coral Harbour students capped their trip by returning with over-stuffed luggage.



### Pointing Home

When they were here the Inuit children visited the Inuit display at the Museum of Man in Ottawa. Mathew Noah, left and Noah Kudluk point to home on the northernmost tip of Hudson Bay.

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Kinnaird's at the Winchester Hospital, wondered if the occasion wasn't part of a bachelor's 40-year plot to get a good meal.

Larry Robinson remembered how "Doc" relentlessly pricked the same finger every time he went for a blood test.

As a sports trainer, manager and owner, "Doc" was likened to baseball great Casey Stengel "except he was all of these things at the same time."

We had the only team in the Russell Minor Hockey Association that had its own team doctor who also made road trips," Honey said.

Through it all, "Doc" sat quietly, perhaps a bit uneasily then, to the surprise of some, he rose to reply. True to his reputation, the first thing he did was express thanks of his own. He thanked "Teen" Campbell, his nurse, and Mildred Carscadden, who helped him with his books and he thanked the community.

"I wish to thank you very, very much for this evening and what it represents," he said. "I don't think I could have chosen a better place. I certainly appreciated being accepted in the community in the 40 years gone by."

His remarks drew a standing ovation.

Dr. Kinnaird, who was accompanied by his niece Catherine and brother Col. John, both of Halifax, was presented with a scrapbook commemorating his years in Russell and with a framed photograph of himself.

Mrs. Campbell was presented with a bouquet of red roses by Ernie and Margaret Burton of Russell.

Her sister, Mrs. Pearl Grainger, of Rochester, Minnesota, was there.

Visitors from as far away as Victoria, B.C., attended the dinner. CJOH weatherman Peter Emerson kept the proceedings moving at a lively pace as master of ceremonies. There was praise

from all quarters for the roast beef dinner catered by Bill and Roy Porteous, of Winchester. Rev. Leonard Woolfrey, of Russell United Church, said grace.

The evening climaxed with the unveiling of a plaque dedicating the arena to Dr. Kinnaird. A large framed photo-portrait of the doctor hangs above the plaque.

A plaque was also erected in the arena lobby dedicating a flower bed outside to the memory of R. Morgan Warner, long-time Russell merchant who passed away a few years ago.

While rumbling storm clouds overhead kept their distance, "Doc" assisted in unveiling the sign that officially dedicates the centre in his name, as officials and residents watched.

A poem by local resident Shirley Van Dusen, chronicling his years in Russell, was read and Dr. Kinnaird went inside to welcome his charges to the reception.

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