

# Floreat George

(in his retirement)

George Flower has been a good man to have as a friend. This Journal can say so, and the Faculty that publishes it has cause to know it also. To have in the office of Dean a man of complete administrative competence whose motive is ultimately friendship is a tremendous asset, as it is in the leadership of any organization. In his lifetime career in studies in educational administration, his own grasp of the principle has surely been an important part of what distinguished him (and that was a distinguished career).

The power that goes with administration is a lure to many, anathema to many; he knew all about that, and never let the thought distract him from skippering the ship, in the roughest weather, manipulating the many levers of his office so as to keep the Faculty in motion towards the fulfilment of its friendly function. (Education, as the crew at McGill understand it, is an exercise not of power but of friendship.)



Yet the machinery of a Faculty is made of people. When things happen it is not one individual alone who is the cause. It is only when decisions are welcome that those affected by them assume that a Dean is acting as impersonally as he is compelled to. Unwelcome decisions, though they have had many hands on the lever, are apt to be attributed to the personal leanings of the individual whose office makes him take them. It is not as if George Flower had no such leanings; he has strong personal tastes in many matters, and reacts to people with warmth of both kinds. But he knew how to let all that have its place without affecting his decisions of office; this was unusual, and not to be taken lightly or forgotten.

McGill can be a quirky, petulant, imperious, and cynical place in which to conduct affairs. A Dean of Education in a time of withering penury there has no more fun than in any other stronghold of academic elitism. But by demonstrating with all his integrity, skill, and ingenuity how a Faculty can retrench and yet simultaneously advance, George has won not only a greater security for his Faculty under fire, but also a great measure of personal respect and affection in the university at large. We wondered whether he had not burnt himself out in the process. But no, that's not him in the ashtray; that's him over there, filling another pipe - with more waiting in the rack.

**J.K.H.**



"Visage d'Oiseau"