

Student Administrative Council
Lakehead College of Arts,
Science and Technology.



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LAKEHEAD TECHNICAL INSTITUTE

YEARBOOK • 1957

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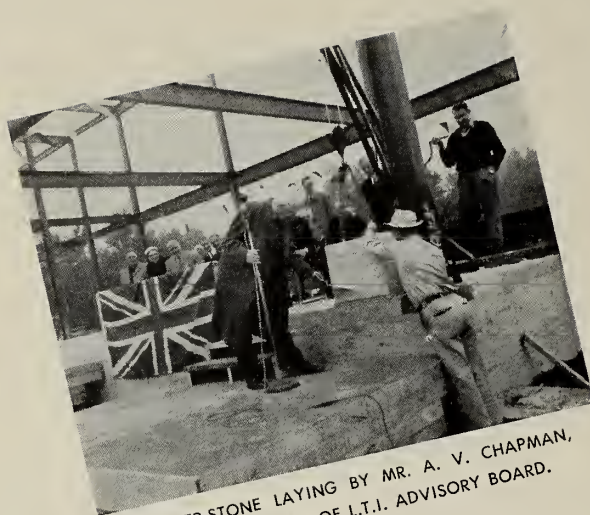




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CORNER-STONE LAYING BY MR. A. V. CHAPMAN,
FIRST CHAIRMAN OF L.T.I. ADVISORY BOARD.



SCHOOL IN PRESENT STATE OF CONSTRUCTION



Although the first attempt at providing a University at the Lakehead dates back more than 50 years it was not until 1945 that any successful co-operation was forthcoming from Lakehead residents.

In May 1945, Premier Drew of Ontario announced that a Technical Institute would be established at the Lakehead. On October 17, 1945, the present campus was designed as the future home of the new College of Arts and Science. On June 4, 1946 an order in council set up the Lakehead Technical Institute. On January 5, 1948 the first class in the school, consisting of 12 students in technical mining, was held.

In September of 1948, there were fur-

ther technical courses added and the University Division came into existence.

As late as 1956, however, the school was still functioning in its temporary quarters on Cumberland Street. Then by an act of the Provincial Government the "Lakehead College of Arts, Sciences, and Technology" was set up. Work was begun on the new building on the campus set up in 1945 and the new school will be ready for classes in the fall of 1957.

With this Year Book, and the class of 1956-57 an era in the history of the college at the Lakehead is closed and the new book of the "Lakehead College of Arts, Sciences, and Technology" is opened.

EDITORIAL

The year 1956-57 marks the end of a period in the development of a school of higher learning at the Lakehead. The advent of the term 57-58 will mark the casting off of the old ramshackle quarters on 100 North Cumberland Street and the move to new and better things at the new site on Oliver Road.

Keeping the above in mind, let us reflect on the accomplishments of the past years and the lines opened for improvement in the future. The immediate future offers no prospect for the lengthening of the courses; therefore, right at the start, we are faced with the problem of continuity from one year to the next.

Up to this date, the only link for succeeding groups of students has been the "Nor'Wester." This summer, Mr. Richard O'Donnell, aided by a few students, plans to form an alumni association. This will be an invaluable asset to the students, professors, and Board of Governors. The members will include all those graduates from L.T.I. of the past eight years, and the first meeting is expected to be held in the latter part of August.

Now let us consider this year at L.T.I. and search for any possible improvement that may have been overlooked in the past. The greater part of the first term is spent in feeble attempts by the students to adjust to their new environments. It is marked by splurges of effort in which the faint spark of ambition never reaches the dimensions of a flame.

The mood in vogue for this term is one of ease and complacency; there was a

burst of united effort as the Christmas exams rolled around, for as the marks indicated, few knew what was expected of them and fewer still what they were up against. The social schedule was equally disappointing. It consisted of one party poorly attended and a series of bowling parties that received a great deal more support, and a stag.

In the second semester, the teachers start to put on the pressure while students are still trying to recover from the effects of the revelation of their inadequacies—so rudely uncovered by the Christmas exam results. This period also marks the beginning of the winter sports, Curling, Basketball, and Hockey. By this time the students are fairly acquainted, and stags and parties are the rule on weekends. Then yet another distraction, "the Year Book", cries for attention, so reading groups also become the order of the day, and for two wild weeks flashbulbs pop on all sides. Students sensing the atmosphere of emergency make hasty efforts to hand in their contributions. At this time Dr. Miller's house becomes the meeting place for many aspiring young authors and poets.

If only this first term's apathy could be transformed into second term zeal, an earlier start in most things would provide for a more balanced year. Students must realize that going to University is a way of life, comprising not only classroom learning but also the more important aspects of learning to live with their fellows. If the athletic program were started earlier it would help the students to get used to combining work with pleasure.

Speaking from my own experience, I

would like to offer a few suggestions to facilitate the production of the Year Book. The advertising editors ought to get on the ball and start the advertising campaign before Christmas. The deadline for this department as well as photography should be at least two weeks in advance of the final deadline. This would enable the editors to check up on the material coming in, and advertising editors enough time to send out more letters if the estimate has not been reached. In the case of photography, this would give them an opportunity to forage around for any "shots" that might have been missed.

An effective means of keeping the

students aware of the activities on and off the campus is the monthly newsletter. A start was made this year and a couple of issues passed into the students' hands. The newspaper should contain topical gossip references, details of events scheduled for the future, as well as providing an outlet for artistic and literary talent.

It is fitting at this moment as we look back on the events of the past year, to extend a vote of thanks to all those who helped us to make this Year Book.

Waveney Gilbert

EDITOR

According to the Cynics

"Ladies and gentlemen: I have a terrible thing to tell you. Our poor old school is headed for the rocks; our teachers are useless ornaments; the students are a pack of listless morons; our organizations are nothing more or less than a group of money-grabbing cheats; our athletic and school activities are non-existent; the building itself is just about in ruins, and I am lead to believe even the year book is a farce. We have not a spark of life or school spirit in us. No—absolutely and positively!"

Now, for the poor bewildered first year student, I want to explain that all the above is just a canned variety of sarcastic hokum. You hear such ravings handed out every day by the "old men" around the school. We can say without reserve that our Lakehead Tech. is on a par with any school in Canada and better than most. We have

some of the best teachers in the Dominion, and outside of the "old men" just mentioned, the student body is alive and full of school spirit. For proof you need only drop into a Student Administrative Council meeting where debates are so rigorous that the president has had to become a professional wrestler, read the year book—the greatest publication in Canada, attend the basketball game, or just observe any of the school activities.

L.T.I. can stand with the best, in Southern Ontario or anywhere, so if you hear anyone making nasty remarks about our school invite him into the alley, and be sure to put one punch in for me too. We'll show the world "there ain't no flies on us".

Bob Hasell

EDITORIAL

With Convocation this year the "Lakehead Technical Institute" will pass out of existence and be supplanted by the "Lakehead College of Arts, Science and Technology". The Nor'Wester will continue to function, however, as the main means of keeping continuity between each successive year's classes. We feel, therefore, that it is the privilege of the Nor'Wester to make some constructive criticisms which might be usefully supplemented by the class of '57-'58 when they enter the new building.

This year, taking up the challenge thrown out last year, we endeavoured to produce a school newspaper. Although there were only a couple of issues, the ready acceptance by the student body shows that we are ready for such a publication. The length of time between issues has been necessarily long due to an endeavour to put out at least three pages at a time. The "news" around the campus as of yet is not sufficient to support a monthly paper of three or four pages; it is sufficient, however, to take a page each month. We would like to see the "L.T.I. Reporter" published next year with one page each month. This will keep everyone up to date on student incidents and thus leave the Nor'Wester free to publish literary contributions as its main function.

It has also been suggested throughout the year that a committee of students be set up to suggest a more suitable name for the new school. The present name in its length and rambling syllables does not lend itself to the common method of naming by ini-

tials. We hope that some name significant of this part of the country will be chosen.

The last idea which has been advanced, we hope won't have to wait until next year to be implemented. The idea is that of forming an alumni association. In all universities such a body exists, and is helpful to the students, as well as the board of governors and professors. I have committed myself to forming such a body, with the help of some of this year's students. The first meeting is expected to be held in the last part of August. Everyone who has been graduated from L.T.I. in the last eight years (that is since L.T.I.'s formation) will be contacted. It will be up to the student body to implement the ideas of this body.

We wish the best of luck to those who follow us for they have facilities which we have never had. The classes of '56-'57, as the last of the old school, have shown what can be done with temporary quarters. We want to see the new college grow in stature and position in the community through the students' endeavours. Then, maybe the Board of Governors will see fit to approach Toronto for the privilege of giving degrees in the final year in the University division, a privilege which was not embodied in the original charter to the "Lakehead College of Arts, Science and Technology" when it was set up in 1956.

J. R. O'Donnell

EDITOR

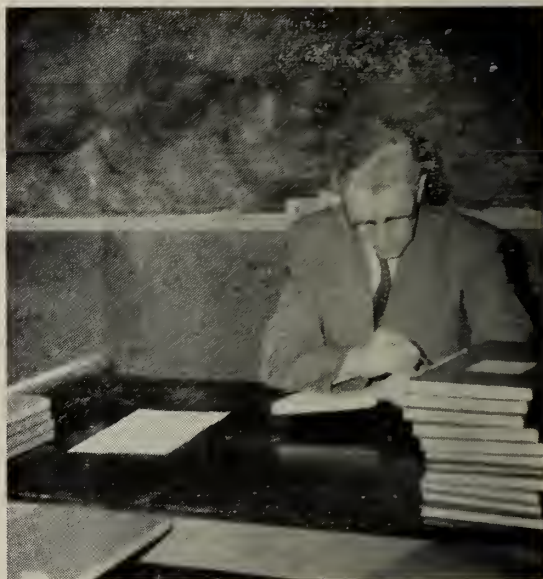
To the Graduates:

It is a privilege to extend sincere congratulations and every good wish to the graduating class. In all probability you will be the last class to graduate from the "converted army barracks" on Cumberland Street. On many occasions, I am sure, thoughts of "one year too soon" must have been common. There is one characteristic, however, which has been common to all graduating classes. Either because of, or in spite of, our inadequate quarters each class has formed a very close knit and intensely loyal group. There has been a sense of pioneering. It is my earnest hope that some of your spirit will be carried over into our new Lakehead College.

During the past week I read "Atomic Quest" by Arthur Holly Compton. I should like to make reference to two quotations.

The first quotation results from conversation between Lieut. General Leslie Groves who was the man in charge of the military aspects of the atomic energy program in the United States and Dr. Compton who was the chief scientific leader in the program. The two men were just leaving a meeting of scientists who were in charge of one of the experimental investigations. Differences of opinion were expressed freely and the meeting was a stormy one.

General Groves makes the following statement. "You scientists don't have any discipline. You don't know how to take and give orders." And Dr. Compton replies: "You are right General. We don't know how to take and give orders. *But a scientist, if he is a responsible man, has a different kind of discipline. It is not possible for any one to tell a scientist what he must do, for his proper course of action is determined by the facts as he finds them for himself. Then*



he needs a different kind of discipline. He needs to be able to make himself do what he sees should be done without having anyone tell him to do it." *

Early in 1945 it was evident to those who were closely associated with the project that an atomic bomb could be built and used in the war against Japan. It was equally evident that if such a bomb were dropped on a Japanese city the number of casualties would exceed any previous figures. The question was "Should the Bomb be used against Japan?"

It was evident that strong differences of opinion existed. A questionnaire was circulated among the group in the Metallurgical Laboratory at Chicago. There were a few who preferred not to use the bomb at all, but 87 per cent voted for its military use, at least if other means were tried and this was found necessary to bring surrender. Dr. Compton goes on to say:

* The italics are mine. H.S.B.

"My experience with this questionnaire has confirmed my faith in the reliability of democratic processes in judging matters of human concern.

"It is a striking fact that the same points of merit were presented with closely the same degree of relative frequency by men active in widely different areas. The groups to which I refer were: (1) The men of the Interim Committee, individuals concerned with human problems in their broadest terms and accustomed to accepting the responsibility for major decisions, (2) the mechanics in our shops who were working long hours in fabricating the bomb. When it comes to questions of value associated with human life, judgments are from the heart."

During your lifetime you will have to make many decisions. Some of them will be based on facts, many will be "judgments from the heart". You will be influenced by

unprecedented channels of communication—newspapers, magazines, radio and television programs with coast to coast networks. But it will still be up to you to make up your mind and act accordingly.

You are members of a select group—the five or six students out of one hundred who are undergoing advanced education. It will be your privilege and duty to accept more than your share of responsibilities. Some of your decisions may well have far reaching effects—not only for yourself and your family, but for the country as a whole.

It is my earnest hope that in your associations with your schools, your church and your community, you are building a strong sense of values and reliable standards by which to judge them.

Harold S. Braun

PRINCIPAL

THE

S.A.C. *President's* MESSAGE

It has been my privilege to fill the position of President of the Students' Administrative Council for the final year of the Lakehead Technical Institute.

As you all know the new college will be called the Lakehead College of Arts, Science and Technology. We wish our successors the best of luck in the new institution with the elaborate name. But I know that we who have gone to the Lakehead Technical Institute will never forget the old building and the great little room known as the Common Room where the accumulated wisdom of the ages has been unveiled.

We have tried to present an adequate social programme to a very lively student body. In this we have been able to profit by experience of the previous years. Informal parties and stags at the beginning of the

year have helped to acquaint the students with each other and hence the student body early became a unit. Technical, Arts and Applied Science Students have all joined to make a very interesting and enjoyable year.

The Council and I wish to thank everyone for their co-operation. We also wish to thank Dr. Miller, our adviser, and Mr. Braun, our Principal, for their advice and help.

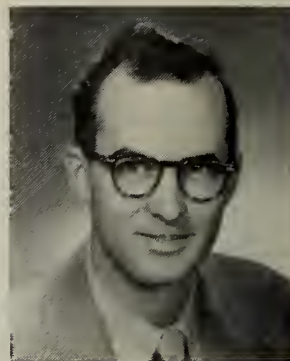
I would like to thank my fellow members of the Council, the Athletic Society and the Year Book Staff for the great work which they have done.

We of the Council hope that everyone's dream materializes and wish you all the luck in the world.

WALTER MALCHUK

PRESIDENT

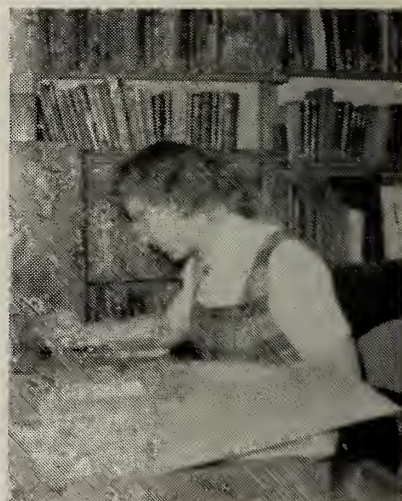
C. J. Campbell was appointed to the L.T.I. Faculty in 1948 to initiate the courses in Technical Forestry and Forestry Engineering. A dedicated teacher, nothing could persuade John Campbell to desert the profession and the school,—nothing, that is, but money, and plenty of it. Since August, 1956, he has been operating his own company, The Denver Timber Company Ltd., That is THE DENVER TIMBER COMPANY, LTD.,—"Peeled poplar, from contented trees."



Douglas R. Lindsay has been appointed Head of the Departments of Biological Sciences and Organic Chemistry. Mr. Lindsay was born in Port Arthur in 1921 and graduated from the Port Arthur Collegiate in 1939. He enlisted in the RCAF and served from 1941 to 1946. After discharge he entered Queen's University where he specialized in biology, graduating with an Honours B.A. in 1949. He then went on to the University of Wisconsin where he specialized in plant ecology, graduating in 1951 with an M.Sc.

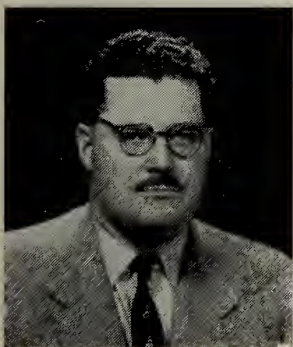
Following his University work, Mr. Lindsay was for seven years a research botanist with the Canadian Department of Agriculture Science Service at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. Mr. Lindsay brings with him a varied experience in many fields of research which should prove very valuable to the courses given at the Lakehead Technical Institute.

Mrs. B. Viegandt has been appointed Assistant Librarian at the L.T.I. Mrs. Viegandt has had four years experience in the Fort William Public Library.

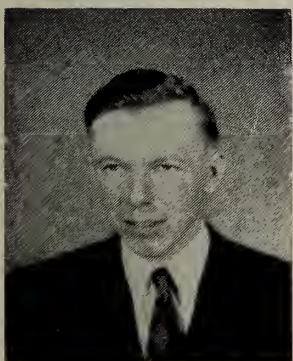




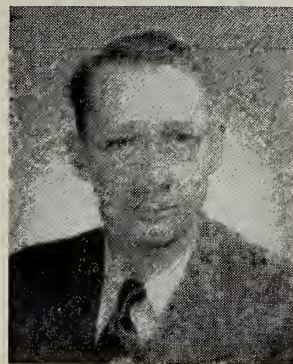
H. S. Braun, B.A., PRINCIPAL



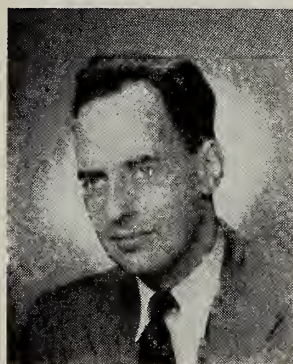
D. M. Fisher, B.A., B.L.S., LIBRARIAN



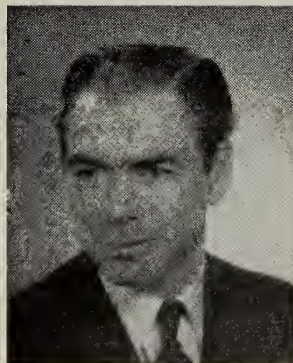
E. Green, B.A.



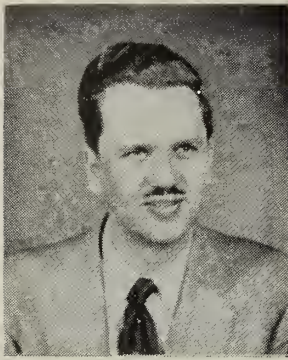
W. S. Armstrong, M.A.



J. H. Charnock, C.A.



J. W. Haggerty, B.Sc.F.



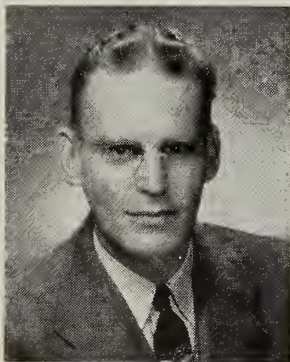
R. Lehtovaara, B. COM.

D. Lindsay, B.A., M.SC.



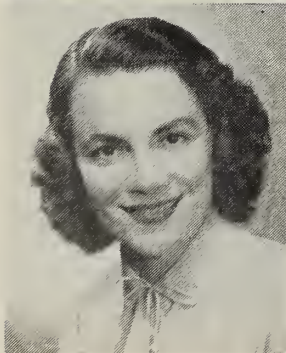
T. B. Miller, B.A, PH.D.

W. D. McKinnon, B.SC.ENG.



E. G. Pye, M.A., PH.D.

T. W. Page, B. SC.



Mrs. R. W. Stevenson, B.A.

B Viegandt, ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN





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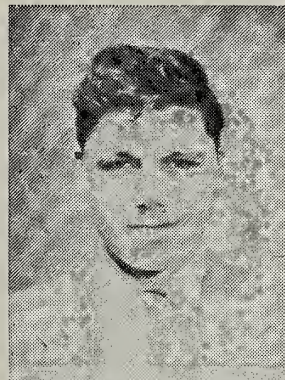


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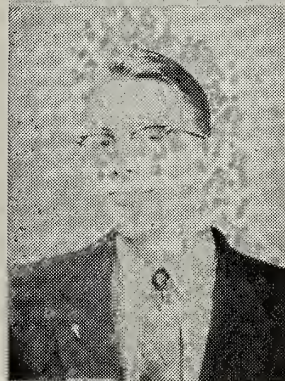


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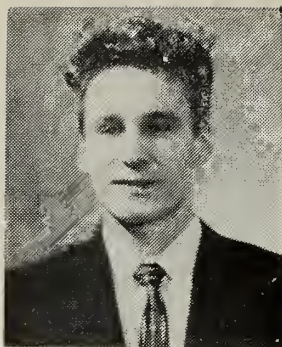


Ronald Bellingham
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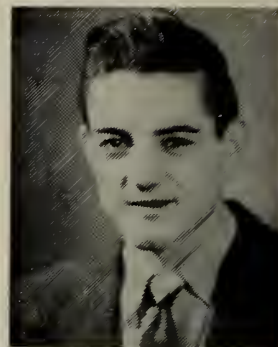


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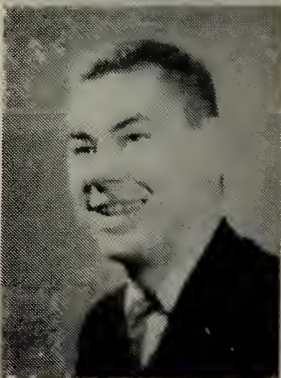
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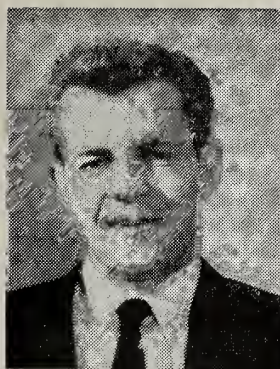
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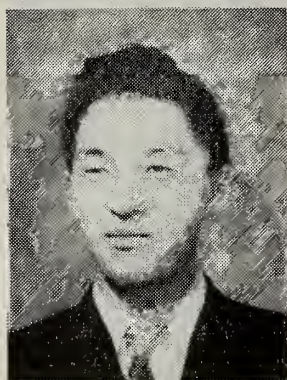
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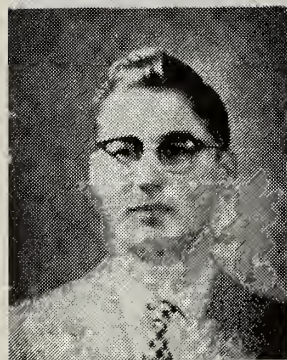
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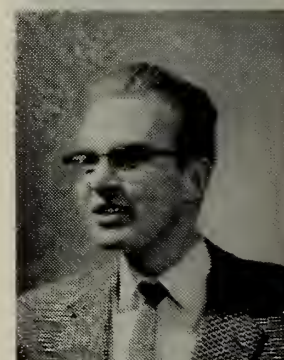
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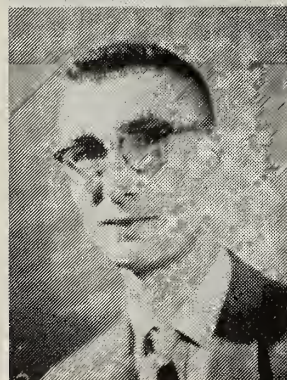
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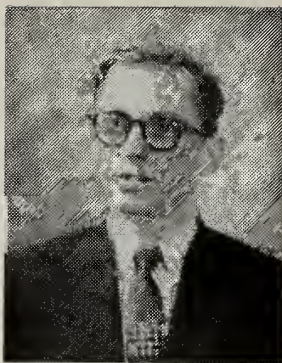
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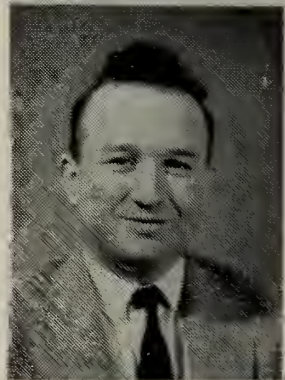
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Gordon Whybourne
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 CURLING



Jack Weib
 Arts
 FORT WILLIAM
 CURLING



Michael Zzablocki
Arts
FORT WILLIAM
BASKETBALL



Hans Wittforth
Technical Chemistry
KENORA

EXTENSION CLASSES



PSYCHOLOGY: Joan Davidson, Fred Goodfellow, Joyce Kiiskila, Marlene Lindstrom, J. Morton, Robert McCall, Marjorie Rayner, Lahja Repo, Carol Sherlock, J. S. Wade, W. J. Watkins.



HISTORY: Ron Bissett, Magdaline Franais, Pat Armstrong, Ronald Carlson.

At the close of the eighth session, the Lakehead Technical Institute presented its annual convocation on May 10, 1956 in St. Paul's United Church's Youth Hall, Port Arthur.

The ceremonies opened with "O Canada". The Reverend W. C. Mercer delivered the invocation. The address of welcome

was given by the Principal, Mr. Harold S. Braun.

Diplomas and certificates in the Technical Division were conferred by Mr. A. V. Chapman. Certificates in the University Division were presented by Dr. M. W. Bartley.

Mr. R. J. Flatt, Chairman of the Advisory Committee, introduced the guest speaker, Mr. Alexander Phillips, General Manager, Northwestern Ontario Development Association.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES

- Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario Scholarship
Presented to Lynden Erickson by Mr. D. I. Nattress
- Abitibi Power & Paper Co. Ltd. Scholarship
Presented to Donald Henderson by Mr. Gordon Sutton
- City of Fort William Scholarship
Presented to Conway Daly by His Worship Mayor Badanai
- City of Port Arthur Scholarship
Presented to Robert Nash by Her Worship Mayor Wishart
- Marathon Paper Mills of Canada Limited Scholarship
Presented to John Peacock by Mr. P. V. LeMay
- Northwestern Ontario Timber Operator's Association Scholarship
Presented to Bernard Waatainen by Mr. H. H. Styffe
- Jessie Makey Memorial Scholarship
Presented to Sheila McKessock by Miss Isobel Mackey
- J. P. Bickell Foundation Scholarship in Mining
Presented to Walter Malchuk by Mr. W. G. Tamblun
- Lady Grey Chapter, I.O.D.E. Scholarship
Presented to James Hicks by Mrs. R. W. Osling
- Port Arthur Gyro Club Scholarship
Presented to Ernest Mackinnon by Mr. R. A. Pattison
- L.T.I. Students' Administration Council Scholarship
Presented to James Aitken by Mr. Wayne Brown
- National Council of Jewish Women Scholarship
Presented to Jim Foulds by Mrs. H. Pergamit
- The Canadian Legion B.E.S.L., Fort William Branch Scholarship
Presented to Don Henderson by Mr. George Shaw
- Principal's Prize in Forestry and Mining
Presented to Lucien Forcier (Forestry), Clarence Kustra (Mining)
- Prizes to Part-Time Students
Miss Jean Bond (Economics), Miss Jacqueline Dennis (Philosophy)
- Robert Poulin Memorial Trophy
Presented by Mr. L. Walker to James Foulds
- Year Book Prize
Presented to Ernest Mackinnon by Dr. T. B. Miller
- Donald Clark Cup and Athletic Awards
Presented by Mr. D. C. Clark to Ron Miki

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Atikokan population	1,181	5,957
Atikokan's municipal assessment	\$ 270,217	\$5,435,590

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WORLD
FAMOUS ORCHESTRAS
PLAY AT OUR DANCES

AT THIS PARTY
SHAKESPEARE WAS
QUOTED :

"WHAT HATH MADE
THEM DRUNK HATH
MADE ME BOLD"

The social season at Lakehead Technical Institute began in early October at the home of Walter Malchuk. This was the event of the S.A.C. The purpose of the stag was to enable the boys to get acquainted. All the faculties were well represented and Mr. Page and Dr. Miller represented the staff. There were various events throughout the night such as poker games, drinking contests and even a discourse by the good Dr. Miller in the front room and an impromptu lecture by Mr. Page.

Next on our list of events was a Dinner-Dance at the Flamingo Club, Fort William. Games helped to fill in the interval between dining and dancing. After, dancing began to the music of various nickelodeon bands and continued into the wee hours of the morning.

The third event on our agenda was another stag. This time the event was at the home of John Lyчек in Port Arthur. At this stag the usual round of events took place, a rousing game of poker and various other activities.

The social event of the year, the Mid-Winter Formal, was held on February 8th, 1957. This was held at the Port Arthur Golf and Country Club and dancing was from nine until one o'clock to the music of Howard Huby's orchestra. There was a good crowd at the dance and everyone enjoyed themselves.

Finally we had the Pre-cambrian stag which again was held at the home of John Lyчек. This stag was much the same as all the others and I have run through them quite well so I'll leave this as it is.

My Pal And I

A verse by W. M. MITCHELL

We went for a walk,
But we could not talk
To each other, my pal and I;
But as we strolled along
Our hearts filled with song
My pal and I.

Without a jot of care
We breathed the morning air,
For we both enjoyed this
One hour of friendly bliss.

Too soon it had to end,
Each to his own fate wend;
He to his kennel small,
And I to my book-pile tall.



Macbeth At Hansen's

"Sir Francis Bacon"

Is this a pool cue which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let
me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal weapon, straight
To hit as I shoot? or art thou but
A cue of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the smoke-oppressed
brain?

I see thee yet, plain as day, as palpable
As this which now I have
Thou hit'st the ball I was shooting;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes saw a red ball drop in the left
corner pocket,

Or was it a white one; I see thee still.
And on thy tip bits of powder blue,
Which was not so before. There's no such
thing;

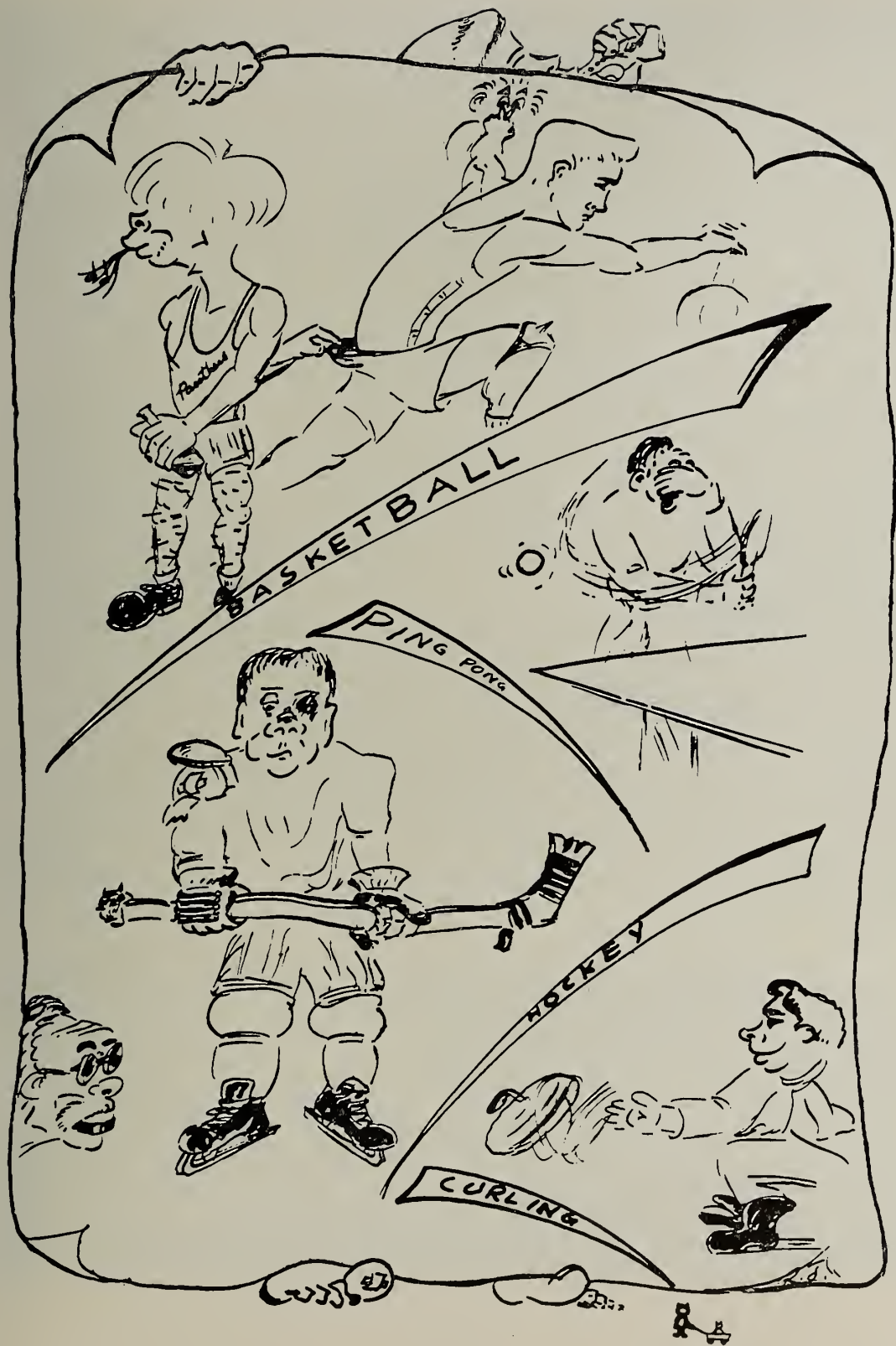
It is the bloody white ball which fell
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half
table

The balls seem dead, and wicked dreams
abuse

My brilliant play; now witchcraft celebrates
His pale offerings, and wither'd handshake,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the snear
He broke his cue on the table, and
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and smoke-
filled room,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk
for fear

Thy very stones prate my whereabouts,
And take his money back from me
Which now jingles pleasantly. Whiles I
shoot, he stands
Words to the best shots he says little.



The year 1956-57 was a successful one for L.T.I. as far as athletics were concerned. Our school is not noted for its momentous athletic achievements but these were more than compensated for by the good fun enjoyed by all.

Once again curling highlighted the sporting program with over forty students participating; this included a team composed of staff members, Messrs. Braun, Mackinnon, Lindsay and Miller. At the time of this writing the curling championship had not been settled but barring any major upsets, it appears to be a fight to the finish between rinks skipped by Keith Perry and Gerry Smith.

Table-tennis was played throughout the year and our "common room" was always crowded with aspiring ping-pong champs. Gerry Smith emerged the winner of a long tournament and received a suitable trophy as champ of the school.

During lunch hour on Wednesday fifteen boys journeyed to the arena for an hour of hockey practice. Despite a lack of

equipment no serious injuries resulted. The record for the season was an impressive one of one loss at the hands of P.A.C.I. and a tie with the General Hospital Nurses.

The basketball team experienced a very successful season, winning three games and losing two. Once again lack of a good gymnasium limited practice sessions although the St. Paul's gym was used.

Next year L.T.I. will have a new home and with it new athletic possibilities. We are most optimistic for the future and can look forward to big things from the large enrollment of the new school.

A little thought can best sum up the year of athletics at L.T.I.:

"When that one great scorer comes to mark against your name, he counts not whether you won or lost but how you played the game."

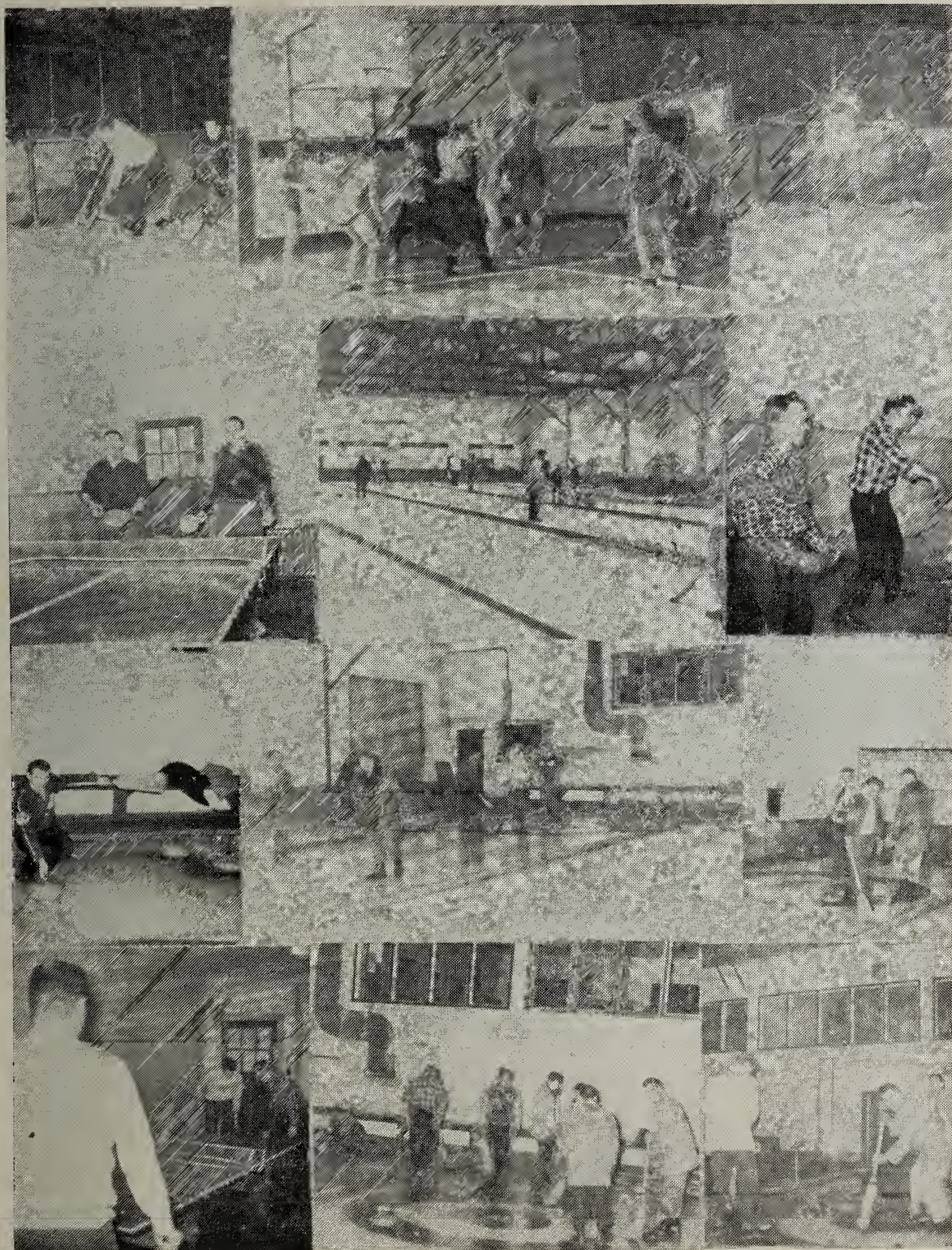
The students of L.T.I. have played their games in a way that we can be proud of because everything was sacrificed for a year of clean fun and enjoyment.

HOCKEY



BASKETBALL





CURLING



LEFT: BACK ROW: Stan Beckett, Lloyd Fucile, Ted Christianson, Waveney Gilbert.

LEFT: FRONT ROW: Dave Crozier, Manfred Ficker, Allan Quackenbush, Coral Lee Bro.

RIGHT: BACK ROW: Al Johnson, Keith Perry, Vic Hill, Doreen Inouye, Ed. Tukuluk.

RIGHT: FRONT ROW: Vince Kenney; Bernard Waatinen.

BACK ROW: Carl Nygren, Bill Plunkett, Ed. Pounder, Don Coulson.

FRONT ROW: Jack Wieb, Jack Myronuk, Brian Robinson.

BACK ROW: W. D. Mckinnon, D. Lindsay, T. B. Miller, H. S. Braun.

FRONT ROW: Pat Boivan, Kim Omae, Bob Hasell, Jerry Smith.



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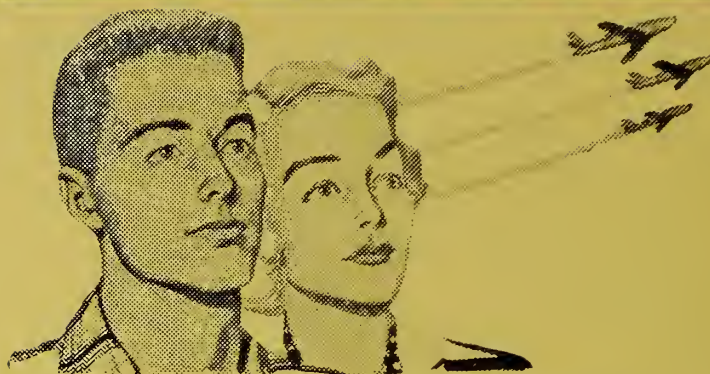
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My First Experience at the Game of Curling

January 7, 1957 marked the opening of the Curling Season for the Lakehead Technical Institute. Among the 63 male "Brobdignagians" (60' Giants) stood a female "Lilliputian" (6" Midget). When the Petite Lilliputian was finally discovered, she was given as a handicap (and what a handicap) to the team of Messrs Perry, Hill and Tutkaluk. Not yet knowing the extent of their misfortunes to come, the team resigned themselves to their fate and trudged over to sheet number one.

The skip, Keith "Voiceless" Perry patiently explained the principles of the sport? while I Doreen "Hopeless" Inouye slowly gazed over the neatly arranged set of discs and speculated as to their weights. By this time, the opposing team was ready, willing and certainly looked able to get their first win of the season. Since I was a complete foreigner to this game, I was to play the lead—whatever that was. The team members were now waiting for me to shoot my first set of rocks when the Skip at the far end of the ice began to wave at me. Feeling overwhelmed by this friendly gesture from a usually reserved Art student, I instinctively waved back, while waiting for the signal to throw my rock.

Ed "Bigmouth" Tutkaluk, our third placed a funny looking stone made of cement, I thought, in front of me and stated: "Lift it and slide it down the ice."

After picking up the great big rock with both hands, I had the hardest fall of my life when I fell on my derriere. The rock weighed only a few pounds less than I. This was indeed the case of an irresistible force meeting an immovable object.

Trying again, I gave myself a great big push and slid half way down the ice with

Doreen Inouye



the rock when I heard Vic "Motionless" Hill holler: "Let go of the rock Dough Head. You're not supposed to go over the hog line."

With great curiosity, I got up, walked up and down every sheet of ice looking for the hog line, and to my disappointment, I couldn't even see one little hog. Then I was told that Skip wanted me to attempt to place the rock in the middle of a circle which the players called a shack or barn or something of that sort. On my third try, I gave my stone a push with all my might, and to my surprise, it landed in the middle of the circle. Feeling proud, I began to praise myself when I was abruptly interrupted in my world of glory by the thundering and howling of Ed's voice hissing: "The rock is supposed to be put in the circle at the far end of the ice Dopey—where Skip is standing."

"Well of all the selfish people," I thought. "Why in the world should I throw the rock all the way down the ice to where Skip was standing and make him move, when he looked so handsome and comfortable leaning on his broom. Besides, they count the number of rocks inside the circle anyway, so why not count the one that I placed in at the other end of the ice."

After holding up the game for an hour or so, to learn how to throw the rock, and

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what some of the things as what a rock is as well as what the pigline, barn and other things were, I was given a broom and told to sweep with Ed since it was Vic's turn to shoot. This strange looking contraption called a broom towered over me a full two feet.

When Vic threw the rock very gracefully, I ran all the way down the ice sweeping after the rock since Ed swept in front of it. When the rock stopped moving, I noticed that all the players as well as Vic were sprawled all over the ice killing themselves laughing at a joke I didn't see or hear. Finally, Skip bellowed out very quietly: "You are supposed to sweep in front of the rock and not behind it."

To me the most logical thing to do was to sweep behind the rock since Ed swept in front of the rock, and left half of the straws from his broom on the ice. Therefore, I thought that the more a player swept in the game, the more the ice got cluttered up with dust and straws, leaving the ice dirtier after the ice was swept than before the game even started. Skip once again, gave me more instructions, before walking back to the other end of the ice. He stated that I was to sweep in front of the rock, behind or in front of Ed. All set to sweep, as the rock came slowly gliding along, I couldn't sweep in front of Ed because he moved too fast for me, and I couldn't sweep in front of the rock since Ed was again in my way. Therefore, I decided to sweep between his legs since he took such big steps. A second later Ed shouted: "O Little One, stop untying my shoelaces!"

Not concentrating on his sweeping, Ed slipped and fell in front of the rock, insist-

ing that I tripped him with my broom while I was sweeping between his legs. Boys certainly are clumsy, always tripping on their big Athletic feet—and not admitting it.

The game slowly moved along till finally it was Skip's turn to shoot. Here all the other members of our team get into a circle and began to whisper something to each other. "Well," I thought, "the person who invented this game certainly didn't have any manners."

After the last rock was thrown by our Skip, all the rocks were knocked out of the circle so Ed began to holler: A draw! A draw!"

Not wanting to get another scolding from Skip or Vic, I ran off the ice and got pencils, papers and crayons for all the players on our ice, so that everybody would be able to draw their pictures at the same time and not wait for anybody to finish theirs. Then out of the clear blue sky, all the players on our team got into a dilemma and began to laugh and cry at the same time as if they were going crazy. "My," I thought, "If this is the way curlers act after only throwing two rocks each, I certainly was not going to have anything more to do with this game."

The eccentric manner of Skip, Ed and Vic continued throughout the game getting worse and worse as time went by. Finally, after four hours of these queer ructions on the ice, our team came out victorious as far as the game went, but the losers as far as their sanity went. This was my first experience at this unusual game of curling and my first dealings with the opposite sex who call themselves Men?.



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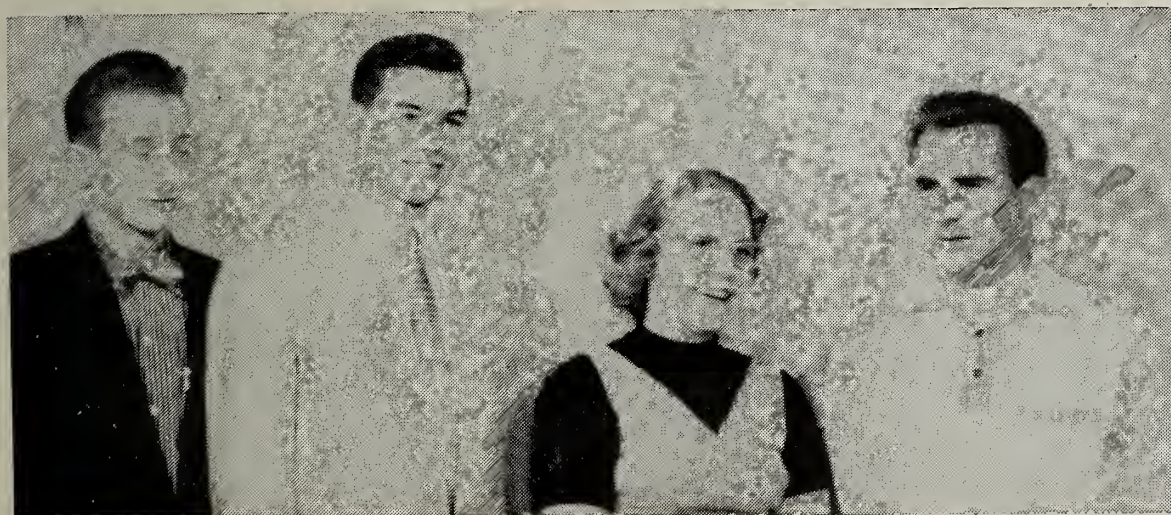
Port Arthur

S.A.C. EXECUTIVE



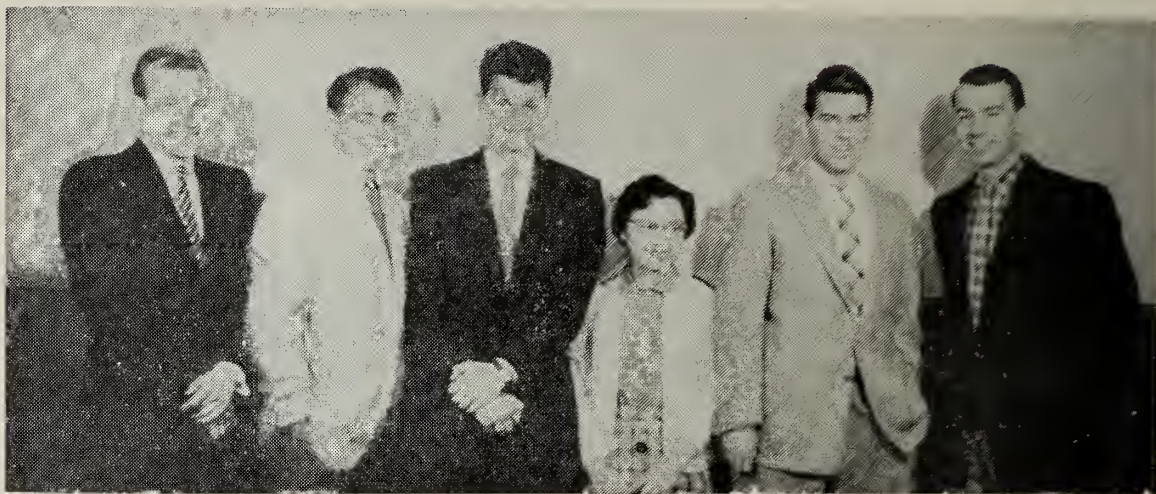
LEFT TO RIGHT: Joan Eickmeier, Bruce Antonen, Bill Fleming, Walter Malchuk.

S.A.C. REPRESENTATIVES



LEFT TO RIGHT: Art Menhart, Allan Quackenbush, Coral Lee Bro, Jack Myronuk (missing: Ron Bellingham).

ATHLETIC COUNCIL



LEFT TO RIGHT: *Bill Plunkett, Bob Johnson, Jack Myronuk, Doreen Inouye, Stu McNeill, Bill Gault, (missing: Fumio Motomura).*

YEARBOOK STAFF



BACK ROW: *John Lyche, Bob Johnson, Bill Plunkett, Dick O'Donnell, Wally Mitchell, Egidio Babuoro.*
 FRONT ROW: *Doreen Inouye, Waveney Gilbert.*
 MISSING: *Brian Robinson.*

OCTOBER 23, 1956

The Dark Day for Hungary — or for world communism



(EDITOR'S NOTE: The name of the writer of this article cannot be given, as he has relatives still in Hungary who might be subject to reprisals.) On this day the Hungarian people started a revolution against their own communist regime, the so called "regime of the people." The West will ask: "How can a people revolt against its own regime, which to them represents the wonderful ideology of communism, as it may be known to the West from books?" It may become understandable if I tell you the facts in historical order, starting with 1945.

In that year the Russian army with the help of the Western Allies liberated Hungary from Nazi occupation. Then a free political life started—under the watchful eyes of the Russian troops who were biding their time. At this time there were three leading free political parties in Hungary—Social Democrats, the Party of the Small Farmers, and the smallest at the time, the Communist party. With the help of the Russian army, paid propaganda and economic pressure on the community and on individuals, the communists forced the Social Democrats to join their ranks to have, as it was put, one party only to look after the rights of the working population. The leading real Social Democrats were opposed to this, but were removed by well-known Russian methods, deportation and execution. This was in 1948. It gave the communists the upper hand, and the other free parties were wiped out over-night.

They had a free hand to organize the political and economic life after their own fashion. Overnight all plants and factories were confiscated, a secret political police was formed (called AVO). Well paid, but unschooled dependable party members were put in leading positions in the confiscated factories. Political spies were employed along with the workers to supervise their

reactions and report to the AVO any remarks against the regime, which usually resulted in deportation for the worker. At the same time, the smaller farmers were forced to join the "Kolchosa" where they got the same type of political leaders as the factories. All larger farms were confiscated.

The communist regime had to find a way to remove the intellectuals, that is, the people with political and professional education. At this time there was still, from the war, an enormous shortage of houses in the cities. They solved both problems in a unique way: The unreliable people were deported within a few hours, the houses thus unoccupied but fully furnished were handed to political puppets. This was only one of many ways in which they insured the unconditional dependency of these people.

In the meantime the world situation had changed. The Russians had started a re-armament program in which they needed their satellite countries including Hungary. Hungary by its geographical and climatical position has always been an agricultural country, with light industry. This was of no help to Russian plans. Therefore as in other satellite countries the whole economic structure was changed to promote heavy industry at the cost of the living standards of the population. Taxes and forced deductions from the working man paid for an industry whose products were sent to Russia—for practically nothing in return.

During all this time the population was forced to buy the political newspapers of the communist party, the radio was con-

tinuously broadcasting communist propaganda and everybody was forced to attend communist schooling once a week. Cultural life, film and theatre, was completely under communist influence. Through all mediums the Hungarian population was told time and again how wonderful the life they were leading and how badly the worker in the West was living. There was only one mistake: Life was supposed to be so wonderful, and yet a man after a ten hour working day came home to find his family without food and clothing, and cold, as all the available heating material was used up by industry. The contrast between the real life and the day and night long propaganda became visible even to the dullest persons after a while. (If you want to read an ac-

count of how and what propaganda can do, read "Brave New World" by Aldous Huxley).

The enormous physical and mental pressure had to blow up. It needed only a spark. This came when the population of Budapest, lead by the students, staged a silent march of sympathy for the Polish freedom fighters. The Communists wanted to show their strength and started to shoot. That was the beginning of the Hungarian revolt on October 23, 1956—a fight against an overpowering enemy by a practically unarmed people—a fight that was hopeless from the start. The Hungarian people lost this fight. But it is still a question whether communism has not lost this fight too.

I Know Something Good About You

F. Dyer

Wouldn't this old world be better
If the folks we meet would say,
"I know something good about you"
And then treat us just that way?

Wouldn't it be fine and dandy,
If each handclasp warm and true
Carried with it this assurance
"I know something good about you".

Wouldn't life be lots more happy
If the good that's in us all
Were the only thing about us
That folks bothered to recall.

Wouldn't life be lots more happy
If we praised the good we see
For there's such a lot of goodness
In the worst of you and me.

Wouldn't it be nice to practice
That fine way of thinking too,
"You know something good about me
I know something good about you."

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For I give you good doctrine, forsake ye not my law.

Get wisdom, get understanding; forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth.

Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee: love her and she shall keep thee.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding.

Exalt her, and she shall promote thee: she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her.

Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings; and the years of thy life shall be many.

Proverbs 4: 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10



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The Song of The Buttermaker

Pat that yellow stuff
Mrs. Abdul in the next tent
Knows nothing of butter making.
It's so soft and yellow
Push it around some more.
Have you heard?
They wouldn't buy Mrs. Tsi Lun's
Butter at the market place yesterday.
The milk must all be squeezed out.
Pat, push and squeeze that yellow stuff.
Mrs. Creto always buys her butter
From the peasant woman of Marathon,
And Portia gets hers along the Appian way.
It's coming now, it's beginning to look like
it should.
A few more pats with a sure firm hand.
Mrs. Van Dorn is the best housewife on
the canal.
Her butter is always firm and clean and
yellow.
Now pile it all up into a yellow mound.
Look at it! So sweet and firm.
Much better than Mrs. Smith's next door.

Signs of the Times

Naked branches trace
Black patterns of death
On the grey slate
Of the autumn sky.
Do you suppose the purple of my gloves
Will match the purple of my hat?
The muskeg is laid out
Cold and naked
On a marble slab
Of rigid autumn earth.
Where is Johnny taking you to-night?
The movie at the Rialto is good they say.
Only by Faith we know
That the sap will run again.
And the muskeg rise
From its sleep of death.
Do you think it will rain today?
I'd hate to have my Easter bonnet spoiled.

We are pleased to be able to print the following poems by Betty Kouhi of Raith. Mrs. Kouhi is a native of North West Ontario, who received most of her education locally. She is a writer of increasing attainments, who is doing much to reproduce and interpret North Western Ontario atmosphere.

Prospector's Heaven

Ray Hrkac

How these years do swiftly fly
Now another is almost done
I stop and think of one July
An adventure had begun.

I was a young lad and ambitions had
To search for wealth in stone
So I got a job with old Joe Todd
We hit the trail alone.

A prospector all his life was he
A finer man couldn't be found
He often told me in the woods he felt free
So he never settled down.

We put the canoe in the water blue
And started across the lake
The sun stretched down with its lofty crown
I thought that I would bake.

Sweat plastered me with its suction grip
And covered me head to toe.
"Damn it!" said I and prepared to fry
But it didn't bother Joe.

His paddle thrust us straight ahead
To the sun he gave no thought
Not even a hat upon his head
My God! but it was hot.

My sigh of relief sounded like grief
When we reached the other side
Out of the sun I felt well done
One side rare, the other fried.

Joe gave a sigh, I wondered why?
"I'm gonna die," he said
"It won't be long before I'm gone
And folks'll say Joe's dead."

I forgot the heat, stared in disbelief
For these words were said with cheer
And a smile stretched across his lips
No sadness and no fear.



“Listen son, till this tale is done
And you’ll find the reason why
I smiled when I said those words
Why I’m glad I’m gonna die.”

Though I grow old I’ll not forget
When I was ten and seven
The time Old Joe disclosed to me
The place called “Prospector’s Heaven”.

“When I beach my canoe for the final time
And stow away my pack
I’ll start on a trip, without a grip
And I’m never comin’ back.

When I get to the gate, you can bet I won’t
wait
Old Pete will let me in
With a slap on the back and a fine
“Howdy Mac”
My new life will begin.

Oh it’ll be great as a man of state
With a mansion of fifty rooms
With butlers, footmen, cooks and maids
And even a couple of grooms.

There’ll be bars with jars of the best
preserves
Thick red rugs, books piled upon shelves
There’ll be other bottles to settle my nerves
And a feather bed—twelve by twelve.

And if that recorder from over the border
Should come by when I’m doin’ so well
With a mighty cry I’ll spit in his eye
And send him back to hell.

And every Friday I’ll throw a party
For tried and true old friends
Laugh upon laugh and draught upon
draught
A party that never ends.”

Joe laughed, and sighed, and closed his eyes
And though I was just ten and seven
I wished with might to earn the right
To go to PROSPECTOR’S HEAVEN.

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On Ageing

Kim Omae

An elderly man once spoke to himself:
Alas, the years swiftly fly,
Adding age to the spry,
Mocking memories that cry
To be recalled lest they die;
Linking all bonds that tie
Youth's aspirations built high
And this world's grim reply.

His son sitting by understood and replied:
Release the cares of your heart,
Set yourself on a throne,
We the young, we the humble,
Deeply crave for a part
Of that life you alone
Could have lived as a symbol
Of faith in our generation.
Know the sun sets at eve,
Yet to rise in the morn
O'er a world without scorn.

The old man smiled,
To his son, softly murmured:
Ah yes, we must not ask, "Why?",
For the Lord up on high,
Surely gives us the courage
To bear our loads with a sigh,
That he might not deny
A paradisaal repose.
Let us smile and not cry
If the years swiftly fly.



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The Funeral Bouquet

Kim Omae



(An Essay in Autobiography)

These were days when most of the people in the relocation community of New Denver, British Columbia were reading the headlines "Paris Liberated by Anglo-American Forces", "Americans Recapture Guam" or "Allies Retake Guadalcanal". The war was waning in the Pacific and in Europe. Perhaps there were among the very old folks a few who experienced a strange ache in their hearts. With each passing day they realized more and more that soon their former mother country, of which they held dear memories, must fall before the mighty forces of the western land. The younger generation doctored an injured pride. They sought dearly to be accepted in Canada as loyal Canadians and not a bunch of snivelling yellow rats who had to be evacuated from the coast into remote relocation centers where they could be kept under constant surveillance of the R.C.M.P. Canadians of Japanese descent were fighting off the humiliation of segregation.

I can vividly recall an autumn morning in 1944 when the members of our household were not particularly interested in the common turmoils of the people around them. Mother and father had received news the day before that a very dear friend whom they had known for many years had died suddenly in Lemon Creek, another relocation town thirty miles away. With all due respect father decided that we would attend the funeral.

Having little knowledge of who the gentlemen was, I certainly felt no sorrow

for him. Instead, in my childish mind I was somewhat uncomfortably overjoyed that this old fellow has passed away. I thought of his death only in terms of the bus trip that would be involved in attending his funeral. My first funeral, I thought to myself. I spent considerable time trying to imagine what a funeral was going to be like. My imagination was horrifying.

When the time came for us to leave for the bus depot I insisted that I be permitted to carry the huge bouquet of flowers mother had picked from the garden. I remember how very pleased my parents were with my request. They smiled at me and I smiled at them as I gently tucked the bouquet under my arm.

We boarded the half-full greyhound bus. Father and mother sat in a seat near the rear and I occupied an empty seat across the aisle. Carefully laying the bouquet beside me I quickly pressed my nose against the window and watched New Denver disappear into the background. Within minutes we were in the mountains. I shall never forget the mountain road on which I travelled that day. On the inner side of the road there rose a steep incline which invariably reached the snow-covered mountain peak. On the outer edge an equally steep precipice terminated at the shore of a lake far, far below the level of the road. The road was narrow—so narrow that each time the bus encountered an automobile travelling in the opposite direction it was a matter of forcing the car back some distance where the road was

wide enough to allow the bus to pass.

The passengers were unusually quiet. Were they feeling uneasiness of the tortuous climb up the narrow mountain route or had they noticed, as I did, the change in the weather? The sky had turned an eerie gray, and the wind had begun to whistle through the tall evergreens. A flash of lightening, the rumble of thunder, and then a deluge of rain. In no time at all the dusty road became the muddy bed of a slowly flowing stream of water. I unconsciously grasped the bouquet as I began to ponder the possibility that nature was personifying an obsequial atmosphere.

The monotony of the unvaried tone of the passengers' whispered conversations and the wearisome cadence of the motor soon overcame my mind. I was on the verge of falling asleep when suddenly I felt a sharp jerk. Before I could fully realize what was happening I was rolling over in my seat. I felt the sensation of terrific blows hit my body. I heard piercing screams. I saw a galaxy of heavenly bodies and I fell through space. My eardrums resounded the deafening reverberations of two crashing bodies then all was motionless.

As I regained my senses a sickening sight met my eyes. Suitcases were strewn about, seats were twisted, and glass in the windows was shattered and threatened to slash you at every move. A confusion of battered passengers motioned uncontrollably with their limbs. Midst all this I found myself wedged under a contorted seat. I struggled violently to free myself but to no avail. Father came crawling over to me and frantically threw aside the wreckage which laid on me and pulled me to him. He cursed as he told me the bus had crashed.

The bus driver, a gash across his forehead, wavered to the rear of the bus and, like a movie hero, kicked open the emergency door and ordered the passengers to climb out one by one. Father lifted me through the escapeway then helped mother out. We stood helpless in the rain. Much to my surprise I discovered that I stood, not on the road, but on a steep slope with the road far above me. I shuddered to think that the bus had actually toppled off the road and had rolled down the mountainside until finally stopped by two large trees. Had it not been for those trees the bus would have continued down the incline until it reached the lake below.

On hands and knees we made our way up to the road. Just how long we stood in the rain I do not know; but during that time I observed people with bloody and battered faces, people writhing in pain, people in grimy, wet clothing, people who were in suffering but thankful that they were still alive. These people reminded me of photographs I had seen in magazines—photographs of helpless civilians caught in war-torn countries of Europe and Asia. I realized, then, how truly ugly war must be, and, if the ugliness of Pearl Harbour incited evacuation I can bear no malice against the Canadian government.

By some turn of luck a huge moving van happened to come along the road that afternoon. We boarded it. As we roared away I looked once more at the wreckage which lay folded like a dead animal on the muddy mountainside. To whose funeral was I going when I left this morning? The bouquet, though somewhat weather-beaten, was still in my hand.



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The Private Eye

John Lychek

My name is Sledge Hammer. This is the uncensored, true-to-life account of one of the many intriguing adventures that filled my life when I was a “private eye” in that corrupted city that abounded in sin, passion, violence and crime—Fort William.

I was seated by my office window one day enjoying one of those balmy mid-winter afternoons that Fort William often experiences—40 below—when the phone rang. It was Martha. She told me she was trying to get the City Council to move Pacific Avenue to a more choice location where competition wouldn’t be so high, and wanted me to bribe some of the aldermen. In return for my services, she would give me a year’s complimentary pass. I told her that the task would be impossible for our City Fathers are noble, righteous, uncorruptable Civic Administrators and not to be swayed by bribery—(but that she might have some success if she offerered them the pass). Martha, who had a very good eye for business, saw my point, and the case was closed.

My business with Martha being completed, I dug into my files and started on a different case. After killing about ten bottles, I decided that I should make a few business calls—the first stop being the washroom. I took the elevator to the basement garage and

started up my cut-down baby Austin with the continental wheel, four-barrelled carb and 375 horsepower engine. I took off amid a shatter of glass, splintered wood and ripped steel—I had forgotten to open the garage door again.

I then decided to stop at a bar and have a double shot of coffee. As I entered the cafe, I noticed a young kid in a silver-gray jacket with red trim with the word “Arts” written across his back, sitting in one of the back booths. Tears were streaming down his face and in between sobs that torturously racked his body, he kept murmuring over and over “Hansen’s, burnt to the ground! Hansen’s burnt to the ground.”

I slid into one of the booths and signaled to the waitress. She was a knock-out. Her long natural blonde curls were combed out into long waves that fell like sunlight across her shoulders. Her uniform encased her like a second skin. She walked slowly towards me, her hips rolling, every movement of her body a silent invitation. When she reached my booth, her lips parted in a seductive smile and her blue eyes fixed themselves on mine with an inviting stare. As her slender delicate fingers started to work their way up the sleeve of my coat, I got up, crushed my cigarette out on the



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back of her milk white hand, put on my coat and walked out—I hate blondes!

That afternoon, as I got back to my office, I decided to call up my wife to apologize for being late for dinner—so I was only two years late. Just as I was setting the receiver down, I heard someone turn the knob of the hall door. I whirled about and saw a dark, menacing shadow looming behind the frosted pane of the glass. I felt an icy chill creep up the base of my spine. I had forgotten to close the trap door on my “long johns”. My agile mind quickly put two and two together and I deduced that it was Laughing Lloyd coming to wreak his vengeance on me for stealing his woman. Like a flash my right hand plunged inside my coat and curled around the butt of my trusty Colt .45. I pumped six rapid, quick fire shots into—my left arm. I’m a little slow on the draw. I desperately fired my last shot through the door. The glass shattered and I heard a dull thud as the body fell to the floor. I opened the door expecting to see Laughing Lloyd lying in a pool of blood. To my surprise it was my secretary, late for work as usual. She was lying on her back with a hole in her head where her right eye should have been. Oh well, everybody makes mistakes.



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From There To Eternity

Don Coulson

Science began when humanity began. One could say, in a very crude sense, that it began even before humanity. At first it was merely a science of protection and survival, the earliest form of which was "kill or be killed" and "eat or be eaten".

In following the field of science from the before to the beyond, we meet the common individual whom I shall call "Ugg". It has been a long road for this poor tired fellow and I am ashamed to say, the road ahead looks even more trying. Although Ugg was but a mere element of civilization, we must admit that he had done and is doing a great job in stimulating an otherwise moribund society. Like most other major tasks, it had to be started from scratch.

It didn't take Ugg long—only a matter of a million years or so—to realize that the more thought and consideration he put into a project, the less brawn he would have to expend in undertaking it. Bits of logic like this drawn from all corners of his primitive mind led to the discovery of that circular object called the "wheel". None have to be reminded of its importance. In our modern world it is used on, and in, everything from motor cars to gambling halls.

So began mechanics.

Inventions like the above sparked Ugg and many of his associates, friends and/or enemies into a new world of thought. The wheel saved them so much time that they

now had to spend only twenty of the twenty-four hours per day protecting and supporting themselves and their dependents and they had to find some way to amuse themselves for the other four. At first this posed a problem because J. Arthur Rank of R.K.O. had not yet produced his first western movie so it left the people with no reason to go to a theatre (unless of course, it was a drive-in). This problem has two solutions: (1) New discoveries, and (2) The development of culture.

Idleness and boredom set in, but could not prevail long. Ugg could not stand the sheer emptiness in his mind; the echo was driving him mad. Being of a particularly intelligent nature, he decided to use his spare time to best possible advantage. He had found that when one hard object was brought in contact with another of slightly less tensile strength, the latter was impressed. It took a little research for him to see in this phenomenon a method of expressing himself when he was not on speaking terms with some of his colleagues: he could mark his message on a rock and throw it at the head of the person to whom it was addressed and so make his point in that manner.

Within the short period of a thousand years and several marked up caves, Ugg emerged with an entire body of literature including several volumes (rock volumes, of course) of the Encyclopedia Britannica. These comprehensive volumes contained everything from a full scale description of

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the amoeba to the placing of a flag on the peak of Mt. Everest which, incidentally, was then just a geological "mole-hill".

The enthusiasm of the people was exceeded only by the effect Ugg's work was to have on building a society. Within the next ten or fifteen millenia, every available cave was so fully marked that not another letter could be hewn out. This made it necessary to begin carving on rocks outside of the caves.

One rainy day, Ugg was carving a message on a boulder which stood on the edge of a long hill. Lightning struck a huge tree behind him and set it alight. The tree fell, sent the boulder rolling down the long hill, and fire and long distance communications were simultaneously brought into being. The chances were few of lightning hitting a tree, and of having sufficient boulders and high enough hills, but it was a start. All our hero needed was some method by which he might re-ignite the tree, and also some method of communication which did not require topographical assistance.

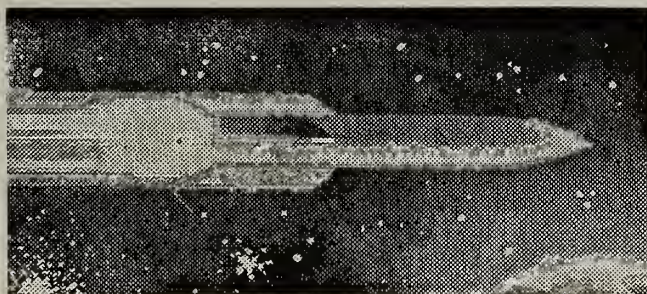
Heads were put together; sometimes in thought, sometimes with a great deal of destructive force. Ugg spent many tiring hours with the friction-sticks before he

struck the idea of a match. He worked many a carrier pigeon to death carrying rocks before he invented paper to make its task a bit easier. Through thick and thin, science kept on progressing.

The world on the "East Side" became too small for Ugg and his growing tribe of intellectuals. They began to venture farther from their caves, mentally and geographically. Ugg, who was brave enough to stake his life on theory, ventured forth on his wind powered log, to prove to the old stick-in-the muds at home that he could return to the port of departure without altering his gyroscope course by one hundred and eighty degrees.

Many minor developments followed: the internal combustion engine, the main reason for high premiums on life insurance, namely the motor car, the aeroplane, jet propulsion, and today Ugg is working on a superlitic (speed of light) (PHOTON propelled space ship.

So far, with the help of applied science, our primitive has moved from disorganized barbarism to organized barbarism, from cave to the Lakehead College of Arts, Science and Technology. And the end is not yet.





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Mobile Radios

Manfred Ficker

It is no understatement when I say that our modern civilization could not exist if there were no radio. The term "radio", however, can be applied to a large number of devices, ranging from crystal sets to the remote control systems of guided missiles. To cover all the applications in this short space is therefore impossible and I intend to limit myself to the two-way radio, and to explain its use and application especially with respect to those aspects which are of direct significance to the public.

Applications of two-way radios are varied and modern transportation systems depend on the most. Before the introduction of radio the terse message "lost at sea, no trace found" printed in the newspapers was often all that was known of ship disasters. The advent of radio however has changed this. Radio has been responsible for saving countless lives at sea, from the sinking of the *Titanic* to the most recent disaster, the collision of the *Andrea Doria* with the *Stockholm*, for immediate aid could be quickly dispatched. Today any tramp steamer can be reached by radio, no matter where it is. Radio is also vital to air transportation where it is invaluable in giving weather reports, position checks, and flight instructions. On land, railroad companies are making more and more use of two-way communication equipment to aid and facil-

itate both freight and passenger service. Each year due to the use of mobile radios by police and fire departments countless lives and millions of dollars are saved.

The most common examples of mobile radios are those used in cabs. The respond to your call within minutes saves both time and money for you and the taxi companies. Industry has also been fast in realizing the advantages of mobile two-way radios; especially to the forest industry where "walkie-talkies", and "breakie-backies" are of great value in the fight against forest fires. Many factories are also equipped with plant-wide radio communication, and have installed mobile units in their trucks so that they can be in constant contact, thus enabling the most economical use of their equipment. The popularity of two-way radios increases steadily as they become more compact, more dependable, and easier to operate. The ultimate, however, is the personal radio; these are pocket-size transceivers with which a person can call a fixed or another mobile station. Steps towards these "Dick Tracy" sets have already been taken, and in some cities "paging systems" are in operation. A subscriber to the system carries a tiny receiver, to which he listens periodically. When someone wants to phone him, the person phones the centre, from where the subscriber's number is broadcast.



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When he hears his number in his radio, he phones the centre, where he is connected to the calling party. This system has already proven its value, and services are expanding.

The greater the number of mobile radios becomes, the greater becomes the problem of channel scarcity. Already the frequencies are crowded, and there is just not enough room in the radio spectrum to have only one system operating on one frequency. Therefore, the output of the transmitters has to be limited to keep their range down and prevent interference with other systems operating on the same frequencies some distance away. Splitting the existing channels and utilizing microwaves has relieved the situation somewhat but a more suitable and satisfactory system must be found soon. There is also the problem of keeping the conversations private; the best that can be done economically now is comparable to having a party line.

Many of these difficulties will eventually be solved, and the present use of two-way radios is only a beginning. Much work is now being done towards the perfection of the transistor, a device working with semiconductors and designed to replace the vacuum tube. Since transistors have no filament and operate at relatively low voltages, transistor-equipped portable equipment does not require heavy and expensive power supplies. This means that walkie-talkies and personal radios can be made smaller, lighter, and more efficient. Eventually the time will come when any person can take a small radio out of his pocket, dial a number, and talk to any other person in the world. This is still a long time away, but in the meantime capable engineers are needed to make this dream real.



Scuttled By A Moose

Vince Kenney



"Back up," yelled Charley Lance. I stared up at the biggest moose I'd ever seen. She was a cow, her mane standing like a crinoline about her long, bulbous head, her ears jutting out like a mule's. She was an awesome sight.

I jammed in my paddle, but there wasn't a chance. She hoisted her calf into the bushes with a heave of her snout and just plain jumped on us. We were sliding into deep water, but one of her great chisel hoofs smashed into the bow, a foot from my face.

We capsized in a second, that blowing, bubbling monster simply raging near us. We swam for our lives, and luckily for us, she took out her rage on the canoe, stamping and even butting it, until it was a mess of flinders in the water.

This was my first and only one bad encounter with a wild moose and it is one encounter I shall never forget to this day. The episode took place on Simpson Island on a cool, breezy afternoon in mid-September.

Charley and I were having fun. We'd caught salmon and had boiled them over spruce knots. We'd eaten berries and swallowed our hooch every night before turning in to sleep like gophers. We'd seen bears but I didn't want one unless I could beat my last year's hide that squared upward of eight feet.

We'd been fishing happily along the

shoreline a few miles from camp. It was late afternoon when we steered into a sort of fiord and pulled slowly along the shore—Charley at the stern paddle doing most of the work. To our left was a jut of land clotted with debris; beyond it a boggy stagnant bay.

"Moose lick," Charley grunted.

That's one of the places where the big ones come to wade, drink and eat the mud; it's supposed to have some mineral quality that's good for them.

We were drifting over for a look-see when we heard this floundering and splashing. Something was blowing and grunting in the shallows close to the shore. Cautiously, we rounded the point.

It was a moose calf, maybe half a dozen months old, drowning in about five feet of water. His eyes were bugged with fear as he lashed the water to foam with his forehoofs. But he was weakening. Charley was for backing off and shooting him.

"No good," the half-breed said.

"Nuts," I answered. "He's only a calf. Let's give him a hand."

I pulled in and Charley had to follow. Telling him to turn the light canoe, I leaned down, snatching one of the calf's forelegs and gave it a yank; the calf came loose at the second tug; evidently, his hind leg had been caught in a sunken root or

weed. He tried to climb aboard, and Charley whacked him with a paddle. So I headed him toward the shelving bank, and he was just making it when mama appeared and stamped our canoe to bits.

We swam to the end of the point and climbed out, soaked and cold as Chinese hell.

"Big fool!" Charley observed. "What we do now? Rifle gone, fishin' tackle gone, field glasses gone, ground sheet gone, grub..."

"Oh, shut-up!" I said, my teeth chattering. "Let's see what we can salvage."

Man! That water was cold. It was almost dark before we recovered our rifles, the field glasses and our fishing rods. Then we had to pack them five miles along the shelving bank in the darkness, but we made it back to camp, half-dead with fatigue, cold and hungry.

I sat there thinking of that day, that day of fear against that animal, but somehow, I found in my heart a liking for that brutal moose, for she was like any mother trying to protect her young ones.

Now we gave each other a rubdown, Charley rubbed so hard that he shaved most of the hide off me; had a couple of snorts, some grub, and then went to sleep, close to the biggest fire we'd built so far.



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"Friends"

Bruce Antonen

My old man must be the friendliest person on the street. He can talk to anybody. Now I know it isn't hard to talk to somebody but I mean friendly talk, like you would use when you meet a good friend. It's nothing for my pop to take the mower out after supper and lean on it till the sun goes down talking to old Ed Crozic, our neighbour, and then put the mower away realizing he had never cut a blade of grass that night. Don't get the wrong idea my pop's lazy, he just likes to be friendly.

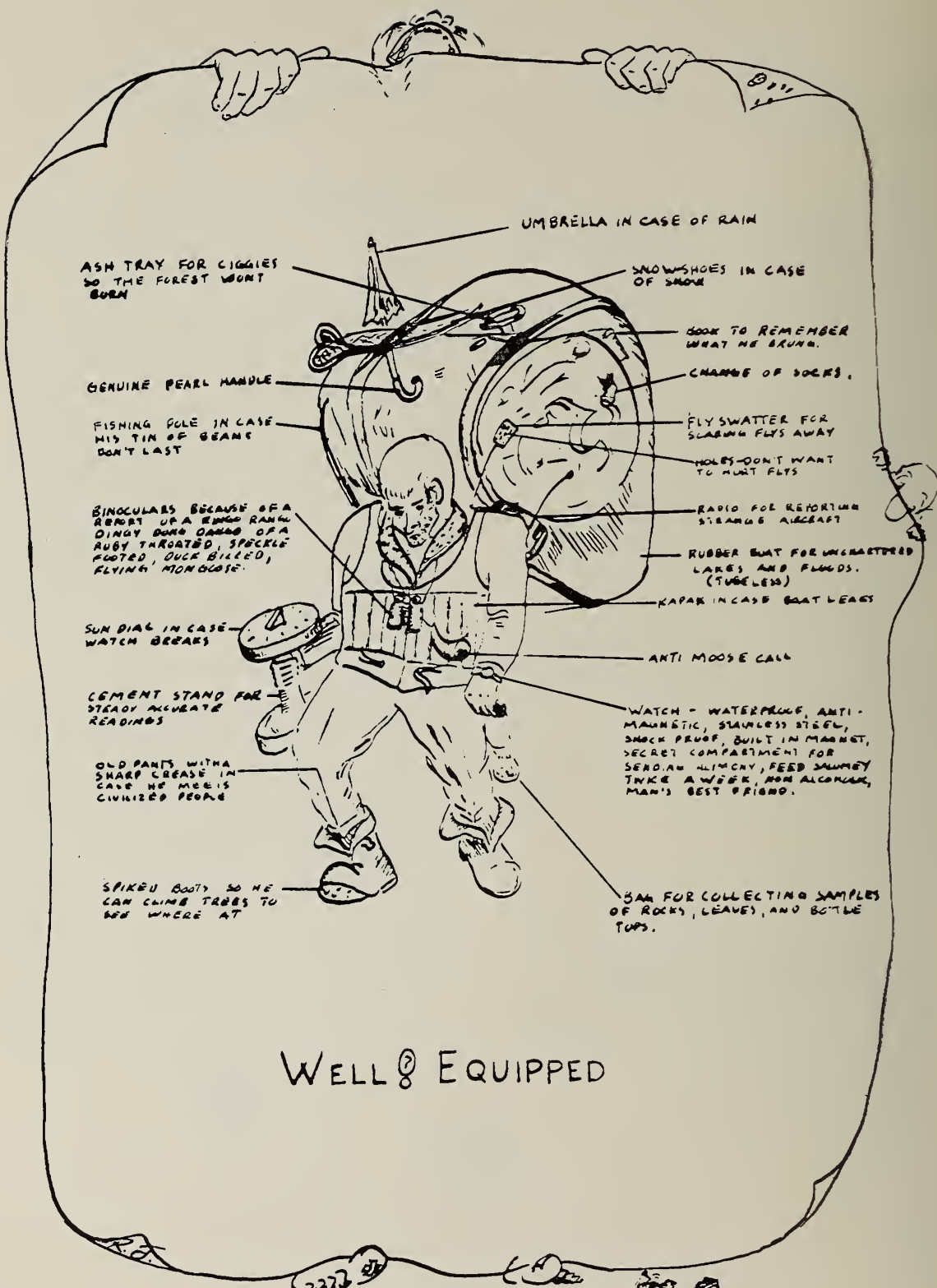
When I grow up I hope I can be like my father. Right now though, everyone thinks I'm a little queer. When someone comes toward me my mind goes in a whirl. Should I say hello? Of course I know the person. No, I'll wait and see if he says hello first. What if he stops to talk? I know, the weather. No! everyone talks about the weather. I won't say anything. And so we pass by and I give a sigh of relief. Girls are the worst problem. Now and then I manage to pass through a one-sided conversation with a man, but never with a girl. I don't know, my mom says girls shouldn't be any different to talk to than boys but I don't know. What am I going to say to a

girl? I know they really don't want to talk to me, so I try my best to avoid embarrassment for both parties, especially myself.

I just don't know what to say although I wish I did. My pop can talk about anything at all and he's got a lot of friends. He knows everyone on the street while I just know our close neighbours. My mom tells me it's important to have friends, but I can't talk to people I don't want to talk to; I refuse to do it. I think that when I grow up I'll be able to know better who my friends really are and then there will be no trouble

Last night my mother pointed out an item in the paper for my father to read. He read aloud, "Mr. Ed Crozic, 211 Alpha Avenue, involved in an accident amounting to \$500.00 to both vehicles was charged with careless driving this morning in magistrate's court and received a \$100.00 fine, his license suspended for six months." A queer look then came over his face as he said, "I told you that guy drove like a madman. Serves him right." I wonder, do people know what he is really like? I think may be my method of choosing friends is better.





ASH TRAY FOR CIGGIES
SO THE FOREST WON'T
BURN

GENUINE PEARL HANDLE

FISHING POLE IN CASE
HIS TIN OF BEANS
DON'T LAST

BINOCULARS BECAUSE OF A
REPORT OF A BEAR RANGING
DINGY BOUND ONWARD OF A
RUBY THROATED, SPECKLED
FOOTED, DUCK BILLED,
FLYING MONGOOSE.

SUN DIAL IN CASE
WATCH BREAKS

CEMENT STAND FOR
STEADY ACCURATE
READINGS

OLD PANTS WITH A
SHARP CREASE IN
CASE HE MEETS
CIVILIZED PEOPLE

SPIKED BOOTS SO HE
CAN CLIMB TREES TO
SEE WHERE AT

UMBRELLA IN CASE OF RAIN

SNOWSHOES IN CASE
OF SNOW

BOOK TO REMEMBER
WHAT HE BRUNG.

CHANGE OF SOCKS.

FLY SWATTER FOR
SLAPPING FLIES AWAY

HOLES DON'T WANT
TO HURT FLIES

RADIO FOR REPORTING
STRANGE AIRCRAFT

RUBBER BOAT FOR UNCHARTERED
LAKES AND FLOODS.
(TUBELESS)

KAPAK IN CASE BOAT LEAKS

ANTI MOOSE CALL

WATCH - WATERPROOF, ANTI-
MAGNETIC, STAINLESS STEEL,
SHOCK PROOF, BUILT IN MAGNET,
SECRET COMPARTMENT FOR
SEED AND ALIMCHY, FEED MUMMY
TWICE A WEEK, FOR ALCOHOL,
MAN'S BEST FRIEND.

BAG FOR COLLECTING SAMPLES
OF ROCKS, LEAVES, AND BOTTLE
TAPS.

WELL @ EQUIPPED

HOLIDAY

Forestry Faculty Field Fundamentals

The second year started as usual with the annual week of cruising at Fish Lake, which introduces the new recruits to the forest and helps the old hands to become reacquainted with Mother Nature.

Transportation was no problem with such a grand fleet as Mr. Haggerty's luxurious limousine, Ben's bahoo, and Ron's heap always gased and snorting to be exercised.

The daily trips to the forest were largely uneventful—hubcaps flew, there were blowouts, and exhaust smoke screens, and one morning when the bahoo was several minutes ahead of the limousine and heap, a case of sabotage was suspected as a log mysteriously appeared on the road.

The second year forestry students under the able supervision of Mr. Haggerty did their utmost to instruct the greenhorns in the principals of cruising. This was no easy task since some of the freshmen did not even know a coniferous tree from a hardwood—and still don't. Frequent shouts of world shaking accuracy like, "get that partridge with the calipers," "smoke time," "that's not a poplar you nitwit, it's a jack-pine" made our chests expand with pride.

The second trip to the Department of Lands and Forests scaling in October, attended only by the "big four" proved to be more successful, with the lectures run-

ing a close second to extra-curricular activities. However, with the close of Exams in the course for Friday, the 13th, a hasty withdrawal was made back to L.T.I.

November lectures were regrettably interrupted by the first tour of company operations, and we became the guests of the Ontario-Minnesota, Dryden, and Great Lakes Paper companies, the Camps, logging operations. The mill in Dryden was visited and we stayed at the Lodge where champagne dinners were common fare. Our chaperone, Mr. Haggerty, expressed a desire for a Jaguar but we were only able to rent a Chevy for him at the time. Ron had the Jaguar spirited away.

In early February, this time accompanied by the newly acquired Mr. Lindsay, we visited the Longlac and Marathon operations. At Caramat the mechanical slashers and mechanical bundle were put on view for us.

The trip came to an end all too soon and again we found ourselves back in Port Arthur faced with the ignorance of the Miners and Artsmen.

The Second Year Foresters,
B. Waatainen,
J. Christianson,
R. Bellingham,
B. Drabbe.



Miners Dilemma

The week of mining field trips of 1956-57 started in a manner which was to be an indication of the year. The whole group of miners got lost from Mr. Page.

On a bright morning in October all assembled at the school, and after heads were counted started off in Bob Walter-son's "car". The destination on this first trip was the Hilldale Road, a destination which all the boys claim was chosen for its inaccessibility. When the party arrived at the point of disembarkture, a desolate clearing miles away from nowhere, it was found that one piece of vital equipment was missing—Mr. Page. After a wait of several hours, some of the brighter boys came to the conclusion that either they were lost, or Mr. Page was. Since they knew where they were, it must be "Trev" who was lost and a search party was formed immediately.

After wandering through miles of desolate country, punctuated by abandoned farms, old wells, and hungry dogs, the search was abandoned. Slowly the caravan made its way back to Port Arthur to give the mournful news to all the students — Mr. Page was lost.

Upon arrival at L.T.I., however, it became exceedingly evident that Mr. Page was here since his blue station wagon was in the parking lot. After being thoroughly grilled and given a third-degree Mr. Page confessed that he had been to the Hilldale Road but couldn't find the boys.

Are there two Hilldale Roads?

The second day was better organized with a trip to Shuniah and Thunderhead. This time rock classification was the main objective and everyone had an ample supply of different rocks to keep him busy, particularly at Thunderhead.

The third and fourth days of the week were uneventful with a trip to Finmark for magnetometer mapping, and an underground tour at Coldstream finishing the week.

In early January when extracurricular activities had ground to a standstill the Pre Cambrian Club decided to visit Steep Rock under the pretense of visiting the mine.

After a trip at the terrific average speed of 17 miles per hour the miners arrived safely but shaken at Atikokan and began a round of activities which will never be experienced again. A trip into the mine, a glassy stare from an electronic eye, steel arches at \$175. each are all that are remembered of the Steep Rock Mine tour.

A few Engineers who were on the trip when asked what they thought of the trip don't answer but get a far away look in their eyes, and mumble something about an amber coloured drink with a froth on top, and go off muttering.

The results of spring, I guess!!!



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