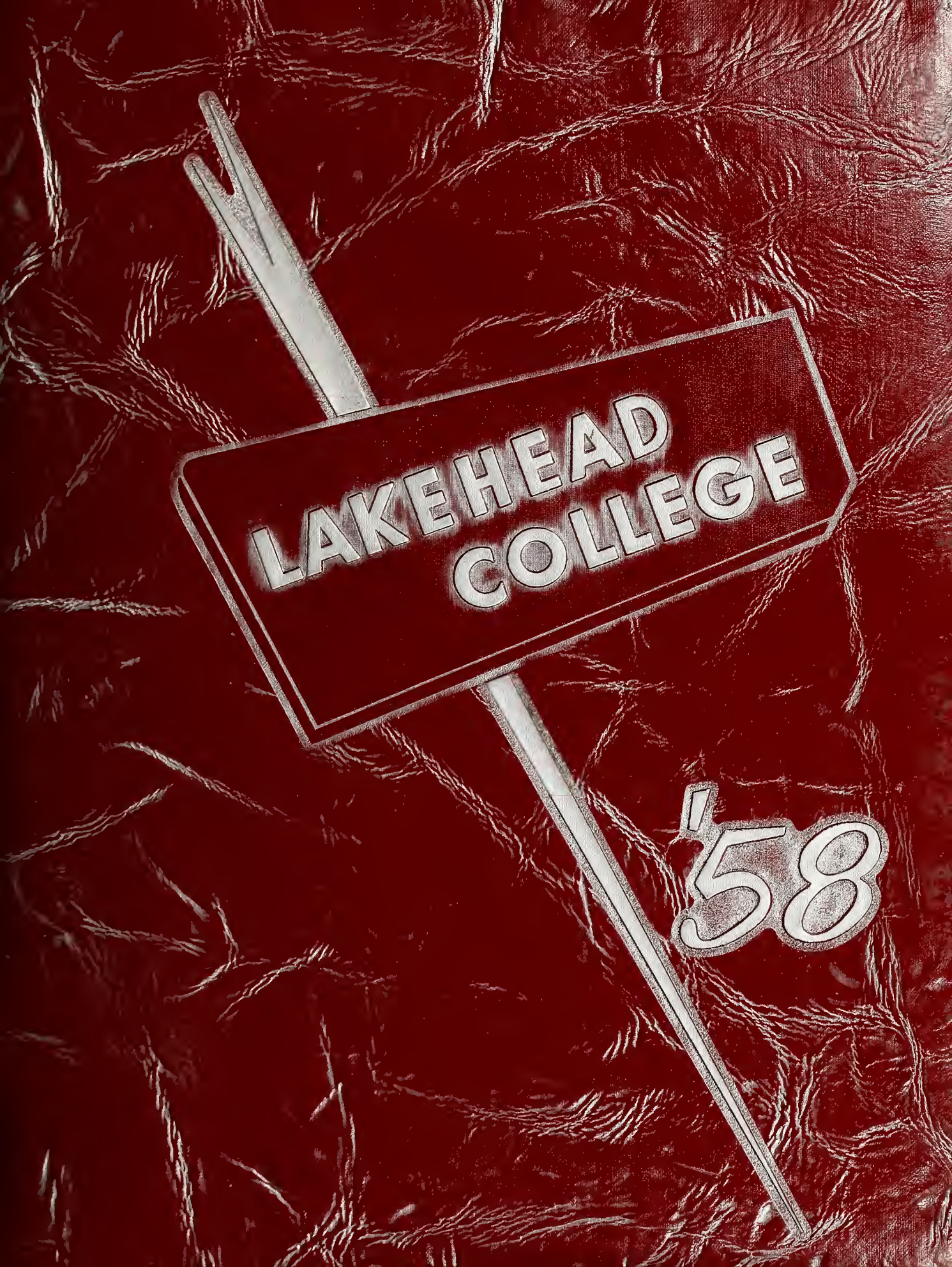
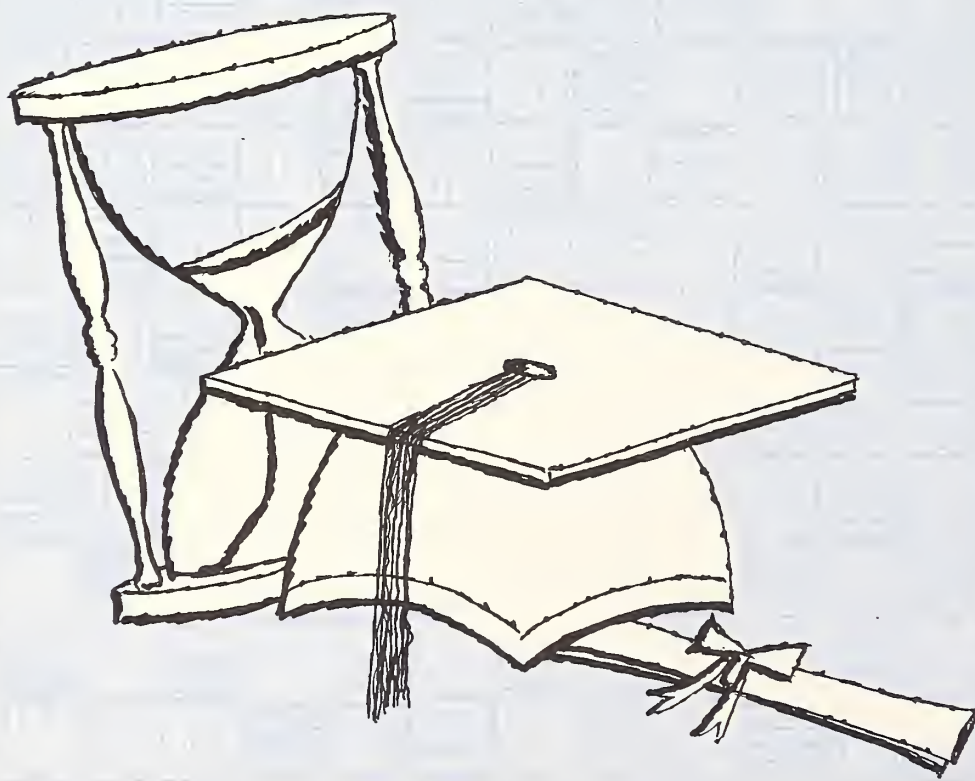


The background is a deep red with a complex, wavy, and fibrous texture, resembling marbled paper or a microscopic view of a material. A white, rectangular sign with rounded corners is mounted on a white stick that enters from the top left and exits from the bottom right. The sign has the text 'LAKEHEAD COLLEGE' in a bold, sans-serif font. The text is white with a thin black outline and a slight drop shadow, giving it a three-dimensional appearance as if it's floating slightly above the sign's surface.

LAKEHEAD
COLLEGE

'58



1958





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GIANT

Yearbook of the
LAKEHEAD COLLEGE
of
Arts, Science and Technology

EDITOR

PAT BOIVIN

VOLUME: 9

SESSION: 1957-58

PORT ARTHUR, ONTARIO

31426

Published by the Students of the Lakehead College 1958

Page 1

PROPERTY OF
LAKEHEAD COLLEGE
PORT ARTHUR, ONT.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Giant would like to thank its many contributors, including those whose contributions could not be published due to limitations of space. Special thanks go to our staff: Bob Nash, Annis Quackenbush, Margaret Strachan, Brian Robinson, Nancy Egan, Doreen Inouye, and to the Yearbook House, and also to our staff advisor, Dr. T. B. Miller.

Photography by Frank Brown and assistants.

EDITORIAL

As an inexperienced hand in the role of editor and organizer, it has been my greatest privilege to have worked with everyone associated with the Yearbook this year.

I ventured quite blindly into this undertaking, and with experience gained the hard way, have tried to produce a book that would be a credit to the inaugural year of the Lakehead College.

Does everyone realize that we are the initial group of an institution that has just started on the long path towards a bright future? The opening of a Junior College in the Lakehead may well be the first step in establishing a University at the "Head of the Lakes." The enrollment this year, double that of last year is unquestionable proof that the need for a college such as the Lakehead College was acute.

The fact that Northwestern Ontario High School Graduates had to travel at least a thousand miles from home to continue their studies should have been appreciated by those concerned a long time ago. It was this factor, plus many others, that finally brought this matter to the attention of the right people. It can also be said that many of those that have been interested in the introduction of a college at the Lakehead really had a battle on their hands to convince those that held the bag that the need was there.

Now that the seed has been sown, perhaps the next step is the growth of our Junior College into a University.

As a second year Technical Mining student, I am leaving the Lakehead with fond memories of the old Lakehead Technical Institute and the new Lakehead College. I feel fortunate that circumstances have brought me here from the East to continue my studies. I will always remember these last two years as a student of the old and the new. They have been two great years.

The editing of this book has been made relatively simple due to the cooperation that I have received from many students. The book was late in getting started, and as a result, the deadlines were upon us almost as soon as we began.

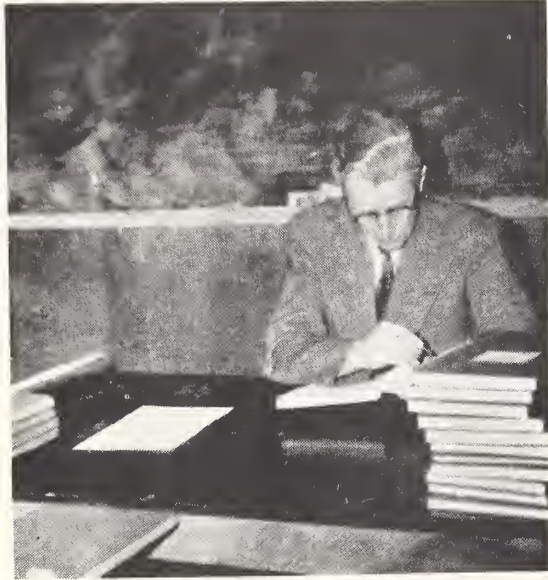
To state a few of the initial problems that we met, there was first, the banking, then an advertising campaign, and the general finding out of how the production of a yearbook is handled. I appreciate the experience this has given me. Then followed the work of gathering material, photography, etc. and etc. I was fortunate to have a few other people interested enough in helping me iron out these problems.

Even though my comments should deal only with the organizing and publishing of this yearbook, I feel it is my privilege to say, on behalf of all the student body, a hearty wish of good luck to Mr. Page. For those who did not know, he is going on to the University of Minnesota to get his Doctor of Philosophy degree in Geology. I hope that the Lakehead College will regain the use of his advanced studies on completion of his course.

I would like to finish by wishing everyone the best of luck in their ventures and to say farewell to the many friends I have made.

Pat Boivin
Editor

THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



To the Graduates:

It is my privilege to extend sincere congratulations and every good wish to the first graduating class from the Lakehead College of Arts, Science and Technology. The occasion is a milestone—not only in your own personal lives—but also in the hopes, aspirations and earnest endeavours of the many people in this community who have worked hard to establish the College here.

These days are full of challenge for all who are engaged in the various fields of education. Not for many, many years has the spotlight of public interest been focused on our school's and universities with such glaring intensity. The interest is almost universal. It extends from parents to politicians to business corporations. All of them are prepared to help. You have taken full advantage of the facilities that are available at the Lakehead and I have every confidence that you will prove yourselves worthy of the sacrifices that have been made in your behalf. In the final analysis, the future of the College will depend on the calibre of the graduates.

You are graduating at a time when the world is filled with opportunity but plagued by anxiety. You are members of a select group—the six or seven students out of one hundred who are participating in education beyond the secondary school level. It will be your privilege and duty to accept more than the average share of responsibilities. I hope that you will accept them with confidence and courage, and always remember that the solution to your problems must lie in human understanding and in wisdom applied to human affairs.

Harold S. Braun
Principal

THE NEW COLLEGE



The Lakehead College of Arts, Science and Technology officially opened on October 2nd, 1957. Previous to this date, many students throughout the province and beyond had received letters of acceptance from the principal of the College, stating that registration would take place on Monday, September 18th, at the new building located off the Oliver Road across from the cemetery.

On registration day, many new faces were seen on the campus. Students were directed to the various teachers situated around the new common room. Approximately one hundred and thirty-five students enrolled on Monday and Tuesday, as well as about fifty part-time students. In the library, students could be seen buying armfuls of text books and school laboratory supplies throughout these days.

Lectures opened for the full time students at 9:55 Wednesday morning, following an assembly in Room 2, conducted by Mr. Braun to help the students become acquainted with the rules and regulations of the College. Since our college had only been built, the laboratories on the second floor were not completed when the lectures began. Until a month or so after lectures commenced, only four lecture rooms, plus a few chairs in the common room, were available to the students.

October 2nd was declared a holiday for the college students to attend the official opening of the new Lakehead College of Arts, Science and Technology.

To date, half of the school year is completed. A few students from various faculties have left here, although the College still has an enrollment of over a hundred and ten students.

As the college will grow in size, the student body will grow, even in the percentage of girls. This year, the College only has five girls, one in Technical Division and four in the Arts faculty. School sports will also increase, and will get even better response from the student body, although over sixty-five percent of the students now participate in them. The social life at the school is still in full swing. However, this will slowly slacken as the examinations draw nearer.

So far, the College has had a very successful year in everything. I am sure this will continue not only until the end of this term, but also in the years to come.

Doreen Inouye

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The position of President of the Students' Administrative Council is an honourable and pleasurable one, honourable in the fact that it is the highest position to which a student can be elected by his fellows. The students elect the person they feel will aptly represent them with character, deportment and ability. He must be willing to assume the responsibilities that they do not wish to assume themselves. The pleasant part is in knowing that, of those who elected you, there are many on whom you can rely to render every assistance to make the job enjoyable.

It was with great pride that I assumed this position for 1957-58. When my fellow students felt that I would fill this most important position to their satisfaction was indeed a proud moment for me. To be the first President in the new College is something upon which I will reflect for many years.

This year has marked a milestone in the progress of our institute. From having to restrict our social activities to two or three parties per year at a local club, we have been able to expand to many dances at the school plus our traditional club parties. The club parties were a success and all concerned had a good time. The school dances, although not supported to the full extent, proved to be a starting point for more parties in the future years. The students this year did not realize that these parties were for all the student body, and whether or not they attended these functions, the non-participants helped pay for the others.

We must be growing not only in numbers but in thought. Already we seem to have fraternities, or should I say, clans. There seems to be a two way criss-cross, three way split, the facilities versus each other and also Fort Bill against Port Art versus out of town. These groups would be fine if it were just to outdo each other, but detrimental if they tried to depreciate other group functions. There are some detrimental rivalries already between these clans. The proof of this is, that if one sponsors a dance, the majority clans, namely Fort William and the Engineers, do not always support, with the result that only a select group shows up every time.

Some mention of appreciation should go out to Richard Heale and Bob Nash. Although the council supported them financially and enthusiastically, if it were not for these boys, we would not have VE3ECT, our new club radio station. The council also financially helped the lapidary club, frequented by the miners.

The council this year, in my opinion, was a good one. The executive and representatives were very cooperative and willing to tackle anything themselves, but usually only the Technical group gave support to their reps. At this time, I would like to thank our five wonderful girls who pitched in and helped us every time there was some decorating or organizing that needed doing.

In closing, I would like to say that, although things were hectic at times, I was glad to be able to serve those who appreciated the Students' Council functions, and knowing that there were some who enjoyed these affairs and recognized the amount of planning that went into them, I am happy.

A wise woman, my mother often quoted to me from Abe Lincoln:
"You can please all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, but you can't please all of the people all of the time."

With this in mind, good luck to next year's council and president.

Glen Coley
President

THE GIANT



Regardless of where one looks from in either of our twin cities, one can always see the "Sleeping Giant"—a massive rock lying in the middle of Thunder Bay. The contour of this noteworthy landmark points it out as a favourite sight for all tourists.

We, the staff of the 1958 edition of the yearbook, felt that it was only fitting to name the first edition of this yearbook for the new Lakehead College after this natural formation, and so we chose "The Giant" for our new name.

Much Indian folklore is attached to the Giant, but one of the most entertaining of all legends is this one, told back in 1889:

"Nana, the sleeping giant which reposes in Thunder Bay, lived at the time the mastadon roamed our forests. He stood thousands of feet high, a giant and monarch, chief of earth and sea. He wooed and won a dusky maiden. She was young and beautiful, tall like himself, and her foot was as fleet as the frightened deer. Her tresses were like the raven's wings and her eyes as bright as dew drops. Her voice was as soft as the music of the mountain brook and she was as joyous as a bird and as lovely as a summer day.

By the lake side in a rocky cave they dwelt for two thousand years, and the Ojibways and all the other powerful Indian tribes of the Lake Superior district were Nan's descendants.

The old warrior was fond of fishing, and it was his wont to walk through the lake swinging a large hemlock tree for a club to drive the fish before him out into the lake to Sault Ste. Marie, where his faithful wife stood and caught them. This was fine angling.

Years rolled on until one fine day the old squaw lost her cunning and all the fish that Nana drove before him passed her and swam into Lake Huron, and the old giant, hungry and relentless in his rage, killed his good wife with his club, and her poor lifeless body floated down upon the shore of Lake Huron, where it can be seen unto this day, a cape known as the Old Squaw, or Nana's Wife.

When Nana saw what he had done he was afraid and could not rest. He called his wife by name and talked of love. In vain he sought the Great Spirit for rest and in agonizing despair he raved and tore his hair. Nana was penitent and sorrowful; penitent in fear of the Great Spirit's anger and sorrowful in the loss of his wife's companionship.

He wandered from his home out upon the prairies and far over the mountains, seeking forgetfulness and rest when, lo, he heard the loud cannonading of bursting boulders, and saw huge rocks high in the air. He heard fearful hissing of escaping gas and steam, and felt the suffocation of many obnoxious odors. The crimson heavens rained rocks, lava and ashes, whilst amid the clashing perils of thunder and the red lightning's fitful glare, the earth shook and trembled from the awful groaning roar of the volcanic fires.

The Great Spirit was angry with Nana and he fled away, swifter than the eagles fly, back to his Lake Superior home, where he heard his wife's voice calling to him and beheld her streaming eyes so wild in fear, so sad in their imploring look, beseeching him to stay the cruel blow. He heard her death cry in the passionate sounds of the winds. Retribution was overtaking him. He walked once more in Thunder Bay and then, in agony of remorse and despairing anguish, Nana laid himself down and died of a broken heart.

FACULTY MEMBERS



H. S. BRAUN, B.A.
Principal



W. S. ARMSTRONG, M.A.



J. W. HAGGERTY, B.Sc.F.



D. LINDSAY, B.A., M.Sc.



T. B. MILLER
B.A., Ph.D.



W. D. McKINNON
B.Sc. Eng.



T. W. PAGE
B.Sc.



ETOILE R. STEVENSON
B.A.



R. LEHTOVAARA
B. Com.



C. WHITAKER
B.A., B. Paed.



Miss HELVI HELLE
Secretary



Mrs. VIEGANDT
Librarian

FACULTIES



Faculty of Applied Science

AL BRULEY
Port Arthur



BILL BUCHOWSKI
Fort William



BILL BUTUK
Fort William



TERRY CODY
Fort William



RAY COTE
Geraldton
Ontario



DAVE CROZIER
Cold Stream
Ontario



HANS DORNBUSCH
Fort William



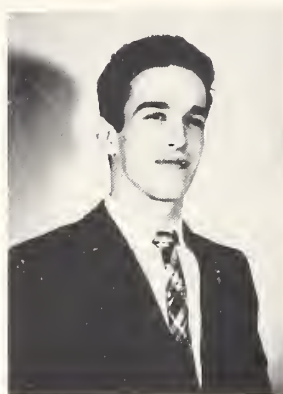
BOB EVERETT
Fort William



GERRY FORSLUND
Geraldton
Ontario



HUGH GAMBLE
Dryden
Ontario



LARRY GIBSON
Fort William



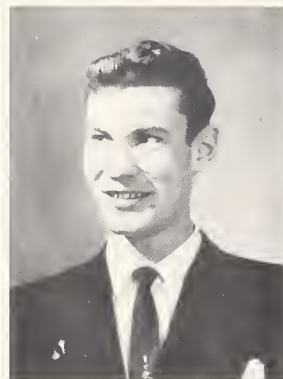
ANDREW GILLILAND
Winnipeg
Manitoba



STEVE HART
Picton
Ontario



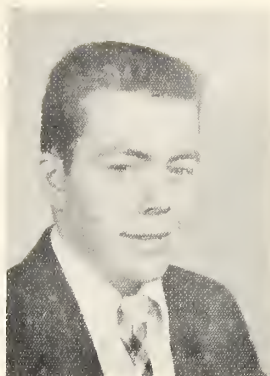
RICHARD HEALE
Atikokan
Ontario



MEL JACOBSON
Fort William



AL JOHNSON
Port Arthur



DAVE JOHNSON
Port Arthur



HOWARD KAUPPINEN
Orillia
Ontario



OSMO KAUSTINEN
Nipigon
Ontario



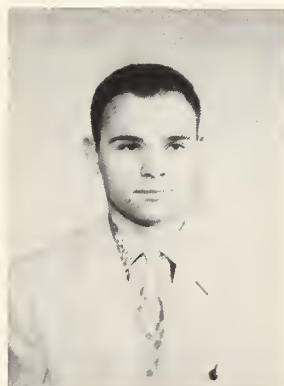
GAVIN KEMPTON
Fort William



PETER KOSHULAP
Fort William



EUGENE KOTYK
Fort William



JOHN MAKI
Port Arthur



GEORGE NEELY
Fort William



HARRY PANTOULIAS
Fort William



DENNIS RICHTER
Fort William



TOM ROBERTS
Toronto
Ontario



JIM SCHMIDT
Port Arthur



DON SIIRA
Port Arthur



JERRY SMITH
Nipigon
Ontario



BOB TONKIN
Port Arthur



COLIN TRIVERS
Thessalon
Ontario



STEVE WALKER
Winnipeg
Manitoba



JIM WEBSTER
Fort William



JOE ZAJAC
Timmins
Ontario



NORM ZAWALSKY
Port Arthur



ARTS

TAMARA ANDERSON
Fort William
Pharmacy



MICHAEL BEVERLEY
Geraldton
Ontario



DAVE BIANCO
Red Rock
Ontario



DAVE CRANE
Fort William
Commerce



NANCY EGAN
Fort William



LLOYD FUCILE
Fort William



RON GREGOR
Port Arthur



RUDDY GROULX
Port Arthur
Pharmacy



CLARY HARDY
Fort William



RAY HODOWANSKY
Fort William



ALLAN JACK
Fort William



BRIAN KEENAN
Port Arthur



BRUCE KNICELY
Fort William



ED KNUTSON
Port Arthur



CARL KONEFAL
Port Arthur



WALTER KWASNY
Fort William



IAN MacDONALD
Fort William



GEORGE MAIER
Fort William



RAY MALO
Fort William



BOB McCALL
Fort William



MERVYN MOROZ
Fort William



ROBERT NASH
Port Arthur



WALTER PAPICH
Port Arthur



ANNIS QUACKENBUSH
Fort William



EDGAR QUINN
Sioux Lookout
Ontario
Commerce



KEN SAKAMOTO
Fort William



ED SHEEHAN
Schreiber
Ontario



MARGARET STRACHAN
Fort William



KEN WALDUC
Port Arthur



BRIAN WHITFIELD
Fort William



Chemistry

DOREEN INOUE
Fort William



PETER KEDGE
Fort William



DONALD MARTIN
Fort William



KEN McCAY
Fort William



SID ZAWALY
Kenora
Ontario



ENGINEERING I

BERNIE ALLARD
Port Arthur



KEN BOLOTY
Port Arthur



LORNE CAMPBELL
Port Arthur



GERALD CARLSON
Fort William



DAVE ELCHUK
Murillo
Ontario



JOHN JAKLITCH
Port Arthur

RON KLEMACKI
Port Arthur



TOM LAW
Port Arthur



BILL MOKOMELA
Port Arthur



AL SAXBERG
Port Arthur



JOHN SMITH
Port Arthur



VALDEKO WEEMES
Port Arthur



JOE WOJCIECHOWSKI
Port Arthur



PAUL ZUBEC
Port Arthur



TECHNICAL FORESTRY

First Year

FRANK BROWN
Creighton
Ontario



ROD COOKE
Courtright
Ontario



JOHN DUNCAN
Peterborough
Ontario



GLEN EKLUND
Nestor Falls
Ontario



RUSSEL HALL
High River
Alberta



BOB NESBITT
Ottawa
Ontario



HUGH SCHOOLEY
Ottawa
Ontario



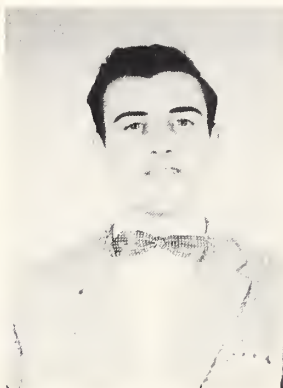
MIKE SYRYDUK
FORT WILLIAM



NESTOR TRACH
Port Arthur



BOB ZARN
Leamington
Ontario



Tech Mining I

EARL CONNORS
Port Arthur



BERNARD DOUGHTON
Fort William



RAY DREW
Port Arthur



MARVIN DYRKACZ
Winnipegosis
Manitoba



HUGH FERGUSON
Fort William



DANNY LANGILLE
Port Arthur



BERT LEMON
Chapleau
Ontario



JACK MEYERS
Toronto
Ontario

GILLIS PRUD'HOMME
Ste. Angele de
Mont Noir
Quebec



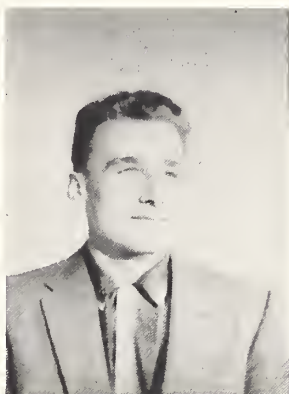
HENRY ROMPPAI
Port Arthur



TECHNICAL FORESTRY

Second Year

FRANK BUCHIK
Fort William



AL KORKOLA
Timmins
Ontario



BRIAN ROBINSON
Sarnia
Ontario



RAY VILLENEUVE
Timmins
Ontario



Tech Mining II

PAT BOIVIN
North Bay
Ontario



GLEN COLEY
Sudbury
Ontario



JOHN LAGADIN
Port Arthur



ED TUTKALUK
Atikokan
Ontario



BOB WALTERSON
Port Arthur



APPLIED SCIENCE

We in Applied Science this year have had the honour of being the first Engineers in the new Lakehead College. I believe it has been the largest enrollment since the old Lakehead Tech was formed. We can all look back with pride at how we surmounted the many difficulties that faced us.

Our course is one of the most difficult of those given in any university. Night after night, our tired bodies have struggled to keep up to the tremendous pace. Many of our number have dropped out, but I believe that each and every one feels that he has gained something that can never be taken away.

Now that everything is over in our first year, we look back to our weekly periods in the Chemistry laboratory, the drafting room, and all the other. Frustration in failure and joy in success have all been ours at one time or another this year. However, we can all say, "The work was hard but we had a lot of fun too."

Unfortunately, we have heard that Mr. Page is leaving the College. We have enjoyed your interesting classes, Mr. Page, and hope for the benefit of future students that you will return once more to our College. To you, Mr. Page, we say "Clear sailing ahead."

We can thank our fellow classmates for the help we often received but most of all, we can thank our wonderful teachers. Throughout all, they have shown patience and understanding, forever willing to give us extra help. To our teachers we all owe a vote of thanks.

What faces us now? Only time will tell. But with faith and determination our goal shall be achieved. We wish the best of luck to all those in the school, and also to the teachers. We also say "Goodbye Lakehead College—we have every confidence in you."

Jerry Smith

ARTS

The enrollment of full-time students in the Lakehead College Arts faculty reached an all-time high of thirty-two this year. This number was swelled by approximately sixty-six part-time students who attended the extension classes after four throughout the week and on Saturday morning.

The courses available have also been expanded to cope with the increase in enrollment. The faculty of Pharmacy was added this year, but actually, they are a part of our Arts society. Instruction is now offered in twelve subjects, including English, French, History, Philosophy, Economics, Psychology, Calculus and the Sciences. The French department at the College has now been expanded to include two sessions—one for the day students and one for the part-time students.

Although only the first year of the University Division courses are available at the present, we hope to be a degree-granting college in the very foreseeable future.

Amidst the taunts of the other faculties, we Artsmen take our stand for our few and far-between lectures. Little do the others realize that an Artsman does the majority of his work after school is recessed.

The Artsmen, which happen to include three Artswomen, have been well represented at all the school functions. For private entertainment, we held a very successful stag, under the watchful guidance of Dr. Miller and Mr. Page, at the home of one of the fellows. Although the invitation was extended to the whole faculty, the female members aptly declined the offer.

We are proud to have formed the largest class in the history of the Arts faculty, and the first class for the new College. Certainly, we have tried to maintain the high standards set before us by previous classes. May the Class of '58 go down in the laurels of the Lakehead College.

COMMERCE

This year, the faculty of Commerce consisted of two students, both hailing from the Fort William Collegiate Institute. Although most of the subjects were taken with the Arts faculty at the College, Monday evenings were spent taking Accounting for a few odd hours. Generally speaking, the Commerce faculty is an integral part of the Arts faculty, although it boasts a name to itself.

Besides Accounting, the Commerce curriculum consists of English, Economics, Psychology, Calculus and History. This provides a well-rounded knowledge, yet gives the subjects tending toward the commercial and financial end of life.

Both of us Commerce students, males to be exact, plan on continuing our education at the University of British Columbia in sunny Vancouver. Here, we hope to obtain our degrees, and later to take up our position in the future of Canada.

During the year, it has proved rather hectic trying to fit two lectures into the space provided for one. They would have to put Psychology and Economics both from 4:30 to 6:00 on Mondays and Thursdays! Nevertheless, the only available solution was to alternate classes, exchanging notes at the end of each lecture. This has proved rather frustrating, especially when it ends up that both of us attend the same lecture at the same time. Not only do we do this, but we also fit three Accounting lectures into one solid, two and a half hour evening stretch. Oh, the joys of being a Commerce man!

All in all, this year has proved itself very enjoyable, and we leave the College for the coast carrying fond memories of a year well spent.

PHARMACY

The origin of pharmacy is lost in the mists of time. Scientists have collected evidence to show that pharmacy of a kind was practiced at least 4500 years ago. It was then intermingled with the practice of medicine, both being abounded by magic, quackery and superstition. With fading of centuries, chemistry gradually replaced witchcraft until finally medicine and pharmacy were established into separate professions.

Today, pharmacy embraces a variety of occupations, including the retail pharmacist, hospital pharmacist, analytical pharmaceutical chemist, pharmacist in the armed services, teacher, and research worker, as well as a number of positions in pharmaceutical industry.

The modern pharmacist has one of the broadest scientific backgrounds of the health services. He must have a knowledge of all of the many processes of manufacturing pharmacy, since many of his modern-day prescription requests are filled from stocks manufactured in factories. However, even in this modern age, the pharmacist himself is still required to prepare medicines of all types. Before he dispenses any material, he must be sure that it is correctly labelled and that it is of the required standard and quality. He must be trained, therefore, to examine, if necessary, his raw material by chemical or microscopic means. Thus, he is more than merely a dispenser, he is also a chemist, and upon occasion, an analyst.

Courses in Pharmacy, leading to the Bachelor and Master of Science degrees are offered in eight Canadian universities. Although only two students are presently enrolled in this course at the Lakehead College, interest in this field will be keener with the expansion of the College in the near future.

Pharmacy is a dynamic and expanding field in which new drugs are paving the way for an entirely new era in medicine

Tamara Anderson

TECHNICAL CHEMISTRY I

Only the first year of the Technical Chemistry course is offered at the College. On completion of this year, the student chooses the branch of chemistry he desires. For those entering chemical research or instrument technology, there are two years of school remaining. Those interested in health laboratory work may spend one more year at the Provincial Laboratories in Toronto. The Ryerson course of one additional year enables the graduate to work on atomic, government or industrial research projects.

At the College this year, there are five students enrolled in this course. One of our number plans to go on to the Provincial Laboratory, while the remaining four hope to go to the Ryerson Institute of Technology.

Our first year involves twenty-nine periods a week, of which eight are given to lab work. Instruction is given in such technical subjects as physics, chemistry and mathematics, in addition to English, biology, botany and economics.

This year, the class paid a visit to the Husky Oil Refineries of Fort William. At the refinery, we observed the process by which organic compounds are cracked. This process is a part of our course. We hope that our initial visit may set a precedent for visits in future years.

We have really enjoyed working in the new labs at the College, a far cry from those old ones at the Institute. In fact, they were so new, and things opened and closed so easily that the drawers had a habit of coming completely out, shattering the glass contents!

Although there is little to offer at the Lakehead in the way of summer employment to which we may directly apply our knowledge, there are some openings in applied fields, such as at the paper companies, the refinery, and the hospitals.

ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY I

—A New Course Offered at the Lakehead College.

At the start of the 1957-58 term, the Lakehead College added to its calendar a new two-year course, Engineering Technology. This course has shown all signs of gaining in popularity and surpassing some other courses offered.

Most of the fifteen students enrolled in the course come from the Lakehead area. However, there is one who journeyed across the ocean, leaving Estonia, his homeland, behind. The students in the class combine many varied interests and hobbies, some of which are hunting, flying, broomball, curling, hockey and music.

Our time-table consists of a well-balanced thirty hours per week of lectures and labs. Most of our subjects are taken with the rest of the technical students, but our drawing and drafting is done with the Applied Scientists.

Engineering Technology trains the student for work in industry, and provides many opportunities for an interesting future upon graduation. Before receiving his diploma, a student must work sixteen weeks on a job pertaining to the course. On completion of this, he becomes a qualified engineering technician. Those wishing to receive a degree in any of a number of branches may continue their studies at a university. Technical engineers form a class below graduate engineers, and perform duties which the graduate had to previously do, leaving the latter with more time to devote to the larger jobs.

Recent surveys, which indicated a great demand for technicians and engineering assistants in all branches of industry, prompted the government to start the course of Engineering Technology at the College. We are proud to have formed the first class.

TECHNICAL FORESTRY I

The doors of our new Lakehead College have attracted ten stalwart young men to the Technical Forestry course this year. We have representatives from Alberta to the eastern part of Ontario. All of us have a love for the rigorous outdoor life and a great appreciation of nature, and we are looking forward to a promising career in practical forestry.

Most of the fellows are active participants in one or more of the College's sports activities, hockey and curling being the favorites. Photography is a popular hobby with many of us. In fact, many of the pictures in this book were printed and developed at the College by two of our ardent darkroom artists.

Along with the academic part of our course, we have many other interesting subjects, such as: elementary forestry, timber estimating, surveying, drafting, and public speaking.

Two weeks of our fall term were spent in the College forest around Island Lake and Trout Lake. There we were under the supervision of our instructor and also the second year students. The purpose of these trips was to gain a basic knowledge of forest cruising.

The cold winter months have been spent in the classroom. However, pleasant breaks in the routine were provided by guest lecturers. Representatives of the local forest industries and associations have given some very enlightening talks on many different aspects of forestry. Interesting films, slides, and periodic afternoon excursions, have all served to make this an enjoyable and profitable year.

Russel Hall

TECHNICAL MINING I

The term got underway on September 18, with the next thirty days being rather quiet, while the ten miners, representing places in Manitoba, Northern and Southern Ontario, as well as the Lakehead, got to know one another and the routine of the college.

After the thirty day period of induction, we set out on our field trip with Mr. Page. The trip lasted two cold rainy weeks, during which time we travelled west as far as Pigeon River where a newly found deposit of pyrrhotite was being worked; and as far east as the Willroy Mine at Manitouwadge where we were shown the complete workings of the mine and townsite.

As well as leaving us memories that will never be forgotten, the field trip served to familiarize us with minerals, various geological formations and a few other situations that miners are bound to face some time or other in their career.

The remainder of the fall term passed very quickly with everyone enjoying equal portions of work and fun. The fun was terminated by a successful dinner dance at the Club Seaway; and the work by the Christmas examinations which also left memories that will never be forgotten.

This group has spent many an hour in the library looking up material needed to hand in assignments given to them by the teachers and also to do work. It is one of the quietest spots in the school, thanks to our helpful friend, Mrs. Viegandt.

We would also like to take this opportunity to say "Au Revoir" to Mr. Page. It would have been nice to have him finish up our course with us but we extend our best wishes and wish him good luck in his ventures.

Danny Langille

TECHNICAL FORESTRY II

This year, there are four students in the second year forestry class. This small class gives a greater opportunity for the students to receive more personal attention.

During the course of the year, the boys were fortunate to attend two one-week trips to tour the camps and to watch the logging operations of the different pulp and paper companies in the district. They were also able to take in numerous guided tours of local paper mills and company woodlands' offices. Shortly after the opening of the first term, each of the boys attended a two-week scaler's course at Long Lac, Ontario. The course was sponsored by the Department of Lands and Forests and each of the students was successful in obtaining his scaler's license.

Immediately following this course, the second year students took the first year boys on a two-week cruise in the Institute Forest, north of Trout Lake. The majority of the forestry lectures have been used to compile this cruise and to prepare tables, maps and a management plan for the area.

On completion of the course, each boy, formed his own idea on what his future would be. Two of the fellows hope to go into jobs with the forestry department of pulp and paper companies. One student hopes to work with the Department of Lands and Forests, and our fourth faculty member will attend the University of New Brunswick forestry course.

Brian Robinson

Technical Mining 11

This, our graduating year, has been another interesting and educational one for us. The field trips are the highlight of the technical courses.

On our first field trip to Manitouwadge, we were accompanied by the first year Miners. As host, Wilroy mines provided us with good food and accommodation. The main object of our trip was a tour of the mine and mill, which turned out to be very interesting.

In keeping with tradition, our two evenings were very eventful, especially for two second year boys. Poker was the chief pastime and, strangely enough, the first year boys proved to have what it takes, that is, except for one who couldn't eat for two days.

Geraldton is a town with very few recreational facilities, so after arriving in the evening, our weary group congregated over a little round table marked with water rings and exchanged delightful stories until flickering lights ushered our departure. This was the beginning of our second field trip.

Soon some Bell Telephone workers befriended us and joined our stag parties which became more exciting as the week progressed. Several beds were found difficult to sleep in while others could not be found at all. One of us saw to this in a fit of revenge brought on when, due to faulty construction, his trusty bed let him down with a crash.

The McLeod Cockshutt mine took excellent care of us and we completed our survey and tour in four days.

These last two years have been a bright spot in our lives, and we have Mr. Page to thank for most of the highlights. As he is leaving the school to join some of us in an effort to gain more knowledge, we extend the best of success to him.

Bob Waterson



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With all this continuing expansion more men are needed — men trained in engineering, geology and the related sciences.

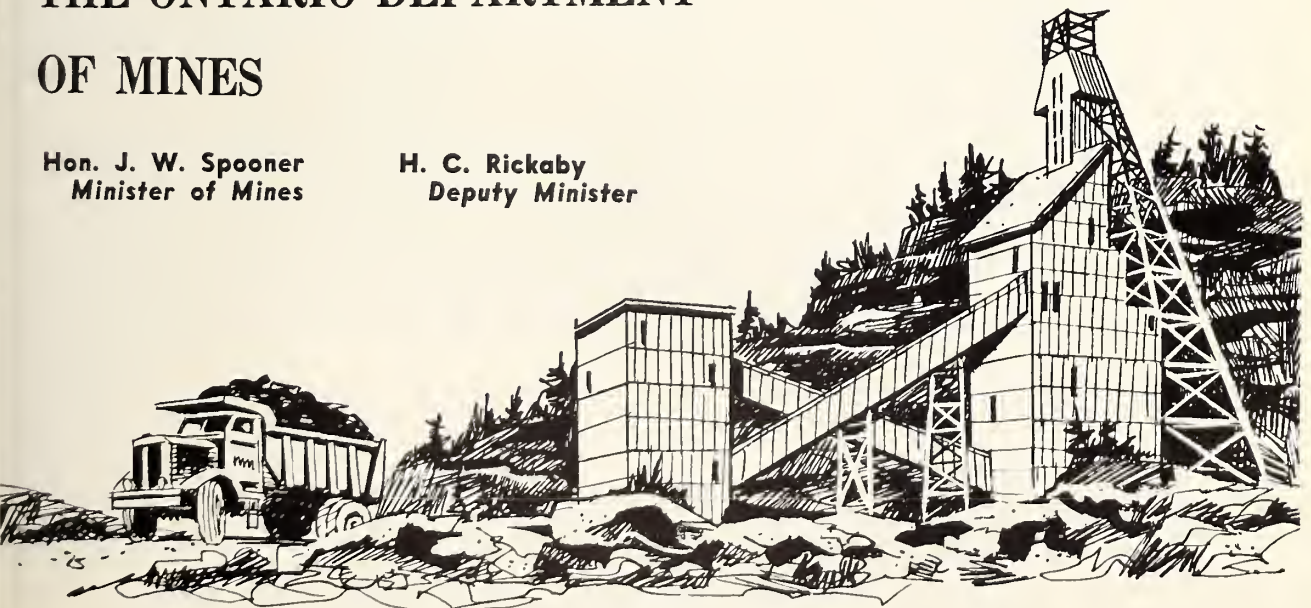
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Botany

Pat Armstrong, Ron Thomas, Stan Pasko, George Bevilacqua, Hans Dieter, Bernie Skula, Paul Schmidt.



Economics

Nester Cheowy, M. Barnuk, Mr. Lehtovaara, Helen Dewar, Leo Bruzas, Barry Wagar, George Rhine.



FRENCH

D. Pozihun, N. Chehowy, T. Crocker, L. Bruzas, G. Rhine,
R. Morton, F. Goodfellow.

M. Hansen, M. Rayner, E. Aidy, Mrs. Stevenson, M. Lindholm, E. Lahto.



History

R. Stark, M. Hassell, B. Skula, B. Wagar, W. Gregoruk, D. LeDrew



PSYCHOLOGY

Jerry Carlson, Ernie Petch, Ron Bisset, Lorne Gibson, Roy Willanen, Mr. Whitaker, Bob Orr, Ruby Went, Joan Smith, Mina Smith, Jerry Sykes.

PART TIME STUDENTS

As the four o'clock bell rings in many elementary schools at the Lakehead, we would find pupils leaving the confines of the school, glad that another day has come to an end. However, many of their teachers are getting ready to go to school themselves. If we were to look in on them, we would see them hurriedly gathering their books and accessories and dashing out to catch that ride to the new Lakehead College. The teachers concerned in this are not only interested in educating their pupils, but are striving to further their own education by participating in the various extension courses offered at the College. A great many of the "part-time students" have some courses to their credit already and are working ahead in quest of a Bachelor of Arts degree. A maximum of two courses can be studied during the winter and a great many Lakehead teachers head down East in the summer to attend summer sessions at various universities and to study additional subjects.

A variety of courses is always offered at the Lakehead and this year included Elementary Psychology, French, Economics, History and Botany. Lectures commence at 4:30 and sometimes last well on to 6:00. The sessions for the "part-time students" began in early October and terminated in mid-April with a final exam.

The enrollment this year is very good and all indications point to a better one next year. It is nice to get away in the summer time and take a holiday but we think a great majority of the teachers participating in these courses would favour a summer school at the Lakehead held in the beautiful new college.

Gerald Carlson

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Convocation

1957

The ninth annual convocation of the Lakehead Technical Institute was held on May 7, 1957, at the Fort William Collegiate Institute.

Following "O Canada," the Reverend S. R. McLeod, D.D., delivered the invocation. The welcome to graduates and guests was given by the Principal, Mr. H. S. Braun, after which the diplomas and certificates were presented. Mr. F. L. Stevens conferred diplomas in the Technical Division, while Dr. P. McK. Spence presented certificates to the University Division graduates.

Introduction of the guest speaker, Dr. Hugh H. Saunderson, President and Vice-Chancellor, University of Manitoba, was by R. J. Flatt, Chairman of the Advisory Committee.

After the presentation of scholarships, trophies and awards, the final convocation for the Lakehead Technical Institute closed with "God Save the Queen." The tenth convocation will be the inaugural for the Lakehead College of Arts, Science and Technology.

SCHOLARSHIPS and PRIZES:

BRUCE ANTONEN	Abitibi Power & Paper Co. Ltd. Scholarship
V. BALCYTIS	Canadian Car and Foundry Prize
FRANK BUCHIK	Northwestern Ontario Timber Operators' Ass'n Scholarship
JOHN CERVEN	Xi Upsilon Chapter, Beta Sigma Phi Scholarship
DONALD COULSON	Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario Scholarship
MANFRED FICKER	City of Port Arthur Scholarship
WAVENLEY GILBERT	Jessie Mackey Memorial Scholarship
ALLAN KORKOLA	Marathon Paper Mills of Canada Limited Scholarship
JOHN LAGADIN	J. P. Bickell Foundation Scholarship in Mining
STUART McNEILL	City of Fort William Scholarship
	Donald Clark Cup
	Robert Poulin Memorial Trophy
ARTHUR MENHART	National Council Jewish Women Scholarship
KIMIO OMAE	L. T. I. Students' Administrative Council Scholarship
	Year Book Prize
KEITH PERRY	Port Arthur Lodge No. 224, I. O. O. F. Scholarship
ROBERT SLISKOVITCH	University of Toronto Alumni Scholarship
BERNARD WAATAINEN	Principal's Prize in Forestry
MICHAEL ZABLOCKI	Lady Grey Chapter, I. O. D. E. Scholarship
ATHLETIC AWARDS:	Curling—KEITH PERRY
	Table Tennis—GERALD SMITH
PRIZES to PART-TIME STUDENTS:	Economics—GERTRUDE ZAVIDOWSKI
	Geology—BARRY WAGER
	History—PATRICIA ARMSTRONG
	Psychology—JANE WADE

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Activities

THE SOCIAL SECTION

The social life of the year got underway on October 9-10 at Gibson's Bowling Alley in Port Arthur. The student nurses from the General Hospital were invited, in order to get the boys from out of town acquainted with some of the Lakehead girls. The afternoons turned out to be quite successful, although I don't think the bowling was up to par.

On October 25, the first dance was held in our new school. For the occasion the common room was decorated and we danced to the music of a well known Lakehead orchestra. A good time was had by all.

The Foresters had the first stag of the season at Frank Brown's girl friend's camp at Amethyst Beach. From the tales passed along, everyone enjoyed himself with the exception of a pilot who couldn't find his C.O. before taking off! There were the usual activities of stags—namely poker and dice games and chug-a-lug contests, with the odd serenade thrown in by the mad Frenchman.

The S.A.C. delved into its funds and purchased a number of long playing records which enabled us to have record dances on November 8 and January 10. These dances were not too well attended, but those who did turn out, enjoyed themselves.

On November 28, a Dinner-Dance was held at the Club Seaway in Fort William. After a hot dinner, Dr. Miller, alias Captain Blythe, presented our champion mouse-catcher, Bob Walteson with the supreme award—the golden mouse trap. Tommy Laprade and his orchestra was on hand with the music. It seems as if everyone was prepared to spend the night dancing, but around 2 A.M. the management politely asked us to leave. Although reluctant to end such a wonderful evening, we gave in and departed.

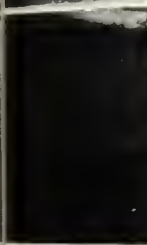
To get the new year off to a good start, a dance was held in the common room on January 17 with the Swing Kings supplying their talents. There was a good turnout and everyone enjoyed himself.

On January 31, "La Premiere Dance" was held. For this occasion all the senior grades of the local high school were invited. Although there weren't too many of the high school students present we had an excellent turnout of our own student body. Dancing was to the music of the Jesters. Prior to the dance, the Forestry and Mining students gave short talks on their respective vocations.

The Artsmen, not to be outdone by the Foresters, held a stag of their own at Dave Crane's house in Fort William. The evening was highlighted by a very interesting discussion headed by Dr. Miller and Mr. Page. The rest of the evening was taken up with general chit-chat, singing and card games.

The annual Mid-Winter Formal was held on February 21 at the Club Seaway in Fort William. Dancing was to the music of the Swing Kings. A buffet supper was served at midnight. We were glad to see so many of the students out for this special occasion. I must say, all those in attendance looked pretty nice in their gowns and suits. This was the big social event of the year and was well received by all.

There are still a few functions to be held before the year's end, and among them will be the Athletic Society's wind up dance.





CURLING

Every Wednesday afternoon at 4:30, the Port Arthur Curling Rink is buzzing with activity. If one were to look in, he would see the forty-odd Lakehead College curlers participating in this "roarin' old man's game." These students comprise eleven rinks which are presently playing a single round-robin competition for the school championship. This competition finishes around February 26, leaving time for a school Bonspiel. There are strong hopes that the teachers may join in and attempt to beat the invincible students. This remains to be seen.

This year, as in the past, there was a small fee of four dollars for each student for the privilege of partaking in this sport. However, the Athletic Council again agreed to pay one dollar out of each curler's fee.

Playing in the men's Lakehead International Bonspiel to be held around the middle of March, will be a team consisting of College students Carl Konefal, Brian Whitfield, Ed Tutkaluk and Don Siira. We wish them the best of luck!

The Lakehead College curlers extend their thanks to Nan Egan for the work she has done during the season in preparing the draws and collecting dues from certain evasive curlers.

HOCKEY

The Athletic Society, in an effort to provide some disorganized recreation for the students, rented the Arena, and the male students swarmed on the ice.

Some skaters showed the dash and dexterity of big leaguers, and some skated more on that part of the foot known as the ankle than on the skate blade, but rousing and exciting games result from pick-up teams.

An executive was chosen to administer the League and arrange any outside games. Of these, we have played two, with King's Business College providing the opposition. Plans are in progress for a Hockey Night with the Port Arthur high schools for Friday, March 7.

On each Wednesday afternoon, a familiar sight is M. B. treading his way dexterously down the ice without the puck, then crashing into the boards, or the nearest player. The reason for the crash? He hasn't learned how to stop yet, but he will!

The doctors will not make much of a living from us as only a couple of the fellows have been battle-scarred; notably the fine goalie import from Sarnia who was wounded in a game with King's.

Altogether the hockey provides a large number of students with healthy, though tiring, sport.



CURLING



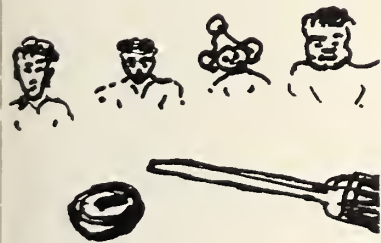
Ray Malo
Ed Knutson
Sid Zawaly



Jim Shmidt
Marg Strachan
Colin Trivers
Dave Crozier



George Neely
Pat Boivin
Glen Eckland
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Tom Roberts



Brian Whitfield
Don Sira
Ed Tulkaluk
Carl Konefal



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TAMARA ANDERSON
Secretary



AL JACK
Treasurer

S.A.C. REPRESENTATIVES



ATHLETIC COUNCIL



Yearbook Staff



Clubs

THE PRECAMBRIAN CLUB

This year, the club is headed by Pat Boivan, who is in his second year Mining. The membership includes five second-year and eight first-year students. The members were launched into the art of lapidary science, commonly known as rock polishing, by guest lecturer, Dr. Quackenbush. In his lecture, Dr. Quackenbush dwelled on the structural geology (and the development) of subterranean formations in this area and their development through the chronological eras of geology.

Several of the members have been busily cutting and polishing the various rocks encountered in their travels around the Lakehead. The results have been surprisingly good for many of the specimens. One problem has arisen for Mr. Page, that is, bearing enthusiasts away from the College mineral collection. This is making life pretty tough on local high-graders.

Dr. Bartley, the former principal of Lakehead Tech, will be giving a lecture on geology and mineralogy to the club members in the near future. So if you encounter students with bandaged hands and splinters of rocks protruding from various parts of the anatomy, a fair conclusion is that the Precambrian Club's rock polishers are at it in full force.

The club is a junior member in the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy. This entitles the club members to the monthly issue of the Institute's Journal. All developments in the mining and metallurgical professions are reviewed upon release to the public. In this way, the students keep abreast of modern techniques along with standard methods taken in lectures during the school year.

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With this equipment they all began—
So start from the top and say, "I can."

Look them over, the wise and the great,
They take their food from a common plate,
And similar knives and forks they use,
With similar laces they tie their shoes;
The world considers them brave and smart,
But you've all they had when they made their
start.

You are the handicap you must face,
You are the one who must choose your place.
You must say where you want to go,
How much you will study the truth to know;
God has equipped you for life, but He
Lets you decide what you want to be.

Courage must come from the soul within
You must furnish the will to win.
So figure it out for yourself,
You were born with all that the great have
had;
With your equipment they all began,
Get hold of yourself and say, "I can."

—Author unknown

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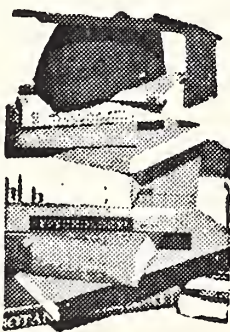
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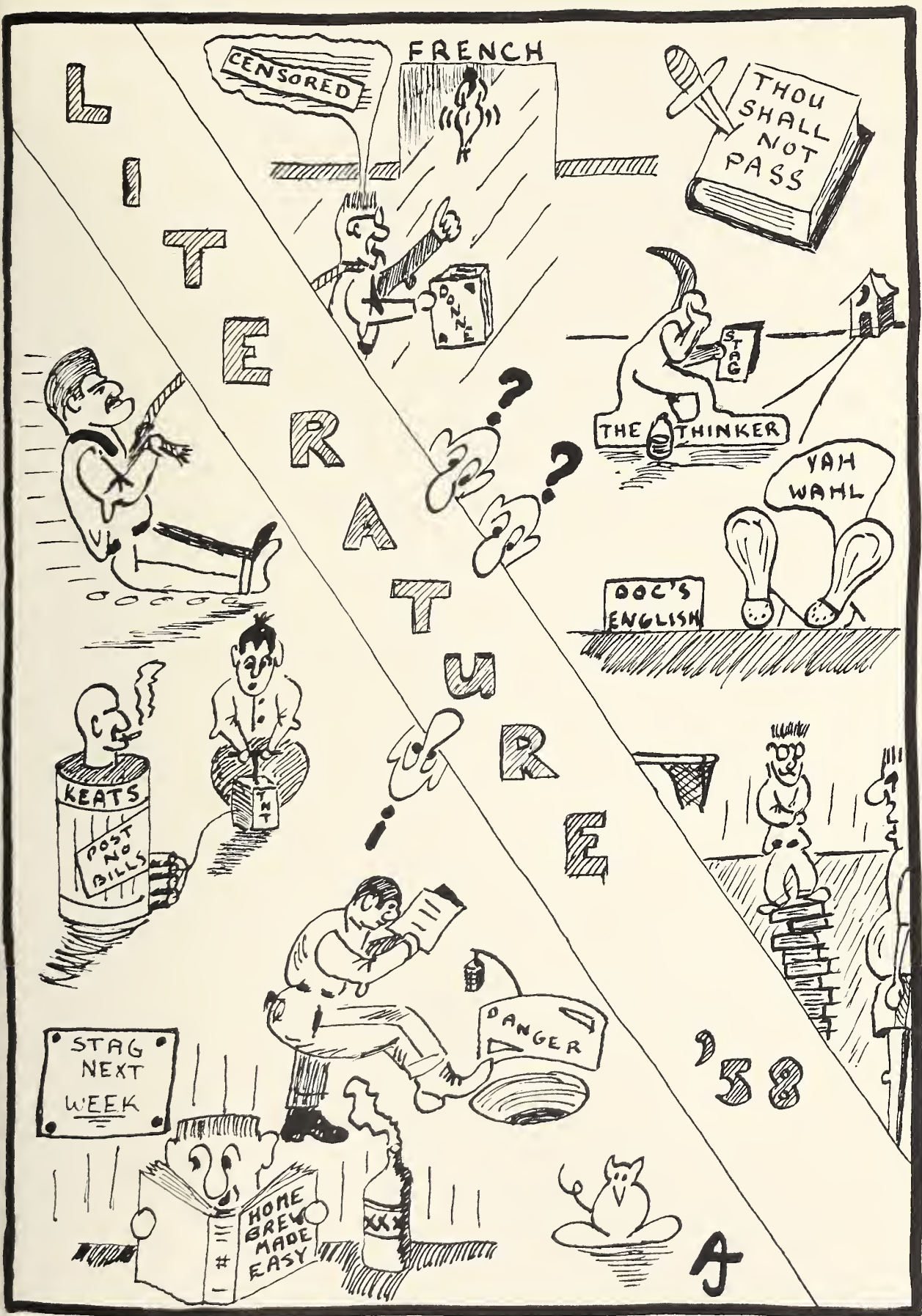
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We toil beneath the sun and rain.

The Aunor Mine has had good toilers
To fix the light and fill the boilers.
But the brightest of all within their reach,
Are the boys that labour on the beach.

While office staff are still in slumber
We're splitting kindling from the lumber.
We saw the firewood, cut the grass,
And polish the Lodge's shiny brass.

We sweep the spotless dressing rooms,
We're very handy with the brooms.
We pick the papers from the sand,
That's why the beach appears so grand.

Whatever we attempt or try,
Is rated by the experts, high.
But when we glisten like the sun
Is when we get the painting done.

Canary yellow stands the swing,
Considered a delightful thing.
Beneath it stands a yellow table;
Picture the beauty if you're able.

The "Lodge," it is a gorgeous spot,
To paint it costs an awful lot.
But we have made it trim and nice,
By painting it for half the price.

The benches please each shapely queen—
They're chinese red and island green.
The sea-blue tables never fail
To hold a dozen Black Horse Ale.

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Fort William

Everyone, at one time or another, has read about the poor lowly slave. However, the modern slave is unknown to most people. The slave of old generally had only one master, but his modern counterpart has many. We feel the best way to inform you about him is to give you a typical day from the diary of our typical slave, whom we call Alvin.

We meet Alvin at approximately 11:45 P.M. Yes! you guessed it, our Alvin is just going to bed. He sets his clock for 7:45 A.M. and sinks into a peaceful slumber.

In due course the old timepiece sounds out with a loud RING!!—However, our friend, with a cat-like manner, soon puts a stop to this warbling ticker. Oh! Oh! It sounds as if it broke into a million pieces.

Hmmmm? Looks as though our friend is going to sneak in a few extra winks. Suddenly there is a loud screech—"Alvin! are you getting up or do I have to drag you out of bed?"

In due time our friend Alvin finishes breakfast. If you should ask him what he ate, he would not be able to tell you. Poor boy—he looks beat from the night before. It seems he spent a long evening pondering over a little item his masters term homework.

Finally Alvin sets out for a little red building called the "Hall of Learning." He would much rather go to a hall of different nature but his conscience puts too much pressure on him. It seems Alvin had spent the previous afternoon at this other hall.

Now this hall of learning is a place that seems to be jammed with other slaves and slave-drivers. Today, these slave-drivers seem to be overworking Alvin. The poor boy is having difficulty explaining his absence of the previous afternoon.

The boy's day (five complete hours) finally comes to an end. However, our friend is not quite as happy as would be expected. It appears that the learned scholars in this hall of learning have not been able to teach all the things they were supposed to ~~on~~ this day, so they suggest that a teeny weeny (?) bit of research be done at home. Our friend foresees an unbearable seven hours in the evening, but you can rest assured that he'll try to change things.

One fine dinner and two thrilling cowboy spectacles later, Alvin casually puts on his black leather jacket and is just opening the door when—"Just a minnit! young man." Oh! Oh! his master's voice. "Where might you be going?"

"Well—ah—SIR. I was just going to take part in some extracurricular activities."

"Oh Yeh!" stammers the big boss. "It seems to me that you have extracurricular activities to do with a pen and some paper. Now March!"

Our poor Alvin drags himself to a huge pile of paper, which he feels would make the best fire known.

After fifteen cigarettes and a change in hairdo, which he self-consciously gave himself, the boy notes the time on his wrist watch to be 11:45 P.M.

This looks like the place where we first met our boy. However, there is a small difference—the poor boy seems to have a bit of trouble finding the whole million pieces to his morning "song bird."

FROM A FEMININE VIEWPOINT

Before we entered the famed Lakehead College, we had an idea of what we were headed for—eight months inside plaster walls, with the only females being four others like ourselves. We were resigned to our fate. One good thing was that we had spent five glorious years together at Fort William's renowned Collegiate. Those years of peaceful bliss were now closing behind us, leaving only the memories, as we take one more step up the ladder of higher learning.

Registration day faced us with an ocean of new faces. How on earth were we to learn all their names—and to remember them! The first week passed. Things were not so bad after all. Mind you, we still cowered in the nearest corner, biting our nails and hesitating to breathe, for fear we would breathe at the wrong moment. However, after a few days we had met a wonderful group of the students—all males. Our noses began to slip off the grind, and slowly the old text books began to collect cob-webs—and mice—in the lockers.

Not long after we arrived, we became initiates into the popular course on card culture, currently on the curriculum. Now and then a lecture would conflict, slowing down our progress in this exciting new study, but we were good students and rapidly mastered the art.

A new world was opening for us. It is written that this is a co-educational college, but the odds are certainly against the co-eds—or maybe they are for us! The round of social events in the first term introduced us completely to the routine of college life—far from dull, isn't it?

On looking back, we do not forget a thing, except possibly scores. But perhaps the things we learned *non-academically* were worth the payment in marks.

And in a few months we shall leave this College, possibly never to return. In the meantime, the five of us will remain as close friends, facing the perils of college life together.

We wish all good fortune on the female population of the future, and hope that its numbers will be greater than ours. May their year at this College be as enjoyable as ours, and the memories they carry with them, as pleasant.

THE QUICK TEMPER

Anger, what is it that races through my brain
Pulses at my throat, makes me impetuous again.
Brings tremors to my voice, urges violence and action,
Blinds clarity of mind, brings fits of passion.
Makes me curse aloud, and scowl at friends,
Thunders through my frame, seeking vainly an end.
Makes me clench my fist and grit my teeth.
It cannot be quenched, this pressure beneath.

Slowly the storm makes way for the calm,
Serenity and warmth, no quivering of arm,
The pressure subsides, no rage any more,
Breathing less violent, and peace is in store.

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(An Essay in Autobiography)

It is said that people learn by living. I consider myself to have lived, but seem to have learned nothing. Such a confession probably signifies stupidity, and since I do not like being called stupid, I will try to reproduce part of my life and see if I have not learned anything. To avoid disappointment, I shall not set my sights too high. I will be satisfied with anything which shows that my life has not been in vain.

In Greece, I lived on a farm near a small town. Every day I would walk the odd two miles to school, catch up on some badly needed sleep in class, and at night, I would drag my weary self back home. The only thing I learned in school was that two and two makes four, but everyone knows that. I think I also might have learned that it is right for the big to hit the small. The teacher, with his knotted stick, was daily proving that lesson. If there is anything that those who went to the Greek public schools remember, it is the teacher's strap.

I thought that facing that strap six days a week was not healthy, and for the sake of my health, I would usually forget to go to school on sunny and warm days. Most days in Greece are sunny and warm. It was always more fun searching for birds' nests or feeding worms from the end of the hook to the fish in the river. School should be for girls; boys can learn from nature.

The Germans seemed to have an even better idea about schools. They burned ours down. My father was still old-fashioned; he sent me to a school in a neighbouring town where my aunt was living.

In the summer I looked after the sheep. There, I was not stupid any more. I could "baa" as good as any sheep. I cannot understand why shepherds are looked down upon. They sleep under the shade of a tree all day and look at the stars at night. The sheep look after themselves most of the time.

Since Greece is a small and overpopulated country, the Second World War may be considered as a blessing, since it killed quite a few people and left more room for the survivors. Some people, however, still felt crowded after the Germans left and a civil war started. Until 1947, I had a ringside view to the slaughter. The Communists had control of our town by night, and the army by day. Between battles, we were usually entertained by each side's public personnel. The Communists had the better loudspeakers and their slogans of equality, liberty and freedom from the English sounded nice. They did not sound so good to my father, so he joined the anti-Communist side, with the result that the Communists killed my grandfather and burned our house.

We moved to Piraeus, where I went to a bigger school. Unfortunately, neither the Germans nor the Communists could stop my father's stubborn efforts to educate me. The only thing I learned was how to fool the teachers into thinking I was smart so they would pass me. I wouldn't fool my fellow students, however. They found me an uncivilized, ignorant, country boy who could not even talk proper Greek. With such a reception, I could not be blamed for detesting Piraeus, and being eagerly awaiting for our papers to be finished so I could come to Canada. Even the famous classical ruins of Athens looked like ruins, and nothing else.

I liked the trip across the Atlantic, though. There is nothing in life more enjoyable than ploughing through the waves on an ocean liner. I was the only one in the family who was not happy when we landed in Halifax. Canada, from Halifax to Fort William, was one long train ride through the largest forest and tallest grass I had ever seen. One could grow some mighty fat sheep on this grass! Occasionally, but not very often, we would pass through a city. In Greece, a person can not walk in any direction for more than four hours without passing through a town, while here one could ride for half a day through nothing but bush.



After a month in Fort William, I started school again. Once again, I was a first grader, even though I had finished public school in Greece. Most people only have to struggle through it once. I had to do it twice. School life here, though, was a little different. There were no straps, hardly any strict discipline, the girls left the room before the boys, and a new language, which was "Greek to me," was spoken. I did not like this strange language. Anything I do not understand, I do not like. The other pupils, probably trying to be friendly, would occasionally corner me and start blabbering in English. I would wave my hands and make like the deaf and dumb, but to no avail. They usually succeeded in making me feel stupid.

With the learning of English came new difficulties. Then I had to prove that I knew what I was being taught. The days of accepted ignorance were over. What I was being taught, however, contradicted at times to what I had been taught in Greece. Now I learned that Canada was the foremost, the greatest, the best country in the world.

When I was in Greece, I felt sorry for the people in other countries who could not be Greeks, and the only superlatives used in school were those describing Greece. It seems that nationalism makes liars of people. Both Greece and Canada could not be the best. With lying as a common point, people of different nations are basically the same. Even though in Greece the main topic of conversation is politics, while here it is the weather, and although in Greece they start a war when they want something, while here they go on strike, they are the same since their goal is the same: to improve their position at the expense of someone else.

After all these years of school, however, I still seem to have learned nothing. For a person to learn anything, he must discover why he is living. Acquiring knowledge so as to cheat our fellow men in order to live a fuller life has no value if we do not know the reason for our struggle for existence. The ready made formula that this life is merely a journey to the Great Beyond and we live for our soul, and God can only be believed through blind faith.

I feel that I was born so as to die. In between I am "eddyding about here and there . . . accomplishing nothing."

L'HIVER

La neige silente—
La terre gelée;
Gelée comme couer
D'homme.

Tout est mort—
Les arbres nus—
Leurs membres gris,
Leurs troncs tranquils.

Un vide profond
Des sons silents—
Le noir tombant,
La lune levant.

Le vent du nord
Rampe sur la neige,
Un avant-coureur
De l'hiver grand.

Allan Jack

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abundance of ore mined at the site
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TWO FACETS OF NATURE



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STEEP ROCK

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Mark was a prospector, going to the Asteroid belt looking for radioactives and rare metals. He searched for years, never finding much, hopping from fragment to fragment. After a time, he settled on a slab of rock a mile thick. He called this slab of rock Martha, after no girl he had ever known.

He made a little strike, enough to equip Martha with an air pump and a shack, a few tons of dirt and some water tanks, and a robot. Then he settled back and watched the stars.

The robot he bought was a standard model, with built-in memory and a thirty word vocabulary. Mark added to that, bit by bit.

At first, all the robot could say was "Yes sir" and "No sir." He could also state simple problems—"The air pump is working, sir," and "The corn is budding, sir."

As years passed, the air pump began to work harder as it converted the oxygen in the planitoids rocks into a breathable atmosphere. The air seeped into space, and the pump worked a little harder, supplying more.

Looking up, Mark could see the sheer blackness of the rivers of space, and the floating stars. Occasionally, he caught a glimpse of Mars or Jupiter. Once he thought he saw Earth.

Mark began to tape new responses into Charles. He added simple responses to key words. When he said, "How does it look?" Charles would answer, "Oh, pretty good, I guess."

Mark had always been suspicious and scornful of women. But for some reason, he did not tape the same suspicion into Charles. Charles' outlook was quite different.

"What do you think of girls?" Mark would ask, sitting on a packing case outside the shack.

"Oh, I don't know, you have to find the right one" the robot would reply dutifully, repeating what had been put on the tape.

"I never saw a good one yet," Mark would say.

And then it would be bedtime, or Mark would want more conversation. "What do you think of girls?" he would ask again, and the discussion would follow the same course.

Charles grew old. His limbs lost their flexibility, and some of the wiring started to rust. Mark spent hours keeping the robot in repair.

It was always night on Martha, but Mark broke up his time into morning, afternoons and evenings.

Time passed unnoticed by the stars, and the air pump hissed, clanked and leaked. Mark fixed it constantly, but the air of Martha became increasingly rare.

Mark was tired now, and barely able to crawl around even without the pull of gravity. He stayed in his bed most of the time. Charles fed him as best he could, moving about on rusty, creaky limbs.

Charles would ask Mark, "Why would a person like you want to live up here?"

Mark would reply, "Here, I have a whole world to myself, where on Earth I would have to share it with billions."

Mark was too tired to see the end coming, and Charles was not interested. But the end was on its way. The air pump threatened to give up momentarily. There had not been any food for days.

Charles stood beside the body of his friend. He walked to the corner of the shack and turned off the tired air pump. His rusted limbs would not bend. He stood frozen, staring back at the stars.

There are different ways of working one's way through college, and so last summer I hired out as a cutter in one of the North-Western Ontario lumber camps. For about a month I worked on a strip next to a big Swede by the name of Sven. He knew I wanted to make money for my studies and often treated me with the light contempt a professional has for an amateur. But the bush was poor, and often we found common language in expressing exactly how poor it was. And one rainy afternoon he told me how he had cut one hundred cords of wood in twenty-two days. I did not quite believe it. He smiled: "Listen . . .

"Last year in camp 113, everybody was prospecting—the contractor, the foreman, the strip boss, the barn boss and even the bull cook—for lithium, beryllium, and everything.

"Well, I was cutting very poor bush, worse than here, even—maybe a cord and a half a day. And then one day the idea hit me. I had in my bag a chunk of copper ore from the days when I had worked as a miner around Sudbury. So when the next Sunday came, I was up early. I, too, was going prospecting. I even borrowed a compass from Kerry, the strip boss. Kerry knew all about prospecting. He had staked a few claims for lithium and was going to make a million dollars. So he said.

"So I set out, and came back quite late in the evening. I returned the compass to Kerry, but I did not say anything. So he got curious and asked me if I had found anything. I pretended I did not want to talk, but when he insisted, I said yes, I had brought back a sample but I did not know if it would be any good. Let's see, said Kerry and so I took the bit of ore out of my pocket. Kerry looked at it and got very excited. 'Boy!' he shouted. 'You lucky dog! This is copper! Where did you find it?' I did not answer. He grew silent too. 'You staked your claim already?' he asked then. I shook my head. 'I did not know,' I said. 'If this is copper like you say, it is a serious thing. I have to think about it.' 'Is the place far from here? Did you mark the place?' But I did not talk any more. I said I had to think about it.

"Well, from then on I had it made. Next day, Kerry came to my strip. 'This bush is no good, Svenska. I'll give you something better.' We went up the hill a little. Oh, those jackpines! So I cut five cords a day—steady.

"And every Saturday in town, I did not have to buy any beer because the other men bought me more than I could drink. But on Sundays everybody went prospecting and everybody was trying to find my mine. Everbody, that is, but me. There was hardly anybody for dinner, although on Sundays they served chicken in the camp. So even the cookees had nothing to do, and I asked one pretty Finnish girl, Sara, to go for a walk with me. She said yes. Oh, I was famous then.

"But I knew it could not last. So one Saturday when I had my scale, I told everybody I was going to town to register my claim. And of course I never went back. That was it. I never saw any of those men again."

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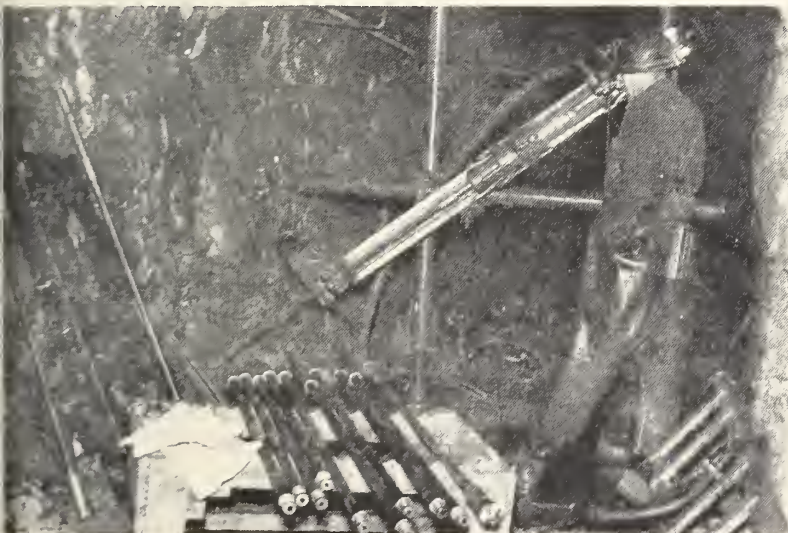
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THE RUSH TO DEATH

Lost in a gamma fog
We tread,
The frightened age.

"Big" is the standing theme
Of man
Alone in fear.

Last spins the cycle's course,
For now
We must live.

Screaming dreams—no to-morrow
Pull us
From slumber—limp.

No sleep—
For death—
It comes.
But when?

Giant pois'nous mushrooms light
The sky
With death's bright glow.

New-shattered pillars of
Men's minds
Crumble to dust.

All base runs wild in
Carnel joy,
For sweet life's short.

Drink deep the potent brew
Of now—
Fear each new dawn.

Drink deep—
For death—
It comes.
But when?

Sleek missiles reach toward
The sky—
And where is God?

The circle quickens pace,
Life's pulse
Now breaks the beat.

Man's human body, head
Of ass—
Blind, senseless fear.

Sing your frantic little songs
In haste—
Tempus fugit.

Sing songs—
For death—
It comes.
But when?

Neutrons,
Electrons,
Destroy a land.
Protons,
Megatrons,
Isn't life grand?

Press a button,
Press again,
Down comes the deadiy rain.
Pull a lever,
Pull again,
Watch man go down the drain.

Sing and drink, but never sleep,
For death lies within our keep.
—Allan Jack

ICE FISHING

—Lorne Campbell

Ice fishing is the noble art of freezing all exposed and unexposed parts of the human anatomy in an attempt to warm a small area by a smokey, uncomfortable bon-fire. At first, you can't get too close and later, you can't get far enough away. Inside, you are warmed by liquid anti-freeze which clouds the chilled brain, making the person more prone to the after-effects of cold and other sicknesses, related and unrelated.

A shelter of some sort is generally suggested, but you find no shelter can provide the room needed. The shelters are so small that there is no room to flail arms, especially when there is more than one person and the parties get excited if a fish is accidentally hooked. The confusion results in refreshments being spilled, persons getting wet, and, least in importance, the fish getting away.

Excepting that fishing tackle which any self-respecting male owns, all other equipment—chisels, sieves, ice boxes—proves unnecessary. It may be borrowed from nearby ardent ice fishermen.

The real reason for the popularity of ice fishing is that it gives the fellows a chance to tear loose without raising the eyebrows of neighbours, or the long arm of the law.

Sometimes the excursion gets no further than the first tavern out of town. With the thought of leaving civilization, usually all in the party want to fortify for the rigors with a refresher. After a few drinks in front of a roaring fire, thoughts turn to what happened on the previous trip. This results in everybody staying in the warm building. The only 'fishing' done is fishing objects out of glasses, and hardships from former fishing trips.



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Port Arthur, Ontario

This fall, as part of our course in Mining Technology, we, the students in mining, were fortunate in being able to visit the prosperous new mining development at Manitouwadge.

We left the college on a Wednesday morning and travelled in cars that were bulging with food, clothing, and a motley assortment of guns and other offensive weapons. By the number of firearms in evidence, one would think that we were going on a military skirmish. Actually, most of the boys thought that they would alleviate the over-crowded situation for the moose population in that district.

After travelling over innumerable miles of rocky, bush-covered hills, we arrived at Manitouwadge in time for a late but hearty meal at the hotel. When we had finished eating, we immediately sized up the town to find out the places of entertainment and relaxation. Some of the boys went to the movies, while the thirstier ones went in search of liquid refreshment.

The next morning, we groggily went up to the mine where we were to be shown the complete lay-out of the mining operations. First, we saw the original strike that the prospectors had found; then we went to the assaying geologist's and superintendent's offices where we were shown the various plans of the mine. Now came the most interesting part. We went down to the bottom of the mine in little elevator cages called "skips." Here, we saw the actual mining processes being carried on. Many questions and new experiences later, we arrived back on the surface. We then went to the processing plant where the ore is treated and concentrated for shipment. All too soon, the day had come to a close and we returned to our dormitories for supper.

The next morning, with our mineral and ore samples to remind us of a wonderful and educational tour, we reluctantly left for home.

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

—John Jaklitch

After a long one-hour session in the English class, I walked into the common room exhausted. In the far corner I noticed four card players being pestered by an unmentionable. But he soon left when I reached the table and I overheard Ken say, "Let's make up a game no one ever heard of, then he might shut up."

The pest soon returned and Joe, who was now the dealer, tore two cards in half and gave them to Bill on his left. He tore the corners of three cards and spread them in front of Al. Then Joe tore five cards in quarters, gave fifteen to Ken and kept five himself. "I have a rough," he said. "I'll bet a coke."

"I have a giggle," said Bill. "I'll raise you a coke."

Al, the third man, folded without betting and Ken, with a little thought, said, "I've got a mike. I'll raise you two cokes."

The pest looked with his eyes wide, and shaking his head, said, "You're crazy, you're never going to beat a rough and a giggle with a lousy mike."

The rain;
Dark, oppressive master of
The streets,
Whose barren furrows cut
The towns;
Scabs of wanton man.

The streams;
Black, spindly legs
Of seas
Fully pocked
By rain,
Our Lord.

—Allan Jack

MODERN LIVING

Up town,
Down-town
Have to run fast.
One life,
Only one,
Must make it last.

Buy one,
Buy two,
Make a quick deal.
Rush home,
Sit down,
Wolf down your meal

Homework,
Bookwork,
Can't take a break.
Work hard,
Work fast,
Deadline to make.

Good night,
Sleep tight,
Take a deep breath.
All gain,
All loss,
Cancelled by death.

—Allan Jack

The large man stood over her menacingly. He had choked her. Deliberately he had choked her. And now, with clenched fists, he stood looking at her. Suddenly, in a fit of rage, he raised his foot and kicked her. He could not understand why he always had to do this. Giving a vicious growl, he kicked her again, but this time with all his might. There was a shudder and a tremor of life, then the engine broke into life. The man, with a smile of delight, climbed into the truck and, gearing her down, drove off.

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ON YOUR SHIP OF MEMORIES

When down the stream of life you're drifting
On the tide of passing years,
And the storms of heartbreak rock you
In their waves of burning tears,
May this sometimes be a blessing
As you sail life's stormy seas.
May this be a ray of sunshine
On your Ship of Memories.

And as ever you keep drifting
And life slowly wends its way,
Like a clear cool crystal river
Ever flowing day by day,
May this be your rock of shelter
From the tempest of the seas,
As ever you keep drifting
On your Ship of Memories.

And when the Captain's voice is calling
As you're drifting round the bend,
And you're setting sail to heaven
From the port of journey's end,
May this have proved refreshing
Like the mild and gentle breeze,
As you sail life's angry waters
On your Ship of Memories.

—F. Dyer.

THE SPECTACULAR GOAL

Paul Zubec

The time was three o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, and the hockey game between King's Business College and the Lakehead College got underway.

In goal for the College was the mad chemist, Pete Kedge. The rear guards were foresters Frank Brown and "Boom Boom" Zubec.

With the score tied at one all, a player for the K.B.C.'s carried the puck over the Lakehead College blue line. A forward took him out of the play, but the puck slid slowly toward the goal.

Brown took a swing at the puck and missed; then Zubec took a kick at it and missed. It seemed as if the puck had barely enough speed to reach the goal.

There was about a four-inch gap between the goalie's skate and the goal post. Kedge, the goal-tender, took a swing at it with his stick but missed, and the slow-moving puck slid in.

The puck, which seemed untouchable, lay there with three bewildered, red faces standing around it.

SOLILOQUY ON A MIDNIGHT WALK

I step with fear into the wide unknown,
A nestling from my cozy prison flown
Into the infinite space;
But there is only darkness in my way;
The branches of the pines above me sway
From winds that leave no trace.

The crisp snow crunches under heavy feet
As weighted by a heart which scarce can beat
They tread unhappily.
The eyes must slowly accustom to the dark
For light can only penetrate an open mark
As little as there be.

As cold so frequently can speed the blood,
Then in this sombre silence let thoughts flood
And break the seal.
How can it clear the mind as oft' before?
Is quietness salt unto an open sore,
Or can it heal?

Nature in her boundless glory can clean
And bind up scars that may reach deep and keen.
Just contemplate and rest,
For man's accomplishments seem small compared
With the tiniest flower who, her petals bared,
Endures the toughest test.

My petty problem, solved, will now reveal
Not only love of man but love of God I feel
Deep down inside.
And I have sudden need to bow my head
In awesome reverence and dread
"May peace abide."

—Annis Quackenbush.

A NOTE TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC ADVERTISING FORESTRY—Hugh Schooley

People should pity the poor forestry student who so adversely concentrates on his insect studies, that he is nightly awakened from his dreamland by the bellowing belching of a black phantom beetle burping up the bark of a balsam bole.

Seriously though, in spite of a few minor headaches, the forestry course here at the Lakehead College has much to offer. It is giving this year's students the practical basis on which to build their future and it will offer this same basis, or more, to the faculties of future years. Forestry work is so varied that, no matter what you may have in mind for eventual employment, there is a phase of the industry that will satisfy your interests. Join next year's technical foresters and let the college staff secure you a future in forestry.

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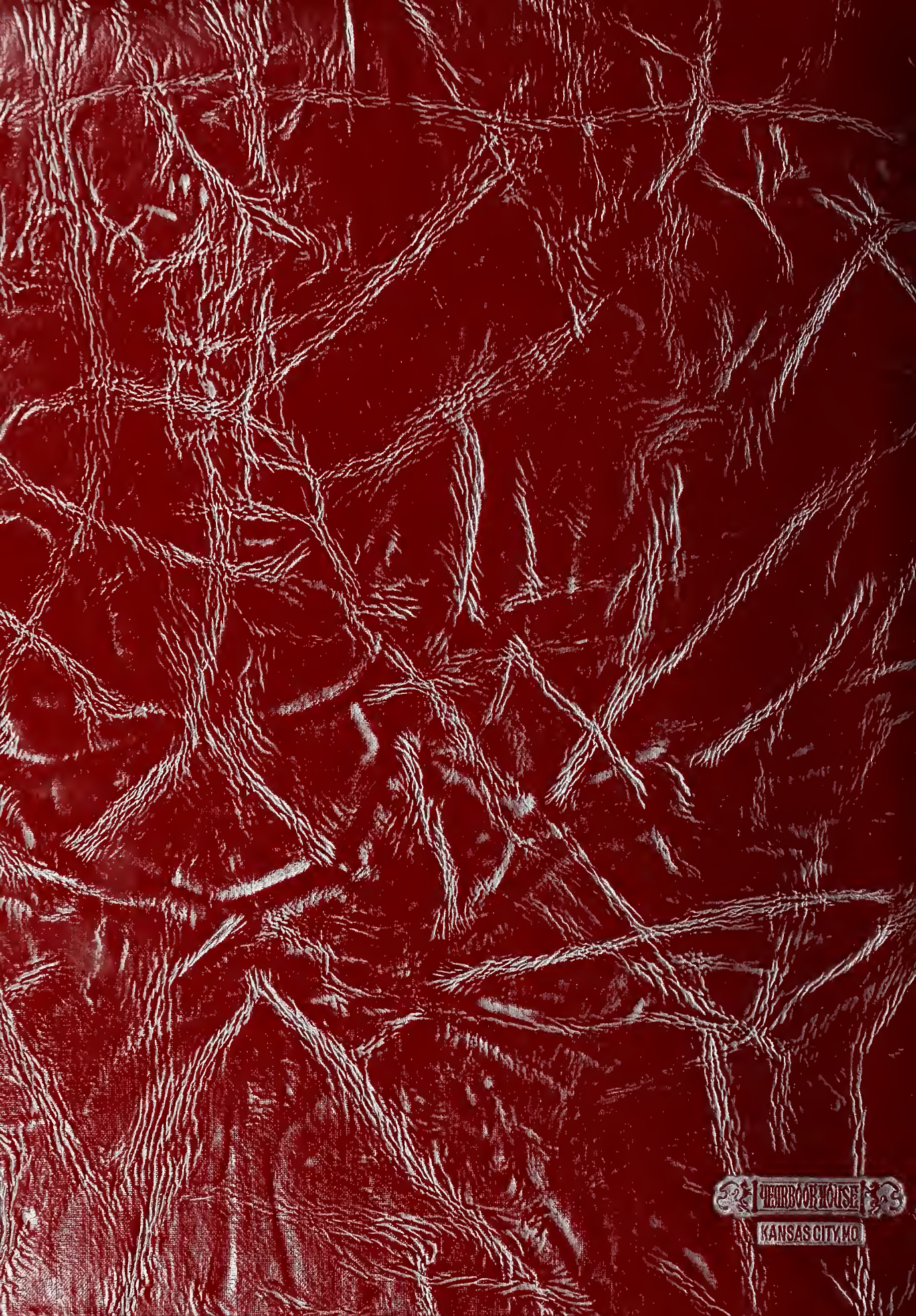
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