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# METAMORPHOSES

## Yearbook of the LAKEHEAD COLLEGE

Arts, Science and Technology

EDITOR

W. T. MELNYK

VOLUME: 11

SESSION 1959-60

PORT ARTHUR, ONTARIO

*Published by the Students of the Lakehead College 1959-60*



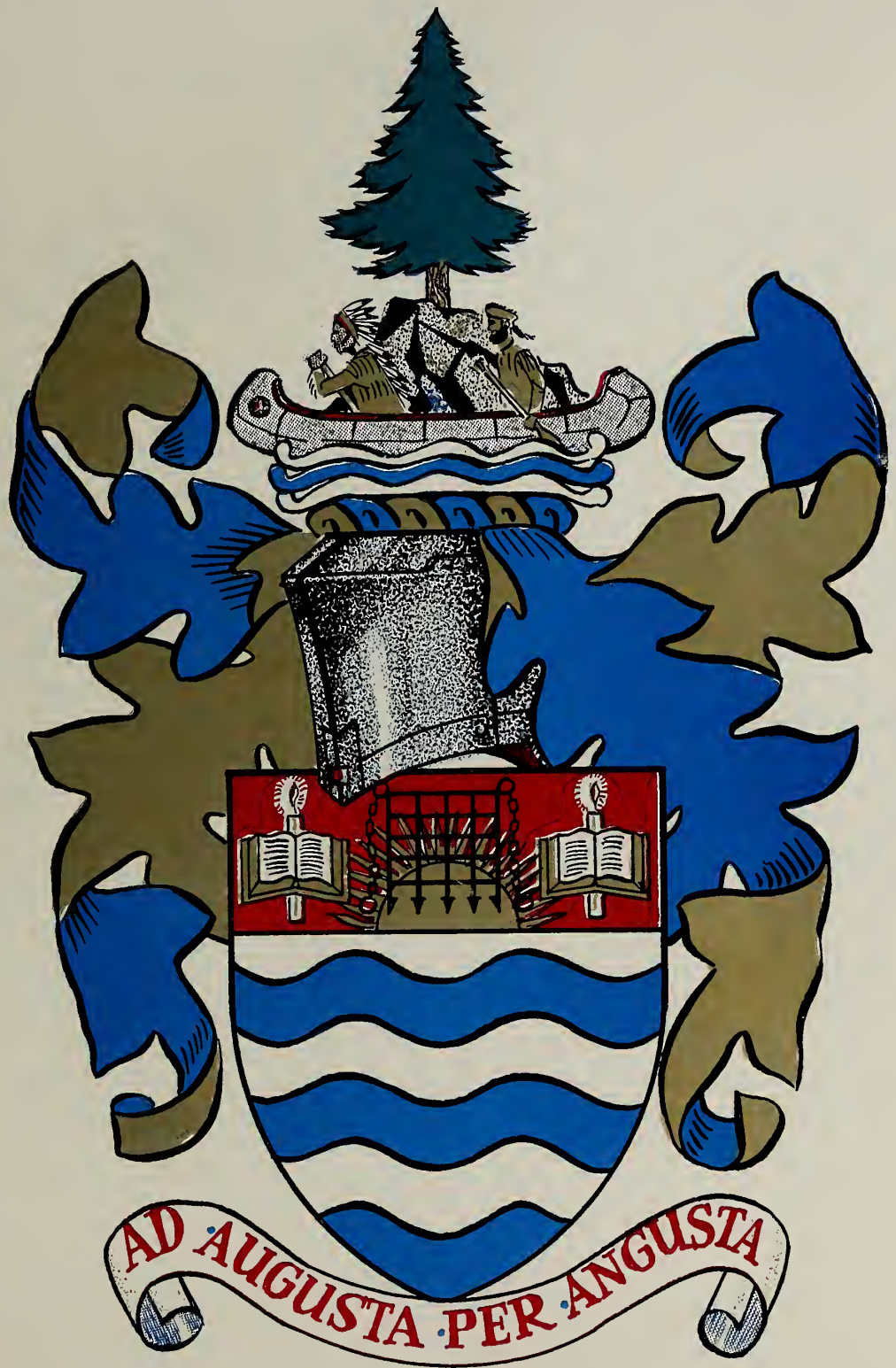


Seek her side  
to win her blessings;

Throng her gates  
to hear her name;

Leave her gates  
to sing her praise;

Go afar  
to spread her fame.







# Acknowledgement :

The task of producing a year book is difficult but tolerable. That it is difficult is evidenced by the quality and quantity of the finished products, and by the fact that the book takes well over one thousand hours to complete and costs two thousand dollars (twelve dollars per book) to print. Yet, the task was made tolerable by a persevering staff, a staff who were always ready to do more than was expected of them.

The problem of raising \$1,500 through advertising was given to Don LeCocq, our business manager. He completed the work with efficiency and ease and instead of quitting when his job was done, he helped to gather literary material and edit the book.

I can never say enough to cover justly the work done by Janet Thom, Florence McCabe, and Jany Stilwell. These girls typed over four hundred letters, and brought in a large percentage of our advertising. I have often seen them type for five hours without a stop, and without a whimper of complaint. It is to them, also, and to "Doc" Miller and Miss Matthews, our staff advisors, that we owe congratulations for an excellent literary section.

Ed MacKinnon is a person without whom this book would have been a failure. We often needed a person to do an assignment quickly and thoroughly — this was Ed's job. We can thank him, too, for his idea of "Letters to the Editor."

Bob Michels, Bruce Mace, Frank Murphy, Wendy Irving and Liz Evans were our "clutch fighters." They helped us meet our \$1500 advertising objective.

Sin Soo Kung, aided by Reg Rea and Bob Watson, was responsible for the plentiful photography in the book this year. Many of the individual snaps were taken by Lakehead Photo.

Thanks also to Mr. Dan Scott of the Times Journal Printing Department, who gave us technical advice, even if we phoned him at eleven o'clock at night. In fact, thanks to everyone who helped to make this book a success.



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# EDITORIAL



It appears this year that we have a great number of students who cannot find themselves. However, this situation is counterbalanced quite adequately by the staff who have realized this problem early in the year and have gone out of their way to reach out to the lost ones. They have delivered dynamic speeches — "Goof-off" lectures, "Changez la vie" lectures, which have, at least, led some of us to take account of ourselves. Most of us are being brought to realize that it is our moral obligation to do our best, and in this realization, we have had to repent our past. But, do we all know what repentance is?

It is often the easiest way to see a thing if we can clear from our minds the misapprehensions which accompany it.

First of all, though repentance may contain remorse, repentance is not remorse. Remorse, as such, has no power in it to set us on the right road. It is a mental torture often containing elements of self-loathing, but leading rather to utter despair than a new way of looking at

life. People in remorse tend to excess, or even to suicide. They do not feel it to be essentially a healthy state of mind. In repentance, however searching it is, however upsetting, and however distressing, the soul feels good when we have repented.

Repentance is not fear of consequences. Often our spirit is stabbed by thoughts of what might happen if we were found out. The mind during some sleepless night, makes terrifying phantasies of the results of exposure of what we should feel if our friends knew what we were really like. Such fears may make a temporary difference to our way of living, but they have no power to change the direction of our lives. Thus, with this fear alone as our motive for repentance, we are soon back in our old way, perhaps however, taking greater pains to prevent exposure.

Repentance is not the mere sense of wrong. Our conscience is well able to tell us, "This is right," "That is wrong," but it too, has little power to change the current of our lives. As Butler said: "Had the conscience the power as it has the authority, it would absolutely govern the world."

Repentance is not to be measured by feeling. This is a common misconception. Quite often, deep feeling plays a part in true repentance, but you can have a true repentance without deep emotion, and you can have deep emotion, without ever having repentance. Again and again we have responded emotionally to this influence or that. We were moved, but we did not repent. We did not change our way of life.

Here we have the answer, repentance is a change of our way of life, a complete "METAMORPHOSIS." It is changing our way of looking at life. It is steering under a new star. It is bringing our whole life into subjection. It is not only giving up this vice or that, it is a new, positive change of direction, affecting the whole of our lives, the use of our time, our money, our leisure, our talents, the manner in which we do trivial things, and the way we react to our neighbours. The happy soul has found a new star to steer by, which will bring it to where it has longed most to be in its best moments. This is repentance.

W. T. Melnyk,  
Editor.









May I extend heartiest congratulations and sincere good wishes to the Class of 1960. The fact that you will participate in the ushering in of a new decade gives extra reason for both reflection and anticipation. Miss Barbara Ward, writing for the New York Times magazine, said recently: "The breakthrough accomplished in the Fifties in weapons, in space research, in every type of scientific advance; the political breakthrough of a score of new nations; the emotional breakthrough of a third of humanity hungering for new economic growth — all these forces will expand explosively to make the Sixties a period of challenge and change unequalled in human history."

If we are to meet the changes and challenges of the Sixties, we must have leadership. A mere handful of leaders will not suffice. In a democracy, we need thousands of them at all levels in our complex society.

Our society has made available to you the whole web of learning and wisdom saved and transmitted through the ages by human scholarship. It will be your responsibility to make the most of it. You should be able to think for yourself, to analyze facts, to guide opinion in the right direction. These objectives may well be realized by those who have not had the advantages of higher education but only by those of unusual character and ambition.

In the short time you have spent at Lakehead College, many of you have already demonstrated a very real sense of citizenship and responsibility toward society. May this continue and expand in the years ahead.

Good Luck.

H. S. Braun,  
Principal.



# BOARD OF GOVERNORS



FRONT ROW (left to right): F. A. Blatchford, B. Shaffer, H. S. Braun, D. I. Nattress, R. J. Flatt, E. L. Goodall (chairman), A. V. Chapman. BACK ROW: B. W. Stevens, W. L. C. Greer, F. L. Stevens, E. G. Pallister, D. Hassard, A. L. K. Switzer, E. M. Jellett, J. Paterson, K. A. Miners, S. Young, W. G. Tamblyn, J. M. Stitt, J. A. Crooks.

## S.A.C. Message



On entering the Lakehead College, we started a new project in life, and, as with any new project, the groundwork, the foundation on which it is built has a major influence on the finished product. This has a two-fold meaning: First, the foundation we as graduates build for the College, and secondly, and more important to the individual, the foundation the College can provide for us, as citizens and men of learning. Let us look at the construction more closely.

Due to our relatively small size and isolated geographic location, we are limited in inter-collegiate competitions, and social functions. Nevertheless, although these factors are definite liabilities, they contribute to a closely-knit and well-informed student body inside the college itself. Staff, students and faculty are melted together to form one complete whole.

We students in first year university, will find that the firm foundation required to make a success in later life is quite adequately attained in a school of this size, where individual attention

by the staff is readily made available to the student who requests it. The wise take full advantage of this situation.

Here, at the Lakehead College, the staff does not remain on some aloof pinnacle. Teachers participate in most student activities, including chess, and bridge tournaments, soccer games, curling matches, stags, banquets and dances. Those who have attended larger schools cannot but agree that such a situation is rarely found, and when it does exist, it is an advantage both to the staff and to the students.

The intermingling of faculties is beneficial to all concerned. Rather than forming cliques consisting of one faculty, discussing topics of interest only to them, the students mix, and learn to discuss subjects pertaining to other faculties — Forestry, Applied Science, Arts, Engineering, Technology, Medical Technology. The student here is in an environment more like the one he might find in the outer world. In these surroundings, a technical student is often persuaded to pursue a university degree, rather than quitting school with a limited technical capacity.

I hope that in years to come, when we return to the Lakehead to live and practice our professions, we will not forget the College, but return to its folds in the capacity of teacher, alumni advisor, or member of the Board of Governors. We are the people who are founding this institution, forcing it to grow and expand. Be prepared to use your criticisms constructively as you lay the groundwork for this hall of learning. Be prepared to promote the College verbally, physically and academically, so that in later years you can be proud to say "I went there."

This year will be one of the most memorable years of my life because I was given the opportunity to serve you as President of the Students' Administrative Council. From this position, I have acquired a wealth of knowledge and experience which will help me in future years. To try to thank all who have aided me in past functions would be unfair, because of the omissions I would make. Each student, I am sure, can think of an incident in which they partook to help make this year a success.

Thanks to my eager and willing executive, our staff advisor, Mr. McKenzie, and Mr. Braun, our principal, without whom I would have had a tough job. Thanks again, for one of the most memorable years of my life.

Jay Sinclair.

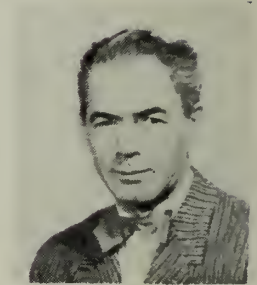


# THE FACULTY



**A. H. HIGGS**

B.Sc. - Wales '37  
M.Sc. - Wales '44  
A.F.R.Ae.S.  
A.F.Inst. Pet.  
M. Inst. F.



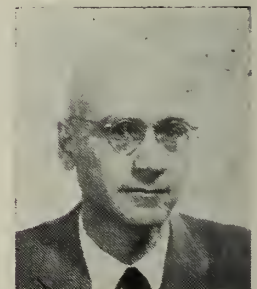
**J. W. HAGGERTY**

B.Sc. (F) - U.N.B.



**H. S. BRAUN**

B.A. - McMaster



**DR. C. FONDA**

Lic. Classica - Trieste  
Dr. Col. Sc. - Naples



**MR. LINDSAY**

B.A. - Queen's '49  
M.S. - Wisconsin '51

**MISS MATTHEWS**

B.A. - U. of T. '54



**MR. McKENZIE**

B.E. - U. of Sask. '58  
M.Sc. - U. of Sask. '60



**DR. GRODZICKY**

Dipl. Phil. - Leopolis '41  
Dipl. Theol. - Leopolis '44  
Dipl. Pure Phil. - Munich '48  
B.L.S. - U. of T. '51  
M.A. - Montreal '60



**DR. T. B. MILLER**

B.A. - Toronto  
Ph.D. - London



**MR. PAGE**

B.Sc. Geol. - U. of Idaho '39  
P.Eng.







**W. D. MacKINNON**  
B.Sc. Eng., Manitoba  
M.E.I.C., P.Eng.



**MRS. JOHIMA**  
Secretary



**MRS. ROBILLARD**

## SESSIONAL LECTURERS

- G. KOUHI, B.A. (McGill)  
A. LEHTOVARA, B.Comm. (Queen's)  
C. WHITAKER, B.A. (Man.) B.Paed.  
D. MORGAN, B.A.





# THE STUDENTS



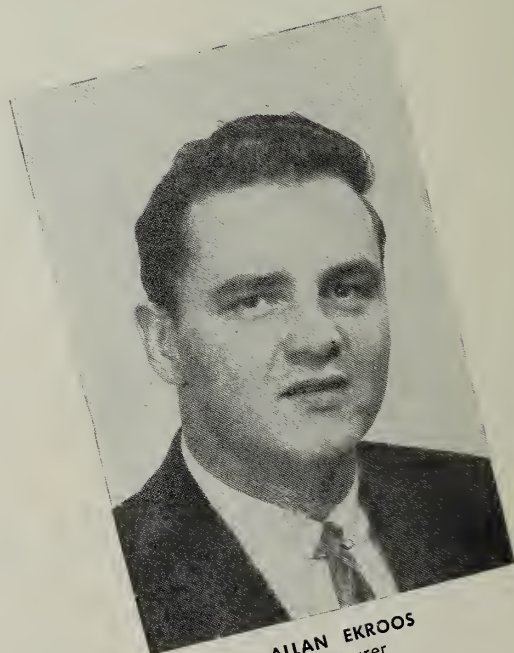
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DON LeCOCQ  
Vice-President



PAT SHANNON  
Secretary

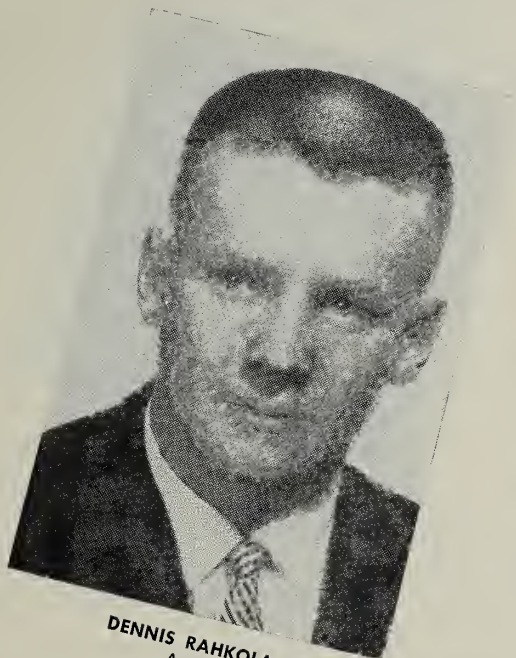


ALLAN EKROOS  
Treasurer

# COUNCIL



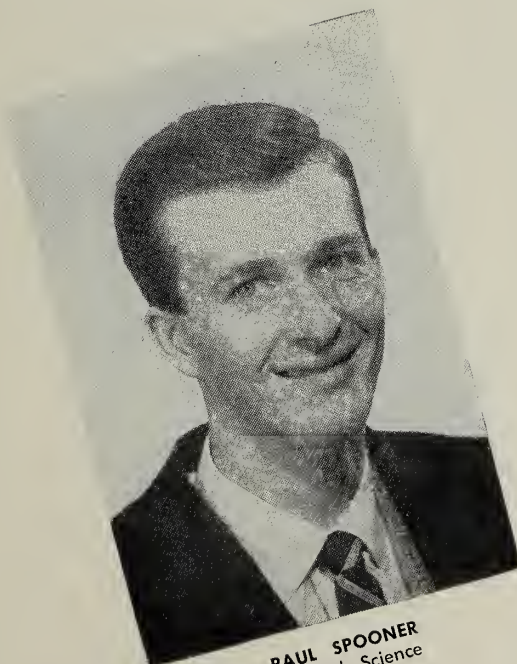
**TOINI REPO**  
Arts



**DENNIS RAHKOLA**  
Arts



**JOE CAVOR**  
Applied Science



**PAUL SPOONER**  
Applied Science





**BRUCE MACE**  
Forestry Tech.



**RON KLEMACKI**  
Eng. Tech.



**ALEX BARTHOLOMEW**  
Forestry Tech.



**FRANK MURPHY**  
Eng. Tech.

# Convocation '59

The eleventh annual convocation of the Lakehead College was held on May 7th, 1959, 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. Dr. W. L. C. Greer, and Mr. D. C. Clark conferred diplomas in the Technical Division, while Mr. M. W. Babe and Mr. E. L. Goodall presented certificates in the University Division.

Introduction of the guest speaker, Dean M. St. A. Woodside, Principal-Elect of University College University of Toronto, was by R. J. Flatt, Chairman of the Advisory Committee.

After the presentation of scholarships, trophies and awards, the convocation closed with "God Save The Queen."

## Scholarships and Bursaries

### **JESSIE MACKEY MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to Joan Peden by Mr. E. M. Jellett

### **NATIONAL COUNCIL OF JEWISH WOMEN PRIZE**

Presented to David Andrews by Mrs. H. Pergamit

### **LADY GREY CHAPTER, I.O.D.E. SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to Susan Greer by Mrs. J. W. Strom

### **CANADIAN LEGION (PORT ARTHUR BRANCH) SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to Kenneth Boegh by Mr. H. Scarnati

### **NORTHWESTERN ONTARIO TIMBER OPERATORS' ASSOCIATION BURSARY**

Presented to Peter Matrosov by Mr. R. A. Hallonquist

### **LAKEHEAD COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to William Mokomela by Mr. J. Commisse

### **LAKEHEAD BUILDERS' EXCHANGE SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to Armas O. West by Mr. Jack Raynard

### **LAKE SUPERIOR CHAPTER I.O.D.E. BURSARY**

Presented to Robert T. Workman by Mrs. R. A. Limon

### **PRIZES TO PART-TIME STUDENTS**

Economics—Robert Orr; French—Frances Barrett; Zoology—Myrol Barnuk; History—Lothar Bode; Psychology—Ronald Campbell; Philosophy—Ross Elliott; English—Dolores Long.  
Presented by Mr. J. P. Bertrand

### **ROBERT POULIN MEMORIAL TROPHY**

Winner to be announced. Presented by Dr. B. W. Stevens.

### **DONALD CLARK CUP AND ATHLETIC AWARDS**

Winner to be announced. Presented by Mr. D. Clark

### **HYDRO ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to Donald T. Siira by Mr. D. I. Nattress.

### **CITY OF FORT WILLIAM SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to Constance Anne Stevens by Mayor Seppala

### **A3ITIBI POWER AND PAPER COMPANY LIMITED SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to David Andrews by Mr. F. L. Stevens

### **CITY OF PORT ARTHUR SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to Osmo M. Kaustinen by Mayor Wilson

### **NEEBING RIVER BOAT CLUB SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to Gordon S. Franklin by David Mason

### **MARATHON CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to Stewart Smith by Mr. A. Barbini

### **MARATHON CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to Gordon S. Franklin by David Mason

### **CANADIAN INSTITUTE OF FORESTRY AVENUES**

Presented to Robert A. Zarn by Mr. Alan Boyle

### **PORT ARTHUR LODGE No. 224, INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to John Smith by Mr. M. Handford

### **LAKEHEAD ELECTRICAL ASSOCIATION SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to Bernard E. Doughton by Mr. R. Barber

### **WORLD UNIVERSITY SERVICE SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to Charles Mountford by Mr. J. Paterson

### **PROFESSIONAL ENGINEERS' WIVES' ASSOCIATION BURSARIES**

Presented to Erskine Flook and Gary Koreen by Mrs. V. B. Cook

### **EVA CLENDINNEN MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP — UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S CLUB**

Presented to Geraldine Maki by Mrs. C. Whitaker

### **PORT ARTHUR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to Diana Jarvis by Mr. R. Hamilton

### **NORTHWESTERN ONTARIO RETAIL DRUGGISTS' ASSOCIATION SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to Wilbert Mikkola by Mr. Walter Love

### **WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION OF THE MINING INDUSTRY OF CANADA SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to Anthony Filyk by Mrs. W. L. C. Greer

### **BETA SIGMA PHI XI UPSILON CHAPTER SCHOLARSHIP**

Presented to James Erickson by Miss G. Chisamore

### **LIONS CLUB BURSARY**

Presented to Geraldine Maki by Mr. A. Chisamore

### **THUNDER BAY DENTAL ASSOCIATION BURSARY**

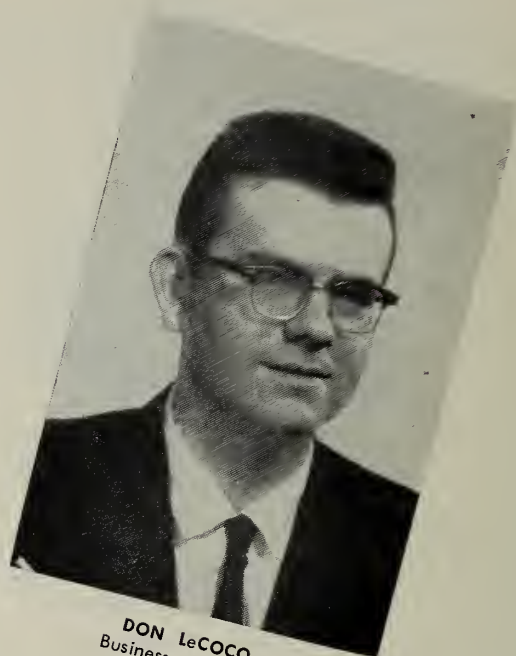
Presented to Robert Workman by Dr. Gordon Bowles



# THE YEAR



**BILL MELNYK**  
Editor



**DON LeCOCQ**  
Business Manager

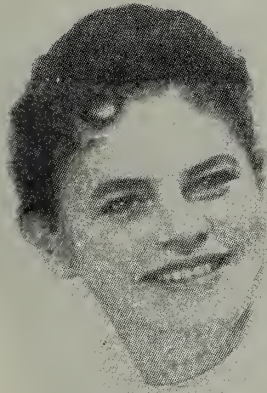


**JANET THOM**  
Literary



**FLORENE McCABE**  
Literary

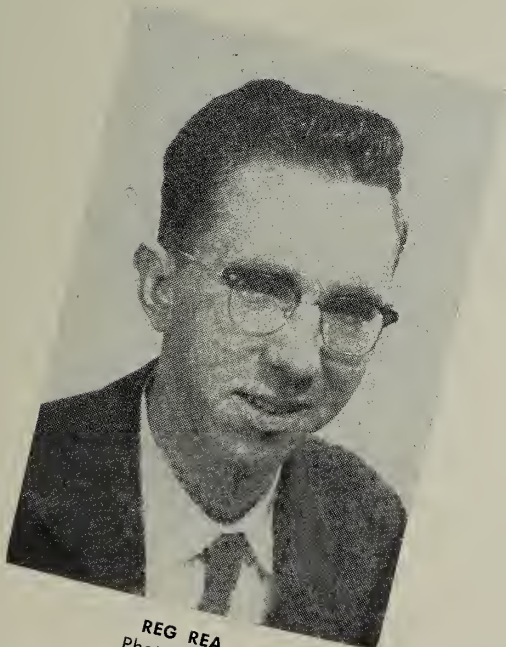
# BOOK STAFF



WENDY IRVING  
Correspondence



JANY STILWELL  
Literary

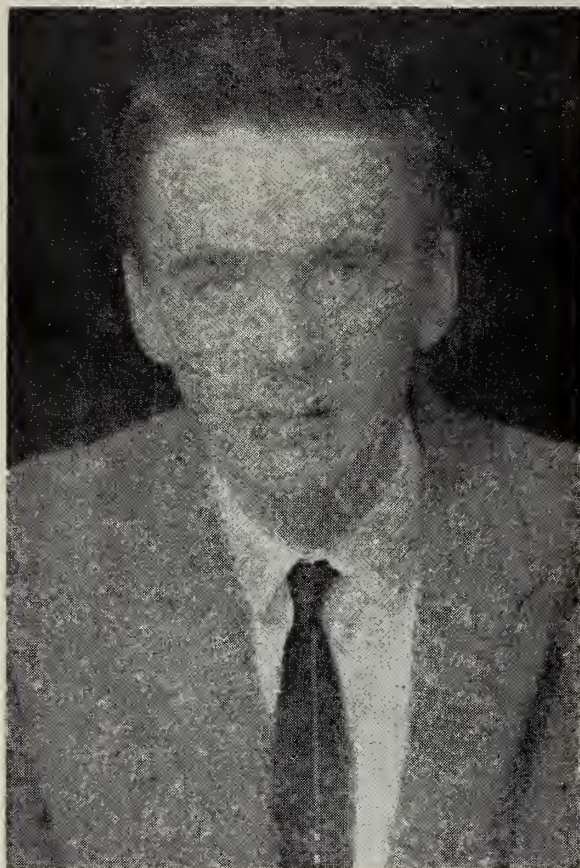


REG REA  
Photography



SIN SOO KUNG  
Photography





## B.A.S. PRESIDENTS MESSAGE

Perhaps the best way for me to begin this synopsis is to outline the formation of the Athletic Society and its function.

As September drew to an end, a general meeting of all students was called by Mr. Braun. During this gathering, nominations were taken for positions on both student societies. A short time later, each candidate was required to speak briefly to the student body and so followed the election. The Athletic Society was composed of a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. Each faculty then elected one representative to the society with the exception of Arts and Engineering, who elected two representatives.

We then received a grant from the S.A.C. which consisted of a portion of the twenty dollars each student contributed. This money was used for equipment and necessary rentals throughout the year.

The main function of the Athletic Society was to provide different types of sporting activities for the students. Because of the limited

size of the College we lacked many facilities and we therefore had to restrict ourselves to certain sports. The main activities consisted of curling, hockey and broomball. Some of the students formed a basketball team and a couple of bowling teams to complete the program.

Hockey was played once a week at the Fort William Gardens with about thirty-five participants making up two teams. A broomball league was again set up consisting of three teams with twelve players each. Curling seemed to be the most popular sport with approximately one-half of the student body taking part in the weekly draws. This year the staff entered a rink and under the skilled broom of Mr. McKenzie harmonized very well with the other rinks.

Since there are no other universities in the immediate vicinity of the College outside competition was restricted to the high schools, and an all-star broomball team played several exhibition games with the Fort William and Port Arthur Collegiates.

The annual hockey night was cancelled this year because we were unable to get ice time in the Gardens at a convenient date. So, all the high schools were contacted and an elimination tournament was set up in which all of last year's participants were allowed to enter. One game was played a week until the winner was decided. It is my sincere hope that this situation will be remedied in the future, as hockey night, in the past, was one of the highlights of the school year.

Socially, the Athletic Society held one dance which followed a broomball game with F.W.C.I. and the entire evening was highly successful.

The annual supper dance was held at the Westfort Hotel marking the last event before the final examinations. At this time trophies were presented to the winning curling teams.

In closing, I would like to extend my appreciation to the members of the Athletic Society. First, to Jim Harnett, the Vice-President, who worked very hard for the welfare of the Council. Jim made most of the purchases for the society, which included hockey and broomball equipment and sweatshirts. Thanks Jim, for a job well done. Then to Pat Moran, our Secretary, who took charge of curling and arranged the ice time, besides drawing up the events and maintaining the schedule. Our Treasurer, Bud Rollins handled the financial end of the organization very efficiently and also gave his best to make the year a success.

This year has been one of immense satisfaction to me. I have sincerely enjoyed every minute that I have spent on the Council, and I hope that I have served the students well. Once again "Thanks to all those who helped to make the year successful sportswise."

I wish every student the best of luck in the future and I hope that this year at Lakehead College has been an enjoyable one.

Ross Faulkner.





### **B. A. S.**

Left to right—FRONT ROW: Jim Harnett, vice-president, Ross Faulkner, president. SECOND ROW: Murray Robinson, Gary Jessiman, Ron Sisco, Bill Jerome. THIRD ROW: Yosh Tatebe, Bud Rollins, treasurer, Jim Martindale.

### **BROOMBALL**

The College All-Star team took part in three exhibition games during the past winter season and this reporter is happy to say they were not defeated once, although they were once tied.

The All-Star team consisted of: A. Saxberg, G. Jessiman, D. Chrusz, J. Martindale, F. Kushnier, J. Harnett, J. Sinclair, R. Faulkner, J. Wochy, G. Fenton, A. Bartholemew, K. Pascoe, A. Ekroos, R. Klemacko, Manager.

The first game was played against a select group of the highly rated F.W.C.I. Blue-Bears. The smooth working machine of College athletes, gave the out-classed Blue-Bears, a lesson in the finer arts of the game of Broomball. The final score shoed the College Selects with 2, Blue-Bears 1. Tireless Jay Sinclair scored the opening goal on a booming twenty-footer, which no one even saw, including the goalie. This goal came after many a fruitless effort to score by the Stars. Blue-Bears however, were not to be held scoreless and came back minutes later to tie things up on "Fisherman" Watsyk's goal and set the stake for a hard driving third period.

With about ten minutes left in the game, the Stars got the break they had been waiting for. Harnett intercepted a Blue-Bear pass at centre ice, with Faulkner on the left wing and only one Blue-Bear back. Harnett slipped a forward pass to Faulkner who moved in close but chose to return the pass to Harnett across the goal mouth, who merely directed the ball into the open cage to give the stars their margin of victory.

Offsides: Sinclair was without a doubt the pick of both teams and he never let up all through the game. Honorable mention goes to Jessiman for his fine defensive play and Dan Chrusz, who was a tower of strength both ways.

Game number two was against P.A.C.I. who boasted a good crop of rookie broomballers, but when the chips were down the College Vets came through once again with a hard-fought two-one victory.

Wearing smiles of victory after placing third during a debate tournament at the University of Minnesota, Duluth, two teams of debaters returned to their studies at the Lakehead College of Arts Science and Technology. Left to right — Donald LeCocq and Robert McAlpine, who formed one team, Dr. T. B. Miller, who accompanied the students and Patricia Shannon and William Melnyk, second LCAST team which brought home the third place honors.







# THE SPORTS REPORTER

## HOCKEY

Hockey once again played an active part in our sporting schedule. About 30 boys took active participation in our national game every Tuesday afternoon. The players ranged from "hasbeens" (Marvin Saxburg) to up and coming professional prospects such as Tinker Mithrush, Leroy Hogue and Ken Pascoe.

These Tuesday afternoon sessions brought out of retirement such greats of a few years back as A. Ekroos, J. Morrison and S. Seely. The boys were split into two teams, the whites coached by R. Faulkner and the blues coached by J. Harnett. The league champion was never decided as both teams ended the season in a tie for first place, giving little pick between the two teams.

Mike Cowan won the scoring championship quite easily. He averaged 3 to 4 goals a game and would have been a big help to any junior team had he played for them.

Our hockey team was probably the strongest in the history of the school, and would have won the Perciante & Laprade trophy this year if ice time at the Fort William Gardens could have been arranged for the annual competition.

## CURLING

On Wednesday afternoon at 4:30, the Port Arthur Curling Club is the scene of the Lakehead College's contribution to the "roaring game." The league was comprised of 13 rinks from the student body ardently trying to solve the intricate strategy of the teacher's team skipped by that wizard of the ice lanes "Hog line" McKenzie.

Each curler paid a fee of three dollars with the Athletic Council contributing another three dollars per person. Other expenses were incurred in the form of broom rentals and some of the boys were putting out the odd 30 cents here and there for "incidentals."

The female populous of the school decided not to be outdone and placed their talents in the services of their lords and masters, the skips. For novices they showed amazing ability at solving the intricacies of the game. The calibre of the play was amazingly good considering the amount of ice time allotted and the games were fiercely contested by each and every team. At the time of writing it appears that Wayne Robinson's rink has the edge in play followed closely by Glen Eklund and Gus Candido, with the rest of the teams trying to upset the "big guns."

On the whole, the season was a complete success. The feeling prevalent was that this game provided excellent recreation and it is hoped that in succeeding years the students will keep the Lakehead College prominent in the curling fraternity.

P. Moran.

## SOCCER

With the purchase of a soccer ball early in the fall by the Athletic Council, interest in the game of soccer seemed to be aroused at once. There was even talk of forming a league, but to no avail as "Mr. Weatherman" would not co-operate. However, two games were arranged and played between the Engineering Tec. II All-Stars and Arts All-Stars. With "Two-Gun Higgs" and his flute as referee, and Bren Park soccer field as the site, the two games were staged.

The odds were definitely in favor of the Applied Science and Arts All-Stars. Some "bookies" were giving as high as ten to one, but the underdogs came through in the opening game by a wide margin. The score at full time was Eng. Tech. II All-Stars 5, Applied Science All-Stars 0.

The victory itself came on sheer determination, desire, superb goaltending, and most of all, hustle and unity. The outstanding star of this game was Dan Chrusz, who turned in a hat trick and an assist to collect 4 of a possible five points. Honourable mention must go to James (Boomer) Harnett, who assisted on all three of Dan's goals while playing goal for Eng. Tech. II. This was the one-two punch in the game. Harnett would make the stops in Eng. Tech. II goal, loop a booming kick up to Chrusz, who would take the pass in full stride, break in on the Applied Science and Arts goal and score with ease. Joe Wochy also must receive mention for his fine game. In fact, all the Eng. Tech. II boys played fine soccer.

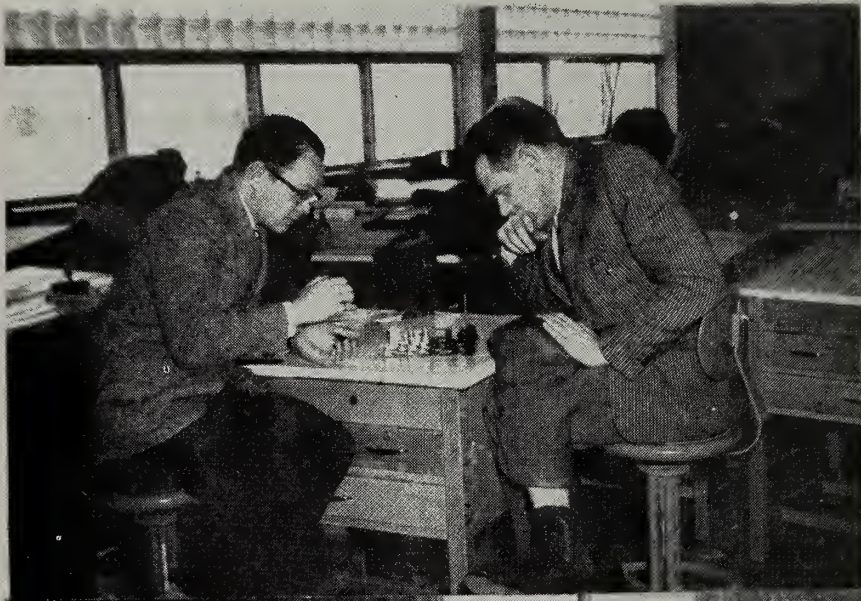
The second game was played one week later, and with the betting odds now favouring the "swelled heads" of the Eng. Tech. II All-Stars. Well the "Bookies" lost again as the Applied Science and Arts All-Stars turned the trick and came home with a hard-fought but well-deserved two-one victory. With the score dead-locked at one-one in half-time, the stage was set for the gruelling last-half battle. With time running out, the Eng. Tech. II All-Stars were awarded a penalty shot from fifteen yards out, but a neat stop by Tom Adams in the Applied Science and Arts goal kept the light of a possible win alive. Then with less than five minutes remaining in the game, Eng. Tech. II committed a foul and the Applied Science and Arts All-Stars were awarded a penalty shot. This was made good by Gus Candido, as he beat Harnett in the Eng. Tech. II goal cold, thus giving the Applied Science All-Stars their margin of victory in another tense, thrilling and sometimes even rough soccer game.

Mr. Higgs, the referee, then declared the Eng. Tech. II All-Stars the champions on the strength of the two-game, total goal series, as they out-scored the Applied Science and Arts All-Stars six-two.

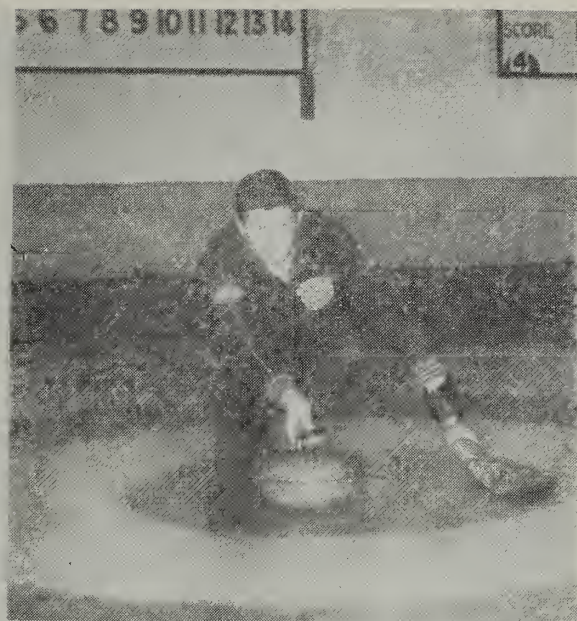
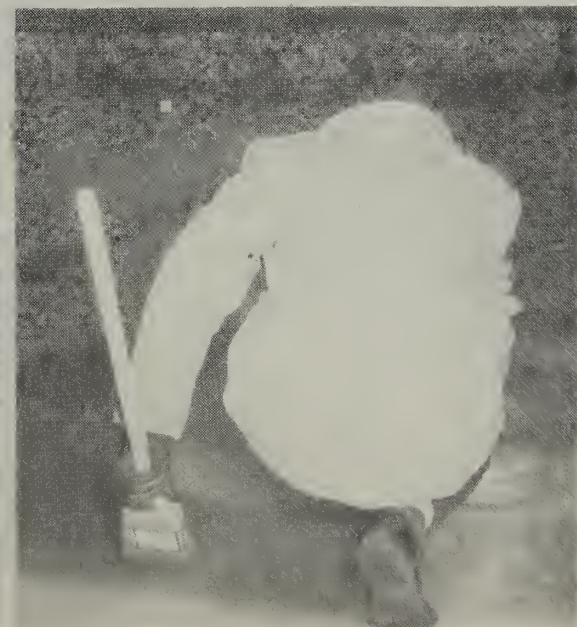
Jim Harnett.



# SPORTS CANDIDS



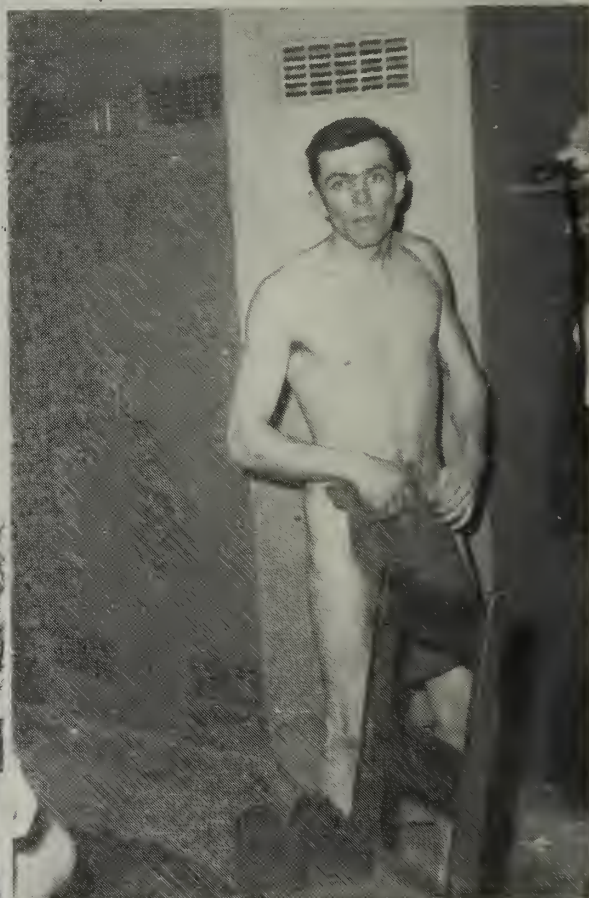




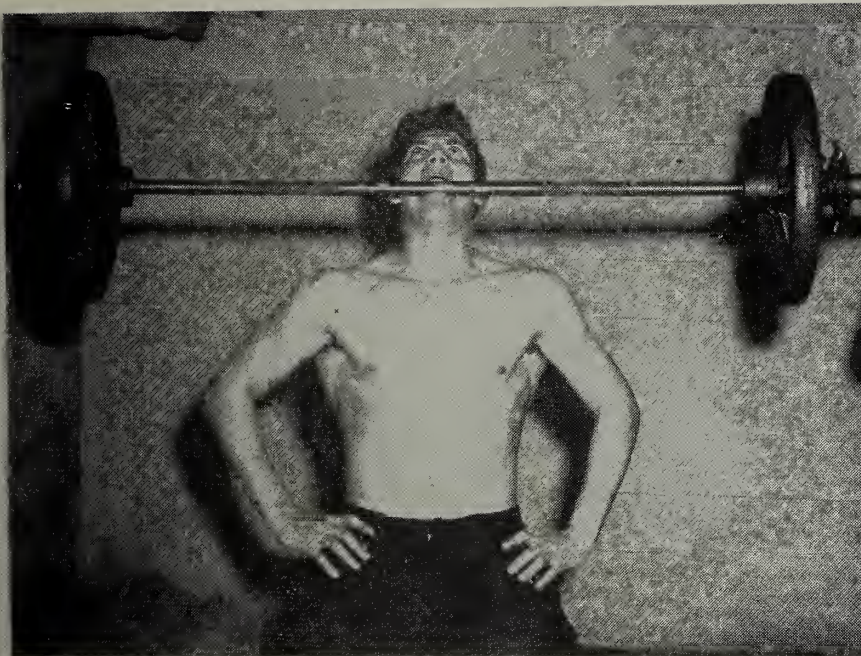
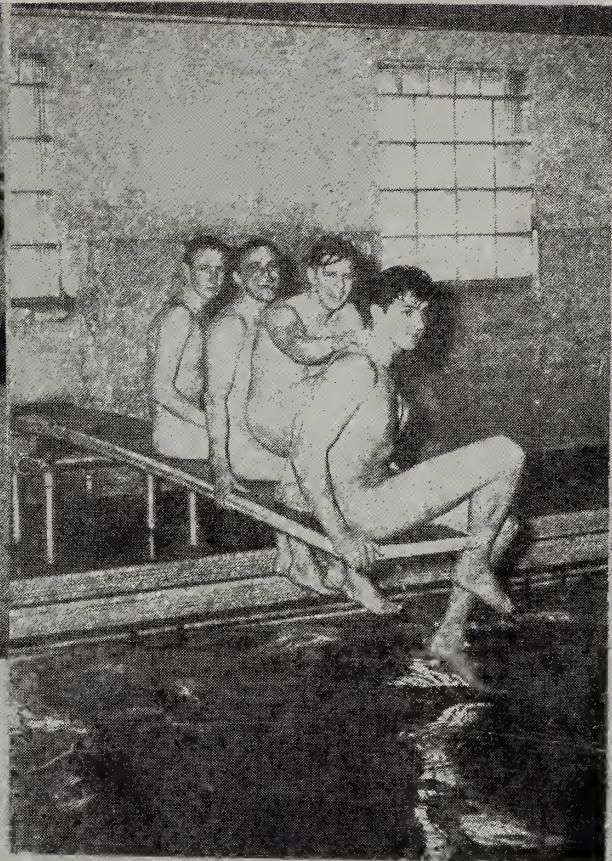
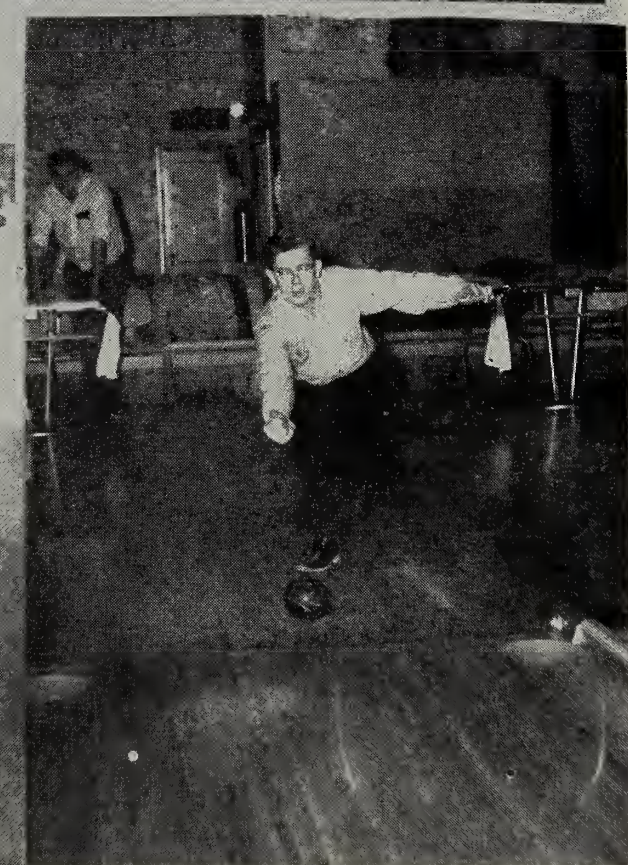




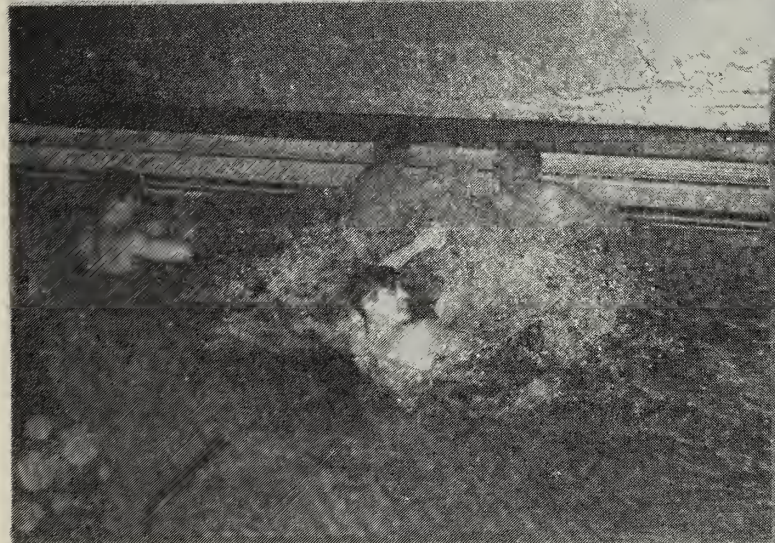
"Anything Goes"















LEFT TO RIGHT: Donald I. LeCocq, Bob McAlpine, Dr. T. B. Miller, Pat Shannon, W. T. Melnyk.

## Lakehead College Debaters Do Well

Competing against 21 debating teams from 11 universities in the United States, a team from the Lakehead College Arts, Science and Technology placed third during the third annual debate tournament at the University of Minnesota, Duluth branch.

The Lakehead College debaters made up of William Melnyk, Miss Pat Shannon, Don LeCocq and Robert McAlpine, formed the two debating teams from the Lakehead College which participated in the tournament.

Only five teams came through the three gruelling rounds of debate undefeated. Of these Wisconsin State won, for the third successive year, with a total of 36 team points. North Dakota was second with 35 team points and the Lakehead College team of Melnyk and Shannon was third with 35 team points, ahead of UMD which scored 30 points, St. Cloud with 29 and the rest of the field.

The Lakehead College teams were the only Canadian participants. Each team had to debate in three rounds, taking both the affirmative and negative sides of the U.S. National debate topic: "Resolved that Congress should be given the power to reverse decisions of the Supreme Court."

The local college team debated on short notice on the national debate topic which all their opponents had been studying and debating on for two months. The local team also had to use U.S. debating rules, practices and techniques, which differ in some respects from those with which Canadian debaters are familiar.

Other teams debating on the topic included those from Wisconsin State College, Eau Claire; Mankato State College, Minnesota; St. Cloud State College, Minnesota; Superior State College, Wisconsin; Hibbing Junior College, Fargo; Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter; North Dakota Agricultural College, Fargo; Northland College, Ashland; and St. John's University, Collegeville.



# THE CAMERA CLUB



BACK: Dave Uusitalo, Reg Rea, Bob Watson, Bill Brown. FRONT: Sin Soo Kung, Alex Bartholomew.

This year saw the camera club emerge from the confines of the dark room and enter a useful position in school life. After several years existence the camera club has finally been able to fulfill its original purpose, to function as a unit which is not only beneficial to its members but to the entire student body. This we firmly believe we have done and hope that future clubs, for whom we have laid a solid foundation, will continue to do so.

Our first meeting of the year took the form of an informal get-together of all those interested in forming a camera club. This meeting served to acquaint the members with one another, and to provide an opportunity for all to look over the dark room facilities and decide what additional equipment would be needed for the proper operation of the club. On Nov. 21, 1959, at our second meeting, the executive was elected and it was decided that we ask the student's council for a grant of one hundred five dollars with which to buy chemicals and equipment.

The following is an excerpt from the brief presented to the students' council by Sin Soo Kung, the club secretary-treasurer.

"Once upon a time there was a camera club in the Lakehead Technical Institute. Somehow it had disappeared. Today the Lakehead College has inherited a fortune of about two hundred dollars worth of photographic equipment."

During the past years the school camera club has tried to undertake the job of photography for the year book, but this has never been successful because of lack of membership and necessary equipment.

This year we have seven members, the largest number since the history of the college. One hundred and five dollars will purchase the necessary equipment.

The council granted the camera club the money and on November 5, 1959, the camera club opened a current account at the Toronto Dominion Bank.

On November 9, 1959, Alex Bartholomew, the club president, and Sin Soo Kung, the secretary-treasurer, spoke to Mr. Braun and informed him of the club's plans for the coming year. Mr. Braun proved to be of great assistance to us in that he was able to acquire, through the Board of Governors, a 12" x 18" print dryer, an 18" print washer and a timer. This, of course, greatly reduced our expected expenditures and the excess could now be put to a use which would before have fallen into the category of student council affairs.

It was decided jointly by the students council and the camera club that the club be made responsible for candid pictures for the yearbook and for all expenses thus incurred. At long last the club had begun to function as a useful unit in school activities.

An even greater acceptance of camera club responsibilities was accepted by Sin Soo, when, with the assistance of Reg Rea and Bob Watson, he undertook the photographing of the various school organizations and the members of the faculty, for the yearbook. It must be pointed out here that Sin Soo is also the candid photographer for the yearbook.

As a result of the combined efforts of all the members of the camera club the Lakehead College now has a fully outfitted darkroom containing over 30 pieces of modern photographic equipment. We are proud of our club and we are proud to be able to say that we, the members of the 1959-1960 camera club of the Lakehead College, played some small part in paving the road for those to follow.

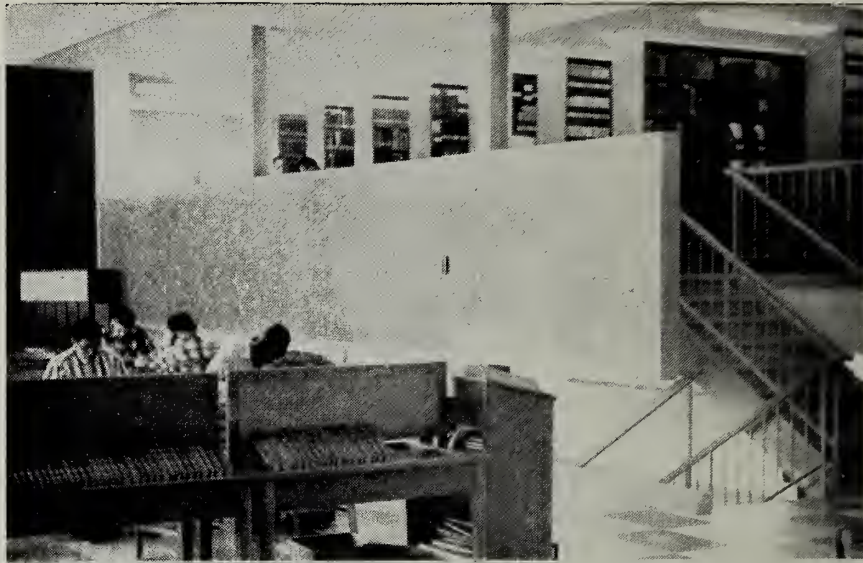
ALEX BARTHOLOMEW.



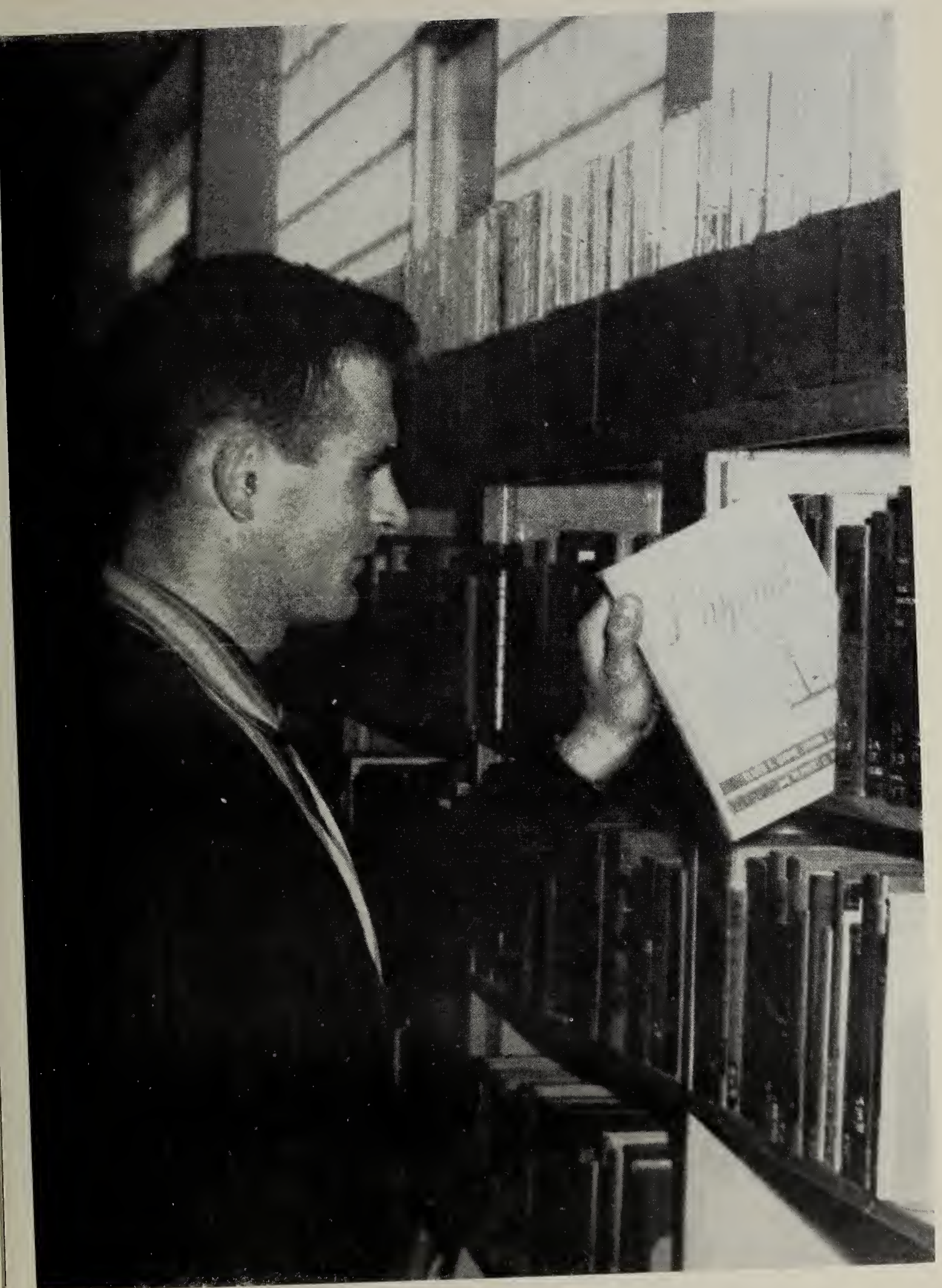




# THE NEW LIBRARY









# ARTS FACULTY



ARNOT, JAMES C.



COUTANCHE, GUY C.



BURAK, WALTER W.



DONOVAN, DONALD A.



COSTANZO, ANTHONY





FUCHEK, PATRICK V.



HANSEN,  
LAWRENCE D.



GUNSON, JOHN R.



IRVING, WENDY J.



HALL, WAYNE F.

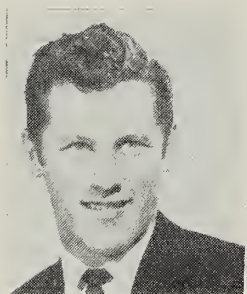




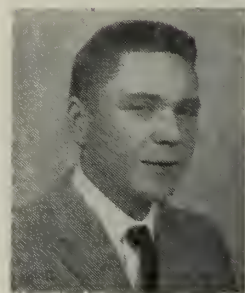
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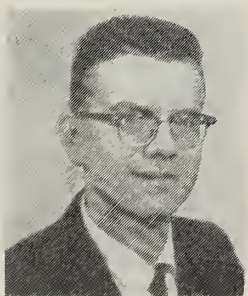
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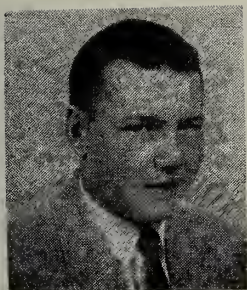


MACKINNON  
EDMUND A .



LECOCQ, DONALD IAN





MARTINDALE,  
JAMES R.



MELNYK, WILLIAM T.



MICHELS, ROBERT E.



MATICH, MICHAEL L.



MORAN, F. PATRICK



McALPINE, ROBERT D.



RAHKOLA,  
DENNIS L.



McCABE,  
FLORENCE M.



REPO, TOINI

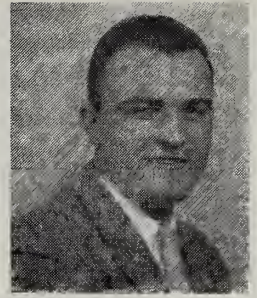


OMAE, TAKUO





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SEELEY, SIDNEY R.



SENYK,  
ELIZABETH S.



SAUNDERS, MELVN



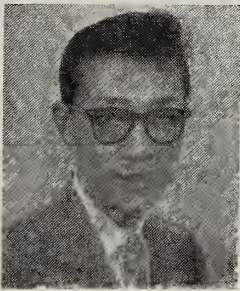
SHANNON,  
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TAM, ARTHUR S. S.



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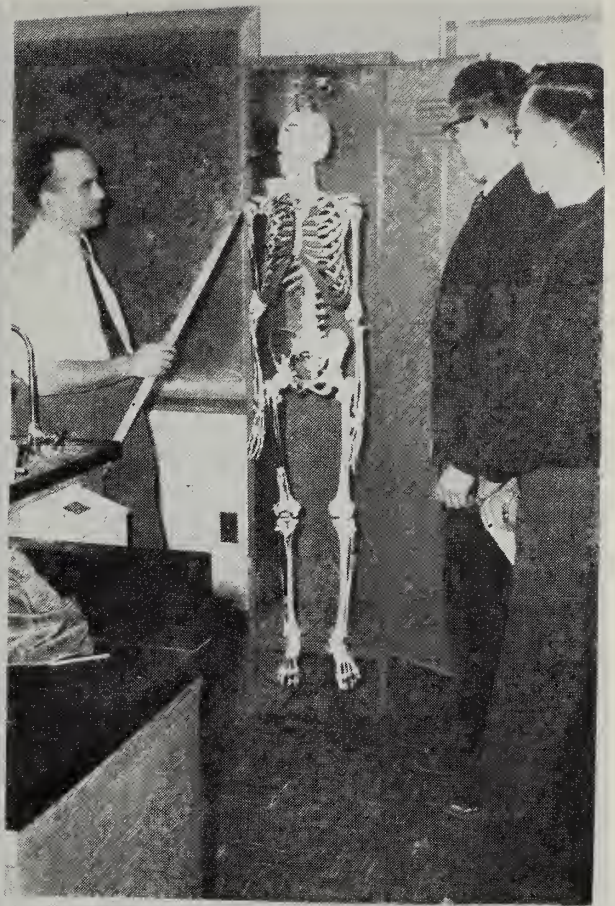
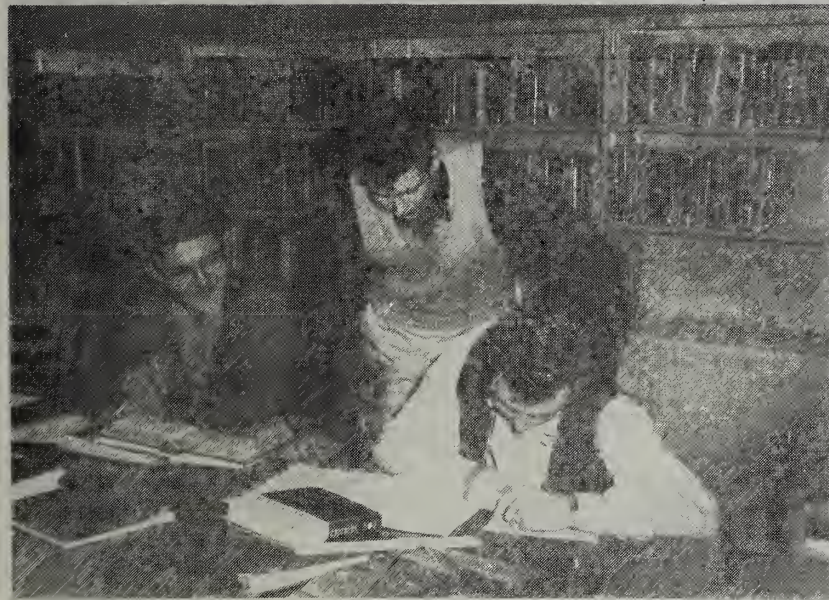
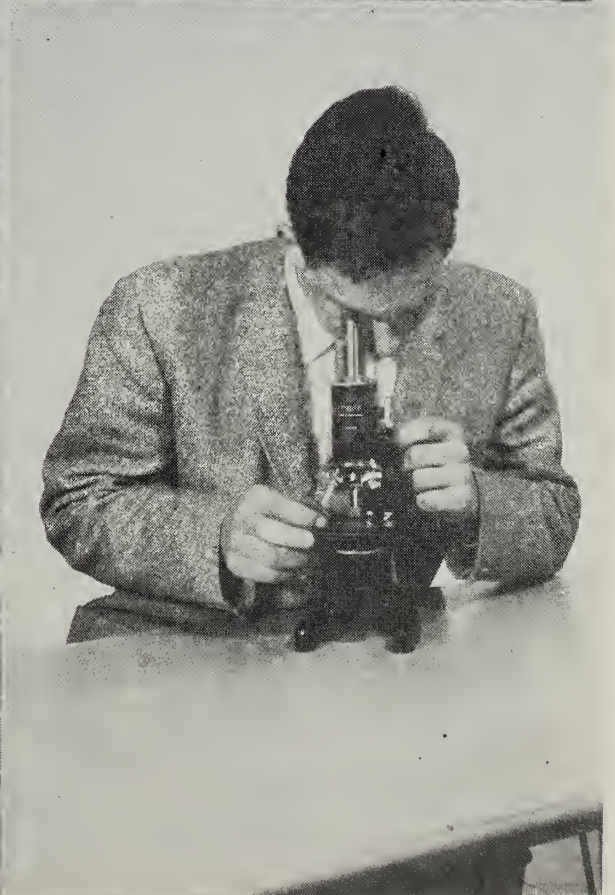
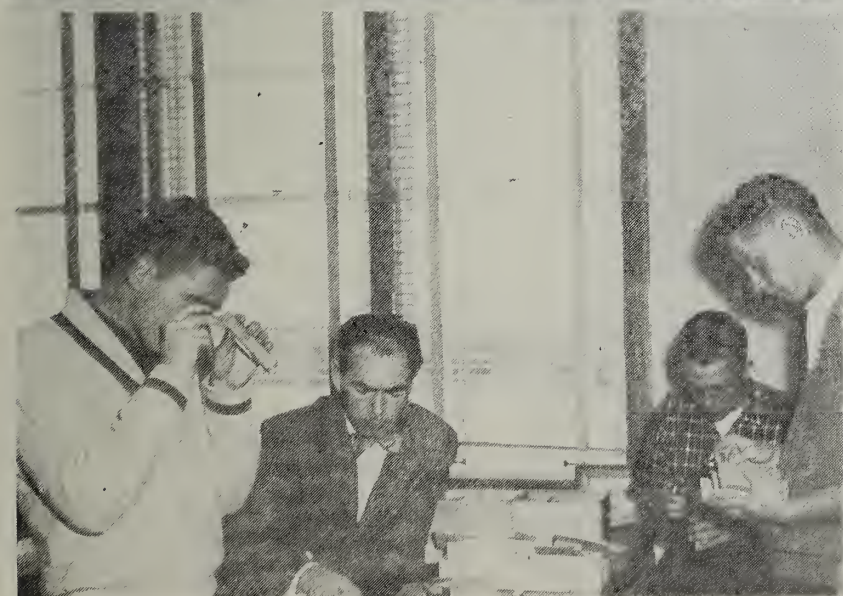


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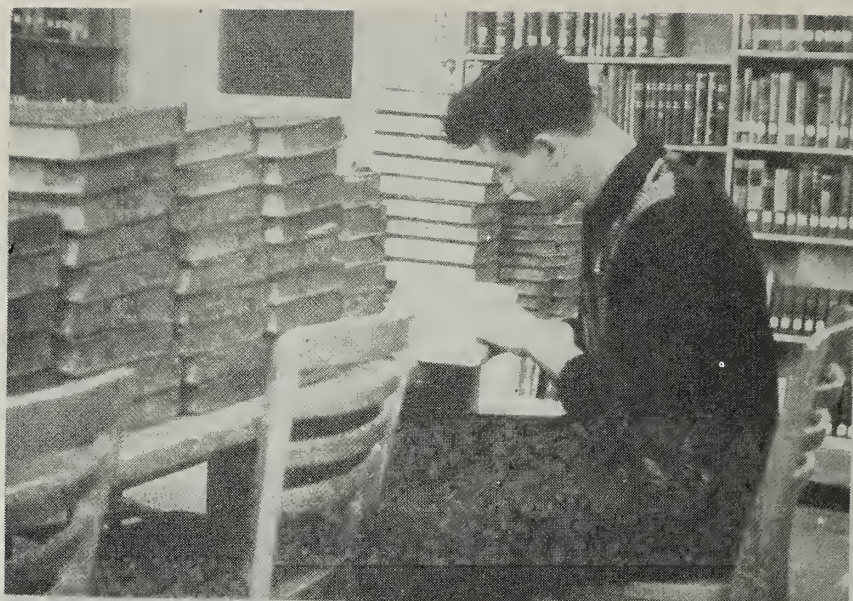
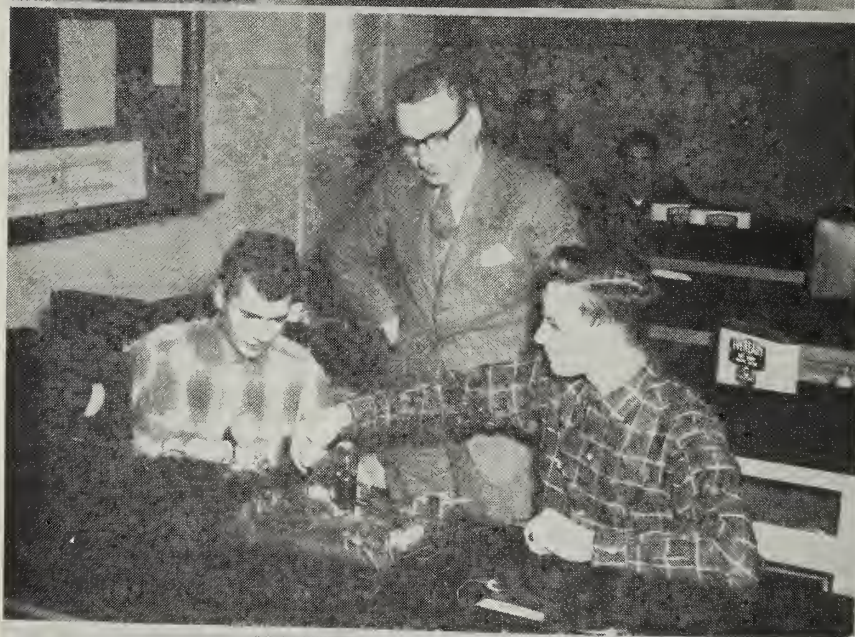
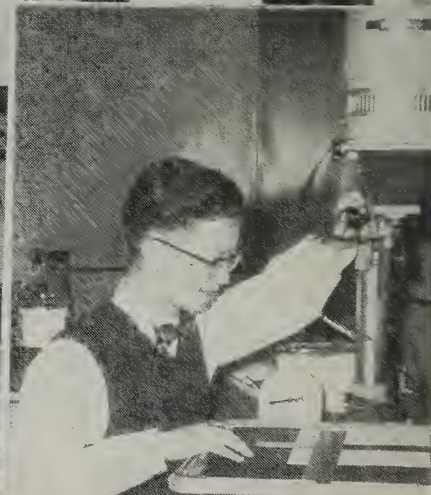


WATTS,  
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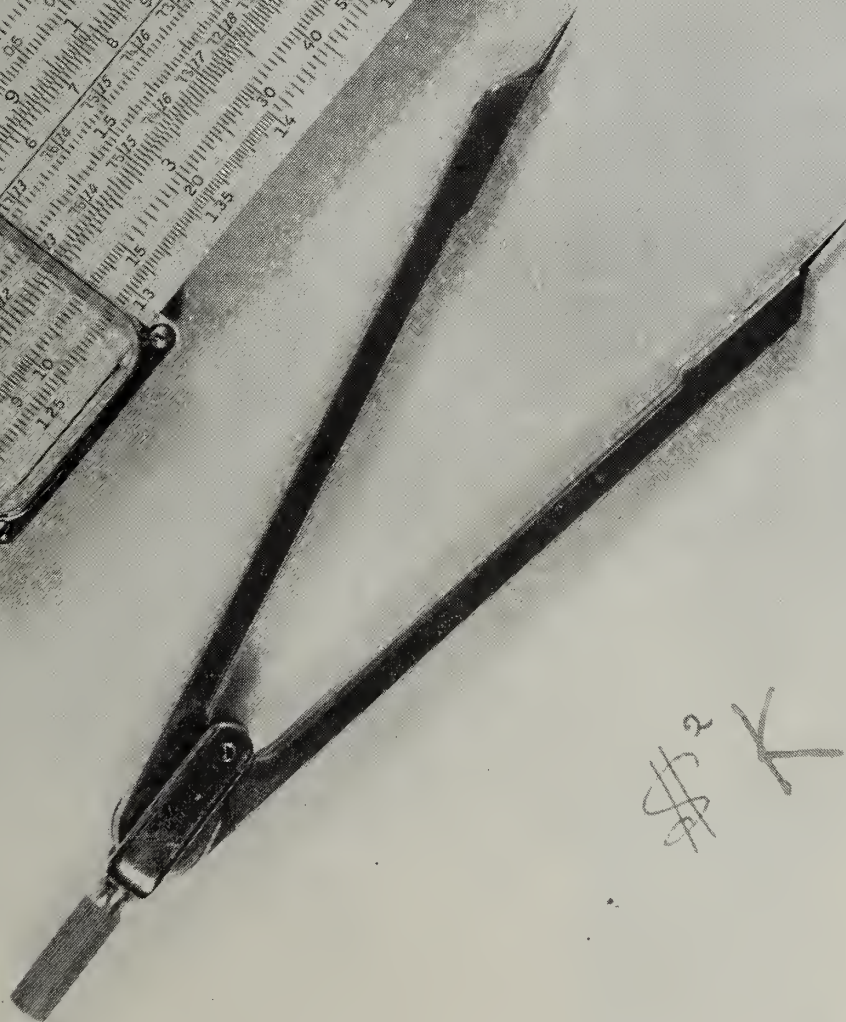


$$\cos \theta + j \sin \theta = e^{j\theta}$$

$$y'' + \left( b - \frac{a^2}{2} + \frac{a^2}{2n} \right) y^{n-2}$$

$$\log y = \log a +$$

$$\int x^n dx =$$



8/52 K

# APPLIED SCIENCE FACULTY



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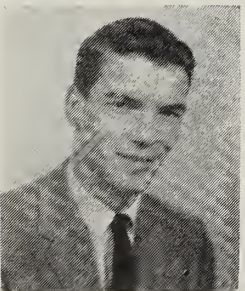
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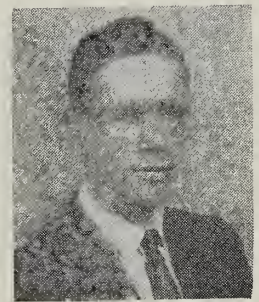




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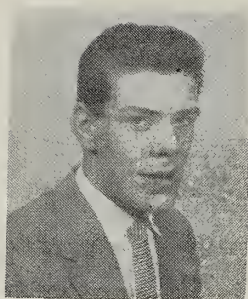
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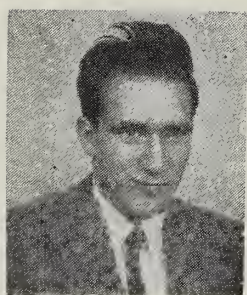
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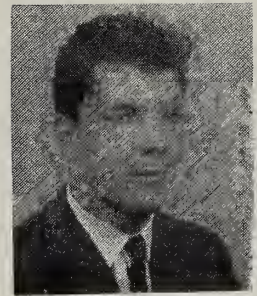


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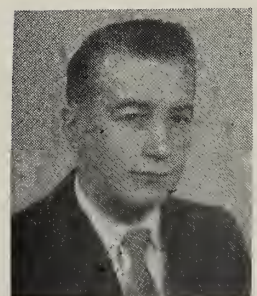
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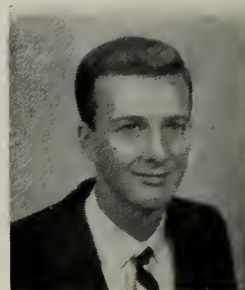
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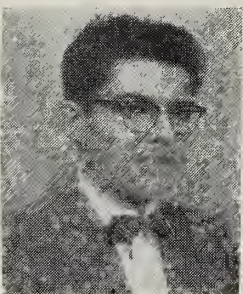
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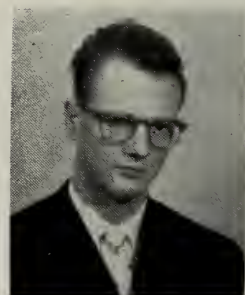
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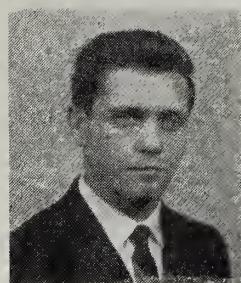


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TATEBE, YOSH



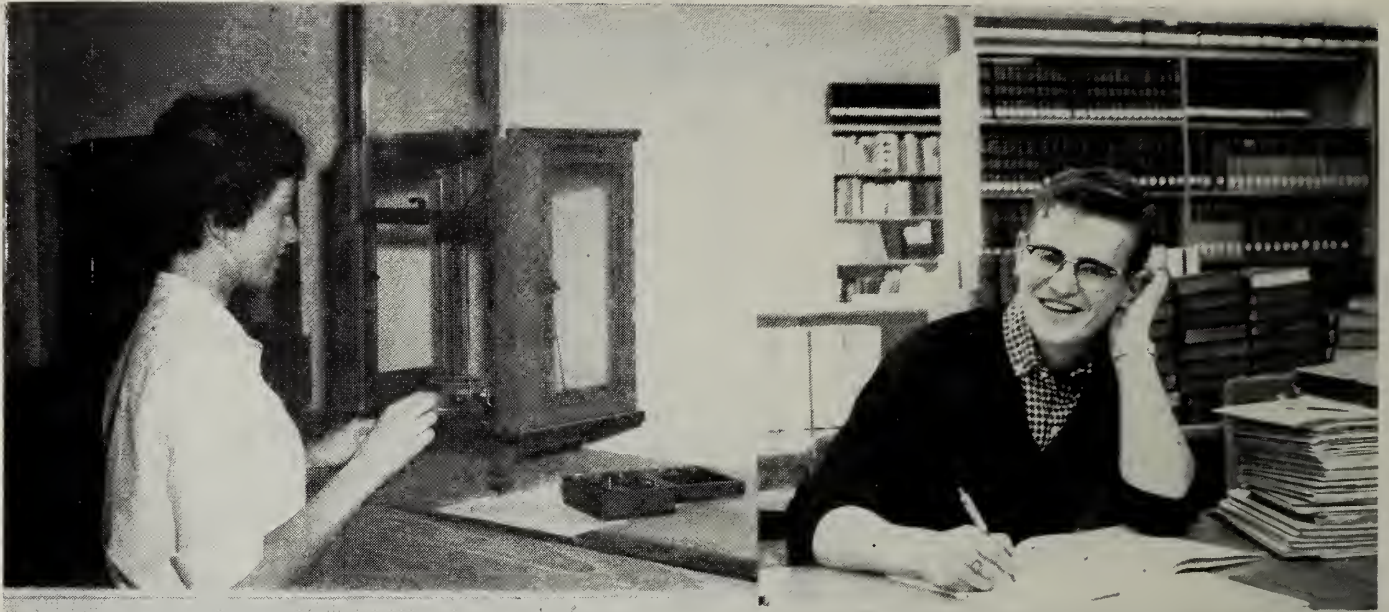
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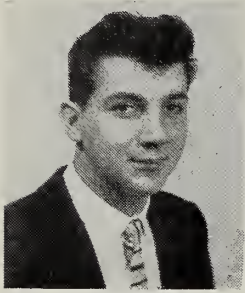




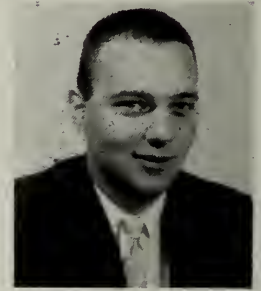




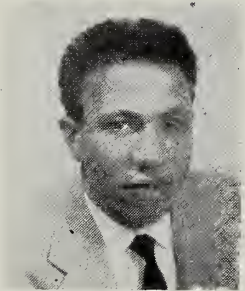
# ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY II FACULTY



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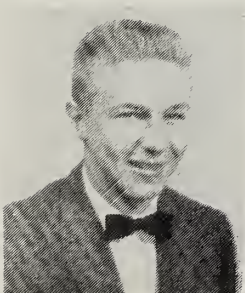
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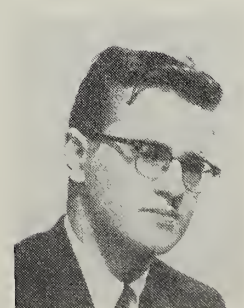
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J. McI. (JAY)



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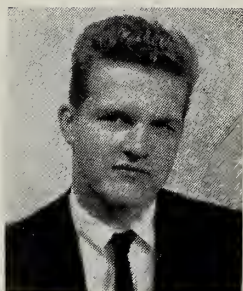
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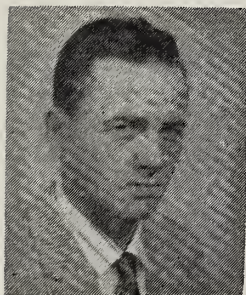


WOJCIECHOWSKI,  
JOSEPH A.



WEST, ARMAS O.

## UNIVERSITY FORESTRY



FRANKLIN,  
GORDON S.





# ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY I FACULTY



BICKMORE, JOHN W.



MURPHY, FRANK W.



KOIVU, RAY A.



PASCOE,  
KENDALL F. A.



KUNG, SIN SOO





SRIGLEY, ALFRED K.



SELF, CHARLES O.



STAPLES, RICHARD D.

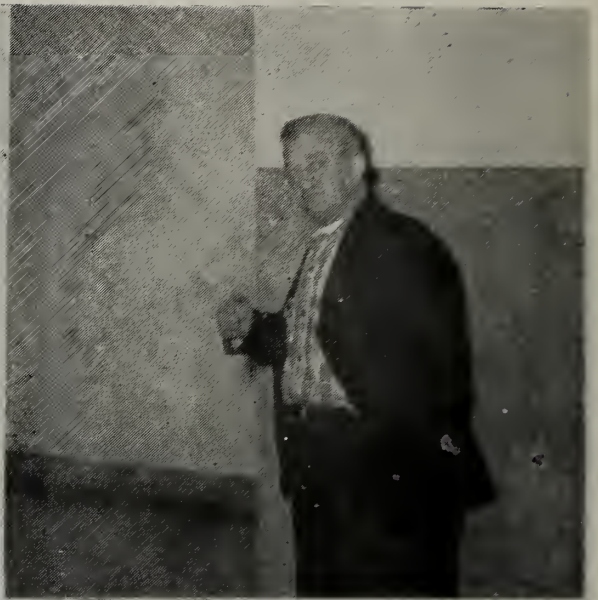


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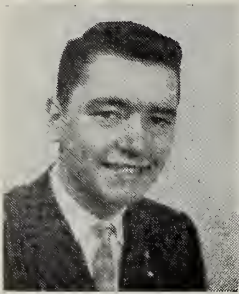








# FOREST TECHNOLOGY II FACULTY



BARTHOLOMEW,  
ALEXANDER



MATROSOVS, PETER



BROWN,  
WILLIAM JOHN



SUOMU, LEONARD



JEROME,  
C. WILLIAM



# FORESTRY:

Our school year came into full swing in September, 1959 when we left Port Arthur to attend a government-sponsored scaling course at Longlac, Ontario. Ten days later we returned, all having been successful in obtaining an Ontario Pulpwood Scaler's Licence.

Upon returning to the Lakehead we immediately set to work in the forestry lab, studying aerial photographs and laying out cruise lines for a two-week timber cruise which we were going to conduct in the college forest. This excursion to the college forest served a dual purpose: It gave us a clearer understanding of what is expected of a timber cruiser, and it supplied the first year foresters, two of whom were with each of us, with the basic knowledge of cruising procedure. However, the most important factor of all was that this cruise gave each of us a little, yet invaluable experience in leadership.

Our first visit to industry took the form of a tour of the Northern Plywood plant at Nipigon. In addition to seeing the complete fabrication of poplar plywood we also spent some time watching the company's woods operation. This trip provided us all with a good deal more appreciation of the usefulness and value of this new product of our northern forests.

Wood structures, unlike those of metal, are always plagued by the ever-present processes of rot and decay. Our tour through the Northern Wood Preservers plant in Port Arthur provided us with a wealth of information about creosoting, one of the many wood preserving processes. This tour also presented us with the opportunity to observe the workings of a saw-mill and the production of finished lumber.

The pulp and paper industry is the largest industry in the Northwest and the third largest industry in the world. It is also the industry in which we as Forestry students are most interested and some day hope to be employed. For these reasons, visits to the mills and forestry departments of the various pulp and paper companies in the Lakehead have constituted the greatest part of our field trip time. Abitibi Pulp and Paper Company's Provincial Mill in Port Arthur came first on our agenda. Now, the steps in paper making which we had learned in the classroom became no longer a matter of memorization but a matter of fact, which would never be forgotten.

Next came a visit to the Great Lakes Paper Company. We were all amazed by the high degree of automation and the absolute accuracy with which all operations were carried out in the mill. Another very important part of our field trip was spent in the forestry departments of the Abitibi Paper Company, Limited, The Great Lakes Paper Company Limited and the Marathon Corporation Limited. We divided ourselves into three groups of two and every Friday each group visited one of the above companies until all three companies had been visited by each group. Each company explained in detail the functions and operations of its forestry department thus providing each of us with basic understanding of the purpose and function of a forestry department.

Guest speakers throughout the year have provided us with many an interesting and informative afternoon. Speakers from the Dept. of Lands and Forests, Timberland Machines, The Lumberman's Safety Association and the three paper companies previously mentioned have given us much of their valuable time so that we may be better equipped to meet the high demands of industry.

It has been a good year for us all. A year of fond memories and close friends. A year of hard work and just rewards. A little older, a little wiser, and with heavy hearts, we leave the Lakehead College. We have complained, for we are human, but deep within us there will always be a feeling of love and respect for the Lakehead College of Arts, Science and Technology.

A. BARTHOLOMEW.

## FORESTRY TECHNOLOGY II WRITE UPS

ALEXANDER BARTHOLOMEW—Brantford, Ontario

Bart, our representative to the Students' Council, and an active member of the Camera Club, has a connoisseur's eye for a well turned ankle, proving, of course, that he appreciates the finer things of life. "Numbers" is plagued with the incessant inability to add, and perhaps this is why he has told us twelve times about Port Credit. Last summer Alex worked as a compassman on an inventory cruise for the Ontario Paper Company, Limited, and his ambition is to become a graduate forester of H. H. B. Bart has been known to answer to Bat, Yorn, Numbers, and even Alexander. He considers the ideal way to spend leisure time is skiing, hunting and fishing. "For ——— sake, Pete, ——— bid!" "Would you Bart," "Oh Hum, another day, another sheckle."

WILLIAM JOHN BROWN—London, Ontario

Bill may be found wherever there is something to eat, and most of his leisure time is spent in trying to develop a distinguished-looking mid section. Dad completely loses all self-control, an dutters strange guttural sounds at the sight of any tracked vehicle. Sylvia, a London school teacher and Bill's biggest weakness, pulls the strings and checks up on him with a regular, once-a-week phone call. An active camera club member, and a real ice fishing enthusiast, he spent last summer as a compassman on an operational cruise for the Dryden Paper Company Limited. Bill's ambition is to someday have the letters B.Sc.F. after his name. "Say, that's quite a big lunch you've got there, Gord—let's have a little snack."

GORDON STANLEY FRANKLIN—Dryden, Ontario

Here is a lad who dreams of becoming a logging superintendant with a half-ton and a German Shepherd. He'll probably wind up as a Union Steward with a Ford Fairlane and a bottle of whiskey. Gord has gained notoriety through the use of timely puns, e.g. (and we quote) "I'm in the nude for love." Skinny Lester has an incurable weakness for weekends in Dryden, power saws and Cianti, and that's a combination you won't find very often. Gord's extracurricular activities include Wednesday and Friday night meetings at the Club "W", weekends in Dryden and the playing of almost any musical instrument he can get his hands on. Gord was employed last summer as a compassman on an operational cruise for the Dryden Paper Company Limited. In a few years he hopes to be among the ranks of professional foresters. "Wa'll you know a young feller could almost——". P.S. (Gord is taking university division forestry this year but we still consider him "one of the boys.")

WILLIAM CHARLES JEROME—Stoney Creek, Ontario

Bill, one of the bachelors, is our representative to the athletic council. His claim to fame is his phenomenal abdominal capacity—for milk, of course! Ace, a member, in excellent standing, of the Club W., is uncertain about his future but we have visions of him becoming an Indian "Affairs" Agent. The truth concerning the mysterious Kitty Morgan was revealed at Longlac, and since then Bill has developed a host of other weaknesses which include, bank tellers, Saturday classes and Molson's X. Son worked?—for the Department of Lands and Forests last summer and this may have kindled his great fascination for hard work—he can sit and watch it for hours! "Come on, Frog, five us a croak." "Just a minute, I'll see if Sue will let me go." Hey, white man!

PETER MATROSOVS—Brantford, Ontario

If Peter says it's oak—it's oak! Pete's favorite pastime is arguing and even when he knows you are dead right he can prove you dead wrong. Most of us agree that his future occupation should be that of a silent partner in bid whist tournaments, but John figures Pete will wind up as a "Cords per nacre" calculator. Pare'full Pierre has an uncontrollable weakness for antique guns and airplanes, both of which he asserts he will someday own. His true ambition is to become a graduate forester of H.H.B. Last summer he worked with the Dryden Paper Company as a compassman on an operational cruise. "He's voiding — I pass."

JOHN PAUL SENYK—Port Arthur, Ontario

This lad has talent to burn. He possesses an uncanny ability to whistle S's; a more eager moose hunter doesn't exist; he can bend elbows with the best of them, and it is a matter of common knowledge that John carries a lot of weight around the school. Moose worked as a park attendant with the Department of Lands and Forests last summer and within two weeks he was sticker-licker superintendant for the whole region. John plans to attend H.H.B. next year and hopes to get a degree in forestry there. Actually, our crystal ball sees him as a founding father of a world-wide string of Club W's. "Two hearts?—Gorp!" "Three spades!—Glom." "Fantastic."



LEONARD HELMER SUOMO—Waters Township, District of Sudbury

Len, head chef at the apartment, says he doesn't mind his own cooking, but we all know that his greatest joy in life is eating at other people's homes. Leo has his mind set on graduating from U.N.B. and becoming one of those rare friendly Finnish foresters. Having a mania for traps, snares, and wires we have no doubt that he will someday be one of this country's finest poachers. So far as we know, Bear's only weakness aside from the stove, is the Sauna, although we do have suspicions about a spry young waitress in Aarnios. Len was employed as an engineer's assistant with the K.O.P. Company, Limited, last summer. "Time for a little nap."—"Say, he's just about roast-pan size."

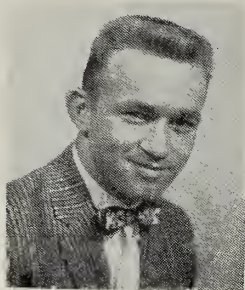








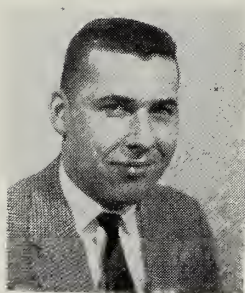
# FOREST TECHNOLOGY I FACULTY



ARNOTT, ROBERT W.



IHAMAKI, LEO O.



BURROWS,  
FREDERICK R.



JOHNSON,  
NORMAN EARL



EKLUND, GLENN R.





MACE,  
HOWARD BRUCE



ROBINSON,  
WAYNE C.



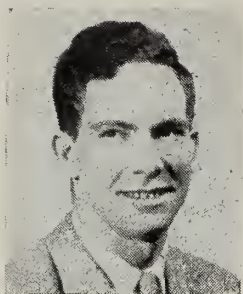
SILC, TONY



POULTON, ROBERT



SISCO, RONALD F.



SUMMERS,  
MURRAY G.



EVANS, ELIZABETH J.





CENTER R

DRILL

D. BOSS

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ED NUT  
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WILSON ROBERTS  
WIZARD  
GUM CLEANER  
No. 221

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SET SCREW POINT

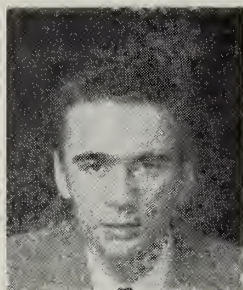
ACME THREAD 7 PER IN.

$\frac{3}{16}$  DRILL  $\frac{1}{8}$  DEEP 4 HOLES

$\frac{1}{16}$  CHAMFER

$\frac{49}{64}$  REAM

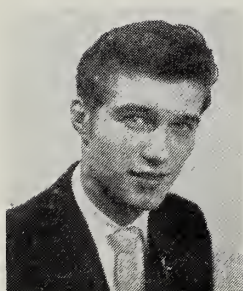




FAULKNER, ROSS A.



PANTOULIAS,  
MARTIN



LITT, WILLIAM



REA, REGINALD A.





#### **STUDENT NURSES**

From left to right—FRONT ROW: Lorraine Jardine, Myrna Rossi, Frances Vrooman, Carol Zub. BACK ROW: Madeline Morrison, Dianne Robinson, Joanne Young, Gail Bell, Diana Bredenberg, Sylvia Wick, Ruth Rothenberg, Dawn Bromley, Lois Murray.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To The Editor:

Dear Sir:

First and foremost I should like to say that I missed the article on Herzegovinian Nationalism by W. W. W. Grizzlykick, who, I have been assured is an authority on the subject. The inclusion of the thoroughly enjoyable article by Dr. Taj Mahal on the Methods and Purposes of Rajptanian Education during the Gurjara-Prathihara Dynasty, some of whose opinions are utterly unbelievable and no doubt are lies, in no way makes up for this omission.

I was informed that a treatise by H. S. Boob with the assistance of T. B. Millstone on The Effects of Intoxication on a Controlled Groupe was suppressed. It no doubt would have offended the palates of many sensitive readers. The smothering of the nauseating article and Fossiles in Macaceous Cchish by T. Der T. Page shows that the censors of Metamorphoses exhibit good taste.

Nevertheless, I can not but feel that this wholesale censorship of articles, even though they lack literary merit, is a direct assault on freedom of thought. Our morals are protected; this book has already been burned.

Constance Chatterly.

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Dear Editor:

My best friend, C. Self, had submitted to your staff, a very touching poem on his dog Black. Is it a product of these nuclear times that no one could see how warm and sentimental this article was? It is obvious that none of you have ever had his dog, his partner since childhood, drag himself to your feet, roll his mournful eyes up, to take a last glance at the hand that fed him, and then, die before your eyes. If this is what the world is coming to, hard, callous and unfeeling, then I am ashamed to be part of it.

X. Pascoe.

My Dear Sir:

As the mother of a fine, wholesome, clean-cut Canadian boy, I felt it my duty representing all mothers of all fine, wholesome, clean-cut Canadian boys, to complain of the corruptive material in your yearbook. As I was, of course censoring this book, before allowing my son to read it I was horrified to discover several perverted articles, and obscene pictures, which I sincerely feel should not be shown to any fine, wholesome, clean-cut Canadian boys.

As I was scanning the photo-section, I noticed that students (like my boy), were consuming liquid refreshment, which gave every indication of originating from that immoral hole, that den of iniquity — the L.C.B.O. I am sure that none of these fine young men, the future leaders of Canada, would so debauch themselves.

I was further shocked when I discovered a number of students were—unclothed! I am sure that these photos were super-imposed and, my son, and the fine pure young lads with whom he associates would never behave with such indecency.

In the Literary Section, I came across an article, which to my horror dealt with a subject, never, never!! discussed in our home. What sort of ideas is my son going to gather from it? Such an article on the S-X life of animals, simply amounts to inciting our daughters to biting the heads of their boy friends, like the praying mantis, and lure our sons to —. And you, Mr. Editor will be to blame.

Signed:

An Indignant Mother.

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Editor's Note:

Mr. Pascoe, I assure you that I for one share the same feelings about dying dogs that you do. However, I was over-ruled by my literary staff, and not being a follower of Anarchism, I had to give in to the majority.

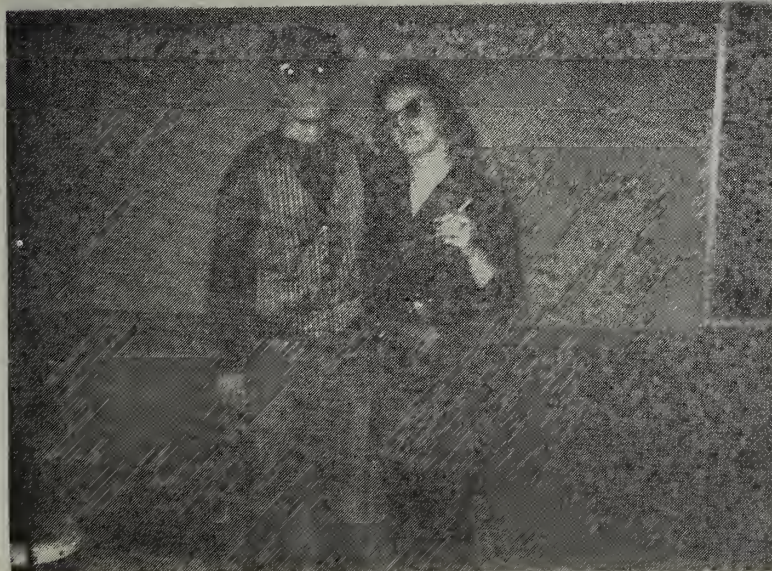




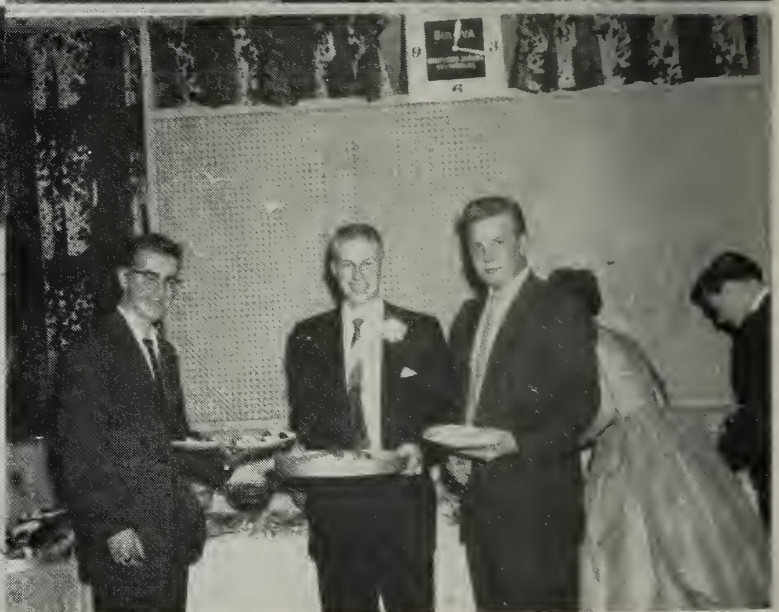




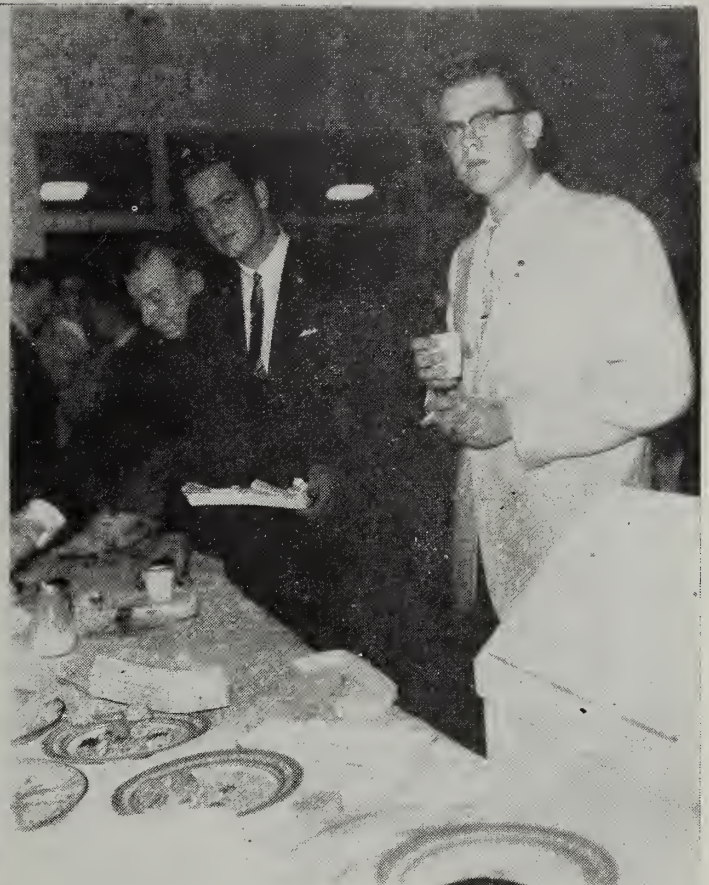




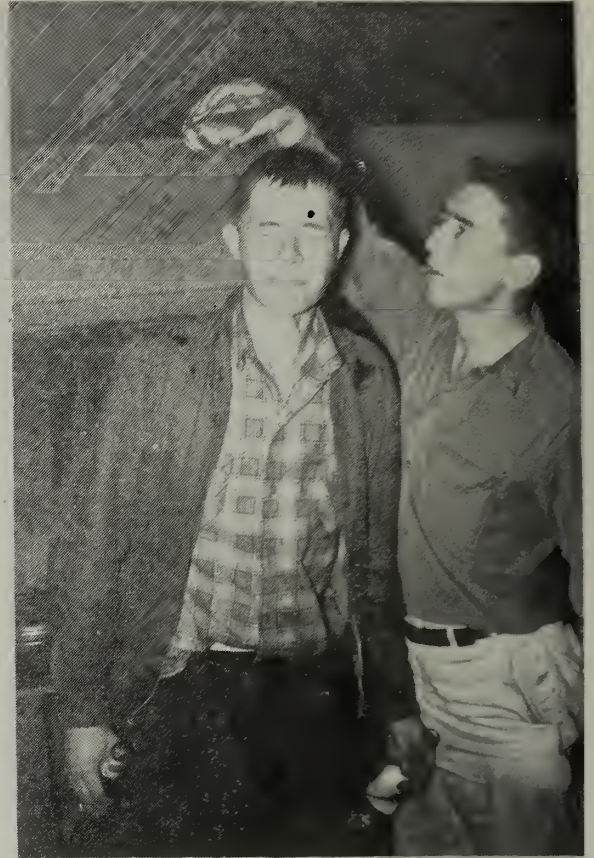




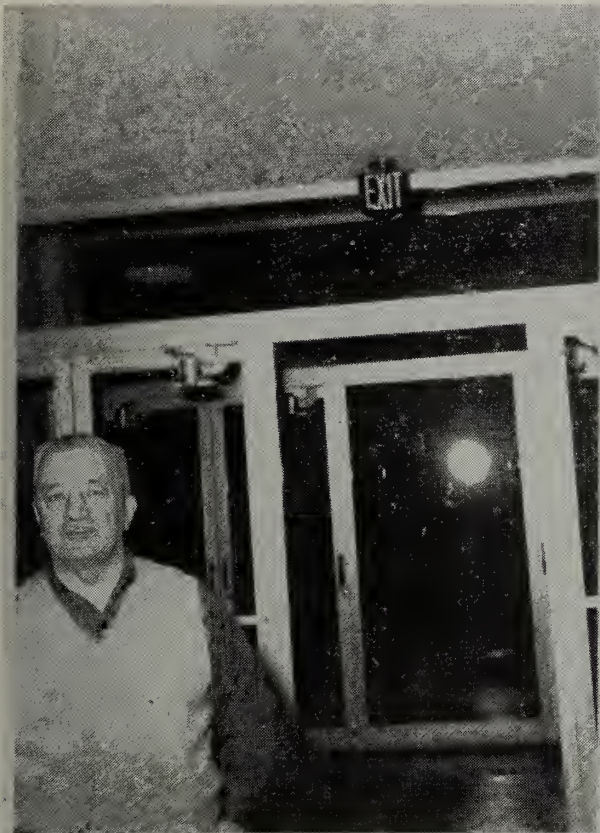




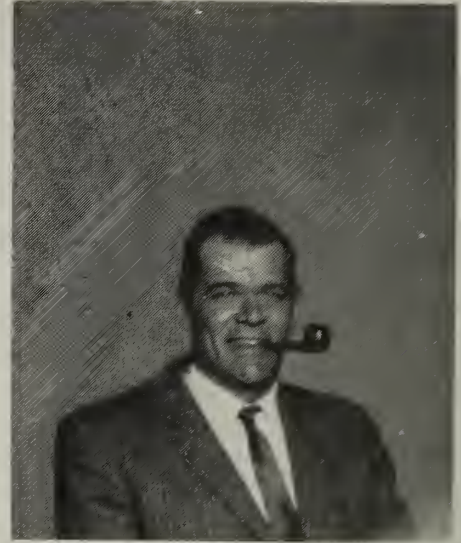
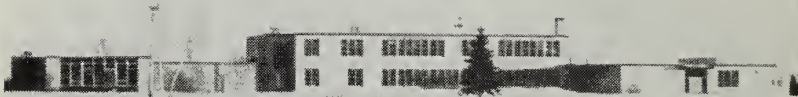
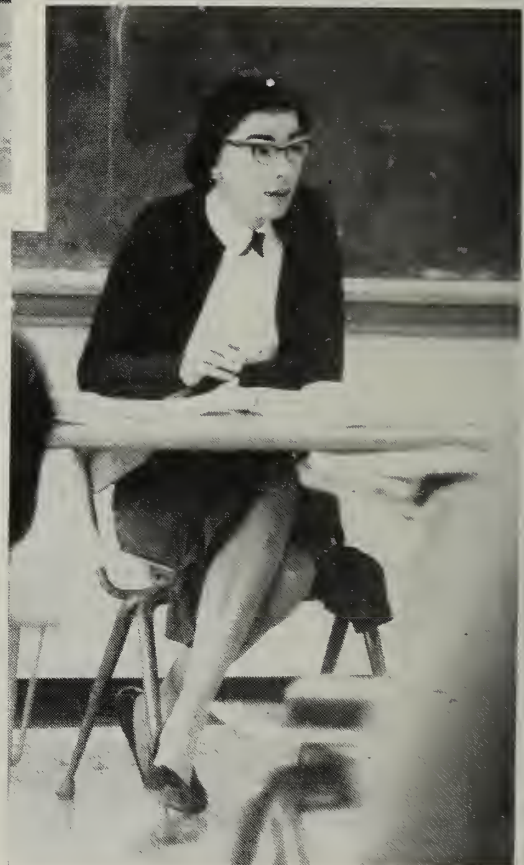




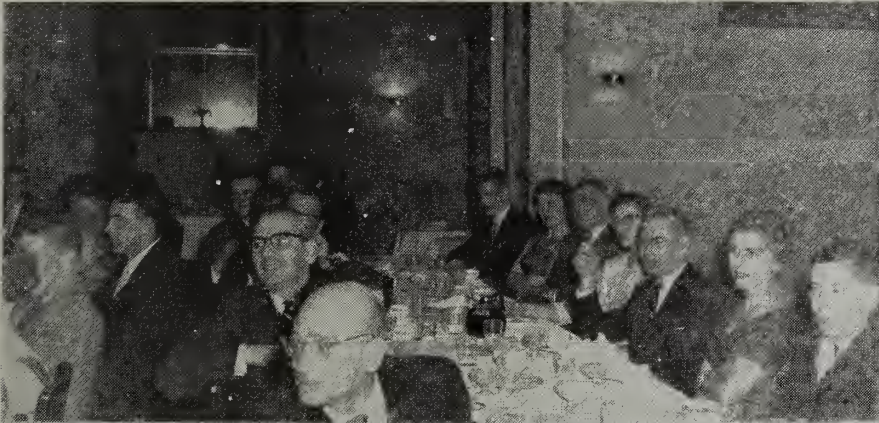
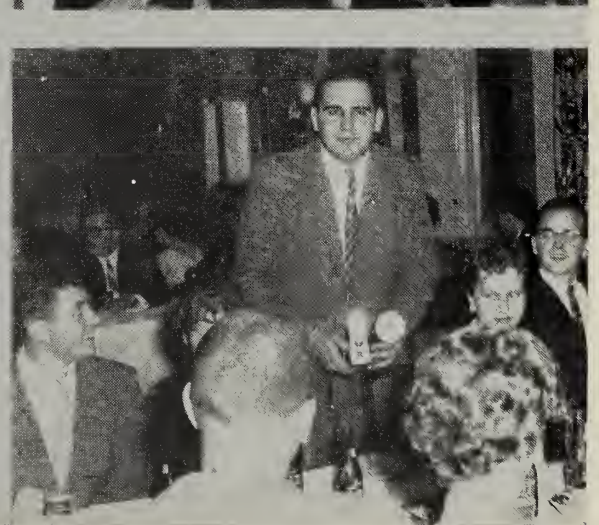








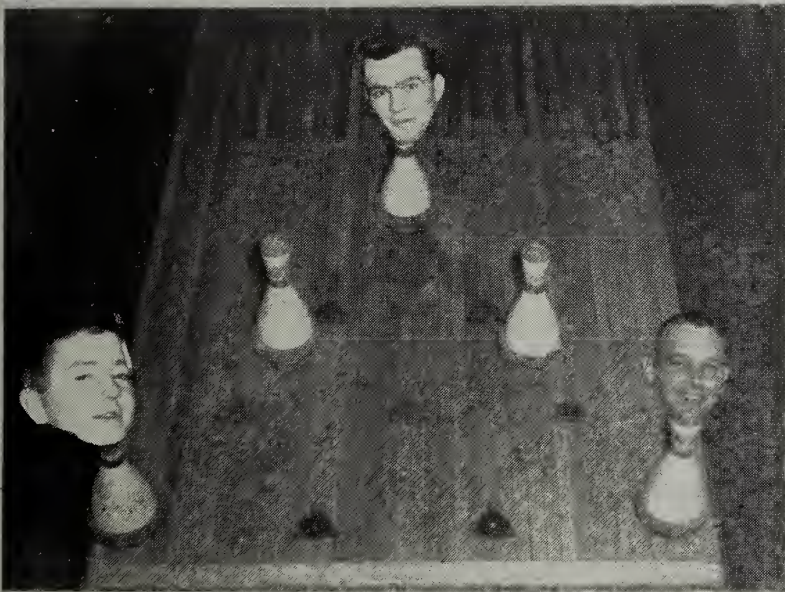
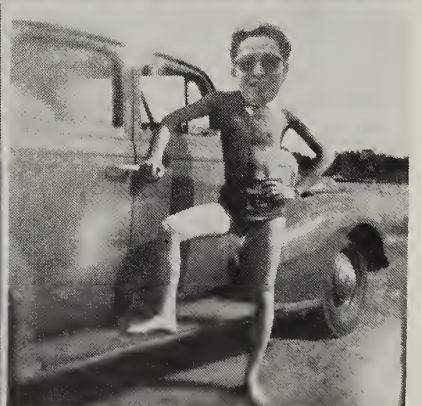














# LITERARY





# THIS LAND OF GOD

This is a land as all other lands, full of the halt, the lame and the blind; but above all it is a land of God. It is a land endowed by the Almighty with many wonderful gifts, lakes, vast plains and majestic mountains; it is a land of freshness and of wilderness. This land is Canada.

Perhaps the greatest gift lies with the people; for it is they who have changed this panorama of wilderness into a great nation loved and respected by all. The early inhabitants of Canada came mainly from England and France; they were men of an industrial revolution at home. They came as pioneers bringing with them only the gifts of God. With courage and perseverance they have built their economic institutions, with a sense of justice have developed their English inheritance — parliamentary government, and with tolerance and good will have established their religious institutions. Today they come from many lands and for many reasons to join the sons of those who came before them, and it is hoped that they too bring the gifts of God for their task is to make greater that which is already great; and perhaps some day their children will stand with pride and say: This is my wilderness turned paradise.

R. Danzie.

## Teachers—"things" they remind us of

A jungle is typically full of wierd animals and exotic birds and our jungle is no different. As we wander through its corridors we will probably first encounter a long-legged, well-adapted giraffe; strategically located and very very far from anywhere, for this is his domain. Close by we come across a nervous, sharp, quick moving little English sparrow and perched across from him is a wide-eyed owl; and contrary to belief the two get along quite well. Near by we find a rare mocking-bird, typically capable of many various sounds and his shining skin-coloured head feathers give him a regal air. Not far off we find an unpredictable water buffalo, a good-natured fellow, but not usualy argued against successfully. Progressing through the menagerie we come across a mother ostrich vainly trying to control her brood.

In a quiet and less frequented area we happened upon a pleasantly shy wibwarian, not too often seen. Progressing deeper we pass the lair of the dingo. Seldom at home, he is tending to the business of others and keeping things running smoothly. Close by one another are, a restlessly pacing and slow moving lion, and a restfully dozing jackal. Way off in one corner, bothering no one and not wanting to be bothered is a powerfully wise bear.

This is our jungle. From it we may learn many things if we are careful. Any similarity between those animals and birds of our jungle and any other jungle — is quite possible.

Wayne Robinson, For. Tech I.



# Is This You?

Sylvester had been an exceptional student in high school. Both teacher and student alike respected and admired his keen intellect, the intestinal fortitude with which he pursued his goal and perhaps his greatest asset, the unceasing ability to refrain from being enticed by any distraction which could possibly hinder his intellectual endeavour. All predicted a brilliant scholastic future for Sylvester.

He had heard of the "Common Room," but regarded it disdainfully as a cancer in the side of education and he prided himself on not having once, during the first term entered this breeding ground of the future Van Gorens. But soon, even Sylvester discovered that all work and no play makes life rather tedious and gradually, he developed an ambivalent attitude towards the "Room." From time to time he would make determined efforts to enter, but each time the strong habit he had built up during the years managed to prevail over his new-found desire. Sylvester was in a dilemma and he condemned himself to no end for what he called his "moral cowardice."

Finally, with a supreme effort he found himself beyond the point of no return and made a somewhat hesitant entrance. Immediately, he experienced what he thought was a dangerous omen, for a heavy, dense black cloud passed over him. He stood motionless, paralyzed by a feeling of wonder and fear. Then a sigh of relief escaped from his lips he realized that this phenomena that he was seeing for the first time was nothing more than the Common Room "cigarette cloud", a vast accumulation of twenty-five different brands in search of a final resting place.

Sylvester made no attempt to move, for he was apparently overwhelmed by the fascinating allure of this new experience. Soon he regained his old composure, and with a critical eye he made a careful scrutinization of the room. Littered ashtrays and empty paper cups were prevalent everywhere. Then he noticed the tables, and around each were huddled stone-like figures, each reflecting intent thought. The language was completely foreign to him, although he did manage to pick out the occasional curse. Why there was Bill, and Mike, and Larry, and at another table he saw Frank. He hadn't seen them since registration. He had assumed they were ill.

"Hi ya, Sylvester," a voice soon olted him into reality — "we need a fourth. C'mon, get in the game."

"But I-I-", he stammered, for he was caught completely unaware. "I've never played before — besides" — he stated firmly, having by now gained complete control, "I have to get back to the library to complete my essay."

"Aw, Sylvester, it doesn't have to be in for a month yet. Besides, the prof isn't too strict about getting them in on time, anyway."

"Well — I don't think I really should —."

The basic fundamentals were quickly explained, and Sylvester was amazed at his ability to understand them so easily. In one sitting he had learned the rudiments of good bidding, and the fine art of the finesse. It soon became apparent to the other three that they had produced a giant, for Sylvester was one of those rare possessors of a high bridge I.Q.

In aperiod of three weeks, Sylvester's authority was unquestionable, and day by day he began to develop the characteristics of one who is suddenly in power. He had little sympathy for beginners, and indeed, without hesitation he would ridicule those with years of experience, if they dared commit an error. Sylvester was a perfectionist, and he demanded perfection in a partner. To insure this perfection he began a policy of segregating the players according to their ability. By special permission from the principal, who was also an astute bridge fan, Sylvester ha da special area of the common room restricted to the better players.

He was regarded with awe and reverence everywhere he went, fitting homage for such a superior artist. His closest friends referred to him as "Grand Slam Sylvester." He guarded his position with utmost care, eliminating any who posed serious threats to his authority, as they are always the most frequent concern of those who possess absolute power.

Almost a year later, in the same Common Room, Sylvester was engaged in a very difficult bid and he paused for a moment to look around. Suddenly his face lost its colour and an uncontrollable shaking took hold of him, for at that very moment he paused, there came through the doors of his kingdom, a thin, bespectacled, intelligent looking youth known as Percival. The youth was wearing that same look of fascination he had experienced himself. He saw how the fascination gradually faded into contempt as ePrcival carefully took in everything within his scope.

Sylvester did not return to school the next day nor any other day, but there is no doubt that his vacant position is in the capable hands of that thin, bespectacled, intelligent-looking youth known as Percival.

Ken Trimark.



# The Lakehead

With faintest heart and frightened head,  
Atop the steel I swiftly sped;  
All fears surpassed by greater dread.  
What lay before me?

With vibrant motion steel was covered,  
And all the while forebodings hovered  
Of rougher times to be discovered,  
What lies before me?

The idle phantoms flailed the mind;  
All that's lost for what to find —  
A fearsome fate, a life unkind?  
Is this before me?

"Merlin, Merlin, touch the ball;  
See the future — tell me all:  
Can I stand or shall I fall?  
Wizard, answer me."

"Student, Student, look ahead:  
See a world free of dread,  
With people quick, not living dead.  
This is before you.

"See the school, the boys, the girls;  
Note the happy social whirls,  
See the hearts like finest pearls.  
This is before you."

Life is much nicer here than  
That warmer place from which I ran  
And 'though some day I shall return  
For you my heart will always yearn.

T. BULGER.

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**Editor's Notes:** (i) The following note was attached to this poem, when it was handed in as a literary assignment to Miss Mathews: "Dear Miss Mathews, my friend — —, tells me that this is a work of genius. I'm sure that you will agree because you wouldn't want to dampen the spirits of a budding critic — or would you ?

(ii) T. Bulger is a stranger to our district, hailing from Ottawa, Ontario. The above is his impression of the Lakehead.



# The Specialist

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

You've heard a lot of pratin' and prattlin' about this bein' the age of specialization. I'm a carpenter by trade. At one time I could of built a house, barn, church or chicken coop. But I seen the need of a specialist in my line, so I studied her. I got her; she's mine. Gentlemen, you are face to face with the champion privy builder of Sangamon County.

Luke Harkins was my first customer. He heerd about me specializin' and decided to take a chance. I built fer him just the average eight family, three holer. With that job my reputation was made, and since then I have devoted all my time and thought to that special line. Of course, when business is slack, I do do a little paperhangin' on the side. But my heart is just in privy buildin'. And when I finish a job, I ain't through. I give all my customers six months' privy service free gratis. I explained this to Luke, and one day he calls me up and sez: "Lem, I wish you'd come out here; I'm having privy trouble."

So I gits in the car and drives out to Luke's place, and hid behind them Baldwins, where I could get a good view of the situation.

It was r'ight in the middle of hayin' time, and them hired hands was goin' in there and stayin' anywhere from forty minutes to an hour. Think of that!

I sez: "Luke, you sure have got privy trouble." So I takes out my kit of tools and goes in to examine the structure.

First I looks at the catalogue hangin' there, thinkin' it might be that; but it wasn't even from a reckonized house. Then I looks at the seats proper, and I see what the trouble was. I had made them holes too durn comfortable. So I gets out a scrool saw and cuts 'em square with hard edges. Then I go back and takes up my position as before—me here, the Baldwins here, and the privy there. And I watched them hired hands goin' in and out for nearly two hours; and not one of them was stayin' more than four minutes.

"Luke," I sez, "I've solved her." That's what comes of bein' a specialist, gentlemen.

'Twarn't long after I built that twin job for the school house, and then after that the biggest plant up to date—a eight holer. Elmer Ridgway was down and looked it over. And he come to me one day and sez: "Lem, I seen that eight hole job you done down there at the Corners, and it sure is a dandy; and figgerin' as how I'm goin' to build on the old Robinson property, I thought I'd ask you to kind of estimate on a job for me."

"You come to the right man, Elmer," I sez. "I'll be out as soon as I get the roof on the two-seater I'm puttin' up for the Sheriff."

Couple of days later I drives ut to Elmer's place, gettin' there about dinner time. I knocks a couple of times on the door and I see they got a lot of folks to dinner, so not wishin' to disturb 'em, I just sneaks around to the side door and yells, "Hey, Elmer, here I am; where do you want that privy put?"

Elmer comes out and we get to talkin' about a good location. He was all fer puttin' her right alongside a jagged path runnin' by a big Northern Spy.

"I wouldn't do it, Elmer," I sez; "and I'll tell you why. In the first place, her bein' near a tree is bad. There ain't no sound in nature so disconcertin' as the sound of apples droppin' on th' roof. Then another thing, there's a crooked path runnin' by that tree and the soil there ain't adapted to absorbin' moisture. Durin' the rainy season she's likely to be slippery. Take your grandpappy—goin' out there is about the only recreation he gets. He'll go out some rainy night with his nighties flappin' around his legs, and like as not when you come out in the mornin' you'll find him prone in the mud, or maybe skidded off one of them curves and wound up in the corn crib. No sir," I sez, "put her in a straight line with the house and if it's all the same to you have her go past the woodpile. I'll tell you why.

"Take a woman, fe rinstance—out she goes. On the way back she'll gather five sticks of wood, and the average woman will make four or five trips a day. There's twenty sicks in the wood box without any trouble. On the other hand, take a timid woman, if she sees any men folks around, she's too bashful to go direct out so she'll go to the wood-pile, pick up the wood, go back to the house and watch her chance. The average timid woman—especially a new hired girl—I've knowed to make as many as ten trips to the woodpile before she goes in, regardless. On a good day you'll have your wood box filled by noon, and right there is a savin' of time.

"Now, about the diggin' of her. You can't be too careful about that," I sez; "dig her deep and dig her wide. It's a mighty sight better to have a little privy over a big hole than a big privy over a little hole. Another thing; when you dig her deep you've got 'er dug; and you ain't got that disconcertin' though stealin' over you that sooner or later you'll have to dig again.

"And when it comes to construction," I sez, "I can give you joists or beams. Joists make a good job. Beams cost a bit more, but they're worth it. Beams, you might say, will last forever. 'Course I could give you joists, but take your Aunt Emmy, she ain't gettin' a mite lighter. Some day she might be out there when them joists give way and there she'd be—catched. Another thing you've got to figger on, Elmer," I sez, "is that Odd Fellows picnic in the fall. Them boys is goin' to get in there in fours and sixes, singin' and drinkin', and the like, and I want to tell you there's nothin' breaks up an Odd Fellows picnic quicker than a diggin' party. Beams, I say, every time, and rest secure.

"And about her roof," I sez. "I can give you a lean-to-type or a pitch roof. Pitch roofs cost a little more, but some of our best people has lean-tos. If it was fer myself, I'd have a lean-to, and I'll tell you why.

"A lean-to has two less corners fer the wasps to build their nests in; and on a hot August afternoon there ain't nothin' so disconcertin' as a lot of wasps buzzin' 'round while you're settin' there doin' a little readin', figgerin', or thinkin'. Another thing," I sez, "a lean-to gives you a high door. Take that son of yours, shootin' up like a weed; don't any of him seem to be turnin' under. If he was tryin' to get under a pitch roof door he'd crack his head everytime. Take a lean-to, Elmer; they ain't stylish, but they're practical.

"Now, about her furnishin's. I can give you a nail or hook for the catalogue, and besides, a box for cobs. You take your pa, for instance; he's of the old school and naturally he'd prefer the box; so put 'em both in Elmer. Won't cost you a bit more for the box and keeps peace in the family. You can't teach an old dog new tricks," I sez.

"And as long as we're on furnishin's, I'll tell you about a technical point that was put to me the other day. The question was this: 'What is the life, or how long will the average mail order catalogue last, in just the plain, ordinary eight family three holer?' It stumped me for a spell; but this bein' a reasonable question I checked up, and found that by placin' the catalogue in there, say in January—when you get your new one—you should be into the harness section by June; but, of course, that ain't through apple time, and not countin' on too many city visitors, either.

"An' another thing—they've been puttin' so many of those stiff colored sheets in the catalogue here lately that it makes it hard to figure. Somethin' really ought to be done about this, and I've thought about takin' it up with Mr. Sears Roebuck hisself.

"As to the latch fer her, I can give you a spool and string, or a hook and eye. The cost of a spool and string is practically nothin', but they ain't positive in action. If somebody come out and starts rattlin' the door, either the spool or the string is apt to give way, and there you are. But, with a hook and eye she's yours, you might say, for the whole afternoon, if you're so minded. Put on the hook and eye of the best quality 'cause there ain't nothin' that'll rack a man's nerves more than to be sittin' there ponderin' without a good, strong, substantial latch on the door." And he agreed with me.



"Now," I sez, "what about windows; some want 'em, some don't. They ain't so popular as they used to be. If it was me, Elmer, I'd say no windows; and I'll tell you why. Take, fer instance, somebody comin' out—maybe they're just in a hurry or maybe they waited too long. If the door don't open right away and you won't answer 'em, nine times out of ten they'll go 'round and 'round and look in the window, and you don't get the privacy you ought to.

"Now, about ventilators, or the designs I cut in the doors. I can give you stars, d'amonds, or crescents—there ain't much choice—all give good service. A lot of people like stars, because they throw a ragged shadder. Others like crescents 'cause they're graceful and simple. Last year we was cuttin' a lot of stars; but this year people are kinda quietin' down and runnin' more to crescents. I do cut twinin' hearts now and then for young married couples; and bunches of grapes for the newly rich. These last two designs come under the head of novelties and I don't very often suggest 'em, because it takes time and runs into money.

"I wouldn't take any snap judgment o nher ventilators, Elmer," I sed, "Because they've got a lot to do with the beauty of the structure. And don't over-do it, like Doc Turner did. He wanted stars and crescents both, against my better judgment, and now he's sorry. But it's too late; 'cause when I cut 'em, they're cut." And, gentlemen, you can get mighty tired, sittin' day after day lookin' at a ventilator that ain't to your likin'.

"Now," I sez, "how do you want that door to swing? Openin' in or out? He said he didn't know. So I sez it should open in. This is the way it works out: Place yourself in there. The door openin' in, say about forty-five degree. This gives you air and lets the sun beat in. Now, if you hear anybody comin', you can give it a quick shove with your foot and there you are. But if she swings out, where are you? You can't run the risk of havin' her open for a'r or sun, because if anyone comes, you can't get up off that seat, reach way around and grab 'er without gettin' caught, now can you? He could see I was right."

So I built his door like all my doors, swinin' in, and, of course, facing east, to get the full benefit of th' sun. And I tell you, gentlemen, there ain't nothin' more restful than to get 'out there in the mornin', comfortably seated, with th' door about three-fourths open. The old sun, beatin' in on you, sort of relaxes a body—makes you feel m-i-g-h-t-y, m-i-g-h-t-y r-e-s-t-f-u-l.

"Now," I sez, "about the paintin' of her. What color do you want 'er, Elmer?" He said red. "Elmer," I sez, "I can paint her red, and red makes a beautiful job; or I can paint her a bright green, or any one of a half dozen other colors, and they're all mighty pretty; but it ain't practical to use a single solid color, and I'll tell you why. She's too durn hard to see at night. You need contrast—just like they use on them railroad crossin' bars—so you can see 'em in the dark.

"If I was you, I'd paint her a bright red, with white trimmin's—just like your barn. Then she'll match up nice in the daytime, and you can spot 'er easy at night, when you ain't got much time to go scoutin' around.

"There's a lot of fine points to puttin' up a first-class privy that the average man don't think about. It's no job for an amachoor, take my word on it. There's a whole lot more to it than you can see by just takin' a few squints at your nabor's. Why, one of the worst tragedies around here in years was because old man Clark's boys thought they knowed somethin' about this kind of work, and they didn't.

"Old man Clark—if he's a day he's ninety-seven—lives over there across the holler with his boys. Asked me to come over and estimate on their job. My price was too high; so they decided to do it themselves. And that's where the trouble begun.





"I was doin' a little paper hangin' at the time for that widder that lives down past the old creamery. As I'd drive by I could see the boys a-workin'. Of course, I d:dn't want to butt in, so used to just holler at 'em on the way by and say, naborly like: 'Hey, boys, see you're doin' a little buildin'.' You see, I didn't want to act like I was buttin' in on their work; but I knowed all the time they was going to have trouble with that privy. And they did. From all outside appearance it was a regulation job, but not being experienced along this line, they didn't anchor her.

"You see, I put a 4 by 4 that runs from the top right straight on down five foot into the ground. That's why you never see any of my jobs upset Hallowe'en night. They might pull 'em out, but they'll never upset 'em.

"Here's what happened: They d:dn't anchor theirs, and they painted it so'ld red—two bad mistakes.

"Hallowe'en n'ght come along, darker than pitch. Old man Clark was out in there. Some of them devilish nabor boys was out for no good, and they upset 'er with the old man in it.

"Of course, the old man got to callin' and his boys heard the noise. One of 'em sez: 'What's that racket? Somebody must be at the chickens.' So they took the lantern, started out to the chicken shed. They didn't find anything wrong there, and they started back to the house. Then they heerd the dog bark, and one of his boys sez, 'Sounds like that barkin' is over towards the privy.' It being painted red, they couldn't see she was upset, so they started over there.

"In the meantime the old man had gotten so confused that he started to crawl out through the hole, yellin' for help all the time. The boys recognized his voice an dcome runnin' but just as they got there he lost his holt and fell. After that they just called—didn't go near him. So you see what tragedy that was; and they tell me he has been strictly ostercized from society ever since."

Well time passed, and I finally got Elmer's job done; and, gentlemen, everybody says that, next to my eight holer, it's the finest p'iece of work in the country.

Sometimes, when I get to feelin' blue and thinkin', I hitched up my wagon to the wrong star, and maybe I should have took up chiropracty or veterinary, I just pack the little woman and the kids in the back of my car and start out, aimin' to fetch up at Elmer's place along about dusk.

When we gets to the top of the hill overlookin' his place, we stops. I slips the gear in mutual, and we jest sit there lookin' at that beautiful sight. There sits that privy on that knoll near the woodpile, painted red and white, mornin' glories growin' up over her and Mr. Sun bathin' her in a burst of yellor color as he drops back of them hills. You can hear the dog barkin' in the d'stance, bringin' the cows up fer milkin', and the slow squeak of Elmer's windmill pumpin' away day after day the same as me.

As I look at that beautiful picture of my work, I'm proud. I heaves a sigh of satisfaction, my eyes fill up and I sez to myself, "Folks are right when they say that next to my e'ight holer that's the finest piece of construction work I ever done. I know I done right in Specializin'; I'm sittin' on top of the world; and I hope that boy of mine who is growin' up like a weed keeps up the good work when I'm gone."

With one last look as we pulls away, I slips my arm around the Missus and I sez, "Nora, Elmer don't have to worry, he's a boy that's got hisself a privy, a m-i-g-h-t-y, m-i-g-h-t-y, p-r-e-t-t-y p-r-i-v-y."

Thank you, gentlemen.

The wind shivering along over deserted tracks,  
Like last night's news on broken wine bottles  
Past dead ash heaps and deserted shacks  
Out to the oily water.  
Oily . . .  
Dirty . . .  
Dead.  
Nothing but an unbroken ripple of green benches  
Abuse, and dimes;  
The price of dignity  
Oh yes, there are empty box-cars, sleet and  
Toothless trash that served the purpose of a wife.  
And blood  
And fire  
And sweat  
And coal  
And a dirty, grey face bobbing gently;  
Which soon is gone;  
Leaving no record but a few dying ripples,  
And the oily water.  
Oily . . .  
Dirty . . .  
Dead.

M. HENDERSON.



# A Simple Treatise

My blood is boiling over now,  
My head is seething hot,  
For I must write a silly poem,  
And know that I cannot.

For I believe that it is true  
That verse is but an art,  
And masterpieces can't be made  
If one has not the heart.

Because the whims of someone else  
Have forced me to invention,  
I can't produce a work of art  
And thereby break convention.

For poetry, as I can see,  
Must come out by itself,  
It cannot be procured by force  
Or any worldly self.

I know not of the copyright,  
But legally or not,  
I'm quoting here a simple verse  
Whose author I forgot.

"What poets feel not, when they make  
A pleasure in creating,  
The world, in its turn, will not take  
Pleasure in contemplating."

The fact that I can write a poem  
May not at all be true,  
But this thought is quite pertinent  
To all the tasks we do.

So, if I must produce a work  
Against which I rebel,  
I'll likely play the hypocrite  
And thus not do it well.

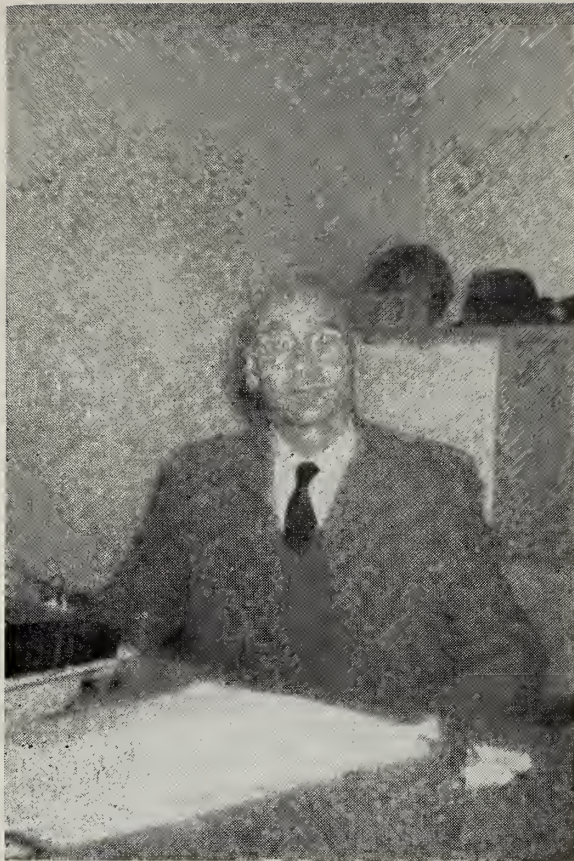
Yet suddenly I see things clear,  
And know at last, despite  
My anger, I myself believe  
The things which here I write.

And therefore by some reasoning,  
This poem I've been creating  
Should qualify to something worth  
The while of contemplating.

So let me say in closing, if  
You like not what you've read,  
Forget about my verses here,  
And write your own instead.

MICHAEL COWAN





# My School In Italy

by Dr. Fonda

As the school in Italy has a character of its own and methods vary sensibly from those in use in this country, it would be necessary perhaps to see what has been the position of the school in the world in these last fifty or sixty years.

Today, we like to speak of the New Education or Ecole Nouvelle as distinct from the old or traditional school. To give a definition of the new school is rather a difficult task, since it is based on many different elements that sometimes are in disagreement among themselves.

We can say, however, that the New Education is the result on one side, of the studies in psychology carried out during the last part of the eighteenth century and the first part of the nineteenth century and, on the experiences of life in common which were carried out on a large scale primarily in England and Germany, following a tradition dating back to Jean Jacques Rousseau and Pestalozzi.

Although Rousseau is regarded as the Father of Modern Education, the first new schools were started in England and the merit of it goes to Cecil Reddie who, in the year 1889, founded the school of Abbotsholme: the first New School in the world.

His example was soon followed in England and elsewhere. In Germany Gustav Winickien founded the "Island of the Youth", in France, Demolini's organized "L'Ecole des Roches"; in Switzerland, Tobler started the School of Oberchirche, in Italy, Maria Montessori founded "The Homes for Children".

But particularly in America these new ideas were received with very great enthusiasm so that the New Education took the name of Progressive Education.

Famous American educators such as John Dewey, William Kirkpatrick, Fredrick Burk and others contributed to the New Education not only with studies and research but also with the establishment of new schools.

Conversely, the traditional school presupposes the authority of the teacher on one side and a respectful, obedient child on the other.

The fundamentals of the traditional school are: the teaching ex cathedra, the study from the books and the written essay.

There is no doubt that this teaching, thanks to tradition and the real ability of the teachers has reached a high grade of perfection.

As I said before, the Italian School has a character of its own, and it differs from the School in America, England, Switzerland and Russia for:

1. Its humanistic tradition that makes the Italian School suspicious of any technicism in Education;
2. A richer concept of man in that he is regarded not only as a natural and physical process, but also as a spirit and person endowed with freedom and many superior values;
3. Its didactico which, by being less formal and more artistic, make the school intolerant of precepts and rules in education.

For these reasons, the Italian School is inclined to neglect psychology in education, to deny value to professional selection, to neglect the psycho-spiritual individuality of each student, to ignore the social function of the school.

To appreciate this particular attitude of the Italian School, one must keep in mind that Italy was the cradle of such movements as Humanism, the Renaissance and Risorgimento, and that consequently the freedom of the spirit has always been regarded as a Religion rather than as a privilege or a right, and it is for this reason perhaps that German idealism found a more fertile ground in Italy.

Consequently the Italian thought in Education has maintained the primary full meaning of man, the sense of insufficiency of psychology and technicality, the sense that culture has no substitutes.

At this stage I could mention perhaps what has been the position of the school in my own school days in Italy under Mussolini. The first reform of the school under Mussolini was brought about in the year 1923 by the then Minister of Education, Gentile. Being himself an idealist, his reform aimed to the development of the freedom of the spirit which he reached by giving the schools, teachers and pupils the freedom of following the principles of their own development. To him, education was a science concerned with the growth of man as man, while the intrusion of biological analysis with its rules, techniques, methods, devices and theories based on how the mind works would lower it to the position of a pseudo-science.

At the beginning, where Mussolini came to power, Gentile's idealism was not only accepted but even welcomed by the dictator. Two new subjects were introduced in the curricula to strengthen the ties of the school with the Party: Military Culture and Doctrine of Fascism, but, on the other hand, he liberalized history much more than it had been done in the past by any government, and books were enriched with passages taken from the best authors of the countries concerned and illustrating this or that particular period. To Mussolini goes the merit of improving physical training which under him became a basic subject compulsory for all boys and girls.

Soon after, however, Mussolini made his first attempt to bring the school under the control of his Party. As a result, Gentile resigned. It was the time when the O.N.B. (Opera Nazionale Balilla, Fascist Youth) was organized and later placed under the control of the Ministry of Education.

In 1939, however, Mussolini wanted to have his own reform of the school. Accordingly, he instructed Bottai, then Minister of Education to prepare what he pompously called the Fascist Carta of the school. Bottai was himself under the influence of the Crolce-Gentile philosophy, and his reform did not alter in substance the philosophy of his predecessor.

This article wouldn't be completed without drawing a comparison between the Canadian and Italian schools. However, the topic is too vast and complex to be dealt with in a few lines. We shall therefore confine ourselves to illustrating some aspects of



school life in Italy which somewhat depart from the Canadian way. The Italian student goes to school from eight o'clock in the morning to one o'clock in the afternoon: His school day however, is not over. He will have to do his homework that will take many hours of his afternoon and sometimes of his evening to complete. In grammar schools particularly, the amount of homework is excessive and parents have vainly complained for years.

The fact is that the grammar school is by definition a selective school and therefore only a small percentage of top students may aspire to succeed in it.

There are no extra-curricular activities within the school (elementary schools excepted) so students generally join private or religious clubs or associations where they may engage in activities such as sport, or music according to their liking. Incidentally, in Mussolini's time, such activities were carried out within the youth organizations of the Fascist Party.

Discipline in the schools is strict, and all disciplinary powers rest with the Principal. However, he generally seeks the opinion of the staff before adopting any drastic measure such as suspension or expulsion. This does not mean, however, that Italian students are better behaved than Canadians. In almost every flock there are black as well as white sheep.

Another interesting feature perhaps is the fact that the Italian student has no option of subjects except in the choice of a foreign language (one may take French instead of Spanish). On the other hand however, there is a large variety of schools, each specializing in some branch of human skill or knowledge.

As to teachers in Italy, they are divided into two separate groups: Elementary school teachers, commonly known as masters, and High school and College teachers, known as professors. Their training, of course, is substantially different.

Since the Italian school system is centralized, all teachers are members of the civil service, but, at the same time they enjoy the prestige which is proper to all liberal professions.

## “The Lesson”

The sun, with the vista of day  
Rises, throned upon magnificence  
And rules the earth.  
No small form below can change  
Its golden grace —  
Not when it scorches living earth;  
Not when its gentle power of life  
By light of Heaven grows the flowers;  
Never while the day lives.

Even when Night conquers Day,  
Moon conquers Sun,  
They must worship the cold moonlight,  
Though the Moon is a lesser Queen,  
It is changeless as the Heavens.

Fierce pride; no gift of God,  
But man-conceived, man-borne;  
Spawned from dominion over sea and land,  
Inflames them with a restless agony,  
For they cannot search the stars for power —  
They cannot change the Universe.

Thus the sun and moon; the flame of  
Day; the death of Night; all these  
Which are one with time itself, have shown them—  
But humility, the greatest of God's gifts,  
Is lost to them;  
And they cannot believe.

GUY C. COUTANCHE



## Character . . . . .

Character is not a quality,  
Which can be suddenly acquired  
    in later life by some trick,  
It is a virtue which is manifest  
    at an early age.

And whether it is born or acquired,  
In the very young is difficult to say;  
But if the substance is there,  
    it will grow,  
With a happy and healthy home  
    background, and developed by  
    the right training at school.

Whatever life holds for you,  
You will become either a leader,  
    or one who is led.  
The choice in large measure,  
    will be up to you.

Never shirk responsibility,  
    or be afraid of it.  
It is one of the greatest gifts  
    that can come your way.  
Because it will give you the  
    opportunity,  
To show what you can do,  
In helping others, and helping  
    to forward the ideals,  
Which you hold dear and believe  
    to be right.

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# Look next to you when you ride on a bus!

We usually don't pay much attention to the people who ride buses with us but did you ever notice who's next to you? I always seem to have elderly ladies. You know, the kind with grandmotherly faces and shopping bags. Her clothes are shabby, showing many years of use, the style somewhat archaic. This is no comparison to the lady she once was with her jewels and personal maid.

The section we are going through now wasn't always tenements. It used to belong to her class, to people who spent half the day getting ready for a party and then the whole night at it. Do you think she's remembering the grand parties that were held in these houses? The nights she danced till 4 a.m. with young men of wealth and promise? The carriage rides through the moonlight with suitors? The magnificent coming-out parties of hers and her friends? Or does she remember the day she brought Tom home?

That had really been the worst day of her life. Her mother had threatened, persuaded, cajoled and finally disowned her but she couldn't give him up. They moved away from the city to the country where she would not have to meet any of her friends and Tom was happier where he could work among people he liked. Their days had been long and full, full of people and happiness and children.

Children, her life was still full of them. Right now she was going to their hospital to play and read to them. She was happy at this in a way she hadn't been happy in years. She could talk about the old days, tell them stories she had heard of the people living near her in the country, wander literally in one afternoon through sixty years of living. Now Tom could tell stories much better than she. He really acted them out so that it was like watching an actor on the stage. As a country doctor he knew everything that was going on. Of course, he heard all of the people's troubles but they also saved their good jokes and stories for him too. When she talked to the children she was only repeating all she had heard through fifty years of listening to the finest actor the stage ever lost.

Thinking of those tiny people now made her sad. John, down the private hall by himself so the others wouldn't disturb him; Jimmy who tried so hard to stay awake while she was there but just couldn't he was so weak; and Susan, her pet. There was no hope. She would miss Susan terribly.

Five afternoons a week were spent there on that miniature floor. That was the only place she could forget that she lived in a small dingy room, the room where fifty years ago a maid had slept but now must contain an elderly woman, her few possessions and many memories. It wasn't easy to live alone, to have out-lived family and friends. Friends? She hadn't seen anyone she knew in the old days for nearly forty years, ever since she married Tom and left the better section of town for the country settled for the most part by Irish immigrants. But she certainly had to admit that for kindness no one could outdo those poor kindhearted Celts. Each time a child had been born in her house, and that had been often, her new friends had cared for the little ones. These were the things that flitted through her mind now as she waited for her stop. Only a few minutes and she would see "her" children.

The post office, the library, the grounds are in sight now. She strains forward in her seat slightly to reach the bell cord . . . There, she's gone.

Florence McCabe.

## The Limp

It was frightening. The hobo shuddered in the corner, cringing from the raging elements, hiding from his fellow man, existing in a world of hate and bitterness, in a world which had offered no home to him, no understanding — nothing at all, only the back door and the road.

Here, in the wastelands, he had found temporary refuge in a small tin shelter, with a lot of spiders and a nest of barn swallows. He would have felt safer if it were not for the wind and the weather and his memory that over the hills to the east and across the plains to the west lay civilization, which if encountered would mean more embarrassment, more shame, and more running. He was always running and tripping and falling.

There was that time in the small village by the sea-shore where the pleasant odour of the ocean air had given him new hope and a feeling of belonging. But, it hadn't been long before the blacksmith had picked a fight with him; and he fled from the laughter and jeers of the crowd. He had headed, as usual, through the nearest exit, leading to nowhere; that nowhere, where he might find his peace, where he could build a life, and where he would be able to reap the happiness which he felt the world owed him.

His mind returned to the present — the rain had stopped, the wind had died, it was no longer screaming at him. He could come out.

The sun was rising over the dark, jagged cliffs of the horizon, sending luminous beams reaching into the clouds, seemingly chasing them from the day that was coming.

Perhaps this day would be that long searched-for day — the day that might show him the right road, the day that might start his new life.

He walked away. The past was his limp; hope was his cane.

G. Gunsen.



# Everyday the Same

It starts in the morning—  
This life to be,  
With juice, shredded wheat,  
And a cup of tea.

A quick cigarette,  
And a race upstairs  
To be first to the sink  
To comb one's hair.

The time grows shorter  
As you gather the books  
For the on-coming classes  
With the "gobbledygooks."

You pull out the plug  
From the old TR-2,  
Only to find that  
She won't start for you.

Quick, a panic call  
To good Old Bill  
To see if his lemon  
Can push you still.

You're finally away,  
And wheel down to get Klem,  
To find he's still sleeping  
As usual, again.

A toot of the horn  
And a few minutes silence  
Then out staggers Ron  
A pure form of essence.

Five minutes late  
The college ahead  
You speed down the track  
To the place that looks dead.

As you shift down to second  
And the corner you round  
There's Butch just ahead  
Lets run him down.

You missed good old Butch  
And come to a stop  
Climb out of the can  
And plug her in on top.

You race to the doors  
Down the hallway, the den  
Only to find  
You're thirty seconds early again.

FRANK MURPHY



# On Being Clean

"Faut qu'on soit bien nettoye, mandit!!" Charlie Mailloux spoke French as only a French Canadian can, in a manner that would curl the hair of a French grammar professor. In any case, I was being admonished for my careless handling of the syringes. "We've got to be very clean," continued Charlie.

Charlie Mailloux was the logging company barn boss. He was in charge of the feeding and the cleaning of stalls of seventy-five bush horses. A number of these horses were quite sick due to having been exposed to below-zero weather while being transported to the camp in open-boxed trucks. One of the town doctors had recommended penicillin for the sick horses, but since the doctor hadn't been able to travel the fifty-odd miles to the camp, the job of injecting the horses fell on Charlie.

I was the company scaler, and among other things, looked after the company store, showed the weekly movie and did a number of other jobs about the camp. I wasn't surprised when the camp foreman instructed me to help Charlie with the treatment of the horses. I was actually eager for the job, because Charlie was very humorous, as most French Canadians prove to be, without meaning to be humorous.

The penicillin arrived on the tote-truck on Saturday afternoon, so Charlie decided to begin the treatment the same evening. I must add here that Charlie had probably never before seen, let alone used a syringe, but the thought of his sudden aspiration from the position of barn boss to that of a veterinarian was quite a boost to his ego. He got together a dozen or so brands of horse medicines, linaments, salves, powders, the penicillin, several syringes, and three bottles of rubbing alcohol, the latter being supposedly "for sterilizing the needles," as Charlie put it.

Now, I have yet to meet an unhealthy barn boss, but cleanliness?? — well, I always tried to position myself upwind from Charlie. After all, a barn boss' environment doesn't suggest or encourage cleanliness. For these reasons I was very surprised when Charlie mentioned sterilizing needles. I had naturally assumed that Charlie had taken the alcohol to drink.

We eventually arrived at the barn, me with pockets crammed full of medicines, the syringes in one hand, and a gas lamp in the other. Charlie carried the penicillin and the rubbing alcohol. We placed the assorted equipment on a shelf near the first stall, and Charlie reproached me for possibly getting germs on the syringes by my inexperienced handling of them. Then he sized up the first "patient," a big bay mare, and began preparations for the injection.

Charlie was going all out as a germ fighter, there was no doubt about it. He partly filled a bowl with alcohol, and placed the needles in it "to soak" as he said. He then began applying alcohol to the muscle just behind the horse's foreleg, where the needle would enter. The absorbent cotton proved a failure for this job, so Charlie splashed on the alcohol, then began rubbing it in with the sleeve of his coat. (I leave it to you to imagine the condition of the sleeve of a barn boss's coat after six months use as, among other things, a handkerchief, a table napkin, and the Lord knows what else, while still being used as a coat sleeve, of course).

This done, he removed a needle from the alcohol with a pair of tweezers. Charlie then clasped the needle in his bare hand and screwed it on the syringe. He injected the mare, and we moved on to the next "patient," to repeat the process. Charlie continued to stress cleanliness, and I didn't have the heart to tell him that although he had the right idea, his manner of approach was wrong.

Surprisingly, all the horses recovered. Charlie was extremely proud and attributed the cure to his liberal use of the alcohol, and his awareness as to the importance of cleanliness when treating sick animals. I was quite surprised that all the horses got well. Perhaps an explanation of their recovery is the fact that horses are as strong as horses.

Fred R. Burrows.

## Mr. Higgs

A little man with a stern English face,  
Looks through twin glass windows upon the place  
They call the soccer field situated with mode  
Half way between the college and Oliver Road.  
Now Mr. Higgs is a man of reason  
Why did the goal posts go up so late in the season?  
And why he wonders with awe  
The high concrete slab right in the middle of it all.  
In the lecture all students like to see his smile  
When he sees one of our "celebrities" once in a while  
But something that really takes the cake  
Is his well used expression "Deliberate mistake".  
His manners, his laugh, and his words of wisdom  
Completely eliminate monotony and boredom  
They set the light of knowledge burning  
And increase to capacity our desire for learning.

T. Adams.



# Out of My Head

- Wouldn't it be funny — if someone stole the Great White Father's hearing aid at a college party and the joint was raided by the Bulls just when his greatness was pouring - - -.
- if the Great White Father didn't have the necessary bail.
  - if 'Heavy-toes' Murphy lost a drag race to the G.W.F.
  - if Butch stopped supervising the construction on the new library and it was actually finished.
  - if Ekroos, better known as the Preacher, was actually a Tee Pee cleaner at the Reservation instead of a grease-monkey at the Loop.
  - If 'Mel' got caught using Jess's birth-certificate in the Waverly.
  - if 'Bronco' slipped with his razor and scalped himself.
  - if 'Butch' swore back at Frank.
  - if the 'Prez' was actually an alcoholic.
  - if I did find that rich girl to support me.
  - if Limbrick had a secret night-time lover.
  - if Liz had a secret night-time lover.
  - if I was Liz's secret night-time lover.
  - if Frank's floor-washer went out of control just when the G.W.F. was bending over in its path.
  - if I got some good ideas for this column.
  - if Frank caught the G.W.F. in the Kimberly during office hours.
  - if "Twinkle-toes" Wochy was actually a member of Canadian Ballet Company.
  - if Harnett (better known as Vociferous) went to 'Stretch's' pad that night.
  - if the school had enough money to afford a real commissioner.
  - if Helvi made a mistake on the slip-stack and passed me.
  - If I passed without Helvi making the mistake.

R. Klemocki.



# A Summer on the North Shore of Lake Superior

All the beauty of the rugged Northland  
Lies before me  
And around me;  
Above, below, in the valleys and on hills,  
Yes, this wonderful creation on every hand,  
My unsatisfied longing stills.

In the newborn sunshine stands  
A willowy birch,  
Prouder than a church:  
Its walls painted a flaky white,  
And a roof of green lacy strands  
Casts shadows on the light.

After being hidden in the green  
The stream crashes,  
On rocks splashes,  
Breaking up into a prattling waterfall,  
Each droplet causing it to wean  
A rainbow tinted wall.

Always moving, ceaselessly in motion,  
Haphazardly and indirect,  
In any color you select,  
Buzz and hum the insect hordes  
Like specks of dust in commotion,  
They spin their wierd mysterious chords.

Beyond are silhouetted against on horizon,  
In shades and hues,  
In greens and blues,  
The ancient, granite cored Laurentian hills,  
With spires of dark pines etched on  
A field of tender greens and frills.

The other margin of the sky is on the Lake,  
Which, while far out  
Is also 'roundabout  
The probing points of land, and in the bays.  
A soothing breeze now dips to leave a wake,  
On the silk smooth surface, as it plays.

Above, a silver seagull stalks the rising currents;  
A duck wings its way;  
A falcon seeks its prey;  
The cowbirds busily scratch for juicy food;  
The robin, warily hopping, finds its dividends;  
The sky-lark rises in a singing mood.

The sky, which sets the pattern of our days,  
Is blue and untainted  
By lightly painted  
Whisps of delicate white in fluffy patterns.  
The air around is sulfur pure, and rays  
Of sunlight make moisture droplets into lanterns.

Ed Grootenboer.



# Snap Line

What in heaven's name am I doing here? I could be sitting in a cool air conditioned office right now. I could have a clean white shirt and tie on. There might even be curvacious young secretaries flitting around and maybe I could be going out for a nice cool beer with the boys tonight.

"Spruce eight!"

Oh no, not me — I had to be the hardy outdoors type and go cruising. Well, I asked for it and I got it. Here I am, knee deep in loam — and the damn black flies are so thick I can't take a breath without inhaling a dozen of them.

"Spruce six!"

Hot? Oh, brother, is it hot! The back of my shirt is wringing wet and where it touches my body the mosquitoes bite right through. I can't open my collar or roll up my sleeves; if I do the black flies will get in and eat me alive.

"Spruce seven!"

I'd give anything for a dry pair of boots — even more for a dry pair of socks. Oh, what difference would they make? Five minutes in this swamp and they'd be just as wet as the ones I've got on. Bite me, would you? Take that! Where's my six-twelve? Lord, I hate this greasy stuff. "Repels mosquitoes, black flies, gnats, etc., etc." What a laugh! I've got enough on my face now to lubricate a Blue Ox, and they're still biting me.

"Spruce nine! Only ten chains to go. Let's get a move on and get out of this hole."

I don't know how Morris stands the bugs the way he does. All he ever complains about is the bad bush. He and Frank say you get used to them after a while. I have my doubts about that. Not long to go now; another few minutes and we'll be out. We should be back at camp in half an hour.

"How did it go today, Bart? Rough line?"

"Naw, we had a snap line today. You know, Frank, I think you guys are right about getting used to the bugs. They didn't bother me half as much today as they usually do."

Alex Bartholomew.

# Confession

Hey Popula!

What is this stuff?

"Popularity"

Oh that, in most people its a rarity.

What's your angle?

"Haven't any"

Haven't any what?

"Not a thing on Venus!

"Don't write that"

Write what( of yeah, — a cup of Venus, a tin-cup  
of Venus, a tin-cup of Venus Pencils.

How's business, star - (ted) - yet?

"Oh, I'm brushing up"

Brushing off on what?

"Shorthand"

Your short on what?

"Popularity"

Most people are!

# Break-up

A Beatnik's cockroach once there was,  
His name was John-Henry and that because  
His cat Mary-Jane just digged the phrase.  
Lovers were they by the pale moon-light  
Holding each other with great delight,  
Why with six pairs of legs that's their legal right!  
Now Mary-Jane's father was not quite so hep,  
Man he was worried they'd get out of step  
So he up and decided to end it all.

He succeeded.

Moral — Even cockroaches have to break-up.  
Wally, J.K.



## The Beast

A ball of tawny muscle  
    bouncing to and fro.  
An independent potentate  
    always on the go  
A yellow dandelion,  
A spider on the wall  
A little bit of paper  
Perhaps a ping pong ball  
He waits  
He stalks  
He pounces  
Our lion plays his game  
But soon his purr announces  
That our King of beasts is tame.

## Avis Extincta

The wedgercock is a bird  
Whose beauty is amazingly descriptive.  
One may choose  
    similes  
        metaphors and  
            hyperbole in profusion  
To relay the breathtaking sight of this fowl from one soul to the next;  
But alas, the world will never know the true exquisiteness of the wedgercock,  
For only one person in this vast universe has seen this phenomenal bird;  
And I'm not telling!

Larry Hansen.



# Observed

A body of spirit, of will and of looks  
An avowed earnest bent on liking the books  
In part quite successful, in part rather frail,  
The grinds got the marks; the supposed brains did fail.  
The bridge decks got thicker and fatter each day,  
Revealing degrees of all sorts of decay.  
In chorus my friends professed to be broke  
But the common room fumed with cigarette smoke.  
Attendance and studies and books and what not  
Were considered archaic and shallow and shot  
The courses had moderate volumes to beat  
Quite in line with the task of the man on the street.  
This picture may hit you as overly wry,  
But it does not uniformly apply,  
Some, to their credit, did well, to be sure.  
The others will find the appropriate cure.  
The mark of distinction was not yet success,  
But pass work at Easter: no more, no less,  
Quite slow they were here, but as busy as bees,  
They will be in third year to get their degrees.

Lothar Bode.

## Attention Bounty Hunters

**(Re: Mouse Catching Champion, Lakehead College)**

A recent survey by the Dept. of Lands and Forests shows an over population of mice in this area. As a result a trophy has been set up by the S.A.C. to be awarded to the hunter submitting the highest weight aggregate of mice.

The following rules shall apply to this tournament:

1. Mice must be trapped within the walls and halls of the dwelling known as the Lakehead College of Arts, Science and Technology. — Such mice will be identified by the marking "Property Lakehead College" on their bellies.
2. Professional trappers (Frank) and his traplines are considered out-of-bounds.
3. Competitors are not allowed to purchase or receive mice from Frank.
4. Mice will be weighed, to the nearest gram, in the Chemistry Lab. under the supervision of two members of the S.A.C.
5. Stuffing mice with lead or feathers, etc., is illegal. i.e.: 2½-inch mouse weighing 10 lbs.
6. Closing date of this contest is midnight, Friday, March 11, 1960.

by order of  
Jay Sinclair, President.

**Editor's Note:** This notice was placed on the bulletin board, by the S.A.C.



# Dr. T. B. Miller's Lecture on Goof-offs

(SCENE: Class Room).

A tall, seedy, gum chewing prof, ambles in, kicking the door shut on the way. He slumps into his chair, tilts it back, puts his feet on the table and throws the students a delicious yarn. He lights his pipe and then begins.

"The arts students this year have earned themselves a highly enviable reputation. Their social, cultural, psychological and appetitive diversions are such as to leave the classrooms empty. They are mainly conspicuous in my classes, as in others, by their absence. An absence en masse that is truly without precedence, in an institution reputed for its absentee list, the Lakehead College of Arts, Science and Technology.

You're just the biggest gosh-durn bunch of Goof-Offs I've ever seen. Mind you, Goof-Offing's not so bad, but Lord Harry you're not even good Goof-Offs. The trouble is - uh - the trouble is - uh - the trouble is — what the hell you've got to work sometime. You need a strong mind to be a good Goof-Off. You need a full week of good steady knuckle-grinding brain bruising work to compensate for your missed lectures. A pack of benzedrine tablets can be your best friend the night before the exam, and a gallon or two of midnight oil. Many's the time I went on the Bennies myself. You're sure not pulling the wool - uh - pulling the wool - uh - pulling the wool - uh - you're sure not fooling me. I was one of the best Goof-Offs in Ontario in my day. Mind you not the BEST, but Lord knows I easily made the top ten."

(At this point he pauses to relight his pipe).

"Gee whiz, you're such an amiable lot it just wrenches my heart to have to chastize you. A more affable, pleasant sweet bunch of lambs you just wouldn't find. I'd just love to pat you on the head and pinch your cheeks and pass the whole damn works of you.

(He manouvres into a cheesecake position and pauses to relight his pipe).

There's three types of Goof-Offs, which for convenience sake have been classified as Type A, B and C.

Goof-Off type A is the Goof-Off of the mind. This type is just too darn interested in the inner meaning of things, the true subtle essence, to bother with the broad generalities of the course. This type the university usually flunks out and brands as a failure, only to have him become an international success, much to its shame and discredit. The universities usually wish they never had laid eyes on this type.

(At this point he pauses to relight his pipe and fan away the cloud of smoke beginning to form around him).

Type B is the Goof-Off of the soul. Type B sub. 1 is the romantic Goof-Off. This boy's in love. Not immature, hand-holding, tickle prod and giggle "puppy-love" but real true, ardent, deep passionate tonsil-licking love. It doesn't matter if he comes to class or not, 'cause the darn fool doesn't hear a thing anyway.

Type B, sub. 2 is the one with a real tough burden. He's got family psychological troubles, a "grandmother-complex". He hates his Grandmother. Or else the brother that shares his room is lousy and he just can't get to sleep at nights. As a consequence he has to sleep in class.

(Meanwhile the cloud of smoke has grown to such an irritating size that several of the students move to the back of the class).

Type C Goof-Off is perhaps the most common, the Divertismon or diversionist. Sub 1 is the fellow you just can't touch, he's the wholesome divertismon. You find this one engaged in all sorts of worthwhile extra-curricular activities like students council, Boy Scouts and the curling team and his schedule is just too darn crammed to give him time for classes.

Sub 2 is the unwholesome divertismon. He's the real evil one who plays bridge, checks the women and boozes it up. You find this type almost exclusively in the common by day and the pub by night. If you can catch him in time you can do something with him, but if not, then Lord Harry' he's bound straight to hell with no holds barred.

(At this point, a brilliant piece of timing enables him to re-relight his pipe just as the bell is sounding. The class quietly (and unnoticed) begins to seep out as "DOC" continues talking).

I find that the most interesting are the pseudo-type A specimens who play by day, then go home and work. They really hedge their bets. You usually hear them say "I didn't study a minute" just before the exam, if they fail, they've got full and instantaneous protection in the "I - didn't - study - a - minute" clause. However, if they DO fake off, it must have been, they leave us to conclude, on sheer brute intelligence.

The Arts students of '60 have got me, shame to say, thoroughly and completely baffled. Hot Harry if you are intelligent, then the only thing you're good at is hiding it!

Bob McAlpine.



# And You Think You've Got Problems!

While studying the higher and lower animal forms in biology a question grew in my head, and eventually manifested itself as an obsession. This "thing on my mind", is the question "how" — how can the seemingly helpless moth find his Juliet, when she may be miles away — when he can see only a few yards, can't hear, and specially when the fussy fellow demands a virgin?

How does a creature like the prickly porcupine mate in spite of its anatomical peculiarities?

How does a female bat, who becomes pregnant in the spring, succeed in mating in the fall?

How does nature manage to mate creatures like the shrimp, that are part-time males, part-time females?

As I searched out the answers to these "hows", I found that there are many puzzlers typical of the reproductive problems of the animal kingdom, where, say the men who know, sex behaviour is bizarre, baffling and sometimes unbelievable. One scientist, in studying the sex lives of creatures ranging from 200 tons to minute microscopic beings, was moved to call sex "nature's greatest wonder". Among animals, says biologists Louis J. and Margery J. Milne, "sex behaviour often reaches an organic complexity that is still beyond human understanding.

Just to find a mate in the vast spaces of sea, air or wilderness, can become a task of unbelievable proportions. For example, consider the Cecropis moth. The nearest female can be half a mile away, yet the male has been known to fly to her — that is, if she still has her honour. Otherwise, he won't be bothered to fly even a few yards. The secret is a perfume released by the lady, a magic intoxicant so powerful, that it not only draws a male moth through an ocean of air, but this "love potion No. 9", can also arouse his desire. What a system!

Nature has another cunning way of helping Mr. and Miss Bug find themselves in the dark. Many insects, like the female railroad worm (actually a beetle) use luminous signals. The female comes equipped with a big red headlight, and a series of eleven lights along her sides that give her the odd appearance of a miniature lighted railroad car. No beau can miss her when she flicks her signals on and off.

Now here's one that is hard to swallow. The common Eastern firefly traces out a check mark in the darkness, snapping off his light on the upstroke. If any fair maiden of his own species sees the glow, she says "yes", by turning on a light of her own, exactly two seconds after he has turned off his. Seeing her light, the excited male promptly flashes his again. Again the lady snaps on her light. If the female doesn't signal back in two seconds (there's an allowable error of 1/5th of a second) he'll ignore her, because he knows she is taboo — probably from some other species.

In the deep, dark depths of the sea, nature finds herself faced with overwhelming mate-finding problems, which are usually solved by having the fish swim in schools or return repeatedly to ancient, reliable mating places. And here, we have another scientifically unexplainable phenomenon — how is it that many fish will swim with amazing accuracy, to the place where their kind has always spawned?

The longest breeding journey taken is credited to a sea-going mammal, the Alaska seal. The lady seal will travel from wherever her search for food and better living conditions has taken her — perhaps off the coast of China — clear to the Pribilof Islands off Alaska, where she knows a male will be waiting for her, in eager anticipation. The lazy male never leaves the mating areas. What a life!

Land creatures too, employing sense of smell, mating calls and instincts exhibit an uncanny ability to find mates.

Take the cougar for example. For this rugged individualist, mate-finding can become a major accomplishment. As a species, in the "off-breeding" season, cougars are solitary animals who avoid encroaching upon each other's territory. However, during mating season, she leaves her home ground and keeps travelling until she comes upon tracks left by a male. If these tracks are recent and hot, she hurries after him. If not, she lies down and waits at a spot near the trail because somehow she is aware that the male makes a regular circuit over this track and will be along in a few days.

The male snake depends almost entirely upon his sense of "touch" to identify a mate. He slithers along until he comes to another snake. Is it — He brushes against it to find out. Amazingly, this brief contact tells him what he wants to know. If the stranger is a male, or a female from another species, he turns away and continues his search. This discrimination is all the more amazing, when you consider the thousands of species of snakes that there are.

Many creatures are able to deduce the likelihood of a sex partnership, simply by the behaviour of what they think may be a prospective mate. The male sea lamprey swims about in the water until he comes to another lamprey clinging to a rock. He can't see it, he can't smell it, so how does he know he has a female? With his powerful suctorial mouth, he fastens himself to the other lamprey and pulls. If it lets go of the rock, they both fall back and separate. Wrong guess! But, if the other lamprey stays fastened to the perch, he's "In like Flynn". We can see here that there is absolutely no place in this species for coquettes. This story about the lamprey suggests a way to eliminate the scourge of this creature — grease the rocks.

But, physical problems are not all that the male animal has to put up with. He has to overcome psychological disorders in his spouse, before he can coax her to bed. These disorders effect almost all male animals, from the tiniest insect, up to the biggest elephant. It's a phenomenon that baffles scientists: the coyness of the female.

W. T. Melnyk

Though coyness often takes the form of a demand to be chased, the females of some species expect elaborate showmanship on the part of their suitors. A female fiddler crab won't mate unless the male puts on a colorful display, using his ability to change the colour of his body from brilliant hues of orange, to blue, purple and green. Even after he's done this for hours, this coy girl often snubs him by retiring into her burrow and locking her door behind her.

The female humpback whale is completely standoffish until her 50 foot suitor beats himself out with leaps that take him, at times, completely out of the water.

However, as to all rules, there are exceptions to this one. One type of female fly does all the pre-coutal wooing, shimmering her wings, and engaging in seductive leg movements. The male, the altar-shy bachelor goes dashing off, and pretends to ignore her come-hither movements.

Whereas, a crab spider will not give the female a chance to be coy. He grabs her and rapes her. Rape is the rule. It is interesting to note here, that in all the vast and complex animal kingdom, only man, and crab spiders practice rape.

Some of the greatest marvels of sex in nature are the myriad schemes worked out for the mating process itself. And one of the strangest is the operation carried out by the sea squids, the type we study in class. These creatures can mate when they are yards apart. The male takes the sperm, which is wrapped in cigar-shaped packets, in one of his tentacles, which may be 30 feet long, slithers them out and across the water, and tucks them into the female receptacle — sort of a "Do it yourself kit".

And here's an action the humiliation of which all males, be they bug or men, will never live down. The little male sea horse, when he finds a female, proceeds to woo her. Capering about her, he shows her a little pouch in his abdomen. If he arouses her desires, she comes and puts her eggs in his pouch, where they are fertilized, and he becomes pregnant. Yes, HE becomes pregnant!

Scientists have decided that the male sea horse possesses something like the ordinary placenta, and nurtures the unborn young from his body. He further twists the conventions of courting, by having several mothers for his children.

As a bit of "Advice to Youth", we have the lesson taught to us by the female Preying Mantis — "Never lose your head over a woman." The female Preying Mantis is much larger than the male, and exacts her superiority to the "end" degree. During the sex act, she suddenly twists and bites off her husband's head. Boy, is he surprised! However, he doesn't let this bother him, and like a true Don Juan, continues his mating with increased fervour.

And who can believe the story of the elephant? This huge beast, which does everything in a big way — weighs up to eleven tons, eats six hundred pounds of food a day and drinks as much as fifty gallons of water a day, spends less time in the actual process of mating than any animal alive. For, it's a fact that he, the biggest of land mammals, spends only thirty seconds in the process. Incredible! More unbelievable still is the fact that the whale, also a mammal, spends about the same amount of time in the sex act.

In investigating the answer as to how the prickly porcupine can mate, I was disappointed. The answer was too short, and too simple — the female simply flattens her quills.

Now, all these incidents which I have mentioned are taken from various books and articles, and none of them have I actually witnessed. However, here is one act which I saw performed last summer, on a quiet, not too populated Atlantic beach: It concerns the fiddler crab, a creature already mentioned in my article.

The female fiddler crab has two small claws, whereas the male of the species has one small, and one overly large claw. Well, these crabs pop in and out of their burrows and scuttle sideways on the sand when the tide is out. In the mating season, the male Fiddler will stand in view of a passing female and brandish his claw before her. This is simply a wolf call, with dishonorable intentions. If the lady is "in the mood", she recognizes the signal for what it is, and they scuttle off together to some quiet hole on the beach. Without his claw, the poor boy hasn't a chance, for this is his badge of maleness.

The common American brown bat mates in the fall but the young are not born until the spring. Here is another wonder of nature. The sperm is stored in the female's vagina over the winter, until time for its release. In any other creature, including man, the longest a sperm can stay alive is about thirty-six hours.

I can safely say that the male frogfish is the most henpecked being alive. When he meets his bride-to-be, he fastens his teeth into her side — and then he can't get loose. He is doomed to spend the rest of his life as a sort of appendage to the female. Almost all of his organs, except those concerned with reproduction, degenerate. His sex apparatus remains to fertilize the female whenever she is ready. Talk about sub-existence!

Indeed, Nature itself, which usually has an answer for everything, appears to be somewhat mixed up when it comes to the shrimp. The male — half the size of the female — starts out, oddly enough, as a boy, but the next year he is a female! Perhaps, all the female shrimp needs now is a good memory. However, that is beside the point. But can you imagine what the human world would be like if men were half the size, and half the age of women, with the prospect of maternity always ahead of them.

Sex, in animals is very interesting, and there are many home experiments which can be carried out. One of these is to raise male gumpies separate from birth, and then place them together as adults. The males can't tell each other apart. This proves that it is not the bright colours of the male that set him apart from another male. If you watch closely, you will see a male gumpy approach another gumpy, and bite its rear. If he bites a male, there is a fight. It is in this way that the male gumpy comes to associate bright colors with a male. This knowledge is learned, not instinctive.

These are but a few of the problems and quirks that face the creatures of the animal kingdom. You will agree with me now that our own difficulties are infinitesimal as compared to these. So boys — don't complain!



# The Urge to Kill

Would his plan work? George had thought it all out very carefully indeed — and now it was about to happen. He and Henrietta were on their way to the cottage for the weekend. It was a fine, autumn day, that day they drove up to the cottage. Their cottage, beautifully situated in the hilly country, near the cliff, which shone different colours in the sunlight; the view from there was spectacular of the little waterfall opposite. They had spent their honeymoon at their secret hide-a-way in the country. George was jarred abruptly back to the present. He had been thinking back over good old times; but everything had changed; things were different now.

"George, are you sure you locked that back door?" Henrietta's shrill voice came through to him. "You know how afraid I am of stray cats."

"Yes, dear," answered George patiently.

Nervously, Henrietta's piercing voice went on, it seemed to fill every corner of the car; it seemed to go right through his head. Will we never get there, he wondered. Miles passed, and still the nagging voice kept on. Finally, the car drove up to the door of the cottage.

"George, do be careful carrying that china; you know we can't afford any broken pieces."

"Yes, dear."

"George, how many times must I tell you not to slam that door?"

"I'm sorry, dear."

"George, for goodness sake, you are without a doubt the slowest person . . ."

And so on came the comments 'ad infinitum'. "Ahhh", muttered George under his breath, "please, be quiet; just for one little minute, please, SHUT UP." But the nagging voice kept on and on. Henrietta did not notice the thoughtful, concentrated look that had crossed George's face, nor did she recognize a new and different tone in his voice as he casually asked: "Henrietta, how would you like to take a little stroll up to the cliff, where we went so often when we were younger?"

"Oh, George, you're being foolishly sentimental," was his wife's cutting reply.

"I'd like it," said George quite honestly.

"Well, I suppose — I'll be ready in a minute."

George was a little nervous; what if his plan didn't work; what if she suspected; what if . . .

"Coming, George?" shrieked his wife's voice from outside the cabin.

"Coming, dear." So far, so good.

Henrietta chattered away as they walked together, arm in arm, to their own secret hide-a-way. He must be very careful, so that she would not suspect. Here they were at the cliff: Henrietta chattered aimlessly: now was his chance: the plan had worked so well: a little push would do it — if he just leaned a little towards her — this was what he had been waiting for — everyone would think it an accident — no one would know the real truth.

"George, do you see that strange bird over there? Don't you think he resembles something of an ill-omen? George? . . .  
GEORGE!

The whole atmosphere was filled with a horrid panic-stricken scream which gradually died away in echos vibrating off the walls of the cliffs.

George woke with a start — beads of perspiration covered his forehead, sweat trickled from his clenched fists. He had been snoozing in his office: it was 3 o'clock Friday afternoon. How realistic his dream had been! Then as if suddenly urged by some force even greater than himself, he picked up the phone and dialed a number.

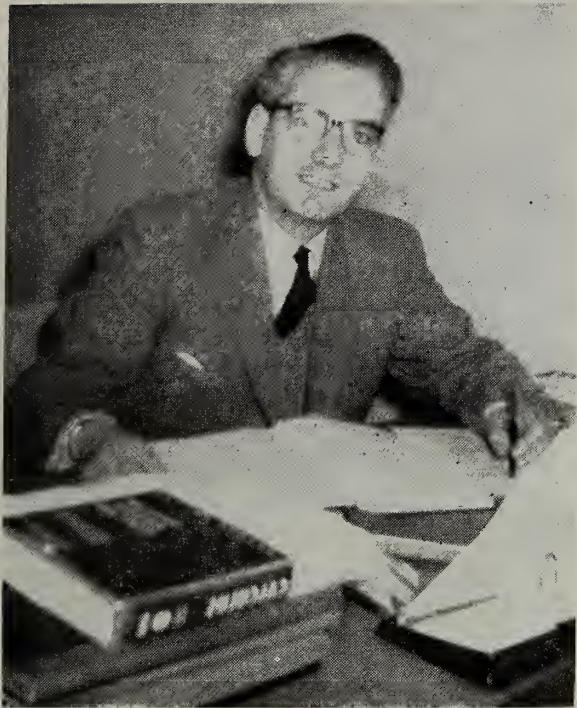
"Hello, Henrietta: dear, how would you like to go up to the cottage this weekend?"

Janet Thom.

# The Harbour

Earth browns the liquid to a brazen hue  
While breezes snatch up amber undulations;  
A slimy slick of salmon red and egg-shell blue  
Slithers 'round fleets mobilized from far-off nations.  
Columns of a platinum grain elevator.  
Sprawl among the waves,  
While in the distance black obelisks  
Mark the seamen's graves.  
Along the shore emeralds shimmer  
In the sun;  
And naked children in the stream  
Prance and play and run.  
A rangy vermillion sentinel clings.  
Against the sky.  
While splotchy orange blossom filminess  
Treads by.

Ed MacKinnon.



## How the Lakehead Hit Higgs

Frankly, I'm disappointed. Not once have I had to hack my harassed way to the College through hordes of scalp happy braves; not once have I had to chop my way through charging Chippewas; not once have I had to descend from my covered wagon grasping a gridiron and grapple with a growling grizzly; not once have I had to brace my back against a bent and battered birch tree and make ready to mangle with masses of marauding moose. And when you decide to cut adrift from the considerable comfort of the Old Country and move to the wild bush country of Northwestern Ontario, that's what you expect to have to do.

Mind you, the country is rugged, all right. Where else could you find such a superb selection of pot holes, lined with squelching mud or choking dust depending on the time of year, and which its natives, for some reason which evades me, refer to as "roads"?

And the people are rugged, too! They've got to be, to withstand the radio programmes! For it's very nerve-racking for the radio listener who, being urged to drop everything and rush to Whosits for a sensational bargain, is afraid to go because he might miss hearing about a more sensational bargain at Whatsits. Instead of saving X dollars on something he doesn't want, had he been less impetuous he might have saved (X plus 1) dollars on something he has no use for!

But what of the College and the students? Are they very different from their English counterparts? Of course, their names are different; when I saw my first class list,

I thought it was either a doctor's prescription or perhaps a list of the lesser known Moluscs of Southern Anatolia. It was a relief to find that they all spoke English and even pronounced their words in a more English way than I had expected. A zed was a zed, not a zee.

Again, their mode of dress was more flamboyant than what I had been used to. When I went in to take my first class, I thought that I had inadvertently strayed into a bed of tulips. But I soon discovered that there was not a pansy among them.

And there are those who work and those who don't with all the emphasis they can summon to such a negative action. There are those who are courteous; there are those few who are not, but on the whole, I would say the general standard of behaviour is well up to what I was accustomed to in England.

Now this smattering of Old World courtesy in Lakehead College students, I find is in sharp contrast to what is experienced down town. There the law of the jungle prevails and it's every man for himself. No one, entering a store, would dream of holding the door open for someone following close behind him. Rather, he would let it swing and if it nearly knocks some matron off balance and she drops her parcels, that's too bad. This contrast indicates, perhaps, that intelligence and courtesy are in some way related, or possibly that it may be thought that to be inconsiderate to a teacher is both impolite and impolitic.

What I find particularly pleasing is the frequent activities that take place outside of normal College routine. These include curling, ski parties, dinners, dances, etc., and all afford an opportunity for staff and students getting to know one another. This aspect of College life is to me the most striking and most pleasant. Long may it so remain.

Mr. Higgs.

## The Melnyk's Tale

Whan that Aprill, with his shoures soote,  
The droght of learning hath perced to the roote,  
And bathed every breyne in swich licour  
Of which vertu engendered is scholour,  
So prick us from our scoleye plenteuous;  
For us were levere seken straunge strondes-  
Ferne unknowe places in sondry londes-  
But specially from this digne batiment,  
Thogh wal we weren learned atte bestement,  
(We slepte namoore than doth a nyghtyngale;  
We played, and wroughte, and eek hente and werre,  
And learned the loore of "Per angusta ad Augusta.")  
Us thinken now to go on pilgrimages  
Were verrailly felicite parfit gentlemen.

Glossary:

soote—sweet  
swich licour—such liquid  
scoleye plenteuous—plentiful studies  
ferne—distant  
digne batiment—worthy building  
Per angusta ad Augusta—school motto  
W. T. (Dan) Melnyk.



# Strife Among the Leaders

And it came to pass in that day that there arose strife among the leaders in the land of LCAST. For each was envious of his brother and sought to supplant him.

And lo, there came a decree from Harrius Caesar that there be no more strife. And this decree was first made when Sinclair was president.

But the leaders liked not the words of Caesar and rebelled, and all the students with them, saying, 'Wherefore dost this man seek to take from us our intellectual freedom?'

And they murmured amongst themselves, and heeded not the words of Caesar, but increased in bitterness towards each other.

And one amongst them, Nebuchednazzar by name, had been appointed to deliver summonses unto all those who parked their cars in front. Moreover he was upright in heart, and took care to carry out all that Caesar had commanded him.

But Satan was envious and wanted this appointment for himself for he had often been passed by. And opening his mouth he spake thus:

"Lord Harry, it is not meet that I, the paladin of virtue, be passed by. Behold, I will arise and smite mine enemy; neither will his works prosper.

"Moreover, I will not heed the decree of Caesar, for who is Caesar, that he should seek to enslave our minds?"

And straightway he arose, and went unto Zacchaeus who was tending his floor polisher and sought to entice him, saying:

"Arise, get thee up and fight mine enemy, and readjust his thermostats."

But Zacchaeus, answered and said: "'No, sir, not me, boy!"

And Satan spake again a second time: "Art thou so blind that thou dost not see that mine enemy is thine also? Canst thou not see how he covets thine office and thy floor polisher?"

When Zacchaeus heard this he was afraid, but holding steadfast, answered: "Nope, I'm quitting next year anyway, so he kin have it."

But Satan entreated him all the more saying: "Take heed, lest mine enemy and thine bear false witness against thee to Caesar."

Then did Zacchaeus tremble, for he feared Caesar exceedingly, and went with haste to do Satan's bidding.

When Nebuchednazzar saw what had been done unto him, he was wroth, and sought out Zacchaeus to rebuke him.

But Satan, lighting his pipe for the fourth time, went unto Nebuchednazzar and said: "Hast thou not - uh - hast thou not - uh - Hast thou not heard Caesar's commandment that in nothing should thou do ill to thy brother?"

And Nebuchednazzar repented of his sin that he had done unto Caesar, and went out, and wept bitterly.

—Jany Stilwell and Liz Senyk.



## What About Jazz?

To most people at the Lakehead the music called jazz is quite remote and not worth much interest. Our exposure to it is relatively small, with television and radio the principal sources. Most of the people have never witnessed a jazz musician at work, and, consequently the misconceptions which arise are varied, and in some respects away off base. There exists, mainly among the older crowd (and I say this with all due respect), a kind of archaic conservatism. These persons know jazz exists, but nevertheless fail to acknowledge it. They can't seem to shake the feeling that here is a subject not to be spoken of at the dinner table. They regard jazz as loud and blarey, or vulgar and played by a crew of half-stewed, sensation seekers. However, I think they are a slight bit confused. The music they refer to is more than likely not jazz, and the so-called musician that does fit into this category

has long since ceased to be classified as a jazz musician.

One of the questions the layman often asks a jazz musician is: "Why do you have to play all those useless notes, where's the melody?"

Most jazz men either dismiss the question with a sneer of superiority implying that if you have to ask you'll never know, or with a simplified explanation of chordal structure and the pursuing of individual lines of thought within that framework. The first reaction results because most people who should know neither have the inclination nor the desire to explain what is happening within a jazz group or what is more probable that the whole subject is rather murky in their own mind and they consequently make a rude coverup for inarticulation. The second reaction although clear enough to any musician leaves the layman as completely bewildered as before he posed the question. But is the question naive? I don't think so. Jazz is an art form, it seems to be the only genuine American culture and as an art form it should be laid open for analysis and exposition.

A person must, I think, develop a taste for jazz. A few bandleaders like Benny Goodman, Dizzy Gillespie and Louis Armstrong have made goodwill tours abroad and the results have been inspiring. There is scarcely a spot in the world where American jazz hasn't been heard and received enthusiastically by all listeners. But nevertheless, I think, a taste must be developed for true appreciation. Jazz becomes, after a while a personal thing, something you know is shared by others but still uniquely fitting for your own feelings.

Jazz rhythms create what can only be called momentum. When the rhythm of one voice (say one alto sax) anticipates the beat, it starts what you might call a series of new beats above the basic underlying one. The result is an exhilarating forward motion — a tension of sounds. The tempo tightens, goes on top and becomes even more exact. The rhythm section's playing although intense and emotionally charged, is usually more sparse and simple. In the jazzman's vernacular "things are cookin'". It is in this medium — the tension of sounds — that the jazzman creates, that the art of jazz is unveiled, the reflections of the society in which we live are realized. It is in this atmosphere that a person with a good command of his instrument and sheer musical and creative instinct can elicit feeling, shared with others, that he has accomplished something worthwhile, that his work is really a work of art. All this may sound a little pretentious and a little too dramatic but it has truth. Someday you might visit a jazz club or be in an audience when things start "cookin'" and then you'll realize what I mean.

The audience is a basic influence today, probably more so than most good jazz musicians care to admit. It is what can be called a participating audience, a critical group of people who mean more than reception, size, and conduct. They have a very real and subtle influence which involves commercialism and ego satisfaction. Jazz-men generally fall into two camps in regard to audiences and commercialism. The first refuses to "play down" to people, feeling that this is a prostitution of self and jazz. The second camp feels that the use of certain musical devices which "sell" is not prostitution but a means of self-approval mirrored in the audience reaction and probably a good vehicle for public acceptance of jazz.

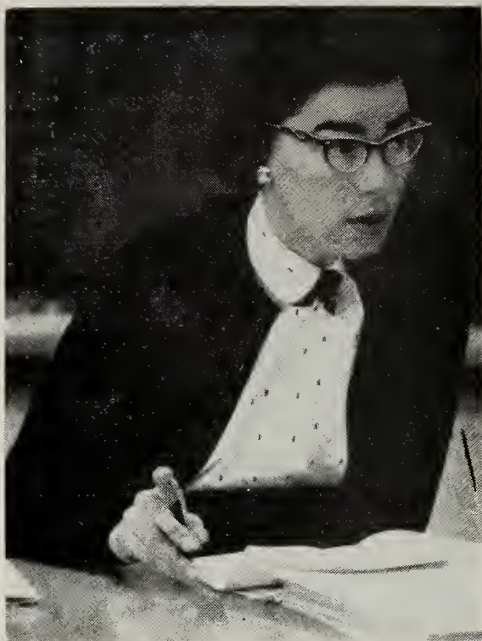
In every audience will be found the inevitable "fakers". The female sex is more prevalent among these, that is persons who are trying to be contemporary, by an attempt of associating themselves with good jazz, (a medium of culture) and thus establishing themselves as of those "in the know" and therefore one rung higher on the social ladder.

The concept of audience importance is best emphasized by the story of Charlie Parker, or "Bird" as he was better known. He was a great musician, the innovator of bop, and a true genius but also to my mind a character in search of the audience, the audience the lesser musician Dizzy Gillespie enjoyed.

What more is there to say? There is one hell of a lot more to say, this could go on for pages but if you have read this far I hope you have recognized part of the picture. Jazz, with its sometimes complex rhythms and harmonies should not be shyed away from because you are not able to immediately grasp its meanings; basically, it expresses all our moods. Regardless of conditions, jazz, and the people who make it will continue to develop because what they have to say will always be important; it is a sincere description of the society from which it evolves; it is also the sort of thing you and I would say in those moments of truth, when you talk to a good friend and are not afraid of making a fool of your self.

Buddy Rollins.





## MISS MATTHEWS (The Trinity Story)

After graduating from the University of Toronto in Modern History and Politics, Miss Matthews was awarded a scholarship from the Dutch Government to spend a year of studies in the Netherlands.

She taught in a girls' school in England for a year and at the close of the year joined the Economic Research Division of the Bank of Canada. Upon finding the bars on the vault too thick she left and worked for a year with the Toronto Planning Board. Miss Matthews then occupied herself in Canadian History Research in the Ontario Provincial Archives. In order to complete the "progress of a beat" she came to Lakehead College.

Miss Matthews has spent many years skiing, in Canada, Austria and Norway and she won the Athletic Varsity Colours in skating at the University of Toronto. During the summer months between semesters she worked at Jasper and Lake Louise and found time to do much horseback riding and mountain climbing. She is an accomplished bagpipe player and she is now learning to play the accordion.

With all this, we have one question to ask — "What does she do in her spare time?"



## DR. GRODZICKY

Roman Raphael Grodzicky was born in 1919 in Kaminka Str., Poland (now Western Ukraine). He attended the University of Leopold, where he majored in philosophy and theology and received his diploma in 1944, graduating second in a class of eighty-nine.

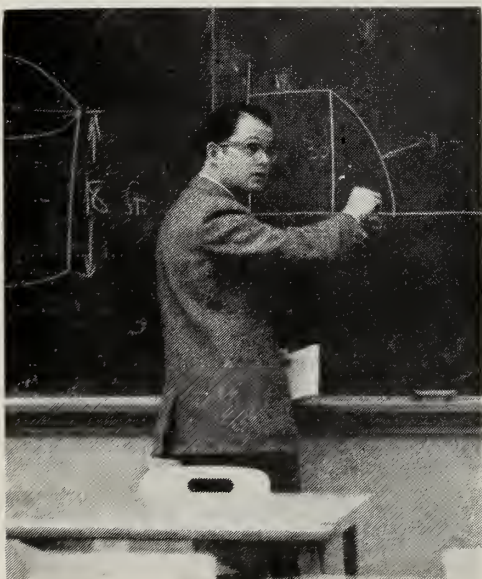
During the later stages of World War Two, Dr. Grodzicky was arrested for his nationalist activities and removed to a German prison, where he lay for six months in daily terror of the firing squad.

When Dr. Grodzicky was liberated by the Americans, he enrolled in the University of Munich. Here he pursued his graduate training in philosophy and after three years was awarded his Ph.D. magna cum laude in every subject in Pure Philosophy.

In 1948, Dr. Grodzicky emigrated to Canada. His first position in his adopted country was with the T. Eaton Company, which he left after six months to do library work in Niagara Falls. The following year he returned to Toronto to complete his Library Science studies, emerging with the degree of B.L.S. This led to a position in the University of Saskatchewan library. Eight years in the university library saw Dr. Grodzicky acting head of the library department, interim acting head of Slavonic Studies and joint author of an anthology on Ukrainian literature which is now being used as a text in second year.

This year Dr. Grodzicky was invited to join the staff of Lakehead College as head librarian and lecturer in psychology. Since 1952, he has been taking summer and correspondence courses in Slavonic Studies and recently received his M.A. from the University of Montreal. He has also almost completed his thesis for his Ph.D. (in Slavonic Studies).

In the midst of his multifarious academic pursuits, Dr. Grodzicky has found time to get married and become a skilled chess and bridge player. Dr. Grodzicky has done a wonderful job with the new library. There are actually some new books! And what's more, you can find them.



## MR. MCKENZIE

Mr. McKenzie was hatched in Regina, Saskatchewan, and was incubated at the Central Collegiate Institute at Regina. Upon graduation he entered university and received his B.A. from the University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon. During this time he acquired many numerous and varied hobbies, such as photography, bridge, chess and beer. At one time in his career he tried to play the trumpet and for his efforts at blowing he became known as The Western Harry James.

During the summers he worked in the Yellowknife and no doubt met many a fine Eskimo.

Outside of all his risqué activities, Mr. McKenzie seems to have led a pretty tame existence.

# Death

So this was how it was to be  
He could feel the cold  
The relentless cold from which there was no escape  
These were the feelings of death.

Death — the end of life or the beginning  
He did not know  
How often had he thought of death  
Not this way but as a more romantic exit.

His mind wandered into the past and future  
Haunting memories now lost to the human grasp  
Sunset of long ago, scenes that were fixed in his mind  
He thought too of the future and of the rosy dreams he had once hoped to realize,  
But they were all lost.

His body no longer felt the biting cold  
The distant flickering stars beckoned him onward  
He could not move

The present only remained  
Biting cold and piercing wind  
Then for an instant past, present and future joined as one  
Time stood still  
Death !

His eyes blank and sightless stand out  
Out across the endless barrens to the horizon  
And far beyond the scope of human vision  
Out where, to man, time is lost and only the cold glittering stars  
perceive its passage.

Somewhere in the distant lonely wastes  
A solitary wolf raised its voice in a long endless sorrowful wail  
The Aurora Borealis sent its shimmering colored bands across the cold arctic sky  
The wind stopped.  
Silence.

LEONARD SUOMU.



## **The Social Year**

November 6 – Dance in the Common  
Room of the College

November 20 – A Supper Dance at the  
Prince Arthur Hotel

December 4 – Beatnik Dance in the  
Common Room

January 30 – Ski and Toboggan Party  
at Loch Lomond

February 10 – Bridge Night

March 12 – Ski and Toboggan Party  
at Loch Lomond

May 11 – Convocation Reception at the  
Royal Edward Hotel







# Student Directory

| NAME                         | LAKEHEAD ADDRESS              | PHONE NO. | HOME ADDRESS                              |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------|-------------------------------------------|
| <b>APPLIED SCIENCE</b>       |                               |           |                                           |
| ADAMS, Grant                 | 91 Winnipeg Ave., P.A.        | DI 5-8000 | 15 Milliken Rd., Elliot Lake, Ont.        |
| ADAMS, Thomas                | 334 Ontario St., P.A.         | DI 4-0926 | 334 Ontario St., P.A.                     |
| BULGER, Thomas S.            | 136 Robinson Dr., P.A.        | DI 4-0263 | 135 Concord, Ottawa, Ont.                 |
| CANDIDO, Gastone L.          | 729 McIntosh St., P.A.        |           | 729 McIntosh St., P.A.                    |
| CAVAR, Joseph P.             | RR No. 3 F.W.                 | MA 2-7935 | RR No. 3 F.W., Ont.                       |
| COULSON, Laurence L.         | 1416 Cuthbertson Place, F.W.  | MA 3-9274 | RR No. 1 South Gillies, Ont.              |
| COWAN, Michael F.            | 79 Rupert St., P.A.           | DI 4-2743 | 79 Rupert St., P.A., Ont.                 |
| FENTON, Gary B.              | 241 Alder Ave., P.A.          | DI 5-9118 | Colonization, Dryden, Ont.                |
| DAVIDSON, J. Brian           | RR No. 1 P.A.                 | DI 4-9973 | RR No. 1 P.A.                             |
| GROOTENBOER, A. (Eddy)       | 1505 Cameron St., F.W.        | MA 2-7443 | 1505 Cameron St., F.W., Ont.              |
| GUNSON, Reginald E.          | 446 N. Cumberland St., P.A.   | DI 4-0087 | General Delivery, Geraldton, Ont.         |
| HOGUE, W. LeRoy              | 80 S. Hill St., P.A.          |           | Heron Bay South, Ont.                     |
| INSHAW, John A. C.           | 39 S. Hill St., P.A.          | DI 5-7273 | Box 285, Schreiber, Ont.                  |
| JONES, Grant W.              | 411 Hester St., P.A.          | DI 4-8886 | 415 Laidlaw, Winnipeg, Man.               |
| KASOWSKI, Walter J.          | 1411 W. Gore St., F.W.        | MA 2-5449 | 1411 W. Gore St., F.W., Ont.              |
| KROKER, Ernest A.            | 48 Jean St., P.A.             | MA 5-7408 | 172 Stadler Ave., Red Rock, Ont.          |
| MIKKONEN, Mauri E.           | 446 N. Cumberland St., P.A.   | DI 4-0087 | 720 John St., Geraldton, Ont.             |
| MITHRUSH, Michael J.         | 732 N. Brodie St., F.W.       | MA 2-6524 | 732 N. Brodie St., F.W.                   |
| MORRISON, Ernest V.          | 337 Van Norman St., P.A.      | DI 4-1754 | 337 Van Norman St., P.A.                  |
| MURRAY, Dennis               | 350 Merrill St., P.A.         | DI 5-7845 | 350 Merrill St., P.A.                     |
| NISHIKAWA, George            | 409 Wiley St., F.W.           | MA 2-4065 | 409 Wiley St., F.W.                       |
| PETERS, Donald A.            | 305 Balsam St., P.A.          | DI 4-5523 | 305 Balsam St., P.A.                      |
| SCARNATI, James J.           | 179 S. Kenogami Ave., P.A.    | DI 4-3973 | 179 S. Kenogami Ave., P.A.                |
| SPOONER, Paul J.             | 321 St. George St., P.A.      | DI 5-6737 | 321 St. George St., P.A.                  |
| SMITH, Barry S. M.           | 1730 Donald St., F.W.         | MA 2-4363 | 1730 Donald St., F.W.                     |
| TATEBE, Yosh                 | 608 McIntosh St., F.W.        | MA 3-3039 | 608 McIntosh St., F.W.                    |
| TOMLINSON, William S.        | 122 Farrand St., P.A.         | DI 4-2181 | 122 Farrand St., P.A.                     |
| TRACZ, Peter J.              | 2-240 S. Brodie St., F.W.     | MA 2-2590 | 2-240 S. Brodie St., F.W.                 |
| YEMCHUK, Eugene M.           | 1301 Heath St., F.W.          | MA 2-4418 | 1301 Heath St., F.W.                      |
| JANIUK, Petro                | 310 Heron St., F.W.           | MA 2-9578 | 310 Heron St., Fort William               |
| <b>ARTS</b>                  |                               |           |                                           |
| ARNOT, James C.              | 64 Prospect Ave., P.A.        | DI 5-6853 | 64 Prospect Ave., P.A.                    |
| BURAK, Walter W.             | 373 N. Court St., P.A.        | DI 5-8567 | 373 N. Court St., P.A.                    |
| COSTANZO, Anthony            | 622 McBain St., F.W.          | MA 2-3289 | 622 McBain St., F.W.                      |
| COUTANCHE, Guy C.            | 414 Shuniah St., P.A.         | DI 4-8685 | 414 Shuniah St., P.A.                     |
| DONOVAN, Donald A.           | 182 N. High St., P.A.         | DI 5-7235 | 182 N. High St., P.A.                     |
| FUCHEK, Patrick V.           | 222 Empire Ave., F.W.         | MA 2-1930 | 222 Empire Ave., F.W.                     |
| GIBSON, Gerald B.            | 132 Pine St., P.A.            | DI 5-9200 | 132 Pine St., P.A.                        |
| GUNSON, John R.              | 486 Oliver Road, P.A.         | DI 4-1765 | General Delivery, Geraldton, Ont.         |
| HALL, Wayne F.               | 615 Leland St., F.W.          | MA 2-8947 | Sundridge, Ontario                        |
| HANSEN, Lawrence D.          | 142 Ontario St., P.A.         | DI 5-6153 | 142 Ontario St., P.A.                     |
| HENDERSON, Thomas M.         | 189 Summit Ave., P.A.         | DI 5-9373 | 742 S. Norah St., F.W.                    |
| IRVING, Wendy J.             | 742 S. Norah St., F.W.        | MA 3-7766 | 189 Summit Ave., P.A.                     |
| JOHNSTON, James H. E.        | 349 Harvard St., F.W.         | MA 3-9010 | 349 Harvard St., F.W.                     |
| KUSHNIER, Frank P.           | 1002 McLaughlin St., F.W.     | MA 2-1660 | 1002 McLaughlin St., F.W.                 |
| LECOCQ, Donald Ian           | 632 S. Marks St., F.W.        | MA 3-9493 | 632 S. Marks St., F.W.                    |
| MACKAY, Alistair             | 1023 Sprague St., F.W.        | MA 3-6997 | 1023 Sprague St., F.W.                    |
| MACKINNON, Edmund A.         | 510 Luci Court, F.W.          | MA 3-9735 | 510 Luci Court, F.W.                      |
| MARTINDALE, James R.         | 403 Ambrose St., P.A.         | DI 4-3211 | 403 Ambrose St., P.A.                     |
| MATICH, Michael L.           | 22 Lake St., P.A.             | DI 5-8466 | 22 Lake St., P.A.                         |
| MELNYK, William T.           | 743 S. Norah St., F.W.        | MA 2-4905 | 743 S. Norah St., F.W.                    |
| MICHELS, Robert E.           | 1415 McGregor Ave., F.W.      | MA 2-1993 | 1415 McGregor Ave., F.W.                  |
| MORAN, F. Patrick            | 8-226 S. Vickers St., F.W.    | MA 3-9691 | 8-226 S. Vickers St., F.W.                |
| McALPINE, Robert D.          | 536 Leslie Ave., P.A.         | DI 4-4086 | 536 Leslie Ave., P.A.                     |
| McCA8E, Florence M.          | 430 St. Patrick's Sq., P.A.   | MA 4-1581 | 430 St. Patrick's Sq., P.A.               |
| OMAE, Takuo                  | 120 E. Mary St., F.W.         | MA 2-6321 | 120 E. Mary St., F.W.                     |
| RAHKOLA, Dennis L.           | 38 Centre St., P.A.           | DI 4-6725 | 38 Centre St., P.A.                       |
| REPO, Toini                  | 223 Victoria St., P.A.        | DI 4-6146 | RR No. 4 Port Arthur                      |
| ROBINSON, Murray R.          | 706 Catherine St., F.W.       | MA 3-6737 | 706 Catherine St., F.W.                   |
| SAUNDERS, Melvyn             | 447 Prince Arthur Blvd., F.W. | MA 3-7151 | 447 Prince Arthur Blvd., F.W.             |
| SAXBERG, Marvyn E.           | 242 S. John St., F.W.         | MA 2-0624 | 242 S. John St., F.W.                     |
| SEELEY, Sidney R.            | 180 E. Brock St., F.W.        | MA 2-2526 | 180 E. Brock St., F.W.                    |
| SENYK, Elizabeth S.          | 400 Leslie Ave., P.A.         | DI 4-3925 | 400 Leslie Ave., P.A.                     |
| SHANNON, Patricia V.         | 386 Leslie Ave., P.A.         | DI 4-3165 | 386 Leslie Ave., P.A.                     |
| SLISKOVIC, Frank             | 78 S. Algoma St., P.A.        | DI 5-7174 | 78 S. Algoma St., P.A.                    |
| STILWELL, H. Janeanne (Jany) | RR No. 3 Port Arthur          | DI 4-0743 | RR No. 3 Port Arthur                      |
| TAM, Arthur S. S.            | 315 Dufferin St., P.A.        | DI 5-8935 | 10 Yee Wo St., Hong Kong, China           |
| THOM, Janet E.               | 174 S. Hill St., P.A.         | DI 5-7695 | Box 176, Longlac, Ont.                    |
| TRIMARK, Kenneth M.          | 118 Ruttan St., P.A.          | DI 5-5276 | 118 Ruttan St., P.A.                      |
| WATSON, Robert E.            | 1320 Ford St., F.W.           | MA 3-9869 | 1320 Ford St., F.W.                       |
| WATTS, W. Anthony            | 182 N. High St., P.A.         | DI 5-7235 | 1306-22nd Ave., Rock Island, Ill., U.S.A. |



## ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY I

|                            |                               |           |                                      |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------|--------------------------------------|
| BICKMORE, John W. ....     | 337 S. Marks St., F.W. ....   | MA 3-9365 | 337 S. Marks St., F.W.               |
| KOIVU, Ray A. ....         | 111 Banning St., P.A. ....    | DI 4-4843 | 111 Banning St., P.A.                |
| KUNG, Sin Soo ....         | 229 Grenville Ave., P.A. .... | DI 4-1332 | 229 Grenville Ave., P.A.             |
| MORRISON, John W. ....     | 337 Van Norman St., P.A. .... | DI 4-1754 | 337 Van Norman St., P.A.             |
| MOSA, Danny W. ....        | 814 Northern Ave., F.W. ....  | MA 3-3169 | 814 Northern Ave., F.W.              |
| MURPHY, Frank W. ....      | 205 Farrand St., P.A. ....    | DI 5-6222 | 205 Farrand St., P.A.                |
| PASCOE, Kendall F. A. .... | 520 Van Norman St., P.A. .... | DI 4-1147 | 520 Van Norman St., P.A.             |
| SELF, Charles O. ....      | 78 Crown St., P.A. ....       | DI 5-8490 | 10 Van Horne Ave., Dryden, Ont.      |
| SITCH, Keith R. ....       | 621 Oliver Rd., P.A. ....     | DI 4-9284 | 480 Superior Ave., Terrace Bay, Ont. |
| SRIGLEY, Alfred K. ....    | 18 Melvin Ave., P.A. ....     | DI 5-5156 | 18 Melvin Ave., P.A.                 |
| STAPLES, Richard D. ....   | 249 W. Miles St., F.W. ....   | MA 3-7275 | 249 W. Miles St., F.W.               |
| TURESKI, William S. ....   | 25 Melon St., P.A. ....       | DI 4-4428 | 206-6th St., Rainy River, Ont.       |

## ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY II

|                               |                                  |           |                                 |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|-----------|---------------------------------|
| CHRUSZ, Daniel ....           | 145 Cummings St., F.W. ....      | MA 2-3096 | 145 Cumming St., F.W.           |
| DANZIE, Raphael M. ....       | 423 Queen St., P.A. ....         | DI 5-8739 | 423 Queen St., P.A.             |
| EKROOS, Allan J. ....         | 1418 W. Gore St., F.W. ....      | MA 2-0222 | 1418 W. Gore St., F.W.          |
| HARNETT, W. James ....        | 599 Dawson St., P.A. ....        | DI 4-3637 | 599 Dawson St., P.A.            |
| JESSIMAN, Gary R. ....        | 151 E. Amelia St., F.W. ....     | MA 3-7782 | 151 E. Amelia St., F.W.         |
| KLEMACKI, Ronald P. ....      | 244 Egan St., P.A. ....          | DI 4-1866 | 244 Egan St., P.A.              |
| LIMBRICK, Ronald H. ....      | 601 Southern Ave., F.W. ....     | MA 2-1298 | 601 Southern Ave., F.W.         |
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| SCHRAML, Siegfried R. ....    | RR No. 2 Hilldale Rd., P.A. .... | DI 4-9864 | R.R. No. 2, Hilldale Road, P.A. |
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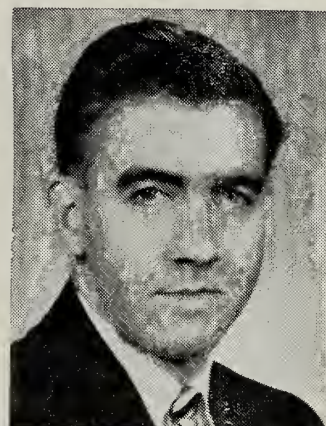
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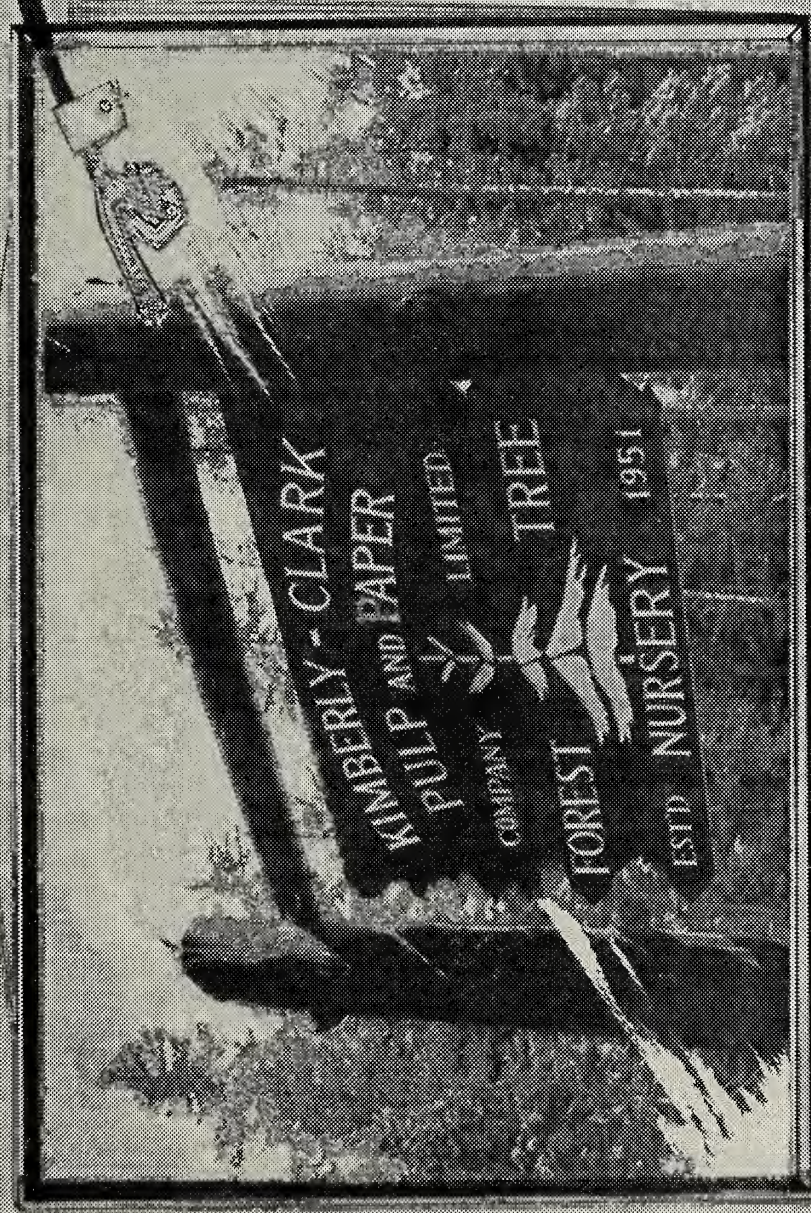
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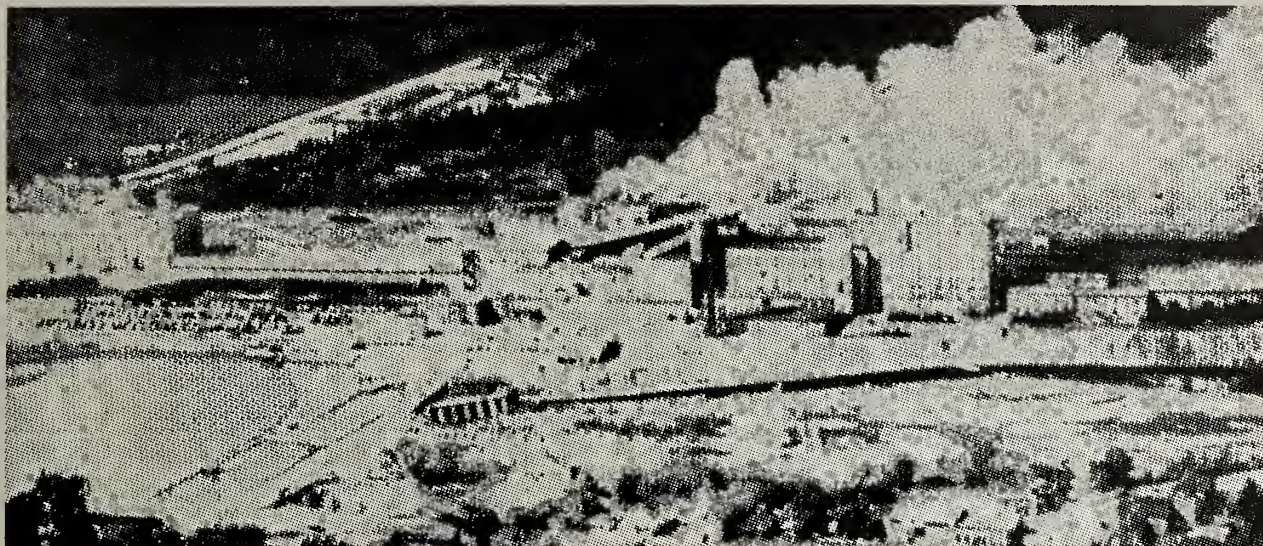
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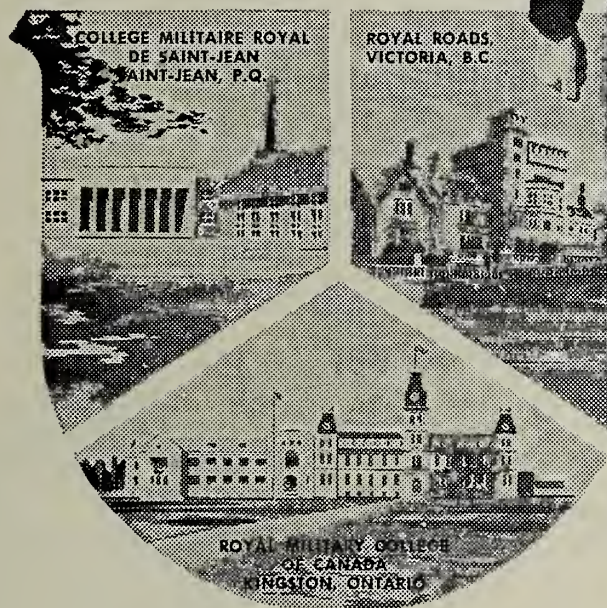
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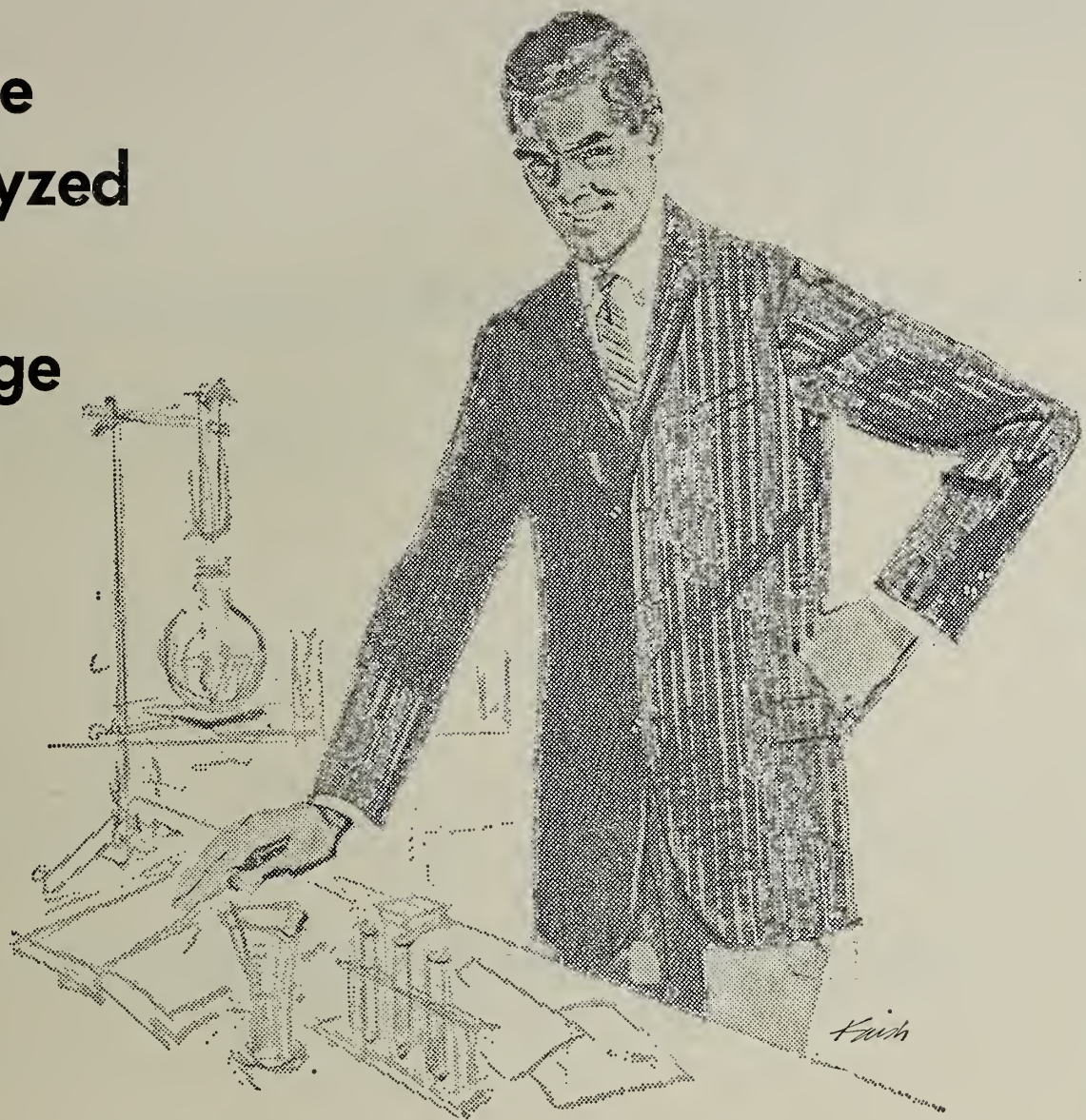
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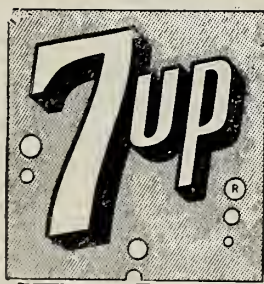
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