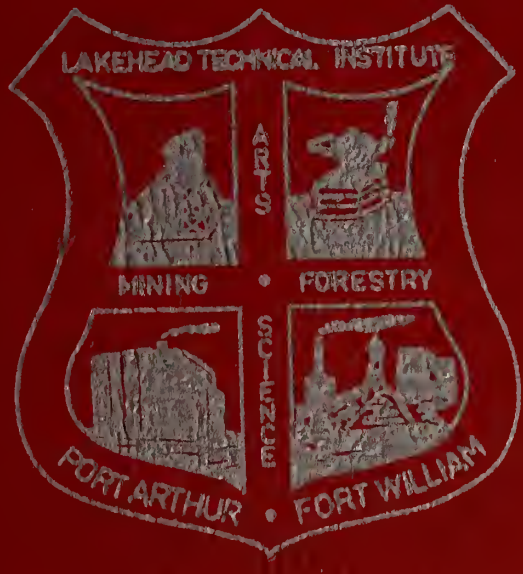
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THE NOR'WESTER

Yearbook of the

Lakehead Technical Institute

JIM FOULDS — EDITOR

VOLUME: 7 SESSION: 1955-56

PORT ARTHUR, ONTARIO

Published by the students of the Lakehead Technical Institute 1956

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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DEDICATION

This volume of the Nor'Wester is dedicated to the memory of Robert Foster, Technical Mining II 1954-5.

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EDITORIAL

Just what are we trying to do when we publish this year book? Well, we try to accomplish three things. First of all, we want to give the students a permanent record of their stay at L.T.I. Secondly, in the Nor'-Wester, we try to give them a literary magazine. Finally, we must endeavour to include some topical gossipy references of day to day happenings throughout the school year . . .

Do we succeed in these aims? On the whole, down through the years the Nor'wester has done its job admirably, but that does not mean that there is no room for improvement. There undoubtedly is.

It would be safe to say that the Nor'Wester would be able to accomplish its aims to a much greater degree, if those aims were more confined. For instance, could it not possibly drop the topical gossipy section? The answer must be NO, unless we can find some other means to express this rather important phase of school life. Come to think of it, this everyday topical news could very well be handled in an L.T.I. school newspaper. But, is L.T.I. ready for a school paper? Surely, the institute could publish, say, a monthly two-paged mimeographed 'rag'. This paper would, of course, have to start from a small beginning, but as the new college grows the newspaper could grow with it. This monthly journalistic effort would be far better able to adapt itself to cover the social life of the school than is the year-book. It would also be the place for 'sounding off' any controversy that might arise among the student body. Polite skirmishes with the local newspaper editorial pages would be possible. Rivalry between Artsmen and Engineers could be played up, along with accounts of Foresters' and Miners' field trips. A school newspaper would give impetus to both the social life and the sports activity; and it would also be able to follow the student council activities. It would provide a means of reporting to the students the various actions of the S.A.C., and a competent writer could pass judgement on these actions. Naturally, the paper's editorial page would be open for letters and criticism from the students about the newspaper itself. And the paper could quite easily handle one literary composition each issue.

This does not mean that the newspaper would supplant the present Nor'Wester. The students of the school ought to publish both a yearbook and a paper. In fact, a school newspaper is not only advisable at this stage, but if the student body is to be given any means of self-expression and unity, it is a necessity.

But, the natural response to this plea is "Well, a school newspaper is a good idea, but let's wait 'till we get the new building." Let's not wait until we get the new building! Let's start now! Here is a challenge to the student body of 1956-57. A school newspaper should be published. Are there any takers?

Jim Foulds

EDITOR

THE *Principal's* MESSAGE

To the Graduates:

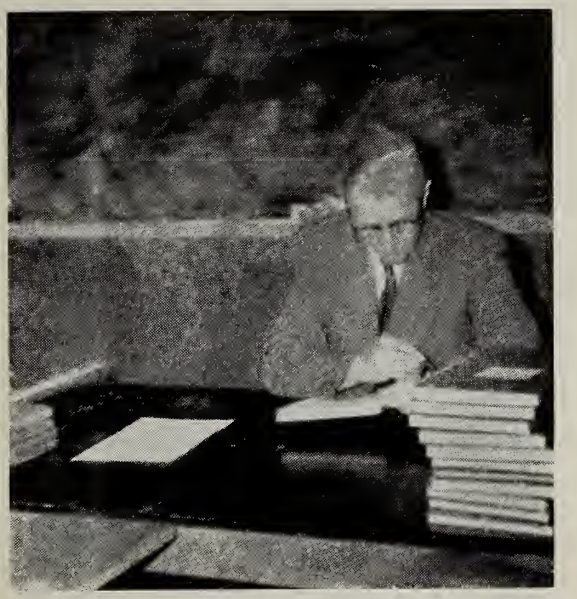
It is a privilege to extend sincere congratulations and every good wish to the graduating class.

You are going out into a world which is literally filled with opportunities. Our ever expanding economy demands an unprecedented number of university graduates and trained technicians. At the same time, due to the low birth rates of the depression, the number of potential graduates is limited.

To an older generation that knocked on company doors in search of jobs at subsistence wages, today's graduate may seem to be a security-seeking, money-minded youngster who is waiting for jobs to drop into his lap. It is indeed gratifying to hear reports to the contrary. The Opinion Research Corporation of Princeton, New Jersey, recently made a survey to find the factors which graduates considered most important in choosing employment. They found that 93 per cent listed chances for advancement as the most important integrant. 83 per cent favoured interesting work. Toward the bottom of the list were starting pay (23 per cent) and benefits (17 per cent).

The vitalizing expansion which has marked our post-war progress rests largely in our rich endowment of natural resources. Today the development of these resources has become a matter of world wide interest and a magnet to foreign capital. The vast potentials represented by the iron ore deposits at Labrador and Steep Rock, the oil fields of Alberta, the giant aluminum project at Kitimat and our vast pulp and paper industry have been heralded throughout the world.

But when we speak of opportunity let us not forget the most important factor, one which is not usually considered or given its



proper value until it has been lost. I speak of freedom. It is the birthright of every individual who is fortunate enough to live in Canada. This is the heritage of our forefathers, jealously guarded and handed down carefully from generation to generation.

Lord Acton said that there is one constant in history: the idea of liberty. But this liberty involves far more than the rights of man or the pursuit of happiness. "Indeed," said Acton, "if happiness is the end of society, then liberty is superfluous . . . Liberty is not the power of doing what we like, but the right of being able to do what we ought."

There are many things we ought to do, as Canadians. We have responsibilities that match our opportunities. I have every confidence that the graduates of 1956 are prepared to take full advantage of the opportunities and that they will not shy away from their responsibilities.

Harold S. Braun
PRINCIPAL

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

The Lakehead Technical Institute is about to die, and be 'gloriously' reincarnated as the Lakehead College of Arts, Science and Technology. The Lakehead should be proud of this educational advance. The people are proud, or so they say. Are the people of the Lakehead being hypocrites?

Sons and daughters are being sent to the big universities, rather than to the Lakehead Technical Institute. Why do not the parents actively support advanced education right at their doorsteps? Mostly pride! It sounds better today "My son is at Queen's (or University of Toronto)", than to say he went to lowly L.T.I. They have also managed to find specious excuses which hide the real cause of this hypocrisy.

Local educators recommend L.T.I. "if you can't afford to go away to university." This type of support from the secondary school level is not going to boost the enrollment at the College any more than it did at the Technical Institute. I can give no explanation of this attitude. The effect is evident, when at least ninety per cent of the university students at L.T.I. openly admit that they attended primarily because of finances.

We, as students, have failed to stand behind our school. (Exception must be made of those in technical courses, who generally exhibit more enthusiasm about the school.) We must remember that L.T.I. cannot be like the big universities which have taken nearly a hundred years to build up what are sometimes not too enviable reputations (e.g. University of Toronto's reputation for oversized classes.) It will take time for the new College to achieve great stature. For the sake of the future of the school, let your pride in it appear and mention the good points of L.T.I., and not the petty little annoyances which we must learn to accept, for they will always appear in life, and must be accepted.

As one student stated, we are guinea pigs in the formation of a new college. Let us think of the resulting improvements to be brought about for our successors, and not of the easily overcome handicaps imposed upon us.

Admittedly, this charitable attitude is sometimes hard to sustain when someone asks us what we are doing this year. The answer that we are going to the L.T.I. is greeted with this comment. "What are you doing there? I thought you graduated from Grade XIII last year." Thus, it is plain that the local populace must be informed, not of what we shall have in twenty years, but of what we have now.

Without support from students, parents, educators and the population in general, the Lakehead College of Arts, Science and Technology will suffer a quick death in spite of the efforts of an enthusiastic Advisory Committee and a tireless Principal.

G. Wayne Brown

PRESIDENT

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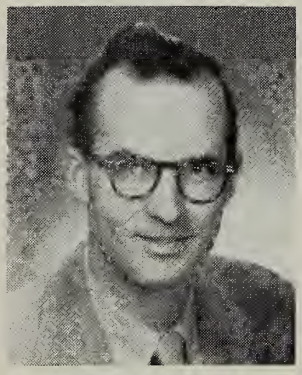

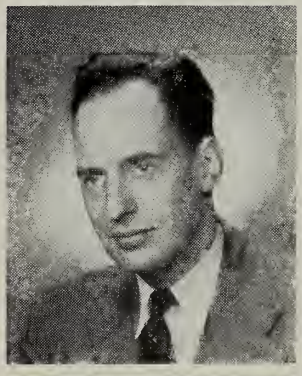

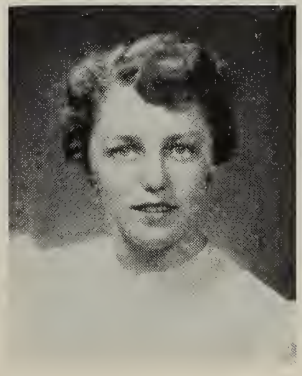

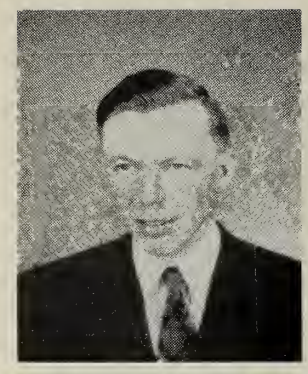

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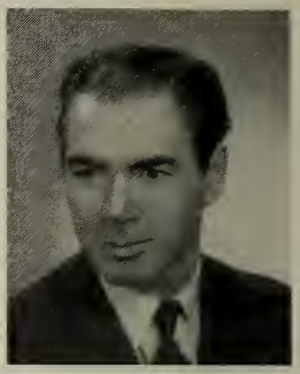

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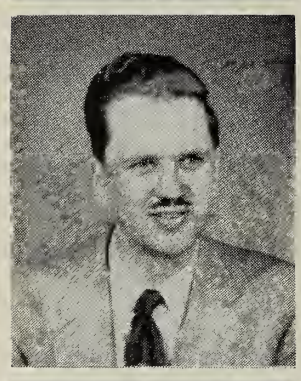

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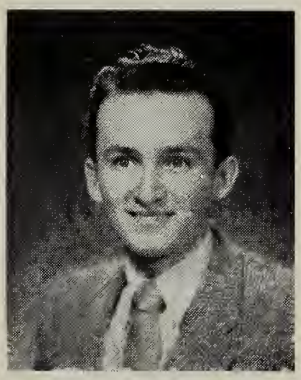

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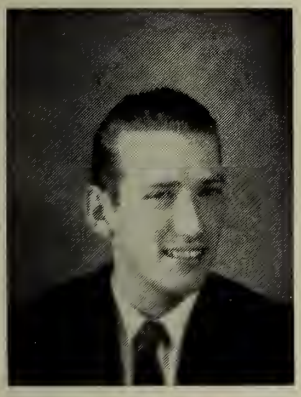

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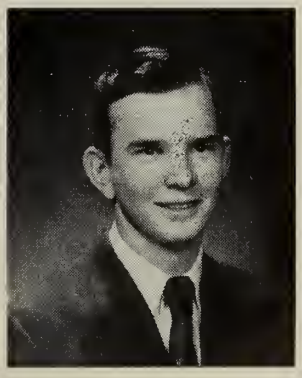

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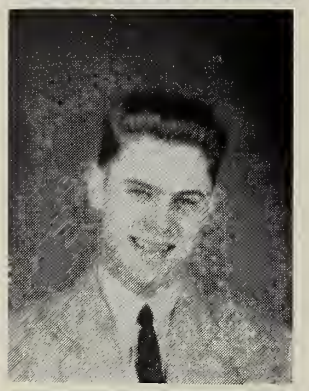

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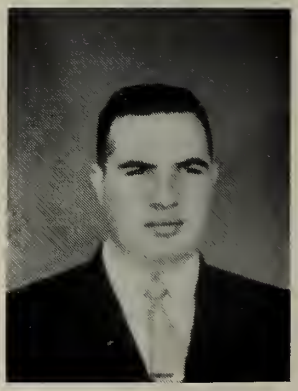

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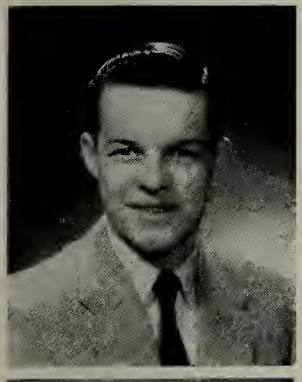

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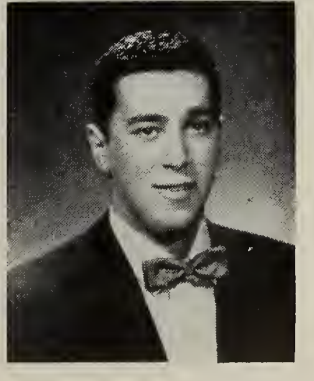

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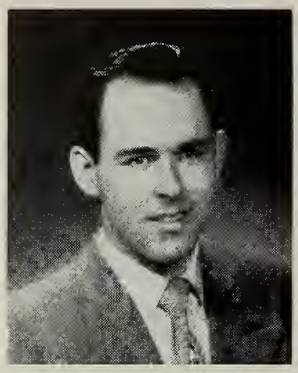

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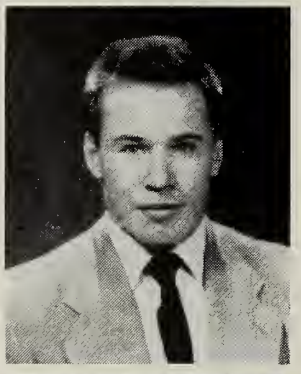

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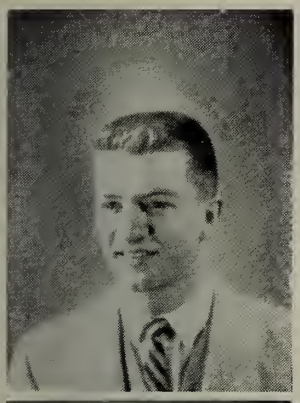

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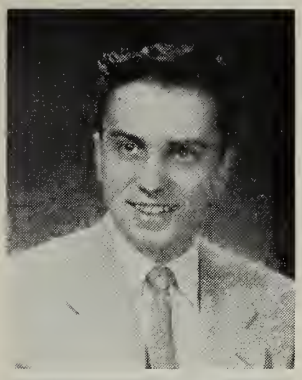

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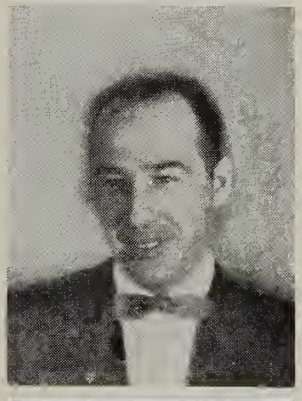

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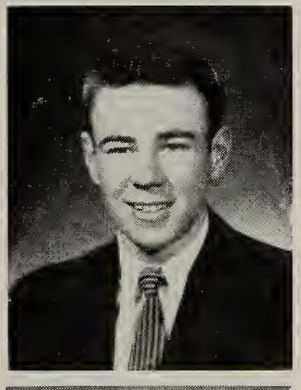

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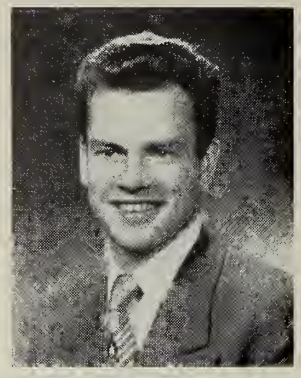

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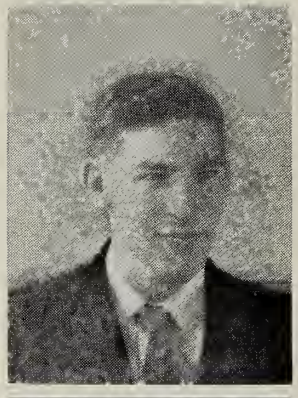

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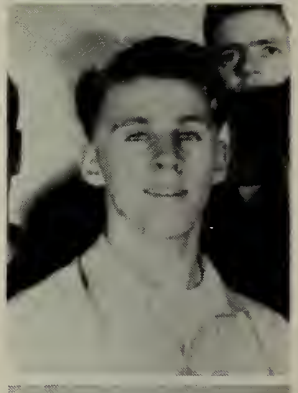

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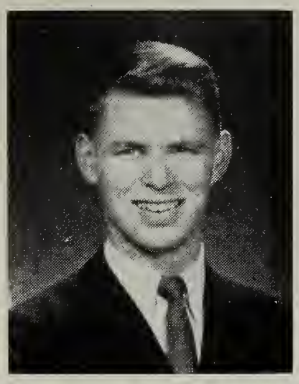
CURLING

Ronald Miki
Applied Science
FORT WILLIAM
BASKETBALL, CURLING, M.A.S.

William Miller
Technical Mining II
FORT WILLIAM
CURLING, PRECAMBRIAN CLUB

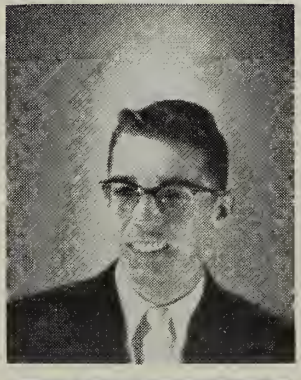


James Mitchell
Commerce
PORT ARTHUR
HOCKEY, CURLING, S.A.C.

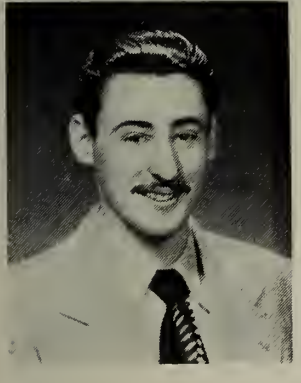
Fumio Motomura
Arts
NIPIGON
CURLING, HOCKEY

Robert Nash
Applied Science
PORT ARTHUR
CURLING, YEARBOOK

Slawko Nowytski
Applied Science
FORT WILLIAM
CURLING, BASKETBALL



Roger Page
Arts
PORT ARTHUR
CURLING



Harold Peacock
Technical Forestry II
CALLANDER
CURLING

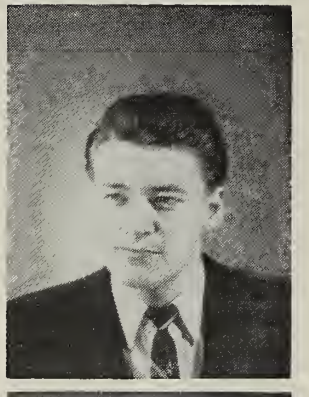
John Peacock
Technical Forestry I
CALLANDER
CURLING

Douglas Rhind
Arts
DRYDEN
CURLING

Olavi Ristanen
Applied Science
PORT ARTHUR
CURLING

Oreste Sideris
Applied Science
FORT WILLIAM
CURLING, BASKETBALL

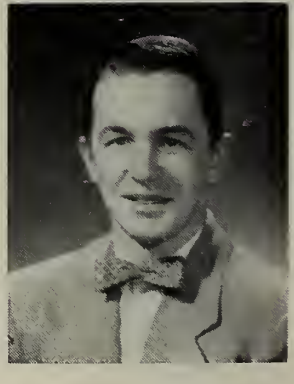
Anthony Van Amelsfoot
Technical Forestry I
PORT ARTHUR
CURLING



William Vanstone
Technical Forestry I
TORONTO
CURLING

David Vickers
Applied Science
PORT ARTHUR
CURLING

Bernard Waatainen
Technical Forestry I
PORT ARTHUR
CURLING, HOCKEY



Robert Vinton Weldon
Applied Science
PORT ARTHUR
CURLING

Louise Pritchard
Technical Chemistry I
PORT ARTHUR
CURLING, S.A.C.

Gerald Wayne Peterson
Applied Science
PORT ARTHUR
CURLING

George Johnstone
Applied Science
GANANOQUE
CURLING

THE *Convocation* 1955

At the close of the seventh session, the Lakehead Technical Institute presented its annual convocation on May 9, 1955 in the Fort William Collegiate.

The ceremonies opened with "O Canada." The Reverend James H. Hinchliffe delivered the invocation. The address of welcome was given by the Principal, Mr. Harold S. Braun.

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

Mr. R. J. Flatt, Chairman of the Advisory Committee, introduced the guest speaker, Mr. Gordon P. Dalzell, M.A., B. Paed., Principal of Fort William Collegiate.

After the address to the graduates, scholarships, trophies and awards were presented. The convocation closed with "God Save the Queen."

SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES

Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario Scholarship
Presented to Daniel Moziar by Mr. D. I. Nattress

City of Fort William Scholarship
Presented to George Reguly by His Worship, Mayor Badanai

City of Port Arthur Scholarship
Presented to Arnold Koivu by His Worship, Mayor Robinson

Marathon Paper Mills of Canada Limited Scholarship
Presented to Kenneth Alexander by Mr. P. V. LeMay

Northwestern Ontario Timber Operators' Association Scholarship
Presented to Harold Peacock by Mr. H. H. Styffe

J. P. Bickell Foundation Scholarship in Mining
Presented to Clarence Kustra by Dr. P. Spence

University of Toronto Alumni Scholarship, Lakehead Branch
Presented to Daniel Moziar by Mr. Jack Kirkup

Jessie Mackey Memorial Scholarship
Presented to Miss Lorena Staples by Mr. E. M. Jellett

Principal's Prizes in Forestry and Mining
Presented to Donald Gildner (Forestry) and Kenneth Craig (Mining)

Prize in History
Presented to Mykola Krenta by Mr. J. P. Bertrand

Prize in French
Presented to Miss C. Cameron by Mr. R. S. Young

Canadian Legion B.E.S.L. Fort William Branch Scholarship
Presented to Robert Chambers by Mr. J. Carell

National Council of Jewish Women Scholarship
Presented to Miss Lorena Staples by Mrs. David Stitt

Faculty Prizes for the best literary contributions to the Yearbook
Presented to Gordon Murray and Carl Anderson by Mr. D. M. Fisher

Poulin Memorial Trophy
Presented to John Beedell by Mr. W. G. Tamblyn

Don Clark Cup and Athletic Awards
Presented to Dave Burrows and Grant Mills by Mr. D. C. Clark

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ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF MINES

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H. G. Rickaby,
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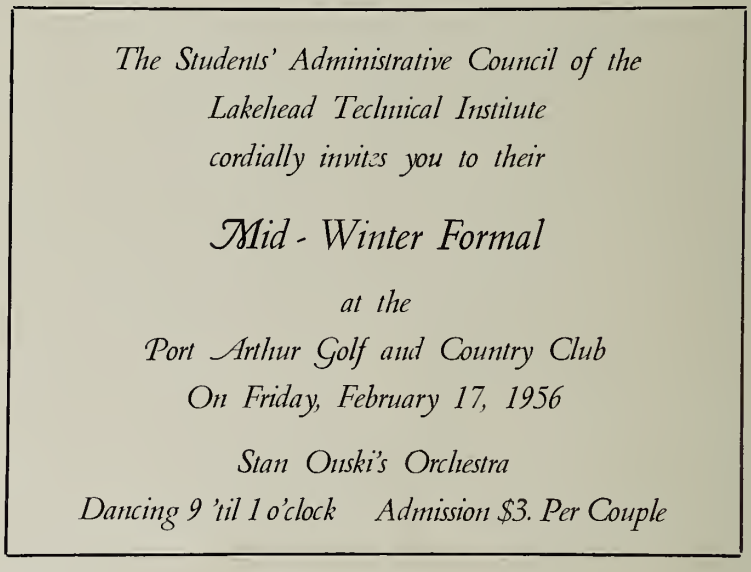
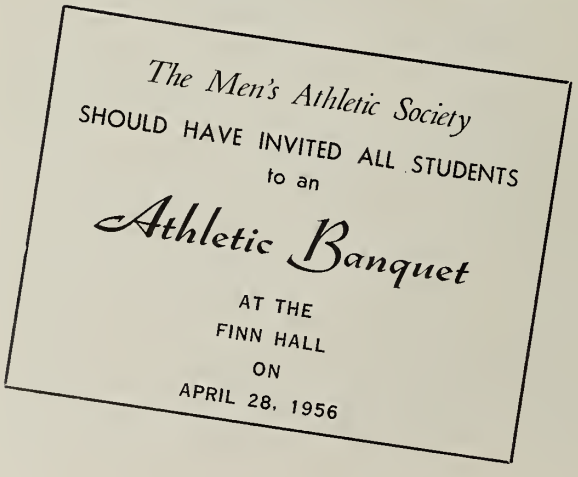
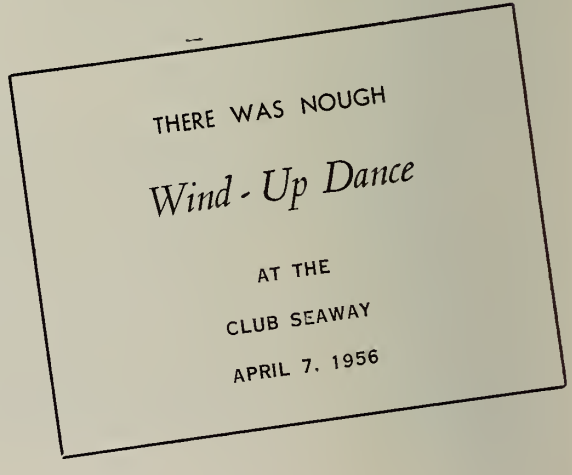
The Lakehead Technical Institute
wishes to announce the annual
Fall Dance
AT THE
FLAMINGO CLUB
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1955
DANCING 9 TO 1

The S. A. C.
invites the student body
To The Post - Christmas
Party
JANUARY 6, 1956
AT
THE FLAMINGO CLUB
DANCING 9 TO 1


The Students' Administrative Council of the
Lakehead Technical Institute
cordially invites you to their
Mid - Winter Formal
at the
Port Arthur Golf and Country Club
On Friday, February 17, 1956
Stan Oiiski's Orchestra
Dancing 9 'til 1 o'clock Admission $3. Per Couple


The Men's Athletic Society
SHOULD HAVE INVITED ALL STUDENTS
to an
Athletic Banquet
AT THE
FINN HALL
ON
APRIL 28, 1956


THERE WAS NOUGH
Wind - Up Dance
AT THE
CLUB SEAWAY
APRIL 7, 1956

THE | *Sports* SECTION

THE D. C. CLARK TROPHY
PRESENTED BY THE
MEN'S ATHLETIC SOCIETY
TO THE
OUTSTANDING ATHLETE OF THE YEAR

Here's What I Think

E. Faris

(For the purpose of not having to write about Queen Victoria).

What has been done cannot be undone. Because organized athletic and social activities are an integral part of the university life which is rightfully ours, their inadequacy at Lakehead Tech has been our misfortune. However, we will not exhibit remorse and cry in our beer, nor will we submit a vehenent remonstrance to the gods for our fate. We will try, rather, to undertake to remedy the sad situation for future students of the Lakehead College of Arts, Science and Technology.

Because man is, by nature, gregarious, it is only natural that we discuss a better mode for infusing life into our social doings. When first we arrive, wet behind the ears from high school, we are met with an assortment of new faces and friendships. These friendships, however, are not always spontaneous, and it is this fact that leads to difficulties in electing the S.A.C. It is generally supposed that once the S.A.C. has been elected, parties will be held and everything will roll along smoothly thence forth. But how can you elect the best from a few known students? Therefore, within the first week of school a very informal outing

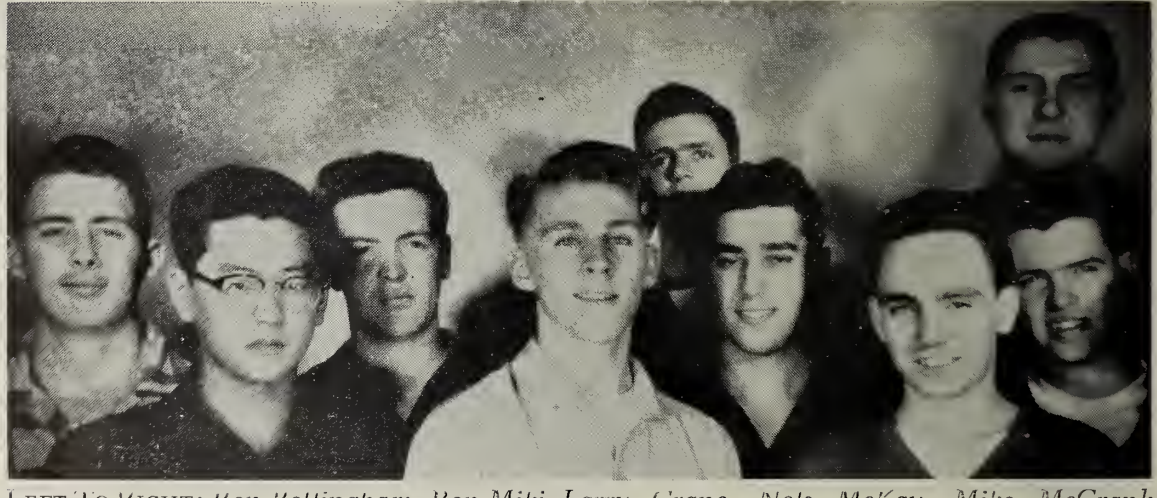
(Continued on Page 31)

First Row: *Jim Mitchell, Carl Anderson, Oreste Sideris, R. Page, Bernard Waatainen, Ken Alexander, Slawko Nowytski, Stan Beckett.*

Second Row: *Ron Miki, Dave Elliott, Don Baldston, Jim Aitken, Ray Hrkac, Louise Pritchard, Fumio Motomura.*

Third Row: *Nels McKay, John Farrow, Larry Kwasny, Corine Hamlin, Jim Hicks, Don Henderson, Larry Crane, Tom McAuliffe.*

BASKETBALL



Left To Right: *Ron Bellingham, Ron Miki, Larry Crane, Nels McKay, Mike McCrank Eugene Faris, Lawrence Kwasny, Oreste Sideris, Dave Elliott.*

CURLING

First Row: *George Johnson, Onni Jacobson, Wayne Brown, Bob Nash, H. S. Braun, C. J. Campbell, J. A. Haggerty, T. B. Miller.*

Second Row: *Ray Hartviksen, Mary Lou Hardy, Lucien Forcien, Olavi Ristanen, Clarence Kustra, Dennis Gollinger, Ted Christianson.*

Third Row: *Vint Weldon, Bruce Antonen, Garry Crane, Nels McKay, Mike McCrank, Carl Dahl, Sheila McKessock, Doug Rhind.*

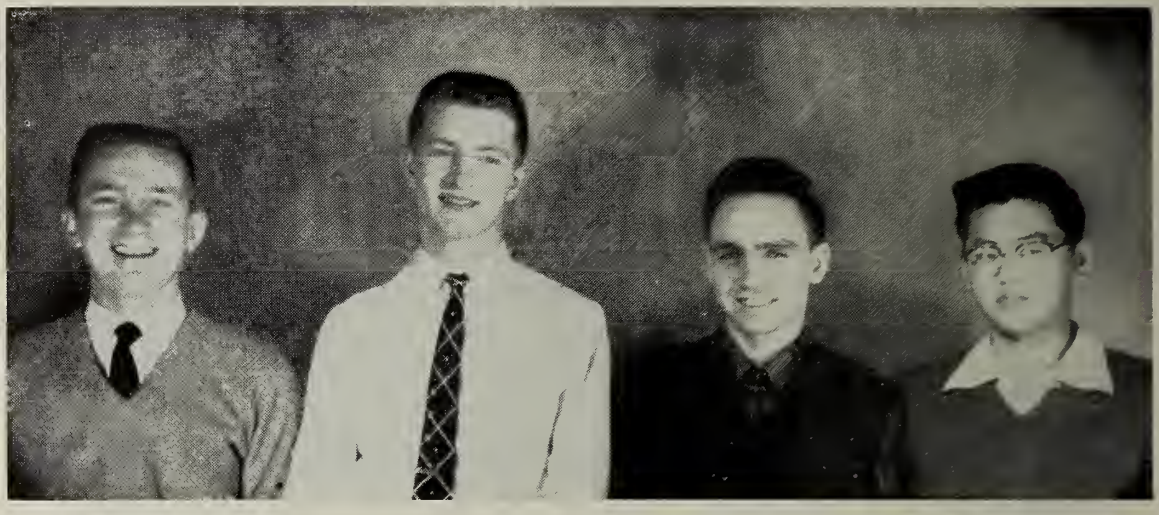
HERE'S WHAT I THINK

(Continued from Page 29)

should be held. It could be a bowling party or a stag. Since the boys sadly outnumber the girls, the latter type of party would probably be very successful. The opening gathering is very important because its success will definitely insure the success of the future ones.

But who is going to organize it? Could not the staff? In that way we could meet both the staff and the students, killing two birds with one machine gun. Following this, a party could be held after the induction of the S.A.C. and at Christmas. One might be held in the middle of January, followed by a formal and a graduation dance. A stag should be held during the final two week survey school for all still confined.

Men's Athletic Society Executive



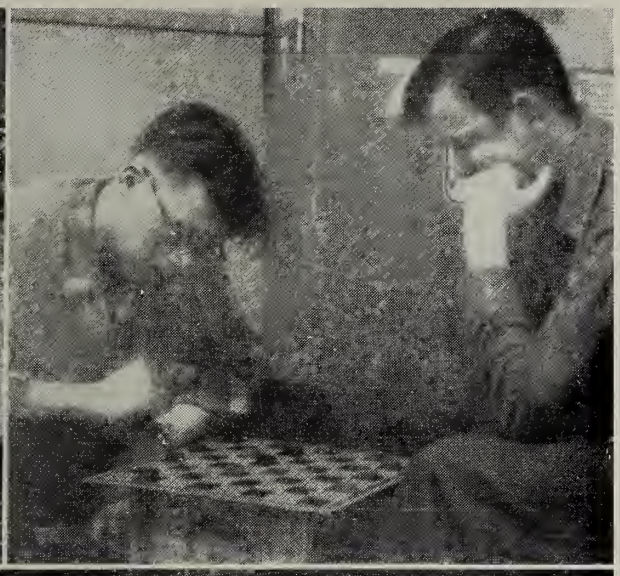
Left To Right: *Doug Crane, Don Henderson, Lawrence Kwasny, Ron Miki.*

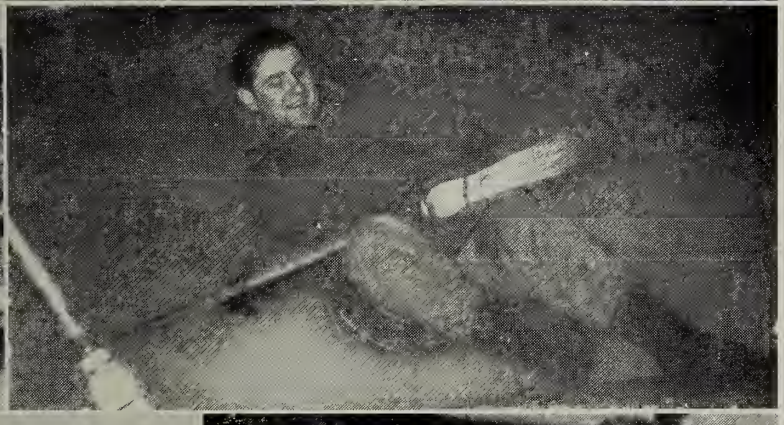
The Student's Administrative Council

Top Row: *Larry Crane, Jim Mitchell, John Farow, Ken Alexander.*

Bottom Row: *Clarence Kustra, Louise Pritchard, Wayne Brown, president, Mary Lou Hardy.*

Missing: *Eugene Faris, Lawrence Kwasny.*





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DEPARTMENT OF LANDS AND FORESTS

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Young Canadians, graduating from High School this year, have a wonderful opportunity to go on to exciting careers in the Navy, Army or Air Force. Through the Regular Officer Training Plan (ROTP) qualified applicants can obtain a college education, military training, and ultimately the Queen's Commission . . . all under the sponsorship of the Department of National Defence.

On acceptance, applicants become Officer Cadets and attend one of the three Services Colleges . . . Royal Military College, Royal Roads, Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean . . . or a designated Canadian University. During the summer they train with their chosen Service.

Officer Cadets receive ROTP rates of pay throughout their training. At the Services Colleges, quarters, food and all necessary equipment are provided. Cadets at Universities receive allowances for food and lodging, tuition, books and instruments.

For full information write to:

Regular Officer Training Plan Selection Board,
National Defence Headquarters, Ottawa, or:—
Registrar, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont., or
Registrar, Royal Roads, Victoria, B.C., or
Registrar, Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean, Saint-Jean, P.Q., or
The nearest Navy, Army or Air Force Recruiting Station

To be eligible: applicants must have Senior Matriculation or equivalent. In addition, a limited number of Junior Matriculants will be accepted at Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean for a special preparatory year to bring them to Senior Matriculation standard. Age limits for Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean are 16 to 20, for all others 16 to 21 on 1st January of year of entrance. Applicants must be single, physically fit and able to meet officer selection standards.

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Fort William Port Arthur

A Letter To Ivan

Mr. P. H. Hennessy

Editor's Note:

The Nor'Wester is pleased to print, as guest article, the 1955 prize NATO Essay by Mr. P. H. Hennessy, a history teacher at the Port Arthur Collegiate. NATO awarded Mr. Hennessy a trip to Paris for placing first in the competition.

Dear Comrade Ivan:

In this letter, I hope to clear up some confusion. As so many others have said, it's lack of understanding that causes much of our international tension.

The greeting of this letter may be taken as an example. There was a time among us when describing someone as "Comrade So-and-so" indicated brotherly affection and complete understanding. Because of what it suggested, you Communists adopted it as a title which could never in your view, be surpassed in dignity by any other. Nowadays, because we disagree in a very fundamental way with Communist philosophy and practice, we look with quick suspicion on someone in our midst who speaks of "Comrade So-and-so." It's unreasonable and confusing, isn't it?

Another area of constant confusion is around the word democracy. If my country should find itself at war with yours next week or next year, we would both be fighting "for democracy." That aspect of the war would be absurd. The word democracy comes from the Greek, "demos," meaning people, as you likely know, and refers to the kind of government that worked with some success in Athens from about 500 to 400 B.C. Under that system, all the free men of that little state actively participated in government. For want of a better word, democracy came into use again in the nineteenth century to describe the societies where all men (and later women) got the right to pass judgment on the government at election time. The working people who form a larger group than any other in modern society, came to believe, because of the benefits it bestowed, that democracy was good. Because the word is held in such high esteem among ordinary folk it has been adopted as a halo to put around systems that are often basically different from each other. I hope you will agree with me from this that you Communists haven't any better claim to the word democracy than we and that we only befog our thinking about each other when we use the term to defend one system or the other.

Mentioning defence of a system brings me to the area of confusion which prompted this letter in the first place. One of the most repeated cries from the Communist world is that the North Atlantic Treaty Organization is another item in the programme of capitalist encirclement and strangulation begun in 1918. Now, it was no secret in 1919-20 that many Western powers were hoping for the collapse of the Russian Revolution, simply because it was proclaimed as the first of a series of revolts that would sweep free enterprise from the face of the earth. And it was no part of an evil conspiracy that the major powers hesitated for many years to recognize the Soviet Union; rather, I would call it a wait-and-see position until there was some clear evidence that the Soviet Union was prepared to act according to accepted international standards. By 1934, the USSR was enjoying diplomatic relations with most nations, was trading around the globe, was a member of the League of Nations, and was employing hundreds of engineers and technicians from abroad. There was wide belief that Stalin

and his advisors were not actively promoting international revolution. This view was confirmed in many minds during World War II when Stalin often spoke with Churchill and Roosevelt about carrying forward the alliance in the United Nations for the solution of all kinds of world problems. Then came 1945 and the post-war letdown.

It was understandable that the Soviet Union should do all in its power to bring about the establishment of governments sympathetic to her in neighbouring states. Nor was it surprising that many people in these nations should look on Communism with admiration and hope after hundreds of years of oppression and the recent horrible Nazi experience. But this, we felt, could never justify the open violation, in 1946, of the Yalta agreement which provided for free elections in Poland. And the kind of pressure, in 1948, that caused President Benes of Czechoslovakia to put Communists, who were holding a minority of the seats in Parliament in charge of that government and Jan Masaryk to jump to his death in despair, caused a wave of revulsion and fear from Vienna to Vancouver. Was this development in defence of the USSR? If not, then it had to be regarded as part of a programme of expansion. What were its limits? We learned in that same year (1948) that it was Stalin's intention to force Berlin to give up its uncertain connections with the British, French, and American sectors of Germany when a strangling blockade was imposed on the movement of goods to that city from the Western sectors. The American airlift defeated the blockade and brought home to millions of Western minds the urgent necessity of action to check further Communist expansion. It wasn't enough for the U.S.A. to pour billions of dollars (the Marshall plan) into European nations to rebuild industry and agriculture. More than that was needed to restore faith in the free enterprise system among Italian, Frenchmen, Belgians, Englishmen and so forth. They had to be persuaded that the Americans were interested in something more than making Europe a market for American surpluses. They had to be shown that North America was prepared to fight, if necessary, to defend the traditions of these nations which had sent so many millions to our shores during the past two hundred years. That is where the North Atlantic Treaty came in.

"We all belong to the same culture. We would all prefer to lose our lives rather than lose our freedom." That is a quotation from a speech made by Mr. Bjarni Benediktsson of Iceland at the time of treaty signing in April, 1949. I chose Mr. Benediktsson's remark deliberately. What possible reason could Iceland, an independent republic since 1944, have for joining a capitalist scheme to destroy Communism? Even if there were no such plot, why wouldn't Iceland choose neutrality? Iceland has shown its independence by refusing a pact with the U.S. to allow the latter to retain their war-time air bases in that country. Granting that the citadel of free enterprise capitalism is the U.S. and Canada, what could prompt this little nation to join an alliance of the kind proposed? The same question could be asked with reference to Norway, Denmark, or the Netherlands. The answer must lie in Mr. Benediktsson's statement. I don't have to tell you about the scores of divisions of soldiers, the thousands of planes, and the hundreds of ships that have been amassed under the North Atlantic Treaty Organization since 1949. You have undoubtedly heard plenty about that. I would prefer to pursue the line of thought started by Mr. Benediktsson.

First of all, it must be admitted that not all the peoples in the Organization have the same culture and the same degree of freedom. Moslem Turkey, only recently shaken loose from the dead hand of feudalism and religious reaction, cannot easily be compared with the Netherlands, that enterprising land of merchants, ship-builders, and independent farmers. Nor is authoritarian Portugal much like Norway with its tradi-

tion of individualism. But back of all the flaws and difference within the ranks of the NATO nations, there are strong links holding them together. For example, all these governments assume that the best method and distribution is one based on private enterprise and open competition in the market. It is the government's job to make the rules according to the situation, to assist in improving and enlarging the market at home and abroad (NATO gives constant attention to problems of trade and production), and to help the unfortunate citizen by various means to get back on his feet. But governments, we feel, should never take over production, simply because that would be usurping a field honourably held for centuries by individual citizens.

You may scoff at that reasoning but it takes us right back to Mr. Benediktsson of Iceland. Just as surely as the sleek automobiles passing my window or the dress fashions of Paris are the product of unrestricted individuals seeking to create and serve public taste, so were the stories of Charles Dickens written for the same purpose. Hugo, Balzac, Shakespeare, Grieg, Twain, Rossini, Longfellow, Rousseau, Burns (one could go on monotonously), these men did not serve any ambitious public cause decreed by the wise men of the State. They served their desire to create and to please subject to standards set by their own consciences. Such free men have created our culture and it is worth defending.

Freedom means more, of course, than the right to create roller skates or poems without governmental restriction. To most people in the NATO countries (and in many others besides), it is closely related to belief in God. If we accept that every man has a soul or, if you prefer, an inherited spirit with deep roots in the past, then we must recognize that there is intangible dignity in every man. No person, alone or in a group, can be used by another simply as a means to an end. Every man, we believe, has a right to respect and protection as he goes about the business of living, providing his acts do not do clear damage to his fellows. Even if you do not believe in God, I think you will go along with me on the worth of every individual. After all, it might be you who will be singled out to be chewed up in the jaws of the collective plan.

In conclusion, I should like to point briefly to a few institutions of my country, Canada, which protect my freedom and which, therefore, are worth defending. As a result of a struggle against despotic rulers that started in England nearly 800 years ago, we have trial by jury. That is, we may not be sentenced on a criminal charge until a jury of our fellow citizens has determined our guilt from evidence properly presented. Privacy of our persons and property is protected by the custom requiring a warrant for arrest or search. Every citizen over twenty-one has the right to vote for the candidate of his choice in national or provincial elections. There are no restrictions on political parties as is indicated by the fact that a communist party, a moderate socialist party and others put forward candidates along with the free enterprise parties. Our laws and courts protect our right to freedom of speech, religion, and assembly, — not only in theory but in fact on many occasions. But just as I feared, my words are more boastful and sermonizing than convincing, so I shall stop.

I am glad Canada belongs to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization because we ". . . . . would all prefer to lose our lives than lose our freedom."

Sincerely,

Peter Hennessy

PROPERTY OF
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PORT ARTHUR, ONT.

Death of A Poker Player *(A Stook Game)*

K. McIsaac

We look upon a tent
Half covered up with snow;
The mercury hangs at forty,
It's very cold below.
On the out it's noisy;
A raging storm still brews.
Inside we find it quiet;
A little game ensues.

As Bill slammed down an ace
And followed with a Jack,
A smile grew on his face,
His laughter shook the shack
While not just quite so happy
But staring at the floor,
"Greasy" wiped his swollen eyes,
Then quite politely swore.

Then self control emerged,
His face rose with a grin —
Two rounds he had to go,
So sure that he could win.
The card came down — a Lady.
His face became alive
And in his quiet way
He covered eighty-five.

Then next he caught the deuce
And one more thing to do,
He did — he took the king
And slid to twenty-two.
Bill was oh so happy;
He screamed a "Haw, Haw, Haw.!"
"I'll let you bet your clothes," he said,
"Then leave you in the raw."

The room was getting quiet.
The men were getting cross
'Cause Bill had gone two rounds
Without a single loss.
And then the third — the last.
He joked, he feigned to grieve
As every man in turn
Kicked back his chair to leave.

The pot had really grown
I guess about a grand.
Greasy looked with wonder
An ace held in hand.
He sighed. Then covered all
And quivered under strain;
A two — a nine — a ten
And then a wail of pain.

He gasped awhile from shock,
Then got up from his chair.
"The little wife and kids," he thought,
"God knows I can't be fair."
He picked up a Coleman
And staggered to the shop;
In the quiet darkness
He tied a hangman's knot.

Indecision

Ray Hrkac

This is life as it plods by.
We fail to hear the warning cry.
Then we stray in our dejection,
Later haunted by reflection.

We scorn the Now;
We wait for Later,
When Later's Now
We are no greater.

Great our thoughts and good our deeds,
Like mighty knights on mighty steeds.
But thoughts and deeds, though great, kept hidden,
Will rank with steeds that can't be ridden.

Our blueprint dreams
With vapour built
Will choke the streams
Of Truth, with silt.

And yet the fools would give us mention
Solely for our good intention.
But would they speak of Socrates
For intending his philosophies?

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Sunrise

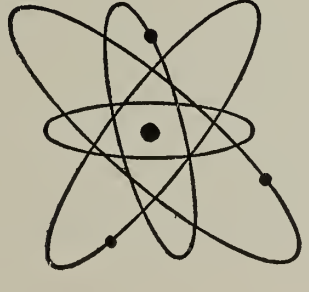
Robert Nash

The first long rays of the rising sun spread crimson fingers of light across the desert expanse, painting in bright relief the slowly moving men and machines of the tiny isolated base. Within the pink huts, skilled eyes and fingers checked endless rows of dials and switches as the silent colossus of the master computor digested and correlated the endless data.

The red light above the check-off panel flashed to action and as a button was firmly pressed home, a low reverberation crept through the loose gravel of the desert. The readings of the myriad dials and meters which had suddenly sprung to life, were quickly noted, and, with the release of the master switch, the murmur sighed and died, leaving an eerie silence, broken only as before by the movement of the busy technicians. Outside, the silence had become very intense; all the mammoth construction machines now stood in motionless rows along the perimeter of the base. Momentarily, a small door opened in the largest of the rounded huts and ten figures moved in a solemn line to a smaller structure which revealed a pale staircase down into the heart of the lifeless soil.

Then all again was quiet. The still air hung dry and motionless, seeming reluctant to show its presence in the hemisphere of deep purple which stretched from horizon to horizon, broken only by the small yellow-white orb of the sun and the faint twinklings of the stars, hanging like jewelled settings against their royal velvet backdrop, — the royal pall reminding the scattered remnants of the great race of the thinning atmosphere of their planet.

Suddenly one of the huge machines came to life and, with a soft rumble, rolled across the ruddy landscape a short distance, and, fastening to a projection in the sand, pulled still farther off, leaving in its wake a yawning black pit. Somewhere a red light flashed once more, but the angry growl from the arid rock was not the steady murmur that had answered short moments before. With a thunderous roar, a flash of metal hurtled from its underground cradle, pulling high into the rarefied air a tall crimson column of suspended dust. In a moment the sound had died, and, in the screaming silence, the dust settled in a deep mat, burying the strewn debris of the tiny camp. The only evidence of its now completed task was a bright new star in the studded sky, moving with deceptive slowness in a line toward the small green morning star on which that race had pinned its final hope.



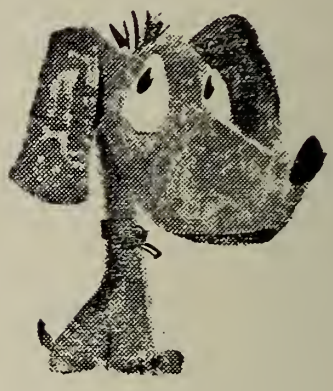
The Model Home

Bruce Antonen

"There will be no dog in this house as long as I live here! It's alright for you; you just look at him and say what a cute dog he is, but I'm saying that mutt is getting to hell out of here!" His sharp voice pierced his son's ears as he shouted through the back door and sought the seclusion of the workshop in the garage. Billy wondered why his father was so cruel.

Bill and his parents had moved into their new home last year. For a small boy it was unbearable; everything was new and clean and his father intended to keep things that way. In the old house things were different. No one cared if you messed up the lawn a little or if a magazine was left beside the sofa or your clothes were scattered about the room. Now it was the house that mattered, not the people in the house. The dog had made things different. Boy! he sure made a mess. The dog didn't care what the old man thought a house was for; he had his own ideas. Bill had hoped the dog would change things, but now everything was worse. He didn't care what his father said, he knew his mother would help him and then the dog would stay for sure.

The weeks passed and the father's dislike for the dog grew stronger until it built into a hatred and an obsession. The dog was leaving. It wasn't the dog so much; it was more of a principle. He had worked hard to save the money for a new home, a home he could be proud of, fresh and clean; and now a small black mongrel was tearing the rugs,



scratching the woodwork and making a general mess from cellar to attic. He withdrew from the family until something was done about this "man's best friend."

After the dog had been confined to the basement for a few weeks Bill's mother arranged to have her sister take it. She talked to Bill and explained to him that the dog would be happier there, he would have more freedom and enjoy himself. A dog should be free and this was certainly not the way for a dog to live.

At breakfast the next morning his father said, "I'm glad the dog is gone. The poor thing — he certainly couldn't enjoy himself here" . . . a pause . . . "No, a basement's no place to keep a dog."

A bitter resentment welled up as Bill faltered, "Yeah, . . . a basement's no place for a dog."

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Death Walked That Night

Olga A. Kopot

Tom Burns had decided to murder his wife after considering the question calmly and without anger.

The predominating factor was that in a few days he would receive twenty thousand dollars from an insurance policy. His wife was also insured for twenty thousand dollars which he would receive on her death.

On this amount he would be able to live in places like Bermuda the year 'round. With all this money he would be able to persuade the pretty young designer to go with him. His wife was getting on in years and not much good to man nor beast so he figured she was better off dead.

It must be done quickly and simply. If his wife were to pitch forward down the cellar steps and land on her head on that hard concrete . . . And it was up to him that she did.

But he must fix it so that she would fall herself without being pushed by him. That could lead to the electric chair or a term in the "pen" neither of which compared to going away with the designer and forty thousand dollars.

The cellar steps were an inch thick but he could fix the second step to look the same as the rest. Only it would be paper thin.

Of course he would be out when the 'accident' happened so as to establish an alibi. When he returned home he could find her and be all broken up about what had happened. This would be after he had replaced the one inch step and destroyed all evidence of the other one.

One evening a week she went to play bridge and didn't return till late. That was the day he set for the accident. The plan was to be carried out about a week after he had received his insurance money which he kept in a locked drawer.

On the chosen day he came home from work quickly, ate his supper, and then set to work fixing the step. Then he sat by the fire waiting for her to come in.

At 7:30 his wife came in. He said casually, so as not to arouse suspicion, "I'm going to the drug-store for cigars. I'll be back in about an hour or so."

As he was about to leave his wife he said, "You better wear your heavy coat because it's starting to snow again. It's behind the cellar door."

He walked to the cellar door and opened it but there was no coat hanging there. Suddenly he felt a push, then he lay sprawled out on the concrete floor.

His wife stood at the top of the stairs a little smile playing on her lips. She had the twenty thousand dollars he had left so conveniently in the drawer and she would also collect another twenty thousand as a result of her husband's death. Now she could spend all her time in Florida where it wasn't hard for a widow with forty thousand dollars to find a man.

There was only one thing missing. She had to go and put his coat down beside him to make her story complete.

She got the coat, went to the head of the cellar stairs, and switched on the light.

She smiled and put her weight on the second step . . .

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The Sea Mania

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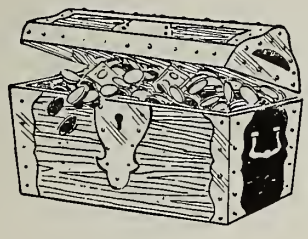

Many people today are deluded by the waves of sea-stories which roll constantly into our bookstores. Possessing an innate attraction to high adventure on the South Seas, these people find an outlet for their seafaring natures in these fascinating and bewitching stories. Indeed, the charm of these stories deprives the victims of all power to resist. Alas! poor creatures, intoxicated by the spell which has been cast over them, they are destined to come to a bad end.

I once knew one gentleman who was addicted to the sea mania. He would stand in line at 6:30 in the morning to purchase a first edition of "Soaked In Seaweed" or "Upset In The Ocean and Other Fishy Stories" and then run off in all directions to read it in solitude. He would sit for hours at home and gaze into space, barely breathing, his eyes shining, his lips parted, his limbs limp, while his children played coastguards and pirates, and his wife prepared his favourite sea-food dish. One day, on his becoming depressed over the denouement in a recent sea serial, he had taken a walk on the beach and had unconsciously fallen into a sand hole and died. For days his family mourned the loss of the "Buccaneers' Digest" which he had carried with him.

But what, one may ask, could drive men to such an end? To understand, one must conceive how these novels first attract and arouse men. On their title pages are pictured glistening frigates tossed about on dark, brooding, burning, choppy and restless, white-capped waters across gold-and-red-streaked, shadowing here and there into livid grey, sunset horizons — all this plus a caption so inviting, so suggestive as "Tugboat Annie in Distress" or "Who Pulled Out The Plug?" Who, I ask you, could resist further penetration into such a most delicious subject? Once inside, however, he has taken the plunge, and from that one faltering moment a web is strung around him effecting his predestined downfall. To warn future generations of sea-story readers, I am compelled here to expose the material behind the frontispieces.

A typical novel begins with the embarkation of one of Her Majesty's frigates from Bristol or Plymouth bound for Singapore, Saigon, or another exciting South sea port. The Captain of our frigate, the Fairmouth, is a ruddy, roudy, loudspoken and altogether surly character, vividly pictured with a black patch over his left eye, a wooden leg and a hooked hand, in true tradition of all captains of Her Majesty's frigates. In due course of the voyage, he finds as the sole survivor of a shipwreck, a young, vivacious, wind-swept, sparsely clothed beauty (the heroine) who is a victim of circumstances. But being strictly a lover of booze and not of women, he throws her from the burning embers of the scuttled ship into the strong. brawny, muscular arms of the protective, need I say dashing, hero. The latter, a hitherto carefree landlubber who took to sea to escape the draft board and that pretty little

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thing in Soho, as he holds the heroine in his arms, feels the warmth of her embrace, inhales her salty South-Sea fragrance (a combination of *Ambush* and *Tabu,* he falls helplessly in love. After a few minor skirmishes with pirate ships and a few chapters of stormy sailing through a typhon during which a good deal of the food supplies and a few barrels of the Captain's rum are washed overboard, the villain, a stowaway, emerges from under a life-raft. And a fair enough villain he is too! — receding forehead, pseudo-victorian sideburns, arched eyebrows, murderously brown eyes burning with hatred and malcontent, cruel mouth, tongue in the cheek — all partially hidden under the upturned collar of a hunched whale-skin. We watch him sulking off by himself — a cold, calculating cynic, meaning good to no one.

As the plot thickens, the fog rolls in providing an excellent opportunity for the villain to put his malicious plans into action. While the captain on the fo'c's'le is drowning himself in the last remaining barrel of rum, the villain surreptitiously pushes almost everyone over the poop-deck into the cruel sea, thereby reducing the cast to only the necessary essentials. At length, the captain is made walk the plank by a mutinous crew. The villain now takes the opportunity to confront the hero and a mighty battle ensues in which the latter manages to stab the former. At this point, however, the heroine develops a most severe hacking cough (a sure symptom of death) and expires in the arms of the hero. Eventually, the novel ends when the hero, stranded on a desert island, dies and buries himself. (I wish the authors of such novels would do the same).

Never before has so much by so few deranged the minds of so many. Is one warning sufficient? Beware! The fascination of sea stories, the sea mania, allures men as the Lorelei and results only in their final, utter destruction.

Mirage

Slawko Nowytski

It was a hot afternoon in New York harbor. The lazy waves lapped the sides of the gently swaying patrol boats and the sailors on them abandoned themselves to the rocking, despite the fact that the First Great War was raging in Europe. This is why the German U-boat had no trouble sneaking into the lifeless bay. Cautiously the captain positioned the periscope and took a peek. What he saw was enough to precipitate him back to his homeland and to rush to the nearest physician: The entire Manhattan sky line was languidly hovering upside down in the air above itself.

On April 11, 1916, a major battle between the Turks and the British in Mesopotamia was finally terminated because a persistent floating landscape came between the adversaries. The headquarters received the oddest dispatch ever written: "The fighting had to be temporarily suspended owing to a mirage."

Yes, all these strange phenomena are attributed to a thing called mirage. Even that simple "water on the road" phenomenon that you see on a dry, paved highway on a hot day is also a mirage. At night the same thing causes the appearance of four headlights of an approaching car instead of two. In the American southern deserts motorists often experience the eerie sensation of riding on a movable island, completely surrounded by sparkling water.

From the earliest days mirage was attributed to ghosts and witches. In 1798 Napoleon had entered Egypt where his troops were being panicked by various apparitions which were finally explained scientifically by one of Napoleon's physicists, Gaspard Monge, who named the phenomena "mirages" after the Latin word "mirare" — "to look at" and the French "se mirer".

Mirages occur most frequently in regions where a notable difference in temperature exists between the surface and the air, that is, where densities of portions of the atmosphere are more strongly marked. Consider a non-existing oasis, a common desert mirage which a traveller might see in the desert. Now if our lonely traveller, in addition to the above mentioned sight, perceives a beautiful maiden balancing a tray on which reposes a tall glass containing some ice cubes, submerged in a sparkling beverage, adorned with a single cherry and a split lemon slice on its edge, you may be sure that the poor soul has strayed too far. He is suffering from hallucination — and thirst. No, this vision can not properly be called a mirage without first eliminating all the refreshing trimmings, along with the nymph. The sight is a pool of water with a few palm trees, and here is the explanation.

The law of refraction states that light entering obliquely successively denser layers of atmosphere, is bent toward the normal (perpendicular to the earth's surface). Similarly, rays reflected from an object (the palm tree), entering successively lighter layers of air which has been warmed by the hot ground, are curved concave upward. Different rays from the object reach the observer by different curved paths, which cause the tree to be seen upside down. More

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over, it appears to lie along the course of a straight line, in the direction from which the eye receives these rays, and so the palm tree is imagined to be a reflection in the "water". The water, actually, is the virtual image of the sky, however, inasmuch as human experience does not include seeing the "sky" lying on the ground, the mind interprets this apparition as water. The effect is heightened by the accompanying shimmering and the inverted image.

Common in the northern seas is a mirage which is produced by light rays being bent downward. Often sailors have been fooled by sudden apparition of rocks in open oceans, or by a ship steaming by, upside down on a cloud. This spectacle alone is enough to send the uninitiated to the home for the mentally deranged, or to cure the worst alcoholic. For a real thriller I recommend to you the "Phantom City", a sea mirage appearing between June 21st and July 11th over the glacier of Mount St. Elia in Alaska.

One interesting type of mirage common in the Strait of Messina, between Italy and Sicily, is the "Feta Morgana". It is caused by a system of air strata having decreasingly dense air, both above and below a dense stratum, which forms a sort of meteorological lens through which objects appear magnified in a vertical direction. At times an enlarged shoreline can be seen spread out on clouds which are seriously competing with the best cinemascope screens. Speaking of cinemascope, the movie industry has recently released an Arthurian film featuring the fair lady Morgan the Fay, king Arthur's legendary sister who is credited with the occult apparition bearing her name.

Another type of mirage, "looming", is produced where there exists a sort of cross-stratification of density so that objects are distorted vertically as well as horizontally. This type of mirage is observed over cold oceans, particularly in foggy, misty weather. The sun has heated the upper air and the sea has cooled the lower air, then the whole is underlaid by warm air coming from some region of changed weather. The most widely known sea mirage of this type is the "Flying Dutchman" which even achieved grand opera in Wagner's "Der Fliegende Hollander." Competing with the "Flying Dutchman" for first place in the hall of fame of mirages as well as in the opera, is the "Spectre of Brocken" in the Brocken (Blocksberg) mountains in what used to be Prussian Saxony. An enormous magnified image of the mountain climber is projected upon a cloud bank when the sun is low. Accompanied by halos, the misty image reproduces every movement of the observer. This phenomenon was first observed in the year 1780 and since that time a traditional pageant has been enacted yearly on Walpurgis night on the eve of the first of May. The "Brocken Scene" is a fascinating one in both versions of Goethe's opera "Faust".

The greatest mirage centre in the United States is the Great Basin stretching between the Utah salt flats and the Death Valley. Whole mountain ranges can sometimes be seen on the flats near Salt Lake City. An interesting mirage is occurring periodically in Hado Flats between El Paso and Tuscon, Arizona. An actual ten mile long lake stretches along the railway tracks in the Wintertime. In the Summertime, however, the lake dries out and the baked floor serves as an ideal reflector. The languid train passengers are delighted with the refreshing view of the chimerical lake in whose "cool waters" only reflections of the lofty mountain range are privileged to bathe. One Summer afternoon the puzzled passengers could see another object on the "lake" — the wreckage of a hydroplane.

All these are examples of what Nature can do, of how she can fool the wisest and defeat the hardiest. Her greatest joke on man, however, was the case of the disappearing land in the Arctic. A $300,000 American Museum of Natural History Arc-

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tic expedition was undertaken in 1913 to map "Crocker Land", discovered by the explorer Robert Peary, and supposedly lying north of Baffin Land. Wilkes, the famous Antarctic explorer was in charge of the party. Although the land had siddled a couple of hundred miles to the west since Peary had spotted it, it was found, and the expedition finally set foot on the mystery land. Day in and day out the hardy explorers were surveying the surrounding mountainous region, but every day their instruments were reading different values for the same location. It was naturally concluded that the transits were "haywire." The party carried on the best they could, using myriad of formulae to offset the errors, until one day their troubles were over. The dream ended when the sun went down and the bewildered men found themselves on a large, flat ice floe, the victims of the greatest practical joke of all time.

A Sight So Touching in Its Majesty

David Elliott

The centre of all student enterprise, the very heart of the extra-curricular activities of the Lakehead Technical Institute is one small insignificant room. I feel safe in saying that more students spend more time in this one room than in any other place on the campus or in the school. Never have I seen such wisdom interchanged in a classroom. And if you should ask any of the alumni of Lakehead Technical about his Alma Mater, he will probably reminisce nostalgically about this one room. THIS IS THE COMMON ROOM!

Now the Lakehead Technical Institute is surrounded by a vast campus containing almost every recreational outlet any student could desire. A short distance to the west lies the skating rink, and not too far away to the north the curling rink. You have only to open the front door of the school and run a few steps east to be on the shore of Lake Superior with its clear, blue water. To the south, but still only a few minutes' walk, downtown Port Arthur beckons with its shows, restaurants, and other interesting places. Still the common room is never empty.

I first approached the common room on a beautiful, warm sunny afternoon. It was a perfect day to be outside, but I had heard I could get a coke there. I could not help noticing that the door was shut tightly, and covered by a blind, as was the window. This lent an aura of mystery to the place.

As soon as I opened the door I was greeted with that now familiar, "Shut the door!" As I entered cautiously, I saw a group just inside the door huddled around the bottom part of a broken easy chair, sitting on anything that could be found from the top of the easy chair to pop cases. It was not hard to tell that they were playing cards, since the entire table was one big mess of cards and coins. I couldn't figure out what the game was but an occasional loud shout indicated it was a sharply contested one.

The main attraction was a regulation ping-pong table in the middle of the room. The table was lit by the electric lights above whose beams filtered down through the smoky haze and were absorbed in the dull green finish of the table. To insure that no ray of sunlight enter the room and create the hazard of a glare drastic measures had been taken. On one window, where the blind was a little short, a pop case, precariously supported by a chair had been used to do a complete job — no doubt the work of some enterprising engineer. Another space had been artistically covered with a strip of black velvet.

Many of the students were eating their lunches, although this didn't stop them from their exertions. The ping-pong game

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was delayed continually while one or another of the contestants grabbed another sandwich.

A large number of balls of paper on the floor, close to the wastepaper basket indicated that there were quite a few frustrated basketball players in the place.

Snatches of philosophical conversations drifted on the air.

". . . off two cushions into the corner. If it wasn't for the roll . . . "

". . . . one more game and I have to get back to my Phys. Lab . . . "

". . . . not Friday, boys — the wife would get hot . . . "

When I had finally bought two pennies for a nickel, I made my way around the card table to my original destination, the coke machine, and placed my seven cents in it. After staring sadly at the empty space I had drawn instead of the coke I had paid for, I started to leave. A few fellows standing close by rehashing old ping-pong games informed me that one had to hit the jack-pot to get a coke from that machine. I noticed a beady-eyed individual watching me, and as I moved away from the machine he approached it, deposited two cents, said the magic words, and went back into the shadows, gloating over the coke which I had unwittingly paid for. The strains of the Western Jamboree blotted out my protest, and so I left, discouraged.

I couldn't help being aware of how small and quiet and unassuming the room appeared from the outside, and yet what a large crowd was inside, and in what widely diversified activities they were absorbed.

But I found myself returning to this little room time and time again. I have come to enjoy the feeling of power I get when I hold a ping-pong bat poised for the kill. I find the conversation stimulating and the card games relaxing. I even manage to get the occasional coke, although not for two cents yet.

What Science Fiction Needs is a C. D. Howe

R. V. Weldon

Science fiction is the youngest form of written fiction. It is a direct consequence of the machine age and appeared previously only as a form of fantasy and not as science fiction as the term now is understood.

Science fiction, as well as being the newest form of fiction, or perhaps because it is the newest form of fiction, has become one of the most controversial of literary topics. Like anything new, it has more critics than champions. It is usually disclaimed as being fantastic nonsense, having no background of facts and nothing comparable in real life. Many critics do not even class it in a definite category of fiction but rather discard it completely as worthless trash.

An intelligent critic however, must realize that science fiction presents new and boundless fields of endeavour. Like any other form of fiction, of course, there is much of it that well deserves the name of trash; but science fiction also has its classics, which are comparable in quality to those in any other branch of fictional writing. Stories such as *"War of the Worlds"*, *"When Worlds Collide"* and *"The Time Machine"* must be classed as excellent pieces of writing.

Authors of science fiction also come under a great barrage of criticism. Most people treat them as little short of imbeciles for wasting their time writing fantastic nonsense. It must be realized that a science fiction writer must have more imagination than any other type of author. The science fictionist has no background of history and actual experience to call upon to provide authenticity and colour to his stories. Everything he writes must come from his own thoughts and be presented in a form which is logical and clear. For these reasons, a good science fiction author has to be an excellent teller of stories, and has to possess a boundless imagination.

Here again, the opponents of science fiction voice a criticism: "Science fiction is totally unbelievable and since the mind must have some background of fact in which to imagine a story, science fiction becomes nothing but insane babbling. The reader of science fiction then, must also possess an imagination which is above average. Most people who claim they do not like science fiction are unimaginative creatures who can perceive nothing beyond the concrete world that they know. They are intellectually incapable of allowing their imagination a free rein and of discarding temporarily from their minds the restrictions of the physical world. Science fiction consists of 'ifs', and to be appreciated, it must be accepted, not proven.

There is a lot of science fiction which must come under the heading of "space opera." These stereotyped stories are to science fiction what the "horse opera" western stories and "blood-and-guts" novelettes are to conventional fiction. They must not be taken as mirrors of all science fiction simply because this form is most often brought to public attention in "T.V. shows" and in the movies.

Another thing which drives people from science fiction is the fact that most of it appears in the form of small magazines or 'pulps' as they are best known rather than in the form of books. Because the worst of conventional fiction appears in this form, many people automatically reject anything presented in this style. In the case of science fiction, this is a mistake. The best science

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fiction appears first in this form, and these small magazines present many really fine stories by the best authors in the business. Detective stories, too, were at one time considered to be a debased form of fiction, fit only for the uncultivated. They, too, had their classic authors in Conan Doyle and E. A. Poe, but those were for eggheads. Then F.D.R. and King George V confessed that they derived their relaxation from the murder mystery giants of the '30's; the archbishop of Canterbury echoed them, and the genre became respectable. If some honoured local elder statesman were to do the same for science fiction, local afficionados could hold their heads up.

Science fiction is a new form of fiction which I believe will become more popular in years to come, for science fiction and its close companion fantasy fiction provide a field of writing and thought which is virtually boundless.

So Near and Yet So Far

Oreste Sideris

It seemed impossible that three people could disappear into the crowd so quickly. My friends were beside me only a few seconds before I glanced at the talkative blonde on the canopied platform, but when I turned my attention back to them, they had vanished and unknown faces filled the spaces where theirs should have been.

The loud and clear voice that had attracted my attention belonged to a woman in her late forties. Her mouth worked continuously as though it was a part of a fast moving mechanism. I had listened to her go through her routine several times previously and she had not once deviated from her pattern of speech or action, but the enthusiasm with which she presented her material was always entertaining.

Uncertain, I moved closer to the platform, prepared to listen to the first part of the blonde's performance once again. This was the night before the fair's finale, and the people of the Twin Cities were out in full force — a fact which would make it impossible for me to find my friends in such a crowd even of I were to start looking for them. I decided to wait for them to return.

The blonde had been talking for a long time and a large number of people had gathered to listen to her — but my friends were not in sight. When I finally made up my mind to move on and look for them, I started to push my way towards the back of the crowd, but before I could get very far the blonde interrupted her patterned speech and came out with a: "Heh! you with the long curly hair, I had my eye on you; don't you try to get away from here now."

This sudden break in her pattern caused me to turn my head; I became even more

surprised when I understood that I was the object of her interruption.

"That's right, Curly, come up here with me. I need your help . . . " I knew what she had in mind before she finished the sentence. At this point of her routine she asked some "fool" to go on the platform so that she could demonstrate one of her products on his hair while doing her best to make her victim look foolish. Tonight I had the honour to be her choice of a fool.

I never needed much of an excuse to play the part of a clown, and since it would have made it easier for my friends to find me if I were in full view to the crowd, I accepted the invitation and went up. She asked me some rather personal though humorous questions and after receiving a few laughs from the crowd, she went into her sales-talk.

" . . . Lan-x-Creme, taken from the only animal in this world which has healthy hair — the sheep, and Lan-x-Bar the only soap God put into this world for us to use . . . "

While the eyes of the crowd were momentarily diverted from me, I surveyed their faces — few of which I knew — but none belonged to my lost friends. Among the familiar faces was that of a rather beautiful, dark-haired girl. Her name I knew to be Rita. An elderly lady, dressed in black, whom I had never seen before, was with her.

Rita, while speaking to the lady in

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black, was watching me with a surprised expression on her face . I was sure that I was the object of their conversation. The girl's face broadened into a smile, and then she tried to suppress it by biting her lower lip. When our eyes met, she placed her hand over her mouth as if to cover a laugh, or it may have been an attempt to hide her face, I was not sure.

I had known Rita ever since I had served a term in the same classroom with her in my public school days, but nothing more than a casual 'hello' was exchanged between us until about a year ago. At that time I had gotten my present job at the Palace, and I passed by her house on my way there, four times daily. The girl's small brother, and a number of other kids of the neighbourhood were usually playing at the yard, and occasionally Rita was in the verandah watching them or reading a book, and at these instances we smiled and exchanged 'hellos'. After a short time we begun to add a word or two more to our greeting.

She came to the store where I worked a number of times in order to buy some small article or other, and we often chatted freely on light subjects of conversation. We became better acquainted, and when I passed by her house now, I looked forward to seeing her, and more often than not, she was there in the verandah as though waiting for me to pass — at least that is what I was led to believe. When an occasional day passed without seeing her I became depressed.

I had wished to take her out on a number of occasions but somehow I had never asked her. That was how the situation stood on this night at the fair.

As I looked at Rita standing there in the crowd, I hoped that she would remain till I was through playing guinea-pig for the blonde. I felt an unexplainable urge to be near her.

I continued to look at Rita between glances to the other faces, and I am sure she never diverted her eyes from mine.

When the blonde was through with her sales-talk, she returned to me. Having spoken of her products long enough, she was now ready to demonstrate one of them on my scalp. Thoroughly "yanking" my scalp about, "blondie" gave me the full treatment. At long last she was through with "pulling game", and after a further eulogy she gave me a set of free samples and commenced the actual sale of the products to the crowd.

Mirthfully, Rita introduced me to the lady in black, who turned out to be her grandmother.

"How is it that you are here all alone?" enquired Rita after the humour of the "hair-pulling" incident was suppressed.

I wasn't to start with," I explained, "but I lost my friends a while back."

To this, she made some comment about the large crowd and how easy it would be to lose someone in it.

The grandmother had been moved by the blonde's sales-talk and moved forward to purchase some of that "magical" cream. Being left alone with Rita I took the opportunity to ask her if she would care to go for a ride or two.

"I'd love to!" was her reply. Just three simple words that would have no importance, if uttered by anyone else, but a flame found its way into Rita's eyes as the words formed on her lips. A flame that burned the three words into my very soul.

We arranged to meet her grandmother near the same platform in an hour. After which, I took Rita's hand and as quickly as possible led the way to the area of the fairway where we joined the other thrill-riders.

We took in three different rides, the last of which was the ferris-wheel. While we were momentarily stopped at the top, I told her about a movie I had seen a few days previously — a scene of which showed James Dean kissing a girl on the ferris-wheel.

"It would be different kissing a girl up here — more exciting, I think. You look at

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the Lilliputian people pushing each other down there and feel as if you were sitting on top of the world. The material things of life seem to lose their meaning for a moment, and love is on its own."

"You know? I must have been on this ferris-wheel hundreds of times, but I can't remember a time I had ever had so much fun. Maybe it's because they stopped us up here for so long that makes it seem so exciting tonight, or it could be because this is the first time I thought of the people down there as a sort of a mass of moving heads. I . . . I never felt that I was apart from them before." And turning her eyes to mine, she added softly, "or maybe it's because you're up here with me."

Her parted lips were no more than two inches from mine, as my arm found its way around her waist. The embrace was short, and yet her lips on mine — even for a moment — left me wanting more. The wheel started to move towards the earth again, and reality stepped into the dream-world of the loved.

"How about going out some night?" I asked when the wheel was raising up to the top again, while our bodies were forced down against the seat.

"I'd be very happy to, but you will have to hurry 'cause I'm going away Sunday."

"Today is Friday; you don't mean to say that you are leaving this coming Sunday?"

"Mmhm, we are moving to B.C. Father is down there already."

"That doesn't give us much time, does it?"

"Not very much I am afraid."

"We still have tomorrow night! How about that?"

"Yes, there is tomorrow, but it's my last day in my hometown and I should have a lot of things to do — but I can't think of anything I'd rather do or any one I'd rather be with on my last day in town. I think you got yourself a date," she said, and a smile filled her face.

We were half an hour late when we returned to the grandmother, but she was waiting patiently, and said nothing about the overtime.

I had not left the two women for more than a minute when I found my lost friends.

* * *

It was early, but to my surprise, it was Rita who opened the door — she was fully dressed and waiting. She called me in for a moment to introduce me to a woman whose beauty had not suffered the price of the passing years — her mother. When I compared the two standing side by side, I could see that the beauty of the one was the product of the other's loveliness.

Her mother replied that she was happy to meet me, then cautioned me to bring her daughter home at a reasonable hour, because they had to be on the train at five in the morning.

There were no dances on that Saturday night, due to the fair, and the only choice we had was between the movies and the Exhibition — the latter was much too crowded.

I do not remember, just what picture was showing, but I know that there were only five patrons there, and two rather bored ushers. I do remember though, that her hand was in mine all through the picture, and that we looked more at each other than we did at the screen.

It was about ten o'clock when we came out, but the city was silent and empty. An empty city at night gives one a strange feeling of enveloped solitude. As far as the eye could see down the street, there was not a single living thing in sight. This vacuum seemed to surround us like a cloak bringing us closer together and made us feel as though we were the last two people on this planet. The rest of the world had somehow lost its meaning for us.

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It was a clear night with a full moon and a sky blanketed with stars. We listened to the strange rhythmic sounds of our steps on the sidewalk. Occasionally one of us spoke — never saying much, yet we clung to each other's every word. We walked the lonely streets of the city aimlessly. Abruptly the city park loomed before us silent, and serene. Taking our shoes off we meandered over the dewy grass, which felt almost animated beneath our feet.

Stopping before a convenient bench, we rested — not because we were tired but because it seemed the natural thing to do.

Time passed and left us behind. It was not until staccato detonations broke into the silence of the night, from the other side of the town and flaming patterns rose to fill the sky with colour that time regained its meaning.

"It must be almost midnight, the fireworks are on."

"The time certainly went by fast. It's strange how time can fool you so. It seems to be one's life-long enemy. Whenever you want it to pass, the hands of the clock become motionless; and when you want it to stop and you'd be quite happy if it never moved again, the hands become wings and fly on the clock's face. There are so many people that spend all their life on a dream and when the dream is in sight, they are short-changed by time. I guess we too — like the rest of the world — sort of got cheated by time. The hands of the clock have moved and we have to start for home (like it or not)." She spoke in a half angry half depressed voice.

My arm, which had been around Rita for the most part of the evening, tightened, bringing her body close to mine as our lips met, while the blazing myriad of lights from the display bathed the sky with a kaleidoscopic aura of colour in the distance.

On our way home we found the city overflowing with the sounds and movement of life.

At home her mother was still up and moving about. She asked us in but we preferred to remain on the verandah because at moments such as this one wishes to have no other roof over one's head but the sky. Rita entered the house to put away her purse and coat, then turned off the verandah light and came out. The evening was warm, and the moon provided all the light we could wish to dream by. Sitting on the easy-chair we talked of the dreams that the future may hold, till the late hours of the morning.

The night had become silent once more. Before I left we promised to write, and then with a last goodby kiss, we parted.

A few hours later the sun came up and I was still awake. When I returned home Rita's presence filled my thoughts to the extent that sleep was beyond me. The strangeness of our meeting kept recurring to my mind and each time it did it appeared stranger than before.

I had known her for seven long years, and yet I had met her only a day before she moved out of the town, and my life. Had I not spoken to her that Friday, I would still be passing by the house hoping to see her on the verandah or perhaps I would have forgotten her almost completely and remember nothing of the girl but that once she lived in that corner house. This trend of thought led me to the question of fate.

Had it been fate that had separated me from my friends, and pushed me to that platform? Who could tell?

Rita was on the train for B.C., by that time and several days later I had to leave for Toronto, but although we were going to put several thousand miles between us, we both knew that we would be nearer to each other in the future than we were mere blocks away in the past.

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Jim F. Foulds

Gil felt good when he woke that morning. The metallic sound of a lunch pail banging against the door-jamb told him that his father was leaving for work.

By eight o'clock he had eaten, washed the dishes and believe it or not, tidied his room. He snapped on the radio and listened to the eight o'clock news and sports. Good! Toronto had defeated Detroit last night to tie the Stanley Cup series. Lumley had picked up a shut-out. He turned off the radio and took a last look at the memory work he had for the day. At eight-thirty he gathered up his books and locked the door as he went out.

"No kiddin'?" shouted back Gil. But

He grinned to himself as he turned down the road and the spring sunshine hit him in the face. Yep, it sure was a great day. He began to whistle. The bubbling water from the creek winding its way through the outskirts of town smiled back at him.

In the locker room Charlie Johnstone, the hockey team captain yelled at him, "Hey Gil, d'ya hear the news? Someone busted into the school last night!"
there wasn't time to discuss it as the last bell rang for nine o'clock.

It happened during French class that afternoon. Gil, as usual was gazing out the window, daydreaming, when someone knocked at the door. "Gilmore!" Miss Henderson had said frostily glaring at Gil when she returned from the door. Gil shuddered at the unaccustomed correctness of his name. Now, just what in hell was biting her? Mr. Chase, the principal was at the door.

"Let's go up to the office," he said quietly. Gil obediently followed, wondering what was up.

In the office Mr. Chase got down to facts immediately. "As you no doubt are aware," something in his tone made Gil look up in surprise, "the school was broken into last night. A bookshelf and desk were totally smashed in Room 107. Several windows were broken and a lot of senseless damage was done. Do you know anything about it?" Gil was genuinely startled. It was ridiculous. Of course not. He'd been at home all last night.

"No sir," he said

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well then, do you recognize this?"

Suddenly Gil's throat went dry. For there, lying on the desk was his wallet. He automatically reached for his back pocket. It was empty. "I think so, sir."

"You ought to: it's yours. It was found early this morning in Room 107 beside the bookshelf. It is yours, isn't it? It has your name and address in it."

Gil swallowed. "Yes, it's mine."

"You still deny having anything to do with this episode? Where were you last night?"

"Home."

"Can you prove it?"

Why su . . . . . no." Dad had gone to his Union meeting and Gil had been alone at home.

"Your hand is bandaged. How did you cut it?"

"I was cleaning smelts last night and the knife slipped." Gil knew it didn't sound convincing. Silence.

"I'm sorry Thompson, but considering your previous behaviour, this wallet, and your cut hand, I'm forced to believe you guilty. I have no other choice but to expel you and I'm sure . . . . . "

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The rest of what he had to say was lost on Gil. Expelled! His head swam. He suddenly felt sick at his stomach. When dismissed he stumbled out of the office.

Dazed he left school. He didn't even realize where he was going. Expelled! He managed to grin ruefully. The old man sure wasn't going to like this. Dad hadn't been the easiest fellow in the world to get along with since the old lady had pulled up stakes and left them two years ago. What had Mr. Chase said? "Previous behaviour . . . . . ." Sure Gil had been a little high spirited but he'd never done a deliberate wrong. There had been the time he mixed up a batch of hydrogen sulphide which permeated the whole school. Then there was the time he was caught throwing snowballs in the auditorium. Fighting with Bill Malden in the gym class the other day hadn't helped any; and now this.

He found himself by that same stream that had seemed so cheerful this morning. Now it seemed dark and gloomy. He angrily skipped a stone across its surface. He sat down on the damp bank and stared moodily into the pool. Two silent tears rolled down his cheeks.

It was a long time later when Charlie Johnstone found him sitting in the gathing dusk.

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E. Faris

I opened the door carrying my blue three ring notebook and immediately was refreshed by a soft chinook breeze. It was 8:17 now as I casually sauntered through the drifts towards the bus stop. As usual, the bus arrived at the corner at the same time as I. Since the stop is at the next corner I broke into a sprint, and as my school friends watched smilingly, knowlingly, from its warm interior, I lost the race.

I huddled in my customary nook and eagerly awaited the next bus for fifteen minutes. This bus arrives daily at our school either two minutes late or two minutes early, depending upon whether the bus driver has a smoke or not. Upon entering this bus I stumbled to the rear where I met its regular morning passenger, Pool Hall Helliott. With his feet propped up behind another seat, his face was masked by his favourite book *A Guide To Better Living*. The bus trip was uneventful.

Stepping into a building, archaic in design, I was greeted cheerily by the maintenance engineer who welcomed me with "You got to buy a ticket for the kiddies." After depositing my quarter in his hot little hand, I looked at the time table. None of the periods looked interesting. Walking down the spacious corridor I was met with friendly "Did you get your Physics?" Of course my stock reply was "What Physics?"

Since the first period was Zoology, I walked into Room 1. I felt a chill creep down my spine. The reason was that the temperature gradient varied slightly, being proportional to the distance from the furnace. Therefore, I automatically walked out to the Common Room. As I opened the door, my friends once more welcomed me with "Shut the door." In the dim haze I could see Well Done Vinton downing a big orange drink. At the ping pong table Bushman Bob was soundly thumping Killer Kwaz. I could see Lord Nelson surrounded by his female fan club, and I heard him explaining in a low voice the sex life of the tadpole. As soon as my turn came to play, there was a rush for the bats as Bushman yelled "Doubles!" After losing my game I retired to the lunch room for my stomach was growling.

Dollie was telling Ollie about a dead horse in the Fort William water pipe system. I rushed in yelling "Lies!" but they paid no attention to me. Worn Loud was busy leering at the girls that passed by. None of the others seemed interested in this. They were not listening to Ollie yodeling "Life in the Finland Woods" accompanied by Dolly's whistling. Pool Hall came over smoking a tailor-made cigarette and indicated with his hands that he wished a game of snooker. I declined the offer, for he was L.T.I. champion. In the corner a fight started when Mickey calmly suggested to Oreste that the Greeks did not invent the hot dog. Oreste said that they not only invented it but they created it.

The President of the S.A.C., Wayne Green, summoned me to the library for the weekly meeting of the students' elected representatives. Over the formal parliamentary proceedings Red Handsome jumped up waving a banana, and shouting "Why can't I bring my bottle to the party?" Green timidly retorted that Red was out of order and that if he didn't sit down, he would re-

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Some small infinite quantity,
Newton called it delta-t;
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And get "at" by delta-x.

Now if the problem is to find
How much salt is left behind,
If "n" pounds of salt escape
At some definite given rate.

To find the sum we integrate
From this equation find the rate
At some required change in time
The concentration of the brine.

You substitute an "a" or "b"
For the desired quantity;
And then you solve for the unknown
And find how much "b" has grown.

Now check with the answer in the book.

---

arrange his teeth. This not only bored me but disturbed me greatly as I was trying to concentrate on the New Yorker.

After the meeting I went to the time table to see what we were going to do in the afternoon. There was nothing important so I once more went to the Common Room to hear the Western Hit Parade. Late in the afternoon an Artsman known as Hickie entered. I challenged him to a game of ping pong. I let him beat me, although by a close score, so I could ask him for a ride home.

After thus completing my day's activities and with my blue three ring note book under my arm I rode home with Hickie. He discussed the relative merits and demerits of the Lakehead Technical Institute and we both agreed that it needed new ping pong bats.

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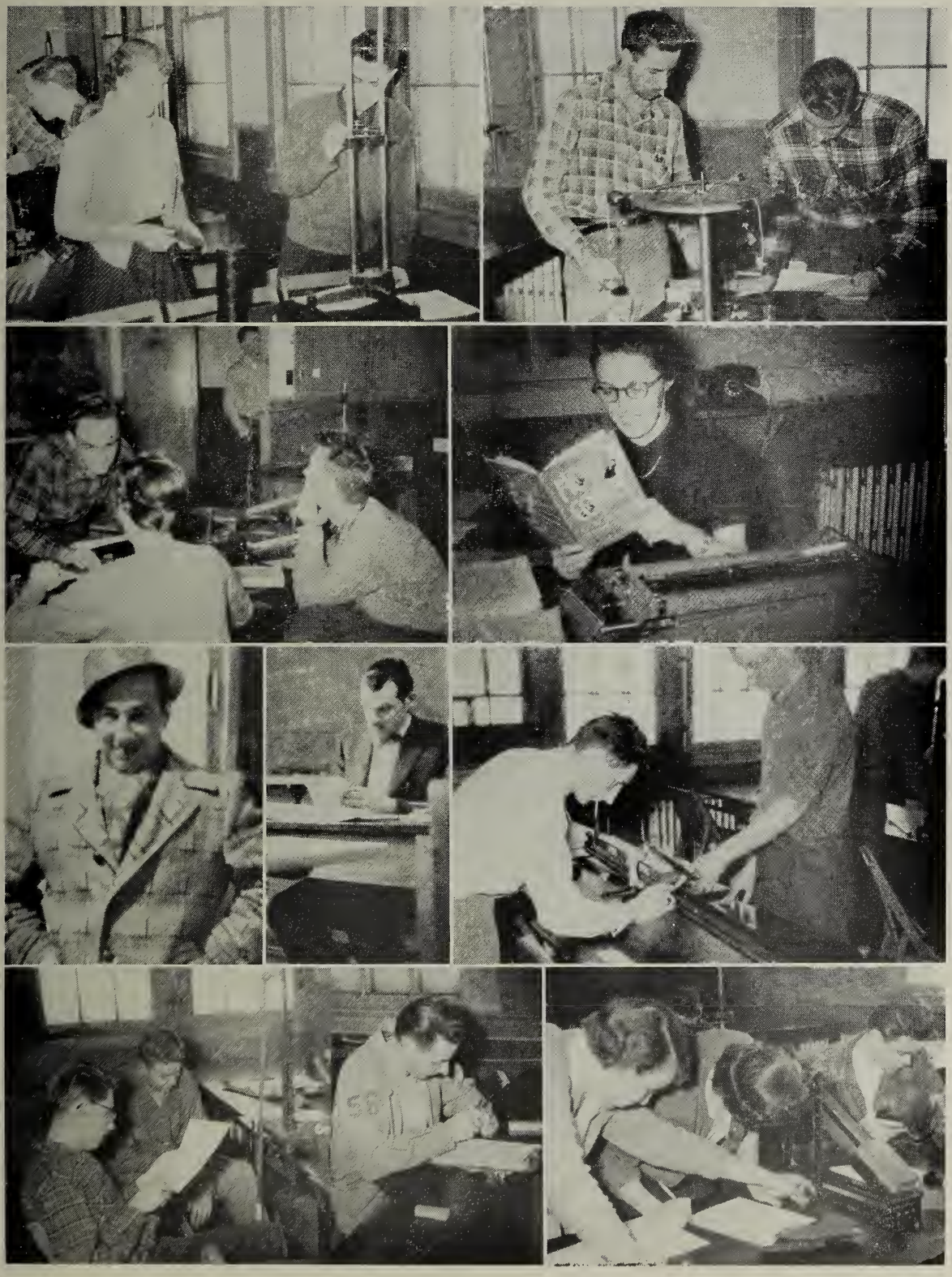

EXTENSION CLASSES

Economics

LEFT TO RIGHT: *P. Petryck, J. Bond, M. Fronais, Therese Kowalewski.*
MISSING: *T. Crocker, M. Huttunen, K. MacGray, R. Morton, D. Pozihun, R. Sinclair.*

Philosophy

LEFT TO RIGHT: *M. Hasell, Sonja Saplywy, A. Hauta, M. Fronais, E. Petch, J. Dennis, R. Stark, T. Kowalewski, E. Rose.*

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