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THE NOR'WESTER

Yearbook of the

LAKEHEAD COLLEGE of Arts, Science and Technology

Editor
STEWART SMITH

31427

Volume: 10 Session: 1958-59

Published by the students of the Lakehead College 1959

PORT ARTHUR, ONTARIO

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Nor'Wester would like to extend thanks and appreciation to all students who helped in the production of the Yearbook. Special thanks go to our staff: Pauline Grieve, Charles Mountford, Susan Greer, Frank Murphy and Fred Bodnar. Thanks also to Dr. Miller for cheering us when we were in trouble and for giving his expert advice whenever it was needed. Without the helpful co-operation of Yearbook House, we could never have published this book — a sincere thank you!

Photography by Eric Kutok.

EDITORIAL

Familiarity breeds contempt. But it also breeds apathy. Today in the Western world, we should take a long, hard look at our political system and decide if it is the system or the operators of the system which have caused the apathy evident in nearly all democratic countries.

The theories of Democracy, the ascendant political philosophy of the Western world, presuppose that man is interested enough in his own well-being and safety to share in the responsibilities of running the government. This does not mean that all the individual should do is to vote and pay taxes, rather he should also become a living expression of the democratic ideal — a man with liberty, but who wishes to promote the interests of his society, even to the extent of sacrificing his own interests at times. Yet is not this supposition much too unrealistic? History has proven to us the bitter lesson that man, even at the height of his political sophistication, has not even come close to the bright ideals, presupposed by the faith of democracy.

The advocates of democracy often advance the argument that it is democracy that people want, and that this alone is justification for its initiation in a country. This argument seems wholly illogical and ridiculous, especially when one considers the unusual and often immoral things which people want, and yet this desire for these things has certainly never been used as justification for their adoption. Do people really want democracy? NO. It expects too much from the common citizen. People are basically disgustingly materialistic. So long as people have satisfactory homes, good jobs and some leisure time, they care little for the high-flown phrases and glowing idealism of our well meaning democrats. And since most people find it almost impossible to fulfill their material designs by a strict adherence to the theories of democracy they abandon their God-given obligations, and resort to barbaric, and often cave-man like techniques to achieve their ambitions. A moral degeneration occurs, in the form of political apathy and a withdrawal from the responsibilities of citizenship. This conclusion is derived not from the idle imaginings of a non-voter and non-participant in the processes of democratic living, but from the disillusioning evidence of actual life. The inhuman coldness of statistics tell us that in Canada and the United States, the average vote in any election, hardly ever rises above 65%. And, if one could by some magical process subtract from this percentage those voters who are totally unqualified to vote or who care little for this obligation, the final percentage would undoubtedly be depressingly low. And not only is apathy apparent in the inconclusive matter of voting statistics, but also in almost every other field of responsibility and citizenship. It might then be argued that the people would care just as well for a despot so long as he satisfied their material aims. Unfortunately, this seems to be the only logical conclusion to be drawn from the present situation. Although it seems almost inconceivable that people would willingly allow themselves to be deprived of their liberty and benefits of a free country, it seems that one can arrive only at this unhappy conclusion.

However, this criticism must not be mis-interpreted. I do not suggest we surrender to the facts and let ourselves be defeated by our own faults.

My faith and loyalty to the democratic philosophy, although shaken, remains strong. I still believe in democracy, in fact, my belief has been strengthened, rather than weakened, by this inquiry. Democracy remains to me the highest form of government, and the best system for the attainment of the good for human society. But today, democracy needs more than merely a person's faith in it. It requires men who are not afraid of criticism, ridicule or abuse, men who will stand up and affirm their defense of democracy, men who will act as the representatives and precursors of a great new spirit of zeal and persistence on the part of the world's citizens. Democracy must never be passive, but must stride forward vigorously, ever advancing toward greater improvement. It is a great and stirring challenge, yet one which must be faced by men of conscience. We, this year's graduates of the Lakehead College are on the threshold of citizenship and we are just about to enter upon a world which can be moulded to a large extent by our labours. Shall we meet the challenge?

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PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

It is my privilege to extend congratulations and every good wish to the members of the graduating class.

In spite of the fact that this will be the largest graduating class that we have had, it gives me much pleasure to see that you have not lost the close companionship and sense of pioneering that was so evident in our smaller student body.

The Technology Division includes, for the first time, graduates in Engineering Technology. I trust that you will find interesting and responsible positions in industry just as the Forestry and Mining Technologists have before you.

Some of you will be going directly into employment in industry while others will continue your studies at various universities. We, of the staff, will follow your progress with interest and anticipation and we wish you Godspeed.

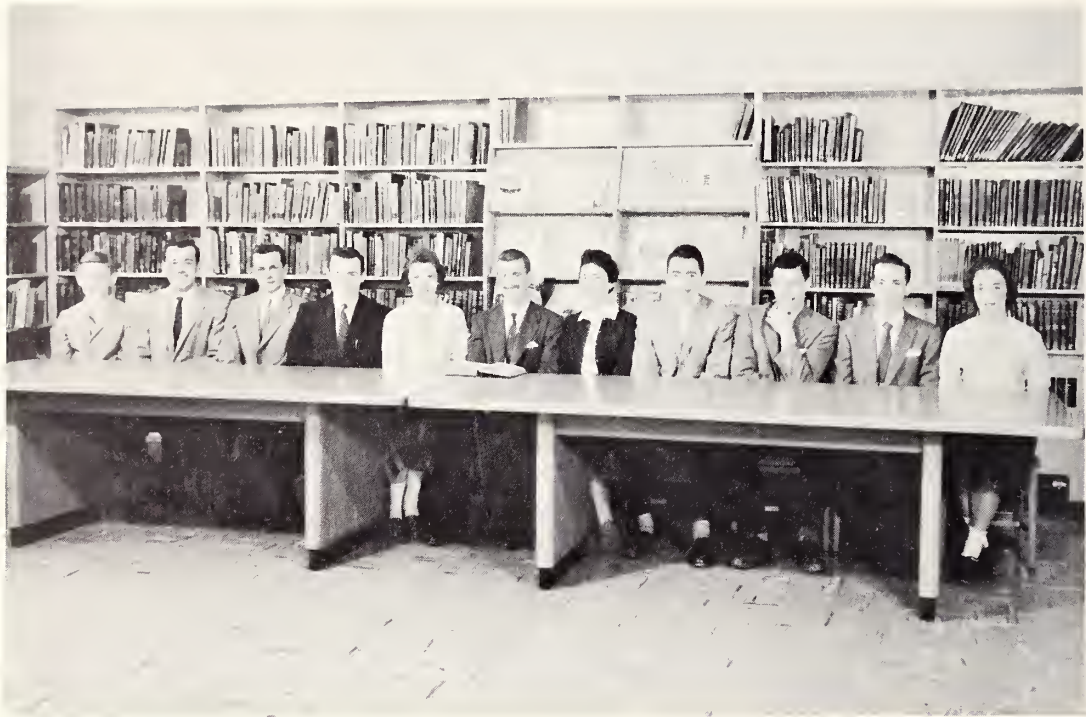
I need not remind you that there are critical and challenging years ahead. Many sociologists have expressed the view that in our struggle to make life better materially, we have concentrated on material things so long, that we have become obsessed by them. Now that we have achieved them, we want to enjoy them. There has been a tendency to carry this same attitude into our educational system. There is a feeling in high schools that students should, above all, enjoy themselves and after graduation fit into this comfortable, static society.

I believe, however, that this attitude is changing. Parents and students are beginning to realize that there is a hard struggle ahead and we must prepare for it. The feeling of urgency is heightened by the lively public interest in our educational system.

As you go out to take your place in society you will inherit both our material comforts and our problems. You are graduating at a time when the world is filled with opportunity but plagued by anxiety. It is my earnest hope that you will not only take full advantage of the opportunities but also make more dynamic efforts toward solving our problems.

—H. S. BRAUN, Principal.

Student Council



Left to Right: Stewart Smith, John Jacklitch, Jay Sinclair, Neil McLeod, Diana Jarvis, Dan Langille, Pauline Grieve, Alex Bartholomew, Hugh Ferguson, Bob Tonkin, Sue Greer.

At this moment I realize how difficult a task it is to write the President's message. So many things have happened during my 1958-59 term in office that it is difficult to capture and tabulate them in a form that would produce interesting, informative reading. Therefore, rather than recap the achievements of the Students' Administrative Council I should like to extend my thanks to all students who elected me to office as their President, a position that I shall always be proud of. I sincerely hope that I have accomplished the task in a manner expected of me. Also I should like to congratulate the representatives of the S.A.C. for the excellent administration that they carried out during the year.

To all graduates and undergraduates I extend my best wishes for your success in all your future ventures.

Dan Langille.



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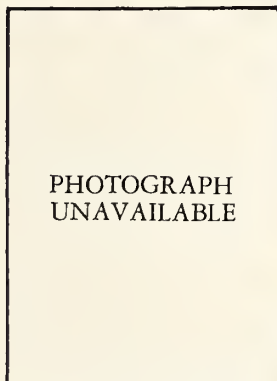
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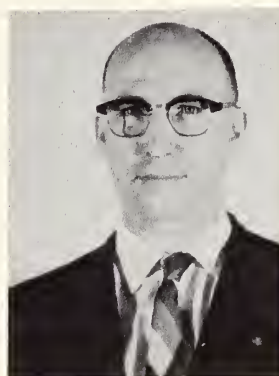
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BOB WATSON
Fort William

Arts

DAVE ANDREWS—Port Arthur

Dave is our hockey fan and commentator 'par excellence.' His marks in the past have proven his academic ability, and we are sure he will do well in the Honours Math course that he will take next year at the University of Toronto. In the summer, Dave is the star pitcher for the Red Sox; in the winter, his interests lie in chess and hockey. His pet peeve? Chicken hockey players.

KEN BLAZINO—Port Arthur

No one in the world can match Elvis' talent for crooning (thank goodness). Some of those notes he sings are really — well, different. Ken plans to take an Honours Math course at Queen's next year. French and English just seem to get under his skin. He can liven up any French class with his dazzling pronunciation (?). An excellent bowler, Ken should take all honours in our league this year.



FRED BODNAR—Fort William

Fort William's contribution to the photographic life of the College, Fred took many of the pictures seen in the candid snapshot section of the Nor'wester. A boy with sunny disposition, Fred always seems to be playing a practical joke on someone. His bomb takes up much of his time, but we understand he also takes a lively interest in the fair sex.

GAYLE CARLSON — Port Arthur

This happy-go-lucky gal can often be heard asking, "Anyone for cards?" If she has a pet peeve she certainly hides it well. Her pastime seems to be arguing with the red-headed Englishman. Wherever Gayle goes next year, she assures me that she won't include geology in her course.





JIM FERGUSON — Fort William

One of the three potential accountants in the Arts faculty, Jim nevertheless dislikes those late Commerce classes. Jim travels in his own "bomb," and hasn't missed a class yet (well, hardly any!). Easy-going and even-tempered, Jim makes a good "dummy" in bridge games in the Common Room.

BEVERLY GAMMOND — Slate River

Another of the triumvirate hailing from the halls of F.W.C.I., Bev drives in to school each day from her home in Slate River. Her hard-working nature should help her to continue her chosen career either at Queen's or at Teachers' College. Among her interests, Bev enjoys skating parties and hockey games. We wish her the best of luck in the future.



SUSAN GREER — Fort William

Hailing from the busy metropolis of Fort William, Sue is a top swimmer, curls, plays badminton, and comes in handy as a fourth in bridge. Her main ambition is to own a white sports car with red seat covers, and her pet peeve is Economics classes. Next year, Sue will be going to Queen's to take Honours History and Political Science. A member of the S.A.C., Sue was our very able Social Convener this year.

PAULINE GRIEVE — Port Arthur

Pauline was kept busy this year as secretary to the S.A.C. She did a terrific job as business manager of the Yearbook and solved all financial difficulties of the harried yearbook staff. A real live-wire around the school, Pauline will head for the University of Toronto next year to continue her studies in Arts. Pauline's big pet peeve is Economics.



MAURICE JACKSON—Fort William

Another Artsman from the 'swamp,' Maurice comes to and from school in his own 'bomb.' Like many other people his pet peeve seems to be Economics. Maurice is a chess enthusiast, and when in the common room, likes nothing better than to sit down and have a roaring game of chess. With his steady school-work, Maurice seems likely to do well in the future.



CLARENCE JACOBSEN—Port Arthur
 Jake has acquired a bad habit of walking out of Economics classes. His interests are somewhat of a mystery but it has been rumoured that he has been seen in the local taverns. (What other interests do you need?). Jake says that his future is still undecided, but we hope he will enter the writing profession. Some of his essays are works of genius.

DIANA JARVIS—Port Arthur

If you hear an odd squeal from the vicinity of the lockers, it's just Diana. The owner of the squeal will be attending Queen's next year. She is one of our curlers and Bob has finally convinced her to take up skiing. Di was our vice-president of the S.A.C. and the only gripe she has against the school is the Saturday morning class. Song she reminds us of: Woodchopper's Ball.



TIM KAN—Hong Kong
 Known to his friends as the China Clipper, Tim leaves his trademark in many places including Keenan's backseat. Tim has a very happy disposition, and is able to bounce back with a great smile after copious amounts of kidding. At dances, his dancing ability is second only to Arthur Murray's. His future is not definite, but will probably end up as the disreputable owner of a Fan Tan game in some den in Hong Kong.

BRIAN KEENAN—Port Arthur

Permanent thorn in the side of a certain Finnish skip on our weekly hikes to the curling rink. He holds the cue cards for a certain English Prof. Keenan was one of the stalwarts at the Munro Street parties however he still finds time to dream about his European tour. His red hair is often seen bobbing above the wheel of his blue bolt and as he attempts to plow the new access roads to the College, much to Frank's chagrin.



STEVE KOVANCHUCK — Fort William

One of the College's best curlers, Steve also plays basketball for the Fort William Canucks in the Inter-City League. Steve is a very studious worker, and we are sure that he will do well in the Business Administration course that he plans to take next year at Western University. Steve is also an expert in the art of playing bridge.



WALTER KWASNY — Fort William

Once again, Walt is playing a stellar game at guard for the high-flying Court Kings. As his girl is in Hamilton, Walt is studying with great diligence, and should have no difficulty in graduating from the College this year. On weekends Walt can be seen touring the city in his Plymouth with his smiling compatriot, Chuck. Best of luck at U. of T., and in your career of dentistry.

LORRAINE LEGROS — Port Arthur

Here is the only girl at Lakehead College who owns and operates a slide rule. Usually she can be found in the common room, pondering over physics problems. She is Dr. Fonda's favourite French pupil as she enjoys recording into the little "mashin'." She plans to return to Winnipeg next year to attend the University of Manitoba.



GERALDINE MAKI — Port Arthur

Last fall Gerry entered the Lakehead College with a scholarship for general proficiency, thus giving good proof of her outstanding academic ability. Her pet peeves include economics and brothers. Although she has not chosen a university for next year yet, Gerry plans to be a librarian.

GORDON MAYCOCK — Port Arthur

An old married classmate, Gordie is the Charles Goren of the common room. Gordie managed the Athletic Council treasury with sticky fingers this year, but eventually wound up in the black. Gordon is very active in the Y. M. C. A. and puts our athletes through their paces weekly at the Tech gym. He is planning on a career in the Y., and we wish him the best.



NEIL McLEOD — Fort William

Neil is one of our all-round sportsmen at the College. He skis, curls, plays football and hockey. Neil was also one of the College debaters that went to Duluth. (Need more be said?). Neil is often kidded by a certain red-head about buying a teddy bear in Duluth for Sally. Even-tempered, he is an Arts representative to the S. A. C. At the moment, Neil plans to attend Manitoba to pursue a scientific field.



WILBERT MIKKOLA — Port Arthur

Wilbert is a noted philosopher, and listens attentively in all the philosophy classes. We are not too sure of his interests but we are sure that he finds a place for the "jeune filles." After one English class, it has been rumoured that there is Irish blood in Wilbert's veins.

JOHN MOFFATT — Port Arthur

John is a noted member of the Hearts, Spades and No Trump Society. He can be seen haranging the populace on Wednesday afternoons, and then on Wednesday evenings trying to figure out what happened to his team. It has been rumoured that John intends to go into nursing. If this "field" doesn't appeal to him, he will probably be seen gracing the campus of the University of Manitoba next year.

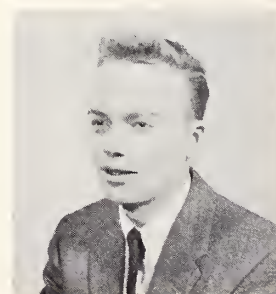


MERVIN MOROZ — Fort William

A second year man here, Merv still feels that one of life's greatest obstacles is overcoming Gr. 13 French. Likable Merv's Saturday nights are spent in contentment with some of his cronies at the "Annex." One of the Common Room kids, Merv has no equals at Bridge, Chess, and sundry other games (?). Seriously though, Merv has what it takes to get through university, and we wish him the best of luck.

CHARLES MOUNFORD — Fort William

Charlie was the man behind the literary section of the Nor'wester this year, and is also a first-class debater, having made the infamous trip to Duluth. Charlie exhibits a keen mind and a vivid imagination which should stand him in good stead when he pursues an Arts degree at Western next year. Noted for his sarcastic witticisms, he sometimes gets himself in hot water with a girl in Arts because of his wit and very broad mind.



LIZ PAGE — Fort William

"Stubby" is a real party girl, and was a regular fixture at all the College social functions. Creator of all the dance posters around the school, Liz' pet peeve are boys who won't help on the social committee. Liz is a great hockey enthusiast, and is particularly attracted to hockey players from Winnipeg. Liz plans to attend Teachers' College next year. She went to Duluth. Need we say more??



JOAN PEDEN — Port Arthur

"Twila" abounds with energy. Her activities include highland dancing, skiing, basketball, and hiking with second year foresters. Joan is also vice-president of the Athletic Council, and gives her co-operation to all sporting projects around the school. Her ambition is to play the bagpipes in Queen's Kiltie Band next year. She will probably end up as the proprietress of Port Arthur's first date bureau.

WALTER POSHTAR — Fort William

Walter, a renegade from the fair city of F. W., has an affinity for '58 Chevies. Wally has an amusing disposition and a bathtub full of interesting (?) anecdotes. Walt's oratory has gained him a place on the common-room soap-box, from where he acquaints us with his cosmopolitan ideas. His clerical work in the past should stand him in good stead in the future.

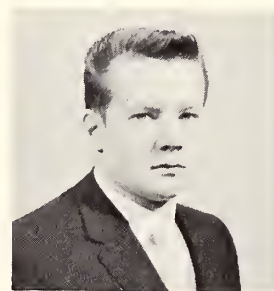


HAROLD PRIMMER — Kenora

Harold is a very conscientious student who hails from Kenora where he enjoys an outdoor life. He is taking his first year Pharmacy here and then plans to complete his course at the University of Toronto. Women? Yes. Harold is engaged to a beautiful nurse by the name of Joan Penner. People? "True friendship is greater than wealth."

DENNIS RAHKOLA — Nipigon

"Rock" is the out-of-doors man in the Arts faculty. Whenever he can, he returns to his native hunting grounds around Nipigon. (Last year he shot two sparrows and a cat). Dennis plans to take dentistry at the U. of Toronto. Lab. classes just seem to get under his skin, "I've had it, I've dissected my last frog." Dennis an avid fan of the Bearcats.



BILL SALEM — Port Arthur

A noted Shakespearean critic, Bill can often be heard expounding his views of the famous bard. "Just because some idiot says he's the greatest, he's the greatest. Why??" Bill would like to take a course in journalism at Toronto or Queen's. Hockey is his favourite sport (he roots for the Beavers). No one can match his "faultless" French reading.

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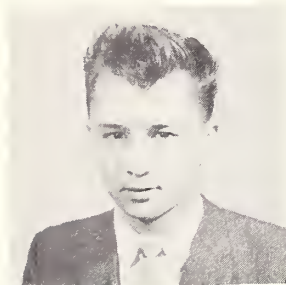


BILL SARANCHUCK — Kenora

It has been rumoured that Bill has been very busy this term chasing ghosts out of his habitat. This task is so difficult that only an energetic Kenorite could accomplish it and still retain the drive to manage the Court Kings and have time for the books. Bill's good-naturedness and intelligence (?) should bring him success at B. C. next year.

JIM SARGENT — Port Arthur

Simbo arrived here in the fall determined to become an intellectual artsman. He has succeeded, and manages to get consistent marks. His curling mastery was apparent during the College curling season, and his team finished near the top of the pack. Next year, Jim plans on going to the University of Toronto, to complete his studies for his B.A. Good-natured Jim has only one pet peeve—Economics classes.



MELVIN SAUNDERS — Fort William

A graduate of F. W. C. I., Buddy is well-known for his keyboard artistry. His ambition is to take an Arts degree and to attempt to make his mark on the world of music. Buddy is noted for his good humour and his amusing (?) jokes. Well-liked by all, and with all his ability, Mel should do well in the future.

CLAY SAVELA — Fort William

Clay is an accomplished sportsman, having been a football and basketball star all through high school. This year, his activities include curling, basketball (he plays for the champion Court Kings) and Jan. Next year, Clay has decided to join his pal Jerry at the University of Toronto, where he will study dentistry. He is also a member of the common room philosophers club.



SID SEELEY — Fort William

Sid's main ambition is to be a geographer, and he intends to pursue this end at Western next year. A champion bridge player, Sid is interested in sports of all kinds. Sid's pet peeves seem to be English essays and English classes. We pity the poor fellow who plays bridge with Sid and has to endure Sid's withering sarcasm.



BARRY SHARP — Fort William

Cohort of Fred Bodnar, this shady character is often seen bombing around town in his own racer. Although Barry is an unknown quantity as far as marks are concerned, he always presents an intellectual interest in class. He is also interested in photography, (or is it the darkroom that he is more interested in?). Chem problems and practical jokes are this man's peeves, (please take note, Fred!).

JERRY SKEA — Fort William

Jerrys' activities include sailing, skiing and Marlene. He gets very good marks which should stand him in good stead when he takes up dentistry at the University of Toronto next year. In his roaring Buick, Jerry is the friend of all hitch-hikers at this fair institution. He may often be seen discussing some weighty subject with his cronies, Buddy and Clay.



FRANK SLISKOVIC — Port Arthur

"Gunner" will probably succeed Anastas Mikoyan as Russia's next deputy premier. He plans to take a course in political science and economics at Assumption University. Like most regulars at J. B.'s he is a fanatic about Paladin. His out of school activities include basketball and broomball. Although he seldom shows it, he is quite intelligent.

DOUG SMITH — Fort William

Doug, a quiet and well-mannered (?) young man, is the right hand man of Wally Poshtar, or is it vice versa? Doug is a budding psychologist and philosopher and sometimes is dragged into a discussion with the common room philosophers. Intending to become the original ten-year college man, Doug plans to pursue his higher education at the University of Manitoba next year.



STEWART SMITH — Port Arthur

The mighty atom is at it again! In addition to being editor of the Nor'Wester this year, Stu is a member of the S.A.C. and is also the stalwart of our debating club. (Stew is reported to have got stewed in Duluth). He plans to take an Honours History course at Queen's University next year. He is a good Bearcat hockey fan, and his pet peeves are his little sister and "Meester Jeem Sargent."

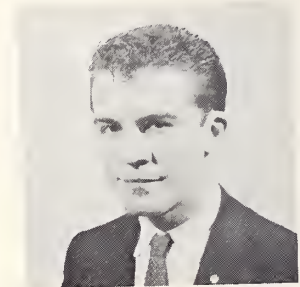


SAM STASIUK — Fort William

Strong and silent Sam left the confines of the woodyard to further his learning in the field of higher education. Sam's activities include hockey and broomball and is a valuable asset to both functions. Tomorrow's business tycoon, Sam has decided to take a Commerce course at the University of Western Ontario.

WALTER STELMACHUCK — Geraldton

Called the "Giant-Killer" in the College's curling circles, Walter has often been the stumbling block over which some potential champ has fallen. Walter swears that he hasn't missed any French classes this year, but somehow we just don't believe him. Next year, Wally plans to go to Western to continue his course in business administration.



ANNE STEVENS — Port Arthur

Anne came to the College from P.A.C.I. and after her sojourn here heads for U. of T. next year to take an Arts course. She was our Athletic Council Secretary and her main interests lie in curling, skiing, reading and Roger. Anne is a top student yet her pet peeve is the class before noon. We wish her shuccess in her future career. Song she reminds us of: Me and My Shadow.

RUTH STONES — Port Arthur

Don't let Ruthie's quiet nature fool you. She has recently acquired a green hot rod which is always full of passengers. A "pro" curler, Ruth has also taken up the task of training a Weimariner show dog. Ruth plans ta attend U. of Manitoba next year, and with her warm personality she will certainly succeed, in her ambition to be a social worker.



ELEANOR TOPLACK — Port Arthur

New clothes are this gal's passion. Her big complaint is the 8:30 bus that comes so early. Bowling, playing the piano and sales-clerking occupy her spare time. She can often be heard denouncing Latin declensions in the Common Room. Eleanor plans to attend Western next year. Her nickname "The Schemer," is the only question mark of her character.



ROBERT WORKMAN — Fort William

One of the College's prospective dentists, Robert should have no difficulty in reaching his goal. An ardent ski enthusiast, he can often be seen flying down the slopes at Loch Lomond Ski Club. One source of great interest to Rob is his little black Austin which often needs Rob's mechanical genius on it.

EGIDIO BABUDRO—Port Arthur

Big Ed, who has worked for some time before coming to the College, is a regular fixture in the back seat in Room 4. His pet peeve, seems to be his 'little' (?) brother, Frank.



Professor as seen by Students



ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY I



PETE BODNAR—Fort William

At one time planning to use a stethoscope, Pete has ended up learning how to use a slide rule. Quiet and refined in class, Pete's after hours are no doubt much more livelier. A friend to all who walk the highway, he never hesitates to give a forester a lift.

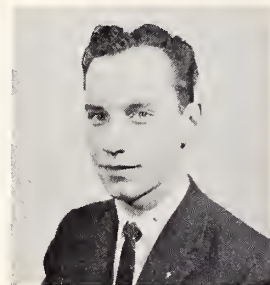


LORNE CAMPBELL—Port Arthur

He plays for our broomball team and also in the city league. Lorne is just about to be named "most faithful patron of the New O." He was also directly concerned with the broomball broom scandal. All kidding aside, Lorne is really a well-liked person and a friend to all.

MAURI AHOKAS—Oshawa

This blond, blue-eyed boy came to us from Oshawa. He is a goaltender for one of the hockey and broomball teams. Mauri can often be seen driving his hot little Ford around town, accompanied by that shady character Johnston. Although a quiet boy, Mauri spends much of his time manipulating the ivories at Corey's.



KEN BOLOTY—Port Arthur

'Louis' is our cool and crazy trumpet player who once played with a high school band and is now engaged with Port Arthur's City Band and the Bluenotes. A racing enthusiast, he likes to see who is the first one down at the New "O." Although somewhat unpredictable, Ken is very well liked at the school.



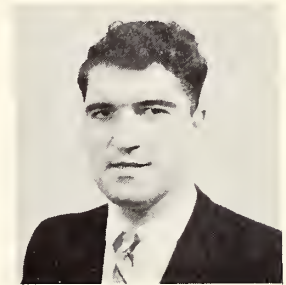


DAN CHRUSZ—Fort William

Dan is well known to all the girls for his good looks and great size. He spends most of his time with the 'jeune filles' of Fort William. Dan is well liked, and is one of the most promising boys(?) in Engineering, and the only thing that we've got against him is that he is from the swamp of Fort William.

BILL COCKELL—Port Arthur

Bill is a graduate of Hillcrest High School where he did a lot of work with the air cadets. He bowls and is a fine broomball player with a booming shot. Our Bill has a far-away look in his eyes at the slightest mention of Toronto, where his wife-to-be is waiting.



RAPHAEL DANZIE—West Indies

Here is a chap that came all the way from the West Indies just to attend our College. He could be sipping lemonade in the warm sunshine of St. Lucia, instead of freezing in the sub-zero climate of Canada. Mr. Danzie has tried all our winter sports and is anxiously awaiting summer to teach us a little soccer.

AL EKROOS—Fort William

This flying Finn cowboy from F.W. can't seem to find out what he is being trained to be! Al takes part in all the sports activity the college has to offer—girls, card-playing, and drinking (cokes that is). High grades and Al seem to go hand in hand and being a Finn, naturally Al is a swell guy with lots of friends.



BOB FRANKOW—Port Arthur

Bob's interests are motorcycles and girls. An energetic man, Bob never stays in one place long except when playing checkers, a game in which he has a fair amount of skill. Bob is a member of the Lakehead Motorcycle Club and takes part in all of their activities (?????).



JIM HARNETT—Port Arthur

"Mr. Sportsman" here at the College, Jim is a hockey, baseball, broomball and basketball fiend. His extra-curricular activities consist of ivory banging, dancing and poker. Jim is on the Athletic Council and was one of the broomball organizers. Despite what people may think, Jim also excels in the classroom.



GORDON JACKSON—Port Arthur

Little Gord worked for the St. Lawrence Corporation before deciding to continue his education. Gordon is a diligent student and is working hard to make the most of his time. Before the year is over, maybe Gord will take Harnett up on the bet they've been talking about; we think Gord will win.



GARY JESSIMAN—Fort William

Without Gary's great physical effort, Ross' car(?) would never go. His marks prove he has a F.W.C.I.-educated brain. The boys of Eng. Tech. are grateful to him for his sense of humour —aren't we, Mr. Higgs? If marriage doesn't draw Gary away from the books, he should graduate as a first-class bridge builder.



KEN JOHNSTON—Toronto

"Twinkle Toes" is an active lad, playing hockey and broomball; he is also a member of the Athletic Society. Ken is a pipeliner from way back as he has had four years experience working on the pipeline. Ken's ambition is to complete his two years at the College and then go into pipeline engineering.



RON KLEMACKI—Port Arthur

The master musician of the bunch, Ron played for Tech's band and is now playing for the Bluenotes and the Port Arthur City Band. Ron is a member of the students' council and is a faithful patron of all the College dances.

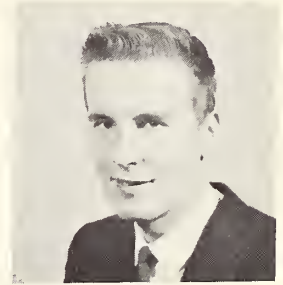


RON LIMBRICK—Fort William

Ron has a car which he drives until it is red in the face! As far as his love life is concerned, ask anybody, they know all about it. His activities include broomball and hockey. His ambition is to become an A1 engineer and build cocktail bars for his dad.

BARRY LYONS—Port Arthur

Barry, alias 'The Gumper' is a local boy and the philosopher of the engineering class. He can be heard expounding his views in the common room, and his constant advice is: "Don't cry over spilt milk." With all these theories, we often wonder why he ever chose to be an engineer.



FRANK MURPHY—Port Arthur

"Flashbug" is responsible for many of the pictures in this book. Frank curls and enjoys the mixed curling especially since the nurses are involved. Another of Frank's favourite pastimes is sneaking up behind a car and while passing, giving a 'beep, beep' with his Nash Rambler horn.

ALLAN SAXBERG—Port Arthur

Al is an all round athlete who enjoys just about every sport. He is an ardent and staunch member of the Y.M.C.A. and he puts in a lot of work for this organization. In fact, with all his outside activities, including broomball, we wonder how he manages to do so well in his exams.



SIEGFRIED SCHRAML—Port Arthur

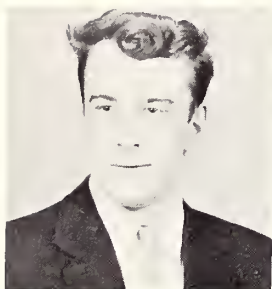
Siggy, a graduate of Hillcrest High School, has carried his fine reputation to the College, when he still manages to achieve high marks. He indulges in basketball, broomball, and whist in the common-room, where he is a very, very frequent visitor. His after hours are probably spent in chasing the girls.



CLEM STRICKLAND—Fort William

The studious type, Clem gives the impression of being a hard worker. However, girls and the chessboard seem to take up a good deal of his spare time. Whenever a roar of laughter rises from a group, you can be sure Clem is up to something. Taking walks and hitching rides are his special activities.

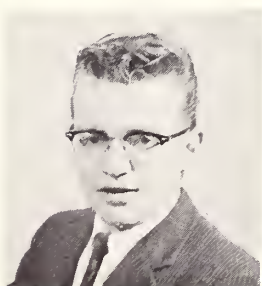
JAY SINCLAIR—Fort William
A pusher from the big city, Jay rates high in the higher brackets of the Eng. Tech. group not only in academic standing, but also in sports activities. Jay is a football star from way back and this year was an outstanding broomball and hockey player for the College. Jay should do very well in all ways in the future.



BILL SITARIK—Port Arthur

Bill is a graduate of Hillcrest where he had great potentialities of becoming a track and field star. But being lazy and a little shy he decided to devote his time to the fair sex. A friendly guy, Bill takes a lot of razzing on account of his Julius Caesar haircut, but it doesn't seem to worry him a bit (Wonder why?).

BILL TURESKI—Rainy River
Bill's usual studious attitude has been altered somewhat by the cozy atmosphere of the common room. But we think he will live to disprove Mr. Braun's theory that "people who sit and play cards in the common room, will fail." Bill was our all-star goalie on the College hockey team this year.



DAVE UUSITALO—Port Arthur

Dave has earned the title of procrastinator, because of his peculiar delay in putting the shocks in his car. He hopes to become the owner of his own construction company one of these days, but if he doesn't keep away from Susie's, he might not make it.



JOHN VENNES—Rainy River

John is the big game hunter of the class, for he has been guiding tourist hunters and fishermen since he was knee high. No doubt John is fully qualified and experienced in this type of work, yet his fish stories do seem rather tall at times. Perhaps this story-telling helps him in getting his good marks.

LARRY WARWICK—Port Arthur

Eng. Tech.'s man of opinions, "Wick" can usually be found discussing some controversial subject with someone. Larry leads a busy life around the school, participating in hockey, broomball, bowling and is also responsible for some of these write-ups. In the years to come he will probably end up in Fidel Castro's civil service.

ARMAS WEST—Port Arthur

Armas is the one who gets some of the best marks in the class. He plays a mean game of broomball and is quite adept at scoring goals for the other teams. His friends are always expecting his little red bomb to blow up, yet it still keeps going. His favourite hang-outs are the Finn and Kakabeka halls.

TECHNICAL FORESTRY

First Year

ALLEXANDER BARTHOLOMEW—Brantford, Ont.

Bart is our rep. to the SAC, and is a drummer in the LSSR Pipe band. His sports are skiing and archery, and his weakness is eight dollar phone calls. He has an uncanny ability for managing two dates on the same night. His hero is Bob Cummings and his philosophy is "Take it easy but above all, take it." We expect Bart to win a scholarship to continue his education at the U.N.B.

WILLIAM J. BROWN—London, Ont.

Champ eats his peanut bars before every game—chess game. His hero is Fidel Castro and his pet peeve is Jerome. He is our rep. to the A.A. (Athletic Association). His sports are basketball and hockey, and he wears a red toque. He hopes to enter the teaching profession in a few years and may finish his degree after working a couple of years.



CHARLES JEROME—Hamilton, Ont.

Bill came here on a three thousand draught bursary (he really doesn't drink). He too wears a red toque and his hero is Aldo Ray (he kills people!) Bill's pet peeve is flooded poolrooms at Stoney Creek and his special ability is underwater billiards. His favorite saying is "You're out of your mind," and incidentally he is the real owner of the notorious Saltfleet Jacket.

BRYN JONES—Sarnia, Ont.

Bryn, nicknamed Mogambo, is another avid fan of the popular red toque. His hero is Zorro and fags are his weakness. He is heard saying, "Do you think she'll go out with me?" His philosophy is: to be ambitious is to desire; to desire is to covet; to covet is to sin, and Bryn is a holy man. He greatly admires the sleeping giant — usually from Hillcrest Park.



PETER MATROSOVS—Brantford, Ont.

Pete came from Latvia nine years ago and had to come to the Lakehead to keep an eye on Bart. His special ability is arguing which seems to boost his marks. His hero is Pete. His activities include archery and skiing and his weakness is antique guns. Pete is also a member of LSSR. His future? "Grim" he says, but judging from his marks so far we think his future is very bright.

WAYNE ROBINSON—Fort William

Shuster is our math genius; slide rules are kid stuff. He figures out problems in his head before you can unlimber a slide rule. His hero? Scout. Famous as the first one under the table. His philosophy? Don't fight it — it's bigger than both of us. Ask him how many minutes it is until 2:23 P.M. April 30.



JOHN SENYK—Port Arthur, Ont.

Here is a word to the wise — The bigger they are, the harder they hit. John's future may be either as an Ontario Land Surveyor, or as a Labatt's Salesman. His nickname is Cynic and his favorite sport is deer hunting. His hero is Trev and his weakness is Miss Watermelon. Don't hit me, John! Trach said it.



DONALD SKELTON—London, Ont.

Pierre is usually seen with Bryn. They were the ones to start the red toque fad; and also caused the cover charge to be placed on all the rest of us. He hopes to finish his degree someday. His sports are hunting, fishing, archery and collecting old guns. His hero is Captain Marvel. He has no vices — HE says.

LEONARD SUOMO—Copper Cliff, Ont.

Two words for Leo—'Crazy Finn!' Leo also wears a red toque. His hero is Morty Meekle; and his weakness is the "sauna!" His special ability is enduring 180 degree temperatures in the steam bath. It looks as if Leo and Bart have the two scholarships sewed up between them. He says one more year will be plenty of school for him.



NESTER TRACH—Port Arthur, Ont.

Nes is the old-timer of For. Tech I, and his special ability is arranging dates for the boys. He does fine at organizing stags, too. He's always last under the table. His word to the wise is: "Much chance!" He made that expression famous. His hero is the Rifleman and his future will probably be as a professional teller of tall, tall, tales.



Chem Tech

Tech Mining II

DANIEL LANGILLE — Port Arthur

Ambition — Geologist

Probable Fate — Janitor at General Hospital

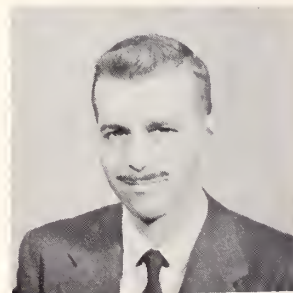
Favourite Saying — If she only knew

Weakness — His back

Pastime — Watching submarines at Boulevard Lake

Nickname — Sawed-off

Activities — President of Students' Council.



HUGH O. SCHOOLEY—Ottaw
Ambition—An entomologist
Probable Fate—Cleaner-upper at
Favourite Saying—Oh tiff, suffer
Pet Peeve—People who leave Cc
Nickname—Hubie
Activities—Student's Council Men

BOB ZARN—Leamington

Ambition—Any soft job
Probable Fate—Bush pilot
Favourite Saying—Heinz is best
Pet Peeve—Irishmen
Nickname—Hey you

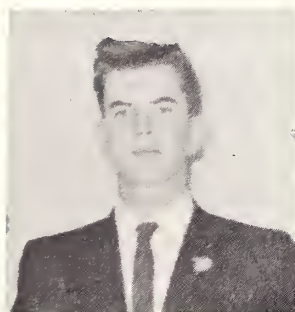
Tc ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY II *II*

GERALD CARLSON (Curly) — Fort William

This year Gerald represents our faculty on the Athletic Council. He is an avid organizer of hockey, broomball and bowling at the College. Curly's outstanding activities are uncertain but it is known that he has been dating a cute brunette from Fort William. Being the youngest in the class is no burden for Curly as he often gets some of the highest marks.

JOHN JAKLITCH (Sam) — Port Arthur

John represents our faculty on the S. A. C. this year. When he is not found in the confines of Hansen's Poolroom he may be easily located at Barb's. His minor activities include bowling, broomball, homework and card playing. He is recognized as the whist champion at the College. John hopes to continue his studies at Houghton College next year.



TOM LAW (Dooley) — Port Arthur

Tom works very ardently in school. He spends most of his spare time at the residence of E. K. Tom can often be seen arguing the merits of marriage with two confirmed bachelors from Mining II. His main activity at the College is card playing, but he often indulges in gym class.

BILL MOKOMELA (Mok) — Port Arthur

Bill is always battling for first place honours in the class with J. S. His school activities consist of bowling, broomball and gym class. Most of his outside social life is spent with Judy. Mok also plays football and for the last two years he has been a member of the Port Arthur Mustangs.



Tc ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY II *II*

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JOHN IAKUTCH (Sam) — Port Arthur



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PORT ARTHUR DIVISION

Convocation

1 9 5 8

The first convocation of the Lakehead College of Arts, Science, and Technology was held on May 8, 1958, at St. Paul's United Church in Port Arthur.

Following "O Canada," the Reverend W. C. Mercer declared the invocation. Mr. H. S. Braun welcomed the graduates and guests, after which the diplomas and certificates were presented. Mr. D. I. Nattress conferred diplomas in the Technical Division, while Mr. W. G. Tamblyn presented certificates to the University Division graduates.

The guest speaker, Mr. C. J. Warwick Fox, President and General Manager, the Great Lakes Paper Company Limited, was introduced by Mr. R. J. Flatt, Chairman of the Board of Governors.

Following the presentation of scholarships and awards, the first Convocation of the Lakehead College ended with "God Save the Queen."

SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES:

Hydro Electric Power Commission of Ontario Scholarship—Howard Kauppinen.
Abitibi Power and Paper Co. Ltd. Scholarship—William Butuk.
City of Fort William Scholarship—Ronald Gregor.
City of Port Arthur Scholarship—Eugene Koryk.
Marathon Corporation of Canada Limited—Robert Zarn.
University Women's Club of Thunder Bay Scholarship—Margaret Strachan.
J. P. Bickell Foundation Scholarship in Mining—Bernard Doughton.
Port Arthur Chamber of Commerce Scholarship—Carl Konefal.
N. W. O. Timber Operator's Association Scholarship—Hugh Schooley.
Port Arthur Lodge No. 224, I. O. O. F. Scholarship—Allan Korkola.
Lady Grey Chapter I. O. D. E. Scholarship—Annis Quackenbush.
Professional Engineers' Wives Association—Hugh Gamble.
Lakehead Electrical Association Scholarship—Robert McCall.
XI Upsilon Chapter - Beta Sigma Phi Scholarship—Sidney Zawaly.
National Council of Jewish Women—Annis Quackenbush.
Jessie Mackey Memorial Trophy—Carol Anne Egan.
Lakehead College Alumni Scholarship—John Smith.
Canadian Car Company Limited Prizes—Mr. E. A. Enstrom, Mr. A. W. Abercrombie.
Principal's Prizes in Forestry—Allan Korkola, and John Lagadin.
Robert Poulin Memorial Trophy—Pat Boivin.
Donald Clark Cup and Athletic Award—Carl Konefal.
Prizes to Part-Time Students: Economics—Nestor Shehowy.
Botany—Stanley Pasko.
French—Eileen Lehto.
History—Allan Hauta.
Psychology—Robert Orr.

To The Staff and Students of

THE LAKEHEAD COLLEGE OF ARTS, SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

Industry and Education are the forward line and back line of the same team, just as teachers and students are themselves a team. Therefore, officers and employees of this Company are keenly aware of the vital role played by your College in training students to meet the needs of industry.

The continued success of the forest industries is guided by professional foresters, scientists and technicians in the mills and laboratories, professional engineers of various categories, and specialists in management and marketing. Many aspects of technology are involved.

Therefore, in these days when so much is said of technological progress in other countries, we are glad to have this opportunity of paying tribute to the splendid record of your College.

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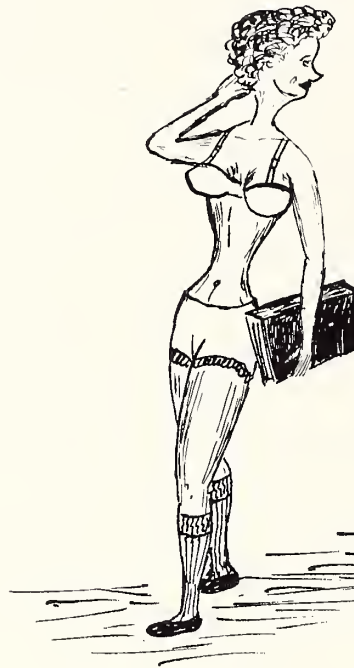
The University of Western Ontario

LONDON - CANADA



The Miners:- Feild Trip Scene.

The College Girl as Seen by,



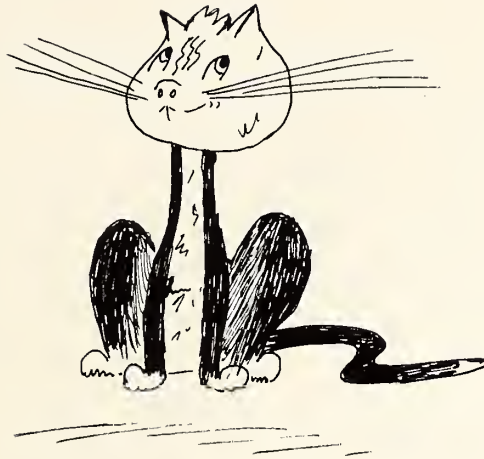
College boys,

Herself,

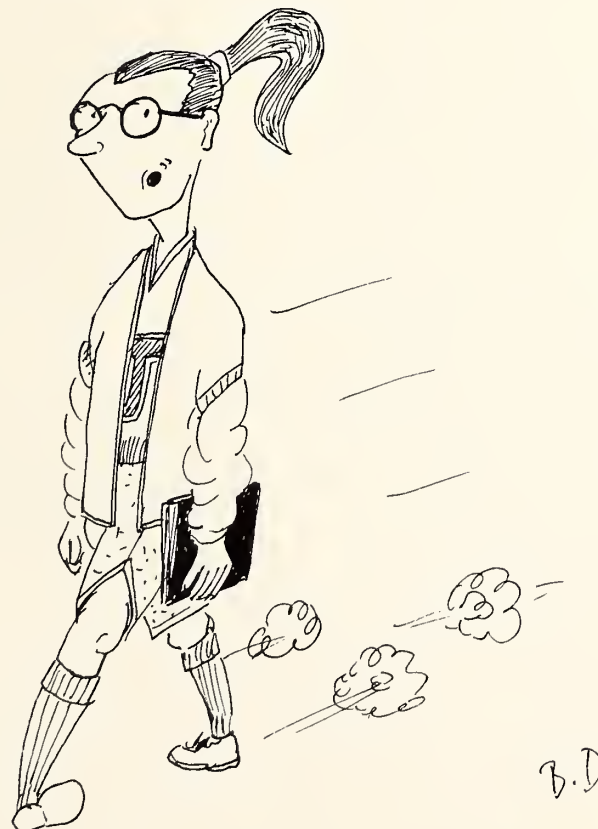


B.P.

Other College Girls.



The Public.

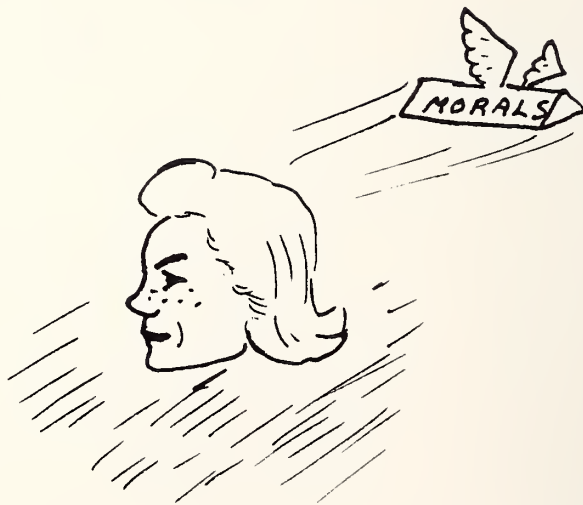


B.D



HER TEACHERS

HER PARENTS



B.D.

The College Boy as Seen by,

The Public



His Parents.

B.D.

Teachers.



By Girls (in general!)



By Himself



By the Police



Dances



November 7-58 Record Dance:

The social activities of the Lakehead College began a little late this year but the first dance was an immense success. There was a capacity crowd with most of the students themselves attending, nurses from both cities plus students from other schools. The dance was put on by the Student's Council and music was supplied by various L.P.'s purchased by the Council for the Common Room. The room itself was decorated with orange, brown and yellow streamers in an autumn motif with sprays of autumn flowers outlining the doors, bulletin board and canteen. Everyone got acquainted with each other and the first dance of the social season was a success.

November 19-58 Dinner Dance:

The second dance of the winter term was the Students Council semi-formal supper dance at the Flamingo Club. Approximately fifty couples attended plus members of the staff. Guest speaker was Mr. H. Badani, M.P. for Fort William. Dancing followed with the music supplied by the Continentals.

November 28-58 Christmas Dance:

Although great preparation and planning was done for this dance, the attendance was poor. Two large Christmas trees placed in the far two corners of the room, were brightly lit and sparkling with tinsel. Red, white and green streamers added to the gay atmosphere which produced enjoyment in all those attending.

January 16-59 Sleigh Ride:

The New Year started off right with all tickets being sold for the Sleigh Ride.

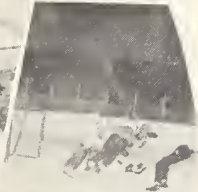
Twenty below weather was in store for the students but running behind the sleighs soon dispelled the cold. At the school donuts were served with dancing to the records in the Common Room. Pictures were taken by Frank Murphy, and everyone had an enjoyable time.

January 30-59 Record Dance:

Another Record Dance was held with a very poor show of students attending. Due to a bit of laziness on the social convenors part, the decorations from the Christmas Dance were still present but gave the dance a bit of pep, something which the students entirely lacked.

February 20-59 Mid-Winter Formal:

The Students Council held their annual mid-winter formal at the Prince Arthur Hotel. Approximately ninety people attended including members of the staff. The guest speaker, Mr. Ken MacGray delivered a most interesting address on the N.A.T.O. defence system in Europe. Then dancing followed to the music of the Continentals and this was by far the most successful of the Councils social endeavours for everyone enjoyed themselves immensely and the party didnt break up until 1:45. At press time, one or two social functions still remain.



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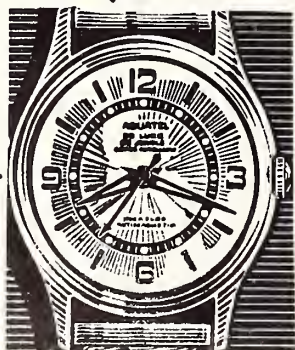
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ATHLETIC COUNCIL



President's Message: This year saw the initiation of, a joint bowling league with the nurses of Port Arthur's General Hospital, and three broomball teams. The most favourite sport has again been curling, as evidenced by the large number of heavy sweaters and rams seen about the College on Wednesday afternoons. Through the generosity of the Board of Governors, we were able to obtain a group membership in the Port Arthur Y.M.C.A. Many students have been availing themselves of the facilities of the gyms of Hillcrest and Lakeview High Schools. The second annual hockey night and dance was held again at the Arena, with the Port Arthur Collegiate retaining the trophy that they won last year. More than 400 students attended this event which is proving to be a very popular event of the College. The lack of continuity in the College makes the organization of a bar-credit system for athletic letters very difficult, but individual trophies will continue to be awarded. The fall field trips in the technology division held up the elections for at least one month, so it is my plan to appoint an acting president from the council members, to start things moving as soon as possible after the fall registration. It has been a great pleasure and honour to serve as President and I hope that in the future more athletic fields will be opened to the students.

JACK MEYERS

CURLING



This year curling had the largest number of participants of any sport at the College. Twelve teams in all were formed. They were composed of Lakehead College students with several nurses from the Port Arthur General Hospital included. We had some well-known curlers this year but most, however, were people who had never used a broom before except to sweep floors. These soon learned, much to the amusement and dismay of the veterans, that 'sweeping a rock' is a much different proposition. One player was particularly adept at sprawling over the ice and rocks. His name shall not be mentioned, but he is an Artsman with red hair. At the present time, Pete Hindle's rink remains unbeaten with Jim Sargent's rink running a close second. But, to all of us I think it does not matter which team finally is victorious. What really matters is that we got out together and had wonderful times on Wednesday afternoons.

Gerald Smith.

Bowling



We started the year with a league composed of sixteen teams bowling on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons. The teams were made up of our students and some fifteen nurses from the Port Arthur General Hospital. To cover the cost of an end of season banquet, the bowlers each paid an extra fifteen cents per line. There was high enthusiasm at the beginning of the year, but this seemed to wane as the year went by, and by the middle of February, there were only eight teams bowling.

However, we hope that the future of bowling at the College will be bright, and as enrollment increases, bowling may prove one of the most popular sports at the College.

Robert Zarn.



HOCKEY AND BROOMBALL

Hockey this year at the College was started before Christmas at the Port Arthur Arena. Only three games were played before the exams and so play was discontinued until January. In January, a sad surprise awaited us — all our hockey equipment had been stolen, and it seemed we were finished with hockey for the year.

Then broomball was mentioned. Thirty-six boys signed up, and Gerald Carlson, Jim Harnett and Ken Johnston drew up a broomball league and schedule. Three teams were formed with all of the games being played on Wednesdays and Fridays at the Oliver Road Rink. The league ended with Carlson's team on top, but in the play-offs, Johnson's team came through with the championship.

Two hockey exhibition games were played against King's Business College with the College picking up a pair of wins to the tune of 10-3, and 22-4. The stars in these games for the College were Faulkner and Sinclair, who between them, picked up over 20 goals. Later in the year two broomball exhibition games were played against an all-star team from Port Arthur's high school, and as in the hockey the College picked up two victories, 6-1, and 4-0.

The annual Hockey night was again sponsored by L.C.A.S.T., and the Perciante and Laprade trophy was retained by P.A.C.I., although the College team gave a good account of themselves.

Judging from the interest shown during the year for the broomball, it will probably become a regular feature at the College in the future. It might be mentioned that since our league is the only organized College league in Canada, John Jacklitch, our leading scorer is also the top broomball scorer across Canada!

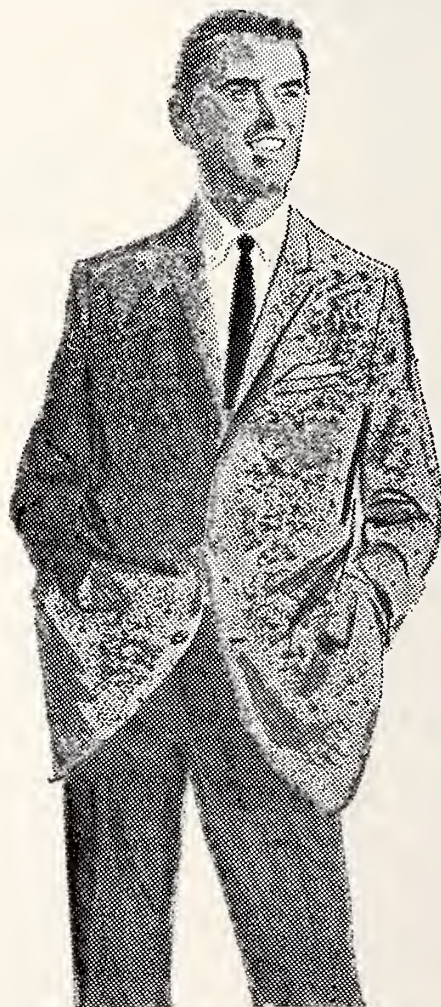
Gerald Carlson



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PART TIME ARTS

Hi there,

Well here we are in '59; right in the thick of our courses in the "part-time section." Let's look in and see what we can find this year.

First we see many old familiar faces and quite a few new ones too. Seems to be many more attending this year. I'm sure this is a sign that interest and enthusiasm has grown. In my opinion it does each year. Many of these students have been attending the lecture sessions for quite a few years now and no doubt have a goodly number of subjects to their credit. Each credit is a step closer to that B.A.

It's not quite time for the bell yet. What do you say we grab a cup of hot chocolate? Sort of perks you up and gives you "courage" to sit through a lecture 'til nearly six. Gee, it's only 4:30 now. Oh well, we might as well sit here and chat for a spell. Everyone else seems to be exchanging views or comparing notes here too.

All this reading and studying sure keeps a fellow hoppin'! I hear that some guys come here nearly every day for lectures. By the way, the courses this year for us include Economics, French, Zoology, History and Psychology. Exams? Twice during the year . . . Xmas and the finals at Easter. Summer Course??? Here? I should hope so! I'm sure there would be strong support for it if the opportunity were granted. However, we can talk it up and see what happens. Here's hoping!

Bye now . . .

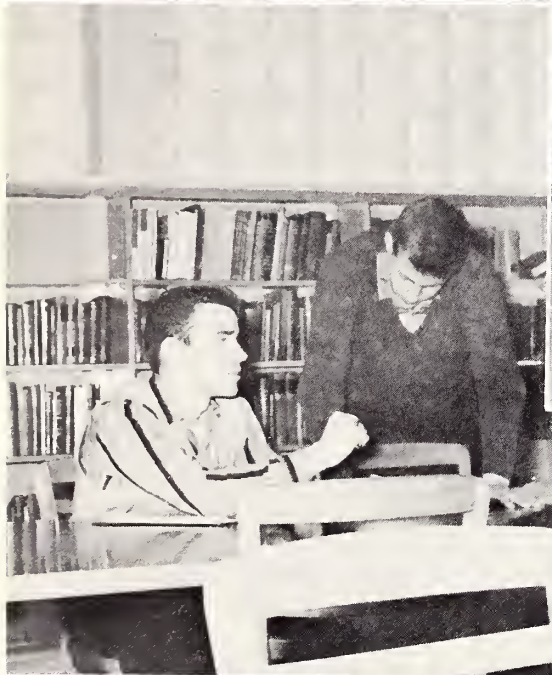
—GERALD CARLSON.

DEBATING

This year, for the first time in the history of the Lakehead College, interest was aroused in debating. There were about ten interested members of the group, and in the course of the year, we participated in five debates with outside schools. We started off the year with two debates against the Port Arthur Collegiate. The competitors from the College were Stewart Smith, Charles Mountford, Anne Stevens and Diana Jarvis. Both debates were won by the College.

On February 27th, 18 students travelled to Duluth at an invitation from the University of Minnesota (Duluth Branch). Although all our debaters — Stewart Smith, Charles Mountford, Diana Jarvis, and Neil McLeod — conducted themselves well in their debates, differences in debating styles resulted in a double win for the Duluth teams. All the students on the Duluth trip had a terrific time, and we hope it will be a precedent that will be continued in the future.

The year ended with another win over the Collegiate. The S.A.C. has donated a trophy for annual debating competition among the schools at the Lakehead. We hope this generous gesture will ensure the continuance of debating at the College.





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Editor



CHARLES MOUNTFORD
Literary



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SUE GREER
Social



FRANK MURPHY
Photography

YEARBOOK STAFF

In our book this year, we have tried to revive for you on lifeless paper the movement and life of the school year; the sporting triumphs and defeats, the intellectual victories and the personalities with whom you have become acquainted throughout 1958-59 so that those of you who attended this college will have something to refer to when memory stirs some half-forgotten echo in later years. Only those who have been personally cognizant of an affair can draw from the printed page the human qualities that lie behind each article, each photograph and each story, and it is to you that this book is sincerely addressed.

We on the yearbook staff sincerely hope that we have captured successfully the true atmosphere of the year which is now passed, a difficult task of course but one in which we have had the full and complete help of the entire student body. To those helpful souls who extended so much of their time, thanks again. Thanks too, to those few, alas too few! who contributed so many stories of such high literary merit to the literary section.

This book is a memory book and we hope that it provides for you many hours of happy reminiscence when the day is done and the sun sinks, like Lochinvar, into the western sky.

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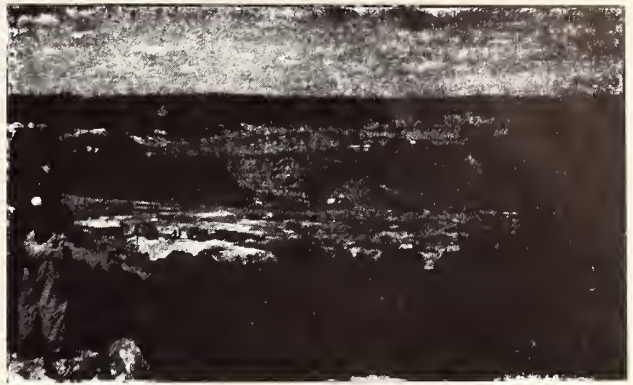
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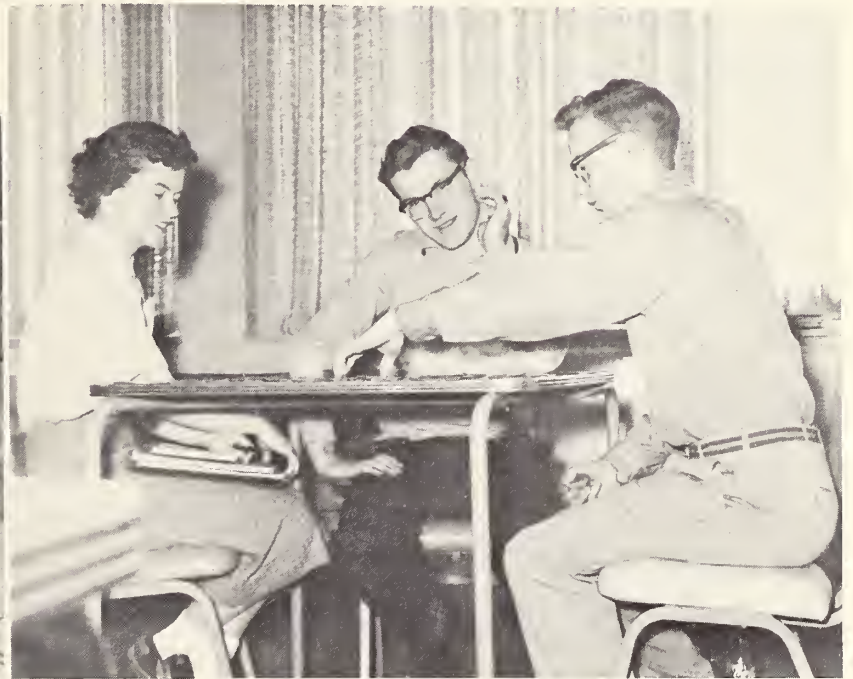
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LITERARY SECTION

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Contributors: Frank Brown
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Diana Jarvis
Lorraine Legros
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Eleanor Toplack

OF STUDIES

Studies are useful for amusement, showing-off, and for ability. Their chief use for amusement is in laughing and joking; for showing-off is in telling tall tales; and for ability, is in the successful passing of a school year. To spend too much time in studies is unwise, to spend little time in them is the true mark of a genius. Sharp men use studies, wise men abuse them, and stupid men forget them. Some books are to be read for a few pages, others to be read from the frontispiece, and some few to be returned to the library shelves. Reading giveth sore eyes, talking a sore throat, and writing a sore hand.

And therefore if a man write little, he has no need for pencils, if he talks little, he has no need for Vick's, and if he reads little, he hath no need for Library Science. Nay there is no virtue or good characteristic that may not be destroyed or stunted by fit studies.

Read not to understand, nor to make notes, but to confuse and annoy the professor. For if a man's wit be wandering, let him go to the Ontario Mental Hospital. If his wit is not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him take a Geology Lab. If he be not apt to beat over matter, and to call up one thing, to prove and to illustrate another, let him study Logic, for he will then be even more confused. So every defect of the mind may have a suitable, agonizing college course. Card-playing is good for the temper and the voice, skipping classes is good for card-playing, and going to college is good for a laugh.

Sir Francis Smith.



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THE ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF MINES

LOST IN THE SOUP

By Frank Brown

It was a clear, warm, evening when we wandered down to the aircraft and took off from Desolation Lake. Here, in the land of the midnight sun, a person doesn't have to worry about darkness closing in so we prepared to continue flying until three or four in the morning.

Our job, flying electro-magnetic survey from a height of five hundred feet, is quite hazardous anywhere in Canada, particularly in the Arctic.

It was a routine flight for three hours, and then a slight ground fog started to creep over the hills. Being near the Arctic Ocean, fog is not unusual, so we were not too worried. However, we liked to be cautious and headed for home. The nearest landing field other than ours was at Yellowknife, three hundred miles to the south.

As we proceeded north to our home base the fog got as thick as soup, and for the time being we were lost in a land of nothing. We circled the immediate area and could see nothing to give us a bearing.

But wait! Was that the radio tower? Archie spotted it first and Jim and I verified it. We were relieved to know that the camp was near because the runway ran north and south, with the camp as its northern boundary. If we flew on past the camp and made our approach directly over it, we could make our landing.

Jim and I had every confidence in Archie's ability so we were not too worried about his bringing us in for a safe landing. But was a landing necessary? We still had three hours of gas on board. We could wait until the fog cleared, and furthermore, all the gas was a hazard if we should crash on landing. All this was going through the earphones as Archie prepared to land.

Jim yelled that we were off the runway, and I strained to see through the thick, gray mass. Yes, there was the runway, ninety degrees to our left. Archie had completely miscalculated his approach. Upon seeing his gross error, he pulled up the landing gear and applied full power to both engines. The power was there, but the plane just seemed to hang in the air as if shrouded in the fog. We knew a hill was directly in our path of flight, and we simply had to get sufficient speed to climb over it. Then we all heard a crunch as the plane touched the earth.

The propellers dug into the snow, gouging out a pit. There was a terrible grinding and ripping noise as the airplane bounced and lurched along the ground. A hot, sticky substance was trickling down my face. I wiped my forehead with my hand and discovered it was blood. I had not felt the blow, with all the jarring about. Then the plane gave a last dying lurch as it tried in vain to become airborne for a last grand finale. There seemed to be a soft sigh as it finally came to rest. We quickly climbed out, fearing a fire, and studied our surroundings. One engine was completely missing and the other one was torn loose of its mounts. It had made its last flight.

We thanked God for bringing us through the terrible ordeal, and started the trek to camp by following the squawking of seagulls from the dump behind the camp.

I have flown since then and will fly again, but I will always remember being "lost in the soup."

R. C. Addison



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FROM A PAINTING

The sea gull and his mate wend
Their way across the desolate fjord;
Only the monotonous slap of rippling
 Water on bare rock
Interrupts their soundless flight across the inlet.
Behind them, a jigsaw pattern coastline,
 Dotted with the scattered grain of
 Boulders and rocks;
Bold streaks of white, rust and grey
 In the patchy rocks
Become muted in the distance.
 A premonition—the gulls hasten on.

The sun is suffocated; an unfeeling grey
 Coldness is now
Suppressing the once-soft green-blue
 Of the water;
The shore draws them near, a strait of Messina,
Compelling fortress of immovable granite.
The jagged peaks thrust angrily into the
 Threatening sky,
Challenging these audacious creatures
 Who disturb their solitude.
 The gulls fly on.

ANNE STEVENS



They're good, but —

FOREST FIRE SAFETY RULES:

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2. Locate fire where rising wind cannot strike it
3. Remove flammable debris from fire area
4. Keep fire small; never leave it unattended
5. Use vacuum containers; avoid unnecessary fires
6. Before breaking camp, drown fire with water and stir ashes with bare hand as final check
7. Do not smoke on trail: stop and sit down
8. Extinguish all smoking materials in water or on rock; make final check with fingers
9. Use hand-rolled cigarettes and safety lighters

The fire-limiting record of our Forest Protection service, the finest in the world, is at the mercy of every sportsman and vacationist who goes into the woods. Last year, 86 per cent of forest fires were caused by human negligence. Thoughtless smokers and careless campers were responsible for fires which destroyed thousands of acres of public-owned timber, devastated delightful camping and vacation grounds, poisoned fishing waters, and eliminated game animals for many years to come. Only by adhering always to sensible fire precautions can you be sure you did not cause the senseless waste of forest fire.



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LA CHAMBRE DES COMMUNES

S'il est suivi jusqu'à sa source ce sourd bourdonnement guide sans détour à la chambre des communes je puis dire chambres des communes car c'est véritablement ce que c'est. Là aumileu du tapage est la crème du pays qui cause ce tapage. Oui, la crème du pays. Combien y en a-t-il qui oseraient ni pas l'avouer à la vue de ces jeunes gens si virils et si intellectuels? Après tout, où trouverons-nous de meilleurs joueurs de cartes, de dames et des échecs, (cependant les étudiants ne sont pas les seuls qui soient des as à ce jeu échecs, le vent rapporte que deux de non docteurs sont des plus brillants guerriers). Mentionnons aussi, que dans cette chambre commune, il y a toujours une véritable peste de personnes appartenantes au beau sexe et que chacun du sexe fort pourrait, sans trop de peine, commencer son hamer, (vive les non-conformistes!).

Mais, ici on ne badine pas. Aux quatre laboratoires: physique, chimie, zoologie et botanie; les machines, les composés, les spécimens enfin tout est utilisé avec le plus grand intérêt pour le bien-être de la race humaine. L'un est occupé à tourner vivement gigantesque roue qui l'amuse et l'intrigue, l'autre se gratte les ménages afin de trouver la réaction qui changera l'eau en or: le premier (s'il continue) accomplira de grandes choses, le dernier s'il n'accomplit rien, sera du moins riche.

Aux lectures, l'atmosphère de "nous comprenons tout cela" regne et demeure invulnérable. Le professeur saute de tableau à tableau et miracle! Les plus complexes et incompréhensibles théorèmes et lois sont raisonnées, comprises et enfilés dans la mémoire. Le professeur demande si chacun a bien compris et chacun (avec les sourcils en accent circonflex) répond 'oui.'

Dans une telle ambiance intellectuelle où les hommes et les femmes sont essentiellement des individus, il est difficile d'en donner une caractéristique générale: mais, s'il faut en donner une, on pourrait dire que l'ensemble est ni émotif ni marmoréen; il est enjoué et revêtu d'un inviolable génie qui commande le respect, même dans ses chutes et ses écarts.

—LORRAINE LEGROS.

NANABIJOU

Stalwart, silent, still, he lies
Across the horizon far,
Bathed in rays of golden-red
Sparkling waters form his bed,
Mantled in a cloak of green,
Majestic, yet serene, he seems—
Nanabijou, the Sleeping Giant.

Monstrous, mighty, mute, he lies,
Surveying his domain,
Once a valiant warrior bold
His feats of strength and power told,
Till jealousy led to his doom,
And turned to stone by Manitou
Was Nanabijou, the Sleeping Giant.

A laurelled, lauded legend he,
Who sleeps in silence there
Amid the pounding sea of foam;
For Lake Superior is his home.
And yet we look at him and sigh
This sleeping form will come alive—
Nanabijou, the Sleeping Giant.

Beloved, bereaved, bewailed was he
By dark-eyed Indian maid;
So she herself was turned to stone
By Manitou, and now alone
She waits in patience there, above
The Bay of Thunder, for her love—
Nanabijou, the Sleeping Giant.

SUSAN GREER

HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR WHITE BUCKS YET?

Stewart Smith

The group is always right. This new and insidious theory in American life, striking at our society by means of the freedoms present in a democracy, is crippling our long-held doctrine of democratic individuality, and is converting our society into a sheeplike population of faceless conformists.

One of the proud claims that Americans have made for years has been that in America exist equality of opportunity and an unspoken assumption of the right of individuality. Today this claim is merely empty and false idealism.

Today, the shy or the highly intelligent child is a deviate. People who do not act just as everyone else does are 'maladjusted' and every effort is made to make these people fit the mold, which, of course, is set by that nebulous body 'The Group.' Phony politeness, synthetic good intentions, and the mass-produced smile have replaced the traditional sentiments and emotions of the individual.

And, although Americans are fairly secure, able to provide their families with food, shelter and protection, their lives are passed, not in the glow of personal convention and decision, but under the vague, grey shadow of uneasiness and doubt. Why? Because individuality has been lost. In a free and democratic society, people today are being robbed of a tradition that the communist countries deny by force.

This loss of individuality and the upsurge of conformism are not only applicable in terms of sameness in taste for clothing, gadgets and food. In fact, this particular growing sameness is only a symptom of a more serious disease. For individualism really has little to do with the eccentricities and idiosyncrasies usually associated with it. It rather deals with the ability to make decisions, to love, to work as an individual and not as a mere puppet of The Group. Also teamwork and group action are not bad or undesirable until they become ends in themselves and until adjustment to The Group becomes a way of life.

Since the machinery of conformity and mass education is aimed in the main at the school children of today, a brief examination should be made of its effect on them. The result is a mediocre education and a country of life-adjusted, (just what does this ambiguous phrase mean?), nameless persons. These man-produced, and assembly-line youngsters are now educated in terms of deviation, maladjustment and group work on the basis of co-operation instead of competition. This co-operation is leading to stagnation and a relaxation of the mind's capabilities. Shy children, and especially very intelligent children and plain different children are classified arbitrarily as 'deviates' and are forced by the Group in the form of well-meaning teachers and classmates to conform under the guise of life-adjustment and necessity. By such conformism, not only is individuality crushed but creativeness and potential intellectual ability are ruined and stunted in the interests of the average, mediocrity. Often, this repression of a child's unique characteristics that make him different from all other human beings, leads to the creation of an automaton, faceless and ideal fodder for a juvenile gang, or, later, a mass totalitarian movement.

Despite the increasing need for daring and persistent individualism so necessary and precious to prepare for the future, the driving force of conformity strides forward, brushing aside or crushing all unique traits, all personal free desires. The Group is always right and because of the realization of this assumption, service, hospitality and goodwill are all geared for groups and not for mere individuals. On the basis of group tests people's endurance and patience are driven just short of the breaking point in the service of society or The Group.

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The Church was once a place to escape from the advance of the philosophy of sameness. But today, the growth of national church membership reflects more the desire of people to conform than the desire to worship. Church Sunday worship is becoming a fashion parade, an arena where prospective social climbers can vie with each other under the pretence of spiritual zeal.

This problem we face is puzzling and frightening, but to understand it properly, a basic truth should be observed — the group was created *for* the individual, not the individual for the group. The purpose for the individual's existence is not to be a function of society, but to be a factor and a power in creating society in the way any individual so wishes.

Perhaps, if the danger is realized soon enough, the path of conformity may be detoured — By the way, have you forgotten how to say 'I'?

THE END.

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WHEN THERE ARE SWALLOWS

When there are swallows,
And the Earth, by sleight o' hand
Changes white to verdant green,
When Life, by the spring of childhood
Like Earth renewed, the hoary
Frost of age all melted clean away,
Then faithful youth, like fateful sap
Shall flow again;
When there are swallows.

When there are swallows,
And we drink again the
Hoary, fast forgetfulness of age,
What force shall then suffice
To yield to us our gilded youth,
Our tender years of painless joy,
Our years of burning, unburnt life;
When there are swallows.

C. Mountford

IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY . . .

Bernard Doughton

On a November night much like any other November night in the borough of Islington, London N.7, a small six year old boy lay half asleep in his cot. It was 1944, there was a war on, and London lay still and dark under the prevailing blackout as it had done for the past four years. But even the throaty voice on the wireless saying "This is Germany calling, Germany calling, Germany calling," could not deter the chain of thoughts that romped through his preoccupied mind, the extremes of joy and sadness so typical of any six year old boy.

A sound came out of the night, a singularly different sound, yet a sound that all London was now used to. Commanding the attention of all who heard it, the air raid siren with its pitching tone sent forth its ominous message and, as it faded away, warned of the ensuing destruction and chaos that must follow it. So accustomed was the little boy to this sound that he dozed on, apparently oblivious to all surroundings but wide awake enough to hear what was going on in the next room. In that room, the parlour, his mother and father were having a card game with the neighbours. Faintly present, was the voice of the radio with the sinister throaty speaker declaring what Germany's mighty Luftwaffe was going to do to London that night.

"Turn that bloody traitor off!" someone said. "Let's hear him out, can't do any harm," said another.

They had placed the boy's bed in the passage since they were of the opinion that this was the most structurally strong position in the Flats. In this confined chamber, he was protected from the outside dangers but well aware of the conversation in the next room.

"Think he'll wake up?" It was his mother's voice this time. "No, he's used to Jerry now," said his father in a reassuring tone. The latter statement was in fact true, for in the short span of his lifetime, he had never known a night that the siren didn't blast forth its bombastic warning.

Another faint sound became audible, a droning sound, augmented with every second that ticked by. Planes! This aroused the boy from his slumber, for he loved planes irrespective of what side they were on. The drone was louder, became a subdued roar and new sounds entered the picture as ack ack batteries began their individual war with the heavens in an attempt to pluck the invader from the skies. A high pitched scream, long and harmonious, was introduced followed by another and another, each ending with a heavy "crumping" sound, followed by a vibration that rattled the crockery and threatened to shake loose and send tumbling any all placed item on the pantry shelves.

By this time the boy was at the window gazing upon the scene that befell his eyes, and what a scene it was! The sky was criss-crossed with fingers of light from the searchlights, that probed and intruded the clouds in an effort to find the enemy that had dared to disturb a nation's sleep. Off to the right of his field of vision a ball of fire was falling towards the earth.

"Jerry must have hit one of the balloons," said a voice in the now dark neighbouring room. The flame fell below the horizon, lit up the sky momentarily as if making a final bid for attention, and then faded away.

The racket went on for an eternity that could not have been longer than twenty minutes, and then the noise began to subside as one by one the sounds died away 'til only the occasional whine and crump was heard.

Now that the show was drawing to a close the boy moved away from the window. He knew only too well that to be found at the window during an air raid would invoke severe disciplinary action. He crawled into his cot and when the customary check came he feigned sleep.

He began to drift off to sleep as somewhere afar the "All Clear" sounded singing as it seemed to say "It's alright now, it's all over . . . for to-night." As his mind revelled on the shrapnel collection tomorrow en route to school, he heard the radio in the next room only instead of the guttural voice, the strains of "The White Cliffs of Dover" drifted into the passage. He passed on into a long, peaceful sleep, and never once did the gravity of the situation occur to him.

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A READER'S GUIDE TO OTHELLO

Eleanor Toplack

Othello is one of Shakespeare's greatest domestic tragedies. It gives a vivid account of married life in Venice during the sixteenth century where a woman may start out being smothered with kisses and end up simply being smothered.

Othello is also a more mature work of Shakespeare. An evidence of this is his feminine ending (both Desdemona and Emilia are killed). Another factor is his naughty language and skillfully woven "juicy" plots. 1. In some places he completely forgets himself, and, due to censorship the lines are omitted. It is therefore left to the reader's imagination to fill in the necessary detail.

The most fascinating character, Iago, is so complex that he must be studied in different degrees and levels. The reader is strongly advised to bring a compass and ruler.

The plot is set in Venice. 2. Rodrigo is seen talking with Iago. Iago is a villain. 3. This is not his only occupation; he is also a Venetian spy with the rank of an Ancient. 4. At this moment Iago is conspiring a plot against Cassio. He is always getting revenge 5. at someone for he has an unusual amount of it on his hands.

"Who is this Cassio?" sneers Iago. Cassie, he makes clear, is a book-worm with leather patches on his elbows while he himself has stripes from his wrist to his shoulder.

He reveals to Rodrigo — a gulled 6. gentleman — a choice bit of gossip. Desdemona has run off with Othello, a Moor with a sunburnt tan.

"Call up her father, Brabantio," Iago tells his friend, thinking that there must be a telephone booth somewhere on the Grand Canal. Brabantio, hearing the news, gets terribly excited and cries out, "Get weapons, and raise some special officers of the night!" He can hardly wait to see his new son-in-law. The rest of the night Brabantio runs frantically around the streets searching for Desdemona in his nightgown and bare feet. 7.

The Act closes with Iago mumbling how he will abuse Othello's ear by pouring it brimfull with lies. 8.

The scene shifts to Cyprus where Iago, Desdemona, and Cassio join the victorious Othello 9. who has just won a sea battle although he is a general, not an admiral.

Iago is now scheming around the clock on his plot. 10.

1. It was like child's play for Will to spill lemon juice over his loom.
2. Probably so that the costumes and stage properties of the Merchant of Venice could be used again.
3. This is his specialty, and he works hard at it.
4. A title of the officers advanced in age but not in rank.
5. He finds it keeps him in trim on his job.

6. The birds have made a mess of him apparently.
7. A strange place for her to be.
8. He had watched *Hamlet* and thought it could look like a "perfect crime" in his case also.
9. If Othello was in Cyprus and everyone else was in Venice it would be difficult for even Shakespeare to manage.
0. A steady 24 rock and roll shift around the clock.

He invites Cassio for a drink. Cassio accepts. Iago gives a toast 12. to the marriage of Othello and Desdemona saying, "Well, happiness to their sheets." This is undoubtedly a slip of the tongue. Cassio becomes completely inebriated and as he proudly boasts "I can stand well enough," he falls flat on his face. Before the evening is up he becomes involved in a drunken brawl. He is heard muttering, "Reputation, reputation, I have lost my reputation." 13. This is not all, he has also a blasted hangover to cope with. 14.

Cassio gets Desdemona to forward his suit to Othello in order that he may get on friendly terms with him. Desdemona, being slow-witted and dense says "My lord shall never rest. I'll intermingle everything he does with Cassio's suits." Othello gets quite annoyed to find Cassio's suit in his closet between his uniform.

Othello becomes worried about Desdemona and unburdens himself to Iago. Iago has also some weighty thoughts on his mind. 15. "It were not for your quiet, nor for your good to know my thoughts," he whispered to Othello. 16. Furthermore, people are beginning to talk. 17. Nor is this all. Iago, just warming up, tells Othello a whopper about sleeping with Cassio one night, one of them having gotten into the wrong bed.

"I heard him say, 'Sweet Desdemona let us hide our loves!' And then he would cry out 'O sweet creature' and grip and wring my hand and kiss me as if he pluk'd up kisses by the roots." Then sir he would 18. Cassio would have certainly something to gripe about if he discovered with whom he was in bed.

These sort of insinuations coming from Iago get under Othello's skin. 19. He cries out 'O Monstrous! monstrous! 20. I'll tear her all to pieces. O, blood, blood, blood.' He is obviously upset.

From here the plot becomes quit confused. 21. A woman Bianca gets involved. She is a very loose woman and when Cassio talks about her he makes gestures as if to hold her together. Othello, thinking that he is talking about Desdemona, becomes annoyed. He therefore must get rid of Desdemona and her lover.

Rodrigo makes a pass as Cassio; Cassio who does not like these sort of things tries to defend himself.

Meanwhile Othello creeps into Desdemona's chamber. "She must die," he mutters, "yet I'll not shed her blood nor scar that skin of hers, smooth as monumental alabaster." 22.

11. Who wouldn't if the drinks were on the house?

12. Imagine receiving a burnt piece of toast for a wedding gift.

13. Free liquor benefits.

14. Othello has just blown his top.

15. He finds it hard to keep to himself all his dirty jokes.

16. This is a spicy one about Desdemona.

17. No one more than Iago.

18. The scars of censorship.

19. They cause an odd form of dermatitis.

20. He looks at himself in a mirror and thinks he has horns growing out of his head.

21. 'Will' got the warp and woof tangled on his loom.

22. Translated as the old Moorish oath "Allah blast her."

Desdemona overcome by his kisses awakes and begs her lord to wait till morning. 23. She is very eloquent but should have saved her breath for a dash down the hall. Othello, who is not used to waiting, smothers her. Although dead she comes back to life to wish all a farewell.

Emilia, her maid, lets the truth out to the Venetian F.B.I. so much so that Iago has to run her through with his sword. Othello who does not like the limelight to be taken away from him, cries out, "Here is my journey's end, here is my butt." All turn to him with a puzzling look as he runs his dagger through himself and exits. 24.

23. Obviously too tired to kiss him good-night.

24. He defies all the conventions of Elizabethan drama and makes no further speeches.

LITTLE THINGS

It takes a little muscle and it takes a little grit,

A little true ambition with a little bit of wit;

It's not the biggest things that count and make the biggest show—

It's the little things that people do that makes the old world go.

A little bit of smiling and a little sunny chat.

A little bit of courage for comrades slipping back;

It's not the biggest things that count and make the biggest show—

It's the little things that people do that makes the old world go.

It takes a kindly action and it takes a word of cheer

To fill a life with sunshine and to drive away a tear;

Great things are not the biggest things that make the biggest show—

It's the little things that we may do that makes the old world go.

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S T O R M

Shivering, huddled helplessly in a protecting pine,
The tiny bird remains — alone in the terrifying world
of blue and green.
White clouds send across a patch of blue, driven by
a blanket — shroud of ugly gray
And, as the ominous sky lowers,
A raw breeze ripples the calm waters.

Suddenly, all nature is stilled, silenced — awed.
Even the breeze hesitates to mar the mirror lake.
Tall hills, dark clouds and towering pines enclose
the small world;
Time stands still in hushed, expectant silence
Awaiting Nature's wrath.

Violently, unmercifully — the storm breaks,
Releases its pent-up fury on the tiny, unprotesting
occupant.
Fierce winds create havoc with the waves
And lash majestic evergreens, bowing in recognition
of its might.
Rain pelts everywhere — unabated and aided by the winds.
Then, miraculously — the storm ceases, and filtering
sunlight illuminates a refreshed scene.

—DIANE JARVIS.

ASSASSINATION

A single bulb was burning in the garage that housed the Soviet Commissar's car. Under the glare of this single light worked Peter Menshilov, a mechanic who was frequently called upon to exact repairs on the commissar's car.

This night, however, he had already finished repairing the car, and was now in the process of afixing a crude, deadly time bomb alongside the engine block. The explosive in the bomb was a single pound of amatol, which would be quite sufficient to blast the car to bits.

Peter worked swiftly and deftly and soon had the bomb well fastened on. Then he carefully set the time mechanism for 9:10 the following morning. Once that was done, he slammed the hood down, gathered his tools up and departed after turning the light out.

Thirty minutes later, he was up at his flat which he shared with two other Russian families. He entered quietly so as not to disturb any of his neighbors, and just as quietly slid his meager belongings packed in his travelling bags from beneath the bed. Then he quickly departed.

As he strode down the deserted street that his flat was on, he stopped beneath a street lamp and took his wallet from his pocket. For the hundredth time in the last two days, he checked to see that his travel permit and train ticket to East Germany were still there. Having satisfied himself, he once again started off down the street. It was not long before he arrived at the railway station where he was to catch the 11:30 train for the west. Once he was on the train, he was safe for about nine hours before circumstances forced him to depart from the train.

As the train was about ready to depart, Peter was passed quickly through the inspection point as his papers were all in order. He soon found his seat and relaxed as the train pulled out from the station leaving the lights of Minsk behind them. It was not long before his tense nerves loosened up, and soon the gentle swaying of the train had lulled him asleep.

As he slept, the events of the past several months passed through his mind in the form of a dream. He dreamed about his being introduced into the Russian Anti-Communist League by one of his friends who also had recently been made a member. Peter's becoming a member of the society gave them their chance to try an experiment. As Peter was single and had no living relatives in Russia and had access to the commissar of Minsk's private auto, it was decided that he would place a bomb in the car. At first Peter was hesitant to undertake this chore because if he failed and was caught, he would be speedily executed. He liked living as well as did the next man and it took some fast persuading by the members of the League before he would give in.

Until Peter placed the bomb in the car, he was constantly in fear of being discovered. While Peter fretted, the League was busy obtaining for him a travel permit, money and a train ticket by which he could skip the country. They also made the necessary connections in East Berlin so that he could be safely transported to the Western zone. With due caution they covered their own trail behind them so that they could continue after Peter had gone.

Then one day they learned that on the morning of the fourteenth the commissar was leaving for Moscow on official business. As the car would have to be prepared for its trip by Peter, it was decided that the time had come for the bomb to be put into place. So that is why Peter was now on his way to Berlin.

In the morning about the time Peter was leaving the train on the Polish-German border to continue on foot, the commissar's driver was taking the car from the garage and was parking it before the house. He never heard the ticking of the bomb that would spell out death for him and the commissar in about a half an hour.

Precisely at nine o'clock the commissar came out of the house followed by his servant carrying the bags which were placed quickly and efficiently in the trunk. A few moments later the car shot away towards the outskirts of town.

At nine-ten the car was passing through the last of the houses of Minsk when it erupted with a sheet of flame and a deafening roar. Several peasants who had been observing the passing of the car stared dumbfoundedly at the smoldering heap which a few seconds before had been a car. The first part of the mission had just been accomplished.

Meanwhile, Peter was walking through the German forest west of the Polish border trying to put as much distance between him and Minsk as possible. He knew that by now the bomb had fired and in less than an hour an intensive search would have been started for him.

Upon checking his map he found that he was less than a mile from the autobahn where he was to be met and driven the last sixty miles to Berlin. He had twenty minutes to make the rendezvous which was at 9:40. It had been calculated that by 10:30 Berlin would have been notified and it would be almost impossible for him to get past the city's check points.

At 9:40 precisely he broke from the cover of the forest just as a Volkswagen pulled up to a halt opposite the point where he emerged. Peter dashed up to the car and clambered in. The car shot off the moment the door closed behind him.

Peter turned and viewed the driver, a young man of about twenty-five, with blond hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. He was quite a contrast to Peter who had coal black hair, brown, almost black eyes, and a dark scarred face which was a result of a bomb burst on his bunker back in the war days.

During the entire sixty mile trip, Peter's companion never spoke a word even though Peter tried to strike up a conversation as he spoke German as well as he did Russian. The driver just concentrated on the road as they were driving at speeds sometimes in excess of ninety on some of the straight stretches of road. It was imperative that Peter be in Berlin before 10:30 and so the League's connections had provided him with a souped-up car.

It was before 10:30 when the little car pulled to a halt at a check point on the outskirts of Berlin, and now Peter started to sweat. Peter's companion looked as though he had done this a thousand times before and soon they were passed through without the least bit of trouble.

The small car shot on into the city and soon passed through the new section of the city that had been rebuilt since the war. The car was forced to slow down when it came to the portion of the city that had not been rebuilt and was still in the same state that it had been when the last of the allied bombing raids had gone. It was several minutes later when the car pulled to a halt before a partially wrecked building, blew its horn once, and a portion of the building's wall swung away allowing them entry.

When the car was in, the wall closed and Peter and the driver got out. Peter was led into a small back room where a small, swarthy man was seated behind a large oaken desk. This man immediately jumped up, welcomed Peter in flawless Russian and wrung his hand.

He said, "Glad to see that you made it all right Peter; hope you had an uneventful trip. We're here to see that you make it over to the other side all right and we have a daring plan that might just work because it is so daring. There will be some awful red Russian faces if it does work. We are going to dress you up in the uniform of a colonel in the Red army. You are going to pull a surprise inspection of one of the guard posts on the East-West Berlin border. In your pocket will be a hand grenade with which you will dispose of the surprised guards. Then all you have to do is take a stroll into the western zone where you will be met by some of our men who will conduct you to the British Embassy where you will apply for political refuge. There will be no need to fear the Western guards at the second gate twenty yards past the Russians, for they have been alerted to let you through. All they will do is duck the grenade blast which is something that you had better not forget to do. Now, until tonight you had better rest up. There is a bed and food in the next room. We shall see you again at eight o'clock."

Peter retired to the other room, ate, and then lay down and slept fitfully for several hours. He awoke about four and spent the rest of his time going over the plans in his mind.

Before he knew it, it was eight o'clock and the small man had returned. Under his arm he carried a paper-wrapped bundle which he opened on the bed. Out of the package came the uniform of a Red army colonel.

Peter was soon dressed in the grayish uniform which fit him almost perfectly. The hand-grenade was handed to him and he put it in his pocket. The pocket bulged something terrific but it was doubtful whether the guards would notice it.

Peter was now led out to the front room of the house where a large black limousine awaited him. When he entered it it shot out into the rubble strewn street and roared away. It was just dusk when the car pulled up to the guard post and Peter smiled to himself when he saw the surprise on the guard's faces when they spotted the red stars painted on the sides of the car.

Peter got slowly out of the car which was a safe twenty yards from the guards so as to be out of the blast of the grenade. He walked slowly towards the guards who were now standing nervously at attention. He was nervously fingering the hand grenade with the pin now out. When he was about five yards away, he whipped it out of his pocket and threw it at them. With the same motion he threw himself on the ground and rolled behind the nearby building. All the guards did was stare at the grenade for the second before it went off and cut them down. They were so astonished that their nerves never had a chance to galvanize them into action.

Peter got up from his safety and sprinted through to the western side. As he had been told, the western guards never bothered him. He looked back into the Russian zone and saw his car speeding away in the opposite direction and he knew that as long as those men were on that side people like him would always be able to rid themselves of the most hated oppression that the world has ever known.

Sid Seeley, Arts.

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thoughts already dissipated
like the smoke
that just now streamed, exhausted,
from blackened craters of tired nostrils
closed in silent recognition
that the dark and early morning
is not the bird of day

but the death of night

DIS

I stood on the shore
of the dim land of Dis

careful I was
my path not to miss

ah! erring I missed it
and darkness did kiss

I stood only once
on the dim shore of Dis

but being once there
cost all happiness

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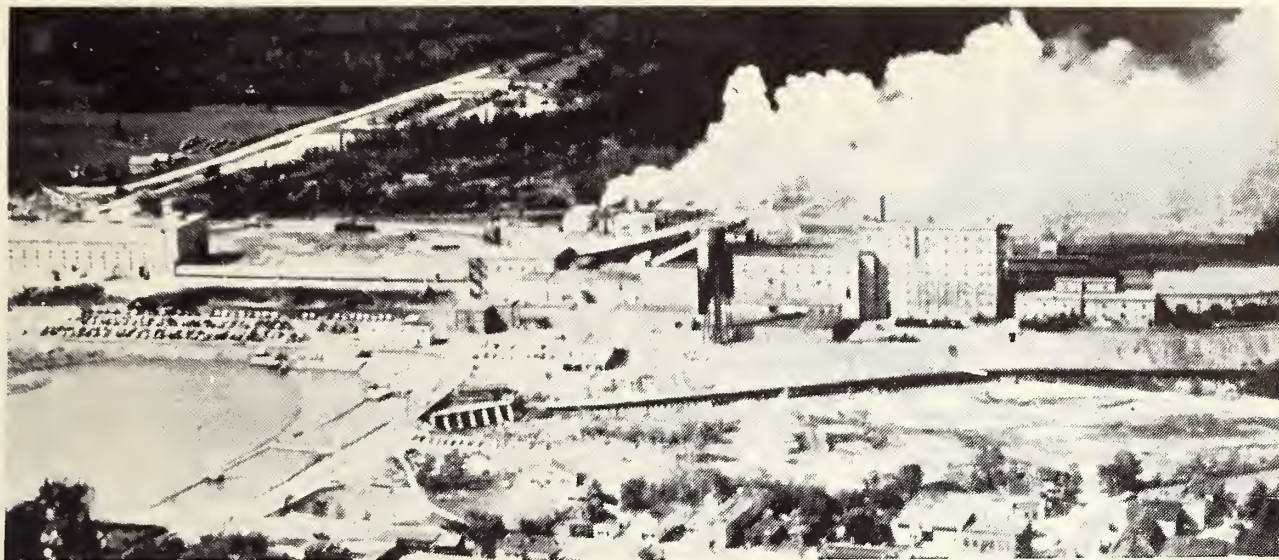
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