

# Bunkhouse Professors

Two U.N.B. Students, Clyde McElman and David Tucker have been selected to serve as labourer-teachers this summer with the Frontier College of Toronto. The Director of Instructors, Keith Johnson, visited U.N.B. and interviewed a dozen students for their positions. McElman and Tucker will be trained during a three-day indoctrination course in Toronto and then probably will be sent off to a camp in Northern Ontario or the West. They may be sent either to railway gangs, lumber camps, mines or hydro construction jobs. Upon arrival, they will settle into the life of a labourer, working forty-five to sixty-six hours per week, nine to eleven hours a day, as a gandy-dancer, or chokerman, a driller or a stripper. After these hours of manual work they will be expected to set up classes in Basic English, math and a host of other school subjects, organize a recreation programme for their fellow-worker, show movies, and generally act as a counsellor among the men.

Frontier College was established in 1899 and has had a federal charter since 1922. It is a private, non-profit organization whose motto is taken from Emerson — "I would not have the labourer sacrificed to the result, let them be better men and worse cotton." A more unofficial motto is — "Hard work, Low Pay". Instructors receive the same wages as the worker-students as well as a small bonus from the organization.

In all there are seventy plus labourer-teachers across Canada this summer, from Newfoundland to the Yukon. Roving supervisors visit the instructors from time to time to aid them in their work.

Hugh Church of Saint John (B.C.L. — U.N.B.) is on the Board of Governors of Frontier College. Many firms in New Brunswick contribute to the financing of the College. Two or three stalwarts will be on Canadian National Railway gangs in the province this summer. Last year John Hanson (B.A. — 64) was the F.C. man at KVP's Ramsey, Ontario, cutting operation.

Eric Robinson, Principal of Frontier College has described the first few days in camp as a traumatic experience. Going from the soft university life to a place where men are men, is quite a jolt to the instructor. It usually takes about ten days for a city-softened body to get into shape for shovelling gravel or ore.

Then the labourer-teacher must gain the confidence of the men and set forth an example of diligence and interest — not always an easy task for the average sophomore or junior. He proceeds to divide what the men need or want to learn, order texts from Toronto and settle down to a summer of toil and teaching. Most instructors call a summer with the Frontier one of the greatest experiences of their life. Many of them go on to such organizations as Canadian University Services Overseas or the Peace Corp do sim-

ilar work in the developing nations. The new job corps of U.S.A. does much the same for American urban areas. Tom Kear (U.N.B.-63) served first on the Canadian Pacific Railway gang in British Columbia and went on to do like work with a boy-school in Sarawak.

Many Frontier worker-student graduates attend upgrading courses and trade-schools in the cities after they have received instruction in basic subjects at the hands of a labourer-teacher. Help in the form of books and guidance courses from many public libraries, Universities Extension Libraries, University and Departmental Audio-Visual services, the National Film Board, and many other provincial and federal government agencies.

Frontier College is a member of the Canadian Association for adult education whose hundred-plus member organizations run a great variety of educational programs for the increasing number of adults who see the need for continuing education after they have completed high school or university. Canada is fast becoming, like the United States, a country where adults see the need for education all through their lives to keep them abreast of new discoveries in their fields and for raising the level of their general education.

Frontier College is the only organization providing this service to the men in the bunkhouses of Canada's North.

## LETTERS

(Con from page 4)

nation of ours. Our justice, laws, institutions and freedoms are predominantly British. Indeed, the institutions of a free press (which allows the printing of such inflammatory drivel as their article) is British. The removal of these influences and customs is out of the question: they are now and will be forever, a part of every Canadian's heritage. The symbols on our currency, postage stamps, and in our government are merely the visible tip of an institutional iceberg that dominates this nation.

It has been of immeasurable assistance in the peaceful development of our nation to a position of economic power and world recognition. To remove the symbols of this tradition would be an example of absurd stupidity, unbecoming a great nation and a proud people. Must we strip away the vestiges of our heritage to develop a sense of national identity? I hope not. Such destruction would achieve nothing except to have history shout at us — "Here lies a nation that wasted its efforts on destroying the past when it should have been creating its future." There are positive steps we can take towards a true Canadian identity — let's find them without destroying what we already have.

Philip H. Giles,  
Man of Aitken.

### Editorial comment:

The ARTICLE was irrational? What is irrational about trying to develop a national identity?

Justice, subservience and Canadian Heritage were indeed the arguments presented in this article. Are these not sufficient?

Who needs the monarchy and the Governor-General? The United States seems to get along quite well without paying a large salary to maintain a figurehead whose function is to do nothing really necessary or useful.

Remove British symbols? We are not against tradition, in its proper place, but when tradition in its proper place, but when tradition begins to hinder progress, smother original thinking, and force stagnation upon a country whose youth and potential should produce a vigorous and exciting culture, well . . .

(Con on page 8)



by  
Ed  
Ball

## "THE DOUBLE-ZERO CAPER"

James Band emitted a bitter sigh . . . University Exports had assigned him to another damned bank robbery which the local police couldn't solve. Hanging up the phone and disengaging himself from the arms of his latest girl, Secret Agent (OH-OB-38) who is in reality agent 0036 operating under cover), Band slipped into his GMW brand corduroy jacket and headed for the door . . . stopping as he passed to pick up the new Colt (revolver) he had received for Christmas. He smiled ryely (I can too spell!) as he ripped off the tag, which read, "From Russell, With Love".

Whipping into his low-slung, powerful-looking Olds 88, he switched on the emergency red blinkers in the front which he had persuaded X to install. With a guttural, throaty purr (from the car, of course), he manipulated his way over the green bridge to the bank (not of the river, either). He made his way through the milling throng towards the manager, whom he had met socially, announcing . . . "It's me again." . . . whereupon the manager wheezed . . . "Oh My God, No!" . . . and fainted.

After the confusion had abated, Band began a methodical examination of the premises for clues . . . and found the place clean, very clean (not even a Beetle around). Meanwhile, back in the manager's office, a meeting was taking place . . . all the other local bank managers had dropped in to console the victim. Band slipped quietly into the back of the room, listening intently as the managers gave their opinion as to who the bandit might be . . . most of them had by now agreed that, to cultivate such a crime, it must have been Goldthumb. Band poohed this (in his Winnie way), saying that this didn't fit in with the modus operandi of Goldthumb. At this, one of the managers testily inquired just what detective school Band had attended. With a haughty smile, Band replied . . . "Elementary, my dead Watson, Elementary."

Half distraught for lack of clues, Band bent to examine the bottom of the counter near the door . . . discovering a broken pencil, which led him to mutter . . . "This lead may be a lead." Suddenly, Band's finger encountered a sharp piece of tinfoil, and he jumped up in anguished surprise as blood began to spurt brightly from his third digit. The manager, taken aback, shouted . . . "Somebody give Band aid." . . . which prompted one of the policemen standing idly by to yell . . . "Is there a doctor in this bloody bank?" The answer was soon forthcoming, as a slim Oriental stepped forward from the crowd, saying . . . "Yes, I'm No."

After Band had been aided, he bent once again to the tinfoil, using his Vaseline for illumination. Yes, this was the break he had been waiting for . . . inside the tinfoil was a half-eaten chocolate . . . and . . . and . . . there was no mistaking the creamy texture and smell of the filling . . . it was indeed a Bordeaux-centred chocolate.

With a snarled . . . "Eureka, I've had it!" . . . directed to the manager, Band raced out the door and into his trusty car, 0088. With a thunderous roar, Band steered onto the bridge, making the fatal mistake, as he did so, of looking down toward the water . . . from the sudden pain in the pit of his stomach, he realized that he was about to suffer from his old ailment. They had a term for it in the service . . . using the French word for sea and the Austrian word for illness . . . Band knew, as he stopped the car and leaned bleakly over the railing, vomiting, that he had Mersickness.

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