



"The old order changeth giving way to new . . ." The student elections are over and "for better and for worse, richer and no doubt poorer" the Dalhousie students have selected a slate of officers to handle the Student organizations for the coming year. The election campaign itself was not a lack-luster affair with the Arts and Commerce students making a gala high school approach to the important positions of President and Vice-President, soothing the forum spectators with band music and cajoling us with cheer leaders and candy. The candidates somehow became conspicuous in the absence of fan fare, and in their solemn, sincere approach made an appeal to students who fully realized the importance of the two positions.

From all reports however a bitter campaign raged between the four candidates which in the eyes of many students reflected dully on the otherwise shining qualities of all the candidates. It is as though "chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort," as the Bard puts it, they failed to understand that the ideal of any form of student government is personified in those seeking the higher offices.

"An Inspiration to ambition" might be the motto of the Commerce Companies' "Operation High School." Organized by the Dalhousie students in Commerce with the idea developed within the Company, "Operation High School" explained the principles of higher education and the advantages of such a college education to all the high school students in Nova Scotia. Primarily the group travelled by cars throughout the province, visiting high schools and therein conducted discussions on higher education. Financed and aided by the Faculty of Commerce of Dalhousie University the move is not a propaganda move outlining Dalhousie as the best university, but rather an inducement to all potential high school graduates to choose a university training which suited their interests and pocket books. The students of the Commerce Company gratefully commended by the Dalhousie Student body for their intelligent, ambitious undertaking.

The Commerce Company again engaged a train for the final game of the Nova Scotia Intercollegiate Hockey Final and again has enabled the student body to support their athletic teams. Many students no doubt feeling the financial pinch at this time of year were unable to enjoy the spirited ride—but for those students that went it was no doubt the start of a very long week end.

With Munro Day capping the long holiday perhaps this bit of trivia will be of assistance: "The New York State agriculture experimental station of Geneva, New York, says that a tablespoon or two of honey will make an intoxicated person sober. The same treatment may be helpful in routing a hang-over, they stated."

Tuesday morning in the Dalhousie Third year law class, Bredu Pabi of the new Commonwealth nation of Ghana was feted by his classmates and Chief Justice Hsley of the Supreme Court. On behalf of the Law School and his class mates Bredu was given a birthday cake in honor of the March 6 birth of Ghana. Bredu was "flabbergasted" but recovered enough to thank each member of the class personally, as well as make a little speech of his recognition of the responsibility he carries back to Ghana, representing the Legal training of Canada, and Dalhousie University. The party will be part of Ghana's unwritten history, and will be remembered pleasantly by all who took part. Good luck, Ghana!

The winner of the WUSC scholarship this year attends the summer seminar in Ghana. Matt Epstein, third year Law, former Editor of the Gazette and present Dal correspondent on the Halifax newspapers has been selected by the WUSC committee to represent Dalhousie. Matt will be truly representative of Dalhousie for in his stay at university he has participated in all sides of student life and as one of his professors said, "has a novel way of doing things." Bon voyage, Matt!

Some will be going, some have arrived. In the past few weeks there have been some recent additions in the homes of the faculty, or former Dalhousie men. Professor A. F. Chisholm of the Engineering Department, and lighting manager for all Glee Club productions is the proud father of a bouncing baby girl. Whether she ever takes to the transit is in the future but Norma Eddy, a 1956 Engineering graduate was the first girl to enter Nova Scotia Technical College. Hope springs eternal!

Another proud father is Gabe Vitalone, former Physical Director from 1949 to 1952 and coach of Dal's first Purdy Cup team. A seven pound boy—perhaps a future half back on the 1957 Tigers—was born to Coach Vitalone in Yonkers, New York, so Butsy O'Briens informs me. Best wishes to you all.

While discussing additions to families perhaps this latest remark of Zsa Zsa Gabor might prove pertinent. "You know, I'm in favor of large families. I believe every woman should have at least three husbands."

The operatta *Pirates of Penzance* opened last night at the Dalhousie Gym. From all reports this oft-done Gilbert Sullivan show is a top notcher. Graham Day, Law graduate and present director has been rehearsing the cast daily, and following the DGDS-Kerr hassle even on Sundays. Let us hope the students support the show, though perhaps lack of interest might show student wishes to do something other than G & S.

The Classics Society presented "Oedipus Rex" last Thursday in Room 21 before a capacity crowd of enthusiastic patrons of the Greek tragic art. The single performance directed by Prof. Usmani of the Classic Department with music by Prof. C. L. Lambertson was rated an excellent show, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Dr. Kerr who stated it was one of the best things he had seen at Dal expressed the wish that more of the Greek tragedies be presented. Plaudits to Dave Peel, as Oedipus, Val Colgan as Jocasta, to Dave Murray as Tiresias, as well as make-up expert, and Ron Pugsley, who returned to star again on the Dal stage.

With the *Penzance* operetta opening at Dal let us hope the stage hands do not have the trouble they had in the D'Oyly Carte company. The buxom soprano in the operetta fainted and it required four men to carry her off the stage . . . two abreast.

## LIFE AT FRONTIER COLLEGE

Frontier College will be at Dalhousie in the person of Mr. E. W. Robinson, B.A., who as Principal of this unique institution will interview students for summer or winter employment on March 11, between the hours of 12 and 4 p.m. in Room 130. A movie will be shown at 12:15 portraying the life of a Frontier College Labourer - Teacher. It is the duty of the Frontier College Instructor to labour as miners, loggers, construction and railway workers in Canada's frontier camps from Newfoundland to British Columbia. After hours these Labourer-teachers lead instruction and Recreation. For further information contact John Nichols or Steve Harper in the Law School, Doug Archibald, Bud Kimball, Dig Nichols at the Arts and Administration Building.

### The Labourer-Teacher Is A Busy Friend

Dean Bowman, a student of Antioch College, U.S.A., went into the Uranium fields of Northern Ontario as a Frontier College Labourer-teacher. Mr. Bowman wrote this article which was published recently in a prominent place in the Toronto Globe and Mail.

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Geco Mines Limited lies in the Thunder Bay District of Northwest Ontario, 50 miles off the north shore of Lake Superior. On paper — in the accountant's ledgers and the engineer's blueprints — it is a mighty industrial project, involving millions of dollars and hundreds of employees. In physical reality it is but a pitiful speck in the dreary northern hills. It is a busy place, saturated with noises appropriate to heavy industry. By day the rumble of diesel hoists lowering men and material 1,500 feet into the earth, the staccato of air hammers, the slamming blast of exploding dynamite, the roar of great earthmovers crashing across the land like high speed mastodons; and by night the mosquito hum of generators and the miners coming off shift, crunching snow across the valley, headlamps burning, resembling bright and softly tentacled insects.

I came to Geco in November, 1955. I came as a co-op student from Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, where for many years off-campus work experience has been a required and very vital portion of the curriculum. But more important, I came as a labourer-teacher for Frontier College, an entirely Canadian institution. In the cold slushy drizzle of that November night I was apprehensive and not a little confused, for I had the right to call myself a Frontier College instructor and I had been assured the complete support of a highly effective organization, but I had little inkling of where to begin or of what my function was to be in a community of 300 campmen. To everyone, save a few people of the Geco administrative staff, I was a complete stranger, a complete stranger carrying expensive luggage, a complete stranger who bore all too much resemblance to a run-of-the-mill college boy.

The resemblance was short-lived. Even if one wished to do so, it would be very difficult to retain the appearances of a Mid-western col-boy while working on a rock pile, pick and shovel style, nine hours a day, six days a week, or seven, if you prefer. For the labourer-teacher the labour part must invariably be met and dealt with first. In my case it was a matter of hardening, of working out kinked muscles, of developing callouses over blisters, of learning to pace my energy across nine hours of steady work, and of looking not-too-slack alongside experienced and hardened pick and shovel men.

Most of them were Italians, my pick and shovel men, with a smattering of other West European nationalities, and a Canadian or two. The majority of them were new arrivals, and beyond the humble communicative necessities involved in digging a ditch, conversation was difficult.

I became their friend. Such a simple thing. I was not "da boss"—close-mouthed, straight-faced, too disinterested to call a man by name. I was not preaching to them. I had no bill of goods. I was their friend. I swung the same picks they did, used the same shovels, walked with the same tired slouch at the end of the day, ate with the same ravenous appetite, talked to them, laughed with them and at them, expressed interest in their problems.

I'm laboring the point, I know; all I really did was attempt to treat them like human beings. When I announced my first classes in basic spoken English they came to me, these big, rough, simple, timid men, sat before me like children and listened intently while I began the development of the English language with the ridiculously simple statement, "This is I, that is you." If there was any doubt, any reserve on their part or mine, it went soon afterward when one of them

solemnly stated in class, "We wid you, teacher."

In a short time the language barrier decreased. I became accustomed to their broken English and acquired the knack of picking up a hint of their meaning and helping them to express it. They told me many things. They spoke of Italy, of their friends, the things they did there, the dances, the shows, motor-scooters, and why they left it all.

As a labourer-teacher I have found other things to do here. There is a weekly educational film program, a ping-pong tournament, a library service, a series of informative community talks, and perhaps if time permits, a news sheets. But my pick and shovel men remain the most important persons here. They come to English class and they come to me as a friend, as somebody to help them with their income tax, or write a letter concerning a lost case of beer, or talk to the boss about a better job, or perhaps just to "shoot the breeze."

The task of the labourer-teacher then as it seems to me, is to be a friend, an interested friend, and to be such a friend one must achieve a degree of equality. If that equality can be based on nothing else, it is sufficient to base it on merely being human. This is sometimes not an easy thing to do, for it is necessary to slice through the national, economic, educational, religious, social and vocational barriers that often prevent people from achieving undiluted humanness.

Being a labourer-teacher places one in a unique position in the community, whether the community be a railroad labour gang or a full-scale industrial operation like Geco. It is a position of leadership, but not leadership in the orthodox sense, for as a leader the labourer-teacher must remain an integral member of the group he leads. His leadership is not delineated by vocational superiority, by a name on an office door, by the power to hire or fire, punish or praise. The labourer-teacher's leadership must rest solely on his ability to bring his educational attainments to a level easily understood by the simple men of the

frontier camps, on a genuine desire to help and understand human beings, and in the last resort on the sheer force of his personality and the enthusiasm with which he develops his program. To attain such leadership is not easy, and for me to imply that I have succeeded in any degree of completeness would be pretentious and absurd. But I have had at least a small taste of true leadership and have gained a realization of its principles.

Along with the personal challenge and obligation which one assumes as a labourer-teacher, there lies also a certain obligation to a nation-wide organization: Frontier College goes far beyond any one individual. Campmen all across Canada have learned to respect and trust the labourer-teacher — respect him as a source of enlightenment, trust him as an honest friend whose loyalties and assistance go voluntarily to any human being in need of them.

### Hockey Train to "X"

(continued from page one)

dents to journey to the university of St. Francis Xavier for the final game. A spirited crowd of Dal stalwarts met at the CNR station at 1:30 and along with the hockey team took off to St. F.X. to bring home the Nova Scotia Intercollegiate Hockey title.

The success of the trip is due largely to the combined efforts of the Dal Com Co., the President of the Students' Council and Don Goodwin of CJCH. The X trip may become a feature on the Dalhousie campus for football and hockey but without student support it will never become a tradition. Success this year was only achieved after much difficulty, but it was worth it.



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