

FRONTIER COLLEGE

In the summer of 1949, I worked with Frontier College. It is a uniquely Canadian institution. Dr. Baldwin, its principal, selects students from universities throughout the Dominion, then sends these young men to lumber camps and to railway extra-gangs and to such work-groups in many of our Provinces. During the day these "labourer-instructors" toil with the men at their jobs. In the evening a bunkhouse or converted box-car becomes a classroom where workers are taught any of a large number of subjects. In the fall of '49, when my work with the Frontier College had been several months over, Dr. Baldwin asked me to contribute a poem reflecting in some manner my experiences of the summer months. This is that contribution.

Yes, Doctor, I'd like to fashion,
Somehow,—or attempt to make—
A poem of a sort;
For I experienced and saw a summerful
Of men and things of men,
That made me want to ask these questions:

What does it mean to be a good Canadian?
If I pass by, propped-up and nonchalant,
A group of working men
Who,
Like so many overgrown ants, work,
Furiously sweating . . . digging . . .
—(Or are they just expending calories?)—
And if I disavow these—
And thank my God I am not one of these—
Tell me,
Am I a good Canadian?
Or am I free to blame when I forget, (conveniently),
That since my Creator is my Father,
Each grubby hand must be my brother's?

What must I be to be
A citizen, Canadian, in very deed?
May I deny all interest in the working breed?
Of if I have an interest, may I speak,
Callously, of multi-figured man-hours per week?
Do I consider labour as the stuff
That streets and shirts and harvestings are made with?
And am I quick to cry against and criticize

The worker, that he foolishly—(unfairly!)—tries
 To lift himself by his own bootstraps?
 Do I close my eyes to age-worn workers' faces?
 Dismiss "the mass" as plodding, or incompetent, or worse?
 Cry, "I am not my brother's keeper!"—but forget the curse
 That followed the first utterance of that claim?

We are in this world together, we are made of the same
 dust—

We are brothers in our souls and in our blood;
 And unless we work together,
 And unless each does his part,
 We shall keep our world of infamies and friction and
 despair:

With love and understanding, cooperation, zeal and trust
 Unheard of, not experienced,
 By the children in the Fatherhood of God.

RONALD I. DOUCET.

WHAT HAVE YOU DERIVED FROM ST. DUNSTAN'S

Perhaps it will seem strange to many of you that my essay should be allowed to occupy valuable space in your College Magazine, because it is many years since I was a student at St. Dunstan's. Although I left your college in 1925, yet I have had the closest contacts with you and your college since that time.

It is my good fortune to operate a small business in town. In this capacity and location I have the opportunity to meet and become well acquainted with the endless line of students which pass through the portals of your noble institution. Fortunately too, my business cannot be termed "flourishing" in the modern interpretation of that word, and, as a result, I find time to take an interest in, and to talk with many of my patrons, be they big or little. Hence, it is both because of my background, being once a student at St. Dunstan's, and because of the location and the nature of my business that I have had the opportunity to become quite intimately acquainted with your students. This is especially true with regard to your graduates.

It is captivating to listen to them speak of their bright plans and hopes for the future; to note the tone of optim-