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TO THE STUDENTS

Remember
To give your business to those who
have made it possible for the Cord
to be published.

Letters to the editor are welcome, and
if response is sufficient, space will be
devoted towards their reproduction.

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"ars gratia artis"

Editorial

Each issue of the Cord this year has been an embarrassment to the copy desk. After the usual striving, articles have come forward for publication. They have been very good articles. None of these articles has contained any libel or particularly damning statements. No personalities have been insulted. If such had been true, the articles would not have been published. The contents of each article have been well reasoned, well constructed, and mentally stimulating . . . and all perfectly legal and in good order. The Cord, as with any publication, does not necessarily subscribe to the opinions presented by the writers, but it does subscribe to their right to express their minds.

Not so with the contributors . . . instead, the copy desk has often had to contrive cute phrases like "Author Anonymous" and "Name Withheld". No magazine printed openly under the constitution of a free country, should have to resort to such a policy. Out of a wish to fulfil a responsibility to the students, (i.e.) to make sure they get what they paid for, this deception has been practiced. We have come to the conclusion that it would be better that the Cord not be published at all, than to come forth implying that a student, because he is a student and not a wise and experienced sage, should feel that his opinions are childish, faulty, and generally invalid . . . when Mozart was eight, he had written better music than most composers can at eighty. Perhaps none of us is a genius like Mozart — but then, neither are there too many genii walking around in the forty-to-ninety bracket. If our opinions are based on too little experience, we find out about it soon enough. But why should we withhold our beliefs, or the fact that they are the beliefs of a young person, on the chance that they are wrong because we have not had forty years of living instead of just twenty? . . . Who knows . . . our elders may have blown up the world by then. If we are right, we've got a twenty year start on our parents. If we're wrong, we've got plenty of time to change our minds. But let's not hide ourselves in meek anonymity and expect to suddenly blossom forth when we reach the magic age of experience. I'm not old enough to say for sure . . . but I think I'm on the right track in suggesting that if we fearfully bury ourselves in anonymity now, we will find it a much too comfortable state to come out of when we reach the time when our opinions will be voted on by our peers instead of our elders.

Thank you, anonymous contributors, for your articles and your interest in the Cord. I hope when I call you "Indecisive Individuals on a Sure Track to Existence Anonymous", that you will be angry enough to prove that I'm wrong — and do that as soon as possible. (As long as you offer me no physical or law-court opposition, I shall be happy . . . I'm not very strong, and I couldn't afford a suit for libel).

To those with any writing talent, and the time and the intelligence to write an article for the Cord or any publication . . . but who have not done so, and have no intention of doing so . . . I condemn you for disregarding your talent, and your responsibility. Perhaps the Creator won't be too happy when he sees that you are too lazy to put to good use that which He was good enough to give you.

Again, the Cord apologizes, and I apologize, for letting articles be published under the timid and deprecatory heading of "Anonymous". It will not happen again.

Dick Capling — Editor.

The Loves of Marianne

JOHN HAUSER

This article, by John Hauser, is in reply to "Poor Marianne", (see February issue) —ED.

Where is the blind, ardent, romantic and adolescent champion, required to requite the lack of vitality in the nation, "withdrawn into her own grief," and weeping copiously at her own internal frustrations made manifest by the gyrations of her politicians?

Our champion has been scared off by (her) waspish pretense of being full of zest, life, and vigor. He is further alienated by her shrewish insistence upon her own beauty and greatness as she hovers by the gates of the mighty, ready to cast him off the moment she gets a gratuitous pat and a nod of entry into their council. He fears her volatile and slanderous tirade when through kindness he might attempt to assuage her sore and irksome welts. He weeps at her blatant flaunting of her dirty

pink lingerie, when she disillusion his ideals by dragging her better public members in the muck of vengeful retribution for attempts at her reform. He is pitifully cast down and trampled, not by the lack of "moral fibre" — rather by the blind contortions and vituperous abuse she subjects him to. But he must emerge triumphant — because he is blinded by "The Sun" and "Hope Springs Eternal." He must think this because, how can he rationalize his mistress' obvious lack of sensibility, her lies, her infidelity to supposed "shared ideals," her ingratitude and complete hypocrisy?

He has watched her, and forgiven, watched and

He saw her at Vichy when one of her handmaids partnered with her political knight-errant, turned her back upon her own, the noble, stupid soldiery of France, who were allowed to be used as grist for her new Miller and Violateur, Siegfried, who had girded himself with

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15
45

lust for her and found her conquest so hollow of glory. She had rationalized herself into another alliance with brutality and ensconced herself in yet another apartment of preferment however the back door was judiciously unlocked.

He gazed

He observed her flirting with a new and equally insidious liberator from the Sehinken and Sauerkraut breath . . . the Coca-Cola and hot dog eating one, who gazed stupidly on her beauty as she busied herself diverting her person of the garb of Siggy, venting her viscious spleen upon her former choice, searing ever deeper those scars over which she herself vehemently weeps and ruminates.

He blindly gazed

After her jaded appetites were quelled by this latest experiment she turned upon her Eros and in the eyes of her neighbors and the world belabored and thoroughly abused him for supposed slight and ingratitude for favors rendered. Mr. Dulles was stricken—his commercial training had led him to believe that one received value for payment regardless of morals, which she invoked to protect her inviolate integrity.

The blind adolescent gazed enraptured upon her as she turned into the waiting arms, not of the aristocratic and wealthy lovers of yore, but rather to the new salt of the earth, the labouring, hammer-swinging, sickle wielding, man of the mass. However, she, this time very wisely reserved her whip hand and left all the apartment doors open, perhaps in hopes of a stray aristocrat, and further limiting the sickle-hammer swinger by a stacked system of choice in ballot.

He gazed on and forgave

She had finally risen above herself—she had reached her apex—she was free finally for love—her champion appeared.

She drew Mendes to her bosom. She abegnated some of her Indian Ocean jewels; she made overtures of reconciliation with her dark-skinned sisters; she made tentative moves toward peace with her fellow heirs to the heritage of Europe.

. Suddenly, she recoiled from the reforms of her master lover—she reviled him, and her bosom became bitterness and venom, and Mendes was cast down. He had dared to try to redeem her youth He had suggested milk for ten-year-olds. She took back her apartment key and so punished him . . . he . . . a Jew, had dared.

The blind youth gazed on . . . forgot . . . forgave

He saw her regression into past glory wherein she reverted to her old legitimate claim as the first mistress of the world, endowed with charm, wit, brilliance and grace. He saw not the querulous ageing harridan, ridden by fears, self-pity, and frustrations. He saw not the necessity of the intelligentsia being salved and her excessive self-examination being settled into a calm dignified serenity. He saw not the necessity of her ending her competition with newer, more vital and alluring mistresses. He saw not the necessity of her resignation of the "reigning queen" farce, and her retirement to the capacity of advisor to the new queens. He saw not that she must resign herself to the master of age, understanding, insight and reason, instead of prostituting herself again to the romantic ardent passion of youth. (Avant-gardesse)

Maybe and only maybe, then can her distressed and promiscuous nature be tamed, and with the passing of time, as society mellows, she will be accepted by the moderates, who find some mild exhilaration in a medium of stability and morality.

STATIC

by Marv Schiff

Few people have probably ever heard of Rodimund May III. That's not unusual, however, considering that Roddy (as he is known to all his buddies at the stockyards) is a purebred Angus bull. Now Roddy isn't just any old Angus, he happens to be one of the few animals of his type who can talk --- English, that is!! In this respect he is not only unique among bulls, but also, I am told, among students. Now, Roddy understands that people might not see fit to speak to a bull, however, cultured he may be, so he remains hidden during conversations and relates what he has heard only to certain members of the Cord --- especially the Statics editor. This does not infer that this individual is full of Well, anyway . . . !!

Roddy was visiting me the other day and gave me his impression of life around Waterloo College's campus. He says that, judging from what he's heard from his hiding place under Torque Room tables and behind lounge couches, activities are reaching the point of culmination.

Before someone broke up the discussion by stepping on his tail, Roddy overheard a group of students discussing this fact. "The S.L.E. presidential race started the bull . . . er . . . ball rolling and now the students are thinking about

nominees for other positions next year," says Roddy. "The Purple and Gold Revue for '56 is already in the making. Ziba Fisher has been elected as producer, taking over from Don Bere. No one had definitely been named as director or as any other official at last report. We're losing quite a few valuable workers this year and there are, therefore, quite a few positions open." As the discussion reached this point, Roddy said that some careless soul stamped his foot to emphasize a point and our fuzzy friend almost went through the roof as the heel hit his tail. Most unfortunate!

During his next excursion through our hallowed halls, Roddy, unnoticed by oblivious students and lecturers, was stampeded into the amphitheatre where he took a seat in the midst of a group of history scholars. He remained inconspicuous during most of the period due to his similarity to many of those around him and even took part in the discussion which replaced the lecture. "The chap who led the discussion was a pleasant fellow in a long black robe, and I found his ideas on education, the topic under fire, most interesting. It seemed to me that all the students in the class were interested, so I decided to investigate further," Roddy told me. "After I was exiled from class because of my rather bellowing tones, I looked over past is-

sues of the Cord and Newsweekly. The topic of education seemed to be an important issue and I wanted to hear more about it. With this in mind I inspired Ziba Fisher to organize an Arts and Letters discussion on the topic by shoving a note in his palm while he rushed madly to a French lecture. Zib took my advice and the A & L enjoyed an evening of interesting argument between Professors Adams and Nabert on one side and Professors McKegney and Evans on the other." Luckily Roddy remained unnoticed among this astute crowd due to his cultured appearance, so he was able to stay to the end of the discussion.

Roddy wandered aimlessly for a few days until he was awakened one afternoon from his daily snooze under the desk in the S.L.E. office. A dainty, feminine foot was absently beating against his fillet mignon. "Little by little the gist of the conversation drifted through to me," relates our beefy friend. "They were talking about finances. They talked about the P & G Show and it seems that this highlight brought in a roll large enough to choke a horse . . . er . . . I mean a human. The approximate figure was \$600.00, an amazing sum considering the fact that previous shows came nowhere near making any profit. At this point the discussion switched to talk of an innovation at Waterloo, the Honoraria. This is to be the second big dance of the year and as far as I was able to ascertain it was to include a banquet at which honour awards would be given. Unfortunately I was unable to see my way clear to attend because my wife says I'm as awkward as a bull in a China shop. Oh, I say, I created a whimsy!"

At this point Roddy went into stitches over his little joke. I left him rolling on the floor bellowing his glee for all to hear. He hardly has a voice

you could say is pleasant when raised to such a volume.

Well, evidently Roddy recovered from his hysterics and went on about his business of snooping. I met him the next day and sat in the Torque Room, sipping coffee with him as he related his experiences to me. In order to remain inconspicuous he sat on the table between two pieces of bread and I passed him off as a thick beef sandwich. "I hear Dick Buhr put the editorship of the Newsweekly in the hands of his assistant, Arn Stover. Arn's doing a terrific job, too. There's been talk that he will be editing the paper next year. Along the same line," whispered Roddy secretly, "Jerry Hughes will be editing the Cord, stepping up into the position now held by Dick Capling. Paul Wagner's going to be handling all publications as chairman of the Board." I asked him who was editing the other publications but he didn't know. "I will say, though," he confided, "the Keystone for '56 is well on its way. It should be a really top-flight magazine this year." At this point Roddy forgot himself and began to eat the pieces of bread which constituted his camouflage. Suddenly Irene let out a yelp and ordered me to take my "pet" out of the building.

That was the second last time I saw Roddy. A week later I saw him as he was vacating his room in the dorm. He had his skis, all four of them, slung across his withers, and he told me he had been forcefully evicted. He had been getting better marks than the students and they were jealous of him. "I suppose they don't like me horning in." He paused, "Oh, I say, that's a rib-tickler isn't it?" I left him rolling around in the snow, laughing hysterically.

I got a letter from Roddy yesterday. He's at O.A.C. substituting for a broken statue in their administration building.

RACHMANINOFF

Tense and sustained, the opening chords of Rachmaninoff's *Second Piano Concerto* vividly express the wild mental anguish of the composer at this period in his life. Following the ominous chords, the *Concerto's* emotional intensity mounts still further, only to crash and dissolve into peals of melody which reaffirm the composer's regained faith. Perhaps more than any other musical composition, Rachmaninoff's *Second Piano Concerto* records and communicates the personal experiences, failures and successes, of one man.

Sergei Vassilievitch Rachmaninoff was born near Novgorod, Russia, on April Fool's day, 1873. His life from that point on was an unhappy oscillation between introversion and extroversion. In stature Rachmaninoff was six and one-quarter feet tall, extremely gaunt and lean. He was so self-disciplined and so meticulous in dress and action that to all outward appearances he resembled a general in the Russian army. Yet, despite his formidable outward appearance, he was inwardly a quaking coward.

I am afraid of everything, he wrote, mice, rats, beetles, bulls, burglars I am frightened even during the day, when I am alone. Fear rode him like a personal devil through all his years. Although he never really conquered this obstacle, he was to become, by raw will alone, the greatest of modern Russian composers.

Most of Rachmaninoff's work was written shortly after the turn of the century. And, since all his music depended directly and entirely upon his emotions, this was the most turbulent and emotional period of his life. His earliest works, produced before his graduation from the

Moscow Conservatory, included a youthful two-act opera, *Aleko*, and the world-famous, *Prelude in C-sharp Minor*. On the day of his graduation he felt that he had a glorious career ahead of him. Barely twenty-six and already lauded by Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov, the undisputed masters of Russian music, Rachmaninoff eagerly anticipated the musical successes the future had in store for him.

At the time of my triumph with Aleko, I was full of the arrogance and confidence of youth, a confidence that feels it can overcome any barrier, no matter how high or strong. Visions of my future spread themselves before me; I saw an unending succession of triumphs, one after the other. In this spirit of confidence and belief in my destiny, I set myself to the task of composing my First Symphony in D Minor. The writing came easily and the musical thoughts simply flowed from my brain onto the paper.

New vistas were opened. I could see no limitation before me. I thought I saw, clearly enough, new avenues to take with my music I was still in the throes of youthful optimism and ecstasy and had sublime confidence and pride in myself.

A naturally prolific composer, Rachmaninoff quickly completed his *First Piano Concerto*, and he had already promised a second concerto to a London printing firm. But, within a matter of a single year, his teachers turned against him, both compositions failed, and the "seeds of doubt" sprouted in the young composer's mind. As Rachmaninoff wrote at the premiere of his second failure, his *First Symphony*,

My undaunted confidence began to leave me. Fear that my First Symphony would be a failure filled my soul with dread. As evening approached and the time of the concert drew near, a fearful state of disquietude seized me. I could scarcely bring myself to go to the theatre. But I went, nevertheless.

When the concerto commenced, fright took such hold of me that I could not bear to remain in the musicians' room. Alone, I slipped out of the hall onto the fire-escape to hide. There I remained throughout the entire performance. The strains of the music floated out to me from the crowded auditorium. Fear and anxiety had produced such a turmoil in my mind that the music sounded strange and foreign to my ears; I could not bear to listen to it. One question kept running through my mind: "My God! What have I done?" Mingling with the strains of the music, it echoed and re-echoed through the chambers of my head.

At last the concert came to an end! I could not bear to return to the hall and face the criticism that I was sure would descend upon my head in a thundering crescendo. I hurried down from the fire-escape, and walked quickly away from the theatre but the despair which had filled my soul would not leave me, despite all this. My dreams of a brilliant career lay shattered; my hopes and my confidence were destroyed.

Prostrate with grief, Rachmaninoff lost control of himself. He took to drink; he drifted from job to job; he taught music, conducted music, played music — he did everything but write music. Creatively barren, there followed a period in which he could do nothing. As he wrote years later in his *Recollections* about this period of sterility,

Something within me snapped. All

my self-confidence broke down, and the artistic satisfaction that I had looked forward to was never realized a paralyzing apathy possessed me. I did nothing at all and found no pleasure in anything. Half my days were spent on a couch sighing over my ruined life. My only occupation consisted in giving a few piano lessons in order to keep myself alive.

All this time he was living with relatives in Moscow. An attractive first cousin, who later became Rachmaninoff's wife, took a personal interest in his morbid condition. She tried to re-establish his lost confidence, but always with failure. Finally she told Rachmaninoff about a certain man, a Dr. Nicolai Dahl, a Russian psychiatrist who was effecting astonishing cures at the time by using the novel methods of Dr. Coé. At first Rachmaninoff resisted his cousin's urgings, but finally he agreed to try anything to regain his lost self-confidence.

My relatives had informed Dr. Dahl that he must by all means cure me of my apathetic condition and bring about such results that I would be able to compose. Dahl had inquired what kind of composition was desired of me, and he was informed "a concerto for pianoforte", for I had promised this to people in London and had given up in despair the idea of writing it. In consequence, I heard repeated, day after day, the same hypnotic formula, as I lay half somnolent in an armchair in Dr. Dahl's consulting room. "You will start to compose a concerto You will work with the greatest of ease the composition will be of excellent quality." Always it was the same, without interruption.

Although it may seem impossible to believe, this treatment really helped me. I began to compose at the beginning of the summer. The material grew in volume, and new musical ideas

began to well up with me, many more than I needed for my concerto. By autumn I had completed two movements of the Concerto — the *Andante* and the *Finale*. These I played during the same autumn at a charity benefit conducted by Siloti. The two movements resulted in a gratifying success. This heightened my confidence to such an extent that I began once more to compose with great ardour. By the spring I had already completed the first movement of the Concerto and the Suite for Two Pianos. I felt that Dr. Dahl's treatment had strengthened my nervous system to a degree almost miraculous. Out of gratitude I dedicated my Second Concerto to him.

Whether by a sense of modesty or by a sense of exuberance, Rachmaninoff underestimated the greatness of his *Second Piano Concerto*, and overestimated Dr. Dahl's ability. The Concerto was completed in 1900, and premiered in 1901, and received with magnificent acclamations. Since then this Concerto has supplied the themes for two popular tunes and three motion pictures. And, aside from the composer's fabulous *Prelude in C-sharp Minor*, his *Second Piano Concerto* is undoubtedly Rachmaninoff's most famous work. Although this success began the free flow of his creative genius, Rachmaninoff had overestimated Dr. Dahl's ability. For, as he wrote in a letter to a student admirer, the doctor

taught me only two things: to be brave and to have faith. Sometimes I succeed in doing it. But my sickness sits in me firmly and with the years has developed even deeper. It will be understandable if, eventually, I decide to give up composing and become either a pianist, a conductor, or a country squire.

Performing the three-fold function of pianist, conductor, and composer,

Rachmaninoff left Russia in 1917, settled for a short time in Switzerland; and finally made his home in America. His frequent American concert appearances were reported to have been startling successes, for Rachmaninoff appealed to the popular imagination. His huge frame was clothed in black and matched by a heavily lined face, all giving the impression of a demon at the keyboard. He played the piano as if his life depended on it and, being extremely sensitive, seldom met the public. Since he rarely smiled, Rachmaninoff was once asked the source of his gloominess. He is reported to have replied simply, "I am sad."

But, then, Rachmaninoff was different from most composers. He could never disentangle his personal life from his music. His hypersensitive repressed emotion was the key to his personality and the fountain of his music. "Like Tchaikovsky," musicologist David Ewen has written, "Rachmaninoff was always a sad and lonely man, a man whose intense melancholy and perpetual feeling of desolation echo and re-echo in the music he wrote." Rachmaninoff was no originator but an expounder — a sincere and truly personal artist who relied on his stark emotion to express himself.

Shortly before his untimely death in 1943 at Beverly Hills, California, Rachmaninoff had given to the world his truly intimate musical credo,

I try to make my music speak simply and directly that which is in my heart at the time I am composing. If there is love there, or bitterness, or sadness, or religion, these moods become part of my music, and it becomes either beautiful, or bitter, or sad, or religious. For composing music is as much a part of my living as breathing and eating. I compose music because I must give expression to my feelings, just as I talk because I must give utterance to my thoughts.

THE ESSAY?

BY ZIBA FISHER

She screamed!!

Perhaps this dandy opening best illustrates one vital point in writing an essay; start with an attention-getting sentence. On seeing "she screamed!!", the reader immediately wishes to know why?, or perhaps, at what? This scream may be the result of a mouse in the laundry-tub or the sudden appearance of a ghoul. By the addition of "he screamed!!", you have your reader conjure up impressions of a roly-coaster ride or sheer ecstasy, of one kind or another. At any rate, it gets the attention of the reader. Now then; add "they all screamed for ice-cream," and voila, presto!—the Millford Annual Sunday-School picnic. See how it's done?

Just so as to give you a break from the deeper intellectual pursuits of the preceeding paragraph, I'll pass on a few tips on sure-fire ways to success. One very important tip is just this: be sure that you spell your professor's name correctly. (No "e" please). This makes an immediate impression on him, or her, (as they say on the towels), and you're on your way to achievement. Just while we're on the subject, correct spelling is a prime necessity in writing an essay. I once wrote a very stirring work on "Lear's Daughter, the beautiful Heroine", and received a mark that was worth less than Germany's in '32. I attribute this solely to the fact that I misspelled "Cordellia" a total of 14 times. Keep a dictionary next to you when writing your essay. Give it and your essay to your girl friend and ask her to check it over for you. Sure fire.

When writing an essay, the initial step, (after topic selection), is to make

an outline. This advice has been reiterated countless times by your worthy instructors, and believe you me, they are 99 43/100% right. The remaining 57/100% enters into the situation when it comes to those little white card things which are sometimes used to keep notes and references on. This is fine, but please adhere to the golden mean. I once had a roomy who had little white cards from one end of the place to the other. There were cards in the book-case, in the Corn Flakes and in the first door on your left as you go upstairs. It got so bad that I'd wake up in the middle of a lecture with little foot-notes running around on my chest screaming "off with his head, off with his head".

After having completed your outline, sit down and "write like mad". This will bring out any subconscious thoughts, a certain continuity and the fact that all that writing sure makes a small paragraph. Pay little or no attention to grammar, spelling, crossing t's, or sleep. Once you have it all written, put it away and forget it for awhile. A few days later, try reading it over. You will see very obvious flaws in construction, grammar and spelling, and so on. You'll also see that all that writing sure makes a small paragraph.

Since paragraphs appear, (usually), in our essays, let us make a hasty examination of the do's and don'ts of paragraphing. The topic sentence, i.e., the one that starts the thing off, should contain the essence of the subject to be dealt with within that paragraph. If you wish to deal with the correct method of rolling up old toothpaste tubes, please at least hint at it in your paragraph's

first sentence. Don't come up with "she screamed", or any similar drivel. The sentences following the topic sentence should deal with the idea in that paragraph. This is an important point to remember! Sentences which do not fit the chain of thought within the paragraph take on a "tacked-on", "crammed-in" or simply a "somebody goofed" appearance. If at all possible, link your sentences together. This is done chiefly by connecting the thoughts contained within them, but one good stunt is to just leave out all the periods. Sure fire. At any rate your paragraph will have continuity.

Since sentences appear, (again, usually), in our paragraphs, we should pay a great deal of attention to them. Make certain that your sentences are sentences, i.e., don't leave out a verb. The style of your writing will appear very odd indeed if you disregard warnings and write incomplete sentences. You might become very famous, and very rich, and everything, but I doubt it. Beware also of other grammatical errors, such as dangling participles. These give you a suspended sentence.

We now come to the examination of words; more particularly to adjectives and adverbs. These aids to better writing are certainly uh aids to better writing. They can make sentences vivid and alive. To give you an example, don't write "the bare-foot boy with shoes on stood sitting on the grass". This sentence is obviously imperfect because it doesn't contain enough modifiers. "The sun-tanned, curly-haired, dirty-faced boy with sparkling patent-leather boots on proudly stood sitting serenely in the long green grass". Now, isn't that much better? Of course, the complete absence of adjectives and adverbs has its effects too. The most common one is the failure to get out of the sixth

grade; either that or you become very famous etc.

Now that we've had a look at the details of essay writing, let us have a look at a sentence taken directly from a text dealing with this subject. I shall try to point out to you its obvious merits so that in your future writings you may incorporate at least some of them.

"When well stewed, you remove the bones from the chicken."

Note that the author of this sentence indicates that a certain situation must exist before a certain action can take place. In this case, one is advised to be "well stewed" before attempting to remove a chicken's skeleton. Personally, I have to get my girl friend just to remove its innards. Maybe the author hasn't got a girl friend; I don't know, I've never met the chap. Anyway, anyone who would be so peculiar as to eat flabby chicken must have little backbone to begin with. (Note that the preceding sentence does not end with a preposition. "To begin with" is a common phrase which should be carefully omitted from your essays. I say "common" rather than "hackneyed", because "hackneyed" is so hackneyed it's knock-kneed). But perhaps I am being a little harsh on the author of this sentence, for, who knows?, it may be that the chicken in question has swallowed his dice (loaded), and therefore it is necessary for him, (loaded), to retrieve them. Because this sentence is taken out of context it is rather difficult to ascertain which case is the one in point. However, this is not a criticism, merely an observation.

In conclusion, I should like to wish you the best of luck in your future essays. I have no dictionary, and my girl friend lives in Toronto. So, do what daddy says, not what daddy does. Sure fire!

John Fehrenbach Writes

Alabama here I come !

(University) of Alabama . . . take notice!
—Eds.

Since the period when man began to abandon his natural solitary way of life to band together in what we fondly refer to as civilization, he has saddled himself with the problems of prejudice and discrimination. The first ego-centric imbecile noticed that another human was different from him and complacently concluded that since he was the model man, this meant that the other fellow was inferior. Thereupon he pointed a deprecatory finger at the different individual and began to raise a great hue and cry. He was soon to find that the majority of his associates concurred with him, partially because they too differed from the outcast, and partially

through fear that, if they refused to agree with the general consensus of opinion, they too would be socially ostracized. The reason for this is that they were human beings who had always shown a readiness to follow the first rabble rouser who set his machiavellian mind to appeal to their collective ego. This concept of superiority-inferiority having received this propitious start at the hands of a mentally-light, illogical, unjust, and egotistical group, rapidly gained momentum and spread both in scope and magnitude until the majority in almost any given place in the world, would cock an eyebrow askance at the minority who differed from them in colour, religious or ethnic background, and smugly announce that they were superior.

The logic of discriminatory segregationists borders on the absurd. How can a man hope to gain credence when he endeavours to prove the inferiority of a race by using the shape of a nose or the slant of an eye as indicators of degeneracy? The blame for the apathetic lethargy of the southern American negro cannot be traced to the black himself. The negroes of the south live in the position to which they have been relegated by a group of smug pseudo-superior whites. They did not ask to be brought here from their native element and to be "civilized". The white man accomplished this by force. He has made them realize their "inferiority", their unworthiness, almost to call themselves men, by numberless acts of injustice ranging from the almost polite indifference they receive in some circles to the horrible atrocities which have been perpetrated against them. They live in awful fear of the white demi-gods who control their destinies. For generations their pride, initiative, and sense of values have been inexorably crumbling under the eroding forces of prejudice. Their group personality has been broken down through these generations until it has experienced not the amelioration of which it is capable but a reverse process to a state of almost animal atavism.

Yes the American negro as a whole is all that he has been called, but we must impute the blame not to him, but to ourselves.

It is interesting, however, to note that small pockets of this unfortunate group which, through good fortune, have resisted or avoided the onslaught of the whites, have emancipated themselves through the generations and now can take their place in society on a par with any of us in both physical and mental pursuits.

Although the negro was living in a comparatively primitive manner when his

liberating American stepfathers (so kindly) expropriated him for economic purposes, it is my opinion that, although his progression along the steps of evolution was definitely retarded, he would have eventually improved himself to the level which we now enjoy because he is basically our equal.

If the prejudists had stopped here they might have retained for themselves a more defineable position. However, they did not stop at the criticism of the negro, but have, to a lesser extent, exercised their weapon of injustice against the yellow races. If the negro lived in a more primitive state before his American immigration, surely an intelligent man cannot say that this was true of the Chinese or Japanese, who have a heritage of a superior civilization which dates back far past ours! It is conceivable that the Chinese were using comparatively modern eating tools when the white races were still rending raw flesh with their bare hands.

And yet we have not even had the prudence to confine our grossly unreasonable and unreasoning dislike to men who differ from ourselves in color or shape of eyes or nose. The white races have for centuries feuded among themselves because of differences in religion or nationality. How much blood would have not gushed forth to dye the earth, how much sorrow would man have spared himself if only he had realized that to be different is not the same as to be inferior! Because your neighbour has a different appearance than you, speaks differently, attends a different church — is he to be an object of strenuous hatred? No! No man is perfect. How then can anyone set himself up as the ultimate judge of perfection and truth? National loyalty and religious conviction can be forces for good but should never be distorted to the point where they cause men to persecute one another.

I believe, however, that the problem of toleration, and I mean toleration, of things which are merely different and not inherently evil, cannot be dealt with on the level of reason alone. Man's personality doesn't wait for the maturity of his reason before it begins to form. It begins to develop when, in the first few weeks of life, he begins to perceive himself as an object external from the objects which surround him in his environment. His attitudes, then, are formed by the influence of his circle of acquaintances, his family at first and later a widening circle of associates. Small wonder, then, if the child, unable to reason for himself and accepting the view of his acquaintances as law, begins to look down on people of different race and religion because his older friends do! Can he remedy that? Only rarely by dint of a persevering effort of intellect can he completely resolve this disparity between the facts as they exist and as they should exist if completely governed by justice and reason, and accept all men on an equal basis. How many of us, no matter how tolerant we profess to be, can substantiate this profession? If a son or daughter in whom we had placed great pride and love for many years announced an intention of marrying a person belonging to a negroid or oriental race, how many of us can truthfully say that we would feel not the slightest twinge of remorse? Very few, and I do not pretend to include myself among those few.

In the face of this almost universal attitude of intolerance which is so ingrained in our North American societies, the only solution which I can see is to institute now, in the face of all narrow-minded opposition, a programme of integration and complete equalization of all our differing races. This will require great fortitude for those who differ from

the majority in race; it will mean that many shallow but self-righteous citizens will decry the system and do their best to undermine it. But the result, which will not come rapidly, but perhaps only after several generations, will be to reduce the number of hostile attitudes of our adults, thus gradually fostering in our children the view that, "this man is merely different: not inferior, but equal." I am sure that given proper motivation and opportunity, the American negro could emancipate himself to the degree of complete equality with a race which until now has ground his face into the dirt, unjustly denying him the right to improve himself. The white races, seeing the negro as a useful cog in the wheels of society would recognize after a time his basic worth and, being acquainted with him on a more human level, would eventually realize that here is a race as worthy as themselves.

We can readily see that, no matter what color another's skin, he too is a man. Surely any man worthy of the name cannot be happy when he sees at his every turn his fellows writhing under the heel of unjust discrimination. It would seem whatever plan we employ to rid ourselves of this discrimination cannot rapidly undo the work of generations of prejudice, either in repairing the psychological degeneration it has wrought on the negro, or in eliminating the ingrained attitude of intolerance, which is present in the self-acclaimed superior races. It seems equally clear that something must be done. Once more, the beautiful bit of philosophy which has for many become a banal platitude, offers the answer. The 'Golden Rule' as it is called can dissolve our racial barriers if only selfish, conceited, shallow man will realize that color and race, being no barriers to humanity, should be none to humanitarianism.

This poetry is written in the form of a cantata, which is a short musical composition in oratorio or lyrical drama style. Unlike most cantatas, this is not written in the form of a story — it has no real plot. Rather it deals with the impressions of the author when considering a certain static subject — the effect of the machine age . . . the age of automation — and its possible relationship to the God and religion of two thousand years ago. Perhaps the real value and interest to the reader lies not in the poetry itself — but in the consideration of the almost unknown technique of the cantata, since we usually see it in its repetitive and sometimes incoherent form, after it has been set to music.-Ed.

Cantata for Wheels

Alas I am desolate,
The world is all around me,
My voice crieth in the wilderness
And I am all alone.

The darkness descendeth,
I cry for a light,
My dream never endeth.
 O give me peace
 O give me light.

The voice of the people
Like sand in the wind,
Blows lonely and lost,
And is scattered in sin.

The voices of people,
 O hear my prayer,
Like sands in the wind,
 Give peace, give light,
Are lonely and lost,
 Let truth come in,
For they know not they sin.
 O hear my prayer.

Thy people do languish
And turn from the light.
They build up great cities,
And hide from Thy sight.

Confusion, corruption, corrosion and death,
They hurry and run — to Thy word they are deaf.
They build and destroy — they are born and they die,
They stand in their tombs knowing not why they cry.

The shadow of weariness falls on my face.
Futility reigns and I falter from pace.
Why does not God then lead us?
Why does faithlessness bleed us?
I seek for a light.
I am blind in the night.

Blow the bright pipes of salvation.
Thy people do perish.
Sing the loud songs to the nation.
The Lord they might cherish.

O hear my prayer
Give peace, give light.
Show us our sin.
Bring Thy truth in.

AND GOD SPOKE TO THE PEOPLE

Fear not sinner
For the world is Mine.
I am your God
And Christ is the sign.

For God is for ever
And His love will keep thee whole.
Remember thy God
And Eternal thy Soul.

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