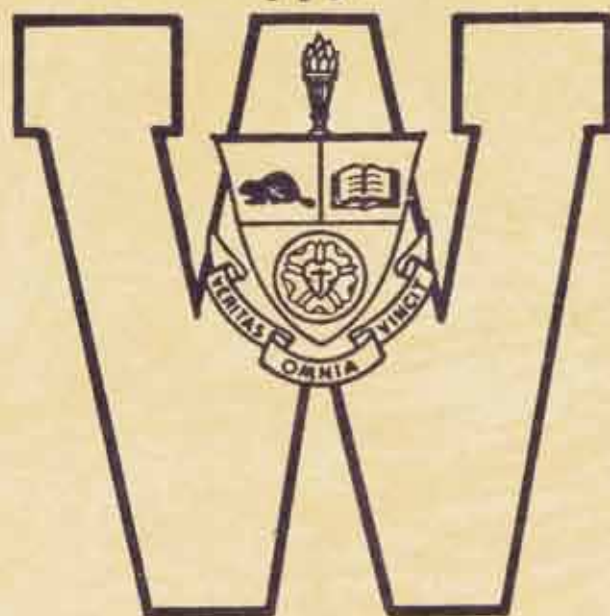
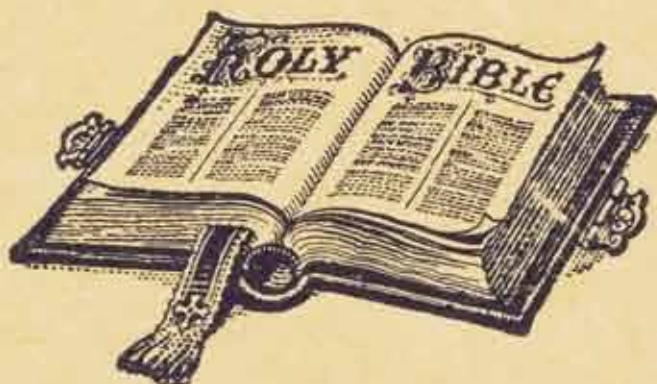


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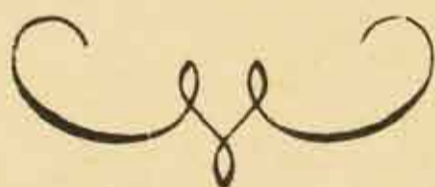
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APRIL, 1957

VOLUME THIRTY-TWO

NUMBER FIVE

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## From the Editor . . .

"Hang onto the boat for forty-eight hours, if necessary," was the advice the sailing instructors gave us at summer camp. It seems this would apply very well to this time of the school year. With only a few more weeks of classes before the final exams begin, students begin to "cram" for those final exams, getting panicky or despairing of passing. This concern is good if it prompts the students to work hard for those finals. However, it is bad if the students' despair reaches such proportions that the students no longer think they can pass, and, as our instructors said, ". . . give up, release their life-hold on the boat, and slip off into the water."

"There still is time, but it is rapidly running out," is a warning often the students encouragement, but also warns them that **now is the time** for that given to students who despair of passing. This is good advice because it gives extra "push" in studying. "Hang on firmly with one hand, and paddle hard with the other." It can be done, it has been done, and it is well worth it.

"Good Luck" will come in those exams for a certainty, if we help "Good Luck" by studying. So, to the coming graduates and those who are still undergraduates,

———— "GOOD LUCK" ————

**Good Luck to next year's "Cord" staff.**

*Vernon Hughes.*





# AN EASTER MEDITATION

... by Dr. A. B. Little

A few weeks ago, at early dawn, on the campus of one of Ontario's leading universities, a weird sight was reported to have been seen. A skeleton, nailed to a rude wooden cross, and crudely crowned with thorns, was discovered planted in the ground in front of the main arts building. Surmounting the crucifix was a sign which read: "There is no Easter."

Whether this was the work of an individual or of a group, we do not know. Certainly the view, so grotesquely symbolized and so bluntly expressed, does not represent that of the university or of the overwhelming majority of its students. Most certainly it does not represent the spirit which pervades the campus at Waterloo.

We believe, not in one, but in three Easters. There is, first of all, Easter-Past, an historical event which occurred over nineteen centuries ago when Jesus conquered death and rose victorious from the grave. This Easter is described in the simple words of St. Mark:

And when the sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and Salome, brought spices, so that they might go and anoint him. And very early on the first day of the week they went to the tomb when the sun had risen. And they were saying to one another, "Who will roll away the stone for us from the door of the tomb?" And looking up, they saw that the stone was rolled back; for it was very large. And entering the tomb, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, dressed in a white robe; and they were amazed. And he said to them, "Do not be amazed; you seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He has risen, he is not here; see the place where they laid him. But go, tell his disciples and Peter that he is going before you to Galilee; there you will see him, as he told you." And they went out and fled from the tomb;

for trembling and astonishment had come upon them; and they said nothing to any one, for they were afraid.

The individual or group that nailed the symbol of death to a cross and placarded it with a denial of Easter realized only too well where to strike a telling blow. For "if Christ be not risen," then is our preaching in vain and our faith is also in vain. From that first Easter up to the present day the resurrection of Christ has been assailed as the keystone in the arch of the Christian faith. It began with the suborning of the soldier guards at the tomb and has run the whole gamut of doubt and denial down to the crudest forms of caricature and ridicule. But the undeniable evidence of Christ's death and the unimpeachable testimony to His resurrection stand secure. Jesus rose from the grave! The Easter of the past is a fact.

The second Easter is that of Easter-Present, the Easter that dawns in our own hearts as we keep the feast. It is the Easter that comes **to you** when you apply to yourself the implications of that first Easter of the past. This Easter fills the heart with jubilation and makes the whole earth resound with Alleluias. For if Christ be risen, then He is what He claimed to be, our Saviour; then His sacrifice on Calvary has indeed made full atonement for our sins;; then we too, may rise with Him to newness of life.

This is the Easter of the joyful assurance and assured joyfulness which is so beautifully expressed in the hymn:

I know that my Redeemer lives!  
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!  
He lives, He lives, Who once was dead,  
He lives, my ever-living Head.  
    He lives to bless me with His love,  
    He lives to plead for me above,  
    He lives my hungry soul to feed,  
    He lives to help in time of need.  
He lives to grant me rich supply,  
He lives to guide me with His eye,  
He lives to comfort me when faint,  
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.  
    He lives to silence all my fears,  
    He lives to wipe away my tears,  
    He lives to calm my troubled heart,  
    He lives all blessings to impart.  
He lives, all glory to His Name!  
He lives, my Jesus still the same;  
O the sweet joy this sentence gives:  
I know that my Redeemer lives!

The third Easter is the Easter-Yet-To-Be, the great Easter of the future, the

day of resurrection promised by the risen Lord who said, "Because I live, ye shall live also." It is the Easter guaranteed by the inspired Apostle when he wrote: "For as by a man came death, by a man has come also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive. But each in his own order: Christ the first fruits, then at his coming those who belong to Christ."

The Apostle John was privileged to see in vision that glorious day of the Easter-Yet-To-Be:

After this I looked, and behold, a great multitude which no man could number, from every nation, from all tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, with palm branches in their hands, and crying out with a loud voice, "Salvation belongs to our God who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb!"

May the certainty of Easter-Past, the joyful assurance of Easter-Present, and the abiding hope of Easter-Yet-To-Be be with us all this Eastertide!

## **THE DREAMER**

. . . **John Robert Colombo**

They carried him about on a portable platform that, to some, resembled a coffin and, to others, a bed. Their idea was to protect him as best they could from all harm and intrusion for he was asleep and not to be disturbed, never to be awakened. To the curious spectators that would crowd around him on his platform he was known simply as The Dreamer. But the care and attention that was lavished upon him by his bearers suggested to even the simple spectators that he was more than just a sleeping man.

According to the legends that gradually accumulated around him, he was The Ancient Man, The Ageless One who dreams the very dream of life. All the world's desires, diversities and dimensions, the legends would continue, were woven in the fever-wrought brain of this sleeping being. Should he be awakened, the legends concluded, the world would vanish in a blaze of light, as a dream dissolves into the waking world, as a single silence becomes a screaming sound in an echoless eternity.

Someday, when the dream of this being is either interrupted or ended, The Dreamer will awaken from his sojourn with his secret self and will, once more, become his sinewed self — and so the world will be lost, plunged into a chaos of confusion and then, oblivion. But, meanwhile, he sleeps soundly and all is tranquil although his bearers are worried, for there are some signs of his awakening.

# *The Restive Muse*

. . . F. G. W. Adams

While listening recently to recordings of some of Frederick the Great's music for the flute, I have asked myself an old question. Why should Plato have warned his philosopher-kings of the subversive nature of this sublime instrument? Was it because the Greek flute was tuned to such a pitch it quite intoxicated the citizenry, seducing them away from civic duty and all care for the commonweal? For all that, perhaps Handel, Mozart and Frederick II, composing for the flute, were so many pied pipers leading the courtly elites of eighteenth-century Europe to the abyss of '89. But to us today, our ears attuned to tremendous effects from the percussion section and jazzy discords of all kinds, the flute seems serene and delightful, posing few threats to the social order. In any case, philosopher-kings (and less enlightened despots too) have paid little heed to Plato's warnings about the flute. Except perhaps, that they have shown a tendency to prefer brass: Hitler had long excerpts from "Die Meistersinger" relayed throughout the French countryside by loudspeaker.

If they have disregarded the injunction concerning the flute, the despots have taken Plato more seriously in dealing with poetry. They have banned the poet from the city, or so limited his freedom that he may turn out nothing more than easily-chanted doggerel unlikely to promote dissent.

We Canadians (whose history, being uneventful, is happily better left to prose) find it hard to appreciate the poet as spokesman of freedom. But recent events in Poland and Hungary surely confirm Plato's forebodings about the "subversive" power of poetry, fortunately for freedom everywhere.

Those sometimes savage, sometimes gentle, poets who hailed the storming of the Bastille as the dawn of a new era establish Plato's thesis in the modern context. The yearning of Wordsworth, Kleist and Chénier for liberty in 1789 was something uncompromising, pure and absolute. For, if these poets damned the Old Regime, they were no eager sycophants of the new. When the dreams and illusions of July 14 gave way to the Terror and to armed French aggression, the three Romantics turned from paeans of praise to cries of revulsion. Wordsworth bitterly assailed the rape of the Venetian Republic by Napoleon; Kleist, once a would-be volunteer for the French invasion of England, wrote a vigorous drama of liberty



to excite Vienna against the tyrant; Andre Chénier, cast into prison by Robespierre's government in 1794, defied Terror in the name of freedom till the last:

Au pied de l'échafaud j'essaie encore ma lyre.

The poets stood in the vanguard of the struggle for individual and national liberty throughout the nineteenth century. Byron ended his sojourn in Italy to join the turbulent ranks of Greece's liberation armies and "make a new Thermopylae." Pushkin, in the dark days of Nicholas I reaction, defied the tsar's censorship to shame Russia out of serfdom:

Friends, shall I ever see my nation, freed, arise,  
And serfdom vanish at a Tsar's command,  
And over freedom's fatherland  
A lovely dawn illuminate the skies?

The Russian Revolution of 1917, like the French Revolution was celebrated by many of the young poets of the day. And, for the first few years, the poets sang their songs of freedom and hope. But, as the Revolution was militarized, the poets were urged to keep in step with the party and the state, to tune their lyres to the noisy chorus of a well-drilled society on the march. Akhmatova, Leningrad's tender poetess of romantic love, was denounced as "representative of empty poetry which is devoid of ideas and alien to our people." Essenine, his cynical verse condemned, went from flamboyant protest to alcoholism to suicide. Mayakovsky, who had arrogantly "hawked his spittle" at the bourgeois world in 1917 and bellowed his blunt verse to the workers in Russia's new factories, shot himself through the heart in 1930. The worst of the Stalinist period witnessed among other things the liquidation of three of Poland's foremost poets (all Communists) and the imposition of absolute party dictation in aesthetics.

Since Stalin's death in 1953, some warming shafts of sun have been shining over the vast glacier of the Soviet world. Much of the warmth and radiance producing this "thaw" come from Russia's new poets. . . . In 1953 the young poetess Olga Berggolts denounced "cold" poetry and urged a return to the eternal themes of love and sorrow. A recent visitor to the Soviet Union reported that a young student she met there was reading the poetry of Tiutchev "not because it answers my questions but simply because it is so beautiful." Boris Pasternak, a lyric poet who withdrew during the Stalin period to work on translations of Goethe and Shakespeare, re-emerged in 1954 and has resumed publication. What Pasternak wrote in the 1920's may hold true of his present views and those of many of the new lyric poets in the Soviet world:

If I had known what would come later,  
When first my stage career began,  
The words would take to blood and slaughter,  
Go for the throat and kill a man.  
To play with such a tangled living,  
Point-blank refusal I'd have made,  
So far away was my beginning  
My first concern was so afraid.

If this is typical of what is to come from poets in the Soviet world today, we may count upon what Plato rightly predicted to be subversion, and the world stands to gain a great deal thereby.

# POLAND AND GOMULKA

. . . Dick Buhr

Nationalistic and economic reasons permitted Gomulka to seize power in Poland after the Russians relaxed the Stalinist repressions. The Poles were faced by an economic crisis of the first order and knew something drastic had to be done to remedy the situation, and they were, therefore, prepared to rally behind anyone willing to emerge as a leader.

Gomulka emerged, and the people supported him for that reason, and they also trusted him because he had been imprisoned for criticizing the earlier Russian dominated government. The other strong force operating in Poland is nationalism. The Polish people are a proud people. They take pride in their past accomplishments and are particularly hopeful about future possibilities. Up to the present they have been frustrated in their attempts to determine their own national self-realization. In spite of earlier frustrations the Polish people are still determined to establish themselves as a nation. So the two things the people expect from Gomulka is: first, a solution to their economic problems and then, a free independent self-governing Poland.

Gomulka may be able to solve the economic problem but it is doubtful that he can do much about the problem of Polish nationalism. Whether he likes it or not Gomulka must keep Poland in the political orbit of Soviet Russia. There are a number of reasons why Gomulka should be willing to accept a certain amount of Russian dependence, just as there are a few reasons for wanting to be free from Russia.

The main and most natural reason for wishing to be rid of the Soviet orbit is that the Polish people passionately hate the Russians. They have ample Historical as well as contemporary reasons for hating them. This strong anti-Russian feeling represents a threat to Gomulka himself for if it is allowed to flare up into a violent anti-Russian demonstration the Russians would have an excuse for intervening in Polish affairs and by putting down a riot they would also regain control of Poland. Another reason why Gomulka does not dare offend the Russians is that whatever nationalism he can establish is dependent on Russia. The Poles hate the Russians but not exclusively, they also hate the Czechs and the Germans. The present Polish boundaries enclose former German and Czech territory and the only guarantee Poland has of retaining her present territory is the armed might of Russia. The Polish people rightfully believe that Germany, united, divided, democratic, or communistic, wants her land back and that Germany would quite cheerfully resort to military means of regaining her former property. As long as Poland remains friendly with Russia the Army of Russia will discourage unfriendly overtures from Poland's hated neighbours.

Poland must also remain in the Soviet orbit for economic reasons. Poland has

been integrated into a mutually dependent economic system embracing the Communist bloc of nations. The system itself is self-sufficient but it relies on the individual member nations as much as the individual nations depend on the system. This meant that the disruptive events in Hungary affected not only Hungary but upset the economy of the other Communist countries as well. Poland then is just as economically dependent on the Soviet orbit as Canada is economically dependent on the U.S.A. Therefore it is important for Poland to stay inside the Communist economic orbit, and it is just as important to Russia that Poland stop there. Russia must retain Poland for purely economic reasons, but she must also keep her for purely political reasons. Poland lies between Russia and East Germany and is the military route to Germany. It is probable that Russia considers this military access to East Germany so important that she would be willing to pay almost any price and take great risks in order to keep it. So it becomes probable that Russia is watching Poland very closely and that she is willing to tolerate very little deviation on the part of her Satellite.

This brings out a very important point. Russia did tolerate Gomulka while she did not tolerate Nagy in Hungary. The two countries differed in their approach to Nationalism and the difference probably explains the Russian tolerance in the one instance and the absence of it in the other. Hungary's revolution began as an almost leaderless student demonstration while Poland's revolution was more of a coup by Gomulka and a few other high officials in the Communist party. The Polish revolution was peaceful while the Hungarians had a bloody revolution. The Poles, have so far been content with a few changes, mostly in leadership, whereas the Hungarians wanted to reject communism and move back to a capitalistic type economy with either Fascist or Democratic politics. Because of these great differences the Russians could tolerate the Polish change while they repressed the Hungarians. The important point is that Russia is quite capable of interfering when she feels it is necessary to do so. Gomulka, no doubt, realizes the full significance of this lack of scruples on the part of the Russians.

Another important feature of the Polish revolution is that it was not a revolt against Communism. It was, rather, a revolt against Russia, a revolt for nationalism and a revolt for economic reform. Gomulka is a dedicated communist and so are most of the Polish intelligensia, and even the people seem to accept communism to the same extent that western people accept Democracy. If there was any doubt on whether the Poles support communism it should have been removed by the recent elections in Poland. While it was primarily a vote of confidence for Gomulka it also endorsed communism itself. The Catholic Church, too, was forced to make the dual endorsement of Gomulka and communism. This may have been the reason why Gomulka held the elections, just to make sure everyone clearly understood that communism was there to stay and it may also have been a device whereby Gomulka could demonstrate to Moscow that he had the full support of the entire nation.

A number of first hand reporters say that the students and other people they have spoken to are quite insistent on the fact that they are communists. What they wish to do is interpret Marx in their way and they want to use their own



ways of expressing this interpretation. The methods used so far are free discussion in their papers and free criticism of Stalinist Communism and free criticism of Gomulka. This is clearly a democratization of the old style communism. The extent to which freedom and democracy can be allowed in Poland will largely depend on how far similar innovations are permitted inside Russia itself. There is a slim hope for the West that Gomulka may be used as a model for similar experiments in the satellites and in Russia. But on the other hand there is a possibility that what takes place in Poland will be hidden from the other countries. For example, Blair Fraser reports in **Macleans** that Czechoslovakia does not permit Polish newspapers or magazines anymore, as they are considered to be too dangerous.

The West is faced by a dilemma in this situation. The problem is whether to help Poland economically or not. If aid is given the West can expect no political concessions from Poland for reasons that have already been dealt with. On the other hand if no aid is given Poland may be forced to succumb to Russian pressure and relapse back to her former role of an exploited satellite. The situation is complicated still further by the fact that only the U.S.A. can afford to give the necessary economic aid but her present laws make her powerless to do anything. Before the U.S.A. can give any economic aid Congress will have to change its attitude. If this miracle does occur and Congress does endorse aiding a communist country then there is hope that the U.S.A. will be more realistic in its approach to foreign policy in areas like Red China.

Up to the present reports coming out of Poland have been fairly cheerful and optimistic, but an ominous note is sounded in the March 18th edition of TIME MAGAZINE. TIME reports censorship of reformist papers by Gomulka, firing of Newspaper editors who have been rather critical of Russia, Pre-Gomulka Poland and of Gomulka himself. Most disturbing of all is the reported appointment of Stalinists to high Government positions. One example of this is Zenon Norvala who had been a member of the hated Bierut Politburo, a champion of anti-semitism, and an opponent to Gomulka's return to power. His name had been stricken from the list of candidates in the recent elections and yet Gomulka made him a Deputy Minister in the face of strong opposition from parliament. This clearly indicates that Gomulka, is for the present at any rate, staying very close to the Russian line.

Gomulka has an extremely difficult course to steer. He must keep Poland poised on a narrow line balanced between Russian sensitivity and Polish nationalism. If he makes too many concessions to the Polish people, Russia is likely to take offence and find some means of interfering. On the other hand if Gomulka does not make enough concessions the people are apt to become indignant. Their indignance could easily break out into an anti-Russian riot and this would bring the Russian tanks. Observers report that anti-Russian feeling is so high that very little effort on the part of subversive groups could induce the people to riot. This is why Gomulka is in a difficult position for no matter which way he moves he is faced by possible Russian intervention.

Gomulka represents, not so much a hope for the West, as a consolation. He has clearly demonstrated that Russia too is plagued by the problems of Nationalism.

# Song of the Agnostic

. . . by Jagdat Toolsie

I have always longed to know  
Where my soul at death will go,  
Will it find a home above  
In the stars I'll always love?  
Will it find a home below  
Where the tide of sin and woe  
Never ceases to flow?  
Frankly, I do not know.  
Do I have a claim in heaven  
Where I may light like a raven  
And feed my hungry self at ease  
Just as I wish, just as I please?  
Or do I have a claim in hell  
Where wretched sinners dwell  
And raging fires glow?  
Frankly, I do not know.  
Heaven's full of mansions bright  
So said the 'postles with might,  
But can I to their words give credit  
When I'm uncertain of their merit?  
But if their words I choose to doubt  
Then heaven's gate will bar me out.  
Must I purchase this though?  
Frankly, I do not know.  
Hell terrifies my body slim  
As life's light grows dim and dim,  
How can I be so courageous  
As to be indeed outrageous  
Selling my very soul to hell  
When there's a better place to dwell?  
These questions never cease to grow  
My answers are, "I do not know."  
There is always doubt, you see,  
Do I have a soul in me?  
Must another life be spent  
In some place where I'll be sent  
When from breathing I refrain  
Any my life blood clogs my vein?  
No, no, I cannot say so  
There is always doubt, you know.

# TORQUE-ROOM TALLIES

by Joe Rees & Clifford Coultres

A boy: a book;  
A co-ed: a look.

Book neglected;  
Flunk expected.

With this issue we bid a fond farewell to '56-'57. We have had our ups and downs but it's the jerks that bother us, and as per usual Waterloo seems to have its share of jerks. The year had its share of shmazzles, for instants: the Hungarian student rhubarb, Jamestown triumphal entry into empty Waterloo, charging for examination booklets, the pressured blood flood, Honoraria (or Honouraria?) during Lent, etc., ad infinitum; however, we must admit that everything big was on the asset side of the balance sheet. Waterloo College hit the papers with greater force and greater frequency than ever before. It was rare when the paper didn't contain the words: "President J. G. Hagey spoke on Waterloo College and its future," or some such phrase. Plans for expansion, government grants, and the final realization of the importance of Waterloo threatened to raise Waterloo to University status.

In a reasonable contribution to society, during the occasion of the Centennial, Waterloo City and Seagram's forgot for a moment the furry-face farce and donated a fabulous stadium and the necessary space. This will definitely mean a forward step for the school. Thank you!

Waterloo College is definitely going places! Its physical growth is inevitable. Picture, if it is possible, the College of the future — from King to Albert, from Bricker to Dearborn — solid college, the city of Waterloo's pride and joy, President Hagey's dream child. And there, on King, a beautifully landscaped, well-kept frame cider mill — which will nicely balance the Seagram stadium.

We hear too that trolley lines are soon to come down Albert Street, a definite improvement. We note, however, it is to be built not for students but for the trade to the Seagram Stadium.

To speak further of expansion, plans of the future could merely mean further rehashing of material already familiar to us. Let us forget the future for a minute and regard the life at Waterloo in retrospect:

**Sports:** This year we are able to say that our teams were good losers. Good, heck, they were perfect!

**Frosh:** Arrived with the usual Grade XIII (big shot) complex and took a while to shrink their heads to normal size. It seems that since a college is a fountain of knowledge, several come here to drink! It's interesting to note that only cannibals like you better when you're stewed! A few frosh were offered an interest in the school by Dean Schaus. At least he told them that if they didn't take an interest in

the school he would kick them out to make room for students who would. Remember though, none of this advice has to be taken, unless of course you want to keep going to college.

**Gir's:** Greater quantity than ever before.

**Dormitories:** According to report a lot of discipline was necessary as the second term neared a close in the Boys' Dormitory. Carl Goos didn't come upstairs after the first of March without a chair and whip. Several members of the Dorm galaxy apparently still take the new fire siren for a pencil sharpener. A word to the wise — Don't smoke in bed. The ashes you drop on the floor may be your own. It is rumored that plans are to take the washrooms out of the dormitories. Not unbelievable just uncanny. In case some millionaire would like to donate something to the school, we suspect sink plugs for the boys' dorm — preferably ones that fit.

Plans are also in the making for erecting a sign on the lawn in front of the girls' dorm: "Keep off the grass. Give the gay young blades a chance." A couple of girls told us that love at first sight is almost necessary on an 11 o'clock leave.

**Classes:** Frosh seem to have difficulty becoming adjusted. One student said the lectures weren't too fast or too slow, but half-fast. Last week a class was so boring that two empty seats got up and walked out. We must agree that the Eccies 20 text, like many others, is the sort of book that once you've put it down you can't pick it up again. The girls in Sec. Science don't get too much publicity. They should be proud of their ancient profession. Eve was the originator; she invented the loose-leaf system. English 20 amazes us. Chaucer and we both tell shady stories; ours are pornographics, Chaucer's are classical art.

**Boarding Houses:** Our landlady came up last night. Apparently her small son wanted to see our elephant.

**Exams:** Are coming up. Remember, if you're poor at spelling, it helps a lot if your handwriting is lousy, too. Also, if you're not more than two seats from the right answer, you're well situated.

**Miscellaneous:** When Paul Wagner accepted the appointment as big wheel for the Open House, he patted his stomach: "The students wanted somebody for this job that has weight." A Hungarian student headed for home after he saw the headline on the Newsweekly cover: "Open House Pronounced Success."

Rock and Roll dancing hit a new high this year. The first man to do it was a fellow in front of a pay toilet trying to find a nickel. Several students are finding they have to commute to school from where they park their cars.

**Family Relations:** Fathers are finding it harder to support students in the style to which they have been accustomed. We tried to comply with ours last month and sent home an itemized list of expenditures: "Room, \$25; board, \$40; miscellaneous, \$325."

**Homeward Bound:** I'm going to hate going home for the summer. I'm just getting used to the funnies in the K-W Record. Don Powell isn't anxious to get back to Niagara Falls. The view may be better, but the air isn't as intoxicating.

It really is going to be sad leaving this college. With a tear in my eye, and with a hesitant step into the world, I exclaim: "See you later, Alma Mater."

# THE SEEING EYE

. . . Cecil L. Thompson

Text: "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona . . ." Matthew 16:17.

Looking is not always the same thing as seeing. Different people can look at the same thing and see totally different things. Consider, for example, what happened in the case of our Lord, during his earthly ministry. All sorts of people came in contact with Him, formed opinions about Him, passed judgments upon Him, yet, it is amazing to notice what the various verdicts were. Some thought He was mad; others thought Him a political agitator, a nationalist revolutionary; others took Him for a prophet; some said He was just a carpenter's son. But others beheld Him as the veritable Messiah of Whom the prophets had foretold.

In this context, Jesus brings all this speculation to a head by asking the disciples what public opinion was about Him. Then He challenges them to state their opinions on the point. As they gaze at Him in wonder, only Peter speaks up: "Thou art the Christ!" he affirms in words that have for twenty centuries formed the very groundwork of evangelical faith; "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God!" His was the beatitude of "the seeing eye."

Now, there may be some of us who have been looking to Christ for years. Perhaps we were brought up in a Christian environment, subjected to a Christian discipline, taught in Sunday School, and may now have become members of the Christian Church. We are certainly looking in the right direction, but are we seeing in Christ all that we should be seeing in Him? "The eye only sees," says someone, "what it brings with it is the power to see." The blind man in the Gospel, you will recall, partially cured by Christ, saw men as trees walking; some of us in the dark on country roads have taken trees for men! Of course, we were not seeing correctly. The important lesson is that we need to SEE Christ, rather than LOOK at Him. We must have the SEEING eye.

What, then, is the nature of that organ of spiritual sight, that will enable us to discern the glories resident in our beloved Lord?

First, let us notice that, "THE SEEING EYE IS THE SALVED EYE." "Anoint your eyes with eye-salve," is the counsel of the Christ of Revelation to the church at Laodicea, "that thou mayest see." It is only as the eyes of our understanding are cleansed that we perceive spiritual values and appreciate spiritual truths.

Is it not amazing how the tiniest speck of dust, getting into the eye, can create so great a disturbance as to render even the sun itself invisible to the organ of vision? Have we not often found to our cost that a little secret indulgence persistently practised, can blot out from our spiritual vision the Great Sun of Righteousness Himself? But repentance is a potent salve. It is the cleansing tear that falls from the eye of faith. One of the functions of tears is to flush the eye with its cleansing fluid. To this principle there is a spiritual analogy, for in the realm of the spirit the function of repentance is to salve the eye of the soul and restore its vision of Divine things. THE SEEING EYE, THEREFORE, IS THE SALVED EYE.

But, "THE SEEING EYE IS ALSO A SINGLE EYE." "The light of the body

is the eye," said Jesus, "if, therefore, thine eye is single, thy whole body is full of light." When men want to make a beam of light penetrate deep into the darkness of night, they do not allow it to diffuse its radiance in a fan-shaped glow. No! They cause it to pass through a prism which focuses its rays and concentrates them on a central point. This may help us to perceive the spiritual principle underlying these profound words of Jesus.

It is the SINGLE eye, purged from everything that is evil, persistently directed towards Christ, and constantly focused upon Him, that sees farthest and deepest in the realm of the soul.

The undiscerning may describe this as a "one-eyed existence." Well, in one way, maybe it is! But the SINGLE eye unifies the personality and so fortifies it, preventing it from squandering itself like water spilt on the ground, canalizing it into spiritually constructive channels of blessing in every department of human living, for no man can live to himself. Shall we cultivate the SINGLE eye, then? It is the eye that probes deepest, and sees farthest.

Finally, "THE SEEING EYE IS ALSO THE SURE EYE." It is rather unfortunate that some people suffer from defective vision. Their view of things is distorted and disproportionate because of some defect in the visual organism. As in the natural, so in the spiritual. There are those who cannot trust their vision in the realm of the spiritual. They are always hesitant and uncertain; they are never quite definite in their conception of spiritual realities. Always there is some doubt, a dimness, an obscurity.

But perfect perception means positive conception. "Thou art the Christ," cried Peter, brushing aside all other speculations as to Whom Jesus was. The SEEING eye was the SURE eye. Its testimony was authoritative and reliable, clear, distinct, unequivocal. "Blessed," exclaimed the Saviour, "art thou, Simon, for while others are merely **looking** at Me, you alone are **seeing** Me, discerning Who I really am."

In the early war years I was visiting in one of the hospitals in my native city, Belfast. It was a cold winter's night and the black-out regulations did not help make the situation any better. I had entered the hospital, and was making my way to pay a visit to an aged lady. Suddenly I heard the sweet voice of a little girl singing the words of Horatius Bonar's beautiful hymn: "I heard the voice of Jesus say, 'Come unto Me and rest.' The shrill little voice captivated my thoughts, and I found myself, unthinkingly, making my way to where it was coming from. I stood and listened. She now began to sing the last verse:

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
'I am this dark world's light;  
LOOK unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright.'

I felt myself strangely stirred as I looked upon her little form in the bed. 'She LOOKED to Jesus, And she SAW. . . .' How wonderful! . . . for . . . physically, she was completely BLIND.

She, with Simon, in spite of her affliction, had experienced the beatitude of "The Seeing Eye"

# THE INFERIORITY COMPLEX

. . . by Bill Bishop

In my last article, I demonstrated that French Canadians, in their culture, have had the inferent feeling of weakness and inadequacy which resulted in deep feelings of inferiority. It is true that culture is not the product of any one generation but that it is handed down through our ancestry. And today Quebec as the domicile of French Canadianism is striving for superiority along the very lines in which it has been inferior, and the agent — nationalism — is allowing a very successful job.

However, in considering the French Canadian inferiority complex, it is only fair if the French Canadians have made unfavourable comparisons between themselves and others. Most people as individuals are inferior in many ways, but this is not amazing. Inferiority may have little meaning if a few successes have compensated for this inferiority. Many of the French Canadians I approached in Quebec City were quite ready to make these comparisons in the religious, moral, political and economic realms.

In this Roman Catholic community I noticed many Romans who had fear of separation from the grace of the Church. The Catholic religion of this area is just not understandable in many aspects. Inhabitants of Quebec and the area of St. Anne de Beaupre tend to be very austere in their religion. Ritual, and liturgics are carried on in a place of exalted imagination. I was surprised by the **deep** sense of sin these people have which is a projection of moral inferiority, assumed in the end by their Saviour.

There are French Canadians who decry the Church authoritarianism. Often was it revealed to me by Quebec Romans that the parish priest had at some time made a call effecting in the Church's expectations of a large family with a certain number of children. This is probably done to create a favourable attitude toward Church and State. Church tithes are another sensitive element of the Roman church in Quebec. Some Catholics have never returned to the Church because the parish priest did not give enough freedom to their families. One farmer could not pay his tithes to the church which, of course, resulted in an angry priest. The priest visited the parishioner but returned to the rectory with no pledge. A few days later, an invalid knocked on the door of the farmer asking to be put up for the night. The farmer's generous hospitality typical of French Canadians allowed

the transient to stay overnight, yet, in effect, the invalid lingered on for three months. The modest, yet, embarrassed farmer did not wish to literally throw the man out, but something was forthcoming. Inevitably he heard that the invalid had been delegated by the parish priest to overstay his vigil and act as penance for the poor farmer, all due to this farmer's economic inability to tithe. Now, if this does not curl our democratic principles, I wonder what does.

Protestantism is the "BLACKEST HESESY" that has swept Quebec. Hate and fear abound everywhere, especially where the French Canadian is less well educated. Acts of religious intolerance have been committed in the name of "True French Canadianism." There is no place for the Jehovah's witness. A radio station outside of Quebec City owned by Protestants, was diplomatically informed by the Roman Church that all firms owned by Romans would withdraw their advertisements and programmes if certain "listed" programmes were transmitted. Tolerance, bah!

Competence is needed to overcome inferiority. During the summer, a provincial election was held. I had the suspicious feeling that the population voted for the bachelor Duplessis because of his hierarchial attachment to Archbishop Roy. To vote Union Nationale was to build up your self-esteem. To vote Liberal was to acknowledge an English minority existed. Consequently, I wonder whether the French Canadians had any competence or not in their own government due to their inherent capacity. Duplessis carried out the most filthy political campaign, as if he were a Hitler himself. I boarded in a home which had a back room which was used as a polling booth for the election. My room was separated from the back room by a mere window. Never had I heard so many grumblings from the people concerning scandal, and hedging by the clerks. Many of the voters listed on the polling list went to the polls with the idea of voting. But they were turned away at the polls because their name was not on the scrutineers' lists. The would-be voters returned to check the lists tacked to the telephone poles, but — no lists. All the lists were discarded the night before the election. Those would-be voters were Liberals. A Liberal stronghold thus turned into a Union Nationale stronghold. Others were denied votes due to their classification as transients. Especially am I thinking of the French Canadian soldier here, as well as the English Canadian, if I may so categorise them as such. An official of the government confessed that the election was "unfortunate."

But perhaps behind all this lies the motive to throw all the foreigners out of Quebec if possible. This might be illustrated by the provincial tax on corporations. The competence of the French is evidently very weak if such an environment must persist.

An attitude of inferiority in regard to poverty is reflected in their tendency toward political radicalism. The "have-nots" in Quebec want to cure social ills by preventing investment of too much alien capital. In Quebec there is corruption in politics which has recently resulted in the O'Neill and Dion movement which openly decries political morals. The reform drive may grow to be more



intense.

In Quebec City where I was stationed for most of the summer, it was appalling to see slums one block away from the Basilica, a very wealthy church, the home of four cardinals, which adjoins the seminary of Laval University. Here, the pauper's boxes are full, here is grandeur, and luxury. One block away is dirt and squalor. Many of the thoughtful French Canadian people in the city abhor this situation, one of the worst in Canada.

Today, we see a small nucleus working with Duplessis. This group is striving to drive Quebec into a more superior position along the very lines it is inferior. This will bring disaster at some stage, because as soon as the development of French Canadianism is thwarted by some obstacle, the trait shows up again. The Church is not anxious to lose control of the peasant who still operates the hand plow one mile from the opulent city of Quebec. The people in the backwoods are kept at a subnormal level of education. The sons of these farmers and inhabitants are breaking away from the old tradition. For some months last year there were more men entering the army in Quebec than any other province. The reason for this was stated by an adept personnel officer — to break with parental control and traditional elements.

Finally, I might add that the environment around Quebec is, "dog eat dog." Competition is furious within the city. A French Canadian missionary explained the whole environment by giving me a native conception of "Le Chien D'or." The Golden Dog is a plaque on the old post office on Buade Street, whereon is portrayed a couchant dog, with paws crossed and a bone at his mouth. Below the dog is a verse in old French which, when translated, reads:

"I am a dog gnawing a bone  
When I gnaw, I take my ease.  
**A time will come that is not yet  
When I will bite the one who has bitten me."**

This Frenchman explained that the French Canadians were to bite the non-French element some day, which day has not yet come. Some day there will be a grand leap.

Yes, this is Quebec; here are the French Canadians living in a rigid authoritarian environment. I was amazed as I travelled along St. Jean Street, to notice that in front of the Jesuit rectory stood a statue of Loyola, with one foot raised over the body of another monk, stamping on his body which carries a Bible in one hand and the other hand is stretched out for mercy. A snake, symbolic of sin encircles this writhing body. This body represents the man that was Luther. Below the statue reads a Latin inscription: "Loyola, the first to stamp out sin." Fear and corruption abounds everywhere in this little world. Yes, this is Quebec, today. This is what I have seen to make me believe that French Canadians have an inferiority complex. However, I am not pessimistic about French Canadians. On the whole, they are a very entertaining group of people. I would go back to Quebec any summer to enjoy another stay.



# IL TROVATORE

. . . Bob Dicknoether

Giuseppe Verdi is perhaps the best known operatic figure outside of Enrico Caruso. Even the genius of Richard Wagner did not receive the public acclaim accorded him and in all of opera there is no work that can surpass his majestic beauty and dramatic underscoring. Verdi's operas have been cursed (by his competitors), praised by critics and frequently were a thorn in politicians' sides because

of their political impacts. Who else could have caused a riot in an opera house besides Giuseppe Verdi?

It happened in Venice. In 1842 Italy was still under the Austrian boot and the people were looking for a way in which to express their resentment against their rulers. In that year the premiere of "Nabucco" presented just such an opportunity. The plot dealt with the revolt of the Israelites and, as the singers raised their voices in a triumphal chorus, the audience was a chaos of seething defiance. A hurried call to the militia was needed in order to save the lives of some Austrian dignitaries who were present. Verdi was summarily censored but his name appeared on every surface that could hold writing, be it in paint, mud or pencil, for someone had discovered that the letters of his name could stand for "Vittorio Emmanuele, Re D'Italia" — Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy — and so it became a patriotic password. His next two operas, "I Lombardi" and "Ernani" also became heated political issues because of the nature of their plots.

With the completion of "Rigoletto" in 1850 and "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata" in 1853, he became the unrivalled king of Italian grand opera. Verdi's genius, like good wine, improved with age and one success was followed by another.

The grandeur and spectacle of "Aida" was premiered in Cairo in 1871 and it was acknowledged that a revolution had taken place in Verdi's mind and method and that he might produce an even greater score. For 16 years, the composer was silent while all over Europe, opera lovers waited. Nor were they disappointed when, in 1887, "Otello" was produced at Milan. It remains the finest dramatic score ever written.

But, he was not finished yet. In 1893, when Verdi was 79, "Falstaff," a comic opera, was produced, thus closing a spectacular career with a flourish!

"Il Trovatore," written in 1853, was a product of Verdi's second period. It was to have been produced in Madrid but the management of the Madrid Opera House refused to meet Verdi's terms and it was produced instead at the Teatro Appollo in Rome. It is said that the whole opera was written between the 1st and the 29th of November in 1852. It was based on a Spanish melodrama "El Trovador," written by a twenty-three year old boy named Guitiérrez.

Briefly, it is the story of a gypsy's revenge. Azucena, maddened by the burning of her mother for witchcraft by the old Count di Lena, steals the Count's child from its cradle and, in a fit of rage, hurls the infant into her mother's still burning pyre. To her horror she discovers that she threw her own son into the flames. She takes the abducted child home to the gypsy camp, rears him as her own, and names him Maurico. He grows to manhood and, in a dispute over the hand of a lady, one Leonora, he meets the young Count di Lena in a duel. The lady and several fortresses are passed back and forth until Maurico is finally captured and Leonora is at last in the Count's clutches.

True to the traditions of the times, she prefers death to another's embrace and takes poison. Maurico is beheaded (behind the scenes) and Azucena makes a pointed reference to the fact that the Count **had** a brother. After some gloating, she falls dead — avenged. The Count is horror-struck and pulls at his wig in anguish. The curtain falls.

#### **Records:**

Since "Trovatore" is a tour de force for tenors, it is certain that, if it is to be done, it must be done well to be accepted. R.C.A. Victor has managed that by assigning the tenor role to the acknowledged successor of Caruso, Jessi Bjoerling. He makes no compromise with the music and fairly trumpets the high C's that it has become customary to insert in the third act aria, "Di quella pira." Ziuka Milanov sings the part of Leonora to perfection while Leonard Warren and Pedora Barbieri complete the perfect cast.

## **WHY? . . . Jerry Hughes**

(Tick-tock, tick-tock)  
I wonder why these live  
I wonder why those die  
(Tick-tock, tick-tock)  
Do we know the why  
Or wherefore fate's cold sting  
At times would crown us king  
Then prove so cruel a thing  
(Tick-tock, tick-tock)  
Building here, smashing there,  
Uneven balance, all unfair,  
(Tick-tock, tick-tock)  
Crippled, these, with unbound grief  
Uplifted, those, in blest relief  
(Tick-tock, tick-tock)  
(Then), what is fate — "all amuck"  
Handing some all the luck?  
"Luck?" you say, wondering "what,"  
Saying only "if" or "but,"  
When, as t'were, our faith, deep-cut  
Cries out in woe as brothers fall  
Now quitting God, forsaking all  
To later return, perhaps fatalistic,  
Atheistic? no — existentialistic  
(Tick-tock, tick-tock).

# Something to Think About

. . . Wm. D. Huras

One of the fundamental truths of human nature is its desire for companionship. We seek friends and we will deceive ourselves to almost any extent in order to gather friends about us and to keep them there. We are quick to use any means at our command to make ourselves the desirable person in our group. Have you ever wondered why you are that way? Have you ever been curious about this trait in your personality? It seems to be a vicious circle to everyone of us.

The great literary geniuses of all time recognized this universal desire. Their gifts, or perhaps the very nature of their genius, enabled them to see within themselves and to realize that "what is true for them in their private heart is true for all mankind." In some cases they actually personified in their lives this disease in mankind. What they saw was what Heinrich Heine saw in himself and described so briefly and so candidly — "It is so terrible to be quite alone." If there merely physical separation. It goes much deeper than that. It is something akin to is one thing all people fear it is to be alone. This is not to be understood as a the feelings of the psalmist when he said —

I am like a pelican of the wilderness,  
I am like an owl of the desert.  
I watch and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop.

Thomas Wolfe in **The Hills Beyond** has put it again very frankly — "The whole conviction of my life now rests upon the belief that loneliness, far from being a rare and curious phenomenon . . . is the central and inevitable fact of human existence. When we examine the . . . grief and ecstasy of the greatest poets, but also the huge unhappiness of the average soul . . . we find, I think, that . . . the final cause of their complaint is loneliness.

Now, the man who honestly seeks to be educated during his years on the university campus usually arrives at a position of more or less independence. He recognizes, to some degree, his loneliness and acts accordingly. But in most cases he has not learned the wisdom that man should learn from his loneliness. Luther's translation of Psalm 90 verse 12 reads:

Teach us to reflect, that we must die, so that we may become wise.  
And here the psalmist hits upon the cause for our gregariousness — we simply avoid any reflection on our creature-status. The possibility of non-being, of annihilation at death makes us the loneliest of creatures. Unfortunately we do not

recognize this from day to day and hence we multiply feelings of loneliness within us.

It is precisely this realization of death at any time, and the possibility (not possibility but certainty) of meeting our Creator, that has been the constant possession of God's great saints. These men, aware of their creature-status, did not postpone standing before God, but had to face their Maker. Jacob wrestled one whole night with the Lord, we are all (or has the day already arrived when we can no longer use such an inclusive term) familiar with the history of Moses and the paradoxical burning bush, and we might also mention the vision of Isaiah in the temple. Realizing their creature-status, these men found an end to their loneliness in acceptance of that fact, and in humble submission; NOT to a capricious Frankenstein, but to an all holy Creator who loves the creature, not because he is loveable but because He, the Creator, is Love.

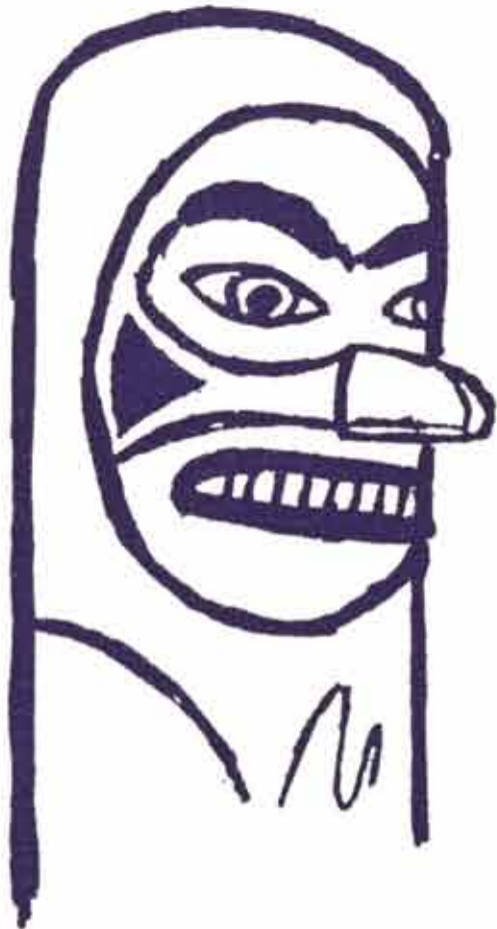
Loneliness is a religious phenomenon. Present day Christians who cannot be at rest except when they are with their fellows are deceiving themselves. Dietrich Bonhoeffer, that modern Christian martyr, says — "Let him who cannot be alone beware of community." What is more descriptive of being alone than silence? Our loneliness is augmented by silence — and so we avoid it diligently. But by depriving ourselves of true silence, we minimize the possibilities of our ever coming to an understanding of our real loneliness. There is an element of silence in true Christian worship. There must be a time when we realize the inadequacy of everything we do, say, or think. There must be a time for the Christian, who is daily confronted by his God, when he stops his frantic movements of tongue and limb and listens to his God. Job finally had to do this —

Behold, I am vile, what shall I answer thee?  
I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.  
Once have I spoken; but I will not answer:  
Yea twice, but I will proceed no further.

Again Bonhoeffer puts it exquisitely: "One who wants fellowship without solitude plunges in to the void of words and feelings." Bonhoeffer goes on to add — "and one who seeks solitude without fellowship, perishes in the abyss of vanity, self-infatuation, and despair." For the most part, our civilization and our local scene does not suffer because of too much silence and solitude but rather from just the opposite.

Let us discipline ourselves so that we may take the time to be alone. May we learn that we are creatures, works that have been made, so that we may not in human vanity assume as our own possession the rights and powers which belong to the Creator alone. May the words of the psalmist be a daily prayer for each of us:

Lord, teach us to number our days,  
that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.



# THE WITIGO

. . . by Dick Buhr

Don was a student at the University of Toronto and was taking a graduate course in Anthropology. It was at the University that I had first made his acquaintance and since then we had become great friends. During the summer, in his undergraduate years, he had been a fire ranger in the northern part of the country, and it was of this he was to tell us later that evening.

The four of us, Don, Linda, Mary and myself, had just finished seeing the show at the Odeon. We were walking towards Don's car prior to going to his place for coffee.

As we were passing a beverage room we saw an excited crowd milling about. There was a great deal of shouting and arm-waving. In the center of the group two men were wildly punching each other. One of the fighters was an Indian and was obviously intoxicated. We paused, and from across the street watched the police disperse the crowd and separate the combatants. A number of others had done likewise, and we heard one couple discussing the affair. The woman was saying to her escort that it was a shame the way these Indians got drunk and made trouble. The man agreed with her, and said that the government should do something about it and not let them off the reservations. After all, they concluded, Indians weren't much more civilized than barbarians and should be looked after as children.

Don winced slightly at their remarks, and as we walked away he said that the couple, although obviously ignorant of the Indians' problems, were partially right.

He then went on to tell us about one of the strange series of events that had taken place on the Indians' Reserve where he had been a fire ranger.

He began, "I spent one summer at this particular place. The government had flown me in to North Lake as soon as the lake was clear of ice. My job was to fight any fires that might break out, and radio to headquarters for assistance if

more help and facilities were needed for a particularly big fire. Besides the fire fighting chore, I had to report in by radio to headquarters, giving them the local weather conditions plus the fire situation at North Lake.

"Besides myself, there were several other white people in the community. Like myself they were there to serve the Indians in one way or another. There were several trading posts managed by white men who had their families with them. There was a Roman Catholic mission a few miles down the lake at another section of the Reserve, and there was the nursing station staffed by two nurses. The Indian agent and his wife were the other white people there.

"The white people lived on islands while the Indians were on the mainland. The only means of travelling in the summer time was by boat, canoe, or airplane. For this reason the Forestry Department had supplied me with a canoe, outboard motor, gas and oil.

"I hadn't been there more than a few days when Esais Beardy, an Indian, came to see me. He wanted to know if there was any work he could do. I detained him for a while, and he told me a little about himself and the Reserve in general. He felt he was a little superior to others since he could speak fluent English, and had been off the Reserve for a few years working in a gold mine.

"Later I told Esais that I wanted him to find six other Indians and that I had work for them all — the Forestry Department wanted a cabin built and I had been authorized to hire men to cut the trees. Esais was delighted to hear this, and the next day he had the working crew at my cabin.

Esais came to be my right-hand man and came around regularly to see if there was any other work. If there was none I would keep him for awhile and have him talk to me, mostly about Indian legends.

"It was from Esais that I first heard about the Witigo. One day he told me that on the previous night the Chief and two other Indians had left Sam's trading post just as night was falling. The Chief had dimly seen another canoe and hailed it. There was no reply, and the canoe vanished into the night. The next morning, at a council meeting, the Chief mentioned the incident to the councillors and, after discussing it for awhile, someone had suggested that the mysterious figure may have been a Witigo.

"I had learned earlier that the Indians regarded the Witigo as a powerful spirit who was not necessarily bad, but was nevertheless to be feared. The first time Esais mentioned the apprehension of the Chief I thought it rather strange, but didn't pay too much attention to it. But the following day Esais was back with further reports. This time he no longer spoke of the possibility of the figure having been the Witigo. This time he spoke of it as a fact, for he insisted someone else had seen him.

"Things now happened quickly, and a climax was at hand. More Indians had seen the mysterious Witigo! The Indians were becoming terrified and felt some action had to be taken to defend themselves from the Witigo. The Chief decided that they would be safer in a tighter community. Acting accordingly, the Indians left their cabins, which were spread out along the shore-line, and moved into tents



on the treaty grounds. This was a large open field where they stayed for a few days annually while the government sent the crown representative to pay the treaty money and take X-rays for T.B. tests.

"On the treaty grounds the Indians had nightly patrols to ward off the Witigo. By now more people had seen him. Esais told me about them all, and was quite unaware of the inconsistencies of the reported viewings of the Witigo. Sometimes he would tell of a tall, thin Witigo, then of a short, fat one, and still at other times this mysterious creature would be neither tall nor short. Some nights he would not be seen at all, and on other nights they would chase him. The Witigo would elude them by disappearing into the Lake or the woods.

"Then one morning Esais told me that Sam, the trader, had also seen the Witigo the previous night. According to Esais, Sam had not only seen the Witigo, but had actually fired two shots at him. That evening one of the nurses and I were over at Sam's place playing bridge with him and his wife. By then Esais' story of the morning had slipped my mind, but Sam soon refreshed my memory. He chuckled to himself and started telling us that the night before he had taken his pistol from the office, and before going home, had shown it to some Indians lounging in his store. He had shown them the pistol and four cartridges. The next morning he again showed the Indians the pistol, but only two cartridges. That was all he had done: he hadn't said a word to the Indians. After telling us this little incident, Sam wondered what effect it had had on the Indians. So I told the others about Esais' version of the event.

"During this time another little incident struck me as curious. I had occasion to borrow some tools from the nursing station. The nurses granted me permission to use them, but told me to ask their Indian helper, Sandy, for them. Now Sandy had spent some time around the nursing station doing odd jobs, and helping the nurses out with the heavy work. Since he was a full-time employee, he had moved off the Reserve, and into a cabin on the Island. This had given him considerable prestige with the other Indians. Besides that, he was an official in the small Anglican Mission Church on the Reserve. On this particular day I went to Sandy's cabin with him to get the article in question. Tacked to the front door, I noticed a scrap of paper with some strange symbols written on it. I asked Sandy about the strange scrap of paper. At first he was evasive, but soon confessed that it was a charm to keep the Witigo from his cabin.

"Meanwhile the Indians belonging to the same Reserve, but at a settlement a few miles down the Lake from us, had become just as apprehensive as our group. They too reported seeing the mysterious Witigo. They too moved out of their cabins onto their treaty grounds. They too were frightened and wanted something done to rid them of the dreaded Witigo.

"In desperation the Indians sent a radio message to the Mounted Police telling them to come and investigate. The R.C.M.P. had been hearing about the Witigo scare for some time, and when this message came they sent a constable to investigate.

"The Mountie arrived by plane on a Friday afternoon. He immediately went

to see the Indian Chief. He told the Chief that there was to be no patrol that night, and that all the Indians were to stay inside, as he wanted to investigate this all by himself. That night the Mountie came with the Indian Agent, his wife, the nurses, and myself to visit the trader at the settlement down the Lake. After the visit he immediately went to bed.

"The next morning he visited the Indian Chief and told him that he had investigated the affair. He told the Chief that from now on the Witigo would not bother them, and that the Indians were to pack up their tents and move back to their cabins immediately. This the Indians did. And for all intents and purposes the affair of the Witigo had ended.

"But the Indians weren't quite convinced. I heard a few mutterings to the effect that the Mountie had not investigated at all. However, this was all that was said about the Witigo for a few weeks. The next mention of the Witigo was our responsibility. We had gone on a fishing trip and picnic one Sunday afternoon, and returned just at dusk. Feeling gay, we started a sing-song in the canoe, and generally made a great deal of noise. The next day some Indian women called at the nursing station for some first aid and, while receiving treatment, confided to the nurses that they had heard the Witigo again. They had heard him the night before just as it was getting dark."

Here Don stopped talking, and invited us into his home for coffee.

## REQUIEM

by

## REASON

**The Anonymous Junior**

Here stand I  
alive to die.  
I have no God  
just green sod.  
What is life  
but way of strife?  
What is death  
but still of breath?  
Why go on  
with life my quest?  
To have won  
and died self-blest.

## THE CRUCIFIXION

. . . by **Ronald Smeaton**

When the blazing sun had settled down  
In the west, behind Jerusalem town,  
Our Saviour went to Gethsemane,  
There betrayed, to save you and me,  
By Judas, a sinner of Galilee.  
By Judas, a sinner of Galilee.

He was taken before the Jewish high priest,  
After the time of the Passover Feast,  
The high priest said "To Herod He goes!"  
He was taken by soldiers filed in rows;  
"To the Palace He goes!" the soldier-guard bellows.  
"To the Palace He goes!" the soldier-guard bellows.

Herod smiles as Christ and the army appear,  
But the Saviour is solemn, He does not fear,  
For His Father, our God, is present, He knows.  
Christ listens as Herod haughtily blows:  
"To Pilate, now," he says, "Christ goes!"  
"To Pilate, now," he says, "Christ goes!"

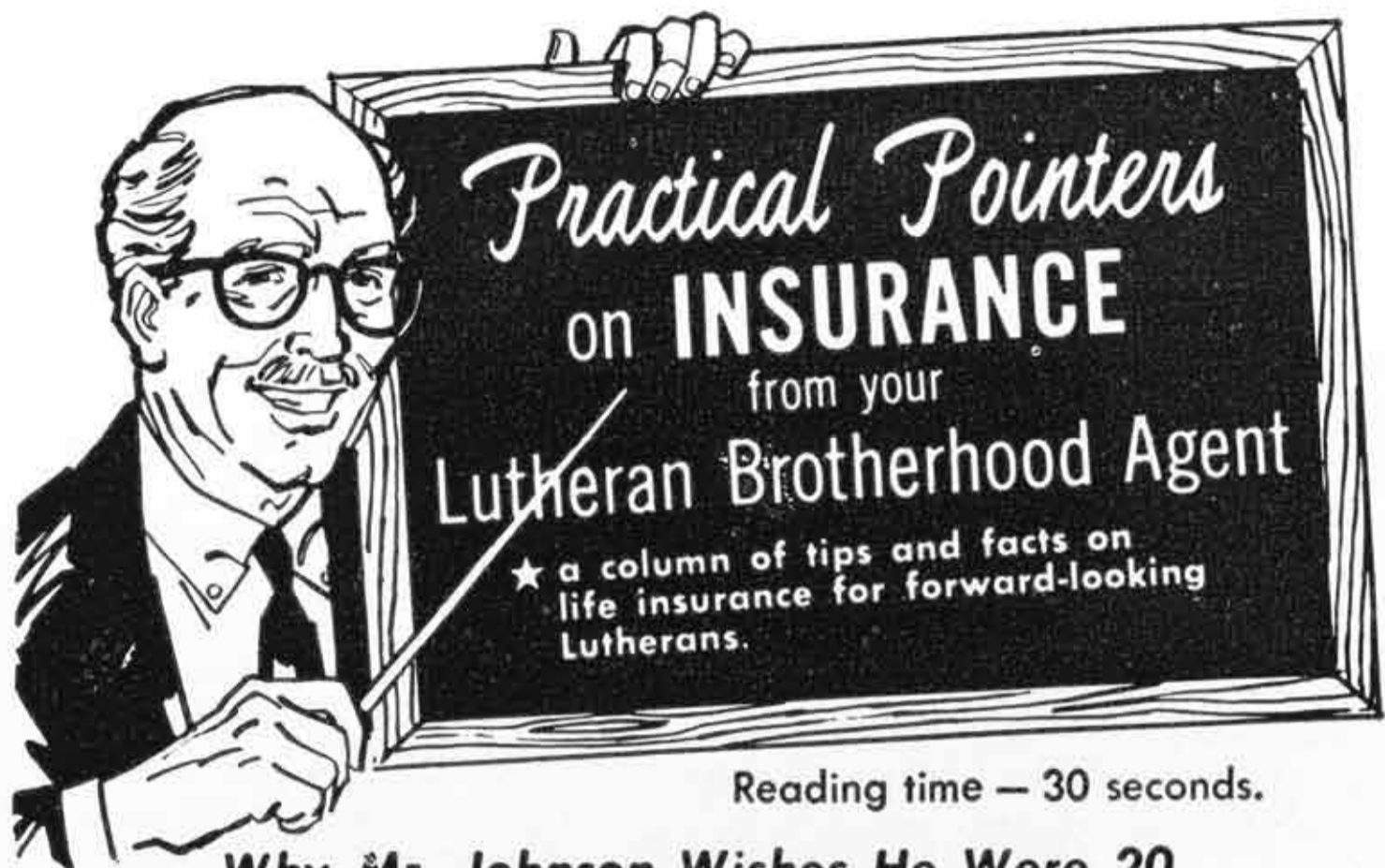
Found guiltless by Pilate, Caiaphas roars,  
And finally water from a jug Pilate pours  
And washes his hands free of the thought;  
And instead of Jesus, Barabas they brought.  
He was taken and beaten, beaten a lot.  
He was taken and beaten, beaten a lot.

He walked the road to Calvary,  
Closer, closer to His death,  
The Saviour fell beneath His load,  
And for a moment stopped His breath.  
"Weep not for Me," the Saviour saith,  
"Weep for yourselves," the Saviour saith.

Then nailed they Him to the Cross on the hill,  
With a thief on either side.  
"Eloi, lama Sabachthani!"  
"Eloi!" the Saviour cried.

And He gave up the ghost to the heavenly host,  
And He hung there as He died.  
The veil of the temple was rent in twain!  
The thunder sounded again and again;  
The noise, it racked the high priest's brain  
On that horrid day of bitter pain.  
Forgiveness, then, the world did gain.

And so may we upon this day  
Remember what our Christ did say:  
"To the earth again, will I come,  
Giving a heavenly home to some,  
While God shall on His throne remain,  
While God shall on His throne remain."



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