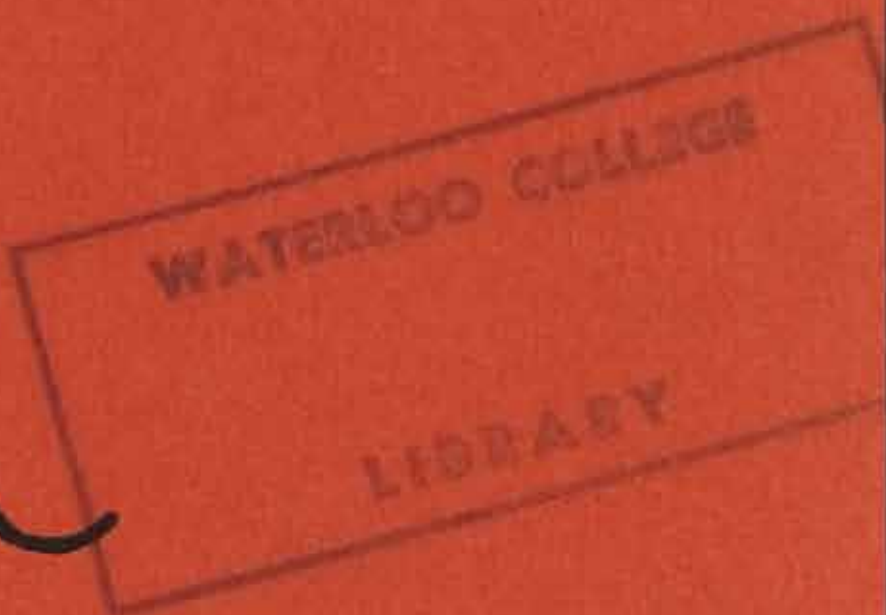
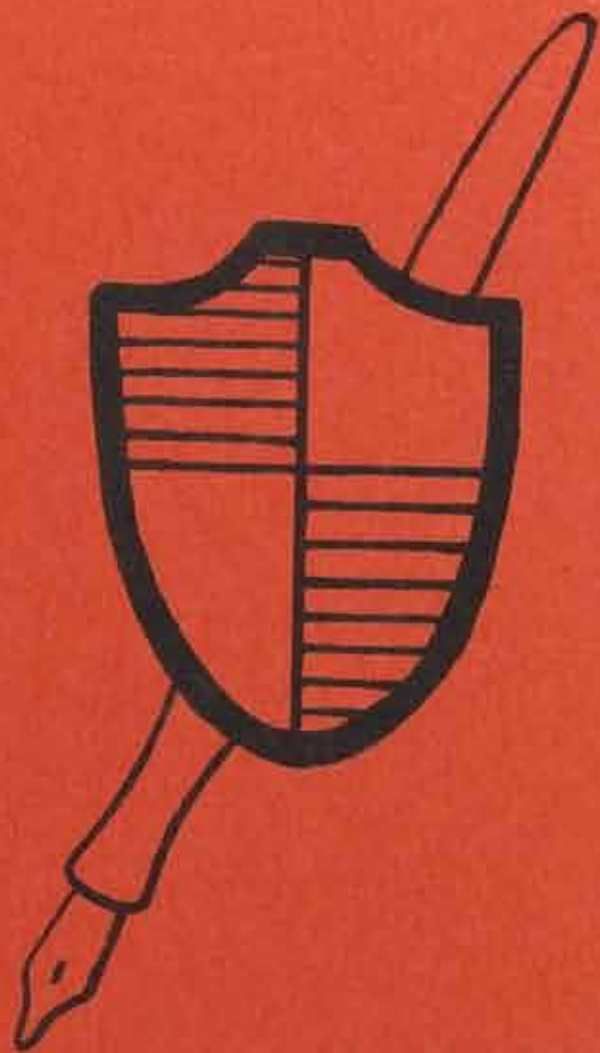


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COLLEGE

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APRIL
1958

THE CORD

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TYPISTS **sally simson, eleanor smythe**

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK . . .

THIS is the last issue of The Cord as an independent literary magazine. Unfortunately we have been handicapped by apathy or lack of talent, we don't know which!

Next year the Board of Publications will sponsor a new "co-op" effort.

We wish it the best of luck and hope it will inspire more support in the students than in the past.

Best of luck with exams! See you next year.

Bernard Stein
Bill Cowles

A LOVE SCENE

SHE sat upon his manly knee,
Her fingers in his hair;
Against his cheek she laid her own,
So young, and fresh, and fair.
His hands were clasped about her waist,
They held with love's own strength;
Their lips were filled with messages
They interchanged at length.
"And did they marry?" That, I think,
You'd scarcely want to see —
For she was barely two, my friend,
And he was eighty-three.

by cliff coultes — arts

CANADA:

CORNER STONE OF COEXISTENCE

. . . by richard geiger

NOTICE: In Europe where I used to live, communism is much stronger than in your world. The majority of intellectuals in France is deeply attracted by the philosophical side of this doctrine, but most of them disapprove the political conception given by the Russian rulers, and fear the nationalist use which has been made of the universal ideals which are the very basis of Marxism.

However, the American attitude toward communism is equally less attractive to the Europeans. If most of them praise the theoretical freedom of institutions in the U.S., they despise this indoctrination of entire generations with hate, fear and suspicion, the deliberate misconception of what the real problems are, the hypocritical confusion between morals and politics. They are slowly but surely losing their hope in an American solution for the problems of coexistence between the communist and capitalist countries.

Both systems had proved to be a failure, yet both contain valuable conceptions. Now if the U.S. and U.S.S.R. remain in the same position, they will obviously reach a point when a nuclear war will appear as the only issue for them and consequently for the entire world. As their mutual blindness seems incurable, at least for the time being, the only conceivable hope is to be found in a solution proposed by a neutral or semi-neutral power.

This article written after a five month sojourn in Canada, is an appeal to those who still think; on them and by them, the future of Canada is to be built.

Although the second largest country in the world, Canada, due to the size of its population has not developed its tremendous potentialities; what is more, it has not yet reached the stage of a

well united and well balanced state: still attempting to solve the internal French-English situation, still hesitating between the respective virtues of the English and American civilizations.

As a very young country, it does not possess really any original culture, any intellectual radiance, any aims of international value; yet there is no doubt that it will solve its problems within the next fifty years and then enter the adulthood of a great power to play an important part on the international stage.

While clearing up those national problems, while growing up to the rank of a leading country, Canada will have to face an increasing number of vital questions among which the question of communism emerges as the critical one. What will be the solution given by your country to such a problem? The answer can be of extraordinary importance not only for Canada itself, but for the whole world.

Indeed, now that the North Pole is no longer a barrier, Canada, because of its sandwiched situation between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S., will be able, when a great international force, to reverse or more likely to divert the present international axis: Washington, London, Paris, Bonn, Moscow, creating a new line, Washington, Ottawa, Moscow, making of Canada one of the most important crossroads of international exchanges and above all, placing your country as the possible cornerstone of the coexistence between the communist and capitalist countries.

To succeed in such an attempt, to create and consolidate a new form of partnership between the two antagonistic systems, some kind of concession or compromise is not to be accepted as a durable solution. A new system has to be found, a synthesis of the two thoughts has to be built up. Young Canadians, this will be your task and to perform it you will have to understand the two sides of the argument as objectively as possible, instead of emphasizing the differences as the American propagandists might lead you to do.

In the passage from ideas to actions the theory often loses a great deal of its lustre, either because dealing with political action it is reduced to a few slogans rarely trust-worthy, or because the men in charge of its application become unable to solve the problems correctly. Indeed the essence of communism is neither reducible to a few slogans nor to the mistakes of the communist leaders.

The Inquisition's mistakes are no more a valuable argument against Christianity and the teaching of Jesus than the Russian

rulers' mistakes an acceptable one against communism and the teachings of Marx, Engels and Lenin.

The Marxism-Leninism, real synthesis of the thoughts of those three great thinkers, is a complex combination of social, political and philosophical argumentations, the study of which demands many years of special preparation and scientific methods, yet, only a deep understanding of its principles along with an equal knowledge of the capitalistic thinkers, can lead us to a valuable criticism of both: To reject or to praise one system without a serious and deep analysis would be equally wrong.

Eluding such a process the American propagandists tend to confuse the problem by tightening together the external politics of Russia. Indeed based on a strong antagonistic nationalism, and the internal political and social structure of the Soviet Union. What is more they feign to consider Russia as a prototype of an achieved communist society although since 1921 and the N.E.P. the Soviet Union's rulers openly abandoned the straight roads toward pure communism, so that Russia is only to be considered now as an evaluated socialistic state.

Based on fear, lies and suspicion the American attitude toward those questions can only lead us to a dreadful apocalypse. Even if we voluntarily ignore such an issue it remains above all that they undermine the very basis of their society by refusing to reconsider the principles of that society, principles presently dead, refuted without appeal, which they keep artificially alive by simply ignoring the historical evolution of economical, social and philosophical factors, evolution which points obviously toward an inevitable and progressive socialization.

This refusal places the Americans in an antagonistic position against any kind of co-operation; so they unwillingly remain in a constrained coexistence with the Russians, instead of searching by all means a better understanding, not only of their mutual political attitudes, but also of the very principle on which their society is built.

Which country will study this problem objectively and deeply enough to find out a synthesis between communism and capitalism?

America and Russia are blinded by their national pride, Europe is weakened by its internal dissensions, only a young, inspired and growing country can save the situation.

This will be perhaps the future honor of Canada!

CASUAL SUGGESTIONS FOR THE UNWASHED

O hell with the Theologs. Archaepteryx, the Greek philosopher once said that it is a great shame that so many fine minds are wasted in theology. It is unfortunate that these prehistoric teachings have been carried on and amplified to the extent that our present situation is decadent, and it is an outrage to the supposedly brilliant University student that he be subjected to the monosyllabic babblings of a maladjusted and long forgotten crank. If teachings of theology be removed from the academic field and placed in an institution dedicated to vocational training and reiteration of old rituals.

This situation may be rectified by the true enlightenment and rationality in the form of Buddhism. As is known by most learned individuals the basis of Buddhism is to sit on the temple steps and contemplate one's navel, with casual exercise being obtained by spinning a prayer wheel. This in our opinion exemplifies the ultimate in mass appeal, that of inactivity, insensibility and incense.

To hell with those who say we shouldn't have lady wrestlers — we ask you gentlemen, think how nice it would be if we could on a Sunday afternoon attend the Saskatoon Symphony concerts, attend the Saskatoon Art Centre, and then to complete one day of culture to attend the Arena and see body wrestlers.

Eryops, a Byzantium philosopher of some note once said "To see a woman wrestle is to see beauty in motion." After all, we have Symphonies and Art Centres where certain persons can express themselves — why not allow female wrestling where ladies of muscle can be allowed to break forth with their own peculiar brand of expression. If, as we suggest, theology is to be abolished, then why not use the buildings that would consequently be vacated for the College of Fine Art where these ladies of brawn could grunt and groan. It appears that the only ones with guts on the campus and with the superior intellect to appreciate such things are those of MAB who are sponsoring women's wrestling this afternoon in Convo. (Convocation). (All Theologs are invited).

(Ed. Note: The following article has been reprinted from the What D'Ya Say? column of the Saskatchewan University Newspaper, **The Sheaf**, Friday, February 14, 1958. The editors felt students would welcome such outspoken criticism. It is a relief from the popular middle of the road attitudes encountered at this Institution.)

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FATHER DIVINE

. . . by j. a. s. evans — faculty

THE building itself was shabby, and the neighbourhood in the midst of Harlem, was like the set for a Grade C gangster film. But there was a sleek Cadillac before the door. I glanced at it curiously. One of our group, a teacher from Ohio, cracked that the Cadillac must be Father Divine's heavenly chariot, and I made a mental note that the upholstery was done in leopard's skin.

The room inside was jammed, but the people, ninety-five per cent of them negroes, made way for us good-naturedly, and even found chairs for some of us. There were long tables extending the length of the room, loaded with food, and at the head table were two seats of honour, empty. On the walls were plaques and mottoes reading: **Sex Control is Birth Control; America Needs Father Divine; America Should be Proud of Father Divine** (with the clear implication that she was not) and so on.

It was the first time I had ever attended a heaven of Father Divine, who sometime about 1880, was born plain George Baker on Hutchinson Island in the Savannah River. To-day he runs one of the biggest and most efficient co-operatives in the United States, with real estate holdings worth \$6,000,000.00 in Philadelphia, Newark and New York alone, and is the centre of one of the strangest cults in a country which has seen quite a few odd religions. George Baker has come a long way.

To-day he has followers all over the United States and in Europe, who firmly believe that Father Divine is God on earth, that he will never die (and neither will they, if they are steadfast in their belief) and that he has divine power to exact retribution from those who offend him. His present wife (his second) was born Edna Rose Ritchings in Vancouver. She joined the Divine sect while she was working as a stenographer in Montreal, and now she holds the coveted position of Father Divine's wife. Her name in the cult is "Sweet Angel."

Father Divine did not appear to his followers that first time I visited his New York "heaven," but contented himself with speaking to them over a public address system from his private chambers.

I had to be satisfied with looking at a rather poor colour photograph of him on the wall: a short, bald, bullet-headed negro who appeared to be fifty, although he must be in his seventies. But his wife, Sweet Angel, did give us a visitation — to use ministerial terminology. She was a honey blonde, and her complete lack of make-up heightened her paleness.

One of the Divinites leaned over to a girl in our party and said, "That's Father's wife."

"Oh," the girl was a matter-of-fact student from Lebanon. "Have they any children?"

The Divinite was taken aback at the idea.

"Oh, it's not that kind of marriage at all," she said.

"What other kind of marriage is there?" the Lebanese student wanted to know, and she received a pained look for reply.

One of the strangest tenets of Father Divine's sect is its blanket condemnation of sexual intercourse. "Any physical relationship between men and women is a black sin," teaches Father Divine, and his followers chorus after him, "Amen, Father dear." Needless to say, outsiders are inclined to suspect this aspect of Father Divine's religion, but still, the tenet seems to be observed by **bona fide** Divinites. The sexual drive is employed for religious purposes, sometimes with startling results. While I watched the banquet, a negress rose and treated us to a song of her own composition, accompanying it with a rock-and-roll dance any teen-ager would be proud of. But this lady was near sixty.

The ban on sexual intercourse is no mere whim of Father Divine's. It is a part of his campaign to better the lot of the negroes. His technique is different from that of the N.A.A.C.P. For public consumption, Father Divine claims the power to exact retribution from those who do not believe in him, or oppose him, and he has not hesitated to claim as evidence of his wrath all sorts of natural calamities, including the burning of the **Noronic** in Toronto harbour. In private, he is more practical. Employers who hire negroes on Father Divine's recommendation find them industrious and reliable. Destitute negroes and whites can get board and lodging at fantastically low prices in hotels and hostels owned by Father Divine's cooperative. And Father Divine's followers don't believe in sex.

"We want to be fair to these negroes," the whites have been saying for years, "but give them an inch and they take a mile. Treat them as equals, and the next thing, there's intermarriage." Father Divine's followers have an answer to that complaint. They don't believe in marriage at all, even between negroes.

It was in 1933, at the height of the depression, that Father Divine opened his first "heaven" in Harlem. Half of Harlem's negro population was on unemployment relief. The negroes had swarmed to New York from the depressed south, and gathered in the squalid slums of Harlem, paying fantastic rent for miserable

accommodation, and dying of tuberculosis or syphilis or simple starvation. Father Divine already possessed something of a reputation before he reached Harlem, but it was there that he evolved the cult which was to attract so many thousands of Harlem's negroes. He rented a building at 20 West 115th Street and began to serve amazing banquets, free to those who could not afford to pay, and costing fifteen cents for those who could.

To finance this philanthropy, Father Divine set up an amazing co-operative. Divinites ran barber shops, restaurants and dress-making establishments. There was even a Divine coal business, which sold coal for considerably less than other operators. The Divinites bought rooming-houses and filled them to capacity with boarders who slept in dormitories on double beds, and paid about a dollar a week.

But the centre of Father Divine's greatest activity is no longer New York, and there hangs a story. Verinda and Thomas Brown were two negroes from the Barbadoes who met Father Divine in 1929, and joined his cult and attempted to obey its tenets. Father Divine preached that money was the root of all evil, and insurance policies and bank accounts were wicked beyond measure. So the couple took their savings and used them to buy gifts for Father Divine.

Father Divine treated the Browns with affection; he even revealed to them spiritual names by which they might know each other from then on. Verinda became Rebecca Grace and Thomas Onward Universe. But soon Verinda began to feel a coldness between Father Divine and herself, and she started to think she had been cheated. Now that she had no more money, Father Divine ceased to favour her. Verinda left the movement, and shortly afterwards, her husband Onward Universe followed suit.

Now Verinda Brown began to regret her generosity, and she hired a lawyer to sue Father Divine for recovery of her property, which, she said, amounted to \$4,476.00. The trial went against Father Divine.

Father was indignant. He appealed the case twice and lost twice. Then he left New York for Philadelphia, The \$4,476.00 remains unpaid, but Father Divine stays outside the reach of the New York police. Only on Sundays, when a subpoena cannot be served, does he venture into the city.

What is Father Divine? Perhaps he is a curious reversion to a tribal god, which the negroes turned to when they felt shut out of the white man's religion. He is not the only prophet or god to have arisen among the negroes. Still, unless Father Divine is immortal as his cult claims, he must die someday, and what then? That is an eventuality the Divinites refuse to contemplate.

Later, after we had left Father Divine's "heaven," a Cadillac passed us on the streets of New York, heading for the Lincoln Tunnel and the New Jersey side of the Hudson. The upholstery was in leopard's skin. It was nearly twelve o'clock, Sunday night.

AT LAST

WHEW! What was that that hit me? Where's he kid? Did he get out clear?

Wow! A kiss from a ten-ton transport makes a man feel worse than queer!

Where am I? Lying scattered around in somebody's yard. . . .

This must be where I landed . . . Gosh, but a truck hits hard!

Minding my own darn business, using my own two feet,
Saw this brat with his baseball playing beside the street.

Only the same old story — darted in front of a truck —

Hadn't a chance to clear it — hadn't a place to duck.

Poor little devil'd had it — those things can't stop on a dime —

So I jump out like a blame fool, and push him away in time.

'Course, you know what happened — somebody had to get hit,

And I wouldn't let it be him, so of course I had to be it.

Called doctor and ambulance, did you? The usual thing to do,

But you wouldn't need to have bothered if you'd waited a minute
or two.

Think it broke every bone in my carcass — but I was always so bad

That nobody's going to be sorry, and somebody's going to be glad.

The things I've spent my life at nice people don't talk about.

The cops are going to miss me, letting me in and out.

Think they were disappointed when I beat that murder rap,

But I got off without hanging, and since served another lap.

Oh, you're his mother, are you? Excuse my not shaking hands,

But I'm not sure I've still got any. Yes, yes, never mind the "and's."

There, sister, you've said your thank-you. Now dry your pretty blue
eye.

I don't want tears at my death-bed. Go away if you're going to cry.

No — her eyes are dry and firm now, and she takes my head on
her lap,

And she's bathing my face with water . . . Is that the little chap?

See here, you little devil, have fun in tht sun and rain,

But I'll come from my grave and haunt you if you play on the street
again.

Did he get off without hurting? Not even a scratch or bump?
 Well, take the little beggar, and on his fat little rump.
 Make him mind you, sister. It'll pay you well, you'll see.
 Make him do as he ought to. Don't let him grow up like me.
 My! But your hands feel pleasant. If I'd had a mother like you —
 But I needn't go talking that way. What you are is up to you.
 Arrh! Here's a man with a collar! I hate you! Go on away!
 All you do is soak up money, and perch in a pulpit and pray!
 I hate the Church! . . . What are you saying? ". . . Thy servant
 depart in peace. . . ."

That's a laugh and a half if you knew it. Just go and ask the police.
 If I was anyone's servant, I know it wasn't the Lord's. . . .
 But somehow you're making things better, even if it's only with words.
 I kind of like it, Reverend, that you kneel by my side and pray. . . .
 I'm feeling easier now, sir . . . I'm sorry I spoke that way. . . .
 My body's numbing all over . . . and everything's turning black. . . .
 I'm sliding away in the darkness, and I know I won't be back. . . .
 Have fun with your ball, young fellow! I once was a kid like you. . . .
 And I might have been your daddy . . . if I'd done as I ought to do. . . .

TO A (COW)

WHAT will it bring
 This moody spring?
 Laughter and cheer,
 Or (mingled) tear 'n fear.
 Now the days are bright,
 But always darkened by night.
 Yes that wholesome delight
 Is shadowed by fright.
 The end is near
 (And justice clear)
 They will be restful
 Who have been successful.

. . . by jolan

by:
 John Lawrence
 Giovanni Lorenzo

TORQUE TALK

. . . by **bruce lancaster** — arts

ONLY recently the electors of Waterloo College had that once a year opportunity to cast their ballots. As indicated by the campaign posters in the Torque Room and throughout our ivyless-covered halls, and by the issues presented in presidential speeches, both Students' Council Presidential candidates, IAN FRASER and RON SMEATON, waged a bitter struggle for supremacy.

The election included a double-barrelled plebiscite. This was the unique case of killing three birds with one stone — not saying that the whole thing is for the birds or that anyone should get stoned over it. The second issue, a revised College Constitution, overhauled by JOYCE MECHBACH & CO., was also put to a student vote. The third question; were students willing to add \$10.00 a year to tuition to meet construction costs of a Student Union Building probably created the greatest confusion of the campaign.

All in all, the final tallies showed that students were aware of the fact that bad officials and their type of administration are elected by good citizens who don't vote. Something like 524 collegians voted and decided that IAN FRASER was to be our new president, that everyone had \$10.00 to spare and understood(?) the advantages to be gained in having a building for their own use, and that they felt the engineering students have official recognition by adopting the new constitution. It was a good day all 'round.

Another thing due for pondering by people like us who have nothing more to do is the fate of the present campus when the new one becomes the "University of Waterloo." PAUL WAGNER (the Waterlooan returned) once expressed interest in it as a cabbage

plantation (P. & G. 1957). It might make a passable golf course or a home for those ambitious cowboys with a brand but no ranch — the Circle K men. Perhaps it could be turned over to the owner of the adjacent cider mill — with sufficient patronage from the students he might become rich enough to someday grade and pave the newly acquired automobile testing grounds known as the Seagram Drive Parking area.

On these lowly sheets we herein inscribe the name of MISS ELIZABETH DIPPLE, Waterloo's first Ambassadors to Yugoslavia. Liz was chosen because of her overall capabilities to take part in the international seminar sponsored by WUS. From all of us have a good trip and don't forget your camera.

Sports life on the campus of an organized variety has just about petered out. One consolation is the splendid effort put forth and the success attained by the basketball team. ALF SPRICENIEKS, TERRY STEWART, MORLEY ROSENBERG, and others whom we won't embarrass by mentioning, led the team to the loop title. The girls' basketball team, coached by BOB NEAL and managed by BILL TWIBBLE are to be congratulated — no hand shaking, please — for their valiant season's effort. Lest we embarrass someone we intend to, let's leave it at that.

It seems that the fate of the CORD has at last been decided. However, let's not look on it as a death; rather, let's hope the merging of the Cord and of the Newsweekly proves to be a most productive marriage. Perhaps the prospect of having an article appear in a printed weekly, rather than in a more exclusive (polite word for snooty) — looking semi-semesterly publication, will draw some talent that has hitherto been hidden under a cloak of reticence. While we are at it, here's to our persistent (persistently wanting an article) co-editors, BILL COWLS and BERNIE STEIN, who kept the Cord wheels rolling. Hope they aren't really bitter; we noticed that when the February issue came out, rather than personally addressed copies a sign was posted — "**If interested**, please take one."

Waterloo's Co-op Engineering course recently came into the news. Well it deserves the two page spread given it in a popular weekly publication. Much can be learned from the article and as we look back on it now, the efforts put forth by the administration to complete all arrangements for such a course have been most rewarding to the school and students alike. But has it provided answers for problems such as the following? If one man can build a boat in 14 days, it follows that 14 men can build it in one day. Then, if one ship takes 10 days to cross the Pacific, 10 ships can cross it in one day — figures don't lie?

Sorry to mention it, but final exam time is springing — or

should we say, preparing to pounce. Near at hand is the fortnight during which almost everyone has an opportunity to display his knowledge, or, from the end point of view, and I do mean end, the lack of it. Let's hope that there won't be too many who find it necessary to write at the end of their examination paper, "In kindness, please omit flowers."

In keeping with TRADITION it is only fair to congratulate JEAN KOEHLER as Princess of the Freshman Class Prom and to thank the Students' Council for their generosity in accepting the debit account credited to the evening's festivities. In fact, the whole evening was the uncontested social highlight of the college year. THIS IS A QUOTE.

No, it's not cold in the men's dorm as one might conceive from the number of bearded beauties appearing on the campus — Pembroke (Ontario, that is, not Wales) is having a Centennial this summer. JON CREIGHTON, the dorm's lone Liberal sympathizer (and he needs sympathy), and HERB (Reuben) IBBOTSON, head of the Willison Hall Conservative Party, are both, by a strange coincidence, suffering from broken spectacles. Speaking again of the election fever, DR. REAMAN is extremely proud to have two of his boys running for the Presidency of the Students' Council. Rumour had it that there was a slim chance of a dark horse entering the field whose initials are GARY MORTON. For a while, both candidates entertained a fear of being MORTified at the polls; however, Mort's nomination didn't materialize.

The Scroll, a document appealing to the government to provide greater financial assistance to all qualifying university students was recently on the campus. As a student sponsored appeal the Scroll will be presented to Parliament with accompanying signatures. But it almost didn't make it. An ingenious plan by Comrade IBBOTSON has earned him the title of WATERLOO COLLEGE HEAD SCROLL-snatcher. Oh yes, Herb gave it back . . . but in true Ibbotsonian fashion, testing NFCUS patience by presenting them with the ashes of a pseudo-scroll, which, judging from all reports caused considerable consternation.

Finally, a word of well wishing to all on their finals (just can't seem to forget them), and an extra push for those who are venturing out you know where. . . . Hope everybody is able to pick up a good job with maximum returns for minimum efforts, and to find that the college training has prepared them for whatever careers they happen to choose. Reminds us of the employer who asked the new man to go and sweep out the store room. "Sir," the fellow protested, "I am a college graduate." "Oh!" replied the boss, "in that case I'll go along and show you how."

One parting thought — just think of the studying you could have been doing while you were reading this. . . . !

TRAVEL, SPANISH STYLE . . .

. . . by mr. mckegney — faculty

THE play, **My Fair Lady**, has popularized a song entitled "The rains in Spain fell mainly in the plain." A better version would be "The trains in Spain will mainly give you pain."

It all started in the summer of 1956, when, in a vain endeavour to become cultured, I decided to spend two months in Spain. To get to Spain, one has usually to go first to France, and this I did. Now, only a member of the French National Chamber of Commerce would describe French trains as excellent, but they have the excellent quality of being very fast, so that one is not compelled to pay too many visits per voyage to that noisome department known as the **lababo**. As a result, my trip from Paris to the South of France was quite pleasant; in fact, I was rather wishing that the train would travel a bit more slowly, so that I could take a better look at the spectacular scenery.

At the Spanish border all this changed. As we waited for our luggage to be checked by Franco's officials, I gazed out at the railway junction and thought for a moment that history had been rolled back. "Here" thought I, "is a perfect reconstruction of the Stockton and Darlington Railroad." It seemed a nice gesture on the part of the Spaniards to have built a full-scale working model of the road that Stephenson and his tager helpers had built so many years ago. But, as I remembered it, there was only **one** locomotive on the old S. and D. line. Here, on the other hand, there were several, all of apparently the same vintage and in the same state of disrepair.

In the dim and distant days of my youth, I used to see the occasional locomotive with a three-foot smokestack, but even I could not remember seeing one with a stack five feet high, and only two driving wheels. In this yard there were at least three such locomotives, but the effect was rather spoiled by the presence of a rakish, new model, with a stack only three feet high, and four distinct driving wheels. Moreover, the baling-wire which held this new model together was of a distinctly superior quality. One instinctively trusted

this locomotive, and sensed the mighty power contained in its sturdy — albeit somewhat rusty bosom.

This was **our** locomotive! Unfortunately, the coaches were not so daringly modern in design as this particular engine, being more closely akin, vintage-wise, to the other locomotives we had seen. The colours were pleasing, however, or had been, ten years earlier, and we became very anxious to get aboard and start on our way to Barcelona.

Our ardor was somewhat dampened by the first sight of the interior of the so-called "second-class" coach. The floor was indescribably filthy and the seats looked almost as uninviting. There were about thirty persons, mostly non-Spanish, in this coach, and all but the Spaniards hesitated for a few moments before sitting down. Those of you who have not travelled on a European train will be unfamiliar with the semi-padded seats which are so common a feature in their old coaches. These seats are made of wood, but have a narrow strip of padding along the middle of the part you sit on and a similar strip along the middle of the back. It is almost impossible to sit comfortably on such a contrivance, and after we had been under way for half an hour or so, I went back to the next coach, a third-class one, in which the seats were made of wood alone, but more comfortably designed. But I am getting ahead of myself.

The whistle sounded to announce our departure, and immediately the Spanish passengers in my coach crossed themselves. This seemed a reasonable precaution, so I followed suit and settled down to look at the scenery. A nagging doubt about the coach filled my mind, and I got up and walked up and down it a couple of times, to see if it was likely to fall apart before we reached our destination. It seemed reasonably secure, and in the course of my tour of inspection I was still further heartened by the discovery of a notice to the effect that the coach had been fumigated against vermin on the 14th of March, 1951. Now my mind was at rest; I wouldn't get flea-bitten while travelling. These Spanish think of everything, it seemed.

Two features of Spanish trains are likely to take the North American traveller aback: the fact that there is only one washroom per coach — and that invariably filthy, incredibly filthy — and the lack of drinking water. French trains, too, lack drinking water, but such water is available at all the stations in France. Besides, the speed of the French trains makes the trips much shorter than in Spain, so that one has not so great an opportunity to develop a thirst. At most Spanish stations, no drinking water is available in taps or fountains, and one will always find a crowd of vendors selling earthenware jugs full of water to passengers.

To get back to this first trip, our point of departure, Port Bou, is about seventy miles from Barcelona, so we assumed that we would have a pleasant, two-hour trip along the beautiful Costa

Brava, arriving in the capital of Catadonia in broad daylight. What fools we were! The Costa Brava was beautiful, all right, but by the time we reached Barcelona more than five hours had passed and we were all worn out and dirty. One difficulty — aside from our slow progress — was that we had to pass through many tunnels as we wound along the coast. In between tunnels we kept the windows open, but when we entered a tunnel clouds of smoke filled the coach and there was a mad rush to close the windows. Then, a few seconds later, we would emerge from the tunnel, get the windows nicely up again — and into another tunnel we would go. In addition to choking us, the tunnels deprived us of a good deal of pleasure by hiding some especially beautiful scenery from us. It was a frustrating experience.

The three days I spent in Barcelona made me forget the unpleasantness of the trip from Port Bou, but it was here that I first encountered the quaint Spanish custom of making a reservation for any railway trip you wish to make, even if it is only as far as from Kitchener to Baden. This is a particularly annoying custom, since it means that one is compelled to go to the station the day before starting for another town, wait in line (this is taken for granted), and then **try** to get a seat on the desired train for the next day. Very often this is impossible, so that one must take a train that leaves at a very inconvenient hour, or else wait for another whole day. The system caused me to stay an extra day in three different places, and, with hotel accommodation at premium, this proved very embarrassing. My difficulty was that I refused to follow the old Spanish custom of bribing the ticket agent. As a matter of fact, the system seems to have been designed in order to keep ticket agents in funds, since their salaries are wretchedly low.

Not all the trains are as bad as this one I first encountered. There is a relatively fast diesel train service between the principal cities, though it is difficult to obtain a ticket for such a train because it usually runs only once a day and is sold out very early. Though faster than the "Rocket"-type trains, these TAF trains, as they are called, are cramped and not very smooth-running. Besides these, there is a spectacular train which operates on only one line — Madrid to San Sebastian — and is one of the most modern in the world in design. It is a monorail diesel train, with articulated coaches, so that it has the appearance of one very long coach, and is said to be extremely fast. The price of tickets on it is very high.

My most frustrating trip was the one from Salamanca to Santander, an overnight run. I had been lucky enough to procure a ticket on the train and, in theory, a seat (the idea of the reservations is to assure everyone of a seat), and I did manage to sit down as far as the city in which we had to change trains. I had checked one of my suit cases at Salamanca, to avoid the trouble of dragging two of them with me, especially since there would be a three-hour

stop-over at the exchange point, Medina del Campo. At the latter city, having nearly frozen while waiting, I got aboard the desired train but was unable to get a seat. As a result, I had to stand up in the corridor from 2 A.M. till 9 A.M., during which seven hours I subjected the Spanish railway system to some rare, old, Anglo Saxon abuse.

To top it all off, I found to my horror that the suit case that I had checked had gone astray. Since it contained my camera, films, shirts and shaving gear, I was fit to be tied. I had come to Santander to attend the summer course at the International University, and here I was without even a razor. Moreover, for the first time in Spain, I had decided to wear a tee shirt instead of a conventional shirt and tie, so now I found myself doomed to wander in what is considered in Spain to be an inexcusably slovenly condition.

To cut a long story short, the suit case turned up a week later, in San Sebastian, a mere hundred miles away, and I got it the following day. After all, San Sebastian does sound very much like Santander.

There are many more incidents I could relate, most of which seem hilarious, now that I am far from the scene. Perhaps the most amusing was the time I was travelling from Madrid to Granada. Knowing that I would be unable to find any drinking water on the train, I took the precaution of buying a quart bottle of water at the Madrid station. I had the girl who sold it to me, loosen the cork, because I had no cork screw, and tucked the bottle in a suitcase. In the train, I put the suitcase up on a rack above my seat, and took off for the diner. In the diner I met a fascinating Englishman, who plied me with brandy (which I loathe) till the wee, small hours, and then was able to bribe the porter to find a berth for me. Going back to pick up my suitcase, I noticed that the Spaniard sitting under it gave me a dirty look, but attributed his to the fact that I had wakened him. In my berth, however, I discovered that the cork had come out of the water bottle, soaking my clothes, and undoubtedly causing the Spaniard beneath to entertain dreams of vengeance.

Travel in Spain is undoubtedly broadening, but the next time I'll watch my waistline and travel by car.

* * *

LE REVEIL

REGARDE donc, mon âme!
Le ciel brille,
La rose s'élève et s'ouvre.
La nuit s'en est allée,
Les fleurs du matin sont couvertes
Des pleurs de Dieu.
Les feuilles des arbres
Portent ses bijoux.
Le vent doux d'été
Sent du sol riche.
Réveillons — nous
St courone à la mer bleue.
La mer, le ciel, le sol.
Tous nous appellent.
Allons — nous — en vivre!

. . . by **betty lou baker**

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