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FEBRUARY
1956

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TO THE STUDENTS

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

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

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"ars gratia artis"

Editorial

Premier Duplessis has caused another ruckus in Quebec. It seems that he told the pulp and paper companies that although they could raise their "export" prices, Quebec costs were to stand as they were.

At first this suited Quebec newspapers just fine . . . until they realized that they were virtually subscribing to a local subsidy . . . and that they would have to be, in the future, very pro-Duplessis, or the price increase might hit Quebec. Then . . . the polite reversals . . . the diplomatic withdrawals . . . from support of the proposed law.

To keep the freedom of the press, the French Canadian newspapers are willing to forego a real price advantage.

As much fun as it would be to sneer and snarl at Duplessis . . . there is a much more serious problem brought to life by this action and reaction.

I'm talking about "Freedom of the Press."

What is this thing that every newspaper drums into the public from the time people are old enough to read the funnies?

Freedom of the Press, means that the newspaper — the greatest influence on the North American people — need have absolutely no fear of condemnation for the cheap, sensationalist fabrication, constructed of half-truths and twisted statements, which has taken over the pages of almost every major newspaper in the country.

There are three types of newspapers: the tabloid, the purely factual, and the paper that treads the wire between truth and libel. It is this last type, the most dangerous, and the most numerous, at which this editorial is aimed.

We expect to form a well-balanced opinion from newspapers that delight in turning honest men into traitors with a few simple, quite legal distortions. We are forced to base our judgment on the imaginations of a guild of scandal-mongers. We laugh at back-fence gossips — but we take a reporter's word for the complete truth.

If the newspapers are to keep their cherished right, they must learn to add another phrase to their slogan — "Freedom of the Press . . . To Print The Truth."

—Ed.

. . . from Poetry to Religion

I

Poetry is the basis of religion. Without the imagery and the emotional impact of poetry, man's fear of the unknown, his strange affinity to worship, and his desire for a rational explanation of things, could not have been unified and directed to that edifice which alone is peculiar to man, the edifice of religion.

Another way of showing the intimate relationship that exists between poetry and religion is by pointing out the great amount of poetry that has sprung from religious meditation. When that very unpoetical man, Mr. H. G. Wells, made his colossal statement, "Religions are such stuff as dreams are made of," he was, perhaps, nearer to the truth than even he had imagined. For poetry, "the stuff of dreams," is the basis of religion.

A close historical study of any world religion will endorse this statement. In the case of Christianity it is necessary to study only the first hundred years of its development.

"The quest of the historical Christ" goes back in time roughly nineteen hundred and fifty-six years, and in space to a relatively obscure and inglorious outpost of the Roman Empire, the Jewish territory of Palestine. Here a man was born, he preached, and he died. Before his execution, which was by the usual method of crucifixion, he had attracted to him a handful of followers and disciples. So insignificant at the time were his brief thirty-two years of life that they had inspired no contemporary historians to record even the fact of his existence. Anatole France, in his short story, "The Procurator of Judea," has adequately shown this man's place in the context of history.

After this man's death — nothing. And for another thirty-two years nothing is recorded either about him or about the movement he was supposed to have inspired. Historians have alluded to this dark and nebulous period in Christian history as the "tunnel" or "transition" stage. What changes, what interpolations, what detractions were made during this period to his yet unwritten doctrine is merely guess work. All that is known is this — that in the glorious year of 64 A.D. the first written gospel may have been given to the world. For this date is the earliest possible one that historians and archaeologists can honestly accredit to *The Gospel of Saint Mark* — written within any two years between 64 and 75 A.D. Within the next forty-one years, the epistles and three remaining gospels appeared.

About the authors of these books little is known, although legend has ascribed them to the actual apostles of the Christ. It is possible that the earlier gospels and epistles were written by the apostles, who at that time were only about fifty years old, but the apostles certainly could not have written the later books. Whoever the authors were, they wrote, at best, from a *memory* of what had happened thirty-two years previously. An analogy to this would be writing today, in 1956, an account of a movement that happened unrecorded over a period of time extending from 1892 to 1924. It is probable that these pristine books were written, not by the apostles of the Christ, but by men who, like Saint Paul, had never actually seen the Christ.

Clearly, then, the basis of the Christian religion, the New Testament, is not factual writing. From its earliest translation into English, the Bible has been treated as inspired poetry, and certain-

ly not as a text-book of logic by Aristotle. The great number of textual inaccuracies, bold contradictions, and minor discrepancies that stood out in the Bible are all glossed over with a treatment that is "lyrical instead of logical, musical instead of moral."

II

A perusal of the Christian Scriptures presents again the ancient problem of *shruti* and *smriti*. These two words are of Sanskrit origin and are the technical terms used to distinguish between the two forms of knowledge, direct and indirect. Literature of the *shruti* category is the most authoritative, the most inspired, and the exact recorded words of God; literature of the *smriti* category takes its authority from the *shruti*, is secondary in importance, usually exegetical in nature, and contains a great amount of the "colouring of the medium." The problem facing Christian theologians of distinguishing between the varying degrees of inspirational in the heterogeneous books of the Bible has never been adequately solved.

Biblical contradictions over important theological points can never be decided on the basis of Scripture or logic alone, but must be decided by subjugating one portion of the Scripture to another. An example of this is what *Galatians* records on the knotty problem of "justification by faith," "Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law." *James* contradicts this with, "Whot doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? can faith save him?" This discrepancy so incensed Martin Luther that he condemned *James* and branded it as "The Epistle of Straw." To resolve such Scriptural antagonism, The Reverend H. S. Miller, in his *General Biblical Introduction*, has boldly declared, "The Bible does not lie though it does record lies." Although this statement is most ingenious, it is equally ambiguous.

Another problem facing Christian theologians was the problem of the lesser inspired writings, the apocrypha. These with a few exceptions, are writings of a later date than most of the Biblical books, are of dubious authority, authenticity, and inspiration. In the early days of the Church no firm stand was taken either for or against them, and even in such a late year as 1611, King James, still undecided, had the apocryphal scriptures translated along with the sixty-six regular books of the Bible.

The Old and New Testaments, as books of poetry, are the most widely quoted books in the world. The poetry contained in them, although sublime, is limited. The Reverend Ernest Marshall Howse has recently suggested that the Bible should be read for the philosophy of God but that these readings should be augmented by readings from Shakespeare for the psychology of man. A more interesting and analytical statement was made by Dr. R. M. Bucke in his monumental *Cosmic Consciousness*, when he showed the unfortunate limitations of Old and New Testament writings. To Bucke, man was undergoing an evolutionary process in which both his mental and physical makeup were being improved. The early literature of man, an example of which is the Bible, was written with less insight and understanding than the best literature of today. Bucke points out one aesthetic value both the Old and New Testament writers did not possess — the sense of colour. For in the Bible, he says, there are no passages describing the colours of nature, and this limitation is heightened by the fact that Palestine was an excessively colourful country.

Seeing the problem from a humanitarian view, "the god-intoxicated man," Baruch Spinoza, has sensed the fundamental inadequacy of the Scriptures as a logical and scientific basis of religion when he wrote that the object of the Scriptures, "is not to convince the reason, but to attract and lay hold of the

imagination." The reason for this limitation was, he wrote, because, "All Scripture was written very true primarily for an entire people, and secondarily for the whole human race; consequently its contents must necessarily be adapted, as far as possible, to the understanding of the masses."

III

The problem of theology, "the queen of the sciences," is a doubly precarious one. The rigorous and analytical thinking required to formulate a consistent Christian creed was influenced both by the unreliable Scriptures, which later proved to be poetry, and by the legacy of outdated logical and philosophical systems. The Christian religion acquired between, roughly, 400 and 1400 A.D.—between Augustine and Aquinas — an organization as coherent as Aristotelian logic. These early theologians supplemented the sparse and vague Biblical text with an enormous amount of exegetical and interpretive material. Important arguments such as how many angels could stand on the head of a pin were being discussed and re-discussed while heresies, and inquisitions to control them, were running rampant. Spiritual splinter groups, like the puritan fundamentalists, in a wild attempt to free themselves from the excesses of theorizing, were successfully castrating themselves from Christian theory, ritual, and tradition.

The constant speculation of the orthodox theologians led to a form of mental gymnastics which were very interesting but notoriously unreligious. T. S. Eliot has effectively captured the spirit of these intellectuals who, sensing their own spiritual inaction,

. . . constantly try to escape
From the darkness outside and within
By dreaming of systems so perfect
That no one will need to be good.

There is an anecdote told by Carlo Suares in his *Krishnamurti* that very adequately states the position of excessive theology.

The devil and his disciple were walking along the street when, some distance away, they saw a man stoop down, pick something up and put it in his pocket. The disciple asked the devil, "What did that man pick up?" "He picked up a piece of Truth," answered the devil. "That is bad business for you, then," questioned his disciple. "Oh not at all," the devil replied, "I am going to let man organize it!"

IV

But happily, however, there is in the Christian tradition a "golden mean" between the Scylla of theology and the Charybdis of fundamentalism. For man to live and at the same time worship within this mean, it is only necessary for him to place the correct emphasis on the revealed word of God and on the environment around him. According to Eliot the ultimate function of art is "in imposing a credible order upon ordinary reality." The Bible must fulfill this function. As poetry the Scriptures give a more than adequate amount of the emotional stimulus that is necessary to lead the sincere to that heaven of the theologians, "the beatific vision", if the Scriptures are read intelligently.

However, continual scanning of the Scriptures and the continual analysis of them will not advance the sincere Christian on the spiritual quest. For as Aldous Huxley has said in his *The Perennial Philosophy*,

"Unfortunately, familiarity with traditionally hallowed writings tends to breed, not indeed contempt, but something which, for practical purposes, is almost as bad — namely a kind of reverential insensibility, a stupor of the spirit, an inward deafness to the meaning of the sacred words."

It is necessary to place the correct value on the word, to discriminate between the sound and the sense, the spirit and the letter — the former being Christ's, the latter Caesar's. The Scriptures of man play the important role of

supplementing and interpreting the crowning achievements of the Ultimate Spirit, the world and man himself. Like Jacob's ladder extending between the earth and heaven, the Bible bridges the vast gulfs of spirituality. While the idealist is inclined to forget the importance of the rungs on the ladder in his contemplation of the angels above, the materialist is inclined to forget the ladder leads somewhere and is not the goal in itself. Both sins, overexaggeration and underexaggeration, are equally dangerous, and both are the result of man attempting to apply his logic to God's. The contemporary British poetess, Dame Edith Sitwell, has vividly and alarmingly described the result of one man's vain attempt to do this.

"The otherwise great mind of Bishop Burnet, who died in 1715, was so seriously disturbed by the unsymmetrical arrangement of the stars that he rebuked the Creator for his lack of technique. 'What a beautiful hemisphere they would have made,' he exclaimed, 'if they had been placed in rank and order; if they had all been disposed of in regular figures . . . all finished and made up into one fair piece, or great composition, according to the rules of art and symmetry.'"

V

Today man is sufficiently free from the shackles of clerical control, and has enough information available for him to seek and to find his own salvation as he sees fit. Sensing man's intellectual freedom and his fundamental affinity to live a spiritually sanctified life, two religious philosophers have come forward with a concept of God that is as intimately related to man as man is to the soul within him. With the efforts of these two theologians, Dr. Martin Buber and Dr. Paul Tillich, God has been put back into life and religion.

A Jewish theologian, Dr. Buber has stressed the importance of the fact that

man must seek and obtain that "immediate spiritual intimacy" with the Divine Spirit which he had in the days of the Old Testament. This typical Jewish fusion of heaven and earth, bound together both by the Bands of their phylacteries and by their Law of Moses, may have been reflected in Shakespeare when he wrote that the man intimate with God,

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The other person influencing contemporary religion is Dr. Paul Tillich, the "philosophical theologian" and Lutheran minister. Dr. Tillich has stressed the unique importance of Christ's meaning for contemporary man by distinguishing carefully between the "Christ of the Spirit and the Christ of the letter." In man's "quest of the historical Christ," Dr. Tillich has seen a great deal of skillful scholarship which has exhumed only the bones of the Christ. For this reason he has called it "Jesusology." The supreme theme of "Christology" is man's concern if he is to creatively control his own physical and spiritual destiny. Tillich certainly does not divorce the "historical Christ" from religion, but he does feel with Martin Buber that the scholarly searchings into the past should be — according to the Italian critic Lionello Venturi on the French painter Rouault — "in a spontaneous search for a synthetic form in unison with religious consciousness . . . (leading one) through the centuries to that moment when every image on earth was a reflected expression of God."

By the insights of these two men, contemporary man can find a meaning in his life and can, with Dame Edith Sitwell, feel that cry of ultimate anguish and ultimate hope given by "the Starved Man hung upon the Cross" when he said,

"Still do I love, still shed my innocent light, my Blood, for thee."

TO CRUMBLE THE LOFTY IVORY TOWER

quot homines tot sententiae

Ed. Note:

This article was received in reply to Professor McKegney's "Observations from the Ivory Tower" in the January Cord.

Its author wishes to remain anonymous (!)

Dear Prof. McKegney:

This is intended to be a viewpoint from the other side of the fence, in reply to your splendid article in the January issue of the "CORD". If, at times, sarcasm creeps in I hope that you will excuse it on the grounds that I, like yourself, am only human and therefore must resort to similar tactics. In order to refresh your memory, and that of other readers, I shall from time to time quote selections from the original "Observations."

Throughout the essay there appears a prevailing under-current of resentment toward those students whom you have referred to as being "well-heeled," which can only lead one to assume that you yourself were never in such a position. Well, sir, like many others I, to a certain

degree, am working my way through College, but rather than resenting the "well-heeled" ones that I have encountered, I actually pity them. First of all, because there are many others who adopt the same attitude toward them that you do, and they are therefore prejudged before they even start. Secondly, as a result of not having had to work for the green and gold to put themselves through university, they are likely to be even less sure about what they want to do in this life than those of us who have had to work for our tuition.

In any cross section you will always find those who are not, or do not appear to be, getting the full benefit, that you as a professor consider they should from a university course. But, are we to condemn an individual for not knowing, or not being mature enough to even want to know, what he wants to achieve in this life. Your very subtle mention of the "fact" that Waterloo students, in particular, should be very familiar with the percentages of those who still do not complete senior matriculation, is very well taken. But, did you ever consider that there might be another possible reason for these failures

besides that of lack of brains or interest on the part of the individuals involved? To state a familiar and very dear example, I shall briefly site my own case.

When I first arrived at Waterloo, I was just one of many others who possessed less than complete Upper school, and in my instance it was due, as you generally assume, to my own failure to settle down and work when the opportunity presented itself. But, my very meagre "excuse" was that I had been plagued for the past four years by the outlook that, since I could see no special traits in myself, I didn't know what I wanted or could even do in this life, and consequently did not even care about the present. I profoundly believe that same feeling creeps into the lives of many people, students and otherwise. Fortunately there existed just such an institution as Waterloo College — which I assume you would like to change very drastically — so that when I did finally waken up to the possibilities that I had previously been blind to — (unfortunately I had possessed "eyes that could not see"), the door had not harshly closed on my hopes and ambitions. For the past two years I have maintained a high "B" average, not as a result of becoming a literary hermit, but as a result of being given a chance to mature, to develop a different outlook toward education, and now after three years of struggle, mental and emotional, I know what I want to do in life!! Should we then set ourselves up as demi-gods to elevate the standards which, by your own admission enabled yourself and many others to "gain this precious symbol of social acceptance with a minimum of effort"?

From a practical point of view, if standards were raised, there would be fewer allowed to enroll, and in turn costs

would have to be raised to furnish the same high teaching calibre to a smaller number. With higher costs fewer still would be able to go to university, and the end result would be more professors "selling vacuum cleaners, hauling garbage, and driving trucks," — all three occupations, which as I have been told, pay quite well. And from the standpoint of probable economic crisis, I leave it to you to discuss with your colleagues in that department.

We must remember, in considering the case of the Honours student v.s. the Arts student, that too many men who *think* they know just what they want, can make liberal education too narrowly purposeful. But in order to have the abrasiveness that the "practical" fellows bring to the campus, one must be prepared to take one's chances on this danger and the exasperating troubles it breeds. As has often been said, the tool of *doubt* is indispensable to the fashioning of the kind of critical mind that does the daily intellectual work of the world. Any fact, any assumption, any theory, that has not been tested by the diamond-pointed drill of doubt, is at best a doubtful thing.

It is the mixture of competence and conscience that counts. Among other blessings of a *liberal arts* college, one must rate very highly the fact that here, neither competence nor conscience is taken straight. Rather, it is the human interplay between these two poles of purpose that gives liberal education its orientation to the light and brings to the undergraduate-grown-a-man, those liberating and civilizing qualities men never quite define, nor ever quite deny.

Yours respectfully,

A MEMBER OF THE "LIBERALS"

Poor Marianne?

BY F. G. W. ADAMS

There was a very familiar ring about the chorus of despair and contempt with which the Anglo-Saxon press greeted the results of the recent general elections in France. Ever since Edmund Burke's diagnosis of the fevered state of France in 1790, English (and now North American) experts have regularly felt Marianne's pulse, shaken their heads sadly but wisely, and pronounced the alleged patient to be hopelessly moribund. Yet, despite all their gloomy predictions based often upon mere surface readings, France has always managed to purge herself of the poisons of internal upset and to heal the deep wounds inflicted upon her from without. The bloodletting has been severe since 1789; but the heart-beat of France remains strong and the spirit unconquerable.

Much of the general dismay Anglo-Saxons may feel about France derives from our curious, stubbornly Puritan conviction that Marianne has been, is, and will remain a soulless courtesan wallowing wilfully in sin, incapable of redemption. President Eisenhower's off-the-cuff remark in 1952 about France's lack of 'moral fibre' is only the latest version of this familiar censure. Yet the supposed naughtiness of 'Gay Paree' with its shameless night life and its dirty post-card vendors is a sly hoax played on the tourist who expects and wants to be shocked. Paris is, in fact, austere in the

company of Las Vegas or Chicago. Deep down, what troubles us Anglo-Saxons is not the surface frivolity of the French; it is their pitiless honesty, their frank acceptance of our less-than-perfect natures. In no country since La Rochefoucault sketched his portraits at the court of Louis XIV have sham, hypocrisy and pretense been so mercilessly exposed. We prefer celluloid illusions projected on a silver screen, we take weekly the dangerous drug of Hollywood's happy endings; the day may come when we wish for a more Gallic honesty about ourselves and the world.

France's morals are suspect since Shakespeare created a harlot and a witch out of the noble figure of Joon of Arc. Since the Revolution, France's democratic tradition has been attacked almost fiercely, on the ground that it does not compare with that of Washington or Westminster. France's liberal tradition is certainly not discreet. Marianne practises democracy day by day in the public arena; cabinet ministers must attend to the mood of the peoples' deputies in the National Assembly; they must read the acid critiques of the press; they must heed the lively comment of citizens imbibing their morning coffee or red wine. Thus do cabinets rise rapidly and fall, adjusting to a critical, alert and changing public mood. We succumb more easily to the yoke; periodically, we

vote into office those enlightened despots of the Kings and Roosevelts which spare us the need to clarify issues or think through the principles by which we live.

There is implied moral criticism even in the expert advice offered France concerning the overhauling of her economy. True, farmers in Auvergne still use hand-ploughs, disdaining mechanical aid; sugar-beet and wine producers glut the market with subsidized surpluses; French businessmen tend to concentrate on short-term sales at high prices. Yet, fundamentally, France remains a hard-working, thrifty nation with a well-balanced economy. And, more important, she has not yet fallen victim to our techniques of tasteless mass production. France still manages to create exquisite products to delight the senses: from the hard cider of Normandy to the sweet white wine of Provence, from the chic of feminine fash-

ion to the brilliant sophistication of Coccoteau and Anouilh. With all this, as if to reassure the statisticians, there has been a remarkable and unexpected rise in the birth-rate and a healthy resurgence of the building trade, supposed to be the best index to economic health.

Still bearing the scars of Deep and recent wounds, France, as one of her older statesmen recently remarked, has the right to 'withdraw into her own grief.' Yet what a pity should so much elegance, vivacity and wit be lost to the world France helped to civilize. In her present difficulties, Marianne needs, not disparaging and moody critics, but a champion: not the awkward and over-zealous Siegfried whose embrace might mean strangulation; nor the cold cross-Channel gentleman who disdains her as a cast-off mistress; but, perhaps, an ardent, adolescent champion in this fair land of ours she won (and lost) so well?

RECOVERY

She came depressed to where the wrinkled Neptune dwelled
While overhead old Thor relieved his horrid anger.
She hardly noticed how the waves had swelled,
But how could she have guessed their danger
When these green walls gave words of freedom,
And called her to forget the worldly thoughts
Which flooded o'er her, and beckoned her to come.
Forward she went until she spied some shiny spots
Rushing upturned to where she stood.
The fishers overhead gave them little heed;
They dived and craved for fresher food.
Dead! The signs were there to read.
She knelt, she wept, she even prayed;
While breath prevailed she could survive.
She turned around, Oblivion stayed;
She went relieved to where Apollo would revive.

STATIC

BY MARY SCHIFF

We've all been told at some time during our school careers that when writing an article we should use the plural "we" instead of the rather egotistic, singular "I". This is no doubt quite correct, but it is hardly applicable when discussing a situation from a more personal and opinionated standpoint. So, here, with your permission, is where "we" becomes "I".

The situation I refer to is the much-argued but unsolved problem of attendance at many of the functions sponsored by our Waterloo College organizations. I have heard the topic mentioned by various individuals, a few students, many teachers, but not until recently have I realized the implications of the problem.

The Arts and Letters Club, for instance, is a group dedicated to supplying entertainment of a calibre which is slightly above our daily level. As Paul Wagner has said, "Every member of the student body is a member of the Arts and Letters Club." However, in spite of this and the fact that all the programmes have been most interesting, the attendance in most instances has been noticeably lacking. Except in the case of a possibly erotic discussion, the speakers have been cheated by the absence of an interested audience. This was rather bluntly exemplified by the attendance, or lack of attendance, when the Debating Club presented a programme of interest to almost all university students. There were in all, a total of nine people present - - four debators, two judges, one student, one girl friend, and the A and L president. A discussion period had been planned, but the poor turnout dis-

couraged any hope of a discussion. Even the Debating Club's members and instigators were absent.

This is not a criticism of the Arts and Letters Club since it is carrying out its purpose - - to supply cultural activity which you and I may make use of if we so desire. In fact, I suppose, this isn't even a criticism of anything at all; it's an observation. Think about it. Consider it. This and many other such activities are available to us all. Try them; give them a chance; chances are, you'll enjoy them.

It seems that an explanation is in order. Several of the *Fides Dianae* members have been rather upset by the remarks of this mere male, as stated in the last edition of the CORD. However, the expressed opinions were #gleaned from several members of that club. If they were misinformed I apologize for them, if not !! Mind you, the *Fides Dianae* have been active lately under a new name. They are now the honorable members of *Phi Delta Pi*. One of their major activities this term was the highly successful tea which they sponsored in conjunction with the WUS Treasure Van. No doubt the tea was partly responsible for the Treasure Van's success.

While we're on the subject of the Treasure Van let's hand a belated bouquet to Len Wismer and her committee for an outstanding job. They certainly deserve a great deal of credit for putting Waterloo College over the sales records set by Western, McMaster, Assumption and others.

Actually, College activities are many, varied, and well-performed, but little has been achieved beyond the ordinary scope of the organizations responsible for those activities. The sports teams still play; the noon hour programmes still go on; the Debating Club still debates; classes still assemble, and the White Rose is still frequented (not

to mention other oft-frequented "study halls").

However, there are only a very few weeks left before the ever-approaching finals are upon us. Soon these activities will dwindle to nothing but exam-cramming. So take advantage of them while you can. They're for your benefit, and who knows, you may even enjoy them!

WHY?

(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 have 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 'twere, 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)

NEW SPORT AT WATERLOO

OR

Ode to the Punching Bag

Quiet in the little room, asleep,
Save the usual noises that seep
Through the door, ceiling and walls,
Echoing noises of friendly calls,
The frequent tread on creaking floors,
Laughing chatter and slamming doors,
----- The usual -----

--- And then --- it starts ---

At first unfamiliar, now well-known
The drumming tattoo is blown
Rumbling to the shaking roof
Reaching dens thought most aloof
Invading the library's silent region
It rolls through the floors like a Roman Legion
Chasing the fleeing peace before it
Until the students have grown to abhor it
But still they love it, still they descend
To the little room, its praises commend;
Still they love it, still they return
The line-up grows longer as each waits his turn
To relieve desire within him burning
And pent-up emotion, fiery yearning.
From all walks of life it draws its fans
The ordinary Joes and the fancy Dans;
--- a young Irish tenor, a Seminary doctor
Often stepped up and deftly socked 'er;
To vent their spleen on springs prime evil
To vent the lusty urge primeval.
--- Oh, soothing reliever, balm of hurt minds,
The exam-driven pounder; solace he finds
By belting the thing a resounding whack
By smacking the bag that won't "hit back."

SERVICE FOR YOUTH

BY DENNIS KUHL

This is the story of thousands the world over; or perhaps a thousand or more in each of the seventy-two countries which the Y.M.C.A. services. It might be your story or the story of your children. And it started in the year 1844 when a group of young men realized a need for fellowship, recreation, and a faith in life and the world, which wasn't easily acquired in an era steeped in poverty and poor working and social conditions.

In 1855, at the Paris Conference, the Young Men's Christian Association formed a world alliance, using as its basis the text, John 17:21:

"That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

Since that time it has grown in size and purpose and has become important to many people in many lands. It is the sponsor of schools and craft shops in the Near and Far East. In Israel it has successfully combined Jews and Arabs in the Y's activities. Wherever it is located, leadership is fostered, and above all, the opportunity is afforded to join in a sphere of Christian endeavour.

The Y.M.C.A. is not a religion. Its policy of membership, no matter what

race, creed, or colour, includes Hindus, Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, and others. The furtherance of its three-fold purpose, the development of spirit, service, mind and body, is its chief objective, and the red triangle is a well known and respected symbol in this field.

Let's take a tour of a Y.M.C.A. — not the building as it stands, but the activities that go on within its walls, which in essence constitute the Y.M.C.A.

The co-ordinating centre is the office, active with the business of planning programs, circulating notices related to the Y's many organizations, keeping records, doing the usual clerical work, in short executing the policy of the Y.

An athletic department is indispensable to any Y, and usually centres around the gym floor. This is the scene of community and Y.M.C.A. basketball leagues, gym classes for the boys' and youths' departments, volleyball for the men. There is a squash or handball court, a wrestling room, and a weight lifting room which facilitate clubs and teams participating in these sports. And to round out the athletic program there may be a pool where you can learn to swim or just relax.

Aside from the planned program there are many free periods when the equipment can be used when a member's time is his own.

The other part of the Y.M.C.A. program relates to the clubs of the Y's different age groups - - boys, youths and adults, including Hi-Y's and Y's Men, fellowship groups, and service clubs. Under the Y.M.C.A.'s auspices there are groups such as Formen's Clubs, Sales and Ad Clubs, university credited courses (eg. public speaking), dance clubs, and clubs for the "hat-rodders".

Special events throughout the year might include swimming meets, marble tournaments, basketball tournaments, camp reunions and club rallies.

The Y.M.C.A. is a busy place, serving the community, its members, and its roomers. Rented out to groups for

church services, banquets, meetings, teas, and private functions, and carrying out its own heavy schedule, the Y is usually one of the most important buildings in a community. The product of its work affects the community, and consequently becomes its best or worst advertising.

Youth is the Y's biggest investment. The boy's program is a preparation for youth, the adult program is an outcropping from the growth of youth, and this youth becomes the growth and progress of the world. That is why people in Y work receive so much satisfaction; service for youth is a lasting service and a world service.

CONQUEST

Up through the bluish-purple gleam,
Alang his hurtling, burning way,
At his cammand, all the forces
Of a hundred thousand fiery horses,
Flies a man and man's machine.
The first machine up to this day
To break its earthly chains
And venture forth to make new claims
On as-of-yet unconquered space.
The world was glad - the pilot groped,-
The engineer alone felt sad.
Was he right in all details,
Sending man on stellar trails?
Was he right in what he hoped?
Could man use what now he had,
To turn his thoughts from earthly roar
And conquer space for evermore,
To leave his world a jayful place?

SMALL CAR HYSTERIA

Yes, I drive a small car -- and have done so for two years without too much injury to my pride or to my trust in small cars. During this time I've seen quite positive symptoms of what I call "small car hysteria" (with apologies to pathologists and others pursuing psychological studies).

Last summer, while driving to Grand Bend, I encountered a slow-moving, (forty-five miles per hour) two-tone Oldsmobile ninety-eight. The driver was a heavy-set, bald, executive-looking chap, wearing a loud colour-splashed sport shirt. I wound my little V.W. (Volkswagon) up to sixty-five, passed him, then settled back to fifty-five about 200 yards ahead of him. But not for long, the hysteria-bearing bug had bitten him. In the rear-view mirror I saw the bold expanse of chrome flashing in the sunlight like the fangs of a venomous snake. He made one quick movement to the centre line, but had to turn back into his lane again . . . oncoming bus. Out again, back, dangerous hill. Up and out again . . . but this time a squealing Pontiac convertible forced him behind me. This certainly added to his initial neuropsychotic disorder. We were at Elginfield and I had to increase my speed to make the long curving hill. My friend found this too much to take. He shot out over the double line and zoomed by, just sneaking in. The oncoming Labatt's

truck showed its annoyance with a fierce sustained horn blast.

It's not really fair to base an opinion on instances where unknown drivers and circumstances are involved. Perhaps the chap in the Olds just remembered his wife was going to have a baby.

However, because of a recent experience I am thoroughly convinced. S.C. H. does exist. I was getting into my "little bomb", when I noticed Professors X and Y getting into Professor X's green '51 Chevrolet. I drove past Willison and Conrad Halls quite slowly and they followed a good piece back even more slowly. I turned left onto Albert and took my time getting up to thirty. I had almost reached Young Street when the hysteria bug hit him. Here was a nasty little small car. Disregard the fact that it's going thirty-two, that the Police station is only a few hundred feet ahead and that the Albert and Erb Street corner has to be turned slowly and cautiously. This small car must be passed. As Professor S's tappet-ticking Chevrolet shot by, Professor X flashed a superior and contemptuous smile, his eyes shining with smug satisfaction. A moment later the car hurriedly braked and lurched around the corner.

"The facts, just the facts, ma'm" - even Joe (Dragnet) Friday could figure it out. No doubt about it --- acute small car hysteria!

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