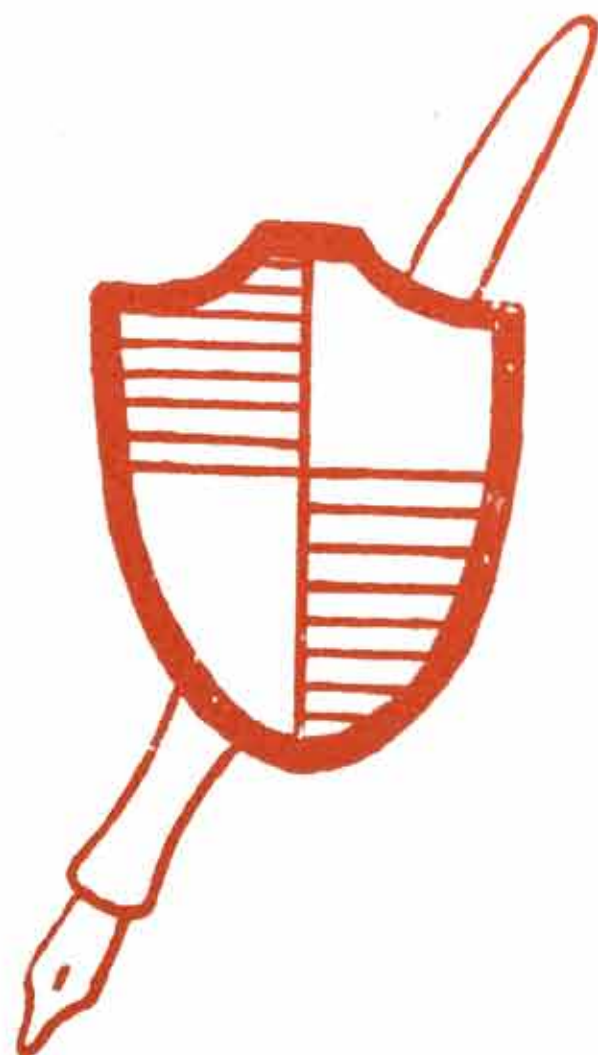


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THE CORD

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THE CORD

VOLUME THIRTY-THREE

NUMBER TWO ³

FEBRUARY 1958

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EDITORS	bernie stein and bill cowlis
BUSINESS MANAGER	rea grant
ART and LAYOUT	yvonne graff
TYPISTS	sally simson, eleanor smythe

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK OF CABBAGES OR KINGS

ON Saturday, January 25th, this college announced its expansion plans for the next ten years. It involves among other things 200 acres of land, numerous buildings and many more students. This is all very interesting, and the college (University?) should take its place in years to come among the leading sites of higher learning in Canada. We use the word **should** for a very definite reason; we say the college should grow, but it won't, not as a true university at least, if it has to use as a foundation the school spirit which emanates from it at the present time, because no one can build a solid and enthusiastic institution on nothing.

When we speak of school spirit, we don't mean that maniac-like urge to use the front driveway as a slalom course, or carry a burning garbage incinerator into the boy's dormitory or that worse than senseless craving to empty the contents of fire extinguishers onto the hall floors of the Arts and Science building. This sort of activity can, and was carried on by two year olds, not by college students. The school spirit to which we refer is an intangible thing which welds a whole group of young and exuberant college students together into a fraternity, whose motto is to work shoulder to shoulder for the benefit of school, fellow student and self, so that all concerned will be a credit to themselves and to their school and community.

It is this type of spirit, we say, which is lacking on our campus. What are we going to do about it? If we act now and in the future as we have acted in the past, probably nothing. We scream at our coaches to start producing winning teams. How can a team win when its supporters are drowned out by the referee's whistle? How many of **us** would even want to bother winning for a student body that can only "dig up" six fans?

We could go on and on and talk of debating clubs and Arts and Letters Clubs and Play Readings and "cabbages and kings," and fill this edition, thinned by disinterest, to its proper size with urgings and pleadings, but why trouble ourselves, we are not directly concerned and besides who wants to be a sore thumb and appear different to most of those around us.

There was a statue built and destroyed on our campus over the week-end (ironically the same time as the expansion announcement). We say ironically because it's remains (two legs) reminded us of a poem by Shelley which includes this line:

"Two vast and trunkless legs of stone stand
in the desert."

No doubt you know the rest, but to jog your memory it closes with these lines:

"Round the decay of that colossal wreck,
boundless and bare the lone and level sands
stretch far away."

We've an oasis to build!

ARGUMENTUM

AD

IGNORANTIAM

(A Modern Allegory of a Cave)

. . . by **desiderius erasmus**

AND now, I said, let me show in a figure how far our nature is enlightened or unenlightened: — Behold' human beings living in an underground den, which has a mouth open towards the light and reaching all along the den; here they have been for several semesters, and have their legs and necks chained so that they cannot move, and can only see before them, being prevented by the chains from turning round their heads. Above and behind them a light is blazing from an annex, and between the light and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have in front of them, over which they show the puppets.

I see.

And do you see, I said, men passing along the wall carrying all sorts of vessels, and rulers and plans of buildings and various materials, which appear over the wall? Some of them are talking, others silent.

You have shown me a strange image, and they are strange men.

Like ourselves, I replied; and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the light throws on the opposite wall of the cave.

True, he said; how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to use their heads?

They cannot, I answered, for all they have seen now for several semesters have been the shadows of the men passing by the mouth of their cave. And of the objects which are being carried, would they not, in like manner, see only the shadows?

Yes, he said.

And if they were able to converse with one another, would they not suppose that they were naming what was actually before them?

Very true.

And suppose further that they were in the habit of naming the shadows on the wall, would they surely not mistake the men who are passing by for gods since their shadows on the wall would be magnified?

Most surely, he said.

In the same manner, would they surely not misinterpret the shadows of the objects which these men are carrying, some arguing that these gods are carrying huge amphorae for some feast, others mistaking their rulers for sceptres?

To be sure, he said.

And now look again, and see what will naturally follow if the prisoners are released and disabused of their error. At first, when any of them is liberated and compelled suddenly to stand up and turn his neck round and walk and look towards the light, he will suffer pains; the glare will distress him, and he will be unable to see the realities of which in his former state he had seen the shadows. Will he not fancy that the shadows which he saw are truer than the objects which are now shown to him?

Far truer.

He will require to grow accustomed to the sight of the upper world. And first he will see the shadows best, next the men whom he perceives are artisans, carrying their tools for their day's labour. When he approaches these men, will he not be amazed that he had mistaken them for gods?

Certainly.

And when he saw the servile nature of these artisans, would he not say with Homer,

'Better to be a poor philosopher than a servant,'
and to endure anything, rather than think as they do and live after their manner?

Yes, he said, I think that he would rather suffer anything than entertain these false notions and live in this miserable manner.

And when he remembered his old habitation, and the wisdom of the den and his fellow-prisoners, do you not suppose that he would return to the cave and felicitate himself on his life amid the shadows?

Certainly, he would.

NATURE'S OWN

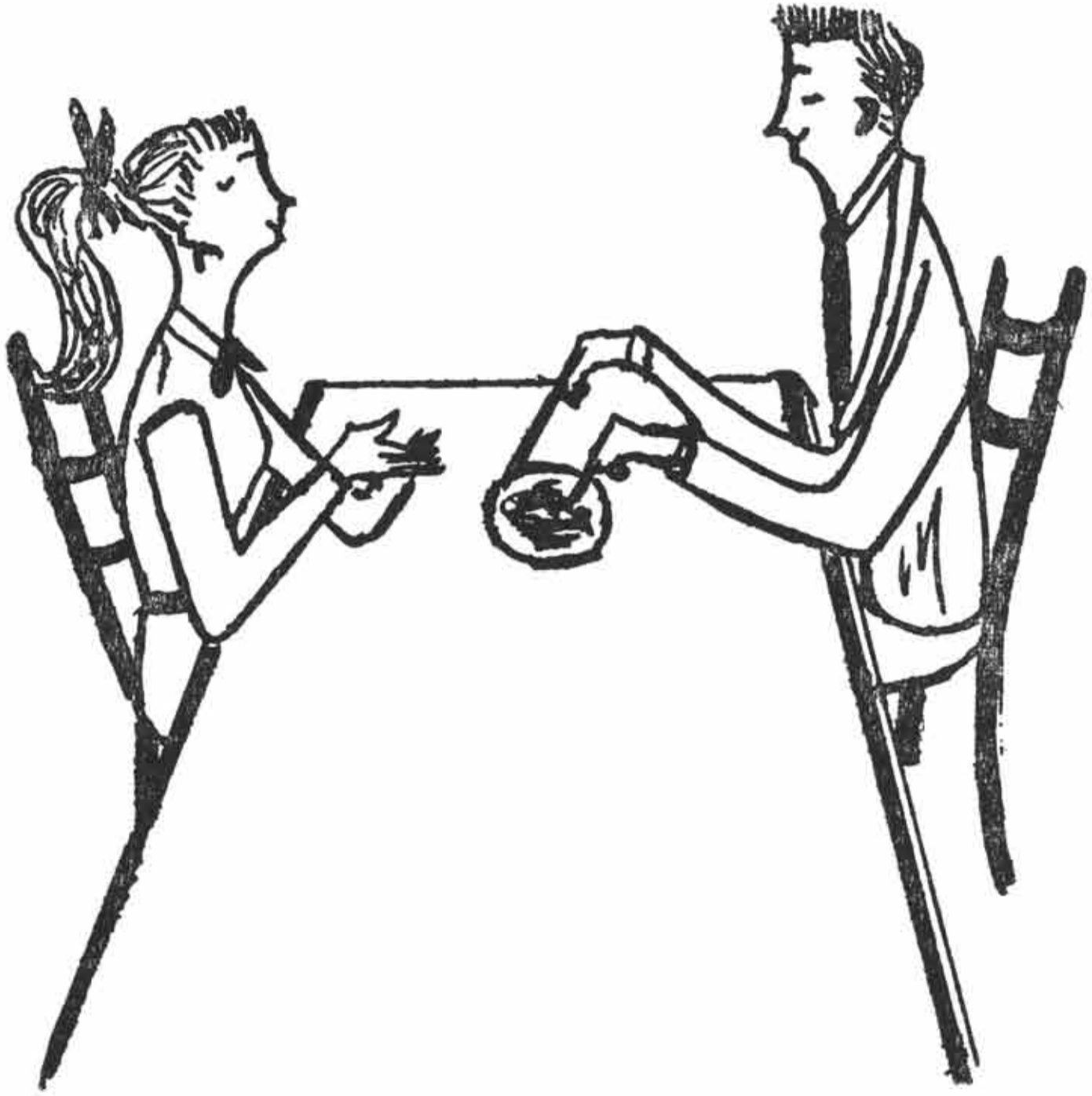
THE throbbing warmth with deepening dullness,
Curled and boomed about my head;
The room was filled with moving pureness,
A sound which teased in quavering clearness,
And came to rest within my mind.
This beauty's mellow, shaking notes
Like rippling grain or tossing leaves
Or glistening snow,
Was nature's own;
And in its oneness, tried your heart
With hope and peace and love;
Where its secret was, I did not know,
Nor did I care. For God's own chords
His own sweet love
Should be heard, but never understood.

. . . by bill shannon

FORGOTTEN MEN

Far away, subdued by space
A melody is heard;
Its harshness gone,
The tenderness is all retained.
Someone alone with black and white,
Soothes with sweet sound,
The unheard calling
Of forgotten men.

. . . by t. j. webster



TORQUE-ROOM LOVERS

YOU talk to me
And I trace your
Ill-concealed search
Into memory-vaults
To see if experience
Can offer comment
Or reply or remark
Appropriate to present.
I see your studied casuality
Of gesture
And adjustment of facial muscles
To indicate censure or approval,
Pleasure or pain.
And I watch your glances aside
To determine if others are watching
And if they are concerned.
And, of course, it's a game
Which I will play, if you wish,
Until one of us wearies of it,
(It little matters which of us).
But for the present
I won't tell you
That I know what you're about.
For I find it most amusing.
And in that respect
I'm no less guilty than you.

. . . by n. w. rotidé



THE OLD MAN

. . . by arn stover

THE room was strangely silent as the old man screeched back his chair, pivoting on one unsound leg, and, attempting to control his quivering lip, burst out, "God dammit! I won't chew my food with my mouth closed. I don't care if I am a bad influence on your snot-nosed brats, and teach them to say 'ain't', and to sass their parents."

"Now Dad, calm. . . ."

"Shut up, for God's sake! I know you're my daughter; I know you're looking after me; I know that you're doing it out of the kindness of your Christian heart, but I don't give a damn — I don't give a single damn — and I won't stop swearing. I like to swear, and I'll go on swearing."

And he did, for a full two minutes.

The young couple, pale and worry-lined in advance of their years, looked on in utter wonder at the strange metamorphosis. The three brats who had been truthfully described as snot-nosed sat open-mouthed with admiration for the old man's well-phrased invective, and Lewis, who was the oldest, carefully sorted out the prize examples of the old man's erudition for his own vocabulary.

Soon the old man's asthmatic tirade became interspersed with coughs and, seeing that his daughter was about to launch a second verbal front, he turned his back and walked toward the door. He walked with all of the dignity that a frail, emaciated, stoop-shouldered man of seventy-three can assume; all the dignity, that is, that an old man, who is dependent upon his daughter and son-in-law and who realizes his dependence, can assume.

He grasped the paint-stained enamel knob, turned it viciously, and went out the door. It did not slam.

The day was vicious, personally vicious, and the old man turned down his collar and took off his crumpled brown felt, revelling in the furious attack of the wind against his already chilled body. Old age is nice, he thought, old age with its unfeelingness and its complete indifference to physical discomfort.

It was spring, early spring, long before the flowers really start to bloom, a spring that was autumnally sere despite the freezing blasts of water which an unfriendly sky loosed upon the earth.

The old man felt at peace in the midst of cosmic violence and the incongruity of his feelings struck him and he laughed, not to himself but out loud. It was a rasping, nerve-tearing laugh, and so penetrating that it cut the consciousness of a macintosh-clad clergyman hurrying home to dinner so that he said to himself, "Sad

case to be drunk this early in the day; too bad someone can't help him."

And he passed by on the other side . . .

Noon had just struck . . . and the magic "sesame" had been uttered so that Mack's habitual clientel could enter. Mack shot back the bolt and allowed the door to swing open by itself, and he began running drafts. No bottle beer for this crowd; twenty-six cents is too steep for pensioners, and work-seekers, and door-to-door bums. After all, twenty-six cents will buy two drafts and a short draft, even if short drafts aren't really legal anymore.

Mack was a good guy and didn't pay too much attention to silly rules.

It was the regular crowd, and Mack was rather disappointed. "Variety is the spice of life"; that was Mack's favourite saying, and God knows that he got little enough variety cooped up here, running from his tap to the ten tables he ran. They all looked alike anyway but sometimes they had something new to say.

Mack saw the old man before he pulled the polished door bar and he wondered where the old man had lost his hat.

"Probably sold it for a bottle of "goof." Hope he's got some money 'cause no one's making a touch on good old Mack for a free one today." Surprisingly the old man had money. His pension cheque had come the day before and, true to his usual habit, he had cashed the cheque, feeling a wonderful sense of independence and usefulness and selfsufficiency as long as the carefully-inserted bills bulged his wallet and pocket against the sensitive flesh of his thigh. He had realized, as he put the money in the wallet, that he would have to turn all but his five-dollar tobacco allowance over to his daughter tomorrow, but he didn't realize that he was using a defence mechanism to compensate for his feeling of futility and worthlessness. He had never studied psychology.

As Mack made change at the till and carried the bottled "Red Cap," unaccustomed to such early hours, back to the old man, he wondered who had been rolled. But after all, it wasn't any of his business. "Money's money; so what the hell!"

The old man drank — he drank deeply and satisfiedly and well, very well for a man who hadn't been able to afford to drink anything more than two drafts on a Saturday afternoon for over six years.

The ale went down his throat with a strangely familiar feeling and his empty stomach, mindful of the meal he had left, welcomed its warming coolness. He almost felt contented.

But not quite. . . .

The church wouldn't have been acceptable when he was born. It's sweeping lines and daring colours seemed rather irreverent, and yet, seen through the haze of four ales the irreverence took on a rather sacred tone and he condescended to worship there.

It wasn't Sunday, but the old man didn't realize that. He had decided to approach God in the hope that God would help him. After all, God is everywhere, so there shouldn't be any question of arbitrarily chosen days to worship Him.

The old man admired the naturally-stained doors of the cathedral with their fittings of black metal, the only surrender to tradition that the architect had allowed. He tottered up the massive grey steps, put out a quivering hand to the latch and tried to open the door. He heard only the click of the barring lock. For a full minute the old man thought that there was some mistake, but then he looked up and he juxtaposed the iron-black door fittings with the modernistic stained glass designs above the door, and somehow the stained-glass angels bringing tidings of great joy to all men suddenly resembled pictures he had seen of sabre jets strafing Korean troop emplacements.

And the old man felt very sick; he began to retch. . . .

The old man sat slumped on the bench, his spine curved unnaturally, but comfortably. The caretaker had been rude and he had been rough, and the marks where he had grasped the old man's arm to lead him away still showed. The rain had stopped at last, as if mindful that spring was indeed come, but the old man paid no heed to his lessening discomfort as the sun filtered unexpectedly through the as-yet unbudding branches of the park trees.

He didn't know what to do; he didn't care; and he felt only weariness.

The girl came upon the scene without warning. He didn't realize until much later that she was very small and it was several moments before his subconscious acceptance of her presence was even transferred to his consciousness. The old man hated children with all the hatred that forced joint occupancy of a five-room house with three children can nurture. But for some reason he felt no anger at her intrusion upon his privacy.

He was busy examining the strangeness of her clothing. Black patent leather slippers, with no protecting rubbers or galoshes made him wince when he saw how stained and wet their previous shininess had become. Her white stockings had been treated to the same mud-bath, through no purposeful act, but mere carelessness. But it was the little girl's dress and coat that made the old man stare unbelievably. A blue silk dress hung below a white fur jacket, and the old man knew that the ensemble had cost more money than he would need to live for a month. He knew nothing of fashions but he knew this.

He thought, as he looked at the coat and dress, that they were too old for such a small girl, but then his glance swept upward, and remained fixed on her face. He looked into eyes that were not the eyes of childhood; and as he continued to stare, he knew that the eyes he looked into were his own — eyes that mirrored the misery of being unwanted and the frustration of uselessness.

The two talked; no one, not even they, knew what they talked about. But when the quickly fading day ended their meeting, the little girl asked in remarkably adult fashion, "May I meet you here again tomorrow? My mother likes to get rid of me for the afternoon, so I always come here."

And the old man gave the only answer necessary, "Yes."
And, smiling, he went home. . . .

MONOLOGUE

WHO painted life a measure to be filled
And not a golden goblet to be drained?
Unfortunate idealist,
Whistling in the dark, crying in the wilderness,
Seeping noble words in disillusioned failure,
Exemplary prototype of the hollow creature, man.
Not hollow? Listen, my friend, to that wind . . .
It's the voice of man, you know —
Imitative harmony of the wails of empty man.
Unresigned to his utter subjection
To the foolishness of his own nature,
He dons his puppet mask of courage
And ventures bravely out, steeped in conceit,
Expounding his fine philosophies
But never living them,
Boldly questioning the nature of things
(As he has since his creation, without result),
Searching for his proper ordained niche and role.
The role decreed by nature is obvious . . .
Man prefers to ignore it, or is blinded
By the heat of his fruitless search,
(One is as silly as the other.)
This hollow thing called man
Is by nature unnatural.
Is it natural, building to destroy?
Praising to descry?
Dissolving moral pangs in rational deceit
To be taken as required, medicinally?
But never mind. Come, laugh with me
And drain the golden goblet while we may.
Forget man. He'll soon destroy himself,
Returning order to the nature of things.
Man will be what he must become —
The butt of the cruel irony
Of that same natural law
That made him of collected atoms
Permuted and combined in this unfortunate manner
To seek his own destruction. An empty end . . . ?
Does not the empty end befit the hollow means . . . ?
Enough of this. Come, listen to the song of man
On the wind,
And smile.

. . . by ian fraser

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DAMNATION

HELL, damnation, devil's curse,
Falling on all, and what is worse
We deserve it.
Given a paradise, lacking nothing, full of all;
We destroyed it.
We changed it to a warring world
Of crawling lice and turning dice.

. . . by **bill shannon**

ESCAPE

Once in a celestial while
A storm-cloud makes black menace
And throws down hissing spiteful rain,
But the sea goes on being salt
In the quiet palm of the earth.
And the moon is faithful,
And the sun remembers to return
With only occasional eclipse.
And if a bitter star
Tires of the game
And consumes itself
Or streaks away in a huff
To another vista,
The night-sky is the same
And never dims.

If your particular sun succumbs
To the cragged sky-line of reality
Don't think of alien darkness
Falling with finality.
Rather, see the azure of evening
That will soon be sequined jet.
For even the darkest night
Will offer stars,
And another sun will come
To seem more brilliant
As time dulls your memory
Of the old one,
And to-morrow will be better.
Delude yourself.

. . . ian fraser

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That there should one man die
ignorant who had capacity for
knowledge, this I call a
tragedy

Thomas Carlyle (1795 - 1881)
Sartor Resartus.
BOOK III Chap. 4



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TORQUE TALK

. . . by **bruce lancaster**

A change is as good as a rest, or so they say. The change referred to is the alterations performed by the maintenance staff on our Torque Room over the two week Christmas layoff. Now the students need not expend their precious energy to group together a "long line of tables" as the task is already completed for them. A prediction for future innovations, and sorely needed, is an electronic eye which will sound a bell, siren, or what-have-you when a student with over-laden tray attempts to move from the Torque Room to the Gaming . . . pardon . . . Common Room. Possibly paper plates and cups as part of a TAKE-OUT service could be the answer.

Better late than never we congratulate MISS CARYLL LANG as Campus Queen of '57. At the Crystal Ballroom of the Walper Hotel, Caryll and her Ladies-in-Waiting, BARB MacKAY and RUTH NICKEL were the highlights of this year's JUNIOR PROM. The Queen was selected from a bevy of Waterloo beauties by a campus-wide vote on the basis of personality, popularity, good looks, and contribution to campus life. Could Hollywood take a lesson from Waterloo? That famed show-place is always searching for new ways to uncover new talent . . . without offending the censors.

Evidently the drafting classes, a part of the Applied Science curriculum, haven't gone unappreciated by certain Engineers on the campus. Venus, their Snow Queen, possessed form, line and proportion worthy of close re-appraisal by all who saw it. This snow model was really a cool gal . . . she didn't have much upstairs, but what a stairway.

In the wake of recent revelations about Russia's stride in education, the N.F.C.U.S. attempt to bolster our sagging position is most timely. Also, in a conference to be held at Ottawa, February 17-20, the Canadian Conference on Education will also be seeking means of providing greater educational possibilities for Canadians. Oldtimers may snort that a pine scantling was always the best board of education, but guidance and grants are a better answer. This is

the belief adhered to by N.F.C.U.S., and towards this end have presented their scholarship plan to parliament whereby every student ELIGIBLE for College will receive some financial aid. It is claimed that teachers in the Soviet Union are receiving a salary scale which is RELATIVELY high in comparison to Canadian teachers, and that Russian students in 10 years comprehend more in the sciences, languages and mathematics than their Canadian counterparts with 12 years training. The Conference and the N.F.C.U.S. plan are steps in the right direction. Sometimes a man is called college bred after just a four year loaf, but the only thing that comes to him who sits and waits, is whiskers.

In search of knowledge and a chance to show their stuff, 15 of the SEC. SCIENCE girls recently attended proceedings at the Waterloo Township court. The majority pleaded not guilty when asked about previous attendances at such a session. The girls were able, however, to glimmer some sense from that old addage, "It is difficult for a person to put his best foot forward when he's on his last leg."

In the Sports field, that left handed reporter BILL MEYER of Newsweekly has his work cut out for him. The Varsity Hockey team, under coach RAFFERTY, might yet make a belated bid for the Olympics, 19??? Varsity Basketball with able players such as TERRY STEWART, MORLEY ROSENBERG, WAYNE BURNS and ED TACIUK and coached by BOB CELERI is enjoying a good season in the new gym. JACK RYAN and his VARSITY VOLLEYBALL team are also in their pitching.

From all reports, things on the Willison Hall front have been mighty dull, with minor exceptions, but mighty nice for studying since the holidays expired. BARRY WOODYARD has shown increasing interest in the tobacco district. RON SMEATON indignantly denies reports that repercussions from his bagpipes caused the cave-in in the basement of the dorm which left the House Committee and SMITH BROS. Inc., feeling a little insecure underneath for a few days.

Talking about insecurity, the Dorm INQUISITION has apparently come to an end without anyone having been burnt at the stake after all. It's probably a moot question as to who felt the more insecure, the recreants or the prosecution. Anybody who feigns to talk about lack of spirit at Waterloo College should have observed the front of DR. REAMAN'S office and surrounding territory during the period of insurrection. Several sets of posters were on display that

could put to shame a trade union's picket strike. Nobody knows how many mysterious meetings were conducted in harsh whispers throughout the precincts of the old Hall; nobody knows how close RICHARD GEIGER came to being sent home to scare up a good used guillotine. Has the renovation of the Dorm basement come about due to the need for and the installation of new cells and torture-chamber? Possibly GORD HOWDEN has the answer to this question and other such queries about Dorm lifers . . . er . . . life. DEAN SCHAUS, however, was the pourer of oil on troubled waters. Before the disturbance, certain things were understood and everybody was satisfied; after the disturbance, certain things were understood and nobody was satisfied, or so the story goes. This chapter in the history of Waterloo College might be entitled, "The Willison Hall Purge", or, "Much Ado About Nothing".

The rumour has become reality, in so far as paper work is concerned, that the school has, and will soon begin to develop, a new 200 acre campus having complete facilities for Waterloo College and Associated Faculties. The project was previously a closely guarded secret, understandably. They say what you don't know won't hurt you — and some of us haven't felt a twinge of pain in years. The salient problems of the enterprise such as financing, an over zealous building program, and dormitory accomodation even with the eight new residences, shouldn't overshadow the potential growth possibilities of Waterloo College. Students, there is a new day a'dawning.

A GIDDY LAUGH

A giddy laugh
A drink of beer
Another cigarette
And life whirls on.
O God, soothe my soul
Do you hear?
Does no one care?
I'm so alone.
At two o'clock
One dreams of life
A nectar bitter sweet.
It's all a dream
For all of life
A giddy laugh
A drink of beer.

. . . by t. j. webster



A VILLAGE GIVES THANKS

. . . by joy atherton

THE gentle hand of shadows caressed the small hamlet of Plantsville. It was not oppressive; rather, it seemed to intensify the great peace found only at eventide. Then do we sense Browning's common grayness which silvers everything.

The peal of bells floated over the night air. It was six o'clock and the shadows began to lengthen until the small community became shrouded in the shadow of a nearby hill which rose, in ghostly form, against a quiet sky. Although the fastly falling night tended to obscure the surrounding country-side, there were still definable, as far as the eye could see, stately figures of fir trees. They reached up and up the oblique slope of the hill. They reminded one of noble historic kings as they stood there, untouched by man, grasping the remaining traces of winter's snow, with one last surge of energy.

Coming through the encircling gloom was the bent figure of an old man. Slowly, he threaded his way down the long, narrow, winding path which was now approaching the bottom of the hill. Over his shoulder was slung an old axe. During twhe years, his axe had become his most trusted friend. With it, he had cut his path through life. Now, the handle had become old and worm-eaten. Although age had left its scar of wear and toil on the handle, the blade shone with a brilliance unmatched by any new one. Even now, in the after-glow, it reflected the nervous rays of a new moon. He had the appearance of a rugged fellow, from the top of his hand to the soles of his shoes. His old beaver cap looked as though many a moth had made a very comfortable bed in it. His once fire engine red jacket (he had been a great deer hunter in his youth) had become subdued with time, and patches of orange, green and purple covered what had been great gaping holes. The patches on his coat were complemented by patches on his baggy trousers, which, being several sizes too large, were tucked into a pair of very ample waders.

Who was this specimen of the great outdoors? It was old Jud. You could call him a woods-man, but then, he was 'right handy' with a hammer and nail, and only he could mend a leaking faucet. I guess he was a jack of all trades. He was, however, master of one thing. Through the years, he had acquired the title 'as wise as an owl'. The wisdom and simple philosophy which came from his lips greatly mystified people. At these times, he ceased to be just old Jud. He forgot hwis rugged life in the woods. That bedevilling twinkle in his eye suddenly acquired a hidden meaning, the depth of which few people ever found. He became a man of ambition, a man reaching for something beyond this common work-a-day world. He searched for a world of success nearing perfection, the door to which, he felt that he would never enter. Yet, this did not deter him from striving to open it for others.

Many people looked upon Jud's life as one of loneliness, a hermit's life. They were the younger ones of the village. They had not known him years ago. In his youth, he had been a regular Casanova, as handsome as Don Juan, but about as aloof to real romance as the worlds' model misogynist. "What! become entangled in romance! Lose his freedom! Not on your life!" As the years went by, he had stood by this speech. He had had a full social life, which resulted in the fact that everyone liked him, and he liked everyone. In the past few years his social life had waned slightly. But that did not make him forgotten. There was not a person in the village who did not know old Jud, for, there was not one of them whom he had not helped at one time or another, from the mayor right down to the street cleaner. That was why to-night was going to be such a wonderful night for Jud. Oh dear, now I have let you in on a secret which not even Jud knew about. Well, I guess you will know soon enough so I may as well tell you now.

Tonight was Jud's birthday, his seventy-fifth to be exact, although anyone who mentioned this fact within Jud's hearing would surely be doomed. The village folk felt that it was about time they showed Jud how much they appreciated what he had done for them over the years. So, why not have a birthday party, something which he could always remember. For weeks there had been preparatory secret meetings around the oil stove in the general store; in some inconspicuous corner of the churchyard after the Sunday morning service, and over a friendly glass of beer in Glam's tavern. By some miracle, I do believe, old Jud was kept totally unaware of the conspiracy. Everything was settled. Prompt, at seven o'clock, Jud's niece was to call for Jud. Yes, I said "prompt". For the first time in its history, that word was being used in the hamlet of Plantsville. Everyone's watch was synchronized. They were doing more for Jud on that one night than they would do for anyone else in a whole life-time. Janet was then, by the means of some excuse, to persuade Jud to accompany her down to the village hall, where, unknown to Jud, all the people of the village would be gathered. There was going to be a great party in the old village hall that night. The village population numbered about sixty, and there was going to be everything from dancing and singing to a huge birthday cake which Mrs. Fuller had made. The only slight difficulty would be to get Jud to the hall. But then, it was common knowledge that he would do anything for Janet, so surely she, if no one else, could persuade him to go down to the village hall that night.

Night had fallen, when Jud, leaving behind him the wooded hill-side, trod, with weary step, along the old street on which he had lived these long seventy-five years. The once simmering light had gained strength, lighting heaven's jewels with a brilliance which no man can buy. The moonbeams tumbled downward to be reflected by an earth made shiny by a recent shower. In contrast to the moonlight, were the shadows. There were those of length and slenderness caused by the hydro poles and those of squat stature from small huts. Whatever their origin, and whatever their size, it seemed that they blended together to form a symphony of shadow.

Jud was weary that night. You could tell it by his gait and his dogged step. He had spent a long and weary day on the mountain-side, cutting down tree after tree since early morn. It had been bitterly cold. For, although it was approaching the end of March, the fingers of winter still bit into the flesh of a man. His steps slackened as he approached his home. It was an old house whose outside looked as unadorned as a barracks patched here and there by windows. But, it was Jud's home, and time had made the two inseparable.

The house consisted of one bedroom and a huge, sparsely furnished kitchen into which Jud was now entering. To the right of him was an old kitchen table covered by a bright red and white checked cloth. Chairs were scattered about the room in order to give it a less barren atmosphere. In the corner stood an ancient sink which often held more dishes than did the shelves above it. Here, also, was found an oil burner, old faithful, it always seemed to find enough energy to cook another meal. At the far end of the room was a huge old-fashioned fire-place. The flickering flames sent eerie shadows against the walls and ceiling. Instead of inspiring fear into Jud, the shadows combined with the warmth of the fire to welcome him in out of the cold clutch of winter. By the fire stood an old rocking-chair to which use had given an unequalled comfort. It was here that Jud sat at night, dreaming dreams, as he looked into the fiery depths. In the red embers, he saw the foreign lands to which he had always yearned to travel. He, also, saw the paragons of history whose works he had read and studied during the long winter evenings. By that sturdy rock of coal stood Shakespeare, in search of knowledge in the meadows and battlefields of England, the heather slopes of Scotland and inside the stout walls of the castle of Elsinore. From another ember, strode Browning, in his balmy Italy, looking with pensive thoughts towards an England clothed in the freshness of spring. There were Plato and Aristotle, the philosophers, Moses, with his tome of laws, and such composers as Handel and Mozart from whose pens had flowed music.

Just as Jud was lowering himself into his favourite rocking-chair by the crackling fire, glad that his arduous diurnal task was over, he heard a sharp tap at the door. He glanced at the massive Grandfather clock in the corner, seven o'clock, "Now who could this be?" He went over to the door and opened it.

"Why Janet!" he exclaimed, a smile suddenly wreathed his face, smothering his tired wrinkles. Gone was the bent man of the mountains. "Come in, won't you," he continued, "I was just settling down for a quiet evening by the fire, but I am always glad of company, pull up a chair."

"Well," hesitated Janet, "I haven't come to stay."

Janet realized that, while speaking with persuasion, she must retain a casual air. This was an art of which, she knew, she was by no means a master.

"You see," she said, "There is a Bingo game down at the village hall tonight."

Bingo game," reflected Jud, "It's strange Tom did not mention it when I saw him last. I often go with him; but then, I guess it has

been a full week since I saw him last."

"And," continued Janet, "I wondered if you would like to come with me."

Jud's face clouded a little. He liked going to Bingo games, but he felt tired tonight. Although he would absolutely refuse to admit it, his rheumatism had been acting up on him these last few days. It had been a long cold winter, no friend to aging bones.

"Just you go," replied Jud, "You will have just as good a time without me."

As he said these words Jud sensed that, for some reason, Janet was perturbed. If there was anything in the world which he hated to do, it was to disappoint Janet; for, he was very fond of her. Janet was the reflection of his own character, so much so, that people felt she was more like Jud's child than his brother, Don's. Jud and Don were as different from each other as chalk and cheese. Don was the business man whose sole aim in life was to climb the ladder of financial success. His was the life of rush and bustle in a busy city. In contrast to him was Jud and later, Janet. Their world was built around God's creation, nature.

As a child, Janet found her greatest happiness when she was with her uncle, climbing the wooded hills, walking by the babbling brooks and watching Jud at his work as he felled the mighty trees of the forest. She was filled with awe by the way in which, one moment a tree rose in grandeur, high above her. The next moment, the mighty monster lay vanquished at her feet. Jud had made nature live for Janet. The names of the flowers, trees and birds each represented some new miracle to her. She never ceased to be filled with wonderment as she sat watching the sometimes helter-skelter and other times patient progress of a mountain stream. It reminded Janet of a thousand little fairys' feet, tripping over slippery stones, constantly careless of direction. In the sunset, when the rosy rays of a setting sun reflected in the tiny ripples of the stream, it seemed that these tiny aquatic dancers murmured with contentment or gurgled with glee as they glided through a world of beauty. These were Janet's childhood fantasies; but, how vivid they were. She could never extinguish them, neither could she forget Jud, who, with never ending patience, had taught her the mysterious and beautiful ways of nature. That was why she had decided to stay and live in Plantsville. Her's was not the chaotic life in the din of a city. Her paradise lay by the rushing streams, on the sloping hill-sides and in the peaceful valleys of God's creation.

Jud had, at first, doubted the wisdom of Janet's resolve to stay in Plantsville. He had wondered if, maybe, she would tire of the quiet life there, away from the amusements of a city. But, she had not, and in his heart Jud was glad.

Jud realized for how much he had to thank Janet. How many evenings, during the long winter months, had he trudged home, in the fear that the fire which he had lit earlier that day had burned out leaving behind it only cold unfriendly ashes. On how many of these evenings had he been met by the pleasant surprise of a cheer-

fully crackling fire and a note on the table telling him that there was a hot dinner in the stove. Sometimes, Janet was there to greet him. Even tonight, she was thinking of him, how could he refuse her. Anyway, the saying goes that a change is as good as a rest. He had not been out much these last few months, and it had been a dog's age since he had been with a whole party of people. His feet began to itch to be off. Remember the last time he had gone to a Bingo game, he had won a turkey. It hadn't been until after that he had found out he had to catch it before he could eat it.

"Although, on second thought," he continued, "maybe I will."

"What are we waiting for," exclaimed Janet, "Hurry up and get ready."

It seemed to Jud, as he walked down the main street, that an air of quietness and mystery encompassed the small hamlet. Granted, Plantsville was not a busy place at the best of times; but, you usually met the odd person, such as the paper boy finishing his route, or Doc. Higgins making an emergency house call. Tonight there was nobody, and every house was in darkness.

It was not a long walk from Jud's house to the village hall, in fact, it was just around the corner. But then, nowhere was any further than a stone's throw from anywhere in Plantsville. The hall, as they approached it, seemed to be a blaze of lights. Jud's eyesight was not too good, but, as he turned the corner, he could see that Tom was standing in the doorway of the hall, looking right in his direction. Soon after, however, he went into the hall and closed the door. Jud thought it strange that Tom had not waited for him since it would have been impossible for him not to have seen them. His only explanation for the incident was that there is no accounting for human nature.

In a few seconds, they climbed the steps to the hall, and Janet opened the door for Jud to enter. Simultaneously, a band, at the far end of the room, burst into playing "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow." Jud was bewildered. This was not a Bingo game; the room was packed. Everyone was singing and they all seemed to be looking at him. Puzzled, he turned to Janet. She looked at him with an encouraging smile.

"It's for you," she said in a whisper, "They are honouring you."

Through misty eyes, Jud, once again, looked out over the gathering which was now singing "Happy Birthday." It seemed incredible. Here were the people who had moulded his life; now they were honouring him.

During his span of years, Jud had often been dissatisfied with what seemed to be a cribbed and cased-in life in Plantsville. He had longed to travel and study under great teachers. Tonight, as he stood in the doorway, looking at his friends, some simple words floated into his memory, words which he had spoken to a young man many years ago, "If your part in life is small, but you make a success of it, you will find happiness and will have made as great a contribution to the world as the most famous man." It was not until tonight that Jud thought of applying these simple words to himself.

WE MUST HAVE FREEDOM

DON'T compose —
Decompose!
Utter it!
Gutter it!
Stink the page
With angry blurts.
Don't be sweet;
Don't treat
With kindness those,
Who might read —
But won't reread.
Confuse forever:
Better that;
Than understand
What isn't worth knowing.

. . . by **bill shannon**

OPIUM DREAM

GHOSTLY trees against a blanched sky.
A rosy tinge on the distant horizon
From a sun which has not met the day.
So, the world waits ever patiently.
What will this new day to us bring.
All is a ghostly silence now.
Yet, suddenly, what glad cries will ring
O'er roaming hills and woodland glade.
What a wondrous thing the future is.
It tells us not, nay, never hints
What lies beyond the distant bend.
Yet, it tempts us ever forward, forward
To travel along the path of time,
Following where great men have trodden,
Venturing into the great unknown.

. . . by **joy atherton**

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