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Managing Editor	-	-	-	-	Jerry Hughes
Business Manager	-	-	-	-	Don McNaughton
Static	-	-	-	-	Marv Schiff
Photography	-	-	-	-	Fred Dahms
Circulation	-	-	-	-	Joan White
Advertising	-	-	-	-	Al Schiff Warren Schiefele

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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

This is the last Cord of the year. This is the last chance the editor will have to speak his mind, and to view with a certain pleasure those thoughts appearing on the printed page.

The only regret is that there has not been enough space to expound on the long list of editorial topics which have presented themselves over the year — so we have decided to take this last issue to put forth some of the topics which have been in our mind.

High on the list is the plaint of the "Suffering Society". This is a college organization founded on the principle of a broad scope of extra-curricular activity for the student body — which is a very commendable purpose. However, while still in its infancy, this organization advances rapidly from neuroticism to pronounced paranoia—"Nobody likes me," becomes the secret password to its members. Hindered in its growth by a weak and feebly beating heart, the "Suffering Society" is fondly protected from vigorous action and new experience and soon dies a quiet and unmourned death.

Next came the topic of school spirit. We saw too much evidence of a forced school spirit developing like a

cancerous growth along lateral, but never vertical lines. The words "School Spirit" were used as a weapon to demand attendance and participation. Instead of developing because of certain activities, it was used for activities, leaving the student body in the uncertain position of knowing that it must have this spirit, but only because student activities would die without it. Next year, let us make sure that school spirit develops on a firm basis of pride in what the College has done and is doing, and not on the formula that School Spirit equals Student Activity equals School Spirit.

Another editorial should have been devoted to attempting to define the position of Waterloo College within the university community. We feel that Waterloo has reached a high point in this relationship this year, because instead of worrying about quantity of competition — and of course being frustrated in this area, Waterloo has concentrated on quality of competition, and has emerged near the top in a few fields, instead of ranking at the bottom in many fields.

Now, to close off this year's Cord, we extend the usual "good luck in the exams — have a good summer — and, see you next year!" — Ed.

STATIC

by Marv Schiff

Come with me back into the dark void of time. Reminisce with me and let us relive days gone by. Back we go, watching sad and joyful hours reborn, until we are at the beginning, the first days of school in 1955. But we are not ourselves, for now we shall relive the life of another. So, harken unto a tale most sad — most heart-rendingly sad — as we tell the story of . . .

THE TROUBLE WITH MAX

The trouble with Max was obvious. (That's not really the trouble. "Obvious" is only an adjective). The actual root of the problem was that — well, Max was "different". You see, Max had two heads!!

Throughout his school career his — er, uh — peculiarity was more or less of an advantage. On his public school softball team he could be both catcher and umpire at once, since his umpiring head was completely unbiased in spite of the other's team membership. In high school, Max found that his slight handicap became a definite asset since, when studying, he could learn twice as much as any other student in the same time. Seldom could a teacher reprimand him for sleeping in class for while one head slept the other listened. Then, after school, over a chocolate malt (two

straws), the listener told the sleeper all that occurred. Most satisfactory — that is, until Max got to College.

Max chose Waterloo College as his seat of higher learning and upon enrollment was caught up in the hysterics of initiations. Here his trouble began. Since Max had two noses — one on each face, of course — he could roll two eggs along the floor at once. Everything would go well until the eggs took different directions. Then our duo-domed friend became quite distraught. As payment for the cost incurred for his initiation, Max had to pay double, and, when told to lean against a wall and do the "Ha! Ha!" he had to keep both mouths in unison and harmony. But, Max survived the hazing and went on, thinking that the committee could surely have been foresighted enough to have anticipated the hardships that such a one as he would incur.

Anyway, Max carried on, enjoying lectures two-told until one day, while writing an exam, he came up against a narrow-minded professor. The gentleman in question believed he had seen one of Max's heads reading while the other wrote. Not realizing that both heads were most honorable and cheating was unthinkable to them, Max was ousted and barred from writing the final.

Even this Max could take, but more was to come. Frosh Class elections came and Max's one head, in a moment of rash decision, nominated the other. A murmur ran through the crowd but he was accepted and began his campaign for the presidency. Max, too bashful to ask for aid, carried on his own campaign and, in spite of the fact that he had twice as much to offer than any other candidate, he lost. In fact, he only received two votes—naturally! Doug Gerber won and Arn Stover followed closely.

Then came the Purple and Gold Revue. Max, a thespian, of great talent, became hopeful. He read for the lead, competing with Ziba Fisher, but he lost out. The part called for someone who could play piano. He tried for a job as prompter but he either gave the lines twice or, each head waiting for the other, never gave the lines. Finally he got a part. He was to be strung from the ceiling by his feet, playing the part of a chandelier. Even here he was unsuccessful because the scene was cut. Eventually though, he got on stage. He filled in for a tenor and a bass who got sick and couldn't sing in Art Freund's choir.

Time passed and so did events. The winter Prom saw Max in an unusually gay mood. Why not? He had two dates!!

However, after the Christmas Holidays, Max went back to leading his life of exquisite misery. At the W.U.S. sale of foreign-made goods, he was sold three times as an antique floor lamp. Of course, the mistake was natural. He hadn't shaved for three days and the beard looked like an elaborate shade.

Bridge was the bane of Max's existence at Waterloo. He loved to play but was seldom accepted by anyone as a partner. They either wanted to count

him as two players or they accused one of him of cheating for the other. Finally he solved the problem by being his own partner, but this fell through when he was accused of table talk.

Meanwhile, Max attended classes. He did well in most studies, especially psychology. He learned psychoanalysis, and, due to his physical peculiarity, he had a built-in subject. While one of Max questioned, the other gave the answers. His final analysis proved to be most correct. Max was a schizophrenic.

He wasn't quite so successful, however, in philosophy. Poor Max couldn't decide on a philosophy that suited him—both of him. On one side he was a humanist, and on the other he was a confirmed supernaturalist. It was not an unusual sight to see him walking down the hall arguing with himself.

Well, time passed. Honoraria, Ryerson Week Ends, Spanish Night, S.L.E. elections, all came and went, leaving poor Max going around in a cloud of utter misery. Everyone used to tell him that two heads were better than one, but Max couldn't believe it. That saying must have been thought up by some halfwit with only one head. How could anyone like that know?

So Max was a misfit. What could he do? After all, what great men of history had two heads? A lot may have been two-faced but few were literally that. So, Max went for years, a misfit without a job, but eventually he "found" himself.

Max became an advertising man. He began a very famous form of advertising, posing for ads himself. He was the first "before and after" advertisement. But it didn't last! He was ruined by the influx of others like himself.

Where is Max today? Actually he doesn't want it known but wherever you see the theatre's comedy and tragedy masks—there's Max!!!

Upon Graduating . . .

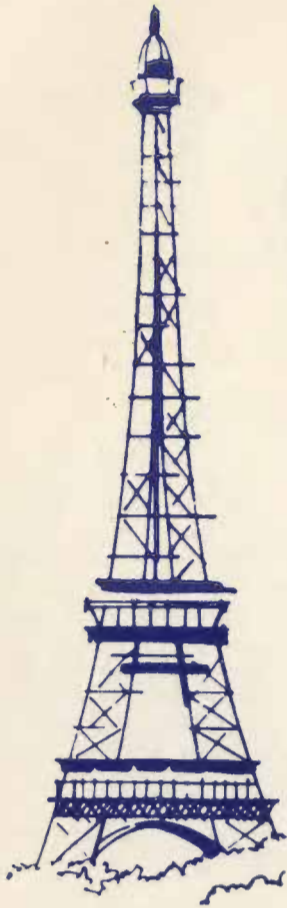
After all is said and done,
"The B.A. Battle has been won"
And we leave these hallowed halls for evermore
Will we throw our books away —
Bow down to God and pray —
Or simply race right through the "Open Door"?
There are decisions to be made —
When we finally reach the grade
There's a big cold world of living just outside
It can turn out pretty well,
Or it may be just like Hell,
Depending how we take it in our stride.
The exams are quite a pain,
And how often we complain,
Or suggest that something else should take their place
But cramming for a test
Is living at its best
Compared to running in the modern "Race".
Now many people here
Will disagree I fear
And insist that College life is really rough
But the hardest thing to me
Isn't getting a degree,
But defining for one's self the word "Enough".

Hugh McKervill



ADAM AND EVE

HhEe cast her from HhliSs side;
She could not strip HhliMm of HhliSs side.



THE POOR PEOPLE OF PARIS

(THE OUTER FRINGE)

J. B. SANDERS





Amongst the poor people of Paris is to be found a group for whom riches hold no meaning and in whose estimation security is akin to madness. This group is composed of "clochards" — a very singular type of tramp or vagrant which constitutes the outer fringe of what is normally called society. The "clochard's" natural background is the river Seine which meanders peacefully through the metropolis and where great numbers of them congregate. If they use sparingly of its water on their skin, they compensate by taking it to their hearts. The philosopher in them takes pleasure in viewing the barges travelling on its surface, transporting to the region part of its life-blood, or the fairy-like "vedettes" treating tourists to a novel, if low-level view of central Paris. They sympathize with the unrewarded fishermen on the piers though far be it from them to take pole in hand and in turn "try their luck". When evening falls, they are to be found sleeping beneath the stone arches of the many Seine bridges — on old newspapers, cardboard or straw — huddled together, sharing body heat, seemingly oblivious to the cold and damp that nevertheless penetrates their worn and tattered garments. This past frigid winter has been particularly harsh on the "clochard".

A certain camaraderie exists among the "clochards", as they are known to share generously the news of the day concerning hide-outs and the two almost invariable items of their bill of fare — creamy Camembert cheese and "pinart" — common French red wine, that wine which comes in litre bottles at a moderate price and whose headiness is a balm to the wounds of the day. Need one add that altruism at this low social level assumes a particular sublimity and causes one to remember Rousseau's remark concerning the "honnête gens du grand monde" who, while dining at lavish tables, scorn the pretensions of the proletariat and deny that he oft-times goes hungry.

Where do they come from? Little does it matter. It is sufficient to say that this is not a new grouping, an aftermath of war. Medieval France had its "clochards" in whose ranks belonged François Villon, a great national poet and the historiographer of the fringe:

Frères humains qui après nous vivez
N'ayez pas les cœurs contre nous
endurcis
Car si pitié de nous povres avez,
Dieu en aura plus tost de vous mercis.

It is certain that most of them wish to forget the past and have chosen this "hand to mouth", parasitic existence to escape once and for all from organized society. They show no obvious desire to be reintegrated into society, saved, redeemed. And others, strangely enough, choose this way of life through inclination. Their only struggle is to earn in various fashions: collecting bottles or rags, helping out at the central market ("Halles"), begging, — enough to subsist. The day's work done (the shorter the working day the better), they often sleep in the gutters until hunger's pangs awaken them. They are not at all obnoxious and no longer resort to robbery and violence. Their sole wish

is to be left in peace, unmolested. The Parisian "agent" cooperates.

It is interesting to note that within the ranks of the "clochards" are to be found a certain number of women and disillusioned young men. One case which came to my attention last summer involved a graduate of the University of Paris! It is to be hoped that some of these will be able one day to face life's challenge and to desert the outer fringe. That surprisingly few appear to do so, to effect an escape, is significant and indicative of the stupifying, lethargic effects of the "clochard's" existence. The "clochard" eventually ends up by becoming the object of the young Parisian medical student's curiosity. I have seen dozens of mishapen bodies on marble slabs in the Anatomy Section of the

Medical Faculty and the sight is not a pleasant one. And yet this perspective of a ghoulish nature would probably have no deterrent influence upon the "clochard" who would still think he had time.

The solution to the problem is not an obvious one. The box-car-riding Canadian tramp of the 30's has become an historical reality and the amelioration of this country's economy has more or less been the reason. The "clochard" on the other hand is incorrigible and, in France, it is the working classes that have profited from the considerable improvement in the nation's economy since 1945. To quote one "clochard" and his wife encountered along the Seine near the Quai de la Rapée: "La cloche, c'est pas si moche. C'est par goût que je suis clochard, et la vieille aussi."



IN ECSTASY

When we were one and there was none
Except our love which, too, was one
We cherished love as blind the day,
The sun, the moon, but did not pray
For we did love and love well may,
And will, before the one to three
Can die the death the loveless see.

So I betake you, loved one,
And hold you tight and love you through
And touch your flesh and press your skin
And crush your life with lover's sin
And say to one who loves you too
As we did love before them all,
We shall again hear lover's call.

In ecstasy we love, not pain
For love alone shall live not gain
In coffins, beds, and fields of love,
We feel alone this love above
Or else we love and love not all
But love, and two do love all told,
I one, you two, we three, consoled.

TO BE

or

NOT TO BE

SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Anthropologists and their ilk are apt to look into the future and assess the then characteristics of mankind. Consensus seems to be that he will probably be a creature with a larger and completely bald head, said head rather more pointed than now. His brain will be enormous, so that (wearing ear-phones) he will be able to digest thoroughly the contents of a lecture, while at the same time he makes four no trump with weak spades and discusses in detail the events of last night's date. This oversize brain seems to be a "must" for future mankind.

This small effort is in the way of being a thesis that such a stage will never be reached, for mankind won't be around long enough. And here we shall not bother to assess the mass of lethal weapons that he has accumulated. These are self-evident as possibilities for extinction. Let us suppose that the cold war waxes and wanes but does not flare up. Is then the future of man assured, and will he achieve his pointed head?

Man is unique in several ways. He shares with very few other organisms the killing of members of other species for the sake of killing. He battles and destroys members of his own race for reasons other than the acquisition of food, shelter, or mate. And, finally, he places the welfare of the individual above the welfare of the race. This is contrary

to the trend among other living organisms, but he excuses this by stating that as he stands above all other organisms their governing laws do not apply to him. Thus he becomes the only species that, for various reasons, not only permits but actually encourages the less efficient members to reproduce. (And here is the chance to take the annual swipe at that politically expedient but eugenically deleterious Canadian innovation, the Family Allowance, otherwise the baby bonus.)

In the endeavours mentioned above, man is acting in a direct and forthright manner. He either pulls them up or knocks them down. But it is also possible that he is moulding his future in an indirect manner, moving towards the apparent welfare of the individual, but in doing so, slowly jeopardizing the race. He may be killing himself with kindness.

As a start, we could consider (and some of you can skip this, for you have heard it before) the matter of the new chemicals that have zoomed across the horizon in the past few years. Against our ancient enemies, the bacteria that plague us, we have developed the sulphas, the antibiotics, and those other formulas that come under the heading of 'wonder drugs'. Each has failed us in two respects. First, we have developed nothing along this line that obli-

terates even partially all forms of bacteria. Secondly, we have developed nothing that completely obliterates any one form of bacteria. Some few survive, because of special characteristics (mutations?) and persist to pass these on to subsequently expanding generations. To put it another way, they develop a resistance to the particular drug warring against them. Thus we kill off the varieties over which we have some control, to replace them by more virulent forms over which we have no control. Then we work madly to discover some formula that will weed out the less virulent forms of those that are left, so the still more virulent may persist and multiply. Some day, by the use of a series of drugs, or by the discovery of some super-drug, it might be hoped that the last obnoxious bacterium would writhe and breathe its last. But bacteria have a habit of constantly producing new varieties, so that the struggle appears limitless. Will man be caught some day with a super-virulent strain of bacteria sweeping the world and with no effective counter-attack? Essentially every individual, who harbours bacteria and who is cured of his illness by these drugs, becomes an incubator for the furtherance of more virulent strains. But who among us will have the courage to say, "Now you just go and let me have this disease in peace. I may become very ill and may even die. But I stand foursquare in my determination that I shall never become 'godfather to a superior strain of germs.'" More likely the attitude would be, 'There is a good chance that they will lick this thing later. Anyway, by the time it gets out of hand I won't be around to have to worry about it.' So would you, and so would we.

The same story could be written concerning our other ancient enemies, those insects that oppose our placid way of life. We have developed scores of

insecticides and all that we have accomplished so far seems to have been to breed a stronger and more intelligent race of whatever insect we wish to eradicate.

To understand another aspect of man's manipulations of nature it is necessary to digress for a moment. (Those who skipped can now take up again, for we think that this is new to most.) Though man consists of billions of units, called cells, he originally began life as a single cell. In this cell was his inheritance, collected from the ages. It was in the form of approximately ten thousand small protein particles, secretory in nature, and called genes. Each gene produces a secretion, which in combination with the secretions of one or more other genes produces some characteristic, morphological, physiological, or otherwise. Man thus becomes the product of his genes. These genes are arranged in linear fashion on larger bodies called chromosomes, of which man has forty-eight, or more correctly twenty-four pair. For the chromosomes march in pairs, as homologous chromosomes, and the genes go two by two as alleles. In ordinary cell division each chromosome builds a new one beside it and hands one of the facsimiles to each new cell formed. Thus each cell of the body contains the same chromosomes and genes. Each cell contributes its quota to the overall picture of the man.

With ten thousand genes taking part in several thousand divisions it would seem inevitable that something must go wrong somewhere, and it occasionally does. The gene is modified in some way by some factor and ever after produces a different type of secretion that tries to produce a slightly changed characteristic. This gene change is a mutation. If this occurs early enough in the growth of an individual, enough cells may be altered that

the different characteristic may show up. The latter in the developmental history of the individual in which mutation occurs, the less pronounced is the noticeable change. In any case, it will persist only for the life of that individual, with one exception. If the mutated gene becomes part of a reproductive cell it will be passed on, and if it becomes one of the cells concerned in the formation of a new individual it will alter that individual, and succeeding generations. It is by means of such transmitted mutations that new characteristics are fixed in the race.

One thing more. Most of these mutations produce minute variations and most mutations are retrogressive. It is therefore of paramount importance to any race that the number of mutations be kept to a minimum. This would be impossible were all mutations permanently retained. However, due to death or failure to reproduce of those carrying adverse mutations the said mutations tend to be gradually eliminated from the race. In the human, under normal conditions, the mutations tend to increase for approximately forty generations and to stabilize there with approximately eight detrimental mutant genes.

Man is more at the mercy of any increase in mutation rate than most species. The space between generations is great which means a slow replacement of mutant genes by normal ones. In spite of the rapidly increasing population, human birth rate is much below potential. Finally, whereas in most species natural selection tends to eliminate mutant genes which are detrimental, man tends to preserve them by artificially keeping alive and permitting to reproduce those who would normally leave us and take their detrimental genes with them.

What is man doing about his mu-

tant genes? In many ways it would appear that he is trying to accumulate them. A certain number appear to arise spontaneously, but it has been known for some time that radiations increase the number. Man has on hand some excellent sources of radiation. The atomic weapons come first to mind.

There are two possible ways for these to affect man. The most spectacular would be to become involved as a target for atomic blasting. Providing that he survived the heat and the concussion, he will be exposed to a shower of radiating particles, the 'radio-active fall-out'.

The unit of radiation is the 'roentgen'. It has been shown that 40 roentgen units of radiation produce mutations at a frequency equal to their spontaneous frequency. About 800 roentgens represent a lethal dose if acquired suddenly, but from 1000 to 1500 may be absorbed over a long period. Individuals who survive such a dosage and reproduce could be expected to contribute an abnormally great number of mutations. If 40 roentgen units produce 0.2 mutations, as is found, then 1000 should produce 5 mutations per person. Each mutation will work towards the extinction of the race, and the cumulative effect will be that there will be two 'genetic deaths' (premature death or sterility) for each member of the previous generation. Since this will continue through succeeding generations, it would make the future of mankind rather precarious. In regions farther remote, the fall-out would produce more in the region of 60 roentgens. This would about double the rate for one generation, but would probably not be repeated. Thus there would be little serious genetic damage. In all probability, were bombs to fall, the future segregation problems would involve those heavily irradiated and the more peripheral lightly-irradiated grie-

tic superiors.

This first possibility is not in the way of being a help to the individual. The second might be construed as being so. If man is to preserve himself, he must test his weapons. Though he does this on some Pacific atoll or distant desert, the radioactive particles will float for some distance and time. A burning question is whether this raising of the background radiation from 0.1 to 0.2 and a total accumulation of 0.6 roentgens will result in serious mutations. Per generation the resultant mutant increase will be very little and the effects few. But if testing is continued generation after generation, new mutations will be induced at a rate greater than they are lost. The situation should become intolerable after about 1500-2000 years and man then would be in danger of extinction. (This assumption is made, of course, in the light of present knowledge. Future assessments may vary greatly, as more and better data are accumulated.) On the whole, for the present, the danger would not appear to be too great. But don't quote us. There are plenty of biologists crying havoc at the present moment.

In all the furor concerning atomic radiations one other source seems to have been overlooked and is only lately receiving attention. That is the present tendency to permit industrial workers to absorb up to 0.3 roentgens per week when exposed to radiations. This accumulation would after ten years raise the mutations transmitted by such personnel from 0.2 to 0.25-0.75. Again, for one generation only, this would do no particular harm. But if succeeding generations work in radioactive surroundings the effect is bound to be felt.

X-rays are being used more and more for diagnostic and curative purposes. The average dose per person per year is a mere estimate; but placed

at not less than 0.6 roentgens. This is the amount produced by fall-out from weapons testing. In addition, X-rays, unless properly shielded, are more apt to reach the reproductive cells which are much more susceptible to mutations than body cells.

Add to this the hope that nuclear testing is a phenomenon of one generation only (a pious hope) but that X-rays will be used more and more. One then comes up with the horrid thought that while the generation-to-generation effects of X-rays are not noticeable, eventually they could be more damaging genetically than a nuclear war.

A relatively new series of studies now discloses that many chemicals can affect mutation rates. Most of these are of such nature that they will be encountered only accidentally. However, evidence would seem to point to the fact that caffeine may be one of the culprits. So take heed, ye of the Torgue room! Not only may you be missing lectures, but as well, by your guzzling of Irene's coffee you may be building up mutations that will plague the next forty generations of your descendants. How many other beverages, condiments, drugs, and chemicals of other sorts, now used to satisfy the individual, may be contributing to the deterioration of the race. Too little has as yet been found out to give any direct answer.

Eventually it adds up to this. Man on the one hand is giving a helping hand to his main enemies, the bacteria and the insects. On the other hand he is encouraging his own deterioration by speeding up his mutation rate in a variety of ways.

Therefore we will put down good money that the last Homo Sapiens, as he stands on a high hill bitten by insects, teeming with germs, and looking into the sunset, will still have a well-rounded head.

TO PAINTERS.

You have to put up with the one that I own,
So why be deceitful, leave yours alone.
You can polish your charms and cultivate grace,
But why must you wear all that "stuff" on your face?
God painted the roses and tinted the cheek
If you can do better why don't you request
He lent us these bodies — they're not ours to keep
A contract in Heaven for painting the rest.

THE PREACHER AND THE FARMER

There were dirty little children
With their noses red and sore,
And many coloured patches
On the ragged clothes they wore,
The father, half bent over
Sucked a crumpled cigarette.
His wife was just behind him
With her hair up in a net
Now the preacher felt quite weary
With the travelling he had done,
But he knew he must be cheerful
If these souls were to be won.
So he smiled a Christian smile
In the way he knew so well,
And the farmer promptly told him
Where to go—!

Hugh W. McKervill



KARL MARX . . .

his theory of history . . .

. . . and its implications for us

BY FRED DAHMS

In 1848 Karl Marx and Frederick Engels wrote the "Communist Manifesto", in which is contained the doctrine of the Communist Party and Karl Marx's theory of history. The fact that this little pamphlet has had a profound effect upon world events is easily seen when one surveys the present situation; but the way in which Marx's principles have been corrupted is not evident until one examines his "Manifesto". Since the basis of the "Manifesto" is dependent upon Marx's theory of history, we shall briefly discuss it and then decide whether or not Marx had a realistic conception of the future.

Marx postulated the theory that all periods of history have been controlled by the prevailing modes of exchange and production. Because of changes in production, consumption, and distribution, new legal relations among the different classes of society have con-

stantly arisen. Since it is the bourgeoisie that control production, these changes have been made by them, without consultation with the proletariat which does the work. Marx explains the intellectual and political history of each epoch from these constantly changing conditions. Hence the whole history of mankind (since the dissolution of primitive tribal society holding land in common ownership) has been a history of struggles between the exploiting and the exploited classes; the ruling and the oppressed. This history of class struggles has formed a series of evolutions which has caused the bourgeoisie to free themselves from serfdom and will now allow the proletariat to free themselves from the bourgeoisie. Marx believed that the time had come when the proletariat would obtain its emancipation from the bourgeoisie through a violent revolution which would finally emancipate society

at large from all exploitation, class struggle, and oppression. This revolution was to come first in the country which was the most modern and industrialized; namely Germany.

Marx had several seemingly logical reasons to support his theory of an imminent and violent revolution. He believed that the bourgeoisie were forging the tools with which the proletariat would destroy them. Because of keen competition the bourgeoisie was rapidly becoming smaller and the proletariat larger. This would cause even worse conditions among the working class which even now had to compete with its own members for jobs. Hence a large discontented group would be ready to overthrow the small ruling and exploiting class. Since more and more bourgeoisie were being forced into the proletariat group, they were bringing the education and the organizational ability with them with which to mould the proletariat into an effective machine to oppose the remaining bourgeoisie. The centralization of modern industry greatly facilitated the gathering of large groups of the proletariats into one place. Hence the bourgeoisie had unwittingly endowed the proletariat with the incentive, the education, and the numbers with which to emancipate society. Marx ends his "Manifesto" with this appeal:

"Let the ruling classes tremble at a communist revolution. The proletariat have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win. Working men of all countries unite."

Once this revolution was accomplished, Marx believed that the new rulers would set up a "dictatorship of the proletariat." As soon as things were reorganized the need for this would vanish and we would have a satisfied, classless society. When the exploitation of one individual by another was ended, the exploitation of one nation by another

would also cease, and the net result would be an association in which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all. A peaceful, happy, almost utopian society would soon inherit the earth.

Looking back, we can see that Marx was mistaken in many of his presumptions. The revolution, when it did come, did not come in Germany, where the workers were strong, well-organized, and numerous, but in Russia, where they were weak, unorganized and few. As it turned out, the German proletariat realized that it could obtain social services and political rights more easily by using its strong political organization to obtain them from the government by peaceful means. Only in Russia, where the proletariat was oppressed and miserable did it finally stage a violent revolution and overthrow the ruling classes. While this movement started as a true Marxian experiment, it has since been transformed by Stalin and his successors into a totalitarian-type regime. It is evident that Marx picked the wrong, in fact, almost completely opposite conditions from those which did precipitate a revolution, and when the revolution was accomplished it did not produce the results which he had anticipated.

Does this mean that Marx was also wrong in his assumption, that the proletariat would eventually escape from its bonds? I do not (with some reservations) think so. Even if the final evolution has not come as Marx predicted, it is still coming slowly and surely. One has only to look at the powerful labor unions which infest our country to see how strong the proletariat really is. When a union can make the largest corporation in the world come to its knees and make a large and costly compromise, it is time for the capitalist to start worrying about his position. The earnings of the average laborer are now very

high, but he still wants more. Shorter hours, less work, and more pay, seems to be the motto of every labor union. In Australia, the unions are so powerful that the average worker thinks that he is doing his employer a favor by working for him. In our own country, the powerful and often corrupt labor unions seem to have an undue influence upon municipal, federal, and provincial governments. They may soon become too strong and swallow up the very industries which once gave them their reason for existence.

The other manifestation of Marx's teaching has appeared in an even more dangerous and insidious form. Even though Russia does not practise Marxian Socialism, she preaches it. This is an excellent lure by which to seduce into her sphere the over-populated misery spots of the world. Once such an area has been ensnared in the Soviet embrace, it is an easy matter for Russia to cut off

all freedoms, stamp out capitalism, and create another satellite which will aid her in her avowed policy of world domination. Marx's lofty ideals have been turned into a bait with which to capture unsuspecting victims—a use which he surely never intended.

Hence we see that even though Marx erred in his immediate predictions, and did not foresee the way in which his ideas would be used, he has created a theory which is both dangerous and valid. I believe that his final evolution may come, even if it is not in the form that he predicted. It will come either through the very un-Marxian machinations of the Soviet union, or internally, because of the actions of our labor unions. Between the spectre of the Russian pseudo-Communism and the internal gnawings of our unions, the capitalist may well quake in his boots and hope that we are not on the eve of the last of Marx's inevitable evolutions!

ON TIME AND MAN

Life is short and Death the only end,
 But Spring is here—does Heaven thus portend
 A resurrection of the Heart of Man
 To follow some mysterious plan?
 Heaven may; yet man goes blindly on,
 A crumbling Pyramid, a tattered Parthenon,
 Midst the feces and the filth of all past ages,
 Too slow for Time . . . Time . . . the Book . . . the Last Pages.
 Should they show him imperfect, perfect, or unreal?
 Or crushed by the might of His Own Ordeal?
 Behind him, Time, a prostitute, destitute, and resolute . . .
 Look not back! or a saline pillar be, unable to refute.
 Before him, Time, a virgin, unattained, and unbestained . . .
 Go forward! for Time once lost is unregained.
 The furrowed brow of patient Earth withstands
 Onslaught on onslaught, and still poor man demands
 The Fish to satiate, the Loaves to activate: he, ingrate,
 Dabbles, babbles from pool to pool, each in turn to stagnate.

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