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IN THIS ISSUE

6	EDITOR'S NOTES	
7	EDITORIAL	D. B.
8	STORY	Ziba Fisher
9	AN EASTER MEDITATION	John Hibbs
10	RELIGION IN EDUCATION	Ed. Mitchell
11	ETERNAL PARIS	James S. Saunders
13	OPERA	Arthur Freund
14	REFLECTIONS ON NIGERIA	Mercy Okam
16	SEMINARY	William D. Huras
17	NIL, AND WHY NOT	T. B. Harrison
18	LIFE	B. W. Kelley
22	EDUCATION IS EVERYONE'S BUSINESS	James W. Hunt
24	CONSOLATION	Hugh W. McKervill
25	REDISCOVERY	Harry Kuntz
27	LET'S BECOME WATER SAFETY CONSCIOUS	Barry Norton
28	BESIEGE MY LIFE	Dale Bergey

Articles by the following people have not been printed in this issue: Jerry Hughes, Dick Buhr, Tom Aaciuk, Gwen Robertson, Alan Beaton. See Editor's notes.

CORD

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EDITOR'S NOTES

HIGHLIGHTS

Special praise goes to Jim Heldmann for his attractive Easter cover and to John Hibbs for his thoughtful Easter meditation. Prof. B. W. Kelley and Prof. J. B. Saunders have also contributed interesting articles.

POETRY

Ziba Fisher reveals his talent of telling the Great Story with lovely simplicity. T. B. Harrison's poem puzzles for a time, but with further readings, it grows on you. To Hugh, we say we are indeed consoled as always.

EDUCATION

Don't miss the worthwhile thoughts on education contributed by Ed. Mitchell and James Hunt or by Mercy Okam included in her article on Nigeria. And for your life! read Barry Norton's article.

REDISCOVERY

Harry Kuntz has written a short story with an Easter message for all.

GUISEPPE VERDI

For the appealing story of this famous opera composer, read Arthur Freund's article **Opera**.

THANKS

—go to Glenn O'Connor, our retiring editor, for a previous job well done and for his tireless persistence in working with new recruits—the slave driver! Thanks are also due to Sofia Weingartner and Brigitte Stuchlik for valuable assistance with this month's **Cord**.

REGRETS

The Editors regret that many fine articles had to be set aside to await another publication due to lack of **Cord** funds. Precedence has been given to articles that came to life on the deadline.

EDITORIAL

IN March or April, our minds turn to many things — be it chasing our vanishing hats down the main street of Waterloo or preparing for Spring examinations. Personally, I enjoy the former to the latter, even when I do find my new grey creation in a pool of muddy water.

The winds of March provide the tempo for this perturbed period of our existence. Even the elements are for us! They won't let us forget! Every time my muddy fedora takes a leap into the wind, I think, "That's me! gone with the wind! unless I settle down to these books and notes! Some of them look as if the March wind had had its way with them, too. But indeed, it gives me a great deal of satisfaction to realize that by a supreme effort of will I can recover the vanishing fedora.

Speaking of hats as part of female attire, I have seen some forerunners of the Easter parade, recently, which needed no March wind to carry them away. But perhaps there won't be an Easter parade, for it seems that Eolus, the wind god, has blown Eastere, the Spring goddess right back into her pyramid, or wherever she goes.

The winds aren't as strong in the Torque Room of late. Usually a place of bustling activity and flying words, recently it has degenerated into a den of apathy. Indeed, the sad looks would move the heart of Nero himself. Plato will be glad for the silent tongues. He will no longer have to be a silent partner to the dissection of his theories.

I can never think of March without recalling the soothsayer's warning to Ceasar in Shakespeare's play, Julius Ceasar. "Beware the Ides of March!" he said. However, the 15th is past but perhaps it is not too late to take due warning and stay in for the rest of the month. Remember what happened to Julius! If he had only listened to Greer!

Perhaps by the end of April, the March winds will have blown us into a state of war with the books. But it would be much better should we begin right now. Or perhaps it doesn't matter, for with three exams per day, we shall all be as Mad as March Hares anyway.

The March winds have had their influence on Chapel attendance as well — a favourable influence. Or perhaps it is the thought of exams that have sent us racing to our prayers.

It is said that St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland in March. I wonder if he had the March wind to help him, or if he just used the old blarney itself. Too bad the St. Patrick's Day banquet was not attended by more of the wind that is always whining for more student parties, etc. I allow myself to be blown along here. They tell me it was an excellent banquet with an excellent speaker.

However, let's forget about our secluded little monastery of Waterloo College for a minute, and see what news March winds bring from outside. Princess Margaret will soon be 25 and will be able to marry without

the Queen's consent. It's none of our business but I hope she makes it. I'm a firm believer in true love. Whilst Margaret phones Townsend on the "green phone," Nehru of India escaped death by a few inches from a "cranky person" who made for him with a four-inch knife. Russia has hit the news with a revelation at last. A new limousine called the Volga has been built. It has all the trimmings of the finest cars but lacks one important feature — availability. Mass production is in the future. More slave labour needed.

March has brought a fair wind to Canada with the victory of the Penticton V's over the Moscow Dynamos. But by all reports it seems that the wind is tainted by the Penticton V's lack of acquaintance with dear Emily Post. No doubt "Der Wilde Bill" realizing that it was near

St. Patrick's Day, felt it quite in order to push the European dishes aside and demand "fried potatoes." However, according to an article entitled, "The North" in *Time*, March 21, the Russians are progressing more favourably than the Canadians in making use of their Northern lands. The figures showing the staggering difference in population is all that is needed to show the contrast of development. In the Russian North above the 60th parallel, there are 4,500,000 people while in Canada's North only 25,000.

However, the article states that there has been an increased interest in the Canadian North in recent years. Let's hope the wind will blow a few more that way. Well, **Time** is running out so I'd better buzz for now.

End

STORY

ZIBA FISHER

The Imperial Imposter was crowned
Thorns His reward, and Hell
And the evening and the morning
were the first day.

Nature wept to lose Him, the first
veil rent
Soldiers pierced Him, and fell
And the evening and the morning
were the second day.

The arrogant rock was rolled away
All glory His, eternity yours
And the evening and the morning
were the third day.

An Easter Meditation

JOHN HIBBS

NOW upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them. And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre. And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus. And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments: And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? **HE IS NOT HERE, BUT IS RISEN!**

With these words the hope and faith of mankind began and at the apex of our Church year we again meditate upon them, gaining spiritual inspiration and understanding and realizing in ourselves that they are the most glorious and hopeful words mankind has ever heard, or will ever hear.

For centuries now, Christian people have proclaimed these words in the Creed of their faith: "I believe in Jesus Christ our Lord — crucified, dead and buried — He rose again from the dead — and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father. To these people the hope of the world does not lie in a crucified Lord, **BUT IN AN EMPTY TOMB** — for they proclaim a living Saviour, even Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever, who calls mankind unto repentance and acceptance of Him. They are so filled with the discovery of the living Christ, and what

He can do for their lives and for the world, that they are eager to bring others into such a fellowship with Him.

They know that there is something beyond the tomb. They believe that whatever happens in the life to come is connected with what has happened here on earth, for life is continuous to them. They believe that the direction toward which a person is inclined on earth points the way beyond. Easter to them is an eternal reminder that the grave is only an incident in their existence, and that eventually, in accordance with God's divine plan, their bodies will cease their earthly purpose and will break out of their human shells into that limitless realm of Life Eternal.

Theirs is a purposeful living. They have found the answer to the posing questions of life: "What is it all about? Why am I here? What is life for?" Although they are occupied in different vocations of life work, they have come to the realization that all have been called into one common service — and that is in Jesus Christ. One "calling" — to make Him known unto others. They have found in Jesus Christ a new loyalty and authority for living, and have in all realism been "born again."

It is at this time in the life of their faith that they look back to the empty tomb and rejoice with those who first beheld it, proclaiming unto others:

"This is the day which the Lord hath
(Concluded on page 32)

RELIGION IN EDUCATION

ED MITCHELL

EDUCATION and Christianity must work hand in hand — of this I am convinced. Now, may I introduce a friend who says “not so.” His name is Bertrand Russell, and these are his thoughts on the subject. (We are considering primary and secondary education and have centred on the subject of teachers).

“Since most people whose intelligence is much above the average are, nowadays openly or secretly agnostic, the teachers in a school which insists religion must be either stupid or hypocritical.”

My blood pressure increased several degrees at this point and we have parted company. Such a reaction was not merely instructive for there **are** sound reasons which must prove the falsity of Mr. Russell’s opinion.

Throughout our past years of public and high school all of us have been “subjected to” many different teachers and, as is most natural have compared, analyzed (in our own ways) and classified these people at least in our mind. Some we liked, others we didn’t; some were stern, others were too easy on us. But in some of them we saw lives which were wholeheartedly dedicated to the education and upbringing of the students that God had put in their care. These were the people from whom we gained most — souls who were earnestly concerned for their students’ welfare. Do disciples of Bertrand Russell’s line of thought have any reason for dedication of this quality? I think not.

Is it then not sensible to assume

that the Christian teacher alone has the only true and dedicated motives for teaching? We must be able to look into our past and recall times when harmless but vain philosophies and social ideals have claimed our attention. Sometime we have eagerly espoused them. These seem reasonable to us at the moment and may charm us for some time. But we learn that it would be folly to rely on any of them or to dedicate our lives to the furtherance of their cause, since in the end (of life) what do they bring but — void — for that is all they are, a “shot in the dark” and a “step into nothingness.” This must be the position of a man without the Lord.

Isn’t it glorious that God has not left us to fumble in our own confusion — or — equally as disastrous to let drive on with misplaced zeal? Since in Jesus, one finds “the way, the truth and the Life,” there can be none other so worthy of any man’s zeal. For the teacher especially, this conviction must be the very foundation of his profession; otherwise, the children in his care will not be nurtured on the only sure starting-point for character building. It isn’t that the teacher must **preach** to his students, but rather what may be most effective of all his attitude to his work and to his students must testify as to his purpose. Character will be strongly built and lives honourably as a result.

But to return to Bertrand Russell — and the modifications of all his

(Concluded on page 32),

ETERNAL PARIS

JAMES B. SAUNDERS

IT is a truth universally acknowledged that all roads lead to Paris. Paris can be likened to an occidental Mecca in the world of art, to a sole-surviving enchantress in an age of science, to a rampart against the pernicious aspects of "Americanism." Paris is a magnetic field inexorably but benevolently drawing in, irrespective of religion, caste or colour (meritorious in our age) the best of talents. Politically, Paris remains the pulse of Europe; its quickened or retarded tempo replaces the weather as a topic of conversation. If France were to fall mortally ill, no earthly wall could check the spread of contagion.

Once subjected to the influence of the metropolis, one is never the same: one may possibly grow to hate Paris but an undeniable air of respect inevitably permeates that hate.

One of the many attractions of Paris is its splendid theatre. The theatre of the post-war period has flourished, due in part to its commendable eclecticism, due for the most part to the profound love of the average Parisian for this superior form of conventional art. Theatre-goers have adequate choice as approximately forty plays are performed daily and one might well add that this is conducive to higher standards in that the inferior play or performance is short-lived. The late Paul Claudel's arch-catholicism has never been more perfectly embodied than in the perennial favorite, *L'ANNONCE FAITE A MARIE*, rising recently to new heights of success;

the *HUIS CLOS* of Sartre with its windows on to eternity fastened tight, continues to attract perhaps more than its due share of attention at the Royal Theatre. Let us mention the interest created by the staging, at the Hebertot Theatre, of the *CONDITION HUMAINE* of Andre Malraux (*MAN'S FATE*), based upon the powerful novel of 1933; the first performance of what is supposedly the final contribution of Henri de Montherlant to the theatre, *PORT ROYAL*, which has given rise to considerable controversy as to the relative merits of the Jansenist and Jesuit religious philosophies. The less elevated type of "spectacle" is not lacking: "French-Cancan" at the Moulin-Rouge—shades of Toulouse-Lautrec, "Sensations of Paris" at the Casino, "Desires" at the Lido and last and not least, "Strip Tease" at 22 o'clock at the Crazy Horse Saloon.

DR. JECKYLL AND MR. HYDE, *MACBETH*, Shaw's *PYGMALION*, Pirandello's *THE LIFE I GAVE YOU*, Green's *THE LIVING ROOM*, A. Miller's *THE CRUCIBLE*—are but a few examples of foreign (the French scarcely think of them as such), names and works that have been brought to the attention of the Parisian theatrical public during the past three months. Shaw is rapidly becoming as popular in France as Shakespeare has always been. His *PYGMALION* was recently described as "an outstanding and legitimate success." Let us remember that the French not so very long ago conducted themselves as chauvinists, in-

sisting upon the "made in France" play-label. This is now, fortunately, a thing of the past.

Paris, theatrically speaking, does not content itself with importing works. The Comedie Francaise and the Madeleine-Renaud, Jean-Louis Barrault Company have become the regular guests of the French T.V. and its international hook-up and the former is continually extending the radius of its famous "tournees." It is to be hoped that Toronto will be favoured in the near future by a visit and the performance of some of the sparkling fantasy and badinage of Moliere and Marivaux.

In the literary field, it is interesting to note the resurgence of the troubling mysticism of Blaise Pascal. Many are the commentaries being currently published on the various aspects of the author of the *PEN-SEES* and a revaluation is seemingly underway of the entire seventeenth century Jansenist background. A contemporary of Pascal, the aristocratic preacher Bossuet, bishop of Meaux, has recently been the object of much research by Parisians archivists culminating in a splendid exhibit of his manuscripts at the historic "hotel de Rohan." It does appear to be a reasonable surmise that Parisians and, indeed, the French in general, are seeking in such catholic writers either an answer to or an escape from the many problems of an Super-Atomic Age. The catholic existentialist Gabriel Marcel recently explained in this fashion the success of *PORT ROYAL* of Montherlant, "It denotes a singular disposition in the public of today: a loathing for platitudes, and its corollary, the desire for sublimity." The English in

the last ten years have found solace in reading Jane Austen who, although never very "exciting" does present us with a static world of considerable charm.

In the political realm, the dispute between Paris and Washington rages on. Washington having compared the French Assembly to a wily Delilah of the twentieth century, the Parisian press replied ably by granting to the United States the leading role of a Samson. The latter, they suggest, is the symbol of brawn . . . not brain and, alack, can see no other remedy to world conditions than to render asunder the walls of the temple, crushing all within range. It is with this traditional distrust of the Americans in mind that they visibly shy away from any imminent "supra-nationalisme." In the eyes of the Parisian intellectual, this could be achieved only at a high price, namely, the sacrifice of cherished national interests. An added proposal that the world become fully bilingual, that is adopt the English language as a secondary, obligatory tongue, has met with the same testy response. The Frenchman has every reason for learning German, if, indeed, any other language, for the need of an understanding is greatest on the northeastern frontier. We would have done well, they insist, to have been aware thorough a knowledge of German, of the Goebbels-Hitler diatribes of the thirties. With regards to the problem of alcoholism, Paris resents any American attempt to replace the *vigne* by the *vach*. Admittedly, there is need for reform. There is one bar or cafe for every sixty-eight French-

(Continued on page 31)

OPERA

ARTHUR FREUND

WITH the coming of opera to Kitchener for two days, I thought it would be apropos to give a discourse on opera. Furthermore, what, in the field of music, could be more conducive to a discussion than an operatic composer, since opera itself involves not only music but a combining of music, drama, poetry, scenery and acting. The choice of being in this one field, as great as it is, poses another problem. However, I have chosen Giuseppe Verdi — since he is one of the foremost composers in that field.

Numbered among the greatest opera composers of all time, Giuseppe Verdi was the last great hero of Italian opera that began with Monteverdi. Along with Wagner and one or two other operatic composers, Verdi was one of the most prolific. His development in composition grew consistently from the time he wrote *NABUCCO* in 1842 until the climax of his opera writing career with *FALSTAFF*.

In his youth, Verdi gained himself considerable recognition by substituting for an absent organist, who was his teacher and conducting several performances as a music director; his greatest disappointment in his youth, however, came with the Conservatory of Milan refusing him entrance, because he was too old (by 4 years); his previous theoretical training had been inadequate; and to the Conservatory he seemed to show no excellent musical qualities. Despite this he studied privately and later became

conductor of the Philharmonic Society at Brussels, his first home of musical instruction. From here on, Verdi's musical torch began to flicker and increase its flames until it provided light, in the field of opera, for all Italy and the world.

In this development there are two distinct Verdis. The lyrical Verdi was the man who was the apprentice and who produced the great operas of a middle period (1851-1871). The dramatic Verdi appeared with his last two operas *Othello* and *Falstaff* in which the music along with the play formed the integral parts of the whole production.

It is interesting to note that Verdi became involved politically with two of his operas. The first was *I Lombardi*. Austrian officials who wanted to keep Italy in complete subjection, objected to a religious ritual in the opera, so they said, but at the root of objection was the political significance of the opera at that time. Through this censorship Verdi changed one religious number and the opera was performed. The people of Milan now claimed Verdi not only as a musical hero but also a political hero. In *ERNANI* the censor found an episode "politically dangerous" but Verdi upheld his basic issues giving in to few compromises. In the next seven years Verdi composed 10 operas with the majority of them being successful. His musical torch had increased its flame and spread its

(Continued on page 30)

REFLECTIONS ON NIGERIA

By MERCY OKAM

SOME of you who do not know much about Nigeria, at least know, that it is remote from Canada. At times people ask where I come from and I say "Nigeria" and they say "You are a long ways from home." Then to sound their knowledge of Nigeria's location, I ask them where it is and they reply South Africa (at least they know where their diamond comes from) but for all they know, it could be in the Antarctic Circle. That confirms the fact that people in one country have faint knowledge about the people in other countries.

Coming back to the point of Nigeria's location, it is situated on the west coast of Africa approximately between latitudes $4\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ — 14° north of the equator and longitudes 3° and 15° east of the Greenwich Meridian.

I know that the first thing that comes to your mind whenever Africa is mentioned is the jungle. You may be surprised to know that Nigeria has a variety of vegetation, starting from a tropical rain forest where the trees tower to about 70-100 feet in the south near the coast through different gradation of thick forest (what you may call jungle), and tall grasses, to almost desert in the north. Most people I have met in Canada have the idea that all parts of Africa are scorchingly hot all year round. They may be surprised to know that in the Northern part of Nigeria the temperature gets as low as 50° F. sometimes in the cool season. This condition is mostly due to the elevation of land in Northern

Nigeria (eg. Bauche Plateau) and the Sahara Desert to the north.

In Nigeria we have two seasons, dry and rainy, equivalent to your summer and winter. During the rainy season which lasts for about six months, it rains all the time. Sometimes it may rain for two or three consecutive days. The heaviness of the rain depends on whether you live near the coast or inland. In the dry season there is very little rain if any at all. The temperature during both seasons vary slightly. Of course, it is a little cooler in the rainy season than the dry season. The mercury sometimes soars to 100° F. and over when it is very hot, but usually hovers between 70° — 80° F.

Now we shall deal with the people. The population of Nigeria is approximately 30,000,000. It is composed of three main tribes Hausa, Yoruba and Ibo. The Hausas occupy the north and form about one half of Nigeria's population. The Yorubas and Ibos are to the south and situated at the west and east of the Niger River, respectively. Each of the tribes speak a different language from the other. Nevertheless, we are all under one government.

Nigeria at present is on the road to complete self-government. The country is divided into three main regions namely Northern Region, Western Region and Easter Region. Each region has a Prime Minister who is a Nigerian and is elected into office by popular vote. Each region governs itself but each is responsible to the central government of Nigeria! Each

region also has its governing body who are elected into office by the people. We also have a British Governor General representing the Queen in Nigeria.

The next point we shall consider is the question of occupation. A large part of the population have farming as their occupation. Some parts of the population are professional or office workers but small in comparison to farmers. Our chief source of revenue is from agricultural products. We export a large amount of palm produce, peanuts (ground nuts), cocoa and a small variety of fruits, eg. oranges, bananas, etc. Our chief customer is, of course, Britain. U.S.A. and other European countries buy our cocoa, too.

You may be interested to know about the chief sources of our food stuff. In southern Nigeria the climate is suitable for raising of yams, cassava, corn, palm tree (oil, nuts, etc.), coconuts, fruits (oranges, mangoes, bananas, etc.) green vegetables. The northern Nigeria is more suitable for grains like rice and variety of beans, maize, etc. The Hausas to the north also raise cattle and domesticate wild birds such as the turkey and pheasant. The production of different crops in the North or South, facilitates trade between them. Each makes a good market for the products of the other.

Farming is a tedious work in Nigeria because the agricultural equipments are not as advanced as they are in Canada. In Canada it is unthinkable to do agricultural work without a tractor. Unfortunately, the average farmer in Nigeria can not afford a tractor, hence agricultural work wastes a tremendous amount of

energy with very little returns.

A tractor may plough a field in two hours that it takes about five men to till for a whole day. Nevertheless, things are changing with respect to agriculture. Farmers now form co-operatives and try to improve their crops as well as their yield by applying modern scientific methods as well as equipments. The pace of improvement is slow but steady. The government of Nigeria helps to educate the average farmer about new agricultural techniques. This brings us to the problem of education in Nigeria.

The educational facilities in Nigeria are very limited in comparison to her population. At present our immediate need is the practical education of the masses of the people in matters of agriculture and medical care and other essentials. Much work has been done along this line by the government missionaries and other private citizens but that is "only a drop in the bucket." We need many schools to educate the young. We have only one University to serve the whole country — namely the University of Ibadan. When you compare it with Canada that has at least one University or college in every big city, you may grasp what I am trying to put across. It is lack of these educational facilities that compel Nigerian students to leave their country and go abroad to other countries to pursue their education. There are about 450 Nigerian students in North America. All of the students or at least most of us look forward to making a contribution to Nigeria's development in our own small way.

(Continued on page 30)

SEMINARY

WILLIAM D. HURAS

ONCE again the time has come to say farewells for the summer.

Although the year has gone quite quickly we in Seminary feel that it has been a rich and full one. It will soon become experience, and we hope, it will soon be a reservoir upon which we can draw in later years. For many students this will come quickly. Many are planning to work in churches during the summer. This will be invaluable experience and will aid in bringing more interested students of theology in the next semester to the Seminary.

This year will see only one graduate, but he is a fine example of the calibre of man that Waterloo has managed to produce. Roseville Burgoyne is a strong character and capable leader. He is devoted to the task of bringing Christ to men and will, we all feel, be very successful in this endeavor. He is itching now to be at work in his parish at Geraldton, eight hundred miles north of this school. He has been to all of us, a fine example at all times, and never failed to extend a wise counsel when necessary. For this we will always be grateful and will hope to emulate him in future years. We are all happy that he is married and thus will have a much easier time of it in Northern Ontario.

Roseville is a graduate of Waterloo College ('53) and has always been a fine scholar. He has spent a fair portion of his life here and it seems to have had many good influences. We give him all the good wishes we can and we assure him that he will be in our prayers. May God grant him a rich harvest and an ac-

tive ministry. No doubt the road may be quite tough and hard to find at times — it usually is for every devoted man. Still it is a joyous service to be rendered when Christ is with us. May He never leave you, Roseville, and may He always be close to guide you.

There is another thing about Roseville that should be mentioned. He hails from that beautiful land known as Nova Scotia. This portion of Canada has given the seminary several fine students and although we often make them doubt it — we would like to say that they are wonderful people and we enjoy their fellowship here at Waterloo. May the East send many more such men to our Seminary!

Our Cossman-Hayunga preaching was limited to four sermons this year, but these were so very well delivered that the organization has been able to continue its beneficial duties. Roseville preached at Stratford, Paul Fischer at Tavistock, Don Himmelmann at Woodstock and Helmuth Saabas at Hespeler. All the seminary students are grateful to these men for their fine contribution to the Cossman-Hayunga society. Their work has enabled us to continue supporting two native missionaries in India and also to give aid to mission congregations in the Canada Synod. It is to be hoped that this valuable program will be continued in future years.

This year the Seminarians conducted the Kitchener-Waterloo Hospital Chapel services. This has proved

(Continued on page 29)

NIL, AND WHY NOT

T. B. HARRISON

Accessory after the fact—flagrant
unbelief

“Why not,” said he.

“Quiet,” said the clerk.

“Guilty,” said the jury.

“Eternity,” said the judge.

And so off to an infinite cell

To smoke a bit on ether cigars

As lit by a flaming star.

And every few aeons I catch a nebula

And piously to him visit

To express my regrets for his choice
in the matter

And suggest he recant to the board.

“Isn’t nil to recant,” says he.

“But, my son, your soul, your spirit;
for He —

“Have a cigar,” says he. I smoke —
and I smoke

And after a bit of eternity I say,

In spite of myself, “ ’Tis not a bad
flavour.”

“Why not,” says he

And I depart in a bit of a tizzy.

Then I hear him cry gaily, “Nil and
why not.”

“It scares me,” croaks I.

LIFE

B. W. KELLEY

THE term 'life' does not permit a definition. A living organism can be determined only by assigning certain characteristics to living matter, and considering as living only those organisms that incorporate all of these characteristics. These characteristics are briefly: a definite, and usually high degree, of organization; the ability to grow and differentiate; the ability to metabolise; the inclusion of irritability or ability to adapt to changes in the environment; the ability to reproduce. In the higher forms these characteristics produce a form that is easily recognized as living. But there are many forms of life in which the property is ill-defined, so much so as to be almost unrecognizable.

Essentially, a living system represents: A combination of atoms which has originated in, and exists in, a specific environment, and has the property of self-perpetuation. Implemented by metabolism, self-perpetuation is achieved through the maintenance of steady-state, through capacity to reproduce, and through ability to adapt.

Of course we do not know just how this peculiar combination of atoms arose first. The best that we can do is to make an intelligent guess and to suppose that at some time in the geological history of the earth, the environment and appropriate atoms coincided. As a result was formed a compound which had the necessary characteristics of living matter. It is probable that sever-

al such attempts were made, and that several forms were originated that had living properties before the final form emerged that has retained the property of self-perpetuation until this day.

The moment that we suggest origin of life, we find ourselves embroiled in argument. There are those that hold that such fortuitous wedding of environment and proper chemicals could not come about by chance, but only under the direction of some higher power. These represent the 'vitalistic' school. On the other hand many of those that have seen the unlimited possibility of chemical reaction feel that the forces that are known to act between atoms and molecules could account for the properties of living things, even though at present we do not know how to manipulate these forces. These are the members of the 'mechanistic' school. It is not the purpose here to get involved in the argument. It is difficult to conceive that anyone of religious faith involving a concept of a higher power could discard the idea of vitalism. Yet vitalism, carried to the extreme, produced the magic, witchcraft, human sacrifice, and other manifestations of belief in psychic power in the past. To-day vitalism tends to place emphasis on man as an individual, and tends to influence opinions on such things as restrictions on post-mortems, faith healing, methods of preservation of the dead and birth control. On the other hand, the mechan-

ists have become quite adept at taking living material apart to see why it ticks, but have been able to synthesize little more than simple degradation products of living processes.

As the foregoing statement concerning a living system points out, self-perpetuation is the fundamental property of life. Without this, the inherent stability could not be maintained and the new form would have to begin from the primordial atoms each time. No permanence could be established. Self-perpetuation could be sufficiently difficult in any form exposed to a constant and non-variable set of environmental conditions. But for the living organism, this is not the case. The environment is constantly changing. Not only are external factors fluctuating incessantly, but also the internal environment is constantly varying due to the new chemicals produced as a result of living itself. Therefore, if there is to be any permanence of structure, there must be a mechanism that will repair, replace, and restore those parts that become worn out or otherwise destroyed. By such a means a 'steady-state' can be maintained. Such a mechanism is not impossible for we see simplified versions of the same thing in the self-sealing tire, the automatic charging of the battery from the generator of a car, the self-adjustment of an automatic sprinkler system or a heating unit in a large building. Were the living system as simple as these, and did it need to react to one or two environmental changes only, the problem would be a simple one. But the living organism is so complex that much

more must go into the correlating mechanism than man could ever dream of putting into a machine. The steady-state is fundamental to life.

"Every aspect of self-perpetuation requires action by all or some of the parts of the living material." Action requires energy. Thus the procurement of energy from suitable sources, and the utilization of that energy is the first necessary step in establishment of a living system. It is even possible that energy preceded mass in the construction of the universe, since by Einstein's equation, $E=mc^2$, mass and energy are held to be interconvertible. The available energy exists in many sources which may be classified as: radiant, kinetic, atomic and chemical. Any one of these sources could be used by the living system, but it is necessary that the supply be available in a steady uninterrupted form. Of the four mentioned above, it is apparent that only chemical energy fills the requirements. Moreover in the virtually unlimited chemicals available there is an inexhaustible supply. Thus the organism can get its energy supply by acquiring certain chemicals, by storing it in other, usually more complex, chemicals, and finally by extracting it from the stored chemicals.

This process of energy manipulation is called 'metabolism.' There are two stages: the acquisition and storage of energy, which is 'anabolism'; and the release, transport, and utilization of energy, which is 'catabolism.' This is done by means of building up and breaking down chemicals, as we have seen, and thus the apparent activity of metabolism is chemical re-

actions. These are infinitely complex, and as yet relatively little is known concerning them. Their study constitutes the subject of biochemistry. The story is too long to unfold here, even if it were all known. We shall reiterate only that the chemical processes of metabolism exist to manipulate energy and thus chemical compounds must be used that are capable of storing up large amounts of energy. Of these only two will be mentioned, the adenosine phosphates.

Adenosine diphosphate (ADP) + phosphate + e \rightarrow adenosine triphosphate (ATP) ATP \rightarrow ADP + phosphate + E.

These substances are chosen because they represent two of the best energy bonding compounds and also because the energy used in building up the ATP is seen to be different from that released when the ATP is broken down. Here, in simple form, is the story of all metabolism.

We see then, that the energy necessary for the action that will maintain the steady-state is available. It becomes a matter of channelling the energies in such a way as to maintain the status quo. First, there must be a deviation from the steady state, which is called a "stress." This stress may arise from an external source such as fluctuation of temperature, lack of food, injury, etc. It may also have an internal origin such as using up food, change of concentration of the internal environment, and just general wear and tear on the protoplasm. The greater the variation of the external environment, and the greater the multiplicity of internal reactions in an organism, the greater will be the stresses engendered. Since

mental activity is an energy-using process just as much as physical activity, the tendency of man to think, (with all its terrible implications) adds to the stresses he produces.

This has led to a new concept of disease, advocated by Dr. Hans Selye of McGill. He believes that stresses may be the precursor of chemical unbalances in the body and that these unbalances manifest themselves in some form of illness. While 'stress' resists definition, as does 'life,' it would seem that modern living imposes more stresses, think of the term as you may.

This stress condition acts as a stimulus which acts on a receptor. The excitation of the receptor is passed along a sensory path to an adjusting mechanism, often referred to as a modulator. From this adjustor messages pass along motor paths (which paths are determined by the modulator from the nature of the excitation from the receptor) to an effector. The slight energy of the effector is then amplified by the terminal organ to produce some noticeable response to the original stimulus. In the simpler forms the steady-state control may lie within the cell only. But in all more complex forms it is organismal and the results may extend even beyond the organism involved.

One small example will have to suffice. Let us take an average Secretarial Science student and introduce her into an environment in which a ruffian of a senior (male) whistles at her. She is immediately placed in a condition of stress and must introduce steady-state control. It would go something like this:

REDISCOVERY *A Short Story* by HARRY KUNTZ

THE bell rang.

The children grouped around her desk for one last look and then she was alone.

It had been another one of those days. Everything seemed to have gone wrong. Marcia didn't know what it was, but ever since she had started to teach up in this northern prairie village things seemed far different than she had ever known them to be. The world was far different and far more lonely than she had pictured on graduation day, nine long months ago.

Looking back she could still remember the many happy times she had with her classmates at high school. And she could recall that brief, happy summer. It had been a wonderful time for her. There had been picnics, swimming and canoeing, but most of all there had been her friends. Then there had been six short, full weeks at summer school. There had been brief friendships, and many evenings filled with laughter and games. Her summer had ended with a brief visit to her favorite aunt.

Then it was September again. She had been hired to teach in this small isolated village. She hadn't ever seen it, but from the words of the school board's representative she had conjured up quite a romantic dream about the village. And now that she was here she was very disheartened because things hadn't been what she expected.

At first everything had gone so quickly. The opening of school brought many new experiences —

new faces, a new world and many new situations. Then too, there was unpacking and getting settled. There were lessons to be prepared and games to be organized. There were reports to be filled in and a timetable to organize. Many things kept her busy — so busy that she didn't even realize when the change had come.

The first thing she had missed was her church. True, there was a small church in the village, but there was no church belonging to her particular denomination. Because Marcia just couldn't feel at home with the different form of service, she stopped attending. Many others in town must feel the same way, she thought, for their absence had been noticeable.

Then her work seemed to become more of a burden each passing day. In school Marcia had forty-one pupils and she taught six grades. Many hours seemed to be taken up in the careful preparation of each lesson. Marcia seemed to have less time to herself than ever before in her life.

There was no recreation in the village. In fact, there didn't seem to be any young people her own age, and at nineteen Marcia desperately craved friendship. She missed the many parties and outings to which she was accustomed. Moreover, she missed her many friends. More and more she withdrew herself from the people about her.

When she had first arrived in the village people seemed friendly and interested. But now, whenever any of the women inquired about her and tried to get her to visit in their

homes she resented their efforts. In her thoughts they were just trying to interfere. Little by little she became hostile to the world about her.

Then there were other problems. Take young Johnny Harwood for instance. He was one of her grade four pupils who insisted on annoying everyone around him. Why just yesterday he had pulled Lucy's pigtail. Then today he had swiped Mary's book and hidden it during recess period. Marcia just could not understand how he could be so mischievous one moment and then so friendly the next.

School had been dismissed an hour ago and still Marcia sat pondering. She thought much about how changed everything was. And then she was puzzled too. Today young Johnny had told her that his mother wanted her to come for dinner Sunday. Then he had run away before she could reply.

Marcia seethed inwardly. Now she would not be able to refuse. Again she felt that everyone around her was trying to interfere in her life, that they were trying to pry into her own personal affairs. She felt trapped. The invitation could no longer be gracefully refused.

Angrily she rose from her seat and walked to the window. She peered out into the schoolyard. Darkness was coming fast. All that lay outside the window was snow. Everywhere lay a blanket of bright, white snow.

Quickly Marcia took her mirror from her purse. She looked into it and saw her pretty young face reflected there. Why should someone as pretty as I be stuck in such a desolate place, she wondered. With these thoughts she longed for the gai-

ety which she had enjoyed. Inwardly she wondered if there could ever be a loving God who was concerned with each one when here was she a beautiful young girl isolated in this small village for a year.

Then as she was putting the mirror away it fell to the floor and smashed to bits. Annoyed and angry she stamped on the pieces with her heel and ground them into the floor. When she came back to throw them in the wastebasket, something caught her glance. On the desk was a jar of water with some bean seeds in it. She had been using this to show plant growth in natural science for grade six. Instantly it had been a hit with her pupils and each one no matter what his grade was interested. Each morning before school and each afternoon after school they grouped around her desk. Then they looked into the jar to see if anything had taken place since they had looked before. For several days they had been waiting anxiously to see what was happening.

This had attracted her attention and now Marcia looked at the beans closely. They were sprouting. As she looked at them she seemed to recall something from a long time ago. It was back in Sunday School. Her teacher had talked about rebirth and she had used some sprouting beans as an example.

He had said that just as the beans grow and mature in the pod so do we grow and mature in this life. When ripe the beans seem dead but are born to new life when the right conditions are met. In the same way is every person reborn when he meets the right conditions — acceptance

(Concluded on page 28)

LET'S BECOME WATER SAFETY CONSCIOUS

By BARRY NORTON

FOR the past four years I have worked on a Waterfront in a Public Park as a Life Guard. I have seen many accidents caused by carelessness and people's neglect to use common sense while near water. Some have been minor accidents others have been fatalities. Drowning may occur at the least suspected time and can be caused by seemingly trivial causes.

The strongest accidents I have ever had anything to do with occurred on a sunny day in the summer of 1952. A young man (twenty-one) calmly walked onto a diving dock which was plastered with signs SWIMMERS ONLY. He stood near the edge of the dock. A friend of his pushed him off when none of the lifeguards on duty were watching, and ran off the dock thinking the fellow would be chasing him, after coming out of the water. Twenty minutes later the friend who had pushed the young man told the lifeguard on duty that his friend had not come up yet. The lifeguards started diving immediately and I was sent for. When I arrived from the other end of the park, about thirty minutes had elapsed from the supposed time the fellow went under. There was little hope. The firemen came and with their help I started dragging operations. The body was found after being submerged in twenty feet of water for almost three hours.

This example shows how easily a drowning may occur. It could happen to you. It could have been avoided just as easily if a few simple rules

had been obeyed.

Every year with the coming of Spring, people become water conscious. As soon as the ice leaves our many lakes and rivers, people have a great desire to rush to the waterfronts to enjoy the fishing swimming or the many other pleasures offered by the abundance of water that covers a great part of Canada. Unfortunately, when people become water conscious many lose all consciousness of a few safety rules. Because of this neglect, many people drown in Canada every summer. It is almost unbelievable that so many ordinarily level-headed, sensible people become very foolish when near water. The number of fatalities is fantastic. On one weekend a few summers ago when the Korean war was being fought, there were more people drowned than there were soldiers killed in that same period.

There are a few fundamental water safety rules which people should always obey. Some of these rules are:

1. Never enter a boat unless able to swim or have possession of a life jacket.
2. Never stand up in a boat.
3. Never go swimming immediately after eating.
4. Always swim in a supervised swimming area.

There are more of these rules but all of them are only the application of common sense. The first rule of Water Safety is THINK! So when swimming or boating this summer, remember, Don't be water conscious — be water SAFETY conscious.

BESIEGE MY LIFE

DALE BERGEY

Die vain will!
The battle is ceasing,
Your standard is fleeing wild,
Your army of ego is dying,
Before the strength of the Child.

Live dead heart!
The struggle is over,
His banner is soaring, waves—
His drums of peace are beating,
Throbbing over the graves.

On Guard new life!
The battle commences,
Lo, three jet ensigns uncoil,
And shrieking toward thy Fort-
ress,
Seek blood upon His soil.

Dark spirit of war beguiling,
Flame thrower in the flesh,
Treachorous mine fields around me,
Ye three alone the mesh!
O cross of blood that nails me!
O heart of God in Him!
Rescue when friendship's perishing
And besiege my life with Him.



REDISCOVERY

(Continued from page 26)

of Christ.

As she slowly recalled these things from her storehouse of cherished

memories, Marcia began to think more deeply. She began to think about other Christian teachings. Slowly her faith was restored. She thought back to that day long ago — the first Easter. And the story came

tonio Gutierrez was adapted for the libretto of *Il Trovatore*; Alexandre Dumas, of course, in his *La Dame Aux Camelias* supplied the source of the plot for *La Traviata*; the libretto for *AIDA* came from a prose sketch of Mariette Bey; Verdi's last two operas were based on Shakespeare's *Othello*, *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Henry IV*.

Verdi owes his success to nothing but his inborn genius and creative spirit which was always activated by dramatic circumstances. One had only to place a plot before him and he could begin to create his lyrics. His ability to combine the drama, poetry, scenery and acting with his music allowed him to hold his torch high so that the whole world could see the beams of his remarkable genius. End

PARIS

(Continued from page 12)

men. But any measures to limit further the sale of alcohol in the Parisian cafes, it is argued, will cause the worker to adopt the American custom of carrying a bottle in a hip-pocket and being found inebriated in the street. The Parisian is proud of being a sober tippler and sees, rightly or wrongly, in the American appraisal of the situation, a singular lack of perspective and an unwarrantable attack on the life-long inherited habits of each Frenchman.

Let us terminate this rapid excursion to Paris by a certain number of miscellanea. The average radio and television program in France has an educational and interest value much superior to any thing that we, in America, can offer. A program sub-

jected to judicious criticism is either eventually ameliorated or suppressed. The National Network replaces soap-operas, crooners and commercials by excellent musical, literary, theatrical programs. The public supports higher standards of entertainment; compare this to the inane and irresponsible criticism aimed at our own cultural medium: the C.B.C. — The Prix Femina was awarded recently to a man! Gabriel Veraldi, for his novel *THE HUMAN MACHINE* — M. Dubois, police prefect for Paris has announced that judging from present estimates, traffic in Paris will cease to circulate within two years. The number of automobiles has augmented to the point that one can walk faster than one can possibly drive. The only remedy is the construction of underground garages at the rate of one million francs per car-space. The cost is naturally prohibitive and the problem remains insoluble. A new Anglicism has emerged: des parkings — parking lots, hitherto relatively rare in Paris. Nevertheless, it remains difficult to purchase a new automobile in Paris because of the emphasis placed upon exportation. Renault is at present announcing a novel 4 CV credit plan: one pays a certain sum each month for eight months, and at the end of that period of time receives a four horse-power automobile. Interest accumulates on the amount paid in advance; most frequently, this "credit" is cancelled out by carrying charges on the amount remaining unpaid at the time of the delivery of the car.

But, were we in Paris now, in the spring, we would care but little for the conveniences of the automobile.

Paris is best conquered on foot, by strolling down the elegant and spacious Champs-Elysees, sauntering across the Place Blanche to Pigalle or darting along the narrow, medieval passage ways of the Latin Quarter exploring one-eyed cafes.

End

RELIGIAN IN EDUCATION

(Continued from page 10)

kind. I believe that utter chaos would result, should our schools be filled with teachers of such thought. Firstly, the teacher has no motive unless it be a diabolical or a mercenary one. These are strong words — a softer one and equally as true is that his motives are egotistical. If he denies God's existence, he denies God's divine revelation in Jesus Christ. He has put himself up above and beyond the Lord and must fall into humanist barrenness. Since such a person may contend that **morality** is this ideal. I would ask: "What other reason (than the Christian one) can one give a child for being moral. If we tell a child that he must not knock smaller children about — that he wouldn't like it if others did it to him, as one humanist argues — will that signify much when he finds people's likes and dislikes so ponderously variable? No, that idea won't apply as a rule. It is the way of all human reasoning in matters of faith, circular and unsatisfying.

To put children under the influence of an agnostic is having them start across the river of life on rotten ice, while the Christian may help guide them to the bridge of steel (in

Christ) which will give them a safe and sure crossing. We have stressed the role of the teacher to the seeming exclusion of our topic — Christian Religious Education, but they seem to me inevitably bound up and inseparable. It is a happy situation, where, as in our Ontario public schools, Christian training is allowed. For have we not learned that personal peace and the joy of living comes through communion with our God? When this message can be carried by competent Christian teachers, in accordance with a prescribed course, the influence may be indeed great — and when that influence bears fruit in Christian lives — well, no one but an agnostic would deny that the child has found not only the basis for an education but even the basis for his life.

End

MEDITATION

(Continued from page 9)

made,
We will rejoice and be glad in it.
Death hath no more dominion over
Him,
Death is swallowed up in Victory.
Christ the Lord is risen today!"

May we too rejoice in it, rededicating ourselves to the commission given each one of us by our Lord — that we go into all vocations of life and proclaim His word — for He has left it to His followers to keep His death from being wasted in the hearts and lives of mankind.

You are not alone in His service, for He has declared: "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

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