

THE COLLEGE CORD

Vol. 22

WATERLOO, ONT., MAY 1947

AN UNDERGRADUATE PUBLICATION

No. 6

R. LANGEN ELECTED HEAD OF ONT. L.S.A.

The third annual convention of the Ontario area of the Lutheran Student Association of America was held on March 15 and 16 in Agricola Finnish Church in Toronto, of which Rev. Kyosti Toppila is the pastor. Thirty-five students registered and the schools represented were University of Toronto, University of Western Ontario, London, Ontario College of Education, Toronto Conservatory of Music, and Waterloo College and Seminary.

The theme of the conference, "Christ in Conflicts," was dealt with in two sessions by Dr. Gould Wick-ey. Saturday afternoon Dr. Wick-ey presented the theme under the headings, Cases, Causes and Complications of Conflicts, and Sunday afternoon he concluded by presenting various cures of conflicts.

The conference was most fortunate in having two other guest speakers — Dr. Lehmann, and Rev. Yoder. Dr. Lehmann told the conference of the "Recent Developments in Lutheran Expansion in Canada," and Pastor Yoder spoke to the confer-

ence on the "Lutheran Student Association: Its programme, aims and objectives."

Saturday evening a free-for-all question box was held during which the students asked the three speakers various questions on a variety of subjects. The discussion which resulted was so lively and stimulating that everyone was reluctant to break off for the social hour of singing, magic, and jokes which followed. The day closed with fireside hymns, prayer, and benediction.

Sunday morning the conference attended services at Redeemer Lutheran Church of which Rev. Opperman is the pastor. In the afternoon, area and regional reports were given and election of officers was held. The officers were elected as follows: President, Robert Langen; vice-president, Donald Stewart; secretary, Frank Litt; treasurer, Shirley Demerling. After Dr. Wick-ey gave the concluding part of the theme the officers were installed by Dr. Lehmann. The conference closed with devotions. About fifteen of the students remained for Pastor Toppila's Finnish evening service at which seminarian Harold Brose preached the sermon. After the service Lutheran students and the members of the Finnish congregation enjoyed a fellowship at which the Finnish ladies served a delicious lunch with coffee.

One of the purposes of holding the conference in Toronto was to initiate a Lutheran Students Association

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Grad Events Come In One Mad Rush

All Graduation Exercises at Waterloo College have been moved back approximately three weeks in comparison with last year.

On April 28 Waterloo College banquet will be held at St. John's Lutheran Parish Hall, Waterloo, sponsored by the athletic directorate. The college invitation games are scheduled for May 3 at Woodside Park, Kitchener, for students of secondary schools in Central-Western Ontario.

The Seminary graduation will be held on Monday, May 26, at St.

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OUR DR. SCHORTEN STEALS FROSH SHOW

And so here we are at the last Athanaeum event of the Waterloo social year and we are glad to report a real bang-up flourish. For those of us who expect to graduate it was of course our last Athy — it leaves one with a bit of an empty feeling you know — but it really finished up this year's Athies with a wonderful show.

This year this final flourish of the Athanaeum was the annual Frosh play, put on of course by the Freshmen of the College, who once again outdid themselves as they have done in all of their activities this year. The play was presented in the parish hall of the St. John's Lutheran Church. A very good crowd attended the proceedings, prompted perhaps by the letters of invitation sent out by the Athanaeum executive to the parents of all the students. The crowd certainly wasn't disappointed because the show was—in the words

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Memorial Piano Is Suitably Dedicated

Our Memorial piano was dedicated at a service in an assembly held on April 15th.

George Hopton explained how money was raised by the students to buy this living memorial to the former students of Waterloo College who laid down their lives in the war so we could live our lives more abundantly. At this time Katherine Schweitzer movingly recited the poem "For the Fallen" and Max Putnam sang "The Trumpeter." Then Dr. Klinck, who knew each of these men personally, read the names of our war dead, and told

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Students Sing For New Record Player

St. John's, Waterloo, is becoming familiar ground for us students. Frosh Night, the Annual Banquet and the graduation service for the Seminary students are acquainting us with its advantages.

On April 22nd, too, there was a musical evening at St. John's which was a direct link with the College. We students thought of it, planned it and produced it. The musicale was a joint effort of the Record Club and the A Capella Choir. Now the College can boast of an unmortgaged record player ready for the students' use.

It's very fortunate that we have enough good musicians in the College to produce a full evening of fine music. Marvin Mickus and Don Stewart are excellent pianists; our three freshette nightingales are always willing to sing for us; Putnam, Zimmerman, Taylor-Munro and Irish solo for the men. I have never seen the A Capella Choir refuse an opportunity to oil their vocal chords, and now we have that famous (or soon-to-be-famous) male chorus to entertain us. This vaunting of our

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We Train Nurses? You Bet, Say Boys

The K-W Hospital Commission has approved in principle an affiliation between the hospital and Waterloo College designed to raise the standard of the nurses' training school and to give the students cultural and social advantages.

If approved by the college, the affiliation will become effective in September. It is hoped to raise the training standard to the level required by the University of Western Ontario to become a university-approved laboratory for the training of bachelors of science in nursing.

Miss Jane Fuller, assistant director of nursing, said the college indicated it would co-operate. For the incoming class of student nurses it would involve three hours a week of lectures in sociology and one hour of physical training for the first five months.

It would also involve the appointment of a Nursing Education Committee to consist of two educators, a member of the hospital nurs-

See "NURSES" Page 9

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THE COLLEGE CORD

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EDITORIALS

We must say good-bye to another group of graduates. It is hard for those in the honor courses to be left behind by "our class." We were frosh together; we were sophs together; but now you are lordly seniors just a few weeks away from your degrees, and we are only juniors.

It is against our editorial policy to sentimentalize or reminisce too much, but we can't resist a few "remember whens."

You entered Waterloo when the school had less than half its present enrollment. Your freshman class of thirty-five was considered so huge that the whole school had to help the lonely two sophomore boys initiate you. Even then there had to be a pitched battle in the dormitory to convince you that you should be initiated at all. We personally had our "Harlem-in-Moonlight" lipstick rubbed off rudely by a thick-skinned radiator after being thrown against it three times by a husky senior who is now a sedate seminarian.

In your sophomore year you put Waterloo back on the athletic map. Our little teams that were often out-played but never out-fought will have to do without your driving tackles and pointed-knee body checks.

And now you are seniors. There are some among you of whom you are especially proud. They willingly dropped their education so you could continue yours, but now they are back. You like to think of them as your big brothers.

You have had fun at Athies, dances and banquets. You have enjoyed the companionship of fellow students and professors in classes, common rooms, and dorms. Perhaps you even feel that you are the last class with the "big family" spirit at Waterloo, because now you sometimes meet a person in the halls whose name and whose mark in the last Eccies exam you don't know.

Yes, Waterloo will change and it will grow. It will even grow without you; but it won't be quite the same. You have spent three good years at Waterloo. We will miss you. H. D. W.

May 24 — Then what?

Then comes the problem of summer employment. For most of us it will resolve primarily into one question. Which available job pays the highest wages? But we would like to suggest here that the choice (and if the rubber workers don't strike again, we're optimistic enough to say there will be a choice) should be based on more than merely pecuniary considerations.

For eight months of the year we sit in a stuffy building, protected from the invigorating air and healthful sunshine by four walls and a roof; we read, we study; daily exercise consists in little more than pushing a pen. Mentally, the school term is strenuous enough that we should work at something entirely different for the remaining four months. This of course implies manual, rather than office work. Regarding the type of manual labor, the editors of this paper will vouch for the desirability of an open-air job over one in a factory. Did you ever try getting a tan from the lights in a rubber factory? Or were you browned off in the Sunshine?

Having settled in some job we should become very conscious of a proper attitude to it. It should not be merely a means of obtaining the most possible money with the least possible work. The four months have as great a share in our education as the

eight months, the difference being that learning in the former period is applied, practical, and more interesting since not compulsory, while in the latter it is "book-larnin'." We can learn as much of human nature by carefully observing the different types of people with whom we come in contact, as we can by taking a sociology course. (No offence intended, Prof. Osborne). It is a good plan, wherever possible, to go to some entirely different part of the country, where the people and their mode of living will be unlike anything we have been accustomed to. (Van Koughnet for example). Thus by gaining wider experience, refreshing our bodies and minds, as well as replenishing the bank account, we will make profitable use of our summer months. G. E. K.

University of Western Ontario

London, Canada

Faculties

Faculty of Arts Faculty of Medicine

Faculty of Public Health

Affiliated Colleges

Huron College

Waterloo College

Assumption College

Alma College (Junior College)

Ursuline College

St. Peter's Seminary

Western Ontario Conservatory of Music

The University, founded in 1878, has been co-educational since its inception. It has three Faculties — Arts and Science, Medicine, and Public Health. There are eight affiliated colleges. Four of them (including Waterloo, affiliated in 1925) give a complete four-year course leading to an Arts degree. One (Alma) is a Junior College offering the first two years' work only. Two offer music (Western Ontario Conservatory and Music Teachers' College) and one is theological only (Huron).

The postwar urge for higher education has increased the total registration of the University in the last decade from 2,283 (1936-37) to 4,001 (1946-47), about 1,400 of the latter being veterans of World War II. This expansion demands a corresponding expansion in buildings, equipment, and staff; hence the current drives in all divisions of the University, the constituent colleges and affiliated colleges alike.

These drives must not be allowed to fail if the University is to meet the general educational demands of the area which it is its primary function to serve.

Nostalgia

The Foyle runs down to 'Derry town
And there it meets the sea,
And the winds along sing a joyous song
That has timeless followed me.

The Foyle flows soft and the birds aloft
May mock it in their song,
But that celestial sigh is a lullaby
Of the land where I belong.

The Foyle can glide through the countryside
Where the green line meets the sky,
But here yet I stay — poor, vagrant stray.
And it ceaseless calls me nigh.

The Foyle can lave the cool, ocean wave
When its margins fade away,
But captive am I to this foreign sky,
And the grasp of each pressing day.
The Foyle must feel the bite of a keel,
And the thrust of a throbbing stern,
And I yet may trace on its placid face,
The wake of late return.

The Foyle can smile as its tides beguile
The banks that my young footsteps trod,
Yet unceasing I pray, that I'll greet them one day,
That river, that sky, and God.
SANDE BAIRD.

How's Your Libido?

I hate amateur psychologists. Whoops, I had better not use "hate" in the presence of my psychologist friends. It is a very strong emotion and its repression could lead to schizophrenia or paranoia. If I don't watch myself I might even become a manic-depressive.

In the good old days if a boy were asked what he was going to be when he grew up, he would say a Mountie, a railroad engineer, or even (O healthy symptom) a bank robber. Now he is going to be a psychologist. And if perchance life forces him into a ditch-digging career, he gratifies this basic drive of his (for he would surely become a catatonic if gratification were denied him) by becoming an amateur psychologist.

He must have patients. Ah, his friends—or should I have said his former friends, because no friend of mine who made a C grade in elementary psychology, is halfway through another psych course, and who has read three-quarters of, and understood none of Freud's "Man's Mind" is going to tell me that I am working up a beautiful case of hysteria. Because I am not.

See "LIBIDO" Page 10

Prophecy

I saw a gypsy on the heath
With warty skin and yellow teeth
Equipped with charms and crystal ball
She promised thus to tell me all!
But I was eager for some news
Of all my fellow grads next "dos".
In sing-song tones she chanted this:
(Accept it kids, may it hit or miss)

"I see Marge Bryden with a hi-do-diddle
"Forever fleeing from yells of "Padiddle",
"I see the future of dear Reuben Baetz
"A history professor of battles and dates!
"And guess what'll happen to Milton Bauer?
"It's only a matter of time and the hour.
There's a tall young maiden named Audrey O. Brock
"Secured at last on the marital block.
"And Wally Donovan. What a head on what shoulders!
"He's passing out Conservative folders.
("Twas then my oracle rolled her eyes
And I jumped back two feet in surprise.
I recovered quickly and crossed her palm
And she continued with nary a qualm.)

"Misses Duval and Little, the "Brains" of the college
I see them dispensing their knowledge.
"And Wally Ewald, the mad musician,
"Submerging his talents to become a physician.
"And Marg Fackoury is "using" her eyes
"While nearby Chuck heaves lugubrious sighs.
"There's Gladdie Foran, a leer on her lip
"As she utters a stream of quip after quip.
"There's Herbie Gastmier, a grave Lutheran preacher
"And Delton Glebe as an "A" double feature.
"I see Earl Haase on the Atom Commission
"Explaining such things as uranium and fission
"There's Louis the Hinch That gay dapper smarty
"Forever enquiring 'Who's throwin' a party?'
"And Marion Hollinger, need I say more?
"To guess at her future's not much of a chore."
The gypsy stopped short at Marion Huehn:
"There are too many thoughts a-broil in her bean.
"I see Audrey Krug, Freeport's proud beauty,
"A cookie with brains — unusual cutie;
"And Dottie MacEachern, soft-spoken chanteuse
"To be a Math teacher is what she will choose.
"I see Marvin Mickus, The People's First Choice.
"His future? You've guessed it. The answer is "Joyce".
"There's Hartwig Preuss, the Prince of the grads
"With Big Bob Rock—(who called our boys cads?)
"There's Mary Ann Wiley, the pride of St. Mike's.
"Her future vocation? — To teach little tykes.
"And last but not least, Mam'selle P. Ziglaire
"The best fashion expert for the mag called 'Mayfair'.
I was truly amazed and I said, "That was fine.
"You've given the others, now how about mine?"

So she turned to her charms and she said she'd tell all
When "pouf" went the gypsy, the heath and the ball.

The Baroness.

A Valedictory

Within the courses
Of great discourses
Oft will you hear these words ex-
uded,
"Today you embark on the sea of
life,
(Land-lubbers included).

But — no sailor I
With imperfect eye
I scan not the watery horizons;
For mother earth is my medium.
('Twas good enough for the bison).

Let's back to the land,
To the matter at hand,
Where the only sea is a sea of faces.
Each eyebrow fixed in a question
mark,
Each asking you where his place
is.

Now Crevecoure
Wrote words galore
Referring to America, the "melting
pot;"
He referred perhaps to the stew
we're in,
(The future will tell, — will we
melt or not?)

Some — future masters
On built-in castors
Will roll with ease to the Hall of
Fame;
There to drink life to the ultimate
dregs
(Too early the sluggard did the
same).

Still other dears,
Full up with fears,
Have toiled sincerely, given their
all;
Have faith in your coach, though
you age on the bench,
You'll all get a chance to carry the
ball.

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College Static



One day not so long ago, we were standing on the corner waiting for the trolley bus. As we wiped the mud off our clothes (splashed on us by Morrison going by in his station-wagon—the thought suddenly struck us that this would be the last Cord. Our rage turned to sorrow. The end of the year was coming. Alas! Not only did the approach of the end terrify us with the thought of those controversial but inevitable exams, but it also meant the loss of all those wonderful events in connection with the college.

Without a doubt this has been one of the biggest and best years the college has ever seen. Remember last fall? The largest frosh class to ever invade the campus overran everything, and thoughtful Sophomores were stroking their beards and wondering if initiations were necessary.

Then the Cord went to press and came out with several new columns, some of dubious merit — we leave you to choose. Soon the track meet took place and Totzke and Pauli showed their superiority on the athletic field.

After many arduous hours of practice the rugby team made its debut. A most successful season followed in which the college never tasted defeat.

Then it happened. Blazing headlines, choruses of trumpets blasting in the corridors and Professor Osborne was presented with his M.A.

A new society of the ladies of our school was titled Fides Dianae and dedicated itself to giving teas, and finding out just what Fides Dianae meant.

Another club sprang to existence almost simultaneously. This was of course the J. Carlisle Fan Club, the numerous activities of which this column has faithfully recorded from time to time.

Halloween Athy was a great success. The voluptuous Miss Bramm . . . the cider . . . the square dance . . . ah memories.

Then the highlight of the first semester . . . the Junior Prom. Our exuberant frosh gave us one of the most successful parties ever sponsored by the college. Wilhelm coped honors in the waltz and the piano fund reaped the profits.

Events reached a new low as the exams approached. Bridge as usual in the common room.

The results — Don Luft leaves school, many contemplate suicide,

others join chorus to go on 1,400-mile tour.

The basketball teams break into prominence with visiting colleges. At least MacMaster had enough manners to let the boys win on our home floor. We, very rudely, did not return this ingratiating gesture. Badminton sidelights.

Soon The Record sprouted headlines about the college as we contemplate moving. Cord follows suit. No decision announced but students feel their sly administrators are bickering for land.

All college hears of Jo Hollinger's boy friend. Cord carries essay, captioned "Woman in Her Glory."

Yates produces hockey team. Waterloo arena scene of artistry on skates. Kaiser introduces German Band to serenade cheering throngs. Halpern makes dismal flop with small, juiceless oranges.

Delightful rumors of cancelled exams prove, alas, to be only rumors.

Athy continues program with Valentine party, sleigh-ride, and public-speaking contest. Songstress Kay Schweitzer gets judges' nod over Bud Wiley.

Plans for invitation games gets under way. Many new events planned and problem of guest speaker has committee in frenzy.

Audrey Krug produces "Helena's Husband." Ruth Mills on make-up. Milt Bauer gets all her attention. Rudy heads set-designers. Cast works hard. Adjudicator gives constructive criticisms. At least parents of cast were satisfied.

And that, dear reader, (whoever you are) is a brief reminiscence of the past year. It is a year that the graduates will treasure. For the rest of us it represents a challenge. It is up to us to come back next year, after the supps, refreshed from our long holiday, and carry on the traditions, and the high standards set by these, our graduates.

And to the graduates we say (don't go away folks — you ain't heard nothin' yet) remember — the best student is not necessarily the one with the highest marks. The real student is the one who has done his best. We hope this is some consolation to those of you who have given so much of your skill in games and time on executives, that your marks have suffered. You are the real student — the backbone of any college — the best contribution any college can

make to its community.

But now back to some real juicy slander. As you all know the Toronto Maple Leafs won the Stanley Cup. Well, on the night of their final game a group of rabid fans were seated tensely around a radio listening to the game. J. Carlisle was among those present. The air was tense with silence and the score was tie 1-1. J. Carlisle was in a devil-may-care attitude which often overcomes those under strain. Saith John in a moment of rashness; "If the Leafs win this game I'll kiss every girl at this party." When the game was over the Leafs had won. Boys rushed in every direction to find the girls who had fled the room, and three or four stalwarts sat on John. One by one the girls were brought forcibly back and luckless John administered what could have been the kiss of death, to judge from the expressions on the girls' faces. Then something strange happened. It was after the first two or three osculations (which were the first administered outside the family circle, saith John) a strange menacing gleam came to the eyes of John. The girls sensed the change in John and feared that the malady might spread. Everything ended up alright because a veteran at this sort of thing came to the rescue in the person of Bill Fisher. Bill officiated and kept time while Louis and Mac pried the now amorous Carlisle from his victim when time was called. Harry Weaver watched with eyes agape but was not allowed to participate. Now there must be a moral attached to such a lengthy story but darned if we can figure it out. But if you have seen John suddenly grow stiff, his eyes spinning in their sockets and his ears madly flapping, you will now know of what he is thinking.

Ah, yes, that was an evening whose heights of jocularity will not soon be forgotten by the revellers. However, things turned out all right . . . they must have because even Big Mac was able to hie homeward in the wee small hours . . . and without his co-pilot of the evening, too . . . and if you have happened to miss Carlisle's smiling countenance about the halls, you will be glad to know that the aforementioned win of Toronto has almost assured his retirement . . . which only goes to prove that one

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OUR GRADUATING CLASS: SQUATTING, left to right—Bob Rock, Walter Donovan, Delton Glebe, Hartwig Preuss. FIRST ROW—Dorothy MacEachern, Nan Wiley, Gladys Foran, Marion Hollinger, Florence Little, Marg. Fackoury, Edith Merner. MIDDLE GROUP—William Schlegel, John Miller, Wally Ewald, Phyllis Ziegler, Reuben Baetz, Marion Huehn, Darlene Duval, Audrey Krug, Marjorie Bryden, Isaac Dyck. BACK ROW—Milton Bauer, Ross Beggs, Earl Haase, Doug Haller, Louie Hirschberger, Herb Gastmeier. MISSING—Audrey Brock, Allan McTaggart, Bob Menzies and Carl Totzke.

COLLEGE STATIC

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should stick to his convictions.

But now it's almost time to add our "Be seein' you next year . . ." It promises to be a great one . . . Who knows? . . . Maybe next years Frosh will have even more spirit . . .

their play may be better than this year's. (Could that possibly be?) . . . the price of chocolate bars at the Tuck shop may drop (Ha, these dreams!) . . . the bars might even get bigger . . . there might even be a bus running from King Street to school, and the cases of pneumonia, muditis and what have you may be reduced . . . (either that or the poor students who brave that long, long trail each morning will be reduced to something like the Hesperus) . . . another play? . . . another Prom? . . . and everything bigger and better . . . and cheer up, fellas, maybe next year you won't have an early Monday morning class . . . O joy, O bliss.

And so in closing, we say, "See

you at the banquet, the invitation game, the Grad Dance . . . and maybe even out washing trolley bus windows sometime during the summer . . . and finally we hope,

next September . . . But for the present, Auf Wiedersehen, and the best of summers to you all . . .

Still ye editors,
LOIS AND BOB."

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SPORTS

MAYBE

FROSH SHOW

continued from page 1

The Time: 1997

The Place: Waterloo College

The Dramatis Personae: One 'lil ole Ghost

(Enter Ghost)

One 'lil ole Ghost: Ah me! I am the ghost of Waterloo 1947. Many years and yon ago didst I traverse this threshold, yeah many a time and oft. But my! How the very walls bring back memories, and how these rooms reek — of phantom figments of my mind, as I wander wonderingly among the once familiar corridors. Why there (he points) on that very table long ago didst I witness the renowned P. Scipio Wilhelm and Annanias MacMillan (from small town on Lake Ontario) put forth a quixotic effort in a valiant but hapless cause. Theirs was the noblest effort of them all. (It will be censored if I mention what they were doing, but they went down two, doubled and redoubled). And there (ditto he points) in that very council chamber, amid the great minds of the Directorate of that time, did that laudable E Hannibal Devitt (Coordinator of Athletics) bring forth many measures deigned to be of benefit to all and sundry athletes. Great was the rejoicing within the walls of Waterloo then.

But being a ghost interested in athletics permit me, and if you may leave us wander down to the field, where the team that brought glory from afar off to my year 1947, held practice (complicated sentence, eh! Well I'm only a Ghost-writer).

But behold! May the gods protect me, what edifice, what stadium is this I see standing majestically on the ground which once was called our Rugby field? Allons, let us read the headstone, the dedication thereof is written thereon. See — it reads "The Nut Roll Bowl," donated by Bo-Bo Hamblin '47. Built to the glory of that 8c treat." Back in the good old days when you could buy a good nickel chocolate bar for 8c. And as I enter the stadium I see the Red Devils of 1997 in their sleek satin uniforms with kashmir lining being put thro' their paces. And there — mounted on the dais, shouting signals thro' a P.A. system is the head coach, it is unmistakably, yes I'm sure of it, it's that old Devil Dog of the '47 squad himself, the immortal Binhammer and flanking him are his aides-de-camps, Chief Statistician of Rugby Facts and Figures Carlisle, and Manager of Extraneous Business Halpern. Coming in from a side gate wheeling up in his yellow revertible with 6 charming co-eds on his red leather upholstery, amid the strains of that immortal "Racing with the Moon" in a basso profundo voice, comes Chief Scout, Bachelor Bill Fisher. He narrowly missed plow-

ing into Jonas Bingeman who was pouring out milk to a line of Rugby players from his Good Humor tricycle.

Glorious indeed is the sight of these 200 gridders straining to gain a position on one of the five rugby squads while on the sidelines bestowing his patriarchal benevolence on the scene is Dr. Weaver, Dean of the School with three of his main standbys, Drs. Schorten and Osborne, amid their flowing beards, and Mr. Nick Lauer, Dean of the School of Janitorial Science.

As I gaze on this fantasy of 1997, I can scarcely evoke the scene which was so familiar to mine eyes in '47. I can hardly visualize Gram, Tarbush, Stewart, Hinchberger, Janke, McLaren playing under conditions such as these. And as I turn from the stadium trying to wipe this vision from my ken, I am astounded, yeah, veritably dumbfounded, I know not wherein I be among these strange new edifices raised to the glory of Cram (Goddess of Learning, Post-War Style). For there — flanking the vista which leads down a park-like avenue to the rocket-route on King Street are many glorious buildings. I see one flaunting the sign "Emporium of Higher Learning" to the Memory of Achilles J. Augustine for scientific research into the fine skills of the noble game of (Censored).

And there is another building "The Library" raised thro' the efforts of the Milton Bauer Foundation in remembrance of his College days when the library was his favorite haunt.

But all these structures daze me. The shades of evening are descending upon the pines of Waterloo and the Ghost whose presence I evoked grows faint and more faint amid the gathering gloom. Farewell then, O Spirit. Never shall I cease to mourn for you and the memory of my past college daze. Farewell, Adieu.

By CARLOS.



Ross Smith is shy; Big John McMillan sees a girl down the Hall; Carl Totzke looks us in the eye; Herb Gastmeier strains at the deep rear. And then the dam broke.

of the great White Way — a "smash hit."

The Freshmen called their show the "Gay Nineties Review" and presented a musical show and a real Gay Nineties drama. Master of ceremonies for the evening was the genial Ross Morrison who, in the gay spirit of the Nineties, conducted the proceedings. The Musicales was under the direction of John Boothby, and featured the lovely songstresses, Kay Schweitzer and Bette Harper and the dashing Lotharios, John O'Connor and Russell "Bromo" Seltzer who charmed the audience with their lilting renditions.

Following the musicale Abe Thiessen entertained on the violin with "Play Fiddle Play" and "Schon Rozmarin" in his very expert technique and Margaret Anne Hoffman on the piano offered Brahms' "Rhapsody" and the "Glowworm."

The feature of the evening, "She Droops to Conquer" was then presented, an original stage play written for the Frosh by that eminent author and poet, our own Sande Baird, and starring Peggy Nairn as the heroine, Jack Wettlauffer as the hero and that altar-bound personality, Dale Beckstead as the scheming villain. What a show The audience screamed and shouted at the antics of the stage with a gay abandon reminiscent of New Year's Eve on the Bowery. Congratulations fellows, we know how much work you put into your show, and you needn't have worried so much Sande, you did a wonderful job.

And of course no Gay Nineties review is complete without a barbershop quartet which so typified those days. Mary Shirk, Bromo Seltzer, John O'Connor and Ken Heer supplied that poignant touch so well remembered by our grandparents.

Paced all the way by the College Schmaltzers the Frosh were greatly assisted in presenting their show

and one of the very highest highlights of the program took place when our own Dr. Schorten took over the direction of the Schmaltzers in one of his favorite songs, "D D."

The quality of the music improved one hundred per cent when you were conducting sir. We think your performance should be repeated often.

Following the entertainment, lunch was served in the basement where the crowd mingled with the talented performers, congratulating them and securing their autographs.

A cast party for the students was held at the college thereafter dancing as the main event. Congratulations are also in order for the executive of the Athenaeum for this term, Jack Bramm, Edith Merner and Lorraine Uffelman. You did a very fine job.

So you see that the evening was a very full one, a very entertaining one and another triumphant Frosh play to add to the records. Adding to the triumph of the evening was the fact, that, through the generous contributions of those present, enough money was raised to complete the payments on the memorial piano, purchased by the efforts of the student body as a memorial to those men of the alumni who gave their lives that our kind of colleges can go on, that lots and lots of Frosh plays can be presented and spread a little of the camaraderie supirit which seems to be lacking in our world today.

And so another year, another Cord year, has come to an end, for a few of us on the Cord staff, our last Cord year has come to an end. I have truly enjoyed reporting our social events during my years at Waterloo and wish good luck to my successor, Peggy Nairn, and those to follow. May you have as many very wonderful events to report as has been my privilege at Waterloo.

MARG. F. F.

L.S.A.

continued from page 1

tion on the campuses there. Although an actual organization was not formed, the work was advanced.

Pastor Toppila offered the Agricola Finnish Church as a student centre as well as his services along with Pastor Opperman's as student advisors.

The conference was a success as a spiritual renewal, as a rededication to L.S.A. work and as an opportunity for Christian fellowship.

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Famous Last Words — From the Grads

(Not all Available)

PHYLLIS ZIEGLER: I'll be glad to leave. I suppose many of the other students will be happy to see us go.

MARION HUEHN: The sooner we get away, the better.

HERB. GASTMEIER: Oh I'll be back, but I hope not in college.

REUBEN BAETZ: I've enjoyed every moment of my stay, or practically every moment.

DELTON GLEBE: Yes I'll be sorry to leave college, its academic and social aspects.

LOUIS HINCHBERGER: Next year I'm either going to Western or to work. I've a good job lined up, on a garbage truck.

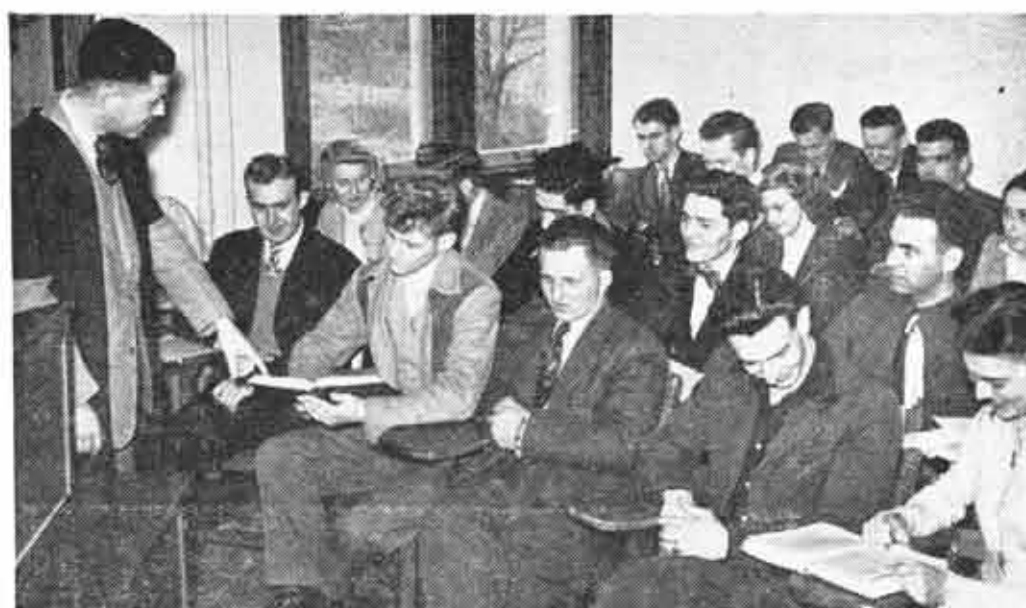
EARL HAASE: The best four years of my life.

HARTWIG PRUESS: College days were different.

ROBERT ROCK: The problem is whether I should be a missionary or a millionaire, as they say in Arrowsmith.

CARL TOTZKE: Well, maybe I won't be leaving.

AUDREY KRUG: We all have to leave at some time or another.



Can't you understand that Elmer? And wipe that grin off your face Hartwig.

EDITH MERNER: It will be sure tough leaving the old school.

MARJORIE BRYDEN: Sorry to leave, hope to get into personnel department at Eatons'.

GLADYS FORAN: Perhaps I'll be back.

NAN WILEY: It's been wonderful, sorry to leave.

DOROTHY MACEACHERN: Looking forward to next year at O.C.E.

ROBERT MENZIES: I'll probably finish college through the mail.

ISAAC DYCK: It has been a busy year. Next year I'm teaching in B.C.

ROSS BEGGS: I don't know what next year will hold.

DOUG. HALLER: The college is improving. The future is a question mark.

MARION HOLLINGER: Sorry to leave, I might go in for social service study at Varsity . . . best years of my life.

FLORENCE LITTLE: Definitely sorry to leave. Really haven't decided, probably work for a year.

WALLACE EWALD: Hope to continue medicine at Ann Arbor. The

college spirit here surpasses anything I saw at Western.

REV. JOHN MILLER: Won't be having a long holiday, commencing classes at Chicago June 8.

P.S. Time has passed all too quickly since two years ago last September. Our numbers since that time have increased by more than one hundred. The present enrolment can be doubled or trebled if co-operation is continued among the administration, faculty and students.

During the past months our college has found a place in the sun, thanks to the work of students and professors who were willing to deny themselves for the benefit of Waterloo. The students, many of them ex-servicemen, have sacrificed much, in order to make this hockey game or that concert a success.

Speaking of concerts, our hat comes off to Dr. Leupold who has labored quietly and diligently for the appreciation of music, both sacred and secular, by the students. Another musician who wasn't fully appreciated while here was Douglas Frank. We hope he'll return next Autumn in good health. So long, readers. So long to you too, Harry. It's been a pleasure.

W. A. D.

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The Cadaver Speaks

This column is written with the savour of over-optimism, for this cadaver has assumed without the confirmation either of his convictions or of his Dean that this will be his swan song in the Cord. (How happy many of you will be!) As incredible and strange as it seems, by all the academic rules, our name should join the list of Waterloo College grads and be tucked away in some dusty filing cabinet. Even Meristophanalia has deemed it proper to prepare a small celebration for us, and she is down at Benny Begosi's bickering for a canister of moonshine to launch the endeavour.

It is true to say that we are writing this with a tear in our 'ee; whether it is the thought of departing, or from too much horse radish at dinner, is hard to determine, but there is a tear and the pang of sorrow one feels that we must leave an old friend. It was Meristophanalia's idea that we reminisce and recall the events that have made these last three years memorable. We shall not delve into the past, but look to the cold cruel world that waits to engulf us — truly a grim thought.

The most difficult task is choosing some occupation, and after long discussions with Meristophanalia, we have cut the list of offers to a few. It remains a question of taking a high-salaried job, the income tax of which can change the first two figures of the national budget, or settling back on our genius and being isolated in some lonely garret with only the arts to keep us warm. The final choice is difficult. Among the better jobs is one requiring an exceedingly clever man

well-versed in higher mathematics. It is a job with Nick the Greek doping out three horse parlies or figuring the odds on the next world series. Another calls for a man of English and history to write a column devoted to interviewing the winning nags at Hialeah for the Racing Form. If we were mechanically minded there is an excellent position with a New Jersey Rolling mill — balancing loaded dice. Two other jobs require a high degree of artistic development — one with the New York Subway Commission erasing mustaches drawn on billboards; the second working with "the Spade" marking cards.

We are also forced to consider such jobs as packing post holes for shipment to China; or squeezing tooth paste into tubes for Colgate's — there is a gooey job. We could also have a salesman's position selling bathroom units to the Bantus. The best offer came from the circus; a job packing elephants' trunks and that's the one we applied for.

But the idea of work has stymied us, for it would be better to return to terra firma than to work. As was the custom of our sires we approached a soothsayer to learn what the fates have in store for us. The old gent says that life will give us the gears in five words — work, love, marriage, regret, and death. This is a terrible augury, for next to work, marriage is the ugliest word in the dictionary. The closest a cadaver ever came to matrimony was when he pushed a baby carriage peddling the sweet nectar of Bacchus for Benny Begosi during the roaring '20's. Maybe we could get lost bartering hamburgers at Laguna Beach or end it all by trying to vend the Encyclopedia of Capitalistic Advantage to the Russian Commissariat.

We will always have a place in our hearts filled with memories of good times, enjoyed while we were engrossed in the task of higher learning. Long after baccalaureate services are forgotten and valedictorians' messages have faded into the dim past, we'll be recalling the good old days of initiation, and C.O.T.C. camp where our Waterloo platoon challenged the premeds, pride of Western U., to a pillow fight and even invaded the meds in their lair. We promised there'll be no reminiscing; but bottoms up lads and let's remember that first football team, the parties and plays, the hockey season, the dances and "the bitter thitter group" who had fun making others laugh as they hammed and hummed for snickers and grins. No, we won't reminisce, but we will always remember these past three years and the people who made them good years.

Meristophanalia found this copy of a poem in the Sunday morning Hangover from whose pages we

have snatched many of our references and I quote:

The dream of a grad is never great
A l'il grass hut and a lovin' mate
An A-model Ford with a worn-out clutch,

Isn't beseeching the gods for very much.

But most of all, down thru the endears
years,

Cherish the memories the heart
Of teams and guys; parties and times

We had on borrowed dollars and dimes.

The door has just slammed and I think Meristophanalia has come back, so best we dive into the books, for those exams loom above us like the sombre shadow of Satan. But we can't strangle fond recollection with the ugly thought of study and work. Best, I just put on my coat and saunter up to the club and sing a few choruses of Auld Lang Syne with the boys. It always sounds best to the sweet chimes of clinking steins — and it's a good way to say so long to someone you'll miss very much . . . "Set 'em up again Herb, and another chorus, please, for,

LOUIS JOHN.

MEMORIAL

continued from page 1

us a little about each man, and how he met his death. The list of eleven includes:

Sgt. Pilot Douglas Lowe
Warrant Officer William C. Thurlow

L.A.C. Richard Wellein
Flt. Lieut. Harold Wells

Lieut. Norbert Jeffers

Major Gordon Sim

Warrant Officer Charles D. McIntosh

Lieut. William J. Martin

Pte. Craig Alles

Flt. Officer Fred W. Shantz

Capt. William M. Bean

After the reading of the names, the "Last Post" was sounded by Grant Kaiser, and two minutes of silence were held.

Marvin Mickus then officially dedicated the new piano by playing three selections upon it.

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The Music Box

We hear so much these days of American orchestras — over the air, on records, and transcriptions — that we often forget that we have in our own country, some very fine bands and musicians. Toronto and Montreal are the main centres for some of the best Canadian orchestras. The top Toronto band at the present time, is, in my estimation, Ellis McLintock. You just have to hear them once to realize that. Other better-than-average Toronto bands are Bert Niosi and Bobby Gimby. A few years back, Niosi had the top band in the Toronto area, but is now overshadowed by the brilliant McLintock crew.

One orchestra badly in need of rejuvenation at the present time, is that of Mart Kenny; to hear them at the Royal York's Imperial Room or over the air, is enough to nauseate even the most unbiased music critic. In the early years of the war, when they toured the training centres for the Spotlight Band Show, the Kenny outfit was at its best; now, firmly bogged down at the Royal York for an unlimited stay, they are completely dead and uninspiring. It's really too bad, as we were all pulling for Roy to make good.

One of the countries top tenor men who left the Queen City for the big time was Georgie Auld. Georgie, whose real name was John Altwerger, used to come each year to Prof. Thiele's big music festivals in Waterloo and win all the prizes for alto saxophone. As Georgie grew older he chanced to hear one day a couple of the Hawk's (Coleman Hawkins) great tenor sax records. He decided there and then to switch to tenor, and from there on it was the States and the big time for Georgie Auld.

Getting back to Canadian orchestras again, down in Montreal you will find the big noisy Maynard Ferguson band that blows the top off the Palais Royale Ballroom every summer. Also in the big city is the Johnny Holmes ork. who are becoming pretty well known because of their pianist — a young colored boy named Oscar Peterson. I have been told that you "aint heard nothin" until you've heard Peterson with a band. Although Oscar Peterson is not my favorite pianist, I still think you have to go a long way to hear another recording as terrific as his "Louise". He is still quite young, he has a gang of ideas and should go a long way. You have to give him credit — he's

stayed in Canada when he could have gone over to greener fields. It's these kind of musicians we need if we want to make a name for ourselves in Canada.

Coming closer to home, London, Ont., is noted for its very fine bands. Alf Tibbs, Johnny Downs, and Ted Pudney are a few London bands we hear often at the Queen Street Hacienda. Ted Pudney's enthusiastic band make him tops in this part of Ontario. As well as playing fine clarinet himself, he has smooth section work in his group, especially in the sax section. However, it's his drummer boy who is the real drawing card, — he's strictly for the kicks.

I'm not going to mention any local orchestras, for fear of getting into hot water, but I am going to say that if I were betting on any one person around here to hit the big time, I'd put my money on Eric Traugott — gifted with perfect pitch, his skillful trumpet technique and beautiful tone make him tops in my book.

The Phalanx Club of the Y.M.C.A. should be congratulated for their fine effort in organizing the series of weekly Jam Sessions presented by some of the best local talent. This gives the boys a chance to play the kind of stuff they really want to play, and lets the public hear something a little different than they are used to hearing.

The latest returns from the Battle of the Crooners among Waterloo students show the following results: 1. Dinah Shore; 2. Jo Stafford; 3. Peggy Lee.

In the male section, The Groaner again came through with top billing: 1. Bing Crosby; 2. Dick Haymes; 3. Frank Sinatra.

Thus the results show that the two top vocalists in the music biz. are still ahead of any other serious competition. No serious threats seem to be looming on the horizon, although names like Art Lund and June Christie are appearing more frequently in the vocal limelight.

JACK BRAMM.

NURSES

continued from page 1

ing staff, a member of the commission, a member of the medical staff and a representative of the clergy.

Miss Fuller said it was the intention of the nursing school to put the student nurses on an eight hour day, if the commission approved. This would allow students to take part in extra-curricular college activities such as the students' legislative executive, literary society and athletic society.

She thought it advisable to raise the standard of admission to the training school to a minimum of a grade 12 certificate having Italian or chemistry as options and pre-

ferably a grade 13 certificate.

The date of admission of student nursing classes would be changed to coincide with that of Waterloo College to facilitate aptitude and intelligence tests designed to discover the suitability of the candidate to nursing.

Miss Fuller said that if preliminary students were sent to the college next fall to take an introductory course in sociology, those admitted to the nursing school would receive a university credit for the course if they possessed a grade 12 certificate. Those already enrolled in nursing classes without the certificate would receive a nursing school credit.

When the hospital was ready to receive candidates for the B.Sc., possibly in the autumn of 1949, Miss Fuller recommended discontinuance of the present allowance system for all student nurses and the substitution of paid tuition and meals for a certain number of B.Sc. candidates for three academic terms.

She said the college would provide special rates and the girls would be chosen by a selective process, with the stipulation that the student must train in the hospital nursing school or refund the money.

The college, she added, would publish the course in its bulletin as a prescribed course for nursing students and efforts would be made at the collegiate to interest candidates. Eventually scholarships might be added.

She said the college had been granted approval by the University of Western Ontario Senate to give the academic side of the B.Sc. course.

MUSICALE

continued from page 1

talent could go on "ad infinitum," but those I have mentioned were the artists on this particular evening. From the comments wafted by the spring breezes it is apparent that Waterloo College did it again!

Let not your glowing spirits droop when I tell you that Claude Chislett and Norton Staebler (not Wat-

erloons) were stars of the evening. Their playing of the "Symphonie Concertants" by Mozart was exquisite. However, we have some claim to Claude, as a former student, and to Norton, as a musical friend.

A programme such as this musicale causes no little expenditure of energy. The individual performers must augment their regular lessons by special numbers, and the choirs must rehearse consistently. But I suppose the person who does the most worrying, teaching, listening, frowning, moving, smiling, playing, joking and singing is Dr. Leupold. Elmer, in many respects, is running him a close second. The surprise of the evening occurred when from behind the piano came Elmer's voice singing the words of the Impenitent Malefactor.

On the whole we have had great pleasure from music at the College. There have been a few sessions on the gym piano which have not been appreciated, but our standard is quite high, and with co-operation will remain so.

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Seminary Notes

The Seminary students are very busy at present drawing up graduation plans. The climax of the year is the Seminary graduation service which will be held at St. John's Lutheran Church, Waterloo, on May 26th. The guest preacher will be the Reverend John Hamester of Pembroke.

The graduates are Mr. Harold Brose of Pembroke, Mr. Arthur Conrad of Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, and Mr. Jack Zimmerman of Milverton. They will be ordained at Synod which this year will be held in Pembroke.

We shall have a chance to tell them how much they have meant to us at the Seminary graduation banquet which will precede the graduation service.

Mr. Brose and Mr. Zimmerman have been called as assistant pastors to St. John's, Waterloo, and Zion, Pembroke, respectively, and Mr. Conrad has been called to take charge of St. Peter's, Ottawa. Each one has accepted his call.

We pray that God will bless their ministry that their labors will bear much fruit.

During the past month the Seminary students have preached on behalf of the Cossman-Hayunga Missionary project at St. Matthew's and St. John's. All of the students have taken turns preaching at St. Mark's. Very shortly they will go to Brodhagen and to St. Peter's, Kitchener. The students have also acted as supply pastors in the Unionville-Sherwood Parish, at Galt, Belleville, Kingston, Peterborough and Ottawa.

And now let us take a peek at the future. There are indications that there will be at least four juniors in Seminary next year. They are Messrs. Herbert Gastmeier, Delton Glebe, Earl Haase, and Robert Rock who are seniors in College this year. We hope that besides these there will be others who hear and heed the call to prepare themselves for the Gospel ministry.

ALF SCHENK.

EVENTS

continued from page 1

John's Lutheran Church. It is a special service for the graduating class of the Theological Seminary. Rev. John Hamester of Pembroke will preach the sermon.

On Saturday, June 7, the college alumni banquet is planned with the graduating class as special guests. The same night the program in honor of the graduating class and prize winners of the year will be held.

St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, Kitchener, will be the setting for the baccalaureate service on Sunday, June 8. Rev. Harry W. Baetz

of Chesley has been invited to preach.

The following night, June 9, the graduation dance will be staged, sponsored by the Students Legislative Executive.

On Wednesday, June 11, the convocation exercises and conferring of degrees, diplomas and scholarships, will be held at Western University at the J. W. Little Memorial Stadium.

LIBIDO

continued from page 3

It is amazing how many queer mental cases an amateur psychologist can uncover in one small school. This boy (I have yet to meet him) has become a misogynist because he flunked his upper school algebra and developed an aversion to figures which was transferred to those of females. That girl has a negative compulsion towards reading large books because a volume of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" fell on her big toe, lamed her for a few days, and forced her to cancel her date with the captain of the rugby team to the high school formal. Our psych man tells us that inside of two years, she will start making funny noises whenever she sees a book larger than an Eccles 20 text. George—the straight jacket please.

What annoys me most about the pseudo-mindmen is that they break all records for jumping at conclusions. A friend exhibits a strange symptom. Immediately they sheaf through their notes of case studies, John has a queer quirk of dry washing his hands when he becomes emotionally disturbed. Macbeth did this also (or if it was his wife, the relationship is close enough.) Macbeth was a murderer. Ergo John was a murderer. If he has not actually killed, he has suppressed desires to do so. Their logic marches irrefutably on.

Another feature of amateur psychology is the keeping of personal emotional charts. By doing this the person can forecast his mood and general state of emotions on any given day. All this proves to me is the great power of suggestion.

Whenever two amateur psychologists are gathered together (especially if it be in the presence of the uninitiated) there will be much smug discussion of ids, libidos, ego-ideals, and hetero-suggestion. Freud is disagreed with as one would disagree with an old friend, and an opinion is expressed for him on the newest psycho-therapy theories. Many times I have been tempted to say, "Yes, I took Psych 20 too."

At which point I might as well admit that as I have used up all my terms from that course, I will have to stop.

Little Theatre Notice

The K-W Little Theatre wishes to announce that it is opening its annual membership drive. Four productions, one of them an exchange play, are to be presented next season instead of the usual three productions. The membership fee is \$2.00 but by special arrangement, students of Waterloo College may purchase a season's membership at \$1.25. These memberships may be purchased from Werner Daechsel in his Tuck Shop.

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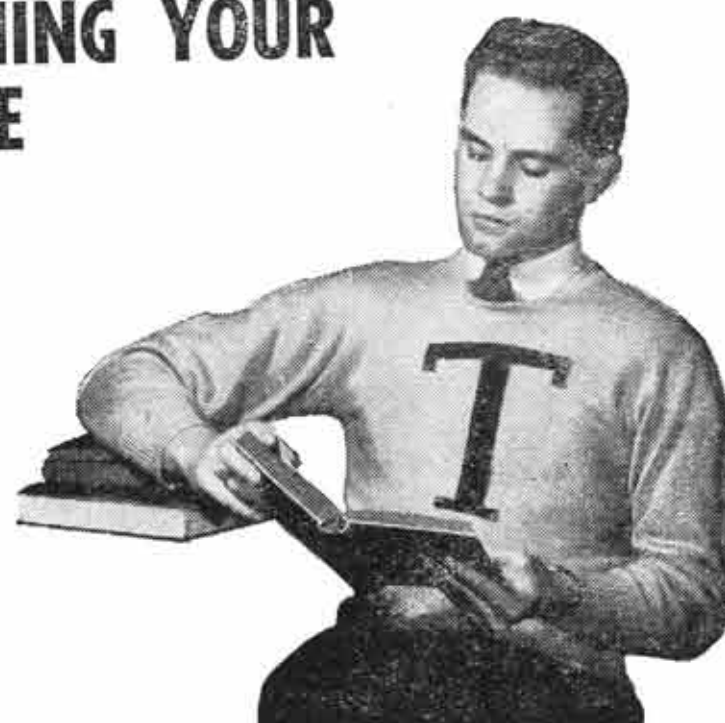
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