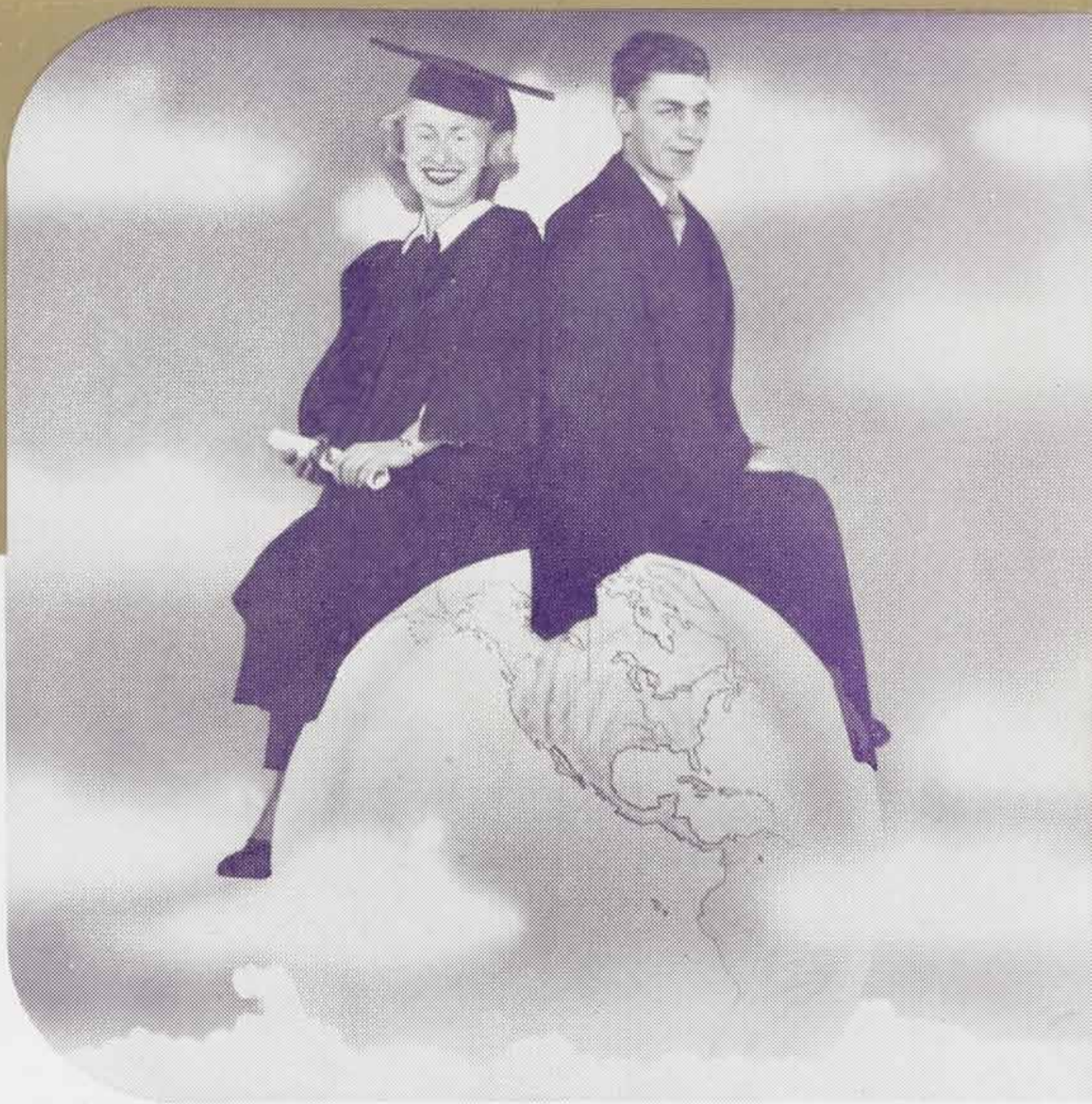


WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD



MAY 1948

*"From the tables down at Moreys,
To the place where Louie dwells . . ."*

Hum it softly boys, I'll take the next chorus. Yep, this is it, the final edition of the Cord and the final fling before the class of '48 becomes but a memory in the history of Waterloo College.

"The years have slipped by quickly, and now as we look back we remember the happy times; the things we have done and the things we wished we had done . . ." (This is taken straight from True Confessions, Feb. 1948).

—Remember our Frosh Play and the sticky porridge that was splattered over the aspiring actors . . .

—Our yearly production of the "Highwayman" always presented "by special request" . . .

—Football, basketball and hockey, the Schmalzers and those out-of-town games . . .

—Bull sessions, in the library, or for the more delicate subjects, up in Tarby's room . . .

—The Male Chorus and its first triumphant tour, featuring Max Putnam's singing, Fred Janke's hat trick, and "Binhammer Day" in Montreal . . .

—How we trembled as we saw the arrival in our Soph year of the huge new Frosh class under the banner of a little guy named Wettlaufer . . .

—"My Xmas Song for You," "Don't Fence Me In," and everything connected with music at Waterloo reminds us that Doug Frank would have graduated with us . . .

—Those two weeks at Ipperwash with the C.O.T.C. under the booming voice of the one-eyed sergeant-major . . .

—Athies, Junior Proms, Grad dances, and Banquets . . .

—Senior Varieties of '48 — what a show ! ! !

But enough of the past; what of the future? The latest report from the Siberian Underground Radio indicates an avid interest in the grads

of Waterloo College. The famous Siberian news analyst H. V. Kaltenborscht reports as follows: "Waterloo's large graduating class this year is a sure indication of the low standards of education in the capitalistic democracies. Here in Siberia, the official State University has not had a single graduate since Gromyko walked out in 1932. The future of Waterloo College's graduates looks indeed dark unless some immediate measure is taken to ensure their safety from the exploitation of wealthy honour Business Administration students."

While some of us will step out into the cold cruel world, many will pursue the course of higher learning at more advanced institutions. President Claude Q. Cornelius, M.A., Ph.D., of the Graduate School of Plumbers and Pipefitters, Local 674, sends the following message from the campus headquarters at Gesund Heights, N. Y.:
Dear Fellow Graduates:

We at Local 674 welcome with open gun sights any prospective grads who might wish to continue their studies here at Gesund Heights. We feel our school has much to offer in the study of advanced plumbing and pipefitting, and can guarantee each and every graduate a complete set of plastic pipewrenches on the completion of the course."

To my way of thinking, the sooner some of our graduates branch out into some different and unusual occupations, the sooner the fame and prestige of our College will become more widely known to the outside world. There are too many people who think Waterloo College produces only ministers and ministers' wives or school teachers and school teachers' wives (if there is such a thing!). The sooner we have more lion-tamers, band-leaders, politicians and burlesque queens numbered among our graduates, the greater the fame and the larger the enrolment at our noble Brainery.

We as graduates can do much towards our College Expansion Program by seeing that our school never has to play second fiddle to any college in the United States or Canada. How can you do that? Simple, my dear graduates. Go out into the world and become another Jimmy Durante, Jackie Robinson, Gypsy Rose Lee, Mackenzie King, Rocky Graziano, Errol Flynn, Barbara Ann Scott, or Al Capone. Then when you feel you are on top of the world and the public is clamouring for your life history, tell them proudly that you are a graduate of Waterloo College. That will be your contribution to Waterloo's Expansion Program. Instead of taking twenty years to complete the project, your plug for the old school will cause such an influx of students wanting to enrol that an emergency rush program will be inaugurated to build a new university in six months.

At the present time, Waterloo College is at the awkward age, gangling, self-conscious, and shy among the boys. We as graduates can help our Alma Mater develop the full stature of maturity.

—Jack Bramm.

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College Banquet

The Crystal Ballroom of the Walper House rang with laughter on April 1st as the Waterloons held their annual college banquet, sponsored this year by the Athenaeum.

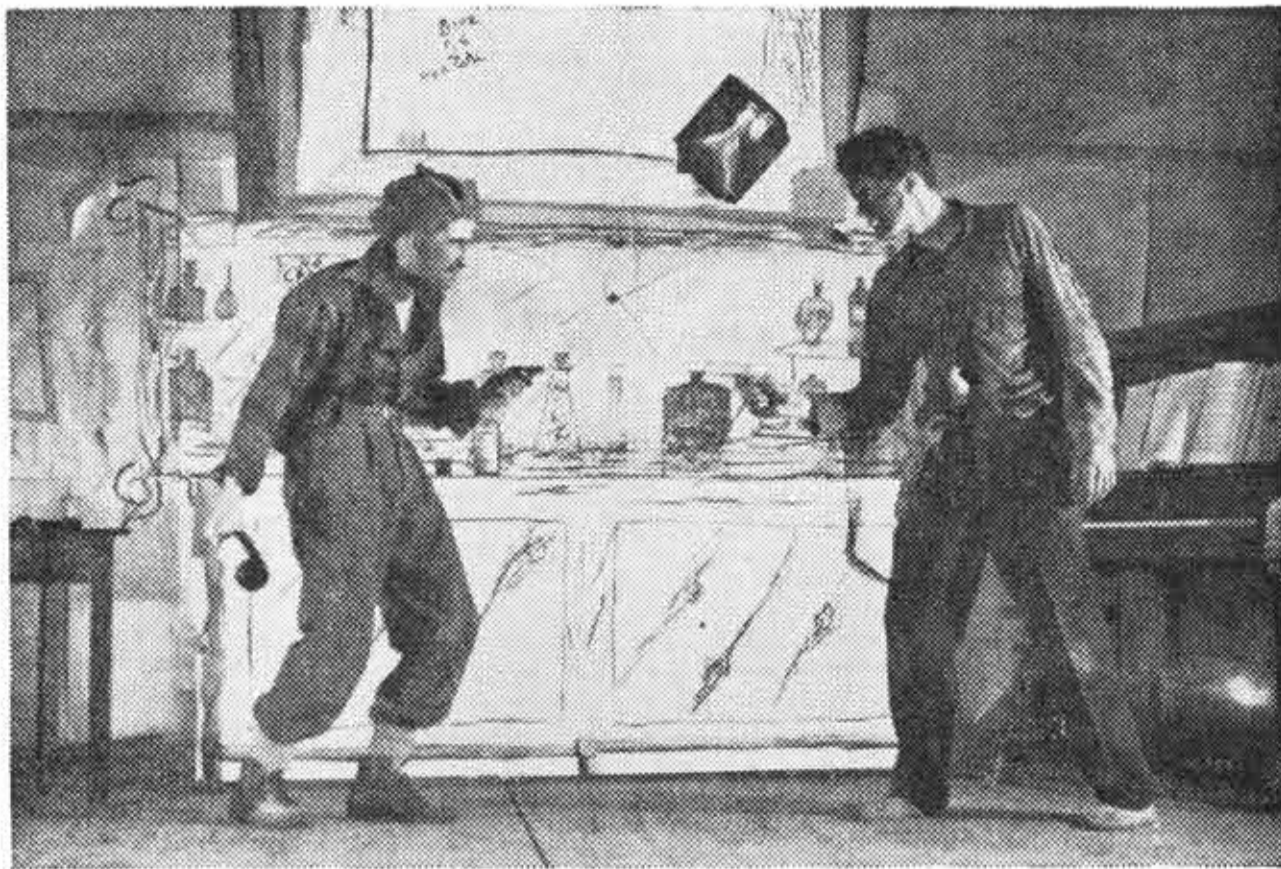
After dinner Max Putnam sent the program off to a wonderful start with "The Hills of Home" and "Danny Boy." Next, Chairman George Hopton, by his recitation of two poems, upheld the Athenaeum's purpose as "a meeting where poets and men of learning were accustomed to meet and read aloud their productions." Dr. Lehmann then made a few remarks about the college spirit, while Dean Schaus reviewed the part that athletics have played in creating this spirit.

Next on the program were "The Four Gentlemen of W. C." who almost brought down the house with their barnyard song, complete with sound effects. Dr. Lehmann and Bob Dier officiated in the presentation of athletic awards while special B.T.O.W.C. medals were presented by the chairman to June McKie, Verd Yates, Jack Wettlaufer, Ken Heer, and Fred Janke. These presentations were followed by selections by the Male Chorus.

Our special guest was Dr. H. H. Parker from McMaster, introduced by Miss Axford. The Mississippi-born professor's talk, "Tabernickle in the Wilderness," taught us a lot about the customs of the South, the Baptist Church of years ago, and the quaint folk who "were all characters although they didn't know it." We'll all remember the amazon Beulah and the deacon whose voice "stood out like cantaloup in a fruit salad," to say nothing of the agonies of a small boy in church. Ross Morrison expressed the feelings of the whole audience when he thanked Dr. Parker for his fascinating talk.

After the college song, the students returned to the gym for dancing.

—G. E. H.



“Dan McGrew”
Hayes
and rival
Jim Gram
sling the lead
in frosh
entertainment

Graduation Week

Graduation week promises to be a full one for the graduates this year. The activities will commence on Saturday, May 29, when past and present graduates will meet at the Alumnae Banquet. All college students are invited to attend the graduation program at 8 p.m. the same evening when Dr. G. E. Hall will address the graduates.

The following day, Sunday, May 30, the student body will join the graduating class in the Baccalaureate Service at 11 a.m. in St. Matthew's Lutheran Church. That afternoon, the graduates will be guests at a tea to be held at the women's residence.

The graduating class will enjoy their last social function as members of the student body at the Highlands

on Monday evening, May 31st. Present students will wish the graduates farewell, and past students will welcome them to the ranks of the Alumnae at the S.L.E.-sponsored graduation dance.

After Tuesday's brief respite, the graduates will proceed to London for the University Convocation on Wednesday, June 2. Equipped with mortar boards and gowns, and shaky knees they will receive the coveted roll of vellum and assume their position in Waterloo College history as the Graduating Class of 1948. —F. W.

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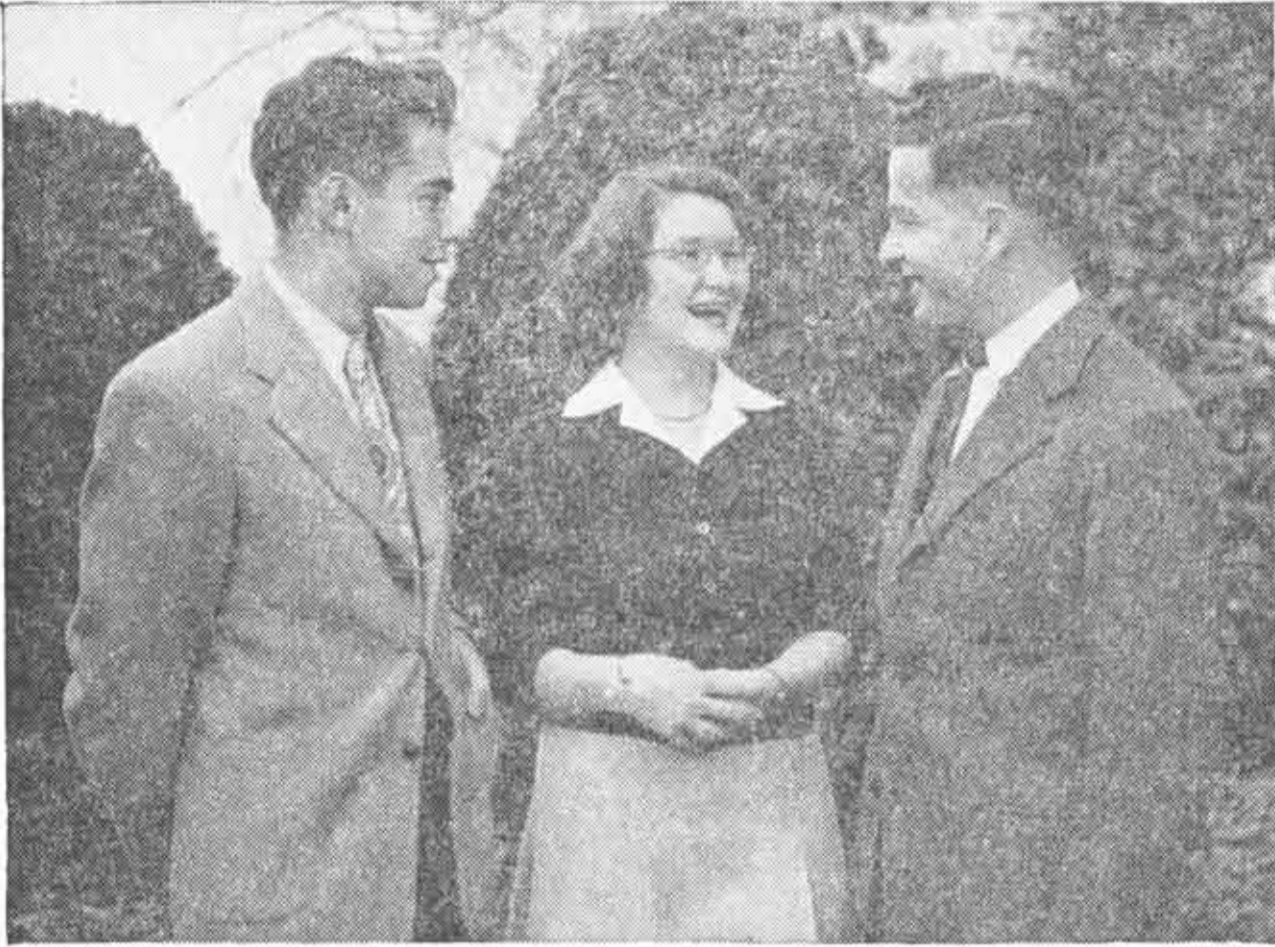
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ALUMNI NOTES



Off-spring
of three
College
Alumni
—Eric
Schultz
Alice
Bald
Robert
Howald

Included on this page is a picture of three young (Frosh) Waterloo College students. They are the sons and the daughter of three Waterloo College (and Seminary) Alumni. On the left is Eric Schultz, son of the Rev. William Schultz, Brodhagen. Brodhagen is also famed as the residence of Robert the Rock. Pastor Schultz graduated from the Seminary in 1926 and is a member of the Board of Governors. Eric grew up in the village of Linwood (about sixteen miles north of Kitchener) which I mention because I was born there too.

Centre, and usually the centre of attraction, is Alice Bald, our Lunengale Nightinburg. Alice is the daughter of the Rev. Louis Bald, who graduated from the Seminary in 1927. Pastor Bald is serving Zion Lutheran Church in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. The night of the college banquet, Dr. Potter was pouring into Alice's ears, stories

of Pastor Bald's pranks as a student at Waterloo. It looks like blackmail. Dr. Schorten says that Alice is a chip off the old block.

Right, is Robert Howald, the son of the Rev. F. Howald, Morrisburg, who graduated from the Seminary in 1921. Pastor Howald served as a chaplain in World War II, being stationed at Camp Borden, and then, overseas, in England. Bob has been following in the hockey-skate-steps of his father who was a star defence man (along with Pastor Jacobi of St. Mark's, Kitchener) in his college days.

It all goes to show that Alumni spread news of Waterloo College, even to the extent of sending their own children. As a matter of fact, I was thinking the other day, how many examples we have of one member of the family following in the foot-steps of another. Besides the above three, I can think of Reuben Baetz, whose

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father, the Rev. Harry Baetz, is a graduate of both the College and the Seminary. Bill Fisher, now at Western, followed in the foot-steps of his sister, Mary, not only as a badminton player but as a student at the College. Betty Harper, of last year, now working at the Laura Secord Candy Shop (Don Luft goes in every Saturday to ask for a free sample) followed in the foot-steps of her brother, Jack. Rose Marie Mosig is following two sisters who have graduated from Waterloo, Ilse and Trudie. I follow in the foot-steps of my brother, Otto, who graduated from the Seminary in 1937 and is now serving a congregation in Detroit. And I'm sure that you can think of many more examples.

Flash! ! ! Or at least it was when I heard about it. Florence Little, a graduate of last year, was married April 1st to Mr. Paul Socker in Washington. Our best wishes, Florence! Incidentally, this is another example of family succession. Fred Little, now of Waterloo College, had followed Florence, who in turn had followed Arthur Little, who graduated from the Seminary in 1940.

Well, Alumni, move over and make room for one more. Officially I graduated in '45, but you can't stick around the old building for three years and feel like a graduate. But this time the departure is for good. Now I join the ranks of those who can only look back in bitter-sweet reminiscing.

—Eric Reble.



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Letter to the Editor

I was pleased to read recently, in the editorial section of *The Record*, the views of Dr. G. E. Hall, president of Western University, concerning the present inequalities in the rights to a university education. Dr. Hall claims that we are wrong in saying that there are equal rights for the training of leaders, stating that the financial problem presents a real difficulty, particularly to the sons and daughters of the farmer.

When we consider this question we realize that much still can be done to facilitate the entry into our Canadian universities of truly worthy students who are handicapped through lack of money. True, scholarships help. Also, D.V.A. allowances have opened the doors to thousands of veterans who, otherwise, would not have been equipped financially to enrol.

But what appropriation has been made to assist the great numbers who graduate each year from our high schools in order that they may continue their education at a university? The answer to this question we all know, and it is up to us to bring the problem to the fore.

Only when our government has taken definite and adequate measures in this regard will we be assured of sufficient numbers of educated men and women to meet the ever-increasing problems, both national and international.

—L. H. Moon.

Geo. Hoelscher

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The Eternal Hokkaido Ainu

The Ainus, sometimes called the "hairy Ainus," are, supposedly, descendants of the original inhabitants of the Japanese archipelago. Ethnologists differ widely in their inferences regarding the origin of these seemingly prehistoric people; at present there is no generally accepted theory on the subject. Authorities do agree, however, that there is a definite relationship between the Ainu and the stone age man that inhabited the Islands some thousands of years ago. These primitive people, today, number about eighteen thousand and are found in two extreme sections of the archipelago — the Southern Kuriles and Northern Hokkaido. I know nothing of the southern colony and relatively little of Shiogawa, the Ainu village of the north, although I have visited it on several occasions.

On my first trip to the village I was accompanied by a Japanese doctor (a world renowned brain surgeon and Dean of the medical college at The Hokkaido Imperial University. He is also the author of several books which, incidentally, are used as texts in some medical colleges in the United States). Since he could speak the language, he acted both as an interpreter and guide for our reconnaissance patrol consisting of another paratrooper and myself. The village is situated in a remote section of the island and is accessible only by means of a mountain trail.

After a day and a half of climbing what seemed an almost precipitous trail, we reached a high ridge overlooking Shiogawa and within a few hours found ourselves the "feature attraction" of this isolated village. It was not a picturesque site, to say the very least; its buildings consisted

of a group of dilapidated mud huts staggered on either side of a murky stream. Its inhabitants were an assemblage of loathsome, disease-ridden individuals who scarcely seemed human. We went first to the hut of the village patriarch, or chief, who happened to be in the process of paying his respects to the "bear god" and was quite incensed that we had interrupted him. To describe his appearance and character is to describe those of all the male inhabitants of the village. He was a small man, scarcely five feet tall; cloaked in a bear skin robe which reeked with dirt and appeared to be lined with flies. He, like most of his constituents, was a victim of trachoma, the dreaded eye disease of the Orient, and for that reason appeared blind and stared at us through half shut eyes. He, of course, had a heavy beard which I surmise was naturally gray but it was so very dirty that it appeared anything but its actual color. His hands and feet were piteous appendages marked with deep scars and several amputations. I regarded him then and now as the worst physical specimen I have ever seen. The women were equally as hideous as the men, perhaps more so, and I think the chief's wife was typical.

She was, perhaps, a little larger than her mate and dressed much the same. Her face was horribly scarred by deep burns which are a result of a ritual with the Ainu. They tattoo their faces by making deep incisions and rubbing wood ashes into them. She had a bear claw hanging from her nose and in her ears were some heavy wood carvings, which had, through the course of time caused an elongation of her ear lobes. As if her appearance wasn't revolting enough, she was possessed of a number of idiosyncrasies that made her even more obnoxious.

Continued on Page 24

Reflections

Our days have been brief at Waterloo, and briefer still the fellowship we have enjoyed. Now it is time to say farewell. It is impossible to leave without a feeling of sadness because we leave behind us three of the best years. But life is change and even now the future beckons.

The past three years will always be remembered because they represent the dawning of our knowledge, and we thank the faculty, not because they have forced on us a great bulk of learning, but because they have led us to the threshold of our own mind.

After one year at College most of us felt like the frosh who was passing the time in a bus depot talking to a fellow traveller. The frosh said, "And what work do you do?" The man replied, "Astronomy." "Oh, yes," said the frosh, "I finished that last year." After two years we began to have a few doubts as to whether we knew everything or not. But now as we prepare to graduate we are beginning to realize how little we do know; perhaps that is a hopeful sign.

Now as we leave Waterloo, what word of advice can we give to undergraduates? Just this; at the College level our interests should begin to shape themselves into our future work, and as we pursue our studies there should be a pattern emerging into which all our efforts are poured. Unless there is a pattern we are wasting our powers and our gifts. You may feel that this is unnecessary advice, but you'd be surprised if you knew how many students at Waterloo, and not at Waterloo alone who do not know what to do when they graduate.

Our natural aptitudes differ from one to the other, and that is fortunate,

otherwise everyone would sing "I Love Life" at assemblies and what could be worse? The science teacher can talk to you about nuclear fission, but he can't give you his understanding of it. The music teacher can talk to you about rhythm, but he cannot give you the ear to hear that rhythm. The language teacher may be full of enthusiasm for the beauty of this or that language, yet the sound of it leaves you cold.

Each of us has an ability that is individual, and each of us can make a unique contribution to society, if we are true to our gift and develop it to the point of usefulness. There are too many people in the world unhappy because they lacked the courage to follow their star. To be sure, it is a risk whichever way you go, but if your mind is made up, the greatest obstacle is overcome. Finally, in your search for knowledge, here is something to remember. An Easterner once said, "Even as each of you stands alone in God's knowledge, so must each of you be alone in his knowledge of God, and his understanding of the earth." —M. P.

FASHIONS



48 King St. W.

Kitchener

Everyone who saw the Frosh Follies of '48 agrees that it was a terrific show. It was gay, colourful, dramatic, and even a little spicy in parts. Everyone enjoyed it. Even our harassed program director, Keith Niall, registered his approval when it was all over.

The show was presented on March 16, two days ahead of schedule this year for it was thought prudent to avoid presenting it the same week in which the Community Concert was held. (In all fairness to the Community Concert, of course.)

At curtain time, St. Peter's Hall was packed to the doors. Our own Miss Smith launched the show (the boys liked that), and from that moment on the audience co-operated beautifully.

"Hot Lips Turner" and his orchestra direct from a one-hour stand in New Jersey enthralled the audience with four brilliant selections of his own arrangement. "Gin for Christmas" went over big and everyone marvelled that pianist Bev Hayes played the piano so well "no hands." There were skeptics in the audience who ventured to suspect that the whole set-up was phony. Some dared to suggest that records were being played backstage.

A thrilling murder mystery entitled

"Wrong Clue" written by John Murray and produced by a miracle, engaged the audience while the girls backstage prepared for the "Gay Nineties Review," an extravaganza of beautiful smiles and shapely legs. Need I say more? The house went wild!



Helen Taylor works on Keith Niall who tries to work on. She won.

The program had its serious moments too. Gloria Rivers, popular mesomezzo-soprano of the college sang, "One World," and "Briah into Song," and Alice Bald who aroused so much interest at the time of the senior variety show offered "Jealousy" and "Land of Hope and Glory."

A short play concocted by Keith Niall and Celestin Weiler got a lot of laughs, and it proved to be just what was needed to put the finishing touch on a great show.

Close to \$70 was taken in, thanks to the effort of all concerned. The proceeds will go to the Relief Fund for European Children. —W. E.

Editor's Note:—With a true reporter's modesty, Ward Eby omitted his own news reports from this article. We thought you were one of the stars of the show, Ward.

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SEMINARY NOTES



Seminary
students
and
staff—
Has
Herb
been
cracking
jokes
again?

Every country has its great men, its heroes and its statesmen. Canada has her share. There were the explorers who came to her shores across unknown seas from England and France. There were the explorers who pushed mile after mile across her broad expanse until they came to the Pacific. Then there were the statesmen who united our country and gave her a place among the nations of the earth. We dare not forget the scientists and engineers who developed her mines and forests, her industries and her swift millions of common people who by patient, hard, honest work have made Canada the great country that she is. We love and honour all who have contributed to Canada's glorious history.

But great as Canada's history is,

it is outshone by the glorious history of the church. The Christian church also has had her heroes and martyrs and her millions of lowly, humble workers who have made her what she is. Through their efforts the church which began in a tiny country on the shores of the Mediterranean has spread to the ends of the earth. For the church men have suffered and died. For the church men have gone far from home and friends in order to bring the light of the Gospel to hearts darkened with superstition and fear.

But much still remains to be done. You and I have a part to play in the glorious history of the church. Her greatest need is for loyal and faithful men and women. She needs us and all that we can do for her.

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Our church has brought us the good news of salvation. She tells us of the One who has given His life in order that we might live with Him forever. We would be ungrateful wretches if we did not share this good news with others.

The church needs all of us. But before we can do any work for Christ, we must be trained. The disciples did not go forth as ignorant, unlearned men. They spent three years in the school of Christ Himself. They were taught by Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Our training began at our mother's knee when she taught us our first simple little prayer. It has continued in our homes and churches. This training is sufficient for us to be active Christian laymen. With such training we can witness for Christ and His kingdom as we go about our daily work. We can let people know that we accept the Bible and all its teachings. We can speak words of comfort to the sorrowing and words of warning to the erring. Even the things that we do and say as we go about our ordinary course of life can be a witness for Christ.

Besides this day to day witnessing for Christ by loyal and faithful Christians, the church also needs men and women who will give their entire time to its work.

The church needs more pastors, deaconesses, parish workers, and missionaries. From everywhere the call comes for more men and women to labour for Christ.

From China, for example, comes this plea of a Chinese business man, "It has always been that men are more important than money. Give us missionaries and more missionaries. Of course it is easier to give money than men, but if the church in America must choose between men and money, we in China challenge it to send us men. Send us missionaries who know Christ and can make Him known."

Continued on Page 15

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Kitchener



These Waterloo Hoopsters played their way into the finals.

Back row—Peter Dooley, Jim Gram, Coach Carl Tetzke, Harold Gram, Bob Dier.

Front row—Ken Heer, Eric Reble, Reginald Schedler, Lloyd Carter.

On the Bench

One day someone very carelessly tossed an empty vessel through the window in our room. Soon an eager, excited crowd gathered at the imprompty aperture. Hushed voices buzzed in mixed tones of confusion and disbelief. Gradually the news spread through the Dorm. Some skeptics shrugged their shoulders in disbelief. Others stopped dead in their tracks, stunned.

Yes, unbelievable as it seemed, through the only window in the College through which one could see, it was obvious that the snow was gone! What a shock! Spring was here. Spring and all its implications. Buds on the trees, robins, April showers, flowers, and the final exams, everything to which students attach reverence and veneration all culminated

in one glorious season. And it was here! Spring, yes spring, the season of sentiment was here.

And sentiment is all that is left in these old bones. For four years we have enjoyed writing for the Cord. We have always found that it takes longer to type out our column than to read the whole edition. But both were equally enjoyable. This year the Cord changed size and personally we think this was a great step forward. We only hope that in future years we can still read the Cord and watch comparable progress in other functions of the school. And now we get around to sports.

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WATERLOO

An innovation in the Dorm this year was organized basketball and volleyball competition. Harold Grams' Totschlagers were undefeated in the basketball league, while Mosher's Spikers had no trouble in winning all their games in volleyball. Russel Seltzer was the organizer and convenor. The possibilities of speculation in athletics are limitless and perhaps purposeless, since only next year can tell the story. So the only thing left to say is that we wish all the coming teams successful seasons and may they enjoy the pleasures of competition as much as the graduates this year have.

Apologies are made to the English Department for the employment of incomplete sentences. This lapse of grammatical perfection may be attributed to the large blister on the end of the typing finger, and, of course, sentiment.

—J. R. D.

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KITCHENER — WATERLOO

SEMINARY NOTES

Continued from Page 13

Instead of the few hundred missionaries who are in China, that country is asking for a thousand.

Your church needs you to take its message to those who do not have it. This day Jesus is saying to you, "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep."

Do you not hear Him? Will you not prepare yourself for full-time work in the church?

As you consider this question, think of the Steward family. Both parents were killed by the Chinese. Yet all four children are going back to China as missionaries.

Think of another young woman. Her parents owned a store in Santa Barbara. She lived a comfortable life with every convenience. Yet she deliberately forsook all to live in a dirty Chinese village. There she is caring for 2,000 orphan children. She went to share and to give. She is living the wonderful Gospel of Jesus and His love.

The history of the Christian church is glorious. But what part are you playing in it? Is your day to day life a witness for Christ and His kingdom? Are you willing to give your life in full-time service to the church?

—A. J. S.

"CORD-IALLY"

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My Church and I

My Church is the place where the word of God is preached, the power of God is felt, the Spirit of God is manifested, the love of God is revealed, and the Unity of God is perceived.

It is the home of my soul, the altar of my devotion, the hearth of my faith, the centre of my affection and the foretaste of heaven.

I have united with it in solemn covenant, pledging myself to attend its services, to pray for its members, to give to its support and to obey its laws.

It claims the first place in my heart, the highest place in my mind, the principal place in my activities,

and its unity, peace and progress concern my life in this world and that which is to come.

I owe it my zeal, my benevolence and my prayers. When I neglect its services I injure its good name, lessen its power, I discourage its members and chill my own soul.

I have solemnly promised, in the sight of God and men, to advance its interests by my faithful attendance, by reading the Holy Bible, by never neglecting its ordinances, by contributing to its support, by meeting with my fellow members, by watching over their welfare, and by joining with them in prayer and praise and service; and that promise I this day renew, before God my Father, Christ my Redeemer, and the Holy Spirit my Sanctifier.

Signed:

Gran.

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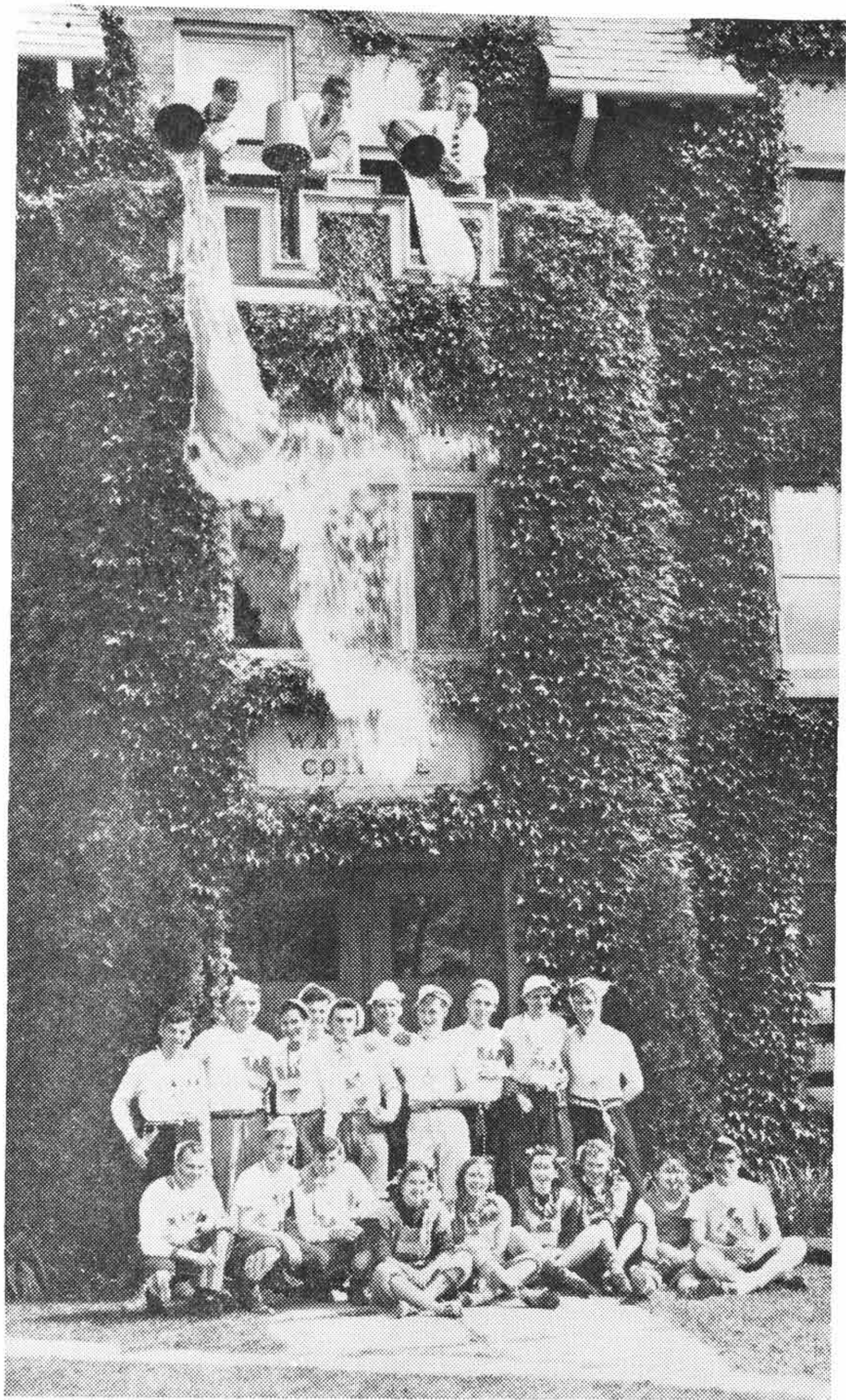


CHARLES BELAIR

PHOTOGRAPHER

Dunker Building

Kitchener, Ont.



PICTURE OF THE YEAR — REMEMBER?



Miss Axford
poses with
charges
on the steps
of the
Girls' Dorm
Just one big
happy family

Lines A La Gertrude Stein

They stand with face against the pane,
pane,

When it's as dark as can be, can be,
Let the elements rain, snow, fog, or
sleet, sleet,

They're still there all the same, same.

They're either there or crouched under
a sill, sill,

Listening thru' the walls, walls,
Then there's the back alley, back alley,
They're most frequent abode, abode,
Where many's the time they've been
caught, caught.

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WATERLOO

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How long you ask has it gone on? on?
Well, I shall try to relate, relate,
I'd vow that from the first to last, last,
It's nigh well over 'ate, 'ate.

They can also drive with lights turned
off, off,

On a very inky night, night,
But ah! I fear the motor sounds, sounds,
Throughout the stilly night, night.

Their dim pen lights they waver, waver,
As they go sauntering down the ave',
ave',

Little realizing that those so-called
scenes, scenes,

Were all pre-arranged for their benefit,
benefit,

As villains with villainitis, villainitis.

All summer long they wove a path, path,
Among a row of evergrads, evergrads,
'Twas just enough, enough,

To drive one mad, mad, ad infinitum,
March celebrated their second anniver-
sary.

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Baccalaureate

Sermon

Rev. H. H. Binhammer of Wellesley will be guest speaker at the Baccalaureate Service to be held in May.

Rev. H. H. Binhammer was born in 1896 in the Gold Coast of West Africa, a son of Martin Binhammer, a missionary of the Bosel Mission.

He received his education partly at Bosel, Switzerland, and partly at the University of Tübingen, Germany. From 1924 to 1927 he was in Argentine, South America, and in October 1927, he came to the United States to complete his theological studies at the Lutheran Seminary of Mount Airy, Pennsylvania. In May, 1928, he graduated and in June was ordained in the ministry by the Ministerium of Pennsylvania at Reading, Pa.

Rev. Binhammer was assistant pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, and served the mission congregation at Fox Chase, Philadelphia. In October, 1928 he received and accepted a call from Denbigh—Raylon, Ontario. From 1929 to July 1944 he served as pastor of St. Paul's and St. James' Churches in Normanby and St. John's in Currieh.

In 1931 Rev. Binhammer received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity from the University of Western Ontario. Since July 1944, he has served as pastor of St. Paul's, Wellesley; St. Peter's, Gadshill, and St. James', North-Easthope. —H. B.

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GRADUATION



A Message to the Class of 1948

Your graduation from College marks a further step forward in your process of securing an education to fit you for life's problems and activities.

Your education is not complete; it never will be. Throughout life you must continuously assimilate facts, persistently search for the Truth. Simultaneously you must co-operate with your fellow-men in putting that Truth into practice. Only in that way can you hope to solve some of the problems that bedevil our world, cure some of the ills that beset mankind.

The world your elders give you is in chaos, torn by dissension, disillusion, dissatisfaction — stalked by discontent, hunger, misery, suspicion, suffering, hatred, fear.

But your elders also give you the technical knowledge to alleviate physical misery and to engender material well-being. And your elders transmit to you an inspired Spiritual Message, which they have woefully failed to apply, but which, if lived, would heal this world's sick soul, usher in a spiritual regeneration and establish that brotherly love which dispels suspicion, hatred, fear and dissension.

Yours now is the task of applying that Message, of utilizing those tools.

May you go forward and attack the world's problems with courage and daring. And may you succeed where we, your elders have failed.

"Veritas omnia vincit."

Alex O. Potter
Honorary President, 1948.



George Hopton
 Pass Arts
 S. L. E.
 Athenaeum
 Rugby
 Hockey

We, of the Class of '48, have enjoyed our few years at Waterloo College. The memories she has given us will be among our proudest possessions, and we are grateful for them. But as we approach our Graduation Day, our thoughts do not only turn to the golden days that have passed so quickly, but naturally, and quite anxiously, they turn to the future. However we do feel prepared for what lies ahead because we have acquired a taste for learning, and have had a good course in the art of living. Thanks, Waterloo.

George Hopton,
 President, Class of '48.

Helmut
 Binhammer

Pass Arts
 Cord
 Directory Editor
 Rugby



Rhoda Dabe

Pass Arts
 Fides Dianae
 L. S. A.
 A Cappella Ch

John Bramm

Pass Arts
 Cord
 S. L. E.
 Athenaeum



Werner
 Daechsel

Pass Arts
 Tuck Shop
 Manager

Howard Brox

Pass Arts
 S. C. M.
 Male Chorus



Robert Dieter

Pass Arts
 Basketball
 Rugby
 Athletic
 Association

Lois Carter

Pass Arts
 Cord
 Athenaeum
 Basketball
 (Captain)



Robert
 Dilworth

Pass Arts

George Durst

Pass Arts
Housefather
Lecturer



Reuben Halpern

Pass Arts
Student Sports
Manager

Barbara Eckersley

Pass Arts



Ross Harding

Pass Arts

Gladys Foran

Pass Arts
Basketball
Record Club



Ralph Huras

Pass Arts

William Giller

Pass Arts
Hockey
Rugby



Fred Janke

Pass Arts
S. L. E.
Male Chorus
Hockey
Rugby

Jerene Gofton

Pass Arts
S. L. E.
S. C. M.



Robert Lange

Pass Arts
L. S. A.
Record Club

Ruth Mary Hagmeier

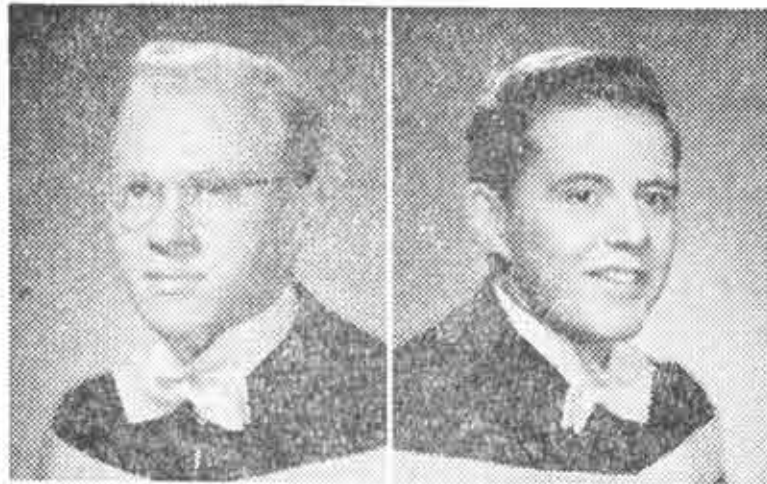
Pass Arts



Stewart Mank

Pass Arts

Rudolph
Martens
Pass Arts
S. C. M.
Male Chorus
A Cappella Choir



Robert
TarBush
Pass Arts
Athenaeum
Rugby



Ruth Mills
Pass Arts



Granville
Taylor-Munro
Pass Arts
Cord
Male Chorus



Gordon Nelson
Pass Arts



Harry Weaver
Honour English
Cord
S. L. E.
Hockey
Rugby



Max Putnam
Pass Arts
Male Chorus
A Cappella Choir
Hockey



Hope Weber
Pass Arts
S. C. M.



Peter Schmidt
Pass Arts
Male Chorus



Faith Weber
Pass Arts
S. C. M.
Basketball



Eugene Sulisz
Pass Arts



Anthony
Wilhelm
Pass Arts
Rugby
Basketball





Wanted—One baby-sitter. Preferably cute. Apply to Bev. Hayes.

HOKKAIDO AINU

Continued from Page 9

To the Ainu, it is sacrilegious to bathe in any liquid; therefore they never wash any portion of their body. They, of course, have no knowledge of sanitation whatsoever and for that reason their mortality rate is extremely high. They have a very primitive religion in that they worship bears, their only gods. Once each year they have a religious ceremony in which all the male members participate. This ceremony is centered around the carcass of a freshly killed bear. Each participant takes a sip of the bear's blood and in return, gives the bear a tumbler of wine. At the completion of the

ceremony and its various phases, which sometimes last for a week or more, the bear is placed in the village shrine. There it remains as a symbol of the god until the following fall at which time it is replaced by another carcass. These people exist solely on their ability as hunters and scavengers. They hunt mostly with bow and arrow, although there are a few rifles in the village, or rather there were—that was part of our assignment, to confiscate all lethal weapons.

I made two return trips to the village and on both occasions acted as guide for our "S/2 Section," intelligence. We had no interpreter with us, so my last visits were strictly routine and rather uninteresting.

Frank Mills,

Young's



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Honorary Editorial

The time has come when we must lay down the pencil and the pen. No, no, students, not loud cheers. Don't you see that the script calls for weeping and gnashing of teeth? You can't follow the show if you don't watch the program.

As we wipe a few nostalgic tears and look back over our four years with the Cord, we have only one great complaint to voice. You Waterloons have taken away our most fruitful source of editorials. Formerly in every second edition the editor could voice loud lamentations about the very evident lack of material and interest in the Cord. Now there seems to be lots of material, and we only require one or two mud-slinging letters to the editor each year to sustain interest.

The staff of the Cord believes that the new format has at least been a moderate success so there will likely be a magazine type Cord again next year. However, let us not forget that in our long range planning this is just a transitional stage. There should be a thriving weekly paper here to welcome in the brand new Waterloo College which we hope is not too far around the corner. And when that new College comes, couldn't the Cord then please have a room or two of its own?

We'd like to thank everyone who has helped produce our paper. A special thanks goes to Jack Wettlaufer, Grant Kaiser, and all the associate editors as well as business managers. If our new Cord has been at all successful you have made it so. Being editor this year has been a privilege and a pleasure compared to the job-of-work it has sometimes been in the past.

But enough meandering. The Senior Editor with a new whip in his hand and a new gleam of authority in his

eye is making caustic remarks about old has-beens not knowing when to shut up. We check off all our fingers and see that we've shed our tears, said our thanks, and wished our luck for the future. So there it is, Grant. The paste is in the cupboard; Binnie has all the old make-up Cords. Armed with the scissors and the new constitution, and followed by a good staff and a student body champing at the bit to write for you, go forth to battle! Get going, and make our Cords of '47-'48 look like very small time stuff. You won't hurt our feelings.
—H. D. W.

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Senior Editorial

How often we read or hear vague generalizations about the deplorable condition of the rising generation! Among the ranks of men from the very greatest to the very least, there seems to be a divine attraction, a sense of prestige in the art of casting judgment on those who have been born one generation too late. The criticisms vary little from age to age and usually brand the "younger set" as unable to amuse themselves, irreligious, lacking a sense of responsibility, spoiled, having too many machines, having too much education, or not enough education, and going to the dogs. We shout our prejudiced disagreement. Look at our graduating class, for example, or even the undergrads. They are a sample of the rising age, but we fail to find an excessive degree of any of these faults. That there is something wrong with this generation, we admit; simply because there is bound to be something wrong with a younger generation. But what it is we aren't sure. Perhaps their chief fault is that they have started making wild generalizations about those born thirty years too soon. And we don't suppose the present rising generation will be radically different from their elders. Can't you see it all now? One of the grads stands up before a large audience, a serious look on his face, his chest swelled almost to meet his gravy-spotted middle-age spread and solemnly declared in his fatherly tone, "The youth of today are not of the same high calibre as those of yesterday. Why, back in the good old days . . ."

—G. E. K.

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Junior Editorial

Although Ward and I do not officially rest our feet on the Junior Editor's desk until next term, Grant has snagged some space for us from the graduation splash in order that we might "Give the readers a preview of what to expect from us and a chance for us to experience the what-to-write-for-an-editorial-problem."

According to the Cord files lying above the dictionary in the library, the Junior Editors in past years favoured college life as subject matter for their first editorials. One spoke of the quiet dignity of the library; another about the sense of industry that is prevalent everywhere about the institution; and yet another about the courageous manner students met the challenge of their environment. With almost a complete term behind us, we too have formed some opinions about college and feel qualified to pass judgment. We know that the stairways are no place to pass another student if both are wearing overcoats, that the clock and the bells are always fast (yes they are Nick!); and that a schmoe is he who . . .

To add further would but take us limbward. We are postponing our harsher editorial viewpoints and opinions until we gain seasoning and become hardened to the task. Our Swiftian approach and Billy Rose touch will, we trust, creep into our editorials next term when we inherit a full column and feel less like rookies.

We do like the appearance of our new found editorial world, and our position as eliminators of double negatives and split infinitives pleases us greatly. A fat new Cord to fill with shiny symbols of good education six times a year! Opportunity to preview the Static column—and censor same! A chance to eliminate our pet grieves and problems in an editorial! Our enthusiasm amazes even us.

Grant told us we didn't have to say anything in our first editorial.

—H. A. T.

Hi There!

*Right now your grades are good . . .
but life holds harder tests.*

Harder indeed! Life was never a lenient school-master. And making the grade in life demands all a man can muster in the way of knowledge, ability and forethought.

Especially forethought! The sort of forethought that prompts a man to start charting a life insurance program early in youth — that enables him to realize that whatever experiences life holds for him — earning a living, getting married, raising a family, having earning power cut off — he is better equipped to meet them and enjoy them when he has behind him the security and protection provided by life insurance.

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