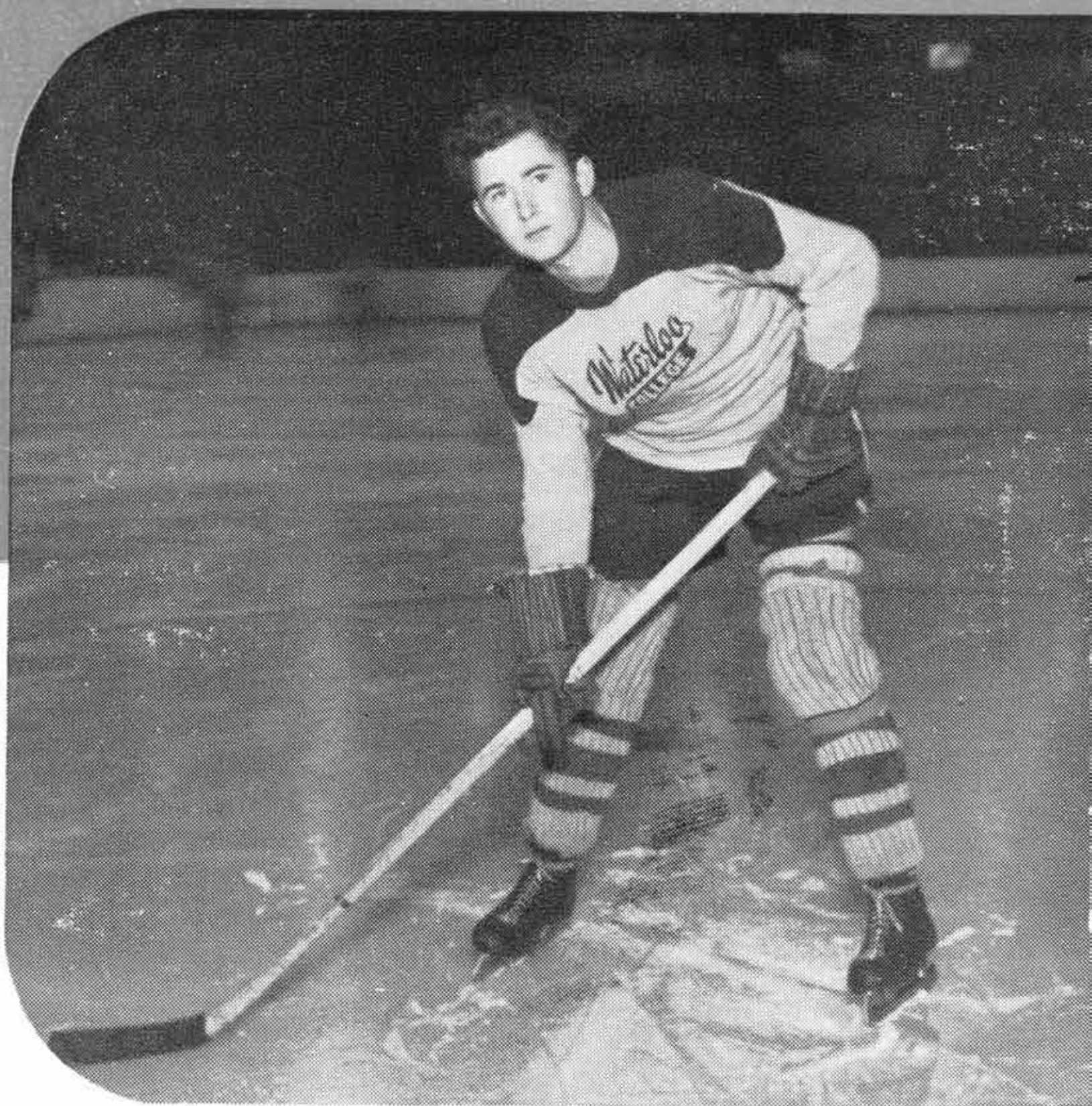


# WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD



**FEBRUARY 1949**

# WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD

Vol. 24, No. 4                      February, 1949

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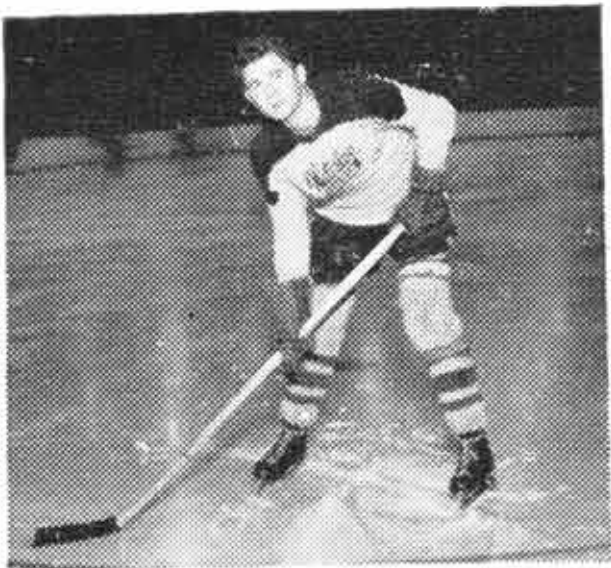
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## OUR COVER . . .

Reg. Haney, one of Waterloo's star defence men, scored two goals and two assists in the game against Huron College.

## EDITORS' NOTES:

Whodunit? No body knows. Nevertheless somebody brought a real sofa—cushions, springs, upholstering and all, to the men's common room. Students have to arrive earlier every day to obtain a position on this throne. We can visualize last year's graduates turning green with envy. Now that the long-awaited treasure has arrived, let's hope it won't suffer burns from cigarette ashes. The only way to get more soft chairs is to take care of what we have.

\* \* \* \*

The stork has paid his respects to two men at the college since the last CORD was published. Reinhardt Schmidt is calling his daughter Karen Jane and Dr. Annett's son will be known as Campbell Charles. Remarked proud papa Annett: "Yup, nine pounds, ten ounces—biggest effort Waterloo has put forth in a long time. Congratulations to both of you!"

\* \* \* \*

More contratulations! This time to Dr. Klinck on his appointment as Head of the Department of English at Western. Along with this position goes a full professorship. We heard someone remark in the halls, "Gee, Head of the Department at Western! And to think he taught at Waterloo just two years ago!"

\* \* \* \*

That sweet-smelling incense Prof. Cleghorn has been spraying around the school is to purify the air. When the problem was discussed of how to kill germs in the air and thus prevent colds, apparently one of the ministers said, "Let us spray."

—The Editors.



Just as Sarah Binks' poetry may be divided into the pre-Regina period and the post-Regina period, so our college life is divided into two installments — Ninety Dollars and Ninety Dollars. "Sarah Finks" has been travelling the common room lately for a slower and more detailed study of her poems presented on "Stage 49". As for the financial situation, most of the post office letter-gang slaved over the Christmas rush to pay off their creditors. "Clicker", however, leaned over the parcels for a few extra hours and was able to have a tire fixed which he claims Weiler deliberately flattened.

But conservative Cel had his own car troubles and front and back seat drivers to contend with on the way to St. Thomas. Ignoring the rattling door, the temperamental window which rolls down but never up, crowded conditions, and Lorraine, Weiler kept to the middle of the road, dutifully waved to Chess and his panting car at every gas station, and made Alma College in a surprisingly short time for 50 miles per.—Just kidding, friend,—don't worry, your father will never read this.

Choice gossip in these halls for awhile has been concerned with engagements. Ex-Waterloon Audrey-Ruth Gross is flashing a diamond from Mickey McClaren. Ross Hudson looked very happy as he explained, "I got myself engaged!" Mary Shirk and he have not, as yet, decided upon any future plans. The latest New Hamburg Report concerns the exchange of mouth organs during the Christmas shuffle between Joan Pauli and Ed. Nabert. They can now make beautiful music together.

Another Waterloon, John Boothby, is providing modern dance music with his newly organized seven-piece or-

chestra under the name of Johnny Adams. The enterprising ensemble has been engaged by the Sunnyside Gardens and in the future hopes to beat out a few boogies at the Teen Canteen. John is among the three ivory ticklers who provide those short noon hour concerts. Mrs. Felton and Margaret Ann Hoffman do their expressing in the classical field.

Now a word from Western reported in Jack Wettlaufer's own words.

"I was standing outside a Business classroom Friday afternoon, discussing Barbara Ann with the boys. I was kibitzing (as I sometimes do) and said if she would come along, I'd dance with her.

Well, wouldn't you know, two minutes later along came Barbara Ann herself with this Geof. Caldwell guy. The boys taunted me a bit, so to keep my reputation, I went into action. I put down my books, tiptoed forward and said, 'Would you care to dance, Miss Scott?' I really didn't dance with her—just about two waltz turns.

Barbara Ann didn't seem to mind, but I can't figure out why this Caldwell guy gets so mad. He starts hopping up and down and wants to charge me with assault, before the student court. I'm all for the idea, but unfortunately he backs down. Anyway I smoothed it over. I said that Barbara Ann was so lovely that no normal red-blooded young man could resist her. And I'm abnormally normal, as anyone would vouch for me—although I have doubts about the red blood and the youth."

The case of the missing Binnhammer, or, "to buy or not to buy; that is the question," was cleared up by that effective detective, Nick, who summed up the situation in a short

meaningful sentence, "he's back." To the question, "where've ya bin' hammer?" capitalist Gerhardt issued his answer to the public and Miss Ax-ford today. It seems the taxi business offers lucrative returns and our opportunity boy decided to partake legally of the profits. To own a taxi was his goal but some loaded dough-head jumped his bid and Linny walked home. The only sympathy he received from the office was, "settle down, boy!"

For a lesson in Geometry the triangle is most interesting. As an example, let us take Kathryn Appleby as the centroid of the medians to the three angles, Frank Petch, Stan Luciw, and Eric Lavelle. Up to this deadline, Eric Lavelle has occupied the right angle.

The Spanish movement instigated by Calvin Blair and Bob Diggin has proved unsuccessful and impracticable. It consists of a shuffle of chairs and occupants from one row to another in order to escape translation or else be in a position to translate the small paragraph one has prepared. "Foiled again" has become the popular slogan of this class.

Albert Augustine is taking a back seat these days as Knock Rummy replaces Bridge. The three card sharks, MacTavish, Weiler and 'temper' Derstine may be heard quite frequently as they enjoy a friendly little game. The loser must forfeit his pockets as

ash trays. The game is also a popular pastime with the Dorm boys. Luch, in disagreement, breaks up the game by referring to the players as "hoaf-erpickers". This is one word from Luch's vocabulary which absolutely no one has been able to translate.

Jane McGanity returned in a gay mood from a carefree trip to Montreal. She reported in a lengthy common room chit-chat that the weather was slushy, the clothes were lovely, and the vices were numerous. Other job-conscious students returned in black moods from the Civil Service exams. All hope of polishing desks in the House of Commons had been abandoned.

In the complaint corner we find Parbara Pierce with a hangover of credits; Mary Uffleman who wants to know what she'll do when she gets her B.A. anyway—(this is no love-lorn column, Mary, but if Doug Scott hasn't made up his mind by now, you'd better have your telephone connected and start passing out the number); and then Griper Gram who has brought the S.L.E. back to the original constitution which means that the overflow of members will be ousted.

J.S.

"Hear the latest? 11 profs and a student killed in a train wreck."

"Poor chap."

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## WHY CAN'T YOU PAINT?

We all make an attempt to express ourselves through the written word regardless of how imperfect our language might be. But we have not the same confidence when asked to express ourselves in the pictorial language of line and colour. Is this not strange when we consider that very young children and primitive people can express themselves quite freely in a pictorial way? Perhaps it is because they have no inhibitions about art and artists to paralyze their hands. As the child grows and develops he comes into contact with perfection in techniques, and later on in life we begin to hear this sort of thing, "If only I had had the necessary training I could fill an art gallery with all the wonderful things I've seen and thought and done." Well, there is nothing to prevent this person from putting all this on paper or canvas. He can hold a pen and pencil to write, and a paint-brush is not unknown to his hand when the kitchen chair needs a fresh coat. But something seems to trouble him. He is thinking of painting as a trained profession. To many people who live but do not paint, painting seems a highly technical art or science like engineering or the law.

It would be foolish to say that some artists do not paint better than others, or that professionals do not improve their technique by practice. In the first instance, some have a natural aptitude for painting, like Peter Paul Rubens, to use a well known example. In the second instance, everyone learns more about painting by the simple process of painting more and more and by thinking about painting—jotting down impressions in a few

strokes that illustrate aspects of everyday life, searching for the exact means that will capture some of the vitality of living. Observe how great artists developed from mediocre painters when they discovered subject matter that was the essence of some aspect of life. The craftsmanship of painting can be learned by constantly painting.



|" . . . . simple statement  
in bold brush-strokes . . .")

To regard painting as a professional skill is to put the 'cart before the horse'. The only important thing an artist needs is 'something to say'. Thousands of people who do not paint have living compositions in their mind's eye and are therefore better equipped to paint than many painters. For painting is primarily an aspect of living. What the mature observer of a painting wants is not accomplished craftsmanship nor even correct perspective, but a frank statement of what the artist has done, seen or thought.

None of these things can be learned in the library or at art-school. They have to be learned out in the world where men get fragments of the truth hammered into their heads. "The Creation of Adam" by Michelangelo seems to have been created

out of the tension and vitality of the universe. It is the pictorial expression of a man who was favoured and privileged in his youth and then let down the market-place in the years that followed. Michelangelo's skill as a craftsman was incidental to the elemental fury that possessed his mind and soul.

Style in any art is determined by the artist himself. A man writes and paints according to what he is. There is a kind of fatalism about it. Good painting expresses a man's experiences, character, and personality. Since the art galleries are packed with good paintings in variegated styles, it would be folly to uphold one school of painting as the best. But let this page stand in praise of frank statements by men who have had experiences outside the studio and who paint without flourishes. The academic style with its flourishes and lifeless exactitude is an admission of the pompous attitude of the academic artists of today. Working slowly and meticulously to obtain just the right tone and proportion for a 'still life' or a pearl necklace in a portrait, and steeped in one theory and method, they paint in a style that becomes them. Living the life of studio painters, they have little real knowledge of the practical world. The true artist of our day is a plain man, who is

in contact with the masses of plain, ordinary people. He paints simple statements in bold brush-strokes without flourish and polish. His experiences in the everyday world among plain, ordinary people breed in him a contempt for pretentiousness. For he knows that pretentiousness in art discloses pretentiousness in an artist's mind; and that the fault is not false style but false humanity.

There is much that can be learned about painting, but it is not one of the learned professions. No one can teach a painter the primary essentials of subject matter and attitude. First of all, a painter needs something to paint—not the art, but the life; not the brush-strokes, but the experience.

Edward Cleghorn

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## FOR WOMEN ONLY

Let us pause in our gay whirl of exams, essays, and seminars, long enough to sing the praises of an outstanding Canadian woman, a woman who should serve as an example to all of us—Sarah Binks, W.P.M., L.L.D., better known as the Sweet Songstress of Saskatchewan. Time and space do not permit me to delve into her life history; however, if you listened to Stage 49 last Sunday, or have eaten lunch in the Girl's Common Room recently, you will know of her passion for Geology and her P.R. and P.R. periods. You will also know of her tragic death, the result of mercury poisoning, caused by her attempt to take her temperature with her prize horse thermometer and chew Scotch Mints at the same time.

No, I cannot recount her life history and her poetic triumphs; I can only attempt to describe Sarah the Woman, whose personality is captured in the works of Sarah the Poetess. Those womanly qualities admired, possessed and immortalised by Sarah, should be the goal of every woman. Poetess, Sarah may have been, but she was first, last, and foremost a woman, and a romantic woman at that. In her haunting, **Hunter's Moon** she presents an Ojibway maiden's plaintive call to her lover:

Red Brother, Red Brother,  
Wandering wild and free—  
Tonight it's Hunter's Moon,  
Brother—

How about hunting me?

That Sarah possessed tenderness, an excellent trait in a woman, is evident to anyone who has read her poem **The Cursed Duck**. This lament was written shortly after Sarah's pet duck had bitten Ole's ear off (Ole was the Binks' hired man).

A cursed duck pecked off his ear,  
And his face grew peaked and pale;  
"Oh, how can a woman love me  
now?"

Was his constant and lonely wail.  
But a woman came, and she loved  
the man,  
With a love serene and clear—  
She loved him as only a woman can  
love

A man with only one ear.

In addition to tenderness Sarah harbored a deep maternal instinct, demonstrated by **Lullaby** and **Little Papoose**. In the latter Sarah also displayed her knowledge of child psychology and dietetics.

Little Papoose, the twilight creeping  
Draws its shadows across the skies—  
Another hour and you'll be sleeping—  
Here's a pickle, close your eyes.

Who but Sarah would think of giving a baby a pickle to help lull it (the baby, that is) to sleep.

But Sarah, in common with many women, suffered heartbreak at the hands of an unscrupulous man, and for a time bitterness replaced tenderness. Sarah showed that "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned" in her poem:

Man who has spurned and made my  
heart to hurt,  
Is but a creature and a thing of dirt,  
A thing of mud, of clay, volcanic ash  
Old brick, cinders, broken cement,  
chert.

Broken-hearted or not, Sarah was all woman and a woman that we should strive to emulate.

This sketch of the Divine Sarah has, of necessity, been brief and those who desire to further their acquaintance with her should consult Paul Fiebert's excellent biography **Sarah Binks**.

L. A. Black

## K-W LITTLE THEATRE

Another season for the K-W Little Theatre is drawing to its close, and the curtain has come down on three of the most ambitious plays this group, together with the Guelph Little Theatre, has produced to date. All three managed to escape from the typical comedy usually seen in this city, and as a result, the audience was left thoughtful rather than hilarious.

The season got underway in the Fall with the production of **Craig's Wife**, starring Mrs. Edward Cleghorn. Since the cast also included former Waterloo students, Marjorie Bryden and Bob Dier, we at the college naturally felt something of a personal interest in the play. Quite aside from the personal aspect, we found the play really very stimulating. Mrs. Cleghorn's interpretation of a woman who had lost all love for everything except her house was all too convincing. She created a hard, pitiless character, completely unsympathetic to others' troubles, unreasonably jealous and suspicious of her husband and friends, yet somehow pathetic in her weakness.

The husband gave an excellent performance as a man fighting to break down the barriers which his wife had built between them and the world of normal, friendly people, and vainly trying to understand the woman that he had married. His sensible, sympathetic personality provided an admirable contrast to that of his granite-like wife, and he completely won the audience to his side.

The supporting players were all quite good, especially Mrs. Mildred Snyder as the flutery neighbor and aging coquette. Perhaps Bob Dier

would have been more convincing as a professor had he been a bit older. The romantic interest that he and Marjorie Bryden provided seemed rather unnecessary to the plot, although it did help to bring out the utter heartlessness of Mrs. Craig's character.

The setting and costumes were suitable and did not force themselves upon the audience in such a way as to distract attention from the players. Though there were some flaws (not an unusual occurrence in any amateur production) the play as a whole was of quite a high standard. The final scene was perhaps too theatrical, but nonetheless it proved very effective; here we saw Craig's wife left alone in the hollow shell that had once been her most cherished possession.

In marked contrast to this psychological study of a woman's character was the next play produced, namely **Fortune My Foe** by the Canadian playwright, Robertson Davies. In this play we have a problem of national importance that confronts every Canadian today. Mr. Davies deals with the lack of appreciation for the arts, the absence of opportunity for ambitious youth, and the consequent emigration of our most talented citizens to the United States. The first play centred about a single character; the second gave a searching interpretation of many characters, all representative of various aspects

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of the Canadian scene. Thus we see the frustration of the young professor, the disillusionment of the old, the ambition of the heroine, and the philosophical musings of the bartender. Here too, are portrayed the fanatical communist, the loveable drunk, and the stupid superficiality of certain educational authorities. Against this background stands out the personality of Franz, the D.P. marionette maker, who sees in Canada, not only faults, but the promise of a better future. "Everyone with an axe to grind wants Franz to grind it for him", might summarize much of the plot, yet Franz remains steady and hopeful, a much needed anchor in the turmoil of conflicting ideals about him.

This was a difficult play to produce, and the director, Mr. Tuck, should be congratulated on the results. The setting was effective, and its faults, though numerous, were minor ones. The desired atmosphere was created and the audience could feel itself part of the play. The direction was generally good, although an improvement might have resulted from a more careful casting of some of the main characters. Walter Grimwood played the part of Chilly Jim sincerely, but was handicapped by his youth which seemed inconsistent with his rather profound philosophical thoughts (mixed with slang). Dean professor, but his speeches, which Anderson looked the part of the older were probably the most important in the play, were at times barely audible and usually seemed to lack conviction. The younger professor, George Norman, was very poorly cast and did

nothing to help the play. Good performances were put on by the rest of the cast, with special mention going to Peggy Nairn's clear diction and excellent stage manner, Mildred Snyder's dynamic performance as the "Commie", and the amusing stuffiness of Edna Honsberger and P. J. Vincent as the educators. Acting laurels, however, go especially to Thomas Barry's sympathetic interpretation of Franz, the New Canadian, with his restrained use of accent, and to Ralph Ashton's superb portrayal of "Buckety", the derelict drunk who provided the play with its best humour. Mr. Ashton's performance was anything but amateurish, and, without apparent effort, he completely stole the show. Mention must also be made of the puppet show, produced by Carol Hicks with the assistance of Betty Shantz. Had this been poorly presented, it could have ruined the entire play; instead, it enhanced it in the opinion of most of the audience.

In spite of some technical flaws, and some very poor casting in few cases the play was a satisfying experience. Mr. Davies would have helped the situation had he allowed for more action and less wordiness, but the actors proved capable of giving a commendable performance, even under these difficulties. It was an ambitious undertaking, and the Kitchen Little Theatre may be justly proud of its success.

The third play in the series was the Guelph Little Theatre production of T. S. Eliot's **Murder In The Cathedral**. This presentation, unfortunately, was not too happy an experiment, as

*Compliments of . . .*

**Bradey-Drainin**  
F U R R I E R S

it proved to be beyond both the audience and the actors. This drama in blank verse, centering around the martyrdom of Thomas Becket in 1170 requires experienced players to put a feeling of reality into its long speeches, especially important in the absence of almost all accompanying action. Difficult as this feat is for the professional actor, it is virtually impossible for the amateur. I felt that the actors were unconvincing, the action and gestures stilted and artificial, and the dramatic effect completely lost. The audience remained untouched. The most convincing performance was given by the four soldiers who, unfortunately, spoiled the effect by lapsing into prose and sounding like nothing so much as a group of high school debators. The tempters, rather than being terrifying, were amusing when they weren't dull. The peak was reached by one who, dressed in a theatrical cape, mustache, and beard, (and looking as though he should sprout horns and a tail at any moment) pranced about poor Thomas accentuating all his remarks with wild flourishes. One felt that Thomas was lucky to die so early and be spared any more of this sort of thing.

I realize that this is a very harsh criticism and I would hasten to add that there were several partially redeeming features. The most outstanding performance to my mind was given by Romeo LaCasse in his excellent stage settings and by the committee in charge of costumes. The dim light filtering through stained glass windows upon stone pillars and carved altar, together with the muted organ melodies created an atmosphere that seemed most authentic. The costuming was superb, with careful attention to accuracy and to colour. The presentation would have been perfect as a tableau.

Not all the blame for the disappointment in this play must be placed upon the actors. As mentioned before,

the emphasis was upon dialogue rather than action, and often the speeches didn't seem to merit the prominence they were given. There was a disturbing mingling of poetry with modern slang. Can we justify in the same play the use of lines like "Destiny waits in the hand of God, shaping the still unshapen" and then the phrase "to beat the barons at their own game"? A feeling of twelfth century religious fervour cannot be maintained if such rude interruptions keep jerking us back to the present.

Put this is enough of blame. Probably a more successful result would have followed the presentation of a play more within the capabilities of amateur actors, and the appreciation of the audience. The Guelph Little Theatre must, however, be commended for its courage in making this experiment. If we never aimed higher than our present performances, no advances would come into the theatre. Certainly the actors showed interest and ambition in their effort, and their sincerity in portrayal cannot be doubted. They have probably learned a great deal through producing a play of this kind, and we of the audience must also have benefitted from this new experience in an unfamiliar type of drama.

To anyone who has followed the progress of the Little Theatre in this district, it is obvious that it is improving in both performance and choice of plays. To the student, it offers an opportunity to study dramatic technique in practice, while to the casual theatre-goer, it gives a taste of the theatrical entertainment so sadly lacking in our community. It seems likely that, if a Canadian theatre ever evolves, it will have as its nucleus the Little Theatre organization. To the representatives of this group, therefore, for helping to keep alive dramatic interest in Canada, we owe our thanks.

G.E.H.



## A HYMN OF THANKS

Let us give thanks to Our Betters  
 They have made us what we are,  
 And if all ends in failure  
                     Well—  
 They been our guiding star.

### Chorus:

So we'll praise them,  
 And we'll bless them;  
 And if later on we curse them,  
             — Lest we forget —  
 We'll re-imburse them  
 For they've made us what we are.

We appealed to Men of Letters  
 'To relieve us of those fetters  
 That bind these souls to earth  
 Which seek the stars—  
             — Alas —

In lopping off the chains  
 They perchance have chopped our  
             brains  
 Now Heaven help us  
 Or we'll never get past Mars.

### CHORUS

They have sought, with good intention  
 To be Mother of Invention  
 Forgetting, as a Mother  
     Always will —  
 That her job is watching wars,  
 Later tending to the sores.  
 But of herself, she never knows  
 The urge to kill.

### CHORUS

Then see our chains in clearer light,  
 Lest you increase our plight;  
**Cleaving** illness from our minds  
             Adds but a scar;  
 Rather add wisdom to the fight  
 And what's right will see the light—  
 We'll discover quickly  
 What the wages are.

## ECONOMICS 29

**"A combination of factors decides  
                             population size"**

Mr. Overgard informs us,  
 And much to my surprise  
 That people do not multiply  
 Because of looks in eyes.

Contrarily, he tells  
 Three factors are involved;  
 Nor do they deal with man and mate,  
 And still the problem's solved.

The first of these three factors  
 Which decide a nation's bent  
 Is the presence or the absence  
 Of a fine environment.

The second follows quickly  
 And needs hardly have a name  
 But economists refer to it  
 As man's "savvy" in the same.

Third and last is the development  
 Of the land down thru the ages,  
 From long before apes were in trees  
 Till now when they're in cages.

Do you suppose, Mr. Overgard,  
 All India has rabies?  
 'Cause they don't have **any** factors;  
 Just an awful lot of babies.

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## WANDERING WITH WEILER

### COMING ATHLETIC EVENTS

**HOCKEY**  
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support

Jan. 26th Waterloo vs. Huron College at Waterloo  
Feb. 10th Waterloo vs. Western at Waterloo  
Feb. 17th Toronto vs. Waterloo at Toronto  
Feb. 24th Western vs. Waterloo at London

**GIRLS  
BASKETBALL**  
hubba-hubba

Feb. 11th Waterloo vs. Mac Hall at Waterloo  
Feb. 17th Waterloo vs. Western at Waterloo  
Mar. 3rd Bresica vs. Waterloo at London

At this time of year, the school looks forward to seeing the dramatic talents of the Frosh class in the annual Frosh play. As yet nothing seems to have been done in connection with this event, though it is rumoured that a meeting has been held. Last year's Freshmen can look back with pride on their "FROSH FOLLIES OF 48." It was a smashing success and rated the best ever produced at Waterloo. It would be almost impossible to equal that stellar preformance, but every success to you from the Sophs of 49. (p.s. don't you get banned too!)

Perhaps university professors are supposed to be disinterested in their students, but such is not the case with Miss Ilsa Aksim our language teacher. Miss Aksim has organized French and German clubs which meet at her home where they practise speaking these languages and at the same time have an entertaining evening. This is no doubt a great deal of trouble and inconvenience to her and her family and we of the various clubs wish to express our appreciation for her efforts. Thank you Miss Aksim.

## AT GRADUATION TIME



An exchange of photographs with classmates creates bonds of friendship you will treasure through the years.



**CHARLES BELAIR**  
PHOTOGRAPHER

**Dunker Building**

**Kitchener Ont.**

## PERSONALITY PORTRAITS

Did you ever say to a student of Varsity, or Queen's or McGill, in a rather apologetic voice, "Oh, I go to Waterloo, it's just a small college."? There's no need for the apologetic tone. Small though it may be, Waterloo is positively cosmopolitan. Go half way round the globe, and you will still find places which Waterloo College students have known, and talking to them, you can travel in imagination as far east as Lithuania, as far west as British Columbia.

### KRISTINA SIDLAUSKAITE

Kristina comes to us from Lithuania, and from the university at Bonn, Germany. As a student of both countries, she is able to draw some very interesting comparisons between them, their educational systems, and techniques. She completed two years

at Bonn, and will receive her B.A. at Waterloo this year. She hopes to enter the field of Social science.

The student of a German university is left much more to his own devices. He selects his own courses, but once he has entered a particular field, his range of subjects is much more restricted than ours. Each group of subjects is known as a "faculty". Pass Arts would be the "Faculty of Philosophy," and those entering it would study such things as history, languages, philosophy, and so on, but there would be no sciences, biologies, or maths, these coming under Science and Mathematic faculties, and a student cannot mix these subjects. Here's glad news, there are hardly any written examinations until the end of the three or four years of the course,

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when you are tested on the subject, literally from beginning to end! Oral exams, however, are quite frequent.

"How did you happen to come to Waterloo?" I asked Kristina. That was one of my stock questions. Kristina knew no English when she came to Canada as a D.P., to work in a mental hospital some two years ago, and though she has become quite proficient in the language, she felt that a small college would give her more chance for adjustment. Besides, Kitchener, with its people of many lands, has a little more of the European flavour than other cities in Canada. One thing that she misses though, is the drama which is so popular in Europe, and receives little recognition here. Even the children go to the theatre, a special one for children only, where stories for youngsters are presented.

For the displaced person in Europe there is no future, and Kristina is glad to be here, though her parents and young brother are still in Germany. In the camps there is nothing to do, unless the group bands together to present a play. Life is continually interrupted by war. Foreign students in German universities must guarantee that they will not take a job in Germany, for the nation is already overcrowded. Young people have been weakened physically by malnutrition, and, to use a bare-fact word, starvation. European universities are finding that even the memory of students

has been affected by the lack of fats in the diet. People like Kristina, newly come from these conditions, merit high praise for their adjustment, their courage in facing a new life. We are glad to welcome at least one of their number to Waterloo.

### PHIL HARRIS

Phil comes to us from the land of the bulldog, Winston Churchill, and the red, white and blue. He found his first Canadian job in Fergus, where he found a church with the same name as one back home in England, and it's to that we can credit his coming to Waterloo. Rev. Young of St. Andrew's Church first told him of Waterloo College. Next his job, which is hairdressing, took him to Guelph and Milverton. ("By the way," he said, "I've drawn up a beautiful plan for a beauty salon, to be installed in the front hall. We might call it "La Femme" or "Waterloo Bags" or something like that!")

Last fall Phil entered Waterloo in the pre-theology course. Though he likes Canada, he feels he would like to travel, perhaps entering the mission field after he graduates.

In England during the war, Phil was a dispatch rider with the civilian

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defence. However, he claims there was nothing exciting. What seemed like romance from this side of the Atlantic was daily routine over there. The first thing that struck Phil about Canada was the amount of food, and none of it rationed! He likes the people too, they are friendlier over here.

Perhaps by the end of your course Phil, we'll have induced you to stay, but even if we can't, we're glad to welcome you to Canada and Waterloo for a time.

#### **KEN HEUERMANN**

Our good neighbours to the south are represented too. Ken's home is in Long Island, New York, just twenty miles from the great city. He was introduced to Waterloo through his

minister, and decided to come mainly because he wanted to see our great country.

Ken is preparing for a business administration course, which he will probably complete at home. He hopes to go into the accounting field. In high school he was active in the Year Book, the school paper, and in choir work.

One of the things he noticed most about our great metropolis was the number of industries! Coming from the land of mass production that really seems remarkable.

Small? Well, yes. Perhaps Waterloo doesn't rank tops in size, but we can lay a claim to being cosmopolitan!

Fran.

---

#### **LINES COMPOSED UPON RECEIVING INSPIRATION FROM AN ARTICLE IN THE DECEMBER CORD AND FIRST PRESENTED IN A SCIENCE CLASS AT WATERLOO COLLEGE**

He slept through six lectures in seven,  
In Physical Science eleven;  
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Some one turned on the gas,  
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A man who on tests was a guesser,  
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The hockey team for some unknown reason is not showing, but then neither are the supporters. The scores may be lop-sided but the play, determination and persistent drive is something worth seeing. If you don't believe me, see the next game. It also looks as if the co-ordinator of the games is reaching for the moon.

"Peppy" Stan Luciw tried to get this term off to a good start by a "Gigantic Pep Rally." The idea was wonderful Stan, but I guess Waterloo just hasn't got anything to be peppy about.

What this school needs among other things, is a LEAGUE. If we can't step into the intermediate bracket, perhaps such schools as Trinity, Huron and a second team from O.A.C.

would be willing to form a league in all sports for next year.

I think that I am expressing the opinion of most students when I say that unless a league is obtained, there can never be school spirit, and without school spirit the expansion plan is unless and therefore drastic action should be taken.

The boys' basketball team has, through some unknown source, managed to get into a league. The boys are shy and don't want it spread around but they are actually very good, and perhaps, if we coax them, instead of playing games on the sly, they might let us know when they play. Then we might go out to support them. Just in case it slipped by unnoticed **THE BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM IS IN A LEAGUE.** So what do I mean "might"? Of course we would support them. Waterloo College is our school, and its reputation is what we the students make it. So let's make it a school to be proud

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of. The next time there is a game of any sort, Hockey or Boys' or Girls' Basketball, don't say, "Oh, I would rather go to a show". Say, "It is my DUTY to MY school, to go." The only possible excuse being that of having an exam on the following day, but that should not even be an excuse for the professors should have the betterment of the school at heart and postpone the exam.

Full-fledged intercollegiate basketball is in the offing for the sports enthusiasts of Waterloo. Recently the Athletic Directorate announced the entry of our College into an intercollegiate league comprising McMaster, O.A.C., Western, not the Mustangs of course, and Waterloo. The schedule as yet has not been announced but it is understood that it is to get underway about January 28.

The College home games will be played on the K-W Collegiate floor as it is felt that the College floor is too small and would not accommodate a sufficient number of spectators.

Basketball is a growing winter sport in Canada, but as yet it has not received very great spectators support because of two factors, the lack

of good court facilities, and the natural inborn interest of Canadians in hockey. Western has been one of the chief exponents of basketball, thanks to Johnny Metras and his Mustangs who have led a brilliant record in intercollegiate senior competition as well as in tough exhibition play against teams from south of the border.

Waterloo's entry into intercollegiate basketball, or intercollegiate competition of any kind, is a step forward that has been wanting for some time. Now all we have to do is prove our right to be there, through a hard-playing team and some real student and alumni support.

See you at the next game.

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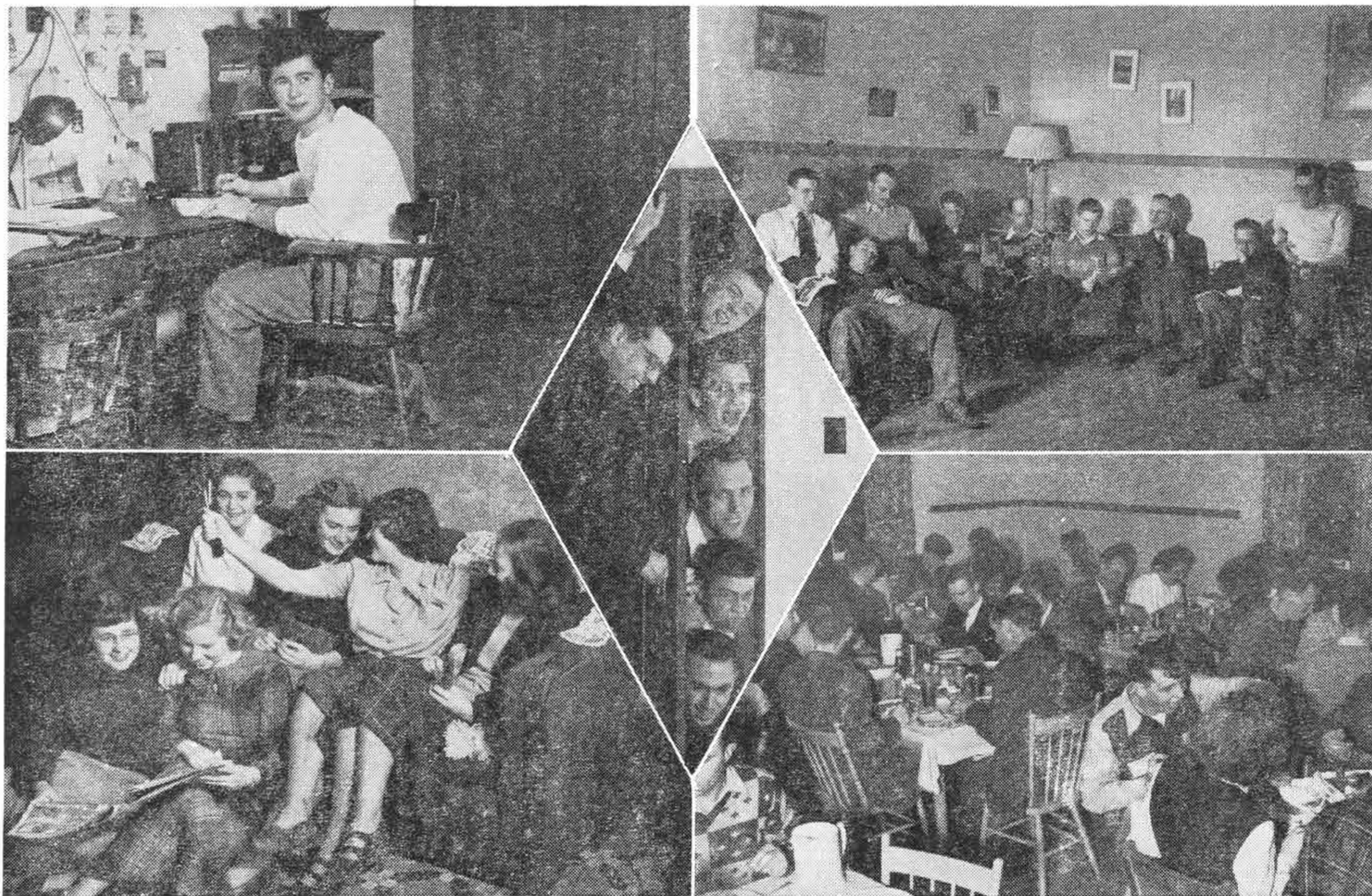
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## ALUMNI NOTES

A graduate of our College has recently been honoured and has thereby brought fame not only to himself, but to his Alma Mater as well. The individual concerned is **Rev. George Innes** of Williamsburg who graduated from our Seminary in 1925. He has been Honoured by the Norwegian legation at Montreal with the 7th Liberty Cross. The award was given for services rendered to Norwegian Naval personnel from 1940 to 1942 when Rev. Innes was pastor of Zion Lutheran Church in Lunenburg, N.S. He later served as an army chaplain.

A Norwegian training camp was established in Lunenburg in 1940. Rev. Innes became unofficial chaplain of the camp since no Norwegian pastor was available at the time. Besides holding Church services, classes in English were held and he gave much time to personal counselling with both officers and men. By rendering assistance to these men he was able to keep up their morale in the dark days of 1940 and 1941. Representatives of the Canadian Legion presented him with the award during his church service at Williamsburg a few weeks ago. This incident is of particular interest to us because the son of

the recipient of the award, Mark Innes is in our midst as a freshman.

**Ralph Tailby**, a graduate of the class of 1939 is engaged in the pursuit of a career in accountancy in Kitchener. He has also been elected Treasurer of the Alumni Endowment Fund. Ralph has served the graduates of our school by acting as their representative in the Senate of the University of Western Ontario. He is making a determined effort this year to gain additional members for the Alumni Endowment Fund and prospective grads will be hearing from him in the very near future.

**Phyllis Ziegler** returned to Kitchener for the Christmas holiday season. She was married last summer by Dean Schaus in our College chapel and may thereby have established a precedent for other graduates. Phyllis is living in the famous city of Madison, Wisconsin and is teaching school.

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Her husband is pursuing additional studies at the University there.

**Walter Donovan** also returned to the College to pay a brief visit recently. He is teaching at Chatsworth but is not too certain as to whether he will remain at the job indefinitely. Teaching seems to be a very popular profession among Waterloo grads. Besides performing their duties as teachers they are frequently instrumental in bringing new students to the College. **Charles Hagen** of '46 is teaching at the High School at Clinton and should have no difficulty in maintaining discipline since he is probably bigger and better than any pupil in the school. **Margaret Jacobi** of '44 is at the Durham school. She was on the Cord staff for a number of years and in the days when Waterloo had a record breaking enrollment of sixty-seven students.

**Eileen Scott** of the class of '46 was married in Kitchener in November to Donald Wiegand. They are living in Kitchener at present and are both from this community. There may be some students at our school at present who are unaware of the fact that the Kitchener Library also has Waterloo grads on its staff. **Katherine Lippert** and **Mary Shupe** are both making a valuable contribution to the work of the library and have completed graduate work in Library Science at Columbia University and at the University of Toronto. The Kitchener Library has a staff of well qualified personnel and we are proud of the fact that our grads form a part of this public institution.

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

In reply to your barbarous attack in the last issue of the CORD, I would like to inform you that the S.L.E. is far from dead, but is presently emerging from the throes of re-organization, alive and kicking, sporting a brand-new, very workable constitution. Under the new setup we plan to make the S.L.E. the central, controlling, student organization, harmonizing all student activities.

In your last editorial, Mr. Editor, you seemed to take great delight in attacking and besmurfing various student organizations in the College. I do believe that an editorial can be usefully employed to criticize, but it should be constructive criticism, and in your entire editorial I did not notice one word of suggestion for improvement. I should dislike very much to see the CORD turn into a common scandal sheet of the yellow journalism variety.

Before criticizing others, Mr. Editor, you should make sure your own backyard is as clean as possible. This year's editions of the CORD could stand a lot of improvement. College magazines are usually noted for some outstanding feature; excellent humour, exceptional literaria, up-to-date minute news coverage. About all the CORD can be noted for this year are blank pages filled with meaning-

less doodlings of printer's ink.

I don't want to be too hard on you, Mr. Editor, and your hard-working (?) staff, but the Cord should be a magazine that builds and fosters school spirit, so sadly lacking this year, a magazine of which the students and the College as a whole may be proud.

Keith E. Niall, President S.L.E.

Dear President:

It gives us great pleasure to see elements of life around Waterloo. The faculty probably did the most to bring the revival but we like to think the last CORD also caused some controversy. The first purpose of the editorial has been accomplished.

No one has ever suggested, Mr. President, that the CORD is without faults. But we think some of our 'meaningless doodlings' have been very meaningful. The "Disc-Cussion" column has been extremely well written. The Literary section has brought forth "The Limerick Or . . . .", "De Pulchrae Reginae" some poetry and other good articles. Just remember, we can only print what the students write. The "For Women Only" column has been well received both by men and those of the opposite sex. On the faculty page we have enjoyed Prof. Kelley's article. These are only a few of the examples which might be chosen. And if you don't think the magazine is improving, read through this month's 'Static'.

Concerning the question of whether the hard-working staff is (?) or not, I can only say Mr. President, that you have never worked on the CORD. Ask any of the writers if they worked hard or not and you'll receive a very definite answer. Or better still, Mr. President, don't ask them. Just keep out of their way after this issue is published.

G. E. K.



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Dear Editor:

A piker is one who does things in a small way, he is a gambler or speculator in a small way. According to the usage of this cognomen in all its finery and finesse I gather it means that those who did not patronize our Waterloo College Prom were "cheap skates." It is not in my jurisdiction to determine the right and wrong usage or misuse of words, even those qualified to enter the category of colloquialism, but dear Editor, I feel obligated to take the defensive stand for the various silent student sages whose position I feel has been direly infringed upon.

The offense has been incurred, I feel, upon three classes of students. Upon those unfortunate "critters" who could not entice some lady-friend to accompany them, either from the absence of personality or the gump-tion to ask, and upon those sorrowing souls who bungled the job of inveigling a husky party into asking them to go. Secondly, upon those gentlemen with no extra financial means above school expenses, whose lot it is always to "work their way through College." These cannot afford being "pikers", since they have nothing to 'gamble' in the first place. Then in mentioning the third class I must admit that there is where my toe hurt when your piker statemen was wielded in my direction, and other conscientious Christians with me.

Dear sirs, since we are all students seeking more knowledge and wisdom in every phase of life, is it not only fair and according to logic to suppose there exist two sides to the question of "Whether dancing, in its modern form, is a beneficially Christian ethical form of social activity?" As a Christian seeking to edify Christ through my living I consider it a "gamble" of Christian principles to patronize our College Prom, at the

expense of giving the S.L.E. student activities my whole-hearted support. So, at least from the principle of toleration, may I appeal for consideration of conflicting views upon ethical matters by continuing with objective rather than subjective statements, since the Cord seems to include all existing subject matter, and is an objective literary organ worthy to be read and reread.

Rudy Janzen

---

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE ATHENAEUM ? ? ? You know: that's the social organization of Waterloo ! The frosh are beginning to wonder if the seniors are (to use the vernacular) pulling their legs when they speak of the dances and parties that they used to have and, get this, twice a month. Imagine that; or can you? What I would like to know is, WHOSE FAULT IS IT? The executive, the faculty, or the students? First of all, the executive, They started off with a few get acquainted parties, but then it sort of petered out. Next, there's a rumour that someone on the inner sanctum of the faculty has put his or her foot down and put the hamper on such activities. But PLEASE say it isn't so. Then there's the students themselves, those gay lighthearted bons vivants, (but they couldn't be behind any sinister plot to stop their own dances, or could they, hmmm?) I know there are usually a great many more females than males at these little parties but just the other night a few more girls would have been appreciated. This was at the "dance" after the badminton games. What happened girls? So come on gang, let's all get together and develop that old school spirit that's supposed to be so strong in our school and have a few more social functions.

K.R.F.



When the Kitchener Public Utilities Commission decided to "take no action" on a request for student trolley rates, Waterloo College felt, and quite justly, that they were being discriminated against. If Collegiate students receive half-price tickets, is it right to deny them to College students? Mr. Preston's reply that any student under 18 years of age is permitted to travel cheaply, was intended to dispel any ideas of discrimination, but since most students of that age are completing high school and have not begun college, drawing the line at 18 years is essentially the same as drawing the line between Collegiate and College.

Those attending Collegiate are thankful for the reduced expenses. But anyone who has attended a university knows how much more in need are the advanced students, because of greatly increased expenses.

When the Commission discussed the subject, fear of overloading in rush hours was expressed. However, because of the time-table system used at the College, at no single time is there a large number of students using the trolleys. They come and go at all hours of the morning and afternoon.

The other two reasons for refusing our request were, we fear, excuses rather than reasons. It was feared that objection might come from regular customers who pay full fares. We say that the decrease in revenue would not be sufficient to cause any public protest. One commissioner mentioned that University of Toronto students pay full fares. But in Toronto, conditions are different. There, reduced fares would cause a considerable loss in revenue because there are many more schools and students than in the twin-cities. Besides, what is done in Toronto is not the point. It is Kitchener who must decide her own course of action.

G. E. K.

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## JUNIOR EDITORIAL

The professors at Waterloo have been trying to interest their classes in outside reading for a very long time, but despite their efforts, the majority of students continued to confine their reading to L'il Abner and Dorothy Dix. This year the faculty examined the whole question carefully and concluded that they were faced with three problems. They decided that additional periodicals were needed; that they must be displayed to attract student attention; and that the students must read them.

Problem number one was attacked first. The professors of the various departments have carefully selected popular periodicals at a college level that include a wide point of view. They realize that the ones chosen are merely an introduction to available material and hope that as students become interested they will suggest others which may be added later.

Dr. Lehmann overcame the second difficulty. Most students did not know what magazines were available nor where to find them. A few had been fortunate enough to stumble upon the magazine hide-out while searching for a book, but a great many believed that the only magazines subscribed to by the college were "Life" and "The Western Gazette". A large rack beneath the windows in the Seminary library cleared up all such difficulties. Now, at a glance, the reader can select from those displayed, the periodical that he wished to read.

Problem number three remains with the individual student. Actually, it is not a problem at all, but a pleasure, and as magazines become increasingly dog-eared with handling, it seems almost unnecessary to remind students to read the latest periodicals. But to those who have not yet thrown caution to the winds and opened one of the new magazines, we might point out that while fellow students are enjoying First Nites in New York, Art exhibits in London and Inaugurational ceremonies in Washington, they remain at Waterloo swapping stories about "How dull can College life get!"

Almost every subject taught at Waterloo can now be supplemented with reading material to be found in the periodicals in the college library. The English department has contributed several new literary magazines in the hope that students will realize that modern authors are turning out excellent articles. The English 36 students and Little Theatre members will be interested in "Theatre Arts", a recently purchased periodical, published in New York, which covers the latest developments in the theatre world. The script for "Finian's Rainbow", a musical satire, appears in the January issue and gives an insight into what is being done in contemporary drama.

"The New Yorker", a weekly publication, is also available at the library to the delight of all Thurber enthusiasts. Of course Thurber is only one of the many contributors, but his unique cartoons and witty essays are featured regularly. Dear to Professor Evan's heart is "File and Forget", Thurber's entertaining account of his difficulties with a publishing house, which appeared in the January 1st issue. In this same issue Ogden Nash comes to grips with television in his poem, "I Can See You as Clearly as if You Were in The Other Room."

Don't pass by that insignificant-looking "Canadian Poetry magazine." If you spend a few spares in its company, you will find that Canadian poetry holds a definite position in the literary world. Occupying its rightful place of



honour on page one in the latest issue, is a Sarah Binks gem which was overlooked in P. S. Heibert's original collection "Up from the Magma".

Two English periodicals have been ordered and should appear shortly. Watch for "The Listener", a cultural magazine produced by the B.B.C., and also "Johnny O'London", a popular literary periodical which expresses English humour and scholarship exceptionally well. The book reviews presented in nearly all the literary magazines are worth reading. It is advisable to read several reviews about the same book before adding it to your collection. You can also save yourself from the boredom of watching a "B" picture by reading the critical film reviews.

Three Art magazines appeared in the library at the beginning of the second semester. The "Art Digest" is a fortnightly news magazine of American Art and Artists. It claims to be free from prejudice and does not promote and "isms". Art exhibitions are reported graphically and Professor Cleghorn believes students in Fine Arts "will find plenty to read and a feast for their eyes." "Canadian Art," is a quarterly that reports on fine arts, architecture and design in Canada, and gives an up-to-date account of activities and trends in Art throughout the provinces. "Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism" is highly recommended. It is published four times a year and is interested in the advancement of philosophical and scientific studies of the arts and related fields.

If we have been unable to impress you with Literary and Art magazines, perhaps the Business Journals will entice you to the library. Labour, production, world trade, can be studied in British, American and Canadian publications. Even conditions in Russia are covered by "Soviet Russia Today". Economics 20 students will find supply and demand curves much easier to learn if they consult "Easing the car supply" in the January issue of the "U.S. News and World Report".

It is a mistake to pass by the Geographical journals and the scientific magazines just because the titles are formidable and the covers appear uninteresting. Peneath their exterior lies very readable material illustrated by excellent kodochrome shots. "The American Journal of Botany" and "Plant Physiology" have been added to the collection this term, and whether you study science or not you will find them interesting and educating. A few philosophy and psychology periodicals are available. Reports submitted by noted psychologists make it possible for the reader to review the current developments in the various field of psychology. Allport, author of the text used in the abnormal psychology course contributes regularly to "Psychological Bulletin."

Books as well as magazines are being added regularly to the college library. Dr. Annett has presented the library with two copies of his new book which will be reviewed by Harold Gram in the next issue of the Cord. French and German authors books, not obtainable during the war, are now being released, and Waterloo has purchased the works of such famous authors as Gide, Hofmanns and Maeterlinck.

The English department hope to furnish the complete works of Shakespeare and add a collection of drama. The Kitchener Library has provided drama books this year.

In order that the students may know what new books and magazines are being added to the college library, the Cord staff has planned a section, "What's new in the Library" This column should familiarize students with new material and direct their choice toward helpful supplementary reading. H. A. T.

*M<sup>r</sup> Christensen*

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