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AS LADY BRACKNELL



Dan Powers
AS MR. WORTHING



Peg Hain
AS GWENDOLYN



Prof. J. M. Clarke
CO-DIRECTOR



Ron Lowe
AS ALGERNON



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E. H. Bleghorn
STAGING



Fran Rothaermel
AS MISS PRISM.



Marcia Schofield
AS CECILY



Gregory Schultz
AS DR. CHASIBLE



Abe Thiesson
AS THE BUTLER.

WATERLOO COLLEGE
CORD
JANUARY
1950

WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD

Vol. 25, No. 3

January, 1950

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The cover on the January issue of the CORD is a slight departure from our conventional form. John Murray has sketched the cast and directors of Oscar Wilde's play THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, that will be presented by the English Department at the K-W Collegiate Auditorium in February. Janette Mahaffey made the final proofs and arrangements.

* * *

EDITORS' NOTES:

The mysterious suicide of a black steward aboard the S.S. Erima: Victory in the Adriatic Sea some years ago was officially attributed to alcoholic poisoning and a persecution complex. Certain members of the crew who were more familiar with the tragedy have another story to tell. THE CURSE OF THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE (page 13) is a true eye-witness account of the incident. The author, however, admits that in moments of weakness, he has merged fact with fancy to facilitate rhyme scheme.

* * * *

Jim Gram and Mary Uffleman, Waterloo's new Queen for 1950, represented the S.L.E. at the McMaster formal on Jan. 20th. The dance was held in the Drill Hall on the campus. Mary and Jim were enthusiastic about Gazelle Le Fleche who entertained during intermission.

* * * *

Celestin Weiler and Janette Mahaffey will represent Waterloo at the Conversat at Guelph on Feb. the 3rd. and Lydia Otto and Bill Graham have been chosen as delegates to the U.W.O.'s formal on Feb. 7th.

* * * *

Many futile attempts have been made in the last two years to inveigle students to attend the college hockey games. Despite cancelled classes, reduced admission prices and pep talks the Arena still remained empty come face-off time. Last month the Athletic Directorate decided to provide entertainment between periods to encourage a larger cheering section, and twelve girls were recruited to form two hockey teams. Equipped with brooms and a volley ball they play three ten minute periods of the most unorthodox hockey that has ever been witnessed at the Waterloo Arena. One team is particularly proud of the sweaters loaned them by a local beverage company. Referee Keith Niall permits a wide-open game and overlooks slashing, scratching and squealing. The Athletic Directorate has gained financially through this publicity stunt. Although no increase in the crowd has been noticed, the gate receipts have risen due to the fact that each member of the girls' hockey team is charged admission.

SUCCESS STORY



—Photo by Bev. Hayes

"And where she's broad she's B-R-O-A-D" croons Keith Niall in the Boys' Dorm scene from the student production *The Purple and Gold Show*.

Do you know who I am? You should, because I am part of you. You might say that I were a spirit, the ghost that haunts you when somewhere someone whistles "Football Hero" or "Happy Talk." Yes, I am the spirit of the Purple and Gold show. Will you hear my story?

I was the child of many minds which worked together for a long time under Keith Niall who finally collected and or-

ganized these thoughts into a complete unit. At first my growth was pitifully slow. My first steps were halting and unsure. My voice was weak and discordant. The two choruses under the direction of Abe Theisen and Gloria Rivers, and assisted by Marjorie Pond at the piano, were handicapped by a lack of music which almost arrested my development. Yes, my early life was a story of delay, disappointment, apprehension.

With the acquisition of St. Jerome's College stage, however, co-directors Keith Niall and John Murray, and producer Celestine Weiler could get better action. In a short time my voice became stronger and sweeter and my hitherto faltering steps had, under the careful direction of Joyce Smith, begun to draw regular noon-hour galleries of appreciative males. Still there were delays. "Happy Talk" was finally taken off the record in desperation six days before the opening night. Abe was working on the finale with only four days to go. Phil Harris, the printer, misplaced a part of my script for a short period, but it reappeared in time to practice the second act five days before opening night. Meanwhile John Brubacher was going ahead with advertising and ticket sales, and Bob Wagner was getting the scenery and stage crew into action. I was growing slowly, but time was precious.

Well, you all know the rest of the story. The cast, stage-crew, all of you, came through with flying colours. John Murray as Chuck, the football hero who quarrels with his girl, Kay, and Bruce Owens as Ted, the studious backworm that Chuck gets to date Kay's young charge, Viki, were ideal in their roles as the male leads. Ruth Hamm as Chuck's girl, Kay, who almost lost him on account of her sense of duty towards Viki, and Marilyn Scheifle as that same flirtatious Viki, were superb female leads.

So, with the rush and swirl of that last curtain, my existence ceased. As a production, the directors, producers, cast, audience, everybody says I was a success. As a commercial enterprise, Don Kraft, the treasurer, will point out quietly that I was not.

But neither of these is a true measure of my worth. For they are concerned with but two short days of my life. True value should be measured by service to others. This is not My success story but YOURS, for I am but the empty shell, the focal point of many lives. My "life" was your creation, and if in creating it, fashioning it, building it to the height it attained, you grew a little in experience yourself, then it was worth while.

The footlights are dark now, and the money gone, but that small part of me that is in you lives on. That is my claim to success.

Neil Carson.



Cash prizes will be awarded for the best essay poem and short story submitted to the Cord by any undergraduate of the College. You may write on any topic.

All material must be in before February 15th.

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"More pep, more enthusiasm, advises Director Cel Weiler during his Pep Talk to the cast of The Purple and Gold Show following dress rehearsal.

—Photo by Bev. Hayes

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—Record Photo
Newly-crowned Campus Queen of Waterloo College, Mary Uffleman is shown at right receiving roses from James St. Marie, Sophomore President. The three runners-up pictured at left are Marion Sheitie, Janette Mahaffey and Helen Taylor.

FIDES DIANAE TEA IS SOCIAL HIGHLIGHT OF YEAR FOR MALE STUDENTS

DATE: Nov. 29th, 1949.

TIME: Afternoon.

SCENE I:

(Men's common room)

WEILER: "And so Socialism is the poor man's only . . ."

NIALL: "Oh, be quiet, Cel, put your hands down and come to the girls' tea."

WIELER: "'The Tea,' I forgot all about it. I simply can't go. I haven't a THING to wear."

NIALL: "You're so right, better go to the Boys' Dorm and borrow something. Maybe Earl Anderson will lend you his sharp new brown jacket. It will match your eyes so beautifully."

SCENE II:

Gymnasium — (Well dressed mothers sitting in groups, beautiful waitresses rushing from the tea table to the different groups, and then disappearing into the boys' dressing room, which had been reconverted to a serving kitchen for the occasion. They re-appear immediately, clutching sandwich plates as they jump over the six-inch rise in the floor directly in front of the dressing room door. All look anxiously at the number of sandwiches each individual eats—fearful lest the supply will run out before all guests have been served.)

In the far corner Niall, Helen Taylor and Weiler (resplendent in sports jacket which looks better on Earl Anderson).

WEILER: "Gee, these sandwiches are good! Are we ever lucky that we got a whole plateful for the three of us. No. No! Not like that, Niall. When you "dunk" cookies, you have to make sure that the small finger remains perfectly rigid. This sure is some affair. Its stupendous! Colossal! Why it's even good! There's mother over there and all the guys from the common room. Why even the boarders are here and shaved yet! Well, I guess we can go now that we finished all those sandwiches. Cut that

out, Niall! You've had four more cookies than I.

P.S. I'd like to say thanks again to the Fides Dianae for the manner in which they handled an affair of this magnitude. This thanks goes for all the rest of the male inhabitants of the school.

Janette Mahaffey and her committee made the gym look pretty with the use of a little gold and purple crepe paper and a lot of ingenuity. Marion Schnarr and Barbara Pearce covered a couple of library tables with a borrowed white linen table cloth, borrowed silver tea service, borrowed china cups and saucers and donated yellow and mauve chrysanthemums. Mrs. Lehmann, Mrs. Aksim, Miss Aksim and Miss Roy poured. Receiving the guests at the door were Betty Shantz, President of the Fides Dianae, Miss Ax-ford, Dean of Women, and Rose Marie Mosig, treasurer.

The success of the tea was not as complete as it might have been, however, since Clayton Derstine did not attend. Perhaps he felt slighted because each member of the Fides Dianae did not personally ask him. So next time, give the poor guy a break. John Gellner.

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Faculty Page

REFLECTIONS ON EXEMBER

Someone has suggested that we include an unknown month in our calendar year to rid ourselves of all confusion in the calculation of dates.

I must confess that before any dates for any academic year at Waterloo can be determined I must always ask myself this one question: On what day does Easter fall in 1950, or in 1951? I reach for my hymn book and find the list of the dates on which Easter occurs for the remainder of this century. Here I shall find my answer—unless Exember comes into general use! Until this custom is adopted, however, I shall abide with the dates listed in my hymn book. Unperturbed, Dean Schaus, Miss Axford and I shall plan at least some of the dates for inclusion in the calendar of the academic year 1950-51.

During the Christmas holidays just past I noticed that some people celebrate Christmas on December 25, while others do so on January 6. Now, to me, December 25 is the Festival of the Nativity of Our Lord and January 6 is the Festival of the Epiphany of Our Lord. Why should some people not celebrate at all when others observe Christmas? Why should some folks celebrate Christmas on Epiphany? And why should there be some who actually celebrate Christmas twice within less than two weeks? Reflection leads me to discover that the root of this discrepancy, not to say, of this injustice, is a difference in loyalty to different calendars. If we count "the days of our years" according to the Julian Calendar, then Christmas will always fall on January 6; but if we "number our days" according to the Gregorian Calendar, then, of course, December 25 will always be Christmas.

Actually, this diversity in loyalty to different calendars is a symbol of our divided world, for the Julian Calendar

belongs to the "East" and the Gregorian to the "West." If the adoption of a calendar, the symbol of which is Exember, will heal the breach, I'm for it.

Then, too, some men and women enjoy one Christmas holiday period while others enjoy two! (It is said that even some students at Waterloo have the latter privilege without concern for any calendar!)

Time is lost; labor is lost. Production suffers. Both manufacturer and laborer, producer and consumer feel the ill effects of this waste of this time and energy. More production and more work, it is said, is the basis of our high standard of living. If the introduction of a new calendar which includes Exember will result in a higher standard of living, then by all means, let us have it. But if this new system of counting days and months is just another way of pushing the truth down the abyss of oblivion that "man shall not live by bread alone . . ." then I think I'll stay with that list of dates on a well-thumbed, tattered page in my hymn book.

H. T. Lehmann.

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LITERARY

THE CURSE OF A HANGMAN'S NOOSE

Have you ever heard tell of the sailor's
hell on the floor of the watery deep,
Where they check their bones with Davey
Jones and blinded serpents creep.
It's a nasty place for a man to face
especially before his time,
But I'll tell you of Sid a man who did in
the course of this morbid rhyme.

Now Sid was as black as a miner back
in a Carolina coal pit.
He was black of skin and black with sin,
and everybody knew it.
At twenty-three he went to sea, and he
served in the captain's mess.
Sid went astray, but as they say, "It
couldn't matter less."

For a sailor's life is a constant strife with
all forms of temptation,
And it seems it was meant that a large
per cent should be destined for damna-
tion.
But although Sid was a wicked kid and
as wild as a roaring breaker,
It wasn't quite right that fateful night
he went down to meet his Maker.

Because, you see, there were ninety-three
aboard that particular trip.
No, one more, there were ninety-four for
a jinx was on the ship.
Anyway, what I mean to say is that there
were others worse
Who were due to go long years ago but
escaped the dreaded curse.

There are by far more ways than one
to plague a ship and crew.
A woman aboard, a rusty sword, or an
albatross will do.
However, they say, the surest way to
cook a shipmate's goose
Is to play as I did one day, at sea with
a hangman's noose.

For the grizzly thing is made to swing a
corpse as Sid once said,
And he should know that the story's so
for he is one of the dead.

But he didn't swing in the name of the
king at the end of a dangling cord.
The curse took him 'cause he couldn't
swim the night he jumped overboard.

We had just set sail in a heavy gale from
the harbour of Trieste,
And Sid withdrew from the rest of the
crew who were full of wine and jest.
It's true all right that Sid was tight, but
he walked as if he were led,
Out into the gale and stood by the rail
where life hung by a thread.

I saw him ashore the night before with
an Austrian brunette
And I envied the guy about to die,
though I didn't know as yet
That the time had come for my faithful
chum to bid the world goodbye.
To cross the bar like a sinking star, or
more like an old bar fly.

Well the story goes, as the waters rose
Sid stared like a drunken fool,
And he saw in the storm that amphibious
form oft' mentioned in Sunday school.
Now a drunk just ain't equipped like a
saint to roam around on the tide,
But the vision called and Sid was en-
thralled, "I'll walk the water!" he
cried.

After this rash decision a splash as Sid
went over the rail,
And that was the end of my ebony friend
but not the end of this tale.
For I must confess, though I can't redress
the woe that my mischief wrought,
He was brought to grief by my misbelief
in that cursed hangman's knot.

Old seamen say to this very day that
whenever a noose has been tied
On an ocean trip aboard a ship one of
the crew has died.
But this I know, Sid wouldn't go for a
walk on the rolling water
Under the stress of anything less than a
vision of Neptune's daughter.

Ward Eby.



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NO PRINCIPLES

I have no principles. I want that understood. At least, I act under none of the snivelling pretenses men use when they haven't enough courage to do what they would like. Everything I have done, all my life, has centered around myself. I've had the courage to do what was of greatest advantage to me.

Take the case of the kid, for example. He came to the city a couple of years ago — found the streets weren't paved with gold like he'd thought. When my men met him he was about at the end of his rope, not giving up, mind you, but wondering where the next meal was coming from — and when he'd had his last. I meet a lot of young fellows that way. Usually they're glad to take a few dollars, and before they know it, they're tied up so closely with me, they can never get free again. But not the kid. He wanted an education. Now, that's alright with me. Personally, I approve of education. Me, I never got past the eighth grade, but no one can ever say I stopped educating myself. But the kid was different. He was going to be a minister!

This kid was the greatest thing I'd ever hit upon. I trusted him, and I knew that if I trusted him, the world would welcome him with open arms. The kid was going places, if he got the chance. And I was going to see he had that chance. Philanthropist? Not on your life. The kid was a long term investment. He could be the biggest "front" the racket had known in years. He'd be completely trusted, because he'd be exactly what people thought him to be — honest to the core.

I was willing to back my hunch with the money the kid needed. But there he surprised me — said he didn't want any charity. Just another proof of my theory that all men are basically selfish, and I told him so. Here he was, ready to preach charity to a pack of charitable fools, yet he was too selfish and proud to accept it himself. Well, the kid shook my hand on that, said he'd make it into one of the greatest sermons ever preached some day. Then he struck a compromise. It was easy to help him into a part time

job, clerking for one of my "contacts," and the kid accepted the help gladly.

Well, the kid justified my faith. He was a prize, and everyone said he was headed for one of the greatest ecclesiastical careers in the country. But I discovered that even the best ministers start at the bottom. The kid came to me one day in his final year — we'd become pretty close in those years — overjoyed that he'd received a "call," or something of the sort from a two-bit church two miles from nowhere — one of these white frame affairs where the women hold strawberry socials, and bake pies for the new minister — you know the type. That didn't suit me at all. I had my eye on a big city church for the kid, and one in particular, which most of the big-wigs attended on Sunday. The kid was a long term investment — but I didn't intend to wait half my life before it paid off.

It was kind of a new experience, trying to buy my way into a church council. I found these men wouldn't sell their souls for a cash payment, on the line, like most of the men I usually dealt with. But it astonished me to discover how quickly they'd sell the souls of their poor black heathen brethren across the sea. I must admit, that if the kid hadn't been good, I couldn't have swung the deal. But he was good. When they invited him to conduct a service, he gave the charity sermon we'd talked about the day I met him. He had the whole church buzzing for days. The decision was unanimous. The kid got the job.

My long term investment paid off, just like all my investments do. The kid was good for an introduction to anyone in town. Of course they trusted me, when the young reverend thought so highly of me, and it was very nice and comforting to do what they wanted to do, when it had such a respectable guarantee. I was pulling some of the biggest deals of my career.

I made a mistake, I admit it. I underestimated the kid — me who had seen what he had in him in the first place! Eventually he began to wonder about my deals with all his parishioners, and wondering, with the kid, led to investigation. He began to discover things he didn't

want to know. Things about me. Things about men he trusted, liked, honoured. Finally, he began finding out things about himself!

Well, the kid came to me, and wanted to know the truth. Like an honest fool I told him — put him on a spot he'd never been in before, a spot I never knew anybody could be in. I have no principles. I've told you that before. And I never knew how a man could suffer, caught between those principles, the basis of his life, — and friendship. I never knew the soul could be tortured.

The kid has just left me. He's told me that he is going to resign his position, going to cut himself off from honesty and truth, going to throw his lot in with mine.

I can't let him do it. I've discovered that I too have a soul — and that it can be tortured. I know that if I ruin the kid's life, it will never leave me in peace, and I will slowly degenerate into the lowest form of life — a coward. I have no principles. But I have the courage

to do what is of the greatest advantage to me. That is why I am writing this letter. I want no blame attached to the kid. I want him to have the clear conscience, the free chance he had on that day when I first met him. Knowing he has that will free my own soul. It is purely for selfishness that I write this. It is for myself that, when I have finished, I will open the desk drawer take out the gun I always keep there, and shoot — myself.

FRANCES ROTHARMEL

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STATIC

Now that Vogue has presented its 1950 fashion preview calling for a starvation diet and the usual male sarcasm, we can settle back and concentrate on our game of canasta. Waterloo fashion leaders have flatly refused to trim their waists down to 13 inches but have agreed to recognize the Charleston. Many energetic and co-ordinated personalities are limbering up daily for a Charleston revival. This canasta game is fast making bridge look like a contraption across a body of water. Lorraine Holle may be found at any time cramped beside the girls' new lockers and under a pile of coats giving free lessons on the subject. For simpler minds she advises another type of card game which is gaining popularity in Toronto. This game consists of throwing cards into a hat which is placed several yards away. However, it is not as easy as you might think for there are always air currents to consider. The latest Toronto reports have Lorne Greene in the semi-finals with Jack Bramm. Mr. Greene's average is 32 out of 52 cards. Mr. Bramm is too busy calculating the air currents to divulge further information.

Cel Weiler is making his fortune in a butcher shop where he works part time. The husky manager sprained his back toting beef hides around so he hired Cel for the job. Mr. Weiler's prime function in the meat establishment is to replace machinery, or, as the manager says, "Why buy a sausage grinder when Cel can do it?" Consequently, in spite of his poor physical condition after lugging cow hides to the refrigerator, Mr. Weiler is the fastest sausage stuffer in the country. He's a great boner, too. Picking bones from the meat is a fine art in steak circles, which our butcher boy has mastered.

On the other hand, John Dinkel is losing his money rapidly. Frequently he is forced to hire a taxi in order to arrive at history lectures on time. Mr. Binhammer says that his cab profits have risen considerably over the short period that he has had the patronage of Mr. Dinkel. However, John states that the expense is considerably less when he

hops off the trolley at William Street and gets the cab there, rather than pay a fare all the way from Kitchener.

Nigger's Haven, a part of the boys' dorm directly opposite to Saint's Paradise, another section of the dorm, has formed a campaign for "Cleaning up the College." Due to the rise in cost of cigarettes, Morris Mortimer and Reg Haney were forced to alleviate this financial crisis by setting up a modern shave shop. They have converted two easy chairs into a busy barber shop and with two electric razors, spruce shaving lotion, talcum powder, up-to-date magazines, endeavour to give a smooth shave to the toughest beard. This service is from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. in room 408 for both day and dorm students and there is no waiting. The fee is taken in cash, cigarettes or coke bottles. The experienced barbers can service a customer in 4 minutes complete with neck trim, and Tom Roe, one of their regular and satisfied customers, will readily support this statement.

In room 417, Dick "It's Mutton or nuttin' for us," and "Bunny" Snider have opened a shineteria. Their two easy chairs have been converted into a shoe shine parlour, one chair for the customer and one for the "boot black." As the customer stretches his feet on the arms of the boot black's chair, he is given a pair of sock protectors and a complete shine for 10 cents, or 5 cents a shoe. If he wishes he may have the front half of both shoes done for only 5 cents. The results of this clean-up campaign can be judged by the penetrating odour of spruce shaving lotion and the number of polished shoes in the classrooms.

Nigger's Haven also offers a variety in entertainment. Dick Mutton, who was voted Mr. Boarding Club of 1949, has organized nightly hockey games in his room. However, these have been cancelled due to rain and wrestling matches are more popular. Nigger's Haven is inhabited chiefly by freshmen who were blacked up with shoe polish during initiations and called niggers. Although the polish wore off, the name stuck.

JOYCE SMITH

FOR YOU:

THE FUTURE

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It was with these words that Oscar Wilde subtitled his most famous play "The Importance of Being Earnest" and they are an apt description of the play as a whole, for it is a drama shot through and through with triviality, yet presenting to even the most serious lover of the drama a stimulating evening of gay nineteenth century comedy.

Those students of the College who have passed through the rigours of English 36 are well aware that "The Importance of Being Earnest" is a highly amusing farce; but to any who are not familiar with the play it might be well to point out that the title is that lowest form of humour, a pun, and there is no suggestion of "earnestness" in the dictionary sense of the word anywhere in the play.

As most students are aware, the Department of English in co-operation with the Department of Fine Art will be presenting this comedy on February 20 and 21 at the Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate. Rehearsals are now well under way with the following students taking part:

John Worthing (Earnest), Dan Powers.
Algernon Moncrieff, Ron Lowe.

The Reverend Canon Chasuble, Gregory Schultz.

Lady Bracknell, Joyce Smith.

The Honourable Gwendolen Fairfax,
Peggy Nairn.

Cecily Cardew, Marcia Schofield.
Miss Prism, Frances Rothaermel.

Lane, Abe Thiessen.

The sets for "The Importance of Being Earnest," designed by Mr. Edward Cleg-horn, will bring something new to Kitchener-Waterloo. They are designed in the "expressionistic" tradition depending for their effect on a combination of light and darkness. To our knowledge this is the first time that this play has been presented in such a setting.

Early last fall when an organization meeting was held a large number of students signified a desire to participate in the production of this play in some capacity or other. The directors will be getting in touch with these people shortly as the time has arrived for definite action. Any other students who are interested in helping with the production, especially in the fields of make-up and scene design, are urged to contact either Miss Roy, Mr. Cleghorn or Mr. Clark.

With the production of a really excellent "Purple and Gold" last term, Waterloo College proved what it could do in the field of Musical Comedy. It will be interesting to see what are the results of an expedition into the legitimate theatre. The Stage is an interesting and fascinating place affording pleasure to performers and audience alike, perhaps the time is near at hand when Waterloo College will be able to foster a flourishing Dramatic Society like so many of its larger sister Universities.

JMC.

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KITCHENER - WATERLOO

Mary, Queen of Waterloo, Crowned at Junior Prom

The Junior Prom, held at the Highlands, Galt on the rainy evening of December 21st, was very successful. Close to 300 guests attended, of whom over a hundred were graduates of Waterloo.

Patrons of the dance were the Rev. Dr. Lehmann and Mrs. Lehmann, Rev. Schaus and Mrs. Schaus, Mr. C. N. Weber and Mrs. Weber.

Receiving in the lounge were Dr. and Mrs. Lehmann, Mr. and Mrs. Weber, Jim St. Marie, president of the sophomore class and Miss Lorraine Leith, Bill Campbell, president of the freshman class, and Phyllis Buchanan.

Decorations carried out the Christmas theme, in red, green, silver and gold, with candles, snowmen, and old fashioned dancing couples.

The dance programs were in silver to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of affiliation with the University of Western Ontario. Hal Davis and his Highlanders provided the dance music.

A highlight of the evening was the crowning at midnight of the campus queen, whose identity was kept secret until that moment. This year the crown and an arm bouquet of red roses went to charming Mary Uffelman. Roses were

presented to four lovely princesses, who also stood high in the voting: Janette Mahaffey, Betty Shantz, Helen Taylor and Marilyn Scheifle.

A great deal of credit is due Jim St. Marie, chairman of committees, and all those who worked with him in organizing the affair. Special commendation goes to Marion Schnarr and Ruth Hamm for the delightful decorations, and to Audrey Renault who supplied a car and truck to transport decoration and decorators. Others who capably assisted with arrangements were: Marion Tunn, invitations; Phil Harris, program; Jean Wettlaufer, tickets; John Brubacher, advertising; Eric Lavelle, transportation.

Guests were present from Toronto, Western and McMaster Universities and the Ontario Agricultural College. Jack Wettlaufer, who helped organize the first Junior Prom four years ago, when he attended Waterloo, brought greetings from Western.

Among the many graduates were Don Seebach, Bob Tarbush, Harry Weaver, Helmut Binhammer, Dorothy Sheifle, Johnny O'Connor, Jack Bramm, Harold Gram, Grant Gaiser and Kay Schweitzer.

Singing of the college song, after the last dance, concluded the event.

Betty Campbell.

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.

SPORTS

McMASTER MAULING

Jim Coleman, a journalist who achieved fame by developing a thought-recording machine, in a loquacious mood at the Toronto Press Club divulged to me sufficient details regarding it to enable me to construct a crude replica of this scientific phenomenon. Armed with my inefficient reproduction, I entered the local arena in order to observe the Waterloo MacMaster hockey exhibition, full of the knowledge that I would finally discover what really goes on at a hockey game. The following are the scientific and accurate recordings of the thoughts of the participants as I focused the machine towards them.

John Geldner, left defence: "Gee that MacMaster team looks big — I sure am glad I made that arrangement with Barnes — he didn't like it at first, but being a friend and neighbour he had to agree — he can't blame me though, after all I have to impress the coach and uphold the honour of the seniors — Here he comes now, I'll stick out my shoulder and make it look good — Boy, that Barnes should have been an acrobat besides an actor, he hit the ice just as if it was a cement wall — The crowd loved that — what a cheer — Maybe I am tougher than I thought — I never did understand why Kalbfleish never hit me in practice — Jolting John they're calling me now — I'll show them that the last one wasn't just a freak — Here comes that little defenceman, he's just my meat — OUCH — sacre fils . . ."

Bob Ritter, centre. "After playing in the rural league, this game should be a cinch — It's nice to know all the tricks — I can skate around and enjoy myself without getting caught — There's a soft little tubby guy, I wonder how he would react with six inches of stick in his ribs — Bentley, the lunkhead referee is blind, what a breeze — That showoff Geldner is stealing all my fans, I'll show them — OUCH, my ankle — They must have a rural league in Hamilton too."

Bruce Gellatly, right wing. "There she

is up in the third row — I wonder if I combed my hair so that the curl shows — I've just got to make a good impression — I can't let that big fellow hit me over the head with a stick and get away with it, or it will spoil it all — well here goes, it's do or die."

Al Shade, left wing. "A theological student must conduct himself in a circumspect and upright manner, etc., etc. — That Gellatly kid sure got himself into a peck of trouble — I guess I should help him but I've got more than most fellows to protect — Oh well, they always expect the big fellows to defend the little ones, and anyway the President and Dean left after the first period — Boy that was fun, he landed harder than the guy I bounced out of the dance on Friday."

Gord Ariss, right defence: "That Dinkel isn't a bad goal keeper if he would only remember that you don't get a two minute rest after each shot you stop — In seven years of O.H.A. hockey I haven't seen a team as dirty as those MacMaster boys — This is a tough game when you are carrying twenty extra pounds and are not in shape — Heck why should I worry, with that baseball contract they don't let you play hockey anyway — Gellatly looks relieved and Shade looks like he is enjoying himself — Seven years and not even one fight — Now they're ganging up on Shade — Oh well, I always said I would do anything once — What have I been missing — You don't have to take a meds course to alter someone's nose — They always told me that college develops the mind, but it also develops hard heads — Sunuvugun, seven wasted years!"

At this point the machine showed signs of weakness, so I switched it off, and left the game. I forgot to get the final score, but that was insignificant anyway. Coleman was down to see me the next day with venom spouting from both goggles. We argued futilely for

(Continued on page 23)

Alumni Notes

MARJORIE H. BROWN

A memembr of the Class of 1935, Miss Marjorie H. Brown passed away at her home in Kitchener on Friday, January 6th, 1950.

1949

The report on the whereabouts and activities of the most recent graduating class is almost complete. Here are a few that were missed previously: **Woodrow Foell** has accepted a position with the Royal Bank of Canada and at present is stationed in Waterloo. **Adria Kuntz** is at the head office of the Mutual Life Assurance Company. **Jane McGanity** is in Toronto with an accountancy firm. At Radio Station CFCA, Kitchener, **Daniel Powers** is doing program work. "Danny" is playing one of the leads in the production being sponsored by the College English Department, "The Importance of Being Earnest," to be presented February 20-21. **Murray Shelley** has a position with the Blue Top Brewing Company.

1948

Gordon Nelson resigned his position with the Kitchener Public School Board to become Assistant Inspector of Peel County. He began his duties January 1st and is stationed at Brampton. **Rudolph Martens** is attending the Menonite Theological College in Chicago.

1947

At Chatsworth **Walter Donovan** is busy teaching in the Continuation School. **Mrs. Dale Bechstead** (Audrey Brock), mother and housewife, is living at Williamsburg where her husband, also a Waterlooan, is in the retail business. At Camden, N.J., to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sochor (**Flarence Little**), a baby girl was born on December 24th. **Marion Hollinger**, who graduated from the School of Social Studies, Toronto, is now with the Family Service Bureau in Hamilton.

1946

Charles Hagen, formerly of Clinton, is

now in Toronto on the staff of the Jarvis Collegiate Institute. At last report **Leila Bier** was on the staff of the Flesher-ton High School. **Alfred J. Schenk** is the pastor of the Midville Lutheran Parish in Nova Scotia.

1945

Two members of this class are training future citizens in the North. **Ernest Brose** is on the staff of the Kenora Collegiate and **William Shantz** at Sault Ste. Marie. Mrs. G. H. Fitten (nee **Elaine Smith**) is living at Port Elgin.

1944

After completing a course in music at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, **Elred Winkler** enrolled at O.C.E. **Melvin King** is teaching at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. **Roy N. Grosz** is pastor of the Heidelberg-Erbsville parish. He is married, has two children and is a member of the Board of Governors of Waterloo College.

1941

Wallace Mink, stationed at Rose Bay, N.S., has five congregations in his charge. **William G. Rae** resides in Hanover from where he carries on his duties as Public School Inspector for South Grey.

1940

Mrs. U. S. Leupold (nee **Gertrude Daber**) has the unique task of teaching the children of new Canadians who have come to Kitchener in recent months. **Mary McGarry** is on the staff of the Paris High School.

1939

Three members of this class are on the staff of the Kitchener-Waterloo Col-

legate: namely, **Laurent Reichard**, **Selma Schmidt** and **Elaine Smith**. **Clifton Monk** is Executive Director of Canadian Lutheran World Relief and he and his family are making their home in Winnipeg.

1938

Conradine Schmidt is teaching at the high school in Gravenhurst, while **Basil Thompson** is at the K-W Collegiate. As a hobby, the latter raises a special variety of raspberries.

1937

Wilton D. Ernst is pastor of Reformation Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, and **Wesley Hamilton** is principal of the Marmora High School. **Helen Duering** is in Toronto.

1935

Capt. **Rudolph Aksim**, with the Canadian Army Intelligence Corps, is at present stationed in England. **Norman A. Berner** has been in Philadelphia for several years where he is Book Editor for the United Lutheran Publication House.

1933

Seen on King Street, Waterloo, quite frequently is **James M. Lohead** who is a member of the C. A. Boehm Insurance Co. **Armin Schlenker** is pastor of the

Evangelical Church in Clifford. **Margaret Tailby** has a position with the Waterloo Trust and Savings Company and is stationed at the head office in Kitchener.

1932

Living in Toronto with his wife and two children is **Herman Little**. He has a position as an accountant. **George Arnold Gordier** is on the staff of the Parry Sound High School.

1931

Hubert Casselman and his wife, formerly **Audrey Froats '34**, are living in Morrisburg where Hubert teaches Classics at the Collegiate. **George Orth** is pastor of the Sullivan Lutheran Church with headquarters at Desboro.

1930

Little has been heard from **Harold James Crouse** in recent years, but, according to the records, he is pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, York, Pa.

1928

J. Gerald Hagey holds the position of advertising manager of the B. F. Goodrich Co. (Canada) Ltd. He has two sons who are almost ready for College. Gerry is the alumni representative on the Board of Governors. Practising law at Elmira we have **Arthur P. Zilliax**.

D.H.S.

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Editorial Page

Dear Editor:

Mr. Weiler, in his article on "clique witch-hunting," seems to have raised a general furore in Waterloo College, a furore which is doubly intensified because he has, to a certain extent, hit upon the truth. Many of us, inspite of the "All Welcome" on the poster, have felt left out of certain clubs until we receive an invitation from a member who has, in the past, received an invitation. But it's our own fault. Mr. Weiler errs when he claims it is the clique who are insincere.

I'm in favour of cliques. If business were left to 200 students, it would never be done. How often in assembly does a student get up to express his opinion? How often does he so much as raise his hand in a negative vote? When this attitude is shown by students on matters of utmost importance to all, what could be accomplished in matters of interest to only a small percentage of the student body, unless an interested clique takes it upon themselves to unite to form a club? I insist — it is not the cliques which are narrow, it is those outside the cliques.

I would like the opportunity to state the position of the Debating Club in particular. We have some 10 active members — and are anxious to increase that number. But our membership campaign will not consist of "penned signs." We hope to prove by the program and debates which we will soon be presenting to the student body, that the Debating Club is a worth while organization, and our program worthy of an increased student membership.

Yours truly,

Frances Rothaermel.

Dear Editor:

I read Celestin Weiler's criticisms on "cliques," which was published in the December issue of the Cord, and I be-

lieve that Mr. Weiler's criticism of the S.C.M. is not sincere. I gladly accept criticism directed toward a person or an organization at any time as everyone knows that criticism is more of a help than a hindrance, but what I am opposed to is criticism that is not sound.

Mr. Weiler's inaccurate judgement may be due to the fact that he does not attend the S.C.M. himself. I feel that the S.C.M. is anything but a small-time clique. The Students' Christian Movement is every student's organization and is open to students of all faiths. At the beginning of the college term the executive approaches those new students (personally, or by mail) who are not already familiar with what the S.C.M. stands for and invites them to attend.

Election for officers is held in March for the ensuing year. All students who have attended any meetings up until that time have an opportunity of electing the officers of the S.C.M. Since an open invitation was extended to all students of Waterloo College to attend S.C.M., therefore all students had an equal opportunity to elect officers. Do you call this a clique which exists not by the will of the majority but by their own will?

You say this is an organization of limited membership masquerading as a free open organization for all students. Accommodation for the meetings of the S.C.M. are judged by the attendance at the first meeting. Attendance at the regular meetings of the S.C.M. has increased since last year. In spite of the fact that thirty to thirty-five students attend this year instead of twenty students, the chapel isn't much more than half full for the worship service. Also the doors between the chapel and Room 201 are opened as on Thursday mornings for chapel service. This would easily accommodate one hundred students if such a number were interested in attending S.C.M.

I believe that if the S.C.M. were to move out of the girls' common room into the gym for its discussions that it would lose its feeling of informality and fellowship which is an inherent factor in an organization of this kind.

In conclusion, the S.C.M. is a personal organization — yes — but not a "personal clique"! I am not a member of the Debating Society, but I am certain that the Record Club and the Debating Society cannot be called cliques any more than French or German circles. Those students who are interested in debates, music, French, and German can take part if they so desire.

Ellen Roberts.

WE'VE BEEN ROBBED

The third hour on Monday mornings generally speaking, has been very little more than a waste of time. When next year's time-table is drawn up it might be advisable to use the time for classes and thereby perhaps, some poor, overburdened language student may have an afternoon off.

The greater part of another college year has become history, and we have not yet (Jan. 14) had one assembly that can be termed successful. There have been two or three "attempts," for which we are very thankful, but even these could never be called accomplishments.

There is no lack of talent in this college. I am of the firm opinion that talent is on the increase from year to year. Surely a student body capable of presenting a Purple and Gold Show of the calibre of this year's, about which, incidentally, people are still talking, could fill at least the greater part of an hour a week with worthwhile entertainment. The bulk of the talent among our students lies in the field of music. Musical assemblies have always enjoyed warm applause in past years. Why not this year? Furthermore, this year our A Capella Choir boasts a membership of about forty singers, the largest singing group

in the history of the college. Yet how many times have they performed in the college this season? Not once! It is a pity that we must go out of town to hear our own choir. A choir such as this should be prepared to sing at four or five assembly periods a year.

The solution to this unfortunate situation, which becomes more pitiful every year, could probably be found in more competent organization on the part of the Assembly Committee. The setting aside of assembly periods for class meetings is nothing more than an expedient method for the Committee to jettison an hour which has become too hot to handle. For most class meetings the noon hour is sufficient. Perhaps the most glaring example of negligence this year was the inexcusable failure to hold a Christmas assembly, an hour which has always been dutifully observed and thoroughly enjoyed.

Orchids to Forrest Mosher for a valiant but futile effort to arouse interest in assemblies. But interest in assemblies can only be created by a determined attempt on the part of the Assembly Committee to present programs worthy of an audience. If it cannot do this, then it should be abolished and the time put to more profitable use. A.T.

McMASTER MAULING

(Continued from page 19)

several minutes and as he left I once more focused my sputtering weakening machine.

"That fool thinks he will plagiarize my prize and get famous too, but he doesn't know that it won't work for more than ten minutes without adding a quart of my special '83' fuel."

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