

WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD



WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD

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THE COVER? Well, the silhouettes in the background represent Clayton Derstine and Francis Rothaermel the authors of a controversy on the nature and purpose of art which is featured in this issue. The statuette you may interpret as you please. We suggest that the cow has something to do with a false conception of art which Fran decides in her argument. The mermaid's halter has little or nothing to do with Clay's argument but it somehow seems more appropriate on his silhouette than Fran's.

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTES

In this issue, George Polak, our Hungarian student summarizes his opinions of Canada. George came from Budapest only one year ago with a very scant knowledge of the English language at his command. For months he struggled with radio commentators, newspaper articles, and text books in an effort to learn our bastard tongue, and we feel that he has made commendable progress.

His article, "A rediscovery of Canada" on page five has a familiar ring to it. We have heard the same thing before from other sources, but this time it comes to us louder and stronger because the author is in our midst.

If you don't know what we're talking about, read the article.

* * *

We congratulate Jim Crossman, new Frosh president. We wish him the best of luck and beg him to unleash some of the talent in his class.



Mr. Wessell, Mr. Gram, Mr. Binhammer

N.B.

This year Waterloo College is pleased to welcome three new members to the faculty. Two of them are graduates of our college who have returned to their alma mater as instructors.

Mr. Helmut Binhammer succeeds Mr. H. W. E. Cleghorn as business administrator of the college. In addition to his duties as bursar Mr. Binhammer is lecturing on the economic history of Europe and America. Mr. Binhammer is from Wellesley and received his secondary education at Hanover High School. He attended Waterloo College and received an arts degree in 1948.

While attending Waterloo College Mr. Binhammer was interested in rugby and the College Cord and was editor of the first Waterloo College Directory. For the past two years Mr. Binhammer has done graduate work in the department of political economy at the University of Toronto. He is at present working on a thesis for his M.A. degree.

Mr. Harold Gram from Wainfleet, Ontario, is also a former student of Waterloo College. He received his secondary education at Port Colborne High School. He graduated with an arts degree from Waterloo College in 1949. He was a member of the Students Legislative

Executive, on the Cord staff and played rugby while he attended Waterloo College. He was also president of the class of '49. On graduating from Waterloo College Mr. Gram received a scholarship from Harvard University where he has done graduate work in the science of government for the past year. Mr. Gram is a student in the seminary and is lecturing on the Political, Economic, and Social problems of Canada.

Mr. Wessell, from Schenectady, New York, has attended no less than three universities: the University of Miami, Siena College, Loudenville, New York, and Upsala College from which he received an A.B. degree in 1950. Mr. Wessell majored in philosophy and minored in sociology. Since his graduation he has taken graduate courses in philosophy and sociology. While attending college he was manager of the tennis team, played in the College band, was a member of the Student Christian Association, the Pre-Seminary Fellowship, and attended forums on Sociology and Social Science. Mr. Wessell is also a student in the seminary and is lecturing in logic and sociology.

Fashions



48 King St. W. Kitchener

Dear Editor:

Many "letters to the editor" can do no more than express an opinion. Action from these letters cannot be expected. This is my opinion on what has been a shrouded subject.

Our school has been growing each year and we the student body have been growing with it. Last year we produced what was to many a fine evenings entertainment, and to student morale, a shot in the arm. We did this with a show that has become known as "Purple and Gold."

Those who were associated with the show need not look for apologists. Dr. Potter stated that it was too bad that more people couldn't see it. Mr. Clarke our drama professor said it was a good show. Mr. Weber, President of the Board of Governors, sent us a letter thanking us for the tickets and praising our efforts. My parents, and I am sure the parents of many students, were proud of their sons and daughters who were attending Waterloo College.

This year we have been denied the right to produce a "Purple and Gold" of the type envisaged by the students. A name is never true reality, only the object itself can claim that distinction. Nothing less than a "Purple and Gold" of last years scope deserves the name, and has earned the right to be produced and presented.

I shall not attempt to state the administrations position. There is no doubt that they must have certain reasons, but I feel that the students should have the right to discuss their views in an open meeting with the administration. So far this right has not been granted.

It will be too late when this issue of the Cord is printed for further action to be taken. This can only be a protest and an echo of the past.

I hope I speak for others as well as myself when I say that I am very disappointed in the administration's lack of faith in the students, and in our ability to be a credit to our College.

Celestin John Weiler.

A REDISCOVERY OF CANADA

To begin with, all that I knew about Canada not so long ago was that it was a British colony and a vast territory with comparatively small population. In recent years I heard more about Canada when it was defined in the Communist press as "an antidemocratic, antisocialist, capitalistic, imperialistic satellite of the Western bloc." I know this is not very complimentary, but if I want to be true to the facts I must confess it.

I do not wish to elaborate here on the why and how of my coming to this country, but I want to emphasize that I discovered another Canada which differs very much from the above described one. I wish to emphasize that the picture changed entirely when I had a chance to learn more about this country.

Some might think that since I found refuge here I have to praise everything I see here, but I try to be as objective as possible and to give voice to an honest opinion. And if you will find that my article seems to be prejudiced, in spite of my intention, it is due to the facts, that I learned here. I will let the facts speak instead of me.

Let me tell you that never before did I know what democracy means in practise. My native land, Hungary, was a feudalistic state till the Second World War and then it was thrust into extreme communism. In neither system did we have a free press or free elections nor were we allowed to criticise the government. In other words we were a police-state. In both regimes we were taught that the country in which we live is the example of the idealistic democracy. Not till the last events when we realized that we were robbed of all our rights did we have any doubts because we could not imagine that in a country like ours everything should not be the best in the world. We did not have contact with the world outside neither through the press which was not admitted to the country nor through the radio because it was a crime to listen to foreign sta-

tions. Our knowledge of true facts was reduced to the minimum. This was the background when I came to Canada a year ago.

The economic and the political situations that I found here were amazing. Since my space is limited I want only to comment upon the above quoted Communist **political** definition. I discovered that in this country people do things because they like to do them and not because they are forced to. The function of the government is strictly limited by the will and confidence of the people who elected them and if the people feel that the policy of the government does not serve the interest of the whole nation, they will certainly criticise it. When criticism and public pressure do not bring the wanted change at the next election they can choose another government. Members of the government are not simultaneously masters of death and life.

In order to keep the public informed there are independent or private newspapers in which everybody can voice his private opinion on every matter on the editorial page. Free press is a very important evidence of human rights, and a very essential weapon to defend human rights.

Minorities have just the same rights as majorities. Activities are not limited (sometimes this is a disadvantage in democratic countries) and everybody or every group can live up to his or their conviction. Workers can exercise their rights to strike without being discriminated against or punished for sabotage. Their Unions, free from government control, work towards their highest standard of living, and not as in the Stachanow working system as is the case in some other countries under the camouflage of Union. And what I estimate as the utmost advantage is that there is an uncontrolled private life. No police register cards, no denunciation which ends in concentration camp. Everybody can live unnoticed and unharmed save

(Continued on page 12)



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Faculty Page

A FROZEN ASSET . . .

What do Greek and Latin mean to us? To the majority, the former is a language which students of theology are obliged to learn, not without difficulty, in order to read the New Testament in the original Greek; the latter, a language which was used as an instrument of torture during three or four years of our career in collegiate and, in extreme cases, a year or two of college, because it was supposed to be "good for us," though we were never able to see how or why this was so.

Truly, this seems to be an instance in which the means have obscured the end. With some reservations, one might say that the languages themselves are no more than a key with which to open the door to the storehouse of classical civilization or tools with which to work in that cultural field. Moreover, the ability to use them is easily acquired by only a few; by many it is never fully acquired even with considerable effort. In the face of the demand for increasing specialization in technical training can it be expected that even the student who has linguistic ability will be able to afford the time necessary to master both of these languages? If he does master them, will he be able to retain his mastery and make use of them purely as an avocation, or will the tools acquired by a lengthy and scarcely painless process be allowed to rust through inaction, while the student retains only a dislike for all manifestations of classical culture as something associated with the hated Latin and Greek? It is true that both of these languages have entered largely into the formation of our own and that training in their use may reveal itself in improved ability to make use of English when it seems to have disappeared without leaving any trace at all; but is the amount of labour involved in the training justified by the result achieved, or could that end be

reached more easily in other ways? One may offer testimony for the pleasure of working with these languages in prose composition and for the profit of reading the works of classical authors in the original rather than in translation; but in the present circumstances can we regard these delights as anything other than the privileges of the specialist and, in lesser measure, of the students of modern languages who are required to spend some time with Latin, if not with Greek?

At the same time, there is an increasing demand that the humanities be restored to their rightful place in our system of education, on an equal footing with the sciences and social sciences. This demand and the efforts currently being made to meet it are excellently surveyed by Fred B. Millett in his book, **The Rebirth of Liberal Education**, which is on the library shelves and therefore need not be summarized here. Nor is it necessary to enquire whether there are in classical civilization any values which would justify its claim to be included among the humanities (strange irony, when the original meaning of **litterae humaniores** was an education in Greek and Latin classics!). This side of the case for the classics has been admirably put forward by Sir Richard Livingstone, among others, whose works on education and classical culture are also in the library. Even the method by which these values may be made available to students as part of the educational program of the humanities is well toward being decided, since most universities now offer courses in classical literature and other aspects of classical civilization for which no reading knowledge of the languages is required. (Among the feeblest gestures in this direction are the courses listed in our Announcement as Greek 29 and Latin 39; the fact that more time is allotted to the course in ancient history may be an indication of the higher "practical" value attached

to history than to literature). The offering of such survey courses, as they are commonly called, may arouse some misgivings, although it is difficult to express dissent from the general principle.

One of the chief dangers of the survey course is that, because of the desire to cover as much ground as possible, the course may degenerate into a list of names and dates accompanied by very brief description and criticism, if any. So far from reading the work of the authors in the original, the student may not even read it in translation, or at best hastily, uncritically, and with too little assistance from the instructor. One might invert the humorous definition of the specialist and say that in such a case the student is in danger of becoming one who knows less and less about more and more until finally he knows nothing about everything! Divorced from the solid basis which he automatically provided by the existence of a text to be translated, the course runs the risk of deteriorating into mere verbiage without foundation. Another danger is that the course, if conducted by means of lectures only, may (as Millett says) become no better than a solo performance by a virtuoso and may provide satisfaction for the performer and entertainment for the audience without mak-

ing any transition from the aesthetic to the rational level. Various methods of avoiding these pitfalls have been proposed, such as the division of the course into lectures and discussion periods. Cooperation in the study of a text, even in translation, and the provision of every opportunity for discussion and questions, should encourage the development of active students rather than passive receptacles.

The answer to the question of who should serve as teachers in courses of this type seems to be obvious. Surely it should be the specialist in classics who has spent a good part of his life in acquiring a detailed knowledge of his field. Not that any attempt should be made to impart all the details of this knowledge—far from it; but the knowledge should be present in order to provide a background which can guard against misinterpretation. Unfortunately, the present training of classics specialists scarcely seems to be aimed at the provision of such a teacher, as Gilbert Highet comments toward the end of his survey of the past century of classical scholarship in **The Classical Tradition**. The classicist spends most or all of his undergraduate career in the process of mastering the languages, a necessary procedure but one which is likely to leave little or no time for consideration

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of the significance of the works which he reads. Under the influence of German scholarship, adopted and perfected in characteristic fashion by America, his graduate career is devoted to a search for **minutiae** rather than to the development of breadth of vision and critical ability. If a personal allusion may be pardoned, the pursuit of a Ph.D. (that essential union card) leads to such phenomena as the treatment of the plays of Sophocles as a mine from which one may dig such dross as ritual forms, meanwhile disregarding, if not discarding, the true ore. This is an extreme view, for it must be admitted that research scholarship does have its uses in providing material for the information of all; but there seems to be room for legitimate doubt that its growth to the point of overshadowing all other methods of dealing with classical literature has performed a service either for education or for the classics. Historians, philosophers, artists are willing to deal in a different way with the general aspects of their subjects. Must the training of the specialist in classical languages and literatures be such as to produce teachers who insist that the only possible approach to their subject is by way of complete mastery of all the dry details of the languages, often to the exclusion of material more interesting and perhaps more important, or research scholars who overlook the wood while examining and classifying the trees by methods in which the chief motivation seems to be a search for such novelty as will produce lengthy bibliographies? The type of training presently in vogue seems unlikely to produce any other type of teacher even when it fails to transform its material into research scholars, for it tends to leave its product drained of vitality and humour, if indeed it manages to attract any endowed with a share of these qualities in the first place.

The fact that the blame for the "freezing" of the classics is here placed largely upon the shoulders of the classicists themselves may be a comfort to some who may have expected rather to be abused for failing to study Greek and

Latin. It might be a greater comfort, if a "thaw" is expected or desired, to be able to predict that it will come as a result of new warmth provided by the classicists. At the moment such a prediction might seem to be rather optimistic, but it should not yet be considered completely impossible of realization. There was once a time when education meant an education in the classics, and when a classical education meant a liberal education. Whether classical literature is to retain a place in the present system of liberal education, rather than become a mere appendage to our own literature or drop from sight completely, would seem to depend on the willingness and ability of classicists to adapt themselves and the teaching of their subject to changed circumstances.

A. E. Raymond.

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The Freshman Speaks

Standing proudly, at the foot of long, well kept lawns, with its air of ancient wordliness, Waterloo College was indeed a welcome sight to the freshman. Most were somewhat disturbed when they perceived the Union Jack, flying at half mast, presumably for those who had passed on. The size of the college was somewhat startling, but we soon found the very smallness made for a greater friendliness.

Like other universities and colleges Waterloo's registration dates were set for the latter part of September; which was indeed welcome. The frosh are anticipating, I might add, the early dismissal in the spring. After registration, the seniors, (bless their little virtuous souls) treated all frosh to a gay evening of eating and dancing. After this pompous welcome, we were just a bit anxious to see just how we would fare in the lecture room. Well, the profs didn't disappoint us. The longest lecture was of about five minutes duration. Oh! How we loved Waterloo.

On our second day of lectures, an assembly was held. There we were awed by the solemn procession of robed professors, who graced the platform. For the most part, these professors in their state-ly robes somewhat frighten the students. For, due to small inferiority complexes, the student is sometimes tricked into believing he knows less than the prof. Of course, no frosh in his right mind could ever believe such a thing!

So far, dear reader, all frosh love Waterloo, but, alas, what changed this blissful utopia into a chaos of ogres. Yes, the sophs had a few tricks in store for "the innocents". They introduced us to our charming costumes and quaint rules at the end of a very enjoyable assembly. For days, we were needed, spied on, ridiculed, and popularized throughout the twin cities. Most frosh felt that the initiation was a fine job of upholding an old tradition without combining the feared rough housing, now so prevalent in many colleges. The fact that the sophs were outnumbered may have had some-

thing to do with it. However, the boys in the dorms were not so lucky, and hold an entirely different opinion of the whole matter.

While compiling this article, I found that the frosh had several "beefs" that they stated emphatically and without restraint. I will pass them on.

The boys common room seems to disturb most. It is too small, too uncomfortable, and downright stifling. Most boys would like to see a fan, some easy chairs, and perhaps a chesterfield in gay, startling colours.

The next chip concerns the pre-season advertising on the rugby team. Very little was known about the team, its chances, its hopes, the new sweaters, etc., before the first game on October 9th. This could be definitely improved upon.

In the school itself, the "frosh" were badly disappointed in the book distribution. As this magazine goes to press, students are still without certain texts. They feel that a "book exchange" would be the answer to a study-starved student's wants.

These small grievances are not selfish. They are the grievances of "frosh" of many years. We novices, would like to feel that we can shape this college in some small way, to a fine future. Let's hope that in future years we can extend the warm welcome, given to us, in sincere forethought by the sons and daughters of Waterloo.

(Continued from page 5)

criminals. You can do what you want with your money—if honestly earned—and spend it where and when you want to. You can drive a car without being molested and warned, "You bourgeois capitalist, your time is over and you will not drive a car when millions of the honest people are working to fulfil the 5 year plan."

You may think or say "Well these are very natural things, what is so amazing about them?" Really, they are natural things, they are your natural rights here in Canada but there are many people who do not have them and perhaps never had them, and you cannot appreciate them if you do not think of those people. It is very true that people do not know what freedom, liberty, democracy mean until they lose them. For this reason I do appreciate them very much, I have them for the first time in my life, and will try to do my best to retain them.

G. P.

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Alumni Notes

Annual Meeting

History was made at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association in May 1950. An attendance of one hundred and fifty pushed the indicator up to an all-time high. Holding the meeting in the College gymnasium with a delicious banquet prepared by the College chef was another feature appreciated by all. The officers of the Association for 1950-51 are: President, Wilfred G. Schweitzer '28, Kitchener; Vice-president, Fred G. Janke '48, Kitchener; Secretary treasurer, Ilse Aksim '40, Waterloo; Corresponding Secretary, Sidney Williams '49, Kitchener; Representative on the Board of Governors, Rev. Albert J. Datars '28, Port Colborne; Representative on the Senate of the University, William G. Rae '41, Hanover.

Home-Coming Day

Jack Harper and his K-W Alumni Branch arranged an Alumni reception in connection with the Thanksgiving Day Rugby Game with Ryerson Institute of Toronto. A fair number of Alumni were present in spite of the wet weather. It is hoped that Thanksgiving Day will become an annual Home-coming Day for Waterloo Alumni.

On The Sick List

Dr. H. Schorten, Professor Emeritus, spent several weeks this summer in the hospital and is at present confined to his home. He is making good progress toward recovery. Late in September, Dr. C. H. Little, Professor Emeritus, underwent an emergency operation for appendicitis. He has made a very speedy recovery.

Class of '50

Information about the activities of the latest graduating class is always eagerly awaited. Waterloo College is well represented this year at the Ontario College of Education where the following are registered: **Louise Bonkowski, Shirley Buder, Ann Conrad, Carl Damman, Robert Hammer, Lorraine Holle, Gloria Rivers, and Verna Schweigert.** At the Stratford Normal School **Ruth Bean** and **Joy Cressman**

are preparing for primary school teaching. Several of this class have gone directly into teaching. **Rosemarie Mosig** and **Patsy Pauli** have joined the staff of the Qu'Appelle Diocesan School for Girls at Regina; **Joyce Smith** is teaching at Matachewan (wherever that may be), Ontario; and **Helen Taylor** has a position at Val d'Or, Quebec.

Pursuing further studies at the Graduate School in Toronto are **John Gellner** in Commerce and **Abe Thiessen** in English. **John Johnson** has chosen McGill for M.A. work in History. In the realm of Theology, we find **Forrest Mosher** and **Donald Stewart** at Waterloo and **George Malcolm** at Knox College, Toronto.

These Waterloo grads must have something. At least the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, among others, thinks so. **John Fleming, Keith Niall** and **George Schwindt** have been added to the office personnel.

Peggy Nairn sailed October 13th for England. We hope she succeeds in crashing the B.B.C. Writing for the Social Page of the K-W Record we have **Marcia Schofield.** **John McCormick** is at Osgoode Hall. **Joan Schultz** is serving as French and Spanish translator for the Sunshine Manufacturing Company, Waterloo.

Class of '49

Among the forty-niners we have news about the budding pedagogs. **Hedy Armbruster** is teaching at Cobourg; **June Fisher** at Clinton; **Grace Hall** at Harrow; **Dora Mae Nixon** at New Hamburg; **Russell Seltzer** at Orangeville.

Here and There

Eldred Winkler '44 is teaching music at the Picton Collegiate. The new principal of the Morrisburg Collegiate is none other than John Schultz '36. Mrs. Schultz is the former **Dorothy Schwalm '42.** The Rev. **Earl J. Treusch '37** was called to the office of president of the Saskatoon Lutheran Seminary. Rev and Mrs. (nee **Marjorie Cooper '38**) Treusch took up residence in Saskatoon in September.

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A CASE OF NERVES

Most birds on wings do fly;
The skunk is equipped to stink;
Fishes are flippered and gilled to swim,
While man—he is wired to think.

Intelligent man, with this thinking specialization, is everlastingly experimenting to discover some new tool or formula which will give him greater control of his world, or will enable him to escape to, or create a better world.

This search for power animates all human effort.

Power is gained through a more adequate knowledge of the universe and its components.

A refined and directed sensory apparatus is the tool used to gain this knowledge.

A specialized sensitivity to our environment means the ability to derive more impressions.

The artist is he who has the tool, who thoughtfully organizes the added impressions, and conveys them in a beautiful manner.

It is not he who is searching for a short cut to the feeding trough, nor he who tries to puff up a bloated ego—with adherents.

Art is organization, and truth is beauty.

The greatest are organizes the most profound truth.

The artist collects his superior sense impressions, purges them, and places them in pleasing, and thus proper perspective.

In this manner he liberates himself and thus gains power.

The process of liberation presupposes the process of communication, whose mechanics entail

1. The idea or emotion which the creative artist has sensed.
2. The expression of this idea or emotion in some communicable form.
3. The translation of this form by the recipient.
4. Into a personalized idea or emotion.

Art also lies in making 1 equal 4.

But few can comprehend 1 because "every body remains in a state of rest, or continued motion in a straight line unless compelled by some external force to change that state."

Electric force requires wiring for conduction.

Artistic force requires sensitivity for conduction.

Most men are not powerful.

Most men are not well wired.

Clayton Derstine.

AT GRADUATION TIME



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



Charles Belair

PHOTOGRAPHER

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THE HUMAN SIDE

"How now, brown cow" isn't art, it never has been art, and no matter how much the issue is confused, it never will be art. I can dress it up, put it into words that necessitate a dictionary for translation, I can tell you that you just don't appreciate it, but I can't make it into art. It may take a college education to translate the modern poetry and painting—something like this—

Ruminating mammal . . .

Colour echoing the mud and dung of
ploughed field,

Standing beneath the bloody axe of
greed

While hungry civilization licks its
chops . . .

Food and drink . . .

Starvation, blood, and verdant greenness
once again.

But read as many meanings into it as you wish, it still remains brown cow, and it still isn't art.

Art can never belong to the few, because art appeals to the feelings and emotions primarily. It is not limited by intellectual boundaries. Read a true piece of poetry, look at a picture whose composition and line place it in the category of true art, listen to a Beethoven Concerto or a Bach Chorale. Is your first thought "what does the artist mean in this sentence or that note?" No. Your first reaction is that thrill, that lift of your heart within you that says, when such beauty exists, is it not wonderful to be alive, to be able to see and hear and appreciate it . . . Not that you are conscious of it in those terms, but it is a response of your emotions and feelings, and not of your intellect. Emotions and feelings are not limited to the few, though admittedly some are more sensitive to beauty than others. They do not suffer under the unnatural bonds of training and education.

I do not mean that art can be understood at first glance, or that it should be written or painted down to the lowest level of humanity, so that all can understand or grasp it at first glance. On the contrary, true art will always hold something that is beyond the grasp of the most learned intellect, the most sensitive nature. That is the secret of art. That is the hold, the fascination that has kept mankind bound to its worship. It is the secret that will never be betrayed, and never outgrown. Strive as we will, in a piece of perfect art, we will never be able to say "this is the secret of the poet's heart." "This is what is meant, I have plumbed the depths. I know all that there is to know of this masterpiece," for perfect art grows as we grow, always to be grasped at the next step, but never quite attained. Everyone finds their own level in a piece of art. An infant grasps the wonder of the rhythm. A three year old adds to this the delight of the picture drawn. A student adds the interest of meaning, youth adds the sparkle of beauty, age the wonder of truth. There is always something more, something higher that can add to our appreciation, but unless each and every one can find a level of enjoyment, it is not art.

Art is an echo of yourself. It is something you would have said, if you'd had the gift, would have painted had you the talent, would have felt, had you experienced the moment. Every individual masterpiece belongs to you because it is part of your feelings, part of your personality poured vicariously into song, onto paper, and over canvas. If it is limited, if it is written for the few, it is not art. Art belongs to all humanity, because art is humanity—and humanity is art.

Fran Rothaermel.

SEMINARY NOTES

The five graduates of Waterloo Seminary in 1950 are now serving parishes in both Ontario and Nova Scotia. Rev. H. Bastmeier is in Maynooth, Rev. D. Glebe who also is teaching in the College is serving at New Dundee, Rev. E. Haase is at Arnprior, and Rev. R. Rock is in a mission field 200 miles north of Port Arthur in the town of Geraldton. Rev. W. Myra is serving the Nova Scotia Synod in the New Germany parish.

Along with the establishment of graduates in parishes, the Seminarian summer was highlighted by the exchange of vows by three students. The newlyweds were Mr. & Mrs. William Giller, the former Irene Gross, Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Huras, nee Corinne Eissfeldt, and Mr. & Mrs. Forrest Mosher, the former Eleanor Randall. The Gillers reside at 57 Chestnut St., the Moshers at 101 Trafalgar Apts., Union Blvd., and the Huras' at 50 Queen's Drive, all in Kitchener.

The engagement of Bob Langen and Ruth Oelsner paves the way for further development in this field.

With the beginning of the new term the Senior Class comprised of Albert Lorch, Bob Langen, William Giller and Walter Ohrt attended a ULCA Convention at Des Moines.

The new term also saw five new members enter the Seminary in the persons of Earl Anderson, Harold Gram, Forrest Mosher, Emil Lange and Douglas Wessel.

(Continued from page 13)

ALUMNI NOTES

Wedding Bells

They sure were ringing for Waterloo Alumni and Alumnae this summer. **George Hopton '48** and Kathleen Ross, Toronto, were married in Knox College Chapel July 31st. **Edith Merner '47** became the bride of Rev. Harry Janke on June 30th. They are making their home on Pelee Island. In Lunenburg, N.S., **Forrest Mosher '50** and Eleanor Randall were united in wedlock on July 7th. Mrs. Mosher succeeds Mrs. Delton Glebe as office secretary at the College. **Lois Carter '48** and Morris Beauchesne were married at Sudbury on July 14th. They are living in Gravenhurst. July 15th **Rhoda Daber '48** and Rev. Wilfred Myra (Waterloo Seminary '50) were married. Rev. Myra is pastor of the New Germany Parish in Nova Scotia. The latter part of August nuptials were celebrated for **Ralph Huras '48** and Corinne Eissfeldt in Kitchener. At New Hamburg on September 1st, **Joan Pauli '49** and **Edwin Nabert '50** were married. **William Giller '48** and Irene Gross of Kitchener entered matrimony on September 9th. The Alumni Association extends best wishes to these newly wedded couples.

The Tie That Binds

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Sez Hoo

Almost every week the Cords letter box is full of magazines and newspapers of various Colleges of the United States and Canada. The Editor has felt that it might be a good idea to get more than heat and dust collecting value from them and has come up with a column printing the news and views of our various corresponding student publications.

From Dana College Nebraska's **Hermes** comes this little bit of advice which AD conscious organizations might promote. "HERMES request that all students and faculty members take note of our advertisers and patronize them whenever possible. They have shown a friendly attitude towards the College and without their support it would be impossible to publish this paper. We also suggest that it might further promote goodwill if the students, in making their purchases would mention either Dana or HERMES."

To remind us of our similar affair this quote from Midland College's weekly. "General elections for the 1951 Warrior cover girl contest are being held today to choose the subject for a full color picture to appear on the cover of the college annual."

The following is a GLOSSARY FOR FROSH suggested by Queen's (C.U.P.)

A Frosh: an unenlightened person, sometimes having an air of bravado but more often timid; easily led astray and for this reason often exploited by ---

Sophs: a group of persons who have only recently been enlightened and hence may feel that all the world's knowledge is their's and that they are the only people who know the whole score.

A Junior: one who has recently been a Soph, but who is now starting to doubt his own infallibility.

A Senior: an embittered person who has been too much of this world and of university, a person in whom initiative is often lacking and who has usually forgotten what an honest days work is like.

In an editorial in the U.O.W.'s **Gazette** entitled "Are Western Students Dead" is this interesting paragraph which, thank our administration, could not refer to us. "We may be wrong but the general student approach to things on and off the campus seems to be --- "To hell with it."

A note from the Midland weekly informs us that their Drama and Puppet club is commencing work on the first of three productions this year. According to the Registrar their enrollment is 382, twice our enrollment and apparently infinitely more talent? So say some.

From the **Gazette** titled "Laying a Ghost." "Come to think of it we haven't heard for a long time of anyone orating on the great Canadian Inferiority Complex." Maybe most of us are too busy to think of it anymore."

A suggestion of anarchy is contained in the "**Sheaf**" Organ of the U. of Saskatchewan. "We must commend the Saskatoon City Police force for their fast and clever police action in subduing the student parade. Credit is due to that body. They have again done much in endearing themselves among the student body. They seem to have the situation well in hand—at least for the present.

Compliments of . . .

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F U R R I E R S

Dorm Doings

Waterloo College is really growing! Two years ago it was large enough to have two residences—a girls' dorm and a boys' dorm. Last year it had three dorms, and this year it seems to have grown enough to rate five! Well, Waterloo would have to have a much larger enrollment than it has to honestly need five dorms, so perhaps an explanation is in order.

Actually a girls' dorm no longer exists. This year a building which might have been used as a dorm slipped from the group of the administration and the first thing the girls knew they were homeless. However, the administration took pity on them and found boarding houses—four of them!—for the girls. Of course there are those who argue that the girls still have dorm privileges, but just ask any one of them what they think about that!

Ellen Roberts and Marg Culp are living at 219 Albert Street, Jeanne Wettlaufer and Norma Elligsen are staying with Mrs. Boehm at 179 Albert Street. Four freshettes are also living there. They are Shirley Lohnes from the famous town of Lunenburg, N.S., Gwen (sister-of-Bob) Rock, Sheila Radtke, who comes from Pembroke, and Grace Faber, of Tavistock. Back at 165 Albert Street

(the old dorm) again, Lydia Otto is rooming with freshette Pat McDonald from Chesley. Miss Axford, who is waiting for an apartment, Jean Williams, and Marjorie Pond are also there. Living in the fourth "dorm" on Church Street are Muriel Saddlemire, Christina Leibold, Virgie Merkley—a jolly freshette from Williamsburg, and Armintha Reist, whose home is at New Dundee.

The boys' dorm is overflowing this year. Mark Innis is "getting acquainted" with the undertaking business and is living out. Dave Metzger and Austin Snyder were late in getting back this fall and missed out on a room; they are living on Ezra Street. The men's common room in the dorm has been converted into bedrooms, and another handful of frosh have been forced to find rooms elsewhere. Housefather Godfrey Oelsner has a large responsibility keeping order in this "bedlam" where gone are the days of hot showers and single rooms.

Amid all this chaos there remains a calm figure, working quietly away, but working hard and long hours to keep all these overcrowded students happy. He is Mr. Stalkie, the chef of the Students' Boarding Club. He and Mrs. Stalkie never seem to tire of cooking for the vast

(Continued on page 26)



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WHO'S THE HONEY WITH HONEY

Once again our sports activities are well under way. The college football team has played one game with Ryerson Institute of Technology from Toronto. Although our team was not victorious, the game was of great value to the players. Many of this year's squad are new and this game afforded them the opportunity to get used to the heavier and rougher type of football played in college as compared with collegiate and high school football. Our team had weaknesses as may be expected in their first game. The line showed good spirit but fell apart at times. However the experience of this game will help them in their future series with the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. In the backfield the boys were trying hard and their main weakness was uncertainty of positions on certain plays. However this weakness will be remedied by future practices and by the time the team meets the Aggies, they will be quite worthy of upholding the name of Waterloo College. The team has been doing its part, and

working hard at practices, yet the students have let them down. At the Thanksgiving Day game, Ryerson brought more fans from Toronto than Waterloo had, even though the game was played on our own campus. In the future series, come out and cheer them on to victory; they are giving their best for us, and it is only fair that we give our best for them.

Phil Harris is again this year forming a swimming team. He plans to enter the team in as many meets as possible. Anyone with aquatic skill is requested to try out for the swimming team. Phil and his swimmers were a great credit to the college last year, and we wish him and his team the best of luck in the forthcoming year. There has been a great deal of controversy concerning the problem of intra-mural football. The controversy has arisen over the advisability of playing six-man or twelve-man football. In this edition of "the Cord" we have the view point on the subject as expounded by Eric Lavelle and Don Kraft.

YES

What are the purposes of inter-year football? To develop class spirit? To coordinate group effort and have a good time doing it? To learn the fundamentals of the game? Obviously all three factors must be considered. Primary, the purpose of inter-year football is for the players to enjoy the game and to develop physical stamina. The exponents of the twelve-man system will argue that inter-year football should act as a feeder system for the school team. How can people fit into the team unless they learn the standard game (twelve-man of course)? This is debatable.

In the first place, most people who want to play for the college are playing for her right now. The students who play for the inter-year teams are turning out because they enjoy playing football and welcome the chance to show that they can work together in a team. The reason that they are not playing football for the College is because they have not the time (either due to outside jobs or extracurricular activities) to devote to practices and skull sessions needed in playing ball for the College.

Even if the inter-year system were to act as a supply depot for the school team, students would get just as much, if not more out of playing six-man football as twelve-man football. The fundamentals of football are nevertheless learned in both forms of the game. In six-man rugby, the individual has more of a chance to develop fundamentals such as blocking, tackling, and passing than he does in twelve-man and is more of an individual all-round player. Plays are comparatively easy to learn since the fundamentals do not change. Since the College has only facilities and equipment enough for dressing twenty-four men, then just as many students would be able to play no matter what form of the game is used.

What about conditioning? Granted the people playing inter-year ball will not get much time to devote to practices, but

they nevertheless turn out in full force. To overcome this hazard rugby cleats were banned to all players with the exception of the kicker which consequently prevented a good many accidents. This however did not dampen the spirits of the inter-year teams for they still turned out in full force. Accidents by such precautionary measures were thus kept to a minimum.

With six-man football, there is a comparatively small chance of a pile-up, and besides, the small number of players allows for greater substitution. Because of the number of players involved in twelve-man football and the difficulty in obtaining them, there is consequently a lack of substitution in this form of the game. Here at the College there is virtually NO substitution at all. The twelve who start are supposedly the twelve who finish (either standing or lying). With the six-man system there will be more substitute players and therefore allow a periodical rest for all team players. Accidents occur more frequently when participants are tired, more than when each is fresh. The school doesn't expect one man to play the entire game—why therefore should unconditioned players be expected to?

NO

Interclass football has been played and will be played for reasons of enjoyment on the part of the players and for the excitement and entertainment on behalf of the bystanders. I feel as many others do, that as many students as possible should be allowed to participate in a sport representing their year. Since each year has a minimum of twenty-five male students, twelve-man football is therefore appropriate.

We all know that laughter and tragedy go hand in hand, therefore safety should be uppermost in our minds. Twelve-man football allows seven men on the line and five men in the backfield.

FOOTBALL ?

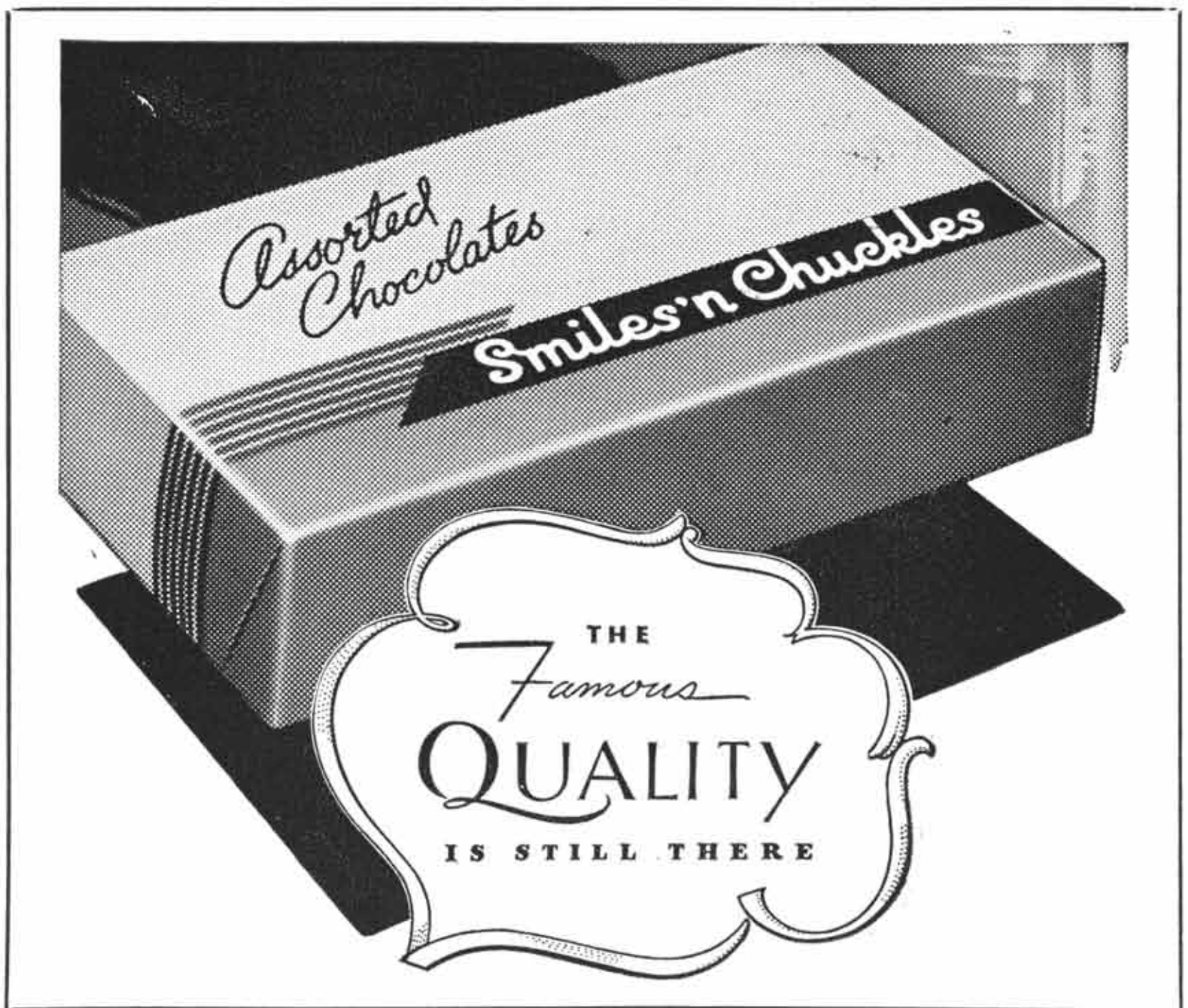
We can see therefore that innumerable plays in all directions are possible. Due to the diversity of plays, approximately half of the team will be out of the ball area at one time. This is ideal for a game such as ours because the majority of students have never played organized football and are not physically prepared for constant heavy duty required in the ball area. A team of this type has approximately six men in motion at one time. As a result the opposing team is temporarily confused about which player has the ball and what direction he will take. Once again twelve-man football is ideal. For this reason, a newcomer to the game carrying the ball has time to grasp the position he is in and avoid possible injury.

The unlimited number of plays possible give constant variety and colour to the game. Let us consider a bucking play through the line using one type of team formation. I know of twelve different plunging plays from one type of

team formation. Keep in mind that due to inexperience these teams will not approach inter-collegiate standards. Lack of experience gives rise to awkwardness and many comical errors which make games such as these more enjoyable to watch.

My reason for discussing this in the Cord is not to give you the merits of a twelve-man team such as the Argos. It speaks for itself by the large number of followers. I wish to impress upon you how suitable it is for all concerned in inter-class football. It fills all of our desires; greatest safety, largest participation, and enjoyment for the players. It presents for onlookers variety, excitement and entertainment never before equalled.

If you, the potential players and onlookers, decide that participation, safety, variety, excitement and entertainment are desirable, insist upon a twelve-man team. World wide popularity of the corner lot or organized twelve-man football proves there is no substitute.



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Static

Dear Reader: The last Frosh has been dubbed, all the Sophs have been saluted and a few seniors have buckled down to figure out the least possible effort required to get out next Spring, and now comes the time set aside on our time tables to reminisce. Aaaaaaah, last Summer, . . . no books, no lectures, no essays . . . nothing! Because of the gleam that lights up a student's eye when asked about his or her summer activities it was decided to examine that spectacular abstract namely, Student Vacations.

And what did YOU do this summer? Miss Mahaffey raised startled blue eyes to a poised pencil and an inquisitive nature, and whispered "Me?". Recovering, she settled back on the comfortable common room sofa and spoke of her experiences as a playground supervisor at Suddaby School . . . Nothing exciting had happened, no broken bones, or teeth smashed in, a rather normal time of it, but the children were cute. She had as a helper, one of the teachers, for though the Legionaires were helping out at other playgrounds in the city there weren't enough of these men to go around. When asked for a final comment Jeanette said, that it had been nice but dull and with a wistful sigh added "The only bright spots were the weekends." With that she turned and became absorbed in a revised copy of Moby Dick .

Wandering on, on long corridor, 2 doors and three left turns later found two sturdy students discussing the inebriating properties of Carlings brew vs Coke and aspirin. Mark Innes and Welf Heick, under the disapproving eye of the librarian began with a loud voice to spill out their Summer Vacations. Mark had spent 2½ months in the Fermenting Room at Carlings and was bubbling over with enthusiasm. He loved his work, scrubbing floors, cleaning brass, and washing down the tile walls. For recreation during working hours the boys used

to get together for a sparkling game of Splash, a game played with water hoses. The last one wet was a drip. An added attraction was their foreman Joe, who stuttered. After such a gay time, Mark decided to go home and work for the remaining five weeks before school opened. Wishing to put his education to practical use, he got a job with the Foundation Construction Co. and shovelled dirt, lugged cement and mixed concrete. His final comment? . . . "(Sigh) . . . It was a dandy Summer!"

Having waited impatiently for Mark to finish, Welf drew himself up to his full sitting height of 4' 2½ inches and began to speak of his refreshing pause with the Coca Cola Company. He worked there all summer and after the first day had no strength left. His job consisted of slinging coke cases, unloading and loading a truck and riding along with a driver to pick up and deliver, which of course meant more slinging. Once while pushing a hand truck loaded with 14 cases it tipped and he broke 36 bottles, but outside of that he insisted that he was not at all careless. Yes, he enjoyed working at the "Cleanest Plant in Canada," and though it may not have improved his mind he felt sure that it had done something for his biceps.

"Bigwin Inn Ha, Ha, Ha." This was Lillian Konczewski's only comment when asked about her Summer Vacation. Marion Scheifele, who was trying to arrange the make-up in the cloak room mirror, filled in the details. Marg Culp, Norma Eligson, Marion Zapfe, Lillian, and herself had spent 4 months working as waitresses at this tourist vacation paradise on Lake of Bays in Muskoka. During their spare time they lived in Cabin No. 10 which had indoor running water . . . the sink leaked, and during the rainy season the tin roof followed suit. The big event of the summer was the Beta Theta Pi convention, to which came 600 frat men from all over the states.

Dates?—Naturally. Morning, noon, and night. Then Marion paused, smiled wistfully, filled her eyes with a dream, picked up her lipstick and wandered off to her history lecture.

Out in the hall, Barbara Pierce was proudly showing a snap of the fish she had caught this summer. There she was, with an arm of steel holding up with one hand, a fish as long as she was tall. Noting the incredulous eyes of her audience, she smiled wickedly and produced a second snap, showing what looked to be a minnow in miniature. On the bottom was scrawled, "1 foot, 8 inches, 3 lbs. 10 ounces." "Just trick photograph," she quipped as she went off to try the stunt on a gullible member of the faculty.

"Ah, mais oui, toujours, c'est la vie". No it wasn't a French invasion, or a continental influence, it was part of a conversation between Ellen Roberts, Lydia Otto, and Marie Boehm. These three bilingualists spent part of their summer mingling with the French Canadian students of Trois Pistoles, Quebec. With 45 English speaking Canadians, and 85 American speaking Americans, they spent a jolly few weeks at the summer school held in the convention there and used their time singing and speaking the language of Voltaire. Near the end of their stay they travelled to Rimouski and Riviere de Loup and with other talented members of the school, sang on several radio shows. Between verses of Frere Jacques, the girls mentioned that the people were WONDERFUL and the hospitality . . . ah tres bon. The interview ended with two resounding choruses of Plantons la Vigne.

Battered, bruised, and with a cold in his nose, Bob Wagner spoke in confidential tones, of his summer experiences as a truck driver for Imperial Wholesale. Glancing over his shoulder he whispered out the awful story of the day he received a summons for making a right hand turn at a no turn intersection. "I was always such a careful driver," he said nervously. The worst part of it was that he parked in a no parking

area when he dutifully went to pay his fine and received another ticket. The only nerve wracking part of his job was keeping out of the way of women drivers. When asked for his opinion of the motorized division of the fair sex he drawled, "Aaaaah, they, ah, come in about the same category as farmers that come into town once a week." With that he blew his nose and left.

That walking travelogue is Marion Eckel just back from a "perfectly wonderful" trip to Denmark, Holland, Sweden, and many other European countries. The Ballet in Denmark, the French songs aboard ship, the Isle of Marken in Holland, May West (Dutch Style), the shorbeds in Sweden . . . she is just bursting at the seams with interesting information. If you can manage to corner this busy girl she will be perfectly willing to tell you all about it.

Ever hear of Feversham? This dot on the map is 20 miles from Collingwood, near Wasaga Beach, and was the centre of Frank Ward's activities this summer. Frank was the student pastor of the Burns Presbyterian Church at the mission field there and served his congregation without mishap for the 4 vacation months. His parsonage was a vacated farmer's house where he batched it very successfully, and to visit his parishoners he drove the Church car, a model A Ford minus horn, brakes, and muffler. When asked about the art of preaching, Frank said that he found it very interesting but that a starling had absolutely ruined one of his sermons by flying up from the cellar during the conclusion. Speaking very seriously he added, "It really felt good to be doing something worthwhile and necessary."

Dir-Te-La, alias Ruth Mary Hattin, charter member of the Chinese Laundry Club of Wigwassan Lodge finally flitted to a stop and sat down on a chair of room 212 to talk for a few minutes about her summer job as waitress at this island resort. Fellow laborers were Betty Shantz, Caroyl Ziegler and Marion Tunn. Ruth Mary's comment when asked about the work was "Ooooooh it's an EASY life. For a pastime in the evenings, the

girls would teach the younger male guests how to dance to sort of "prepare them for the rest of the world." Every two weeks there was a stunt night and as a final number on the program these athletic misses would unite their efforts for a chorus line, and starting off with the wrong foot would proceed to give forth with a new edition of last year's Purple and Gold high light. Yet, it was quite a summer!

The boys of the C.O.T.C. spent their vacation in the service of their country. Ward Eby, wearing a Union Jack and standing stiffly at attention told in clipped officer's jargon, of their activities at

Camp Borden. Some of the other fellows there besides himself were Dick Mutton, Celly Weiler, John Murray, Dwight Engel, and Bruce Gellatley. Because of the number of times it was necessary to change uniform each day, the fellows thought they were training for a Gypsy Rose Lee, but they all enjoyed their training and were quite happy in the service. Of course there were Regimental dances and Mess parties, but the boys spent most of their time dreaming of the week-ends and home.

And what did your reporter do this summer? Now that would be telling!

Ruth Hamm.

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Junior Editorial

Waterloo College has annually witnessed an increase in student enrolment and consequently, due to diversified talents, the formation of new student organizations. Just as the College is in its embryo stage so are these organizations. Such are the newly formed dramatic and swimming clubs along with the debating club, and the proposed Purple and Gold organization. Each is a separate entity, an independent organization in itself striving for success. But even with all out participation these clubs are apparently doomed to failure as in the case of Purple and Gold.

It was from the Frosh Follies of former years that this club has originated. Its purpose being to give every student the opportunity to participate, co-ordinate, and express their talents either in the administrative or dramatic fields. It is the only student group that offers such wide opportunities.

"Experience," it has been said, "is the best teacher." Why then should any organization be limited in its strivings which offers such personal expression and experience? Waterloo College is small and abounds in an atmosphere of equality. This is what Purple and Gold offers; equality and opportunity of participation to all comers. To limit any opportunity at self-expression and assertion would be to curtail the greatest asset that the College has to offer. It is due to such organizations that the enrolment at the College is continually increasing while those of larger universities are decreasing.

Common room debates have been heated and many over this topic. Just as the students of yester years worked to bring the Frosh Follies into reality so do the students of today hope to further its aims by building on the footing laid down by these their predecessors. Through such controversial discussions each student gets an insight into the problem and a chance to voice a possible correction, and thereby invaluable experience.

The non-possibility of furthering this production at the moment appears to lie in the fact that we haven't as yet enough talent to put on a large scale production. But through the efforts of the members of Purple and Gold and their former talent, coupled with the added strength of this year's frosh talent, it is their belief that it can be done. The enthusiasm of the members has given the organization confidence and added zeal, and given the chance, they could not fail.

Local business establishments are becoming skeptical of placing advertisements in our publications and programmes due to the small number that it reaches, but with such a production spurred to greater rather than smaller heights, we could regain their trust and consequently be of greater service to them rather than a constant annoyance.

DORM DOINGS

(Continued from page 18)

mob of the club, which has reached such amazing — yea, alarming proportions, that twenty of its members must eat in the annex, the former men's faculty room.

The Students' Boarding Club is headed this year by president Don Stewart, assisted by the vice-president Don Kandold, and secretary Jean Williams. Harold Gram, who graduated from Waterloo in '49 has returned to the seminary and is treasurer of the boarding club. Bill Bauer is provider, and this year club members can expect his favourite dish, spaghetti and meat balls, regularly, Bill says. Plans for another S.B.C. ball to be held this year in the Crystal Ballroom, are under way again, and the date is set for Nov. 3.

That's about all there is to date on the set-up in the "dorms" and the S.B.C. There is still much to be desired, but the food is as good as ever. So three cheers for the Stalkies, and may there be an honest-to-goodness girls' dorm again next year.

M. P.

Senior Editorial

SANFORIZED STUDENTS

Joe College 1950 is a good looking chap. You've probably seen him in the halls, on the street, or maybe even in the mirror. He's not hard to recognize. He looks much like a clipping from Eaton's Fall and Winter catalogue. You know what we mean, a big colourful sports coat, bow tie, beany, horn-rimmed glasses, and a man somewhere underneath. He carries massive, scholarly looking books under his arm, and he usually smokes a pipe. His female counterpart is cute too, but she is more difficult to describe because she appears in a different costume each day. She is gay, colourful, and eager to gain the recognition of the smart set in the powder room. She too disguises herself as a student by wearing scholarly books and dark-rimmed glasses. She is usually held together by Greek Letter pins, fraternity pins and football crests.

Joe and his female friend mean well but they present a genuine problem to educators who take their business seriously. The professors, the upperclassmen, and the alumni are familiar with the college struck type who mistake the veneer or the superficial trappings for the scholar. These things very often obsess the potential student to the extent that he can see nothing beyond. What we need is more sanforized students. Students who will come through the spring cleaning like a good suit of B.V.D.'s.

Our purpose at college is to study

books not wear them. Those of us who have been out in the cold cruel world for a few years to try our wings are very much aware of the fact that employers are seeking men not only with a degree but with an education. Psuedo-intellectuals find sanctuary within the walls of the university. They manage to pass examinations and even get a diploma, but unless they have accumulated some measure of wisdom during their sojourn with their professors and books they will be an asset neither to themselves nor to society when they graduate.

We are fortunate at Waterloo in that we have relatively few such individuals. The majority of the students are sincere in their desire to learn though they may be naive and awkward in their attempts. Nevertheless, there is room for improvement. Let's take another look in the the inquiring mind within. If that is the mirror. Is the reflection we see that of a conscientious student whose keen, bright eyes and furrowed brow bespeak reflection we see we are in grave danger of becoming insufferable, pretentious fools, for the genuine scholar is not someone who can be seen in a mirror. His image is reflected in his words, his actions, his interest, his industry, and his initiative. His enthusiasm for learning is not dependent upon the size of the campus, his clothes or the weight of his text books. Whichever type of student you happen to be, you will see what we mean in the spring. It will all come out in the wash. Then look for the label "Sanforized" and see the difference.

W. E.

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