

# WATERLOO COLLEGE

# CORD



DECEMBER 1950

# WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD

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Office Department, Ottawa,"

The two gentlemen depicted on the cover were not intended to represent the retreating United Nations forces in Korea when John Murray made the sketch several months ago. Our intention was to use the caricature as an illustration for an article contained in this issue which is concerned with compulsory military training in Canada. As it happens, we have killed two birds with one stone. The reader is reminded, firstly, that humorous situations may be found even in retreat, and secondly, that there is an article on pages 16 and 17 which you may not have read.

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## EDITOR'S NOTES

If you have contributed in any way to the delay in our expansion program you are the reason for the article **To Whom it May Concern**. We especially recommend this topic to the faculty, the alumni, the Board of Governors, and those who advocate the executive sovereignty of either Kitchener or Waterloo. We say "especially" because we are tired of writing about the subject.

\* \* \*

We congratulate Professor Overgaard who received his M. S. degree (Master of Science in Business) from the Graduate School of Business, Columbia University this fall. Professor Overgaard was the only Canadian to receive an M.S. degree from the school this year.

\* \* \*

P.S. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

\* \* \* \*

## Contributors for this issue . . .

Mr. H. Binhammer, Mr. B. Kelly, Ronald Lowe, Fran Rothaermel, Bruce Owen, Bill Weichel, Robert Langen, Stanley Luciw.



**Mr. Lauer and kill . . . he hunts too!**

## NORTH OF 46

Did you ever drive along a northern trail more than two thousand feet above sea level where the early morning clouds appear like lakes in the wilderness? It's an experience well known to the hunter who has as his guide Silent Harvey or Dead-eye Dick, who, it is said, can knock the fleas off a bird without spoiling a speck of meat. They make deer hunting a serious sport which starts when the sun shows its scalp on the horizon and ends when shadows fall.

Deer hunting is a game which requires as much strategy as checkers and more terminology than bridge. When you get back from such a trip you can amaze your friends, even your professors, with such language as widow-makers, sniff-hound, dog punchers, putting the deer out of the bush, or the dreaded hunters' disease known as buck-fever. They'll all make sense to you with a story behind them.

Well! It's all over now. I don't know what is more enjoyable, the hunt, or talking about it. It sure can make a liar out of you in a short time. So be sure to bring back evidence. The kill—two deer, one bear and an Arctic owl—**and** photographs to prove it!

It's a real thrill to drive north to the hunting grounds. The further you drive the more romantic becomes the countryside. Destination — the onetime hunting camp of the Algonquins—Magnewan (pleasant flowing waters). The history of the country is as enchanting as the people that make it up, and the scenery in which they live. There is Hungary Lake, Dead Man's Rapids, and Distress River where the survey party from Rousseau along the old Nipissing trail ran out of food and left their fatal story. It's virgin territory where commercialism is dreaded more than the devil. If you have ever been up there you'll probably know all about Sleepy Hollow, the Schmeler House where venison is a specialty in (or out) of season, and Devil's Cave where the devil was defeated and the porcupines now control the cave's mouth.

If you ask roaring Bob or Joe the trapper what the natives do for subsistence up there north of the 46th parallel, they'll probably tell you, "Well . . . ., Finny traps and hunts a little when the weather is cold and Tom trys farming in the summer, but they don't do nothin'." They'll tell you about Ma and Pa sawing wood. After a few cuts Ma stopped and said, "Hold it, Pa, I've got to go in." When she returned after a short while, Pa asked, "How many is that, Ma?" "I can't rightly say, Pa, but I think it makes eighteen." They'll tell you about George, who because of the fear of the razor, was thrown out of his warm home by his wife, and spent the winter in the back of his old home-made car and fried his food on the engine block.

Visitor, neighbour or native can always get fatherly advice, borrow money, or make a real true friend at the "Mag" in the home of Stan. He's a god, and rightly so, to the people of this picturesque little village along the shores of the river bearing its name. Stan Wurm's



transport carries in the freight from the Falls, supplies from the 'warehouse' at Parry Sound, and the hunters' game out of the bush. He's probably one of the few inhabitants of the "Mag" who does a little more than nothing.

You might ask what the locals do for entertainment. If you are around on Saturday nights you can find everybody from grandson to grandfather at the town hall sweating to the music of the square. I can still hear my host, Schade, a local son who has come south to college, calling out the dancers' instructions—"Grab your partner for a hoe-down, it's the allemande left the corners all." It's all dull and hard work to the visitor, this dance of the north, until you have squared. It's fun, and lots of fun, too, to join the gang in a cup of coffee at Taylor's Inn where hunters' tales hold the floor until the small hours of the morning.

It's wrong to call the "Mag" the frontier where civilization becomes primitive. This wonderful northern outpost has inspired famous Canadian artists particularly Ruth Combes Lawson. It also has its local bards who have put local gossip to music. Try to pick up the atmosphere in the following few of the many verses on the lips of these northern folk.

Great Grandma' so they say,  
 Had twenty-one children at Poverty Bay,  
 Twenty-one children, my what a slew!  
 Fed them on corn beef and barley stew.  
 When times were tough  
 And the redskins mocked  
 They said their prayers with the shotgun  
 cocked.  
 So they say, with her twenty-one chil-  
 dren at Poverty Bay.  
 They hunted the bush with their coon  
 skin hats,  
 They slept on the floor with the dogs and  
 the cats,  
 So they say  
 Of great grandma' at Poverty Bay.  
 Great grandpa, when the 'Mag' was  
 young,  
 Barred his door with the wagon tongue,  
 Picked his teeth with a huntin' knife,  
 Wore the same clothes all his life.

H. Binhammer.

## SEMINARY NOTES

It is interesting to note that the five Junior Seminarists who entered Waterloo Seminary this term represent a wide section of Lutheranism in America.

First among these, alphabetically that is, is Earl Anderson, a member of the Augustana Synod and a citizen of the city of Kenora. Earl's exclamation, "Do you mean - - -?", is rapidly becoming "old stuff" to the rest of the class.

The only member of the Canada Synod in the Junior Class is Harold Gram of Welland who is, as you know, a graduate of Waterloo College and now a lecturer in Economics. Harold is one of our more versatile members; he enjoys Sports (Football) and a position of trust (treasurer) in the Student Boarding Club.

From the wild and woolly Synod of Western Canada, came Emil Lange to pitch his tent in the Waterloo Canaan. Of his herds and flocks we know nought, but he does have a wife, children, and car. To us, Emil represents the more dignified portion of the Junior class perhaps because we do not see him "out of school."

(Continued on page 21)

## Fashions

*Norman Gowdy*

48 King St. W. Kitchener

# SANTA CLAUS

## FOREVER

"Dear Editor — I am 8 years old.

"Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

"Papa says 'If you see it in the Sun, it's so.'

"Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?"

Fifty-two years ago Virginia O'Hanlon, then 8, wrote to the editor of the New York Sun to settle the doubt which comes to all little boys and girls at some stage of their lives. This was the reply.

"VIRGINIA O'HANLON,  
115 West 95th Street."

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love, and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can

see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the bab's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God; he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

## BAH !

The Santa Claus myth is defended by many people because the complex mental, spiritual, and economic associations our society has attached to this advertised sentiment. We all know the now loosely uttered nursery rhyme written by Clement Moore.

"T'was the night before Christmas  
When all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring  
Not even a mouse."

This jingle was one of the major factors contributing to the birth of the North American Santa Claus. Early European colonization brought to the New World various names and stories of the personified Christmas spirit. This secondary spirit of Christmas became associated with the annual Christian religious pageants performed during the mixed emotional complexities of Christmas festivities.

The final outcome of this enduring and emotional motivation is the unquestioned

(Continued on page 24)



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# Faculty Page

## ATOMS CAN BE FUN

This will be about atoms.

The atom is the fundamental particle of matter and as such should be thoroughly understood. Unfortunately at Waterloo College only a few are permitted to delve into the structure and the function of the atom. Those are the few that are permitted to take Physical Science as an option or who are registered in first year Science. Here they learn something about the physical makeup of the atom and are thus able to interpret the learned articles that appear in the papers and in some of the popular magazines. But those not so blessed must interpret as best they can.

This is intended to be a learned dissertation on the atom to fill the gap for those who do not take science, and to add to the knowledge of those who do. In all probability it will be heavy reading.

Atoms are composed of a central nucleus made up of positively charged particles called protons and lazy indifferent particles called neutrons who just can't be bothered getting charged up. While the nucleus is very small, it contains practically all the weight of the atom. There are more particles also, but they will be ignored for the moment. Around this central nucleus little things called electrons whizz everlastingly. We call them things because we are not sure whether they are matter or energy. At any rate they have negative electricity. The charges on the protons must equal the charges on the electrons, so that the atom has no total charge. If this were not so, it would give off sparks and have to jump back just like a theolog when he touches the fire door on the third floor.

This, for some reason, leads straight to the first great fact concerning atoms. They have many human traits. The reverse could be argued since the atoms have existed for a much longer time than humans and have thus jelled their traits to a greater extent than humans

have. But since man has viewed all natural phenomena for so long with himself at the focal point, we will put it as we wrote it first.

Atoms have hopes and aspirations . . . To understand this we must first talk about valence. Valence determines just how the atoms unite. All the little electrons that whizz about the atom are considered for chemical purposes to be in little paths or orbits. The paths will hold only so many of them and then a new path must be formed. Normally only eight of them can run in the outside path at one time. Then a new one must be formed. Some of the more languid ones do drop in to smaller inside paths at times so that they won't have to run so far, but the behavior of the atom depends on the number in that outside path.

This fact is an important one to remember.

An atom that has eight electrons in the outer path considers itself to be fully dressed and is said to be satisfied. An atom without eight electrons feels as though it were wearing a new look in an old look year or vice versa, and is said to be unsatisfied. Atoms are forthright about matters of dress and suffer few inhibitions. Thus they do one of two things. They either beg, borrow, or steal enough to make them fully draped or else they simply discard what they have and go nudist. In either case they are happy and, to be technical, satisfied. This does not come with simply wishing, however, and thus we note their hopes and aspirations. How they do work to snaggle electrons. Some are selfish and want these electrons all for themselves, and will even run charge accounts to get them. (That last statement was a pun and as such has no place in a learned discussion of this sort. For those who may have missed it, let it be explained that each electron picked up has one negative charge and thus the atom has now too many negative charges for the nucleus and is thus charged. It is now

called an ion. The atom here again resembles the human (or vice versa) in that a few new clothes may often change its outlook completely. But, as previously stated, this point has no place here and should be immediately forgotten.)

Some of the atoms are so anxious to get more to wear that they are willing to share electrons with other atoms. It resembles the situation when two dorm girls go together to buy a sweater or a mink cape. Both have partial control over it and both secretly pretend that they own it. Both are thus happy (and, technically, satisfied) until they both want to wear it at the same time. And the results are much the same with atoms. It has been proved, however, that the resultant energy of partition is several thousand times greater per unit weight when the atoms violently separate than in the case of any two dorm girls studied to date.

So far we have been speaking of the analogy between the atom and the human with regards to gathering more of the electrons. The aspirations of the atom includes also getting rid of electrons. It becomes most difficult to think of an illustration of this sort among humans. This would probably be found by a psychology professor, but it seems here that the motivations that drive humans to nudism are completely at variance with those which make the atoms seek this state. We dismiss this aspect quickly.

But what of those relatively few atoms who have their full complement of electrons? (those born with a silver spoon, so to speak). We find that they are aloof, distant and move only in their own circles. As a result they ignore and are ignored. They are, technically, inert. Actually they miss a good deal. Here is one place that we must admit that man is better than they are, for they give not to charity. That which they have they hold, and as yet no succession duties are levied.

Now let us observe what happens when the hopes and aspirations of the atoms are fulfilled (when they are, technically, satisfied). We find that they usually enter a state of atomical matrimony. (Atoms are not necessarily monogamous, either, but this is a subject too great to treat here). They pool their electrons with some other attractive ion and form the equivalent of a happily wedded couple (technically, a molecule). But they are not happy. Either both parties chafe exceedingly under the yoke and are soon divorced to undergo the trials and tribulations of getting another wardrobe good enough to catch another in, or else they are jealous partners and eke out a miserable molecular existence tired of one another's company, but determined not to let anyone else get him.

On the whole, atoms seem happier where divorce laws are most liberal.

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This brings us to the splitting of the atom . . . . However, this is enough for one time. If there is sufficient public clamour, the splitting of the atom will be discussed later.

Otherwise the subject must be considered closed.

Closed it is.

B. W. Kelly.

## Two Hundred Years

This, the one thousandth, nine hundred and fiftieth year of our Lord, the world is celebrating the bi-centennial of the death of Johann Sebastian Bach. Why?

Because he was the greatest musician the world has ever known.

Some may argue that Beethoven, or Brahms, or even Wagner far excel Bach. But if it had not been for Bach, we would not have the music of Beethoven, or Brahms, or almost any other musician that followed him. Because of the technical foundations established by Bach and because of the intrinsic beauty of his music we place him on a very high pedestal. Only after we have mastered lesser musicians are we able to come close to an appreciation of the great genius that was Bach's.

Bach was born at Eisenach, in the shadow of Wartburg where Martin Luther had translated the Bible into German and had found a haven after appearing before the Diet at Worms. Perhaps fate had a hand in choosing his birthplace, for Bach took to his heart the simple trusting faith that was to flower in the greatest devotional music that has ever been heard.

Although he was an ardent Lutheran, he did not hesitate to borrow freely from the materials of the Roman Catholic liturgy. Had he not, Christians of any faith

Nearly all of Bach's music is noble—glorious music as the Mass in B minor.

Nearly all of Bach's music is noble much of it sublime. It ranges from complexity to simplicity. Not all of his music

is for the esoteric. There is hardly a person who does not know and enjoy the beautiful and moving Ave Maria by Gounod, who superimposed upon the Bach Prelude in C major to produce this inspiring hymn. Another familiar melody is the Air for the G String — so called, because as a result of transposition it can be played entirely on one string of the violin. Equally well known is the famous choral, Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring. And there are many others.

Bach knew and loved the organ better than any other instrument, and it was for the organ that most of his music was written. Hardly a Sunday passes that you will not hear, or sing, in your church the rich, beautiful and inspiring music of Johann Sebastian Bach.

Listen, next time. You may like it.

R. Lowe.

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SEPTEMBER 24TH .....

Strange,  
Awesome,  
Frightening.

Beautiful as the translucent glow of some rare orchid, growing out of death, exuding death. Poisonous, deadly beauty.

Frightened, whispered words among the church folk, as they gather on the wide steps with wonder and fear in their faces, watching the light which comes from nowhere, watching the grey-covered sky and the churning masses of frightening white, while the beauty of the rosy light fills their souls with dread.

Rain.  
Snow.  
Storm.

How comforting to have been to church this morning. Good, solid citizens.

Then someone turns — the church, the church, the foundation of our faith, our hold, our grasp, our comfort — its grey stone is no more immune to the deadly light than the houses, the street, the gutter. What is there to hold to? What is guaranteed? What is safe? Home, Home, Home.

Strange. Awesome. Frightening.  
Snow. Storm. Hurricane.

Home is safe. When all else fails, there is still the family, the foundation of society — life — our life — Home. Home. Home.

And still the same awesome light, effortlessly gliding into the secret fastness of our life, chilling all with dread. Each object it touches, when bathed in its rosy loveliness, in turn is strange and frightening. Run to the window, and see a strange new world. Look. Look. The walls, the trees, all glowing, glowing. Look. And in the corners shadows lurk, and gently crawl and steal almost unnoticed.

Rain — snow — storm — hurricane —

The children, the children — with us, safe, safe — and the garden chairs,

hurry, bring them in — Look. Look.

The rose has turned to orange, brightening into the bright shade of blood, like the spurting of an artery that dyes the ground in crimson, like the gushing of life blood, that wastes away that very life, and in its wake, leaves death. And like the grey death that follows the crimson flow of life, shadows steal and replace the glow — shadows with all the frightfulness — and without the beauty of the strange light that preceded them.

Snow.  
Storm.  
Hurricane.  
The end of the world.

Thank Heavens we went to church this morning — and the garden chairs are safe.

Darkness. The frightening night of noon-day — the clammy, chilly hand of night in day. In blackness we sit, frightened, staring, clutching hands. We will be together. It is important to be together, together, together, as the blackness clutches tighter, tighter.

The end of the world.  
The end of the world.  
The end of the world.

Thank Heaven we went to church this morning. Thank Heaven.

And suddenly, a bell. A bell ringing clear.

Strange how the ordinary everyday sounds have changed. The telephone — yes, modern life, and in a moment that safe sane sound has broken the spell — habit — Hello — no — do you? — smoke? — from Alberta? — I don't believe it — the end of the world — the end of the world — really? forest fires? — Turn on the lights folks — the radio — the twentieth century. Who would have believed it? Only smoke — only a forest fire in Alberta — only our heritage being destroyed through carelessness, only the growth of generations, only the beauty of God's earth — and



ours. Only a forest fire in Alberta.

And just to think it's only a little smoke!

Oh well, it didn't hurt us to go to church this morning, I suppose. And the garden chairs are safe.

Fran. Rothaermel.

## SEZ HOO

From the **Queens** (C.U.P.) paper comes this interesting "other side" to a major controversy now going on in some of our larger Colleges and Universities. "We disagree with the stand taken by Principal Wallace and three other University Presidents on subsidization of athletes.

We think Doctor Wallace errs when he states: there are no subsidies given to those who enjoy and are good at exercising their brains. Why then should help be given to those whose forte is brawn?

Hundreds of academic scholarships are given out each year. What are these but subsidies? To hold such a scholarship a student must exercise his brain but not necessarily his brawn. To hold an athlete scholarship the student must exercise his brain and his brawn.

Academic standards would not be lowered, as they have been in the United States, if the recipients of athletic scholarships were made to toe the same schol-

astic mark as all other students."

In the **Midland** an editorial titled "LIBRARY REFUGE OR RAT RACE?" we find some interesting material. For comparison: 'Last week Thoreau would have had a field day listening to the distractive elements. Councils of war, classroom strategy, date material, and all the latest jokes were discussed in a shrill whisper audible from any one of the 16 reading tables. Boisterous laughter intermingled with high pitched screams was emitted at regular intervals from the crowd invariably grouped about the library door, then the heavy, heavy footed students tramped into the hall of learning with steps that set the chandeliers in motion." Sound familiar?

From the Wartburg College "**Towerside Chats**" comes a timely article, "BECAUSE? BUT? OR PERIOD? Once again the draft is making its influence felt in the homes, churches, and schools. Once again the draft will influence the ministry of the American Lutheran Church.

Continued on page 24)

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# Alumni Notes

## Registration Figures

Enrolment at your Alma Mater for 1950-51 has again set a record. The total registration now stands at 235. Of these 17 are full-time students. The number of students in residence has increased considerably and facilities in the dormitory are over-taxed. The Boarding Club now has 82 members (men and women). One of the rooms on the first floor has been requisitioned as a dining-room annex.

Last year the first children of Waterloo graduates registered at the Alma Mater of their parents, namely: Kathryn Lotz and Gregory Schultz. This year two more enrolled, Bob Hagey, son of J. Gerald Hagey '28, and John Heldman, son of Henry J. '28. Among the student body are names which have a familiar ring to the early students at Waterloo, such as Innes, Fischer, Schultz, Faber, Binhammer, the sons and daughters of associate alumni.

## Information Please!

Questionnaire forms have been mailed to alumni. The completion and returning of these forms makes these "Alumni Notes" possible. Your co-operation will be appreciated. Subscribe to **The College Cord** for news about your Alma Mater and your fellow-alumni and alumnae.

## 1950

**David Barkman** has accepted a position with the Children's Aid Society of Simcoe. **Ruth Bean** is attending the Ontario College of Education, not normal school as previously reported. **James Gram** is assisting his father in the automobile business in Welland. At London, **Pauline Haberer** is augmenting her liberal arts course with some stenographic training. **Margaret Ann Hoffman** is reported to be pursuing graduate studies at Syracuse University. Three members of this graduating class are doing church work on a full-time basis: **Leona Nabert** is serving as a parish worker at St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Kitchener; **Hazel Prensler** is parish worker for the Synod of Nova Scotia with headquarters

at Bridgewater; Sister **Bertha Becker**, who was consecrated as a deaconess at the United Lutheran Church Convention in Des Moines in October, is serving with the Lutheran Synod of Western Canada. **Marion Schnarr**, **Betty Shantz** and **Mary Uffelman** are employed locally until a definite field of endeavor opens. **Donald Snyder** is reported to be with the American Geophysics Company at Estevan, Sask. **Austin Stoneham** is in Toronto with the Household Finance Corporation. Teaching at Emmanuel Bible College, Kitchener, we have **Lyness Wark**.

## 1949

After a year of secretarial work in Waterloo, **Lois Black** is now attending the Library School, University of Toronto. **John Boothby** is a supervisor of the Zellers Store in Cornwall. He started with Zeller's Limited in Kitchener, moved to Oshawa and is now along the St. Lawrence. Following a year of graduate studies in Economics at Harvard University and a summer with the Post Office Department in Ottawa, **Harold Gram** enrolled in Waterloo Seminary. In addition to his theological studies, Harold is teaching the course in Political Science in the College. **Douglas Heller** is back at Toronto to complete his studies for the M.A. degree in Economics. With the John Forsyth Limited, Kitchener, is **Ross Smith**. Among other things, Ross edits the plant magazine, "Shirt Tales." **Kay Schweitzer** has taken a position with the Kitchener Children's Aid Society along with some special courses at the School of Social Studies, Toronto.

## 1948

**George Hopton**, **Max Putnam** and **Granville Taylor-Munro** are in the final year of the theology course at Knox College, Toronto. In the Graduate School at U. of T., we have **George Durst** (Sociology), **Harry Weaver** (English) and **Werner Daechsel** (Institutional Management). **Fred Janke**, according to official questionnaire, is in the Salary Administration Department of the B. F. Good-

rich Rubber Company. Still unmarried. He is past-president of the Ontario Provincial Council, A.Y.P.A., and plays the French horn in the K-W Symphony Orchestra.

#### 1947

The only known change of status in this class concerns the theologs: After teaching school at Chatsworth for several years, **Walter Donovan** has entered Knox College. Before taking this step he sent his younger brother Robert to Waterloo College. In May and June of this year **Delton Glebe, Herb. Gastmeier, Earl Haase** and **Bob Rock** were ordained into the Lutheran ministry. Delton is stationed at New Dundee, Earl at Arnprior, Herb. at Maynooth and Bob at Geraldton.

#### 1946

**Janet Lang Boland** made alumni and municipal history when she graduated from Osgoode Hall and was called to the bar. She is the first Fides Diana to follow the legal profession and Kitchener's first woman lawyer. In October 1949 she was married to John Boland, a Toronto insurance executive. Mrs. Boland intends to follow her profession in Toronto. **Jean Schweigert** was awarded the M.A. degree in modern languages by the University of Toronto in June. She is at her home in Kitchener for the present.

#### 1945

After serving as associate minister of Zion Evangelical Church, Kitchener, Rev. **Ward Kaiser** became pastor of the Evangelical Church in Milverton.

#### 1941

Among the medical graduates at the University of Western Ontario Convocation in June was **Arthur Moyer**. Dr. and Mrs. (nee Jessie Cunningham '37) Moyer are living in London where Arthur is interning. **William G. Rae** is Public School Inspector for South Grey. He is also Alumni Representative to the University Senate.

#### 1940

A recent visitor to the College and speaker at the Students' Assembly was Missionary **Jean Kellerman**. Miss Kellerman is home on furlough after several trying years in war-torn China.

#### 1936

The Rev. **Paul Eydt**, Brunner, Ontario, was recently married to Margaret Spencer of Kitchener. **Ernie Goman's** Waterloo Tigers won the Ontario Senior Baseball championship.

#### 1935

The Rev. **Norman Berner**, who was for several years Book Editor of the United Lutheran Publication House, Philadelphia, is now manager of the U.L.P.H.

(Continued on page 27)

## 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.



## We Deserve to Lose India

To those of us brought up in the plenty of our economic system we find it easy to be stirred by cries of "we are fighting for Democracy." To us this term is more than freedom of action, it is freedom from hunger, want, and pestilence.

But think for a minute of what "American supported Democracy" offered to the people of China. It offered the heavy hand of Chiang Kai Shek, it offered a police state, constant hunger, civil war, profiteering capitalists, usurers, greedy landlords, starvation and inflation.

To defend this democracy in China the U.S. sent billions of dollars in military aid. It sent military technicians, food for the armies, assistant generals, training officers, planes, guns and tanks. In food and clothing it sent a few million dollars as aid to a suffering people. Was our interest in China personal or humanitarian? If it had been humanitarian we would have sent ploughs, tractors, machine tools, doctors, nurses, teachers, food, railway equipment, technicians, economic experts. We would have eliminated crushing taxation, oppression of the peasants and workers by landlords and usurers. We would have built hospitals, dams, hydro electric plants — all for the three billion dollars which we sent to equip the Chinese Nationalists and which is now equipping the Chinese Communists in Korea.

Our interest in China was not humanitarian, it was personal. We wanted to see communism defeated on someone else's ground, and with someone else's blood — but we were willing to put up the cash.

It was an un-Christian, unthinking, unrealistic, attitude. To try to sell an empty ideal to a starving, war torn, oppressed people, in place of sending them the materials with which to remove the political and economic slavery, which was imposed by our democratic countries as well as by other nations.

As it is, we now have thrown into the enemy camp four hundred and fifty mil-

lions of people whose courage, fighting ability, and native intelligence is now being adequately demonstrated in Korea, Tibet, and Indo-China. We have deceived ourselves in the belief that the people of the world want freedom. People from the beginning of time have sacrificed freedom for security. So have the Chinese now, even if mistakenly.

Will the Chinese people revolt? Will they attempt to throw off their Communist leaders? The Chinese now have internal peace, a form of government at least as representative if not more so than that of Chiang Kai Shek. They have an economic program not designed to make one group fabulously wealthy at the expense of millions of Chinese workers, it has divided the land among the peasants and thus removed a long standing grievance, and the Communists have raised China to a position of world importance never before known in modern history.

Would the Chinese be willing to return to the capitalist oppression of Chiang Kai Shek's in-laws, to the undemocratic Kuomintang, to the civil war, to oppressive landlords, to American political and economic domination. They know American life not from any food, machinery, or hospitals poured into their country, but by the planes, guns and tanks spilled out of American ships to arm the nationalists. That is America to them. Not peace, not plenty, but war.

Our prestige in Asia has never been lower. It is because we were unwilling to recognize the real problem of China that we are in our present position. People want rice before freedom and life before war. We offered them neither.

It is a long road back. We have forced this burden on ourselves, and we must either carry it or be crushed by it. The choice is not ours to make if we do believe in the ideal of democracy and that it should be spread throughout the world. Before man searched for ideals he searched for food. Until this primary desire is satisfied the secondary one cannot follow.

Celestin John Weiler.

## MY BODY

Frequently the question is asked "Could the Second World War have been avoided?" To those who experienced the loss of loved ones during that formidable conflict, this is a painful question but it must be answered. According to Winston Churchill it could have been avoided. As early as 1933 the sharp words of "Winnie" thundered around the world warning anyone who would listen of the approaching war. A mad man was fast assuming power in Germany and Churchill was the watchdog of Europe who saw the threatening nature of this dictator. Did people heed these words of wisdom coming from the lips of the modern-day prophet? Did they stamp out Hitlerism while it was still possible? Did your parents and my parents make sure that our country was physically capable of subduing aggressors who threatened our way of life? The answer . . . the Second World War!

The above words are not on this page to bring back unpleasant memories. On the contrary they are here for a very useful purpose. Our country is again in danger of committing the same mistake which it did less than fifteen years ago. Are we going to allow our defences to fall to the pitifully low standard that they were in when Hitler was rising to power? Are we again going to be a wealthy nation with no capable army to defend this wealth? Aggressors do not wait until peaceful countries are prepared. Therefore the only safe plan to ensure our continued prosperity is to maintain preparedness by maintaining a reservoir of trained men.

Canada is in a defence partnership with Britain and the U.S.A. These countries have compulsory military training schemes. Are we not obliged, morally if for no other reason, to do something similar?

Before Parliament can pass an act making a short military training for

young men compulsory, it must have the will of the people in favor of the act. Two years ago the Gallup Poll, if it may be used as an indication, came up with the results that six out of every ten Canadians were in favour. Since the present-day world situation is even more acute, it is not rash to suppose that those favouring the plan would be even greater in number.

From the standpoint of young people, they would benefit considerably from this plan. The training would be excellent for them from the health angle. They would have a change in atmosphere and a different type of life. Those who have been in C.O.T.C. will also agree that in the services one meets people from all parts of our country and a greater understanding of these other people and their problems results. It is a proved fact that co-operation rises out of understanding — and greater co-operation in Canada amongst its people is certainly desirable.

Some people argue that this plan is undemocratic and will lead to a dictatorship. Such is not the case. Switzerland, one of the most democratic of nations, has had universal training for many years. Moreover an army gathered under the proposed one-year-training plan is certainly much more democratic than a professional army.

Many denounce the military plan of one-year-training because of its costs. Although costs may be heavy, they are negligible when considered in the light of a possible conquered Canada.

Remember that this necessity of preparedness is being thrust upon us and "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Let us endorse a compulsory military program for the young men of our nation. Let us make sure the security of our nation.

Bruce Owen.



# I. O. U.

Two years in uniform for all teenagers now is a conceivable possibility in the United States. The idea is to forget selective service and call up all young men. Planners want to give every boy out of high school a term in military training. Life for almost every youth finishing high school will be very different, though certainly less uncertain, if the U.S. Congress approves plans now being shaped for drafting defence manpower.

What has all this to do with our military plans in Canada? It is now apparent that our military policy may quite easily fall into line with that of the U.S. because of the close economic, military, governmental, and border ties between our Dominion and our neighbours to the South. If approved in the form now taking shape, universal service will require every youth upon leaving high school, or by the age of twenty, to serve in uniform for two years.

Opposition to the plan, however, is already being felt and is to grow. Colleges and institutes of higher education are certain to be badly affected for the first two years especially, once the plan is put into action. It was their opposition, primarily, that kept the universal training idea in the background. There is a basic fear that a draft with a scope of all-embracing qualification would entrust too much power over the economy in military hands.

If the Universal Service conception is carried out, a youth of nineteen, just out of high school, would be called up in July, given a qualification test, and assigned to the army as a recruit. After basic training he might be sent overseas. He would complete his tour of active duty in two years, then he would be released with a reserve status that he must keep for another three to five years. The question now arises, "Is this system a potential detriment to the educational progress of thousands of young men who are conscientiously planning to

## MY MIND

acquire greater knowledge in our universities?" It is certainly conceivable that such a revolutionary defensive movement may retard or even curtail the ambitions for progress of many of the type of men who set the examples and take the initiative in our society. What of the men who plan on long courses in medicine, law, the ministry, dentistry and the like? Will an added two or more years onto their long educational requirement benefit them? Certainly not! They will be older and have less chance of establishment. Will circumstance in a rapidly changing world, offer the same opportunities and benefits after two years of complete disassociation from their educational train of thought? Probably not! The training plan in mind does not include training groups with particular service connection. Only strict military fundamentals are to be taught.

Another question which may arise is "What of those already indulging in universal training, will they be included in this defence movement?" The student who began his college training early, and is a junior or senior by the time he reaches the required age, also would be subject to call under the framework of the proposed plan.

Carl Yinson, Chairman of the House of Armed Services Committee says, "there are real jolts ahead as a result of the expanding military program. This is a program that will reach into your pocket through taxation; it will be with you in the grocery store in its impact on prices; it will be sitting with you in your business office affecting your procurement and distribution of goods; it will affect labour relations, wages, production of goods. It will also greatly affect the labour market." When retired French General Charles Mast, in a paper on the rearmament of Europe reports that the existing Russian peacetime force consists of one hundred and seventy-five divisions, we realize the need for a more elaborate defence system. It is to be expected



that there will be certain sacrifices to be made, certain restrictions to be meted out, and many inconveniences to be accepted. Is it absolutely necessary however, to adopt such an extensive military program which includes potential serious complications such as inflation, and economic breakdown? Economic difficulties accompanied by a serious decrease in the numbers of capable university graduates in a country trying to operate on a comparative peacetime level, will certainly give rise to a wartime atmosphere.

A question which always arises when conscription is laid before us, is the deferment dilemma. Who will be accepted? Under the plan of Major General Lewis B. Hershey, Director of the Selective Service in the U.S.A., mental ability would be the yardstick for deciding draft status. If this system was accepted in Canada only those eligible for deferment would be those with the highest I.Q. ratings, while others with a lower I.Q., but more initiative and ability for a vocation, would be accepted. Even a disabled youth who lost a leg in an auto accident would be called up at the same time as those with A-1 ratings, if this plan is accepted. He might be assigned to the Army's Quartermaster Corps, a Navy desk job, or a civil-defense training unit. But he still would have to put in a like amount of service time.

With such a tremendous destructive power as the atomic bomb known to our enemies as well as to ourselves, is it not inevitable that a combatant in war who is

nearly defeated, would use that inconceivably, devastating energy against their aggressors? What then is the might of the soldiers in comparison? Since a force of obliterating qualities confronts our world of to-day, true might can now be determined by the might of conviction, the force of faith in a cause, and the strong arm of convictions. Thus I feel that the chief defence plan should be executed in the fortification of the ideals of our way of life in the minds and hearts of our people.

by WILLIAM L. WEICHEL

## The Beachcomber

From the floor of these waterless depths  
tonight  
I scan the starry surface,  
And the black wind blows like a tide that  
flows  
In an infinite ebony sea.  
Methinks that all the dreams adrift  
On this niggerly, nebulous flood  
Will be washed away at the break of  
day  
To the shores wherever they be,  
There to collect with the flotsam and  
jetsam  
Where sleepily Morpheus waits  
For the dawn when he'll roam the beach-  
es and comb  
For the dreams that belonged to me.

W. E.



**Retail Store 66 Queen St. South, Kitchener**

## Sport Shop

Since the last edition of the Cord, the College football team has played three games. They lost the first one but won the second 16-12, and lost the third game 41-0. All the games were with the Ontario Agriculture College, Guelph. That last score may make you think that Waterloo College had one of the worst teams in its history, but that is not the case. They went into the game with the idea that they would be playing the same team that they had defeated the previous week. But that wasn't the way Guelph had it figured. O.A.C. sent a team onto the field that was strengthened to the extent that half of the team was from their main team, the "Aggies." The Waterloo College crew played very well but were overshadowed by this experienced, well-conditioned Guelph team. As our team was becoming more tired with every play, the Guelph aggregation had no end to their well-rested players which they were able to use. In the light of these facts our team did very well and most certainly did not let down the name of the College.

It would be fine to just write a few words on the game, as above, and let it go at that, but unfortunately there are certain facts that cannot be overlooked. Why did Guelph strengthen their team? Was it because they wanted to give the players of the "Aggies" some practice? No! It was because O.A.C. didn't like the idea that Waterloo College had de-

feated them in their previous game and was taking unmistakable caution that such a result would not take place again. Such action smacks of poor sportsmanship. But that was not the most serious effect of the game. Dick Mutton had a minor concussion and Mark Innis had a shoulder injury. Both of these players will be out for the season. If our team had been playing the team with which they were supposed to play these injuries may not have occurred.

If the injuries keep up in the way in which they have been this season, the College had better forget about football or play teams more in their calibre. Besides the two aforementioned players, Earl Weichel and Eric Read were both injured. These players are all fortunate that their injuries were not too serious. But what if one of these had been serious and a player had been crippled. I for one, by all sense of values do not think it is worth it. This year the team played hard and for the love of the game and it was unfortunate that it was by no means a College effort as the rest of the student body gave them no support whatsoever. There is an old saying that, "anything that is worth doing is worth doing well." If we are going to have athletic teams in the future, we are going to have to have the support of the students. However, if the students are unwilling to give such support, eventually we will not have any teams at all.

Bruce Gellatly.

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# Culture Promotion

"Enlightenment and discipline acquired by mental and moral training." Surely this description must strike a familiar note in the minds of all students, for it rings a bell that is distinctly clear to us all—a bell that summons our consciences once again to strive for a suitable response to the old familiar cry for culture.

It is almost unbelievable that the word "culture" could be so portentous in its reaction to people in diverse ways, as it performs a significant role in the world to-day, and in college life in particular. I have known people to become increasingly alarmed at the very mention of the word. It seems to be their major pet antipathy, for they make an industrious effort to avoid all contact with it. Quite often, they do shy away from it readily like a tiny mouse creeping timorously from the voracious appetite of a hungry cat. Often-times, the wary prey is captured.

Then, of course, there are people of the other extreme, who devote themselves ardently to a zealous pursuit for all the culture they can possibly attain. Operas, symphonies, ballets, all seem to have a remarkable enticement for these people, as they are lured on along cultural lines, until it seizes hold and becomes a definite part of them. However, most of us will fluctuate between the two extremes to arrive at a happy equilibrium that is suitable to our personalities in the most pleasing manner.

What is this cultural committee? Where are the cultural tickets that we paid for? These, and other similar questions are ever present among the students of Waterloo College at the present time, as this talk of culture takes a prominent place in their minds with a vivid reality. Undoubtedly, some minds are in a confused phantasmagorical state over this same topic. It is quite essential then, to promote clarity of understanding to all.

The cultural committee as it stands now, consists of 2 interested faculty members and 3 students representing

The Athenaeum, The A Cappella Choir and the Record Club respectively. It is a separate organization in the form of a sub-committee of the S.L.E., with its own treasurer. The purpose of the cultural committee is "to promote, foster and arrange cultural trips and activities to complete and supplement the students' college education." The problem immediately arises as to just what constitutes a cultural trip. Several suggestions have already been made that it could consist of a "sight-seeing excursion around Waterloo County; a picnic during graduation week in the spring; trips to Toronto for operas, plays and ballets; and also the possibility of having professional groups perform at the college." At any rate, the scope is wide and varied. Possibly, the decision would rest almost entirely at the discretion of the committee itself. An important item that should be brought to your attention is that if another group (apart from the cultural committee) organizes a trip or plans to attend a performance in a group, **they** may petition the cultural committee and the S.L.E. for a portion of the cultural fee.

In gathering student opinions on this subject, I discovered that many are inclined to believe that such a method of stimulating culture has been forced upon them; that this medium of culture promotion is rather undemocratic; that some dislike culture to any extent and maintain the philosophical attitude that "a little bit of culture goes a long way." I would like to elucidate any such fallacious opinions. The cultural committee is not forcing anyone to do anything. It is most democratic in that the opportunity is given to all to attend these cultural activities only if they wish to do so. Participation in culture, then, is definitely voluntary, and the unused amount in the students account at the end of the year may be returned to him or credited to his fees of the next year, depending solely on whatever may be his preference.

Above all, it is my sincere hope that the efforts of the cultural committee may not be in vain, but that they may arouse within the students themselves an eager



enthusiasm to give it a real trial. If we as students obtain nothing more from our college education than a desire to know culture better, I feel that they will have achieved a real worthwhile purpose. Culture is something that increases inwardly in a person, with a sort of inevitability, until it gradually builds up and emerges as an intransitory quality in human life. It is through such outward manifestations as attending the culture in a very real, definite and possible near future, that you may promote culture in a very real, definite and possibly needy place—within your own lives.

Dave Crawford.

## Seminary Notes

(Continued from page 4)

The Nova Scotia Synod also has a representative in this class in the person of Forrest Mosher. Forrest is a 1950 graduate of Waterloo College. He is one

of the few students who so far has managed to translate Hebrew without the use of that very popular but elusive sole copy of "The Hebrew Analytical Lexicon."

Mind you, this Hebrew Analytical Lexicon—if your eyesight is extremely good, your lighting that of a flash-bulb, your mental state balanced, and your time endless—gives you the exact form, person, and tense, of any word found in the Hebrew Old Testament. You must find the meaning of the words in some other book but, nevertheless, it is invaluable.

Last of the Juniors, and least in stature but not in "learning," is Douglas Wessell, a member of the Synod of New York. If you read your last issue of the College Crd you will know that he is a graduate of Upsala College and a lecturer in Sociology and Logic. If you want to get the "inside dope" on the original models of college attire and the pros and cons of race-mixture just consult Doug.

Robert Langen.



# FOR YOU:

# THE FUTURE

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# Static

For those of us who would like to get away from it all, it has been suggested that suicide is not the only answer. It is possible to become a psychotic and live in a world of private dreams, or to become an alcoholic and view a world of exotic bottles dressed as hula dancers while floating through a purple mist on the soft back of a pink elephant. However, the sanest and most conventional answer is to take a trip. Several such expeditions have been undertaken by a few enterprising groups of the student body, and although these excursions were under the guise of education, they were thoroughly enjoyed.

On a rather wettish Saturday in the middle of October the Geography class under the paternal supervision of Mr. Boggs, decided to go and get lost among the potholes of Rockwood. At 9 o'clock in the morning twenty-five drowsy early birds climbed into four cars, and were off. During the delightful 22 mile journey, these ardent students searched the passing landscape for points of geographical interest, and finding none, turned on the automatic pilot and went back to sleep. Hi-Pot-Lo Park, under the ownership of Harris & Harris was finally reached but unfortunately neither Harris or Harris was around. Not to be Bogged down, a deposit was left before these gallant explorers climbed over the no-trespassing sign, and magnifying glass in hand, began to search for rock formations. Deep breaths of geographic ecstasy were drawn as they looked at the magnificent rocky view from lookout-point. The river beds were followed in deep silence and the highest pot holes were viewed with awe and reverence. Upon their return to the no-trespassing sign they met the second Mr. Harris and a long financial discussion ensued. After reaching no agreement, twenty-four weary but geographically enriched students and one satisfied professor repiled themselves into their respective vehicles, and went home.

The A Capella Choir decided that they would like to enrich the quality of CBC broadcasts, so on the last Sunday of October went to Toronto to sing on the Church Of The Air program. Though the bus was to leave Kitchener at one P.M., the departure of the choir was delayed by the late arrival of its business manager, Gregory Schultz. When finally everyone was aboard, the driver started the bus with a jolt and made off in the general direction of Toronto. In tune with the steady hum of the motor the members of this talented group began to vocalize and the front, middle, and rear sections of the bus vied for supremacy of volume. Dr. Leupold kept his ears plugged half the time and during the other half hummed along with the group that happened to be in tune. Those members of the choir who were interested in hunting small game of the quadruped variety, kept a constant eye on the passing fields. But unfortunately it was Sunday, and all animals were observing a day of rest. However, as the outskirts of Toronto were reached, it was noted that the squirrels were enjoying Sunday sports. While caught in a two-mile long traffic jam of Sunday drivers on Dundas Street, Dr. Leupold, under the direction of the choir, began to count time. Fortunately the point of broadcast was reached with 23 minutes to spare. The first thought after the successful program was FOOD. Casting aside a desire for breast of pheasant under glass, many decided on a simple meal of steak and onion. On the way home, harmony was at its height, and while Drs. Lehmann and Leupold engaged in a deep theological discussion, the choir, with the aid of a Brahm's lullaby, sang itself to sleep.

On Wednesday, November 1st, at 12:30 P.M. the Child Psychology class turned the P.U.C. Clipper into a mobile cafeteria and started off for Woodstock and the Epileptic hospital there. Between



bites of sandwiches, the more intellectual of the group discussed the probable outcome of Western vs Varsity in the coming rugby game. The remaining joined in rousing choruses of *Alouette* led by Bruce Owen. When the hospital was reached, Eric Lavelle was one of the first out, and taking a quick look around, set up a booth to sell programs. His sales talk was fast and furious, "Get your lucky numbered programs, you can't tell the students from the patients without a program, Program Sir?"

Following a short lecture by the psychologist there, the students tried to stump the staff with questions, but were directed to the next building on the tour before this could be accomplished. For some, the high spot of the afternoon came over the pot of tea which was served with delicious confectionary dodads in the cafeteria of the Sanitorium buildings. It was during this time that Ruth Hamm and Eric Lavelle discussed the philosophical values of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Kyahm as compared with the number of chocolate marshmallows they should eat. Following tea, a hurried excursion through the cottages of the epileptic section completed the events of the afternoon. The trip home was a quiet one, and the Child Psychology class realized that being an ordinary, normal, healthy student wasn't so bad a state after all.

And so it's found that some trips tell well, whereas most weekends are better lost.

Ruth Hamm.

## BAH

(Continued from page 5)

acceptance and assimilation of this gargoyle spirit into the North American culture.

Functionally we can see that the assimilation was accomplished because the many needs, moods, past experience and memory of the individual were satisfied in his accepting the Santa Claus myth. Yet it also can be pointed out that the acceptance of the commonly held Santa Claus attitude under certain conditions is perceived as having a demanding action. A man, if he is to remain a Christ-

ian in the eyes of other Christians, must defend the Santa Claus concept because of the Catholic connotations and religious dogma associated with it.

The hypocrisy of this myth is shown clearly in many individuals claiming an anti-materialistic exploitative attitude, and at the same time consciously or unconsciously wilfully awaiting and contributing to this annual economic deceit. It is obvious that these individuals develop the Santa Claus myth to explain certain problem situations which, they feel, are incapable of intellectual comprehension.

Also in respect to this common attitude, let us keep in mind that the beliefs and attitudes of the majority of individuals are a conglomeration of confused, sterile, inconsistencies.

Stanley Luciw.

## SEZ HOO

(Continued from page 5)

This is true because once again young men must say to God's call to the Ministry one of Three things: (1) Here I am . . . because the Army wants me, (2) Here I am . . . but the Army wants me or (3) Here I am.

The first answer will never be heard we pray. The second answer may come from some of necessity. However it is the prayer of some of those who were faced with the same choices but a few years ago that the young people of 1950 will give the third answer . . . Here I am Lord, you plan my future for me."

In the *Gazette* we notice another Waterloo man making good in the Business Club. Jim Huras, picture and all, is reported to have sung at the Business Club banquet.

In heavy black print we find this NOTICE in the U. of SASK. **SHEAF.** "University authorities point out that there have been too many infractions of the regulations dealing with smoking in the gymnasium. The maximum penalty, they emphasize, for smoking in the gym building, is suspension from all athletic facilities for one year.

Drinking in the gym, and this applies to any University building, may bring

suspension from the University. No punishments have been meted out, but the authorities promise to keep a closer eye on the proceedings. No student can afford to risk action by the disciplinary committee, especially when such a serious view is taken of infractions."

In the **AURORA** organ of Concordia College we read, "In the dormitory three suites; 108, 109, and 101 have been re-

decorated. All the rooms in which there is new furniture have been greatly improved by the posting of many beautiful Christian plaques, scenic views, pictures from the operetta Pocahontas, and a few large maps. These improvements certainly enhance the beauty of the rooms and make for a pleasant atmosphere in which to work."

C. W.

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# TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

In November of 1949 the **Cord** published an editorial entitled "When Are We Going to Move." It pictured the overcrowded conditions and the lack of adequate facilities which has limited the growth of the College. It explained the steps which had been taken to overcome that difficulty; how an adequate site for a new and larger College had been purchased on the Guelph Highway; how a previous adamant Waterloo had then objected to the possible loss to that city of the college; and how that objection had brought the planning to a standstill. It requested the churches, the people of the community and the administration to quicken their efforts for larger facilities, and challenged the undergraduates and alumni to so conduct themselves that they would reflect the advantages which they had obtained from their Waterloo College education. We hope that an editorial on this subject will not have to become an annual feature of the **Cord!** However it is our contention that it is now necessary to publish a supplement to last year's challenge. The first reason is in order to bring the subject up to date.

Although the whole issue has been shrouded, the interim has seen much concern and some very tangible advances in our expansion program. The various auxiliary organizations have been actively planning contributions to the new College. The C H E Y drive for educational funds was very well received, and a sufficient amount of money to start a building has been subscribed. Plans have been drawn and redrawn and much competent research has been effected. However the interval of a year has also seen some adverse developments and complicated problems. The enumeration of those difficulties provides the second purpose of this reiterative editorial.

Within the space of a year the overcrowded conditions have not only, as usual, adversely affected the working conditions of the faculty and students,

but also they have become sufficiently acute to jeopardize good will in that all students who desired to room in the dormitory could not be accommodated there. When some of these students transferred to other universities the reflection was not entirely advantageous, and it is these reflections which we must nurture, since "Waterloo" is most certainly a community College.

The surrounding community must also be taken into consideration as a source of potential students if an enlargement is effected. Because Waterloo College is not the only means for education at hand we must show the people that we have a well integrated program which will supply a large amount of their needs. This year's contribution to that integration will not be as great, because of the lack of a student stage production. If the school is to supply the academic, social and theological needs of the community we must have a program wherein each of those ends receives due support.

Yet these problems are slight in comparison to the major difficulty. We cannot expand until we decide on the manner which that expansion will take. This problem of mode has been, and still is, the hindering one. It has caused three years of wrangling, and will delay future proceedings at least until next June. Theologians are judged by their ability to conquer the difficulty of evil, business men are judged by financial proof of their ability to conquer their environment. Let us be large enough to conquer our pervading difficulty.

Let us decide on a site, with the main consideration directed towards the convenience of the prospective students, for whom the whole expansion plan is geared. Let us remember as other large Canadian Universities have, that a location as near as possible to the centre of population provides the greatest convenience to the prospective students. Let us recall that if we are to move to the Guelph highway site it is simply a move



to a more convenient and appropriate position in the community. Tradition and economic prejudice have been large factors causing the postponement of a decision, yet to consider economics ahead of education is like putting the cart before the horse. Does our interest lie in expanding and furthering the moral, academic and theological education of the generation, or is our motivation directed with one eye on the cash box and the other on reterogressive tradition?

A college education teaches one to organize subject material in relation to it's relative importance, to pick out the most significant material, and then to use it in an effective manner. Let us prove that we are educated. Immediate pregnant action will only be the result of mature logical thought. It will only come through decisions devoid of all prejudiced mercenary sentimentality. Are we capable of proving to those generations for whom we are planning that we can act with the same logically directed intelligence as we will expect of them?

Clayton Derstine.

## Alumni Notes

(Continued from page 14)

Book Store recently opened in Kitchener. His namesake, the Rev. **Homer Berner**, roving missionary for the United Lutheran Church, is now stationed in Salem, Oregon.

### 1933

The Rev. **William Nolting**, who recently erected a new church in Windsor, has transferred his pastoral activities to Aytton, Ontario.

### 1932

It may still be news to some of the Alumni: **Carl J. Seltzer** is married. Carl and his bride are making their home in Tavistock where the former is principal of the Continuation School.

### 1931

The Rev. **George Orth** has changed pastorates from Sullivan Township to Walkerton.

### 1929

**H. Louis Hagey**, who has been practising law in Brantford since 1932 and King's Counsel since 1942, has a family of two boys and two girls. He has been a city alderman, a P.U.C. commissioner, and M.L.A. for Brantford, 1938-43.

### 1928

**Herbert K. Kalbfleisch** has returned from a year's leave-of-absence spent at the University of Michigan. He is now head of the German Department, University of Western Ontario. The Rev. **Albert J. Datars** has moved from Kingsdale to Port Colborne. He is one of the Alumni Representatives on the Board of Governors.

The

# CORD

is

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**Undergraduates and Alumni**

to strengthen that tie

## The Editors

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# EDITORIAL

Let it be understood at the outset that this argument does not advocate vulgarity for vulgarity's sake. We do not suggest that clever shady stories be accepted as a legitimate form of art, nor do we sanction blasphemous, profane, or porographic language as such. We maintain, however, that such language does have a place in literature, and we feel that readers should not be shocked or insulted when unconventional words are encountered.

Everyone can recall instances in which a author has made use of profanity in dialogue to give the reader greater insight into the character being described. This practice is as old as it is new. Emile Zola, and Boccaccio used the language of ruffians in their novels long before John Steinbeck wrote **The Grapes of Wrath** or Norman Mailer wrote **The Naked and the Dead**.

Their purpose in using such language may have been to portray men as they actually are and in so doing bring a vivid realism into their works, or it may have been deliberately to shock conservative readers in the hope of arousing their wrath and making them think. It is also true that much porographic literature has been written solely for profit.

How are we to select the good from the bad? Where shall we draw the line between slang and profanity? And, after all, why should we? Can we not learn much about an author and his times by

listening to what he has to say in the way he chooses to say it? Why should we gasp in horror at a "naughty" word?

If we examine closely many everyday expressions and exclamations such as "Good Lord" and "Son of a gun" we find that they are no less objectionable than others which we consider profane or indecent. We must remember too that certain words which are accepted as slang to-day were profanity not many years ago. Can it be that we entertain foolish preconceived notions as to what is good and what is bad in the world of words?

When the man-in-the-street tells you how much he enjoyed the football game and what he thought of the referee, he will, in all probability, use certain unprintable adjectives, yet there is nothing essentially evil in his conversation. Why should it be necessary to reword his ideas for publication? Is it right to pass on to posterity a grossly distorted picture of our language and customs? Would it not be hypocrisy?

The purpose of literature is to entertain, to teach, to record, and to portray the beautiful. But beauty is a relative thing, therefore all aspects of life should be set side by side so that they may be seen in their relationship to one another, only then can we truly know which is the most desirable. The ugly serves as a foil for the beautiful, and beauty is thereby enhanced.

Does it not follow, therefore, that ugly words and ugly thoughts do have a place in our literature? They teach us beauty and truth.

Ward Eby.

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