

WATERLOO
COLLEGE

CORD



JANUARY 1951

WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD

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EDITOR'S NOTES

Stanley Bowman, popular young twin-city violinist and author of "Noting" (Page 3) has just completed a tour of musical concerts sponsored by the Department of Education. The group consisted of Stanley, Miss Ada Eby, and a brass quartette from the collegiate. During the week of January 15th to 19th they visited Picton, Brighton, Bancroft, Bowmanville, and Napanee. Stanley says that they worked hard and enjoyed themselves. Perhaps, some day the names of these promising young artists will be applauded in concert halls from Halifax to Vancouver. We certainly hope so, especially in Stanley's case.

* * *

Grace Black, Waterloo College campus Queen of '51 and her lovely rival, Janette Mahaffey appear on page 6 in this issue. They were honoured on the occasion of our annual Junior Prom in December having been selected by a student vote as the two most popular co-eds on the campus. Grace is a sophomore this year in pass arts, and Janette will be graduating in the spring.

Both girls are active in extra curricular activities, in extra-extra curricular activities, and textbook tactics. We could extoll their merits at greater length but as old Chinese proverb say "One picture is worth a thousand words." Editor say "One girl worth a thousand pictures."

* * *

Norma Elligsen, a sharp blonde dormitory type, succeeds Ruth Hamm as "Static" editor this issue. Ruth has been taken from us by sundry social activities and a husband-to-be. As the old saying goes "Those who make history, seldom have the time to write it."

We finally fell upon Norma, and wrangled a bit of dormitory news out of her. We expect to hear more from her in the future. She may have some poignant remarks to make about the day students next issue, and we doubt whether even the alumni will escape her pen.

* * * *

We are pleased to announce that our alumni subscriptions have reached an all-time high this year thanks to the efforts of the alumni association last issue. We hope that some of the old grads will come through with a bit of pen work for us before the year is over. We need the yesteryear sparkle which can only come from former lecture-doggers.

* * *

NOTING by Stanley Bowman

MUSIC AT WATERLOO

When I was first asked to write this article on music at our college, I felt somewhat dubious of, and even distainful of, the musical advancements at Waterloo during its relatively short existence. However, as I gathered material, I came to realize just how remarkable the record really is. As you read this, I hope that you too will feel an expressive pride towards your college, Waterloo.

The year 1945 was indeed a triumphant one, for music at the college. For in the fall of that year, no less than three major musical organizations were formed. Of these three, two are still in existence, but the absence of the Male Chorus is deeply felt.

In the two years of its organization the Male Chorus made Waterloo College and Seminary renowned throughout Ontario. The rich flowing voice of Max Putnam blended against a background of full harmonious accompaniment by the chorus, is still a pleasant memory enjoyed by audiences throughout this province. The tours of Eastern and Western Ontario, made by this group did much to gain recognition for our college. May we see this group revived in the near future.

The A Cappella Choir is now in its seventh year of organization. The enrollment of members has increased steadily since its inception, till now, approximately forty voices are blended to near perfection, under the patient, capable hand of Dr. V. S. Leupold. Only when we remember that this choir sings entirely without accompaniment, and that for the most part the voices are untrained, can we appreciate the near genius standards of its works. Needless to mention, this fine musical organization is today well known in many sections of Ontario, having toured most of the western sector, and appearing on numerous radio broadcasts. The college owes a debt of gratitude to the members of this choir and to their dynamic conductor, Dr. Leupold.

The third musical group to organize in 1945 was the record club. This club

meets once a month in a member's home to listen to recordings and quaint stories and interpretations by Dr. Leupold. Not enough students are taking advantage of this fine opportunity of gaining a wide musical knowledge. Music has always been a part of the world, and as citizens, it is our duty to have at least an understanding of this field of culture. Besides its monthly meetings, the club is, through the year, building a fine record collection. Perhaps in the future, this collection will be expanded to include the modern ballads and hit tunes of our time. This music could be studied seriously by those students not interested in the classics.

Too many musicians are biased towards one extreme or the other, the moderns or the classics. With a club dealing in both types of music, we could at least, teach the men and women of the college to respect each others' viewpoints.

Up until now, I have mentioned only our more serious undertakings. But each year finds a group of students trying desperately to form a German Band. This futile effort in music blares forth at most of our athletic games. In as much as most students smilingly approve of its antics, I feel that while we have the material in the college, it should be banded together in a more or less permanent organization. Too many of us forget that "Spike Jones' City Slickers" are really fine musicians. How much better to hear a smart, rapping march, than a blasting, thumping pandaeonium of sound. This is not a case of straight-laced conformity to college behavior, but rather one of pride; pride in the organization of your college.

As this college is growing, it is up to the students to see that a reputation grows with it. We may either let that reputation shape itself, and prepare for the worst, or we may work toward an end of which we will all be proud. The German Band can form only a fraction of this reputation, but a fraction is a measure to be seen by everyone.

There are many students in the college who have extra-ordinary talents in

(Continued on page 17)

Dear Editor:

You and your staff deserve great credit for the December 1950 issue of the "Cord". The only thing that marred it in a few spots was the lack of a clear eye on the part of the proof-readers. But that is only a small matter although disturbing to the academically fastidious.

The issue shows a good balance between the light and the serious, and the articles are, on the whole written with verve and perspicacity. The article **To Whom it May Concern** (page 26) is extremely timely. I agree thoroughly with the sentiments in it and hope that Mr. Derstine will continue his good work. Waterloo must expand or stagnate. The "Cord" should adopt a slogan to carry this idea forward.

I am enclosing my subscription.

Sincerely,
H. K. Kalbfleisch,
Professor of German,
University of Western Ontario.

SEMINARY NOTES

It is the last round-up for the Senior Seminarrians — Walter Ohrt, William Giller, Robert Langen and Albert Lorch. From now until graduation they will be looking forward enthusiastically to that registered special delivery letter containing "the call," which is the climax to six years of study. We feel that our small army will go into the field and do battle proving their mettle in the years which lie ahead. It will be difficult to say "auf wiedersehen" to those staunch students and we will miss the analytical comments of Walter Ohrt, the cool calculating remarks of Bob Langen, the thought provoking and sometimes humorous comments of Bill Giller and the indwelling and unfathomable thoughts of Ab Lorch. Their academic struggle was well waged and now that they see victory we rejoice with them in the fruits of the same.

President Lehmann's home was the scene of seminary open house on the evening of December 15th when Dr. and Mrs. Lehmann entertained the seminarrians and their wives in their usual gracious manner. After refreshments were served, Miss Ruth Oelsner was presented with a gift from the seminarrians on the

forthcoming event of her marriage to Robert Langen. Ruth and Bob were married at St. Mark's Lutheran Church on December 27th by Rev. A. G. Jacobi, after which a reception was held at the Hacienda. This event makes the senior class a tightly woven band of proud husbands.

The month of January has been selected for raising funds by the Cossman-Hiyunga Missionary Society for the support of two Christian missionaries in India. For this project, various seminarrians have been assigned to preach in the following churches — Fred Little at Walkerton, Harold Gram at Mildmay, Albert Lorch at Chesley and Brant, Walter Ohrt at Hanover, William Giller at New Hamburg, and Ralph Huras at Heidelberg.

Fred Little has been assigned to St. Peter's in Kitchener for clinical training for his middler year and underwent his "baptism of fire" Sunday night, January 7th.

The Juniors, too, have all had a chance to know what conducting chapel is like and all emerged from the ordeal none the worse but somewhat shaken. We now know that to attend chapel is one thing, and to conduct chapel is another but both are necessary in the life and work of the seminary student.

F. "MO" M.

Fashions

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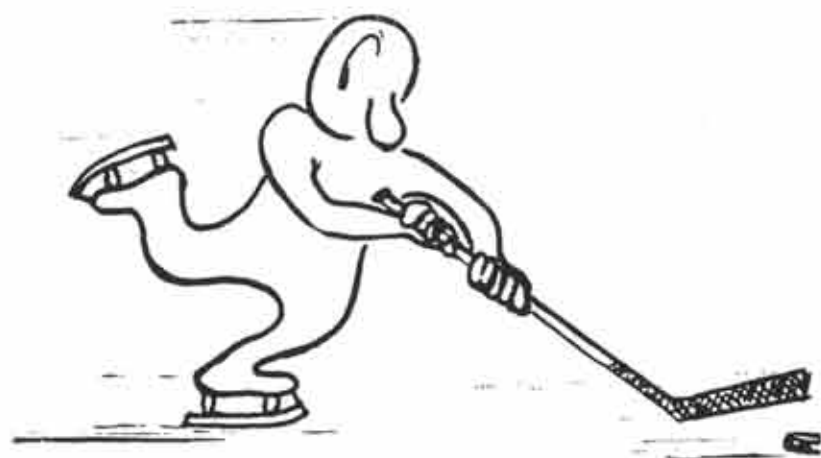
Photo by Paul Ford

GRACE

JANETTE

(. . . worth a thousand words.)





SPORTS

The first game of the inter-collegiate hockey league was played on January 12th. The Waterloo College team was defeated 14-2 by the University of Toronto seconds. Jim Milne scored the first goal of the game for Waterloo. This was the only time that Waterloo led. Toronto went ahead 2-1 and Henry Epp of Waterloo tied the score at 2-2. The score at the end of the first period was 6-2 in favour of the opposition. Toronto added only one goal in the second, and then ran all over Waterloo for 7 goals in the third period. The work of Bob Binhammer in goal was exceptional. It may be well said that Bob was the best man on the ice. Jim Milne also played a good game.

This game must be a grim-sounding story to our alumni, who recall the great Waterloo team of a few years back. The Waterloo College team of such men as Max Putnam and Harry Weaver defeated the Toronto team just mentioned and many others who dared to oppose them. It was largely due to the merits of this Waterloo team that our college was permitted to enter the inter-collegiate league. However the showing of Waterloo College last season, when they lost by scores of 20-0, and 20-4, and this season should withdraw from the league. It is bad advertising for the college, and also it is an expensive undertaking. Our college could propose a league consisting of such colleges as Huron in London, and Trinity and Knox in Toronto. Such a league would be more of our calibre. Waterloo would have its share of wins, and more important it would have the support of the students of the college.

It is very unfortunate that this year

there will be no girl's basketball team. The reason given for this decision is that there is a lack of interest on the part of the girls in the college. It is evident that the freshettes are not being given the leadership they should from the sophomore and the senior girls. The effect this situation will have in future years will be serious. Since the freshettes have not been given the leadership this year, it can be expected they will be unable to lead others when they become sophomores and seniors. Therefore there is going to be a gap in the women's athletic department until some inspired and interested girls enter our college.

This is one of the most stagnant years in the history of the college. The year began with the question of the "Purple and Gold," then came "a yearbook yes or no" followed by the dropping of the girl's basketball. Many articles have been written in the "Weekly Newsheet" concerning the lack of interest and spirit in the college. Many groups and individuals have been blamed for this. Actually the blame cannot be pinpointed on any one person or group but it is the fault of all of us. It seems that there are too many organizations for the loyal support of our small student body. Not only that, but a large majority of the students have interests outside of the college that take up much of their spare time. Would it not be better to scrap many of the organizations in the college, including organized athletics, and begin anew? In this way, organizations which show promise to have good support will be strong and they won't have to worry about "spirit" — it will pass into oblivion. A few strong organizations are much better than many weak ones.

B. G.



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Faculty Page

ENGLISH 20

Let me assure the reader before he proceeds any farther that this article will not be a profound one. Profundity is all right in its place—I respect it—but let us look for a moment at the English courses given at Waterloo College in the simplest possible light—their practical use in the years that are to come.

Let us pass over the possibility that some of you will major in English and go on to teach it in a school or University. That dubious distinction is reserved for the few. Let us also omit those who enter the field of journalism and use their college training as an aid to critical essays on modern novels and poetry. The people I wish to address are those who are forced, willingly or otherwise, to endure a year or two of English 30, English 35, and English 36.

Let us suppose that you have graduated with a B.A. degree—have secured a job—married—and have seen your children reach a time in life when they are reasonably independent. Now you find yourself possessed of that greatest of all comforts—spare time. Now, I suggest is the time to hearken back to your English courses at Waterloo College, now is the time to gain the long postponed enjoyment from those courses which caused so much trouble during your undergraduate days.

But how do you get back to those happy days? Go upstairs to the attic. After reminiscing for a moment over the old W. C. pennant, now rather moth eaten, and after casting a sad glance at the old skates—very rusty—hanging from the rafters, have a look through the piles of books on the floor. Dusty isn't it?

"What have we here? A copy of Shakespeare's **Hamlet** with a caricature of Mr. Clark on the cover, wasn't I the artist in those days! Don't remember much about it now—something to do with a man who thought too much—too deep! Let's see what's over here . . . two novels

side by side—Hardy's **Return of the Native** and Thackeray's **Vanity Fair**. Might be something worth while here—getting rather tired of those popular novels from the local library—maybe Thackeray has a new slant."

And so you descend the stairs to the living room and plunge into the world of **Vanity Fair**. Two a.m. finds you still reading, tired, but fascinated, and ready to continue the adventures of Becky Sharp the following evening. That discarded copy of **Hamlet** may be read yet!

Well, let's draw the curtain on our little drama. You get the idea don't you? These books, poems, and plays you are so distressed with at the moment, at a time when life seems to be whizzing by, will turn out to be valuable friends in later years affording you much enjoyment in your spare hours when the pace of living has slowed down.

Do I hear someone ask, "What about **Paradise Lost**? Who would ever want to read that?" A good question, but one easily answered. Perhaps thirty years from now you will have no interest whatsoever in **Paradise Lost**, but is it not conceivable that perhaps one of the "tired business men of the future" who now sits near you in class, may thoroughly enjoy a trip through the interstellar spaces guided by John Milton?

The final answer is this. The English courses are designed to give you a broad view of literature from which in later life you can pick the material that interests you most. The old proverb "Familiarity breeds contempt" does not apply to literature. Familiarity with literature breeds understanding and interest, in that order, and it is this kind of familiarity the department of English wishes to instill in the students of our College. If, thirty years from now, one student of these halls gains an evening of profitable enjoyment from a novel, poem or play that has been mentioned in class, our work has not been in vain.

J. CLARK.

ALUMNI NOTES

We regret to announce so belatedly that Roland M. Merner, Class of 1945, passed away in Toronto on August 24, 1950. The Alumni Association extends sincerest sympathies to his wife and family.

Waterloo Abroad

The Alumni Association of Waterloo College is fast becoming international in scope with a half dozen of its members now resident in as many countries overseas. **Reuben Baetz** '47 is doing research for Lutheran World Federation in Germany. Lubeck is his base of operations. While no details of the exact field of endeavor are known, it has been learned that **Faith** (one of the twins) **Weber** '48 has gone to India as a missionary. In Pembroke, Bermuda, you will find **Ruth Mary Hagmeier** '48 where she has a position as secretary with an importing firm. **Martin Ruccious** '49 represents Waterloo on the continent of Africa. He is principal of a boys' school near Monrovia, Liberia. A son was recently born to Rev. and Mrs. Ruccious, their second child. In June last **Grant Kaiser** '49 received his M.A. in French from the University of Western Ontario. A scholarship from the French Government sent him to France where he is working on his doctorate at Bordeaux University. Representing the Class of '50 abroad is **Peggy Nairn** who is at present in London, England. She gives as her occupa-

tion: 'waiting for employment,' but we learned that she is making good progress with the B.B.C. having had an interview and audition with Bernie Braden. Also in England are Mrs. R. D. Roe (nee **Helen Nairn** '41) who lives in Cornwall and Capt. **Rudolph Aksim** '35 residing in Petersham, Surrey.

1950

Missing from the class list for several months, **Robert Hammer** has been located in Toronto where he is preparing himself for the teaching profession at O.C.E. Our apologies to **Ruth Bean** who is neither at the Stratford Normal nor O.C.E. but taking the Primary Specialist Course at Toronto Normal.

1949

Although they have changed lodging places several times, **Lorraine Baechler** and **Marion Janke** are still in Ottawa. Lorraine is an Illustrator in the Department of National Defence (Air) while Marion is a Translator in the Communications Section of the Royal Canadian Navy. **Joan Nabert** (nee Pauli) is in Kitchener where she is secretary to Dr. J. H. Reble, President of the Lutheran Synod of Canada. **Newton Thomas** is in his second year of law at Osgoode Hall. From Orangeville comes the good news that a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. **Verdon Yates** on January 6th. Verd. is teaching at the high school. **Selma Lemp** is carrying on her duties as a parish worker in Appleton, Wis. In Toronto **Jane**

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1948

On December 27th **Robert Langen** and Ruth Oelsner, R.N., were married at St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Kitchener. Bob is in his senior year at Waterloo Seminary. **Stewart Mank** is in his third year at Osgood Hall.

1947

Marjorie Bryden hasn't been idle since graduation. After serving as secretary at the K-W Hospital for a year or more, Marj. took a course in handicraft at McGill. At the Kawartha Shop in Peterborough she taught handicraft for the Y.W.-C.A. and the Recreation Commission. Then followed a sojourn at Ste Anne's Veterans Hospital, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P.Q., where she was craft supervisor for the Canadian Red Cross. At present she is Community Counsellor for the St. Catharines Community Centre.

From Maynooth comes word that a son was born to Rev. and Mrs. **Herbert Gastmeier** on December 21st.

1946

There have been several changes of names in this class. **Helen Sehl** is now Mrs. L. J. Drago, Kitchener; **Margaret L. Armstrong** has become Mrs. A. K. Beckman, London; **Doris Smith** is now Mrs. Daniel Langford and lives near Goderich.

1945

Shepherding a large parish of three congregations near Ayton (Grey County) is Rev. **Eric Reble**. Eric is still single but, maybe, not for long.

1944

More wedding bells! On December 23rd, **Ruthmarie Schmieder** and Carl Weber were married. They will reside in Kitchener. Rev. **Roy S. Koch** is pastor of the Mennonite Church, St. Jacob's. He is married and has three children. In 1945 he received the Th.B. degree from Goshen Biblical Seminary. In addition to pastoral duties he serves as field secretary of the Mennonite Commission for Christian Education and Young People's Work. Also at St. Jacob's we have Rev. **Harold Brose**, pastor of St. James' Lutheran Church, St. Jacob's, and St. Matthew's, Conestoga. Harold is still looking

for someone to share the parsonage with him.

1942

On November 8th **Anne L. Kuntz** was married to Willard Schreiter of Kitchener. Prior to her marriage, Anne was a clerk at the Dominion Life Assurance Co. and for two years secretary of St. Louis' Parish Credit Union. Born to Rev. and Mrs. **Arnold Conrad** on November 27th, a son, their third child. Mrs. Conrad is the former **Ilse Mosig**.

1941

Herbert J. Brennan is an accountant for the Hydro Electric Power Commission stationed at Hamilton.

1939

Graduating from Waterloo Seminary in 1942, the Rev. **Clifton Monk** served congregations in Nova Scotia for five years. At present he is living in Winni-

(Continued on page 18)

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Static

According to Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Fifth Edition, based on Webster's New International Dictionary published by Thomas Allen, Limited, Toronto, Ontario and G. C. Merriam Co. Springfield, Mass., a Dormitory is "a room, apartment, or building containing sleeping accommodations." I don't think this coincides with the idea that Waterloo dormitory students have of their hallowed recesses. All of us will agree that dorm life means meeting a lot of interesting people and having a pretty good time. If travel broadens you, living in a dorm makes you symmetrical (psychologically speaking of course!) The boys are lucky to be all under the same roof. Finding a dorm for the girls is as hard a problem as trying to discover the area of a lune by using compass and ruler. So, you can see that it isn't easy to keep track of everybody. I have interviewed some of the boys and girls and this will give you an inkling of what is going on.



You know the song about "Love on a Grayhound Bus," well, Leslie (The Lady Killer) Bucholtz finally met his match on a train. You see, Leslie was going home to Pembroke for Christmas and due to the crowded condition of the train, Leslie, who finds it advisable to stay away from girls because he is completely irresistible, was forced to sit with a beautiful brunette. Leslie is one of those rare gems, a left-over from the gallant tradition of chivalry. After helping her dispose of her suitcases and figure skates, they settled down and got acquainted. It was rumoured that tears sprung in the lady's eyes when they were forced to part because she had to get off the train at Port Hope. All the boys at Waterloo have tried to discover the secret of Leslie's fascination, but as yet he has divulged nothing.



One of our girls also had an exciting trip home. Shirley "Windjammer" Lohnes was lucky enough to get a ride all the way to Nova Scotia for Christmas. Everything was going fine until they reached Riviere du Loup, Quebec, then the gremlins played a dirty trick. Shirley must have distracted the driver, because the car did the loop the loop, turned over and just gave up. Fortunately Nova Scotians are of sturdy stock, so they just pooh-pooed the whole situation, crawled out the back window and continued their trip by bus. Now I know where Evangeline got her intestinal fortitude.

Stu Ogg, one of our more intellectual types, has taken up the study of the Phylum Pisces. He packed his mighty rod and reel along with a little deer meat for bait and took off for Hanover and Durham in search of Athabasken Perch. This is a new fish that Stu discovered one New Year's Eve on his way home from a party. He has never seen one since, but swears he will never rest until he does although he may go to the far corners of Hindustan to stalk one of these specimens.

It's alright to be the athletic type, but as Tonto once told the Lone Ranger—"No runnum up 'gainst horse who stadem still!" You see, the irresistible force met the immovable object when Grace tackled the horse at P. T. Maybe she tried to get up on the wrong side. Her bruised ankle has made her Hopalong Faber ever since.

Eric Lavelle, the Boarding Club's man of the world spent his hoildays with his parents in Chicago. He was lucky enough to see South Pacific and a coming out party of the season's debutantes. Eric mentioned something about going to Chi-

cago's famed Pump Room. I guess he squired on of these glamour girls to this smart spot. However, Eric said that his training in table etiquette at the Boarding Club was an invaluable asset to his evening at the Pump Room.

The weekend of January 12-14 inclusive marked the auspicious occasion of the first reunion of the S. B. B.'s. This is one of the most exclusive girl's societies on the face of the globe. There are eleven members. Five of us are from Waterloo—Marg Culp, Lillian Konczewski, Marilyn Scheifele, Marion Zapfe & myself. There are also three girls from Western, two from Toronto and one from Ottawa. Only full-fledged members know what S. B. B. stands for. We all met for the first time under the roof of Cabin 8 this summer as we were working as waitresses at Bigwin Inn. The hardships and fun of the summer moulded into an inseparable fellowship, even more insoluble than the celebrated Nigger's Haven. The weekend was marked by a theatre party, a magnificent dinner at Scheifele's Starlight Roof and a marvellous party at Zapfe's Flamingo Room. Approximately 99 and 44/100% of the weekend was spent in talking and the remainder in sleep. Lil brought along her Nellie Lutcher records, fortunately, so we didn't have to listen to "The Thing" all weekend. I guess every occasion has its little fly in the ointment. Well we were different, we had the fly in our mayonnaise. This catastrophe was the one distressing occurrence of the weekend. We decided that we would like to have a reunion every weekend, but due to the fact that school cuts into so much of our time, we thought we would wait until the end of the school term and then get together in London for another terrific weekend.

Don Moffat is beginning to appreciate the finer things of life ever since he joined the ranks of the boys' dorm. The boys did everything they could to make him feel welcome. If he only knew the time and preparation that was made just for his benefit, Don would be eternally grateful. He probably doesn't realize it, but suffering is supposed to strengthen the character.

Ellen Roberts has become very interested in Scottish traditions. She is doing

all her research with a dyed-in-the-wool Scotsman. Over the holidays she attended many parties and now knows how it feels to shake hands with a pickled herring. Ellen says off the record—"There just isn't anything those people can't do."

The time for parties and social activities is getting shorter and shorter, and we see on the distant horizon that the end of the last semester is beginning to rear its ugly head. Many of us therefore have deemed it advisable to cut down on our social activities and start cramming so that we can avoid the "weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth" that accompanies "dead week" at the end of the school year. As I am now an "illustrious sophomore" I can appreciate what dead week means, but can assure you frosh that you forget all these painful experiences and remember only the enjoyable events of the year.

NORMA ELLIGSEN

ARMISTICE

The cannon are muzzled,
And the sweetness of the silence
Blesses the earth — an empty benedic-
tion.
The earth has sucked our blood
And lies in the twilight like a leech,
Gorged, and content to rest.
The western wind belches across the
carnage
Its reek of rotting limbs and guts,
And with it, mingles in
The sweet heart-killing breath of home.
While ticker-tape is being tossed
And treaties signed in red-school-houses,
They quibble over marks on maps
And sow fresh seeds.
To grow new blades, for butchery
Of babes in our bowels, unborn.
The poppies bloom, but not for us they
blow,
And not for us the lark need sing his
song.

K. L. G.

THE DECLINE OF THE UNITED STATES

The United States of America in the second world war and in the years following it, reached the peak of its influence and power. American arms had defeated the fascist enemy and American money and production was leading Europe and much of the world back to economic stability.

America had been instrumental in winning the war and now America was determined to be instrumental in winning the peace. But something happened. Somewhere powerful America had slipped. Instead of dictating peace to the world, instead of leading the world into the democratic American fold, the world turned against the American way. Somehow America had failed to maintain her dominant position.

In the U.N., Russia, armed and aided by the U.S. in the second world war, was rejecting American dictation of world policy. In Europe, the Eastern Bloc decided to win the peace without American aid. In England, while accepting financial aid, the people voted in a socialist government. In Asia the Chinese Nationalist armies, trained and equipped by the U.S., were beaten. In Korea American forces were defeated first by Koreans then by Chinese. In the U.N., the U.S. tried to lead the world along her path and have China branded an aggressor, but her allies hesitated, refused, and the U.S. was alone. She was no longer the absolute leader—no longer the invincible power. Now she was just one of several great powers and opposed by a perhaps more powerful coalition.

The United States can never again gain the position of absolute leader of the world. The U.S. in a death struggle with communism could not stand alone. Japan and Germany, enemies of five years ago, are already being recruited as allies. India, a subject nation three years ago, must now be wooed so that her manpower will not be added to our enemies strength. Without these three America, even with all the old allied powers, exclusive of China and Russia, can not help but be defeated and de-

stroyed. The U.S. has been forced to such allies and no matter how much talk there is of defending America first, American isolationism could only be a prelude to a disastrous defeat.

Why has America tumbled so dramatically and so rapidly? The answer is obvious. America became the world leader not because of any great ability at understanding and directing the world, but simply because America had the means, the industrial knowhow, the manpower, and the wealth to assume that leadership. The whole American direction of its world policy is based on the "American Way." Unfortunately the American way is not the way of a great part of the world.

The American mind has become so convinced of its own superiority, and the superiority of its power, that it has not bothered to investigate the wishes of others. If we want to know why China fell, look at our lists of exports to Chiang Kai Shek. The Chinese did not want war—they wanted peace. Had we been successful in getting that peace, our troops would not now be dying in Korea. The Chinese are not Americans—they are Chinese. If we had understood what the Chinese want, surely we would have been more able to give it to them than Russia. Through our lack of understanding we had caused them to look to Russia for help.

If American fair play, justice, and democracy actually could be exported, would not the Phillipines have become a second America. But today 200,000 anti-American communist guerrillas keep the Phillipine government on a shaky limb. Even here American education and American liberation has not produced a stable democratic western style republic. America has failed to understand the people. The little people. Too often America has been swayed by men with "interests" rather than by the people who are interested.

In Europe America should find her strongest allies. To America have come millions of Europeans eager to part of this wonderful new land, yet, to those

who remain, America is far from wonderful. Eastern Europe, Western Europe have both rebuked the United States on the question of China. England, in direct violation of American policy, has recognized the Chinese communist regime. France, recipient of billions of dollars in military aid, has not rearmed and is still pitifully weak. Why? Because the U.S. has failed to rekindle the French spirit. France wants peace—not war. France hesitates to follow U.S. aggressiveness because she knows that France and not the U.S. will be initially overrun. France feels, and rightly so, that she is being considered as a front line for America. French gratitude unfortunately does not go far enough to accept such a burden.

America became a great nation, then a world power. She is slipping from the position of leadership because in all her recent decisions she has demonstrated that she cannot handle world problems to the satisfaction of the world. If the U.S. continues to dictate rather than negotiate she will not only lose the allies she so desperately needs but she will lose the resultant war. America has lost the confidence of the world because she has not shown the qualities of leadership necessary. In the world councils America too often has "fumbled the ball" she chose to carry. The allied team is hesitating to allow America to continue this fumbling.

The U.S. can regain world leadership only by great sacrifice. In Europe she can

regain the trust of the people only by placing a million men along side the troops she has armed. In Asia she can only gain the respect of the peasants by instituting the economic reforms necessary. In the communist world she can dominate not only by proving her willingness to fight anytime, but by being willing to negotiate first. We must not sacrifice our standards, but if the U.S. wishes to remain a world leader let her ensure herself that her standards, her ideals, her hopes, are also the standards, hopes and ideals of the people she wants to lead.

America has declined. The hope of the free world had rested on her. To fulfill that hope America must now adjust her thinking from the "American Way" to the "free world way". If she fails to do this, not only is America doomed, but her allies with her.

C. W.

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AT GRADUATION TIME



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2½ = 3 ? ? ?

World War 2½ is being fought now in the mind of every thinking member of Society. It is a mental war to obtain an inclination, an attitude, a policy towards encroaching political events. If the college student is an example of a thinking person he too is fighting this war. Let us survey some factors, some battlefields which he considers.

Obviously most important is the realization that he will be required to participate somehow in an impending struggle. This participation could easily cost him his life, his supreme possession. This is not a pleasant transaction—the price is too high. Is there some way to avoid this payment? Is there some system to save himself? What about the education which he is receiving? Is there an answer there?

He has been taught the methods of Science and Art; how that a conscious, determined, methodical search for knowledge has been the procedure by which wisdom is obtained, by which man becomes "civilized." He has been taught to respect and imitate the art of this Scientific Method. He has heard the glories of the search for Truth. He has had a good indoctrination into the methods of Creative Man. Certainly those procedures, if applied to the present situation could provide an answer, could lower the payment. Obviously the statesmen of the "United Nations" must be using these methods. The thing to do is to check on whether they are applying the scientific principles in the correct manner, to critically observe the mechanics of international politics.

But this is a monstrous joke! Even a child can see that the methods used by the "statesmen" are those of deliberate falsification of purpose and evidence—the opposite of scientific procedure. Yet these same "statesmen" are those who will require him to lay his life on the line when their bungling methods fail! He is exposed to their plans for "impartial protection", yet he knows that these are motivated towards spreading and enforcing doctrines. He hears declarations of "friendship", yet he has seen only ex-

ploitation as their manifestation. He has learned the reasonings of **objective** Science, yet he is expected to use the justifications of a two year old.

If the "statesmen" and their supporters fight to find a vindicable cause for mass massacre, let them continue with their present methods of falsifying to others and themselves their motives and incentives. Let them deal with their problems using the chicane tools of false evidence, deceit and duplicity. With this type of "logic" they will most assuredly find an adequate "policy". But what about him—the college student—the thinker? Can he find a "justification" by their methods?

World War 2½ is being fought now in the minds of . . .

CLAYTON DERSTINE.

MUSIC Continued

music, and yet who go unnoticed. Besides those who contribute so much to our college programs by individual effort, there are many students of whom we never hear of. If we are to have a varied and complete musical program at Waterloo, everyone who is able must contribute to it in some measure. It is easy enough to sit back and enjoy someone else's effort. But it is time we realize that only a united effort on the part of all students will bring glory and honour to Waterloo. This does not apply only to music, but to every student activity in the college.

The faculty in the college has done much to incite a musical effort. The A Cappella Choir, the Male Chorus, and other musical groups were all formed through faculty inspiration. This year, for the first time, acting on the inspiration of D. V. S. Leupold, a new cultural committee was formed. Through this committee, students will be able to attend three varied programmes, of which some will be musical.

The college itself introduced, several years ago, a course in music. The course deals with the rudiments of music and

some history of the earlier composers. Any student who wishes to gain some basic knowledge in music would be well advised to enter the course.

In proportion to its small enrolment, music has reached unthought of heights at Waterloo. We must never forget it reached this goal through constant work. The music at Waterloo is not perfect, nor is it supported to the extent of which you, the students, are capable.

If we are to maintain and improve the musical standard at our college, we too, must exert some effort. The pioneering has been done for us. The foundations have been laid. The framework of organization has been completed. With whole-hearted support and co-operation, as our tools, our task of advancement is but a small one.

ALUMNI Continued

peg where he occupies the office of Executive Secretary, Canadian Lutheran World Relief. He is married and has two children. **Ralph Tailby** is now a Certified Public Accountant. For four years he represented the Alumni on the University Senate. He is currently coaching the College basketball team. Ralph is married and has two children.

1937

In November **Helen Duering** was married to Albert Chapman in the College Chapel. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman are residing in Waterloo.

1936

Ruth Johnston has been Mrs. Harold

U. Trinier for several years. Her husband is editor of "The Canadian Baptist." A son was born to them last July. They live at Lansing, Ontario.

1930

From York, Pa., the Rev. **Harold James Crouse** writes to say that he is happily married and has two fine boys. He is pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church. In 1950 he attended Andover Newton Theological Seminary and obtained a diploma as Professional Hospital Chaplain. He is a member of the York City Planning Commission.

Missing

The Alumni Office, Waterloo College, would appreciate the address and information about the following missing from the mailing list: G. Ryerson Casselman '34, Carl H. Cooke '34, Mary Louise Young (now Mrs. McPhail) '35, Hildergarde Berdux '46, Russell Parks '46.

IT

Beyond the window
a moon refracted
a tiny fleck of
dirty snow.
But even stretched
tip toe
I just couldn't
quite
rea . . .

C. D.

"CORD-IALLY"

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JUNIOR EDITORIAL

The feverish search for knowledge continues daily at an ever increasing rate. The ancient belief that everything was known has long been washed, dried, and neatly tucked away as a mere item in an anthology of historical facts. People just seem to be in a questioning mood, displaying their thirst for knowledge as evidenced by the promulgating of a theory on this and a dissertation on that, by the story of everything from Atomic Fission and the Bone Dust Theory of Emotions to Chiropody. Purveyors of information have enriched the world with volume after volume of closely packed stores of knowledge. As long as civilization is in existence and men have their faculties of reason intact, it is apparent that they will continue to strive incessantly to acquire a wealth of facts to explain the phenomena of the universe and the mental attitudes and relationships of its inhabitants.

Propounded theories are, however, too frequently erroneous, resulting in mental memorandums of misinformation. Realization of this fact has compelled students to use their own faculties of reason and not just accept what is down in black and white. Whether this is a good habit to get into is a matter of individual opinion for we daily see the results of this questioning attitude interspersed in our society. Occasionally we find the poor, innocent, harassed blunderers trying to find their way and the right answers to perplexing issues.

Students to a great extent fall in this

category. From their mouths stream questions of "How far is up?" "Where does infinity end?" which, I believe you will agree, requires a good deal of devout concentration. From the others who have succumbed to this mental torture of cosmic relationships and have broken under the strain, we have a distinct group who turn their attentions to the less torturous. They are the group present in our various walks of life who supply us with unconscious humour by wracking their brains to present such gems of misinformation as "The Constitution of the United States was adopted to secure domestic hostility" or "Nitrogen is not found in Ireland because it is not found in a free state." On the professors of history, of literature, of science, and of the languages they have left a lasting impression. They are the doubting Thomases of every generation who believe that "The Papal Bull was really a cow that was kept at the Vatican to supply milk for the Pope's children" and that "Laissez-faire" meant "let the farmers pay the taxes." Previous to that state of mentality they were the Toms who in the course of their studies went around disillusioning their fellow-students with modernist propaganda concerning Santa Claus and the labour-saving stork.

Let him who is without sin — laugh too contemptuously at the above. Let him also in the year '51 laugh in introspect at his own foibles and self-appointed genius.

D. Y.

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SENIOR EDITORIAL

"What do you read my lord?"

Ham: "Words, words, words."

Poor Shakespeare! Can't you picture him hunched over his table, nervously chewing his quill, trying to think of the right word? Can't you imagine him crossing out this erasing that, doodling in the margin, and damning whole pages at one fell swoop? He was human. He shared the universal problem, viz. "What'll I say?" Logicians tell us that words constitute the greatest barrier between "Oh yes it is." and "Oh no it ain't." A mere word can make or break a good man.

As artsmen we are supposed to be able to surmount this obstacle. Language, with greater dexterity than our science friends. We are supposed to be the sophists, the rhetoricians, the orators, but one would never know it. Most artsmen, in this day and age, handle a pen somewhat as a baby handles a spoon. It seems that those who write the most readable material are those who have something to say, those who have ideas, those who think. We are reluctant to admit it, but very often the best writers are the medics, the engineers, and the economists.

Would-be Shakespeares are usually beaten before they start if they are presumptuous enough to believe that people will read stories simply to give the author a shot in the ego. The reading public

wants more than words, be they big words, little words, ornate words, or simple words. Words in themselves are nothing, they are only tools for the expression of an idea. To misquote the Bible, "Words without ideas are dead." James 2:20.

Hear me fellow artsmen, we have a problem on our hands. Our profession is rapidly losing ground. It is becoming more and more difficult to conceal our ignorance behind a veil of verbiage. We are being forced to the wall by a bunch of unlettered science mongers. Our only alternative is to fight them with their own weapons. We must start to think! Fight fire with fire!

Admittedly it is a sorry sacrifice to make, but we must quit our mental easy chairs. Too long, we have been accumulating facts, figures, dates and quotations for no logical reason. The public is beginning to demand some apology for our learning, and they want more than words.

With pride, we can tell them, that we are supposed to be the critics, the counsellors, the framers of constitutions. Why should we be intimidated by a lot of sleezy science men simply because they wield a sword with a showy edge? The pen can do a lot of damage too—get the point?

W. E



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