

WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD



MARCH 1951

WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD

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ON THE COVER . . .

For this month's cover, we have chosen the Waterloo College Crest, which has been in use since 1927. The beaver in the upper left hand corner of the coat of arms signifies Canada and also Industry. Waterloo College was established for the training of Canadians. In the upper right hand corner, there is the open bible. This signifies the basis of our teaching, and typifies the open Book of Knowledge. The fact that the bible is also present in the arms of the University of Western Ontario, shows our affiliation. Incorporated in the bottom part is the coat of arms of Martin Luther, to show the church connection of the College. Surmounting the arms, is the torch of knowledge and liberty, while the motto "Veritas Omnia Vincit", "Truth Conquers All" is beneath. The arms were planned by Dr. Potter and the motto was suggested by Dr. Little. Mr. Schmaltz executed the detail.

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTES . . .



An educationalist says that marriage is an institution of learning. Editor says, maybe so but the man always loses his bachelor's degree and his wife acquires his Master's.

Teenage girl at perfume counter: "Bamboo Bliss; Tropical Torment; Irrisistible; er . . . don't you have anything for a beginner?"

Careless workman: "Give us the jobs and we'll finish the tools."—Fort William Times-Journal.

Removing his shoes, he climbed the stairs, opened the door of the room, entered and closed it after him without being detected. Just as he was about to get into bed his wife, half aroused from slumber turned and sleepily said, "Is that you Fido?"

The husband relating the rest of the story said, "For once in my life I had presence of mind—I licked her hand!"

One of the unmarried girls in the office came in early one morning recently, and began passing out cigars and candy, both with blue ribbons. Somewhat puzzled and more than a little surprised, she was asked the occasion.

Proudly she displayed the solitaire on her third finger and announced, "It's a boy—six feet tall and 187 pounds."

They say her boy friend wanted her to wear her new dress to the dance, but she didn't want to because if she did her heart wouldn't be in it.

HOCKEY - A FEMALE'S FIRST IMPRESSION

We walked hurriedly toward the huge red building which reminded me so much of Uncle George's barn. This, my companion informed me, was the Waterloo Arena where the Waterloo College, so-called, hockey team was meeting the O.A.C. team in a hockey match. We opened the door and there a tall form loomed over me holding out his hand and demanding twenty-five cents of my weekly seventy-five cent allowance. I produced a coin shyly and we were graciously admitted. Following my companion, I proceeded to go up and down among the rows of numbered seats. Oh, Oh a snag in my nylons—Oh nuts! Finally we seated ourselves as comfortably as we could in the front row. Well, here I was ready to observe my first hockey game.

I looked about me and saw some very interesting looking boys seated on the top row. But at that moment my friend nudged me, commenting while she did so that the team was skating onto the ice. I turned and there I saw the funniest sight I had ever seen. My first impression was that they resembled comical ducks wobbling from side to side. My vision cleared and I saw they were actually Waterloo College students clad in stuffed, torn sweaters, bulging, faded shorts and moth-eaten stockings. I was fascinated as I wondered how the boys kept their stockings up. Maybe girdles? No, I don't think so because they would have less bulges in their shorts.

They skated around the ice chasing a black round object and brutally beating the poor thing with long paddles. Sometimes a player would sprawl out on the ice—such a silly way to clean the ice.

Two other figures appeared on the scene wearing white sweaters and blowing whistles. I was informed they were referees who broke up the fights during the game. I didn't know hockey games included fights. One learns something new every day.

When one of the referees blew his whistle, the bulging forms of the players skated over to the centre of the rink,

while some of the other players who were tired went to rest on the bench. The players took their positions and stood rigidly looking at the ice as though they expected a fish to come up. Again the whistle sounded and bingo!—you'd think it was feeding time for a herd of pigs. They scrambled to and fro knocking one another down and chasing the black object (which I learned was called a puck). Two of the players fell on the ice together and rolled over and over until the referee separated them. He sent both of them to sit in the corner like bad little boys, then blew his whistle as previously, and the players who had been resting on the bench came on to play while the others took their places.

I noticed another player who was similarly dressed except he wore large gloves and padding on his legs. He reminded me of a big fat clown. His hooked stick was the largest one of the bunch. I'm sure with that he would have had a better chance at hitting the puck but he seemed disinterested in the game. This player merely stayed at one end all the time leaning on a net. I wondered if they were going to use the net to catch the fish they were expecting to pop through the ice. There was one such player on both teams. Our player seemed quite busy though, but the O.A.C. player looked to me as though he was taking a little snooze.

Everyone around was cheering and making a great deal of noise. Someone had shouted, "Two for one Whitey—don't forget." Another bellowed, "Come on Laddie hit him again." Then a loud horn was heard and the players skated off the ice disappearing into the dressing room. Well it's over, I thought, and we could go. My feet were becoming a little cold. But my friend told me it was only the first third. Oh well, I was beginning to enjoy the game a bit and anyway, number four on the O.A.C. team was fairly handsome, maybe I could sit through it all again.

Some other girls had just arrived at

this point and sat next to us. They were discussing some of the players whom they knew, and had come to watch them play. One of the girls inquired if we knew the score so far. Score? What were they scoring? But a hockey enthusiast sitting behind us replied that it was 14.0 in favour of O.A.C. naturally. Why "naturally" I wondered! Oh well, no matter. The team had begun to come back onto the rink and I turned my attention on them, and so did the girls beside us. They sighed breathlessly and commented on every player that skated by. One girl remarked, "Oh look! There's my boy, isn't he a dream, utterly a dream?" And, "Wow! 'regardez' number 10 on the other team—ever nice."

Once more the whistles blew and the action began. Players slid on the ice, banged into the boards, and bumped into one another. In about another hour it was all over and we hurried out with everyone else.

On the way home we dropped into a snack bar, and while sitting over our hot chocolates, my friend asked me how I liked my first hockey game. "Well," I said, "there's a lot of action, and it's all quite amusing, and are some of those players ever handsome—ruff!"

A New Fan.

Fashions



48 King St. W.

Kitchener

DEAR EDITOR

A fine effort was recently witnessed by an interested audience, in the form of the French play — **Les Précieuses Ridicules**.

This production was presented by a single enthusiastic group from the school. The cast, composed of members from the student body, was under the careful direction of Mr. Evans. It was assisted by the English 46 drama production class and willingly backed by the administration and treasury of Waterloo College.

Cost seemed to be no consideration. The price of tickets was placed at a minimum, for it seemed that this type of production might not prove to be a drawing card. This, of course, is an obvious fact. A play with dialogue foreign to the community in which it is presented, will certainly not appeal to the general public. It is therefore an invitation either to interested parents of the cast, or to that select group of parents who have had the benefits of a higher education.

The point I wish to deal with here, however, is the fact that this production was presented outside our school walls, in St. John's Lutheran Parish Hall—with invitation to the general public.

I recall that a few months ago, a list of rules was drawn up for the benefit of a representative group of students, who had the enthusiasm and earnest desire to present a student show, the nature of which would appeal to the general public.

The greatest cause of objection from this group of students was the rule stating that the production in question, in order to be realized, must be presented within the school walls, consequently limiting the size and nature of the audience.

I would, at this point, like to ask for what reason has one limited group been allowed the privilege denied a representative group of students.

I cannot help but remember the nature of the idea expressed by a recent speaker here at Waterloo College Every student body needs expression in the form of entertainment . . . non academic entertainment that is clean cut, sharp and witty.

The denial of such student expression has already revealed some of its consequences at Waterloo College! What further consequences will it bring?

Janette Mahaffey.

Denmark

Most of the readers of this article have learned many interesting facts about the larger countries in Europe, but few of them have heard a great deal about the smaller ones. Let us take a trip northwards from Germany to the small, but friendly country situated on the Baltic and North Seas—Denmark. Although this country has a larger population, the province of Ontario is twenty-six times larger than Denmark.

Continuing our travels on the mainland of Denmark, known as Jutland, we note that there are no large cities. The large cities are mostly found in the extreme north of Jutland or on the islands because Denmark is chiefly an agricultural country. In comparison to its size, Denmark is one of the greatest exporters of agricultural products in the whole of Europe. The country is industrialized also, but the industrial products are primarily used for home consumption. In the extreme north-east of Jutland stands Aalborg, one of the oldest of Denmark's fishing villages.

Let us go south along the east coast where some of the most enchanting views in Denmark can be found. Here can be seen the rolling plains of Djursland in the "Mols Mountains." Travelling further south we come to the second largest industrial centre in the country, Aarhus, which has a large harbour and an outstanding, though young, university. The "old town" is a collection of characteristic market town buildings which have been assembled here.

Leaving the mainland we travel to the first island, Funen. Situated on the island is Odense, the birthplace of Hans Anderson. Perhaps little Kay and Gerda from

the fairy tale "The Snow Queen" lived in the attic of one of these same old, picturesque houses. Almost the only things which have changed since the death of this writer of fairy tales are the window-boxes and the foliage.

Let us proceed by ferry to Zealand, the island on which Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, is situated. Copenhagen is a strange and inspiring combination of an old yet modern city. The capital houses include both the administration buildings and churches of early Renaissance architecture and ultra-modern schools and hospitals. The whole city is a mass of picturesque and charming sights. Looking out over the harbour the little Mermaid can be seen. The Mermaid is one of the famous figures of Hans Anderson's immortal fairy tales, which mean as much to the Danish people as the Peter Pan story means to the English.

On the north-eastern shore of Zealand is the city of Elsinore. This city is the home of the famous Kronborg Castle, the setting of Shakespeare's tragedy, HAMLET. Elsinore is famous for its many ancient manorhouses and castles. The shores of Sweden, which are just three miles distant from Elsinore, can be seen quite clearly on a bright day. In the southern part of Zealand, in the district of Moen, is one of the most extravagant sights of the country. The white cliffs, the blue sea, and the green beech forest are indescribably beautiful, especially on a bright spring day. Crossing from this point to the small island of Falster is the longest bridge in Europe, which stretches for twenty-four miles.

Let us end our brief visit to Denmark remembering that neither words nor pictures can do justice to this small picturesque country. The Danish landscape has not only height and width, but also depth and variety of colour, fragrance, and atmosphere.

Gordon Aggerholm.

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Static

Do you know something? Nobody's been nowhere or did nothin'. What a catastastroke, what a cunnundrum! Well, I guess I'll just let my imagination run wild. Some of you know what that means!

Well, I don't know what grandma would have said, but just how personal can one make one's questions? But then how else can one find out things that bother one? Janie Winchester got the lowdown on a question that has been bothering females here and elsewhere. How do the hockey players hold up their stockings? There are two methods—(a) by garters and (b) by garter belts. The choice depends on the player's taste. Censorship prohibits me from divulging the name of the party who forwarded the information.

"It Only Happens When I Dance With You" must be the themesong of most of our Waterloo males. At least that's what I overheard one girl saying at the last Athy. Are we girls getting so intellectually minded that we lose all our feminine appeal? If that is the case—I say down with co-education.

One usually runs into the three main types of men at these affairs. Of course there are no end to the different types of men because of the infinite nuances, but there are three chief phyla. We have a general sprinkling of all these specimens at Waterloo. First of all, we have the muscle-bound athletic man. We shall refer to him as Tyrone Ovaltine. He is the clean-cut, always-in-training, doesn't drink or smoke type. Tyrone bounds into a room, jumping over chairs and any other obstacle in his path. Psychologically interpreted this means that he is the egotistical type and refuses to let anything dominate him. When some young thing clings to his arm and gurgles—"Oo doo drate big mans," Tyrone is in his glory. He is happy when he is admired. Most girls are content to worship him from afar, but don't let him fool you, he's easier to get along with than either of the other two types—in spite

of those long eyelashes.

Next on our list is Truman Van Der Geest. Truman is the organizing type. He is a born leader (so he claims). Girls are impressed by his mature frame of mind and by the intelligent questions he asks in class. Truman is always smoking and is always wearing an impeccable suit and tie. He always has the right answers and woe betide anyone that can't keep up to him. Well after all, you can't expect Truman to waste all his sophistication on plebians. But there is one thing that bothers him. Why don't the other kids like him?

Then we have what is referred to as the "quiet" type. His name is Krotzel Hockenloacker. Krotzel, in spite of his diminutive size always has the tendency to fall in love with the biggest guard on the girls' basketball team (couldn't do that this year). He is always on time for dates and is very generous about sending flowers and chocolates. Why is it that girls are always irked by this polite and helpful type? Is it because they are still cherishing dreams of "Prince Charming" who will someday come and sweep her off her feet without asking her first? In other words, Krotzel lacks masterfulness.

Girls also fall into three main categories. We also have the athletic member of the fairer sex. We'll call her Polly Polevault. She is characterized by her distaste for makeup and spends her spare-time playing hockey instead of knitting. Polly is a real girl's girl and looks at boys in terms of their athletic feats. Boys regard her as a pal and are always asking her to do favours for them. Her academic work is generally very good, but she has a preference for math.

We have then Veronica La Planche. Veronica always comes from some large city and seems to own a frat pin for every frat ever invented. Veronica finds that school cuts into too much of her time. She spends all day deciding what colour of eye shadow she should wear on her date that night and consequently her summer social season is marred by sups.

(Continued on p. 21)



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Alumni Notes

K-W BRANCH ELECTS OFFICERS

The Kitchener-Waterloo Branch of the Alumni Association started its second year with the election of Douglas Haller '47 as president. The annual meeting was held in conjunction with a dinner meeting at the Golden Lion on Friday, January 26th. Retiring President John Harper '39 gave a report of the first year's activities. Other officers elected were: Men's Vice-president, Helmut Binhammer '48; Ladies' Vice-president, Elaine Smith '39; Secretary, Kathryn Lippert '46; Treasurer, Robert Ferguson '49.

NEWS FROM INDIA

From India comes news about **Faith Weber** '48. Following graduation from the United Church of Canada Training School, Faith sailed for India in September, arriving in Bombay after an ocean voyage of four weeks. At present she is attending a Language School at Mandleshwar preparing herself for active missionary work next summer. In spite of the lack of snow, her first Christmas in India was inspiring. Faith sends her greetings to the Alumni and says she will be with us in spirit when the annual banquet is held in May.

Peter Schmidt '48 is teaching high school at Drayton. **Robert TarBush** '48, sales representative for the Deacon Sportswear Company, pays an occasional visit to Waterloo between making the rounds of his "trap line" in Northern Ontario.

THE CLASS OF '47

Another alumnus has found his way to Ottawa. **Marvin Mickus** has taken up residence there and is serving as agents' secretary for the Northern Life Assurance Company. How about starting an Alumni Branch in Ottawa? At Elmira High School **Mary Ann Wiley** is continuing her teaching and using her good offices to send students to Waterloo College. Among recent visitors to the Alma Mater was **Reuben Baetz**. Since graduating from Co-

lumbia University with the M.A. degree in 1948 Reuben has been serving as Canadian Representative of Lutheran World Federation, Service to Refugees. For the past two years he has been stationed in Germany. At present he is in Canada to organize and co-ordinate a resettlement plan for Estonians and Latvians.

AMONG THE YEARS

Rev. **Arthur Conrad** '44 is in the midst of making plans for a new Lutheran Church in Ottawa. **Mabel Hahn** '34 is secretary at the Hahn Brass Limited in New Hamburg. Rev. **Arthur Buehlow** '30, who served for four years as President of the Board of Governors, has moved from Guelph to New Hamburg where he is minister of Trinity Lutheran Church.

ALUMNUS RECEIVES AWARD

A Canadian Plastics Achievement Award was recently bestowed upon Cress Laboratories of Kitchener, whose president and owner is **Henry J. Heldman** '28. The plastic surgical dressing which Henry developed is water-resistant and allows work to continue normally despite the presence of a hand dressing. It is said to be the only one of its kind in the world.

ALUMNI MEETING

The date for the Annual Meeting and Banquet of the Alumni Association has been set for Saturday, May 19th. The place: Waterloo College. Plan now to attend!

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The present edition of the Waterloo College Debating Society had its origin some three years ago in a letter which imperiously appeared in my mail box twenty-five days after it was mailed. This letter, addressed to "The Debating Club" was, in effect, an invitation to send a debating team to the University of Western Ontario for a round of debates. As the debate was only a week away conscription was immediately de-

clared, and four rather bewildered undergraduates suddenly became "The Waterloo College Debating Society."

Needless to remark these heroic debaters gave a good account of themselves at Western, so much so, that an invitation was later received from McMaster University to attend a two-day debating festival sponsored by their debating union. This time a mixed debating team was sent which literally covered itself with glory by tying for second place defeating such exponents of debate as the gentlemen from Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

Any history of our Debating Society should make special mention of the impetus supplied by these McMaster debates. The extremely friendly welcome extended by the members of McMaster's debating union and the very enjoyable two days spent there made our debaters feel that a debating society at Waterloo College would be a very worthwhile addition to student activities. Returning by automobile from Hamilton, Marcia Schofield, Frances Rothaermel, Douglas Scott, and Harold Gram drafted the first constitution of our present society.

From these rather nebulous beginnings the Waterloo Debating Society has grown to its present healthy proportions. Under the leadership of Paul Bitzer, Bruce Owen and Rudy Janzen, it has sponsored mock parliaments, forensics, and impromptu debating and now threatens to become one of the major student activities at Waterloo College.

SEMINARY NOTES

The Knubel-Miller Lectures for 1951 were presented in St. John's parish hall, Waterloo, Jan. 25-26. The lecturer, Dr. Edward T. Horn III, dealt with the theme, "Altar and Pew—The Devotional Life of the Pastor and His People," in a thought-provoking way spiced with good humour. Dr. U. S. Leupold in summing up the appreciation of the pastors and laymen said that Dr. Horn had given the "real stuff" without being "stuffy" and had told the pastors what they **must** do without being "musty."

In order to raise funds for its annual mission project, the Cossman-Hayunga Society made arrangements for some of the seminarians to preach at various churches throughout the Canada Synod. The donation of the church, less the travelling expenses of the seminarian, is added to a fund that helps support two missionaries in India. Mr. Giller preached at New Hamburg, Mr. Huras at St. Peter's, Kitchener and at Heidelberg, Mr. Lorch at Chesley, Mr. Ohrt at Hanover and Mr. Little at Walkerton.

On Friday afternoons throughout the Lenten season, the Women's Missionary Society of Kitchener-Waterloo have special meetings at which the meditations are given by seminarians. The theme followed is "The Fruit of the Spirit: Our Life in Christ," a series of Lenten meditations prepared by Sister Anna Ebert.

Earl Anderson.

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DEMOCRACY

Democracy is possibly the most used and also the most abused word in the English language. It is short enough physically to be employed in common speech, yet long enough to require shelves of books to tell us what it means, and as confusing as last year's economics exam. It has a different meaning for the Indian and for the Platonic student. Each individual has his own conception of what the application of democracy means to him personally. For the sake of this elusive system of government we slaughtered thousands of men in World War II. Democracy is a myth—a something which we never seem to grasp securely but are always seeking and modifying our ideas according to the conception of what we think it is.

Many times we hear the phrase "Let's do this democratically and vote" or "let's have a democratic vote." Too often we worship this fetish of the "holy 51%." We seem to go on the assumption that if we take the votes of 100 people on any issue, that if 51% vote one way, and the issue is passed, that the result of the vote is categorically correct. The remaining 49 people are emphatically wrong. In a society, as an excuse for our actions, we say that everyone is doing it and the majority are right. The mass seems to rule. But are we to regard or assume that the mass is right? We too often regard the wishes of the majority as correct, yet in our example, only 2 people changed the vote and the "rightness" of the issue. The interest of the majority is not always the interest for the best of the state, or group, or the correct one. What is so holy about the 51% in our society? The whole idea seems to be based on the suspension of the law of probability. This vote of the 51% does not nor can it ever positively assure the people of the state that the result of the vote will be the best for the country as a whole. The law of probability says that the chances are that the result will be for the maximum benefit. It is very dangerous to allow the majority to determine the ethics of the society, since ethics have an absolute

standard in the Christian revelation.

Democracy itself almost evades definition since it means varied things to many people. In an empirical analysis we see that there is a great deal of contradiction on the whole subject. There are times when the businessman resists the actions of the government in the name of democracy, and then asks the government for aid in the name of preserving competition and democracy. Democracy can be used as a selfish approach to secure what one can for himself.

Consequently let us regard the subject from a theoretical and later an absolute standard of judgment. I will regard democracy from two main points of view, i.e. equality, and liberty.

If we regard the end of democracy as the economic social equality of man with man, we arrive at the view of social democracy. This is the type to which the socialist refers when he condemns the capitalist society and the large inequalities of wealth. The absolute standard in this society is the abolition of inequalities in both wealth and social status. Russian democracy is of this type. The use of force and compulsion is perfectly democratic since only through the abolition of the various classes and inequalities is there the possibility of achieving the perfect social democracy.

The second or liberty type of democracy is the more common in the North Americas. The liberty type of democracy contains a large element of anarchy. Here the different conceptions of freedom to different people make a farce of the scientific approach. In the liberty type of democracy the element of the majority enter the fore and the idea of the public interest. If the actions of the state are in the public interest then the maximum liberty is achieved for the people in the state.

If the passing of laws in the public interest is the deciding factor in the liberty democracy, how is this public interest expressed? Here there are two main divisions: (1) the classical system or the cake recipe, (2) the Schumpeterian analysis or the British and Canadian type of democracy.

In the classical system of democracy the flow of authority is from the people

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PRO

THE U. S. IS THEG

A popular social revolution is sweeping the world. It is a revolution born of economic and political oppression. This revolution started a hundred years ago in Western Europe and is just now reaching the teeming millions of Asia.

It is impossible to deny the growing political consciousness of Asia. This political consciousness is new and unbridled. It needs direction and understanding. The ideology that succeeds in harnessing this political consciousness will direct a power capable of dominating the world.

It is unfortunate that ignorance and illiteracy, results of oppression, are making it possible for energetic sincere communist reformers to gain control of this revolution and to direct it along Marxian lines. Do we dare deny the basic appeal of the ideal of communism to a people who have had nothing but oppression at the hands of their free enterprise masters.

This revolution is then a fact. It is not a passing revolution, but a revolution that is going to change history. How does this revolution affect the U.S.? Why should this revolution be tied up with the United States' threat to world peace? It is because she opposes this revolution, not a revolution of a few thousands of radicals, but the uprising of millions of outraged peoples.

When asked to broadly define the present world struggle we usually sum it up as Russia vs the United States. We can logically assume therefore that the peoples of Asia will see a similar picture. Now the question arises, where do the sympathies of these turbulent people lie in such a struggle?

Can the United States claim the support of the Chinese people? Were not the American supplied armies of Chiang Kai-shek defeated in spite of three billion dollars devoted lavishly to his cause? Are not U.S. forces at present locked in deadly combat with these Chinese armies?

Can the U.S. count on the support of even India? Has not India opposed the

U.S. motion to brand China an aggressor? Has not India recognized willingly the Chinese Peoples' Republic? There is no communist government in India and yet India opposed U.S. Asiatic policies because she is convinced the U.S. is concerned more about her own security than Asian independence and justice for its people.

Can the U.S. count on the support of the people of Indo-China? At present the U.S. supports the French and colonial forces of Bao Dai, a monarch whose Riviera escapades have done nothing to endear him to his people or train him for the reforms his backward and French dominated people need.

The list can go on. In each case the U.S. supported side is on the defensive. The defensive because the popular revolution has become communist directed, and U.S. might has not been enough to turn the tide against the people.

Had the U.S. taken action supporting reforms, and implemented them if necessary by force of arms, surely the thunder of socialism and communism would have been softened and the people shown that the U.S. really want the peace and social justice she so loudly proclaims in slogans and charts about her tremendous charitable gifts to the world.

The U.S. fails, for instead of championing the reform movement, she allies herself with well dressed officials and capitalists and places the future of these growing nations in the hands of the very people who stand for privilege and oppression. If the United States had sat down with the people, talked things over, then rolled up her sleeves, and with her tremendous resources, lifted the face of the world, then she could have stood up in U.N. assemblies as the champion of the people. Instead she used costly powder to hide and cover up deep defects, and this powder we see is now being blown away.

As the United States has chosen to ally herself with men like Chiang, Rhee, Bao Dai, and now France, can we not

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GREATEST MENACE

The U.S.A. the chief menace to world peace today? Why whatever made you think that? Impossible! Why just look at the world and see what's happening.

The U.S. relations with the U.S.S.R. have, of course, been far from amiable. The latter nation is vowed to conquer the world while the U.S.A. is vowed to maintain peace and to stop aggression wherever and whenever it appears. Disagreement between the two will therefore appear, but which one is the chief menace? Remove the annoying tin cans from the cat's tail and she will quiet down. Remove the determined, greedy, ambitions of the one country and the friendly nation will quiet down.

Another thing—do you think it sensible to let a country playfully pick off one state after another continually getting closer to your own border? Why not unite to stop the aggressor? Benjamin Franklin put it perfectly: "We must either hang together or hang separately." Why shouldn't the U.S. join with other nations to help their present peace and prosperity?

What is America doing in Asia? True, there are G.I.'s in Korea but they are only a part of the U.N. forces. The action in Korea was approved by forty-eight countries in the U.N. so why not accuse any of these other nations as the chief menace to world peace—and that includes Canada?

Also let us not ignore the actual circumstances in Korea. The North Koreans invaded the south and, true to its constitution, the U.N. came to the latter's aid. Even though the U.N. army was nearing the Manchuria border it did not cross it—the Chinese Reds were the guilty ones in this respect. So an accusation cannot truly be levelled at the U.N. let alone at the U.S.A. for the Korean war.

Let's look at the recent outbreaks across the world. There are Chinese Reds vs Chinese Nationalists, India vs Pakistan, Arabs vs Jews, Netherlands vs Netherlands Indies, France vs French Indo-China. Quite a few disturbances to world peace but did you hear the U.S.A.

CON



mentioned in this list?

Now let's look at the attitude of the U.S. to see if there is any menacing quality in its voice. Sumner Welles in his book "Where Are We Heading?" writes "The major aim of American economic policy has been to establish a high and constant level of world trade and employment."

America is a member of the North Atlantic Pact which has as its purpose to "reaffirm their (members) faith in the purposes and principles of the Charter of the United Nations and their desire to live in peace with all peoples and all governments."

Beverly Baxter in Maclean's Feb. 15, 1951 issue writes: "Stalin knows that Truman is a man of peace and that the U.S. has no desire to acquire new territories."

Why does the U.S. even bother about other countries in the world and their welfare? George Marshall has answered this with "... our policy is not directed against any country or doctrine, but against hunger, poverty, desperation, and chaos."

There's the American attitude of words. How do they act? The U.N. K.N.A. is used to help sixteen countries and at the end of 1950 they had spent four billion dollars. Just think, **four billion dollars**—and the U.S. has supplied **70%** of this amount.

Actions do speak louder than words and in March of 1948 the House passed over six billion to be used for foreign aid. Over five billion of this is being used for E.R.P. (European Recovery Program) and sixty million dollars has been simply **given** to I.C.E.F. (International Children's Emergency Fund).

How is it possible to call black white? How is it possible to even entertain the idea that the U.S.A. is the chief menace to world peace today?

President Truman in his Inaugural Address in January of 1949 said: "The

American people desire, and are determined to work for, a world in which all nations and all peoples are free to govern themselves as they see fit and to achieve a decent and satisfying life. Above all else, our people desire, and are determined to work for, peace on earth—a just and lasting peace—based on genuine agreement freely arrived at by equals.”

B. O.

DEMOCRACY

(Continued from p. 11)

upward as is done in the U.S.A. and was employed in Wiemar, Germany. I call it a cake recipe system for the recipe of the public interest reads like a cook book. By a system of elections, in which the system of proportional representation is preferred, take three cups of liberals, 2 cups of conservatives, and a large tablespoonful of socialists, together with a pinch of independents and possibly some communists (if available). (The quantities of this may vary from country to country but all the elements must be present). Take these raw materials and mix well in a house of representatives for a period of 8 months, with frequent intermissions. Periodically add a pinch of presidential advice. Expose the whole to the gaze of the light of public opinion and pressure groups. After the mixture has been well stirred pour out the result into moulds called statutes and laws which when eaten by the people with the aid of a court system, and digested will provide the maximum of liberty for the people as a whole.

In the Schumpeterian system, instead of the people choosing representatives directly, the parties appeal to the people for a mandate to rule for the ensuing period of time. The parties compete with one another, by the offer of greater material benefits to the people, for the mandate of the people. During the time in office the party has the power to effect its program and the prime minister leads the executive of the government. After the mandate has expired the parties again appeal to the electorate. The electorate now sits in judgment on the actions of the party in power during the past period; and if dissatisfied elect the other party and give it a mandate. The

result is a government by consent rather than a government by direct representation.

This whole discussion leads us to the problem of the absolute basis of democracy. I feel there is an absolute standard based on the moral law inherent in every individual. This moral law may be called a conscience. It is not as highly developed in some people as in others. To the Christian this moral law is understood in the light of the Gospel; but even in heathen religions, history shows a ten commandments. If the positive law of the state transcends the moral law of the individual, then the action of the state is not democratic. This principle underlies the American Declaration of Independence. The right of revolution remains in the hands of the people, and when at any time the actions of the state transcend the moral law of the people, the government can be over-

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thrown since it is no longer the servant but has become the master.

Governments in a society are not formed by the interaction of dialectic forces or classes, but all power in a state is given by God. Therefore for the Christian a state can only be both democratic and Christian when the relation of the power in the state is in the right relationship to God, and at the same time the people within the state are in the same right relationship to God. God is a God of history, and has made the world and the people in it and still intervenes in the world. We as humans live in a historical period and are responsible for our actions out of the Love of Christ. Democracy is absolute only when we regard it in this connection as a system of government in which an individual has the right to express his calling to God in the way in which he can render the greatest service to God, and the right to be respected as a creature of God containing the spark of the infinite and having inherent within him the moral law of God.

Harold Gramm

PRO (Continued from p. 12)

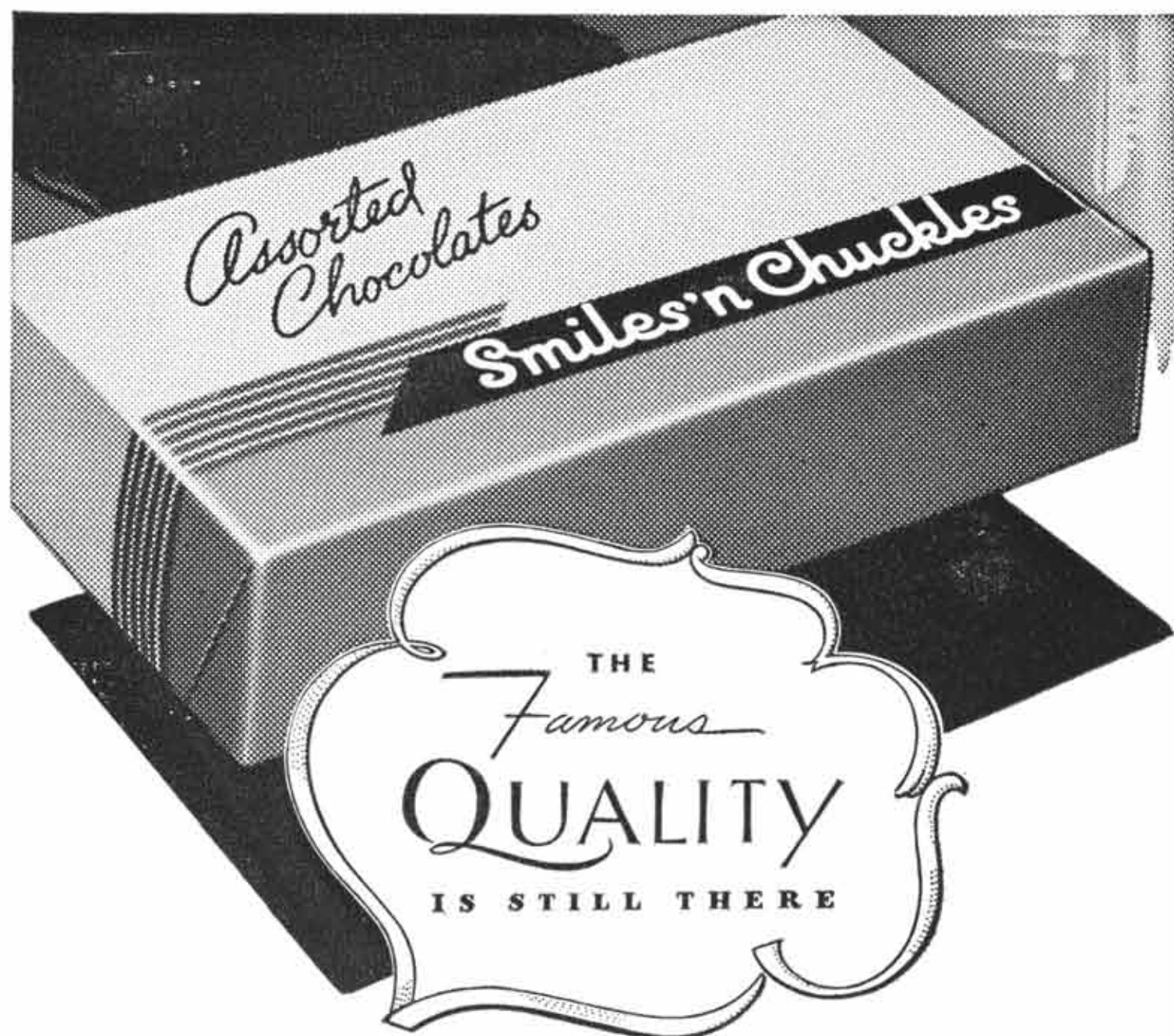
wonder if such action will gain world confidence that the U.S. is for peace and progress? No, it can only convince the oppressed world that the U.S. stands squarely behind its oppressors and must be overthrown before any real freedom begins.

We can say this is ridiculous. Ridiculous to whom? To the Chinese, to the Indo-Chinese? No, they think only about what they know, and what they know in too many cases gives us no reason for pride.

The U.S. has set itself up as a modern "Holly Alliance." The people defeated the designs of that coalition, and the U.S. also stands in danger of such a defeat.

The United States then is the greatest menace to world peace today because she opposes this world revolution. True, she opposes it because it is communist directed, but it is communist directed because the U.S. failed to supply the leadership. Unless she can gain direction of this revolution she must continue to oppose it and such opposition can result only in war.

Celestin John Weiler.



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"AH, THEN"

I was ignorant; very ignorant. But why remain so, when I had a few hours and a few dollars to spare and there was a College in the community? So to Waterloo College I came as a part-time student. The year was 1944.

At the College I found a friendly group of students who did their best to make me, and other newcomers, feel at home. The professors too were friendly, and showed a keen interest in each student.

Classes began. I was quite bewildered, particularly in French 10. Yes, I had taken French in High School, but that was several years before—I hesitate to say how many—and I had forgotten most of the French I had learned. And Professor Evans kept talking about the preterit tense. What was that? I was sure I had never heard of it before. Then there was Library Science. Need I say more? From the comments I have heard from then until now I conclude the course is not gaining in popularity. All that work for half a credit!

One cool afternoon just a few days after school opened I came to the cloak-room to don my coat to go home. The coat was gone! Oh, so that's the kind of college this is! And it was a new coat too. And this is a church college! Lest the reader get the wrong impression, I must hasten to say that next day the coat reappeared. I still don't know the particulars of its disappearance and re-

turn. Perhaps it was some form of initiation.

Then one gloomy afternoon from four to six o'clock all the new students were given intelligence tests. To date I have not had the nerve to inquire about my I.Q. I would judge it was somewhere between 0 and 50. If I felt ignorant before, I felt ten times more so after trying those tests.

As the weather got cooler outside, it got cooler inside the college too. Was there no furnace? Yes, but no heat. The heating system was being overhauled, it seemed, and heat would soon come forth. But how could we keep warm meanwhile? The answer was St. John's Parish Hall, where classes were held for several days. We had French 10 in the kitchen. I felt quite at home in that atmosphere. When the furnace was mended, we returned to the college. And we have had heat from then until now—at least in one half of the building. In which half? It just depends which way the wind blows.

January came, and we had exams. Two weeks were devoted solely to them. Yes, just exams, nothing else. But how times have changed since then! Yes, how true Dr. Potter's words in History classes: "Don't forget that things will not remain the same as when you came on the scene." Indeed they haven't. Now, instead of final exams in January on the first term's work and exams in May on the second term's work, there are exams beginning about November and continu-

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ing right through December, January, February, March and April. Exams, exams, exams. And all the while the student is attempting to prepare for exams he may be expected to write term papers and essays, do exercises, read text-books, do outside readings, make scrap books, prepare seminars, perhaps speeches, and take part in extra-curricular activities. Somehow or other—I marvel how—most students manage to get through to the end of the year, but only to be faced with more exams—now three weeks of final exams which cover the **whole** year's work. One looks at the text-books and text-books and pages and pages and more pages of notes to be covered and asks: Where shall I begin? Is it any use? I can't think straight anymore, anyway. I guess this is the end! Remember the cover sketch on last year's May **Cord**? Under the former system there were a few tests during the term, it is true, but they were not as numerous as they are now, and when final examinations did come in January and May, there was at least some possibility of adequately reviewing one semester's work. Well, enough said about that.

There have been other changes too. For one thing, the college has grown; not outwardly, but inwardly. In 1944-45 the total enrollment was about 70. Now it is 235. The graduating class in 1945 numbered 10. This year it numbers 43. The Boarding Club used to have room to accommodate day students who wished to get a hot dinner. Now the dining-room will not hold all club members, and

some have to eat in the Bookstore. In former days the girls who brought their lunch could be seated comfortably in the Common Room. Now the overflow must use the floor; and it is pretty hard.

The library used to have two open doors. Yes, one could go directly into the seminary library too. And the doors remained open all day, even during the noon hour. Students could go in and out at will. Why the change? Are the students not to be trusted now? But why go into the library at all, unless to pick up or return a few books, for the sitting down places are so limited that only a few students can be accommodated. Where can one find a quiet place to study? We must look to the future. When the College moves to those new buildings it is going to build on Frederick street no doubt there will be a place there. Probably we'll have an up-to-date library with lots of room in it. Our children or grandchildren may benefit.

Although the facilities for adequately handling them are rather limited, the college has broadened the scope of its courses considerably. The first year or two of the science and business administration courses can now be taken at Waterloo. Music courses have been added. Art was offered while Mr. Cleg-horn was at the college. The English department has been enlarged.

In the field of Music, Dr. Leupold has done much for the college. Not long after he came, new Common Service Books with music appeared in the Chapel, to replace those with just words. Probably

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Dr. Leupold had something to do with that. Also, the A Capella Choir and Men's Chorus came into being.

With the broadening of courses and increased enrollment has come an increase in administrative responsibilities. Instead of administrative offices being more or less "side-lines" for the professors, they have now become almost full-time occupations for those concerned, and teaching has become the "side-line." The faculty has been enlarged. According to the 1944-45 **Announcement**, the total number of "Officers of Instruction" then was eight, and the "Sessional Appointments" four. Now the total number of the former is 16 and the latter 12.

Of "the old familiar faces" only a few remain. Dr. Lehmann continues as president and Dr. Raymond and Mr. Evans on the teaching staff. Of the 1944-45 students, only Bob Langen and I remain. But Bob has gone through both college and seminary while I have poked along through college. And I must not forget Nick; not St. Nick, whom we hear about only at Christmas, but just Nick, who stays around, always on the job, summer and winter, never too pleased about anything, but good-hearted underneath it all. When the students leave in the spring, Nick stays on. And he really can get things done then, when the

students are out of the way and he can make a clean sweep. How nicely everything is varnished and polished when the students come back in the fall. And with a little more co-operation from the students, perhaps Nick could keep things that way all year round.

Yes, during the years that I have attended Waterloo, there have been many changes. But one thing at the college has not changed. Waterloo has retained its atmosphere of friendliness. This is evident alike among the students themselves, and between students and staff members.

It was 1944 when I began; now it is 1951. After I complete this article, written by request of the **Cord** editor, I have only a few more essays to write. Yes, just a few more essays to write, a few more lectures to attend, a few more books to read, and a few more examinations to pass, and then—ah, then!—I shall have completed my course. Has it been worth the effort? Yes, I think so, although there have been times when I have wondered. But then nothing is worthwhile in life that comes without effort. And am I learned now? Not very. I still feel ignorant; very ignorant. There is so much to know, and I still know so little.

Olive Bolton.

AT GRADUATION TIME



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



Charles Belair

PHOTOGRAPHER

Dunker Building

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STATIC

(Continued from p. 7)

Lastly we have the star that is born to blush unseen. Her name is Rapunzel Hausenpeffer. She is much like our friend Krotzel and is not as much in the social whirl as Veronica. Rapunzel gets A's all the time and someday, if she gets the proper social developments, she will probably lead a more interesting and successful life than either of the other two. Let's see what Waterloo can do for Rapunzel.

Rapunzel lived in the small village of Blind Gulch, Northern Ont. Blind Gulch is 500 miles from the nearest store and the only thing she had to look forward to was the annual visit of a polar bear, who came around every Christmas with greeting cards, nuts and berries. Rapunzel has never had any sort of luxury either. In fact, the only modernizing her father ever did to the house was to paint the toes on the feet of the bathtub with nail polish.

One day Rapunzel gets a Waterloo College Calendar in the mail. Naturally she becomes enthused. Does Rapunzel get worried about losing her femininity if she acquires a B.A.? Indeed—not! She has a feeling that if she gets to the big city she will develop socially as well as get good training for her career. What will Waterloo give Rapunzel? Will she enjoy herself and gain poise? Maybe I should ask the question this way. Will she find what she is looking for in 1950-51? I don't think so.

Let's face it—we're not being of much help to one another lately. Why have we developed this habit of laughing at one another instead of with one another? I refer you to any of the grads within the last three or four years as to whether Waterloo wasn't a wonderful place in every way.

Rapunzel has been looking forward to the comradeship of the dorm girls, to joining the basketball team and to being in the Purple and Gold show. As everybody knows all of these features have died out, unfortunately. Well, she still has the school dances to anticipate.

Veronica turns out to be Rapunzel's

roommate, and so they go to the Athy together. As you can imagine Veronica always has a good time, but what of our heroine . . . does she come to dance or watch? To be sure she sits there all night and hopes and dreams that Tyrone will ask her to dance. If there had been a P. & G. show perhaps she would have met him and he would have asked her to dance. Well, finally someone suggests a snowball dance. Krotzel asks her to dance with him. He steps all over her feet and she gets her hair in his mouth, but now she can write a letter to her parents . . . "Dear Ma: Last night I had a dance with a boy!"

I'll grant you that our Athys aren't as bad as all that, but why is it that the same boy that can ask you to do endless favours for him, won't even ask you to dance one dance with him? Is it because Tyrone is going steady and feels he will be untrue to his girlfriend if he dances with Rapunzel? Does it ever occur to him that Rapunzel possesses quite a tender feeling towards a big beautiful lumberjack back in Blind Gulch?

The mystery of this problem is still unsolved, but I think we can all do something about it. In a school of Waterloo's size, everyone's co-operation is needed if we are going to get anywhere—so let's start pulling together for a change.

Does anyone remember the gaiety of the Girl's Common Room last year? What has happened? Not a ghost remains of those Charleston contests, those Bridge 20 sessions and those football fames. Every time you went into this room you were greeted with smiling faces and the sounds of the laughter drifted all over the halls of old Waterloo. I can still see Lorraine Holle, Joyce Smith and Helen Taylor doing "Up In the Air Junior Birdsmen." This year we see nothing but studying. Have we degenerated to this? Studying is all right in its place, but why should the library resemble a veritable Mardi-Gras in comparison to the Common Room? Any attempt to brighten up this stagnant atmosphere by doing the "Cokie Oakie" is darkly frowned upon by said studious characters.

How does anyone get to know the frosh this year? I still see strange faces, and even those that look familiar do not connect with any name. Last year we knew everybody and the main reason for that was the P. and G. Those many rehearsals at St. Jerome's and the nights we all came back to the White Rose for hamburgers hold some of the best memories for most of us. Everyone had a certain pride of doing something and doing it well together. Waterloo wasn't just a mere building anymore . . . it was a group of wonderful kids that contributed so much of their time for their own and for others' pleasure. This is one of the great things that Rapunzel missed . . . she'll never know the feeling of singing such wonderful songs as "Wonderful Guy" and "Happy Talk" to a bunch of wonderful people that clapped and clapped for dear old Alma Mater.

Norma Elligsen.

The annual mess dinner for members of the Canadian Officers Training Corps was held on the evening of February fifteenth in the officers mess at Wolseley barracks in London, Ontario. The five officer cadets from Waterloo College in attendance were Ward Eby, Bruce Gelatly, Peter Woods, Robert Binhammer, and Walter Kramer. Dean Schaus and Dr. Raymond represented the faculty.

Approximately seventy-five cadets and honoured guests were present. The cocktail hour preceding dinner afforded an opportunity to renew acquaintances and introduce new faces. Dinner was served at seven, and Dean Schaus asked the blessing. Following an excellent meal the company was addressed first by Brigadier Bennett and then by Major General Spencer. Both speakers emphasized the necessity for a more positive defence programme, and exhorted the members of the C.O.T.C. to play their part more conscientiously.

Colonel Talman presented Major Symmes with a gift on behalf of the cadets and colleagues who served with him during his appointment at the University of Western Ontario. Major Symmes

is retiring to a farm with his wife and family. He expressed his gratitude for the kindness shown him on the occasion, and delivered a brief but most entertaining address characterized by the subtle wit for which he is so well known.

Photographs of the cadets and staff were taken after dinner which will be published in the annual edition of the **Oc-cidental**. The company mixed freely, and enjoyed several hours of informal conversation before disbanding. The Waterloo College representatives left for Kitchener at about eleven o'clock.

The five cadets from Waterloo feel that they owe a special vote of thanks to the bartender who rendered such speedy and efficient service during the course of the evening.

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BALLADE

"Oh what is the matter, fair Ragwold, my son?
Oh what is the trouble, Sir Ragwold?"
"I am bloodied and battered, dear maither, be done
With your confounded interrogation."

"But Ragwold, my dear, you bleed at the nose,
And your ears, dear, are quite out of place,
And where have you left your right foot and left arm?
You must have been slugged with a mace."

"Oh maither, dear maither, of course I look worn.
As I haven't a tooth or a knee.
And what's left of my brains I left with my eye
And my nose near a blood-spattered tree."

"Oh my Ragwold, my Ragwold, I fear for your life
And your soul if you don't cease to play
At this terrible game that puts brothers at odds,
And kills so many friends, called croquet."

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