

# WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD



MARCH 1952

# WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD

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## ON THE COVER . . .

For this month's cover, we have again 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. 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 . . .

The Cord, though primarily a student publication, has incorporated in each issue an article written by some member of our faculty. Never having featured one of these articles in the past, the present editors have decided to break from this past precedent and enter Miss Roy's very interesting article entitled "So You Want to Write", appearing on page three, as the feature for this March issue.

To those who are in doubt as to just who is leaping this leap year, we refer them to the article "Who's Leaping" on page five. The facts and figures stated therein can be interpreted whichever way the reader pleases. For concrete clarification, however, we refer you to either the author or the co-eds—you'll find out!

The "Cercle francais" of Waterloo College is once again planning to display their linguistic ability with the play "Le Medecin Maigre Lui." Though the date is not yet certain, we are informed that it is to be presented sometime in March.

Bride of the Year! Yes, what girl wouldn't desire to be chosen just that. Mr. James St. Marie's fiance, Miss Lorraine Leith of Galt, happens to be the lucky one chosen by a Galt firm in their recent contest. Among the gifts received were: a 5-day honeymoon cruise on the Great Lakes, a week-end at Nymark's Lodge at St. Sauveur des Monts in the Laurentian Mountains, a matched set of luggage for the bride, an overcoat for the groom, etc. Their wedding date is set for June 28.

In accordance with the constitution of the "Cord", the fifth edition will be under the editorship and management of a new staff with the present staff acting in an advisory capacity.

THE EDITORS.



# So You Want To Write

No, it is no bother at all. I have a few minutes free in which I should be glad to talk to you about writing. Before I begin, though, you understand that I do not pretend to be a writer. If a mere reader can be of any help to you ask me what you wish, and I shall try to find my answers in my recollections of the lives of successful literary men and women.

**Q. Could you tell me first how I can be sure that I do want to write? Sometimes I am certain, and then I wonder whether I am just daydreaming.**

A. If you find yourself arranging things and people and happenings in patterns and if the patterns are more important than the reality you probably have the instincts of an artist. You must try to decide whether your designs are of line and colour, or of musical sound, or of words, and so it will do no harm to try to paint and to compose music, as well as to write. I know of one frustrated writer who was encouraged to buy some brushes and colours. He is still unsuccessful but he is happy. A poet whose love of sound is greater than his love of meaning might do well to desert literature for music.

There is one sign by which you may detect a talent for writing. Just a moment while I look up the passage. This was written by Samuel Butler, himself a master of English prose:

"If a man carries with him a little sketch book and is continually jotting down sketches, he has the artistic instinct: a hundred things may hinder his due development, but the instinct is there. The literary instinct may be known by a man's keeping a small notebook in his waistcoat pocket, into which he jots down anything that strikes him, or any good thing that he hears said, or a reference to any passage which he thinks will come in useful to him."

Have you such a small notebook?

**Q. Yes, I have, but no waistcoat pocket, I am afraid. Sports jackets now, you know. I keep newspaper clippings too, of all sorts of things that some day I might work into short stories or a novel.**

**I guess I am on the right track. But my Upper School English teacher used to get after me about my grammar and spelling. Do you think they really matter if you have ideas?**

A. Ideas do not exist until you give them life through expression. You must be able to find the right words for your thoughts and the best order for your words. There are a few rules that if observed make it easier to find the most effective expression and it is foolish to disregard them. Most of the rules help us to write so that our meaning can be readily understood. The dangling participles, the misplaced modifiers, the vague pronoun references of which your teacher probably disapproved are bad because they make your expression muddy instead of clear. There are other rules that it is unwise to break if you want social approval. I once knew a writer who insisted that "ain't" is an acceptable word. He got away with it because people were amused, but they would have been embarrassed for him if he had habitually written, "He has wen."

I suggest that you buy a copy of Fowler's **Modern English Usage** and read it, a few pages a day. It will set you right and entertain you as well.

And do be sure that you use words in their proper sense. When Mrs. Malaprop speaks of the "allegory on the banks of the Nile" or of a "progeny of learning". I laugh because I knew Sheridan intended me to. But how many times we must control our features for the sake of politeness when well-intentioned speakers make mistakes just as ridiculous as hers.

As for spelling, when you make enough money you can hire a secretary to attend to it, but in the meantime pin your faith on a good pocket dictionary.

**Q. Should I register in Honours English?**

A. Yes, and no. Congenial friends and a wide knowledge of English literature are both so valuable to a writer that unless you have access to both in your home life you had better make sure of them at the University. In Honours English classes you will meet other

students who are interested in books, and you will be able to read the works that fifty years ago any man, educated in any field, would have read in his spare time as a matter of course.

On the other hand, a student who wants to write would be well advised to enroll in the field of science, or philosophy, or history, or classics. I say that because our best writers in the past have not been specifically trained in English literature. It may be that in medicine, or history they gained that sense of fact and of order so necessary to the novelist or poet. But today a specialist in science, for instance, has so few leisure hours, and those our age fills with so many other interests, that he is not likely to read much poetry.

You may wonder why I think you should read so much in English. It is my belief that without a knowledge of the possibilities of this medium the writer can waste half his creative life, trying to discover for himself what Chaucer, or Milton, or Donne, found out before him. I suppose you might invent the sonnet form by yourself if you experimented long enough, but how much more sensible to learn its possibilities and limitations from Spenser and Hopkins so that you can start where they left off.

**Q. Some of my friends say that if I want to write I must be sure to see life. Do you think that they are right?**

A. If they mean what I think they mean it makes no difference, so far as writing is concerned. The professor of ethics could discuss the question with you from another point of view, but I have read the lives of a great many English writers and I cannot see that their behavior had much to do with their art. It seems that a man may forge a cheque and run off with the wife of his friend and still be an excellent poet. (I cannot at the moment think of any writer so enterprising but the illustration can stand.) But it also seems that a man may conscientiously break all the commandments and still be a mediocre artist. Robert Burns thought that profligacy was apt to blunt the sensibility, the first requisite of the poet, and he probably

knew as much about the matter as we do. See his **Epistle to a Young Friend**.

The variety of your experience is not as important as the acuteness and the honesty of your response to life. There have been successful writers who dramatized themselves and put on attitudes. But I doubt whether they fooled themselves. Dr. Johnson said it better than I can. Where is my Boswell?

"My dear friend, clear your **mind** of cant. You may **talk** as other people do; you may say to a man, 'Sir, I am your most humble servant.' You are not his most humble servant."

**Q. I think I get the idea. Be yourself, eh? There's another thing. Perhaps I should try to get to Europe. Isn't that what people like Hemingway did?**

A. Hemingway left home over thirty years ago, at a time when the most powerful forces in American life were so hostile to artistic integrity that the novelist had to conform or escape. In Canada today circumstances are more propitious for the writer than they have ever been. I am not referring to the fact that even the third-rate novel is sure of a kindly reception. I do mean that the national life is ready for its literary flowering.

As Malcolm Ross has said, "We are a uniquely structured people with multi-dimensional cultural possibilities . . . We take our life from the fruitful collision in interpretation of many inheritances." In spite of the artificial conformity of small groups of people in what I can only identify as the upper middle income brackets — an ill phrase, a vile phrase — Canada has in our time an unparalleled variety of ways of life from which the writer can choose his raw material. Before you decide to go abroad, experience as much as possible of the life of Canada. Get the flavour of the Vancouver waterfront, of the Empress Hotel when it is time for tea. Join an oil crew bringing in a well in Alberta. Go out in a fishing boat from one of those Newfoundland ports with Elizabethan names where the speech is close to that of Shakespeare. Learn enough French to share in a Quebec parish festival.

They say a writer should first write  
(Continued on page 12)



# WHO'S LEAPING

"Brunhilde, we have been going steady for three years — ever since that night, when you tried to burn my hair off at the frosh wiener roast. I don't know what it is I like about you the most, your devil-may-care attitude or your money. All I know is that when I'm alone with you, here under the stars, I am intoxicated with the nearness of you — you drive me mad, mad, and if I should lose you, my life would become an empty shell and I an aimless wanderer, existing meagerly in a loveless life. Brunhilde, I am asking you to be my wife — I swear I have never loved anyone before or ever will love again. Think of how wonderful it will be, just the five of us, mother, dad, me, you and my pet goldfish Francesca. We need you to make a home out of our little nest. Can't you see how much you mean to me. Come let me press you to my bosom and answer me with a kiss!"

Brunhilde, who has been calmly chewing her spearmint all the while, tucks it under her upper lip and answers unmistakably in her clear alto: "No!" Although the conversation was a little wordy on one side, we have no difficulty in discerning how she feels about the whole thing. Is it because of Anthony's extremely low forehead, that he gets such a firm rebuttal? No! Brunhilde is a college girl. In case this is not self-explanatory, allow me to paint two pictures. One, life with Anthony and the other life without Anthony.

If Brunhilde's answer had been yes, she would have had to change her comfortable existence for wedded bliss with Anthony and his parents, who have their apartment over Cleo la Seour's Fish Palace. At first everything is wonderful — love is blind, thank goodness, and for the first six months everything is tinged with a rosy light. But then, the disillusionment starts. The existence, which before had been delightfully Bohemian, is now just plain repulsive. Brunhilde wakes up to the fact that not only has she promised to honor and obey Anthony, but in these days that also includes helping to pay the installments on the television

set. Life has become one endless game of give and take with the finance company. After another six months, Anthony will have taken to drink and Brunhilde will have either taken a stab at cutting her wrists or else she will be pushing a baby carriage around wherever she goes. Many times she passes the window of the travel agency and imagines what life would have been like without Anthony . . . . .

Aboard a huge stratoliner, we see Brunhilde, who is private secretary to one of Canada's most distinguished business tycoons, winging her way with her boss to the Alberta oil fields. Brunhilde's suits are designed by Phillip Magone, her hats dreamed up by Mr. John, her feet shod by Periguin and her face lifted by Max Factor. But, just because she has become successful, this does not mean that she does not wish to marry. When she does, however, it will be a man of substance. These rare and wonderful creatures are easily recognized by their plumage — a little grey at the temples, Homberg, valise, white carnation, white shirt, conservative tie and gloves. He knows how to dress down to the last meticulous detail, e.g. when he is invited to go on a yachting party, he will first discover tactfully how long the yacht is and dress accordingly. Of course, who would be caught dead on a yacht under fifty feet in length. By getting one of these specimens, you can be sure of honeymooning at Capri and leading a brillianity social life in London or New York.

It is therefore the contemplation of the second picture that keeps the college girl from jumping into marriage. She is not economically dependent on the male and you cannot blame her for seeking a place in the sun for herself, after spending three or more years muddling through Physical Science and Philosophy. But, nevertheless she is still accused of going to college to catch a man.

If you're a Lutheran you're really in for it. Your local Ladies' Aid has you pegged. They will accuse you of going

(Continued on pag 10)

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## Literary

### THE ISLE OF AN UNKNOWN SEA

The water splashes against the shore  
Of a lonely Isle where the wind doth  
    roar.

There's a cold, dark cave seven miles  
    long

Where a weird, strange creature sings  
    a song.

He sings of the wonders of the earth;  
He sings of the time of Abel's birth;  
Of days when no one lived but he

On this lonely Isle in an Unknown Sea.

There's a misty fog all about the isle  
And a mountain peak that rises high;  
And at evening when the sun is low

The island shines with a wondrous  
    glow.

Then, creeping about, slinking like a  
    hound,

This weird, strange creature prowls  
    around.

I saw him go up the mountain side  
At the top of which, there opened wide  
A portal. As he entered in

There was a wail and a might din.  
The fog disappeared and the sky was  
    clear —

I thought "I'm getting away from  
    here."

I ran for my boat; as I reached the  
    shore

I heard a wail and a mighty roar.  
All I could see was fog once more,  
And heard water splashing on the shore.

"Begone, mortal, from this isle-of-mine!  
There's a curse on me 'till the end of

    time."

Thus spoke the monster and, added  
    this:

"No more shall mankind know life's  
    bliss.

No more shall man be kind and free,  
He'll hate and die because of me.

He'll make weapons with cunning skill;  
He'll lie, deceive, torture and kill."

"Not so," said I, "We'll have love yet,  
We'll make your prophecy wrong, I bet.  
For hate, fear, greed and sin will fail.

By Christian faith — love will prevail  
And Christ, Our Saviour, will lead us on  
'Till all the nations shall be as one."

"Alright," quoth he, "Have it your way,  
But take heed now of what I say."

Then he crept from his cave once more  
And started running toward the shore.

I hoisted sail and hurried to go,  
But the sea was calm, my ship moved  
    slow.

He caught me, carried me to his den,  
Where I saw the bones of many men.

"Oh, what has fate in store for me  
Because I entered this Unknown Sea?"

"These bones you see are of men who  
    died

For the cause of freedom, against self-  
    ish pride.

Unless men learn to trust in God  
There'll be more men dying on foreign  
    sod.

Now I'll sing my song of woe  
Stranger, then I'll let you go."

The song he sang was worse than death;  
He shed great tears that made me wet,

He looked at me, his eyes did glare —  
I couldn't stand that awful stare.

He shrieked. I screamed, a terrible  
    scream;

Then I awoke — 'twas all a dream.  
On misty nights when the waters moan

And fog gathers about my home,  
Thoughts of that creature come to me,

I think of his home in that awful sea;  
I think "How terrible it would be

To find the Isle of an Unknown Sea."

CLYDE WENTZELL

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As this is my last chance to sound off in this magazine, everyone told me that I should pull myself apart instead of other people, but I prefer to leave this job to my friends! So instead, I will give you an excerpt from my memoirs, which I plan on writing in 1990. It may also soothe the pain of all those that are mired in Stoicism or the B.N.A. Act.

I spent two of the most enlightening years of my life shut up in a room with six men and five other girls. It was not the Black Hole of Calcutta, mind you, but it ran it a close second. And how did I get into this predicament you ask? Well, it was very simple. You too may have such an experience if you're not careful.

I had just finished a business course at our local high school and I proceeded confidently to the Stratford Unemployment Bureau, where I was going to announce my availability to the business world. Oddly enough, I was not snatched up for two weeks, but one day, an efficient voice informed me over the telephone that a position was now available. Resplendently attired in what the well-dressed business girl should wear, I picked up my introduction slip at the bureau and set out for A. R. Pindelbody and Son's Wholesale Vegetable, Fruit, Tobacco and Confectionary Co. Ltd., the only company this side of the Rocky Mountains with pink and black trucks. The man at the desk, whom I later began to know as George, and how I loathed him, told me to sit down until I got the signal to proceed into Mr. Pindelbody's lair.

At last the great moment arrived and I opened the big door that had "A. R. Pindelbody, Private" inscribed elaborately on it. I was confronted by the cover of a large magazine above which little curls of smoke arose spasmodically. I knew he was there because I heard him breathing and when the magazine was lowered, I saw the face of the man that would hand me my little (very little) pay

envelope every Friday. Mr. Pindelbody always handed it to you as though he expected you to lick his hand or something before he finally surrendered it to you. "Well young lady, let's see how your shorthand is?" Diabolically, he picked up the Banana Buyers' Guide and after a laugh that rivalled that of a mongolian idiot, he proceeded on a discourse about the evils of banana buying. I shall never forget the short form for banana and I thought I would always have bananas in my dreams. I sweated through it somehow and transcribed it on Mr. Underwood's first attempt at a typewriter, the Typing Tilly, the pride of 1898! Yes there it was, my first banana letter. From the look of approval on A. R.'s face I knew that I was in! I was to start work the following day at the exorbitant figure of \$17.83. Heavens, what would I do with it all? It was a day for singing and dancing in the streets!

It took me two weeks to get acclimatized to my job, but I never got acclimatized to Mr. Pindelbody. The strictest part of his economizing programme was centred around the word — heat! I shall never forget that morning that he assembled the whole staff and said: "Folks, as you all know, I am running this business for a profit. In a profit making business, we must all make sacrifices and then we shall come out on top. As you all know, the weather is getting hot, very hot and it's going to get hotter." Everyone opened their collars. "Now, you don't want to be a buch of namby-pambys and start asking for fans and pop and all that sort of stuff, do you?" After he had us convinced, he proceeded to outline his policy for keeping the staff cool. "As you all know, air conditioning starts on the inside. The most effective way of keeping cool, then dear people, is to drink a tablespoon of salt in a glass of water every morning upon rising and you will all be as crisp as one of our own lettuce heads." I can see he hadn't taken

Continued on page 18)

## WHO'S LEAPING

(Continued from page 5)

to Waterloo to snap up a seminary student. Mothers, too, are very good harbingers at giving their sons the wrong picture of college girls. A member of the faculty gave the boys reason to distrust us at the first L.S.A. meeting of the 1949 term. He said: "L.S.A. is an organization for young people to get to 'know one another and get married.'"

After all this, it does not seem surprising that college boys are reduced to veritable bundles of nerves. Even the Psychology 20 course puts them on the wrong road. We are taught that there is a very low marriage rate for college girls. When students are presented with this bit of information, they naturally assume the wrong thing. They assume that college girls are therefore less desirable as wives. This of course is not true. They probably think that a college girl getting a proposal of marriage is an almost unheard of event.

After an intensive investigation I have found that this is not so. Waterloo girls receive an average of 3.72 proposals before they even graduate. The low ratio is not therefore because they never get proposals, but because they always say no. With 89.32% it is no, every time. Just walk up to one of them and ask them — you'll find out!

Yes bachelors, it is not the college girl that has evil designs upon you, it is the other ones that you must watch.

Those girls that have been working for four or five years in the dime store or the shirt factory — they are the ones that become bored with their jobs and grab the first meal ticket that comes along. Beware of the breathless gush of flattery, that is so characteristic of this type. According to Dr. Maxmilian Von Oppenheimer, bachelors are more vulnerable to the designing female before twenty-one or after thirty. In the intermediary period you are quite safe to any woman with visions of orange blossoms dancing through her head. So, boys, take a deep breath and rest your weary minds, danger does not lurk in the halls of Waterloo College, but anywhere else, you are strictly on your own!

N. E.

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## AND THEN . . .

She rocked slowly and watched the snow falling softly outside. The rocking chair creaked in noisy protest — she must remember to get that chair fixed. Every time someone sat there it really made the most dreadful sound. Marie should be here soon. Maybe a quiet bridge game would be nice for a change — especially after the horrible things that had been happening. How could that man murder all those innocent people without any reason at all? Strange that they had all been well-to-do widows. Well, she was a widow too but not well-to-do really. Everyone was so upset about it. Well, she was going to be different. It didn't frighten her.

That must be Marie coming up the steps now. They'd have to hurry because Marg didn't like when people were late. She and Marie walked quickly down the street and through the shadowy, dimly-lit park to Marg's house. The evening passed quickly and pleasantly except for the nervous tension that permeated the room. Would there be a next victim — and who, was the question that was written on everyone's face altho' they tried to hide it. Somehow the thought of the mysterious murders still didn't frighten her. Nothing exciting had ever happened to her and she didn't suppose it was going to start now.

By the time the party broke up, it had stopped snowing and a moon flickered dimly through the clouds. They

stood on the porch for a few minutes talking and altho' the others practically begged her to let them walk her home, she insisted that she wanted to go alone. Why did they all seem so afraid for her? It was just plain silly — she would be alright. She walked slowly, enjoying the crackling of the snow under her feet. See, she was half-way home and nothing had hap- - - - -, was that footsteps? But that was silly. No, there they were again! She'd walk faster; the footsteps were faster too. She could feel panic clutching her. What was she going to do? She was almost home — she'd run, that was it — run! There was her house — almost there — if only she could get inside — get the doors locked — she'd be safe. Where was that key? Hurry! There, the door was unlocked; she was safe. She locked the door behind her.

Cautiously she looked out the window into the darkness. Why, there was no one there. No one had been following her. How silly to let her imagination run away with her like that. She was the one who wasn't going to be frightened. It really had been very foolish of her. Well, that was that.

She turned around slowly. As she reached for the light switch of the dark living-room, the rocking chair creaked a noisy warning. A dark figure very slowly unfolded itself from the rocket and stood, silently watching her, in a shaft of ghostly light from the quiet world outside.

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## SO YOU WANT TO WRITE

Continued from page 4)

about that which he knows best. You were born here, weren't you? Your first book may be an expression of the life of this community, then. But do not start it until you have looked at your home town from a distance and have seen its outlines as part of a larger design. You may not be able to do your writing here. The writer who is too firmly rooted is likely to produce either satire or sentimentality and we have had quite enough of both.

You may have to hammer out a new kind of book. No one yet has created a satisfactory aesthetic equivalent for a Southern Ontario community. We can overlook **Sunshine Sketches** because it was presided over by the comic spirit which does not allow the writer to see life whole. Someone has yet to create the verbal rhythms, to assemble and arrange the images that will give immortality to a small city like yours. Perhaps the task is waiting for you. Many years from now, after you have created your form and established your language it may be that you will be the one to make the first literary monument of the whole of Canada. Until someone does succeed in giving imaginative form to our national modes of thought and existence it is useless to haver about "realm" or "Dominion." Not the politician but the artist will make Canada an entity.

Was that the bell I heard some time ago? And I have not yet said anything

about how a Canadian writer is to live. But if you have the spark of genius you will find a way to write and to eat too. There aren't any mute, inglorious Miltons, you know, just a figure of speech. If the real Milton had been born in Stoke Poges . . . Oh, you have a class too? And it is fifteen minutes past the hour? Of course you must go. Good luck.

Now, where did I leave my notes. I hope a few students will still be there when I arrive in my lecture room. . . .

Miss Flora Roy

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# Alumni Notes

## Grads Return For Hockey Game

Travelling by train, motor car and thumb, former College hockey stars returned to Waterloo to defend their laurels against the present Varsity squad. Skates, pads and sticks were hauled out of storage for the big event. The game took place at the Waterloo Arena on Friday evening, February 8th. A fair-sized crowd of Alumni supporters was on hand to cheer the favorites of yesterday. Although the Undergraduates won the game by a score of five to three, the contest was much more evenly drawn than the figures indicate. Handicapped by lack of practice, the Grads found it difficult to develop the team-play they once enjoyed. Occasionally a flash of former brilliance would appear as one of the Grads streaked down the ice with the puck. The efforts, however, were not sufficiently sustained to ensure victory. It was a great game, nevertheless, and all who witnessed it agree that it must become an annual event.

The Grad line-up was as follows: **Albert Augustine '49, Russell Seltzer '49, Verdon Yates '49, Bob Damman '45, Harry Weaver '48, John Carlisle '49, Bill Giller '48, Bob Ritter '51, James Bauer, Waler Kramer, Fred Kalbfleisch.**

**Helmut Binhammer '48** served as manager for the team, while **Fred Janke '48** coached the boys.

The Athenaeum entertained the Alumni in the College Gymnasium following the hockey game.

## WITH THE YEARS

### 1934

Mrs. Lionel West (**Norma Maxwell**) is now living at Islington Heights. She gives as her occupation "housewife." When a group of Kitchener Air Cadets recently visited the RCAF Station at Centuria, they were addressed by the Commanding Officer, who was none other than Group Captain **W. W. Bean, O.B.E.**

### 1935

**Louis Saddler**, who specialized in Classics while at Waterloo, is on the staff

of the Niagara Falls Collegiate Institute.

### 1938

If the records are correct, **Albert Hunsberger** is on the staff of the Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate. His specialty is Vocational Guidance. After a sojourn of several years in Western Canada, Mrs. Keith MacDonald (**Mary Tait**) is now living in Toronto. Keith, who also attended Waterloo in the thirties, is Ontario Salesmanager for the Industrial Acceptance Corporation. They have two children, a daughter six and a son four.

### 1939

**Mary Hoffman**, who is now Mrs. George Weston, is making her home in Belleville where her husband has a position with the Stewart-Warner Corporation.

### 1941

According to a report received, **Lloyd Winhold** is practising law in London. A classmate, Rev. **Wallace Minke** of Rosebay, N.S., represents the Nova Scotia Synod on the Board of Governors of Waterloo College.

### 1942

A graduate in Honors English, **Luella Pruess** is teaching at the Kenora Collegiate Institute.

### 1944

After completing work for the Bachelor of Music degree, **Eldred Winkler** turned to teaching. He is now on the staff of Pickering High School.

### 1945

Mr. and Mrs. **David Shantz** (the former **MaMry Shupe**) are living in Toronto where Dave is associated with an accountancy firm. He graduated in Business Administration in 1949. **Frank Keating** has a position with the Bell Telephone Company and is stationed in Owen Sound. He is married and has two daughters, two and a half years and fifteen months in age. On the staff of Port Elgin High School, we find the name of Mrs. G. H. Fitten(**Elaine Smith**). **William Artindale** is practising law in Kitchener.

Continued on page 16)





## PRO

We have frequently heard the adage: "Experience is the best teacher." But is it? Consideration of this subject leads us to doubt these much-repeated words of wisdom.

Within our generation we have seen the resignations of Italy and Japan from the League of Nations so their conquests would be less hindered. Should we force this same opportunity for aggression on the Communist states by dismissing them from the U.N.? — or have we elarned our lesson in the prep school called the League of Nations?

We desire peace in the world and from our point of view the Communists are the main obstacle to the fulfillment of that aim. The U.N. is an organization within which we can negotiate for that peace. Therefore if the Communists were dismissed, our hopes for negotiating for world peace would be shattered. Let's not defeat our own purpose. The more arguments put forth regarding the obstinacy or crafty dealings of the U.S.S.R., the more reasons why we should keep the Communists in the U.N. for negotiation and persuasion.

It is impossible to ignore the Communist countries and live in our own little world surrounded by a glass wall — the glass can be too easily shattered by a well-directed stone. The Communist states are real and we must cope with them.

A dismissal of the Communists from the U.N. on the grounds of lack of cooperation would be ridiculous. Of course we disagree on most problems — but it is an obviously natural disagreement. With two differing economical-ideological-cultural powers, opposition is quite understandable. And it is here the U.N. can perform a tremendous contribution to mankind. East and West do disagree — but to what extent? Dr. C. D. Fuller of the University of Denver writes: "From the halls of the U.N. men can gradually come to know what East and West must concede to each other if a durable world

# Should We Oust The Com

order is to be established."

Can we terminate Communist membership in the U.N. on the grounds of their external relations? Have they violated the U.N. constitution or international law? Have they openly fought or taken territories? Prove it if you say they have. The U.S.A. and Britain have failed to show where the U.S.S.R. has openly attacked and confiscated the freedoms of countries.

Article Two of the U.N. Charter reads: "The Organization is based on the principle of the sovereign equality of all its members." Therefore if the U.S.S.R. or its satellites or any other members of the U.N. feel their sovereignty is being infringed upon, they have the right to defend it. This may mean disagreements in the Assembly and the use of the veto but according to the U.N. Charter it is their safeguard.

Communists haven't used force to extend their powers. If it can be said they have extended their doctrine, the same can be said of the U.S.A. The famous "Point Four" of President Truman's inaugural address was for his country to furnish the "know how" to backward countries. Furthermore if millions of people are starving and depressed, why shouldn't they turn to Communism and try it? They have nothing to lose since they can become no more miserable than they are and there's always the possibility they may be able to better themselves.

If the Communist states leave the U.N. then it won't be the United Nations any longer—but only a group of allies pitted against the Communists. The U.S.S.R. represents the third largest group of people and the largest land area of any member in the U.N. Can we ignore its 8,095,728 square miles of the earth's surface? Can we ignore its 227 million people? Besides the U.S.S.R., the Communist block includes Czechoslovakia, Poland, White Russia, Yugoslavia, and the Ukraine. Can we refuse to acknowledge their existence?

(Continued on page 18)



# munists From The U.N.?

It has been resolved that the membership of all communist states in the United Nations should be terminated. We propose to uphold this resolution. Since, with the exception of one, all communist states are dominated by the Soviet Union, and since the Soviet Union is the only state with a vote in the Security Council, we will generally refer to her in connection with the resolution.

In the United Nations charter, signed in San Francisco in 1945, the Soviet Union and the rest of the new U.N. member states agreed that one of the main purposes of the U.N. would be "to maintain peace and security." The Soviet Union has not fulfilled that pledge. On the contrary, she has done everything in her power to frustrate the work of peace-seeking nations. This is clearly evident by her action in creating the Berlin blockade and later by her action in the Korea War. When Communist North Korea attacked non-communist South Korea the U.N. peace commission determined immediately that the fighting should stop. A meeting was called for the purpose of drawing up a cease-fire order. The Soviet Union refused to attend. When the order was issued without Soviet ratification, it was flouted by North Korea which declared it was illegal. At a subsequent meeting of the second session of the Assembly, the Soviet Union, Ukraine, Byelorussia, Poland, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia, all communist states, refused to co-operate in the work of the Korean Commission. Under Article II of the U.N. charter all member states have given their solemn pledge to "fulfill in good faith the obligations assumed by them under the charter." They have undertaken "to give the United Nations every assistance in every action it takes in accordance with the present charter." It is their duty "to accept all lawful decision of the majority and to co-operate in putting them into effect." By their refusal to co-operate in this and also the Balkan Investigation Commission, these communist states have

CON



forfeited their membership by breaking the pledges they made in signing the U.N. charter. This then is our first reason why communist membership in the U.N. should be terminated.

The Soviet Union regards the U.N. as a counter revolutionary bourgeois parliament, which she joined to undermine and destroy from within. One method the Soviet Union makes flagrant use of to accomplish this end is propaganda. The U.N., instead of being an organization for discussing and ironing out difficulties as it was intended, has become merely a sounding board for communist propaganda. The U.N. then is a tool in the hands of the communists, a tool by which she prevents the rest of the world from acting, while she uses the precious time wasted to prepare for a third world war. We should not allow the U.N. to be used as a weapon against democracy and the western world. This is our second reason for upholding the resolution.

By virtue of the veto, the communist bloc through the Soviet Union indirectly control the action of the rest of the world. It is possible for the rest of the U.N. member states to do as much as the communist powers wish to do and no more. The Soviet Union had used the power of the veto 22 times up until 1948 after that we lost count. The power of the veto has been abused and it is important to demonstrate the truth of this statement beyond the shadow of a doubt. We think the following illustrates most strikingly the arbitrary way in which this power has been exercised. Case of Syria and Lebanon, Feb. 4, 1946. The Governments of Syria and Lebanon asked the Sec. Gen. of the U.N. to ask the Security Council to request the simultaneous evacuation of French and British troops from their two countries. During the debate it was clear that both France and Britain contemplated early withdrawal.

The only points of difficulty were the time and rate of withdrawal. A resolution was drawn up by the United States, calling for withdrawal and specifying time and rate. It was approved by a majority vote. The Soviet Union promptly vetoed the resolution. This resolution in no way affected Russia. This was an irresponsible act, contrary to statements made at San Francisco. It will be argued that the veto was a mistake in the charter. When a mistake is recognized is it wise to continue erring? This sometimes irresponsible, sometimes dangerous use of the veto by the Soviet Union is our third reason for upholding the resolution.

If the United Nations fails, the cause will lie with the Soviet Union and other communist states. The main reason the League of Nations failed was that member nations failed to co-operate adequately in carrying out the purposes of the League. Communist policy in the U.N. is to co-operate or obstruct action, depending on which policy best serves the interest of the Soviet Union. There are other reasons for the failure of the League. Two of them are, failure to subordinate narrow nationalism to an idea of broad internationalism, and failure to observe pledged international word. If the communist states were not narrowly nationalistic, there would be no "iron curtain." That they are not observing the pledges they made in the charter, is made clear in the first point. We do not want the U.N. to fail. That is our fourth reason for upholding the resolution.

Those who oppose the resolution will without doubt say that the U.N. will cease to be a United Nations without the communist member states. They will say it is not according to democratic principals that so many millions of people should be unrepresented. That the U.N. would be dis-united we shall cast out as an empty technical term. The U.N. with the communist powers fighting her from within is just as disunited as a U.N. with the Communist powers fighting her from without. To the statement that it would be undemocratic to terminate the membership of the communist states and there-

fore defeat our purpose in a U.N., we say that it would neither be more nor less democratic. In the Soviet Union, not to mention countless other communist dominated states, there is a population of well over 200,000,000, increasing by 3,000,000 every year. These people are represented by one party (which means they are not positively represented at all, lacking a choice) the Bolsheviks, who number approximately 6,000,000. The policy of this party is determined by Stalin and a few henchmen. These henchmen constitute the representation of the Soviet people in the U.N. To say this representation is democratic is unfair to countless Russians. Communist representation could not be less democratic if communist state membership in the U.N. was terminated. We therefore maintain in our own interests, and in the interest of the peoples of those communist states, that the membership of all communist states in the United Nations should be terminated.

Betty Mannerow

## ALUMNI

(Continued from page 13)

### 1946

**Leila Bier** has left Flesherton High School to join the staff of the High School at Port Hope.

### 1947

Mr. and Mrs. **Dale Beckstead (Audrey Brock)** have taken up residence in Brantford where Dale represents the Canada Health and Accident Insurance Company. They have two children, a son of four years and a daughter of eighteen months. **Wallace Ewald** has gone further afield. He is teaching Biology and Physics at Queen's College, Nassau, Bahamas. Rev. **Hartwig Pruess** is the pastor of a Lutheran parish at Port Clinton, Ohio.

### 1950

Mr. and Mrs. **Forrest Mosher** received a unique Valentine. A son was born to them on February 14th. He is to be christened Paul but will be known familiarly as "Little Mo."



# Athletics

Do you ever get that low down feeling? You know one of those days when nothing seems to go right. Well that is about the way I felt on this particular day.

I suppose it all started with some caustic student approaching me with the statement: "Say fellow you really picked the right name for the basketball team when you called them "the Mules," only you should have called them the "jackasses" and without further adieu he shouts 82:31 and stomps off.

With a shrug of my shoulders I retreated down the corridor to meet another irate undergraduate who in a sardonic tone comments: "Say boy, why don't you buy those hockey bums roller skates? At least they could stand up on them." Then out of the blue the treasurer of the Athletic Directorate approaches me and expounds thus — "I have made my stand! Unless we follow the policy I resign!" At this point I was ready to climb into the incinerator at the rear of the school and say, "Okay, Nick, light it up!" Very dejectedly, I slunk into the library to hide amongst the dark and musty stacks. Hmmm — what's this, why it says Waterloo College Cords — 1926-1951. And so I sat down and spent an interesting two hours reading about the problems, trials and tribulations of Waterloo College students of previous years.

Do you know that in 1927 football was inaugurated in the college, and that the Athletic Directorate was formed in that year. Yes, they were trying days. The boys played their games in a hay-field with practically no equipment to speak of. Everybody played football in those days, including the professors and the waterboy. Vainly the students sought an athletic field, as illustrated by this excerpt from a 1927 "Cord." "When we look out back of the college and see the big field which stretches to King Street, we cannot but hope and pray that some time in the future the college will have its own playing field."

As far as basketball was concerned, the team used the little college gym which today we dislike using even for intra-mural basketball. Quite often the team didn't even have uniforms. The purchase of a basketball was a major issue in the Athletic Directorate.

The hockey team played local teams when, and if, there was natural ice. Their equipment was practically non-existent. Yes, Waterloo Athletics have come through some lean and arduous years. Many student executives faced the problems we have today: Lack of co-operation interest and spirit. Yet they coped with these problems to the best of their ability. In those days it was a doubtful decision if one of our teams was placed in a church league, whereas today we are debating in intermediate intercollegiate competition.

As you go through our athletic history you will find victories and defeats. You can see the places where our sports writers tried to make things sound a little better, when we actually took a beating. Yet each year the students came out with the dogged determination to make a little better showing.

Oh yes, we have had outstanding athletes, men such as Lloyd Schaus '26, G. Hagey '29, R. Tailby '39, K. Totzke '47, R. Hamblin '47 and many more. Perhaps if you corner some of the Alumnae, they could give you some real history of the "old days."

With reverent thought, I closed the volume of "Cords" and immediately began to review where we of 51-52 stand. We have one of the best football fields in this part of Ontario, our football equipment could be worse. Our hockey team has a modern arena to practice in and our basketball team has facilities comparable to the new Thames Hall in London. There are many faults we would like to correct in our Athletic programme, but things really worthwhile are not accomplished overnight. In years to come, student executives will probably laugh at our efforts, but though the



methods and people change, the motive never does.

To the athlete at Waterloo College, there is a tradition twenty six years old. It is the tradition of good clean sport, not for the game's sake, nor for the individual glory, but for the co-operation, friendship and character it develops. So to the students I say, you are not the first to stand on the football field on a cold windy afternoon, when all hope of winning is lost, nor are you the first to skate your heart out and lose by five goals or lose a basketball game by forty points. But have you the determination to come back next year with the desire to try again, to do a better job?

KENNETH COKER

### PRO

(Continued from page 14)

The United Nations was founded with high hopes for its use as the instrument to future world peace. Shall we destroy these hopes? Or shall we permit it to become what the poet predicted — "The Parliament of Man and the Federation of the World?"

BRUCE A. OWEN

### STATIC

(Continued from page 9)

a look at them lately. "Now let's everybody scoop up some salt out of the salt bin and drink up together." Everyone toasted one another with salt water and then returned to our work, under the false assumption that we had the smartest boss ever.

In the fall, we went through a similar experience. Why we'd just be namby-pambys if we wanted the furnace lit before November the first. It's too bad A. R. didn't have any pull with Mother Nature because as soon as he'd leave for the bank everybody would rush into his office, where he thought he had been able to keep his little Quebec heater a secret. We warmed our little blue hands and watched out the window for the big Frazer to return bearing our commander-in-chief.

The business was also a charitable organization for all the old fossils of the Pindelbody family. C. J. was one of these. Old Sockeye, as we lovingly called him was titular head of the grocery buyers. He was a very large man and as a result, his tailor always had to add a triangle of extra material to the seat of his trousers in order to accommodate his lumbar region. Nothing seemed to fit the poor man. His pants were too small and his false teeth were too big. Everytime he dictated a letter to me, I got a fine spray of Old Clug's Plug (fit for a gutter snipe) sprayed all over my face and notebook. Yessir, they didn't call me freckleface for nothing those days.

There were odd rays of sunshine that made up for everything however. Every Friday afternoon, our itinerant salesmen would come back and they had a jolly reunion with A. R. With loud guffaws they slapped their nickels down on A. R.'s desk, playing their weekly game of "odd man out," to see who would buy the chocolate bars this time. Guess who always won. That's right, good old A.R. Boy, those guys certainly knew what side of their bread was buttered.

We also had one big romance. One of the office girls married the Lipton Tea salesman. Poopsie, that's what we called him, came from Ceyon and was smitten he first time that he saw Dorothy. After seeing what luck she had, all the girls insisted on having their desks moved so that they would get a head on glance from every salesman that came through the door. I was bridesmaid for Dorothy and had the pleasure of walking down the aisle on the arm of Poopsie's brother, Waldemar. Ah yet, there is nothing more beautiful than love! Dorothy is still working at the banana plant and Poopsie is still on the road.

But the highlight of the year was the annual company picnic. A. R., with his face emitting rays of sweetness and light, would announce that the company was going to Goderich on their annual outing. The staff, was then allowed to jump up and down with cries of unrepressed delight. Then, when the great day came,

we were loaded into the back of those big pink and black trucks, like a herd of underprivileged children being sent to the country to see their first tree, and we bounced down Highway 8 towards the lake.

Upon arrival, A. R. took us on a tour of the "prettiest town in Canada," pointing out the local points of interest, the salt mines, the coal foundaries and the community horse trough. After this we transported ourselves back to the park for the races. The hottest part of the day was spent jumping around in potato bags and running around on three legs in order to entertain dear A. R., who sat under his big beach umbrella watching the cavorting of his big happy family, and I'm sure thinking himself to be very unselfish to deprive himself of his personal time just for our pleasure.

My last memory of A. R. was on that historical day of Sept. 17, 1949, when I walked bravely into his office and told him I wanted to quit because I desired to enjoy the finer things of life — name-

ly Waterloo College. His lower jaw struck his desk in mute disbelief. But the next day, he presented me with a pen and pencil set, shook me by the hand, and as I walked out the door, his words rang in my ear — "Good luck, girl, get in there and fight."

Norma Elligsen

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# MILTON ENLIVENED IN PACIFIC COAST EDITION

Vancouver, (CUP)—Campus Chaff by Allan Fotheringham.

Once upon a time there was an educational institute known as Heaven Tech. Now this college had a pretty good football team, the Angels. In fact, the Angels were undefeated in the local universe and had the loudest, most enthusiastic cheering section in the neighbourhood (can you imagine 3,000 rooters all playing "Hit That Line" on their harps?).

Well, the team was sailing along fine until the whole backfield was caught cheating on exams. The four, Satan, Belial, Beelzebub and Mammon, were not only kicked off the team but their school sweaters were taken from them and they were told their services would no longer be required. The disgruntled four immediately enrolled in the University of Hell where the entrance exams were much easier.

Satan, the quarterback, calls the team into a huddle and explains the situation. He suggests an off-tackle smash at Earth. The fullback, Beelzebub, gets up on a soapbox, and says it's going to be a long, tough dash to Earth and asks who is going to have enough courage to try the broken-field run.

Timing his cue well, Big Hero Satan jumps up.

"I'll be the Lone Ranger" quoth he, the buttons popping off his shirt, "but on one condition—no one else can volunteer now that I am the fair-haired boy."

All the ex-Angels swoon over Satan's bravery.

"Oh, you big, brave boy!" they scream, "going down to Earth, home of income taxes, Christmas exams and sloe gin, all by your teensy-weensy self. Imagine that—and with Eve running around down there clad in a fig leaf original. How brave can you get?"

Displaying his best Peposdent smile, Satan mounts his pitchfork and is off in a cloud of Hellfire and brimstone. Landing in the approximate vicinity of Hollywood and Vine, he spies with his little eye Eve, who is wandering around looking for a bargain sale.

Satan takes the appearance of a Serpent (using mirrors) doing a dance that would put Gypsy Rose Lee to shame, and attracts Eve's attention. He gives her the gears about how good those Okanagan apples on that-thar-tree are. Eve, not realizing that Satan is the original door-to-door salesman, falls for his line. She sinks her molars into an apple and the Garden of Eden lights up like the head pin-ball machine in Harold's Club.

(Continued on page 23)

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# CANADA AS A NATION

Can a Canadian truly call himself a Canadian? What way can he prove to others, but mainly to himself, that he is worthy of such a patronymic? Is there any strategist or legislator in Canada who would stand up and speak his words plainly without fear of losing the popular vote? The Canadian Government is exemplary in following old English customs, but is this not an age of progress? Have people not the desire to get ahead?

Canada is the country of the future — anyone but a Canadian will tell you that! We are completely satisfied to sit back and stagnate with our laurels and commendations. In the meantime what will happen to Canada?

In the United States there are Slovaks, Poles, Germans, Italians, and Irishmen but they are Americans; they call themselves Americans and are proud of it. Many of them speak nothing but "bally-hoo" when they talk of their mad, irrepressible love for their country, yet do we hear any of that in our fair Dominion? (Yes, I said Dominion!) Is there any man who will advocate his true love for Canada and start a movement to herald his thoughts to all parts of the world? No, the usual answer you get is, "Well, yes I'm a Canadian but, . . ."

Will this attitude get us anywhere? Most people will say, if pressed, "Yes I'm ready to stand behind anybody who wants to get ahead in any way for the good of the country, but who am I to start it." Canada lacks leaders both spiritually and politically. She is in dire need of someone who, without personal or hypocritical desires, will instill in every Canadian, beginning with the youngest, the mad desire to be an active Canadian and to show other peoples and countries what we mean by true Nationalism.

Will the ordinary working man stand it? Will he watch the industries of Canada maintain the same level of production and efficiency they have for the past five years, or will he demand that we assume the responsibilities of one of the foremost industrial countries of the world? Canada is now having the chance, but soon it will be too late and we will have to wait for another fifty years before we will have the same opportunities again.

Canada wants people who want her! Canada wants people to strive and to succeed! Canada wants her people to be free and happy! Canada needs her people — Canada needs you!

D. I. J.

## AT GRADUATION TIME



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



*Charles Belair*

PHOTOGRAPHER

Dunker Building

Kitchener Ont.

# "Onward Christian Soldiers"

I met the pastor of St. Paul's last Monday. I said, "By your smile you must have done pretty good yesterday." "Better than that," he replied. "I had a guest artist take over. And he took everybody over." "How come?" I asked.

"It was Layman's Sunday. Usually a good thing, but better to look back on than forward to. This year I slipped one over on them. You know Jimmy Mitchell, just back from two years in the army in Korea? I figured he would give Layman's Sunday a shot in the arm, but I didn't reckon on him blowing up the place. He refused at first. Then, with a funny light in his eye, he said he would speak if I had the congregation sing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' just before he began. So I had them give forth with song, and then Jimmy let loose." He said, "You have been singing

Like a mighty army

Moves the church of God.

That might have been all right once. The trouble is now that just about ten million men on the North American continent know exactly how an army moves. And it doesn't move the way a lot of you folks at St. Paul's do — or do not. Suppose the army accepted the lame excuses that many of you people think are good enough to serve as an alibi for not attending Church Parade."

"Imagine his, if you can." Reveille seven a.m. Squads on the parade ground. The sergeant barks out, "Count fours." One! Two! Three! Number four missing. Where's Private Smith?"

"Oh," Pipes up a chap by the vacant place, "Mr. Smith was too sleepy to get up this morning. He was out late last night and needed a little sleep. He said to tell you that he would be with you in spirit." "That's fine," says the sergeant. "Remember me to him."

"Where's Brown?" asks the sergeant. "Oh," puts another chap, "he's out playing golf. He gets only one day a week for recreation, and you know how important that is."

"Sure, sure," is the sergeant's cheerful answer. "Hope he has a good game. Where's Robinson?"

"Robinson," explains a buddy, "is sorry not to greet you in person. But he is entertaining guests today and of course couldn't come. Besides, he was at drill last week."

"Thank you," says the sergeant, smiling. "Tell him he is welcome to drop in any time."

"Honest, now, did any conversation like that ever happen in any army? Don't make me laugh. If any G.I. tried to pull that stuff he would get 20 days in the brig. Yet you hear stuff like that every week in the church, and said with a straight face, too."

"Like a mighty army! Why, if St. Paul's really moved like a mighty army, a lot of you folks would be court-martialed!"

"That was the general drift," said the pastor gleefully. "Too bad the stay-aways didn't hear it," I remarked. "Don't worry. I have it on a tape recorder, and I am going to spring it on them next Easter, instead of the Scripture Lesson."

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

JAMES ST. MARIE,

## MILTON ENLIVENED . . .

(Continued from page 21)

Eve, not exactly stupid (not exactly but pretty near) realizes that she has done wrong. But, determined that no "peroxidized hussy" is going to get her Adam, she persuades Adam to gulp a Kelowna Special too.

Adam relents, Eve unties the knot in his arm, and the rest of us have suffered ever since.

And this is no applesauce.

P.S.—The whirring you hear in the background is one Jonathan Milton stirring restlessly in his grave.



# FOR YOU: THE FUTURE

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UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

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# THE TOWN

Gray sea, gray shore, and cold gray  
sky,  
And yonder lies the town;  
The mists oppress the slate roofs high,  
And in the hush the sad sea's sigh  
Disturbs the quiet town.  
No woods to sound the songs of May,  
The birds are heard no more;  
Above, the geese with mournful cry  
Wing weary through the Autumn sky:  
The reeds wave on the shore.  
Yet still my sad heart longs for you,  
Old gray town by the sea;  
The charm of youth still lingers through  
The house and streets that once I knew,  
Old gray town by the sea.

**Die Stadt** by Theodor Storm.  
Translated by—Leonard Byron  
and Gregory Schultz.

## Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

"She has done as she pleased all her life, but now it is time for her to behave like a rational being," said my friend to me as we stood in the doorway of a shack, from the far corner of which the object of our remarks stood watching us. She was small and slight, a brunette with deep black eyes and fine clear-cut features. She gave one the impression that she would make a fine companion and helpmate, though, at the time, her features expressed a rebellious mood. She maintained a dignified silence when we spoke to her, yet there was a look in her eye that boded ill for any mere man who should be rash enough to lay hands upon her. Nevertheless my friend entered the shack and induced her to come outside where she immediately commenced to struggle for freedom. Very quickly she freed herself of his

grasp, but at that moment I lept up and on to her shoulders, and with both hands grasped her hair, which she wore long, and held on with all my strength. Instantly it seemed to me that an earthquake occurred. Trees and buildings spun round me, the earth rocked and heaved; the sky, which had been serene and clear, now became obscured with a cloud of dust. The sun apparently multiplied and became many suns, all changing position with great rapidity. Then the earth rose up and smote me . . . Presently I sat up. The dust was settling, the sky was normal again, the buildings and trees occupied their rightful positions, but away in the distance I could see that wretched horse careening madly across the field.

(C.U.P.)



## WHAT'S YOUR REAL PROFIT?

"Real Profit," said one enlightened economics student, "is what you have left in your head at the end of the academic year, after all your research papers and essays are handed in and all your marks collected."

It sounds simple, doesn't it?

Perhaps. But it's not as simple as it appears on the surface, for the student who makes such a statement usually fails by the end of the third year in his chosen course of studies.

You see, he kept inadequate notes . . . just a few jottings on odd slips of paper, a stray memorandum or two, and a box of undigested essay matter. He thought he was getting an education, but he was only deceiving himself.

The knowledge he had left in that gray cubicle at the end of the year wasn't "real" profit after all. In fact, most of it didn't even belong to him.

And one of the chief reasons it didn't was because he had failed to keep those notes and records that speak for the student at exam time — notes that would have shown how much of this knowledge had already been absorbed through study and active observation, unnoticed shortages of data, and other hidden profit leaks. These are the records which help to create and conserve the real profit.

And yet, the freshman, and even the senior students often ask, Why keep a lot of complicated records? I can see what's going on in my courses — I'm here every day. Anyway, I'm so busy running around I don't have much time for keeping notes and writing good essays. Besides, I never did learn how to keep a good set."

There are several things wrong with this point of view. In the first place, neither a large number of notes nor complicated records are necessary. A set of useful notes can be simple, easy to keep, and require little time. Secondly, if the average freshman, and senior,

keeps himself posted on the condition of his studies, through his intimate and daily association with them, why is it that so many of the unsuccessful ones are found to have had poor notes or no notes at all? It is clear that their notes were either inadequate or in some extreme cases non-existent. With the probability of failure reduced and the chances of passing increased at a profit through adequate note-keeping, that alone should satisfy the queries of the delinquents in question.

What will these notes do to decrease the chances of failure? By careful study of the information obtainable in these notes we find the answers.

The odds against the student who does not employ sound study habits and control are tremendous. Yet still students fail . . . and not because their I.Q. is low or knowledge difficult to obtain. Instead, they fail because the real profit leaks . . . unbudgeted time soon runs out, excess night life forces those notes to be left as is, that outside reading to be left unread, and confusion accompanies the last minute cramming which isn't even an excuse for an education, etc., all of which could have been caught and corrected had the student kept an adequate record of studies and of the time available.

Even if the student doesn't actually fail, his so called "real profit" borders on "net loss" from studies. He finds that at the end of the year that "something happened." On paper, all year long he seemed to be doing a fine job; his marks were fairly adequate, and his spirits were high. But at the close of the academic period the "bag was empty." And the final irony was that he was unable to locate the profit leaks that had betrayed him.

Only by the use of adequate records can the student know what his professors want, which sections to emphasize, what and when to study and if the total

study operation is paying a profit.

Check your personal "profit and loss" statement on the following points and see if it gives you the answers amounting to a real net profit: what was the net profit from studies last month? . . . how many times was that acquired profit from studies turned over in the form of better marks and grades during that month? . . . what was the cost in time and energy expended? . . . what was the gross margin of profit earned through studies? . . . did the total expenditures result in a decrease or an increase in that real net profit? . . . have your studies progressed satisfactorily compared to previous months? . . . etc. In short, do you classify your present knowledge in the **black** or in the **red**?

What's your "real profit?"

D. Y.

## AS GREAT AS . . .

The mighty "Wall of China" was a gigantic structure costing an enormous amount of both money and labour, and when it was completed it appeared to be a wonderful way for the people of China to gain real security from their invaders. Surely one would think that nothing would have been able to harm them, with so vast and formidable a defence as this. But, within a few years of its building, it was breached at least 3 times by the enemy. However, it was breached not by breaking down the walls but by bribing the gate keepers. It was the human element that failed. What really collapsed was the human character that made it impossible for so huge a structure as this, built by so many men, to really work.

We, as students of Waterloo College are still in the character-moulding stage of our development towards maturity. It is true that many of our habits and manners of life have been with us even before the days of secondary schooling,

for we have largely received them from the eager hands of our parents. However, it is only for us to decide whether or not they will remain as the foundations of our human characters. Besides, there are many times even now that we are entrusted to make decisions and to accept responsibilities depending wholly upon our own considerations. The individual who can go all through life remaining entirely free of responsibilities is extremely rare and practically extinct today. Therefore, it is very essential that our human characters are moulded wisely on sturdy foundations that will enable us to meet successfully every situation, every responsibility, every turn of fortune throughout life.

Great scientific minds have cleverly conceived the atom and hydrogen bombs so characteristic of our era. Actually these devastating weapons have achieved no more security for nations today than the centuries-old wall of China achieved for its people. Some of us even shudder when the idea is ventured forth as to what would be the result if our present atomic secrets were betrayed into the hands of weak, destructive characters. It is impossible to construct a human character. Therefore, it is so essential for us to incorporate integrity, virtue, and faith into our lives while we are pursuing knowledge, in order that the foundations of our human characters are firmly cemented when we take our positions as leaders in the world of tomorrow.

There are many standards for judging greatness in the world today. Some acclaim a man as being truly great because of his outstanding feats of strength. Others claim that intelligence points out a really great human character. But there is a verse of a poem that also expresses the idea well.

A man is as great as the truth he  
speaks,

As great as the help he gives,  
As great as the destiny he seeks,  
As great as the life he lives.

D. J. CRAWFORD



# TWO IN ONE

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