

WATERLOO COLLEGE

Cord



APRIL-1952

WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD

Vol. 27, Nos. 5 & 6

April, 1952

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ON THE COVER . . .

This month's cover design was submitted by Lloyd Atkinson, a freshman from Barrie, Ont. Although Lloyd has been best known in the college for his participation in athletics, he has proved to us his originality as a designer—the symbols used, the cross and the daffodil, represent the central theme of Easter, and symbolize for us the message of salvation and resurrection. George Adamson, the new art editor assisted with the technical details.

* * * *

EDITOR'S NOTES . . .

When the tail tries to wag the rest of the body, especially when the body has powerful jaws, the tail is often bitten seriously. We thank a certain College Sheet for considering the Cord as an intellectual publication, and it may rest assured that the new staff will endeavour to maintain if not raise the standard.

As is the custom, the last issue of the Cord is published by the new staff with the old staff as advisors. The new executive is listed on the left. The names in quotations are members of this past year's staff, who are now retiring from Cord office. Thanks for a job well done! The Cord regretfully accepted the resignation of our honoured faculty adviser, Dr. Potter, who in his earlier position as Dean in the twenties, was largely responsible for the initiation of the publication. We refer the reader to the first poem on page 4. We welcome Miss Roy and promise to keep our problems to a minimum.

This Cord is dedicated to those glorious members of Waterloo College who this year pass into the realm of alumni. Best of luck! A message to them from our Dean appears opposite, and on page 5 Norma Elligson, our retiring Static editor, discusses College and its values.

The Honour Awards Committee has announced the winners of the S.L.E. awards for this year. The following will receive either Senior rings or Junior pins: Dave Crawford, Ellen Roberts, Lillian Konczewski, Grace Black, Stan Bowman, Don Youngblut, Harold Binhammer, and Bruce Owen. Good work!

Election for S.L.E. President is about to be held, (or may have been held by the time you read this). Paul Bitzer and Allan Scott are the candidates. The new Cord staff doff their hats to our retiring Assistant Editor, Dave Crawford, who as S.L.E. president, most efficiently carried through the duties of his arduous position. Well done Dave, and best of luck at Knox.

Deepest sympathy in the approaching hour of mutual peril. Happy Easter and a pleasant Dead Week. See you at the Grad Dance, May 12th.

The Editors

Our Dean's Message to the Graduating Class of 1952



As the time approaches when you must take leave of us, I would like to speak to you about a door, The Door of Opportunity.

Waterloo College has been such a door for you. It has meant the opportunity of a life-time, the possibility of obtaining a university education. If Waterloo College had not been here, some of you may have been deprived of that privilege.

How many times have you entered the College door during the past three or four years? Countless times! You may not always have been aware of the opportunity afforded as you entered. But as you partook of the intellectual fare offered there and participated in the religious, social and athletics activities

you grew in wisdom and stature.

Now the Door is opening for you; out into a larger world of great opportunities with larger responsibilities, sterner tests, heavier assignments and keener competition. Your graduation is but a door opening out into a broad field of service.

As you go out through this door, I want you to think of it always as an open door. Your professors will follow you in spirit, always interested in your welfare, wondering what progress you are making. And whenever you return, the portal will be open with someone to welcome you home at the Door of Opportunity, your Alma Mater.

Lloyd H. Schaus, Dean.

TRIBUTE

A little man with the world at his finger-
tips,
A great man with his fingertips on the
world,
A sound man giving sound advice and
hearing patiently,
A respected man by all who know him,
A loved man by all who know him well.
... Potter's Paper bids adieu,
'Twas pleasure sir to work with you.

Cord Staff

MAY 10, 1952

A hush is in the halls tonight,
And the rooms are quiet and still;
Another year has taken flight,
More water's through the mill.
The college boy says his good-bye
Within his heart of gold;
No more it needs to tell a lie,
He knows that he grows old.
The places dear are hallowed here,
By the love and life spent in them;
Not e'en the fear that the memory dear
Will fade, can ever dim them.

J.E.G.

MURDER

Vile desecration! Sinful toil!!
When human mind and hands employ
Themselves in sacrilege unknown
And drag to ugliness, a Poem!
Tear it apart, from line to line,
From word to word. Oh metric rhyme
Was not created for this use —
Its soul dies under such abuse.
But oh what bliss to read a poem
And enjoy it for itself alone,
What need then for interpretation
Of the poet's punctuation?
If poets in their inspiration
Had known of this desecration,
The students of the present order
Would surely have no poems to murder

RUTH ZINCK.

FROM '49 -- '52

"Open up dear, you must take your codliver oil!" The child's face describes better than anything the feeling of distaste at the oily, but unavoidable dose of liquid that contorts his features, as he gulps it down. He is then assured that it is for his own good, but the justifiable reason for taking it does not seem to him, to outweigh his aversion. Is not this the way in which the average student regards his books? He knows that when he has finished college, his B.A. will help him get a better job than before, but the study and the late hours often seem to be a high price to pay. You work hard preparing yourself for examinations and within a week, or few days you have forgotten all that you have learned. What then does your diploma mean? Does it stand for only victory over a goodly number of credits? To a large degree, yes. With our present educational system, the courses are far too heavy and numerous to allow intensive study and perusal by the student.

But let's take another look, before we become too disillusioned. The metamorphosis over the college years may not have been startling, but it is there nevertheless. If college life does nothing else for us, it gives us the direction towards those books, towards those other ages and countries that will help us find truth. If we have learned that history is flesh and blood and not a sequence of wars and treaties that must be painstakingly committed to memory; if we have learned that science and mathematics are beautiful in their fixed patterns of unerring logic; if we have discovered that the philosophers of Greece and Rome have thought thoughts, not very different from our own and that there are thoughts that have not yet been worked out, then we will have the scope of vision necessary to see what is important in the world and to use what is good in it, rather than to allow our appetites to become so jaded with inconsequential things that we have no longer the ability to appreciate the true and the beautiful. Everyone has experienced moments that are so sweet, so private

and fleeting that we wonder just what it is that allows us to soar for that moment so far above time and space. Do not allow the pleasures of the world to rule you, for in this you are accepting defeat. There is good and value to be taken from the world, and from that you have captured something that neither man, nor the elements can destroy and it is this that makes us the most fortunate of beings. Call it whatever you will—God, Art, Philosophy, but grasp it firmly and hold it as though it were the most precious of your possessions, for it has the power to lift you above all that torments you and it renders insignificant all that looms above us and threatens to fall on us. It may best be expressed as being in love with a feeling.

The freshman enters college with a prejudice against knowledge very much like that of the child against his codliver oil. It's much easier to avoid the bad medicine and enjoy yourself. You are only young once you say. Have you ever read about the life of Oliver Wendell Holmes? You will find that once the barricades against those books are taken down forcibly or voluntarily and we are exposed to them we find that we are young not once, but forever. In time past man had the time and opportunity to expose himself to nature and thus the uneducated man found that nature spoke to him. But in the twentieth century we must rely upon education to give us inspiration. Unfortunately the twentieth century has given us the false doctrine that it is of epitome importance to continuously have every sense stimulated, a none satisfying activity that has us craving for something more. We must always be in a crowd and yet we look for peace of mind. How foolish we are! How can we experience those snatches from eternity and allow them to talk to us if we are never alone. Matthew Arnold wrote—"As love, let us be true to one another! For the world hath neither joy, nor love, nor light, nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain!" How far is it possible for us to be true to one another? Everyone is an unique

individual, who alone knows the culmination of his thoughts and environment within his brain. It is because we are mortal that we cannot transpose to anyone our innermost thoughts. These are for the individual himself and if they are cultivated, they will keep him from being despairingly alone. Some of us dread to be left alone. If we are not good company for ourselves, how can we be good company for one another? Let us take heart and have respect for that atom that God has planted in us. Perhaps it is the "visionary gleam" about which Wordsworth wrote. Many writers have tried to express this inexpressible substance. Why does not mankind surrender to it, rather than suppress it, for it is within these moments that we live.

Did you ever stop to consider just how many days out of a year or a lifetime are really lived. Are they not largely lost in a sphere of only existing and missing practically all that is really significant? Can we not rather learn to develop the eye of the oriental artist and leave out that which is unimportant, so that the eye may be carried directly to the care of the artist's purpose? Everything can become an adventure and tell a story if we will only let it. Man is lost, if he does not spend some time alone in thought. He will be governed by the herd instinct, because he has not taken the time to discover what his real opinions are. It is adolescent not to make your own judgments and be led around by another. Suppose the other person or group of persons should suddenly disappear, how much better it would be to be the master of one's own mind than to flounder in aimless indecision, because there is no light for another to show you

the way. Yes, do unto others as you would have them do unto you. It is here that man becomes his own worst enemy if he lives in ignorance. He judges himself by such a high criterion that he shudders at his own image in a glass. How can we love our fellow man if we do not have self-respect for ourselves? The spark of immortality deserves a much better house to live in and a much better mind and vocal organ with which to express itself, than we are willing to give it.

Let us not be a ridiculous caricature of an educated person as conjured up in the minds of narrow people or used by ourselves to impress the ignorant. They see us affecting the pose of the great thinker, exuding profound thoughts, that because of their verbiage might as well have been left unsaid. Let us be honest with ourselves, because when the pose is dropped, what is there left? Let us become enthralled with a concerto not because of the imminence of its composer, but because it stirs us and gives us something. Let us not visit the art galleries and ape the critic by standing with upright thumb and arm outstretched, pretending to judge the perspective of a painting in order to impress those about us, but rather let us be concerned with giving ourselves and the artist a chance to communicate with one another.

To sum it up, if that be really possible, it can be said that education gives us the tools, which we are free to either ignore or pick up and use in our lives to aid us to live with nature, our fellow man and with ourselves.

NORMA ELLEGSEN



Retail Store 66 Queen St. South, Kitchener
Wholesale Store 675 Queen St. South, Kitchener

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

When one first goes to India one feels enthused and inspired to write much and often about that great land with its ancient culture, so very different social structure, its interesting customs, and of course its many contrasts between wealth and poverty, health and sickness, beauty and sordidness, wisdom and ignorance. As time passes one feels less and less competent to interpret the true picture correctly and fairly, because India ancient and modern becomes more and more of an enigma to a Westerner as one endeavors to understand the principles upon which the country rests.

It is hard to reconcile the Harrow and Cambridge educated suave and astute Prime Minister with this statement of his, quoted in a recent article, "You will never understand anything about India unless you first understand that we make all our decisions not on the basis of fact and reason, but on the basis of emotion". It is equally hard to reconcile famine conditions in certain areas due to failure of the monsoon, with toleration and protection to millions of monkeys and other sacred animals and birds which consume and destroy as much food as would feed all the starving. The tremendous contrast between the educated and the uneducated, the vast wealth in certain quarters and the poverty in others just around the corner, is a never ending source of amazement. Someone has pointed out that one can see evidence of everything from the fifth to the twentieth Centuries in India today, and it would seem to be true. The picture is, however, by no means a hopeless one. One looks forward with great anticipation, because of the strides which some of her 357,000,000, have made in the lines of education, literature, art, and science. The adaptation of the modern to the ancient is interesting and unique to say the least. India's contribution to the world once its vast energy, resources, and potential are harnessed will be just as interesting and just as unique.

My trip to India in October, 1946, was a very thrilling one. Two other missionaries and I left New York by air on a Friday afternoon, landed in Ireland and London on Saturday, attended Westminster Abbey and worshipped with Queen Mary on Sunday, stood at the Pyramids and Sphinx on Monday night, and stepped down on Indian soil on Tuesday night at 9:42 p.m. It was most exciting. After two days we were at the Taj Mahal in Agra. (If Richard Haliburton in his "Royal Road to Romance" could enjoy the Taj by moonlight, why not we? Even if the moon was hidden, the starlight gave it a wonderful lustre.) In retrospect it seems fantastic and dream-like.

All of missionary work is not as exciting as this beginning. The first year is occupied with learning the language of the area (there are fifteen principal language areas in India), getting to know something of the people and customs, and getting acclimated to the tropics. Each one of these is an assignment in itself, and a very important one. At the end of the year we appeared for an examination in reading, dictation, conversation, grammar, translation from English to Telugu, and from Telugu to English, and Telugu composition. It was a real ordeal! After successfully hurdling this first language barrier, I was assigned to my work as Assistant Superintendent of Nurses at the one hundred and twenty-five bed Lutheran Hospital in Rajahmundry, with time allowed for further language study. The School of Nursing became my particular charge. We admit girls to the School who have passed eighth grade. Most of the girls are only about sixteen years old when they come in training. All instruction is given in the vernacular. (The Mission has a Higher Grade School of Nursing at Kugler Hospital in Guntur, where High School graduates are given their instruction in English). Teaching anatomy in English is quite an ordeal, but teaching it in

Telugu calls for considerable effort, and of course one makes many ridiculous mistakes. Fortunately Indian people are very patient and helpful in making sense out of what at times is nonsense.

The average life expectancy of the Indian is twenty nine years (in Canada it is 65 years), so there is a great work to be done by the medical profession amidst appalling health conditions. As a Mission Hospital we seek to show Jesus the great Physician in all that we do, and it is amazing how much of an impression we are able to make in a short time, through loving impartial service, and in the teaching and prayers conducted among the sick. Many Christians today acknowledge that they first heard about Christ when they were sick and came to the Mission Hospital. God has blessed this avenue of witnessing richly. Our six Mission Hospitals are staffed almost completely by Indian doctors who have received their training either at Vellore Christian Medical College or the Government Medical Colleges at Madras or Vizag, originally established by the British. The nurses are products of our Mission Schools of Nursing. There are missionary doctors at only two of the Hospitals, and missionary nurses at four out of the six Hospitals. Indian Christian doctors and nurses showed up heroically in rendering relief services when the Hindus and Mohammedans had their bloody clashes preceding, during, and following the partition of India and Pakistan. It was a powerful witness to the love of Christ which transcends all.

In my last year in India I was assigned to be in charge of a Boarding School for girls attending the Mission Hegher Elementary (grades 1-8) School in Bhimavaram. This was a small town about forty miles from Rajahmundry. I was responsible for the health, happiness, and diet of one hundred and fifty little girls. The food problem became quite ticklish because of low rations, although we were not in the famine area. I did pay almost twenty dollars for a bag of wheat with which I supplemented their diet. Wheat is difficult to get,

and still more difficult to "sell" to the Indians who don't consider a meal unless it is rice and curry. Wheat is a wonderful supplement to their diet.

Besides Hostel Supervision, I had charge of evangelistic work among caste. I was responsible for the supervision of twenty "bible women" each one of whom teaches one hour a week in thirty homes. Presenting Christianity attractively and effectively to those who do not know of salvation through Christ is a very challenging and privileged work. Here again I witnessed God's rich blessing on feeble efforts, for more homes are open for Christian instruction than we have workers to enter them at the moment. Caste people who have hitherto spurned the Gospel are now responding with great interest in South India. This is partly because they have seen the power of God's grace in the lives of the down-trodden outcastes, partly because they have been convinced that Mission work has no connection with a foreign government since missionaries have stayed when the British left India, and most particularly because of the blessing of the Holy Spirit in making hearts hungry and receptive for the gospel of Christ. There is growing skepticism among Hindus about the veracity of their religion, and they are searching for THE WAY. The message of Jesus Christ who came to seek and to save those who were lost and loved them to the extent of dying for them makes a profound impression on the Indian people whose gods are depicted with all the power of gods, and all the weaknesses and passions of humans. Each god has his wife and family, and it seems incomprehensible to Indian thinking that Jesus should have denied Himself in all things in order to bring salvation to all.

The work of evangelism is carried on within the framework of the almost self-governing, if not self-supporting indigenous Church. This Church is going through all the thrills and agonies and pitfalls of adolescents assuming mature responsi-

(Continued on page 12)

Static

On looking over Statics in previous issues of the Cord, I noticed the fine standard of humour Norma and Ruth maintained and also how much they wrote. By golly, it must be nice to have a fertile brain! Believe me when I say writing this really taxes my mind, since my only literary effort published before amounts to four pathetic lines.

Well, that's enough padding — I mean introduction. Now let's hear a tale about Tabitha, which is dedicated in sympathy to all members of the Freshman class. Please note that my similarity to people, living or dead and likeness to actual situations, is purely coincidental.

Tabitha De Vrai was a freshette at a well-known college. She was slightly confused by her new way of life and become more so when she found out about research papers. Till then all Tabitha could remember writing was a short paragraph on "Summer Vacations" (anyone remember what they are?) for Miss Prim Rose who taught grammar and such facts of life at Punkey-doodle's high school. Now she was forced to write from ten to twenty pages on any subject whatsoever.

Like the conscientious student Tabitha was, she didn't start to work till she realized the paper was due in three days. That fateful moment, she elbowed her way through the mob in the library, grabbed a chair, and sat down to wait for an idea to pop into her head. Her eyes strayed to a shelf nearby, Aha. the French Revolution was just the thing. She looked again. No, that wouldn't do because it would take three years, not three days to read all those volumes. What about Geology? No, those rocks were too hard. Science? Too dull. Art? Better avoid that high-brow culture. Geography? Ugh! Say, one on English literature ought to go over big! So Tabitha picked topic by the rapid process of elimination.

Then she began to examine all the mysterious notes on technique. But try

as she would, she couldn't understand them, so she finally sighed and said "Since I can't figure out this junk myself, maybe someone will help me."

Noticing a tall, dark, handsome senior across the room, she scooted over and began putting questions at him about captions, paginations, margins, sequence of parts, footnotes, references, etc. The senior looked a little dazed. Tabitha explained more slowly. He "grunted intelligently," and advised her to look at "Scholarly Reporting in the Humanities." After she had thanked him and gotten his name, address, and telephone number, and marital status, Tabitha headed for the card catalogue. It didn't take her long to find the pamphlet recommended as she had just finished reading several fascinating books on library science. But as she looked over this material, her face lengthened. It was even longer and more complicated. Then her face brightened as she read: "The present tendency is to keep documentation to an inescapable minimum and to put literary references in the text itself."—from a Psychology lecture by Professor Peters. There seemed to be plenty of scope for inconsistency in Methods A, B, and C, so she'd combine them all in Method D, in which anything went. That was the best escape—whoops! solution to the problem.

Immediately Tabitha began the arduous task of collecting and organizing material. She thought it was silly to use such small pieces of paper when larger ones held more, but decided not to question authority. She painstakingly measured and cut up her new scented note paper with the linen finish. When she read the book she had chosen, Tabitha found it difficult to narrow her subject. Perhaps that was because she yielded to the temptation to copy all the passages word for word. And she didn't use a single footnote. Quite an achievement for a first year gal, but Tabitha was catch-

(Continued on page 12)

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1952

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KITCHENER, ONT.

LE MEDECIN MALGRE LUI



On Friday, the eighth of March, at 8:30 o'clock, "Le cercle françois de Waterloo College" presented a rollicking French farce by Mollère. As the curtain went up, the chatter of student voices, and the conversation of the French people in attendance ceased, and an expectant hush fell over the hall; behind scenes the same hush fell over the cast, but one could describe it better as a "silence broken only by the sound of hearts hammering and knees knocking." And then, in clear, resounding, French tones, the play began. The play was set in the seventeenth century, and the cast consisted almost completely of 'Paysans' dressed in knee breeches and lacey shirts, and 'Paysannes', in long skirts peasant blouses and dust caps, with the exception of Lucinde, who wore pale orchid and blue silk. Thanks to the percentage of French people in the audience none, or very few of the laughs were missed; up on the stage, one could hear the laughs start in the French corner of the hall, and as the students realized that there must have been a joke, the laughing gradually spread. Need I mention how pleased the cast was, and how quickly the tension behind scenes relaxed? Many were the comments afterwards. Outside the hall, a group of elderly French ladies chatted excitedly about 'la

Pièce, and it sounded to those who heard them, as if they had enjoyed it. Inside the hall, I heard quite a few comments, such as, "It was very good, but what was it all about?" and "I wish they had stopped after each sentence to let me translate it!" So it was evident that the audience had fun, but did the cast? And, to answer that question for the cast, I will reply with a very emphatic, "Yes, we certainly did." Downstairs in the basement after the play, amid the conglomeration of grease paint and cold cream, and the confusion of modern Canadian and seventeenth century French costumes, many voices were heard saying how sorry they were that it was over, and how much they enjoyed it. Professor Evans expressed this sentiment perfectly, saying, "I think if someone gave us the opportunity of repeating it, there wouldn't be a moment's hesitation." How true! We were a very happy bunch, talking sometimes gayly, sometimes despondently about the good and bad parts of the play. But throughout the mingled voices, a listener could easily sense a let-down feeling, a disappointment that it was over for another year. But there was also a note of exultation, joy, and pride that we had kept up the high standard set by last year's players and had not "brought thy name dishonour, Waterloo!"

B. M. C.

(Continued from page 8)

Light in Darkness

bilities. Missionaries today are wanted for brotherly and sisterly help and advice. India is no more desirous of Western leadership than is the rest of Asia.

Midst much that is interesting, beautiful, challenging and the many trials of working in a foreign environment, in a foreign social structure and culture, fighting climate, vermin and insects to the extent of always living dangerously carefully, the missionary career is still one of the most challenging and interesting and worthwhile, because it brings glorious light into sordid spiritual darkness, and gathers fruit that shall remain through life and eternity. We are obedient to and serve a glorious King, and the victory is not ours because of anything we do, but because it is His.

ELIZABETH E. HARTIG

(Continued from page 9)

STATIC

ing on fast to the tricks. When Tabby (we know her well enough to call her Tabby) had her little sheets all stacked up to the ceiling, she began typing with all the necessary equipment such as mud pack by the exclusive company, Heres-mud in your eye, kleenex, nail file erasers applies and Smiles and Chuckles. She turned on the radio. With the Quartet crooning mellowly in her ear, everything went smoothly. To polish her essay, she rubbed out the chocolate marks and cor-

rected a few minor mistakes like—"Shelley was a good man who drank (instead of sank) himself to death." She wanted to hear more music, but the static was terrible. So turned off the radio and went to bed with great expectations. Author's note: This Static is also dedicated to the Graduating Class of 1952. May it long preserve a remembrance of one part of their student activity. May they never regret writing research papers (and may they never have to write any again!)

PAT HEDRICH

Fashions



48 King St. W.

Kitchener

Compliments of . . .

Grafton's

32 KING ST. E.
KITCHENER

Men's & Boy's Wear

Seminary Notes

Here we have been concerned about "establishing rapport" — forgetting all the while that we know each other as one big happy family. That we are indeed, has been evidenced throughout the past school-year as we have had ample opportunity to share each others' joys and sorrows.

Although we are in no position to be any concrete assistance to our brethren who have supplemented their curriculum with additional "subjects," we gladly volunteer to assume the role of honorary godfathers in these events. As such we wonder — Will the youngest Lehmann remain a layman? Will "little Mo" some day become a second Paul?

Perhaps those very welcome invitations to our occasional "Get-acquainted" teas should in the future also be extended to these youngest members of the Seminary family to let them become acclimatized. That might be their guarantee against the embarrassment of being chosen objects for Evangelism programs and Preaching Missions.

This rapidly closing Seminary year has strewn abundant seeds for a rich harvest of valuable experiences and memories. The October observance at St. Matthews Lutheran Church of the Fortieth Anniversary of the founding of the Seminary, brought a new appreciation of the important, fruitful work which has been wrought so unostentatiously throughout the years.

Once more our excellent faculty has shaped three new candidates for the Lutheran ministry:

RALPH HURAS, B.A., comes to us from St. Paul's Lutheran, Kitchener. Both his college and Seminary training were taken at Waterloo. He has accepted a call to Neustadt.

FRED LITTLE, B.A., is from St. John's, Waterloo. His past six years were spent in studies at Waterloo. Fred has accept-

ed a call to Chesley.

DON STEWART, B.A., hails from Trinity Lutheran, Windsor. He attended both the College and Seminary at Waterloo. Don plans to take post-graduate work in Theology at Toronto.

For the first time in the history of our Seminary, these graduates will have the opportunity of obtaining a B.D. degree near the completion of their Seminary career.

Our prayers and sincere best wishes accompany our three colleagues as they are about to enter into the labours of their high calling. It is difficult to imagine the next year without the asset which these three men have represented in the life of our Seminary. Certainly no-one will be able to equal that precious humour which issued mostly unintended by vehicle of a booming voice, whose owner was wont to use it for laughter only after everyone else had joined the mirthful chorus! Nor is it likely that for quite some time to come there will emanate again so much intellectual light and good-fellowship from a single person as has been packed into one of our departing brothers who bears so little a name.

We also take this opportunity to thank our chapel-organist, Don Stewart, for the exemplary devotion and competence with which he has crowned his task during the past 4 years. In addition we are grateful to him and Mrs. Stewart for their splendid hospitality which they extended repeatedly to foster acquaintance and goodfellowship among Professors, Seminarians, and Pre-Theologs.

One of the first consequences of these informal get-togethers will undoubtedly be manifested by a deeper kinship and interest on our part in the lives and fortunes of the members of the graduating class. May God bless both you and yours in all your endeavours!

The Junior Class,

Per G.R.O.

Compliments of . . .

Brodey-Drainin
F U R R I E R S

Waterloo College,
Waterloo, Ont.,
March 11, 1952.

ARE WE

Dear Jim:

Your letter arrived last week and it was certainly good to hear from you again. The news of your trip East this spring is most welcome and the family is looking forward to your visit.

It's strange that you should be discussing Canadian culture in some of your classes at U. of S. at this particular time for we have been doing the very same here at Waterloo. Possibly such talk is "in the air" across the country. You request my opinions on the matter so here goes.

We first must decide if Canada has a culture and then if it is uniquely Canadian. Culture expresses itself in two fields — the Artistic and the Natural.

Let's first look at the Artistic which includes the theatre, literature, ballet, music, and art.

Across the country, communities large and small, support their own Little Theatre Groups. These efforts serve to introduce a better appreciation of drama to our people as well as supply experience for our actors of tomorrow.

From these Little Theatres are developing professional companies. Ottawa now supports the Repertory Theatre which is fast gaining favourable recognition. While the Jupiter Theatre and International Players of Toronto are not continuous companies, their efforts are professional. Montreal boasts of its French-Canadian Les Compagnons.

To date we haven't any notable playwrights whose style or themes may be regarded as representing Canada. Possibly there exists an exception here — Fridolin's "Ti Coq." Only the future can determine the true worth of this portrayal of Quebec life.

Plaudits must be showered upon the C.B.C. for the monumental achievements it has made in the development of all fields of Canadian Culture. Stage '52 and Wednesday Night have long been recognized for their contribution. Not as widely supported but nevertheless producing programmes of equally high excellence is the Vancouver Theatre on Friday evenings. Their recently-completed series "Room 504" possibly promises a Canadian playwright of note.

Out of the maze of these theatrical enterprises has emerged a definite culture and appreciation for culture. The next step must direct these efforts toward the drama that will feel Canadian blood throbbing underneath its grease-paint.

In literature we have had hundreds of Novelists, essayists, and poets in our short history. In naming but a fraction of those who have gained world-wide recognition, I can think of many — Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, L. M. Montgomery, Gabrielle Roy, Duncan Campbell Scott, Stephen Leacock, Mazo De La Roche, Thomas H. Raddall, Ralph Connor, Hugh MacLennan, E. J. Pratt, Morley Callaghan, etc. etc. There really are so many, Jim, who could be mentioned.

Would it be rash to predict the two who might perform the greatest contribution to a unique Canadian literature? Yes, I know it would be ill advisable — but I'll risk it anyway.

My first choice is a writer from your own province who has been able to present its life with clear realism and yet poignant sympathy — W. O. Mitchell. To date he has but one novel to his credit and that is "Who Has Seen the Wind?" However his "Jake and the Kid" series definitely provides this country with material it has never before deemed possible from a Canadian writer. I pray Mr. Mitchell will not contradict my hopes with his forthcoming novel.

The second choice goes to A. M. Klein of Montreal. From the pen of this Jewish lawyer springs up vivid portraits of Canadian life. With touching insight he boldly paints character and deftly draws atmosphere.

Twenty years ago ballet was little thought of in Canada. Today we boast of avid interest in visiting foreign companies and support at least two of our own, Canadian interpretation of the dance remains slightly different from both European and American — or rather it is a combination of the two. From the United States we have taken the excitement of spectacular rhythm and blended it with the European methodical grace.



UNIQUE ?

Attempts have been made to introduce local themes into the choreography. Volkoff's "Red Ear of Corn" tells a Canadian story but its presentation persists in the European vein. Possibly David Adam's efforts will show the spark of genius so necessary for unforgettable ballet. Have you seen any of the Winnipeg's stagings of his creations?

The music circles of our country have been very active for many years but I doubt whether this industry and interest has resulted in top-notch composition. However the performance of music has attained high standards. Almost every fair-sized city in Canada has its own symphony orchestra. The orchestras of Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver have acquired an excellent reputation on this side of the Atlantic.

Again the C.B.C. assumed the responsibility and both fosters these efforts with necessary support and makes known the achievements to all parts of the country.

The Leslie Bell Singers and Mendelssohn Choir are both highly respected. "Star Time" on C.B.C. Sunday night has received considerable criticism for its polished programme — even to the point of gaudy slickness. However I personally credit its producers for these very same condemnations.

Art, has an advantage over the other fields of culture. The subject matter is unique and herefore even its initial representations must also be unique.

In the face of both conservatism and indifference, Tom Thomson worked toward an expression that was both modern and Canadian. With his inspiration, the Group of Seven was formed in 1920 and completed the emancipation from Europeanism. Theirs was an interpretation to bold freedom. With clear strokes they voiced Canadian scenes.

Canadian art exhibitions in France, England, and the United States were held. "Here are people with something vital to say," remarked the New York News,

"who say it well and with emphasis, and at the same time with a typically Canadian outlook." The Daily Chronicle said, "their bold decorative landscapes, emphasizing colour, line and pattern, give the very look and feel of Canada." Everywhere the reception was the same — warm and appreciative.

Canadian art has not stopped here and rested on its laurels. Like the Group of Seven who were essentially of the Impressionistic school, Emily Carr blazed her way across the canvas with her expressionistic interpretations. Have you ever viewed her work, Jim? I have before me her "Indian Church." Truly it is a fulfillment of perfect harmony and blended colour. Her forest is a Canadian forest shouting forth its majesty.

I mentioned at the beginning of this letter about another field of culture, the Natural. This is simply an appreciation of the original object. A representation or expression of the original becomes the Artistic culture.

An example of Natural culture is an appreciation of an old-time political meeting with hollering campaigners and appropriate comments from the audience. There's culture in your enjoyment of hearing working fishermen off Cape Breton shouting in their rounded twang. To drink in the view of an annual apple-blossom pilgrimage up the Okanagan Valley is culture. For culture will always be but the individual's pleasure and appreciation of a form or expression of that form!

Has Canada a culture? Yes!

Has Canada a unique culture? In certain aspects, yes, and in others, no.

Don't fret, Jim, if you think we haven't enough. Culture can be but a natural development. It can never, never be forced. Canadian culture will come eventually into its own — in fact, it's doing that right now.

Today we are experiencing those strides of excitement and hope in the artistic field of theatre, literature, ballet, music, and art and in the Natural sphere.

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Your friend,
Bruce Owen.



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Athletics

March the first and another year of sports came to a close and with it many controversial schools of thought regarding our athletic programme.

Looking back over the year we see that Waterloo athletes have had quite an active year. With football, basketball, badminton, hockey, etc., a great many students were able to participate. From this they have gained valuable knowledge, know what team spirit can mean and will also have many pleasant memories. For it is through a medium such as sport that we learn to live as we should and need our fellow men. Therefore the greater the number of students participating in sports the better citizens, we, at Waterloo College, will turn out.

Has the past year been a successful one? For people to come forward and say that we have had a poor year in sports or a good year is nothing short of sheer stupidity. Who knows what the standard of a successful year in sports at Waterloo College is?

In the past year a great number of football players took part in the inter-mural league. In the future we could possibly organize this a little better, with such improvements as regular practises and coaches appointed from the players that played on the team against Huron College. In this way we could have managers for each team and thus keep a record of attendance and give credit for the hours spent practising. Then from the inter-mural squads we can pick out 24 men who will represent our school on the football field against Huron College and other schools.

Cheerleaders should be present at every game to add colour, spirit and help

increase the attendance that has been lacking so in the past. Also, our cheerleaders should travel with the team and the students encouraged to follow the teams.

This not only holds true for football but the other major sports. Basketball could work on a similar plan. We could very easily have a Sports Night at Waterloo and thus bring out the much needed spectators. To supplement our basketball in the winter, let's have inter-mural hockey. A rink at the back of the school has been suggested, maybe this is a possibility and is worth looking into. This would be very good for inter-mural hockey and certainly less expensive than renting a huge arena where players play to empty seats.

Skating parties would be an excellent side attraction for Sports Night at the school. A small fee would allow students to watch the basketball game or skate. Refreshments could be sold and this coupled with a small admission fee would certainly be profitable and help offset expenses.

Yes, we would like to have championship Inter-collegiate teams but let's face the facts. Have we enough good athletes to compete with schools that have a student enrollment much larger than ours? Maybe we were biting off more than we could chew when it was decided to enter the inter-collegiate loop. Now we have tried it with adverse results.

For the benefit of sports in our school let us try as students to make this school one that has a well balanced sports programme. From this we will find ourselves. Then in time we will have the teams that will be able to compete with these schools that have humbled us so in the past.

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FOREIGN STUDENTS



Why do foreign students come to America? (America includes the U.S. and Canada, and foreign students those who come over here, with the intentions of going back to their different countries after their education). In short the answer is — we come to acquire knowledge. Even from history, we learn that students have gone to acquire knowledge in other countries, which they considered had more educational facilities, and this age is no exception.

The first experiences of a foreign student on arriving in this country is not very exciting. Bang! He is thousands of miles away from home, and no hope of getting back for years till studies are finished. The thought of that alone makes him sick. Hold on, that's nothing! Now he will learn to live with people of different culture and background, whose trends of thought are absolutely different in many ways. Then he is in — learning the slangs! Before he starts recuperating from these, winter is at the door knocking. Say, what about the food? Oh! Those pies, hard job. Oh no, this is too big a dose at one time, the next thing you know he is "flat on his back." But why did I come here?"

Factually speaking, the first experiences of a foreign student is anything but romantic. Why do foreign students

still come if they experience all these? No! You cannot imagine it. Here you are all fixed, in quest of the "Golden Fleece." Oh! those romantic adventures that are out of this world. Then you set off either by boat or plane. With parents and relatives waving at you on the aerodrome or harbour then it begins to dawn on you. "I am alone all, all alone." Anyway you quickly forget that. "Look at those beautiful sceneries. Isn't this a paradise?" Anyway you will have time for all these, if the sea or air hasn't started agitating your digestive system. Then if you have fallen prey to the air or sea, you are in for something, as you would say. The time you get off that boat or plane, you will feel as though someone has given you a million dollars. So at last you are in the long dreamed about country. How will you make out? Good luck! If you already know somebody in this country, you are lucky, if not, it is just too bad.

After a short stay in this newly arrived country then you begin to make new friends, the first friends are usually your classmates. Some months later the phone rings. Now who is it? It may be International Students Organization, Friendly Relations with Overseas Students, Women's Friendly Club or anything you can imagine. What do they want? They want to get acquainted with you. You see, some people realize that it is a privilege to have foreign students in their country and they do anything to help make them feel at home. Have you ever been to an International Students' Organization festival? If you have not, cheer up, they are not closed down yet. Taking example from my experience in I.S.O. Festival in Hart House, U. of T. in 1950, it is inexplicable, but I will try. Those dances, American, West Indian, African, European, etc., the festival was wonderful. Canadians enjoying West Indian dances and taking full part



etc. Use your imaginations for the rest. Then comes the real adventure, visitation of farms, big firms, Niagara Falls and the rest. Then the picnics. If a foreign student happens to live where these organizations exist, they will certainly keep him busy. He will also miss them after he has left.

You will be surprised at what the foreign student gains from attending all these organizations. There he meets people from diverse countries with diverse interests and culture. Frankly speaking, it is exciting. Oh! the questions he asks, and the ones he is asked! There he knows how little people know about this country. Then he starts to question, "What is wrong with these people's geography?" Do not worry people, it is the same all over. People know very little about their neighbours, how much more another country. Then he starts realizing clearly the differences between his country and

other countries. Then he learns the concept people in another country have of his. Then he learns to understand the foreigners as much as possible. All the time he tries to eradicate some false concepts other people have of his country.

Finally he is ready to go from whence he came. The adventure is at an end, and the "Golden Fleece" achieved. What has he got? B.A., M.A., Ph.D., M.D.? No! That is not all he has. He has achieved an inexplicable knowledge, that may be described in a word-experience. By the time the foreign student gets home he has left much behind and picked up much. Depending on his encounter, if it is bad, "It's just one of those things;" and if good, he will look back and say to himself "Well, I am not sorry I went to America!"

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The Old and The New World

Ever since the time of the Industrial Revolution on the European Continent the New World has been the lure for European emigrants who, unlike the early settlers only wanted to make their fortunes in that country of unrestricted possibilities and then return to their native lands. This was the prevailing attitude towards America: a good place to make your money in a hurry, like in a well-paid season job, but very few of those who crowded the "America Boats" in Hamburg and Naples thought seriously of breaking with Europe for ever.

And what is the situation today? Recent investigations by Continental Newspapers showed that every sixth European would like nothing better than to leave the "Old Countries" for good, never to return again. The reason for this abrupt change of attitude: rather than mass material wealth they want to live in peace, get away from that Europe in which they have seen nothing but wars, unrest and revolutions; in short it is the same reason that gave rise to the opinion widely held in the Continent that "Europe has had it."

The European Movement

But there are other Europeans, and fortunately their number is growing, who do not feel the same way. Energetic men and women in France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, and even in Scandinavia have set out to fight the resignation of

their fellow countrymen. These are the followers of the Movement for European Federation, who see the solution of Europe's problems in a united effort of all the Nations of Europe. The backbone of the Movement is university students throughout the Continent, young, idealistic, and possessed by serious loyalty for their Continent and complete disregard of nationalistic concepts. This is the main asset of the Movement: no longer is it supported by theorizing professors as in the turbulent years after World War One, when a similar movement was launched by Count Coudenhove-Calergi, but this time the academic youth has taken the initiative and their motto is action.

Over a thousand European Clubs have been founded all over the Continent, rallies have been organized, whole countrysides have been toured by lecturers, and with two years of existence of the Movement after the last war both exponent political leaders like Churchill and Henri Spaak as well as European national Governments have been interested to such a degree that through their help important European Newspapers could be secured as positive propaganda organs. This resulted in wide popular support. Plebiscites in eight cities in Germany, France and Italy have been held. The question was: "Are you in favour of the establishment of a European Fed-

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eration under a European Government and the abolishment of all national borders inside the Continent?" Over 80% of the people asked answered positively.

The result of these plebiscites disproved the sceptics' opinion that nothing would ever overcome the nationalistic sentiments (and resentments, considering the last war) of the peoples of the European Nations. This achieved, the "New European" did not rest on their laurels. Now they launched an all-out attack on their real enemy: the national governmental bureaucracies. More demonstrations, more rallies, and more pamphlets and publications forced government officials all over Europe to statements and finally the Governments saw themselves obliged to take action. Delegates and official Government observers came to Strassbourg to the first Congress for European Federation. The outcome of this was positive only so far as it showed the followers of the Movement where exactly they stood and what they were up against: the domination of the people of Europe by thousands of officials and clerks, grown up in era so reactionary to the great Tide that they were unfit to even conceive of it.

The strategy was changed; no longer do the leaders of the Movement consider a "Revolution from the top" but they agitate with all legal means a change

in the European status supported by the people. Since Strassbourg the national organizations of the Movement were coordinated, the propaganda was intensified. As a result a new phrase has come into being, an indicator of the growing popularity of the idea: Europe-Consciousness!

Building a Second "New World"

The zeal with which the young enthusiasts of the "New Europe" pursue their idea is best depicted in the statement of a German student on a recent rally in South Germany: "We stand on the ruins of the Old Europe, we want to build a New Europe, not to restore. We are pioneers more than any generation before us."

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Handling Criticism

Have you ever realized that over half of all conversation between human beings is in criticism of other people and either the things they do, say, or think. I believe it is one of life's greatest secrets not to allow one's self to be weakened and throttled by the opinions of others.

Everyone is criticized, in fact they say a minister's greatest critic is his wife (Mrs. Zinck — please not). Some of us are overly sensitive to the opinions of others — "We purr like a kitten when stroked by praise but criticisms somehow seem to take the very heart out of us." Firstly I think we should expect criticisms. John Simon offered this bit of irony on the subject, "The only way I know how to avoid criticism is to say nothing and do nothing. And then maybe too, the old church janitor had the key to it all. After being asked how he got along so well with so many men and women telling him what to do, he replied, "I just throw my mind into neutral and go where I am pushed. The more one rises above the dead level of convention in his attitude and in his thinking the more one will be criticized. It seems that's why Abe Lincoln, while president was once referred to as a cunning clown and the original gorilla by the same man. So instead of being shocked and surprised by criticisms let us first of all expect them. Do I need to say that the sinless son of God was one of the earth's most criticized men?

Secondly, after expecting criticisms I think we should face them and ask ourselves honestly—"Is there any truth in what is being said about me." When Stanton had called President Lincoln a fool in front of the government Lincoln simply replied, "If Stanton has called me a fool perhaps he is a wise man, for I had better look into the matter." Don't you agree that our trouble is flaring up too quickly to defend ourselves against criticisms and make excuses. Then we miss the chances of improvement that are coming from our fault finders.

Thirdly, when we have expected these criticisms and listened to them and extracted their worth, forget them, for if we do not they fester. If someone reports to you a malicious word that someone else has said of you, and in consequence you have become unhappy, you have allowed that person to hold the key to your heart and to place it where you shall not be happy. I insist that I and I alone, must have that privilege. You certainly cannot get much done in this world if you go around desperately trying to please everybody. It just can't be done. Saint Paul, the great apostle, was independent of men's opinions because he was deeply concerned about God's opinion, and it was said that one of the greatest secrets of his career was his ability to manage criticism.

Don't you agree that His — "Well done, good and faithful servant," should be the coveted decoration of us all?"

J. S. M.



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Honorary Editorial

With this last issue of the **Cord**, we suddenly become aware of the fact that another year has slipped by and that lurking in the not too distant mists is the grim Leviathan of examinations.

The posting of the exam time-table has caused conversations to take on a similar note. This is very evident as the usual controversial issues of the common room are curiously conspicuous by their absence. No one will deny that the time this year has flown faster than ever before, and everyone shudders collectively at the impending day of reckoning.

Elections are now the vogue as the various organizations wind up the year's business in a final splurge of student activity.

Since the last issue of the **Cord** a month ago, a new staff has been elected and, in accordance with its constitution, has edited and published this last edition. They now occupy the scrutinizing student eye as did those comprising the old. While they have been alternately criticized and praised for their efforts, they have succeeded in dealing with their undertakings honestly and capably through their willingness to contribute of their own abilities. It is now the responsibility of this new staff to emulate this willingness and carry it successfully through next year. There are definite difficulties that they will have to face that will make their job more burdensome but we are sure they will be dealt

to the best of their ability.

Because there is not a press at the College, the copy is sent out. Consequently, the editors are not on hand to see what havoc the printer's devil is wrecking as the magazine is being printed. Unpleasant typographical errors creep in and challenge the reader to ascertain for himself what was originally intended. Thus, a word misused by the writer may be misspelled by the linotype man and missed by the proofreader, and so it happens that an article passes from hand to hand for approval and correction and by the time it appears on the printed page it is often corrected beyond recognition. This process involves time and accounts for the tardiness of the publication.

All in all it's an average publication unique in its own right — average and irreplaceable.

In retrospect the retiring staff can now look back on this year through eyes a little less critical and a little more bloodshot. The mistakes we have made since last September now appear a little less conscientious as some of us aspire to the ethereal world of graduate oblivion. Exams have become the keynote and how most of us would like to see the notice posted announcing 'All exams cancelled' but that would be too much to expect. And so we bid adieu and prepare for the purge. Adieu.

D. Y.

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Editorials

Three Cheers

With this issue appearing as it does just before E-day, the new staff takes over the great honour and dubious pleasure of publishing the official organ of the undergraduates of Waterloo College. Great tribute should be paid to our honorary editor, Mr. Youngblut, who has done such a fine job in turning out five excellent publications. Few editors have ever been so conscientious. As a lumberman is known by the fullness of his cords, and a ropemaker for the texture and quality of his cords, so are our editors known. The new staff will attempt to continue the practice of combining the features of a magazine and a newspaper, and of serving as a binding cord between the undergraduates and the alumni.

Two projects for which this paper has been fighting seem today much closer to reality. Our now honorary editor discussed the NFCUS in the Christmas issue this year, and another phase is discussed in the next editorial. Two of your editors were at Caledon and the paper is now even more definitely behind our college joining the federation. We hope the matter is favourably decided before the exams arrive.

The Cord has been working for a publications board for years. Mr. Youngblut in co-operation with Mr. Bitzer of the Keystone presented an excellent rough draft of a constitution to the S.L.E. early in March. After considerable discussion and a few careful amendments, the constitution was adopted and referred to the four publications for ratification or recommendations. The Cord is satisfied and sincerely hopes that by the time the reader receives this issue, ratification by all will be complete. With this done, the ticklish by-laws will still have to be drafted and approved. Let not petty jealousy and bickering prevent the early establishment of something that

will be of definite value to the college in the years to come. The Cord, the Keystone, the Newsheet and the Directory will all be members, we hope.

If this advisory board is established before school is out or immediately in the fall, the problems will not be over. The real challenge is to make it work. We hope advertising and photography will be co-ordinated next year. It will have the job of the formation and presentation to the S.L.E. of a master budget and master books. Another important matter that can be discussed on the new board is the sphere for coverage of the various publications to avoid duplication and needless antagonisms. Occasionally new staffs that do not take over by means of transitional shift as does the Cord, and it could even happen here, fail, through no fault of their own, to grasp the purpose and special job of their publication. The Cord bears no grudge against any other paper. We have no time for that. We feel all are necessary if handled properly. The Publications Board is a necessity to the college, now more than ever before. Let's have it.

B. H.

On The Farm

The Caledon weekend will long be remembered at Waterloo College. Fifteen of our students were invited to meet a group of Toronto University students at their Caledon Hills farm on the weekend of March 8th. After taking several wrong turns, and diligently reading the road map, we finally reached the farm at noon on Saturday — just in time for lunch. As a matter of fact, the meals were a highlight of the weekend — those medical students certainly know how to cook! In the afternoon we took full advantage of the sunny weather and the

hilly country by going hiking and tobogganing. We can testify that the hills are steep (by our aching bones!) Before supper we went on a sleigh ride, and finished off the evening by a rousing square dance. Did you say you were tired? On Sunday the energetic souls took to the hills again, while the more intellectual ones took a course in Bridge 43!

Besides all this fun, we also managed to have several discussions in a more serious vein. Much of the time was spent in talking to the Toronto students, getting to know them, and exchanging points of view. It is difficult to realize just how closely knit and inclined to seclusion a small college like Waterloo is, until one hears the different viewpoints of students from another college. For this reason we felt that the weekend was truly worthwhile. We talked about the activities and courses of our respective colleges and especially about NFCUS — the National Federation of Canadian University Students—in which we were especially interested. We learned that this federation is composed of most Canadian universities ranging from British Columbia to the Maritimes. Each campus organizes its executive in the way best suited to, and most profitable for the college. One of the main features of NFCUS is getting to know students from different colleges, either on a weekend such as the one we attended or on exchange visits between colleges. During the year there are also conferences attended by a representative of NFCUS from each college. NFCUS is itself a part of an International Federation of Students, which forms a sort of chain linking together students from all over the world. From our discussions we felt that there was a definite advantage in belonging to this organization, perhaps mainly to keep the outlook of our college on a broader scale. Through conferences we could come into contact with colleges all over Canada and even all over the world. By exchanging visits with other colleges we could meet a variety of students and gain new ideas about college activities.

Since an important part of college ed-

ucation is to broaden the student's viewpoint, and NFCUS seems to accomplish this, we feel that through joining this federation, Waterloo will find her place among Canadian universities.

We bring this thought to you, the students of Waterloo College. Will you accept the challenge which NFCUS holds out to you?

A. N.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor of the College Cord:

In your February issue there appeared an article entitled THE IMMIGRANT AND CANADIAN CULTURE which, in part, reflects thinking with which most people will agree. But it is startling, and distressing to find also in this article a paragraph containing sweeping, derogatory, statements relating to "almost all" our newcomers, and couched, in part, in most offensive language.

The Council of Friendship hastens to point out that its general experience with newcomers to this community is in direct contrast to the opinions expressed. We are particularly concerned that these remarks should have appeared in a student publication of an institution of such high character, and with such great influence on our youth, as Waterloo College.

The right of freedom of the press is not challenged, but we do regret that consideration for new Canadian students, and the great need for furthering rather than retarding the cause of international understanding and goodwill did not prevail and preclude the possibility of the publication of the paragraph in question.

Sincerely,
Education Committee,
Council of Friendship,
W. G. Schweitzer, Chairman,
Mrs. W. P. Clement, President.

TWO IN ONE

A life insurance policy does two important things: it provides protection for dependents and, at the same time, provides the best organized plan of saving ever devised.

You owe it to yourself to enjoy the benefits of both these important features which are combined in a life insurance policy. Consult a Mutual Life of Canada representative today about the kind of policy best suited to your needs.

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Head Office

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