

November
1954

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BOOK REVIEW

B. Bartleman

Modern man, in his efforts to broaden and enlarge his knowledge, has taken to reading books on almost every possible topic. The main requirement of a book, it seems to him, is whether it will teach him any more facts or whether it will explain how to do something which he may, or may not, already know. The latest of these "How-to" books explains how to build a library—not a bookcase, or even a reference library, but an actual, personal library! Titles of books were carefully enumerated and the reader was expected to build his library from this arbitrary and often ill-chosen list.

However, most people who enjoy reading begin, sooner or later, to build up their own, purely personal library, chosen to suit their particular needs and interests. Unfortunately, the cost of most books prevent the reader from indulging himself too often in the purchase of books on topics that may please his fancy for the moment, but of whose permanent interest he is not certain.

The solution to this and many other problems for those who wish not only to read but also to own books is supplied by the Penguin "pocket books". These usually well-written and carefully edited books have the added advantage of being cheap. They are a boon to crowded bookshelves as they take up a half or a third of the space of an ordinary volume and are easy to carry around.

The chief virtue of Penguins, however, (other than their cheapness) is the variety of titles and subjects offered to the reader. This point will be illustrated, it is hoped, in the review on the following books which are, naturally, all Penguins.

THE PENGUIN BOOK OF MODERN AMERICAN VERSE (ed. Geoffrey Moore) is an anthology whose purpose is to introduce the modern American poets to a non-American reader. For this reason the introductions to the various poets are longer than is usual in most popular anthologies and are much better by far than the average. The choice of both

poets and poems is well made and gives the reader an excellent first impression of modern American poetry.

THE LITERATURE OF THE UNITED STATES by Marcus Cunliffe might be considered a corollary to the above book although it includes drama, fiction and criticism as well. In a pleasant and, at times, witty manner the author outlines the main features and developments of American literature. Here and there, the biases and prejudices of the author may be seen but, on the whole, it is a fair and accurate commentary. Taken for what it is, an introduction to the main American literary figures and not a text book, it serves its purpose well.

Two recent Penguin editions will appeal to the lovers of quizzes (although I.Q. tests still provide the best fun). CAN YOU TELL ME?, compiled by Norman and Margaret Dixon, is the better of the two, as the quizzes in it have a greater variety of subject-matter. Here is an example of the type of question: "Name five different ways, ancient and modern, of covering the walls of a living-room". (I won't spoil your fun by telling the answer). The other book, by Hubert Phillips, is called WHO WROTE THAT? The things that will stump you are often the most familiar quotations. For instance, who wrote, "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; Weep and you weep alone"? (Ella Wheeler Wilcox, *Solitude*). However, with quizzes, you either can't stand them or you like them all—which leaves me with nothing more to say.

Grafton's

MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR

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Where is the Avant-Garde?

Intellectual enthusiasm among college students has usually been the cause of much concern, if not alarm, on the part of older, supposedly wiser, generations. But, until the recent past, our elders have consoled themselves with the argument that such enthusiasm is only the healthy escape of fevers too dangerous to be contained. "Renegade at 20, Tory at 40," our parents used to say, with a knowing and infuriating smile, confident that our radicalism was only a phase. In America in 1954, the older generation scarcely needs to take refuge in such clever diagnoses. The feverish pursuit of ideas and causes seems to have gone quite out of fashion. One may only ask if this is a sign of a more rational constitution and better intellectual digestion, or whether the feverishness will break out in a later rash.

As many of us on the faculty could testify, the fever certainly raged on college campuses a mere ten years ago. Looking back on that period now, we would have to admit that much of it was sheer delirium. Many of the enthusiasms we so rashly shared have been judged absurd. Our political enthusiasm was often more cranky than generous. And our aesthetic judgment was frequently more sentimental than sensible. Yet from these enthusiasms we learned to develop a more mature taste in politics and the arts, and the excitement of defending causes stimulated our wits and whetted our appetites.

One feverish complaint from which we suffered almost uninterruptedly a decade ago came from an overdose of politics. There was politics in our choice of clothes, in our entertainment, in the art we defended. We had an almost fanatical conviction that there was such a thing as "progressive" music, and so shut our ears to much that was lyrical, or even great, because it had been labelled "bourgeois." We dismissed novels or poems, however brilliantly conceived, because their "message" was "reaction-

ary," and so read Steinbeck rather than Faulkner, Spender rather than Eliot. To the extent to which politics coloured our taste in the arts, they exerted a vicious influence. But the meanings which we attached to "Left" and "Right" in the strictly political sphere were less absurd, and most of us would be still willing to commit ourselves on any basic issue to the defense of a "progressive" (maybe even of a "reactionary") point of view. Students nowadays (is it because you have read Whittaker Chambers and George Orwell, or because you are simply indifferent?) seem to have no enthusiasm for politics whatsoever.

Another rashness to which we fell easy victims ten years ago was the over-eager acclaim of everything new. Whether it was vegetarianism through reading Shaw, pacifism from Russell or Joad, or Hindu quietism via Huxley, Isherwood (or Gandhi himself), we had our intended short-cuts to serenity. In the arts, any new school of painting or new technique in musical orchestration gained our immediate spontaneous support. It felt intoxicating to defend new struggling schools of art against the orthodox taste of our "bourgeois" elders. Gertrude Stein, I agree, may seem more than a little absurd in 1954; to us, she seemed an heroic trail-blazing pioneer.

The present intellectual tendencies, by contrast with those of a decade ago, seem to suggest a Victorian Renaissance. There is a strong trend to conformity in the air, and the heavier, mustier atmosphere of the nineteenth century seems to be returning. I would strongly suspect that some of you prefer Wagner to Schoenberg, Millais to Matisse, and Thackeray to Dos Passos. Unless a pioneering band of enthusiastic disciples supports new movements in the arts, what will become of our taste in another ten years?

Why is it that, unlike students of the past, you do not want to belong to an advance guard in politics and art? It could conceivably be hesitation through

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AVANT-GARDE

(Continued from page 5)

fear, at a time when opinions, especially political opinions, are being everywhere examined for their orthodoxy. It could be complacency. Or is it because you feel that there is nothing to disagree about, that we all share the same basic convictions? Or that the expression of different views is unwise and impolite?

Ten years ago, we liked to imagine ourselves a tiny vanguard slinging pebbles at the Philistines. All we probably achieved was to represent the bad conscience of the bourgeoisie. But, even if our enthusiasm did not change the world (unless perhaps for the worse?), it was an intoxication which we shall never forget. If you do not feel any of the avant-garde enthusiasms we felt, I think that there is need to sound trumpets of alarm.

G. A.

The Truth of His Soul

A vulture and I had a chat
The other day
High up in the sky

He told me the depth of his love,
Truth of his soul,
The light of his eye

My heart was filled with joy
To hear such words,
I thought I should cry

From below came a plea of woe;
I looked: one of us,
Loveless, about to die

I turned to ask my friend if he,
He was not there!
He called "Wait a while"

Puffing, and licking his red lips,
He told me of
The truth of his soul.

WM. D. HURAS

External Affairs

Student Disorders

Newspaper reports from across Canada this past month have carried with them a strangely similar flavour. From Kingston to Vancouver, university students have brought themselves into the focus of the public eye.

At the University of Toronto, 600 freshmen engineering students invaded University College, causing damage and injuring one professor who challenged them. In Kingston, two students from Queens University were arrested for removing a manhole cover, drinking under age, and letting the air out of the tires of a police cruiser during a demonstration. Fire hoses were finally required to prevent a jail-break by enraged students.

Students in Western Canada did their best to keep up with their eastern counterparts. In Saskatchewan, students were severely reproached by the Chief of Police of Saskatoon for obstructing traffic, making nuisances of themselves, and trying to dismantle a police cruiser. In Vancouver, U.B.C. students amused themselves by chaining each other to lamp posts. Disciplinary action has been promised by the Student Council.

No serious incidents were reported at the University of Western Ontario. However, one minor skirmish took place when police were called in to drive off students of Huron College who were serenading (so the officials said) the girls of Brescia Hall.

NFCUS Conference

During the week of October 18th to 22nd, student attention was focussed on the National Federation of Canadian University Students meeting in Toronto.

The main problem confronting NFCUS this year was the all-important question of whether or not to affiliate with the International Union of Students which is alleged to be Communist-dominated. Delegates from twenty-five member universities took part in the annual conference.

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On Monday, July 12th, 1954, a funeral service was conducted at the Church of the Holy Saviour in Waterloo which brought a deep sense of sadness to the hearts of those members of the Faculty and student body of Waterloo College who were able to attend. They were saying "farewell" to Wellesley Dorland Evans, late Professor of Romance Languages.



Unfortunately only a few students at Waterloo College were privileged to know Professor Evans well. Specializing as he did in Honours French, his classes

were small, but students who were fortunate enough to come under his guidance were well aware that they were listening to a man of exceptional wisdom and ability, a man full of sympathy and understanding, and a man with a witty, common-sense outlook on life.

Those members of the faculty who were best acquainted with Professor Evans recognized in him a source of knowledge that could always be tapped, a lover of good books and good music, and a person who had been blessed with the power of telling a good story well. His wisdom and good humour will be long remembered by those who frequented the Faculty Room in the old College building.

Professor Evans' contribution to Waterloo College cannot be underestimated. He was responsible for five students who brought honour to themselves, to the College, and to their instructor by securing gold medals in French — a record few professors can match. He produced and directed, in recent years, three French plays that were very instrumental in gaining new friends and new respect for the College. Above all, he filled the students who came within his influence with a desire for knowledge and a passion for accuracy.

Perhaps the finest thing that can be said about Dorland Evans is that he was supremely interested in his students. His whole life revolved around teaching — bringing to young people an appreciation of the arts — and in this endeavour he was singularly successful. That in itself is no mean epitaph.

One last quality possessed by Professor Evans remains to be mentioned — his courage. Stricken by a serious illness and subjected to a major operation, he nevertheless returned to class-room work, perhaps before he should have. There were two reasons for his quick return, both of them evidence of his thoughtfulness and desire to help. Mr. Evans was aware that his illness was placing a severe burden on those members of his staff who willingly undertook to carry on his courses during his illness and his return to work was due in large part to his desire to ease those burdens which he had been forced to impose. The other reason was a simple one — he wanted to be with his students.

In the funeral oration Dean Lloyd Schaus fastened upon a passage of Scripture which to his mind typified the life of Dorland Evans. It is right and fitting that those words should be remembered:

"I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished the course."

These things Wellesley Dorland Evans did with devotion and piety.



The Academic procession led by Prof. J. Clark on their way to dedicate our new Arts and Science Building

BEYOND THE HORIZON

Beyond the horizon my mind takes flight
On wings of whitest feather.
What is beyond that blinding light—
A field of purple heather?
Or mountains caped with gleaming snow,
A valley hid in darkness,
A prairie where the west winds blow
And bring there summer likeness?

Is man so blind as not to see
This lovely world around him
And thus forgetful of God be
And fighting in the dim?
Can he not visualize fair peace
And listen to her song?,
The music that will never cease
Beyond the horizon?

ANGELA DAECHSEL.



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Stratford Shakesperian Festival

Little Stratford — Great Hope

On a beautiful day at the end of June, a great undertaking celebrated its first birthday. The infant already enjoys an enormous reputation, and all who follow its growth and advancement are looking forward with expectation and pleasure to 1955, the third anniversary of the Shakesperian Festival in Stratford.

The little town, of which we are all so proud, anxiously guards its precious child. Resting on the shoulders of the people, the undertaking has not become a prey of big business men and, up till now, has been saved from their commercialization.

Those who came to pay tribute to the child were looked after in a very thoughtful way. The inspirational needs of the visitors, as well as the material necessities, were carefully considered: an attempt was made to create an atmosphere suitable to a Shakesperian drama by playing Elizabethan incidental music.

Experienced men in the theatrical field were brought over from England to direct the plays which were put on by an enthusiastic group of both Canadian and English players.

The audience of the first year's premiere was comprised of the more adventurous type in the theatrical world. Entering the tent with scepticism, they did not foresee the possibilities of the small artistically designed, stage which became so alive during the performance that they felt drawn into the scene. The overwhelming acting of Alec Guinness as Richard III made them hold their breath in surprise and delight.

The unanimous praise of critics and theatre-goers alike convinced those who had missed seeing last year's plays that they must not repeat the same mistake again this year.

It was not too surprising, therefore, that this year's premiere became a social event. Many prominent people, headed

by the Governor-General, joined in the appreciative applause at the end of the performance.

No outstanding figure took the lead in this year's Shakesperian plays. It was due to the co-operation of all the players and their unified and vital movements that the "Taming of the Shrew" became a success.

In "Measure for Measure," the writer found it difficult to transpose from the minor tone of the first two acts to the major tone of the following acts. The mind seemed to be so preoccupied with the problem of the deputy who overstepped his own laws, that it followed with hesitation the contrived unravelling of the plot.

A whole-hearted participation of both players and audience was secured in the third play, Sophocles' "Oedipus". Classic unity and magnitude, supported by action of restrained passion and costumes of dignified simplicity, here reached its perfection.

What, we now wonder, will be the outlook for next year's Festival? Will it again be a step forward? Whatever the choice might be for next year's plays, at least one of Shakespeare's major dramas ought to be performed: the novelty of the undertaking has worn off, and people won't so readily be drawn by the advertisement of the name of a successful film star. They want Shakespeare, the immortal.

We are glad and proud to state: Out of a Community Affair grew an International Theatre.

Little Stratford — Canada's cultural hope!

Humourous Incidents Backstage as told by Mag Smyth, a dressmaker

One day while Tanya Moiseiwitsch was trying on some nightshirts that she had ordered for Sly in "Taming of the Shrew," we were struck with the similarity between one particular nightshirt and a doctor's operating gown. Inspired, we completed the costume and tied some gauze over her face, wrapped a piece of cotton around her head, put a pair of rubber gloves on her hands, and sent her
(Continued on page 22)

WELCOME . . .

Miss W. E. Beno, whose home is in Tilbury, comes to us from the University of Western Ontario where she graduated from, and taught in, the School of Business Administration for three years. Her work there consisted of teaching Accounting and Business Mathematics to Secretarial Science pupils in addition to working with the report writing programme in the Honors Business Administration department. Miss Beno has a charming personality and a graciousness of manner that has already endeared her to her students as she introduces our new course in Secretarial Science.

Dr. W. H. Bexion, whose home town is Stratford, comes to us from McGill University where he taught for three years and did research work on the subject of "Boredom". His findings were recently published in McLean's magazine.

Dr. J. B. Sanders has his degree in French Literature and teaches all the Honors French courses at Waterloo College. He began studying for his degree in 1947 while teaching at the University of Manitoba. In 1948 Dr. Sanders went to Paris, France, on a French Government Scholarship and received his doctorate in 1952. He was born in Winnipeg and is now making his home in Waterloo. He is married and has two children.

Mr. J. C. Woodbury, whose home town is also Winnipeg, did his undergraduate work at the University of Manitoba and his graduate work in Toronto. He is now working on his Ph.D. Mr. Woodbury is teaching English 32 and the Honors English courses. He and his wife, who have been happily married for three years, are making their home in Waterloo.

Dr. G. E. Reaman, who was born in Toronto, is presently making his home in Guelph. He retired this past year from the Ontario Agricultural College after having been head of their Department of English for fifteen years. Besides teaching English 29 (Public Speaking) at Waterloo College, Dr. Reaman is an after-dinner speaker of considerable note. He has one daughter who graduated from McMaster University and the Royal Conservatory of Music.

Dr. A. B. Little is Assistant Professor in the Department of Classics. He received his high school training here when Waterloo College operated a High School and also received his College and Seminary training here, graduating in 1938. He received his degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology from Chicago Lutheran Seminary in Maywood, Illinois.

Dr. Little comes to us from London where he organized Redeemer Lutheran Church. His future is bright. He plans to be married December 18th and will continue his career here. Dr. Little is also College Chaplain.

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Static Fall '54

by RYERSON

There comes a time in every Static Editor's life when he is expected to say something (this is taking an odd form already for he rarely says anything) that is, at any rate, slightly removed from slander, about a certain group : : : : : The time is Fall : : : : : Glorious Fall, when gentle summer succumbs in brittle death before the hoary wedge of lusty winter : : : : : Hah! Didn't expect that did you! : : : : : My, the very air was blued : : : : : Ah me (or I)! : : : : : Poeta nascitur non fit! (Which freely translated is: The nasty poet's throwing a fit) : : : : : Well, to finish what I started out to say before I was carried away (or out) : : : : : The Fall Static honours (honours Hah! : : : : : Hoo boy, honours! : : : : : Yet already!) The Frosh : : : : : (Bring out your dead). So, know ye, good men and good wives all, that the Freshmen of '54-'55 be the most gallant group of : : : : : The finest : : : : : the most illustrious : : : : : Ah well, Frosh you couldn't win anyway. But seriously, if that's possible, we, the lordly Sophomores do hope you enjoyed the grand fete held in your honour and known as humiliation week : : : : : I mean initiation week. We appreciated your co-operation in helping the upperclassmen to stay, shall we say, polished. We liked the way you responded to our little commands such as (shall we say it like the charming French do) : : : : : Mow de lawn! I could go on for simply pages (but I'll be darned if I will : : : : : by the way that was darned : : : : : D-A-R-N-E-D) but in brief, here's a health to you Frosh : : : : : You are possessed of intestinal fortitude (for intestinal fortitude, please read gust) : : : : : and, bless you, you did live through it!

I feel I should have something quite clear at this point in this epic — so, when you see : : : : : it means a long dash : : : : : I wouldn't have used the : : : : : 's, except that I can't find the long dash

on this darned (that's darned) typewriter : : : : : O.K.?

Well, enough of this senseless prattle (no, that doesn't mean this is the end of the column!) About insignificant matters and matter : : : : : we have a new Arts and Science PLANT! Complete with the Snark Room and Judas Iscariot Memorial Package Chute. You know (or maybe you don't) it's really unbelievable, this Arts and Science plant, after our old one-building plant : : : : : Oh, I know the new plant doesn't have that mellow look, with ivy-covered walls (well, after all they had to insulate the old place : : : : : for place read plant : : : : : somehow), and stairwell complete with view of city of Waterloo, city of Waterloo Memorial Water Tower, and back window of women's residence : : : : : but it will mellow (boy, will it mellow! Just ask Nick). When we get some more grass and just oodles of REPRESENTATIVE Canadian trees (Plants?), such as the upper Canada cherry, the lower Canada chestnut, and the cross-town burdock : : : : : But the new plant is really terrific : : : : : well, I mean, why we've got a veritable garden here now. There are a lot of interesting features about this new building. though, such as a cork room, an upright wind tunnel (I think that's where they get the "Science" in Arts and Science), a Star of David in the floor of the main foyer, and Seminar rooms (Seminar is a confusion of the word Seminary which means "a small room like we had in the old shrub") : : : : : Well, when all's said and done : : : : : "Fumo ergo sum" : : : : : which is an old Latin joke that has no bearing on the matter. At all.

I trust that all local psuedo intellectuals have been perusing the caustic comments of that old bespectacled gunslinging philosopher in the (pardon the expression) News Weakly : : : : : He has been most eloquent on the misguided, uninspired character who, contrary to

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Five of our lovely Freshettes appear above in their most formal attire, in the presence of two of the AUGUST Sophomores, John Hauser and Bill—The Profile—Cole. Unfortunately the names of these ravished creatures have been mislaid. Maybe it's a blessing in disguise girls, but you do look too-too. Fact is, you look out of this world, quite a long way out at that.

Editor.

ON WATERLOO

Tempests in teapots—and rather weak
tea:
Thought'st thou of this when paying thy
fee?
My college 'tis of thee.

D. B. ARMSTRONG

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Seminary Shavings

At long last, after attendance at the Toronto Convention of the United Lutheran Church, the fledgling sky-pilots on the campus are plunging deeper and deeper into depths of theology, doctrine, homiletics, systematics, and all the other subjects that make for good pastors and preachers. Twenty are now enrolled as full-time students and nine as part-time. New students in the seminary are: Edward Balint, R.R. 1, St. Ann's, Ont.; Vernon N. Cronmiller, 195 Ahrens St. W., Kitchener; William D. Huras, 213 Duke St. E., Kitchener; William Kurshinski, 146 Waterloo St., Waterloo; Henry Lowenberger, Saskatoon; Garfield Remus, Chapleau, Ont.; and Clyde Wentzell, Barss Corner, Nova Scotia. Part-time students are: Henry P. Epp, Waterloo; Charles Dekert, Preston; Margaret Felton, Elmira; John Garber, R.R. 2, Alma; Orland Gingrich, Baden; John Hess, Kitchener; Roy S. Koch, St. Jacob's; John Kurtz, Kitchener; W. D. Ulrich, Kitchener.

We in the Seminary rejoice that 29 pre-theologs are enrolled in college in anticipation of admission to the semin-

ary in coming years. This is a great day for preaching. Everywhere the church is calling for more men, more men. Specialized ministries such as ministers of religious education, chaplaincies in army, navy, air corps, hospitals, state institutions, industrial corporations, etc., are taking many who otherwise would be in the parish pastorate. We urge all our young men in our college eager to gain the best and the most life has to offer to consider the Christian ministry. The Church of Christ must be planted!

Each morning chapel services are conducted at 9 o'clock. We are happy to welcome to our worship an increasing number of college students. Especially glad are we to have our deaconesses and some of our co-eds worship with us. You are always welcome.

Some one suggested that we write about our plans for the Seminary. We have only one aim and purpose—namely, to send forth into the Christian ministry an ever-increasing number of consecrated and highly qualified young men eager to serve to the best of their ability the Lord of Life and His Church. Any and everything that we do will be directed to this end and purpose.

Dr. J. RAY HAUSER

AT GRADUATION TIME



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



Charles Belair

PHOTOGRAPHER

Duncker Building

Kitchener Ont.

Editorial

The editorial you are about to read in no wise refers to the freshman class. They, of all of us, have been most cooperative in their efforts to make the general programme of the school a success. Their eagerness to do things in a definite way has shed a ray of light where previously has existed only a shadow of the formerly bright ideals of the soph, junior and senior classes.

How often have you sat back, and taken stock of what is going on around you, or given any, even slightly, serious consideration to the ills of our college society?

Have you ever wondered why it is that things aren't going right? Why it is that everything is in such a muddle? Have you ever wondered why it is that the people holding significant student offices appear frustrated; or why it is that our organizations, publications and activities generally, are all on the verge of being submerged, strangled or suffocated?

And how many of us have just sat back and been perfectly useless? How many of us have been quick enough to criticize, complain, and question the wisdom of the direction of our many programmes, but have been prone to do anything about it?

With this school year in its infancy, does it not seem dreadful to you that we are in a rut and are heading for the rocks?

What's the reason for it, and why is everything falling apart?

Stupid, lazy indifference seems to be the answer. There is not a reason in the world for this attitude, or for the situation we are allowing to develop around us. The lack of support at the time of this writing has been enough to turn the strongest stomach. Some people with the smallest jobs have fallen down to such an extent that it appears that any chance of our programmes pulling through is merely an hallucination, and this includes people with large jobs, too.

I know that there are students who

have put their best into the tasks they have been given, and who are struggling desperately to do a job that's worthwhile. Some actually have done excellent work. But many of these jobs are so closely related to others, that no matter how well a single phase may have been covered, it's hopeless if the other parts have received half-hearted attention, or none at all. And therein lies the problem.

On the one side of the fence, we have the few who are and have been knocking themselves out to do a good job; and on the other side, we have the many who have jobs to do, but have done them in such a fashion — if they have done anything — that no one would ever know that these jobs even existed.

What is the matter with us anyhow?

We seem possessed with a perfect lack of initiative. We are no longer children, and when we say that we will do a job, it ought to be done to the best of our ability. It's time to drop the irresponsible attitudes we have adopted in connection with the affairs of our college. Your allotted task may seem insignificant to you personally, but in the final analysis, the programme is sunk unless you are willing to take a very active interest and do an honest share of the work.

The thing we should bear in mind is the fact that these piddling little annoyances — so called — are what are going to make the community and the general public sit up and take notice. The successes of the College are your successes, and you have a right to feel justly proud of anything that makes Waterloo College shine. However, at the present rate of speed and effort, we'll be lucky if our school emits even a sickly glow.

Every job in the College has standards that must be met, responsibilities that must be realized, and privileges that

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WAYNE HOMER, C.O.T.C.

My alarm clock awakened with an angry snarl, and as I reached out to shut it off, I noticed the long, lean arm of my neighbour reach out in search of his daily prebreakfast cigarette. This action on the part of my fellow officer cadet had become almost as spontaneous as the many other movements which had been drilled into us during twelve weeks of summer training in the army.

A normal day began at 5:30 in the morning with a reveille parade to which all manner of men staggered blearily. After roll call, these same men marched bravely back to the barracks to fight a losing battle with the razors. After a nourishing breakfast, the daily inspection by the commanding officer took place in the parade square under the stern glare of the morning sun. Upon completion of this nerve-wracking inspection, each troop of officer cadets was marched off to its own class room by a troop senior chosen for a period of one week by the troop commander. This troop commander was an officer in the permanent army, usually a lieutenant, but sometimes a captain. To assist the troop commander, there was a sergeant or sergeant-major who, in addition to conducting lectures on such subjects as military law, weapons' training and map-using, carried out daily sessions of foot drill on the parade square. These drill sessions often included instructive similes such as, "Will you stand still, sir? You're like Barbara Ann Scott in a convulsion."

In the afternoons, practical use was made of knowledge acquired through morning lectures. If theoretical training

had been given in the care and operation of a Bren gun, and, before any actual live firing was done, a few afternoons would be spent in "dry" firing and actions to be taken in case of misfiring. The latter part of each afternoon was taken up by sports and P.T., designed to round off an already exhaustive day. Leisure hours in the evening were spent polishing brass, pressing uniforms and shining boots. After these preparations had been made, there were always letters to be written home, or manuals to be studied. If evening duties were completed early, there was always the camp movie at hand and the Officers' Mess with its ping pong and pool tables and a well-stocked reading room.

After ten weeks of basic infantry training, schemes were organized to give trainees a week of living in the field under simulated battle conditions. Upon successful completion of these schemes, and with the provision that they had passed their previous training, officer candidates were allowed to return home. However, many remained until the re-opening of school compelled them to leave, and thus gained experience which would prove invaluable to them in their second year of training.

Training in the C.O.T.C. enables a young man to see and understand the functioning of our modern army, both from the standpoint of an officer and from that of a man in the ranks. Upon successful completion of his course, an officer candidate is granted a Queen's commission which, in time of war, will permit him to defend his country from oppression, in a position of challenge and command.

Students are invited to join the more than 41,000 Waterloo County citizens with Savings Accounts at

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Kitchener

-

Waterloo

-

Galt

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Preston



Here they are girls, the pride of Waterloo College. They too are dressed in the fashions current at most colleges in the early fall. These three graciously consented to pose for a wandering snap shot fiend, but they would probably have run for it, had they suspected being exposed in this way. The name of one escapes me here also, so I leave it to you. You name them and you can have them.



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SCOT'S SPORT SKETCHES

Well, it's about time we got our desk cleared of all the "newsy notes from nowhere," and got down to some real "sporty" business. As speculated in the last issue it was anticipated that this year Waterloo College could acquire an appellation in the athletic front to equal the fine one it has in the scholarly realm. Well, how are we doing? Up to press time, many of the activities were earmarked to forge ahead with that extra spark which was a deficiency in years past. But this can only be accomplished with the complete support of the entire student body. Let's get behind our teams either in the game or as part of the crowd. "Keep our sports alive in fifty-five."

Mules Split First Two Games

Opening game at Guelph saw O.A.C. sneak by with a hard-fought six-one decision over the much strengthened Mules. Both teams were closely matched, each completing fourteen first downs. Guelph gained yards on Waterloo's costly penalties; but the Mules completed over half their passes as against only one for the farmers. But their only completion resulted in a converted touchdown, enough to decide the game. Frazer kicked Waterloo's only point.

Totzke then led his charges to London for a game which turned out to be a different story. It was Waterloo all the way as they rolled over Huron seventeen to one. Once again their passing attack looked good. The Mules made seventeen first downs as against only seven for Huron. Four of these were in a row, followed by a blocked kick by Oliver and then a Widmeyer touchdown. Following McNair's short kickoff, and a

Waterloo recovery, a long pass and an end run good for 55 yards combined, allowed Earl to carry the ball over for another touchdown. The extra point was the result of an almost impossible catch by "Diehard" Pirie. What proved to be the winning touchdown was supplied by "sure-footed" Ed O'Doud early in the game. Late in the last quarter Miller, kicking against the wind, unleashed a 54-yard punt good for the final point.

Well Represented at Track Meet

Waterloo sent ten men to the intercollegiate meet in Toronto recently, to compete for laurels. McNair and Gibson threw in the discus and javelin event, while Oliver and McNair entered the shotput. The 220 and 440 were run by Taciuk and Colbourne. Miller and O'Doud ran in the hundred-yard dash. Wettlaufer, Gibson, Miller and Board competed in the jumping events. Finally, the mile and the three-mile were run by MacIntosh and Jones respectively.

Waterloo Competes in Golf Tournament

A team composed of Kosky, Armstrong, Hagey, and Bahen tied for fourth in the Intercollegiate Golf Tournament in London recently. They compiled a gross aggregate score of 374 on the day's play.

Sneeze For Comment

. . . What's happened to the cheerleaders throughout the first couple of games? Last year we had plenty of feminine cheers, but no cheers from the main body. Come on, girls, let's get organized now that we have a few supporters out to the games.

. . . There's also a strong rumour from reliable sources that there is going to be no hockey this year for the College Mules. It is believed that most of the athletic money was spent for football this year. Why not squelch this rumour by getting behind a bigger and better hockey team? With the hockey background of many of the frosh it shouldn't be too difficult to organize a team if the boys are willing.

. . . Plans are under way for another basketball game against St. Jerome's

College prior to the Harlem Globetrotters feature at the Auditorium slated for November 8th. Let's get the banner again, fellows!

. . . This year's edition of the girls' basketball team has been holding practicing sessions in the gym, of late. The nucleus of last year's team is there, but where are the freshettes?

. . . Where were our girls for the Intercollegiate Track and Field Meet held in London on October 18th?

Who Are the Mules?

In case our students are wondering who are playing for the Mules this year, we have compiled a concise rundown of the players to date.

| NAME | WEIGHT | HEIGHT | EXPERIENCE |
|---------------------|-------------------|--------|---|
| FLYING WING | | | |
| Stewart | 145 | 5'7" | Freshman; 1 year at K.C.I. |
| Drinkwalter | 170 | 5'11" | Freshman; 3 years Etobicoke |
| HALVES | | | |
| Homer | 150 | 5'10" | First year for Mules |
| Biederman | 163 | 6' | 2nd year Mules; 5 years Pembroke |
| Frazer | 180 | 6' | 5 years Port Credit; 2 years R.I.T. |
| Miller | 180 | 5'10" | Freshman; 5 years Pembroke |
| O'Doud | 153 | 5'8" | 5 years London South |
| Burt | 157 | 5'8" | Freshman; 1 yr. Mimico, 1 yr. Etobicoke |
| Land | 195 | 6'4" | 3rd year Waterloo, 5 years Hanover |
| QUARTERBACKS | | | |
| Widmeyer | 170 | 5'10" | Freshman: 4 years K.C.I., 1 yr. St. Jerome's College |
| Kipp | 155 | 5'7" | 3rd year Mules, 4 years K.C.I. |
| CENTRES | | | |
| Oliver | 215 | 6'1" | Freshman: 5 years London Central, 1st year Dutchmen. |
| Springer | 185 | 6'2" | Freshman: 5 years Fort Francis. |
| GUARDS | | | |
| Steele | 175 | 6'3" | Freshman: 3 years St. Andrews. |
| Knight | 159 | 6'1" | Freshman: 6 years St. Andrews. |
| Binhammer | 185 | 5'11" | 5th year Mules, (Daddy of the team), 2 years Elmira. |
| Hackbush | 185 | 6'1" | 3rd year Waterloo, 2 years Salt Fleet High. |
| Shaw | 145 | 5'11" | 2 years Waterloo, 3 years Pembroke, 1 year Albert. |
| Maynard | 180 | 5'8" | Freshman: 5 years Wallaceburg. |
| Norton | 195 | 6'2" | Freshman: 2 years Sudbury. |
| Gibson | 280 | 5'6" | 3rd year Mulettes, Mau Mau Inst. of Tech. 3 years. |
| Fehrenback | 190 | 6' | Freshman: 2 years St. Jerome's, 1 year Kitchener Jr. O.R.F.U. |
| McNair | 190 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 6'2" | 2 years Forest Hill Abnormal. |
| Houston | 180 | 6'1" | 2 years Mules, 3 years Pembroke. |
| ENDS | | | |
| Class | 150 | 5'10" | 3rd year Waterloo, 1 year K.C.I. |
| Cooper | 155 | 6'1" | 2 years Sudbury, 2 years St. Andrews. |
| Pirie | 172 | 6'1" | 2 years Guelph. |
| Holle | 160 | 5'11" | 3rd year Mules, 1 year St. Jerome's, 1 year St. Mike's. |
| Phelp | 160 | 6'1" | Freshman: 5 years Lawrence Park. |
| Matthews | 165 | 6' | 2 years Mules, 1 year K.C.I. |
| Wagner | 157 | 5'9" | 3rd year Waterloo. |
| Evans | 166 | 6' | 2nd year Mules, Montreal West, Goderich and Lower Canada. |

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EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 14)

can be enjoyed, if we are willing to take advantage of our opportunities. Don't figure — well, if I don't do it, it won't matter, somebody else will take over. Somebody else will not take over, and you will have let the school down, you will have let the committee or organization down, and worst of all, you will have let yourself down. Can you afford to lose face so easily? Can you afford to have your colleagues say "Don't ask him — or her — to do anything, because it will backfire on you?"

There are a sufficient number of positions in the structure of our extra-curricular system to give at least half of the student body a small but important task to perform and perform well; and if everyone co-operates, everything we attempt will be a smash success. This is true even if the job is only stapling forms together in the student office. The work must be done; it is important that

it be done on time; and it should be done well and can be, if only, only, only you'll pull the lead out and move.

Student control at Waterloo College is the ultimate goal of our collective efforts, but — do you think that anything remotely resembling control will be ours, if things continue at the rate of progress witnessed in the first three weeks of October? Not likely! We would be mad to expect the administration to give us a responsible job to do, if we appear to be as incapable of handling our own affairs as we have so far demonstrated this year.

If we are not willing to do our part, and goodness knows that every committee consists of several parts, then we might just as well forget all about everything that could become anything at the college.

Just come to class every morning, attend all scheduled lectures, obey the directives issued by the administration, and don't complain about anything, because you won't have a leg to stand on.

Algon

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STATIC (Continued from page 11)

popular feeling on the matter, has insisted on painting some strange and revolting name on the door of the College ale house (Well, you must admit that the colour of that apple juice is most deceiving) : : : : if it's the Snark Room, don't be misled into calling it anything else! : : : : don't overlook old Wilson : : : : he is the King of the Pseudo's!

It has come to my attention there is a seemingly destructive element in the environs of our old ivy-covered institution : : : : I refer to those madmen with the mechanical earth-eating pets, who are systematically turning North Waterloo in the vicinity of Bricker street into a colliery. I suspect that those obsessed people, under the guise of road builders, are actually ditch diggers left over from Yonge street with lots of time on their hands. Their fiendish plan must be stopped before they eat up the entire city! This situation affects us because I also suspect they have been dumping their diggings in our backyard! : : : : and this, god wot, on top of being downright unneighbourly, rather fouls up a fellow's rugby game. Let's do something soon, for, from all reports from T.O., these Yonge street boys are going to have lots of time for a cup of coffee.

Oh, by the way, we're having a bit

of a show here this year known as the P and G or Lux hour or something : : : and old grandfather Hauser would greatly appreciate, yea, and kiss the necks of, any and all people, dogs, or students who turn out and aid or abet him in his mad and merry farce (farce, you realize, is a fine, old, and revered dramatic term) but seriously (and again we're trying to be) do, do get on that crazy bandwagon and help the old fellow : : : 'cause it would be just too pathetic for words if he had to stand on the stage all by himself and sing "My Old Vienna Home" for two hours. So please, go and see the ancient Jonathan : : : he's a little nuts but aren't we all (oh, oh, there's them bells again) : : : remember that's P and G : : : P. as in Purple and G. as in Whiz.

Well, we'll be talking around and beneath you (but never above or behind) next month : : : and remember we are come that you might have something (we're sure, really) and that you might have it more cheaply (let's stick to our text, eh!) : : : so the next time you think of telling us to take the College Cord and hang ourselves, try to realize that we take these wild liberties because sometimes we, like Denis's dog, think I'm a people.

W. W. Ryerson (Odd one this month)

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EXTERNAL

(Continued from page 6)

Waterloo's delegates this year to the conference were Ian Raeburn-Gibson, chairman of the local committee and Neville Bishop, president of the S.L.E. Observers were Joan White and Beverley Cronmiller.

It is well worth while for a student to interest himself in the affairs of NFCUS. Its benefits are being increased year by year in such matters as student scholarships, exchange scholarships, and travelling fares.

Military Service

Once again, with the opening of the academic year, university contingents of the Canadian Officers' Training Corps have commenced their recruiting campaigns. This training affords both a beneficial and a challenging opportunity to college students, who meet the requirements, to serve both Canada and themselves in this way.

BILL WARDEN

STRATFORD

(Continued from page 9)

out to the front office. A group of actors who never had met her before were sitting there. They took one look at Tanya, who was yelling "Who's next for a fitting," and promptly turned an interesting shade of green.

Then again, I will never forget Ivan, who was a ballet dancer in his youth. He substituted the ironing board for an exercise bar and never entered the room before doing a tour-jete or two. Ivan also had a repertoire of gorgeous little old ladies' voices that he used for carrying on monologues — and at times he nearly drove us all mad. But he was a dear soul.

I mustn't forget to mention darling Andrius, a gay Greek who spent his entire summer making himself bikini bathing suits out of every six inch square of material that he could find.

To top it all, there was our two hundred pound friend, Clarence who, besides working in the wardrobe, had a bit part as a jailer in "Measure for Measure," and had to have a special pair of over-

size tights made for him. But at the first dress rehearsal Clarence bent over to open the trap door and a gorgeous ripping noise was heard throughout the theatre. The tights had split all the way down the back, and Clarence was disgraced.

Well, I guess that's all I can think of at the moment so, as Andrius would say, Good bye now, darlings.

P.S. Mason, Jas. by the way, was extremely quiet, but very nice to the wardrobe staff. As a matter of fact whenever anyone gave him some chocolates, which he didn't eat, he brought them over to us and let us have first crack at them.

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