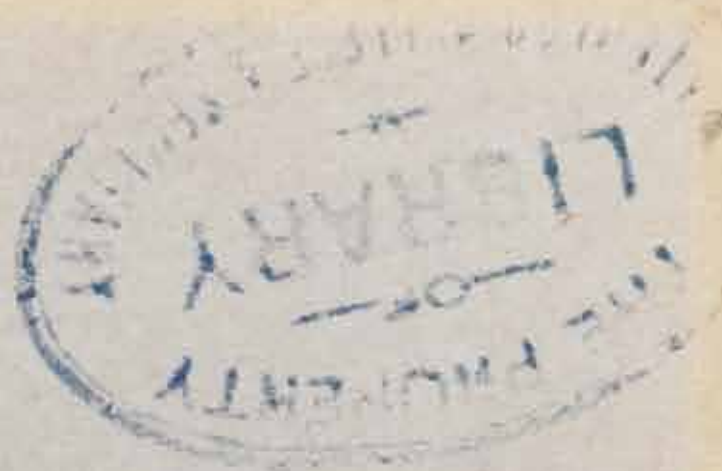


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Photography - - - Fred Dahms
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Warren Schiefele

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TO THE STUDENTS

Remember
To give your business to those who
have made it possible for the Cord
to be published.

●

Letters to the editor are welcome, and
if response is sufficient, space will be
devoted towards their reproduction.

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"ars gratia artis"

Editorial

Watching television during the New Year period, I was impressed with the number of "News of 1955" programmes. I watched several and found that the news of 1955 consisted of wars, riots, murders, and the impotence of the United Nations organization.

To be sarcastic . . . the thought crossed my mind that all was not right with the people of earth . . . in fact it's a real wonder that we haven't blown ourselves off the face of the globe.

Let me recount a story I saw on television the same evening.

David Niven plays a struggling playwright who had worked for years to write a single play. This is the play as told by its author to his companions in a bar. . . .

The United Nations had been hastily convened to try to resolve the problem of keeping the two biggest powers of the world from launching an all-out global war. . .

During a shaky twenty-four hour truce, all the scientists of the world had gathered at the U.N. building to feed their complete store of knowledge into the final achievement in electronic brains. They wanted to solve the problems of the world—what X factor kept man from living at peace with his neighbours?. . . .

The twenty-four hours flew by, and finally all the information had been absorbed and inter-related by the great machine. The terrifying question was — was there an answer to the problem? A few minutes before midnight the equation was punched out and fed to the machine. Great rumblings and much flashing of lights ensued while the machine searched through its memory banks for related data. On the stroke of twelve a card dropped from the machine — there was an answer!

The greatest scientist picked up the card and began to read it "Thou shalt have no other gods before me"

A girl in the bar complained, "Why it's only the ten commandments!"—Ed.

Jottings of the Bard

Once in a while, someone at University pulls off an especially neat trick,
Safe to say that everyone at University eventually tries to write poetry.
This Freshman's poetry, we feel, is extremely neat.

AYE, the mirror has again become tarnished;
Look: its sheen has again waned under heaping accretions of dust, and its
smoothness has vanished — to be replaced by infinitesimal scratches and
cracks which criss-cross and corrupt its surface
See: it reflects even less of the present than it does the past,
And of the future, nothing — only that nebulous warp,
Yes, Almuchese is valueless — at least as far as we are concerned.
Up there, in the upper left. . . .
Well, actually, there is a thin layer of silver which coats the over-side,
And I suppose its value does lie there; although the shine of silver isn't visible for
dust and scratches;
But, as I said before, it's useless to us

. . . . So look, then, Ahasuerus, look to the world:
Look to its glowing sheen and gloss and smoothness,
To its endless alterations of joy and sorrow,
To its infinititude of aspirations and desires,
To its endless positings, variations,
To its ancient memories and curses, to its ageless prophecies. . . .
(Although I warn you, you're a good man if you can read them.)
Aye, and remember too, Ahasuerus, after those first million breaths, and after
countless millions more,
Remember always that thin backing which reflects all, projects all;
. . . . True, the silver is but a thin coating well concealed, true; but it's there, look
and see:
But I warn you, Ahasuerus, don't look too long — it may blind you.

Words are the containers of ideas:
A liquid without a bottle is effusive.
A bottle without a liquid is empty;

DANCE

A masquerade party! Blazes of colour and riots of form; festoons of intense
shades and hues arch and sway in time with the turbulent and clamorous music.
Myriad couples arrayed in dazzling costumes dance hysterically in disorganized
unison. Life, vibrantly alive!

Each dancer is masked from the others — veiled by voluminous gowns em-
bellished with flashing sequins, and hidden by grotesque masks of magnificent
proportions — masks and gowns as different as night and day. Each dancer, being
disguised, knows neither whom to speak to nor what to say — So on and on they
dance with lithe abandonment. Then, at the prearranged time (which all agree came
too soon), the festivities stop and the dancers remove their masks.

To everyone's amazement, all the faces are identical.

A TREE AGAINST THE SNOW, DECIDUOUS

A pencilled line,
 wide trunk, narrow branches;
A silhouette,
 black tree, white snow;
A tangled maze,
 one trunk, many branches;
A gnarled hand,
 arm trunk, fingers branches;
A thing of beauty,
 much firewood, good lumber;
A work of God,
 from seed, to saw;
A poet versus
 a logical analysis.

The shortest, most practical division of time for the individual is the second. And the average individual lives three score and ten years, or two billion, two hundred and seven million, five hundred and twenty thousand seconds — fifteen of which are wasted reading this. SO MAKE GOOD USE OF THE REST!

FAREWELL, O EGYPT

FAREWELL, O EGYPT, Thou Tomb of ancient dead!
Egypt! Thy gray-white sentinels hide in abysmal blackness
Beneath great earthen canopies of hardest rock,
Under vast and endless horizontal expanses
Of ageless, shifting sands — glistening shards of sunlight —
Which blaze the reflected glory of the Sun. . . .
. Farewell, O Man-Beast with face time-tempered, wind-worn;
Beast — who quietly sits, watching past Space and Time,
Sits and waits
For the ancestral enigmatic answer,
But who from both Colossi and Man receives no answer. . . .
For Man, who alone possesses it, is content to play
For endless days the infinite variations upon the theme of life,
In this vast and dusty cradle of mankind,
Beside the fertile seed of the flooding Nile,
Under the brightness of the once mighty Sun, which alone, of all,
Abides with any of its former resplendent glory. . . .
. Hail, and Farewell, O Egypt, Mistress of the Nile,
Thou Tomb of ancient, ageless dead!

A TAUNT TO HAUNT: IN BEBOP

The lofty, sexy, senseless Grecian
Gods and Goddesses galore
Cease to exist because the heathen
Grecians don't believe any more.

Their many wicked deeds still haunt
Old history books and give smug mirth,
But with mighty Atlas loosed from his taunt
Who, pray tell, now holds up the earth?

ARS MAGICA

The Sorcerer of old
Mysterious and bold,
Was said by some to hold
The wit of making gold.

He did not scold
Men's vain cajole;
But none he told
His Secret Old.

His secrets worked he night by night
In magick esoteric rites,
By changing elements to LIGHT.

He could have told
Of making gold;
But did he hold
THIS Secret Old!

The Sorcerer of old,
Mysterious and cold,
Was said by some to hold
The wit of making gold.

THE LAST FRONTIER

by

Fred Dahms

Well, this was it — after two years of waiting our chance had finally come — the depths of Crystal Cave were calling. Two years ago we had been invited by the National Speleological society to take part in their week-long exploration of the unknown regions of the cave — and our term exams had kept us from going. But now, here we were in the heart of Kentucky's cave country, ready to plunge into the depths — to see the "Lost Passage"!

It was only after a frantic long distance call to Kitchener that we received permission to enter the cave. Since we were all under twenty-one, a notarized statement, signed by both parents, releasing the owners of the cave from all responsibility for injuries we might incur, was required before we were allowed to enter the cave. The statements arrived via special delivery in a short time, and we were on our way.

A formidable task loomed before us. Two thousand feet of crawlway barely 18" high; several 90' pits to cross; a swift underground river to cross — and the strong possibility of losing our way somewhere in the thirty-two miles of passages, presented quite a challenge. However our previous caving experience had taken us over many similar obstacles, so we were eager to get started. Our old friend, Bill Austin, gave us last minute instructions.

"Try to follow the marks left by the expedition," he said. "They take the easiest route to the lost passage. There is a faster way, but if you get off the trail you could go around in circles for weeks. Don't follow the bottom of the canyon — one party on the expedition tried it and the trip took them fifteen hours Good luck, and if you're not out by Sunday (it was Wednesday) Brucker's team will probably run into you. They're going in to do a little exploring this weekend."

With these words of encouragement, we started into the cave. For the first mile, we followed the well travelled commercial route, checking our equipment as we walked. Helmets were tightened on, knee-crawlers secured, carbide lamps, flashlights and candles checked. We made sure that our extra carbide flasks were filled, and that our waterproof emergency ration containers were well stocked. It seemed only a short time until we reached "Scotchman's Trap," a small hole leading down into the lower levels.

One by one we clambered into the darkness of the "Trap." Now we were in "wild" cave. Before we were to see daylight again, our abilities would be taxed to the limit. The first few hun-

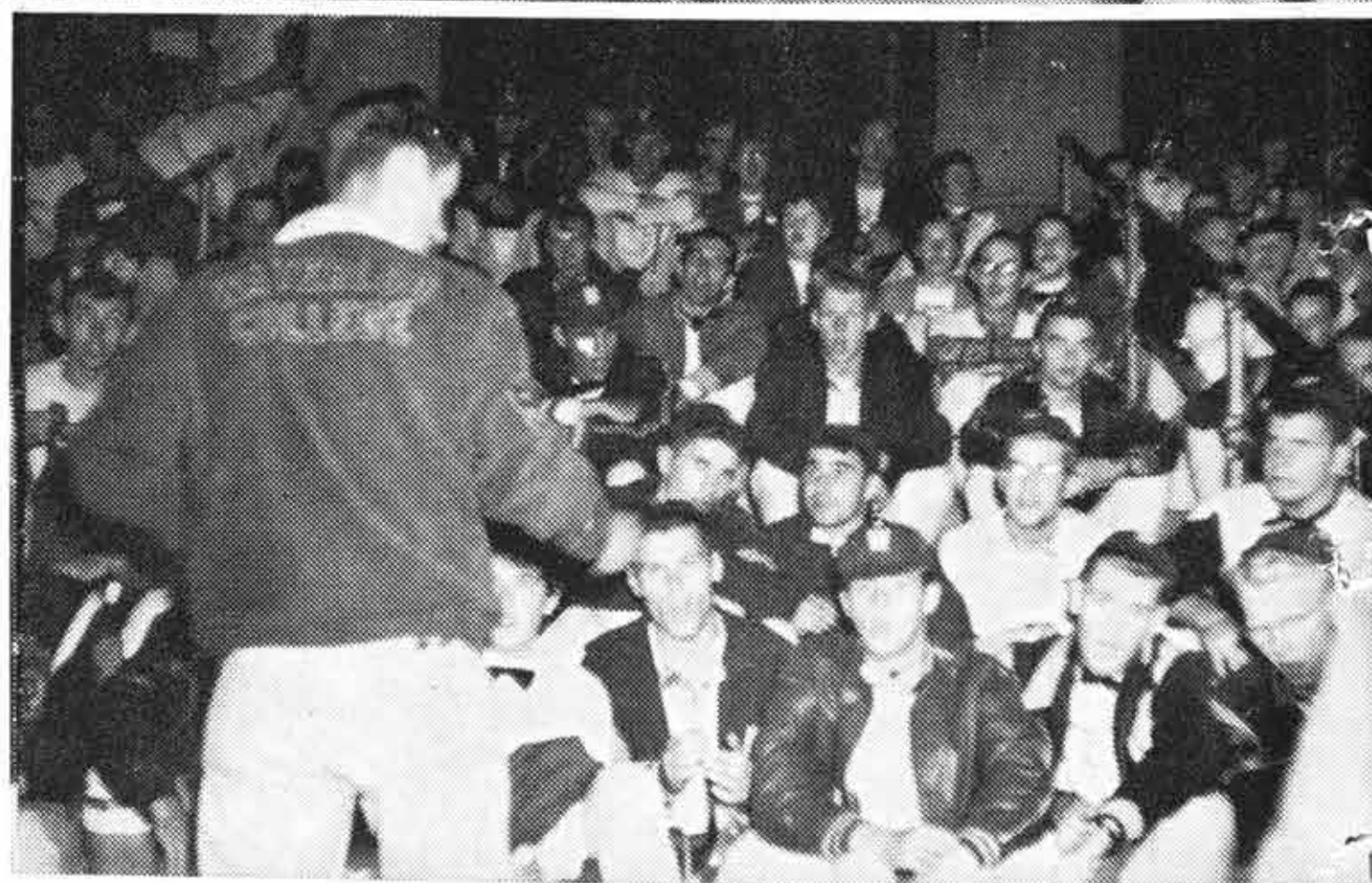
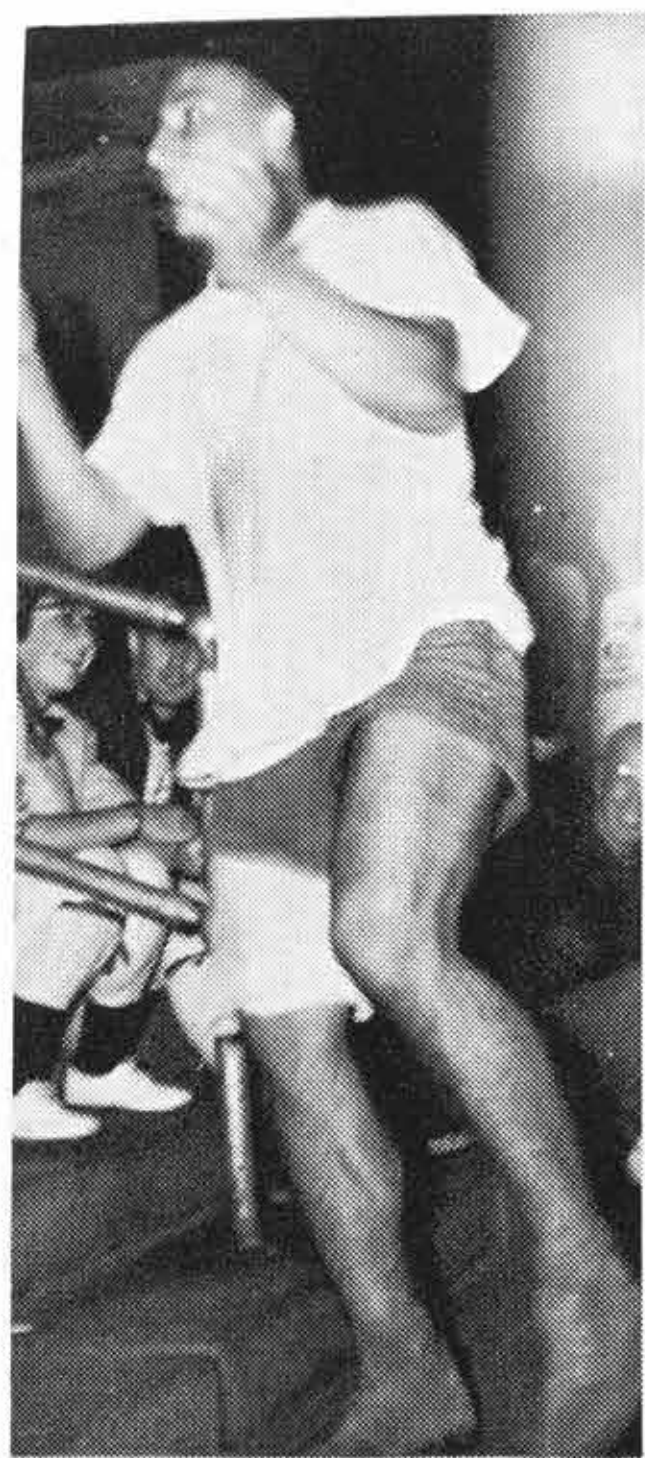
dred yards were easy going. The passage narrowed to about 18." Then we had to turn sideways and wriggle along like snakes. Soon the passage split into a great fissure, extending upwards out of sight, but still very narrow. We edged along side ways, often having to squeeze through narrow holes.

The journey alternated between crawling flat on our stomachs, and climbing up and down great canyons. There were a few places where we could walk, but crawling was the usual mode of travel. An "S" curve presented a few problems; the passage made two 180° turns within fifteen feet. The only way to negotiate these we found was by lying on our sides and pushing on one wall with our feet and pulling on the other with our elbows. The "Keyhole," tightest squeeze of all, was only 10" by 15" — after we had squirmed through that, we unanimously decided to stop for a rest.

Because of the 100% humidity, we were sweating profusely, even in the 55° temperature of the cave. We were caked with dust and slime from the passage. We looked like aborigines in a mud-wallow.

We moved forward again — there was still the Bottomless pit to cross. The "bottomless pit" was only about 90' deep — but still too deep for my liking. As we were walking along we came upon this great chasm in the middle of the floor. The only way to cross it was by squirming along a 12" ledge, crawling over a rock which projected out into the abyss, and then edging along, with our feet on the ledge and hands braced on

Continued on page 10.



. . . . so far



so good

the opposite wall for the remainder of the traverse. It was a trying experience. The ledge was very slippery, and there were some anxious moments before we all safely crossed. Another halt was called after this little adventure.

After a few minutes rest the group pushed on toward the lost passage, but an unforeseen obstacle barred our way. The passage suddenly entered the top of a huge "room". A sheer cliff dropped straight down farther than our lights could penetrate. It appeared as if we had come to the end of our journey until an arrow was discovered with the words "Formerly impossible" written above it. Someone had chipped a narrow ledge into the wall at the bottom of the passage. The ledge was only a foot wide and little higher. To make things worse, a crack in the middle of it dropped straight down into the depths. We would have to hug the wall and straddle the crack to cross.

As the first to attempt the crossing, I lay flat on my stomach and started to inch my way forward. "This isn't too bad," I thought, "There are fair hand-holds, and at least it isn't slippery." As I approached the middle, over the ominous crack, my flashlight which I had been carrying on a wire attached to my jacket, caught and broke off. There was a long, long silence, and then a faint tinkle from below as it crashed onto the rocks. I shuddered — what if that had been me? I took a firmer grip on the slim projections and moved ahead again. For a few seconds as I crossed the crack in the ledge there was emptiness under my mid-section — then I finally reached the safety of the far side and waited for the others.

The rest of the journey was not too eventful until we reached the lost passage. This room, over a mile long, had been discovered in 1922 by Floyd Collins. The secret of its whereabouts had died with Floyd in Sand Cave in 1925. The passage wasn't rediscovered until 1943, when Bill Austin happened upon it. The entrance to the passage proved to be a crack in the floor no more than 9" wide, leading straight down. No wonder the passage had been "lost" for 20 years. We would have missed it completely without Bill's detailed instructions. One by one we dropped down and emerged in the passage. What a sight! For as far as we could see, in both directions, the passage extended. It had a smooth, sandy floor, and was large enough to drive a transport truck along. Beautiful white gypsum flowers decorated the walls and ceiling. These flowers in stone were the most beautiful we had seen — and we had been in many caves before. We spent several hours walking its length and admiring the indescribably beautiful formations which covered it before we left the passage.

The rest of the story was much like the beginning. We retraced our steps (?) out of the cave, feeling very proud and satisfied as we had made the trip in nearly record time. The four of us were the first people under twenty-one, and the first Canadians, to have ever visited the lower levels of Crystal Cave. It was a good feeling, but all of us knew that we had only scratched the surface of this underground labyrinth — sooner or later we must return and explore the rest of this "last frontier for the pioneer."

STATIC

The Students Legislative Executive is the organization which governs all student extra-curricular activities. For the most part the newer students know little else about the S. L. E., except that the president's desk is situated in the Student Activities office. Therefore, for the illumination of those poor souls, here are a few facts. The executive of the S. L. E. is made up of president, Bev Cronmiller, secretary, Sandra Martin, and treasurer, Dick Corcoran. Each class is represented by its president and elected representatives. Meetings are held every second Tuesday in the staff dining hall, and according to certain members of the organization, anyone can attend and voice his or her opinion on any subject. Since this is the main governing body, run, by the students, it might be wise if we all made it a point to drop in on an S. L. E. meeting.

Well, we've talked about the student legislature - now let's delve into student parliament. Although this group is not an official legislative branch of the student body, it can greatly affect student affairs. The purpose of the parliament, inspired last year by Dr. Reamon, is to give us an opportunity to express ourselves on student and world affairs, and to practice spontaneous thinking on our feet. A great many people have taken advantage of the offer and have formed a cabinet and an opposition. The speaker of the house, Cam Hill, and the deputy, Jack Kopas, maintain order and correct procedure, while the two parties, headed by Premier Dave Paterson, and Opposition leader Don Berry, battle towards a final "pro" or "con" decision.

In the meetings, which occur every other Wednesday, the debaters have discussed topics concerning "Alcoholic Abstinence (or consumption) at the Junior Prom", Christian Activities on Campus, and "Sophomore Class Projects". According to Dave Paterson, the Parliament plans to discuss and possibly introduce a "Christian Educational Academic Programme", and a programme to show students how they can benefit the College.

Little need be said about the "News-weekly", our College newspaper, since its regularity of publication puts it in the students' hands each week. A confident staff headed by the Editor - Dick Buhr, works industriously each week to put out the informative and amusing issue. The information is supplied by reporters and columnists, and the amusement by two ever-feuding columnists and a mysterious "Miss Winks".

Two ambitious and closely-related groups are the National Federation of Canadian University Students and the World University Service. In order to conserve eyepower these groups will be henceforth referred to as N.F.C.U.S. and W.U.S. The main link between these two is that both handle student affairs on a scale which extends beyond our own campus. N.F.C.U.S., the older of the two, presided over for Waterloo by Alan Rayburn, is a national organization which has made an admirable effort to aid students in finding summer employment, and that all-important financial aid. W.U.S., in its first year, has taken on a project to aid students in other countries by putting their handicrafts up for sale. This group with Len Wismer as Chairman, is working on an international basis.

The Athenaeum Society, the College's social organization, has been rather active this year. Their major project, the Junior Prom or the "Snow Ball", as it was labelled, was most successful. The dance committee headed by Willard Bahen, worked out all the details and on December 2nd, the Highlands in Galt was the centre of all terpsichorean activity. One highlight of the evening was the crowning of Sally Simson as Campus Queen. Doug Gerber (lucky guy) bestowed the title upon the fair damsel.

On the three nights preceding the "Snowball", the annual Purple and Gold Revue was packing its audiences into the Collegiate Auditorium. This year's show was based on the eternal "Showboat" theme with some new and highly improbable twists. For instance, you would hardly expect to find the chorus line of the Moulin Rouge on a New Orleans dock, nor a Waterloo College group of nomads in the middle of the Mississippi region. However, that's exactly what happened and the audiences "ate" it up. Tickets were rather hard to sell at first but by the closing night, business manager, Paul Wagner, had to bring a shoe-horn to get everyone in. Even then, many were turned away. It was a fabulous show, but then with the backing and effort that Don Bere, Professor Clark, Murray Shantz, Art Freund, and many others gave, it had to be the best that Waterloo and Kitchener had seen.

There are a few clubs which are active around the College. Among them, the Debating Club is not the least. Although a spell of inactivity hit it toward the end of the first term, it had been extremely argumentative until then. The teams are made up of two members and

each speaker has five minutes for presentation and refutation. The debates are generally very interesting as are Prof. Clark's remarks concerning them. It's a pity that so many members have failed to attend the debates in which they are not directly involved.

Another club, this time all girls, is the Fides Dianae. Little is heard about this group except for the fact that they are looking for a new name. A few of the members are doubtful even about this fact. Therefore, since even the members, which include all co-eds, are rather uncertain as to the club's function, this poor male can hardly be expected to give any useful information concerning it. So we leave Fides Dianae and its members to their search for a new name.

Aside from debating and looking for a new club name, the students of the College have other ways of gaining culture. The Arts and Letters Club sponsors several such programmes. Discussions have been held such as the one concerning pacifism in which Dr. Adams spoke, and noon-time musical programmes are carried on at frequent intervals in the music room. Recordings of Anna Russell and Dickens' "Christmas Carol" have been played at these sessions, so a wide choice of entertainment is certainly evident.

Many weekends come and go but one lingers in our memories more than others. That is the Ryerson Weekend. During the football season Ryerson sent a team and a cheering section to meet our Mules and their backers in a battle of muscle and lung power. A grand reception was planned and the Ryerson

sonians were greeted by the Waterlooans at the Kitchener train station with rousing cheers and band music. Kitchener's main street had never seen a parade such as the one which ensued. Huge floats, clown-like costumes, riotous cheering and mad banner-waving assaulted the senses of the casual Saturday morning shoppers. Then, that afternoon, the Mules trounced the Ryersonians at Victoria Park, but that didn't stop the fun. After a few hours of reasonable calm the hordes converged on Waterloo Arena for a closing dance.

The dance was also the closing bit of an alumni reunion. Past students of Waterloo College got together, sat in the stands and cheered the Mules to victory, and joked about "old times" at an Alumni Banquet that evening in the College dining hall. A group of present day college entertainers showed the alumni what the school was like today and the alumni returned the compliment by also entertaining their contemporaries.

Sports have played a major role in the College's activities. In football the Mules' major victories were over Ryerson Institute, as has already been said. The team started practising before the school term started and proved to be reasonably powerful. However, the Western Colts seemed to be even more powerful.

In basketball the Mules opened the season with a game against the K-W Collegiate's Scarlet Raiders. Even though we lacked two first stringers, the score was in our favour. The Mules are part of the O.B.A. and, from what we've heard, they are a very powerful part. However, they have had their losses, such as the one that they suffered at the hands of Buffalo Erie Tech. We won't mention score.

Among other sports at the College are curling, swimming, badminton, fencing, and volleyball.

One might be stretching a point, but you could call the initiations a form of athletics. After all, the wagonload of soph's which the frosh towed down King St. was not the lightest burden in the world. The run which certain freshmen had to make across Westmount Golf Course during the scavenger hunt, was not unlike a cross-country race. But the frosh did get one useful bit of information - - never turn your back on a soph, especially if you make a "left" turn. The initiations were ended on a rather low note by a disorganized bomb called the Frosh Court, but a pleasant follow-up, the dance that evening, smoothed things over.

Actually the final touch to the initiations didn't come until a couple of months later, when the frosh met the sophs in a riotous "football" game. The frosh lost the grudge match but did get in their kicks. A Newsweekly report summed it up nicely by saying, " . . . small fights developed into mass brawls. But other than that the referee had no trouble."

There are several other aspects of student activities which may seem to you to be rather important, and therefore they are important to all. Such activities may be the presidential elections, the visits to other universities, the Friday night soph parties, or any number of others. We agree they're all most important because all of them contribute in a most important way to making Waterloo College more widely known, more enjoyable, and more respected.

—Marv Schiff

OBSERVATIONS FROM THE IVORY TOWER

O tempora! O mores!

PROFESSOR McKEGNEY

It is perhaps difficult for an undergraduate of the 1956-1959 group to understand how the attitude towards higher education has changed. I have a very clear recollection of the time when the requirement for a job "with a future" was high school entrance. Bank clerks were expected to produce this startling qualification, not so long ago, and were paid the magnificent sum of six dollars a week for their braininess.

About twenty years ago, someone developed the bright idea that it was perhaps desirable for people to have more education before starting into the business world. As a result, the "junior matric.", now known as "grade twelve standing," became de rigueur. With increasing competition, the demand grew for people with even more spectacular accomplishments, and things reached the stage where one was expected to

have the senior matric. before beginning to work, for example, in a bank, or as apprentice to an accountant. At that time, it was considered to be a real achievement, to have a full senior matriculation. Students at Waterloo will note that it is still rather unusual for anyone to complete this standing!

It was, I think, about the end of World War II that the B.A. became a requirement for routine jobs. At one time, college graduates were looked upon as people of rare intellectual attainment. This was at the time when the best students continued in high school - the best and those who had enough money to be assured of going to university - while those less gifted, or less well-heeled, quit school and went out to get a job.

The situation nowadays is totally different. A B.A. is now required for a great number of positions for which it would once have been considered pointless. The result of this has been, I think, to reduce the value of the degree—to make it a sort of automatic extension of high school. In all too many cases it is assumed that little Johnny will "go on to college," with no question in the minds of the proud parents as to little Johnny's ability to meet the college entrance requirements. Fortunately for the lad in question, the colleges have, in many cases, reduced the entrance requirements to such a stage that practically anyone can attend. One result of this development has been that one now finds in universities people who say "it don't", and "I seen"—something unheard-of a generation ago.

In the United States, where the B.A. is even more common than in Canada, the degree is becoming more and more meaningless, and I fear that the same will be true in this country in another twenty years.

It should be understood that no one has a divine right to a college education. One of the chief difficulties that professors experience now is that their classes are crammed with people who have no business being there. Naturally, this does not mean from the standpoint of economic background. An impecunious scholarship-holder is much more of an asset to a university than a dullard whose only reason for being in the university is that he can pay the fees. The assumption that a young man or young woman must go to university, "because it is the thing to do", is not a new one; it has been in existence for many years. It is only in the last generation, however, that people could make the grade, and gain this precious symbol of social acceptance, with a minimum of effort.

It has now been decided that Upper School mathematics and Latin are really too hard for the hard-pressed youth of the country. They were not too difficult for people who went to High School before the War, but they have suddenly become impossible to cope with. How come? Can it be that the national I.Q. has taken a sudden, drastic drop? Not at all! The fault lies, in the opinion of the country's professors, with the professional educators, the Educators with a capital "E", who have absorbed, holus-bolus, the destructive doctrine of

the late John Dewey, and have not intelligence enough to see that the Dewey system does not, indeed can not, work well in practice. Despite the horrible example of the American system, our self-styled experts have insisted upon introducing methods from that country. They have eyes and see not.

If we must copy other people's methods, why do we not copy those which work? The U.S. system does not work, so let us forget it. The system in the United Kingdom does work, so let us model ours upon it. It should be pointed out at this time that, despite our popular notions concerning the British system, it is actually far more democratic than ours. Any boy or girl who has ability, can complete his education, up to the B.A. level, at almost no cost to his parents. If he has not the ability, he will have great difficulty in getting into any British university, no matter who his parents are. In France, too, no amount of money is going to get a student into the university, if he can not pass his entrance examinations—and they are fearfully difficult.

Why do we not set our standards higher, instead of lower? If there must be change, why can it not be for the better? Admittedly, Canadian universities have improved in some respects in the last thirty or forty years. It is no longer absolutely necessary for a bright Canadian B.A. to go to the United States to undertake graduate study; he can do just as well, in many cases, by staying in Canada, though naturally there are still more opportunities south of the border.

The problem of standards boils down, in the long run, to one of money. In order to attract the crowd, standards have been lowered, with the result that a great many people whose lack of intellect would normally have barred them from the lecture room are mingling with their mentally superior brethren. To make college life seem more entertaining, great stress is laid on winning football teams (It used to be called "rugby", but that is not American enough), and muscular dunderheads are encouraged, a la Notre Dame, to go to university, instead of following their natural bent and driving trucks, or hauling garbage, or selling vacuum cleaners. This tendency, still stronger in the U.S.A., is becoming all too evident in Canada. It pays!

Universities are not made to be paying institutions. They are supposed to attract the best young minds in the country, regardless of social standing or status at the bank, and to offer them the opportunity to expand and develop, with aid and encouragement from the faculty, and through assiduous use of library facilities. The most important building in a university is, or should be, the library; the least important should be the Bursar's office. The latter is essential, but it should be looked upon more or less as a necessary evil, not as the hub of the universe. Naturally, a well-organized administration is extremely desirable, but all the organization in the world is pointless if the aim of it is not to produce alert, intellectually awake and well educated leaders for our country.

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