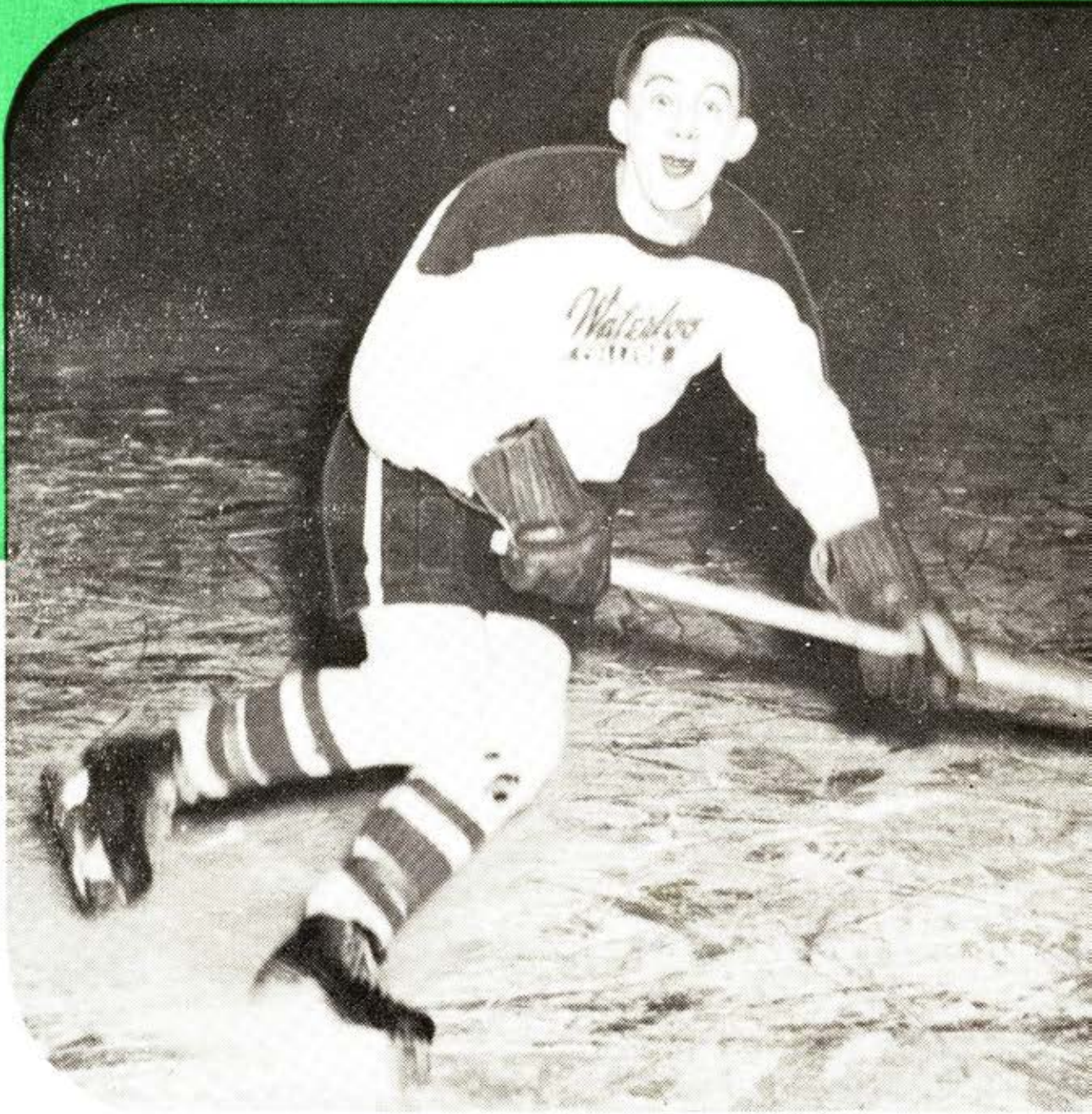


WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD



JANUARY 1948

WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD

Vol. 23, No. 3

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EDITOR'S NOTES

Irate letters to the Editor on the subject of the men's common room pile higher and higher on our desk. . . . Won't somebody do something, please?

* * *

The extremely high cost of engraving cuts has forced us to limit our pictures in this issue . . . Please bear with us for a while till we catch our financial breath . . . We especially thank Al Butler for our hockey shots. Maybe we can't play the game, but he certainly made us look like a great hockey team.

* * *

Of interest . . . Prof. Scott's article on "Personality Traits of Religious Workers," which we are starting this issue, on page eleven. . . . and the few "new" poems which happen to be printed (near the back of the magazine, mind you) because of a miscalculation of space . . . and remember, you don't try to understand this poetry, just feel it.

* * *

Congratulations . . . to Ross and Mrs. Morrison and to Gordon and Mrs. Nelson on the recent additions to their families . . . to Eugene Sulisz on his Christmas wedding . . . and to Don Seebach on his engagement. You can plainly see there is only one way for you to be mentioned in the top of this congrats column. Vutch.

Special congratulations to Waterloo. In answer to numerous requests, we are not going to become the Waterloo-Kirchener Cord.

* * *

Best of luck to Professor Raymond who has gone to study for his doctorate. . . . We welcome back to the Waterloo fold our own Professor Little, who is now lecturing in classics.

The Editors.



OUR COVER . . .

Playing coach Verd Yates of the Waterloo College hockey team throws ice at the camera. Please Verd, your mouth. Do you have to yell that loud to make the wings back check?

When our colorful new Cord made its debut last edition, the entire staff of the paper met at the Trail's End Hotel at Conestogo in observance of the occasion. Dr. Potter, father of the Cord, Dean Klinck of Western University, and Dean Schaus, distinguished guests of the evening, represented the ranks of past editors who have made good. Our printer, Ross Hainsworth, who shares our enthusiasm for the success of our new project, was also in attendance.

An elaborate chicken dinner, worthy of the event, was enjoyed by the assembly of more than twenty-five persons representing the paper. Dean Schaus was called upon to ask the blessing by Chairman Helmut Binhammer.

Following the dinner the gathering retired to another hall to hear from Editor Harry Weaver and guest speakers. Despite the fact that there was neither cup nor wine prepared, Harry bravely proposed a toast to the success and prosperity of the Cord, which was greeted with a hearty applause.

Grant Kaiser introduced Dean Klinck, formerly of Waterloo College and now connected with the English department at Western University, who delivered a most interesting address. He spoke of the Cord as he knew it years ago and then went on to offer a bit of prudent advice for the benefit of today's staff. He said that the Cord should, as it has in the past, play an active part in establishing a name for the College. Harry Weaver thanked the Dean for his address on behalf of the staff and guests.

It must have been a proud moment for Dr. Potter when he stood before three generations of editors of the paper which he founded more than twenty years ago. He spoke in his typically pleasant, easy manner, reminiscing about the "golden days"

of the College when everyone played an active part in everything. Of course that was before the days of CO-EDS. As he said, it seems that now there are too many distractions.

Nevertheless, he greatly favoured the changes which have been made in the Cord, and he expressed his confidence in the present staff.

After a lusty sing-song with a Yuletide touch, while everyone was in a pleasant mood, old faithful, Jack Wettlaufer organized the heroes of the evening to take photographs which will go down in history with the Cord.

—W. E.

Expansion Program

The students of Waterloo College are getting behind their Alma Mater again.

Initial plans have been made for another Concert Tour of the Waterloo College and Seminary Male Chorus in the spring of 1948. The itinerary which is still very tentative will probably include Stratford, Tavistock, Mitchell, Walkerton, Hanover and other places in the Bruce Peninsula.

Folks who heard the Male Chorus last year in the eastern part of Ontario are still talking about the fine concert and the splendid men who go to College at Waterloo. It is in answer to many requests that the Male Chorus, under the capable direction of Dr. Leupold, is planning a visit to communities in central Western Ontario.

Ross Morrison has accepted the responsibility of Business Manager and John Wettlaufer is going to act as Master of Ceremonies.

All in all, it looks like a wonderful trip for the members of the Male Chorus. And since Dr. Leupold is anxious to bring the Choir up to strength, an invitation is extended to men of the College to join the Male Chorus now and make the trip.

BUSINESS BANQUET

I am sitting in the Heidelberg emporium of a Friday evening, having me a bucket of suds and thinking what a smart bunch of business men we are having in this country when my solitudeness is being broken by a sharp looking set of characters who are walking in as if they are owning the place. Three of them are looking a little sharper than the others who are calling these three 'Mister' or 'Doctor,' but personally, I am thinking that this doctor joker is not looking like the type of sawbones I would be taking my rheumatics in to, but these characters are obviously from the Intelligentsia, and I am leaving the thinking for them to be doing.

These illustrious ultra-ultras are going into the dining-room where they are sitting themselves at a long table and very efficiently they are taking control of the chicken dinner which is being placed before them. I am beginning to see that this is being a pretty clueful class and I would like to be having them as future business men. Naturally, I am being much rejoiced when I am hearing them to say they are being business students at Waterloo College, although I am not heretofore knowing that you could study how to be making ten thousand a year. This is something I must be looking into more deeper.

All the time they are eating, this doctor character is making wisecracks with a little short guy who they are calling Wettlaufer and who is obviously not using Fitch shampoo. Doc and

Baldy are putting on quite a show for the boys and it is being quite a job for someone called Fergy to get them stopped. I am just beginning to catch on to some of their gags when Fergy is saying how happy he is to be here and all the time he can hardly be asking someone fast enough to be proposing a toast to the king as already he is having the top off a bottle of Sr. Walker's Ancient and Honourable Cough Mixture.

For the next hour or so they are proposing toasts to everyone in general and drinking toasts to a few others besides, so that I am beginning to wonder what kind of racket this is being and maybe I have been missing out on something all these years.

About the time I am seeing four rings on my table, this Fergy character is holding up his glass to a Glenis Taylor only now when Fergy is holding up his glass, he is swaying from side to side just a bit. This does not come from eating too much chicken. Of course I am being muchly surprised to be observing that Glenis Taylor is a member of the stronger sex and I am wondering why. I am not seeing her before because I am obviously missing one of the highlights of the show. This Glenis Taylor is standing up and is not making with the jokes like all the other Schmoes, but is making a serious speech in which she is saying how much she is enjoying being in the business class. This fine oratorical effort is restoring my confidence in these future business men, but I am not seeing how Glenis Taylor can be turning into a business man.

See "AD BANQUET" Page 16

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Two Freshmen and their dates sitting one out at the Junior Prom
Left to right: Louise Love, Harold Seim, Doris Fries and George Schwindt

We Prowl — Find Dance Huge Success

The country-side lay blanketed with a mantle of soft new snow. Overhead a pale golden moon shone against a background of purple sky. The perpetual whine of the whirling wheels on icy roads hummed in one's ears. It was a magic night, that night of Thursday, December 18, a night for all dreams to come true. It was the night of the Junior Prom.

Weeks of preparation had preceded the night of the dance which was presented by the Sophomores and Freshmen of Waterloo College. Co-chairmen were Russel Seltzer and Keith Niall. Various committees from June McKie's and John O'Connor's Date Bureau, to Ed Nabert's and Bob Shelley's Program Committee worked and planned, and worked again. Other committees as Decoration, ably directed by Grace Hall and Bev. Hayes; Finance, Ross Morrison and Paul Davidson; Publicity, Barbara Pearce; and Transportation, Bill McLaren and Jack Brock, made welcome contributions to

make this year's Junior Prom, which, just in case you didn't know, was held at the Highlands, Galt, the greatest and best dance in the history of Waterloo College.

About 150 couples attended, and dancing continued from nine o'clock until one, to such pieces as "Apple Blossom Wedding," and "That's My Desire." There were several special dances, which included a Statue Dance won by Mildred Schneider and Don Kraft, and the Waltz, in which Tony Wilhelm was defeated by Lois Carter and Bob TarBush. The winners of the former received as prizes, a pair of leather gloves and sterling silver earrings. Record Albums of selections from State Fair sung by Dick Haymes and selections from "Welcome Stranger" sung by Bing Crosby were awarded the other lucky couple. Incidentally, the judges for that dance were members of the faculty.

Spot dances were won by Ruth Mills and Milt Bauer, and Helen

Bauman and her partner. Complimentary tickets to the Highlands were given as prizes.

One of the highlights of the evening came during a brief intermission during which the unforgettable voice of Max Putnam filled the large room. Accompanied by Bill Graham, Max sang two Christmas numbers, "O Holy Night," and "A Star Was His Candle."

Many remarked about the beautiful decorations. Credit must be given to Grace Hall, Bev. Hayes, Adria Kuntz and Lorraine Baechler and the many others who helped. Murals of cherubs, bells and candles in blue, red and silver told in an unspoken language of the hours of work which preceded the all-important night. The cherub motif was found again in the blue and silver design on the programs. The Decorations Committee were also responsible for the large white basket-like contraption, decorated in the same manner, which was suspended in the middle of the room. When opened, it was found to contain one hundred balloons of all colours. Guests caught wildly at the floating objects, but there were only six lucky numbers. Lois Carter and Bob TarBush gained the No. 1 prize — a pair of diamond sox and a bottle of cologne. The 5 other lucky couples received boxes of chocolates.

Congratulations go to Jack Brock for selling the most tickets. For this he was given a college pin. Patrons of the dance who attended were Dean and Mrs. Schaus, Dr. and Mrs. Lehmann, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Weber and Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Thoms. The other patrons who unfortunately were unable to be present were Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Hall and Mr. and Mrs. C. Pollock. Student representatives were Keith Niall and Marcia Schofield.

Before the evening drew to a close the orchestra played John Boothby's arrangement of the College song. Then the night of December 18 became a part of the past, a memory of the rustling of swishing skirts and the gay laughter of happy people.—M. M.

Christmas Assembly

One of the favourite traditions at Waterloo is the annual Christmas Assembly. This year it was sponsored by the Faculty and was under the chairmanship of Dean Lloyd Schaus.

The program was made up of Christmas carols which, combined with the brightly lighted tree, gay fireplace, and fragrant spruce boughs, gave a true holiday atmosphere to the occasion. Music, ranging from soloists to a contata, showed the musical versatility of the student body.

Under the direction of Dr. Ulrich Leupold, the A Capella Choir sang a number of carols from foreign lands, as well as the Christmas Contata "Sing and Rejoice," in which it was accompanied by violinists Abe Thiessen and Stan Luciw.

The audience shared in the program by singing the old, familiar carols that are so much a part of this season of the year. The accompanist for this general sing-song was Don Stewart who also accompanied two of the soloists, Gloria Rivers and Alice Bald.

"O Holy Night" was Gloria's selection, while Alice chose "Gesu Bambino." The appealing little carol "Bethlehem" was sung by Peggy Nairn, accompanied by Dr. Leupold. The final solo was given by Max Putnam who sang "A Star Was His Candle." He was accompanied by June Fisher.

—G. E. H.

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The Peaceful Bay

Before us the bay lies stilled in sleep, reflecting every isle and every tree along the shore. Only now and then is there a gentle ripple, as if invisible angels are hovering over the waters and are breathing on them. What utter repose and peace is here! In the motionless and glassy water lies the deep blue shadow of the towering mountain. It is incredible to think that a wind has ever blown here, though but yesterday this shining liquid plain was covered with ten thousand crested waves. Now it lies so calmly in its deep bed that, in spite of all evidence, one cannot help believing that thus it has been from the foundation of the world, and thus it shall be forever and forever.

The protecting hills are clothed with purple slashed with green. Above them a few amber clouds float in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. Like great ships on a rippling sea, with all their white sails spread, they steal lazily westward, as though they had eternity to voyage in.

On the shaded slopes of the hills the woods, dark and uncontrolled, crowd to the very edge of the peaceful bay, stretching their branches like long, tenacious fingers, into the water. There are beeches with their white, naked limbs. Straggled cheek and jowl with them are squat oaks and tortured elms and others which cannot be recognized, all intermingled in a strange, fascinating embrace. Almost hidden in all this jungle growth, a narrow bridle path twists and turns until it disappears behind a huge boulder.

The sun is just now wheeling his broad disc down into the West. The horizon is a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple-green, and

from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingers on the mountain top, bathing its shining crest in blinding light. A sloop loiters in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleams along the still water, it seems as if the vessel is suspended in the air.
—A. T.

Loquacity

One day beneath a shady tree
As I pondered dreamily,
It suddenly occurred to me
That I might be a protege,
For findings of psychology
Affirm a possibility
Of some hidden quality
In every mental gallery.

Now I never figured notably
In French or anthropology,
In Latin or mythology,
Biology, geography,
Geometry, pathology,
Zoology or botany,
So in view of my stupidity
I took to writing poetry.

I began enthusiastically
In hopes of great prosperity,
While my eager pen wrote fitfully
To record the boundless treasury
Of my remarkable verbosity.
With wonderous versatility,
I wrote of human history,
Of comedy and tragedy.

Script multiplied prolifically,
And I could have gone on endlessly.
Why! I'd be a great celebrity,
And the pride of all posterity
If I'd only had publicity,
But in spite of all my industry,
I remain a poor nonentity,
For no one reads the stuff but me.

—W. E.

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CHRISTMAS ATHY

Highlighting the recent festive season was the Christmas Athy held on December 15, in the gym. Again orchids to the executive for a bang-up success. A capacity crowd of Waterlooons and friends was on hand to join the merrymaking. The super decorations drew unfeigned admiration, as first glance showed the gym door



Junior Ed toothpicks a life saver to Kay Schweitzer. Was it necessary to fly blind, Grant?

adorned with a huge cellophane bow and a sprig of mistletoe. (Shelley removed same for his own use!) Inside a scene of Christmasy splendor met the eye. Red and blue lights emphasized softly the gay Christmas tree and fireplace, bedecked with evergreen and stockings. Streamers of red and green covered the basketball standards, and sparkling letters spelling Merry Christmas covered one wall.

Opening the program was a caroling led by Jack Wettlaufer. After pretending to make a record featuring Kay Schweitzer and Jack Bramm respectively singing and reading the Christmas story, the disc was replayed. Then as all, especially Sophs and Seniors, listened with suspiciously

moist eyes to the real recording made last year by the Doug Frank choir, we realized how very much we miss our deceased fellow student.

Until the arrival of "Saint Nick," Celly Weiler's novelty contests kept things rolling. Profs and students merrily crawled under the bar, and ceded victory to Hedy Armbruster and Fergy. Prizes for juggling life savers in the next game were? — well, natch! life savers. After Santa Nial's entrance, all waited with bated breath to see what his knapsack might hold. Happiest persons noted were "Cadillac" Carmichael with his up-to-date model and Prof. Overgaard with his rattle. Ah! to be young.

Refreshment time out from dancing featured cookies, cakes and?? and when the dance resumed, the time until midnight flew quickly. One and all said thanks for a super show. Until the New Year, and next Athy, the best to you all. —L. M. C.

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The Junior Prom was a smashing success. Amid Grace Hall's now-famous mural decorations and Bev. Hayes' effective lighting, everyone had a marvellous evening. The tricky lighting effects passed a sort of glow over many of the participants. Many thanks should be accorded to those who made the lighting effects possible. The end of the evening found Tarby and Lois the new waltz champions after a ruthless elimination contest. Wilhelm and his charming partner reluctantly gave up the much sought-after title. TarBush weighed in for the contest at 185 pounds, while the champ tipped the scales at 205½. It was truly a great battle. The defending champion still showed much of the same form which won him the title last year; but the persistent pivots of the challenging team convinced the judges of that well-known maxim—youth comes before beauty.

The Christmas vacation was rudely interrupted by orders from the front office of the Cord Editorial staff to immediately dispatch to the small northern town of Barrie on a very special assignment. Accompanying this reporter was the circulation manager, "Scoop" Binhammer. Armed with many copies of his Directory and other such trinkets to pass out among the natives, we stepped off the puffing train amid the blare of the Barrie Bugle Band (playing "Anchors Aweigh"), and the glare of flash-bulbs. We were officially welcomed by the mayor, Chief Oona Oogla and his interpreter, Bongo TarBush, who immediately took us on a dog-sled tour of the town. Mons. TarBush made us acquainted with the fairer members of the popula-

tion who had been selected under the keen eyes of our host and Mr. Bill Graham. Ignoring the fact that TarBush charged us ceiling prices for our meals and room, we both had a very enjoyable time. We covered many stories for the Cord; some printable, and some concerning the doings of Stoneham and Stewart, two of Barrie's most distinguished clientele. As we bid our sorrowful farewell to the friendly town, the band played ("I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal, you") and Mr. Binhammer, tossing Waterloo Directories to the shouting peasants, was heard to exclaim with great emotion, "They loved us in Barrie."

We returned home via Toronto, where we were derailed off the C.N.R.'s steel rails onto a few of Yonge Street's silver rails. However, we were soon back on the right track again — that straight and narrow one which leads from Toronto to Kitchener.

Back now, well into the Second Term, we find the students absorbed in the same type of mischief they were engaged in the First Term. One of the favourite sports at Waterloo this year is a strange new game called "Beating Daechsel." It consists chiefly of (a) attempting to short change at every opportunity by means of confusion and double talk; (b) collecting coke bottles en masse, and transporting them to establishments where a two-cent refund is paid per bottle—don't laugh, this is big business; and (c) creating a strong public feeling against the monopolistic prices of the Tuck Shop by persistent and persuasive propaganda. Entrepreneur Daechsel manages to take all this subversive coercion with a wry smile and a philosophic shrug of his lean shoulders. Above all, he has not lost his sense of humour. Although no Red Skelton, Werner manages to keep up a continuous stream of very funny cartoons on his Tuck Shop doors.

Personality Traits of Religious Workers

(By William G. Scott)

To-day the vocational guidance field is amply supplied with tests which are given to countless numbers of high school and college students as well as to ex-servicemen in veterans' guidance bureaus. These tests serve a useful purpose assisting the vocational guidance officer in counselling the individual regarding the employment most suitable to his interests and needs. Some of the more widely used of these tests are the ones devised by Kuder, Strong, Cleeton, Lee and Thorpe. The Kuder and the Strong are probably the most popular of the large number of tests in this field and yet, like all tests, they are not always valid measures of interests nor can their results forecast absolute success in whatever field of employment they indicate.

The vocational interest inventory attempts to determine the basic interests and attitudes of the subject. Then these interests may be related to various occupations where it is known, from analysis and statistical evidence, that these dispositions are needed for success. Usually the interests of the individual tend to group themselves in a particular field. For example, we may find that subject A has predominantly scientific interests. Another subject may have a high language score. In the first case, employment as a research scientist, laboratory technician, geologist or chemist suggests itself. In the second case, the individual would do well to consider such fields as newspaper or editorial work, advertising, specialist teacher in languages, etc. All of the various jobs suggested by the results have to be

reviewed, of course, in the light of certain other factors such as age, previous education, family responsibilities and the like.

In few of these tests, however, do we find explicit reference to the interests for predicting future success in the ministry. Divinity students and those contemplating the ministry have, as a group, been ignored for the most part. The paucity of literature in this area is evidence of this neglect. Traditionally, the church has been a field of service to which men are attracted not only as a means of livelihood but also because of a genuinely warm desire to help his fellow man in finding the good life.

The reasons which men give for entering the ministry are nicely reviewed by Duncan and include the following:

- (a) A desire for service, usually rooted in the philosophical idealism of the individual.
- (b) Response to a "call."
- (c) Influence of the church and the pastor.
- (d) Influence of the family.
- (e) Opportunity for a profession.

Reason (b) probably explains, in part at least, the lack of scientific guidance which pre-divinity students receive. A young man's call to service in the church has been usually regarded in the past as something related to the supernatural and the divine and therefore beyond the interference of guidance experts and lay counsellors.

Interestingly enough, in a survey of reasons why men leave the ministry, Duncan states that several of them later questioned the actuality of this

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"divine call" which was originally responsible for their vocational choice. This "call" which the divinity student speaks of is probably one of the most frequently stated reasons for entering the ministry. By the very nature of such a divinely inspired motivation it is perhaps no wonder that the vocational counsellor has been reluctant to state which man should enter the ministry and which man should not!

It is the feeling of some church leaders that a situation such as this could be and should be, modified. They are becoming increasingly conscious of the fact that not only the numbers but also the quality of divinity students must be increased. Men must be selected for the job, not accepted uncritically because they state that it is a God-given calling. This selection should be done in terms of personality requirements which best fit the task.

This need for selection introduces the chief concern of this paper. Is there a single type of personality which best fits the ministry? Are there certain traits inevitably found in religious workers which serve to characterize their personality and distinguish them from others?

If the answer is "yes" to the first question, it implies that one must think in typological terms or subscribe to a typological or nomothetic approach. For a number of psychologists this is a difficult thing to do. Their chief reason would likely be one which G. W. Allport gives. To him, a type is an artificial category which is entirely external and directed towards abstracted points of similarity among men.

The second question, dealing with traits of religious workers, is provocative and if one subscribes to Allport's theory of traits may be a very

fruitful approach. Before considering the problem in terms of Allport's theory, a survey of the work already done in divinity student selection should be presented.

One of the earliest studies in this field is Eleanor Hope Johnson's which was conducted at Hartford Seminary, Hartford, Connecticut. In it, the Bernreuter Personality Inventory was given to groups of students from 1933 on, first as a routine class exercise and then as a vocational guidance instrument. Test scores of the seminary students, divided into two sub-groups of male and female, were then compared with the records of 150 successful life insurance salesmen. One of the conclusions she came to was that none of the traits listed by Bernreuter belong particularly to students of religion. This was in definite contrast to the life insurance group where "dominance" emerged as a statistically significant and presumably characteristic trait. Dominance and self-sufficiency, however, occurred more frequently among the seminary students than did any other of the Bernreuter traits.

This is a rather interesting result in view of Johnson's further remarks which are best expressed in her own words:

"It is pretty generally agreed that dominance is an unfortunate trait for a counsellor; his guidance should not mean giving advice or making a person's decision for him, but it does mean

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encouraging the counsellee to make his own decisions, being himself content to make suggestions toward constructive, rather than destructive, solutions. Leadership for him is indirect and co-operative rather than aggressive or forceful. **Dominance, therefore, is contraindicated for the successful religious worker, whether pastor, missionary or church school director.** Emphatically, one looks for dominance in the successful salesman. Also considering the multiplication within the community of many social agencies besides the church, it would seem that co-operation is a more important trait for the religious worker than aggressive leadership. If the attention is fixed on being a leader many valuable opportunities for valuable co-operation in projects for community betterment will be lost."

Johnson then goes on to say that the students' high scores under self-sufficiency would indicate this lack of co-operativeness she deems so highly necessary for successful religious work. According to her experience, in studying individual records, very high or very low scores under any rubric are undesirable and the scores in the middle range present a picture of greater maturity.

The results of her study were also checked for validity against ratings by judges who were well acquainted with the students. In these ratings it became evident that dominance and self-sufficiency were undesirable traits. This was easily seen in the relationships shown between the dominant type of individual and his comparative lack of success in human relations.

To be Continued in Next Issue

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Front row: Bob Howald, John Gellner, Reg. Schedler, Harry Weaver (Capt.), Max Putnam, Fred Janke.

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Back row: Bob Dier (Business Manager), Dr. Doug. Annett, (Playing Manager), Albert Loreh, Jim Bauer, Russ Seltzer (Trainer), Verd Yates (Playing Coach), Reuben Halpern (Student Manager).

On the Bench

WITH DIER

We wish to rectify a regrettable error, and grave injustice done to McMaster University. It was incorrectly stated that McMaster was responsible for prohibiting our hockey team from entering the inter-collegiate, intermediate hockey league.

At the meeting of officials to draw up the schedule for this year, Waterloo's entry was turned down. Unknown to most in the College, our entry into the hockey league was on

the condition that we should also enter all inter-collegiate sports at an intermediate status. Now those of you who witnessed the one-sided rugby games this fall, when the College played host to O.A.C., and the "Colts," would hardly consider we are ready for such fast-moving company. Our inferiority on the gridiron will be further increased this year, when 17 of the present team leave. In other words this great hockey team is only a flash in the pan, and the other colleges realized this. So they (including O.A.C., Toronto, McMaster, and our own mother college (Western)

voted, unanimously, to decline our entry on these grounds.

Travelling expenses, our small size, and our general all-around inferiority, prevent us from entering any inter-collegiate league. Who knows, perhaps the succeeding students may not be athletically inclined, and wish to pass their time in studying? They will thank McMaster, among others, for not permitting us to swim out over our heads. Our present hockey team can trim any team in the intermediate league, but what of the other teams? What of the teams of coming years?

So we extend our apologies to McMaster University, for the injustice done. Let us hope that this error does not jeopardize the friendly relations between our College and their University. But let's beat 'em again, just for the hang of it.

McMac Eating Words, Waterloo Wins 9-4

Following a prophetic line which appeared in the issue of the New Cord, the Waterloo College Hockey Team avenged its defeat at the hands of McMaster, by hosing the same club 9-4, before several hundred shrieking, hysterical fans. It was Waterloo all the way, as the inspired team out-skated, out-maneuvered, and decidedly out-scored, the bewildered maroon-clad men from Hamilton.

Weaver and Putnam put on a two-man display which netted 7 goals between them. Max, the blonde streak, got four goals and three assists to cop the top honours for the evening. Dr. Annet made his debut but seemed somewhat dazzled by the team's new, yellow sweaters, and was content to let the other lads score the goals.

Turner was terrific in the net during

the second period when McMaster turned on the heat. The whole team played as they never played before and McMaster have a valid alibi, as their centre star Denny Barnes was unable to come due to an unfortunate accident the night before the game. It is hoped that Denny will be with the team the next time we play them—and beat them.

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AD BANQUET

Continued from Page 4

The three wise boys are now standing up to make with the gab, and I am being glad to see this because already I am beginning to feel like I am having a glow and I am trying to decide whether I am having seven rings or eight rings on my table. The first wise boy, who they are calling Overgaard, or some such fine Irish name, is observing what fine form the Doctor is being in. To this the Doc is having a drink. The second wise guy they are calling Mister Hayes; he is talking about women, and is studying his hand-painted tie which is looking like a fugitive from Esquire.

The third wise guy is being the Doc who is explaining something which I am often wondering and which I am sure is not standing for Public Health Doctor. I must also be going to see him some day between 5 and 6 p.m. to be having him to explain his jokes as there is being the one about Charley which I am not understanding.

This charming little group is now degenerating from the high intellectual plane which it is maintaining up to

now and is sinking to the level of the hoi-polo in a number of rib old songs. First this Overgaard character is standing on a chair and is doing a one-man song and dance routine in German; then Baldy is taking the chair and is doing a number which I am having seen done better on an off-night at the Casino.

The tomato is then refusing to sing "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," so Fergy is pouring her another drink. To be topping off the debauchery, some of the boys are singing several rousing refrains of a number I am not hearing since I am getting out of the army. This little ditty is being a very schmälzy number, but it is breaking the gathering up.

I am watching them leave with much sadness because I am having to finish my last draught and because I am thinking what kind of business men we will be having in this country. Maybe I should be going back to Azooza and be living with the peasants again.
—F.W.

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At Graduation Time



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CHARLES BELAIR

PHOTOGRAPHER

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Christmas and New Year's Day have come and gone and the staff of the College Cord hopes that you alumni have had happy and blessed days.

We at the College are in the middle of a January "thaw," that warm doped feeling which is a combination of both the daze of not having quite yet recovered from the first term, and the false security of being just at the beginning of the second term. Just how false that security is, you alumni know. Just while one is in the middle of a beautiful day-dream, spring, exams, terrible fear and graduation arrive, and before you know it, a new batch of alumni has vanished. In the name of all alumni, I give you fair warning.

The other day, Dr. Schorten was telling me that he had received a letter from Professor Jefferis, offering him best wishes on his retirement. It set me thinking. Professor Jeffery Jefferis was professor of classics when I first came to Waterloo College. Of all the professors who were teaching in the College and Seminary when I entered less than six years ago, only one professor is still holding the field. He is Professor W. D. Evans. Who and where are the missing?

As I mentioned, J. Jefferis was one. Besides being a "crack" lecturer, Prof. Jefferis was possessor of a booming voice and a razor-sharp, very funny wit. Waterloo lost a fine professor when Prof. Jefferis left to go to Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec, his old Alma Mater.

Miss McLaren was our History Professor. Many a person came down with writer's cramp trying to keep up with Miss McLaren's dictation. Miss McLaren used to give delightful, cozy, teas where Dr. Lehmann's office now is. 'Twas a loss for Waterloo when she left. But 'tis an ill wind that blows no one any good. Miss

McLaren left to become Mrs. W. D. Evans.

Professor James Rikard was the Psychology and Philosophy professor. A scoffer of tradition, an initiator of the original, Prof. Rikard took a keen glee in shocking students out of their complacency. In Prof. Rikard's classes you had to think for yourself or be drowned in a welter of shattered ideas. A keen thinker himself, and one whose lectures were of absorbing interest, Prof. Rikard left Waterloo to go to Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia.

Professor R. Craig Melvor was our Economics Professor. Prof. Melvor, a solid man no matter which way you took him, despite his subjects was a popular professor with the students. Give or take, Prof. Melvor was always able to hold his own. I always appreciated his "little joke" (even after the fifth and sixth times), always addressed to Ernie Brose (year '45) who would enter Eccies class about five minutes late with sleep-swollen eyes and flappy slippers, just having tumbled down out of the dorm. Prof. Melvor would turn around, just catching Brose slipping in the door, "Well, Brose, miss the street-car again?" Prof. Melvor took his teaching, hockey-and-badminton-playing abilities to McMaster University, Hamilton.

And of course, there were Dr. Carl Klinek, Dean and English Professor, and Dr. H. Schorten, Housefather and German professor, who hardly need any introduction to this present generation. Dr. Klinek, who was a busy man, hither, thither and everywhere, has gone to Western University, London. Dr. Schorten, who was official clock-watcher for the College, has retired to his home, 83 Queen Street, Waterloo.

In looking over the list, one realizes how large an alumni we have just in professors alone. One realizes, also, that Waterloo College has had (and still has) professors equal to any.

—Eric Reble.

VET'S COLUMN

If there are any of the sixty-odd veterans among our faculty and undergraduates who have time to compose copy for the Cord, those persons must be practicing the part of the Invisible Man. At the last tick of the College clock before copy had to be rushed down to the printers, the editor of the column rushed into the "dormicile" of one of the local Vets, and succeeded in getting something really worthwhile. Reason for success: the Vet was feeling a little under the weather and couldn't get away from this pest. Here is the special little treasure of thought for all who appreciate the real "pearl" when they see it.

MEDITATIONS OF A VETERAN (By J. W. B.)

"What is the secret of your life? Tell me that I may make mine beautiful too," Mrs. Browning once asked Charles Kingsley. He replied, "I had a friend." A priceless memory of the war is, and ever will be, the loyalty and true friendship between soldiers and other members of the armed forces. Truly the hearts of enlisted men were not carried on their sleeves, but the trial of war revealed the depth of true comradeship. As we begin to count those days in years, let us, as Vets, carry the same spirit along with us.

We have not yet reached the perfect world, and therefore we must fight on, and do our best, and stand together till victory crowns our efforts. The fight for peace demands our bravest courage, our best efforts, no less than that for war. To gain this dearest victory which alone can give

the real meaning to the sacrifice made overseas, we must not let up, but carry on in the same strong spirit of true friendship.

This little article has been written by one whose faith in the true destiny of man is still worth fighting for, a man who came through all the bitterness which war can press upon one, yet as we can see, he still holds fast to the ideals of brotherly love.

Sincerely,
Gran. Munro.

Christmas Tea

On December 9th, at 3:00, guests began arriving in the gym for the Fides Dianae Christmas Tea as the last pine boughs were placed on the tea table. The guests were received at the door, and ushered into the gym by President Rhoda Daber, Miss Axford and Joan Pauli, secretary-treasurer. Senior, Soph and Frosh co-eds served the visitors with dainty sandwiches which had to be passed to male guests numerous times before they were willing to leave.

Helen Bulmer was the very successful convener, and the Weber twins did an excellent job in the kitchen. Once again, kids, — we dood it!

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An open letter to the College graduates of 1948.

Dear Graduates:

You have spent three or four years in preparation for life here at the College. Now the time is at hand when you must decide what to do with your life. This is too serious a matter to decide in a hurry. You ought to make a decision only after long and prayerful consideration. As you ask yourself the question, "What shall I do with my life," remember that God has some particular work that he wants each and every one of us to do. And so your question ought to be, "What does God want me to do?" Only when the question is put this way can you get the right answer. For when we put ourselves at the centre of this question of a career then we seek that work which gives the greatest material benefits for the least amount of effort on our part. But when we put God at the center of the question, then we seek that work wherein we can be of greatest service to God and to our fellowmen.

One of the callings to which you ought to give serious consideration is that of the Gospel ministry. Jesus through His Church and through His Word is still calling young men to become full-time workers in His Kingdom even as He personally called them during His earthly career.

Jesus brings life and Salvation to every man. But He has so arranged it that we who have already received

these gifts should be the means of bringing them to others. This work is not easy. It is filled with heartaches, sorrows and disappointments. But it also presents a great challenge.

I have read that as Garibaldi gathered his army around him and told them what wonderful fighting he wanted them to do that they cried out, "General, you want us to do all this, but what are you going to give us for this sacrifice and this struggle?"

Garibaldi answered, "I can only promise you hunger and thirst, nakedness and battle wounds, and even death."

The men stood and thought for a moment, and then the whole host threw up their arms and cried, "We are the men, we are the men!"

Oh! if Christ had nothing to offer you in His cause but hunger and hardship, and suffering and persecution and death, you might well enlist; but when instead, He offers peace of conscience here, peace when you die, and unending glories in the world to come, how can anyone shrink back from Christ's blessed service?

—A. J. S.

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On Contemporary Comics

Back in the good old days, "comic strips" were series of cartoons showing the adventures of persons or perhaps of animals possessing human qualities. Some were funny: others were not, but they were all written with the child himself uppermost in the author's mind. Perhaps writers of "comics" in those days knew little of child psychology, but they achieved something which was, generally speaking, wholesome and attractive to children's minds.

Since that time, however, a change has taken place. "Funnies" are no longer funny. Neither are they wholesome; they are merely attractive. Yes, attractive to children in much the same way as opium was attractive to De Quincey. Save for a scattering of more or less harmless "gag" comics and some reprints of newspaper strips, today's lurid "comic" magazines depend for their appeal upon mayhem, murder, torture and abduction — often with children as the innocent victims. Superman heroics, voluptuous females in scanty attire, blazing machine guns, hooded justice, and cheap political propaganda are to be found on almost every page.

Perhaps you think children are not affected very much by the "comic" magazines they read. Perhaps you believe that because the hero overcomes the band of criminals in the last scene, the "funnies" are fighting crime. But consider that an entire magazine is taken up with criminal activities

before the rather ridiculous hero comes to the rescue, and you will realize that what fills impressionable young minds is not crime prevention, but crime. One lump of sugar will not sweeten a gallon of vinegar.

If we had the power to look twenty years into the future, we should probably be able to say that during the years 1930 to 1945, two evils arose which threatened contemporary civilization — Naziism and American "comic" magazines. Both were able to bring fear and horror to every bedside, and both did. Both showed life to be organized violence, rather than organized peace and tolerance. Both depended for their influence on murder, torture, kidnapping, arson, burglary, hatred and all the other crimes which Christianity has been fighting for generations.

In former years the dime novel was bitterly attacked, yet its story of an occasional redskin "biting the dust" ranks as classic literature when compared with the sadistic drivel that pours from the presses today, in what we might call the "cultural slaughter of the innocents."

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On the Art of Essay Writing

The word "essay" comes from the French "essayer" meaning to try. Montaigne was one of the first who tried, and would-be writers, believing in that old maxim — "If at first you don't succeed, et al . . .," have since been turning out flops quite regularly.

After deciding what kind of an essay you wish to write, no mean feat in itself, you must set about the mechanics of your work. First, you have an idea. Next, you have a plan. Then, you have a cigarette.

When viewed for ten minutes through lazy blue clouds of cigarette smoke, that original idea doesn't seem so good after all. Turn the paper over and start anew. How about that ever-faithful standby, "The Weather on the First Day of Autumn?" True, a bit hackneyed, but it might be good for a "B".

The next major operation is the preparation of an outline. The outline is one of the most important and integral parts of the essay — unbiased scientific tests have shown that almost one out of every ten essayists uses the outline. It can best be prepared by first writing the essay and then picking out the major points, if you are fortunate enough to have any.

The outline is in point form; that is, you have

a main point

under which is a sub-point

which is itself broken down

into various sub-headings,

and the whole procedure being repeated for the second, third, and fourth

main points so

that by means of the skeleton outline you are able to get an overall picture of the essay and of

the central idea

thus giving your final effort a logical sequence.

After preparing the outline, take ten minutes for another cigarette. You deserve it.

The transformation of the outline into a finished masterpiece is the next and final detail. Therein lies the true art of the essay — knowing where to insert the "ands" and the "buts", and how to infiltrate the whole with all those colorful, descriptive adjectives you found in Roget's Thesaurus.

Now don't make the fatal mistake of reading your essay. You are too likely to tear it up in a sudden fit of remorse. Just tuck it away with your other attempts and, . . . have a cigarette.
—F. W.

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Yet you bleed for his soaring soul;
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Which swoops and dips
And never dies.

You, with your useless, broken wings,
Will forever remain a fiery parrot;
A strutter and a fretter,
A babbling Babbit
Of conformity.

In this half-awake existence,
Your mangled body scarcely stirs;
The bloody comb of glory
Lies limp upon your sticky head,
Defeated.

Your oil-slicked beady eyes,
Will never look to lust again;
You live and die a hollow, pitted shell
Call Death now fool, hurry
The annihilation.

Lines

On Love and Lightning

Lightning is quicker
But not half so blinding
As love, when it strikes.
There is no unwinding
Of thought or of intellect;
All is a haze and
The mind's often wreck'd.

- - -

So say the poets

- - -

I say love is a lightning
that flashes all stark naked in its bare
essentialness.

Each cell of brain becomes an eye,
unwinking in quivering concentration,
absorbing each detail, and seeing this
mad holocaust in all its windswept,
storm-tossed reality.

And then the white blaze blacks. With
our dim pen lights we gaze into the
dark,—

and wait with trembling for the
thunder.

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LETTERS TO EDITOR

Open Letter to the Freshettes.

Dear Goils:

In the last issue of the Cord, a group of your man-conscious intelligentsia published a half-hearted letter requesting that the "Boys" in the Dorm conform to your standards of what the well-dressed Schmoe should wear. You objected to our boys coming to classes, in your own words, 'Minus ties, unshaven and unshod'. I hate to disillusion you girls in your first flush of journalistic achievement; but I feel that it is my duty to warn you that mediocrity will never get results at Waterloo College. In your letter, you rationalized, you apologized and worst of all, you tittered — an unforgivable, yet typical, Freshette characteristic. To achieve results with the Mere Male, you must learn to fight dirty; use everything in the book, and come out with both arms swinging. I would like to refer those of you who are interested, to an article published in the March 1947 issue of last year's College Cord, entitled, "For Men Only." The article was written by a group of last year's "Common Room Commandos" who realized the futility of any half-way measures when it comes to the subject of men. They proceeded to really lay it on the line. The results were crude, yet effective. They hit where it hurt most — our ego. But enough of this, I give you this advice for what it is worth. You can take it or leave it. I leave now for greener fields, a land where there is one thing for sure — Vive la femme.

—J.B.

Geo. Hoelscher

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Dear Editor:

I write to protest the discrimination shown in the equipage of the two common rooms in Waterloo College. Although I have never set eyes upon the interior of the girls' common room, I understand that it is a haven of luxury with deep, upholstered chairs, broad, soft, chesterfield, and, so I am told, there are curtains on the windows. After a hectic lecture, the girls can repair to the room, lounge in a chair and amid a circumstance of peaceful tranquility, relax, and forget the drivel that has just been forced on them.

Contrast this with the boys' common room. We enter through the narrow, sagging doorway and peer cautiously about. Through the reeking, heavy-hanging smoke, pungent with a mysterious fragrance, we can dimly make out vague shapes and forms. — Staggering through the room we come to the first table. On it are draped four or five seniors. We stumble over a pair of feet protruding from under the table and pass on, for these are dull and stupid fellows and not worth observing. At the second table, the frosh table, are seated two large and two small bodies. As our eyes become accustomed to the darkness we are able to make out the hulk of a huge man. His face is blank, his lower jaw sags. From his lower lip dangles a browning, irregular-shaped butt. Occasionally, he lifts his hoary head, smiles wanly at his partner, and then returns it to his chest. The rest of the players are beyond description. Let it suffice to say that once I knew them as rosy-cheeked boys. We quickly stagger out of the room and fill our lungs with the sweet, undecomposed air of the outside world. "O, education, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

—Derhood.

LETTERS TO EDITORS

Dear Editor:

Last year the Athletic Directorate spent a considerable amount of money in an effort to reorganize hockey activities at Waterloo. Under the capable coaching of Verd Yates and the ardent support of student managers — plus an enthusiastic group of athletes, the hockey team made a very impressive comeback by losing only one game in competitions with other teams. For obvious reasons no strong attempt was made to get into a league last year, but bright hopes were held for the future in this regard. Despite the fact that there were good hopes for another strong team this year and that practices were started early in the season, we still find ourselves out of a league and with vague hopes for exhibition games only. Is it with any surprise to you that the members of the hockey team should wonder why:

(1) Waterloo officials couldn't be satisfied with the willingness of the Intercollegiate League to accept our hockey team instead of insisting that we be accepted in all sports.

(2) It will be impossible for us to have any Friday night games until after February when we had been promised free Friday nights by the arena. (Is it because some of our

officials were too lax in arranging a schedule so that the arena finally turned their "Waterloo" nights over to other teams?)

(3) Members of the hockey team should use their time and efforts (getting up at 6:00 a.m. for practice twice a week) when no games are scheduled for several weeks. (Members of the Boarding Club miss breakfast for practices.)

(4) Why members of the Board of Governors, school officials, and students who pay a fee to support hockey are willing to let this team go idle for several months of the hockey season.

(5) The College officials, who want publicity for the Expansion Program, let this terrific chance for publicity pass by so easily.

(6) Only one article of publicity for the team has appeared in the local press when other teams get regular writeups whether they play games or not.

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Senior Editorial

In a recent assembly Dr. Lehmann said, "I like the spirit of you students of Waterloo College. Your activities surprise me; your industry amazes me; your enthusiasm astounds me!" These words were sincerely directed to the great majority of the student body which meets every Tuesday morning in the gymnasium. To those remaining few students who would rather wander about the halls or settle themselves in the common or reading rooms we would say, "We dislike your lack of spirit. Your inertia grieves us; your lethargy annoys us; your indifference appalls us."

Have we tramped on feelings? We could wax even more bitter and say that this editorial is useless because most of the people to whom we are preaching don't have time to read the Cord, either.

As we set our Thesaurus aside and pause for breath, we are struck by the thought that perhaps those two important collegiate sports of (a) perusing Billy Rose in the reading room and (b) playing bridge in the common room, are too much competition for the humble student-begotten assemblies. We fully realize that to admit ignorance of either Rose or bridge would result in complete social disgrace, but why not postpone these very necessary aspects of your education until your next spare? And besides, wouldn't it be an appreciative gesture to wait and read Billy Rose in the Record? After all, they put our name in the title line of their paper.

Two other games played by people dear to those in charge of assemblies are called "climbing the wire" and "slamming the front door." The resemblance of the athletes who play the former game to certain of our remote simian ancestors has been noted in editorials of other years.

Since all other attempts to dislodge these —! people have failed, our suggested cure is to have Nick electrify that whole wire screen which looks down into the gym. The door-slammers could very easily be disposed of by simply locking the front door during assembly hour. No more would Max have to worry about catching a cold from the sudden indraft of freezing air if the door should open when he is booming out the final bars of "I Love Life."

Perhaps you didn't know that assemblies are quite new at Waterloo. At their inception three years ago, the faculty was apprehensive because they weren't sure the Waterloons would have the extended enthusiasm to produce and be present at assemblies every week. The students have responded remarkably well, however. With our large enrolment, assemblies should be more successful than before.

We all admit that some programs have been weak. To remedy this, the S.L.E. has organized a new Assembly Committee so those in charge cannot now say, "But I thought George was doing it."

That delivers the ball to each one of us. Now all you have to do is enter the gym next Tuesday morning, ready to laugh, cry, or sing depending on what those hams up in front want you to do.

—H. D. W.

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Junior Editorial

May we momentarily suspend the lingering, after-Christmas spirit of good-will to men, to direct an editorial lash against a certain group of individuals. These people have taken Library Science and know all about the methods of finding books in our library, but there is one matter still lacking to make their knowledge complete.

It seems there is a steel filing-cabinet in one corner of the room, on top of which is a small blue box and a pad of paper. They are there for a purpose. Although we admit the pad is a handy size for scribble-paper, the real reason it is there is to provide a record of books borrowed from the library. Every time a book is taken out, the borrower is supposed to fill out a form with the title and call number of the book, his name and the date.

There are at present some books missing from the library which have not been signed out. They will no doubt reappear sometime, before the

end of the year, but in the meantime, there are other eager beavers who are hindered from doing their work. Even if the books are being used, it would give the seekers a feeling of satisfaction to know who has them and to know they are not just lying idly on a shelf. We are proud of the fact that Waterloo College library can be based on an honour system and hope it will not become necessary to have a librarian supervise the loaning of materials.

If you have been borrowing without signing your "John Henry," as an act of retaliation for the obvious lack of chairs in the libraries, we heartily endorse your motive. But why not take your gripe to the faculty or Vox Pop after this, and start signing out every book you borrow? It would make life much easier for some students. Besides, it would make the librarian happy.

—G. E. K.

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