

WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD



DECEMBER 1948

WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD

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OUR COVER . . .

Boris Plys dreams of his Prom date Betty Shantz while buying his ticket. Jean Wettlaufer is the saleswoman in the booth in the main hall.

EDITORS' NOTES:

Since this CORD has gone to press exciting things have happened around Waterloo. Apparently the faculty saw the deplorable situation about the same time as the senior editorial was written for they started a campaign to help the student organizations over the difficulties they were experiencing. We certainly appreciated the spirit of constructive criticism which most of the faculty adopted, especially Dean Schaus and President Lehmann. We think the results will reward the effort.

Several individuals who had trouble with French 20 asked us for a translation of the French poem in the November CORD. For your convenience we have put a free translation on page 7 of this issue.

We hope you finally found your way around in the Static of the November issue. The printer assures us there will be no more similar mistakes.

A new name now appears in the line-up to the left. Since Jack Karn left the College Doug Schedler has taken over duties as photographer's assistant.

A different kind of paper is being used this time in the hope that the pictures will become clearer. Thus far, the results you saw were hardly even similar to the clear shots Bev Hayes has been taking. After much research we have decided not to hold Bev or the engravers or the printer responsible. If the new paper doesn't help we'll be open to suggestions—any suggestions.

Any fellow not at the Prom is a piker!

—The Editors.

THUS IT BEGAN

Christmas, like love, is universal. The greeting, "Merry Christmas," has a joyful sound that sets music ringing in the heart and wakens happy memories. The spirit of Christmas glows in strange places, and there is no age or station too great or too small to feel the joy of the season.

Perhaps you have wondered how people celebrate Christmas in other lands. Although the customs and traditions vary, the spirit of Christmas is shared by all people.

In Sweden it was believed that on Christmas Eve the ancestors returned to their former cottages, not in a ghost-like form, but in the form of sweet memories. Festive preparations were made with joyful expectations and hopes. The real inhabitants behaved as if they were intruders in their own homes.

The Christmas season was officially opened on December the thirteenth, as Saint Lucy, dressed in white and wearing a green crown decked with festive candles, awakened the members of the household by serving them coffee and cakes.

Christmas bread and cake played an important part in the seasonal festivities. These breads were not eaten at Christmas but were saved for the spring. Rice, cooked in milk, with cinnamon decorations is, even today, served on Christmas Eve. One almond is added to the rice. The lucky individual who finds the almond will be, according to tradition, the first to marry.

Gifts are opened on Christmas Eve around the family tree. It is said that goats of straw were the first presents early Swedes made for their children.

In Iceland, Christmas is celebrated in a different way. As there are very few Christmas trees these clever people make their own. A centre pole is carefully constructed and onto it are fastened shorter poles to represent branches. If the snow thaws, great armloads of a certain shrub with foliage like cedar are brought in and fastened to the framework. With its homemade coloured paper ornaments and old fashioned candles, this synthetic tree assumes a genuinely festive air. Prune cake and a thin bread, patterned like a leaf and fried in mutton tallow, are seasonal delicacies.

In Mexico all the Christmas gifts are placed in an earthenware jar (or silk or paper bag) which is suspended from the ceiling. On Christmas Eve the children are blindfolded and each is given one chance to break the pinate with a stick. You can imagine the merry scramble for gifts as the bag breaks and the goodies are revealed.

The Mexican climate is too warm for Santa Claus and his reindeer, but the old Aztec god of the sun and air (symbolized as a feathered serpent), takes his place in the hearts of these people as the doer of good deeds.

For eight evenings before Christmas there is a religious procession. Each member of the group carries a lighted taper and joins in the singing of a religious chant. Admittance to a home is sought every night for eight days. But "there is no room in the inn." On the ninth evening the procession is welcomed and received by their host and hostess. Then a religious ceremony is conducted about the straw-filled manger of the Babe.

In Bulgaria the men do not work or eat before sunset on Christmas

Eve. Before the Christmas loaf is put into the oven the eldest daughter traces a bird, a flower, and a cross on top of it with a knife. Then the yolk of an egg is spread across the design. At the table the husband and wife take the loaf and lift it above their heads and say, "May the wheat grow as high." The mother stays up all night to keep the fires going and to remember Mary's vigil.

In Canada most of us will serve the traditional Christmas dinner. We will sit at a big table covered with a snowy white tablecloth, and Father will carve the delicious roasted-brown turkey. Plum pudding, Christmas cake and mince meat pie complete a perfect dinner. In spite of our huge commercial displays and the rush of shopping that so often accompanies the Christmas season, we do not forget the true significance of the day.

During the Christmas season one thought predominates throughout the whole world. This thought is expressed in our happiness, our carols, and the Christmas bells. The bells toll not only the hour of the day, but they seem to say:—

"Night of faith, Night of love,
Night to honour God above.
Night of joy, Night of peace.
Night when all the wars shall cease."
Margaret-Anne Hoffman.

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THE LIMERICK OR . . .

I would appreciate it if the editor would allow me to slightly distort, then quote, and then refute the first line from his editorial in the November issue. Distorted and put in blunt English it reads, "We have no real appreciation of poetry". Now editors are usually quite touchy about and adverse to such perversions of their editorials, and therefore G.E.K. might not publish this article. But G.E. K. is quite tolerant—a pretty good fellow, and perhaps because of the fore-going phrase of flattery, he might allow me a page. (Personally, I wouldn't blame him in the least if he didn't publish this anyway.)

"We have no real appreciation of poetry"—that's a challenge, and after poring over numerous volumes, I can now raise my heavy, dandruff-scratched-out head and reply, "I now have an appreciation of the best kind of poetry—the limerick".

To continue my discourse, I believe it poor taste on the part of the English department to disallow the limerick from the poetry studied in our school. Looking over the text of an Eng. 45 student of last year, I was profoundly disappointed that I found no limericks in Untermeyer's books. Students should study more of the kind of poetry they like, and if they like anything, they like the limerick. None of the Sophs or Seniors will ever forget George Hopton when he got up at the annual banquet last year and spoke in words to this effect, "An Athenaeum is the gathering together of artists and poets to illustrate their works; I have written a poem . . .", and then he began to read the limerick which he had composed. Never was the Crystal Ballroom of the Walper House so filled with amusement—the walls fairly burst with laughter and applause. Ah yes! the limerick is a milestone in the

progress of poetry, and Ireland the country of its birth, will go down in history as the genesis of that peculiar type of poetry which is so loved by all (simple-minded) well-meaning students.

Well, it's partly the shape of a thing
That gives the old limerick wing:

These accordion pleats

Full of airy conceits

Take it up like a kite on a string.

A standard dictionary says that a limerick is "a nonsense poem of five lines". (Two other dictionaries—Mr. Clark and Miss Roy, were not consulted, but no doubt the verdict would be the same.)

However, the above definition cannot be held as a hard and fast rule. True, some limericks are purely nonsense:-

An epicure dining at Crewe,
Found quite a large mouse in his stew,
Said the waiter, "Don't shout,
And wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting one, too."

or,

A silly young fellow named Hyde,
In a funeral procession was spied;
When asked, "Who is dead?"
He giggled and said,

"I don't know, I just came for the ride".

Ah, but must we condemn the limerick, must we eliminate it from our studies, must we push it behind us

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like a satanic evil, merely because it is 99 44/100% nonsense? — Nonsense! It is no worse than "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" which we study on the course.

As a matter of fact, limericks are not only intrinsically beautiful but they are didactic, for (if we hunt hard enough) we can find morals in them.

So often we overhear girls saying, "You know what? I gained a half-pound this week", or "I'll have to buy a whole new wardrobe if I keep putting on weight at this rate!" Well now, let's, as Dr. Potter would say "look at the psychology behind these statements". It seems as if the male-division of our society became more saucer-eyed when the image of a slim-in-the-right-place-girl comes through his pupil. Oh sure, you'll often hear fellows say "I like girls who are pleasingly plump", but in most cases you'll find that pleasingly plump means the not-more-than-eighteen-inches-around-the-waist-type. Well, so mote it be, and apparently girls realize this fact, as is evidenced by such

statements as are at the beginning of this paragraph. So, for the benefit of the would-be Aphrodites, there's a moral in the following gem,

A sleeper from the Amazon
Put nighties of her gra'mazon—
The reason, that
She was too fat
To get her own pajamazon.

Oh yes! think over this limerick before you lend out your economics text,

There was an old man of Tarentum,
Who gnashed his false teeth till he bent'em,

When they asked him the cost
Of what he had lost

He replied, "I can't say, for I rent'em".

. . . perhaps your economics text won't come back in the same condition. We all do a lot of gnashing before an ecies test!

Well, I could ramble on and on illustrating the merits of the limerick, but space and time are mean. Talking about space and time, it's marvellous how light covers such a big space in so short a time . . . and how much easier it would be to comprehend the activity of light if Prof. Carmichael taught us thusly,

There was a young woman named
Fright,
Whose speed was much faster than
light.

She set out one day,
In a relative way,
And returned on the previous night.

But, of course, if Prof. Carmichael began to diffuse the knowledge which he has tucked away so carefully in his cerebral hemispheres by means of the limerick, it might have an effect on him like

. . . the old fellow of Trinity
Who solved the square root of infinity,

But it gave him such fidgets,
To count up the digets,
He chucked- science and took up
Divinity.

Jeff.

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POETRY

GOD'S SEED

In each heart there dwelleth
A seed placed there by God.
'Twill grow if gently nourished
With truth and not with fraud.

Great and stately thy heart shall be.
'Twill shine out in thy face,
As in the bustling race of man
You firmly take your place.

THE REWARD

Leaving behind some place, some
thing,
When I take that long last ride,
Is not the mark that I wish to make,
'Ere I go to the Other Side.

Our Thoughts and Worldly actions,
Will leave their wake-like trace,
But Death, in all its beauty,
Will earthly things erase.

That which we must remember,
Who follows the narrow way,
Will reap his Golden Harvest
In the hour of Judgement Day.

VICTORY

Remember in all your troubles,
And your hands turn cold and blue,
There is a Man who suffered
And died on the cross for you.

Fight on! Yield not friend!
Though the going be tough and long,
The chant of the Heavenly Peace
Drums,
Will be your victorious song.

Austin Snyder.

DAS LIED EINES EINSAMEN SCHMOOS

Bin nur ein armer Student,
Den ja fast niemand kennt,
Sei du doch mein!

Sitz' oft mit truebem Herzen,
Voll von Lateinenschmerzen,
Sei du doch mein!

Vor Hunger und Durst fast tot,
Du gibst mir Milch und Brot,
Sei du doch mein!

Von der Welt ganz verlassen,
Viele sind, die mich hassen,
Sei du doch mein!

Du meine Freud' allein,
Kannst du mich lieben sein?
Sei du doch mein!

Nimm doch mein ganzes Herz,
Und ende so all mein Schmerz,
Sei du doch mein,
Liebliches Schmoolein!

Translated from the original by
Abe Thiessen.

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CURRENT EVENTS

PRE-PROM POINTERS

As every red-blooded Waterloo knows, December 16th, the day of the annual Christmas Prom—to be held this year at Rosslynn Grove—is certainly not very far away. Thanks to the vigorous publicity campaign of Cellie Weiler, everyone—well, almost everyone—has a date for the Dance and is looking forward to the big night with feelings of joy and/or impatience. As a special aid to a few of the more bashful (?) students, Helen Taylor and Joyce Smith have conducted a very useful Date Bureau, where some formerly-gloomy guys have met and dated equally bashful (?) girls. There was, however, in spite of this convenience, a certain amount of weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth—especially the latter—when certain daring Casanovas, following the age-old first-come-first-served policy, have, to say the least, caused a certain amount of discomfort to their rival suitors. However, as all's fair in love and war and as this is not the Static column, we won't go into details.

Our Rembrandts and Michael-angelos—Grace Hall, Janette Mahaffey and John Murray have also been busy for the past month. The ticket-booth and posters are colorful reminders of the importance and proximity of the "sixteenth", and are a daily inspiration to everyone entering the fair portals of the College.

Naturally, we cannot speak of a dance at Rosslynn Grove without considering the all-important matter of Transportation. Jack Brock and Doug Scott are ably deciding who will go with whom and in what, which is certainly a job meriting a box of Aspirins.

And then, last but not least we have the gentlemen with all the money, the Finance committee—namely Keith Niall and Doug Gelatly. Keeping track of all the receipts and expenditures—in true Business 20 English—is quite a job, and the two accountants deserve any cut they may retain for cokes, cigarettes, and other expenses.

With committees like these, and with the enthusiasm which the students and faculty have for this great annual Prom, we just know the 1948 event will be a roaring success. . . .

See You There!

B.W.

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EDUCATION WEEK

1948 Education Week, from Nov. 14th to 20th, was observed by Waterloo College in the traditional manner. Upper School students from the K-W Collegiate prowled our halls and timidly crept into lectures during the week, while on Friday we had our annual open house in which the public was invited to visit our revered Alma Mater. To the students it meant an opportunity to visit the no-man's land of the women's residence and the upper regions known as the boys' dorm, to say nothing of the added enjoyment of a tea held in the gym. Bev. Hayes' window display and the impressive list of awards published by the Kitchener-Waterloo Record may also help to dispel the idea that we are in competition with Hamilton (remember Frosh Initiation?). A glance at the list suggests that the Frosh were only fooling after all, for no less than eighteen awards passed into their hands and those of their fellow Waterloons at the Awards' Night ceremony.

In addition to the guest speaker, Dr. J. G. Althouse, Director of Education for Ontario, who was introduced by Mr. W. T. Ziegler of the K-W Collegiate and thanked by Dr. A. O. Potter, the audience heard speeches by Alderman T. H. Ainlay, Reeve Harry Griffin, and Dr. H. T. Lehmann. Music was provided by an instrumental ensemble under the direction of Mr. Nathaniel Stroh, and the A Capella Choir, who, directed by Dr. U. S. Leupold, sang two British folk songs. Awards were made by Dean Lloyd Schaus, assisted by Miss Marion Axford, and the programme closed with a prayer by the Reverend A. R. Cragg, minister of First United Church, Waterloo.

No one who heard Dr. Althouse's speech could fail to think seriously about the problems which confront education today. Too many of us



Local citizens saw this display in a Kitchener window. The dummy represents a typical graduate.

think of schooling as a means of obtaining a "soft job," and so do not take advantage of the chances we have in our years at college to develop a sense of responsibility, concentration of purpose, and feeling of service to the community. Professor A. Lower of Queen's declares that even at college level there are few examples of real literacy, and claims that the vast majority of the great mass of students are "worthy people who are just dull and rather stupid."

In a troubled world such as ours, there is no place for the complacent or those lacking vision. We speak of the dangers of Communism, but do little to combat them by the surest possible method, namely, the development of a democratic way of life so

superior to theirs that no one will consider changing our political system for that of Russia. In achieving this state of affairs we might do well to copy some of that country's methods, such as the devoting of a larger percentage of our national income to the all-important task of giving true education to our youth and to our older citizens. It is for such a reason that Education Week has been set aside so that the interest and action of the Canadian people may be aroused to "build the nation" in a way that will lead to peace. Of all who have a part in gaining this objective, none, perhaps, has a greater responsibility than we who have had the privilege of university training.

We would do well, however, to remember Dr. Althouse's warning:

"Enough of you graduate each year to influence the choices, decisions, attitudes, and ideals of your fellow citizens who have lacked educational advantage. But you will never influence them by standing aloof from their concerns or by arrogating to yourself an air of assumed superiority . . . You have no assurance of comfort or security, or even ease of mind. But you are assured of a life of high adventure, of serious challenge, of boundless possibilities for service." May this, then, be our thought for Education Week.

G.E.H.

Lines Written While Contemplating Display Of Fine Art in the Library Show Case

Titian's portraiture of Venus
Is enough, I think, to wean us
From desire of pagan set-ups we
have lacked.
She is waxy, fat and horrid
From her toenails to her forehead
And she scarcely has a stitch
to hide the fact.

And that man who plays the lute
Though the picture makes him mute
Sings a tune oh too familiar to the ear.
Though the juke-box wasn't known
Still his ditty of no tone
Is a juke-box-tune indited just
last year.

Oh I swear I hear the lutist,
Though of mutes he be the mutest
Sing this oft-repeated ditty balefully:
"Though other men may vaunt her
You can have her, I don't want her
she is much too fat for me."

Western Gazette.

BOARDING CLUB ENTERTAINS

Ah, yes, that club of distinction, that exclusive aristocratic body, gave the poor lowly day students a glimpse of their life as the upper strata. It took candelight, black ties, caviar and frequent dashes to the kitchen for more coffee to do it. Prof. Clark and Alec Chess supervised the program and Prof. Carmichael looked after technical details.



Alice Bald and Jack Mattys do a "Gonna Lose Your Gal" routine. They refused all the Toronto and New York offers which followed the show.

Two boarding club members, Pauline Haberer and Jim Gram were ushered to their table by the host, Bob Rock, complete with black tie and white towel, and were entertained by a barber shop quartette, com-

posed of Prof. Overgaard, Earl Anderson, Eric Shultz, and Ken Hermann, who rendered two surprisingly harmonious numbers.

It took a Wettlaufer to add the final night club touch of sophistication. Jean-sister-of-Jack Wettlaufer, was if you'll pardon the expression, parfait! Those noted vaudeville stars, Alice Bald and Jack Mattys were present in person to entertain with a little number, "You're Gonna Lose Your Gal." And believe me, they should go down in Broadway Annals for a job well done.

Mark Innes and his "little voice that wasn't there" caused great hilarity. Dinner music was supplied by Marjory Pond and Poris Plys, whose "Begin the Peguine" was out of this world.

The grand finale to the whole scene was supplied by Earl Anderson and Alice Bald, singing "Come to the Fair." Phil Harris was the poetic commentator.

It was a wonderful assembly and we enjoyed every minute of it, so let's all shout in one voice, "encore, Boarding Club. Encore!" F.R.

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WANDERING WITH WEILER

A SUGGESTION . . . On all entrance forms to Waterloo College should be the question, "HAVE YOU EVER MADE POSTERS?" In a school as active as Waterloo, those in charge of augmenting, are forced to call on those famous few whose work is always in demand. The need of more talented people in this line is obvious. Perhaps a poster committee paid by the S.L.E. at \$1.00 a poster would be the answer. I hear it rumoured that the student executive has thousands of dollars in its treasury which is to be devoted to the benefit of the school and its students. What better way to spend this money than to encourage art and, at the same time, make it easier to acquire these much needed posters.

Speaking of rewarding people for other than athletic endeavours, the Student Executive has been working on an award system that each year will recognize the efforts of those students who have been outstanding in student government, academic ability, committee work, entertainment, and in all activity not covered by an athletic award. This will encourage more Waterloons to play an active roll in student life. Whether the award be a pin, ring, or plaque it will show the school's and students' appreciation and recognition for extra-curricular activities other than sports.

The "Tuck Shop" under the ambitious Smith-Taylor cartel is missing a good bet. Without a doubt they could make a small fortune selling box lunches to those Psych. 20 students who NEVER have anything

to eat during the noon break. This constant sharing of sandwiches is having a disastrous effect on Lavish Mac Tavish who is now down to One Ninety eight. (Clayt please note!)

With the "Dragon Dance" successfully over you are no longer being pressured by those super salesmen of the O.D.M. Now is the time to boost our PROM. Get your tickets early, make up your table parties for the Grove, arrange to give your buddies a lift to the dance, and if by some unbelievable oversight it has slipped your mind . . . GET A DATE.

The Athies have become increasingly conspicuous by their absence. Here's hoping that they will become a regular feature of the second term. In previous years the Athies helped to break down the invisible barrier which is invariably found in co-educational schools. It is definitely found in Waterloo. Have you ever noticed the coldness of your classmates in the corridors?

Reason—Lack of a suitable school environment. The Athies are the only means of solving this problem. We like you girls. We're just shy.

A special note to the L.S.A.-S.C.M. A joint meeting is being held Wed., Jan. 5th. Music, movies, discussion will be featured at this first reunion of the new year. The bigger the crowd the better the time. Every student is welcomed.

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to everyone . . . see you all on Jan. 3rd, at which time we will have only five more months to go . . . counting exams.

C.W.

THE FACULTY SPEAKS

The subject of extra-curricular activities as a part of our education system has long been a cause for heated debate. The following remarks uphold the affirmative side.

Young people at college should realize their own potentialities. They need a greater variety of experience than the lecture room alone can provide. Only by meeting people and dealing with situations they find out how they react to a group and what role they can fill in it. A certain leadership will be expected of them as graduates, but how can they acquire that quality of leadership without group experience? It is not very wise to trust the old myth of the "born leader." Experience alone teaches how far one is gifted in that direction.

On the way to discovering such abilities the student may acquire other valuable, not to say indispensable qualities. Those who have already done some planning know how much patience and self-control they must summon. Decisions must be made without great hesitation. Whatever part one takes in a group, he learns to appreciate the contribution each member can make in spite of other limitations. This is a necessary factor in harmonious relations with people, and one too frequently lacking even among otherwise discerning persons. Nothing can replace the intellectual and emotional stimulus supplied by contact with other ideas, other points of view, other person-

alities. The student often bemoans the fact that he has no time for the many tempting activities. Naturally he must choose among them according to his time and interest. During the three or four years of his college course he may experiment to discover new interests. But he need never eliminate extra-curricular activities. A busy person must organize, must value time so as not to waste it. Anyone who has learned that basic lesson is well on the way to success. That ability to organize and the stimulus received from his contacts should certainly improve a student's scholarship.

Waterloo College offers more to the 'average' student than most universities. It is small enough that each person's contribution is wanted and appreciated. Not only the extravert

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or aggressive have the opportunity to test, develop and practise their skills. Here executive positions take in a larger percentage of the members. It is not even desired that one person should be a leader in more than one group.

How much easier and more pleasant to gather that first experience of organization while still an undergraduate! Later one hesitates, for he does not know his own potentialities. At college the criticism of omissions or neglected arrangements is constructive and another chance is readily given. That is not always the case in the business and professional world.

He who assumes responsibility and deals with real situations develops greater maturity than he who avoids them. Intellectual and emotional maturity is the aim of all education. Only through it can the student derive full benefit from the subjects he studies. He can help to develop his own maturity by taking an active and responsible part in the activities offered to him. Judgment will be expected of him when he has graduated. He must be able to draw on his critical faculties. Theory he learns in the classroom but experience must supplement it. For judgment is not a quality that "droppeth as a gentle

rain from heaven."

The effort put into gaining such judgment should never be a hardship. What greater pleasure than knowing and understanding people? No other interest, the very basis of all group activity, adds more to the enjoyment of living. The bookworm is rarely a vital or stimulating personality, rarely a happy individual. Let not the opportunity escape you! "Activity and duty are not to be found by the roadside. One must await them on the threshold, ready to bid them enter at the moment of passing, and they pass every day." (Maeterlinck, "Pelleas and Melisande)."

I. E. Aksim.

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Oh what is the trouble, Sir Ragwold?"

"I am bloodied and battered, dear maither, be done
With your confounded interrogation."

"Eut Ragwold, my dear, you bleed at the nose,
And your ears, dear, are quite out of place,
And where have you left your right foot and left arm?
You must have been slugged with a mace."

"Oh maither, dear maither, of course I look worn.
As I haven't a tooth or a knee.
And what's left of my brains I left with my eye
And my nose near a blood-spattered tree."

"Oh my Ragwold, my Ragwold, I fear for your life
And your soul if you don't cease to play
At this terrible game that puts brothers at odds,
And kills so many friends, called croquet."

Western Gazette.

FOR THE FINEST IN RECORDED MUSIC



See Jack Fraser at the

BULLAS RECORD BAR

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Kitchener, Ont.

DISC-CUSSION

This certainly looks like the best Christmas that the recording companies have ever had. The numbers of Christmas songs and records that these companies have made available to everyone are just too numerous to mention. But once again it looks as if Bing Crosby's "White Christmas" is going to lead the pack. The number of new albums on the market is also tremendous, but one of the nicest is London's "Christmas Carol" album recorded by the Royal Choral Society under the direction of Sir Malcolm Sargent. These are Carols recorded at their best. Another album that is receiving a lot of acclaim is the "Hour of Charm" Christmas album by Phil Spitalny's All-Girl Orchestra. This album is made available in Canada for the first time this year as it is being pressed in London, Ontario by Regal Records of Canada. So much for Christmas Records.

Have you heard the Red Ingle Recording of "Nature Boy", spelled backwards. It comes out "Seurtan Yob" and sounds just as the name implies. It certainly is a backward song—in fact Red really goes way back on this one. What he does to Eden Abetz's famous song shouldn't happen to a College Professor.

To get back to a more sensible topic—namely music—Andre Kostelanetz once again comes up with a new album that's called "Music from the Movies." All the songs in the album are well-known and should go over very well with all you movie goers. "September Song," "Thanks for the Memory" and "Carioca" are just a few of the very nice selections in the album.

Duke Ellington and his orchestra have rehearsed a new album that sounds more like the Old Duke than most of his recent recordings. This

album is called "Mood Ellington" and contains eight original tunes by the Maestro. These records are ones that you have to play half a dozen times or more to understand everything Ellington is doing, even then there is "The Clothed Woman" that may still mystify you. Don't worry about it because nobody else understands it either. Included in the band are the old stand-bys such as Johnny Hodges, Lawrence Brown and Sonny Greer as well as many new performers including Jimmy Hamilton, Tyree Glenn.

The Cleveland Orchestra under the direction of George Szell have recorded an album of Dvoraks Slavic Dances that is very nice. This set includes five of the better known dances and Szell's arrangements are among the nicest I have yet heard.

If you are a lover of piano music then Vronsky and Babin's latest album of "Waltzes by Tschaikowsky" should appeal to you. Included in the album are such famous waltzes as "Waltz from Serenade in C Major", "Waltz of the Flowers" from the Nutcracker Suite and "Waltz" from Seven Lake Ballet.

My wife just told me that it's time to turn out the lights and get some shut-eye so I'll have to end here if I want to live to write another column next month. Until then, then here's wishing you happy listenin'.

Jack Fraser.

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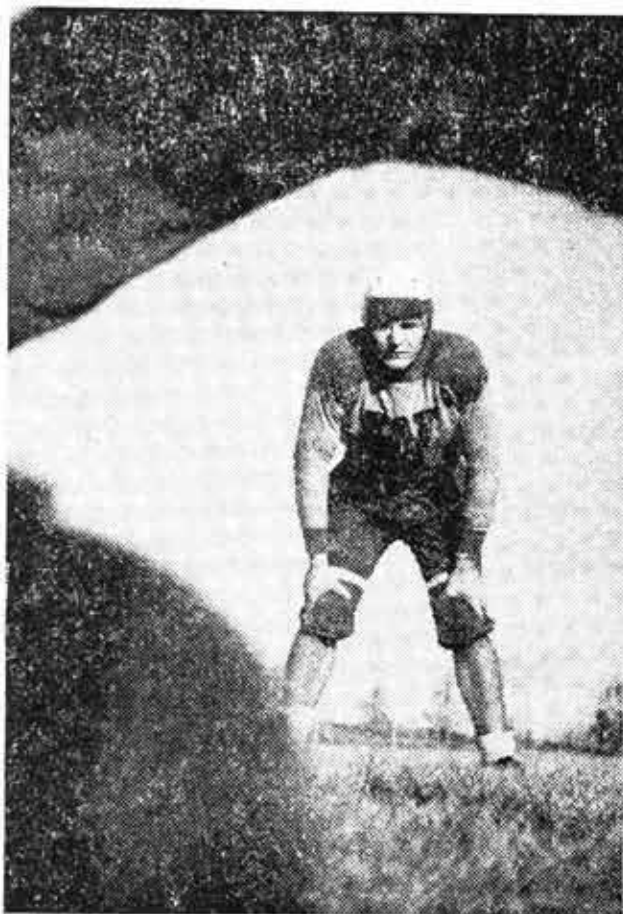
“Shop With Confidence”

SPORT SHOP

This belated topic has probably been long forgotten by Western fans. But the fact remains that the Mustangs lost. Our faith in humanity has been smashed. It has shown us how uncertain life really is, that sooner or later even the greatest fall. It seems almost impossible to believe that the immortal Mustangs fell to the upstart blues. It's a good thing for Mr. Gallup that he didn't run a poll for the outcome of the inter-collegiate championship. Then again, why was it that four out of five of those in the know picked Toronto to win? In our humble opinion it was not that they thought that the blues were the better team. They couldn't possibly have thought such a thing with Western having a whole team of outstanding players. Perhaps they thought the bigger Toronto team would be the deciding factor, and believe me, it certainly helped. But Western showed in a few of their driving gains that the Toronto line could be smashed. Perhaps the eight injuries that the Western machine suffered, helped to influence the four-to-one count, but we still say that these reasons were not the deciding factors.

The papers reporting the game said that 5000 Western spectators turned out to see the game, but didn't have much to cheer about. We say that twelve Western students were on the field, but didn't have much to fight about. Why? Could it have been School Spirit???

With the Rugby Season passed, our SPORTlight rests on Badminton, which is now in full swing. With great delight we have noticed that the Freshettes are ardent lovers of badminton. Perhaps that is why Mac-Tavish and Derstine took up the game. Or are they why the Fresh-



Snap-eye view of Captain Harold Gram as he calls signals. But why so serious, Harold?

ettes took it up?

At time of writing there is no snow on the ground, but at time of reading, the skiing season will probably be well under way. According to rumours via Frank Petch the season will be good this year. The number of female members exceeds the number of male members. In preparation for the skiing our little shop is waxing up the hickories and hoping. This Wednesday (that will be about a month ago your time) will start the season by showing pictures in glorious technicolor of skiing in the Canadian Rockies.

Put enough of this dreaming and back to something nearer Waterloo's heart—hockey. Some Tuesday morning if you are feeling unnatural and don't want to sleep in, get up. If you hurry you might catch the hockey

team returning from their early morning practice. I thought that they couldn't possibly have a strong team playing at such an unearthly hour. But this sacrificing CORD reporter did manage to get to an early morning practice, and found the Arena jammed with enthusiastic talent.

Apparently the coach is more human in his old age, for he has missed two or three practices so far. The manager and one of the stars was absent also, but still the boys showed enthusiasm and a certain amount of

skill. Their first game is scheduled for December with O.A.C. Although we lost a terrific amount of power from last year's team through graduation, we gained a lot of talented Freshmen. Fred Janke and John Dooly have also come out to help support the team. This to my mind looks like another promising year in hockey. If we all get out to the games, we'll see good games and have a good time.

Murray and Scott.

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AT GRADUATION TIME



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



CHARLES BELAIR
PHOTOGRAPHER

Dunker Building

Kitchener Ont.

"Hello . . . Tracy? Say, Dick, where've you been? . . . Haven't heard your name on the roll call lately. How's Big Frost? . . . Melted eh! Well, you'd better hurry back and start defrosting your marks to normal room temperature. Yeh, Rugby season's over . . . time to settle down.

The game with Huron College? Sure Waterloo won. The team, cheerleaders, and about two spectators went to London in the bus. What? Oh, those greenbacks in Western helmets were playing for Waterloo. They were Alumni students Louis Hinchburger and Fred Janke helping out. We saw Western defeat McGill that afternoon. Some McGill fan sitting next to us kept urging his team on to a 'touch-me-down' and annoyed J. 'Tettum' Brock. In the evening Huron College welcomed Waterloo with lunch, a brief program, sing-song and dancing. They even gave away their welcoming posters to adorn the walls of some of the Dorm rooms. There was a slight delay in getting home, though. The bus driver had to make a heavy purchase downtown before we left. High spirits prevailed on the homeward journey.

Yes . . . Huron hospitality was really appreciated. The lost weekend? Oh, Toronto was crowded . . . like open house. Pep rallies, parades, blue and white striped pigs . . . what a game! Western fans were really shocked with their first defeat by the Varsity Blues. Framm was seen padding around the Royal York in greying white socks looking for George Hopton who had been sent to look for Albert Augustine who had gone home. Lorraine with her short memory, helped to tie up telephone lines paging lost relatives in every Toronto hotel. Room 157 kept Room Service busy. The crowd there kept melt-

ing the ice. Many visitors wandered in and out—some known, others unknown. Among the familiar faces were Fette Dillon, Corrine Bailey, and Miki McKie. Ferguson, man of distinction in top hat and tails, got to some wedding on time, with the help of his valet, H. Binnhammer, and performed his ushering duties. From all appearances John Gehegen enjoyed his Toronto sojourn too. Well, the last westbound with Stoneham aboard, who prefers Parrie weekends, steered straight back to Waterloo.

Okay Operator, hold on . . . I'll put another nickel in.

Still there, pal? . . . Yeh, my last nickel. Asked Luch, the other day, if he'd ever amount to anything. His wise words were, "If I were unscrupulous I'd be a huge success . . . I'm unscrupulous . . ." That should encourage the little three union formed in the girls' commonroom to raise their financial status. Dago drove two femmes home in his four-wheeled gray job for the first time, he claims, and ran out of gas . . . Heard Janke and Bramm worked up quite a routine for the church minstrel show. Bev has been looking grim lately. His true love is visiting in the Capital city. Who? Oh, John Murray's address and telephone inquiries are on the level. He's editing the '48-'49 Directory. Helen and Harry have been hitting Kitchenor's High Spot—wearing the rubber almost all off their shoes. Newton Thomas must be selling out. His last bulletin posted by unknown agents advertises a cattle fortune. Perhaps the Tuck Shop could do with on the spot, fresh milk. Speaking of fortunes, commonroom gossip predicts a grim future for some of the girls. Others who could afford to cross the Galt Madame's palm with an extra dollar found the future very bright. One Waterloo

attended a seance out of curiosity and revived a few shekels too late . . . oh, yes, 'Alka' Mary Seltzer is fine. But Chess has dental trouble. Twice, he has lost two teeth upon becoming a father. And by the way, he definitely will have nothing to do with Tiddly Winks—it's a cheating game.

No, Operator, I have not got another nickel . . . just a minute, please.

Make it snappy, friend, this line's overdue. What were you saying? Yeh, . . . Visiting the Dorm on our open house day. Couldn't get into the mysterious room, usually occupied by two well-known male boarders. Guess the Dean thought the room more intriguing being locked. One professor locked the front door of the girls' Dorm and then he conveniently lost the key. Another enjoyed himself carrying a beautiful woman from a store window. The mannequin didn't say whether she enjoyed the trip. However Waterloo's education week display was very effective.

Going to the Prom, Tracy? A smart ticket booth has been erected and a rhyming three little kitten poster cautions students against asking dates too late. One heartsick student has already been beaten to the draw. Another was bluntly told off and the Frosh-Soph romance was foreclosed. H. Binnhammer has his bid in for a prospective date, with a 'sign here' list posted by a helpful friend. Binny himself will select the lucky girl from the list.

Did you see the Santa Claus parade? Most Waterloo students and some professors did too, inspite of Saturday morning classes.

Well, Merry Christmas! . . . you too, Operator!" J.S.

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KNOWLEDGE

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He who knows not and knows that he knows not is a Science undergrad; respect him.

He who knows and knows not that he knows is a genius; copy from him.

He who knows and knows that he knows is a professor; listen to him.

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not is another professor; sleep through his lecture.

—Queens Journal

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ALUMNI NOTES

Christmas is with us again—the season in which we particularly like to think of bygone days and friendships which extend into the distant past. Christmas is like a gleaming jewel which has been dropped from heaven. Its warm light brightens our hearts and dissolves the barriers of time and space; yesterday becomes today and distant regions are blended into one locality.

It is not always possible for the sons and daughters of Waterloo College to return to their Alma Mater for a reunion, but this does not prevent them from meeting in some other community. Our friend, **Helmut Binhammer**, of the class of '48, who is pursuing graduate studies at the University of Toronto, has informed us of a rather unique reunion which took place in November. The assembly can best be described in "Binnie's" own words:

"Thirty chips off the old block have landed here in Toronto. They are all former Waterloons who are studying in the Queen City (better known as hog town.) This little bit of Waterloo College has organized. On the 18th of the month the group had their first official gathering at the home of **Ruth Mills. George Hopton**, who is co-ordinator of the group announced that a dinner party was being arranged for the next meeting. After a gossip session **Reuben Baetz** brought back old times by leading the singing of the traditional "Mit Mine Hand on Mineself," "Du, Du," and "We're the Waterloons." Ah yes! just like the old atmosphere—coffee and doughnuts. And there she was, **Barbara Eckersley**—gathering our quarters in true Waterloo fashion.

"**Max Putnam** discovered that the only way to meet nice young nurses was to contract chicken pox, and so

he did. All requests to see golden boy in the U. of T. infirmary will have to be made to his wife in Kitchener. There certainly was genuine Waterloo College spirit at the informal home-coming week-end part for former purple and gold bearers. Among others present were **Bramm, Fisher, Shelley, Turner, Carlisle, Hamblin, Petty Dillon, Marg. Armstrong, Smittly** and—just call them friends of the Alma Mater." So there you are, folks! There just isn't any "cure" for the enthusiasm and devotion which is instilled into every student who has attended our school.

Marion Hollinger is pursuing a career in social work at Hamilton. She completed her course in Social Studies at Toronto University last spring and is now employed by the Family Service Bureau. Marion has always been interested in Psychology, and she now has an excellent opportunity to put knowledge into practice. Her work involves much interviewing and the visiting of homes which are in need of assistance. She resides at Winston Hall, which is a women's residence operated by the Y.W.C.A.

At this happy season of the year each and every Waterloo graduate extends sincerest wishes for a very Merry Christmas to all who are still labouring in our noble institutions of higher learning. E.W.H.

Two little girls on their way home from Sunday School were solemnly discussing the lesson.

"Do you believe there is a Devil?" asked one, just a bit frightened.

"No," replied the other soothingly. "It's like Santa Claus; it's your father."

FOR WOMEN ONLY

1946 was an eventful year. Not only did we Seniors make our debuts at Waterloo College but also the Women's Student's Organization doffed its prosaic name and became the Fides Dianae. In case some of you have never been exposed to Latin, "Fides Dianae" means "Faithful to Diana." Diana, as you know was Goddess of the Hunt and the Moon, though rumour has it that she was chaste rather than chased.

What, exactly, is the Fides Dianae? "The Fides Dianae is not a sorority but aims to foster closer acquaintances among all the girls of the school." The Fides Dianae, in short, is an almost perfect organization. Fees are so slight as to be almost negligible (who could object to 25c a semester?) The "rushing" and broken-hearts commonly associated with sororities are absent here. Any female student at Waterloo is automatically a follower of the fair Diana.

The Fides Dianae is noted for its three annual social functions. The first of these functions is the banquet held to welcome the Freshettes. This year's banquet held at Tony's was a memorable one, but honestly kids, we didn't plan it that way.

The second important event of the season is the Christmas tea which has a three-fold purpose:

- (1) To raise money.
- (2) To enable the students' parents to meet each other and the faculty.
- (3) To raise money.

This year's tea will be held on Tuesday, Dec. 14. Co-chairmen Peggy Nairn and Kay Schweitzer report that there will be an ample supply of the usual dainty, (so small that they're almost non-existent) sand-

wiches and all the tea you can drink. Janette Mahaffey and Barbara Pearce will transform the gym into a veritable winter wonderland and charm-ers of the Fides Dianae will be ready to serve you. So please come students, and bring your parents and their friends with you.

The third and most recent project of the group is the "Fides Dianae Dance." The first dance, a very successful "Highland Fling" was held last year. Those students with Scotch in their veins spent the night reeling. The second "Annual" Fides Dianae dance will be held sometime in the New Year—fate and the treasury permitting.

No article about the Fides Dianae would be complete without mentioning the capable executive. Our charming president is "La Reine" Daechler and Grace Hall is the secretary-treasurer. (She has an honest face). This year, for the first time in our history, each class has appointed a representative to attend executive meetings. The Seniors are represented by Lois Black, Sophs by Pat Pauli and Freshettes by Marion Eckel.

The Fides Dianae is gradually increasing its membership and activities and has become an important part of our school life. (I know the ending is feeble but I've run out of paper, ink and inspiration).

Lois Black.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

This space was to be filled with a Letter to the Editor which the faculty decided should not be published.

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EDITORIALS

SENIOR EDITORIAL

Everybody at Waterloo is saying "dead as a doornail" these days, and no wonder! Everywhere we look we see things dead and dying; but so far nobody has administered last rites. Come, let's pick our way among the bodies and maybe we'll find somebody here that we know.

Careful! don't step on them. Here's the S. L. E.—a fine looking body, so natural and peaceful with his eyes closed and that smiling, chubby face. Knew him several months ago when he was as lively as a flea-infested harem. Jeepers! the hands and feet are moving. From the signs of life I guess he's not dead all over. That's tough, you know. Can't bring the head back to life and without it the body'll soon kick the bucket too. It's no small wonder he's dying though with all the heavy responsibilities he had. Generally liked to take his time and think about these momentous decisions too; the case of whether or not to buy the Globe and Mail like other years was a rush job—only two and a half weeks. Some kind-hearted souls (less their hearts!) noticed the poor fellow's plight and made a first attack on the problem of reduced trolley fares. Other reasons? Oh, sure they wanted the reduced rates this year but basically it was an act of mercy. Let's hope he revives in time to finish his job.

Now come, let's not linger longer; we must get our pens cooled and fingers greased for English. Jump over that fat one. Now this way and . . . well look, the Athy's here too—not entirely dead either. Say, were you at the first meeting? Grand time. Everybody was full of fun and praise for the Athy. Is he resting on a pillow? Oh I see—his laurels. He'll need lots of rest too, 'cause he's supposed to make another appearance before Christmas. Sure, two whole Athies in one semester—Of course he isn't dead. Did you read what Elarra wrote in the October CORD? Suggested the Athy resign after Christmas. We'd agree with him (or her) but there probably isn't enough strength left in the body. Of course he should do it even if he were strong—good for the constitution, you know. Cleans out the system, and all that.

Now step around this one and we're in class. Look who that last one is—the Directory—completely dead. Couldn't expect that to live without Finnie I guess. Oh, well.

Requiescat in pace.

G. E. K.

P.S. Merry Christmas.

JUNIOR EDITORIAL

Today Waterloo's social tycoons will have to take a back seat while we pay special tribute to our unsung heroes. These hard-working anonymous souls have been dutifully carrying on behind the scenes of our extra-curricular activities, and characters like "Patty Murphy" and "Dick Tracy" have been getting all the credit.

Back of the pomp and splendour, our masterminds feed the hungry furnace of glory, and Waterloo sails majestically onward. But now, before our imagination runs away with us, let us hand out a few bouquets to the most deserving, and hope that we are not over-looking anyone.

To keep the outside world posted on the latest developments at Waterloo College, Frances Rothaermal devotes much of her valuable time to the "Purple and Gold," a column which appears in the Kitchener-Waterloo Record each Friday. Writing such a column is no mean task, and Frances merits special mention for a fine job well done.

The many posters which have appeared during the year represent a lot of work. For these posters and decorations, we are indebted to Jeannette Mahaffey, John Murray, Grace Hall, and Beve Hayes. We will appreciate their efforts so much more if we remember that a certain amount of blood, toil, sweat, and tears, plus a little profanity goes into every such masterpiece.

Professor Overgaard is said to have instigated the plan for our education week show window in Kitchener. This project required the time and talents of Phil Harris, Lorraine Baechler, Mr. Cleghorne, and others who did an excellent piece of work. Waterloo needs such publicity as much as she needs students with a contribution to make.

While we're beating our drum, and handing out awards, let's not forget to mention all those who are working on the Junior Prom this year. Besides the regular committee members there are the "Minute Men", Tom Roe, John Gahagan, and Phil Harris who are taking care of props and property. Lorraine Holle has been working her fingers to the bone in the mailing department, Bev and the boys are spending a lot of time on details these days, and it's all for your benefit.

There are others, too numerous to mention here, doing thankless tasks, who deserve a pat on the back every so often, so the next time you have occasion to brag about Waterloo, remember our unsung heroes. W.E.



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