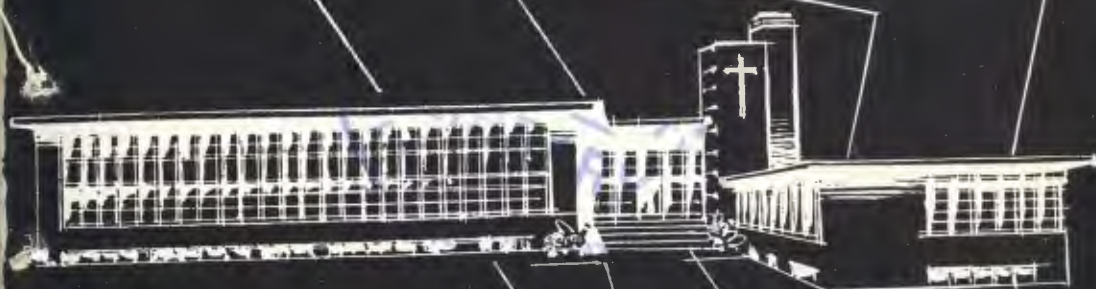


october 1952



Waterloo  
college

cord

# WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD

Vol. 28, No. 1                      October, 1952

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Ahrens, Anne Gillespie, Jim Breit-  
haupt, and a Frosh poet.

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## ON THE COVER . . .

The cover this month was ar-  
ranged by George Adamson our  
Art and Photography director. He  
drew a sketch by Jenkins and  
Wright seen on page 2 and then  
placed it in fitting architectural  
surroundings.

\* \* \*

## EDITOR'S NOTES . . .

This issue is dedicated to the  
early completion of our new col-  
lege. We highly recommend the  
article on page 3 by our President,  
and the accompanying sketch. An  
editorial on page 26 also covers  
the new building, as does the  
cover.

\* \* \*

The Cord heartily congratulates  
Jack Geddes on his appointment to  
the Keystone editorship. He can  
expect our fullest co-operation.  
Also, the Newsheet has never been  
better.

\* \* \*

Next to the new building the  
issue contains several articles and  
pictures pertaining to the frosh and  
to initiations. They all differ and  
all are worthy of your eyes. Don  
Groff opposes initiations in general  
and not necessarily the type held  
at the college this year.

\* \* \*

The Cord is thoroughly annoyed  
at the inexcusable delay in the  
personnel formation of the publi-  
cation board, passed last year by  
the S.L.E. If it is not functioning  
by the time of our second issue,  
we declare war. Unfortunately be-  
cause of the delay, we and the  
Directory had to go ahead with  
our advertising campaign, thus re-  
moving for this year, one of the  
board's major functions.

\* \* \*

We are innovating an editorial  
cartoon and a few other editorial  
bits of humour. We welcome your  
comments.

\* \* \*

Too many people here with ex-  
cellent ideas shrink from writing in  
the Cord because of a feeling of  
inferiority. We would welcome an  
end to such nonsense.

The Cord also favours democracy  
in the S.L.E.!

— The Editors

# A BLUENOSE

"Hi ya Bluenose" or "Good morning little Bluenose"—these are the usual cheery greetings which pierce my drowsy ears as I feel my way to breakfast each morning.

The other day someone came up to me, stared at me with incredulous disbelief (like a child looking at a three-headed calf) and announced with stunned amazement, "You're the kid from Nova Scotia, aren't you!" In that one sentence I was accused, tried and sentenced without even a chance to defend myself.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not complaining. I love my home town, my home province and being a Bluenose flatters me. After all, the "Bluenose" was one of the greatest Sailing Ships that ever tread the waves—besides, it hailed from Lunenburg—my home port, too.

However, these questions really set me thinking. Are we Nova Scotians so different? If so in what ways? Let's consider it.

First, there's the problem of History. Another greeting I receive is one of the "Welcome to Canada and Civilization." Let me acquaint you with the facts. The Indians relinquished Nova Scotia many years ago—in fact, she was one of the first participants in Confederation—so, she is a part of Canada. For many years her population has been increasing and we have progressed to the point where we have autos, radios, telephones, trolleys, electric stoves, fur coats, nylons, and even plastic, television and radar.

As to the "crack" about civilization; my parents brought me up here by car and one of my father's favorite remarks was "I'll be glad to get back to civilization". So you see civilization is just a concept of the mind. It really is simply the kind of people and way of life you are used to. Wherever the home and heart are—there is "considered civilization". I think we are as civilized in Nova Scotia as you are here. We long ago gave up eating human flesh, we live in houses, eat off tables from plates with knives, forks and spoons. We haven't given up the barbaric habits of shooting

moose in season, or going trout fishing.

The country itself is not so very different from the rest of Canada. We have the golden red leaves of autumn against a green spruce background, we have mountains, valleys, rivers, cliffs, but above all, we have the sea. God has truly blessed Nova Scotia with his gift of the sea around us. I truly miss the crash of the waves on the rocks, the salty tang of the ocean spray and especially all the fresh, clean, invigorating feeling it gives to the air. Sometimes I actually feel I'm suffocating here, as I walk along a street and all that clogs my nostrils is the dry, choking aroma of premature ale. Apart from that Nova Scotia resembles very closely the rest of Canada.

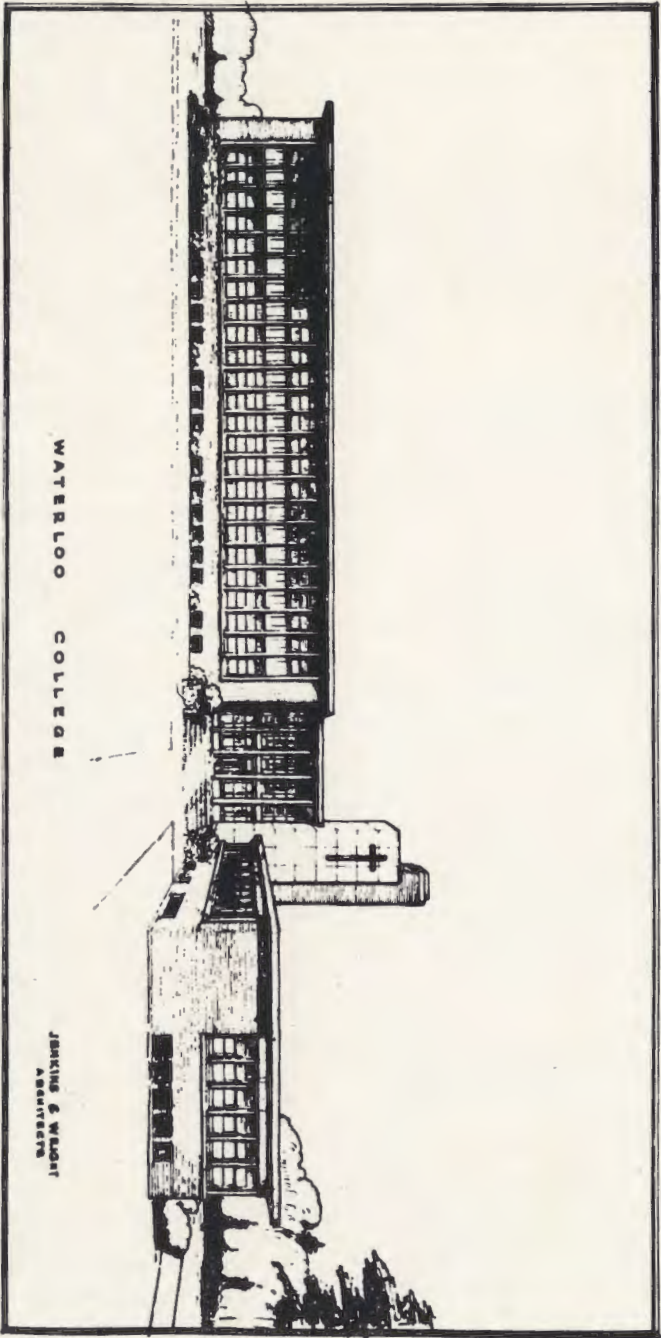
One of my college friends told me that whenever someone mentioned Nova Scotia, the picture that crossed her mind was one of an old bearded fisherman sitting by his tar-paper shack in his oilskins watching his fish dry on the "flakes", while all around him was the forest and the sea. My dear Readers—that mode of life went out with the old fashioned, unrevealing bathing suit! Lunenburg is a fishing port, my father is a Master Mariner and yet I had a proper house, minus oilskins and the only forest near us was a huge flower garden of my mother's. The Sea, however, was there—we never forgot it or wanted to forget it. After all it is our means of livelihood. Just as so many of you depend on farming, so we depend on fishing but we have other industries such as ship building, farming mining, lumbering and numerous enterprises.

We come to another question, the accent. I admit we have our "peculiarities" shall we say? But so do the Texans, the Georgians, and the New Yorkers. As a matter of fact so do the people of Ontario and surrounding district.

Lastly, there's the matter of distance. Nova Scotia is about 1600 miles from here—most people think that is absolutely out of this world.

(Continued on page 16)





WATERLOO COLLEGE

JANKINS & WELSH  
ARCHITECTS

## Dr. Lehmann Speaks

Waterloo College and Seminary is to have a new Teaching and Administration Building. That's the substance of a decision reached by the Board of Governors of our institution in September of this year. It came after an increased enrollment of students in the College made it a necessity. It was possible after a drive for funds extending over a five-year period. The thorny question of relocation caused its delay in part. But now it has been made. The Sketch of the building as it appears on the cover of this magazine has been approved in the main. From now on it is a matter of working out the finer details.

What will the building do for the students? Well, for one thing, it will relieve congestion. Time Table problems should not be as great as they have been for a number of years. More specifically, the building is planned to include fifteen teaching outlets including an amphitheatre, a Music Room which will serve as a temporary chapel, laboratories for the sciences and a number of larger and smaller classrooms as well as offices for full-time members of the Faculty. These facilities will be located on the first and second floors. The Ground Floor will provide Common Rooms, Locker rooms, and washrooms for men and women. Here also will be found the Book Store and Canteen providing space for 40 to 50 students.

The Lobby on the Main Floor will contain a Memorial to the men and women of Waterloo College who served in the armed forces of Canada in World War II. A bronze plaque on which their names will be inscribed, will be appropriately designed and placed.

The administration wing, consisting of a ground and main floor, will provide offices of the administrative officers, a

Board Room and a General Office. On the ground floor will be Faculty Rooms for Men and Women, the Archives and storage space for office material. Adjoining this area will be the heating plant.

The building has been planned so that it will accommodate from 250 to 300 students. The Board has also approved the erection of a Dining Hall which will accommodate up to 125 students. It is to be built between the present Teaching Building and the Residence for Women.

The total cost of these buildings, including furnishings, landscaping and architects' fees will be in the neighbourhood of \$470,000.

The over-all length of the building will be about 212 feet. The average width is fifty feet. It will be two-and-one half stories high.

While its exact location and orientation has not been determined, the building will be erected somewhere between the present building and Dearborn St. to the north. In order to make this possible the city of Waterloo has given the College an area of land and, in addition, is contributing an additional \$2,000. toward the purchase of other property which will be needed.

One glance at the sketch reveals that the building is of contemporary design in architecture. The main reason for this type of design rather than something approaching the appearance of the present building is that you get the most for your money in this way. Of course, this type of building is exceedingly practical.

What does the new Teaching and Administration Building not provide? Mainly two things: an Assembly Hall and a new Library. For the present, until someone or some group makes a generous

(Continued on page 16)

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# Static

Back to school again, with our tanned and grubby little fists holding tight to our tuition fees, mostly in one dollar bills — and American ones at that.

The past few weeks have been one hectic round of activity to welcome the frosh. That one hectic round we refer to was the single dance on September 26.

The summer months are in the past, true, and we usually are (or try to be) a reasonably progressive concern, but let's look back to those good old days when we were stacking away an occasional buck for our burser's clutching mitt.

Perhaps you wondered where Freddie, Annie and Soopie and some other of the numerous healthy femmes at Waterloo College developed those tremendous muscles which peculiarly are to be found in the upper extremities of one arm and not the other. Let me enlighten you. The gals tell us that a tender foundation was laid at Waterloo College pushing a pencil or was it dealing bridge cards? We can't remember. But that bulge attained its final husky development toting trays and hauling scrub pails 'way up north. "Annie" Gillespie and "Soapie" Stock were at an Outpost fishing resort north of Thessalon. Did they like it? Well, yes and no, and we think they had plenty of good reason for both.

The beautiful country may be enjoyed by guest and employee alike, but then an employee seems always to have an employer, but perhaps you don't find that peculiar.

The gals found themselves in the type of situation almost every naive college girl wakes up in when she accepts work in a summer resort, especially isolated ones.

Guests usually aren't more trouble than you anticipated. But your fellow workers, the kitchen staff about whom you hadn't thought at all. Oh, sad mistake. What about the chef, and incidentally the chef's spouse, pantry women, dish washers, pot washers and assistants ad infinitum. We'll tell you. They don't like you. You usually begin a reasonably

friendly conversation like this.

Do you go to college?

Yes.

Yeah, I thought you looked stupid. What's a grapefruit supreme? I don't know exactly. I'm not experienced.

You're telling me? Did ya hear that? She goes to college but she don't know nothin'. You think you're pretty smart but you don't know anything.

Now that your I.Q. is firmly established your friendship can really develop. We find ourselves with our heads stretched, well, necks stretched on the chef's butchering block and we're not tired. The chef is wielding a knife and we think it's one we watched him sharpening. He is matter of factly roaring . . .

I'm a gonna keel you. I'm a gonna keel you a seex times just for the pleezure.

You have been around long enough to have watched this guy butcher. You know he doesn't do a very neat job. Seex times is good practice. So you close your eyes; (let it never be said my eyes bulged from my severed bean) you're waiting for the blade but you get a swift kick and it's not the chef but his hefty spouse. Whadda ya doin with your head on the chef's block. Why don't you go to bed earlier. I suppose it'll be our fault if someone gets a hair in his dinner. Well it won't. It'll be yours. I'm telling the boss. Boss, these smart college girls are putting hair in the chef's food. They steal, they eat like pigs, they're lazy, they're blah, blah, blah.

Seriously though it's a nice summer. Those little hings only happen three times a day for three months, then you're going home.

The chef says . . .

Beena a great summer, heh, lotso fun, heh. Hadda the beegest crowd we ever hadda. Its a my cookin, I'm the besta cooka in North America. You girls are preety gooda workers for college girls. You make a lotsa money in tips. That's my good cooking. You appreciatea that, eh. How mucha you maka, ah you're

(Continued on page 9)

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# Alumni Notes

These notes will consist of gleanings from the press which have come to my attention during the summer months. Most of the news items deal with weddings, some of which seem to have gotten their beginnings in under-graduate days.

Rev. Harold Herbert Brose (College '44, Seminary '47), pastor of the Conestogo-St. Jacobs Parish and Leona Nabert '50, parish worker at St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Kitchener, were married on August 29, 1952.

Sydney Williams '49, was married in July to Franklin A. Stricker. They now reside on the Guelph Highway, just outside Kitchener.

Dan Powers, '49, is to be married to Jo-Ann Gross on October 18 in Miami, Florida.

James Huras, Associate Alumnus '50, married Alice Besler on September 20, 1952. They are making their home on Queen's Drive.

Caroyl Ziegler, a student of Waterloo College for two years, was married to Lieutenant (Navy) Kenneth Scott on September 20, 1952.

Ruth Mary Hattin '51, and Dwight Engel '51, were married in Trinity United Church in Kitchener, on September 27, 1952. Dwight is continuing his studies in theology at Emmanuel College in Toronto.

Jane Cosette Mahaffey '51, and Celestin Weiler '51, were married in St. John's Chapel of St. Michael's Cathedral in Toronto on June 4, 1952. They have made their home at 82 Westmount Rd., Toronto.

Colin Mackay, '52, and Shirley Margaret Cash were married at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Kitchener, August 30, 1952. Colin was recently appointed as Boys' Work Secretary at the K-W Y.M.C.A.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Bingham (Jonas took Honour Business at Waterloo, '45 - '47) a daughter on July 15, 1952.

Condolences are extended to Fred Ahrens, '28, on the loss of his mother

who passed away at her home in Elmira. Fred is Professor of German at Gettysburg College in Gettysburg, Penn.

## SPECIAL FEATURE

If you have not as yet sent your membership to the Association keep in mind that if you send a **donation**, the Association will send you the Cord.

## STATIC

Cont'd. from page 7

lyin, you made a more'n that. You thinka I don't know you maka more'n that. You don't tell lies to Angie I'm a teella you once an I'm a goonna do it. I'm a goona keel you. I'm a gonna keela you seex times.

And then there are girls like Dottie Ann Walter who stayed right in Kitchener and had a right interesting time selling the local ladies foundation garments. Dottie's theme song was "Hugging and a Chalking" well, any way chalking. A quote from Dottie. "It was a good day's work just getting the tape measure around the circumference of a few of those slightly overweight babes."

Maureen Kinnaird was fooling around in her usual irresponsible manner in the photo studio at Sudbury where she worked this summer. The face looked familiar but the picture was a double exposure. It was Jim Milne who played baseball this summer in the northern mining town.

Doug Neill and Merv Lahn hated to leave Bigwinn Inn where the gals were five to one (man of course) and return to Waterloo where the circumstance exists in reverse.

Fred Allore packed his pick and shovel and headed for the north where he figured he might do a mite of prospectin'. Finally had to bury his initiative — 3000 feet in a mining shaft.

Incidentally, a frosh, one Joan MacKenzie worked at the Ontario Hospital in London, this summer preparatory to her course at Waterloo College. This might prove invaluable information for the boys in residence should their roommates manifest indications of psychoneurotic personality.

B. M.

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# Seminary

A high school student asked me recently "What is a Seminarian?" Well, I had to stop to consider. A Seminarian at Waterloo is, or should be, a graduate of a recognized Arts College or University who has been accepted by the faculty of Waterloo Seminary and has begun his three year academic course at the Seminary. Having completed the course, he will, if he is ambitious, receive the B.D. degree. However, before he can qualify for the coveted degree, the candidate must firstly obtain a B standing in the second and third years of study and have a reading knowledge of both biblical languages—Greek and Hebrew. In addition he must submit a thesis to the faculty on which the said candidate is adequately examined orally. Upon the pleasure of the Seminary faculty, a recommendation is sent to the University of Western Ontario, and the seminarian will at least have reached the end of the beginning. Speaking from the point of view of a senior, we can now see the hilltop, but we are still shrouded in the mists of the valley.

This year we welcome into our midst two new members. Roseville Burgoyne is no stranger to us, as he obtained his college training at Waterloo. Roseville's home is in Mahone Bay, N.S. Thomas Bollivar also hails from Nova Scotia and his home is Conquerall Mills. Tom received his A.B. degree from Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa. Thus the Junior Class is 100% Nova Scotian—can you identify the "bluenoses?"

The first Cossman-Hayunga Missionary meeting was held October 7th. Results of election of officers is as follows: Godfrey Oelsner, president; Roseville Burgoyne, secretary; Norman Lange, assembly convener; Emil Lange is in charge of Freeport San. services. It was decided that contacts be made with twelve district churches whereby seminarians may preach at these services in return

for the offering which is used by the Society to pay the stipend of two mission workers in India. It was also decided to attempt to give financial support to one of the home mission congregations in the Canada Synod.

Although Seminary registration has not grown as has college registration, we still feel the growing pains greatly, especially when we are evicted weekly from our beloved classroom No. 321. Nor has growth stopped there. This year we experience a tragic loss and a valuable gain inasmuch of our Dean of the Seminary, Dr. Lehmann, has been promoted to become acting Dean of the College, and Dr. U. S. Leupold has assumed the duties of Dean of the Seminary.

The Seminary body is looking forward to a vigorous year both in class and pulpit. We sincerely hope that the chapel service continues to call the college student body for a brief period of devotion each morning.

"Mo"

---

---

## TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

We dedicate this poem  
To all the high-brow sophs,  
Who think it is their duty  
To act like silly profs.  
These rules and regulations  
Seem silly to the eye.  
But of course we'll do them!  
Ha! Ha! We'd rather die.  
A sunrise in the morning  
Is very nice to see,  
But everything is spoiled,  
By the horrid sophs. He! He!  
As all good stories do  
Tnis **MASTERPIECE** must end;  
But alas, their regulations  
Were not made up by **MEN!**

"SERFS"





M'LORDS

287436.9. It was a good clear night for a brisk walk, though, as Ayrton Kipp, Paul Class, and Company (Prof. Overgaard please note that this is a Limited Frosh Company, with the Sophomores getting all the shares) will agree. On Friday, the Frosh Court was held, and the Frosh all got fair trials from a Soph Judge and Jury, and Soph Lawyers and Clerks.

The Initiation was very different from that which we expected, in that we had to wear our good clothes, and be ready for Inspection at any time. I believe that most of the Frosh preferred this to wearing outlandish costumes, which would have neither after brought Interest nor Honour to the College.

Friday night, the Sophs gave a dance for the Frosh, and it was enjoyed by all present.

(Continued on page 24)

"Turn that hat **DOWN!!!**" This was the cry that haunted the Frosh Class of '52 throughout the week of Initiation. Throughout all of Waterloo College, the happy Frosh Class merrily carried out such orders as "Wash that Car," "Light my cigarette," "Twice around the field," "Down those stairs backwards," and "Shine my shoes." FREEZE! FROSH . . . was a command given also very readily by certain members of the Sophomore Class. After we would submit to an inspection, we would then be dismissed without a ward. (But WHAT was Don Groff writing in that little black book of his, all the time???) The Frosh Class was very happy to get to the College at 6:50 on Wednesday, because we knew that the Sophs had to be there also (Is it true that the Boarding Club GIRL FROSH got in so late on Tuesday night that they just stayed up to wait for the dawn, and our P.T. class???)

Thursday night, after the second Frosh meeting was held, the Sophomore class gave the first lecture in Astronomy



SERFS

# IKE or ADLAI -- ELEPHANT or DONKEY

The next president of the United States will be a man who at the onset of political campaigning stated "I wouldn't be president for all the tea in China." Both Stevenson and Eisenhower maintained this attitude until forced into the hectic campaign by fellow party members and close friends.

What political consequences will be the result of this election in American relations at home, abroad, and especially to Canada? The most important change will be the end of the "New Deal," for whether Eisenhower or Stevenson becomes president, the requiem will be sung for the Democratic platform started twenty years ago by F. D. R. and carried on by Truman.

This change is the result of the extreme conservatism which is a characteristic of both candidates. Neither candidate believes in the New Deal policy of the state being responsible for the welfare of the individual and while they will not radically change existing plans, they will not push these ideas farther.

Their home policy differs greatly however in two aspects. These are reflected by the Taft-Hartley Law and the reduction in public spending. The Taft-Hartley act passed by a Republican congress over Truman's objections limits the means by which the labour unions can effect settlements with the companies. This law has been a centre of controversy since its inception and has alienated the powerful labour union from the Eisenhower cause. In order to enlist the most influential Republican in the U.S., Robert Taft, who was co-author of the above bill, it was necessary for Eisenhower to promise only to make amends in the bill, in contrast to Stevenson's declaration of revision and veiled hints of repeal.

Most heartening to the voter, is one candidate's promise of reduction in public spending and, consequently, in taxes. The Republican platform advocates immediate reduction, coupled with increased size of military power. The General maintains this step is possible, in contrast to Stevenson's idea that any serious

reduction in the next two years will greatly weaken foreign policy.

The candidates are alike in their foreign policy. Both realize that it is impossible for the U.S.A. to revert to isolationism and survive. They are also convinced that they must present a positive stand against the encroachment of the U.S.S.R. Therefore the people of the western world who look toward the U.S. for support and leadership will know that their welfare will be of prime importance to either man. They can also expect the Marshall Plan, N.A.T.O., and the different world organizations which are financially supported by the U.S. to continue.

Their Korean policies are also similar. Each man has advocated the cessation of Korean hostilities without surrendering any of the basic questions now being debated at Panmunjon, and then complete withdrawal of American forces.

To bring the election closer to home, how will Canada benefit or be harmed by this election? The major policy that will affect Canada is the proposed St. Lawrence Seaway. Both parties have mentioned it in their campaign speeches, but only the Republicans have taken a direct stand and said that they will support it. Stevenson is personally in favour of the joint undertaking but is reluctant to push for fear of losing support of the lobbying interests who are opposed to the plan.

Canada's manufacturing will also increase but will reach a higher output if the Republicans are elected due to their proposed increase in armed forces. Our tariff might be affected, but not to the degree that occurred under one other Republican government in the form of the Hawley Smoot Tariff Act of 1930.

This election is important to the U.S., Canada, and the rest of the world but we can be assured that the U.S. will continue to lead the world and her purse strings will still be available to the rest of the world.



## PRO

## INITIATION OR INVITATION

I feel grateful that ours is a civilized country. I feel secure when I see our colleges and universities filled with mature people ready to take on the leadership of that country, and when I hear of a group of those mature individuals causing the death of one of their fellow students through the civilized practice of Initiations—I feel ashamed. Yes, I feel ashamed that we welcome our freshmen with humiliation instead of humility. We begin their college and university careers by exemplifying ourselves, and demanding of them, behaviour which we scorn in any other situation except our initiations.

The beginning of initiations was a twofold chain-reaction. Firstly they were begun to "put these new smart-alecks in their proper places", and secondly they were carried on from year to year to satisfy the hurt pride and desire for revenge of the class or group which was initiated the year previous. These very words were used time and time again during this year's initiations at Waterloo College, both during the planning sessions and the initiations itself.

Before I go on, I would like to clarify my position. I am not arguing against initiations in general, but against initiations as they now exist. I feel there are a number of reasons why initiations should be carried on.

1. **As a process of orientation:** The word, initiation is defined as an introduction to a club or society. The period set aside for initiations could be used as an orientation period during which the new students are introduced to the traditions of the college. The concepts of school spirit, honour, co-operation, participation in school events; and a knowledge of school organizations and social life could be conveyed through a medium of good-naturedness and fun at this

time. This, accompanied by a demand for a pride in themselves, in their class, and in the school as a whole, would benefit everyone concerned from the frosh class right through to the Alumnae Association. Think of a chain reaction which yielded a continued devotion to, and pride in, the school concerned.

2. **As a social obligation:** I must admit that I am not sure how valid this point is, but because of doubts as to the form the initiation at Waterloo would take this year, I questioned several frosh (for my own curiosity) concerning their opinions on the possibility of having no initiation whatsoever. Of those to whom I spoke, all felt they would be cheated out of a tradition which has linked itself with college and university life. It is for this reason that I feel we have a certain obligation (at least for the present, because eventually it can be dropped) to the majority of those students beginning college careers.
3. **As a social grouping:** This reason is only applicable to any great degree in smaller colleges and particularly in residences and dormitories. It is a well established fact that a group under persecution develops strong bonds which strengthen the group, breaking down barriers and divisions between its members (e.g. Christians of Rome). An initiation with a reasonable amount of "persecution" could serve to weld the frosh class into a strong group. (I am thankful for the many friends I made during our initiation last year.) But when this "persecution" become unreasonable inasmuch as the health and safety of those being initiated are threatened, or their status as human individuals in general and college or university students in particular, is lowered; then I think we are missing the opportunity which initiations hold for us.

(Continued on page Page 15)



# INITIATIONS

## INITIATION IS INVITATION

You've been through it—I've been through it—we've all been through it, that unbearable, horrible yet unavoidable thing known (officially) as initiation; that time in our lives when we realize what a drastic thing it is to be a college freshman.

Ah, who can ever forget the warm handclasp of the sophs as they gently ushered us to the lawnmowers, or the sweet softness of their voices as they asked our help in washing cars. And what can ever blot from our memories the noble image of our attorney as he strode up and down the "frosh" courtroom defending our cause and the sob of emotion in the voices of the jury as they sadly whispered "guilty". Yes, initiation was truly a time to be remembered. Seriously though, when I say that I am in favour of initiation, I mean that I am in favour of what it stands for rather than what it is. To me, it is the beginning of that intangible thing that lives with us throughout our college life—that thing known as school spirit. None of us will ever forget the night on the back campus when we felt, perhaps for the first time, that Waterloo is something more than a school of learning. Nor will we forget the welcoming speeches of the sophs and the warmth with which we sang our school song. Yes, that night proved that as far as school spirit is concerned—"We've got it".

Most important of all however is the way in which initiation brought us together. Here, over a hundred and fifty students from all parts of Canada were put together in one big group and labeled "freshmen".

Without the benefits of initiation those first days would have been lonely and discouraging and it would have taken us months to get to really know one another. Our meetings would have been lessened and greatly subdued by the quiet, austere atmosphere of the classroom. We would never have come to see the

## CON



reactions of each other under such new and such unusual circumstances. As it was however, we were all put on the same level and treated in the same way (horrible as it was)—the result of which is self evident. Waterloo has now one hundred and fifty students that are no longer separate individuals but rather are a part of a very big and very wonderful family.

Yes, to me initiation is perhaps the most memorable and exciting part of college life. It is the open door leading to new experiences; it is the first step on the road to higher learning and it is the first of the many events that will make our lives at Waterloo College more complete and more worthwhile.

MARION MAHAFFEY

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## Pro cont'd.

At the beginning of this article, the death of a student was mentioned. I was thinking of the case at one of the large universities in Canada several years ago when a student died of pneumonia after being compelled to sit in a meat cooler all night during their initiations. If we are as civilized and mature as we claim to be, let's throw away paddle boards and replace them with hand-clasps, let's replace hooded judges in candle-lit rooms with friendly smiling faces, in short, let's substitute for **initiation**, an **invitation** to our frosh to become and uphold an important influential group in the community.

DON GROFF

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Ed. Note: Groff ran initiations this year. Mahaffey was one of the victims.

The world is gradually becoming smaller in conception—God and the aeroplane are doing that. The trip from here to there takes a total of six hours by plane—so Nova Scotia is in contact with the "outside" world. However, all croziness aside, God is uniting the world. Many people remarked to me "And you are going 'way up to Ontario all alone". I didn't go alone, God was and is with me every step of the way. Whether it be Nova Scotia, Ontario or Vancouver, people are united by that one common cord of Christianity, by that one common faith that brings all men more closely together.

So you see we Nova Scotians are really not so different from the rest of you—we dress like you, eat like you, live like you, think like you and above all, worship like you. Let us remember that God is everywhere and that he loves everyone regardless of race, color or creed. So let us strive for the unification of the world so that someday there will be no such thing as a Nova Scotian, a Vancouverite, a German, a Russian or a Frenchman—but we will all be known simply as Christians.

MERILYN DeMONE

donation, the Library will remain in the present building. The Board is eager to have an Assembly Hall, but does not have sufficient funds to build one. An Assembly Hall, providing for a seating capacity of 400, a stage and facilities for the showing of films to larger audiences, would probably cost around \$70,000. When those funds are in sight, such a hall would be built adjoining the new Teaching and Administration Building.

When will building operations begin? Your guess is as good as mine. But those intimately associated with the Building Program believe that it will begin in the spring of 1953. I just hope that the bulldozers, trucks and excavation machines don't move in just at the time when spring examinations begin! But the sooner they come, the better I'll like it.

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# JUST A STORY

J. P. Thornton left the office early that afternoon. Strangely enough it was raining. "Strange" that is, because he would have sworn that when he had looked out the window not two minutes before, the sun had been shining brightly. Extraordinary weather lately—really quite extraordinary—nice bright sunshine for a while and then, for no reason at all, it would start to rain. Really very upsetting! One did feel like such a fool appearing in raincoat, overshoes and umbrella when there wasn't even a hint of rain. What was it he'd read about the world doing something and because of this the seasons were changing? Likely nothing to worry about but it does make one stop and think.

'Gad, J.P., you're beginning to sound just like Elizabeth. Remember you vowed when you married her that you'd never let her change you. Now look at you! Bad enough that she has changed your way of living into an approximate version of what she wants but now you're even beginning to think and talk like her. By Jove, J.P., granted Elizabeth is your wife and a good woman, but—don't J.P.—don't do that!

(J.P. when thinking automatically became two people. It was so much easier to carry on a conversation that way. He found out, quite unexpectedly, that he could be an interesting conversationalist when he wished, but, you know he often received the strangest replies to some of his questions.)

To continue: J. P. Thornton was actually an ordinary, everyday sort of man. In fact, only in one respect did he deviate from the general run of people—he had money—not a lot of money, mind you, but enough—quite enough. Because of this fortunate (or unfortunate—as you like) fact, J.P. had become what is known as a 'gentleman businessman'. He had a 'gentleman's country house, a gentleman's wife, a gentlemanly group of friends, and sometimes, just sometimes, rather ungentlemanly thoughts. He tried to squelch them because, after all, what would Elizabeth say!

By this time our unweilding plutocrat had almost arrived at the station where

he nightly boarded the commuter's train. He stopped (through force of habit) at the newstand and bought his paper. Here he was gently told that it had stopped raining several minutes before and maybe, if he wished of course, he could lower his umbrella. (One always speaks gently to a wealthy customer).

Very shortly afterwards, the inevitable train creaked slowly to a stop. It was an old train, a very old train. One would think the city would do something about such trains. Human being shouldn't actually be expected to ride on them, should they?

'Oh, don't be such an old stuffed shirt J.P.—it gets you home and gets you back so quit squawking. J.P., wouldn't it be delightful if some evening the train didn't pull in? What would you do—go to a hotel, have dinner, nightclubs? That would be novel, but it would never work—Elizabeth would send the car in for you.'

At this point our resigned J.P. is seated comfortably, or otherwise, on the very old train which had begun to pull wearily out of the station. Other than the noisy hum of conversation and the cold crackle of newspapers, the train was quite quiet. J.P. settled back and attempted to relax. Quite by accident the conversation of two "sweet young things" behind him caught his attention.

"Myrtle, didja know that Johnny finally asked Mabel to the dance?"

"Yes, is that right? Really nice eh? Bet she's happy."

"Kid, I'm tellin' ya, she's walking on air. Ya can practically see her floating."

'Now J. P. there would be something out of the ordinary — walking on air—that would be, without a doubt, a novel situation. Can't you just see Elizabeth's face if you walked into the house about three feet above the ground — why the old girl would burst a gasket — and her bridge club — Oh, J.P. — you old devil, you. Just imagine floating into the Country Club — wouldn't some of these old fogies sit up and take notice? Wouldn't it be wonderful J.P., not to have to be a gentleman for a while? Stop dreaming J.P., you know the whole



idea is utterly fantastic. Yes, yes, I suppose it is. Too bad though! If I had three wishes, that would be one of them — I'd wish to walk an air for — for one day. Too bad.'

Slowly a deflated J. P. Thornton emerges from the weary train and starts toward his waiting car. His umbrella which he had been holding too loosely, dropped from his hand. Absentmindedly he reached down to pick it up. Strange — what a long way down it seemed! He glanced down.

'Dropped umbrellas — just a nuisance — good grief, your feet, J.P. — what are you standing on?'

Gingerly he lifted first one foot and then the other.

'But this is impossible, it's utterly fantastic, J.P. you're not standing on anything — anything at all!'

Again he lifted each foot carefully, and still the same result — he was standing on air! Cautiously he began to walk very slowly at first, then more quickly. Fascinated, he watched his feet move in a circle around the prostrate umbrella on the ground.

By this time quite a crowd had gathered around this unusual gentleman. Someone shouted,

"Hey Jae, get a load of this guy — real neat trick — he's walking on air."

At this J.P. looked up (rather, looked down) at the crowd around him and at the same time a slow realization of what had happened came to him. He had wished he could walk on air and now, someone or something had made that wish come true.

'But J.P. that's ridiculous, things like this just don't happen, can't happen'. Nevertheless, there he was, about three feet above the ground, and walking — on air.

Someone touched his arm. It was his chauffeur, George, looking more than a little perturbed.

"Sir, I think I should take you home. You really don't look well, sir."

"Yes George, right away. Would you mind handing me my umbrella?" With this, a rather bewildered J.P. made as dignified a retreat as one in his position could make. But now came the car which presented a small difficulty. How to get down far enough to get in the car door? An upset chauffeur was no help

at all.

'The only solution I can see J.P. is to get down on your knees and crawl in.' This solution was promptly put into execution much to the amusement of the crowd and the extreme embarrassment of George.

Once seated in the car, J.P. began to think about his amazing accomplishment. 'Well J.P., you're really quite an extraordinary fellow, aren't you? Yes, you really are! Do you know what J.P.? I think you're actually going to enjoy this. Yes, I think maybe you're going to make the most of it.'

The car stopped abruptly in front of his spacious country home and J.P. got out, on his hands and knees once more. George helped his employer to his feet with a mixture of fascination and utter disbelief on his face.

J.P. felt good, he felt very good, in fact, better than he had for years. There was a gleam of pure devilment in his eye as he "floated" into the house. Elizabeth met him in the hall. 'Oh J.P. just watch this, it will be rare.'

"J.P., did you know the Martins got another car, I saw him driving it to-day. I don't know how they do it. They're coming over for dinner so go upstairs and get clean . . . J.P., what on earth are you doing up there? Come down immediately! How does that look, standing in the air like that? And for heaven's sake, stop grinning like that. J.P. stop walking around up there and get down here on the ground. What will people think?"

"My dear, I don't particularly care what people think. I like it up here. Besides, I can't come down, not till tomorrow night, at any rate. The Martins are coming, did you say? Elizabeth, this is an dinner party I think I shall enjoy."

And enjoy it he did. Mrs. Martin was so affected by the sight of our "airborne" friend that she scarcely ate a mouthful (which in itself was very extraordinary). Mr. Martin attempted to look composed and failed miserably. The poor man could hardly be induced to talk about his new car. Finally he blurted out,

"Mr. Thornton, how did you get up there? It's really quite disturbing you know and also highly irregular."

(Continued on page 23)

# SPORTS

Inter-year football gets under way and ushers in one of the most promising years of athletics Waterloo College has had for years. (Rah! Rah!)

The way things look from here athletics are definitely on the upswing, this year and enthusiasm is quite noticeable in the halls and on the campus.

We students should feel quite proud of the man who has taken over a gigantic job. That man, Mr. Kuglin by name, is without doubt a great organizer and above all a good hard worker. He has certainly proved himself and has given sports a shot in the arm. He has a bigger and better sports programme and it will shape up to something like this. The following outline of the programme may be altered and it may have some omissions, but this is it:

Our Intra-mural schedule:

|                |   |         |    |
|----------------|---|---------|----|
| Oct. 8—Frosh   | 7 | Sophs   | 5. |
| 15—Sophs       |   | Seniors |    |
| 22—Seniors     |   | Frosh   |    |
| 29—Sophs       |   | Frosh   |    |
| Nov. 5—Seniors |   | Sophs   |    |
| 12—Frosh       |   | Seniors |    |

PLAYOFFS will be between the two teams finishing at the top.

Football games will be played with Victoria College of the University of Toronto and with our perennial rivals Huron College. Huron will play host to our team on Oct. 25th in London. Other games may be played with a team from the Ontario Agricultural College and with the Kitchener Panthers.

Basketball practices are in full swing also. This year we are both proud and fortunate to have Mr. Tailby as coach. The schedule for the O. B. A. has not been disclosed as yet, but the "Mules" will play both halves of the schedule this year but only half of the games in each schedule half. A good many of our former players are back, and these are being supplemented by a few good frosh players. So this year let's get behind the "Mules" and give them our full support.

Under the able leadership of Dr. Raymond, badminton has been taken up

eagerly this year both by frosh and quite a few of last year's players. We can be confident that badminton is going to make a good showing this year.

Several inquiries have been received regarding the track and field competition; for those interested: the meet gets under way on October 22nd at Western.

The girls will again participate in a basketball league. The league they are going to be in has been decided upon. It will be the City League. It is to be hoped that the girls may have the success this year which escaped them last year.

The girls will be taken up to London to compete in the track and field events this year and from all indications they will have a good team.

Intramural hockey and basketball has been arranged this year. The basketball team was quite successful last year in spite of keen competition.

The intramural hockey is an experiment and it is to be hoped that the students will get in there and make it a big success. From the players in intramural a varsity squad will be picked to represent Waterloo in the intermediate loop against Toronto, Western, and O.A.C.

That is the outline as close as possible. A lot of money has been spent on equipment this year. So far this season the directorate under Wolf Heick has purchased six new helmets, six pairs of football pants, and new boots. This type of equipment is very expensive and the financial resources of the directorate are very limited. It is only fair then that the students should get out there and support their teams.

On the back campus a group of hard working boys have been practising football these nights. Every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday night practices are being held. This year we are fortunate to have Mr. Carl Totzke as coach. He has been devoting a great deal of his time to help Waterloo field a good team this year.

In an interview with Mr. Totzke he  
(Continued on page 24)

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# INTRODUCTION or BODY

Western civilization is a chaos of political, religious and artistic cut-outs. We have lost the overall view of this fact at a time when it is most fatal, because now a common effort is necessary to prevent the downfall of our civilization. Not many people seem to realize that our civilization is fighting a struggle for survival. The only remedy is unity.

Let us consider briefly the situation in relation to which the idea of unity seems to be inapplicable. Why are there so many national, religious and spiritual barriers?

The national states of Europe still keep their eyes too much on their books of history, remembering traditional hatred in spite of all the suffering it has already inflicted on them. On the other hand they think that Americans pay too much attention to everything that might be symbolized by a dollar bill. Numerous efforts are being made to bring about political collaboration but much more has to be done. Unfortunately the leading forces need instruction to reach maturity, and history is a hard teacher.

Perhaps a great man could remedy the situation by preaching a spiritual unity above all barriers. When Socrates was asked where he was from he replied, "I am from the world." From his time to Goethe's many wise men have held this point of view. Goethe says in "Eckermann's Gesprächen mit Goethe," "National hatred is found

strongest in the lowest stages of culture. But there is a phase where it disappears completely and we rise above the nations and we feel the happiness or sorrow of our neighbouring nation as if it were our own." But we have no Goethe in our time.

Whoever looks for unity in art is disappointed. He will find that "quot homines tot sententiae." Instead of a lighthouse there is a multitude of small bonfires. The majority of artists have lost contact with the community-feeling of humanity which was, until not long ago, religion. Once it could be said that all roads lead to Rome. Where is our Rome? Art should be a force that leads men into a spiritual home. But look at a picture of Picasso! All you see is a conglomeration of cut-outs. And there are many Picassos in modern literature and sculpture.

No one can dream that all barriers will fall one day and that there will be an ideal world with one language, one religion, and one art. What should be realized is that we must defend the basis of our civilization and that defense lies in harmony of all forces. It is time to stop cutting apart and start building up. Otherwise Europe might become, what it is geographically, an annex to Asia, and America its colony. This would begin a new book in the history of humanity, and our civilization would be squeezed into its introductory pages.

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THE  
UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

LONDON, ONTARIO

Continued from page 18

"My dear man, I wished myself up here and here I'm going to stay till I'm good and ready to come down."

With this statement and a broad grin J.P. departed into his study. 'J.P., I think you've firmly ruined their faith in human nature. But this is too tame. You want some excitement tonight. Let's have a short drink and think about what you're going to do.'

After several "short" drinks, J.P. and a bottle of his best rye glided gracefully out onto the terrace and slowly walked over the railing onto the lawn. 'Where to find excitement and laughter is the question, J.P.' Unwittingly J.P. had wandered toward the servants' quarters, which were thoughtfully placed some distance from the house. A shout of laughter and the sound of music attracted his attention. 'Why, there's a party going on J.P., the servants are having a party. That should be fun. But J.P., employers just don't go to the servants' parties. Well, this is one employer who is going to.' He walked quickly into the building, still clutching his bottle.

The door of the room was open, the parlourmaid was playing the piano and everyone was singing uproariously. Suddenly the cook caught sight of J.P. standing in the doorway. He nudged the upstairs maid who in turn spread the news around. The singing slowly died into an uncomfortable silence. Now the sight of an employer tightly holding a bottle of rye, who seemed to be suspended by his head to the top of the doorway, would be enough to quiet the nois-

iest group of servants. Said employer humbly inquired if he could be allowed to join the party. Since no one had the nerve to refuse, and perhaps because of his rather odd condition, he was granted permission and the high spirits of all sank perceptibly. However after a few rounds of drinks, they began to rise again. The parlourmaid was induced back to the piano and the singing began again, quietly at first, but finally regaining its original volume.

As the night wore on, the servants had all agreed that their boss was an all-right fellow and had drunk his health numerous times. In turn J.P. agreed that his servants were the best to be found and he respectfully toasted them. He in fact believed that they were much nicer people, more enjoyable, more companionable, etc., than any of his friends. Much enjoyment was derived from deciding what J.P. was to do the next day, with the aid of his new found friends, of course. And so the party proceeded.

In the wee, small hours of the morning, a weary and extremely happy J.P. drifted slowly homeward across the lawn. Elizabeth was waiting up for him, but he didn't care.

"J.P. how dare you, how dare you! You've disgraced me completely. We'll be the laughing stock of the Country Club. You must have lost your mind. J.P., are you listening?"

No, he wasn't. J.P. was asleep, fast asleep with a delighted grin on his face. Yes, he was definitely asleep. The little man had had a busy day.

D. A. and A. G.



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I think it only right that the Frosh Class pay tribute to the hard work done by Don Groff, Bill Kirchinski, Jim Cotter, and all the other members of the Sophomore class, to give us a good initiation; one that we will never forget. . . .

There are many things at Waterloo, that are different from High School Life. The new subjects of Psychology, Economics, and Business, are ones to which we never have been exposed before. Waterloo has a new vocabulary for the incoming student to learn; S.L.E., L.S.A., C.O.-T.C., S.B.C., and I.V.C.F. are all new to us. Names like the "Fides Dianae", and the "Athenaeum," are really only old organizations in new titles.

To me, there are really no very great differences between High School and Waterloo College, but this is probably because of the College's size which enables us to find our way around more easily, and fit into the picture of school life very quickly. The Sports and Activities of Waterloo are much the same as those of Collegiate, and many Students will be able to carry on their favourite activity (Please Note . . . I mean INTRAMURAL Activity, not EXTRAMURAL . . .) without a great change.

The greatest impression and shock I have yet received at Waterloo was being addressed as "MR. Breithaupt," by various Faculty Members, in Class.

Waterloo College is now our Alma Mater, and all thoughts of former allegiances to other schools are, while not forgotten, relegated to a lower position. As Freshmen, we owe it to OUR COLLEGE, to help her, support her, and give to her the best that we have to offer.

J. BREITHAUPT.

disclosed that he was very happy with the number of players turning out for practice. He also said that the enthusiasm and keenness of the players was quite evident, and was a sign of a hard fighting team. Up front he was quite pleased with the line which has an average weight running a little over 200 lbs. and the advantage of being good hard ball players. In the backfield he was again confident and said they would be a hard charging crew after a few practices.

The team is using a split T formation this year. This features some fast — breaking plays which should give the opposition plenty of trouble. Mr. Totzke is doing a wonderful job out there, and let us not hesitate to show him our appreciation by backing up the team with a good attendance at the games. On behalf of the football team I say "Thanks, Carl, for an excellent job."

For the cheering section we have had good reports this year. Yes, that's right, a bevy of cheerleaders. This added attraction is bound to fill the air with many a school yell. So learn those yells and let's get with the cheerleaders and cheer our teams to victory.

GEORGE MORRISON

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# EARLY AUTUMN

When early Autumn walks the land  
Among her brilliant trees,  
And chills the gentle summer air  
And colors all the leaves,  
Caresses with her freezing hand  
Each lovely plant and flower,  
She tells that ruthless winter  
Is approaching by the hour.

When early Autumn settles down  
With frosty white upon the ground,  
She can be heard and seen  
On frosty window panes,  
In wind-swept country lanes,  
In loud rustling of corn stalks,  
And birds flying south all in a flock,  
In the scurrying of leaves to rest,  
And hurrying clouds off to the west,  
In an eerie moon on a sea of mist,  
On a harvest evening and a goodnight  
kiss.

In a flaming bush that once was green,  
And on a pumpkin's smile Autumn is  
seen,

Plump and cheerful, tender and tame,  
In the flap of wings of hunted birds,  
In the murmuring wind Autumn is heard,  
And in smack of pigskin at rugby games.  
She rustles through the brittle trees  
And whispers a lullaby of the leaves.  
Earth sings when Autumn fills the land  
For Autumn means night is here at hand.

When early Autumn comes along  
And sings her sad inevitable song,  
She tells each tiny living thing  
That winter's soon to come,  
It's early Autumn.

MIKE WAGNER

## AT GRADUATION TIME



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Mooring, Moving and Money

"When are we going to move?" That was the title of an editorial by Miss Helen Taylor for the November 1949 issue of the Cord. As Waterloo College stands on the threshold of a new era, it would do well to quote some of the lines of that imploring article.

"When we entered Waterloo as Freshmen two years ago (1947) we expected to graduate from a new building on a new campus . . . With graduation only six months away, the new site remains untouched, definite plans for the new building have not materialized and enthusiasm for the project has cooled."

Demanding an explanation, the article declared that the College and the Lutheran Church needed the support of Kitchener, and Waterloo, the Alumni Association, and the students.

Two years later in December 1950, Mr. Clayton Derstine, in an editorial entitled "To Whom It May Concern," expressed similar sentiment plus righteous indignation at the wrangling that was taking place as to where to expand. "O Tempera, O mores," went the lament. Retrogressive tradition seemed to be winning over progressive education. It is now two years later, and the earth where our new Alma Mater is to blossom forth, still nonchalantly produces another bumper crop for pasture.

Your editor is hanging his coat for the fourth year in that some poor excuse

complained about in the late thirties. Any resemblance to that enclosure and the common rooms of other university institutions is merely in name.

But relief seems to be in sight. The serene Snerd look of the cow is finally going to give way to the eager, excited glances of the student as he pursues higher education in more pleasant surroundings. The faculty and administration are to be again thoroughly congratulated for preserving and steadily uplifting the academic standing and prestige of the college, throughout these "Crowded Years." Gone will be, we hear, our crowded classrooms, that are as jammed as cattle gathered around a tree in a thunderstorm. There is also the hushed rumour that the new Men's Common Room might even have one or two chairs that will be comfortable enough to recline therein. Although the latter fact is hard to believe, the students, day and dormitory, should really rejoice that at last we are on the move.

The presentation of the check for \$128,000, by Dr. Gould Wickey, executive secretary of the board of education of the United Lutheran Church in America from the C.H.E.Y. drive was a joyous occasion. It was the first official announcement the students have ever received that the shackles of economic and physiological deterrents are at last being broken and replaced by the wreath of educational victory. Still, we will all breathe more securely when we see the bulldozer at work, and still more so, when we enter the new portals, some of us as students, and, alas, some of us, as Alumni.

Years before Helen Taylor wrote her editorial, while the bells of V.J. Day were still ringing, students of Waterloo College and Seminary were preparing to move. Since then the Twin Cities have had their population increased by thousands. Kitchener has doubled its area, and millions have been spent, in the two cities, for a brand new multi-storied hospital, a new collegiate wing (which the editor also missed by one year), a Waterloo Rink and a Kitchener Auditorium, a new Y.M.C.A. and, we blush to say, the skeleton of a new St. Jerome's College to further university as well as secondary education.



Now, enough of the past, for although your editor intends to make his living from history, our wishes and prayers lead us on to the future. The delay will have served to make the triumph more appreciated. Let joy be unconfined. Let praise be given where praise is due, and let's see the bulldozer.

"When are we and the cows going to move?"

Why, the answer, of course, is now.  
B. H.

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## Don't Disappoint

This editorial has two purposes. The most important is to fill space while the second is a minor detail. It is this: to save the staff many trials and much trouble because of the lack of accurately constructed and grammatically sound material. Miss Roy dealt with writing as a career in "So You Want To Write" (March issue 1952). This editorial will deal with writing specifically for the Cord.

"Of what possible benefit is writing to me?" you object, "I have no intention of becoming a journalist, or novelist or poet." Such objections can be overruled for the following reasons.

First, writing effects clarification of your own thinking. With such an invaluable qualification you will be able to help your poor stupid friend in Economics 20 with more coherent gibberish. If you write better-worded answers on examinations and tests, you will undoubtedly rate higher marks, for the professors will actually enjoy marking your papers! Someday you may give a displaced Chinaman street directions on a Toronto subway. Or consider a hypothetical situation which requires quick thinking and quicker action. You are standing at the window of a burning building which is about to collapse momentarily. The fireman's red truck has a flat tire and the only means of exit is a ladder. On one side kneels your grey-haired grandmother begging you to save her, while on the other side is your winsome wife, imploring just as earnestly. You cannot take both or you will fall off the ladder. Whom will it be? In a flash of sheer

inspiration you decide. As the surging crowd cheers below you struggle down . . . clutching your grandmother. You decided to take her because your wife has just made out a \$10,000 insurance policy payable to you. In such a "strong situation" you used logic, which you developed by writing for the Waterloo College Cord. It's as simple as that.

Besides, writing can be entertaining. With a little ingenuity, you can make amusing a story about a morgue, or grave a paragraph on a louse, male or insect. Intellectual subjects don't have to be boring or pedantic, if you're not. So, if you have some profound ideas on Mystical cults, a cure for cancer or the art of Salvador Dali, why not share them?

One piece of advice is: be yourself . . . within limits. Let us have no straining after emotions that are not sincerely felt, or sentiment which is wishy-washy, especially in poetry.

Then there is the question of plagiarism. It may have been ethical in Shakespeare's time, but it is not in our own. The Staff questions your integrity and motives if you "lift" stories from Foo Magazine and the Ladies' Home Journal to "pass them off" as your own. Of course, ideas have always been borrowed: from other people, from other books. Artists through the ages have been influenced, for better or for worse, by their contemporaries and predecessors. For example, Dostoevsky's style, in his earlier novels was much like Dickens'.

The types available such as expositions, short stories, playlets must be your own choice. Adapt them to your personality. If you have written a Miltonic epic or a drama as excellent as Oedipus, we may not have space to publish, but we would certainly like to read it.

I hope this editorial has stimulated those of you who have never even considered writing, encouraged those who have handed in rejected material and those who are hesitant about handing in cherished creations, and helped past and present contributors, both the faithful and the occasional. In any case, the staff waits "with bated breath" for a deluge of material. Don't disappoint us.

P. H.

# TWO IN ONE

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