

# WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD



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Five good reasons for the boys lining up inside that door  
Left to right: Pauline Ernst, Corliss Pappé, Helen Fleming,  
Jean Skerritt, Dora Duff

Several of the boys have already developed serious pains in  
their upper left thoracic regions

## Co-Eds Who HAVE to Wear the New Look

The Twin Cities are noted for their innovations. In 1944, the Board of Trade made a survey of post-war planning which was accepted as being representative of the entire Dominion. A year ago, the P.U.C. introduced the trolley bus as a method of urban transportation. Last September, Waterloo College introduced student nurses to the general arts field of learning.

Three times a week, the nineteen

student nurses from the K-W Hospital come — lectures in sociology at Waterloo College. They are part of an experiment to combine the practical training of a nurse with a university education. The credits received from the course in sociology and the Saturday morning P. T. classes will count toward a degree in Arts or Science. It is hoped that an expansion of this program will take place in future years until the complete work leading

to a Bachelor's degree is available to the student nurses.

The nurses, for their part, enjoy coming up to the lectures at Waterloo College. In addition to their sociology course at Waterloo, they take chemistry at the K-W Collegiate. At the hospital, they take thirteen other subjects all of which are to be written off in February. The other work of the student nurses at the hospital includes working in the wards, keeping twelve aprons clean and starched, and getting up at 6 a.m. every day.

On behalf of that section of the student body which is suffering from an increased demand and shortages of the product, Lois Carter describes the presence of the nineteen student nurses as: "Something new . . . added — more competition!" For the faculty, Professor Scott records a non-committal — "I think it's a pretty good idea."

During their spare time, the six Kitchener representatives in the class can go to their homes for a few hours of cherished relaxation. The 'foreigners' are allowed to go to their homes in Milverton, Walkerville, Owen Sound, or Hanover on occasional weekends. Except on their four late (until midnight) leaves each month, the student nurses are concerned primarily with getting to their residence every night by ten o'clock.

If and when they pass their examinations in February the student nurses will get their 'caps'. This ends their first five-month period as probationary nurses and brings an increase in privileges. In addition, they will be paid eight dollars a month instead of five.

Whether or not the experiment will be a success has not entered the minds of the student body of Waterloo College. The fact that the nurses are here as part of an experiment has not yet occurred to most of the students. Nevertheless, Waterloo College is well aware of the budding Florence Nightingales. The presence of the nineteen nurses in their armour suits of starch

has met with a varied reception. John O'Connor, as an unbiased spectator, thinks that the new members of the College are: "An added treat. It makes one want to . . . ah . . . mother them."



. . . Something to Talk About \*

What do the figures in white think of taking university subjects? Vivacious, Kitchener-born Molly Sim, who thinks men patients are the nicest, comes to College so that — ". . . when you go out at night, you can talk about something other than nursing." The student nurses agree that sociology will improve their 'social life'. Whether or not it will help their post-graduation dream of getting married remains to be seen.

By the end of January, the social life of the nurses may possibly be improved, but the first part of this experiment will definitely be over. Looking ahead at the results of the experiment, Dean Schaus envisions — "It is hoped that eventually the nurses will work at Waterloo College toward a Bachelor of Science degree or a Bachelor of Arts degree while in training at the hospital. This is a step forward for Kitchener. It may set a precedent for the problem of combining a liberal education with the nurse's practical training.

\* Molly Sim

While the social aspects of school life have been highlighted by such things as Athy's and Frosh Assemblies, underneath it all has been a strong undercurrent of seething, frothing discontent and frustration. (See Letters to the Editor.) The cause of all this trouble is of course women, babes, chicks, or whatever you want to call them. Our virile young athletes of Waterloo College are dissipating themselves on these crafty fides Dianae. The humiliating part of the whole affair is that most of these girls are Frosh, while most of the staunch young men are Seniors — the humility of it all!!! It started with Binnie and Betty Shantz and goodness knows where it will end. When men like Weaver, Dier and Janke are seen battling over fair frosh femmes, things must really be getting tough.

The Static prize of the month, (a cupid's arrow dipped in arsenic) is jointly awarded this term to dark, petite and hyphenated Audrey-Ruth Gross and to the younger edition of the Taylors, red-haired Helen, the gal with the twinkle in her eye. The conquests of these femmes fatales are too numerous to mention in detail. Of course it's impossible to keep up to date on all these fast moving affairs when jokers like Janke keep bouncing around from one to another.

With the approach of the Junior Prom, speculation rises as to that important matter of dates. Micki McKee is in charge of the Date Bureau for the Prom this year and it looks like it's going to be a tuff (oops) tough job. Anything to do with dates is a ticklish job, very apt to tred on

"stony" ground, eh Micki?

My agents report that Wettlaufer is being seen regularly with a short, dark and very sophis. miss who seems to have a passion for motoreycles (of all things). Dr. Wettlaufer and his assistant "Happy" Hayes can be seen any Wednesday night "operating" at the So-ed Club.

Badminton 30 seems to be challenging Bridge 20 as the most popular course at Waterloo this year. It's a draw between the Dillon-Pauli team and the Shirk-Scheifele team as to who skips the most classes for badminton. Another new course that seems to be quite popular is Gossip 290, held in room 202 — also known as the girls' common room. The course in Gossip 290 covers every individual in the College at one time or another, and it is found to be a source of inexhaustible information. One of the most interesting lectures was given by Prof. C. Bailey who vividly related (with great care to detail) her theories on how to spend half-time at a football game. Another highlight of the class was a debate held on the question of diamond rings — "Resolved that the cost of the diamond is more important than the sentiment." This weighty problem was threshed out by both pro and con until it was finally decided that it was the thought behind the ring that was really important. (This will undoubtedly bring a great deal of business to Mr. Woolworth and Co. and also shatters my theory of gold-diggers.)

Mary Shirk has discovered that

See STATIC Page 23

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## Frosh Party

Thanks to the effort of our hard working Frosh executive, the first freshman party of the year was a decided success. Every red-blooded Frosh with a lust for life and romance turned out to join the fun.

The boys were literally seduced into buying a ticket for the function by Helen Taylor who has proven herself to be a most effective advertising device. In fact, as a result of her persistence, and to the extreme delight of the ladies, an excess of males showed up at the dance.

The programme got under way, thanks be to Paul Schmitt, with the showing of a number of movie cartoons in room 212. Following the movies, everyone retired to the gymnasium in the best of spirits, to join the dance. As I have said, there was a shortage of women, and there were some handsome young bucks in the crowd, so you can imagine how the girls stepped out to take advantage of the situation.

Our able host for the evening was George Malcolm, who did an excellent job of keeping the party interesting for everybody. He employed every

stratagem in the books to keep the ladies in circulation and avoid monopolies. The stags were given a broom to dance with until they could find a dancing partner, and before long the crowd was thoroughly mixed. Actually, it's not really so bad dancing with a broom. Although you don't get the same buzz out of the thing, at least it doesn't walk all over your feet.

Refreshments, in the form of 'cokes' and doughnuts, were served, but there were no gourmets in the crowd, and there was a lot left over, so the next morning first hour classes enjoyed the remnants.

Stan Luciuw won a beautiful Esquire calender in a spot dance, and although he was a little bashful about exhibiting it in public, they say he has it plastered all over his room. Shelley has probably done the same with the one he won. (Scandalous, isn't it.)

Near the end of the evening, several senior classmen arrived to supervise the voting and to see that the freshies all got home to bed early. They fulfilled their first duty, but were a little lax, it seems, in completing their second one.

# Education Week

Throughout Canada, November 1-7 was observed as Education Week—a time in which interested persons might gain a deeper understanding of our school system. Students from kindergarten to college shared in this project, so we at Waterloo had a busy time showing visitors the part a place of higher learning plays in the community.

The first to be told of the purpose and advantages of a college education were the students themselves, through a speech by Dr. Kingston, the new dean of University College, London. He declared that service is the basis of education and the real purpose behind the universities. Careers should be chosen with this end in view, rather than from a mercenary viewpoint.

Bursting with helpfulness after this speech, the Waterloons turned to greet the hordes of Upper School students who invaded the college during the week. Each of these "future Frosh" (we hope) was allowed to attend one day's lectures and probably went away with the impression that college life has certain attractions (as, for example, lectures from Miss Smith.)

The Collegiate crowd must have taken home a good report, for Thursday's Open House was very well attended. Visitors were invited to look in on lectures, inspect the college buildings and dormitories, and generally to see what goes on behind these ivy-covered walls. After their tour, the guests were received in the gym by Mrs. Gillespie, the president of the Women's Auxiliary of Waterloo College and Seminary, and Mrs. Conrad, the honorary president. Mrs. Lehmann and Mrs. Schaus poured, while refreshments were served by the ladies of the Auxiliary.

Open House gave the students themselves a chance to see the otherwise forbidden territory of the dormitories. One glimpse of the boys' dorm should be enough to convince anyone that residence life is "just the thing." Incidentally, we'd like to think Messrs. Peevers and Hayes for the cake and also Jack and Bromo for the jelly bean (one each to girls only.)

Next came a dash to the girls' dormitory, and quite a place it is. After signing the guest book, we were conducted to "the cleanest basement in the Twin Cities," and then through the rest of the house. The girls' quarters aren't as spacious as the boys', but they have several intriguing features, such as front and back stairs, double bunks and the dark wallpaper that decorators tell us is all the rage.

To share Open House with those who missed our conducted tours, the college broadcast a half-hour show Thursday evening. The theme was: "Freedom for Leisure" (or "Why We Come to College"). The cast, directed by Professor Kelly, blended the grave and the gay to show extracurricular activities at Waterloo. Group work was demonstrated by the Schmalzers the Overgaard Quartet, the cheer leaders, the Hopton Thespians in a selection from *Hamlet*, and Wettlaufer's players in a serial tragedy. A more dignified mood was set by vocalists Alice Bald and Max Putnam, and by pianist Margaret Anne Hoffman. For those who prefer music in the modern manner, John Boothby gave a bang-up rendition of "Choo-choo-choo Boogie." The programme ended with Dean Schaus' brief summary, and in a few hours Education Week was over for another year.

—G. E. H.

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# Athy Goes to Hallowe'en Party

Hallowe'en 1947 has come and gone and the Athy party has become just one more wonderful college memory. From the word go, this season's "do" followed the traditional "bigger and better" standard, and the executive deserves congrats on a super effort. Scene was the big new Scheifele barn which with its decoration of sprays of coloured leaves assumed an artistic, festive air. Red and blue lights threw ghostly gleams, contrasting the hosts of grinning jack-o-lanterns which from every corner seemed to laugh back at the throng of merry-makers.

Highlight of the evening (aside from Jack Fraser's tie!) was the debut of genial Ed Devitt as a capable "caller off" who steered at least eight fortunes through the intricate maze of a few squares and reels. (Our boy from Alaska is still trying to find which way he's going!) Spirits (and heels) soared high as the caperers dipped and dived, promenaded, swung and swung again. The noble attempts by the musicians — our own Terrific Trio of "Lariat Luciw, "Texas" you-know-who, and "Badlands" Bramm himself — to make their music heard, ended oftentimes in failure as stamping feet drowned all other sound. But what would we have done without the boys?

Novelty dances, (all right, fellas, where's my other shoe!) Paul Jones', and other round dances to top recordings filled in the programme of the evening, and when it came to refreshment the gallons of cider (both the upstairs and downstairs brand) and those superelamagortious donuts really hit the spot.

For the hospitality shown us, for the fine job done by Tarbush as master of ceremonies, as well as to all those who helped with the many small extras which make such a party the success it is, we say a special "Thanks a lot."

Going home time, rolled around

much too quickly but every one of us oh-so-tired-revelers agreed that it had been a party of parties. Is it any wonder that seniors are loathe to leave the Waterloo fold?

—L. M. C.

## Junior Prom

Everyone is eager to learn the details concerning the Junior Prom to be held on December 18th at the 'Highlands' in Galt, so you can't afford to overlook this bit of information.

The Prom was a big success last year, and promises to be even better this year. There will be dancing from nine to one to the music of Hal Davis and his orchestra. The ladies will wear formal evening dress, and the gents may dress formally or otherwise. The price is only \$3.00 per couple.

Committees responsible for the big job of making all the arrangements for you include Paul Davidson and Ross Morrison, in charge of finance; Bev Hayes and Grace Hall, decorations; Barbara Pearce, publicity; Bob Shelly and Edwin Nabert, the programme; Jack Brock and Bill McLaren, transportation and June McKie and John O'Conner, who will personally conduct a date bureau for your convenience. Keith Niall and R. "Bromo" Seltzer act in the capacity of co-chairmen.

Plan now to attend "The" event of the year. Don't forget, the date is December the 18th. The place, "The Highlands," in Galt. Tickets will be on sale soon, so watch the bulletin boards for further details.

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## "Behold I Bring Good Tidings"

(By Marguerite Miller)

It was the Christmas season, but the old house at the top of the hill stood wrapped in a cloak of gloomy unfriendliness. Its shades were drawn in defiance to the joyful goodwill of the Spirit of Christmas.

The spirit shook his aged head sadly. Why were human beings so cruel to each other? Why did they bring upon themselves such unnecessary sorrow when there already was so much suffering in the world?

The Christmas spirit was making his yearly trip around the world. He had made merry the people of Australia as they toiled beneath the hot sun. He had given encouragement to the missionaries in India, and brought fresh hope to the Christians in war-torn China and Japan. He had seen Italian Toni's eyes light up at the sight of a new pair of shoes. He had watched little Dutch Teuni clasp a little red coat from the Relief Organization closer than American children hold their most cherished possessions. There had been the Greek lad Stephanos, who had been overjoyed at the sight of the canned foods from Canada.

Now the good spirit had come to his last stop — Canada. Everywhere he saw abundance and selfishness and unhappiness. He saw returned soldiers wanting to find a home for their wives and families. He saw them crowded into cramped quarters because there were not enough houses to go around. And yet the Christmas spirit noticed houses — like the mansion on the hill — empty, deserted, and falling into depressing ruin because their owners were too selfish or thoughtless to share them with their less fortunate brothers.

"Fidelis," the spirit said mournfully to the angel who was accompanying him, "it is a sad report I must make to Gabriel tonight."

The little angel nodded and blinked back two tears. He was remembering the story which another angel had told him. It was about the night when the Spirit of Christmas was born. That was almost two thousand years ago. God had sent His Son to earth that night, to show His great love for mankind. Gabriel and the Heavenly Choir had chanted a glorious message to shepherds in the fields near Bethlehem.

"Glory to God in the highest," they had sung, "and on earth, peace, goodwill toward men."

But two thousand years later there seemed little more peace and goodwill on earth than there had been on that first Christmas Eve. Some people were unhappy because of the lack of the necessities of life. Others were unhappy because they had more than enough. True, some of these had sent parcels to the war-torn countries; but how many had not?

"We will go to one place more," the Christmas Spirit said, and the two walked up the windswept street.

They came to a little white church surrounded by spruce trees. Through the stained-glass windows came the golden glow of candles. As the two spirits paused, the church bells suddenly pealed out joyously, out over the snow-covered roofs.

"Let us go in," suggested the elder spirit, "perhaps I shall find rest here. Perhaps there is in this place the peace and goodwill which was promised."

They entered and quietly sat down in the shadows, unnoticed by the people who were coming in. They heard them sing, "O Come, All Ye Faithful." They listened to the Christmas message of the minister,

who used for his text the verse, "Behold I bring you good tidings, which shall be to all people." Then, with the congregation, the spirits rose, as the choir sang Handel's wonderful "Hallelujah Chorus."

"Fidelis," the Christmas Spirit remarked as they sped heavenward, "Gabriel will not be disappointed tonight. For there are many who have received and accepted the good tidings and will give it to others. It may be a long time before peace and goodwill rule the entire world, but we need not give up hope. The light burns in many hearts."

Fidelis nodded in agreement. "Hallelujah, Hallelujah," he hummed softly. Those earth creatures had wonderful music. It was almost like that of the Heavenly Choir!

## A Midnight Soliloquy

Beyond my dark window  
The city lies sulking,  
Enveloped in mist  
And as silent as death,  
As dreary and cold as a grave,  
Like a mute congregation  
Of motionless spectres  
Watching over the empty streets.  
From the land of the north,  
From the bleak, frozen tundra,  
Advancing relentlessly  
With omnipotent forces,  
Calloused, spiteful, and cruel,  
Wasting the exotic  
Charm of the woodlands,  
Winter comes to encamp.  
The somber, gray city  
And black, haggard forest  
Silently share  
The sad reverie  
Which I recount to my ceiling tonight  
As I lie reminiscing  
Irretrievable joys  
Of the glorious summer past.

—W. E.

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# Shakespeare's Technique

(Dr. W. F. Tamblyn)

A tendency in some recent Elizabethan scholarship has been to consider that Shakespeare put plot and stage action before the representation of character, and that his characters are none too consistent, but often do or say what this or that scene or situation may call for as plausible or interesting. The plot, too, is found wanting in sequence or probability. According to this view, Shakespeare is an opportunist, a scene-by-scene dramatist, a sort of melodramatist giving his audience the momentary sensations it requires.

These modern critics are wont to urge that a Shakespeare play is not to be taken too realistically or (oh fie!) psychologically, as though it were a piece of life. They gracefully allow Shakespeare's work to be "good theatre," and gurgle that his wonderful language carries off the melodrama, but practically conclude that such a play as *Hamlet* is an artistic failure when soberly contemplated away from the foot-lights; a clever thing "of shreds and patches."

They contend that we must not think too much into the play or between its lines, but take simply the point of view of the Elizabethan "audience," as conditioned by the stage conventions of the time and by the physical nature of that stage itself. By one convention, for example, we must not infer any purpose or motive or attitude of a character unless it is specifically stated by someone in the play. Even then it may be valid only for the scene. And what a liar like Goneril says (for instance

that "the best and soundest of Lear's time was but rash") is to be accepted, as no contradiction of this is voiced by any one. Many of these critics seem better versed in Shakespeare's inferior contemporaries than in his own work.

But what is meant by that "audience?" A one-night audience only? Which element in the audience, the groundlings? Did not Shakespeare many times revive a play and revise it? Was he not his own best audience for much of the finer and subtler stuff in his drama? There is good evidence that *Hamlet* was revised and amplified by its author for readers of the second Quarto edition. The extant form of Shakespeare's drama was not written merely for the theatre.

As to whether he subordinated characterization to plot, let us recollect that he took other men's stories and built living characters into them. His contemporaries are simply nowhere in that regard compared to him. Readers in every time, from Ben Jonson to our day, have found Shakespeare's characters more real and more consistent than the people we meet in life. Dryden, writing just after the Elizabethan epoch, has a person in his dialogue on *Dramatic Poesy* define a play thus:

"A just and lively image of human nature, representing its passions, humours and the changes of fortune to which it is subject."

Dryden assents to this conception of a play. Plainly characterization was in the 17th century put before the plot in importance. Dryden could see very well that Shakespeare's characters were no mere "humorists," no wooden dummies or personifications such as some post-Shakespeareans manufactured, but real and rounded. He knew that Shakespeare's plays were more

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than of the theatre theatrical. Further on in his essay one says (unchecked in this point by Dryden himself):

“Nor will it serve you to object that, however you manage it, 'tis still known to be a play . . . for a play is still an imitation of Nature” (of human nature, he defines later): “we know we are to be deceived, but no man ever was deceived but with a probability of truth; for who will suffer a gross lie to be fastened on him?”

Professor E. E. Stoll, a great scholar from whom all may respectfully learn, nevertheless sees in Falstaff not a consistent personality, but a bundle of two or three stock stage types, the braggart soldier, the coward and the clown. Professor J. D. Wilson will have it that Falstaff is a version of the stage Vice. The late Professor Raleigh tells more unalloyed truth about Falstaff than either of these two in one word, “play-acting,” in which Hal’s boon companion spent his time. One might call Falstaff Hal’s unofficial master of the revels. As for “the coward,” Poins expressly acquits Falstaff on that score; and as for “the Vice,” really “there is virtue in that Falstaff,” as he himself says (“most lovable of Shakespeare’s characters,” E. V. Knox calls him.)

Searching *Hamlet* for improbabilities and nonsequences, some one thinks that “the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns” is in flagrant contradiction to Hamlet’s recent meeting with his father’s ghost. Perhaps the objector does not know the meaning of “undiscovered.” Hamlet says that death is the country from which no traveller returns to “discover” it, i.e. to report it. Of course this is in direct agreement with what the ghost had said, viz. that “this

eternal blazon must not be to ears of flesh and blood.” He could not reveal (“discover”) the secrets of the prison-house.”

Another attack on sequence in this play is that in Act III, Sc. 4 Hamlet could not have thought it was the king he had killed through the arras, “when he had just left him praying in another room.” But in the half-minute or less that Hamlet had for his thinking, who else could he possibly suppose would be in his mother’s room behind the arras spying on him? Compare Paris’s supposition at the Capulet tomb that Romeo had come there to do some ghoulish work, in spite of Romeo’s good reputation vouched for by Capulet himself (I.5). This involves no inconsistency in the representation of Romeo’s character; Paris is not particularly quick-witted but what also could anyone have supposed at the moment in the circumstances? Some of the objections on *Hamlet* are due to failure to understand Hamlet’s attitude towards Ophelia after Act I, Sc. 3. Hamlet, of course, is variously interpreted; but so also are Kant, Cromwell, Lincoln, Roosevelt.

The scores of flimsy criticisms on Shakespeare’s plot or character sequence are easily brushed away. Because other Elizabethan dramatists were largely bogged in conventions and childish technique, it by no means follows that Shakespeare was. The worst that these newer animadversions can do to him is here and there to cast a shadow of doubt, and it seems sensible to give such an artist the benefit of the doubt.

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## On the Bench

WITH DIER

From where we sit this new style for the Cord, looks like a fine effort on the part of the Editors. Orchids to those responsible. Personally thrilled by the glamorous face of the Cord, we took the liberty of sending advance copies of it to some of our relatives and friends. The following reply illustrates the general consensus of opinion.

"Dear Mr. Dier:

I was very pleased to receive a copy of your new magazine. It is apparent that someone has spent a great deal of time and work on this progressive step. I agree with you when you say that it is difficult to write an up-to-the-moment sports column when the magazine does not come out until a month after the events have happened. The same situation presented itself when I was sports editor of the San Quentin Monthly, 1926-31. The problem we faced was that by the time the paper reached our clientele, half of those involved in the events which we covered were no longer with us, having left one way or another.

We temporarily overcame this by publishing the paper two weeks in advance of the events which were to happen. Through a regrettable misunderstanding of our purpose, we became known as "informers," and subsequently abused by our fellow—er—our clientele. However, such a solution would be impossible in your case, and I can offer no other suggestions.

(Signed)

Cim Joleman,  
Sports Editor,  
San Quentin Monthly,  
1932-1952.

P.S.—Thanks again for the Cord. Hope to see you soon."



**GIRL'S BASKETBALL TEAM**—Left to right (Coach); Joy Cressman.

Second Row—Corrine Bailey; Betty Dallen; Hedy Armbruster.

Third Row—Adria Kuntz; Faith Weber.

Fourth Row—Mary Shirk.

## Rugby Season Ends

To bring all you sports fans up to date on the activities of our beloved grid team, I will take up where the last (and out-dated) Cord left off. Before our season officially opened the weather was cold, as were the after-practice showers. But during the season, Mother Nature endowed us



Front Row—Joan Pauli; Miss Axford,

Janis Taylor; Lois Carter, (Captain);

Fisher; Jane McGanity.

with delightful rugby weather.

The Friday after the "Aggies" had ploughed us under a 30—6 count, the spry young Western "Colts" came over to romp around. Snider and Fisher, two old Waterloons, were back, knocking down our defences with the aid of the battering ram supplied by Bartlett and Gray. It was fairly cold that night from the spectator's point

of view — I should know — I asked him. "Colts" eked out a 41—0 verdict.

The next week we trotted on to the field full of confidence after our strenuous week of practice, conditioning, and mastering new plays. Yes, we were confident, but of what I can't rightly say, as time has clouded my memory. Gradually working our way out of the rut which the "Aggies" had dug for us, and into which the "Colts" had trampled us, we ended the game against the O.A.C. Vets, with a tie, 2—2. Turners' booting saved the day.

Brantford Orphans were next. The Orphans fought gallantly but we dealt them a substantial defeat. We weren't too severe as we knew what it was like to lose. Final score 21—0.

Our final fling was the return game at Brantford. We missed the services of Captain Weaver, Turner, Shelley, Wilhelm, Gram, Janke, Tarbush, Fleming, Giller, and our coach, however most of these positions were filled capably. The Waterloo machine playing one of its most enjoyable games, rolled in another victory 13—1.

And that's it, for another year. Weaver, McLaren, Turner, and Wilhelm were our mainstays, with the whole line playing heads-up at all times. We can't forget our coach, Ed Devitt, nor our managers, Halpern (the man of many keys) and Binhammer (co-ordinator of gymnasium activities) our five lovely cheer-leaders, and all our supporting school mates, without whom there wouldn't and couldn't have been a TEAM.

—John Murray.

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## Past, Present and Future in Sport

PAST . . . Jack Fraser and Jane McGanity came through the keen competition and cold weather to take the men's and ladies' individual championships at the Waterloo College Track and Field Meet, held 'way back in October. Six points separated Jack from the runners-up, as Abe Thiessen and Eric Reble came a close second and third, respectively. Verna Schwiegert and Joan Pauli finished in that order. . . . The rugby team travelled to London and saw the Varsity-Western game. Varsity played an inspired game but the Western stars played under a handicap as none of their helmets were large enough. . . . Girls' Basketball well

under way with a powerful sure-shooting team under the capable guidance of Miss Axford.

PRESENT . . . Hockey is well under way, coached by Verd Yates and advised by the head of the Economics department. Two married men are fighting it out for the larger, more substantial cup this year, and manager Halpern's stern practice warnings brings all to the 7 o'clock practices wide awake. The team is rated even stronger than last year's, which lost only its opener to McMaster 3—2. By the time this reaches the presses this defeat will have been avenged. Some hope is held that the team will get into the MacMaster, Guelph O.A.C., and Varsity loop, and there is no doubt that the team could keep pace with any team in the circuit. Whether or not the Universities will permit a College to humiliate them remains to be seen.

FUTURE . . . The boys' Basketball team will enter a city league before Christmas, and after the holidays attempts will be made to revive the splendid arrangements with MacMaster and O.A.C. which prevailed last year. Losing only Hamblin and Totzke (who is now our coach) the team has gained many excellent players and should be well balanced, with accurate shooting and experience. . . . Badminton teams selected from the members of the Badminton Club will represent the school at the meetings of the basketball teams. . . . As this is the last Cord before Christmas, the best of the Season's Spirits to you all. . . . See you at the Prom, if McKie gets me a date, that is.

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"Out with the old and in with the new" might be the theme of this edition of the College Cord. But despite the "new look," I think it would be appropriate to go back twenty-one long years and take an old look at the very first copy of the Cord published.

We notice first of all that the first editor-in-chief was Carl F. Klinek, assisted by Earl Shelly and Herbert Kalbfleisch. The business staff included Albert Lotz, Wilfred Schweitzer and Gerald Hagey. Reporters were Louis Hagey, Fred Goos, John Herbert and Harry Weir. Faculty Adviser was Dean A. O. Potter.

Along the news angle it is interesting to note that plans were in the air for the erection of a new \$75,000 "Hoffman Memorial Hall," which we now know as our present College and Seminary Building. Perhaps in those days that project was much the discussed hope and seeming "pipe-dream" that our Expansion Programme is to-day.

Also noted in the conferring of the degree of Doctor of Divinity, honoris causa, upon our ever-popular and much respected "Daddy" Schorten (in those days the Rev. Professor Herman Schorten). It is also mentioned that Prof. Schorten in the summer of '26 made a trip to Germany with his two daughters. On the trip home they sighted a whale upon which Dr. Schorten concluded, "we had a whale of a trip." Incidentally, Dr. Schorten is an alumnus who is as nearly as regular in chapel-attendance as any present student.

Under a heading "Big year for College School," it reads that the College School has begun what promises to be the biggest year in history. Registration: over fifty. However, it should be explained that the College School was the High School which at one time was carried on here at Waterloo College.

Incidentally, as regards rules concerning freshmen coming into the College itself one sentence caught my attention. The Frosh had to give up sweaters, canes, smokes, moustaches and girls.

The Rev. Albert Datars who is now teaching R.K. in the College, then a student, was reported to have spent the summer vacation growing grain as well as a moustache. In the Alumni Notes, it was noted that Mr. C. Hugh Whittaker (now pastor at Bridgewater, N.S.) and Miss Ruby Roos were married in June at Waterloo. Also, that Mr. Wm. Schultz and Mr. J. Vorkoper were ordained into the Lutheran ministry.

There is a small note about the Athenaeum Society explaining that it is the literary society of Waterloo College. A little further, it goes on to say that "of late" it has become more or less the source of almost all the arts activities. Today, in 1947, it has come to mean still much more to us.

It looks like I got rather absorbed in those days gone by and now I find myself with no up-to-date news and Harry Weaver pushing me off the page. He did it!

—Eric Reble.

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**“VETS IN THE NEWS AT WATERLOO COLLEGE”**—We call this picture “Our pride and joy,” and that goes double. Once for Max and Nora, and once for Waterloo College. Paul Douglas, born to Mr. and Mrs. Max Putnam, Sept. 6, 1947. If heredity and environment are truly basic factors in shaping a young life, then, Paul should be “champion.”

With quiet humility a few veterans slipped away early from the noon meal and gathered in reverent remembrance in the Chapel of our College. No surplices were being worn but a prayerful attitude was apparent upon each face.

The service was opened by John Bell, who also read the lesson. The

responsive Psalm was led by Jack Wettlaufer. A very fitting and appropriate meditation was given by George Durst, concluding with a brief prayer. The benediction was interceded by Herbert Gastmeier.

A brief resume of the meditation follows:

“To-day hundreds of thousands of

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people throughout the world are standing bareheaded and bowed in their various places of worship and before their public memorials in remembrance of a noble army whose fellowship we were permitted to share.

“And twice within your remembrance and mine, we saw peace-loving, disinterested people muster their energies and under the guidance of God so deploy them that the arch foe was brought to confusion.

“But the cohorts of Satan do not go down to defeat so easily. The conflict was a mortal one. The surrender of time and energy was not sufficient. So on the altar of sacrifice many men gave their all—gave their lifeblood and their lives.

“To us who live to remember, there has been thrust from them the mighty challenge to make an actuality of the ideals of liberty and justice for whose preservation they paid so dearly.

“Before God we remember them.”

**The Frosh have a remembrance assembly for Waterloo College.**

Ken Peevers, chairman, introduced a veteran of two world wars, Major Ross Hamilton, Chairman, Kitchener Branch, Canadian Institute of International Affairs. A brief review of the special address follows:

“My philosophy of life: I believe in democracy — as Lincoln, the great emancipator gave it. I have a great faith in our Dominion—based upon the ideals left us by such men as MacRae, with his ‘In Flanders Fields.’ So say with pride in your voice and joy in your year, ‘I am a Canadian.’ ” . . . with such Churchillian vocabulary, Major Ross Hamilton delivered one of the most striking speeches ever heard in a student assembly.

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# Your Opinion Please

(By Dier and Bramm)

This month your two snooping reporters attempt to solve the burning question of the day, namely:

"What do you think of the 'new look?'"

Our answers were varied and numerous. Some were unprintable. However here is a cross-section of opinion regarding Waterloo's reaction to the "new look."

Ralph Huras: "To tell the truth, I'd rather see bathing suits." That doesn't cover the subject though. . .

Betty Shantz: "I can't see anything in those dresses that come away down in the front." This kid needs glasses. . .

Eric Reble: "Well, - er -- ah- ---" We agree.

Cork Bailey: "On some it looks O.K." Name one.

John Gellner: "They should be sent to Arabia." What have you got against the Arabians John?

Molly Sim: "I certainly wouldn't like to wear one of those tight corsets." Cors - ets just a matter of opinion.

Fred Janke: "I notice Miss Smith doesn't follow the 'new look.'" Fred must have been following Miss Smith.

John Guse: "I'm afraid my eyesight will atrophy." No occasional peek, John?

Clayt Derstine: "Enticing, revolting, disillusioning! ! !" No no, Clayt, the

styles, not the co-eds.

Dot Scheifele: "Makes you look more experienced." There's no substitute for the real thing.

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# We Need A Hobby

A hobby is not an expensive pastime. It is not something which we have to force ourselves to do, and it is not something which does nothing for us except fill up some leisure moments. A hobby is some individual interest which holds our attention and gives us an exit from our weary round of daily toil. It is something which, because of our constitution and manner of living, we all need.

Man is by nature a creature of many varied interests. Throughout childhood and early adolescence his enthusiasm for several different things is readily noted. There may be one thing that looms largest on his horizon, but there are also several other interests whose importance is not diminutive. However, as the man grows older, our modern civilization forces him to choose among his interests and specialize in one. The result is that the older adolescent and adult often lose sight of other interests while striving to reach the peak of achievement in one. The man's horizon narrows and the many things which once gave pleasure are lost. It is for this reason that we will need a hobby. A hobby may not bring back lost horizons, but it will extend the present one and give the weary mind fresh scenes to brighten the views of the day.

It is argued that rest is best obtained by sitting quietly and letting the mind

relax, but the problem lies in being able to do this. It may be possible to sit quietly, but to let the mind relax without giving it some food for contented thought is a useless endeavour to find refreshment. And if we do regularly sit and take up some train of thought which interests us, we are engaging in a hobby, for hobbies are not all manual labours, but any tasks that interest us.

Without a hobby we have no relief valve. We have nowhere to go to find freedom from the duties of the day. If we come from an office our mind craves relaxation, but when we try to rest, the body may not be tired and rest is far from us. Some manual labour might satisfy the need. It need be no harder than walking down a country road looking for birds, or strolling along a busy street studying the faces we meet, if that interests us.

Even the manual labourer is not free from monotony. His job is the same from day to day, imposing a mental strain akin to that experienced by the man who works with his mind. The labourer, too, needs a release that will rest both body and mind. But if an outside interest is not developed the mind finds itself like a squirrel in a revolving cage, with no rest, no variation and no way out, until the situation forces us to take a vacation or robs the mind of reason.

The man without a hobby is like a ship without a port. When the job at hand is finished, life holds no future interests or present possibilities. But a hobby provides an interest and perhaps new interests. It does this not only in its performance, but through the people with whom our hobby brings us into contact. If we have a hobby of vital interest to us, it won't be long until we find that others have the same one, or there will be plenty of people eager to see what we have accomplished.

Hobbies may be profitable in an economic way. If they aren't, they satisfy the need just as well, but there is no reason why a hobby should

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not be followed for financial profit, so long as it remains a hobby and not primarily a means of adding wealth. There is a cabinet maker who makes little wooden chests from scraps of fine-grained wood which he picks from the scrap heap and glues together. He sells the product for no small sum. A labourer makes wood carvings which have won many prizes at shows and brought him into contact with not a few people.

Therefore, a hobby is profitable for several reasons, the most important being that it provides a way of escape from monotony. It is a means of resting both body and mind and of giving us more interests in conformity with our natural bent. It not only provides an interest in itself, but may bring us into contact with people in whom we can become interested and who will enrich our lives by their friendship, or possibly our pocket-books by their purchases.

The conclusion of the whole matter hardly seems to need any farther statement. Regardless of how busy we think that we are, or of how little spare time we have, of whether we are rich or poor, young or old, we need a hobby.

—L. Lyness Wark.

## Dedication

Hey Joe, ya seen the latest Cord?  
They got it like a book,  
It's all jazzed up  
Real nifty like —  
To be like Time and Look.

They got a lotta pitchers in —  
And colour on the cover,  
It's small in size  
So them there eyes  
Will really have to suffer.

Yep, our Cord has got that New Look  
After twenty years of growin',  
The ancient Sage  
Says we've come of age,  
And so all out we're goin'.

Ya know how Masefield writ a piece,  
For Liz an Phil in Blighty —  
Well I'm a writin'  
These here lines  
For our magazine so mighty.

So we're handin' out seegars to-day,  
An blowin' our own horn,  
So here's a toast  
We're gonna boast  
A brand new Cord is born.

—J. B.

## 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.

# "STATIC"

Continued from Page 5

playing the organ can be a lot more fun than the piano, especially on a Saturday night. It seems Dean Schaus and Mary couldn't decide on what type of music should be played in the Chapel. It's reported the Dean finally won out.

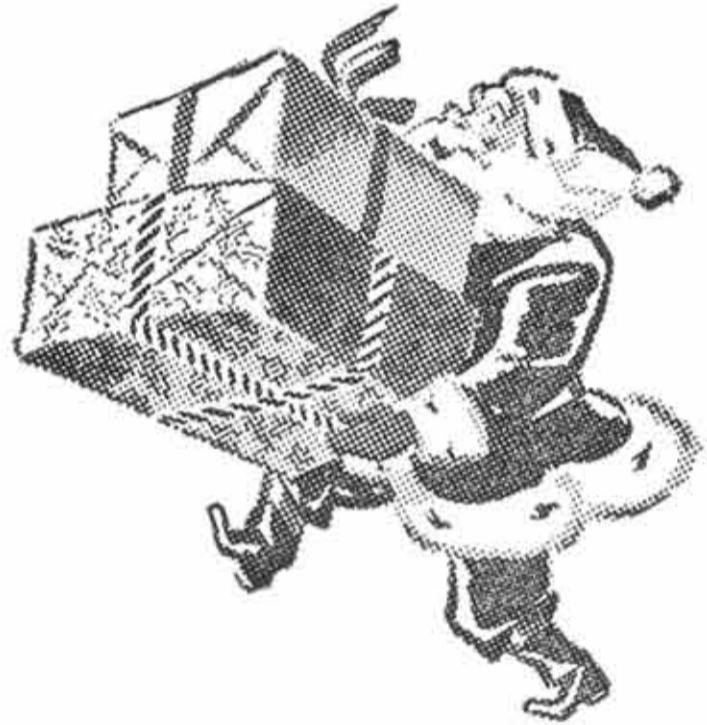
Stratford's gift to women — Ron Lowe, created quite a furore in the Boy's Dorm by entertaining some of the co-eds in the boys' common room.

A week later Ron made up for it though — as a result he's a real man of distinction now.

The new helper in the Registrar's office comes to us through the recommendation of one of the Seminary students. It seems Delton Glebe. . . .

Social Note:—Mr. Robert TarBush and Mr. Helmut Binhammer were hosts at a special pre-graduation gathering held in honour of the grad pictures that were taken of the Senior Class. Mr. Binhammer welcomed the guests, while Mr. TarBush entertained with selections on the guitar. Refreshments were served.

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## SEMINARY NOTES

Our Seminary is now a member of the "Association of Lutheran Seminaries of America." This organization aims to effect a better understanding of problems which face the Lutheran Church at large and to provide opportunities for personal acquaintanceship among the students of various Lutheran Seminaries. In joining this organization, our Institution is keeping pace with the trend towards greater co-operation between the Synods of the Church.

Alfred Schenk was elected chairman of the Cossman Hayunga Missionary Society at a recent meeting, and Wilfred Myra, the strong, silent man from Nova Scotia, is the new secretary of the organization. The society is responsible for conducting services at Freeport Sanatorium.

The evening of "Thursday" Nov. 13, proved to be a most enjoyable one for the Sem students. On this occasion Dr. and Mrs. Lehmann entertained the Seminarians at their home. The delegates of our school presented their reports on the Interseminary Conference which was held in Oxford, Ohio, in June. One thousand students attended the conference. They came from Seminaries located in almost every province in Canada and practically every state in the U.S.A.

One of the outstanding speakers at the conference was Dr. O. F. Nolde of Mount Airy Seminary. He is the man who represented the Protestant Church at the United Nations meeting in San Francisco, and has since then been instrumental in an endeavour to formulate an international Bill of Rights for all people. Dr. Nolde was in constant communication with the U. N. Committee during the conference, and delegates were given an opportunity to see for themselves how many and varied are the problems which confront the United Nations Organization.

It was encouraging to note that many of the delegates at Oxford were men who had given up very promising careers in such fields as Chemistry, Physics, and Engineering, in order to serve as ministers of the Gospel of Christ. These are men of conviction and determination who have not sought easiest and most materially profitable way of life.

Dr. Empe, the Administrator of Lutheran World Action, delivered a powerful, realistic address at a chapel service a few weeks ago. Those who heard him had an opportunity to gain first-hand authentic information from a man who has just returned from the four zones of Germany.

We note with pleasure that Dr. A. Zinck, a graduate of the class of 1918, recently celebrated his 20th anniversary as pastor of Redeemer Church, Milwaukee. Dr. Zinck was the president of our institution in 1926 and 1927.

—Earl Haase

## Boarding Club Tea

On October 29 the Boarding Club entertained the Waterloo College Ladies Auxiliary. Tea was served in the gym, and the guests were received by Miss Axford, Lois Carter, Gladys Foran and Jack Wettlaufer. In brightly coloured diamond Sox and ties, Rev. George Durst, Professors Carmichael and Overgaard and D. Glebe poured tea.

Entertainment was provided by Alice Bald, the Overgaard-O'Connor duo, and Shirley Bruder.

—M. N. N.

### Geo. Hoelscher

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Dear Editor:

We had always been under the impression that "All God's chillun got shoes" until we arrived at Waterloo College and joined classes attended by boarding club members. To our amazement we found them attending lectures wearing bedroom slippers which ranged in colour and degree of comfort, and varied in age from last year's Christmas presents to the ones father discarded during the depression. It may be a known fact that Waterloo students sleep during lectures but must it be advertised?

While we are pulling punches about attire we would like to mention another oversight — ties. They seem to be shunned by a great many male students. The girls have gone to great lengths wearing bows and ties with blouses in order to associate the idea in the boys' minds — but alas, the fad has not become contagious. At every turn we are confronted by casual characters whose shirt collars flap freely in the breeze.

We do not mean to point accusing fingers at all the boys. Most of them look as if they had read the chapter on neatness in **How to Win Friends and Influence People**, but to the

others who frequent the College minus ties, unshaved and unshod, we offer two slogans:

- (a) Remember the old school tie!
- (b) If the shoe fits — wear it!

Please pardon puns.

—Freshette Class.

Dear Editor:

I write to protest the discrimination in the selection of athletic teams at Waterloo College. The inability of the coaches to choose and appreciate true, though hidden, talent has caused me to expound thusly. I speak for all those with latent possibilities who have been refused the opportunity to give to Waterloo College their various talents, their ambition, their all. "As great oaks from little acorns grow, so great hockey players from Waterloo College go" — if given the chance.

It is the consummate mal-adroitness on the part of our coaches to recognize "diamonds in the rough," that causes the spirits of our potential athletes to break, their morale to sag, and their sox to rot.

—Celderlood.

**"CORD-IALLY"**

Yours

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## Senior Editorial

For the past year, there has been considerable agitation to "do something about the Cord." A faculty committee of investigation was set up; students muttered threats in dark corners; more revolutionary spirits even glowered at the trembling editors and thought thoughts of tar, feathers and rails. And still Nick continued to collect armfuls of Cords from the common room floor as he made his way to the boiler room the day after our paper was published.

The criticisms were all valid, but the editors threw up their selfrighteous hands in protestation. "Certainly, news isn't news three weeks after it is four days old. But can we help it if it takes the printer two weeks to get our copy out? We agree that in trying to be a newspaper and a magazine, we fail in both respects. Got any better ideas, Bud? Sure, the size is mongrel and won't fit into an Eccies 20 text, but Prof. Overgaard is faculty adviser and he doesn't want it to fit."

And so the battle raged. Finally, a balding, bouncing young man came shyly forward. Jack Wettlaufer doffed his wee Scotch bonnet, threw back his hair, and said, "Your paper is half magazine now. Why not push it the whole way. Fortunately, I happened to have worked out a few samples of the Cord as a magazine. Well, what do you know! Here they are in my coat pocket." And so came the revolution.

Actually, our periodical hasn't changed much as far as content is concerned. It is still a monthly. Our front page news is now shortened and grouped under current events. One article will be featured each edition and spiced by pictures. Everything else is almost the same except for the addition of a Faculty page and a new Letter Box.

This new layout is only temporary,

however. As Waterloo grows and as the printing situation loosens, the staff should look forward to a newspaper of the weekly variety. Perhaps, by the time such a weekly is practicable, our magazine can graduate into a year book. We feel the present size can fulfill this duty now, for a few holes punched through the backs of the six editions plus several rings could produce a book you will wish to keep for a long time.

The enthusiasm, the cover, and most of the ideas in this magazine come from that "prime mover" about the College, Jack Wettlaufer. Our printer, Ross Hainsworth of the Record, has appreciated our plan, and has helped us in all the many ways in which he could. The whole staff of the Cord has pitched in, and this (we say a little proudly) is the result. What do you say?

—H. D. W.

## FASHIONS



48 King St. W.

Kitchener

## Junior Editorial

Exams or no exams, I'm  
Coming through at Christmas time  
With Christmas greetings on behalf  
Of Junior Ed and all the staff.  
From me to members of the Cord;  
May pleas for copy be ne'er ignored.  
"Peace on earth, goodwill to men,"  
The angels sang and sing again.  
'Twas meant not just for clergymen,  
But also sent for some Lehmann.  
Again now let the angels sing  
And greetings to the new Dean bring.  
Meisterschmalzers, are you mellow?  
Then meisterschmalz for one grand  
fellow,  
For Papa Schorten play Tannenbaum,  
Laut, klar und deutlich, und nicht  
zu langsam.  
Now carve the bird and pass a wing  
For housepop Durst let greetings ring.  
To Miss B. Marion Axford we now  
make known  
Our holiday wishes in holiday tone.  
A fond, reverberant Yule halloo  
We shout to the profs, both old and  
new.  
May you find the spirit of Christmas  
praise  
And henceforth think only in terms  
of A's.  
All the alumni we wish to greet,  
By buying the Cord they show they're  
discreet.  
To the hopeful grads: we're glad to  
have had you,  
We hope at the end of this year you  
will gradu.  
For all the readers, excluding none,  
We hope Yule have a barrel of fun,  
With one word of caution for weal  
or woe—  
That herb you are under is mistletoe!  
This concludes our well-wishings till  
this time next year,  
When we hope to be back with some  
more words of cheer.  
So with fingers crossed we trust that  
Fate  
May furnish his blessings through-  
out '48.

G. E. K.

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